

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY
magazine

No.155, March 2014



Miles Costello
Petworth
Collection

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Courtesy of Mr and Mrs Knox, Hangleton.

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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 £12.00, single or double, one magazine delivered. Postal £15.00 overseas nominal £20.00. Further information may be obtained from any of the following.

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FRONT COVER designed by Jonathan Newdick. "George Stevens of Northchapel c 1934."
Original photograph by George Garland.

Subscriptions

As you will know your subscription has for years been subsidised by the monthly Book Sales. We receive no outside financial help, while our membership remains unusually large for a town of Petworth's size. Here are a few figures.

Magazine delivered locally 2013-2014 – **£10.00**

Cost to Society: 4 Magazines – **£13.50**

Subsidy – £3.50

Magazine posted 2013-2014 – **£13.50**

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Subsidy – £4.40 [assuming postal rates remain constant]

Overseas:

4 Magazines – **£13.50** + Postage (anything from **£27** to **£32**)

Subsidy – £20.00 +

The Magazine will continue to be subsidised from the Book Sales and we should receive some help from Gift Aid but clearly we would be irresponsible not to react.

New subscriptions:

Local delivery – **£12.00**

Postal – **£15.00**

Overseas commuted – **£20.00**

Chairman's notes

Welcome to a New Year and Issue 155. Once again I have tried to blend a "mix" from the material available. I am pleased to have "Old Petworth Traders" making a reappearance but a number of other features have been held over. There is no room for "Daisy's" teenage diary and I have rested "Does it matter?" There was, at least as I write, no response to the Girl Guide picture in the last Magazine. Surprised? With the Petworth Society nothing surprises me.

A word about monthly meetings. Obviously I cannot comment on the Garland lecture in November but Pete Fijalkowski (see PSM 154) and Bertie Pearce were, in their different ways, as good as it gets. Paul Stevens is with us on January 29th and Alison Neil returns with her new show in March. Miles will introduce his eagerly awaited volume on Petworth Inns and Alehouses in April.

My apologies to anyone who missed the February Book Sale. We managed to sort ourselves out earlier than expected and, frankly, we need the February money; our activities are so dependent on Book Sale income.

You'll see that I have included four nature studies by Dan Smith in the central photographs. I thought they'd brighten up the rather glum winter weather. The birds! aren't members but they're certainly local. I'm told they borrow someone else's Magazine.

Peter

17th January 2014

I. And the bee!

Petworth fair 2013

Cars parked in Market Square at 10 o'clock, some of them still there at 12 o'clock. Always an uneasy time, tradition nudging minor inconvenience. The very occasional dissident. Last year's weather, the worst since 1986, year of the revival, sticks in the mind. This year Peter Kaufman has come up from Guernsey to sample the atmosphere. He's brought his 1930s Brussels dance organ with him.

The decision not to have the Town Band had been difficult: no defiant Sussex by the Sea. But this is the 28th year: the fair must evolve. The clerk of the market is

not competing in a popularity contest, nor has he the freedom of the (possibly apocryphal) lady who having roundly lambasted the organisers' lack of loyalty to the Town Band added, "Of course, I never go to the Fair anyway." Something for Peter Kaufman to think on after his long journey.

Our thinking was that Carla Hendriks and the Paul Stiles band would keep the Hall back-up going a little longer. Our experience is that once the Hall is quiet, the outside event can quickly tail off. It worked reasonably well: my reservation being that free admission didn't do justice to the quality of singer or band. They deserved the settled audience an entrance fee might have provided. As it was, the band played on, seemingly oblivious to a shifting audience.

Miles' Images of Old Petworth was new and a resounding success. It's a theme on which innumerable variations can, and probably will, be played. The houses in front of the church, pulled down in 1896 never fail to intrigue, the children perched precariously on the Infant School wall in 1885 as if in studied defiance of modern health and safety.

Looking back, it all seems a unified whole. Even the discordant notes, the mutterings, the Spanish driver edging his leviathan through the Cut, all set against the tradition of a thousand years. Is Petworth really the oldest surviving street fair in the South of England? And what if it is? The attribution to St Edmund may well reflect a Norman desire, as conquerors, to reinstate the old Saxon saints. In modern terms a P.R. exercise. Punch and Judy and tombola and the demography of modern fairs. There's more disposable income in poorer areas than where there is a "squeezed middle" with mortgages, job uncertainty, school fees and the rest. Fairmen can, indeed need to, keep their wits about them.

The rain came punctually at six o'clock peak time but was short-lived. We've all worked hard this year and Roger's determined postering has clearly paid off. It's been my 28th fair as it has been Keith's. It's late and we're all tired, very much a committee effort. 2014 will see another year.

P.

I. My 'St Edmund Smiles' Petworth fair from 1986-2011 (Window Press 2012) is available at £10. Let me know if you would like one.

The 24th Garland Lecture: 'What if . . . ?'

What if George Garland had emigrated to South Africa as planned in 1926? What if, because of eye troubles, he had taken the doctor's advice and not pursued his ambition to be a press photographer? What if he had then based himself anywhere but in the remote Coultershaw and Duncton countryside, where, it is understood, he washed his prints in the horse trough outside the Railway Inn? What if he had concentrated on writing instead of photography?

We shall never know, but Peter, in his presentation of Garland's early years – he was as old as the century – used the launch of his latest book 'George Garland (1922-27)' to intrigue the audience with the background, the stories and photographs of this singular character.

Garland was a presence in Peter's life from childhood until his death in 1978. The book has been produced in collaboration with Jonathan Newdick, in Peter's words "a masterpiece of book presentation art", the photographs given plenty of space, with such information as has become available from the original captions and discussion with the people depicted, their families and friends.

Details of Garland's childhood are sketchy. Nothing is known of his father. He lived with his mother at the Railway Inn at Coultershaw (now The Badger), first housekeeper, then wife of Henry Streeter, the landlord. Relations were not easy and he left and lodged with the Goatcher family at Duncton Post Office on his mother's death.

He became expert at chess, representing the South of England and often playing with the Revd Tatchell, vicar of Midhurst. He formed friendships with the mostly lay Roman Catholic Franciscans at Duncton; Brother Lawrence taught him to use a camera. He was about to move out to join an uncle in South Africa, but, at the very last minute, received news of the uncle's death, so he remained in the local area for the rest of his life.

During the period covered by the book, he was sending photographs to the local and national press, the first one, of a paint lorry which had failed to negotiate the bend at Coultershaw Mill and ended up down the river bank. The news had come to him! Otherwise, he covered the area by cycle and later, motorcycle.

Shown at the lecture were pictures of the annual clog-making from alder wood at Burton Park by a team from Lancashire, cider making, flooding at Pulborough, Sutton May Revels, stoolball, hare-coursing and otter hunting. Society pictures of the gentry at hunt meets and other events were popular with the 'shilling weeklies' such as *The Tatler*, but their interest declined after 1930.

Comparatively few people at the meeting had known George Garland personally, whereas 20 years ago an audience would have contained a majority

who had gone to him for their wedding photographs or portraits of their children, looking out for the changing display outside the studio in Station Road.

The photograph of the evening was of 'Old Shep' the kind of character who Garland would portray in person at local entertainments and so, for many, the climax was the emergence of Peter in the original smock and hat, with the crook – yes he had inherited those – to tell a stream of Garland jokes – quite unexpected and certainly hilarious. It was a pity he couldn't get the gaiters on!

KCT

[George Garland (1922-27) sold out. I hope everyone who wanted one managed to acquire a copy. Ed.]

Bertie Pearce entertains

He certainly does! A 'magical' performance in every way.

From the very start, Bertie had us in fits of laughter which continued throughout the hour-long performance.

Not only is he a most accomplished conjurer and illusionist, his penetrating wit gives a sparkle to the tricks which, in the hands of a run-of-the-mill 'magician' would mystify and cause wonder, but not the side-splitting amusement which involved the audience at this very special Christmas evening.

Some 'privileged' members were selected by Bertie to 'assist' in some of the tricks, having to be subjected to compliments and insults of a good nature. To mention just a few: Carol was able to transfer her thoughts to Jim with the aid of an egg whisk; Celia discovered two oranges in her hand; torn newspaper was restored; a white handkerchief became red, then white, then both; there was the question of how many ropes; the flying duck egg; the silver rings, separate or linked; another torn-up newspaper which became a hat and a handbag; the never-ending supply of playing cards, all of which involved members of the audience, from 8 year-old Joseph upwards.

The hilarious climax came with Richard and Andy at either end of a piece of rope on to which were threaded an incongruous medley of items, including a jug, a lavatory seat, a lawn mower and a mug at each end. Get it? Sorry about that, Richard and Andy. The rope was eventually threaded through the arms of Richard's jumper before being given a sharp tug, when all was freed. That ended with a 'group hug' to show no ill feelings, while the audience recovered.

A report cannot include Bertie's flow of asides, comments and stories which

made his performance a complete entertainment.

The evening ended with the 'seasonal raffle', mince pies, coffee and tea (thanks to the ladies of the committee), who coped with a double booking of the room, delaying their preparation. Thanks too, to Debbie and Gordon, for the beautiful Christmas tree.

KCT

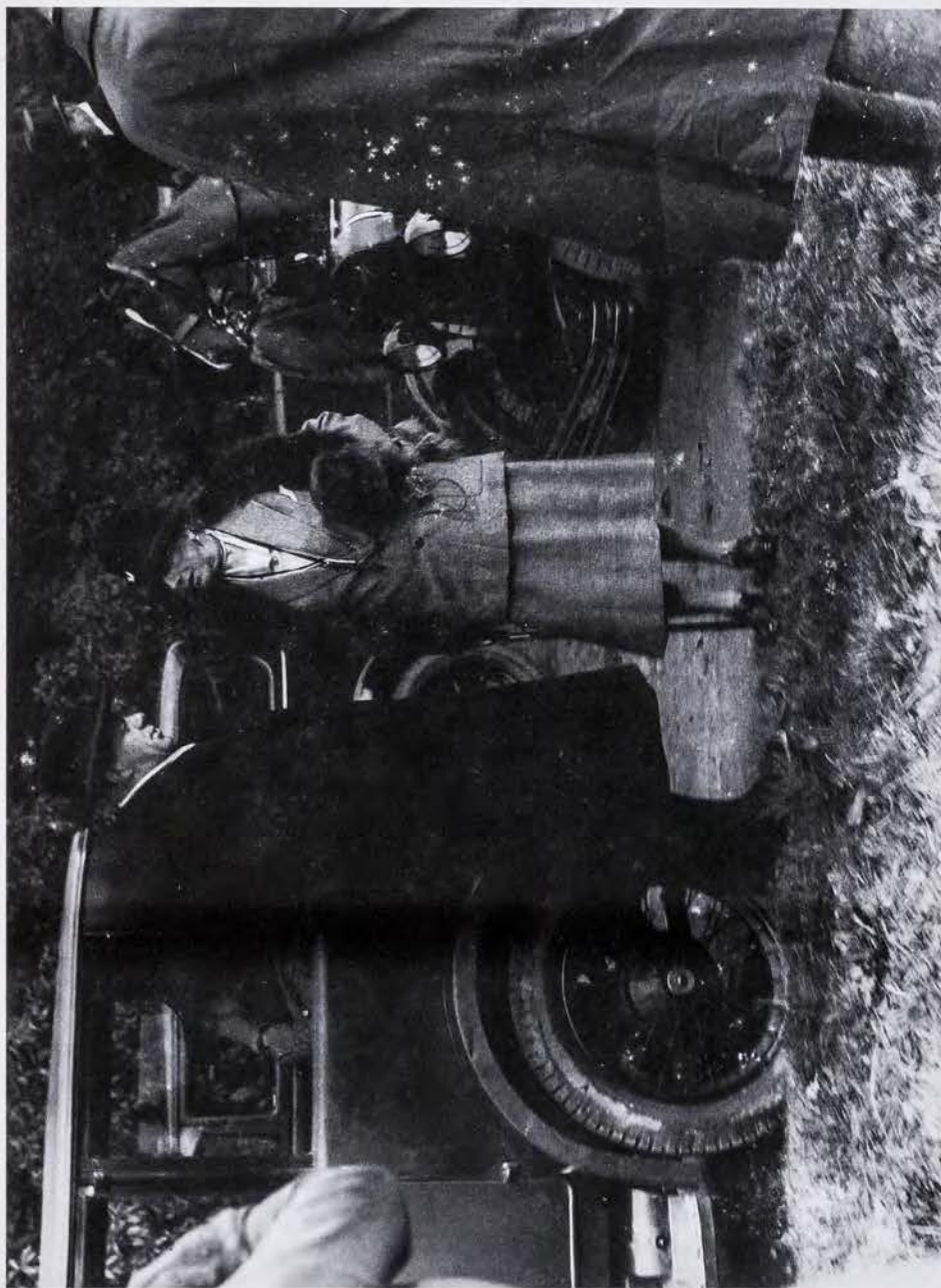
"A turbulent priest." The December book sale

"I'd like to have a few moments with him, so would lots of others. He'd get some plain words. Let them do as they've made others do."¹ "Him" is George Bell, bishop of Chichester from 1929 to 1958, the complaint is about a plea to divert scarce American supplies to a stricken post-war Germany and the writer a Petworth mother who had lost a son in the bombing of the North Street boys' school in 1942. Bell had preached at the memorial service. "So would lots of others." It was fair comment: feelings were raw and Bell's combative views had aroused very considerable opposition not simply in his own diocese but countrywide.

Perhaps the greatest bonus of the Book Sale is that it forces me to look beyond set horizons. Amongst the undoubted dross there's always something to provoke thought. Here's a book² which makes no mention of Petworth but perhaps throws a little light on our opening paragraph.

Born in 1883, George Kennedy Allen Bell had become a member of Archbishop Randall Davidson's staff at Lambeth Palace as early as 1914. During the 1914-1918 war, in which he lost two brothers, he quickly became indispensable. In the 1920s he was actively involved in initiatives to bring the Protestant churches of Germany and Scandinavia into a wider fellowship. Moving to Canterbury as Dean he showed an unusual interest for the time in the church's attitude to the arts, something he would continue with considerable success at Chichester. Not a biblical scholar as such, nor a particularly inspired speaker³, Bell had a steely solid, obstinate resolve to speak his mind. He was not easily deterred or rebuffed. His early links with the German churches led him to see the dangers implicit in Hitler's policies, long before his fellow bishops.

He rightly distrusted Hitler's "national" church and could see the inevitable outcome in suffering of "Aryanising". He early called attention to the particular



Bishop Bell with the Hon. Lady Cunliffe. Leconfield Opening Meet Pitshill 1929.
Photograph by G. G. Garland.

plight of those who, while not Jews, had been declared non-Aryan by virtue of more or less distant Jewish descent. Opposed to war as he was, he hated Nazi ideology even more and trod a tortuous path during the years of appeasement, not carrying his fellow bishops with him and at open issue with Bishop Headlam of Gloucester.

Under the threat of invasion and Churchill's wartime government, British policy inevitably became stridently anti-German, but Bell obstinately spoke his mind. His intimate knowledge of Germany made him aware of significant opposition to Hitler within Germany itself and he felt that the overthrow of Hitler from within would at once bring the war to an end and give the German people a measure of self-respect. Neither Churchill, Lord Vansittart nor Eden were prepared to accept this, particularly as the war turned toward the Allies. As a member of the House of Lords, Bell simply refused to be muzzled: he condemned the suffering caused by saturation bombing and was not alone in questioning its tactical efficacy while the bombings at Hiroshima and elsewhere horrified him. He pleaded for scarce American aid to be diverted to the desperately suffering German people. The judgement of history is perhaps that he was more often right than he was wrong, always courageous, occasionally wrong-headed. Battered but unbowed, he is affectionately remembered now when his episcopal colleagues are long forgotten. Curiously, for one so immersed in the "real" Germany he never came to terms with the German language, I have to sympathise with him, I've always found it difficult too!

December isn't one of the better months and this year's sale was very much in the shadow of two months' lay off. Contrary to expectation, however, we would be back in February. That said, December held up very well.

R. C. Jasper: *George Bell* (Oxford 1970) is the standard biography. Kenneth Slack's shorter work is concise and very readable.

P

1. PSM 152 (June 2013) page 40.
2. Edwin Robertson: *Unshakeable Friend: George Bell and the German Churches* (CCBI 1995). Robertson was able to use previously unavailable archival material.
3. Kenneth Slack: (*George Bell*: SCM 1971) writes, "He was a speaker of almost over-powering dullness." (page 16). Slack had often shared a platform with Bell.

Again Wicked Hammonds

"Wicked Hammonds" house, so-called in PSM 154 page 17 is now known as Soanes and goes back as far as 1540 at least (The Place Names of Sussex Part 1 1929 page 119), after one Richard Sones, so the reason given to Constable and Leslie in 1834 that it was named after a former tenant strongly suspected of serious crime is probably an example of popular wit supplying a spurious link. This had misled everyone. Hammons (however spelled) is a nickname applied by those who knew their Bible, where in the book of Esther, the queen (Esther) tells the king "The adversary and enemy is this wicked Haman" (Esther viii 6). A resident there before 1834 was nicknamed "Wicked Haman" for his conduct.

As for "the bones of a Christian" this might imply as distinct from the bones of a dog, cow etc. It would certainly suggest foul play of some kind.

Two smaller points:

Writing in an earlier Magazine, I mentioned the elusive Parson Acon "parson de Petworth." The Latin 'de' can mean "of" but it can also mean "from", i.e. Acon could be a parson from Petworth not parson of Petworth, certainly he does not appear on the list of incumbents in Petworth church.

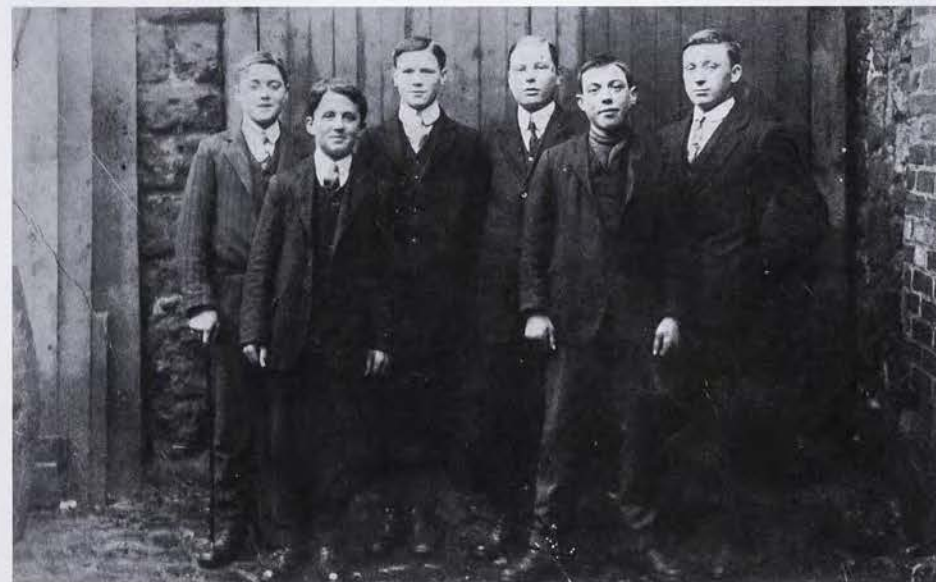
The reference in PSM 154 page 8 to the original L-shape to old Petworth House may suggest Northumberland and Percy influence: as the border gradually became more peaceful original single defence towers were often provided with side extensions.

Jeremy Godwin

We will remember . . .

The figure on the extreme left of the group is Alfred Tickner. The postcard was probably taken at Petworth but the other group members are unlikely now to be identified. The other postcard shows Avis Tickner, Alfred's mother in the doorway of her Leconfield cottage in North Street, with her is Alfred's sister Alice Kate born in 1897. Alfred, born in 1900, enlisted at Horsham in the 2nd Battalion the Rifle Brigade, became a lance corporal and died in action 27th August 1918.

Courtesy Mrs P.Turland



Eighteen years on

Enthusiasm can wane, impetus can falter. That was the sombre advice of the Museums' adviser in 1996. Clearly she had seen all too many such projects start brightly and then fade. Her job was not to dissuade or discourage but to play devil's advocate. She had doubts about the new museum's capital fund. She had also seen too many brave ventures fail to survive the departure of their funding generation. When these relinquished their role, who would continue?

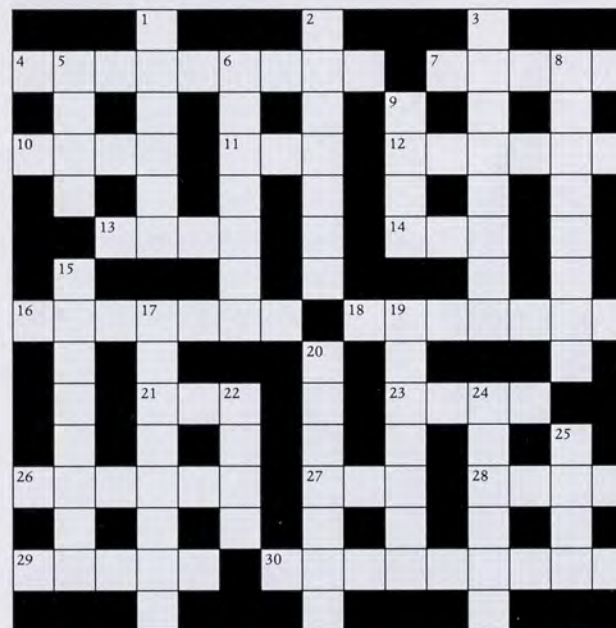
Eighteen years on. It's New Year and it's been raining for days, or so it seems. The Christmas tree in the parlour window will soon be removed. In a couple of days it will be old Christmas day. There are mince pies in the lighted window and some oranges are softening in their dish. It's unseasonably mild with none of the sharp mystery of a cold season. There's a shallow pond where the brick path dips beside the mangle. The solitaire board on the table is as solitary as its name implies, while "Mrs Cummings" keeps lonely vigil upstairs. With minor changes all is much as it was in 1996 and much as, in our original imagining, things might have been in 1910. The hidden night storage heaters give a clammy warmth. The two sepia photographs of Petworth's horse-drawn fire engine would have been new in 1910. A curious thing for Mary Cummings to display and how come the frames are so battered? They would have been new in 1910. Or that piece of peeling wallpaper – a reminder perhaps that Mary might be no more immune to life's minor irritations than we are in 2014.

Eighteen years. The Museum has defied those initial forebodings. In good times or bad, its salvation lies in the vitality of the original idea. It's a reciprocal experience: visitor and steward cannot remain on one side of the counter. It's an experience that is remembered. How often, however, that dread word "Museum" denies 346 a visitor.

The continuing rain dances in the shallow pool outside, the two gooseberry bushes stolidly survive another year. Will the shabby platoon of clary plants in the side border prove an effective alternative to wallflowers? The sodden centre plot simply awaits the spring. Come April 346 will be open again.

P.

PETWORTH CROSSWORD



ACROSS

- 4** His views of Sussex are currently displayed at Petworth House (9)
7 & 29ac Come up with a winning card in this Petworth passage way (5,5)
10 It was built in 1788 to replace the Bridewell (4)
11 Notorious pub which once stood on the road from Petworth to Wisborough Green (3)
12 Gone missing – an animal destined to go in the pound maybe! (6)
13 Breed of horse once stabled at Petworth (4)
14 A favourite subject of Turner's paintings (3)
16 24dn would have eventually exchanged their uniforms for these (7)
18 A tunnel led from the grounds of the House to this area of domestic life (7)
21 Half a famous painting by 4ac (3)

- 23** Ninth letter of the Greek alphabet (4)

- 26** Means of cutting up meat finely (6)
27 A young boy – he may have worked in the stables (3)
28 Grain commonly used in C17th in payment of rent (4)
29 See 7ac
30 Where the Duke of Somerset kept his rabbits (5,4)

DOWN

- 1** He would have looked after the horses at an inn (6)
2 A Leconfield Estate woodland – mainly chestnut (7)
3 Author of "A Testament of Youth" vividly portrayed by Rohan McCullough last year (8)
5 A tradition which keeps history alive (4)
6 Friendly and genial – the 3rd Earl may have been described thus (7)

- 8** Winds through the countryside – like the River Shimmings (8)
9 Freshwater fish (4)
15 It was knocked down to make way for the old Infants School (8)
17 Clive – he's disturbed by traffic through the town (8)
19 Together with Dionysus, she forms part of a bust in Petworth House (7)
20 Find idle Ron in this one time Petworth inn (3,4)
22 You might find a dismantled dray here (4)
24 Companies of soldiers – they camped in Petworth Park during various conflicts ... (6)
25 ... and would have created one when they marched through the town (4)

SOLUTION TO PETWORTH SOCIETY 2013 CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- 4 Stable, 6 Artefact, 7 Come, 8 Farm, 10 Allsorts, 11 Ever, 13 Deal, 14 Drum, 17 Saga, 18 Caroller, 21 Magi, 23 Gage, 24 Britain, 25 Grotto

DOWN

- 1 Rambles, 2 Stuffed, 3 Afar, 4 Still, 5 Limit, 7 Chorus, 9 Mail, 12 Repose, 14 Dorm, 15 Magical, 16 Garland, 19 A Pair, 20 Limbo, 22 Arts



The Naked and the Dead. Petworth Floral Art Show 1959.
Photograph by George Garland.

Petworth Horticultural Society

The demise of the Petworth Horticultural Society is a sad day for those who have given staunch support over many years. With flower shows, talks, outings and trading the Society has done its best to encourage gardening but interest has gradually faded and it has been impossible to replace retiring Committee members.

Founded in 1946 by Messrs. Mickleborough, Lawson-Walton and Steer as a member of the Village Produce Association when food production was still very important following the wartime Dig for Victory campaign, the Society soon grew. Pea and Bean sticks from the Leconfield Estate, 2 tons of seed potatoes collected from Petworth Station by Charlie Peacock and stored in the garage at Culvercroft for sale to members was a good beginning.

In 1977 following large increases in the affiliation fees it was decided to leave the V.P.A. and become the P.H.S. This made little difference to the activities.

Many trophies have been given to the Society over the years, Major Mant, Mrs Montfort-Bebb, Mrs Nevitt, Mr Lund and Miss Hardy amongst others.

My own association of some 60 years, mostly as an officer of some kind has been very enjoyable and I shall miss the flower shows greatly.

Perhaps Mr Titchmarsh & Co with so many T.V. programmes have made armchair gardening an easier option!

A more detailed account of the history of the Society compiled by Douglas Cook-Martin is to be found in the library.

D. Simpson

Old Petworth traders (9) Charles Dempster

In mid-Victorian Petworth Charles Dempster ran the town's two main hostleries: the Half Moon on the site of the present NatWest Bank and the Swan fronting on to the west side of the Square and continuing into Saddlers Row and Park Road. Both buildings would be demolished as the old century turned. It is possible to pick up a few echoes of Charles Dempster in Miles' compendious index of PSM 1-100.

Writing in the *West Sussex Gazette* in January 1861¹ an anonymous juror light-

heartedly compared a recent visit to Petworth with one five years before. The "energetic landlord" is Charles Dempster:

Going up the stairs of the Swan, I see the same bar – exactly the same as it was six years ago. I cast a smiling look at the pretty barmaid, which isn't responded to as it was six years ago; and I am led to the reflection that the pretty barmaid was perhaps a little child of thirteen, six years ago, and that I am growing an old fool. Passing into our room I encounter the same energetic landlord. He certainly has all the bustle of six years ago: but I detect little personal points bespeaking six years' wear and tear, and am satisfied. Still his voice is here, there, and everywhere. In his hotel he is like a rooster in a farmyard; and if a man be smoking in a room where he ought not to be, or any other little delinquency is going on he routs him out in a jiffy. There is no nonsense about him, and one must get up pretty early to impose any blarney upon him. Then again he comes in to the grand Jury, just as he did six years ago – and I hope he may do so in six years time – and asks, "Gentlemen, what time would you like dinner?" The point is settled, and away we go to work just as we did six years ago; accomplish our business, eat our dinners, and perform everything in the same manner as we did six years ago, sitting in the same chairs and leaning on the same table; and talking about the jury six years ago, and the number of those present at that time who are too old now and number present now who will be too old for the next draught of jurymen – all just as we did six years ago.

Other references in PSM speak of busy days in Goodwood week. Capt Cooper and a large party of friends, including the Duke of St Albans, using the Half Moon as a base during the 1863 meeting, and a similar full house in 1873. Charles Dempster ran an omnibus to meet all trains arriving at Petworth Station while according to Harry Tree² Dempster's brewer was one Jim Denyer and his brewery one of two in Petworth:

"It was nice to walk through the town in those days and be able to smell the malt making. We got good home brewed beer at 2d. a pint then, and in Petworth it was generally declared that anyone having two pints of Dempster's "fivepenny" would want to fight all and sundry!"

Seltzer is a sparkling natural mineral water found near Wiesbaden in Germany but may here be a generic term for a type of soda water.

1. See Miles Costello in PSM 98 (December 1999). A Grand Juryman would be a country freeholder one of a quorum who would deliberate over indictments and establish whether there was a prima facie case before committing a defendant for trial.

2. PSM 14 (September 1978).

[NB: This is numbered 9 as we went from 8 to 10 in PSM 149. Ed.]

W. Shelwin
Dr. L. **CHARLES DEMPSTER,**
Half Moon Family Hotel,
and Swan Commercial Inn,
PETWORTH.
SHEATHER & CO. LONDON.

Posting in all its Branches.

1873-			
June 18	5 dozen Stouts		2
	Bottles		1
Sept 15	1 Dish of Cooked Meat		16
21	5 dozen of Stouts		2
	Bottles		1
22	5 dozen Soda		19
	Bottles		1
Oct 6	1 Bottle Soda Water		3
			6
Credit by	10 Soda & 10 Seltzer		
	Bottles		3 14
			8 2
Dec 11	1 Gallon Pale Brandy		1 5
P. A.	Dempster		
	Money		1 18 2

The spirit of Petworth CNCH

The earlier history of the present Petworth Cottage Nursing and Convalescent Home has yet to be written but some facts are well-known. The building was given to Petworth by the then Lady Leconfield in 1867, prior to that it had probably been farm cottages. Between the wars two public wards were added thanks to a donation from Lord Woolavington while another donor added a small operating theatre. The Hospital would continue more or less unchanged until and through the second world war. Some of the boys injured in the North Street school bombing received at least initial treatment there. The Hospital had no state funding, being supported by a very active League of Friends.

All changed in 1947 when the Hospital was taken over by the National Health Service. It was run by the NHS until 1970 when a change in government policy toward funding larger district units led to a proposal to close the hospital. Vigorous local protest earned a respite but it was brief. The hospital was closed in 1971. All furniture and equipment was removed and the building put up for sale, the District Valuer setting a figure of £20,000 on the site. By now only the building remained, even the linoleum having been removed. No buyer came forward. Strongly supported by the late Lord Egremont, an anonymous benefactor bought the building. Only on her death in 2003 was it revealed to have been Miss Jeanne Coutauld.

No longer a working hospital, the Cottage Hospital became a nursing home registered as a charity and with a newly appointed board of trustees. The trustees set up an Appeal Committee and, within a year, £17,000 had been raised for furniture and equipment while individual benefactors were prepared to endow beds and private rooms. The first patients were admitted as early as 1972, admission being restricted to those living within a ten mile radius but allowing parents of those living within the qualifying area to claim eligibility.

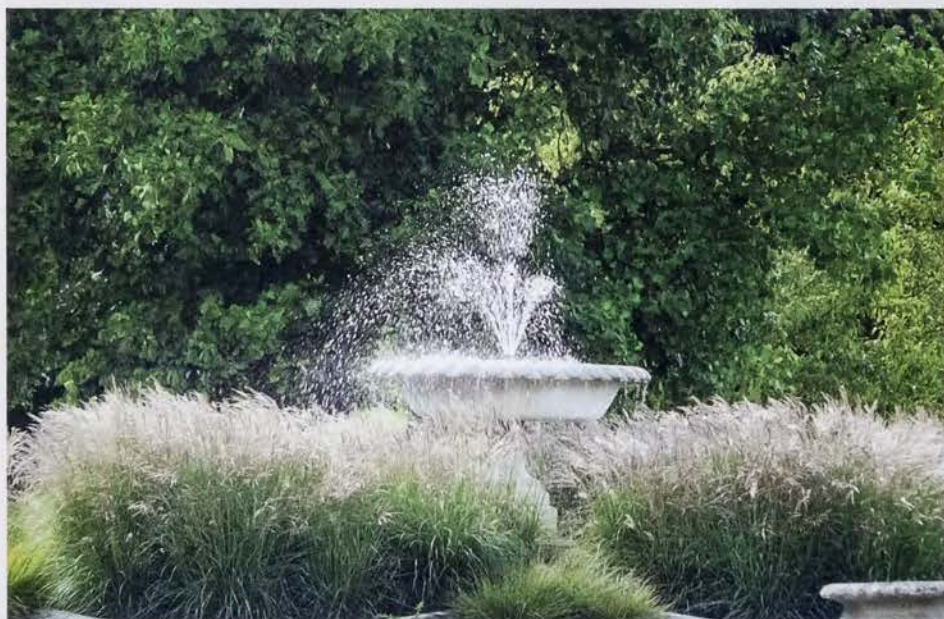
I was living in Pulborough at the time but Judith Nagel from Spar Farm at Wisborough Green was a great supporter of the hospital and insisted that I became involved. I have been a volunteer at the "Cottage" ever since and have now lived in Petworth for years.

While the "Cottage" is an independent charity it is subject to regular inspection by the local Health Authority. Compliance is mandatory and "recommendations" can be expensive. In 1987 the old mixed wards were replaced by single rooms. In fact the response was as "mixed" as the old system: some preferred the companionship of the old wards. Others the new privacy.

The trustees can never be complacent: we have no support from public funding. The hospital has to support itself or perish. Fund-raising can never be put on the



Alison Neil returns in March!



Two reminders of 2013:

1. The Old Lime Kiln at Ebernoe. PSM 154 page 46.

2. Fountain on our visit to Firlie Place 18th September. PSM 154 page 10. Photographs by David Wort.



Bee on scabious. Sheepdowns, Petworth.

Photograph by Daniel Smith (DanielCraigPhotographic) as are the three following.



Robin in a local garden.



Great wagtail in a local garden.



Heron at South Pond, Midhurst.

House Parlour & Duties.

To be down punctually by 6. am. Calling
mistress on the way.
Open ~~bed~~ window & strip bed before leaving
room.

Sweep & dust small drawing room.
Polish floor & dust front Hall - See that
scraper is brushed & brass if polished also
door handles.

Sweep & dust dining room - lay breakfast
table for 7.30.

Second song 8 am

After own breakfast & prayers.
Clear away dining room breakfast & wash
up. (Keep silver separate from knives in
Rupia) Wash silver in two waters & in separate
basins - hang under soap in second bowl - polish &
use fork cleaner before putting in basket
Put knives in pig. & wash - both handles.
Wipe on damp cloth only.

Polish dining room table after breakfast &
Sweep up - round table.

Brush gentleman's clothes in servant's Hall
& return to master's wardrobe.

12. o'clock dress for lunch.

12.30. Ring fork song - & lay lunch

See "Downstairs"!



The real Shep: beware of imitations! See Keith's review of the Garland lecture.
Photograph by David Wort.

back burner. Like everything else, ideas come and go and the well-tried replaced by something else. Many will remember the Steam Fair, very much Marjorie Keogh-Murphy's project. I remember helping on the Book Stall and being surprised by the brisk trade I was doing. I later found that some of the books I had been selling were rather more explicit than might have been expected of a charity such as ours!

Most readers will know of the hugely successful annual Quiz, the alternating Christmas Fair at Upwaltham and cards round the Christmas tree at Fitzleroi, while the traditional Alfresco lunch has been held at the Manor House, Duncton for some years now. We are often helped by those who have appreciated kindness shown to relatives in their stay at the Hospital. A good example of this is support with Marquee erection for our larger events. After several years the annual Marmalade Sale, timed to coincide with Society Book Sale, has been discontinued. We felt it put an excessive burden on a few in proportion to income received. So often fund-raising is a matter of thinking on your feet in relation to changing circumstances: essential as it is, it can also be good public relations and even, sometimes, be enjoyable! It's occasionally possible to do a variation on a well-known theme. Fetes, as everyone knows, are hard work, and one year, instead of the dreaded fete, we put on a "phantom" fete, we simply asked for donations. The response was surprising – we had more in donations than we might have made at the fete. No doubt in this case the exception proved the rule. Another important source of income comes from legacies and bequests.

In 2002 plans were made to extend the premises by building a new two-storey wing, while, at the same time, making improvements to the main building. The almost unbelievable sum of £1,000,000 was raised by the Silver Appeal, Lewis Golden and Lord Egremont playing leading roles. We had help from the London livery companies, and the many generous benefactors were by no means all local. New kitchens were built and there are now 32 bedrooms.

It would be idle to pretend that the hospital has not at times lived dangerously in the financial sense. It is in the nature of things that it will. It has to pay its way and that means operating as far as possible to full capacity. We cater for short term respite patients and for longer stays. We can offer palliative care but have no expertise with the ever-growing problem of dementia.

The hospital is staffed by a fully-trained matron and assistant matron and a rota of trained nurses; one fully trained nurse is on duty at night and another during the day. There are also a number of auxiliary staff.

Thirty years on I still go in twice a month to make morning coffee and tea and help with the flower rota. Until two years ago I was chair of the League of Friends. As we have always done, we raise money, not toward running costs but



PETWORTH SOCIETY ACTIVITIES SHEET

Spring Programme – please keep for reference

WALKS

Cars leave Petworth main car park at 2.15pm.

Sunday 23rd March:

David and Ian's Opening walk.

Sunday 27th April:

John's Northchapel Postman's walk.

or

Ian and David's April walk.

Sunday 25th May:

Ian and David's May walk.

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

Tuesday 4th March:

Alison Neil returns – see overleaf. £8.

Wednesday 23rd April:

Miles Costello introduces his new book *Petworth Inns and Alehouses*. £4.

See Order Form at bottom of page.

Petworth Society Book Sales Leconfield Hall – 10am-3pm – Admission FREE

SATURDAY 8TH MARCH

SATURDAY 12TH APRIL

SATURDAY 10TH MAY

Books to donate? Ring: Peter on **01798 342562** or Miles on **01798 343227**

Tuesday 13th May – Annual General Meeting

NB: 7.15pm • Free admission • Refreshments • Raffle

Gill Parker: My life as a Playboy Bunny. Gill is an accredited W.I. speaker.

Miles Costello – *Petworth Inns and Alehouses*

100 numbered copies at– £15.00

Name:

Address

Telephone


Would like copy/copies at **£15.00**. Postage please add **£2.00**.

I enclose a cheque payable to **M. Costello**, at 9 South Grove, Petworth, West Sussex, GU28 0ED.

Telephone: 01798 343227.

LECONFIELD HALL – TUESDAY 4TH MARCH – 7.30pm – £8.00

From the award-winning creator of "Bella – The Story of Mrs Beeton"
"The Sixth Wife", "The Just-William Lady", "The Shakespeare Ladies Club"
"Truly Yours, C.B." and "Living in the Light"



THE FOSSIL LADY OF LYME

THE STORY OF MARY ANNING

Written and performed by **ALISON NEIL**

"this mesmerically gifted actress"

"destined to delight audiences wherever she tours"

EXCURSIONS:

Debby has two in prospect for mid and late summer.
Details in next Magazine.

TYPESCRIPT:

The Society has a 24-page typescript written by a Mrs Sabina Melville and brought to the Ebernoe School book launch in 2005 see "This side of the moon" (PSM 121 September 2005). It relates to the Baker family at Roundwick Farm, Ebernoe during and succeeding the 1914-1918 war. We are anxious to trace the provenance of this typescript. Can anyone help?

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY

REGISTERED CHARITY 268071

Annual Subscription March 2014 to February 2015

Subscriptions are now due and should be paid to

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Mrs S, Slade
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Email: sue.slade@gmail.com

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We have been recognized, by the Charity Commission as able to claim Gift Aid. If you are a UK Tax payer it would be much appreciated if you would fill in the Gift Aid form below.

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Surname.....

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Post Code.....

Date.....

Signature.....

I confirm I have paid or will pay an amount of Income Tax and/or Capital Gains Tax for the current tax year (6 April to 5 April) that is at least equal to the amount of tax that all the charities and Community Amateur Sports Clubs that I donate to will reclaim on my gifts for the current tax year. I understand that other taxes such as VAT and Council Tax do not qualify. I understand the charity will reclaim 25p of tax on every £1 that I have given.

* Should you have any queries regarding the above please contact The Treasurer contact details as above*

Subscriptions can be paid at the Book Sale on Saturday March 8th, when we will have a special desk in the foyer from 10-12noon in the Leconfield Hall

toward making the Cottage ever more comfortable – hoists, beds, curtains. Speaking personally, I love the Cottage and have always felt happy there, and can look back on so many tireless servants of the Cottage. Perhaps it's invidious to mention particularly Jill Biggs, that marvellous Scots character Mrs Cumming, our indefatigable treasurer Paula Whybrow and above all the almost legendary Mary Ashby, a real pillar of the hospital. I remember a visiting husband coming in just after the coffee break to see his wife. "Would you like a coffee?" I asked. Yes, he would. I made ready to take it into him in the sitting room. "You can't do it like that," said Mary. "It must be on a tray." Mary never relaxed her standards. She insisted on driving to a very advanced age. Sitting beside her I sometimes wondered. "They don't make gear-boxes like they used to," said Mary and I wondered a little more. Lastly I remember the old gentleman who insisted on wearing his hat even in bed and the lovely lady I found wandering about seemingly perplexed. I took her to her room – only to be told, "Hasn't anyone told you it's rude to point?"

Phyllis-Anne Dutton-Forshaw was talking to the Editor.

Selham days (4)

At this time, the EEC was calling for more milk and crops to be produced and brought out the Farm and Horticulture Development Scheme (FHDS). An extra 10% grant was paid for virtually any improvement you could make on the farm to buildings, roads, fencing, gates and drainage. I was only milking the cows two days a week so I had more time for on the farm type work. During the late 1970s and early 1980s we completely re-fenced the farm inclusive of 4ft x 19 gauge rabbit netting, built a 300m x 6inch concrete track for the cows to cross the Selham to Ambersham road in order to graze the fields south of this road as we now had 160 cows. We also laid a 3inch deep tarmac road from Manor Farm to Smoky Hole. In 1982-1983 we under-drained 30 acres of water meadow that always lay wet and had previously produced very little grass. The meadows had in earlier times been left with shallow drainage gulleys two chains apart. These were levelled and tile and shingle under drainage installed using laser levelling. The drained meadows were re-seeded the same autumn and proved a revelation the following year. Thirty years later and all the drains are still running. The drainage grant was 60% of the cost, however it was still a huge outlay and the overdraft suffered again.

By 1984 there were surpluses of milk which resulted in milk quotas. The farm was up together so I made the herdsman redundant. I thought I may as well milk

the cows myself rather than run around after someone else doing it. I agreed with my herdsman that he could stay in his cottage and do the relief milking in lieu of rent. The arrangement suited everyone.

Like most producers we cut feed and concentrates to remain under quota and consequently only made a small profit that year. It was soon obvious that there were two alternatives to remain in dairying: to go down the low cost production route, which was of no interest to me or buy in 50,000 litres of quota annually at over 30p/litre to stay in business. Despite this, the late 1980s and early 1990s turned out to be good years in the dairy. We had been making our own silage in the 1974 built 150ft x 50ft x 12ft high silage barn for a number of years but it was becoming more difficult to secure the temporary staff to make up the nine man team to make the silage that was required at the time. When the big self-propelled forage harvesters became available we used contractors for silage making. On our light land the silage grass was ready to cut in the first week in May which suited our contractors as they could get off to an early start. Added to that if you can get your first cut off early you have the benefit of spring growth to provide a second cut by the middle of June. The system worked well most years. The greatest advantage of all was that the contractors would only take three days to do the job instead of nine to ten days with our own methods. In addition, you could normally secure three fine days together whereas on a ten-day period you are bound to get caught with a period of rain, which we invariably did, impairing the quality of the silage.

On account of early silage making and the attention to detail we won the National Grassland Society Silage Competition in 1996. On the 26th March my wife, daughter and I were returning from the Royal Festival Hall in London after the prize giving to catch the train from Waterloo when we noticed on the newspaper fly sheets the announcement of the possible link between BSE and new variant CJD. Fortunately for us we had sold our store cattle the two previous weeks at Guildford market. Almost overnight domestic sales of beef fell by 40%. Prices of beef cattle fell by 25%. By April household consumption of beef fell by 26%. Many abattoirs were forced to close or put staff on short time. Total economic loss to the nation was estimated to be between £740 million and £980 million. Guildford market and a number of other markets closed, our nearest is now Hailsham.

The dairy business was not really affected apart from the fact that dairy bull calves became almost worthless and most ended up at the kennels.

We had always stabled a few polo ponies during the summer at Manor Farm, going back to 1953, with the polo team of the Lifeguards Regiment. By 1956 my father had completely refurbished the existing carthorse stables and part of the old

dairy into 20 loose boxes, and we had a Gold Cup Team up to 1962 on the farm. It was in 1988 that the stables were let to Ambersham Trainer/Commentator Terry Hanlon. An American called Brook Johnson had a small string of polo ponies in our stables.

Brook Johnson was keen to establish a polo pitch south of the railway line. I surrendered the tenancy of the redundant Sussex Barn and tractor shed known as 'Middle barn' in return for sub-letting 25 acres of light land for polo. Brook Johnson spent a huge amount of money building new stables at the barn and on 12 acres south of the railway line, removing the topsoil, levelling the sub soil and draining it before returning the topsoil and re-seeding it. The resulting polo pitch was a great success and at the time was considered to be one of the best in the country, culminating in Brook's team winning the Gold Cup.

Roger Comber – to be continued.

Frithfold in the 1920s

I was born at Lingfield, Surrey where my family had a butcher's shop. We moved to Frithfold Farm near Northchapel in the early-mid 1920s and I was going to Ebernoe school at the age of four. I didn't have to: it was simply that I refused to stay at home without my elder sister. We walked in every day, a fair way from Frithfold. I stayed at Ebernoe for four years until we moved on. There were just the two classes: one for the juniors and one, larger, for the seniors. If we arrived early the cleaner would still be there; when she finished she'd go off somewhere into the depths of the common. We took sandwiches; there were no school meals. We took ours in a kind of hamper and I remember being envious of the other children who brought their lunch in satchels. At lunch time the two teachers went off and left us. My mother had given us an Oxo cube each to have a hot drink but of course, as the teachers had gone off, there was no one to heat the water for us. When my mother heard my sister and me discussing the best time to eat our Oxo, she realised that we weren't getting our midday drink and went up to one of the governors at nearby Roundwick and complained. One of the teachers left soon after.

Some of the bigger boys could be quite rough: we had to walk past Wassell Mill on the way to school and a group of boys would wait for us and make us walk along the wall beside the water. My sister was never sure-footed and we found this something of an ordeal. The boys would take our hats and threaten to throw them into the water if we didn't walk along the wall. I think we feared going

home without our hats more than we feared walking along the wall.

Admiral Heath at Ebernoe House seemed a kindly man. He'd let us pick chestnuts in the grounds and at Christmas gave the school children a party in a kind of outhouse, with jellies and various tea-time treats. I can see him now, but at that time he appeared impossibly remote, hardly of this world at all.

Frithfold was a mixed farm, pigs, turkeys, chicken, cows, horses almost anything you'd care to name. I was happy there, able to go straight into the fields and to the animals in them. The farm year would be dominated of course by the passing seasons, and Frithfold was held on a lease from the Leconfield Estate. There was some dispute with my uncle Bob at Rotherbridge about this but as a child I was never told about this. It is possible that this led to our leaving Frithfold relatively quickly. We didn't go into church at Ebernoe on Sunday, regular farm jobs saw to that, but we always went to Harvest Festival, a big event then and a full church. Water at Frithfold came from a well; there was no running water and there was a coal fire in the kitchen. Light came from smoky Aladdin paraffin lamps hung from the ceiling in the kitchen. Otherwise we had candles and in the bedrooms paraffin nightlights.

George Stevens a well-known character, so often photographed by George Garland, worked at hedging and ditching on the farm, probably as casual labour. My father did most of the farm work with a little outside help. George would come from Northchapel with his inseparable companion Charles the donkey. If George was about my sister and I would come out to talk to him and especially make a fuss of the donkey, who would let us clamber all over him. Neither George nor the donkey seemed to mind. My mother had a No. 2 Brownie camera, hence the picture, a rare concession to modernity at Frithfold. At haymaking time the local farmers would pool their resources and help one another.

Mr Dadswell was just up the road from us and would hold a conversation with my father across the breadth of four fields – he had a powerful voice – no telephone at Frithfold then. If my father was horse-ploughing I might "help" him by holding one of the ropes, but I'd soon tire and go indoors.

Ebernoe was a Church of England school and Mr Standish the rector would often come in to talk to us. The school had a very tiny playground and as we didn't go home for lunch we'd go off into the woods if the weather allowed. I remember the refrain to one game:

Holler if you're far away
Whistle if you're near

Horn Fair was very important to everyone at Ebernoe and we at Frithfold would

never miss it. I remember the little roundabouts, the roast and the cricket match. Occasionally we'd go to Petworth to visit my uncle at Rotherbridge Farm. I can't remember how we got there. I vaguely connect it with Mr Cockshutt the Market Square baker but I am probably mistaken. The bridge over the Rother was still the old planking over barrels and swayed alarmingly when you tried to cross. As at Wassell Mill my sister was never very sure and we always feared she would lose her footing and fall into the river.

Petworth seemed from Frithfold a very faraway place. A little brown motor bus went in from Balls Cross but it didn't always appear: something of a disappointment after the long trek in from the farm.

From Frithfold we moved to a bungalow at Hills Green, between Ebernoe and Kirdford, my father taking over a tiny free-standing butcher's shop on the green at Kirdford. We weren't, as children, much involved with this, preferring to go into the village to spend our one penny weekly pocket money on sweets. Very briefly I went to Kirdford School but I didn't get on with the headmistress who kept me behind every afternoon after the school closed. I had to re-write what we'd done during the day. It was always me and I never understood why. It was a long way from Hills Green.

Uncle Bob Myram from Rotherbridge had taken up the Frithfold lease and we would briefly move back to Lingfield, then on again, a familiar enough pattern in those days. I was confirmed at Forest Row by Bishop Bell. Mr and Mrs Allison were living at York Cottage (now Moon Cottage) in Pound Street, he being the Leconfield Estate water bailiff, his wife and my father being cousins. Whenever we came to Petworth we'd look in for a cup of tea.

Margaret Lucille Lloyd-Owen née Myram was talking to David and Sue Coward and the Editor:



George Stevens, a favourite Garland character of the 1930s, a family snap. Courtesy of Mrs Lloyd-Owen. See Frithfold in the 1920s.

Downstairs!

An accompanying note dates this precisely to January 1914 exactly a hundred years ago. While it relates to Pilfolds, a large house (now demolished) near Christs Hospital, it seems an altogether unusual survival. Kelly's directory for 1918 gives the occupant as Colonel Mesom Archibald Boyd R.E.

House Parlour and Duties

To be down punctually by 6am. Calling Mistress on the way.

Open window and strip bed before leaving room.

Sweep and dust small drawing room, polish floor and dust front hall – see that scraper is brushed and brass of it polished also door handles.

Sweep and dust dining room – lay breakfast.

Ring first gong 7.30.

Second gong 8am.

After own breakfast and prayers.

Clear away dining room breakfast and wash up. (Keep silver separate from knives in knife box). Wash silver in two waters and in separate bowls – using Hudson's soap in second bowl – polish and use fork cleaner before putting in basket.

Put knives in jug to wash – not handles.

Wipe on knife cloth only.

Polish dining room table after every meal and sweep up – round table.

Brush Gentleman's clothes in servants hall and return to Master's wardrobe.

12 o'clock dress for lunch.

12.30 ring first gong – and lay lunch.

1 o'clock ring second bell.

Own dinner 1.30.

Clear away 2.15 (not later) wash up and prepare drawing room tea.

Do needle work for Mistress if required and answer front door, taking tray for cards and saying "Not at Home" after previously asking Mistress if she will or will not be in to visitors after lunch.

Tea in the drawing room by 4pm. In winter draw curtains about 4 to 4.30.

Summer, later.

First bell for dinner 7pm.

Lay dinner.

7.30 ring second bell.

Clear away and wash up directly family leave dining room after bringing in coffee.

Prepare Mistress' and Visitors morning tea trays also dining room breakfast trays.

Own supper.

To bed 9.30 when family alone – as soon after as possible when visitors are here.

10.15 the latest hour of going to bed.

Come and see if anything is required – before going up and go round all ground floor rooms and fasten windows and doors and see to fires if any.

To speak of and to employers as “Master and Mistress”.

To be punctual in all things.

No loud talking about the house, or from room to room.

Ward shoes. (India rubber heels) to be worn indoors.

These must be kept tidy and renewed – when shabby probably once a quarter.

Also 2 print dresses and one black dress each year. (Very simply made) must be purchased.

1 morning and 1 afternoon apron. Every 4 months.

Neatness and cleanliness in dress and person essential.

A hot bath to be taken at least once a week when under linen should be changed.

No personal washing of any sort to be done at Pilfolds except the Mistress' handkerchiefs and collars.

No blouses or white petticoats should go as part of the servants' weekly wash as paid for by mistress.

Visitors. Every Thursday afternoon – female friends or relatives from 3 to 6 for tea – Mistress to be told – when here – work for self that afternoon.

Pantry to be cleaned once a week.

All ink stands in sitting rooms to be cleaned once a week on a settled day.

No liquid to be put into dust bin.

All breakages etc. to be reported as soon as possible.

Silver kept nice by daily polish – after cleaning in two waters in separate bowls.

No silver dishes or any silver to go out to the kitchen.

Holidays.

– Fortnight annually

– A day a month 10–9pm

– Afternoon weekly 3–6.30

– Sundays. Morning and afternoon alternately. Home by 9pm.

The morning you are out you are expected to go to Church or chapel.

The maid who is out one Sunday takes over the work of the maid who is out the alternate Sunday and vice versa.

It is hoped all maids will have a Banking a/c however small.

Courtesy of Mr C. Parker.

To the lighthouse (2)

On our way to the lighthouse we stopped for a few minutes to watch Punch whack Judy and throw out the baby but this didn't do much for me. Picking our way between the different families, we finally scrambled up the beach and on to the road, then across and up to the big wooden timbers which came up out of the river like huge needles peering over the side and out across the river. We could see lots of boats coming and going with big beds of seaweed and rubbish floating on the top and drifting in with the tide. Down the river came one of the big old iron boats, black paint streaked with rust, a jangle of bells inside as she went thumping and hissing past. Soot and smoke climbed into the afternoon sky as she went off to sea. My first ship, rusty, dirty and grubby maybe, but the mystery of where she might be going as she steamed out into the shimmering distance always remains with me. Then we walked on down to look at the old lighthouse. It seemed old, rickety and hardly strong enough to hold up the big glass windows at the top which shone and sparkled as if they were alight. Old or not it was something to see and marvel at. We looked back over the happy crowds, the noise of people laughing as they played and swam, the smell of seaweed warm and salty, as it came floating in on a quietly rising sea to flop onto the pebbles and creep onward inch by inch driving everyone back before it. It was time to get back and join the others, how or where we just didn't know, but sticking close to Dad we found them all again, Gran and Grandad asleep in chairs and Mum just off to get an ice-cream and bring one back for each of us. Again we lay in the pebbly sand, our feet in the water. After a while the water started to leave our feet and creep gently back down the beach. As it did, so people would pick up their things and follow it down. My brother Jim and I had a quick run down to splash around in the sandy pools to see all the shells, little fish and crabs that were getting left behind. With the sun now directly overhead it was time to pick up our clothes, baskets, towels and blankets and make our way up the beach to the road, stopping to have just one more look. There were still lots of people there in and out of the sea, playing football, cricket, rounders, building castles, digging holes, chasing fish, eating custard ice cream and lots of other things. It was already getting a bit chilly and others were coming off like us.

We found our old charabanc, clambering into the big old leather seats in the corner next to Mum and Dad. Names were called and all answered. The driver, perhaps Mr Henley, called out and someone out in front wound the big old handle. A few spits and bangs but all remained quiet. Another shout, some more spits and bangs, a couple of coughs and the engine was quietly rattling away like some overgrown giant sewing machine.

A cheer from all on board, a cough, a small bang and we jerked off across the grass, the hood still down to catch the last of the sun. We chugged out on to the road, up by the river, past the station where lots of people were waiting to catch the train home. As for us, my brother and I wrapped warm and snug in a blanket, could watch the telephone poles, loaded with cups and wires, come to meet us out of the trees and hedges. They seemed never-ending. Cows were now lying down, ready for the warm summer's night. Over a humpy railway crossing and on up through Arundel, out on to the top of the Downs from the tunnel of big beech trees then down Bury Hill with a grinding of gears, a few grunts and groans from the engine, then a steady whine and the occasional squeak from the brakes as we made our way down the winding hill. Just along the straight bit at the bottom we slowed up, went across the road and stopped outside a pub. Everyone except the children alighted and went in for a quick drink. We children weren't forgotten and we had a nice cold drink of real lemonade. In those days it came out of a wooden tap in the side of a two-gallon jar. It was yellow and sweet. It was served with a chocolate wafer.

After what must have been a few drinks out they all came, some singing, some laughing, one or two kissing and messing around. By now it was almost dark and our vehicle's lamps had been lit inside and out. Those on the side of the bus hissed away but gave out a nice white light and a little wisp of smoke at the top.

We cuddled down in the warm as the motor spluttered into life again. Then with even worse crashing and grinding than before, we jumped across the road and were off again. One or two cars went by us, but not many, the road not being very wide. We must have fallen asleep because the next thing we knew we were not quite up at the top of Shimmings Hill. It must have been the grinding of gears that woke us up. Soon we were in Angel Street with the lamps all alight and one or two people about. Down under the pale blue light of the gas lamps on the walls of New Street and we were turning into Market Square. Here the gaslights gave out a pale soft light which would only be equalled later by the moonlight from a near full moon. The shadows cast by the gas lamps hid all sorts of things from us and we sailed round by Moyers the butchers to stop with a jerk alongside the old fire bell box on the side of the Town Hall. Slowly we all trooped off to stand listening to the talk of the day's events. My legs and back still felt warm from the day's sun and the Square had a faint smell of warm tar. Perhaps the little tar bubbles formed during the day were being crushed by so many feet. What with that and the shuffling of the pigeons on the ledge around the Town Hall roof, and all we'd done during the day, I couldn't wait to get home. Finally the last of the goodbyes were said and off we went. The driver had long since gone off to the Star and the charabanc settled down to rest after a long day's work.



Minstrels at Littlehampton on a cold evening, 1930s.
Photograph by G. G. Garland.

We set off down Golden Square past Money's the greengrocer's yard, smelling as it did of musty grapes from the wooden barrels filled with cork pieces and paper in which the grapes arrived. In later years we would often raid the yard to rummage through the barrels and other fruit boxes for whatever might be eatable. Further down Back Lane by Pound Meadow (now car park) it was a little cooler. Dad was carrying me while Grandad had Jim. Looking across the meadow, a very low light mist seemed to rise out of the long warm grass and a few cows lay quietly not far from the wall and out toward the allotments.

A very big, almost round, golden moon was just rising above the Infants School where one day I'd have to go. Down Station Road to Littlecote Lodge, a quick goodnight to all, up the steps, around the back, find the key unlock the door, and home. A scratching of matches as the lamp was lit, pyjamas and a drink of milk, then with the little bedside oil lamp flickering uncertainly, quickly into bed.

From notes by J.T. (concluded).

Two Petworth Murders (2). A Murder in Desperation

The Petworth of our murders is that of the beerhouse, where we find the very lowest of Victorian Society, the workhouse fodder, the Poor Law paupers, the pikers, prostitutes, dollymops and judys. They were a tide of unemployed itinerants washed from one parish poorhouse to another, occasionally settling for a period before being moved on by parish officers determined that this sea of misery would not become a charge upon the local taxpayer.

I recorded details of the first murder in the Petworth Society Magazine of September 1999. Some fourteen years ago. I called it A Tale of Petworth Workhouse, and what a sorry tale it was.

A young girl named Harriet Moore had arrived at the Petworth Workhouse in North Street during the early winter of 1859. We know little of Harriet other than she had family in the town. She had, it seems, travelled down from Guildford workhouse and brought with her an illegitimate infant named Alfred James. The child had been born at Guildford and mother and child had been removed from the county to her place of origin to prevent her being a charge upon the Surrey poor rate. Harriet may also have returned to Petworth in an attempt to obtain some support from her family. A fruitless task it would seem. Anyway, whatever the reason mother and child are in the workhouse at Petworth by December 1859.

The workhouse master at the time was John Hobbs and his wife Lydia the matron. The building, still remembered by many in the town, was sadly demolished in the 1960s. The writer E.V. Lucas visiting Petworth at the turn of the twentieth century comments enthusiastically that 'Even the workhouse has charms', though he may only have judged from the exterior. In many ways the workhouse regime was even more unforgiving than the House of Correction. Men were forced to spend long hours breaking stones or picking oakum from old rope while women laboured in the sweltering heat of the laundry. Such was a desire for relief from the drudgery that it was not uncommon for inmates to deliberately tear their uniforms in the knowledge that they would be hauled before a magistrate and invariably sentenced to 28 days hard labour at the prison. A desperate act and only suppressed at Petworth by the introduction of harsher conditions at the prison and a slightly improved system in the workhouse.

With Christmas approaching things would have appeared extremely bleak to Harriet. What her state of mind was is obviously impossible to say. She could probably see no future for herself, rejected by her family and respectable society she would expect to be on parish relief for the rest of her life. Harriet may have felt that her only chance of escaping from a life of poverty would be to abandon her child and then obtain work in service or even turn to prostitution, either situation would have been impossible with a child to care for.

A short entry by Superintendent Kemmish in the Petworth Police Incident Book informs us of the depth that Harriet must have sunk to in that week before Christmas.

December 24, 1859. Apprehended Harriet Moore at Petworth Workhouse on suspicion of poisoning her illegitimate child.

The statement by Kemmish seems strange in that he appears to place some emphasis on the illegitimacy of the child. Did it make the worth of the child any less? In our liberal age the matter is of hardly any significance but to the Superintendent it was clearly an issue important enough to be recorded.

Harriet was arrested and taken into custody at Petworth Police Station on Christmas Eve 1859. Just two days later on Boxing Day an inquest was opened into the death of Alfred James Moore. Held at the workhouse in North Street it was promptly adjourned to await the results of a police investigation.

Dr Augustus Shout the chief medical officer at Petworth carried out a post mortem on the day of the adjourned inquest and removed the internal organs from the body. The following day Superintendent Kemish was dispatched with the organs to the London laboratory of Dr Alfred Swaine, a professor at Guys Hospital and an expert witness in poisoning cases. On December 28th Kemmish returned again to London with a portion of the child's stomach.

The inquest was reopened on December 29th and once again adjourned to the 5th January when the coroner Dr Blagden began questioning witnesses. Dr Augustus Shout gave his opinion that an irritant, possibly white precipitate had been administered to the child. The jury went on to hear the evidence of a trusted inmate named John Remnant who was employed at the workhouse as a porter and messenger. Remnant claimed that he had been asked by Moore to obtain what he called 'cipity' powder in order to 'do her head with it' he supposed that it was to rid the child of an infestation of lice which was common in the workhouse. Remnant had obtained through another person a small quantity of a precipitate from a lad named Whitcomb who was apprenticed to Mr Morgan the chemist whose shop stood in Church Street in what is now part of the church yard. It was not made clear to the jury whether the substance had been obtained by legitimate means, but Remnant was paid one penny by Harriet Moore for his trouble.

A nurse by the name of Mary Holden was next called to give evidence. She claimed to have heard the child had cried out from the pain of large swellings on its stomach, these swellings were again noticed by the witness when she later measured the child for its coffin. Mary also claimed that she had previously given the child gin and water in an attempt to alleviate its suffering.

Another witness Eliza Eames claimed that Harriet Moore had confessed to her of having attempted to murder the child at Guildford workhouse and since being at Petworth Eames had prevented the accused from smothering the child with a shawl and bed-clothes.

Following further evidence from witnesses the coroner and jury removed to the workhouse to take the evidence of John Smith who was sick in bed and who agreed that he was the person who had obtained the fatal powder from the apprentice Whitcomb.

The inquest was adjourned until the following Monday 9th of January. The resumed sitting was held in the market room at the Swan Inn as it was expected that there would be a large attendance due to the public's interest in the matter and it being known that the eminent toxicologist Professor Taylor would be giving evidence. William Morris, a local surgeon gave evidence at the resumed sitting that he had assisted Mr Shout at the initial post-mortem examination carried out on December 26th and he confirmed that in his opinion the child could not have died from natural causes. Professor Taylor was called to the stand where he gave an expert and dispassionate description of the condition and contents of the infant's internal organs, and he confirmed that he had discovered a quantity of white precipitate containing traces of mercury in the stomach and other organs of the child.

Richard Blagden the West Sussex Coroner summed up the evidence laid before

him and then advised the members of the jury of their duties, stressing that if they had the slightest doubts concerning the evidence which they had heard then they must return a verdict which reflected those doubts. The jury then retired to an ante-room to consider their verdict. After an alarmingly short retirement of just a quarter of an hour the jury returned to the hushed chamber where they announced that a verdict of wilful murder had been reached. The coroner discharged the jury and the following day Harriet Moore stood before a magistrate who carried out the formalities of committing her for trial at the next assizes.

No record exists of the coroner's opinions of the case. However it may be supposed that Blagden was not entirely satisfied with the regime which existed at the Petworth Workhouse, for following Harriet's committal to the assizes he wrote a letter to the Chairman of the Board of Guardians of the Petworth Union in which he enclosed a copy of the depositions taken before him at the inquest. Blagden suggests to the Board of Guardians that an enquiry into the conduct of the workhouse officers and the mode of keeping their books should be initiated as soon as possible. On January the 17th the Board of Guardians held their fortnightly meeting at Wisborough Green workhouse where on hearing the contents of the letter from Mr Blagden they agreed to form a committee of enquiry to investigate the coroner's concerns. Just four days later the investigating committee met at Petworth workhouse where they announced that they had enquired minutely into the matters raised by the coroner and were unanimously of the opinion that no imputation of negligence is justly attached to Mr Shout the medical officer who had bought the suspicious circumstances of the case the attention of the coroner. Their report goes on to suggest that the only failings may have been on the part of the Governor and Matron who perhaps could have informed the medical officer of the dangerous illness of the child earlier.

The verdict of the coroner's court initiated a heated debate on the morality and benefits of capital punishment. The columns of the *West Sussex Gazette* offered a platform to the opposing sides who were of course quite adamant that theirs was the just cause. For those against capital punishment Mr Arthur Daintrey was a vociferous yet lone contributor. Daintrey, a well-respected Petworth solicitor reasoned that if the purpose of any punishment was to reform an offender then how could that be possible during the usually brief period between sentencing and execution. Daintrey went on to argue that the threat of capital punishment was hardly any deterrent to the committed criminal as it had been proven that those convicted of capital crimes would rather choose the hangmans noose than beg for mercy and face the prospect of perpetual imprisonment. This initial letter from Daintrey to the newspaper ended in a lengthy diatribe on the sanctity of life and the denouncement of a system that promoted the collective and judicial

murder of those who had acted outside of the law.

While Daintrey's liberal position and his condemnation of the judicial system was surprising to say the least it was almost certainly influenced by his religious beliefs rather than any sense of a social conscience. His views were however not quite unique in what was a strictly conservative age. Just a decade or so earlier we find at Petworth another unlikely opponent of the death penalty in the person of John Mance, governor of the notorious Petworth House of Correction. Mance was certainly no shrinking violet, nor liberal reformer when performing his duties at the prison. He proudly boasted a reputation for presiding over a strict and austere regime, where solitary confinement, subsistence rations and hard labour were considered essential to concentrate the mind and to reform the character of the offender. Mance like Daintrey firmly believed in the need for all sinners to be given the opportunity to repent and that he was the man to effect this. Of course if the criminal were executed then Mance considered that opportunity for atonement to be lost.

Daintrey by no means had the only views on the matter of Harriet Moore's fate. An anonymous writer aimed to strike a mortal blow by aiming his attack not at Moore but at Daintrey himself. He queried in a short letter to the *Gazette* how Daintrey could on the one hand be writing against the punishment for the crime of murder while on the other he was employed as clerk to the Workhouse Board of Guardians and had been instructed to get up the prosecution of Harriet Moore for child murder. Daintrey clearly was in a difficult position but had to reply to this personal attack and in his defence he pointed out that at the time of his initial letter to the newspaper he had not been instructed to take action against Harriet Moore.

Daintrey's statement is corroborated by the minute book of the Board of Guardians where it is evident that their decision to prosecute Moore was not a foregone conclusion. They had initially appealed to the Secretary of State to institute a government prosecution but that had proved fruitless and even a request to Henry Wyndham, their Member of Parliament, was unsuccessful. The Board of Guardians were left with two simple choices. Should they abandon Moore's prosecution or should they instigate one themselves? The latter course was agreed upon and Daintrey was instructed to conduct the prosecution at the expense of the Petworth Workhouse Union.

Why neither the Government nor Henry Wyndham chose to support the prosecution is unclear. The evidence submitted at the inquest would seem at a distance of some 140 years to be quite conclusive; one can only now assume that either the Board of Guardians had failed to submit a valid case for prosecution, or that the Government considered the Guardians to be capable, both in terms of

financial resources and legal expertise of conducting their own action.

The flurry of letters to the *Gazette* slowly abated and finally ceased with the publication of yet another anonymous letter from a correspondent who signed himself 'An Eye-Witness'. Eye-witness directed his displeasure at the *West Sussex Gazette* reporter who, during the inquest noted the apparent lack of emotion shown by Harriet following the verdict of wilful murder. Eye-witness then turned his attention to the reliability of certain witnesses at the inquest. He pointed out that it appeared evident that several of the female witnesses, except for one, were her enemies, and no doubt they thought that a journey to Lewes for the trial and the subsequent holiday from the workhouse caused a satisfied expression to rest on their countenances.

In common with most newspapers the *West Sussex Gazette* chose to have the final word on the matter and offered a stirring defence of the female witnesses, their correspondent adding the intriguing revelation that Harriet Moore was the illegitimate daughter of a tradesman of this town, but her conduct being such that he would have nothing to do with defending her.

At last we have a tiny glimpse into the background of Harriet Moore, we are only able to hazard a guess at who her father was. A certain licensee of a Petworth public house would fit the bill. However after a century and a half of anonymity would it be fair to speculate on his identity now? I think not. Anyway we cannot even be sure who exactly Harriet was. Had she been married, was Moore her maiden name? Court records suggest that she was aged about 20 in 1860 and born about 1839 but no Harriet Moore of that age appears in the 1841 census returns for the town. Perhaps she was born elsewhere – who knows? No sooner is the door slightly opened by the *Gazette* reporter then it is slammed shut and the correspondent appears to lose interest in the matter. The final report comes from the *Sussex Spring Assizes* held at Lewes on Tuesday the 20th March 1860 where following a ridiculously short trial of just two and a half hours Harriet is found guilty of the wilful murder of her son Alfred James Moore and sentenced to death.

Exactly one month later the capital sentence is commuted to life imprisonment and Harriet is removed from the Petworth House of Correction to the Government Prison at Millbank, London. Millbank was at that time a holding prison for offenders awaiting transportation. This punishment had ceased on a large scale around the mid-1850s though it continued well into the following decade. As Harriett does not appear in the 1861 census it may be assumed that she was transported to the colonies and probably never returned.

This tragic case was probably repeated countless times each year in Britain during the Victorian era. Young mothers, rejected by their families, would through desperation decide that their only course of action was to kill their child. The risk

was relatively minor if the action was concealed properly, unfortunately for Harriet she failed to take the precautions that would have enabled her deed to escape detection.

Miles Costello

Cary's Roads (1821)

I bought a copy of Cary's Roads second-hand in 1962 and it is the main source for this article. Its purpose was to help users of mail-coaches and stage-coaches i.e. the wealthy in Britain. Fares were astronomical and you had also to tip the driver, not to mention running the risks of being held up by the occasional highwayman.

The mail-coaches kept to a strict timetable. These vehicles were owned by the Royal Mail, but their horses and drivers were supplied by private contractors. The stage-coaches (often named e.g. the Telegraph) were privately owned. The main inns had horses for hire, and chaises (also called post-chaises) which were small private carriages with two or four wheels, for hire.

If you travelled "post" you were hiring a post-chaise. Horses were changed every twelve miles or so. Main coach speeds in all weathers were 10 mph average. By 1821 the roads were mostly metalled or gravelled turnpike roads, each run by its own committee of local gentlemen (its Trust) and expected to be self-supporting, charging set tolls for its upkeep at every five miles or so. Usually the trust auctioned the levying of the tolls to the highest bidder, who hoped to make a profit from them. After each vehicle had passed through, the toll bar keeper closed the gate. Payment of toll alone opened it for the next vehicle.

Less affluent people rode their own horses, used the carrier's wagon or walked. If there were a canal within reasonable distance, this might be used.

From the Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill at 6.45pm daily (except Sundays) a post-coach left for Petworth, Arundel and Littlehampton via Kingston and Godalming. The northbound coach left Littlehampton at 7am arriving at the Belle Sauvage at 5pm. On Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6.45am, a stage-coach left for Chichester via Petworth and Duncton.

From the Bolt-in-Tun, Fleet Street, daily, the Petworth, Chichester and Bognor coach left at 6.30am Monday, Wednesday and Friday and at 7am Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, taking eleven hours to reach the Dolphin Hotel, Chichester. This coach went by Epsom and Leatherhead.

Lastly, the very busy Golden Cross Inn, Charing Cross had the Arundel, via Epsom, Guildford and Petworth coach, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, leaving at

7am and arriving at the Norfolk Arms, Arundel at 6pm. The northbound coach left Arundel at 6am on those days, arriving at the Golden Cross at 6pm.

As all the stage-coaches were privately owned, there was no single central terminus for them in London. For Petworth there was at least one coach daily (except Sunday), but you had to be an early riser, for they all left for Petworth before 7am. They held 6 inside (more expensive) and up to 12 outside, on the roof, well wrapped up against wind, rain or dust. From the Angel Inn, Strand, near St Clement Dane's Church, a coach left daily at 6.45am for Petworth, that on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays being a post-coach (not the same as a mail-coach) for Chichester and Bognor; that on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays



The coach-yard of the Dolphin, Chichester in the early 1920s.
Photograph by G. G. Garland.

being for Petworth, Arundel and Littlehampton.

Petworth was on a direct road from London. Until Milford, you were on the Portsmouth Road, very busy with naval traffic. Distances were measured from the Obelisk at the Stones End, at the south end of the Borough i.e. of Southwark. The road ran via Newington, Wandsworth, Putney Heath, Esher and Godalming, to Guildford, then branched left just before Milford for the last 16¼ miles to Petworth via Chiddingfold, Cripple Crouch Hill and Northchapel to enter Petworth, exactly 49 miles from the Stones End. Petworth had a Post Office and the mails arrived at 4.45am and departed at 9.15pm.

Also from the Golden Cross, Monday Wednesday and Friday at 7am, the Chichester coach left via Epsom, Guildford, Petworth and Dunton arriving at the Swan, Chichester 6pm. The northbound coach left the Swan at 7am on those days, arriving 6pm at the Golden Cross, 63 miles away.

As soon as the railways came to any district, most coaches ceased. Railways were far quicker and cheaper.

Jeremy Godwin



Surrey Yeomanry at Petworth c 1913.
Courtesy Mr and Mrs Knox Hangleton.

