

THE WINDOW PRESS ANNOUNCES A PRE-  
PUBLICATION OFFER OF THE MOST SIGNIFICANT  
PETWORTH BOOK THIS CENTURY

*So Sweet as the Phlox is*

THE DIARY OF FLORENCE RAPLEY 1909-12

## *So Sweet as the Phlox is*

THE DIARY OF FLORENCE RAPLEY 1909-12

A full text with introduction and notes by Peter Jerrome and illustrated with contemporary photographs, many of which have not been seen before. This large-format casebound book of 156 pages will be produced to the highest standards by the Window Press. Printed in two colours on high-quality paper and set in a fine, traditional type, the book extends to over 100,000 words. All copies will be bound by hand using traditional methods and materials. The binding will consist of heavy boards covered in fine quality cotton cloth and there will be silk head and tail bands and a silk marker. Only 250 copies will be produced and each will be individually numbered.

*So Sweet as the Phlox is* will be published on 6 November 1993. The pre-publication price is £29.95. Thereafter the price will be £34.95.

Please complete the form on the back of this brochure and return it with your remittance to the Window Press. Orders received before 6 November 1993 will be honoured at the pre-publication price of £29.95.

Florence Rapley (1856-1918) lived at Heath End, just south of Petworth and walked regularly into both Duncton and Petworth. Apparently educated while in service, Florence was an extremely sensitive and articulate person and a keen churchwoman, quite capable of comprehending a sermon, even, in retrospect of dissecting it! Mr. Penrose, rector of Petworth and Mr. Carruthers, rector of Duncton figure prominently in the diary, as do their various assistant clergy. Set against a background of the reluctant daily drudgery of a labourer's wife, the diary offers a quite unusual view of Petworth and Duncton just before the outbreak of the first world war. It does more than this, however: in her incidental portrayal of national events and crises like the two general elections of 1910, the death of King Edward VII in the same year, the siege of Sydney Street, the Suffragettes, the loss of the *Titanic* or even Halley's Comet, Florence Rapley transcends her purely local context to give a general reflection on English life and society in an age of bewildering change.

The long and lucid introduction provides an illuminating background to both national and local events and customs of the period and helps to create a book which is truly unique and which must be considered the most thought-provoking and significant Petworth book this century.

To the Window Press, Trowels, Pound Street, Petworth,  
West Sussex GU28 0DX

Please supply \_\_\_\_ copies of *So Sweet as the Phlox is*

at £29.95 per copy (before 6 November 1993)\*

or £34.95 per copy (after 6 November 1993)\*

Please add £2 per copy to help cover the costs of postage and  
packing.

I enclose a cheque/P.O. for £\_\_\_\_\_

Please make cheques payable to the Window Press

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Copies of the book can also be collected from Anne Simmons at  
E. Streeter and Daughter opposite St Mary's Church, Petworth.

\*Date as postmark



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

Sunday 12th September to Thursday 23rd September.

Petworth Society Party of 40 visit Toronto as guests of the Toronto Scottish Regiment.

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**Walks:** Sunday 17th October Peggy's October walk. Cars leave Car Park at 2.15

Sunday 28th November Pearl and Ian's late autumn walk. NB. Cars leave Car Park at **2.00**

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**Meetings.** Leconfield Hall 7.30 p.m. Admission £1. Refreshments.

Wednesday 20th October

The GARLAND MEMORIAL LECTURE

Frank Gregory:

Watermills along the Sussex Downs

Slides

Thursday 4th November

"So sweet as the phlox is..."

Florence Rapley and her diary. 1909-1912

An illustrated talk by

Peter Jerrome

To coincide with the Window

Press publication of the diary.

Monday 13th December

The Petworth Society Christmas Evening

**Forthcoming:** Doris Ashby makes a welcome return on Wednesday 19th January.

Paul Cottrell takes the Society scuba-diving Wednesday 16th February.

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SATURDAY NOVEMBER 20th PETWORTH FAIR

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LECONFIELD HALL SATURDAYS continue with: SATURDAY OCTOBER 16th

ANTIQUES EVENING. Experts will value two items for small charge. Details on local posters. **SUPPORT THE HALL.**

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**PETWORTH PUBLIC LIBRARY PRESENTS:**

In November, we are celebrating the 21st Birthday of the present Petworth Library.

We would like to invite you to join the celebrations at three special events:-

**'HAPPY BIRTHDAY, PETWORTH'**

Children's Birthday Party, Wednesday, 3rd November, 3.30pm - 4.30pm. Children aged 5-11.

Activities, Colouring Competition, Face Painting.

Admission by free ticket available from Petworth Library.

**'FINDING THE ANSWER'**

Wednesday, 10th November, 7.00pm - 10.00pm. Irene Campbell, the County Library's head of Information Services and her Deputy, Alison Smith, take a look at the most useful reference books in Petworth Library. Refreshments will be provided, followed by a light hearted quiz to test your knowledge!

Admission by free ticket available from Petworth Library.

PLEASE NOTE: This event must be limited to the first 16 applicants.

**'FAMILY HISTORY: A BEGINNERS GUIDE'**

Wednesday, 17th November, 7.00pm - 10.00pm. Martin Hayes of the County Library Service and Alan Readman of the County Records Office present an illustrated talk. Refreshments will be provided and there will be an opportunity to ask questions and seek advice with your research.

Admission by free ticket available from Petworth Library.

We look forward to seeing you.

**EVENING CLASSES:**

**HISTORIC TIMBER FRAMED BUILDINGS** Tutor: Dr Annabelle Hughes

Using slides and relevant documentation this course will delve into the historic background, development and possible occupants of timber framed, West Sussex buildings built in the period c1200 - 1700.

**Petworth** Herbert Shiner School P12 Tuesday 7.00pm - 9.00pm

Start 21 September 10 sessions £33.00 Red. £31.00

**PETWORTH HISTORY**

**THE LOXWOOD DEPENDANTS COMMONLY KNOWN AS "COKELERS"** Tutor: Peter Jerrome

Five talks on this very reticent and localised religious community of the West Sussex/Surrey borderland. The speaker has had many conversations with Mr Alfred Goodwin, last surviving elder of the sect and would seek to dispel a number of erroneous notions about this most distinctive of local religious groups. The talks will try to trace the history of the DEPENDANTS from the conversion of their founder John Sirgood, a Gloucestershire shoemaker, in South London in the 1840's, through the struggle to establish themselves in Loxwood and elsewhere, their successful entry into commerce and their eventual decline. The DEPENDANTS, in Mr Goodwin's own words, offered a "salvation for the meek of the earth, the farm-workers and the copse-cutters" and remained always true to their roots.

**Petworth** Herbert Shiner School P6 Monday 7.30pm - 9.30pm

Start 20 September 5 sessions £16.50 Red. £15.50

**"FROM SEPIA TO VIDEO"**

**FIVE TALKS ON PETWORTH IN PICTURES FROM 1850 TO THE PRESENT DAY** Tutor: Peter Jerrome

Of all towns in Sussex, Petworth almost certainly has the finest surviving photographic record. These five talks look to explore this heritage from F.G. Morgan, the earliest known photographer, through to the better known Walter Kevis and other photographers like Miss Coze and John Smith of Fittleworth to the dominant figure of George Garland. We look too at Petworth in postcards, almost a study in itself, and conclude by considering the coming of the video and its relationship to this long tradition. Some slides, but we will look particularly at the photographs themselves and the people behind the lens.

**Petworth** Herbert Shiner School P7 Monday 7.30pm - 9.30pm

Start 1 November 5 sessions £16.50 Red. £15.50

**THE SPIRIT OF PETWORTH 1400 - 1994** Tutor: Peter Jerrome

This series of talks will try to capture the spirit of Petworth by taking a particular document or incident from each century from 1400 to the present day, having a closer look at it and moving on to another century each week. At the end we will try to decide is there an essential "Spirit of Petworth"?

**Petworth** Herbert Shiner School P10 Monday 7.30pm - 9.30pm

Start 31 January 6 sessions £19.80 Red. £18.60

**READING OLDER DOCUMENTS** Tutor: Peter Jerrome

A five week course for beginners. A chance to read West Sussex Documents from the sixteenth to the nineteenth centuries. Wills, inventories, deeds, letters, court cases, surveys and much else. A chance to "meet" the people who figure in them. We would hope to make sufficient progress in the Autumn Term to offer the possibility that we might locate and read some specifically *Midhurst* documents in a similar course for the Spring Term.

**Midhurst** Capron House M51 Tuesday 7.00pm - 9.00pm

Start 21 September 5 sessions £16.50 Red. £15.50

**\* NEXT YEAR'S PETWORTH SOCIETY EXCURSION**

AfterBath

I've just returned from reconnaissance in Stratford-upon-Avon, the place most favoured by the 'Bathtimers' for the next Society Weekend. Coach travel, two nights in a first-class hotel by the river, dinner and breakfast, for about £110 per person, with optional opportunities to visit Ragley Hall, see a spectacular presentation, 'The World of Shakespeare' and take a conducted tour of the five Shakespeare Trust Properties (his birthplace, Nash's House, New Place, Ann Hathaway's Cottage and Mary Arden's House). We are aiming for the second or third weekend in May with a party of 40-50, but we need to gauge the interest NOW as Stratford is always busy and early booking is essential.

If you think you would like to join the party, please return the slip below by Saturday, September 25th.

Name(s) \_\_\_\_\_

To: Mrs. R. Thompson,  
18, Rothermead,  
Petworth,  
West Sussex,  
GU28 0EW.

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Phone: 0798 42585

\_\_\_\_\_

Please delete as appropriate:

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

I/we am/are mildly/very interested in a Petworth Society Weekend in Stratford-upon-Avon planned for May, 1994, Friday morning - Sunday evening.

Phone \_\_\_\_\_

BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

## THE PETWORTH SOCIETY

Correction to Magazine No. 73 - September 1993

The Printers of this Magazine very much regret that, in the handling of the two photographs shown on Pages 7 and 25, these photographs have been transposed and, unfortunately, the mistake was not noticed until the Magazine had been completed. The captions for the photographs do appear in their correct positions.

The Printers apologise both to The Petworth Society and to Mr. David Wort whose photograph of "Tulip tree blossoms" appears above the incorrect caption on Page 25, for the error.

MIDHURST AND PETWORTH PRINTERS.

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The wood-engraving on the front cover is by Gwenda Morgan and illustrates Gray's Elegy. That on the back is of Egdean church.

Engravings reproduced by permission of the Whittington Press.

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## Constitution and Officers

The Petworth Society was founded in 1974 "to preserve the character and amenities of the town and parish of Petworth including Byworth; to encourage interest in the history of the district and to foster a community spirit". It is non-political, non-sectarian and non-profit making.

Membership is open to anyone, irrespective of place of residence who is interested in furthering the object of the society.

The annual subscription is £6.00. Single or double one Magazine delivered. Postal £7.50 overseas £8.50. Further information may be obtained from any of the following:

### *Chairman*

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

### *Vice Chairman*

Mr K.C. Thompson, 18 Rothermead, Petworth

### *Hon. Treasurer*

Mr P. Hounsham, 50 Sheepdown Drive, Petworth

### *Hon. Magazine Secretary*

Mrs B. Hodson, The Cottage, Whitelocks, Sutton

### *Hon. Membership Secretary*

Mrs R. Staker, 71 Wyndham Road, Petworth

### *Hon. Social Secretary*

Mrs Audrey Grimwood, 12 Grove Lane, Petworth

### *Committee*

Mr Stephen Boakes, Mrs Julia Edwards, Lord Egremont, Mr Ian Godsmark,

Mrs Anne Simmons, Mr D.S. Sneller, Mr J. Taylor, Mr E. Vincent,

Mrs Linda Wort

### *Magazine 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)

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

## Chairman's Notes

*I am sorry that we have no room for the second part of the article on George Garland's early days but as usual I have crammed in as much as I can.*

*The Bath visit was a great success and there are forty members leaving for Canada as guests of the Toronto Scottish Regiment in September. Details of the trip in the December Magazine. There are high hopes of another Society excursion next year.*

*You will find with this issue an announcement concerning the publication of Florence Rapley's Diary (1909-1912). It is an edition with introduction and notes limited to 250 numbered hardback copies plus a very few copies part-bound in leather. The Window Press have held the price down as best it can and would offer it to members prior to official publication at a significant discount on the published price. When the 250 numbered copies are exhausted there will be no more, except of course in the unlikely event that we or another publisher would reprint in a different edition in later years.*

*I am delighted that the East Street obelisk is restored to something like its former glory and to see Honore Pelle's famous sculpture (albeit an impressive replica) back on its Town Hall niche. The original of course is on view at Petworth House. The Society's congratulations to those concerned both with the obelisk and the replacement of the sculpture.*

*Peter*

*28th July 1993*

## Some Harold Roberts Cartoons

Ann Turner of Nutley has sent us photostats of cartoons by Harold Roberts. They were not issued generally but drawn in 1938 as suggestions for a private Christmas card for Mr and Mrs Turner at the Westminster Bank. In fact Mr and Mrs Turner did not use the cartoons for the Christmas card although they very much liked them but chose a picture of Edgehill Farm, Byworth. The Turners were retiring in 1939 to Edgehill then a small fruit farm with a few animals. Harold Roberts is humorously depicting some of the problems they may have to confront in their new life! See centre pages.

There are other Harold Roberts cartoons in Bulletin 56 and 57.

No luck with either mystery photograph last issue. Surely someone must have recognised the farm picture with St Mary's spire in the distance?



## A question of Heraldry

Mr G.W. Stoner of 9 Martlet Road asks if anyone knows anything of William Dering of Petworth, Sussex and Liss, Hampshire (1457-1509). His coat of arms is reproduced here.



The background is or (gold).  
The saltire (cross) is sable (black).  
The canton (left hand corner) is gules (red).

## The Annual General Meeting

An Extract from the Minutes.

*Chairman's Report.* Mr. Jerrome began by saying that the nice thing about being Chairman of the Petworth Society was the knowledge that all activities would be well supported. Speakers had been of a very high order. Apart from the regular monthly meetings and walks, there had been Mr. Miles Costello's local dialect questionnaire, Mr. David Sneller's organisation of the toad migration patrol on the London road, the 50th anniversary of the bombing of the Boys' School, for which the Society had produced a memorial pamphlet which he felt was an appropriately respectful response to an event which still seared the Town. This had coincided with a visit from members of the Tronto-Scottish Regimental Association whose links with Petworth grew out of the tragedy. Petworth Fair had achieved national importance. The Leconfield Hall was essential to the activities of the Society and Mr. Jerrome's acceptance of the Chairmanship of the Management Committee was, he felt, the way to ensure its future for the Town. The first Society Weekend, to Bath, had been a great success. A great deal of research

into the Loxwood Dependants had resulted in the Society's possession of what was possibly the largest collection of material on the sect in existence. Mentioning future events, the most important was the visit of 40 members to Toronto in September, a unique opportunity. Slides of the activities, taken by Mr. Ian Godsmark, concluded the report.

## The Way to the Stars - an affectionate look at the British Film Industry

The special guest speaker at the Annual General Meeting (Minutes available on request) was Patricia Warren, an accomplished actress with wide experience in films and television and a member of the Society. She based her talk on her forth-coming book *British Cinema in Pictures: The British Film Collection 1896-1993*.

She described how the industry first attracted inventors, scientists, photographers and chemists rather than actors, who largely thought it would be a passing craze. Portrait photographers made, developed, printed and distributed films. One, James Williamson, used a glasshouse in his garden to make maximum use of daylight. The first films lasted 40 seconds, "actualities" of anything moving, such as a train arriving in a station, followed by little stories and documentaries. By 1910, film studios were being built so that filming could continue in artificial light 24 hours a day, so that by the outbreak of the 2nd. World War there was an exciting young industry. Many actors, valued for their British accents, went to America. But in the 20s cinemas tended to be "bug-hutches", refuges for vagabonds and the like. The first "talkie" released in the U.S.A. in 1927 was virtually ignored by the British, but eventually accepted as an inevitable development with Hitchcock's "Blackmail", which, because of the leading lady's unintelligible Czech accent, also happened to be the first "dubbed" film.

The '30s brought spectacles, mysteries and romances, but with the War, Pinewood Studios became part of the Royal Mint and Elstree was taken over by the Ministry of Defence. Those remaining made outstanding films with wartime themes as well as love stories and serious dramas. TV in the 50s had a marked effect on film production, producing the "kitchen sink dramas", followed in the '60s by rock films for teenagers and the Bond thrillers. The last three decades have seen decline but the industry has produced significant technical expertise resulting in the "effects" seen in American films such as "Star Wars". Recently, Richard Attenborough and David Putnam have made wonderful films with Capital Enterprise - a scheme now sadly abandoned. The speaker ended with pleas, first, to the Government that positive steps should be taken to revive the industry to bring money back into the country, and secondly, to audiences, that they should take advantage of today's modern cinemas. The lively question time centred largely on the relationship between the cinema and television.

KCT

## Visit to Gospel Green 17th May

James Lane looked astonished. Would the stream of visitors never end? It's no light matter to have a visit from the Petworth Society. There was a big sign out to welcome us. We parked on the Lickfold road to the left and walked across the triangular green. Gospel Green? Yes this was where the early Wesleyan preachers had first proclaimed their Gospel. It seemed at least as likely that the early preachers would have been Dependants, this part of Sussex had never I thought had a firm Wesleyan base. No one seemed to know for sure.

Cheese and cider were Gospel Green's two products and we would have a chance to learn about their production and sample them. The cheese, James explained is made in the old-fashioned way, by hand, using a water-jacketed curd bin, cord knife and fork and cantilevered presses. The last are ornamented Victorian presses from Somerset, beautifully ornated with farmyard scenes and often made by the firm of Albert Day. 90 gallons of unpasteurised milk are used for each making and there are three or four makings a week. The milk comes from the farm at Blackdown. The cows drink spring water and James said that the nature of the local water was fundamental to the characteristic creamy texture of the cheese. When formed the curd is broken up, lightly salted and put into truckles (moulds) and pressed for two days. The young cheeses are then wrapped in fresh muslin and stored in racks being turned every other day for three months. The outside of the cheese becomes covered with a thick growth of healthy penicillin mould.

Turning to cider James explained that an active champagne yeast with cane sugar is added to the natural first fermentation. A twin threaded press some 150 years old is used and he spoke to us in front of it. He told us about the apples used and the proportions of different varieties, and explained the second fermentation and the process of removing sediment by freezing the top inch, releasing the pressure, and topping up with cider and cane sugar.

Sampling and very leisurely general discussion followed in the large garden. One of our best ever excursions seemed the general view. Thanks very much James and Cathy.

P.

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## To see the tulip trees. Stag Park 2nd and 16th June

David had set 2nd June as a likely time but it's always difficult to be precise. The tulip tree or liriodendron is a native of North America and capable in its original habitat of reaching some 150 feet. It will grow to a 100 feet or more in England. A good crowd in the car Park considering it had rained so heavily before and looked more than capable of doing so again. David was doubtful, the blooms were out this time last year but seemed behind this year. In fact some were out but not in profusion. The creamy yellow flowers tending to merge with the foliage.



*Tulip tree blossoms.  
Photographed by David Wort.*

The tulip tree walk is a rough avenue of trees planted on either side of the asphalt road, often two deep and of various sizes, a number having been replaced at times since the mid-1930s when Lady Leconfield had had the trees first planted. The weather was improving so there was time to walk round some of the ponds, Luffs, Figgs, Upper and Lower Spring. The two last were very quiet, the grass freshly mown in the mellow sunshine. We'd walked up to where the old Upperton Lodge had stood, but now followed the line of the Upperton walk through the wood and round. If we wanted to see the full-blooming of the tulip trees we'd have to come again.

No chance to put the new date in the Magazine but we did put up posters. On the face of it again a bad day. Incessant rain during the morning and afternoon, by evening sullen clouds. There was every chance of getting very wet indeed. We could see later by the islands of silt on the woodland tracks how wet it had been. This time the yellow flowers were full out, some of the lower branches hung obligingly down. No smell to the flowers I thought but some detected a faint scent like vanilla. Time to walk on: the weather was no worse. Survivals of the war-time troops in the Park are still to be seen, the remains of a vehicle repairing hut, roofless now



*John Tradescant Junior (1608–1662)  
who introduced the tulip tree to this country from North America.*

but still used to store stone and brick - a kind of peacetime transit camp - some very nice red pavers - shallow bricks that would soon find another home. A huge cylinder used for pickling fencing stakes in creosote. Large insulation caps on the trees or barbed wire grown into bark after fifty years. Upper and Lower Spring were calm in the unwilling sunshine, but the sun seemed to grow stronger all the time. David showed us one of the great drains built during the war - water was cascading over the Figgs overflow. Back past Luffs to the car. Thanks very much David and Linda.

P

## Petworth Gardens Walk. 13th June

Anne had certainly put together a varied and intriguing selection this time. The usual large company in the Car Park and perfect weather. We set off through the Rosemary Gardens playground to the Talmans in Mant Road, a small garden with people having to wait to go through to the back, a steady stream squeezing to and fro through the narrow passage. A real eyeopener this: fuchsias, phlox and all sorts waiting to bloom in the front beds and at the back a carefully tended suntrap of raspberries, strawberries, tomatoes, redcurrants - a miniature world of its own. Up through Courtlea Car Park to the Surgery garden. It was interesting to go round the back to see that the plot is a kind of island, the ground falling away to the rear almost like a ha-ha. The view is of course over the vacant allotments to the Downs. The front border that Steve tends so carefully is known to everyone that visits the Surgery. We picked out rose campion, yellow poppy, columbine and hebe and gave up trying. Salvia and lobelia were

already in bloom in the car park. Next stop brought us to the rear of Percy Terrace, mid-Victorian labourer's cottages with large allotment plots. By the runner beans Eileen had said and sure enough there they were already straddling the long sticks. Eileen always likes to bring home a sprig or two from her travels and they almost invariably "take" where other people's sprigs just wither away. I particularly liked the white heads of astrantia, once at Ebernoe House I was told and a luxuriant yellow sea-poppy, apparently enjoying life far from its natural habitat.

Up into Angel Street, past Orchard House to see Eric Sadler's shrubs and lawns, not like the others a new garden for us but one we have visited at intervals over the years. The Gardens Walk goes back over the years and is the quintessential Society event. I can remember six exhausted survivors staggering into the garden at Trowels at the height of the intense summer of 1976. It was past six o'clock! Things have been rationalised since then and we soon learned not to put gardens at opposite ends of the town in the same walk! All looked in the usual order at Eric's and there was a lot of interest in the Cumberland turf. I have never seen grass like it. Eric had had the turves laid seventeen years ago, it's laid apparently in diamond shapes. The texture is so soft as to make other lawns seem coarse. Eric said that it had to be cut alternate days in the season to prevent it seeding. The shrubs as usual were superb.

Round the Sheepdowns and up to New Grove, a garden reconstructed after the 1987 storm. So many of the old mature trees had gone. So much to see here too. A gazebo newly built or so it looked, lilac penstemons already in full bloom. A knot garden just coming into shape, rhododendrons just finishing and rose trees in the wood, then the great expanse of lawn with the view of the house.

Difficult to drag ourselves away, briefly to the Barn in Grove Lane, again very interesting with a marvellous view across the fields to the rear, the peas a mass of white flower in the field. Lastly across the road to Audrey's, hollyhocks in green leaf, a good mix of flowers and vegetables. We liked an arrangement of flowers, pebbles and fossil remains. Time to sit and talk, time for tea and cakes, time to look at David's photographs of various Society events. I thought Audrey had done the cakes and biscuits but she said Linda and Rita had done it all. I decided not to worry about it. It was 5.30. We'd been "on the road" for three hours and no one seemed in any hurry to go.

P.

## Visit to Charlton Forest. 30th June

Martin Fletcher had requested a smaller Society party than usual given the nature of our trip to Charlton Forest so we didn't poster as we normally do. The additional sanction of Wednesday afternoon brought numbers down too. The party was about right. Martin explained that this stretch of forest was relatively new, being planted by the Forestry Commission on what was basically downland and scrub about 1930. The main timber was beech with Douglas Fir and Western Red Cedar as interim crops. We went to a number of representative sites to see the timber in different stages, the cars making clouds of dust on the dry woodland tracks "almost

as if we were in the tropics" someone said. Western Red Cedar is related to the Lawson Cypress Martin said but can be distinguished by the aromatic smell of the crushed leaves. The North American Indians used it for totem poles. Like Douglas Fir it is a good durable timber. We were surprised to learn however that despite the interplanted conifers the forest was basically deciduous.

Forestry, Martin explained, is not an intensive industry either in space or time. Everything has its slow rhythm and the forester's decision will affect the forest for decades to come. Trees were culled at intervals to allow the survivors to grow on. The "lop and top" or "brash" was left to rot on the ground, over five years it disappeared completely, much more beneficial ecologically than burning - not to mention the saving in expensive labour. We found guelder rose, dogwood and wayfaring tree all growing within a few yards of each other along a ride - Martin distinguished the three for us by the leaves. Damage from the hurricane had been severe and he showed us a great expanse replanted with beech. We'd seen deer in the forest and he said they did a certain amount of damage, planting needed to be generous enough to offset that kind of loss. In fact mice and voles were a greater problem in the young beech plantation. That was why a few larger trees had been left amongst the general devastation, they would afford natural perches for raptors like buzzard and sparrow-hawk who helped control the vole population.

Martin had what looked like a large billhook, a "slasher" it was called and it was used basically to mark the bark of trees to be cut by the contractors. It had a myriad other uses - to break a defiant padlock, unblock a culvert, clear a way through undergrowth. Martin's had been a constant companion since August 1968.

We saw timber cut waiting to be loaded, and timber sold but not cut, in fact we learned so much that a full scale Magazine article would only scratch the surface. Perhaps Martin will come to talk to the Society. Did you know that wood is still sold at auction and auctions are usually held in pubs? Or what is meant by Lammas growth? One last thought: Martin stressed that the forest is a constantly moving entity. It had put on over a ton of timber while we had been there. A very enjoyable afternoon.

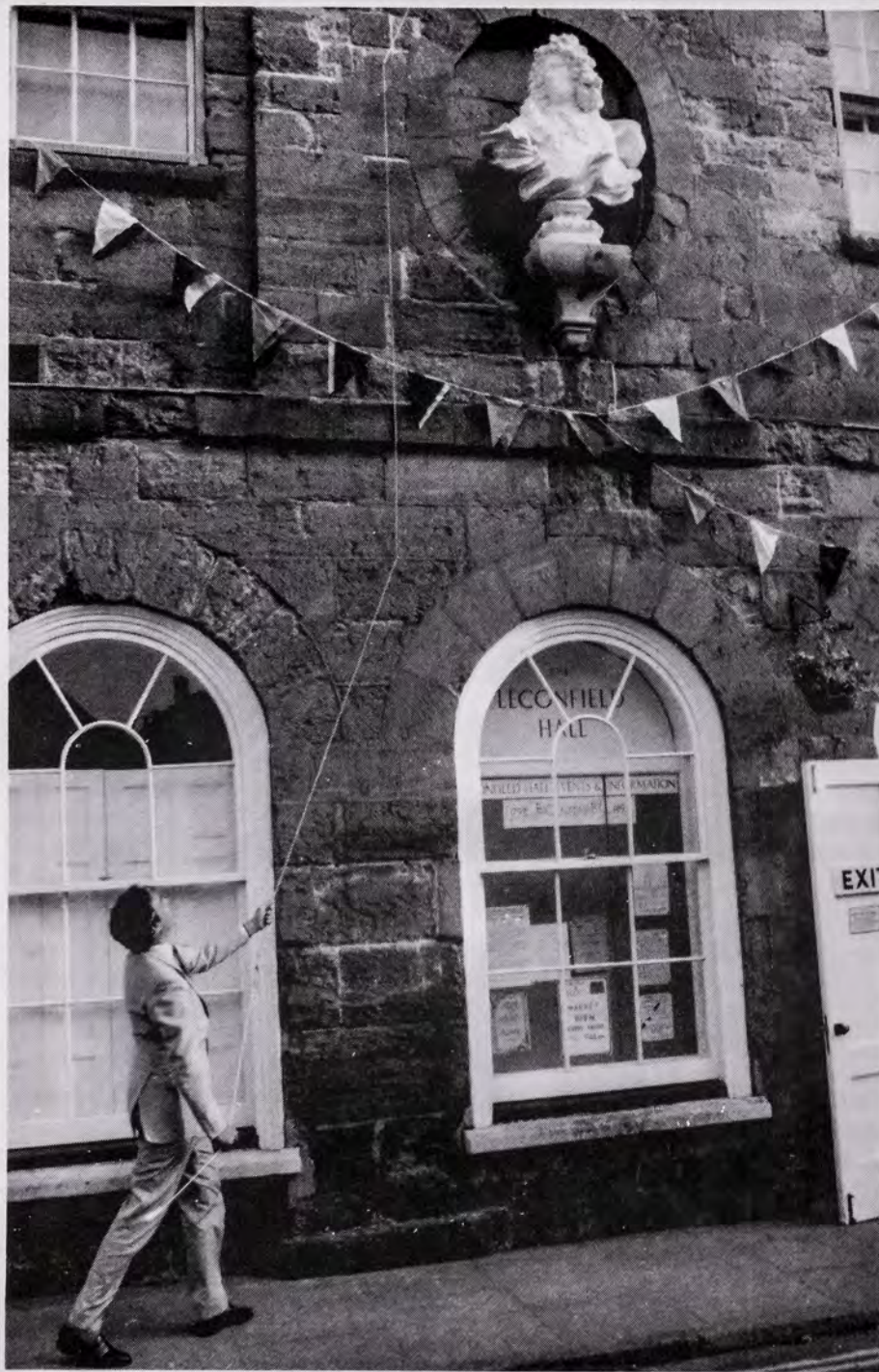
P.

## Bathtime in May

It was certainly something new to see the Petworth Society logo displayed fore and aft on the coach waiting in the car park on May 8th. The party of 32 had previously met to get acquainted and receive instructions and so there were familiar faces to greet and none of the self-consciousness often associated with independently booked "weekend breaks". All were in good humour and in good time, a feature of the trip throughout. We were waved off a few minutes before 9 by Peter, our Chairman and Andrew, of Saxon Tavel, who had taken so much interest and care in making the arrangements. After picking up four members at Halfway Bridge, we proceeded directly to Salisbury where a two-hour stop allowed for sight-seeing and lunch. For some, the priority seemed to be refreshment, while others had check-lists of places



*The Petworth Society at Wilton House. Taken from a colour slide which the car park attendant made for Ian Godsmark. (See "Bathtime in May".)*



*Lord Egremont unveils replica bust for Leconfield Hall. 24th June 1993.  
Photograph by Robert Sadler.*

of interest and were seen hurrying from one to another, apparently ticking them off one by one. Apart from the cathedral, complete with wedding, there was the market and the shops, many of them in precincts and pedestrianised areas, very busy, and unfamiliar to those whose previous visit may have been 40 years ago.

The American Museum at Claverton Manor just outside Bath was the next destination, approached up a very steep hill and through narrow lanes (Rosemary's "scenic route"). We were directed by a "Confederate soldier" and quickly organised for a tour of the Museum, exhibition hall, gardens and the "Living History" camp with its motley selection of "troops" and "camp followers" demonstrating life under canvas, drill and manoeuvres. Gingerbread from the kitchen supplemented the excellent refreshments, many of them made from traditional American recipes. Three hours there was hardly enough to take everything in, from George Washington's herb garden to the huge collection of quilts, from a display of barbed wire to a Red Indian tepee.

Making for Hambrook, we took a route through Bristol. Everyone was impressed by the Forte Crest Hotel - comfortable, well-equipped rooms, pleasant grounds with a high fountain and lakes and superb food. Our long table ran alongside another for an elegant French party and an entente cordiale developed as we dodged each other while we made our way between the buffet and our seats. Some of us made use of the swimming pool that evening, one at 7 the next morning and another who met her on the way out, just to prove her story!

We were back in Bath again for a conducted tour at 10.30. The official "Blue Badge Guide", Bryan Amesbury, came on to our coach and, together with Alec the driver, gave us a most instructive and at times, hilarious account of the city's buildings, history and people. We shall all remember to point out the "hanging loos of Bath" to our friends when we visit again. The tour included a look inside the Assembly Rooms with its magnificent and priceless chandeliers. We were then free to wander the streets, visit the Baths, Pump Room and Abbey, and eat lunch, at least 12 of us in Sally Lunn's famous tearooms.

Our final destination before returning to Petworth was Wilton House, where Rosemary negotiated a discounted party booking. The riding school there had been refurbished as an exhibition hall with a small cinema giving continuous screenings of Lord Pembroke's film about the House and Family, which visitors see before passing through the kitchens and laundry, compete with animated tableaux, and into the House itself. The Cube Room had also undergone recent restoration and the grounds were immaculate. Tea in the cafe and a browse in the gift shop set us up for the drive home.

Rosemary's homework, Andrew's expertise, Alec's navigation, the good humour and fellowship of everyone in the group, together with a measure of good luck, all combined to make the first Society weekend a satisfying and happy experience, so that the question remaining is "Where to next, and when?"

KCT

*Stop Press:* It is rumoured that enquiries are being made in the hope that a two night visit to Stratford-upon-Avon can be arranged in 1994.

*Postscript:*

A very pleasant evening was held in the United Reformed Church Hall, when Ian and Pearl Godsmark showed their slides and Paul and Joyce Marchant brought excellent prints, all taken on the Bath Trip.

Refreshments included biscuits and gingerbread made from recipes published by the American Museum.

Ideas for a similar (but 2 night) 'break' next year were discussed, which are now being followed up. The indications are that the reunion has provided an enthusiastic nucleus for the continuation of this new Society venture.

R

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## Petworth's Timber-framed buildings

You all made me most welcome in January when I visited to speak about my obsession with timber-framed buildings! So welcome, in fact, that I have begun to record such buildings in Petworth town, and I shall be running a ten-week evening class at the Herbert Shiner School on Tuesdays during the autumn term.

Hugh Kenyon did invaluable work on local history in the area, and in 1958, when the first part of his series on Petworth inventories was published in SAC 96, he commented that "...the houses or fragments of houses surviving in the town....deserve a complete survey with plans by an expert, and this cannot be done too soon". I cannot pretend that I will meet fully his expectations, but I have begun to build on solid work laid down by Marjorie Hallam, and am drawing upon my experience of Horsham.

The financing of this is being helped by a link-up with the Nationwide Estate Agency, through an initiative by Patrick Hargood, and the willingness of some to commission more extensive reports from me.

As a more comprehensive record is built up of framed survivals and their historic sequence, I hope it will be possible to integrate them better with the existing documentary records.

So far I have been able to record the following buildings in the town:

Baskervilles/Tudor Restaurant - A very complex and interesting block of various builds, the earliest remnant dating from the early fourteenth century.

Bacons - A late sixteenth century 4-bay house that will repay further investigation if/when it is renovated in the future.

Boxalls (East Street) - Proved to be a 5-bay wealden, fully crown-posted.

Hockleys (East Street) - Proved to be part and parcel with the range south of the archway, which is completely re-fronted. A tannery was recorded there on the 1874 OS map, possibly going back as early as 1826 (Jerrome). An odd site, so close in town, given the noxious nature of that business. The form of the building, with its central archway and yard may indicate an earlier inn, possible origins in the late sixteenth century. The roof awaits further examination.

Monk House & Preyste Cottages (North Street) - These flat-fronted buildings contain an open-hall house with its crown-posted roof, of circa 1400, and a cross-wing that may be contemporary. (I have been told that Old Preyste House - north - is also medieval. That awaits recording.

Pound House (Pound Street) - A mixture of stone and framing, may indicate the adaptation of a non-domestic building.

The Trowell (Pound Street) - Contains a good storeyed framed building of between 1625/75, and certainly the house of John Philp's inventory of 1688.

I have also recorded one of the two wealdens in Byworth, which lie almost at right angles to each other. I have just been given a contact for entrance to the second!

All contacts and contributions gratefully received!

Annabelle F Hughes (0403 260307)

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## A Request from the U.K. to Snowflake, Manitoba

The chain of events starts in September 1942, in Southern England when our local school was destroyed in a daylight bombing raid.

Following the attack, the survivors were initially all cared for in their home-county hospitals, but a few weeks later were all sent to convalesce in a "private" hospital, in an adjacent county. This is where the real story begins.

During my stay in this second hospital I was taken ill, appendicitis was diagnosed and I was duly operated upon. Recovery was slow at first but my earlier school-boy health was eventually restored with first-class attention and nursing skills. The leader of the nursing team was a Sister Macdonald, a Canadian from "the mid-west" who, through a friend or relative, put several of us in touch with Canadian pen-pals. My particular pal was a Miss Joan Robertson (- and later on other members of her family), of Snowflake, Manitoba. Joan, I believe later joined the nursing profession in Winnipeg General Hospital, whilst I joined the R.A.F. This is where the correspondence ended and contact was lost.

The purpose of this request is to attempt to re-establish the link with Joan and/or her family. Can anyone reading this article please help? If so my current address is:-

T. Lucas,  
20, Freshfields Close,  
Lancing,  
West Sussex (BN15 9EU),  
England.

## 'The good times coming...'

Charles Holland the Rector's thoughts on spending the money collected for the Voluntary Women's Jubilee Fund in 1887. £15.18.1d.

*From Petworth Parish Magazine April 1887*

Petworth is not a rich town in regard to commerce, or any manufacturing business, or in any other way that we know of; yet it is wonderful to think of the various schemes which have occasionally met our ears for a lasting memento of the Jubilee. I should say the total cost of these would amount to at least six or seven thousand pounds. Thus, same, say, "Why not restore the Church, and put comfortable open seats for both rich and poor instead of as now all sittings uncomfortable for kneeling or sitting?" Others have said, "Why not have our poor old organ, getting each year nearer to its last gasp for wind, repaired?" Some say, "We should like a nice Parish Room built, where the smaller parish gatherings can be held." Others, "We want an Engine House for the Parish Engine and convenience of the Brigade." Another proposed increased accommodation at the Cottage Hospital, a "Jubilee Ward." Another one has proposed a foot-path to be raised all down the Station road, a "Queen's Jubilee highway," I suppose. Some fly still higher in ambitious loyalty and propose Swimming Baths, Industrial School buildings for cooking and washing, and a yard for athletics; there is a fine spot for all this where the old gaol stood, and it might be self-supporting. These among other ideas suggest themselves, which doubtless would tend to raise the town of Petworth to the dignity it deserves, but cannot afford at present, till the good times coming are come.

C. H.

## Remembering a harvest camp

In the summer of 1947 I was sixteen years old and a pupil at Christ's Hospital near Horsham. That year I took part in a harvest camp near Tillington. I think other schools were involved, but if so I don't recall which ones. I don't know when these camps started, but I suppose it was during or immediately after the war, when labour was short.

At the time my parents lived in Bexhill and I cycled over to Tillington, stopping the night with an Aunt in the unspoilt village of Iford, between Lewes and Newhaven. The camp was under the supervision of Mr C H Kirby, Science Master at Christ's Hospital, who still lives there. We slept under canvas and worked in groups of three or so six days a week. We rose at 6.00 a.m. and started work as soon as possible, finishing at perhaps 8.30 or 9.00 p.m. when it got dark. I don't now remember the precise location of the camp, but I recall some of the people we worked for; the Tupperts of Lyttleton Farm and the MacDonald-Buchanans at Graffham. I remember that the MacDonald-Buchanans had black and white fencing, the same as the name of the whisky produced by their family business.

The work was general harvest work. Horses were still fairly widely used but tractors

increasingly so, and I learnt to drive one - an early Ferguson. I remember setting up stooks, loading wagons and feeding threshing machines. On one occasion at Lyttleton Farm a field caught fire. It was fairly high up and caught the breeze, so it burned easily. It hadn't yet been harvested and we had to work hard to put it out. I can't remember whether lunch was a packed lunch or whether it was provided by the farmer. I do remember being given cider at Lyttleton Farm.

That was 1947. I remember the year because it was the fiftieth anniversary of Railway Magazine. Because of paper rationing there was only one edition covering two months - July and August - and it contained details of the railways in the Midhurst area. I was (and still am) very interested in railways and cycled off to see the local lines one Sunday. I still have a platform ticket issued at the long-closed station of Selham.

I went on another camp in 1948 and I can't now remember any difference between them. I suppose it may have rained, but I don't remember a single day's bad weather during either camp.

Michael Arblaster, now living in Singapore, was talking to his cousin Andrew Brooke.

## A day of no great deeds

Superintendent Dabson had had one of those boring routine, paper pushing, form filling, mornings .. a Day of no great deeds. On this lovely, warm Summer day, 1942. A dull old life, half a job, for a Man whose career had started and much formed, by service with "The Mounted Police", to be office bound in a small provincial town, although Petworth was a pleasant enough place to be stationed when the fire of youth is replaced by the bearing and ram rod dignity of veteran years in The Service. 12 noon. Quiet. An early lunch, me thinks. Usually a good lunch this day of the week. "Station Sergeant .. I will back about 3. Ring through if you need me." "By Jove"! That's good.. Steak and kidney .. will enjoy. Settling into favourite armchair with a gentle burph!.. I think a little Churchillian cat nap ... The War can wait ...!

Everyone was thinking at that time, of the impending Invasion. The bar room ballad singers were favouring a song about "German Soldiers who crossed the Rhine" ... Great posters were on display "Careless Talk costs Lives" Be ever vigilant. A Spy may be sitting next to you." The Church Bells were silent .. almost as though they were awaiting to rouse The nation as the flotillas swept across The Channel. Sussex was front of the Line ...

Two Young Men, with all the energy of a lovely Summer's day, questing for adventure discovered that the door back of the Church leading to the steps and the ladder up to the belfry was unsecured ... "This is interesting" ...

The somnolent lunch hour slumbered on ..

BOOOONGGG !!! ..... BOONNGG !! ... BONGG !! ..... BONG !

"What are you about, up there. The Bells are, surely, only to be rung in the event of Invasion?" "Shut up you silly Chump .. I was only interested to hear what they sounded like from up here in the Belfry" ...

The boom of the big Base bell sounding away over the town registered on The Superintendent's semi consciousness. He awoke with a start .. "What was that?" The Bong of the Tenor Bell and He was wide awake and alert. He reached for the red telephone, always in immediate reach during duty hours. Through to Southern Command. The Duty Clerk was slow to answer as the third Boom sounded from the Bell Tower.

The Duty Clerk had been celebrating. This day was his Friend's birthday. They had enjoyed a celebratory lunch and a couple of glasses, only, of course, of good tavern house wine. And it was a warm summer day.. He thought that he heard a Bell .. The Superintendent's "Is it The Invasion?" came through to him ".... Invasion! ... Keen to be attentive He reached for the red button which would alert the stand by Forces along the South Coast. Fortunately the Command Post Duty Officer was fully alert. With a decisive "Hold Hard" he stayed the Clerk's fist before it could depress the button. "Yes Superintendent ... What do you have for Us? as the bong of the treble bell sounded in the distance. "Hope not a Red alert!"

"Peter! I am trying not to be a Chump. Everyone will think the Paratroops are landing". "Cannot hear what you are saying!" "I hear your Dog barking down below .. He'll warn 'em we are here" I hollered back "Probably The Force ... He barks at Policemen and Chaps in Uniform. He was in The Polish Airforce .. You know". "What are you saying?" "Our Retreat has been cut off .. We had better get out of here .. full speed!"

P.C. Pullen's face was red from riding his heavy police bicycle from the Station. He didn't look over happy at this indulgence of exercise on a hot day. "Caught You .. Me lads! What do you think you're up to. Then ...!" His face registered surprise. "Mr. Peter Nelson. Sir! if I am not mistaken. Your Commanding Officer shall hear of this! No mistake." He thought about that for a minute. "AHA! Thought that you might stir up the Action, did you? They have been saying that you Young Marine Commandos are getting bored with hanging about waiting! Humpf!" His face broke into a wide smile, well pleased with his rapid appreciation of the Case. "And as for You, young Man your Father can deal with this!" Be on your way, the pair of you less I defer charges of Breach of The Peace". Thinking about that "Even if it is time of War! Humpf!" Even more pleased with his Joke. He mounted his bicycle and puffed his way off down East Street, back to the Police Station.

A Day of No Great Deeds.

Peter. Hy! Down the Years. Greetings.

c. John Francis.

## 'His name's not Fred...'

Although I first went to work at Petworth House in 1937, it wasn't new territory for me. As my father was scullery man I had been going up to the kitchen as far back as I could ever remember. As a child I can distinctly recall telling Lady Leconfield that I wanted to work up there as soon as I was old enough. I also remember Lady Leconfield coming into the kitchen and saying, "Hullo Fred," to my father, he being the only man among the local workers addressed by his



*Mystery photograph. It was taken by Geroge Garland in the 1920s and may be at Storrington. Does anyone know?*





Mr and Mrs Turner setting off for an agricultural retirement. (See "Some Harold Roberts cartoons".)



Some rural difficulties! Mrs Turner sang with the Petworth Choral Society. The figure on the right is Ann Turner's grandfather.



*Mr Turner encounters further problems at Byworth!*

Christian name. I looked at her and said solemnly, "His name's not Fred, it's Mr. Baigent".



*Petworth House kitchen in 1929.*

The photograph (which we have reproduced before) comes from 1929-30. The girl in the left is Marie. I remember chasing her round the kitchen with an eel and only later finding that it was still alive! Eels were caught in eel-traps in the lake and elsewhere. You can see in the picture the moulds at the back and the biscuit tins, the drawers were of course for cutlery. The chef always worked on the big board on the table.

As it turned out, when I left school there wasn't a vacancy at the House at all and I was seventeen when I finally started, not in the kitchen, but as under-housemaid. It wasn't really what I wanted but it was a start and I knew that, once there, I could transfer when a vacancy arose in the kitchen. Under-housemaid was the most junior grade of servant. We used to clean the butler's room, the valet's room, Lord Leconfield's housekeeper's room, the footmen's rooms and the landings. I worked with Mrs. Thompson whom I always knew as Aunt Phyl. There were a lot of staff then, a housekeeper, a head housemaid, a "cock" housemaid who did the heavier work, two first housemaids who worked in pairs in the larger rooms and two second housemaids. There were four other housemaids, a still-room maid, first and second footmen, a hall boy and an "odd man".

It wasn't long before I got my move into the kitchen as vegetable maid, joining the chef, the cook, and two kitchen maids. As I have said, my father was scullery man and Mr. Wakeford would bring in the coal - quite a job in itself. The chef at this time was French and his first name was Henri, I could never pronounce his surname. The menu was always in French and Lady Leconfield would often come into the kitchen in the morning to discuss it with Henri. I never knew his Lordship to come into the kitchen. We used to have to ask Henri about the menu as it was in French. The two kitchen maids had quite different tasks - I did the "front of the house" vegetables, roots like carrots, swede or turnip weren't simply sliced or diced but scooped into little balls and cooked in stock and butter. The other maid prepared for the staff but without the

niceties of the "front of the house". Everything was cooked in copper pans which Dad, as scullery man cleaned with a mixture made from salt, sand and vinegar, washing the pans in a huge bowl rather like a copper, then rinsing them. They'd come up bright as a new pin.

The chef did the most difficult cooking while the cook did some front of the house work and also looked after the staff. Staff food was exceptionally good. The chef jointed the meat when it came in my father helping with this. It was heavy work lugging the carcasses about. Henri had another room at the side where he made cakes and pastries. The gas stove was on the left hand side of the picture but there was also an enormous coal fire, kept going all day long. The kitchen got pretty hot. It was paved with stone slabs and these had to be scrubbed twice a day, after we'd finished at mid-day and again at night. I'd help with this. Yes, I liked working there, after all I'd grown up with it. I liked Henri the chef and I'd known his two predecessors, Mr. Grant and Mrs. Lane too. Mr. Streeter the head gardener would come in to find out what vegetables Henri wanted that particular day, then a gardener would bring them in. When there were visitors the stillroom staff did the breakfasts and they could also do tea and toast, things like that at tea-time. For visitors Fred Streeter had a whole big basket full of nosegays, one for every breakfast tray.

There was the potential for virtually the entire length of the kitchen on the east side to be turned into a giant fireplace and this, in fact, was what regularly happened at Christmas. The meat would hang down on spits and there was a huge trap underneath to catch the fat. When the family went to Church at Christmas they'd come in and look at the fire in the kitchen. Most of the Wyndham family came; it was a tradition. During the rest of the year the great fireplace was shrouded by a big wooden screen. At Christmas, as you can imagine when the fire was going full tilt the kitchen was absolutely stifling.

There were certain things like crab which his Lordship simply couldn't eat but a lot of salmon went to the front of the house. The chef made a kind of salmon mousse in a mould shaped like a fish. He dressed it up with things like angelica and you could almost take it for a real fish.

Dad worked very long hours; six in the morning until two in the afternoon, then six in the evening until ten at night. This included weekends and the hours could be longer if the family were at home. I've mentioned cleaning the copper pans and jointing the meat but the scullery man had many other tasks. He'd clean the steamer for instance. This wasn't portable but a fixture, a large rectangle fitted with pipes for the steam to come through. He'd also prepare the rabbits, hares, pheasants and chicken. Rabbits were baked, oh no, not just for staff, rabbits also found their way to the front of the house. There was venison too of course, quails and I particularly remember the snipe. This last was very much for the front of the house. The skin was too small to pluck so you'd leave the head on, take out the eyes, turn down the long beak and tuck it through the legs. Only the breast would be eaten. Dad would peel all the staff potatoes and carrots. Another job of his was to make ice cream using a big wooden bucket with a handle. The chef would prepare the mixture, put it into a cylinder in the centre of the bucket and cram ice and saltpetre round it. He would then let it stand for three hours, turning the handle occasionally. After the ice cream had been made it would be covered with stiff meringue, made from egg whites of course, then Dad would bring in the salamander, a long iron pole with a metal square set diagonally to the head. He'd get the metal square red hot in the fire and hold it over

the meringue. It was desperately hot work for him but the result was Baked Alaska!

The children's Christmas Party was held in the Audit Room, the guests walking from there down to the North Gallery for tea. This would be all laid out on trestles. In addition to the tea there would be a present, an orange, a bun and a bag of sweets. A dog cart or lorry would fetch the children from outlying villages. Once Hugh Wyndham, Lord Leconfield's younger brother, arrived as Santa Claus, having to all appearances flown down the chimney. There was always an entertainment after tea, one year there were lantern slides of a man catching eagles. Then as a finale the man himself walked in with an eagle sitting on either hand. What always strikes me as odd now is that the Turners and all sorts of pictures were on the walls with lights to illuminate them and we ignored them completely. To us they didn't mean a thing.

I was working at the House when war broke out in 1939 but in fact we were at Cockermonth for the grouse shooting. The Leconfields took two kitchen maids, the cook but not the chef, the second footman, the chauffeur and her Ladyship's maid but no valet, the second footman looked after this. There were big parties every night when the people who'd been grouse-shooting would come back to the castle. We were cooking grouse nearly every day. You didn't pluck them but skin them. It could be a messy job and they'd often have had blowflies on them while they were lying out on the moors. There was a permanent staff at Cockermonth so the Leconfields only took up some to supplement those who were resident there, that's why there were so few maids, only kitchen staff.

Lord Leconfield was Lord Lieutenant of Sussex and as soon as war broke out he had to be back home. A special train was put on from Carlisle to bring us back. Her Ladyship had to take a day nursery from London which catered for babies up to five years old and we had to give up the servants' bedrooms. I lived in of course, and went to the front of the house, the stillroom maid and I sleeping together in a large four-poster.

Dorothy Digby was talking to the Editor.

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## 1907

Christmas came and my first school holiday. In meeting me from school each day Mum made many friends among the mothers. Two of them made arrangements to meet us on Boxing Day to go to the Meet at the "Gog". The Gog was a very large piece of woodland about one and a half miles to the east of Petworth. A lovely walk through green hills and meadowland leading up through Lover's Lane to a Lodge marking the entrance into what to me seemed a huge wood. Every year Lord Leconfield's pack of foxhounds would meet there before taking off on their fox hunt. Our new friends had one son each so I was the only girl and a bit of a tom-boy myself.

Dad and the other two husbands accompanied us as far as the meeting place then, as soon as the hounds and the huntsmen moved off, the men followed on foot; cutting corners wherever they could to try to keep up with the horses. It was a fair bet that the men would end their day by calling at the Well Diggers' Arms for, as they said, a much needed drink.

The women and children would make their way home through the meadows, having a

friendly gossip while we kids ran the hills getting hungry for the next meal. This would be soup, cold chicken and Christmas pudding left over from the previous day.

Later that week I went down with a very sore throat. The doctor called in but did not seem at all worried until he got back to his surgery and was immediately called out to the two boys who had been my companions at the meet. He came back to me very soon to take a swab from my throat and it was later discovered that we had all three got diphtheria.

Thinking back I cannot understand why I was kept at home while the two boys were taken to the 'Pest House'. This was a cottage kept by two ladies; one a trained nurse, and it was there that anyone with a contagious complaint was sent. The cottage stood by itself right in the middle of a meadow situated on the right of the Horsham road past the cemetery. It is still standing but is now a private residence.

From what my mother told me of that time I was very ill. The part I remember most was when I was getting better. Resting on the sofa, playing shops with some scales made from two half-orange rinds.

Later the whole house had to be fumigated by sealing the windows and doors with what looked like brown paper and then lighting sulphur candles and it was several hours before we were allowed back indoors.

Just across the common from our cottage on Hampers Common were the Park gates marking the entrance to the Dog Kennels where the hounds were kept. The open sewer from the kennels ran across the common, flowing along the side of our garden and so on down through the meadow and into a large cess-pit at the end of the lane leading to the farm. At night the smell from this was very unpleasant and perhaps our having diphtheria did some good in bringing this to light for, from that time, the sewer was run underground.

I was now used to day school and it was thought that I should start attending Sunday School so dressed in my Sunday clothes and accompanied by a friend I set off to chapel each Sunday morning. The class was held in the room underneath the Chapel where we were supposed to learn but my main memory is that we played about a lot.

Sunday evenings in the summer were a joy because then I was taken out for a walk by both my Mum and Dad. It was often to visit friends or to look at other people's farmland but to me it was fun and I thoroughly enjoyed those outings. I can remember one Sunday afternoon in the winter when we had had very cold weather and the lake in Petworth Park was frozen over. Dad put on some skates (wooden ones I believe). I felt proud as we watched him skate around the lake.

In those very cold spells ice was taken from the lower pond in Petworth Park and carried in farm carts up through the streets to the estate cow-yard where it was stored away in the ice house which was situated under what was then the dairy. It was amusing to watch the boys as they came out of school and chased after the carts as they trundled up North Street dripping with water. The boys would creep up behind the carts to steal pieces of ice while the driver shouted and turning tried to catch the boys with the end of his long whip.

I often wonder if things would be better today if there was a little more discipline applied as it was in my younger days. When boys got into mischief and were caught they received a box around the ears. This I do not approve of but a quick lash around their seat did little harm

but made them think again before repeating their mischief. In those days the local policeman might catch a boy, give him a good talking to with perhaps a good hard slap where it hurt. I think this immediate punishment often did more good than putting them up before the Courts as they do today with all the delays and where parents often end up paying the fine. Boys certainly had more respect for the police then.

At school the teachers had a free hand. A sharp rap across the knuckles caused many a child to sit up and take notice although it often caused a mother to come up and see the teacher to find out the truth of where the trouble lay! Sometimes they did not wait for the school day to end but, having seen their child at dinner time, would rush up and there were some hot-headed mothers who themselves got out of hand. This was fun, we enjoyed seeing teacher being told off.

In all my school days I only ever saw two girls receive the cane and that was for stealing money. I was then in the fifth class. On that day the thing that made the biggest impression was the sad look on the face of our much loved headmistress as she later went away to her room by herself.

About this time in my life there occurred a family event that I very well remember. My mother's youngest brother Jesse, a postman living in Henfield, was to be married and to my excitement I was to travel there by train. First we had the mile walk to Petworth. Then we took the two horse bus (Dad usually rode on top) to take us to Petworth station.

Oh the thrill of a ride on the train! I can smell that steam train now as it came chunking along under the tunnel and pulled up at the station. We had to change at Horsham with more than an hour to wait so Dad took us into the town for a cup of tea. This happened every time we trained to Henfield and I always worried that the train would come through before we got back to the station and that we would miss our connection but we never did. The train took us through Christ's Hospital station where we looked out to see the Blue-Coat boys with their bright yellow stockings.

Arriving at my Grandmother's house we met the Aunts, Uncles and cousins, all crowding into that tiny cottage. There was much hugging, kissing and laughter going on.

My uncle and his bride were to live in a similar cottage two doors away so that house was also brought into use by the many visitors. We had known my aunt for a very long time, in fact she had lived in a small hamlet just outside Petworth. Later on I was to spend many holidays with her and grew to love her dearly. Thinking back I can feel myself sitting on the stairs with the many others all eating the wedding breakfast and there were so many of us that I assure you there was not a vacant stair!

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## 1910

There was also a clothing and coal Club that one could join. This was paid every Monday at the Town Hall in Petworth Square. You paid as much as you could afford and there was one card for coal and the other for clothing. These could be spent with the local tradesmen at

Christmas and so much was added to each pound saved.

This was indeed a blessing for in those days everything was expected to be paid for on the spot. If not it became a debt and that was something every one tried to avoid.

Doctor's bills were the biggest headache because they charged so much a visit and these often continued over several months. In fact I wonder if some of those hard-working and kind-hearted doctors ever got paid in full. Of course when a child was sick the doctor was called in to see them but I know of many parents who could have done with a doctor's help for themselves but just did not dare to call him in or go to the surgery because they were frightened of the bill they would be called upon to meet. Therefore many people left it too late before seeking help.

In those days people lived off the land. Every man worked, planting and sowing every inch of his garden with crops to store for the winter months.

Many women baked their own bread in the huge bread ovens that were to be found in many of the old cottages. They had their wash days, their brewing days for many of them made their own beer or made wine from the dandelions gathered in the meadows around. On baking day they made bread for the week as well as cakes and tarts.

My mother only had a small kitchen range with one oven so she bought her bread from the baker who came around three times a week. We had lovely cottage loaves, head and bottom, baked crusty and brown for which we were charged tuppence halfpenny for a 2 lb. loaf. Sugar was one and a half pence per pound and Silver Glen butter was one shilling and eightpence per pound. There was no margarine. Lard was obtained when a pig was killed and the flee was run down and put into large crocks.

Fruit was turned into jam or cooked in the oven and quickly sealed with the hot, pure lard. Oranges were made into marmalade, enough was made until the oranges came round into season again the following year.

At that time food kept very much to its season. Oranges could not be bought until just before Christmas and were at their best in February and could be bought then for about twenty for one shilling.

Meat was bought only for the weekends. There were plenty of rabbits, pigeons and small birds to make into pies. Blackbirds were nice and tasty. Mum was a wonderful cook and made full use of her herb garden. Then there were always bacon puddings and rabbit puddings. The latter was made by putting the chopped rabbit in a basin lined with suet pastry and topped with mushroom ketchup before cooking.

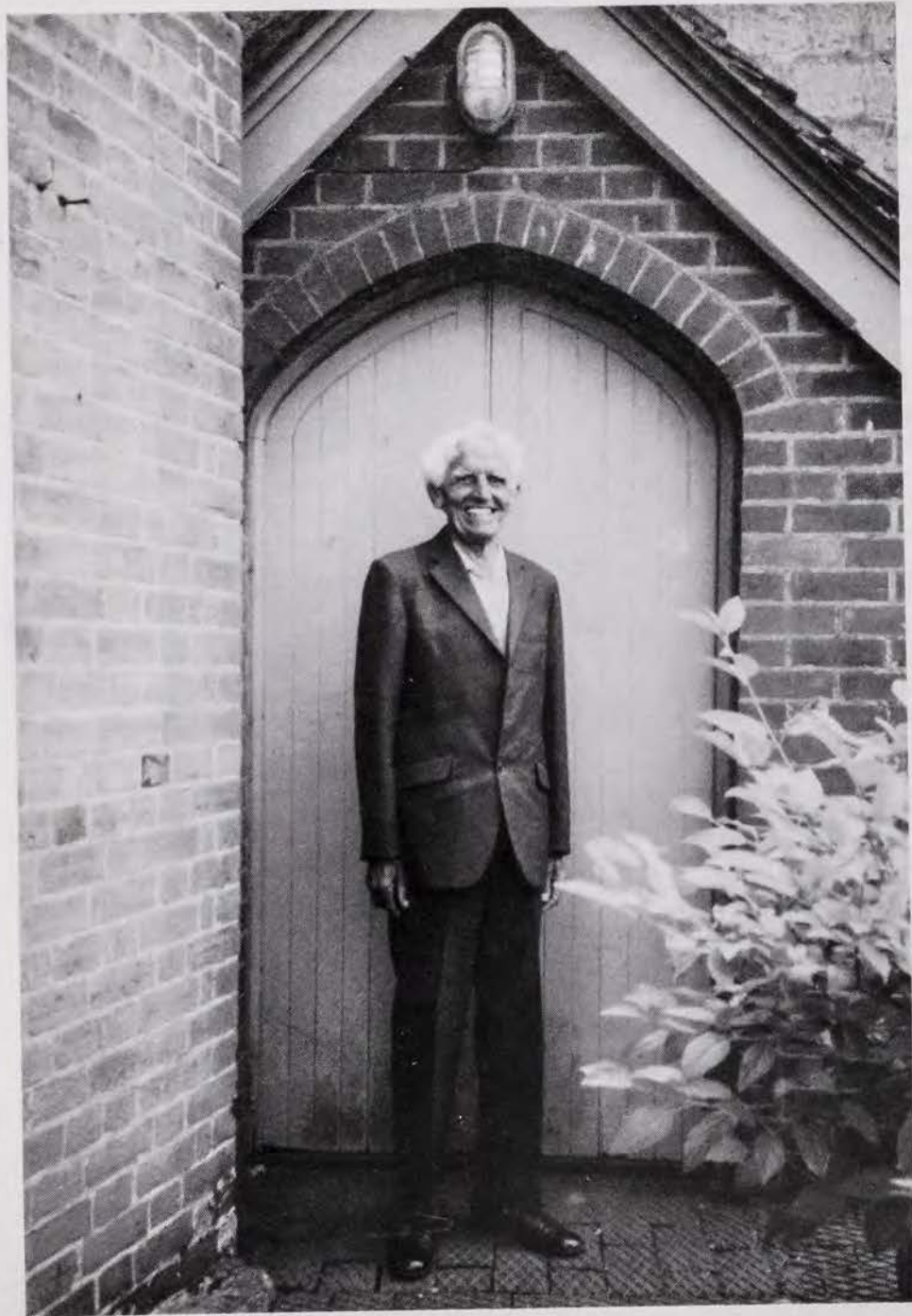
The favourite pie was a rook pie. Dad would be invited to a rook shoot with several men who would get together about the first or second week in May and shoot the young rooks as soon as they could just fly around and leave their nests. All this seemed very cruel to me and I would cover my ears when the shooting got nearer home. These finer feelings were quickly forgotten when I was offered a delicious plate of cold pie.

The only part used was the breast and the legs so no feather picking was required. I have tried it myself in later years and hated the noise made when taking out the breast for all the world as if the bird was still alive. The rooks were cooked with herbs, hard boiled eggs, slices of pork fat and when cut cold it would come out in a beautiful jelly.

Herrings were very cheap in their season, which was considered the right time only if



*Bill Hall delivering for the Northchapel Dependants about 1930. He worked for the Stores for about a year.  
(See "Magazine No. 65.)*



*Alfred Goodwin outside the Northchapel Chapel June 1993.*

there was an R in the month. A man used to come all the way from Worthing sitting on the side of his flat cart calling out "Herrings O! Forty for a shilling!" Housewives would run out with their dishes for he did not stop long and after serving them he would jump up on to his cart and with a flick of his whip he would be gone. He must have covered many miles in a day.

Families with open chimneys would buy enough to salt, then hang them in the chimney to dry, these would come down as bloaters.

Milk was brought around by a farmer who lived just down the road. He carried his milk in a churn that swayed between two wheels on an iron frame with one leg stand and this he pushed from house to house.

On the handle would hang all his measures. He delivered milk all round the town, only returning home for a quick dinner before starting out for his afternoon round. His two daughters and wife managed the milking and looking after the cows. The roads were not tarred as they are now, just flint put down and rolled in. Each gust of wind would blow dust all over the place, especially into his damp measures, but it did not seem to do anybody any harm. New milk was a penny ha'penny a pint, while skimmed milk could be bought from the farm, one penny per can, no matter what size your can was.

We kept our own chickens and ducks so we always had a good supply of eggs. One could get swedes and turnips from the farm so you see although we had to live carefully there was no need for anyone to go hungry. But the housewife was always at work.

Chicken, tinned fruit, jellies and trifles were food reserved for Christmas and birthday parties, along with the Christmas pudding, mince pies and iced cake. Foods such as these were regarded as luxuries.

Sussex Pudding was a stand-by being quick and cheap. It was made of self-raising flour and water. The trick in the cooking, rolled in a cloth it was boiled exactly twenty minutes then unwrapped and split by inserting two forks. It was then sliced and dripped into the fat around the joint or served as a sweet course with butter and brown sugar.

c. from Mrs. H. M. Newman  
9 Downview Close, Lavant,  
Chichester, Sussex PO18 0BZ.

Forwarded by her daughter: Mary Aitchison.

## 'The hill of God'

It was a summer's day, late June and the lanes were green and the grass high in the hedgerows. The country between Wisborough Green and Loxwood is still sparsely populated. A hundred and forty years ago when John Sirgood was first preaching it would have been more solitary still. The Dependants, or Cokelers as they would be universally known, had no chapels then, just house churches, the first chapel would go up in 1861 at Loxwood. House churches ... Gunshott, Roundhurst, New Pound ... small outposts in the Wealden countryside. We were passing Gunshott now, going to Loxwood; if anywhere was Dependant heartland, this was it. As the

last Loxwood elder, Alfred Goodwin wanted to go to Northchapel to see the old places again, Lower Diddlesfold which he had not visited for sixty years or more, the chapel, closed since 1986, perhaps the Stores if we might. But there were one or two things to see on the way.

From Loxwood we came down through Ifold. Alfred could remember just the one house along the road, a Mrs. Fitzclarence lived there but it was a very long time ago - just after the 1914-18 war. Peter's Cottage on the bend coming into Plaistow was where Peter Pacy had lived, one of the Dependants' earliest preachers. He was out preaching before the chapels were built. When Peter Pacy first joined the Dependants, Alfred said, none of his fellow employees on Mr. Napper's Ifold estate would work with him. Mr. Napper however had a high regard for Peter so he took him to one side and said he'd have to take him away from the men but that he could go on "rining" i.e. stripping bark from oak trees for use in tanning. At the end of the season Peter found he'd earned twice as much as the others. Eventually he returned to normal working on the Ifold estate. He'd preach wherever there was an audience but is particularly remembered as being at Langhurst Hill just on the Petworth side of Balls Cross.

We were now passing Quennell House on the left, a timbered building behind high hedges. It had often been tenanted by Dependants but the community had never actually owned it. Then again on the left the Dependants' Plaistow chapel, now converted to a private house, Marazion. There were extensions but the chapel windows were the same Alfred reflected. The porch was certainly new. No, it was never one of the Dependants' official chapels. It had been built for elderly Dependants who couldn't make the journey to Loxwood for evening service during the week. Alfred remembered going there once, in 1920. It probably closed not long after. There had been seven official chapels: Loxwood, Warnham, Hove, Chichester, Norwood, Northchapel and Lords Hill. Yes, there had been London chapels too in John Sirgood's time, but Alfred didn't know a lot about them. They were probably rented rooms and John Sirgood moved from one to another. New Kent Road and Yelverton Road, Battersea were two likely addresses and letters mention a new chapel at Brixton too. In later years John Sirgood had lived in the country and the only London chapel was at Norwood. Louie and Charles Taylor were working in Norwood before the chapel was built in 1879. Having three young children they found it expensive to go to London to worship every Sunday. Charles Taylor asked John Sirgood if it would be appropriate to have a chapel built at Norwood. "Well, Charles," Sirgood is reported to have said, "you may never need the money but you'll be sure to need the grace". The Taylors largely funded the Norwood chapel which remained long after the other London chapels had gone.

Charles Taylor used to cut Alfred's hair at Norwood, Charles and Louie had a shop at 29 High Street, South Norwood. He cut men's hair and she was a ladies' hairdresser. They were the backbone of the Norwood meeting. Alfred remembered Louie once telling the meeting how the shop window was divided into two, one half for ladies and one half for gentlemen. There was a little girl whose mother could never induce her to go into the shop because of a model head in the shop window. It frightened her so. The little girl however refused to be frightened by the head and said, "I know it's there but I won't look at it". And she walked past it and into the shop. Similarly, said Louie, we may in ordinary life have things to deal with, persons and circumstances. We know they're there but it's no good becoming entangled with them. We

just have to get on with our lives.

Down the Plaistow Road to Kirdford, then right towards Petworth. John Sirgood had come to Petworth from time to time, some few letters are actually written from there, but the cause had never really taken there. It was always stronger out on the farmland of the Weald. Past the garage on the right at Balls Cross and then up the incline. This was Langhurst Hill, the trees forming a canopy over the road and the old farmhouse in the sunshine to the left. We wondered where Peter Pacy had stood to deliver his sermons. It would have been a long walk from Plaistow and the weather wouldn't always be as kind as today. A hard trip through the wealden clay. Pacy had a powerful voice, Alfred said, and it would carry from the height of the hill. No, Alfred himself didn't know quite where Pacy had stood. He had died in 1905 a year before Alfred was born. Where did all the people come from? "I don't know," Alfred reflected "but come they certainly did". There was not a soul to be seen, an empty landscape, just an

impression of sun and the green leaves of summer. Langhurst Hill had always been very important for the Dependants. There was never a chapel but they had been active there long before the chapels were built. John Sirgood recalled happy times there: "Oh the lovely spot on Langhurst Hill, oh, the hill of God...!" So he had written from South Lincolnshire in August 1883 to an unnamed sister. How lucky she is to live there. He had been travelling in the north country "where poor creatures are confined in the stinking factories from morning till night, where there are hundreds of tall chimneys pouring out volumes of smoke, poisoning everything around with its contaminating influence, even the corn is darkened and the sheep in the fields nearly black with the smoke". As it gleamed in the sun beneath the trees Langhurst Hill seemed just as John Sirgood had seen it so long ago. On past Keyfox down by Gunter's Bridge, through Frosty Lane to bear out on to the Northchapel Road. We were on our way to Northchapel.



*"Just an impression of sun and the green leaves of summer..."*  
Langhurst Hill June 1993.

Alfred wanted to see Goff's Farm, on the right as we entered Northchapel. Charles and Harriet Holden had lived there when Alfred was a young man. The house was recognisable by the date 1657 inscribed above the door. Every Dependant knew how Charles Holden had given his testimony at a meeting in 1930 and died at the service just afterward. Alfred hadn't been at Northchapel that day but he knew all about the incident. Charles Holden's testimony is still preserved. In it he had recalled how John Sirgood had first received the truth from Brother Bridges, but that the former had worked on a much larger scale than his mentor and searched out the deep things of God. He could remember Brother John coming once to Northchapel. There had been something working among the brethren but Brother John was so careful and "sought to furnish a table to suit them all, meat for the stronger and for those delicate ones milk ..." Brother Charles looked to the Lamb's marriage supper when the eyes of the blind would be opened and the ears of the deaf unstopped. Being deaf for many years he rejoiced at this. A sister's testimony came next, and as she stood behind him he could pick up with his ear trumpet some of what she said. Then he was ill, and gone. It was, the chronicler wrote, as if he hardly knew what the shadow of death was; for as we read of Enoch, "and he was not, for God took him." Oh yes, Alfred had known the Holdens well, had been to tea there when he and his mother were staying at the Stores. He would be about twelve then. Harriet and Charles Holden always walked in to chapel.

Perhaps most of all Alfred wanted to see Lower Diddlesfold where he had stayed so often as a boy, the Dependants living there as a community, some of them at any rate, others lived at the Stores and elsewhere. Alfred's father had worked at Lower Diddlesfold for the last three months of the 1914-18 war, he had been a conscientious objector as the Dependants invariably were. At the end of the war they wanted him to stay on but Mrs. Goodwin said, "Norwood is our home, we must go back there". Mr. Goodwin had been called up late, being already over forty when the war started. There were workmen in the old house and the door was open. We explained our business and the lady of the house was pleased to let us look around. The farm was now called Diddlesfold Manor Farm we were told. The kitchen was huge and the staircase exactly as Alfred remembered it. Sixty years on, the Dependants still seemed part of the very spirit of the place. The porch was new, turning the former back of the house into the front - the old front had faced out onto the garden. The sun streamed into the beamed rooms. Was the huge kitchen table the same one round which the Dependants had once sat? It looked as though it could easily have been. No, we were told, it had been there just a fortnight! So much for flights of fantasy! Alfred could recall the old bread oven in use, the faggots blazing and Nellie Holden cutting fresh bread the old-fashioned way holding the loaf to her chest and cutting backward toward her. She had insisted on doing the cooking even when she had cataracts in her eyes. She managed most of the time but Alfred remembered one boiled pudding swimming in lard! Alfred repeated the names of the little community: Richard Hammond, the Northchapel leader, Nellie Holden, Edie Spooner, Millie Bicknell and James and Fanny Stevens. Hill Grove was just up the road where Master Bicknell, another Dependant, made his birch brooms and home-made cider. Supper at Diddlesfold was always the same, a basin with a roll in the bottom, and hot milk heated in a cauldron over the fire. You could almost hear Richard Hammond cry, "Ready," as the milk rose in the cauldron.

It was necessary to tear ourselves away from Diddlesfold, everyone had been so welcoming but there was more to see. We drove slowly down the lane the Dependants had walked so often on their way to chapel, Alfred too. The hedgerows were full of wild flowers. Had the Dependants really not had flowers in their houses as so many writers had claimed? Alfred thought for a moment. It wasn't really like that. The early Dependants had been very poor and time was limited. It was better to grow vegetables than flowers, John Sirgood was always looking to use time carefully. The real embargo was on flowers at the graveside. John Sirgood didn't approve of either flowers or black suits. Funerals were a time of changing not of mourning. "We don't mourn," said Alfred, "we know we shall meet again. We're absolutely certain. I know that I shall see them all again. That great heavenly throng will not of course all be Dependants. How could they be? The dead shall rise first, then those that are left shall be caught up. There will be no time to get ready..."

And so to the Stores and the chapel. So many memories for Alfred but so many changes too. Don and Ann Callingham were kindness itself and, of course, long-standing Petworth Society members. Yes, we could look at the chapel, now used for furniture storage, and at the old living quarters. Their shop had been the drapers. But first to Laurel Cottage, a square building with the most beautiful yellow roses in the garden. Minnie Caplin, said Alfred, had moved here in 1881 and started selling for the community, packs of coal for the gipsies, Alfred had been told. Oh yes, he remembered Minnie well. The windows to the rear looked different and there had been a pear tree growing up the back wall. He remembered having his photograph taken with Minnie Caplin, it would be in the early 1920s. She died in 1927. Looking to the main building, some windows in the courtyard were the same, some different. There was Fred Smith's bedroom, he had been eight years older than Alfred. There was Esther Cumber's office. The kitchen windows were the same but the door was new. There were two half-observed signs on the wall of the passage leading to the main road. "Cycles for hire. By hour day or week. Terms moderate". Its opposite number read: "Cycle Depot. Any make supplied. Repairs promptly executed". Both had the paintwork somewhat obscured and looked vulnerable. A good case for preservation one would have thought.

Back to Don and Ann's for tea in the kitchen. Then upstairs: Alfred remembered the outline of the rooms. Not greatly different: there was the box-room where he had slept sometimes when staying at Northchapel. Samuel Rugman had kept the cycle shop: his bedroom was now a bathroom. There was a big bedroom at the top where the four younger girls at the Stores slept. From the outside the chapel looked much as it always had done. We walked round, there was the stone set in the rear wall W and T May 29th 1872. William Spooner and Thomas Street had been the two founding elders. William Spooner had been anointed as leader by John Sirgood himself. Polly Hunt had had a room at the back of the Stores overlooking the chapel. She was an invalid and not able to come to services but she could hear the singing coming in through her window. Round to the front the notice-board was still on the wall but of course empty now. Alfred had last officiated here eight years ago this coming October. Fred Smith had died in January of the following year and there was no service after that. He was the leader and the last brother left. Feverfew grew by the wall, the small white daisy flowers gleaming in the late afternoon sun. The cars roared up the hill and round the bend by the Stores.



Yes, said Ann, Mrs. Brown wouldn't mind us looking in the Stores. Alfred remembered the staircase so well and being reprimanded by Miss Durant for running up the stairs. There was a certain decorum at the Stores. This part of the premises had been the heart of the Northchapel presence. Sirgood himself, it is said, had conceived the idea of the Stores so that his followers could work there and have the Sunday leisure to attend chapel regularly and not be at the beck and call of unsympathetic employers. Many of the Dependants, women especially, had been in service. Combination, as he called it, would give them a certain freedom from a harsh economic world. Combination was a bold word to choose. The authorities did not like combination. It smacked of illegal gatherings and trade unionism. John Sirgood however had no doubts. "What then shall we say of combination?" he asked. "Why, say there is nothing to equal it. It is what Christ have prayed for, it is what the Father wills, it is the glory of the church and what the faithful requires". Mrs. Brown pointed out the facade where the letters WN/DUR were visible through the paint - the middle letters of Brown Durant Ltd.

Just time to walk up to Yew Tree Cottage, sleeping in the full sunlight. It was traditional Dependant territory. George and Martha Pannell had lived there back in the last century. Alfred remembered hearing how Martha had gone to Quennell House at Plaistow for a house service taking her baby George with her. The service took a long time and she placed baby George in the chimney corner while the service was on. She then walked home. When she got home her husband wanted to know where the baby was! A return trip to Plaistow was needed! Two trees guarded the entrance to the cottage - yews we supposed. Back to the car parked opposite the Stores. Alfred waved goodbye to the chapel and the Stores. So many memories to take back to Loxwood.

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## A ghost in the orchard

My father came to Petworth in 1906 to work for Lord Leconfield's hunt. He lived in the little cottage opposite the workhouse in North Street, standing in the shadow of the Park wall. It is still there of course. I was born in that cottage in 1911. When the kennel huntsman retired a year or two later we moved to Kennel House in the Park itself. My father continued with the hunt during the war; he had some disability, flat feet I think, that prevented him being called up. I can remember tents with troops in the Park at the beginning of the war although only very dimly: I can also remember four soldiers being billeted with us at Kennel House and their having to share one room. It wasn't a very big house. They made themselves a wooden form so that they could all sit down together. We had it for many years. The Lower Pond was a great favourite with the troops and they built a diving board which remained in place for many years after they had left, and the Estate issued swimming permits for the Lower Pond between the wars.

School was at first the old Infants School where the Public Library now is, Miss Grisedale taking the first class, Miss MacFarlane (later Mrs Dan Hill) the second and Miss Margaret Wootton the third. There was a private cricket ground in Petworth Park then and I was often

a spectator at matches, although I never knew the identity of the players. Mr George Bryder who worked for the Estate was such a good cricketer that he was sometimes asked to play. Freddie Champion was another; he would return later to become Rector of Tillington. I have heard that C.B. Fry would sometimes play on the Lawn Hill ground but I don't know for sure. As I say I wasn't able to recognise the cricketers by name in those days. I remember Armistice Day in November 1918. It was a school holiday and we were living at the Kennels. Mr Greest used to drive the kennels puppy cart and I was out with him. It was a beautiful morning and we heard the church bells start to ring. Mr Greest had already heard that if the armistice was declared the bells would ring so he knew what it was, we were driving down toward Petworth Station and pulled in at the Station Hotel as it then was. While he had a beer he brought out a glass of soft drink each for me and his son Sid. So we celebrated the end of the war.

In the 1920s my father left the Hunt and went to work for Messrs. Springett and Scragg at Battlehurst Farm. They were combining farming and equestrian activities and father worked with Mr. Springett on the horses. We moved to Selscombe Cottage to the rear of Beechfields on the Horsham Road. We were living at Selscombe for my last two years at school. I left the North Street Boys School in 1925 at the same time as Mr Wootton the headmaster retired. Harold Cobby and I made a presentation to Mr Wootton. We had both reached Standard 7 at the age of 12 and continued under Mr. Wootton for another couple of years.

When I was at school traffic on the road was mostly horse-drawn and it was some time before it was borne in on me that there could be accidents with motor-cars. A pig got out of a sty at one of the Kennel Lodges on the Northchapel Road and had wandered into a recess by the wall. As a car came along the pig stepped out into the road. As I recall the car belonged to a Mr Bransby Williams - it was a big open top car and it hit the pig absolutely square on, swerving across the road before toppling down the bank onto Hampers Common and turning over. All four occupants were injured, I remember seeing them bandaged up and the pig was killed by the impact. I don't know what the cottagers did for bacon that year or what happened to the car afterward. Farmers grazed the side of the road then - the verges were kept down by the animals and there was none of the blackthorn you have today. Mr Pellett's son at Limbo Farm would give me twopence for minding the cows on a Saturday, so that he could have the time off. Cottagers didn't usually keep cows, only farmers, but most people kept a goat in those days, it was still a little before there was a general milk delivery. Four or five farmers delivered milk. Gus Wakeford from Bennyfold had a marvellous pony who could knock the door before Gus arrived so that by the time Gus had got from one house to another the householder would be ready with her jug. The pony would only go one way though; if Gus for some reason wanted to reverse the order of the round he had the most terrible job. Mr Cooper at Quarry also delivered with horse and cart but he also had a little hand drawn cart, basically a four-wheeled chum with a tap on the side. At Selscombe my job was to milk the goat before I went to school.

Delivery was the thing then; people did not carry groceries about. My mother always shopped at Olders in Angel Street. Nothing was pre-packed: sugar, tea, butter and cheese were all weighed out and packed at the shop. Mr Marshall, I think it was also delivered for Olders, unpacked everything on the kitchen table for checking. It could be as many as thirty items but mistakes were very rare.

One other thing, my father-in-law was a stalwart of the old Petworth Guy Fawkes Club. I can't remember the song they had but we had a torchlight procession marching through the town with paraffin soaked rags tied to long sticks as torches.

My first instinct on leaving school was not to go into the meat trade. Certainly I had some experience of the slaughter-house at the Kennels; there were six packs of hounds and animals who had been injured were brought to the knackers house that stood at the far end of the paddock. Injured animals were of little value in those days and an animal with a broken leg might well end up at the Kennels. Horses knew this and could scent the blood a long way off so the experienced riders would give the Kennels as wide a berth as possible and the inexperienced might well risk a tumble. As a growing boy I liked to be in the thick of things so I was quite accustomed to animal carcasses. In fact however when I left school I sat the examination for the Brighton, Hove and South Coast Railway and passed. Before they could send for me with a vacancy the General Strike of 1926 threw everything into chaos.

Mr Lerwill a farmer, hunter and a longtime friend of my father's had started a butcher's business at Wisborough Green, using a slaughter-house at Wisborough Green but supplying shops in High Street, Petworth and at Alfold as well as Wisborough Green itself. I started work at Wisborough Green but the shop at Petworth was slow to take off and Mr Lerwill moved me to Petworth to develop a delivery round taking meat out into the country and trying to build up a round. This involved canvassing door to door but particularly talking to cooks at the larger houses - most such houses still carried their own cook at this time. Lodsworth, Tillington and Wisborough Green were the initial basis of the round, then came Fittleworth, Sutton and Byworth. The delivery vehicle was a T-model Ford - or Tin Lizzie as they were popularly known. I was able to serve Lord Leconfield at Petworth House - there was a French chef then, several kitchen maids, two scullery maids and numerous housemaids, between maids and chambermaids. I well remember Mrs Counley the housekeeper, very erect, very ladylike - she was often taken for Lady Leconfield herself.

Petworth had more than one slaughter-house in those days. Mr Boorer the old-established butcher in Lombard Street had one on the premises the bullocks being pulled down on to the block from the street itself. The door had a big iron fastener to lock the rope round. In Trump Alley there was another. Before the 1914-1918 war there had been another in the High Street not where my shop would be but further up at Knights the butchers, later Mr Dean's fish-shop. The slaughter-house was at the back of the shop and cattle, sheep and pigs were driven through the shop to the back. That was before the war as I have said and I have only been told of it.

There was little refrigeration in the present day sense then. There was an ice house at Petworth House and I have watched men at work getting ice off the lakes in Petworth Park. The ice was cut with ice picks sharp-edged needle-like implements which made a series of small holes, the ice then being banged to break up a separate block. This would then be gathered in laundry baskets and picked up with a kind of enormous landing net set on a long pole. Of course if the blocks of ice were well out you'd work it nearer the bank. For this there was what seemed like a broomstick with a prong and a very long broomstick it was too - it took four or five men to hold it and guide the block where it could be picked up. Later on there were some very long

pincher-type things with sharp points to clamp the ice and manhandle it to where you wanted it.

Most shops in our trade used ice-boxes by this time and we would have delivery of ice from Guildford in 1 cwt blocks which needed a pick to break them. When the ice was delivered you pulled the block out of the lorry sufficiently to enable you to get your shoulders under it (there were special padded shoulder covers for this job) and manhandle it into the ice-box. This of course you had to keep emptying out as the ice melted in the days between delivery of the ice-blocks. As the next delivery approached the temperature in the box would begin to rise. This system of course was incapable of sustaining a consistent temperature. There were already stationary engines available that would provide a more consistent service but they were still too noisy for a shop in all but the most out of the way locations. There was one at our Wisborough Green premises but that was in an out-of-the-way spot. There was no automatic cut out of course, you started the engine then when you had the temperature you needed you'd switch it off for a time.

Most households kept two pig sties; one pig went to market and was known as the "spring sale". In the autumn cottagers would obtain two weaners, one for their own use and one to pay the annual rent. The former was referred to as "taking a pig indoors" an expression that could be misconstrued. I spent my Wednesday afternoons slaughtering pigs people had raised for their own use, carrying a tub in the van with my tools. When I arrived the copper would be boiling furiously and not only the copper but also every kettle and saucepan that could be got hold of. If they had a good outhouse with a beam and hook I'd hang the carcass up in there, if not I'd hang it up in apple tree. It would stay there all night with a sheet over it - just like a ghost. Quite often when I went next day to cut it up, the carcass would be frozen solid. Everything was used but even between the wars the young were finding the fatter parts difficult to digest. The older people had no such inhibitions. When we lived in North Street "Tatty" Matthews was the pig-killer and my mother would use up "everything except the squeak", the chitterlings, the heart and lites for haslet, the trimmings for pork pies. Three inches deep these would be and flavoured with sage, onion and thyme.

[Bert Speed talking on tape to Miss Violet Maxse in 1977. A tape held by the Petworth Society.]

## Lost Tales of Old Petworth (5)

*Goodwood Races.* There is, however, one week of the year during which even the quiet of Charlton is broken, and still more that of its neighbour village, Singleton (from which Charlton is divided by a few minutes' walk through pleasant fields), and that is the week of the Goodwood races. Then a wonderful social revolution is affected in Singleton, Charlton, and all their vicinity. They are invaded, but not as they used to be before the days of cheap trippers, by the fashionable world - by princes, dukes, earls, and lords, and their fair partners, who with their cooks and ladies' maids and valets, take possession of farm houses and cottages - anything in the shape of a house - and literally set up their tents, living a kind of fete champetre life amidst most rustic scenes and scenery. With these, too, come a host of jockeys and stablemen, and other

"horsey" gentry, with studs of racehorses, for the accommodation of which the cottagers are turned out of their houses with their families, to manage as best they can for some five or six days.

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## New Members (and rejoining) July 1993

Mrs Bacon, 13 Rothermead, Petworth.  
Mr J. Bartlett, Flat 14, Putney Hill, Putney.  
Miss V. Benham, 5 The Gardens, Fittleworth.  
Mrs J. Bennett, 71 Sheepdown Drive, Petworth.  
Mrs E.M. Bradley, 'Rickstones', Graffham.  
Mr and Mrs D. Bratt, Church Lodge, Petworth.  
Ms M.J. Claringbold, 7 Heythorp Street, London.  
Mr and Mrs Connell, Chapel Bank, Sandy Lane, Fittleworth.  
Mrs M. Cullen, Church Cottage, Egdean.  
Miss J. Fen, 79 Sheepdown Drive, Petworth.  
Mrs E.M. Fletcher, Ashover, Vanzell Road, Midhurst.  
Mr and Mrs N. Flexman, Tripp Hill Cottage, Fittleworth.  
Mr and Mrs Gibbon, Paddock View, Easebourne.  
Mr P. Hargood, Nationwide Estate Agents, Lombard Street, Petworth.  
Mr K.M. Howie, 2 Pinewood Way, Midhurst.  
Mr and Mrs M.G. Kemp, Mulberry Cottage, Graffham.  
Mr and Mrs J. Milne, 60 Sheepdown Drive, Petworth.  
Mr J.T. Murray, 25 Parklands Road, Chichester.  
Mr and Mrs G. Price, 8 Styles Close, The Paddock, Frome, Somerset.  
Mrs J.M. Ring, Garden Cottage, Park Road, Petworth.  
Mrs Rose-Hunt, 8 Greengates, Lurgashall.  
Mrs C. Russell, c/o Sunset House, Museum Hill, Haslemere.  
Mr and Mrs K.S. Sadler, Oakensmiel, 14 Warren Lodge Drive, Kingswood, Surrey.  
Mr and Mrs N. Saunders, 54 Sheepdown Drive, Petworth.  
Mr R. Simcox, The Dell, Rectory Lane, Pulborough.  
Mrs G. Slade, 15 Rogate House, St George, Bristol.  
Mrs. P.C. Spofforth, The House in Pound Street, Petworth.  
Mrs I. Stansmore, 61 Hampers Green, Petworth.  
Mr and Mrs D. Thurston, 5 Sheepdown Close, Petworth.  
Mrs M.E. Turton, 35 Oakwood Close, Bepton Road, Midhurst.  
Mrs M. Walford, Thetwyns, Durfold Wood, Plaistow.  
Mr C.J. Walker, 14 The Gardens, Fittleworth.  
Mrs M. Ward, Oakhurst Farm, Loxwood.  
Mrs D. Wooldridge, Common House, Plaistow.  
Miss J. Yeoman, 1 Coates Castle, Fittleworth.

