

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY

magazine



NO. 69. SEPTEMBER 1992

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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.

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**Autumn Programme. Please keep for reference.**

SUNDAY SEPTEMBER 13th. Angie's Northchapel Walk.  
Cars leave Petworth Car Park at 2.15 p.m

- \* SUNDAY SEPTEMBER 27th  
A GUIDED TOUR OF BRINSBURY COLLEGE  
with Ann Tyrrell and Colleagues.

This is a most unusual outing and highly recommended.  
Cars leave Petworth Car Park at 2.00 p.m. or meet at Brinsbury College about 2.20.

THURSDAY OCTOBER 8th Leconfield Hall from 2.15  
PETWORTH SOCIETY APPLE DAY  
Afternoon: Identification of varieties with Dr Joan Morgan  
and Mr Hugh Ermen - please bring varieties for identification.  
There will also be an exhibition of apples.

Followed by:  
Evening at 7.30. A talk by Dr Joan Morgan: "Sussex Apples"  
Admission on door £1.50

SUNDAY OCTOBER 18th Pearl and Ian's Ebernoe Walk.  
Cars leave Petworth Car Park at 2.15 p.m.

THURSDAY OCTOBER 22nd - the first monthly meeting of the new season:

Mr John Magrath

on

"King Arthur in  
History."

Slides

The Arthurian Legend its beginnings and its dramatic effects on later history.  
Leconfield Hall 7.30 p.m. Admission £1. Raffle, refreshments.

WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 11th  
Leconfield Hall 7.30 p.m.  
The second Garland Memorial lecture  
Peter Jerrome on  
George Garland : the years until 1930.

The talk will concentrate on George Garland's early days and his work in the 1920s and present some new material relevant to those years.  
With slides "props" and other Garland items.

FRIDAY NOVEMBER 20th  
PETWORTH FAIR  
See local Society publicity.

- \* N.B.  
The Committee is considering organising a Petworth Society weekend in one of our historic cities, e.g. Bath, Oxford, with a conducted tour, perhaps a theatre visit and one or two nights in an hotel.  
  
So that we may gauge the interest, please contact Mrs. Rosemary Thompson, 18, Rothermead, Petworth, GU28 0EW. (Petworth 42585).
  
- \*\* There is also some discussion of a reciprocal visit by members of the Petworth Society to Toronto under the auspices of the Toronto Scottish Regimental Association. This is a project at present in its very early stages. Again we would need some indication of interest: please contact Peter (42562) in the first instance

EVENING CLASS, HERBERT SHINER SCHOOL beginning Monday 21st September:  
Peter Jerrome: Ten talks on Florence Rapley's Diary 1909-1912.

This is the second time this course has been offered and it is a chance to meet through her diary a most remarkable woman. As an introduction to early century Petworth the diary has no rival. This course is listed in the general brochure as P6 Petworth History but the diary is far more than a history book. Enquiries Petworth 43913. This particular course will not be offered next year.

The Rev. David Grant asks me to draw attention to Holy Communion at St Mary's at 9.00 a.m. on Tuesday 29th September when the names of those killed in the bombing fifty years before will be read out. Anyone who would like transport to the cemetery during the day is asked to contact David Grant on 42505.

Peter

24th August 1992

P.S.

The Toronto Scottish visit was, as you will have heard, a memorable occasion. There will be an account of it in the December Magazine.

P.

Please note that the Memorial booklet for the bombed school will be available for members from E. Streeter and Daughter, or from me. We will also look to have copies available from the Petworth Primary and Herbert Shiner Schools, the Royal British Legion and from Petworth Parish Council.

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 £5.50. Single or Double one Bulletin delivered. Postal £7.00. Overseas £8.00. 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. Hounsham, Mr. Patten,  
Mrs. 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

*You will see that we have four accounts of the tragedy at Petworth Boys School fifty years ago this Michaelmas. Two are recent recollections from those who lost brothers in the disaster and two were written over forty years ago. There are also one or two contemporary Garland photographs. We are very aware that the fault of not remembering has always to be balanced against the danger of reopening old wounds. There is no way of determining that balance with precision. It will be different for different people. The Society has prepared in conjunction with the Royal British Legion, Petworth Parish Council, Petworth Primary School and the Herbert Shiner School a short booklet with Bishop Bell's funeral address and the names of those killed. It is available, without charge, by calling personally at E. Streeter and Daughter or by post from me. In the latter case a little toward postage would be appreciated but is not necessary. It is available for non-members from E. Streeter and Daughter or by post on an identical basis.*

*The visit of the Toronto Scottish Regimental Association falls between the writing of these notes and your reading them. We shall once again work very closely with our very good friends the Royal British Legion and once again it will be they who have defrayed the great part of our expenses.*

*I will again give the Garland lecture this year as I would like to take the opportunity of looking at George Garland's early years. I have resisted the temptation to bring in an outside speaker because I feel that it may still be possible to find those who can enlighten us about this rather obscure period in Garland's life. A time will come when this is no longer possible.*

*Ron Collins' article in the last Magazine was hugely enjoyed as was that by Richard Foyle. Most will have realised that Foyce was a slip for Foyle. However carefully one checks, such mistakes do occur. Editorial inadequacy I'm afraid.*

*Many new members of late as you will see. We're very pleased to see a continuing rise in membership. Last quarter's Magazine sold out. I hope everyone receiving a final reminder will remit their subscription now. It's as disappointing to lose old members as it's rewarding to gain new ones.*

Peter.

2nd August.

MRS GODWIN : a memoir (c1950)

Sept 29th 1942.  
Michaelmass Day

Sitting at his study table facing the window looking up to the Church on Sept 29th 1942 the Rector noticed a plane fly past the Church Spire. Hardly had he seen it when there was a terrific explosion which shook the whole Rectory and caused the study window to swing inwards.

The Rector rushed out as he was in his cassock and was almost the first person on the scene.



"The School was a complete shambles..."

Photograph by George Garland. Print loaned by Tony Ball.

The School was a complete shambles. He immediately tucked up his cassock and began trying to succour those who were hurt and trapped by the falling masonry. He was soon joined by others and by some Canadian soldiers from a nearby camp. He remained for a considerable time and helped to lift out the bodies and ministered to those who were in extremis.

As more help arrived the Rector and the children were put in the ambulances he went up to the Cottage Hospital and helped to lift them on to the floor of the Hospital. Comforting them all the time and helping the doctor while he gave them injections prior to their removal to Chichester.

Sister Magdalene Mary was a wonderful tower of strength during this time.

It was a great shock as he knew all the boys personally many of them were choir boys. He helped to lift out Charlotte Marshall the teacher who had half her face blown away. Mr Stevenson the Head Master must have been killed instantly but was unscathed. The Rector had the unhappy task of breaking the news to Mrs Stevenson who never ceases to be grateful to him.

When he had done all he could he then returned home and dealt with the press and such other things such a tragedy inevitably brings in its train and the following two weeks he spent constantly visiting the families of the dead and injured and visiting the Hospitals at Chichester very often it was after midnight when he returned home. Over £800 was received by him which was administered by a Distress Committee through the R.D.C.

Mrs Courtauld of Burton Park very kindly lent her secretary Miss Waddy to help him deal with the huge correspondence.

He of course helped in organising the mass funeral and assisted the Bishop in taking it saying the actual words of committal at the graveside. Meanwhile the normal working of the parish had to go on.

He carried straight on that year without a break but early in 1943 he developed ankylosing spondylitis, from which he still suffers and which has in fact finally led to his having to retire. The specialist said it was no doubt brought on by the combined physical and emotional strain of this dreadful experience.

Note: Mrs Godwin was the wife of Harold Godwin the Rector at the time.

MR TURNER : a memoir (March 1949)

The Boys' School was bombed on Tuesday the 29th September at about, I think, 10.20am.

I heard the sound of aeroplane's engines immediately followed by their explosions. I judged the bombs had fallen a good way off as the explosions were not loud, neither was the concussion pronounced. I was talking to the O/C of the Petworth Flight, Air Training Corps who had come into my office at the Bank about the possibility of obtaining from Mr Stevenson, the Headmaster at the Boys' School, some wood wind instruments for the A.T.C. Band. Little did we know that poor Stevenson was at that moment being killed.

My wife telephoned down to me from our flat over the Bank to find out where the bombs had landed as she was sure they were near North End House where our son was at school. I at once rang up that school to ask if their place was all right and was astonished to hear Mrs Baggalley, the proprietress say that it was in a pretty bad mess and she would be glad of assistance. It was found later that not one of the sixty souls in the building was injured, though a good deal of damage was done and the school had to be closed some weeks for repairs. Mrs Baggalley's little daughter Ann - who was about three years old - had just been dressed ready for a walk and was looking out of a bedroom window with her face close to the glass when the blast from the explosions sucked the glass outwards instead of blowing it in.

Hardly had Mrs Baggalley rung off when Mr C.D. Martyn, the A.R.P. Officer rang up to ask me to go with him to the Boys' School (some one-hundred yards from North End House) which had had a direct hit. I believe he and I were on the scene of the disaster within some 15/20 minutes of its occurrence. On our way down North Street we saw a line of stationary vehicles stretching in the Horsham Road direction from about the Wheatsheaf Inn. The roads near the bombed site were pretty well choked with rubble and debris.

On arrival I found a number of people searching in the ruins of the School: among them some of the boys' parents and also the Rector. The latter, whose cassock was smothered in dust and stained with blood was carrying an injured child to the road side to await an ambulance. A cloud of dust still hung over the place and the smell of detonated explosives was strong.

I cannot remember how much of the school building was standing, but I have an impression that only a portion of the outside wall abutting on to the North Chapel road remained, with some remnants of the interior walls: most of the latter not more than three or

four feet high. Part of the outside wall just mentioned - about fifteen or twenty feet high - appeared unsafe, and attempts were made to pull it down with ropes. However, it held and was not demolished until some days later. Rescue work was impeded by piles of debris, and I think I am right in saying that the search for victims went on all that day and part of the next. Never shall I forget the amazing fortitude of those parents and relatives who gathered at the spot patiently waiting for news.

Some Canadian troops travelling towards Petworth gave prompt help and within a few minutes of the explosions were on their way with some of the injured children to the Red Cross Centre, in charge of Mrs Brydone, and to the First Aid Post at the Cottage Hospital. Eventually such of the children as needed hospital treatment were taken to Chichester. True to type, the County A.R.P. authorities made a fuss because the injured children were not sent direct to Chichester hospitals. It mattered nothing to them whether or not the children could stand the journey without prior attention. On the other hand I do not think one can praise too highly the Rescue Squad sent from Lodge Hill by the County authorities.

It was a dull, cloudy morning and a Junkers 88 machine was being chased from East to West parallel to the Downs by one of our Beaufighters, when the Junkers made a sharp turn North, and got away from his pursuer. He came down through a bank of cloud just South of Petworth and it is assumed let his bombs go at Petworth House which, from above, may have looked like a barracks. Of the three bombs dropped one struck a tree only a few feet from Petworth House, ricocheted from the ground through a shrubbery, over the park wall and struck the school. Another ricocheted making a direct hit on the school and the third dropped just behind the building. All seemed to be fitted with slightly delayed action fuses for there was a tale of one child in the main classroom who put his hand on the bomb which came to rest by the fire-place to steady it. There were tales also of the Headmaster ordering the children quietly to file out. The Headmaster and an assistant mistress were killed in addition to twenty five boys. Lord Leconfield's laundry adjoining the School was badly damaged and a man working there subsequently died from his injuries. Today, six-and-a-half years after the occurrence the laundry still stands as a gaunt reminder, with its broken walls and rafters.

The incident, the first of its kind affecting a school in this country, attracted much attention. It was only owing to the fact

that some twenty boys were in another part of the town at a wood-working class, that the casualties were not heavier, and I know the Ministry of Information made the utmost publicity for propaganda purposes in the U.S.A. and elsewhere. Money flowed in for helping the victims and those families distressed by the bombing: contributions were received from as far afield as Australia and the U.S.A. A committee appointed to administer the fund made grants for hospital comforts, surgical appliances, travelling for parents and so on, as well as for dental and other treatment. Over £600 remaining has just recently been handed over to the Petworth Rural District Council for the erection of a memorial.

The Saturday following the bombing was a glorious day of sunshine, blue sky and fleecy white clouds: most fitting for the funeral.



"The coffins were drawn up on army vehicles outside the Church..."  
Photograph by George Garland. Print loaned by Tony Ball.

The coffins were drawn up on Army vehicles outside the Church while the Rector conducted an impressive service and a congregation crowding the building almost to its limits heard a sermon delivered

by the Bishop of Chichester. I left before the service was over to be ready at the Horsham Road Cemetery to announce the name on each coffin as it was received by bearers for its carriage, so that parents and relatives could follow it to the side of the large communal grave.

During the whole of the funeral ceremony one or two of our fighter 'planes circled in the neighbourhood, to give protection from air attack I was told, but I was never able to verify this.

The conduct of some members of the Press on the day of the funeral was not particularly creditable. As churchwarden I was charged with the allocation of seats in the Church, and I had no little trouble in dislodging one hard-faced bitch of a reporter of one of the London Dailies from a pew reserved for bereaved parents. Another woman reporter of the same type was checked by a friend of mine for shouting to a photographer friend from various positions to "Come and get another from here" while the Committal Service was in progress. Highly indignant she asked my friend if he knew to whom he was speaking: a reporter from the .... I shall feel eternally grateful to him for replying that he might have known it and if she made any more disturbance he would give her into the charge of the police.

It will be appreciated that six years and six months have elapsed since the events I have tried to describe above and memory plays peculiar tricks. It is more than likely that some details are not strictly accurate, but I have tried to relate what I believe to be the facts.

F.H.L. Turner  
Westminster Bank House  
Petworth

March 1949

Note:

Mr Turner was Manager of the Westminster Bank at the time. The time given for the raid is probably incorrect.

SEPTEMBER 29th 1942 (1)

I had worked as an errand boy for Mr. Payne, the Lombard Street butcher even before I left school but now, two years out of school,



I was working there full time. Days at the butchers followed a steady routine: Monday was a light day of scrubbing out including the clean-up of the shop, slaughter-house and the refrigerator. I might perhaps be asked to make a few sausages - that is if any bits or pieces were left. Meat, not so scarce in the very early years of the war, was now becoming scarce and this affected the regular routine at the butchers. Meat was delivered in bulk to Durrant's slaughter-house in Trump Alley whence it would be allocated to each butcher according to the customers that he had. Sometimes we simply waited around for days for the meat to come in. I would then go to Trump Alley and bring back Mr. Payne's share in a wheelbarrow. Meat might be frozen beef or lamb, tins of corned beef or tins of offal, like liver or heart. Fresh meat might be parts of an old bull or cow or mutton. In peace time more likely to end up at the kennels. Corned beef came basically in seven-pound tins, often unusable, in that when you opened the tin there would be a hiss of gas, a foul smell and the meat inside would be green and rotten. The tin would have been improperly sealed or damaged in transit. Such cans had to be carefully kept for credit. Meat was short and getting scarcer, and any source of supply was welcome in 1942. Rabbit and any old scraps with blood for colour might be used for sausages and the occasional pig, sometimes kept unofficially, might be killed. We might get one or two "telescoped" frozen lambs from the Durrant's delivery. These were known as "telescoped" because the legs were stuffed up into the trunk to enable more carcasses to be packed on the ship. When I started Tuesday had been a relatively busy delivery day, involving a bicycle round to Lodsworth, River, Sutton, Bignor, Duncton, Byworth and Graffham, but now there simply wasn't the meat to justify such a round. In any case there were few enough who could afford meat twice a week, even if they had the coupons. What meat there was tended to be delivered at weekends, half a pound, three-quarters perhaps, and a slice of corned beef, some by trade bicycle but the more outlying calls by van. All butchers then had a van and a delivery round. Petrol rationing to three gallons a week effectively meant only one delivery.

As I have said, the Tuesday round had dwindled virtually to nothing with the shortage of meat but Mr. Payne had an arrangement with Mr. Webber at Frog Farm to take half-a-dozen chickens a week. They were a very useful addition to a frugal supply. It was my job to take my bicycle down to Frog Farm to pick up the chicken and I did this every Tuesday. The chicken were usually Rhode Island Reds and kept in the lower field at Frog. Gwenda Morgan was working at Frog

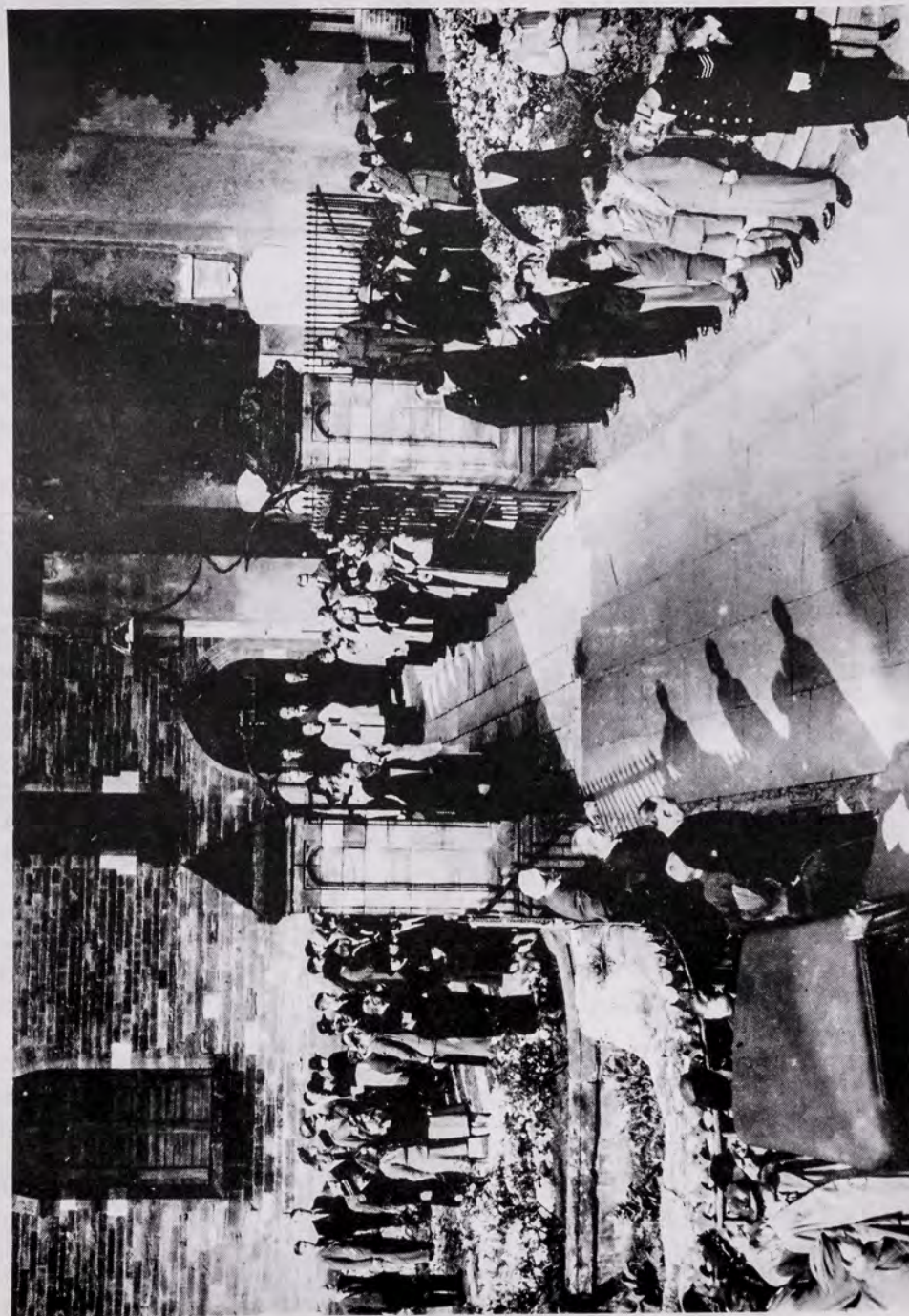
Farm as a Land Girl and together we would put the birds in sacks, three to a sack, for me to bring back to Paynes in the panier of my trade bicycle. The chicken were definitely a luxury and as such were not only restricted to those who could afford them but also allocated on a rota basis, often the birds were cut in half. Once back at the shop they would be killed, plucked and hung ready for the weekend.

September 29th was such a Tuesday, a damp, drizzly morning. I left the shop in Lombard Street at 10.45 to go down to Frog Farm to collect the chicken. Gwenda would be there to help me and it was a familiar errand by now. I was half-way down Frog Farm Lane and in the hollow that the track forms there when I heard the roar of a aircraft coming up from the direction of the river, over the hill to the left and just visible over the hedge on the skyline. As I watched the plane appeared out of the rain. It was flying low, about 150 feet, and even on a murky day like this seemed to cast a huge black shadow. The plane was a Junkers 88 but painted jet black, quite unlike the camouflaged planes we saw normally. The black set the white crosses under the wing into relief and there was a swastika visible on the tail fin. I could see the port underbelly side quite clearly. I stopped the bicycle and sat in the saddle with my feet on the ground. I twisted round to watch it. As a member of the A.T.C. I was trained to observe and recognise. For two perhaps three seconds I watched. It seemed a long time and it occurred to me that this was not the sort of day to expect low flying aircraft; the weather was only suitable for specific air-raids. It was drizzly and overcast. As the roar of the engines receded there was a crump. It was perhaps four or five seconds since I had first seen the JU 88 and it had disappeared completely from my view. Another couple of seconds and smoke and dust could be seen at the back of the Arbour Hill to the north, two distinct black curtains drifting lazily across the overcast sky. It would be an attack on one of the camps to the north of the town, Holland Wood perhaps. There were camps at Pheasant Copse and a new camp in construction at Lower Pond. The smoke however seemed to be drifting from the east. It was something to note but this, after all, was wartime and it was not too unusual.

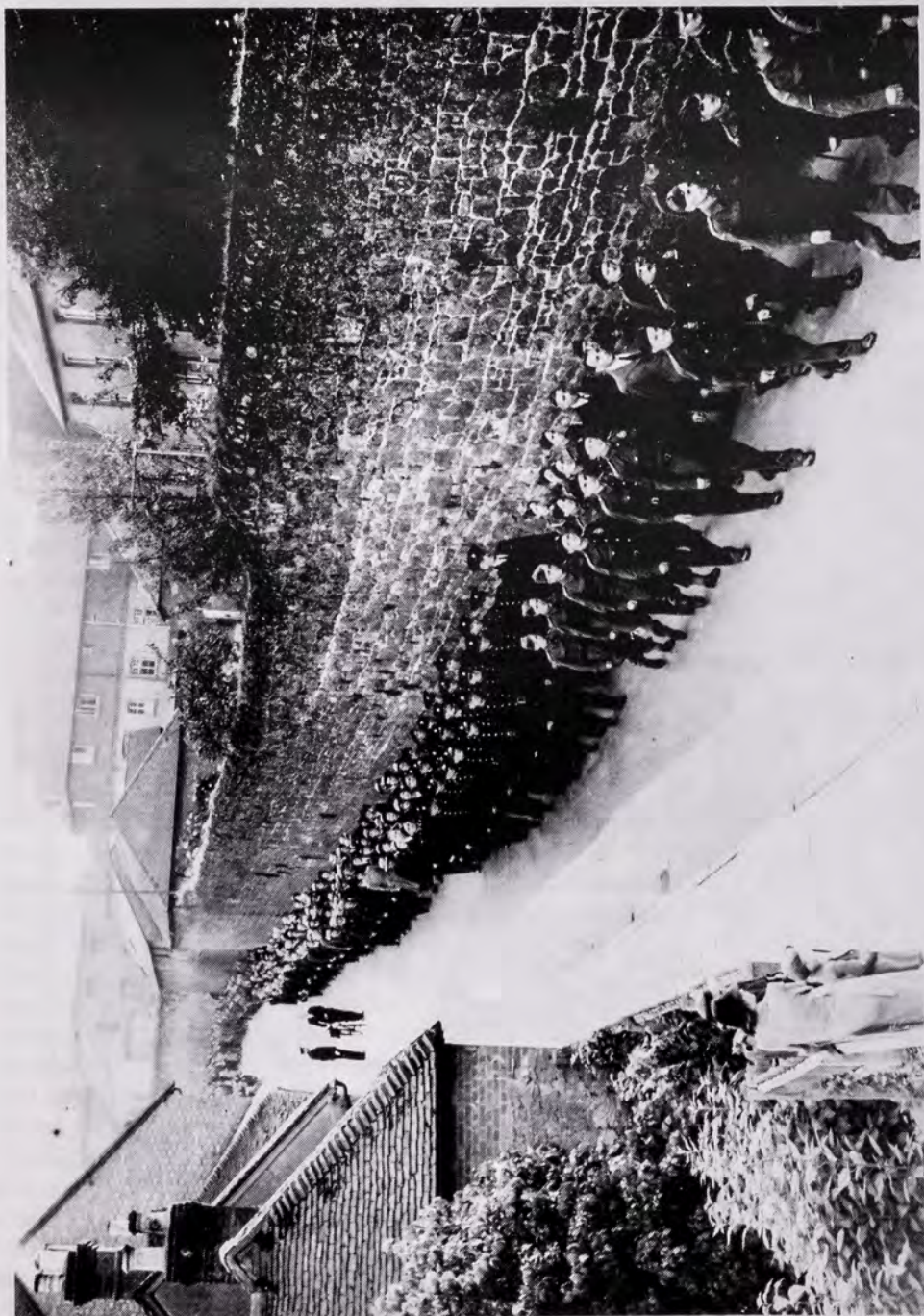
I carried on down to the farm, caught the chicken with Gwenda and put them in the two bags in the panier at the front of the bicycle. I then cycled back to the shop. This would take some five or ten minutes and I would be back at the shop around 11.15. Bombs were certainly not routine but they were not that unusual either. When

I entered the shop Mr. Payne took me on one side and said he believed the school had been hit. Everyone was doing what they could but there was no point in going down there, rescue work was in full swing. By 11.45 just about an hour from when I had first seen the plane, I had killed and plucked the chicken. I set off down North Street toward the school. There were broken tiles and timber in the street but I didn't know that the school had been destroyed or that anyone had been hurt. It seemed just one incident in a number of wartime incidents. I was, I supposed, concerned but unaware. However the further I went down North Street the more obvious it became that the dust and smoke I had seen were the result of a direct hit on a building. When I arrived on the scene, it was a picture of complete devastation, a cliché if you like, but that is the only way I can describe it. I could judge the scale of the disaster from my knowledge of the building. After all, I had left only two years previously and I was due there for night school that very evening. The building was never planned to cope with an incident like this. The site was literally crawling with people involved in rescue, tunnelling under the rubble and moving timbers. Over everything hung the suffocating smell of cordite and masonry dust. There were Canadian troops, local volunteers, police, anyone who was available, all sorting desperately through the rubble. As I stood there, one or two boys were being brought out on stretchers, rescuers talking quietly to them. I had a feeling of hopelessness I had not previously had - nor would ever experience again.

There was nothing to do but go home. We lived then at 318 Park Road. First I went back to the shop and told Mr. Payne I was going home. My mother didn't know about the disaster and I didn't tell her but my father came in about 12.20, put his arm round her and broke the news. My brother was missing and unaccounted for, but there was so much uncertainty during those first hours. He might easily be in hospital and as yet unidentified. We could only hope. This first day was one of total uncertainty. We clung to hope all that day and with increasing desperation in the days and weeks that followed. Perhaps my brother was wandering somewhere suffering from loss of memory. Sometimes even now when I pass the site and the old cemetery the thought comes to mind although I know it's impossible. That first day we waited and prayed for someone to come and say that he was alive. Mr. Godwin, the Rector called late in the day to say that Keith had not been found but still there was no certainty. That night the drizzle continued, we could only lie in bed and listen to the drip of rain through the leaves, wondering



At St Mary's after the funeral service 3rd October 1942.  
Photograph by G.G. Garland.



Part of the procession in North Street 3rd October 1942.  
Photograph by G.G. Garland

if there was any hope for someone still lying under the rubble. Perhaps my brother was still lying unidentified somewhere in hospital. By Wednesday evening it was hope against hope. On the Thursday or the Friday an attempt was made to identify belongings and pieces of clothing. My father recognised a belt and part of a jumper but it still wasn't final, there was still the desperate hope that it was all a mistake and that someone would come along and say they had found my brother wandering somewhere. That hope persisted for months, years even. I don't think my parents felt any hatred just loss. Certainly at the time there was a charged atmosphere but ultimately the bombing exposed only the futility of war. No one would have done this deliberately and no one could take pride in such a disaster. I am sure no one did. Neither pilot nor crew could have anticipated the tragic result of their mission.

Jumbo Taylor was talking to the Editor.

#### 29th SEPTEMBER 1942 (2)

My brother Fred didn't want to go to school but, very unusually, I did. My mother had to be very firm with him. What with my mother's firmness and my own wanting to go he was finally and unwillingly persuaded. It was a dull drizzly September morning. From our house at the top of Hampers Green we'd simply go round the corner into the road and down the hill. I think we used to call it "Dark Hill" or was that further up towards Keyfox? Anyway the trees tended to meet overhead and it was dark. On the opposite side of the road from the Masons Arms was a street light, not used of course at this time because of the blackout but fitted with a red bulb to warn of air attacks. It could be seen quite clearly from the front door of the school. It wasn't far to the school which lay beyond the Masons Arms just back from the road junction. Lord Leconfield's laundry lay right on the corner.

It was a day like any other. We waited in the playground at the back, damp rather than wet after walking in the light drizzle. There were the usual lessons up to eleven o'clock, then playtime. I don't remember what the lessons were. Miss Marshall gave me a sharp rap over the knuckles with a ruler but there was nothing unusual about that. No doubt I thoroughly deserved it. At playtime we remained inside; it was too wet to go out. It was time for milk; everyone was entitled to milk, specially packed for schools in distinctive small bottles holding a third of a pint each.

You couldn't buy them in that size, they were exclusively for schools. They had round cardboard tops with a hole in the middle through which you put a straw. It was the milk monitor's job to push in the straw. I suppose the reasoning was that if we did it ourselves we'd make a terrible mess. My brother was sitting next to me in the double desk, one of the old-fashioned kind with metal legs and inkpot with sliding metal cover.

I didn't hear anything. There was an explosion but I didn't hear a thing. There was a feeling of blackness and I was no longer in the desk, no longer with my brother. I was with Miss Marshall. "It's all right Bushby," she said, "It's only thunder." With that there was another blackness and then another. There was no noise. I heard no one cry out. I heard nothing but I must have known it was a bomb.

Someone was crawling up the sides of a crater with me. Melvyn Kitchener said, "Hullo Busher, I'm going up the Surgery, are you coming?" "No," I said, "I'm going home." I was some twenty feet from where I had been sitting in playtime, diagonally across into the playground behind Miss Weekes' class. The school was basically a single room partitioned. Mr. Stevenson's top class was nearest the Masons, we were in the middle and Miss Weekes' juniors were on the Horsham Road side.

I set off at a great pace up the Horsham Road. I had gone some two hundred yards when I realised I was going the wrong way. I came back past the school but I didn't see the buildings at all, no rubble or anything. When I got back by the Masons Arms opposite where the street light was, there was a car parked in the road with Leonard Hamilton, who was hurt, and Arthur Hill. We all lived at Hampers Green so the car took us home. Later an ambulance came to take us to Petworth Surgery for a check-up.

Reg Bushby was talking to John and Audrey Grimwood.

#### ARRANGEMENTS FOR 29th SEPTEMBER 1992. PETWORTH PRIMARY SCHOOL

10.00am: The annual wreath of flowers will be laid on the communal grave at the Horsham Road Cemetery. The Rector, Rev. D. Grant will offer prayers.

2.30pm: At Petworth Primary School.  
Tree planting by school children to commemorate 50th anniversary of September 29th 1942.

2.45pm: Opening of Exhibition of Memorabilia of the Bombing of approx. Petworth Boys School Michaelmas Day 1942.  
This exhibition will remain open until Friday October 2nd.  
Tea will be available.

#### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

1. The three postcards we asked about in Magazine 68 proved difficult. The backview of the house is probably South Corner in High Street, Duncton: another suggestion is Delves House at Ringmer.  
The footballers and the George and Dragon pub at Halfway Bridge elicited no response.
2. Jeremy Godwin writes:

"Dear Peter,

In Tillington Cemetery, west of the Rectory, and about ten feet south from the north-west lych-gate, east of the path beneath the pollarded limes, is Thomas Seward's tombstone. This is inscribed, on its west face, "In loving memory of Thomas Seward", and on east face, "Founder and Librarian of the Petworth Institute, who died February 14th 1892, Aged 58 years. This Memorial was erected by Friends and Members."

The memorial is in the form of a white marble cross with epitaph on its base, but its components have since collapsed. Perhaps it is time for more "Friends" from Petworth, e.g. the Petworth Society, to restore it, adding a suitable further inscription recording this?"

Thomas Seward for so long a stalwart of the old Albert Institute must be considered a precursor of this Society and I am pleased that two members Bill Vincent and Bill Bryder have done exactly what Jeremy requested. See photographs later in the Magazine. For Thomas Seward see Tread Lightly Here (1990) pp 57-59. (Ed.)

3. Re the picture of Duncton wassailers in Magazine 67. Mr R.J. Holmwood of Horsham writes that the picture shows his great grandparents Richard and Fanny Knight with their son Arthur William. He says:

Richard's father William Knight was born at Sutton in 1806. His mother Francis (nee Saunders) was three years his senior.

Richard Knight was born in 11-4-1841 at Duncton. He was one of eight children, five boys and three girls. By the age of ten he was already working as a farm labourer. By the time he was 37 he had met Fanny Woods and married her on 12-10-1878.

Their first child, Arthur William was born the following year and my grandmother Daisy two years later. They had eight children altogether and lived in The Street (High Street?) Duncton. Richard was still a farm labourer but according to Richard George Knight he was the miller at a later stage.

A story handed down the generations goes that every day after work he would drive his horse and cart to the Cricketers Inn and stay there till closing time. One day he died while on his cart and the horse took him to the usual place - the Inn. That was 2nd January 1908, just three days before the next wassailing.



The likeness in the wassailing picture corresponds with this picture of Richard and Fanny.

Editor's note:  
The wassailing picture may well be unique. I know of no other such picture in existence.

4. I have a request for information about Miss Margaret Annie Beale (later Mrs Harris) who kept the Blue Bowl Tea-Shop in High Street in the mid-1930s. Has anyone any recollection of Miss Beale or the Tea-Shop? Please help.

## The 'Blue Bowl' Tea Rooms

for really delicious and genuine

**HOME MADE CAKES**

AT MOST REASONABLE PRICES

Note the Address:-

**12, HIGH STREET - PETWORTH**

Manageress - - Margaret Beale

An advertisement  
for the  
Blue Bowl  
taken from a  
Cinema programme  
of 1934.

5. Rendle Diplock very much enjoyed Ron Collins' article in Magazine 68 and asks if anyone remembers Miss Tiller who lived at the top of North Street just before North House. 'We boys would call out, "Oh Miss Tiller".. and she'd come out dressed all in black and rather bent, eager to chase us off. "I'll have you..." she'd say but she never caught us once we started to run.'
6. Petworth Clockmakers see Magazine 66.  
James Alleston writes:

### John Easton Petworth Clock-Maker

John Easton Petworth. born 1755; surety 1783; Directory 1784; Married Elizabeth Boxall in Petworth 1785; in which they had eight years residence); they had seven children between 1785 - 1798 and at least three of these were living at the same time of John Easton's death in 1826.

He did not give an address for his business; Daniel was a banker's clerk at the time of the baptism of Walter, his first son and a postmaster afterwards.

There were no entries for the family in Petworth at the time of the 1841 census nor were there any entries in the Sussex Kelly's and Post Office Directories for Watchmakers/Clock-Makers of that name.

Elizabeth died at the age of 92 in 1839.

His work was Silver Verge Watch; hooded wall clock, painted dial plate movement.

### William Wickenden (Watchmaker)

William Wickenden Watchmaker/Jeweller appears in the 1882 Kelly's Directory, and is living in West Street Chichester. The 1881 Chichester census shows him living at 4 West Street aged 36, a Jeweller born in Chelsea, Middlesex. He married Alice, age 21 of Chichester; they also had a daughter of eight months, named Edith.

No marriage was found in Chichester Subdeanery, nor were there entries in the later Directories.

This Watch/Clock-Maker's name can be found on many Petworth clocks and watches that he cleaned and overhauled.

There is little information that W. Wickenden worked in Petworth and Midhurst and had a shop there, or even paid rent or leasehold, on any shop in the district.

### COSTRONG MAY 10th

Too many to count but certainly sixty members at Costrong - probably rather more. We parked in the field on the opposite side of the road from the old farmhouse then walked back across the road where the three long bomb-carriers drawn by tractors and with bales of straw for seats, were already limbering up. An improbable transport but, it turned out, an immensely practical and enjoyable one. For we were off on a tour of some fifty acres of solid blossom. Strictly speaking, John said, we were about three days late, some of the blossom had been taken by the high wind, but to the unpractised eye this didn't seem so. The tractors' measured pace enabled us to appreciate the ocean of blossom.

Stopping at the top of an incline with the intense colour of a bluebell wood behind us glimpsed through a hedge, John spoke of this tricky season for blossom. If there's a frost at blossom-time an alarm goes off, almost invariably in the small hours. The overhead sprayers are brought speedily into action to turn each tree into a gigantic icicle and, strangely, allow the blossom to survive beneath a cloak of ice. The reservoir at Costrong holds 6,500,000 gallons and a million may be used in a night a high proportion seeping back through tile drains placed in the heavy clay. So different from the old "smudge pots" that sought to envelop the orchard in a smog of paraffin and crude oil.

Costrong is still a Cox farm but in addition to the rare varieties grown for the shop other varieties like Spartan, Egremont Russett

and Golden Delicious act also as pollinators. We noticed too the beehives at the end of the rows. The malus or crab apple is a good pollinator too and their dark pink blossom stood out in rare patches amongst the white and pink. Trees get smaller all the time in the interest of greater efficiency, and density rises consistently with the reduction in size. Double rows of 750 to the acre are not unusual now. Trees are planted by "Stringfellowing", all roots being chopped off and the tree pushed into a dibber hole. It's not a new method and curiously enough survival rates are as high as 97%. The technique has been perfected to enable planting through polythene laid to give weed control without recourse to chemical weed-killer.

Why were there different coloured tags on the end of each row? To indicate the pruner, John said, the three expert pruners like to keep to their own rows. Moving on there was a leisurely stop at the farm shop, then tea and cakes in the barn and a meeting with three very affable rams and a miniature cow. Then back to the shop for some plants: so many members will keep the memory of a marvellous afternoon by simply looking at their flower borders this summer. Our thanks to Sally and her staff. We really enjoyed the afternoon.

P.

### THE PETWORTH SOCIETY - ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING REPORT

The Committee of the Petworth Society was re-elected at the recent Annual General Meeting and the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. Philip Hounsham, reported an increase in the balance in hand due to a larger number of advance subscriptions, interest on the bank deposit and income from monthly meetings. He was aiming to build up a reserve should it prove possible to find premises in which the Society's archives, etc., could be displayed. He commented on the increased cost of signing the Fair and acknowledged the considerable financial help received from the Parish Council and Petworth Business Association, together with a small profit from the inaugural Garland Lecture, so that the over-all loss on the event was reduced to about £5. Mr. Peter Jerrome (Chairman) reported a membership of well over 1,000 - impossible to determine exactly as husbands and wives could be included on a single subscription - very substantial for a town the size of Petworth, and still growing. It was bound together by the Magazine which was 'the voice of Petworth', especially to the 280 subscribers who received their copies by post, 30 living overseas.

It was of particular value publicising local concerns, such as Mr. Les. Howard's street-cleaning, the Library and the slaughter of toads on migration across the London road. In a new departure, the Chairman then used slides, first to point out important events in the Society's history: early monthly meetings, the displays of photograph albums, a tombola at a Leconfield Hall Mini-Market, Town Walks for outside organisations, raffles at monthly meetings - always good and important in making the difference between profit and loss on these occasions - the Society plates, walks, the Copper family singing folk songs, the Toronto-Scottish Regt. Assn. visits, the Town Band, and the excellence of the Society's catering. A second batch of slides depicted the past year's activities: visits to the Coultershaw Beam Pump, Coates Manor, Town gardens, Langhurst Farm at Balls Cross, Ebernoe (with thanks to Ian and Pearl Godsmark and Ruby Gibbs), the Rikkyo School and Costrong Fruit Farm, the highly successful Apple Day with identification and lecture which featured on television, the top-quality lecture on English Silver, Fair Day - which stands as an example of what can be done by enthusiasts to revive and support local tradition, the Garland Lecture, which had made a successful beginning and for which he aimed to maintain a high standard in memory of a man who not only deserved remembering in his own right but who would have found the Society his kind of organisation, the Christmas Evening, more walks and the annual litter drive, when rather less rubbish was found than was usual. He read the Society's submission to the forth-coming conference on Petworth's traffic problems with the results of the referendum of members and answered questions about its value and limitations.

To complete the evening, Mr. Andrew Thompson gave an impressive and enlightening talk on some aspects of the modern gamekeeper's job, in the process demolishing some long-held myths. While aims remain much the same, the modern gamekeeper needs a greater environmental awareness than his forebears would have wished or thought necessary. Certainly, the gamekeeper's task remains, on the face of it, constant: to ensure an adequate number of sporting targets on the land that is his preserve, but this is by no means the end of the matter. In furtherance of these aims, money is put into land which might otherwise be left derelict or at best neglected and a modern gamekeeper operates on the frontiers of differing disciplines and interests, disregarding any one at his peril. Andrew mentioned specifically agriculture, forestry, the water authorities, available funding, the general public and apparently fringe activities like ballooning. All play their part in the gamekeeper's round.

The gamekeeper stands in the front line in a continuing battle against pests. Three in particular were singled out for special mention: rats, rabbits and mink. While the first two were familiar enough to the audience, the last, an escape from fur farming, aroused great interest. The mink is a ruthless killer and a growing menace to indigenous species of all kinds. Water-based, it spares virtually no small animal or bird. Andrew spoke of its devastating effect on the native water vole population. His account touched a definite chord with the audience, many of whom, it appeared, had suffered from the random violence of this animal. There are mink hunts now in existence but more will certainly need to be done to counter this vicious predator. Andrew spoke of some ninety pheasants despatched by a single mink in a single attack. Moorhens, Kingfishers, all manner of river life suffers from the mink's instinct for killing. Many recalled the extermination of the docile coypu or nutria, whose offence had been not the killing of native wildlife, but the undermining of river banks by its damming and warren-building. Feet were raised off the floor when the speaker announced that a large box placed on the stage contained a mink. They were quickly lowered when the animal turned out to be frozen! Jet black and about the size of a polecat, its muscular neck was sufficient indication of its power. Andrew contrasted the random slaughter of the mink with the controlled killing of a sparrowhawk which might account for a couple of partridges a day.

Slides illustrated pest control and pheasant and partridge rearing from egg-laying to release. He paid tribute to the late Mr. Justice, for so long gamekeeper at Rotherbridge. The audience were enthralled by a live 7 week-old barn owl bred for release into the wild. The speaker stressed the vital importance of calculated release. An owl bred in captivity could not be released direct. It would not survive because it had never hunted. The 'hacking' method of release was explained where the bird is allowed to return for food. After a while, visits grow rarer and when they cease altogether it is an indication that the owl has learned to hunt successfully.

There were a number of questions, indicating the interest of the audience, after which the Chairman thanked the speaker, adding that the Society would arrange a visit to see Andrew's collection of birds of prey and endangered pheasant species in mid-July.

### ANNE'S GARDEN WALK

It was as good a day for the Garden Walk as anyone could remember, although the weather for this event is usually at least reasonable. Not a cloud to be seen and yet not oppressively hot. Some seventy members set off from the Car Park up Rosemary Lane, the crimson spines of Valerian forming a half-arch above and into the garden of Archway House via the back gate. Here is a mature garden with brick paths and trees in a confined setting - very unusual and attractive and perhaps only possible given the confines of a town garden. A tree mallow flowered at the side and there were other trees shading the lawn. Different levels too, bedding dahlias growing on an informal rockery, crimson scabious and the scarlet heads of *Lychnis chalcedonica*, the Maltese Cross by the wall. To the rear was a kind of gallery from which we watched a neighbour toiling with his mower. No such exertions for us; rather off up the hill into High Street to see Jess Baxter's garden. There were houses hard on the road here as the old century turned but none will remember them now. Now two long lawns run down to the road separated by a wide straight path. On the east side Jess had created a riot of colour, a border that was a real cottage garden in miniature with a subtle use of varying small-scale levels. There beside the long lawns flourished annuals of all kinds, petunia, begonia, bedding dahlia, marigold, pinks and much else all gleaming in the sun. There was another attractive show hidden out of sight of the road by the house, where high walls might have proved forbidding. Angle tiles fixed to the walls and filled with bedding plants were an idea that many seemed keen to follow.

Stringers Cottage had been left open for us, agapanthus in a mature border with rose and honeysuckle, a breeze blowing the trees away over the wall to the rear. Summer colours framing a small square lawn. Here as so often in Petworth one could see the white daisy heads of feverfew, a refugee from the old gardens of the monks. Some talk of a monastery here but if you saw a monastery wherever you find feverfew.... Stringer's Hall garden appears detached from the house itself but another oasis of calm after the press of traffic in East Street. Again mature borders, trees on a lawn, and always good to see, an attractive strip of kitchen garden.

Back now to cross the road to Widden House in Market Square. Everyone knows the annual miracle Peter and Beryl perform at the front but now the huge party trooped through the house to look at the back garden. A triumph of pot and compost, an unbelievable

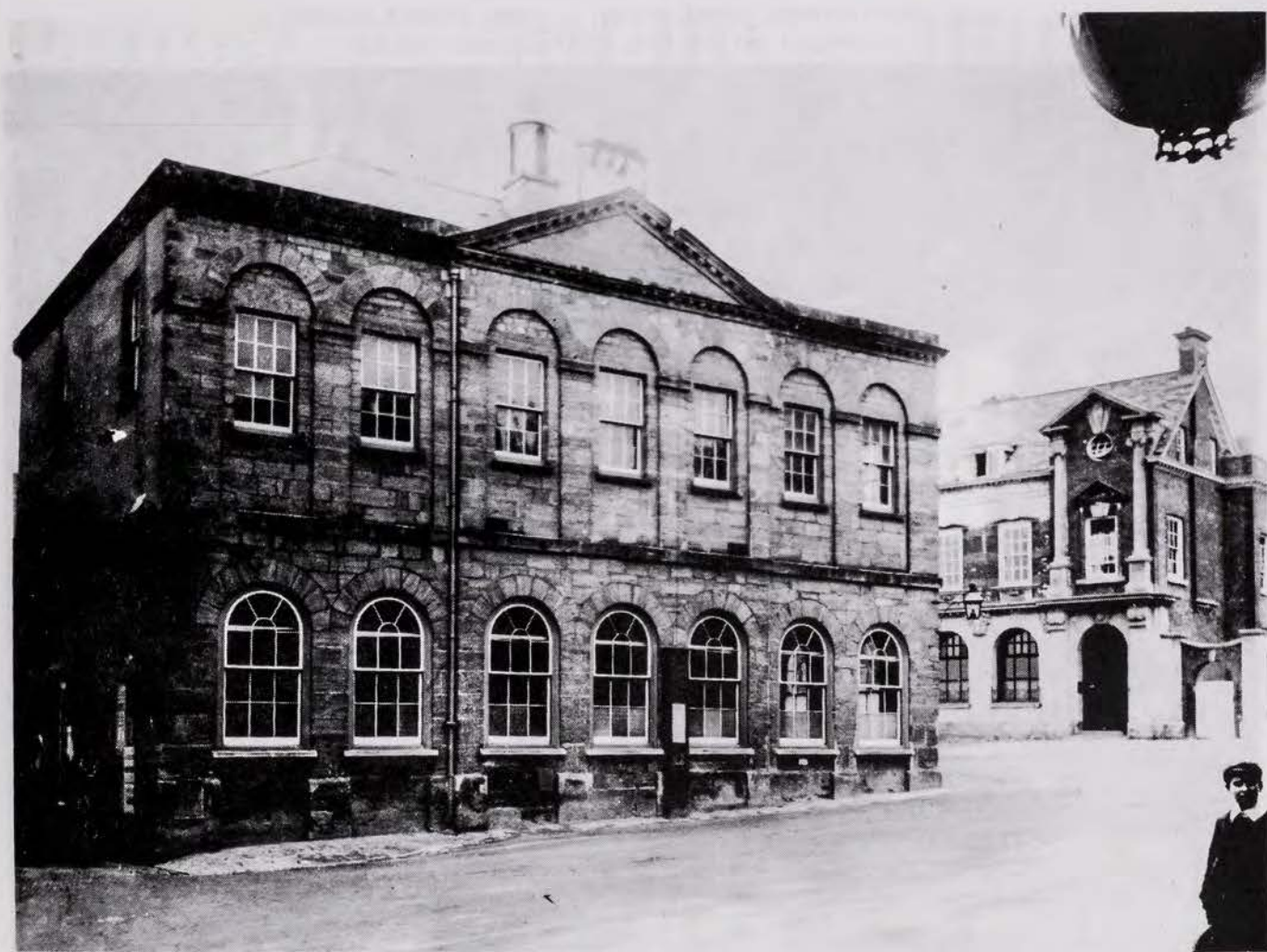


Presentation to the Misses Wootton (Late 1950s?).  
Photograph by G.G. Garland - See "At the old Girls School".  
Courtesy Mrs K.A. Vigar.





Petworth Town Hall - North and West elevations 1900.  
Photograph by Walter Kevis.



Petworth Town Hall South and East elevations about 1902.  
Photograph by Walter Kevis.



Dialect under pressure from outside influence?  
A symbolic picture taken in the old Square Tavern in the 1920s.  
Photograph by G.G. Garland

display in a confined space and in the thrall of the high walls so typical of Petworth. I looked to the wall of the old stables at the Ebenezer where the congregation had of old kept their horses during morning and afternoon service on the Sunday, stopping to eat lunch, using the pew extensions specially fitted to act as impromptu tables.

Then down to Trowels for a little refreshment before going over to Magnolia. Miniature antirrhinum on the familiar sloping plot in front of the house, to the rear a long deep plot mainly vegetables but always interesting. Time again to chat on the piece of lawn near the house, and at the end rising sheer the wall of Petworth House Gardens, the highest wall we'd yet seen.

P.

#### PETWORTH SOCIETY VISIT TO HEYSHOTT DOWN.

28th June 1992

It was a very hot and sunny day when members of the Petworth Society set forth to explore the fascinating 50 acres of Heyshott Down Nature Reserve, led by the young, enthusiastic warden, Simon Thomas and his wife and son Kieron.

The reserve is managed by the Society of Sussex Downsmen which is dedicated to the conservation of Downland Flora and Fauna. The area was formerly extensively quarried for chalk and there are the remains of a lime kiln. The reserve is now divided into four areas, each providing a different habitat. These are:

1. Unimproved grassland.
2. Hazel coppice.
3. Mature beech, ash and yew woodland.
4. Scrub.

The first stop was just inside the reserve beside a young wych elm (the only one growing on the site, although 30 more have now been planted). This tree forms the feed plant for the rare White Letter Hairstreak Butterfly. An estimated 37 species of butterfly have been counted on the reserve, which is most impressive when one realises there are only 50 species in Great Britain, giving the reserve the greatest variety of species in West Sussex.

We walked through to a glade to be shown stately Great Butterfly Orchids - happily increasing from 4 recorded last year to 8

flowering spikes and 9 or 10 leaf rosettes this year. The shaded glade where they grow is also home to nesting birds such as the Spotted Fly Catcher, Whitethroat and Black Cap.

On to an area of unimproved grassland where, hidden amongst Bird Foot Trefoil, Yellow Rock Rose, Self Heal, Milwort, Hemp Agrimony, sundry grasses and spotted orchids were some rare Adder's Tongue Ferns. Many butterflies flitted about - large numbers of Meadow Brown, Brown Argos, large Skipper and a Chalkhill Blue. The fritillaries need coppiced areas and feed on violet plants and we walked onto the next area which is managed coppice in 8 and 15 year rotation. The 15 year rotation encourages the now very rare and recently discovered (c1989) Hazel Dormouse. This shy animal does not like the ground and moves around the canopy to feed. It builds breeding nests, often in old birds' nests (we were shown one) but hibernates in nests made in the coppice stools.

The next area was mature and over mature beech woodland with dead and fallen wood, left where it is to provide homes for woodland snails and green wasps in the loose bark, as well as numerous insects. To our right in the bottom of the Coombe were pollarded Sallow which maintain a bridge or canopy for the Dormouse and provide homes for many species of insect, and for the Pipistrelle and Serotine bats.

The path led on to an area of chalk grassland with springy turf and fragrant thyme in flower. The potentially invasive Ragwort is here but kept to minimal numbers naturally by the black and orange caterpillars of the Cinnabar moth.

Onwards we went in single file to a coppice area, cut two years ago. The growing stools were protected to some extent by brushwood from gazing deer. The coppiced areas make it possible for insects to travel around the Reserve, otherwise so called Travelling Lanes have to be cut through thick woodland and scrub. Here we saw a rhododendron look alike - but in fact is a rare Daphne - Spurge Laurel which flowers late January and early February.

We came out into the open with views across Heyshott above a field of gentle misty blue flax. This area is known as the Orchid Triangle and here we saw Bee Orchids (now increased to 18) and in the downland carpet were white, blue and pink Milkwort; Cow Wheat which was noticed by David and forms the larval food plant of the

Heath Fritillary; Restharrow and fragrant Marsh Orchid. This area is grazed annually by Southdown Sheep in winter and they control coarse and aggressive species. Here too are many anthills forming gentle mounds built up over many years and maintained by the activity of the ants at about 1° - 2° above outside temperature. It explains the abundance of plant species living on the heaps - sadly some anthills have been demolished by animal vandals such as pheasant and deer.

Next we came to the Coombe which is grazed from time to time and is surrounded by woods of trees of same age and height, making a hostile environment with little bird life and dormice confined to the edges only. We climbed an enormously steep path intrepidly pushing on upwards almost vertically and sat panting to rest and pull up invasive Hemp Agrimony as our contribution towards the conservation of this chalk grassland. We pushed on to a plateau with the most incredible views across the Weald. Here grows the Viper's Bugloss, a striking plant almost perfectly adapted to a hostile environment with its low growing rosette of leaves to stop overcrowding by other plants, fleshy leaves to cope with very little available natural water and a spiny stem to discourage grazing animals. The plant usually has blue flowers but one white one stood out from the rest.

We asked Mr. Thomas about adders: "Plentiful!", he said, "13 in a day's count"; also lizards, grass-snakes, glow worms, of which he is shortly to make a study, one solitary toad, tawny resident owls, little owl, 1 or 2 Barn Owls, a Hen Harrier and the very occasional Hobby.

The open area is about 11 acres of grass grazed every three years in different parts. The short turf encourages breeding of the Chalk Hill Blue butterfly (117 counted in a day), and the adjoining long turf encourages Horse Shoe Vetch, feeding plant of Marble White butterflies. The projected programme is for the scrub and ash woods to be cleared very slowly and monitored carefully.

Back to the present: at our feet in a nearby clearing we saw pyramidal, fragrant Marsh, Common Spotted and 27 Frog Orchids - so insignificant we would not even know of their existence until revealed by Mr. Thomas. Then Pearl found two beautiful bright blue round-headed Rampion on our way to the last area we looked at.

This was a clearing protected from deer damage by four strands of electric fencing, giving the growing stools and pollards a chance to grow. The wood from the felled trees is stacked, ready to be sold to help defray costs.

Then we rejoined the Bridle Path and grouped to say goodbye and thank you to Mr. Thomas and Mrs. Peggy Synge, whose knowledge and enthusiasm inspired us all. Audrey thanked Mr. Thomas and hoped he would come to talk to the Petworth Society soon. Altogether a most interesting, instructive and stimulating afternoon.

Jean Gilhooly.

#### VISIT TO KEEPER'S COTTAGE, ROTHERBRIDGE

The Society's visits are rarely mundane, often unusual and occasionally unique. Perhaps this one fell into the last category because not only did we see the gamekeeper's world of, in this case, partridge rearing, but also a collection of birds of prey and unusual pheasants and finally a piece of industrial archeology which surprised even our Chairman.

The party of forty members was plenty large enough for a visit of this nature, even when split into two for the more congested area. Andrew Thompson, the Keeper, had whetted our appetites with his account of 'The Keeper's Spring' at the Annual General Meeting. His tour started with the dogs: Labrador for retrieving and Border and Lakeland x Jack Russell terriers for controlling vermin, together with the ferrets nicely housed in the old pig sty. Then came the birds of prey such as sparrowhawks, victims of collisions with cars and trains, now unable to fly and survive independently, and barn owls, whose young are released back into the wild. They are housed in 'skylight and seclusion' aviaries, with solid sides providing the environment conducive to breeding. Then, into the incubator room, each of the two incubators taking 1800 partridge eggs, automatically turned and ventilated for three weeks, being brought out in the hatches for three days before hatching. A smaller incubator held guineafowl, and bantam eggs. Past the winter aviary for stock partridges we went, to a run of Buff Pekin bantams, attractive in their 'bell-bottom trousers', providing eggs for the kitchen and foster-mothers for clutches of pheasant and guineafowl eggs. Now came the aviaries for unusual and rare pheasants, at present occupied by relatively common species such as the Lady Amherst and the less plentiful Elliot's pheasant, all with

young, and soon to be joined by rarer pheasants in need of help due to habitat loss in their countries of origin, in conjunction with the World Pheasant Association. Between them all, an aviary of Mandarin ducklings, yet to show their distinctive plumage. Here in the orchard, the plum trees were weighed down with ripening fruit, a welcome harvest after two years of complete failure due to frosts and aphid attack. And so on down to the river, past the stock partridges - mainly red-legged, but with some English - in their summer aviary and this year's young in separate runs from the week-old youngest, almost invisible in the lush grass, to those at nine weeks looking almost ready for release. Here too, the caterpillars of the Cinnabar moth were gorging themselves on the ragwort.

Duncan Hill, Andrew's assistant, had cleared the undergrowth from a path to the bank near the springs to reveal the remains of a small waterwheel constructed in the 1890s to the design of Mr. Allison (Peter's Estate Water Foreman grandfather). This had driven a smaller version of the beam pump at Coultershaw to supply Rotherbridge farmhouse right up until 1950. Jumbo's own story merits a separate article. We were surprised to hear that recent measurements had shown a greater flow from the springs than in 1890, but we were also forced to compare what must have been a tranquil operation with the roar of the pump forcing water up to irrigate potatoes on the horizon towards Tillington.

Our visit concluded with tea, lemonade and biscuits on the lawn at Keeper's Cottage.

K.C.T.

#### "A PART OF MY LIFE"

As a centre for Petworth life the Town Hall or, as it is now known, the Leconfield Memorial Hall, has a long pedigree. It was built in 1793 but on the site of a much earlier Market House, probably partly open and containing stalls and stables. Certainly some such building would have been in existence by the time John Ederton made his return of rents to his master Henry VIII in 1541 (see Tread Lightly Here (1990) pp 166). The rise of the new building and the taking down of the old, apparently a simultaneous operation, are reflected in a set of accounts to be found in Petworth House Archives 2233. The cost of the new building, £184.6.6. was defrayed by the Third Earl of Egremont. While most people who pass through Petworth note this distinctive central building, Ian Nairn

writing in Pevsner's Buildings of England describes it simply as "a decent dour stone building, perhaps the work of an estate surveyor of the time", but evinces little enthusiasm otherwise. He waxes far more eloquent about the now departed bust of William III, attributed to the Dutch sculptor Honore Pelle and one of only four such pieces in the country. The statue with its "swaggering asymmetric wig" has been at least for the foreseeable future, removed and the pedestal now stands vacant. The Hall was handed over to the people of Petworth by the late John Wyndham some thirty years ago and was renamed the Leconfield Memorial Hall as a tribute to the donor's uncle, the late Lord Leconfield. It was completely refurbished and officially reopened by John Wyndham in February 1960. The following account of the refurbishment appeared in the Midhurst, Petworth and District Times for January 22nd 1960.

*TONIGHT is a big night for Petworth. The old Town Hall, which has been given a new and modern look, will be used for the first time.*

*It was in May, 1957, that it was decided to drop the ambitious plan to build a new £12,000 hall and instead to convert the present Town Hall.*

*The scheme was made possible by the gift of the hall to the town by Mr. John Wyndham, of Petworth House, nephew of the late Lord Leconfield, and it is in his memory that the hall has been named the Leconfield Memorial Hall.*

*Through unusual problems presented by the building, and radical structural alterations which have had to be made, it has taken nearly six months longer than scheduled, but at last the hall is almost ready, and will fill a need that has been evident in Petworth for many years.*

*Back in May last year, at the annual meeting of the Leconfield Memorial Hall Committee, Mr. Wyndham said he hoped the hall would be turned into a very splendid and charming Town Hall.*

### **Fulfilled**

*Those who see it tonight will no doubt consider that his wishes have been fulfilled.*

*The main hall has been attractively decorated in pastel green, milky grey, and oatmeal shades, with a deep red stage curtain providing a pleasant contrast.*

*The stage, which is sufficiently roomy for most projects, has been moved from the western end to the northern, and there is a balcony.*

*The floor which will be excellent for dancing, has been enlarged by better use of existing space. The hall is heated by convector and infra-red heaters, and there is a lift to bring food and refreshments straight up into the hall from the kitchen.*

### **Not Quite Finished**

*Workmen are still adding the finishing touches to the ground floor, which comprises two committee rooms, kitchen, and lavatories, but they will be ready in time for the official opening by Mr. Wyndham on February 20.*

*Tonight's revue is being produced by Mrs. Jose Montfort-Bebb. It consists of a variety entertainment of music, song, dance, comedy, and old-time music hall. There will be a repeat performance tomorrow night.*

*The next event in the new hall is a grand opening ball on February 16 arranged by Police Superintendent J.G. Doney.*

I have a long connection with the Leconfield Hall and like most such connections it came about largely by chance, my first contact coming when I was appointed Parish Council representative on the Hall Committee. Lady Shakerley was Chairman then and a great supporter of the Hall; when she stood down as Chairman she served for several years as W.I. representative. I have had two spells as Chairman, separated by a period when John Brown was in charge. Life in those early days, as Lady Shakerley would so readily have agreed, was not easy. The 1960 refurbishment was showing signs of wear and funds were virtually non-existent. We were trapped in a vicious spiral: if the Hall doesn't look its best, the number of lettings begins to fall, this means there is no money to make the necessary improvements. The spiral continues and lettings and premises decline in tandem.

The administration of the Hall has remained the same during my fifteen years. There are three Trustees, at present Lord Egremont, Mr. C. F. Linton and myself. I am hopeful that Mr. Eric Wakeford will take over from me when I leave Petworth. The trustees have no voting power but would take a crucial role in a situation where the

committee were disbanded or for some reason ceased to function. It would be the trustees' charge to see to the day to day running of the Hall. They are, if you like, a kind of fail-safe mechanism. Basic administration lies in the hands of the Chairman and his committee. There is at present no vice-chairman. The committee itself consists of three members who represent the general public and representatives of various local organisations (including St. Mary's Church and Petworth Parish Council) who use the Hall. The numerical composition of the Committee is not fixed, in theory co-opted representatives of other local bodies could augment the present committee, provided only that those bodies use the Hall and have an interest in its welfare. The committee's basic trust is to see that the Hall functions to Petworth's benefit, and of course to the benefit of their respective organisations. I've so often heard it said that the committee is doomed to be ineffective because each member's loyalty is to his or her own organisation rather than the Hall itself. I take the point but the view is too cynical: it leaves completely out of account the three members of the public and the fact that the committee members have a responsibility to their own organisations to see that the Hall functions properly.

What I think we all find, and this has been my greatest disappointment over the years, is that there is a negative attitude toward the Hall in Petworth itself. There has always been. People do not support the Hall as I would like it to be supported. To an extent this may go back some thirty-five years to the original decision to convert the Town Hall and not pursue the building of a new hall. A more serious problem is that the Hall is not a Society, it cannot easily have a subscribing membership. This problem can be dramatically illustrated in terms of fund-raising: a coffee morning held for the Hall will raise a moderate sum, while a similar morning for another organisation a week later will raise several times as much. Fund-raising is never easy; coffee mornings I have already mentioned, the raffle at Petworth Fair is a very useful source of income, while the Leconfield Hall mini-markets started quite well but then faded through lack of participation by local organisations. Speaking personally I have found discos very successful as fund-raisers but you do need a strong back-up organisation. I would go to the Justices for a full licence and obtain beer and spirits at cost. The discos cater of course for a youngish clientele. No, we never had any difficulty with keeping order but I have to say we have not had a disco for several years.

Since those difficult early days we have redecorated the inside completely, repaired the windows and doors and updated the heating. The kitchen I know is not to everyone's taste but remember: people don't treat hired kitchens as they would their own, you wouldn't want anything too intricate or fancy in there. Bookings are well up: in the region of four hundred a year. With upstairs and downstairs often operating separately, bookings can be simultaneous. Lettings run a whole gamut from charitable to commercial and a differential tariff is in place for overtly commercial hirings. The Hall functions too as a polling booth, we are paid for this of course, and has the definite advantage over the Sylvia Beaufoy Centre of being central. This was obvious at the April General Election. The hall is Petworth's natural meeting-place and, as such, essential to the town. A good example of its power as a focal point is the back-up it provides at Petworth's annual November fair.

Two factors have radically changed a situation which we have already turned from being precarious to one of guarded optimism. The first is the recent talk about a new Hall being built as part of a swimming-pool complex in the Tillington Road. Like everyone in Petworth we wish the swimming-pool project well but we are less convinced about a so-called "dry facility". It would after all be a long way out of the centre of the town. There's nothing wrong with having another Hall, after all the old Town Hall operated in tandem with the Iron Room for generations but the idea of the Leconfield Hall being sold to finance such a "dry facility" is a different matter altogether. I do not think this desirable. Any "dry facility", and it looks very doubtful whether one will be forthcoming, must operate as the Iron Room did in tandem with the Leconfield Hall, not in place of it. My impression is that talk of this kind has had the effect of making people think that, with all its faults, the Hall is an integral part of Petworth, and central to the town's existence as a community. Of course I have heard people say, (who hasn't?) that the best thing would be to demolish it and make a large open space in the middle of the Square, ignoring completely the fact that you cannot simply demolish a Grade 2 listed building. What might then happen to the Hall if it ceased to function as it does now? Some have seen it as a possible Petworth museum - but could a museum generate sufficient finance to keep the building in repair and is a museum a sufficient use for such a prominent and dominating building? Or, it is suggested, some entrepreneur might purchase the Hall, renovate the outside and turn it into a parade or arcade of shops. Would this be right for

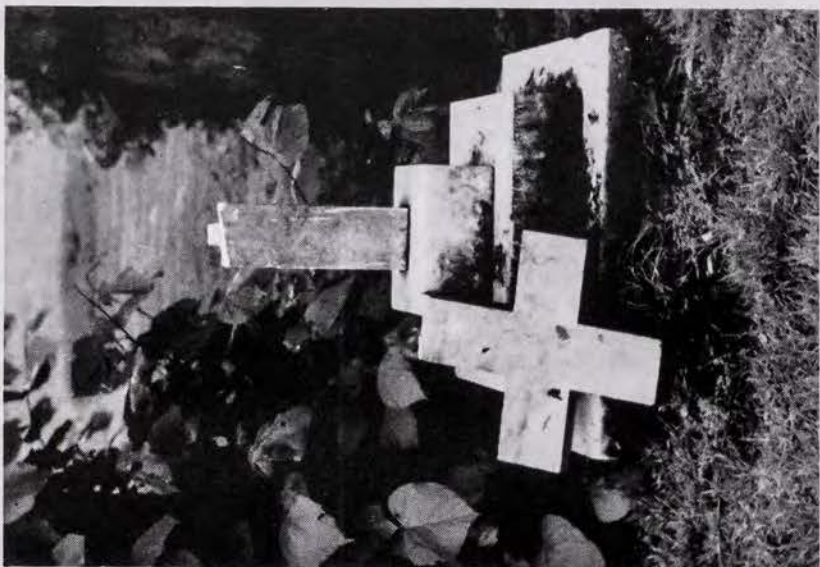
Petworth, even assuming that such an entrepreneur were available and willing to act? What would happen if the enterprise failed? The net result of such speculation, and speculation is all it can be, would seem a greater feeling of support for a building which has served Petworth well over the years.

The second factor is more tangible and in some ways more important. The committee's position has been much strengthened by a considerable bequest from the estate of the late Miss Gwenda Morgan, like her step-mother Una so long a benefactor to the town. It is a bequest made specifically for the Town Hall: it is not a general bequest and as such not, I would think, readily transferable. It transforms the whole situation so that we have over £65,000 now in the bank. This is certainly not enough to repair all the outside stonework but it does give us options we never had before. We certainly have enough to make the possibility of a grant appear likely. As you know, grants are usually made as a proportion of money intended to be spent. We have here a Grade 2 listed building. First step will need to be an architect's specification for initial works - expensive in itself but something we could not proceed without.

A quotation for repairing and restoring the stonework was £125,000 but this may after a lapse of time be nearer £150,000. Where would we suggest beginning? I am clear that it should be the east side, at once the most characterful and the side that initially strikes the visitor to Petworth. This side is fashioned with Sussex stone brought from Cowdray but now badly weathered. Replacement stone would I expect come from Cowdray too. Repairs to the dominating east side would change attitudes and make this central building something of which Petworth could be proud. The south side is very similar to the east side and would need the same kind of attention, perhaps it would be part of the same specification. The west side is brick with a rendering put on, I would guess, toward the end of the 1939-45 war. The north side will need some attention but has in fact given us little trouble over the years. I am sometimes asked about the stone steps on the west side by the telephone box. Owen Bridger says they've been much the same ever since he can remember. I suppose they would have to be tackled as part of any work envisaged on the west side. I see no point in treating them in isolation. In any case I wouldn't like new steps with sharp edges. The present steps may be delapidated but they are as people always remember them. Yes, some repairs eventually but we would need to be cautious.



The Blue Bowl Tea Rooms in High Street.  
Photograph by G.G. Garland. (See letter to the Editor).



Thomas Seward's memorial in Tillington Churchyard before and after attention.  
Photographs by Bill Vincent.

The roof is in good condition now: occasionally a pigeon dies and the carcass blocks a gully but pigeons are not otherwise a great problem as they only roost on the Hall roof. At one time the Council culled by shooting but this is not done now. There is a flat roof on the west side and trap door onto the roof. It's essential that the trap is never left open or even unlatched; once the pigeons get inside there are problems. There's nothing wrong with the foundations: the walls are a good eighteen inches thick. A survival from older days when the Town Hall doubled as a courthouse is a cell in the roof. Another survival are the firebells now stored in a cupboard but once standing high on the east side. Perhaps a reworking of the east side might include putting the bells up again. The loss of the bust certainly took away some of Hall's distinctive character but you couldn't really be happy about a national treasure of that kind being exposed to the elements and, particularly, the pigeons. The latter are no respecters of art. I am not a great believer in putting back an imitation bust. It would simply act as a receptacle for the pigeons without having the character of the original.

I shall miss the Leconfield Hall when Marion and I leave Petworth. After fifteen years I feel the Hall is almost a part of me. When I first joined the committee I never dreamed I would still be there fifteen years later. Throughout that time Owen Bridger has served unstintingly as caretaker, going in after every letting to see that everything is in order for the next hire. Kathy Bridger has been for some years a most efficient treasurer and any new Chairman will rely heavily on these two. Above all I feel the Hall is in a position to press forward with the repairs that will realize its full potential as Petworth's indispensable meeting-point and central focus. We have a great opportunity and should grasp it with both hands.

John Tidy was talking to the Editor.

#### THE DIALECT QUESTIONNAIRE

We append below the results of the dialect questionnaire sent out with Magazine 67. Some 44 replies were received; the average age of respondents being 67. A significant difference compared with surveys taken in the last century is that only a proportion of respondents (14 out of 44) had never lived outside a six mile radius of Petworth and even these would have been subjected to considerable outside influence. We give the original question



followed by the most favoured reply and the number of times given. Not everyone of course could answer all the questions. Questions that were particularly lightly answered are indicated by an asterisk. We give variations, always indicating the numbers mentioning them if they come to more than 8. We have occasionally omitted replies which seemed obviously wrong or potentially misleading. We would appreciate comments on the three words following - (original question numbers in brackets):

ALGAR (5)  
GAMBLE (5)  
GANOR (28)

1. *What do you call the short-handled tool with curved blade used for hedge or brush trimming?*  
FAGHOOK 34: BILLHOOK, SWAPHOOK, SICKLE, BAGGING HOOK, STAFFHOOK, SLASHER.
2. *What do you call the two-handled blade used in trimming and shaping paling?*  
SPOKESHAVE 11: HOOPSHAVE, DRAWSHAVE, DRAWKNIFE, SHAVEHOOK, RINER.
3. *In stake making, what do you call the tool which might be used for opening and levering the pole so as to split it?*  
ADZE 18: HANDBILL, CLEAVER, WEDGE, BRAKE ADZE, SPLITTING IRON.
4. *What do you call the short handled tool used in cutting underwood etc?*  
HANDBILL 21: BILLHOOK 12: SLASHER, CHOPPER.
- \* 5. *What do you call the brace-like instrument for twisting up the hay and straw bands for tying?*  
WIMBLE 10: BONDWINDER, BOND TWISTER, BOND HOOK, ALGAR, GAMBLE.
6. *What do you call the stone for sharpening a scythe and carried in a loop on the mowers belt?*  
CARBORUNDUM (STONE) 11: RUBBER, WHETSTONE, EMERY STONE, OIL STONE, STRIKKLE.
- \* 7. *What do you call the tool for cutting off the beards of barley?*

AWNER 5: DEAWNER, AWN-TRIMMER, BARLEY-CHAMPER, IYLER, THRESHING-DRUM.

8. *What do you call the beards of barley?*  
OILS (various spellings) 11: AWNS 9: AWLES.
9. *What is your word for putting sheaves together in the harvest field for drying?*  
STOOKING 29: SHOCKING 22: some gave both answers.
10. *What do you call the bottom-end of a sheaf?*  
BUTT 33: HEEL.
11. *What tool was used for threshing before machines came in?*  
FLAIL 36: also the older spelling FRAIL or FRAL.
12. *What do you call a mixture of oats and barley sown together?*  
DREDGE (CORN) 23: MIXED CORN, TARES.
13. *What do you call the grass of a meadow after haying?*  
AFTERMATH 11: LEY 6: SWARD.
14. *What do you call the grass or partly dried hay, raked into rows for fully drying?*  
WINDROWS 19: SWATHES, SWARVES, RIDGES, RUIING.
15. *What do you call the straw of peas, beans, tares, etc?*  
HAULM (various spellings) 33: there were no alternatives given.
16. *What do you call the strips of land at the sides of a field, left until last before ploughing in?*  
HEADLANDS 41: SIDELANDS 2.
17. *What do you call the raised parts in a ploughed field?*  
RIDGES 10: FURROWS 7: VOORS, OPENINGS, WHIPS, BACK-UPS, LANDS, SEAMS, VEERINGS.
- \* 18. *What do you call the type of plough used for turf-cutting?*  
SCIMMER 2: DENSHIRE-PLOUGH, TURF IRON, DIGGER, SPINNER, LEY PLOUGH.
19. *What do you call the pointed wooden tool for making holes for seed sowing?*

DIBBER 41: there were no alternatives.

20. *What do you call the very small potatoes the size of marbles?*  
CHATS 33: PIG-POTATOES, CHITS, WEAR.
21. *Where do you put the potatoes when you store them in the fields for winter?*  
CLAMP 35: PIE 13: some gave both answers.
22. *Where do you put mangolds when you store them in the fields for winter?*  
CLAMP 27: PIE 17: some gave both answers.
23. *What do you say of a lettuce that has run to seed?*  
BOLTED 34: BLASTED NUISANCE.
24. *what do you call the smallest pig of a litter?*  
RUNT 40: DOLLY 7: DAWING. some gave both answers.
25. *What do you call an open-sided cattle shed for shelter?*  
HOVEL (various spellings) 31: BYRE, SHIPPEM, LEAN-TO, DUTCH.
- \*26. *What do you call a pet lamb, brought up by hand?*  
HOB 6: CADE 4: DOLLY, SOP, MARY, SOCK-LAMB.
27. *What do you call a large wooden hammer or mallet?*  
BIDDEL/BITTLE/BEETLE, BEADLE 16: MAUL, MALL, MOLE, CUDGER, DRIVE-ALL, MALLET.
- \*28. *What do you call the spare or odd-job horse on the farm?*  
SHACKLER 5: SHACKLING HORSE, SHUFFLER, GANOR, FRED, SHIFTER, JOBBER, COB, ODD-JOB.

NOTES\*

STRIKLE (6) usually STRICKLES is a kind of improvised emery cloth made by smearing grease on a shaped piece of wood and embedding sand in it. It was used to sharpen cutting edges.

AWLES (8) is a mixture of the standard English AWNS and the traditional Sussex dialect word OILS.

SIDELANDS (16) is the true West Sussex dialect word.

We would be interested to hear comments or additional information. Please contact;

Miles Costello	or	Peter Jerrome
38 Hampers Green		Pound Street
Petworth.		Petworth.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF FREDERICK ARNOLD

Many know Arnold's History of Petworth (1864) well enough but little of the author himself. One of the distinguished Arnold family at the Market Square Post Office, Frederick Henry Arnold did not himself live in adult years at Petworth but was for many years Rector of Racton near Chichester and President of the Chichester and West Sussex Natural History Society. It was Arnold who produced the first full Flora of Sussex in 1887. Dr. Nick Sturt from Wittering has a great interest in Arnold and his work and we would hope it will not be long before we have a fuller article and perhaps an illustrated talk. Arnold gives in his Flora "Localities of the less common species" and it seemed a good idea to look for what is specifically mentioned in the Flora as growing in Petworth and to see if it were still extant in its old habitats more than a hundred years on. It would also be an opportunity for a quick look at anything that might strike the eye in our travels.

Starting from Trowels in Pound Street we noted on the wall of Box Grove the small mauve and white daisy flowers of Mexican Fleabane, a garden escape not mentioned by Arnold at all but now relatively common. A significant early find on the Back Lane wall was the rare *Sedum dasycyllum*, the thick leaved stonecrop, a plant mentioned by Arnold as occurring in Sussex only on a wall at Binderton near East Dean and at Petworth. He describes it as very rare. Despite its very unpretentious small white flowers, this fleshy-leaved plant is probably in origin another garden escape. Arnold writes: "Wall, North Street, Petworth and elsewhere in and near the town about 1885, long known there". If there is a distinctive Petworth plant it is perhaps the thick-leaved stonecrop. We did not check North Street but were to find these rare plants elsewhere in Back Lane. Much more abundant on the Back Lane wall was the ivy-leaved toadflax *Linaria cymbalaria*, probably another garden escape, also know as Creeping Jenny and Roving Sailor. Unlike the stonecrop, this plant is extremely common. Hebe from the Rosemary Gardens playground had seeded themselves in the wall by the railings. Back Lane would have been so different

in Arnold's time; gardens where the Car Park now is and the famous mulberry, dropping its dark pulpy fruit onto the path. We were looking now for the Great Snapdragon or Lion's Mouth, mentioned by Arnold as occurring in Rosemary Lane. It grows, probably as an escape, on the Tillington Road wall but we couldn't see it here. Even when we went into Rosemary Gardens to look at the wall from the other side we could incidentally admire the dark crimson leaves of the smoke tree but there was no sign of the snapdragon. We did see the yellow starry flowers of sedum acre, the biting stonecrop and of course the familiar red of Valerian, *Centranthus ruber*, described as "not common" by Arnold but very much a part of the Petworth scene. Ground elder, sometimes called bishop's weed or goutweed, grows along the hedge in Rosemary Lane but may have been less common in Arnold's time than now. It seems rather strange that he would go to the trouble of listing its habitats. The carmine nettle-like hedge woundwort grew up against a wall.

Going through to High Street via the narrow passage at the side of Tranquillity we saw *Corydalis*, the yellow fumitory, growing in some profusion. Arnold mentions it as growing on a wall at the Bartons and describes it as rare. It is probably much more common now and another successful garden escape. Our next stop was the Sheepdowns to find the Rosebay Willow Herb, not an unusual plant today and described by Arnold as rather common "near the Sheepdowns". Nick said that this attractive but rather coarse plant had spread rapidly, perhaps helped by the burgeoning railway system in the decades before Arnold wrote. If the Rosebay were here it was difficult to see amongst the tangle of bracken that now covers the hillside. Sheepdown would have been grassed in Arnold's time. Nick compared the spread of this plant with that of the Oxford Ragwort, an escape from Oxford in 1794, not mentioned by Arnold but again spread by the railway network. I cannot recall seeing it in Petworth but Nick said there was bound to be a plant somewhere.

Now it was down the hill to the Virgin Mary Spring where Arnold had listed the opposite-leaved Golden Saxifrage, *Chryssplenium oppositifolium* and described it as "rather rare". Sure enough, there it was, spurge-like flowers with round leaves clinging to the side of the basin as it had done when Arnold had seen it over a hundred years ago. Arnold mentions too in this area the rare Bitter Ladies' Smock, *Cardamine amara* - a plant of wet shady places. We saw some likely leaves in the shade by the stream but couldn't be sure - the flowering season was already past. We could only say that this was ideal terrain for the plant. Coming back up

the diagonal Sheepdown path with bracken on either side we noted the yellow flowers of crosswort, *Galium cruciatum* and, surprisingly, young plants of forget-me-not at the bracken's edge. It would be good to have the grass back - perhaps volunteers scything the bracken, then having the hillside rolled regularly to squash the new shoots.

Our next port of call was what Arnold calls the "Hurst" an old name for the fields leading to the Gog. Our quarry here was the dark mullein, *Verbascum nigrum*, a mullein with a smooth leaf. We looked from the path out toward the quiet fields: if the dark mullein were there it wasn't obvious. At our back grew the Common Feverfew, an attractive upright plant with white daisy heads, another escape, grown as its name implies medicinally by the monks. Alkanet in Bartons Lane, a vivid blue flower of the anchusa type was another escape, while on the wall we found the blue fleabane, *erigeron acris*, mentioned in fact by Arnold as growing on the wall of Rosemary Lane. It may still do so - we had omitted to check.

Next, into the car for a brief look at Coultershaw and Rotherbridge. As we went down Station Road we could see high on a bank a huge pink stand of the Rosebay Willow Herb we had sought in vain at Sheepdown. No sign of the flowering rush Arnold speaks of, but here the Himalayan Balsam grew in abundance. Florence Rapley records in her Diary struggling against "the dear giant balsam" in her Heath End garden in 1911 but the plant seems to have been unknown to Arnold at least outside cultivation. The aromatic leaves of tansy were as prominent here as they would be at Rotherbridge but was not yet in flower. It was only mid-June. Arnold especially mentions it as abundant at Coultershaw. It was a beautiful calm evening as we walked up river from Rotherbridge looked over to Budham Wood away to our right. There was no immediate sign of the flowering rush but the handsome spires of purple loosestrife were already showing on the river bank.

P.

#### AT THE OLD GIRLS' SCHOOL

I am sending photograph of Miss Margaret Woottons retirement from the old Infants School, she is with her twin sister Miss Mary Wootton who took over from Miss Cousins to become Headmistress of the old Girls' School, I believe about 1925. I left Petworth Girls' School during the summer term of 1924, I then went to work at the

Infants School as a pupil teacher under Miss Margaret Wootton, I must say that she was the sweetest of ladies, my salary was to be 16s 8d a month, I had a shilling a week pocket money, and managed very well, how times have changed? I loved my work at the school, the teachers there were, Miss Wootton, Miss Bartlett and Mrs Hill known as (Miss Mac). No doubt because she was Scottish. One day I would teach the babies from 3-5 years, then the 5-6 years and later the 6 to 7 years. I found the work most interesting and rewarding. I had to see that the children were warmly clad when they went out to play during the winter, the teachers took it in turn to do playground duty, making sure that everything was harmonious with no bullying. Those were happy days, Miss Wootton ran her school with so much love and tenderness, her pupils must remember their days at school as very happy ones. It's hard to believe now that all those lovely little children are now old aged pensioners. I was at the Infants School for nearly two years, never once did I hear Miss Wootton raise her voice or smack the children yet she had a very well ordered school. I remember asking one little girl where Jesus had gone to on Ascension Day (they always had a holiday on that day) she answered, "To Brighton shopping with my Mum". In those days one could catch the No.22 Southdown Bus to Brighton 5/= return. Another time I was reading about the 'Felling' of trees. I asked a little boy "What does 'Felling' mean?" He answered, "Hit them with a jolly great chooper and they all fell down", commonsense for a little fellow of five. I believe I was the last pupil teacher at the Infants School, I passed all necessary exams but had to go to college to benefit my teaching profession. My father was unable to afford this, so I took a post as undernurse with Lady Leconfield's sister.

Kath Vigar.

#### A MILLER'S DAUGHTER

##### Chapter 5

We moved into Beechfield quite speedily. The house was much larger than the cottage near Byworth had been, and mother began thinking how she could get some help. Back at Fittleworth we had a girl from Bedham living in. She was untrained but would do anything if she was told how. We drove up to their cottage near Brinkwells where Mr. Elgar had lived; Mrs. Puttock, Edith's mother had a little sweet shop in her front room. The outcome was that Edith came back to us at Beechfield to live in: a great relief to me although I

still had to carry out my household duties, mother having had a rule that each of us must learn how to run a home properly, so now it was my turn. Later, when I was looking after a horse as well, I was often hauled back to 're-do' a job I had skipped. We also had another nice lady who came down from Bedham to help sometimes; this was in 1926-7. I met her in Petworth again in the 70's. She remembered me which was lovely, and we chatted about old times, her name was Mrs. Scammell.

From Fox Hill father still used the Studebaker to go to Coultershaw every day, I sometimes used to take him down there and bring the car back if mother wanted to be taken somewhere. One summer I spent two weeks learning 'running repairs' at Mr. Calnan's garage in East Street. Mr. Lannaway was teaching me, I used to get terribly oily. My brother was living with us at Beechfield and worked in the business. My sisters were both away.

I shall never forget the number of owls we heard hooting up in Flexham Park, which was just above us and was completely wooded then, I have never heard so many anywhere else. One morning that first Autumn my father suddenly said to me: 'If you can hear of anyone who wants to winter their horse out and thus save the feed, I will look after that side of it providing you look after him properly, and help indoors too.' The excitement of what he was saying took my breath away. Presently he added he knew of a farmer at River who had a cob with no work to do and wanted to sell it. Perhaps if I took it out hunting I might sell it for him.

So began the happiest three years of my life. I scrubbed out the loose-box and mangers. The hay and straw came back from the mill one trip and the feed on the next. Then father drove me over to River Park Farm and I met Mr. Eggins and the sturdy little cob. Off we started across the Park to Tillington and over the road to Fox Hill. He was a bit reluctant but cheered up when we clattered into the cobbled yard at Beechfield, and he saw the hay-bag hanging up. I don't think he had ever been in a loose-box before. Rough, muddy and too fat, that soon changed with exercise and grooming. I rode him to the Forge in Grove Street to be shod. We went 'Cubbing' several times and he enjoyed that.

Half a mile down the road to Wisborough Green, just before Battlehurst Farm, Mr. Cyril Springett kept a Livery Stables, and he and his head groom Sam Speed knew all the short cuts to a Meet; few folk had Horse Boxes in those days. The Huntsmen brought the hounds

through Petworth quite often, they hunted North of the river and the Cowdray hunted on the South. These friends sometimes warned me if they knew of a horse that kicked, and one year when my horse (for that season) had an 'over-reach' in the mud of Balls Cross, Sam Speed helped me walk him home when he was bringing back a 'first horse' for its owner. He advised me how to treat it. All this was so helpful to a teenager.

Sometimes I returned to the Forge at Fittleworth for shoeing because I had known them for six years. A pleasant ride over Flexham Park, down Bedham Lane to Halleluia Corner where the Forge stood on a rise beside the Petworth road.

Father did not go up to London often now. He was very busy in the new Mill at Coultershaw, also having great success in entering for National Competitions for flour making. Altogether he won 6 Gold Medals and the Miller's Cup.

While we were at Beechfield it was my job to look after the chickens and six ducks we kept, feeding, shutting up at night and cleaning the houses once a week. I think it was in 1927 when one morning we had a total eclipse of the sun. The six ducks came waddling up and went into their house to bed! As soon as the sun came out again, they came out too.

Sometimes when the horse needed exercise I rode over the Gog and down Shimmings, into Barton Lane and East Street. All very easy in the Twenties, no one objected to a horse and rider waiting outside a shop. Several items would go into my rucksack. I could call on Peggy Streeter to ask about the next hockey match and buy one or two small things from one of the butchers or grocers.

Boxing Day Meet was always held up on The Gog. Everybody turned up for that on either four legs or two. Dozens of foot followers and very few cars. Such crowds. Dear old 'Lordy' swore if any rider got too close to his hounds. He knew every hound by name and they all loved him. Mrs. Spurgeon, the Vet's wife, always looked superb on her black mare, riding side-saddle in navy habit, bowler and veil, with a button-hole of violets. Everyone in festive mood, horses crowding through gateways, an occasional buck, a muttered oath, then at last out into the open. Hounds running, mud flying. What did it matter if you lost hounds for a while if you had a hunk of Christmas pudding in your pocket?

So passed the three years up near Fox Hill. By 1928 business all over the country was getting into deep recession. Meanwhile my father decided to give up renting Beechfield and took a small place in Petworth. I was very despondent when this happened, because I had been offered one of Mr. Price's young horses for the next season. However Father was friendly with the owner of the Angel Hotel Mr. Wells. Opposite the Hotel was a small beer house called Angel Shades, with stabling behind, not in use. So Ryan Price brought the horse over - his family had moved into Beechfield when we moved out. We were living in High Street, so conveniently near.

At that time the author Mr. A.E.W. Mason was living at 'The Grove'; he frequently walked down High Street into Petworth. Two of his books were favourites of mine, 'The Four Feathers' and 'Fire Over England'. Little did I dream it was the last time I should be riding so much. Father had invented something for the working of his new mill and other millers had been showing interest in this. He said he might patent it if all went well. One bitterly cold night in February 1929 he reached home very late and tired, having been to Manchester to install his new invention in a mill. Early the next morning my mother woke me to telephone the doctor. I think she already knew that he had suffered a second stroke. (He had the first before I was born.) Mother and I nursed him for two weeks but had been told there was no hope. Ryan came at once to fetch his horse as I could no longer look after it. During those two weeks the mains water under High Street was frozen, and carts were bringing water round.

Father died on 17th February aged 52. He was buried in the old Cemetery on the Horsham road, with a granite sheaf of wheat on this grave. His workers from the mills drew his coffin from St. Mary's church down North Street to the Cemetery in Horsham Road on a bitterly cold day in 1929.

#### The End

P.C.

#### NEW MEMBERS

Mrs. E. Anscombe, 11 Wyatt House, Wyatt Close, Wisborough Green, Billingshurst.  
Mrs. R. Barker, 7 Stopham House, Stopham, Pulborough, RH20 1EA.  
Miss G. Barnfield, 7 Littlepin Cottage, Fittleworth, Pulborough.  
Mr. & Mrs. J.W. Barr, Burton Hill Court, Burton Hill, Petworth, GU28 OJS.  
Mr. & Mrs. R.F. Butler, Cowman's Cottage, 307A North Street, Petworth, GU28 ODP.

NEW MEMBERS CONTINUED

- Mrs. C.B. Cox, 8 Bepton Road, Midhurst, GU29 9LU.  
Miss K. Dean, 3 Rosemary Close, Petworth, GU28 OAZ.  
Mrs. C.M.S. Deans, 1 Wisteria Close, Orpington, Kent, BR6 8LE.  
Mr. & Mrs. M.A. Duncton, 6 Rothermead, Petworth, GU28 OEW.  
Mr. & Mrs. W.G. Evans, 36 Greatpin Croft, Fittleworth, Pulborough, RH20 1HY.  
Mr. & Mrs. R. Hillier, 17 Willetts Close, Duncton, Petworth.  
Miss Hunt, Lodsworth.  
Mr. & Mrs. F.P. Kilpatrick, "Hookwood", Tripp Hill, Fittleworth, Pulborough.  
Mrs. P. King, 4 Guildford Road, Broadbridge Heath, Horsham, RH12 3JU.  
Mrs. Knox-Wilson, Pot Lane Farm, Shillinglee, Chiddingfold, Surrey.  
Mr. & Mrs. D.H.P. Lang, 4 Stopham House, Stopham, Pulborough, RH20 1EA.  
Mrs. S. Malthouse, 29 Hermits Road, Three Bridges, Crawley, RH10 1RX.  
\*Mrs. S. Matthews, 385 Strood Cottage, Byworth, Petworth.  
\*Mrs. J.M. McFarlane, 3 The Harrows, Tillington, Petworth.  
Mr. & Mrs. R. Ogborn, 5 St. Stephens Close, Haslemere, Surrey, GU27 1NT.  
Mr. & Mrs. D. Ray, 5517 Crestwood Drive, Kansas City, Missouri 4110, U.S.A.  
\*Mr. & Mrs. J. Steer, 42 Duncton Common, Duncton, Petworth.  
\*Mrs. F. Thomas, Oxford Cottage, Grove Street, Petworth, GU28 OBA.  
Mr. & Mrs. J. Tidy, 42 Sheepdown Drive, Petworth, GU28 OBX.  
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Mrs. J. Blackmore, Pear Tree Cottage, Rickmans Lane, Plaistow, Billingshurst,  
West Sussex, RH14 ONT.  
Mr. & Mrs. J. Critchlow, Navant Hill Farm, Lurgashall, Petworth, West Sussex, GU28.  
Mrs. H.D. Haines, Smithbrook Cottage, Lodsworth, Petworth, West Sussex, GU28.  
Mr. & Mrs. J. Magrath, Fieldings, Sheepdown Drive, Petworth, West Sussex, GU28 OBW.  
The Manager, The Angel Inn, Angel Street, Petworth, West Sussex, GU28 OBG.  
Mr G. Meachen, La Grange, 3 Clos de la Hauteur, Mont Au Pretre, St. Helier,  
Jersey, Channel Islands, JE2 3FB.  
Mr. & Mrs. W.I. Perry, Netherlands Farm, Petworth, West Sussex, GU28.  
Mrs. R. Rosser, 18 Tait House, Greet Street, Waterloo, London, SE1.  
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\*Mr. & Mrs T. Arden, Daymans, Bedham, Fittleworth, Pulborough, RH20 1JR.  
\*Mrs. E. Hand, Haven Cottage, East Street, Petworth.  
Mrs. E.B. Jennings, Westbury, Sheepdown Drive, Petworth.  
Mrs. C. Knox, 6 Thornhill Close, Hangleton, Hove, BN3 8JL.  
Mrs. A.L. Maber, 14 Little Lane, Alverstoke, Gosport, Hants., PO12 2LA.  
Mrs. D. Playfoot, 11 South Grove, Petworth.  
Mr. & Mrs. P. Turland, 49 Hampers Green, Petworth.  
The Misses D. & G. Wareham, 2 The Flats, Somerset Hospital, North Street, Petworth.  
Mr. & Mrs. G. Jackson, Cranfield Cottage, Pond Copse Lane, Loxwood, Sussex.

\* Rejoining.

