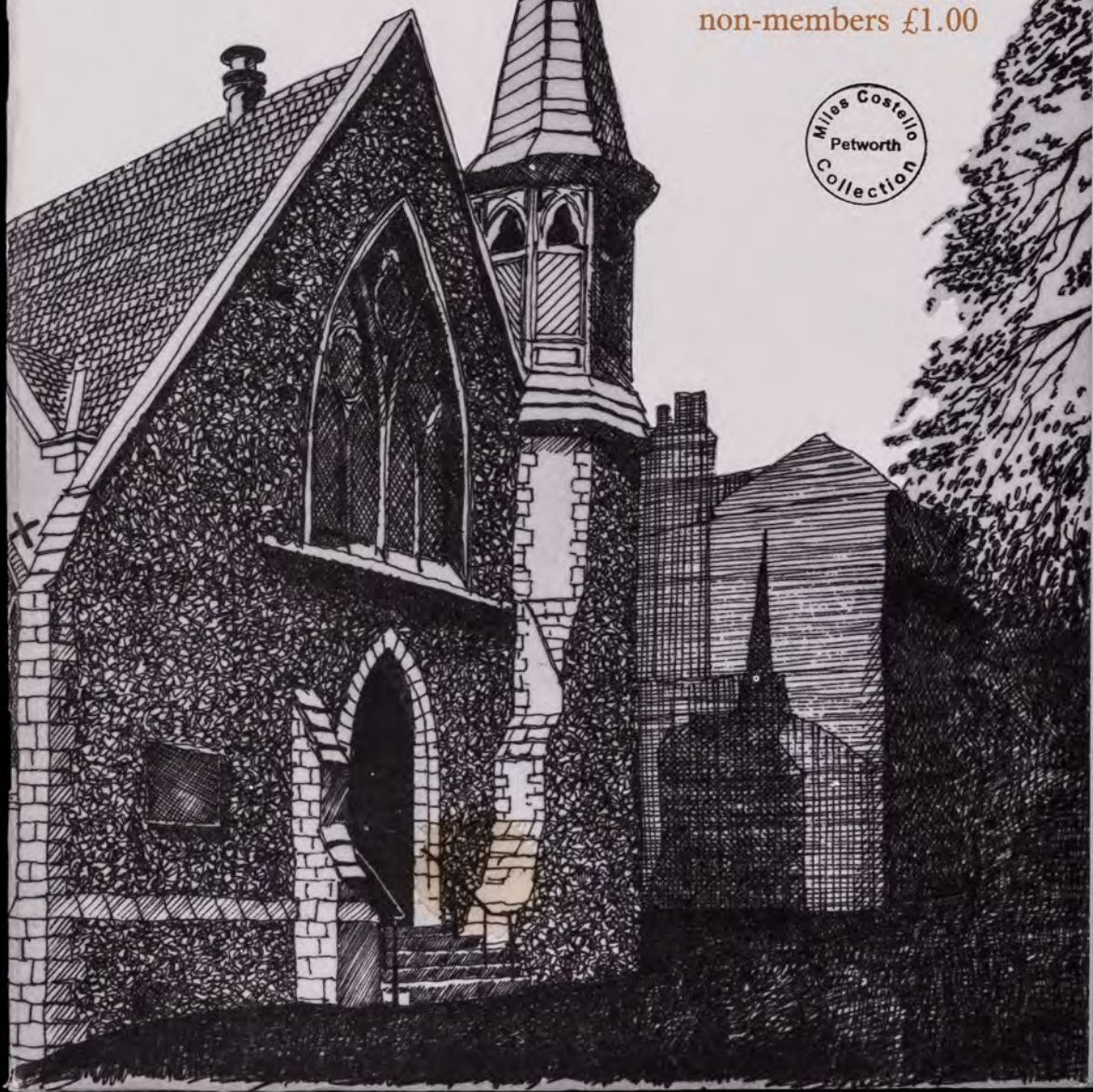


THE
PETWORTH
SOCIETY

magazine

Issue No. 61
September 1990

Price to
non-members £1.00



CONTENTS

	<u>Page</u>
Constitution and Officers	2
Chairman's Notes	3
The Autumn Programme	4
Petworth Footballers	6
Mr Sebastian Anstruther: a letter	7
The Annual General Meeting	8
Visit of the Toronto Scottish Regimental Association 10th June	10
Toronto Scottish Visit 10th June	11
David and Linda's Stag Park Walk	14
Anne's 1st Garden Walk 1st July	16
A Diversity of Habitats	18
Toads	22
In Search of the Petworth Nonpareil	23
Out with the Gov'ner	24
"I want something special, Warrington"...	28
Florence Rapley's Diary 1909-1914	33
Pipes and Peas	37
"With Flags and Bugles Farewell"	41
New Members	44

* * * *

Cover drawing and design by Jonathan Newdick

* * * *

This Bulletin was printed by:-
MIDHURST AND PETWORTH PRINTERS

11 Rothermead,
PETWORTH. Tel. 42456

Duck Lane,
MIDHURST. Tel. 6321

* * * *



Autumn Programme. Please keep for reference.

September:

Monday September 10th

Visit to Petworth
Primary School to see
Wildlife Garden.

Meet Petworth Primary
School 6.45 p.m.

Sunday September 16th

Riley's Ebernoe
Walk

Cars leave Square
for Northchapel
Village Hall 2.15

Evening class : begins Monday September 17th

THE STREETS OF PETWORTH

Tutor: PETER JERROME

Ten informal talks on Petworth's sixteen ancient streets illustrated with slides, maps and documents.

Synopsis

- | | |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. North Street | 6. Middle Street, Grove Street |
| 2. Church Street, Park Road | 7. High Street, Golden Square |
| 3. Lombard Street, The Bartons | 8. Golden Square, Market Square |
| 4. East Street | 9. Market Square, Saddlers Row |
| 5. Angel Street, New Street | 10. Pound Street, Station Road |

PETWORTH Herbert Shiner School

P4 MONDAY 7.30-9.30 pm

SATURDAY September 22nd 7.00 p.m. Leconfield Hall

MRS PENNY'S COSTUME CAVALCADE

1600 - 1920

Tickets limited £4.

Available from David's.

SUNDAY OCTOBER 7th

VISIT TO FUNTINGTON RECTORY
TO SEE THE REV. DONALD JOHNSON'S
GARDEN AND HEAR ABOUT HIS OLD
VARIETIES OF APPLE. FOLLOWED BY
VISIT TO CHANCE'S APPLE ORCHARD

CARS LEAVE SQUARE AT 2.15.

Directions: Take Funtington road off Fire Station Roundabout at Chichester.
Through East Ashling. Church Lane is second turning on left on reaching
Funtington. Church and Rectory are at bottom of lane.

As we have such a full programme this autumn we are putting our visit to see the progress of work on the North Gallery off until Spring.

To DAVIDS: MARKET SQUARE.

Please supply.....tickets for A Cavalcade of Fashion September 22nd at £4 each.

I enclose cheque/cash for . Space is limited.

Signed

Address

Wednesday October 17th

Visit to Petworth House
Pleasure Grounds and
Park.

Conducted by Trevor Seddon

Meet Cow Yard, North
Street at 2.30.

Wednesday October 24th

"The Streets of Petworth"
A slide trip through
Petworth's Ancient Streets

To coincide with the publication
of "Tread Lightly Here". An
affectionate look at Petworth's
ancient streets by Peter Jerrome

7.30 p.m. Leconfield Hall
(In association with the Window Press)

Sunday November 4th

Ian and Pearl's late
autumn walk.

Cars leave Petworth
Square at 2.15

Wednesday December 12th

The Petworth Society
Christmas Evening

Leconfield Hall
7.30 p.m.

TUESDAY 20th NOVEMBER:

PETWORTH FAIR

SATURDAY December 1st 2.30 p.m.

The Petworth Society entertain the West Sussex Archives Society for a Christmas Social. "A glimpse of Victorian Petworth". All Society members are invited. Tea.

Please note

HENFREY SMAIL LECTURE

This series of lectures, held every two years, is sponsored by the County Council Library Service in memory of the noted Worthing historian, Henfrey Smail, who died in 1979.

The theme this year will be 'a Hundred Years of Downland Writing 1877 - 1976' and will focus on the lives and works of Arthur Beckett, Bob Copper, William Henry Hudson, Richard Jefferies and Barclay Wills. The lecture will be given by Mr. Shaun Payne, B.A. (Hons.) a freelance lecturer and well known in West Sussex as the author of the best-selling book 'Barclay Wills': the Downland Shepherd'.

The lecture will take place at Worthing Library Lecture Theatre in Richmond Road (telephone 206961) on Wednesday 10th October starting at 7.30 pm. Tickets priced £1.50 will be on sale at Worthing Library from 27th August or may be ordered from any public library in West Sussex.

P.S. In the last Magazine Les Howard was of course standing in the Hampers Green Cemetery (not Horsham Road!). The carter delivering at Kilsham was Mr Cooper from Graffham.

Peter

15/8.90.

PPS Please don't forget to let us have something, money or goods, for the Fair tombola.

Please don't forget. DO IT NOW!

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 or residence, who is interested in furthering the objects of the society.

The annual subscription is £4.00. Single or Double one Bulletin delivered. Postal £5.00. Overseas £5.50. Further information may be obtained from any of the following:-

Chairman - Mr. P.A. Jerrome, Trowels, Pound Street,
Petworth. (Tel. 42562)

Vice-Chairman - Mr K.C. Thompson, 18 Rothermead, Petworth.

Hon. Treasurer - Mr. P. Hounsham, 50 Sheepdown Drive,
Petworth.

Hon. Membership Sec. - Mrs. R. Staker, 2 Grove Lane, Petworth.

Hon. Bulletin Sec. - Mrs. B. Hodson, The Cottage, Whitelocks,
Sutton.

Committee - Mrs. J. Boss, Mrs. Julia Edwards,
Mr. Ian Godsmark, Lord Egremont,
Mrs. Janet Ford, Mrs. Audrey Grimwood,
Mrs. Betty Hodson, Mr. John Patten,
Mrs. Anne Simmons, Mr. D.S. Sneller,
Mr. J. Taylor, Mr. E. Vincent

Membership enquiries to Mrs. Staker please, Bulletin circulation enquiries to Betty Hodson or Bill (Vincent).

Bulletin Distributors - Mr. D. Sneller, Mrs. Williams (Graffham),
Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Mason, Mr. Thompson,
Mrs. Simmons, Mrs. Watson, Mr. Patten,
Mrs. Adams (Byworth), Mrs. Hodson (Sutton
and Duncton), Mr. Vincent (Tillington and
River), Mrs. Harvey (Fittleworth).

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

As the last two Magazines have been well over standard size I am trying to keep this one near to standard size. It is easier said than done and I doubt whether I shall succeed. The last Magazine (850 copies) will sell out making the June issue our highest circulation yet. The article on Les Howard was one of the most influential we have produced and the five large tubs you see in Market Square a direct response to that article. Two of the three by the Town Hall are the gift of Messrs Austens, the third the gift of Mrs Sinclare. The two tubs by the National Westminster Bank are the gift of the Rev. and Mrs Bending as a mark of their fond recollection of Petworth.

You will see that the autumn programme is a very varied and busy one - crowded almost. This does not reflect a conscious effort on our part so much as the coming together at one time of quite diverse interests. You will not be able to go to everything but there is certainly something here for everyone.

This Society will certainly back efforts to get a new swimming pool for Petworth and I am more than happy to give space in this magazine for progress reports. What do you think of the new "experimental" traffic system in Market Square? Consultation is promised and I do hope the relevant authorities take due account of local reaction. I hope you have filled in the Parish Council poll form available at Austens to enable you to give your view. Please do. I cannot assure you that anyone will take any notice of what you say but I can certainly assure you that no one will take any notice of you if you ignore the poll. Speaking personally I share with many others an unease about the new system. Granted that the Cut represented a serious hazard, we now seem to be creating a situation where other different and equally serious hazards replace it. Traffic is now travelling very quickly round the Leconfield Hall, the more so as awareness of the new system grows. I feel too that the position of the Market Square as the very centre of the town is being undermined by the continuing stream of traffic. Under the old system there was intermittent respite from the traffic : now there is none. That's my personal opinion : use the form to register yours.

Just one or two points of administration. Mrs Betty Hodson is taking over Bulletin distribution from me after this issue and can be contacted at The Cottage, Whitelocks, Sutton. Our tombola at

Petworth Fair badly needs donated prizes or, better still, cash donations so that we can buy in prizes. To put off doing something until nearer the time is effectively to forget all about it. Please let us have something now, it is essential that we try at least to break even on the Fair.

If you have not paid your subscription for 1990/91 you will receive a final reminder with this issue. If the subscription is still outstanding in mid-October we will send you a letter pointing this out but there will be no December magazine until payment is received. This can only be fair to the great majority of members who pay so very promptly.

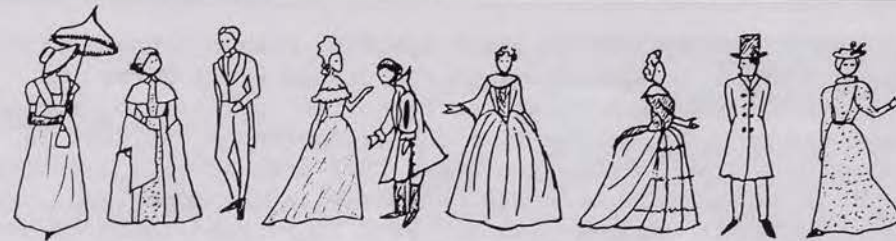
Lastly you will see from Keith's report on the A.G.M. that Joan Boss has retired from the Committee, the latter presenting her with a silver Armada dish as just a token tribute to her tireless work over so many years. You hardly need me to tell you that Joan has been a pillar of the Society since its inception in 1974 and that it is difficult to imagine a Petworth Society without her. But then there's no need to : although not an official member of the Committee I hope she'll go on working with us for years yet - if she can stand it!

Peter.

27th July 1990.

THE AUTUMN PROGRAMME

As there is an extensive autumn programme I will run through it in the main Magazine, although as the separate Activities Sheet is always finalised some weeks after the main Magazine goes to press I cannot always offer exact days or give more than tentative details. Very early in September we have a visit to the Primary School to see the Wildlife Project. Members meet at the Primary School at 6.45 on Monday 10th September. Riley's September walk will be on the following Sunday - the 16th. "A Cavalcade of Fashion" is definitely fixed for Saturday 23rd in the Leconfield Hall and will be presented by Mrs Betty Penny M.B.E. and her team of models from Blandford Forum. "Fashion" may be slightly misleading - this is not a show of contemporary fashion but a chance to see 300 years of fashion ranging from the Stuart Period to the flappers. All costumes are genuine and the evening is enlivened by Mrs Penny's own commentary. Tickets are £4 and space limited. I append the programme on a separate sheet.



PROGRAMME

FOR THE

CAVALCADE OF HISTORICAL COSTUMES

THE BLANDFORD FORUM COLLECTION
OVER 60 PERIOD COSTUMES FOR WOMEN AND MEN

STUART PERIOD

Tudor - Elizabeth I	1600
Equestrienne	1690
Charles II	1700
William III	1702 - 1710

QUEEN ANNE PERIOD

GEORGIAN PERIOD

This group shows the abrupt change of styles in the middle of the reign of George III (1790 - 1820) and includes maternity and nursing wear.

Feature William IV Ball Dress

VICTORIAN PERIOD

Early Victorian (1837 - 1850) including a Victorian Wedding Group
Mid-Victorian (1850 - 1880) Crinolines, long bustles, Nightwear, etc and recently acquired wedding and ball dresses.
Late Victorian (1880 - 1902) The short bustle and including Matrons and Schoolgirls' dresses.

EDWARDIAN PERIOD

Promenade Suits, Hostess Gowns. Court presentation with attendant and escort.

FLAPPER PERIOD 1920's

**** *

There will be one interval

Early in October we hope to visit the Rev. Donald Johnson at Funtington and afterwards look at the Grange Fruit Farm. Mr Johnson is a great enthusiast for forgotten varieties of apple and hopes to be able to show us some old varieties he has kept in cultivation. I would hope too about this time to have a weekday visit to Petworth Park Pleasure Grounds with Mr Sedden and a Sunday visit to Petworth House to see how work is proceeding on the North Gallery. There should be too another open meeting with the National Trust rather as we did last year. Later in October comes the first of the monthly meetings, a pictorial journey around Petworth's streets as they once were. This is in conjunction with the Window Press and will mark the publication of "Tread lightly here..." - an affectionate look at Petworth's sixteen older streets, their history and traditions. The book should appear in mid-October. My evening classes at the Herbert Shiner School will be devoted to the same theme.

There will be another walk in November while Petworth Fair of course is on November 20th. The Christmas Evening is on the 12th of December. On December 1st the Society is very pleased to welcome the West Sussex Archives Society to the Leconfield Hall for an afternoon talk and tea. The talk will be on Victorian Petworth paying especial attention to Victorian family photograph albums. I very much hope that many Society members will be able to attend.

Peter.

PETWORTH FOOTBALLERS

Mrs Larter from Devon sends this Garland picture probably from the early 1930s.

L-R Back Row:

Mr Streeter, Harry Townsend, Reg Greest, Wally Larter,
Arthur Adsett, Harold Neal, Mr Sheil, Jack Cross.

L-R Front Row:

Henry Streeter, Bob Head, Howey Crawley, Jack Clifford,
Clarrie Linton, Bert Exall, Alf Duncton.



A LETTER

Sebastian Anstruther
Barlavington Estate
Petworth, West Sussex GU28 0LG, UK
Telephone: Sutton (0798 7) 263 (Estate) or 370 (Personal)

8 June 1990

Dear Mr Jerrome,

Thank you once again for the Magazine. Looking through the most recent number (Issue 60, June 1990) I was interested to read the item Thomas Steer of Byworth (p.19), particularly as the author shows such interest in words of Old English origin. He is quite right to note that pretty well all words to do with traditional agricultural activities have Old English roots (as it were!)

I'm writing because I thought that amongst your members there might be some who would like to know a little bit more about Old English! Before I moved down to Barlavington I was a teacher of Old English language and literature at Bristol University. Now that I'm here I'd be very pleased to go on sharing my enthusiasm for the wonderful poems the Anglo-Saxons wrote with anyone who was interested, perhaps in an informal reading group.

Would it be appropriate to publicise this offer through the pages of your Magazine? If so, I'd be happy for you to print the relevant parts of this letter - naturally you should edit it as you wish.

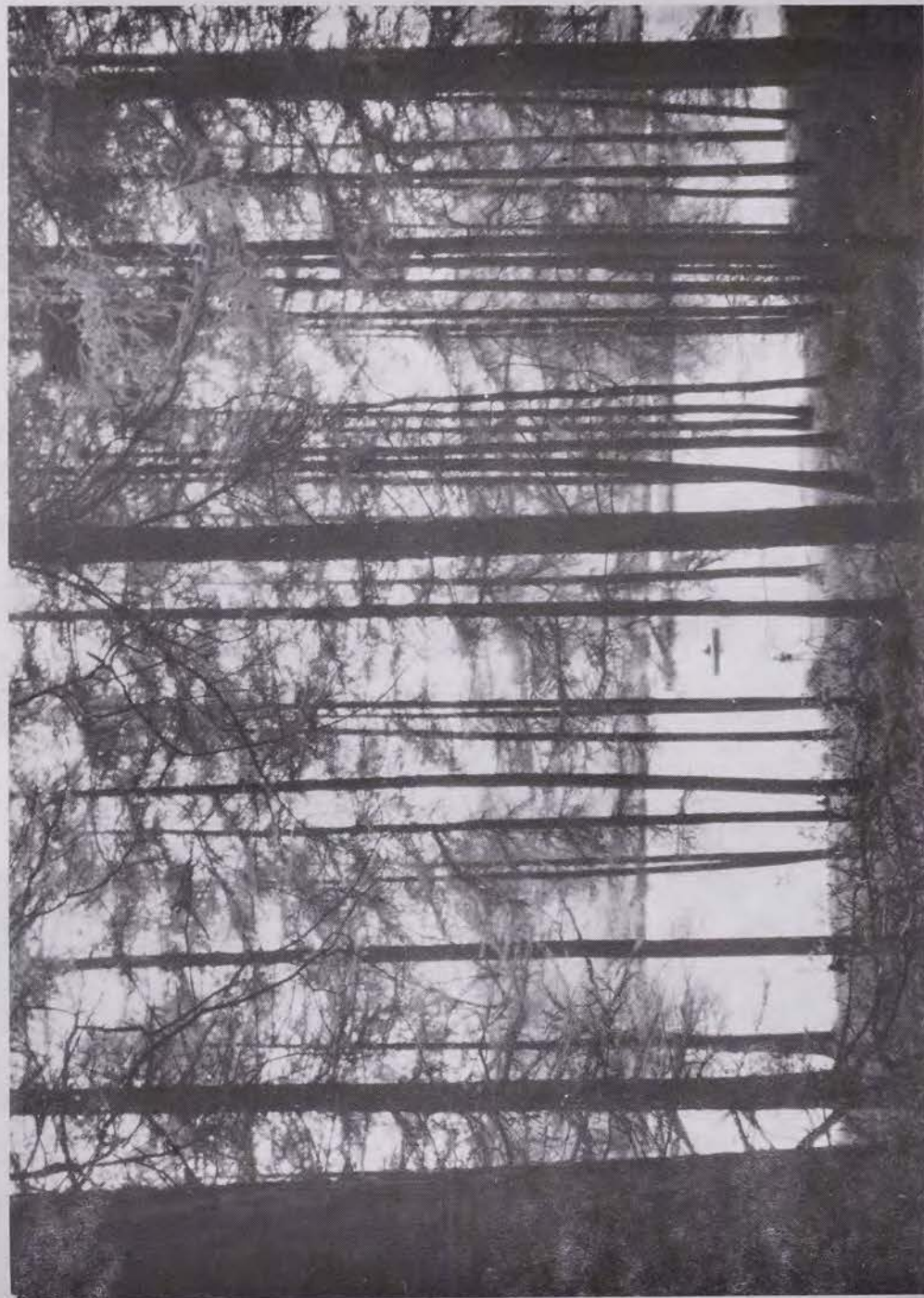
With best wishes,

Sebastian Anstruther

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY - ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

At the Annual General Meeting of the Petworth Society, the Chairman, Mr. Peter Jerrome, outlined plans for a visit of 42 members of the Toronto-Scottish Regimental Association on June 10th. This would be less formal than previous visits in 1985 and 1987, but would include a reception with the Town Band in the Square at 10 a.m., attendance at morning service in the Parish Church followed by a short remembrance ceremony at the War Memorial. The visitors would be given lunch at the expense of the Royal British Legion, prepared and served by the Society, in the Leconfield Hall, where an exhibition about the Petworth emigration to Canada in the 1840s would be staged, while in the Square there would be a display of World War II military vehicles. Visits to the old camp sites in Stag Park and the grave of boys killed at the Boys' School in 1942 would be arranged. The Canadians provided aid and transport after the bombing and the tragedy remains a focal point in their memories. Mr. Jerrome encouraged all Petworth to come out and welcome the veterans and join in.

He went on to review the past year's meetings, walks, visits and other activities. At the request of the police and in conjunction with the A.A. there would be official signing warning of possible traffic congestion during the period of Petworth Fair. The £140 cost of this however, was a concern as the Society had to bear the expense of hiring halls, publicity, fees, and prizes from the



With the Petworth Society in Stag Park.



Lord Leconfield thanking his guests for their present on the occasion of his silver wedding in November 1936. Lady Leconfield (centre) Major St John (extreme right). Mr John Warrington the butler (left).

Photograph by George Garland.

income of stall rents and a tombola. The Society had bought a fine painting of Petworth viewed from the Gog, which together with a set of prints from the Leazell collection formed a declaration of intent to set up a working museum at a future date. The Chairman commented on the wide influence of the Society's quarterly magazine, conserving memories and traditions in a way which was the envy of other towns. Of a print of 850, 250 were posted to members outside the locality, many overseas, who never lapsed in their loyalty and to whom the Society had a responsibility in maintaining the link with their home town. In speaking for all levels of people, the Society could never become a pressure group in the manner of many amenity societies.

Mr. Jerrome praised the Committee whose members without exception were extremely hard-working and whilst their opinions might differ, they always maintained friendly relationships. He paid tribute to Mrs. Joan Boss, a founder Committee member, who was retiring and presented her with an Armada dish. In response, Mrs. Boss emphasised reliability as the essential quality of Committee work. The remaining members were re-elected nem. con.

The Treasurer, Mr. P. Hounsham, presented the statement of accounts and reported a healthy balance with the reservation that rising printing costs threatened to force an increase in subscription fees next year.

After questions and comments from members, Mrs. Maureen Earwicker spoke about the lighter side of researching family history. In producing a family tree, records reveal many sidelines on trades, crime and everyday life of one's ancestors, often amusing. She gave local illustrations which included the use of dialect and words the meaning of which had changed over the years. Among the questioners, Mr. Andrew Brooke enquired whether the wording on local tombstones had been recorded and if not, whether a working party could be set up before deterioration made the task impossible.

Mr. Jerrome thanked the speaker and the evening ended with refreshments and a raffle.

K.C.T.

THIRD VISIT OF THE TORONTO-SCOTTISH REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION

10th JUNE, 1990



Petworth Town Band was playing as the coach with 20 veterans of the Toronto-Scottish Regimental Association and 30 members of their families swung into The Square for their third return to their wartime base. They were met by representatives of the Royal British Legion and of the Petworth Society and all then proceeded up Lombard Street to join the congregation at Parish Communion in St. Mary's Parish Church, where the Rector, Rev. Michael Morris, greeted them. The service was

followed by a brief but moving ceremony at the War Memorial, where a wreath was laid by the Canadians in memory of their fallen comrades and the Last Post and Reveille were sounded by Bandsman John Grimwood. The party returned to the Leconfield Hall for lunch provided by the Royal British Legion and served by ladies of the Petworth Society. There they were introduced to Lord Egremont and the Canadians presented two flags to Petworth Primary School, represented by the Headmaster, Mr. Richard Saffery and a pupil, Donna Boniface. Dr. Sheila Haines, of Sussex University, spoke about the emigration of Petworth families to Toronto in the 1840s and invited the visitors to complete a questionnaire about their ancestors. She had mounted a small exhibition relative to a recent book on the subject, "No trifling matter".

In the afternoon, the Petworth Society arranged visits to the grave of the schoolboys killed in the bombing of the Boys' School in 1942 in the Horsham Road cemetery. The Canadians were instrumental in the rescue work and in providing transport at the funeral and the event has remained a focal point in their memories of Petworth. There were also trips to the old campsites in Pheasant Copse, appropriately in veteran military vehicles organised by Mr. John Newton and Mr Brian Bashall. Others went to the Royal British Legion Club and to the homes of local residents.

All too soon, it was time to return to the hotel in Eastbourne and Mr. Russ Ridler, President of the T-S.R.A. expressed the hope that all those who had entertained the visitors so splendidly would still be there to welcome them next time. The vitality and smartness of the veterans, few of whom can be under 70 years of age, continues to amaze. Having arrived in London two days

previously, they had already visited Brighton and Dover and the next morning were embarking for a continental tour of Northern France, Belgium, Holland (Arnhem) and Germany (Oldenburg) with the option of a week's extension in London where they would line up on Horse Guards Parade for the Queen Mother's 90th birthday celebrations and later join her for tea at Clarence House.

K.C.T.

TORONTO SCOTTISH VISIT 10th JUNE

It wasn't particularly good weather to precede the third visit of the Toronto Scottish to Petworth but as there were no formal parades the event would be less dependent on the weather than it might otherwise have been. Better of course to have a nice day for the visit. The Saturday evening was dull and grey. Ann Bradley was in France for the weekend but she had left the flowers in the shop for us - three magnificent set-piece floral displays for the Hall and a whole series of vases with flowers for the grave. There were some of her marvellous dried flower displays which we could borrow if we liked. We did. John and Ian would put the vases on the grave on the Sunday morning. Les would see that the grass was nicely cut on the grave and its surrounds.

The Market Square closure order involved moving the massive bollards in the Cut while the police coned off the Square. This would be the first closure under the new system. The bollards were so heavy that we could only lay them at the side but we were at least secure in the knowledge that they weren't likely to go very far. John and Ian were having a busy morning. Before 8 a.m. the ladies were setting up; the cold meat already sliced, roast beef, chicken, and ham, and the salad prepared. They certainly didn't need the Chairman there, everything was well under control and everyone knew exactly what they had to do. It would be fruit salad afterward, we had been going to have gateaux but the freezer at Cash and Carry had broken down. It was getting on now and already John Newton and his friends' vintage military vehicles were drawing in, the cones being pulled to one side to let them in. They drew up against the east side of the Town Hall, a troop carrier, a mobile kitchen, a jeep, five vehicles in all.



The Canadians had said that they would leave Eastbourne by 8.30 but it would be fairly tight, the service at St Mary's starting at 10.30. There would be much less spectacle this time, more the town entertaining its visitors than the Canadians providing a spectacle to remember. They had no band with them this time, nor would Tom Wells from the Ontario Government be coming. By 10.20 it was clearly getting tight but now the coach was coming down New Street and we could see the distinctive blue blazers and silver cap badges. There was just time to give the visitors some idea of the day's plans using the coach's P.A. system before the Canadians, veterans and family, came tumbling out of the coach to meet the Royal British Legion joint hosts with us. Five years is a long time and there were some widows of those who had come in 1985. For some veterans it was their first time back but many of course had come in 1985 but not in 1987. A few we were to discover had come in 1987 but not in 1985.

There was just time to walk up Lombard Street to St Mary's, feet crunching on the gravel as we made our way to the west door. It was Trinity Sunday and Parish Communion. "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty" said the hymn "Cherubim and Seraphim casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea." The reference to Isaiah's vision in the Temple at Jerusalem more than 2500 years ago underpinned the whole service. The first lesson recounted the vision and the sermon took it up. Parish Communion followed. The Canadians had not wanted ceremony, just to join in with the normal service at Petworth. They made for a full church and the atmosphere that this imparts.

It didn't seem long before the altar party were coming down the aisle to leave the church by the west door. They were followed in turn by the congregation. When we came out the dark cloud cover had given way to bright sun. The congregation assembled in front of the war memorial and the Church Street traffic was stilled. The sun gleamed on the church tower, the trees in the churchyard and the white stone of the memorial. The Canadians had a wreath to lay and they came up from the crowd to stand along the wall on either side. Cameras clicked. Michael said some brief prayers and John Grimwood sounded Last Post and Reveille. The service had to be fairly brief, in constant consciousness of the traffic held up round by the stables. We were soon walking back down Lombard Street. The one act of homage had set the tone for the day, anchoring emotions so that the rest of the day could be free.

The band were playing again in the sunlit Square. It was time for lunch. Time too for the Canadians to renew their links with Petworth Primary School, Richard Saffery and Donna Boniface receiving new flags to replace those the Canadians had presented last time. They would not see the tree they had planted in 1987 this Sunday but Richard invited them if they came on a weekday to visit the School at work. Sheila Haines from Sussex University had a few words about the book "No Trifling Matter" on emigration to Ontario from Petworth and Sussex in general in the 1830s. It was important for her to get some response on the ground in Canada. She did: the Canadians were certainly interested.

Dinner was leisurely. The visitors were not looking for a rumbustious day. They had only arrived in England late on the Thursday night. As our guests finished they could, if they wished, take one of two mini-buses either to the Horsham Road Cemetery or to their old camp-site in the Pheasant Copse - an added attraction

here was to go not in a mini-bus but in one of the vintage military vehicles. The idea was to park the vehicles on the land standing beside the old camp-site. In fact those who went ended up not only with a visit to the camp-site but a scenic tour of the Pheasant Copse and Upperton. John, Ian and I set off with a full mini-bus to the cemetery. Ann's flowers were arranged in a long line that ran the length of the grave, the normal vases had been left in their usual places. Some of the veterans had come and some of their wives. It was warm and fresh in the cemetery, the rhododendrons still in magenta bloom and the grass carefully mown. It would be forty-eight years this Michaelmas. The Canadians took some pictures and just took in the scene, content to be left with their memories and thoughts: few of them had been to Horsham Road before. Of course, as they would say later, it was inevitable that they should be much concerned with the funeral, apart from anything else they had had vehicles and a supply of petrol.

By the time we came back to the Hall the remaining Canadians had simply disappeared, vanished into the landscape. Some were in local hostelries, some up at the Royal British Legion, some had gone home with local families. It was time to sit down and have a meal ourselves. Three o'clock came all too quickly; the coach parked outside the National Westminster was ready to take its passengers on board again. Gradually, mysteriously, the town yielded up the missing Canadians. They had really enjoyed coming back again, Petworth was home for them; they had met old friends and made new ones. Time for a few more pictures with the R.B.L. and the Petworth Society. Russ Ridler and Jack Nicholls thanked us again for entertaining them. Yes, they hoped they would return again, they were not getting any younger and the years were taking their toll, but no they were sure this would not be the last time.

P.

(I have included Keith's and my own accounts of the visit as while one or two things are said twice, the two accounts see the visit from rather different angles.

Ed.)

DAVID AND LINDA'S STAG PARK WALK. MAY

There was something of a feeling of expectation in the Square: we had not been to Stag Park, at least on a Society walk, for some years. Visits to Stag Park had been very much a part of the

Society's early days, sometimes even on a weekday evening. I remember one evening when it rained relentlessly all the way round. The walk had been timed to catch the bluebells but David said they were already gone. In a normal season the timing would have been right but everything had been so early. David and Linda had gone round with Betty and Anne a fortnight earlier and the woods had been a carpet of blue.

Jumbo usually began at the Parkhurst Gate on the Upperton Road but David elected to start from Limbo Lodge at the other end entirely. We pulled the cars up just inside the gate and set off along the track. David was right: the bluebells were already over. Soon we were bearing off through the wood to find Luffs the first of the six reinstated or renewed ponds that we would see. We walked over meadowland high with grass and studded with wild flowers beneath giant pylons. No sprays are used here and the towering pylons forbid the growing of trees so that in this meadow the wild flowers reign supreme. Up through the woods again past Upper and Lower Spring, through a buzz of mayflies and up into Stag Park itself. We could look slightly down from the track to the familiar dovecote and the farm-buildings away in the background. Some way further on we swung round toward Chillinghurst. I had particularly asked David to take us that way. Remote, moated Chillinghurst, windows boarded up, the garden a wilderness but boasting a good solid roof not too long put on, Chillinghurst has a spirit all its own. The great iron hay steddle at the rear had gone - to the Weald and Downland I believe. A rat scampered under a bale of straw. Chillinghurst was as ever mysterious and alone.

We skirted Glasshouse Pond, alone of the seven ponds in being neither renewed or reinstated, then went on to Cocks and Jackson's lake both old ponds made new. I had seen them with Jumbo when they were planted with Christmas trees, no more than great shallow hollows in the ground. Now the last vestiges of the bluebells reflected in the clear water. We could have been in Scotland instead of a couple of miles from Petworth. We were hard up against the Upperton Wall of the Park but it needed a conscious effort to realize this. The water was alive with tadpoles. We watched them cannibalizing a dead roach, long convoys travelling from as far as we could see toward the stricken fish. Finally on to Figgs with its artificial islands and the pylons reflecting in the still water. Kingfishers were here last year David said but we saw none this time. Finally back down the centre road the troops had used in the war, remembering the tulip trees at the side and

glimpsing the occasional deer scampering across a ride. Stag Park was always a king among walks and it still is.

Peter.



Chillinghurst May 1990.

ANNE'S 1ST GARDEN WALK. JULY 1ST

It wasn't the best of days but there was a good crowd waiting in the Square. It was a grey day and we would be lucky if the rain held off. The Sunday streets were strangely quiet as if blown clear by the wind. The lilies blew in the front garden of Rectory Cottage right, as it seems, in the shadow of the church tower. It was just as we remembered them although the Society had not visited Rectory Cottage for several years. There is no side way into the back garden but Mrs Dodd watched with apparent equanimity as a horde of visitors straggled single-file through her sitting-room to reappear an age later through the open french window. It was Mrs Dodd's birthday too! The back garden was mature with salmon pink

alstroemaria, cotton lavender with its aromatic leaves and tiny yellow pin-cushion flowers. We all liked the striking lavender hedge, not just bushes but an old-fashioned hedge along the east side.

Mrs Hand's garden in East Street is next to the former Paddington's Table and approached from Trump Alley. It was a real find, a small paved garden with plants and herbs coming up between the stones or in tiny beds set among the paving. We admired a deep blue tradescantia "Moses in the bulrushes" someone called it. The large party milled about in the small garden, care being needed to avoid trampling on such an irregular planting. We tried to identify the herbs - marjoram, basil but we soon got lost. There was a brilliant mauve clematis on the wall. We could hear the orchestra rehearsing for the Sunday evening entertainment in the Park. Glenn Miller music being blown across on the strong wind. It had been an indifferent weekend for weather. I thought of the umbrellas waving to the music in a windswept park on the Saturday. An extraordinary sight.

Mrs Speed's at the rear of the Old Queen's Head was another small paved garden, fairly new but carefully tended, with small beds and flowers in tubs soaking up the intermittent sunshine. Beryl Bibby's garden was nice too: not large but with not an inch wasted. Dahlias, petunias and phlox drummondii at the front and roses and all kinds of flowers at the back, with an unusual shed painted with hollyhocks to take off the impression of bare wooden board.

From here we walked back up a strangely deserted Sunday afternoon High Street to Angel Street then down by the Catholic Church and along by the Withy to enter by the back way one of Petworth's classic gardens - Grays, full of unexpected nooks and corners. The eye would take up different patterns as it chose, shades of pink for instance. Lathyrus or everlasting pea tumbling up (or down!) a wall, self-sown valerian an exile from the long Angel Street wall, the clear pink of a penstemon or the darker shade of an escallonia. The high wind tormented the tall trees of the Withy Copse and blew the long bents on the lawn. From here you could look up to Mount Pleasant on its hill or between the trees to the top of the Gog fields. We were a long time in Grays just savouring the occasion before moving briefly along Angel Street to the Cottage.

Mr and Mrs Whitcomb's garden is a reasonable size but seemed small after Grays. We admired two concrete clothes-line posts completely

disguised by variegated ivy. Again there was a typically Petworth mix of different plants. Both here and at the Barn we had the distinctive Angel Street backdrop of the Shimmings fields. Mr and Mrs Furnivall's garden was entered from the garden of the Cottage and slightly down the slope. Again a fascinating mix of carefully tended plants. Rose Pier Gynt was very popular as was a friendly cat.

One classic large garden, the others smaller but essentially Petworth. I suppose I have learned more of hidden Petworth from garden visits over the years than I have from anything else.

P.

A DIVERSITY OF HABITATS

Petworth Primary School has a large L-shaped playing field, a good acre in area. Some of this area is used as a playing field, some of it is used as a running track but parts of it have over the years been little used, a kind of "green desert" needing to be maintained but in practice largely idle ground. Richard Saffery was eager to make better use of this land as I was too, having undertaken a similar ground utilisation at Camelsdale when I was teaching there.

Such decisions about resources are not to be rushed; we needed first to observe the field over a period to establish that our initial perceptions of its use and non-use were correct - in other words that the "dead" areas really were under-utilised. The western extension of the football pitch we soon found to be quite neglected: it was not played on very much - perhaps because of the nearness of the Dawtreay Road gardens and the risk of balls going over the fence, perhaps too because of the angle at which this area stood in relation to the school buildings. It was indeed a prime site for our purpose, something we could redevelop without detriment to the school's life. In April 1989 we put a brief together, then spent seven months in careful planning.

The first step was to write for help from parents, governors and others and to seek grant aid from organisations and trusts. We had many replies. The TVS Charitable Trust offered £250, the Nature Conservancy Council £450, I.C.I. Agrichemicals £250 and the Midhurst and Petworth Rotary Club £450. There were generous individual donations too. Lord Egremont and the Leconfield Estate

were very helpful too, both with resources and with labour. I went up to the Leconfield Estate Office with two of the children to talk the project over with Simon Knight the agent for the Leconfield Estate. Leconfield would begin by supplying the fencing to divide off the area to the west of the playing field. Jumbo Taylor and his men were to dig out a pond and channel a water supply to the proposed wildlife area. This was a great start, fencing at £6 a metre was always going to be crucial while the labour and expertise of the Leconfield Estate was essential to create the natural pond environment we had envisaged. Our aim was to provide a habitat for as many different indigenous pond creatures and plants as we could. There would be no fish and no ducks.

The pond was excavated in March this year and has already become home to a variety of different species. There are many different larvae including the dragon-fly and we have the ditiscus beetle, rather like a giant dung-beetle. We haven't really imported species, simply, as a matter of policy allowing creatures to find their own way to the pond. Some species came in subsoil brought in by Leconfield from various other ponds. The children have brought frog-spawn and toads too have been seen near the pond. It is already seething with life including damsel and May flies. We now have newts in the pond (common variety) and have seen dragonfly mating or laying eggs in the pond. The water was only put in in April, straight from the mains and directly we had filled there came the long dry spell when we had to keep the water level topped up.

The pond has a sand base with a butyl rubber liner, this latter being the most expensive item. 20 metres by 10 it cost £800 including reclaimable V.A.T. and was bought with money provided by grant aid. The liner was stretched over the sand base and allowed to settle into position. It was then covered with a protective layer of Terram Geotextile, and finally a layer of subsoil. When all had settled down and airpockets had been removed the edges of the liner were trimmed and folded back under the grass to the sides. The pond is one metre at its deepest point, shallow enough to meet West Sussex safety requirements but deep enough to ensure that there is water left at the bottom in which pond life can survive if water freezes. If remaining undamaged the pond liner has a life of approximately eighty years.

Plants were provided for us from other sources and these were planted round our pond by the children. They included Yellow Flag

Iris, Valerian, Herb Robert, Water Mint, Water Forget Me Not, Rushes and Yellow Archangel. Also grown from seed is a fairly rare species called Bristly Ox Tongue. Water lilies and oxygenating plants for in the pond were given by Mrs A. Bonsall and Mrs Judy Adsett.

John Newton helped us greatly with the excavation and Jumbo, Derek Pearce and John Baigent really became part of the project treating it as far more than a job. The children too were involved from the beginning. The shape and size of the pond was decided in consultation with them. The pond will have a paved observation area at the northern end. Our aim is to seclude the pond by planting indigenous hedgerow plants with the occasional tree but far enough back to prevent the pond being overshadowed and filled with decaying leaves in winter. The trees will run round on three sides, the observation area on the north side being left mainly open. John Vincent gave us field maple and hawthorn bushes while other hedgerow species are viburnum, dog rose and wayfaring tree. Our idea is that the hedge should be an undulating one. We have also rowan and ash and a specimen acer. Alan Sargent was particularly generous in allowing us to use his accounts at Chandlers and at a local nurseryman for the purchase of paving stone and specimen trees, as well as shrubs like clematis and honeysuckle, not to mention plants for the butterfly bank! All the above hedgerow plants and butterfly bank shrubs were planted by our children, under supervision.

The butterfly bank will be an important feature of the wild area. Sited as it is to the south of the pond, it is made up of top soil from the pond excavation. It looks a little bare at present but we already have five different varieties of buddleia and the children have sown the bank with nasturtium. We'd look to add specific butterfly plants like sedum spectabile and teasel and, of course, the bank will soon grass up. On the south side just inside the perimeter fencing we've simply let the playing field grass grow on. I can already see six or seven different grasses including foxtail and Yorkshire Fog, a yarrow is coming into bloom too. It's surprising what the regular mowing kept in check. Here we've set large rocks amongst the grass so that the children can sit or stand on them but they will of course also be habitats for wild life - growing moss or allowing insects to collect underneath. There's a large sandstone block from Frog Farm, a block of Sussex Marble or "winklestone" and a large coping stone. You'll notice the slices of tree trunk dotted about the Wild Life area - they were cut up by

the Leconfield workmen from a fallen tree in the playground. As the pieces of trunk decay they too will provide a natural habitat but at present they are very useful as impromptu seats!



Early days - looking toward the butterfly bank as yet unplanted. Spring 1990.

L-R: Graham Hurst, Cheryl Warren (probably), Katie Mills, Amy Cunnington, Michelle Kerridge, Adam Merritt, Mark Longman.

Photograph by Steve Calvert.

There are boxes of wild flower seedlings just inside the northern fence of the Wild Life area: corn marigold, cornflower, evening primrose, campanula or "Bats in the Belfry", field poppy and campion. We feel that if the children grow these flowers themselves they will in later years feel less inclined to treat all wild plants as weeds that must be destroyed. We would hope that a thoughtful attitude to the environment will be one that endures. The children are already deeply offended if outsiders threaten their reserve and they have a very protective attitude towards it.

The pond area is intended to be a reserve for all seasons - to be used for lessons of all kinds - different at different seasons but no less interesting in winter than it is in high summer.

You will see the tractor tyres in the playground: these were given by local farmers, they're used for play or sometimes simply to sit on. The log cabin on the sports field was provided by the school's P.T.A. for imaginative play. Just inside the perimeter fence, and running along the school's southern border, is another line of hedgerow plants, five metres in from the fence. When grown this will form an avenue walk to the top corner of the field where we will try a miniature woodland planting of mature trees with bluebells and primroses. Immediately south of the school buildings themselves we have created allotment strips for the children, narrow ribbons of ground with paving stones on either side. Each class has a patch and they can grow vegetables - flowers if they like or later we hope herbs. The composting should teach the children an awareness of the natural cycle of growth and regrowth. The guinea pig hutch and run is a gift from the parents and the garden shed was given by a lady at Haslemere, taken apart by Richard and Juliet Fines on site, and transported to Petworth to be erected here. Another project is a miniature orchard area with miniature fruit trees. The money from the Midhurst and Petworth Rotary Club will be used, as the donors wished, to fund a weather station at the school. This has still to be set up, but most of the equipment has been ordered and delivered. On the northern boundary facing Littlecote we have ten trees given us by Sussex Men of the Trees, purple maple, wild cherry and acacia among others and we have added two magnolias of our own buying. We would look to have three hundred trees and fair-sized shrubs eventually in the school grounds. We have a set of black and white photographs to show the beginnings of the project, and a series of over 100 colour slides to show the stages in the project's development, our first tentative steps in the creation of a series of different miniature habitats. We shall be very pleased to show the Petworth Society the latest progress of the project in early September.

Steve Calvert was talking to the Editor.

TOADS

Having moved to Petworth a year or two ago my wife and I being interested in wild life used to go into the Park and feed the duck, geese and swans.



Toronto Scottish Visit : 1. The visitors with members of the Royal British Legion.
Photograph by Tony Whitcomb.



Toronto Scottish Visit : 2. Mr Al. Pettit lays a wreath at the war memorial
in homage to fallen comrades.
Photograph by Tony Whitcomb.



Toronto Scottish Visit : 3. St Mary's Choir at the war memorial.
Photograph by Tony Whitcomb.



Toronto Scottish Visit : 4. Presentation of Canadian flags to Petworth Primary School:
 L-R Mr Jack Nicholls, Mrs Sonia Rix (School Governor), Donna Boniface (Pupil),
 Mr Peter Jerrome, Mr Richard Saffery (School Headmaster), Mr Al. Pettit.
 Photograph by Tony Whitcomb.

One day as we were going through the entrance at the Cricket Lodge I saw a small toad come under the gate. When I looked around inside I saw several more, intent evidently on going across the road. They didn't stand much chance it seemed to us given the volume of traffic on that road. We thought we would try and save some of them so for about ten days we went up twice a day and picked up sixty-nine altogether. We carried them over behind the pavilion. They did not reappear as we could see. They were very lively and we hope they survived. They were various colours some green and some different shades of brown. Toads just crawl they don't hop like frogs.

Mr and Mrs Strudwick.

IN SEARCH OF THE PETWORTH NONPAREIL

I am very glad to respond to Mr Jerrome's invitation to publicise in the Petworth Society Magazine a little search in which I am fitfully engaged. Some time ago I came across a description in the National Apple Register of an apple called "Petworth Nonpareil", though it has also been known apparently as Green Nonpareil, Green Nonpareil, New Green Nonpareil, and Nonpareil Petworth. The Register says that it was recorded in 1816, and was in existence in 1884, having been raised in the gardens of the Earl of Egremont, Petworth. The description of it is:- Size medium; shape flat, truncate-conic, convex, not ribbed; skin green with thin brown russet; flesh firm, crisp, greenish; flavour rich, subacide; season late to very late". I contacted Mr Trevor Sedden, and via him received prompt reply from Lady Egremont that this apple was raised in the early 19th century by the 3rd Earl of Egremont's gardener, Mr Slade, and was contemporary with Petworth Seedling, Bossom, and Egremont Russet. The latter is of course widely grown, but unfortunately the Petworth Nonpareil is not grown any longer at Petworth. I have been in touch with Mr Harry Baker, Fruit Officer at the RHS Gardens at Wisley, who told me that it was presumed extinct, unless a source turned up somewhere. I have been in touch with Brogdale Experimental Horticulture Station in Kent, home of the National Fruit Trials (now closed, and in process of transfer to Wye College) where Miss Mary Ellis, Assistant Scientific Officer, told me that they had Petworth Nonpareil listed, but as "False". Apparently hundreds of old varieties have gone the same way. I have also been in touch with Mr J.E. Taylor of Petworth.

Through the courtesy of your columns, therefore, may I spread the net wider in the Petworth area, and ask if anyone happens, out of the blue, to have a lone example of this useful apple? I am not expert enough to offer any identification of apples of the more unusual varieties, though I grow a number at my Vicarage, but three fruits plus some leaves, sent to Wisley with a fee of (I think) £1.50p, marked "Fruit identification" should secure an expert assessment.

Last winter my wife and I were passing a declivity in the Downs below Duncton Down, where the road to Barlavington strikes off at the sharp bend above Duncton; we saw some apple trees with fruit still hanging, but unreachable. There was no-one to ask for permission, so I picked up some fallers, and took a few slips that I could reach - but unfortunately I have been unsuccessful in getting the grafts to take, in a difficult Spring. However, Mr Baker at Wisley identified the fallers as Bramley's Seedling (it must be the Crimson Bramley); and as Dummelow's Seedling, also known as Wellington. If anyone knows the owner, I would be grateful for permission to try again with grafts, but alas! no luck with my hope that this might have been a Petworth Nonpareil!

(Rev) Donald A. Johnson.
Funtington Vicarage, Chichester, Sussex.

OUT WITH THE GUV'NER

Before the rabbit population was decimated by disease they caused enormous damage to farm crops and a field of "green-stuff" if it butted on to a bank would have damage extending around 20 yards into the field and this area could be virtually eaten bare.

During the early 1930's I used to go poaching every weekend - I used to think we were poaching because it was always treated with great secrecy; on reflection it was kept very hush-hush because the Guv'ner had been given permission and he didn't want anyone else tagging along, and there is, I think, a natural tendency among country folk not to tell too much. But, to me it was poaching and that only added to the excitement.

The area was "Leconfield territory" and taking game would have meant instant dismissal as well as possible prosecution together with the probable loss of the "tied" cottage. So it was most definitely rabbits only for the Guv'ner. But I have been a

passenger in a horse and cart with a young man who was an expert with a catapult when a hungry family at home obviously made the risk worthwhile. He would pass me the reins and mutter "keep her going" and would jump down to return breathless a short way up the field with a bulging pocket - letting me see a few pheasant feathers. He used to shoot for their heads because they then died without making a noise. To maintain this accuracy he used to stand matchsticks in cowpats for practising his shooting.

This has recalled an incident with a dead fox. Shooting a fox was perhaps even more serious a crime than poaching pheasants - and we found a dead fox one day, and I can still recall the look of absolute horror which passed across the Gov'ners face. Would the crime be put to his account? Should he walk on and do nothing? I can't remember the outcome but I do remember the look.

My outings with the Guv'ner used to take several forms - my favourite was ferreting because I was then much more actively involved. This would usually be on a Saturday afternoon (Saturday mornings were part of the normal working week in those days).

We would take twenty or thirty brown nets which had drawstrings threaded through and we would take our two ferrets, the little Jill loved to settle in my jacket pocket but the other one which I think was a polecat cross was kept in a wooden box, this one was much wilder and seemed to love to go for my thumb where he would hang until prised off. I got no sympathy and didn't expect any, anyway.

On arriving at the chosen site the nets would be draped over every visible bury (pronounced "berry") - the bottom of the net just tucked into the bottom of the hole and the drawstring snapped on any convenient root.

A net would be lifted and a ferret put in and then, hopefully, the action would soon start. You could usually sense before a rabbit broke out and if the net had been set right it would be "in the bag" secured by a tightened drawstring. It was then necessary to block the open hole with a foot before killing the rabbit and resetting the net. Meanwhile it was always possible that two or more rabbits would be netted simultaneously and things would get hectic. After a quiet spell you could expect the ferret to appear, blinking in the daylight, and he would either be picked up, and we would move on, or it might be considered worth letting him have another attempt.

Some buries (berries) were so extensive and interconnected that it was then necessary to net one end and for the Guv'ner to shoot any rabbit which broke out of the un-netted holes.

Sometimes a ferret would stay down a bury - it might be that it had killed and was eating a rabbit and eventually it would have to be dug out. In a bank this would usually mean many roots to make digging difficult - but no ferret was ever lost - just tempers perhaps.

At the end of the day the catch would have a slit cut in a leg and the other leg tucked through this, and they could then be carried on a stick, to be paunched when we got home.

The ferret would be returned to their cages and fed on their usual bread and milk. This was their sole diet. I was too young to interfere but to me even at that young age it seemed a most unsuitable diet for carnivorous animals. It was possibly considered that a meat diet might encourage them to kill and to lay up with a rabbit underground. However, they seemed healthy and always willing to work over the 3 or 4 years I was involved with them.

On other occasions we would set wire snares. The wires were shop-bought, brass coloured and with a "thimble" to ensure a smooth running noose. The wires were fastened with thick but soft cord to a shortish peg. We would set out an hour or so before sunset and the wires would then be set up on the rabbits' footpaths - in those days the rabbit population was so big they did indeed make footpaths in the grass. And rabbits being funny creatures they would regularly jump at a certain point and this would leave a taller area of grass which would be easily seen and that was the place for the snare. The peg would be heeled into the ground - quietly - and the noose formed and held in position with a short length of hazel twig which had been slit at one end to hold the wire.

A collection would be made in late evening in total darkness, no torches and no lanterns permitted - and something very immediate happens when you put your toe through a noose and fall literally flat on your face. Sometimes the snares would be collected at this stage otherwise I would be woken with the dawn and sent out to pick up any late "kills" and the snares.

Many rabbits were shot during harvesting - The horse drawn binder would have been working round and round and the rabbits inhabiting the field would be crowding into a rapidly reducing area; eventually they would start breaking out only to be caught by waiting shotguns. The excitement used to cause a lot of wild shooting in all directions and I would be told to get to a safe distance. Timing was very important - if the field was left unfinished at the end of the day then the rabbits, well aware of their situation would creep away and the farm workers would miss both an exciting hour and would miss a meal or two.

Sometimes we would go pigeon shooting - to this day the cooing of a pigeon takes me back to instant and long-lasting boredom. We would be tucked up at the edge of a wood waiting for pigeons feeding in the adjoining field to feed nearer to us or to flight overhead - and wait, and wait

As far as I can remember the area was never shot over by "Lordy" but the local keeper used to collect pheasants' eggs which he reared under chickens because this gave the eggs a greater chance of life and they would then be released when nearly adult - and you would then see the keeper with a large bag of corn feeding them for some weeks until they settled in their area.

Once we went to pick up some snared rabbits and found that they had all been cleanly paunched. This was blamed on badgers. I have earlier spoken of my belief that we were poaching - obviously the secrecy was the overwhelming consideration - it was all very confusing then to a nine-year-old when the next weekend we helped the keeper kill all the badger family blamed for the incident. The sow and boar and three nearly grown ones - a dog was put in to keep their attention and the Guv'ner and the keeper dug. The Guv'ner was very proud that his dog was facing up to badgers. When the excavation was near to the end, the dog was taken out and the badgers ambled out and were shot.

I never knew the reason for this destruction, but it was, of course, fox hunting territory and I have since thought that possibly the badger set would divert the hounds from their true quarry.

If you are horrified by this, so am I - now! But please bear in mind that these are true memories of events which took place sixty years ago when conservation was not thought about - or maybe with

regard to the badgers the keeper was conserving his job. As to the rabbits, they usually had a quick humane death and when farm wages were, I think, something like £1.40p for a WEEK they helped feed many hungry families. If they weren't given to family or friends they were sold for two and a half pence (6d. in those days) and you could sell the skin to an old man who used to come around with a pony and trap, I think it was for 1d.

I still remember my rabbit dinners and if you have no such memories, well - I'm sorry but you've missed out on a treat.

ANON

"I WANT SOMETHING SPECIAL, WARRINGTON"

Yes, I remember the kitchen at Petworth House in use, but not very well, after all it's well over fifty years since I last saw it and when you're young you just form impressions rather than note detail. My abiding memory is of utensils lying all over the place and a big wooden table running right down the centre of the room. My father was butler to Lord Leconfield in the 1930s so I went into the kitchen from time to time but more often of course to the private room, he had in the House.

There were huge cellars at Petworth House and a tunnel running through from the servants' quarters to the big house. As a boy it seemed to me like going down into a mine: servants would take food from kitchen to House at breakneck speed to stop it cooling before it arrived at the table. I remember Lord Leconfield had a fifty gallon barrel of whisky in the cellar. The barrel itself was reputed to be over a hundred years old and his Lordship would never have whisky out of any barrel but that. It so happened that during my father's time the barrel ran dry. It then fell to my father as his Lordship's butler to syphon the contents of the new barrel into the old. It took a couple of days and by the time Dad had finished he was absolutely paralytic, so drunk he could hardly stand. Dad always said he wouldn't have minded so much if he'd actually touched a drop but he hadn't: it was simply the result of breathing in the fumes of the whisky. Even his Lordship was more than a little concerned and for days afterward would ask Dad how he was. Working the soda-water machine was something else I recall. I was allowed to do this myself after a while.

There was another huge cellar near the pantry, empty except for

three enormous boxes. No one had any idea what was in them and they had lain there tightly sealed for as long as anyone could remember. My father as butler had to make a house inventory from time to time so he suggested to his Lordship that the boxes be opened and the contents noted in the inventory. His Lordship concurred: "Go down there with a jemmy Warrington and see what we've got". It turned out that each box was identical, each containing two thousand old-fashioned churchwardens' clay pipes carefully packed in straw. Six thousand in all! It was, I suppose, something of a disappointment!

Another curiosity in the main cellar was a bottle of wine reputed to be a hundred and fifty years old. His Lordship always insisted that it would never be opened. A peculiarity was that it had, suspended in the bottle, a big bunch of white grapes, still on the stalk. I don't know how they got them into the bottle in the first place but I can remember them quite vividly. My father always said he'd love to taste the contents of that particular bottle. It was festooned with dust and cobwebs and still there when we left.

My father was a stickler for cleaning and had over the years developed an eagle eye for a piece of rouge left on a trophy. A footman would get a cup apparently sparkling clean but Dad would see a speck somewhere and order it to be redone. His skill in mixing cocktails was legendary and he kept his knowledge in his head, he was unusual among butlers in never referring to a book. His proper title was house steward but he preferred to be known as "butler" a title he had, as it were, grown up with. As his Lordship's right hand man he hired servants and as his Lordship's right hand man he fired them too. He was indeed in charge of the whole household.

A butler was an ingenious man and there were inevitably occasions when he needed to be. Perhaps my most vivid memory of Petworth House is of a visit by Army, Navy and R.A.F. Chiefs of Staff for a banquet. "I want something special, Warrington," said his Lordship firmly, "spare no expense". (People still said things like that in those days!) My father sent out for a veritable armada of Dinky toys or the equivalent, military vehicles, ships and planes and acquired also two very large plate glass mirrors. These mirrors he laid out as a centre-piece to represent the sea with the Navy as the Senior Service on the mirrors and the Army to the right. The R.A.F. were on the left. I can't remember all the figures he had but I can still see the two or three dozen miniature battleships

spread out on the shining "sea". The Army were set out on green cloth on a landscape "planted" with those trees you used to get with lead farmyard animals - military vehicles and men in khaki. I remember too a complete set of Life Guards on horseback formed up in a procession. For the R.A.F. Dad again had green cloth, this time to represent an aerodrome. Aircraft were dotted all around, even to one at the end of the runway waiting to take off. The display had flowers and greenery dividing off the sections one from another. It was a huge success: his Lordship was so pleased that he gave my father a tenner, a large sum in those days, and I believe the guests were so pleased they gave my father thirty or forty pounds between them. As I have said a butler needed to be an ingenious man.



The Butler's Cottage,
North Street. 1931.

We lived in the Butler's Cottage in the Cow Yard but my father also had a private room in the House itself. The room had a bed in it so that my father could stay well into the night if a function went on late. They often did. His Lordship often invited guests he knew would disagree with one another, taking the view that this livened matters up. It certainly did! His Lordship would often ask me how I was getting on at Midhurst Grammar School and once said that I must see his bound set of Punch Magazines. He had them all from the very first issue. They made very interesting reading and I spent hours looking through them at the expense of my homework or "prep" as we called it then. This had to be completed on the special Grammar School bus in the morning.

Where the National Trust shop is now is roughly where I recall my

father having his meals. It was the room in which heads of department ate; my father, the ladies' maid and Mr. Coddington the valet. I remember seeing the table set out for three people: there was a definite hierarchy in the servants' block. My mother and I would go up to my father's room of an evening to see him. It's funny but I only really got to know my father when he retired. When I set off for Petworth School and later at Midhurst in the morning he had already left for work, when he was off for a few hours in the afternoon I was still in school and by the time I was home again he had returned to work.

In the morning Dad wore striped trousers, morning jacket and, usually, a bow-tie, occasionally an ordinary tie. In the evenings he invariably wore tails and, on normal occasions, a black bow-tie. For special occasions like banquets he wore a white bow-tie. I remember too his white embroidered waistcoat with pearl buttons. Dad was a little like a referee in a boxing ring I always thought - on hand in case his Lordship wanted anything but not really part of the action. The only thing he actually dealt with was the wine: no footman was ever allowed to touch the wine and no one would be allowed into the wine cellars without my father's permission.



Mr and Mrs Warrington
in Petworth Park Pleasure Grounds
c 1935.

I think my father was very happy at Petworth but the job also entailed a long late summer stay at Cockermonth, leaving my mother

on her own at Petworth. She never liked this and it was largely because of this that we moved on. Dad had several moves after that: in fact when I wrote home during the war I was never quite sure whether he would have moved on again before the letter arrived. I remember him being some time at Glamis Castle with the Earl of Strathmore, Dad never had any difficulty finding a position. His last position was with the Earl of Devon at Powderham Castle near Exeter. My father had worked for many noblemen from his early days at Baggrave Hall in his native Leicestershire, going straight into service there as a footman - just one step up the ladder - because his father was a gamekeeper on the estate. Early in the war Lord Leconfield wrote asking if he would like to return to Petworth but he declined. In later years Dad always said that was the worst decision he had ever made in his life. It was most unusual to be asked to return but I know it's right because I saw the letter myself.

In retirement it was suggested to him that he write a book about his experiences but he would have none of that. "You can write under a 'nom-de-plume'" he was told but he said, "I love the gentry so much I would never divulge their secrets. I wouldn't lower myself to do it". He lived to a good old age dying at ninety-two.

I left Petworth in 1938 and have not, until this May, returned. I passed through once many years ago. I don't think it's changed a bit compared with other places. I know the shops have changed and there are more antique shops but it is still recognisably the town I grew up in - my home town. It was here that Miss Elizabeth Wyndham taught me to skate on the frozen lake - or rather didn't - I could never go straight, always going in a circle and ending up holding on to her with only my arms round her neck keeping me upright. Petworth House looks the same as I always knew it but so much of the character went with the loss of the steeple - the view from the Park makes the church tower poking out behind the House look more like a water tower now! I was disappointed too to see the old organ in St Mary's where I sang in the choir replaced. It is doubtful whether I shall ever return to Petworth but during my short visit I relived some very precious memories and left with some very sad ones. Although born in Leicester I have, and always will, look on Petworth as my home.

Bob Warrington was talking to the Editor.
(21 Shephed Road, Hathern, Loughborough, Leics LE12 5LL)

FLORENCE RAPLEY'S DIARY 1909-1914

Mrs. Kingsley of Westcliff has loaned photostats of her grandmother Florence Rapley's diary. Written daily from July 1909 the diary runs through 1910, 1911 and 1912 with a brief postscript from 1914. There are no entries for 1913. For the whole period from 1909 to late autumn 1912 there are entries for every day, even if they consist simply of a word or two about the weather. The diary comprises some 180 sides of a notebook, there being in the photostat copy a lacuna of a few days. I have yet to see the original notebook but suspect that a page has simply been missed during photocopying.

Florence Rapley was a deeply religious person, fifty two years old in 1909, who did not perhaps always find her husband and three sons as receptive to religious truths (as she saw them) as she could have wished. While Florence and her husband seem to have been fond of one another, they had virtually nothing in common, and working as a carter Mr. Rapley, "Dad" in the diary, was simply never at home, just returning late at night to sleep. With her sons now in their twenties, Florence was left very much to her own devices. She had married in 1879 and was by birth a Tiplady. The diary shows her as a woman of considerable education and a woman to an extent in revolt against the drudgery of her ordinary household existence as a carter's wife. This dissatisfaction does not seem however to have moved her in the direction of women like the suffragettes, for all her complaining Florence Rapley remains a very traditional lady.

Regular visits to church were a great solace to her and the diary entries for Sundays tend to be much fuller than for other days. Living as she did at Heath End, she was a member of Petworth Parish Church but sheer distance kept her at a certain remove from St. Mary's. Duncton Church was nearer, if still at some considerable distance and usually to be reached by a long detour through Burton Park. Mr. Carruthers was the incumbent then, a much-travelled clergyman then nearing retirement. He appears to have been assisted by Mr. Cullen, perhaps a curate, perhaps a retired clergyman helping out. The Diary does not say. Over the period from 1909 Florence Rapley, while continuing to attend Duncton Church on a regular basis, would frequently make the long tiring foot journey to Petworth, winter or summer, for eight o'clock Communion, on some weekdays being the sole congregation. After the

service there would of course be the long walk home, unchronicled in the diary but a long way nevertheless.

One has the impression that relations with Mr. Penrose the rector of Petworth are a little cool but Florence Rapley corresponds regularly with his predecessor H. E. Jones and Mrs. Jones who had moved to Hitchin. He would later become Bishop of Lewes. It is possible that Florence preferred Jones' churchmanship to that of J. T. Penrose. We do not know. Florence Rapley's grasp of matters theological is very sound and the clergymen at Duncton and Petworth would have found her voice a penetrating and uncomfortable one. Humble as was her status as a carter's wife she had a mind of her own. She knew what she believed and stuck with it. Two daughters had died (probably in their teens and probably of consumption) but three sons were surviving - in their twenties by this time. Steve, who as S.E.C. Rapley would build up the Heath End garage premises, Walt who would become a fireman in London and later a security man at the White City, and Bert who would go to America. The diary begins without preamble in 1909 and stops almost as abruptly. There is nothing really to indicate why she began it, but it would seem that failing health brings it to a close. Florence died soon after the Great War and her husband married again.

Florence Rapley was a lady of some education. Perhaps she had trained as a schoolteacher. Her knowledge of Petworth and Petworth people could come only from a lifetime spent there but she mentions also childhood memories of Upperton. A flickering family tradition connects her possibly with Westbrook House at Upperton but no effective recollection of her early life survives in the Rapley family. Her mother's name had been Mann, Florence's own maiden name Tiplady, a name with many Petworth associations.

Mrs. Pullen, Mrs. Hollingdale and Mrs. Standen appear to have been her neighbours and friends, living no doubt in some proximity to Heath End, some perhaps at Coultershaw where Mr. Rapley worked later as a carter. We reprint here the first few entries from the diary and would be grateful for any information on the Tiplady family, Florence Rapley and her husband, her neighbours, Mr. Carruthers or Mr. Cullen.

Peter.

Part of the opening page of Florence Rapley's Diary. 1809 of course is a slip for 1909.

July 1. 1809. Rather fine, but a
little chilly north west wind
with no rain these few. Miss Johnston
Bishop Park married to day.
The crate of Cheria from Hanley Staffs
safely unpacked without breakage.
The wine and pears are delightful.
July 2. Very hot. sat in garden in
aft and surrounded east of bees which I
hope is the last for this year.
July 3. Another perfect day - hay
making is going on swiftly now
Same best hoping for a quiet Sunday.
July 4. It all night and just at first in
the morning. Then very hot, little air
went to Ch at 11 for Midday Communion
Mr Cullen said the clergy had been asked
to speak about kindness to animals,
and then he said that David was
always kind to his sheep, but of course
it was quite the thing to have them
slaughtered now as no doubt they
did then.
I was tired a very little aft for on account
of the shop noise there was no rest until
past midnight, and 5.30 finds me
lighting the fire on Sunday as on other
day. And after Dad had gone at 3
back to work I felt so heavy of course
one could not sleep there last tea
spoke not be ready. that is where
most men score they drop the
responsibility and are glorified
ladies. No news from my wandering
Walt at sea. But where is

July 1. 1909

Rather fine but quite chilly, north west wind still no rain thus far. Miss Johnston Bignor Park married today. The crate of china from Hanley Staffs safely unpacked without breakage. The roses and pinks are delightful.

July 2. Very hot, sat in garden in aft. and minded last of bees which I hope is last for this year.

July 3. Another perfect day - hay-making is going on swiftly now, lame but hoping for a quiet Sunday.

July 4. Wet all night and just at first in the morning, then very hot, little air went to ch at 11 for Midday Communion. Mr. Cullen said the Clergy had been asked to speak about kindness to animals and then he said that David was always kind to his sheep, but of course it was quite the thing to have them slaughtered now as no doubt they did then.

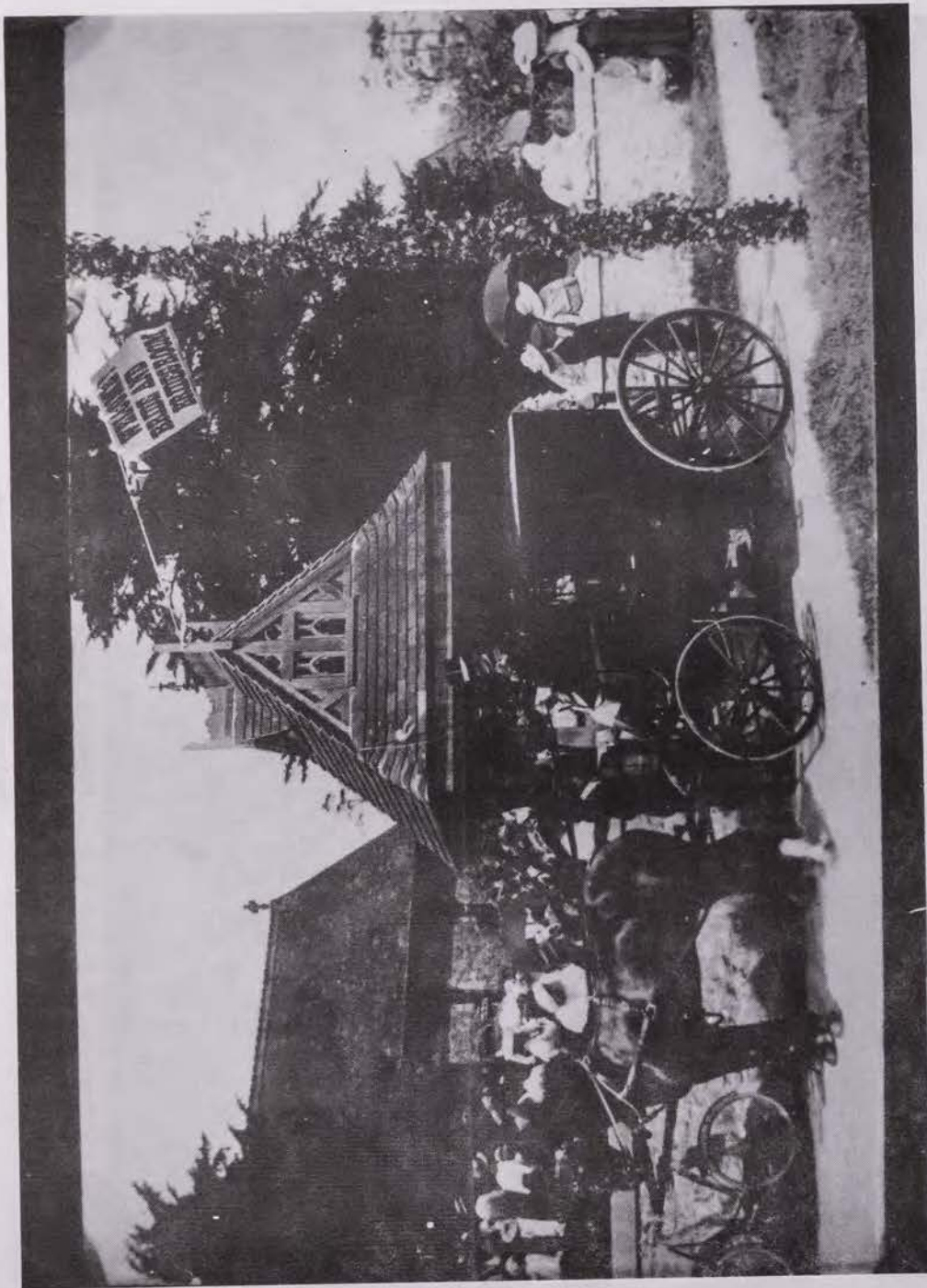
There seemed a very little aft. for on account of the shop noise there was no rest until past midnight and 5.30 finds me lighting the fire on Sundays as on other days and after Dad had gone at 3 back to work I felt so heavy. Of course one could not sleep then lest tea should not be ready, that is where most men score they drop the responsibility and are glorified lodgers. No news from my wandering boys, Walt. at sea, Bert where?

Went in eve. through Park to church saw a sailor's child baptised the mother used to be an Edwicker, the font was dressed. Mr. Carruthers spoke on "I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth". He did not give us the context that St. John addressing his converts was encouraging them to live up the Gospel as opposed to their former state of heathendom, he spoke of family life, that children should be helped to speak the truth, said children are naturally truthful and how sad it is to have a liar in the family. Adults should not prevaricate or live beyond their means which is a lie in the life. Satan was always a deceiver. Christ who did not hesitate to condemn sin in high places is the Truth and our example.

July 5. A very nice day. Sun and wind. Had a pleasant time looking over the chalet greenhouses to find out the appearance of the plants well known by name. Afterward I was extra tired.



Ferreting in December 1922.
This has been copied from a newspaper cutting hence the rather fuzzy impression it gives.
The original negative is almost certainly lost.
Photograph by George Garland.



Nobby Blackman at Hallgate Farm, Byworth. January 1954.
Photograph by G. G. Garland.

July 6. Showery, Mary left the Mill.

Page 2

July 7. Showery with some thunder. Rectory Fete. My ankle is swelling and very hot.

July 8. Very heavy thunderclouds farmers are trying to haymake. Today Fittleworth Club - many will go to it who say they are too tired or too busy for Church. Have neuralgia in my face today, and with nerves on edge all within me rebels against the vulgar noises and laughter of the shop. A very kind letter came from Walt at Berehaven today. A poor stoker was killed in an explosion on the Prince of Wales and buried in the sea, in a great hurry during the manoeuvres. Sombodys boy. Two London children returning from a Sunday School excursion to Littlehampton fell from the train near Horsham, one killed, the other unconscious. Algy's sister lately married went to Australia on the ship Africa last week. Good fortune to face Emmy.

July 9. A lovely day. Miss Elson's children went to Littlehampton this year. I went to Midhurst, got comfortably home after a pleasant time and then the rain came down. I met a poor orphan woman who knew Watlington and she was so pleased to meet with someone who knew the familiar spots.

PIPES AND PEAS

I was quite young when I first came to Byworth, my Father getting a job as head cowman at Hallgate. He was an experienced cowman, although immediately prior to coming to Byworth, he had had a spell helping in the building of Glyndebourne Opera House. I can still remember the day we moved in, the 10th October 1936. It was the same house in which I now live. Charles Thorne was the farmer at Hallgate, and at this time in the mid 1930's, he employed ten men. The farm was not mechanised, and the heavy work was done by horses. I remember Fred Parker, the long-serving carter, Spence Callingham and Bert Sopp, each with their knowledge of several specialized farming jobs, like hedging or rick building. My Father, as head cowman, worked alongside Fred Stoner. It was all hand-milking with a herd of seventeen cows. Thomas Steer, the shepherd, I dimly remember but of course I wasn't actually working on the farm when he was there. Mr Thorne worked with his son on the farm.

My father died in 1939 and in the early summer of 1942, we moved to

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY

September Magazine

PLEASE NOTE - Photograph opposite Page 37 should read:-

"Johnstone wedding at Bignor Park 1909. Courtesy of Mrs. F.M. Bowler
Fittleworth."

The correct photograph for the caption will appear in the December
magazine.

With our apologies,

MIDHURST AND PETWORTH PRINTERS

Frog Hole to allow another cowman to have our house. I continued going to Petworth Boys' school for a while, but after the summer holidays, we used to catch the coach to Fittleworth School. I have, however, vivid memories of walking from Byworth to the bottom of North Street, coming up by the Virgin Mary Spring and scavenging whatever we could find to eat on the allotments along the way. It was nothing to yank up a stick of rhubarb, peel off the skin and eat it. You might suffer for it the next day but that after all was another day. If there was a complaint to the school about our activities, Mr Stevenson, the Headmaster, would make us write out pages of the dictionary as a punishment. He'd give us a minimum of four, the work being taken away to do at home. Sometimes he'd look at what you'd done, sometimes he'd simply throw it to one side unchecked. The trouble was that if he did look and it wasn't right, you'd have to do the same four pages again with another two added on for good measure.

Mr Stevenson was very musical and the boys at the school made their own pipes under his direction. They were simply canes of bamboo with the pith carefully taken out of the middle, particularly at the joints. Mr Stevenson had a long file which was used for cleaning out the bamboo stems. The pipes would be made during music lessons. The holes would be made with a drill and when all was done, Mr Stevenson would test the pipe for pitch. If it wasn't exactly right, he'd made a tiny pin-prick just up from the mouthpiece, and this would invariably have the desired effect. The mouthpiece itself was a piece of cut-off cork, holed with a gimlet. Some pipes still survive.

The school had three teachers. I remember Mr Shaw from Horsham, a relatively elderly man who drove over from Horsham. The younger teachers had gone to the War and older teachers had been called back into service. Mr Shaw no doubt had a petrol allowance to enable him to travel to and from Horsham.

Mr Stevenson was a very popular teacher. If you had an interest in something particular, he would give you a letter to take home. You'd be dying to open it on the long walk home and sometimes you did. It would seek your parents' consent for you to stay on late at school so that he could give you extra help with whatever interested you. Some boys went off to Midhurst Grammar School at eleven, but most went on at Petworth.

When I was fourteen I left school. It was April 18th and on the

19th I was due to start work for Mr Thorne. Hallgate of course was familiar territory to me, although there had been a few changes in the years since my father had first come. There was a tractor now, but three or four working horses still remained and the old familiar faces like Fred Parker were still there. It was wartime, and little thought was given to new equipment. 'I reckon Adam played with this when he was a boy', Fred would sometimes mutter to himself.

There were still plenty of troops about, Canadians particularly, in the Gog, at Flathurst and on Egdean and Coates Commons, as well of course in Petworth Park. They'd sometimes help us on the farm for a bit of pocket money. If you were potato picking with them, it was a good idea to keep crouched fairly low because they were inclined to throw the potatoes about. They'd probably get up to the Welldiggers with the money. Sometimes the pub was drunk dry over a weekend.

I worked at Hallgate for 46 years and 6 months, mechanisation over that period cutting the number of men down from ten to a mere two or three. It was certainly hard work in these early days with everything having to be done by hand. Hallgate at that time was an old-fashioned farm with a little of everything - or a little of most things at least. There were a few sheep for wool and some lambs for meat. There was a milking herd and various crops - the usual cereals like wheat, barely and oats, but also crops like peas and linseed. Peas were cut with a tractor mower and it was hard and dusty work cutting the haulms. You'd first take out a row all round the field, then 'row them out', i.e. turn the haulms you'd cut over so that the tractor didn't roll over them next turn round. When cut, you'd leave the haulms in the field to dry before pitching them into a trailer to take them away to be ricked. The rick would be some ten feet high and thatched to keep off the weather. When you wanted the peas, you'd 'mill' them by putting them through the treshing machine; the drum soon sorted peas from rubbish. The peas would be used for feed. The rick could stand a fair time. The crucial problem was rats getting in through the thatch and water coming in through the holes the rodents had made. Once the thatch was breached, the peas would begin to rot. The variety was often 'maple', a brown looking pea with flecks of yellow. It was very dry and had little flavour. Peas were packed in 2 or 2 1/4 hundredweight sacks and sold as feed or seed. A less official use was as catapult ammunition to deter marauding cats!

Another slightly unusual crop was linseed, used of course to make linseed oil. It was again a hard crop to cut and you were likely to end up with badly cut fingers. Linseed had a distinctive blue flower and harvesting had to wait until the seed had formed and ripened. Jack Baker from Petworth Engineering Co. modified an old horse-drawn Massey-Harris cutter to go with the tractor.

Other crops were kale, sugar beet, mangel, swede and cabbage. Marrowbone kale was grown for the stalk and the marrow-like liquid it held in it. Thousand-headed kale was more of a leaf-type kale. Sugar beet as time went on, would be picked up by lorry and taken to Petworth Station. Previously we would cart it down to the Station ourselves. Mangels are something that has passed out of use, but they were very much a part of farming life then. For today's farmer they simply require too much labour in comparison with other feed crops - hoeing and getting cut, then pulling the great roots out and cutting off the green top. The mangels would be cut and stacked across eight rows, in earlier days the width of a horse and cart - in later days the width of a tractor.

An early memory is of my mother polishing the silver in the chapel at Byworth. It was still in use as a church when I first came to Byworth although the village school had been discontinued by then. There was a cubbyhole at the back, stacked with the old-type wooden desks from the school, cast-iron legs, opening tops and inkwells. Byworth church and school catered in its time for Byworth, Egdean and Strood. Byworth in the 1930's was a village where a large majority of the inhabitants worked for the Leconfield Estate, either in the farms or in the woods. One or two were retired. There were two shops and a post office. When Kate Sadler died, the post office moved from its position in a cottage up toward the Black Horse to Mrs Long's grocery shop across the road. The other shop was of course Shoubridge's, the baker's. The local butcher delivered in Byworth as did Mr Dean, the Petworth fishmonger.

Amusements in Byworth were somewhat homespun; playing gingerbread, knocking on a door and running away, or getting a shirt button and sticking it into the putty of a window with a pin attached to two pieces of cotton, one long and one short, then gently pulling the longer piece from the garden for the button to tap against the window. The Church Army still came to Byworth in my time. Every two years there was a big get-together. There was the cinema in Petworth and the 'Sweat Box', the old Club Room in High Street.

There was always a band for dances with clarinet and drums. When you went in, the heat of the packed room literally struck you.

Nobby Blackman was talking to Jill Green and the Editor.

WITH FLAGS AND BUGLES FAREWELL!

Early in April 1832 some 500 men, women and children in carts and wagons passed through Chichester with flags and bugles en-route for Portsmouth, where they were to set sail on April 11th in 2 small ships for Canada. Over 200 of these emigrants came from Petworth and its surrounding parishes. They travelled in brakes provided by the Earl of Egremont and one can well imagine them laden with women and children and their baggage, which had to include bedding and cooking utensils for shipboard, and household goods, working tools and warm clothes for the emigrants' new lives in Canada. One wagon from Duncton overturned on the journey injuring a poor pregnant woman who was to die in childbirth on her arrival in Canada. She was not the only pregnant woman to embark, one of the Superintendents' wives, Sarah Penfold, was to give birth on the voyage; a not uncommon event on emigrant ships.

Two small sailing ships, the 'Lord Melville' and the 'Eveline' awaited the voyagers at Portsmouth. The commissioning of these ships had not been without incident, for several others had been suggested and rejected before the contract for these two had been signed with Carter and Bonus, shipping agents of London. There was to be further trouble at the last moment when the Captain of the 'Lord Melville' took ill and died on his arrival at Spithead. The ship had to be put into quarantine and another Captain found. The passage from Portsmouth to Toronto cost £10 per adult, half fare for children under 14. The whole enterprise had been initiated under the patronage of the Earl of Egremont by the newly set up Petworth Emigration Committee. Egremont paid the fare outright for people living in Petworth, Tillington, Northchapel, Duncton and Egdean and contributed in proportion to the land he owned in other parishes, the balance here being made up by local landowners or vestries. There were 3 members of the Petworth Emigration Committee; Thomas Sockett, the Rector of Petworth, Thomas Chrippes and William Knight both Petworth men.

Why did these men finance and organise this mass emigration? Their motives were certainly a mixture of philanthropy and expediency. Emigration was one answer to the problems of unemployment, low

wages, large families and hunger that beset Sussex and all the southern agricultural counties in the 1830s. It was also one way of removing people from the poor relief lists and thus lowering the ever growing poor rate. It also removed potential and actual trouble makers and dissidents, with the memories of the 1830s Swing riots and arson attacks still very fresh in the minds of the local gentry and magistrates.

Sockett had been busy since the new year sending out information about the Committee's scheme to landowners and parish vestries and George Johnson was despatched in the early spring with a pony and cart and a supply of posters to be nailed up in many West Sussex villages. Decisions seem to have been taken at very short notice to modern sensibilities; many of the posters and subsequent bookings of berths only appearing a month before the ships sailed. There was a considerable amount of chopping and changing after berths had been booked, some people changed their minds relatively early on, others enrolled at the very last moment. Some travellers changed their minds when they got to Portsmouth and saw the sea and the ships. One party from Sullington 'whose hearts failed them on getting on board' went straight back home, as did 2 men from Liphook in Hampshire - much to the annoyance of the local landowner who thought he had got rid of two persistent poachers!

One cannot blame the Sullington party for many other people's hearts must have failed them when the bugles and flags were put away and they saw their quarters on shipboard. They were to spend 7 weeks in the steerage, 3 adults or 6 children under 14 sharing a 6 foot square berth. These berths were in 2 tiers around the sides of the steerage with a narrow passage down the middle and a table at which to sit, and to eat the meals they were to cook for themselves at hearths provided on deck. Nevertheless, conditions at home had probably been cramped for many, and the meat, bread, cheese, and tea given as rations probably provided a more varied and constant diet than that found in many cottages. The highly salted Irish beef was a cause of bitter complaint however, and Sockett was to report that many emigrants rejected it in favour of dry biscuit.

Sockett, J.K. Greetham the Vicar of Kirdford, and W.H. Yaldwyn of Blackdown Lurgashall gathered on the quay to say farewell to their parishioners. Sockett reported that 'the emigrants all appeared happy and cheerful, and well pleased with their situation, treatment and prospects.' They probably looked less cheerful once

at sea for Richard Neal of Sutton wrote home that they had 'a very ruff passage... They were most all sea-sick... and tost about very much'. Richard, himself, was very proud that 'I enjoyed good health all the way over'. In many respects the PEC did look after its emigrants well, compared to the conditions endured by travellers on commercially operated emigrant ships. Both the 'Lord Melville' and the 'Eveline' carried a surgeon and a superintendent. The latter was to escort his charges down the St Lawrence after the sea voyage and to find them work, or see them settled on small land holdings. Part of the 'pull' of emigration came from the Canadian authorities who were keen to build up a loyal British presence to offset the French population, and to provide a sturdy barrier to the disloyal, dubious republic over the border.

Richard Neal was ambivalent in his opinion of Canada. He liked the opportunities of employment - he was a bricklayer - the good wages, plentiful food and egalitarian atmosphere; all factors very much missing in the Sussex of the 1830s. He was not so keen on the climate, very hot in summer and very cold in winter, and the practice of being paid a proportion of his wages in goods. In true John Bull fashion he reckoned the Canadian men were not so strong as the English. In common with many emigrants he was obviously home-sick but hoped 'to come back when I like it, if it pleases God.' His opinions reflect to a greater or lesser degree that of many of the emigrants, many were very enthusiastic, some less so, and a few came promptly back home.

The overall success of the 1832 emigration was to encourage the PEC to commission 5 more ships, one leaving each spring from 1833 - 1837. In all they were to take over 1600 emigrants from West and East Sussex, the Isle of Wight, and a few more distant parishes. One family, William and Sarah Jackman and their eight children, went from Goring on 1836 on the 'Heber'. Father Jackman of Toronto one of their descendants, is now sponsoring intensive research into the Petworth Emigration Scheme and the people who emigrated under it, with the aim of producing a detailed history of the whole project and a genealogical record of the emigrants. As part of this project we are now organising a survey in Canada and the United Kingdom to try to trace descendants and friends of PEC emigrants in the hope that they will have hitherto unknown letters, records, details of family history etc. As latter day George Johnsons we are circulating local libraries, Womens Institutes, Historial Societies, Village stores etc. with posters and questionnaires.

The Centre for Continuing Education, University of Sussex, has also published an account of the experiences of the emigrants who went on the 1834 PEC ship, the 'British Tar'. The research for 'No Trifling Matter' was done by a group of adult students in Worthing who concentrated their work on the emigrants themselves - people who largely figure as mere numbers or surnames in the official records - describing their experiences at sea, coping with sea-sickness, children with measles, childbirth etc, and their journey down the St Lawrence to their destination in Ontario. This 1834 voyage was of especial interest in that the newly appointed superintendent surgeon on the 'British Tar' was James Brydone, who was to subsequently superintend the three later voyages between 1835 and 1837 and was also to become a noted and influential citizen of Petworth.

If you have relatives or friends whose descendants you think went to Canada with the PEC we would very much like to hear from you. The Petworth Society hold a supply of our questionnaires, and copies of No Trifling Matter price £4.95.

The quotations in this article are taken from the description of the departure of the 'Lord Melville' and the 'Eveline' in the Portsmouth, Portsea and Gosport Herald, April 1832. Richard Neal's letter was published in the same paper in September 1832.

Sheila Haines

NEW MEMBERS

Mrs A. Alexander, Myrtle Cottage, East Street.
Miss F. McLeod, 7 Linton House, Tillington.
Mr and Mrs Madgewick, 21 Willett Close, Duncton.
Mr and Mrs Oxford, PO Box 1976, Manama, Bahrein.
Lady Pattie, Manor House, Duncton.
Mr and Mrs J.E. Rapley, Downsview, 7 Carter's Way, Wisborough Green.
Miss E. Samuel, 31 Orchard Close.
Mr and Mrs P. Sinclair, Ashlyn, Limbourne Lane, Fittleworth.
Mr H. Tanner, 34 Townfield, Kirdford.
Mrs J. Turner, Mount View, Bury, Pulborough.
Mr R. Whitton, Post Office Flat, East Street.
Mrs M. Wootton, Park House, Leconfield Yard.

