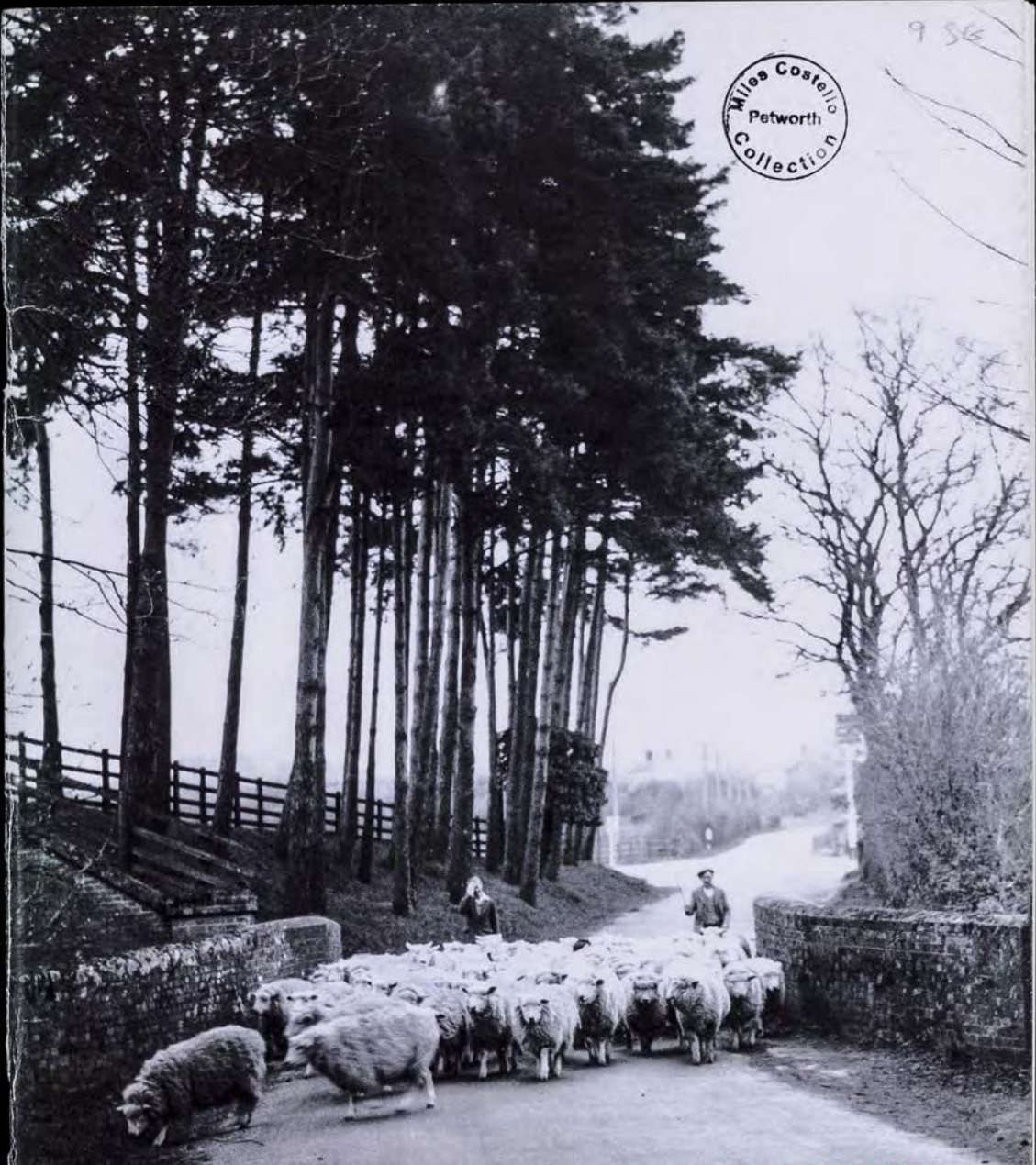


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Wiles Costello
Petworth
Collection



THE PETWORTH SOCIETY
Magazine

No. 159, March 2015

The Petworth Society Book Sale Calendar 2015

SECOND SATURDAY OF THE MONTH

March 14th

April 11th

May 9th

June 13th

July 11th

August 8th

September 12th

October 10th

November 14th

December 12th

Books to donate?

Call:

Miles on 01798 343227

Peter on 01798 342562



PETWORTH SOCIETY ACTIVITIES SHEET

Spring Programme – please keep for reference

VISITS

Sunday 19th April:

Visit to Ingrams Copse. A chance to observe the annual hazel coppice cycle and the work toward its restoration. Also the art of charcoal burning. A chance to view a cruck-framed house with straw-baled walls and old type plaster. **Cars leave Petworth car park at 2.15pm.** Courtesy of Mrs Lucy Wall-Palmer.

Tuesday 12th May:

Bluebell Railway trip – see separate sheet.

WALKS – with Ian and Linda.

Sunday 17th May:

David Wort memorial walk. Stag Park lakes. By kind permission of Lord Egremont.

MONTHLY MEETINGS

LECONFIELD HALL – £4 – 7.30PM – REFRESHMENTS – RAFFLE

Thursday 19th March:

Martin Hayes: – “Sussex in the Great War.”

Martin introduces his new book on the subject. He is County Local Studies Librarian for West Sussex. During the interval the draw will be made for the monthly 100 Club prizes in aid of the Petworth Park Joint Sports Association.

Wednesday 29th April:

Tessa Boase: – “The Housekeeper’s Tale.”

The women who really ran the English Country House.

Forget the secure, dignified world of Mrs Hughes in *Downton Abbey*. Real housekeepers worked surprisingly hard, often in humiliating circumstances for very little financial reward. This was not, as it turns out, such a cushy job.

Tessa Boase has trawled through old bundles of letters, secret diaries and neglected stately home archives to resurrect a series of extraordinary personal stories from 19th and 20th-century domestic service. Revelatory, gripping and unexpectedly poignant ‘The Housekeepers Tale’ champions the heroic women behind some of the most prominent households.

Wednesday 27th May:

Annual General Meeting – Leconfield Hall – 7.15pm – Free admission.

Followed by: Petworth Cottage Museum 1996-2015 – A Celebration.

Peter

11 February

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY

REGISTERED CHARITY 268071

Annual Subscription March 2015 to February 2016

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Email: sue.slade@gmail.com

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* 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 14th, when we will have a special desk in the foyer from 10-12noon in the Leconfield Hall****

Subscriptions may be left, in a sealed envelope (cheque or exact cash), at Austens in Petworth

PETWORTH SOCIETY OUTING TO THE BLUEBELL RAILWAY &
SHEFFIELD PARK AND GARDEN

On Tuesday 12th May we have booked a trip on the Bluebell Railway, followed by a visit to the nearby Sheffield Park and Garden. We will travel by Richardson's coach, leaving the Sylvia Beaufoy car park at 9.30 a.m. and arriving at Sheffield Park at around 10.20. We have tickets booked to ride on the 11.00 a.m. steam train from Sheffield Park, which goes on the recently extended journey as far as East Grinstead. The train waits here for 20 minutes before returning to Sheffield Park, arriving at 12.37. As many of you will know, it is a very scenic route and hopefully the bluebells, which give the railway its name, will still be blooming along the way.

The coach will leave Sheffield Park Station by 12.55 p.m. and drive up to the park and garden, about 5 minutes away. The garden should be looking at its best with rhododendrons, magnolias and other blossoming trees and flowers. There are four lakes at the heart of the garden with paths around them and through the woodland. Mobility scooters are available.

The recently re-fitted Coach House tea-room serves homemade snacks, sandwiches and hot meals. Special dietary requirements are catered for – just ask at the counter. The shop sells garden-related products and plants and there is a second-hand bookshop. The coach will leave Sheffield Park and Garden at 4.30, arriving in Petworth by around 5.20.

A joint ticket for the railway and the garden costs £17.00, but for National Trust and RHS members the entrance to the garden is free, so they only pay the train fare, which is £13.50 (group rate). The cost of coach travel is £13.25, which includes the driver's tip.

If you would like to come please complete the form below and return, with payment, by Tuesday 31st March to Debby Stevenson, 3, South Grove, Petworth, GU28 0ED. Phone no. 01798.343496. Cheques should be made payable to The Petworth Society.

I/We would like to come on the outing on 12th May :

Name(s):

Address :

..... Phone:

I AM/AM NOT a member of the National Trust or RHS (Please delete)

I enclose payment of £..... (£26.75 each National Trust/RHS member)

I enclose payment of £..... (£30.25 each non-member)

-oOo-

You do not have to pre-book a meal but for catering purposes it would help the staff to know roughly how many people will be using the tea-room. Please tick below:

Hot meals

Snacks or sandwiches

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY
Magazine

No. 159, March 2015



I believe this uncaptioned George Garland postcard shows Littlecote House, now demolished. It was approached from the lodges in Station Road.

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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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SOCIETY SCRAPBOOK

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For this magazine on tape please contact
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WEBSITE

www.petworthsociety.co.uk

FRONT COVER designed by Jonathan Newdick.

Cover illustration: It shows Kent sheep being driven to Petworth Station to make the long journey back to the marshes. They have overwintered on local farms. It is the spring of 1935.

Photograph by George Garland.

Chairman's notes

Welcome to a fortieth year of the Magazine and Jonathan's attractive cover, reproducing a classic Garland view from the 1930s. June's issue will be No. 160.

You will see that Debby Stevenson has taken over the important, but all too understated, role of keeping up the Society Scrapbook. "Scrapbook" is something of a misnomer for something that runs into a significant number of volumes and is now very bulky. The original initiative came from Julia Edwards, who continued until 1998 when Pearl Godsmark took over. Both Julia and Pearl were meticulous and a wider, if largely unwitting, Petworth is very much in their debt, now and in the future. The Scrapbooks rarely appear in public because of the sheer scale of the project.

In founding this Society in 1974, Colonel Maude was insistent that change would be inevitable. Even Petworth was not immune. The Petworth Society could not combat change and would be swept away if it did. Its role, as far as it reasonably could, would be to monitor and assimilate change, and even that might be overly ambitious. If I had, myself, to pinpoint a particular change since 1974, it would be the loss of the long-established local family businesses, retailers of everyday goods, that had defined Petworth for generations. Already in the 1970s these were a vanishing breed.

2015 sees an unusual number of local groups vying for attention and advocating reform and renewal of various kinds; some perhaps, mutually exclusive. A sign of vigour perhaps. I often picture to myself a somewhat bewildered Petworth as resembling the elderly lady helped across the road by a helpful small boy. "It's been very kind of you, my dear," she replied, "but I didn't want to cross the road in the first place."

The Town Council is up for re-election in May. I have to be concerned that the present Council is very largely co-opted rather than directly elected. No reflection on the public-spirited citizens who have stepped in to fill the vacancies, rather on a supine electorate who have acquiesced in this. In my own seventeen years on the Council, many as vice-chairman, the Council was always a freely elected body meeting in the light of a contested election. I can only hope that sufficient candidates present themselves in May for Petworth to have the freely elected Council it badly needs.

Peter
20th January

Informed, amused and maybe surprised – Eleven Sussex Books

It was the 25th Garland lecture and we were rewarded with Peter's impressions of eight of the eleven authors whose books are the subject of the latest publication through the Window Press.

It seems they shared a hostility to the motor car, an appreciation of peace and, to a certain extent, solitude. Life was changing fast in the first four decades of the 20th century, as it does still.

There was Tickner Edwardes, with his contrasting experience of nature and war. His story of Tansy, made into a silent film, was remembered from its screening to the Society a few years ago, or perhaps not so few; John Coker Egerton, whose anecdotes were used by George Garland in his yokel act; A.A. Evans, who, Peter said, "wandered about, meeting people" in fleeting encounters; John Halsham's 'Idlehurst', a kind of diary recorded from February to the end of the summer; Rhoda Leigh, whose observations of the 'peasants' of the vanishing, rural Bedham, thinly disguised with pseudonyms, caused such offence to some of the local inhabitants; Edward Martin's determination to live in a derelict windmill, isolated high on the Downs; Maude Robinson's Quaker upbringing on Saddlescombe Farm, a life lived under a harsh regime, imposed by both surroundings and faith; Edward Synott's turbulent ministry at Rusper during the Great War, where everything he said and did upset his parishioners.

There was not time to include Russell Thorndike, Walter Wilkinson and Marcus Woodward.

The books were among those bequeathed to Peter by George Garland and so it was fitting to end the evening by showing slides from photographs taken by the Petworth photographer in the 1950s and '60s, again illustrating changes that are taking place in our own lifetime, often of a significance not realised as they occur. Previous presentations of Garland photographs have been from his earlier work and the audience clearly enjoyed seeing faces and places they could recognise, perhaps from childhood.

More to come? And, perhaps, a return visit to Maude Robinson's Saddlescombe Farm.

KCT

Eleven Sussex Books

Of late years the Window Press has concentrated on small individually numbered runs of local books, usually with Petworth interest. We do not aim to profit but try to avoid loss. Usually we sell out, occasionally a handful remain. *Eleven Sussex Books* (2014) looked to a rather wider Sussex than was usual for us. Other than a notice in the *Observer* we do not send out review copies or seek reviews: such comments as we have tend to be oral. In this case they were noticeably more numerous than usual. Alexandra Harris writes to Jonathan Newdick, "The book is deeply appealing and actually, I think, inspiringly original in its genuine, unforced mix of biography, local history, and reflection on the books themselves. Perhaps others have done this, but I can't think of them and as a genre – as a form for expressing things one cares about – it seems to me a wonderful discovery. Its not so far from [Virginia Woolf's] *The Common Reader* essays, in which books and their writers are friends in one's life, not revered but argued with, wandered around, talking presences on the shelf ... the design is lovelier, of course, than anything else that's arrived this year ... Alexandra Harris is Lecturer in English in the University of Liverpool.

Sidonie McBain writes:

Dear Peter,

Thank you so much for sending the wonderful *Eleven Sussex Books* book!

I have so very much enjoyed every word and it sparked off other books and memories that I had to keep referring to!

I lived in Mackie Avenue in Patcham from the age of one, we lived at the very end of the avenue where there was a small roundabout and you turned back on yourself.

From the earliest age I can remember Harry Coppard (photo enclosed) shepherd from the farm on the other side of the road from the pigeon house of which Mr Martin wrote the chapter "Life in a Sussex Windmill". Harry would walk every single day with his sheep right from the farm up to the Ditchling Road where the lodge gates go to Stanmer House. He would of course pass behind our house – the A27 had not been dreamt of yet – and my mother would go to the top of the garden and give him a cup of tea and a biscuit. Every lambing time we would go to the farm and see the new arrivals. I was terrified of him when I was little as his eyes were bright red with a pinprick black pupil.

As you can see from the enclosed newspaper cutting in 1952 the farm was sold off as so many farms were at that time, so an era finished.

But the most wonderful thing was that when Harry died he left my mother his



Harry Coppard with Toby.

This is a Garland type photograph but the attribution is uncertain.

main bell which I now have as one of my most treasured possessions!

Thank you once again.

This appeared in the *Evening News* March 17th 1952.

Harry and Toby Miss Their Flocks

Wistfully down the green hillside at evening comes an ageing man full of memories ... Beside him trots his dog Toby, missing the crisp words of command once so faithfully obeyed.

The man is 65-year-old Harry Coppard, of Greenfield Crescent, Patcham, Brighton, the oldest shepherd of the South Downs, but now a shepherd without any sheep.

Harry tended Southdown flocks for more than 50 years, and for the past 12 Toby was his constant companion and helper in all weathers.

But today not a single sheep is to be seen across the rolling landscape, for the Southdown breed is almost extinct.

Harry lost his last flock in the autumn when his employers, for economic reasons, gave up sheep farming and auctioned their stock.

"I've been a shepherd all my working life," he told me, "and can't get used to being without a flock. My father and grandfather were shepherds too, and between us we have spent over a hundred years on the Downs."

Editor's note:

I do have one or two copies of *Eleven Sussex Books* left but am not overly anxious now to sell them. Ring me if particularly interested.

Peter

Ian and Linda's Monument walk.

18th October

Cars in the London Road car park endlessly coming and going. Someone says. "Walk Britain". As we leave the protection of the trees we can feel the force of the wind. Does it herald the spent force of hurricane Gonzalo coming all the way from Bermuda? No sooner exposed to it than we became inured to it. It's a straight uncompromising walk up the incline. You could see how before the Park was enclosed Petworth and Upperton met across the common. Here, laid out before us, is a vast view south and east, a revelation for a town-based awareness of

the cricket lodge, the upper lake and its immediate environs. Before us the lower lake, Hampers Green, like the great house still half hidden by the fragile leafery of autumn.

It's a relief to come suddenly on the Monument, white stone, solitary, aloof, arrogant almost. Difficult to believe that years ago a humble guardian charged a penny for an upstairs view over the parkland. Not now I suspect. Other walkers have not penetrated this far and we are on our own, treading a carpet of sweet chestnut and walking over the grassy mound of a reservoir. Why are the fallen leaves all dotted with black? No one seems to know. We set off back down the incline.

Then to Osiers. Will the autumn of 2014 produce another afternoon like this? Janet and Chris are as hospitable as ever. The big apple tree has not been prolific this year, a few stragglers left on the tree and the odd windfall savaged by rabbits. Talk of Santiago de Compostela – possibly a little out of the Society's range, the apostle's body arriving in a stone ship. On an afternoon like this everything seems possible.

P.

Petworth Fair 2014

The morning of the 19th November was drab, grey and dark. I had a letter to hand deliver and this involved walking "Round the Hills." I looked to a swollen brook and the Gog slopes beyond. A dog walker emerged from the early gloom. Which of the two ways up the hill would the figure take? The steep climb or the diagonal "cart" path? I think of old men deposing in Chancery in 1655¹, recalling that same landscape when James was on the throne; they were boys and Dr Bownde was then Petworth's "painful"² pastor. Petworth fair was already age-old.

For Keith and myself this will be our 29th fair. A mere watch in the night. By 11.30 Roger and I will be disposing cones in the Square.

"Oh yea, oh yea : In the year of our Lord 1276 ..." It's good to have Mike back after his illness but he's having to work harder than he should. The Hall's filling up with stallholders and its mild and dry. It seems an age before the Gallopers swing into action, then the chairplanes. The trampoline is new and seems a great success. Relatively expensive perhaps but its young clientele have a generous time allowance. In the hall the Primary School singers, diminutive but undaunted, are getting into their stride. The Twelve Days of Christmas. At "A Partridge in a Pear Tree", they point diagonally left to a putative partridge nestling in the stage

curtains. There are more parents than usual and Jonathan Cann is soon blowing up balloons and twisting them into sausage shapes. He takes his time about climbing into the booth and assuming his alien alter ego of Mr Punch. It's the usual assured, no-holds barred performance. I've seen it many times now and always see something that sticks in the mind: this time it's the open "V" shape of the crocodile's jaws. He's escaped from a zoo and with the inevitability of the disordered world of Mr Punch ends up with Mr Punch's sausages. Jonathan will close with a much-needed homily on not emulating the impossibly villainous Mr Punch. The children's reactions vary, some at the front quite carried away, some further back quizzical. I am called outside.

For a second year Peter Kaufman has brought his marvellous Belgian-made jazz organ. He's based in Jersey but brings it over to Ashington when his season finishes in September. Peter seems to embody the very spirit of fairs, to be intoxicated by the very thought of a thousand years of Petworth tradition. He thinks the old-time fairs are coming back, partly in reaction to the advanced technology of modern equipment. It's in some ways a return to childhood innocence. Looking round I sense he has a point. Talking to him I feel his enthusiasm rubs against a certain pragmatism in me.

The "Cut" remains difficult. A huge Dutch lorry has to be backed up New Street, into East Street and off via Angel Street. The driver's as calm as you like. The Harris helpers are like hybrid centaurs, half men half articulated lorry. It all seems second nature to them. [I hope this is an acceptable simile!]

Over to the jovial, unobtrusive but indispensable Red Cross helpers. Keith and I are never unmindful of them. Would I like a few chips – there are still some left in the newspaper. Upstairs in the hall the smaller stalls have already sold out.

Jonathan Cann's finished and, with the band still to come, there's something of a hiatus, although Linda and Ros's tombola is still in full swing. Miles' "Old Petworth" stall is a magnet: Kevis and Garland pictures: Petworth Infants sitting on the school wall in 1885. Health and Safety? The houses in front of the Church – were they really there? Hampers Green in the 1950s, already fading into memory. It all seems to fascinate a newer Petworth as much as it does the old. Outside Roger's high-viz volunteers are patrolling either side of the Hall.

Finally the band make for the Gallopers. Sussex by the Sea. Defiance in the air. Nine years on do the perpetrators deserve their yearly back-handed compliment? For me it's still defiant, but a reaffirmation of the spirit of a thousand years.

Children everywhere still. Perhaps it's the weather. The paradox is that it's all about children, savouring the moment and giving no thought to tradition. No doubt it was ever so although earlier fairs had a severely functional side. The Harris brothers and their helpers will have fine weather and a relatively

comfortable take-down. 2012 was a hard fair in every sense, but we're now two years on.

Does Petworth need its immemorial fair with all the problems it causes? The oldest surviving street fair in the South of England. No one challenges the claim. We might echo Samuel's old argument with the people. Does Petworth really want to be "like all the nations"? (1 Samuel 8:20). Petworth fair is an affirmation, a celebration perhaps, that Petworth isn't the same as anywhere else.

In the morning the Leconfield Hall key lies of the mat at Trowels. The 7 o'clock square is empty and swept clean. Petworth fair is over for another year.

P:

1. PSM 15.
2. Painstaking.

The No. 9 bus to Utopia

David Bramwell is one of those speakers who packs in so much information, with amusing asides and entertaining stories in rapid succession, that it's impossible to convey a reflection of the effect he has on the audience at the time. It was such a pity that there weren't more to experience his talk first-hand.

A music teacher in Brighton, disillusioned with the culture and lifestyle there, he decided to take a year out in search of communities living in their own concept of paradise.

Starting in Denmark with Christiana, an anarchist society squatting, but tolerated, even welcomed, on the outskirts of Copenhagen, he went on to the north of Scotland, Findhorn, to the spiritualist followers of theosophy and their 'magic garden' growing outsized vegetables. On to the Italian Alps and the Damandhur people near Turin, who have built the largest – and it is large – underground temple. There they claim to have conquered time travel and taught plants to sing. The members are named after plants and animals. Truly bizarre.

Then California, to a gloriously sited settlement where the residents seemed to lack nothing in their surroundings or lifestyle, but bored.

Finally for us that evening, to Arcosanti in the Arizona desert. There are more in David's book.

Not finding Utopia, he yearned for city life and returned to Brighton, with its litter-strewn beach and selfish outlook on life, while apparent concern for the environment ignored personal problems and loneliness.

But Neighbourhood Day came, when people put a chair outside their front gate, with an invitation to come and have a chat. It was a great success, which David now carries on. People get to know each other, talk over their problems and pleasures and help each other out.

It must have occurred to folk in the audience and was then acknowledged by David, that it is like living in Petworth! He asked in closing, is Utopia the perfect place, or is it the journey?

KCT

The December book sale

Fiction has to be a Book Sale staple. A solid phalanx of five or six central tables with smaller paperbacks against the south wall. There's a need to refill as the rows slacken, later to withdraw tables as they empty. With a virtually complete renewal every month, our stock turnover would be the envy of any circulating library. Why change every month? Our clients expect it, while it's the only way of dealing with the volume of incoming books. There is a definite customer preference for good clean medium-size paperback fiction as opposed to smaller paperback and expensive hardback editions.

There is an awkward category that doesn't fit the scheme. I'm thinking of popular fiction from the early part of the last century, particularly the 1920s. Invariably hardback, invariably without dust wrapper, they stand in the constant shadow of "The Collector", the Book Sale equivalent of the Grim Reaper. One or two might cost a few pounds on the Internet but few of our regulars are prepared to outlay 80p for a potential profit that is, at once, modest and improbable.

We are thinking of journeyman writing for long evenings without television, with radio in its infancy, evening games of cards perhaps. Storytelling to support an often precarious livelihood, publishers' advances mortgaged already and deadlines approaching all too quickly. How often do I look at such books and wonder. Where have they been? What of their more than half-forgotten authors? Such books may form a minority but they have a presence all their own.

Here's *The Red Lodge* by Victor Bridges. Seventh edition 1928, Mills and Boon – less specialized then. No less august an authority that the *Times* reviewer wrote of a book "that insists on being read at a sitting ... to the last suicide and the last kiss." At least this is more eloquent than today's "unputdownable."

Why pick this one? It's the subtitle "A Mystery of Campden Hill." Having spent childhood Kensington years there in a time of doodlebugs, shrapnel, bombsites

and gradual post-war development I'd like to have a picture of Campden Hill a generation and more before.

A Wikipedia "stub" informs that Victor Bridges was the pen-name of Victor George de Freyne, educated at Haileybury, sometime bank employee and actor, who turned to full-time writing. In a long life (1878 to 1972) he wrote a string of popular novels and two volumes of poetry. He had a particular interest in the Essex and Suffolk coasts.

In one sense, I would be disappointed. The Red Lodge is a square creeper-clad house in its own grounds with "a desolate expanse of ill-kept lawn, dotted here and there with stunted bushes and overhung by gaunt trees." From the point of view of the plot it could be anywhere. Victor Bridges contents himself with the reflection that, while Mr John Barker's drapery has flourished time has otherwise robbed the area of much of its former charm.

"Of the old-fashioned houses which stood formerly in their own pleasant grounds only a sadly thinned remnant now survive. Tucked away in odd corners, amid an ever-encroaching flood of 'desirable modern residences', they seem to wait sadly for the hour when, in a cloud of dust and mortar, the relentless tapping of the pick serves for their funeral bell."

Mr Bridges is soon down to business. Colin, the hero, a doctor with an amateur boxing pedigree (useful as it turns out) and a definitely unmodern passion for tobacco, is summoned by a medical friend to a surprise lunch at the Savoy, beginning with a dozen oysters each and a bottle of Chablis. "Is it your birthday or have you been backing the winner of the Cesarewitch?" Colin spears a recalcitrant oyster and sprinkles it with red pepper. The meal is the prelude to a series of adventures liberally sprinkled with the red pepper of coincidence. The tortuous plot fully lives up to the claims of the *Times* reviewer and ends with a predictable denouement on the Essex marshes and the flowering of true romance.

Today it is perhaps the immersion in a London that at once mirrors and contrasts with the present day that most affects the imagination. There is Colin's endless tinkering with his car in a garage off Church Street before nonchalantly driving down to Shadwell on the River. The steering is "dodgy" but he thinks nothing of it. Here is a London of the Savoy and the Cheshire Cheese juxtaposed with the grinding poverty of the East End, where Colin's friend has his practice. An unlikely friendship with Inspector Marsden of the Yard opens up some improbable doors and access to Scotland Yard files. "Would it be a lot of trouble to get some information about a man I was introduced to the other day?" Data protection? Not in the 1920s.

Colin takes his new girl friend for a spin before they make their way to Leicester Square. "Not bad was it. We've only been an hour and a half and we must have

done at least forty miles." We have a vision of uncongested metropolitan roads and still time for a meal out before the theatre. Romanos or the Vaudeville? In the event they choose a small table in the balcony of the famous Strand restaurant. "I think I'll have a little clear soup to start with ... followed by sole à la bonne femme, a roast grouse and iced meringue ... Do you prefer champagne or sparkling Moselle?"

With a private income of three hundred a year Colin mixes affably with a cast of cheerful cockney characters, some with a pugilistic past, and all with hearts of gold, except of course, the crooks. He cheats death by drowning in a scene of which the later Biggles or Dick Barton would have been proud.

The liberal use of "By Jove" is typical of the period as perhaps also "Won't you take a pew?" or a doctor with a badly fitting frock coat and two large gold-framed spectacles. Some of the cockney dialogue seems now a little condescending and a few slang terms puzzle at first. "'E's got a good 'eart Solly 'as - especially for a sheeny¹" or "One of those juggins² who keeps thousands of pounds buried in the back cellar."

Given the medical content, in today's terms, perhaps the most surprising aspect is that the story seems enveloped in a cloud of tobacco smoke. Smoking is a social requisite.

"I'm dying to hear what happened and it will just give me time for a comfortable smoke." Or, "Drawing out his briar (he) proceeded to fill it carefully with the fragrant brown flakes."

What more do you want? A good, if sometimes predictable, story. A glimpse of a vanished world. Don't underestimate these neglected volumes. Pick one up at the next Sale and give it a try.

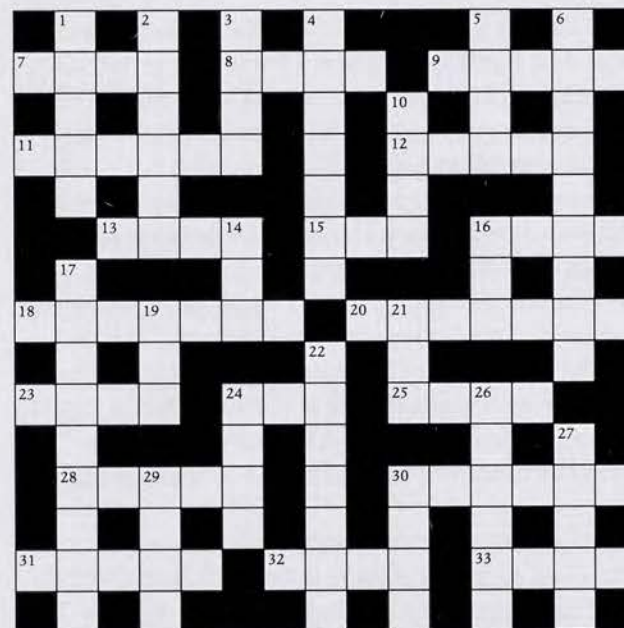
Oh, I'd forgotten the December Sale. Another record total - the sixth month in a row. We can't keep this up - can we?

P.

1. Derogatory term for a Jew. OED

2. Simpleton. OED

RIVERS CROSSWORD



ACROSS

- 7** Freshwater amphibian (4)
8 Refreshing places (4)
9 Forget everything in this mythological river (5)
11 & 16 Local canal (3,3,4)
12 Small fish you won't find in river water (5)
13 Be pleasantly lazy (4)
15 Regretful shrub? (3)
16 See 11
18 Former name of the River Arun (7)
20 After 17 down - who got the most soaked! (7)
23 Pack provisions (4)
24 Paddle (3)
25 Port side of boat (4)
28 Water plants (5)
30 See 3 down
31 Means of crossing the Arun at Bury until mid C20th (5)
32 Otter's home (4)
33 Deceased newt? Skilful! (4)

DOWN

- 1** Elver wriggles around to have a fun time (5)
2 Go aground - on margins of a river? (6)
3 & 30 Water meadows between Pulborough and Amberley (4,6)
4 They go for it - hook, line and sinker (7)
5 It regulates the flow of river water (4)
6 Where the Rother flows close to a Buddhist monastery (9)
10 Lies about, surrounded by water (4)
14 A long time in the St. Leonard's Forest (3)
16 Term for the rear end of a boat (3)
17 Is a car faster than these annual watery contests? (4,5)
19 You need 24 across to do this (3)
21 A mature 1 down (3)

- 22** Jog along here, near the source of the Rother (7)
24 Draught animals once used on farms (4)
26 Water, water everywhere (6)
27 Light sculling boat (5)
29 An eddying movement (4)
30 They are made from willow wood (4)

SOLUTION TO CHRISTMAS CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- 4 Mistletoe, 7 Rainy, 10 Beer, 11 Sod, 12 Wreath, 13 Spin, 14 Pud, 16 Chimney, 18 Charity, 21 Nut, 23 Game, 26 Advent, 27 Toe, 28 Laid, 29 Astir, 30 Gentlemen

DOWN

- 1 Stir Up, 2 Gooding, 3 Calendar, 5 Iced, 6 Essence, 8 Nativity, 9 Swap, 15 Charades, 17 Mince pie, 19 Highest, 20 Tipteer, 22 Tutu, 24 Mulled, 25 Wine

A penny for the goose girl. Close season at 346

The calendar's stuck at 31st October but it's Saturday 29th November. 346 has been closed for a month and the dust sheets are in place. Dust sheets or not, it's clear that the parlour carpet's suffering. Eighteen years on and it wasn't new when we had it. Even a certain genteel shabbiness has its limit. We may claim to halt time in 1910 but the carpet has another life in real time.

The mantel shelf is cleared except for a china kettle and a photograph of a lady in white holding a child. Nothing to do with Mary Cummings. I demurred in 1996 but eighteen years on the lady has acquired, you may say, squatter's rights. If visitors see her as a young Mrs Cummings, only a purist can quibble.

Golden Hours for 1880. A massive tome for long Sunday evenings. "The two women who had so influenced the life of Frederick Danvers stood facing each other and it would be difficult to say who was the paler of the two." So the caption to a line drawing. The Victorian equivalent perhaps to a modern soap opera. Frederick Danvers seems the kind of name you meet in novels rather than in real life.

A note on the scullery table informs that the onions have been moved downstairs because of the heat. Even so, I can't think that they will hold through to Easter. Mrs Cummings might have appreciated the hidden storage heaters. The scullery table has been pulled away from the wall to reveal also an electric kettle and a telephone.

Upstairs the November sun plays on the figure of a putative Mary Cummings. Agnes Phelan, here in 1919, might query the likeness, but that last link with a receding world snapped a year or two ago. Into the bedroom: bellows by the hearth. The leather's perished. I've never noticed the front design before – there's always something at 346. A lady with a goose. I think back to PSM 25 (September 1981) and the lady who wrote of her family's pet geese wandering off and the household (clearly well-to-do) being alerted by a furious farmer cycling down to complain that the geese were pulling corn stalks from his rick – still to be threshed. Aged fourteen and armed with a stick she had to drive them home. A limousine pulled up with a penny for the goose girl!

Back downstairs. The china egg separator on the scullery shelf has a perpetual grin. Tins of Marmite cubes, Oxo cubes. In 1910 they wouldn't have had the patina of time they have now acquired. Master Pyecroft's earthenware jar from the Swan Inn.

Like the parlour carpet, the sieve in the garden is on its last legs. As I've said there's real time and Museum time and the former is relentless.

A letter from Barlavington

Jeremy Godwin writes:

In the current World War I exhibition in Penrith Museum (Cumbria), of items lent by local people, is a letter from Mr A. C. Crockett, then of Barlavington Farm, to his friend Bill Riley in or near Penrith. The letter has been lent by his granddaughter, now Mrs Paul Avis, of Rose Farm, Dacre, near Penrith who has given me permission to send this transcript to PSM. It is on lined paper, written on one side of the sheet in black ink (now faded) in a cursive late 19th century handwriting, undated:

*Barlavington Farm,
Petworth*

Dear Riley,

I am just taking a chance shot at you, don't know if I have the correct address or not.

I was thinking of coming to see you when I was at Liverpool in hospital but Murphy said it was a long way from Blackpool.

Well old boy how did you like going up top? Not so bad eh! I too went up top & over the top & copped it hot in fact I am still on pension have been since I was discharged 1918. I got promoted quicker up there wish I had gone before. I liked it much better except for one thing the marching, that used to finish me with my bad feet. I am farming 400 acres mixed am only milking 20 cows getting 2/10 per gall next month how are cows selling up your home shocking dear here £80 or £90 per head.

Let me know if this finds you.

Yours faithfully

A. C. Crockett

Married & have one little girl.

[Jeremy has left the punctuation as it is. I do not find A. C. Crockett in Kelly's 1918 Directory S.V. Barlavington – does this letter strike a chord with anyone? Ed.]

Old Petworth traders (15)

S. Whitcomb

The invoice we reproduce here does not have the elaboration we have sometimes seen (see Paul Thayre's in PSM 158 page 48) but is clean, well set out and very much to the point. Wages for a member of the family are four shillings and sixpence a day, perhaps reflecting level of skill, for a labourer three shillings. The firm was at the time based in Grove Street more or less opposite to the entrance of the present Surgery. The best account I have is from Henry Whitcomb (PSM 33 September 1983) and I reproduce one or two salient extracts here. Miss Harriet Blagden lived in East Street.

"We used to keep pigs when we lived in Grove Street and would take on any empty sty that was going on the nearby allotments. On Sundays I had to be careful with my bucket of pig swill for Mr Watson, the agent, lived at New Grove and when the family drove to church in their carriage and pair I was not to be seen carting pig swill about. "Hang on," my father would say, "They haven't gone along yet". We'd kill two pigs a year and salt them down ourselves in the cellar of the house in Grove Street, once the old Fox and Hounds pub. Salting was my job, using the big old yellow sinks in the pub cellar. There I would rub in the salt and brown sugar, and as the juices ran out, ladle the brine over the bacon and turn it. This I had to do every day.

Wages were low: bricklayers earned 21/- a week and labourers 14/-.


Bricklayers would often split hoops in the woods in very severe weather when they had been laid off and many were effectively masters of two quite different crafts. My father and grandfather were builders and there weren't too many builders in Petworth in those days. Much of our work was for Leconfield but we did private work too. Much of our Estate work was on farms and some were so outlying that we would go away for the week. Applesham Farm at Shoreham was one of these. My father would leave Grove Street in the early hours of Monday morning, six men altogether in a horse and cart, work all week, and then set off back on Saturday half-day (four o'clock). They'd get back about ten in the evening ready to start off again on Monday. There were 95 cart-horses on that farm alone and 5 hunters kept for the foremen to ride out and check the carters as they worked the Downland. Cucumber Farm at Singleton was another outlying farm. A job nearer home was going down to the kennels in Petworth Park a fortnight before Goodwood races to give them a "spring-clean" so that all would be ready for Lord Leconfield's guests at the annual Puppy Show. Lord Leconfield would drive his own coach four-in-hand to Goodwood with his house-guests. Three coaches

1898

Miss Blagden

To S. WHITCOMB,
GROVE STREET, PETWORTH,
BUILDER AND CONTRACTOR.

ESTIMATES GIVEN FOR BUILDINGS AND REPAIRS.

May 11	To whitewashing Parlours bed room repairing plastering in box room and repairing greenhouse Flues			
	1 3/4 day Row	4/6	4	10
	1 3/4 " Labourer 3/-		5	3
	1 pail whitewash		2	
	hair mortar			6
	plain mortar & Parisian Cement		2	
	6 Piebricks		1	
May 16	Cleaning off Kitchens whitewashing & colouring, Kitchens passage & Larder & mending round grate			
	2 days Row		9	
	2 " Labourer		6	
	1 pail whitewash		2	
	1 Linewash		1	
	2 pails Color		5	
	Plaster Paris & blk.		1	
			£ 2	4
Settled June 28 S. Whitcomb			 Will best Thanks.	

would come through Petworth, Mr Podmore's from Newlands, another coming through from Blackdown House and his Lordship's.

Repairing the Park wall was a regular job for us, although we weren't the only builders employed on this. If it was a large job we and the other builders would tender, while if it was quite small it would simply be allocated to one of us. One year I and another man worked a whole year on the coping of the Park wall, going through from the Armoury to Jackson's Lake in Stag Park. Sand and mortar were the main materials in those days. Sand we'd collect by horse and cart from the old pit just past Shopham Bridge on the left, but for work on the Park wall Mr Sutton of the Estate insisted on river sand which was deposited by flooding and taken out of the river at Pulborough. This didn't dry out white."

P.

Hugh Owen Jones 1910-1974

It may be a measure of changed social priorities that periods of Petworth time could once be demarcated in terms of succeeding rectors. I may be wrong but Thomas Sockett and Charles Holland seem to span the great part of the nineteenth century, Herbert Jones the transition from Victoria to Edward, John Penrose the period of the Great War, Valentine Powell the 1920s, and Walter Provis the 1930s. The pale figure of Mr Godwin is the first I remember, irrevocably ensnared in memory with the sadness of the time. I would be more familiar with Mr Yorke and Mr Willmer, rector and curate: quite different men but complementing one the other.

Then there was a second Mr Jones. He came in 1956. I was away on National Service. He would be rector for eighteen years and the first since Sockett to die in office. He may be the last rector to define a period.

My acquaintance with the new rector was largely mediated through my father, and, of course, I was away from Petworth much of the time. My father was no churchgoer himself but had an attitude to formal religious practice that was at once enquiring and combative, a legacy perhaps of the 1930s. I think that Mr Jones was one of those clergymen who much preferred engagement of this kind to apathy or even a shallow piety: both give little opportunity for an exchange of views. "Your father's a very intelligent man," he once said to me. "I can talk to him for hours." In those far off days the rector could park his car outside the shop – no yellow lines then – come into the shop and stay for perhaps three quarters of an hour.



Linda and Ian's Monument walk.
Photograph by Ian Godsmark.



"The all too understated role of keeping up the Society Scrapbook."
Pearl Godsmark at work. See Chairman's notes.
Photograph by Ian Godsmark.

APRICOT JAM

How to make 6 lbs.
of delicious jam for about
9^d per lb

INGREDIENTS

1 lb. EVAPORATED APRICOTS
3 lbs. PRESERVING SUGAR
3 pints WATER

Wash the Apricots thoroughly and soak in 3 pints of water for 12 hours. Boil slowly until tender, add sugar, then boil more quickly for half-an-hour or until jam will set. This makes about 6 lbs. Jam.

PRICES

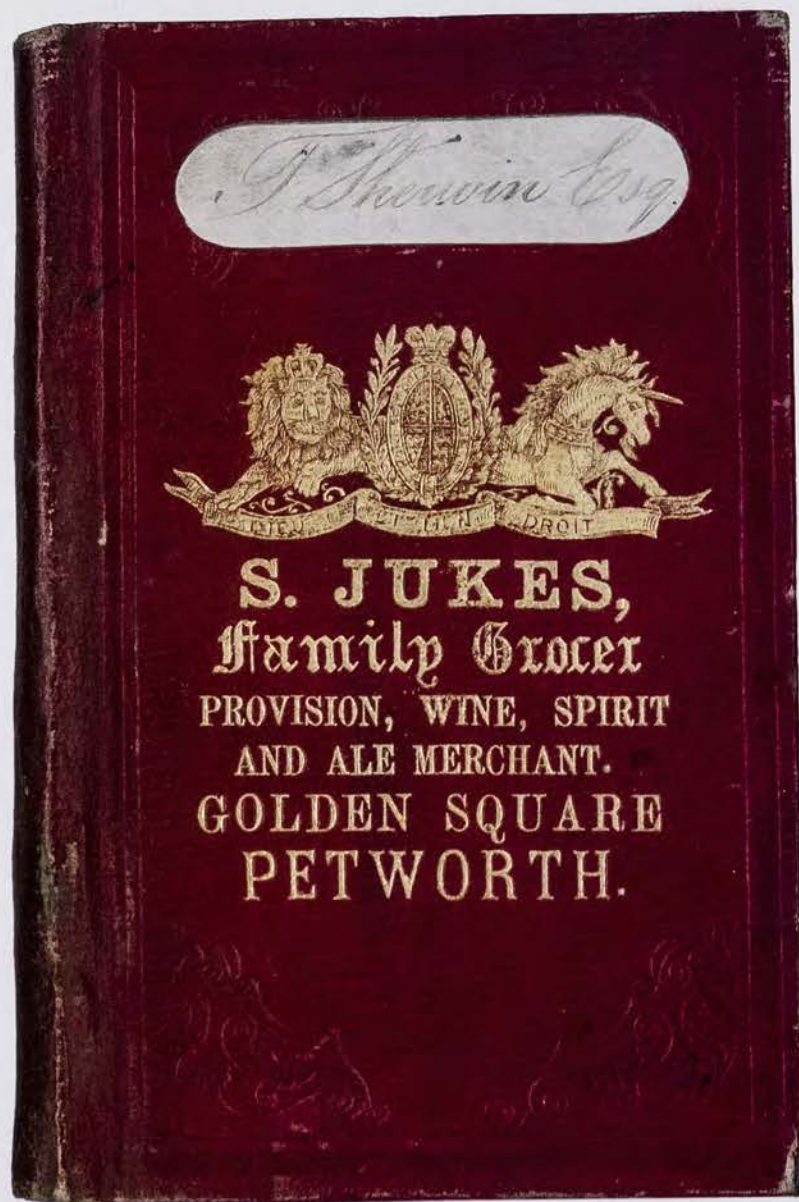
EVAPORATED APRICOTS - per lb. 1/10
PRESERVING SUGAR - - 3 lb. ctns. 2/6

INTERNATIONAL STORES

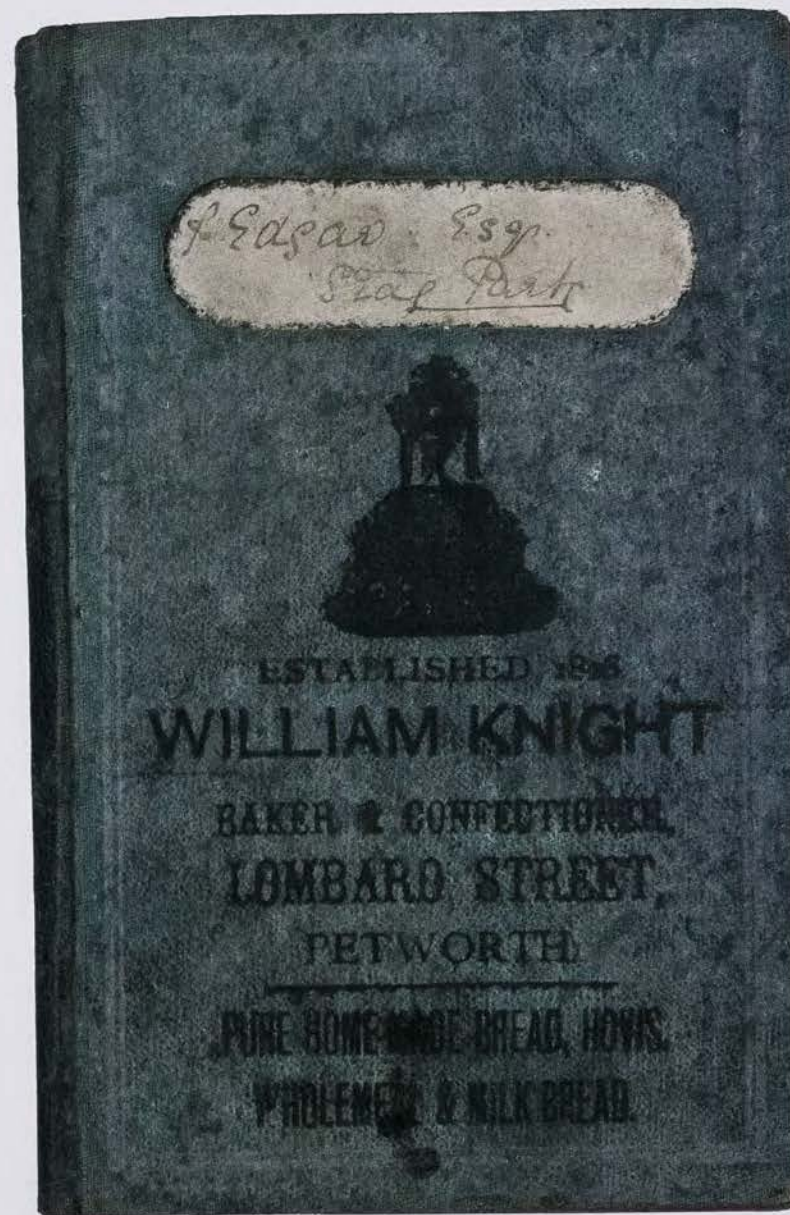
Groceries and Provisions

27/2/58

Not all Petworth shops were small family-run businesses. The International Stores had been in Market Square since the early century and previously in New Street (see PSM 157 September 2014) while the Co-operative had a branch in Golden Square (now Hennings). This flyer comes from 1958. See "Order books – a sub-literary genre."



Order book for Samuel Jukes c1880 see PSM 98 December 1999. Jukes had premises in Golden Square.



William Knight the Lombard Street baker in account with Mr Edgar, Stag Park. The book noting purchases for bread runs from 13th February 1915 to 29th June 1918. The cover is somewhat faded.



What's going on? Petworth Fair 2014.
Photograph by Ian Godsmark as are the following.



The focus of attention.
Mr Punch as ever.



"Sussex by the Sea."
Petworth Fair 2014.

I didn't see a great deal of him, as I say, I was away a lot but odd snippets of conversation drift back to me. Meeting him halfway up Lombard Street, he said rather sadly. "Learning is so often learned to be wasted" and there seemed a depth of sadness behind the remark. I have a memory too of him talking of the daily offices in church. He never missed and would usually be alone, praying for an apparently uncaring parish. Just he and God. Did the two of them ever become dispirited? It seemed not.

His strength lay with people. So often I heard of his patient work behind the scenes, consoling, comforting, encouraging in sickness and in stress. Not the sort of thing people talked about. Did he find Petworth difficult? It would be a rare rector indeed who did not. The entrenched cliques of the earlier century might have dissolved, but the subtler insidious growth of a culture moving away from religious observance would haunt his tenure. Sermons, to my mind at least, were not his strength. God being near at hand like an invisible overhead tramline wire, fair enough, but what would the congregation do if a street woman came through that south door? Not very much, I thought, looking round at a sparse congregation. Or a reiterated "Peace, perfect peace," as a mantra rather than an exposition. Every Christmas he'd order a great big basket of fruit from the shop. It seemed a little extravagant but then I realized he was going to give it all away.

Sometimes I'd be away a week, sometimes longer. Either way I'd leave Petworth on Sunday well before evensong. In memory it always seems dark, and the Square ill-lit. There was the Old Square Tavern 'A' board, brown paint with gold letters. The old lettering didn't stand out; but one last line, clearly added later, did. "Snacks and refreshments" or something like that, it glowed in the half-light. Then the bus would go round Park Road and past St Mary's. The Rev. H. O. Jones the board proclaimed: Hon Chaplain to the Forces. It always struck an odd chord. Did we need that information in somnolent Petworth? How little I knew!

Hugh Owen Jones was born in Swansea in 1910, the youngest of a large family. He had one brother and seven sisters. The family attended a Calvinistic Methodist Chapel and Hugh was soon a pupil at the Sunday school. His early health was indifferent and he suffered considerably with erysipelas. This affected his school attendance and contributed to his failure to attain a grammar school place. The family somehow found the fees for him to attend Dumbarton School in Swansea.

Toward the end of his time at Dumbarton, Hugh joined St David's church, Morrision, Swansea and took the, on the face of it, rather surprising decision to become an Anglican minister. Indications are that this led to a certain friction with family and friends but, decision once made, Hugh would be unwavering. With the support and recommendation of St David's Hugh received a studentship at Highbury College of Divinity in London. He would be ordained in September



Pet Service at St Mary's, probably 1960s.
From an original photograph by George Garland.

1934 at Chester Cathedral by Geoffrey Fisher, later to become Archbishop of Canterbury. Between 1936 and 1940 he served curacies at Birkenhead, Ashton-on-Mersey and Neston, twice returning to Morriston to officiate at the weddings of his sisters.

When war came he was commissioned as chaplain to the Forces 4th Class and posted to the Chaplains' Chester depot for further training. A letter survives from the time conveying the thanks of Neston Parochial Church Council for his work there. He was now padre to the 2nd Battalion the Sherwood Foresters, then on coastal defence duties. The Battalion would remain in the UK until February 1943 when they embarked for North Africa, arriving in time to take part in the final attack on the German forces there which led to their surrender in May.

I quote from a short account of Hugh Owen Jones' war service prepared on the occasion of his last surviving sister presenting Hugh's campaign medals¹ to Major (retired) Oliver Hackett, curator of the Worcestershire and Sherwood Foresters Regional Museum. It was May 2006. It transpired that Major Hackett had himself been baptized by Hugh in October 1942!

"Apart from participating in the bloodless capture of the island of Pantellaria in June 1943 as a prelude to the invasion of Sicily, the battalion remained in Tunisia undergoing training until December 1943 when it moved to Italy. Then, on the 22nd of January 1944, it landed at Anzio as part of the 6(US) Corps. The next four months were to witness the most savage fighting in appalling conditions that the battalion was to experience during the war, in situations reminiscent of World War I trench warfare. The battalion suffered higher casualties than any other British unit. Some 952 officers and soldiers were killed or wounded. The role of padre in these circumstances was a vital one in maintaining morale, visiting the wounded and burying the dead. Following the breakout from Anzio beachhead in May 1944, the history of 2nd Battalion records that Hugh and a squad of helpers recovered bodies which had lain unburied or in shallow graves during the fighting and they conducted proper burial services with full military honours.

In July 1944, a memorial to those who died during the beachhead fighting was unveiled and the service was led by Hugh, who will have known many of those commemorated. Following a period of rest and training, the battalion took part in the hard fought campaign which pushed the German forces up Italy including the assault on the mountainous Gothic Line of defence in the Apennines. Then on 20th January 1945, the battalion was relieved by an American battalion and withdrawn from the line. So ended its fighting career in which Hugh had taken part in some of its most severe battles.

Padre Jones was with the battalion when it moved from Italy to Palestine in February to take part in internal security operations there and in Syria. On 4th

October 1945, Hugh was promoted to Chaplain 3rd Class⁹ (temporary) in the rank of Major. He had been holding the appointment of Senior Chaplain to HQ 21 Area of the Middle Eastern Force since 31st July. In 1946 Hugh left Palestine to return to the United Kingdom where he was discharged from the Army on 4th May 1946."

On leaving the army Hugh returned to civilian life as vicar of Bramhall, Stockport, marrying Marjorie Stott one of his parishioners at St Michael and All Angels Church, Bramhall in November 1952. His move to Petworth early in 1956 did not diminish his enthusiasm for Swansea Town Football Club. Saturday night's Sporting Post never failed to reach him on the following Tuesday, posted by his eldest sister Tana.

St Mary's Magazine for November 1974 carried a brief résumé of Hugh's military career and observed how, on his arrival in Petworth in 1956 he addressed the situation he encountered, "reorganizing the work of the parish and its finances on the termination of the plurality with Tillington and in the aftermath of war – especially the loss of men and boys which the town had suffered." Formerly sequestrator at Egdean, he became rector in 1962, taking a leading part in the restoration of the church. He celebrated his Silver Jubilee in the ministry at a special service on 6th December 1959, the Bishop of Chichester presiding. Hugh Owen Jones would be Rural Dean from 1959 until his death and Chairman of the Deanery Synod and Honorary Chaplain to the Midhurst and Petworth Rotary Club. He organized six Flower Festivals in Petworth church, while his love of animals was reflected in an annual Pets' Service at St Mary's. In the late 1960s he was in correspondence with Colonel Maude concerning the possibility of forming a Petworth Society. Nothing came of this and by the Society's inaugural meeting late in 1973 it would be too late. His ashes are interred in the Garden of Remembrance at Egdean.

It will be appropriate to conclude with the following tribute from the Rev. J. H. K. Dagger, rector of Sutton with Bignor and Barlavington in the same issue of St Mary's Magazine.

"Hugh Owen Jones was always regarded with great affection by the Clergy of his Rural Deanery, not only as Rural Dean, but as a faithful friend and confidant. All the local Clergy, including many of those no longer in our Deanery, attended the Funeral Service in Petworth Parish Church. A sincere tribute of love and respect, which earlier in the day, before the Requiem, had been so aptly expressed by the Rev. A. C. Willmer, Rector of Northchapel and Clerk to the Clergy Chapter.

The Clergy and the Rural Deanery have lost a good priest and a cheerful and effective leader, under whose guidance the Clergy Chapter was a happy gathering, where free speech always flourished. Nor was the social life of the Clergy

neglected, for the Chapter Dinners which Hugh generously provided for the Clergy and their wives were convivial and joyful occasions!

Hugh Owen Jones was a great believer in the important role of the small country parishes in the Church of today and constantly represented this point of view at meetings of Rural Deans and elsewhere. He served for three years on the Bishop's Council, the Standing Committee of the Diocesan Synod, an experience which he said was interesting but not greatly to his liking! His favourite story of the Council concerned the occasion when he spoke out somewhat forcibly and another member proposed that in future 'all motions intended for the Bishop's Council should be 'filtered' before they were submitted'. Hugh's chuckle as he recalled this incident still resounds and might be heard with profit in all the higher councils of the Church he served so faithfully and well."

The writer might have added the Rector's long-standing friendship, forged in various committees, with John Wyndham.

P. with a great deal of help from Hugh's nephew John R. Davies of Sketty, Swansea.

J. The 1939-45 Star, Africa Star (Clasp 1st Army), Italy Star, Defence Medal, War Medal with Mention in Dispatches (Oak Leaf).

Telleth of *The Quest of Youth* and introduces its author, one Jeffrey Farnol

'He found Petworth, this small and peaceful town, drowsing in the mid-day heat, its narrow streets and cobbled ways echoing sleepily to leisured footfalls, lumbering waggon-wheels, and the occasional murmur of voices droning from shady corners and dim interiors; a place seemingly void of all bustle and fretful haste, where Time stole on unhurried feet; indeed a small, pleasant town, ages old, and very neat and clean from its ancient roofs and chimneys to its worn and narrow footpaths. But Sir Marmaduke, being parched with thirst, heeded little of all this for, as he traversed this sunny street, before his imagination rose a vision not of sparkling water, nor of wine red or white, still or bubbling, but of ale creaming in foam above cool tankard-brim, so that his thirst increased and he quickened his pace until at last, towards the end of the little town, upon the left hand side of the street, he espied the Inn of the Angel, an ancient, cosy-looking house with two or three steps before the open portal.'

This extract is from *The Quest of Youth* by Jeffrey Farnol, published in 1927. The book covers a month and a day in the life of Sir Marmaduke Anthony Ashley John

de la Pole Vane-Temperly, called Sir Marmaduke by his friends and just Vane-Temperly by others. However for much of the novel, he is called John, beginning when he suddenly needs to have a name that is not his real one and so adopts that of his friend John Hobbes. The story probably begins in Petworth, and ends there too, but this is never stated – although there are a few potential clues pertaining to this. One of these clues is that Sir Marmaduke does not go out much, not even for a walk, and the opening scene of the book concerns his doctor telling him he should go out more, and get some exercise – yet, as shown above, he clearly knows Petworth well; and, among the few places visited in the story, Godalming, Harting, and London, it is Petworth which gets mentioned the most.

The story seems to be set in the 1700s or early 1800s and could perhaps be described as a romantic comedy, although there are also a murder, manhunts, sword fights, ambush, and other such skulduggery. All this begins when Sir Marmaduke sets out for a walk, following his doctor's good advice, to cheer himself up. It is the day after his 45th birthday and he is feeling somewhat jaded, having separated from his wife about twenty years previously and even now still holding a torch to her. His aimless journey takes him near Harting, and here he meets a young Quaker woman, Eve Ann, who is hiding from the two uncles who have brought her up, as she intends to run away with her beau to London. However, she has only known this man a fortnight, and he immediately abandons her when she arrives at their appointed meeting place in the company of good gentleman Sir Marmaduke. The man is called Denton and he is a cohort of the villainous Sir Brandish who, shortly after challenging Sir Marmaduke to a duel, gets murdered in the very copse that the two were supposed to do this in. Sir Marmaduke hears the shot and arrives on the scene, only to find that it is Eve Ann holding the shotgun which was used to kill the man.

Sir Marmaduke likes the girl a lot, though she is barely half his age, and so he leaves evidence at the scene of the crime that implicates him as the murderer – although he does not believe it was Ann who did the shooting. The two of them then go on the run, heading for London; however their pace is slow, very slow, and neither seem in a particular rush to reach the city, as both enjoy being in the other's company. Along the way, they meet a number of colourful characters: gamekeepers, villains, footpads, a witch, a pugilist, an old fiddler playing beautiful airs for his dead daughter, and Jasper Shrig who is a sort of detective with connections to London's early police. Also encountered is Sir Marmaduke's wayward nephew, Rupert, and Ann takes quite a shine to him. Indeed, Sir Marmaduke assumes the two will marry, and even arranges that this would be possible; yet it is obvious right from the very start, when they first meet, who the real lovers are.

Farnol wrote more than forty books during his career, mostly at the rate of one a year, sometimes two, though there were of course odd years when none were published. *The Quest of Youth* was his sixteenth book, and in 'Sussex County Magazine', June 1930, which had his photograph on the front-cover, an item titled 'Modern South Saxons' noted that: 'By the titles of his books, *High Adventure* and *The Quest of Youth*, Jeffrey Farnol takes the public into his confidence and reveals the subjects nearest his heart. He is of the opinion, one is certain, that youth and adventure are a heritage of great romance, and one which may still be explored after the artificialities and crude realism in modern fiction have been exhausted. It is, perhaps, because Mr Farnol has faced life in its reality, and has grappled with its facts that he clings to Youth and Adventure for his recreative fiction. He has refused to follow the current mode, and relies upon the ideal and imaginary vein that is in him for his picturesque romances.'

The Quest of Youth received good reviews, such as this from the Aberdeen Journal: 'a new novel by Jeffrey Farnol, full of the quaint descriptions of country life and folk that have made this writer's books so popular,' and, in the Derby Daily Telegraph: 'He is at his very best in portraying the chance characters of the countryside. Some of the folk one meets in this book are portrayed with a touch worthy of Charles Dickens himself.' A reviewer in the other Daily Telegraph wrote: 'Romance without the alloy of romanticism, that is the gift the fairy godmother gave Mr Farnol at his birth, and he has gratefully preserved its lustre undimmed.'

John Jeffrey Farnol was born in 1878 in Aston, Warwickshire. 'Jeffrey' was actually his mother's maiden name. Known as Jack to his friends and family, he had three younger brothers and a sister. His storytelling stemmed from his father reading stories to them every night. The family moved to Birmingham about 1888, and then later to Lee in Kent. He learned boxing at school, due to his constantly getting into fights, and lost his first job, as an apprentice at a brass foundry, after knocking out the foreman. Later he went to Westminster Art School for a while. In 1900, he married Blanche Wilhelmina Victoria Hawley, who was a few years younger than him. She was the daughter of the New York artist Hughson Hawley, and the young couple shortly moved to New York, where Farnol got a job as a scene painter at a theatre. He began selling stories, and his first book was published circa 1906 in America. However, it was *The Broad Highway*, published in Britain in 1910, which was so successful that he decided to become a professional writer, and he returned to this country that same year and shortly settled in Eastbourne. He liked to cycle with his brothers and friends, and they went all over Sussex and Kent and Surrey, exploring the villages and countryside. Farnol was very short-sighted though and this prevented him from enlisting during the Great

War. In 1934, by which time he had written over 25 books, he went on a three-month tour in America, giving lectures. Shortly after this, he and Blanche were divorced, and in 1938 he married Phyllis Mary Clarke and adopted her young daughter.

Literary biographical dictionaries etc. tend to describe him as a writer of Regency novels or of historical romances of the 'cloak and dagger' school, but these are very general statements. Some of his books are set in the years he wrote them in, and he also did a series of three pirate novels. Furthermore, a large number of his books are set in the old South, especially around Sussex and Kent, irrespective of whichever historical period they describe. Indeed, he should perhaps be better remembered as a 'Sussex novelist,' and he is even referred to as such in a review in 'Sussex County Magazine' of *A Pageant of Victory*, published 1936. Some of his Southern novels are set in villages which have fictitious names, but in others, such as *The Quest of Youth*, he names real places. *Beltane the Smith* (1915) is a medieval romance set in a mostly imaginary Sussex, and *Sir John Dering* (1923) is set near Lewes, but Dering is the name applied to Firle village. *The Loring Mystery* (1925) is set around Goring. *Another Day* is a mystery, published in 1929, and set at that time in the district of Lewes and the Downs. *Jade of Destiny* (1931) is a courtly romance partly set at Shoreham; and *The Lonely Road* (1938) is set around Horsham, Alfriston and Eastbourne. Other Sussex books include *The Happy Harvest* (1939); *My Lord of Wrybourne* (1948) and *The Ninth Earl* (1950) which also features Horsham. These are only a few of Farnol's Sussex books and although I haven't read it yet, I must mention another just for the amusing title itself, *The Crooked Furrow*, which has a picture of a ploughed field on the cover! Some of his books were also adapted into films. Farnol's first Regency romance, *The Amateur Gentleman* (1913) was made into a film in 1920, again in 1926, and also in 1936. *The Definite Object* (1917) which is set in New York was made into a film in 1920, and again a few years later, with the title 'Manhattan.'

When he was opening a fete in Itchingfield, in 1932, Farnol said "I am a great lover of Sussex. I love the old Sussex inns. I love the old Sussex ale. I love old Sussex shepherds when one talks to them, because there are some who believe that places like down at Deepdene are still haunted."

With so many of his books set in Sussex and Kent during the Regency period, there are some characters which appear in more than one of them. Jasper Shrig is one of Farnol's stock characters and he appears in at least a dozen of the writer's novels, including *The Quest of Youth* and *Waif of the River*. Indeed, there are a number of such people, who have brief cameos in many of Farnol's books. Some of his characters have very different manners of speech. That of the gentry, like Sir Marmaduke, is quite different to the talk of the agricultural labourers, and the

'cant' of the various thieves and footpads is full of the underworld slang of the period. The pugilist met in *The Quest of Youth* turns out to be a prize-fighter that Sir Marmaduke used to know well, and the two use the jargon of the ring, in the same way that Jasper Shrig uses contemporaneous terms specific to his trade of bounty hunter/London detective. This attention to detail in the language of the period is, at first, one of the most daunting aspects of the novel – indeed, of many of Farnol's books – and at first it jars a little, with the modern reader, but after a chapter or two one can discern how this strange old English language flowed, in speech, and then reading it becomes more enjoyable. A reviewer in 'Sussex County Magazine' wrote that the 'dialogue is cast in an accepted form of romantic archaism,' and here, as an example of this, is one of those scenes of coy banter that Sir Marmaduke and the Quaker girl Eve Ann engage in, in *The Quest of Youth*. Note how it's not just the dialogue that has such old phrasings.

"Oh, John, thou wouldst be stately anywhere or when since thou art – thyself."

"Then I must seem an extremely trying kind of person."

"Not to me, John. Oh, never to me!" she exclaimed so fervently that he must needs turn to glance at her.

"Child, I wonder why?" he questioned.

"Because thou'rt a man never dismayed, John, and so gentle. And because, despite what thou art and hast been, canst eat bread and butter and enjoy it ... and sharing the perils of a poor hunted creature, canst tramp cross-country in tight boots and whistle –"

Sir Marmaduke laughed again, but hearing the sincerity in her soft tones, reading it in her clear, direct gaze, his bristly cheek took on an unwonted flush and his dark eyes glowed beneath their long lashes.

"See yonder, John."

Looking whither she directed, he beheld a tall, slender spire soaring high above the green.

"Petworth!" said she.

A vague, small town upon a hill bowery with trees; Sir Marmaduke lengthened his stride.

"There," sighed he, "will we eat and drink and rest a while. And I am plaguily thirsty! As you must be."

"Nay, John. But go thy ways into town, I'll wait here."

"Wait?"

"Indeed, 'twere wiser – folk might know me. So I'll wait thee in the little coppice yonder."

Farnol also paid attention to details in the manner of describing period costume and the sort of weapons that were used, and also in other ways, such as that in the

quote at the start of this article, where an inn at Petworth called the Angel is mentioned. There was indeed an inn with this name here, although I'm not entirely sure how far back it existed; yet, as one reviewer wrote of *The Lonely Road* in 'Sussex County Magazine': 'We cannot read a romance such as this without softening our hearts in a measure approaching that with which the passing of time mellows the sterner facts of history – and of this mellowing influence Mr Farnol is a high priest.'

The last novel he wrote, *Waif of the River*, is a romance set along the Thames valley. He became ill during this time, and died the following year, 1952, while writing another book and this was later completed by his wife. In an obituary to him in 'Sussex County Magazine', it said 'As he made Tom Lethbridge say in *The Way Beyond*: "Sussex I be and Sussex I'll bide." His own assuredly were the sentiments concerning Sussex of the hero of *Sir John Dering*, as he sat enraptured on Firlie Beacon: "A country to leave that a man may come back to it. A country to live and die in – 'tis the Down country sir," and of Ursula Revell on the banks of the River Amazon in *The Winds of Fortune* when she says "Sussex is the loveliest place in all the world." He would surely have wished to appropriate to himself as a farewell gesture the action which in *Another Day* he attributed to the little girl Patience who, when out motoring with her uncle and Lord Withymore, begged them to stop so that she could wave good night to the Wilmington Giant: "There's my giant. Isn't he terrific? Dear Giant."

The Long Man of Wilmington was John Jeffrey Farnol's most beloved part of Sussex, and according to an item published in S.C.M. one of his intimate friends was an old shepherd, who worked along the top of Hindover and Windover, just above the Long Man: 'At the fall of eventide one might easily come across Mr Farnol and this old shepherd sitting alone on Windover, and gazing across the valley as the purple shadows creep along and everything becomes mysterious.' His ashes were scattered at its head.

For more information, visit 'The Jeffrey Farnol Appreciation Society' website on-line.

Shaun Cooper

Some features of Tillington church

Most people when they are visiting one of our lovely villages will go into the parish church. All are different, all are intriguing. They point us back to our roots, what makes our Englishness. The church of All Hallows at Tillington is no

exception. Visitors are attracted by the Scots crown on the tower (one of only five in Britain). And when they open the great west door and enter the church, they are not disappointed. They see the beautiful stained glass windows and they read the wall plaques which record some of the people who were part of this village before us. If they look at the stone used in the building, they will find use made of blocks of local sandstone together with flint from the fields and the Sussex marble used in the floor of the chancel.

There are two most interesting brass wall plaques which relate to gifts made to the poor of Tillington in times when the welfare state as we know it, did not exist. The brass plaque on the north wall records the generosity of the Stiles brothers, Henry and Thomas, who each left £50 to the poor of Tillington. The inscription tells us that Henry Stiles died in Moscow in 1711. This does seem remarkable. How could someone born in the unassuming village of Tillington come to die in Moscow?

Henry and Thomas were the sons of Richard Stiles of Tillington. In 1656 Richard Stiles married Jane Allcock in Tillington. They had nine children; Thomas was born in 1658, Henry in 1664. What was Richard's occupation? He was part of Thomas Seymour, the sixth Earl of Somerset's household. The Earl, having married an heiress, set about the rebuilding of Petworth house from 1688. And from 1690 to 1696 Richard Stiles was the Earl's paymaster for all these building works.

Meanwhile two of Richard's sons, Henry and Thomas had become members of the Muscovy company, also known as the Russia company. This was founded in 1553 by 240 London merchants. Its purpose was to search for the Northeast passage to China. The Company made an agreement with Tsar Ivan IV of Russia for the monopoly of trade with Russia. The Muscovy Company imported furs, tallow, wax, flax, hemp and timber. They exported English cloth. And Henry and Thomas Stiles were part of this import / export trade.

For many years the story of the gift of this £100 by Henry and Thomas Stiles to the poor of Tillington was kept alive in the memories of the Tillington school children by succeeding rectors of Tillington. Once a year the children from the church school (now the flats called Linton House) marched along to the causeway opposite the church. Here the rector would relate this story. Henry Stiles had been driving in his carriage on the road between Petworth and Midhurst when one of the carriage wheels came off. Henry Stiles was entertained in the rectory while the carriage was repaired in the village. Before Henry Stiles resumed his journey, he took from his pocket some seeds and threw them down on the road side. These seeds were winter heliotrope. This flowers in January and has an odour of vanilla. It was used as a medicine for fevers. It was said to cure the plague and is often

found growing near churches. (In Tillington it has spread to the other side of the road).

Henry Stiles, the elder brother, had become the Muscovy Company's factor in Moscow. When Henry died he left the substantial sum of £50 to the poor of Tillington. His brother, Thomas, died six years later. He added a further £50 to Henry's donation. Thomas had dealt with the London end of the market negotiating with the masters of the ships who engaged in this trade. These sailed in convoy and the navy was expected to supply some protection. The plaque tells us that the interest from this £100 must be used to provide bread, 'one half to be given on the feast day of St Thomas the Apostle (which is December 21st) and the other half on the eighth of January, in bread for ever.'

Another brass plaque on the north wall recounts an altercation between William Cox, the precentor from Chichester cathedral, during the Commonwealth. William Cox 'suffered indignities at the hands of the rebels on account of his fearless loyalty to the king'. Cox must have lived in Petworth. But Petworth went over to the Commonwealth side; Tillington was a Royalist village.

The plaque tells us that Cox took part in a memorable and furious debate. This debate took place in Petworth church. Cox's opponent was a Puritan minister called Fisher. Fisher was staying with Francis Cheynell, the minister installed by the Commonwealth to the living of Petworth. The subject they debated was baptism. Cox believed in the baptism of babies, Fisher, the puritan, did not accept the baptism of infants. He thought only the baptism of adults valid.

When Cox died in 1654 Mary his wife carried out the instructions he left for his burial. During the Commonwealth the use of the prayer book was prohibited and in its place a Directory of Services introduced. Cox refused to have it used at his funeral. Cox therefore instructed that at his burial only 'the bell was to be tolled but he was to be buried 'without any other ceremony, there was to be no other vanitie of eating or drinking nor were gloves and ribbands' to be given to the mourners. This was the usual practice. William Cox was buried in the chancel. The rector could charge a larger fee for burial in the chancel than for one in the nave of the church. It was thought that the nearer to the altar you were buried, the more chance you would have of reaching heaven., hence the phrase of those who were buried inside the church, 'the stinking rich'. Burials inside churches were abolished in 1853 by Act of Parliament.

Cox's tomb still lies beneath an enormous slab of Sussex marble, also called winkle stone. This slab is 6 foot by 3 foot and 2" thick. Sussex marble is a freshwater carboniferous limestone in which little shells, fossils and pebbles can be seen. It was mined on the Earl of Somerset's land at Northchapel and Kirdford. Sussex marble was exceedingly hard to cut and would have taken hours of work to

do so with a primitive saw. The rough surface was then ground down with sand and polished with clay, beeswax and animal fat.

Much of the chancel of Tillington church is paved with huge slabs of Sussex marble. This stone can be admired in the marble hall at Petworth House, and in the Sussex marble baptism fonts in Kirdford, Lurgashall and Northchapel churches. All of these are post Commonwealth fonts so probably the Tillington chancel was paved with Sussex marble after Charles II was restored to the throne in 1660.

When William Cox's wife died in 1698 'after 40 years of chaste widow hood' as Cox's epitaph records, the Sussex stone slab must have been moved to allow Mary Cox to be buried in the chancel with her husband. A fee of 13 shillings and fourpence was paid to the rector 'for breaking ground in the chancel'. The brass epitaph was then riveted on to the replaced Sussex marble. Mary Cox left £2 to the poor of Tillington. The brass plaque was later removed from the slab and attached to the wall of the church. You can still see the holes for the rivets in the plaque and the corresponding rivets in the slab.

Later the Sussex marble slabs in the chancel must have been moved again when William Mitford of Pitshill-Place decided to enlarge his family vault. This vault lies under the chancel floor. The vault was enlarged with the consent of the inhabitants of Tillington. A bronze plaque on the south wall as you enter the vestry records the names of some of the Mitfords who lie in the vault beneath the Sussex marble. The William Mitford who extended the vault married Frances Dippery Row in 1778 and the vault became the burial place for their children, Louisa, an infant in 1778, William in 1789 aged seven, Elizabeth another infant daughter in 1790, and the same year Louise aged a year and a half. In 1797 William's wife Frances died aged 36 years. The last person named on the bronze plaque is Sukey. We can assume that with her death in 1804, the vault was full and was not used after this date, but the Sussex marble is still there in the chancel to remind us of these events. It is now protected with a carpet.

But amazingly the generosity of the Stiles brothers and Mary Cox and other charitable donors who lived in Tillington remains an active charity for the people of Tillington. It has been increased by the generosity of later inhabitants. It still produces an income for the people of Tillington. The spirit of the Stiles purpose to provide bread for the poor is kept by the donation of £10 to the older inhabitants at Christmas, and by the Charity's contribution to the village Christmas dinner. The Charity also caters for the youth of the village. These are encouraged to apply to the Charity for a grant towards some piece of equipment or project which will help them in their studies.

This is an abbreviated version of the pamphlet *An Entrusted Legacy* available for

£2 to church funds at the back of Tillington church. Some of the sources used are the Mitford Archives, the Cowdray archives, the National archives and Tillington parish records in the West Sussex Record Office. Printed sources include *Sussex Stones* by Roger Birch, 2006 and *The English Way of Death*, 2002, by Roger Little. Oral information from Dennis and Wendy Clarke.

Barbara Biddell

Order books. A sub-literary genre all its own

I think we called them "order books" if we called them anything at all, but for years they were part of my life. Order book is a little misleading; customers would write their orders in them for us to make up, but they were also part of the credit system almost universally operated by small shops of the time. Customers would book goods on a weekly or, more usually, fortnightly basis – in theory at least. It could all become more than a little untidy, but you couldn't really work a small shop of the time without it – not if you were dealing in groceries and household goods. In these days of supermarket supremacy and electronic tills it all seems an age away but the system was still in use in the early 1990s. It was something that could certainly be abused and shopkeepers had to be careful to whom credit was given. You didn't always get it right and you never "booked" cigarettes and tobacco – at least in theory.

These books have been a part of everyday life for more than a century, certainly I have one from the 1860s, much the same as I would know a hundred years and more later. I've twenty of them. In fifteen years of Book Sales, I've known just three rather forlorn examples come in – orphans of the storm you might say. The majority I have are late Victorian and Edwardian with two from the period of the 1914-1918 war. The real aristocrats have elaborately embossed bright red covers with the royal arms – the less ambitious can be humble notebooks pirated for the purpose. The normal use is for grocery items, but they can have a specialised use for bread and bakery items, possibly also for butchers although I do not have one of these.

Predictably it would be Petworth's larger family-based shops which led the way, sometimes offering interleaved advertisements or blotting paper. There was a hierarchy of Petworth shops which mirrored that of the world outside. Charles Older (Angel Street), Otways (Market Square and Golden Square), W and H Green (Church Street later Otways) and William Knight the bakers (Lombard Street), who defy convention by featuring a tiered cake on the front, are the leading examples.

Goods are booked on a day-to-day basis and payment, presumably, will be on pre-agreed terms. As a general rule, no doubt, the more elevated the social status of a customer, the longer the time-span and the larger the credit. Not everyone would have the privilege of a book, while forty or fifty pounds would be a fair sum in Victorian and Edwardian terms. Did such extended credit cause the occasional sleepless night on either side of the counter? On this the books are understandably silent. They tell us little of individual buyers or sellers other than what may be gleaned from other sources. They do, however, remind us of the too easily forgotten pattern of everyday life, the understated background to larger events that once, if unwittingly, depended on it.

P. – to be continued.

LIST OF ARTICLES.		Foreign Fruits, &c.	Sundries.
Black Teas.	Sugars, &c.	CONTINUED.	CONTINUED.
Congou	West India	Turkey Figs	Lucca and Florence Oil
Strong ditto	Crystalized	Tafilat Dates	Maccaroni
Fine ditto	East India	Normandy Pippins	Vermicelli
Souchong	Double Refined	Malaga Grapes	Pure Sweetmeats
Orange Pekoe	Golden Syrup	Jordan, Soft Shell, Valencia, and bitter Almonds	Tamarinds
Flowery ditto	Brown Candy	Messina Lemons, Oranges	Marmalade
Green Teas.	Spices, &c.	Candied Citron	Jellies and Jams
Young Hyson	Mace	Lemon and Orange Peel	Preserved Fruits
Fine Hyson	Cloves	Greengages & Mixed Fruits	East & West India Preserved
Gunpowder	Nutmegs	Sundries.	Ginger
Fresh Roasted Coffees.	Cinnamon	Pickles of all kinds	French Fruits
Jamaica	Best Mixed	Curry Paste	Isinglass
Barbice	Cayenne Pepper	Mulligatawny Paste	Gelatine
Mysore	White and Black ditto	French Olives	Whole and Split Peas
Costa Rica	Long ditto	Potted Meats	Bird Seed
Plantation Ceylon	Jamaica Ginger	Reading and other Sauces	Sand Paper & Emery Cloth
Mocha	Prepared ditto	Gorgona Anchovies	Blacking
Cocoas.	Carraway Seeds	Essence of ditto	Wax, Paraffin and Spermin
Soluble	Coriander ditto	Indian Soy	Candles
Flake	Mustard ditto	Walnut and Mushroom	Composite ditto
Cocoa Nuts and Nibs	Fine Mustard	Ketchup	Metallic Wick ditto
Genuine Ground Cocoa	Double Superfine ditto	Bengal Chutnee	Wax Tapers
Fry's Chocolate & Cocoa	Foreign Fruits, &c.	Essence Rennet	Best Night Lights
Paste	Muscatsels	Table and Pickling Vinegar	Kensington Moulds
Twinnings do. do.	French Plums	Chili Ditto	Best Store Dips
Chocolate Powder	Portugal Ditto	Ratilla and Essence	Soaps of all kinds
Plain	Valencia Raisins	Currie Powder	Soda, Glenfield and Glazed
Best Plain	Patras Currants	Bermuda Arrowroot	Starch
	French Prunes	Pearl Sago	Stone and Powdered Blue
	Sultana Raisins	Tapioca	Cheese, Butter and Lard
		Custard Powder	Hampshire Bacon
		Whole and Cut Groats	York and Wespalia Hams
		Semolina	Pickled and Smoked Ox
		Pearl Barley	Tongues
		Scotch Barley	Wine and Tea Biscuits in great variety
		Patent Groats	British Wines
		Patent Barley	Saltpetre
		Whole and Ground Rice	Bay Salt
		Prepared Corn Flour	Basket and Common Salt
		Borwick's Baking Powder	Whiting and Bricks
		Golden Syrup	Hearth Stone
		Paraffin, Colza and other Oils	Kitchen Paper
			Every article usually kept by the Trade

A. M. Challen's list of stock 1874.

Challens had premises in Golden Square.

Orders by Post or Carrier promptly attended to.

An Ebernoe childhood (4)

I mentioned earlier that Father made sure we earned our keep. The same principle applied to the animals as well, there were no pets, they all had a job to do. We had several cats; some lived in the farm buildings and kept the rats at bay. They had fresh milk at milking time but were not actually fed. There was usually one cat kept at home for catching mice, and rats too. We used to hear them scuttling above us in the attic at night. Sometimes one of the cats would curl up in bed with my younger sister and I. One evening I felt something strange by my feet and discovered that the cat had given birth to some kittens. Mother was not all that surprised and she took them downstairs to a more suitable place. The cat did not approve and brought them all back up in her mouth, one at a time, to our bed. Finally they were put down except one, by drowning in a pail of water. We were not very happy about this but it was a question of being realistic and it is best to get rid of them while they are only a few hours old. It seems much worse when their eyes are open and their fur has started to grow. We were allowed to keep pet rabbits for a time, no doubt they finished up in a pie, or pudding. Sometimes I would take my rabbit to a place where clover grew, as a special treat. At one time we looked after two foxhound puppies. They belonged to Lord Leconfield's hunt. Other people kept two at the same time, and a reward was given for the two puppies who were returned in the best condition. One year we got a silver cup for this service. The biscuits for the pups were provided by Lord Leconfield and I know they were good as we children often ate them. My mother's father was a huntsman for Lord Leconfield and he looked very smart in his Hunting Pink. It was not the thing to call their coats "Red" and the dogs were always called "hounds". Grandfather knew every one by name, and there were quite a lot in the pack.

Sometimes the hunt went through our farm (it was Lord Leconfield's really as my father was a tenant) but it was Father's crops which were sometimes spoilt, and of course he was annoyed about it. When we saw the hunt coming we would run and open the gates and Lord Leconfield would throw us sixpence. He was a very large man and his wife looked very elegant sitting side saddle. "Lordy" as was his nickname, did not like anyone to ride in front of him while out hunting and they would get shouted at and his language was said to be "choice". No one was supposed to shoot foxes but if they had raided the chicken run and got away with some and killed them, I don't think anyone should be blamed for doing that on their own accord.

I remember one nice summer day seeing three pretty little fox cubs playing outside their den. They were just like puppies. I told Mother when I got home and

later on realised that it was my fault they met their doom, and somehow I felt guilty. The girl on the next farm to us had one once as a pet and I wonder if that might have been one of them. It was not easy for anyone to imagine the amount of damage three fox cubs could have created when grown up, not to mention the increase in the fox population when they started their own families. Another rather important point: they liked rabbits and as they were so vital to us, we would have gone hungry, maybe. It seems to me that as foxes are free from predators it is a question of man stepping in to balance the scales when nature itself does not act. That may sound like me being God, but it is just common sense. On the other hand, there are kinder ways of killing foxes than being hunted and torn to pieces by the hounds. I must say I am glad that fox hunts are more rare than when I was young. Granny no doubt would not be very pleased with my opinions as it was their living. It was not done for us lesser mortals to criticise our Lords and Masters; anyway there was no Social Security in those days. I often heard my father threaten us with the dreaded work house. Knowing, as I grew older, how he wasted money, it was rather unfair on us. It is a pity he did not think of that himself before having such a large family.

My granny on Mother's side played an important part in our young lives. One of my sisters often stayed with her and she taught my sister how to do needlework and crochet. She was very old fashioned even then, strict and spotlessly clean. I have only to smell carbolic soap and it reminds me of her. I know she was very fond of us and left us some money in her Will, even though she could have used the money herself. Grandad died some years before her and she had to get out of her little house and move into a bed sitting room up several flights of stairs. There was no tap water and she lived a very frugal life, and lonely. We used to visit her as often as we could, but six miles was a long way to go in those days. Her parting gift to us was a bowl of dripping. Her nickname for me was "Bunty". There was a play running in London at the time I was born called "Bunty Pulls the Strings" and somehow there was a connection. Her room was nearer the church, to which she went every Sunday. She also treated herself to the cinema when Greta Garbo was on.

As we spent such a lot of time out of doors, we got to know every nook and cranny. There was a bank where wild white violets grew, and a place in the little copse where oxslips and cowslips grew in profusion, not to mention large areas of bluebells and the lovely fragrant primroses. We knew where to find the mushrooms and other edible things. I had my own favourite haunts too and one was close to the house but hidden from view. In the spring and early summer when the grass and the cow parsley in the orchard was waist high, I would step carefully so as not to give the game away, then I would plonk myself down under

an apple tree in full blossom. It was like heaven to hear the bees and watch the birds flying about. I would have something to read, and I was at peace with the world. Another favourite haunt was at the far end of the farm. In fact I am not sure whether it actually belonged to the farm. It was like a wilderness overgrown with brambles and hawthorn. There were rabbit holes in abundance and molehills. Our delight though was the pond in the centre. It was just the right depth for paddling in, and with our jam jars we would be happily occupied collecting frog spawn, newts and other interesting pond insects. There was something very fascinating about this area, it was a little paradise, being isolated, and even the rabbits would run about as if they had not seen us. I remember one very hot day when we were either paddling or lying on the sun drenched banks and watching the dragon flies flitting over the water, often just a hairsbreadth away from it. The sun drew out the scent of the water which made us feel drowsy, combined with the wild thyme and all kinds of other aromatic plants. My younger brother was with me on this particular occasion, I wonder if he remembers as well.

Another interesting place where we played was a disused lime kiln, as where the old workings had been large holes and slopes remained, and on some parts different kinds of vegetation grew. On wet days and in the winter we often played in the barns where the hay and cattle food was stored, and also some of the farm machinery was stored. One day I shall never forget. My youngest brother was playing about with the chaff cutter. This was meant for cutting up the hay for animal food. Anyway, he had got his finger in the cutter and turned the handle and he cut off the top of his left hand first finger. I went with him back to Mother and she bandaged it up. Father asked where the top of it was, as he had the idea that it could be put back on. Anyway, it could not be found and to this day he is minus his finger tip.

Another fascinating place was the granary. This was not used for storing grain but Father kept it for carpentry. He made several items of furniture, mainly stools. After he left school he was apprenticed to a wheelwright, and so he knew the job. He knew how to repair the wheels on the farm wagons. Sometimes he would allow one or two of us to play there while he was working. I especially liked playing with the shavings. There was a small window at the far end of the building covered in cobwebs and muck, but there was something about this window which fascinated me. I used to stand looking out of it for a long time. All I could see was a field and our house in the distance. A few years ago I went back to the farm and the granary had been converted into a very pleasant flat, the farm manager lived in it. The house itself was empty, though the workmen were decorating as it was up for sale, and I had the chance to look all over it. They had a bathroom installed, and "our" back stairs had been blocked up, as had the large brick oven where

Mother used to bake bread. The farm had been sold before and the fields cultivated for growing apples, mainly Cox's Orange. In fact several more farms in that area were converted to apple growing farms; the soil was said to be very good for them.

My father had his favourite animals, besides children, and one of them was a pig called "Betsy". He would lean over the pigsty wall and talk to her, and she would grunt back. It seemed as if she knew what he was saying. When she reached a certain age though, she was killed. It took place near the house and on the day I remember I could not stand the squealing and went to a distant part of the farm where I could not hear anything. We lived off her very well for the next week or so, on the offal and brawn Mother made, not to mention the joints of pork. The bacon parts were put up the chimney to be smoked. It all seemed cruel to me but this was the fate of most farm animals anyway. I would not have made a very good farmer's wife as I could not wring the chickens' necks and was afraid of the geese, and setty hens. There was one exception to the obvious fate of most of the animals. At the end of the First World War the army had some horses which having gone through active service were surplus to their requirements, and we had one of these horses. It's name was "Jolly" and she was put out to grass and did not have to work. I remember seeing the army mark of an arrow on her rump. Sometimes, and this particular time it was in the autumn, the soldiers would be out on manoeuvres and once they halted on the road which ran along the farm. In fact it was at the bridge under which our brook flowed. Anyway, they talked to us and we raided the orchard and gave them some apples. My father no doubt missed the apples because at tea time I heard him say that if he caught the b*****s taking them he would shoot them. We were quaking in our shoes; thank goodness he did not know who the culprits were!

Sabina Melville – to be continued.

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When buses were for everyone – tales my father told me

Most people know that 'bus' is short for 'omnibus' ('for all'), but it was the French who coined the word in the context of public transport – 'Voitures omnibus' – cars for everyone.

This is how Gordon Stevenson introduced his nostalgically interesting talk,

drawing on his father's diaries which record his time as a Southdown bus conductor. As well as the technical details of the vehicles and their eccentricities, there were plenty of amusing sidelines about the intricacies of timetabling, some famous passengers and how the crews managed to get to – and keep with – their buses come flood and snow.

Southdown Motor Services was formed as an amalgamation of five smaller, struggling companies in 1915. Buses were requisitioned during the 1914-18 War, some converted to lorries and others to 'battle buses', almost like tanks in appearance.

Mr Stevenson Snr. started as a temporary conductor in 1934, as did Gordon for a year in 1967. Starting pay for his father was five shillings a day, six days a week. Crews often needed bicycles to get to and from work and these were carried on the luggage racks on the roofs of the single decker buses. Quite late in his career a situation arose necessitating the provision of a motor cycle for driver and conductor to get from Petworth to Pulborough where the bus was based. Drivers were expected to be mechanics as well, for minor repairs and maintenance. Crews had to clean their vehicles at the start of the day. Amongst other services, parcels were collected and delivered en route as well as at depots.

War came again in 1939. Lighting restrictions, inside and outside vehicles, houses and along roads, made it very difficult to see where you were going or even where you were. Southdown had its own Home Guard units, but Mr. Stevenson was called up in 1940 and served in the Artillery in North Africa, Sicily and Italy, returning home and to the buses in early 1946.

New buses, 36 foot long, were introduced, but as it proved impossible to negotiate Bacon's Corner, old models were retained for the Petworth routes. At this time, employees families were entitled to quarter fares on buses, the same as for dogs!

By 1967, one person operation was looming, pushing conductors out, so Mr Stevenson left, aged 61, to work at Sussexdown, Storrington, on maintenance and in the gardens.

Post-war, his passengers had included Vernon Bartlett, S.P.B. Mayes and Fred Streeter. He volunteered at the Amberley Chalk Pits Museum, where there is a large collection of Southdown vehicles and memorabilia, manning the 'bus station office'. He died aged 94 in 2000.

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