THE PETWORTH SOCIETY

magazine

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The wood-engraving on the front cover is by Gwenda Morgan.
That on the back is of Egdean church.
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THE PETWORTH SOCIETY SUPPORTS THE
LECONFIELD HALL
AND PETWORTH COTTAGE MUSEUM!

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 £6.50. Single or double one Magazine delivered. Postal £7.50 overseas £8.50. Further information may be obtained from any of the following:

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Chairman's Notes

I don't propose to take half the Magazine lamenting that I haven't got room for everything; as usual I will cram in as much as I can. We don't carry a separate report of the Toronto Scottish visit - just four pictures by David Wort and the striking contribution by Mr John Hatt. It was an excellent day, with the Society, recipients of so much goodwill when we were in Toronto, delighted to be able to make the reciprocal gesture. The two plaques given by the Canadians are now in the Leconfield Hall.

If you have a subscription reminder with this Magazine, please pay promptly or let Philip know if you do not wish to continue. With such a large membership even a tiny proportion of late payers gives Philip an inordinate amount of extra work.

I think that's about all. Monthly meetings start with Paul Vine talking to the Society on October 4th. We could well start the new season with a full house!

Peter *27th July1995.*

Echoes in the Landscape

The exhibition takes as its theme water in the West Sussex landscape. Each of the exhibits is situated at a particular place in the valley and has its own story to tell and its own sense of place in the landscape, separated by time and distance; all of these fragments are nevertheless joined by the ever flowing path and movement of the river.

The work looks carefully at the juxtaposition that occurs between the living and inanimate objects and structures that follow the water on its course through lake, pond and river.

Specifically, on the theme of Petworth, the lake is brought into sharp focus by the use of three-dimensional perspective, with the boathouse, pike and fish drain modelled at varying scales to echo their complex and transient relationship.

Ancient species *waiting*
Between the changing order
Trapped within the silence of the lake

Fragments from the water's edge, photographed in context and remade at a larger scale, remind us of the sensual quality inherent in natural forms. Placed in close proximity to renderings of simple manmade structures, such as the drain cover that we all know and tread on daily. Re-made in wood, they have an unfamiliar, yet inviting quality, which makes us see them anew.

Art joins closely with engineering in the forms of the industrial artefacts: the hydraulic ram, using only the energy contained in the flowing stream, gives rise to thoughts of economy at many levels, from construction to consumption.

ECHOES IN THE *Landscape*

An exhibition of work by Chris Vincent and Jane Meredith

Words, images and objects exploring the half-forgotten artefacts which join us so closely to our landscape

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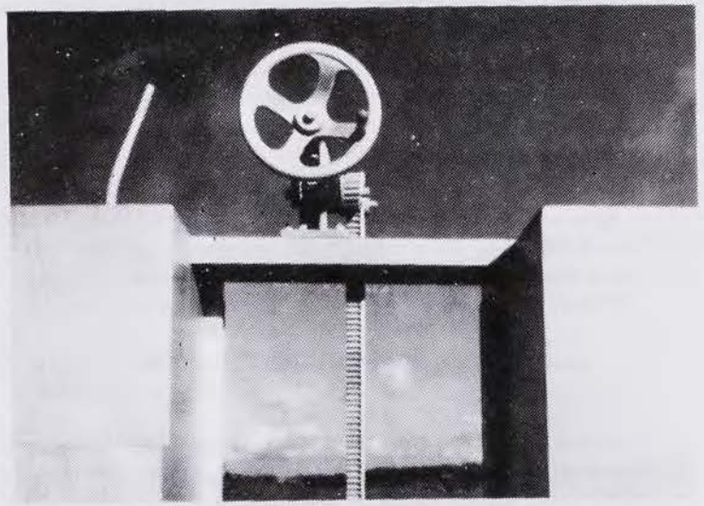
The National Trust, Petworth House
Petworth, West Sussex

THE NATIONAL TRUST

3–15 October 1995



Sluice gates at Coultershaw modelled by Chris Vincent 1995

Moving on, we observe other equally complex networks that use the power of water and look at the manmade distribution system throughout the landscape, the hydrant, galvanised tank and water trough, commonplace objects in our everyday lives, that constantly remind us of the presence of water and of our total dependence on its good management in the future.

From future hopes and uncertainties, we return to the enigma of the stone column discovered in the sand of the millpool. Its beautiful carving depicts bulrushes and other water plants, a common theme throughout time. It has a hole through its middle, indicating that it is possibly the base of a fountain. Is the statue of Pan, which may have been seated on the top, buried under the sand and water?

Country Life
The Village Hall Exhibitions

South East Arts and West Sussex County Council have embarked on a collaboration, commissioning contemporary photographers to interpret the George Garland collection, to ensure its preservation and to prepare a major exhibition of photographic works about country life.

Introduction

West Sussex Photographer George Garland made many thousands of photographs over a period of forty years. From his wooden studio in the small town of Petworth, he produced portraits of the local community. The images he made were destined for a wide variety of uses, from a photograph of a baby in christening clothes to a series of wartime ID portraits. Outside the studio, Garland travelled to weddings and village fetes, to village hall theatricals and political meetings. He photographed houses and gardens, dying crafts and rural ancients, many of whom were persuaded to wear a 19th century smock to sit for their portraits.

Through Garland's photographs, we see the public face of country life as defined through events and community. Garland was a pragmatic professional and there is no evidence that he involved himself with any of the debates around photography as art, or the meaning of documentary. He photographed, in the main what he was asked to photograph, or what he thought would sell to the London press as representative of a rural idyll.

Since Garland's time, the countryside has changed. This prosperous corner of South East England no longer relies on agriculture for its income, as commuters, retirees and a new middle class intent on recapturing a rural idyll have become its population. High tech industries, airports, tourism and leisure now form the core of its employment.

The *Country Life* project aims to encourage artists, curators and animateurs to work with the Garland Collection and the community of the Petworth area to make a composite and individualistic picture of the locality from 1994 to the end of the century, through a system of commissions and collaborations. The results of this encyclopaedia of village life will be exhibited in Petworth House and in village halls throughout the immediate area, then combined to make one major exhibition.

Country Life will depart from previous commissioned projects, in that the invited artists and animateurs will be encouraged to work closely with the local community, the Garland Collection, the West Sussex Records Office and with the project's overall curator. The over-riding theme of the project will be the notion of The Archive, and much attention will be paid to the presence of personal photographic collections owned by members of the community. The Garland Collection, seen as a monument to the past, will act as a catalyst to our perception of the present.

The project will be curated by Val Williams, writer and curator, whose recent projects include the exhibitions *Who's Looking at the Family?* (Barbican Art Gallery, 1994) and *Warworks* (Rotterdam Biennalle, 1994 and Victoria and Albert Museum 1995). She is currently curating *The Dead,* a major international exhibition for the National Museum of Photography, Film and Television in Bradford.

Themes

The themes which George Garland explored are very much on the agenda in contemporary photography in the mid 1990s. Questions of identity and heritage, of community and public life are current preoccupations. Found photography now works in tandem with artists' productions; memory and the notion of history has become increasingly important in our mid-century consciousness.

With this in mind, we are planning to invite artists, curators and animateurs to participate in *Country Life* over the next few years.

Concepts

Portraits of Petworth People

We have commissioned photographer Chris Harrison to work with the Garland Collection and the local community of Petworth.

Chris Harrison was born in Tyneside, and now lives in London. His work first came to public attention in 1992, when he exhibited *Whatever Happened to Audra Patterson?* in Newcastle. In 1993, he was commissioned by Viewpoint Gallery in Salford to work on the Pendleton Estate, where he constructed a studio in the local community centre and made a remarkable study of male youth. He is currently working on a photographic project to document war memorials in the UK. The exhibition resulting from this commission is planned for Spring 1996 in Petworth. Meanwhile, plans are being laid for other elements in the project.

The Archive

We are planning to invite the distinguished French artist Christian Boltanski to produce a work, the subject matter and form of which will be decided by the artist.

Christian Boltanski is an internationally renowned artist whose work is in the collection of major museums throughout the world. His works, which have made extensive use of found photography, explore ideas of identity, of history and of the meaning and presence of the image.

Private Stories

An invitation to people photographed by George Garland to give a context and a commentary on the photographs he made of them. What was the wedding really like? Were you the major part in the village play or only the smallest fairy? Did you think your portrait looked like you? What is the most significant photograph in your family album?

Inside

George Garland rarely photographed inside the home. *Country Life* will invite a notable documentary photographer to look at family life in the country, working with three different households to produce a detailed and revealing record. At the same time, we will ask children to make their own record of everyday life at home, adding commentary to their photographs. The two projects will produce both an insider's and an outsider's view of rural life in the 1990s.

Outside

Garland's view of the countryside was one of an industrious and busy population, conversant with old crafts and fully engaged in rural pursuits. It was a countryside of energetic men, of tools, and implements and of 'characters' who represented a rural past.

To reflect upon Garland's view of the environment, we will invite a notable artist to make his/her own walk through the countryside surrounding Petworth. What is discovered and photographed will be displayed alongside Garland's work.

Conclusions

Country Life is an ambitious public project which, if realised will present a portrait as partial as George Garland's about rural life in the middle of the twentieth century. Like George Garland, each artist or curator will be presenting a picture which will form a part of the visual history of England. Photographs taken yesterday are already part of our past.

Book Review: London's Lost Route to Midhurst: The Earl of Egremont's Navigation. P.A.L. Vine.

Paul Vine has written a number of books but his first, *"London's Lost Route to the Sea"*, probably remains the one by which he is best known locally. It appeared in 1965 and has remained a classic ever since. I remember buying it in Weavers when it first came out. When I think of it I always recall the chapter on pleasure boating and the delightful illustrations from a rare book by J.B. Dashwood describing a holiday expedition by canoe that took in the old Wey and Arun.

In the present volume, effectively a companion to the earlier work, Paul Vine turns his attention to the Rother Navigation and the Petworth canal, very much the preserve and passion of the Third Earl of Egremont and built in practice at his desire and expense. The intention was to link up small Sussex market towns like Petworth and Midhurst with a larger world, with beneficial consequences for trade and commerce. As usual Vine is scholarly, informative and interesting. The book is well illustrated and very readable without ever becoming lightweight. It is very much a Petworth book, one of an exclusive and select number. It makes extensive use of material from Petworth House and covers the design, building, heyday and decline of the canal. What I found particularly interesting myself is that so many people known from other sources crowd these pages; sometimes they are just names,

but often they are people who appear more in the round here than we have known them previously. Men like Thomas Upton, The Earl of Egremont's Surveyor, or Mr Tyler the attorney and his man Goatcher. Here too is the bustling Mr Stovold from Daintrey House, a speculator in timber and an argumentative and litigious customer of the Navigation. The Earl of Egremont himself receives a sympathetic but objective portrayal befitting such a key figure. And the vessels themselves, the barges or the Earl's brigantine, Egremont lost on the Goodwin Sands in 1797 are not forgotten. Here is a story of cargoes and hard-drinking men, of coal and alder and seaweed and river piracy and the eventually losing fight with the railway. A genuine Petworth book and a very unusual one. For details of ordering see leaflet with Activities Sheet. Paul Vine talks to the Society on October 4th.

P.

Book Review: Midhurst, Walks in the Old Town

Frances Johnson-Davies, Chairman of the Midhurst Society, is to be congratulated on providing under the auspices of the Midhurst Society, a reasonably priced (£2.50) but informative guide to Midhurst. For pedestrians it may be, but pedestrian it is not. It is also extremely well illustrated with drawings by Max Wholey, Norman Crockford, and other local artists. In form it takes two walks round Midhurst, "North" and "South"; to some extent covering the same centre ground and pointing out items of interest. For two Rother Valley towns that are so often bracketed together by outsiders the walk makes clear what has often been felt that Midhurst and Petworth have completely different histories and ambiences, and each a character entirely its own.

Just a few points: the famous Schola Grammaticalis building is nineteenth century, while Anthony Capron commemorated in Capron House was, not surprisingly, a local dignitary. The Rev. Frank Tatchell's house in North Street, is now commercial premises. Tatchell, a chess friend of George Garland's in the 1920s, was a real character, even in an age of clerical "characters". His travel books are well worth picking up on second-hand shelves if you can find them. There is of course the obligatory reference to H.G. Wells, no Midhurst book should lack that. Midhurst is the subject of a very early Wells - *The Wheel of Fortune* - I think, or at least as I remember the denouement has Midhurst in it.

Why Knockhundred Row? The peculiar name is unexplained. Perhaps "a hundred men could be knocked up from the houses there to serve in local emergencies". Perhaps. The present Public Library was once four cottages (once too the Grammar School canteen - but that's just a personal memory). The burgage stone opposite the side door of the Library is protected now by a grill. It is the last burgage stone left in Midhurst and a symbol of an era that preceded the Reform Acts of 1832 and 1833. Burgesses could buy or acquire votes for Parliament then. There is nothing like this in Petworth.

The Parish Church was largely restored in the nineteenth century but the site is old. The *Guide* tells us of the Curfew bell and the Curfew garden, and the half-timbered Market Hall. Then on to St Anne's Hill and Cowdray itself. Edward VI stayed here in 1552 as he did also at Petworth. Queen Elizabeth I too was lavishly entertained by the first Viscount Montague. She did not however come to Petworth, a result of the fall from favour of the Percy family. North Mill once a corn mill, is now a private house. And what of the Knight Hospitallers, of the Order of St John of Jerusalem, strong-armed men to protect the pilgrims and their shrines in the Holy Land. Petworth knows nothing of them, but here in Midhurst the Commandery Door recalls them. Plenty of interest? Well I've only skimmed. The real thing is available from this Society's very good friend Frances Johnson-Davies at Brackenwood, Telegraph Hill, Midhurst, but please add a little to listed price for postage or of course from discerning outlets locally.

P.

The Petworth Tragedy

I am here today to represent the 7th Anti-Tank Association in memory of the children and teachers who died on that dreadful day in September, 1942. I was a member of the 104th Anti-Tank Battery, 7th Anti-Tank Regiment, when it was bivouacked in bell tents at Holland Wood on the outskirts of Petworth during the summer and fall months of that year.

To give you an account of the formation and partial history of the Regiment in England, volunteer enlistment in the 104th Anti-Tank Battery took place in my home town, Fredericton, New Brunswick, in July, 1940. The Battery sailed for Great Britain on the British liner, "Georgic", in April, 1941. This vessel had ben converted into a troop ship and was sunk by the enemy some time later in the Mediterranean.

Shortly after arrival in England the 7th Anti-Tank Regiment was formed at Colchester, Essex, with the 104th Battery acting as the nucleus for the Regiment. The remaining officers and other ranks were selected from Canadian regiments serving in England at the time and additional personnel came from Canadian holding units near Aldershot. After a few months of training at Colchester the Regiment was sent to the Leatherhead, Horsley and Guildford areas for further training. Most of the men in the Regiment had little or no pre-war military training, however, being brought up on farms, or in lumbering, fishing and mining communities, were accustomed to the rugged existence needed to become a good soldier.

The next move was to Petworth for more field exercises and training. Members of the 7th Anti-Tank Association will never forget that fall day in September, 1942, when a lone enemy flyer sneaked across the Channel and dropped his bombs on the schoolhouse at Petworth. There was no place in the village or surrounding area where he could cause such sorrow and misery to the civilian population. I personally remember the raid as if it happened yesterday.

It was a cloudy day and I was on duty at Battery Headquarters and remember hearing a plane in the sky overhead. It was normal to hear and see our own aircraft flying around

Petworth, so I took little notice of this plane until the pilot made the run on his target. His engine became louder and louder and louder, and soon was in clear view at tree-top level and so close to my position I could see the pilot in the cockpit and the insignia and other markings on the plane. It wasn't difficult to determine he was one of the lone raiders we so often had heard about, and his line of attack was directly toward Petworth. It was only seconds later I heard the explosions from the stick of bombs dropped.

Within a short period of time the Regiment received word that the school was the target and immediate assistance was needed to dig out the dead and wounded. A detail of men was quickly gathered and sent to the site to help in the search for the children and teachers.

Besides assisting at the bombed school the 7th Anti-Tank Regiment was given the privilege to participate at the mass funeral for the thirty children and three teachers killed during this dastardly act. On Page Seven of *"A History of the 7th Anti-Tank Regiment, Royal Canadian Artillery"*, it records the Petworth Tragedy and the privilege given to this Canadian Regiment by the inhabitants of Petworth for selecting the Regiment's vehicles as the means of transportation during the burial ceremony. Usually the troops were not enthusiastic when it came to cleaning trucks, but in this case the job was willingly completed and, at the burial service, the vehicles were shining like new. Reading from the Regimental history it was noted:-

"The stay at Petworth was marred somewhat by the sneak raid of one lone enemy plane which managed to skim right over the Regimental area and dropped its bombs on the school in Petworth killing 32 children and injuring many more. All ranks of the Regiment did a yeomans service in the rescue work at the site and the children were buried in a mass funeral using Regimental vehicles to transport the coffins."

The Petworth story has been told by veterans all across Canada. I have with me today a letter from a school teacher in far away Cayley, Alberta, Canada, whose young students had heard about "The Petworth Tragedy" from a former 7th Anti-Tank veteran who spoke to the school classes on Remembrance Day. The children of Cayley would like to correspond with the Petworth students of today who are interested in becoming everlasting pen pals.

My brother was also a member of the 7th Anti-Tank and in closing I would like to mention a Petworth story he tells on certain occasions:-

While attending the burial service at Petworth in 1942, he saw an elderly gentleman place a coin on one of the coffins. Later he had the opportunity to speak to this gentleman and in their conversation my brother was informed the coffin was that of his grandson. Each week it was his custom to give the young lad a small sum of money. The coin he placed on the coffin was this week's allowance.

Members of the 7th Anti-Tank Association all across Canada will always remember.

John C. Hatt
120 Fulton Avenue
Fredericton, N.B.
Canada, E3A 2B6

Former sergeant in the
104th Anti-Tank Battery.

Pipers dancing in Petworth Park in August 1936. See "Walking up the Hill". Photograph by G. G. Garland.

The old house in Angel Street - was it part of Thomas Smyth's house? A snapshot from the 1920s. See "Wealden Iron - the Petworth Connection."

The House of Secrets

It does not seem long since Dr. Diana Owen was appointed Administrator for the National Trust at Petworth House (she is now designated Property Manager), but in that short time she has worked closely with the Society to bring House, Trust and Town together and made many friends. So we were delighted when she accepted our invitation to speak after the Annual General Meeting, especially when it transpired that she had discovered 148 glass plate negatives taken by Miss Mary Wyndham, daughter of the 2nd Lord Leconfield in the 1890s and that we were to be the first to see slides taken from them at a public showing. The House, Diana told us, still holds many secrets. Extensive death watch beetle damage and other serious structural problems had necessitated the clearance of many rooms virtually untouched for up to 200 years, revealing the photographs. Stained glass removed from the chapel in 1712 had turned up in the estate yard where it had been stored without anyone knowing what it was.

The slides showed views of the House, the south and east fronts, interiors of a period not previously recorded apart from a few paintings, formal and informal shots of the children, including bath time, a family picnic in Pheasant Copse and ladies "watching" cricket. All were remarkable for their clarity, but especially the baby in the bath, assuming the long exposure times needed.

Some more familiar Kevis portraits followed - the Steward, butlers, footmen in various liveries as well as Sunday best, parlour, kitchen and laundry maids - but this time the bonus was an inventory of 1869. Archive lists enable us to match names, salaries and other information with the portraits. These were from the 1880s, when there were so many servants that they had servants!

Although Petworth House is of prime importance for its collection of art, it is brought to life by photographs and personal details such as these, together with Diana's "pet project", the restoration and refurbishment of the kitchens, now open to the public. Particularly lacking are records of the inter-war years and desperate efforts are being made to trace old employees with good memories - can members help?

KCT

P.S. We think 105 is a record attendance for the A.G.M.!

Petworth Gardens Walk. 18th June

As we hadn't had the Gardens walk last year and there was rugby on the television, we thought we might have a lowish turnout. Not so, there were a lot of people in the Car Park. Seventy? Certainly sixty or more. Up the sunny Sunday High Street to Beryl's carefully tended little garden, making the most of a triangular plot. Roses, alchemilla, geum and honeysuckle with Bill Davies' recent floral repainting of the shed, always something to look out for. Then up the road to Jess Baxter's, a long walled border sweeping down beside a long swathe of lawn. Visible from the road but good to see at close quarters. The perennial blue geranium had been

a complete globe Jess said but the wind had now spilled it out. Ageratum and all sorts of annuals. A new fuchsia was bright scarlet with curious flattened trumpets. And was that creamy greenish white flower astrantia?

Off then to Mr and Mrs Watson's at Rosemary Close, a real hidden garden this. The concourse filled the lawn but everyone managed to get in. A pink rose in a pot, a patio rose Mrs Watson explained, named Queen Mother. There were white foxgloves, and a choisya with a brilliant yellow leaf. Time to move on. Mr and Mrs Talman's Mant Road garden was not new to us but is always full of interest. Is there a garden in Petworth that uses a limited space better? An ordered riot of ripening soft fruit, dahlias, glasshouse tomatoes and potatoes. Plums were already forming against a wall, and geraniums were beginning to trail up netting on the house wall. Mr and Mrs Marshall's garden was another visible from the road, but again one that rewarded a closer look. Some excellent colours too for this late June "between-season" - crimson peonies and even a last flowering of orange cheiranthus, gnomes hidden away among the flowers didn't seem out of place here. And so many pots on the well-kept lawn. Did they trim round them? No they moved them to mow every time.

Then to Maureen and Keith next door, a sloping lawn, rhubarb on a raised brick bed, tomatoes with tins set in the round to let the water percolate to the roots. Purple heliotrope in the border, a plant I always like to see and a view over the fence toward Grove Lane. The Fairfield allotments looked a sea of nodding grass. A bonfire smoked quietly. In its way a vista on a lost world. Up into Littlecote itself, still the view of the former allotments. Mr and Mrs Puttick's corner plot had three large mature trees, and this greatly influenced the garden itself. A shady lawn, heather, lavender, mature plants and pastel colours. Rudbechia waiting to be put out. A really relaxing garden - at least for the visitor! Then to Anne and John's - a leptospermum in full scarlet flower, New Zealand tea tree was another name someone suggested. Time for tea at Steve and Di's, biscuits and cakes. Steve had never packed so many people into his garden. Small gardens lovingly cared for but full of interest and offering some good ideas. Thanks very much Anne and Ros for arranging it.

P.

'On not visiting the Temple of the Winds' John and Gloria's Walk. 16th July

Half past one and the rains came. Quite straight from a grey-black sky. No need even to close the windows it was falling completely vertical. Not the best of starts, but by the time we met in the Car Park it did look just a little brighter. In fact we saw no more rain that afternoon. To Lurgashall Village Green - strangely quiet for a Sunday afternoon - no cricket this week, so we parked under the tree in the corner before making off up the road toward Haslemere. It wasn't long before we were striking across a deeply rutted track brown with last years holly leaves and green in the centre with pepperwort. The trees seemed to have their soil washed

away from their roots so that they straddled the walls of the lane as if suspended in the air. High Lane, John announced. We came out on to the Lickfold Road at Windfall Wood, there was a short walk before crossing the road at the Winery and going up the slope toward Blackdown. Only a moderate gradient we weren't going right to the top. As the track went higher the views became superb, looking back we could just pick out Pitshill between trees in the distance. Blackdown House was away to the left in front of us. Time to go right and past several houses perched on the hillside. John looked at the map - the "Temple of the Winds" whatever was it? A wood where the wind played? We were going to miss it any way. Bees in a hole in an oak trunk, quite high up, and in a garden a plant like nicotiana with a strong scent but very long tubular flowers. Over some rough brick road-filling then we were descending. No way for a car here. The Quell. This was Jobson's Lane John announced. We were slowly coming round in a circle - Shop Hill - mistletoe in profusion on two small apple trees, then a mysterious building on the road with undergrowth newly cleared from the front. We wondered what it had once been. Back over the road, oats yellow in the field, nuts already pale green and plump in the hedgerow. Over the fields to Park Farm, stopping by the pond, then lifting the dogs over the stiles. Into the quiet of Lurgashall churchyard. Not very familiar territory for most of us but a brilliant walk. Thank you very much John and Gloria.

P.

To Hear the Nightingale

"No, it's not Petworth this time," said Nick in an unusually determined manner as he dragged the Chairman somewhat doubtfully in his wake. Knowing the interest aroused among the discerning by our periodical rambles, I just hoped Nick knew what he was doing and wasn't about to disappoint an eager readership. It wasn't long before we were on our way through Tillington; at Halfway Bridge we pulled off to the right on to the old road that still runs round the back. Like all such superannuated roads it looked pitifully small and narrow. Was this really the road that carried the Petworth Bus to the Grammar School so many years ago? While I was turning over such momentous thoughts Nick and Elizabeth were already poring over a magnificent dog rose cascading over the hedge. As good an example as they had ever seen. The flowers, simple enough to the naked eye, are in fact very complex, a quick look through the magnifier proved this.

We took a footpath to the right and were soon walking along a track through light woodland with a precipitous drop to the river on our left. Nick was soon finding ancient woodland indicators in some profusion, too many to make a detailed inventory. Here at the edge of the track grew pignut or earthnut (Conopodium majus) in some quantity, like a small cow parsley to the uninitiated. The root was apparently eaten raw by wizened countrymen and by schoolchildren. It might be a little robust we surmised for late twentieth century digestive systems. Butcher's Broom on the opposite side toward the river was an interesting plant, effectively a small shrub with thick green prickly leaves. In fact the apparent "leaves"

are modified branches and the plant belongs to the lily family. As the name suggests, tradition sees the plant as being used to scour butchers' slabs. We wondered how practical this would be. At any rate, this is a somewhat rebarbative plant and an indicator of old woodland. It can make enormous clumps some twenty feet across although the clump we saw was quite small. The vivid red berries give it another traditional name "knee holly".

Down at the river's edge was the orange balsam or "Jewel weed" a fast encroaching newcomer from the eastern United States and its taller cousin the Himalayan Balsam or Policeman's Helmet, another garden escape that has naturalised and spread. Further along the path we caught the unmistakable odour of a stinkhorn, as if some animal were decaying in the undergrowth. So often the smell hangs like a cloud on the path, so often the fungus cannot be found. This time the path-side was fairly clear so we searched among the leafy debris and twigs of the previous autumn. We'd almost given up when Elizabeth found it at last, crawling with flies of all kinds and sticky with the spores that the flies would carry away with them. The flies seemed to find the fungus without difficulty but it was much more difficult for us to locate the overpowering smell. We would pass another stinkhorn later but this time, though the smell was intense, it was hidden away in a mass of brambly undergrowth.

It had been grey in the woods but now the sun came out, transforming everything even the cereal like leaves of wood millett. A wild raspberry bore a harvest of (still green) fruits, and amidst the chorus of birds, a nightingale sang, it was a bubbly sound quite distinct from the others. I remembered how Edwin Saunders, recollecting the earlier century, had written of working men meeting in the pub of an evening and then going out to hear the nightingale. On a previous trip Nick and Elizabeth had found the rather uncommon wood horsetail, a plant that had benefited from the clearing of woodland cover in the hurricane. At first sight it looked as if the delicate fronds were losing ground again, but no, a little further on the primaeval heads were nodding in great profusion. It's a survival of prehistoric times and not often found in Sussex. Just a few plants we'd noticed among many, out into River village, along the road, looking to Lodsworth on the hill, to pick up the path we had started on and back to the car by the dog rose.

P.

'I'd Like a Glass of Water...'

I'd had a few jobs before I went to Petworth House as fourth housemaid. The war was still on when I started there in the summer of 1918 and when I left, more than six years later in the November of 1924, it was to get married. Jobs tended to come by answering advertisements and I seem to connect advertisements above all with the West Sussex Gazette. My first was at Plummers Plåin near Horsham, where I had to help in the house and look after a little girl. My parents thought it very adventurous of me to go away from home so young. We lived at Henley at the time, the other side of Midhurst, but I'd been brought up at Loxwood where my father was the blacksmith. One day when I was out with the little girl she set about

me with a piece of iron she'd picked up, so I thought that was enough of that and told the lady I was leaving. To make it easier I said I was homesick. That first job lasted a month. Further live-in jobs were cleaning at the Brighton, Hove and Sussex Grammar School and at the King Edward VII Hospital at Midhurst, both live-in although of course for the latter I was comparatively near home.

The Petworth House job came, I'm sure, through an advertisement. It was, as I say, for fourth housemaid. Advancement was a matter of working up through the different grades. The fourth housemaid was the lowest rung on the household ladder. A basic and typical job, at least in winter, was to clear up the grates in the Carved Room, I'd do one and another maid the other. I'd black lead the grate and clean the steel with emery paper using a piece of squared mesh rather like a modern saucepan cleaner. Black lead would be used every time there was a fire and there was such an expanse to cover it seemed to go half-way up the chimney! Lord Leconfield's "business room", a kind of office, was another regular task, being cleaned roughly every three weeks. We had to be very careful to put everything back just as it was. It was, we were told, a place where "business" was transacted. I don't recall that the night-watchman gave us a call but it is more than seventy years ago. I do remember early one morning being frightened by the night-watchman: it was still dark and we kept our brooms and equipment in a box halfway up the "corkscrew" stairs. I was on my own and was coming down the stairs to walk along to the basement. All was dark when someone touched me. I thought it was a ghost but it was the night-watchman. He loved giving us girls a bit of a scare. And he certainly succeeded!

I didn't really have much to do with the butler although I do remember Mr. Bradbury. I think he must have been Lord Leconfield's valet. Another regular job was to clean the attic bedrooms which would be used for visiting staff - valets, people like that who were attending the house guests. The latter would have the attention of the head housemaid and second housemaid who would make their beds and keep the rooms tidy. They tended to work together and dealt of course with Lord and Lady Leconfield's own rooms. We'd usually be about at six o'clock, five o'clock if something exceptional was happening like the business room chimney being swept.

I think we'd work for a time, then go back for breakfast. I never drank tea, always coffee. Spring cleaning was a definite turning-point in the year, the Leconfields would be in London and everything was cleaned, all the fireplaces, tongs, implements of every kind. Everyone seemed to help in this, another lady who came in, the housemaids' odd man, everyone. The odd man would wait on us in the dining room at meals. Our room was on the right of the passage, the butler's and footmen's dining room was on the left.

When we cleaned the front hall we had to scrub it, as we did the Marble Hall with its black and white squares, but this time we had to oil the black squares. Our instructions were that when Lord Leconfield came in we all had to troop out carrying our buckets with us. Well, for some reason his Lordship always came back into the front hall before he left for hunting so that whenever he appeared we all walked out with our buckets as we had been told. Eventually be became irritated by this and told the housekeeper in his forthright way that he hadn't got some bloody disease. A notice was put up to this effect and after this we stayed

put. There would be four or five of us working together, including some casual workers brought in just to do odd work like this. No, we never cleaned the pictures. I don't think we ever touched them. My impression is that someone came in especially to do this but I can't be sure. Again with the statues in the North Gallery, we only used to sweep round them. The second housemaid when I came there was Lucy Benfield, quite elderly then, or at least so it seemed to me and a little staid for us girls. We could be quite high-spirited, if we were cleaning in the chapel we might pretend to be clergymen. One of the housemaids came from Norfolk, another from Suffolk and I remember the former being chased by Lucy Benfield up the corkscrew staircase with the head housemaid shouting after her up the other staircase. I think it was all sorted out eventually.

We had to buy our own outfit, blue dress for morning, apron and cap for afternoon. I remember Mrs. Cownley the housekeeper very well, her headquarters was the stillroom where she'd supervise also the stillroom maid. A very nice lady I thought. When I left on 24th November 1924 to get married she made my wedding cake. She lived in of course. When I left in 1924 I was earning £9 a quarter but I enjoyed it there. It was hard work, everything done by sheer physical labour, sweeping carpets on your hands and knees. No, we didn't use tea-leaves and salt, we just swept. The food was very good. There was a fortnight's holiday but we could choose when to have it and I usually took it as a complete block. Sometimes on days off, if the weather was bad, I'd think about the long walk to Henley and decide to stay where I was. I'd had double pneumonia in July 1918.

In fact by the time I'd walked to Henley it would be tea-time, about four o'clock and I needed to be off again by seven. One night I was more or less ready to walk back when my sister persuaded me to look in at a fair held down by the Grammar School. It was already late afternoon, early evening. The arrangement at Petworth was that if you were back by nine the door was open. After that you knocked up Mr. Bishop at Church Lodge. My sister was older than I and I kept asking her about the time. I didn't have a watch. It had got so late I thought I'd better take the train so we trailed up to Midhurst Station only to find the train pulling out. It was already well dark. There was nothing but to start walking. My sister rode with me on her bike as far as Cowdray Park but then I had to go on alone. It was alright until I got to Tillington where some men were turning out of the Horseguards. They shouted at me and I hurried on but I was feeling so dry and so exhausted that I knocked on a door. A gentleman came out. I said, "Excuse me, I've walked such a long way and I'd like a glass of water". He needed to be re-assured that I really was going back to Petworth House and that I wasn't some kind of vagrant before he'd let me have the water. It was eleven o'clock before I rang the bell at Church Lodge. Mr. Bishop was quite nice about it. "Why Harriet, whatever are you doing out?" I did however get something of a dressing-down from the head housemaid the next day.

Harriet Best was talking to Shirley Wadey and the Editor.

On the Wrong Stairs

I was 15½ when I went to Petworth House in 1935. I was out of a position: having been overworked at my previous job, I'd developed some troublesome boils. The last one was bad enough to need an operation at the Cottage Hospital and I had to recuperate at home. It was then that someone said to my Mum, "Would Phyllis like to go to Petworth House to work in the kitchen"? "No, I certainly wouldn't," I retorted. I wasn't having any of that. After a while however I remembered that one of the footmen used to watch me walking across the Square when I was at my previous job and had told a friend he'd like to take me out. I didn't know him then but it seemed as good a reason as any to take the job. And so I started. There were three specific kitchen staff, a chef, a head kitchen-maid and myself as under kitchen-maid. I didn't cook for the House, that was up to the chef and the head kitchen-maid. I did however prepare the staff vegetables and the staff puddings. These latter were almost always ground rice I remember and in no time at all I was sick to death of the stuff. Kitchen dress was grey with a white apron.

The day began at five o'clock. It was always five o'clock. I'd clean the flues on the big fire, black lead it, take the chef his cup of tea, then make one for the head kitchen-maid. We all lived in of course. Then I'd make the yeast buns for the staff afternoon tea and put them out to rise. There were trays and trays of them and they were very much part of my life. I'd also have to clean the chef's room. Ern, the footman had a pantry just across the way and I'd see him in his livery, whistling away. Smart trousers, short jacket, waistcoat and white shirt. A footman had to (and did!) look the part. Sometimes I'd snatch a word with him on the stairs but such levity was certainly not encouraged. What did a footman do? I don't know, I wasn't a footman was I? I suppose he'd clean silver, help the butler at table, that sort of thing. And of course he'd take the food through the tunnel at meal-times. It was then that they'd come rushing into the kitchen with their trays, no time to waste or the food would be cold. By this time Ern and I were meeting when we could and of course we'd talk if we had a chance. Time off was just one afternoon a week, to be back by nine o'clock. Sundays off? Crumbs no, not in the kitchen. I didn't get Sundays off till I left Petworth. Did we have to go to church Sundays? Oh no, there was nothing like that. I will say however that if you were off on half-day that was it, you were finished for the day. I'd walk back home to River Hill. If Ern was off that we might walk back together.

Curiously I don't remember the copper pots; they must have been there, they really must but I don't remember them. I certainly didn't clean them. Fred Baigent must have done that. Yes, I have to say I liked it there: it was hard work, at times it was very hard work but it was interesting. Sometimes we could still be going at 12 o'clock midnight if we were busy - dinner parties, shooting parties particularly. On such occasions the chef would bring out his bottle of punch and give us a drink and we'd feel very much part of a team. At another time he'd hardly pass the time of day! But he could be thoughtful too. At Christmas we used the big spit, six turkeys with the fat dripping onto sand on stone slabs. When we'd finished we'd clear the sand off. As I recall we only used the spit at Christmas. Wages? I honestly can't remember what they were. I know in my first job I received five shillings a week which I handed over to my mother for my clothes. I had a bicycle on H.P., paying for it over a period. It came from a local shop and this was quite a normal arrangement.

What I liked, in the flurry of meal times, was to take the gravy through the tunnel to the House. We weren't supposed to go over there but it was dark in the tunnel and I'd hand it over at the end. Kitchen maids were kept well clear of the House. Lord Leconfield never came near the kitchen in my time but Lady Leconfield would come in mornings to see about the menu. You didn't wander about the House or explore: if you worked in the kitchen then you were in the kitchen and just commuted between the kitchen where you worked and the bedroom where you slept.

How long was I there? About a year. One day I was on the stairs when I heard Ern talking on the other stairs. I went off to have a chat with him. You weren't supposed to be talking to the footmen, certainly not when on duty, still less to be doing so on their stairs. I was seen and reported to the chef. I blew up and told them what they could do with the job and that was that. My mother was furious and I regretted it afterwards. I really did enjoy the job. Ern left soon afterwards to go to Nymans at Handcross, but while still at the House he would cycle up to see me whenever he had a couple of hours off. But that, as they say, is another story!

Phyllis was talking to Audrey Grimwood

Not allowed on the roof

I came to Petworth in February 1940 as a trainee nurse to help look after the children from the Chelsea Day Nursery evacuated from London. The nursery was part of a complex set up by Lady Violet Melchett in Chelsea and included a nursery, an infant welfare centre and children's day care centre. It took children from the Peabody buildings and was evacuated to Petworth on September 1st 1939. The children and staff were brought down in London buses. There were about 45 children all under 5, with a matron who was a fully trained health visitor, a sister, staff nurse and student nurses.

The Nursery was billeted in the Servants' Block and used some rooms in the House - I'm not sure exactly which. The old kitchens were still used by the Family and staffed by their servants although I remember seeing all the copper as it is now as I think the doors were always open. The Nursery used a smaller kitchen - the Housemaids' kitchen, I think, and all our food was sent down from London. It didn't come from the Estate or local shops although I do remember going to the International when we heard that jam and marmalade were going to be rationed. We were each entitled to one 2lb jar which we made to last for a long time. The shop keeper was surprised as he didn't see us often. We cooked our own food, lots of porridge and when we complained about mice getting into the oatmeal we were told it would be alright when it was boiled. The milk wasn't pasteurised and was simmered overnight in a double boiler. A thick skin would have developed by the morning which we would spread on to bread. But we were told off as it was meant for the children so we would add it to their porridge.

All the Family's servants moved over to the House when war broke out except for the Housekeeper who refused to give up her rooms. I remember the footmen with the huge trays carrying the food over to the House. They had to step over the sleeping children.

When the air raid warning was given we had to carry all the children down into the tunnels and they would sleep on straw palliasses in the passage outside the Butler's pantry. The telephone was in Matron's room and we were all told to pick it up if we heard it ringing and there would be a very lugubrious voice telling you that there was an air raid. Petworth was en route to London and we had so many that in the end the children slept down there all the time. Once Lord Leconfield came downstairs to ask the children to "keep quiet" and every night a loud bell outside the Butler's room would ring at midnight to signal that the lights were going off. This used to upset the children so it was stopped.

The children used the Audit Room as their playroom and brown linoleum was put down especially for them. The Nursery brought down much of their own play equipment and we had a piano as well. When it was fine we would take the children down to the lake in the park and I remember an RAF deputation coming soon after we arrived to ask us not to wear our white caps in the park as we made an easy target! The children were all frightened of Lord Leconfield's black labrador.

As a special treat we would take a few of the children into town for tea on a strict rota. At Christmas a big Christmas tree would be put up from the Estate and the Canadian soldiers would make presents for the children.

I remember being taken down to see the walled garden with Fred Streeter and we saw peaches growing on the wall - it was very beautiful. Another time we saw wheelbarrows full of strawberries but they weren't for us. I took the children to pick some wild ones in the woods. The Grinling Gibbons carvings in the Carved room I remember vividly but not the paintings; I wonder if they were stored for safety? We were taken to see the House; it seemed rather bleak.

We worked 2 shifts: 6.30am - 6.30pm with one and a half hours off if you were lucky or a 12 hour shift without a break. The lodgekeepers took it in turn to patrol at night and we would give them tea - there was always a senior and junior nurse on duty. One night the lodgekeeper came to get us because he thought he'd seen a child's body at the bottom of the lift shaft, but it was only a bundle of laundry. We had one day off a week and alternative Sundays and they could be saved up so that you could have a weekend away. I used to go to my parents in Brighton on the bus; it seemed to take a long time, particularly as it stopped in Washington for quite a while. Matron was very strict and once when I asked for a weekend off she refused without even looking at me. I fainted as I had had some sad news and wanted to see my brother who was back for the weekend. She relented when she heard.

I remember Mary Churchill coming to stay and one June evening another nurse and I climbed up a ladder to the roof of the House and watched the army moving out. It was a fabulous view. The next day Lady Leconfield put up a notice saying that no one was allowed on the roof between 8pm and 8am but Matron added underneath: "staff are forbidden to go up at any time".

I had my 18th birthday at Petworth and we had a small party in my room using some pretty cups and saucers sent up by my father and a precious jar of Nescafé.

I left in 1943 to go to a children's home in Brighton, having qualified while I was at Petworth. This is the first time I have been back since then - over 50 years.

Joan Nelson was talking to Diana Owen

Submarines and green broom

I don't know who told me how to cure warts but the knowledge isn't all: some people can't do it even if they know. It just doesn't work for anyone, just as not everyone can divine for water. I don't suppose it matters if I tell you, people don't do it any more do they? You first ask the person how many warts they have. That's important. I remember someone had a lot and miscounted, then wondered why, after I'd charmed them, she'd got a big one left on her hand. If the number's wrong then you're not going to cure them all are you? One way is to buy a piece of beef, or you can count out a number of peas, to the exact number of warts, say the number and throw the peas so that they disappear, in the same way so the warts will disappear. I've done it and it works. You can't explain everything. June's Dad could divine for water. I remember him doing it from the Plat at Westlands and seeing the hazel twig moving over the water. That's where the well would be. In later life I used to get rheumatism in my hands. When I went walking anywhere I'd pick dandelions from the hedges and squeeze the milky juice over my knuckles.

Not everything could be cured by these country remedies. We were living at Kirdford and I was nearly choking with an abscess in my throat. I would be perhaps three or four years old. My mother put me in a pram with my legs dangling over the side and pushed me to the doctor at Wisborough Green. I remember we had to be there before 9 o'clock when he left for Loxwood. I sat on my mother's leg while be lanced the abscess and the bowl of water at the side filled with blood as I spat it out. I shouted "Dad" as loud as I could and went home in the pram with my head all bound up. You had to pay for treatment like that so it was only done as a last resort. Country remedies were cheaper and that was an important factor. My father had an insurance with the Foresters I think. When my sister was a baby she had rickets and kept falling down. The doctor told us to bathe her in a solution of rock salts, it came in knobs. Yes, it worked, she grew up quite normally.

I can remember some of the songs that were about when I was at Kirdford School during the 1914-1918 war. I don't think I've got this one quite right but it went roughly as I have indicated. It was about a submarine and for some reason the schoolmaster forbade us to sing it in the streets, I really can't understand why:

"There stood the man in his submarine
No danger does he know
As under the waters far and wide
He speeds to fight the foe.
A crash, a flare leap in the air
And the shouts of men between
And the ocean wave is a foeman's grave
To the man in the submarine."

There was another song about soldiers: "Soldiers marching, marching onward" but I don't remember that at all except that it had a good tune. There was another song which our music teacher taught us in which some of us sang the first line, then when we sang the second line the rest of the class came in simultaneously with the first line again. I remember the lines went steadily up the scale.

"Be you to others kind and true
And always unto others do,
As you'd have others do to you."

I'm 92 now and I think this one we sang before the war started, it was just after we left the Infants, again I haven't got it word perfect:

There was an old man and he lived in the west
And his trade was cutting broom, green broom.
To market and fair crying everywhere
Oh fair pretty maids do you want any broom, any broom?
The old man arose and called his son
Why don't you get up and unbutton your eyes?
So Johnnie got up and did sharpen his knives
And away to the wood cutting broom, green broom.
To market and fair crying everywhere
Oh fair pretty maids do you want any broom?
A lady sat up in her window so high
And she heard Johnnie crying "Broom, green broom."
She sent for her maid and unto her she said,
"Go fetch me the lad that cries, "Broom, green broom."
So Johnnie came back and upstairs he went
And he entered the fair lady's room. "Oh, Johnnie," she said,
Do you fancy me? Will you marry a lady in blue?"
And so Johnnie gave consent and unto the church went
And he married the fair lady in blue.

There is another verse but I can't remember a single word of it.

We were a fair-size family and when we were young my mother liked to get us fed and off to bed before the men came home. In any case there wasn't room for nine round the table. If my mother had some pieces of rabbit she'd make a rabbit roly-poly. Things were very scarce indeed during the 1914-1918 war and my father was sometimes given two cartridges by the farmer and a gun and told to get him a brace of rabbits. I don't know what happened if he missed. He'd then take the gun and the brace of rabbits back to the farmer but he'd also have set wires to go back at night.

Mother would take the rabbits into Horsham and change them for fish, there was a shop on the outskirts down by the Iron Bridge. My mother thought nothing of walking to Horsham and back. When she was with us though we used to walk to Billingshurst Station and catch the train. We'd walk from Great Common to Pound Common by Barkfold, Wisborough Green and Newbridge to Billingshurst. She'd be as much as a mile ahead of us and she'd keep stopping and telling us to hurry up or we'd miss the train. We bought what we knew as coconut butter. It was a kind of margarine made with coconut oil. I loved it and it was called "overweight" because if you bought ½lb you had ½lb extra. I think this was before 1914. One thing I do remember that was well before the war was a free tea in the park at Barkfold. It was a fete to celebrate the Coronation of King George V so that would make it 1911. Each child was given

either a block of coconut ice or a little pack of chocolates. They were done up in red and white striped paper. I can always remember this and you could have one or the other.

I remember this riddle: I expect others know it too:

Two legs sat on three legs, with one leg upon his lap. Along came four legs and ran away with one leg. Up jumps two legs and throws three legs at four legs to make four legs bring back one leg. What is it?

When the village lads were joining up in 1914, my brothers and sisters and I were taught this song. I don't know how or when but it was a kind of recruiting song and it went like this:

You ought to join, you ought to join
Lord Kitchener's army.
Seven bob a week with blisters on your feet
You ought to join, you ought to join
Lord Kitchener's army.

Oh and the riddle? It's a man sitting on a milking stool with a leg of lamb on his lap. A dog steals the lamb and the man throws the stool at it to make it bring it back.

Excerpted from a tape of Mrs Nellie Duncton talking to Audrey Grimwood. For other reminiscences by Mrs Duncton see Magazines 53 and 54.

The Rogate Connection

For over a century a junior branch of the Petworth Wyndhams owned the Rogate estate, west of Midhurst, and memories of the family are still fresh in the village.

The estate, together with the lordship of the manor of Wenham, was bought by George, 3rd Earl of Egremont, about 1832 and given to his third son, Col Charles Wyndham, youngest brother of the future 1st Lord Leconfield. The previous owners, the Buckle family, had bought Rogate in 1692, although their home, Rogate Lodge, does not seem to have been built until the end of the 18th century.

The Lodge, an undistinguished house by all accounts, stood in a damp hollow north of the village. Col Wyndham built a pair of gate lodges, which survive, and perhaps laid out the long driveway across the park, now a public footpath.

In 1835, Wyndham married the Hon Elizabeth Scott, daughter of Lord Polworth, and the couple proved beneficial to the village. Indeed, before their arrival Rogate had lacked a resident squire; the last of the Buckles was incarcerated as a lunatic and the Lodge had been let to a succession of tenants.

One of Wyndham's first acts was to establish a village school: a commemorative plaque can still be seen on the gable-end of the former schoolhouse in North Lane. When, later in the 19th century, a new school was built in the centre of the village, the old house was let to estate tenants.

Charles Wyndham was celebrated for his remarkable strength. *Tales of Old Petworth*

Toronto Scottish visit. Photographs by David Wort.

1) Getting ready.

2) *At the War Memorial.*

3) *Lord Egremont receives plaque commemorating visit.*

4) Anne Simmons receives plaque as a thank you to the Petworth Society ladies from the ladies of Orangeville, Ontario.

recalls him dispelling a mob attempting to obstruct his father's candidate during a parliamentary election in Chichester - armed only with a stout cudgel; and there must have been countless tales now lost in the mists of time.

He died in 1866 - Mrs Wyndham followed him to a vault in Rogate churchyard in 1873 - and the east window in St Bartholomew's church was erected in his memory.

His eldest son (another, Charles, owned Heathfield Lodge in Midhurst) was Sir Hugh Wyndham (1836-1916), a distinguished diplomat who spent much of his life abroad. Sir Hugh demolished the original Rogate Lodge, apart from the service wing which was remodelled as Home Farm, and commissioned Salvin to build a new house, flamboyantly neo-French, on a neighbouring hill. The site, occupied originally by Wood Farm, provided a commanding view across the Rother Valley to the South Downs; and the house, with its mansard roof, became an eye-catcher in the view north from Harting Down.

Sir Hugh was succeeded by his elder son, Sir Percy Wyndham (1864-1943), also a diplomat. He was unmarried, living with his sisters, Eleanor and Florence, and on his death Rogate Lodge was sold, the Misses Wyndham moving to Commonside, an isolated 17th century farmhouse on the edge of the estate.

The eventual heir to the estate was Margaret, Lady Eliot, a niece of Sir Percy and daughter of Lt Col William Wyndham MVO of Heathfield Lodge. In 1950 Lady Eliot sold the remainder of the estate to the Davey family, who had for long tenanted most of the farmland. Rogate Lodge passed through a succession of hands until the 1970s when it was demolished and replaced by a smaller house. The name, and much of the original stonework, was retained.

Apart from the plaque on the old schoolhouse and the window in Rogate Church. Tangible evidence of the Wyndhams can be found at the Wyndham Arms inn at the village crossroads. Built as cottages for workers at the Harting Combe iron foundry in the 16th century, it became a pub about 1845, the sole example among the four inns in Rogate parish to be named in honour of a local family.

Roger Chatterton-Newman

Walking Up the Hill ...

It was the end of the summer holiday and a new experience beckoned, "threatened" might be a better word. The Boys' School was at the very bottom of North street and seemed a very long way indeed from Station Road. Fortunately I wasn't the only new boy and at 8.30 sharp was ready and out in the road waiting for "Perk" Collins and the others who would be going with me. By the time we'd played about on the way we were feeling a little better, although everything still seemed strange and unreal. We entered by a side door on the south end, going down a little passage to a small yard. We passed a kind of store crammed with all sorts of school equipment, desks, seats, blackboards, scenery from school plays, then into a playground which, shaped like a triangle, sloped down to the back wall of Glebe Cottage. A five foot wall on the south east side separated the school from a private hand laundry, while on the south side itself

the wall was some eight foot high, hiding the big ground floor windows of Lord Leconfield's House Laundry. This was a long brick building with large ground floor windows and equally large high level windows that gave light to the one big room inside. The tall brick chimney with its long clay pot belched out a sooty black smoke and gave the tarmac playground an ominous, almost foreboding air.

No time for such speculation however, inside a door were the cycle sheds and coal store. The toilets were in the northwest corner of the playground, abutting on the school building. The cloakroom, on the south-east end was another building tacked onto the main one, a row of little sinks with the smell of Lifebuoy soap and the white of roller towels. As at the Infants School, toilet paper was newspaper sheets cut into six inch squares and tied with string to a rail just inside the door. The hotter the weather the more likely the newsprint was to make a reverse impression on the user! Punishment for wasting the toilet paper was, we would learn, severe.

All this we would learn later, but for the moment all paled before the sight of a huge room with high windows opened and shut by winding a handle. The high ceiling had main beams and struts, and at the north end was a big window with squares of opaque glass. Through these, if you could have seen them, were the Masons Arms, Hampers Common and the intermittent traffic that came and went on the London Road. The opaque glass did not allow such a vista.

The day began with hymns and prayers. The school was dismissed and, as new boys, we attended at Mr. Stevenson's desk to be told the rules, and equally important, the penalties for ignoring or flouting them. Then to our classroom through the door at the south end of the main room to Standards 1 and 2. This door had two panes of glass in the top half, so that you never knew when the headmaster might peer through and see something amiss. It was already clear that the regime was going to be a disciplined one.

The impression was borne out by Mr. Crawley, certainly not a teacher to be trifled with. First day or not, that at least was clear enough. The fact that he knew my father, played football with two of my uncles and hockey with another meant nothing at all. In some ways it was like the first day at the Infants School, there was no A for Apple on the walls, no girls, but otherwise the same smell of dust and chalk. Time for a snatched subdued word when Mr. Crawley briefly left the room. When he returned silence returned with him. There was a greater urgency here however, more attention needed. The morning passed quickly enough: a bottle of milk and a sandwich, arithmetic and history perhaps, then time to scamper off up North Street and home to dinner. Time to eat, a quick look round then back again. The afternoon began again at 1.30. I was one of the lucky ones who could go home many of the boys simply brought sandwiches. In the summer there might be lemonade or ginger beer to drink but during the winter Mrs. Stevenson came from the school house over the road with a steaming jug of something hot for those who did not go home like the Purser brothers from Buckfold.

Afternoon lessons were perhaps a little less formal: geography, spelling, art, painting and drawing, silent reading or mental arithmetic, sometimes even games in the playground, or we might read aloud, a few lines from a book, or learning joined up writing. This last was something that caused quite a bit of difficulty. We might have P.E. too. The received wisdom seemed to be that if it was fine P.E. was outdoors and it didn't matter how cold it was, provided only that the weather was fine. After all in winter we could crowd round the old tortoise stove to get warm before returning to our desks.

All in all the first day hadn't been quite as bad as we'd feared. Come four o'clock we were off with a warning ringing in our ears not to play in the streets on our way home. For most of us it was a matter of trudging back up North Street in the September sun, past the old people sitting outside Thompsons. As we walked up the hill the big hand on the church clock would be moving towards three, the little hand on four. The steeple stood guard over North Street, its pinnacles and arches casting late afternoon shadows across the tower. The open vents on the spire grew smaller as they went up and you could see daylight right through as you came up, and you were half-aware of the weather vane. All these things we noticed, almost without realising, over the long years.

Home for tea, then back round the hills and Sheepdowns. Across the meadows to our own little camps and hideaways in the bracken and bushes. Now was a time of hips and haws, late summer grass and flowers and doves and pigeons cooing and calling in the alder moor. Fields of cows and rabbits and horses roaming the Long Hurst and the Sugar Knob. The sky changed from blue to a pale apple green and there was a slight chill in the air as a fine mist curled up to spread from the brook below. We made our way up the hill, the day almost gone. Away over the Gog the giant orange glow of a full moon lifted out of the trees to the east, full of magic and mystery. It seemed to hold us under a spell as we looked back to it rising clear of the Gog and its trees, holding us almost in its power. With a wrench we turned away westward, dark now with the setting sun, up through the turnstile at the top. Some of us however preferred to climb over the wall into the Bartons cemetery, pick our way through the gravestones, elude Mr. Cragg still working in his shop at the end of the lane, then run to join the others at the end of the lane. Craggs Lane the older people called it, hidden away under the protection of the great horse chestnut that towered above the east gate of the churchyard.

Some might go home now but there might just be time to follow the lamplighter on at least part of his tour of the town. Time to marvel as he lit each lamp with the long hooked pole and small flame he carried. We'd hear the short pop when the flame neared the mantle and the hiss as the lamp came to life. Now the dark streets shone and the lamps seemed to warm the cooling evening. Time to go home. If we were out much later parents would come looking for us.

And so for a second day at the Boys School, and a third and so on. Each one the same yet ever so slightly different. Cold winter days would come, a biting wind searing up and down North Street, coat collars turned up, scarves and woolly gloves with fingers feeling cold through the holes in them. We'd run into school to get round that red hot stove. At the back of the class you might have to keep your gloves on, while you felt your feet freeze. If it was extremely cold Mr. Crawley might make a mid-morning hot drink of Horlicks or Cow and Gate chocolate, heated on the stove top in a big copper jug with long metal plungers - or it might occasionally be Oxo, Bovril Ovaltine, - even hot milk.

There was no half-term, no break until Christmas. Mr. Crawley brooked no inattention, still less actual misbehaviour. Sometimes the board duster would hit the wall and the target have to pick it up and bring it to the front of the class for a lecture on idleness. He would then have to explain to the class what had just been said, or a piece of chalk might fly the way of the inattentive. As a keen sportsman himself Mr. Crawley could be remarkably

accurate while even if you caught the flying chalk you certainly didn't throw it back again. When Mr. Crawley was taking the seniors we had Mr. Court for P.E. or sport. He was a different character altogether, seeming quieter and more tolerant. We soon found however that despite this mild appearance he was not to be trifled with either. Occasionally too Mr. Stevenson would come in to test us with a few questions and a session on the art of music. He would play the piano and you could hear the sickly monotonous click-clack of the metronome on the piano top.

The first year saw older boys leaving, younger ones coming in as we had and I began to feel on slightly firmer ground. The little classroom on the south end of the school became familiar, almost homely. Success in learning was very varied. I found arithmetic trying when it progressed beyond the basic, while some children never learned to read and write so that however bright they were, and some were, they had no chance in examinations because they were unable to put their thoughts into a coherent form.

After a couple of years it was time to leave familiar surroundings and move up into the main room. It was made easier by being with the same class and the fact that the teachers switched classes and were already known to us. The atmosphere now was subtly different: the enclosed feeling of the smaller room was gone as too was the smell of chalk dust and books in a confined space.

The main schoolroom had much of the character of a barn with very high windows and big varnished cross beams. The top half of the wall was painted with cream distemper with a two inch strip of black running all round the room some six feet off the floor. Below that the wall and skirting were in darkish green. The door and windows were coated in a dark varnish. Morning and evening prayers were held here and as soon as the morning's devotions were over, the room was divided into equal halves by a remarkably strong and not unattractive timber and glass folding screen of old seasoned pine. This could be opened and closed by two of the older boys. Those of us on the south side were taught by Mr. Court while those on the north had Mr. Stevenson. The room seemed to take its character from the smell of its oil-treated floorboards, I believe some form of cedar oil was used. There was, too, just the faintest whiff of chalk.

Mr. Court taught, among other things, history, geography and biology, to a lesser extent also current affairs, something that meant little enough to us boys in the mid-1930s. Geography was global to the extent that it concentrated on the position of countries and continents in relation to England. We learned their major rivers and cities. The idea was that geography would fit in with history, you'd relate Clive to India or Kitchener to Khartoum. The 1914-1918 war was often talked of and this in a context where soldiers still came in great numbers in summer to camp in Petworth Park and all around to carry out make-believe wars all of their own. The sound of bagpipes on a summer afternoon stirred us to play soldiers round the hills or to go out into the park after school and meet the real soldiers in their long lines of canvas down by the Bully Hole.

It was during the second year in Mr. Court's class that the notion of music began to take hold. We had, of course, known about it since joining the school but this was only a passive awareness of strange noises coming from the other side of the screen - whistle pipes being

tuned and played, or the percussion band practising. Now, however, we were to be drawn inexorably into that scene. At first it was for an hour or two a week, then two hours two days a week. At the same time there was the chance to explore other fields: the school garden on the Horsham Road was one. Our class had a plot of ground in one corner and our tools were kept in a tin shed near the gate. If we were really in luck we might go down to Hampers Common to play rounders, or, on very rare occasions, and assuming that we could cut the grass short enough, cricket. There was the occasional fair or circus on the common but otherwise the gipsies' horses did as much as anything to keep the grass down.

By 1934-35 electric light was just coming in but for us it was still gas lamps during the dark winter afternoons. I think they hung down from the beams. At any rate it was a nice bright warming light and lessons on late afternoons in winter were often very quiet, as if lulled by the warming presence of the lamps. There was very little noise from traffic. The old tortoise stoves, banked up during the earlier part of the day, would by now have warmed up the whole building and by this time the fronts might be glowing red, while the top seemed engulfed in a shimmering red haze. The silence would be broken only by the occasional cough or sneeze or the faintest of sounds from the gaslights above our heads. The warmth and light made for something so approaching contentment that when it was time to go home it was almost harsh to be turned out into the cold early evening air. We'd scuttle up North Street, the north wind chasing us all the way up the hill. Time to get home quickly and make toast between the bars of the fire. Homework we were set only rarely but we were given to understand that anything we did at home that related to lessons would prove to our advantage later on.

Examinations might mean a place at Midhurst Grammar School but often enough parents could not afford to send a child there, so that a less able boy whose parents had the money might replace someone who had done better in the examinations. This simply seemed part of the scheme of things. Winter gave way to spring and spring to summer: tar bubbles to burst in the playground, walls and fences to climb and the odd trip to the common to play in the long sweet grass, then autumn again, the hoar frost in the wire netting round the playground, a white and shining tracery glistening in the morning sun, spiders' webs frosted and we children huddled in the schoolroom reading our favourite book.

An occasional visit from Mr. Provis, the rector, never seemed to go amiss but less welcome was the helmeted and begoggled figure of Mr. Graham the attendance officer, on his motor-bike, a spectre from old Infant School days. There were few truants at the Boys' School but it was always a relief to hear him kickstart his old Triumph and putter off up the road to the Girls' School. Mr. Parker the sanitary inspector also had a motor-bike but his attentions were confined to the drains and wash-basins.

Empire Day was an observance which involved the school standing at the bottom of the playground by the flag pole for prayers and an appropriate hymn. Then Mr. Stevenson hauled up the flag. On such occasions we had, as I remember, a half-day. Mr. Stevenson might talk too of his memories of the 1914-18 war and this struck more of a chord than William the Conqueror or Henry VIII and his wives.

Few days went by when on our trips down North Street or back from school we would not call in old Mrs. Tyrrell's little sweet shop on the hill in North Street opposite the Cow Yard

doors. The shelves were stacked with rows of jars of sweets, chocolates and cigarettes. Sometimes we'd have a halfpenny worth of small chocolate drops, pear drops, acid drops or wine-gums. We couldn't afford more than that. It was always pretty dark in there and when you banged the old bell on the counter Mrs. Tyrrell would appear from out of the gloom of her little back room and say cheerfully, "What do you boys want today?" Having expected us, she had already bagged up some of what she knew we wanted.

Music gradually began to play a greater part in our school life but I didn't find it easy to fathom nor did many of the other boys. To keep the school band and choir going Mr. Stevenson developed a numbered system for reading music, a kind of decoding, writing numbers beneath the notes on the music sheets we had for the percussion band, the choir, or the pipe band. This system of numeration did give us some uncertain grasp of the spiders' web of musical notation. As the senior class approached, much more time would be spent with practising for the pipe band and concert singing. We sang at the Royal Show at Windsor and at many other places. We also staged our own plays.

Two particular annual events stand out: Fair Day and the Boxing Day meet at the Gog and Magog lodges. As Fair Day came we'd hear and feel the old steam engines go past drawing their waggons of stalls, swings, roundabouts, bumper cars and all manner of other entertainments, chugging and puffing their bronchitic way up the bill. The old school building would shake and tremble as they passed. The smell of coal smoke, steam and paraffin seemed to waft into the classroom and awaken the old desire to call in at the Square too: fat ladies, thin ladies, curious animals and a boxing booth. With the town's many pubs open Petworth was a place of noise, bright lights, fun and aggravation, all mingled with the all-pervading smell of coal smoke and steam, burning gas, oil lamps and the flares round the coconut shies and skittles. Brashs' Fish and Chip shop in Lombard Street did a roaring trade. When it was all over we'd sit pensively in our school desks listening to the engines sighing their way back past the school to whatever mysterious domain the showmen went to for the winter.

Boxing Day we would go up to the Gog. It was a tradition that the hounds met there and we would follow them as long as we could keep up. At least it gave Mum a bit of peace and quiet and when it was all over I'd go up to the tack room at the Stables. I'd have a meat sandwich and a flask of tea. I might even help to clean off the day's mud. The warmth of the boiler, the steaming air, the odour of moist supple leather, the smell of the horses, was a combination never to be forgotten. The horses had been out in the cold, the wind, and the rain, and you could sense their enjoyment of the warmth of a straw-filled box and their appreciation of a well-deserved meal. Eventually, with all done, everything scrubbed and in place for the next day, the tack room door was crisply shut, the big stable doors fastened and locked and the key hung on a nail over the sink. We let ourselves out of the side door to go down Back Road and home, no cars, no buses, all quiet at 8.30 on a Boxing Day evening. What shall we say? 1938? It would be the last time we'd do this, in a year all would be changed.

Jumbo Taylor was talking to the Editor.

Wealden Iron - The Petworth Connection

A Talk given to the A.G.M. of the Wealden Iron Research Group at Kirdford Village Hall on July 22nd 1995

Short Bibliography			*Abbreviation*
G. R. Batho:	*The Household Papers of Henry Percy*	1962	Batho
Cleere and Crossley:	*The Iron Industry of the Weald (2nd Ed)*	1995	CC
Peter Jerrome:	*Cloakbag and Common Purse*	1979	CCP
Lord Leconfield:	*Petworth Manor in the Seventeenth Century*	1954	Leconfield
Lady Maxse:	*The Story of Fittleworth*	1935	Maxse
Ernest Straker:	*Wealden Iron*	1931	Straker
Edmund Teesdale:	*Article in Bulletin of the Wealden Iron Research Group*	1986	Teesdale

Petworth House Archives 5449-5451, 7361, 7362 - by courtesy of Lord Egremont. Thomas Smyth's Will is at the Public Record Office.

The origins of Wealden iron production by water-powered blast furnace lie toward the close of the fifteenth century. It was a continental skill deriving initially from the Low Countries and the first workers in the Weald seem to have been French immigrants coming from the Pays de Braie between Dieppe and Beauvais, and settling in Ashdown Forest and other localities in East Sussex. They appear to have been as much as anything victims of depressed demand in their home country. The prime motivation for the iron industry was ordnance, the casting of guns, and demand rose and fell not only with the king's campaigns and foreign policy but also with English fortunes in France. All the time a munitions town like Tournai was in English hands there would be a brake on home demand. By the mid-century the French connection was lost and ambitious projects, like Henry VIII's fortification of the south coast, would increase demand. For coastal fortification it was possible to use iron ordnance in permanent positions while the lighter brass cannon would be preferred on board ship. The later sixteenth century was a period of economic growth and there was an accelerating demand, not simply for ordnance but for bar iron to feed an economy where blacksmiths were making ploughs, harrows and waggons in increased numbers - to say nothing of house-building. It was almost possible to look to a consistent demand for bar iron and to treat the ordnance trade engendered by a fluctuating foreign policy as a bonus. The furnaces and forges of the western Weald were later developments than the great ironworks of the east and geared, above all, to the trade in bar iron.

The early East Sussex lessors were landowners and not always large ones. Some, like Sir William Sidney at Rotherbridge, had profited by the dissolution of the monasteries. A landowner needed ore, woodland and water power, not only in some quantity but also in close proximity to one another. Carriage of ore or fuel, even if possible on inadequate laneways,

would simply devour any profit. West Sussex landowners seem to have been more conservative in their appraisal of the possibilities than their counterparts in the east, while their estates were on the whole larger and longer settled. Looking to Petworth particularly the earls of Northumberland were not regularly domiciled in Sussex until the mid-century and even then it was the royal displeasure as much as anything that kept them from their power base in the northern Marches. Their renewed interest in Petworth is shown by the surveys of 1557 and 1575. Thomas the 7th Earl rebelled against Queen Elizabeth and was beheaded at York, leaving his brother Henry the 8th Earl to labour under a Star Chamber fine of 5000 marks. Henry died in the Tower in 1585, to be succeeded by his son, another Henry, as 9th Earl of Northumberland. Thomas it was however who first let out his land for iron-working. On the extreme northern limit of his estate, close to the Surrey border, could be found ore, fuel and water-power in the desired proportions.

A crucial source of information on later century Wealden iron-workers comes from a complaint by Christopher Baker, an Admiralty employee who was concerned at the spiralling growth of the industry and the probability that, if unchecked, unscrupulous ironmasters might, indeed probably already were, exporting guns to the Queen's enemies. In short that Wealden fire-power might be turned, perhaps had been turned, against English seamen. It would not be long before Ralphe Hogge, the Queen's gunfounder, was adding his voice to Baker's. After all, if ordnance was being exported then his monopoly was in danger. Officialdom was unusually quick to take action: there was a peregrination of the Weald and a list of founders drawn up. The idea was to bind individual ironmasters in the punitive sum of £2000 that they would not export ordnance without a specific licence. Not all the ironmasters appear to have signed and the lists exist in a number of different recensions. One particular list however offers fuller information than the others and may have been made over a period as successive ironmasters came up to enter into their bond (Teesdale 1986). This list notes one "William Walpole having the occupying of a furnes and a forge in the parishe of Petworthe ... belonginge to one Margaret Blacwell of London late wife of Willm. Blacwell town clerk of ye said parishe by the graunt of ye said Margaret during pleasure having married one of her daughters." Northchapel at this time was still part of Petworth parish. Of William Blackwell as Petworth's town clerk nothing is known, nor does the office at this time seem a familiar one. The ironworks referred to are at Frith and Mitchel Park.

While Margaret Blackwell is described as "of Northchappell" one Thomas Smythe has a furnace in Shillinglee Park "in ye parish of Cherford", also a furnace, and he occupies under his father "a forge in Halfield wch works belong to Mr. Willm Boyer of Hampshire ... He hath also in Cherford a forge, a building in his owne ground wch as yet hath not wroughte..." (see Teesdale pp 29). The syntax is not clear and the unlocated furnace remains obscure. Cherford is of course Kirdford and Halfield is Hartfield in Ashdown Forest, the very centre of the iron business from the first beginnings of water-power. The entry as it stands is somewhat ambiguous. Perhaps the furnace he occupies is Ebernoe, while the building on his own ground is Wassell forge at Ebernoe.

Some light may be thrown on the possible sequence of events by a protracted dispute in Chancery between Henry Percy 9th Earl of Northumberland and his tenants over

emparking and copyhold law. It was a dispute that would drag on intermittently over two decades and involved the taking of common land for a deer chase, the "banglinge", as the tenants termed it, of the tenants' ancient customs, and particularly an attempt by the Earl to wring money out of "copyhold" property held at a fixed low annual consideration by copy of court roll and as such effectively inalienable. Money could only be raised on copyhold property by charging exorbitant "fines" when a copyhold changed hands at death. Fortunately for the present study, the tenants' suit in Chancery which in its initial stages ignores iron-mining, draws this into the tenants' "replication" or second pleading. A related petition not to the court but to the Earl himself asks "that yt would please your honourable lordshippe to commaund your officers that your obedient tenants orchardes and meadowes, arrable and pasture groundes may not be digged upp nor spoiled and wasted with digging of iron myne to the utter ympovershinge and wasting of the coppyhoulds which we now hold of your honour..." (See PHA 5449-5451).

The furnace lay on the northern border of the Frith and the forge itself in Mitchel Park. Treswell's great map of 1610 shows mine-pits at Dickhurst west of Gospel Green. There was clearly little supervision by the Earl's officers; and every reason to suppose that they were hand in glove with the ironmasters. In fact, (Batho pp22), it would seem that the £100 rent of the ironworks went as an annuity to Thomas Stanley, Henry Percy's steward. In reply to the tenants' petition the Earl's counsel notes in the margin, "This is seldome done and not now necessary" which may simply be disingenuous or look already toward the decline of the industry. The tenants' replication offers rather more detail: the digging of mines has led to the making of pits "two or three faddomes in depth wherebye ther fruit trees decaye and die". John Upsall, deposing before the Chancery in 1592 (PHA 7361) is quite clear about the beginnings. The fact that Chancery eventually rejected his evidence on the ground that he was a party to the case is irrelevant in this context. Upsall offers a context in which the iron industry operated and establishes a rough time when iron working first came to the area. Answering the 26th interrogatory he says, "The first digginge for iron myne within the coppyholders land of the said mannor that ever was knowen of anie man that ys now alive and so for tyme out of mynde before credible reporte was in the said lord Thomas his tyme when he was lord of the said manor for this deponent saieth that there was one Mr. Blackwell and one Mr. Wiseman and one Mr. Bacon who sett upp a furnace and a hammer to make iron with all within or neare the said mannor beinge licensed therunto by the said late lord Thomas of whom they also bought the iron myne within the said mannor". He relates how Mr. Blackwell bought the said Mr. Wiseman and Mr. Bacon's partes and continues by telling how Blackwell would negotiate with the tenants. He even names some of the copyholds involved. Mr. Bacon is known as a dealer in iron (Cc pp 159) frequently buying iron from Robertsbridge furnace in the 1550s and spasmodically during the 1560s. Wiseman is not mentioned in this context but one Richard Wiseman appears as a creditor of the 9th Earl in 1603-4 (Batho pp 169). It may be the same man or the same family. The pattern is clear enough: Earl Thomas sells a licence to operate and sells also the "myne" or ore. There would also be a rent to pay, apparently £100 per annum (Leconfield pp 99). Profit for the Earl, profit for the ironmaster and an annuity for Mr. Stanley. It would seem that the Blackwells may have been friends of

the Percy family. Straker observes (WI pp 429) that "Mrs. Blackwell was an outwardly conforming but much suspected recusant, and her house in London at Blackfriars ... was a noted hiding place for priests". Straker gives no source for this but the 9th Earl seems to have been renting the house himself by 1587. It is now Irelands Yard, Blackfriars. Curiously the house would later be connected with William Shakespeare.

Lord Leconfield (pp 98) gives a lease for Mitchel Park and the Frith from 1578 in which there is explicit mention of workmen's cottages and lodges. Clearly the works, by this time operated by Thomas Smyth, were extensive. The tenant is to be allowed free access to and from the site with carts, workmen and all manner of carriages and he has the right to make the necessary pits to extract ore at a rate of 800 loads and upwards per annum. It is at this point that friction begins: Upsall, continuing with his reply, recalls how Mr. Blackwell always came to an accommodation with the tenants but that Mr. Smyth does not spare to dig their lands, laying waste orchard arable meadow and pasture without agreement..." And further doth roote up their apple trees, pear trees and what other trees he comes neare when he so digges for myne and runneth over the complainants' fields and pastures with his myne pytts and cole waines and so galleth and spoileth their grounds very pitifullie leaving open their gates and hedges". The tenants' cattle have fallen down the side of the pits and the damage done is enduring. Both Upsall and another deponent, William Brocas (in PHA 7362), agree that, after being excavated for ore, the ground would bear only a certain useless type of moss and, certainly for thirty years or so, no grass or corn. It would appear that even given Blackwell's more conciliatory approach there was great damage even from the very beginning. The depositions do not describe the pits but it would seem they were deep enough for a man to be lowered into them on a pulley. They needed always to be worked from lower ground because water would run downhill into them. They would be backfilled, at least in theory, but the workmen would probably not worry too much about putting subsoil on top.

The fuel for ironworking was charcoal and the timber for this certainly, as the industry expanded, treated as a renewable source and grown as coppice. Charcoal made from full-size timber broke easily in transit and gave out a less concentrated heat. The art of the charcoal-burner would be a feature of the woods and Richard Lindars deposing before the Chancery in 1592 (PHA 7362) had strong links with the trade. He recalls how, when younger, "he wold take up and sell bush hazell, wythy alder, thorne and such like and make coale of the same underwoods". He had sold "coals" at Midhurst, Petworth, Chichester or anywhere he could find his best market. He had carried coals to Chichester as a boy to sell them, taking the money and giving it to his father. John Upsall (PHA 7361 CCP pp 61) too had sold coals in Petworth and Chichester, carrying them in quarter sack or on horseback and making "accompte" to his master Henry Stent when he returned. These deponents are men looking back over a fair period so that their experience of the trade will go back to the early years of Elizabeth I. There are also extant in PHA wood bills for John Smyth from the late 1580s mentioning Buss the collyer, Matthew the collyer and also various copyholds in the northern part of the manor like Belchambers, Stilland, Penicods and Stennings.

Thomas Smyth, later to buy out the Blackwell iron interest at Northchapel, already appears in the late 1550s as a middle man renting Fittleworth Mill from the Bishop of

Chichester and then subletting it. Difficulties arose when Robert Lee, a member of a well-known Fittleworth family, set up a fulling-mill on the same stream. Thomas Smyth as farmer or lessee of the corn mill contested the right of the Lees to erect their fulling-mill on the same stream. The case went to East Grinstead Assizes and was won by Smyth. With the case lost, the fulling-mill fell into disuse and the Bishop of Chichester let the corn mill to Thomas Smyth on a very long lease. Thomas Smyth died in 1579 and his son John some thirty-five years later but Barbara, Thomas' wife, would live on into the 1620s and marry one Toby Wood who would predecease her. The mill fell on evil days and was eventually replaced. (For the fulling-mill suit see the account in Maxse pp 50ff.)

It appears from these documents that the maiden name of Thomas Smyth's wife Barbara had been Bowyer and this may give some indication of his origins. While old Mr. Bowyer, the steward, is often mentioned in the Chancery case between Henry Percy and his copyholders, the Bowyer family were also wealthy ironmasters at Hartfield in Ashdown Forest. The fact that the 1574 returns mentioned Thomas Smyth's father as having a furnace at Hartfield suggests the possibility that the marriage of Thomas Smyth and Barbara Bowyer was an alliance between notable families in the iron trade, (Leconfield pp 94) noting that Smyth rented the Petworth House dovecote, suggests that Smyth was something of a self-made man but in fact he appears to be very much a man with connections and probably a certain inherited wealth. He is one of four signatories to the 1574 "View of Petworth House" made for Henry the 8th Earl (Batho pp 103).

Smyth's Will of 1579 clearly confirms him as a man of some consequence. The eldest of his four sons, John, receives the lion's share, but William receives Langhurst at Balls Cross, Thomas "Shennings" i.e. Shimmings at Petworth, and Nicholas the lease of a corn mill at Bury. The boys and their sisters Mary and Maudlyne are to receive £100 each, as too the child that Thomas' wife Barbara is expecting. Barbara receives the lease of Fittleworth Mill and the houses in Petworth inhabited by Arnold Goble and John Ayer respectively. Barbara will also occupy Thomas's house for five years "reserving to my son John twoe chambers on the north syde of the house one of them beinge his bedchamber and a convenyent wage therunto as shalbe thoughte good by the overseers". John is the principal beneficiary as the eldest son but William receives "my best gowne faced with budge". Budge is lamb skin with the wool dressed outward, effectively a kind of fur. John receives "my doble gilte cupp of silver which was a communion cupp". John has too the hammer (forge) at Wassell while Barbara has part of the hammer at Dunsfold. John and Barbara share the lease for the ironworks at Shillinglee. Barbara will have threescore ton of sowes (bars) delivered to her at Shillinglee but nothing, sows, coal (charcoal) household stuff or any commodity at Wassell.

Thomas Smyth directs that all the wainscot and ceiling in his house, together with the cupboards adjoining the ceiling and the bedsteads over the hall and parlour shall remain in his house as "standards". Standard seems here to mean a permanent fitting (see shorter O.E.D. S.V. Standard 6.)

The executors put under bond to perform the Will's various stipulations are Thomas Bowyer, Thomas Stanley, Nicholas Smith, parson and John Browne of Kirdford, the last himself a wealthy landowner and lord of the manor of Clapham. Thomas Stanley was of

course the Earl's steward. It is once more abundantly clear that Thomas Smyth was a man of considerable wealth, standing and influence, and it is clear too on which side he would have been in the battle between the 9th Earl and his tenants, even though he had died before the first legal shots were fired.

Two further points: John Smyth, son of Thomas, is known to have had the most easterly house in Petworth (Leconfield pp 95), somewhere roughly opposite the present Angel Inn. It is clearly shown on Treswell's 1610 map and obviously extended for some way in the direction of the present Egremont Row and High Street. It is tempting to think that the very old house on this site pulled down in 1939 may have formed at one time part of the Smyth residence. As to the house at Wassell, a representation appears on the 1764 map of Ebernoe by Thomas Pride. The drawing is in some ways relatively detailed. Is it a remembered likeness or just a flight of the imagination? Certainly is seems rather elaborate for a mere decoration. The house seems to have a pair of two and half storey wings and two lower ranges. Quite feasible in a sixteenth century context. All trace of the house is gone now but the well-built threshing barn remains and appears to be seventeenth century. Why did the Smyth's manor house disappear? It was certainly just a memory by 1764. Perhaps it was destroyed by fire but it is odd that no recollection of so momentous an event should survive. The house site is now part of an open field.

The filming of Mars Stubbins
A story by George Garland

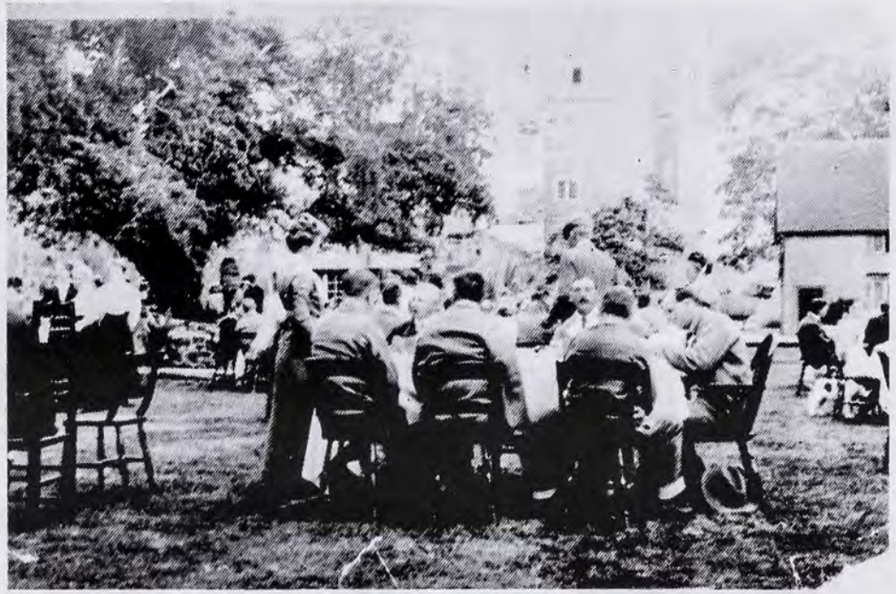
Fame has come to our village, and all through a casual meeting between Mars Stubbins and a young friend of the Squire.

Back in the Spring, a young gentleman came down from London to stay with the Squire up at the Hall, and it so chanced that one morning he was walking along the lane which runs down to the river, when he encountered Mars Stubbins leaning over a small wicket gate and communing with Nature. Now since the young gentleman had to pass through this very same wicket in order to proceed upon his way, it was the most natural thing in the world that Mars Stubbins should open it for him.

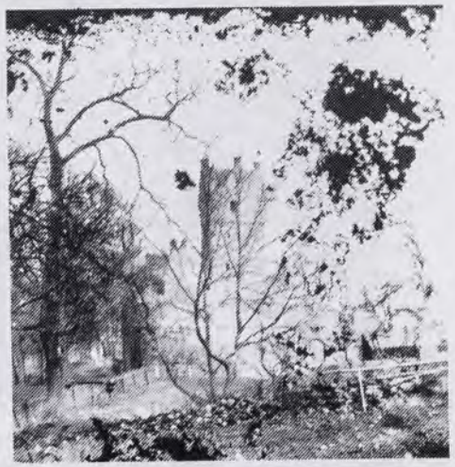
For very long past I have thought that the old man would make a charming model for an artist's brush, and the Squire's young friend must have had much the same idea, too, for he paused to chat with him for a while, and before they parted he had taken a photograph of him with a small camera which was his constant companion in his walks about the district.

Although he was staying in our parts for some three weeks or more, none of us knew who the Squire's friend was, for he spent most of his time wandering about our lanes with his camera and although he often tarried to chat with the various people in the village, he was very reticent as to himself.

In due course he went away again, and in a week or so much excitement was caused



Mrs Jean Harris of Midhurst has these photographs apparently taken at Cowdray. They may be of officers convalescing during the 1914-1918 war - or are they earlier? Does anyone know?



Can anyone identify these pictures - possibly all of the same area but not local? They are certainly old.

in the Stubbins household by the receipt of a large mounted photograph which showed Mars Stubbins leaning over the familiar wicket gate in the lane which goes down to the river. And included with the picture was a small card on which was written, 'With compliments from Mr Mullins'.

Mrs Stubbins showed it to me, as indeed she showed it to most people in the village, and we were all unanimous in agreeing that it was a striking likeness of the old man. 'Like life' as good Mrs Stubbins put it.

The excitement caused by Mrs Stubbins picture had practically subsided when the whole matter of it was revived by the arrival of Mrs Plumer with the morning papers for the village. These she brings over from the neighbouring town of Wentworth in a small old-fashioned pony-cart, the which she has done for as long as I have been about these parts.

On the morning in question she stepped out of her cart with unusual eagerness, and, knocking loudly upon the Stubbins's door, she stood there waiting with the air of one who has something to tell of outstanding importance. Mrs Stubbins opened the door to her, and was not a little startled at having that morning's copy of *'The Daily Journal'* thrust under her very nose, with the eager enquiry from Mrs Plumer, 'That is Mars Stubbins, I think ain't it Mrs Stubbins?' and looking at the paper (which she could not very well avoid) that good lady beheld on the back page - for that cunning Mrs Plumer had so folded the paper that the last page came first - a picture of her aged and honoured spouse. It was the very same picture that Mr Mullins had sent 'with his compliments' and which at this very moment hung on a wall of their living room inside, they having procured a frame for it over at Wentworth one Saturday afternoon soon after it came.

Mars Stubbins' picture in a London paper was the topic of the day, and indeed for many days to come. And the postman did tell us a morning or so after, that the matter of it was as eagerly discussed at Towton, and even as far afield at Wentworth itself, as in our own place, for there were people in that town who knew Mars Stubbins, which was natural, seeing that both he and Mars Cowper have lived in these parts so long.

In the course of a week or so the mystery of it all was solved, and I think it was Jim from up at the Hall who first enlightened a company in the tap room of 'The Jolly Farmer' over in adjoining Towton; and in course of time the gossip drifted back to us in our village.

It seems that young Mr Mullins, who had been responsible for the picture, was the son of the proprietor of the all-powerful *'Daily Journal'*, and it was through his instrumentality that the picture had appeared.

The days of summer had swiftly sped by, as they are wont to do, and September had come in and was putting up a spirited show of good weather in defiance of the oncoming winter, when one sunny Saturday morning a large motor car pulled up in the little Square by the village green.

A motor car, other than the Squire's or the two or three tradesmen's vans which brought us our needs of two specified days in the week - excepting Mr Packer's, the draper from Middenhurst (which came to us only once each month) - was a rarity. Especially so large a car as this, which covered with dust as it was, betokened a journey from afar.

From this car stepped a very ornate gentleman dressed in the latest London style, and espying Mrs Smart's little boy carrying a basket of provisions from the village shop to his

mother's cottage, he cried, 'Hi, boy, where does Mr Stubbins live?'

Sammy, in his eagerness to satisfy so fine a looking and sounding gentleman, was not only willing to show him the very house, but running on ahead, and darting up the passage way which led up to the back of the Stubbins domicile, surprised Mrs Stubbins in the act of emptying a pail of dirty water, with the shrilly shouted announcement - 'A gennelmun wants Mars Stubbins'. 'Whoi, drat the bi, what a turn 'd did give me'. 'I onie said as a gennelmun wanted Mars Stubbins', Sammy repeated in a more subdued tone. 'Well! What ef 'e do. 'E carn't 'ave 'un, 'cause 'es down t' allotment'.

So turning about, young Smart sped back down the passage to the fine London 'gennelmun' who was standing in the village street contentedly smoking a pipe of tobacco, and informed him in a voice shrilled with excitement and importance combined that 'Mars Stubbins be down 'is allotment. Mrs Stubbins said so'. 'Oh! and where might that be?' enquired the visitor. 'I'll show 'e zur' responded Sammy eagerly, 'we can get to 'un 'cross the footpath through Squire's farm'.

So the stranger gave instructions that the large motor car was to be driven on to the green and left in charge of the driver, and the two other occupants alighted and joined Sammy's protege. And they brought with them out of the car, things the like of which Sammy had not seen before, but which those who knew of such things would easily identify as a cinematograph camera with its accompanying impediments.

Through the big doors of the Squire's farm they went, and along the footpath through the farm to the allotments lying in a hollow on the other side of the brow.

In his own words Mars Stubbins 'don't do no work now'. Being in receipt of a small pension from the Squire, together with his old age pension, he finds that he can take things a 'bit easy like'.

And there are those of us in the know who understand that certain help for the old couple comes from a married son who long since went up to London and made good.

In these circumstances Mars Stubbins found more time to devote to his allotment which came next in his estimation to the Squire and his 'missus'.

This sunny September morning found Mars Stubbins busily engaged in digging up his 'taters'.

Running on ahead of the visitors Sammy called out to the old man, 'Sumbudy to see 'e Mars Stubbins'.

Straightening his back, the old man turned a face which time had touched but lightly towards his visitors.

'Good morning Mr Stubbins?' enquired the leader of the party.

'Aye! I be 'e zur' replied the old man.

'Well, we've come down from London' continued the speaker, at the same time drawing a pocket book from an inner pocket.

'Whoi! You ain't come down all the way from Lunnon a'purpose to see oi, surely'

'Yes! Indeed we have' continued the stranger, at the same time taking something from his pocket book.

'We can't do without you, you know, Mr Stubbins. We saw this very excellent picture

The filming of Mars Stubbins.
Drawing by Harold Roberts (1933).

of you in *'The Daily Journal'* the other day, and have come down here specially to ask you to let us take some photographs of you - working here in your garden will do excellently."

And Mars Stubbins consent having been obtained and the camera set up, the filming proceeded.

'We just want you to go on with your digging, as though we were not here' the spokesman of the party said.

That morning Mars Stubbins "ad 'is picture took' from every conceivable angle, while Sammy Smart stood dumbly by in open mouthed wonderment.

Many months after, the butcher's boy from Wentworth called at my cottage one Saturday morning, and told us with much excitement that Mars Stubbins was to be 'on the pictures over at Wentworth next week' so we naturally resolved there and then to pay a visit to the little cinema in the neighbouring town.

The night we journeyed there I think all the village went. Even the Squire and his family drove over from the Hall in their motor car and paid top price to sit in the plush covered seats raised above all the others at the back of the hall.

Mars Stubbins was taken over with his missus in Farmer Heywood's market cart, and although Mrs Stubbins was an obstinate starter she thoroughly enjoyed herself basking in the glamour of her 'ol' mans' fame.

The fame which the filming of Mrs Stubbins brought to our village will be everlasting, I think.

'The Loveliest Song of All ...' The Horse and Bamboo Theatre - another Leconfield Hall Promotion!

Petworth Tuesday August 1st

It was hot, well over 90°, but a brief shower in the afternoon. The tickets were very slow. Perhaps the poster suggested something outrageously avant-garde. Perhaps it just needed explaining. The sombre figure on the front was Maya Deren herself, the heroine of the forthcoming production. No one seemed to realise this, and if they did they didn't seem interested. Tim Wardle and I decided to put out our own supplementary poster to try to take up the age-old tradition of travelling players coming to Petworth, a tradition going back to J.O. Greenfield's Tales and long before. It was a hard life on the road - but in a petrol age? This, too, was a tour rather than a life on the road but it was still hard work. They would be travelling from West Chiltington to arrive here at 3.00 p.m. and camping on Hampers Common. By good fortune Petworth Christian Fellowship were also on the Common and they were kindness itself. Yes, of course, the players could use their standpipe and toilets, they would be pleased to help.

And it was hot, perhaps the hottest and clammiest day of a hot summer. But where were the players? They would presumably come through the town. As it turned out they were late. They'd come in via Grove Lane and encountered an articulated lorry jammed at the Ebernezer Chapel. Not a hazard their forerunners would have known. A chance to cool the horses in the Market Square and suddenly they were in North Street. Three horses hot but immaculately groomed and cared for. Traffic blocked all the way up North Street, while, coming down the street, the diminutive living waggon and the carts had a clear way ahead, a small ocean of space, simply because no one could pass them. Sticks and boughs thrown on top of the canvas would supply an open fire I supposed. The carts carried the camping equipment. Over to the end of the common where the grass was less sun-burned. The tethered horses began to graze. Time to stop, tents to put up, the Christian Fellowship brought over some minerals, someone practised on a mandolin. Seven or eight players, mostly very young but already appearing a tight-knit community, the outsider not realising who is new. This kind of travelling makes for bonding. Liam the horse-handler I'd met before when he'd looked at the Hall in the Spring. Time for them to have a look at the town, then set up tomorrow and take the band round to publicise. We needed this badly; tickets sales at Davids and the TIC remained very discouraging.

Wednesday August 2nd

By 10 o'clock the next day everyone was in the Leconfield Hall putting up the stage. Strobe lighting, saxophones, mysterious heavy boxes with sound equipment - but the wooden stage and the physical humping work and the feel of an unfamiliar town were from time immemorial. By 1045 the equipment was in, unloaded from the back-up van - one concession to the age of petrol. The rest of the morning would be spent setting up. Those who had been on tour before remembered last year, Cumbria and the Scottish Borders, the freedom of it, repeated here but in a different backdrop, travelling through open country, stopping at villages and small towns.

But still the problem: how to persuade people that this wasn't something recherché and avant-garde but something that was accessible in the way that travelling theatre had always been and had to

be in order to survive at all? By lunchtime the hall was in order. Now it was make or break time. Assembled downstairs the Company donned the spangled Horse and Bamboo tunics and out they came into the blazing heat of the Square.

Petworth Square on a Wednesday lunchtime can be dispiriting. It was. However, bemused tourists and locals slowly began to take the brochures. The distinctive rhythms of the musicians began to take hold. People appeared at windows. Bespangled performers in the Market Square playing saxophone and lying on the tarmac kicking their legs in the air; that doesn't happen everyday. It seemed almost a studied defiance of the uncaring traffic, like the November Fair, an unconscious rebellion of an older Petworth against the alien presence. Then up Lombard Street, East Street and New Street, the old town crier's beat, through Golden Square and into the arcade. If it was going to fail it would go down with all guns blazing. It was terribly hot but at last the message seemed to be coming across. "Here is entertainment."

By 7.30 Raymond was ringing the Town Hall bells. Something was on in the Hall. It certainly was , by 8 o'clock the house was full. And it was hot as if we had really been transported to sweltering Haiti.

Thursday August 3rd

This time we thought it would be better to keep to the Square and not do the streets. At 10 o'clock it would be cooler and there should be more people about. The usual rhythms - then a jazzed-up version of "Happy Birthday to You" as a request. More brochures. This time though we were on a roll - tickets going well - people talking about it from the previous night. What was it like? The difficulty was to say just what it was like. It wasn't easily explained. An element of conjuring, the programme itself said that; but it was a lot more than that. "The creation of the literally

unbelievable", said the programme. Yes, it was that too but yet .... On the face of it the story line looked decidedly unpromising: Maya Deren, an experimental American film-maker goes to Haiti in 1948 on a Guggenheim fellowship to study native dance, but abandons here project when she is overcome by the "irrefutable reality and impact of Voudoun mythology." So the programme . This theme is elaborated effectively without the use of words but with masks, music, lighting, effects, smoke, puppets and the creation of distance on a small stage. Voudoun is a religion of possession and the insistent rhythm of that mythology runs through the whole piece. The hall was hushed and packed, the spell unbroken.

Clearing up at the end, what was there? A few creased strips of cinematograph film, the symbol of Maya's abandonment of her original quest and the beginning of a great adventure. A torn piece of a foreign banknote, perhaps one of those she had given her Philistine touring companions to bribe them to take away her filming equipment. But the magic horse, the symbol of the gods' possession of their devotees had vanished, it was as if it had never been. Well **had** it ever been? That was just the whole point. It was an illusion we knew and yet we had believed. Theatre at its most powerful. On another level here was something you could watch and just be carried away on, or perhaps here was a modern parable in a world of soap operas and television, a parable about watching and doing. Maya does not understand what she is proposing to communicate to others, to understand means that she abandons her role as an outside commentator.

Friday August 4th

7.15 in the morning. A little cooler. Just the back-up van left on Hampers Common and that ready to go. A very early start for Bury; the horses would appreciate that. If they had had a camp fire you couldn't see it. The players had vanished like the magic horse.

Epilogue

Bury Saturday August 5th

A chance to see it all again at Bury. I rang up Mrs Lewis, the organiser. The tickets had been very slow but people from outside were ordering them and the performers were going out into the streets that morning. It sounded familiar. She was pleased to sell some more tickets. When we arrived in the evening however there were House Full notices, no chance of getting in without a ticket. It appeared that there had been a lot of late enquiries from Petworth and these had had to be turned down. You'd have to catch the theatre at Walberton or Graffham. It was interesting to see the set-up in a different venue. The players had rather more room than at Petworth but the essential blacking out wasn't quite so good. Having seen it before didn't make any difference - the power was still there, the dazzling apparitions, the magic horse and the song of Ezulie, "the loveliest song of all". I very much hope Horse and Bamboo will come back to Sussex another year. They've done the hard work now. People know they're brilliant and Sussex is awash with people who missed them and wish they hadn't.

Peter

'If I'm Old Enough to be Concerned ...' The tradition of the Loxwood Dependants

The first time I came to Loxwood was in 1915 when I was nine. My father brought me on his bicycle. I can't say in honesty that it was very comfortable but we got there. My father was delivery man for the butcher at our Norwood Stores and he'd taken off the big basket over the handlebars and put a seat on it, bringing me down perched on the seat. I was already quite long-legged and had to keep my feet off the front wheel. I had been staying on holiday with my grandparents at Reigate and I was picked up from there. Perhaps it was the August holiday, anyway it was one of the big meetings. When I went to chapel it was absolutely packed and I remember sitting on the left hand side by the aisle, looking up toward the elders sitting on the platform. I never dreamed that one day I would be sitting on the platform myself. Who were on the platform then? Well, I know there would be Henry Aylward with Thomas Rugman next to him with his white beard. Thomas could sing beautifully with a lovely deep voice. He had too a dry humour and would sometimes say things like "And did you then?" to the brethren as they made their testimony. At bigger meetings like this the platform would be very full with elders from other churches packed onto the platform. One would be Walter Hart, the Hove elder, a very good speaker. Sally Baverstock from Plaistow was another, she suffered from gangrene in later years and could not walk. She would come to chapel in a wheelchair and I considered it a great honour to bring her in. She was a tiny little person, very strong-willed, very devout. We considered Chichester and Hove our two most outlying chapels. The Hove community met at Payne Avenue but I never went there before I left school. Later on I'd drive down there perhaps once a year. Michael Woolgar was in charge at Chichester.

James Brightman I remember well and I always liked him. He died at Norwood in 1925. I went over to the Stores to see him and found quite a number of brethren in the room where he lay in bed. He'd been at the chapel on the Sunday, but died on the Tuesday evening, bronchitis having turned to pneumonia. He had been at Warnham for a time before going to Norwood.

Jesse Puttick was another on the platform at Loxwood; in younger days he had driven the horse and van that went round with deliveries to the various Combination stores. Our founder John Sirgood would buy the goods, then Jesse would leave them at the shops. Northchapel always had a special room called an "unloading room" and there was something similar at the other stores. I remember Jesse saying how he and John Sirgood were riding in the van and Jesse allowed the horse to walk on the grass verge at the side of the road. "Why do you allow the horse to walk on the verge?" John Sirgood enquired. Jesse stopped the van and the two of them got out. Jesse picked up the horse's hoof and without a word showed Brother John a sore place on it. John Sirgood apologised, "I'm sorry I didn't know that". Jesse was a big broad-shouldered man but not tall. He was built to lift barrels and he did. He was old however when I knew him and Walter Nash pushed him to chapel in a bath-chair.

Willie Booker at Warnham was an interesting man: he was born in 1864 and I knew him well. He was a great gardener and took pride in his giant onions. He also had a great interest in antiques and was very knowledgeable even though he was self-taught. In 1927 he went down the well at Warnham because the water supply appeared to be contaminated with oil. I remember it particularly because there had been a Big Meeting the day before and I had wanted to talk to him. I expect he really wanted to be by himself to think about the forthcoming meeting but he was too polite to say so. Anyway, as we walked we looked at the fields all lying fallow and he reminded me of Jesus' injunction to break up the fallow ground and not sow among thorns. To explore the well he had to push the slab away from the top and struggle to get down the narrow opening. He remembered afterwards his head being level with the top of the well, but he was unwise enough to be carrying a naked light. The gas in the bottom of the well exploded and whatever problems he had had getting into the well, he had none getting out, his clothes were ripped off by the blast and, incredibly, pieces of his skin were stuck to the ceiling. I know because I had to peel them off. I went to see him the following Sunday as he was lying in bed all bandaged up. It happened at Easter and by Whitsun he was able to speak at the meeting. It was a great providence that he was not killed. I was told that he had to keep his arms in a weak solution of prussic acid to kill the germs but I can't actually vouch for this. I do know however that he supported his hands by laying them on cloth while he was at the meeting. He was in great pain. Willie Booker was a very popular man, he had three sisters and all were great singers. There was another brother too but he wasn't a Dependant and worked on the roads.

I am often awake at three o'clock in the morning and I think of all the dear brethren who are no longer with us and of how, sixty years ago, when we had our big meeting at Loxwood the chapel was filled to overflowing and there were people outside, forms positioned up the aisles, and even people sitting in the tea-room. With so many present did everyone have a chance to testify? Oh yes, remember there were three days for a big meeting and services each day from 10 to 1, 2.30 to 4, and 5.30- to 8. You'd surely have a chance to speak if you wanted to. Often three or four would stand up to speak simultaneously but the rule was that the one in the front had precedence, followed by the one behind Meanwhile others would have noted who wanted to speak and would allow them to do so. In order to make sure that everyone had an opportunity, on the last day Henry Aylward the Loxwood leader would say, "We won't sing a hymn to begin, the meeting is open". Oh yes, the seats were hard but we didn't mind, we enjoyed the service so much. If I saw a sister sitting on one of the forms in the aisle, I'd put her in my seat and sit on the form myself. When it was mealtime we'd carry round trays from the tea-room, charge a penny a cup for the tea and put the money in a large earthenware basin for community use. After the service was over those who lived locally went home but there was catering for those who lived away. When the Big Meeting was on there was hardly anyone locally who didn't have lodgers. Loxwood Place would be full to bursting. Hall Place
too. "Never refuse them," was the motto. I can remember 72 coming from Norwood alone.

Two last thoughts. My grandfather Joe Lindfield used to tell how, before he was converted and before he joined the brethren, he had the inclination but did not know how to proceed; he was only sixteen, he was working for two old ladies. They came home from a

confirmation service and being strong church people talked to him about it. He said to them, "Can I be confirmed?" "You're not old enough," they replied. He thought for a moment and said to them, "If I'm old enough to be concerned I ought to be old enough to be confirmed."

He lived at Southwater near Horsham then. I remember too one old lady whose husband was very cruel to her. She said to him, "Why are you so cruel to me?" He answered, "I'll tell you why, it's your love, I can't bear it. It hurts me." We read in the Bible about being kind to enemies, it's like heaping coals of fire upon their head. He knew he didn't deserve such love and fought against it.

Alfred Goodwin was talking to Connie and Jim Nash and the Editor.

New Members (and rejoining)

Mrs P. Adsett, The Warren, Durfold Wood, Plaistow.
Mr D. Bradley, 1 Mount Pleasant, Angel Street, Petworth.
Mr and Mrs A. Brown, 1 Westways, Rosemary Lane, Petworth.
Mr and Mrs S. Callingham, Kinrose Hill, Titty Hill, Milland.
Dr. P.J. Dally, Montpelier Cottage, Fox Hill, Petworth.
Mrs H.M. Green, Fastbridge Cottage, Alfold Road, Cranleigh.
Mr and Mrs R.J. Greenhill-Hooper, 'Wilmcote', Angel Street, Petworth.
Mrs J. Highton, Churchgates Farm, Wisborough Green.
Mrs J. Holmes, 125 Glebelands, Pulborough.
Dr and Mrs C.E. Houghton, Culvercroft, Pound Street, Petworth.
Mrs J. Huddleston, 270 Scarlett Road, 1004, Toronto, Canada.
Mr and Mrs M.J. James, 5 Grove Lane, Petworth.
Mr and Mrs J. Martin, 26 Park Rise, Petworth.
Mrs K. Moore, The Barn House, Tripp Hill, Fittleworth.
Mr and Mrs A. Nicholle, Upperfold, Little Bognor, Fittleworth.
Petworth House Tennis Court, c/o Leconfield Estate Yard, Petworth.
Mr and Mrs B.C. Rich, Chase House, June Lane, Midhurst.
Mrs A.N. Sinclair, 48 Grove Hill Road, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.
Mr and Mrs G. Stark, 'Salters', Sutton, Pulborough.
Mr A Turner, 69 Victoria Park, Colwyn Bay, Clywd.
Mr and Mrs A. Walton, 8 Middle Mead, Steyning.
Dr and Mrs D. Wands, Hyfold Cottage, 311G North Street, Petworth.