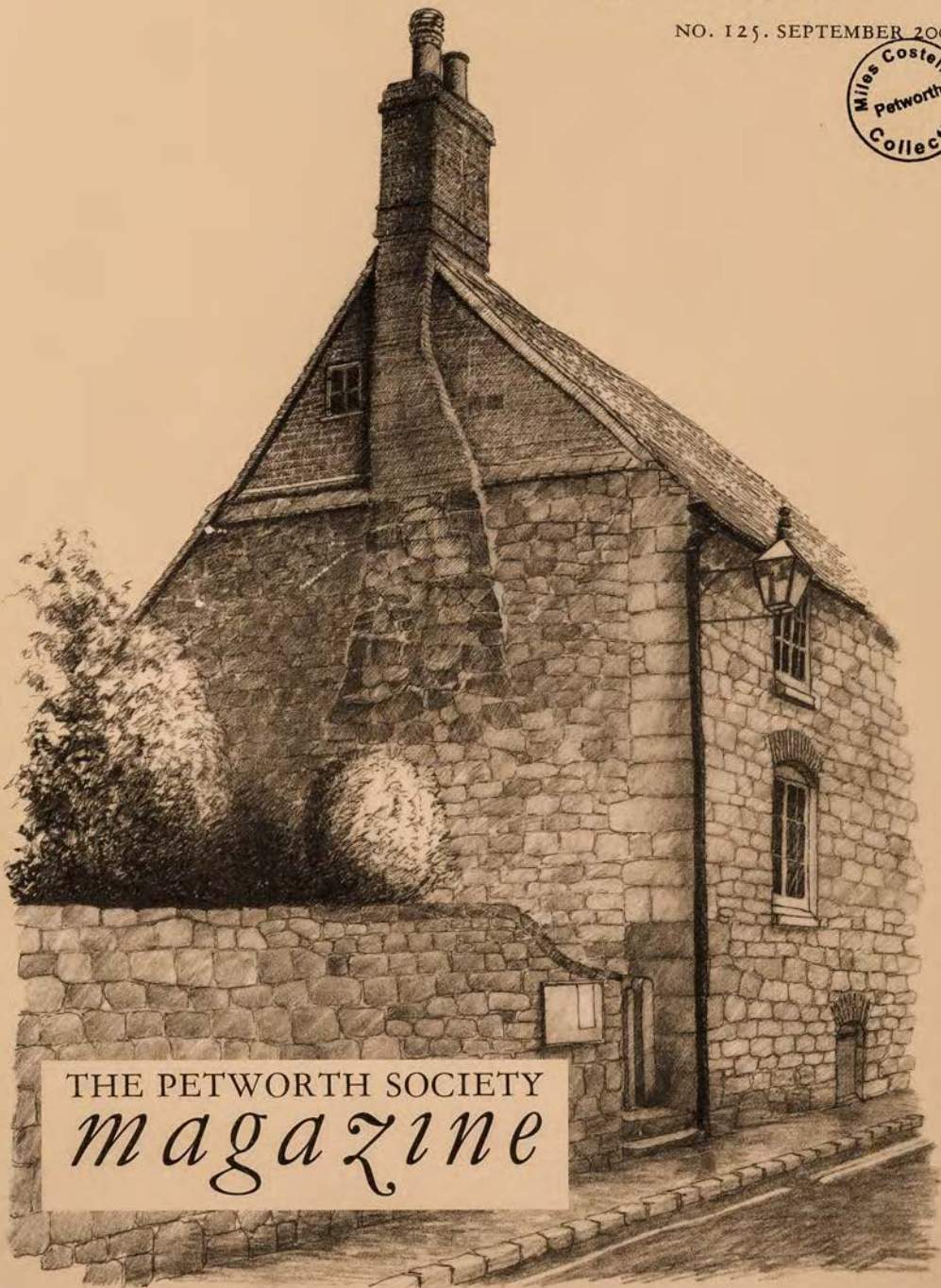


The White Hart

NO. 125. SEPTEMBER 2006



THE PETWORTH SOCIETY
magazine

Contents

- 2 Constitution and Officers
- 3 Chairman's Notes
- 3 Robert Harris : A Letter
- 5 Petworth Cottage Nursing Home : a letter
- 5 The AGM
- 7 Rogation Walk
- 8 Visit to Cittaviveka June 11th
- 9 Fort Nelson July 2nd
- 10 The June book sale
- 11 Out with the 'Petworth boys'
- 13 Of nothing very much at 346
- 14 Deborah's Crossword
- 15 Crossword Solution 124
- 15 The Heydon Family
- 15 Lord Leconfield's coach
- 16 Parish Magazine August 1940
- 17 Kirdford Priory
- 18 Last days at Hornsland
- 19 The Welldiggers – a note
- 20 Petworth Water Supply – an exchange 1874-5
- 22 Lord Leconfield's Miniature Rifle Club
- 23 Felix again
- 24 Dean in the parish of Tillington
- 26 Sadler's Field
- 29 The migrating Tippers
- 30 The White Hart
- 34 "I've stopped working on it..."
- 36 Those boys who didn't get chicken pox got mumps!
- 39 Mr Brown's legacy
- 42 "It's hot red elephant"
- 45 Back in the Village
- 47 1749, 1965 and 2006 (i)
- 51 A Fete in Petworth Park 1820.
- 52 David and Linda's Flexham Park Walk. July 30th

Cover design by Jonathan Newdick. It shows Petworth Cottage Museum in High Street.

Printed by Midhurst and Petworth Printers, 11 Rothermead,

Petworth (tel. 342456) and Duck Lane, Midhurst (tel. 816321)

Published by the Petworth Society which is a registered Charity

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY SUPPORTS THE - LECONFIELD HALL -
PETWORTH COTTAGE MUSEUM AND THE COULTERSHAW BEAM PUMP.

LECONFIELD HALL FRIENDS NEWSLETTER

The most recent improvement at the Hall is **secondary glazing** upstairs. Peter Flatter, who organises concerts there (the next one is on 17th November) wanted to reduce the traffic noise and has very generously paid for the installation. It is hoped that as well as reducing the noise, the new windows will reduce draughts and help keep the room warmer in winter and cooler in summer.

The management committee is investigating appropriate and affordable additional ways to further improve the insulation, reduce the damp problems, and increase the efficiency of the heating. It is also hoped that the confusing electrical controls can be re-sited upstairs.

Atomic pie warmer

A better and larger microwave oven and grill has been provided in the kitchen as a result of a small bequest. The Leconfield Hall kitchen is somewhat smaller than some of the other village halls in the area, but it is the trustees' aim to keep it as well equipped as possible within the constraints of its size.



Many of the Hall Friends attended a party to mark the new **hearing loop** in June. The Petworth Masonic Lodge provided a large part of the funding for the loop in memory of John Caine. John's daughter, Gill, travelled from Herefordshire for the occasion. She said the loop system was particularly appropriate as John was a great communicator.

This newsletter is produced on a shoestring budget to publicise the Hall and to keep the Hall Friends informed of progress. We are extremely grateful to the Petworth Society for allowing us to distribute the newsletter with their quarterly magazine. This has kept postage costs extremely low, as many of the Hall Friends are also members of the Society.

To hire the Hall

Please contact **Rosewarnes** on:
01798 344134, E-Mail rosewarnes@aol.com

Prices start at £18 for the small committee room, and the cost of hiring the lower hall for a morning is between £40 and £50

The upstairs auditorium seats up to 188 and costs between £66 and £83 for an evening.

Hall Films

As this newsletter goes to press, the next three films are subject to confirmation. Please watch out for posters in the town.



On Wednesday 27th September, the film is intended to be **MRS HENDERSON PRESENTS** starring Judi Dench and Bob Hoskins. It is about the famous Windmill Theatre and its wartime nude revue.



Then, on Wednesday 25th October, we hope to have **THE WHITE COUNTESS** the final Merchant/Ivory film starring Ralph Fiennes, Natasha Richardson,



Vanessa Redgrave and Lynn Redgrave. It is set against political upheaval in 1930s Shanghai.

The film on Wednesday 29th November, if it is available, will be **THE DA VINCI CODE** which for those dwelling on planet Earth in the twenty first century really needs no introduction!



The BBC Movie review website says, intriguingly, that the film contains flagellation and other moderate violence. The stars are Tom Hanks and Audrey Tautou, and despite the reviewer's suggestion that "the whole thing goes on for hours and hours" it is just 149 minutes long.



Published by :
The Leconfield Hall
Editor Tim Wardle
No. 3 Autumn 2006



LECONFIELD HALL FRIENDS NEWSLETTER

Events at the Hall in the coming months include:

SEPTEMBER

Sat 9th: Petworth Society Book Sale

Fri 22nd: Lars Tharp (eve)

Sat/Sun 23/24th: Art sale

Mon 25th: Petworth Society & Cottage Museum

Percy & Madeleine Wyndham & Royal School of Needlework

Wed 27th: Film - Mrs Henderson Presents

Fri 29th: Macmillan Coffee Morning

OCTOBER

Fri 6th: The return of Elvis—in aid of CLIC

Food, bar, mega raffle & Steve Greer is Elvis!

Sun 8th: St Mary's Church Harvest Lunch

Tue 10th & Fri 20th: Petworth Society 7.30

Petworth 1660 to the present day. Peter Jerrome

Sat 14th: Petworth Society Book Sale

Wed 18th: Horticultural Society meeting (eve)

Tue 24th: Petworth Society 7.30

Patrick Garland - A life in the theatre

Wed 25th: Film - The White Countess

NOVEMBER

Sat 4th: Craft Developments

Sat 11th: Petworth Society Book Sale

Wed 15th: Petworth Society 7.30

India - Land of tigers. Andrew Thompson

Fri 17th: Concert—please look for posters

Mon 20th: Fair day

Wed 29th: Film - The Da Vinci Code

DECEMBER

Sat 2nd: Christmas lights switched on

Sat 9th: Petworth Society Book Sale

Tue 12th: Petworth Society 7.30

Time of your lives musical theatre

Jewellery Sales on: Sunday 17th Sep, 15th Oct, 19th Nov, 17th Dec

Antiques Sales on: Sunday 3rd Sep, 1st Oct, 5th Nov, 3rd Dec

Mike's Market on: Thu 31st Aug, 28th Sep, 26th Oct, 16th Nov, 7th Dec, 14th Dec, 21st Dec

Alpaca Peru on: Sat 30th Sep, 7th Oct, 25th Nov, 23rd Dec, 30th Dec



PIANO RECITAL
16th Feb 2007 - 7.30

Make a date for young prize winning Korean pianist **Jeanne You** works by Beethoven, Mozart, Chopin.

The Leconfield Hall is a Registered Charity run on a voluntary basis by a group of trustees representing the main user organisations and the people of Petworth. Like many such halls, and despite our popularity with a large and varied group of hirers, running costs exceed the income and we try to cover the deficit by organising film shows and with the Friends Scheme. If you have already given to the scheme, thank you. If not, and you are able to make a small annual donation and become a Friend, please complete the form below. As a thank you, you will receive a voucher for a forthcoming film show.

Leconfield Hall Friends Gift Form

Registered Charity No: 305402

Please return to: **The Treasurer, c/o The Estate Office, Petworth, West Sussex, GU28 0DU**

Title: _____ First Name: _____

Surname: _____

Address: _____

Postcode: _____

Tel No: _____

Email: _____

I would like to make a donation of £

Please make cheque payable to The Leconfield Hall

I am a UK tax payer and would like the Leconfield Hall to treat all donations I make from the date of this declaration, until I notify you otherwise, as Gift Aid donations. *(This means that the Hall can recover the tax on your donation - currently an additional 28p for every pound given).* I note that I should inform the Treasurer if, subsequently, I do not pay an amount of UK tax that at least equals the tax recovered from my donations. *Please delete this paragraph if not applicable.*

Signature: _____

Date: _____



PETWORTH SOCIETY ACTIVITIES SHEET

Autumn programme. Please keep for reference.

Tuesday September 5th

The Petworth Society Annual Dinner : fully booked. Waiting list.

BOOK SALES Second Saturday, Leconfield Hall 10 – 3. Admission free.

September 9th
October 14th

November 11th
December 9th

Books to donate? Ring Peter 342562 or Miles 343227

WALK

Sunday October 1st:

Ian and Pearl's Minsted walk.

Cars leave Car Park at 2.15

Monthly meetings. Leconfield Hall 7.30. Refreshment, raffle.

Monday September 25th

Dr Lynn Hulse:

Percy and Madeleine Wyndham
and the Royal School of Needlework

£5

See also over page.

Tuesday October 10th

Peter Jerrome:

Petworth from 1660*
To the present day

Slides

£3

Friday October 20th

Peter Jerrome

Petworth from 1660 to the present day *

Slides £3

Tuesday October 24th

Patrick Garland

A life in the theatre

£3

Wednesday November 15th

Andrew Thompson:

India - Land of the Tigers

£3

*Subject to rearrangement. See local publicity.

MONDAY November 20th. Petworth Fair featuring return of Harris Bros. Southdown Gallopers.

To come

TUESDAY December 12th. Time of Your Lives Musical Theatre.

Preorder form for Petworth from 1660 to the present day.

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

Please supply 1 copy Petworth from 1660 at £50.

Postage, packing please add £5.

I enclose cheque payable to the Window Press for £50 (£55)

I will collect from Trowels, presentation evenings, post, other.

Delete as appropriate.

Name: _____

Address: _____

NB. Volume One also available at £29.95, postage £4. Volume Two available early October.

**THE PETWORTH COTTAGE MUSEUM PRESENTS
THE DECORATIVE ARTS FOR ITS 10TH ANNIVERSARY**

.....

AN EVENING WITH LARS THARP

The celebrity ceramics expert on the "Antiques Roadshow" will talk with slides, on floral design and the art of ceramics worldwide over 5,000 years.

FRIDAY 22 SEPTEMBER 7.30pm IN LECONFIELD HALL PETWORTH
Tickets £8 (includes wine and canapés) from Past & Present, High Street, Petworth. Tel 01798 343590 or 01798 343533

Sponsors: Barrington & Co

.....

**ROYAL SCHOOL OF NEEDLEWORK
"FLORAL SPLENDOUR"**

An exhibition in Petworth House celebrating marvels of English embroidery: from the simple art of the sempstress to work from great country houses.

**OPEN DAILY 1pm-5pm from SATURDAY 23 SEPTEMBER to
WEDNESDAY 4 OCTOBER Except Thursday and Friday**

Entrance FREE for National Trust members and visitors to Petworth House.
By kind permission of THE NATIONAL TRUST

Sponsors: The PETWORTH COTTAGE TRUST

.....

***"Percy and Madeleine Wyndham &
the Royal School of Art Needlework"***

An illustrated talk by Dr LYNN HULSE, archivist of the Royal School of Needlework, on the School's foundation history and work, the Arts and Crafts Movement and the part played by the Wyndhams of Petworth.

MONDAY 25 SEPTEMBER 7.30 IN LECONFIELD HALL PETWORTH
TICKETS £5 (includes light refreshments) at the door.

A PETWORTH SOCIETY event with PETWORTH COTTAGE TRUST

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 £9.00. Single or double one Magazine delivered. Postal £11.00 overseas £13.00. Further information may be obtained from any of the following:

Chairman

Mr P.A. Jerrome MBE, Trowels, Pound Street, Petworth [STD 01798] (Tel. 342562) GU28 0DX

Vice Chairman

Mr K.C. Thompson, 18 Rothermead, Petworth (Tel. 342585) GU28 0EW

Hon. Treasurer

Mr A. Henderson, 62 Sheepdown Drive, Petworth (Tel. 343792) GU28 0BX

Committee

Mr Stephen Boakes, Mr Miles Costello, Lord Egremont, Mr Ian Godsmark, Mrs Audrey Grimwood, Mrs Betty Hodson, Mr Philip Hounsham, Mrs Anne Simmons, Mrs Ros Staker, Mr J. Taylor, Mrs Deborah Stevenson, Mrs Linda Wort

Magazine distributors

Mr Henderson, Mr Costello, Mr Thompson, Mrs Simmons, Mrs Grimwood, Mrs Hounsham, Mr Turland, Mr Boakes (Petworth), Ray and Valerie Hunt (Byworth), Miss Biggs, Mrs Dallyn (Sutton and Duncton), Mr Bellis (Grafham), Mr Derek Gour, (Tillington and River), Mrs Goodyer, Mrs Williams (Fittleworth)

Society Scrapbook

Mrs Pearl Godsmark

Coultershaw Beam Pump representatives

Mr S. Boakes, Mrs J. Gilhooly, Mr A Henderson, Mr T. Martin.

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

I suppose I have to be mainly concerned this autumn with the second part of the history of Petworth. "From 1660 to the present day", which should be available in October. You will see an order form with the Activities Sheet. Initial indications are encouraging and there will be a presentation evening in October when I will talk about the book and show some illustrative material. It has been a large project and in some ways I will be relieved when it is over. Don't forget the first part is still available at £29.95. The limited, numbered, (275?) hardback second part will be £50.

Peter

Robert Harris : A Letter

The Orchard, Hole Street,
Ashington RH20 3DE
14 July 2006

Peter Jerrome, Esq
Trowels, Pound Street
Petworth GU28 0DE

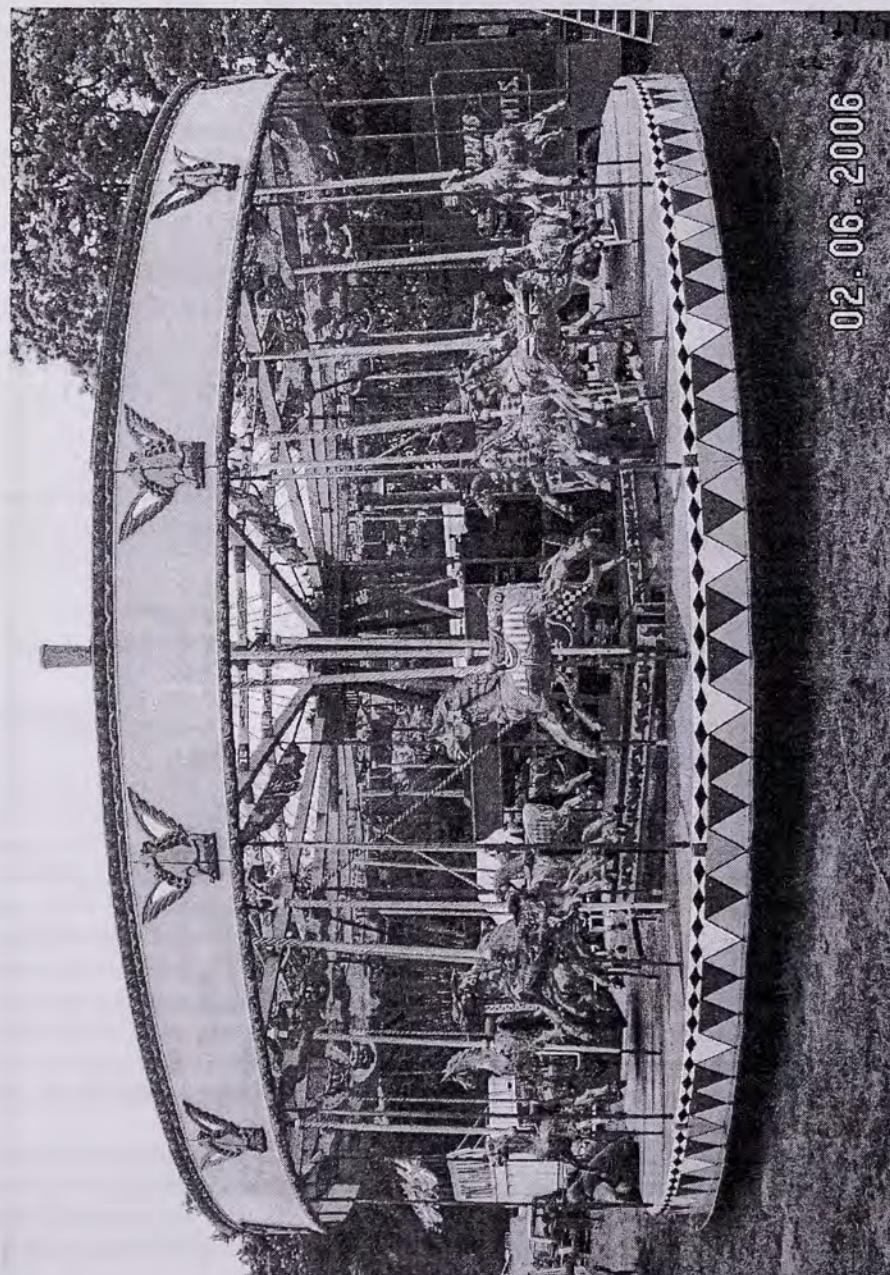
Dear Peter

We thought that you might like an update on the Southdown Gallopers restoration, including a photograph of the partly restored ride (now up and working).

Work done includes replacement of all wood decking, supports and centre turntable. New swifts have been installed and a new top tilt and night rounding canvas has been acquired (at a cost of nearly £1800). All other non-fire damaged components have been refurbished, allowing the ride to be erected in working order. The ride was completed at 11pm on 31st May and was ready for the road by 5am Friday 1st June and left the yard bound for Hadlow Down. This is the first journey since the fire and the first event with the public riding. This was most successful and very emotional for the family, friends and supporters.

All this was enabled by gifts of timber, paint and particularly hard work from a host of well wishers. Of course financial donations, such as yours, were essential to buy specialist services and yet more timber and fittings. The family could not have survived this setback without the generous support of The Petworth Society and long standing friends and supporters of the family.

The next phase of the restoration may take longer to achieve and be more costly than restoring the basic structure as it will involve a specialist approach from craftsmen on the carvings and mirrors. (14 mirrors at several hundred pounds each will alone cost some thousands of pounds. 11 shutters which include mirrors and carving will also need to be repaired and refurbished.)



The reconstructed roundabout. 2nd June.

Our carpenter, Ian Lindfield has worked enthusiastically for long hours on the project and deserves special mention.

With many thanks to The Petworth Society and the people of Petworth for all their moral and financial support.

We will be back at Petworth in November as usual!

Yours sincerely

Robert Harris

(for The Harris Brothers)

Petworth Cottage Nursing Home. A Letter

1st June

Dear Mr Henderson

I am writing on behalf of the patients and trustees of the Petworth Cottage Nursing Home to sincerely thank you for the donation cheque which you sent from the Petworth Society to cover the cost of the new drugs trolley. This is now in situ and being put to good use. As I am sure you will know maintaining a good quality environment and a high standard of care is extremely expensive and we really appreciate any support which enables us to make caring for our residents more effective.

Please do thank all those who were involved in the decision to assist our 'wish list'.

Yours sincerely,

Paula Whybrow, Hon. Treasurer

Mr A Henderson, 62 Sheepdown Drive, Petworth GU28 0BX.

Doing things properly: extracts and extras from the minutes of the 32nd Annual General Meeting, May 30th 2006

'The chairman, Mr Peter Jerrome, MBE, welcomed 40 members to the meeting.

Apologies for absence were received from Mrs D Hounsham and Mr S Boakes.

..... Treasurer's Report. The Honorary Treasurer, Mr Andrew Henderson (commented) that it reflected well on the community that, today, £14,151.01 had been raised in response to the Society's appeal for the restoration of the Harris brothers Southdowns Gallopers, damaged by arson on the night preceding Petworth Fair the previous November.

..... Book Sales, which involved much hard work, had brought in £1,600 more than in 2004/5.'

The committee was re-elected en bloc.

Peter summarised the year's activities as not attempting to do everything, but wanting to do everything attempted properly. It was important, however, for the Society to constantly seek to reinvent itself.

Walks: no walk during the past 30 years had been cancelled, although the recent one for Rogation came close to it, in appalling weather.

Outings: Chichester Harbour and Shulbrede Priory, with Fort Nelson, Hollycombe and Chithurst Monastery to come.

There had been no decline in the popularity of the annual dinner and monthly meetings had featured some very good speakers. Patrick Garland had been booked for October and the Time of Our Lives Music Theatre for Christmas

With the help of a donation from the late Mrs Bunty Musson's family, a van had been purchased to transport books for the book sales, which showed no signs of falling off. Mrs Musson (nee Kerr) had kept a keen interest in the Society.

Emphasising the part played by the Harris brothers in reviving Petworth Fair, the Chairman recalled the feeling of desolation following the act of vandalism which almost destroyed the Victorian carousel, in Petworth, of all places.

Generous though the response to the appeal had been it would not cover the cost of restoration and carvings and mirrors were irreplaceable.

There was the continuing need to bring in new members and the distribution of a new publicity leaflet had brought in 52.

The Society had found itself runner-up in the *West Sussex County Times* Best Community Organisation awards for its initiative in the Harris appeal, despite being outside the Horsham and South Downs area. Peter felt it was rather like an Eskimo being elected President of Ecuador.

Thanks were due to Mr and Mrs Ian Godsmark for maintaining the Society's photographic records, 4,400 slides of which had been put on disc, which meant that programmes could be selected to be shown through the Leconfield Hall projector. Slides showing walks, outings, visits and damage at the Fair followed.

After a break for refreshments and the draw, Peter brought a convivial evening to a close with a most interesting talk about the 19th century Petworth House of Correction, often, though incorrectly, called the prison. Prisons were for prisoners awaiting trial. Houses of Correction were intended to reform minor offenders and vagrants. The alternative for the more serious was execution or deportation, not prison.

The most well-known, if not notorious governor at Petworth was an intriguing character, John Mance. Regarded by many until recently as a sadistic tyrant, his writings and other sources reveal him as a deeply religious man who 'firmly believed in the need for all sinners to repent and considered that opportunity to be lost if the prisoner were to pay the ultimate price for his crime'.* The regime of silence, hard work and meagre rations were to encourage transgressors to mend their ways.

Finally, there were a few slides of old Petworth, some new, not having been seen publicly before.

*Miles Costello, *Petworth Society Magazine* No. 97, p30. For more detail on Mance's life, see *Magazine* No. 90, pp34-39: 'The Soldier Spiritualised'.

KCT

Rogation Walk

The long dry spell ends with rain and, once arrived, the rain goes on for days. The dismal weather forecast isn't unusual for Society walks. And at 2 o'clock it's bucketing down. A dozen or more hardy walkers in the car park. The rain scuds off car windscreens and tarmac. On a reasonable day we would have a much larger turnout. Have we ever had such conditions? The only comparable afternoon in recent years ended with our being hospitably entertained by Graham and Sheila Allen at Blackbrook. That must be a few years ago now. But is it possible to walk in such a downpour - you can hardly move from one car to another.

Thirty years almost and never a cancellation. Could this finally be it? Miles and David Pollard confer. I sit in the car watching the rain pelt the windscreen. Miles struggles back. David says we'll go. Fighting up the London Road against the squall, then out of the cars and into the woods. At least the trees give a certain protection. Keith notices the abundant holly flowers this year. It's not long before we're out in the open, with the golf course away to our right. Is that someone actually on the course? If it is, they soon disappear. Apparently impervious, David stops at a field junction. Yellow archangel in the hedge, lesser stitchwort at the side. The rain pours down. "We beseech you to hear us good Lord ... we have prayed for rain and can hardly complain when it comes. Temperate rains and fruitful."

Rogation is a moveable feast dependent on Easter. We think back to the bluebells last year in Raffling Wood. This year the bluebells are all but over. We tramp on. If anything the rain relents slightly. We finally reach the Balls Cross road. Over into Holland Wood, meeting place of the ancient Northchapel and Petworth parish boundaries. And of course there's Ebernoe, that relative newcomer. There's deep water in the May woods.

We circle round to emerge once more on the Balls Cross road. Burrell's Cottage stands solitary on the bend. Highgate Cottage up the road to our right. The cropside path is waterlogged, rain trapped on the trodden clay. In fact the rain's easing off. Up a slight incline. Grasses: Yorkshire fog and others. Keith takes a crested dogstail and makes a miniature Christmas tree with one of the bents, twisting top round stem- something he learned at school. Two large wooden toadstools in the hedge, someone whiling away a lunch hour perhaps. We look across to Petworth Church, eminence to eminence. Then back past Osiers, the clubhouse in darkness this dismal afternoon. Well it was a close thing but David has preserved our record!

P.

Visit to Cittaviveka. June 11th

It was fully booked, but then, with a limit of twenty, this was always going to be so. Blazing sunshine as opposed to the monsoon weather of the Rogation walk. Through Midhurst, past Aylings' Nurseries on the A272, then right. Three quarters of a mile up the road said the printed guide. It seemed longer. A spacious car park and wonderful grounds. No one obviously about. An understated welcome you might say. But then I really had no idea what to expect. I espy two monks sitting in a clearing, orange robes, shaved heads and sandals. One motions me to come over. The other's back today from the other side of the world, Thailand, New Zealand, I can't remember now. He's jet-lagged. Can you have jet-lagged monks? Apparently yes. We quickly make firm friends with our original contact and he ends up offering to show us round. Most of us follow him into the main house and later the Dhamma¹ Hall and the workshop: others explore for themselves. Our friendly monk is originally from the coast, Littlehampton was it? He's been with the community since the 1980s. A builder and decorator and a widower, he'd originally come to Chithurst in connection with his work but had gradually drawn closer to the little community. Chithurst is anything but proselytising: the impetus must always come from the incomer. He's modest; on his own admission no scholar, but I suspect that examples of his practical skills surround us on all sides. From what he says there are clearly links, direct contact even, with other meditative traditions, certainly Christian ones.

The community itself, while reflecting a tradition already venerable at the coming of Christ, tries, as we all do in our different ways, or try to, to reinvent itself for different challenges. The Chithurst monks are a "forest" community, a movement seeking in the fastness of the Thai forest to renew an ancient purity and austerity. Somewhat oddly, its English beginnings are in London, where the Sangha² had a house in Hampstead; the famous heath providing a somewhat anaemic substitute for the Thai forest. A casual meeting on the Heath led to the monks being offered 108 acres of Sussex woodland known as Hammerwood. Providence if you like. There was no house but ruinous Chithurst House, built in 1862, came up for sale. The Hampstead property was sold and the house bought. Derelict as it was, having been used for evacuees during the war, it was adequate "for a mendicant community trained to adapt to a rudimentary standard of living". Easier perhaps to put into words than to put into practice when nights are bitter cold and the sky is visible through an open roof.

At 5 o'clock there was tea which we all joined. There is only one meal a day, at 11.30. Rising is at 4 o'clock. Another monk, originally from Sweden, answered questions with a disarming candour. I don't think we asked a single question all afternoon which didn't receive a straight answer. As I understood it, nothing was grown by the community and nothing was cooked, the community being dependent on what was brought to them. The monks, fairly few

¹ Teaching

² Truth, community following the precepts

in number, were approachable, sensible, even jovial, but they were men (and women³) apart. The teaching forbids killing animal or plant but lawns do have to be mowed and forest kept in order. An outside contractor does the mowing for the community and another contractor manages the forest. The community will deal with dead wood but not living. This is difficult for the western mind but, I suspect, perfectly logical for the Oriental.



With the Petworth Society at Cittaviveka. Photograph by Pearl Godsmark.

I very much hope we will return to Chithurst in another year. There is clearly much more to say and to see.

[I must apologise for any misrepresentation. I have written as I understand].

P.

³ We did not meet the nuns. "The Buddha allowed women into the Sangha and it is our sense that for its full flourishing, the Holy Life requires mendicant women." (Cittaviveka 25 years - a community pamphlet.)

Fort Nelson July 2nd

It was hot, but the countryside still seemed of an extraordinary green - at least from the coach. Andy's idea, Fort Nelson, just a name to most of us, now under the aegis of the Royal Armouries. First a dramatic interpretation, Davy Crockett being one of several. We saw only the one, meeting a jovial bowman returning from Agincourt as were returning to the coach.

12 o'clock big gun salute, then time for a walk round the walls - not apparently part of the standard tour. Portsdown Hill has been fortified from the twelfth century but these "Palmerston" forts reflect fears of a possible French land attack on Portsmouth dockyard in the 1860s. They were effectively redundant even before they were completed. Napoleon III, crushed by the Prussians, was now living in exile, in England! Gladstone's objections had

been to no avail: the forts were built.

What the construction did do was to soak up some of the surplus labour left over from the virtual completion of the railway network. Skilled labour it was and not, as popularly supposed, predominantly Irish. Ten million bricks in Fort Nelson, not to mention flints recovered from the chalk hill and reused. Three hundred bricklayers, eight brickworks to supply them in nearby Fareham. And these men are completely anonymous, we know virtually nothing of them. Only the Temperance movement had an awareness and that was with a view to castigating their drinking and desecration of Sunday. The fort itself must be their memorial. We stand in the fosse, looking up at eighty feet of chalk wall. Anyone standing here is in direct line of fire from the caponier¹ at the end.

Never used in anger, up to 1900 Fort Nelson was a barracks. After 1900 it was manned by Volunteers (effectively Territorials). In days when holidays for working men were almost unknown, the lure of a weekend in camp, good food, a smart uniform and use of the new Martini-Henry rifle would be hard to resist. During the 1914-1918 conflict the fort was used as a training and transit camp for the Western Front; after 1918 it was let out to a local farmer for grazing. In 1938 it became a major ammunition depot for Portsmouth, by the end of the war staffed mainly by women. Some still return as visitors and recall wartime days. Bought, near derelict, by Hampshire County Council in the 1960s, vandals caused extensive fire damage and destroyed priceless historical evidence. Slowly the fort is returning to its old self.

Afternoon offered us the famous tunnels, the redans - the officers' quarters in the centre, the barrack rooms. I could go on. A great day, and, as with Cittaviveka, definitely somewhere to revisit.

P.

¹ covered area providing flanking fire for a ditch

In search of Ann of Oxford Street. The June Book Sale.

For once flaming June is exactly that, but do you have book sales then? The answer seems to be that if you operate the second Saturday in every month and even if that Saturday turns out to be hot, then you do. All set up. A somewhat reserved Friday evening sun shines into the Hall and lights up the orange covers of Penguins. This month we're short of coffee table books at £1 and £2. The offerings on the Rupert Bear cloth today tend to be gnarled veterans: the odd first edition, something for the collector. Sussex books like A.A. Evans' *On Foot in Sussex*. Sussex books soon find a new home; you can never get enough of them. The life of the French poet Apollinaire, or, from a similar pre-1914 period, but a vastly different ambience, the life of Harry Randall, old-time comedian, written by himself. Again something of a collector's item but in this case rather badly worn. Slightly better than the proverbial

"reading copy" though. Whatever you think of "coffee table" books they do give the display a lift. But then you're never entirely happy - you can't be. A leisurely review of the massed 40p ranks. The fiction can largely be left to itself - it's the non-fiction that's unpredictable. All rather like a general before the battle. Rosalind, Countess of Carlisle, one wonders vaguely who she was and passes on. Engineering Graphics, Cycling and Mountain Climbing in Ecuador, biblical archaeology between the wars. *Silvula Foliorum* - passages to translate into Latin elegiac and heroic verse. H.M. Valentine's *Jewish Encyclopaedia* with the spine flagging. And what's this? "*Ann of Oxford Street*," extracted from de Quincey's *Confessions of An English Opium Eater*¹. A slight volume just about falling to pieces. I remember having a small section to translate into French at school, but after so many years I can't find it. The mysterious Ann, however, still casts her spell, still lost in the London fogs. Even now she seems to elude de Quincey's desperate and unavailing search. Would he have been disappointed if he'd found her again? Ah, well that's just the whole point. He didn't and he wasn't.

..... It's ten o'clock. The usual queue. Cars are flying the flag of St. George. The morning will be frenetic, the afternoon bland. England versus Paraguay. There's always a built-in contrast but today contrast will change to chasm. After over sixty sales we're beginning to wonder about the system. 10-4 is a long day and you're nothing like finished when you close. And by the afternoon the stock's degraded. Our clientele arrive well before 10 o'clock while in the winter we're putting away in the dark. Room for thought. An unusual but by no means unsuccessful day. By the next sale the World Cup will be history.

P.

¹ Zodiac Books 1948. Illustrations by Philippe Jullian

Out with the 'Petworth boys'

Miles, Ian and I are parked outside the Minerva Theatre at Chichester. From the sound of it the audience are enjoying *In Praise of Love*. It's twenty to eleven and the play will end any minute. The place seems deserted, a girl in the foyer, and otherwise, just the unseen audience. It's drizzling. After a while a jovial figure detaches itself from the darkness over the road. 'Are you the Petworth boys?' Petworth bedraggled old men more like.

What on earth are we doing? Well, it all goes back to the John Caine memorial presentation at the Leconfield Hall in June. Peter and Aileen Elston had been to the Minerva the previous evening, and thoroughly enjoyed the show. The setting was a book-lined study. What, Aileen enquired, would happen to the books at the play's end? She knew some people who could use them. Aileen was informed that the future of the books, donated by Friends of the Theatre, was uncertain. Certainly there was a giant skip not far away. The whole point was time. Productions ran to a strict schedule. You couldn't leave an old set up while you deliberated about what to do with it. Perhaps the Petworth Society might have the books?

I could only write and ask. A lady quickly phoned back, Lorna. Yes, in principle we could have the books, although someone else would have to give formal permission. They would, however, have to be moved on the night of the final performance, and there were a very great number. We certainly couldn't pick them up piecemeal over a period. There had been some idea of letting people take what they wanted but, given the restrictions on time, this was impracticable. Lorna would ring again. In the event, I rang. Yes, it looked alright, although formal permission still needed to be given. Another exchange of calls and we were on our way. Miles and I in the van, Ian in his private car.

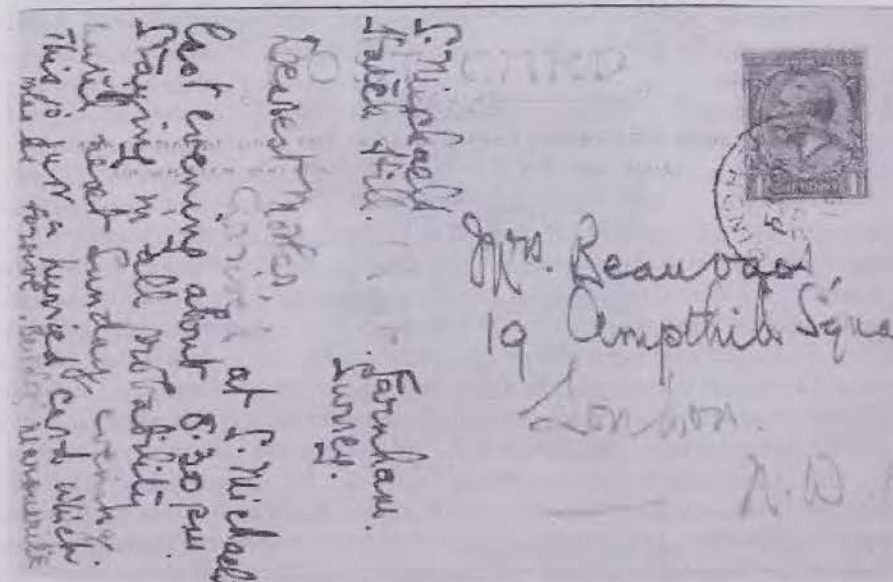
A particularly loud and sustained burst of applause. The show's clearly over. The audience begin to appear. Up the stairs and into the auditorium. Hardly a quarter of an hour and the scenery is on the move. But the scenery is shelf upon shelf of books. Lorna had said there were a lot, but the reality was well, reality. Books on high shelves rising mountainously on either side of a book-filled alcove. Was I beginning to lose my nerve? A small army of helpers are already clearing the shelves, loading the books into supermarket trolleys to be wheeled from the auditorium, into the lift and out of the theatre. A few are apparently stage props but otherwise it's all to go. We've brought potato sacks but not sufficient to cope with this. I start on the alcove but a sackful doesn't seem to make much difference. The alcove is comparatively quiet, but away from the alcove, books are coming down from the shelves. 'Book', 'polystyrene' – the latter's a term for books with cover only and a polystyrene interior. It's important to distinguish because the trajectory is quite different. I suppose the polystyrene 'books' will be kept and used again. It seems the helpers are on some kind of piecework. A mixture of accents, often South African or Antipodean. They have a few supermarket flats but our stock of sacks is diminishing rapidly. I haven't seen Miles and Ian for ages, presumably they're working the trolleys and the lift. Once the sacks run out, it's loose books, and once the van and the car are loaded, the books will have to be piled on the pavement. It's still drizzling and the books have to be moved by nine o'clock Sunday morning. It's two more vanloads at least. We're given a big sheet of plastic to protect the books from the drizzle. The problem is that it's the Festival of Speed weekend. If we get caught up in that the nine o'clock deadline will be impossible....

Home at just about midnight. It'll have to be a six o'clock start. First unload the van, then down to Chichester to reload. The traffic's sparse at this time of the morning but already building up on the way back. The plastic covering has partly blown away in the night but it all seems dry enough. Very difficult to cross the Westhampnett roundabout with the traffic streaming across from the A27. Still another load. Back again. Ian's car is going to be crucial, but will the pile ever disappear? This time the traffic's much worse but once past Westhampnett was basically travelling the other way. No sign of anyone at the Minerva although a big transporter's waiting patiently. It's not quite nine o'clock but the 'Petworth boys' have done what they promised and are away and clear.

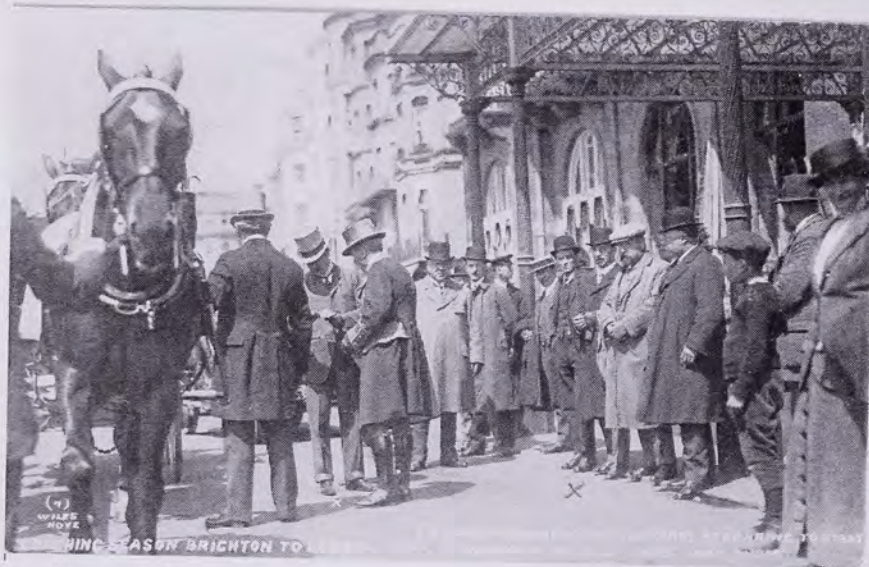
P.



Kirdford Priory, presumably before 1910



"Marguerite", staying at Churt, points out to her mother the "priory" at Kirdford. Clearly by this time the little community had already left. See "Making connections with Kirdford Priory".



Lord Leconfield's coach



Timetable and fares. See letter "Lord Leconfield's coach" from Jilly Roy.

Of nothing very much at 346

"Of nothing very much" literally "About almost nothing" is the title of a volume of miniscule essays by the Spanish-Argentine humorist Julio Camba who died in 1962. With appropriate apologies here's an excursion into the genre, although some may think I've been mining this particular seam for years if without the humour.

I shouldn't give the impression that I collect the Museum takings on a regular basis. I don't. Usually Ronagh Wheeler pops round from Middle Street, or my sister comes up. Occasionally if both aren't available I do it myself. In fact I'm more likely to go up early morning to see there's enough change, or have a quick hoe in the garden. But it's the late afternoon that makes most impression. Across Golden Square from Damer's Bridge, perhaps with a quick look away to the Church clock. A slight feeling perhaps of skirting the edge of town. From Golden Square, Market Square seems the centre of things. It always has. Once in the Square, however, you wonder if there is a centre of things at all. Then the slight incline that is High Street. One or two breaks through which you can see casual vegetation and the surprisingly high backs of New Street. Ahead, if still distant, the green creeper on the wall of 346 and the gleaming silver cowl next door. But first a nodding acquaintance with the roadside weeds. Seeding groundsel, milk thistle, self-sown lobelia surviving in an unforgiving environment. And so many cars come down Middle Street.

High Street's quiet this time of the late afternoon. A four-wheel drive backs out into the road. Time finally to go home perhaps. Shops keep open fairly late, but they don't open early like the old shops did. It's a different ethos, a different tempo. Shops catering for the casual buyer, the visitor, the larger more occasional purchase. Over the road a woman's on her mobile, "I'll meet you in the car park in a couple of minutes." Perhaps she'll come back to Petworth, perhaps she won't. With regular, everyday visits you'd know the local tradesmen, the butcher, the fishmonger, the greengrocer, even the coal merchant. Now the faces seem more anonymous. It's a street of long sunlit afternoons.

It's almost a relief to turn, out of the sun and into the temporary shade of the entrance path of 346. It's a brief respite: the sun's beating down on the marigolds in the garden. A quick look round inside. The attic's shielded from the sun. Long summer afternoons? The chamber pot evokes cold winter nights and the outside W.C. A cheap Madonna print and the high window. And the thick candle collapsed in the summer heat across the metal holder. It's like a fat white slug. Should we do something about it? But why assume that Mrs. Cummings would have bothered? You don't need candles in high summer, or not very much. And Mrs. C. didn't scour the knives just stuck them in the ground. So Ethel Goatcher recalled. Ordinary life is full of collapsed candles after all. And it's ordinary life we are purporting to show. The counting frame and the child's slate call up a childhood that the Cummings children would have experienced, even if these particular artefacts can be no more than alien symbols of that childhood.

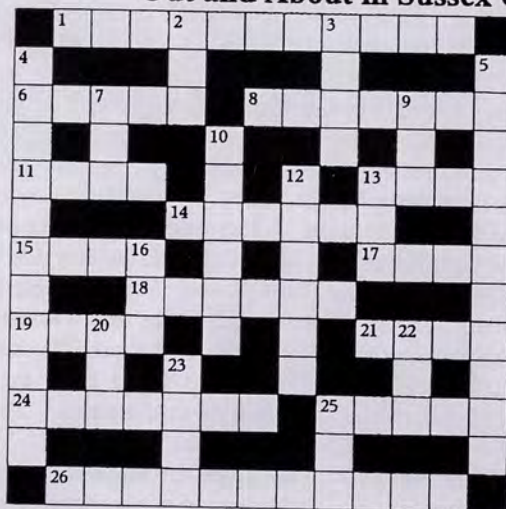
Down into the bedroom, the crucifix and the pilot light, never extinguished. In this one the flame looks blue inside the white mantle. On the landing it burns yellow into the gauze from the outside. Down again to the scullery. A whiff of carbolic from the stone sink. Potatoes

wizening in the handbowl. And why not? If Mrs. C. had grown them on the allotment and had continued to keep them this long they'd certainly be wizened by now.... Press the alarm to go out. Then the feeling you need to make the double lock before it stops. It's ridiculous. You don't. But you still try. Outside the distant sound of a radio. Then down the road into the setting sun. Going down you hardly notice the friendly weeds.

P.

Deborah's Crossword

Out and About in Sussex Crossword



Across

1 A heavenly attraction in Chichester (11)
6 & 5 dn. Dawn and Don walled about in a local museum (5,3,8)
8 They take flight from Bognor Pier each summer (7)
11 Place to cool off on a hot summer's day (4)
13 C19th poet whose biographer owns St. Mary's in Bramber (4)
14 see 10 dn.

15 Looks as if the responsibility is all ours! (4)
17 Form of entertainment (4)
18 see 25
19 Blow it! (4)
21 Scenic area of water on Sussex/Kent border (4)
24 Probably best place to be on a wet day (7)
25 & 18 Popular attraction located at Fishbourne (5,6)

26 Elizabethan mansion with beautiful walled gardens and a maze (6,5)

Down

2 He might take the children for a ride along the beach (3)
3 Uncommon ... (4)
4 ...such as this treat for the lepidopterists at Earmley! (11)
5 see 6 ac.
7 Find it first for help (3)
9 Rhymes with 25 dn. - heard at the farm park (3)
10 and 14 ac. Hot stuff this annual celebration at West Dean Gardens (6,6)
12 That's the spirit! (6)
13 Possesses something in Hastings (3)
16 Where people used to go to take the waters (3)
20 Overnight accommodation - with breakfast (3)
22 Native tree, surviving in protected area around Brighton (3)
23 You'll find his corner in the Ashdown Forest ... (4)
25...and this little friend of his will be there too! (3)

Crossword Solution 124

Across - 5 Opalotype, 7 Range, 9 Patterns, 11 Copper, 12 Meat, 14 Skylight, 18 Crimean, 20 Treadle, 22 Gaslight, 25 Gate, 28 Mangle, 31 Polyphon, 33 Smell, 34 Isinglass

Down - 1 Spray, 2 Stir, 3 Lamp, 4 Ague, 6 Posts, 8 Scry, 10 Tie, 13 Tea, 15 Ida, 16 Holy, 17 Area, 19 Mel, 21 Rag, 23 Grey, 24 Tapes, 26 Tap, 27 Horse, 29 Army, 30 Gill, 32 Line

The Heydon Family (PSM 124 page 10-11)

As I lived next door to the Heydons in Grove Street for some thirty years I knew them well. Ambrose (Amby) I remember particularly. He seemed very grown up to me as a child and was a sailor. I always looked forward to him coming home on leave. Thomas and Edith I have no memory of but I think there was a sister Gladys who lived at Storrington. Possibly I'm wrong. Gertie lived at home and worked at a grocery shop in Storrington, Florie had a crippled foot. Old Mr Heydon always had a Bible on the table beside him, the whole family were regular attenders at the Congregational Chapel. I don't know what Mr Heydon had done on the Leconfield Estate but I always think of him as being retired. I remember my mother telling me he'd died. It would be during the war as I was on leave at the time. Reg Heydon worked for Southdown and for a time his wife Joan and I worked in a cook-housekeeper capacity at a house behind the Co-op in Golden Square. Could be Lancaster House but I can't remember the name of the people. Reg and Joan lived in Grove Lane. This would be in the mid-1930s. Rather a reserved family but always very friendly.

Dorothy Digby

Lord Leconfield's coach

Mrs Jill Roy writes from Mortimer, Reading:

Dear Peter,

On first browsing through Magazine No.124 I knew when I saw the coaching photograph between pages 8 and 9 that I had some similar pictures tucked away somewhere. I searched them out and now enclose them. They all belonged to my grandfather, Ernest Streeter of the Clock House, and he was a passenger on the outing portrayed, on June 9, 1914. Someone has put an ink cross near his feet in the group waiting to board, and he is wearing a bowler hat. My recollection is that this was a day out for various selected people - I believe mostly from Petworth, and whether for 'the Trade', or tenants I am not sure; I know that grandfather was there by invitation.

The printed card advertises and explains the schedule of 'Old Times Coach'. I wonder

if it continued to run after the 1914-18 war – the date suggested in the Magazine is 1920, with a London provenance. Although there are seven changes of horses scheduled, there is one horse with a very striking diamond shaped 'star' on his face, and white hind feet (socks) who seems to appear in 1914 and in the published picture, (this time not as a leader.)

Looking at the hats worn by the passengers it is not the same outing, as the 1914 picture of the party on the move shows a flat cap and a straw boater, not evident in the Magazine picture.

It is just possible to read the caption below two of the pictures; they each have a white cross placed by Lord Leconfield.

Coaching season Brighton to London 1914.

*(*Lord Leconfield and his party preparing to start
to London on the 'Oldtimes' June 9 1914*

**Lord Leconfield inspecting his coach before coaching season 1914 'Old Times'.
Leaving Hotel Metropole Brighton June 9 1914*

Jill Roy

Editor's note:

We reproduce two of Mrs Roy's postcards. See the related picture in PSM 112 opposite page 10. I think the suggestion that the picture in PSM 124 is pre-1914 is probably correct.

Parish Magazine August 1940

Magazine 123 opposite page 40.

Tony Penfold writes:

Dear Peter,

Regarding the picture in the recent Society Magazine my own father George Penfold is included – the little chap in the flat cap in the doorway. I think the tall silver haired man also in the doorway may be Ralph Denyer who worked for the Post Office. On his left is Frank Sadler an Estate bricklayer who was our next-door neighbour before, during and after the war.

Mr Chandler and Arch Gibson from Tillington are easily recognizable (far left). We all know George Garland and are told who the young girl is. Also Arch Knight in the trilby hat. Behind Mr Knight (from left of picture) are Tom Greest, son of Harry Greest the High Street Farrier and blacksmith and who was later killed as an Air Gunner in the R.A.F. Next peeping through from the back we think is Roy Phelps then 'Chum' Whitcombe and Len Newman on the end.

The elderly lady is very familiar but we are not sure of her name – Marjorie thinks it may be Mrs King.

I believe the man behind the old lady is 'Son' Long who worked for Peacocks the builders and undertakers (not the man in the white shirt who is a complete mystery). The younger lady is a Mrs Wilson from Tillington, wife of Charlie Wilson the bricklayer, but we can't place the lady in glasses.

This more or less leaves the total strangers (to us) who we presume to be BBC people. Hope this is of interest.

Kind regards

P.S. Since writing the above Dorothy Wright has confirmed that the elderly lady is Mrs King who lived in Grove Street. I now remember old Mr King who was another Estate worker. Apparently Mrs King gave Dorothy a cake-tin as a wedding present.

Editor's note.

The lady on the right is Doris Collins the schoolteacher. Thank you to all readers who offered suggestions – much appreciated.

Peter

Making connections with Kirdford Priory and the Laresol Society

I do not know anything about the Laresol Society, mentioned in the last issue of the Petworth Society Magazine, but I do know about Kirdford Priory. Some years ago, I came across a postcard of Kirdford Priory, and I recognized it as Brownings Farm, Kirdford. The card had been sent, possibly, in 1910.

This did not make sense as I knew from speaking to Henry Nicholls of Brownings that the farm had been bought by his great grandfather, the Rev Henry Nicholls, about 1870, and that it had belonged to the family since that date. The Rev Henry Nicholls was not an active priest and had gradually dropped the title. His interests were in hunting, shooting and fishing, and he owned a number of properties in the area including Hawkhurst Lodge, a shooting lodge at the foot of Bedham Woods. Sometime after 1878 he sold Hawkhurst Lodge to the wealthy Osmaston family from Derbyshire, who enlarged the property and renamed it Hawkhurst Court. In 1899, Henry's son Benjamin married Violet, one of the Osmaston daughters. By 1900 Benjamin Nicholls was the owner of Brownings, and his father had moved to Deal in Kent where he died in 1911 (so no probable religious connection with the Rev Henry).

However, as I quoted in my book about Kirdford, from information given to me by Henry Nicholls:

'Sometime around 1905, Ben and his family had to move into Hawkhurst Court to oversee the declining years of old Mrs Osmaston. Ben Nicholls let Brownings to a tenant and, rather curiously at the tenant's request, built them a detached chapel. Services were held there, and Brownings was known as The Priory during the tenancy which only lasted about five years. Unfortunately it was at that time when the Ordnance Survey updated their map, and thus the new name was put on the map. The tenant was male, but the sect only seemed to attract women. They left behind them some very strange literature about early marriage practices in various races.'

That is all I knew about Kirdford Priory, until I read your article about the Laresol Society who visited Kirdford Priory for tennis, and a woodland tea party and where, no doubt Mr Newland Smith played his violin solos. I looked again at the postcard which I did not use for the book because, annoyingly there was something written on the front of the card. The card had been written by Marguerite to her mother Mrs Beauvais living in London. Marguerite had written 'I believe this was originally Newlandsmith's place of Retreat.'

So was Newland Smith the tenant, and how did Ben Nicholls find his tenant? The back of the card which had seemed so mundane suddenly becomes very interesting. Marguerite wrote 'Dearest Mother, Arrived at S.Michael's last evening about 8.30pm. Staying in all probability until next Sunday evening. This is just a hurried card which please forgive. Best Love, Marguerite. But Marguerite also put an address: S.Michael's, Hatch Hill, Church, Farnham, Surrey. The card was posted at Hindhead, 5.30pm, 27 May – the year is obscure.

How was it that Marguerite bought a card of Kirdford in Farnham? Was it because it was sold at St Michael's, and was St Michael's another retreat? Is Newland Smith, the Laresol Society, and are they the same? Answers to Peter on a postcard please!!!

Janet Austin

[Newlandsmith appears to be a single word. I hope to have more on all this in a subsequent Magazine. Ed.]

Last days at Hornsland

We were the last people to live at Hornsland so I was intrigued by Jeremy Godwin's article in the last Magazine. I can certainly remember the old place being pulled down – forty years ago and more. Jeremy's reconstruction is very creditable but he's certainly put in too many windows. There were five at the front and none at all at the rear – three downstairs and two upstairs. There was a shed on the side with a sloping roof and the cattle sheds were hard on the house. The w.c. was outside at the back of the house. Water was from a well; there was no running water. Although the house was condemned and facilities were very basic, we didn't dislike it by any means. Indoors there was an old copper and a bread oven which we didn't use; we used the kitchen range.

In the summer Hornsland could be beautiful. There was a large garden and orchard with a little pond at the bottom. We kept the pond reasonably clear while we were there. The farmer was Frank Whitney and the house in reasonable order when we moved in. It was during the early part of the war and I remember horses and cattle being hit by a stray bomb quite near us at about the same time.

This family photograph doesn't show the whole house but it gives some idea of part of it. I doubt if another photograph of Hornsland exists.

Jane McFarlane was talking to the Editor.



Hornsland about 1955. Jane McFarlane with her son Douglas.

The tree on the right would be struck by lightning and split apart.

The Welldiggers – a note

10 Greenland Walk, Durrington, Worthing

15/7/06

Dear Peter,

I was most interested in the article by Miles Costello in the last Magazine. My grandfather, Henry Edwin Steer, married into the Bridger family and the family tradition is that he was at the Welldiggers at the beginning of the century. I do not have much information on him as he died in 1909 at the Oxford Arms in Midhurst when my mother was 7 yrs old. She used to say he was a butler at Petworth House and tried to rule the house as if he was in the big house.

All I know is he was born in Denbigh Wales where his father, born in Petworth or thereabouts, was a gamekeeper and went to Wales but came back to Petworth.

I think my grandparents left the Welldiggers around 1903 and went and ran the Oxford Arms in Midhurst (which is now flats). That is all I know about him.

I enclose family trees* for the Bridger and Steer families.

Yours faithfully

Jo-Ann Hudson

[*Not reproduced in Magazine. Ed.]

Petworth Water Supply – an exchange of letters (1874-5)

Mr Rolf Rowling draws attention to this correspondence in Petworth House Archives and notes that there seems no record of Dr Kelly's suggestion being implemented. Our thanks to Alison McCann for tracing the documents and to Lord Egremont for permission to reprint. Use of capital letters on the received letter is erratic but I have left it as in transcript.

I am not entirely clear as to the origins of Dr Kelly's interest in the matter, but he certainly appears to make some salient points.

[Ed.]

Doctor Kelly, M.D. to the PETWORTH RURAL SANITARY AUTHORITY.
Gentlemen,

I beg to send you the following report on the water supply of Petworth. The town stands upon a considerable elevation, and contains about 3,300 people, living in about 600 houses.

The River Rother from West to East flows along some low ground, about a mile and a half to the south of the town. The drainage is conveyed by means of a sewer to some fields some distance from any houses and then the sewage flows along an open dyke, finally entering the River Rother about half a mile west of the Coultershaw Mill, and that ABOVE the point whence water is drawn for the purpose of being pump into the town. At present the water supply comes from two sources.

(1) From a spring in Lord Leconfield's Park. This is a very good water, and it is known as the "Conduit Water"; The water is stored in a reservoir, and the public are allowed to use it for drinking purposes; To this end, there are, two taps, put up in the streets, and those who want any, carry it away in buckets. The quantity of water flowing daily is limited and is not sufficient for other domestic purposes.

(2) Water is pumped from the River Rother, and is received into a reservoir at the top of Percy Row, and the pipes along the streets distribute the supply. Very few houses have water laid on. In nearly all cases, one tap in front of the houses, supplies four or six adjacent cottages. This water is unfiltered and unfit to drink. Nevertheless, many people who will not fetch the "Conduit Water", (either from neglect or illness, or from bad weather), drink this dirty water from the river. Nor is it to be wondered at, when some houses are a quarter of a mile or more distant, from the "Conduit Supply". The river water receives the effluent sewage from the town; it is often turbid, and during the recent floods, it has been quite opaque, with suspended matter washed down the stream. It contains decayed vegetable and animal matter, besides worms, fish, and dirty mud, which chiefly settles down in the reservoir. The reservoir itself, is badly constructed and in a dirty condition, the water does not usually rise in it to a height sufficient to supply all parts of the town.

There are some excellent sources of water near Petworth and with no great outlay, every house might easily have a supply of good and wholesome water.

There are three springs in the neighbourhood.

- (1) One known as the Byworth Spout,
- (2) One known as the Virgin Mary,
- (3) One near the Rotherbridge Farm.

Each of these springs, yields good water, all the year round. The amount flowing per day, could easily be ascertained, but the most abundant source seems to be the one at Rotherbridge. It lies about half a mile northwest of Coultershaw mill, and near the present outfall. A pipe could be laid down from the spring and connected with a reservoir at the mill, whence it could be pumped into and distributed over the town by the present service of pipes.

In this way a plentiful supply of good water would be substituted for the present dirty and unwholesome one. Fresh houses are constantly draining into the sewer and as matters at present stand, the more efficiently the town is drained, the worse the water becomes; in this way people using the river water, are drinking their own sewage in a very dilute form. If cholera or typhoid fever were to appear in the town, and if the evacuations from persons so affected were to escape into the sewer, the poisonous matter would be returned to the houses through the water supply, and a serious epidemic would ensue. During the past few weeks, some cases of typhoid fever have arisen in the town, but houses not draining into the sewer; it is of the utmost importance that the people should be protected from even the possibility of such an occurrence. It would be very advisable to prevent the sewage flowing directly into the river, and the nature of the ground is such that the fluid could be conveyed over some fields to the south of the town by irrigation. Under the sanitary acts, each house may have a proper supply of pure and wholesome water. In Petworth such a supply is only afforded by two taps placed in the public streets; everyone has to go some distance for it, or drink impure water.

In conclusion, I earnestly beg to call the attention of the Sanitary Authority to the necessity of providing good and wholesome water for the people.

I am etc, Charles Kelly, M.D. (Signed)

REPLY:

Petworth Water Supply

Your Committee, Having investigated the subject matter entrusted to them and considered the report made by Dr. Kelly, the Medical Officer of Health, recommend that:-

(1) That the sewage of the town, which flows at present into the river near Rotherbridge, should be diverted into a drain on the Northern bank of the Rother and conveyed to the existing pipe drain under the river below, or to the East of Coultershaw Mill, and below the spot whence Water is Pumped from the River to the town.

(2) That the water drawn from the river should pass through several strainers, of different sizes before it is forced up from Coultershaw to the Reservoir near the Gaol, and at the Reservoir be properly filtered.

(3) That the Walls of the Reservoir be raised so that the Water stored therein, may rise to a level sufficiently high to supply all parts of the town.

By the adoption of these improvements, Dr. Kelly's grounds of complaints as to the impurity of the River Supply would be removed and being filtered, would not be unwholesome if used for drinking or for purposes by the Inhabitants unwilling or unable to fetch Water from the Conduits.

Exclusive of the North Street, which is supplied with Spring Water from public Wells, the town has two sources of supply. The one Conduit of Spring Water, the other, River Water, and your committee are of the opinion that the Town would be provided with a good and sufficient supply of Water, if a more pure and increased supply could be obtained from the River.

To the liberality and public spirit of the Owners of Petworth House, the People are indebted for the other Construction and Maintenance for the works and supply of River Water, and the Works are now the private property of Lord Leconfield.

It has been the endeavour of your committee, to adapt the existing Water supplies to the present requirements of the Town, and the improvement of the River Supply is, in their estimation, the best and least expensive mode of attaining that object if the consent of Lord Leconfield can be obtained for the adoption of their recommendations.

Dated 23rd September, 1875.

Signed:- Chal. Holland, Henry Upton (Gorehill), W.H. Ingram, Henry J. Hunt, Henry Upton (Petworth), Wm. Downer, A. Murray, A.J. Bryant, G. Cragg.

Lord Leconfield's Miniature Rifle Club

Unsurprisingly perhaps, our musings on the origins of the Rifle Club in the last magazine found an echo in Petworth House Archives (PHA 11305). The range was erected by James Woods, the Angel Street builder, at Lord Leconfield's sole expense, the total cost being £290.5.11. The club was officially formed on 19th April 1907 and the range opened on the 25th November of that year. The new rector, John Penrose, may have been a moving spirit: certainly he presided over an inaugural meeting which appointed what was effectively a steering committee and suggested persons who might be approached as possible honorary vice-presidents, Lord Leconfield becoming president. Vice-presidents would pay a five shilling entrance fee and five shillings a year: ordinary members a shilling entrance and a shilling a year. Each member would purchase his (or her) ammunition from the club, which would be named Lord Leconfield's Miniature Rifle Club.

The secretary would arrange the instruction of lads between thirteen and fifteen years of age, so timed "as not to interfere with the general practice and that no subscription be required of them until they commence a practice and then only at half-time." The range is to be open Monday and Thursday from 7.30 to 9.30 and on such other days as may be appointed. It will be closed on Christmas Day. There follows a list of range regulations. These initial decisions seem to have been ratified at a general meeting in the Town Hall on the 19th April.

A controlling idea of the club was that young men should learn the elements of rifle shooting but it is clear that by 1910, successful as it may have been, there were reservations about this particular point. Was it attracting young men in sufficient numbers? Such questionings may be read beneath the surface of a note on the Rifle Club in St. Mary's Parish

Magazine¹, possibly the work of Mr. Penrose himself "it only requires a little spirit amongst the young men of Petworth to show they are not unmindful of what is done for their benefit and amusement." Young men may have found the regular membership a shade intimidating, although the committee, for the period at least, seems a reasonable social mix, retired military men with a leaven of well-known tradesmen and public servants. The only name not known to me is that of Mr. MacCartney the treasurer. Like the contemporary Men's Mutual Improvement Society, the Rifle Club may have tried, not entirely successfully, to breach the social divide.

A committee held on the 9th November appointed Sgt-instructor Hutchinson as range supervisor at £10 per annum. It was hoped that Lord Leconfield would be available to open the range on the 25th November. Practice times were agreed and a price fixed for ammunition. Lord Leconfield had purchased nine good rifles bored for .22 cartridges and five miniature rifles to be used by women and boys. Colonel Simpson, the secretary, would distribute notices inviting membership. His lordship sought assurance that, once built, the club had sufficient financial muscle to be self-supporting. The chairman would be Mr. James Buchanan from Lavington Park.

P.

With thanks to Lord Egremont for reference to PHA 11305, also to Alison McCann, Tim Jemmett and John Robbins.

¹ November 1910. Quoted in full in PSM 124

Felix Again. (See '*Felix Kept on Walking*' Petworth Society Magazine 112)

Those readers with a certain memory and a particular interest in Upperton and River Common may recall a series of interviews with various members of the Wadey family that were published in this magazine a few years ago. The initial interview was with Win Field the daughter of George Wadey who had farmed Roundabouts Farm on River Common and with his wife Amy kept the shop at Upperton for many years. When I spoke to Win she was in a nursing home at Portslade and was not in the best of health but she talked affectionately about her Upperton, her Uncle Felix, and could still recite humorous ditties that she had learnt some nine decades earlier. Sadly in May of this year Win passed away just short of her 101st birthday. Win's daughter Sylvia who herself recorded her recollections of visits to her grandparents at River Common and Upperton sent me news of her mother's passing and despite her so recent loss Sylvia still managed to include in her letter yet another family anecdote to add to the wealth of Wadey recollections already in print.

Dear Miles,

This story was told to me by my cousin, the daughter of Mother's eldest brother George. Her father told it to her before he died and she wrote it down for her sons.

In the First World War George and Felix wanted to join up. George joined up no bother but Felix was concerned about his job still being available. He was houndsman for Colonel Mitford and it took a lot of discussion before the Colonel agreed to let Felix go. They had a gentleman's agreement handshake to confirm his job would still be available for him on his return.

Felix was in the thick of the action, while George was sent off in charge of woodcutting. Felix received a shrapnel wound behind his ear and was sent back to England having been told that if the shrapnel moved he would only have nine months to live. Felix arrived home to find that Colonel Mitford had reneged on his promise to keep his job for him and he was now unemployed. Felix was understandably livid and taking his shotgun he went round the estate shooting everything that he could find. Colonel Mitford called together his four gamekeepers to find out what was happening. Clearly the keepers suspected that Felix was behind things for they all went down to his cottage where they found him sitting outside on a log. Felix told them why he was unhappy with their employer and demanded that the Colonel should come and meet him face to face.

Colonel Mitford swithered [dithered?] but eventually decided he had better go and see his former employee. Felix told the Colonel that he was letting his side down for he had made a promise on his handshake and had broken it. He added that it did not make much difference as he had only six months to live. Mitford questioned Felix in detail regarding his shrapnel injury and such was the Colonel's admiration for the stance that Felix had taken that he sent him to Harley Street for an operation at his expense and following his recovery Felix was given his old job back.

Felix and the Colonel became firm friends and on his master's death he went into the woods and dug a grave and the old man was laid to rest among the graves of his favourite dogs. Felix went on to live well into his 90s.

My cousin, who told me this story, wonders if anybody who knows the area can verify it. Incidentally Uncle Felix lived for many years in the cottage at Upperton with the chestnut tree in the corner of the garden. It was on the bend where the park wall joined as you get to the top of the hill.

Yours, Sylvia Chandler.

For the series of interviews with members of the Wadey family '*Upperton Memories*' see issue 114 of this magazine. — Miles.

Dean in the Parish of Tillington

In 1995 I filled in time during visits to Midhurst in abstracting references in the library there for future follow-up, e.g. the following; I have not yet seen the original documents, but the printed summaries are enough for a start.

One of the Mitford family's younger brothers left the ancient family home of Mitford near Morpeth in Northumberland, c. 1700 or so, and came south where he grew rich enough to settle first at New Grove and then to buy two small farms on the edge of Upperton and River Common and there build his mansion of Pitshill, so-named from all the shallow pits round it (visible today, e.g. in the copse on east of Dean Dip, where the footpath is). Formerly, the lordship of Dean had belonged to the Cowdray Estate, whose deeds and papers were calendared (i.e. summarised in some detail) by Mr. A.A. Dibben in 1960. He later wrote the standard handbook *Title Deeds* (Historical Association). On page 34 of his published list is the lease for three lives, from 1778, by Lord Montague to William Mitford of Pitshill (sic; doubling the t was a fashionable touch) Esq., of "the little fish pond on the east side of Dean Street in the Parish of Tillington and Manor of River, with the Highway from Upperton Common to Pitshill on West, and a footpath round the said pond on south, east and north; together with the pond-head, bays, penstocks, grates, and stream to it; reserving a right to water cattle there for the Tenants of the Manor of River and for all others with that privilege. Lessee is to keep the Pond in repair and yield it at End of the said Term well stocked with Fish; and at all times to keep it well stocked with Fish and penned with Water."

So now we know what the small pond in the hollow above Dean Dip was for, and how old it might be. The lease would run from the lifetimes of William Mitford himself and of two others (male or female) chosen by him. When the last one died, the lease was void. Tontines worked by this method, but ran for more lifetimes than three; whoever outlived all the others, got the property.

The Mitford of Pitshill records are also published (West Sussex Record Office) in two volumes. In Vol I page 68, is the agreement of William Mitford Esq., to erect a poorhouse at Little Common, to hold 6 people ("for 6 tenants"), as substitute for the existing Tillington Parish Poorhouse then in Dean Street, to be demolished by him. Until the 1830s, each parish saw to its own poor in its own fashion. This item tells us that Dean Street (Upperton was "Upperton Street" in 1808 [Mitford, II p.26]) was a longer village than it is now. It will have extended along the old road up from today's A272 past the pond, and so to the present drive of Pitshill. The pond was probably at the north end of the houses. Those north of the present boundary were now to be emparked, i.e. demolished and their sites laid to grass as part of the fields round the mansion, a common practice in the 16th-19th centuries. Dean Dip's houses are further examples of the Mitfords' taste for cottages ornées (rustic gothic and diamond-lattice panes).

The Tillington Poorhouse (1800) at Little Common is still there, in a damp hollow by a pond; in 1800 it fronted the Midhurst-Petworth road, which has since been straightened and moved slightly south. It is now a private house, two-storey, with decorative touches.

The Mitfords bought up the houses in Dean Street one by one as they came up; e.g. (Vol II p.28) the holding with barn and stable called Brooms and Cogate in Dean Street, sold by Jane Goodger of Midhurst, widow of Richard Goodger of Tillington, yeoman (i.e. freeholder farmer) and his daughter, to William Mitford for £200 in 1802. In 1802, £200 was the annual income of a lesser person of private means.

Jeremy Godwin.

Sadler's Field

Anyone at all familiar with the Petworth House Archives will immediately recognise one of those dusty brown heavy duty envelope files used by Henry Whitcomb to record Estate property matters. They will recognise, too, the familiar typed copy letters, the sometimes illegible carbon tissue paper and the rest. If you like, the debris of an age that knew not electronic mail. Very occasionally one of these files surfaces in private hands and far from its proper fastness. Such files can be deadly dull, they are always functional, but they can also illumine. Almost invariably their release will be connected with the sale of former Leconfield land.

A case in point is a bundle of documents concerning Mrs. Ricketts' tenancy of what is now Rickett's Cottage in High Street, structurally integral with 346, the present Cottage Museum. The earliest document comes from 1887 and the last, effectively from 1931. By 1890 Charles Ricketts witnesses his tenancy of "All that dwelling house or tenement, stable, sheds, yard and premises in New Grove Street and a garden allotment near New Grove." There is no obvious suggestion that this is a new occupation and the lease may be connected with Charles Ricketts taking over as sole tenant.

As is the nature of such a source, documentation is spartan. Charles seems to have died in 1903 and after some initial hesitation his widow determined to carry on her husband's business as carrier. No information is offered on this. A fire on the premises in May 1915 required the intervention of the Leconfield Estate fire brigade and the insurers, Commercial Union, query a bill from Henry Paris, landlord at the Angel Inn, for three quarts of ale, priced at two shillings, and apparently consumed by the firemen. While the company are prepared to pay 1/6^d or 2/- a man for attendance, they are less happy about the ale. J.B. Watson, Lord Leconfield's agent, feels the ale is the men's responsibility and that a shilling a man is quite sufficient. The insurers settle for a shilling a man and reimbursing Mr. Paris. On March 25th 1916 Mr. Watson writes to Mrs. Ricketts, "The inspector reports to me that a tap on your premises is leaking and wasting town water." He would like this remedied as soon as possible. In 1919 there is a brief correspondence concerning a wall on the premises knocked over by a van. It appears that a protective rail supplied in the late Mr. Ricketts' time had not been put up.

Clearly Mrs. Ricketts found business difficult in the 1920s - perhaps she found the move from horse to motor difficult. In 1926 Corralls the coal merchants enquire about taking over the tenancy but Leconfield can only say that Mrs. Ricketts remains the tenant until such time as she decides to leave. By January 1928 Mrs. Ricketts is thinking of giving up. Her son Eric is mooted as a possible tenant but Lord Leconfield decides otherwise. Of a number of applicants C. Whittington, a plumber, gas and hot water fitter, sanitary engineer and decorator, presently operating from premises in Park Road is successful. The file closes with discussion and agreement on reparations and Mrs. Ricketts moves to Saddlers Row.

Jonathan Newdick. Salad fields XVIII. Pastel. 600 x 800 mm.

Jonathan Newdick. Salad fields VIII. Pastel. 850 x 1350 mm.

Jonathan Newdick. Salad fields XXIV. Black and White chalks. 600 x 800 mm.







NAT. TELEPHONE 8178.

GLADDING, SON & WING.

WALTER GLADDING.
ARTHUR A. WING.
W. JOSEPH GLADDING.

AUCTIONEERS,
TENANT RIGHT AND GENERAL VALUERS,
SURVEYORS AND ESTATE AGENTS.

8-11, Pavilion Buildings,
Brighton, Sussex.
AND AT High Street, Henfield.

12th May 1915.

- Watson Esq.,

Agent to Lord Leconfield,
Petworth, Sussex.

Dear Sir,

Acting for the Commercial Union Assurance Company in respect to a fire at Mr. Ricketts, Petworth, we have received a bill from Mr. Harry Paris, Angel Hotel, Petworth, made out to Lord Leconfield's Fire Brigade. Such account is for "3 quarts of ale 2/0," and there is a footnote "6 men also helping with own fire hose." Will you kindly say if these men were in your employ and if any charge is made in respect to same. We ask this of you as the account appears to have been sent to Lord Leconfield's Fire Brigade and the footnote we mention to have been added afterwards is in a different writing.

If a charge is made for them will you kindly state what you consider a reasonable fee per man. We suggest 1/6 or 2/-.

We are, Dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

Gladding, Son & Wing.

*Lord Leconfield's Fire Brigade refresh themselves at the Angel Hotel after their exertions in High Street. See Sadler's Field.
Courtesy of Mrs Marjorie Pottington.*

So much for Ricketts' Cottage. It is just conceivable that the impending change of tenant may have been the catalyst for Mrs. Cummings next door moving to Somerset Hospital. She had been at 346 since 1901. More likely, the two moves are quite unconnected.

So far, nothing very extraordinary, but there is a little more. An agreement of 29th October 1887 between William and Charles Ricketts on the one part and Emma Blagden on the other allows William and Charles to rent, "All those meadows or meadow land and garden called Sadler's Field with the hovel thereunto belonging situate at Petworth." They are not to break up the meadow but keep the same for crops of hay and pasturage only. The yearly rent will be nineteen pounds. Given the Ricketts' business as carriers, it is a reasonable assumption that the horses were to be kept in the meadow - a sizeable area running from the rear of Mount Pleasant in Angel Street up to and including the present tennis courts in Grove Street. In July 1897 Charles Ricketts gives formal notice to quit but retracts. As is the nature of these documents, no reason is offered. At some time as the century turned, presumably on Emma Blagden's death, Sadler's Field seems to have been acquired by Lord Leconfield and from now on he is the landlord.

By March 1911 the "Badminton Club" are enquiring whether Mrs. Ricketts would be prepared to sublet part of the meadow for a tennis court, some half an acre in all. She calls in at the Estate Office to ask. It transpires that Lord Leconfield has no objection. Further, in the event of Mrs. Ricketts giving up the meadow, his lordship would consider a direct letting. By 30th October 1911, Mr. Allison from the Estate has advised that the existing turf is too full of weeds to be used. Would it be possible, asks Anne Watson, secretary of the club to buy turf from the Estate. Mr. J.B. Watson, the agent, replies that some other expedient must be found as his lordship does not at present want more turf cut in the park.

Clearly the Tennis Club obtained their turf from somewhere and when we next hear of them in October 1925 Captain Oglethorpe, the Market Square solicitor, is looking "to convert the club to 4 courts," all running approximately north and south. Again Mrs. Ricketts is prepared to sublet ground and again his lordship has no objection. The Estate points out that to level an area forty yards by twenty will cost a good £100. They cannot undertake the work, nor can they supply turf. This would come only at the expense of "skimming" the Park, something his lordship is not prepared to countenance. As the Club is constructing "rather an expensive pavilion" Captain Oglethorpe seeks once more an assurance on the tenancy. It is given.

In 1926 Mr. Frank Wright, secretary of the newly formed Petworth Bowling Club is enquiring of the Estate about the possibility of renting land for a four rink bowling green approximately 45 yards square. A pencilled annotation at the foot presumably from an Estate hand, reads "Mrs. Ricketts' meadow?" Mr. Wright observes: "We are at present playing on the Rectory lawn which the Rev. Powell has kindly given us the use of pro. tem. but as we increase our membership this will not be large enough." Only six weeks after its formation, the club already has 35-40 members. Can the Estate supply turf and provide labour? As before they are unable to offer either, having too many pressing commitments and a shortage of turf. By April 1928 there is an agreement with the Tennis Club to run a pipe from tennis court to bowling green.

Clearly Mrs. Ricketts had part of the Mount Pleasant end of the meadow as a garden. This has become overgrown and will in future go with the houses there. The Estate is however

willing for Mrs. Ricketts to move her fruit bushes and offers free use of a vacant allotment at Tillington in which to place them.

Members will be sorry to learn of the death of Mr. Roy Pottington, for some years a member of the Society Committee. This file was found among his papers and kindly passed to the Society by Mrs. Marjorie Pottington and Mrs. Sheila Stevenson.

P.

Ed.

The Migrating Tippers of Petworth

In the Petworth Society Magazine (114) of December 2003 I wrote about my great great grandfather, William Tipper (1820-1890) who lived most of his life in Petworth and spent the last four years of his life (1886-1890) living at 346 Middle Street in what is now the Cottage Museum.

William Tipper and his wife Jane (nee Steer) (1814-1888) had six children, but only three survived childhood: Thomas (1844-?), George (1855-?) and my great grandfather Lewis (1858-1906). There are no surviving photographs of Thomas and George, but a in Australia sent me a copy of a photograph of Lewis taken by the Midhurst photographer John Etherington.

In the 1851 Census Thomas was shown as living with his parents at 70 Back Street. By 1861 the family had moved to 28 New Street and Thomas, aged 16, was shown as an apprentice. Thomas Tipper disappears from the scene and does not appear in any later census and nor is there any record of his death. By the time of the 1871 Census George had become a bricklayer and Lewis an errand boy and they continued to live with their parents at 26 North Street.

At some time in the 1870s both George and Lewis Tipper left Petworth for ever and moved to London to better themselves and there, in Battersea, George married Mary Ann Elizabeth Goodchild in 1876. The 1881 Census records them as living in Forest Gate with their son Edward George Goodchild Tipper (born 1878). After that, George and his family disappear and there is no trace of them in any subsequent census. A Tipper relative of mine mentioned that she had been told that one of the Tipper ancestors had migrated to the USA and worked in the motor industry in Detroit. I had a look at the 'White Pages' telephone directory for the State of Michigan and this listed 17 individuals with the surname Tipper, one of whom had the christian name Lewis. As this christian name was frequently used in our family I decided to send a letter of enquiry to him. Bullseye in one! It turned out that the Lewis Tipper in Michigan was the grandson of Edward George Goodchild Tipper. He knew the family had migrated from England, but did not know anything of George Tipper and when he had died. Subsequent research has shown that George Tipper and his family migrated to the USA in 1888 and in 1910 were living at Indianfields, Tuscola, Michigan where George was working as a building mason.

Having established that George Tipper migrated, this leaves open the question of what happened to Thomas Tipper. When the Petworth Cottage Museum was being created a metal

stencil was found in the cellar of the cottage and it reads 'T Tipper, ss....' The photograph taken in the cellar shows Ann Bradley and myself with the stencil. It could be that the stencil was used by Thomas Tipper (1794-1868) at Heath End Farm in the farming business or it may have been used as a stencil to mark the packing cases of Thomas Tipper (1844-?) prior to his departure overseas. There is no evidence from available Canadian and US Censuses that Thomas went there, so perhaps he went to Australia?

Terence Chapman, 38 Amberley Drive, Goring-by-Sea, WORTHING, BN12 4QQ
e-mail: mehrtens@chapmans66.freemove.co.uk.



Ann Bradley and Terence Chapman with the stencil.

The White Hart in High Street (Formerly The Fighting Cocks)

It is important to distinguish between the four very different licensed premises that operated with the sign of the White Hart in Petworth during the past three hundred years and in order to prevent confusion with the other premises we will call this property 'The White Hart in High Street'. Of all the White Harts this is the only one that survived into living memory.

The White Hart public house traded until 1939 near to the top of the High Street just

past and opposite to the junction with Middle Street. The building has in recent years been divided into three cottages but essentially remains externally unaltered. There is scant information regarding the early history of the property. We do know that it appears as The Fighting Cocks on Crow's 1779 survey of the town and that the 3rd Earl of Egremont sold the property to Mary Nash in 1786 but that is just about the sum of our knowledge for the eighteenth century.

It was sometime between 1786 and the first decade of the nineteenth century that the property became The White Hart and in 1815 George Cox is granted a licence to sell ale on the premises. It would appear that prior to Cox one Joseph Knight had kept the house. However, following 'complaints of churchwardens and other inhabitants of the irregularities permitted by him' the vestry had refused to renew his licence. What those irregularities were must remain unclear as the entry in the vestry book fails to expand on the matter. By 1823 the licensee is George Knight, the brother of the Joseph who had lost the licence. George in turn eventually passes it on to his son-in-law James Milton in 1845. It is during the Milton period that the property would become one of the 'home' pubs served by the renowned Stag Brewery which effectively took over the south side of High Street as far down as the Queens Head. The two public houses would, together with the Wheatsheaf in North Street, form the early foundation upon which the future success of the rapidly expanding brewery would depend.

The White Hart would remain a Milton house under various tenants until 1900 when Manning Milton sold off the Stag Brewery to the Guildford company of Friary, Holroyd and Healey. The last tenant of the White Hart under the old regime is John 'Jack' Holden who remains licensee following the transfer of ownership. According to documents relating to the sale of the Stag Brewery, Holden is paying in 1900 an annual rent of £24 for the public house. At some time before the First World War Holden moves to The Welldiggers Arms at Lowheath where he replaces Emily Mason. 'Jack' is himself replaced at the White Hart by F. Holden of whom I have no information and who, after just a short while at the pub, hands the licence on to Henry Todman and it seems probable that the White Hart remained with the Todman family until its closure in 1939.

A few older readers may remember quoits being played at the White Hart before the Second World War. A very popular sport, leagues were formed and teams would travel some distances to compete against rival pubs. The pitch at the White Hart was to the west of the narrow alleyway that runs beside the public house and which connects the High Street to Rosemary Lane. I believe the outline of the pitch still survives though imminently threatened by development. While the pitch has remained unused for many years the old set of heavy metal quoits was rescued from one of the brewery outbuildings a few years ago and I have them in my possession.

Below are two slightly varying descriptions of quoits being played at the White Hart. In the first account Henry Whitcomb describes the quoits as being made of iron and is almost certainly looking back to an earlier time perhaps even before the First War. Stan Adsett, meanwhile, recalls the quoits being made of rope, but of course these may have been used for practice to save the wear on the heavy metal rings and perhaps to keep the noise down. Certainly it is the iron quoits that have survived.

"Quoits was a speciality of the White Hart then and many of the other pubs also had

teams. It was a very popular pastime with working men. The rules were not unlike bowls, with an iron stake to aim at with heavy metal rings, thicker in the middle than on the rim and in flight rather as one would imagine a flying saucer. The playing bed was of a clay and there would always be plenty of beer on tables at the side.” Henry Whitcomb talking to the editor in PSM 33.

“A speciality of the White Hart at that time was quoits, played on a separate piece of ground abutting on to Rosemary Lane. The heavy rope rings were thrown with a distinctive backhand flip and had to land on iron hooks positioned in the ground, perhaps the length of a cricket pitch away. You can see that to play quoits a pub had to have a fair amount of space and not all pubs had this. The story goes that Harry Knight and some other men were playing quoits out of hours with a barrel of beer covered over beside them when Supt. Gibbons came down from the police station looked over the fence as he passed. “I shall be glad when its opening time”, volunteered Harry Knight. Supt. Gibbons must have had his doubts as to whether they were intending to wait that long! Quoits was a game for older men and they didn’t encourage youngsters to play. Pubs were more at the centre of local life then. If you went out, you went out in Petworth, because few people had cars then.” Stan Adsett talking to the editor in PSM 58.

Various legends have become attached to the White Hart but only one appears to have a rather cautious connection to a real person. The story repeated to me by Doug Dean, the landlord of the nearby Red Lion, was that a barber who, as was once the fashion, operated from the White Hart had slit the throat of one of his customers in the front parlour of the old pub. Doug would not or could not elaborate on the story though it was clear that he had no commercial reason for recounting the tale as the White Hart by this time had long since closed. However this was of no consolation to the young couple who had recently moved into the old property and one can scarcely imagine the restless nights that they endured. Whether the story had any foundation is unclear. However, what is certain was that between the wars Bellas Willmer the barber carried on his trade from premises at the back of the public house.

Owners or occupiers of the Fighting Cocks / White Hart 1779 – 1939.

Mary Nash 1786

Josepoge Cox 1815

George Knight c.1823 – c.1845

James Milton 1845 – c.1858

James Bromham 1860

Henry Connor 1872

George Wakeford 1874

Henry Howard 1883 – c.1893

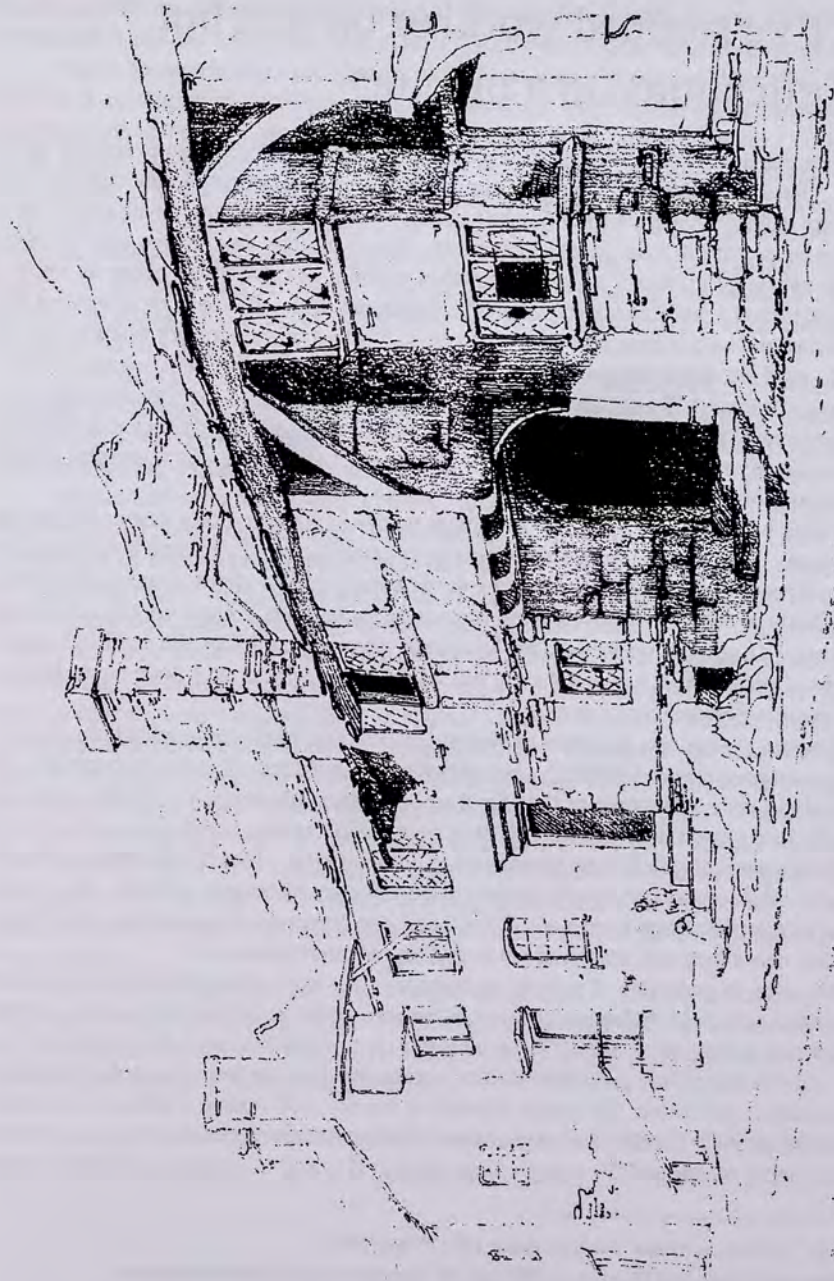
J.H. Holden c.1900 – c.1913

F. Holden 1915

Henry Todman c.1924 – c.1939

James, Katherine & Manning Milton 1845 – 1900.

Miles Costello



High Street, Petworth c. 1850. A Previously Unknown Drawing by H.W. Burgess.
The White Hart Inn is to the left while the ancient building to the right would eventually be incorporated into The Stag
Brewery. Much of the facade of this property would be demolished to create the modern entrance into the brewery yard.

"I've stopped working on it ... but." Reflections on a picture

Agriculture has changed. It is a truism that the days when a family's summer holiday could be spent "helping on the farm" are long gone. If nothing else contemporary concern over "health and safety" would see to that, while modern machinery dispenses with casual help, often, it seems, with human agency altogether. Much modern agriculture now involves intensive specialist cultivation for supermarket trading, the soil itself being as much a passive partner as a medium for growth in the traditional sense. It's not a development that will go away and no thinking person can ignore it. It's part of modern life whether we like it or not. And we don't always like it. Living where I do in Rotherbridge Lane I have a continuing, enforced if you like, awareness of these changes - of the dominance of machinery and of the intensive nature of contemporary cultivation. My recent exhibition¹ tried to order my reaction as an artist and to reflect on it. Interaction is important, simple rejection or withdrawal futile.

It may be that the problem we have with modern land use is to a degree subliminal and illogical. We have an unassailable inner conviction that the landscape is ours and that any interference with it, interferes with us personally. We don't necessarily have a responsibility towards the landscape but it is accountable to us, it has a duty to exist in our own image. Of course we know that landscape changes, and that the land belongs to landowners and farmers and not to us, but, at this level, deeds and documents become simply meaningless pieces of paper.

Drawing, I suppose, is a form of writing, or better perhaps, communication. And my drawing uses geometry and history as part of that communication. To take the latter first, the ghostly horse team is a graphite transfer from a Garland photograph.² Eighty years ago Garland's lens ranged over these same Frog Farm fields among which I now live. To be pedantic this particular field is no longer part of Frog Farm but of the Rothermead Estate, but that angle, while important, would direct us into another discussion entirely. In a sense, because I know that these horses and E. Stillwell, the farmworker, were once part of these fields, in a sense they still are. And yet everything is utterly changed.

To come to geometry. I am told by someone who works these fields that tractors are often guided across the fields by satellite. Whatever would E. Stillwell have made of that? And how do I portray this? I don't know what this type of satellite looks like and, if I did, the scale would be impossible given the satellite's presumed distance from the earth. Symbolism of some kind is inevitable. An orange football in the sky, with spikes sticking out, a kind of celestial hedgehog? Hardly. I need geometry. The satellite is represented by the grid in the left hand upper corner and the triangle (top centre). If I need to explain (and I have needed

to), it's a failure of communication on my part. The triangle's another symbol of technological control but it also has a function in the picture, a focus drawing the several elements together.

These geometric signs are sharply etched and intended to be authoritative, but they conceal a certain irony. All-powerful as technology may appear to be, any particular technology is as transient, or more so, as E. Stillwell and his phantom horses. Technology, of its nature, is up to the minute and must be subject to constant updating, constant replacement. There is no sentiment in technology. Another irony: the etched lines suggest permanence and authority, but, given what I have already said, which is more transient, the particular technology of 2006 or the ghost-like horses? You might say that, through Garland's picture, E. Stillwell and his horses have achieved a permanence to which a particular technology can never aspire. Or again horse would give birth to horse over the course of centuries and in a sense defy time.

These flashes of colour? Do they have a significance? Well a picture's not an allegory or at least this picture isn't. Some things you do because you feel the "economy" of the picture demands it. I was thinking it was a little too light, anaemic perhaps. A hint of colour offers a hint of contrast, a glimpse of visual freedom.

I had at least a couple of attempts before I could order the picture as I wished - but I didn't look for another photographic image. I felt I had the basic elements I needed. You'll see that I tried a similar effect with a tractor: on the face of it a less predictable image of the historic past, but, if anything, more replete with irony. Remember that Garland was operating in that brief window when, after centuries, the horse was giving way before the tractor. These early tractors were rare beasts and effectively had personalities of their own. But here's another problem: the tractor must stand for all tractors: but it can't. A tractor has to be a recognisable brand of tractor, there's no such thing as a general idea of "tractor". But if it is a particular type of tractor it runs the risk of not being representative. The tractor operating at Frog Farm was a Fordson, and people can so identify it in the drawing. "Look at the Fordson, my uncle used to have one of those." But that's not the point I was trying to make. The Fordson has at once to be any kind of tractor and a recognisable Fordson: it would have been as wrong to draw a hybrid tractor as it would be to import Mr. Duck's Saunderson Model G from Tillington or Mr. Balchin's American Interstate from Limbo into these fields. George Garland has seen to that. He's as much a part of the tradition of these fields as the Fordson or the satellite.

And is the picture finished? I've stopped working on it but I haven't finished it. It's my job as an artist not to finish - to give 75% of the story and leave it to the viewer to finish - to put in the remaining 25%. That's my privilege and the viewer's prerogative. And different viewers must see that 25% in different ways.

From a conversation between Jonathan Newdick and the Editor

¹ Petworth: The New Landscape. Petworth House 13th-17th May 2006

² Published in *Not Submitted Elsewhere* (1980) page 43. See centre pages of present magazine

Those Boys Who Didn't Get Chicken Pox Got Mumps!

My mother was born in Petworth one hundred and twenty years ago, the daughter of a saddler and harness maker in the town. She never tired of recounting stories of the idyllic childhood that she shared with her twelve brothers and sisters: tales of hours spent at Petworth House playing with the housekeeper's children, of wandering the rolling hills known as the Sheepdowns, of drinking the icy cold water spouting from the Virgin Mary Spring, and enjoying feasts of bread and cheese with her siblings. A carefree childhood indeed and one of which my mother never stopped reminding me. As I listened to her recounting her stories how could I have imagined that by a series of remarkable coincidences I would be drawn back to the little Sussex town which though I had never visited I felt I knew so well?

The Leppard family lived in that part of East Street that is now known as Middle Street. My grandfather was Thomas Leppard. I never knew him at Petworth though many years later in Bedford I would marvel at the lovely Sussex dialect that he spoke. Grandfather had commissioned an architect to design the new shop on the corner of Angel Street that has recently become a dental surgery, and the Leppard family would live in the house next door. Many years later Mother would tell me that I would have no trouble in finding the building as it was known as Leppards Corner. Of course by the time I came to Petworth it had become known as Morleys Corner after the family who took over the business from my grandfather and now even that name is almost forgotten locally. As if by consolation there is still a property in High Street which bears the family name though the connection is unclear.

The family moved from Petworth to Bedford in about 1899. I don't know why; it does seem rather peculiar especially after having such strong ties with Petworth. It appears to me that it was a place where Sussex people went to, for oddly enough my father, who was born in Brighton, moved to Bedford with his parents at roughly the same time. Yes, Bedford was well known for its nonconformity though I really don't know if that played any part in my parents' decision to move there.

While the Leppard side of the family were nonconformists it was certainly not true of my great grandfather Thomas Holt. A member of the parish vestry he was well known not only for his abstinence from liquor but for his ability to walk great distances. As a remarkable pedestrian he had no equal and was known to walk from Petworth to London in a day, conduct his business there and then return on the third day. A remarkable man. Incidentally, Great Grandfather lived in the house that stands opposite to the Cottage Museum at the top of the High Street.

Many, many years later when my Aunt Nelly heard that I was moving to Lavington Park she told me that she knew it well for as a child she had on occasion accompanied her father when he went there to repair harnesses for the Wilberforce family who lived there at that time. Aunt Nelly, who was some twenty years older than my mother could recall her father dropping her off at the park gates by Botany Bay and she would spend hours amusing herself until her

father returned to collect her. Some years later Nelly would play the organ or harmonium in the little church at Lavington Park during an outing with The Band of Hope. She had fond memories of Mr and Mrs Reginald Wilberforce serving the children tea on the lawns by the mansion house. Nelly had a great aptitude for music and from the age of twelve played the organ every Sunday at Petworth Congregational Church. Years later when living in Bedford Nelly would compose the music for the hymn "Petworth" which was published in the Methodist Church School Hymn Book.

I had been bought up in Bedford and during the war I was teaching in London. My parents had retired to Brighton where my father was born and I was regularly travelling down to help him look after my sick mother. In 1944 the allies were preparing for the second front and of course a huge number of troops were massing on the south coast. Brighton was a restricted zone and it was becoming increasingly difficult to visit my parents. What with the blackout which made travelling tricky and the constant request for travel permits I decided that I would move down to Sussex and try to find work closer to my parents. I applied to a Brighton teaching agent who informed me that there was a vacancy at a school in Worthing. I attended an interview with the headmaster and was duly informed that the position was mine.

The school was of course Seaford College. Following the retreat from Dunkirk in 1940 there had been an imminent threat of invasion along the East Sussex coast and the school had been forced to abandon its premises at Seaford and to seek alternative accommodation. Several different locations were looked at but time was pressing and an empty prep school in Worthing seemed as good a site as any. The advantage of a nearby empty hotel to house the boarders went a long way to persuading the governors to move the school to Worthing. The school closed at the end of spring term 1940 and reopened at Worthing in October of that year. Staff and space at Worthing were at a premium and many of the activities, which had evidently been enjoyed at Seaford, had to be curtailed for at least part of the duration. During the following couple of years the school slowly expanded to take in several other nearby properties and eventually had room for a temporary chapel as well as luxuries such as a rudimentary laboratory.

I started at Worthing in September 1944 and soon discovered that the headmaster Leslie Land was planning to retire and a new young head was working alongside him for the first term following which he would take over.

The new headmaster was Charles Johnson who had been selected by the governors as a young headmaster to take the school into the new post-war era when it eventually came. Charles had been a very good runner and was competing for the AAA against a team from the Navy when he noticed three Seaford College governors watching. They approached Charles and said that they wanted to have a serious talk with him. Charles replied that he still had the low hurdles to compete in and they would have to wait until after the race. He went on to win the race. Mr Lamb, the then headmaster, had wanted to retire to become a Baptist minister and they would like Charles to take on the role. Charles accepted.

I taught English, maths, music and art. The country was very short of teachers during and after the war and we just had to do our best to keep the schools going. I lived at Worthing during the week and returned to my parents at weekends. Mother died in 1945 and Father was

more than capable of looking after himself so I did not feel the need to visit Brighton quite so often. In the spring of 1946 we had an epidemic of chickenpox at the school, and those boys who didn't get chickenpox got mumps! It was during that term that Charles and I got engaged and we closed the school a fortnight early and for the period of the Easter break we got married and moved the school to Lavington Park. Our junior school remained at Worthing for quite some time before moving to Horsham and then finally it joined us at Lavington. You see the war had ended but the governors had decided that it was impossible to move the school back to Seaford. A lot of the old premises had been damaged by the military, the grounds really didn't allow for expansion and any available land was being developed as the town went through a period of quite alarming growth. The governors looked for a new home for the school and during their search they came across Lavington Park. They considered it to be perfect and decided that as soon as the army moved out they would see about purchasing it. In fact we literally moved in as the military left.

We moved 72 boys from Worthing to Lavington. They were senior boys, mostly boarders but a few day boys whose parents had decided that they would become boarders and move with us. We all lived together in the mansion and had to do a lot of the preparation work ourselves. The removal lorries had to be unloaded and everything was rather hectic for that six-week period. Of course we also had to fit in the wedding in the chapel at Lavington Park and a honeymoon that was spent at Cambridge.

The classrooms were mainly Nissen huts that had been left behind by the departing military. Each hut had one of those coke stoves that smell so wonderful. The old boys still often reflect on how cold those huts were unless of course you were fortunate enough to be seated near the stove. The stoves really came into their own during the particularly severe winter of 1947. We tended to use the mansion as dormitories and unlike many other large country houses requisitioned by the army it was in pretty good shape. We put this down to the fact that the place had always had the General living there and I suppose his presence went some way to preventing the usual destruction caused to such buildings during the war years. Lavington Park had been the headquarters for the Commandos, and the old soldiers would return every year for a service in the chapel until they were disbanded a year or so ago.

We had two housemasters who came up from Worthing and two Cambridge friends of Charles. One came as deputy head and the other became a third house master. We had a chaplain who was a returned missionary; and Charles was a chaplain as well. There were about six masters for seventy-two boys. Not a bad ratio really: twelve to one.

So we arrived and had 352 acres to work with. We once took the boys all the way round the boundaries. Actually it was quite exhausting as it takes you right up to the top of the hill and down to Graffham and back. The nearest civilization for the boys was a tearoom in Duncton, which was very popular with the pupils. The girls' school at Burton Park was just starting and we did have one or two slightly unfortunate incidents, but generally contact between the pupils was not encouraged. Discipline was strict at the school and while sneaking off to the cinema at Midhurst may seem quite innocent by today's standards, it was just one of many crimes punishable by the cane.

When we married, Charles and I lived in the mansion for the first few months and then

this house that had been lent to Randolph Churchill during the war came available and I have lived here ever since. Much has changed at Lavington Park over the past sixty years. The pupils enjoy facilities that could not be imagined when we first came here, and the teaching is second to none. The education at Seaford was and is solidly Christian and while it was originally evangelical it is now much more widely based. Charles himself would just have described it as 'good old fashioned country Church of England.' As good a description as any I suppose.

Joscelyn Johnson was talking to Miles Costello

Mr. Brown's legacy

I suppose it would be fair to say that Petworth Park and Pleasure Grounds are still well in the post-hurricane period. We are still dealing with the dense planting that followed the hurricane and we shall be doing this for a few years yet. I'm very wary about the word "restoration" because this implies we know exactly what we're working back towards. We don't. The National Trust recently commissioned an in-depth historical survey¹ of the Park, utilising material not only from Petworth but also from Alnwick. While not challenging the leading role of Capability Brown in the formation of the present park, the survey has forced a rethink on crucial points. It is clear that the third Earl had a much greater input than was traditionally thought. It was he who enlarged the Upper Lake in accordance with Brown's earlier plan. Brown seems also to have excavated extensively in the area between House and Lake, taking out and redistributing some 100,010 loads at 2½ cubic yards per cartload. This would have been in the time of the second earl who died in 1763. A projected in-depth survey of the Pleasure Grounds will determine policy for the next fifty to a hundred years. Again we need to be quite sure what the original actually was before we start thinking of "restoration".

I am always slightly amused (if amused is the right word) when people tell me that autumn's here, the House is closing and, as head gardener, it's time for me to put my feet up. The house staff are in the same position. In fact in House and Park it's when the close season is on that the work really begins. I've already spoken of dense planting. After the hurricane some 40,000 new trees were planted in Park and Pleasure Grounds. Twenty years on they've made growth. An annual winter task is to concentrate on one or two of the new plantations and thin out the lesser trees. First to go are the nurse trees, quick-growing varieties such as western hemlock or silver birch. Why nurse? Because they provide initial protection for the young oak, beech, Norway maple, lime and the like. They also give a competitive environment that makes the young trees grow more quickly and toward the light i.e. straighter. We could be thinning several thousand trees over a winter season. Remember this isn't like pulling weeds in a garden. These are significant trees. We chain-saw them off at ground level, killing off the stump chemically. Of course, from an environmental point of view, we'd prefer

¹ 2 volumes (2004). Produced by Colvin and Moggridge, Landscape Consultants

to dig out the stumps but the labour involved would make this totally impracticable. We do try to operate organically where we possibly can and this use of chemical is an exception to a general rule. The stump can be anything up to ten inches in diameter. Each top needs to be "snedded" i.e. have the branches taken off. Some of this is used in-house for fencing and the like. The main trunk is cut to standard seven foot lengths to be sold on in quantity. Thinning, as I have said, is a major feature of our winter work and involves all my entire staff of two, Martin and David Sadler, plus myself. Ideally it's a team of four: one felling, one hauling the timber, one snedding and one keeping a fire going for the rubbish. We usually take on an extra hand for the period October to March. So much for the idea of rest! We rotate the work when thinning to give a little variety.

I work on the thinning but a lot of my work has to be administrative: health and safety, risk assessment, forward planning, environmental issues. Once I've sorted all that out I can do what I really prefer - gardening. After all that's my job. If the weather makes thinning impossible, effectively if the ground is so muddy that we have to pull off, it gives us the chance to maintain the machinery - tractors, mowers, chain-saws, brush cutters and the rest. We can't simply be gardeners; we need to be builders, carpenters and mechanics as well. And we're on hand to help with things like the Christmas events, or the recent medieval weekend, put up marquees and gazebos, move tables and chairs, or simply help the House staff with heavy pictures, statues, furniture or even the occasional grand piano. And we're on 24 hour call in case of emergency.

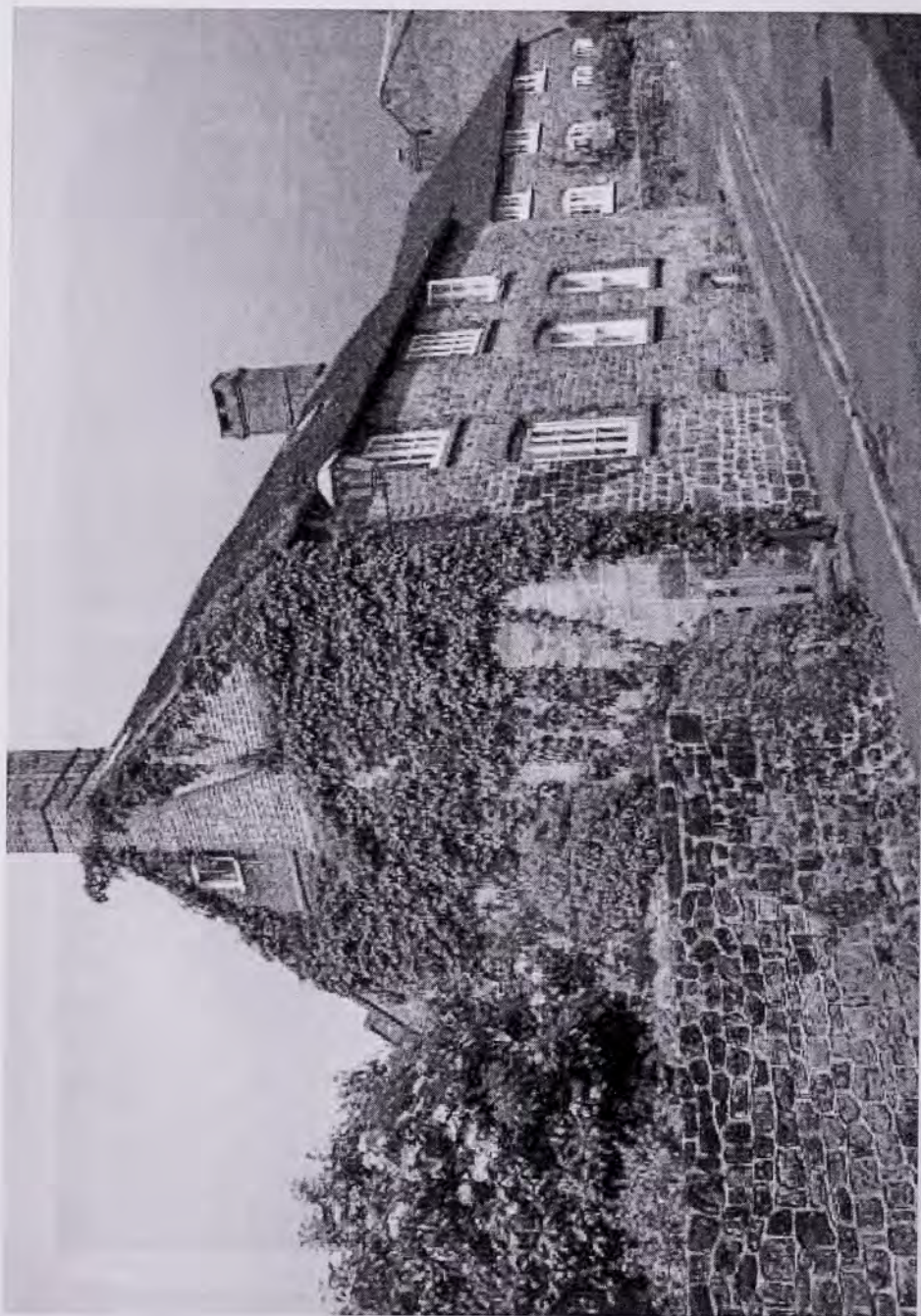
Spring and summer? Well, that's traditional gardening weather isn't it? In fact we've a small and much valued team of volunteers. Some come in a day a week to help us and there are others who come in on an ad hoc basis. They're as much responsible for what you actually see as we are. On recruiting days you can specify that you'd like to help with the gardens. And there's the annual plant sale in May. I grow plants for that. We also have an invaluable husband and wife team who bring on plants for us in their own greenhouse at home. Or, earlier in the season, volunteers leave plants with me to bring on, and I can use surplus stocks from our own gardens. As part of the property management team, we've traditionally helped with the annual summer concerts. This year the arrangement's a little different, but we'll still mow the grass for the arena and the car parking.

As head gardener it's my job to preserve a balance between different interests. It's not a new problem: when my predecessor, Trevor Sedden, was talking to you immediately after the hurricane¹, nearly twenty years ago, he was already thinking in these terms. The balance hasn't become easier to hold in the intervening years. A good example is the potential conflict between standard maintenance and ecology. Even in Trevor's time the ecologists thought the post-hurricane clean-up had been too far-ranging. After all, the Trust is essentially a conservation body and the Park a crucial ecological asset. I have to be aware of its natural heritage, whether it be the lowliest rare beetle or the most uncommon of fungi. Recent surveys have placed Petworth Park in the top ten sites nationally for dead wood invertebrates and dead wood fungi. For the latter Petworth ranks only behind the New Forest. But is a Capability

² PSM 51



Aileen Elston sends these two snaps of H.M. the Queen passing through Petworth in 1978. Do you recognise the people in the lower picture?



Roger Newberry tries a little photographic sleight-of-hand with this picture of the Cottage Museum, taking out the modern refinements like street lamps and yellow lines. Original picture in colour

Brown park a haven for dead wood and the insects and fungi that live in it? The answer has to be a guarded yes.

Remember a Brownian landscape isn't on a small scale. To really appreciate it you need to be standing on an eminence. You need a long view. Petworth Park isn't a small town garden where a dead tree trunk will obtrude on the eye. A Brownian landscape can accommodate. If we do have a large tree fall in an unsuitable or unpleasing situation we can move it to a more suitable area, provided always that it's not incongruent in its new position. This will usually mean siting it within a stand of its own kind.

I don't think such fallen trees present any significant danger to the public at large. The Park after all is part of the countryside. You can always turn your ankle on an ant-hill or a rabbit hole, that's simply part of being in the countryside. What we do have to watch out for is an insidious fungus called the giant polypore. It attacks the roots of mature trees. For a long time the tree will show no obvious sign of damage. However, when we make our tree safety check (another autumn task!) we spend as much time looking down as up. The fungus fruits in the autumn and the toadstools are a sure sign of its presence. If they encircle the tree it's a safe assumption that the fungus has destroyed the roots and that the tree's unstable and could be a danger. We do the felling ourselves. What we're not allowed to do is lop the higher branches; for this we have to employ professional arborists.

I'm also responsible for the maintenance of lakes and dams. You ask about the floating pennywort that clogs the edges of the lake. It's an unsightly nuisance rather than a serious problem. In the shallow water of canals it can seriously impede navigation. As regards the Upper Lake the thing to remember is that the weed will not grow in water that's two feet deep or more. It can be pulled out manually but this is desperately laborious with a small work force. It can be killed with chemical but I try to avoid sprays. Tree stumps apart we're virtually organic. What we do have to do is make sure the channels between the islands are a good two feet deep and dredge if we have to. At least the pennywort remains confined to the edge.

Dogs? It's a continuing problem. Not the dogs themselves; they're only following their natural instincts. It's irresponsible, or more exactly perhaps, ignorant or unthinking owners, almost always non-local. Our regular town dog-walkers are friends of the Park. Some know to ring me if they encounter something untoward. If, for instance, a young Labrador retriever is allowed to run loose and chase the deer, the consequences can be disastrous. It's not the dog's fault. It's the owner's. I've got dogs myself. Dogs shouldn't be allowed to run at will in a sensitive area like Petworth Park. If a dog nips a young deer, the latter will almost inevitably die from septicaemia. I find six or seven fawns a year dead from simple nips by dogs.

Another problem is perhaps more complex; overly sensitive members of the public. They see a fawn apparently abandoned by its mother and in need of water. In some cases they force feed it water. When the parent returns, it smells the alien scent and keeps away: the fawn starves. People don't realise that young deer are often left all day, the mother coming in the evening to move the fawn to another spot for the hours of darkness. People sometimes cover the fawn with brambles or dry grass. It will often lead to the fawn being abandoned and starving to death. These are wild animals in a natural setting.

I've mentioned our invaluable volunteers. I've mentioned also that our gardeners need to be jacks of all trades. Flower arranging comes within my remit. I like to think I'm becoming quite a hand at it. Ann Bradley helps on a volunteer basis and when I see how deftly she works, I wonder how good I really am. Perhaps someone reading this would like a try!

Gary Liddell was talking to the Editor.

"It's hot red elephant"

Beachcroft, Kerr and Druitt. There will be few now who have any memory of Dr. Beachcroft who will have left Petworth just after the 1914-1918 war but doctors Kerr and Druitt will be familiar names to many - if only by tradition. My sister Betty, who lives in London, was in Petworth recently and thought she recognised a familiar face in the Square. "How are you?" she enquired. "Not too good," came the reply "but I'd be all the better for seeing your father." My father was always rushing about in the Market Square (and elsewhere). He seemed to know everyone and everyone, it seemed, knew him.

I wasn't born in Petworth but at Saffron Walden in 1914, the first year of the war. My father was away in the RAMC during the war, my mother, of course, remaining at home. My sister Betty was also born at Saffron Walden, while my sister Peggy and brother Peter were both born at Petworth. Peggy was killed in a car crash some twenty years ago. My father had been in practice at Saffron Walden but moved to Petworth immediately after the war. I have heard him talking about the influenza epidemic at this time - presumably he was at Petworth then. It seems that he left Saffron Walden because he didn't want to work with a woman doctor, a not unusual reaction in those days.

Our first home in Petworth was North House in North Street where we remained until my father had Quarry Hill in Grove Lane built in the 1930s. My mother never really liked North House; it was too large and difficult to heat but, as children, we thought it was heavenly. Father was as easy-going with us as he would later be indulgent toward his grandchildren, and North House was just the place for spirited (not to say naughty) children. Naughty I think I'd have to say. There was an old lady in North Street named Fanny Tiller who we used to tease, but it was the garden at the rear that seemed made for us. North House had its own tennis court and a kitchen garden to the back. We could then shin over the wall and go off Round the Hills, or, bearing right, into the rectory garden. The rector, Mr. Powell, always pronounced with a long "o" but sometimes sliding almost to "Pearl" would see us racing through the rectory garden but he'd just observe mildly, "What are you children up to?" Our various adventures certainly never worried Father.

He could be nonchalant. If one of us had some minor ailment, my mother would say, "When you go up to the Surgery bring something back." But he never did; he always forgot. Mother would be very put out, but he never changed. Perhaps it was best for us; we always recovered without whatever it was he was supposed to have brought back with him.

Traffic in North Street in those days was, of course, nothing like it is now. My father would back his car out of the drive with apparent equanimity. I left Petworth when I was eighteen to go to London but was only ten when I was sent to Rosemead School at Littlehampton where I was a full boarder. My sister also went there, hence my memory of Petworth is a mixture of the days before I was ten and school holidays. We didn't come back for weekends but as often as not my parents would come down to see us.

As children of the local doctors we were mutually aware of the Kerr family at Culvercroft, but being away at school, I didn't really grow up with the Kerr children. Bunty was a year or two older than I. Relations between the two doctors were professional rather than intimate. Joan Eardley-Wilmott at Newlands in Pound Street was a friend of mine. She had a big play room with windows looking up the Tillington Road and she'd also come to play at North House. Another girl would come to Archway House to stay during the summers but I can't remember her name now. I've an idea that Miss Mayne rented out Archway House in the summer but I may be wrong. It was something a lot of people did in those days. There was also a girl who stayed at Tillington Rectory in the summer. Her name too, escapes me. And there were the Podmores, Clara, Gladys and Beresford (Berry) and their brother John. He'd say, "Come on, let's play the piano" but he was so much better than I was, and older too, but it was quite fun.

As I say, we were rather boisterous children and we soon explored the local shops: Meachens on the corner just up from us for instance. We loved going into Peggy Streeter's antique shop at the top of Lombard Street. She always seemed rather ill-at-ease as if we were going to knock some precious antique and damage it, and she was probably right to have qualms. Or there was Weavers, the toy shop, still a newsagents - or Eagers in Market Square. One of the Eager brothers, Stan or Les, would meet my mother at the shop door as she went in, rubbing his hands together as if in anticipation. I remember if there was some small change due - three farthings for instance, he'd give her a packet of pins in lieu. She ended up with a whole box full of packets of pins! Far more than she would ever need or use. Mother used to buy material for our dresses at Eagers. A yard of Gingham would be a few pence then. A Miss Harding in Grove Street made up our dresses for us.

Goodwood Races brought all sorts of people together. We'd gather by the horse chestnut tree in the churchyard with nets on long poles and thrust these at passing charabancs shouting, "Throw out your rusty coppers." I remember too appearing in a children's play at the Iron Room and singing a song called, "Our farm" but it's very hazy. As regards anything more ambitious I was away at school. Later there were dances, particularly at Christmas at the Town Hall. I kept wondering whether Bunty Kerr's dress was better than mine and coming to the conclusion that it was! Angus Maude, later an MP, I remember at those dances.

Nora Knight was our cook at North House and a very good cook she was too. I kept up with her long after she married "Duckie" Herrington who worked for Hazlemans the butchers and grocers. We were still in touch when she was living in Australia where she and Duckie had gone to be with their daughter.

My father had some amusing habits - at least for us children. Certainly he always found time for us. He was more outgoing than my mother was even if, of course, he was out of the

house a good deal. He'd sit in his chair with his newspaper held in front of him, but we knew he wasn't reading it; he'd be endlessly curling a wisp of his hair. In later years he'd always call my daughter Anna-Maria-Susan-Jane all jumbled up into a single word. DPB was dustpan and brush, WPB waste paper basket. On Sundays we'd be either upstairs or playing in the garden and he'd shout, "Come on you kids, it's hot red elephant," his language for boiled beef and carrots. Or if my sister Peggy wasn't prepared to eat her toast and honey or marmalade, he'd carefully cut the toast into strips and say, "Here are your marmi-carts." Despite having a cook, he'd often cook the Sunday joints, and joints were large in those days. B and B was bread and blood, slices of bread dipped in the meat juices. He'd say to my mother, "When you go shopping, don't forget to tell them to keep the undercut on." I never quite knew what this meant, but I suppose it was the fat that went with the joint.

I certainly went to the Grove Tennis Club but I would have been older then. Colonel Mayne, Captain Ogleshorpe and Major Shiner were stalwarts at that time. My parents were very friendly with the Shiners who lived at Sutton. My mother played bridge regularly; my father would of course be working. One last memory of North House is of my mother laboriously pegging a line across the tennis court and pulling out the weeds, moving the line as she reached the edge. She did this once a year. I loved Petworth Fair but of course once I went to school at Littlehampton I missed this, so my memories of fairs are more of summer on Hampers Common.

When my father first came to Petworth, Dr. Beachcroft was still practising. He had five daughters, Maud, Diana, Ruby, Joan and Lala but they were several years older than I was. The Beachcrofts moved to Hayling Island. Originally the surgery was at North House but it soon moved up the road to the present George House.

Father always visited. That was a much more significant part of his job than it would be now. I often heard him speak of the "panel" but I'm not sure exactly what this meant. I certainly remember him telling of how he went down to Hampers Common when a man's wife was ill. He was a gipsy in a caravan. Perhaps he'd come with a fair. Anyway the caravan was fairly nondescript and the interior ordinary to say the least. My father did what was necessary and the gipsy asked how much the call would be. Father said that would be all right, he'd make no charge. Clearly money was short. The man insisted on paying and my father agreed on a few pence. The gipsy then pulled out a sack from under the bed. It was stuffed full of money. My father reflected afterwards that he could have charged virtually anything.

The rector of Tillington, Mr. Goggs, also had reason to be grateful, even if the context was little different. He gave my father a gold pencil inscribed with his name for an emergency life-saving operation, cutting a hole in Mrs. Goggs's neck to restore her breathing. Fairly standard practice nowadays but hardly an ad hoc procedure.

Lord Leconfield I hardly ever saw. My abiding recollection is of being in the sloping Shimmings Valley fields. I was visiting Petworth and already married. It would be during the war. I was helping one of the children to fly a kite and not finding it terribly easy. A man suddenly appeared with walking stick, dog and white gaiters. I knew immediately who it was. "You don't know how to do it," he said. "I bet you can't do any better," I retorted. And he

strode off. Once my father was called in to see Lady Leconfield. He was told to wait in a side-room until her ladyship blew a hunting horn. He could then go in.

I was married in London, at All Souls, Langham Place. Mr. Provis, the rector, went up for the service and helped officiate. For some reason, both sets of parents wanted the wedding to be in London. Perhaps as I was already living in London, it wasn't so odd after all, but I sometimes reflect that it would have been nice to have married at St. Mary's. My daughter Pamela, who now lives in Wiltshire, was born at Quarry Hill, my daughter Anne, who now lives in Midhurst, when I was at Cobham, just before the war. My husband Jack Grylls would be away for five years, the duration of the war.

The Grylls lived at Gore Hill, itself quite a large place, but they had come from Funtington Manor which was even larger - too large they found. Mrs. Dearing had been at Gore Hill before them. She then moved to Fleet. Some older people will remember Mrs. Dearing's daughter, Mary Willmore, who eventually came back to live at Byworth.

Nancy Grylls (née Druitt) was talking to the Editor.

Back in the Village

This article appeared in the Tillington/Duncton/Upwaltham Magazine and we are very pleased to give it a different, and possibly larger, readership. [Ed.]

In the dull gloomy days of January, I found myself back in the village of Duncton, not that it was the first time I had been back for years, I visit once a week to spend a day with my mother. This time was a little different my mother had bronchitis rather badly so I 'moved-in' while she recovered. It wasn't until a friend of mine said, 'Is it strange being back in the village?' I hadn't thought about it until then, I think of Duncton as 'home' even though I left for college followed by work over thirty years ago. As the days went by I had time to reflect and get a different view of what was around me, unlike the weekly visits of dashing here and there, I tuned into the 'rhythm' of the village.

Mornings started with the comforting sound of a cockerel crowing in the distance, breaking through a cold misty atmosphere, gradually the sounds of people going about their daily business. Children off to school, adults to work, the trades people about their rounds. People posted letters and read the notices on the board, walked their dogs, caught the bus, thank goodness there is a bus service again, and, a Fish and Chip van appeared once a week, as did the Community Mini Bus.

I went for a walk on one of the rare sunny, but, very cold days, which gave me time for reflection, passing the stump of an oak tree where we used to play and only had to say to each other 'Meet you at the Oak Tree' everyone knew where it was. It used to be a lovely tree with a low heavy branch to swing on, and interesting roots that reached down into what was a deep ditch, that we used to try to cross without getting covered in mud, I passed the 'stump' which I felt gave me a 'knowing glance'. On I went towards a copse where we used to make 'camps'

'Private Keep Out' said the signs, so, I obeyed and carried on, I just remembered the times we'd spent in the copse, picking primroses, bluebells and wood anemones (not allowed now) and making 'camps' by weaving the hazel branches. Also, I thought there used to be a little pond nearby, a vague indentation in the grass, maybe where it had been. I carried on, wishing that I'd remembered my camera as the sky was quite dramatic, with stormy navy blue clouds, but, as usual when you think you won't need something, you always do, when will I learn? I admired the oak trees along the headland, exactly the same as they used to be, there's a certain beauty about skeleton trees, their true shapes silhouetted against the sky, the hedges and fences looked very tidy in their winter guise. After crossing a marshy field, I noticed that the narrow ditch I was walking next to had flowing water in it which made me wonder if there was a spring somewhere. On I went, adjacent to a bank with lots of rabbit holes weaving in and out of some interesting root formations, if only one could shrink and take a look at life inside, oh well, that's where the imagination comes in I suppose.

I walked on and the question of being back in the village, was still in my head, I remembered the school I used to go to, which is now three houses, luckily there is still a school it's just in a different place. The church stands proud where I used to go to Sunday School and sing in the Choir, which consisted of at least five men and eight to ten youngsters - it was a tight fit 'robing-up' in the small vestry, us into our maroon gowns and the men into their cassocks and surplices. I also used to spend a lot of time at the Rectory, as I was friends with the housekeeper's daughter, the house used to seem enormous, we had the run of it (except the Rector's study) and our imaginations worked overtime, the cellar was spooky, the banisters were great for sliding down and there was a huge gong at the foot of the stairs to summon the rector for meals, it was a race who got to strike it. The Rectory garden was rambling, so it seemed, I remember hiding in the vegetable garden under a huge fig tree as we gorged ourselves on the ripe sticky fruits, crouched against a wall warmed by the sun, hoping we wouldn't be discovered, our faces and hands gave it all away. Church Fêtes and Mother's Union were held at The Rectory. There were also functions in the Village Hall, (now a house stands on the site), of Youth Club, Beetle Drives (remember those?), Jumble Sales, Wedding Receptions, Talent Shows, Christmas Parties, and what would now be called Mother and Toddler Club. The Hall now at the Recreation Ground where there used to be an old wooden pavilion, when there were thriving Cricket and Stoolball teams, Summer Fêtes and even Carnivals with a Carnival Queen and Attendants took place there. I walked on and eventually joined the main road, and back into the reality of present day, cars whizzing by and hoping for a clear space to cross, back round to 'home' and a nice cup of tea.

I've gone off the subject a little, so, back to it. It is great to know that the community is strong and thriving. There have been numerous amounts of people reminding me, that they are only a phone call away, if they can do or get anything and sending get well messages, cards and flowers to my mother, being in contact again with people who were always 'Auntie ...' 'Mr ...' or 'Mrs ...' to me and still are, never mind that thirty plus years have passed. I realised this sense of community cannot be bought it evolves and grows out of a sense of caring for each other. Everyone has their own lives, but, all come together to form that community, which is very special, and a great comfort.

Towards the end of January I did my mother's 'round' delivering the Parish Magazines to houses, where I used to play with the children who lived in them, thinking to myself 'the path was longer than this' 'there never used to be a wall there' 'that porch wasn't covered in when we played in it', etc. etc. one place, that I went to, now a private house, used to be a Market Garden where we purchased plants, vegetables, and eggs. On the way round I saw people tidying their gardens and we had a chat, again they let me know if there was anything they could do, not to hesitate, a lovely reassurance of people's kindness.

As well as being here I had my work to do, luckily I can do it on computer and via e-mail, so that carried on as normal, and with e-mails and texting I was able to keep in touch with friends and colleagues around the world, without leaving, what used to be, my little bedroom, modern technology certainly does have its place. From that room I could just gaze out of the window and admire a healthy looking flock of sheep, they intrigued me, how one minute they were all together, then they'd drift off to the left or right out of sight and the field appeared empty, next time I looked, and they were back, what goes on in those heads? Who decides when and where to drift?

Picking up the rhythm of the village once again. The day moves on, children have been collected from school, people return from work, dogs get their last outing, the daylight gradually fades, although noticeably, at this time of year no matter how gloomy, it started to get a little lighter each day and thoughts of Spring being just around the corner, then, at the end of the day it was lovely to lay in bed and hear the church clock striking in the still of night, drifting into sleep awaking again to the sound of a distant cockerel, I think this is where I came in! no, it hasn't been at all strange being back in the village I just came 'home'.

Jenny Matthews

1749, 1965 and 2006 (i)

If I had to choose a single word to describe the new history of Petworth, the second volume of which will appear within the lifetime of this magazine, I'd probably have to go for "interim". Inevitably Petworth's history is a continuing story - that's one thing but the major point surely must be that any history can only be a benchmark for further study.

I found the eighteenth century difficult. Not Petworth House under the Duke of Somerset, but that laconic Petworth that existed in the thrall of the Proud Duke and his household, or even, to an extent, beyond that thrall. Hugh Leconfield clearly felt himself labouring under the same restraints in 1956¹ when he reprinted a list of Rectory Manor tenants in 1749, "hoping that readers may be able to add to the information in it." He probably knew as well as anyone that the request would be a mere formality. I just wonder whether, fifty years on we can provide even the most tenuous of answers.

I will print the list with Leconfield's headings - probably not original. *Italic* script will

¹ St. Mary's Parish Magazine November 1956

indicate the 1956 list, comments in normal type. A more determined assault on what books of reference there are might wring out rather more but here is a start.

It should be noted that the Rectory Manor was one of two into which Petworth was anciently divided, the larger, of course, being the Petworth House sphere of influence. It was a division of jurisdiction going back well into medieval times. In theory, at least, the Rectory Manor still retained its own prerogatives and privileges, even if perhaps becoming formal rather than functional. A handful of odd records remains at Petworth House but merely a fraction of what must once have existed. Particular strongholds appear to have been the lower reaches and east side of North Street, and (pace Leconfield) the present East Street.

I - Tenants in North Street

Richard Godwin, Esq. A house late occupied by Mrs. Castleman Smith, and before her by Thomas Dawtrey, Esq.

John Tribe, husbandman. A house and garden; formerly occupied by John Cook, and before him by widow Burchet and the late Mr. Harwood of Pulborough. This was formerly a messuage, barn and garden called Loxleys.

Edward Pullen barber. House and garden formerly part of Loxleys. In 1749 occupied by Robert Mitchell.

Thomas Wood. Tenement and garden, formerly part of John Bean's, occupied by the late Mr. Bean, afterwards by Henry Mitchell and in 1749 by the "Sign of the Sun" and William Hearsay. After 1749 it was bought by Robert Willard, shoemaker.

Peter Mose Esq. (1) Hampers Croft, late held by John Jewkes and before him by John Cook. In 1749 occupied by Mrs. Mose, Peter's widow. She married William Burnet.

Ditto (2) Barn and garden formerly held by Mr. Alderton.

Ditto (3) House in Back (now High) Street. This had been Richard Stringer's.

William Mills. A house in the Common (Hampers) late Sir Richard Farringdon's. Formerly held by Robert Willard.

Robert Holland, sawyer. The adjoining house.

Overseers of the Poor. The Workhouse, formerly called the Town House.

Mrs. Susanna and Mrs. Margaret Peachey. Land next the Town House, formerly John Peachey. In 1749 rented by James Goble, Esq.

Mrs Castleman Smith would appear the widow of the Duke of Somerset's veteran major-domo Castleman Smith. Despite his fractious reputation the "Proud Duke" did "keep his staff" - or some of them at least.

Tribe is a clock-making name. Loxleys (usually paired with Boxleys) is a name often found in older documents. The position of this property is usually located on or near the present Horsham Road turning. The "Sign of the Sun" may be one of those ephemeral beerhouses that were so familiar to an older Petworth. Robert Willard, the shoemaker (or possibly his son) would have a shop on the west side of Market Square in the 1770s and 1780s.² It is clear that "Hampers" as a name goes back at least to the eighteenth century. Mose

² PSM 19

and Alderton are very familiar local surnames at this and earlier times. Leconfield must be wrong in identifying Back Street with High Street, the reference would clearly seem to be to Stringers Hall in East Street, but why it should appear at this point in the list is not clear. Certainly High Street could be called Back Street but the whole southward progression from the top of North Street to Golden Square was very much a back street. The main way through would be via Trump Alley into Market Square. A smaller Petworth was concentrated on Market Square, Lombard Street and Church Street. This was a time when with a row of houses backing on to the church, Church Street was the very focus of Petworth life. The houses were not pulled down until 1896.

Sir Richard Farringdon appears a name only. For the workhouse "formerly called the Town House", we have Thomas Arnop's indenture from a decade or so later.³ The Misses (not Mrs.) Peachey, will have been absentee landlords. Estranged from their somewhat raffish brother William at Ebernoe, they had a house in London.⁴

II - Tenants in Back (now High) Street

William Pearson and his sister Jane Greenville. A house next to the George, late occupied by Richard Pearson.

Catherine Winter, widow. House and garden, late John Petoe and before him Richard Barton.

Edward Arnop. House and garden. Formerly Saunder's. Mary Edmonds and Thomas Arnop. In 1749 occupied by William Chessum, the schoolmaster, and Jennings, the farrier. John Hearsay. A tenement.

John Taylor, watchmaker. A tenement in 1749 occupied by Robert Brown, a labourer.

It is clear that the present East Street is under discussion here. If nothing else this is confirmed by the reference to the George. Pearson is another clock making name. The clock at Petworth Cottage Museum is a Pearson. Jane Greenville is probably a variant for the Jane Greenfield mentioned in this rough location in the 1762 window tax return⁵ and noted as "poor". Catherine Winter may be the widow of the Mr. Winter who had a house to the rear of Back Street in the 1720s. Edward Arnop's house and garden will likely be the present Boxall House or on the site of it. It would seem at this time to have been in dual occupation. Possibly Jennings the farrier operated from the premises, or William Chessum had his school there. John Taylor, watchmaker, is an important reference to that most elusive fraternity, the Petworth clockmakers. A tenuous tradition also connects the Taylor family with Lombard Street.

To be continued.

P.

³ PSM 25

⁴ In Great Ormond Street. See P. Jerrome *Not all sunshine hear* (1998) page 77

⁵ Kenyon *Town and Trades* page 112

GROVE LAWN TENNIS CLUB PETWORTH.

AN OPEN TOURNAMENT

WILL BE HELD ON THE CLUB GROUND.

Friday & Saturday, Aug. 6th & 7th

The Events will be as follows:—

Friday, Aug. 6th. LADIES' SINGLES
(Knock-Out. Entrance Fee 5/-)

LADIES' DOUBLES
(American. Entrance Fee 10/- each Pair)

Saturday, Aug. 7th. GENTS' SINGLES
(Knock-Out. Entrance Fee 5/-)

MIXED DOUBLES
(American. Entrance Fee 10/- each Pair)

Play will commence at 11 o'clock sharp each day.

FIRST AND SECOND PRIZES will be given in EACH EVENT.
TEA will be provided on the Ground, and arrangements made for Motor accommodation

All Entries, together with Entrance Fees, must be sent on or before
Wednesday, August 4th, to the Hon. Sec., L. G. GLASS, Petworth.

ARNOLD, PRINTER, PETWORTH.

A tournament at the Grove – probably in the late 1920s. See "Sadler's Field"

A Fete in Petworth Park 1820

This account of the fete in Petworth Park to celebrate an election success for two protégés of the Third Earl of Egremont appeared in the Morning Chronicle of July 31st 1820.

The festival given in Petworth Park on the 27th instant, to the Freeholders of the County of Sussex, in honour of the late Election of Burrell and Curteis, recalls to our recollection those scenes of antient munificence, and splendid hospitality, which were exhibited in days of yore. The number of respectable and independent Freeholders, who had previously signified their intention of being present at this dinner, amounted to about one thousand; but all who came, whether they had sent notice, or not, were equally welcome; the preparations for their accommodation being upon the most extensive scale. A space of sixty yards by forty yards, had been marked out upon the lawn in front of the Mansion, and the whole of this ample space was formed into one ornamental room, covered with canvas, and decorated with the colours of the United Kingdom, and other flags appropriate to the occasion. The front by which the company entered was brilliantly illuminated with festoons of coloured lamps; within this room, were twenty-eight tables, each thirty-six feet long, and laid for forty guests, affording comfortable accommodation for eleven hundred and twenty-six Freeholders; the centre tables being decorated with all the gold cups won by the Petworth Stables. To the right and left of this splendid room were stationed marquees, with the bands of the Sussex Militia and the 19th Lancers, and joining on to it a further booth for the reception of any Freeholders who could not find places in the principal room. The dinner was served at four o'clock in the best order; it was sent to table from the spacious kitchens of the adjoining Mansion, and from twenty-four kitchens fitted up in a row by the side of the wall of the pleasure ground. Besides a profusion of butcher's meat, pastry, poultry, hams, &c. there were served up 14 fat bucks, and every description of fruit which the season could afford. It was satisfactory to observe, that not the slightest confusion occurred in the distribution of the company to their respective places; nor during the whole of the entertainment, which was kept up to a very late hour with the utmost harmony and conviviality. The day was fortunately beautiful, and in addition to the number of Freeholders who sat down, many thousands of spectators, attracted by the grandeur of the scene, enjoyed themselves by dancing and other amusements in the Park, and were all liberally provided with refreshment of various descriptions, till long after midnight, when they gradually retired from the festive sports of the day. The wines were of the first quality, and as it would have been impossible to have supplied such a number of persons in the ordinary way from the bins of the cellar, these wines, as well as the punch, negus, and other liquors, were slung in pipes and puncheons in a temporary room fitted up for the purpose by the side of the great dinner tent, and from which they were drawn off and served with the most unbounded profusion to all who called for them. If any thing were necessary to fill up the measure of liberal hospitality, it was afforded in the fullest extent by the tables on the ensuing day being covered with the plentiful remains of the feast, for a great number of tradesmen and labourers, who joyfully and thankfully met rogehr; thus terminating the festive scene. — Colonel George Wyndham most ably presided at the dinner of the 27th, and by his attention and affability to every one left no wish ungratified.

David and Linda's Flexham Park Walk. July 30th

Somehow the chairman had contrived to put Sunday July 29th on the Activities Sheet. Were the Petworth Society now trying to rewrite the calendar? Posters had to be hastily altered. Not quite Joshua making the sun stand still – more a minor embarrassment. Or should have been but the Petworth Society simply shrugs off that sort of thing. Anyway, no shortage of numbers.

Turning off Kingspit Lane into Flexham Park, we leave the cars and set off to our left. Uphill but with the woodland canopy giving shade. In fact it's not as hot this afternoon as it has been. The quiet woods are open to walkers but we meet only a pony and cart negotiating one of the wider rides. Water pepper holds the centre of the path as it does everywhere in these woods. It never seems to mind the shade. You could probably try just a hint of its hot leaf in a salad but you'd need to be sparing. No obvious sign of woodmen but these are traditional sweet chestnut woods, probably still worked, the frith or undergrowth tidied and split fencing and poles taken off. Forty years ago clothes props fetched a penny each but I suppose they're a thing of the past now. Piece work, under a tarpaulin cover if necessary. And solitary. You might not, probably wouldn't, see a single soul all day.

Further through the woods. An avenue of decaying pines lines the path, the ground sloping slightly upwards on either side. Perhaps the pines didn't take to the terrain. A brook tinkles by, seemingly unaffected by the hot dry summer. Over the Little Bognor road and back into the woods. The field with the "lent lilies" is on the right. Spring seems a long way off now, whether you think forward or back. Soon we come upon the two Little Bognor trout ponds, expected but still surprising. They're deserted today; but the season ends in fact in October David says. The recent rains have muddied the water but, spring-fed as they are, they're probably as clear as any. A wary look at a hole in the dry earth with wasps pouring in and out and we're on the road again. It's not long before we skirt the stone pits. The sun on buddleia but there are few butterflies this year. Spring was cold and wet this year. Back through the woods to the cars. Thanks very much David and Linda.

P.

[Incidentally why Flexham? We know very little of the history of this area.] Ed.

List of new members will appear in the next magazine.

