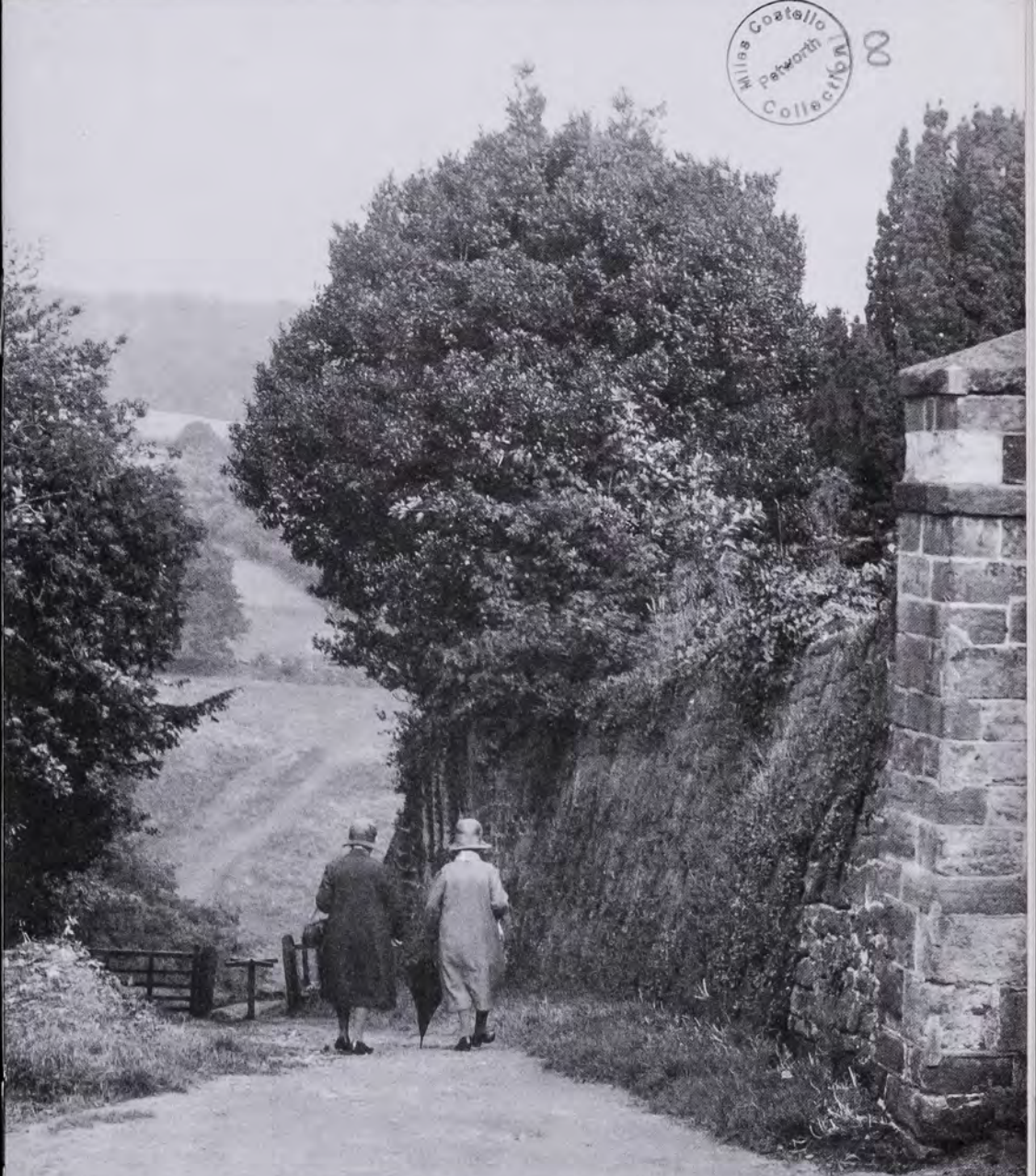


Miles Coatsloe
Petworth
Collection

8

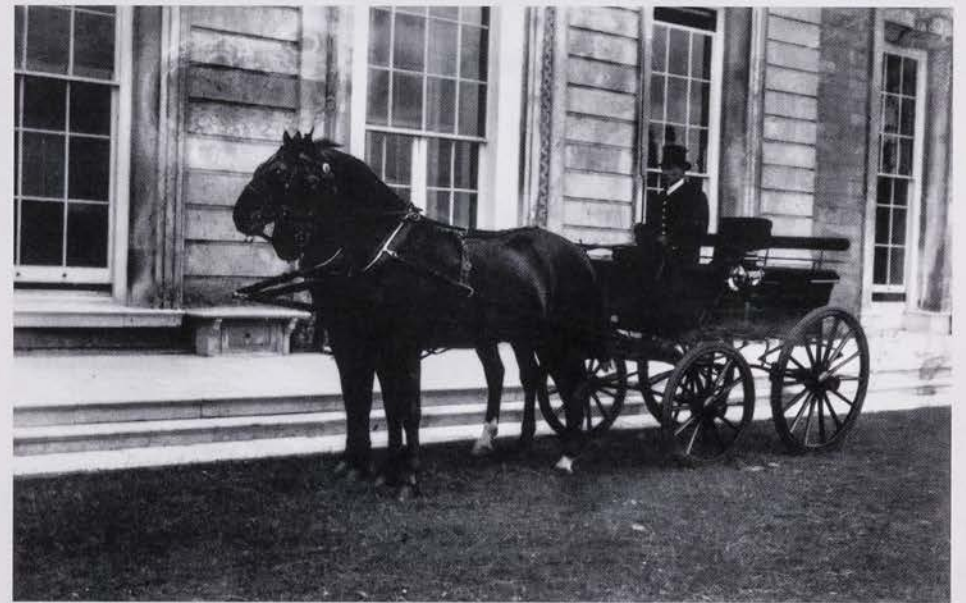


THE PETWORTH SOCIETY
magazine

No.147, March 2012

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George Rowe in July 1928. See "The postman never called."
Photograph by George Garland.

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CONSTITUTION AND OFFICERS

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

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

The annual subscription is £10.00, single or double, one magazine delivered. Postal £13.50 overseas £16.50. Further information may be obtained from any of the following.

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"The Bartons, Petworth August 21st 1931."

Chairman's notes

This quarter I've omitted the regular feature on Old Petworth traders. Simply lack of space. Otherwise I think we're just about present and correct. Keith gives his usual account of our speakers, while the February evening is to come as I write. Rohan McCullough's 'embodiment' of Beatrix Potter was astonishing while no less impressive in their different ways have been Alan Readman (October PSM 146), Chris Hare and of course Miles in January.

Peter Dead Drunk seems to have struck a reciprocal nerve. I have to be pleased that at least a portion of this Magazine's remembered tradition is available in such accessible form. I say "portion" advisedly, mindful of the huge amount that did not find its way into PDD.

You will see that I have ventured in this issue to offer some reflections on running a small general shop, a species hovering now perhaps in that uneasy limbo between threatened and extinct.

Peter
20th January 2012

Private Enterprise – the Sussex way

Smuggling. Tales of economic collapse, gangs, corruption, cruelty, mob rule – all in a county of tiny villages, virtually inaccessible during winter and its people enduring conditions of poverty and deprivation hard to believe today.

Chris Hare's catalogue of dates, personalities and facts, so well delivered, was gripping and absorbing from start to finish. He is an expert and a most accomplished speaker.

This was the 19th Garland Memorial Lecture and it proved to be one in true George Garland spirit. One could almost imagine him in a smuggling role, had he been born into the 17th or 18th centuries.

Then, Government initiative aimed at solving the economic and political crisis resulting from long years of war was to tax imports of luxuries – tobacco, tea and spirits. It was not surprising, therefore, that enterprising people became 'Free Traders', smuggling those items across the Channel into Sussex where, for generations, this had been the practice, notably in 'exporting' wool. They would not regard themselves as criminals, like highway robbers or burglars.

Smuggling became big business. Large boats were used, quite openly. The well-organised gangs transported goods up to the city merchants who could be based in the villages surrounding London, such as Brixton and Stockwell. Customs and Excise officers were poorly paid, lived in wretched accommodation, were reluctant to operate in the wild Wealden country and were open to corruption. Murder and torture were common – and we had some graphic descriptions!

With the end of the Napoleonic Wars in the early 19th century, the tax on tea was reduced with the introduction of the Window Tax and brandy became the prime contraband. The Coastal Blockade (later to become the Coastguards) was established on a firm footing with uniforms, good pay and accommodation, often in the Martello towers. Nevertheless, gangs still flourished, using rowing boats to cross the Channel and devising ways of anchoring the barrels just below the surface near the shore until the coast was clear for their transport to London under the cover of darkness.

Smugglers' tunnels? Chris is doubtful, considering the remoteness and inaccessibility of the Sussex countryside, and with the operations taking place at night would it be worth the effort to spend time and manpower on their construction?

Eventually, under the Government's new policy of Free Trade, smuggling on the grand scale was no longer worthwhile.

There is, no doubt, a further, present-day chapter in the story of smuggling and

not confined to Sussex, but for this gripping talk, who better to deliver it and leave us looking forward to his third visit? Please!

KCT.

Peter. No, not that one – Peter Rabbit

Alison Neil, who has enthralled us with her depictions of so many famous women from the past, had recommended Rohan McCullough for our special Christmas evening. She works in a similar way and so we were confident that we were in for a quality performance – Beatrix Potter.

Many commented on the rapt attention and utter silence throughout both halves of the presentation. A feat of memory indeed, which included word for word retelling of three of Beatrix Potter's familiar stories.

But it was the unfamiliar story of the author's life which was a revelation to most present, from her strict upbringing from birth to wealthy parents in Bolton Gardens in London in 1866. She was not able to escape from their domination until her marriage at the age of 37 and, even then, not completely. In five weeks, her husband, Norman Warne, of the publishing firm, was dead from septicaemia.

Holidays in Scotland and the Lake District had fuelled Beatrix's passion for flowers and wildlife in general. She had taken lessons in drawing and painting and, at a young age, written a story for a friend which, after rejection by publishers, she surreptitiously published herself. This was the story of Peter Rabbit.

Other stories followed: The Tailor of Gloucester, Two Bad Mice, Mrs Tigglywinkle and many more. Their success – Mrs Tigglywinkle sold 30,000 copies in just five weeks – enabled her to purchase Hilltop Farm at Sawrey in Cumbria, from the Cannons she had become friendly with. She kept Mr Cannon on as manager while still living in London. The farm was extended and conditions in the village improved and amenities conserved. A friendship with the country solicitor, William Heelis, led to marriage and, at 47, she moved into Castle Cottage. Free from her parents, her whole life became one of happiness.

With books being translated into other languages, another farm was bought and given to the National Trust, which would also receive all her properties on her death.

It was difficult to find words to express our appreciation of such a wonderfully moving evening and so it was an added pleasure when Rohan joined in the final act of drawing the raffle and she became 'one of us'.

KCT.

The ultimate Petworth Society pub crawl with Miles

Last April, Miles gave the first part of his researches into Petworth's inns and alehouses. The interest it aroused ensured a capacity audience for the completion of the journey through Grove Street, the High Street, Market Square, Golden Square, Pound Street and Park Road.

Of the huge number of known Petworth hostelrys – and there were five White Harts, for example – there was never a point when all existed at the same time and many underwent name changes during their history. They reached their peak in the mid-nineteenth century when licensing laws were relaxed.

The Fighting Cocks in the High Street became the White Hart, the Turk's Head became the Queen's Head, in the Square, the Bull became the Star, just a few examples. The Queen's Head was the first of the few purpose-built inns. It closed in about 1968.

The southern side of the High Street saw the establishment of the important Stag Brewery when the entrepreneur Milton bought up a row of properties in the middle of the nineteenth century and it too, no longer exists. There does remain a piece of lawn to the rear, which was a quoits pitch, the actual quoits still in existence.

A diversion to the Fox and Hounds in Grove Street (1861) before returning to the Square and imposing Egremont-owned Half Moon, 1674 to 1900, when it was demolished and the present-day NatWest Bank built on the site. On the west side, the Swan, or White Swan (1606-1897) was replaced by the new Swan, now an antiques establishment, curry house and apartments. The original slate inn sign from the old Swan now hangs over the stairs in the Leconfield Hall.

Also in the square was the Tavern, with its links with Knight's the bakers, the Great White Hart (1670-1770?) where Austen's Hardware now stands and, in Golden Square, the Star (another one) where the HSBC Bank is now.

In Pound Street, our Chairman's house was the Trowel; in Park Road, the Ship, later the Black Horse, which was the Half Moon tap and by the Church Lodge to Petworth House, the Bleu Lyon, demolished when the churchyard was opened up.

Input from the audience added to the convivial atmosphere of the evening, with Miles revealing that there were some things that he had found out that even our Chairman doesn't know!

And what did he say in closing? "Next time, an infamous Petworth murder". We can't wait! Well done, Miles.

KCT.

Loyalties

Another November, another fair. It's the Tuesday before the Saturday and I'm at Petworth Primary School, ostensibly to watch rehearsals for the country dancing on fair afternoon. The idea is to give the fair a little advance newspaper publicity, in modern terms, perhaps, a "photo opportunity". A surprising November sun beats down on the playground. Will this extraordinary weather carry through until the day of the fair?

In fact, by Saturday the 19th there's a little less sun but it's still mild. Petworth has not relaxed the tradition of a thousand years: Sunday the 20th, moves the fair to the 19th. Clearing the Square is always trying: cars overstaying their time and cones. No sign of a traffic warden or a friendly policeman. Shopkeepers and motorists are mainly good-humoured, but for some the tradition of a thousand years is a cobweb simply to be brushed aside. Petworth, no doubt, could survive without its ancient fair but would it still be Petworth? It's not for me to pose such questions, let alone answer them. Fairs simply aren't like anything else; they have a mysterious lore that is all their own. I don't know about cessation but as far as I know moving a fair would still require an Act of Parliament.

By fair standards it's a "comfortable" build-up, but by any normal dictionary standard it's a curious use for the word comfortable. It's backbreaking work demanding a host of unpaid volunteers. Without them the whole enterprise would be out of the question. By early evening all's done, the volunteers have largely dispersed and the Harris caravan is parked up by the junction with Park Road. At half past seven we're sitting outside talking. Almost a summer evening but without the light. I've known the Harris brothers now for over a quarter of a century. I know, too, that it's doubtfully viable to bring the two big machines over from Ashington for a single night. And the weather can be vile. Why do it? The implied question bounces off the brothers' bonhomie. Loyalty? The conversation drifts, as it often does, toward that tragic night in 2005. Surely that night would have stretched loyalty to the limit? Surprisingly it seems, if anything, to have done the opposite. And in a time when the old fairs are fast dying, the immemorial fair at Petworth shines like a beacon.

If the imperturbable Harris brothers are a known quantity, what of "Petworth" itself? Is it the children who fill the Square and wonder at the rides or the slightly unruly patrons of the Chairplanes or, perhaps, the more sedate catchment for the carousel? Or might it be the great Petworth non-appearers, happy enough with "Strictly" or the X-factor. In straitened times not everyone has money for the fair.

Those old days when you'd go up with a shilling and have an evening's rides are no longer even an abiding memory. The former insularity has gone too, old

acquaintance renewed once a year at the fair means little enough in an age of Twitter. In the mild dryness it's deathly quiet in the Market Square, I suppose, almost like the old East End on Sabbath eve. There are spaces left for tomorrow's smaller stalls to come in . . .

The crier opens the fair. "This Saxon king, martyr and saint." What would Saint Edmund make of the yellow-jacketed stewards patrolling the crossing at the Co-op and Star? The country dancers in the Hall, then Jonathan Cann's superior Punch and Judy. Initially it's a case of marshalling an audience. Parents are self-conscious about sitting down with the children. They watch from the floor, at first looking to move away. Gradually, however, they are drawn into the performance, as if despite themselves. The children too, doubtful at first, respond with a wild enthusiasm. The ghost, the crocodile, the sausages. Hullo, hullo, hullo. A contrite Mr Punch tries to ingratiate himself with a hostile audience. One wonders how the refined Judy ever became involved with the villainous old rogue.

After Mr Punch there's an unwonted gap in the entertainment: Petworth Players have had to withdraw, rehearsals not being sufficiently advanced. It's a while before the band are on stage, then the iconic moment with the band playing on the carousel. I've replaced one of the stewards outside the Co-op and peer through a suddenly empty Cut to see Ian guarding the other crossing.

Twenty-six years of reviving Petworth fair, hardly registering on the fair's time scale. Twenty-six years and the future looks as fragile as ever. Savour the moment and look to 2012.

P

Toby could be a real dog

27th December. A post-Christmas town. Virtually everywhere closed, just the occasional pair of visitors rattling round the empty streets. Time for a leisured look at the mid-winter museum. In this mildest of winters (so far) there's a curious lack of sharpness and contrast. The wallflowers are a vivid green, the fuchsias at the back still in full leaf and even the summer's white dahlias untouched by the frost. Some coal has fallen from the outside bin. Inside the feeling that no one's there is inescapable: it's quite different when 346 is open; there's a definite feeling of presence. The cacti are huddled together in the stone sink. The stair cupboard will need to be re-thought to take account of the new Goss collection. In the sewing room the envelope with Mr Pitfield's name is still on the un-repaired tumbling block chair. The postmark is 26th August 1912. This

year it will be a hundred years old. In 1996 ... time waits for nothing. The boards creak in Mrs Cummings' bedroom. You don't notice it when there are visitors but everything has a deathly stillness today.

Up into the attic for the familiar look down a deserted High Street. A book on the shelf 'London Shown to the Children' one of a series published by T C and E C Jack. A photograph on every alternate page. This one's damp-stained. Such books are often refugees from the Book Sale; we've quite a few at 346. It's another myth in the making. The series is actually more of a period when the Cummings children had grown up. The last photograph is of a backstreet London Punch and Judy show. Did you know that Toby was often a real dog wearing a stiff ruff? "Poor little Toby ... how bored he is with it all, yet he will sit there as good as gold and even let Punch hit him a little – not very hard with his staff."

Time to go. The matting at the door looks frayed. Too frayed? Two points here. Health and Safety and realism. They don't always go together. And the besom's upturned. "The woman of the house is looking for a man." I don't think so. It's all eerily quiet. As so often I think of Jeremiah looking at the rod of almond, that first tree to shoot as winter relents.

P

"This was a very serious state of things . . ." the December book sale

No shortage of books but a very definite shortage of quality for the £1 table. It can happen. All new stock but we can only put out what we're given. Add to that a sullen fortnight pre-Christmas Market Square. We've had better days.

If you're looking to fill an unusually scant £1 table it's frustrating to find a book that would certainly justify elevation but which you know will never sell. It would take a really astute dealer or collector to latch on to it. What is it? Walter Wood: *The Enemy In Our Midst* (John Long 1906), ex Boots Booklovers' Library, case bound with pictorial cover showing the Thames in the foreground, bombs and shells falling into the water and London ablaze behind the cupola of St Paul's.

Great Britain has been invaded by Germany and London is a bloodstained battlefield. Here is Erskine Childers' *Riddle of the Sands* heightened to an apocalyptic scale, or, if you like, H. G. Wells' *War of the Worlds* transposed to a European context but without the artistry of Wells. "*The Enemy In Our Midst*" is a parade example of a genre of fiction that had a great vogue in late Victorian and

Edwardian times and faded only with the Great War. Central to the book is the widespread belief in the presence in the country of an "Alien Army", vast numbers of Germans and other "undesirables" infiltrating the larger urban centres over a period of years, awaiting the call to rise against a sleeping establishment. The Territorial Army has been allowed to decay, the lessons of the Boer war have not been learned and the fleet is far away on pointless manoeuvres. The novel itself is at once a call to arms and Biggles. There are two somewhat cardboard and socially contrasting heroes, a bluff northern ex-soldier down on his luck "one of the few who knew that London had laughed when prophetic voices had spoken warningly" and an aristocratic young naval commander.

Over all hangs the threat of the "Alien Army". "In almost every boarding-house was a German waiter and the man was known and his record kept by Mahler² and his secret service agents." As I. F. Clarke observes³. "The more detailed the statements, the greater was the readiness to believe a fabrication like 'The Committee of Secret Preparation'" almost lovingly described by Wood as they plot and plan in one of the back rooms of a house in Soho.

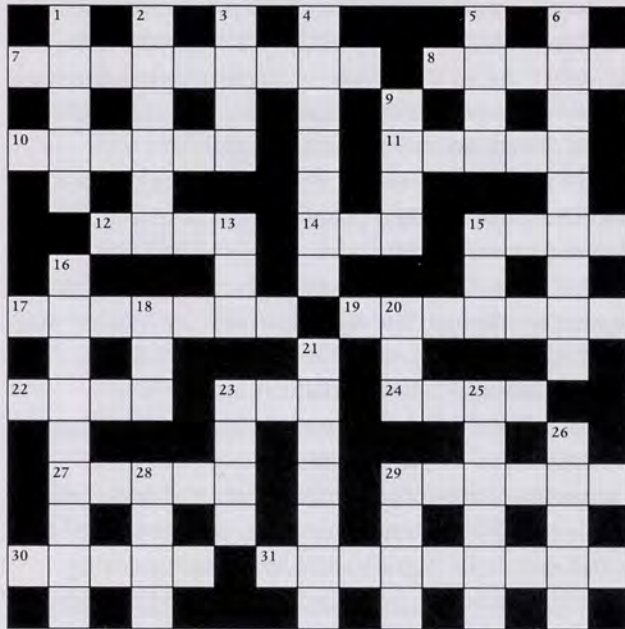
The vogue of this kind of jingoistic, almost alarmist literature was not confined to Great Britain. Equally feverish examples, mutatis mutandis, were produced in quantity in France, Germany and even Italy. Significantly Spain, still smarting from the disastrous war with the United States, produced nothing in this genre. The Great War would end such flights of the imagination. If the first months of 1914 saw the kind of rapid movement envisaged by Wood and others, no one anticipated the war of attrition that would develop and the fact that advantage now lay so heavily with the defensive side.

When this literature was at its prolific height, a young P. G. Wodehouse wrote *The Swoop* (1909) in which Boy Scout extraordinary Clarence Chugwater routs not only the invading German hordes but nine other separate invaders who have chosen the same precise moment to invade, Russia, the Mad Mullah, the Swiss Navy, China, the Army of Monaco, a band of Young Turks, Moroccan brigands and warriors from the distant island of Bolly Golla. For, "This was a very serious state of things" as Wodehouse rightly observed.

P

1. See PSM 130 page 13.
2. The Kaiser's chief London operative.
3. "The Great War with Germany 1890-1914" (1997) see also the same author's "Voices Prophesying War" (1966)

DEBORAH'S SUSSEX LITERARY CROSSWORD



ACROSS

7 & 14 Hard to spot this sinister figure from H.G.Wells' book, set in Iping (9,3)

8 Poet friend of Percy Bysshe Shelley (5)

10 Bookworm? (6)

11 see 9dn

12 Downland feature near Brighton said to have been made by the Devil (4)

14 see 7ac

15 "An --- man is but a paltry thing ... unless soul clap its hands and sing" (Yeats) (4)

17 & 21 dn She wrote "Martin Pippin in the Apple Orchard" set around Adversane (7,7)

19 Galsworthy's Saga, a popular TV serial (7)

22 One of a hundred in A.A. Milne's wood (4)

23 & 24 see 23dn

27 Die like Shelley (5)

29 "Tiger, tiger, burning -----, In the forests of the night" (Blake) (6)

30 One of Sally's sails (see 2dn) (5)

31 Members of literary movement of C18th & C19th (9)

DOWN

1 Pope wrote that a fool might rush in where one of these fears to tread (5)

2 "Sally is gone that was so -----, Sally is gone from Ha'nacker Hill" (Belloc) (6)

3 Seaside landmark featured in Graham Greene's "Brighton Rock" (4)

4 Aim to tell - the best ever? (3,4)

5 Tennyson called them "homes of silent prayer" (4)

6 A jot shaken! Poet who briefly lived in Chichester (4,5)

9 & 11 ac "If you can fill the unforgiving minute, With sixty seconds worth of distance run Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it, And - which is more - you'll be - - - -" (Kipling) (1,3,2,3)

13 Sense of self (3)

15 One of the animals at Eddi's Christmas service in Kipling's poem (3)

16 Hill above Lurgashall where Tennyson lived (9)

18 Search the lea for a drink (3)

20 "Ring out the ---, Ring in the new" (Tennyson) (3)

21 see 17ac

23 & 23ac & 24ac The Starkadder's fearsome matriarch in "Cold Comfort Farm" (4,3,4)

25 "... a drowsy numbness pains My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk, Or emptied some dull ----- to the drains" (Keats) (6)

26 A surprise from a bundle of corn sheaves! (5)

27 Lyricals poems (4)

29 Don't rock it, don't miss it (4)

SOLUTION TO CHRISTMAS CROSSWORD

ACROSS

6 Two turtle, 8 Vicar, 10 Herb, 11 Sup, 12 Recite, 13 Bell, 14 Bop, 16 Stacked, 18 Dilemma, 21 Ass, 23 Iced, 26 Wizard, 27 Sal, 30 Of Oz, 29 Ogres, 30 Wassailer

DOWN

1 Sweet, 2 Stable, 3 Slipper, 4 Mincepie, 5 Pantomime, 7 Resolve, 9 Crib, 15 Stockings, 17 Charades, 19 Icicles, 20 Messiah, 22 Soda, 24 Exotic, 25 Doves

Aunty May and Uncle Harry

Deanna Sellyeh writes from Canada. She is working on the memoirs of her late Grandmother Ena Coll (née Millington). Ena was from London but had relations in Petworth and was a frequent visitor during the war years. She would go to Canada as a war bride. Deanna is very anxious to fill in any details on the account below. Does anyone remember Uncle Harry or Aunty May? Please contact Peter in the first instance.

"On the way to or from Littlehampton, we would often get off the train in Petworth to visit Aunty May and Uncle Harry. This was very easy because my Uncle Harry was the stationmaster at Petworth and their little cottage was right beside the train station. Uncle Harry was 'super clean'. He wasn't just clean - he was shiny! Shiny cheeks, shiny boots . . . always a crisp pleat in his pants - pretty polished for a country boy!

Aunty May was my Dad's sister and like my Dad, she had a friendly, happy face and a personality to match. Aunty May was my favourite. She never had any children because she had the Rhesus Blood, but she was always so kind to Cis and I. When Mum and Cis got diphtheria, I stayed in Petworth with Aunty May and Uncle Harry. I didn't like bread at the time, so when we had boiled eggs, Aunty May would cut the bread into strips and call them 'soldiers' and when we had fried eggs, she would crumble up the bread in her hands and call it 'snow'.

Aunty May had a wonderful tea set shaped like a village of little thatched cottages. Even the egg cups were made to look like bundles of wheat. After Aunty May died, Cis asked me if I wanted anything of Aunty May's for the memory. My mind went to that china tea set that I loved so much as a little girl. Cis sent me the cheese dish and a few of the jam jars and they are very dear to me. Aunty May was such a lovely person; I will always remember her lovely smile. Uncle Harry died many years before her. He stepped out into the backyard one day and dropped dead of a heart attack.

London, Deal, Littlehampton and Petworth . . . all the places of my youth have changed so much I can hardly recognise them. All the country fields are covered in houses now - better to remember it as it was.

During the war, Uncle Jack Junior's house was bombed, so his wife Gladys and their two children moved in with Aunty May and Uncle Harry in Petworth. Right behind the train station was a small wood called a copse. There were Canadian soldiers in the copse training for Dieppe. Someone must have found out because the Canadians were bombed and the copse and their cottage went with them. None of our family was killed, but many soldiers died and the cottage had to be re-built."

River Common (see PSM 145)

How extraordinary that a poem about River Common written by Florence Pullen should arrive on the editor's desk from Devon, when Florence Pullen herself only lived in Fittleworth! She was in fact my neighbour and lived in Ironstone Cottage in Lower Street.

I got to know Floss, as she liked to be called, and her husband Frank in the mid 1970s. They had moved to the cottage after Frank's retirement as gardener at the West Dean Estate. While he worked there they had lived at the lodge behind the large iron gates half way up the hill from Singleton village to the race course. Frank was a gifted gardener, his garden at Fittleworth was full of shrubs and plants all grown from his own cuttings and at Christmas we were always given a basket of first class sprouts, potatoes and parsnips. Floss had given the cottage its name, simply calling it Ironstone Cottage after the local material from which it was almost entirely built.

Originally from Hawsey, a village near Lewes, Floss had fond memories of her childhood there, remembering the children picking bunches of wild flowers and taking them into Lewes to sell, and her parents going shopping there on Saturday afternoons, bringing back a special currant loaf for tea. Her poems are all about the countryside, many are about the flowers and the wildlife in the woods and on the Downs, where she was "so happy in this quiet peaceful place in Sussex".

A little book of her poems was published. She was very proud of it, and I felt very honoured to be given a copy. It was called "Poems of Sussex" and priced 1/6d. It contains 24 poems, mainly about the local countryside – The Trundle, River Common, the woods and fields, but my favourite is called "A Sussex Sexton" and begins:

"My husband's socks are full of darns
His shirt is one big patch.
Oh! Please dear sir, have mercy
And cut our Income Tax."

After Frank died Floss continued to live at Ironstone Cottage with her cat for company. Friends from West Chiltington were regular visitors and kept an eye on her until she died and the cottage was sold.

Judy Sayers

Dora Older's diary (5): 1916

[I have reproduced the more significant of Dora's entries, perhaps some 70% of the total. As usual Dora leaves gaps, only writing when something particularly strikes her. She would, after all, be working full time and long hours in the family's Angel Street grocers. Dora's brother Arthur has a brief leave at the year's turning before returning to his regiment, first at Colchester, then at Cambridge. He has more leave in April before embarking for Egypt. He sends Dora a "piece of ribbon called the Dardanelles colour" which she pins into her book. Ed.]

Saturday February 26th

Heavy fall of snow, the heaviest for years measuring 10 inches in most places round here and 12 at Upperton.

Tuesday February 29th

Bishop Tugwell¹ gave an address tonight in the Iron Room on Nigeria.

Friday March 31st

All lights were put out in the town tonight. Gas was cut off at the Gas House in expectation of an Air Raid. Amy² was on duty at the Telephone at the post office when the message came through that Zeppelins had crossed over and about five Zeps were over different parts of England and dropped a great many bombs doing a lot of damage, but they didn't come anywhere near us. This is our first experience of being frightened that they might be over us at any time.

Sunday May 2nd

Last night all clocks were put forward one hour so as to make a longer day. Everything will be earlier by the sun . . . It's rather funny to think of the sun being overhead at one o'clock instead of twelve³.

June 5th (sic)

Lord Kitchener was drowned last evening off the Orkney Islands through H.M.S. Hampshire striking a mine.

June 12th 1916

Whit Monday

No Bank Holiday today. All munition factories are busy working throughout the country and so business is being carried on in shops as usual, to be in unison with them.

Monday June 19th

Amy has a week's holiday and today we have been to London. We saw the changing of the Guards outside Buckingham Palace at eleven o'clock, had an hour in the Royal Academy and went to the Active Services Exhibition in the afternoon, here we saw the trenches as they are in France. At six o'clock we saw a troop train come into Victoria bringing men home for a few days leave from France, for the men who have been out there for over a year are given a few days furlough.

Saturday Sept 2nd

A flag day was held today in aid of Graylingwell War Hospital. £34 was collected.

Tuesday 26th Sept

A Zepp came over Petworth last night about 12.15. Most people heard it and some saw it, but I didn't wake father and mother. Heard but could not see it from the windows.⁴

Notes:

1. Bishop of Western Equatorial Africa, Herbert Tugwell had been curate to Mr Holland at Petworth in the 1880s. He was a great favourite of Florence Rapley but it was twenty seven years since he had left Petworth and there would be many, including Dora, who had never known him.
2. Amy: Dora's sister employed at Petworth Post Office.
3. Dora pastes in a newspaper cutting which says, "The object of the Act is to reduce the number of hours during which artificial lighting is used, and so save a very large quantity of coal required for war purposes at the present time."
4. Dora appends an unattributed newspaper cutting which reads: A South Coast Town. Just before midnight a Zeppelin was signalled coming in from the sea. Searchlights picked it up and guns began to blaze at it. Apparently the reception was a warmer one than the airship expected. After hovering for a few minutes, searching the ground below with its light, it promptly jumped to a much higher altitude. "Jumped" best expresses the movement. The Zeppelin seemed to give a leap, and next minute had gone so high as to be almost invisible. Heavily bombarded, the Zeppelin took a northerly sweep which carried it into open country. Once there it was chased out to sea again without doing damage anywhere as it passed.

Courtesy Mr Alan Older

"The streets were full of people . . ."

It's a good four feet across and it's very heavy. I've had it for nearly thirty-four years and I've moved it around at Trowels several times. I've used it very sparingly; articles on the Loxwood Dependants or Ebernoe Horn Fair, but most of the time it's simply a quiet presence. Occasionally a battered monthly copy appears at the book sale, invariably in a final state of disintegration. We've never seen a bound volume. My complete set is bound in uniform blue cloth with separate index. What is it? George Garland's complete thirty-volume set of the Sussex County Magazine 1927 to 1956. An early bookplate for one Arthur Brown suggests that GG bought at least part of the set second-hand. He was most insistent that I should have it and I've always had the uneasy feeling that I haven't used it as I might.

In a digital age I suppose it's something of a dinosaur. Its founder and guardian spirit was Arthur Beckett, a newspaper proprietor based in Eastbourne and already in 1926 an established Sussex author, I would imagine, well into middle age. The Magazine never seems to have justified itself in strict financial terms, but it was widely popular and Beckett's concern was not with profit. A full bound set, if available, would now be worth, I suppose, at least four hundred pounds. The Magazine was a "local" one devoted entirely to matters relating to Sussex, and here Beckett encountered a contradiction that lay at the very heart of the project. What is "local"? For Beckett it meant the whole county of Sussex. But Sussex is a big county. What might Lynchmere have to do with Rye? Petworth with Pevensey? Could I get away with an article on Pevensey in the present Magazine? Fortunately Beckett does not seem to have been deterred: he had the courage of his convictions and simply met the contradiction, if contradiction it was, head-on.

From a Petworth point of view SCM coverage is patchy. It is also, like so much regional literature of the time, derivative rather than original. It may be that "feudal" Petworth did not encourage prying eyes, but it did not suffer alone. A.A. Evans, a regular contributor, writing in 1930, did not mince his words: "Of making books about Sussex there is no end. Some of them, made of borrowed material and served with sauce (I use the word in a double sense) of lightning impressions – of these books I would say they had better not have been born. There is an impertinence in the way some publishers throw books on the salesman's counter in assertive dust covers, written by the hasty-minded who ought to be, whatever their age, at school" (SCM 4:612). *Mutatis mutandis*, this could be a text for today.

Arthur Beckett did not allow considerations of finance to cloud his vision, even if intimations of impending doom occur periodically in the editorial pages. Up to 1939 the annual volumes often run to eight hundred copiously illustrated papers

on heavy paper. Already in 1939 Beckett could see difficulties with paper rationing but he managed to keep going on a restricted scale. When he died in 1943, the Magazine fell into competent hands if it perhaps lacked a little of its pre-war élan. It was, after all, operating in more functional, stringent conditions while it had always been Beckett's own project. The new editors could look back to the pre-war period with something approaching nostalgia. In 1950 the editorial office moved to Worthing, the administrative office remaining in Eastbourne. By 1956 the Magazine was losing £1000 a year. It had always made a point of paying its contributors. It closed halfway through the year.

A magazine, if it is to be taken seriously, will mirror the world in which it exists, even if it feels it needs to offer a critique of that world. The 1920s and 1930s had rigid social gradations and Petworth was certainly not immune. This comment by the Tunbridge Wells Advertiser in 1933 can be taken in various ways: "Whilst it must be admitted that the Sussex County Magazine appeals particularly to a certain class of reader, there is much in its attractively presented contents to interest anyone who loves the beautiful things of life." There is certainly, at least for the modern reader, but possibly not for the period, something a touch deferential in the monthly feature "Modern South Saxons" where inclusion would seem to owe as much to accident of birth as outstanding merit. The series was discontinued during the war and not revived. There can be, too, a certain distance between writer and subject, so (1:43) Arthur Beckett, on the trail of Sussex survivals, does not draw on his own experience but goes to "Martin Malpass my gardener." Recollection, and there is a good deal, is less direct, more diffused, than it would be today, for instance in the present Magazine. If this is, perhaps, to carp, we need to reiterate that Arthur Beckett had a dream and the courage to turn that dream into reality. Other similar enterprises in other counties might fall by the wayside, but he persevered, financial difficulties notwithstanding. Under his direction the SCM developed into a treasure trove of curious, obscure and often surprising Sussex lore, much of it otherwise now irretrievable. William Collins, the Chichester poet, the last Sussex ox-team, jellies: japonica, crab, medlar and quince lie cheek by jowl with the Downs as a National Park (1930), the Sussex origins (disputed) of Mary had a little lamb, childhood memories of sloe pickle, "I couldn't eat it now", natural gas at Heathfield, whether you can have an attractive petrol station in a rural setting, lugworm diggers, eating an emu which had impaled itself on railings and the last (Sussex) days of Kitty O'Shea. The practised eye soon picks out what it wants: George Garland certainly did, as odd surviving scraps of note indicate. It picks out, too, the regular contributors, Beckett himself, A. A. Evans, the Quaker Maude Robinson and, from the 1940s onward, the naturalist Walter J. C. Murray, not unknown to these pages.¹ There are many

more. A bonus for readers in this part of Sussex are eighteen stories of village life in Bedham, contributed by Rhoda Leigh. They form a sequel to her 'Past and Passing' (1932) now a very rare and collectable book. The series was broken by the author's tragic death in 1934 but she was, not surprisingly, one of Beckett's favourite contributors. The eighteen stories would perhaps stand a reprinting.

Arthur Beckett will have been all too conscious that in looking back to an older Sussex, he was chasing a mirage, the world he was celebrating was disintegrating before his very eyes. It would be immortalised in Maude Robinson's old man from Crawley who, on his first visit to London, observed how fortunate he had been to go on fair day. "The streets were full of people."

Development cast a long shadow on Beckett's Sussex. Already in 1929 (2:566) A. A. Evans laments speculative building on the Hampshire border at Lynchmere, to say nothing of the headlong expansion of urban centres like Brighton. An older Sussex was under threat from all sides. In the early 1930s Gerald Bullett, the novelist, is reported as resenting the destruction of rural silence by radio and gramophone. In 1937, in a new book on Ditchling, Miss Bridget Johnston complains of the encroachment of cars on Ditchling Beacon. "Some motorists even have the impudence to drive their cars right onto the Beacon, eighty yards or so off the road, and have been seen sitting complacently behind closed windows to the accompaniment of a portable wireless set" (11:541). Twitter, tweet and text were still to come. In the SCM's view (17:152) "Sussex is rapidly being urbanised and that is to be regretted."

That vanishing world had been no idyll. A. A. Evans, writing in 1930, could be very much to the point. "The country labourer of today is haunted by three grim spectres: unemployment, want of a decent home and wages that allow him no margin for saving . . . when a man loses his job it nearly always happens he loses his home as well."

By the 1950s the Magazine, still not paying its way, is swimming bravely against a rising tide. "Even the penny bus fare appears to have gone . . . the Southdown bus company have made it their pride that they have not raised fares since the 1920s but now at last they are being driven to do so." The police social club debating society at Horsham decide by 20 votes to 17 that they do not believe in ghosts. "The ghost age is dead and the reason for it is that science explains things for us." So much for the SCM's occasional ghost of Diding church or the phantom monk of Stoughton church. In the final issue a lady writes from London looking for somewhere to holiday in Sussex away from the noise of aeroplanes. "Nothing more surely ruins that rare stillness and remoteness of the Downs than the constant whine of engines" (30:150).

"Perhaps the oldest – and some would say best – of the County periodicals." So

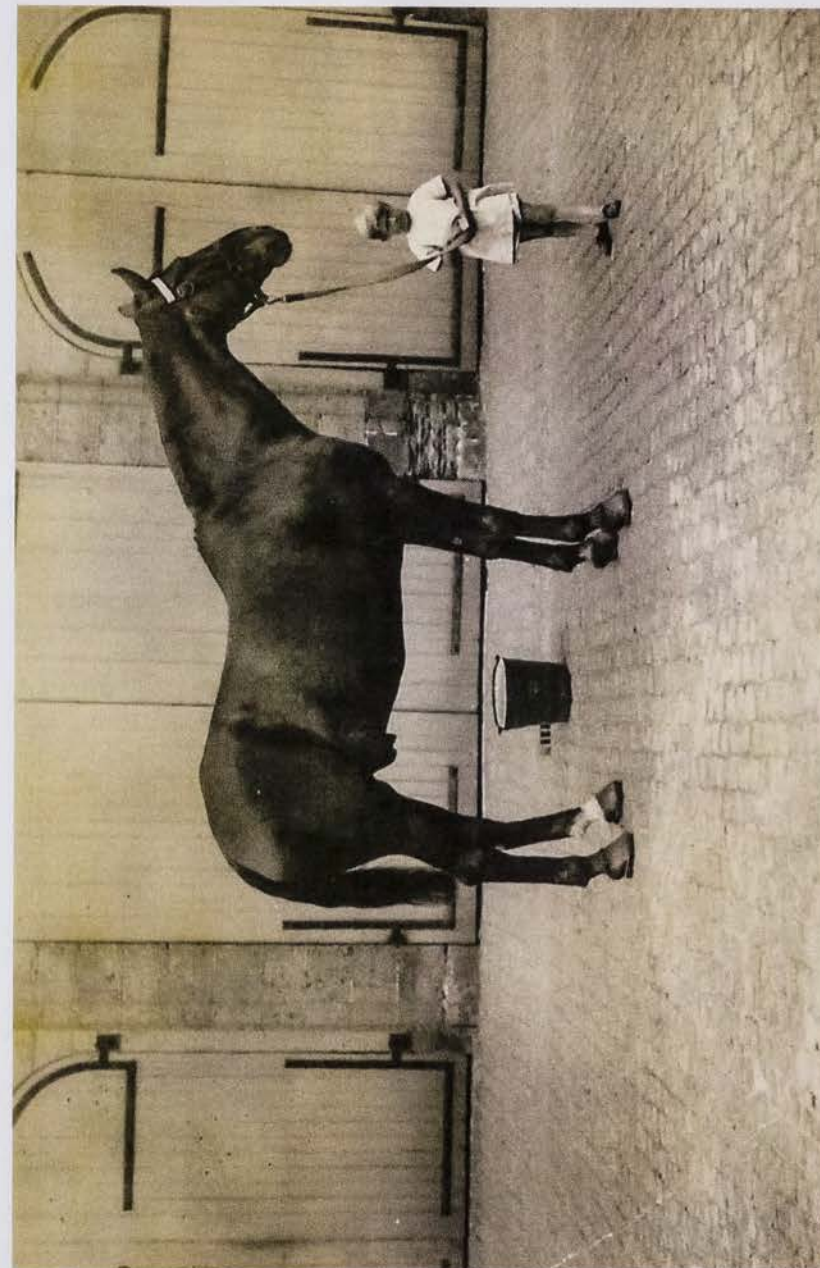
the judgement of the Times on the SCM's demise in 1956. Arthur Beckett would surely have appreciated that. The SCM can be self-conscious, almost precious at times and such poetry as the Magazine printed has dated badly, one can only speculate as to the vast amount that was held back. From time to time the editors appeal for no more to be sent. But the SCM remains a huge chest in which to rummage. If some items have tarnished with the passing years, others perhaps shine more brightly with the lapse of time. Sussex has reason to be grateful to Arthur Beckett.

P.

Note:

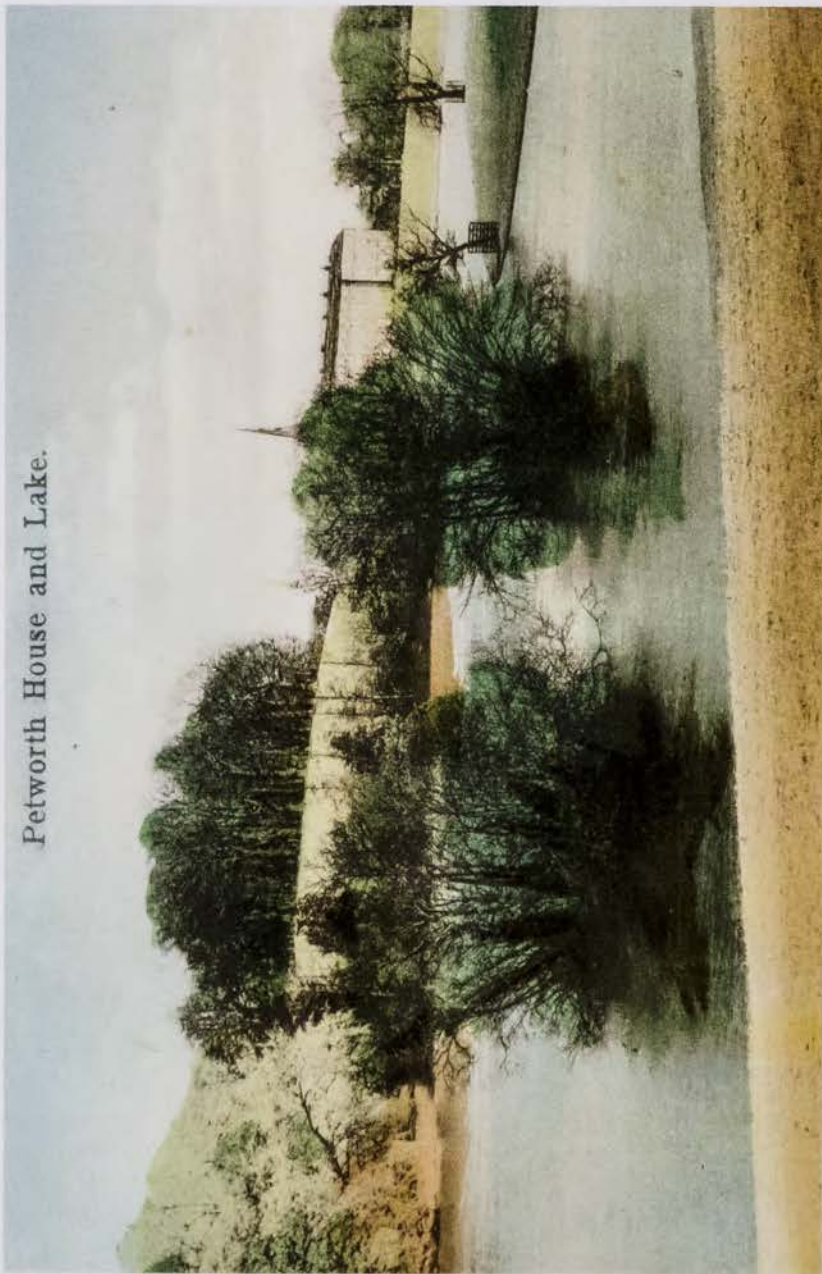
Given A. A. Evans' spirited objection to some of the Sussex writing of his time, we may enquire which local authors he would consider as satisfactory representatives of his time. I will try to answer this in a future issue.

1. See PSM 113 (September 2003) pages 13-16.



Bert Rowe with Surrender. Petworth Stable Yard c. 1926.
See "The postman never called".

Petworth House and Lake.



Petworth House and Lake a hundred years ago.
Postcard by Arnold, Petworth.



Petworth Fair 2011.
Photograph by Ian Godsmark.



Petworth Fair 2011.
Photograph by Ian Godsmark.



Petworth Fair 2011. The Society tombola in action.
Photograph by Ian Godsmark.



PETWORTH SOCIETY ACTIVITIES SHEET

Spring Programme – please keep for reference

MONTHLY MEETINGS – LECONFIELD HALL – 7.30PM – REFRESHMENTS – RAFFLE

Thursday 22nd March:

Timespan Historical Presentations: “The way we were” – the years 1939-1945. **£3.**

Wednesday 11th April:

Graham Bowring: “The secret life of the hedgehog.” **£3.**

Wednesday 30th May:

Annual General Meeting – 7.15pm – N.B.

Followed by return of Mel Rees: Brought to Book (2) That’s Life.

“Had his audience in fits of laughter from beginning to end . . .” KCT in PSM 122 (December 2005).

“I don’t know why he doesn’t get a proper job.” (Speaker’s mother). **FREE ADMISSION.**

Petworth Cottage Museum re-opens **Tuesday April 3rd**, would you like to join our friendly team of stewards? You would be one of two, one afternoon a month. Could be husband and wife or a way of meeting new friends. Initial tuition given, but it’s quite easy. Ring Debby (**343496**) or Peter (**342562**).

WALK

Sunday 22nd April:

Ian and David’s Spring walk.

Cars leave main car park at 2.15pm.

Peter

10 February 2012

The Petworth Society Book Sale Calendar 2012



Leconfield Hall
Petworth



2nd Saturday in the month
10am – 3pm



March 10

April 14

May 12

June 9

July 14

August 11

September 8

October 13

November 10

December 8



Books to donate?



Call:

Peter on **01798 342562**

Miles on **01798 343227**

or bring them to the hall on book sale day

As in previous years subscriptions can be paid on the morning of the March Book Sale.

REGISTERED CHARITY No. 268071



Annual Subscription **March 2012 to February 2013**

Subscriptions are now due and should be paid to:

The Hon. Treasurer
Mr. A. Henderson
62 Sheepdown Drive
Petworth
West Sussex
GU28 0BX

Rates are:

Delivered locally	£10.00
Postal	£13.50
Overseas	£16.50

Cheques payable to **The Petworth Society**.

It assists enormously if you pay promptly. Equally if you do not wish to renew your subscription it does help greatly if notice is given.

I _____

of _____

Tel. No. _____ enclose my subscription for 2012/2013 £ _____

cash/cheque and (optional) I add _____ toward the Magazine fund.

(delete if not applicable).

*If you have already paid for 2012/2013 please ignore this reminder.

Subscriptions can be paid at the Book Sale on Saturday March 10 when we will have a special desk in the foyer from 10-12 noon in the Leconfield Hall.



Rohan McCullough "is" Beatrix Potter.
Photograph by Ian Godsmark.



"Beatrix Potter" draws the raffle.
Photograph by Ian Godsmark.



Byworth 11th December 1973.
 [There must be a story here! Ed.]

The most difficult Sussex quiz of all

As an epilogue to the preceding article I offer the following Sussex Quiz. Its interest lies in the answers rather than the questions which are, I would imagine, now impossibly difficult. A score of 1 out of 10 would be good, 2 exceptional and, 3 or more, you've cheated! I might possibly have guessed number 2. I give the appropriate SCM references with the answers.

1. "My Lord Baldwin's dead." What would an old Sussex man mean by this? (1:43)
2. What goes nine times to the Devil before it comes up? (1:535)
3. What is Donkey tea? (5:411)
4. "He is down with Lord John." What does it mean? (19:81)
5. Why was the old Sussex apple Golden Pippin allegedly so called? (20:21)
6. What was the "Miller's Glory"? (20:144)
7. Who is the man in the photograph of Petworth Church steeple? (21:238)
8. What must you never do after October 10th? (21:315)
9. What was a "ten shilling man"? (22:168)
10. "Throughout his career . . . he never bowled a no-ball in 65,000 deliveries." To which Sussex cricketer of the 1930s and 1940s does this refer? (26:528)



See "Most difficult Sussex quiz of all!"
Question 7.

Thoughts from a small shop

1. Position

If you have the choice, don't have a small general shop on a busy road leading out of a small town, certainly not with an alternative route to the rear that is shorter and avoids the traffic. But, of course, you don't usually have the choice: it just happens. And also, of course, in the primeval beginning, there had been no traffic. Mr Bennett made boots to order and took them out to the villages. Cycle, handcart, carrier? Perhaps he simply walked. A hundred years ago now. When he left the business changed. Blackberries for jam – or was it dye? The juice seeping under the door during the 1914-18 war. Between the wars the shop car would simply be left out in the road, ready to go out with fresh fruit and vegetables, or even to the station six miles away! to pick up something special from the London train. "Families waited on daily." Well, some families.

By 1951 there was a change. An empty house, a few oddments marked 'to be left' and the stock. A new presence. And that stock. Mainly, as it seemed, from a single wholesaler. An opportunist buy? A consequence of post-war scarcity? A bit of both perhaps, ration coupons still survived for some things. Glass bottles of squash in unlikely variety, squat base and tapering toward the top. Orange, lemon, grapefruit, passion fruit. Ground coffee in distinctive three colour tins, Julienne soup or spaghetti in cans with brown sauce and just the merest hint of grisly mince. Celery hearts and tiny bottles of lemonade powder immured in a cardboard case. And boxes of Crest, shaped like a Mars bar but with a white nougat-like filling.

Not, on the face of it, of any great appeal and, looking back, it all seemed to exist in a kind of limbo, a substratum to the fresh incoming stock. There was Italian ice cream too, delivered in at intervals. The quality was legendary, but it was doomed to be replaced by something more commercial. There was no perspective: all was new. Fresh eyes saw here a great adventure.

Allied with this was a tradition of self-sufficiency looking back to the war years and beyond. A large allotment at easy walking distance and an orchard of ancient trees. Had not the original cultivar of the Lady Sudeley apple been raised here?

Perspective of this kind would come later. For the moment all was new. No thought that, spindly now and grey with lichen, those trees had seen their best days, or that the whole aging, decaying, paradise might soon be swept away, or that a defiant small plantation of new apple trees would never see maturity.

All too quickly the old tradition of self-sufficiency shrivelled; the allotment pig disappeared, the orchard grass grew rank, mare's tail enveloped the garden land and

all lay in the shadow of the developer. Outside the shop the traffic overcame all and the yellow lines appeared. The big houses went their separate ways. In those days the shop was simply a presence, an unquestioned continuing background. Most of the time I was away. If there was a rhythm I did not detect it, nor did I try. Certainly money was difficult and to be mentioned in hushed tones. The adventure, if such it was, had staled quickly enough. To an extent a certain largeness of spirit was to blame, to an extent the changing mores of a changing world. There was an impatience with the trivial, a larger vision which simply did not cohere with the notion of "small shop". Two crates of cauliflower where one would have been more than enough, spring onions with the green stems yellowing and curling, defying gravity. A hand of bananas with the tips crushed and fruit flies rising in a cloud, or cherries splitting in a minuscule box. The shop demanded no largeness of spirit but a wary vigilance, an economy of spirit that was symbolised by the old people bringing back brown paper bags to use again, each carefully folded. Adam Bede would have been happy enough, throwing small handfuls of damaged barley to the chicken "because a large handful affected his imagination painfully with a sense of profusion".

2. Fifteen years on

And was this particular shop different from a myriad others? There is an ambiguity, an essential contradiction almost, about small shops. It is of their very essence that they present themselves before an outside world without which they could not exist, yet that outward presentation reflects a castellated reserve that shields the private soul within. The outside cannot, must not, penetrate that reserve. There must always be the potential to retreat upon one's self. Slanting bloodshot eyes, thin face, the hint of a stoop, and a surprising northern accent. "Parsnips, Tender and True? So you're not interested, just not interested. I supply another shop and two public houses." Pubs transmute into public houses. With one last malevolent glare he stomps off up the road, a fugitive from Treasure Island.

Other shops would offer variations on that castellated reserve. Cigarette lighters that sought to defy time itself, styptic pencils hanging half-off a torn card in mid-winter. The butcher serving sausages and taking the cash himself, a mug of coffee as yet untouched beside him. He knocks a frozen sheep heart from a cluster. No mince on Mondays: it's not worth using the machine and having to clean it again. There's a sapling growing out of his guttering. Or someone else in reflective mood. "I took a chance. And I made a mistake. I don't often make mistakes but this time I did. There's just no use for them now."

If times were changing, the shop's isolated position was a constant. A trunk

road, yellow lines, the very edge of town and an alternative route from the south that avoided the traffic.

Strangers and locals would reach the same conclusion if by differing routes. The former would pirouette (I use the word loosely) on the corner and survey the long street, apparently heading nowhere. Pirouette and turn back. Locals would be a little different. They knew what was round the corner: nothing very much, but if you came round, you'd be, to an extent, committed. Shopping can't be like that. Rather than turn, come down, not find what you want, and be seen not to find it, better not to turn at all. More to the point, perhaps, it was a fair distance out of the way. Here, if you like, was a merchant, encamped outside putative walls, as merchants in ancient Babylon encamped outside physical walls. But there were differences: the old merchants had things no one else had. We didn't. The old merchants spoke an alien tongue. We didn't. And were there accountants in ancient Babylon? Well, a man might borrow money from the bankers and defect, say, to Elam. He didn't always get away with it. Perhaps the accountants kept a check. Their modern counterpart was succinct enough: "It makes a small profit, but out of all proportion to the effort put in."

"For everything there is a season . . . a time to be born and a time to die." So the biblical Preacher, King Solomon's alter ego. A decision now had to be made. A time to leave? Fifteen years on and the "adventure" was no more, only a coherent, self-contained, if precarious world. Abandon it and there was something missing, weekends in an empty flat, scholars splashing in an emptying bath. In an age like this you go where the work is. But perhaps the work was here. A retreat from reality or a retreat into reality?

P.

To be continued.

I. Pulborough, although Petworth station was still very much in business.

“One and six for a trim . . .”

My father Edwin (Ted) Vickers¹ was born at Brent Pelham near Bishops Stortford in Hertfordshire where his father was kennelman at the Puckeridge Hunt. Except for a wartime spell as a policeman, he would spend a long working life with various hunts. At the beginning it was a nomadic life, moving from hunt to hunt and gaining experience. He began in Somerset as a second whip but, at the age of eighteen, borrowed his brother's motor-bike and set off for a job in Northumberland where he was again second whip. In 1932 he moved to Osmotherley near Northallerton in Yorkshire where he was with the Bedale. He met my mother, who was working with a local family as a housemaid, at a Hunt Ball at Raby Castle.

In 1934 when I was five months old we moved to Lewdown in Devon with the Lammerton, still as second whip. In 1937, however, he gained the position of first whip at Charlton Howthorn with the Blackmore Vale before moving again to the Bracknell Garth hunt in Berkshire. He spent the war working as a policeman, moving in 1945 to Brigstock near Kettering as first whip to the Woodland Pychey. He was there when he heard of a vacancy with the newly amalgamated Chiddingfold/Leconfield hounds at Petworth. They were looking for a first whip to work with Charlie Field the huntsman. Dad's application being successful, the family moved to the traditional first whip's cottage opposite the Mason's Arms in North Street. There was no bathroom, but, soon after we arrived, one was put in. It was here that I first met John Grimwood. I was twelve and he was sixteen, working as an apprentice plumber with Mr Summersell. Mum told me to offer him one of my precious sweets. It was something he'd always recall whenever I met him in later years.

It wasn't long before Dad became huntsman and we moved to the London Road Kennels. Dad's mother was thrilled that he had at last attained the position of huntsman, writing to say that this was what she had always longed for. Poignantly she died soon after. Dad's career was however seriously affected by a tragic accident. The pack were returning home after dark from an opening meet at Furnace Place and were nearly there when a car ran into them at Gunter's Bridge. The driver, who lived at Kirdford, took the bend quickly, swerved to avoid Jeff Harris on the first whip, but cannoned into my father and his horse. The car was written off, the horse needed several stitches and Dad was thrown off his horse and into a ditch. Two hounds had to be destroyed. Mervyn Barnes, the second whip, and Jeff Harris dismounted to look after Dad while the two horses bolted home with some of the hounds. The other hounds were eventually rounded up by Mr Barlow the M.F.H. and the others. Dad was taken to hospital

and, unable to ride for some time, reverted to kennel huntsman. Later Mr Barlow would ask him to return to carrying the horn three days a week – no mean task for a man in his fifties who had been out of the saddle for several years. My father's return to the saddle was greeted with some enthusiasm by those who had ridden with him before the accident. Being kennel huntsman was no problem for Dad who had a legendary feeling for dogs and won many cups with his champion terriers.

When Dad finally retired in 1970, he and my mother left Petworth to live in a cottage at Madehurst. For a while Dad worked as a traffic warden in Arundel. On one occasion he booked a man delivering P.G. Tips tea. “A woman could do your job.” the traveller commented. “A monkey already does yours.” My father retorted.²

I went to the East Street Girls' School and, at fourteen, went to work at Pellett's hairdressing salon in Market Square as apprentice to Mr Talbot. In 1951 I was assistant to the Carnival Queen, Stella Speed, Peggy Cargill being the other assistant. It was a pouring wet August Bank Holiday Monday and we were soaked. Next year I was Carnival Queen with Rita Stoner and Joan Wakeford as my assistants.

Bert and I met in 1951 and we used to go to the Saturday night dances at the Iron Room. Bert Speed compered and the band was the “Aces”: Chum Whitcomb, “Nutty” Newman, Roy Phelps, Tommy Greest and Gordon Simpson. There was always a dance in the Town Hall on New Year's Eve and at midnight we would all do the conga round the hall and sing Auld Lang Syne. Petworth Town Band would play carols in the Square on Christmas Eve.

Pellets were one of two hairdressers in Petworth, the other being Harpers in Saddlers Row. When I went to Pellets I was paid ten shillings (50p) a week as I was “learning the trade”. When, after three years, I finished my training I was paid £4 a week. I loved working there and meeting all the different people; they used to come into Petworth from Tillington, Northchapel, Fittleworth, Sutton, Halfway Bridge and elsewhere, mostly on the bus. We charged 1/6d for a trim and 4/6d for shampoo and set, while the most expensive perm was £2.15 shillings. Hours were 9-6 five days Monday to Saturday with half day Wednesday. I remember helping Mr Talbot out for a special Wednesday afternoon booking. The shop itself was closed for half day. Mr Talbot saw me out and closed the door. We then realised we'd locked ourselves out; the key was inside and the customer was still under the drier! I had to set off down to the bottom of North Street to get the key from Mr Pellett. The ground floor shop sold confectionery, tobacco and ice cream while Stan and Horace Green did the Gents' hairdressing on the first floor; above them was the Ladies' salon. Mr Dean looked after the accounts on the top floor. Reg Maybank did the ice-cream and Dave Pugh worked in a

downstairs office. Our salon was divided into cubicles and when it came to repainting Mr Pellett decided the job should be done cubicle by cubicle. Percy Townsend and Frank Remnant the painters were far from happy when loose hairs became stuck to their drying paint.

Bert and I married at St Mary's in 1955, with a reception at the Angel. We then moved to Worthing.

June Rowe was talking to the Editor.

1. Not to be confused with "Midge" Vickers (no relation) who worked with the horses in Petworth House stable yard.
2. This was a story George Garland never tired of telling. (Ed.)

The postman never called . . .

My father was a Brighton man who came to Petworth in the early months of the 1914-1918 war to work with the "Remount" in Petworth Park, where horses were prepared for work at the front. Some were requisitioned, some had to be broken in from the wild. My mother followed him to Petworth, living for a while in Angel Street. They were married at Midhurst Register Office in 1915. Born in Brunswick Square, Hove, my father, following my grandfather, a dealer in horses, had worked with horses since a boy. It wasn't long before my father was in France with the Royal West Kents, carrying drinking water to the troops at the front.

The war over, he returned to Petworth to work for the farm bailiff at Stag Park Farm, driving a horse and buggy while the bailiff inspected the farms. Dad could never get on with bicycles, let alone motors, and when I was born walked three miles into Petworth to call out the nurses, Nurse Reid and Nurse Allen, who duly set out for Stag Park with their black bags. Accommodation was a little place next door to Mr and Mrs Baigent, Mr Baigent being the stockman for the Sussex Cattle. I have no memory of the time at Stag Park, for my parents were only there for a year, Dad being offered a job in the stable yard in 1925, again looking after a horse and buggy, a four-wheeled "American" one used to take Lady Leconfield about. There is a picture of Dad with horse and buggy in *Petworth: the Winds of Change*¹. He had two horses, one comparatively docile, the other very spirited and needing to be kept on a bracing rein.

An accident in Petworth Park changed everything. While driving in the Park, her ladyship insisted on taking the reins. Dad was placed in an impossible position. Probably Lord Leconfield wouldn't approve but how could he disregard what was in effect a direct instruction from her ladyship? "I'll take the reins,

Rowe." Lady Leconfield released the bracing rein and the horse bolted, careering into the trees and undergrowth beside the lake. My father and her ladyship were thrown from the buggy, which was completely wrecked. Mr Blunden, the keeper from Snow Hill, called an ambulance and Dad, the more severely injured of the two, was taken to the Royal West Sussex Hospital at Chichester where he spent several weeks in a St Thomas's splint, an apparatus on a pulley that kept his damaged leg upright. Recuperation would be slow and the physical demands of his former job now out of the question. Mr Bennett the Estate secretary, called to see my father and said his wages of thirty shillings a week would now have a shilling increment. "That's for life." When, many years later, Lord Leconfield died, Mr Bennett interpreted this to mean Lord Leconfield's life, not my father's!

The family moved from the Stables to Grove Street and Dad was given the task of levelling molehills in the Park. This seems to have been Dr Kerr's suggestion: the work would strengthen the damaged leg – or so it was claimed. After a while, Mr Knight, who looked after Church Lodge, left and the position was vacant. Dad, Mum, myself and my three sisters and brother moved in.

Needs must, but it was in truth a curious and, for someone like Dad, used to an active life, an unsatisfactory job. Peculiar hours with a good deal of inactivity but no respite. He would be there for 27 years, retiring in 1951, but coming back for a while two afternoons a week from two to six. At that time the door at Church Lodge was opened at 5.30 in the morning and closed at 11.00pm at night and was never to be left unattended. There was also a bell for the stable yard gates and when it was rung, the doorkeeper had to open up if requested. There might be the occasional excursion to the seaside for us children, for which there would be a replacement at the Lodge, or Dad might go to his allotment of an afternoon leaving Mum in charge. The Church Lodge door had to be kept open at all times, but this also entailed leaving the door to the left as you entered wide open, as, too, the door to our sitting room. It was a pretty draughty set-up; you were never out of a draught. There was no hot water tap and no inside W.C. The doorman's job was to monitor visitors and formal dress was to be worn. I never remember any problem with unauthorised visitors. There would be regular tradespeople, visitors to the Estate Office, and of course the office staff themselves, people coming for the Audit Dinners, or, on Tuesdays and Thursdays, parties coming to see the pictures under the supervision of Sgt. Avant the commissioner. All very predictable. I was talking to John Wakeford only the other day and he remembered, as a boy, delivering to the House and riding his bicycle up the passage to the kitchen. My father was less than amused. "If I catch you doing that again . . ."

Mum was expected to keep the passage swept, while Dad had various regular

subsidiary jobs: cleaning and sweeping the Estate Office after hours, lighting and clearing the fire in winter, swilling down the passage periodically, cleaning the Estate Office W.C. and also keeping the Leconfield gallery in St Mary's church clean. He'd take Lady Leconfield's letters to the Post Office and collect letters to the great House. Lady Leconfield received a good deal of correspondence, and was herself a considerable letter writer. It was a tradition that the postman never called at the House. The problem with the job was that you were never off duty. Lord Leconfield himself would often come in through Church Lodge. By the time I was five I had got into the habit of chanting, "Here comes Lordy" whenever he appeared. Dad was told this had to stop and, of course, it did. In fact, living where I did I soon learned to be deferential. Meeting "Mrs Mac" my schoolmistress in the street, I touched my cap and wished her "Good morning". This rather backfired on me because in class the next day Mrs Mac commented approvingly on my gentlemanly behaviour, much to the disgust of my friends and my own embarrassment. From the Infants School (on the site of the present Public Library), it was the North Street Boys' School and Mr Stevenson. Like so many he had served in the 1914-1918 war and bore the marks of it. One of his ears exuded wax, a legacy of the conflict.

An unvarying ritual at midday break was for a boy to be sent up to the schoolmaster's house on the Horsham Road corner to collect the headmaster's egg-flip from Mrs Stevenson. I played in the school pipe band, even cutting and making the bamboo pipes. There were, too, the school allotments just down the road. Once someone came from London to make a recording of the pipe band. I've no idea what happened to that. Other masters were "Creepie" (not, of course, to his face) Crawley, and Mr Court. And there was the school football team with the occasional practice match on Hampers Common, the turf no smoother than it is now. Here's the medal I received for being part of the school team that defeated Pulborough in a tournament at Cootham – the ground's still there. We went over in Vic Roberts' coach. Mr Browning at the Star pub had been a fitness instructor in the Army and he held keep fit classes in the old Iron Room, vaulting horses, medicine balls – that sort of thing.

I left school in 1938 to go into the Leconfield Estate paint shop, working with Mr Bob Burdock, helping generally, stacking paint, taking the sashes off windows to allow the frames to be painted. I had been there for a year when there was a vacancy for an apprentice in the carpentry department, the previous apprentice having left. It was 1939 and an unsettled time altogether. Mr Newman, an older man, had taken charge, having left his own business to fill a position on the Estate. I was still too young to join up, although I wanted to volunteer for the R.A.F. I joined the Home Guard, training at Red House, off Grove Street under Major

Jerome and Captain Godsalve. Eventually I did volunteer for the R.A.F. but ended up serving in the Irish Guards. In Scotland I contrived to be shot in the leg during a rabbit shoot (not my fault) but this wasn't too serious. I served in Sherman tanks and was in Norway when the German occupation ended. We were very much part of the celebrations and the Irish Guards escorted some of the ships carrying the occupying German troops back. When I was demobbed in 1947 I went to work for Petworth Dairies at Flathurst but was beginning to find the situation at Church Lodge rather restrictive. My parents were nearing the end of their long stay and the uniform had gone by this time. I always had to be in by eleven and if I knew I was going to be later, I'd arrange for Dad to attach a piece of string to himself and leave the end hanging out of the window. Coming back, say, from a dance, I would yank the string and Dad would then let down the huge key on a piece of cord. He'd certainly never allow me to take the key with me!

Bert Rowe was talking to the Editor:

1. Window Press (1983) page 30.

"Have you heard the war's on?"

I was born at Chislehurst in Kent where my father was working for United Dairies. I don't have much actual recollection of this but I can certainly remember a short period when we lived at Kirdford and I attended the village school. At this time my father was working at the so-called Leconfield Creamery – in fact another United Dairies milk depot. There were Kirdford connections because my grandfather rented the Barkfold Home Farm from the Misses May and Muriel Barwell at Barkfold House. By the early 1930s, however, the family were at Burgess Hill. We lived in one of two cottages known locally as the "Farmhouse". It's now the Woolpack Public House. Our family lived in one cottage and my mother's brother lived in the other. When his wife died, we moved to another cottage nearby. My father was a "herdsman" or head cowman. Our links with Kirdford remained and very occasionally we were taken to Barkfold to see my grandparents. We at Burgess Hill didn't have a car but an uncle at Barkfold did and he'd bring us over.

The Kirdford connection would play an important part in our lives because Grandfather learned that Gumber Farm at Slindon was vacant. In fact it had been vacant for a while. It was part of the Slindon Estate. We moved there in 1936 when I was thirteen and still with a year at school. We would remain at Gumber

until the early years of the war. Gumber was isolated; being two miles from Slindon village, while the nearest cottage to the farm complex was an estate keeper's cottage, not on our land, a mile away. The farm had a block of four cottages. As you looked from the front, the two left hand cottages, merged into one, formed the farmhouse where I lived with my parents and my sister. My parents rented out the other two to Mr and Mrs Hansford and Mr and Mrs Holmes, both families with young children and both very friendly. The two men appeared to work from home and seemed to be professional men. The postman used to walk his bicycle up to Gumber with great parcels for Mr Hansford to work on – but I never quite knew what they contained. Mr Hansford made a twenty-minute cine film of life at Gumber and visits to Bognor beach and elsewhere. The film resurfaced in the 1990s and has been preserved at the West Sussex Record office. Made just before the outbreak of war in 1939 it is unusual in featuring colour film imported from the United States. The Hansfords had a big white Wolseley car which they kept in a shed at the farm. I always had the idea that Mr Holmes had something to do with Chinese dialects but I may be wrong. Both families left Gumber early in the war and Mr Hansford, I believe, worked with the code-breaking Enigma team at Bletchley Park.

Gumber was a sheep farm and we had some 350 sheep to look after, with no hired labour, just Dad and myself. I had a regular round going to see everything was as it should be. The sheep weren't Southdowns; they were Welsh mountain sheep. I don't know where Dad got them from and they were pretty lively – at a pinch one could clear a five-bar gate. They were quite distinctive: I remember a different type got in with the flock as they passed through a defile. I spotted it at once and put it over the farm fence but it kept coming back. There was no mistaking the incomer. Counting sheep? Count the legs as they went past and divide by four.

Sheep were the farm's staple but we kept the usual farm animals mainly for domestic purposes – a few pigs, sending the occasional one to market, some chicken that my mother looked after, and a few cows. The cream from these would go down to Barnham on the pony and cart. Gumber in 1936 was a horse farm and it would be a year or two before we had our first tractor. There were three, sometimes four, horses. One, I particularly remember, was ex-Army with the standard Army marking on its hoof. It wasn't easy and my Uncle Fred, who was with us for a while, found him especially difficult. We moved the horse on fairly quickly.

The sheep grazed the chalk grassland, we always had two or three Welsh collies purchased from the farmer at nearby Court Hill Farm. I imagine that we grew roots or corn for feed but I don't remember this. A farm had to be pretty well self-

sufficient at this time, particularly in feed. There was, of course, no milk delivery. Spare milk would be given to the pigs. As I have said the farm's main visitor would be the postman who would often ride back down the slope with one of the children on the handlebars – unthinkable in a modern Health and Safety context.

The sheep largely looked after themselves but it was important to keep a regular eye on them. If one rolled over on its back it would need help to right itself, while there would be hedging, fencing, a little ploughing or even running the mower over a patch of weeds, or working with the dung cart, to keep busy.

I was thirteen when I came to Gumber and so had to see out my last year or so at a new school – Slindon. The school, now gone, was right on the corner of the village, opposite the Newburgh Arms. A curious thing was that Gumber was particularly liable to snow: we might have a good couple of inches at Gumber and nothing down in the village. I'd fill a matchbox with snow just to prove it had actually snowed up at the farm. If the weather was very severe, we might corral the sheep into one of the farmyards and feed them hay, but this was unusual. The sheep would usually stay out: Welsh Mountain sheep are very hardy and they'll always find something to eat. Our attitude to lambing was by modern "television" standards fairly casual but we had very little trouble as I recall. A cattle lorry would take our lambs off to market.

When we came to Gumber, the farm had been untenanted for a while and was overrun with rabbits. They were everywhere and we simply had to do something about it, that is catch them. I can still see some 400 hanging up in the barn at one time. A Mr Buller would come up to the farm and have them sent to France.

Drinking water had to be drawn from a 300 foot deep well, there was, of course, no mains water. If you dropped a stone down the shaft, it would be several seconds before you'd hear it plop at the bottom. I was told that the bottom of the well was in line with the bed of the Arun, but whether this was true I couldn't say. Water for household and washing purposes was drawn from a smaller, shallow, well and filtered through two barrels of sand.

The war changed everything. I was riding back to Gumber on my bike from Chichester when I saw a man selling bananas at the side of the road. "Have you heard the war's on?" he said to me. It was, of course, no surprise. The Air Ministry were quick to commandeer 120 acres but we still managed to keep the same head of sheep. The Air Ministry wanted the land for a "dummy" aerodrome, one of a considerable number set up along the coast as decoys. Even on the ground and, at a few yards, it was difficult to spot that the planes were fakes, while from the air and often in difficult visibility, it was virtually impossible. Some nights they'd be lit up as if the airfield was operational and we'd all have to get down into the underground concrete shelter, still there, but now shut up. I

didn't like an uncomfortable night in the shelter so would sometimes stay in the farmhouse. On one occasion a bomb fell a little too close for comfort. I became friendly with the ground staff and in fact renewed acquaintance with one many years later in the 1990s tracking him down through the Daily Mail. But that's another story. Curiously enough, some years ago, I was in Petworth with a fish and chip supper when a man came in and asked if he could join my table. We began talking and he said that he'd spent much of the war constructing the decoy planes down in Kent. The idea, of course, was to divert bombs from Tangmere. I was told that Lord Haw-Haw had boasted on the radio about German knowledge of decoy airfields and specifically mentioned Gumber. Once a bomb dropped on the corner of one of our fields and when we went to look we found that it had gone through the thin topsoil and embedded itself in the chalk. Chalk dust had covered everything for a good distance round. In February 1941 I saw a Beaufighter come down at an angle and crash among the Gumber trees. I was first on the scene but the three occupants were dead. My father and I were contracted to remove the plane, the engines, I remember, being sent to Cowley.

The village baker had a son in the militia and he was soon called up. The baker was desperate for someone to help him and asked my Dad if I could possibly be spared for a day or two. I agreed to help on that basis, in the bakehouse and doing the delivery round. Mr Clarke had an old-fashioned baker's cart and an Austin 7 van. I was seventeen and didn't need to pass a test, the provision had been scrapped during wartime. Oddly enough my father who had had several attempts to pass before the war, given the chance to drive now, refused! Days at the bakery changed to weeks and I asked Mr Clarke when I could leave. "I don't want you to leave," he said. "But I do," I replied. I went back to the farm. In delivering I never made notes, I always remembered what I'd left. Mrs Clarke would read out the customers' names and I'd simply tell her what they'd had.

Gumber as a farm didn't give a lot away. You had to work for what it yielded but I think my parents were sorry to leave, although as they grew older they would have found the work harder and harder. The end came when we were told to plough up an additional acreage of chalk grassland for the War Effort. It was a nonsense: this chalk grassland with its thin covering of soil could never be arable. "Plough it up yourselves," my father retorted and surrendered the tenancy. He moved to Coolham to work as a stockman while I went back to Burgess Hill in a similar capacity. I wanted to join the RAF but the authorities wouldn't have it; I was in a "reserved" occupation and that was that. They never did plough up the chalk grassland.

Bill Moulard was talking to the Editor.

"Where d'ya wanna go, Bud?"

Even as a boy of eight or nine I could sense that times were changing, there were rumours of war and no great surprise when it finally came. I was nine. My grandfather who worked in the local stonepits had been through the 1914-1918 war and there were, of course, many like him. Almost in a day everything seemed to change. There was the blackout, lights needed for working on the farm had to be covered, oil lamps at that time, while troops could regularly be seen driving through the village, an unheard-of sight before the war, strange alien military vehicles. Gas masks had to be carried and food rationing would be brought in. Dad's, of course, was a "reserved" occupation, he was as important where he was as he would have been in the armed forces. Indeed he received additional rations I particularly remember cheese.

It wasn't long before the Fittleworth platoon of the Home Guard was formed. Dad was very proud of his uniform and would set off in the evening for training. The Home Guard had a hut in the village which, I believe, had formerly been used by the Scouts. Even after a hard day in the fields, Dad would take his turn, training nights at Fittleworth or standing guard on Hesworth Common.

I had an evening job at Fittleworth school which largely involved clearing up the grate. Cissie, Bert Sayers' wife was the caretaker. The school stove had a protective ring round it to stop hot ash getting on to the wooden floor. Once I raked the hot coals rather too vigorously and some fell on the wooden floor. Mrs Sayers was very good about it, getting some earth and scuffing it into the damaged floor so that it looked as if nothing had happened.

Life at Lea Farm went on as usual of course but it was the time of the Battle of Britain and the sky was alive with aircraft. A plane-spotter's paradise. I've always had an interest in aircraft. It's difficult to re-imagine it all now and the glorious weather heightened the effect. I was with Dad working in a field close to the farm, it was about 4.45 in the afternoon and we had the horses in the shade of some trees. There were planes in the sky above some, certainly, being Messerschmitts. As we were gazing up at the sky, a piece of metal casing struck one of the horses on the rump. It didn't do any damage but it startled us, not to say the horse! The feeling of those early war years was totally different to anything that had gone before. Still at school, I had another job helping Bert Sayers loading sacks of grain. 2¼ cwt, lifted by the pair of us with a stick underneath and the "ears" of the sack. We'd also pick up sugar beet round the farms and bring it to the station to be sent away by rail. I have the idea that as schoolboys we were required to do a certain amount of work and that we had a little card in which we'd enter how many hours we'd done. Another job, not this time for Bert Sayers, was picking up potatoes on Mr Hastings' farm at Bedham;

the spinner would turn them out and we'd pick them up by hand in baskets. On one occasion at Bedham, it was a lovely sunny day and I saw two, perhaps three, Lancaster bombers very high up, throwing out what looked like glittering confetti. It shone in the sun as it came down. Thinking back, I wonder if it was meant to confuse enemy radar.

The war raised disturbing questions for an out and out "horse" man like my father. Hugh Retallack announced one day that he'd bought a tractor. We imagined one of the new Fordsons. My father would have to get used to the new "animal". It was at Nutbourne and we went over to fetch it. It was not quite what we were expecting, an old American chain-driven International 10.20 with iron wheels and spade lugs. It had two gear sticks. It wasn't modern; it wasn't easy to use, but we got it back to the farm and it worked. Whether my father liked it or not, he had to adjust and he did.

A feature of the war was the Petworth A.T.C., run by Gordon Gwillim at Coultershaw. I'd come in round the river way from Fittleworth. Like everyone else at the time I thought nothing of walking what would now be considered quite long distances. We'd often go down to Tangmere, hitching a lift usually, there were American and Canadian vehicles passing all the time. The uniform was the key. "Where d'ya wanna go, Bud?" There was the odd visit to Thorney Island and even a ride in a Lancaster bomber.

The war brought its inevitable sadness. Jack Tullett the long-serving Fittleworth stationmaster lost his son and Mrs Tullett always wore black after that. I can still see her riding through the village on her big upright bicycle.

One night we were all in bed; it was five o'clock in the morning and we heard a commotion in the lane. There appeared to be an entire regiment coming up to the farm. It turned out to be twelve soldiers with their vehicles and equipment and they set up an Ack-ack gun in one of the fields. It was there for a time and then, just as suddenly, disappeared. I suppose they moved on before the enemy had the chance to fix their position.

The cottage next to 128 had been empty for a while when Hugh Retallack came to my parents. "We've got to take two Italian P.O.W.'s". Alfonso and Nick proved to be friendly, helpful men and good workers. They wore brown uniforms with sewn yellow patches. They would return home when the war was over.

I left school just after the war in Europe came to an end. Dad was getting used to the tractors but the farm still carried two horses. Ivor Retallack returned from the war; he had been in France with the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry. I'd talk to him and became increasingly aware of a wider world outside the farm. My brother got married and it was time for me to move on.

Henry Wadey was talking to David Burden and the Editor. [Continued from PSM 146]

Answers to the most difficult Sussex quiz of all

1. I've heard it before.
2. Parsley seed.
3. "Tea from Burnt Crusts. Quite recently while browsing through back numbers of the SCM, I found in Vol. 5 for June 1931 (page 411) an article by Maude Robinson in which the writer referred to being told of eking out the tea ration by putting burnt crusts into the teapot. My father was a farm worker and I am the fifth of a family of twelve. Just on seventy years ago my mother frequently put burnt crusts into the teapot and after adding boiling water she served us with the resultant brew – under the name of 'Donkey Tea.' The colour was identical with that of the genuine article and I can mentally recover both the smell and the taste of that concoction. Our fire at that time was invariably of wood, the crusts (or crust-e's, as my mother had it) were often dry but sweet. They were put into the heart of the fire, and recovered with tongs when black and flaming. Transferred quickly to the teapot and boiling water was added in time to produce steam and sizzling. My mother was from the heart of the wooded Weald of Kent, and seeing the above in the SCM set me wondering if this beverage was well known in Sussex, also whether it was revived, during the late scarcity of tea, and under what name or names it masqueraded." F. C. Clark, Ceylon House, The Common, Cranbrook, Kent. (24:406)
4. He's suffering from ague or fever.
5. Queen Catherine of Russia is said to have imported them into Russia wrapped in gold paper.
6. "Millers, so I am told, set the sails of their mills at the sign of the Cross, or, as it was known to them, at Miller's Glory whenever a wedding was taking place in the family. A marriage could not be a happy affair unless the sails were set there and a story is told of how a miller arrived at church to tie the knot but on looking up to his mill he saw that the sails were not showing the "Miller's Glory" sign against the sky, so he hurried home to set them right while the bride and clergyman together with the guests sat down and waited until he came back." (L. N. Candlin).

7. "The news regarding Petworth church steeple¹ recalls an incident entailing no small daring which occurred years ago. Attention to the weather-cock being necessary, a local man, Mr Harry Hill, who died only a few years ago, went up inside the steeple as far as possible, climbed through one of the openings in the spire completed the risky ascent to the top on the outside projections, did his work and descended after waving his cap to the watchers below. He had been a sailor in earlier years and was later a scaffolder. Even this seems scant qualifications for such a bold action." (F. Picknell, Fittleworth).
8. "Many country folk in Sussex will tell you that it is extremely unlucky to pick or eat blackberries after the 10th of October. On this day, or rather during the night, the devil comes round and spits on all the bushes, thus marking the fruit as his own. This is said to make the blackberries mushy and unappetising."
9. "Ten shilling men" was the popular term of description for those who assisted smugglers in loading their goods, for which service they were paid 10s per "run".
10. Jim Cornford.
 1. Its removal in 1947.



North Street 1983.

NEW MEMBERS

Mrs M. Britten, Denne Court, East Street, Petworth, GU28 0AB
Rachel Bunn, 6 New Street, Petworth, GU28 0AS
Mrs M. Butterworth, High View, Graffham, GU28 0QE
Mrs J. Daines, 6 Valentines Lea, Northchapel, GU28 9HY
Mrs A. Denny, 5 North Street, Petworth, GU28 0DJ
Mr & Mrs Fairclough, The Walled House, Pound Street, Petworth, GU28 0DX
Mrs Fox, Edwards Hill Cottage, Plaistow, RH14 0NS
Mr & Mrs J. Golden, The Hermitage, East Street, Petworth, GU28 0QX
Mrs H. Keeler, 3 New Street, Petworth, GU28 0AS
Mr & Mrs I. McNeil, Coach House Cottage, East Street, Petworth, GU28 0AB
Mr K. Milligan, Pound House, Midhurst Road, Petworth, GU28 0ET
Mr & Mrs W. Moulard, 2 Townfield, Kirdford, RH14 0NE
Mr D. Pearce, 398L Littlecote, Station Road, Petworth, GU28 0ES
Mrs L. Phillips, Knapp Cottage, 64 High Street, Duncton, GU28 0LT
Mr & Mrs W. Rowe, 40 Roedean Road, Worthing, BN13 2BT
Mr & Mrs A. Smith, The Old Ballroom, Swan House, Petworth, GU28 0AH
Mr & Mrs D. Soskin, Flat Four, 59 Chilton Street, London, W10 6NF
Mr & Mrs C. Spinks, Rose Cottage, Northchapel, GU28 9EH
Mr R. Taylor, Benges Cottage, Upwaltham, GU28 0LZ
Mrs L. Voice, 29 Littlecote, Petworth, GU28 0EF
Mrs S. Weeks, Burton Mill Farmhouse, Burton Mill, Petworth, GU28 0JR
Mrs Y. Withams, 20 Toronto Road, Petworth, GU28 0QX
Mr R. Knight, 6 Millburgh Hall, Selham Road, Graffham, Petworth, GU28 0QM
Mrs M. Marshall, Kingsmead, 306 North Street, Petworth, GU28 0DF
Mr C. Nicholls, 23 Front Road, Woodchurch, Ashford, TN26 3QB
Mr & Mrs M. South, Tupp End, Sheepdown Drive, Petworth, GU28 0BW
Mr D. Walbridge, 2 School House, Church Road, Hascombe, Godalming, GU8 4JF

