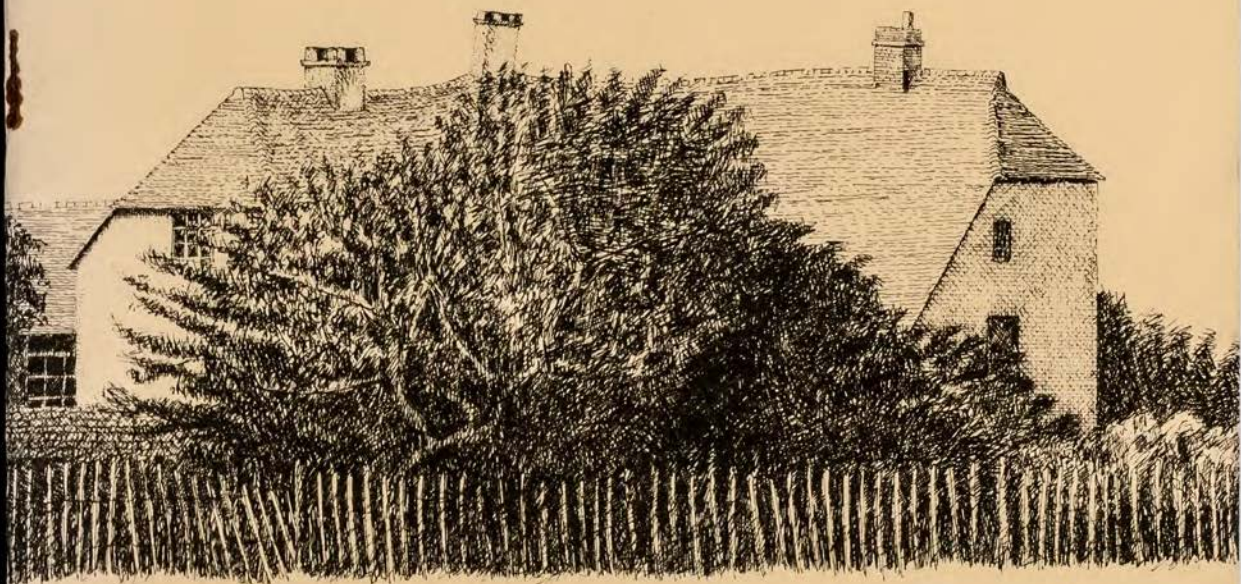


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THE PETWORTH SOCIETY
Magazine



NO. 133. SEPTEMBER 2008

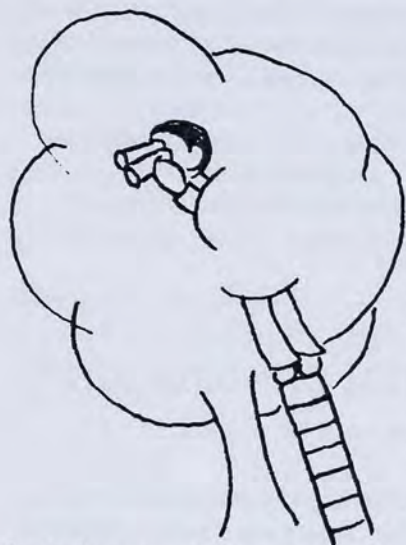
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THE PETWORTH SOCIETY SUPPORTS THE
LECONFIELD HALL,
PETWORTH COTTAGE MUSEUM
AND THE COULTERSHAW BEAM PUMP.

My friends the animals – and plants



Arthur Hoare came to tell us about the Loder Valley Nature Reserve, an area of meadows, water and woodland on the Wakehurst Estate, surrounding an arm of the Ardingly Reservoir. Wakehurst is, of course, the home of Kew's World Seed Bank and the Reserve gives experts there the opportunity to collect seed of native species from their nature habitat.

The vegetation is typically Wealden, with all the familiar wildlife that it supports as well as some rarities.

We were immediately captivated by Arthur's photography, all the more engaging because most of us had grown up with the flowers, birds and other animals and knew their names, but we now saw them with fresh eyes and appreciated anew the beauty and variety of our surroundings.

As the talk developed, Arthur's deep affection for the Reserve and its occupants emerged. He spoke about badgers, foxes, mice, blue tits and even plants as if they were real friends, his children, even. His demonstration of his (successful) efforts to teach a fledgling pigeon to fly are a treasured memory. He had reared the creature from the day it had fallen from the nest only hours after hatching, a demanding and time-consuming exercise in itself. It came to regard him as its parent and return to the wild looked doubtful, but fly away it did.

After the interval, the attention turned to Arthur's own garden, not a large one, in Crawley. Nightly visits from foxes and hedgehogs, shots of a sparrow hawk dining on the lawn and identified by an alarmed neighbour as an eagle (!), a squirrel raiding the bird feeders. It is the outfall from the feeders that gives rise to the appearance of some exotic plants. Identifying them is a challenge indicating the origin, the Mediterranean or South Africa, for example, of much of our bird seed.

Going a step further than just putting a nesting box on the shed, a window inside allowed the development of blue tits' chicks to be photographed in a truly professional manner.

Peter, in thanking Arthur, compared the evening's atmosphere to that at the presentations given by the late, lamented Doris Ashby, so much enjoyed in the earlier years of the Society's monthly meetings and expressed his appreciation of Dr. Nick Sturt's recommendations of speakers.

Johnny Kingdom, eat your heart out!

KCT

Looking back – the Society, the Hall – and a remarkable lady

The 34th Annual General Meeting proceeded unremarkably with the financial report, the apparently inevitable re-election of the serving committee and the Chairman's review of the past year, with the usual demonstrations of incompetence in the use of a microphone by both Chairman and Vice-Chairman.

Peter, reporting, felt that the standard of monthly meetings had been maintained. Speakers had been conscious of falling engagements due to societies winding up, which could not be said of our Society. Visits seemed to be replacing walks. While one walk was cancelled due to atrocious weather – something which had not happened in 30 years – it was re-scheduled later. The book sales were crucial in enabling the Society to continue to 'live beyond its means' by subsidising the Magazine and keeping subscription levels down. It was, however, proposed to make a small increase for 2009/10 to avoid a much larger one should the book sales come to an end. Mr Michael Hubbard had enthusiastically taken on the post of Town Crier following the retirement of Mr John Crocombe. The question of a costume was under discussion and there were a number of suggestions and comments from members at this point as to how this could be achieved. Regarding Petworth Fair, the Harris brothers were slowly recovering from the disastrous fire in 2005, but Health & Safety regulations were a matter of increasing concern. On July 16th, a seat, purchased by members of the Rapley family, would be presented and installed at the Coultershaw Beam Pump. Close links exist with the Beam Pump Trust through our representatives and similarly with the Cottage Museum.

We then had the by now customary photographs projected on to the big screen, showing outings to Greenwich, Charleston Farmhouse, Berwick Church and Chatham Dockyard; the scenes during the downpour which caused the postponement of the Heyshott Common walk, another walk at Frith Hill and the Surrey border; the Annual Dinner and open days at the Beam Pump and the Leconfield Estate.

Peter had earlier thanked Mr Henderson for the amount of work he did as Treasurer, including the organisation of visits and he ended by expressing appreciation of Mr and Mrs Godsmark's invaluable and time-consuming task of maintaining the Society's photographic records.

Then came the interval for refreshments and the mild entertainment of the raffle before Peter gave an introductory talk about Gwenda Morgan. Newcomers to the town realise that the large hall is named in her memory and even residents of longer standing may wonder why, for Gwenda was such a modest and unassuming character. Peter regards her as a significant figure of the 20th century in Petworth. Her father, 'Billy' Morgan, came to Petworth to work in Austen's the ironmongers, becoming manager in 1899 and later taking over the business. Gwenda went to Goldsmith's School of Art and subsequently learnt wood engraving, becoming an accomplished and well-known artist in the field. Not many Petworth people were aware of this and during World War II she was in the Women's Land Army, working on local farms, keeping a diary which has been published since her death in 1991. She privately donated £60,000 towards the restoration of the Leconfield Hall, enabling it to qualify

BOOK SALES

2nd Saturday in every month
Leconfield Hall, Petworth
10 am—3 pm
Admission Free

September 13th

October 11th

November 8th

December 13th

**If you have
books to donate
please ring Peter
on 342562 or
Miles on 343227
Or just drop
them in to the
Leconfield Hall
on book sale
Saturday**

CAN YOU HELP?

Has anyone a child's liberty bodice which they could donate to the Marion May collection? Please get in touch with Ann Bradley at Past and Present Shop in High Street or 343590.





PETWORTH SOCIETY ACTIVITIES SHEET

Autumn programme. Please keep for reference.

Tuesday September 9th Annual Dinner. [sold out]

Walks: Cars leave Petworth Car Park at 2.15.

Sunday September 14th. Andy's late season walk.

Sunday October 19th. David and Linda's last walk of the season.

Monthly meetings take off with the **Allsorts** on **Tuesday October 7th.** Leconfield Hall 7.30.

The Allsorts would like to invite you to step back in time to the Victorian era and join us for "A Little of What You Fancy"!

For one night they will be presenting an Old Time Music Hall Revue. Lots of fun and frivolity and plenty of colourful costumes. They would like you to feel free to enter into the spirit of the evening by wearing Victorian attire.

Tickets are £5 available in advance at the September Book Sale or at the door on the night.

Thursday November 13th 7.30.

Robert Harris : "A Showman's view of Petworth Fair".

Admission £3

The fair will be held as usual in the feast of St Edmund the King on Thursday 20th.

Thursday December 18th

A Petworth Christmas Evening with a distinctly local flavour.

See December Activities Sheet and posters.

Wednesday January 14th

The Garland Memorial Lecture:
Peter Jerrome : "Petworth from 1876 to 1960"

An introduction to the work of Walter Kevis and George Garland.

At this meeting framed photographs of Kevis and Garland will be placed in the rooms named after them at the Leconfield Hall.

Tuesday November 4th

Peter Jerrome will talk on "Petworth (and Tillington) through the looking-glass." Slides.

In aid of the Tillington appeal.

See local publicity.

LECONFIELD HALL FRIENDS' NEWSLETTER

www.leconfieldhall.org.uk Following the work to improve the heating, upgrade the electrics in the Leconfield Hall, and the installation of a new divider screen downstairs to create an artist's Green Room, we have recently tackled the remaining areas of damp, particularly at the back of the stage, and, at long last, replaced the dreadful old curtains on the stage. These vintage items were always intended as a temporary fix when the Hall was refurbished, on a limited budget, in the late 1990s.

As ever, these improvements have only been possible thanks to the continuing generosity of the Hall Friends and donors. Despite the high usage the Hall gets, and despite annual inflationary increases in our charges, the running costs continue to exceed the hiring income. In fact, in the last year, a very considerable part of the Hall's reserves have been spent. The Hall is now in better condition than it has been in living memory.

A thank you party for Hall Friends and the other major donors to these works is to be held in the Hall on 12th September.

A key figure in the refurbishments carried out at the Hall over the past decade and a half is Raymond Harris. Without the vision and architectural expertise of Raymond, and his indefatigable energy, the major improvements would simply not have happened. Raymond has recently stepped down as a trustee of the Hall, but will continue to provide his support and knowledge as needed in the future.



This newsletter is intended to keep local people informed of progress at their Hall, and to promote activities there. There is also the Hall website: www.leconfieldhall.org.uk where up to date details of activities are shown and links to other websites provide more detailed information for some events. The Hall trustees are extremely grateful to the Petworth Society for distributing more than 700 copies of this newsletter with their quarterly magazine. This minimises postage whilst maximizing circulation.

To hire the Hall

Please contact

Art, Craft & Fabric of Petworth on:

01798 344334, 10.00 - 4.30

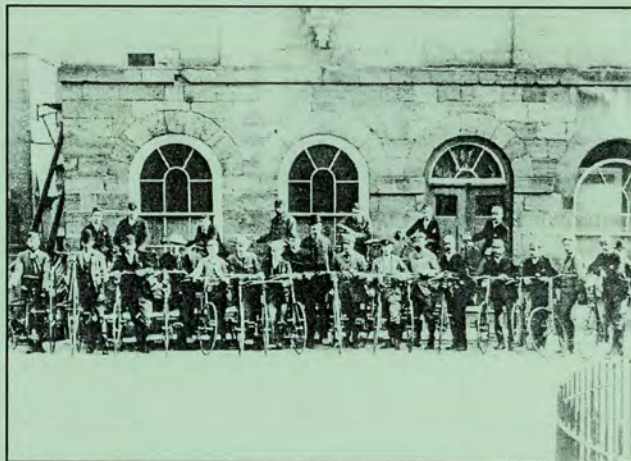
Market Square, Petworth, GU28 0AF

Prices start at £19 for the small committee room, and the cost of hiring the lower hall for a morning is between £43 and £54

The upstairs auditorium seats about 152 when the raked seating is in use and costs between £72 and £89 for an evening.

Although not exactly a major literary work, the editor was amused, and mildly flattered to receive a peremptory demand from the British Library for back issues. Apparently it is a legal requirement to deposit a copy of even a humble publication like this with them. I wonder what posterity will make of it.

Thinking of posterity, the pictures show Colonel Mitford's troops returning from the Boer war, and cyclists outside the Hall in 1885. What is extraordinary is how little has changed in more than a century. Now there are just more motor-cars and less bikes.



A series of concerts is to be held in the Hall in November including an appearance by the world famous Vienna Piano Trio on 10th November. Their programme is to include Beethoven's Archduke trio, which is promoted by Peter Flatter with the proceeds going to the Hall and to the Petworth Festival. Watch out for posters & see the Hall web site. Another Wiggonholt Association concert on 1st November will feature a piano recital by Nadia Gilova. Tickets for this concert will be available via the Association. Eleanor Harris and Sophie Till return on 3rd & 4th November for a recital following their sell out success last year. Look out for posters and see the Hall website nearer the time for how to get tickets.



HALL FILMS

Film shows in the Hall, held to raise funds, resume on 24th September with *La Vie En Rose* starring Marion Cotillard as Edith Piaf. This film was originally scheduled for April, but a



mix up over the dates caused it to be cancelled.

Films take place on the last Wednesday of each month. Film details appear on the Hall website, and posters are displayed around the Town.

Published by :
The Leconfield Hall
Editor Tim Wardle
No. 7 Autumn 2008



LECONFIELD HALL FRIENDS' NEWSLETTER

WHAT'S ON

06&07/09/08	All Day	Antiques Collectables, Jewellery
08/09/2008	Evening	Hall Trustees
09/09/2008	Morning	Martlet Homes
12/09/2008	Evening	Hall Friends Party
13/09/2008	All Day	Petworth Society Book Sale
14/ & 15/09/08	All Day	Rug Sale
20&21/09/08	All Day	Antiques Collectables, Jewellery
24/09/2008	Evening	Hall Film Show - La Vie en Rose
25/09/2008	All Day	Mike's Market
26/09/2008	Morning	Macmillan event
27/09/2008	All Day	Alpaca Peru
01/10/2008	Evening	Petworth Masonic Lodge
04/10/2008	All Day	Antiques Collectables, Jewellery
05/10/2008	All Day	Antiques Collectables, Jewellery
05/10/2008	Evening	Private function
07/10/2008	Evening	Petworth Society
11/10/2008	All Day	Petworth Society Book Sale
11/10/2008	Evening	Conservative Association
14/10/2008	Morning	Martlet Homes
15/10/2008	Evening	Petworth Horticultural Society
17/10/2008	All Day	Angel Hands - Healing/spiritualist
18/10/2008	All Day	Antiques Collectables, Jewellery
19/10/2008	All Day	Antiques Collectables, Jewellery
25/10/2008	Morning	NSPCC event
29/10/2008	Evening	Hall Film Show (we are hoping to show the new Indiana Jones film)
01/11/2008	Evening	Wiggonholt Association Concert - Nadia Gilova piano recital
01/11/2008	All Day	Antiques Collectables, Jewellery
02/11/2008	All Day	Antiques Collectables, Jewellery
03/11/2008	Evening	Eleanor Harris - piano, Sophie Till - violin
04/11/2008	Evening	Eleanor Harris - piano, Sophie Till - violin
05/11/2008	Evening	Petworth Masonic Lodge
08/11/2008	All Day	Petworth Society Book Sale
08/11/2008	Evening	Petworth Masonic Lodge - Race Night
10/11/2008	Evening	The Vienna Piano Trio—A Hall Fund Raising concert
11/11/2008	Morning	Martlet Homes
13/11/2008	All Day	Mike's Market
13/11/2008	Evening	Petworth Society
15/11/2008	All Day	Antiques Collectables, Jewellery
16/11/2008	All Day	Antiques Collectables, Jewellery
18/11/2008	Evening	Petworth Horticultural Society
20/11/2008	All day	Petworth Fair
21/11/2008	Evening	Petworth & Grafton Conservative Association
22/11/2008	All Day	Chestnut Tree Childrens Hospice Friends
26/11/2008	Evening	Hall Film Show (we are hoping to show <i>The Other Boleyn Girl</i>)
28/11/2008	Evening	Coultershaw Trust social event
29/11/2008	All Day	Alpaca Peru
03/12/2008	Evening	Petworth Masonic Lodge
06/12/2008	All day	Christmas lights switch on
08/12/2008	All Day	Event in lower Hall
09/12/2008	Morning	Martlet Homes
10/12/2008	All Day	Chichester District Council
10/12/2008	Evening	Petworth Society
11/12/2008	All Day	Mike's Market
13/12/2008	All Day	Petworth Society Book Sale
18/12/2008	All Day	Mike's Market
18/12/2008	Evening	Petworth Society
19/12/2008	All Day	Mike's Market
20/12/2008	All Day	Antiques Collectables, Jewellery
21/12/2008	All Day	Antiques Collectables, Jewellery

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, 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 any Leconfield Hall 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 01798 342502**

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. To be 25p after 5th April 2008).* 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: _____

for a National Lottery grant and become the excellent facility that Petworth is proud to have today and the envy of many other towns.

The original painting of Gwenda, aged 18, was rescued by Mr John Randle, her executor, when her house in Station Road was being cleared. He eventually passed it to Mr Philip Archer. Gwenda was Mr Archer's mother's cousin. He and Mrs Ruth Archer were with us to present a framed copy to Mr Andrew Henderson, Chairman of the Leconfield Hall Committee, who expressed the gratitude of everyone, particularly those who had known this remarkable lady, saying that it would go on permanent display in the Gwenda Morgan Hall, along with portraits of the Wyndham family and other distinguished Petworth personalities.

KCT

Debby's Ramster Garden Visit

I've passed the Ramster entrance often enough in the car. Most of us have. Through Northchapel, past Fisher Street and the Haslemere turning and it's on the left as you approach Chiddingfold. A formal entrance and driveways, a car park and admission tickets. In fact it's all very informal on a day of heavy cloud, occasional sunshine and intermittent showers. No great numbers for the trip, just a comfortable group. After all, Ramster's near enough for many members to have been before. That said, I would think that, like the Cottage Museum, Ramster is always worth a second, or even a third visit. A new millennium garden, some rather avant-garde metal fungi and, of course, the bluebells, but the rhododendrons and azaleas are very much at the beginning of their season. Ramster, it appears, is a spring and early summer garden, closing mid-season to open again briefly in autumn. The relatively new bog garden is a notable feature - outsize "lords and ladies" with distinctive yellow leaves and then the glorious spring yellow of kingcups lighting up a gloomy day. Rain falls briskly into the lake: there are fishermen at the far end. From our vantage point they seem cut off, part of a different world.

It's really the clumps of gunnera, slowly emerging from their winter sleep, that define the early spring scene. Like enormous rhubarb plants, but with rebarbative prickly stems pushing up through the washed dull brown shroud that was last year's leaves. A brooding presence like antediluvian reptiles that spring has called back to life. "Ant wood" - some piles of wood chips but no obvious sign of ants. A memorial to a dead pet, surprisingly the date appears to be 1900. Higher ground and the sound of unseen traffic on the main road. Wood anemones at their spring best, a styrax tree.

The gardens were first laid out in 1890, reflecting the then fashionable Japanese influence. The property changed hands in 1922 when an influence from Bodnant led to the present concentration on rhododendrons and azaleas. The collection of hardy hybrid rhododendrons is an important one. After a lull it's raining again, so the Petworth Society does what it does best and makes for the tea-room. I'd certainly recommend the carrot cake. Thanks very much Debby.

P.

Chatham visit, June 8th

Chatham. Coming along in the coach it suddenly occurs to me. I've been to Chatham before. The Depot had to send a team of "athletes" to an inter-regional games at Chatham. For the high jump the Depot had one 3A's performer but who was to accompany him? By some ghastly mischance I achieved second place in the trials. "Like a bird," said the CSM. He didn't elucidate. Eagle? Condor? Disabled crow? In an uncomfortably literal sense I was in for the high jump. Chatham came. I was quickly eliminated, my colleague won easily. My performance simply nullified his. If Chatham on a sunny Sunday retained some collective memory of such epic events it gave no sign.

Chatham dockyard closed in 1984 to local consternation. Centuries of history brought to an untimely end with a severe haemorrhage of employment and revenue. Now it's a museum and a developing one. A nice, not over fussy, atmosphere. Early impressions are a little bewildering - there's simply so much. True to Petworth Society tradition a good proportion of us make for the restaurant to get our bearings. Then a quick dip into the vast 3-slip store with, containing among so much else, Kitchener's railway carriage, a collection of life-boats and and Time for something on a smaller scale: the Kent Police Museum.



Chatham Visit:

(a) *The Petworth Society on the Medway. Photograph by Pearl Godsmark.*

Some murder cases, “uttering” forged money in the 1990s, a book *Castle of Dreams* hollowed out to take a small pistol, Robert Peel’s family bible, a huge selection of whistles. It appears that, when rattles were taken out of service, pistols were issued. They weren’t popular and the whistle was introduced. Hudsons of Birmingham manufactured them by the thousand, but no whistle left the factory without being inspected personally by Mr. Hudson. The firm still makes them. A cell with the original door and a straw palliase that the prisoner had to fill for himself. Off to another small museum - The Royal Naval Auxiliary Service, pioneers in feminine equality. Another interesting-looking hut, “Can I help you sir? No this isn’t part of the Museum.” It’s not that there’s any shortage of things to see, I just seem to have a penchant for the inessential.

Steam billowing into the air, rails on dusty tarmac and a steam-engine with boxcars. I retrace my steps. There’s a massive floor made from ships’ timbers, replacing another floor that had failed. But why should such a strong floor be needed? And which ship had the timber come from? Wooden ships took years to complete as they had to be left to “season in frame” before being planked. H.M.S. Victory was built in the old single dock at Chatham. Work began 23rd July 1759 and concluded on 7th May 1765. A microlite flies over.

As if there isn’t enough to see I’ve wandered into a large building with an empty ground floor and a huge marquee at the back. A polite gentleman explains that it’s not part of the museum, but I’m welcome to look around. The warm emptiness of the marquee gives a Meaulnes-like feeling of mystery. Outside at the front there are some marvellous rose borders. *Masquerade* prominent in yellow and red.



(b) Chatham – at the dockyard. Photograph by David Wort.

We’ve not really scratched the surface. H.M.S. Ocelot. An audio-visual reconstruction. Seems a bit loud to me, I’m happier loitering on the periphery and anyway it’s time for our pre-booked cruise on the paddle steamer *Kingswear Castle*, half an hour on the Medway

Most of our party have booked for the famous ropery. I’ve left it too late. But there’s something totally unexpected: the Commissioner’s Garden. Ants on the sloping blue information tablet. Triangular box hedges enclosing carmine heuchera or high-growing catmint. An ancient greenhouse padlocked and more or less empty except for a few rather tired seedlings or cuttings in pots and some drying geranium stems. Daisies like beard stubble on the lawn. A studied ease - not too fussy, and an icehouse you effectively have to find for yourself. Then, almost hidden, a mature herbaceous garden, already hovering in that perilous limbo between early summer perfection and late summer decadence. Cuckoo spit on the lavender borders - there’s not a soul about. Eventually Andy and Annette appear and we make a leisurely way to the Museum of the Royal Dockyard. Now the mind simply moves into neutral. There’s just too much. Here’s a resilient country, a Britain that in these days of Health and Safety, risk assessment and the compensation culture seems as remote as the dinosaurs. Time’s running out and I steal back to the enchanted garden. I’ve come to see a dockyard and end up being torn away from a garden. All in all, quite a day.

P.

Sylvia’s Sutton Walk July 20th

What’s all this? First walk of the season and July already. Perhaps we’re all getting too old, or, perhaps, this year the walks have been bundled out of the way by the excursions. Well, whatever the truth of it, we’re on the road again, two more scheduled for September and October with the Michelham visit in between. Up Sutton Street to the church. A leisurely look around. The list of rectors, from 1263 says the Guide Book. Henry Sockett then the two Newmans from the mid-nineteenth century to the First War and beyond. Aquila Cruso, says the Guide Book, was at once a noted Hebraist and an eminent controversialist. The latter a more common species than the former I suspect. His Petworth contemporary, Rector Montagu was also noted for his acid pen. No doubt Master Cruso had an assistant at Sutton, he seems to have been based at Chichester. Sutton has changed since the latter Newman, to say nothing of Cruso. Think of the perspex-shielded kiosklet in the village hall car park. One or two Sunday newspapers still to be collected and one or two blue invoices.

Out into that spacious graveyard with the yew and into the open fields. Stiles, a bridge over a running stream, the stones glittering in the fragile sunlight. Up a slight ascent beside a field of clover with the mauve heads of self-heal studding the grass at the side. It isn’t long before we spy the roofs of Barlavington – farm and church.

But will the church be open? The door gives with a satisfying reluctance. I think of Mr and Mrs Bragg, almost synonymous with Barlavington for so long and such great supporters of this Society in its early days – or George Garland fiddling endlessly with his

light-meter in the churchyard. Forty years ago? It must be. Fresh chrysanthemum white and yellow in a stoneware vase. A box with single digit numbers for hymns. The manual can be something of a comfort in a digital age.

Back into the downland lanes. Folly Lane (I think). We could be in some fairyland dreamed up by Garland himself. Another yew – we'd seen one in the churchyard at Sutton – but this seems almost regal. Over the tarmac road and into the fields we're not far from the bottom of Duncton Hill. Gradually climbing before swinging back, crisscrossing the narrow road. Fields of decapitated rape. The stems still springy to the step. A threadbare carpet of bleached detritus, just occasionally a few black seeds have spilled out on to the path. There's a big machine dormant in the distance. We wonder how it copes with the occasional stone outcrop. The vast, seemingly colourless, rape field contrasts with the unusual greenness of this July. The footpath runs alongside Elizabethan Beckhall, then just a short step skirting the back yard of the White Horse and back into Sutton Street.

Thank you very much Sylvia. Four miles! But we're all back as fit as the proverbial fiddle.

P.

Heliotrope and the contours of possibility

Heliotrope on the right hand border at the Museum? It's always been a favourite of mine. Plants are never cheap but that evening scent is worth every penny. You could say that the Museum's not open in the evening and that would be fair comment. You might even say that heliotrope takes Mary Cummings out of her proper milieu. Heliotrope's a plant for the connoisseur. Period, unquestionably, but more a plant for the likes of John Pitfield, the doctors, or the bank manager than for Lord Leconfield's sempstress. Would Mrs C. dare, let alone afford, to be aping more affluent gardeners? And had Mrs. C. an interest in plants? We may doubt it, but the truth is, we cannot know. After all, someone with an allotment must have some awareness of plants. Perhaps someone gave her a clutch of heliotrope plants as payment in kind, some alterations for a friend? Some curtains? Or a few over at the great house? Hardly, Mr. Pull, the head gardener would be as incorruptible as those other Leconfield lieutenants, Mr. Allison and Mr. Wilcox. In realistic terms, no. But then 346 is at once an exercise in the real and a flight from it. The golden rule is to keep a firm grip on the probable and then, but only then, let the imagination wander in the direction of the possible. What you can't do is start from the other end - let the imagination invade the possible and try to return from there.

And there's the *West Sussex Gazette* voucher offer, a first for us, and running for a fortnight to the end of May. May tends to be one of the quieter months and the voucher initiative has certainly livened things up, the pile mounts daily. The *Gazette* will need to know how successful it's been. On the face of it we've done well. Cosham, Waterlooville, Portslade, Warnham, South Harting, even Zimbabwe, to take a random selection. People attracted to the

Museum and to Petworth, that's got to be good. Free voucher entry, free guide on request, that was part of the deal, but then back page of the *Gazette* is serious publicity. Firlie and Ethel keeping part of the crush outside on a sunny Saturday afternoon. We're reaching people we've never touched before and it's their "We'll be back" reaction that's important. I think it's the contact with the stewards, the informality. No "museum" was ever like this.

"That Coleport jug, of yours is an old one. You can tell from the shepherd's crook. It's quite different in later versions." "We used to play boats in the copper, my brother and me. We sailed the seven seas without leaving home, oh, no, not when it was in use." This afternoon some of the visitors go round twice. Perhaps the free voucher gives an added spice to the afternoon. "I remember the gypsies bringing those wooden flowers. They were very persistent. My mother stood at the closed window mouthing, 'Go away, I don't want anything.' The gypsy didn't put down the threatened curse, she just looked straight back and mouthed 'Foureyes!'"

July and heliotrope trails across the border by the wall. A few tardy self-sown calendula promise a later contrast of orange and mauve. The TV licence database has discovered that Mrs Cummings has no licence to receive television: I would be more than a little surprised if she had. Brilliant verbena colour in the main plot but in this sullen July it really needs sun. Cut off the spent heads or you'll lose the bloom.

P.

A "Half-swagger" Day. The July Book Sale

How you approach a Book Sale depends to an extent on how you judge the stock. That, in turn, depends on how it looks when it's set up. That's the real test. Those two unforgiving lower rooms at the Hall will soon expose the slightest weakness. By early morning we're set up and go home. Back at 9.45 and the queue is already in position; nearly ninety sales have not dimmed the expectation, at most rounded a few edges. Some customers come a fair distance. We can only put out what we've had in during the preceding month but there's still a residual feeling of responsibility – illogical but ever present. If the sale's passed the 'Hall' test you approach the queue with a kind of swagger, if it hasn't it's an apologetic smirk and inside as quickly as you can. Today's a 'half-swagger' day. July's not one of the better months. 'High summer' if you like, except that this year the phrase might seem a little frivolous. A groaning £1 table. 'Leave some for a lean month', you might say, but it's simply not practical. Preparation involves enough work as it is, and books, you may have noticed, are heavy. Coffee table books particularly. If anything we'll be short of standard fiction this month. There's still a lot in store from our Knowles Tooth expedition in November, but it's jammed in behind the remnants of a local fete. We've coincided with the Festival of Speed and the Concerts in the Park. Diana Ross Friday, Proms today. Traffic snaking endlessly through the town – forward and back. Did someone mention carbon emission?

Well, you'll ask. What happened? Non-fiction could have been better. A quick glance down the ranks. "*Sexual Satisfaction and Happy Marriage*" – a faded cover with a 1930s look.



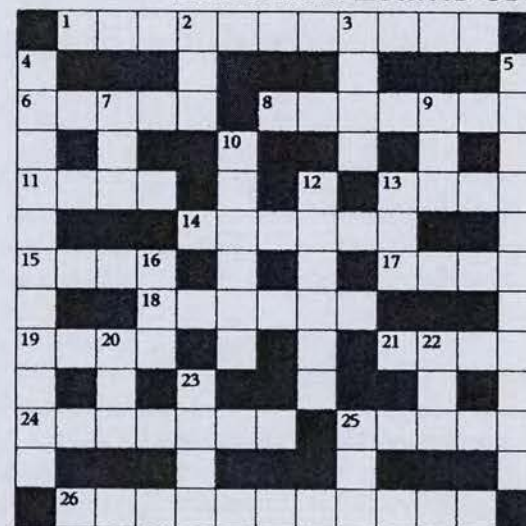
*Don Quixote at home reading novels of chivalry.
Wood engraving by Luther Roberts.*

Hardly likely to find a home. Rugby Football for Schools – the late 1940s by the look of it. More likely perhaps “*Of Whales and Men*”. “*A Manual for Confessors*”, I don’t know about that one. It’s going to be the £1 table and the quality of the fiction that carry us through, Donna Leon and here’s a battered Penguin Classic *Don Quixote*. 1950 but the years haven’t been kind. It’s even more tired than my copy. Well we’ve done something right – it’s the highest July total in eight years.

Oh, and “*Sexual Satisfaction and Happy Marriage*”. I’m casually filling someone’s box and there it is. You just never know, do you?

P.

Leconfield Estates Crossword



- 24 Vegetable grown in large quantities on Estate land (7)
25 Kind of saw that 14 ac. might use (5)
26 Managing and conserving the Estate’s wildlife (11)
- Down**
2 Used to be housed in the Cow Yard! (3)
3 Amphibian (4)
4 Let pet chase around the livestock at Stag Farm (5,6)
5 Felt green and a bit ill working in the woods (4-7)
7 Used by 12dn. (3)
9 Food for 6 ac. (3)
10 The woods in spring are this (6)
12 Fishy character (6)
13 Good weather for harvesting (3)
16 Found on foot of e.g. dog or fox (3)
20 Newt (dialect) (3)
22 Stiff bristle that grows round cereal or grass seed (3)
23 Entice prey (4)
25 Ram (3)

Across

- 1 The 3rd Earl was hailed as one of the fathers of this science of farming (11)
6 Animal vital to farmers before C20th (5)
8 Enemy of those that do 26 ac. (7)
11 Sounds like a man is whirling about in the water (4)
13 A ditch (4)
14 Skilled member of the

- Estate’s building dept. (6)
15 Complain about the fish (4)
17 Wooden crosspiece attached to draught animals (4)
18 Land ploughed for crop production (6)
19 Joined by a crossbeam (4)
21 It surrounds the park and provides a rich habitat for wildlife (4)

Solution to 132

Across

1 Cornfield, 5 Club, 8 Rifle, 10 Hampers, 11 Idle, 12 Proms, 14 Apse, 18 Gwenda, 20 Red Cross, 22 Jonathan, 23 Morgan, 26 Glee, 27 Third, 28 Draw, 32 Long Man, 35 Green, 36 Stag, 37 Pitchfork

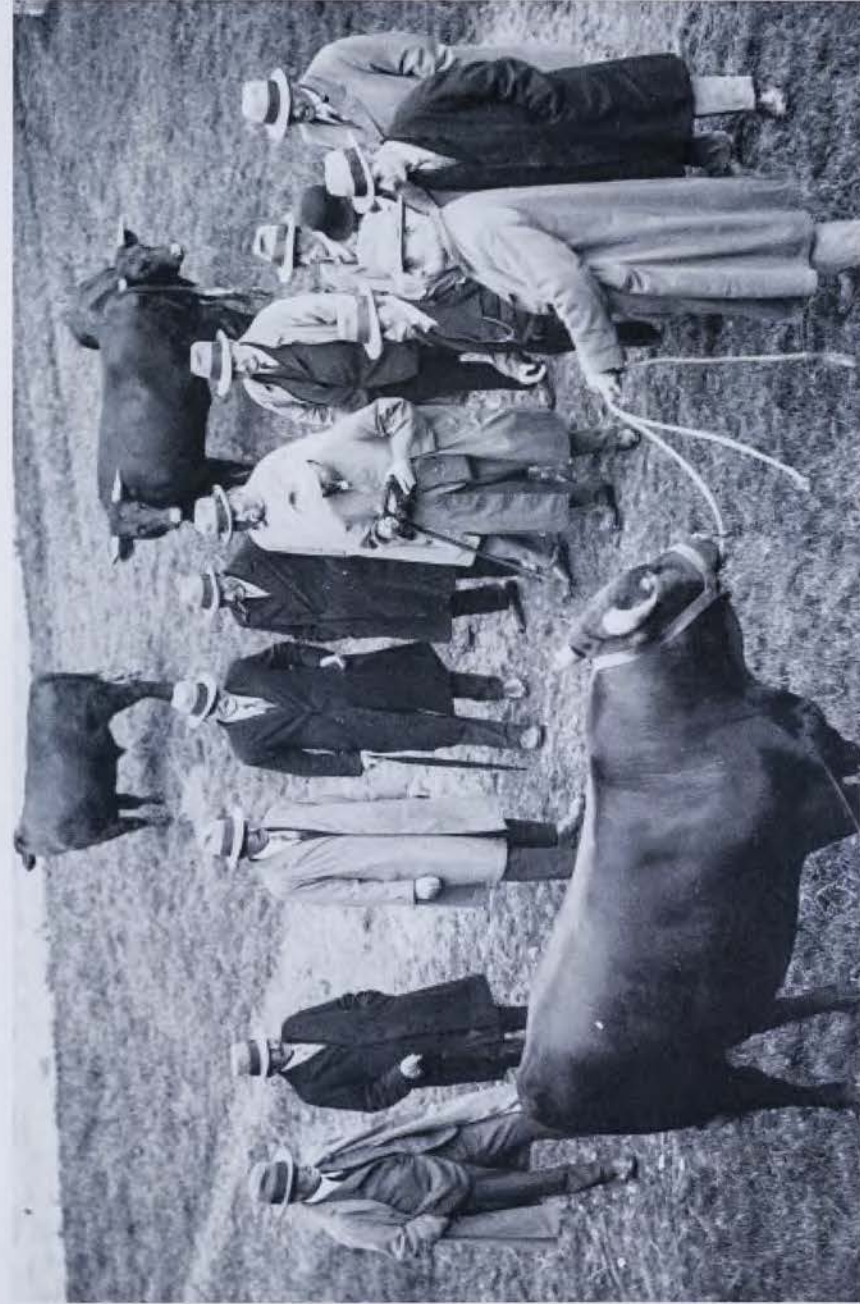
Down

1 Cocking, 2 Rural, 3 Fife, 4 Doh, 5 Camp, 6 Use, 7 Assets, 9 Earl, 13 Meet, 15 Prong, 16 Edits, 17 Actor, 19 Ernie, 21 Nash, 22 Juggle, 24 Newdick, 25 Trug, 29 Rondo, 30 Smug, Mesh, 33 Nut, 34 Nap

The Leconfield Estates Countryside Day

The annual Leconfield Estates Countryside Day for Schools enables children from schools, not only in the immediate area, but also from relatively urban areas further afield, to see the countryside from a different "insider" point of view. This year's selection of local schools has been joined by children from Bewbush (Crawley) and from Burgess Hill. Weather, I would imagine, can make a world of difference. This year, liaising with Andrew Thompson, the Society has been offered the chance to come in after the children have left and sample a Countryside Day for itself. There is a limitation on numbers but we come in just under the upper limit. 2.10 in a sunny Sylvia Beaufoy Car Park. Then along the London Road to turn in left over the cattle grid, two hundred yards before the Flower Bowl garage.

We begin with Neil Humphris, head forester. He has four full-time men for 3,000 acres of mainly broadleaf high forest. As a rule of thumb there are two men to fell and two to plant and maintain, with the occasional contractor at busy times. It's pleasant with a breeze rustling through the woods. Neil has some demonstrations for us: cleft oak fencing rails is one. Very sturdy, but with a production rate of only fifty a day, laborious, and an expensive alternative to sweet chestnut, also produced on the Estate. The slightly acrid, heady smell of fresh cut timber blends with the smell from a selection of thinly sliced pieces of bole, platters effectively. Neil explains that the children have taken most of them home for souvenirs but there are a few left. Cherry, acacia and more predictable woodland trees, each with their own distinctive smell and ring pattern, itself varying with the particular season. A dry year will inhibit growth, a wet season the reverse. He takes us through the evolution of the saw, from the old-fashioned cross-saw to the coming of the internal combustion engine and thence to ever sleeker, modern varieties of chain saw. Hot work with the cross-saw, hot work still, working in modern safety gear. Roll bars guide the tree the way it should fall, hammer wedges help with cleaving and there is the specialised "slick spade" with its sharp pointed blade, ideal to wriggle round roots and stones when planting. Behind us are young oaks, originally planted close together to give straight growth with minimal knotting. Care is mainly periodical



"There are, it appears, more Sussex cattle in the South of Africa than we have here, a legacy of selling abroad in the last century". See "The Leconfield Estates Countryside Day". Cape farmers, with some local counterparts, inspecting Lord Leconfield's Sussex cattle at Stag Park in the 1920s. Photograph by G.G. Garland.



This slightly faded sepia photograph has, written in pencil on the reverse, the legend "Petworth House Electricians 1906". Could these be men working on the installation?

thinning - a mature oak can, at felling, be well over a century old. Timber cut must always be replaced by timber planted - the golden rule of the woodlands.

Time to move on, a short walk across to the twin "ponds" or lakes, Great and Lower Spring, familiar enough to Petworth Society walkers over the years. Stag Park has nine trout lakes and there are four miles of the River Rother away to the south. Mike Rudd maintains the former, while Andrew Thompson is responsible for the latter. Seven of the lakes are stocked with rainbow trout and two with brown, while the river fishing offers brown and sea trout which come up the river to spawn. The rainbow variety can be distinguished by spots on the tail, not found on the brown. Originally stock ponds for carp, the lakes had become stagnant or dry, and in many cases afforested. They were restored under the direction of "Jumbo" Taylor within the last thirty years.¹ Maintenance of banks and weed control are a constant requirement, while there is an ongoing programme for deepening the ponds. Recent summers, warmer than usual, mean that trout appreciate a greater depth of water. The lakes are managed on a membership basis of some 150, with a choice of half or full rod. Fish can weigh as little as 1½lbs while a real monster can weigh up to five pounds. The season runs from April to October. Brian Smart from the Environment Agency is on hand with a demonstration of casting the fly and there are questions about the eating quality of carp. "Not unlike cod," is one judgement. Relations with the Environment Agency are particularly close and we are shown a curious oblong pad with green plastic blisters which enable elvers returning to England from the Sargasso Sea to surmount man-made objects that impede them. Timely, there is concern over declining numbers.

We have to move on. Clearly this is not some superficial public relations exercise. Nor is it a matter of talking down to the children. There is material to make them think. Back up the track for Tim Walker to introduce the 1000 acre Leconfield Farm., based mainly on the Stag Park complex. Some 900 ewes produce Southdown and Hampshire cross lambs for a mainly local market. Scott Bushby has particular responsibility for the sheep. There too is the famous herd of Pedigree Sussex cattle, originating in the time of the third Earl of Egremont, the beef, like the lamb, intended largely for the local market.

Climate change again has to be taken into account: shearing has advanced a fortnight or so over late years and comes now about the 14th May. Fleece is important commercially, of course, but shearing is essential for the sheep themselves. A winter coat is not meant for summer heat. If the fleece is left uncut bluebottles will lay eggs under it. Within 48 hours maggots will breed and eventually penetrate the skin, attacking the flesh. The sheep will die of stress.

The shearer has been waiting patiently all this time with his display sheep, his last of the day, and preparing for a somewhat different audience. Formerly senior master at a comprehensive school, as he shears he tells us that the art of shearing is something of a new departure for him. Now he has sheep of his own. And the key to shearing? Calm: animals will react to tension or unease. It's a lesson Tim Walker reiterates constantly - animals need

¹ See the important articles by Jumbo, *New Stews for Old*, PSM 16 and 17

a relaxed atmosphere. Lack of respect, lack of confidence transmutes into unnecessary difficulty and animal stress. There's a young Sussex bull to look at, some orphan lambs, and a Hampshire ram and Southdown ewe. There are, it appears, more Sussex cattle in the south of Africa than we have here, a legacy of selling abroad in the last century. They flourish in the temperate conditions. And mutton. Is it coming back? Tim thinks that given enterprising cooking, it is.

Back into the cars for the short trip down to the Stag Park farm complex. Up some steps into a black weather-boarded barn, stolen it would seem out of some fairy tale. David Whitby gives a direct and thought-provoking introduction to modern game-keeping. Kill everything that moves? No longer. The keyword is balance. The countryside as we have it is man-made and man-managed and gamekeeping must begin with that recognition: allowed to go its own way the countryside will degenerate into a jungle. And there are conflicts; there always will be. One species cannot be given priority, or we give it priority at our own risk. Take the badger with its powerful support lobby. Fair enough, even leaving out the TB problem. But the badger, steadily growing in numbers, is a significant predator. Bumble bees are in serious decline; the badger uproots the nests. Young hedgehogs too fall prey and no leveret has been seen at Stag over the last two years.

Yes, the gamekeeper must cull but the wanton cruelty of an older generation is no longer admissible. All animals deserve respect even in death. Wild deer in Stag Park must be controlled, and, yes the revenue from shooting is important in balancing the books, but a gamekeeper's job is as much about protection. Stag Park plays host to all three species of native newt, some desperately rare, as also threatened species of bat, while the park wall, so expensive to maintain, so tempting to replace with something more cost-effective, has been home to slow-worms for generations. And why is the grass snake, severely in decline elsewhere, so abundant in the Pheasant Copse? No one knows. Balance. What of the ubiquitous Muntjak, small enough to conceal itself under a patch of brambles, so difficult to eradicate and so menacing to the concept of balance, potential destroyer of the wild bluebell as of so much else. It is an introduction, an escape, and an increasing threat to an-already fragile environment. Oh, and venison, the healthiest of all meats and fish, excepting only "broiled flounder". Whatever's that? The afternoon is fading into early evening and the shadows are beginning to lengthen. No one's had enough even if one or two veterans are a little leg-weary.

One last stop. Across the farmyard and into the great barn at Stag Park. Tim Jemmett from the building department has a wonderful selection of exhibits, carefully assembled with earlier visitors in mind. Built as a threshing barn in 1783, the great barn was soon overtaken by the invention of the threshing machine in 1786. Redundant? No, it simply adapted to changed circumstances and has been in continuous use ever since. Tim shows some of the carpenters' tools that echo the very history of the structure, also examples of joints and mortices and the very latest machine for this. Questions for the children and for us. How many tiles on the vast roof? It appears that 50,000 is an educated guess, each one handmade locally. How much batten there? Another educated guess is three miles. It's gone 5.30 and no one seems in any great hurry. Possibly being the last stop, Tim's display doesn't quite receive the attention it deserves.

Time to thank Simon Knight, the land agent, who has accompanied us round and to express our appreciation of his patient and genial staff. A "unique opportunity" I'd suggested in my notice of the event. If anything an understatement. If you thought the Leconfield Estate faceless, or its personnel impersonal, anonymous or at best mere names, its rationale obscure, here was its rejoinder. As for children, particularly from further afield, the day must surely have been a revelation; a world at which you could only wonder. You'd keep your platter of cut bole as a reminder that it had not all been a dream.

P.

Australian Cricketers at Lavington Park 1895

The Australian cricketers have this weekend been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Buchanan at their delightful country place, Lavington Park, where they broke the journey on the way from the Oval to the Sussex match at Brighton.

The beautiful Goodwood country is now at its best, and its restful charm appealed strongly to the Colonials after the stress and strain of last week's cricket. The house, which nestles at the foot of wooded Duncton Hill, is full of historical associations, which greatly interested the visitors. They strolled through the shady walks beloved of Cardinal Manning, once rector here, and Bishop Wilberforce, a former owner of Lavington, and admired the many artistic beauties of the house.

A most pleasant time was also spent in an inspection of Mr. Buchanan's racing stud paddocks, where Black Sand, a Cesarewitch and Jockey Club Cup winner, is installed chief. Some of the finest blood mares in the kingdom were seen, and some highly promising foals and yearlings. Black Sand's progeny all look like making racers, especially Sandstone, a Lottie Hampton colt, and Sandyhook, out of Attalaya II. There is also a beautiful Persimmon filly and a characteristic Gallinule cold, which, if good looks go for anything, ought to make names for themselves. The combination, too, of Black Sand and Scullion (winner of the Ascot Stakes and Manchester Cup) ought at least to produce a stayer. Mr. Goodchild's old mare has lately been added to the Lavington Stud Farm. There are also some very racing-like looking Grey Legs, full of quality.

All the members of the team spent a most enjoyable time, and carried away with them as a souvenir of their visit a beautiful gold match-box, separately engraved with their names, and bearing the Union Jack and the Australian flags entwined. Mr. Laver (the manager) and Mr. Darling suitably acknowledged Mr. Buchanan's hospitality, the former jocularly observing, amid cries of "Black and White," that it was not the first time that he and other members of the team had drunk their host's health.

Taken from a book of cuttings at the June Book Sale. Newspaper unidentified – possibly *West Sussex Gazette*.

Editor's Postbag

Shirley Rabone sends a postcard of Petworth House by Frith postmarked from Petworth on the 2nd December 1914. Addressed from Petworth House to Miss Francis Plumpton in Tooting it reads:

Dearest Francis,

This is the place your dad is living in we have footman (sic) with knee breeches and waiters and servants to wait on us in fact we are living like lords it is a beautiful place and I only wish you [and?] Jimmy's Mum were down here. Lord Leconfield must have a mint of money to keep up a place like this there are about 100 footman (sic) coachman and servants besides us and we are doing all right. From your loving Dad. Kiss Jimmy for me ...

The wages book for 1914 clearly demolishes the 100 footmen as a myth. Mr Plumpton was not on the House staff. Was he perhaps a batman for an officer quartered at the great House. It is likely that we shall never know.

P.

Margaret Thimbleby writes:

Dear Peter,

I felt I must write to say how nostalgic the last two Petworth Society Mags have been for me.

The previous one mentioned Peter Dallyn taking over the Houses' farm on the side of the road from Burton Corner to Duncton. I knew all the House family. As a child our milk was delivered daily by old Mr House from a churn into jugs

In my teens I damaged my wrist and had to go to the Cottage Hospital for an X-ray. Drs. Ball, Kerr and Druitt were all there making a bet as to what the result would be.

Jeanne Courtauld too. I was an ambulance driver with her for a very short while in 1939. When I came up to Lincoln, she gave me a small gift, saying, "You will sadly miss the Sussex scenery; but go down to the Fens and look up to the sky. There are no skies in Sussex like those. So whenever I go into the Fens I think of her. How right she was. She also gave permission for a few of us in Duncton to use the Courtauld tennis court.

Judy Ray (née Morrish) writes:

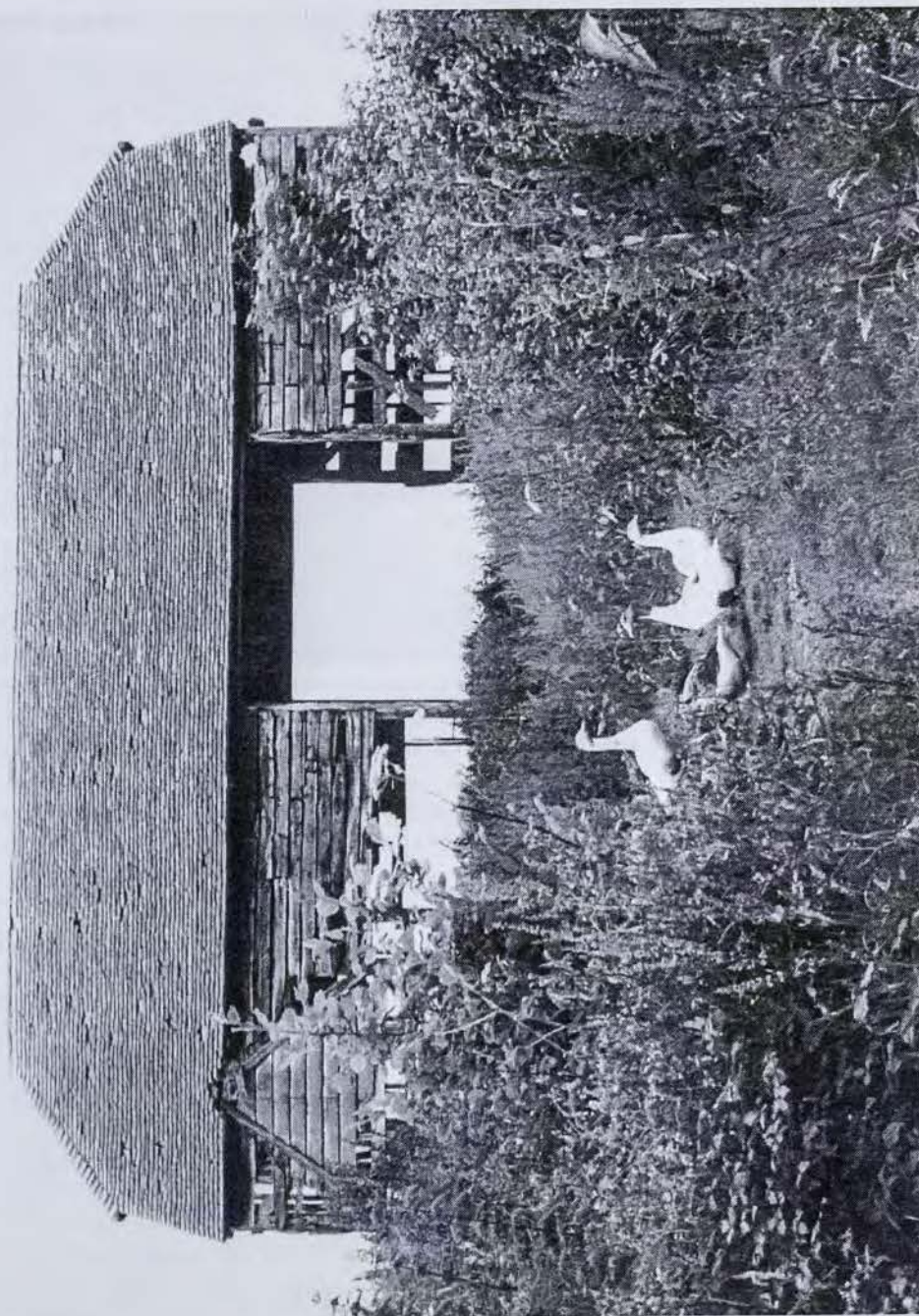
2033 E. 10th Street, Tucson, AZ 85719, USA
30 June, 2008

Dear Peter

The June issue of the magazine sits on my desk. Above, hanging on my wall, is a large photograph of the same barn, the one at Sparkes Farm. I took the photo in 1979 when I was visiting "home", i.e. Great Allfields, and was lucky enough to pass by when the geese were also passing by. Of course we knew the scene well when we were children, too, my sister and I often walking by or riding our ponies on the Common.

I just thought you might like to see this image of the barn from the other side.

Sincerely yours,



Jeremy Hodgkinson writes:

09 July 2008

Dear Peter,

CAST-IRON FIREBACKS

I am writing to request the assistance of your society in a research project I am undertaking. Cast-iron firebacks were once common items of hearth furniture in England, and many in the South East were products of the iron industry that once flourished in the Weald. Although serving a practical purpose, they are also fascinating social documents, telling us about the people for whom they were cast and the social conditions of the time. Sometimes it is possible to deduce where they were made as well.

I am compiling a catalogue of English iron fireback types and designs, and from my work so far it is becoming possible to recognise a number of different series, through similarities of design, moulding, shape, date and lettering. I have already assembled a collection of over 600 images of firebacks in major collections in the region, as well as other museums and number of houses, both private and open to the public. This task is continuing. I would like the help of your members, through your society's journal or newsletter, in identifying good examples of firebacks in private houses in your area whose owners would be willing to let me record and photograph them.

What I seek to do is to be able to take simple width and height measurements and one or two photographs using flash. If the fireback is obstructed, by a grate perhaps, I would hope that it might be possible to obtain a clear view for the photograph. It will not be necessary to move the fireback; their weight alone precludes this and many are fixed to the wall. It is my aim to publish a book, but the potential scale of this project will mean that such an aim will take some time to bring to fruition. I would, of course, seek specific permission to publish any photographs I take, and would only reveal the locations of firebacks which are publicly accessible.

I very much hope that you and your members will be able to help. In the happy event that you get a response you can either forward details to me or individuals can contact me. My details are below, and I shall be delighted to receive sketches or even snapshots to help identify examples.

Yours sincerely

Jeremy

3, Saxon Road, Worth, Crawley, Sussex, RH10 7SA

Tel: +44/0 1293 886278; Email: JSHodgkinson@hodgers.com

P.S. An interesting example was noted at Palfrey Farm in 1939. Do you know if it is still there?

JH

Peter Whitcomb sends these photographs of the Whitcomb family. The first appears to be of Bob Whitcomb at the Wheatsheaf in North Street, the second of family members at Selsey in the 1930s.

Can anyone confirm that this is Bob Whitcomb or identify any of the people in the group?

99 Barnett Road, BRIGHTON, BN1 7GJ



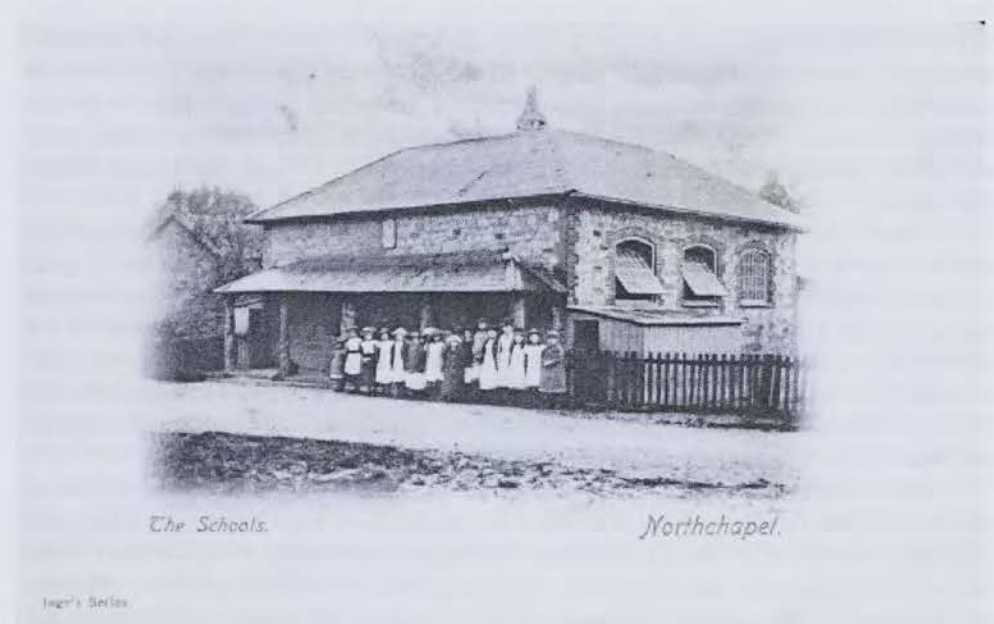


Kathleen Hayes' article in the last Magazine was, unfortunately, posthumous. John Connor however sends these three snaps, of Kath's grandfather Sgt. Avent with her dog, of her dog holding a newspaper, and a view of the church steeple over Petworth roofs. All appear to be from the early 1930s.



Getting my hand on the screen

I was born in Northchapel, as my father had been, and, except for a spell in India just after the last war, I've always lived in the village. My father was one of three brothers, one of whom, Uncle Edwin, was killed in the 1914-1918 war. My Dad, the youngest, enlisted, went through the war as a machine gunner, was mentioned in dispatches, and was wounded in the leg. After a long time in hospital in the north of England, he came back to Northchapel. Like so many who had been in the war he didn't talk about it, except in, later years, to my son, his grandson. I still have his medals, but I always thought he was more pleased with his football medals, he was one of a fine Northchapel team between the wars.



Old Northchapel school

Dad had been to the old Northchapel school and I've heard that he, and perhaps his brothers too, worked repairing and even making shoes in the old village "snob" shop. I can certainly remember him talking of people coming in and paying for their new shoes. Well, whatever he did in the snob shop, in later life he was always able to repair shoes. He also had a working knowledge of smithy work. The fact is, I suppose, that in those days before 1914, a boy, leaving school as he did, without a trade, needed to apply himself to whatever was going.

When he came back from the war Dad went to work for Mr. King at Brookside, as

a chauffeur, under gardener to Mr. Ayling, and, no doubt, as general handyman. A crucial part of the job was to take Mr. King to Witley station in the morning and collect him in the evening. It was always Witley. Mr. King worked in London, but owned a lot of property in the village and was very supportive of village life. There was a fine tennis court at Brookside then and village functions like Women's Institute meetings were often held in the garden. I didn't go to the old village school: the new school had already been going for a year or two before I went there, but Katie Newman who had been a teacher at the old school in Dad's time was still there, one of three teachers. The new school had a nice playground while at playtime we were allowed to take our wickets out on to the village green and play stoolball.

There was a good social life in those days between the wars, Northchapel being very much a village community. It's something I can see to some extent returning at the present time. While the old Northchapel band had gone, in my day the Salvation Army and its band were a very real presence. Mr. Mayo at Central House, was a leading figure and the Army would meet in the Half Moon Club House. There was strong support and the distinctive uniform was very much in evidence. I was hoping to join but my mother would have none of it: my place was with the parish church and the Sunday School. Mr. Standish was the rector and he also had charge of Ebernoe. Mr. Knight, incumbent for so long, was already fading into memory.

Then there was the village pantomime. It really seemed something the whole village was involved in and, for a child, even to be part of the chorus and prologue was a great experience. There were people in the village who knew a rather wider world and they brought this knowledge to bear on the pantomime. We even had a proper wardrobe mistress! We'd take the show well beyond the confines of the village and I can remember travelling by coach to Haslemere, Chiddingfold and Petworth. I think the coach was hired from someone in Petworth. The pantomime brought out some unsuspected talents: apparently quite ordinary people would somehow come to life on the stage.

Bruce Bairnsfather, the famous war cartoonist, was living in the village then. I remember his daughter, a few years older than us, coming down to the Youth Club. The artist originally lived at Goffs Farm, a little out of the village, then moved to the Old Forge House, just by the Half Moon and the Sussex Oak. Hospital Saturday was a great day for us children, an opportunity for fancy dress. There was a fair on the Green with Harris Brothers bringing their roundabouts from Ashington, as they still do for Petworth Fair. And, of course, there was a cricket match. Northchapel had a fine cricket team between the wars and opponents would come down from London to play on the Green. Then there were the great set occasions, the coronations of 1937 and 1953 and the 1935 Silver Jubilee.

And the Dependents (commonly known as Cokelers)? Well, they were very much a part of Northchapel. My mother did most of the family food shopping there. They didn't have a monopoly though, there were other shops in the village including a fair size haberdashers, and even before the war Haslemere Co-Op were coming round with bread and groceries. And two different men came round with fish, one with a pony and trap and Winsons from Chiddingfold with a van - always on a Thursday. Not to forget either Brashes' fish and chip van from Petworth. A real treat. They rang a bell to announce their arrival and

I can still see people rushing out of their houses with their plates. The van used to fascinate me, I could see the smoke rising from the van and always imagined there was a big open fire in the middle of it.

If fish and chips were a treat, so, too, was a trip to the pictures at Petworth. My mother would give me a shilling, it was eight pence for the bus there and back, then she'd give me an extra penny or two to make up the admission charge. She'd say, "You can go but only if so and so (a friend of mine) goes with you." Those were the days before the "new" cinema on the Tillington Road, when you could sit at the back of the old cinema at the Pound, put your hand in the air and see it appear on the screen. Petworth Fair? Before the war I only went the once as I recall, but Horn Fair at Ebernoe was always an absolute "must" as was Chiddingfold Sports Day with its fun fair and brass band. If you were competing in the sports, the sound of that band seemed somehow to give you extra energy. Northchapel looked, as I suppose to an extent it still does, on the one side to Haslemere and Chiddingfold, on another to Petworth. When I left school I went to work in a shoe shop in Haslemere, cycling to and fro.

The doctors came out from Petworth, not from Haslemere and when I was six or seven I had to go to Petworth Cottage Hospital to have my tonsils taken out. I was dreading this, but a lovely lady from Petworth who was somehow connected with the Hospital, told me that if I had the operation, she would give me a kitten. She was as good as her word and, over the years, I have never forgotten her kindness, even if, for the moment, her name has slipped my memory. I always keep a memory of her as a very special friend. Now, I remember, her name was Whitcomb.

Just after the war my husband was working as an engineer for B.O.A.C. and we were living in Karachi with our baby daughter. My father-in-law bought the old Dependents' Cycle Shop on the corner of the Stores complex, the shop that Sam Rugman had looked after for so many years. My husband and my brother-in-law both having an engineering background, it seemed an obvious move. Sam Rugman had dealt with tractors and farm-implements as well as cycles and there was already a fuel-tank on the premises. It was a matter of building up from small beginnings, originally there was a single hand-pump for petrol and the hose had to be extended over a low wall to serve fuel.

Pat Allen was talking to the Editor.

Petworth's proposed new car park (1948?)

Members will recollect the cartoon by Harold Roberts lampooning the building of new public conveniences in the Market Square see Magazines 131 and 132. Petworth people needed no public toilets - they had their own at home. This article from George Garland would appear to come from the late 1940s and reflects somewhat similar attitudes. In fact the new Car Park would not be built until several years later.

Petworth's Proposed New Car Park causes controversy

At a recent meeting of the Petworth Rural District Council, the Council decided to lay out a car park for the town, the cost of which is to be £3,050, exclusive of the acquisition of a cottage (which will have to be demolished) and a yard, both of which provide impediments to the making of the entry.

The seven roomed house is a perfectly good one, and has been occupied by Mr C. Alder and his family for the past 15 years. It belongs to the Leconfield Estate Coy, and is by far the best house in Damer's Bridge.

Petworth has at present 90 families waiting for Council houses, and since the Council will be morally, at any rate, obliged to find alternative accomodation for the Alder family, this long list will be added to.

The Council's decision is being widely criticised in the town, and a casual walk around the place in quest of information resulted in my being given the following expressions of opinion:

Mr Stanley Collins, proprietor of the local cinema: "In view of the present shortage of houses in the place the demolition of a perfectly good house for such a purpose appears to be unwarranted at the present time. I should have thought that alternative car park accomodation could have been found, for the time being, at any rate".

Mr Seth Holden, who has been in business as a butcher in the town for the past ten years, said that he thought the car park in the size proposed was a ridiculous idea, especially as it meant the demolition of a good seven roomed house. He suggested that part of the large car park of the Angel Hotel might be used, for the time being at any rate, and when it was pointed out that the brewers who own the house had turned down a suggestion along such lines, he said that as local authority appeared to have the right to requisition living accomodations, they should have the right to requisition a part of the Angel car park if necessary.

Mrs Brydone, a local Parish Councillor, and President of the Petworth Women's Institute, shared Mr Collins' view, and thought that it was quite wrong to think of demolishing a good seven roomed house for a thing which could surely wait another year.

Mr Fred Knight, a local baker and tavern keeper, said that he thought it was ridiculous to pull down a perfectly good house for such a purpose at the present time when houses were so short in the place. "If the Alder family has to be provided with Council house accomodation, it would mean that the 90 waiting applicants for Council houses will all be put back one. I should have thought that some sort of alternative car park accomodation could have been found, for the time being, at any rate". "If one could hear", Mr Knight continued, "that the Council had, or were, taking any immediate steps to build houses in the district one would not feel so sore about this matter".

Mr Albert Pellett, a local tobacconist whose family have been tobacconists in the town for many years, said that he thought the proposed car park could certainly have waited for a time, especially since it involved the demolition of a good house. Mr Pellett thought that the matter was important enough to merit the calling of a mass meeting of protest.

Mr H.J. Earle, a local tobacconist, said that Petworth had been talking about making a car park for many years, and since they had waited so long for it, he thought they could certainly wait



Carved inscriptions on old cell bricks from Petworth gaol, reused to form a wall at the side of Petworth Magistrates' court. Photograph by Kim Leslie.



In the woods



Sheep shearing



Brian Smart deomstrates casting



Arrival at Stag Park Farm

Leconfield Estate Schools Day. Pictures by Gordon Stevensen.



Andy Henderson, Leconfield Hall Chairman, receives a portrait of Gwenda Morgan from Philip Archer. See Keith's report on the A.G.M. Photograph by Pearl Godsmark.



Rapley family members at Coultershaw. See "The Jack Rapley memorial presentation".

a bit longer. The proposed demolition of a good house at the present time was certainly not desirable.

An evacuee at Loxwood - and elsewhere!

I first tried to set out my recollections of life as an evacuee in the area in PSM 101.¹ What I wrote then was in essence an appendix to some notes on the Chelsea Day Nursery, removed to Petworth House as war began in 1939. Further enquiries have enabled me to expand what I wrote in 2000, particularly as I have now been able to pinpoint Loxwood as the village where I spent some of my time here.

My earliest memory is of my mother putting me on a train at Victoria. I seem to have fallen rather between two stools; I didn't come down to Petworth with the initial party from the Day Nursery, I was already four and well past the toddler stage, on the other hand I was too young to be sent to school or allocated to a particular household. I arrived at the great house in a bus. Entering by Church Lodge, I went up the long passage, there were no firebricks on the wall, and then up a big staircase to an upper floor. I don't remember sleeping there although I must have done. Memories of this period, probably a relatively brief one, are very hazy, just an impression of going out with someone in a jeep-like vehicle. I have some idea it was something to do with separating out the older stags.

All too soon I was five and it was time to be allocated. It would be 1940. My mother was a widow, my father having died in 1935. We were a family of three boys, but my two brothers, older than I, had already been sent to Knutsford in Cheshire. My own connection with the Chelsea Day Nursery was almost inevitable as we lived only a hundred yards away in Chelsea.

I went to a house in Byworth and would walk into Petworth Boys' School up Shimmings Hill, then down North Street. There was a group of us.² The lady I was billeted with at Byworth had a son who went to school with me. Her husband I never saw, presumably he was away in the forces. There were other evacuees in Byworth and a mixed group of evacuees and local children, seven or eight of us perhaps, would walk part of the way together. The names have gone completely, as has that of the lady I stayed with." I was almost certainly attending the North Street Boys' School when it was bombed, but I didn't really take in the scale of the tragedy. I only seem to remember a wet day and being in the woods and getting into trouble for this. It was a little while before news of the disaster reached Byworth. I always think that it was because of the loss of the school that I was moved from Byworth - this time to Bury.

"... I have very happy memories of my stay there. The elderly couple (or so they seemed to me) that I was with, looked after the ferry that took people across the river. The house seemed full of cases containing stuffed animals. I particularly remember one of a fox

¹ September 2000 pages 31-33

² Passages in inverted commas are taken from my previous article - see Note 1

with a chicken in his mouth. Mr. — (I can't remember the name, you say it's probably Mr. Dudden) said he'd shot the fox himself. Sometimes at night, we'd like in wait for foxes. Mr. Dudden with his gun. The foxes were going for the chicken run at the end of the large garden. The house was right on the river and three large steps led down. The whole area was rather liable to flood.

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

Mr. Dudden was ex-Royal Navy and there must have been about twenty privately owned boats.

I didn't know this when I wrote in 2000, but, examining the Petworth School records I found that I returned to Petworth School, by this time at Culvercroft in Pound Street, towards the end of the war, and I had come from Loxwood. I went out to Loxwood to explore, and seeing the place again brought back a flood of memories. My first billeting was to Arun Cottages, just up the road from the Onslow Arms. I was convinced that the house was haunted and I dreaded leaving my room in case there was something outside. Next move was to Spy Lane. I think there were five evacuees but I was much younger than the others. By this time I would be eight or more. The lady, living on her own, was very strict about Sunday worship. We all had to dress in our best clothes and go across to the chapel. We had strict instructions to behave - and we did. There were services on a Sunday and a raised platform at the end with three or four people leading the service from it.³ The congregation sat on plain wooden benches. There were no hymn books and we were simply there, not comprehending and not really part of the service - simply there. Our lady was well-meaning, no doubt, but very strict. I remember the older boys digging the garden, and my cutting the grass with hand scissors. Once I stuck the tine of a fork into my foot - fortunately it didn't even draw blood and simply healed up. Discipline at meals was strict. If you didn't do what you were told, you'd have a sharp whack across the knuckles or even dismissal to a bedroom. We went, of course, to Loxwood School, but this is very hazy. I have a memory of one of the teachers sitting on a high stool to supervise the playground. My mother came down on a visit from London and didn't like the set-up. It was in truth very austere and spartan. There was certainly some connection with the local stores. I thought the people in the stores were relatives, but they were probably fellow-worshippers at the Chapel, the stores being still run by the Dependants. One memory is of a German plane nose-diving into a field. We boys heard the sound and were on the scene almost immediately. We were pretty soon ushered away. More distinct is the memory of Lancaster bombers over Loxwood going over at night and then returning.

³ [Alan is clearly referring to the Dependants' (Cokelers') chapel. Ed.]



Alan Routley at Loxwood.

It was back to Byworth, this time 376A, my address in the school records. I was with the Clark family and again I wasn't alone. There was another boy, very cheeky. He said something to Mrs. Clarke and she said, "You're getting too big for your boots." Back came the retort, "I haven't got any boots, only shoes." I was back in Byworth for about six months during which time I went to the boys' school at Culvercroft in Pound Street. "There was a big lawn and two feet of snow. The masters cleared the lawn and there was a snow fight between masters and boys."

It would be the winter of 1944-5. I was back in London by June and saw the V.E. parade from the balcony of the MI6 building. My aunt worked in the canteen.

Alan Routley was talking to the Editor.

Inn-signs and a blue hospital coat

I have observed before that this Magazine has its presiding spirits, George Garland obviously, John Osborn Greenfield with his light touch and tales of an older Petworth, or Harold Roberts. How often have his drawings and cartoons lit up these pages. In some ways Roberts remains very accessible: in some ways, however, he is so immersed in the Petworth of the 1930s that nuance can be lost. A good example is the famous public conveniences cartoon featured in the March issue and carefully illuminated by George Webster in June.

Harold Roberts would have liked to have made a living from his craft, but like so many others at that time, and at other times, he could not. A position in the old Petworth R.D.C. helped eke out the family finances. Harold died at Wisborough Green in 1956. He was a great friend of George Garland, but I never knew him. I did, however, know his son, Bevil, who contributed a recollection of Harold to this Magazine before he died.¹

Harold had two sons, both noted artists, Luther being some years younger than Bevil. The following reflects a conversation with a lifelong friend and co-worker:

I first met Bevil in the spring of 1945. I was at Worthing Art School, but already knew of the Roberts brothers by reputation. Their work was prominently displayed on the school walls. They were considered the best students the school had yet had. Bevil had been called up at the outbreak of war. He had his father's² interest in military matters so was not an unwilling soldier. Also he had completed four years of art education taking the Ministry of Education drawing and painting exams very successfully. He was to spend six years in the army. Now he was limping heavily after contact with a mine and wearing one of those blue hospital coats that were so familiar at the time. This then was the Bevil Roberts I had heard so much about. Recalling those days, almost fifty years later,³ Bevil would be reflecting personal experience when he wrote of Luther: "A student whose education had been interrupted tended to return in a rather disturbed state, having gained maturity through the military adventure, yet haunted by the ghost of time lost and the thought that the achievement of four years ago had been overtaken by much younger students." I was, of course, younger than the brothers, but the three of us sat for the Royal College of Art entrance examination together on that occasion.

Luther was, in 1945, still in the Army. He had been called up in 1942 and deemed "more suited to support duties than combat." Never particularly robust, Luther had none of the martial interest of his father, or, for that matter, of his brother. Called up in 1942, and posted originally to the Pay Corps in Bournemouth, Luther was then sent to Jerusalem where he spent three years. While at Bournemouth he was able to do some part-time study at Bournemouth Art School, while in Jerusalem he was able to attend the New Jerusalem Art School and draw a cosmopolitan gallery of characters, Jew, Arab, road sweeper and British officer, often with more than a hint of caricature. What he could not do was wood-engraving.

Before being called up Luther had spent some time at Worthing Art School where he had been encouraged by Charles Morris, but particularly by Raymond Hodges-Paul who introduced him to wood-engraving, a technique which, except for that enforced sabbatical during his Army years he would never really forsake.

It is important to remember that neither Bevil nor Luther had any formal qualifications from school, but their home background was educated and very supportive. Both went to the local school at Wisborough Green and both came away with the happiest of memories, but in the short term that was all. Wisborough Green school in those days did not offer examinations. What it did offer was the bluff figure of Mr. Cooper, the headmaster, a

¹ PSM 84 - *The quintessential Petworth Cartoonist*

² Harold had served with the Canadian forces in World War I

³ *Luther Roberts - a personal memoir*



Dan Quixote and the windmill.
Wood engraving by Luther Roberts.

stern disciplinarian with an overmastering passion for natural history. When they left school the Roberts boys took with them an avid interest in natural history and a good general background in geography, general history, and a love of English. When Bevil left school he took local gardening jobs before winning a scholarship to Worthing. Luther, who was four years younger, was tutored by his grandfather, who, with his wife, had returned from Canada to live with his youngest son, Harold and family. Luther took the exams of the College of Preceptors.

The result of the RCA examination was in some ways a little disconcerting. Bevil and I passed to go there in the autumn but Luther was not to join us. He was told that there was little point in a further course of instruction as he was already an accomplished wood engraver. Now demobilised, Luther needed to think of the future and took a year's teacher training course at Brighton Art College, later Brighton Polytechnic, and now part of the University of Brighton. After a year he was taken on as a part-time tutor. He preferred part-time work as it allowed him to develop his own interests. The drawback, of course, was that the pay was desperately poor. In those days I found Luther diffident, shy, almost defensive. I particularly remember his long white hands and tapering fingers. Manual work, you'd think, was not for someone with hands like that. This was his Aubrey Beardsley period, with an explosion of fantastic harlequins, cavaliers, pierrots and other figures. Artistically Luther would always be a good "all-rounder", an excellent draughtsman, but he had a preference for close detailed work, wood-engraving especially, but also etching and enamelling. Graphic design was a standard teaching subject for him and he did a lot of Foundation Course teaching, particularly first year students preparing for whatever course they would later follow. He also taught print-making to adult students. He early established contact with magazine editors and produced numerous small wood engravings for periodicals such as *Country Fair*, *Britain Today*, and the *London Mystery Magazine*. For *Country Fair* he would sometimes be assigned a particular county to illustrate, often from photographs. While Bevil was a motoring enthusiast, Luther never drove; in fact, after his three year sojourn in Jerusalem, I don't think he ever left England again, although he spent several holidays in Wales.

After several changes of digs, Luther eventually acquired a small house in Ashwood Close, Worthing. There was a good piece of garden, extending out toward the railway bridge. Luther married Joan Kirk in 1950. They had met while she was studying ceramics at Worthing. Joan had previously served in the WAAF working on the interpretation of aerial reconnaissance photographs. The marriage was a very happy one and lasted for some twenty years until Joan died at the age of 52 after a long illness. She always supported Luther's vocation in any way she could and helped out the family budget by working - often at a local jewellers. She took a great interest in the garden and, in the summer, Luther spent a lot of time painting out there.

Bevil's career, meanwhile, was a little less tenuous. He lived for a time at Findon and then moved to Hove. From 1960 he worked full time at Brighton Art College (later Polytechnic), becoming a head of department. I worked with him.

In the 1950s Bevil and I was introduced to Ralph Ellis, the well-known inn-sign painter of Arundel. Charles Morris, our old tutor from Worthing, who was now Principal

at Brighton, had been approached by Mr Ellis to help him find someone to take on the work, as he wished to retire. Ralph was a gifted painter who supplemented his income by working for the Henty and Constable brewery, later Tamplins, refurbishing, restoring and, in some cases, renewing inn-signs. In those days before plastic coatings four or five years outside would play havoc with any inn-sign. After all, they were out in all weathers, and often in very exposed positions. Bevil, while still part-time in the 1950s and poorly paid, eventually took over the job from Mr. Ellis. It was, quite literally, no light matter; inn-signs were large and they were heavy. Mr. Ellis lived in a tall building in Maltravers Street, but Bevil rented a big high room at the Old Swallow Brewery premises at Arundel where he did the work over a period of ten years. When he became full-time at Brighton, and hence a little easier financially, Luther took over. It was certainly hard work, but it was also a very useful source of income. Even while Mr. Ellis was still doing it, the three of us would lend a hand. We liked to think that a good proportion of West Sussex inn-signs had passed through our hands at one time or another. I particularly remember working on W.G. Grace and also the White Horse at Storrington. It now has a completely different sign, but I always think of the old one when I go by. In later years Luther did this work in a brick garage in the garden at Ashwood Close. Hard work as it certainly was, he had a certain affinity with it. He liked a good beer and before moving to Medhone Farm at Petworth, where Luther was born, his maternal grandfather had kept a pub at Appledram. Another Carn relative had once had the Rose and Crown at Codmore Hill, Pulborough.

In a sense doing this work gave Luther another dimension. Hitherto he had been essentially an artist of close work on a relatively small scale; now he had to operate on a rather larger compass. It was an adjustment that came naturally to him: "painting is only drawing in colour" as it is said. It may be, too, that, as he went into middle age, his sight became longer than when he was young. Working on inn-signs could be laborious, even irksome: washing down, scrubbing, restoring or repairing, waiting for paint to dry, coating with yacht varnish, and, not least, the sheer physical labour of moving them. Ten or twelve would come in at once and there was an element of pressure in that the brewers would want them back in a specified time. All too soon the lorry that had brought them would be pulling up to collect them again. Inn-signs were expensive and the whole thing was taken very seriously. Ralph Ellis had been, I believe, a friend of Miss Henty, one of the brewing family, an artist in her own right who had painted many of the signs, especially those including horses.

Joan was ill for some three years before she died and Luther looked after her conscientiously during this time, just as she had, through their marriage, helped him to pursue his vocation. When she died, Luther was bereft. He was fortunate in finding an excellent housekeeper who came in on a daily basis, enabling him to continue with his work, but, of course, she was no substitute for Joan. Three years attending to Joan, a heavy workload, and his inconsolable grief at her loss led to a breakdown. Luther was never, as I have said, the most robust of men, but he recovered and was given a six-month sabbatical in which to develop his painting. This culminated in an exhibition at Brighton Polytechnic in 1975. Bevil, meanwhile, continued teaching until 1982 when, as I did, he took early retirement. Luther



Don Quixote in the cave of Montesinos.
Wood engraving by Luther Roberts.

continued working at the Polytechnic but with a heavier workload, including a certain amount of administrative work. He had a stroke in 1985, the first of several. Although the treatment he received was of the very best he could now draw only with his left hand and he had lost much of his old flair. He died in Worthing Hospital in January 1988. Bevil had by this time returned to live at Wisborough Green and continued with his own work, often local water-colour. Before he died he spent a great deal of time sorting Luther's work and preparing it for exhibition. He was an expert at framing. The Commemorative Exhibition was held at Arundel in 1990.

Like their father, both brothers were compulsive artists and, like their father, both knew what it was like to be short of money. Like him too, both had the experience of trying (and often failing) to place their work. I always think that the family work ethic came from their origins in the old mining country around Whitby in Yorkshire and from a long tradition of teaching. Despite several exhibitions, notably at the former Arundel Gallery,⁴ there still remains a considerable residue of work, some by Bevil but considerably more by Luther.

Luther was a reserved but genial man, always happy to retreat into his own private world. Modern convention he very largely eschewed and, as I have said, he never drove a car, being happy enough to walk. He much preferred reading to television. Born at Medhone Farm, Petworth, but brought up at Wisborough Green, his childhood imagination had, it is said, been fired by a few bound copies of the *London Illustrated News* that were kept in the family home. At different times Luther became immersed, or as Bevil half-humorously put it, "obsessed"⁵ with Dickens, Cervantes' *Don Quixote* and Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings*. These would coexist with his lifetime loyalty to the drama of the Biblical stories and the romantic characters of the old *Commedia del Arte*.

Note: I have reproduced some examples of Luther's Quixote wood-engravings to give some idea of his work.

P.

⁴ Also at the former Lannards Gallery at Billingshurst

⁵ *Memoir*, page 19

Petworth response to the loss of the Titanic (1912)

An offertory at St Mary's raised the considerable sum of £60-14-11 for the Mansion House Relief Fund. We reprint the receipt for this and also the Rev. J.T. Penrose's pastoral comments on the tragedy. St Mary's Parish Magazine May 1912.

The Loss of the "Titanic."

MANSION HOUSE RELIEF FUND.

Received with thanks this MAY 8 1912,

of St. Mary's Petworth Church

the sum of £60 : 14 : 11

THOMAS BOOR CROSBY,
Lord Mayor,
Treasurer.

All classes in our country and in the United States have been deeply stirred by the terrible and tragic loss of life caused by the wreck of the great steamer *Titanic* in the early morning of April 15th, in mid-Atlantic. There has not been anything like it in the annals of the sea, and our minds can hardly take in the full meaning of the bereavement, the grief, and the desolation of homes and of hopes, which have been caused by it. But while we sorrow for those who with such awful suddenness have found their graves in the ocean, we can thank God for the courage, the disciplined self-restraint and the readiness to sacrifice their own lives to save the weak and helpless, which were displayed by officers, crew and passengers alike. "Britons and Briton's kin" in those awful hours of trial maintained the best traditions of the Anglo-Saxon race.

A splendid response has been made already to the appeals for money to provide permanent relief for the widows and orphans whose bread-winners have been snatched from them. Petworth, which has so many sailor sons, will, I feel sure, be as eager as other places to help generously in the only way by which we can pay a tribute of honour to the dead, that is, by giving succour to the mourners who are left.

Petworth's photographic pre-history

Writing in *Petworth Time out of Mind*,¹ I made an initial attempt to present a "prehistory" of Petworth photography, that shadowy period before the two "giants", Walter Kevis and

¹ Window Press 1982 - cited as *PTOM*

George Garland. I then drew attention to Francis Gaudrion Morgan, apparently a local man. His business stamp claims London training, whether by residence or correspondence it does not say. Morgan describes himself as a Chymist (sic) and photographer. No surprise there: the early photographers tended to have a background in chemistry. Constance, Lady Leconfield² looked back to days that, in 1939, were fading fast even from distant memory. The 1860s: "Then also houses surrounded the churchyard, leaving open only the gateway leading to the south door. In one of these house lived Morgan, the chemist, who also practised photography in a little glass studio close to the Bartons."

In 1982 it seemed a reasonable supposition that such Petworth photographs (and they are hardly numerous) as survive from the period before Walter Kevis, were likely to be the work of F.G. Morgan. Some certainly are, for instance the familiar "before and after" photographs of Church Lodge in 1872.³ The Morgan stamp appears on the originals. Clearly, too, there are lost Morgan photographs, as is clear from Arnold's 1864 *History of Petworth*, where some of the plates are redrawn from Morgan photographs. It seems that Morgan was at work in the early 1860s if not earlier. It is reasonably certain, too, that pictures of Bartons Lane, and there are a handful, reflect the use of the Bartons Lane studio.⁴ Some may be simply trial shots. A rather more expansive view, presumably taken from the studio or just outside is to be found in *Tread Lightly Here*⁵ page 78. The glass studio stood within sight of the Bartons Cemetery, but slightly to the south west.

What then of the important group of some half a dozen very early photographs, once in the possession of Mr. Rogers at Lodsworth, and copied for me by George Garland in the late 1960s? Some are reproduced in *PTOM*. They include the only known photograph of Petworth gaol, pulled down in 1881. I wrote in 1982⁶, "These may or may not be Morgan's but they are certainly very early." The originals have now been lost and the attribution to Morgan remains quite uncertain.

If Morgan was certainly working in the early 1860s, is it possible to regress to the 1850s? We are now on shifting sands. One fixed point is a photograph of Thomas Sockett⁷, for so long rector of Petworth. Sockett died in 1859 but the photograph would have been taken at any time up to his death. There are also two pictures of the summer house at the Hermitage in East Street which are clearly antique. George Garland took prints from two unusual metallic negatives which he retained. They now form part of the Garland Collection but their original provenance is unknown.⁸ Another possible candidate is the tableau-type picture of Burton House copied by Walter Kevis from an unknown original.⁹ The photograph has never been satisfactorily explained.

² *Random Papers* (1939)

³ *PTOM* pages 18 and 19

⁴ For an exterior view of the Studio see *PTOM*, page 18

⁵ P. Jerrome: *Tread Lightly Here* (Window Press 1990)

⁶ See pages 9-11

⁷ Preserved in the Brydone family - photographer unknown

⁸ See *PTOM* pages 12 and 13

F.G. Morgan was a practising chemist with, we may suppose, an eye to business. Photography may have been a passion or it may not have been; either way it was a part of his livelihood. It was still, to an extent, a specialised art. There was probably little demand for local scenes which anyone could see for themselves without recourse to a specialist, while equipment would be unwieldy. Who needed an expensive record when the real thing stood before them? In a way the Church Lodge “before and after” pictures are the exception that proves the rule. Here was something that was changing and that change needed recording.

Morgan’s main legacy is a canon of some three dozen quarter-plate prints mounted on thin card with the Morgan stamp on the reverse side. Originally known largely from copy negatives brought in either to Kevis or Garland,¹⁰ these have been supplemented in the years since 1982 by card-mounted originals although in no great quantity. First is a set of fifteen, not obviously connected and all unnamed. One bears the date June 20th 1872 while two appear to be of the Lord Leconfield of the time. If we knew the identity of the sitters they would probably be familiar from other sources. We don’t. Presentation is fairly predictable; the Bartons Lane studio would have been relatively small and changes to décor largely cosmetic. F.G. Morgan does not seem to have continued with photography after Walter Kevis set up his Lombard Street studio in 1878 and he may have stopped earlier. He died at Brighton in 1893 at the age of 73¹¹. As formal portraits these small quarter-plate cards, sharp as they are, leave something to be desired. It seems a reasonable suggestion that they were used as visiting cards - clearly there would be no need for the recipient to have identification.

If F.G. Morgan is elusive as compared with his prolific successors, three quarter plate portraits, very much in the Morgan style, preserved in the Older family, raise questions which at present appear quite unanswerable. Two bear on the reverse, in black ink and a good hand, the legends, “J. Hoare, Photo, Petworth, Sussex. Copies always available.” The other has a printed stamp, “J. Hoare, Photographer, Farnham, Surrey. Copies always available.” It seems that J. Hoare was something more than an enthusiastic amateur. This last photograph has a pencil note: “Uncle George Carter.”

The scene switches to a junkshop somewhere in the United States. It’s 2008. A small cache of card-mounted quarter-plate portraits with a Petworth connection is spotted by a collector and advertised as separate items on the internet. A part of the collection returns to Petworth, part of it is otherwise dispersed. Sixteen prints are retrieved in all, mounted on card in the usual way. All are unidentified. A memorial card suggests some relation to the well-known Arnold family, postmasters, musicians and chess enthusiasts extraordinary. One card is by Walter Kevis, another, marked 1882, has a damaged back. Ten are Morgan portraits and one is from the enigmatic J. Hoare. The printed logo reappears but this time with Fareham for Farnham. Fareham is then struck out and replaced with the legend, “Pound House, Petworth, Sussex.”

⁹ PTOM page 11: see also main pictures

¹⁰ Examples in PTOM, pages 20 and 21

¹¹ See St. Mary’s Parish Magazine for that year



7 (a) Unidentified portrait by E. Bryan, East Street.



7(b) “Uncle George Carter” – photograph by J. Hoare.



7 (c) The Bartons looking toward the Gog fields – photograph by F.G. Morgan.



7(d) A portrait by F.G. Morgan.

Photographs 7(a) and 7(c) courtesy of Miles Costello. 7(b) courtesy of Alan Older. See “Petworth’s photographic prehistory”.



"Sutton football team with some of their officials and the Littlehampton Charity Cup and the Littlehampton and District League Cup, both of which they have won this season. Photo was taken after the Champions v The Rest match at Wick last Sat. Rest 4 Sutton 1." (Original press caption). This Garland photograph was taken about 1937. Has anyone any identification or comment?

The plot thickens with another, apparently standard, portrait of an unidentified young man. This bears on the reverse the printed legend "E. Bryan, East Street, Petworth." An order number space is given but the number is not filled in. Again copies may be had on application. As with J. Hoare we seem to have at least a semi-professional operation. *Kelly's Directory*, resolutely silent on J. Hoare, does offer James Edward Bryan as a harness maker in East Street in 1855 He continues as a saddler until 1878. Photography seems an odd sideline for a saddler. Perhaps we should think of an enterprising relative who would later move on?

There is some evidence that the junkshop cache contained one or more local scenes, we can only say that we are fortunate to have what we have. There is however one misty Morgan scene. Clearly taken from the Bartons Lane studio, it looks down the lane, past the cemetery gates, toward a misty Gog. It is a surreal feeling to look on such a familiar scene at a distance of a hundred and fifty years.

P.

With acknowledgement to Alan Older and to Miles Costello for loan of photographs.

Petworth Personalities of the Twentieth Century, 4) Gwenda Morgan

Some eight years ago I wrote three articles¹ of a projected quartet on Petworth personalities of the twentieth century. Choice, was, to an extent, arbitrary, a blend of personal predilection and available material. Another writer, perhaps a different selection. J.T. Penrose, rector here from 1906 to 1919 and a familiar presence in these pages, stood out, both because of the dramatic circumstances of his death and the troubled times in which his cure was exercised. Violet Lady Leconfield I tried to portray through the reflecting mirror of those who had known her and some rather sparse documentation. Her uneasy later years I could not, and had no reason, to disturb. Penrose I could not know as he died in 1926. Lady Leconfield lived on into the 1950s, but I never knew her. George Garland, my third choice, I knew well, of course, and there is no need to labour his significance in a Petworth connection. I did not complete the quartet.

The Leconfield Hall goes from strength to strength. Those who still demean it, do, in the words of the old hymn, "but themselves confound." At the Society AGM in July I offered a brief overview of Gwenda Morgan's life and work and a portrait was unveiled in the upper, or Gwenda Morgan, hall. It is appropriate that Gwenda should be remembered, for it was her initial legacy that set the Hall firmly on the road to recovery.

There is an inherent difficulty in such commemoration: Gwenda was modest to a degree, reticent you could almost say, except that reticence implies a certain gruffness that was

¹ In PSM 99, 100, 101

quite alien to Gwenda's nature. Certainly she would have had the gravest reservations about having the upper hall named in her memory, while the very thought of a portrait would have alarmed her. At most she would have acknowledged the satisfaction of knowing that those who understood and practised her art recognised her as one of themselves. She would ask no more, if as much.

Gwenda died in 1991, but was a great enthusiast for this society in its early days. Until she became too frail she was a regular walker and she could sometimes be persuaded to make the occasional contribution to this Magazine. In later years, of course, her wood engravings have often graced the Magazine cover. Gwenda's proverbial modesty endured to the end. When, in 1985, the Whittington Press² produced their magnificent edition of her wood engravings, Gwenda gave me a copy. When I suggested noticing it in this Magazine, Gwenda would have none of it. It was a secret between the two of us.

Born in 1908, Gwenda's upbringing would have been comfortable rather than opulent. Her father W.D. "Billy" Morgan had come to Petworth from his native Wales to work as an apprentice for B. Steddy Austen, proprietor of the noted ironmongers in the Market Square. Morgan's move turned out to be a momentous one: he became manager in 1899 and eventually managing director and proprietor. B.S. Austen's children, apparently, had no wish to continue in the business. As a child there was no need for Gwenda to have any direct involvement in the ironmongers and no reason to suppose that she did. When it became apparent that Gwenda had some artistic ability she was encouraged to attend Goldsmiths' School of Art in London. She left in 1929 and went on to learn wood-engraving under Iain MacNab at the Grosvenor School of Modern Art. In an obituary John Randle wrote,³ "It was MacNab who gave her the encouragement she needed and Christopher Sandford records that MacNab wrote to him at the Golden Cockerel Press recommending her as his most talented pupil. He also put forward her name for membership of the Society of Wood Engravers; and introduced her to Joan Shelmerdine, who, with her friend Flora Grierson, ran the Samson Press - which commissioned her first book, *Pictures and Rhymes*, published in 1936."

Gwenda was not a prolific book illustrator, making a living was not really a problem for her, and, particularly in later years, she was as happy producing greeting cards and smaller items. Introducing her work in 1985, John Randle gave this appreciation. "The two wood-engravers whose work Gwenda Morgan most admires, are Eric Ravilious and Douglas Percy Bliss, and like them she engraves with conviction and clarity. Her blocks are beautifully, cleanly and deeply cut, the antithesis of the very fine line technique beloved of some engravers which can make the printer's job such a difficult one. She first covers the surface of the boxwood blocks with Indian ink and then meticulously traces her drawing through red carbon paper. The tracings themselves are of the greatest beauty."

It is widely considered that Gwenda's illustrations for *Gray's Elegy* (Golden Cockerel Press 1946) comprising six full-page illustrations and one small illustration are her finest work. Four other Golden Cockerel books span the years 1937 to 1956 and include the

² *The wood-engravings of Gwenda Morgan with an introduction by John Randle*

³ *The Independent* January 12th 1991, reproduced in PSM 63

illustrations for T.F. Powys' *Goat Green* (1937) and A.E. Coppard's *Tapster's Tapestry* (1938). Four books were illustrated for Hodder and Stoughton. *We live in Alaska* (1945), by Constance Hemmerichs is unusual in that Gwenda worked from the author's own photographs,⁴ while two books by local author Marjorie Hessel Tiltman containing illustrations by Gwenda appeared in 1944 and 1952. Marjorie Hessel Tiltman lived at Pulborough, and was, I imagine, well known to Gwenda. *Grimms' Other Tales* (1956) contains some of Gwenda's most distinctive work and was one of the last Golden Cockerel productions. Gwenda did not continue engraving after 1970 but continued to paint sporadically more or less until she died, working for the most part in oils.

In the artistic field Gwenda's reputation seems assured but the Petworth connection is fundamental. She may have learned her craft in London but she was never really separated either from her own close knit family or from the town in which she grew up and never really left. John Randle, writing in 1985, had it exactly. Petworth was Gwenda's home "and the rolling Sussex countryside has been her constant source of inspiration."

Writing in this Magazine in 1981 Gwenda recalled early schooldays at the little private school in Pound Street run by the Misses Austin. Ranging back over an interval of some sixty-five years the recollections clearly reflect Gwenda's almost legendary diffidence, something that had obviously been with her from very earliest days. She recalls:

'After the beginning of the First World War I remember that in a small room where we used to put our outdoor clothes there was a long table covered with clean sheets of newspaper and one of the other girls said to me: "You see all those pages printed with names? Well they are names of men who have been killed in the war".

In the school-room there were long tables, and forms to sit on and a piano, and in the winter a good fire in the grate and a row of little woolly bobbles hanging from the mantelpiece.

We worked on slates and the squeaking of the slate pencils on the slates was enough to set one's teeth on edge. Sometimes the tables were put back against a wall for a dancing lesson. Once a week (or perhaps twice?) I had a piano lesson which took place in a room that looked on to Pound Street. As the lesson was usually at tea time one of Miss Fanny's sisters used to bring her a cup of tea and Miss Fanny would say to me, "You must have some of my tea," and she would pour some from her cup into the saucer for me. Ugh! It was very strong and had no sugar. (I used to like sugar in those days.) I had to drink it because I was too shy to say that I didn't like to.

One day I injured my arm in the hinges of a gate and had to wear a sling for some time and when I arrived at school each morning Miss Fanny used to ask, "How is your arm this morning?" and I would say, It is all right thank you, and then she would say, "If it is all right you would not be wearing a sling. You should say: it is *better*," But everyday I forgot and said the wrong word.

When Miss Fanny's school closed down most of us went to a newly-opened school in Lombard Street, ("Glengarriff", now called Lombard House). This school was run by a French woman, Madame Barry. We all wore butcher-blue overalls and had a silver badge

⁴ For this see PSM 127

with the school motto printed on it: "Aim at the best. Be content with no less." This motto was quoted with amusement at home when sweets were passed round!

At the age of eight I left Glengarriff to go away to school.⁷

Many of Gwenda's school friends remained at Petworth and they provided a network of relationships that would continue through life. There are photographs of Gwenda setting off for the Arundel Carnival in the early 1920s and the friends are largely those she had made initially at the Misses Austins' school. Folk dancing was an interest she shared with several: it was a tradition kept vigorously alive in the village of Sutton, a few miles to the south of Petworth.

Life at the Old Bank House on the west side of the Market Square, effectively facing Austens across the Square, would appear to have been tranquil enough, but it was a tranquillity that would be shattered by the tragic death of Gwenda's brother, Owen, in a motor-cycling accident on Bury Hill, just a few miles from Petworth. The effect of this on the close-knit family at the Old Bank House can only be imagined. It was not something Gwenda seems to have talked about in later years.

"The rolling Sussex countryside has been her constant source of inspiration." The coming of war in 1939 meant a rapid, robust and intensely practical immersion into the realities of that very countryside. Gwenda became a Land Girl. She remained at Petworth and worked very largely on her own with the local farmers. It is hard to think that this came naturally and her handwritten diary of these years, still extant in four school exercise books, chronicles her initial struggle to come to terms with the often harsh conditions of farming life. It reflects, too, her ultimate success. Portions of the diary have appeared in this Magazine over the years and I do not intend to recapitulate the diary here.⁵ I prefer to offer this independent glimpse of Gwenda at work on a day that Petworth will never and can never forget: the day of the bombing of the North Street Boys' School. "Jumbo" Taylor was working for Mr. Payne, the Lombard Street butcher, prior to his being called up for active service.⁶

"As I have said, the Tuesday round had dwindled virtually to nothing with the shortage of meat, but Mr. Payne had an arrangement with Mr. Webber at Frog Farm to take half-a-dozen chickens a week. They were a very useful addition to a frugal supply. It was my job to take my bicycle down to Frog Farm to pick up the chickens and I did this every Tuesday. The chickens were usually Rhode Island Reds and kept in the lower field at Frog. Gwenda Morgan was working at Frog Farm as a Land Girl and together we would put the birds in sacks, three to a sack, for me to bring back to Paynes in the pannier of my trade bicycle. The chickens were definitely a luxury and as such were not only restricted to those who could afford them but also allocated on a rota basis, often the birds were cut in half. Once back at the shop they would be killed, plucked and hung ready for the weekend.

⁵ The diary was published in its entirety in a magnificent edition by John Randle at the Whittington Press in 2002. It is profusely illustrated with over thirty of Gwenda's wood-engravings. With the consent of the Whittington Press I have incorporated part of my introduction in this article. Miles Costello reviews the book in PSM112

⁶ PSM 69



- 1) Messrs Austen's entry – one of the floats for the Silver Jubilee procession in 1935. Made by Gwenda Morgan and John Willis Snr.
- 2) Gwenda Morgan singling sugar beet at Frog Farm, Petworth : June 12th 1940.

September 29th was such a Tuesday, a damp drizzly morning. I left the shop in Lombard Street at 10.45 to go down to Frog Farm to collect the chickens. Gwenda would be there to help me and it was a familiar errand by now. I was half-way down Frog Farm Lane and in the hollow that the track forms there when I heard the roar of an aircraft coming up from the direction of the river, over the hill to the left and just visible over the hedge on the skyline. As I watched the plane appeared out of the rain. It was flying low, about 150 feet, and even on a murky day like this seemed to cast a huge black shadow. The plane was a Junkers 88 but painted jet black, quite unlike the camouflaged planes we saw normally. The black set the white crosses under the wing into relief and there was a swastika visible on the tail fin. I could see the port underbelly side quite clearly. I stopped the bicycle and sat in the saddle with my feet on the ground. I twisted round to watch it. As a member of the A.T.C. I was trained to observe and recognise. For two perhaps three seconds I watched. It seemed a long time and it occurred to me that this was not the sort of day to expect low flying aircraft; the weather was only suitable for specific air-raids. It was drizzly and overcast. As the roar of the engines receded there was a crump. It was perhaps four or five seconds since I had first seen the JU88 and it had disappeared completely from my view. Another couple of seconds and smoke and dust could be seen at the back of the Arbour Hill to the north, distinct black curtains drifting lazily across the overcast sky. It would be an attack on one of the camps to the north of the to?? Holland Wood perhaps. There were camps at Pheasant Copse and a camp in construction at Lower Pond. The smoke however seemed to be drifting from the east. It was something to note but this, after all, was wartime and it was not too unusual.

I carried on down to the farm, caught the chickens with Gwenda and put them in the two bags in the pannier at the front of the bicycle, I then cycled back to the shop.”

It is difficult to imagine anything that better captures Gwenda's immersion both in a context and in a landscape.

Gwenda's mother had become seriously ill in the late 1930s and W.D. Morgan engaged the services of a nurse to look after her. Following Mrs. Morgan's death, Mr. Morgan married his wife's former nurse. This was a great turning point for Gwenda. Una Morgan was not greatly Gwenda's senior in years and the relationship was more like that of sisters than mother and daughter. Certainly there was no obvious indication of resentment on Gwenda's part as is often the case in similar situations. Quite the reverse. Una Morgan was a most practical, competent and down-to-earth lady, offering the ideal complement to Gwenda's artistic diffidence. When W.D. Morgan himself died during the war, Una provided the solid domestic backing that Gwenda so needed. Una's bustling interest in local activities like National Savings and St. Mary's Parish Magazine gave Gwenda an entrée into local affairs and a counter balance to her artistic activities. Eventually Una and Gwenda moved from the Old Bank House to Ridge House in Station Road with its larger garden.

Una Morgan's death in the 1980s left Gwenda somewhat vulnerable. Bereft of Una's domestic support, Gwenda found life quite difficult: the more so for her being such an intensely private person. My last memory is of talking to her in the garden of Ridge House and her giving me some roots of brunnera and perennial coreopsis. I still have them in my garden as a memorial of her.

Some original blocks from the Golden Cockerel Press are at the University of Texas at Austin. Gwenda's agent, Betty Clark, presented a selection of 15 wood engravings to the Art Gallery on Ontario in 1990⁷. Petworth's links with Toronto through the Society's strong relationship with the Toronto Scottish Regiment are well-known.

⁷ See Trevor Silverstone in PSM 113 - reproduced in *Multiples* - Newsletter of the Society of Wood Engravers May 2008

New Thoughts about Treve and Grittenham Farm

A year ago I wrote about Crawford Farm, showing how the name was a classic example of mutation or 'mangle-ment' over time, from the original Crabbesfolde. In the same edition of the magazine was a short note on Grittenham, setting out what I knew as the received wisdom on the farm name and site. Since then I have been able to do a lot more 'ferreting' through the archives as well as climbing through roofs, and would like to share the outcomes, which have led me to completely rethink of that long-held position. I am now fairly sure that the manor of Treve (River) was *not* left out by the Domesday commissioners, but that they recorded it under the wrong name, that is, **Greteham**.

About three or four years ago I was asked to do some research at Roundhurst, in the north of Lurgashall parish, and was surprised to find it was part of the manor of River. All I knew of River at that time related to the small enclave of houses just north of the A272. This begged for further investigation, but had to go 'on the back burner' for the time being. Before long, I carried out a project on buildings at Lickfold, and from that a contact sent me to River Park Farm, which lies just north of River Village. This gave me the opportunity I had wanted to follow up on the manor, but little did I realise how much unpicking it would take even to approach some kind of understanding of its historical development.

Treve is yet another example of distortions of an earlier name, in this case of the Anglo-Saxon *atter evre* or *yfre*, meaning 'at the hill-brow', which is a good description of the site of the present River Village. Although local taxpayers are listed under **Treve** in the early 1300s and as late as 1524/5, it became further mutated to River, to the confusion of any 'foreigner'. Clues to the extent of the manor are reflected in some of the early personal names in those taxation lists: Brokhurst, Ryndhurst¹, Cok², Wyngefold, Samesbrugg. There was a chapel by 1140, and the lordship of the manor can be tracked from 1154 (and possibly earlier, see below) when Philip Belmeis, a nephew of the Bishop of London died,³ leaving Treve to his daughter

¹ From 'Erica' meaning cleared land.

² Coks is divided between Knights and Schoolhouse Cottages and was enfranchised in the early 1600s.

³ This family rose by association with the Earl of Shrewsbury, Roger de Montgomery. Bishop Richard acquired Lodsworth c1119.

Alice, who had married Alan la Zouche, member of a family that originated in Brittany.

Invaluable to an understanding of the manor was a document dating from 1481, then the estate was divided between four Pelham heiresses, listing the names of holdings and tenants. Many of the names of tenancies can be related to sites that still exist; Bukkes, Cokkys, Overyndershe and Netherindersh, Kembers, Hawkyns and Hytote, Brokhurst, Snapelond, Hihamsted, Southwaters and Gretenammys. In the late 1500s, the manor came into the hands of the Montagues of Cowdray, within whose archive invaluable court books survive, from 1695 to 1933. These confirmed that the manor practised the 'borough English' inheritance custom (the *youngest* inherits) which is an indicator of a pre-Conquest estate. So far it has been possible to identify and track the descents (to varying degrees) of about forty-two holdings, nine or ten of which were freeholds. In some cases it is possible to marry up the documentary details with surviving buildings, although not all had buildings on them, but to date no pre-1500 structure has been found.

Sub-letting of parts of the manor and its properties increased over the centuries, and in 1746 River Farm formed part of the endowment of the Somerset Hospital in Petworth. It was significant that associated with this endowment was an area towards Upperton, close to the site of Pitshill, that was marked as a 'quarry'. From 1760, the Mitford family became lessees of tenancies, copyhold and free, and further material survives among their archives.

Scouring all this archive material has made it possible to establish the full extent of the manor of **Treve**, and pretty extensive it was, too. From Chase Farm, right on the county boundary, south through Lurgashall in a curving strip (with some interruptions) to the Park⁴ and Common, including the sub-manor of Dean with Little Common and splaying out towards the Rother including Grittenham and Netherlands Farms. So how – I reasoned – could the Domesday commissioners possibly have missed it? I had to take a fresh look at the record of 1086, particularly in the light of developments in place-name studies.

Robert (*fitzTetbald*) holds **GRETEHAM** from the Earl (*Montgomery*)

Two thanes held it from King Edward in freehold as 3 manors

Then and now it answered for 4 hides and 1 virgate

Land for 7 ploughs In lordship 2

14 villagers and 9 smallholders with 3 ploughs

5 slaves; 1 mill at 10s; a quarry at 10s. 10d

Meadow 20 acres; woodland 30 pigs

Thurstan holds ½ hide and 1 virgate of this manor

He has 2 ploughs with 3 villagers and 3 smallholders

Value before 1066 £6; later £4; now £6 5s

First of all, there were two kinds of 'ham'; the kind with one 'm' indicating a settlement, and the other with two 'mms' meaning a meadow. Meadows were a vital part of the early agricultural economies, and often lay along riverbanks. The suffixes of both Great-ham (near Wiggonholt) and Grittenham appear to be this 'meadow' component. Greatham (Greatham in 1086) derives from *groot hamm*, or 'gritty' or 'sandy meadow'. Grittenham is actually

⁴ Seven miles round in 1481

Grete-ham in 1086, almost certainly deriving from *grooten hamm* meaning 'great meadow'. Later versions of the name support this. But the entry shows that the manor was not just a large water meadow by the Rother, but an area rated for tax purposes on about 500 acres, which including woodland to support over 200 pigs, a 'home farm' worked by five servants, a mill.....and that quarry. Only four quarries are recorded in Sussex in 1086, and this was the most valuable; it would almost certainly have been associated with the lord's land 'in hand', or 'demesne'.

The Domesday record also shows that it had been cobbled together from three freehold estates held by two Englishmen of some status and a sub-tenant called Thurstan, and the fact that it had resulted in a composite estate may be reflected in the duplication of resources like woodland and commons. The sub-manor of Dean may be an echo of Thurstan's holding. By 1086 it was among numerous possessions held by the sheriff of Arundel, Robert fitzTetbald from his overlord, Roger de Montgomery, Earl of the Rapes of Arundel and Chichester, and of Shrewsbury and much of Shropshire.....and patron of the Belmeis family.

A manor house was mentioned in 1481, and much of my roof-scrambling was in the interests of trying to establish where this might have been.⁵ For various reasons, among them the proximity of fields named Chapel and Chantry, River House is the favoured site.....and that in the 1700s the quarry land went with it. An early nineteenth century map of Grittenham Farm shows Ash Meadow to the east, still owned in strips, and entries in the court books show that tenancies elsewhere could have rights in Ash meadow. Although the farmhouse there is the produce of at least three building phases, there is nothing that is earlier than the 1580s.

This is a very condensed account of how I developed the theory that **Treve** was not unrecorded in 1906, but that it was entered under the name of just one of its components – its valuable meadow land. When the Norman Domesday commissioners collared a local yokel and asked him for the name of the place, he misunderstood, intentionally or otherwise. 'Why, that's grooten hamm', he said, looking towards the river.

Annabelle Hughes

⁵ Although River Park House was described as a '*capital messuage & mansion house*' in 1584, this could not have been long after it was built, and the original manor house was unlikely to have been within a hunting park. Courts were held at River Park in the 1700s, after the endowment of the Hospital with River House.

Midhurst Grammar School 50 years ago (1972)

With the current discussion on the future of Midhurst Grammar School, this article from 1972 celebrating the school's tercentenary may be of interest. It appeared originally in the West Sussex Gazette for 22nd June 1972. the author, Paul Humphreys, looks back fifty years.

In 1924, after a year in the south of France, I returned to England with my family and went as a boarder to Midhurst Grammar School. I had spent part of my earlier childhood at Pulborough, and had always heard the school well spoken of. The fees were moderate, and the Headmaster was willing to accept me without formality or delay; so, having taken and passed the entrance exam, which was not difficult, to M.G.S. I went at the beginning of the summer term.

Midhurst in the twenties still regained the character of a country market town. The shops were mostly in private hands and the owners' sons attended the grammar school as had their fathers before them; and the few large houses were occupied by "old Midhurst families," a term used with respect. The school, founded in the 17th Century with a small endowment, had passed through various changes of fortune. Its most distinguished old boy was Sir Charles Lyell, the eminent geologist and friend of Darwin. H. G. Wells had served as a pupil-teacher there before going on to the Royal College of Science — not that, as far as I am aware, he ever acknowledged the fact with any satisfaction.

At the time of my arrival the school numbered some 300 boys of whom 60 or so were boarders. The day-boys who did not live locally came by train either from Pulborough, Petworth and district, or from Chichester in the opposite direction; a few travelled in by bus from villages north towards Fernhurst and Haslemere. The Chichester train boys were always regarded as an unruly element, and maybe they were more high-spirited than the stolid country boys. Their gravest offence, however, was the occasional broken carriage window, or cheek offered to some touchy fellow-passenger. Vandalism was then in its infancy. At a week-end I sometimes travelled on the Pulborough line, a journey of enchantment in late spring when the embankments were thickly carpeted with primrose, bluebells, and campion, and the oak and hazel coppices a brilliant green.

The boarders were mostly boys who lived just too far away to make the daily journey. A few came from London and farther, and I often wondered what brought them to a Sussex school of no great renown when there must have been plenty of good schools to choose from nearer their homes. A high proportion of our boys were the sons of farmers or farm workers. A few came from professional families of moderate means, or from genteel families of reduced means who could not afford public school fees. Some of the "free-place" boys were from very poor families. But we all mixed together pretty well, and there was a refreshing absence of social snobbery.

There was little rivalry either between day-boys and boarders at M.G.S. Since we, the boarders, were in the minority, it would have been imprudent of us to have put on airs. As in all schools there were hefty boys of an aggressive nature of whom one had to be wary, but there was little vicious bullying; and, as "fagging" was not practised among us, there was no incitement to senior boys to persecute their juniors. Many of our boys, when out of the classroom, spoke in the lilting Sussex dialect, which has now, I imagine, all but disappeared.

It was to our headmaster that we largely owed the easy-going, tolerant atmosphere which prevailed at M.G.S. during my time there. The Rev. Bernard Heald, Oxford classical scholar and rowing man, was one of four Nottingham brothers all distinguished in their different vocations: one became a colonial governor, another a Jesuit priest, and the third, Frank Heald, was President of the Trent Fishery Board. I was often reminded of him on my

later walks by midland waterways, for his name appeared on all notices. Bernard, affectionately known among us as "the Boss," resembled in person and bearing one of the "good dons" in Hilaire Belloc's well-known poem. In memory I see his burly figure striding along, followed by his four dogs, his gown streaming out behind him, a cigarette in his mouth — he was a chain smoker. Behind the commanding presence and powerful voice lay a kindly nature, though he could on occasion wield the cane with painful effect.

The Boss and his family lived in Capron House, a two-storey building in stone, joined to our red-brick boarding house by an imposing entrance hall, the gift of Lord Cowdray, chairman of our board of governors. Mrs. Heald was Scots and an invalid, as asthma sufferer, I fancy. She seldom appeared in public, but she took an interest in all that went on from time to time, holding an audience in her room for prefects and senior boys. Her sister, Miss Mackenzie, acted as senior matron. I picture her dressed as she usually was, in black silk which made a "hushing" noise as she walked. She possessed a crisp Scots voice, a brusque manner, and was merciless with malingerers. If you were really ill, however, her "Poor lad! Poor lad!" was like a cool hand on the brow. She was greatly loved, and her premature death grieved us all.

The Boss lived in style reminiscent of one of Trollope's country parsons; and not that he was extravagant or self-indulgent. His private apartments in Capron House were both commodious and comfortable; the dining and drawing-rooms looked out on a large walled garden with tennis and croquet lawns, on which we were allowed to play, and well-kept herbaceous borders gay in summer with lupins and delphiniums. The drawing-room was a perfect period piece, the piano, bookcases and occasional tables loaded with family portraits, china, and knick-knacks. His household included a butler, an ex-naval steward named Avery whose father also an old salt, kept the Old House at Home inn at South Ambersham, and an excellent cook, Mrs. Dodds. There were several other servants, one of whom, a well-furnished blond, was said to offer the freedom of her charms to boys who took her fancy.

It was the civilized custom for the boarder prefects to dine in turn with the Boss and resident staff, with the object no doubt of teaching us how to behave. We looked forward to these dinners; the food was good, the conversation usually entertaining, and I believe we were allowed to drink beer. Then there were the Sunday teas to which all prefects who lived within reach were invited from time to time. They were wonderful teas. Mrs. Dodds excelled in the making of cakes and pastries, and the table was always laden with rich, cream-oozing confections.

Denzil Batchelor, the sports writer, once described our playing field in Cowdray Park as being among the half-dozen most beautiful in the country. It was not ours exclusively, for we shared it with the town cricket and tennis clubs, with the Archery Club (tucked away in a corner for safety), and with a group of sprightly ladies who kept up the old English game of stoolball.

Between our cricket pavilion and the tennis courts stood a grove of lofty lime-trees. How pleasant it was on a hot summer's afternoon to recline with their ample shade, idly watching the cricket or tennis, soothed by the hum of bees in the lime-blossom above. At the bottom of the field by the ruins of the Tudor castle ran the drive which led beneath a canopy of oaks and sweet chestnuts to the new Cowdray House. It was also the way to our bathing-place situated on a bend of the River Rother, which we were privileged to use by grace and favour of Lord Cowdray.

Of "the little Rother" E. V. Lucas wrote: "One may walk by its side for miles and hear no sound save the music of repose." That was still true when I was a boy at Midhurst. Trout hovered in the shallows; pike lurked in the depths; voles and otters frequented the banks. Nobody then spoke of pollution; the worst we suffered was an occasional taint from the town gasworks a mile or so upstream.

It was our habit to bathe naked. Bashful new boys who insisted on wearing costumes ran the risk of being relieved of them and thrown in. There was a persistent rumour that we were spied upon by peeping Janes concealed in the woods beyond the opposite bank where there was a right of way. We never caught a glimpse of them, but the possibility of their presence there gave us a mild erotic thrill.

West Sussex at that time, though only 50 miles from Marble Arch, was still rural; the commuter invasion had scarcely begun. The Boss, a believer in the benefits of fresh air and exercise, encouraged us to get out of doors as much as possible. Every morning before breakfast, unless it was raining, we, the boarders, had to "go round the Walk" — down the Causeway from the front of the school to the Cowdray ruins, past the playing field, and back along the Petworth road, a distance of about a mile. Athletic late-risers accomplished it in six or seven minutes; the majority preferred to start earlier and take their time. After lunch on Sundays we were set on a much longer walk. This was seldom less than five miles, and the route was chosen and announced by the Boss to a background of groans of dismay. I personally enjoyed these Sunday walks, but the fact was regarded as another indication of my eccentricity. Saturday was a free day when, apart from a moral obligation to watch the first eleven match if there was one, we could please ourselves what we did. In the summer too there were the long evenings; once tea and prep were over we had a good two hours of liberty before supper. Most of us owned bicycles, and I can imagine no more pleasant exercise than cycling through the Sussex lanes, as they were then, on a fine June evening.

One of my favourite rides was to Bepton; there turning right along the by-road which skirts the foot of the Downs and passes, through the villages of Didling, Treyford and Harting. I remember the tiny church at Didling standing on its own up a downland track, its humped graveyard a mass of golden cowslips in spring. Arthur Cooke in his book "Off The Beaten Track in Sussex", wrote "a more solitary spot it would be difficult to imagine." This was certainly true in my day, and I hope still is.

M.G.S. was "country" grammar school in the widest sense. There was nothing isolated or institutional about it — we were part of the rural community we served. Even among the boarders, country interests were encouraged. Those who wished could have their own patch of garden. We could also keep pets, if we looked after them. I successfully tamed several jackdaws, one of which disgraced himself by flying into the room of the matron who succeeded Miss Mackenzie, causing a surprising amount of havoc for so small a creature. For a time one summer I had a hedgehog, Eustace. I fed him on hard-boiled eggs and milk, and he became as friendly as a kitten until the call of the wild became too insistent and he disappeared. I must admit that academic standards at M.G.S. in my day were not high, and I cannot claim that I contributed towards improving them. Few boys ever reached a university, or aspired to; for those without a family farm to provide them with a living a summit of ambition was the

Oxford School Certificate followed by a clerical job with modest prospects of advancement.

Though it would be unfair to hold them responsible for our scholastic shortcomings, our masters were in fact a rather mixed lot. We treated them with respect, most of them anyway, and even with affection. The idea of "pupil power" would have seemed to us grotesque. Among the masters I remember "Daddy" White, a lean, austere man, who taught divinity and drawing; then there was "Bogey" Brown, a native of Birmingham, where he had attended the old King Edward's School in New Street. His nasal, rasping voice was the perfect instrument for delivering the sarcastic rebukes he delighted in, and which we for that matter delighted in too. Nevertheless, Bogey's composure could be ruffled by the sly question: "But sir, isn't Birmingham in the Black Country?"

There was "Old Conk" — Mr. Cossons — my housemaster who taught chemistry. I still recall with gratitude the touching words he wrote about me in the school magazine when I left — words all the more poignant for having been, as I well realized, entirely unmerited. I must here record my personal indebtedness to two other masters whose influence on my young life was both beneficent and enduring — Charles Stuck, who taught biology, but whose knowledge and interests ranged far beyond his subject, and Rene Roty, a scholarly Frenchman whose very presence at the school was something of a mystery. I am glad to say that they both survive and I keep in touch with them. The former lives with his married sister in America; the latter — now in his 81st year — in his native France.

During and for a time after the last war, when the old grammar schools experienced their Indian summer, M.G.S. emerged from obscurity into a period of creditable achievement. Boys regularly gained scholarships to Oxford and Cambridge, distinguishing themselves later, and entry to the school became a sought-after privilege. But, in common with most hours of glory, this one came to an end. Already a secondary modern school — known locally, I believe, as "the Gin Palace" — had been built in Comber's Field for boys not clever enough to win a place at the now exclusive grammar school. Such a discriminatory policy could not last in the egalitarian climate of more recent times, and eventually the two schools were combined into one large co-educational, comprehensive establishment — a progressive development no doubt yet to those like myself of an earlier, more conservative generation, sad.

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