

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY  
*magazine*

No.151, March 2013

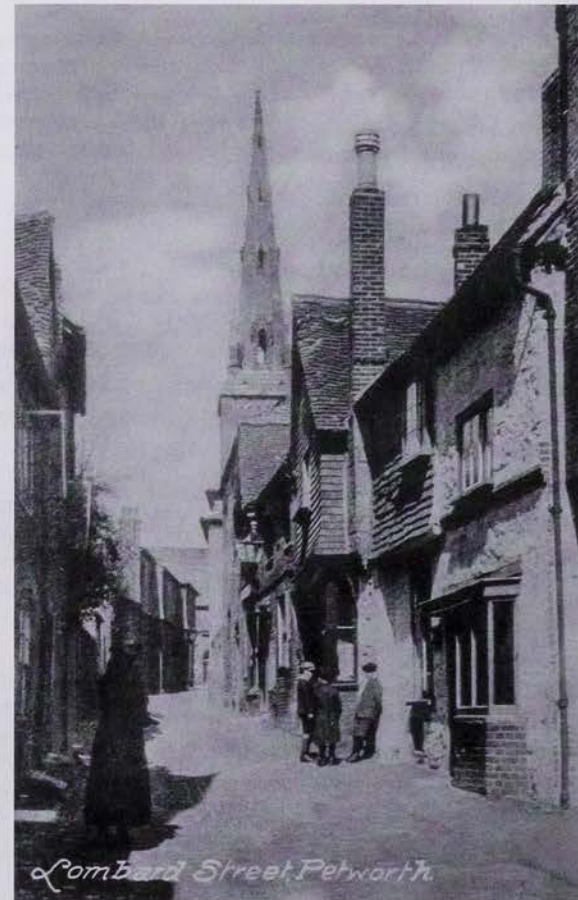


38



THE PETWORTH SOCIETY  
*magazine*

No.151, March 2013



This postcard by Earle of Petworth offers a familiar view, but the figures make it unusual and probably rare. Certainly pre-1914.



Annual Subscription **March 2013 to February 2014**

Subscriptions are now due and should be paid to:

The Hon. Treasurer  
Mrs Sue Slade  
Hungers Corner Farm  
Byworth  
Petworth  
West Sussex GU28 0HW

Rates are:

Delivered locally	£10.00
Postal	£13.50
Overseas	£16.50

Cheques payable to **The Petworth Society**.

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

I \_\_\_\_\_

of \_\_\_\_\_

Tel. No. \_\_\_\_\_ enclose my subscription for 2013/2014 £ \_\_\_\_\_

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

(delete if not applicable).

\*If you have already paid for 2013/2014 please ignore this reminder.

Subscriptions can be paid at the Book Sale on Saturday March 9th when we will have a special desk in the foyer from 10-12 noon in the Leconfield Hall. If more convenient subscriptions can be left at Austens in Market Square. Sealed envelopes please. Austens cannot give change or answer membership enquiries. Please mark envelopes **PETWORTH SOCIETY**.



## PETWORTH SOCIETY ACTIVITIES SHEET

Spring Programme – please keep for reference

As you know we have been considering the format of the monthly meetings, a Society institution since the late 1970s. These will begin again in October and we have a pretty lively line-up of speakers. Meanwhile Rohan McCullough returns in March with her intensely individual interpretation of Vera Brittain's Testament of Youth, while the ever-popular Allsorts make their long delayed return in April. Neil Sadler returns, by popular demand, for the AGM in May. There are two spring walks while John's Northchapel Postman's Walk (part 2) is booked for the summer. We have three summer outings under consideration (details in June) while the Annual Dinner will be as usual in September. We are working on a fresh approach to the Society back-up for the November fair, while the Book Sale continues as normal, thirteen years and no sign of flagging.

Independently of the Society, but of interest to members, will be a new Window Press book of photographs by George Garland coming in the autumn. It is the first for a quarter of a century, *Old and New, Teasing and True* (1988), out of print for years, being our last venture into this field.

---

### MONTHLY MEETINGS – LECONFIELD HALL – 7.30PM – REFRESHMENTS – RAFFLE

#### Monday 25th March:

Rohan McCullough: Testament of Youth – the story of Vera Brittain. £8.

#### Saturday 27th April:

The Allsorts. £8.

#### Wednesday 31st May:

**Annual General Meeting** Neil Sadler: Getting to know the Canals! With Ian's pictorial review of the year.

**NB: 7.15pm Free admission.**

---

### WALKS

Leave Petworth car park at 2.15pm.

#### Sunday 24th March:

Ian and David's early spring walk.

#### Sunday 26th May:

David and Ian's late spring walk.

---

**SUBSCRIPTIONS** – due with new Magazine. A donation does help with Magazine costs. Payable at the March Book Sale, at Austens, or of course, by post to the Treasurer.

I hope you like the programme I have outlined. As I have observed before, a Society such as this, now in its fortieth year, has to be judged on its ability constantly to reinvent itself.

Peter

17th February

**The Petworth Society Book Sale – 2nd Saturday in Every Month**

**SATURDAY**

**March 9**

**April 13**

**May 11**

**June 8**

**July 13**

**August 10**

**September 14**

**October 12**

**November 9**

**December 14**

**The  
Petworth  
Society**



**BOOK  
SALE  
Calendar  
2013**

**Thank you for supporting  
the Book Sales**

If you wish to donate books we are happy to collect, or you can drop them in on a Book Sale day

Telephone:

Peter on **01798 342562**

Miles on **01798 343227**

## CONTENTS

- 2 New members
- 3 Constitution and officers
- 4 Chairman's notes
- 5 The Garland lecture
- 6 David and Ian's Bedham walk
- 7 The December book sale
- 10 Fresh milk on tap
- 11 End of season at 346
- 12 Canoeing on the Rother 1923
- 15 Debby's South Downs crossword
- 16 Myth, legend and plum pudding
- 17 In praise of the Petworth Society book sale
- 20 An anxious night
- 30 The Petworth House noria
- 32 Further thoughts on the washhouse
- 33 Any news?
- 36 St Edmund Smiles (?)
- 40 Still pony mad
- 44 The Turner dinner
- 46 Sausage making is not enough

### NEW MEMBERS

Mr & Mrs F. Cooper, 26 Nell Ball, Plaistow, Billingshurst, RH14 0QB

Mr & Mrs E. Liddle, 54 Elmleigh, Midhurst, GU29 9HA

Mr & Mrs J. Wilkinson, 1 Lyons Green Cottage, Shillinglea Road, Plaistow, RH14 0PQ

### 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 objects of the society.

The annual subscription is £10.00, single or double, one magazine delivered. Postal £13.50 overseas £16.50. Further information may be obtained from any of the following.

#### CHAIRMAN

Mr P.A. Jerrome, MBE, Trowels, Pound Street  
Petworth GU28 0DX.  
Telephone: (01798) 342562.

#### VICE CHAIRMAN

Mr K.C. Thompson, 18 Rothermead, Petworth  
GU28 0EW.  
Telephone: (01798) 342585.

#### HON. TREASURER

Mrs Sue Slade, Hungers Corner Farm,  
Byworth, Petworth GU28 0HW.  
Telephone: (01798) 344629.

#### COMMITTEE

Mr Stephen Boakes, Lord Egremont,  
Mrs Carol Finch, Mr Ian Godsmark,  
Mr Roger Hanauer, Mrs Celia Lilly,  
Mrs Ros Staker, Mrs Deborah Stevenson,  
Mrs Patricia Turland, Mrs Linda Wort.

### MAGAZINE DISTRIBUTORS

Mr Henderson, Mr Miles Costello,  
Mr Thompson, Mrs Simmons,  
Miss Callingham, Mrs Stevenson,  
Mrs Angela Azis, Mr Turland, Mr Boakes  
(Petworth), Ray and Valerie Hunt (Byworth),  
Mr P. Wadey (Sutton and Bignor), Mr Bellis  
(Graftham), Mr Derek Gourd (Tillington and  
Upperton), Mr Poole (Fittleworth),  
Mr David Burden (Duncton), Mrs Brenda Earney  
(Midhurst/Easebourne).

### SOCIETY SCRAPBOOK

Mrs Pearl Godsmark.

### SOCIETY TOWN CRIER

Mr Mike Hubbard  
Telephone: (01798) 343249.

For this magazine on tape please contact  
Mr Thompson.

Printed by Bexley Printers Limited, Unit 14,  
Hampers Common Industrial Estate, Petworth  
Telephone: (01798) 343355.

Published by The Petworth Society which is  
registered charity number 268071.

The Petworth Society supports The Leconfield  
Hall, Petworth Cottage Museum and The  
Coutershaw Beam Pump.

### WEBSITE

[www.petworthsociety.co.uk](http://www.petworthsociety.co.uk)

FRONT COVER designed by Jonathan Newdick. It shows cattle near Rotherbridge about 1925.  
Original photograph by George Garland. See Canoeing on the Rother ...

## Chairman's notes

Welcome to Issue 151. We again have a number of regular features lacking and this time Dora Older's Diary is among the casualties. This will appear, I hope, in June; with so much material competing for a place in the Magazine the Editor's role is very much one of selection.<sup>1</sup> All to the good: the more intense the competition for inclusion, the better the Magazine, at least in theory! Members' preferences? I have no idea. If I receive any reaction it's usually from the quarterly Book Sale report but I suspect this may reflect a minority interest.

Anne Simmons and Philip Hounsham have reluctantly left the committee, both after long and dedicated service. Anne's ever busy schedule and Philip's advancing years are the respective reasons. Roger Hanauer has been co-opted with a view to sharing with me the responsibility for Petworth fair, Keith continuing to run the Leconfield Hall side of the operation. I feel that, 27 years on, there is a need for someone capable of stepping in, if for any reason, I am not available. Roger is a Book Sale regular and as such will be known to many, by face if not by name. We hope he enjoys working with us.

The Turner evening at Petworth House is to come as I write. Rohan McCullough returns in March with "Testament of Youth" the story of Vera Brittain with "Clemmie Churchill" coming next year. Rohan's Petworth appearance will be the last time she presents the show, as copyright restrictions relating to a forthcoming film are operative from 1st April. I thought it best to book "Testament of Youth" while it was still available.

Looking at the snow falling from a leaden sky I think it may be providential that we have no formal meeting this month. We would look to re-launch monthly meetings in the autumn – watch this space!

Peter  
18th January 2013

1. Space always permitting, I would also hope to include an updated version of an original article on the early history of Egdean Church (PSM 20), the fruit of my collaboration with the much-lamented Michael Till.

## From Bulletin to Magazine, 1974-2012

The title may have appeared dry, but what a fascinating evening for those intrigued by it or just wanting congenial company on a gloomy October evening.

Peter gave the first of a series of three Garland Memorial Lectures to be delivered in monthly meetings leading up to Christmas, but first, Tom Dommert, Consultant Archaeologist with the National Trust gave details of a project in Petworth Park over the coming year, with a wide range of exercises, surveys and digs which could involve local people. His enthusiasm was infectious and a number of members expressed their interest.

Peter began with the initiatives which led to the formation of The Society in 1974. An earlier proposal by Mr L.G. Pine to the Rector, the Revd. Hugh Owen-Jones, to form a Literary & Historical Society had failed to take off and it was Col. Maude who took up the suggestion after an interval of several years. A public meeting gave its support and the Society was formed with Col. Maude as Chairman. He produced a quarterly report of local interest – the Bulletin – now, of course, the Magazine.

By the 15th issue, Peter, who was progressing from Vice-Chairman to Chairman, was contributing articles on local history.

He began to approach older members of the community, who usually felt that they had nothing to say of interest, to talk about their childhood and working lives. This proved to be of immense interest and value in social history terms. Some members sent in articles themselves, often of considerable literary merit. This was the cohering factor steering the Magazine forward and something not seen in Petworth since before 1914 in the Petworth Parish Magazine.

It was bringing in new members, especially 'Petworth exiles'. While less than 10% of the membership attend monthly meetings, walks, visits and social events, the strength of the Society lies in the Magazine, which, with the financial support afforded by the monthly book sales, continues to provide a valuable record of Petworth and its people.

The evening ended with the screening of fascinating and rare photographs by the local photographers Morgan and Kevis from the late 19th to early 20th centuries, showing how Petworth had changed over the past 120 years or so.

As usual, more material than time allowed for, but it's probably better that way!

KCT

Keith's accounts of the other two Garland lectures seem to have vanished into the ether. We are trying to retrieve them! [Ed.]

## Eighty years on. David and Ian's Bedham walk

Up Fox Hill towards Battlehurst but off right to Bedham. An almost cloudless early autumn day. We park off the road at the hairpin bend. David and Ian have found the path ahead virtually impassable so it's downhill to the right. Even this was surprisingly soft, with the occasional fallen tree to negotiate. On a Bedham walk it's almost impossible to avoid a kind of temporal palimpsest, overlaying Rhoda Leigh's<sup>1</sup> 1932 portrait of a Bedham that the modern world had still scarcely touched with one's own impressions in 2012. Eighty years on. And how accurate was the picture she drew? Certainly accurate enough to upset some of the locals, although it didn't bother John Hunt.<sup>2</sup> And did Rhoda Leigh exaggerate just a little? The low fields on our right would be ablaze with daffodils – the Lent lily – in spring. Did eight keepers from the "Heldham" estate really have a pitched battle against marauding gypsies with a stray shot piercing a keeper's hat?

The walk is a series of variations on a consistent theme: the two narrow tarmac roads through from Fittleworth. Through a network of public footpaths we keep in touch with both, skirting the quarry at Little Bognor, crossing the private road to Warren Barn, crossing a vast field at Fitzleroi, the stubble ready to plough in. By Fitzleroi the tall yellow hawkweed leans out from the bank into the road. It's surprising on such a day as this how little traffic we've seen and the woods are quite empty. Elgar's Brinkwells is far away down a track to the right. Up into Bedham, you're never far from a slope, Manor Farm to the left and what must be the cottage "Rhoda Leigh" shared with her friend. Then the poignant view of the ruined church, darkened now by encroaching trees. The bell tower propped up, the walls standing but devoid of a roof. Was there an attribution or was it simply Bedham church and school? Rhoda Leigh says only half the building was consecrated. A tree destroyed the roof in 1987. The last use had been for a family wedding. Even in Rhoda Leigh's time the Harvest Festival had been shifted to afternoon to fit in with the priest-in-charge. He had more pressing duties in the evening. Odds and bits of tradition. It's very still, no sign of life. Thanks very much David and Ian – back on the road in March.

P.

1. *Past and Passing* (Heath Cranton 1932).

2. See PSM 63 (March 1991) pages 28-33.



Bedham church about 1950.  
Courtesy of David Wort.

## By Jove, it's the December book sale!

Malcolm was entitled to feel a little superior. A year older, he was at a new school. His English master claimed that today's reading would be tomorrow's classics. Capt. W. E. Johns replacing Dickens. Or so Malcolm said. Did this apply also to Arthur Ransome? Hardly. Children in boats were too suggestive of model yachts on the Round Pond and an impression of impossible opulence. Just William perhaps? A little lightweight compared to Biggles, Gimlet and Worrals. The Public Library in Kensington High Street could be a little daunting for a ten year old, a feeling compounded by those apocalyptic inside cover warnings about contact with infectious diseases. Looking casually at the selection of Percy F. Westerman. Not for me. Biggles ruled.

Passing years. Here's Percy F. Westerman's *The Sea Girt Fortress*. A story of Heligoland<sup>1</sup>. A first edition. A good copy, might perhaps be worth as much as £15. Not this one. In the technical parlance "reading copy only." Of the six black



and white illustrations only one survives, decorative covers badly water-stained, insect damage in the end pages. Inscribed "To Ray from Kenneth, Christmas 1914." It's "escaped" from the Crusaders Library at Guildford. If "No 14" means anything it may imply that the Crusaders Library was a rather select one.

Westerman, who died in 1959, was a prolific writer of boys' adventure stories, with a particular penchant for the sea and *The Sea Girt Fortress* is a relatively early example of his work. It might have read a little uneasily by Christmas 1914, and a little more so as the war progressed. The hero, Jack Hamerton, on leave from the Royal Navy, twenty, square-jawed and mature beyond his years, teamed with his conveniently commanding American companion Oswald Detroit, hires a boat for a cruise in the North Sea. By a series of extraordinary mischances the pair find themselves, devoid of their white ensign, plunged right into the middle of German preparations for war. "By Jove, we've tumbled into the anchorage off Heligoland." Unsurprisingly they are taken for spies, imprisoned, and given out as missing. A somewhat improbable lapse in normal German efficiency leads to Hamerton escaping, freeing his friend and fleeing into the monstrously fortified island, a forest of artillery, giant airships and advanced preparations for war. The pair are recaptured, separated again and put into more secure quarters. There is a violent storm and a Zeppelin breaks loose, wrecks Hamerton's prison and allows him to take off across the North Sea clinging on to the partially disabled airship. To what extent this precipitates the outbreak of war is not entirely clear, but full scale hostilities now ensue, at the end of which, "It was universally conceded that the great English-speaking nations should rule the sea."

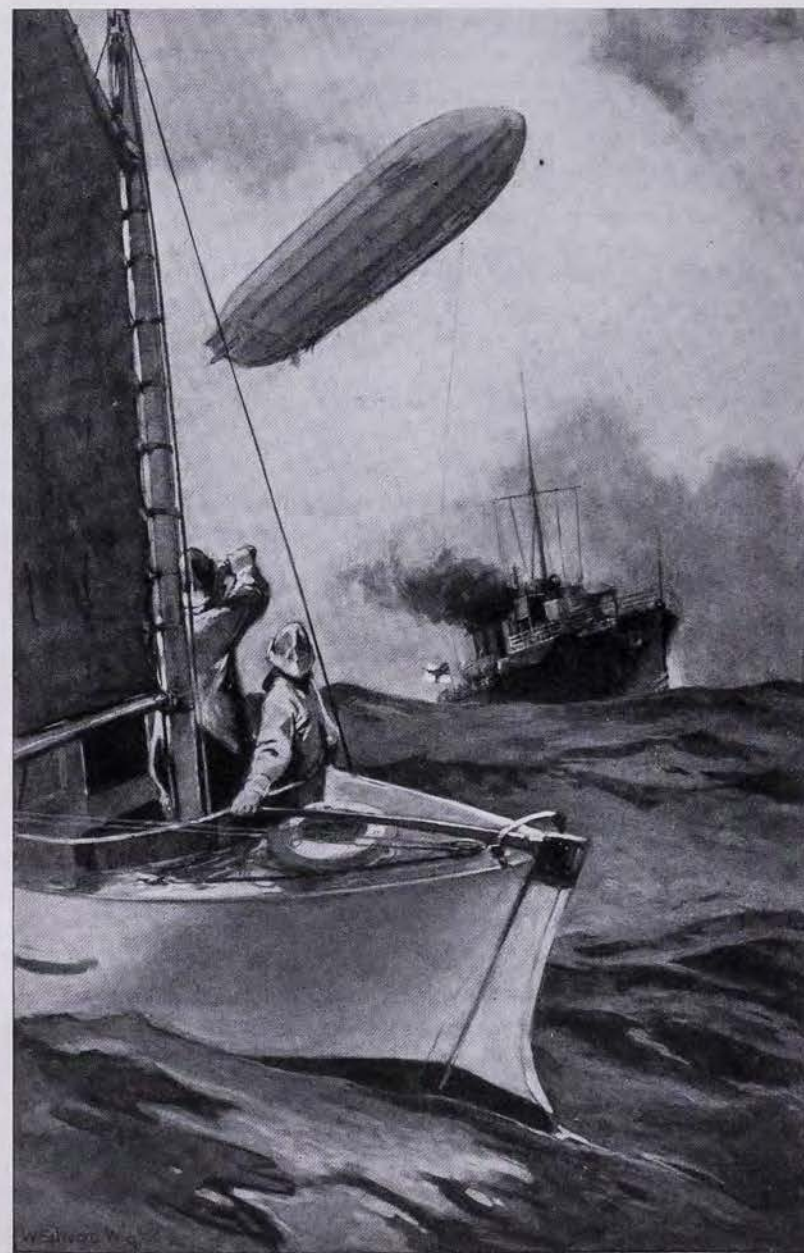
A year ago, I drew attention to Walter Wood's "The Enemy in Our Midst" (1906)<sup>2</sup> with its warning vision of the German army attacking across the North Sea and turning London into a blood-stained battlefield. It was a good example of a whole genre of such books reflecting contemporary international rivalries. A young P. G. Wodehouse mocked such apocalyptic presentations, but their final demise came with the actuality of war itself, one of attrition rather than rapid movement.

By Jove, I've rather rambled on. The December sale? Extremely busy but you do need to sell a lot of books at 50p. Charity shops charge a lot more.

P.

1. Blackie 1914.

2. PSM 147 (March 2012). See I. F. Clarke: *The Great War with Germany 1890-1914*.



C 683

“GREAT SCOTT!” HE EXCLAIMED; “IT’S HAMERTON!”

## Fresh milk on tap and other matters

1. This note appears on the reverse of a Frith postcard of the Town Hall and Bank a hundred years ago – unexceptional except for the complete absence of vehicles. Addressed to Mr E. Stringer in Southwick it reads:

“Dear Edgar

I thought you might like to collect Town Halls. Hope you enjoyed your holiday. We are. I asked for a glass of milk dinner time and they went out and milked a cow. Know (sic) more fresh milk for me. We have been to Midhurst today. Ada went in the trap with Mrs Lugg and I went on my bike, lovely ride, had Queenie’s card this morning.

Eve”

2. This snapshot was found amongst a clutch of negatives in a spare envelope at the Leconfield Estate office. Does anyone recognise the boy? We would be happy to return the negative.



3. Roger Packham sends this fascinating newspaper report:

Brighton Herald  
17.6.1848

### MUTINY IN PETWORTH GAOL

The water-wheel of the Petworth Prison being out of repair, the prisoners have been employed in distributing water about the prison in pails, instead of pumping it as heretofore. Circumstances of a suspicious character having come to the

knowledge of Mr Mance, the Governor, the male prisoners were questioned, when it appeared, from the confession of one of them, that while engaged in carrying the water about the building, slips of paper were exchanged by the prisoners, the result of which was an agreement that while the Governor was absent from the prison attending the forthcoming Quarter Sessions at Horsham, they would murder the turnkeys and escape. These slips of paper by which the prisoners communicated with each other, were, on examination, found to have been torn from the Bibles and Prayer-books. A gipsy names Downes, who was undergoing an imprisonment for two years for burglary, was the ringleader: and on the discovery of the plot, he was soundly whipped, by order of the Visiting Justices, in the presence of the remainder of the prisoners, the turnkeys and other officers of the prison being armed in the event of the prisoners attempting violence.

## A meditation on wallflowers.

### End of season at 346

30th October, the penultimate day of the museum season. This year we’ll close in mid-week. Unusually the fire’s already lit: there’s been a school visit in the morning and the parlour’s welcoming. It’s a truism that the fire makes all the difference. The telephone rings: we may be eligible for P.P.I. compensation. I’d be a little surprised if Mary Cummings had a credit card.

Some time during the afternoon, if there’s a lull I’ll put out the wallflowers, stocky, stubby little plants, just the right size. In fact I’ll put them out now and return to the welcoming fire inside. Just the smaller wall bed, leaving the main plot free for spring planting.

Three wallflowers put out and visitors peer around the water butt. Visiting 346 can be a tentative business. Quiet late season afternoon? Not really, a succession of couples in a fairly regular order. Most seem to have come from a distance. “We thought we’d come before you closed.” Candles upstairs (almost certainly). The view from the attic, the Roman Catholic connection, solitary nights, the tumbling block pattern, the tight-furled Union flag in the parlour. Agnes Phelan in her confirmation dress, the cellar that offers a refuge to what hasn’t found a home elsewhere. To recall the now vanished summer garden: clary means little to the visitors but it set its old-world stamp on everything. Did the cosmos grow too tall in the end? You might say the same about the coreopsis. The “famous” white dahlias of 346 have been left to brave the winter underground.

It's just after 4.30. The last visitors are wondering about traffic wardens. What are they like here? The very last clunk of my season of Open sign against the gate. The parlour fire's fading with the light and it's getting cold. The wallflowers lie accusingly on the soil, still just three put out. It'll be a longer afternoon than I might have thought. By April those wallflowers will have spanned the close season.

P.

## Canoeing on the Rother 1923

Perhaps the most a magazine editor can hope for from an enigmatic future is that, years hence, a stray article in an obstinately surviving issue will meet a sympathetic eye. In an electronic age possibly a pipedream. Here's a copy of *Open Air Magazine*<sup>1</sup>. It comes from August 1923. The Cover features two young ladies in somewhat capacious bathing suits sampling the "bracing air" of Yorkshire's east coast. I'm always a little suspicious of "bracing" – it can so easily transmute into "polar" but that's by the way. The magazine is a celebration of the greater awareness of leisure that came with the 1920s and the increasing mobility offered by the private car. Articles feature family camping, honeymooning on shoe leather and donkeys on the open road. The open air is a theme on which George Garland would, a little later play his own, slightly disingenuous, variation with the famous "hiking" pictures. The magazine that survives carries a library label with a pencil note "deaccessioned" (is there such a word?) July 1998. It's obviously lived dangerously ever since.

Why was it kept? A look at the contents offers a clue, one Bertram Shore chronicles a canoe journey from Midhurst down river to the sea at Littlehampton. He is clearly an experienced canoeist and "Clothilde" has just returned from a somewhat trying cruise "into distant and unpleasing parts of England." Shore does not elaborate, being content to bask in contemplation of the Rother Valley "under a westering sun."

With the old quay at Midhurst a clogged wilderness of undergrowth, it's a matter of carrying Clothilde past a waste of nettles to the river. From Cowdray the banks offer a vista of rough grassland and sparse oak wood. Clearly with the old canal locks so long abandoned a key word will be portage. Todham lock opens on to a clearer stretch down to the bridge at South Ambersham, then another portage and a view across tufty fields to Moorland Farm. The squared stone of decayed locks approached in the twilight has a romance as surprising as it is



Mixed bathing at Fittleworth pre-1914. See Canoeing on the Rother 1923.  
Photograph by John Smith.

inexplicable. Time to stop for tea at Selham Mill at a house nearby "with a very cheery friend of ours who sings well and drives a lorry." A rather curious mix of virtues one might think, but it is, after all 1923. Now it's broad and open river to homesteads by "a wooden footbridge which had collapsed but was kept afloat in a precarious manner." It can only be Rotherbridge. Clothilde spends the night in a barn.

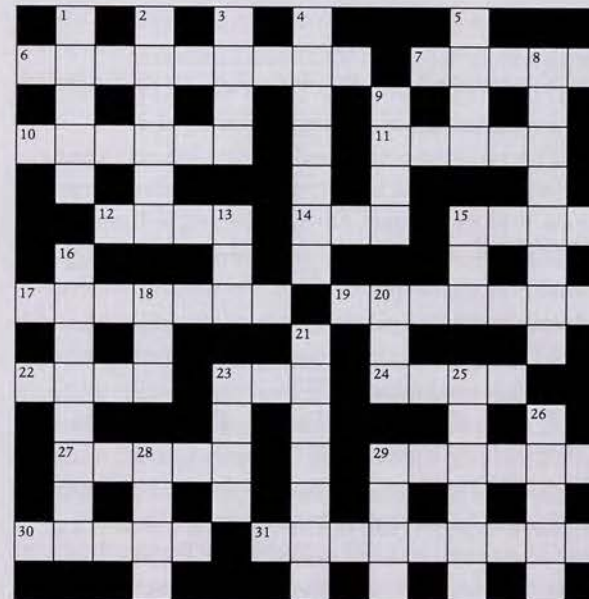
The next morning sees clear air, white clouds and a strong wind for the mile through the open fields to Coultershaw where "the lady miller, the miller, and the lorry man helped me over the portage," then on down though a canopy of branch and undergrowth, Clothilde struggling with the strong current, then shooting through a ruined lock, in the sides of which trees were growing, before moving out into open water under Shopham<sup>2</sup> bridge. The lock by Fittleworth Mill being filled with reeds, Clothilde is placed on the mill pool. The writer recalls the pool where he had bathed before the war; and past the scene of "the famous punt story<sup>3</sup>." Clearly he is known at the mill and spends his second night in congenial company.

The next morning he follows the old canal to Hardham Mill coming back on the Arun to Stopham Bridge "a massive causeway with round-arched waterways and parapet line broken by cut-water buttresses." From Stopham he travels to Pulborough, Houghton Bridge and the Black Rabbit at Arundel, rigging sail to go against the strong current . . . "Creeping . . . under the banks on the inside of the bends where the water [is] slackest" then, still fighting the current, to Ford and Littlehampton. The writer appears to be the architect Bertram Charles Glossop Shore (1890-1967), living later at Northiam in East Sussex. He would work on several Sussex churches in the 1950s and early 1960s and was the author of *Stones of Britain* – a pictorial guide to those in charge of valuable buildings (1957).

P.

1. The magazine for Lovers of Nature and Outdoor Life. Published by Country Life.
2. The text has Stopham which has been corrected in ink to Shopham.
3. A private joke which would be as opaque to the magazine's readers as it is to us ninety years on.

## DEBORAH'S SOUTH DOWNS CROSSWORD



- 13 Large beer cask (3)
- 15 Head of grain (3)
- 16 Downs above Seaford College, (the name means sheep pasture) (8)
- 18 Scrape the ground – like a horse (3)
- 20 "I never get between the pines But I smell the Sussex --- (Belloc) (3)
- 21 Village in Adur Valley, once an important river port (7)
- 23 Work the land (4)
- 25 The South Downs are the ideal place for lovers of this (6)
- 26 Thick – like the vegetation at 31! (5)
- 28 Squirrel's nest (4)
- 29 Pale brown – like a hen from Orpington!! (4)

### ACROSS

- 6 Flowery decorations for mad animal (9)
- 7 Shelter for walkers at Gumber Farm (5)
- 10 Animal footprints make old pathways (6)
- 11 The point of a fork (5)
- 12 Biting pest (4)
- 14 Going back a long way in the sheepfold (3)
- 15 Small whirlwind (4)
- 17 Downland water supply for sheep and wildlife (7)
- 19 Bronze age constructions – often burial mounds (7)
- 22 Shine like a worm? (4)
- 23 View from the top! (3)
- 24 Formed by dancing fairies! (4)
- 27 Careful – he likes to bask on sunny days (5)

- 29 Reconstruction of prehistoric farm on Hants border (6)
- 30 Number of sisters near Birling Gap (5)
- 31 Important area of trees at Kingley Vale (3,6)

### DOWN

- 1 Mount where the Battle of Lewes was fought (5)
- 2 Lit up on the Downs on special occasions (6)
- 3 Lines linking historic sites (4)
- 4 Downland estate and village owned by the National Trust (7)
- 5 Areas where there is no right to roam! (2,2)
- 8 Hill near Goring where miller John Olliver built his own tomb (8)
- 9 Small spade for weeding – potatoes maybe! (4)

### SOLUTION PETWORTH SOCIETY 2012 CROSSWORD

#### ACROSS

- 6 Dora Older, 7 Peter, 10 Seat, 11 Bit, 12 Seraph, 13 Weir, 14 Yea, 16 Tombola, 18 Lightly, 21 Sun, 23 Bush, 26 Tavern, 27 Nub, 28 Woof, 29 Aside, 30 Dead Drunk

#### DOWN

- 1 Dover, 2 Castle, 3 Beatrix, 4 Reproach, 6 Liberal, 8 Expertly, 9 Ashy, 15 Postmans, 17 Be Steady, 19 Imbided, 20 Arundel, 22 Nine, 24 Seward, 25 Round

## Myth, legend and plum pudding

Probably neither more nor less than anywhere else, Petworth has its folk memories. There is a belief, once widely held, that there was a monastic settlement on the site of the Hermitage in East Street. This is almost certainly a false deduction from the frequent mention in pre-reformation wills of a brotherhood of Corpus Christi; a lay guild who arranged appropriate services to honour the dead. Kingspit Lane is said to be the burial ground of ancient kings but you can take the story or leave it as you please. No one is going to have a last say. One of the most tenacious of traditions is that of the Virgin Mary Spring as a place of pilgrimage and of its waters as a salve for the eyes. No written evidence survives but as a tradition it's deeply rooted. A pilgrim route passing the old White Horse at Fittleworth on to Egdean, then the Spring, then, possibly, to the shrine of St Richard at Chichester. A house of cards? Who knows?

Egdean seems a magnet for this kind of tradition. Was it really bigger than Petworth? Was it at one time destroyed by a great fire? Certainly George Garland's old insistence that the fairs at Petworth and Egdean share a common beginning must be discounted. Egdean had a charter granted to the Dawtrey family while Petworth was never chartered, and, old as Egdean is, Petworth is older and by prescription. Like the biblical Melchizedek it had no generation. Ecqa's valley and Bletham, old names, and a dedication to Saint Bartholomew, beloved of the ancient Saxons may offer a clue to origins. Might Egdean and Petworth once have been settlements of similar size? Certainly not in historic times. And a great fire? Jumbo Taylor recalls pipe-laying some years ago and excavating burnt thatch underground, but nothing to suggest a major conflagration. Accident, deliberate demolition – even perhaps something to do with plague?

And Egdean fair itself. By the Earl of Egremont's early nineteenth century interest in it, it had already survived six anonymous centuries. It seems clear that he revitalised it. In September 1837 the Sussex Agricultural Express is looking to the 4th of the month and celebrating the continuing support of the noble Earl. His lordship offers a premium of £20 annually for the owner of the best three years old colt or filly, not less than 15 hands and an inch, fit for hunting and quick work in carriages. By this time however the Earl was a sick man. The rejuvenated fair did not survive under Colonel Wyndham.

Was the fair a sale and show or was there racing too? The Earl's interest in racing would suggest this was part of the fair, at least in his time. Might the large field to the east of the present road from Pulborough (still new in the 1830s) have accommodated an elliptic race track? There would be no problem in horses

making a double circuit. And Plum Pudding Corner where the common meets the track to Little Bognor with easy access to the field in question. Here, it's said, an old woman plied her trade when the fair was on. What better place?

But who says so? Folk tradition. Set it on one side at your peril.

P/JT.

---

## In praise of the Petworth Society book sale

For many years now my wife and I visit the Book Sale each month and, unless prevented by very inclement weather, we are regular visitors. We arrive mid-morning and in eager anticipation, look for titles which cover our interests. An earlier time would be better – by 10am, but we travel from Petersfield and since it is a Saturday and a day off work, we like to have a leisurely day. In fact, we have lunch in the local pub, which rounds off the day nicely.

In a way this is a busman's holiday because during the week we run a charity (Poultry Welfare Trust) which publishes books on poultry keeping and welfare and other rural subjects. The books are written, typeset, printed and bound in our factory and then sent out to customers. More than 250 titles are published so we are immersed in book activities. Why therefore might you ask do we wish to see more books?

For more than 50 years I have been writing books and having them published and the number has grown to well over 200 titles, the proceeds of which go to the charity. My wife Mavis has always been involved with finding research material and in the early days before computers were generally available she would type the manuscript ready to go to the publishers. We have been involved together because we were married in my first term at university, some 62 years ago, so she knows and understands what is involved.

At the Book Sale she looks for subjects of interest as well as novels by distinguished writers. These interests are quite wide and cover certain countries such as Egypt and Brazil (the Amazon) as well as titles on gardening, fashion, and women's interests. She also looks for titles which cover my fields.

My writing covers a very wide field, the first being *Standard Costing* (I am a qualified accountant) which has been in print for over 50 years, and a recent addition is the *Origins & History of the Domestic Fowl*, a subject covered by Charles Darwin and other famous authors and on which there is still disagreement and controversy. But the range also includes biography titles including Oliver

Cromwell, Harrison Weir, Lewis Wright and Herbert Atkinson. The range also includes the odd poetry title such as *Poems on Oliver Cromwell* compiled for the anniversary of his birth 400 years previously. Rural subjects include *Pheasants & Their Management and Heavy Horses* based on my own experiences of keeping pheasants and from my early career when I worked in agriculture.

From the Book Sale we have obtained many interesting and fascinating books. Illustrations which are difficult to find and subject matter which is excellent research material turn up on a regular basis. Sometimes the books might be a little dilapidated, but our bookbinder repairs these and puts on a new case, which makes them good for another 50 years or more. Many treasures are found and are retained for reference at some future date. We work on the proverb *Seek and ye shall find*, because, although we always find interesting titles, some months are better than others. Recently I found a copy of *The Animal Kingdom* by Baron Cuvier dated 1886 which has wonderful hand coloured plates and is a famous title; unfortunately, the binding was missing, but we were able to put on a new case. Another was an early edition of *Boswell's Life of Johnson* dated 1860, and with leather binding and gilt edges, but with damaged end papers which had to be replaced. A magnificent title was *Charles I* by Sir John Skelton, K.C.B. which strangely had been published as a paper back even though it was a very large format of about 13 inches x 10 inches. The coloured plate frontispiece is of a very high standard and will no doubt be used in one of our titles in the future. The law of copyright allows the use of illustrations which have been published more than 75 years ago so this saves the charity much expense in obtaining copies from an agency or art dealer.

As members of the Petworth Society will know all the proceeds from the book sales are used for charitable purposes, which is to preserve the character and amenities of Petworth as well as to encourage people to meet and take part in many activities which are designed to foster a level of community spirit.

The book sale activities are quite strenuous, involving the collection of books from far and wide, as well as mounting the monthly sale. Carrying the hundreds of books into the Hall and displaying them is a formidable task carried out by volunteers. The books are then displayed in various sections for the public to inspect. The top table contains the treasures and these are usually inspected first, before moving on to the others, where very interesting titles are to be found at nominal prices. The whole exercise is very worthwhile because many valuable titles are saved from destruction and go on to serve new owners.

Unfortunately my wife and I are now elderly and disabled so we are no longer able to take part in the many activities which are offered. The Book Sale we can still manage and enjoy. As a result of our interests, including the writing of books,



Dr Joseph Batty, D. Litt (Doctor of Letters); Doctor of Commerce; Master of Commerce, Mrs Mavis Batty.

assisted by many titles from the Book Sale, I have now been awarded the higher doctorate of **D. Litt** (Doctor of Letters) from Durham University (2012) where I had previously studied for B.Com and M.Com degrees, as well as being a Doctor of Commerce from a South African University, awarded for research into the use of Standard Costing in Britain and making comparisons with the practice in South Africa. This was later published as a book entitled *Managerial Standard Costing* in 1970 by Macdonald & Evans. My intermediate career was in higher education when I was Head of a Business School and a Professor of Management Studies.

The photograph shows us both at the front of Durham Cathedral when the degree awarding ceremonies took place. The Doctor of Letters is awarded for the authorship of published titles covering subjects which are original and of a high standard and therefore I feel greatly honoured to have achieved this reward.

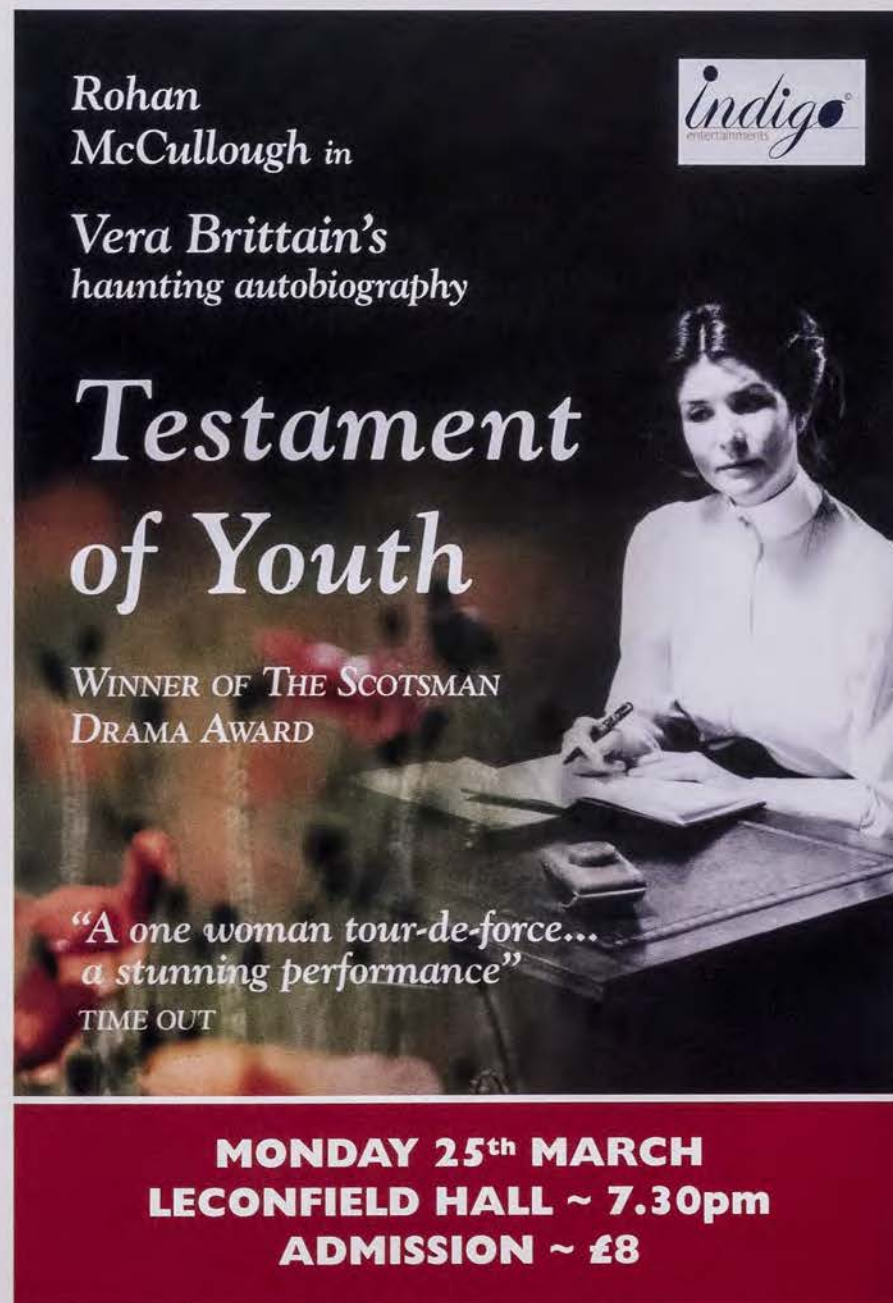
Dr Joseph Batty

## An anxious night

My grandfather had always wanted land in the Ukraine: in his native Poland he had a collection of unrelated uneconomic smaller pieces. By selling these he was able to buy in the Ukraine. It was hard. I remember hearing of my mother making mud bricks for outhouses by hand. I was fifteen in early 1940 when everything changed. The Ukrainians were already taking what they could from the Polish settlers and we were powerless to stop them; but nothing prepared us for what was to come. Yes, it was totally unexpected. We were some 25 kilometres in from the Russian border. It was six o'clock on Sunday morning and the family were still in bed. The intention of the Russian soldiers was clearly to catch everyone at a disadvantage. At gunpoint we were told to pack, put on a horse-driven sleigh and taken first to the church then to the station, some 20 kilometres away. Here we were herded into cattle trucks, covered to protect the animals. There were no toilet facilities and a single small window placed high up on one side. In practice it was virtually impossible to see out. We were two days waiting at the station while the convoy was assembled. Our dog had followed us from the farm: the soldiers simply shot him. We had no food initially other than what little we had brought with us. We were travelling three weeks. We carved out a hole in the floor for a toilet and there was no water other than a bucket at rare station stops. We made makeshift beds from pieces of board. We couldn't see out but were clearly travelling east through Russia. And it was cold. We arrived in Siberia on February 24th, my sixteenth birthday.

Once in Siberia we were taken a couple of miles or so from the station where we were given a choice – of a kind. A small wooden house for ourselves or a share in a bigger one. The houses had formerly been used by wardens. My father chose the smaller house where we could operate more as a family unit. The offer may sound generous but remember that there were my grandparents, parents, three uncles, my brother and sister and three neighbours from the Ukraine all crammed into a small wooden shack. For the first time in three weeks, however, there was the chance of a wash – a kind of communal steam bath. We had arrived on a Friday and on the Monday the overseer came round to apportion work.

I was to cut wood in the forest with seven native Russian men. It was two or three miles away. The overseer told the Russians that if they harmed me, reprisals would be severe. They didn't. We worked two to a saw, summer and winter. In deep snow I would have to dig away to expose the trunk, or even submerge myself in the snow to work the saw. Sometimes I had to be pulled out with a rope. One night my feet had become so swollen that even my father could not take my boots off. When the boots were cut away my feet and legs were black up to the knees.



**Rohan McCullough in**

**Vera Brittain's haunting autobiography**

**Testament of Youth**

**WINNER OF THE SCOTSMAN DRAMA AWARD**

*"A one woman tour-de-force... a stunning performance"*

TIME OUT

**MONDAY 25<sup>th</sup> MARCH**  
**LECONFIELD HALL ~ 7.30pm**  
**ADMISSION ~ £8**

*indigo*  
EXPERIMENTAL THEATRE

Having battled her way to Somerville College in the face of parental opposition, Vera Brittain abandoned her studies at the outbreak of the First World War to serve as a volunteer nurse witnessing the horrors of trench warfare. In 1918, with many of those closest to her dead, she returned to Oxford and later devoted her energies to the causes of pacifism and feminism, writing and lecturing world-wide.

In 1933 she published *Testament of Youth*. This haunting autobiography conveyed to an entire generation the essence of their common experience of war. It was a best-seller in both Britain and America.

*"Rohan McCullough's performance brings my mother's famous book on the First World War alive, bringing out the poignancy and profundity of the narrative. She has a sensitive understanding of my mother's writing, and sometimes seems almost to become the young nurse who wrote the diary... I strongly commend her presentation."*

Shirley Williams, HOUSE OF LORDS, 16th JULY 2001

*"This one woman tour-de-force... Rohan McCullough's stunning solo performance"* TIME OUT

*"Informative and moving... a model of elegance and economy"* THE TIMES

*"Her beauty itself was striking but she impressed too with her pinpoint accuracy, her expressive face and her air of authority"*

CHELTENHAM FESTIVAL OF LITERATURE



Rohan McCullough trained for the stage at Bristol Old Vic Theatre School and began her career in the original cast of the legendary musical *Hair* and Jean-Louis Barrault's *Rabelais*. More recently she has been seen as Antigone in *Oedipus At Colonnus* (Manchester Royal Exchange) and appeared with the Royal Shakespeare Company in *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*.

Rohan has given poetry and musical recitals at the Victoria and Albert Museum, the South Bank, Wigmore Hall and has appeared as narrator with leading American symphony orchestras, including the Los Angeles Philharmonic and the Boston Symphony at Carnegie Hall.

Her TV and film credits include *Sunday Bloody Sunday*, *Dealers*, *A Dance to the Music of Time*, David Hare's *Strapless* and Derek Jarman's *War Requiem*. She has achieved her most notable success with her one woman shows, *Testament of Youth* won the Scotsman Drama Award at the Edinburgh Festival.

**RUNNING TIME:** 60 or 90 minutes. For more information or to book the production please contact Indigo Entertainments tel. 01978 790211 or email: [indigo productions@virgin.net](mailto:indigo productions@virgin.net)



In the old washhouse at Petworth see "Further Thoughts".

Photograph by Janet Austin.



# TOWN HALL, PETWORTH.

(By special permission of LORD LECONFIELD.)

Under Distinguished Patronage.

## AMATEUR THEATRICAL PERFORMANCES,

IN AID OF THE

### Band and Prize Shooting Funds

Of the 6th Sussex Rifle Volunteer Corps,

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

**TUESDAY, the 29th, THURSDAY, the 31st Jan.,  
and SATURDAY, the 2nd of Feb., 1867,**

On which occasions will be Performed the original Fares, entitled

## MRS. GREEN'S SNUG LITTLE BUSINESS.

Mr. John Ruston..... Sergeant H. DEATH.  
Mr. Happs (a Policeman on duty)..... Corporal W. STEDMAN.  
Bang (Head of St. Bette)..... Mr. AMBURG.  
Joe (Mrs. Green's "Boy")..... Mr. E. C. SMITH.  
Mrs. Green..... Miss M. SIMPSON.

### COMIC SONG.

To conclude with the well-known Fares of

## TO PARIS AND BACK FOR £5.

Mr. Samuel Swadlow..... Mr. E. C. SMITH.  
Mr. Spruce..... Colour-Sergeant H. UFTON.  
Mr. Charles Markham..... Sergeant H. DEATH.  
Lieutenant Spikes, R.M..... Private AUSTEN.  
Ponoco (a Detective Officer)..... Corporal F. ELLIOTT.  
Swagbait..... Corporal W. STEDMAN.  
Telegraphic Clerk..... Private J. BROMHAM.  
Miss Fanny Springton..... Miss A. SPENCER.

By Particular Desire, the Screaming Fares of

## CHERRY BOUNCE

Mr. Oldwails..... Quarter-Master-Sergeant T. SHERWIN.  
Gregory Homespun, his man..... Corporal W. STEDMAN.  
Gammon, a Farmer..... Colour-Sergeant H. UFTON.  
Spanner, a Farmer..... Sergeant H. DEATH.  
Dovey's Old Homespun..... Mr. E. C. SMITH.  
Corporal F. ELLIOTT.

Will be substituted for one of the above Fares on Thursday Evening.

DOORS OPEN AT HALF-PAST SEVEN, TO COMMENCE AT EIGHT P.M.

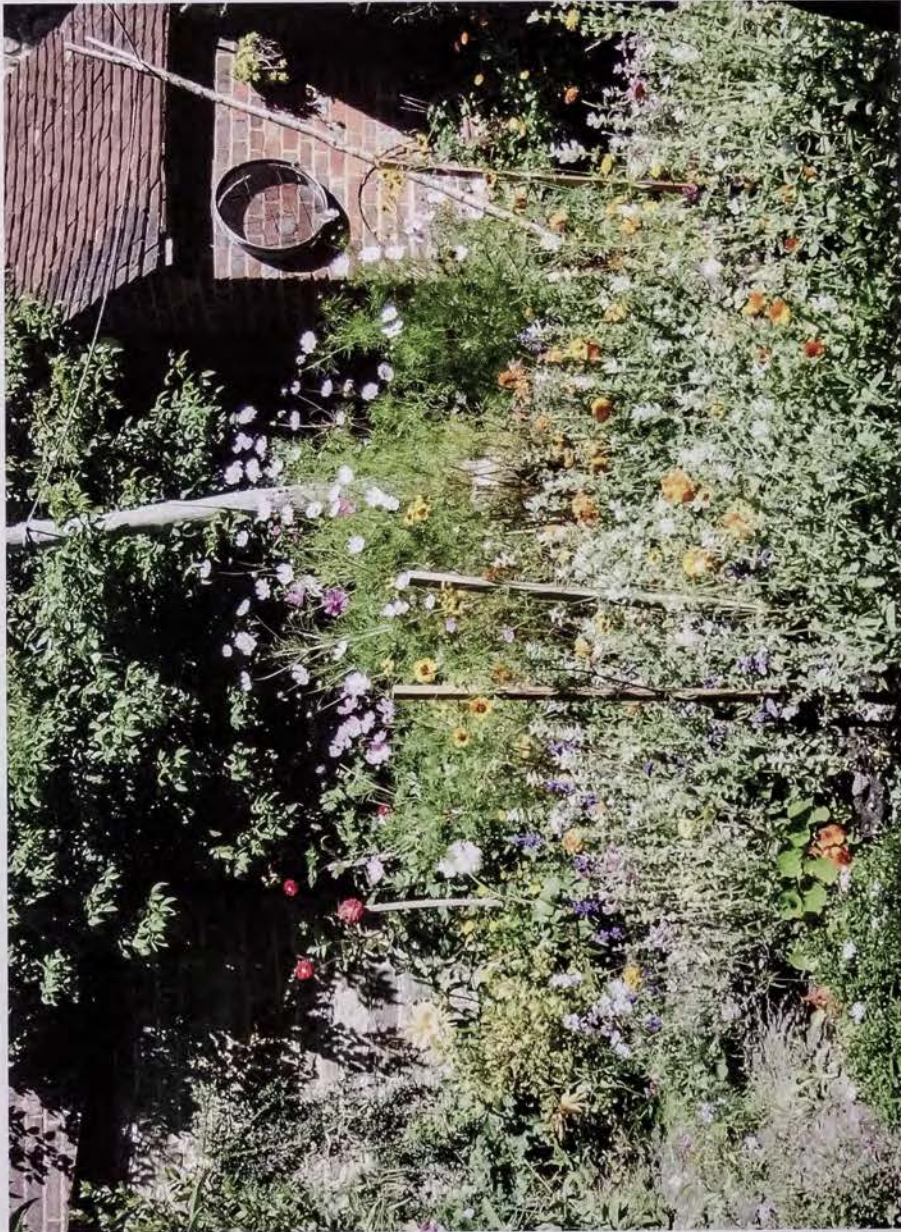
Entrance, opposite Half Moon Hotel. Admission by Tickets only.

Stalls, reserved and numbered 3s.  
Front Seats (not reserved) 2s.  
Back ditto 1s.

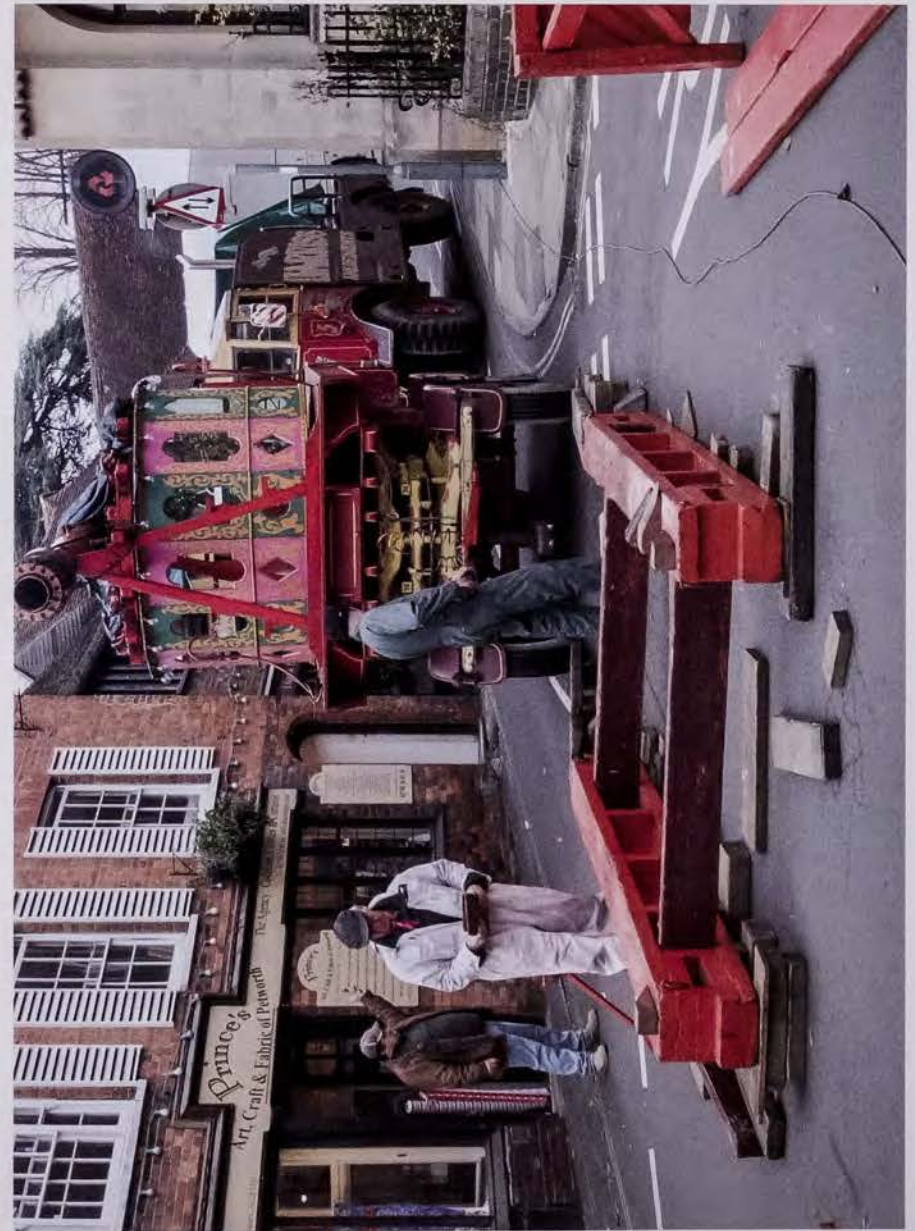
Tickets to be obtained, and a Plan of the Stalls sent, at Mr. DEATH'S, New Street, Petworth.

The Tickets will be available only for the days specified on them, and the space being small a limited number only can be issued, for which an early application is requested.

DEATH, PRINTER, PETWORTH.



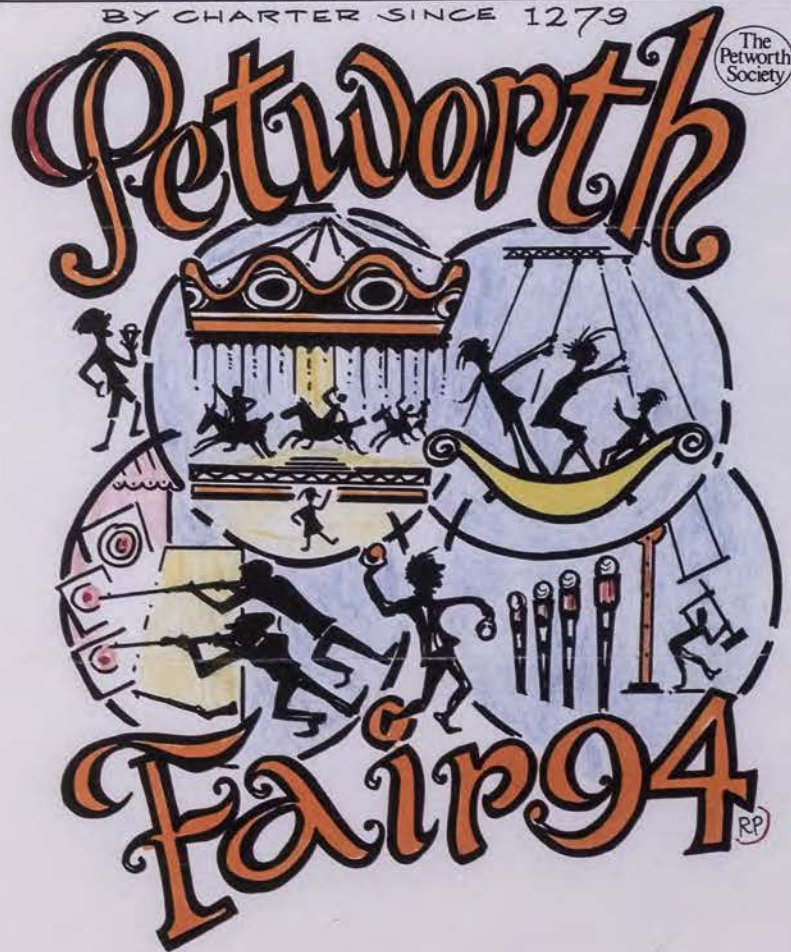
Summer's end at the Cottage Museum.  
Photograph by Ian Godsmark.



Setting up the Gallopers at Petworth Fair 2012. Robert Harris in white overalls.  
Photograph by Ian Godsmark.

**SATURDAY 19<sup>th</sup> NOVEMBER**

BY CHARTER SINCE 1279



Ron Pidgley's imaginative artwork for the 1994 fair.

A doctor was called and frostbite was diagnosed. If the normal skin colour did not return by the morning, I would lose my legs. It was an anxious night and worried as I was, I eventually fell asleep. When morning came my legs had returned to normal.

When Hitler attacked Russia in 1941, Stalin's attitude toward Poland changed. Poles were allowed to leave Siberia. But where were we to go? We had been moved several times within the Soviet Union and were now within sight of the Persian border (now Iran). It was to be Persia for us. The family, less my grandmother who had died, travelled overland, this time in a train with seats. We were several months in Persia and relatively well-treated, certainly in comparison with Siberia, before we moved on overland to Karachi in modern Pakistan but then under British rule. Before long we were moving on to Bombay where we spent two or three nights before being sent to a camp outside the city. There were some five thousand Polish people including a thousand orphans of the war. While in the subcontinent I at one time worked in a small factory making underwear. I had no previous experience of factory work: I simply had to pick it up as best I could. In Bombay we were simply waiting and were there, as it seemed, for years and years. We were given money to buy utensils to cook with and to buy food locally but the kitchen was desperately small; the family had a tiny house in what had once, we thought, been army quarters. My father had now left to join the Polish army but we were still essentially a family unit. We were in India when the war finished. Elements of the Polish navy were stationed locally and that was how I met my first husband. We were married in India and I had two children there. My husband's intention was to take me and the children to live in Scotland but his ship foundered in the Irish Sea and he was drowned. I received some payment but did not know what it was for. I did not realise until later that it was for my husband's death.

We were repatriated to Hereford in England from where my father, having left the Polish army, came and brought us to the Polish camp in Petworth Park, Hut No. 6. At first Polish soldiers cooked for us, then we were given money to buy our own food and cook for ourselves. It was then a matter of finding work locally. I went to Kirdford Growers, working in the packhouse, not in the fields, sorting and wrapping apples and putting them in boxes. I filled in by doing housework in Petworth. We were taken to Kirdford by van in the morning and brought back in the evening. My mother was able to look after my son; my daughter had already started school. She soon became fluent in English; I have myself never found the language other than difficult.

At the camp we had one hut made over for use as a church and the services of a Polish-speaking priest – the Mass said in Latin of course, with some of the service

in the vernacular. I suppose there were over a hundred Poles in the camp. A kind of little Poland in Petworth. I married again, my husband improving his English by listening to English/Polish programmes on the radio. Some of the camp dispersed to go abroad, often to Canada and the United States, but the camp was a kind of home. In addition to the church, there was a hut that was a kind of men's club with a bar, and there were regular dances. Cold? Not compared with Siberia or, for that matter, the Ukraine, but it could be damp in the Park within sight of the lower lake.

It was nine years since I had come to the camp. Times were moving on and the camp had served its purpose. I moved first to Bury where we lived for thirty-eight years until my husband died, then back to Petworth before moving to Arundel to be nearer my daughter and grand-daughter.

Helena Krawczuk was talking to Tess Pendry and the Editor.

This account closely parallels that by Wladyslaw Swirski in PSM 138 (December 2009) but Wladyslaw never actually lived in the Polish camp. For this see Anna Hughes in PSM 104 (June 2001) page 23-24. [Ed.]

---

## The Petworth House noria<sup>1</sup>

John Leland<sup>2</sup> was in Petworth about 1541. He notes the town's clothmaking, Parson Akon's famous spire and the efforts of a later rector, John Edmunds, to improve the town's water supply. By diverting a large spring (now within Petworth Park) Edmunds had brought water in lead pipe to the main house, parsonage and three places in the town streets. In his dispute with his tenants the Earl of Northumberland had complained in the Star Chamber in July 1592 that the tenants had cut the water supply to the great house: no mean feat as the pipe lay some two and a half feet below ground.

By 1825 Thomas Upton, Clerk of the Works to the Earl of Egremont, felt the old supply needed to be upgraded. He had in mind utilising an existing well under the "east green" at Petworth House, situated between the Servants' Offices and the Main House. A Mr Goode from Knightsbridge was engaged to drive a deeper bore through the bottom of the well. Four men were employed six days a week from mid-May to the end of July, using a manual bore turned with a square-headed spanner, intense work varied with removing rubble and sharpening the bore head. They would probably have brought a manual forge with them. Goode's men were so far successful in that, from an original depth of 31 feet, they

were able to reach 412 feet with the tip of the water 72 feet below the surface. Clearly there was a strong supply. William Blake from Kirdford was then able to sink a well to a depth of 76 feet, being prevented from proceeding further by the sheer strength of the flow. Blake believed there was enough water "not only to supply the House but half the town besides." Upton suggested checking the continuity of supply by working a pump continually using a donkey and another animal alternately for a time. The experiment was sufficiently successful for a pony to be installed working a six hour daily shift in the noria principle. The pony worked in a domed enclosure 13 feet 4 inches in diameter just off the underground passage between the Main House and the Servants' Offices, making a round trip of some 40 feet six times a minute, on each circuit stepping over the connecting rod to the crank which worked the pump or pumps.

It was warm close work, particularly in summer when there was more demand for water. "The boy<sup>3</sup> often gets out into the main passage and the pump either goes slowly or stands still . . . the dung, perspiration etc. from the pony makes the place so unpleasant that it has been complained of in the House."

By 1864 Henry Upton is considering a suggestion from Mr Chorley of Midhurst for a small steam engine to replace the pony. As this involved a fire, boiler, flue, steam and an element of noise in a confined space this was rejected. The agreed solution was a horizontal engine run on gas, clean and free from heat, smoke, dust, dirt and noise, requiring minimal attention and capable of being left unattended for two or three hours at a time.

The noria principle was widely used well into the last century, although more usually at a ground level. On the Leconfield Estate at Saddlescombe near Brighton<sup>4</sup>, a donkey called Smoker worked for years several hours a day drawing water from a depth of 150 feet. There was another at Gorehill, Byworth.

PJ/JT

Documents courtesy of Lord Egremont.

1. A loan word from Arabic via Spanish which seems to be the best English equivalent.
2. See Jeremy Godwin in PSM 85 (September 1996) pages 37/8.
3. Supervising the pony.
4. See Maude Robinson: *A Southdown Farm in the Sixties* (Dent 1938) illustration opposite page 18. "Smoker" was replaced by the equally long-serving "Com".

## A correction and further thoughts about the washhouse

In the September issue of the Petworth Magazine I wrote about the woodyard at Petworth House, unfortunately I dropped a line of type when describing the contents of the laundry and washhouse at the time of the death of the 3rd Earl of Egremont in 1837. I omitted 3 square tables, a table with a flap and five airing horses. Now I have seen inside the washhouse, it seems even more impossible to fit it all in such a small space.

The contents of the laundry should have read:

“a fender, a set of fire Irons, a copper tea kettle, four window curtains, a mangle, 3 cloths to ditto, an ironing board with 3 tressels, 3 square Tables, a Table with a flap, 5 airing horses, 6 ironing stools, 13 chairs, a Pair of steps, an iron bound chest, a box of 8 Flaskets, a brown pan, 7 Tin candlesticks, 6 trenchers, 1 small looking glass, 8 stocking boards, 22 flat irons, 10 stands, 3 Italian irons, 2 sling stones, a handbarrow, 2 ironing Cloths, 2 boxes.”

The washhouse had:

“a hoe, a fire shovel, a large round tub, an oval tub, a 5 hole washing trough, a large 2 hole do stand, a small ditto, a square washing trough, 5 wood shoots, 1 wringing horse, 1 form, 1 stool, 1 strod, 2 pails, 1 handdish, 1 coal hod, 1 copper starch pot, 1 do stewpan, 2 do saucepan, a pr of steps, a Napkin board.”

The spelling of the contents and initial letters are in the style of Thomas Chrippes of Petworth the Appraiser.

For those who are not familiar with the woodyard, the range of buildings which are said to house the laundry and washhouse are part of the line of buildings which form the wall to the churchyard. This wall was in situ by 1610. The buildings attached were built at different times. What has been described the laundry on different plans was built in the middle of the 17th century while the washhouse, being the nearest building to the Servants Quarters, was built in the early 19th century. Although from the 3rd Earl's inventory it would appear that the laundry was the washhouse or was it? This is what makes sleuthing so difficult!

Today what was the laundry or the washhouse and definitely the building with

the four windows nearest the house is divided into two rooms, the upper room is about three feet above the lower. There is no evidence of either a water supply or drainage, and the chimney in the upper part is for a small domestic fireplace. It is now well over 140 years since the building served its original purpose. Its use now seems to be a derelict potting shed.

Janet Austin

---

## Any news?

Any journalist, whether working locally or nationally, needs to keep his or her ear to the ground. As reporter for the Midhurst and Petworth Observer I can hardly be unaware of the perception that the paper has a Midhurst “skew”. I may consider this a little unfair but I can't ignore it. At best I'd say that there are factors that work against a completely equal coverage and that they're not down to conscious policy, simply an accident of history. The fact is that the “office” has always been at Midhurst: reverse the situation and you'd have the same complaint from Midhurst.

A local newspaper is a precious asset but one that is coming under growing pressure from alternative media, traditionally radio, then television but now electronic, all muscling in on what was once an exclusive preserve. Support for a local newspaper remains relatively strong north of the Downs, but there is no room for complacency.

I talk of a Midhurst “office”. In fact, of late years, this has been somewhat nomadic. From our original base just off Lambert's Lane, we have moved to Capron House in North Street, then to our present small room at the Grange Day Centre. A further move looks imminent. There is, of course, always the mobile. Given modern technology and the increasing use of e-mail, we might think of dispensing with a formal office altogether, operating with a laptop in a café or even the back of a private car. Hopefully technology will not take us as far as that. For me a community newspaper needs a recognisable base.

Petworth? As seen from Midhurst, it's one of the pair of towns that form the heartland of our territory and from where the bulk of our weekly coverage must come. Petworth guards its privacy from the outsider, reserved, elusive almost. Perhaps distance lends enchantment. Like me, my predecessor Jane Hunt had a great affection for the town.

Perhaps what strikes me most is the difference between the two towns, indefinable but the more pronounced for that, united, it seems, only in living in

the same harsh economic climate. It's perhaps epitomised in the two Town Councils. Take consultation process on District Council parking charges. Midhurst Town Council went public with a view to fighting the charges, while Petworth, jointly with Petworth Business Association, issued a "no comment" pending further discussion. Two quite different strategies, either perfectly feasible.

If Petworth, at least to the outsider, remains "Proud Petworth", one journalistic approach is through its ability to come together for the big occasion: the wedding of William and Kate, the Diamond Jubilee celebrations, the fete in the park, the town's immemorial fair, the Christmas lights or perhaps even the monthly Petworth Society Book sale. I am very aware of the supportive presence of Lord and Lady Egremont, not always overt, but there all the same. Petworth, of course, has the Market Square as a focal point. It has, too, a mix of apparent affluence with social deprivation that it shares with Midhurst, and probably, many other small towns. Petworth and Midhurst each have a distinctive ethos and my job is to work with the difference and not try to manufacture a false synthesis.

Skewed coverage? No. We do have a loyal readership in Petworth who see the Observer as prepared to address specific Petworth concerns; the difficulty is that we tend to be responsive rather than proactive. I have calls from Petworth. I have my Petworth contacts as Jane did before me, and I do deal personally with individual concerns: housing association matters: heating not working, doors jammed, a parked lorry blocking access for residents. A local newspaper can't perform miracles but it can oil a few bureaucratic wheels. It may well involve me coming over to look at the problem. Some stories make the paper, some don't, but human-interest stories must be a newspaper staple.

I'm a phone call away but for all that I make myself available I'm still at a distance. At least in Midhurst people can come in to see me (assuming they've followed my latest move). There is an immediacy that Petworth doesn't have, and immediacy is important. At Midhurst I can see people in the heat of the moment: at Petworth there is time for feelings to cool and all too soon the moment and the story is lost. Take the recent case of the Midhurst couple who lost their baby. The tribute left at the grave was removed as contravening cemetery regulations. Justified intervention or stifling bureaucracy? Newspaper coverage led to public discussion and clearing the air. Would a similar incident in Petworth have the same outcome?

So what do we do? This Magazine will appear in March and we're talking two days after Petworth Fair on November 20th. Our declared aim for 2013 is to have, not an office in Petworth, but at least another dedicated reporter in the town, several days a week. I hope this will be in force by March. The intention is not to create a new relationship but to build up an already existing one. The new system

would make better use of existing contacts, forge new ones and, of course, improve our coverage of the villages.

In the recent past I've been working mostly on my own. For a while my predecessor Jane Hunt, nominally retired, had two days a week with me and I had the benefit of Jane's long experience of, and acquaintance with the two towns. Journalism is my job and I've done it now for over thirty years against a background of ever more rapidly evolving technological change. As a "one-person" office I'm doing a permanent juggling act. It's no 9-5, feet up on the desk, job. What do I find most dispiriting? To be told "There's no news from Midhurst" or the Petworth variation on this.

Where does "news" come from? I can't pluck it out of the air. An obvious source is the two town councils but I do need to be present at meetings. It's no use relying on reports. I need to pick up the undertones, the little things I would miss if I wasn't there. I go to all full meetings; ideally I'd like to attend committee meetings, particularly Finance and General Purpose and perhaps Planning, but it's not always possible. With extra help fuller coverage should be available. Remember council work is of an evening after a full day.

My week? Thursday and Friday, with the new paper on the streets, I'll be gathering news in Midhurst or in Petworth if there's the chance of a feature. If I'm out I need to check the answer phone as soon as I get back. I'm in regular daily contact with Police, Fire Service and Air Ambulance. I need to have an eye for regular seasonal events: Christmas festivities, horticultural shows, school exam results, Cowdray polo, ploughing matches, Petworth Fair, Ebernoe Horn Fair and the rest. Take the recent Jubilee celebrations. Events everywhere and dispersed over several days. Like most of my colleagues I did twelve solid days. I'd like to keep to five days and, perhaps, two nights a week but it's not always possible. The two councils can meet in the same week, let alone other meetings, and some weekend work is inevitable.

And there are the villages. The Observer covers a huge area from the Hampshire-Surrey border into the very heart of Sussex. Rake, Fittleworth, Loxwood, Duncton, Sutton are just a few names. Different communities with different issues, each generating great local interest. Vandals at Fittleworth, speed limits at Loxwood, affordable housing at Rogate, a village hall for Cocking. Minor if you like in terms of the vast area of coverage but certainly not minor for the people involved.

Midhurst paper? Petworth paper even? I hope I've at least broadened the discussion and offered a few constructive suggestions for the future.

Jenny Moulard was talking to the Editor.

## St Edmund Smiles (?)

Perhaps from as far back as the 1960s Petworth Fair and Petworth Town had become distanced. Nothing conscious, nothing overt, something as imperceptible as it was insidious, but present nonetheless. The fair appeared and disappeared almost of its own volition, hinting at a glorious past, but in its current manifestation gently mocking it. Had Petworth fair finally achieved the inconceivable – become characterless? The so-called “winter of discontent” in 1979 brought matters to a head, with the widespread power cuts, generators were at a premium and, crucially for Petworth, more profitably employed being loaned out to hospitals and schools. Once a precedent had been set, it was difficult to recover lost ground. Bensons of Dorking held the somewhat enigmatic “rights” but delegated them to another showman Eddie Hammond, acting on their behalf.

Eddie was finding Petworth unwelcoming terrain. The fair appeared to be shrinking by the year, cowering like a wounded animal in the north-east corner of the Market Square, with a set of Swinging Jims by the Leconfield Hall. A few apologetic side-stalls hardly seemed to merit the usual closure. How were the mighty fallen!

There were those of an older generation who lamented the demise of what had always been the red-letter day in Petworth’s annual calendar. For them an older fair symbolised a half-forgotten childhood while its modern counterpart meant nothing. Looking through a nostalgic mist, they forgot that the great days were a war ago, even perhaps, two wars ago. At one time the fair had been a symbol of survival and regeneration; had not Arch Knight put out a token stall during the 1939-1945 conflict to safeguard the fair’s continuance, a defiant statement that peace would return, an acted parable of that defiance? Small matter that later enquiry would dismiss the so-called “charter” as a myth. Already in the 1270s Eleanor de Perci had rejected the King’s demand for the fair to be chartered. With a foundation already long before the memory of any man living it did not need one. The King’s justices-in-eye had no alternative but to concede the point.

Reality takes as little notice of history as it does of childhood remembered. Surely Petworth Fair was a pointless anachronism, a wistful flotsam from a vanished past? At best a picturesque irrelevance or a footnote to history, at worst an annual irritant.

What might be the attitude of the Petworth Society? A mourner at the funeral perhaps, given the Society’s concern for continuity and tradition. It could hardly rejoice at the fair’s demise, but it could certainly sit on the sidelines and let history take its course. It was late October 1985 and the Society had other priorities. There was the increasingly popular Magazine, the successful visit of the Toronto

Scottish Regiment and an ever-growing membership both in Petworth and outside. Public support for the fair was equivocal: it might be politic to leave well alone.

Mr David Sneller had other ideas, however, he asked “Whether the Society could contribute more to the Fair in an effort to halt the gradual erosion taking place.” He enquired further whether the public would receive any prior warning of the fair’s cessation. It would lapse if a token gesture were not made.



The licensee Mr Hammond attended the next committee. He was informed of the Society’s concern that, with attendance falling, “a vicious circle of decreasing support was being met with fewer fairground attractions.” Mr Hammond declared his readiness to continue “if only for sentimental rather than financial reasons.” A creditable reaction but hardly a ringing endorsement.

Asked if the fair could be supplemented by extraneous items like Father Christmas, an ox or venison roast or a balloon race, he viewed these as help rather than counter-attraction. A committee member offered to appear in a gorilla costume. So far from being a mourner at the funeral, the Society was becoming party to a suggested resuscitation. Caution remained: “The Society needed to demonstrate that the decline had stopped without being too ambitious.” Perhaps this was as far as it was prepared to go: if the fair was ailing, the Society certainly wasn’t. The Leconfield Hall however was booked in case it were needed, but the South<sup>1</sup> Committee room was required for a meeting of Alcoholics Anonymous.

Further ideas surfaced, often merely to sink again beneath the waves. Morris dancers, a torchlight procession, one or more exhibition fairground organs, a

display of stationary engines, Ray Sadler's marvellous fairground models. A man at Horsham had small fairground equipment. Mr Hammond would contact him. The Christian Fellowship offered Street Theatre and an evangelist bus would come from Horsham. David Sneller would echo older tradition by mounting a display of toys in his Market Square premises, just as Eagers the outfitters had done on fair day for generations. There would be free entertainment in the Leconfield Hall, candyfloss, popcorn and hot chestnuts in the Square and Mr Flexman's agricultural steam engine from Fittleworth. Ideas came and went. Phil Collins? He was on tour. Alvin Stardust? He had a prior engagement. The District Council were not prepared to allow a roast either ox or venison, while there was a police suggestion that the whole thing move into the Car Park. Committee meetings were becoming crowded and the fair began to dominate the minutes. September saw the first appearance of the Harris Brothers, initially Fred and John. Their influence and fairground knowledge would soon become crucial. They were prepared to bring a big machine. In the event the Gallopers were not ready and it would be their newly purchased Chairplanes. A big machine conferred a certain gravitas.



All went well on the day, the rain holding off until the very end. So far so good, but we soon learned, if we had not already suspected, that fairs are not like anything else. "Ground" is ground and what were the rights of the original licensee? We would have to ensure that just anyone could not simply descend on Petworth on the day. Attendance must involve prior agreement and a nominal fee to the Society. An original emphasis on exhibition needed to be replaced with a



more dynamic approach. As it happened exhibitors who were not self-financing would soon fade away, attractive as they were: it was impossible for the Society to pay expenses let alone an appearance fee. By July 1988 it was possible to minute: \**"From resurrecting a corpse two years ago, we were now dealing with an event that was desperately healthy."* Twenty five years and more on, is this still true? Was is ever true? I have to be honest: I just don't know.

P:

\* Indicates quotation from committee minutes. David Sneller had been a committee member from the very beginning.

I. Now the Kevis Room.

A few copies remain of *St Edmund Smiles Petworth Fair revived 1986-2011* – 120 numbered individually at £12. Available at the Book Sale or direct from Peter.

The three 2012 photographs are courtesy of Keith Sandall.

The Garland photograph of Arch Knight with Canadian soldiers comes from the early 1940s.





## Still pony mad

It was as we left the Opening Meet at Petworth House a couple of seasons ago that a young Miss Godman-Dorrington, trotting alongside me, said, 'How long have you been hunting?' and I replied, after a quick calculation, 'Well, over 40 years I suppose.' She was quite obviously staggered! How can anyone be that old and still go hunting?!! I reassured her by saying that that didn't mean I had been out every season of those 40 something years, university and childbirth tends to get in the way of these things, and that if she carried on hunting she would beat me in years easily!

And that evening, reliving the day, I thought . . . how different hunting is for that little girl today compared to my first outings. I certainly wouldn't have dreamed of speaking to an adult as I trotted along!! My parents would occasionally come to the meet to see me off but I don't think they had any idea of what the rest of the day might bring, although I suppose I would eventually come home covered in mud and totally exhausted. We hacked everywhere for several years until my benefactor won a Rice trailer in the raffle at the Horse and Hound Ball in London. That changed life considerably.

At the age of 7 I was given the choice of ballet or riding lessons, it was a difficult choice and I would have loved to have done both but I think I had read that it wasn't a good idea for ballerinas to do a lot of riding, and so my choice was made. I attended Norwood Riding School in Graffham, run by Valerie Garwood, every Wednesday after school for several years until she had a riding accident and damaged her back . . . the riding school closed and I was devastated.

But not for long! Mr Bill Hazelman would deliver the weekly groceries from his shop in Middle Street, Petworth, and he knew that my brother and I were collectors of animals that were small enough for our house and garden, in fact he had found a tortoise walking along the Graffham road when I was 8 and asked us to look after her until she was claimed. She wasn't and she is still alive and well, she must be at least 60 years old! Mr Hazelman also knew that I had had to stop riding and so I was invited to his home in Upperton to meet his wife Margaret and her ponies. Imagine my delight when she agreed that I could ride every weekend, and in the holidays too! My friend Judith Grimwood had already been riding there for a while and so it was that aged 12 we would cycle from Petworth to Upperton at every available opportunity to ride Rory, Flicka and Tiddley Poo. Mrs Hazelman ran a boarding kennels and Judith and I were roped in to help here and there but that was no hardship. Walking 10 or more dogs on Upperton Common was tremendous fun! Upperton Common was such a great place for riding too and we could spend hours there not doing a lot, we would explore all sorts of

routes, construct 'jumps' and get into trouble with Mr Wadey, the farmer, for going where we shouldn't.

Flicka was Mrs Hazelman's daughter Janet's pony and I remember him especially for his amazingly curly coat in the winter. We recall saddling up Flicka for the Tillington rector who liked to deliver his Parish magazines to the River properties by horseback – we used to get cross because he always brought Flicka back in a complete lather of sweat which we felt was rather ungodly! I also remember Janet (who these days is known as Mrs Janet Duncton) 'dressing up' as Lady Godiva and riding Flicka through Petworth for a carnival. So very daring!

As our confidence grew so did our outings . . . hunting and gymkhanas. Tiddley Poo was soon established as a bit of a whizz, unbeatable in trotting races and 'chase me charlies'! There were so many gymkhanas then . . . Tillington, Fittleworth and Fernhurst, we even held our own in aid of Brooke Hospital. School friends hacked from as far as Gay Street and Coldwaltham. We had proper showing classes with proper judges, and we organised it all ourselves! We would often go out hacking for a whole day, our little leather saddlebags full of sandwiches, quite often to Bexley Hill and Lodsworth.

And then Mrs Hazelman won the trailer in the raffle! I think she had collected a few more ponies by then but of course she could now go to the New Forest Sales and get some bargains! Tillington stables was run by Bill Laing, whose salesman's patter of his ponies' exceptional abilities was well known throughout the locality. Mrs Hazelman's newest arrivals would be sent to him for breaking, after Judith and I had spent the majority of a day trying to catch the little monster, and on return a week or so later it was my job to bring them on. Oh such fun . . . and such bruises and grazes, one of which ran the length of my whole leg when I was dragged down the street by the stirrup because the mare had taken fright. How many times can you get bucked off and still smile? Mind you, safety was never at the forefront of our minds and in the summer months we would borrow a field from a Miss Hughes, a lovely, gentle lady who lived at the bottom of the village. To take the ponies there at the end of a day we would ride them bareback, hatless, with headcollars, and a canter for good measure along the edge of the field to the gate. No one ever said not to!

Rory was the first love of my life. Whilst my school friends doodled the names of their latest boyfriend over their books so I doodled 'Rory' and many believed he was a boy, not a horse! He wasn't brilliant at anything and he was getting on in years but he gave as much as he could. He had a beautiful navy blue gig and a brightly coloured coster cart; we taught ourselves to drive and would happily trot the circuit from Upperton down to Tillington, stop at the village shop for an ice cream, along the A272 towards Lodsworth, and back through River. Thinking of

that stretch of the A272, the new road had just been finished and there was now a lovely grassy middle section to separate the two carriageways, a perfect place for a canter! I drive along there now and cannot think what possessed us!

Judith and I both attended Horsham High School for Girls, it was a very long bus ride every day from Petworth and only a handful of girls' parents decided to put them through this torture, although having said that they really were the best of times and friendships made then are still strong today. When we decided to join the Pony Club we actually got off the bus at Wisborough Green and walked to the Pony Club secretary's house to sign up and then an hour later caught the bus home to Petworth. It probably caused some amusement as we weren't the usual type of Pony Club member! We referred to this very grand lady as 'Blacky Baby'!!! I cannot remember her correct surname but it was something to do with that and not the colour of her skin!

I took Rory to a few Pony Club rallies. I clearly remember one at Mrs Reid's home at Stroud Green where we were all divided into two teams. We had to answer a question and then jump a little course and get back to hand over a baton. I was so worried that Rory wouldn't be fast enough or he wouldn't jump, and one delightful team member actually voiced her opinion about his ability. I was furious with that little madam but of course it just made me more determined to prove that Rory was the perfect pony! We answered the question, which I remember as 'What is a 'green' horse?' and we cleared every jump. As for her ladyship, she couldn't answer her question! (Some years later I became firm friends with Rebecca Goff, known to many as Becca Grammer, and how we miss her now.) When Rory died I cried for a week and at the age of 15 knew that no one on earth could possibly understand my loss.

I moved on to ride Tiddles whilst Judith rode the new mare Carousel along with the naughty 'bargain' ponies that came and went . . . Paprika, Nutmeg, Nipper, Tinker . . . they taught me stickability if nothing else! When we went hunting we always hacked to meets but in those days the gates to Stag Park, Pheasant Copse and the deer park were always open on hunting days, which made life much easier. It really wasn't difficult to get to Kirdford and Balls Cross meets from Upperton. Fields were small and I recall much standing around, but also the amazing runs on an out of control pony, desperately circling in the plough to avoid overtaking the field master, Richard Barlow shouting at us to sort ourselves out, being picked up off the ground and put back on by Ted Williams, or was it Dick Denley? It was on Brinksole Common I think . . . no Tumblers League in those days! And that glorious moment when all were charging across the plough at Crawford Farm, a big hedge in front of us and whilst many were refusing I kicked on and sailed over and landed to applause! On her day she was exceptional, at less than 13.2 hh she

could clear 5 feet, but she was a mare and more than once had 3 refusals at the first fence!

We sometimes borrowed a black pony called Sabre from Mrs Phil Carroll, a friend of Mrs Hazelman, who farmed at Sutton. He was a marvellous pony with lovely paces and good for 'pairs' in local hunter trials. On one occasion I was returning him to Sutton, hacking from Upperton and as I rode along the straight road past Keyzaston Farm towards Sutton I came across a stray cow. I knew I should do something responsible and so I 'drove' it down the next drive, I was probably only about 13 years old and have no idea whether it was the correct home for the cow!

I assume that we were pretty trustworthy teenagers, ponies were our lives, we really weren't interested in boys, but I do remember Mrs Hazelman's idea to lend the ponies to a group of boys from Seaford College. I assume she charged them for the experience but it was Judith and I who had to check everything was in order before they set off, and to find that somehow they had managed to put a bridle on Tiddles upside down! So boys didn't go up in our estimation one jot!

We did all of the chores including painting the jumps that Bill Hazelman built us, digging ragwort and poo picking. Occasionally a vet would be called. Carousel had a foal Stormy and he had to be gelded. He was sedated in the field and we took it in turns to sit on his neck while the deed was done. We were horrified and amazed by the bits that got chucked to the dogs! On another gory note – we had to hose and sweep away masses of blood after Flicka and then later Rory died in their stables and were dismembered by the knacker man – would you let teenage girls do that today without expecting post traumatic shock? I can still picture it all vividly to this day.

Even the small things seem out of a bygone age now, like painting Stockholm tar in the ponies' feet so we could ride in the snow – it was supposed to stop the snow balling up in their feet – it didn't, but we weren't going to let a bit of snow stop us riding. And those heavy New Zealand rugs that always slipped to one side and weighed a ton – no polyfill high tech fabrics then . . . and always green.

Many summers we trawled the county shows, towing the trailer with an elderly Volvo and quite possibly a whelping bulldog in the back. I still have my rosettes; one signed by George Hobbs the well-known show jumper. We tried hard but we were far from professional! Of course it never rained, except when we went hunting, and it all seems to have been incredibly happy and carefree. So many memories of dogs, cats and birds too . . . the pure white Persian kitten, something to do with Kosset carpet adverts that cost £50, and was 'eaten' by Skye the Border Collie as soon as it arrived in the house, George the African Grey parrot that imitated the phone ringing and Mrs Hazelman answering, and telling the dogs to

be quiet.

I have so much to thank Margaret and Bill Hazelman for. Without them I would never have been able to continue riding through my teenage years, it was all good character building stuff and certainly kept me 'off the streets'! And my friend Judith is still my best friend 45 years on, we still keep and ride our horses together, and only a few miles away from where it all began.

Julia Edwards

## The Turner dinner – January 28th

With the experimental winter break in monthly meetings, the late January visit to the Turner Exhibition at Petworth House took on an additional savour. A jovial company indeed assembled at Church Lodge for a private viewing, guided tour and convivial meal. We began in the Exhibition Room itself where a wealth of material from other sources had been gathered on loan. Here was a reminder that Turner, a Londoner, worked not simply at Petworth but extensively in a wider Sussex as, of course, elsewhere. A bust of Jack Fuller, liberal patron of Turner, and a native of East Sussex, made the point. The Earl of Egremont's concern with oils did not discourage other patrons from the medium of water colour. Here was the felling of an ancient beech at Petworth, as so often portrayed with a background that was Turner's own interpretation. Another, from a private collection, with a brass plate attribution – Stoke Poges Church – was clearly Petworth church. Andy Loukes explained how the portrayal of St Mary's helped with dating. A preliminary sketch, made as a sample, would enable a prospective client to select the particular view he wanted. One such sketch showed the old square tower and large boats with men fishing in the lake – no figment this – think of the adjoining 'stews' to keep the fish fresh for the table. The finished picture would however show the "Barry" spire erected in 1827.

Andy spoke briefly of the Turner bequest and the massive Turner archive that remains, the will disputed by relatives and its eventual resolution. All too soon it was time for the North Gallery, the Carved Room and the Old Library – the last echoing our visit in September. Where to focus amongst so much?

Perhaps with the famous "Jessica" in the North Gallery. It's an unusual Turner, the sort of picture the artist could certainly produce but not something he would do by choice. It is said that the idea of Jessica came from a discussion at dinner: could Turner, so prodigal of yellow in the background of his landscapes, use yellow similarly in a portrait background? He did. Perhaps Jessica consciously

echoes Shylock's famous dilemma – his daughter or his gold – with the yellow perhaps symbolising the latter. Andy stressed the historical background; the concern of the Earl and other patrons to make British painting stand on its own feet, ready to challenge a slavish devotion to the Old Masters. There was an element of patriotism too – were we not the victors of Waterloo?

A leisurely tour of the Carved Room was followed by a trip up the Grand Staircase to the Old Library. In days when public art galleries simply did not exist, the great collections were the unofficial academies of British art – the receptacles of tradition. Here over the ancient chapel, originally free standing and only taken into the main complex at the close of the seventeenth century, Turner could work, in tune with illustrious predecessors. The Old Library will be the focus of a forthcoming film of Turner's life with Timothy Spall in the lead role.

P.

I hope I have achieved a modicum of accuracy. Any errors are entirely my own.



This print, copied by George Garland possibly in the 1950s, purports to show Petworth Church in 1825 after the old spire had been removed. The provenance is unknown as is the identity of Joe Cragg. (See the Turner dinner).

## Sausage making is not enough

While electricity came to Petworth in the early 1930s, up until the early 1950s the Leconfield Estate still derived its electric power from the old powerhouse in the Cow Yard, installed in the early century. It also supplied some private properties like the Tillington Road cinema. The contract to put in a new supply was given to the London firm of Drake and Goram, and two employees were billeted in the town to supervise. A price was agreed but there seemed some uncertainty about the detail of the installation. Did it include manual work like trenching, or was there a tacit assumption that the Leconfield Estate would provide a labour force? Mr Shelley the agent, then relatively new, clearly, at least as I saw it, had a problem. I was newly part of Mr Arthur Allison's team of workers on the then private Leconfield water supply, dealing not simply with supply but also with things like land drainage and wells. Barely twenty years old, just out of the Navy, and a very junior member of Mr Allison's team, I had little right perhaps to an opinion, still less any influence. I did feel however that it was very much my concern that I, and the rest of the team, might be in for some very hard graft that was essentially the responsibility of the contractor. I didn't fancy cutting a trench across Station Road and then up to Mr Shelley's house at Littlecote let alone other work with pick and shovel. Rightly or wrongly I gave notice.

I had seriously considered a career in the Navy and Lord Leconfield, for whom my father was now driver, had encouraged me to join in the first place, slightly under age at seventeen. His lordship, who, I was led to believe, had a friend who was an admiral, took an interest, not just in me but in other sons of his employees. As boys we'd sometimes have come across him when we were in the park and greet him solemnly with "Good morning, your lordship." How seriously he, or for that matter ourselves, took this formality I am not sure. He would occasionally write when I was in the Navy and subscribed to a monthly magazine "The Cricketer" for me. I also remember receiving a book on cricket. As I say, it wasn't just me; it was much more general, a kind of benevolent paternalism that sixty years or more later seems strange, but it was genuine enough. Lord Leconfield expected loyalty but, given that loyalty, he usually reciprocated.

It wasn't unusual for a sick employee to be sent down to Broadstairs on the Kent coast to recuperate. The centre was particularly noted for dealing with lung problems. I remember my uncle Alf returning in Tom Harper's taxi from a local cricket match. There was an accident, agreed not to be Tom Harper's fault. Alf was sent up to his lordship's surgeon in London, while Tom Harper, not in any way an Estate employee, had private medical attention. In 1947 when I was about to leave for the Navy, his lordship had suggested I make it my career. Normally, I

might have done more than simply consider it, but with the war over, too many were coming into the service halfway up the ladder and I felt I wouldn't make a lot of progress. Lord Leconfield was prepared to accept this and take me on staff. I started on a crisp September morning in 1947 with a hint of frost: 7.30 a.m. outside the workshops in the North Street Cow Yard. Jim Pullen was the foreman, Mr Allison, now in his mid-eighties, was head of department with Jim, highly skilled in lead work, in charge. My uncle, Alf Taylor, Fred Linkhorn, George Stillwell, Tom Dicker and Collins from Little Bognor, I can't remember his Christian name, were other members of the team. Except perhaps for Collins, they seemed men of an age with considerable experience on the Estate. By this time the men were given wage envelopes at the end of week, but earlier Mr Allison had paid them out of the kitchen window at York (now Moon) Cottage in Pound Street, the men lining up along the garden path. Alf Taylor recalled this clearly. I don't think either Mr Wilcox or Stewart Robertson, his successor as wood reeve did this. Mr Allison's water department operated more as a team than the rather dispersed woods department.

Mr Allison did not drive; in fact none of the water department did at this time. George Cross would drive him round to where the men were working. Having left the Estate, I returned to the Lombard Street butchers, where I had worked before I went into the Navy. Mr Payne had given up and I worked for Arthur Connor. The war was not long over, rationing was in force and butchery was in the doldrums; the old local slaughterhouses were no more and meat came in bagged from the Horsham Distribution Centre. There was no character to the work. I'd learned to drive so spent much of my time delivering, and, when back at the shop, sausage making. I didn't feel I was getting anywhere and through Mr Godsalve, the Leconfield clerk of the works, I gathered that Lord Leconfield had suggested I return. Mr Godsalve, who lived in the Estate Yard in what is now the Leconfield Estate office premises, had a van bought for the water department, while Bill Penfold, formerly on the building, had joined the team. Mr Allison had just died.

Mr Allison had been at Petworth since 1888 and was an expert at spring fed gravity water supply. A good example was at Sutton where, many years before, he had picked up a big spring at the foot of the downs at Glatting Hanger, piping it from the spring head into a chamber four to five feet square and four foot deep. There was a constant flow of water in and out with a three-foot head in the chamber itself. From the spring head he laid 1½ inch cast iron pipes across the field to Sutton Court Farm where there were two tanks each of a thousand gallons. There was another 500 gallon tank in the kitchen at Glatting Farm itself. With gravity supply the water reeve had of course to be punctilious at calculating

levels. Sutton was just one of a number of such out-lying gravity supplies. At Bunchell's Copse just up from Hilliers on the Horsham Road, a 6000 gallon concrete reservoir had been constructed, fed from ten different adjacent minor springs.

Another task was land drainage. Mole draining was a speciality of his. At Keyfox on the Balls Cross Road, where land drains in the fields had probably been laid early in the nineteenth century, clay tiles had been backfilled with brushwood or, if available, shingle. To supplement this, some two centuries on, a "mole" shaped like a bullet was driven at right angles to the existing land drain to enable surface water to flow into them. It could be difficult, particularly at somewhere like Keyfox where Sussex marble lay just below the surface.

Jumbo Taylor was talking to the Editor:

Regarding the Ewens family at Tillington in the last Magazine (page 31) we have as yet received no information. Ron Parsons' reply to Brian Janman's enquiry (page 30) about the Petworth Ambulance will appear in PSM 152. [Ed.]



Tillington a hundred years ago

