



THE PETWORTH SOCIETY
Magazine

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

Constitution and Officers

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

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

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

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Chairman's Notes

A new year, a new cover from Jonathan, Magazine 135. Subscriptions remain the same but we've had to give it a measure of thought, particularly with the current economic situation. For some years this Magazine has been heavily subsidised by the monthly Book Sales – September sees the 100th. If the Book Sales were to fail we'd face either a drastically curtailed Magazine or a swingeing subscription increase. We'll think again for 2010; meanwhile adding an extra pound toward the Magazine fund works wonders.

We don't have a formal obituary column, but there are two tributes in this issue, both heart-felt and reflecting two quite different but equally distinctive contributions to Petworth life, as also of course two irreplaceable losses.

I was interested in the January lead story in the Midhurst and Petworth Observer concerning the find of 103 Roman coins dating to the reign of Hadrian. I have no idea of the possible value of these coins but, while deferring to informed opinion, it would have been nice to have had a little more reference to Petworth; it is after all Petworth's history that they will eventually illumine.

P

22nd January 2009

New Season at the Cottage Museum! Starts 1st April

Join the Team

One afternoon a month

2 – 4.30

Enquiries Peter 342562

April to October

Book review : Kim Leslie : Sussex: Tales of the Unexpected. Five centuries of County Life.

Members may well have a copy of Kim Leslie's collection of Sussex Millennium maps with accompanying commentary. "*Sussex: Tales of the Unexpected*" produced by the Compass Press on behalf of the West Sussex County Council, is on similar lines. I have, I suppose, to declare an interest; I've known Kim for longer perhaps than he (or I) cares to remember and he, Jenni and Victoria are frequent, jovial and very welcome visitors to the Book Sale.

The new book offers some forty medium-size articles, thirty-nine of which were originally published in the *West Sussex Gazette* to celebrate that newspaper's 150th anniversary in 2003. They are reproduced here with copious coloured illustrations, some 350, Kim tells me. The original publication usually carried just a single illustration.

Where do I start? Well, personally, I'm very much a tunnel vision man - at least I think so. This Magazine might make the occasional well-publicised foray to somewhere like Barns Green but the outlook remains relentlessly insular. For this reviewer local history, like certain football teams, doesn't travel. Kim (as George Garland before him,) essays a wider Sussex world. All too easy to fall between innumerable stools, cover too much ground superficially. It's a leap of faith but I'd have to say that Kim makes that leap with very considerable aplomb.

Kim's always been good on maps. He was talking about maps when I first met him and it's appropriate perhaps that the initial chapters are a descant cum travelogue making particular reference to Richard Budgen's pioneering Sussex map of 1724. But Petworth? Well even your crusty reviewer has to be happy with the coverage: the Prosecuting Society, the Earl of Egremont's piggery, hard labour in Petworth gaol (with photographs of surviving cell bricks) and the Emigration. I especially liked the final quarter of the book with its introduction to the Sussex literary hierarchy of the earlier twentieth century, E.V. Lucas, Belloc, the Meynells, Eleanor Farjeon, A.E. Knox, R.C. Sherriff and the rest. If you are looking to broaden your local and historical horizons this really is the book for you. The Selsey mouse-trap man, Chichester Beast Market, Dangstein, Dell Quay and there's lots more. Humorous, inquisitive, thought-provoking, probably no better general introduction to local history in West Sussex exists. £25 available at the Petworth Bookshop and other "discerning outlets".

P.

Fair Comment

Robert Harris is one of the five brothers who bring their fairground rides, including the famous Southdown Gallopers, to the annual November 20th Fair in the Market Square. As

a precursor to the event, he spoke about the history of fairs, the development of rides and his family involvement over six generations.

Robert's great-grandfather, John Harris (1833-1901) came down to Cuckfield from the north of England, working in the timber trade and as a basket maker. The baskets were sold at fairs all over Sussex. He later moved to Ashington, where the family is still based. This year's Petworth Fair closed their 106th season.

The earliest roundabouts were powered by young boys, soon to be replaced by pit-ponies. As the rides grew bigger and more complex, steam engines were used. The first Harris traction engine was purchased from Burrells of Kings Lynn in 1893.

The name adopted in America for a roundabout - carousel, comes from the French for a tournament for horsemen, practising for war in the Middle Ages ('carrousel' from the Italian 'carosello'). The first model horses were the same as those made as rocking horses. One of the later manufacturing firms was that of the three Lines brothers. Three lines make a triangle; hence, Tri-ang, the familiar name of the firm.

Convinced of the importance of maintaining our culture and not abandoning our ancient traditions and customs, Robert works hard and at the highest levels to make sure that they do not go under through apathy, political correctness or restrictive health and safety legislation, formulated by people unaware of existing safeguards and past experience. He headed an organisation set up to represent the fairground business to Government, formulating a code of practice to be followed by all involved.

The projector gave up after the interval, but this gave Robert an extra opportunity to talk about his family history - his grandmother was a Romany of Irish descent, life on the road when they become part of a village community for a week at a time and the typically wet summers resulting in extremely difficult times financially. Survival after the Second World War was achieved only by selling all the steam engines.

The team work between the five brothers runs efficiently and amicably. Robert has always lived in caravans and only now is looking towards retirement in a house.

For hundreds of years, the problems and difficulties caused by jealousy and intolerance, often centring on the Middle East, but also on quite a local level, keep coming round. Life, says Robert, is like a roundabout. His Irish mother's response was "Perhaps it's just as well".

KCT

The Christmas Evening, December 18th

If Rosemary and her "team" from Midhurst Methodist Church had any qualms about following so closely on the hugely successful "Allsorts" evening in October, they showed no obvious sign. They were quickly into their stride with a spirited rendering of *Christmas is coming*, a "rainbow" medley and a selection of songs from the shows, Hannah playing a solo from *Cats* as an interlude. *West Side Story*, *Anything Goes* and the champagne song from *Gigi*

with a cameo appearance from that doyen of the matinee, Mr David Sneller. Hannah then gave two more solos, this time with flute and piccolo.

Then the switch to a Nativity theme. Olive with *The Very First Christmas* and Keith reciting a Victorian tear-jerker, singing the chorus. Is there no limit to the man's multi-faceted talents? The *Walking in the Air* theme from *The Snowman* was followed by four lesser known carols. Nativity is a world of its own with a somewhat tenuous hold on reality but its own ideas and its own peculiar logic. Three white ships sailing into land-locked Bethlehem? I think it's called poetic licence. Keith continued with a humorous poem by Steve Turner and David and Alison concluded with flute and recorder.

Refreshments, and everyone was on standby for the appearance of the Kirdford Mummers. They had been at the George and Dragon at Houghton at 7.30 and were due to Halfway Bridge at 9.30. They turned up right on cue, just as the final biscuits and mince pies were disappearing. And they were good – very good. Somewhat larger than life, as mummers have to be, bold costume, swagger, outrageous asides: mummers can be all sorts of things, but can never be understated. As good a piece of mumming as I've seen. Collection for the NSPCC.

Time to restart. Keith (is he on overtime?) conducts the raffle. Brian Knowles' arrangement of *We Three Kings* recalling older days at the Herbert Shiner School. *Field and fountain, moor and mountain* and the ominous significance of the three gifts. Our guests finished with three familiar carols and thanks to Ian and Pearl for help with the visual effects. If the "Allsorts" had to an extent raised the bar, Rosemary and her artistes had cleared it with ease. And, by the way, your usual entertainments correspondent will be back in January. Well he can't do absolutely everything – can he?

P.

Petworth in Pictures – the Garland Lecture

Peter believes that Petworth has the best photographic record of any town in the South. We were treated to ample evidence when he gave the 16th Garland Memorial Lecture. This was to mark the presentation of portraits of the most noted contributors, Walter Kevis and George Garland, handed to the Chairman of the Leconfield Hall Trustees, our own Treasurer, Andy Henderson at the end of the meeting to be installed in the two rooms named after them on the ground floor.

First came some very early photographs from the mid-19th century by Morgan and others, some unknown. These included one of the Revd. Thomas Sockett, who died in 1859 and the only known view of the Petworth House of Correction, pulled down in 1881.

Walter Kevis was working in Petworth from 1877 until 1908. His studio can still be seen high over Lombard Street. There he carried out his main work as a portrait photographer, producing studies of tradesmen, estate workers and servants at Petworth House as well as street scenes on occasions such as Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, King Edward VII's Coronation, the celebrations on the relief of Mafeking and Petworth Club days.

SHE WHO ROCKS THE CRADLE RULES THE WORLD.

A Merry Christmas in Troubled Times.



TO PARENTS.—ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is invaluable in the Nursery, as a gentle laxative; it is pleasant to the taste, and much superior to senna or other nauseous drugs. It corrects the ill-effects of over-eating or exhaustion, and is extremely beneficial in any feverishness or heat of the skin. The bowels ought to be kept free by the "FRUIT SALT" for a month or six weeks after eruptive diseases, as Measles, Scarlet Fever, Chicken-pox, Small-pox, and all Fevers or Infectious Diseases, &c.; for its use frees the system of the "dregs." Many disastrous results would be avoided by attending to this. In the nursery it is beyond praise.

LET BYGONES BE BYGONES, OR SAY TRUTH IS A LIE, BUT DO NOT SAY WE CANNOT LOVE.

THE FESTIVE SEASON—HOW TO ENJOY GOOD FOOD, which otherwise disorders the digestive organs, causing bilious headaches and impure blood, use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." It is the best preventative and cure for Biliousness, Sick Headache, Skin Eruptions, Impure Blood, Pimples on the Face, Giddiness, Feverishness, Mental Depression, Want of Appetite, Sourness of the Stomach, Vomiting, Thirst, &c., and a means to remove the effects of errors of eating and drinking.

EXPERIENCE shows that Sugar, Coloured Effervescent Syrups, Mild Ales, Port Wine, Dark Sherries, diluted with Soda Water, and Brandy are all very apt to disagree; whilst Light Wines and Gin, or Old Whisky, largely diluted with Soda Water, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the Liver. It possesses the power of reparation where digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health. A world of woe is avoided by those who keep ENO'S "FRUIT SALT," therefore no family should ever be without it.

PALPITATION OF THE HEART, caused by Liver Derangement and Indigestion, frequently called (or mistaken for) HEART DISEASE.—"On the 24th of April I purchased a bottle of your "FRUIT SALT," not feeling very well at the time, and it had an effect that I never anticipated when I bought it. I had suffered more or less, since the year 1841, from Palpitation of the Heart, but very badly during the last few years. The least thing would produce it during the day, and at night my sleep was very much disturbed. Strange to say, after the first dose of "FRUIT SALT," palpitations suddenly ceased, and have not since returned. Out of gratitude for the benefit which I have received, I have recommended it to all my friends both in London and Yarmouth; at the same time I feel it a duty to state the above facts, of which you can make whatever use you please.—I am, dear Sir, yours respectfully, TRUTH."

A GENERAL OFFICER, writing from Ascot, on Jan. 2, 1856, says:—"Blessings on your "FRUIT SALT!" I trust it is not profane to say so, but, in common parlance, I swear by it. Here stands the cherished bottle on the chimney-piece of my sanctum, my little idol, at home my household god, abroad my *rosée mecum*. Think not this is the rhapsody of a hypochondriac; no, it is only the outpouring of a grateful heart. The fact is, I am, in common, I dare say, with numerous old fellows of my age (67), now and then troubled with a troublesome liver. No sooner, however, do I use your cheery remedy than 'cui Pain' Richard is himself again.' So highly do I value your composition, that when taking it, I grudge even the little sediment that will always remain at the bottom of the glass. I give, therefore, the following advice to those wise persons who have learnt to appreciate its inestimable benefits:—

"When ENO'S SALT" betimes you take,
No woe of this kind shall make,
"Jan. 2, 1856. To Mr. J. C. ENO."
Writing again on Jan. 24, 1856, he adds:—"Dear Sir,—A year or two ago I addressed you in grateful recognition of the never-failing virtues of your world-famed remedy. The same old man, in the same strain, now salutes you with the following:—
"When Time, who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasure too,
ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" will prove our stay,
And all our health restore."

HEADACHE AND DISORDERED STOMACH.—"After suffering for nearly two and a half years from severe headache and disordered stomach, and after trying almost everything, and spending much money without finding any benefit, I was recommended by a friend to try your "FRUIT SALT," and before I had finished one bottle I found it doing me a great deal of good, and now I am restored to my usual health; and others I know that have tried it have not enjoyed such good health for years.—Yours most truly, ROBERT HUMPHREYS, Post Office, Barratford."

The value of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" cannot be told. Its success in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia, and New Zealand proves it.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS. STERLING HONESTY OF PURPOSE, WITHOUT IT LIFE IS A SHAM.

"A new invention is brought before the public and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit.—ADAMS."

CAUTION—Examine each Bottle, and see the Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it, you have been imposed upon by a worthless and occasionally poisonous imitation. SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS.

Prepared only at ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, London, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

A

[Cover 2

This Victorian advertisement for Eno's fruit salts recalls George Garland's later ventures into the genre, with local rustic characters extolling the benefits of using a particular brand of salts. An uneasy moment came when one old gentleman was asked what he thought of the particular brand he was endorsing. "Never use the stuff," he replied, "Good dose of salts always clears me out".

Kevis's nephew, Herbert Earle, took over the shop below the studio which remained unused and 'out of bounds' until 1951 when the thousands of photographic plates stored there were about to be thrown out as the premises were being cleared on Mr Earle's death. George Garland became aware of the situation and although interested in only a few plates, was obliged to take the lot, which largely remained in store in Garland's Station Road studio. On Garland's death they were given to the West Sussex Record Office.

Garland had started on his photographic career in 1922. He always styled himself as 'press photographer'. It was Peter's friendship with him that not only brought his huge photographic legacy into public awareness but qualified him to comment on the examples shown with personal reminiscences and anecdotes concerning a most remarkable character. And it was this that made the second half of the talk the more memorable for the capacity audience.

Always appearing older than his years, even from childhood, he was very much in sympathy with an earlier generation and in his photography sought to preserve a tradition when it was not fashionable to do so. Nevertheless, people wanted to feel that the world they had left behind still existed somewhere. His photographs of rustic characters, farming practice and the changing seasons therefore found a ready market in the national newspapers.

George Garland died in 1978.

KCT

Short and Sharp at Petworth

This article originally appeared in World's Fair December 12-18 2008. Another article with five colour photographs and written by David Vaughan appeared in "Old Glory" January 2009.

What must surely be the longest established traditional fair in the country and the last on the calendar, was celebrated in the centre of Petworth on Thursday November 20, in the Feast of St Edmund the King.

The fair has been held since at least 1189, being immemorial by 1276 when Elenor de Perci refused to petition for a charter, on the grounds that the prescriptive rights were already beyond the memory of man.

Last year's fair is certainly not beyond the memory of man when, as many showmen reminded us, it rained for the whole duration of the fair. This year, what a difference, it was dry and not too cold for what is basically an evening fair.

One noticeable change however was the effect of Health & Safety requirements that saw members of the organising Petworth Society in high vis jackets, acting as marshals for the fair. This had a knock on effect in taking these gentlemen away from assisting in the centrally located Leconfield Hall, where the society hold a social evening in conjunction with the fair.

Officially opened at 4pm by Town Crier Mike Hubbard, by 9pm it was all over bar the pull down. Such is the restriction on space in the Market Place and streets around the Leconfield Hall that only two adults rides can be accommodated. Harris Brothers' Chair-o-planes took their customary position in the Square and their Gallopers were located around the corner between the Hall and the NatWest Bank.

The townsfolk here have always been supportive of their fair, this being especially so following the arson attack on Harris Brothers' Gallopers several years ago, as they stood built up here in readiness for the fair. Their triumphant return just a year later saw the Petworth Town Band mount the ride to give a rendition as the ride was slowly rotated. This year again saw the band up on the gallopers, playing to a capacity audience.

Standing at the southern end of the street close to the gallopers were Charles Smith's two joints, his pick and darts. In the other direction beyond the ride were the Feed the Ducks and can cans of Georgie Freeman. Leading into the main body of the fair were the darts of Philip Crecraft and standing right outside the entrance to the Leconfield Hall, there was a new attraction in the shape of Jerome Benson's mini Trooper.

At the top of Market Place, Dean Ridley offered escapism for younger visitors as they toured his Crooked Cottage. A couple of juveniles saw Luke Shufflebottom present his mixed toy set with the cups & saucers of Billy Benson completing the line up.



"The now iconic fair event." Petworth Town Band on the Harris Brothers' Gallopers 2008. Photograph by Peter Hammond.

With Billy Benson's 'Food to Enjoy' the only refreshment trailer, supporting games of luck and skill saw Dean Ridley's catch a ball; Mick Ridley's shooter; Philip Crecraft's can cans; and James Crecraft's catch a duck.

Peter Hammond

St. Edmund smiles

The Society has managed Petworth fair since the mid-1980s, without mishap except for the mindless arson incident in 2005, something that no amount of forward planning could possibly have anticipated. Three years on the despair of that night loses little of its edge. This year saw the fair's first serious encounter with the forces of Health and Safety, an echo, according to some, of events during the summer. More probably the encounter was inevitable. At any rate initially somewhat alarming. Rowena Tyler's expert tuition guided us through the necessary hoops. "Elf and Safety" has had, and continues to have, a bad press and tends to be judged on its undoubted excesses, but it does have a certain logic all its own, and, like it or not, the fair has to adjust to site safety plans, emergency and communication plans and risk assessments. One initial advantage we had was that with a quarter of a century's experience behind us we were able to provide an accurate prediction of numbers, something a new event finds difficult or even impossible. Petworth fair will always coexist uneasily with a modern compensation culture but that's a bit like saying that Petworth streets were built for horse and cart. These same streets have to live with cars and lorries and Petworth fair has to live with the appendages of a culture that is basically alien to its spirit.

With the correct procedures apparently followed, one or two alterations were necessary. Most obviously the official opening would be at four o'clock, an hour later. An event exceeding six hours in duration would need additional toilet facilities. A possibility would have been to seek a dispensation to keep the public toilets open for longer. Something of a double-edged sword this: if the public toilets are vandalised then the fair takes the blame. As it was, some cowardly idiot broke a window in the back of one of the caravans. Four o'clock then.

Then there was the required presence of six yellow-jacketed stewards, four to be on duty at any given time, armed with mobile phones and fired up by a pre-event briefing in the Hall. In fact mobiles aren't at their best in the Square and personal contact would be quicker and probably more efficient in such a confined space. An example, perhaps, of a general ruling failing to apply to a particular situation. And is a superabundance of yellow jackets more likely to inflame than otherwise? Ours not to reason why, Health and Safety has a rationale all its own; the *laissez-faire* of an earlier century or even a quarter of a century ago has no place here, and to be fair, the yellow jacket business is as much about marshalling crowds in a possible emergency as it is about supervising the fair.

All in all the difficulty isn't so much jumping through the hoops it's the perceived attitude of authority. As an unpaid, voluntary, organiser you feel not so much that you're doing something public-spirited as that you're threatening a sacred inertia.. That in a perfect



Pyecombe Smithy April 1947, see: "Is your father's name Dick?" Photograph by George Garland.



*Joy Gumbrell working with Fred Shoubridge at the Byworth bakery in April 1963.
See article by Miles. Photograph by George Garland.*

world there wouldn't be events like Petworth fair, they're an affront to a kind of divine order, an almost celestial world where nothing ever happens. Yes, this is an unfair caricature, but it's all too easy to feel, all too easy to abandon the struggle

9.45 on the 19th. The Square's as full of cars as usual, bustling in and out as if in conscious defiance of the impending closure. It's a gloriously clear day with bitter cold forecast for Friday and Saturday. But the fair's on Thursday. By 11.30 it's possible to put in cones as cars move out. Inevitably the odd car will still be left after 12 o'clock. The Harris advance party is already in the Square, itching to get started. "Do you get uptight?" Fred asks me. Difficult to answer. I've done it for too long for that but I'm always pleased when the last unwilling car leaves, and the Square transforms into a juddering, but organised, battlefield of manoeuvring equipment. Once the fair's in, it's in. The main problem then will be a 38-tonner trying to negotiate the Cut; the fairmen will deal with that. There's a red admiral butterfly lying wings extended in the middle of the Square. I try to move it from the tarmac but it remains supine. And does Fred get uptight? "Just a little at the beginning, I always do." Well, if he does, he hides it well.

..... It's 3.35 on the day. The safety briefing for the yellow jackets is over. The stewards have been allotted, two each, to the three access roads. Mike Hubbard is preparing to make the official Opening. There's a story here too. It's Mike's first appearance in his new Petworth Society outfit. In fact the final buttons were being sewn on in Midhurst just an hour or two before. The hat and long stockings are to be ordered separately and will be available in days - but not for the 20th. "A fair by prescription Eleanor Perci King Edward's travelling justices beyond the memory of any man living let the merriment begin."

"Let the merriment begin" Inside the Hall the clogdancers have already started, Lorna, it appears, has so many groups this year that they will perform in separate classes with differing levels of achievement. At 4.30 it's time for Jonathan Cann with his Punch and Judy - just the two performances this year. He needs to be in Burgess Hill by 7.15 because he's producing a musical version of Scrooge. As always he's the complete professional. I'm not due for high-vis duty until six o'clock, so I sit and watch, a lone adult at the rear. The seats aren't full; perhaps modern children prefer high-tech games. Those who do watch, however, do so with a wild enthusiasm that eventually causes Jonathan to emerge from the booth and ask them to keep their seats. They're not naughty, simply totally caught up with Mr. Punch. And Mr. Punch is the arch-subversive. There on the Town Hall stage is the rampant spirit of the old fair, a two-fingered salute to political correctness, compensation culture and the rest. The rampant spirit of a fair that has polarised the town over centuries. You love it or you hate it. If you're indifferent you're just not Petworth. Mr. Punch nonchalantly hurls his baby down the stairs, then his wife. The latter has dutifully been down to "Somerfield" for sausages - in the next performance she simply goes to "the shops". Mr. Punch's world spins wildly out of control. In vain he urges his young audience not to tell anyone. The sausages are undertaking an Odyssey of their own, breaking all known rules of hygiene, and others that the E.E.C. has yet to dream of. And an escaped crocodile? At Petworth fair? Where are the yellow jackets? Then there's a strangely frightening ghost and Toby the Dog. Mr. Punch compounds a disastrous day by clobbering the policeman. Mr. Punch is a reminder that man can legislate

as much as he likes but the dark and the irrational will always be with us. At the close Jonathan comes out and gives the children a brief homily to the effect that the violent and deceitful Mr. Punch is not an example to be followed. Did the old Punch and Judy men do that I wonder?



Petworth Fair 2008. Photograph by Peter Hammond.

Time to go out into the fair. It's busy. The chairplanes seem particularly popular this year and the weather is perfect. For once St. Edmund is smiling on us. Dave Weeks, the barker, is immaculate in his topper and silk waistcoat. Someone says he was at Loughborough earlier in the week. By seven o'clock the Hall is packed for Annie Junior - a preview. By eight o'clock it's the now iconic fair event. The Town Band playing *Sussex by the Sea* as the Gallopers rotate, a commemoration of one of the lowest points in the fair's history of a thousand years, but also a solemn reaffirmation of the ageless fair. Something at once robust and fragile, something all too easily to be lost. "A real village atmosphere, just like the old West Chiltington Flower Show," say the Harris brothers. And so to 2009.

P.

Petworth Fair before 1914

In the days before 1914 Petworth fair day was one of the highlights of the year. The children were given a day's holiday from school and some employers gave their men a half day off so that they could go to the fair. The following incident will reflect perhaps the fair of 1911. The two young bakers, working for Mr. Harris at the Market Square "Bun Shop", were Ted Shoubridge and Harry Clews. They were busy moulding the dough for the next morning's bread when Superintendent Fowler walked into the bakehouse and informed the two lads that a stall pitched in front of what is now the National Westminster bank was cheating, and he wanted the stall brought down. "You leave it to us," said the two lads. Superintendent Fowler told them that if the stallholder shouted for the police, they would not appear.

When the dough was made, Fred and Harry went out into the fair to find their pals. One stood at each corner of the stall, another gave a cough, they all kicked out and down came the stall. In those days the only lights were flares. These caught the canvas of the stall alight, causing a small fire which the stall owners scrambled to put out. They shouted for the police - to no avail. The fair always closed down at midnight and just before then Superintendent Fowler came down and asked Andrew Smith to give the lads a free ride on his roundabout, this to be the last ride of the evening - always double the length of the others.

On another occasion one of the rides was of the roundabout type but consisting of bicycles. The only means of propelling it was for the riders to pedal the bicycles. The group of lads paid their pence and mounted the bicycles. They then began pedalling. When the stallholder rang the bell to say that their time was up, the lads took no notice and kept on pedalling, so that the other riders were unable to leave the ride. The lads became so hot that they threw off their jackets to the watching crowd, my mother being one of them. Cheered on by the crowd, the lads pedalled on until they had to stop, they then jumped off, grabbed their jackets and disappeared into the crowd. Needless to say, they were not allowed on this ride again.

Come to that I can just remember the fair being lit by flares.

Joy Gumbrell.

[Joy Gumbrell submitted this piece a week or so before she died. For an appreciation see Miles' article. Ed.]

Noah, St. Julian's and the Bogong Moth. The December Book Sale

It was a good sale in the end, far better than we might have anticipated given the weather. But it was very hard work. The rain never stopped, it was quite relentless. The queue had to be

accommodated in the foyer. Was the Leconfield Hall really floating on the waters? It seemed to be, but where was Noah? Not quite forty days and forty nights but there were times when it felt like it. We saw no rainbow and the rain went on and on. Some of our more expansive customers, coming relatively long distances, simply didn't make it; the approach roads were flooded. And not a chance with the "A" board, the rain wiped off the chalk within seconds. At first sight all is as normal; the usual bruising beginning, but without the long distance people we're going to have to build up the takings bit by bit. One thing, the sale room itself is a haven of warmth: by contrast the side room where incoming carriers and boxes are put feels like a refrigerated provision room. A good pound table, Penguins in some quantity, particularly a large selection of Penguin African. Children's is a bit light and fiction a little tight on replacements. The rain sweeps across an empty Square, we're busy enough but marooned.

Time for thoughts to wander between filling up the outgoing boxes and bags. Perhaps Noah's thoughts wandered too, looking back to days before the flood. Or perhaps he had a lot on his mind possibly reflection made for conversation in the ark I used to drive over Coolham crossroads four days a week in the early seventies, four days a week, the other day in the shop. Taking the A272 there was a sign almost immediately on the right. "St. Julian's." Every morning I'd wonder idly what lay behind those clipped hedges, then the long straight stretch of road would wipe it from my mind - then the next morning the same. When I stopped going, St. Julian's faded again. Late autumn 2008 and, with several miscellaneous boxes and bags of books brought to Trowels were two small books telling the story of St. Julian's or at least as far as 1968.

In essence an amalgam of spiritual community and agricultural experiment, St. Julian's sought to combine the contemplative and the physical everyday. The initiator was Florence Allshorn who died in 1950 soon after the move to Coolham. There had been previous experiments on a smaller scale at Haslemere and Barns Green.

Florence Allshorn, born in 1887, had spent some time as a missionary in Uganda, going there in 1920 and returning some four years later. Severe lung problems led to a spell in a Swiss sanatorium. She then became a member of the somewhat avant-garde "Sanctuary" community at the foot of the South Downs at Storrington where "she threw herself into the life of the community, walked on the Downs barefooted, acted in plays, and for a year enjoyed a care-free bohemian existence."¹ Eventually she became principal of a teachers' training college, paying especial attention to the needs of prospective missionaries.

The community she gathered together at Coolham numbered in the early 1950s some sixteen women, of very different background, education, and attainment. Many were former teachers, many had worked abroad. There were three large gardens and a farm. A trained farmer was on the staff and some hired help. Agricultural work was crucial for financial stability but without losing sight of the overriding aim of providing spiritual recourse for those

¹ J.H. Oldham: *Florence Allshorn* (1951). 1974 edition page 53

staying at St. Julian's as part of their missionary furlough. Group meetings were of the essence, remembering also that "provision be made and relentlessly kept for relaxation and freedom from outside demands."²

So much for the little community. In some ways reminiscent, if only superficially, of the Loxwood Dependants, but in essence so different. I now had the story to 1968. Another sign stands there now.

But it's often what falls out of books that's as interesting as the books themselves. Here's a notice from a hotel in Canberra

advising guests about possible inconvenience from the Bogong moth, migrating seasonally during October to December from West New South Wales and Southern Queensland to the Southern Highlands. Guests are advised that during the migration period an open window or balcony door will mean an invasion. Should this happen, they should call room service for assistance on the "moth-busting" line. The moths are harmless enough and were highly regarded by the Aboriginal tribes as a food source. "Large annual corroborees were held after tribes travelled for many kilometres to partake in the feast that is unique to this area."

H'm ... it's early afternoon. The rain has, if anything, intensified.

Mathetriae. 23-26 Feb. 1968

Friday

7.p.m. Dinner

8.p.m. News & Programme review

9.15 Prayers. Eldyth Ruth

Saturday

11.30 1st Session & Discussion

4.30 2nd " " Margaret.

8. Concerns Irene

9.15. Prayers Eve

Sunday

Quiet until Lunch or Tea

12.20. Meditation in Chapel

Eleanor

5. Concerns. Una

8.10 ? Holy Communion

9.15. Future dates etc. Mollie

Discussion will be based on excerpts from this year's Reith Lectures, particularly on the family & the older generation. Bring copies if you can, but some will be available at St. Julians.

Eldyth or Mollie

Love - it will be good to see you.

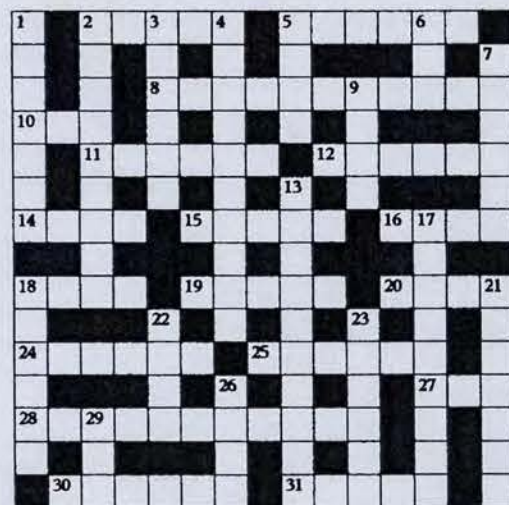
Weekend programme at St Julian's 1968

² Margaret Potts: *St. Julian's. An experiment in Two Continents* (1968)

Anyone who's coming in will have been in. Do the inhabitants of the Leconfield Hall ark send out a raven? A dove? We've got to clear what's remaining and brave the elements. Perhaps Noah didn't do book sales. Come to that, did he have Bogong moths aboard the ark? It's been an unremitting day but all things considered we're not far short of normal. As I said in the last Magazine, the Book Sale's a pretty resilient animal.

P.

Deborah's Crossword



Across

2 & 15 ac Action taken by C19th farm labourers against the use of machinery (5,5)
 5 Cloth once produced in Barton's Field area of Petworth (6)
 8 Skilled craftsman who played an essential part in early transport (11)
 10 Slice of bacon in Shopham or Stopham (3)
 11 Breed of sheep (6)
 12 Petworth's emigration scheme sent hundreds to start a new life here (6)
 14 Ericaceous plant which grows on local heathland (4)

Down

15 see 2 ac
 16 "Cold Comfort Farm" character (4)
 18 Church recess (4)
 19 Gray wrote one in a country churchyard (5)
 20 Sharpen flint (4)
 24 see 9 dn
 25 Be a member e.g of Petworth Society (6)
 27 It's only human to do so (3)
 28 Take Martin to see an early form of entertainment (11)
 30 Where Elgar lived near Petworth (6)
 31 Spooky (5)

Down

1 There was once an inn here north east of Petworth (3,4)
 2 Petworth river (9)
 3 Turning away from the outside world - hospitalised maybe! (6)
 4 C19th landlord of the Angel who wrote "Tales of Old Petworth" (10)
 5 Variety of cabbage (4)
 6 Eastertide treat (3)
 7 Not much to cling to (6)
 9 & 24 ac Exclusive, centuries old game still played at Petworth (4,6)
 13 Insect in Balls Cross pub crawl? (4,6)
 17 Bizarre feature at C18th Petworth House with live and stuffed animals (9)
 18 The "close bosom-friend of the maturing sun" in Keats's ode (6)
 21 Petworth's rector during the First World War (7)
 22 Val —, local children's book illustrator (4)
 23 Useful person to have around in a drought (6)
 26 Set of draught animals (4)
 29 Could be a whisky or a Sussex Cinque Port (3)

Solution to 134

Across

2 View, 5 Sussex, 9 Awl, 10 Magic Tricks, 12 Sutton, 13 Camera, 15 Mire, 16 Shear, 17 Ache, 19 Cast, 20 Slake, 21 Beer, 25 Teapot, 26 Lavant, 28 Loder Valley, 30 Ult, 31 Moated, 32 Yarn.

Down

1 Chatham, 2 Inmate, 4 Wiggonholt, 5 Sack, 6 Etc, 7 Allsorts, 8 Estate, 11 Read, 14 Jack Rapley, 18 Chestnut, 19 Cattle, 22 Ramster, 23 Poor, 24 Sawyer, 27 Band, 29 Duo.

Joy Gumbrell

Few who knew Joy Gumbrell will not have heard of her passing shortly before Christmas. She was known to so many in Byworth and Petworth that it does not seem quite right for any individual to make an attempt at a reflection of her life and no doubt those who knew Joy will have private recollections unique to their relationship with her. I can however relate my own personal experiences of Joy and how her life became somehow intertwined with so many others.

I must have been really quite young when I first met Joy or more correctly Miss Gumbrell as she was known to so many children. Certainly it would have been to do with the Congregational Chapel, probably Sunday School, though not Boys Brigade for I was not a member. Miss Gumbrell was ever-present at any visit to the Chapel. Larger than life both physically and symbolically she appeared to be a constant in what to a child was a rapidly changing period of growing-up. Joy managed to lend an air of authority to Chapel proceedings without implying any sort of threat. A skill that no doubt she found useful many times over the years.

Other than Chapel, occasional visits to the Greens at the Black Horse at Byworth would necessitate calling at the village shop to buy a handful of sweets. The expedition from North Street to Byworth along the Shimmings Valley, crossing the brook by the Virgin Mary Spring and then the long haul up the hill to the village seemed an adventure equal to anything found in the dog-eared copies of National Geographic which littered the waiting room at the surgery. The little shop with its shiny brick path, low ceiling, diminutive windows and musty smell seemed perfectly placed in the world that I knew. A friendly welcome from Miss Gumbrell and an enquiry after my family would divert the eye from the tiny stock of ageing tins and other consumables that adorned the shelves. It would be at least another thirty years before such businesses, their integrity crushed under the weight of ever increasing legislation, would become a sad and pointless relic of a passing age.

A gap of many years took place. Joy still visited Petworth several times a week. In fact she visited everywhere. Having at last shaken off the shackles of the shop she was able to

spread her wings and would often relate to me the experience of visiting places that she could only have dreamt of during her childhood at Byworth. I particularly remember Joy recalling with enthusiasm a visit to the London Eye. "But Joy you have already told me about that trip", "No Miles," she replied in her broad Sussex accent, "I have been again and it was just as wonderful as the first time". Such was her love of new and renewed experiences that I do believe that she may well have visited the 'Eye' for a third time before her final illness. A wonderful gift of Joy's was that she never forgot a name and even after many years she would be able to pass the time of day with to all intents and purposes a stranger.

Joy was enjoying writing when our paths crossed again. She had always threatened to write her story but like so many other things I don't think she ever got around to it. I knew that she had a huge store of memories not just from her own life but also those told to her by her mother. I had no idea what she had written herself and felt that it was essential to record her recollections as a matter of urgency.

For a good part of 2003 I spent each Tuesday afternoon with Joy. Joy's first passion in life was her faith but coming second, third and fourth were her love of talking, of that there



Joy Gumbrell in later years. A study by Keith Sandall.

can be little doubt. My abiding memory of our Tuesday 'chats' is that I would sit down in her front room, turn on my recorder and ninety minutes later the tape would finish and the distinctive click 'off' of the machine would indicate the end of the session. Joy would hardly have drawn breath and I would certainly not have made any contribution. I was superfluous to requirements, merely an onlooker as Joy recounted anecdote after anecdote. Stopping dead on the 90 minutes she would refuse to waste a further word that was not recorded for posterity.

Joy by her own admission was no lover of housework. An early Tuesday afternoon visit had resulted in me sitting on the settee while we had our usual 'chat'. Ninety minutes is a long time and I must have moved about and ended up at the opposite end of the settee to where I had begun. Anyway the session ended with the click of the tape recorder and I got up to leave. Unfortunately I had repositioned myself immediately beneath the ceiling light shade and as I rose my head went up into the shade and a great shower of dust rained down upon the proceedings. Joy seemed totally unconcerned by the event and just muttered something about fidgets before seeing me on my way. Needless to say I was a little more careful about where I sat on my next visit.

Joy's art of recollection was legendary. Not only could she recall her own infancy but she could through tales told her by her mother and grandfather project an image of a time dating far beyond any human memory. Joy's own recollections began at a ludicrously young age as she recalls in PSM 113 *I suppose that my very earliest memories are from when I was about fourteen months old and Mr Hanger was quitting Hallgate Farm. Mrs Steer – who was my surrogate grandmother – had taken me up to the farm where they were turning the old stuff out of the house. We had gone to the backdoor where there used to be a trap under the kitchen window which went down to the cellar, all sorts of junk had been thrown out of the cellar but I can remember quite clearly there being lots of brightly coloured fancy biscuit tins, why they have stuck in my mind all of these years I will never know but that was certainly my earliest memory.*

Joy's father died before she was three years old and she told me that she had only vague memories of him. *Father had evidently suffered from a weak heart since he was a boy when he had caught rheumatic fever helping an old uncle clean out a well. Anyway Father eventually died from a massive heart attack. Another early memory is of being with her mother when Queen Mary visited Petworth. She seemed to be a very tall lady and was dressed in grey from head to toe. According to Mother she asked me a question but I never answered. Mother was mortified by my lack of respect and insisted that I should have answered, "Yes your Majesty". I was only three years old at the time.*

Having started school at the Petworth Infants and then going on to the Girls' School in East Street Joy recalls a much slower Petworth than today, a place still at ease with itself. Like Petworth very little had changed at Byworth since her parents' and grandparents' time. Grandfather Courtney still farmed the Bailliewick near Shimmings and the bus driver announced "Byworth Harbour" at the stop at Byworth Corner. Joy recalls the great fuss made on Byworth bonfire night celebrations when the Guy would be wheeled around the village in a cart. *We would make as much noise as possible and shout out "Guy, Guy, stick him up high" at the top of our voices. The first bonfire that I went to was in the meadow at the bottom of*

The Spout. The bonfires ceased before the war when the bigger girls left school and went into service.

As for all local children Petworth fair was a hugely important event in the calendar, and she recalls vividly her first visit at the age of six. *I can always remember the strange sensation of walking down New Street and being able to see the bright lights ahead but not hearing any noise, it is a phenomenon which I believe is peculiar to New Street though I don't know why. It was not only a special day for the children but also the adults. We always had a special tea on Petworth Fair Day, other days it would be just bread and butter with cake at the weekends, but Petworth Fair Day we had soused herrings for tea. The herrings were priced according to their size, so if you had ten for a shilling then you had a nice size...we always had sixpenny worth which was enough for our tea when we got home.*

Second only to Fair Day was Christmas and Joy had some of her fondest memories of that time of the year. *When I was about three we had our first Christmas tree, it was about two feet high and came with a root. The Steers had a chap named Billy Scott lodging with them and he worked out in the woods for the Leconfield Estate and so he could get hold of the trees quite easily. Well the tree was planted after Christmas and we used it every year until the war when we didn't dig it up and by the time the war was over it had grown too big.*

Like most local women Joy's mother saved all year with the International Stores Christmas Club and a fortnight or so before the big day Joy with her mother and aunt would walk into Petworth to choose the things for Christmas. *There was always some fruit for the Christmas Pudding, a pound of currants, a pound of sultanas, a pound of raisins, the big raisins that you had to stone were a favourite of mine because you could always eat one or two as you were stoning them. Mother would order nuts but not the mixed ones as we had our own cobnut tree from which my grandfather used to pick the cobs and he would put them in a tin and bury it in the garden to keep the nuts fresh until Christmas. A tin of shortbread biscuits and a tin of chocolate biscuits were included in the order and these were considered a great treat for sweet biscuits were reserved for special days. The International Stores always put on a wonderful display of Christmas crackers from floor to ceiling and not crackers like you get today but beautiful ones with flowers and such like decorating them. We always had an ordinary box of crackers, which were cheaper, and the usual things like dates and figs and suchlike. A chocolate log was bought which would be saved until the first Sunday in the New Year though I don't know why. Grandfather always bought the Christmas joint, which all the time that he was alive was beef, after he died we had a bird for the first time. Christmas day supper was a ritual which never seemed to change. Uncle bought a joint of bacon which we had cold for supper. All this would be washed down with a homemade apple wine.*

Joy's amazing recollections could no doubt have filled many issues of the magazine and we must be thankful that we managed to record as much as we did. In the esteemed company of Nellie Dunton, Bunty Musson and Kath Vigar, Joy has helped to continue the important tradition of oral recollection that has made the magazine such a success.

God Bless you Joy.

Miles

"My friend John..."

I came to Petworth early in October 1942 about a week after the dreadful bombing of the Boys' school. John had been in the school and I met him shortly after that, when the Boys' School was re-formed in the old Iron Room, where the flats are now, opposite the Red Cross rooms. There were three classes in different corners of the room, mostly sitting around tables and I sat next to John.

We became quite close friends and spent time together after school as well as during lessons. We wandered about all over the place, fishing either in the river or at Furnace Pound at Ebernoe. We used to catch a lot of eels. John was not that keen on them but I was. We used to swim down at Tumble Bay and try to swim up to Rotherbridge and we spent a lot of time with a few friends out in Petworth Park playing cricket all day long.

John and I both got jobs after school and on Saturday mornings; John at Eager Bros. and me at Syers. We had to do dusting, sweeping the shop floor, running messages and on Saturday mornings, wash the shop windows. I remember John always had warm water in the winter - mine was cold. The highlight of our year was Goodwood races in July when we used to bike up to Trundle Hill and enjoy the racing, the interest in racing stayed with John for the rest of his life and he could always pick out a good 'nag' but did not always end up backing the right one!

Bikes were our means of transport in our young days, both at work and in our leisure time. I remember John travelling down North Street in Petworth with a bag of tools on the handlebars, when a Diston saw that he had been waiting about a year for, slid forward and caught in the wheel, chopping about two inches neatly of the end. This was quite a tragedy because good tools were so difficult to obtain in the years during and after the war.

We worked out that the closest beach for swimming was at Clymping and we used to sometimes bike down there for the day, even venturing into Littlehampton for an ice-cream if we could afford it. One particular day, a group of us had spent the day at the beach and were on our way home down Bury Hill, when a chap on a motorbike overtook us. As he passed John he was playing about and gave John a shove which made him fall off his bike. Now that motorbiker made two mistakes. Firstly pushing John off his bike and, secondly by stopping. He quickly found that he had a broken nose which in turn gave John a broken thumb. The story does not end there however. In those days if you were on the sick list you were not allowed out in the evening and John was quite keen on a young lady who worked at Selham Place, so he got me to take her home from Youth Group on the crossbar of my bike, so you see, bikes were very handy but sometimes very hard work.

One day John told me that he had heard of a cross country race out at Plaistow in the British Legion Fete. The first three places received medals and the winner, a bottle of whiskey. We were both seventeen and thought we would have a go, so got on our bikes and off we went. When we arrived, we learned that the race had been won by the same man several times. We were pretty fit and found this a challenge that we could not resist and both felt that we could win that bottle of whiskey. There was quite a lot of interest in the race as a bottle of scotch was a good prize in 1947. When we formed up John and I had decided to stick close to the previous winner. We did not want him to get too far ahead and also the course was not very

well marked and he knew the way. All went well and when the sports field and finish came into view, we were right on his heels so we put in a sprint finish, but so did he, and proceeded to show us what winning races was all about. I came second and John third, and I think that was the only time in any sport that I finished in front of John.

It was not always easy to arrange to do anything because John's father had a contract to cart coal from the railway station up to the gas works and that always took top priority. Instead of a quiet evening fishing, John might have to be breaking his back shovelling coal and end up as black as the ace of spades.

We both managed to get air rifles and got pretty handy with them. We would bike over to Bury on a Sunday morning where there was a little shop at the end of Gray & Rowsell's garage where you could usually get things like air gun pellets, fish books and catapult elastic, all interesting things. I even got a bullet mould and in my job as a plumber, it was easy to turn out loads of catapult bullets with molten lead. Almost everyone carried a catapult in their dinner bags and when working out in the country, it was often easy to find a rabbit in a "scat" as we strolled about at dinner time, and a good meal was easily captured.

Back to the air rifles. We were having target practice one evening, down at the Mile House just before the Gas Works. We were shooting at a small target about twenty yards away, when my boss, Jack Summersell came along walking his dog. He watched us for a while and then asked if he could have a go. He soon showed us boys that he was a crack shot. I worked with him every day and I had no idea of this. On another occasion John and I were up at Gore Hill with our air rifles when we spotted PC Earwicker approaching. We took off across the fields and when we looked back we were amazed to see that he was following us on his bike - and follow us he did, until we were trapped by the river down near Petworth station. It seemed that some firearms had been stolen locally and PC Earwicker had thought that we might have them. We were astonished that a man riding a bike across fields could have caught us and after that we always had a great deal of respect for PC Earwicker.

I guess John and I, like a lot of other youngsters living through the war years found that at times life could be exciting. One incident I remember well is when John and I were walking from the school dentist back down to our garden plots by the Horsham Road. We walked down the lane by the Roman Catholic Church and during the war there were large, very heavy, concrete cylinders stored there, standing on end. They were ready to stop enemy tanks that might want to pass that way. John and I managed to get a couple of these to lay down so that they would roll, and they took off down the hill, obliterating a five bar gate before continuing down the hill and into the brook where they remained for many, many years.

We both left school in 1944. John became an apprentice carpenter with W. T. Woolford and I became an apprentice plumber with J. Summersell. John learned his trade with really good tradesmen including Percy Savage and Bill Lunn and he learned it well. In 1946 we both joined the Town Band with Percy Savage as Bandmaster and I think John stayed for about two years, but it was not really his thing and he decided to stick to sport. He played a lot of football both for Tillington and Petworth. He was a good footballer and always played to win. He also played tennis and later bowls, always playing to win. He could not see any point in playing if you did not play to win.

When I got married in 1951, John was my best man and he met Margaret Robinson who was one of the bridesmaids and they went on to get married.

After John and I finished our National Service we went back to our jobs for a while and after a few years John left Woolfords and formed a partnership with Bill Burdock, also from Woolfords. They both worked very hard and for a number of years turned out a vast amount of excellent carpentry work. When John retired, it certainly did not mean he had packed up working. He continued to do jobs of all sorts, mostly without charge, except for the joy he found in being useful, and usually working with his beloved wood. When Tillington church upgraded its bells to a ring of five by adding two bells, it was found that the oak framework that supported the bells was in a poor condition. A large piece of 8" x 6" oak that was against the wall had rotted away and John was able to help Geoff Rix to get it out, then he worked on a new length of oak, kindly donated by Lord Egremont, and cut and formed all the necessary joints to get it in place again. When this heavy frame was lowered into place it all fitted together perfectly.

John did so much for so many people. He did countless jobs for me, for my family and my friends, as I know he did for his family and his friends and for anybody that needed help. I have seen him collect half a dozen rickety chairs belonging to an elderly lady, take them all to bits and glue and clamp them back together making them as good as new, then he finished up cutting her hedge. John loved to have a "project" and we always had half a day each week in his workshop turning out things like bird tables, nesting boxes, rabbit hutches, ferret hutches, chicken houses, in fact almost anything you could think of. When John was working something out, or perhaps trying to make a joint fit perfectly, he used to say to himself "OK, OK, OK" and that was John Sadler because he was OK. He was OK all the way through and I am very lucky because for over 65 years he was my friend.

John Grimwood

Editor's Postbag

A feature of this Magazine is the opportunity to obtain reaction from readers. It may be a little hit and miss but I suppose that's the whole point. Some items call for no response while some simply elicit none. As a rule of thumb it's perhaps fair to say that the further removed the subject is in time the less likely it is that we shall find an echo. **Linda Ridgewell** was delighted to have Jumbo's memory of Mrs Miles at Petworth House, as she says "At least I have something." She continues: "Mrs' Miles was a courtesy title; Florence is not known to have married. She seems to have left Petworth House about 1950 and retired to Paddington where she died in 1955. I, unfortunately, was too young to remember her and may never have met her Florence was the middle child of eleven born between 1874 and 1900, my own father being one of the younger siblings."

Glennys Skeates' enquiry prompted a response from Mike Hubbard which appears as a separate Magazine item.

The 1930s Sutton F.C. Photograph continues to pose problems (PSM 133), more perhaps in a later issue, but Brian Verrall is able to put names to the earlier picture, it comes from November 1920 and is of Sutton and Bignor F.C.

Back Row: Rev. L. Newman, Mr J. Strudwick, F. Strudwick, G. Hall, K. Francis, W. Atfield, S. Standen.

Centre: J. House, S. Reid, E. Vile.

Front: D. Cramp, R. Rice, H. Fewkes, W. Merrydew, E. Harwood.

Dr Mann's query re the Star Chamber case is obviously well beyond any living tradition, but with the help of Alison McCann I have done what I can given the scanty documentation. See separate article.

Neville Green's article clearly stirred some memories. As a former member of the A.T.C., Scout and Petworth football teams, Terry Lucas is in a good position to make identifications. He writes, "Ted West was a refugee from the Channel Islands and lived with his aunt and family in Percy Row, not, I think, with Mrs Best. The other two "not known" may be from Northchapel. Regarding Petworth Scout Group 1943 from *left top*: John Hall and between Ted Whitcomb and Chris Clegg a lad from Byworth.

Third row: Richardson, Gumbrell, Bourne.

Regarding the Cubs 1-11 reading from the left:

(1) Saunders (Angel Street) (2) Parsons (Pound Street) (3) Field (4) N.K (5) Mayes (Duncton) (6) Bryder (Pound Street) (7) Baker an evacuee from Portsmouth (High Street) (8) Probably Byworth (9) (?) Baigent (High Street) (10) Wakeford (?) (11) Lewis (East Street).

Re Magazine 133 Mrs Shirley Standford writes from Fordingbridge:

Dear Peter,

How I wished I had been on Sylvia's Sutton walk! Your account brought back so many memories of Easter and Summer holidays with our grandmother, Jane Smith of Church Hill, Sutton. Memories of walking up the church path, very damp and slippery in those days while every Sunday Mr Childs tolled the bell and Winnie White was at the organ. We often walked through Gunters to Barlavington Church, does it still smell so musty in there, I wonder? Along Folly Lane where the guinea fowl came out to greet us and where Miss Wyndham's goats did their best to ambush us. Back home across the fields for Granny's plum jam and fruit cake for tea and, if we're lucky, a comb of honey from Clem Goodyer's bees – that's him 3rd from right, standing, in your photograph of Sutton Football Team.

Lastly: We are still trying to find post-war recollections of Petworth's various friendly societies. Can anyone help?

P.

Dr. David Parsons writes:

Dear Peter,

PMS 134: Of old St Mary's

I was interested to read the account of the Easter services in pre-Reformation days, and I can offer some possible explanations of the term 'rosyn' (your footnote 1 on p.47). The modern spelling of the word is 'rosin' and it is an alternative to resin. I am familiar with the word

and that spelling because two of my children are viola and cello players respectively. Rosin is rubbed on the bow of stringed instruments, so the reference is possibly to some form of musical accompaniment to the Resurrection play. The Shorter Oxford suggests other possibilities, since rosin can be used both as a glue and as a varnish, either of which would have been required in making the scenery for the play.

The sort of materials required for making an Easter Sepulchre, usually a more or less elaborate timber structure with stained curtains, is clear from the standard accounts of the subject, eg. G H Cook, *The English Medieval Parish Church* (1954). I know a bit about the *Quem quaeritis* play, but from the early medieval end, when it was doubtless not so elaborate: no mention of music in the 10th century. I haven't had a chance to check, but I expect Damon Duffy has something to say about the form of the late medieval versions, either in *Stripping of the Altars* or *Morebath*.

With best wishes,

Yours

"Is your father's name Dick?"

Leslie Ernest Sprackling's account of Barns Green Slate Club (PSM 134) was a forthright piece which interested an audience well outside its local area. The same may be said for this extraordinary story from the 1914-18 war. There is a tenuous Petworth connection in that George Garland, himself a bare three years younger than Sprackling, was a regular visitor to Pyecombe smithy between the wars.

Born in 1897 and the son of a cowman, Leslie Sprackling left school at the age of fourteen to find agricultural work. By 1914 he was following his father's trade as a cowman, earning ten shillings a week and living with the farmer, clothes and shoes being paid for by himself. War was declared in August of that year. He writes:

I was only 17. Hopefully I went to the Drill Hall during October and surprisingly was accepted, a shilling a day, but after a while, all found, and trained. Horsham, Newhaven, Arsenal, Bexleyheath, Purbrook, Colchester and Cambridge. As the first line battalion had suffered great casualties in the Dardanelles I was put on draft with others to reinforce but on the journey out on the "Soudan" the evacuation took place so we went to Egypt and a hot spot. Water was very scarce, one pint per day per man, and appear on parade clean and shaven. ½ pint tea, four times a day. The desperate things we did to get water. About two miles away a river flowed, but this water contained germs. For washing purposes we were marched there and given a small quantity for ablution, but this was diluted strongly with creosote. Each day in the tent a lottery took place and the unfortunate winner had to take all water bottles by night and sneak in through the patrols of pass sentries, to fill from the river.

Came the day when my number came up. I was fully aware of the punishment for the crime - court martial. I got through and made a detour around camp. What a mistake! I ran into the Sergeant Major. First, "Empty all those bottles, now your name and number." I gave

it. He said, "Is your father's name Dick?" I said, "Yes". "And have you a sister Dorothy?" Again I confessed. He said, "Well, look here, I know your father and sister. If you promise not to do this again" I did, and kept my promise. He was the blacksmith from Pyecombe. Forty years later I took my sister Dorothy and paid him a visit and thanked him, and he had not forgotten and reminded me what the consequences could have been. I knew all the time but we still drank that water. I was excused when my turn came round next."

Tennis at Wiggonholt

I trust the 'irrespective of residence' applies to contributors, because two items in PSM 134 spurred me into action again..... The account of the 'Last walk of the season' to Wiggonholt, and 'Tennis at Petworth'. Like me, not many people will immediately see the connection, but there is one.

Several years ago I was commissioned to carry out research for residents of Wiggonholt (blink and you'll miss it) and it turned up a wealth of fascinating information for such a small parish. It was an 'outlier' of the more southerly Ecclesdon, which belonged to Fécamp Abbey, and a church has been there since at least 1230, usually sharing a priest with older Greatham. These included Robert Woodhouse, who (like fellow clergy Richard Ball in 1593 and Richard Boley) asked to be buried in the chancel when he died in 1558, and among numerous legacies left money for road repairs and '*the Mariage of poor maydens*'. Boley was overseer to the 1601 will of his parish clerk, Francis Lording, who left his cassock to his son Nicholas; one of Boley's sons, William, also followed in father's footsteps, for when he died in 1637 he was parish priest at Coldwaltham.

There were probably about 7 houses in 1627, and 30 male residents over eighteen in 1641. There was an inn or alehouse (of extremely ill repute) recorded as far back as the 1480s, and it was subsequently known as The Split Crow (any suggestions for a sign?) and the far less interesting Hare and Hounds. The church inspection book of 1636 contains the comment that '*The flaggon for the Communion wyne is unfit & unseemly being like an Alehowse quart pott*; too many visits to the local, perhaps..... When Richard Chamber wrote his will in 1600, although described as '*husbandman*' he left instructions that his wife should keep their youngest son, Edward '*at schole at learninge the space of fower yeares*'. There was a weaver in 1602, a rope-maker in 1604, and brick-making was carried out locally from the late 1600s, although the kiln had fallen out of use by 1762.

Wiggonholt House occupies what could be the site of the original 'home farm' of the manor, which included tenements further north. The first build or enlargement can be dated to at least 1688, a Francis Goble was there in 1703, and the Penfolds were occupants from 1796 to 1902; Hugh enlarged the house further in 1811, and family memorials can be seen in the church. The family had lived in the manor from the 1290s.

So there's some snippets about Wiggonholt, but what about the tennis? Some early court records survive for Ecclesdon and its associated manors, and these include Wiggonholt.

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TOWN HALL, PETWORTH,
ONE WEEK ONLY!
Commencing MONDAY February 18th, 1889.

Doors open each evening at 7.30. Commence at 8. Saturday at 3 & 8.

Tickets at Mr. EDGAR'S. Front Seats 2/- Second Seats 1/-

THE ROYAL SPECTRAL
OPERA COMPANY,
AND
GRAND ILLUSORY ENTERTAINMENT.

Under the following distinguished Patronage... Admiral Sir George Willes & Lady Willes, Admiral J. O. Hoskins, R.N., Captain E. H. Seymour, C.B., A.D.C., and Officers of H.M.S. Duke of Wellington, Captain C. E. Donville, and Officers of H.M.S. Excellent, Commander the Hon. Curzon Howe, and Officers of H.M.Y. Osborne, Captain J. R. T. Fullerton, and Officers H.M.Y. Victoria and Albert, Captain H. Swainson, R.N., Gen. Sir G. H. Willis and Lady Willis, Mrj.-Gen. W. Stirling and Officers K.A., Col. P. A. A. Twynam, C.B., Col. J. H. Maitland, C.B., and Officers R.E., Col. J. A. White, and Officers 1st Bt. S. Lnc. Reg., Lt-Col. G. H. Banbury, and Officers 2nd Bt. Coni. Rang., Col. H. R. Tuson, C.B., A.D.C., and Officers R.M.A., Maj. H. G. Newcombe, R.A., Rev. Dr. J. C. Edghill, Chaplain-Gen. And the Elite of the Town and Neighbourhood.

This extraordinary and beautiful Entertainment has just been given in London for Five Successive Months with the Greatest Success.

"We have in the "Royal Spectral Opera Company" an Entertainment that has taken a firm hold on the public, and justly so. The pieces are excellently staged, the scenery beautiful, the music, and above all, admirably select. The result has been Royal Patronage and houses crowded nightly by fashionable and delighted audiences; indeed on many occasions, hundreds were unable to gain admission." Times.

THE LARGEST ILLUSORY ENTERTAINMENT TRAVELLING !!

The Entertainment is Designed to

REFINE, INSTRUCT AND AMUSE.

And aims not merely to beguile the fleeting hour, but affords food for intellectual culture. The Artists engaged are Ladies and Gentlemen of known eminence in their Profession, and the

ILLUSIONS LITERALLY TRANSCEND EVERYTHING

Yet attempted in this direction. The Mechanical and Optical Contrivances are as perfect as modern skill can render them and are constructed to produce effects of the most marvellous character; and no reasonable expense has been spared to render the entire entertainment the very best of the class in existence.

SOLE PROPRIETORS MESSRS. MONCK & KINGLEIGH.

CHICHESTERIAN PRINTER, 28 & 30, LAKE ROAD, LAMBHURST

Top entertainment at Petworth in 1889. How was such an ambitious programme received?

The Programme for each evening will be as follows:--

➤ MONDAY. ➤

The late Mrs. Henry Wood's pathetic Story

ENTITLED:-

➤ 'EAST LYNNE.' ➤

➤ TUESDAY. ➤

The late Charles Dickens's Exquisite Story,

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

The text of Dickens's beautiful work is closely followed, the Costumes carefully produced, and no expense or trouble has been spared to make this the most sterling and legitimate production of its class in existence.

"The Finest Charity Sermon in the English Language."—Dean Stanley.

N.B.—During the dream, which commences with the appearance of Marley's Ghost, Scrooge and the Spirits are supposed to be invisible to the other characters.

➤ WEDNESDAY. ➤

An adaptation of Miss Braddon's attractive Novel,

LADY ✦ AUDLEY'S

✦ SECRET. ✦

➤ THURSDAY. ➤

GOUNOD'S MOST LOVELY AND POPULAR OPERA.

➤ "FAUST." ➤

The Great Work which has caused such wonderful excitement both as opera and drama, and which is still running with so much success at one of our metropolitan theatres, will be given with all the principal Solos, Duets, Trios, Quartettes, and Choruses in a manner never equalled by any similar company.

➤ FRIDAY. ➤

THE GREAT LONDON SUCCESS,

THE BELLS;

One of the most attractive performances ever placed upon the British Stage, and when produced with the aid of Improved Mechanical Appliances, of the Spectroscope, forms a most Astounding Entertainment.

➤ SATURDAY. ➤

The Corsican Brothers.

To conclude each Evening with one of the following Laughable Farces:-

MUDDLEHEAD IN A FIX;

Or, THE PHANTOM SWINDLER.

Arranged expressly for this Entertainment, introducing the most eccentric changes ever witnessed

P.P.P. OR THE POOR POET'S PLAGUES,

A Farce of Farces, introducing heaps of Glorious Fun and a New Personage

Mr. ALLBONES.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

In the above Sketch will be introduced some of the most Extraordinary and Incomprehensible

Effects and Illusions ever brought under the notices of the public.

The Company consists of the following selected Artistes:-

SOPRANOS:-

MISS ANNIE CLEVELAND

AND

MISS RUBY GLENN

CONTRALTOS:-

MISS JESSIE CLARE

MISS MINNIE HARTLEY

MISS MARIE WALTON

PIANIST:-

MR. C. ELLIS

TENORS:-

MR. J. B. SINCLAIR

AND

MR. C. NICHOLSON

PRINCIPAL BARIitone:-

MR. T. G. PARTRIDGE

COMEDIANS and COMIC VOCALISTS:-

MR. HARRY SMITH

AND

MR. GORDON NELLDON

AND

MR. CHARLES KINGLEIGH.

Imagine my surprise when among records of changes of tenancies, overcharging by the miller, brewers and cobblers, over-stinting on the commons, stray animals and various violent and criminal incidents.....in 1483 John and Robert Shory were fined 2d apiece for being 'common players at tennis against the regulacions'. On Wiggonholt Common, perhaps?

By a curious coincidence, a seasonal edition of Postscript arrived soon after offering at an unmissable knock-down price: 'Tennis: A Cultural History' by Heiner Gillmeister (Leicester University Press, 1998), Gillmeister being 'a world authority on the history of ball games'.

There I found the origins of 'the ball game' (as it was first called) traced back to medieval monastic cloisters in the middle of the twelfth century. The ball was at first struck with the naked hand, which was later gloved and there was no net. By the fifteenth century lengths of sloping roof were attached to gable walls, or supported on posts, or even replaced by a tilted corn sieve, so that the game could come outside and be more flexible. The game was so generally popular that laws were passed by Edward III (1327-77) and Richard II (1377-99) forbidding ordinary people to play ball games. Edward was particularly alarmed in the 1360s that all kinds of 'frivolous amusements' were distracting men from practising their archery. At Winchelsea in 1427 an ordinance stated 'Item, that no manner persones play at tenyse, dyse, cards quoit, nor at the bowlys, nor at any other unlawful game in the stete, nor at the towne grene, upon payne of every person so founde playing xiid, as ofte as they soo play'. And we thought the Puritans were killjoys!

References to the costs incurred from 'tenes' are quoted by Gillmeister from the 1490s account books of Henry VII, and over a century earlier the French king John II paid out a considerable sum for his losses at the game. The origin of the word seems to be in the French 'tenez!', as a warning cry by the server, similar to 'fore!' in golf.

Never have the early inhabitants of Wiggonholt seemed so alive as the moments when two locals were batting a ball about on the village green, and some nosey parker snatched on them to the next court!

Annabelle Hughes

¹ Extracts from ordinances quoted in *The Sussex Bedside Anthology* (1950) p154

A balloon at Petworth in 1783

Biaguin's certificate of having rec'd the air balloon found by John Gower

I the undermentioned Michael Biaguin of No. 33 Noble Street, Cheapside, London do hereby acknowledge to have this second day of January one thousand seven hundred and eighty four had and received of and from John Jennings of Portsmouth Common in the country of Southampton a certain quantity of oil silk of a globular form which being on the 25th November last filled with inflammable air, was called an air balloon and was suffered by me from the Artillery Ground to ascend in the air with directions their appendant informing such persons who might be resident in the neighbourhood where it should fall that it was my

property with my address at Noble Street as above mentioned which sd. balloon when the inflammable air was exhausted afterwards on the same twenty fifth of November fell at or near Petworth in the county of Sussex of which I being informed caused to be paid to John Gower the person who found the same the sum of three guineas as a consideration for his finding and returning the materials to me at London which he promised to do but instead thereof without my consent and knowing it was my property sold the said material to Mr. James Drake victualler of Portsmouth Common in the county of Southampton from whom by the hands of the said John Jennings I now receive the same.

Michael Biaguin¹

P.

¹ There follows the signature of a witness. The name Biaguin is doubtful, the signature and the document description on the outside clearly differ. The signature certainly suggests a final "I" and possibly Biajgtoni. Document from photostat courtesy of Jumbo Taylor. Clearly the materials for the balloon were valuable, clearly too, John Gower, whoever he was, had been disingenuous to say the least. Whether James Drake recovered his money from Gower is not stated, as too, whether any action was taken against Gower. [This would seem to reflect the pioneering days of balloon flights, the 1780s is definitely early for such attempts - even unmanned. Ed]

307 The Cowyard

I was most interested in Mrs Skeates' letter in the last Magazine. When I first became a postman at Petworth it was March 1957 and one of my first rounds took in North Street, Hampers Green and Fox Hill. Mr Tom Ward and his wife lived in 307 The Cowyard, North Street - behind the park wall. As we started deliveries at 6.30 in the morning and the Leconfield yard gates were not open until later, Mr and Mrs Ward had their letters delivered in a box in the park wall.

At the time I was living with my parents at Barlavington where my father was head poultry man for Mr James Bragg. There were fifteen thousand chickens, free range. Mr Bragg would not keep chicken in battery houses. It was November 1958 and Mr Bragg was carting mangolds in a tractor and trailer. As most people will know, Barlavington roads are very narrow and I was riding my 650cc Panther and sidecar. With all the water and mud on the road we were on top of each other before you could say 'Jack Robinson'. My sidecar wheel went up the bank, shot me off, and pinned me under a load of mangolds. They had to get a block and tackle and cut my post-office uniform off me. My lower back was black and blue but fortunately I had no bones broken, although I ended up in Petworth Cottage Hospital for a fortnight. Tom Ward from 307 The Cowyard was in the next bed. I had never met him before, but he took to me like a duck to water and, as I got better, the matron said, "Would you share Tom with Mr Denyer"



Lancaster House - an etching by Charles Leazell.

Simon Denyer was a real character, a lengthman on the roads. He looked after the road from Gwillim's flour mill at Coultershaw to the Goodwood turning at the top of the Benges. He took great pride in his length of road as did all the lengthmen. Tom Ward was himself a real character. He told me that he was the last man on Lord Leconfield's estate to work with a cart horse. 'When I go to meet my Maker I don't want to go in a motorised hearse but I'd like one of Lord Leconfield's horses to take me to my resting-place.' I can't say whether Tom got his wish. Tom had a son, Fred, who lived at Hampers Green with his wife Elsie and his daughter Shirley. Fred was a brilliant engineer and had a workshop at Hampers Green. He was one of those people who could make or repair anything: clocks, cars, motor bikes, washing machines ... he'd never charge the earth, he'd say "five bob" or "a pound". A real gentleman.

Mike Hubbard

"Troublesome, arrogant and contencious"?

Further to Dr Mann's enquiry in the last Magazine it has now been possible to look at the documents¹ in question. Clearly the file as we have it is seriously incomplete. While William Wykes' complaint survives in its entirety, there is effectively nothing for the defence, simply two standard rebuttals from Margaret Frizzell and Henry Gittyns which add nothing to the initial complaint. Oddly, Richard Chambers^{D.D.} mentioned in an initial rubric makes no appearance in the documents we have, a salutary reminder that what we do have represents only the merest fragments of a larger and more complex story. Even the precise year within the period 1603 to 1625 is unknown. The heavy style and the script are, however, strongly reminiscent of Henry Percy's Star Chamber counterblast² to his rebellious tenants in the early years of James I. Wykes' complaint is the only account we have and, no doubt, as is the nature of such documents, somewhat partial. It is written in a good clear "secretary" hand, although a number of later interlinear additions in a different hand are more difficult.

William Wykes of Cliffords Inn in London and an attorney³ at the Court of Common Pleas at Westminster, brings what is effectively a civil action to the Star Chamber on the grounds that the activities of the Frizzells are a threat to the peace of the realm, hence the heavy emphasis on words like riotous, routous and disorderly. For some five years he has been peaceably and lawfully possessed of a messuage and tenement in Petworth known as Norman, but his tenure has been challenged by William Frizzell of Sutton and his wife Margaret, the latter "reputed a very troublesome, arrogant and contencious person." The Frizzells' claim title to the property, something Wykes dismisses out of hand as at once feigned and unlawful.

¹ STAC 8/296/1 at the Public Record Office

² Peter Jerrome: *Cloakbag and Common Purse* (1979) chapter 7

³ See also W.J. Jones: *The Elizabethan Court of Chancery* (1967), page 424

So determined are the Frizzells that they have shown themselves prepared to take the law into their own hands and attempt the forcible ejection of Wykes from the property. Nor are they acting alone for they have assembled some ten or more "riotous, desperate and disorderlie" persons, not all of whom Wykes is at present in a position to identify. He can however point to Arnold Tompson of Petworth and Henry Gittyns both husbandmen, Thomas Pellett of Petworth and one Taylor of Petworth. There had been sporadic friction during the summer, and Margaret, very much the ringleader, had been heard to utter "divers voluntary great oathes" that she would eject Wykes. Matters came to a head in the forenoon of August 31st when Margaret Frizzell's people converged on the house "with sundry daggers, forest billes, hedging billes, long staves and divers other unlawful weapons as well invasive as defensive" including axes, hatchets and crows of iron with "other engines".. They broke in, subjecting Wykes, his wife and five children to a prolonged assault, having beaten down a door at the rear to effect entry, then invading the hall and going up the stairs to pull up floor boards⁴ and sealing before returning to the hall and breaking open the street door, this having previously been locked and barred. They struck off the lock with an axe and also another great lock in a door to the ground. Arnold Tompson, indeed, would have struck Wykes himself with an axe had not the blow been deflected by someone standing by. Physical intimidation of Wykes and his family ended only after another sortie upstairs, Tompson filling the study with bean straw, and the arrival of Robert Holmwood one of the Petworth constables. The incident would later lead to Wykes' wife miscarriage.

The two other documents add virtually nothing save for Gittyns' claim that the complaint is simply a lawyer's devise "to burden this defendant and the rest of the defendants with a large and tedious suite ... without any couler or ground of cause."

Given the defective documentation, an appraisal of the case is impossible. Making his complaint in Star Chamber means that Wykes will lay great emphasis on the allegedly violent conduct of his assailants. Does he exaggerate? We cannot know. We can only say that if Arnold Tompson was really serious about landing a blow with his axe he was singularly diffident about it. And could the later miscarriage definitely be put down to the incident? "Contencious" as Margaret Frizzell may well have been, she clearly felt justified in making a claim to the property; her actions otherwise seem inexplicable. And how does the enigmatic Richard Chambers^{D.D.} fit in?

Wykes seems to have had a substantial property but where was it? The mention of a street door suggests somewhere in Petworth itself. Might the present Norman Place in East Street preserve a memory? Robert Holmwood the constable and Thomas Pellett appear to be neighbours in the Hoes Farm area south of Petworth and Pellett rather more than the rootless desperado Wykes suggests.⁵ Perhaps Margaret's people were a more cohesive and focused body than William Wykes would have us believe. As is the norm with Star Chamber proceedings there will almost certainly be no conclusion. Is William Wykes just a little too plausible? It is unlikely that we shall ever know.

P.

⁴ Plaunchers

⁵ Lord Leconfield: *Petworth Manor in the Seventeenth Century* (1954) pages 106-7

Alison McCann writes:

The Richard Chambers mentioned is the Rector of Sutton from 1613 to 1633 which may suggest that the case dates from after 1613. On the other hand I would have expected him to be described as Rector of Sutton if he was already in the post. But the scribe seems very careless – some of the crossings out seem to be where he has started writing in details of a different case. Arnold Tompson died in 1632 as we have his will at the Record Office. Frizzell does not seem a local name and another Star Chamber case (1624) describes him as “late of Petworth” did he take over the disputed property for a time?

One thing that is certain is that the property in question is Norman Place in East Street. Unfortunately Petworth House does not appear to have anything prior to its being bought by the Duke of Somerset in 1724.

One for Mr. Kenyon?

It all began simply enough. “Have you any stalls left for the November fair?” Telephone calls of this kind are fairly standard in the weeks before the fair, although the disposition of stalls is actually Keith’s province. Two points to make: Keith’s already done the layout and there’s not room, second, and, strictly speaking irrelevant, “Are you commercial?” “Yes.” Well, there’s no need even to trouble Keith: our stallholders are exclusively local charitable organisations. “As a matter of interest what are you selling?” “Packeted edible seeds from a Petworth base.” Clerk of the Market quickly metamorphosises into editor. There could be a story here.

There is. Petworth has always had its share of exotic traders, Mantua makers, perruque makers - that’s just from memory - and probably not exotic to those labouring away at them. Mr. Kenyon’s magisterial study¹ has immortalised the earlier ones. But a dealer in edible seeds, I’m sure Mr. Kenyon didn’t have one of these - not in seventeenth century Petworth. I do remember George Garland telling me once that before 1914, when the present Windmill House in High Street was two separate cottages, an old lady (Mrs. Butcher?) sold seeds from her front room. He told me that as he stood there he never for a moment dreamed that in later years he’d actually live there. But these were garden seeds, not edible ones.

John Robbins, it appeared, has had three quite different careers, counting the present. He is among other things a qualified driving instructor. He first worked in animal husbandry, initially in Africa, but then in Sussex. He then had another long career dealing with children with emotional and behavioural problems and still acts on a consultancy basis. Career change? I haven’t read Mr. Kenyon’s book lately but I don’t think there’s much there on career change. Not a seventeenth century concept I would imagine. So what about the edible seeds?

¹ *Petworth Town and Trades* - originally published as a series of articles in the Sussex Archaeological Society Magazine

“I’ve always loved cooking but my venture into edible seeds came quite by chance. I was having a small drinks party at home. We were a little short of nibbles so I had a look in the larder. I found a packet of pumpkin seeds. I emptied the packet into a dry wok over a hot flame with the idea of toasting the seeds. They started to pop rather on the popcorn principle. I added a hint of soy sauce, reckoning that the salt content would give the flavour a little depth. My experiment was an overnight success. There wasn’t enough to go round and everyone was asking for the “recipe”. An idea was born. Clearly, to take the idea further the pumpkin seed base needed to be expanded. Sunflower and sesame were added to the mix and honey blended with the soy to give a sweet/sour combination. I like to keep my own counsel on the precise specifications. Each variety of seed needs to be toasted separately in a hot, dry wok.

Once under way I began the inevitable tour of farm shops, farmers’ markets, and similar outlets. Budgens were particularly encouraging; they have a definite policy for local suppliers. I have sold at the Petworth and Midhurst farmers’ markets but, as I will explain, I am now often otherwise occupied at weekends. The farmers’ market at Hove, however, I never miss. It’s been a consistently good outlet for me.

I soon found that even a large wok was far too labour intensive for the quantities I was preparing. Some kind of industrial oven was a possibility but I was afraid that this might impair product quality. It’s the difference between chestnuts roasted in an oven and chestnuts roasted on an open brazier. An oven probably wasn’t the answer. I trawled the net for possibilities and eventually found exactly what I needed. My wok days were over. Catering-style paella pans, flat-bottomed to give more even cooking, one metre in diameter and heated on a triple gas ring. For what it was worth the equipment was also portable.

I had the paella pan and I love cooking. I began to think: I had a large paella pan and portable equipment. I also had a request to provide food for a party. What about a paella party? Different pans for different paellas, fish/meat based and vegetarian. I went for it. The party was a great success. I wasn’t easing up on the edible seeds but here was something that also appealed to the showman in me. It probably also had a greater potential. Before long I had three pans, the largest one metre in diameter, the smallest sixty centimetres, and three separate sets of burners, all flat pack and easily transportable in the back of the car. I can cater for up to 150. In the present economic climate a paella party can make sound financial sense. I am used to teaching and like to face the gathering and talk as I work. Paella is social; it’s not a hole in the corner affair, nor am I relegated to the kitchen. The cooking aroma is part of the ambience and I’m part of the party, part of the entertainment if you like.

Paella is, of course, a Spanish dish, and like pasta in Italy, has innumerable regional variations. The fish content varies to an extent according to distance from the coast. Pork and rabbit are inland staples and the dish is best kept nice and simple. On its home territory the staples of paella are whatever the region produces that will be suitable, but the appropriate spices are integral.

Fideuá. A new word perhaps. In Valencia in the 1960s a Spanish lady ran out of rice for her paella, rather as I did with nibbles at my drinks party. She had some noodles, however, substituted noodles for rice and fideuá was born. It’s a very popular dish in Valencia, if still little known in this country. I can provide fideuá as an alternative to paella.

Ingredients. Onion and garlic of course, chorizo, tinned tomatoes (always preferred by professional chefs) chicken thigh meat, chicken broth, the two last prepared immediately before and prawns. Vegetables can vary according to the season; green beans, peas, red, yellow and green peppers, sweet corn and mushrooms, the two last very much with the vegetarian version in mind. Presentation is all-important. We're not looking at a ricey pot-luck. Decoration does matter. Crevettes (large prawns) carefully arranged on the top, with cherry tomatoes, parsley and lemon wedges. The last impact on the whole dish and are important. And the paella needs to be served from the bottom of the pan so that the top arrangement remains intact.

I'll give a recent example at Tillington Village Hall. I arrive with equipment folded and ingredients ready prepared. I take some twenty minutes to set up, then an hour to cook the paella. At this particular function there was a band at the far end of the hall and the tables were placed lengthways along the side with the centre space left for guests to mingle. I take up my position near the entrance facing the party, and very much an integral part of the proceedings. Once I've prepared and served the meal - plates can be hired or disposable, it's time for me to quietly pack my equipment and leave.

John Robbins was talking to the Editor.

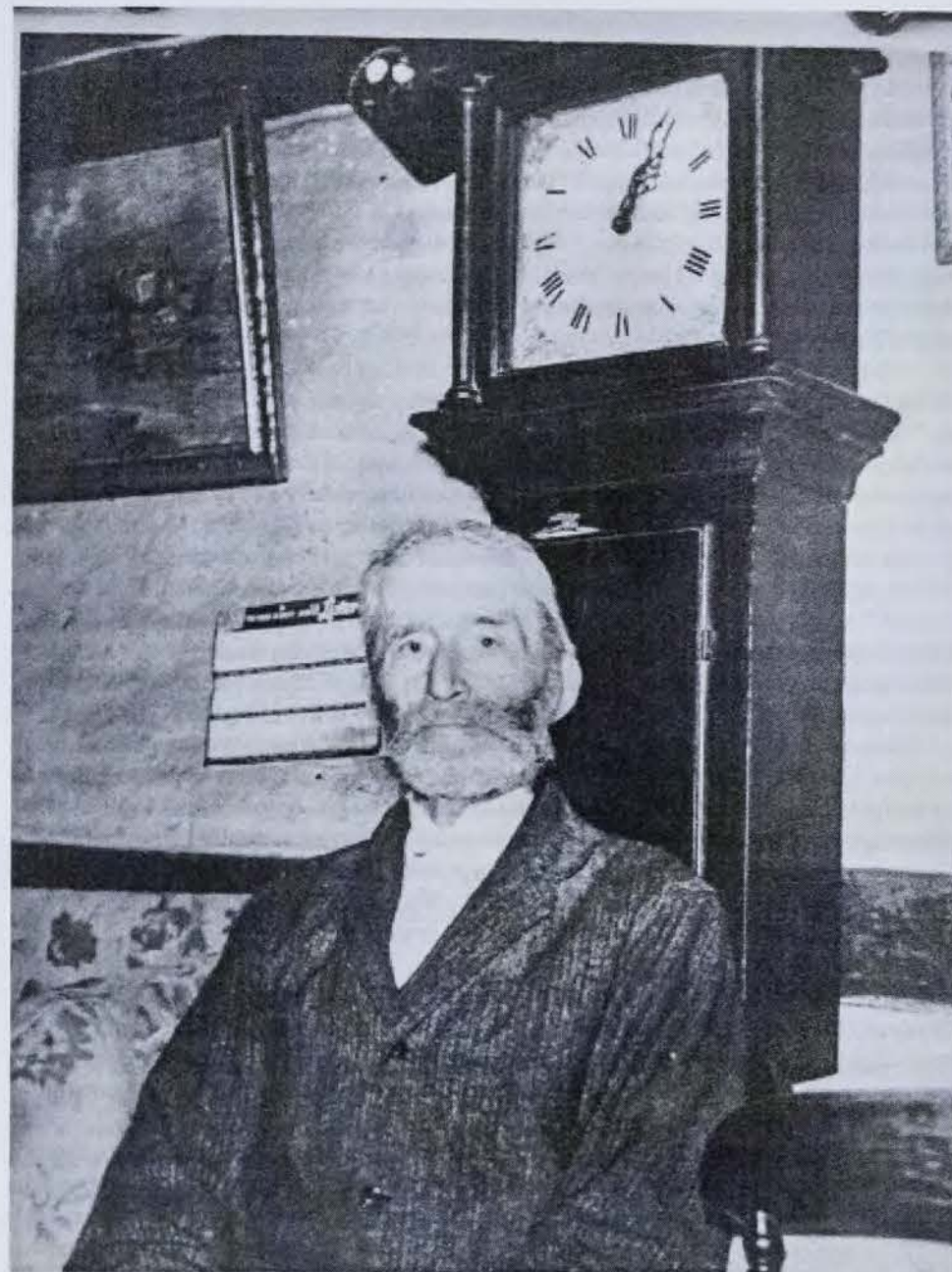
N.B. Petworth boasts two quite different John Robbins. I spoke to the "other John Robbins" a few issues ago in connection with the Petworth Rifle Club. [Ed]

"They won't put clock on!" by the Rambling Reporter

[This article by "J.P.B." appeared in the old Southern Weekly News in April 1938. I have omitted subheadings and pictures. Ed]

Lucky people at Ebernoe will have an extra hour in bed on Sunday morning. They believe in "God's Time" in this village - a straggling collection of cottages where there is a dislike for this comparatively "new fangled" idea of summer time. So tonight (Saturday) they will not be putting forward their clocks! Ask them the time tomorrow and they'll tell you "B.S.T." after consulting their watches and adding on the extra hour. But find two of them together and everything is referred to in terms of "G.M.T." all through the year. Ebernoe is funny that way. The church clock will be changed to "B.S.T." to-night by a sexton who refused to change his own clocks when summer time comes around. Fortunately for them there are no trains to catch! The nearest station is at Petworth, seven miles away.

Old David Baker is a revolutionary. "For fifty years I've had the same clock and I've never changed it until recent years," he told me. "And you'll change it this week-end?" I asked him. "Well, I've seen 73 Christmases go by so the time doesn't trouble me much, so after a day or two I expect I had better put it on," said Dave.



"Ebernoe time". An agency study of Ephraim Holden 1939. See "They won't put clock on."

But is David shrewd? He doesn't really believe in putting the clock on an hour - so he keeps it half an hour fast. "I'm going to put it on half an hour and get up at the same time," he added. "And what time is that?" I went on. "Well, either when I wake or a little afterwards - so the clock won't make any difference!" retorted Dave.

Ebernoe seems to consist mainly of Holdens - there are six of them and those six never change their clocks. Seventy-one years old bearded Ephraim Holden frankly admitted this when I found him gardening at the rear of the centuries old farmhouse which he shares with his sister Annie and brother Robert. "Why should we use this new time?" asked Ephraim? "We are our own masters, we employ nobody and for another thing it is no good to us. True I'm the sexton and I shall be altering the church clock - that's my job - but the clocks in this house will not be changed."

Along the lane we met Walter, another of the Holden brothers, driving cows home at milking time. "We are a family of nine, six living here in Ebernoe, and we all go by the old time," he told me. "It might be awkward if we went out, but mostly we stay indoors, and we can always calculate that the clock is an hour slow," he said. "In our own lives we go by the same time year in and year out - but we do meet our customers half way by milking the cows half an hour earlier," confided Walter.

An amazing family are the Holdens - a family of nine brothers and sisters, all alive and active to-day. Oldest of them all is sister Jane (she is 80), who lives in Petworth. Then comes Edward (77) who works at Chiddingfold. Brothers Ephraim (71) and Robert (74) share the farmhouse with sister Annie (58) but close handy, and also working on the farm are brother Fred (55), brother Walter (61) and brother William (64). There is also a sister Fanny (67) who lives at Liphook.

Hear what old inhabitants think about summer time in Ebernoe. We found Ebernoe's Darby and Joan putting up a chicken run - they're Mr. and Mrs. Luke Wadey, who celebrated their diamond wedding last year. They kept it to themselves so secretly that even their own children knew nothing about it! They were the second couple to be married at Ebernoe church. "Clocks don't make any difference to us nowadays, because we get up when we want to and go to bed when we want to," said Mrs. Wadey. Mr. Wadey (80) is his wife's senior by a year - and she does most of the gardening. "I've just put in the potatoes but what do you think of our peas and the broad beans?" she asked.

At the Stag Inn Arthur Scammell calls "Time" by his fine old grandfather clock - and he's popular because he changes it to summer time! It is here that they keep the spit on which they roast the sheep at Ebernoe Horn Fair, a quaint survival of old traditions which visitors enjoy quite as much as the villagers. And from what I've heard about it Ebernoe certainly knows how it likes its mutton done!

Horn Fair Day is 25th July and there's a suggestion that the B.B.C. may have a finger in the pie this year. Rumours are flying about in the Stag Inn that the festivities will be recorded and re-broadcast in *In Town Tonight*. Anyway, whatever happens, Ebernoe is determined to win the "Horns" from Lurgashall. It happens this way. Ebernoe and Lurgashall meet each Fair Day at cricket, while the rest of the villagers prepare the feast. The sheep is roasted on the edge of the cricket pitch, and in a nearby ditch the vegetables are peeled and cooked. The

"Horns" of the sheep are presented to the highest scoring batsman on the winning side. Last year Lurgashall won, and their best batsman went home with the trophy. Ebernoe is determined to get on terms this year.

Len Wadey, who farms at Butcherland (and Luke is his father) is captain of Ebernoe's team, and it is mainly due to his efforts that the Fair Day did not fade out a few years back. "Now it's going on stronger than ever," said Len as he told me of the day's programme. "Everybody turns out and there's not usually much left of the sheep by the end of the day because we have scores of visitors apart from the people of Ebernoe, Lurgashall and Petworth," he went on. Everybody goes to the fair, but - "I don't know whether I shall go or not," said Walter Holden because he has been going as long as he can remember, and things don't change much. Anyway, Fred Holden will be there and I don't expect the other Holdens will be far away!

Incidentally the Holdens are keen foxhunters and they rarely miss a meet of the Leconfield, although as Walter told me "he can't run as far as he used to."

Foxhunting and cricket are not all Ebernoe's sporting accomplishments, for they've a keen stoolball team of which Mrs. Len Wadey is the Secretary. "It's stoolball on Wednesdays and cricket on Saturdays," she told me.

And what is more, another page of Ebernoe's history is written this week by the holding of a jumble sale in aid of the stoolball club. Admission one penny - for the club funds. The bargain hunting starts at 2.30 by the "new fangled" time!

Ebernoe can boast of fields of wild daffodils - always unspoiled because there are no flower vandals round those parts. The place is so small that most of the map-makers have left it out. Happy, scattered Ebernoe doesn't know the meaning of A.R.P. and they haven't seen a gas-mask but according to Walter Holden the aeroplanes are a downright nuisance when he wants to go to bed early!

In Ebernoe there are people who've never been to London or seen the sea, people who stolidly refuse to ride in a motor-bus or train, so can you wonder? Here is the village where - Time Stands Still.

Pithy Wood and Waste Paper

I'd like to say I was Sutton born and bred but it wouldn't be quite accurate. I was actually born at Shopwyke where my father was head gardener to a Major Carlyle. I'm told the house is now a school. It was Valentine's Day 1938 when we came to live at the bungalow at Sutton End. I was four years old. My father's new job was as head gardener for Lt. Col. Frank Holland and his wife, Nancy. Colonel Holland was land agent on Major Courtauld's Burton Park estate. Our neighbours at Sutton End were Mr and Mrs Thayre and family.

An unofficial village activity of which we were early aware was the poaching of sea trout as they came up the stream at Sutton End. It was always the same time of year, late December, early January, as the stream subsided after the winter floods. You could prong the

fish with a ladies' garden fork held sideways in the water. A fork was always there ready for use. There was a somewhat similar situation at Fittleworth Mill House, but this, I recall, was in September.

Adjoining us, Daisy Francis had a small farm with five cows and a bull. She'd take her cows out on to the roadside verge and sit there on her stool. With just two small meadows on the farm she was anxious to make use of the roadside grass. She delivered milk to the village: first with the old-fashioned yoke and pails, then later with a pram. There was no mains water: it all came from the stream 400 yards away and then had to be collected with yoke and pails. Laborious. She needed water, of course, to cool the milk. Mains water did not come to the village until the late 1940s. One of the reasons that we were keen to take the bungalow was that Major Courtauld had had it built with a water toilet, the water coming from an underground spring at Barlavington. People in our immediate area would come to us for water, even Major Solomon from the Old Poor House opposite.

Sutton was noted for its village revels, a tradition going back to just after the 1914-1918 war, although there had been several changes in format and organisation over the years. The crowning of the May Queen, however, remained a constant. I don't remember 1938, but I certainly remember the May Queen's coronation in 1942. The Sutton Folk Dance Club who had taken over the running of the event in the mid-1930s, had disbanded and Miss Holding, so prominent in village activities, dressed the May Queen.

Of the war I remember bits and pieces, a dogfight in the skies overhead and my being bundled into a downstairs cupboard. Looking back, I'm not sure that that would have been much help. Then there was the L.D.V, the predecessor of the Home Guard. They had a shepherd's hut high on the Downs at Bignor for observation. There was no telephone but they had a boy runner, 12 or 13 years old. If a call came in to Major Tupper at Roman Pavement the boy had to set off up the hill to tell them.

I did all my schooling at Sutton, leaving when I was fourteen. Like many village schools of the time, it was run on a somewhat leisurely basis. Certainly there was a nice atmosphere, but by the time I was fourteen I had more or less run out of contemporaries. The senior children were then bused to Thakeham Comprehensive school. The Sutton school closed completely in 1970. As infants in the earliest years we were often put out in the playground (weather permitting) in the afternoons to rest on rush matting – common practice, I believe, in village schools of the time. When we reached the junior and senior levels we had two afternoons a week gardening behind the W.I. hut (now the village hall) and frequent nature walks. We'd pick wild flowers to be named when we returned. We'd go as far as Duncton Hill, Bishops Clump, Bury Hill and Burton Park and made a special point of picking foxglove leaves to be dried for digitalis. Once a girl brought a large jar of bee orchids to school for a competition. I remember, too, an educational visit to the Petworth waterworks at Haslingbourne; we walked there and walked back.

In the early days the gardening wasn't much supervised and we'd collect wild birds' eggs and cook them over a rough fire. Blackbird eggs don't cook white like hens' eggs but remain transparent. We would also smoke pithy-wood (old man's beard, the wild clematis). A more official school activity was collecting waste paper and taking it to the men's reading

room in the village where it was sorted by Miss Holden and Miss Atkins. A red plastic badge, with the words "A cog within a wheel" was given me for my efforts. The villagers were subjected to a school performance of The Mad Hatter's Tea Party in the W.I. hut, also to an open air Midsummer Night's Dream at Beckhall. I was a member of the cast. There was no water at the school and I can never remember washing my hands during my first five years there! I took sandwiches in the early days, but as the war went on five different village ladies undertook to provide soup on a one day a week basis.

Mr. Hare, the village baker and proprietor of the local shop, used to make enormous jam tarts with one inch thick pastry and a rather less liberal portion of jam. These were sold at 2^d a big slice. He could also make parsnip look (and taste) like banana, a favourite wartime dodge and not peculiar to Sutton. The W.I. provided pies, made by Mr Hare, rather stronger on pastry than on meat content. Originally we were restricted to one each but this was later relaxed. Potatoes were baked on the coke-fired school tortoise stove during the winter months.

There was real poverty then. If a farm worker's son had boots that needed repair he wouldn't come back to school until they were mended. There was no spare pair. Sutton had its own shoe-repairers as had Bignor. Everyone grew their own vegetables: quite apart from the war effort, self-sufficiency had always been a village tradition and even a source of pride. Not only that, it was an economic necessity. Electricity was always available in the village but only connected to the school at the time of the water supply being available. Water was put on in the village before I left school and this meant cooked school dinners. We were very lucky to have Mrs Cramp, one of the best cooks in the village as "dinner lady". All her supplies came from the village shop.

There was a definite division between the American troops stationed in the area and they seemed to operate, and be kept, apart. The coloured soldiers tended to come to the Sutton dances, while soldiers to the Duncton ones. The former were under canvas at Burton Rough, the latter were quartered at Burton Park. There could be open tension between the two groups. Mr Thayre who lived next door to us and worked at Burton Park, would get us into the troop film shows there.

Mrs Ryle from the village taught the senior boys how to make a longbow by whittling down a piece of yew (no health and safety in those days.!) The Ryles had moved up into the village from Glatting soon after the war. Mr Ryle was a doctor in Harley Street and the three sons and one daughter all became professional people. Mrs Ryle was generally considered to make the best school soup. Speaking personally, the one I liked least was one made by a lady using Jerusalem artichokes. At Glatting there was a stream fed directly from the Downs, and when the Ryle children were younger, a small diversion was made to fill a concrete swimming pool built by the Ryles. It lay right under the Downs. The school went there for swimming lessons. One changing room was a cart-shed, while the girls went by an outside stairway to the first floor: it still remains today. Just after the war Earl Winterton, the local M.P. came to Sutton to give an election address and Mrs Ryle who was, at that time, very much involved in the Peace Movement, walked out during the address and slammed the door. By this time the Ryles had moved up into Sutton from Glatting.

Back Row — Doris Poore — Brian Verrall — Sheila Moore (May Queen) — Colin Bone.
 Front Row — Joan Rapson — Phyllis Rapson.



Sutton May Queen 1942

G Garland Photograph

I was not considered musical at school and during singing lessons was told to go away and chop wood. The family had an old squeezebox accordion my grandfather had brought home from the 1914-1918 war. Possibly I was a little less than tuneful. Major Solomon jokingly offered me a penny to play out of earshot of the Old Poor House. The May Queen ceremony was kept up by the school and I was one of two boy attendants to Sheila Moore. I was about eight then. Curiously, I met Sheila Moore again at Sutton Open Day a year or two ago, as also her two girl attendants.

We had evacuees at the school, first from London, then, in greater numbers, from Portsmouth. Because it was such a large influx Mrs Quintrell came up from Portsmouth to take over the seniors and things tightened up considerably. I remember a boy bringing his dog to school to sit next to him and his being told to take it home.

Wartime (and later) travel was by bicycle. I'd often ride to Midhurst to see my grandmother. Travelling further afield meant the train from Petworth. After leaving school I trained to be a mechanic and did some day release at Horsham. I cycled into Petworth, leaving the bicycle at one of the houses by the station. A friend of my parents lived there, and this saved what I would have had to pay at the station.

During the war we were told where to shop - for Sutton it was Petworth; we weren't supposed to go into Chichester. I heard that the cook at Major Courtauld's set off for Chichester on the service bus and was stopped at Duncton Hill. Shopping wasn't a sufficient reason for a visit to Chichester. She was turned off the bus and had to walk back. I also had a grandparent at Petersfield and the situation was different there: the branch train from Petworth pulled in at the side not at the main line and no-one bothered to enquire whether the journey was necessary.

After I left school and my father came back from the war, an attempt was made to revive the old Burton Park Cricket Club. I remember the Club playing the girls of St. Michael's School at cricket. Some of the girls were really quite good, particularly the slow bowlers. They were coached by a Captain Dalton from Petworth. The men were challenged to play the girls at lacrosse but they found it a rather bruising experience. Another attempted revival was the old Sutton F.C., so successful during the 1930s.

In those days, just after the war Sutton still boasted a working men's club and reading room. There were two baths on the premises and Clem Goodyer used to stoke the boilers to heat the water. I can still see the big heap of coke outside.

In my last year at school (aged 13) my present from the Children's Christmas Party tree was a set of spanners. I wonder how many children today would appreciate such a welcome gift?

Brian Verrall was talking to the Editor.

The Herbert Shiner School, 1961–2008: R.I.P. (1)

I had been teaching science at Freshwater, Isle of Wight for six years, during which time I had married and our two children, Julia and Andrew, had been born. It had been a happy beginning to my career and it has been a joy to maintain a very cordial relationship with many (very!) old pupils of those days.

But times were hard financially and I was looking for promotion and an increase in salary. As a teacher of a mere two years' training, my prospects were poor and the Island's Deputy Director of Education suggested I took a supplementary course, lasting a year, at Portsmouth College of Education. Living in 'digs' during the week and returning to Rosemary and the children (aged 2 and 4 by then) at weekends was not easy, especially for those left at home, but the course was enjoyable and set me up for job applications.

The first, for a biology teacher in a Southampton girls' school, was unsuccessful, but I was called for interview for the post of Head of the Science Department at a new Secondary Modern School being set up at Petworth, opening in September, 1961, with an initial intake of 72 11 year-olds.

The school was still being built and so the interview took place in the Leconfield Hall. The headmaster-designate, Mr Robert Stirling, travelled down from Yorkshire and joined the interviewing panel which included Dr Cyril Read, Chief Education Officer, Sir Herbert Shiner, Chairman of Governors, Major Mant and other Governors such as Mrs Pennicott and Mrs Beaufoy and Mr Donald Fisher, a Junior Education Officer at County Hall, later to become headmaster of Midhurst Grammar School before moving on to be appointed Director of Education for Hertfordshire.

To my surprise and dismay, the only other interviewee had been a fellow student of mine at the City of Worcester Training College and for some reason he had taken a dislike to me then. He already had a 'graded post' which took him above the basic salary scale and clearly felt he had the job in his pocket. His confidence had led him to look in King and Chasemores' estate agents and surprisingly, he suggested that we had lunch together after the interviews.

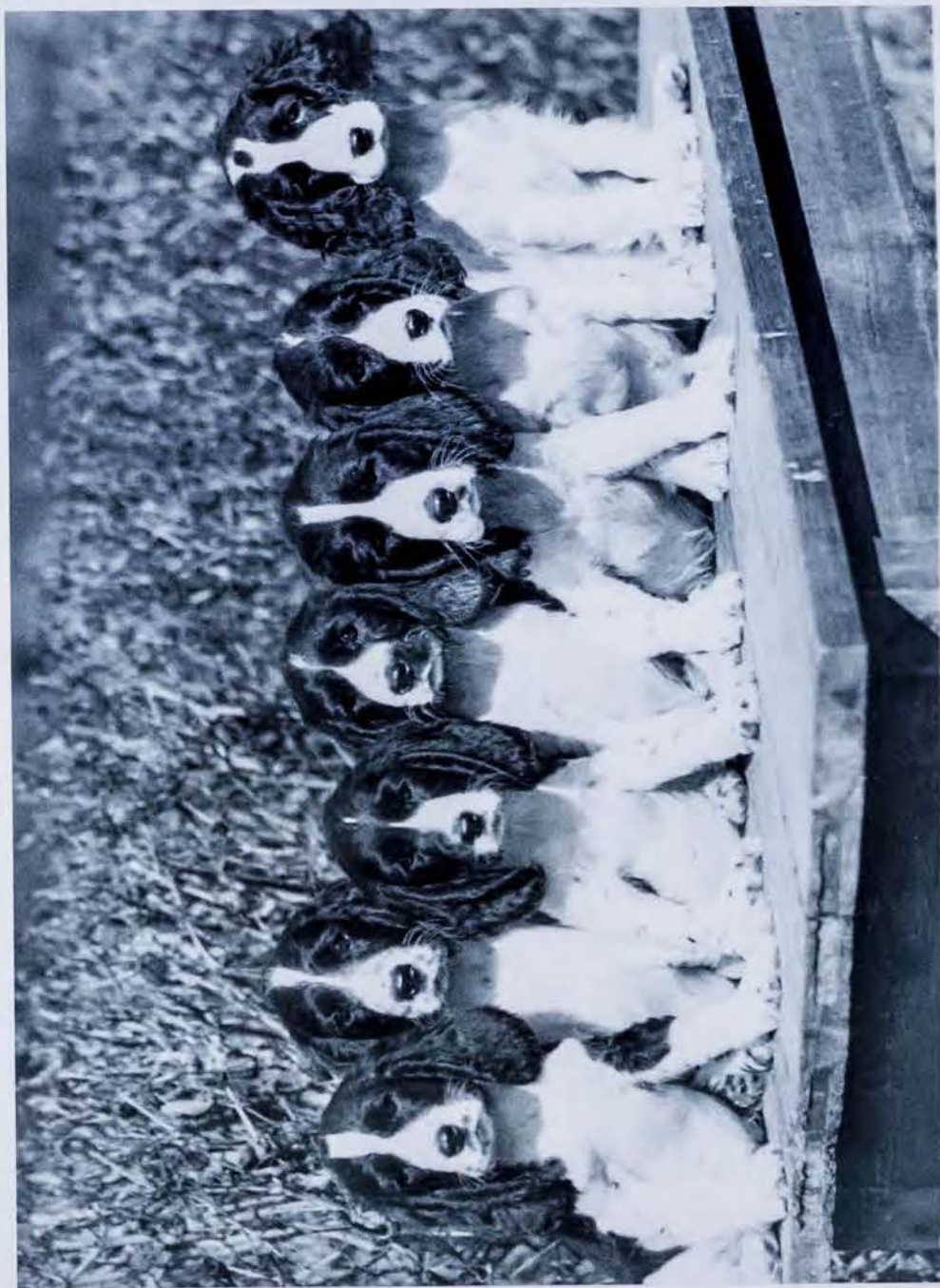
As my interview began, it soon became clear that until the school population had grown with each annual intake, I would not only be teaching science, but other subjects, which included maths., remedial English, boys' P.E. and games, rural science (gardening) and religious instruction. The other four members of staff would teach French, music, girls' P.E. and games, geography, history and needlework as well as some maths., English and R.E. Mr Fisher asked me how I would address the current concern regarding the divergence of science and the arts in secondary schools. In view of the foregoing, I thought the answer was self-evident.

Major Mant, noting that I had spent my National Service in the R.A.F., asked me to what rank I had 'risen'. 'Senior Aircraftman/Acting Corporal'. He had no further questions!

After the usual delay while our individual merits and faults were discussed, I was called



*Sutton End farm in 1950. See "Pithy-wood and waste paper."
Photograph by George Garland.*



"Seven of a kind." A Garland study from the 1930s.

back in and offered the job. There was no sign of my fellow interviewee when I re-emerged and I then had lunch with the headmaster in the very busy and grand Swan Hotel.

In the following summer term, Mr Stirling worked in a room at Culvercroft, where he, his wife and two children, had a flat until the headmaster's house had been built at the end of a drive behind South Grove. At that stage, there were plans for a second phase of school buildings to cater for the school as it doubled in size. Also in Culvercroft, was Mr Jack Pinder, the school clerk, recently retired from being personal secretary to the managing director of Plant Protection, Ltd., the I.C.I. branch at Fernhurst. He was a most remarkable man, an engaging personality, full of fun, an entertainer with Punch and Judy and conjuring tricks and a musician. He became fully involved with the school and a close friend. He wrote the school hymn and the tune for it – 'Culvercroft' and got Cyril Winn to write a descant.

The school building in South Grove was still in the process of erection when the first pupils arrived on September 5th 1961. Almost all of the upper floor was available: four classrooms, the future art room, used for assembly and dining and the eventual needlework room, which served as furniture store, headmaster's office and staff room. The first comment from visitors was always about the view of the Downs and not about the organised chaos inside. So far without a hall, P.E. lessons had to take place on the playground, wet or fine, hot or cold. Cross-country running was across the playing field to Grove Lane, down to the Haslingbourne junction, right to Station Road and back up to the path into South Grove. No traffic concerns then! Football and hockey, cricket, stoolball and rounders, were in Petworth Park, a long walk up and back. Memories are of Mr Roper, miserably huddled in duffle coat, refereeing from an imaginary touchline and Malcolm Birchall, a pupil and a model of self-control as he got up from the large cow-pat into which he had skidded on being tackled. In fact, it was two years before the playing field was ready, as the first sowing of grass seed was washed down into the field below by heavy rain.

The deputy headmaster was Mr Ivor Astley, who had been at a large comprehensive school in London and the senior - and, for a year, the only mistress, was Miss Daphne Taylor, from the Bourne School, Southbourne, near Chichester. The other assistant teacher, appointed to take French, was Mr Edwin Roper, also from London.

We had been told that Council houses being built in Wyndham Road would be allocated to teachers, but, like the school, they were not ready and, in any case, the Council official at Newlands was not aware of the arrangement and not at all sympathetic. There was, no doubt, a long list of local applicants already.

I managed to find a cottage to rent in the woods at Little Bognor – River Valley, where we stayed for three months until a problem arose regarding Rosemary's health and Dr Peter Bell felt it to be essential that we should be somewhere less remote. I was 'commuting' by motorcycle, but Rosemary and the children had to walk quite long distances before catching the bus. We were extremely fortunate that the flat above the East Street Dairy (now shops called East Street and Octavia) became available and we were welcomed with open arms by the Misses Di and Gertie Wareham, tea and cakes awaiting us when we moved in after Christmas, when everything at River Valley had been frozen solid and snow had prevented us from getting in or out until the morning of the move, cheerfully carried out by Mr Frank

Eldridge and his team from Kirdford. At the Dairy, the children would spend hours watching the Wareham sisters, Dorothy Wright and Doris Howard cooking the meals and cakes. Andrew occasionally earned a penny by showing customers the way to the loo!

The allocated house, 56 (later renumbered as 64), Wyndham Road, was ready by July, 1962 and we lived there until 1973 when we moved over to Rothermead - our own house at last! We were followed as tenants at 56 in later years, first by Steve Boakes, who had married Diane Whitton and then by Mark Scutt, married to Amanda (née Lacey), all ex-pupils.

School opened in an atmosphere of excitement and adventure and, from the start, the naturally good behaviour and cooperation of everyone became the accepted way of life. Sir Herbert Shiner was a regular visitor. After a distinguished service record in the First World War - he was awarded the D.S.O. and the M.C. and co-founded Toc H with the Revd 'Tubby' Clayton - he settled to a farming career in Sussex. He became involved in local government, was Chairman of the Education Committee and of West Sussex County Council, for which service he was knighted. He was instrumental in getting Petworth's new fire station - "Your fire station" Major Mant once said to Sir Herbert. 'No, Petworth's fire station', was the reply. He became increasingly impatient with the slow progress in completing the school buildings and during a visit in the week before the Christmas Fair was held, noticed that two more rooms, one destined to be the library, were empty, although access was not allowed. He was soon on the phone to County Hall and, in half an hour, workmen were sweeping out the rooms ready for use at the Fair and as classrooms. The Fair saw Mr Greenaway, the school caretaker, as Father Christmas in a 'grotto' constructed in the needlework room changing room. £71/6/- was raised. The caretaker's house at the school entrance was also unfinished at this time and Mr and Mrs Greenaway lived in a caravan on the school playground with Colin, their son.

A Service of Dedication was held in Petworth Parish Church on October 30th 1961. The address was given by the Revd H Owen Jones, Rector, and lessons were read by Sir Herbert Shiner and the headmaster. The Revd Desmond Bending of the Congregational Church (now U.R.C.) and clergy from the contributory villages also took part. The school hymn was sung. The children had come from the primary schools in Tillington, Graffham, Duncton, Sutton, Bury, Coldwaltham, Fittleworth and Northchapel as well as Petworth. Heyshott, Barlavington, Bignor, Watersfield, Stopham, Byworth and Lurgashall also came into the catchment area.

On November 19th, the school carol service was held in Petworth Congregational Church.

The headmaster and Mr Astley had compiled detailed lists of rules regarding organisation, uniform (black blazers with peaked caps for boys, berets for girls, all with the school badge and rules of behaviour and staff guidance. The badge, of the Leconfield armorial bearings, designed by Mr Astley with the permission of John Wyndham, Esq., (later, Lord Egremont) and in consultation with the College of Heralds, bore the motto 'To Thine Own Self be True'. Houses were named after people who had worked for humanity: Helen Keller (still living at the time), Florence Nightingale, Louis Pasteur and Lord Shaftesbury. The children were registered in two groups, boys and girls. There were three forms for most subjects, but four sets for English and maths. Sex education was hardly an issue, but was introduced with the help of a film 'A brother for Susan'.

A big event in the summer term was the Royal Counties Show held in the field below the school, opened by the Prime Minister, Mr Harold MacMillan. John Wyndham was his personal secretary. The Education Committee staged an exhibition in which the school's contribution was a showcase depicting the Grinling Gibbons Room at Petworth House (largely the work of Mr Astley) and a huge model of a Sussex trug containing models representative of Sussex. Our access to the site was over the fence. Observant pupils and staff were amused to watch the deputy headmaster helping a very glamorous and fashionably dressed (mini-skirt) art mistress from the Weald School at Billingshurst safely over.

Sadly, as the summer holiday started, Sir Herbert Shiner died, on August 1st, a great loss to the school and the County. The school had not yet been officially opened and this happened on May 4th 1963, which would have been a source of great pride for Sir Herbert. So, 21 months after the start, the Minister of Education, Sir Edmund Boyle, did the honours.

By that time, the whole of the building was in operation, including the hall, dining room and kitchen, staff room, geography room, music room, domestic science room with a model flat, woodwork room and science laboratory. School meals were initially cooked at Culvercroft and brought down in containers. Two more teachers had joined in September 1962: Mr Keith Sandall (woodwork) and Miss Gillian Sutton (domestic science).

K.C.T. (to be continued)

"Shakespeare beats the weather." Thoughts on the summer of 1936

George Garland and his wife Sally¹ kept two quite distinct Studio Scrapbooks, running roughly in tandem. One type will be familiar to many from various exhibitions over the years. It consists of newspaper cuttings of press photographs, usually with minimal editorial material. These were kept from the 1920s and run as a series through until Mrs Garland's death in 1965. Much less familiar are the press file books, starting in the early 1930s and containing no pictures. These record the Garlands' journalistic output for local newspapers. While the national newspapers to which Garland regularly contributed in the 1930s would occasionally use Garland's own captioning, they usually preferred to write their own commentary, slanted toward their particular readership. In a local context Garland worked along fairly circumscribed lines, photographing and reporting almost exclusively for the *West Sussex Gazette* and the old *Sussex Daily* and *Weekly News*. He rarely strayed.

In PSM 112² I offered a general conspectus of one such file book, covering what was effectively a calendar year from June 1935. Here I propose to take the first few pages from

¹ Mrs Garland was a former schoolteacher and an accomplished local journalist

² June 2003

the succeeding book and look in rather greater detail at the early-mid summer of 1936. Even then I need to remove all sorts of material from the equation - weddings, flower show entries and prizes, cricket and stoolball match reports, and the like. At a superficial view we seem to be looking at a lost idyll, a magical summer of village revels, fêtes, W.I. garden meetings and Shakespeare in the open air. But was it really like that? Take, for instance, the always uncertain British weather as a symbol and try to peer beneath the surface and we will probably see our own times in a clouded mirror. Human nature does not change very much. Such truisms can be trite: they can also, on occasion, be disconcertingly accurate.

Leaving the contents to one side, we may first consider the "scrapbook" itself. Like its predecessor it was not originally intended for the job - "pressed into service" might be a suitable expression. Where the previous book covered a year in 116 sides and was originally a large lined exercise-type book this one covers the best part of two years in 188 sides and is a reminder (if one were needed) that the whole Garland enterprise was always conducted on something of a shoestring. If a certain thrift came naturally, an equal economy was vital. The book is itself a period piece. Produced by Knight and Co., Local Government Suppliers, it is a report book for the Inspection of Nuisances to notify the local council on sanitary facilities but particularly on cesspools. We might imagine that the title of Sanitary Inspector was already in the 1930s usurping that of Inspector of Nuisances and if we were to be really bold, we might conjecture that Harold Roberts, a great friend of Garland's, who worked at the local R.D.C. office might have fished the redundant book out of some dusty cupboard. No doubt we will be wrong.

The new book starts, as did the previous one, with the Sutton May Revels. Assembling at the top of the hill by the Old Rectory members of the Folk Dance Club led the procession through the village, preceded by the Rev. H.C. Newman in the guise of Jack-in-the-Green. The Queen of the Revels followed mounted on a white pony, followed by the village school children dressed in snowy white. To the tune of Mr. Miles' accordion the dancers performed the Helston Furry. Halting at the W.I. hut the dancers then offered the steamboat or Garland dance. After the May Queen had been crowned, the children (trained by Miss Nellie Miles) danced the old Maypole dances to Mr. Miles' accordion. Afterwards Mr. R.J. Sharp and his Boxgrove Tipteers sang folk songs. Tea followed in the W.I. hut and after tea the company were entertained by the Elwin Marionettes,³ a folk dance party followed with dancers participating from neighbouring clubs. Music was provided by Mrs Rolt, Mr. R.J. Sharp and Mrs Hudson and during the evening Miss Frances Wilkinson sang old time folk songs to her guitar. Garland explains that he can only report the final stages of the day as he left before it ended.

A village idyll? We certainly have a well-organised event with a strong local base and the potential to attract significant interest from outside. But perhaps all was not quite as it seemed. Already at the beginning of his report Garland is looking wistfully back almost twenty years (presumably immediately after the war) to the inaugural May Revels. How different they were! They had been started by a Miss Compton who lived in the village at that time.

³ I do not know this group [Ed.]



Sutton May Revels c1936. See "Shakespeare beats the weather".

Garland recalled that, on the second annual celebration, the procession stretched from the old oak near the Croft up the hill as far as the village inn. "In those days dear old Seth Charman, with his white pony Jack, used to escort the May Queen to her May Day throne. And charming Gladys Ede was one of the happy and carefree revellers; and Mrs Johnstone from nearby Bignor Park, was one of the most regular and interested spectators, in her bath chair. Those days are now but a memory."

Came the time when the village started a Folk Dance club and eventually the old Sutton May Day was taken over by this increasingly successful club, and the May Revels became a kind of festival, held toward the end of May rather than the beginning. In fact, "it is stated that Sutton Folk Dance club is likely to be disbanded owing to lack of interest among the younger folk of the village. It is much to be hoped that some means will be found of carrying on the club's activities in a village that has so long been known for its active support of the folk dance movement." The generation gap is clearly not a modern invention.

The report closes on a somewhat elegiac note: "As I wended my way down the steep and shady hill which leads from the village on to Burton, I saw, contentedly grazing in a field away in the distance on my left, a grey pony - and it reminded me of 'Jack' and Seth Charman and happy May Days spent here long ago." If in 2009 we are tempted to look back to 1936 and glimpse a fragile idyll, Garland does not. He looks back in search of another, lost, idyll. Perhaps it is of the nature of idyll-seeking that the object sought must be always somewhere over the horizon.

The Tillington W.I. had been invited to gather at Pitshill for a garden meeting and they were fortunate with the weather. Colonel and Mrs Kenyon Mitford were presented with a golden bouquet to commemorate their Golden Wedding, celebrated the previous day. There was a talk, followed by a treasure hunt in the garden and an indoor "book tea" with a prize for guessing the most book titles. On the Saturday Petworth had a Geranium day with £13.7.0 raised for the National Institute for the Blind. Lodsworth Annual Fête was held on a Wednesday with music during the afternoon from Petworth Town band (Mr. James Sadler conducting). The bandsmen played for dancing in the evening. Inmates from the Poor Law Institution at Easebourne attended as usual, conveyances being provided by the generosity of a local benefactor. Lodsworth school children gave a folk dancing display.

A lecture on child psychology for Northchapel W.I. may seem just a little avant-garde, but the Folk Dance Festival at Goodwood attracted 31 different Sussex clubs and children's groups, all from West Sussex, Petworth not being represented. The official programme ended with the massed dance Sellenger's Round, after which came general country dancing in which demonstration dancers and audience joined forces.

The Annual General Meeting of Petworth Football Club took place in the Town Hall with Lord Leconfield presiding. An Hon. Secretary and Hon. Treasurer were elected but both expressed "their extreme unwillingness to accept the posts." Dr. A.E. Kerr, the chairman pointed out, however, "that as the Club was carried on for the benefit of the players, the younger ones should carry out the secretarial duties." A compromise was eventually made whereby the two young men "must either accept the positions themselves or find suitable substitutes."

Under the challenging heading "Shakespeare beats the weather", Garland reports an afternoon production of Twelfth Night by Miss Olive de Wilton's troop of Old England Players from Bolney in aid of Petworth Ruri-decanal Moral Welfare. Despite indifferent weather some 120 attended and more than £20 was raised. Violet, Lady Leconfield, had strong personal connections with Bolney and perhaps suggested the Players, Garland does not say.

In these few weeks in the summer of 1936 Garland does not play to one of his usual strengths: talking to older inhabitants and looking back over their long lives. Mrs Alfred Ayling at Northchapel does, however, receive a short notice. Born at the Old Toll Gate House at Upwaltham, at the age of ten she had gone to work as a nursemaid for Mr. Ralph Skinner at Upwaltham House, later moving to work for the Taylor family at Northchapel, where, more than fifty years ago, she married.

Northchapel School's Open Day offered an opportunity to reflect on the School's record of high marks in the annual examination. Robin Steele and Eric Bryder⁴ receiving their certificates from the County Education Secretary. The older children entertained with the now familiar folk dancing.

Two very different funerals do allow a certain reflection on disappearing lifestyles. Mrs Stevens of Yew Tree Cottage, Northchapel had been "a member of the 'Cokelers', a religious sect well known in the Northchapel, Loxwood and Warnham villages."⁵ "In fact she had attended their place of worship on the preceding Sunday evening. The funeral service was conducted according to the usual rites adopted by the Cokelers and 119 fellow Cokelers attended to pay their last respects. The service was conducted by Mr. S. Rugman of Northchapel, one of the regular preachers. The interment was in the churchyard, where their own hymn, *How great is our Redeemer's Love*⁶ was sung over the grave." George Garland may well have found it difficult to penetrate the sect's traditional reticence and significantly he uses the popular nickname "Cokelers", not liked by the sect itself, who preferred their own name of "Dependants." A Dependant funeral could be an exuberant amalgam of grief and joy given the sect's passionate longing for another world.⁷ Such funerals were notable features of village life even for those, not members of the sect, who were chance onlookers.

Altogether different was the Kirdford funeral of Mr. G.W. Oliver at Kirdford, an event which at least offered Garland some opportunity to stretch himself. Mr. Oliver had come to live in the village in 1884 and was noted as a passionate sportsman, his fortes being shooting, fishing, but, above all, cricket. As secretary of the village club, he had attended every fixture, home and away, since 1884, initially as player, latterly as umpire or scorer, an extraordinary record. Although some eighteen months before his death he had moved to Billingshurst, he still tramped the six miles to Kirdford for committees.

He could remember the days when the Kirdford team was financed by the village

⁴ See *Latin? Not in my time* (PSM 134)

⁵ See P. Jerrome: *John Sirgood's Way* (1998)

⁶ For Dependant hymns see *We therefore shall praise him in sweet melody* (PSM 78) and *John Sirgood's Way* passim.

⁷ See for instance *John Sirgood's Way* pages 174-176

innkeeper who used to buy the bats, balls and stumps. In those days the games were played on a Sunday and the winners were given twopence each and the losers a penny. After the matches, players of both sides adjourned to the village inn and the pennies and twopences soon went back to their original home, together with a lot more besides. "Mine host of that time was a shrewd man."

In later years a proper cricket club was formed and players would field among the gorse and bracken. Bowling was underarm, roundarm or overarm on wickets which "were not by any means of the best." Matches were now played on Saturdays. In later years Mr. Oliver doubled as groundsman.

Ebernoe defeated Lurgashall during a somewhat showery Horn Fair and three stalwarts, Andrew Smith, the Showman, (then 99 years old), George Humphrey of Lurgashall and Luke Wadey from Ebernoe peered back some seventy years toward the great revival in the 1860s.

Petworth Park hosted a significant number of regiments currently camping in Sussex, no less than seven having a representation in the Park. With Lord Leconfield in attendance, Petworth was given a Saturday evening display. Bands and drums beating the Retreat, while pipers from the 2nd Battalion, the Royal Scots Fusiliers gave an exhibition of Highland dancing. Meanwhile at Sutton Show Mr. Oliver Hall R.A. judged drawings by the village children.

In Petworth itself Mr. Claude Muncaster was embroiled with the powers that be. In a bid to advertise Miss Rose Ricketts' new tea shop in Saddlers Row he had erected two advertising signs, one on the Midhurst Road entrance to Petworth, another on the Northchapel Road, both sited close to the existing 30 m.p.h. signs. The authorities were not impressed: the newcomers were too close to the speed limit signs and were so attractive that motorists would take their eyes off the road to study them.

A sign of the increasing presence of the motor car was a perceptible change in work patterns for James Enticknap the Kirdford blacksmith. Leaving the local school at the age of eleven, he had worked for a time at Parsonage Farm before following the family trade with his brother Edward at Collins March, Wisborough Green. A spell followed at Crawley before he returned to Kirdford where he had been the village smith for some thirty four years. Times had changed. "In those days we were shoeing from daylight to dusk and a set of shoes for a cart horse cost 2/6^d then. Now I get eight shillings for a set."

It is the summer of 1936. Mid-August. The world's crises seem far away. Edward and Mrs Simpson, Stalin's revolution in brutal flower, the Munich Olympics and war in Spain "that arid square that fragment nipped off from hot Africa."⁸ At most we have a little parochial indigestion. Local news does exactly what it says on the bottle. As I wrote in 2003, "What, of course, the newspapers never do, and of their nature cannot do, is to provide insight into the private thoughts and preoccupation of individual people. In that sense the file book must always be a blunt, even insensitive, instrument." The same caveat would apply, of course, with a greater stringency to the national press. If, however, we resolve not to ask too searching questions, we still have a recognisably coherent, if somewhat occulted, view of a gradually disappearing world.

P.

⁸ W.H. Auden: Spain (Faber 1937)



"Country Cottage" a woodcut by Luther Roberts.



Punch and Judy at Petworth Fair in 2004. Photograph by Keith Sandall.

New Members

Mr. G. Bristow	24, Toronto Road, Petworth. GU28 0QX.
Mr. P. Carver	268, North End, North Street, Petworth, GU28 9NL.
Mrs. J. Fisher	Copse Cottage, Coombe Lane, Wormley, Surrey.
Mr. P. Heater	11, Garland Close, Turner's Field, Petworth, GU28 0QZ.
Mr. D. James	Alfriston House, Middle Street, Petworth, GU28 0BE.
Mrs. J. James	299, North Street, Petworth, GU28 0DN.
Mr. M. Miles	April Cottage, Byworth, Petworth, GU28 0HL.
Mrs. M. Phillips	10, Burton House, Burton Park, Duncton, Petworth, GU28 0QU.
Mr. A. Slater	29, Linden Road, Littlehampton, BN17 7AH.
Mrs. C. Stoneman	Edgehill Farmhouse, Byworth, Petworth, GU28 0HR.
Mr. R. Tooley	18, Toronto Road, Petworth, West Sussex, GU28 0QX..
Mr. and Mrs. B. Verrall	2, Greenfield, Sutton, Pulborough, RH20 1PP.

