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THE PETWORTH SOCIETY
magazine

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Cover drawing by Jonathan Newdick.

It shows the "Sugar Knob" at the Gog prior to the 1987 storm.

Cover design by Jonathan Newdick.

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THE PETWORTH SOCIETY SUPPORTS THE
LECONFIELD HALL
PETWORTH COTTAGE MUSEUM
AND THE PETWORTH PARISH MAP.

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 £8.00. Single or double one Magazine delivered. Postal £9.00 overseas £10.00. Further information may be obtained from any of the following:

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Mrs Pearl Godsmark

For this Magazine on tape please contact Mr Thompson.

Society Town Crier

Mr J. Crocombe, 19 Station Road (343329)

Note: The crier may be prepared to publicise local community events and public notices for you, even snippets of personal news such as births, engagements or lost pets. It is suggested that such personal and business cries be made for a small donation to a charity to be nominated by the crier himself.

Chairman's Notes

Welcome to a new century of Magazines! With space at its usual premium I can be brief, we carry no separate report of the two open days at the Leconfield Hall in June but they gave considerable enjoyment and yielded one or two new members. The second-hand book stall was a great success and we would hope to do this again at Petworth Fair - if you have any books for us please contact me or Miles (343227) and we will collect.

Can I draw your attention to the new Window Press book on Edwardian Lurgashall - extract in this Magazine. I will talk about it at the Leconfield Hall on Saturday November 4th - also the 30s and 40s night with the Music Makers - 30th Leconfield Hall

Peter 28th July

Slides for the Millennium - The Garland Years, 1922-70

This is a title that would have puzzled George Garland as well as amused him. Yet as we watched those evocative pictures, it dawned upon us that, to a greater or lesser extent, we are all part of history.

The impact of the Garland photographs, many thousands of them, is, of course, immense and in them were the characters, the friends, the relations, even ourselves, players in the Petworth story over the past seventy years.

We started with Garland himself, a ten-year-old pupil at the Misses Austins' private school at Boxgrove, in Pound Street, a later cartoon by Harold Roberts, the already 'elderly' 24 year-old with one of his country personalities and finally, presenting his own yokel act in smock and billycock hat.

Many of the slides depicted familiar people, occasions and events, but it was good to see some new ones and fill in the gaps which occur all too readily in the memory.

'Daring' snaps of lady hikers and Land Girls, country characters alternating with society portraits, all taken to attract the eyes of national newspaper and magazine editors. There were scenes of country life and practice, fast disappearing - sheep being driven down Pound Street, broadcasting seed corn with a 'fiddle', milking cows in the field, cutting bracken for livestock bedding. Mary Price, in the audience on holiday from her home in Canada, spotted her father, now ninety-six, with Jack Moase, himself now well over 100.

There were the events that marked the passing of the years: regular occasions like Club Day, village revels, balls in the Leconfield Hall, Remembrance Day parades, Fair Day (why did Garland not take Fair photographs in the 1930s?), and the circus elephants arriving at the railway station to parade up Station Road and through the town to Hampers Green. Peter

recalled an earlier elephant stopping for an orange at Mr Caine's shop and refusing to go on until rewarded.

Then there were the 'once in a lifetime' events: the commemoration service on the death of King George V, the 1945 Victory celebrations, carnivals for the Festival of Britain (1951) and the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II (1953), the funeral of Lord Leconfield ('52), the re-opening of the Leconfield Hall following its previous restoration in 1958, the closing of the Wheatsheaf Inn and of the Polish Camp in the Park, the demolition of the Iron Room and a splendid shot of the late-lamented swimming pool.

All this, together with reminders of the Observer Corps, Home Guard, Girl Guides (with Mrs Beaufoy), Hampers Green Drama Group and the Town Band and Peter's inimitable commentary, provided a feast of information and nostalgia.

Garland was concerned with people's memories at a time when the world was looking forward rather than back. Even now, many of the faces in the photographs are no longer recognised and unless we can add personal detail to the minimal pencilled captions, much of the point of their preservation will be lost for ever.

If you can help, please let Peter know - it's getting late!

KCT

[Report held over from Magazine 100].

Bits and pieces from the 26th Annual General Meeting

A well-attended meeting - 63 members.

Mr Philip Hounsham, retiring as Hon Treasurer presented what he described as 'a healthy Summary of Financial Activities and Balance Sheet', showing an increase in funds overall of some £800. Peter, as Chairman, paid tribute to Philip's work over the past twelve years, saying that 'even to be on the carpet before him over the cost of the magazine was almost a pleasure'. He looked forward to a similar relationship with Mr Andrew Henderson, the new Treasurer.

The Committee was re-elected en bloc. Peter gives a great deal of thought to the Committee and he felt that members would agree that one did not change something which worked well. There was an increasing need, however, to replace retiring members with people of a younger generation who had something to offer.

In his report as Chairman, Peter went on to say that the past year had been one of normal activity, some innovations and a few frustrations. The Leconfield Hall's period of refurbishment had not affected meetings unduly; the Spring programme had finished early, the 1999 annual General Meeting was held in the United Reformed Church Hall and the greatly

improved Leconfield Hall was open again for Fair Day.

There had been the usual Sunday afternoon walks and a visit to Duncton Mill Farm. Monthly meetings had included some more expensive entertainment with varied success. Quality speakers were becoming scarce and expense did not guarantee quality.

Miles Costello had produced a Petworth Bibliography, highly thought of by the West Sussex Library Service, and a name index for Magazines 1 - 90, which was proving invaluable.

Peter had given a series of talks on the history of Petworth in association with the Leconfield Hall Committee, which had attracted audiences numbering up to ninety.

Close liaison with the Petworth Cottage Museum had continued, where attendance consisted largely of visitors to the town rather than local inhabitants who had predominated in the early days.

There was no shortage of material coming in for the magazine, a situation envied by other societies.

Ian Godsmark then showed slides of the year's activities - walks to Moor Farm, the three bridges of the Rother, Stag Park; Duncton Mill Farm and trout fishery, the Cottage Museum, Fair Day, the Millennium Celebration and some final aerial views of Petworth and Byworth.

After the refreshment interval, Mr 'Adge' (ask Peter about that nickname!) Roberts gave a lecture with slides on the Arundel to Chichester Canal. This exists today in a few damp patches, traces of bridges and in the names of a number of roads and houses. It was a financial disaster from the start: too long in the planning and co-inciding with the advent of the railways, a venture the 3rd Earl of Egremont no doubt regretted. This was an interesting piece of research on a fast disappearing feature of the Sussex landscape.

KCT

Copies of the minutes of the Annual General Meeting (unconfirmed) may be obtained from Keith Thompson.

Solution to Petworth Crossword (PSM 100)

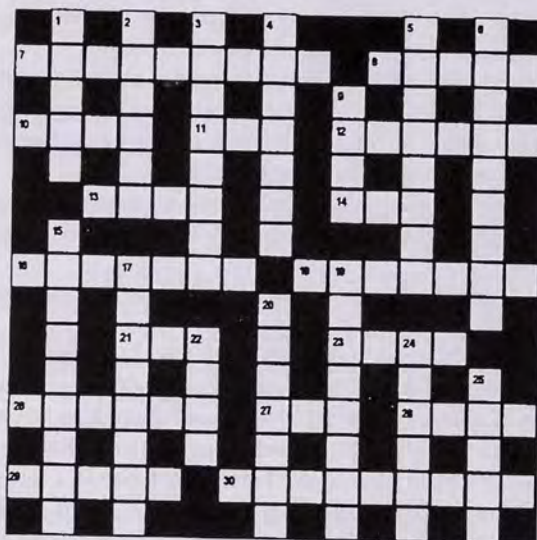
Across

7 Gunpowder, 8 Manor, 10 National, 11 Audit, 12 Ogle, 14 Half Moon, 17 Beggars, 19 Gibbons, 22 New Grove, 24 Navy, 27 Limbo, 20 Somerset, 31 Blake, 32 Fair Rides

Down

1 Rural, 2 Spring, 3 Swan, 4 Healthy, 5 Band, 6 Post-horns, 9 Gaol, 13 Ear, 15 Mob, 16 Peter Lely, 18 Gog, 20 Inn, 21 New Star, 23 Oboe, 25 Virgin, 26 Revel, 28 Moke, 30 Mary.

Deborah's Crossword No. 2



Across

- 7 Sussex game said to have been invented by milkmaids (9)
 8 A lost link between 22 and Amberley (5)
 10 He designed many historic buildings in Sussex including the Royal Pavilion (4)
 11 Bridge on southern side of Horsham named after a process in leather-making (3)
 12 This man Roy – is he a gypsy? (6)
 13 Wife of King Ethelred (4)
 14 According to Michael Flanders, the head of one of these creatures was

- mounted in his lodgings at Rustington-on-Sea (3)
 16 Timber-framed house in Bramber, originally a guest-house for pilgrims (2,5)
 18 Medieval bridge, now an ancient monument (7)
 21 Young of fox or bear (3)
 23 Fast-flowing mill stream (4)
 26 Stable lad (6)
 27 Little mischief hiding somewhere in Climping (3)
 28 David ---, the C16th owner, by marriage, of Cowdray (4)
 29 Mobile home for 12! (5)
 30 Picturesque village near Horsted Keynes (9)

Down

- 1 C17th dramatist – son of a Trotton curate,

commemorated in the church (5)

2 Canute's daughter is probably buried here (6)

3 Brief biography of a deceased person (8)

4 Downland village – birthplace of Richard Newland, "father" of modern cricket (7)

5 One at Coultershaw – installed to supply water to Petworth (4,4)

6 Strange Di might turn up here – East or West? (9)

9 If Ed steps off the bridge, we're left with a square rigger (4)

15 Sussex holy man who's reputed to have burnt the devil's nose with a pair of hot tongs! (2,7)

17 Tribute of praise (8)

19 Road with toll gate (8)

20 Roman engineer after whom Billingshurst was named (7)

22 Pretty village situated opposite Amberley next to the River Arun (4)

24 The chef, that is, who takes the biscuit (6)

25 Herbert George ----, one time resident of Midhurst and famous author (5)

Solution in Magazine 102.

Pearl and Ian's 'Kennels' walk. 29th May

Up the steep marly path from the Kennels at Upwaltham, it's deeply rutted with standing water in places, then bearing left at the top. The dark green leaves of dog's mercury dominate the woods and the narrow path is strewn with ash sprigs torn by the wind. Once again very uncertain weather — yet another walk swaying on a tight-rope with the weather. Even in this comparative lull it's blowing violently on the exposed scarp. Primroses in seed head now, the occasional common orchid. An enormous vista as we look over the valley, Amberley chalk-pits, Bignor Park, Storrington, Pulborough. The wind blows the wild marjoram and the fresh white hawthorn. Cars at the Roman Villa. It's a relief to get back into the shelter of the woods. We begin to descend. A choice of paths — one leads to the bottom of Duncton Hill, the one we take will come out at the top. Here in the woods it's difficult to think the road is so near. Here a boy might indeed "sing on Duncton Hill" unaware of the exhaust fumes. Armies of dog's mercury, excrescences on a birch rather like a tree producing its own hanging baskets, an orchid (Pearl later identifies it as the unpretentious common twayblade. Talking of the unpretentious, here's a few sanicle with their flat whitish umbrella heads.

Out of the woods and into a field; serious hikers coming toward us, shorts, stout boots, maps in heavy duty perspex, walking in uniform if you like. The Petworth Society always surprises by its refusal to make any concessions to serious walking. An opportunity to look the other way from high ground, Blackdown, Dunsfold, the radio mast at Bexley Hill.

Across the road onto the footpath that leads to Duncton Quarry, we, however, bear off left, light wood on either side. Again dog's mercury. We skirt a field of barley, stones everywhere, the heads sissing in the strong wind, we've never been far from the wind this afternoon. Off to the right, a clump of yellow bedstraw with its overpowering smell, nettles covering a pile of rusted farm instruments, bed frames and various pieces of modern metal and plastic, down a broad path toward the great metal corn stores so often passed in the car as the road bends. Air holes in the bottom, ducts for the hot air. Back to the Kennels, orange and lemonade. A great white cloud rises over the hill from which we've just come. A huge hawkmoth caterpillar in the hedgerow. The battered tarmac and decayed catseyes of the old road. How narrow it seems — but then these old roads, taken out of service and left redundant, always do.

P.

Anne's Petworth Gardens Walk. 18th June

In the shade of the Old Bakery arcade, Sunday afternoon quiet. Nothing to fear from the weather. Talk of the Rectory Fete the day before. Up Rosemary Avenue then quickly into the garden of Archway House, figs swelling still green, choisya, a classic walled garden, lilies in pots and geranium. The purple and yellow potato-like flowers of solanum, the potato vine,

looking just like deadly nightshade. Abutilon with its long narrow crimson flowers, hollyhock growing out the brick path, an apple tree that Donald Johnson could not identify in the Society's "apple" years, perhaps a seedling he thought. Grey lichen betokens a certain maturity at any rate. A well-shaped quince and an abundance of fruit to come. Not the easiest fruit to use but distinctive nonetheless. Large globes of white allium sway in the slight breeze and the shadow reflects on the grass.

On up Rosemary Avenue and past the Library to the Cottage Museum, we just about cram everyone in. Pleased to see the great golden heads of trollius, the globe flower. 346 High Street seems a very dry spot for such a water-loving plant. Chleome planted at the back still to come. Candytuft in profusion, such an underestimated annual. The two most famous gooseberry bushes in Petworth, the fruit turning crimson, but still unripe. Hopefully it's the cottage garden that people expect to see.

To Olive's and Joan's, long thin plots side by side. Joan's interesting mix of vegetables and flowers. The sun beats down. Olive has a large free-standing anchusa with its incomparable blue. Astrantia's useful for drying. Tom talks of the difficulties caused by the lily bug, somewhat reminiscent of a lady-bird. They jump off the plant if you startle them. Many people have abandoned lilies altogether because of the bug's depredations, the larvae simply destroy the leaves. If you pick up a full-grown insect you can hear it squeak if you hold it to your ear. Looking over toward Angel Street, a white cornus over the wall, bracts rather than petals, a relative of the dogwood. Tom can't resist, "Grandmother jump out of bed," twisting the convolvulus stem so that the flower jumps out.

Gaillardia in bloom at Brenda and Gerald's in Egremont Row, pyrethrum just going over. Delphiniums, black pansies, or perhaps violas, in a gravel bed, leeks waiting to be planted out, potatoes already being dug. Chilean fire-creeper and snake's head fritillary. Chequers Inn signs says Tom came from the design on the petals. Winter box, vivid green in dead of winter, strategically placed near the door, petunias deep purple in baskets sway in the light breeze.

Down a sunny Sunday New Street, through a sleepy Square and up Lombard Street. In at the Cobbles, the door open between the two gardens. The domain of Ernest Streeter, once workshop premises, grandfather clocks being hauled in through the roof. The old address: E. Streeter, The Clockhouse, Church Street and Lombard Street. Very much Anne's home territory of course. Dahlias and petunias and a fountain. Thinking of Ernest Streeter sitting here with Coldstream Guard N.C.O.s using the yard as an impromptu Sergeants' mess. When was it? 1912? The troops were here on manoeuvres. Anne explains that there have been a host of changes since.

Then Rectory Cottage. Yellow choysya in a nice neat clump. Dare we think of Mrs Laughton's famous elderflower cordial? It's a very hot day and, yes, here it is. A sun dial and the sound of water. Spinach beet in a corner, a few rocket plants and a few lettuce. Reflecting how supermarkets spell it "rocket" and put another fifty pence on the pack. A large white crambe, the flowering sea-kale. Really spectacular, and a golden birch, neither plants that will grow anywhere, says Tom. Finally Somerset Hospital, the archetypal walled garden, Angela sitting at ease under the apple tree. The long walled herbaceous border, the welcome shade in the hall. Just the place to conclude.

P. - with help from Tom Moore who manages to be at once informal and informative. All errors attributable to P.

In the land of the round-headed rampion. Audrey's late summer trundle. July 23rd

"Views to cross the world for," proclaimed Keith's poster, an echo of Audrey's Australian visitors' reaction to a trial run. An exaggeration? Well we were about to find out. On a day when people were coming into Petworth for the Red Cross Garden Walk we were off to Goodwood. A car park by the Trundle, off right past the imposing flinted Rubbing House. Originally something to do with horses, someone said, built on the site of an older house burned down. Wild parsnip by the field side, gold ripening seeds, the distinctive parsnip smell. Looking to the coastal plan laid out in the sunshine, the glint of water, the spire of Chichester Cathedral, Butlins at Bognor. Making a gradual descent beside a field of ripening wheat, at last we enter a narrow path with bramble and white briony. We soon come to a sloping field with a view of the Midhurst - Chichester road south of Singleton. Down a fairly steep scarp. The green and yellow patchwork of an English agricultural summer landscape.

Hard right at the bottom of the field, here the briony berries are green, yellow and red. Fields of linseed, the blue flowers largely gone, now plump off-yellow globes. Once or twice at the side we'd seen the blue flowers of the round-headed rampion, the classic Sussex flower. Up an incline with the flint wall of West Dean Arboretum on the left, at last we feel the heat, the sun probably reflecting back off the wall. Standing on the slope to look back at the fields rising behind us on the other side of the Chichester Road. "Shooting squares" of green maize amongst the ripening yellow. Relieved to find a shady path out of the heat. On back to where we began. A stone monument to John Green (1935-1987) clearly a country lover.

Orange as we sit on some wooden steps by the monument. Refreshed we follow Audrey and Rita up a steep chalky path to the Trundle. Halnaker mill away in the distance, the roar of kites in the stiff breeze, some make a noise like an engine. Marvelling at the sheer physical effort needed to hold the kites. Vetch a vivid purple against the fence, harebell, orchid and a riot of downland flowers. Projecting pieces of metal in the grass - a memory of railings perhaps torn down for the war. "Views to cross the world for"? I think you'd have to say, "Yes."

P.

Northchapel - A Parish History - by Pamela Bruce

The millennium produced a flurry of local history activity, probably of somewhat varying quality. Northchapel - A Parish History by Pamela (Pam) Bruce, one of our members, is one product of this flurry of activity and a very worthwhile one indeed. Pam had the advantages and disadvantages of a clean sheet, there is very little published on Northchapel, but there is the feeling of exploring, pioneering even, in quite uncharted territory and she has come up with some very interesting things.

After a brief review of medieval and later Northchapel, Pam groups her book by subject chapters and the approach serves her well. First come the various crafts and trades, with particular reference to Colhook and Fisher Street. I was particularly interested to read of the cylinder factory at Fisher Street and of the famous boxing match held there under the aegis of the entrepreneurial Mr Stovald the Petworth banker. I liked too the completely new material on the early nineteenth century church at Northchapel. Robert Witherby's marvellous photographs from the 1860s are a strong point and Pam wisely makes full use of them. The Northchapel "Cokelers" or Dependants receive their due meed of attention - what history could ignore them? The section on school is vivid and incorporates the memories of local people, a pleasing feature of the later part of the book. Chapters on the period between the wars and 1939-1945 and after conclude, neatly dovetailing the memories of present inhabitants into a continuing pattern but doing justice to Northchapel's progress into a different, modern, world. Priced at £9 and profusely illustrated, the book published under the auspices of Northchapel Parish Council is a credit to the author and the village it so feelingly portrays.

Peter

A view of Edwardian Lurgashall

We print here the first chapter of H.S. Roots' marvellous evocation of Edwardian Lurgashall which is being published by the Window Press at the end of October. It is something I have wanted to do for years. H.S. Roots came to Lurgashall in 1899 at the age of four, his father having been appointed headmaster of the village school. He left in 1908 effectively never to come back. He wrote his memoir of the village as he had known it as a boy after he had retired from a distinguished career in education and service in two world wars.

The stiff paperback will be printed in a run of some two hundred unnumbered copies, have a short introduction and several key photographs to accompany the text. I will introduce the book in Petworth at the Leconfield Hall on Saturday November 4th with a slide show featuring the Lodsworth, Lickfold, River area and give other local talks still to be arranged. If you would like to order a copy prior to publication please see Activities Sheet.

Peter



One of H.S. Roots' last impressions of Lurgashall. He left in 1908. This photograph by Walter Kevis was taken in July 1907. It shows workmen on the church steeple. See "A view of Edwardian Lurgashall."



"Thinking of Ernest Streeter sitting here...." A view of the Clock House yard about 1912. Streeter is on the right and the men are N.C.O.'s from the Coldstream Guards. See "Anne's Garden Walk."

'A view of Edwardian Lurgashall....' Chapter 1

Lurgashall, the village of my boyhood, lies in the north-west corner of the Sussex Weald, about five miles from the Surrey border and rather more than that to the boundary with Hampshire. As I remember it, in the early years of this century, before any motor car had ever reached there, Lurgashall was a remote place, cut off from the world and living its own life in a way that is almost inconceivable today.

The village was reached by narrow lanes which led in from the surrounding villages and hamlets, in some cases two or three miles away. From whichever direction you approached the village, you came on it quite suddenly when the lane you had been following abruptly came to an end and opened out at a corner of the village green. What you then saw in front of you was a large village green, roughly triangular in shape, with houses and buildings grouped around it, and a tall grey church spire rising from a clump of trees in the corner. In the background, the long line of Blackdown stood up dark against the sky, like a huge rampart shutting off the village from the country that lay beyond. It was a picture postcard scene, like a stage-set with Blackdown as a back-cloth.

My parents moved to Lurgashall in 1899 when my father was appointed Headmaster of the village school. I was then four years old. For the next nine years, home to me was the School House, attached to the main school buildings and looking out on to the Green. Its situation provided a point of vantage from which to see all that was going on.

In my mind's eye I can still see the Green as it appeared nearly eighty years ago. A long line of cottages was strung out along the side of the Green opposite the school and led away to the far corner, to the Church and Rectory. About halfway along the line was the Post Office and Village Shop, with a stable and bake-house at the side. The houses were set well back from the road and most of the cottages had pig-sties and faggot-stacks on the strip of land between the road and their front garden fences. From the church, the eye followed round to the Noah's Ark and the blacksmith's shop, on the second side of the triangle. On the third side were the Old Malthouse and the School. Wherever you looked through a space between two buildings you could see the green fields and the trees beyond. In the haymaking season the sounds of men and teams at work drifted through from behind the houses, and long summer days were filled with the rasping call of a corncrake in the wheat-field.

In the centre of the Green stood a tall maypole. It had been presented by the local squire and on high days and holidays a Union Jack was hoisted on it. As part of the celebration of King Edward VII's Coronation the maypole was painted in spiral bands of red, white and blue.

At the corner of the Green nearest the Old Malthouse there was an immense horse chestnut tree. Fixed round the base of the trunk was a circular iron seat, also a gift from the squire. There the old men of the village sat and smoked their clay pipes on summer evenings, and in autumn we boys threw brick-bats at the tree to bring down the conkers. At any time during the summer months, a large flock of geese, numbering up to forty or fifty, could be seen

grazing on the Green. They belonged to the brewers, Lambert and Norris, who raised them to give to their publicans and important customers as Christmas presents. They appeared in the spring as fluffy yellow goslings and disappeared just before Christmas, by which time they had grown into mature birds.

The Green was an unfailing source of interest and activity. Seldom could you look out without seeing something going on there. There might be a great farm waggon with its team of horses rumbling along one of the side road, or a horse being led to the blacksmith's shop; a group of children at play, or children coming to or leaving school; a woman fetching sticks from her faggot stack, or bringing out something in pail for the pig in its sty in front of her cottage. The appearance of a dog or any sudden noise would excite the geese to stretch their necks and fill the air with their shrieks. At almost any time of the day, the ring of the anvil was heard from the blacksmith's shop.

Though Lurgashall was a large parish, the Green was pre-eminently the centre and focus of village life. There were small outlying hamlets on the outskirts of the parish at Windfullwood, Hillgrove, Lickfold and Dial Green, and isolated farm houses and groups of farm buildings standing among the fields that stretched away on all sides of the Green and, with the woods and copses, made up the general character of the landscape.



Lurgashall - an early century postcard.

It is difficult now to give a sense of the isolation of a village like Lurgashall before the days of motor cars. The nearest main road - the Turnpike as we called it - was two miles away

at Lane End. This was the road running south from Chiddingfold through North Chapel to Petworth, to the east of the village. The parallel road on the west side, from Hindhead, through Midhurst and on to Chichester, was even further away. But neither of them was an important main road, and they did little to affect or lessen the isolation of the village.

The nearest railway station was Selham, five miles away. Selham was only on a branch line, running from Petersfield to Pulborough, and catching a train there involved a very roundabout journey for anyone wanting to travel in the direction of London. The nearest main line station was Haslemere on the Portsmouth-Guildford-Waterloo line of the old London and South-Western Railway. It was a seven mile journey to Haslemere through hilly and twisting lanes. Not that the distance from the railway was of much concern to the majority of villagers, many of whom never travelled by train at any time in their lives.

If it happened that you were one of the few who had to catch a train at Haslemere, then, if you were able-bodied, you probably walked. Should you be unable to walk or have a trunk or heavy box to take - as a girl would have who was going away into service - then you could get Heather, the landlord of the Noah's Ark, to drive you in his pony-trap. But he could only carry one person, or at most two, and you had to face all weathers in an open cart and run the risk of arriving at the station uncomfortably wet at the outset of your journey.

The most luxurious way of getting to the station was by having a horse-cab come out from Haslemere to fetch you. You did this by writing to Castleman's, the cab proprietors, in the town some days beforehand. The single journey took nearly an hour and cost seven shillings.

There were no regular carrier's carts going either to Petworth or Midhurst, which were the nearest little country towns. The only regular daily contact with the outside world was the postman, or rather, the postmen, for there were two of them - the Morning Postman and the Afternoon Postman - who brought the letters out from Petworth every day. It seems almost incredible now that, at the beginning of this century, there were two postal deliveries a day, even to such a remote village as Lurgashall. But there were! And a Sunday collection! What is more, those were the days of the penny post and a halfpenny for postcards!

It was not possible to send a telegram from the village Post Office. That dealt only with letters and stamps and postal orders. To send a telegram necessitated going to North Chapel - two and a half miles across the fields, and three miles round the lanes. Incoming telegrams were delivered from North Chapel. The telephone had not reached Lurgashall when we left in 1908.

The Morning Postman was Barney - his real name was Barnet. Barney was a happy-go-lucky Irishman with red hair. He was popular with everybody, though it was generally agreed that as a postman he was a bit harum-scarum and scatterbrained.

Every morning he set out from Petworth - well before it was light in the winter time - and came by way of Lodsworth, driving a peculiar box on wheels, painted pillar-box red, and with the royal monogram in gold on the side, and drawn by a tall, spirited roan cob. He himself sat on top of the box which contained the letters and parcels. The journey from Petworth was about six miles. Barney usually arrived at the Post Office on the Green some time before 9 o'clock. When the lanes were snowy or frost-bound, he might arrive very late; but that was to be expected.

The rest of the morning was taken up with delivering the letters round the village and to outlying farms and cottages. During the afternoon Barney rested in one of the cottages near the Post Office or, in summer-time, he might do a bit of jobbing gardening or help with haymaking on one of the local farms.

At about 1.45 p.m. the "Afternoon Postman" could be seen cycling up to the Post Office, riding a red bicycle and with the post-bag slung over his shoulder. He too had come from Petworth but by way of Lane End and the Turnpike, which was rather shorter than the way through Lodsworth.

Having spent a few minutes at the Post Office and left any letters he had brought, he then made one delivery. That was at the Rectory. There he left a newspaper - the only daily newspaper to reach the village. It had been posted in London overnight. The newspaper was "*The Standard*" and cost a penny - and a half-penny for postage.

In character it was similar to "*The Daily Telegraph*" or "*The Morning Post*": like the latter it has long since disappeared. Then it was the only regular source of news by which Lurgashall got to know what was going on in the outside world. If the King and Queen of Serbia were assassinated or a terrible earthquake devastated San Francisco, the only way Lurgashall got to know about it was from the solitary newspaper at the Rector and any item of news the Rector might pass on. One waited until the day after the event to know the result of a General Election or the name of the horse which had won the Derby.

Having made his one delivery, the Afternoon Postman turned round and cycled through the lanes out to the Turnpike, back to Petworth. At about 5.30 p.m. Barney in turn set out from the Post Office with the day's letters, to return to Petworth. I well remember standing at the window on many a dark, winter evening and watching the lights of the post-cart leave the Post Office, flit along one side of the village Green and pass out of sight up Lickfold Lane. As I turned away from the window into the warm and lamp-lit room, I pictured Barney sitting on his box, muffled up against the wind and the rain, driving on doggedly through the darkness. I knew from the caption in one of my picture books that "The Royal mail must get through". We could draw the curtains and settle down for the evening with the thought, "No one else will come to the village tonight!"

Thoughts on a very rainy day 5th July

One or two errands for an overcast Tuesday afternoon, then look in at the Museum to see if there's anything to deadhead. Ann keeps her eye out, as does Di, and sometimes one of the stewards has a go. Scissors in my back pocket. It's rained hard at lunch-time but should dry out quickly enough.

Out of nothing the rain comes. The sort of rain that stops you in your tracks, like musical chairs if you like, the music suddenly stopped and showing no sign of restarting, a player caught in the porch of Boxall House in East Street. It's not a good place, vulnerable to any car that splashes through the surging river that, moments ago, was East Street. The church

tower is hardly visible through the rain. To reach the relative safety of Denman's cobbled archway across the road would mean an immediate, irretrievable, soaking. People from the little shops diagonally to the left come out to survey a street that has become a torrent. The pavements are under water. Customers? The landscape has been swept clean. Another car fires its quota into the porch.

Is this a lull? A chance of making the Museum? Pound Street's clearly a step too far. A few paces down the road and it's obvious the "lull's" an illusion. If anything the rain's worse. Scudding over the road: Middle Street suddenly seems a very long one indeed. Round the corner, pushing open the brown-painted gate, fumbling with the key. Was this a good idea? Water pouring off the catslide roof and cascading out of the over-employed water butt. Thunder now. The house is quiet - we're closed Tuesdays of course.

Up to the attic to look down on a High Street the rain has swept as clean as East Street. For the moment the Museum's a private castle. Clinging wet clothes; attitudes may have changed since 1910 but, in the last resort, rain is wet and always has been. Lightning somewhere in front of the small high casement window, then the inevitable answering thunder. Water clicks off roofs and pours out of gutters. Down onto the landing, "Mrs Cummings" sits unperturbed in the white apron. Something not quite right though. In a way, I, alone in the house, have replaced the figure as her alter ego. How often she would have come back here, alone, sometimes in rain, often in cold, rarely if ever in rain like this.

Feeling the now obviously redundant back pocket scissors. Deadheading's a grim joke now. Looking out of the "front door at the back". Rain splashes off the tiles of the w.c.. In fact even the w.c.'s an anachronism - both ways. It's hardly a modern "loo" while in 1910 there would have been the old "thunderbox" so beloved of George Garland's yokels. The golden trolius heads are going over now perhaps. As a water-loving plant it's probably appreciating the afternoon. A violent peel of thunder. Water is coming in slightly through the skylight on to the scullery table. I've never known that happen before - it's certainly not rained like this since the Museum opened in 1996. Turnips, carrots, potatoes in the hand bowl by the sink from the fictional allotment Mrs Cummings really had. The Museum's a curious mixture of reality and make-believe. Despite their drainage holes the clay pots on the scullery window sill are brimming with water. Think about it. Time to leaf through the Visitors' Book. "The most homely museum ever." "Can we move in?" The temptations of sloughing the problems of modernity without exchanging them for the difficulties of 1910. Lightning again, back to look at the garden, yellow nasturtiums climbing the wall. Honesty pods ironically drying at the door, white and a livid mauve. Ann's artful mix of wild and garden flowers in little vases - a triumph of the unpretentious. Valerian heads are dying a deeper crimson. Marooned here, almost like Robinson Crusoe. Perhaps Mrs Cummings felt like that at times, if without articulating it, an Irish Catholic in Edwardian Petworth, shutting the door on a dark winter's night, alone in 346, no telephone, no radio.....

P.



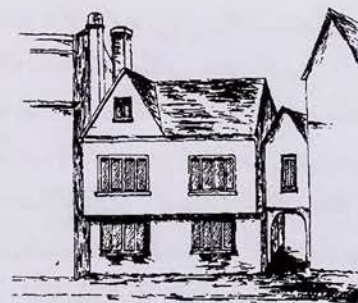
HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR PETWORTH ?

CAN YOU IDENTIFY THE SITES OF THE FOLLOWING INNS & PUBLIC HOUSES ?

1. **Bull** (*Still a pub though you may have to look to the heavens for the name of this one*).
2. **Fighting Cocks** (*Under another name this 'pub' closed in 1939. Older Petworth residents may remember the quoits pitch in the garden.*
3. **Fox & Hounds** (*Near to the 'Grove' and handy for the House of Correction, the present name of this property appears to have a royal connotation*).
4. **George** (*Clad in a fine wisteria this ancient hostelry is still recorded in the house name*).
5. **Little White Hart** (*Over the years the name of several Petworth 'pubs', and if you can guess where this one stood you will be entitled to blow your own TRUMPet*).
6. **Half Moon** (*I'd bank on it being in the Market Square*).

7. **Red Lion** (*Just to confuse matters this is not the public house where Doug Dean was mine host*).
8. **Running Horse** (*Situated next to a North St. hospital, a Peacock with a funereal vocation once lived here*).
9. **Trowel** (*A well known Petworth M.B.E resides here*).
10. **Trap** (*Not a stone's throw from the workhouse this old inn is still in business and was once known locally as 'Vinsons'*).
11. **Crown** (*Formerly both in Lombard St. & Church St. but sadly now in neither. The last remaining part of this ancient inn was destroyed in the famous 'Remnants' Fire'*).

12.



The Great White Hart

(*Now an old established business in the Market Square where you may purchase anything from tulip bulbs to light bulbs*).

Acknowledgement.

Some Petworth Inns and Alehouses by Miss G.M.A. Beck was used as a primary source of material for the questions.

Miles C.

A link with Captain Bligh

Julian Watson kindly draws my attention to the following article in the monthly newsheet of the Lewisham Local History Society in London. We are grateful to the Editor, Mr G.L. Dennington for permission to reprint. Mrs Neale has made some slight changes to the version that originally appeared.

We have mentioned Rebecca Hatfull's petition in Magazine 27 and also in *Tread Lightly Here* (1990) page 22. A former schoolmistress in very indifferent health she had applied to the Third Earl of Egremont for a pension at Somerset Hospital. Her application may well not have succeeded as her claim on a Petworth Charity was tenuous. Rebecca had been left to her own devices by Edward Hatfull who died in America in 1829. We reproduce part of Rebecca's petition here.

[Ed.]

Rebecca Hatfull aged 67. is the widow of Edw^d Hatfull formerly a Purser in the Royal Navy. He first sailed with Capt Bligh in the Providence, in search of the mutineers from the Bounty: was subsequently in the Vesuvius, and in the Latona Capt. Boscawen during the mutiny at Spithead & was of great service on that occasion in bringing the men to their duty: he was afterwards in the Mars. Capt Duff. and with that Officer when he was killed in the battle of Trafalgar.

After this Edward Hatfull retired on half pay & commenced business as a Navy Agent but was unsuccessful he failed in 1815. and went to America, leaving his wife to his own resources. after his departure she kept a small school at Kingston near Portsmouth. & continued thus to support herself

for 15 years. but a nervous complaint arising in the first place from excitement & anxiety grew gradually worse & she became a helpless cripple.

Her husband died in America in 1829 since which time she has received a Pension of £30 per Ann. She now left Kingston & settled at Haslemere. where she lived 94¹ & came to North Chapel. about 3 Years ago.

M^{rs} Hatfull is quite helpless & being obliged to keep a servant, finds her Pension, in spite of the most frugal management quite insufficient

First page of Rebecca Hatfull's petition. Courtesy of Lord Egremont.

EDWARD HATFULL OF DEPTFORD, SURVIVOR OF TRAFALGAR

Edward Hatfull was born in King Street, Deptford, later to become Watgate Street, in 1772. His grandfather was George Hatfull, a blacksmith who in 1745 had made two pairs of gates for St Nicholas' church - described in the Newsletter some time ago - and his father James, also a blacksmith, was Governor and director of the poor of the parish, and a Commissioner for the Court of Requests.

Edward joined the Royal Navy as an Able Seaman and in 1791 sailed with Captain Bligh in the 'Providence', bound for the Otaheite (Tahiti) in the Society Islands ostensibly to collect bread-fruit to be grown in the West Indies but, it has been said, hoping to locate the mutineers who had cast him adrift from the 'Bounty' two years before. On their return in 1793 Edward married Rebecca Taylor of St Nicholas at St Margaret's, Lee. He was twenty-one and his bride eighteen years old.

During the above voyage Edward became the Captain's clerk and this must have set him well on the way to achieving his warrant as Purser on 17th November 1795, a rank which allows his career to be followed in the Navy Lists. At first he served on the 'Vesuvius', an aptly-named bomb ketch of only 293 tons, but soon joined the 'Latona', a 5th Rate 935 ton frigate of 38 guns in which he made trips to Newfoundland, St Petersburg and the West Indies, in addition to patrolling the North Sea and the Channel. He was said to have been of great service to his captain in 1797 during the mutiny at Spithead.

On 15th September 1803 he was promoted to the larger 'Mars' a 3rd Rate of 74 guns which had been built at Deptford. His Captain was George Duff and in the paybook of

1803/4 their signatures can be seen together. But on the morning of 19th October 1805, during the Napoleonic wars, it was the duty of the 'Mars', being nearest to Nelson's fleet, to repeat the shore message that the French were coming out of the port of Cadiz and then, as part of the lee line led by Admiral Collingwood in the 'Royal Sovereign', to take part in the battle of Trafalgar. Everyone knows that Nelson lost his life in the engagement but Captain Duff was also killed that day, decapitated by a cannonball, and in all the ship lost 98 officers and men. Edward survived to join the 3rd Rate 'Utrecht' which had been taken in 1799, and he left the Navy in 1814 the year before she was sold.

It has to be said that I am not very proud of this distant relative for, having had no success in an attempt to become a naval agent, he emigrated to the New World in 1815, leaving his wife Rebecca 'to her own resources' in England. One wonders whether he packed in his luggage the silver butter boats, mug, and tablespoons left him by his father! Although Edward received half pay from the Navy until his death I have found no evidence of any of it finding its way to his wife, and to support herself she opened a school in Kingston near Portsmouth and ran it, in failing health, for fifteen years. Her husband never returned to England and died on 26th February 1829 at the township of Murray, on a semi-island near Trenton on Lake Ontario, Canada. He was buried by a missionary, John Grier, at Carrying Place, so named because Indians used to carry their canoes across the isthmus.

Although Edward had contributed, compulsorily, to a widows' pensions fund while he was in the Navy, Rebecca had to produce several sworn documents to prove she was his lawful wife and received no other pension or grant before she was allowed an annual £30. As her husband had died intestate, Letters of Administration were granted to her in 1830, though the amount of his estate cannot have been much help to her. Forced by increasingly poor health to give up the school she moved to Haslemere and afterwards to Northchapel in Sussex where she and her 16 year old servant girl were listed in the census of 1841. In 1843, 'a helpless cripple being obliged to keep a servant', she approached Colonel Wyndham of Petworth House for support in an application to the Lords of the Admiralty for further financial assistance, all previous efforts having failed. Cruelly, widow's pensions had been increased to £40 by then but help was refused on the ground that her husband had died just before the change. It is not known whether her appeal was successful and she died in 1850, aged 74, of 'rheumatic gout'.

Freda D Neale

'Old La Ki Ta' and other matters relating to Magazine 100

Kath Vigar writes:

Ever since I was a little girl during the First World War I have been puzzled as to who was 'Old Lacaita' pronounced 'La Ki Ta' by my young Uncle George who lived with us at

Tillington Lodge with his father, my grandfather, during the First World War. George was the youngest of a large family, his mother had died. I used to think he was my big brother, I remember George saying as he got his bike out, "Now I'm off to old La Ki Tas..." I remember he used something called carbide in his bicycle lamp so it must have been winter time when he cycled off to Selham House to work perhaps as a hall boy.

What a pleasant surprise it was to know on reading the June Magazine that 'Old La Ki Ta' really did exist, George must have worked at Selham House before Frank Lacaita was killed in 1918. I was 8 years old then.

Phyl Sadler having met at the June exhibition some school friends she had not seen for over sixty years writes:

Miss Mary 'Bunny' Wootton was our Head Mistress and we called her 'Bunny' because she used to twitch her nose like a rabbit, we weren't making fun of her as she was such a kind teacher. In fact I remember my older brothers telling me she used to be a teacher at the boys' school before it was bombed and her Father was Head Master and if the boys were naughty she would tell them to go to Mr Wootton but as they got near the door she would call them back and say "I'll give you one more chance," unless they were very naughty she always gave them one more chance.

Greta Steggle's article in the June Magazine brought back memories. When we were children my Mother used to give us a dose of Syrup of Figs every Friday before we went to bed, it had to be Friday as we didn't go to school Saturdays and wouldn't have to ask the teacher to be excused!! I disliked the stuff and made such a fuss taking it that Mother would send me down to Mr Steggle with a penny and he would stand in front of me with a bottle and spoon and if I wouldn't open my mouth he would hold my nose, my mouth automatically opened, the spoon went in my mouth and I had to swallow the horrible stuff.

I also remember Mr Seldon when he was the Barber in the High Street. I had long curly hair when I was a child and used to make such a fuss when Mother combed it that she got Dad to take me to him and had it cut off into a Bob. I remember Mr Seldon working with my Dad for Mr Ricketts. Dad drove the horses and cart for many years but when Mr Ricketts bought his first lorry Dad was too big to get behind the steering wheel comfortably so he employed Mr Seldon to drive and Dad would sit beside him and help deliver the goods.

Phyl also asks:

I wish we could have a reunion of the girls who went to the girls' school, there are quite a few of us still about and we keep in touch with those who have moved not far away. Other villages and small towns like Lodsworth, Midhurst, Washington etc hold them. Nothing elaborate, just a get together for a couple of hours one afternoon for a chat over old times, a cup of tea and cakes and a raffle to cover expenses of a hall. I've talked to people who have enjoyed meeting old friends so why not Petworth. Any ideas how it could be arranged?

Contact Phyl at 1 Oakwood Court, Petworth.

Gwenda Morgan's Diary : September 25th to October 1st 1939

Sept. 25th. Scrubbed out the big shed. Stoner is going to whitewash them all. Mr T. took me up to the top fields with him and Rover to look over and count the sheep. One sheep was in an awful state with maggots and very sore back. Back to farm. Went with Mr T. on tractor to the rick we made the very first day, and helped build a fence round it. Then Mr T. joined the trolley on to the tractor and I rode back on the trolley. In the afternoon, my third attempt at milking. I think I am improving slowly. Queenie's came to 5¼ lbs; and Blackman let me try a new cow (new to me, I mean). It was rather inclined to keep lifting up its back leg and I wondered if she would kick but she didn't. Her name is Dimple. On the way home I met Una and the children blackberrying.

Sept. 26th. First cut down nettles in the field below the house, then went up to rick-yard and pointed the ends of some rick pegs. After this went with Mr T. and Stoner with tractor and trolley to ricks, filled the trolley with straw, came back and unloaded it into barn. We passed Callingham and Parker thatching a rick. Now I see what the churns of water were for. They fill a metal bin with water and wet the straw before thatching. Then they begin at the bottom and work upwards — like putting tiles on a roof.

Mr T. says the sow with the nine little pigs is in a bad way and likely to die. After dinner, back on 2 o'clock bus as usual, milked Rose and Queenie (Not Dimple today, as Blackman says I'd better not every day until "Master" gives permission). It was weighing day. Blackman entered on a chart the amount of milk from each cow and heifer. This is done every Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday morning. Rose is a cow and Queenie and Dimple are heifers. Rose and Queenie are dark red. Dimple is a Guernsey half breed. Carried home 6 lbs. damsons. Blackman is selling some for 2d. per lb. I like to look at the milk cooler. It reminds me of Sour Milk Gill at Seathwaite. The cowmen say that they get double the quantity of milk in the winter. Perhaps they will need extra help and be glad to have a cowgirl!! Oh! I hope so, I like this farm. Don't know if I should like to go in the mornings at 5 o'clock, though. It's rather hard to understand Blackman when he speaks as he hasn't any teeth. Tom always seems rather fed up with work. Every day he says he's "had enough of it".

Sept. 27th. Cleaned out styes with Stoner, then cut down more thistles and nettles in same field as yesterday. In the afternoon, milked Rose, Queenie and Dimple. (Don't know now whether I am supposed to milk Dimple, it was Tom who let me today.) Began to cut more nettles but Mr T. called me over the fence and took me shepherding with him and Rover and Meg up the River Hill fields. The Kent sheep are pretty little things.

Sept. 28th. Mornings are frosty now, fields quite white when I take Cymru out. Saw swallows on the wires again. Thought they had flown by now. Picked apples and stored them in the dairy. A lovely warm and sunny morning in spite of early frost. In afternoon was going up to River Hill with Mr T. with tractor but tractor wouldn't go, so picked more apples. Afternoon cold and windy.

Sept. 29th. Cleaned out cowsheds, then cut down nettles and thistles in the field next to the rick-yard. In the afternoon, milked Rose, Queenie, and Buttercup. They say Buttercup is "tough", and she is too. Real hard work. Tom has won two 1st prizes for milking at Olympia. He says he works 11 hours per day including of course Saturdays and Sundays i.e. 77 hours per week! He says he gave notice to Mr T. a few days ago but nothing seems to be happening about it. Don't think he intends leaving anyway yet. He's rather looking forward to being called up for the Army, says he wants a rest and a change.

Sept. 30th. Cleaned pigstyes. Had to keep pushing the pigs off with the broom. They get in one's way and won't let one get on with the work. Silly things, and the smell — ugh! Don't like pigs very much except the baby ones. Carried and stored apples while Stoner picked. Half day. Did washing and ironing, and lined my suede coat with thin flannel material.

Oct. 1st. Sunday. Church. Brad's last Sunday as he has joined up as a chaplain. Knitted most of the day. Alice's father came and took her to Worthing. Topping speech by Winston Churchill on wireless in the evening.

Notes

Mr T. - Mr Thorn (Senior)	Brad - Rev. Bradbrooke, Curate at Petworth
Una - Gwenda's step-mother	I do not know what "Sour Milk Gill at Seathwaite" is.
Kent sheep - over-wintering at Hallgate (Byworth).	

[Ed.]

Who was Lucilla Baker?

Let me introduce myself. My name is Valerie. I was born in Staffordshire, and have now lived for many years in the United States with my American husband, partner, and co-author. I am an artists' agent but spend a considerable part of my life writing with Fred who is a Professor at the University of Michigan - Dearborn. Together we have published art books and catalogues, business books and are now deeply involved in writing a series of novels. Last summer we were visiting Britain from Michigan on a business trip. Our location was to be Eastbourne, and the timing was perfect for us to do some background research in the Hove area to track down the owner of a special diary. After many adventures, and dipping into many of the nooks and crannies in this part of Sussex, we had the good fortune to run into Peter Jerrome who was very helpful and readily agreed to spend some time with us. He eventually suggested that we might like to contribute to The Petworth Magazine not only something to be of interest for the people of Petworth, but something which might also help us further with our enquiries.

Several years ago, during a stay in London, we spent a morning in Islington searching for small collectables such as travelling ink wells and perfume bottles for our private collection. We came across a tiny silver diary case (approximately 1¼" square), containing a substantially completed diary insert. We felt that although it was very unusual, it was also extremely over-priced. Over a typical Islington winter Saturday morning stand-up breakfast

of fried eggs in a corner café, we decided to return to the lady who was selling it to see if she would reduce the price. For the rest of the story I'm afraid you will have to wait to read the novel we are in the process of writing! Suffice it to say that we left Islington that morning in February the proud owners of something that would turn out to be intriguing for us.

The cover of the diary is exquisite - at the time of purchase we had only a passing interest in the diary contents. It wasn't until we were back in our hotel room later in the day that we realized we had found a small treasure of historical interest. The diary had been filled out almost daily for the year 1914 and carried over into January 1915. The writing was minute, requiring a magnifying glass, and had been partly written in pencil so some of the more handled pages were almost indecipherably smudged. It was detailed and fascinating, using what proved to be the personal codes of diarists ... and I couldn't wait to return home to crack these codes. I knew transcription would take time and patience. There were two names on the inside cover - Maud Drummond and Lucilla Baker - together with an address in Hove. We had no clue which name belonged to the owner of the diary. Eventually I spent six months at home working on deciphering the diary for an hour or so at a time. But it wasn't until our recent visit to Eastbourne that we decided to follow the trails it had set for us.

We were frankly pessimistic about whether we could be able to find anything with only an address from 1914 in Hove to go on, but we were excited and optimistic because the diary contents had provided a wonderful foundation for a novel. Nearly all writers like to base their stories around some facts, for the obvious reason that the stories will be more true to life. So the characters would be fictitious, but roughly based on real life stories. Our searches started at the Hove Public Library, where we had Ms Zoë Lubowiecka, a wonderfully helpful and patient assistant for our cause. After going through books full of voters records and many other registers we discovered that Maud Drummond Roberts was the writer of the diary and found that the address we later visited was of a property which still stands. There were a few false trails through various other libraries and historical associations but we eventually discovered that Maud Drummond was the daughter of Captain Drummond, the Chief Constable of Sussex. This of course served to add to our excitement and we dug further. Eventually our research led us to Petworth and fortuitously to a meeting with Peter Jerrome. We managed to trace many of the names and addresses mentioned in the diary including neighbours and friends - but did not solve the mystery of Lucilla Baker. Who was she?

It was a lot of fun to travel in Maud's footsteps (she skated, played tennis and was an archer), and in her carriage tracks and perhaps surprisingly where her wheels (she "drove out") took her. We discovered many villages by following her itineraries, and of course followed some trails that led nowhere at all. We were welcomed everywhere we went, particularly in a couple of "watering holes" where she had stayed during her "political meeting" phase, wonderful old inns that have still managed to escape modernization.

Well, who was the Lucilla Baker of 1914? If anyone has heard of her or knows anything about her or her immediate family, we would be delighted to receive information. We know that Maud was an extremely active person, involved in many different activities including choir and visiting socially, but on no occasion - even going laboriously through her engagements with acting - did we come across Lucilla's name. Of course other information

on the Drummond family relating to Maud's life would be helpful, and interesting, but Lucilla remains our biggest puzzle.

As said, we all know that good stories have strong elements of fact. It would enhance our story to find something out about Lucilla, so we will watch our mail box with anticipation. We will keep Peter Jerrome informed of anything which develops, and when our book is published, we will naturally be sending copies to several people and organizations who have helped us.

Valerie A Withington, 5391 Royal Vale Lane, Dearborn, Michigan, 48126, USA.

[Maud Drummond left Petworth just before the 1914-1918 war. She was very active socially and very keen on amateur theatricals. St Mary's Magazine mentions her in this respect. Ed.]

Fox's

Olive Fox has kindly donated to the society a number of items from the family business of F.G. Fox which until recent times operated their general draper's shop from the premises at the top of North Street where Christies the auctioneers now have a branch. Amongst the very interesting pieces of memorabilia is a section of wood panelling on which are inscribed the initials of many of the women who at various times worked in the shop. It would appear that the list was originally part of the fittings of the shoe shop which occupied what is now Pandora's Box and was separated from the main shop by the premises owned by the Thayre family. Following the closure of this small outpost Mr Fox removed the piece of panelling to his main shop at the corner of Rectory Gate and continued adding to the list. Olive explained that it was quite often the case that young girls would join the business straight from school, leave upon getting married and then come back later, of course on their return they would have a new set of initials. Mr Fox was certainly a popular employer and Kath Bojanowski (K.H.) recalls that the only occasion on which he displayed even the slightest element of displeasure was when she appeared to be over familiar with a customer who she knew well. Mr Fox was unaware of the circumstances and made his disapproval clear to her. Kath started at Fox's in 1949 when employment opportunities for girls in Petworth were restricted to shop or domestic work, though a few travelled to Spiro Gills at Pulborough. E.G. is quite clearly Ethel Goatcher who for many years worked in the shop and whose name became synonymous with Fox's. Olive has managed to identify many of the inscriptions, however we felt that it would be interesting to try to compile a complete list of the names recorded on the panel. So if anybody has any suggestions, or indeed if you recognise your initials from the list then please let us know.

K.S., W.T., M.J., R.B., J.B., F.H., M.W., V.G., J.H., M.H., J.W., M.M., E.G., 1945 J.S., 1947 B.C., 1949 K.H., 1949 M.M., 1950 E.S., M.C., M.C. 1955, R.T. 1966, B.S. 196(??).

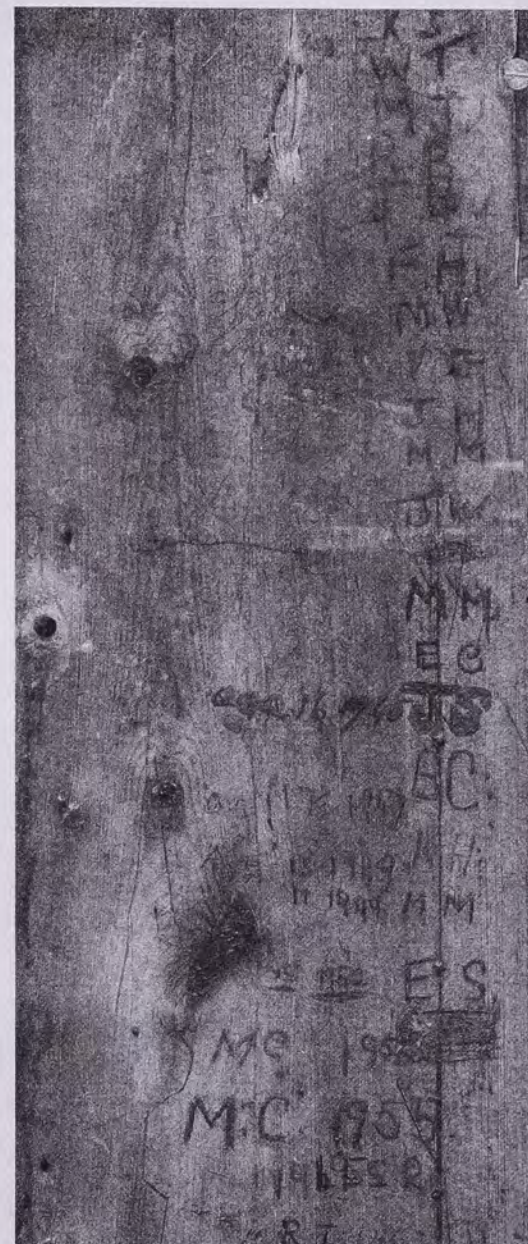
M.C.

From Limbo to the North-West Frontier

Dad always told me that he was born in Petworth, that he had worked for Lord Leconfield, first as a stable boy, then as a groom, and then because he was a tall, upright lad, Lord Leconfield had wanted him to work in the House as a footman, even going so far as to check fittings for the livery. This was too much for Dad who loved working with horses, and he decamped, lying about his age and going off to join the Army. He was born in 1902, so it might be just at the end of the 1914-1918 war or perhaps just after. He certainly didn't fight in 1914-1918. No one knew where he was until he was safely in the Army and out of reach. By the time he had served his time, there was war again and he went right through that, ending up as a R.S.M. In later years he was more inclined to talk of his army service than of earlier days at Petworth but he said that his father lived at Limbo on the London Road, was a part-time gamekeeper, doubling as a "rough" carpenter on the Estate, going about with his pony and trap to saw down trees and use the wood to make and repair gates, especially for hunting. He had been one of twelve surviving children, another having died in infancy. Of these uncles and aunts I knew effectively nothing.

My grandfather died when my father was in India. My father was on a second five year "python" as it was called, having already spent one five year period abroad as a single man in the 1920s. He met my mother, who was Welsh, at Colchester and for his second spell overseas went out with his family. He was in the Royal Artillery. In those days all guns were pulled by animals and in India he was a member of the "pack" artillery, the guns being transported by being taken to pieces and the individual parts carried by mule ready to be reassembled as required, rather like they used to do at the Royal Tournament. I don't think that my parents ever came to Petworth in my time, although I was told that when I was a baby they brought me down to show old Mr and Mrs Ayling my grandparents. Certainly I can't remember this myself because we went out to India when I was two. My father had been stationed at Norwich at the time of the visit. My father spent much of his time in India up on the North-west frontier where there were difficulties with the Afghan tribesmen. As a boy I remember a black-edged telegram arriving from England - it was to announce the death of the grandfather I had never known. My father was out on a long stint and when he came back my mother gave him his pint of beer, then his meal, and let him relax before giving him the telegram. We couldn't go back for the funeral; quite apart from anything else, the boat from Karachi would take three months!

I know quite a lot about my mother's Welsh background but so little about my father's side. It was this imbalance that made me want to know more about my father and his family. All roads seemed to lead to Petworth. If anything my wife was more determined than I was to explore the Petworth connection. It would have to be a matter of finding out on the spot. We sent for some tourist brochures and arranged to stay at Coultershaw for a week. What did we have to go on? There was no sign of Dad's birth certificate although we knew we could get it, but there was my parents' marriage certificate with the name of my grandfather, William Myrtle Ayling. Myrtle might be a start - a family name perhaps? It meant nothing to me. A



Shop assistants' names carved on panel at Fox's - the shop in North Street is now Christies. Courtesy of Mrs Olive Fox. See "Fox's."



Violet Leconfield in June 1928. Signed photograph by Russell and Sons of Southsea. Courtesy of Mrs Audrey Seldon. See "Petworth Personalities (3)."

PHONE:
299 MAYFAIR.

PATRONISED BY HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

TELEGRAMS:
TRIOMPHE, LONDON.

CLIFFORD ESSEX & SON,

15A GRAFTON STREET,
NEW BOND STREET, W. 1.

FOR 23 YEARS THE RESIDENCE OF SIR HENRY IRVING. (ABOVE ASPREYS.)

DANCE BANDS.

PARTNERS:-
W. J. CLIFFORD ESSEX.
A. CLIFFORD ESSEX.

Messrs. Clifford Essex present their compliments to Lady Leconsfield, and beg to confirm the engagement of a Band of 6, booked by Lady Warrender, for her Ladyship's Dance on January 3rd at Petworth House, Petworth, Sussex, at 10.0 o'clock, at a fee of 26 guineas, and expenses. The fee covers 5 hours' playing, after which time by the rules of the Orchestral Association it becomes overtime, and is charged at the rate of one guinea per hour per artist.

Lady Leconsfield.

26.11.'20.

C CLIFFORD ESSEX' Bands are admittedly the Best in London.

Lady Leconfield as hostess (1920). A letter from Clifford Essex and Son. Courtesy of Lord Egremont. See "Petworth Personalities (3)."



Ernest Henry Ayling.
(See "From Limbo to the North-West Frontier...")

friend had checked the 1891 census on the Internet. In that year my grandfather was 33 and my grandmother 28. He had been born at Westhampnett near Chichester.

Coming to Petworth was all very well but what then on a bleak wet April day? We'd got a week. At first Petworth seemed rather distant but it turned out to be a friendly, welcoming place. A look in St Mary's churchyard revealed nothing, while directions to other cemeteries left us simply bewildered. Limbo didn't yield any secrets either. Grandfather after all had been dead sixty years and more. We went to Morning Service at St Mary's; a lady sidesman said she had taught a number of Aylings in her time but it's not an uncommon name in this part of Sussex. Had we spoken to Peter Jerrome and the Petworth Society? The Rector also suggested Peter and perhaps Duncan Brand at Hampers Green. Given that my grandmother's name we knew to be Alice Sadler, Clare Sadler thought her grandmother Phyl might know something. Phyl was very interested and would have a think. Was I related to "Winkle" Ayling the celebrated "bun king" at Lurgashall? I'd no idea. It didn't seem right to trouble Peter Jerrome on a Sunday so we left it to ring the next day.

Talking to Peter in the morning there seemed at least a chink of light. Had we ever heard of "Yankee" Ayling? No. He rang up a lady called Barbara at Headley Down, strangely enough she had been at Peter's on the Sunday. If we had been less anxious about calling on a Sunday we would have seen her! Her grandfather was Yankee Ayling and, yes, Yankee's Christian names were William Myrtle. No, said Barbara, she didn't know the significance of Myrtle either.

Other than my sister and, of course, my parents, Barbara was the first blood relative I had met. She was my first cousin. A trip to Headley Down quickly followed. Barbara had my parents' wedding photograph and another of a group with witnesses. She knew my father as Uncle Ernie and said that he had been her favourite uncle but she was only a girl when he would come to visit at Fernhurst where she had been brought up. It would be the late 1920s or early 1930s. She had since lost touch. She told me the names of Yankee's twelve children, (a thirteenth had died in infancy), but she didn't know the order. There was Jack, Toby, Nellie, Lily, Rose, Joe, Dorothy, Ernest (my father), Peter, Walter, Daisy (Barbara's mother), and Polly. Jack went to build railways in Africa, retired and lived at Fishbourne. Toby became a private detective in Australia, Nellie had married a Royal Engineer from Longmoor Camp near Bordon. Lily lived at Crawley, Peter had been in the Metropolitan Police and retired early with tuberculosis. He lived at Ewell. A check with Miles Costello's Name Index to the Petworth Society Magazine elicited that a Walter Ayling had worked for Mr Davidson in the early-mid 1920s at what would later become the International Stores (now Somerfields). He had gone away to join the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Harry Howard had recalled him vividly, (PSM 70 page 36). Rose, the eldest child, had stayed at home, didn't marry, and when my grandfather Ayling died, had moved into Somerset Hospital in North Street. Perhaps someone will remember her. Daisy, Barbara's mother, had married and lived at Fernhurst. Of Polly, Joe and Dorothy Barbara had no knowledge. Barbara noted that I have the bushy "Ayling" eyebrows, apparently a family characteristic. She remembered "Yankee" quite vividly and her reflections are to be found in PSM 29 together with a photograph of Yankee and his donkey. As to the nickname "Yankee" she was as much in the dark as anyone else.

Perhaps, like others at the time, he had gone out to America and then returned. His presence in the 1891 census might, however, argue against this.

My father must sometimes have thought of faraway Petworth when he was in India or, for that matter, in Egypt, after all he had spent his early years there. How different life on the Leconfield Estate would have been to life in India. What if he hadn't taken matters into his own hands and run away? When Pop came home for his lunch on horseback he tied the horse to a post rail. Then after lunch I would climb on the rail on to the horse and ride back with Dad, return home on horseback alone then the horse would return to the barracks on its own. I think of myself too, standing in the school playground with my sandwiches in my hand and a kite hawk appearing from nowhere and swooping to seize them from my hand...

Barbara remembered a small family legacy years ago and a legal effort to trace family beneficiaries. In this way she had heard that Uncle Ernie had left the forces and had a pub in London, this would perhaps be the early 1950s. I could tell her about this: my father went in for the Post Office when he first came out of the Army, but he was put on permanent nights and as our house was next door to a sawmill it was difficult for him to sleep. He then looked after the Floddon Road Drill Hall in Camberwell but after a while obtained the licence of the British Queen in Camberwell. He was there for some fifteen years. Eventually, in declining health, he retired to Wales where he died.

All in all you could say that my quest to Petworth was a surprisingly successful one. I'm very pleased to have met Barbara and found out something of my "lost" family, but of course there's always so much more. What of Polly, Joe and Dorothy? Someone may remember Rose at Somerset Hospital or even my grandmother Alice. It seems perhaps that only Rose stayed in the area: as with other large families at the time, so many left Petworth, retaining only the memory of it, and with Grandfather and Grandmother no longer living, having no reason to return. Having once been back however, my wife and I will be back next year, we love my father's old home town.

Derek Ayling

In Search of 'The Brick and Mould'

Inns and alehouses have long been used by students of local history as milestones in their research, they seem to have a continuity which is generally absent from most other commercial premises. Famous Petworth inns such as the Angel, Star and of course the Mason's Arms are all well documented, as are some of the former establishments such as the Crown, Swan, George, White Hart, Queen's Head, Red Lion and the Half Moon. All of these inns were important places of commerce and social interaction, and they were important indicators of the prosperity of Petworth as a market town and the centre of a large agricultural district. Beside these key inns there were at least an equal number of lower ranking hostelrys such as the Wheatsheaf, Running Horse, the Trowel, the White Horse and Fox and Hounds which at various periods have graced the streets of Petworth. These second-class establishments

appear to have clung on to the very edge of viability and often, though not always, operated only just within the parameters of the law. Inferior they may have been but beneath this second layer of public houses came a sub culture of cottage beerhouses and back street taverns which were unable to establish the commercial roots of the more prosperous hostelrys and by depending upon a mainly local artisan clientele for their custom were infrequently named and consequently unlikely to warrant an inn sign with which to attract the passing stranger, every street in Petworth had at least one such beerhouse and several had many more.

While holding a great affection for all Petworth public houses, one hostelry in particular captured my interest more than the others, it did have a name and quite probably a sign, though while the former has been preserved for posterity the latter is sadly long lost. Unlike most of its contemporaries its existence was recorded, though the exact location of the property has been forgotten for at least 150 years. Surely a worthy candidate for research I thought, and not an impossible task to accomplish.

My interest in the 'Brick and Mould' had begun while browsing through the Reverend Arnold's *'The History and Antiquities of Petworth'*. I noticed a short foot-note in which the author refers to the inn and claims to have seen an assessment of the property dating from the reign of Queen Anne in the early eighteenth century. Arnold fails to identify the location of the property, and it is quite likely that he did not know himself where it stood. A check through the definitive study of Petworth inns and alehouses by Miss Beck offered no further clues. Beck concentrates on the well-known properties and she concedes to not having made an exhaustive study of the lesser-known businesses. It was at this time that I decided to consult the official documents only to find that the licensing records prior to the 1930's had long been destroyed, apparently they were not considered important enough to preserve. My enthusiasm for the search was fast waning, after all what was the point in attempting to discover something that was seemingly irretrievable lost? If such eminent scholars as the Reverend Arnold and Miss Beck had not come across any evidence then perhaps it really was a pointless exercise. I decided to put my search to one side in order to concentrate on other more fruitful tasks, while hoping in the back of my mind that some small clue to the puzzle may emerge at a later date.

It was some few weeks later that I was engaged in totally unrelated research and happened to be browsing through the Petworth returns for the 1851 national census, turning a page I came upon an entry for a family of paupers named Shepherd, clearly the record had been inserted out of place in the register as the whole page was struck through as if to be discounted from the census, however glancing across the columns to the place where the location of the property is entered I was amazed to see the simple entry 'Brick and Mould or Collyers'. Here at last to my amazement was the first official evidence that the inn had actually existed, purely by chance the census enumerator had incorrectly recorded it under the parish of Petworth when in fact it was in Egdean, and it seems likely that a higher authority had noticed the error and legally unable to remove the page had taken the measure of striking out the whole entry, while adding a note which explained that it had been removed to the correct place with the records for Egdean parish. Excited with this chance discovery I was soon to realize that the census records raised more questions than answers, after all Arnold had clearly stated that the property was in Petworth, and equally so the census official was sure that it was

in Egdean parish. However there must have been some doubt as to its exact location or at least which parish it was in as the enumerator had made the mistake of placing it in Petworth parish. I could only assume that it must have stood on or near the boundary of the two parishes thus explaining the mistake by the census enumerator. My mind began to make a mental journey tracing what little I knew of the boundary between the two parishes but no suitable properties came to mind, perhaps it was no longer standing, or then again what sort of building was I looking for? I really had no idea.

It was quite apparent that there was either some confusion over the name of the property or possibly the 'Brick and Mould' had stood on a property known as 'Collyers' or vice versa. It must have closed as an inn prior to 1851 as the pauper residents were clearly not innkeepers at that time. I decided to check the 1861 census where to my surprise the enumerator had repeated the error of the earlier census. This time in addition to the record being struck through an official had added the additional note "this is a detached portion of Egdean Parish". What was a detached portion I asked myself? It is well known that some ancient manors had owned land at times a considerable distance from the home manor or parish, however in this case the portion of land must have been quite local in order to explain the confusion over whether it was in Petworth or Egdean. It was not long before an opportunity arose to study the 1837 tithe award map for Egdean and a quick glance revealed a public house near to the church in the centre of the village, the map maker had failed to record the name of the inn but as it was clearly not in a detached portion of the parish it could immediately be discounted. My eyes traced the road out of Egdean and past the Common, following the parish boundary I turned north along the lane to Riverhill and out into Kingspit Lane with Flexham Park on our right and Brinksole Heath on our left. The area was then - as it is now - sparsely populated and must have been even more so some 100 years before the tithe map was made. Following Kingspit Lane towards its junction with the A272 at Fox Hill it is noticeable that the parish boundary stops short of the crossroads and turns east around Flexham Park past 'The Pest House' before returning to Egdean proper. I had succeeded in establishing the 1837 parish boundary but was no nearer to identifying the site of the watering-hole, after all the census enumerator had been quite clear that the property I was looking for was detached from the main Egdean parish. Perhaps I had missed something obvious on the map, by its nature as a tithe award map everything that the cartographer had reproduced before me must fall within the parish boundaries and yet I noticed three fields at the top of Fox Hill which had been included in the survey but were separated from the rest of the parish by perhaps only 50 or so yards. Could this be 'Collyers' I thought? There was certainly a building shown on the map, I noted the number of the plot and referred to the key which accompanied the plan, indeed my instinct had been proven correct the three fields which straddle the Horsham Road were known at the time as 'Colliers Croft' and the house which stood on the Kingspit Lane side of the dissecting highway was simply 'Colliers'. I felt sure that this was the site of the lost inn. Situated in Kingspit Lane the inn would certainly have benefited from the trade which prior to the construction of the Horsham Road must have passed by its doorstep. Any traveller journeying towards Horsham would have left Petworth via Angel Street, over the Shimmings Brook and upon reaching the top of Shimmings Hill turn off the route of the modern

Fittleworth road directly beside Bailiwick and into Stoner's Lane which - although now quite forgotten - then proceeded past the Gog lodges and over Brinksole Heath before joining Kingspit Lane at its junction with the road from Riverhill. Sadly this ancient lane appears to have been sacrificed as a condition for the construction of the present Horsham Road and little remains to prove the existence of the thoroughfare other than the outline of a sunken way which follows the field edge by the side of Bailiwick. Was the closure of Stoner's Lane the cause of the demise of The Brick and Mould? It would certainly have reduced the amount of passing trade to the inn and with little local custom except perhaps from the small community at Brinksole its existence would have been precarious at the very least. We cannot be sure of the circumstances leading to the demise of the inn and any theory put forward can only be pure conjecture, however it is enough that the site of a previously 'lost' inn is recorded and perhaps in years to come evidence will emerge by which the mystery of the 'Brick and Mould' may be better explained.

The site today is owned by the Leconfield Estate and is leased out for grazing. A portion of the ancient field boundary still remains as shown on the 1837 tithe map. Though sadly no building survives there are clear signs amongst the nettles of the foundations of one. In 1906 when the property was sold by the Brydone family it was described in the sale catalogue as having the foundations of an old cottage upon it and in recent years Jumbo Taylor recalls a well and the foundations being uncovered while drainage work was carried out in the field.

Miles Costello

Once more the 'C.D.N.'

The Chelsea Day Nursery which was at Petworth House from the outbreak of war in 1939 to March 1943 when it moved to Sendhurst Grange, Send, near Woking, has always fascinated me. While I have a photograph of myself as a small child with Lady Leconfield, Lady Melchett, the chairman of the Trust, and several of the children, I hardly remember being there! The Centre still exists in its old premises at Flood Walk in Chelsea, although since 1967 it has been a public rather than a privately funded institution. In fact it's just across the street from where we used to live in Chelsea. Although I now live in Market Harborough, I've been to Chelsea in the last year and tried to find out more of its history, some of which is reproduced in this article.

Opened by Queen Mary in March 1931, the Violet Melchett Infant Welfare Centre, as it was known, was effectively an amalgamation of a number of more or less independent Chelsea health and educational foundations, devoted to the welfare of working mothers and the training of nursery nurses. Lord Melchett had, at one time, been in government as Minister of Health while his wife was a tireless worker for the less privileged in Chelsea, and indeed elsewhere. When the war came a decision was immediately taken for the Day Nursery, as it was generally known, to move to Sussex.

The Annual Report for 1939-40 records concerning the Chelsea Day Nursery:

"Lord Leconfield's offer of hospitality to the Day Nursery at Petworth House was accepted last summer, and on September 1st sixty-three children, with five members of the trained staff, twelve students, and two domestic workers, went down to Petworth in two double-decker buses provided by the London County Council. The greater part of the Nursery equipment was taken as well owing to the kindness of the Borough Council, who put a lorry at our disposal, and Mrs. Melvill Miller who lent her car. We owe an overwhelming debt of gratitude to Mrs. Miller, who showed her devotion to the Centre by accompanying the children to Petworth House and staying there with them for nearly six months. She directed the administration of the Nursery on behalf of the Executive and Finance Committee until she felt it was sufficiently well established for her to be able to return home.

The process of settling down in strange surroundings is not an easy one and during the first weeks of evacuation the Nursery had to contend with epidemics of chicken-pox, influenza and gastro-enteritis, the last of which, to our very deep regret, caused the death of two of our babies after they had been transferred to hospital. The maximum number of children we may have at Petworth has been cut down to 44 by the Ministry of Health, and they are now in excellent health and spirits. Improvements in the bathing, laundry, and sanitary arrangements were sanctioned by Lord Leconfield, and the Executive and Finance Committee in December but owing to delays in getting the plans passed by the regional and local authorities the work was not put in hand until March."

Clearly life at Petworth was not easy.

The Report for 1940-41 records:

"The Nursery still enjoys the hospitality of Lord Leconfield at Petworth House; and during the summer months everyone benefited greatly from an open-air life. Later aerial activity made it necessary for the children to spend every night, and a large proportion of most days, in an underground passage used as an air-raid shelter. This was found to be injurious to the children's health, and, after consultation with the Senior Regional Officer of the Ministry of Health, it was agreed that, unless there was great activity immediately overhead, the Nursery should not be evacuated to the shelter when an air-raid warning was in progress ...

... A number of our older children have left the Nursery on reaching school age, and they have gone to private billets in the neighbourhood. The vacancies thus created have been allocated to children from a general pool, controlled by a Panel consisting of representatives of the London County Council, the Metropolitan Borough Standing Joint Committee, and the W.V.S."

I certainly didn't come with the first children. It may be that I was "allocated" slightly earlier. I remember standing with my mother at Victoria Station and being put in the train, then nothing until getting off a bus and going into Church Lodge. There were no firebricks in the passage then and the walls were painted a bright cream and blue. I went up a big staircase to an upper floor. I don't remember sleeping there although I must have done.

From the House, I went to Byworth. I would be five or so - presumably I had grown too old for the Day Nursery. I'd walk to school up Shimmings Hill; the lady I was billeted with at Byworth had a son who went to school with me. Her husband I never saw, presumably

he was away in the forces. There were other evacuees in Byworth and a mixed group of evacuees and local children, seven or eight of us perhaps, would walk part of the way together. The names have gone completely, as has that of the lady I stayed with. At one time I went to the Boys' School, at Culvercroft, up a long drive. There was a large lawn and two feet of snow. The masters cleared the lawn and there was a snow fight between masters and boys on the lawn.

After a while I moved to Bury and have very happy memories of my stay there. The elderly couple (or so they seemed to me), that I was with, looked after the ferry that took people across the river. The house seemed full of cases containing stuffed animals. I particularly remember one of a fox with a chicken in his mouth. Mr — (I can't remember the name, you say it's probably Mr Dudden) said he'd shot the fox himself. Sometimes at night, we'd lie in wait for foxes, Mr Dudden with his gun. The foxes were going for the chicken run at the end of the large garden. The house was right on the river and three large steps led down. The whole area was rather liable to flood.

Mr Dudden (assuming it was he), was the ferryman and in the summertime he would be quite busy. I'd help ladies down the steps into the boat. The couple's other job was allied to the ferry. They looked after the cabin cruisers and yachts moored along the river and, no doubt, laid up during the war. Mr Dudden used to look after the outside painting and polishing while Mrs Dudden kept them clean inside. Sometimes we'd stand at the school fence watching the soldiers training. Once a Bren-gun carrier tipped over and went up in flames on the main road. I enjoyed being at Bury but was back in London by the time of the big V.E. Parade.

Alan Routley was talking to the Editor.

'Good Morning, Little Portsmouth'

"My very first memories are of sleeping in the cellar of a house in Portsmouth. It was the blitz and the house windows were blown off in a raid. We were a family of four young girls and my father was away in the Army. One of my sisters was considered delicate and the doctor wanted us out of Portsmouth. We were bundled into a coach with some other children from Portsmouth with no idea where we were going. It certainly didn't worry me; it was an adventure. It didn't seem long before we were arriving at Petworth House, standing in a huge room, so different from anything we had ever seen, with other families being sorted out as well. We'd no idea what was happening, certainly not that we were going to stay here eight years.

What little furniture came up with us was stacked in the room we were to have. It wasn't unpacked until we left the House after the war. We were in the main house; the Servants Block held the Chelsea Day Nursery with its nannies and nurses and very young children. We weren't allowed to mix with them, but we did wave as they were taken up into the Pleasure Gardens to play. That was as far as it went.

Obviously we were too young to think things out, but I always had a half-conscious feeling of how fortunate we were to be living in this great house - after all why should it be us of all people? There was one other mother there with her two boys but we stayed on long after they left."

"I was the youngest of our girls and don't remember coming to Petworth at all: I was just a baby. I went to Petworth Infants School at the age of three, Miss Wootton stretching the point because I didn't like to be parted from my sisters. I suppose we started off quietly at the big house but gradually began to get the feel of the place. Mrs Miles the cook was very kind to us; if we went into the kitchen we were fairly certain to get a fresh-baked biscuit. I can still see Mrs Miles' friendly face peering round the kitchen door and, of course, there was always the smell from the kitchen. The family still went to Cockermouth, at least in the early part of the war and, when they did, Mrs Miles had the kitchen pretty much to herself. Even at normal times, we'd go over to collect our lunch and supper, but we could be much freer if the family were actually away.

At these times Mr Webber, who worked in the Gardens, cut all the grass. If the Leconfields were in residence we weren't allowed on the grass but if they were away we'd play on the grass just as we liked. Sometimes I'd curl up in Mr Webber's wheelbarrow among the clippings. As far as I can remember everything was provided: food I've already mentioned, certainly bed-linen was. Mrs Doble was housekeeper, not as approachable perhaps as Mrs Miles and Mr Webber, but I suppose a housekeeper's job was to provide a certain decorum. She was always pleasant enough. I remember the butler but not his name, and (I think) maids with crisp white aprons."

"Another friend among the staff was Mr Brown, the chauffeur. The Browns lived over the garage in the Cow Yard and we'd take the accumulator over to Mr Brown to get it recharged for the radio. Once Mr and Mrs Brown took the two youngest of us to the seaside: Mother was out and, I remember, quite put out to think we'd made the decision to go for ourselves.

At first we were on the south side of the house looking out on to the fountain. Air-raids were frequent and we'd then get out of bed, grab a bag that hung on the end of the bed, stuff our clothes in it, put a pillow under our arm, and make our way down to the boiler room, where we'd go to sleep under the table. This was such a common occurrence that it became, effectively, a routine. The boiler room served the night watchman as a kind of unofficial office; and here he'd sit when he wasn't patrolling round with his torch. Once there was a bomb in the grounds which failed to explode. We were kept well clear until it was dealt with."

"I suppose as little girls we were fairly boisterous, if no more so than any other four little girls would have been. When the Leconfields were away we could play amongst the statues, hide and seek being our favourite. Once I was about to be caught and in trying to get away seized hold of a male statue and broke a piece off. "I'm going to get into real trouble," I thought to myself. "Don't worry," said Mr Webber, "I'll see to it," and he stuck the offending piece back on. When I came back many years later I noticed that he'd stuck the piece back the wrong way round. Today I can't find the statue at all, although it must be here. It's so difficult: memory plays tricks. In my mind's eye the statue stood in a large alcove at the end of a corridor. Would the Audit Room look like a long corridor to a child?"

"Fancy having the Pleasure Grounds to play in, or being able to watch the Estate firemen practising getting the hoses out and working up a head of steam. Sometimes we'd tie a rope to the iron gate post and swing across the ha-ha. It really was a wonderful childhood and we never regretted the move from Portsmouth, never ever thought about it most of the time. The present Red Room was our living room from which we could open the windows and go straight out into the Park. We'd go up a spiral staircase to have a bath - where the present staff toilets are. As far as I can remember the paintings were still on the walls and not turned to the wall. Obviously some may have been put into store but we wouldn't know anything about that. Thunder and lightning was a favourite game, particularly with the large furniture and wide window sills in the big house. You had to jump from one piece of furniture to another and were out if you were caught in mid-air. Thunder was a bang on the table, lightning switching on the lights."

"As I have said we kept well apart from the Chelsea Day Nursery. Going along the corridor to bed we'd wear our dressing gowns over our heads to ward off the bats. We were told there were bats in the tunnels and there probably were. We believed that if we got the bats in our hair they wouldn't get out again and then we'd have to have our heads shaved. We'd carry a torch and lived in fear that the bats would dive at us."

"I've mentioned the Pleasure Grounds, but the Park itself was our playground. When it snowed we could sledge down Lawn Hill. Sledges? Really tin trays "borrowed" from the kitchen. Mr Webber was our link with the Gardens but we'd see Fred Streeter come into the House with vegetables for the kitchen, boxes of them. We were lucky: We had the same vegetables as the House itself."

"Occasionally my father would come home on leave. One night he was very late, knew he'd never get in at the Lodge, and climbed the low part of the wall in Tillington Road. He then walked across the Park and tapped on our window at the House. Once I remember going to my mother and saying, "Look, Mum, there's a soldier standing outside." It was Dad but I didn't know who he was. He'd stand his rifle up against the wall and we were strictly told not to touch it. I was so frightened of it that I would make a big detour to avoid going anywhere near it.

There were cows in the Park and they'd come right up to the room we had and put their heads through the window - much to mother's alarm. The Park was dotted with tree trunks laid horizontally. Trees had been cut down and left to obstruct any open area that might provide a space for aircraft to land.

Down at the other end of the Park was the Canadian camp. The soldiers would often give us chocolate - an almost unheard-of treat. Once they had a big party and as the youngest of the four children, I fell within the age range. There was one soldier to each child. I came home with bags of sweets of all kinds."

"Lord Leconfield may have had something of a reputation for bluntness but we never saw this. Right from the start I thought of him in terms of Father Christmas. I think he took a liking to us from our first coming to Petworth and made a point of being nice to us. I think, over the years, he grew quite attached to us. "The little Portsmouths," he called us. Lady Leconfield was nice too, but we saw less of her and she could be rather vague. She'd take us

out in the Park collecting conkers, with the chauffeur driving the car. Once she insisted on taking the wheel and the car edged into the lake. The chauffeur carried us out and retrieved the car. Lord Leconfield always remembered our birthdays and would come in person to wish us a happy birthday. We'd always been told strictly not to put our hands in other people's pockets but his lordship had big pockets and would have a little gift for us, usually a book. We'd look at Mum. Were we allowed to delve into his lordship's cavernous pockets? Yes, it was alright. So we did. Lady Leconfield was sometimes away even when his lordship was at home. Once she brought a tray with leaves elaborately laid out as if to be eaten. She did sometimes seem a little muddled.

Every morning we'd meet Lord Leconfield walking his dog up the main drive. We'd solemnly say as we'd been told, "Good morning, your lordship." "Good morning, little Portsmouth," he'd say equally solemnly to each of us individually. On the day we left, we went up to his room to say goodbye. He seemed genuinely sorry to see us go and patted us all on the head. We'd been there a long time and the war had been over a while. Father had been demobbed and was working at Gwillim's mills. The world was changing. We moved to Hampers Green and Portsmouth seemed further away than ever."

Looking back, we can do so only with pleasure. We had a marvellous childhood and remember Petworth House with the greatest affection. Whenever we come back, we feel this is where we grew up and where we were always happy.

Pam Stevens and her sister were at Petworth House talking to the Editor.

(I have used inverted commas in an attempt to distinguish different speakers but this can be only partially successful. As often as not this is a joint recollection. Ed.)

Service with Southdown (3)

When Petworth had a much more important Police Station than Pulborough the Pulborough policemen had to go to Petworth to collect their wages on Fridays and naturally resented forking out the bus fares to get there. Service 22 arrived at Petworth at ten past the hour and left for Brighton at five to the hour. Pulborough crews never worked west of Petworth even when the 22 route extended to Midhurst and Petersfield after the war. So usually the Pulborough crews would get 45 minutes to kill in Petworth. At one time Pulborough had a late turn that started at quarter to three, Pulborough to Petworth, then 45 minutes off, take over the five to four to Brighton, change over with the Brighton crew at the Well Diggers, back to Petworth at ten past four and another 45 minutes to kill! One of the Pulborough conductors - Ernie Grinstead was having his hair cut in the Petworth barbers at ten to four when his driver came to find him. Ernie left the barbers in haste, literally half cut and without paying but promising to be back soon and of course at quarter past four he was back to the amazement of the barber!

These 45 minute gaps permitted the use of 22 crews to operate the service to Sutton. This ran on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays only, with one journey at 1.10 p.m. and one at 5.10 p.m. returning from Sutton at 1.30 and 5.30. Father says, "On one winter's day after a heavy snow fall we had difficulty in turning round at Sutton White Horse and after our second attempt I decided to phone the Petworth office and ask them to send out the County Council gritting wagon to assist us. The phone box was half a mile away. As I made my way back to the bus, I was surprised to see it coming towards me. The driver said a farmer with a tractor had hooked a chain onto the front axle and pulled the bus onto less slippery ground, we were able to resume our journey several minutes late. Years later I was talking to a passenger on the shopping bus from Kirdford to Chichester telling him about this incident and he said that it was he who had found and assisted the bus and even remembered the name of the tractor!"

Father continues, "After the war the Sutton service was extended to Bignor, requiring the ascent of Bignor Hill (1 in 5), low gear at the bottom of the hill and flat out. One 5.10 p.m. journey to Bignor was delayed through snow but completed. Later that evening freezing snow fell and the route between Shoreham and Brighton was extremely icy. The driver could only stop by changing into low gear before braking. Conditions were the same on the 9.10 p.m. return from Brighton to Pulborough so we arrived at Pulborough somewhat late."

In its last years the Sutton and Bignor run was Service 163 and it was still operating on Tuesdays and Saturdays when I spent a summer on the buses in 1967 after leaving school. Once I had a relief driver unfamiliar with the Bignor route and had to direct him through the small sliding window at the back of the cab. At the time the Pulborough crew did the lunch time run to Bignor on Saturdays and the teatime journey on Tuesdays. On Tuesdays the duty started at 2.18 p.m. with a trip from Pulborough to Shoreham where we changed over to return to Petworth for 5.10, then to Bignor and back, 5.55 p.m. to Brighton, arriving at 7.55 p.m., rest and return to Pulborough at 9.10 p.m. arriving at 11.45 p.m. while on other days we got time for tea at Petworth. The Bignor route was practically disused by this time, although on one Saturday lunch time I took nearly a pound on the 1.30 p.m. from Bignor to Petworth, it being Pulborough carnival day. Apart from that, the only true 'regular' by then was an old lady who lived in Coates (not served by the 163) who had a walk of about a mile to catch the bus at Coates crossroads. The arrival of a bus in Bignor was always a rare sight but I think someone was persuaded to take this shot to mark the end-of-the-era. My father is on the right with driver Bert Barnett, psyching themselves up for that 1 in 5 descent to Sutton. Actually Bert was a past master of vertical take off even on the flat - he used to say to his conductors "You get'em on, I'll sit 'em down!" During my summer on the buses - some 32 years after my father's first summer on the buses - I usually worked on Leyland PD2s like the one above but we did get the odd PD3 also known as "Queen Mary" (most of our drivers used to call them "Bloody Marys").

The Queen Marys were ill-suited to conductors who seemed to get in the way of boarding passengers but equally ill-suited to one-man operation because the driver had to corkscrew to issue tickets through a gap behind his left shoulder. Some of the Queen Marys had detachable tops for summer use on Southdown's routes to Devil's Dyke and Beachy Head.



*The 163 Sutton and Bignor service ready to return to Petworth.
Leonard Stevenson (right), Bert Barnett (left).*

The sense of **service** is one of the enduring impressions in my father's recollections - Southdown's crews spared no effort and readily missed their rest periods to do the best they could with heavy traffic, blocked roads or bad weather. Father says, "One winter [1963?] a heavy fall of snow around Brighton stopped a lot of cars. Along Hove Kingsway there were

about 4 lanes of cars getting stuck. So most were abandoned. One crew took about four hours to get from Brighton to Pulborough. Next day on the early journey from Petworth to Brighton we were greeted with a cheer when we arrived at Southwick, where several passengers assembled with shovels and spades to travel to dig out their abandoned cars. There was another occasion of wintry weather when frozen snow made driving difficult. When the wheels got into ruts in the soft snow which had later frozen you could not get out of them. On service 1 from Worthing we met the other bus from Pulborough at Fryern Lodge and the tops of the buses were touching as they tried to pass. One bus was dragging the other so I had to borrow a spade and dig out the rut wide enough to allow the wheel to be free. On the 7.50 a.m. Pulborough to Bognor 69 journey we got along the Hardham Road, and were stopped by a lorry driver who told us the railway bridge was blocked by a car and lorry jammed together, so we had to turn round, go back to Pulborough Swan and take the Fittleworth road A283, turn off at the recreation ground, go through the village and Waltham Park to reach Coldwaltham crossroads. My driver said we must turn left and go down to Coldwaltham church to see if one of our six year old passengers was waiting although the diversion had made us 35 minutes late. He was indeed still waiting, and our arrival made him as pleased to see us as we were to see him. But the other scholars had given up and gone back home. We arrived at Arundel about 30 minutes late. Passengers for Ford station wanted to know where we had been. At any rate we got to Bognor at 9.20 in time to do the 9.35 a.m. back. We enquired of the Inspector at Bognor if he knew if the obstruction on the bridge had been cleared but were told to take the normal route. When we arrived at the bridge it was still blocked but there was some jacking up being done. The downward bus had taken the Fittleworth diversion, we had to wait until the bridge was free and were late arriving in Horsham, but managed to turn to do the 1.35 p.m. to Pulborough."

"On summer Saturdays owing to heavy traffic on the A29 between Billingshurst and Five Oaks and in North Parade Horsham (where the A24 ran right through Horsham before the north-south bypass) we generally got to the Carfax 25 minutes late. Then on the down trip we would get held up at Five Oaks where the A264 joined the A29 so it was full speed ahead for the remainder of the journey to Bognor. Fallen trees across the Arundel to Whiteways Lodge road once made a diversion necessary on the 10.12 a.m. from Arundel to Horsham. We managed to turn the bus round and go back to Arundel, along the Chichester road and then onto the A29 to rejoin the normal route. We had to stop the next southbound bus to inform them of the necessary diversion. The road up Bury Hill was extensively realigned and re-engineered in the 1960s and though still steep it is a considerable improvement on the notorious old road. Once when snowy conditions made its ascent difficult the 69 terminated at Watersfield for, I think, about 6 days, connecting with a single decker, fitted with wheel chains to work from Watersfield to Arundel, where it connected with a Bognor crew and bus working the rest of the route to Bognor. Littlehampton provided the driver of the single decker but our conductors worked through to Arundel."

"Remain seated at all times. Keep hands and head inside the bus. Keep voices down so instructions can be heard. Cooperate with the bus driver" - some rules I found on an American school website. If you ever shared a bus journey with about thirty hyperactive

schoolchildren you'll rate this next bit as one of my father's great understatements. "Some patience was needed especially when school children travelled." There were few Volvos and no Council chartered school buses then and so a lot of children travelled on service buses. Father continues "Co-operation between driver and conductor made travel smoother and the task easier. In one instance a scholar had gone to school at the normal time, then deserted lessons. So the teacher contacted his mother who travelled up to the school to investigate. The scholar was not to be found so she was forced to return to Pulborough and register that if we saw the lad walking back towards Pulborough would we stop and pick him up. So I had a word with my driver to keep an eye open for him. About a mile further on we saw the lad and stopped to pick him up, much to the relief of his mother."

The branch railway from Pulborough to Petworth, Midhurst and Petersfield ceased passenger operation in 1955 bringing some extra bus passengers, including some Midhurst Grammar pupils. Before it closed I used to go with my father to his allotment near Pulborough station and I can remember dragging him away from his digging to go and look at the trains through the fence, and although I could only have been about four at the time. I have a vivid memory of the Midhurst train in the loop platform, usually just an engine with a single coach. I always loved trains as a child but I was far more likely to travel by bus because of the quarter rate privilege tickets busman's families enjoyed. Quarter fares also used to apply to dogs and my mother would often show her pass and ask for a "dog's ticket" - quite often the conductors would give her one too!

The Horsham to Shoreham railway survived some years beyond the first fall of Dr Beeching's axe that closed most of the other branch lines. My father was born at West Grinstead station on the Horsham to Shoreham line - not like Oscar Wilde's Mr Worthing in a handbag - but because in 1910 my grandfather was in charge of West Grinstead. In 1966, when the Horsham to Shoreham railway closed, after a spell when diesel multiple units replaced steam, Southdown's service 80 was briefly complemented by 80A which left Horsham via Southwater for Partridge Green and Steyning and some 80X ("express") through journeys to Shoreham, to soften the blow of losing the train service, but these extras were short lived. Service 22 was increased to a half hourly service between Brighton and Steyning (up to the 8.7 p.m. from Steyning) and this necessitated alteration to Pulborough duties. After operating the 3.55 p.m. from Petworth to Brighton Pool Valley they had a half hour rest and worked a Steyning journey at 6.40 p.m. turning round at Steyning Star at 7.37 p.m. and then worked 9.10 p.m. Brighton to Pulborough Swan.

In 1936 when my grandfather retired after 48 years of timing the trains, they gave him a clock. With similar irony in June 1959 after twenty five years of travelling on the buses Southdown gave my father his Free Pass and his first long service badge.

In the mid 1960s 36 foot long single deckers were introduced on route 69. With 45 seats and up to 10 standing, these boasted a capacity almost as large as the double deckers they replaced. Drivers had a bit of trouble handling the length at first especially at the sharp right turn into Horsham's London Road from Springfield Road. For a year or two these operated with conductors who had no proper place to ride. But they were really for one man operation and as soon as drivers could be trained for it, it happened, leaving the remaining Pulborough

conductors confined to service 22. I say "confined" but really there was a real sense of freedom when you were in charge of a lightly loaded bus with a full two hours to dawdle from Brighton to Petworth.

The Pulborough garage could only accommodate 36 footers if they were parked one each side with a shorter bus behind and as the 60 schedule was last in/last out it became the practice for a 22 bus to be parked out on the forecourt of Harwoods garage waiting for the last in 69 driver to put it away. Well at least that beats the messing about with radiator water and hay barrels in 1935!

My summer on the buses and my father's continued employment in the late 1960s happened because Southdown ordered 36 foot single deckers and forgot to check if they could go round all the corners. They were unable to handle service 22; the route then required a delicate wriggle through The Cut (the now usually pedestrianised narrow gap in Petworth Square) on the westward journey - "omo" would have to wait until 1970 or 1971 when new shorter single deckers became available. For a time (when Petworth to Midhurst and Petworth to Chichester had gone "omo") Pulborough crews operated double deckers 22s from Brighton to Petworth and onto Horsham via Wisborough Green (22/161). After this the remaining Pulborough conductors (and drivers averse to becoming driver/conductors) worked some duties in Worthing on 7 and 7A early and late and some school duties at Worthing and Horsham. Service 161 left Horsham at 13 minutes past the hour for Petworth and then continued as service 22 to Brighton leaving Petworth at five past the hour instead of the time-honoured tradition of five minutes to the hour. This made it later at Pulborough and Washington and it was difficult to maintain the service 2 connections. Saturdays saw heavy traffic making us late coming into Petworth. When it finally fell to "omo" the 22 was recombined with other routes to extend from Brighton to Petersfield. Service 1 was already one man operated by Storrington and Worthing driver/conductors, and Pulborough's remaining two man crews worked a spare bus to Washington, then as a service 2 relief to Horsham, rested then went home "on the cushions" returning as passengers to Horsham at 1.46 p.m. and standing spare until 3.30 p.m. when they worked a school service from Forest School into the Carfax. They would then return to Washington as a service 2 relief, transferring passengers from points beyond to the service bus and work the 4.50 p.m. to Storrington, 5.00 p.m. to Thakeham Street, 5.15 p.m. back to Storrington and light back to Pulborough. This continued up to November 1971, when West Sussex County Council which had subsidised some bus services decided to survey some services and those that did not pay were curtailed. This forced Southdown to close country garages including Pulborough, Petworth and Littlehampton, with consequent redundancies, and to reduce services. Horsham drivers were offered conversion to one man operation or redundancy. Conductors at Pulborough were offered continued work in Worthing but travelling time at each end of the duty would not be paid so my father accepted redundancy and ended his service with Southdown on 27th November 1971, 37 years and 5 months after starting in Worthing. He and his driver worked their all day duty on the last day and travelled to the Worthing cashier's office in Bedford Road the following week to hand in their uniforms and collect wages. Later my father received a little extra in recognition of his long service. The redundancy money and a payout from the Mutual Life Superannuation Fund arrived in 10 days time.

Father signed on as unemployed but (although 61) found alternative employment in 14 days, and spent 6 years full time and 2 more years part-time working at Sussexdown, the RAF Association Home in Storrington. So one job that started on a temporary basis in June 1934 lasted to 27th November 1971 except for the call up for National Service from 1940 to 1946. Southdown as a company was formed in 1915 by the amalgamation of several smaller operators. In 1989 it was taken over by Stagecoach, so my father served Southdown for almost exactly the middle half of its life.

There was one bit of my father's memories of Southdown that didn't fit anywhere else - so I left it to the end. "Among my more famous passengers were, the author and broadcaster, Vernon Bartlett, the author S.B. Mais who lived at Southwick, the late Lord Leconfield and Fred Streeter famous for his gardening programmes."

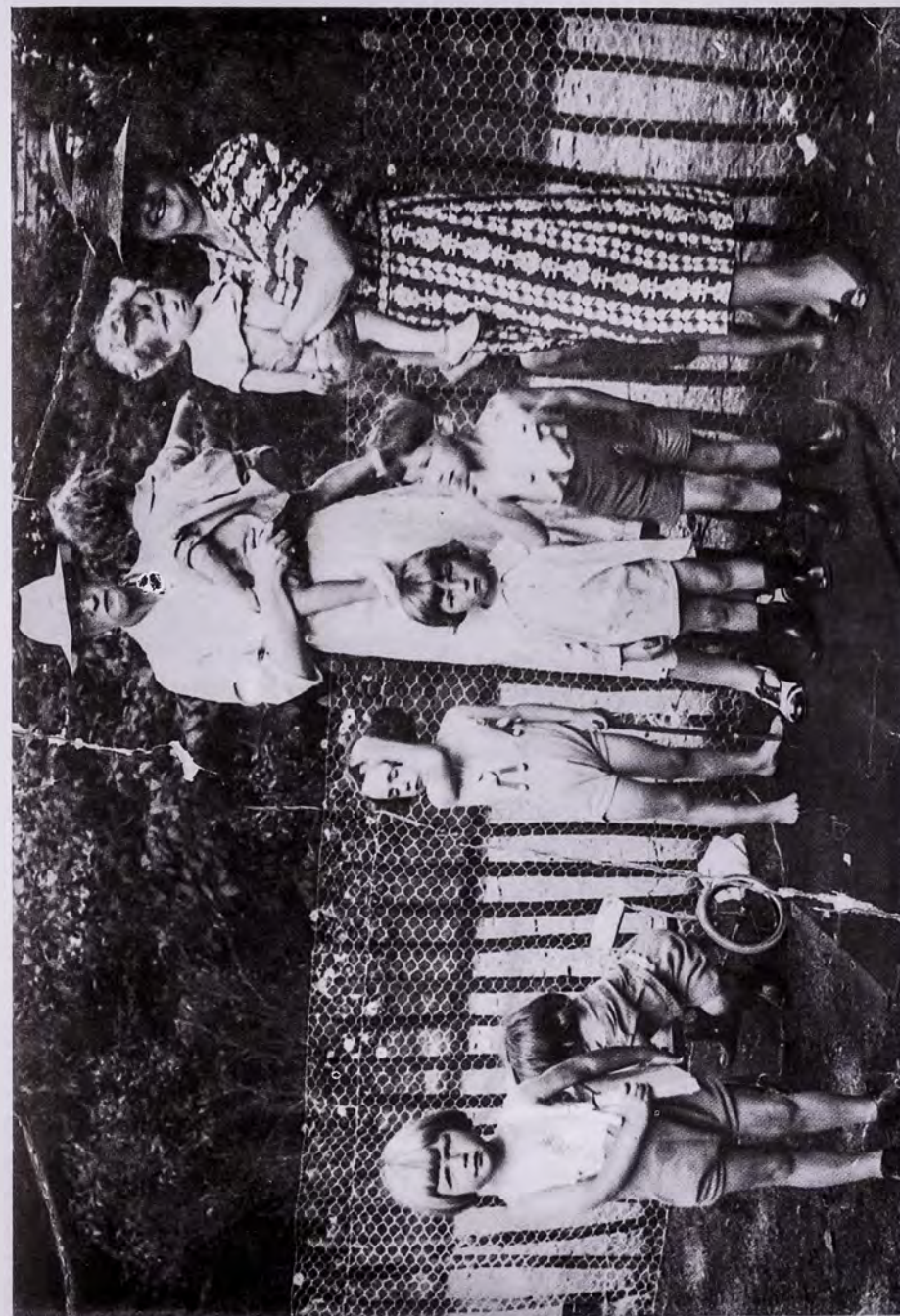
Gordon Stevenson (concluded).

Petworth Personalities of the Twentieth Century. A Millennium Series of Four

"Someone must give way and go on the grass ..." 3) Violet Lady Leconfield

When I thought of writing in a new century about four representative figures from what is now the last, I did have four particular people in mind. John Penrose's dramatic death as the culmination of a lifetime of service, was, I felt, a story well worth retelling. Here was a man, who, in retrospect, seems like Nathanael of old, quite "without guile". George Garland I had the advantage of knowing personally, probably as well as anyone of my generation. Despite a certain melancholy which lurked somewhere beneath the surface and hinted at unexplained depths, I think a clear enough picture emerges, at least of the public man. Neither Penrose nor Garland left much clue to their innermost thoughts but they do appear to an extent as figures in the round.

My third choice, Violet Lady Leconfield, is difficult for all sorts of reasons, so much so that I have been tempted to take another subject that would be easier to come to terms with. But that is effectively to beg the question; the difficulties are part of the portrait itself. The documentation I have is erratic, certainly nothing that would give much indication of her thoughts. The earlier years, in so far as they are recoverable, are not really relevant to Petworth, while her later years were clouded by mental illness. People tend to think more of the sad later years (she died in 1956), and that is understandable enough as the years between the wars grow more distant. There is some recollection in this Magazine: like Lord Leconfield himself she seems a kind of magnetic point for memory. Surprisingly, however, she appears less often in Miles' name Index than might be expected. Reminiscence, such as it is, tends to come from those for whom "her ladyship" was an august, remote and of course, older figure. Peer recollection is much more difficult to come by. Here is a very young Lesley Jones (PSM 93) in the mid-1930s:



Lady Leconfield (left) and Lady Melchett with children from the Chelsea Day Nursery about 1940. Alan Routley is on the right with finger in mouth. Courtesy of Alan Routley. See "Once more the 'C.D.N.' ..."



*Mr Dudden operating the ferry at Bury in the 1930s. Photograph by George Garland.
See "Once more the 'C.D.N.'"*

"My solitary memory of Lady Leconfield is indelibly connected with scrubbing the floor. Her ladyship came into the kitchen looking for Mr Grant (the chef). I was on my knees scrubbing, and, never having seen her ladyship before, had no idea who she was. Could I tell her where Mr Grant was? I had to say that I didn't know. As I had no idea who she was, I didn't address her as "Your Ladyship". She just looked at me and said, "Do you scrub all this?" When I replied, "Yes" - she said, "Oh dear, poor little thing". I can remember it to this day. Mr Grant later told me, 'that was Lady Leconfield, you know'".

How is this to be interpreted at a remove of over sixty years? Is her ladyship being supercilious? Nothing we know otherwise would suggest this. We might guess at a genuine bewilderment born of riding rigid social and economic divisions over which she had no control.

Sid Scriven (PSM 31) recalled how, for the 1937 Coronation her ladyship had a temporary farmyard constructed outside Petworth House. Floodlights would be switched on and house guests as they came out on the terrace, would find themselves transported into a farm, white animals were chosen as far as possible but the mule's long ears had to be whitened. "He looked most peculiar with his illuminated ears but of course the paint was only on his outside fur and came off very quickly when it was all over." Sid thought the idea had originated at another big country house, but the incident is a reminder that as chatelaine of one of the great houses in England, entertaining house guests was very much a part of Lady Leconfield's life.

Stan Collins (PSM 42) recalls her ladyship's "warm and entertaining speech" at the opening of the Regal Cinema in the Tillington Road in that same Coronation year. Lady Leconfield had done virtually no public speaking before she came to Petworth but became a popular speaker at Women's Institute meetings, fêtes and other occasions.

PSM 68 gives an account of her negotiations, through her friend Lady Max Muller, to bring a new Sanctus Bell from Poland to St Mary's Church. Originally cast at Jaroslavl in Russia, it is "of all Sussex bells the furthest from its national home". As incumbent at Petworth House, Lady Leconfield would be a member of a close-knit aristocratic social network. Her friendship with Lady Mond would help to bring the Imperial War Museum collection to Petworth for her great fête of August 1918 (PSM 97).

More direct perhaps are recollections of kindnesses done, many now long forgotten. My mother once told me of how, after she had been ill as a child, Lady Leconfield suddenly appeared at Somerset Lodge with a bird in a cage for her. Recently Vic Reed (PSM 98) recalled the trouble her ladyship took when a fall on a frozen Petworth Park lake left him with a diseased hip, while only in the last Magazine (100) Audrey Seldon recalled how a chance meeting in a London hospital would lead to three generations of the Burge family (who had no previous connection with Petworth) visiting Petworth for an annual holiday at Lady Leconfield's expense. It may be that such memories are Lady Leconfield's most tangible legacy today. Of course the lady at the Great House was expected to dispense such kindnesses, of course there was the money to do it, of course Henry Whitcomb and the Estate Office would sift the wheat from the chaff as regards more formal applications, arrange for trains and finance, buy a new suit for an invalid boy going away to a special school, see he had a label round his neck for the long train journey, arrange for another child to go to the Cottage Hospital

for a week for a tonsil operation. But with all the "of courses" in the world, a feeling of spontaneity remains. No recipient thought that Lady Leconfield was simply going through the motions.

George Garland effectively began his long career in 1922 and her ladyship's tall graceful figure was a staple for the Society Magazines of the time. It would be possible to follow her progress through scores of Garland photographs from between the wars - the obligatory ploughing match, the Rectory Fête, the Leconfield Hounds (she was a fine horsewoman), the eternal house parties, House Garden open days, the two adopted children: these are photographs presenting a public face, the exterior framework of a life whose condition was that it could not be completely private. Of the life behind the public face Garland's lens can tell us nothing.

Beatrice Violet Rawson came formally to Petworth in November 1911, some years younger than her husband, she was the daughter of Colonel Rawson, M.P. for Reigate, himself having an estate and residence at Gravenhurst, Bolney. The wedding had taken place at St Margaret's Westminster and was perhaps the social event of that Coronation year. A Brochure specially printed to mark the occasion elaborates on the service, the guest list, the dresses and the presents. The new Lady Leconfield "a fine horsewoman and a graceful dancer" would be chatelaine not only at Petworth itself but at the "palatial" London residence too.

The brochure pays some attention to the new couple's return to Petworth. The honeymoon had been spent at Cranleigh, whence the couple motored to within a mile of Petworth.



Lord and Lady Leconfield arrive back in Petworth from honeymoon. November 1911.

Here they were met by a posse of tenant farmers and residents on horseback. They then entered a carriage drawn by a pair of horses. Escorted by the horsemen who had met them, they drove to the outskirts of the town. After a presentation of flowers, the horses were taken out of the carriage and, preceded by the Town Band, the "town firemen" drew Lord and Lady Leconfield through the festive streets. Assembled in the Market Square were the town's schoolchildren, the Territorials and some 230 estate employees, in addition, of course, to the townspeople themselves. There was an address by the Rector and, in replying, Lord Leconfield said that this was the proudest moment of his life - even prouder than the actual moment when he caught his first fox. After a song by the schoolchildren, the carriage moved on to Petworth House itself where Lord Leconfield's agent read an address of welcome from the employees.

Lord Leconfield's hunting analogy should give pause. Ninety years on it appears almost grotesque; but there is no evidence that it was considered grotesque at the time. We read twenty-first century attitudes into these proceedings at our peril. Such consideration should also counsel against attempts to reconstruct Lady Leconfield's feelings at this time. Did she feel lost, overawed perhaps, when the doors finally shut and the couple were left alone - except for the ubiquitous servants? There is simply no way of telling; such conjecture is the novelist's prerogative. We may imagine how we ourselves would have reacted, but it is irrelevant. To suppose that our intuitions coincide with those of the former Violet Rawson is a step too far.

Years ago, I read and in several instances transcribed, a small file of letters at Petworth House concerning Lady Leconfield. They run from her first coming to Petworth to the mid-1930s. There is no great number of them and for the 1920s and 1930s they are very random. They are purely administrative and in no sense personal or private. They do not yield biographical information in any accepted sense. What they do, however, is to cast an oblique light on parts of Lady Leconfield's world, and through their very unpretentiousness and lack of self-awareness offer an insight into that world.

Among the first documents are yellowing carbon lists of inhabitants at Somerset Hospital, Egremont Row, Percy Terrace and the staff at the Petworth schools. Clearly her ladyship kept the top copy. These lists no doubt indicate a desire by the new Lady Leconfield to find out more about her new life. There follows extensive correspondence relating to a boat to be used on the Upper Lake and needing to be modified to suit "a tall lady". The boat came by rail and arrived with two holes in the keel. A man had to be sent down from the Oxford boatbuilders to deal with this.

Material from the early months of 1914 gives little indication of trouble to come. Colonel Rawson makes detailed arrangements for a party of Westminster political secretaries to visit Petworth House, bringing their own racquets for lawn tennis but with the House supplying balls. The group will be photographed at 1.45 in front of the Marble Hall doors. Individual London children are coming to Petworth on holiday under her ladyship's aegis and plans are afoot for a large fête in Petworth Park, similar to one given nine years before when some 4000 people were given tea. Henry Whitcomb at the Estate Office is to enquire about roundabouts, swings, a band "and perhaps a concert party". In fact the fête never took place as the proposed date coincided with a Garden Party to be given by the High Sheriff.

With the war well under way, her ladyship advertises in the London press regarding a Seal Musquash Muff left at the Criterion Theatre on Saturday afternoon, the 28th November. The finder will be rewarded on bringing it to No. 12 Great Stanhope Street, London W. Clearly this is the "business as usual" attitude of the very early period of the war. The summer of 1915 finds her ladyship staying near Whitchurch in Hampshire over a period of at least a month, probably with some voluntary organisation. The immediate context is not clear from the letters which seem to deal largely with provisioning - rabbits, eggs and butter being sent from Petworth. The preferred medium for supply is apparently the post but as Lady Leconfield and her party are only a mile or two from the local station and have the services of a motor, supplies are to come by rail. In the earlier part of 1915 public awareness of the war was less urgent than it would become as casualties mounted on the Western Front and in the Dardanelles, Lady Leconfield with Lady Ridgeway, wife of the Bishop of Chichester, appeals publicly for help for Russian prisoners of war, held in wretched conditions in Germany. Money sent to designated stations in Holland or Switzerland would be used to buy food and clothing for the Russians, little help being forthcoming from their own Tsarist government. Subsequent or concurrent with this appeal was a highly successful local appeal for officers and their families, over three thousand pounds being raised.

Mr Watson, the agent, writes (29th July) appropriately enough in times of some austerity, of egg-preserving. Water-glass, he claims, is a very simple process used over some years "and if Mrs Sherlock hasn't done it I think I can easily make her understand". His wife has had a capital "egg" day "but is as usual suffering from the effects of her labours". Eggs would be collected and sent on in quantity to the troops at the Front.

By 1916 Lady Leconfield is concerned about men posted missing from the 9th Battalion the Royal Sussex Regiment and particularly with the possibility that some will turn up as prisoners of war in Germany. If relatives communicate she will be able to send a parcel of food and clothing from her fund. At home the war was clearly putting a strain on the staff on which great houses like Petworth depended for day to day running. In June 1916 vacancies at the London house were not being filled. Towards the end of the year J.B. Watson is reporting difficulty in getting a man to come in for the scullery work. Would her ladyship agree if Mrs Oliver engaged a woman instead? One possible man is unfit for work and retired on his club pension, another is likely to decline that night, otherwise the Yard painter might perhaps be drafted in, "We have not a labourer left in the Yard at present". Henry Whitcomb, used at the office to a measure of control, may have been somewhat alarmed at her ladyship taking a hand in such matters. A proposed wage for oddmen in London and Petworth of twenty shillings a week with fourteen shillings board wages, may have been intended to attract scarce labour. It would also give them more than the under-butler and the first footman. "I hope your ladyship will not mind me putting these facts before you."

As the war comes to an end, the letters concerning London children coming to Petworth on holiday begin again and an old lady from Islington "(very poor but of the genteel kind)" in whom Lady Leconfield takes an interest comes for a fortnight's holiday. It is September and she is to ask for a fire if she is very cold. J.B. Watson confides that Mrs Watson is the better for a few days away at Dulverton and Miss Mayne writes to ask if the War Savings Board can

be put up again on the school railings" as some people seem to think we have closed down."

Wages were rising and in July 1920 J.B. Watson is concerned about a situation where farm labourers near London are receiving forty-six shillings a week excluding overtime or Sunday work, and these wages are "fixed and enforced by law". They compare with the very low wages still being paid on the Rawson estate at Gravenhurst. These will have to go up. "I am afraid this winter will be a time of trouble for many people - the certain result of these very high wages will be a great deal of unemployment. No one will pay at these rates a man they can possibly dispense with." He was certainly right in that some of the earliest casualties of the inevitable fall-out would be old family retainers kept on in retirement from a mixture of sentiment and fear of abandoning them to the workhouse. Lady Leconfield is at Cockermouth and about to spend some time in Scotland.

The holiday children were now back on a regular basis and Miss Cochrane, her ladyship's secretary, has to issue instructions for them to be quiet and not so boisterous. "Her ladyship said I am certainly to tell them so I hope it will have the desired effect. I expect the little beggars are so glad to get out of that narrow street in London to this lovely country that they just go wild."

Lady Leconfield's sister had become Lady Warrender and had booked a Clifford Essex band for a New Year's dance at Petworth House on January 3rd 1921. Here is a rare view in these letters of Lady Leconfield's continuing role as chatelaine. More frequent are indirect references to Lady Leconfield's various pet schemes - an enquiry for Shetland fleece from her private herd, or in the early 1930s references to black swans on the Upper Lake. Rushes from Luffs Pond at Lurgashall are to be laid on an island in which a pair of breeding swans had shown as interest. Jumbo Taylor (PSM 29) recalls: "Lady Violet Leconfield had a wooden bridge constructed connecting a number of islands in the tail of the pond, these and the fenced-in area here being a bird sanctuary. On one of the islands was a small hut, thatched with birch twigs that was used as a hide. There were a considerable number of ornamental wild-fowl including two black swans and the Canada geese were kept down to eighteen through a policy of culling the eggs. The islands were carefully trimmed each year, particularly the willows within the bird sanctuary. Their shoots were regularly cut, bundled and sold for basket making."

Material from the 1920s is very sparse. Miss Colbeck, the new secretary, is away and the key to her desk is found broken in the lock. Despite exhaustive investigations the tireless Mr Watson is unable to shed any light on this. He can only suggest that Miss Colbeck may, without realising, have broken it herself before she went away. Reginald Whitcomb, now in charge at the office, submits returns for the charity garden openings at a shilling a head but there is a constant complaint that visitors have seen the event advertised in the press as including entry to the House, and "complain bitterly" when they find this is not the case. For some reason this appears to be a recurring situation. Farnham Field Club, actually visiting the House, are mortified when one of their number knocks over and chips a small upright lamp. Despite the embarrassment there's nothing that "the man in the Yard" can't repair. Lady Leconfield rents the Red House at Holkham in Norfolk for her summer break and the long-suffering Mr Watson gives place to Mr Griffith. A hint at changing times and attitudes comes

in 1931 when Mr Griffith is asked to put an extension bell to the House telephone because when the servants are at meals in the Servants' Block no one answers the telephone. In the early thirties Lady Leconfield writes to Mr Griffith (the letter is undated): "This afternoon I was driving from the Pond to Snow Hill and met young Older driving his delivery van from Snow Hill to the Pond. I hooted to give him warning but in spite of his passing a private car going uphill he never gave way at all and if I had not braked violently and gone on the grass we should have collided. The Petworth tradespeople only use the private roads in the Park by courtesy and as they are not wide enough for 2 abreast someone must give way and go on the grass - and I don't intend it shall be me.

Streeter (gardener) who was with me agreed that Older behaved most rudely and I wish you would speak to him about it. There was no reason or excuse for what he did - and I think he must have seen by the look I gave him what I thought of him."

Olders were a most respectable old-fashioned firm of grocers, and "young Older" will probably be a roundsman - possibly rather temporary! Mr Griffith notes in pencil "dealt with personally". In 1935 Lady Leconfield is asked to give the prizes at Petworth Ploughing Match and with this the correspondence peters out.

I have used the material I have. There will of course be more - somewhere. The light cast by the letters is oblique: they offer nothing on major biographical issues, the relations between the Leconfields, possible reasons for Lady Leconfield's later problems, the adopted children. They do however set Lady Leconfield in a period and that period is not ours, and nothing like ours. We import our own ideas into Lady Leconfield's milieu at our own risk. If, like Mr Older's errant roundsman, we become too familiar, assume too much, we shall receive the same response. "Someone must give way and go on the grass - and I don't intend it shall be me." Of course the roundsman's own version is unrecorded!

P.

(Letters courtesy of Lord Egremont.)

The Byworth Tanyard

Tanning was big business in West Sussex from the 10th Century until early in the 19th Century when new methods were discovered and, with the rise of the industrial revolution, it was both quicker and cheaper to tan the hides in factories than by traditional methods in the old yards. Tanyards were situated on the outskirts of market towns. The Master Tanner had first option of purchase on all hides of animals brought to market on the hoof and killed in the local slaughter houses.

To start a tanyard was a costly business; most tanners diversified into other businesses. There was no income from a new tanyard for the first eighteen months.

The Tanyard at Byworth was a large concern - the only one for many miles around. There were 100 tanning pits, plus cleaning pits, drying sheds, three bark mills, a bark barn (not made of bark but for storage of prepared bark), blacksmith's shop, horse stable and yard.

Large amounts of water were required for tanning. There was a number of springs in the area - one very strong one that ran the same both summer and winter, known as Byworth Spout. This spring fed a large hard water reservoir. There was also a soft water reservoir filled with rainwater that drained down off the surrounding hillside. The tanning pits were rectangular holes dug in the ground, lined with bricks and clay to make them watertight.

A number of pits were where the annexe and garages of April Cottage now stand. Other pits were situated lower down where there are now garages, and more in what is now the lower part of the Blackhorse garden.

The Bark Mills and drying sheds were on the site of the Blackhorse carpark; the storage barn still stands on the north side of the carpark.

The hides were removed from the carcasses as soon as bleeding ceased and taken straight to the tanyard. Curing needed to start within twenty-four hours. The first part of the process was cleaning the hides: they were immersed in cleaning pits with water, to which was added sodium sulphide, and allowed to soak to loosen the old hair and odd pieces of flesh. When removed from the pits, the hides were scraped with special knives. The next step was to de-lime: the hides were again soaked in water with boric acid or ammonium chloride. Tanning then commenced. The hides were layered with oak bark in the tanning pits, covered with water and left for eighteen months. Oak bark was readily available in the early centuries forests that still covered large tracts of the country was being cleared to make way for agriculture. As time went by, oak bark became more difficult to obtain and other types of bark had to be used.

It was necessary to have large numbers of tanning pits as they were used in rotation to keep up a continuous supply of hides. After eighteen months, the hides were removed from the pits (see diagram) and stretched on wooden stretchers in the drying sheds. These sheds had open sides to allow a free flow of air. When dry, the Master Tanner would grade the hides and sell them quickly. No tanner liked to store finished hides. There was so much waste from the tanning process it encouraged vermin. In the towns where there was a tanyard nearby, you would find such businesses as Sadlers, Harnessmakers, Cordwainers (boot and shoemakers), Glovemakers, Leather bucket and Bottlemakers. The first three were known to have existed in Petworth and there was also evidence of glovemaking. Sometime sadlers would diversify and make buckets and bottles. Members of the author's family were cordwainers in Petworth and there was also a boot and shoemaker in Byworth. Cow and bullock hides were used for hard leather for boots and shoes, saddles and harnesses. Horse, deer, sheep, goat and calf skins were much thinner and used for gloves and leather clothing. The tanning of these skins was over a shorter period and treated with oil and alum. No-one knows how man first discovered how to cure skins. Large amounts of effluent were generated by a tanyard. This was allowed to soak away down the hillside towards the stream. This may account for the boggy areas that still remain at the bottom of the valley. Tanning was a dirty, smelly business.

Labour requirements were heavy but, apart from a few workers, no high degree of skill was needed - mostly physical strength and manual dexterity. The technical know-how was needed by management only.

Most of the men lived in cottages in Byworth. Casual workers from the surrounding

area were employed when extra hands were needed. The Master Tanner lived in the timber framed building known as Spout House and now April, Baytree and Cobbler's Cottages; Lantern Cottage was a later addition.

Workers lived in the four cottages next to the Blackhorse. There are now only three: Badgers, Keepers and Bakers Cottages. When they were four cottages, there was a large extension at the back called a Chaisehouse. This contained a copper, oven and well and was shared by all four cottages. They also had a shared woodshed. Early last century, these four cottages became two and the chaisehouse became known as a bakehouse. This was demolished when the two became three in the mid-nineteen hundreds.

Other workers lived in the two cottages that were up the lane opposite the Blackhorse. These cottages were in front of the house now called Moss and pulled down in 1927, and the stone used to build the lower floor of Moss. At the same time, a timber upper storey was put on the nearby stone building that had been the tanyard stable. It was then named Rose Cottage and it is now a garage. Adjacent to the stable was a yard for the horses and an orchard.

There were two other workman's cottages which have now been demolished. All the evidence that remains is the old wells. One was on the ground at the rear of Barrington Cottages and it was only in February 2000 that workmen rebuilding the wall opposite the Black Horse found evidence of an entrance. This would have been the steps that led up to this cottage on top of the bank. The second cottage was at the north end of the garden of the Hollies. The Tanyard Blacksmith's Shop was what is now a room at the side of the Hollies. After it ceased to be a Blacksmith's Shop, it became a stable and then a garage.

The Tanyard did not own the roadway to the Blacksmith's Shop, only a right-of-way. At the time the Tanyard was working, the road from Lowheath to Byworth Corner did not exist. It was only laid down to commemorate the Battle of Waterloo, before that time the main road from Pulborough to Petworth was via Haslingbourne Lane and Grove Lane.

At Byworth Corner was the Turnpike Gate to Petworth.

Early records give Joseph Whicker as Tanner in Petworth area. He may have been the man who started the Byworth Tanyard. There is no definite date for the start of the Tanyard. In 1700, the Master Tanner was Mitchell. That year his son married Harriatt Grace, daughter of Robert Grace, Tanner of Horsham. It seems tanners were a close knit community.

The Mitchell family handed the tanyard from Father to Son through the several generations. It then passed to Edmond Barden, Layman of Petworth, and then passed to Joseph Wicker, who still owned it when the tanyard was put up for sale in 1831.

At one time, in the early days, the tanhouse and yard changed hands for £1.2.0d. when the Tanyard was put up for Sale in June, 1831.

The Byworth Tanyard was advertised as a long-established business with excellent prospects, although by that time tanyards of that type were in decline. The Byworth complex was sold by Auction at the Half Moon, Petworth on 25th June 1831 at 4 p.m. by Mr Chrippes. It was listed in seven lots as follows:

Lot 1 Dwelling House, Garden, Tanyard with 100 pits, 3 Bark Mills, Bark Barn, Drying Sheds, 2 Reservoirs, constant water supply. Part Freehold, part Leasehold. Freehold meadow called Spout Mead.

Lot 2 Freehold Cottage and Garden occupied by William Summersell.

Lot 3 Freehold house divided into 2 tenements. 1 occupied by Henry Fisher. The other unoccupied with yard, stable and orchard.

Lot 4 Freehold Meadow adjacent to last lot including plot in front of Blacksmith's Shop. Piece of garden at southern end of meadow.

Lot 5 Freehold house in four tenements with garden, chaisehouse, woodhouse.

Lot 6 Freehold dwelling house, garden, Orchard. Occupied by Thomas Christmas. Near turnpike gate. Gate Keeper's house.

Lot 7 Blacksmith's Shop. Small plot of land. Right-of-way over road passing Blacksmith's Shop.

Conditions of Sale

To be sold to highest bidder.

If any dispute, it is again put up for resale, starting at the last bid, and rising by bids of £10 for Lot 1 and £2 for all other Lots.

Deposit of £20 in each £100 to be paid at time of purchase, the Remainder to be paid by September 29th.

All Tanyard Tackle to be sold separately at a price valued by two persons.

All inhabitants of Byworth to have access to spring water for all time.

All Public footpaths and Rights-of-Way to remain open.

Auction duty 7d. in the pound to be paid immediately after sale to Auctioneers.

Extract from "*Bygone Byworth*" by Joy Gumbrell

Answers to 'Do you know your Petworth?'

1. The Star in Market Square.
2. The White Hart in High Street, the property now divided into residences and known as White Hart Cottages stands almost opposite the junction with Middle Street.
3. This apparently short-lived hostelry occupied the property known as Regent House in Grove Street.
4. At the junction of North Street and East Street opposite the 'Obelisk'.
5. This 'pub' stood at the East Street entrance to Trump Alley.
6. The National Westminster Bank was built on the site of this important commercial inn.
7. In High Street and to the rear of the building which until recent times housed 'The Queen's Head'. The property at the rear is still known by a few older residents as 'Red Lion Yard'.
8. The Leconfield cottages immediately north of Thompson's Hospital in North Street. Part of the old property was demolished many years ago which explains the rather strange shape of the remaining structure.

9. This ancient alehouse in Pound Street has been the home of Peter Jerrome for many years.
10. The Masons' Arms (now The Stonemasons) at the bottom of North Street.
11. Opposite the parish church this ancient inn stood on the site of the former premises of E. Streeter and Daughter at the top of Lombard Street.
12. Closed as an inn by 1779 and demolished in 1866. Austen's the ironmonger's and their predecessors have occupied the site for more years than anyone can remember.

Please Note: This Magazine exceeds specification! To balance the books December's issue will be strictly confined to 36 pages — unless, of course, some distraught member wishes to make an appropriate subvention! Ed.

New Members

Mr and Mrs Ayling	The Brooms, 12 Gifford's Croft, Lichfield, Staffs WS13 7HG
Trudy Beach	The Black Barn, Tillington, Nr Petworth, GU28 0RD
Mr and Mrs Bellis	Eggshell Cottage, Selham Road, Graffham, Petworth, GU28 0PT
Miss A. Bojanowski	6, Linden Park, Littlehampton, BN17 7BJ
R.A.E. Boxall	24, The Avenue, Haslemere, Surrey, GU27 1JT
Mr N.R. Costello	Broxton Beeches, Lynwick Street, Rudgwick, Horsham, RH12 3DG
Mr A.H. Easton	395a, Midhurst Road, Tillington, Petworth, GU28 0QY
Mrs L. Grindell	Boles House, East Street, Petworth, GU28 AOB
Mr L. Hellier	4, Dawtrey Road, Petworth
Mrs W. Holden,	22, Willow Walk, Petworth
Mr and Mrs D. James	c/o 51 Ansell Road, Tooting, London, SW17 7LT
Mrs A. Kearsay	17, Willetts Close, Duncton, Petworth, GU28 0LA
Mrs S. Kearsay	Upwaltham House Farm, Upwaltham, Petworth GU28 0LX
Mr and Mrs P. Kemp	51 Ansell Road, Tooting, London, SW17 7LT
Mr C. Kitchener	Ranstead, Gold Hill North, Chalfont St Peter, Bucks SL9 9JG
Mr and Mrs G. Millichamp	Oakview, The Lane, Ifold, Loxwood, RH14 0UL
The National Trust	Petworth House, Petworth, GU28 0AE
Mrs L. O'Sullivan	Amberwell, Durfold, Plaistow, Billingshurst, RH14 0PU
Mrs S. Paris	Northwood Farm, Graffham, Petworth, GU28 0OF
Miss S. Parker	Bramble Cottage, Grove Street, Petworth, GU28 0BD
Mrs S. Purser	2, Frog Farm Cottages, Petworth
Mr and Mrs T.G. Read	2, Grove Lane, Petworth, GU28 0BT
Mrs Sarah Sapsford	2, Steeple Road, Latchingdon, Essex
Mr and Mrs P. Scott	The Old Post House, Tillington, Petworth, GU28 0AF
Mr and Mrs D. Seldon	60 Orchard Way, South Bersted, Bognor Regis, PO22 9HP
Mr and Mrs P.R. Smith	42, New Road, Abbey Wood, London, SE2 0QG
Mr R. Stanford	328c, Percy Row, Grove Street, Petworth
Mr C. Stickland	Burchetts Farm, Wisborough Green
Rosemary Towner	The Cobbles, Lombard Street, Petworth, GU28 0AG
Mr H. Wakeford	23, St George's Walk, Eastergate, Chichester, PO20 6XS

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