

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY  
*magazine*

No. 179. March 2020



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Gog and Magog a century ago. See 'Like mighty giants: the Gog Magog enigma' on page 50.

**FRONT COVER**

'The ploughman homeward plods his weary way' was George Garland's caption borrowed from Thomas Gray's 'Elegy written in a Country Churchyard' for this photograph taken at West Burton in 1934.

**BACK COVER**

A design produced by Waterlow & Sons Ltd. for a device for Petworth Parish Council in 1894. See page 53.

## THE PETWORTH SOCIETY

### 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 £14.00, single or double, one magazine delivered. Postal £18.00, overseas nominal £25.00. Further information may be obtained from any of the following.

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The Petworth Society supports the Leconfield Hall, Petworth Cottage Museum, the Coultershaw Beam Pump and the Friendship Centre.

### WEBSITE

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

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## CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

First a note about proof-reading. Issue 178 was in fact the December magazine not, as printed on the cover, September. My apologies (and Jonathan's) for any confusion. You will be pleased to know that subscriptions will remain at the 2019 level for next year. Please tick the Gift Aid box on your subscription form if you can, it means a substantial contribution to Society funds. Prompt payment eases Gemma's very considerable workload. There will be the usual opportunity to pay at the March and April Book Sales and, as ever, Austens in Marker Square will be prepared to take sealed envelopes. They cannot, however, discuss subscription queries or give change.

Miles comments on the 2019 fair. For myself, having been so intimately concerned with the fair for some 35 years, it was a strange but in some ways restful experience to watch from the sidelines. Of course, the Society still has a voice on the Fair Committee but the impact of younger minds was obvious. The Society can take pride in having been a crucial link in some thousand years of Petworth history, having taken charge in 1985 when all seemed lost.

I would draw your attention to two spring meetings. March and April have two particularly interesting evenings. Our meetings are a unique Petworth institution and, forty years on, a unique survival. Drawing an evening audience, inclement weather or otherwise, is not easy: Miles and I can play the 'older Petworth' card but an outside speaker has no such cushion. They have to offer something different. Our old friend David Bramwell returns in March and speaks on *Masquerade*, 'the book that inspired the world's biggest treasure hunt' and I have the impression that he has some surprises up his sleeve; certainly he never fails to intrigue and entertain. In April Colin Chambers is a new face, but as prison chaplain to Nelson Mandela he will surely have something interesting to say. The mantra for meetings seems to be 'not too many, but don't miss them when they come.'

Please read 'This is your magazine' on page 43 and give it a little thought.

Lastly, my thoughts on the Tillington Fun Singers Christmas evening. I can only echo the words of one of the audience: 'This is the Petworth we fell in love with.'

Opposite. As a comment on the recent refurbishment of the Petworth Co-op, this promotion comes from 1932. The International Stores occupied the same site as the present Co-op as the floor tiles at its entrance testify.

*Study prices — but  
Study quality too!*

Low prices combined with sound quality represent true economy. It is the high standard of International offers that makes their value so remarkable.

CANNED FRUITS		English Dessert Fruits		CEREALS	
Apricots, Australian	large tins 9d	National Mark In Heavy Syrup	No. 1 size tins No. 2 size tins	Rolled Oats, Empire	per lb. 2½d per 2 lb. 4½d
Apricots, Californian	9d & 10d			Rice, Empire	2d 3½d
Peaches, Australian	9d			Flake Tapioca, Empire	2½d 4½d
Peaches, Californian	10d & 10½d			Butter Beans	3½d 6½d
Pears, Bartlett	11d & 1/-			Cut Macaroni	per lb. 5½d
Pineapple (Cubes or Slices) per tin	5d			Empire Macaroni	" 5d
				Rice, Sylvan Glen	per pkt. 3½d
				Green Peas, Sylvan Glen	" 3d
DRIED FRUITS		CANNED FISH		BREAKFAST FOODS	
Prunes	per lb. 6d & 8d	British Brisling	per tin 4½d	Scott's Porage Oats	per pkt. 10d
Fruit Salad	per lb. 8d	In pure Olive Oil	" 6d	Quaker Oats	" 9½d
		British Herrings	" 5½d	Shredded Wheat	" 8d
		In Tomato Sauce	" 5½d	Post Toasties	" 7½d
		Pilchards	" 5½d		
		In Tomato Sauce			
CUSTARD POWDER		MEAT and FISH PASTES		FLOUR	
Mitre, packets	1½d, 4d & 7½d	Mitre, glass jars	4½d & 6½d	Self-Raising, Mitre	3 lb. bag 6d
" large canisters	10½d	A large variety		Self-Raising, McDougall's	3 lb. bag 8d
Bird's, boxes	6½d & 10½d			Household, Empire	3½ lb. bag 4½d
JELLIES		HONEY			
Mitre, tablets	3d & 6d	Mitre, Californian	9d & 1/4		
" crystals	packets 3½d	Stone or Glass Jars			
Chivers' Jelly Creams	" 4½d				
" tablets	4½d & 8½d				
Foster Clark's	packets 3½d				
TOMATOES					
Ripe, peeled	per tin 6d				
Girol Brand	" 7½d				

# INTERNATIONAL STORES

The Greatest Grocers  
in the World

Tea, Coffee,  
Groceries, Provisions

12.2.32

## Much more than the South Downs National Park

Keith Thompson

It wasn't Geoffrey Mead after all. Confusion over dates (not our fault) and the resulting double booking threw a spanner in the works at short notice. But Geoffrey and Chris Hare are friends and although Chris has not been taking on bookings for talks recently he came to the rescue. We were not only relieved but delighted, knowing that Chris would inform, entertain, amuse and relate history in an easily digested manner, even, with luck, giving us a song or two for good measure.

The history of the region in which the South Downs National Park is central, is less a county by county history, but a history of the three areas covered by the Weald, the South Downs and the coastal plain.

The Weald (meaning 'wild') was just that up to the Industrial Revolution when iron and glass became nationally important. Even so, the tiny villages remained independent and self-sufficient, travel along the muddy tracks – no roads – would be virtually impossible in winter. The villages may have been independent but much of the Downs and coast were in the control of the gentry and Church.

Ten thousand years ago, Neolithic farmers cleared the forested downland and sowed grass for sheep, a system which remained up to the twentieth century when the growing urbanisation of the towns and cities led to changes from grassland to agricultural crops. Now we are seeing a return to grass and sheep as well as some woodland, although cereal crops remain important.

In the late nineteenth century, wealthy city dwellers began to populate the Downs and coastal plain for health reasons, away from the smells, filth and disease of the cities.

Chris gave us readings from William Henry Hudson, Arthur Beckett, Hilaire Belloc and John Broadwood (founder of the piano firm). Beckett's *The Spirit of the Downs* expresses his love of 'the delights of commonplace things' but to the indigenous working people, the Weald and Downs remained just that, their workplace, with which they were content, not knowing any other.

Broadwood started the revival and wider appreciation of folksong, collecting twenty and his daughter, hundreds. Chris gave us 'Shepherd of the Downs'. The tunes often had a link with those of a classical nature. Belloc was also a collector and the Copper family became famous for maintaining the folksong tradition.

Tickner Edwards' *The Downland Year*, 365 chapters, one for each day of the year, records the rural life, including the making of 'chaff beds' at harvest time.

These were made by collecting the chaff from threshing to make a soft mattress which would be renewed annually.

After the interval, another song and some questions from the audience which are often more like comments on what has gone before, indicative of the rapport which Chris, so readily establishes with his audiences.

Thank you, Chris. We look forward to seeing you again soon.

Below. A section of the South Downs Way near Cocking, looking west.



## Gog and Magog between the wars

The Gog and Magog Lodges in the mid-1930s photographed by George Garland whose caption reads 'The annual Boxing Day meet of Lord Leconfield's hounds at the Gog and Magog Lodges, near Byworth, was held as usual yesterday, and in spite of the inclement weather attracted a large mounted field and a larger assembly of foot followers. The picture shows a section of the 'footies' following the pack after the move off.' See 'Like mighty giants: the Gog Magog enigma' on page 50.



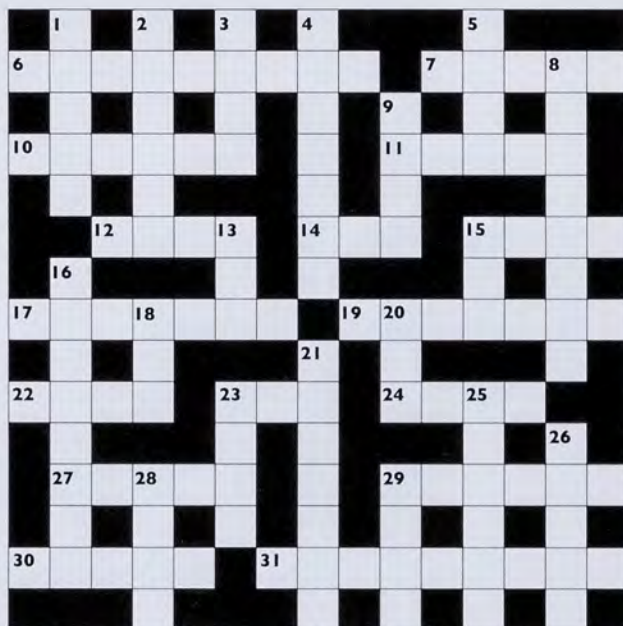
## Changing Petworth (5)

Old Leconfield Estate cottages in Pound Street in about 1960. The frontage with doors opening on to the main A272 would have been dangerous even in the 1950s – but unthinkable today. Photographer unknown.



## SPRING CROSSWORD

Compiled by Debby Stevenson. Solution on page 56



### ACROSS

- 6** Brighton seafarers who traditionally skipped with ropes on Good Friday (9)  
**7** Needful for buns – synonymous with money (5)  
**10** Cake eaten on Mothering Sunday and at Easter time (6)  
**11** Moisture loving, catkin producing tree (5)  
**12 & 13 & 25 down** To walk round the parish boundaries at Rogationtide (as the Petworth Society have in the past) (4, 3, 6)  
**14** A suitable name for 15 down. (3)  
**15** A distant prospect from a

- farmer's point of view (4)  
**17** A game still played at Tinsley Green, near Crawley, each Good Friday (7)  
**19** A daisy we might find here – a good place for wild flowers (7)  
**22** An early start for the spring chorus (4)  
**23** If it's green before the oak we are in for a soak! (3)  
**24** Christ's garment, won by the throw of a dice in a popular book/film of the 1950s (4)  
**27** Given to the winner of the egg hunt maybe? (5)  
**29** Flowering cherry (6)  
**30** Celebrate on May Day (5)

**31** Wordsworth's poem is about his favourite spring flower – (and it's not a daffodill!) (9)

### DOWN

- 1** Church observance on Easter Saturday night (5)  
**2** Mess about with the clocks again on 29th March (6)  
**3** Old traditions passed on by word of mouth (4)  
**4** Green as grass (7)  
**5** Prepared the ground for spring planting (4)  
**8** Another name for May Day; Petworth children carried flowers from door to door for pennies (8)  
**9** They follow 15 in the procession (4)  
**13** See 12 across (3)  
**15** A simple animal with an important role to play in the town's Palm Sunday procession (3)  
**16** --- ---- Day! 29th May – when Charles II was restored as king having escaped capture by hiding in a tree! (3, 5)  
**18** One or two a penny? (3)  
**20** A pleasant tune – like a breath of spring? (3)  
**21** Easter egg provider (7)  
**23** Don't lie too long here or you will miss 22 across (4)  
**25** See 12 across (6)  
**26** Busy Easter character! (5)  
**28** Beware 15th March! (4)  
**29** Sound of joyful bells at Eastertime (4)

## We had to pass through three security doors

Roger Wootton in conversation with Caroline Egremont and the editor. Part two

In the late 1970s the Leconfield Estate farm manager, John Giffin was considering the installation of a new beef cattle unit on the estate and possibly to utilise the empty dairy unit buildings at Soanes Farm.

The original Soanes Farm buildings were designed and built in 1962 as a 60-cow milking unit complete with milking parlour, dairy, covered straw yards and external silage clamp for the cows' self-feeding. The buildings were also used as a demonstration unit for the then Three Counties Agricultural Show which was held at Soanes Farm that year, prior to the show going to its permanent location at Ardingly and becoming known as the South of England Show. The buildings remained in use until 1970 when a dairy herd was diagnosed with brucellosis and the buildings were mothballed.

The proposal being considered was to convert the existing covered straw yards to concrete slatted floor panels over underfloor tanks. The animal waste would pass through the slats into the underfloor storage tanks, the manure then being pumped out when the tanks were full and spread over adjacent land.

To assess the practicality of using the Soanes Farm buildings, in 1978 John Giffin and I made a visit to Northern Ireland and the Republic of Ireland to view Massstock units. We flew from Gatwick to Belfast where we were shown a Massstock system for housing beef cattle. This gave us the confidence to consider converting the Soanes Farm buildings into a Massstock unit.

I vividly remember this visit as it was at the time of the IRA troubles and hence security was at its highest level. We travelled by car from Northern Ireland to the Republic, crossing the border at Newry. It involved us driving over a number of sleeping policemen, very high ramps placed every several metres across the road. We were informed this was to prevent vehicles attempting to race through the crossing and possibly throwing explosives at the checkpoint. In addition to the sleeping policeman, on both sides of the crossing, they had metal netting approximately six metres high and at each end armed cars were positioned facing into the crossing with their headlights on full beam. At our hotel we had to pass through three security doors.

On our return from the hotel by car to Belfast airport for an early morning flight to Gatwick we were stopped at an Army checkpoint by a British soldier, who enquired where we were going; on replying that we were returning home to England he asked if he could come with us.

As we boarded the aircraft, I saw that the wings were being sprayed and I asked the flight attendant what was going on. I was told that they were de-icing them.

We returned to Sussex after an informed trip knowing that the Soanes Farm buildings could be converted, and this was completed and was in use from 1978 until 2000 when the unit was closed down and the buildings were transferred to the new tenants, Langmeads.

Also in the late 1970s John Giffin and I went to Romney Marsh in Kent to look at lambing sheep sheds for 1000 ewes and after our visit we designed and built a multi-purpose building to house 1000 lambing ewes along with cattle and a grain store. It is in Stag Park on the highest land to ensure sufficient ventilation for the livestock.

My position as Clerk of Works involved being on call for emergencies, most of which were for minor issues such as water leaks or electrical issues which we resolved by sending out staff to attend to them if required.

However, a major call out was as the result of the great storm of 16th October 1987. I was about in the early evening and there was an eerie calm, nothing to suggest what was about to come. At approximately two in the morning I received a security call out to Petworth House (and as usual, I called out the Estate electrician Mike Stubbington, as we had to have a minimum of two men to attend the alarm call activation).

Having checked the alarm control panel, it indicated an activation at roof level, where we had temporary scaffolding erected for phases 4, 5 and 6 of repairs. We also had plastic side cladding which was the source of the alarm activation as a result of it acting as a sail and consequently moving the scaffolding structure (we understand that the wind speed was up to 114 mph). Investigation also found that wind pressure on several points was moving large coping stones on the south and west elevation of the house on which the scaffolding was seated, which were in danger of collapsing inwards on to the bedrooms below. To solve the problem I called out additional staff and we cut slits in the side cladding to allow the wind to pass through. Having done this we stood down the staff and retreated to our attic mess room until the storm abated. We later learned that some of the corrugated steel roof sheets were torn off and one or two ended up at Moor Farm about a mile away.

Whilst in the mess room one of the staff, Jack Enticknap made a comment to me that 'he now knew what it must be like to be in a submarine being depth charged' with the roof sheets which had been blown off the roof clattering across the main structure. As the storm abated, I went out on to the roof to check for any damage and looking north I could see the destruction and felling of the trees in the Pleasure Gardens, some of which had been the highest in the park.

On the light-hearted side, during the same night a student was undertaking a survey of the number of acorns on a oak tree. He was therefore camped out under one of the oaks for several nights with a plastic sheet laid out to catch the falling acorns. Luckily he had left the site but when he returned, he could not find a single acorn or the plastic sheet he had left behind.

On reflection, the storm and the damage it caused could relate to the fact that October was a mild month, trees were still in full leaf and we had three consecutive weeks of wet weather which would not have helped. The work on phases 4, 5 and 6 was temporarily suspended as a result of the storm as urgent repairs were required on phase 7, the Audit Room roof. The roof support beams were rotten at both ends due to historic water damage which again resulted in major repairs and restoration to its present condition. On completion of the Audit Room the Estate team relocated with in-house contractors to complete phases 4, 5 and 6 of the re-roofing programme.

In the late 1980s, the Leconfield Building Department was approached to undertake specialist work at Uppark House by the National Trust architect as the Leconfield Estate team had undertaken a similar project at Petworth House in providing additional support to a floor support oak beam in the Square Dining Room.

The work we were undertaking at Uppark, was to provide additional support to the ground floor salon ceiling beams which in turn provided support for the ornate plaster ceiling which was in danger of collapsing as the end beams had corroded away. To do this we had to support the first floor beams by providing suspension steel rods which were bolted to a steel A-frame through the first and second floor timber stud work above. The work for the suspension of the salon first floor beams was completed in February 1989.

Tragically, there was a major fire at Uppark in August 1989. We were asked by the National Trust to provide labour to assist with the stabilising of some of the structure and removing the marble fireplaces etc. The ground floor salon was completely destroyed and the only remaining items were our suspension rods and the steel A-frame truss. The stainless steel mesh and lime plaster were intact. Fortunately, the site team leader, Tim Jemmet, had taken a one metre square photograph record of the original ceiling and these photographs were made available to the plasterers carrying out the restoration work to the ceiling. We withdrew from the stabilising work at Uppark due to existing commitments in Petworth House in the North Gallery, which I will refer to later.

In 1983 the Estate acted as main contractors to the boat-house in Petworth Park and arranged for the contractors G. Stemp and Son to undertake the work required by the National Trust. The lake water had to be lowered to undertake the work and this was done by opening a sluice on the south end of the lake,



which drained the water through a culvert, then through the park, under the Tillington road, through Frog Farm and eventually into the River Rother. The lake was not completely drained as we required access only to the boat-house foundations which enabled the remaining fish to be kept in the lake. The foundations to the boat-house had to be underpinned due to the roots of trees undermining the foundations. The trees were felled, their roots cut back to prevent further damage and we rebuilt and underpinned the lower walls as well as carrying out maintenance to the stone-work above the water level. We also supplied and hung new steel doors to both vaults before allowing the water levels in the lake to rise.

Records indicate that some ninety years after the then Earl of Egremont had built the boat-house in the 1700s, the lake was completely drained. The number of cartloads of sediment, the number and types of fish and the number of fresh water mussels were all recorded in elegant copperplate writing.

Following the completion of phases 1 to 6 of the re-roofing programme of Petworth House and the old Estate offices and Audit Room (phase 7) for the National Trust which were all undertaken by the Leconfield Estate staff with specialist contractors, the National Trust wished to consider the Servants Block.

The Servants Block had been vacated in 1948. It housed at ground floor level the Audit Room and old Estate offices which were usable, but the remaining areas – the old kitchens, servants hall, servants rooms and fourteen other rooms were not in use other than for storage.

Overall the buildings were in a poor state since no maintenance has been done since 1948. The building had two twin apexes with a valley gutter between them running the full length of the sixty metre-long building and this was leaking badly allowing water to penetrate the first floor levels and, in some cases, down to the ground floor. External outer gutters were also leaking, causing structural damage to the roof.

The National Trust therefore with their architect Mr Greenfield scheduled the building to be re-roofed which we undertook under phase 8. This design provided a crown flat roof between the two apex ridges, thus doing away with the valley gutter, discharging rain water to outer roof slopes on both sides to new gutters and down pipes. The outer roof slopes were clad in Horsham stone once the roof structure had been made sound.

When stripping out the first floor of the north end service block, we found a sealed room within the apex constructed in redwood timber. Investigations into its use suggested it was for the storage of duck and goose down which was used in pillows etc. At one time there were separate stairs to the secret room and we left it intact for historical purposes but I will talk about the servants block at another time.

## The Leconfield Estate building department in 1942

Edited and abridged by Miles Costello from notes left by the late Jim Taylor.

In 1942 the Estate building department was overseen by the Clerk of Works Mr Arthur Godsolve while the office was run by Hubert Whitcomb. The department was made up of several 'shops' which included the rough carpentry; the blacksmith, the whitesmith, farrier, bricklayers and painters.

Rough carpentry is not a derogatory term but one used to explain the construction of such things as gates and fencing and a multitude of items used on the estate. This department includes the sawyers who could skilfully recognise the use that a length of uncut timber could be put to even before it was sawn. Harry and Bert Peacock, Billy Pullen and Bill Gane made up the staff in 1942. Harry specialised in making five-bar gates from oak. The construction was all mortice and tenon joints with only the brace being nailed. Despite Harry being nearly seventy years old he could still make one of these large gates by hand in a single day. The men worked mainly with estate-grown oak, fir, chestnut and larch. The timber would be sawn into lengths and Harry would cut a face with an axe to prevent the log from rolling while being passed through the saw. There was a saw pit in the building and the old saw hung on the wall, I wonder if it is still there.

A little further into the yard was the smithy, both general and white smith. Ted Chaffer the general smith made anything of iron that was needed on the estate, large nails, hooks and rides,<sup>1</sup> gutter brackets, tongs, pincers and crow bars just to name a few. He also repaired the much used 'Petworth' ranges that could be found in most of the Leconfield cottages. Many of the pieces that made up the ranges were standard and could be replaced from the manufacturer, however oven boxes occasionally had to be repaired and cutting the sheet steel required a giant pair of tin snips. Three men were needed for this operation. Two to hold and manipulate the sheet the third to work the scissor leg, a difficult job in dark and dusty conditions and one that could be quite dangerous what with the sharp edges of the steel and of course the risk of pinching one's anatomy in the long curved handles of the snips. When I first started on the Estate the forge fire was blown by hand operated bellows but within a short while they were replaced by an electric blower.

Also in the same shop were the whitesmiths who were every bit as dirty and dusty as the blacksmiths. This was home to Daniel Crawley and George Simpson who worked metals such as copper, brass and zinc, fixed door locks and door furniture, window catches and hinges, gadgets and alarm systems, mainly for Petworth House. Mr Crawley even made the water pump for the steam powered

Estate fire engine. A temperamental beast, the safety valve would scream its head off whenever we used it. A problem that was never quite solved as its maker took his instructions to the grave with him.

Across the road from the smithy were the bricklayers. In 1942 the foreman was Ernest Card while his staff were Edwin 'Ted' Saunders, Claude Lucas, George Penfold, and Billy 'Chubby' Parker. Messrs Card, Lucas and Saunders were the bricklayers while Penfold and Parker were labourers. Ernie the foreman was a bit on the grumpy side though he would shortly retire. Ted was not exactly a bundle of fun either however Claude, George and Billy were of a much happier disposition. They introduced me to the skill required to move bricks and tiles and in particular throwing and catching them without painfully trapping one's fingers if it was not done properly. It was fun working with them but this was frowned upon by others who perhaps looked down upon the bricklayers as in the Leconfield, and elsewhere, pecking order the rule appeared to be carpenter, blacksmith, plumber, painter and then bricklayer.

Next along was the farrier Mr. Frank Best. Somewhat deaf as the result of a First World War injury he was not a large man though he could handle those very large mules that were still used on the Estate. By 1942 they were shod in rubber coated steel shoes which on a frosty morning would result in the animals slipping on tarmac roads and especially in North Street where the anti-tank obstruction holes had been dug. Oh how naïve we were to think that the bits of railway iron would have stopped those Panzers. As there was little shoeing work for him he would often help out in the painting department.

To the left of the farriers shop was the Estate Yard office where the extremely efficient Mr Hubert Whitcomb could be found. He was responsible for all of the paper work for the building department as well as the all-important weekly pay packets. This was also the office of Mr Arthur Godsolve the Clerk of Works who lived with his wife and family in the adjacent house.

Immediately to the west of the office was the carpenters shop, an elevated workshop for an elevated staff, at least in our opinion. Here could be found Messrs Arch Newman and William (Bill) Boss, plus the lowest ranked of the staff which included myself aged only just fourteen. Later in the year a school friend Gordon Simpson came to join the staff which at least made life a bit more competitive. The shop itself was quite large with all the light coming from the east wall and contained five large benches each with the old style wooden vice with a wooden screw which creaked like the devil when being put under pressure. There was a store full of nails, 6-inch rose heads to 3/4-inch panel pins, rounds and ovals, some even handmade, standard locks and Suffolk latches along with a fine selection of brass knobs, fancy fittings and decorated china knobs all for use in Petworth House. Screws of all types and sizes were kept in a small room at the south end of



Ted Chaffer, the Leconfield Estate general smith at work in 1961, watched by a group of Petworth schoolboys with Arthur Hill the headmaster looking on. Photograph by George Garland.

the building. Many of them must have been in stock for at least fifty years and never used by us. There was a large open fireplace which was used every day when we were in the shop, if only to boil water for the tea break, but also to heat the old Scotch glue which was used as the main adhesive. There was also a room at the north end which had been used for special cabinet work, it was said that the door was kept locked from the inside when work was going on to protect the secrets of the cabinet makers.

Immediately beneath us was the sawing shop where the rough logs were cut to bulk timbers. The sawing operation would take place on about seven days in a month which made those periods extremely noisy for us working above. The circular saw blade was about 45 inches in diameter and it was driven by an electric motor and a long drive belt which gave off an irritating clicking noise. After a while it was possible to tell the type of timber being cut by the noise from the saw and of course the smell of the cut wood. Sawing was hard dirty work with the added risk of sharp pieces of metal that had become embedded in the wood flying off in all directions. Some of these pieces were shrapnel from bombs and shells that had fallen in the woods.

Further on was the timber store where our stock of finished timber was kept. Bought in before the war it was used sparingly if at all. It was always saved for a more important job that rarely seemed to arise. Next was the cement, brick, tile and quick lime store, the latter bought in when required.

At the south end of the yard was the paint shop with Mr Fred Hill the painter foreman and his assistant Harry Sheil. As I mentioned earlier they would also be assisted by the farrier Frank Best when he wasn't shoeing horses.

As an apprentice carpenter I was the whipping boy for the adults in the team and like so many others in my situation survival depended upon a certain resignation to one's fate. At one point during my first six months in the job I refused to clean up a mess made by the bricklayers. I remember the job quite clearly; we were renovating Fawley Cottage in Angel Street as a home for a new curate to replace Mr Cree who had sadly gone down on the Royal Oak at Scapa Flow in late 1939. I was hauled before Mr Godsolve who rather unexpectedly was quite sympathetic to me though I was instructed to show more respect to my elders. I don't know who reported the incident to him but I suspected that it was old Ern Card or Ted Saunders as they both had a bit of a down on me. An upside was discovering an old Schneider rifle in the cellar of the house which I took home despite the attempts of my colleagues to hand it over. It was a lovely old thing but disappeared when I left for New Zealand some years later.

The episode with the bricklayers must have blotted my copybook for from then on I was put on some of the less pleasant jobs at outlying Leconfield farms. The work was usually in the barns, and cow sheds, dirty heavy work and hard for a young lad. Gate posts that had to be dug at least four feet into the ground were not one of my favourite jobs. Some of the posts could be up to eleven feet long and made of green oak and extremely heavy especially when wet. My mentor was Billy Pullen, who even then was shorter than me which didn't help when carrying out particularly heavy work. The jobs could be up to five miles away which what with the hard work, lack of food due to rationing, and a daily round cycle ride that could be up to ten miles, life was not easy for a fourteen year old boy.

Twice or four times a year we would take part in the Petworth House fire brigade drill. At 9am the building department staff would gather in the yard and await our leader Mr Godsolve. When ready he would lead us from the yard up to the house and along the east side with the rest of us scurrying along behind very much in the fashion of the Dads Army television comedy. We would be drawn up in a semi-circle with Ern Card as the fire chief wearing a brass helmet and rest of us with leather ones. Long established members had their own uniforms while young and new members just wore any unoccupied items of clothing that had become spare. These drills usually took a morning and would include checking our equipment and the ground floor fire hydrants, ensuring that the hydrant

keys were present and there was an adequate water flow. Occasionally the inside apparatus would be checked on all floor levels. This included the testing of the gear and ropes of the Davis Brake which allowed an escape in case of fire from the top floor servants rooms. I was usually the guinea pig during these trials but was not overly concerned about being lowered down from a considerable height until one year my overalls became snagged upon a lower window lintel and by the time I reached the ground I was hanging upside down accompanied by hoots of laughter from my workmates. A couple of years later I was engaged in fixing one of the attic windows only to discover that the escape apparatus was only attached to the window lining by three flat head screws. I decided then that I would no longer try my luck and suggested that bags of sand might be a suitable alternative. One of my tasks in the fire brigade was to split the wood used to start the fire in the stationary steam engine which powered the water pump. Once lit the boiler seemed to take ages to build up enough pressure to create any sort of water flow but suddenly without warning it would start pumping with considerable force. The danger was that the boiler would over heat and it was essential that just the right amount of combustible fuel was used to attain the correct temperature. George Simpson was in charge of the boiler with me as his assistant. An unenviable task for both of us as the engine was totally unpredictable and when the boiler whistle blew to signal that the red line had been crossed we would frantically rake out the fire and damp the embers with a wet mop. The golden rule was not to let the needle reach the red line which it inevitably did.

A few years later the old boiler and pump were replaced by a Coventry Climax. Probably war surplus it had its own issues as it was notoriously difficult to start, a task delegated to poor old Harry Peacock who never really got used to it.

Besides the pump we also had a huge extending ladder which would be trundled out on large decorated iron wheels by the assembled crew. Seeing as much of the ground around the house was covered in loose gravel this was no easy task. The ladder was just three feet longer than the highest point of the house which was about eighty feet above the ground. To raise it to its fullest extension was a tremendous achievement. The giant contraption required long stabilisers to prevent it from collapsing as well as poles and ropes to haul each section of ladder above the other. Once the ladder was up Mr Godsolve would make his way up to the parapet via the house stairs and lash the ladder safely, obviously this could not be done if the house was on fire. Unsurprisingly I was elected to test the ladder on this occasion, which I did, but only once and never again.

The final act of the day was to test the hoses which usually resulted in everybody getting soaking wet but with good humour. Once completed the hoses would be left to drain and dry before being laboriously rolled up by George Penfold and Chubby Parker and returned to storage for another six months.

The drills were strictly timed for when Lord and Lady Leconfield were away and the top floor maids had probably gone with them. For all of this effort the team would find an extra shilling in their pay packets at the end of the week. Seemingly not a lot but well worth having and equal to a visit to the Regal Cinema and a bar of chocolate if it had been available in wartime.

Of course all of those mentioned have now gone beside myself and Gordon Simpson. There were also the likes of Mr Frank Carver the gate keeper at the Grand Entrance, always smartly dressed in his long coat and top hat with its rosette. There was Charlie Baxter who had come out of retirement due to the war. He lived in Cherry Row with his wife and family, Sheila about my age and was it Amy? Charlie and I worked together for a month or so renovating and painting farm cottages at Egdean, Douglas Lake and finishing at Little Bognor. He was a fine old man of 70 while I was just a lad of 15 but he was wonderful company, regaling me with his memories of Gallipoli and how to locate and shoot the Turkish snipers.

1. Rides. 'The iron hinges fixed on a gate by which it swings or rides'. James Orchard Halliwell, *A Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words* (privately printed, 1862).

Below: the photograph of Harpers tobacconists in Saddlers Row decorated for the Queen's Silver Jubilee in 1977 which has generated such interest on Facebook. Photographer unknown.



## From Facebook

Miles Costello

You may recall from earlier magazines that I have been posting local photographs on to social media in the hope of engaging with people who may not always be members of the Society. The level of responses vary greatly but here is a selection.

### HARPERS

A photograph of Harpers tobacconists and barbers shop in Saddlers Row decorated for the Queen's Silver Jubilee in 1977 generated a lot of interest. Of course the occasion is still fresh in the memories of many, as is the shop itself. In my mind the town seemed to be somewhat divided between Harpers and nearby Pelletts in the Market Square the two being competing businesses, my family tended to have a preference for Pelletts though I have no idea why.

Sian McGarvey née Arnold wrote 'Fantastic to see a photo of Harper's. I loved the shop. I used to stop there every Friday with my mum to get the week's tobacco and sweets.' Sean Staker meanwhile recalled the Friday ritual of 'a quarter of sweets then round the corner for fish and chips.'

Trish Golkowski née Clake was just leaving Petworth for a life in America with her new husband and took with her a set of Silver Jubilee glasses that she had bought at Harpers as a gift for her new in-laws. She doesn't record how the glasses were received. Brian Peacock recalled buying sherbet flying saucers, black jacks, giant gobstoppers and aniseed balls from the shop. Rather interestingly he also mentioned that he had bought snuff there though presumably not at the same time as the sweets.

Claire Sadler would have been quite young when the shop finally closed but still has fond memories of Harpers though she was happy to share her custom liberally 'One of my four favourite shops as a kid – Harpers, Pelletts, Weavers and the Card Shop! Mum used to buy me an animal bar in Harper's if I was allowed to have chocolate that day; I thought I was so lucky! Then we would go into the butcher's shop next door which if I remember rightly had sawdust on the floor and a lady in a box who took your money! So long ago!'

The adjacent barbers bought back memories though not always fond ones. Brian recalled 'It was where I had my first haircut from Wally Ball using hand clippers, I remember it clearly.' An experience that I guess would not easily be forgotten.

Keith Goatcher clearly had mixed feelings about his first visit 'I had my hair

cut there, sat on a board across the arms of the chair. I remember it well as I was terrified!

#### BEDHAM SCHOOL

A photograph of the long derelict Bedham School was sure to generate comment and so I put on a recent image taken by Tim Kahane. The response was as expected beginning with Alan Simpson who recalled that his grandmother Constance Deas was firstly a pupil then a teacher at the school. Her maiden name was Purser and she lived at Bennyfold Farm. Mary Boniface from Hampers Green wrote 'My late husband Eric went to Bedham School. He told me that he had a 'caddypolt' with which he used to hit the bell'. While the school closed in 1925 the building continued to be used for occasional church services and Brenda Thomas recalled 'I was a choir girl from Fittleworth Church at a wedding at Bedham one Christmas time, sometime around 1956 or '58, the wedding was of a daughter of the Hastings family that had the farm opposite.' Janet Duncton continued the theme and wrote 'I used to know an elderly lady at Dayman's (Bedham) called Miss Rowland and she always said that the Hastings (who evidently own or owned the old school) would only speak to the Mitfords and the Mitfords would only speak to God. Her saying not mine.'

Liz Evans née Salter was very familiar with the building when it was still in reasonable condition 'I used to go there, when a child, with my neighbour Lillian Hunt, she used to clean it, whilst she was dusting and polishing I would play the harmonium. At that time in the 50s it was used as a church.

#### PETWORTH WORKHOUSE

Another favourite photograph was of Petworth Workhouse which closed in the early nineteen thirties. Unsurprisingly none of the respondents remembered it being a workhouse, however there were recollections of the period before it was demolished when the building was being used as a girls' school.

Valerie Sharp née West commented 'After being a workhouse and before it was a garage this building was a boarding school, run by two sisters. There were I think two tennis courts just behind the building. It was a lovely building inside. I stayed there over night when the sisters had to go to London.'

Janet Duncton recalled 'For the life of me can't remember the name of the headmistress but she came to live in Upperton before I was married probably when I was about 13 and then she went to Chichester where I used to visit her in her flat by a pub in East Street. I wish I could remember her name. She started to teach me piano in Upperton. It was something like Miss Murison but that's probably not right.'

Jan Lamoureux née Baxter wrote from Canada 'I lived there for a while with



Left.  
A recent photograph of the remains of Bedham School by Tim Kahane.

Below.  
Petworth workhouse and some of its residents in March 1904. Photographer by Walter Kevis.



my sister. My Mum was the cook and my Dad was the gardener/odd job man. I don't remember a lot about that time except my sister and I both had chickenpox (or measles), a horse and a pig were kept at the back of the grounds and you had to sit at the table in the dining room until you had eaten all of your food by which time it was cold and gross. I have never touched macaroni cheese again in 70 years!

Brian Peacock wrote '...after it was a school the building was abandoned for a number of years, access was simply go round the back and open a door. There was a garden which was worth a visit if you were a scrumper, as I was! Inside the furnishings weren't completely removed but there was nothing of great value I think, of course I was only a child and knew nothing about that sort of thing, on a rainy day it was somewhere to go and have a rummage'.

## Eager & Lewis

No. 32 in the continuing series of old Petworth traders. Peter Jerrome

The *Petworth Society Magazine* has carried several very detailed accounts of life at Eagers in the early twentieth century. The invoice opposite reflects an earlier period while the premises later later to be David's is now Augustus Brandt.

In March 2007 (*PSM* 172) Greta Steggles, looking back to being a child in 1920 could remember the brothers Leslie and Stanley (generally called 'Dickie') Eager as in charge but added:

'This was the shop to which my grandfather came from Warwickshire to become a partner with Mr Harry Eager, father of the present owners; and the business was, at that time, known as Eager & Lewis. My grandfather had two sons but neither of them wanted to follow him into the business. Today my mother buys some white tape, some white linen buttons (for use on pillow cases) and a reel of cotton. I do not hear him but I am quite sure that 'Dickie' asks if he could send these things down, as he always does, no matter how small the purchase. He officiates on the right hand side of the counter in the shop, where haberdashery, materials etc. are sold and Leslie deals with the sale of men's clothing on the other side. Ladies requiring clothing have to climb the rather steep steps at the back of the shop to the upper floor, where Winnie Wilcox measures and fits them out. The total cost of my mother's purchases is two shillings and three pence and three farthings so she hands over half a crown and receives by way of change, two pennies and, in lieu of a farthing, a packet of pins.'

Market Square, *Petworth, Apr 9 1888*

*Mr Killeck*


**BOY or EAGER & LEWIS,**  
LATE JUDD.

**Linens & Woollen Drapers, Silk Mercers,**

Foreign and British Flowers. **HABERDASHERS,** Family Mourning of every description.  
Hatters, Hosiers & Glovers.

ESTABLISHED 1800 & CO LONDON. **FUNERALS FURNISHED.**

<i>July 23</i>	<i>7</i>	<i>Cashmere 7/6</i>	<i>10 6</i>
	<i>14</i>	<i>Serge 7/6</i>	<i>1 1 0</i>
	<i>5</i>	<i>Suiting 6/6</i>	<i>2 8 1/2</i>
	<i>2</i>	<i>4 1/2</i>	<i>9</i>
		<i>Buttons</i>	<i>1 4 1/2</i>
		<i>Brass &amp; Cop</i>	<i>1 0</i>
	<i>1</i>	<i>Gloves</i>	<i>2 6</i>
	<i>1</i>	<i>Bornet</i>	<i>8 6</i>
<i>27</i>	<i>15</i>	<i>Ice Dress 15/-</i>	<i>16 10 1/2</i>
			<i>£ 3 5 2 3/4</i>

*Said*  *88*  
*Eager*  
*with than Mr*

## 'Here's the key'

Tim Myerscough-Walker in conversation with Caroline Egremont and the editor.  
Part two

I was now looking to return to Sussex... John Giffin rang up to say that Leconfield were advertising for a farm foreman at Stag Park "If you care to apply ..." (*PSM* 176, June 2019). It was 1978.

We moved into a cottage at the bottom of Stag Park, No. 154. It was, in truth, somewhat basic, the floor of the kitchen sloping towards a brick drain to take the excess water as you washed it. There was the standard range and a large garden. Next door were 'old' Ern Carver with his son 'young' Ern and his wife. 'Old' Ern, a veteran of the 1914-18 war, had been on the point of retiring when I came to Petworth in 1966, having spent his working life at Stag Park. 'Young' Ern worked as ploughman, tractor driver and general duties while his father had retired. In 1978 I had two children with a third expected.

As foreman under John Giffin as overall manager I had some 3,000 acres of cattle and sheep, variously at River Hill, South Dean, Hoes, Frog and Stag Park, while my counterpart Lawrence Tebbs who had come in 1977 tended the arable. It was an extensive operation. At Stag Park we had 100 breeding pedigree Sussex cows with some 140 followers, heifers and a few bulls, while at South Dean there were 150 Friesian dairy cows in the care of Ken Green. The light loam of South Dean was ideal for dairy farming and there was a good profit margin.

In the morning I'd meet the team at Stag Park to discuss the day's work. There was a staff of six but shepherd and herdsman simply did their regular tasks. I would already have contacted John Giffin regarding the day's programme as had Lawrence Tebbs, himself soon to move from Little Common to Frog Farm.

From 1974 the Estate had worked intensively to build up the farms, taking some like South Dean back under direct control. George Chandler moved from Frog to Moor, operating eventually arable and also taking on Crawfold at Balls Cross. The Estate itself had with Hoes a whole block along the Rother. Lawrence Tebbs had considerable expertise with potatoes, wheat, oats, barley and rape. Prices, always liable to fluctuate, were healthy.

Based as he was at Frog Farm, Lawrence Tebbs had, as I had, six men. At Stag Park I had Reg Smith the shepherd, David Nixon the stockman, Bob New, Ern and Sid Carver and Jack Mead. The work varied, of course, with the season, cultivation and hedging and feeding stock in the winter, mainly arable in the summer. Sheep would feed on turnips, portions marked off twice daily by electric fencing. The pedigree Sussex herd with their protective layer of fat just inside the coat were

happier outside, while the Friesians, milking cows, had a calf a year and would remain indoors during winter months. South Dean with a dairy herd produced milk. The single suckle cows would raise one calf, either male or female. The heifers might replace older members of the herd, or go for beef or breeding. The pick of the bull calves would go for breeding, the rest for beef.

By 7.30 the men at Stag Park would have gone off to their work and it would be time for me to look round the stock on the different farms. One call would be the new beef unit at Soanes, put in at the end of the 1970s. The cattle would stand on slats with the waste falling into a tank below from which it would drain by suction into a waiting tanker and then be spread on the field. It wasn't a system we were particularly happy with but it ran successfully for a good number of years. I remember there was a constant awareness of the need for ventilation: animals are unhappy with a pervasive smell of ammonia. I think we were all happy to revert to the tried and tested barn and straw-based system. Since the 1980s there has been an increasing awareness of the environmental effect of intensive agriculture. The old headlands at the edge of a field, once deemed a quaint survival, are now seen as a practical, pragmatic way of giving nature back what is its own. Natural predators can help the farmer in his struggle with creatures like aphids, and headlands can act as a haven for wildlife of all kinds. Man is belatedly coming to see the need to live with nature rather than fight it or poison it. Butterflies and other insects are not simply expendable, trees need to be planted and sprays cut back.

It was a crucial part of my job to check the livestock every day, to have an eye out among 200 sheep for the animal that faltered or hung back. I suppose you need a certain affinity with animals for this. I'd carry a haversack with antibiotics (with veterinary approval) preparations for foot-rot, anything that would enable me to deal with situations as they occurred. I might find a sheep that had simply rolled over. It would quickly fill with gases, become unable to breathe and simply choke. It needed to be turned over and stood upright. In lambing time the carrion crows could be a menace. We even had a pair of ravens, protected birds, to discourage and move on rather than attack. I'd look to pre-empt a visit from the vet, give vaccine to the cows, take a cow's temperature, things like that.

What I liked was the varied nature of the work: I might be collecting cattle for market, helping Reg Smith with the sheep, preparing cattle for show – we did a fair bit of showing – the work might vary from breaking bulls in to shampooing them before a show. Or I might simply lend a hand with haying, harvesting – fill in on the combine at lunchtime – even go home for a quick coffee. I might be up at five in the morning, or called out in a crisis – a broken chain on the door of the beef unit needing urgent attention.

After three years at 154 we moved into the farmhouse at Stag Park. We would

be there for ten years. Two events stand out. The first was the fire in 1984 when the barn opposite the house went up in flames. This took hold very quickly. The glass in the windows of the house became red hot. At one point there were six fire engines working flat out. The barn smouldered for a day and a half. The second was the great storm of 1987. We woke up to find the whole of our kitchen filled with coal fumes, the main chimney being cracked right through. We were lucky it didn't fall into our bedroom. Going outside at one o'clock in the morning I had merely noticed that it was strangely warm and quiet for October. No one had been hurt in the storm but Lawrence Tebbs with his gang and a JCB spent four days clearing the road by the Welldiggers. I remember, too, heating water for the dairy calves on the Rayburn.

Changes over the last forty years? A general realising of the inevitability and

apparently random nature of market forces. I can remember Mr McHardy at Stag Park talking of the Wall Street Crash of 1929. Stock valued at £200 might within three days be unsaleable at £10. It was also obvious by the 1980s that labour costs had to be reduced and hence that arable farming would increasingly depend on employing outside contractors at certain seasons. There is no financial logic in paying £200,000 for a combine harvester that might be used once a year and simply stand in a shed for the rest of the time. Above all, there is, as I have already observed, a growing concern with man's relation with the natural world, and the need to treat it with respect. If he does not he cannot complain at the consequences.

Below. Winter trees at Stag Park with the lambing shed just visible to the right. This is the building referred to on page 12 in 'We had to pass through three security doors'.





## 'Mr Churchill spoke over the wireless'

Tony Whitcomb's record of scouting in Petworth, 1941-47. Miles Costello

Tony Whitcomb was at least on nodding terms with most people; always smartly dressed, he was until quite recently a familiar figure about the town. Born in 1928 at 11 Grove Lane he was the only child of Harold and May Whitcomb. When his father became manager of the International Stores in Market Square the family moved into the cottage at the back of the premises and which is now part of the present Co-op. Educated at Midhurst Grammar, Tony had a long involvement with the Boy Scouts Association in West Sussex, eventually becoming an Assistant Commissioner. An enthusiastic actor, he was a member of the local amateur dramatic group for many years and a founder member of the West Sussex Philharmonic Society. A relatively short stint with the Ordnance Survey in London was followed by national service in Egypt with the Royal Engineers. Tony married Jean Cargill, a local girl, in 1956 and they remained in the town eventually settling at Leith Cottage in Angel Street. A sometime churchwarden and parish councillor, his career as a professional photographer began with Charles White of Midhurst followed by Walter Gardiner at Worthing before finally working from home where he was always available to take passport photographs.

His scouting record was passed to me along with other Boy Scout ephemera by his niece and is titled 'My Personel [*sic*] Log Book of Scouting and Cubbing'. It is a ruled A4 cloth-bound journal typical of the period. Immediately inside is pasted a Scout Progress Record Card which begins on the 30th of August 1940 when Tony joined the St Mary's Petworth Scout Troop at the age of 13. Despite the war the first two years passed uneventfully, Tenderfoot badges were awarded for saluting, wound dressing and woodcraft among others, and culminated in his investiture as a full Second Class Scout in the spring of 1941.

### ST GEORGE'S DAY 1941

The St Mary's Petworth Troop Boy Scouts today met at St Mary's Church Petworth to commemorate the death of our founder and Chief Lord Baden-Powell of Gilwell. After the service we went into the choir vestry where I was invested into the brotherhood of Scouts by Mr C. Stevenson.<sup>1</sup>

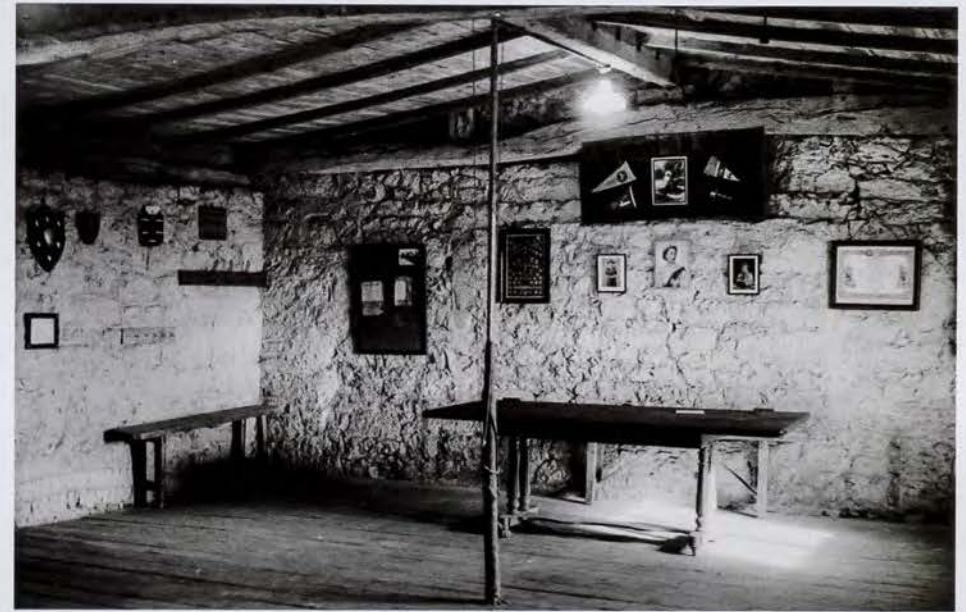
### TUESDAY 29TH SEPTEMBER 1942

At approximately 11 a.m. today a two engine German bomber swooped out of

Below.

The rather austere interior of the Petworth Scout Hut, probably in the 1960s.

Photograph by Tony Whitcomb.



the clouds over Petworth and released several bombs, one of which made a direct hit on the Boys' School and another on the laundry next door. At 12.45 at the Midhurst Grammar School all boys who live at Petworth were informed by the headmaster Mr Lucas of the tragedy. He also informed us that Mr. Stevenson had died while protecting some of his boys. Altogether thirty two persons were killed including boys and masters. May they rest in peace.<sup>2</sup>

### FRIDAY 19TH MARCH 1943

This is the first meeting of the reformed 1st Petworth Troop. A few weeks ago Miss L. J. Dabson visited me, and informed me that she was willing to run the Scouts in Petworth. Since then Miss Dabson [later referred to as Akela] myself and several other Scouts have been cleaning out Scout headquarters at New Grove and preparing in general for this day.<sup>3</sup> I have also been collecting a few recruits who came along tonight.

The meeting opened with a game called bag-touch to get all newcomers at ease.

Among the newcomers were Jim Russell, Walter Simmons, Trevor Green and Norman Bourne. Next we all gathered round while the troop rules were read out. Then the twelve Scouts and recruits were divided into A and B teams and moved to their corners. This evening's wide game was Paratroopers versus Homeguards.<sup>4</sup> This lasted from 7.30 until 8.15. During the game Reg Harper made a wild dash through the defenders and I'm sure that they must have thought they were being attacked by a herd of wild elephants. The game was won by the paratroopers by 3 points. So ended the first meeting of the troop since early in 1942.

#### **SUNDAY 2ND MAY 1943**

Church Service for St. George's Day and in Commemoration of Baden-Powell. About ninety scouts and cubs from this district attended a service in St. Mary's Church at Petworth. The boys formed up at New Grove H.Q and marched from there to the church. They came from Billingshurst, Wisborough Green, Plaistow, Tillington, Lurgashall and Petworth. The service was conducted by the Revd Godwin who also gave the sermon.

#### **FRIDAY 4TH JUNE 1943**

Troop Meeting. Meeting opened with flag break and notices. Great doings resulted after the latter due to the formation of a new patrol – The Bulldog Patrol.

The members of the patrol were in this order:

Maurice Alder – Patrol Leader, Myself – Second, Ted Whitcomb, Alfred Gumbrell, Trevor Green, Norman Bourne, John Grimwood.

And the other patrols were:

Bulls: John Murray – Patrol Leader, Peter Hill – Second, Jim Russell, Neville Green, David Claise, Bob Willis, Ray Woodmore.

Otters: Jim Dabson – Patrol Leader, Reg Harper – Second, Walter Simmons, Michael Murray, Terry Lucas, Jim Godwin, Chris Clegg, Fred Hall.

#### **FRIDAY 25TH JUNE 1943**

A few days ago I met a Canadian soldier outside the youth centre after practising for the youth rally. He asked me where our Scout master lived so I took him to the Police House but nobody was in. Later, when I had left him, he went back to Miss Dabson's house and as luck would have it she was in. Tonight the troop had the honour of meeting for the first time S[tanley].A. Richardson 16th London Troop, [Ontario], Canada. During the evening he proved himself a great help, by helping to build a covered waggon for the forthcoming youth rally.

#### **SATURDAY 3RD JULY 1943**

Youth Rally. The troop with the help of five other local troops staged a display

Below.

The Petworth Scouts and Cubs Remembrance Parade making their way down New Street in 1950 with the Boys Brigade bringing up the rear. Photograph by Tony Whitcomb.



of bridge building in Petworth Park. The 1st Petworth and 1st Tillington troops surprised the whole audience when with revolver shots and shouts they charged in the arena with covered waggons to attack the bridge builders. They charged around the arena picking up the enemy and putting the dead in the covered waggons (trek carts), one of which was being pulled by the two stalwart horses James Russell and myself. The rest of the rally consisted of displays etc given by various youth organisations in the Petworth district.

#### **FRIDAY 22ND OCTOBER 1943**

Tonight proved to be a great night for me, because being made Patrol Leader does

not come every week, and being made the leader of the Bulldog Patrol is a great privilege. Tonight Second Green was also made Patrol Leader of the Bulls.

The meeting consisted of cleaning the [Scout] room. During the evening, while we were dusting the walls etc. several explosions shook the room. Everybody fell flat on the floor. All the candles were miraculously doused during the silent dive to the floor. After a while we began to sit up, and then a small voice started singing Oh! Jemima Look at Your Uncle Jim. The troop Leader went downstairs to keep a lookout. The bombs were dropped near Shopham Bridge.

#### FRIDAY 14TH APRIL 1944

Trip to Town. We met in the Square at 8.30. I had previously in getting up almost broken my neck, but nobody worried about that. Left Petworth 8.30. Patrol Leader Whitcomb tore his pants. Left Horsham 9.42. Arrived London 10.32. Went to Scout Shop, ordered dinner then we proceeded to the S.S.E. until 11.45. We then came out to the Scout Shop and went on to the roof. Then had dinner of shepherd's pie after that we had rubob [*sic*]. We then took the tube to S. Kensington to the NHM [Natural History Museum]. Akela and I walked round the museum. We lost Chris, Bunny and Bags. We came out of there and went to Westminster by tube. We then had our tea under Big Ben and then went to the *Discovery*. After that we came back to H.Q. by tube and then to the News Theatre.

#### FRIDAY 19TH MAY 1944

Tonight we heard the sad news that an hour ago Jim Godwin, Bob Willis and Timer Whitcomb had been injured in an accident. Jim and Bob received cuts and lacerations to their faces, Jim also having a fractured pelvis. Timer is the worst having very bad injuries to his legs. At the moment he is dangerously ill, mine, and I am sure all of the troops thoughts are with him in this critical moment, and we pray that he will recover. God be with him.

#### SATURDAY 20TH MAY 1944

This afternoon Jim Russell [Rusty] and myself white washed the billiard room at the Police Station. We were working to bring in money for the 'Boy Scouts Relief Abroad Services'. We earned ten shillings between us. The rest of the troop also did odd jobs, some very odd. The Bull patrol earned 12/5d; the Otters 17/6d and the Bulldogs 15/11d. With the Cubs effort the grand total was £5.0.0.

#### TUESDAY 28TH SEPTEMBER 1944

Bulldog patrol meeting. Tonight after a lot of preparation by Akela, second Penfold and myself we held a treasure hunt. We began the meeting with inspection by Akela, after which instructions and small plans were given to the patrol for the

Below.  
Scouts, Sea Scouts and Guides assembling in  
Maket Square in front of the Westminster  
Bank in the early 1950s. Photograph by  
Charles White.



hunt, then off they went. The hunt included the hunters being chased by cows and hiding behind a poplar tree in which they found a clue. When at last they reached the spot where it was buried (where the doodlebug fell) they started digging frantically with their fingers in the earth and the rubble. What a sight in the moonlight 'Scrammy' second Penfold was the lucky man, eight threepenny bits in a casket were his reward. We made our way home singing our song 'Show your Strength ye British Bulldog'.

#### THURSDAY 21ST DECEMBER 1944

Bulldog patrol meeting. I opened the meeting with the usual flag break followed

by inspection. The rest of the meeting consisted of practising Christmas carols for our Christmas good turn and for the short sketch we are putting on at the troops Xmas party. Previously we had decided that after the meeting we would pay a visit to Akela and present her with a Christmas present from the patrol. But sorry to say after singing a carol outside her house, Mrs Dabson came out and informed us that Akela was out. However she said that she enjoyed our singing immensely and offered to give us some money, but being good Scouts we declined (wishing later that we had not). After we had left there we decided to go carol singing there and then. The proceeds were to go to our second Edward Whitcomb who is still in hospital recovering from his accident in May. We sang outside several houses in Grove Street and were asked in to one. The grand total was 15/6d which was given in the form of savings stamps.

**SUNDAY 24TH & MONDAY 25TH DECEMBER 1944**

Christmas Eve. Not exactly Scouting but worth writing about. At approximately 11.30 p.m. the bells of St. Mary's church started ringing out their peals of joy and happiness for Christmas. I was one of those ringers and I think that it was one of the most memorable moments of my life to be ringing the Christmas bells. Another Scout ringer is John Weller.

Christmas Day. The bells were also calling the communicants to midnight mass which was conducted by the Rev. Godwin. It was a beautiful service the church being decorated with holly etc. Some Scouts also attended the service at 7.30.

**THURSDAY 19TH & FRIDAY 20TH APRIL 1945**

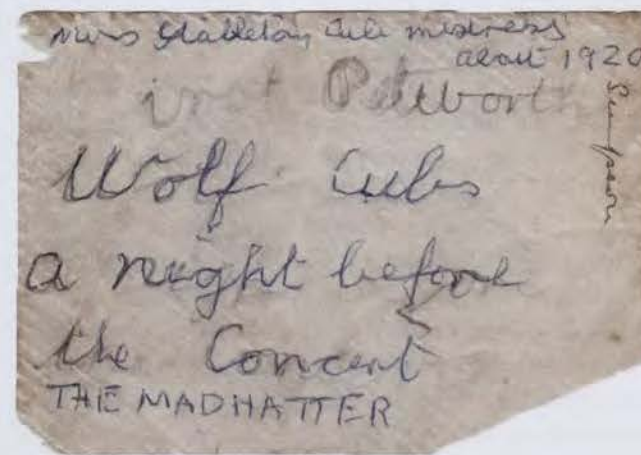
Pioneer Camp. About 7.30 on Thursday evening on hearing that the Bulldog patrol, now under the leadership of P. L. Green, was camping in the Gog I decided to pay them a visit. When I arrived at their campsite I found that Akela was already there, keeping them company. After I had been there about half an hour Akela suggested that I should go home and with my parents' permission collect a pup tent, blankets etc., and come and camp the night with them – to keep Neville company.

When at last my little camp was standing – under its own power, it was perfectly dark, and I actually finished putting the pegs in with Bunny Bourne holding a torch. After a bite to eat and some cocoa we had a short sing-song with the accompaniment of my bamboo pipe, a relic from the boys' school. After this it was not long before we were all in bed, of course Neville and I had to have a discussion before we went to sleep; there are so many things to talk about these days!

It seemed ages before it began to get light, and when it did I didn't want to get up, so when one of the little puppies let my tent down on me I crawled in with Neville who also didn't want to get up., and together we made the menu for the day! When at last we did get up we found a nice fire burning so Neville set to to



Left. The very beginnings. Both sides of all that is left of a photograph of Petworth Wolf Cubs' performance of a scene from *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* in about 1920. Who the young performers are is not known, nor who made the splendid costumes. Part of the Iron Room is visible in the background. Photographer unknown.



prepare the breakfast while I re-erected my poor little tent.. The rest of the day was spent mostly at cooking the dinner and playing various games in the woods. About 4.0 p.m. we started to pack up, starting with us having a wash! When we were all ready we piled on our bikes with all our kit. When we reached H.Q. it was about 6.30 and the troop meeting had just started and the Bulldogs were just in time for the presentation of some badges. I scuttled off home as soon as possible. It was a grand camp and we had some grand fun. Trust the Bulldogs every time. Those present were: Neville K. Green, 'Bunny' Bourne, Ronald Parsons, and myself senior Scout A. J. Whitcomb.

**TUESDAY 8TH MAY 1945**

V. E. Day. At three o'clock this afternoon Mr Churchill spoke over the wireless,

announcing that the war in Europe had come to a victorious close. After his speech there was a terrific noise in The Square, shouting and cheering with a few thunder flashes thrown in! The finish of Mr Churchill's speech was the signal for all the bell ringers to make their way to the Church. When eight of us were assembled in the tower we began to ring the Victory Peal.

At 7.30 I went with John Weller to the Scout Room, which had been festooned with flags. There we met several members of the troop. We then proceeded to the Gog where we at once began to build a bonfire. While we were building the fire we heard girlish laughter and lo and behold several guides appeared out of the wood, so they decided to join us.

When at last Reg [Harper] put a match to the fire it was nearly dark and getting a bit chilly so we were glad of some heat. It was not long before someone thought of the fireworks, and then woosh bang! Everybody took turns at letting one off. It was about 10.30 when at last we made our way home. Guides and Scouts singing to the accompaniment of Joby Weller's mouth organ who was working behind the rest with Patrol leader Joan Green and myself. When we arrived in The Square the sight set before my eyes was something I had never seen before, and I don't think I'll ever see again. The Square was floodlit and packed with dancing people. Joan, Joby and myself walked around the town together looking at all the illuminations including the Church steeple which was floodlit by a film projector from the cinema. It was about 11.30 when I said goodnight to Joan and Joby and also to a most wonderful day of rejoicing and thanksgiving.

#### **WEDNESDAY 9TH MAY, 1945**

V.J. The World is at Peace. It was on V.J. + 1 that Petworth woke up. It was in the afternoon of this day that Akela, her brother [Jim], Reg, Myself and several other Scouts, Guides, Cubs and other gathered together and made a bonfire. I had to catch the 7 p.m. bus and so I could not enjoy the events of the evening which consisted of a torchlight procession through the town to the Sheepdowns where the bonfire was lit and songs sung.

#### **FRIDAY 25TH MAY 1945**

Troop Meeting. This is my last meeting before I leave Petworth to take up my post as a draughtsman in the Ordnance Survey Office in London. As I left I was given a bravo by the troop.

#### **SATURDAY 14TH JULY 1945**

After receiving a telegram from my father to say that John Weller's funeral was today, I obtained permission to leave the office early so that I could attend his funeral. I was also in the team of bell ringers who rang a half muffled peal for him.

#### **SATURDAY 22ND SEPTEMBER 1945**

Victory Bonfire. About 7.15 Reg [Harper], Neville [Green] and myself met at Akela's, from there we walked to the Sugar Knob where there was a huge bonfire. It was lit just after 8 o'clock and was soon a lovely blaze, but as there was not much doing on the spot several of us walked up round the Gog. When everybody had gone back to The Square to dance we sat by the fire and sang songs which brought back happy memories.

#### **SUNDAY 28TH APRIL 1946**

Kirdford Church Parade. At 2.15 I arrived at Roberts's garage. I climbed into the coach amidst shouts of Baloo! Baloo! from the cubs. We were soon off, and after stopping at The Square to make sure that nobody was there we were soon whizzing along the road to Kirdford and it was not long before we arrived at our destination. We all piled out and I assembled the cubs on the side of the road. As soon as all the packs and troops had arrived we all formed into a column and marched to the Church. The service was conducted by the Revd Sidebotham, the Vicar of Kirdford. The service was in honour of the patron saint of Scouts St. George and in memory of the late Lord Baden Powell of Gilwell – our founder.

#### **SATURDAY 20TH JULY 1946**

Stags. I arrived at H.Q. with Jim Dabson at about 6.20. We waited outside in the yard for Neville [Green] to bring the key, and whilst we waited the other members began to arrive, among them was 'Scrammy' Penfold who was attending his first senior patrol meeting. By this time Nibs [Neville Green] had arrived but as he had forgotten the key he had to go back home to find it. While he was gone another new member arrived named Peter Carmichael from Lurgashall. He had just moved to the district from Suffolk. This was my last meeting as a senior Scout and patrol leader. I have left the Stag Patrol because I am now waiting for my call-up papers for national service. I have had some good times with them, and I wish them success and happiness in their senior Scouting of the future.

#### **SATURDAY 21ST SEPTEMBER 1946**

At three o'clock I started off with fourteen cubs for a walk down to the river. We went via the water works and Stroud keeping to the fields all the way there and coming back by road. At Stroud we halted for a rest, Kenny Temple fell in the brook and got himself thoroughly wet so I sent him home with Allan Jamieson to keep him company. So we proceeded with the twelve remaining cubs through the woods and over the fields until we came to the River Rother. I pointed out the canal and the lock, and after making sure that no one fell through the hole in the bridge we made our way along the river to the road where I held a short inspection

to see who had the most mud. As several cubs seemed to be in a fighting mood on the way home, I made them walk in single file. We arrived home at about six o'clock.

#### **SUNDAY 22ND SEPTEMBER 1946**

Reg Harper has received his call-up papers and has to go tomorrow, so we decided to make a day of it today. We picked up Akela and Nibs, got on our bikes and cycled down to the railway; but it did not go as smoothly as that because owing to a misunderstanding Nibs and myself were separated from Akela and Reg for about an hour, which I think rather annoyed Nibs. When we did find each other we crossed the railway, leaving our cycles on a bridge, and made our way along the bank of the river, all the time making nasty remarks about one another, and Akela even suggested murdering me.

We eventually came onto a path leading back to where we had left our cycles so we followed it until we reached our bikes. That was the end of our short but very pleasant outing. On the way home we made arrangements for the afternoon. Just after 2 o'clock Reg and I called for Neville, we cycled to Pulborough where we hired a boat out on the River Arun. Everything went according to plan until we spotted an inlet. We made our way in, when I say we, I mean Reg and myself, Reg rowing and myself steering while Neville was lying in the prow.

Well to cut the sad tale short Neville told Reg that his rowlock was the wrong way round, so Reg lifted the oar to put it right and in doing so pulled the rowlock out as well, splash! That was the last we saw of the rowlock. We talked of tossing-up for the one who should go in to try and get it as it was only about four feet deep, but in the end we decided no one would go in, as we had not anything to dry ourselves with. So we started on our journey back with one oar tied to the side of the boat, then to our horror we found that the tide had turned and was now against us. Reg, who by the way was still rowing had to pull his hardest to make us move at any speed. However we did eventually reach the last bend, and when we rounded that it was as much as Reg could do to stop the boat from going backwards, and it was as much as Nibs and I could do to stop ourselves splitting our sides with laughter; poor old Reg. We did however try to help him with his task, by paddling with the foot rest, I don't know if it did any good but anyway we said it did!

On reaching the mooring place we dobed up 5/- with a half-crown extra for the rowlock. We then cycled home against a head wind!

#### **SUNDAY 29TH SEPTEMBER 1946**

I attended this morning a special commemoration service at Holy Communion for Mr Stevenson and the boys who lost their lives in the bombing of the boys' school four years ago.

#### **SUNDAY 20TH OCTOBER 1946**

At 3 p.m. James, Nibs, Mike [Murray], Scrammy and myself arrived at No. 1 camp of Polish troops in Petworth Park. It was not long before we were inside their recreation hut, playing table tennis etc. We did not find the language difficult as quite a few of the Poles could speak a certain amount of English. We spent a very interesting afternoon with them. During the tea, which was kindly provided by our hosts, we talked about Poland and the international situation. I (as usual) had to leave early, so as to be able to get back to London that night.

#### **SATURDAY 23RD NOVEMBER 1946**

Opening of Polish Scout Troop. After meeting Jim Dabson, Stephen, and Akela at the latter's house we four were driven by Supt. Dabson in his car (Elizabeth Ann) to the camp because it was raining very hard. On arriving at the camp we had to find the particular hut in which the ceremony was taking place. Stephen tried speaking French, German, Rumanian and Hebrew to find out where it was but they only spoke Polish so that was no good. But in the end we did succeed in finding the hut, and we were just in time for the raising of the standards. It was a very impressive ceremony and I was very surprised when the Polish boys saluted in the Nazi fashion, only with two fingers.

After flags had been hoisted we had to dash through the rain and mud to another hut, where we had dancing, singing etc. Some of the Polish boys gave a display of their national dancing which was very interesting. We also witnessed some of their singing which was very beautiful. The boys who had ages ranging from 14 to 18 were very quiet, some of them spoke a little English. A noticeable thing about them was that they wore very short shorts, a fact which the Rangers remarked upon!

While we were having fun and games Neville arrived soaking wet, he had cycled and gone off the track into a ditch. He changed into some clothes lent him by the Poles. After one of the Polish dances we English folk (some of us) gave our version of B.R.A.V.O. the only thing we could do! The party ended about 11 p.m. with flag-down, taps and the national anthem. We came home in a lorry provided by the Poles. This evening proved that language is no obstacle in international Scouting. So let's go ahead. CZUWAT! BE PREPARED!

#### **CHRISTMAS 1946**

This year we were unable to ring a peal of bells for Midnight mass because of the condition of the steeple. However at eleven twenty five I put on my servers robes and entered the Church with full choir behind me. After a procession and the blessing of the crib we began the normal communion procession. One hundred and fifty people attended the service.

WEDNESDAY 22ND JANUARY 1947

Received my calling up papers today.

THURSDAY 6TH FEBRUARY 1947

Joined up!

FRIDAY 28TH NOVEMBER 1947

At 6.30 I went to our Scout headquarters to bid my official farewell and to hand over my warrants.

DECEMBER 1947

I had been on my embarkation leave and on Wednesday – sorry Tuesday the 23rd I came home for a few days Christmas leave. Of course at 11 on Christmas Eve I was ringing in the festive season and followed by Midnight Mass. Christmas was spent in the proper place – home. On Boxing Day the family went out visiting friends and the next day at ten past one I got on the bus for Petersfield and said goodbye to Petworth.

1. The log gives a vivid impression of endless carefree days when Tony and his friends were able to wander far and wide enjoying a freedom unimaginable to the present generation. With the district teeming with soldiers and military hardware and the country preoccupied with war little attention was paid to children. The Gog above Petworth was open for camping and camp fires with no obvious concerns for the blackout. Nights away from home sleeping under the stars with no adult supervision appeared to be the norm. Those halcyon days would be brutally interrupted in the autumn of 1942 by the loss of Scout Master Charles Stevenson and a generation of children in the bombing of the North Street Boys' School.

2. The troop is effectively leaderless for six months and there seems little appetite for scouting a situation reflected in the mood of

the town following the tragedy and one which would last for many years. The spring of 1943 however sees the revival of the troop under the banner of the 1st Petworth and the leadership of Joy Dabson, a surprise choice but one supported by the District Commissioner. Joy Dabson was the daughter of Chief Superintendent Dabson of the Petworth police.

3. New Grove was the home of Brigadier-General Charles Kenyon Burnett.

4. Wide Game. According to the Scout Association the game should have a specific objective such as reaching a precise point while preventing the opposing team from doing likewise.

With thanks to Teresa Charman and Jim Dabson for their advice and assistance.

Opposite. An early Petworth Society *Bulletin*, No. 4, April 1975. Typed on a typewriter and duplicated, this would be the format up to issue No. 14, September 1978. The change of name from *Bulletin* to *Magazine* came with the 50th issue in December 1987, although typesetting was still by typewriter. The change to professional typesetting came with issue No. 71 in March 1993.

## This is your magazine

Mr Michael Brown writes:

Dear Editor,

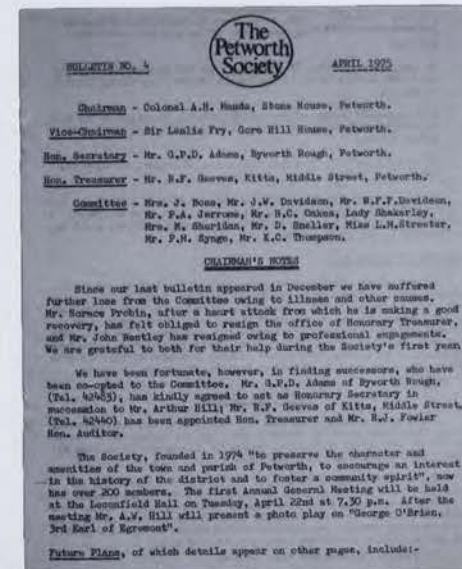
I did so enjoy the December edition of your magazine. What I have enjoyed most about it is, first, the photographs and, second, the interviews with (largely) working-class residents, some local and some now far flung, both packed with fascinating insights into relatively recent social history. There used to be quite a few pre-war reminiscences, but I suppose time takes its toll. Anyway, keep up the good work. Congratulations.

Yours sincerely ...

Writing in 1978 I introduced an expanded *Bulletin*<sup>1</sup> No 15 for 1979. I could not anticipate that, forty years and more on, I would be contemplating a vast ocean of miscellaneous Petworth-related material extending to, perhaps, some seven thousand pages of text and pictures. It is a volume of comment and recollection that simply did not exist in 1978.

As editor I have to carry my readers with me. If I fail to do this, quite simply I fail. A corollary is that any magazine will have items that appeal to some and not others, this has to be a strength rather than a weakness. In contrast to 1978 I now have to take account of the magazine's role as a repository of tradition, written and remembered, and try to blend readability and record a delicate and potentially dangerous balance. Have I succeeded? Miles and I would like your contribution to an ongoing discussion.

1. The title would change in time to the more familiar *Petworth Society Magazine*, (PSM).



## Petworth Fair 2019

Miles Costello

This year was the first for many that the Society has not been directly involved in organising the fair. A mixed blessing, though sad, as it seemed to be the end of an era as the organisation was passed to a new and much younger committee, while on the other hand it was a relief that the stress of the weeks leading up to the fair would no longer fall upon our shoulders. Of course the Society is still very much involved as Gemma represents us on the organising committee and we sponsored the fair poster colouring competition which drew in over eighty entrants from local schools and playgroups. The standard was far higher than we could have imagined and was kindly judged on the afternoon of the fair by local artist Jan Roddick with book tokens being awarded as prizes.

As so often the success of the fair very much depends upon the weather and thankfully it was dry and cold, perfect! Nigel Flynn, the Petworth Society crier, got proceedings off to a noisy start and the merriment began. New stalls in the

lower hall of The Leconfield Hall while upstairs the children were learning circus skills. Live music and a fire performer would entertain the crowds in Golden Square alongside the gallopers in their rather innovative new position. Soon the crowds appeared and the town centre was absolutely bustling. The temperate weather and a concerted effort to publicise the day online bought out what may have been a record number of merry-makers, at least in recent years. Modern rides sat comfortably side by side with the traditional gallopers and chair-o-planes, a perfect mix. The evening ended with the town band rendition of Sussex by the Sea performed upon the gallopers and tired but happy revellers started to wend their way home. It certainly appears to have been a most successful day.

Congratulations to the new committee for putting on a wonderful event.



The winning entry in the colouring competition by Rose F, Willow Class, Petworth Primary School.

## The Tillington Fun Singers

Miles Costello

Petworth Society Christmas evenings inevitably clash with one event or another during the busy festive period and while this year was no exception a large audience turned out to The Leconfield Hall to enjoy a toe-tapping trip down memory lane brought to them by the outstanding Tillington Fun Singers. The nimble-fingered Rosemary Thompson on grand piano and Keith Russell on drums were accompanied by a mixed group of brightly dressed vocalists who moved seamlessly from one much-loved song to another. Old show-time favourites such as 'Hello Dolly' and 'Moon River' had the audience singing along, while each gathering of songs was interposed with short festive renditions and solos by members of the group. Such was the speed of transition from one song to another by the exceptionally well-rehearsed group that the performance appeared to blend into a single cavalcade of musical gratification.

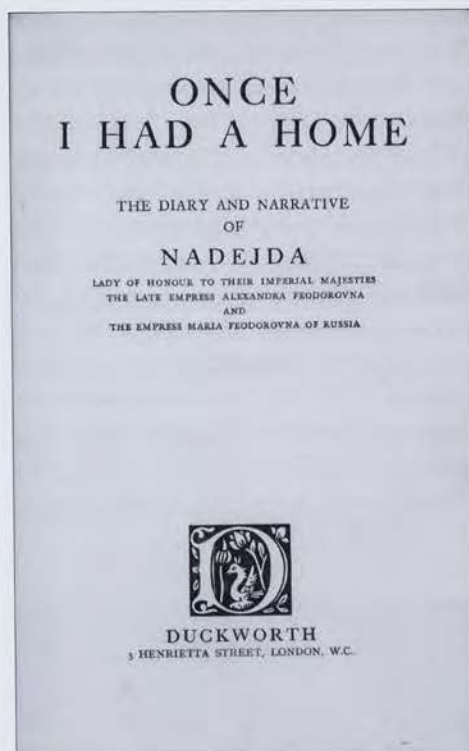
While the highly entertaining group made no claim to excellence they will, judging by this performance, soon be snapped up to demonstrate their undoubted talent and enthusiasm at other venues. Thank you Rosemary and Co. for a thoroughly enjoyable evening.





## 'He made them great or lowly'

The December Book Sale. Peter Jerrome



My quarterly selection from the shoal of books that come into us monthly for the Book Sale may appear a personal exercise in self-indulgence. For me it's more than that: a token attempt to salvage some kind of permanency from the monthly flux that is the Sale – if you like, to pluck a brand from the fire. As often I have taken a remnant from the £2 table – a book that would cost a few pounds to acquire but has not attracted a buyer.

In some ways the book is difficult to appraise. It is certainly not impartial and is seen as a warning to England and Europe in general of the constant menace of Bolshevism, on which the book is a full-blooded attack. 'Nadejda' is writing under an assumed name for fear of possible reprisal, while people and places have been disguised. There are 'urgent reasons' to preserve the incognito of some of those portrayed.

It is just before the 1914-18 war and 'one bright afternoon before my twelfth year.' Nadejda is at home choosing chocolate from a large gift box. She drops one and it rolls on the floor. Her mother tells her not to eat it but throw it out of the window and take another. Nadejda wonders why she must not eat it. She is told that it has been on the floor and may have picked up germs: germs thrive in dust. Nadejda considers this and muses 'When we throw sweets to the peasant children, some of them fall to the ground and they eat them all the same.' Her mother explains that it is different: the peasant children are harder and have different ways. 'Listen Nadejda, the mole is different to the racehorse, a skylark to a barn door hen; the rabbit eats grass, but the lion eats flesh.' Nadejda says she'd prefer to be a lion, and her mother asks her father to explain the problem. The world, he

says, is as it is. Education and good will must eventually make it better. 'You must always be good to your parents and remember that they have hearts to feel and souls to lose or to save.' Her mother urges Nadejda to choose another chocolate.

Still unconvinced, Nadejda lays the problem before Roney (Miss Roper) her English governess who sits her on her knee and has her repeat the fourth verse of 'All things bright and beautiful'.

The rich man in his palace  
The poor man at his gate  
He made them great or lowly  
And ordered their estate.

That, says Roney, is the answer. God has given Nadejda greater responsibility than the village children hence it is far, far wickeder for her to be untruthful or selfish or mean.

The rest of the book is in some ways a descant on this theme. Figures like Kerensky or Rasputin flit briefly on to the scene and are as swiftly gone. The family flee to Yalta and live a charmed, if desperate life in fear of the Bolsheviks before, it seems, fleeing to England. The diamond-initialled badge given Nadejda by the Empress when she became lady of honour, survives in a paper bag containing eggs for her mother. Nadejda's view of the Bolsheviks is uncompromising 'An armed minority which sticks at nothing and which commits such shocking atrocities that the rest of the community is too terrified and bewildered to do anything but submit. It is like a mad bull let loose in a Sunday school.' 'I wonder if in all this world, even among those most bitterly at war, there is any hate so murderous, so intense, as the covetous class hatred of the proletariat for these who happen to possess a little more, or know a little, than they do themselves. It is jealousy gone mad.'

I. Nadejda, *Once I had a Home* (Duckworth, 1926).

Opposite.

The title page of the first edition of *Once I had a Home* by Nadejda, 'Lady of Honour to their Imperial Majesties the late Empress Alexandra Feodorovna and the Empress Maria Feodorovna of Russia'.

## Changing Petworth (6)

Two views of the demolition of the Leconfield Estate house in Damer's Bridge, Petworth which stood in the way of the entrance to the new car park in about 1960. This was a very unpopular decision at the time but the 'Café open' sign suggests a sense of optimism. Photographs by Tony Whitcomb and George Garland.



## Like mighty giants: the Gog Magog enigma

Shaun Cooper

Just to the east of Petworth there is The Gog, leading to Gog and Magog Hill, which once had the gates of Petworth House at the top, with statues of two warriors, mounted on pillars: Gog and Magog. On maps from at least as early as 1896 to the present day, the site appears under the name Goanah, but this is almost certainly the more modern name – yet notwithstanding its great age, the place is still known locally by its ancient Gog and Magog title. The changing of the name to Goanah may have come about when somebody pointed out that in Revelation, Gog and Magog are given as the enemies of God's people. But whatever the reason, it was a name change that never really caught on, and even as late as 1929, when the Sussex Downsmen had a walk through the area, there was still some confusion about it, as can be inferred from their report in the *West Sussex County Times* (February 2nd) which describes them going: '...upwards through meadows to Gog and Magog Hill... then through Goanah Woods and by Montpelier Farm...'

Yet there were also two giants called Gog and Magog, and two very revered old statues of them guard the Guildhall in London to this day. Therefore it seems more likely that the Gog and Magog who guard the gates of Petworth House represent those two giants, rather than a couple of unpleasant characters from the Bible; but, in order to understand why this is so, it is necessary to learn something of their story, and for that we must first hark back briefly to ancient times in the Aegean Sea, and the long war between the Trojans and the Spartans, which was triggered by the love of Helen of Troy.

Helen was considered to be the most beautiful woman in the world, or, according to a different version of the story, she was the most desirable bride in Greece. Her mother was Leda, wife of the Spartan king Tyndareos; but Helen's real father was Zeus, the supreme Greek deity, who had turned himself into a swan in order to get close to Leda when she was alone, bathing.

Helen married the Spartan king Menelaus. Meanwhile the Trojan prince Paris, also known as Alexander, was undecided about which of the goddesses was the fairest. Athena promised him fame, and Hera offered him power, but he chose Aphrodite, the goddess of love, when she offered him the most desirable woman in the world – Helen. Paris then went to Sparta where he wooed Helen with his handsome good looks and his love for her, and persuaded her to come back to Troy with him; or he abducted her and took her there by force.

So Helen of Sparta had to make her new home in Troy. Her husband Menelaus

was angry at this turn of events, as the gods had promised him immortality if he had made a sacred marriage. Helen was the incarnation of the Virgin Moon-goddess Helene or Selene, an orgiastic deity who was worshipped during the Spartan festival of Helenephoria. The name Menelaus means 'Moon King'. However, Menelaus lost his immortality when Paris took Helen from him. So Menelaus and his brother, King Agamemnon, who was married to Helen's sister, gathered their armies and sailed towards Troy, thus beginning the Trojan War, which would last ten years, and was only ended when the Trojans were tricked into taking a huge horse made of wood, with warriors hidden inside, into their city. In *The Woman's Encyclopedia of Myths and Secrets*, Barbara Walker describes the Trojan War as patriarchal Greeks pitted against matriarchal Trojans; but then she also says that Helen was related to Brutus, and he was a Trojan.<sup>1</sup>

After the fall of Troy, the Trojan champion Aeneas and his men set sail and eventually settled in Italy, where Aeneas created a new city which later became known as Rome. Then Brutus, his great-grandson, accidentally murdered someone there and had to flee the country. Leading a force of Trojans who had been exiled or enslaved, he sailed west, eventually leaving the Mediterranean Sea.

So far, this story has come from the classical myths of ancient Greece and Rome, but when Brutus and his Trojans landed on the coast of Devon, they entered the annals of British mythology. England at that time was known as Albion, and according to *History of the Kings of Britain* by Geoffrey of Monmouth, circa 1136, the only inhabitants back then had been giants, most of which lived in what would later be called the West Country. Now, so far as Gog and Magog are concerned, this is where the stories get very complicated. Some give Gogmagog as the leader of these giants; others say that the leader was called Albion and that Gogmagog was his brother. They attacked the Trojans and there were many casualties before the Trojans rallied and overthrew the giants. Gogmagog was captured alive, and one of the Trojan warriors, Corineus, wrestled with the giant, and eventually slew him by throwing him off Plymouth Hoe into the sea. For this, Corineus was given Cornwall, which preserves his name. In another version though, Gog and Magog were two giants, who were both captured by Brutus. Then, when he founded a new Troy, Troia Nova, on the banks of the River Thames, he chained the two of them to the gates of his palace to act as his porters; and the Guildhall in London, which stands where that palace was, is still guarded by two huge statues of the giants, Gog and Magog, and effigies of them are paraded through the streets in the Lord Mayor's show. Alternatively though, it is said by some that the statues were originally of Corineus and Gogmagog; and in yet another version of the story, Corineus is also described as having been a giant. Incidentally, one book gives Gogmagog as having been twelve feet tall, and notes that Brutus and the Trojans came here about 1200 B.C.<sup>2</sup>

Brutus is remembered as the ancestor of the Britons and as the first British king, but, as the scholar Egerton Sykes points out, the invasion of this country by the Trojans, as recounted by Geoffrey of Monmouth, could well be a memory of the Belgae attacking and subduing the people of Magog, who had preceded them as emigrants across the English Channel.<sup>3</sup>

An account of a curious lecture on the history of Cornwall, published in *The Sussex Advertiser* in 1824, adds some interesting details to this fabulous story. According to the lecturer, one 'Mr. Hogg', it says in *The Saxon Chronicle* that the first people who came to this country were originally from Armenia, having emigrated west after the great deluge (ie. the Biblical flood). Also, in Greece there was a king who had twenty daughters who, being neglected by their husbands, banded together and plotted to murder them; but when the men returned from some great expedition, one of the women confessed about the plot, after which she and her sisters were all banished to a western land, which was then named Albion after the most beautiful of them. They mated, presumably with men of the earlier people (or, according to Mr. Hogg, with the Devil) and from these unions the giants were born.

According to points given in that account then, when the Trojans landed in Devon and were attacked by the giants, they were still defending themselves against Greek blood. This is interesting, because in Irish mythology, the fourth race who came to that country were the Firbolg, who had originally fled from Thrace where their people had been enslaved. After them, the matriarchal Tuatha de Danaan landed in Ireland and conquered the Firbolg. The Tuatha de Danaan (people of the goddess Danaan) came from the northern isles of Greece – which presumably means those islands in the Aegean Sea that lie between Thrace and Troy.

In British and Irish Mythology it says that: 'Troy's legendary status as the origin of the British people has always figured importantly in the island's history.'<sup>4</sup>

The two giants who were chained at the gates of the palace eventually died, and were supposedly buried under Wandlebury Camp in the Gogmagog Hills, south of Cambridge. This legend brings us to another set of beliefs concerning these two: Magog was an Earth Goddess and Gog was her son or consort.

In the Bible, in Ezekiel, it says that the 'Hordes of Gog and Magog' were all horsemen. Barbara Walker notes that Magog was the biblical name of a Scythian-Amazonian goddess and also the name of her land in the north, where the warriors were famed for their fighting on horseback. She was worshipped by tribes all across western Asia and later in much of Europe too. This view though is also supported by the entry concerning Gog Magog in *Everyman's Dictionary of Non-Classical Mythology*: 'Magog seems to have been the goddess and Gog or Og her husband or son, of a moon-worshipping, horse-using race such as the Cimmarians who migrated on horseback . . . Josephus considered them to be Scythians, a description



One of two designs produced by Waterlow & Sons Ltd. for a device for Petworth Parish Council in 1894, possibly using a photograph by Walter Kevis. It is reproduced here slightly larger than actual size and the lettering and circles are drawn in pencil on coated paper. The second design is reproduced on the back cover of the magazine.

which included the Cimmarians. Fenius Farsa, the founder of the Milesian race, a grandson of Magog, was described as a Scythian.'

The Milesians were the sixth dynasty of ancient Ireland in Celtic myth, having driven out the Tuatha de Danaan, and the *Everyman* book goes on to say that by that time, Magog's influence had spread to Britain, and she had become the great mother goddess of a horse cult, the memories of which survived in the legend of Lady Godiva's naked ride through Coventry, and in that of the Lady of Banbury Cross, who had rings on her fingers and bells on her toes, and in the huge hill-figure of the White Horse at Uffington. Another book equates her with the Celtic horse goddess Epona, and refers to her as Magog-Epona.

Hill-figures feature in other parts of the Gog Magog story too. As early as 1486, there were hill-figures depicting Gogmagog at a place known as Goemagot's Leap, at Plymouth Hoe, which was said to be where Corineus threw the giant into the sea. First there was just a hill-figure of the giant, but later there were two figures depicted there, one bigger than the other, which were now called Gog Magog, rather than Gogmagog; but later still, the smaller of the two was said to be Corineus. Alas, the site where these figures were was built over, during the time of Charles II.

But there were also other hill-figures of Gog and Magog, as the archaeologist T. C. Lethbridge discovered in 1954 when he searched for them using somewhat unorthodox methods, in the

Gogmagog Hills in Cambridgeshire. He found a group of hill-figures, depicting a woman on horseback, a man with a sword, a man who had rays radiating from his head, as well as a crescent moon and a horse and chariot. Lethbridge considered that the figure of the goddess must have been cut about 200 B.C, and that the others had been added perhaps a century or so later. He felt that the tableau illustrated how the moon-goddess Magog-Epona was united with a younger solar god, possibly her son. However, establishment archaeologists poured scorn on his discovery, some even thought it was a hoax, while others said that the shapes of the figures were too vague and had probably come about through such natural processes as erosion and the growth of trees and lichen – and so those figures too are covered over now, with turf again.<sup>5</sup>

Gog and Magog at the main entrance to Petworth House photographed in 2020. They were designed to stand as gate piers to formal gardens designed by George London and Henry Wise in the early 1700s and were moved to the Gog and Magog Hill when Capability Brown landscaped Petworth Park and Matthew Brettingham the Elder designed the pair of lodges as 'eye catchers' for the 2nd Earl in the 1760s. This would be when they were given their nicknames. They were moved again in the 1870s to where they are now when the current entrance to Petworth House was constructed. Commissioned by the Duke of Somerset, they were made by V. Prost of Dijon in the 1690s.

According to Rupert Gunnis in his *Dictionary of British Sculptors 1660 – 1851* (Harvard University Press, 1954) 'These superb Baroque trophies consist of great cuirasses and plumed helmets and of their kind are almost without equal in England.'



To come back to the statues at the gates of Petworth House though, it is perhaps worth looking a bit more at the two that guard the Guildhall in London, for their story also has some relevant points. Effigies of the giants were frequently brought out for Royal occasions, and a male and female pair were paraded on London Bridge in 1415 to greet Henry V; but by 1554 and again in 1559, the effigies of the two giants carried out were said to be Gogmagog and Corineus. Gradually though, they came to be called Gog and Magog instead.

These two giants were the guardians of London and symbols of patriotic pride. In *The Gigantick History of the Two Famous Giants of Guildhall*, published in 1741, it says: 'Corineus and Gogmagog were two brave giants, who nicely valued their honour, and exerted their whole strength and force in defence of their liberty and country; so the City of London, by placing these their representatives in their Guildhall, emblematically declare that they will, like mighty giants, defend the honour of their country, and the liberty of this their city, which excels all others as much as those huge giants exceed in stature the common bulk of mankind.'<sup>6</sup>

Bearing all this in mind, it seems far more likely that the statues of Gog and Magog outside Petworth House were based on the legendary giants that guard the Guildhall in London, rather than celebrating two obscure characters from the Bible. Indeed, to summarize the evidence as outlined above, it seems that Magog probably was originally a Scythian moon-goddess who was allied with her consort or son Gog, who was perceived as a solar god, and that their cult, which also involved the worship of white horses, may well have been brought to this country before the coming of the later Gallo-Belgic tribes, and that afterwards, over time, the names of these ancient peoples and their various deities became confused or forgotten, ending with Geoffrey of Monmouth's fabulous account of Brutus bringing the Trojans to Albion and defeating the giants who were led by Gogmagog, or Gog and Magog, and then chaining them to the gates of his new palace at Troi Nova. And the idea that one of those statues actually represented Corineus doesn't really make a sense, because whether he himself was a giant or not, he defeated Gogmagog, and so why would Brutus then also chain him to the gates of his palace? No, whatever their real heritage is, neither of those statues can truly be said to represent a Trojan warrior, whether in London or at Petworth.

Finally though, as a sort of postscript to this overview of Gog and Magog and their statues outside Petworth House, it's worth noting that the Petworth crest was presented in 1894 for the newly formed parish council, and that the then Lord Leconfield had designed it himself. He may have been inspired by a booklet that came out the year before, 'Gog and Magog' by William Knighton, which is all about the history of the statues in London's Guildhall. The 'Gog and Magog Lodges' (as they were called in Sussex newspapers) outside Petworth House were used as the main meeting point for the Leconfield Foxhounds pack, from at least

as early as 1874 until the early 1950s.<sup>7</sup> Curiously, there seems to have once been some sort of vague association between Gog Magog and fox hunts,<sup>8</sup> if an item in the *Sussex Advertiser*, 20th January 1834, about an evening event which raised funds for the East Sussex Hunt Races, is anything to go by. It includes a long slightly comical poem that was recited there, which has the following lines:

Assured a pardon by your smiling faces,  
Magog's a-gog to aid Fox Hunt Races.  
Like his gigantic namesake at Guildhall –  
A man of weight! he contemplates no fall...

1. Barbara Walker, *The Woman's Encyclopedia of Myths and Secrets* (1983).

2. *Folklore Myths and Legends of Britain*, Readers Digest (1973).

3. Egerton Sykes *Everyman's Dictionary of Non-Classical Mythology* (1965 edition).

4. John & Caitlin Matthews *British and Irish Mythology* (1995 edition).

5. As Lethbridge seems to have found hill-figures in the Gogmagog Hills, and there were hill-figures at Goemagot's Leap, it could be that there was once also such a thing at The Gog at Petworth.

6. The quote is in *The Lore of the Land* by J. Simpson and J. Westwood (2005). Both this book and *A Dictionary of English Folklore* by J. Simpson and S. Roud (2000) contain the information about when the effigies of the giants were paraded in London.

7. The earliest newspapers I have found that contain notices of Lord Leconfield's Foxhounds meeting at the 'Gog and Magog Lodges' are: 3rd November 1874 in the *Chichester Express and West Sussex Journal*; and 22nd March 1877 in the *Brighton Guardian*. I checked the 1860s and 1850s.

8. See the photograph taken in the mid-1930s on page 8.

#### Other Principal Sources

T. C. Lethbridge *Gogmagog. The Buried Gods* (1957).

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Arthur Cotterell *The Encyclopedia of Mythology* (2001 edition).

Marc Alexander *A Companion to the Folklore, Myths and Customs of Britain* (2002).

#### CROSSWORD SOLUTION

**ACROSS** 6 Fishermen, 7 Dough, 10 Simnel, 11 Alder, 12 Beat, 14 Ned, 15 Afar, 17 Marbles, 19 Wayside, 22 Dawn, 23 Ash, 24 Robe, 27 Prize, 29 Prunus, 30 Revel, 31 Celandine

**DOWN** 1 Vigil, 2 Change, 3 Oral, 4 Verdant, 5 Hoed, 8 Garlands, 9 Band, 13 The, 15 Ass, 16 Oak Apple, 18 Bun, 20 Air, 21 Chicken, 23 Abed, 25 Bounds, 26 Bunny, 28 Ides, 29 Peal

