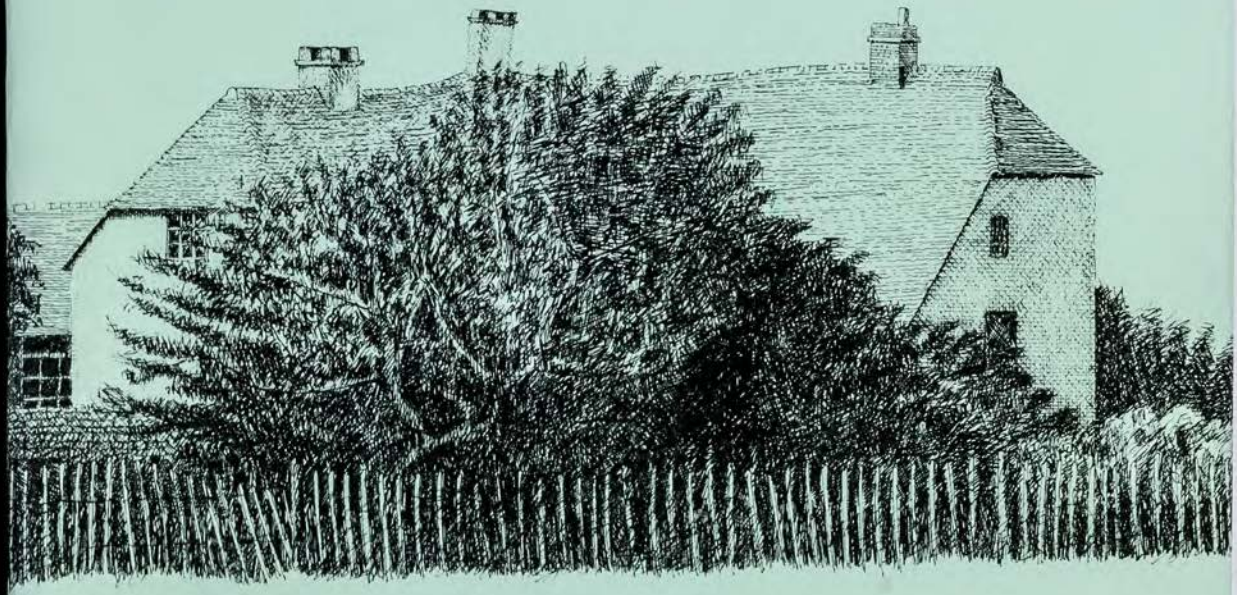
Great & Little White Harts & Egremont

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY
magazine



NO. 131. MARCH 2008

Contents

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THE PETWORTH SOCIETY SUPPORTS THE

LECONFIELD HALL,

PETWORTH COTTAGE MUSEUM

AND THE COULTERSHAW BEAM PUMP.

Constitution and Officers

The Petworth Society was founded in 1974 "to preserve the character and amenities of the town and parish of Petworth including Byworth; to encourage interest in the history of the district and to foster a community spirit". It is non-political, non-sectarian and non-profit making.

Membership is open to anyone, irrespective of place of residence who is interested in furthering the object of the society.

The annual subscription is £9.00. Single or double one Magazine delivered. Postal £11.00 overseas £15.00. Further information may be obtained from any of the following:

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Chairman's Notes

Once more a new year, once more a new cover, a Jonathan impression of Sparkes Farm, Ebernoe in the mid-1990s.

I am pleased to say that Mike Hubbard has agreed to take over as Society crier. I am sure he will be as distinctive in his own way as John Crocombe certainly was in his.

Mike Hubbard opening Petworth Fair 20th November 2007.
Photograph by Keith Sandall.

Richard Smith is guest reviewer for this issue. Poor Cottages and Proud Palaces *is clearly destined to be ranked with Michael Royall's* The Petworth House of Correction (1999) *as a classic. I have not myself seen Clive Viveash's account of* James Stanier Clarke *but will be sending for it.*

On the subject of new books, the latest Window Press production is entitled "Cucumbers are finite", *like* A Bag with Holes (1982) *an attempt to combine two different worlds, biblical studies and a small shop. This time I have written in prose. It is experimental and I would not recommend it. If you are interested please let me know.*

The price is £10 softback, novella length. I have only produced 45 individually numbered copies. It may be that Methvens will agree to take half a dozen.

You will note something of a Tillington slant in this issue. Why? Simple. Any editor works with what it brought to his attention.

It was something of an irony that Flo. Wardrop's piece in the last Magazine appeared posthumously but I know that her family were pleased to have her reflections on a long life. Rather similarly, Jack Rapley died before my reference to his singular role in the eventual publication of Florence Rapley's diary appeared in these pages. The retiring collection at Jack's memorial service was shared between this Society and the Midhurst Cottage Hospital.

Peter 20th January

Two significant local books

Poor Cottages & Proud Palaces, the life and work of the Reverend Thomas Sockett of Petworth 1777-1859, by **Sheila Haines and Leigh Lawson (2007)** – The Hastings Press. ISBN 978-1-904109-16-7. (Obtainable from Methvens and elsewhere.)

James Stanier Clarke, by **Chris Viveash (2006)** – privately printed. (Obtainable from the author at 2 Roman Crescent, Swindon, Wilts. SN1 4HH, price £5 inc. p&p).

Thomas Sockett was born of a poor family in the East end of London, but through his classical education, his skill with electrical machines as a teenager, and a chance meeting with William Hayley of Eartham, he moved to Sussex and eventually spent 43 years as Rector of Petworth. Hayley was a poet and literary man who took on the 15-year old Sockett as tutor and companion to his son; he in turn showed talent as a sculptor and became a pupil of John Flaxman. At the age of 19 Sockett was recommended by Hayley to the 3rd Earl of Egremont and became tutor to the three young sons of the Earl - George, Henry and Charles Wyndham. Sockett soon became indispensable to the Earl, both as family tutor and secretary and aide. Having been persuaded by Egremont to get a degree and take holy orders, Sockett was awarded the Rectorship of Petworth on the death in 1816 of Charles Dunster (who had also been Rector of Tillington).

In the ensuing years Sockett showed himself a hardworking and popular parish priest. His lifelong sympathy for the plight of the poor coupled with his skills as a writer and administrator enabled him, with the Earl of Egremont, to organise the Assisted Emigration scheme to Canada in the 1830s.

Haines and Lawson have done an excellent job in teasing out the details of Sockett's life and family. They have delved deep into the Petworth House Archives, and through a study of Sockett's own papers have produced a fascinating insight into the life of the 3rd Earl's family and household at Petworth House, and the squabbles that arose between the sons after the Earl's death. There is also much about Sockett's own two wives and children, and the

Canadian connection. Although his family died out in Sussex around 1900, his eldest son emigrated to Canada and there are now several hundred of his descendants scattered around various parts of Canada and the United States.

For anyone interested in the history of Petworth and the 3rd Earl of Egremont, this book is a MUST. It is well indexed, with many illustrations and a summary of all the individuals mentioned. I couldn't put it down! ....

.....

However, I found it surprising that Haines and Lawson make no mention of the Reverend James Stanier Clarke, the subject of the other book in this review.

Chris Viveash (of the Jane Austen Society) wrote his study of Clarke to show the links with Jane Austen and her family, notably her Naval relatives, and he takes every opportunity to point out the slightest connection. But although he makes no mention of Sockett, he unwittingly shows that the career paths of the two men were interlinked in several instances, and they must have known each other – they were even standing next to each other in the painting at Petworth House of the Meeting of the Allied Sovereigns in 1814!

James Stanier Clarke (1766-1834) showed early promise as a poet and writer, was ordained a priest by the Bishop of Chichester in 1790 and became Vicar of Preston, near Brighton. Like Sockett he became friends with William Hayley of Eartham, and was to have his portrait bust sculpted by Hayley's son (who had been tutored by Sockett). Clarke went on to become a Naval chaplain, had a colourful life at sea, and was sent on the ship that brought Princess Caroline of Brunswick to England to marry the Prince Regent. Clarke's career blossomed at Court, and he was appointed Librarian and Chaplain to the Prince Regent. He wrote on Naval history, and in 1804 dedicated his new book *"The Shipwreck"* to the Earl of Egremont. He was well-liked in Court and aristocratic circles, and made regular visits to Petworth House. Then in 1816, after the death of Charles Dunster, Lord Egremont appointed him Rector of Tillington.

The centrepiece of Viveash's study is Clarke's meeting in November 1815 with Jane Austen, and their ensuing correspondence in which he suggested some ideas for plots. In his years at Tillington, he was clearly very happy to live the comfortable life of a typical country parson; they were his 'Golden Years', and the most notable events were his appointment as a Canon of Windsor, and his marriage. Like Sockett, however, he was very concerned over the problems of the many unemployed agricultural labourers roaming the countryside. On his death in 1834, his funeral was attended by, amongst others, Turner and John Edward Carew who carved his memorial tablet in the chancel of Tillington Church.

Viveash's book is written with a lighter touch than the biography of Sockett, but no less well researched. He has used the Petworth House Archives well, and incudes the famous (at the time) story of how at a boisterous party at the House in 1813 Clarke became the butt of a practical joke by the Earl, the Prince Regent and the Duke of Clarence. Clarke could not hold his drink well, and they contrived to get him seriously drunk. They then carried him off to bed, where in the darkness he was alarmed to discover his sleeping partner was one of the Petworth House donkeys, trussed and dressed up in women's clothes. It took a long time for him to live that down, and meanwhile word of the prank spread throughout Sussex and

beyond. A print published in 1814 showed *'The Divine and the Donkey – or Petworth Frolicks'*.

You can see a reproduction of the print and the text of the 'bubbles' on pp.21-23 of the Petworth Society Magazine for June 2007.

Richard Smith

'Poor Cottages and Proud Palaces' – the life and work of the Reverend Thomas Sockett of Petworth 1777-1859 by Sheila Haines and Leigh Lawson is now available at £14.99. It is published by the Hastings Press, 294 A5 pages ISBN 978-1-904109-16-7.

It can be purchased at Methvens or as a special offer to Society members post free from Sheila Haines at 23 Friar Road, Brighton BN1 6NG.

The 15th Garland Memorial Lecture: 'A Richer Dust'

The stories behind the names on Lurgashall's War Memorial have been meticulously researched and recorded in Michael Oakland's recently published book, *'A Richer Dust'*, which Peter, our Chairman reviewed in PSM 129, commenting, "Lurgashall symbolises the experience of a generation and that experience becomes the microcosm of a suffering which in its totality is simply unimaginable".

Michael had helped in the production of the earlier book using H.S. Roots' 'beautifully written recollections' of Lurgashall and it was this association that led Peter to invite Michael to give this lecture, so appropriate to George Garland's time and thinking and as Remembrance Day drew near.

Our speaker's own grandfather was killed at the Battle of the Somme during the First World War. He has no known grave, but is remembered on the massive Thiepval War Memorial in France. He had kept a daily diary and such memorabilia, together with committee papers recording the vetting procedure for names to go on the Lurgashall memorial, research into the parents and families, births, baptisms, schooling and marriages, military details, actions and places where the men died and their places of burial, have all been used to put together the fascinating and moving story. Other sources used in tracking down each individual and unsuccessful in only one case, include census returns, parish records, newspapers, school logbooks, the National Archive (the erstwhile Public Record Office). The Prince Consort Library at Aldershot and conversations with surviving relatives. Michael warned against putting too much faith on the Internet which can be unreliable.

For us, this was an evening memorable for the interest and emotion engendered by an outstanding speaker, whose message, especially at this time of remembrance, extends far beyond the small country parish of Lurgashall.

KCT

'Cool Britannia' – Hot Stuff!

By 7 o'clock the usual panic was setting in: the hall was cold, no one could bring the stage lighting to life (Ian did, of course!) and the Chairman hadn't had time to change. But it was our Christmas evening: the wine was ready, the mince pies were being warmed and there was an inviting seasonal raffle of ten prizes. And soon after 7.30, the Time of Our Lives Music Theatre company burst on to the stage, resplendent in Union Jack waistcoats, with the opening routine based on rousing traditional and mainly English, songs.

This was possibly their seventh visit and Dympna le Rasle, the producer/performer, has 400 applicants each year to fill the other places in the team, sees 100 and chooses 'the best three'. They always prove to have excellent singing and speaking voices, to be quick-change experts, faultless in remembering lines and dance sequences and generally versatile in the many roles to be played, no matter which sex. While the humour of some of the sketches is not to everyone's taste or, indeed, comprehension, the songs, sung solo, as duets or quartets, are first-rate and the unaccompanied four-part harmonies particularly pleasing – and all done without microphones.

Dominic Carter, whose keyboard expertise we had so much enjoyed on the group's last visit, had arranged and recorded all the backing music for this year's show. One might wonder what would happen should a performer forget a line or a move – but this doesn't happen and the programme proceeds seamlessly at a rapid pace. Karen Jewell had again choreographed the entire programme to great effect.

So what embodies 'Cool Britannia'? Its weather, its language, dialects, accents and slang, football, gardening, tea, parliamentary democracy and the W.I. and a love of queuing. Other topcis covered included the English in love, the Empire, emigration and immigration, the hippie era, protests and seaside holidays. It's hard to believe that Dympna, Lizzie Carter-Fox, Richard de Winter and Ian Lilley covered them all, rounding off the evening with a spirited potted version of The Last Night of the proms, followed by 'We wish you a merry Christmas' – unaccompanied, four-part, as an encore.

All went out into the frosty night in fine spirits, especially Lizzie, with her raffle prize of Christmas goodies.

KCT

The mixture. As before .....

Before what? Before we forget. Before Petworth became 'The Antiques Centre of the South' Before a certain local character felt the need to wear a distinctive hat!

The Society's January 'At Home' meeting was advertised as 'A Petworth Society Mix'. With early video-tape deteriorating and 35mm slide photography being supplanted by digital,

our considerable archive is being put on to DVD, a massive task undertaken by Pearl Godsmark. It is a collection recording the years following the Garland era and in many ways as important for future generations.

Before we forget. So many things, but as depicted in the first film, it was the Toronto-Scottish Regiment. Why did they come, 250 veterans marching behind the pipe band, to Petworth, in 1985? And why were they here, 43 years earlier? In the first place, it was the 2nd World War. There were camps in Petworth Park and the surrounding area. On that fatal Michaelmas Day in 1942 when the bomb fell on the Boys' School, the men of the Toronto-Scottish Regiment were quickly on site, rescuing and recovering the bodies of so many young Petworth lads and later, providing the transport for the mass funeral. It was a time that neither the soldiers nor the people of the town could ever forget and yet something that would not be talked about openly for over 40 years. The return of the surviving members of the Toronto-Scottish Regimental Association gave a remarkable opportunity for tensions to be released and for the town to come to terms to some degree, with that traumatic moment in its history.

John Caine had just received delivery of one of the first video-cameras and, on meeting Rod. Tyler in the Square as the eight coaches full of men and their wives arrived, thrust it into his hands and told him to try it out. The result was commendable, the sound of the bands and the excited local voices adding to the atmosphere, but the years have not treated the colour kindly. Even that though, contributed to the appeal of this important record. "We will remember them" came over loud and clear at the ceremony at the War Memorial.

Before Petworth became 'The Antiques Centre of the South', in 1993, Pearl went round the town, filming the shops and the people, adding a rhyming commentary. Today, two butchers, a do-it-yourself shop, soft furnishings and haberdashery, a grocer, a jeweller and watch-maker, a stationer's, an off-licence, a coal merchant, the Southern Electricity showroom, a supplier of electrical goods, a shoe shop, a cafe and maybe more, have all gone, most replaced by antiques dealers, ladies outfitters or hairdressers. The 30 years before 1993 had seen the loss of many more butchers, grocers, greengrocers, the fishmonger, radio and TV retailers and the leading hotel. What changes shall we see in the next 15 years?

The second half of the programme featured shorter films of Society activities since 1992: the conducted tour of Ditchling in stifling heat, a tractor-hauled ride round Costrong orchards with an instructive commentary, a walk over Heyshott Down Nature Reserve with close-up shots of the wild flowers and sweeping views of the surrounding Wealden landscape, a visit to "Keeper's Cottage", to see the collection of pheasants, birds of prey and bantams and the old waterwheel by the Rother which pumped spring water to Rotherbridge Farmhouse – all gone now, sadly; a tour of Shimmings Farm with Richard Chandler and finally and briefly, a birthday party after a walk to Langhurst Farm at Balls Cross.

A nostalgic and moving evening for all who remembered and an interesting one for more recent residents of a town where nothing changes, they say.

KCT

Scunthorpe and the Queen of Roumania. The December Book Sale.

Book sales over the last three years have peaked at an annual figure of £7,500, hardly varying at all. Not all profit, of course, there are storage costs, hire of the Hall and, by no means least, running the van. Without the last, we simply couldn't operate at all. By December we're within range of last year's total, but we will need a good sale to exceed it. December's erratic: it can be busy, or it can be quiet. Probably the later in the month the second Saturday falls, the more likely it is to be affected by Christmas shopping. And, of course, there's the weather. We're usually fortunate but not this time. It's raining by nine o'clock and by nine-forty we've shepherded the queue into the Hall foyer. The rain intensifies as the day goes on, the Square a windswept shallow pond.

Four full vanloads of books and a really good £1 table. Even then there's a very scanty reserve stock. The lower Hall can be dispiriting and I would imagine to someone less battle-hardened than we are, terrifying. It's a big place: I think for the first sale seven years ago we used only one room. If you like, the Hall's a great gaping mouth that gulps down all we bring and then looks for more. In the first ten minutes no money's taken and the £1 books piled high on their three tables transmute into neat stacks behind the counter, each waiting for their new owners to collect them. Was the £1 table really three feet high at ten o'clock?

Talk behind the counter as the customers rummage. Football, Queens Park Rangers at the foot of the Championship. I'm having a hard time. "Queens Park Rangers?" A voice from the crowd. "I was there in mid-week. They lost to Crystal Palace. It was pretty grim." Clearly the evening's events were not for the nervous disposition but then supporting QPR was ever thus. Longstanding as my attachment is, it's May 1951 when I was last there. Last match of the season and quite meaningless. Bury, in white shirts, beaten 3-1 by the blue and white hoops or perhaps memory deceives. More likely it doesn't. I didn't realise it would be my last match.

The Rangers are at Scunthorpe today. I wonder if they've ever played Scunthorpe before. My new friend, who seems pretty knowledgeable, thinks they have - in the late 1950s. He also says there's another supporter lost somewhere in the room. Things are looking up even if the weather's getting worse. Scunthorpe. Diana Owen and I went up there nearly thirteen years ago to talk to Ivy Richardson who had worked at Petworth House in the 1920s. Ivy was 92. It was something of a chance to travel such a long way, but Ivy was one of the best people I've talked to. So many of the housemaids at Petworth between the wars came from the north. Cilla Greest, I remember, came originally from Chesterfield. Servants were kept on a tight rein but didn't always do as they were told. Ivy took some photographs of the hunt from an upper window and still had the negatives. I don't know that photography was banned, perhaps it was that having a camera might take minds off work - a kind of dereliction of duty ....

Ivy Richardson takes a surreptitious shot of the Leconfield Hounds from Petworth House about 1928

The regulars are mainly here but the weather's cutting off the supply of new customers. The Square's a no-go area. The £1 tables are a wreck, the hardback fiction's sagging but the weather's going to affect us in the paperback fiction; the usual casual callers aren't braving the weather.

I've noticed a book, spine severely bleached by the sun, but nice tipped-in plates. *The Lily of Life*, a fairy story by the Queen of Roumania.[1] Charles Baigent (PSM 24), working at Petworth House for Arthur Vincent, was paperhanging in the North Gallery. It would be the late 1920s. Because of the danger of his big scissors falling point first, there were warning notices advising visitors to keep clear. Looking down, Charles noticed, "an elderly lady, obviously a member of the house party, walking calmly in the gallery and quite undisturbed either by the work in progress or by the warning notice." He clambered down and pointed out the notice. The lady smiled graciously and left. Charles continues, "A few minutes later my father, who was Kitchen Man at the House, rushed in in some consternation and said, "Do you know who you've just turned out of the Gallery? That was the Queen of Roumania." Ivy Richardson would have been working at the House then. Small world? I don't like clichés and it isn't really a small world. Better to think in terms of making connections.

And did we pass last year's total? No, the weather was simply too much for us. You need a solid afternoon, not one where no one ventures out at all. QPR drew 2-2 at Scunthorpe. And did I read the Queen's fairy story? Well, after making all this fuss I felt I owed it to her. Not my usual reading but I thought it stood up very well. Anyway here's to 2008, but I have to say that my idea of all helpers at the Book Sale wearing blue and white hooped football shirts was met with derision. Some people simply lack flair.

P.

Ivy Richardson's interview is in PSM80.

[1] Hodder and Stoughton no date possibly pre-1920. The Queen of Roumania (often referred to as the Crown Princess of Roumania) also wrote under the penname Carmen Sylva or Sylva Carmen

Close season at 346

Shortening October evenings, the hour is back for the last Sunday of opening and the following island Wednesday the 31st. Another poor Sunday seems to endorse the decision to replace Sunday with another weekday - Tuesday. The board outside will need changing for the new season and a box or two of the old maroon leaflets will need to be jettisoned. The mangle needs to come inside but it's desperately heavy, while the small mangle and its table will need to come down into the cellar. The small mangle's heavy too. It doesn't make sense either in 1910 or in 2008 for the mangle to stand the winter outside.

At this butt-end of the year at 346 it's inevitable to think back to long summer afternoons with the sun shafting in on those steep attic stairs, pouring through the high west window guarded by the little vase with the statice. Not now. It's five o'clock and already quite dark. Late October is a strange time. The town loses whatever bustle it had in high summer and 346 is left with the eternal paradox: when the cottage is at its most atmospheric, visitors are most at a premium. Feeling rather than seeing a way down the familiar stairs, the gas lamps are all safely out. In the garden the salvias have long lost their glow and the logs outside have a season's staleness about them. It's not right. Of its essence a log is a sojourner, not a permanent resident. This year we'll take our time about "putting 346 to bed". There's no November, December opening this year, but there is a school visit to come.

January. The close season. The wallflowers are static, the bulbs beginning to show. The prospect of another year. Possibly a West Sussex Gazette feature and free visit vouchers. April is notorious in the trade as a "shoulder month." - a slack period in and around busy Easter. In fact Easter's early this year (mid-March) and a slack April can damage morale. It's a fairly general problem, not just at 346. A new colour brochure, designed by Gordon Stevenson, to replace the old, now obsolete. A stress on "Mrs. Cummings' Cottage", rather than Museum. The word museum has never done us any favours, a kind of obscure shorthand for something essentially very different. We're not into glass cases with fossils or even general exhibits. The Museum's an essentially social, even reciprocal, experience. The stewards know that well enough.

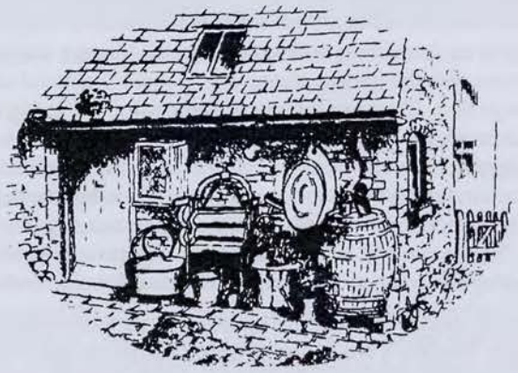
And the possibility of another Friends' appeal. Just a few more at £10 a year makes such a difference. And, if you're sufficiently interested to be reading this, how about stewarding? Try an afternoon with two regulars. You'll like it - you really will.

P.

WOULD YOU LIKE

TO STEWARD

AT THE COTTAGE?



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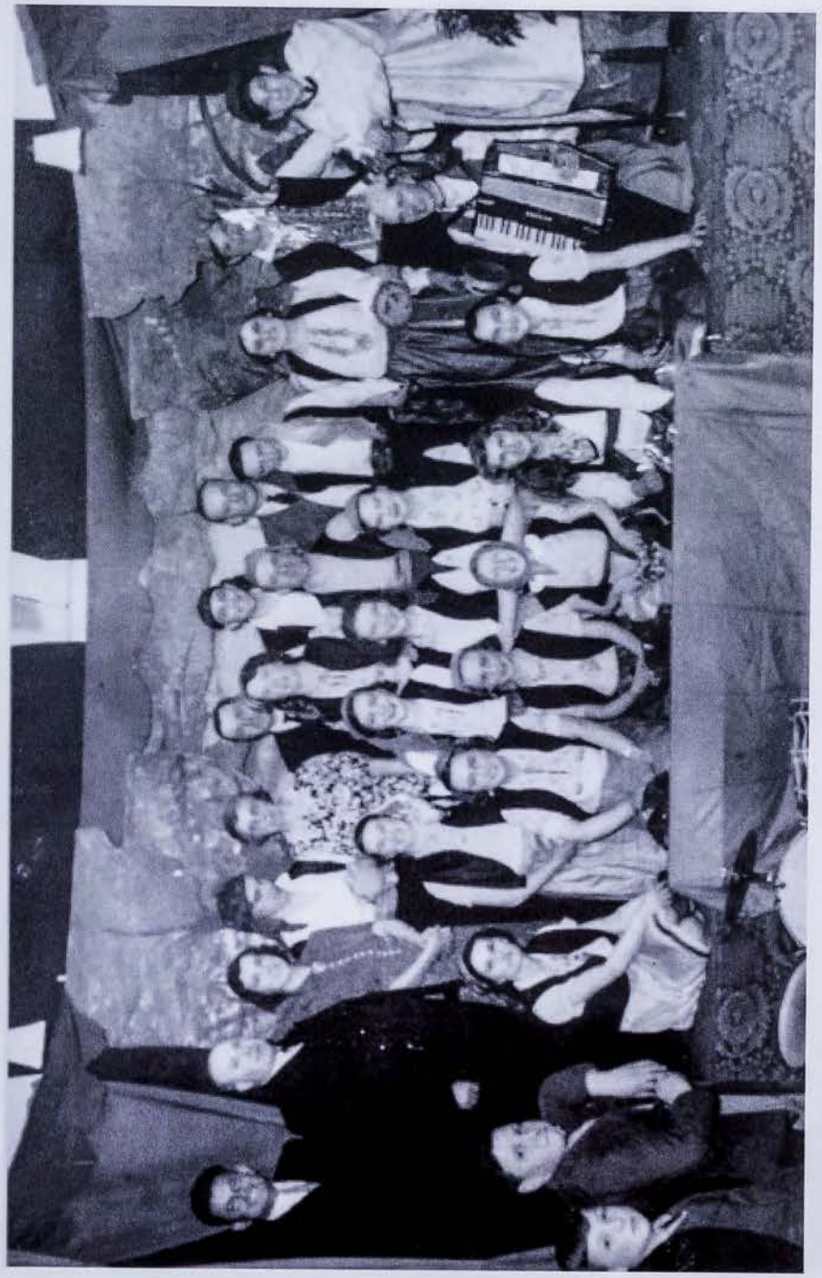
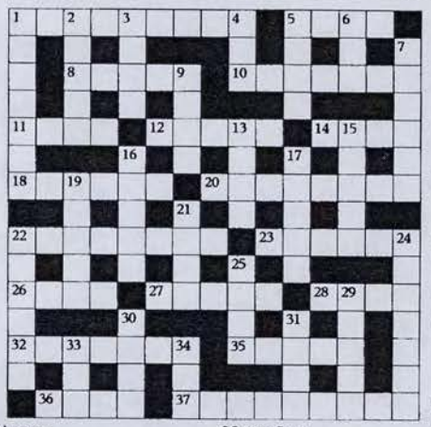


Tillington Nomads March 1940. See Key in main Magazine. Photograph by G.G. Garland.

"A richer dust". Aircraftman P.M. Yeatman's grave in the Cement House Cemetery at Langemark. See letter by Leo Bral.

Deborah's Garden Crossword



Across

1 Roam about with brute in the tree garden (9)
5 & 22 Petworth's most famous gardener (4,8)
8 Everything's coming up these at Apuldram and Mottisfont (5)
10 Variety of cherry (7)
11 Kept safely in the bank at Wakehurst Place (4)
12 Aeolian variety make music in Bignor Park (5)
14 You don't want anyone running about thus in your garden! (4)
18 Family who created Nyman's Garden (6)
20 Arguably Petworth's most popular open garden at -------- Lodge (8)
22 see 5 ac
23 & 3dn Two common problems for growers of 8 (6,4)
26 And a colour you might associate with these flowers (4)
27 Possibly the gardener's greatest enemy (5)
28 Maybe wishful thinking goes on here (4)
32 Art of shaping up 19 dn (7)
35 Popular spiky flower (5)
36 He was at the forefront of gardening (4)
37 Weary till saw one flowering in the pond (5,4)

Down

1 Favourite for baskets and beds (7)
2 & 25 Hello! Bird flies about in this Sussex garden (5,4)
3 see 23 ac (4)
4 Close relative in the chrysanthemums (3)
5 Flowerless plant (4)
6 Find old measure in the bellflowers (5)
7 Explosive vegetable? (6)
9 A place to take it easy (4)
13 Water feature (4)
15 Meditated (5)
16 Popular social events sometimes held in a garden (5)
17 Plant secretion
19 Large woody plant (5)
21 Broad or French? (4)
22 May be one living at the bottom of *your* garden! (6)
24 Bouncy resident of Leonardslee Garden (7)
25 see 2
29 Gardening may help this state of boredom (5)
30 Handy plant to have in the parlour? (4)
31 A branch (4)
33 Contains 11 ac (3)
34 River flows backwards to venerable tree (3)

Solution to 130

Across

1 A Mug Of Cocoa, 6 Robin, 8 Vanessa, 11 Iced, 13 Menu, 14 Middle, 15 Tree, 17 Neil, 18 A Mouse, 19 Hoar, 21 Pipe, 24 Mitford, 25 Fancy, 26 Window Press

Down

2 Gin, 3 Owns, 4 Artists' Home, 5 Samuel Pepys, 7 Bee, 9 See, 10 Alison, 12 Edison, 13 Men, 16 Ear, 20 Act, 22 Inn, 23 Gold, 25 Fir

Editor's Postbag

Jean Eames (née Hall) asks if anyone recognises the girls in this picture of a cookery class at Midhurst c1950. Jean is 4th from left, third from left Jean Horne.

Mr Leo Bral writes:
Fortuinstraat 88, 8310 Brugge, Belgium
Dear Mr Jerrome,
RE : information Aircraftman 1st Class Percy Maurice Yeatman.

Many thanks for The Petworth Society Magazine no 129 September 07 I liked it very much.

There was a little error in the sentence structure on page 14: The plane came down at the village of URSEL. Sorry.

I visited the Cement House Cemetery at the village LANGEMARK near Ieper to take pictures.

Enclosed a picture of the tombstone of Yeatman.

Also enclosed a picture of the public house "Het Hoog Prijkel" 50 years ago. The public house was demolished 50 years ago. There is now a new house.

Meanwhile, I will not fail to keep you informed of my research.

Yours sincerely,
Leo Bral

Het Hoog Prijkel – See PSM 129.

Dr Annabelle F Hughes writes: 32 Hillside, Horsham, West Sussex RH12 1NG

Dear Peter,

Jill Biggs sent me a copy of the Dec Newsletter, so that I could read about her memories of Crawfold. I was interested to see several references to Shopham Bridge in other articles, as it was one of the Barlavington properties I have recently surveyed. For those of your readers who may not know, the name comes from the English Sceobban hamm, meaning Sceobba's watermeadow, and the earliest reference to a bridge there is in 1279. Part of the present house was built within fifty years or so of that reference, and it has been modified and added to over subsequent centuries. The rent of the fishery there was 12d in 1352, and coroners' inquests record a 'traffic accident' when Margaret Derby was thrown from her horse in the lane on the way to Petworth market (1524) and the occasion when Robert Ward was drowned while tending the 'fish potts' in the weir (1619). Mrs Woodruffe was the tenant of the farm in 1785.

Did I tell you that the 'Hovis house' turned out to be another medieval wealden, very like the property opposite? That makes 3 or 4 in Petworth and 2 in Byworth.

Best wishes,

"Aunt Sylvia" writes from Crawley:

Re Tillington Nomads (PSM 130)

Ianto Davies was my cousin and Maud Wadey a distant relation – her father and mine were cousins, at least I think so, I was friendly with her elder sister Mary. Yes, I was the reluctant bride – I always had a good part with plenty of singing. Mrs Ward was a friend: she had done a lot of stage work in a previous post at Portsmouth.

Jesse Daniels was handyman to Miss Bulmer, an invalid lady who had her "bathchair" drawn by a little Shetland pony. Archie Gibson was Lord Leconfield's chauffeur. I can see them all in my mind still! Mary wondered if anyone else remembered. I guess I'm about the oldest one – as I shall be 91 in January!

This was the chorus to Antonio:

I am Antonio
From Barcelonio
All on my onio
Where nuts are grownio
I want a wifeo
To share my lifeo
Someone to knifeo
When I'm feeling cross
Sing hey, sing lo for brave Antonio
[Repeat last line].

Shirley Stanford writes re "Lawn mowings in the Grotto" (PSM 130):

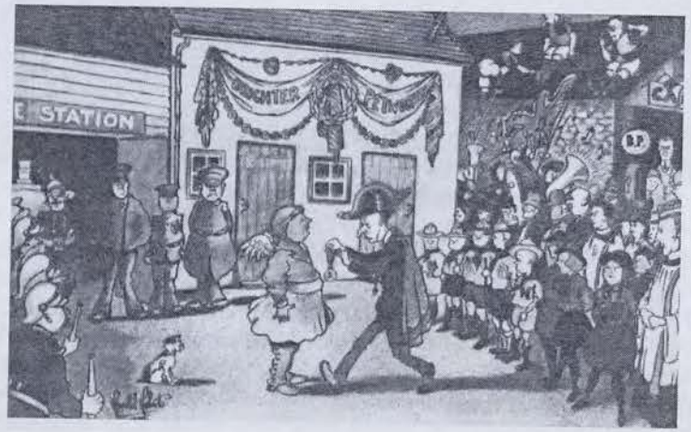
Dear Peter,

So that's why Mrs Patrick Campbell was photographed on the Rectory lawn at Sutton! Your article in the December Magazine was of great interest to me as I had not been aware of the relationship between the Newmans and Beeches until very recently. Very timely too, as I was given two of Winifred Fortescue's books for Christmas. My mother, Stella Knight (nee Smith) of Sutton was closely connected with the Rectory and indeed the Newmans' dog, Rover, was her constant companion when walking over the Downs. My sister Diana remembers having tea there, aged about five with Peter, the grandson of the Reverend Newman.

My mother left very few mementoes of her childhood in Sussex but this snapshot of Upton Farm puzzles me. On the reverse is written "For Stella wishing her a very Happy Xmas from Nurse". I know that my mother and grandmother Jane lived for a few years around 1914 at the house called Colebrook in Watersfield so could Upton Farm be near there? Perhaps your readers could help ...

[This looks very much like World's End in Grove Street. But why Upton's Farm and who was Nurse? Ed.]

Shirley also sends this Harold Roberts cartoon from the 1930s. What is the occasion?



The Hampers Green Community Centre

There are many changes going on in the town at the moment, not least the new developments on the Fairfield site behind Littlecote which along with numerous infilling of gardens and refurbishments of old properties are slowly altering the appearance of the town. Hampers Green has not been immune to this surge of house building and renovating, and the new properties being built at the entrance to the estate will finally bring the number of houses on the Green to well over one hundred. Sadly, to create these much needed dwellings we have lost the two newest and arguably finest houses on the Green. Built after the war to accommodate the district nurse and cemetery superintendent the specification for these houses were considerably higher than most of the earlier properties. Still they have gone and while we can lament their passing it seems pointless to dwell on it.

A Party on the Green.

There are other changes affecting the Green and specifically The Hampers Green Community Centre. After some fifty years West Sussex County Council has decided to relinquish their interest in the centre and so a new lease has been negotiated between a management committee and the Leconfield Estate who own the property. As you are aware the centre has over the years been home to many organisations including the local civil defence committee, Hampers Green Sports Club, Hampers Green Drama Group, and the Red Cross to name just a few. The centre is currently used by Meals on Wheels along with several other organisations and groups and is a popular venue for family parties. A planned open day in the summer will give those people unaware of the facilities offered by the centre an opportunity to come in and look around. It is hoped to put on a display of photographs illustrating the history of Hampers Green which we are sure will be of interest to both new and old residents alike. For this exhibition we will rely on the loan of any snapshots that may be tucked away in family albums or at the bottom of drawers. Anyone who feels inclined to lend photographs or any related memorabilia for the exhibition please get in touch with me.

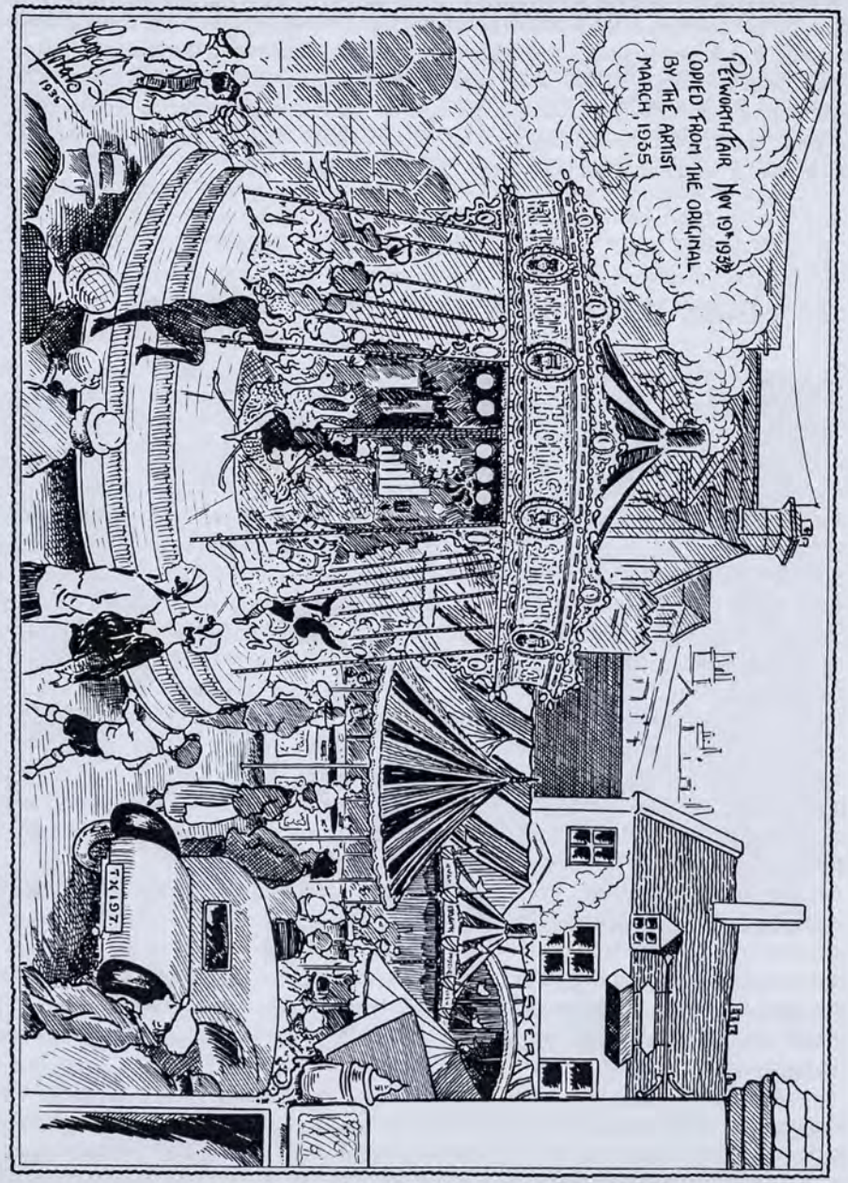
Miles Costello 01798 343227

Three days in November

It's Sunday and we're due at Knowles Tooth Children's Centre at around 10.30am, Miles, Bill Eldridge and myself. Hurstpierpoint. We arrive early but we find Leigh and he lets us in. It's our fourth time and we know what to expect, but it's still a shock. The whole place is submerged beneath a tidal wave of books. This year, Leigh says, they've probably had more in than ever. The sale itself had taken in two days; Friday and Saturday and this is what's left. It's eerily quiet. A marquee outside flaps incessantly in the squally wind. The marquee's piled high with books too: a notice suggests that they're not worth our trouble. We'll see. Even the corridor has narrowed to a precarious channel between boxes of books. "You'll never take it all," Leigh had said on the 'phone. He always says this and he's always right. We try to prove him wrong. We've the Society van and Bill's borrowed a much larger van. We've two sets of wheels to help with loading. Some books are boxed, many are carefully laid out in rows, while some are just .... well just. It's usually miserable when we come to Hurstpierpoint but, weather permitting, Knowles Tooth must be idyllic for young guests particularly in the summer. Today the wind and rain tear at the giant chess pieces in the garden. Time's moving on. The rain comes and goes. Eventually we're loaded. Thumbs up to Bill and we're off, Hickstead, Cowfold, Buckbarn Crossroads and on west. We'll be back tomorrow. Coming up the Horsham Road the rain beats against the windscreen of the van. Not a good omen for the fair now barely two days off. It rains all the rest of the day.

Monday 7.15am. Again the A272. This time Bill's brought his trailer. We made some impression yesterday, now it's more a matter of selection. Big isn't always beautiful when it comes to books. The only urgency is to be back mid-morning to see the fair in. Again we take as much as we can, not ignoring the marquee. We've certainly made an impression. Even yesterday Leigh was able to start hoovering in some of the rooms, today there are more. Only the office and the kitchen had been kept clear of the tide. For the remaining books it's decision time: we've only so much space and those we leave will face "an uncertain future."

Already at 6.30am I had put up warning posters in the Square and closure advice on car windscreens. Shadowy figures scuttling in the half-light. Someone's already digging a hole in the pavement on the east side. He'll be away in an hour he says. They're doing something with the scaffolding on the bank. We're back by mid-morning and the police are here (one



Harold Roberts portrays the 1932 fair.

in fact) but he's an excellent replacement for Steve Greer, exiled, apparently, to Chichester. As noon approaches the Square is clear except for just one car. There's always one. Eventually a lady appears with some expensive looking carriers. She's incurred a fixed penalty ticket and drives off nonchalantly with it on her windscreen.

12 o'clock. The fairmen are early if anything. With that sort of equipment you can't be too precise about arrival times. Closure orders however are not imprecise. Miles (who has some experience of this) and the friendly policeman agree that the Cut can be opened but the traffic must be allowed to come round the Hall until 12 o'clock precisely. The fairmen park up, leaving room for the traffic. The Harris brothers are here with their helpers. "Where's Robert?" "Where's the man in the moon?" comes a quizzical reply. In fact Robert's on the way from Ashington in the small lorry, the caravan is in for repairs. It's twelve o'clock and time to let the fairmen get on with it. Robert comes down to Trowels just before one. The weather forecast for Tuesday is atrocious. Whoever had the idea of holding a fair in November? St. Edmund has a good deal to answer for .....

Up into the late afternoon Square. The light's fading rapidly and, between the squalls, the fair's taking shape. Wind is a greater problem than rain and it's fairly still today. Our idea of using the Book Sale board as a temporary bus stop hasn't worked; the rain has wiped off the chalk, we'll have to resurrect the ponderous old concrete-based bus stop which has lost its head. A judicious use of stiff card, drawing pins, and a protective covering offers utility rather than artistry but it will do the job.

Tuesday morning. Keith has already set out the tables in the Hall. Linda and David's tombola looks good. The inevitable 38-tonner makes its appearance. There's always one at least. Drivers fume while "Dietmar" struggles through the Cut and round the Swan Corner. Eventually the monster (the juggernaut, not Dietmar) breathes an almost human sign of relief as it sees the open vista that is Pound Street. There are some fresh stalls in the Hall this year and some pressure on space. The clerk of the market needs broad shoulders: no doubt he always has done. For some the fair's a dagger piercing the economic heart of the town, for others it's an annual nuisance, for others, worthy only of a wry smile. But then the fair can embody the very spirit of Petworth, a town unthinkable without it, a treasure trove of memories, a link between half-remembered memory and the future, a focus for resurrecting a still living past. You take your pick or even mix your options. The clerk's job is simply to get on with it. But there's another dimension. All the fairmen's work and the weather conducting what amounts to a vendetta. The Harris brothers however have seen it all: weather can be good, bad, or indifferent., it's all simply part of the equation.

It's time for the formal opening. A mocking rain drops from canvas tilts. Mike Hubbard's debut as crier. As John Crocombe gave the office his own very individual interpretation so will Mike.

"In the year 1273 ...." The rain stops and begins again. The slow custom of a wet afternoon. Stuart from Meridian appears - the clogdancers will be on television. He films briefly outside, a juvenile ride, Mike advising people to plant broad beans. Do they still? It should be televised tomorrow, Stuart says, but as with all television there are no guarantees.

Upstairs the Punch and Judy seems to have gone down a storm. "Mr. Punch" is about to go: he's busy turning balloons into extraordinary shapes. He says he's regularly "murdered" on the Orient Express. All in a day's work. The stallholders are happy enough and Annette and Debbie are busy with refreshments. The evening, despite the weather, comes to life as it always does. Two stints by the band with the, now apparently obligatory, rendering of *Sussex by the Sea* on the gallopers. Could we now have a fair without it? Partly a defiant gesture for the vandals, but it's more than that - oh it's far more than that, and the Society and the Town Band are the oldest of allies ....

Wednesday morning. The rain's finally stopped. It's 6.30. The concrete base of the bus stop is full of water. The improvised sign has done its job but the water's beginning to seep through. Richard and Bob are changing the display in the New Street shop - an early start by any standards. I borrow the shop scissors to take down our big yellow banner. There's not a car in the Square or a hint of litter. Was there really a fair here last night? Bob and I don't think we've ever seen the square without a single car.

And the television? Well the clogdancers made it, but only just. Blink and you've missed it. And Stuart did go to a great deal of trouble. Like the Harris brothers, he's no doubt learned to be philosophical. If you work for the media, you'll know that surplus footage is expendable.

P.

The Society was pleased to make a donation to Knowles Tooth Children's Centre.

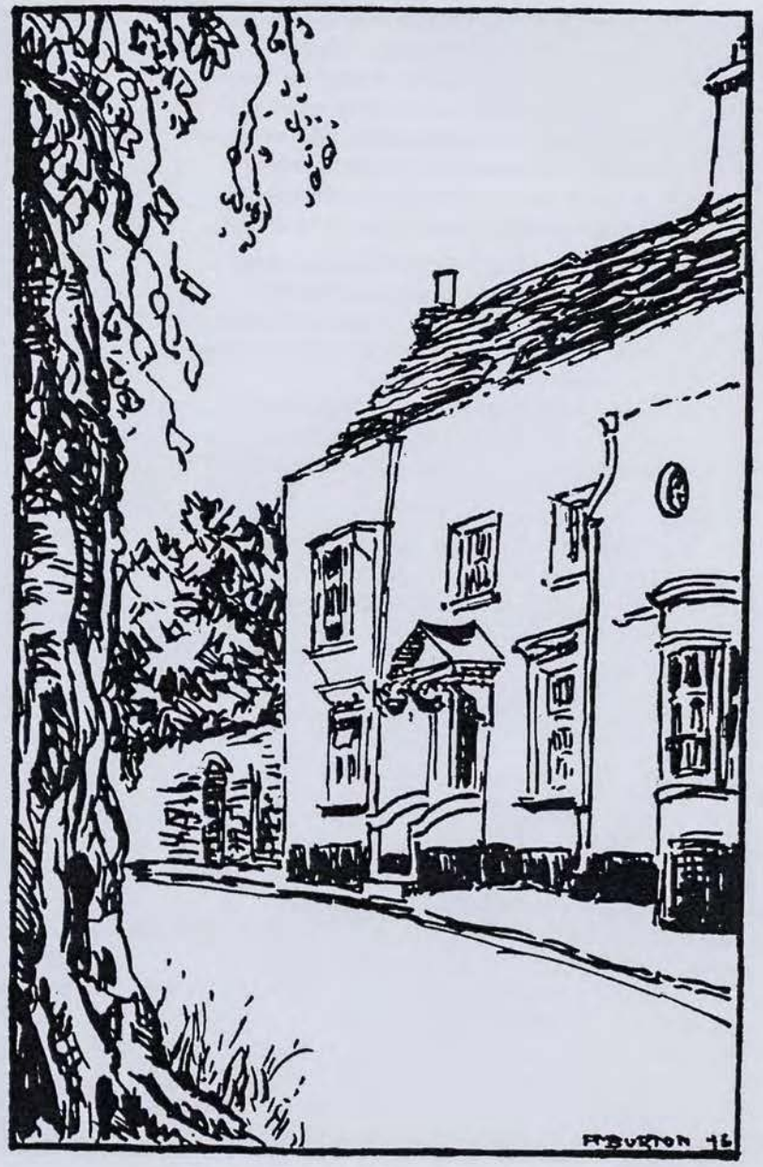
Ballade in memory of The Angel

Mr Josceline Grove recently found this poem in a book entitled *"One hundred and one Ballades"*, illustrated by John Nash and published by Cobden Sanderson in 1931.

BALLADE IN MEMORY OF "THE ANGEL,"
PETWORTH, 1927

For Jim Allison, Johnnie Morton and Peter Belloc

We have sung songs at many times and places—
  The easeful songs of laughter and of war:
In lusty tenors, baritones and basses
  We've chanted ditties from our boundless store;
  And yet 'tis vain attempting to ignore
This hard and bitter fact—'tis no use blinking,
  The truth will out (it shakes us to the core)—
We sing a great deal better when we're drinking.



The Angel drawn by Frances Burton in 1976.

By tavern fires, ringed round with friendly faces,
  Have we not heard the cries:—"Bravo! . . . Encore!"
And sung, so loudly that we've burst our braces,
  Shanty and round—and still they've asked for more?
  What verve, what golden notes, what vocal lore
Are ours, when seated in a tap-room sinking
  A pint or two!—yes (even from the floor)
We sing a great deal better when we're drinking.

But in the morning (—'tis perhaps the traces,
  The tuneful efforts, of the night before)
Our voices—say in Church—might cause grimaces,
  While at the Wigmore Hall we might not score
  A quarter of our usual furore.
Come then at nightfall to "The Angel" linking
  Arm in affectionate arm—a happy four—
We sing a great deal better when we're drinking.

Envoi

  Prince, when you hear afar the ring and roar
Of voices singing and of tankards clinking,
  Fear not, my friend, come in and shut the door!
We sing a great deal better when we're drinking.

H. S. MACKINTOSH

Peacock's Dog

"Peacock's Dog" was a four square, off-white bull terrier who terrorised the "Square" in Upperton in the thirties. The "Square" was a triangle of open rough land on the corner and served as a general play area and was right by our cottage.

He was randy and belligerent; if the object of his attention had two legs, he growled menacingly; if it had four legs he usually attempted to mount it!

With this in mid, my family, being the proud owners of a beautiful blue roan cocker named Sally, were always on the defensive when he was around.

My mother referred to him as "that disgusting dog" and would draw me away from the front window if he was performing or even just displaying.

Single handed he was probably responsible for at least ninety per cent of the puppies born, not only in Upperton but in all the surrounding hamlets, his ambition seemed to be to father a canine nation.

Most of the village children eyed him with some wariness and whenever we were sent

Bringing in the holly at Upperton. Henry Hooker with Maud Wadey (right) and Joyce Richards (left).
Photograph by George Garland. See "An early morning place".

Messrs Webster in East Street about 1900. Note baskets and hazel twigs. See "He expects a day's work ..."

Master Tanner at Upperton. See "An early morning place". Photograph by George Garland.

up to the shop on an errand, a trip that took us past his house, we kept a wary eye out as to his whereabouts.

His owner, old Mrs Peacock loved him and to my young eyes she was formidable too. A tall lady, her ample form clad in a wrap-around floral apron, her thick-stockinged legs arthritic, she moved with deliberation and some care, her slightly awkward movement presenting the same chunky appearance as was evident in her dog.

Her grey hair was wispy and half-hidden under a black felt hat, her right eye peering fiercely from beneath its rim.

I remember she had a sharp tongue and a large permanent pimple on her chin from which sprouted a long, stiff hair.

I was scared of her dog, I was scared of her too but the memory of that unique pair has stayed with me in clarity throughout the years.

Mary Newman Aitchison

That elusive abbot!

Jeremy Godwin writes: "Was there ever an abbey at Upperton?" Peter Jerrome certainly thinks so (*Petworth to 1660* page 41). He cites a medieval dispute[1] between the rectors of Petworth and Tillington over tithes in which there is mention of an Abbot of Upperton. Jeremy wonders if the "Abbot" is a myth and that the reference is to someone called "Abbot". Certainly by the sixteenth century the surname Abbot can be found at Duncton, Petworth, Lurgashall and elsewhere in the district. Jeremy suggests that by the thirteenth century Abbot was a nickname for those who behaved as if they were abbots.

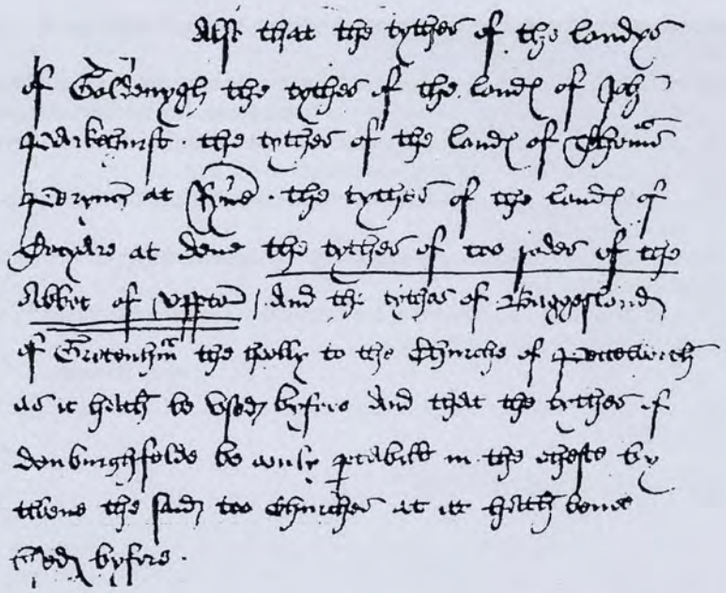
Had there been an abbey at Upperton, Jeremy suggests that Westbrook House (or some predecessor) would appear the place for it. Certainly Westbrook was not, as now, up a cul-de-sac but lay on a through road running south-west. Nor was Upperton as built up as it now is. On the Tillington tithe map from the 1830s, for instance, the present row of cottages (Thyme, Clover, etc) south of Testers, was a gap site. Upperton was hardly founded to house the putative abbey's workforce but was, rather, an overspill hamlet on the edge of the good land. As the "village up the hill from Tillington" it was probably settled in the 12th century.

Editor's Note

The Upperton abbot appears one of those problems which will continue to tantalise, reliant as it is on just the single laconic reference. I am very pleased that Jeremy has again drawn attention to this. I reproduce the document with the relevant phrase underlined. Jeremy did not have the advantage of this. It is clear that we have a list of tithings and not of witnesses and that "Abbot" is not a surname. The abbot continues his elusive posthumous career. I suppose it's just possible that "Abbot of Upperton" was a honorific title not necessarily presupposing an actual abbey. It seems a little implausible, but then it's all a little implausible.

P.

[1] More detail in PSM 23



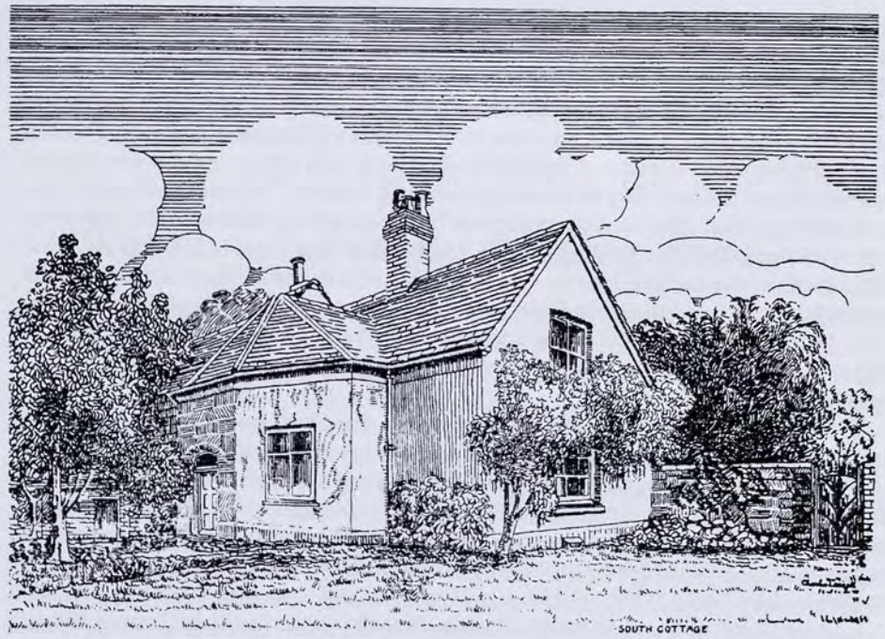
The passage in question, reproduced by courtesy of Lord Egremont:
I have double underlined the phrase in question.

A wartime childhood in Petworth

Lady Grayson writes from Dorset:

My grandmother Rosa Greening with whom I lived, rented South Cottage, Petworth, from Dr and Mrs Ball in about 1942. My mother had TB and was in hospital in Midhurst, my father had decided to live in France for the duration, and Granny, who had closed up her house in London at the beginning of the war, wanted to be near her dying daughter. I suspect South Cottage was probably found for her by my father's sister and brother in law, Colonel and Mrs Alan Maude who lived at Byworth at that time.

South Cottage was a delightful house - Georgian I think - with garden and a little orchard down the little lane at the bottom of the square. Now sadly it is gone and in its place the car park. What vandals the planners were when that happened. Having knocked the house down they found there wasn't turning room for the coaches I'm told and the spot where my poor mother died (having come home so to do), is where the public loos now stand!



South Cottage

Visiting Petworth all these years later is a wonderful nostalgic treat, so much of it is the same except for the wretched car park. When we lived there the Mant family lived at Avenings. George Mant I remember as a rotund, bald, bespectacled figure with his second wife Mary, a sweet-faced person. He had sons by his first marriage, one of whom I believe became something rather important to do with forensics at the Home Office. Mary's two sons were Michael who was my age and David who was born during our time there. I remember being taken to see David, with Mary sitting up in bed, a great treat as I don't think I had ever seen such a new baby. Michael and I played together a lot and I remember going to a children's party there when for the first time I was given tea with sugar in it, absolutely disgusting and I can remember wondering what on earth to do with it! I've never been able to have it since - what strange things one remembers as one gets older.

One of my childhood treats was being taken to Mrs Knight's bakery shop in Lombard Street. I can see her cheerful rosy face and white hair in a bun today. She made the most delicious lardy cakes - I can almost taste them too! At the bottom of the square was friendly Miss Courtenay's greengrocery just where today there is an antique shop. Every so often there was a distribution of pork pies somewhere, I remember these being handed out by Miss Daintrey a small be-fringed elderly lady.

My grandmother found herself in trouble at one stage having remarked to an acquaintance that Petworth was like a medieval town. Word got round that Mrs Greening had said Petworth was an evil town and she had a lot of explaining to do!

My great aunt, Miss Edith Upton, lived at Westways, later to become the Police Station, which now I understand is to move premises. I wonder what will become of the house. Tea with Aunt Edith was rather an event. A marvellous silver kettle with a flame under it was manned by a very formal and unsmiling uniformed parlour maid, Dorothy. We were welcomed by the cook, a smiling Ethel. I had to be on my very best behaviour and was allowed to play with some clockwork birds after tea. Aunt Edith was kind but rather daunting to a five-year old. She walked with a cane and had one raised boot, a source of considerable fascination. Another more relaxed tea venue was at Mrs Oglethorpe's who had tiny wooden penguins to play with!

I attended a small school run by a Mrs Baggely(?) who had a small daughter Anne. I think we must have arrived in Petworth just after the tragedy of the bomb on the school, I only heard about this years later.

Being war-time, Petworth House was closed up though the park was open and on our many walks up the hill to get there we were passed by convoys of soldiers - many Canadians who, much to my delight, were happy to wave. I was told Lord Leconfield was away and I always imagined him to look just like the Earl in Little Lord Fauntleroy (which I was reading at the time), top hat, bushy white whiskers and all. I wonder what he was really like. On these walks one was lucky if one could find exciting strips of silver ribbon, in fact something called radio location tape known as 'window' thrown out by our aircraft to confuse the enemy I'm told.

After we left Petworth, my uncle Alan Maude and his wife moved into Daintrey House. Later when he was widowed he moved to South Cottage where I was able to visit him with some of my own children. He was forced to move when it was demolished and ended up at Stone House. He eventually died at the Cottage Hospital. When I visited him there I was intrigued to find him in the very room where I had had my tonsils removed in 1943! I believe he founded or was a part founder of the Petworth Society and I'm sure would be happy to think of me contributing to the magazine today.

I was interested to read the article in the December issue about Kitchen Court and the Beech family as Granny and I stayed with Guy and Judith Beech and their daughters somewhere during our time in Petworth, - long before Judith took up residence there. She was my father's first cousin. I never met her again, but did meet her daughter Mary at an Upton family gathering.

I have nothing but happy memories of my time in Petworth but I think it must have been a difficult time for my grandmother. Two sons in the war, one Navy, one Air Force, a daughter dying of TB and trying to bring up a small grandaughter. I didn't help by having to have an emergency appendectomy in Haslemere where I had gone for a visit and the aforementioned tonsillectomy. All this with no car and the inconveniences of war time must have been a huge strain on her, yet she still found time to invite lonely American service personnel round to tea, some of whom kept in touch for years afterwards. Her house in London was eventually demolished by a doodlebug, so we moved to Hampshire to be near her son where she and I thrived.

Last year for a birthday treat, our six children arranged a surprise lunch party at the Angel Hotel for me and I was able to show them around and take them along the path past the Catholic Church to see that wonderful view over the valley and be photographed with some of the grandchildren on one of those seats where I was photographed with my grandmother all those years ago. A truly happy day.

"Very much an early morning place."

I was born in Upperton at Fir Tree Cottage, one of two cottages both called Fir Tree at the foot of the hill as you come from Petworth. A third cottage, Yew Tree was slightly detached. Fir Tree Cottages have now been made into a single dwelling. Ours was the centre cottage of the three. My grandfather, Henry Hooker, lived in the other Fir Tree Cottage with his son Harry, my uncle. Uncle Harry moved in with us when my grandfather, who was a widower, died. Granddad Hooker was a carter on the Mitford farms and widely known as one of George Garland's most enduring "characters". He was very much a horse man, he never worked with tractors. Very precise, very much in control of his world, up for the horses at five in the morning and back for breakfast; he led a simple life but was in many ways a very astute man.

My great friend at school was Mary Newman (Aitchison). The two of us would always walk down to Tillington School together. I hadn't heard from Mary since the 1940s but after reading her article in the last Magazine, I've made contact again. We'll be meeting up again early in the new year, and are very much looking forward to it.

My father worked for Bryders in Tillington as a carpenter, coffin making was a particular speciality, but he would also work on site. He was in some demand as people often insisted he did their work for him - those who could afford to insist! He was often over at Cucumber Farm, Singleton, biking there and back. No cars for working men in those days.

There were a lot of children in Upperton then and we would all make our way down to the school at Tillington. I came home for lunch, and when I returned in the afternoon I'd often be sent up to Mr. Whitney's farm at the top of Upperton Hill for milk. We frequently needed extra milk and Mrs. Whitney would go out into the dairy and dip the can I'd brought into the big container. Upperton still had its own shop in the thirties, run by Mr. and Mrs. George Wadey with their daughter, Ethel, helping her parents. The village pub was no longer however, it certainly wasn't operating in my time. Church was at Tillington and I went to Sunday School, sang in the choir and was married from there.

Mr. Tanner was Granddad's great friend, he really was. The two old men were inseparable; the friendship certainly wasn't something fabricated by George Garland for the national press. George was always up at Fir Tree photographing them together, or equally often, Granddad on his own. Granddad never referred to Mr. Tanner by his Christian name, always as "Maas" Tanner. This was quite genuine and again not a Garland affectation. Tanner lived further up the village and I think he, too, worked on the Mitford Estate. Sometimes George Garland would come up to collect my granddad and take him off to act as a model on

some quite different background. Messrs Hooker and Tanner represented a world that was passing but yet still existed and the press coverage made them, for a while, almost national celebrities. I wasn't left out either - I'd be photographed with them bringing home the holly or the mistletoe at Christmas.

My mother didn't just send me off to Mr. Whitney's farm. She'd also get me to go across to Manor of Dean for skimmed milk. She used a lot of this. I don't now remember why. After a day at school I didn't always want to go but my mother wasn't a lady to argue with. I'd set off up the hill turn sharp left then walk across Big Field to Manor of Dean.

When still at school I'd deliver newspapers before I went in. They were left at Mrs. Townsend's in Tillington, a private house. Mrs. Townsend's daughter, Dolly, used to do dressmaking in a little room at the side of the house. I'd collect the papers and go all round Tillington and Upperton delivering them. When I got back Mrs. Townsend would give me a cup of tea and a biscuit before I went off to school. Dorothy Townsend, like me, sometimes acted as a model for George Garland. She was a few years older than me and took the Brownies. This was, like so much else, based in the schoolroom at Tillington. Even years later, when I came across Dorothy, I'd always call her "Brown Owl".

Dad always left for work to arrive at Bryders for 7.30, on his bike of course. Upperton was very much an early morning place - most villages were then.

Oh and the Nomads. Mr. Arch Newman was a prime mover in this as he was in so many local things, and as his daughter was my best friend, it was natural that I should become involved - not that I needed much persuasion! Rehearsals were, inevitably, at Tillington School several evenings a week. I suppose it wound up eventually because so many men were away in the war. While we were going we'd travel to other local villages, using private cars. Petrol of course would become a difficulty as the war went on. We always received a very warm welcome; in those dark days a little entertainment was very much appreciated. I thoroughly enjoyed my time with the Nomads, even if my memories of it, particularly of its ending are becoming a little hazy.

Maud Dormer was talking to the Editor

The Great and Little White Harts

Of the many great inns that once signified the status of Petworth as an important market town the Great White Hart is perhaps noteworthy in having now become almost totally forgotten. Closed for over two centuries the inn once occupied the important position on the east side of the Market Place now taken by Austens the hardware business. The site itself has itself gained a certain distinction by being the uninterrupted home of an ironmongery business for very nearly two centuries.

Roger Turner writing in *The Sussex Archaeological Collections* of 1867 incorrectly identifies the property as formerly being The Great George Inn. How he made such an essential error is difficult to understand now. We can however be quite certain that it was

The Great White Hart that he described in his article. Turner dates the construction of the inn in 1533 and claims without any obvious authority that it was the premier inn in Petworth. He compounds his errors by asserting that even within living memory a sign hung from the building that depicted the legendary scene of St George slaying a dragon. Perhaps Turners saving grace is the reproduction in his essay of a series of drawings of the old inn which evidently were in the possession of William Knight of Petworth and which Turner had etched and reproduced for his article.

The location of the Great White Hart is easily identified in old deeds for the site had been known as Belchambers since ancient times and while the earliest record of the inn is from 1670 we can be reasonably certain that even by then it was a well established business. At this time the inn was in the ownership of the important Goble family who also owned the nearby Little White Hart which stood at the east end of Trump Alley or White Hart Lane at its junction with East Street. It seems likely that the Little White Hart may have operated as a kind of tap or alehouse to its more distinguished neighbour, somewhere for the coachmen and servants to obtain refreshment or lodgings while their masters frequented the inn. This Little White Hart should not be confused with the other hostelry of that name which would later be known as The Red Lion, or indeed The White Hart which operated near to the top of High Street until 1939.

Surviving inventories analysed by G.H. Kenyon in Petworth Town and Trades, 1610-1760 published by The Sussex Archaeological Society provide an important insight into both the development and the decline of the Great White Hart during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Like the nearby George Inn the Great White Hart had continued the custom of naming rooms and decorating them with a related mural. The 1670 inventory of Henry Goble's possessions identifies 11 named chambers, the Cock, Falcon, Griffin, Bell, Dolphin, Hart, Luce, Angel, Star, Marigold and Sun. The rooms appear to be comfortably furnished for the period and all contain at least one bed with the exception of the Griffin which may have been adapted for use as a meeting room for its contents include 2 tables, 5 joined stools and 3 bulrush chairs. There are of course the private quarters for the innkeeper and a room for the children and another for the maidservants. The only reference to a male employee is a room above the washhouse for the ostler. There is a well equipped hall furnished with tables, stools, chairs, and playing tables. The kitchen provides the greater part of the inventory though one must question the practice of having 13 chamber pots stored beside a brass stew pan, a ladle and various other kitchen utensils.

The inventories indicate a decline in the fortunes of the inn for by 1758 when the property is owned by William Johnson. G.H. Kenyon notes that only 3 of the painted rooms survive in name. Perhaps fashions had changed or indeed a lower type of client no longer appreciated the status offered by a decorated chamber. Possibly the rooms had survived and it was just simply a case of a less enthusiastic appraiser failing to mention them in the inventory. Who knows? What we can tell for certain from the later inventory is that the inn was certainly not as prosperous as in the seventeenth century. Much of the furniture is described as old and the garrets or bedrooms are far from comfortably furnished. Henry Goble had his wearing apparel and money in his purse valued at £30 on his death in 1670 while 88 years later the value of the equivalent items on the death of William Johnson came to just £4. 15s.

The former Great White Inn prior to demolition in 1866.
A view of the east wing from Trump Alley.

In 1758 following the death of William Johnson the property is in the hands of a Charles Watts. Sadly very little is known of this period and it is unclear whether the inn remained open. Certainly by 1789 it is described as "formerly the White Hart Inn".

A valuation from the middle of the nineteenth century gives an incomplete description of the property when it was in the ownership of Thomas Seward who had purchased the ironmongery business from the Row family; it seems probable that the building had changed little from when it was an inn. The property is described as "a sash fronted house, brick, stone and timber built, and tile healed with a frontage of forty feet in the centre of the Market Place and a road at [the] back leading to East Street". Extensive cellars are mentioned, as are the workshops, stores, barns and stables which lead east up Trump Alley away from the shop.

The old building was demolished in 1866 and the ironmongery store that we know today was built on the site.

The history of the Little White Hart probably ran parallel with its 'Great' neighbour and may well have closed at the same time. Fortunately the building has survived intact albeit largely hidden behind a modern render.

Owners or Occupiers of The Great White Hart

Henry Goble 1670	Mary Barnard 1729	Jane Johnson 1758
John Goble 1670	William Johnson 1753	Thomas Watts? 1759

Owners or Occupiers of The Little White Hart

Henry Rice? John Goble 1669

Miles Costello

A previously unknown drawing of North Street by G. Harrison. The date is uncertain but must be between 1849 when the Wheatsheaf public house opened and the early 1890s when the cottages on the left were derelict and soon to be demolished to make way for the present Glebe Villas. The scene depicts a much slower Petworth when it was still possible to lean upon the outside of the railing to pass the time of day or indeed to set up an easel in the middle of the road. Not something to be recommended to the modern artist! An extensive search for information regarding G. Harrison has drawn a blank and so if any reader has previously come across the artist I would be interested to know more.

Miles Costello

A voice from the wings

Further to Mary Aitchison's enquiry in the last Magazine concerning the Tillington Nomads, I remember them well. Initially I didn't join: there simply seemed little point. It was 1940 and I'd already had a medical for the Army. I was asked to fill in, doing a solo yokel act. In the time that remained I took a more active role with them. The Nomads were an offshoot of the old Tillington Social Club which had been formed in 1939 with the objects (a) of stimulating village life and (b) of providing amusements, interests and hobbies, winter and summer, for all ages.

It wasn't long however before the men were called to war service and, no doubt, some of the ladies for war work like munitions, and it became difficult to continue. I can't speak from experience as, of course, I was away. In those very early days Ted Gardner used to cycle over from Sutton to take part. Mr. Campion, the rector, was overall Chairman of the Social Club, and Arch Newman, another member of the committee, a moving force with the Nomads, for whom he produced the backdrops.

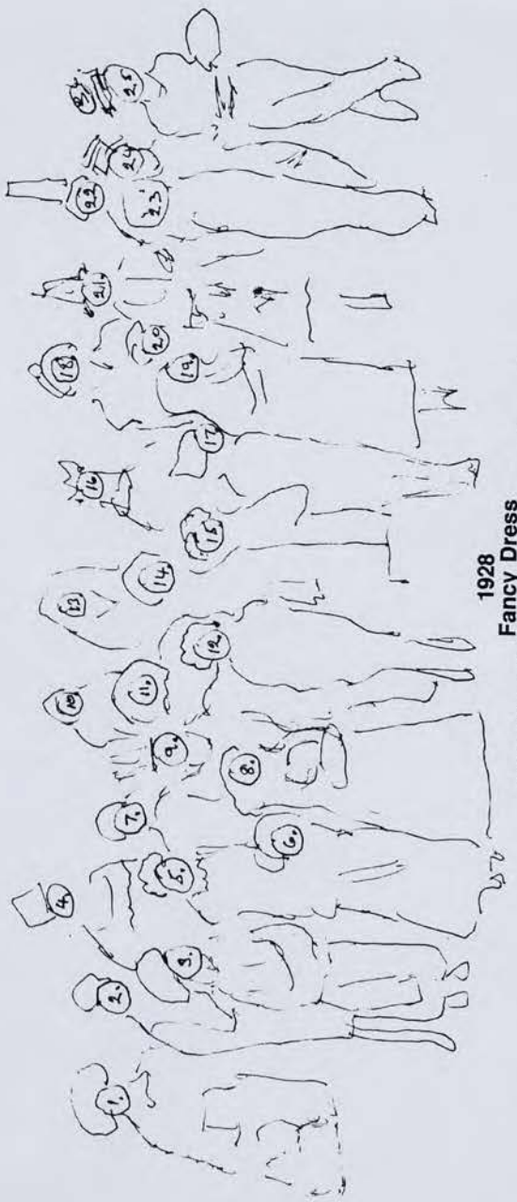
Public performance was something I'd grown up with. I sang in the choir when Lord Leconfield opened the Tillington Pavilion in 1927 and I have a photograph of Ern Pratt and myself in costume for a school play. At other times I might sing at a school concert to fund the annual children's party. I remember singing, "I'm a merry little Jap" - not something I would have liked to sing after 1939. I wore a kimono which doubled as Mrs Brown, the schoolmaster's wife's, dressing gown.

Choir practice was every Thursday evening: some boys lived in the village but many of us walked a mile and a half or more. I don't remember anyone coming from River but some boys certainly came from Dean and from Little Common. There might be a dozen of us boys and also the men. Certainly two dozen, probably rather more. Mr. Chandler was choirmaster and very competent he was too. The choir won a couple of certificates at choral competitions, Brighton and Bognor possibly. The certificates used to hang in the choir vestry but they're long gone now. Mr. Chandler also conducted the Choral Society in Tillington and they too took part in competitions and were quite a force. Mr. Chandler had some kind of link with Barnham and also conducted the Barnham Choir in competitions.

There was a small group of "Tillington Players" in the 1920s and into the 1930s; about half a dozen locals who acted sketches to provide funds for the annual school party. I think they kept very much to short sketches and they were rather older than I was. I remember Toby Bryder was one of them. They would have disbanded during, or even before, the war and the post-war Tillington Players were not really a continuation.

Mr. Goggs was rector in the 1920s, a burly man but very quiet. His wife was Cub mistress but this was really before my time when my brother was in the Cubs. Mr. Goggs died, I would think, in 1929 and, on a sombre note, I remember an all night vigil for him. The coffin was panelled rather than plain and as a schoolboy I did an early duty. Slightly older boys took over and then the men did the night turns.

The Rectory Fête, sometimes combined with a pageant, was the great event of the year. I suppose it would have raised funds for the parish church. What sticks with me most is seeing



1928
Fancy Dress
Tillington Fete in Old Rectory Grounds

1. U.Linton 2. A.Vickery 3. H.Sinker 4. Unknown. 5. I.Richards 6. M.Peters 7. I.Marshall 8. B.Vickery 9. J.Holloway 10. Unknown 11.E.Wadey 12. N.Brown 13 E.Moody 14. D.Bryder 15. C.Payne 16. ?.Moody 17. D.Boxall 18. M.Booker 19. F.Budd 20. D.Peters 21. K.Bishop 22. C.Ramsey 23. W.Payne 24. F.Staker 25. F.Wadey 26. ???

Key to Tillington Fete 1928. See main pictures. Courtesy of Jack Holloway.

A Sussex Lane by J.R.H. 1913. [I do not know the identity of J.R.H. (Ed.)]

TILLINGTON NOMADS

Taken in Tillington School. (March 1940)

Back Row (Standing) L. to R. **L.Page. A.Gibson. N.Ward. C.Blunden. D. Collins. J.Daniels. E.Wilson. A.Vickery. H.Guy. A.Newman. I.Davis. D.Townsend. E.Gardner. J.Holloway.**

Centre Row (Kneeling) L. to R. **E.Guy. B.Vickery. M.Newman. R.Gash. J.Bartlett.**

Front Row (Sitting) L. to R. **K.Payne. D.Howard. M.Wadey. M.Stevens. M.Money. E.Wadey.**

Left Corner. **? Ward. R.Birch.**

(Producer) **N.Ward.** ***(Pianist)*** **D.Collins.** ***(Lighting)*** **L.Page.** ***(Scenery)*** **A.Newman.** ***(Accordion)*** **J.Bartlett.**

Key to Tillington Nomads 1940. See main pictures. Identification by Mary Aitchison, Jack Holloway.

Tillington Fete 1928. See Key in main Magazine. Photograph by G.G. Garland.

everyone seated waiting for the formal opening when a queen bee arrived complete with her swarm. Granny Bryder simply seized a nearby tin bath and scooped the queen into it and from there into a basket as a substitute skep. While she rolled up her sleeves for this, everyone else covered up. "They won't hurt you," she said.

In latter years I once or twice acted as backup for George Garland's yokel act, usually at evening dinners. I remember once warming up the audience at Barnham. I had just introduced, "The one and only George Garland", when a voice came from the wings, "Hang on a minute, I haven't got my bloody gaiters on." Impromptu as it was, this went down very well with the audience. Garland himself had been much influenced by the Blackman family from Arundel and I think he "borrowed" one or two of his famous "characters" from them. I saw the Blackmans perform between the wars, a famous sketch was of a boat race crew with a radio commentator. As soon as the commentator mentioned Mortlake Brewery on the left Mr. Blackman left the boat and made for the Brewery.

Jack Holloway was talking to the Editor

"Petworth - a realm of the spirit" - a dialogue for a new year

Chairman:

This is Issue 131. You've had virtual carte blanche for thirty years and more. Some expected that you would exhaust the material available in a dozen issues. Obviously you haven't. Will this happen eventually?

Editor:

The short answer to that is "No." A conceivable scenario, however, is that with a continuing influx of new residents, continuity will become a difficult, not to say divisive, concept. And this Magazine has to be about continuity. I'd say this was a possible, rather than a necessary, scenario.

Chairman:

Recollection has always been an essential ingredient of the Magazine mix.

Editor:

If you are going to provide anything from 44 to 52 pages every quarter, you have to requisition the past, whether you like it or not. The past has a definition about it that the present (to say nothing of the future) lacks. The present is difficult to see objectively and open to contradictory interpretations, still more the future. Yes, the past has to be crucial.

Chairman:

I know that this is the Society Magazine, the organ of those who pay the subscription, More, for those who live away, it has to be the voice of 21st century Petworth. But is the focus too narrow? There is a wider Petworth than this Society. In the present issue you cover

Petworth's Fair in some detail, as you do the monthly meetings, the book sales, and, by extension, the Cottage Museum. But what about non-Society events? Haven't you a responsibility for these? The Christmas Lights for instance, or the Petworth Festival? Surely you're offering a foreshortened, even a distorted perspective? And what about someone looking back, say, in a hundred years' time? They'll get a curious perspective.

Editor:

I take your point, although I'd be very chary of supposing that anyone in a hundred years' time will be perusing these pages. Archives are full of forgotten magazine series. On the more general point, where would you begin and where would you end? There are other organs like *Petworth Pages* and *St. Mary's Parish Magazine*. The former, certainly, has a more general remit and a readership that is not limited by subscription.

Chairman:

"Forgotten magazine series." Are you saying that the Magazine has no permanent value? Surely it is already a vast archive of local tradition?

Editor:

That's as may be. What I'm saying is that the future's not, and cannot be, my concern. Early in 2008 I can only concern myself with an existing readership and with Magazine 132 due out in June. Personally I would judge that some of the material we have is, if not priceless, certainly otherwise irrecoverable. That's only my personal judgement. In the last resort my judgement is irrelevant.

Chairman:

You've been involved with the Magazine from its inception in 1974. It's a long time. How are things different now?

Editor:

The first Magazines (Bulletins) were very thin, eight very well spaced pages - four pages of a present Magazine, possibly not as much. That would raise a few eyebrows now: there's a greater expectation. In 1974 it would have been easier than it is now to find people with interesting recollections but in fact it was a year or two before we went down that road.

Chairman:

It would be - what? 1981? How did this come about?

Editor:

As much by chance as anything. We were already attracting a certain amount of reminiscence and using some purely historical articles. A television crew had been to Petworth House for a feature about servants in the old days. They talked to Cilla Greest who had worked there in the 1920s. Someone suggested I talk to Cilla for the Magazine (Bulletin as it was called then). Nothing very unusual now, but something of a novelty then. Cilla was cautious, more than cautious, doubtful. "I don't think so," she said, "but I'll think about it. Come back in a week." When I went back she agreed although insisting that I was wasting my time. Had I not had Melicent Knight with me, I don't think Cilla would have agreed at all. I sometimes wonder what would have happened if she'd actually said no.

Chairman:

Do you find producing the Magazine time-consuming or a strain?

Editor:

No. In fact I'd turn your question on its head and say that it would be a greater strain to be aware of the material available and make no attempt to record it. A corollary is that producing a magazine of this size at regular intervals implies a tacit dialogue with the readership. I'm not sure that this is something I consciously set out to do, or even wanted to do, but I suppose it is part and parcel of the business of communication. Strain? No, provided I keep on top of things. By that I mean that it is essential to be well advanced with 132 before releasing 131. In this context procrastination is not the thief of time: it's an open road to disaster.

Chairman:

Have you any particular favourite items?

Editor:

Difficult. Some, looking back, stand out as crucial, like the seminal interview with Cilla Greest. Otherwise I'd think particularly of the cluster of interviews with servants at Petworth House between the wars. Diana Owen was very helpful here and I would judge them as important. Some articles have given me a particular satisfaction: I can think of "Eli and the Tansticker matches" - a probing of George Garland's yokel humour (PSM 67) or "George Garland and Miss Canary Islands 1936" (PSM 118). The curious thing is that the happier I am with an article, the less likely it is that it will evoke a response. There's probably a lesson to be learned there!

Chairman:

I note that you mention George Garland twice. Do you have a continuing awareness of him?

Editor:

Yes, he has to be a presiding spirit, as for that matter is our jovial friend J.O. Greenfield with his Tales. George had only a marginal influence on the Society's beginnings and he died in 1978. I think, however, that this Magazine is something he would have liked to produce. The period between the wars, as, too, the fifties and sixties, was all against such an enterprise, possibly, too George would have lacked the time and the application. It may be that the period from 1974 has been a window of opportunity and that window is beginning to close.

Chairman:

So far we've had a measure of agreement, but I am a little uneasy about relevance. In Issue 130, for instance, I find a discussion of Erskine Childers' *Riddle of the Sands* – no more relevant to Petworth than Alain-Fournier or Madame Recamier in previous issues. No direct connection with Petworth, surely?

Editor:

On the face of it, no.

Chairman:

"On the face of it." What's that supposed to mean? Something either has a connection or it hasn't. I accept that you have a penchant for the obscure; some might say the downright weird. I can live with that. But you seem to use the Book Sale report to travel as far away from Petworth as you can - on the flimsiest of platforms.

Editor:

"Flimsiest of platforms." How about "magic carpet"?

Chairman:

I think I can guess what you're going to say. You said it of Ebernoe over a decade ago. And it's occasionally been quoted since. In a certain light Petworth (like Ebernoe) becomes a "realm of the spirit rather than a geographical entity." Some might see this simply as a licence to digress.

Editor:

Some well might, but others might in turn see in them a failure of imagination. "No man," said John Donne, "is an island." The Book Sale can act as a kind of breathing tube connecting the Society to a wider world. An attack on the merely insular.

Chairman:

I don't find this convincing. For me, the Book Sale is functionary; it raises the money to allow this Magazine to appear. There's no need for all this nonsense about magic carpets. In any case your choice of subjects is as near to being completely arbitrary as makes no difference. Can we even be sure that the book you've chosen to talk about has actually come into the Sale?

Editor:

You have to rely on my artistic integrity. Not a happy position to be in.

Chairman:

Clearly you're not listening to what I'm saying. On the plus side we're agreed on most things. Here's to a vintage Issue 131.

Peter was talking to himself. If you are disturbed by the implications of this, please express your concerns to Mr. K.C. Thompson. Postcards only please.

"He expects a day's work, for a day's pay."

I was born in 1914 in one of a pair of cottages on Hampers Common, just across the road from the Common itself. Mr. Greest, the knacker man at the hunt kennels, lived in the other cottage. Dad farmed Glebe Farm, on the Horsham Road and also to the rear of the cottages, but there was no house with the farm itself. I think Dad ran the farm for my grandfather, Edward Webster, who had a lease on several local fields and holdings. Glebe Farm, as you would expect from the name, still went with the rectory, but it was handled by the Leconfield Estate. I can remember J.B. Watson, the agent in the 1920s, looking over it.

Living where we did, it was an easy walk to the North Street Boys' School and I could come home for lunch. Mr. "Mick" Wootton was headmaster with his daughter, Maggie, taking the younger boys; she would later be in charge of the Infants' School. Mr. Wootton retired during my time at the school to be replaced by Mr. Stevenson. One thing remains particularly vivid for me: the workhouse boys with their uniform red shirts and brown corduroy suits. They never seemed to stay for any length of time. There were circuses and

fairs on Hampers Common, but they seem to have made little impact on me. More important was Goodwood. Like all Petworth children we eagerly awaited the chance to shout, "Throw out your rusty coppers" but our activities were curtailed when one of our number was hit by a vehicle.

My grandfather died when I was about six and had by this time moved away. He lived in the Bank House at Milford. What I know of him comes basically from what I have been told and from the fact that my father, to some extent, took over the business from him. There is a famous Kevis photograph of him standing outside his East Street shop (afterwards Streeters and now The Covert). It will come from the early century or just before, but certainly not later than 1908. for Walter Kevis left Petworth in that year. The baskets were very much part of the business. They were used to send fruit to the London Market. It would be taken to Petworth station to go up on the train. Granddad Webster had been in Petworth certainly from 1880, possibly before and had originally lived at Stony Hill on the way out of Petworth to the south. He had married the daughter of a shepherd who lived there and had eventually taken over the tenancy. I still have a weather-glass given to him at the Horticultural Show for the best-kept cottage garden. Granddad Webster was something of an entrepreneur and rented any available land on which to grow fruit, vegetables and farm produce. Potatoes were a staple crop. It was a well known saying in Petworth, "If you want a job, go and see Webster. The pay's good, but remember he expects a day's work for a day's pay." I don't know how he operated the shop as he must have been out working most of the time. Perhaps his wife ran it in the early days, but she died relatively early. Certainly he had moved from Stony Hill to live above the retail premises. In later years he had a succession of housekeepers, some better than others. One in particular had to be retrieved from the Star at lunchtime. Eventually he married one of them. Granddad Webster was certainly prepared to get his hands dirty, reaping by hand, he'd get a team of men together and expect them to keep up with him as he cut a wide arc with his scythe.

Granddad had several local orchards: in the Pound allotments, on the Horsham Road and at Byworth. The apples went to the London Market. In latter years Mr. Madgwick from Byworth would replace the horse and cart and take the baskets down to the station in his lorry. The baskets belonged to the London Market and travelled to and fro. I can still see the loaded baskets stacked in the barn at Byworth ready for collection. Just before Christmas was a particularly busy time. Newspaper and straw was used for packing and pointed sticks of hazel inserted into the baskets to hold the stack steady.

Glebe Farm was, as I have said, effectively administered by the Estate, but contact with the Estate was otherwise minimal. Occasionally we'd go down to the Wharf at Coultershaw to collect wood for repairs. Dad paid his rent at the Audit Room and I recall him coming home with a new churchwarden's pipe and tobacco, having paid his rent. Cottagers were given a meal. Once, for some reason, I was up there and, although only a boy, received several large slices of beef. A cottager would be sure to take his jug with him when he went, for it would be filled with beer for him. Rents were reasonable enough, in the region of half a crown a week, but a certain discipline was in order. The money had to be saved until needed; there was no way you could find that sort of sum at the last minute.

Things were difficult generally in the 1920s and my father gave up Glebe Farm and

moved to Perrotts at Graffham. I left school and worked with him. Dad stayed at Perrotts until 1936 when we returned to Petworth to live at Damer's Bridge, Dad doing jobbing gardening. I joined up in 1940 and was away for six years. While still at Graffham I joined the local Scouts but still kept in touch with Petworth. There were Mrs. Ford's dancing classes at the Studio in High Street and I'd cycle in for them. Mrs. Ford taught dancing and also held dances up there. A packet of cigarettes would be handed round. Dennis Parker was a friend of mine and if there was a "do" at Graffham he'd cycle in and back, often quite late at night.

When I came out of the services I worked for a time at a school in Horley, but then came home. Midhurst Labour Exchange told me that Mr. Holden, the butcher in Saddler's Row needed a roundsman. As Seth Holden's shop was just round the corner from Damer's Bridge it was very convenient. There were three or four Petworth butchers then, each with a considerable country round. Mine took in basically Kirdford and Plaistow. I delivered to each customer twice a week, a light order early in the week when I would collect the larger order for the weekend. It might be half a pound of steak or three or four chops early in the week, then a joint for the weekend - that's when people were paid. When Seth Holden gave up, his three employees, Len Playfoot, Ken Page and myself, took over the business as Playfoot, Page and Webster. It would be the early 1950s.

George Webster was talking to the Editor.

"Well, you can skuggie off back to Northchapel"

I was born at 225 Northchapel in 1925, just beyond the Dependant ("Cokeler") Stores as you come from Petworth but on the other side of the road. The house was always known as Peter's Pride but I have no idea why. It belonged to the Leconfield Estate but my father in fact worked for the local council. Perhaps some earlier member of the family had worked for the Estate, I don't know and never thought to ask. There was no mains water, hence no bathroom, and the W.C. (if that's the right word) was at the bottom of the garden. Washing for clothes was done in a copper in the scullery and water had to be fetched two or three times a day from the Half Moon pub over the road. If it was bath night this would involve additional trips. There was a large tin bath. For washing my mother used rain water collected from the roof. Unless we used the copper, water had to be heated in big kettles on the range and this had to be kept going most of the time. One year we had a pig in the garden but it was something I remember just the once. It was taken away to be killed so that the younger children wouldn't realise. There was a bacon loft above the range, although we didn't use it in my time, but the sweep (Mr. Talman, no relation) had to climb right up into the chimney to scrape out the soot. As I have said, Dad worked for the local council, doing tarring and road maintenance, but, as an Estate cottager, he would go into Petworth once a year for the Audit and pay the rent. On Saturdays, he'd sweep the village streets.

From our house you could see Mrs. Day and her helpers going across the fields to the laundry at Wet Wood (also known as Little Wood). There were two fields which were used for hanging the clothes out to dry on lines outdoors. Mrs. Day's husband kept a single cow and used to go round the village on his pushbike with his half-size churn. It wasn't a very big round as he had only the one cow and the single churn. Even so it must have been quite difficult to steer the bicycle. I went to Northchapel School which served a wide country area. Children walked in from Stag Park, Pheasant Court and all round. On wet days they would be soaked to the skin before they arrived. Like most small schools, Northchapel had three classes, infants, second and third, the last, of course, being the top. Miss Newman looked after the infants, Miss Powell the second and Miss Legg the top. While I was there, Miss Legg retired, to be replaced by Miss New who came from Worthing. Miss Legg was not to be trifled with: she kept a large cane under her desk and was not afraid to use it with some of the older boys, most of whom were just waiting to leave school and go out to work. I went when I was five and left at fourteen.

There was a blacksmith, Mr. Ben Chitty, in the village but by my time he mainly did repairs to farm machinery rather than horse work. Mr. Legg was the butcher and Mr. and Mrs. Walker kept the Post Office at the top end of the Green. Mrs. Vinall was post lady, walking up the hill to the Frith Woods and then on to Shillinglee Park - a pretty fair distance, especially when it was raining. One morning she found a fox cub and brought it back to rear. She kept it on a lead outside the front door. As a boy, I had the job of pumping the church organ during services - morning and evening on a Sunday. Mr. Standish was the incumbent then and Miss Newman, the school mistress, played. Positioned at the side of the organ, I'd push a handle back and forth to put the wind into the organ. I had to use just sufficient pressure to prevent the handle riding high, if it did there would be no wind and hence no music.

We had a Hospital Saturday once a year to raise funds for Haslemere Hospital. It was held on the top of the Green with fairground rides at threepence each, stalls and a cricket match. Unlike some other villages, Northchapel did not have a procession. The doctor (usually Dr. Ball) came out from Petworth - he used Mrs. Gander's front room. There was a big tree in front of the house with a wall round it. Opposite the Deepwell Inn was the paper shop, kept by Mrs. Newland. You'd go in for your papers; I don't think they were delivered. It was quite a small affair.

As Leconfield Estate tenants, we'd receive, every year, just before Christmas, two rabbits, (no, not pheasants). David Brooker, the keeper from Wet Wood, brought them round. I remember once I was with some friends in Wet Wood and we were shaking a tree trying to dislodge a squirrel's nest when David appeared on the scene. "What are you boys doing" "We're trying to shake a skuggies' nest up in that tree." "Well, you can skuggie off back to Northchapel," David retorted. In later years David and I often had a laugh about it. The keeper's house and the old laundry are now no longer - at best a few ruins.

Over the road from us were, of course, the Dependant stores. Mr. Rugman, one of the community, had the "garage" on the corner. Basically he looked after cycles. The Stores, effectively a department store, brought customers in from well outside the village and the lay-by on our side usually had a car or two even in those days when cars were still relatively uncommon. The Dependant women still wore the distinctive bonnet when they went out.

Northchapel Church drawn by Harold Roberts (?c1950). Original West Sussex Gazette *caption appears below.*

HERE YOU ARE: NORTHCHAPEL.

A former Northchapel resident a few weeks ago expressed the wish to see on this page an illustration of the old church, and, thanks to Mr. Harold Roberts, of Romany Rye, Wisborough Green, we give it this week. There may be many Northchapel folk out of Sussex now, and of England too for that matter, who will welcome it. Whether it is St. Michael's church or St. John the Baptist's these saints will not differ: what does orientation say to it? Five miles north from Petworth the village stands not far from the Surrey border.

I never attended a Dependant funeral, but I do remember seeing the coffin on its hand-pushed bier making its way to the parish church. Their singing could be heard at our house. Austere as they may have seemed, the Dependants could be very kind. When our family had measles they came over with rice pudding and cakes. Very acceptable in the 1930s.

Petrol was sold at the Half Moon, there being two pumps out on the road. You'd sound your horn and the landlord would appear from behind the bar. Just past the Half Moon was a little clothes shop - although the Dependants at Brown, Durant and Co sold clothes on a relatively large scale.

When I left school I went to work for Tom Wadey in the woods at Tanland. It was something my Dad had fixed up for me while I was still at school. Tom Wadey had been working with his brother, but the latter had a bad leg and had left the woods. Tom now needed some help. The work involved copse cutting for cordwood, pea boughs, sticks, hoops, faggots and pimps. Tom had a horse and cart which he used to load up and bring down to the main road where a lorry would pick the load up and take it away. Eight shillings a week! I did it for about two years, then I went on to Mr. Woods' milk round. Fourteen shillings a week.

Mr. Woods bought his milk from Mr. Seldon, the farmer at Diddlesfold, just up the road towards Hill Grove. He carried a big churn on the van but otherwise it was crates of bottles - quart, pint and half pint. Mr. Woods himself lived up by Diddlesfold. He was in a rather bigger line of business than Mr. Day and delivered outside the village to Shillinglee, Plaistow, Kirdford, Strood Green and Bedham. We'd set out at about seven in the morning, but Mr. Woods had already been up and about, bottling the milk. Cardboard bottle tops of course then with a little tag to lift them. The bottles were quite plain with no livery and collecting the empties was a significant part of the job. The bottles would go back to Diddlesfold for washing. Bedham was the furthest part of a long round. We'd go up to Strood Green from Kirdford, bear left on to the main road and then sharp right on the bend for Bedham. We wouldn't be back in Northchapel until about two o'clock. I'd go home for dinner, meanwhile Mrs. Woods would have got the copper ready to heat the water for the bottles which would then be placed upside down in a big metal bath to dry. Milk wasn't rationed in those early days of the war, but I think it went on ration eventually. I never found out because by that time I was eighteen and had been called up. Mr. Woods wasn't a young man and it wasn't long before he gave up and I went to work on Mr. Kenyon's fruit farm at Iron Pear Tree, pruning in the winter, then looking after and, eventually, picking the apples. My eldest brother found me the job, he was doing a similar thing at Scratchings. I didn't then know about Mr. Kenyon's work as an archivist and historian. He was the kind of gentleman farmer who was prepared to get his hands dirty and work his own land. He was also a captain in the Army and away quite a lot. At these times the foreman took charge.

Petworth? Very occasionally I'd walk in - but it is a fair way. There was the Aldershot and District bus and a shilling fare. We might go in to Fox's in North Street for clothing - very popular as a shop for working men - or to Deans for fish - there was no fish shop in Northchapel. Sometimes I'd cycle in, but not very often, occasionally even hitch in on the back of a horse and cart. For Petworth Fair we'd come in some numbers but this really was a case of walking home: the last bus left at ten past nine.

There were several evacuees in Northchapel, but as I'd left school before the war I was just aware of them - nothing more. I knew the bomb fell on Petworth Boys' School, but being at work I didn't know what had happened until I got home. When I was away in the forces, a flying bomb fell on a house just up the road towards Diddlesfold, one morning about eight o'clock. My mother wrote to tell me about it but the letter was censored and everything to do with the incident cut out. I learned late that the blast brought down part of the ceiling at 332. I was away for four years before Mr. Kenyon managed to get me demobbed as needed for class "A" work in the orchards.

George Talman was talking to the Editor.

P.H. Padwick

P.H. Padwick. I never knew his Christian names, somehow I imagined the "P" stood for Patrick, but I'm probably wrong. Certainly he was always very kind to me. I liked drawing when I was at Fittleworth School and he in turn took an interest in what I did . Once I asked him if he had any old paint brushes and ended up not only with brushes but with paint and some canvas boards. When I was a child living at the Wheelwrights on the road to Bedham, Mr. Padwick lived at Little Sorrels directly opposite, just on the right as you take the Bedham Road from Hallelujah Corner. I remember being ill and having steamed fish sent across the road for me from Little Sorrels. At Christmas Mr. Padwick once gave me a train set, the only problem being that the box of rails was missing. When I told him about it, he appeared a day or two later with the missing box: there had been a mistake somewhere. It was an electric set and as we had a slot-meter my grandfather was a little reluctant to use the electricity to run it! As a young child I found Mr. Padwick somewhat alarming; he could be rather distant, but this wore off as I became older. Familiarity never progressed as far as calling him anything but "Mr. Padwick."

Occasionally he'd take me with him on one of his painting expeditions. I did my own painting and he'd get on with his own work. Once I remember being on Houghton Hill and looking to the edge of Arundel Park, at another time not moving from home, but painting Sorrels Cottage; now tiled, it was thatched then. One of my paintings won first prize in the local Flower Show. When I first knew him, Mr. Padwick had a studio at Little Sorrels, it was small and absolutely packed with pictures. Then my grandfather, who although a wheelwright by trade, did quite a bit of work for Mr. Padwick, built the Studio just off the main road and adjoining the White Horse on the corner.

Mr. Padwick had a number of model galleons and I remember him taking me down to the Oyster Pond at Littlehampton and putting the galleons on the water, the while carefully painting them on the canvas. When he returned to Fittleworth he painted a seascape around them. Perhaps he wanted to see how the model boats "sat" in the water. In a rather similar way he put a model steam locomotive on the lawn, set it going and carefully committed his view of it to canvas. As with the galleons, he filled in the surroundings later.

In those days at Little Sorrels and, indeed, later, he had a housekeeper, Fanny Hawkins, often assisted by her sister. I believe the sisters were somehow related to the Harding family at the Stores. My impression was that Mr. Padwick was away a great deal. You could always tell if he was at home because his distinctive 1924 vintage Morris Cowley would be parked outside in the road. This would be the early 1930s perhaps. In later years Mr. Padwick would leave the Bedham Road and also the new studio and move up to a new house with a larger studio at Tripp Hill.

Yes, his pictures tended to be on the dark side. It was a characteristic of his work that he made little use of light, shadow or contrast. Even painting a landscape with Amberley Chalkpits he wouldn't do more than simply register the whiteness. As I've said, there were always masses of pictures in his studio, often started and then left unfinished. He'd often begin a canvas and then simply abandon it.

Mr. Padwick never seemed short of money, nor did I have the impression that he concerned himself overmuch with selling his pictures. I really don't know how he marketed his work - if in fact he did. He must have had private means of some kind; he certainly had available capital. He had Balchins garage on the Fleet built and also had a bungalow built for Billy Balchin, the proprietor. In fact the land behind where the garage once stood is now known as Padwick's Field. Billy Balchin would on occasion act as driver for the Cowley.

Some of Padwick's canvasses were very large indeed and the new studio at Tripp Hill rapidly filled up. To my knowledge Mr. Padwick painted almost exclusively in oils. In his catalogue of artists Jeremy Wood lists a "Fred Padwick" (floruit 1917) who specialised in water colours but I think this must be another artist. It seems that Jeremy Wood does not mention Padwick at all. Oil can be a dense medium and often with Padwick's work you need to stand well back to take in the composition. Oil is a quite different medium to watercolour - for instance you often have to wait for the oil to dry before you can resume painting, although these days you can have a blower to dry it off. In contrast watercolour dries almost immediately.

Pleasant as he could be, Padwick was in some ways a solitary man. He certainly made no attempt to involve himself in village life, nor did he seem to mix with the local gentry. His complexion, I remember, was unusually sallow. The picture in the last Magazine shows him with a walking stick something I never remember, although I have to say I saw much less of him after I came back from the war.

Mr. Padwick was someone who could live with his own company and was happy to do so. He could be remote. He was often away on painting excursions, but if you did catch him painting and said something like, "That's a nice picture.." he'd simply ignore you - completely absorbed in his own work. In some ways he was something of an enigma. I assume he'd moved in to Fittleworth rather than having grown up in the village but that's only an assumption. I never thought about it and I don't think I would have asked anyway!

Gordon Goodyer was talking to the Editor.

Editor's note:
Philip Hugh Padwick 1875-1956 was a prolific artist and his work regularly appears at auction +/- £100 being an average price. At a quick glance there is little of a biographical nature on the Internet, only a suggestion that someone write biographical notes!

The Petworth Society

PETWORTH SOCIETY ACTIVITIES SHEET

Spring/early summer programme. Please keep for reference.

We are always trying to ring the changes, but, thirty years and more on, it's difficult. Our ideal is to offer members something every month, all the year round. More you would probably find excessive, less too relaxed. After all, attendance at any event is very much a matter of personal inclination. This year we begin with three visits, the first walk coming in July. The Society will visit Michelham Priory in East Sussex on August 16th, details of this in the June Magazine. Our first official walk will be on July 20th although the visit to Ramster offers opportunities for walking.

VISITS:

The secret history of Lavant House
Sunday April 13th
A talk and conducted tour of what is now Lavant House School, led by Terry Carlysle.
Find out the fascinating eighteenth century history of this Georgian gem.
Cars leave Petworth Car Park at **2.00** N.B.

Please note: Numbers strictly limited to 22. You cannot simply turn up on the day. Please ring Peter 342562 to join the list. As usual first come first served.

VISIT TO RAMSTER GARDENS
Sunday, 27th April

We will be visiting Ramster Gardens, near Chiddingfold, on Sunday 27th April. The 20 acres of garden are very varied with wild, wooded areas, carpeted with primroses and bluebells in spring, a bog garden, a Royal Horticultural Society sponsored collection of rhododendrons and camellias, (many of which are early bloomers), more formal areas and many fascinating and surprising features. There is an excellent teahouse which offers plants and local produce for sale, and Ramster's own smoked salmon, as well as delicious homemade cakes!

Entry to the gardens costs £5.00 for adults, £4.50 for concessions and groups of ten or more, free of charge for under 16's. Members of the C.P.R.E. pay half price. We will travel in shared cars, leaving Petworth Car Park at 2.00 p.m., arriving Ramster approx. 2.15 p.m. The gardens close at 5.00 p.m.

No need to prebook – leader Debbie Stevenson.

CHATHAM DOCKYARD VISIT see separate sheet.

Monthly meetings: £3 Leconfield Hall 7.30
Refreshments. Raffle.

Tuesday 18th March:

David Lang : Chile – A long thin journey
From Santiago to Cape Horn, with a special accent on orchids.

Tuesday 22nd April:

Arthur Hoare : A Woodland Nature Reserve
A trip to the Loder Valley

The AGM will take place on Wednesday June 4th. Speaker to be arranged.

BOOK SALES: Second Saturday : Leconfield Hall 10-3. Admission free.

March 8th, April 12th, May 10th, June 14th, July 12th

Books to donate? Ring Peter 342562 or Miles 343227

PTO

CHATHAM DOCKYARD – SUNDAY 8 JUNE

Following our successful visits to Fort Nelson and Greenwich in recent years an outing has been arranged to the historic dockyard at Chatham on Sunday 8 June.

The coach will leave Petworth main car park at 9am and return at approximately 6pm.

There is plenty of maritime history (400 years) to see in the dockyard including HMS Gannet, built in 1878, which was powered by both sail and steam, a destroyer built in 1944 and the last submarine to be built at Chatham – HMS Ocelot. In addition there is the Ropery where rope is still made using traditional methods and a collection of RNLI lifeboats.

If sufficient members are interested I have reserved places on the coal fired paddle steamer Kingswear Castle which will sail at 1pm for a half hour cruise on the River Medway.

Lunch or snacks can be purchased in the licensed restaurant but bear in mind the option I have described above.

The cost of the visit will be £19 and the optional cruise will be an additional £5. This cost covers entry to the dockyard, hire of coach and gratuities.

If you wish to visit Chatham, please complete the slip below and return it to the Treasurer no later than April 1st. Allocation of seats will be on a 'first come, first served' basis.

I should like to visit Chatham on June 8 and bring.....guest(s).

Please indicate if you wish to join the optional cruise.....Yes/No

I enclose a cheque for £.....made payable to The Petworth Society.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

This slip and cheque to be sent to AJ Henderson, 62 Sheepdown Drive, Petworth, GU28 OBX

PETWORTH COTTAGE MUSEUM

OPEN EASTER 2 to 4.30

FRIDAY 21st SATURDAY 22nd

SUNDAY 23rd MONDAY 24th

If you're thinking about stewarding – look in and see us.

Please note: the collection at Jack Rapley's memorial service realised £235 for the Society. We would hope to put this money to a particular use.

Peter 20/2/08.

P.S. Has anyone an old-fashioned hand mower with a large diameter roller they would like to move on? Phone Peter 342562 or (direct) 342113.

Tillington a hundred years ago. This is the present A272.
The village's centre of gravity has shifted slightly since 1910.

New Members

Mr. E. Clark	Homelea, Billingshurst Road, Wisborough Green, RH14 0DZ.
Duncton & Graffham Schools	Graffham, GU28 0NJ.
Mr. D. Franklin	Pegasus, The Mount, Grayswood, Haslemere, GU27 2EB.
Mr. and Mrs. J. Hooker	1, The Old Quarry, Haslemere, GU27 3SS.
Mrs. A. Hull	368 Low Heath, Petworth , GU28 0HG.
Mrs. S. McBain	Burton Hill Barn, Burton Park Road, Petworth, GU28 0JS.
Mr. and Mrs. R. Nicholls	Kitts Willow, Middle Street, Petworth, GU28 0BE.
Mrs. M. Slade	41, West Close, Fernhurst, GU27 3JS.