



THE
PETWORTH SOCIETY
magazine

Issue No. 65. September 1991
Price to non-members £1.50

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Cover illustration "The Stable Yard" by Gwenda Morgan.
Cover design by Jonathan Newdick.

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This Magazine was printed by:-
MIDHURST AND PETWORTH PRINTERS

11 Rothermead,
PETWORTH. Tel. 42456

Duck Lane,
MIDHURST. Tel. 816321

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16.00

Autumn Programme. Please keep for reference.

Wednesday September 25th Leconfield Hall afternoon and evening.

PETWORTH APPLE IDENTIFICATION DAY

Free admission to Exhibition and Identification 2.30 to 5.30 p.m.
Lecture at 7.30 p.m. "The Victorian Dessert" by Dr. Joan Morgan.

Mr. Hugh Ermen and Dr Joan Morgan will bring a large selection of apple varieties with them and identify apple varieties brought in for them to inspect. At 7.30 Dr Morgan will talk with slides on "The Victorian Dessert".

Hugh Ermen, Associate of Honour of the R.H.S. was for a long time Curator of the National Fruit Collection and closely connected with the National Fruit Trials at Brogdale. He has recently retired.

Dr Joan Morgan is a trustee of the Brogdale Horticultural Trust and the first woman to become a member of the R.H.S. Fruit and Vegetable Committee. With Alison Richards she is author of "Paradise out of Common Field" - the pleasures and plenties of a Victorian Garden. She is working on a book about world apple varieties.

Ticket application form attached.

Tuesday October 22nd Leconfield Hall 7.30 p.m.

Ian Pickford from the B.B.C. Antiques Roadshow will talk on

"AN INTRODUCTION TO ENGLISH SILVER"

Ticket application attached.

Sunday October 27th

Ian and Pearl's Balls Cross Walk

Cars leave Market Square at 2.15 p.m.

Sunday November 3rd

The Petworth Society will be invited to the Rikkyo School Open Day at Rudgwick, where aspects of traditional Japanese culture will be on view. Courtesy of Mr and Mrs Usuki.

Cars leave Petworth Square for Rudgwick at 1.30 p.m. Members going later can make their own way to Rudgwick. Route details will be on our posters.

Tuesday November 12th Leconfield Hall 7.30 p.m.

The inaugural Garland Memorial Lecture:

"George Garland : The man and his achievement"

Profits to go toward signing Petworth Fair

For this lecture see main Magazine.

Wednesday November 20th

PETWORTH FAIR DAY

Monday December 16th Leconfield Hall 7.30 p.m.

The Petworth Society Christmas Evening

PLEASE NOTE:

Evening Class: Peter Jerrome : Florence Rapley's Diary 1909-1912
Begins 16th September for 10 sessions.

I am very much looking forward to giving this particular class and to enquiring with others into Petworth and Florence Rapley's involvement with it during those years and before. I think this will be an especially interesting course.

Enquiries Petworth 43913 or from Peter on 42562

On Tuesday November 26th I will give a single lecture at the Petworth Public Library: "'So sweet as the phlox is ..." Florence Rapley's Diary 1909-1912.' Details on library information.

IF YOU RECEIVE A REMINDER WITH THIS ISSUE I HOPE YOU WILL WISH TO CONTINUE HAVING THE MAGAZINE. WE ARE RELUCTANT TO ISSUE FINAL REMINDERS IN SEPTEMBER BUT THINK THAT DOING THIS IS ONLY FAIR TO THOSE MEMBERS WHO PAY PROMPTLY. IF YOU DO NOT WANT TO CONTINUE - PLEASE LET PHILIP KNOW.

The Petworth Society recommends:

"Fittleworth through the years"

An Exhibition of Pictures, photographs old and new,
and other memorabilia, showing something of
Fittleworth's past and what is happening in the village today

at Fittleworth Village Hall
on Saturday 21 September 2 p.m. - 6 p.m.
Sunday 22 September 11 a.m. - 5 p.m.

Admission Free.

Peter.

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY

PETWORTH APPLE IDENTIFICATION DAY

Wednesday, September 25th, 1991
Leconfield Memorial Hall

Lecture at 7.30 p.m.

"The Victorian Dessert"
by Dr. Joan Morgan

Please supply me with one/two ticket(s) for the lecture. I am a member of the Petworth Society and enclose £2.50 (£5 in the case of husband and wife membership)

Name: _____

Address: _____

N.B. This form is NOT an admission ticket. Multiple applications are not acceptable except in the case of husband and wife membership.

Priority booking until September 18th.

Free admission to exhibition 2.30 -
5.30 p.m.

Tickets obtainable from David's, The Square, ONLY. SAE with postal applications, please.

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY

Special Evening Meeting

Tuesday, October 22nd, 1991
Leconfield Memorial Hall

Lecture at 7.30 p.m.

"An Introduction to English Silver"
by Ian Pickford

Please supply me with one/two ticket(s) for the lecture. I am a member of the Petworth Society and enclose £2.50 (£5 in the case of husband and wife membership)

Name: _____

Address: _____

N.B. This form is NOT an admission ticket. Multiple applications are not acceptable except in the case of husband and wife membership.

Priority book from October 1st -
October 9th.

Tickets obtainable from David's, The Square, ONLY. SAE with postal applications, please.

Cut here

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 £5.00. Single or Double one Bulletin delivered. Postal £6.50. Overseas £7.50. 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, 71 Wyndham Road, Petworth.

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

Hon. Social Sec. - Mrs. Audrey Grimwood, 12 Grove Lane,
Petworth.

Committee - Mrs. Julia Edwards, Mr. Ian Godsmark,
Lord Egremont, Mr. John Patten,
Mrs. Anne Simmons, Mr. D.S. Sneller,
Mr. J. Taylor, Mr. E. Vincent,
Mrs Linda Wort.

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. Goodyer, Mrs Williams
(Fittleworth).

* Note change of
address.

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

As the Society has such a busy and varied autumn programme I have put two of the major events under a separate heading and would like in these notes just to make a few general points. I am pleased to see so many new members again this quarter and extend them a warm welcome, I am pleased too that a large proportion of existing members have now paid their subscriptions for 1991-1992. If you have not please do so now. This quarter's notice is a final one and no further magazine will be sent until the subscription is forwarded. The point is that the present basic subscription is effectively subsidised by donations and the Society's various activities and it is hardly fair to the membership in general to continue sending out Magazines with the possibility that membership will lapse and expense of the Magazines not be recovered.

As you know we are committed to official signing for Petworth Fair. Last year this cost the Society £163. This year the A.A. have removed a 40% members' subsidy on signing and our costs will jump proportionally. This is a lot of money for the Society to find for what is essentially a Petworth event rather than a specifically Society one. On the other hand of course Petworth Fair has a significance far beyond the purely local and the Society are proud to provide the back-up for such a prestigious event. I am not convinced that a Society that is as strong as ours is ought simply to appeal for funds. Certainly contributions will be welcomed and I will talk to interested parties such as Petworth Parish Council and Petworth Business Association who have helped us in the past; I feel however that the Society should be seen to be making some effort at least toward recouping the cost of signing. We propose to inaugurate a Garland Memorial Lecture which hopefully will become an annual event - the subject to be George Garland and his work, or some Sussex subject that would have been of interest to him. I will myself begin on November 10th with an introductory talk on the man and his work and will have some of his scrapbooks and examples of his work. I think it sensible to begin thus quietly and be in a position to build up a tradition year by year. I am anxious that the Lecture become a fitting tribute to someone to whom modern Petworth owes so much. Proceeds will go toward signing the Fair, an objective that would have had George Garland's immediate and unhesitating approval.

One or two other points at random. I see that the "Cut" has now

been officially closed. This is to say the least a contentious decision and made without a hint of the promised "consultation". Opinions may differ but for myself I cannot think the now perpetual confusion in the Market Square is good for Petworth. The County Council's Traffic Relief Scheme seems to have received a somewhat mixed reception but is effectively sub iudice until the results of the poll are given in November. It has been interesting to see how many widely differing views have been expressed in letters to local newspapers, a very high proportion coming from members of this Society.

I am very pleased that Petworth has won the Floral Pride Award the second time in three years. While individual house and business premises are the backbone of Petworth's floral display, the tubs in the Market Square do a lot to brighten the town up. I am pleased that their installation was a direct result of an article in this magazine. Our especial thanks to Les. for looking after them so well.

You will see that Janet Ford has now left the Committee. She has worked tremendously hard for us over the years and will continue to do so but without the additional responsibility of a place on the Committee. You'll see too that Audrey Grimwood now has an official position of "Social Secretary". The title may be new but, as you know, Audrey has been doing this very demanding job for years.

Peter.

27th July 1991.

FROM PETWORTH PARISH MAGAZINE SEPTEMBER 1919:

THE FAIR

In its pre-war gaiety Petworth Fair was here on the usual date, November 20th and the Market Square was filled with various shows. The "merry-go-round" was well patronized by both young and old who looked very happy on the horses and birds. The cokernuts were rather hard to dislodge and the "twenty-five or over" darts difficult to get.

It was feared that following the terrible years of warfare the fair might lapse but to everyone's delight this has not occurred.

TWO IMPORTANT MEETINGS

- 1) Apple Identification Day. Leconfield Hall, Wednesday September 25th. The day has two distinct parts:

(a) Roughly 2.15 to 5.45 when Dr Joan Morgan and Mr Hugh Ermen will attempt to identify apples brought in for them to inspect. Dr Morgan warns that this can be tricky, also that some late varieties will hardly yet be ripe enough to identify the variety. Some samples will be taken back to Kent for further inspection and the experts will then correspond with the donor. Dr Morgan requests that at least three apples of each variety be brought and some foliage also, enquirers will find it helpful too to have some idea of the size and habit of the tree. Choose well-coloured fruit from the outside of the tree as September 25th is relatively early in the season. We will try to begin a classification of apples in the Petworth district and if you know of any apples growing in old locations like Colhook Common please bring them in. There will be a small charge for identification although Dr Morgan stresses that even the experts will have difficulty with some varieties. To encourage you to bring in apples from old and out of the way spots the identification charge can be waived at our discretion.

(b) Dr Morgan's lecture (with slides) on "The Victorian Dessert" will begin at 7.30. Tickets at £2.50 each will be available to members only up until September 18th. After that any left will be available on the first come first served basis. A few tickets will be allocated to Petworth Horticultural Society. Tickets from David's, Market Square, Petworth. Application form on Activities Sheet. SAE please if applying by post.

- 2) Ian Pickford (of B.B.C. Antiques Roadshow) on An Introduction to English Silver. Tuesday October 22nd.

Again tickets will be available from David's - to members only until 15th October when any remaining will be sold on a first come, first served basis. Entrance on the door only if any tickets remain unsold. SAE please if ordering by post. Tickets are £2.50 each.

In both cases we would look to give members first option on the tickets while at the same time ensuring that these very attractive talks are completely sold out.

THE DEPENDENTS - A LETTER

From The Rev. A.G. Ashdown.

Dear Mr. Jerrome,

I am delighted with the two copies of the Petworth Society's magazines nos: 29 and 64. I have enjoyed both magazines very much and especially the articles on the Cokelers. This really is a remarkable thing and I only wish that this Society had continued. It is a great loss to us that these little bodies die out. They have an influence which is quite their own.

I noticed in one of those articles that there was a mention about their remarkable funerals. I had understood that it was customary for those at Warnham, when they buried any of their people, to sing to music, a large number of Scripture portions that refer to the Resurrection and that when eventually they finally came to that tremendous passage in the Book of Revelation, "they rest from their labour and their works do follow them" this was so used by them that it took all the sorrow and all the pain out of the funeral and turned it into a tremendous Christian triumph which must have been a very wonderful thing.

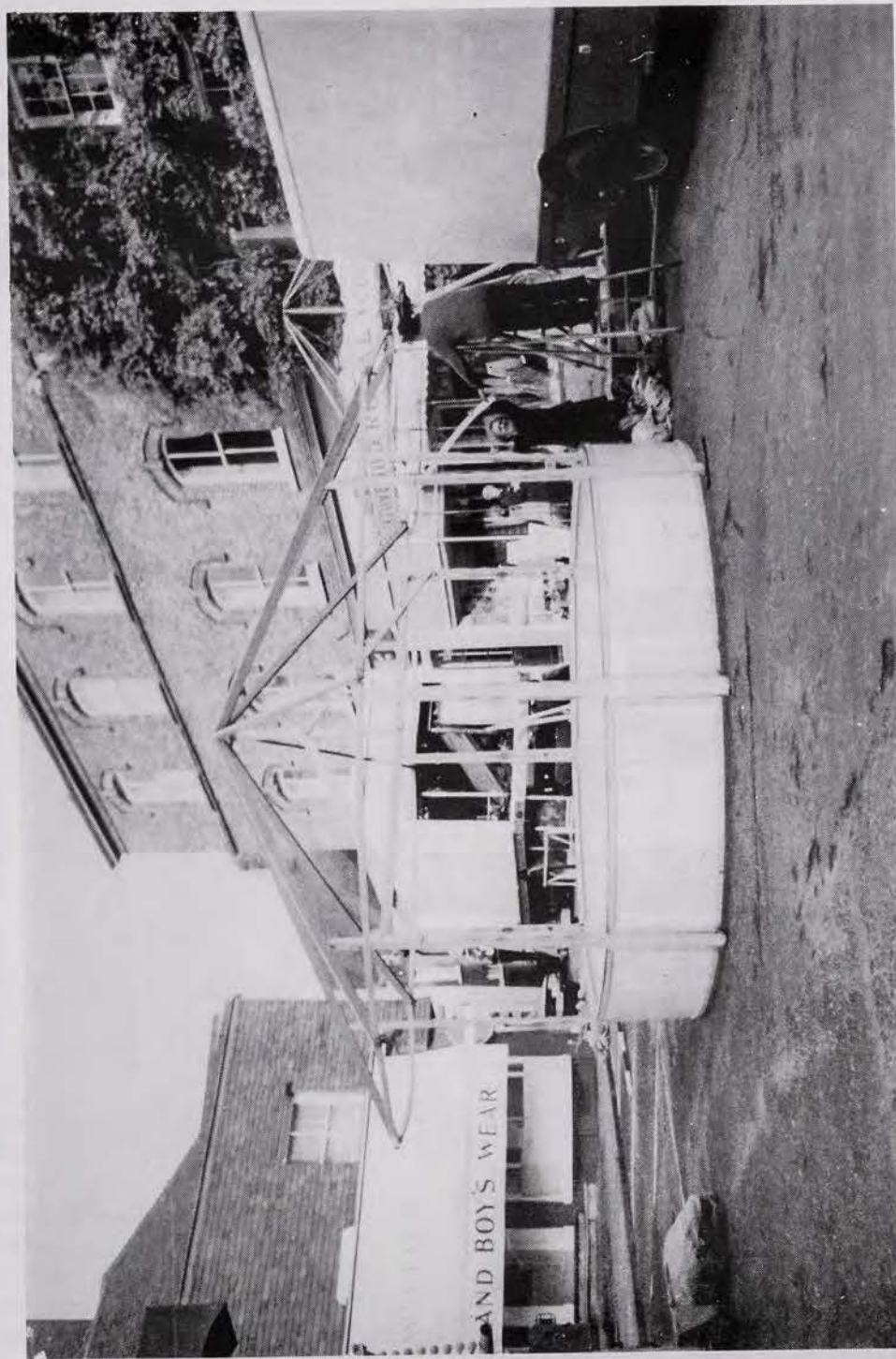
I often think when I think of those I knew in Horsham, I was once engaged in the seed trade in the town and there was one of their number who grew shallots for me. He would grow them on his allotment and his name was Munday and he was a very good cultivator and he would deliver them to us in absolutely perfect condition. The honesty, integrity, hard working ability of these dear people was a great blessing to the people of the district and if such a community were to arise again with the same tremendous ideals it would have a great effect upon the life of our country, particularly if it were much more widespread.....

FOOTPATH CLEARANCE

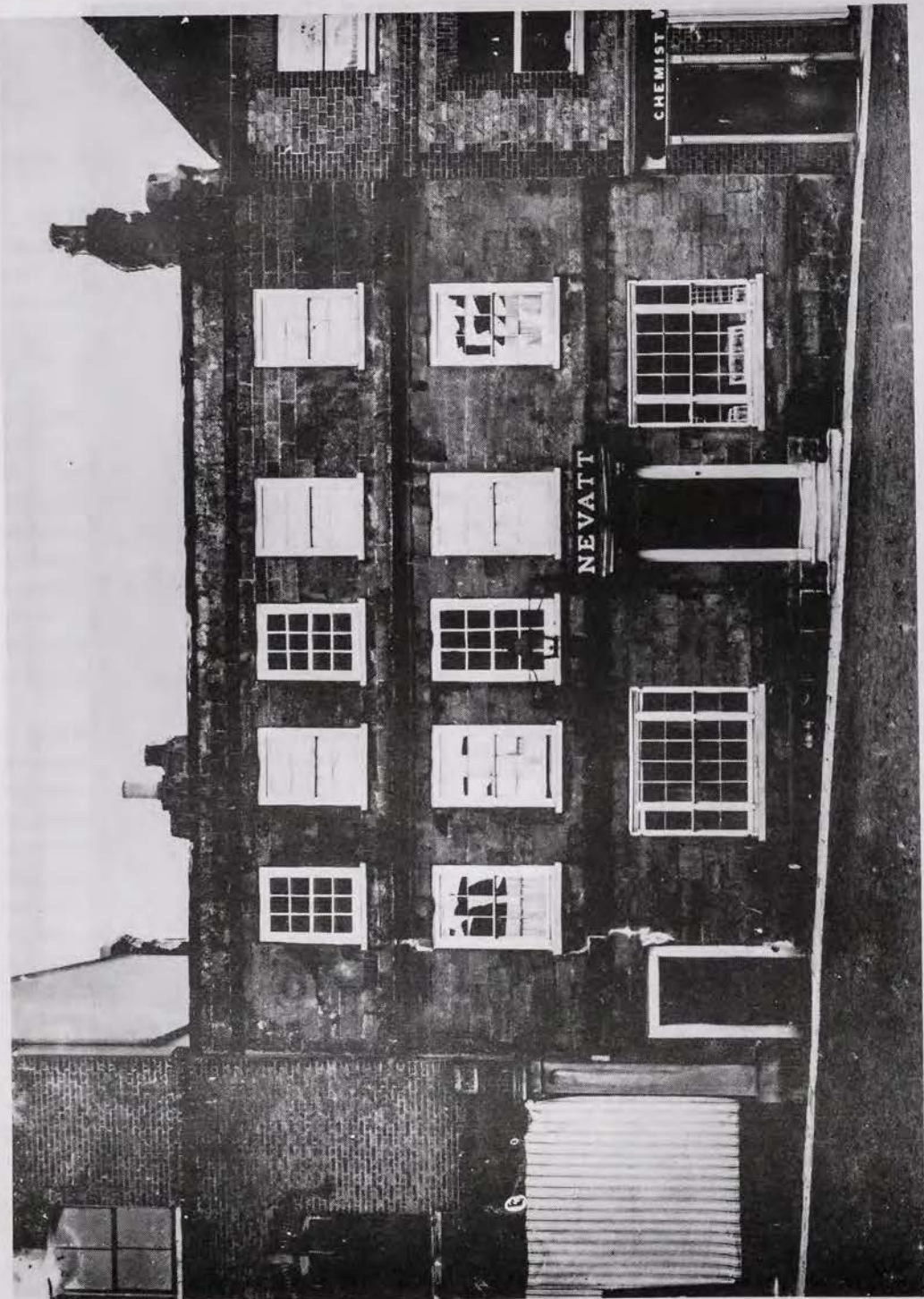
P. Bryant, Esq.,
County Planning Officer,
County Hall, Chichester.

Dear Mr. Bryant,

My Committee has asked me to express the appreciation of our members for the work of your department in maintaining and



A precarious tradition. Putting up Petworth Fair in 1981.



Nevatt's the tailors in Market Square (1880?) No sign of the famous wisteria!
Photograph by Walter Kevis. (See article "The Nevatts")

signposting the footpaths and bridleways in the Petworth area. In addition to the use made of them by individuals, the Society arranges regular walks throughout the year, made all the more enjoyable by clear, well-positioned signs and regular clearance where necessary.

It may well be that you are helped in your task by various voluntary bodies and if so, perhaps you would pass on our thanks to them also.

Yours sincerely,

Peter A. Jerrome
Chairman

Peter A Jerrome, Esq.,
Chairman, The Petworth Society,
Trowels,
Pound Street,
Petworth.

Dear Mr. Jerrome,

I was very pleased to receive your letter of the 12th June. My daily postbag usually contains reported deficiencies and problems on our footpath and bridleway network so your letter was a most welcome relief. I will see that the staff concerned know and I am sure they will be much encouraged. Perhaps you might care to record your appreciation in your Society Newsletter because that too gives encouragement to the hard working and enthusiastic staff.

Yours sincerely,

P.W. Bryant
County Planning Officer

SLADELANDS MILL

Mrs. M. Talman has identified the Mill pictured in the last Magazine (page 18). She has the same print but with the photographer's stamp on the back "W. Ward. Ockley. Surrey". She has also another print taken from the side and reproduced here. It seems to have been taken at roughly the same time but not necessarily by W. Ward. The photographs at one time belonged to the late Hugh Kenyon but it is not known how he came by them. On the reverse of one of the prints Kenyon has written "Kirdford (Sladelands) Mill, Undershot. Last tenant went bankrupt. Mill used to flood and corn was usually kept on 2nd floor. River dried

out in summer. Wheel probably unusually wide." The mill itself has long been demolished but Sladelands Copse on the higher ground to the rear still exists. The mill was perhaps more commonly known as Gownfold Mill. We may have a little more on this in Magazine 66.



Sladelands (Gownfold) Mill (west side) about 1897. Courtesy of Mrs M. Talman.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING AND DR. MIKE POPE'S TALK
ON THE COMING OF THE RAILWAY AND THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH

The Minutes of the AGM have been printed for distribution at the next AGM in 1992, but are available on application to Keith now. Meanwhile, we give now a resumé of Peter's Chairman's report and something of Mike's lecture, acknowledging the difficulty of making legible notes in complete darkness while operating a projector!

Whilst appreciative of everyone's attendance, Peter stressed that the audience was by no means representative of the Society's membership. Those living outside Petworth and receiving the

Magazine by post were joining at the same rate as locals and it was when the Magazines were ready for despatch that one realised the magnitude of the Society's work. It was therefore necessary to keep the Magazine interesting and present views on contentious matters carefully and fairly. Items of lasting general interest rather than ephemeral issues were needed, such as the accounts of Les. Howard's street-cleaning work; joint ventures with other organisations, such as the history of Petworth Players; contemporary projects, e.g. the Primary School's Wildlife Area; memories, records and recollections, e.g. the Rapley diary and the re-discovered Tales of Old Petworth sequel; reports of Society events. Concerning these, he was very encouraged by the response to meetings, walks and visits. He felt the Society had almost killed the old maxim that "you can't do anything in Petworth because it won't be supported". In his experience of lecturing to other organisations, he found nothing like the Society's widely-representative audiences, enthusiasm - or refreshments! The walks had their own tradition and corporate feeling and even after 15 years there were still routes to be covered. Talks had evolved into a pattern of a big event in September/October - he looked forward to this year's Apple Identification Day by the two leading experts in the field and a lecture on silver by Ian Pickford of the Antiques Roadshow (BBC TV) - Fair Day in November, the Christmas Evening and then four monthly meetings. The year had seen yet closer work with the Parish Council, each body having its own role and responsibilities to the town, different, but complementary. In conclusion, he thanked the Committee whose cohesive nature had been preserved by careful co-option. Each member had an individual contribution to make which allowed him as Chairman to perform the public relations part.

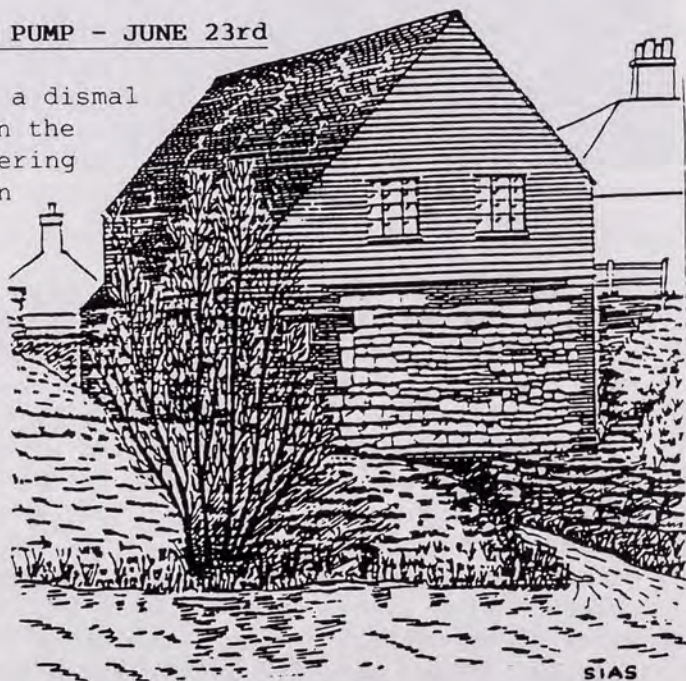
Dr. Pope, a member of the Society, said that the coming of the railway and with it, the electric telegraph, had a tremendous effect on the transmission of information; that which had taken days could, from the 1840s, take minutes. The system reached its peak in the 1920s and disappeared with the steam railways in the 1960s. Mechanical telegraphs using semaphore arms had been introduced in France in the 1780s and about 1800 the British Admiralty constructed a similar system using boards with holes which could be opened or covered linking London with naval ports. With the invention of the electric telegraph however, a more comprehensive system became possible. It was decided to lay the wires along railway tracks rather than roads for a number of reasons. There were the difficulties of negotiating with many

rival turnpike companies, who would also chop down poles and slacken wires so that they would be brought down by traction engine chimneys on opponents' roads. The railway companies however had already established police at their "stations" (hence the name) to deter robbers and deal with accidents and they had an interest in being able to follow the progress of a train along the line and hold it at passing loops, which the telegraph made possible. The Midland Railway was the first interested, to control a beam engine hauling trains from Euston to Camden Town, an experiment soon abandoned. The the GWR took over, first with underground lines before insulating problems led to the adoption of aerial wires, some for the exclusive use of the railway and others for public messages. It was not until the telegraph companies were nationalised in 1868 that lines were put along roads. Familiar as they were, they seemed to disappear during the last 20 years without anyone noticing. The talk ended with detailed descriptions of the insulators which held the wires to the poles, surprising the audience with their number and variety. Members were asked to look out for redundant vestiges, especially of the Petworth House fire alarm system across the roofs of the Town, and not to allow insulators which are now of historial interest, to be thrown away.

KCT

VISIT TO COULTERSHAW BEAM PUMP - JUNE 23rd

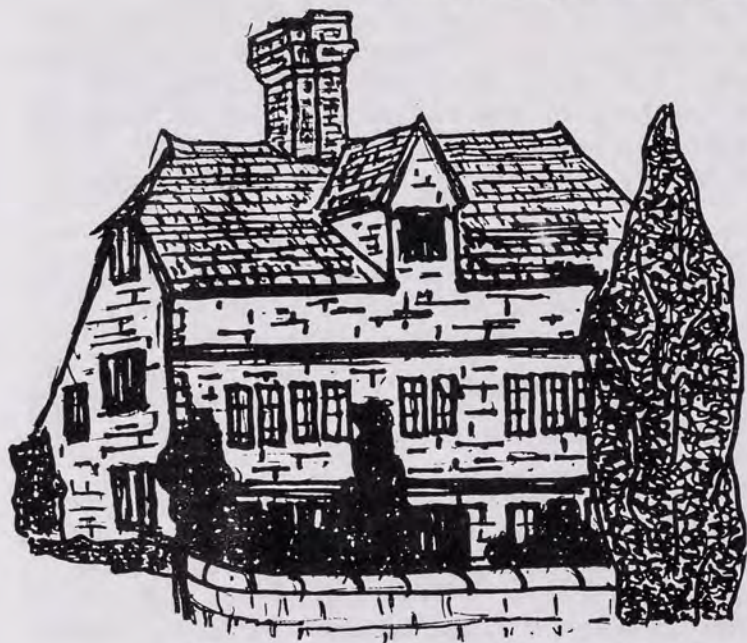
Quite the worst Sunday of a dismal summer so far - raining in the morning and the rain gathering intensity as the afternoon came on, driving against the windscreen on the way down as if it had a will and determination of its own. Despite the weather there had been familiar faces in the Square, quite an acceptable turn-out on such a day. If the weather had been better we might have had too many for the available space. As it was, the car parking spaces were all taken.



Mr. Palmer and his hard-working volunteers from the Sussex Industrial Archeological Society had opened up especially for the Society; they open the first and third Sundays in the summer months and this was the fourth. The large cart shed transported from Lavant and put up with the help of Roy Pottington (for so long one of our own committee members) seemed a real haven from the 'monsoon' outside, the sturdy roof timbers inspired confidence.

The pump had been put in to supplement the Petworth House water-supply in 1784 and is driven by a water-wheel. While the original pump remains and is in working order, the old wooden undershot water-wheel has been replaced by an iron model, cast in the mid-nineteenth century by Robert Chorley at Cocking ironworks. On the demolition of the new mill in the early 1970s, the pump and water-wheel were buried under piles of masonry and both might have been taken away for scrap had the S.I.A.S. not intervened. Restoration began in 1976. The pump had been derelict since about 1960 after being in constant use from 1784. It pumped water uphill from the Rother, 1½ miles to Petworth, at a rate of some 20,000 gallons a day. The pump now works at a fraction of its old pressure and is employed to drive a large fountain outside. The equipment is only used on alternate Sundays and as was pointed out, this makes for an irregular wheel-movement: the top half of the wooden parts drying out in the fortnight, the bottom remaining submerged. This condition rights itself as the whole wheel becomes wet. All wooden parts needed restoration and still need replacing from time to time, a stock of wooden parts leaned against the wall. The iron spiders on the great wheel are however the mid-nineteenth century originals. The pump had been officially restarted by Lord Egremont in July 1980 - just such a day as this, said Mr. Palmer.

It was all larger than we had imagined, the hut housed much more than one would envisage looking from the outside. Going down the steep stairs to the pump and water-wheel we could look out on to the millpond, the rain beating relentlessly on the surface of the water. Someone, amazingly, was fishing under an umbrella on the far side, seemingly oblivious of the downpour. No one was inclined to try the optional river walk and there was so much at Coultershaw that we were running out of time. The rain seemed if anything more persistent - too wet even to venture out to see the canal stables and warehouse. Plenty left for another visit and the river walk too - we'll be back next year.



The Saturday had been wet but Sunday was just right for a visit to Coates Manor - the sun warm but not too hot. Two years since we were last there - or was it three? It was always a pleasant afternoon and this year we were not going anywhere else. Just the whole afternoon to enjoy the garden. The cars pulled in on the track beside the house, forty people in all

perhaps. The garden was very green this year with the rain. Out came the orange deck-chairs, time to sit back and take in the Sussex ironstone on the back of the house, the original buckets on the well. Rabbits had been a problem last year, said Mrs Thorp, less so this year. Quite a bit of netting had had to be put up. Rabbits not only bite off the choicest shoots but also scratch up the grass. The large garden was much as we remembered it with some subtle changes at the far end. There was a new seat and white petunias in tubs. The tulip tree still had a few flowers left. We admired the birch tree with its vivid white bark and the festigiate beech dwyck. Blue hostas made a subtle ground cover and the unassuming yellow flower of alchemilla mollis kept them company by the path. Down by the shed was salmon alstromeria and a vine that would turn to flame in autumn. An enormous spike of hogweed was tucked into the hedge to dry out ready for winter decoration. An import this - Mrs Thorp had come across it on a walk.

Moving back in front of the house it was time to look at a venerable apple tree, a Bramley it seemed, with passages running all through the trunk beginning doubtless where a branch had once been taken off. The pale green and white of Cornus Alternifolia Argentea reminded us that here is essentially a garden of restful foliage colour as much as anything else.



With the Petworth Society at Coates Manor July 14th.

Just time before succumbing to the general air of restfulness to ask Mrs Thorp about some of the plants in the narrow, walled, part of the garden, a haven for interesting and unusual plants of all kinds. Jasmine Stevens or Clematis alba luxuriosa. Hoheria glabrata, slightly tender as were other plants in the sheltered spot was very unusual, like a large syringa. So many plants that it was difficult to focus on more than one or two - Penstemon Evelyn with its delicate little carmine bells, or salvia lubecka with its spires of mauve. Variegated thyme or a blood red sempervivum, the carmine bloom of diascia or the small black heads of Viola Molly Sanderson. Scabious Knautica further down had tiny blood red heads like a double geum. So many plants combining together, so often unusual varieties of the expected, different varieties of phlox, hemerocallis or fuchsia, red nicotiana planted or self-seeded perhaps filling a rare gap. A choisya guarded the entrance. Time for tea, time to forget the notebook and was it really two hours since we had arrived?

"OF BOORS AND CLOWNS" - AN UNAPPRECIATIVE VISITOR (CONTINUED)

The extract "An unappreciative visitor" in the last Magazine caused a lot of interest and not simply because I gave the date of its appearance in St Mary's Parish Magazine as August 1906 when it should have been August 1903! Alison McCann has found the original in "The New Monthly Magazine and Literary Journal". Volume XI: original papers. Printed for Henry Colburn, New Burlington Street 1824. The article appears to be anonymous.

The extract in the Parish Magazine, as a comparison with the original shows, has a number of alterations, the most obvious being the deliberate change of the Swan to the Half Moon doubtless in deference to the new Swan Hotel so recently rebuilt by Lord Leconfield at great expense. The Half Moon just demolished could be more safely lampooned. The verbal demolition of Petworth appears in part a literary ploy to point up the extreme beauty of the Park. The piece continues with a long description of the House and the pictures it contains.

"In an obscure part of Sussex, on the Chichester road, about fifty miles distant from London, stands the most uncouth and unsightly of villages, named Petworth; consisting of dwellings (houses, the inhabitants probably call them) - seeming to have been constructed in every age since the invention of the art, except the civilized ones; and apparently adapted to every purpose but the one they are intended for; the largest looking like prisons for the confinement of malefactors - the smallest like sheds for the shelter of animals - and all seeming to have been contrived and arranged for the express purpose of shutting out or destroying all ideas connected with and dependent on the beauties of external nature and "the country" - all closely and confusedly huddled together as, if to prevent the intrusion of any thing in the shape of a tree or a patch of grass, and barely room enough left between them for the passers-by to wind their way along.

Let the reader fancy himself placed over-night in the midst of this barbarous and outlandish spot - at the Swan Inn, perchance - having arrived there too late to judge of the kind of place he is in, and fancying that, as he has been travelling all day from London, he must by this time be in the country. When he wakes in the morning, and finds himself in the kind of spot I have described, his first impulse, of course, will be to wander forth in

search of something different from what he sees about him; and, nothing natural or pleasant presenting itself to him spontaneously as if to court his admiration, he will probably at once enquire "the way to the Park Gate?" It is a chance if he finds any one to answer his question civilly or intelligibly; for the inhabitants of a village like this are generally as rude and uncouth as their houses, and imagine that anyone who does not know "the way to the Park Gate," (which they know so well) must be little better than a natural. But when he does find the object of his search, let him pause for a moment before he enters, and recall to his mind the different objects that he has just been winding his way among, and the general scene that he is leaving - thus turning them to the only good they are susceptible of, by unconsciously making them serve as a foil and a contrast to what he is presently to behold. On entering the gate nearest to the back of the Swan Inn, I need not call upon him to dismiss from his mind all memory of that which has just been occupying it; for the scene of enchantment and beauty that will now burst upon his delighted sense is not of a nature to permit any thing else to interfere with it; - like a lovely and beloved bride on her bridal day, it must and will hold and fix, not only his feelings and affections, but his fancy - his imagination - his whole soul undividedly. Oh! there is a set of chords in the human mind which cannot choose but vibrate and respond to the impressions which come to them from external nature - which cannot choose but do this independently of all previous knowledge, of all habit, of all association! Take a savage from his native spot - who has never seen any thing but his own cabin, the glen in which it stands, the mountain stream where he slakes his thirst, and the eternal woods through which he pursues his prey; and place him in the presence of such a scene as that which will greet the spectator when he has entered a few paces within the walls of Petworth Park; and if he be not moved, rapt, and inspired with feelings of delight, almost equivalent to in degree, and resembling in kind, those instinctive ones which would come upon him at the first sight of a beautiful female of his own species, then there is no truth in the knowledge which comes to us by impulse, and nothing but experience can be trusted and believed. I speak, however, of a natural savage, not one who has been made such by society and custom. I can easily conceive, for example, that half the boors and clowns in Petworth itself pass daily through the scene I am about to describe, without ever discovering that it differs in any thing from the ploughed field where they are going to work, or the dusty road that runs through a corner of their village."

A DAY WITH CAPTAIN

Members have very much liked Gwenda Morgan's cover drawing and may like to read this account of a day's working the horses at Frog Farm. It was originally published in the Magazine "The Land Girl" (June 1943).

A DAY WITH CAPTAIN

"A new job for you to-day," says the farmer, "take Captain and go harrowing behind the sugar-beet drill." I feel thrilled. A real farm job with a horse will be far more interesting than dock-digging by myself. Captain is ready in the stable. He looks very big and I feel a tiny bit nervous of him. I back him out of his stall and lead him into the yard, through the gate and up to the field. The men are already drilling the beet with Dolly, and here is the harrow on the top headland. I put on the back-band and hitch the traces to the hames hooks and we move down the field²² slowly and not at all surely. The work behind us looks pretty funny. It looks like a permanent wave. We carry on without improvement. Captain's walk becomes slower and slower. I stop, hitch up the reins and go up to lead him. His front feet punch the ground with determination, his warm breath is on my hand and I gain confidence. I keep on walking straight till I touch the hedge. Captain looks quite confident. He pulls a piece of hawthorn out of the hedge in turning, and round he goes—his great feet crossing over each other; and here he is facing up the field with a perfect turn behind him. I am filled with admiration, and he looks rather pleased himself. What a horse! With his help I could tackle any job on the land.

After a while he blows into my ear, "What about a song to help us along?" "Oh! I've no voice to speak of, but I've got a headful of poetry if you like that?" "Fire away," says he, and I do. The morning passes all too quickly with the aid of Keats, Shakespeare and Wordsworth. I take Captain back to the stable at dinner-time. The afternoon finds us back on the field and the work progresses happily. Larks are bubbling away in a hazy blue sky, and there is the purr of a tractor in the distance. I reach the end of my store of poetry at last and am just thinking of giving Captain all the Kings of England with their dates when I hear a clock strike. "Captain," I whisper rather hoarsely because of all the poetry, "it is tea-time, and my legs feel as if I've walked from John o'Groats to Land's End." "Then let us homeward plod our weary way," suggests Captain. (My last rendering had been from Thomas Gray). Back we go to the farm, and in the yard that noble horse buries his face in the water-trough and sucks up water till I fear for him. At last he emerges, dripping, and we go into the stable and unharness. Presently the horseman will bring his oats. I rub Captain's nose and thank him for a pleasant day. G.M.

PETWORTH LIBRARY GOES "LIVE"! SEPTEMBER 23rd

Petworth Library is part of the County Council Library Service and, like all West Sussex public libraries, run by the County Council - not by the District Council or even, as sometimes thought, by the Parish Council! Petworth is one of the smallest of the County's 35 public libraries but by no means the smallest of all. It is a part of the "Wealden Group" of libraries embracing Storrington, Pulborough, Billingshurst, Petworth and Midhurst and including also the Petworth Mobile Library. As Group Librarian I am responsible for all the libraries in the Wealden Group, and am directly accountable for recruitment and training of staff, selection of

stock and day to day running of the various libraries, including maintenance. I am assisted by Maureen Harrison who is based at Billingshurst, and Gillian Deakin based at Midhurst - both will be very well-known to Petworth borrowers. Petworth is such an important link in the Wealden chain that I am a little surprised when I occasionally hear the rumour that it is due to be closed. There is no question of that. How can I be so sure? Quite simply, Petworth is being computerised, going "live" on September 23rd, less than a month after Pulborough on the 27th August. No one is going to computerise a library whose future is not assured. It's as simple as that.

Computerisation means that Petworth Library at a stroke becomes part of the West Sussex Library computer network and will be the twenty-sixth of the County's thirty-five libraries to be linked directly to the IBM main frame at County Hall. In practical terms this means that anyone coming into Petworth Library will have instant access to information on any library book held in West Sussex. Not only that, computerisation will simplify how books are issued. Gone will be the old Browne card index, and issues will be recorded by running a "light pen" over a book's barcode. You'll see this tucked inside the front cover under the date stamp label. All borrowers will have a personalised plastic ticket bearing their distinctive number and this will be used for borrowing and renewing. Renewal can be effected easily over the telephone simply by quoting the book's bar code. The membership card is transferable between the 35 West Sussex libraries, making a card-holder effectively a member of all 35.

Even more far-reaching is the introduction of LOLI, an acronym for Library On Line Information, in other words a direct computer link with the Catalogue Data Base at Chichester. By tapping in keywords, the author's surname perhaps, or the book's title or some combination of both, we can verify whether any of our 35 libraries hold the book requested. Initially the Petworth terminal screen will probably just show the information but it won't be long before a printer is available. No, there's no charge for a print-out. It's really quite impressive: as I have said you can now go into Petworth library and find whether a book is in stock, not just at Petworth but anywhere in West Sussex. There is however a further step: once you have indentified your book you can check details of it, whether it is at present out on loan, the library that holds it, when it was added to stock, even how many times it has been issued! It may be that you know what you want but are a bit shaky on author and title. Take the book of Garland photographs "The Men

with Laughter in Their Hearts" for instance. If you didn't know the author and were vague about the title you might key in the word "Laughter". The screen would almost certainly ask you to give an additional word. Now if you added "Hearts" or "Garland" you'd certainly get your book or if you just added "Peter" you'd have a good chance. Take this print-out I've brought with me from Billingshurst. I keyed in Petworth before I came and have seven different lists, each of up to seven books or pamphlets concerning Petworth in some way or of Petworth interest. I don't say that there's everything here that's ever been written about Petworth; that would be silly, but there's a very high proportion of all books on Petworth in the various lists. Not all of them common ones by any means. How about the rare 1825 Edition of Psalms and Hymns printed especially for St. Mary's Church? You can also key in local Societies. I've brought the Petworth Society print-out - more than enough relevant information to give the enquirer some idea of the range and activity of the Society and someone to contact for further help.

A very important aspect of the Petworth operation is the Mobile Library based there and working a fortnightly rota, four different routes the first week and five the second. It covers a vast area ranging from New Bosham to Rudgwick and from Harting to Amberley. The library staff take turns to man the Mobile and there is a permanent driver. Petworth is ideal as a base for the Mobile because it's possible to park directly outside the library to pick up or change stock. The Mobile issues 70,000 books a year and its annual output is rising. Adult borrowing over the last year is up by 10% while children's borrowing is up by a staggering 57%. The Mobile makes a point of stopping near schools and we have a lot of mothers coming in with young children. Route 8 from our information sheet gives an idea of a typical day on the Mobile. You will see that it is very much a country round.

Thursday - Route 8

| | |
|---|---------------|
| Rogate (Village Hall) | 9.55 - 10.25 |
| Terwick Common (Junction with Terwick Rise) | 10.30 - 10.55 |
| Hill Brow (Drovers) | 11.05 - 11.20 |
| Rake (Flying Bull) | 11.25 - 11.40 |
| Linchmere Church | 12.00 - 12.15 |
| Hammer Hill | 12.20 - 12.35 |
| Hammer (Junction Copse Road/Heath Road) | 1.40 - 2.10 |
| Ifoldhurst Estate | 2.40 - 3.00 |
| Plaistow (Church) | 3.05 - 3.35 |
| Durford Wood Estate | 3.40 - 4.10 |
| Kirdford (Council Houses) | 4.20 - 4.35 |

I sometimes hear people say the libraries operate with the same old books year after year, but I can't think that anyone who uses the library regularly would take this view. Maureen, Gillian or myself go once a week to choose books for the Wealden Group from identical sets sent for the purpose to Chichester, Worthing and Horsham, our three main libraries. Petworth has had an enormous input of new, particularly non-fiction books this year. We not only have a considerable input of new books but also take a lot of trouble to move existing stock between the various libraries in the Group. Issues are rising quickly after a period of gradual decline. People's reading often seems connected with vocational interest like gaining additional job qualifications for instance.

Videos are stocked at some of the bigger libraries but they are essentially educational or training videos, or perhaps cultural like Shakesperian plays. Music is another aspect of the service although again not at Petworth, being available on cassette or compact disc. Story cassettes are available too. The library service also has a great number of musical scores, both orchestral and vocal, as well as play sets for drama groups. The latter can be borrowed in the quantity required for several months at a time. At the risk of labouring the point, all these can be ordered from Petworth!

Petworth is a small but viable library but the more it is used the more resources it will have. We're anxious that the Library be seen as a community centre. We don't just allow people to put up posters about local events, we actively encourage it. We want society secretaries to make use of our Diary of Coming Events and we want to be a focal point for Petworth life. We'll have a stall at Petworth Fair this November and Martin Hayes has promised to put on another historical picture quiz like the one that was such a success two years ago. Then, Peter, you'll be giving a talk in the Library on Wednesday, November 27th at 7.30 p.m. on Florence Rapley and her Diary. Admission free by ticket. We'll move the shelves and try to get in about fifty people. I hope this will be the first of a whole series of lectures. It's something I'm very keen on. Another possibility for the future is to have temporary collections on a particular subject - art books for instance.

I've worked at a number of the larger libraries like Chichester, Worthing and Bognor before taking over the Wealden Group but, I am now really enjoying the challenge of working "in the country". Having worked in the larger libraries I have their more varied and extensive stock in mind when I look at the country branch libraries and the Mobile. Our philosophy is to provide the same high

standard of service at every library. But don't just take my word for it: come into Petworth Library and see for yourself.

Keith Laker was talking to the Editor.

(I'm very much looking forward to speaking in the Library on November 27th and very pleased to be asked. Ed.)

HYMN TUNES with local associations

The article about the hymn tune 'Petworth' by J.J. in issue no 63 sent my mind back 30 years, prior to the opening of the Herbert Shiner School, when the Headmaster-elect, Mr. Robert Stirling and his Secretary, Mr. Jack Pinder, had a room in Culvercroft, Pound Street, which then housed the Boys' School, "bombed out" in 1942.

Mr. Pinder, who had just retired as Personal Assistant to the Managing Director of Plant Protection, Ltd., the I.C.I. establishment at Fernhurst, was a lay-reader at Midhurst and editor of the parish magazine, 'The Envoy'. He shared the enthusiasm of all involved in the establishment of the new school and wrote a School Hymn which was sung at the dedication service, the opening ceremony and at the end of term during Mr. Stirling's headship, since when its use has, sadly, lapsed. The tune, which Mr. Pinder also composed, he named 'Culvercroft'.

Many Petworth folk will remember Mr. Pinder's grandson, Mr. Stephen Wright, with affection from his time as organist and choirmaster at St. Mary's Church. He writes:

"..... as far as I can remember Grandfather did want the tune to be sung by two treble lines, as distinct from a treble and a descant line. Although there is a line underneath, it is more of an alto line, which could be sung by a second treble. If it had been arranged in the way that Grandfather had wished, the second treble would perhaps have been even more elaborate. (It is interesting to note that my greatgrandfather, who composed many hymn tunes, always said that altos always had a very boring line to sing and so many of his compositions had a very singable alto line.)"

Mr. Pinder did in fact ask Cyril Winn to compose the second treble line, but he insisted on a conventional descant. Stephen goes on:

"Cyril Winn was the Organist and Choirmaster at Midhurst Parish

THE HERBERT SHINER SCHOOL HYMN

Words by J.F. PINDER

Tune: Culvercroft
by J.F. PINDER

Descant by Cyril WINN

1. To Thee, O God, this day we bring,
With all its passing hours demand,
To ask that thoughts, and words and wills
May have the guiding of Thy hand.
2. To Thee, O Lord, our minds we bring,
And pray Thy Spirit's inward light
That, free from bitterness or sloth,
We may find wisdom, truth and right.
3. Our homes, O Lord, to Thee we bring;
All those we love, our parents, friends;
And pray we may not bring them shame
By unkind deeds or selfish ends.
4. For this our School we ask Thy grace
Both now, and in the years to be;
That all who serve, in any sphere
May do their work as unto Thee.
5. When school and childhood days are gone,
And we embark on life's stern fight,
Grant strength that we may fearlessly
Seek what is true and just and right.

Church and this was where Grandfather knew him. He was an examiner for the Associated Board and I presume, a teacher of music. One of his hymn tunes is in a hymn book called 'Christian Praise', the tune being called 'Midhurst'. He moved to Chichester when he retired and from there gave me lessons on the organ."

I am grateful to Mr. Wright for this information and for allowing us to copy the original manuscript of the tune. How I wish I could hear it sung again!

KCT

ISOLATION IN THE 1920'S

Tuberculosis was a great scourge in the 1920s and before and could spread through entire families. Patients were isolated for fear of spreading the disease. I seem to remember little tin huts on wheels somewhere in the vicinity of Heath End where unfortunate patients with tuberculosis stayed. I think we once visited a patient in one of these huts, my mother speaking to him through the open door as we weren't allowed inside. It is nearly seventy years ago now but perhaps someone else remembers those tragic huts?

Mrs K.A. Vigar.

PETWORTH'S RAREST BOOK

OF ANY BOOKSELLER.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

A NEW POEM,

"JESUS"

By T.O.O.N. (Thos. Seward),
Librarian of the Petworth Institute.

OPINIONS.

"A beautiful poem."
"Too hard on the rich."
The Literary Guide says "Under the title 'Jesus,' Watts and Co. have issued a noteworthy poem. It is creditable to the author, and is written from a Liberal Christian standpoint."

Publishers WATTS & Co., 17, Johnson Court, London

No copy has ever been found of this poem by Thomas Seward, Librarian of the Petworth Institute. The notice for it appeared in *Petworth Parish Magazine* in 1886. The British Library has no copy. Has anyone any idea where a copy might be found - the poem would cast an intriguing sidelight on religious attitudes in late Victorian Petworth. For Thomas Seward see *Tread Lightly Here* 1990 pp 57-59.



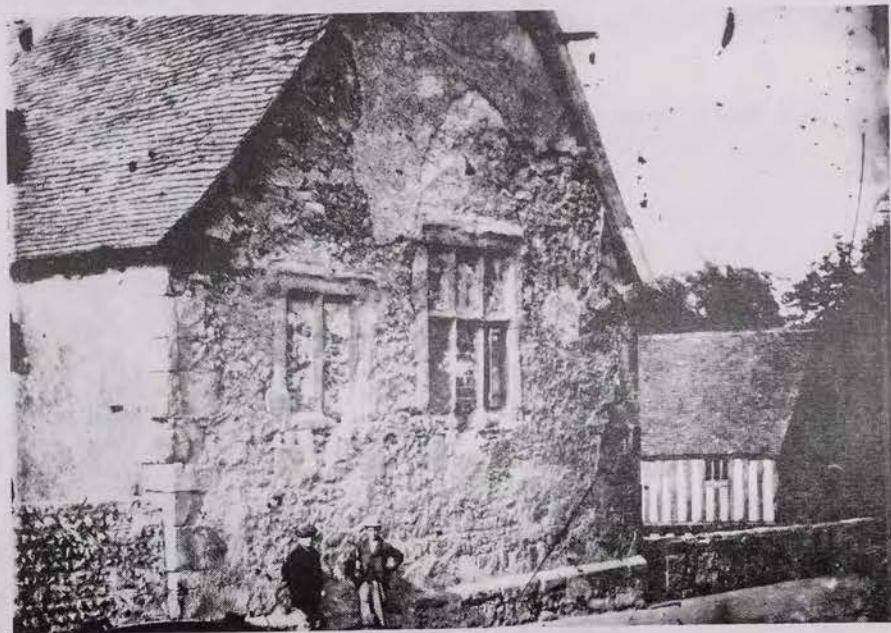
Messrs Kinsey in New Street later "Dancys" then "Westlakes. Mafeking Day 1900.
See "Corsets, Hats and Sealing Wax". Photograph by Walter Kevis.



A.E.W. Mason, New Grove c1925. (See "A Petworth Patchwork")
Photograph by G. G. Garland.

PLEASE HELP!

The Society has a number of very old double glass negatives.
They are not local - but does anyone recognise the area?
The negatives are often badly damaged - here are two examples.





Peter Woods in November 1933. (See "A glimpse of Kirdford...")
Photograph by G.G. Garland.

MRS PALMER'S SWEET-SHOP



Mr R. Stanford lends us this picture of Mrs Palmer's High Street sweet shop mentioned by Henry Whitcomb in the last issue (page 39). The photograph was taken in 1927. The shop also sold grocery and greengrocery. It is now a private house.

BOOK REVIEW: VALERIE PORTER: THE SOUTHDOWN SHEEP. (WEALD AND DOWNLAND OPEN AIR MUSEUM £10)

This is a very attractive and well-produced book and at £10 clearly subsidised. It will be of great interest not only to Society members who have an interest in this famous breed, but to anyone who has a general interest in shepherds and shepherding. It's so easy now to forget that the South Downs were in the early century so densely populated by this one famous breed. Already by the 1930s George Garland was lamenting the decline of the Southdown and finding that E.V. Lucas' famous rhyme rang hollow:

Such flocks, such shepherds as are found,
Nowhere but on our Sussex ground.

Ploughing up the Downland would further deplete stocks, so much so that by 1987 the Southdown was officially classified as a "rare breed"!

The book tells the story of John Ellman of Glynde and others who bred on from the original stock, charting the rise and fall of the breed. Ms. Porter tells of the Southdown Sheep Society, the influence of the breed on various crosses worldwide, and looks at some famous British flocks and breeders. It is sad to read of the comparatively recent dispersal of the Chapmans' Upwaltham flock, kept on the highest farm in Sussex (up to 837 feet above sea level) and established in 1927.

The chapter on shepherds is fascinating and introduces some old Garland favourites like George Chant. We meet too Frank Oliver of Houghton whose story so recently appeared in these pages, or John Dudeney of East Sussex who in an earlier century spent his meagre earnings from shepherding on books and studied French, mathematics, geography and astronomy. On Sundays he taught himself Hebrew. Another chapter shows how to manage a flock of Southdowns and there is a look at Findon Fair and some suggestions as to the future of the breed. It's good to see the use of Garland photographs and to read that "The Garland collection... is a marvellous record of shepherding techniques and characters of the period." Absolutely true. The book is available from the Singleton Museum but I expect they would like a few pence toward the postage - alternatively any bookshop will either have the book in stock or obtain it for you.

P.

THE NEVATTS. 200 YEARS OF SERVICE

In 1982 when my great aunt, Miss Jane Nevatt, died at the age of 99, I little realised that a family era had ended. She was the oldest of George and Sarah Nevatt's seven children and her youngest brother, Ernest, was my grandfather.

Nevatt is a singular name and wherever it appears, even in New Zealand, it finds its roots in Petworth. The earliest reference appears to be to one Barnabas Nevatt or Nevet, who married Mary Meachen in 1759. No trace of the name is found anywhere locally before that date. There is a strong family tradition that the Nevatts came from France and I like to think that Barnabas fled to

England in the mid 1700s, perhaps to escape persecution. He and Mary had 7 children. One son, Bartholomew, the ancestor of the Nevatts who became tailors in Petworth, was a lodgekeeper on the Petworth Estate for over 60 years. My ancestor was his younger brother, John, born in 1776, who married Ann Boxall and was a footman at Petworth House. When he died Ann received a month's wages, £2.00, and she later petitioned for a place in Somerset Hospital.

The family were living in North Street in 1851 and were probably there before that date. My grandfather and his father, George, were both born at 298 North Street. Indeed, George lived his entire life there. George's father, Charles, was a gardener on the estate and George was a groom in the Leconfield stables. He and his wife Sarah (née Miles) both died before the second World War. Of their children only Jane remained in Petworth. Her hopes of marriage were dashed by the First World War and she held various posts in Petworth. She worked for the Misses Eckland, nursed her parents before they died and then lived at Hampers Common Lodge in Petworth Park until she entered Somerset Hospital.

Her youngest brother, Ernest, never entered into service with the Leconfields, but they appear to have taken a great interest in him. He was an attractive child and there are stories that the then Lady Leconfield wished to adopt him. What truth there is in this is hard to determine, but many though my great-grandmother's children were, she would never have parted with any of them. Ernest's interest in the wonderful new motor cars which occasionally visited Petworth was noted by Lord Leconfield. A friend of His Lordship sponsored Ernest to learn to drive and he was sent to Mill Hill, where one of the only driving schools was then to be found. Subsequently he became a chauffeur. He escaped the horrors of the First World War trenches when a recruiting sergeant discovered that he could drive a truck. He drove supply lorries throughout France and Italy from 1914 to 1919 and, although that occupation was far from safe, he survived, unlike his brother, George, who died in France.

Memories are of a happy family full of warmth and humour. My grandfather and his brothers were typical boys, delighting in pranks and practical jokes, running wild over the Petworth hills. Their father attempted to curb their excesses by taking a belt to

each boy every Friday evening, on the basis that they must have done something in the preceding week to deserve it.

Such Victorian discipline obviously had a lasting effect on Ernest as he was always the kindest and gentlest of men who hated to see a child hurt.

It is sad to reflect that after more than 200 years the name of Nevatt appears no more in Petworth.

Mrs Sue Dickenson
1 Caspar John Close,
Hill Head,
FAREHAM,
Hants.

A PETWORTH PATCHWORK

It's very early here in the Close, on a Spring morning, except for a little bird calling to his companions to join him in his hymn of praise, it's so beautifully quiet and still. I've just been looking over a few notes I had made in an attempt to write another "Grove Street childhood" item. I see I've written down "Maypole" - does anyone else remember dancing round the Maypole, in May, on the Rectory lawn, I wonder? How desperately I tried to remember the steps and not get the gaily coloured ribbons twisted!

Then there were Sundays - the days when I would go with my brother George to deliver newspapers. Our last call was on a dear lady called Mrs Peacock - she lived just a little way into Prison Lane and we had to go down a step into her kitchen. She would sit us down and give us lemonade and a cake and when we left, there would be a bag of newly baked scones to take home and a penny each - she was such a kind, happy person.

For some reason I then thought of bacon puddings and suet puddings with lovely golden syrup and "spotted dog" with custard - and the word "golden" seemed to bring back a memory of gathering dandelions for my mother to make wine - she made several different kinds. Golden Kingcups and cowslips too - I'm sure they must still grow somewhere! Once my brother and I walked along Horsham Road to Lady Shakerley's lovely home at Hilliers - we were allowed to pick the daffodils that grew like a golden carpet under the trees.

We were dressed - it seemed - so clumsily (I don't think that's the exact word) in those days. Woollen vests, liberty bodices, a flannel petticoat - embroidered cotton petticoat and knickers - a plain dress for weekdays with a white pinafore over it and a pretty dress for Sundays - for school, black stockings and lace up boots. If today's children were expected to dress that way they would hit the roof and I wouldn't blame them - I love the colourful clothes they wear nowadays.

I wonder how many people remember Major Mason who wrote "The Four Feathers" and many other books and who lived for a time at New Grove? I can see him now, striding down Grove Street with his black dog - I think it was a labrador? - and his thumb stick (longer than a walking stick, with a V at the top where he lodged his thumb). There were rooks in the trees of the Grove - noisy birds, but I loved to watch them circling overhead.

My friend Vi (Mrs. Geldert now) lived just along the road and her home backed on to the Cherry Orchard. In the summer, with several other children we would play at "weddings" - an old white lace curtain for the bride's veil and a bunch of wild flowers for her bouquet.

Talking of New Grove earlier reminded me that I worked there for a time when I was fifteen and was told the story of the ghost who walked in chains across the stable yard - in some way this was connected with an attic room where there was a bloodstain on the floor that could not be removed! Apparently a servant girl was murdered there by her lover! Gen. and Mrs. Burnett with their daughter Aileen lived there at the time I heard that story.

Some time earlier than this - I was quite young - I went with other children to a film show in the Swan Hotel ballroom where we roared with laughter at the antics of Felix the cat and of some funny little inkwell men. Mr Collins, who showed the films eventually had a galvanized iron building opposite the turning up to Tillington Road and later a large Cinema on Tillington Road.

Other patchwork pieces - The Aladdin lamp that graced our table - frost pictures on the kitchen windows (no double glazing then!), my stone hot water bottle in a woollen cover - so comforting in winter! - Mum and Dad's postcard albums - I would sit for hours looking at them - lovely actresses and cards with songs that fitted the pictures above, "Dolly Gray", "Blue bell", "You are my

Honeysuckle - I am the bee", "In the shade of the old apple tree", "Obadiah" and so many others.

Dried seaweed arranged in a pretty fern pattern and set in an oval gilded frame - Quince jam - picking blackberries on the Downs - Chanctonbury Ring - seen from my window - and does the word "twitten" still get used for "back lane"? and a little shop called Tipladys in the High Street. A last much-loved memory that does not apply exactly to Grove Street. Each summer in the school holidays we would stay for two weeks with Grandma Muskett in Seaford. One day I was sitting on her doorstep in the sun, reading (I was about five years old) when a small boy - I think his name was Leslie - came up to me and thrust a tobacco tin, a flat one, into my hand. "Go on, open it - it's for you" he said. I did so and found it filled with chocolate drops wrapped in silver tobacco paper. He sat down beside me and together we unwrapped and ate them - I can never forget the tobacco-ey taste of those chocolate drops or the hasty kiss on my cheek as he ran off!

A few more memories - Bonfires in Autumn - Horse ploughing - Conkers - Pip, Squeak and Wilfred in the Daily Mirror - the Rainbow comic and Tiger Tim and two of my favourite books, "Little Women" and "Good Wives" by Louisa May Alcott.

K. Street.

(Mrs Street hopes to be in Petworth in the autumn and would be pleased to meet any of her old school friends. Her address is 37, Marlborough Close, Ryde, I.O.W., PO33 1AP. Ed.)

OF CORSETS, HATS AND SEALING WAX...

A REMINISCENCE OF "WESTLAKES" OF NEW STREET, PETWORTH.

Much of my childhood was spent in and around Petworth with my aunts while my father was serving in the R.A.F. in Africa. His tour that was to last one year quickly became four with the outbreak of war. My mother's people lived in Chichester and for a while she and I lived with them until the proximity of Tangmere became uncomfortable. My father's people, his widowed mother Louisa and his two sisters came to Petworth in 1937. The elder sister Win had run two dress shops, one in Little London, Chichester and the other in West Wittering. When the large shop at the lower end of New

Street became available it seemed an ideal move. Petworth in those days was a bustling town. Buses filled the Square and brought people from outlying districts into the town for banking and shopping. There was a good choice of shops, butchers, bakers, grocers and fishmongers as well as a chemist, several garages, newsagents and drapers. Petworth Estate ensured that there was a stable population working locally. In all it seemed a good proposition. It would also mean that Eva, the younger sister, who up to that time had been in service as a cook in Felpham near Bognor Regis, could become a partner. She opted for a wool and baby linen shop, whilst Win ran the ladies dress and general drapers side.

They took over the shop from Mr Dancy who was retiring after running it for many years as a gentlemen's outfitters with haberdashery. There were piles of stiff six inch high white collars of previous decades, immaculate brown and black bowler hats, boxes of bow ties and cravats and drawers full of thick cream wool combinations.

The fittings of the shop were substantial and very much of a past era. "Tram lines" with little screw in cups sent money from one end of the shop to the other and change was returned with a receipt to the appropriate assistant. It seemed a very wonderful thing to me that when a little wooden handle was pulled sharply down the little container went winging along the lines to the till. I was only allowed to pull it when one of my aunts lifted me up and then it needed both hands.

The fitments along the walls were craftsman made. Beautiful glass fronted oak drawers slid out easily and noiselessly to reveal in my aunt's time neatly folded ladies vests or liberty bodices, or sensible knee length knickers (the word "pantee" was unheard of then.) Each drawer had a neatly written label describing the contents and sizes within. In front of these stood plate glass display counters each with a brass yard stick.

At the back of the drapery shop was a fitting room with racks of dresses and skirts. The dresses hung in a glass fronted sliding door cabinet and to keep them clean each had a large paper bag over the shoulders to prevent soiling.

I remember well the days of ironing that followed a London

delivery. Everything that came in had to be ironed using a thin damp cloth, before it was hung up for sale. Every item in the shop carried a stout white card ticket tied on firmly. In the little office at the back of the shop where the assistants very occasionally sat was a floor to ceiling cupboard full of tickets and notices which read "Latest Fashion" or "Newly Arrived. There were price tickets for every imaginable amount. It was also the cupboard which later housed boxes and boxes of clothing coupons which had to be checked against sales and sent to the appropriate Government Department.

Dress alterations were also undertaken and the Singer machine with which Win worked was ancient even to my young eyes. It was a 1900 model which had been bought secondhand, had never given any trouble and which must have stitched many miles of material.

Across the back hall from the office was a long corridor that housed surplus display stands. Most of these were wooden with little rounded velvet pads on the top for displaying hats and small items. Others were metal T shaped ones with a weighted base. These usually displayed woollen jumpers and cardigans which, as a child, reminded me of a window full of scarecrows. It needed a lot of imagination to visualise how they would look on the human form! Then there were the slightly "rude" stands on which bras were displayed. I was always slightly intimidated by the large velvet busts in the store and vaguely felt that it was not decent to stare at them.

Window dressing day was Monday and I learnt to keep well out of the way. Tempers would be short, the lightless stores was a nightmare of interlocking stands and it took an exceptional assistant to remain calm when asked to extricate a special one from the very back. Because I was small I was sometimes expected to get in with the jumble and pass them out. We always had a scratch lunch on Mondays.

Window dressing always followed the same pattern, underwear each side hanging on metal brackets that looked like miniature towel railings, dresses middle back and hats each side centre front. Once, when "Miss Win" as the assistants called her, fell and broke her leg while "Miss Eva" was on holiday, I was despatched to Petworth to hold the fort. As an exuberant fourteen year old I dressed the window in a daring black negligee (a cancelled order)

and strewed the floor with yards of coloured ribbons. I shall never forget Win's face when she saw it. The impact was noticed even by the postman who actually crossed the road to look and we were inundated with anxious customers asking if the shop had changed hands.

Win was also a Spirella Corset agent which meant that she visited ladies in their own homes and measured them for made-to-measure corsets. The circle she visited I thought very elite as the average lady came in the shop and chose from stock. Corsets came in long narrow white boxes with a description and diagram on the label. There were "lace up fronts", "hook sides" and "hook fronts". They were always made in a bright flesh pink cotton brocade and often had bones made of a kind of strip metal mesh. These had rounded tops which, on the ample lady, would dig in unless they were bent to accommodate her.

Occasionally corsets would be sent by post to a customer. This meant wrapping in thick brown paper and tying with plenty of fine white string whose knots had to be sealed with sealing wax. Shiny red sticks of wax were melted and if I was good I was allowed to press in a little seal which had a design of a bowl of roses on it. I thought it too beautiful to break just to unpack a pair of corsets.

Little girls were put into "Liberty Bodices" for the winter, a misnomer as they inhibited rather than liberated. Made of cotton they had a fluffy lining and were almost bullet proof. They were fastened with small rubber buttons every half inch so it took a long while for a small girl to do them up each morning. As I grew older there were little rubber buttons at the bottom to accommodate salmon pink lisle stockings or even worse ribbed woollen ones. My aunts saw to it that I was never without a new liberty bodice as I outgrew the old, something I always hoped would escape their attention.

In those days everyone mended everything. No self respecting household was without its button box and darning wools and silks. Stockings especially were carefully mended in the nearest colour to the original. I can remember sitting in the office with one of the hated woollen stockings pulled tight over a wooden mushroom while Win instructed me in the proper way to darn, something which I found both tedious and difficult. However there was no escape and it had to be done.

"Miss Eva" the other aunt had a shop that I loved. One wall was stocked from floor to ceiling with skeins of knitting wools. There were the practical greys, browns and blacks of the sock wools at the bottom and then came bright colours for jumpers and cardigans. On the counter were the latest patterns and stacked behind were hundreds more in all sizes. These were the days before the multi size pattern and they were bought in one size only. Also on the counter was the Silko cabinet. I loved opening the shallow drawers to see the glowing colours in shades of red, or the next in shades of green or blue like a contained rainbow. Another shelf contained hundreds of boxes of Clarks stranded cottons for embroidery one dozen of each colour in its own box. There were transfer designs on thin tissue paper for ironing onto tableclothes, pillow cases or cushion covers. These were kept in a large album and I was forbidden to touch them lest I tore them.

Eva's wool shop was an unhurried place, for important decisions had to be made which took time. What style? What colour? Can I afford it? Eva always "put wool by" for customers. There were neatly labelled boxes with skeins to be collected each with the name and date and customers would come in usually once a week to buy another ounce or two to continue the garment when they could afford it. Nothing was ever taken "on tick" in those days.

I had my uses if I wandered into the wool shop. I would be pressed to hold a skein of wool whilst Eva wound it into a ball. Woe betide if I let my hands drop and it got mixed up. Occasionally the wrong end was started and it would take hours to thread it through and through again before it would wind properly. Both my aunts knitted for the shop, usually baby clothes, little boots with ribbons or matinee coats which were very popular.

I shall never forget the day that nylon stockings arrived. In the war days of practical economy nylons were virtually unobtainable unless one knew an American or Canadian serviceman who seemed to have a magical endless supply for his girl. In the trade there was no hope of getting them. Rumours filtered through that one or two places in London had them but it was thought they were black market. Then one day Win returned from a London warehouse with 2 dozen pairs. Word was out and the following Monday morning there was a long queue of young hopefuls outside the shop door. Those that were lucky hoarded them until their wedding day or some other equally special occasion.

As a child I suppose that I took my aunts for granted, but looking back realise that they must have worked very hard. Saturday nights the office lights were on most of the evening as Win balanced the books and accounted for the clothing coupons. Their social life such as it was, was mostly connected with the war effort. Eva drove a N.A.A.F.I. van for Westhampnett and Tangmere and Win worked with the Red Cross. Eva was the more gregarious of the two and took an active interest in the WI. She was also a member of the Folk Dance Group that met in the Iron Room on a Saturday night. Always keen on handwork she dyed and spun sheep's wool and kept me in coupon free woolly jumpers. These were lovingly knitted but were always a bit coarse and lumpy so that I always felt self conscious in them at school. She also knitted gloves that seemed to me indestructable and were so conspicuous that they were always returned if I "lost" them. She volunteered to reach English to the Polish refugees that were billeted near Petworth and as result made friends with the wife of a Warsaw publisher, Irena Rybotycka, a friendship that lasted all her life.

As the restrictions of the war years gradually eased and travel became possible the younger population of Petworth would go by bus to Brighton for their clothes, and it became harder for the shop to compete with big stores. In 1957 Win and Eva decided to retire and to the surprise of many went to live in Shanklin on the Isle of Wight where my father and mother had a small business. They sold the shop as it stood to Mr Allan and so ended twenty years association with Petworth.

Jill Reilly (nee Westlake)
34, Madeira Road,
Ventnor,
Isle of Wight.
PO38 1HW

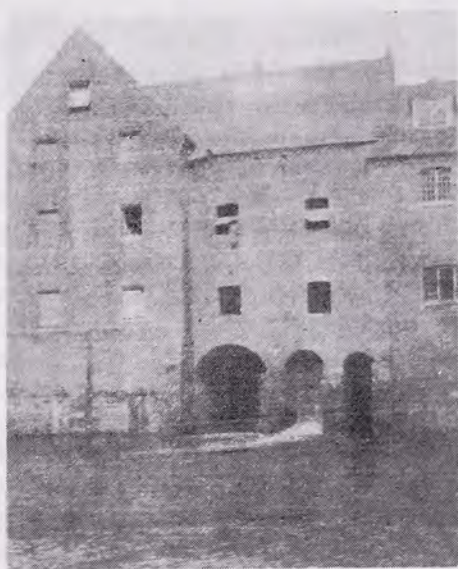
A MILLER'S DAUGHTER

Chapter 2

The old town of Midhurst was quiet before the first world war. In North Street there was a large stationers shop which also sold little pieces of jewelry. My Godmother kept this shop. Sadly her husband had died when their twin boys were quite small. She was determined to keep the shop going, with two boys to educate. They

were my age which was fun because my own brother was eight years older. A treat for me was to be allowed to go down to the shop. Here the local newspaper was printed each week, and on Thursdays from the shop one could hear the thumping of the press machines below, printing for the weekend. My Godmother's name is still on the tessellated paved entrance to the shop today. Her two boys did very well, one with the Great Western Telegraph Company and his brother became Chief Electrical Engineer for Hull Corporation.

Mother used to shop at Hendersons the drapers on the corner of West Street and Rumbolds Hill. I was lifted up to sit on a high-legged chair by the counter, (why were all those chairs so high then?). It was fascinating to watch the little boxes go whizzing on overhead wires to the cash desk, where the lady in black would empty them and send them back to the counter with a receipt and any change or a packet of pins. Mr. Fish was the butcher at the top of Knock Hundred Row near Mr. Daly the chemist. In West Street was another butcher, Mr. Blackiston; this shop was later managed by his son Fred who was a great friend of my brother's.



North Mill, Midhurst,
from the back.

We knew the Vicar of Midhurst too, he had a beautiful garden and also wrote a small book of walks round Midhurst. However, North Mill was just in the parish of Easebourne, so we all went to St. Mary's, and two of us were christened there.

Next to the Grammar School stood Capron House (now part of the school). Here lived the Hon. Harold Pearson with his family before he became Lord Cowdray. I shall never forget the Cowdray children in their bright yellow prams, and all the carriages or cars were bright yellow too.

When the Polo season came round my father, being the local miller and corn merchant, had the contract for feeding the visiting Polo ponies.

He also arranged stabling for these ponies and suitable quarters

for the grooms, all men in those days. These were usually at nearby farms. Sometimes father took me with him when he went round visiting the farms to see if all was well. The Polo season was shorter then and ended with a great finale during Goodwood week. Occasionally the King and Queen stopped off to watch a match on their way back from the races.

Earlier still, before I was born, father was in the local Yeomanry and one year was in the escort which rode beside the carriage of King Edward and Queen Alexandra when they came to open the King Edward VII Sanatorium. We had a framed photograph of them crossing North Mill bridge. It hung in our dining-room for years. I finally gave it to the present hospital and hope they still have it.



John Gwillim in
later life.

Everybody knew everyone else in those days, or so it seemed to me. I have never forgotten my father's strict rule with manners. Whether it be the Squire or the dustman, you must say 'Good Day' to them in exactly the same way.

We used to drive up to a farm in the Petersfield road for butter, and honey if they had a good season for the latter. The farmer's wife used to wrap the butter in greaseproof paper with a cabbage leaf outside if the weather was warm. Of course I used to run off to visit the milking shed to watch this most interesting process, and the farmer did not mind how many questions he was asked by an inquisitive little girl. Sometimes we

drove home Woolbeding way and mother would stop the trap for me to get out and pick primroses or bluebells.

When autumn came father sometimes took me to see some corn being threshed. He knew very soon if he wanted to buy it. I only went along to see the fun of the terriers waiting for the rats to run out and be killed as the stack grew lower and lower. My sisters would never come but I must have been a blood-thirsty child!

A week before my seventh birthday War was declared. From then on everything seemed to change. Motor lorries and steam waggons became quite commonplace. Cart horses on the main roads had had

their day. Our pony was growing old and hated the noisy cars. One day she shied at the steam waggon going over North Mill bridge, the broken shaft of the trap went into her shoulder. The Vet stitched it up but we were very distressed. After that she was just kept for me to ride and for occasional drives in the country lanes. She lived until she was nearly thirty, then one sunny morning I found her lying dead in the paddock, just as if she was asleep.

In 1915 both my sisters went off to boarding school at Hove. Mother had been told that Midhurst was very relaxing, and that the sea breezes would be so good for my second sister who had always been delicate. I was to join them when I was eight. Everyone assured me that it would be lovely to be with my sisters! Actually I hardly ever saw them and had a thoroughly miserable time being bullied as the youngest pupil in the school.

Because I was so unhappy there I often thought later how lucky it was for me that I caught the 'flu among many other pupils during the bad epidemic of 1917. Soon I found myself in the head-mistress's bedroom with a coal fire. Apparently I had double pneumonia; I can only remember the pain. After a long time the parents came to fetch me home in father's car to get well again at Midhurst. The following autumn we were all three sent to another boarding school, this was in Brighton. Here I was extremely happy and stayed there seven years. There were only about forty boarders, among whom were two from Midhurst and two from Petworth, so we were usually on the same train each term. In my first term a senior girl there sought me out, (she was a day-girl) and told me she often spent holidays at Bedham. Her name was Elsa Metherall, mentioned in a recent Petworth Society Bulletin No. 63. She later wrote a book about Bedham under the name of Rhoda Leigh called "Past and Passing". What a small world it is.

On Armistice night in 1918 we were allowed to go out with two of the staff to see the celebrations and fireworks on Brighton front. I don't think we stayed there very long as our escorts realised that it was not quite the place for a crocodile of schoolgirls to be.

By now my eldest sister had left school and was studying music in London. The second sister left soon after; she had always been delicate and lately had become quite deaf in one ear, which made her very shy because she was afraid people would think she was a bit 'simple'. The doctors said they could do nothing to help her,

it was owing to mastoid trouble when she was small. So just when she should have been 'blossoming out' she went into her shell, which was very sad as she was by far the best looking of us all.

P.C.

A GLIMPSE OF KIRDFORD IN THE TWENTIES AND THIRTIES

Kirdford certainly had some distinctive characters between the wars. Perhaps the first that springs to mind was Mr. Oliver who looked after the cricket field. I don't know whether he was paid or not but I don't think so because he always seemed fairly comfortably off. He was retired by this time but Kellys Directory of 1918 gives Herbert Henry Oliver of The Limes as being a collector of rates and taxes. I particularly remember how, if he were working on the pitch, he'd catch sight of us boys, open up the shed, get out the wickets and give us a bit of coaching. When the cricket field was torn up and reseeded just before the war he gave up his duties. They put a Gyro-tiller in to break up the old pitch and it would be years before it went back to its old condition - if indeed it ever did. Mr. Oliver kept two or three pure-bred beagles and had an informal beagle hunt: he'd set off with his beagles and collect other Kirdford dogs on the way, ending up sometimes with as many as twenty miscellaneous dogs. When he came back he'd give everyone, whose dog he had borrowed, a rabbit. I always picture him with one of the old-fashioned "thumb sticks" shaped like a letter V at the top. At the village sports and elsewhere Mr. Oliver always seemed to have a pocketful of shillings, sixpences and threepenny bits which he'd throw to us boys. At the last sports I remember Harry Medhurst won the hundred yard sprint. In later years he would play professional football as a goalkeeper, first for West Ham United and then, for many years, Chelsea. He later went to Australia.

Godfrey Wells the vicar always coached us in cricket on Wednesday afternoons after we came out of school. He'd served in the First War in the Canadian Seaforth Highlanders I think and had been badly wounded. He had a metal plate in his head and always wore a black skull cap. He ran the Kirdford Church Lads Brigade with its military drill, church parades and drum and bugle band. Meetings were held in the parish room.

Kirdford School usually had about ninety on the roll although the highest I knew was actually one hundred and two. The school was

run at this time by the two Misses Blight and reputed to have the highest ratio of eleven plus successes in the Chichester area. The problem was usually that, even if someone passed the examination, their parents would be unable to afford sending them to Horsham anyway. The schoolhouse had three rooms, the infants' room being at one end in what had once been the schoolmaster's house. The partition across the long room was moveable and made of wood and glass.

Kirdford before and after the 1914-18 war had been an isolated inbred society, the housing stock being, except for a few private houses, tied, and the employment entirely agricultural. The system of tied cottages kept it that way and had for generations. The first council houses went up in 1928 and those on Mackerel's Common in 1930. The coming of the council houses meant that working people could come into the village who did not have to live in tied cottages and hence did not have to work directly for the farmers, a far-reaching social change. The coming of the fruit farmers in the mid-1920s was another step in breaking up the old rigidity and diversifying employment possibilities at a stroke. Soon there were eight or ten employed at Costrong, five at Hills Green and similar numbers elsewhere. The packhouse built in 1936 replaced a much smaller earlier one and provided employment for young married women and teenage girls: there would be thinning and picking from the end of June to September and then packing and dispatch in the autumn. Previously there had been virtually no work for young women if you took out of account the occasional domestic vacancy at Sladelands or Barkfold. I remember the first fruit grown at Belchambers had paper bags over the apples to keep off birds and wasps. In those early days the growers had soft fruit growing between the rows of young apple trees, the bushes being taken out as the apples grew.

A small but unusual source of employment was the piano key factory some one hundred and fifty yards up from Iron Pear Tree on the road to Northchapel. The keys were made, I think, from beech wood. There was a big tin shed and I remember an engine in there and various pulleys. The factory was worked with the adjoining Eccles Farm. Old 'Cutler' Brown lived out in the old "Jockey's Hut", one of two small cottages just before you get to Iron Pear Tree on the way from Kirdford. They have now been converted to a single house. Why was it called "Jockey's Hut"? Well the cottages were so small that you'd have to be built like a jockey to get in at all! Cutler Brown went round the neighbouring villages sharpening shears,



"Cutler" Brown. (See "A glimpse of Kirdford")
Photograph by Harry Sopp.



Andrew Smith at Loxwood. (See "A glimpse of Kirdford")
Photograph by Harry Sopp.

scissors and knives, and very good he was too. His wife had a little stool on which she sat while she mended umbrellas. I always had the idea that Cutler Brown had formerly been a military man but I may be mistaken about this.

Mr. Enticknap the village blacksmith was a real gentleman who always had time for anyone and liked nothing better than to get passers-by to work the bellows, for no other reason than that he just liked to have people in the smithy. Sometimes he'd get us boys to turn the great six-foot grindstone with its pool of water at the bottom. The wheel was used to sharpen pick-axes, mattocks, faghooks and all kinds of rural implements. When he went to the pub he'd never have all his beer in a large glass; instead he had a jug which he would empty gradually into his own small glass. His brother had a shoe-shop, initially in a shed to the rear of the Half Moon but then in a shop in the village. He was verger at Kirdford Church for many years and as a sideline sold sweets, toys and postcards from the shoe-shop.

Bill Baker was another who lived out at Iron Pear Tree, still two cottages at this time. He would later move to the new council houses. There was a famous story of how he was late for his work at Mr. Lionel Baker's at Hills Green. "You're ten minutes late today, William," said Mr. Baker. "Yes, I am, sir," answered William "but I set out by B.B.C. time." "What of it?" said Mr. Baker. "You're still ten minutes late." "No I'm not," answered William. "I'm living closer to the B.B.C. than you, so naturally your time is behind mine"!

Peter Woods used to cut the vergeside grass as far out as Isling Bridge and Fox Hill using the old fashioned faghook and hazel stick and carrying a shovel and broom. At regular intervals he'd meticulously dig a little V cut in the verge so that the water could drain away off the surface of the road instead of simply lying on the road. Kirdford's first milkman was Wally Ford who had a motor-bike and square sidecar in which he strapped a seventeen gallon churn. He'd go down to the Leconfield Creamery to fill his churn, then doled out the milk in half-pint, pint and quart measures. When he finished Cis Price from Lakelands came round, first in his Chevrolet, then in his "T" type Ford Eight. In very cold weather he had a Primus stove on the passenger seat to keep him warm. I dread to think what might have happened if he'd turned the Primus over but he never did.

Mr. Nicholls had a holiday camp at Whithurst in the 1920s, the first such venture in this area I'm sure, and very avant-garde for the time. There were summer houses of pine and split pine and a lake was constructed. A large stage was set up in a barn and there was ample scope for plays and amateur dramatics. The season lasted a good six or seven months and attracted people from all over the country. The holiday camp went on until Cis Price bought the farm.

During the year any one of three different fairs might take up temporary residence on the village green. Hammonds had no steam, pulling their equipment solely with horses, and very good horses they had at this time. They would feed them on the common if they could. Hammonds had a distinctive small roundabout built on the chassis of an old farm waggon. Humphreys were a bigger outfit with several large steam-engines for hauling the equipment and a big roundabout with enormous upright ostriches. They came twice a year but I haven't heard of them for years now. Messrs. Harris from Ashington would come for the village Club Day and used also to do Ebernoe Horn Fair. I remember them too on Hampers Common at Petworth.

Andrew Smith the showman was often on the Green. I remember his "Hairy Mary" stall with its three wooden dummies with long hair. If you knocked all three down you'd win a prize while if you'd scored two out of three you'd be given a free ball. My oldest brother was so good at knocking down all three that people gave him money to throw for them. In the end Andrew gave him three prizes on the understanding that he'd stop throwing.

Ron Snelling ran the Kirdford garage but in the 1920s his main trade still lay in cycle repairs. Petrol was sold in two gallon cans. It was one and threepence a gallon, two and six pence a can with a half crown deposit on the can. The first pump did not come until 1928. Before that the garage's fuel order was a regular twenty gallons a week, i.e. ten two-gallon cans. Well you could count the number of Kirdford cars on the fingers of two hands in those days.

My father being a hay-tier used to take a miniature truss off a new rick, tie it up exactly as he would with the real thing and send it off to the seedsmen for whom he was working. They would use the sample to judge the quality of the rick, what they would be prepared to pay for it and what use they might put the hay to. The

best quality was used for horse-feed, but if the hay had blackened it would be used for cattle. I'd often go down to the Kirdford Post Office with a sample truss, the address label being tied to the binding twine.

Gordon and Buck Matthews were talking to the Editor.

WORKING FOR THE DEPENDENTS c 1930

Like so many working people in the Northchapel area my grandfather was a Dependent. He was a member of the sect, and, as was often the case, employed by them too. He had a tied cottage at Lower Diddlesfold just up the road from Hill Grove between Northchapel and Lurgashall. The farm would later be sold by the Dependents but was run at this time by Messrs. Spooner and Hammond in tandem with the Stores at Northchapel. Diddlesfold was basically a dairy-farm and the milk, butter and eggs all went down to the Stores to be sold. They made butter on the premises at Diddlesfold then, I remember Mrs. Spooner patting it up to the right shape and size. The butter had an acorn indented in the top I think. Although the farm was essentially dairy they also grew some corn, this being ground at Gwillim's mill before coming back for use in the bakehouse at Northchapel. The Dependents always looked to be self-sufficient. Nothing was wasted: the skimmed milk used to go down to the bakery to be used for cakes and the Dependents grew their own vegetables on allotment ground at Northchapel. My grandfather, being odd man on the farm, used to take the milk, butter and eggs down to Northchapel on a hand cart. I had been working for Mr. Morais at the Market Square garage at the time but, as the cottage was tied and the Dependents short-handed, I left Mr. Morais to help in the bakehouse and drive their second delivery van. I was not a Dependent myself and I think that, even a few years before this, they would have been doubtful of taking on someone who was not one of the brethren. The fact is that they were short of younger people - a problem that would not go away and in the end became all-consuming.

I would come to work at 4.30 to help Frank Holden the baker mould the bread before baking. He lived in the cottage next door to us at Lower Diddlesfold. No, it wasn't a faggot oven, it was run on coke, the Dependents were never backward where new technology was concerned. After helping in the bakery I'd go home for breakfast. Every Monday morning we'd go in to Haslemere gas works to collect

coke for the bakery oven. Yes, I think the Dependents did tend to look towards Haslemere more than they did Petworth. When I got back from Haslemere on Monday it was time to start delivering. The grocery orders would already be checked, set up and placed in the big covered room outside the bakehouse, ready to be taken out. Monday was always a short run after the Haslemere coke trip, just Northchapel village and out into the country to Pipers and Hammer on the Kirdford road. Tuesday was a full round: Fisher Street, Dial Green, Roundhurst, Windfallwood and Lurgashall. Remember there were two vans and hence two rounds. Mr. Smith the other driver would on Tuesdays go the other way up the London Road and on through to Ebernoe and Colhook ending up at Limbo. Wednesday was another short local delivery covering much the same ground as Monday, after all with a bread delivery you'd need to go round alternate days. On Wednesday afternoons I'd take the Dependents round to various hospitals, visiting brethren who were ill. We'd take big boxes of cakes and share them round the ward. The Dependents were very generous to the hospitals and the hospitals very much appreciated it. Thursday was the Fisher Street round again. Friday I think was just general local deliveries and I don't remember working Saturdays.

When you went out with the grocery order you'd estimate the bread you would need from what you had sold the previous week and you'd take out a big tray of cakes on spec, bringing back what you didn't sell. The cakes that came back from the round were put into a cool room to be taken to the hospitals on the Wednesday. One of the girls would check the shelves daily and those that wouldn't keep fresh would be sold off in the shop at half price. Fruit cake might be turned into bread pudding - you could get a huge piece for a shilling. I remember the fancy buns and the lardy rolls at fourteen for a shilling. You took out the customer's order book and the Store's own cash book and entered the payment received against the value of the order.

Sometimes I'd drive the Northchapel brethren over to Loxwood for a big meeting. As someone who didn't actually belong to the sect I was allowed into the meeting provided that I sat at the back. There was a great big garage at the side of the Chapel and I used to park in there. Henry Aylward the leader would start the service off and the testimonies that followed would be interspersed with hymns. The Dependents had hand-written hymn books but my impression was that they knew the hymns by heart anyway. The

testimonies could be quite down to earth: I remember hearing that a farmer had got up to say, "Thank God my old sow had her piglets this morning!" - but I didn't actually hear that myself.

The Stores at Northchapel had been expanded southward from an original building on the north side, so that effectively what you had was a kind of department store, all on one level, and housed in various different connecting shops. At the extreme southern end, where Allens Garage now is, was a bicycle shop stocking tyres and new bicycles and doing repair work. This was presided over by Sam Rugman whose father was at Loxwood and whose sister worked in the Loxwood Stores. To the rear of this was a garage for the delivery vans and workshop for repairs. Sam Rugman did all this but I used to help him sometimes; after all I had been working as a mechanic for Mr. Morais. With all these different inter-connecting shops, cycles, clothes, furniture, ironmongery and grocery, the Stores was a long building and housed a number of single rooms for brethren over the top. There was a brick parapet wall at the front enclosing a small brick courtyard, scrubbed out every morning by the gardener. Everything at the Stores was always spotless, inside and out.

The assistants in the Stores all wore black dresses and white aprons. They were very polite and genuinely good-natured. The Dependents would keep a keen eye out for brethren who had fallen on hard times and help them. If a family had lost the husband or if perhaps he drank, they would buy the children shoes and clothes but it would all be done very quietly. Sometimes they'd take in a family who had fallen on hard times but they'd often be disappointed when the young people broke away from the all-pervasive religious atmosphere. That was the Dependents' great problem at this time - keeping hold of their younger people.

If girls from the Stores went out they needed an older girl with them as chaperone and Sunday of course was chapel day. The managers of each department at the Stores would sit together in a single row at the front. As I remember Miss Cole was in charge of the furnishing, her sister Grace the ironmongery, Sam Rugman, as I have said, the cycle shop, Miss Luff the clothing and Miss Denyer the grocery. If you wanted anything they did not have in stock they'd go to great trouble to get it for you - tools, clothes or whatever it might be. At this time people were beginning to come in to the Stores by car from all over the area. Warnham was the

depot for furniture but there were stores too at Loxwood, Fernhurst, Hove and other places. Mr. and Mrs. Lunn on Colhook Common were Dependents and had a small shop just past Wadey's farm, selling sweets and smaller general items. When my grandmother died, I moved from Lower Diddlesfold and returned to Mr. Morais at the garage. I worked for the Dependents for about ten months.

Bill Hall was talking to the Editor.

NEW (AND REJOINED) MEMBERS

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Mr and Mrs W.H. Boniface, 1 Edmunds House, Mant Road, Petworth.
Mr and Mrs Bushby, 12 Park Rise, Petworth.
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Mr K. Laker, c/o Petworth Public Library.
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