



Miles Gosteller
Petworth
Collection

No. 153, September 2013

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY
magazine

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Sylvia Beaufoy at a Sunday School Party at the Swan Hotel, Petworth in 1959.
Alma Stacey behind her. See letter from Professor Ann Oakley in the present
Magazine.

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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Printed by Bexley Printers Limited, Unit 14,
Hampers Common Industrial Estate, Petworth
Telephone: (01798) 343355.

Published by The Petworth Society which is
registered charity number 268071.

The Petworth Society supports The Leconfield
Hall, Petworth Cottage Museum and The
Coultershaw Beam Pump.

WEBSITE

www.petworthsociety.co.uk

FRONT COVER designed by Jonathan Newdick. Carters at Lavington 1930s.
Original photograph by George Garland.

Chairman's notes

Firstly a word about Petworth's November fair which the Society has administered since the event was revived in 1986. The basic "revival" format has endured since then but, as with anything that has run virtually unaltered for almost three decades, probably needs a little "fine-tuning". Roger Hanauer will share the outdoor responsibility with me, while, as he has done since 1986, Keith will handle the Leconfield Hall back-up. Publicity and poster activity will be particularly targeted.

This year, the Town Band, our oldest allies, are taking a well-earned rest and music will be provided by Carla Hendrix and her band. The Punch and Judy will continue and there will be an extensive Petworth exhibition upstairs to supplement the usual stalls.

Our continuing support for the town's fair does not come cheap. As you know this Magazine is heavily subsidised from the monthly Book Sales but profits also have to be used to fund the fair. Among other expenses we have hall hire, Punch and Judy, musical entertainment, purchase of items for the tombola and printing and publicity material. Income is negligible: by tradition the hall stalls are not profit-making. Last year the fairmen's contribution was waived in view of the appalling weather, the worst since the revival.

How can you help? First and foremost by coming to the fair. It's not my fair, it's not the Society's fair and perhaps only in a historic sense is it Lord Egremont's fair – it's the town's fair. If it dies an irreplaceable piece of Petworth dies with it. You can help with a donation toward our costs or, perhaps more practically, by giving us something for the Society tombola. The golden rule is "Don't give anything you wouldn't be pleased to win yourself." I'd like a Society tombola that will be the talk of the town. You can donate at the Book Sales, direct to David and Linda, to me or to any committee member or at the monthly meetings. November 20th may seem distant at the beginning of September but it isn't – let's have it now! Apathy is more damaging than outright hostility. I have a responsibility to the fairmen to see that it is worth their while to come.

The Saddlescombe visit in July was wildly overbooked. It's still to come as I write this but we should carry an account in this Magazine. We managed to take as many as our hosts were prepared to receive, and kept strictly to "first come, first served." The form for the Firlie visit comes with this Magazine. Early booking recommended. I hope to reinstate at least one regular feature "Old Petworth traders" in the current Magazine but space looks tight. We shall see.

Peter (17th July)

Future of Petworth fair (1946)

This cutting from an unidentified local newspaper appears to come from January 1946. Little need to emphasise that the fair has always divided opinion.

Future Of Petworth Fair Discussed POLICE REQUEST UNSUPPORTED

The future of Petworth's old-time Fair was discussed at some length at the monthly meeting of the Petworth Rural District Council, over which Lieut.-Col. H. Shiner presided at the Court House. The Clerk (Capt R. S. Oglethorpe) read two letters which he had received in connection with the recent Fair. One was from Lord Leconfield's agent, Capt W. Briggs, explaining that Lord Leconfield, as Lord of the manor, had given permission for the Fair to be held in the Market Square for two days, instead of the usual one. There was another from the Police, requesting that in view of its interference with the traffic in the town the Council should recommend to the Highway Authority (the West Sussex County Council) the removal of the Fair from the town altogether.

Referring to the first letter, the Clerk said that the Square is claimed to be part of the old Manor of Petworth, and as such is under the jurisdiction of Lord Leconfield, who is Lord of the Manor. Referring to the second letter, the Clerk said that the Fair was claimed to be an old Charter Fair, but it was doubtful whether there was any trace of the original Charter being in existence.

Major George Mant said that 40 or more people who knew that this matter was due for discussion at the meeting, had asked him to do what he could for the continuance of the Fair in the Market Square, and he strongly suggested that a one day Fair be held in the Square as for so many years past. Major Mant's suggestion was supported by Mr. P. E. Hazelman, Miss B. Wyatt and Dr Morley Fletcher.

The matter was eventually put to the vote with the result that it was decided unanimously that the police recommendation should not be supported.

Reflections on PSM 152

No one has remarked on the "apple picking" picture that appeared on page 1 of the Magazine but John Robbins raises an interesting point. The trees look to be leafless while the baskets on the ground and (right) on the back of the cart do not, apparently, contain apples. John suggests the men are gathering mistletoe for the market.

In Memoriam.



HERBERT EDWARD WATSON.

On Sunday evening, July 11th, there passed peacefully away to his rest in the person of Mr. H. E. Watson one, who for many years had been very closely identified with this Church and parish of Petworth.

Preaching the following Sunday from the text St. John xi. v. 25-26 the Rector said:—

"You who for nearly a quarter of a century have been witnesses of his life and work in Sussex will surely not be slow to thank God for what His Grace has enabled a man to be and do. Faithful before, in a similar position, in a few things, he was called here to be ruler, in a very real sense over many things, though the rulership was, by the very nature of his position, restricted in a way that required the exercise of much firmness, justice and tact. He did not please everybody. It was well for him he did not try to. His business, like yours and mine, was to do his duty fearlessly without prejudice or favour. How well he did it some know now, and posterity will give the true verdict.

But we thank God, especially for the deeply religious spirit which animated him, and was the foundation and back ground of his life. The parish and the poor especially, owe more than will ever be recorded here to his constant and secret acts of charity. In his private life, in that part of his worship connected with giving, he hated publicity. He was a devoted Churchman, and held his convictions with increasing fervour and tenacity. And in proportion as he felt strongly himself, so he admired and respected the honest and courageous convictions of others. This Church will for many generations bear witness to his devotion to the honour of God's House in the many gifts which he made for its adornment, and especially in those large additions to its restoration which, while they perpetuate tender memories, are first and chiefly for the honour and glory of God."

May the saviour of his life and the inspiration of his example not be lost upon us who remain.

Hardly surprisingly, the funeral procession (page 28) elicited no comment. I would think processions on this scale were very unusual. I note, however, that in PSM 100 Miles records a contemporary description of Henry Whitcomb's funeral "impressive sight, over 500 mourners and 70 wreaths carried by men." As manager of the Leconfield Estate office Henry Whitcomb was a powerful and influential man.

We reproduce John Penrose, the rector's, 1909 eulogy of H. E. Watson, by any standards a carefully crafted piece. It comes from St Mary's Parish Magazine.

Gongoozling at the Annual General Meeting

Gongoozlers are those who stand at canal lock gates, watching and giving advice to narrow boat crews, but not actually doing anything. More of that later.

Meanwhile, here are some extracts from the (unconfirmed) Minutes of the 39th Annual General Meeting of the Society held on Friday, May 31st, 2013:

Arising from the Minutes of the 38th. AGM, May 30th, 2012:

Gift Aid.

The Chairman and Treasurer were taking advice on the matter. It appeared that Gift Aid did not apply to membership subscriptions, but could on donations.

Treasurer's Report.

Presenting the Report of the Trustees and Financial Statements for the year up to February 28th, 2013, Mrs. Slade pointed out that book sales and receipts from meetings were down, with running costs rising, but sponsorship of the Garland Lectures by Messrs. Austen had contributed to an over all surplus of £100. In an effort to reduce administration costs, receipts for annual subscriptions would only be issued on request and this would be pointed out on renewal forms for 2014.

Answering questions from members present, the doors at the barn at Coultershaw, where books for the sales were stored, had become dangerous and were repaired by the Society as the Leconfield Estate allowed use rent-free. The Chairman added that the Society was no longer subsidising the Annual Dinner, the cost being met by those attending. Sales of second-hand books at Petworth House were not affecting the Society's sales.

Election of Committee.

There were no additional nominations, but the Chairman said that Mrs. A. Simmons, Mr. S. Boakes, Mr. A. Henderson and Mr. P. Hounsham, all valuable members for many years, had stepped down during the year and Mrs. D. Carver, Mrs. S. Slade and Mr. R. Hanauer had been co-opted to maintain a good mix on the Committee.

Chairman's Report.

Having been in office since 1979, the Chairman was conscious of the continuing need to revitalise the Society. Constant, but always in need of fresh input, were the walks (led by Mr. Godsmark and Mr. Wort), the Magazine (No. 152 was to

hand and the 250 postal members were evidence of its value), monthly meetings, the Annual Dinner (there would be a presentation of the results of an archaeological dig in the Park before the meal in September and a new quiz format), outings (hitherto so efficiently arranged by Mr. and Mrs. Henderson and, in future, by Mrs. Stevenson) and Book Sales (expensive to run but essential income for the production of the Magazine). The Fair had been disappointing, partly because of the worst weather since the Society revived it in 1986, but he was not happy and felt that money should be put in to ensure its survival. Mr. Michael Hubbard, Society Town Crier, gave a detailed account of his engagements and donations to charities, despite being restricted somewhat by illness. Mr. Ian Godsmark followed with slides taken by himself and Mr. David Wort of walks around Bedham, the Rother, West Dean Woods and Northchapel for the first of John Carter's postman's walks; the old library in Petworth House, visited at the Annual Dinner; the visit to Dover Castle, Petworth Cottage Museum garden, Rohann McCullough's portrayal of Vera Brittain, the Allsorts show and impressive views of the town and surrounding countryside taken from the high crane during the construction of Morgan Court.

And then we became gongoozlers as we looked at and listened to Neil Sadler's slides and talk about life on the English canals.

Neil was with us at our AGM in 2011 with an unusual recounting of his experiences with the Sussex Police and he returned by popular demand.

The canal network is very similar to the modern pattern of motorways, but there the resemblance ends: 4 miles per hour, not 70; peace, not traffic roar; camaraderie between fellow narrow boaters as opposed to insulated travel in metal boxes.

We had a glimpse of life on the canals in their commercial heyday – cramped, dirty and basic. We were shown the fascinating architecture of locks, bridges, boat lifts and tunnels, the comfortable accommodation replacing the cargo holds in modern narrow boats, while often perpetuating the bright, traditional colours of canal art on buckets, pots and the boats themselves.

Neil had plenty of stories, of course: a boat being cast adrift by revellers while the occupants slept; the hazards of ice, freezing the water supply and trapping a boat for weeks; 'legging' through tunnels; the inevitable, unexpected descent of a crew member (Neil's wife!) into the water as the boat moved away from the bank.

This was the ideal talk and speaker to follow the humdrum but necessary business of an annual general meeting and we are grateful to Neil for his ready acceptance of our eccentricities!

KCT

“It's just not [a] cricket.”

Ian's May walk

A glorious late May Sunday and a contrast both in temperature and numbers with West Dean woods on a freezing afternoon in April. Lord's Piece near Coates, home of the field cricket, *Gryllus campestris* – not actually a cricket at all, but a beetle. Reduced to a single site through the loss of its natural heathland habitat, the beetle has now been reintroduced into several other Southern locations by breeding from Lord's Piece specimens. An important ecological link, its dung supports two other species, minotaur beetle and the hornet robberfly.

It wasn't long before we could hear the distinctive tinny sound of the elusive “cricket”, a creature more audible than visible. Nigel did however manage a fleeting glimpse of the little black ball before it disappeared.

Despite the cold wet spring, the May landscape was already dry and bare with the bracken shoots still only threatening their eventual summer domination, and the silver birch still bush-size: some larger trees had obviously been cleared. We take the rising ground and after a while look across the valley to the misty Downs. We then move out of the “access” area on to public footpaths, skirting the former Coates Schoolhouse on our left. The bluebells are still in bloom this late season but are a little sparse on this sandy terrain. We halt at an oak where two separate trunks appear to have fused together leaving an aperture between. Further on we find a huge gall, like a gargoyle on a sweet chestnut – probably planted once for coppicing, then forgotten and left to its own devices.

We walk on through the woods. A gate and a warning notice commemorate an abandoned parish sandpit. Time was when a builder would send out a man on foot to dig the sand, mark it with a board to designate the builder, and, in their own time, dispatch a horse and cart to collect. Innocent days.

At some time we've moved from Barlavington to Bignor Park Estate, Bignor Park has its biennial fete today but we see no sign of it. A caravan site, a tarmac road and a path with rhododendrons at the side, mainly the invasive “ponticum” variety. Ian certainly gives the impression he knows where he's going. We've probably walked rather further than we think. And David? He has a family commitment today. No doubt the normal David and Ian combo will be with us in June.

P.

No, not South Stoke: David and Linda's Arundel river walk

"No," said the minister firmly. "You can't have it every service." The older boys at Sunday School wanted "Eternal Father strong to save" at every service and, preferably, as every hymn. They weren't happy, but he had a point. Kensington Church Street was hardly lapped by the sea. The same applies to walks. For me, Arundel River means the magical church at South Stoke as Stag Park means the lone outpost of Chillinghurst. This Sunday afternoon, David, in the role of minister, was firm. We're on the other side of the river.

Arundel, on Father's Day and in a hesitant June sunlight, is awash with cars. A long line of cones is probably connected with Sussex playing Northants in a limited-over cricket match. If the weather had looked decidedly threatening half an hour ago in Petworth car park, it's much brighter here. A rather select company augmented by a Red Setter and a Manchester Terrier. Out of the car park we're on the river almost immediately, soon past the moorings and on our way. As we walk on we meet ever fewer people. Over to cross the Sunday afternoon railway line. 40 shillings for trespassing on the line but once over the crossing a rather newer notice tells us it's £1000. Fortunately we seem to be perfectly legal. Here's the Gatehouse, perhaps originally home to some railway employee.

We turn sharp left along a gravel path, then follow the track under a canopy of trees, on the right are the backs of houses and the sound of mowing. Soon we



Photograph by David Wort.

leave the houses behind and there are fields on either side of the footpath: "Nettles can be left to decay in a bucket of water for a month or so and the drained liquid used as a plant food. It's high in nitrogen of course but also contains other valuable elements. You can do the same with comfrey leaves." Surprising what you can pick up on walks. Through the trees we can hear a Sunday afternoon train.

Sharp left again and we're in open fields. South Stoke clustered across the river and that must be North Stoke away to the right. "It looks a good year for sloes – sugar, sloes and gin or permutate with damsons and vodka." We're approaching the railway again: mareetail spikes cut down and drying, like fallen soldiers, but on either side it's growing unchecked. How far down do the roots go? No-one seems to know. David spots a heron across the river but, by the time we've caught up, it's gone. Turquoise feathers seem to indicate a hawk's been at work. A kingfisher? The river's just feet away. We're circling back – another train, silent in the distance then gradually becoming audible. Cuckoo pint in the thistles. David says the foam protects an insect and is unpalatable enough to deter predators. By now we're facing the castle, on the way out we'd been looking back. The afternoon's been a kaleidoscope of castle views. We've left the Black Rabbit over the river away on our right; South Stoke remains so near and yet so far. Four miles David reckons, The sun's full out now; it's been a very much sunnier afternoon than looked likely. Thanks very much David and Linda. And Ian? He's had the Sunday off.

P.

"One reading does not disclose it all." The June book sale

We can't really pick and choose either what we collect for the Book Sale or what comes in to us. Not everything we receive goes into the sale while not everything in the sale finds a new home. School text books, rather like religious books (see PSM 149) can be indigestible. Having served their purpose they are often unceremoniously dumped. There's clearly little sense of bonding between student and subject: the more utilitarian the subject the less the bonding. Very occasionally simple longevity will lend a certain interest. Here's Alice Meynell's *Selected Poems and Prose*¹ complete with questions. Limp linen cover and rubbing shoulders in the "Socrates" series with such luminaries as Marlowe, Ben Jonson,

Keats, Byron, Wordsworth and Blake.

Alice Meynell was born in 1848 and died in 1922. Like another Alice (Tudor)² she is a marginal "Sussex" writer, the Meynell family having moved to Greatham just before the 1914-1918 war. A Roman Catholic convert, Alice Meynell was a friend and supporter of the poet Francis Thompson and friend too of Coventry Patmore and George Meredith. Her life is in some ways a trip down some, now rather sequestered, literary byways. Remembered more for her prose than her poetry, her essays, while certainly not easy, are often rewarding. "One reading does not disclose it all, and even a second leaves some subtleties not yet within our grasp: not because of obscurity . . . but because of the concentration and compactness of thought."³ Fair comment but not perhaps a recommendation in a digital age.

Mrs Meynell⁴ ponders how the friars at Pantasaph in Wales, where Francis Thompson has found temporary lodging, rise at midnight for the nightly service. "Of all the duties, this one never grows easy or familiar, and therefore never habitual. It is something to have found but one act aloof from habit. It is not merely that the friars overcome the habit of sleep. The subtler point is that they can never acquire the habit of sacrificing sleep."

Sometimes she can stray dangerously near the precious. So she castigates the efforts of the local "vestry" to clear grass from vacant spaces. After all, "the grass wanted to respect everybody's view and take up what nobody wanted."

The short essay on "Clouds" is a good example of her work. Clouds provide an ever-changing landscape. Ironic then that the traveller goes in search of a change of scene, barely conscious that the celestial scenery journeys endlessly to him (or her). Compared with the freedom of the clouds even the most intrepid tourist is a prisoner. Even the seasons become inconsiderable events compared with the shadows thrown by a cloud.

Not merely guardian of the sun's rays, the cloud is also the sun's treasurer, holding the light that the world has briefly lost. "We talk of sunshine and moonshine, but not of cloud-shine, forgetting that a shining cloud is one of the most majestic of all secondary lights . . ."

June is traditionally a little flat, few, I suppose would be bold enough to hold a book sale in June at all. In fact we had high hopes for a new June record: the £1 tables were groaning with bargains although I've seen better fiction tables. How did it work out on the day? In the event the £1 tables despite being decimated didn't do quite enough. Here's to next year and another assault on that June 2008 total.

P.

Essays by Alice Meynell (Burns Oates 1914) gives a good selection. I used the sixth impression (1925).

1. Edited by A. A. Cock. A. and C. Black (1928).

2. See PSM 152.

3. June Baderi: *The Slender Tree – A life of Alice Meynell*. Tabb House 1981 page 76.

4. See Baderi page 113.

School songs and half-remembered house names. Saturday at 346

Midsummer Saturday at the Cottage Museum. A wintry gale torments the garden cornflowers. Annuals, from seed this year, candytuft, mallow, marigold, clary, calendula, cosmos, cornflowers and nasturtium. Clashing colours? Would Mary Cummings have worried? Will it worry our visitors? We shall see. The main plot is still mainly green but beginning to show colour. The big problem is the side border, reminiscent of some shell-scarred battlefield, marigold stumps like torn-off trees, cosmos chewed to ground level. At least the rough dark green leaves of clary seem relatively immune. A certain readjustment needed here: 346 has snails but we don't "do" slugs. Perhaps they live in the walls.

Two ladies from Worthing. I think one has been here before. "Is that wallpaper the same as the original?" Well, we did find traces of a similar one when redecorating in 1996 but Agnes Phelan¹ looked more to drab paint. Ours had been produced for Beamish in Northumberland but we managed to obtain a roll or two. Mention of Beamish prompts a memory of the lady gallantly having a turn on the Gallopers, encouraged, no doubt, by her granddaughter and then, to a little embarrassment and to general acclaim, having to be helped down. She's quick to see the wooden gipsy flowers, her mother always got on well with the gipsies; the wooden flowers were sometimes painted red and sold as chrysanthemums.

I'm talking now to an audience comprising different generations. Is it, by chance, an oven? An older voice says lighting the fire could be the very devil. No firefighters in those days. She mimics her mother twirling the "dolly". No she never did that herself. Using the stick to haul the heavy soaking wet clothes out of the copper into the sink to rinse. "A trip to my childhood home" she notes later in the visitors' book.

As the second steward Steve's biked over from Lodsworth and is entertaining our visitors upstairs. He's also doubling as cellar attendant. He's brought an older cycle which looks authentic enough propped against the mangle outside.

It's cold enough to need the fire. Walking up through the departing Farmers' Market. "Not one of our better days," was a stallholder's verdict, "but you can't blame people for not coming out in this." Stallholders, like farmers, no doubt learn to be philosophical. Certainly the fire's no irrelevance this bitterly cold midsummer's day.

Cards on the table, Mr Green the golfer with his wife, son, and daughter. Mr Dun, the pierrot and Tommy Atkins, the soldier, have their families too. Tommy Atkins has the puttees of the 1914-1918 war. If you have any when demanded you have to give them up. If not you reply 'Not at home'. More interesting than television I would have thought, and less solitary.

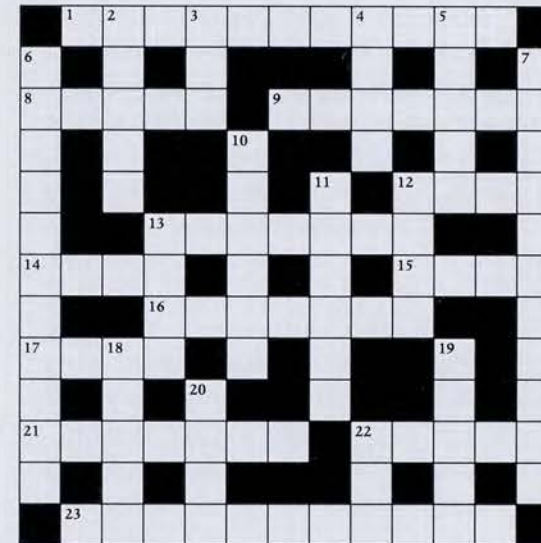
A couple staying at Graffham for the weekend. The lady was brought up in Horley, Surrey, went to school there. Where? It turns out that I was teaching there a few years later but we didn't coincide. The spacious grounds are gone, the land sold and the school no more. And those extraordinary school songs, going out even when I was there. She loved them, daft as they were. It seems a very innocent lost world. Half-forgotten house names and childish loyalties. Now the land is covered with very different houses but the memory has brightened up both our afternoons. Steve does his cellar bit again.

Heavens, it's a quarter past five. We probably won't see anyone else today. Busy enough but not like the last Saturday I was on. Two lovely deaf and dumb people. We did what we could (Jacqui mostly) with signs and gestures. No, they'd rather not read. We don't charge and they thoroughly enjoy themselves. Thumbs up (mutually) at the end. Then a group of a dozen all at once. Ten French, two English. "En Anglais or en Français?" I regret my overconfidence immediately. "Français". I should never have risked it with my now threadbare French. Well you can't say our visitors were lacking in humour. The more I mutilated the language of Montaigne and Victor Hugo, the more they chuckled. Happy days!

P:

1. Agnes had stayed at 346 for a fortnight in 1919.

DEBORAH'S SUSSEX MUSICAL CROSSWORD



ACROSS

- 1** Composition by Debussy, perhaps inspired by the Sussex summer night during his stay in Eastbourne ... (5,2,4)
8 ... and deep shadow (5)
9 Type of poem – sounds like a piece of music (7)
12 Rotating motion (4)
13 Harp played by the breeze ... (7)
14 ... a medieval stringed instrument ... (4)
15 ... and a tuba, standing on its head, to share a boundary (4)
16 Titled composer who lived at Tidebrook Manor near Mayfield, in the 1950s (7)
17 Preposition discovered when playing around with a "toon"! (4)
21 Double gins produce a sweet sound (7)

DOWN

- 2** Well balanced Zodiacal sign (5)
3 Opera not requiring an 'A' certificate for a girl's name (3)
4 A hopeful, glorious one praised annually at the Last Night of the Proms (4)
5 Requiring aid (5)
6 Cosmic composer whose ashes lie beneath the floor of Chichester Cathedral (6,5)
7 Composer who set Blake's Jerusalem to music and lived and died at Rustington (6,5)
22 Composer and Master of the King's Music who lived at Brinkwells, Bedham (5)
23 Musical PM whose yacht sank in heavy seas off the East Sussex coast in 1974 ((6,5))

SOLUTION DEBORAH'S ARTY CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- 6 Landscape, 8 Bosch, 10 Fete, 11 Ran, 12 Tragic, 13 Stern, 14 Doh, 16 Newdick, 18 Gainsay, 21 Ink, 23 Rich, 26 Slaked, 27 Oil, 28 Bosh, 29 Blunt, 30 Muncaster

DOWN

- 1 Carew, 2 Advent, 3 Spenser, 4 Jonathan, 5 Scrimshaw, 7 Ceramic, 9 Stud, 15 Peter Lely, 17 Drinking, 19 Acrylic, 20 Baroque, 22 Kids, 24 Cubism, 25 Esher

- 10** Popular bands of musicians (6)
11 Allegro – music played thus (6)
12 Peculiar tang – attracts an insect! (4)
13 Singing voice – not quite altogether (4)
18 Prepared to perform a Northern duet (5)
19 & 22 Mozart composed a little music for this time and the day before (5,3)
20 You may hear her perform at Glyndebourne (4)
22 See 19dn

Professor Ann Oakley – a letter

For the Petworth Society Magazine

I am researching the life and work of Gladys Helen Roberts (otherwise known as Gladys Helen Hardy-Roberts) whose family lived in Petworth for many years. Helen (1901-1976) was a welfare worker who trained at the London School of Economics in the 1920s and in the period from the 1930s through to the late 1950s became involved in international relief work. As General Secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association she travelled all over the world and wrote some amazing letters to her close companion and friend, Dame Eileen Younghusband. Eileen Younghusband worked with my father, Richard Titmus, at the London School of Economics in the 1950s. The focus of my research is the development of social work education at LSE over this period. Although Helen Roberts was a very important person in Eileen Younghusband's life, she is a very shadowy figure, so I am anxious to learn more about what kind of person she was, the kind of family she came from and her network of friends. Her sister Sylvia, who was quite well-known in the area, married George Maurice Beaufoy.

I believe Helen and Eileen lived together with Sylvia at Gorehill House and also at a house called Byworth Dean.

If you know anything about Helen Roberts or her family, I would be very grateful if you could get in touch. My email is a.oakley@ioe.ac.uk or contact Peter.

Many thanks

Professor Ann Oakley
Institute of Education
University of London

Gladys Helen Roberts

An appreciation at a service of thanksgiving for the life of Gladys Helen Roberts 1901-1976 at St Mary's Church, Petworth.

Gladys Helen Roberts was born on April 8th, 1901 and died painlessly on July 10th, 1976 after a long illness.

In the early 1920's she went to the London School of Economics and took a B.Sc. (Econ). She then worked for a time at the National Institute of Industrial Psychology.

In the depression years she was Chief Woman Officer at the National Council of Social Service, responsible for Social Clubs for unemployed women.

In 1939 she became Secretary of the Church of England Committee for non-Aryan Christians and worked tirelessly with Bishop Bell for refugees from Germany and Austria, many of them children. During the war she also worked at St. Martin-in-the-Fields on behalf of people in trouble.

In 1944 Gladys Roberts became liaison officer for COBRSA (the co-ordinating Organisation for British Relief agencies) and went first to Holland and then to Germany to act as Co-ordinator between voluntary organisations and UNRRA (the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Agency) in work for displaced persons.

In 1947 she was appointed General Secretary of the World's Y.W.C.A. and travelled all over the world from its headquarters in Geneva. When she returned to this country in 1956 she was caught up in work for the Hungarian refugees, for which she received the O.B.E. This was her last international work.

The next phase began in Birmingham with a study under the auspices of William Temple College and Birmingham Council of Churches, published as "*Responsibility and the Welfare State*." Its findings stimulated the start of good neighbour schemes and Diocesan Boards for Social Responsibility.

The final decade of Gladys Roberts' career was in Sheffield as Secretary of the Board for Social Responsibility and in charge of women's work throughout the Diocese.

She retired in 1971 to live with her sister, Sylvia Beaufoy, and her close friend Eileen Younghusband, in the house they had built at Byworth for their retirement.

Old Petworth traders (11).

Henry Streeter

Henry Streeter long-time landlord of the Railway Inn (now the Badger) would be in his early forties as the older century turned. If the inn lay a mile and three quarters out of the town, Streeter was very much part of a wider Petworth. Kelly's 1907 Directory gives some idea of his varied activities in addition to his position as licensee: fly proprietor and jobmaster with livery stables in East Street. Streeter also ran the station bus that met every train and for a fare of sixpence "besides luggage" brought visitors into town, stopping first at the Swan Hotel before moving on a few yards to the Bus Office "whence we walk to our lodgings and our luggage is sent on in a hand cart¹."

Floating oral memory suggests a certain bluntness in later years but may be unreliable. Certainly the invoice reproduced, (from 1897), shows a forceful hand. The famous story of the great Coultershaw fire of 1923, when the firemen, exhausted from a long night's work on the pumps, went to the Railway Inn for refreshments and were told they should have been ordered beforehand, could well be apocryphal but perhaps embodies a common perception. As a boy in the 1920s Bill Vincent well remembered an elderly Henry Streeter sitting by a fire in the Bus Office twiddling his thumbs in the way he did when we was half-asleep. He would no doubt be waiting for the bus to take him back to Coultershaw². By this time the old horse-bus was used only occasionally, a Crossley ex-ambulance doing the station run. Henry Streeter is remembered too as George Garland's stepfather, but Garland himself told me that relations being somewhat strained, he left the inn on his mother's death.

P.

1. L. C. Barnes: Petworth and its Surroundings (1902) page 10.

2. Tread Lightly Here (1990) page 196.

Miss Blagden Sep 30th 1897

DR. TO H. STREETER,

→ Fly Proprietor, ←

LIVERY STABLES, NORMAN MEWS.

EAST STREET, PETWORTH.

Open and Closed Carriages, Char-à-bancs, Brakes, Pony Traps, &c.,
on the Shortest Notice.

FUNERAL CAR.

Mar 25	Fly To Standlands		
	& Back	5	"
April 23	" Gorehill & Back	3	6
May 18	" Fox Drive	5	"
June 10	" Standlands	5	"
July 14	" Burton Duncton		
	Grappham Home	10	"
Sep 23	" Littleworth		
	Bignor Burton Home	7	6
24	" Halfway Bridge		
	& Back	4	6
Oct 8	" Lodsworth & Back	7	6
		<u>£ 28 "</u>	



*Paid Oct 21/97
to Streeter*

With thanks

Threepence to spend on sweets

As a boy growing up in Tillington I can remember Chapman Lowry and Puttick building the new rectory. It would be, perhaps, 1936. I would go round to pick up odd bits of firewood. I was in the choir and heard people speaking of Mr Goggs the former rector, but I only remember Canon Campion. By the time I was ten or eleven I would ring the church bells with Mr Pullen who worked in the Gardens at Petworth House. Sometimes there were only the two of us. Mr Pullen ringing two bells to my one, while sometimes we had a third ringer. Having rung the bells, I'd either join the choir or pump the organ. Doing this would really make your arms ache but of course if there was no "wind" in the organ it wouldn't play. A thing shaped like a whistle would come down on a cord and my job was to keep the "whistle" within a range of two marks made by Mr Chandler the organist. The more the organ was used during the service the harder work it was. I alternated this task with Ron Birch, a few years older than I. At the time Mrs Barham one of the school mistresses was learning to play and I would do the same after school during the week, while she practised. I'd be given threepence and set off to Mr Bathe's Post Office Stores to spend it on sweets. At least Mrs Barham paid me! Another job was pumping water up to the tank at the Horseguards. I'd share this with Alan Coney who was a little older than I. Mr Card, the landlord would give us lemonade and a packet of crisps.

Mr Campion went to the school every Monday morning for prayers and was in and out all week, Tillington being a Church of England school. He was helped by a deaconess who would take the church Sunday School. I spent all my school life at Tillington working through the three classes, Infant, Junior and Senior. Mr Brown was headmaster with a Miss Williams and another lady. The two of them shared a cottage by the school. Mrs Page was the cook and every day two of the senior pupils would leave classes and go to prepare the vegetables for dinner. Like so many village schools, Tillington had an allotment. Ours was down by the new rectory and the juniors, particularly, would spend time there.

When the war came, Tillington had evacuees and the Club Room at the Horseguards was used as an additional classroom. Their background was totally different but there was little or no friction. We shared their teachers, three of whom had come down with them. All men as I recall. I can remember Charlie Howard from Little Common taking the newcomers round to where they had been billeted and as a boy of ten or perhaps eleven hitching a lift in the cab while Charlie drove round with the bewildered visitors in the back. The Petworth evacuees were from Peckham and Camberwell, ours were from Fulham and, I think, from Brixton. I quickly made friends with one of them, Frank Blanchard



Ian's Lord's Piece walk 26th May.
Photograph by Ian Godsmark as is the following.

Book Sales:

- September 14
- October 12
- November 9
- December 14

If you wish to donate books we are happy to collect, or you can drop them in on a Book Sale day.
Telephone - Peter on **01798 342562**.

PETWORTH PARK JOINT SPORTS ASSOCIATION

100 CLUB APPEAL UPDATE

The Association would like to thank the Society's members who kindly agreed to join the 100 Club after our appeal in the June issue. A £50 donation has been passed on to the Society representing £10 for each new member who joined. One of the new members was lucky gaining third prize in the first draw to include their number.

We are hoping to increase our members still further, and we will continue to offer a £10 donation to the Society for each new member, and will continue to pay this annually during the time of membership. Our membership application form is repeated again in this issue.

PETWORTH PARK JOINT SPORTS 100 CLUB APPEAL MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION FORM

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

TELEPHONE: _____ EMAIL: _____

I would like to join the 100 club and pay my annual subscription by the following means which I have ticked. The number of entries is unlimited.

STANDING

ORDER: Form will be sent to you.

CHEQUE: £60 or half yearly £30

Should for any reason the 100 club cease any advance payment will be returned in full.

The £10 donation from the Association will be passed directly on to The Petworth Society.

The monthly draw will normally take place between 10th and 18th of each month.

Winners names will be posted on the notice board in the Square.

The 100 club is registered with the Chichester D.C. under the Gambling Act 2005 Schedule 11 Part 5.

Send your completed application to **V Phillips, 20 Charmandean Road, Worthing, BN14 9LQ.**

Telephone **01903 207436** or Email **vandbphillips@hotmail.co.uk**.

Acknowledgement and your membership will be forwarded to you.



PETWORTH SOCIETY ACTIVITIES SHEET

Autumn Programme – please keep for reference

WALKS

Leave Petworth car park at 2.15pm.

Sunday 22nd September

Ian and David's early autumn walk.

Sunday 20th October

Ian's and David's last walk of the season. We would hope to call in at Osiers Farm on our way.

Wednesday 18th September

Outing to Firle Place. See separate sheet.

Wednesday 4th September – The Society Annual Dinner at Petworth House

Talk (optional) is at 6.15pm.

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

Wednesday 9th October

Pete Fijalkowski: "Things I Have Found In Books." £4.

I have been trying to get Pete to Petworth for some time. He writes:

By night Pete Fijalkowski is a singer-songwriter (formerly on the iconic Creation records label), by day he sells second-hand books. In *'Things I Have Found In Books'*, first aired at the Latitude Festival in 2012, he talks about some of the forgotten objects that he has discovered amongst the pages of the paperbacks that he sells by the broken down West Pier on Brighton seafront – lost photos, bizarre shopping lists and letters. Using slides, he guides us through the sometimes funny, and sometimes poignant flotsam and jetsam of these forgotten artifacts.

In the second part of his talk "*From Petworth to Baden-Baden*" Pete tells how he set himself the task of selling seemingly unsaleable books culled at the end of Petworth Society's monthly booksales. Will he ever sell a 1986 book entitled *'Setting Up Your Own Mail Order Business'*, a 1971 hardback of *'Better Steeplechasing for Jockeys'*, a spotters guide to birds of New Zealand, and is there anyone who wants to buy a 1974 guide book to the small German town of Baden Baden? He tells of the people who bought some of these orphaned books that most had given up hope of ever finding a home for – and of some of the intriguing and surprising stories of why people decided to give these seeming lost causes a loving home.

Tuesday 12th November

The Garland Memorial Lecture £4.

Peter Jerrome: George Garland: Press Photographer 1922-1927.

And a special Christmas show

Monday 9th December – A magical evening with Bertie Pearce. £6.

Wednesday 20th November

Petworth Fair – GOOD Tombola prizes needed.

Alison Neil returns in March next year with her new show!

PETWORTH SOCIETY VISIT TO FIRLE PLACE

On Wednesday 18th September we will be visiting Firle Place, near Lewes. Firle Place has Tudor origins and was built by Sir John Gage at the foot of the downs. It has been the home of the Gage family for over 500 years and is set in a large and ancient park. The family has a long and interesting history. Sir John Gage was Constable of the Tower and an executor of Henry VIII's will. The 6th Viscount Gage married Imogen Grenville, who inherited a large and important art collection from her mother. The house is open to the public after 2.00 p.m. but large groups are invited to visit in the morning, so we will leave Petworth by coach from the Sylvia Beaufoy car park at 9.00 a.m., arriving at Firle approx. 10.15. The coach fare will be £10.50 including the driver's gratuity. We expect to have about 40 people in our group, which will be divided into two smaller groups for guided tours of the house. The tours will be preceded by coffee and biscuits (£2.50 NOT INCLUDED in outing fees). During the tour we will learn more of the family and the history of the house and have the opportunity to see the art collection, which includes Gainsborough, Reynolds and Teniers.

Lunch will be served in the restaurant at around 12.30 p.m. There is a choice of either a set two-course lunch or a ham/cheese ploughman's. The tour and two-course lunch costs £20.00. The tour and ploughman's lunch costs £16.50. The restaurant is licensed.

The village of West Firle is about 15 minutes walk through the park, although it may be possible to take a short cut through the family's garden, and includes a short steep hill up to the church. The church of St. Peter is an ancient building, believed to have been built on a Druid site which later became a place of Roman worship. The vestry and Gage chapel are all that is left of a Saxon chapel. The Normans rebuilt the church as we see it today. There are many interesting features including exceptionally well preserved brasses, the John Piper window depicting William Blake's book of Job and William Morris wall tiles. Vanessa Bell and Duncan Grant, who lived at nearby Charleston Farmhouse, are buried in the churchyard. The current vicar is the Rev. Peter Owen-Jones who has made several television programmes for the B.B.C. (The Lost Gospels, Around the World in Eighty Faiths and How to Live a Simple Life). The village street is picturesque with pretty estate cottages, a tiny Post Office and the Ram Inn. The coach will leave Firle at 3.00 p.m., so there should be time for those who wish to see the church and village to visit them after lunch. The less energetic may prefer to stroll or sit in the garden or park.

If you would like to come please return the attached form to Debby Stevenson, 3 South Grove, Petworth GU28 0ED **by 10th September**. For catering purposes, Firle need to know our requirements a week before our visit.

Name Tel. no.

Address

No. requiring:-

two-course set lunch (chicken and ham salad and sweet) with tour (£20)

two-course vegetarian lunch (main course and sweet) with tour (£20)

ham ploughman's lunch with tour (£16.50)

cheese ploughman's lunch with tour (£16.50)

Special dietary requirements (please state)

Total cost of trip:- £30.50 for coach, two course lunch and tour
 £27.00 for coach, ploughman's lunch and tour

Please make your cheque payable to The Petworth Society.



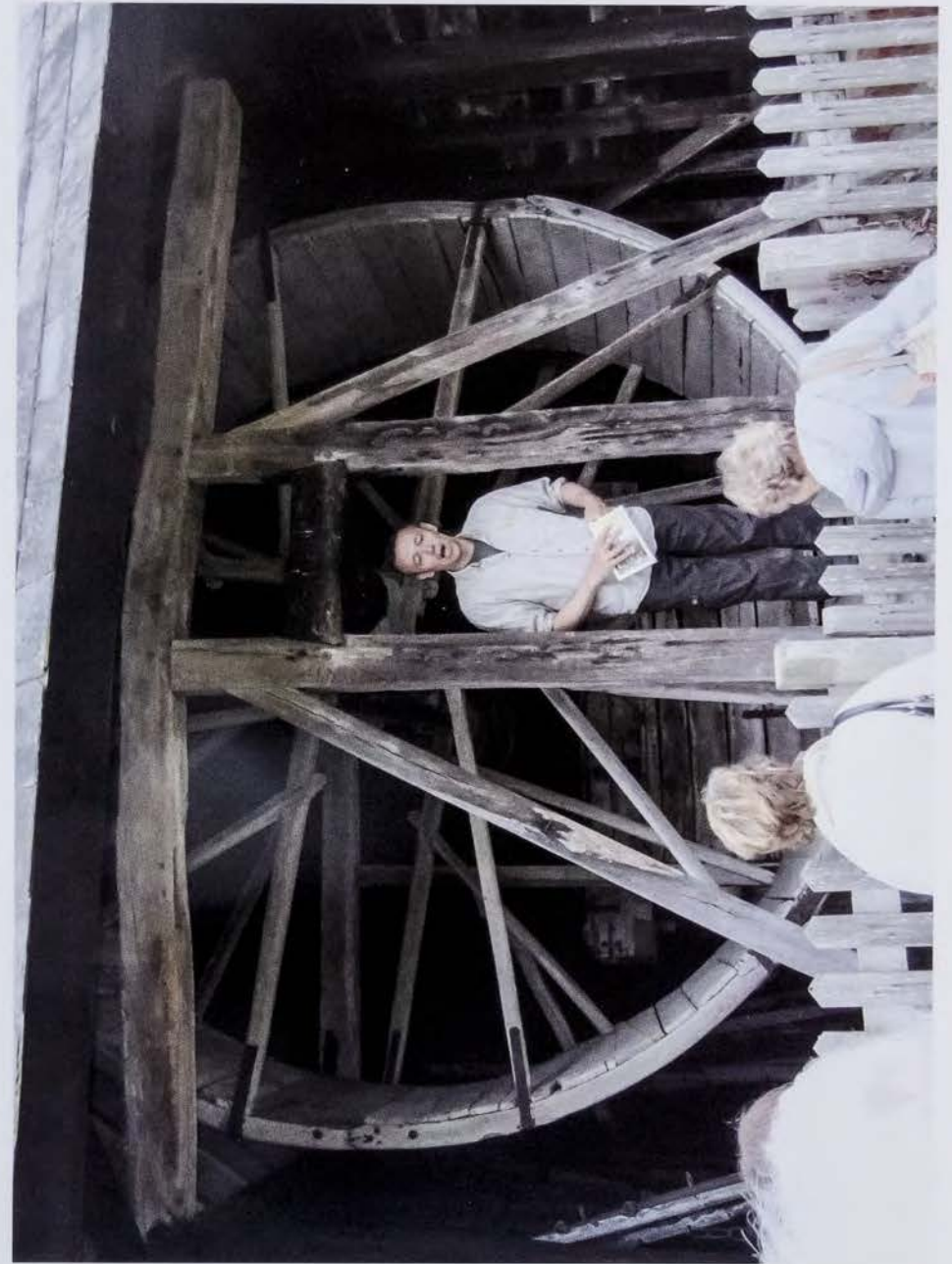
Sun, shade and bluebells.
Lord's Piece walk 26th May.



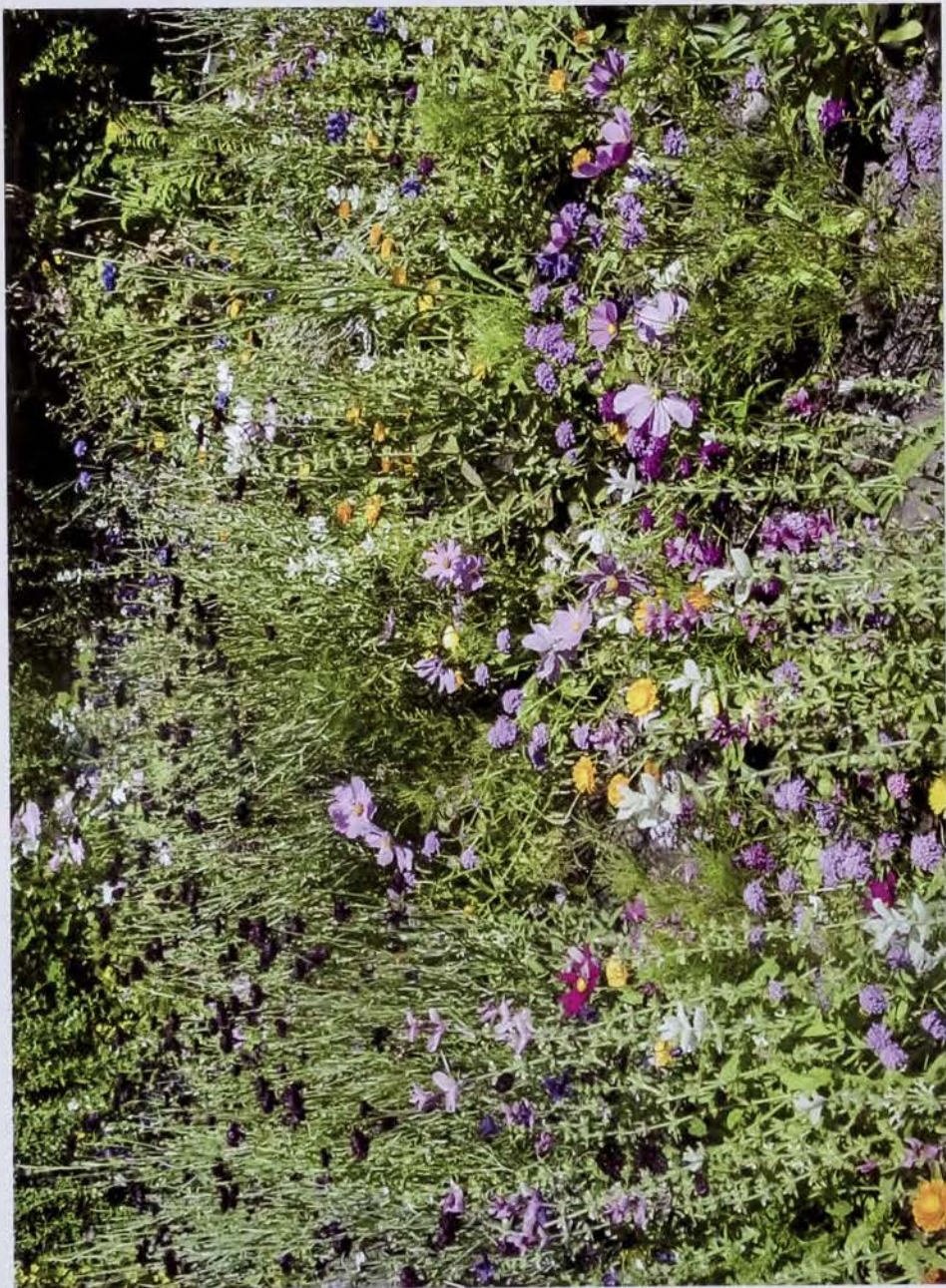
"A kaleidoscope of castle views."
David and Linda's Arundel river walk 16th June.
Photograph by David Wort.



Saddlescombe 25th July.
Photograph by Ian Godsmark as is the following.



The donkey wheel at Saddlescombe 25th July.



Clary, cornflower, cosmos, marigold, candytuft and other annuals in the Cottage Museum garden.
Photograph by Debby Stevenson.



Coultershaw on the evening of the boardwalk presentation
The boardwalk links the engine house to the navigation.
Two photographs by Ian Godsmark.



from Fulham, and we stuck together until he eventually returned to London. He was put with the Strudwick family. Frank was nicknamed "Prof" because he was bright as school. Sadly, after the war I lost touch with him. I remember the Edwards family, two boys and a girl who were with Charlie Howard at Little Common. The Toronto Scottish Regiment were in the Pheasant Copse and I remember a Christmas Party in one of the huts. We were picked up and brought back in lorries and everyone came home with a present. One of the Canadians, a captain, had his wife come over for a visit and she stayed at Southview, next to the Manor House. Mrs Nattali had lived there for years, an elderly lady by this time with a distinctive hat. It was a large comfortable house with a fair-sized garden looked after by Ron Stanford from Petworth. I'd clean the guests' shoes, for Mrs Nattali had left and Mrs Lambert, with her daughter Mrs Thorpe, ran it as a guest house. Captain Ellicombe, something to do, I think, with the Garrison Engineers was there: I particularly remember cleaning his boots.

You were allowed to leave school as soon as you turned fourteen – provided you had a job to go to. I had, being apprenticed to Boxalls the builders as a carpenter. I started off with Bill Butt, the foreman and Mr Knight. Curiously they were both uncles to Bert Hollingdale another of Boxall's carpenters, although I never actually worked with Bert. I was a year in the workshop before going with Bill Butt on outside jobs. My first job in the workshop was making oak pins, used instead of screws in window frames. There would be plenty of planing too. It was a five year apprenticeship and National Service was deferred until I had finished it. As soon as I did I was in the R.A.F. Did I return to Boxalls? No, I took a job with cars at Easebourne. Bill Boxall was less than happy but there it was.

Tillington had a large annual fete in the 1930s, skittles for the pig, a pageant, side-shows, while after the war Ianto Davies was prominent in the Tillington Players. I remember larger entertainments with a selection of sketches, even George Garland doing his "yokel" act. I was a member and we'd go round the local villages. It was the 1950s and already television was having its effect.

Les Howard was talking to the Editor:

Selham days (2)

My first winter at home was mostly spent taking trailer loads of beet to Selham railway station and then loading up the steel railway trucks by hand using a beet fork. There were 16 ton and 21 ton trucks, with the 21 ton trucks being most popular as these were fitted with big doors each end through which the beet could

be loaded. The 16 ton trucks had no doors and the beet needed to be loaded up over the sides. In 1959 my father purchased a Cleaner elevator run by a 1½ h.p. Petter diesel engine. All that was now entailed was to fork the beet horizontally into the elevator which was then despatched into the truck. This elevator was manufactured by Diss Foundry in Norfolk.

Nearly all farms in the Midhurst and Petworth area grew sugar beet. Midhurst, Petworth, Selham and Fittleworth stations were all busy during autumn and early winter up to 1965 when the railway closed. Six days a week a train bringing in the empty wagons from Pulborough would shunt in empty trucks and pick up the loaded ones ending up in Midhurst. It returned about 4pm through Selham, sometimes with 60 trucks of beet. In the late 1950s sugar beet trains were destined for Felsted in Essex, but when this factory became overloaded beet was diverted to Kidderminster. Both factories have been closed for many years. As well as the sugar beet deliveries, Morleys of Selham would send out several trucks of chestnut fencing. These would be carried in 13 ton wooden trucks with much lower sides while there would be truckloads of coal coming in supplying local coal merchants.

After the railway closed, the beet was loaded on to British Road Services (BRS) eight wheeled lorries for a further two years and unloaded on to railway trucks at Lavant. Beet was not only a useful cash and break crop for farmers, but the beet tops also provided valuable winter feeding for the dairy cows. The utmost care was required feeding beet tops because they contained anthocyanins (cyanide) and oxalic acid, a poisonous and sour liquid. The solution was to let them wilt for four or five days by which time the poisons had evaporated and the tops were safe to feed; otherwise you had some fairly sick cows on your hands suffering severe milk drop for days. Properly fed beet tops were one of the cows' favourite winter feeds and produced a lot of milk.

With the exception of our water meadows, most of the farm consisted of light drought prone soils. My mother's brother in law, Fred Dallyn, who farmed at Shere in Surrey, began growing vegetables after the war to supply Tom Novis, a wholesale greengrocer in Brighton. Just before the war a Czechoslovakian engineer, Frank Sigmund, made his way to England and carried out important work for the War Department (WD) mostly in the manufacture of portable buildings. He had obviously gained experience previously in the development of irrigation equipment and pumps. My uncle bought an ex-WD four cylinder Lister diesel engine pump and began irrigation in 1947. The system involved using two Sigmund irrigators at a time which stood on tripods, weighing about 25 kilos and normally covered in grease. These needed to be carried up to the field on your back to a distance of 120 ft. (6 x 20 ft. by 3 inch aluminium irrigation pipes)

between irrigators. This would apply one inch of water in two hours. On level ground this was satisfactory but on a sloping sugar beet field for example one inch of water in two hours was too much for soil to absorb causing unnecessary run-off. My father decided to purchase an irrigation set in 1949, but bought two ex-WD petrol fuelled Coventry Climax fire pumps to pump the water. One seized up in the first week and the other blew up when a con rod appeared through the side of the engine.

Irrigation came to a standstill for a few years. Sigmund, whose factory was in Gateshead, began building high pressure irrigation pumps, one of which my father later bought. These pumps required at least 60 h.p. to drive and tractors of this horse power were few and far between in the early 1950s. My father owned one of the high Fordson Major E27N tractors with petrol/TVO engines in to which he had a 4 cylinder Perkins L4 diesel engine installed. At last we had a suitable driving force for the irrigation pump. Perkins conversions, as they were known, were very popular in the 1950s. 3, 4 and 6 cylinder versions were available providing much more power, reliability and fuel economy prolonging the life of the older tractors.

When I arrived home in 1959 from Scotland, as I had always been interested in irrigation, I took on the responsibility. No one else wanted the job anyway. We purchased a set of Wright Rain sprinklers which we were able to fit to the existing Sigmund 3 inch aluminium pipes so we were able to de-couple a 40 ft. length of pipe, walk across the beet drills carrying it and re-couple quite easily and quickly. In 1965 we laid a 5 inch underground heavy plastic water main from the river where we had our pump stationed so that we could irrigate the whole farm if required.

In the 1970s we purchased an ex-WD Scammell recovery vehicle with a Gardner 6 cylinder LW6 diesel engine which ran for over 10 years.

In the 1980s nearly all potato growers irrigated their crops and by then Wright Rain were building irrigators attached to 4 inch hose reels which you pulled out with a tractor to the end of the row or field. The irrigator was drawn back by a complicated water pressure system and the irrigation pump would be stopped at the end of the run by an automatic cut out system. It wasn't until around 1999 that we mothballed the sprinkler lines and changed over to this system. Now Wright Rain has almost ceased to exist while nearly all the pumps are made in Italy and the reels and irrigators are French, Italian and German.

Roger Comber – to be continued.

“Won’t affect me . . .”

Strange as it may seem, bread never went officially on the ration during the 1939-1945 war, although it was rationed immediately after. There was certainly talk of it while hostilities continued; I remember my grandfather “Winkle” Ayling the Lickfold baker saying to one of his customers, “It’ll be rationed soon.” “Won’t affect me,” was the reply. “I only eat toast.” At this time the Canadians had a searchlight battery in a field near Bexley Hill. It would be 1942 with the Dieppe landings still to come.

My grandmother ran the small shop that went with the bakery and the Canadians would come in to buy things – there wasn’t, in truth, very much available. “Alice,” said the Canadians to my grandmother, “Winkle’s the best baker we’ve seen this side of the prairies. From now on we’ll get our bread from you.” “I can’t do it, boys,” she replied, “I haven’t enough flour to bake for our regulars. I can’t let you have bread.” Although, as I have said, bread was not actually rationed, the flour to make it was on allocation from Gwillims at Coultershaw, Petworth, so that it was effectively rationed at source. “Don’t worry,” said the Canadians, “we can get you plenty of flour and coconuts, bananas and chocolate if you want it. What time does he start baking?” “4 o’clock in the morning.” In truth my grandfather’s workload was horrendous. As a one-man business he’d prepare the bread himself, a strenuous enough job as it was, then bake it all once it had risen – then go out with it.

Well, I don’t know about coconuts, bananas and chocolate, but they certainly came up with flour, half a ton of it, in the standard 2¼ cwt sacks of the time, not Gwillims of course, but with their own army livery on them. “That’ll keep Winkle going,” they said. They also delivered 7½ lb cartons of apple rings, dehydrated. For us boys these were something of a mixed blessing. Used to wartime rations, we fell on these with enthusiasm. It was short-lived. What we hadn’t realised was that the rings, being dehydrated, once in contact with liquid, would swell up to their former size. The result was some really severe stomach ache.

Stomach ache apart, everything was ready for my grandfather to bake, but there was a problem: no heat in the oven. My grandmother called Winkle over to look at it. I can still see him, hat on, peering inside. After a while. “There’s no heat mother.” As so many Sussex men he always referred to his wife as “mother”. “The bottom’s fallen out.”

“Right you boys” – and we were certainly boys, seven at the most – Reg Tyrrell who lived next door, me and George Short, an evacuee – “Get the wheelbarrow and go to Lurgashall churchyard. Find a tombstone that has fallen down and bring

it back here.” Off we went, found a tombstone, loaded it on the barrow, and struggled the mile and a quarter back to Lickfold.

Once arrived at the bakery the stone was thoroughly scrubbed, and put in as the bottom of the oven. Fed with faggots and pimps, offcuts from Morleys the Selham timber merchants, my grandfather soon had the gauge whirling round; he was an ingenious man but he had left something out of account: I used to take the bread round locally in a basket and did so the next day, Thursday. When I returned Saturday with a fresh loaf, the elderly lady I was delivering to, said, “I’ve always been very pleased with your grandfather’s bread – up to now anyway, but Thursday’s had, ‘In loving memory of . . .’ printed on the side. Is there something wrong?”

I think my grandfather solved the problem by putting a sheet of metal over the inscription.

Mike Hubbard was talking to the Editor

Does it matter? Once more

In the last Magazine I drew attention to the “tradition” of the Garland negatives, physically safe in the capable hands of the West Sussex Record Office but with remembrance of context receding rapidly with the passage of time. Of course, an inevitable process. I used Roger Cumber’s annotation of a Selham photograph from 1945 as an example.

Does it matter? In framing the question I was all too conscious that there was no answer – or perhaps two quite different answers. One is: of course it matters. The other is that, given the scope and volume of the material involved any effort made could only be token. Leaving the albums on one side (apparently obsolescent now in a digital age) I had a quick rummage through several boxes of Garland “spares” I have that remain unalbumed and likely to remain so. Time already hangs heavy on them; George Garland did little after Mrs Garland’s death in 1965 and anything will be a good fifty years old – usually more.

There is a potential dichotomy here: such images can have perhaps only marginal significance for those new enough to Petworth not to relate to them, or too young to remember; on the other hand they can fascinate. I am thinking of those who pored over the late Garland photograph of German and English football teams on page 11 of the last issue.

I include here three pictures to illustrate some of the possibilities and some of the difficulties, thereby presenting another dilemma. Photographs take up

valuable space in a desperately crowded Magazine. Might the space be better utilized? Would you like another couple in PSM 154? Your thoughts and possible identifications would be appreciated.

P.



Picture 1:

Uncaptioned Garland postcard about 1960. The figures in the background are surprisingly clear but too closely packed to make an identification key practicable while the dancers hide a proportion of the spectators.



Picture 2:

Petworth Drama Society in Baa Baa Black Sheep. Iron Room October 1946. Garland negative 27204. Here the problem is, quite simply, the distance in time. I can recognize one face, I think.



Picture 3:

Children with miniature gardens. Petworth Church late 1950s. Figures in two distinct rows, could be captioned left to right. Garland negative 52234.

Thoughts on the summer of 1976 (1977)

The summer of 1976 will be long remembered as the driest on record. Starting about the second week in April with the occasional light early morning frost came a succession of sunny days. After a dry mild winter the ground had little moisture. Ditches were already dry with a few already showing cracks. The blackthorn set a pattern for what was to come. The blossom was extraordinary, each group of trees like a giant snowball. In the ancient lanes the blackthorn hung from either side as if it were weighed down by snow. As the blackthorn faded it was the turn of other trees to show what they could do. The swallows and swifts were early returning as was the cuckoo. This spring they seemed in greater numbers, calling loud and often in the leafy blossoming woods and hedgerows. This summer I never heard one's voice falter, as so often happens as the summer advances, nor can I recall when they stopped. Nature was deceiving us: if the trees bloomed as never before, it wasn't long before the birds were gasping for moisture in the burning heat of the brilliant blue skies.

The further summer went on, the hotter it became, dry even arid. The streams shrivelled and dried, the ponds likewise. So many small ponds, even holes in the woods, dried out when they had never done so before. Here, to open view, lay the rubbish that previous generations had consigned to these once dark and murky waters. Some seized the opportunity to remove debris and renovate: others simply left things as they were.

There was no sign of rain and by June and July the temperature was in the 90s – on occasion even higher. It was as if parched pond and stream bottoms groaned as they split open in a maze of cracks, three or four inches wide and often fifteen inches or more deep. Everywhere the surface of the ground was parched so that, with the premature ripening of the corn, the once familiar landscape resembled a barren plain. Almost without our knowing, much of the harvest was over. It was early August and the tinder dry state of everything made hedge and roadside fires commonplace. Even now in Petworth many springs continued to boil and bubble from the sandstone beds. Ploughing was virtually impossible, while the long summer took its toll of trees, first the birch, then the hazel and the beech. The last certainly bore a heavy crop of nuts, but patches of brown told their own story – only the following spring would fully reveal the damage.

The park deer were hard-pressed and, as the summer went on, they were fed with surplus fruit and vegetables from markets and warehouses. Probably they found this a welcome change from their normal diet. Only the oaks seemed to thrive, loaded with acorns and as green as ever. The apple crop was less affected than the potato.

The water level of the lower lake or pond in Petworth Park dropped by some two feet, allowing the deer to reach the islands. We had pumped out the lower lake in early January, even removing the fish. We then refilled the pond sufficiently to return the fish, the level being thirty inches off its overflow level. Then came the long hot summer and the drought. The trout survived reasonably well, but with so little rain and the continuing heat, the water level fell by a further 18 inches, leaving a very large expanse of mud, with some three quarters of the pond area eventually becoming dry and hard, splitting open and showing huge cracks. What water remained lay at some distance from the island on the west side.

This raised a serious problem: the sudden reappearance of old wartime ordnance long since abandoned. There were several visits from the Bomb Disposal Squad, and I, with David Wort, felt it was necessary to turn the mud over and review what we found, pending further advice. In all we unearthed 20 "36" grenades – so named because of the number of patterned shrapnel squares on the outside. 25 two inch mortar shells and one or two other items which were unknown to me. There were also some extremely dangerous centre fuses for the phosphorus grenades and four grenades that looked like tins of grease. Simple grease it may have looked but in fact it was an extremely dangerous substance similar to napalm and immediately combustible on contact with the air. Once on the skin, it would burn through to the bone. We also found inflammable grenades, over 500 rounds of 303 and 300 rifle ammunition, 450 slugs (bullets), 80 cartridge detonators, a dozen 3 inch anti-tank mortars, an American origin automatic pistol and a bayonet practice tool. Much of the ammunition was removed by the Bomb Disposal Squad while the remainder I discharged on a fire between two large logs lying parallel to one another. I placed the explosives in the middle and facing out over the water. The combination of magnesium and exploding rifle ammunition made for a spectacular firework display. Except for disapproval from the local ducks there were otherwise no problems. By unscrewing the base plate on the grenades and removing pin, strikes and fuse, I established that many of the hand grenades were practice examples. Three of them were reassembled and cleaned up for show. Leaving out the explosive material we took two trailer loads of debris to the tip.

The rain finally arrived in the second week of September; first the odd day but no thunder. Then there was more persistent rain so that by November ponds, rivers and ditches were returning to normal. The new year 1977 began mild and damp, followed by a relatively cold spring and summer. Looking round it was easy to see the damage caused by the prolonged drought; the dead birch and beech was only too obvious.

It may be my imagination but I always see weather patterns as eventually

running in cycles of three. If it's consistently wet over a period of three days we get a wettish period for three weeks. If it then doesn't break we get indifferent weather for three months – even perhaps a similar pattern over three years. The same applies to fine and sunny weather or even unusual cold. Try this spring pattern: three white frosts or rain. If it goes over the three, allow a further three until it breaks, then start again. Or think of the animals: if it's cold and frosty over a period moles will work some couple of days before a mild spell. You can tell this by the fresh earth pushed up on old, or even new, molehills.

Jumbo Taylor was talking to the Editor and reusing some older notes.

Retribution

Was it Bill Whatley who took choir practice when I first started? I can't be sure: it would be the mid-1930s and I was very young – still at the Infants' School. Sometimes Mrs Pulling took us but she was resident organist at a church in Horsham. After a while Charles Stevenson, headmaster of the North Street Boys School, took over. He was a strict disciplinarian, already boasting a school choir and separate pipe and percussion bands. "Steve" was not to be trifled with: under his guidance the Boys School competed in prestigious company, as I would find out when I, too, joined the Boys' School. I remember competing at the Conway Hall in London, at Brighton and elsewhere. I can never remember our finishing in the lower half of any competition.

We boys enjoyed the choir, there was no question of being forced to do it. We liked singing: on one level it was as simple as that. But there was more: it was a chance to get out and about two evenings a week and twice on Sunday. Perhaps, too, it was a step toward heaven.

The men in the choir were only too well aware that small (and not so small) boys can easily become bored and, just as easily, mischievous. However, once we were in the choir stalls they were relatively powerless, reduced to dire threats at breaks in the music. Clergy and senior choristers did not need telling that singing was one thing, sermon, prayer and lesson quite another and might bring out the worst in the choir's younger members. Mr Stevenson, at once organist and choirmaster had few illusions. It wasn't long before a mirror was installed in the organ loft. For a time the strictest discipline prevailed. Then someone hit on the idea of releasing insects on the chancel floor and in the stalls. To hardly suppressed giggles a beetle might scurry across the shining tiles of the chancel, desperately seeking the comparative safety of the stalls on the opposite side. Over

time a whole platoon of insects might be gathered during the week in local sheds and dark corners and kept in matchboxes until the Sunday. Spiders, beetles, caterpillars – anything that would crawl. If one or two perhaps failed to survive they had after all perished to the sound of organ music and trained voices. Moths were a later refinement, heading straight for the lights, while a butterfly might flutter out of the chancel perhaps to join the rector, Mr Provis, in his sermon or fly on to mingle with the flock. Caterpillars might get anywhere, even slide down surplices. “Boys, do behave”, became a kind of watchword for senior choristers. In the end we were given library books to read during sermon and lesson and, against all probability, an uneasy peace prevailed.

Every time I go into church the pleasure of singing and the company of those I knew seventy five years and more ago rushes back. The old voices, the jokes, the music, live still. Badly behaved choirboys and sober senior choristers melt into a unified whole, the old divisions are forgotten. One was nothing without the other. With the coming of the war there passed, too, something of the old spirit. We did look forward to choir practice evenings and we rarely missed either Sunday service. We gave a lot and we received a lot. Looking back, beetles, caterpillars and the rest became part of a single tapestry of memory. Is it television that has drained the old spirit?



Back of St Mary's Church. A postcard by Herbert Earle.

Hide and seek, Cowboys and Indians, all around the town, in and out of people's gardens, woodsheds. Up alleyways and passages, two evenings a week on the loose. The choirboys were about, knock on all the doors down one side of a street, New Street and High Street were ideal, then run for it.

Ruffians and angels all at once, we'd arrive early with the church as our playground. Outside again we'd play among the trees and tombstones. I always preferred the north side, eerier and darker, best for hide and seek. There was I, up a tree clinging on to a branch with everyone searching for me. Suddenly, to my horror, there appeared a dark, spectral figure, seemingly rising from the very bowels of the earth. My pursuers fled while I remained clinging on, terrified to move. The sinister figure stumped off into the half light while, after a decent interval, I slunk off in the other direction to join my equally shaken friends in the Market Square. As we stood there, trying to gather our wits, we saw Horace White, the verger, making his way home to Pound Street. The truth dawned on us. Horace had been stoking the church boilers. No vision he, but solid flesh. Perhaps conscience had something to do with it, perhaps small boys have such a thing after all.

From notes by J.T.

“Bivouac”

Our camps were not confined to one place although they did tend to follow the line of the “Brook.” We might even recruit an adventurous girl or two and we could be out all day. All night was a different matter altogether but at least on this occasion we had very grudging permission from our parents. It would be late July and the year 1938, that last full summer before the war. By the time several of the gang, including a lone girl, had changed their minds, or had their minds changed for them, we were down to four.

Our chosen spot was some 200 yards south of the road bridge at Haslingbourne on the east side of the brook and in among the scrub and bushes. It's a while since I've been down there, but I would suppose it's much the same today. Our camp was of hazel boughs pulled over and down and tied to some of the large boughs of adjacent alder. Sides and roof were stuffed and made compact with hay and straw removed through the broken weatherboard on the brook side of Haslingbourne barn where Mr Hanson, tenant at Strood Farm, kept his straw. In reasonable weather this made a snug and pleasant camp.

We lit a fire near the brook and, employing our usual methods, had caught a

couple of trout. We'd use the netted bags used to retail dried peas, or, if in funds, a cheap butterfly net; either would be tied to a cane. We'd then look out for a trout, lying motionless in between the reeds, facing upstream and lying in wait for insects travelling downstream. Stealth was all-important: the slightest noise could ruin everything. Holding the net at the ready, as close as possible behind the trout and with another cane put into the water some way up in front of the waiting fish, we'd look to alarm the fish. It needed two of us of course. The ideal was that, approaching from the front we'd get the trout to reverse into the net. It certainly didn't always work: you had to be as quick as the trout, or the trout might turn full circle and miss the waiting net.

For the all night camp we had two trout and a small rabbit. We cooked our catch on sticks and also had a few eggs. The hens at nearby Soanes had a habit of laying in the hedgerow, or failing that, we might have moorhen or even pigeon eggs. We'd boil the eggs over the fire, then, using the same saucepan, brew for tea. Milk came from an obliging cow in a nearby field.

It was a warm still evening and growing steadily darker. As it did the fire seemed to become brighter and warmer. Three of us were to sleep in old clothes, but the other brought an authentic touch: he'd brought his pyjamas. There he was, climbing into his blankets. More: he'd brought along a candle in an old blue enamel candlestick. This, we had to admit, was useful. Making the most of the candlelight, we talked for a while then blew out the candle to lie in the warm comfortable darkness, occasionally illumined by the flickering firelight. Gradually the talking slowed down and all was quiet – at most the quiet gurgle of the brook over the stones or, perhaps, the soft rustle of a feeding rabbit.

From notes by J.T.

More on the Petworth ambulance

Further to Ron Parsons' note in the last Magazine, John Townsend sends this report from St. Mary's Parish Magazine for July 1933.

NEW AMBULANCE 'HANDLED OVER'

The result of good work by the Ladies' Appeal Committee appointed in connection with the Police Ambulance, was witnessed by many people on Sunday afternoon, when Lady Leconfield, as President of the Committee, formally "handed over" the ambulance to Mr. A. S. Williams (Chief Constable of West Sussex). The ceremony took place in the Park, in the front of Petworth House,

and followed music played by the Petworth Band. Asking Lady Leconfield to officiate, Dr. D. C. Druitt said the ambulance would be for the benefit of Petworth and the neighbourhood and of everyone requiring its use. "Here you have an exceedingly smart 'van,'" Lady Leconfield said, in the course of a little "leg-pulling" about being accustomed in Petworth to look for vans travelling "too fast on the wrong side of the road round corners"; but "this is a very different van, and you will have to look out for it on corners and make way for it." The old ambulance had been familiar to them for years, and when it took its last journey it found ten miles an hour up Duncton Hill very difficult and often it was a good deal less.

Accepting the registration card for the new vehicle from Lady Leconfield on behalf of the Standing Joint Committee of the county, the Chief Constable said the ambulance would be a very good asset to the police, and he could not say how grateful he was to the Ladies' Committee for the trouble they had taken in getting the money. He was sorry Lord Leconfield who was Chairman of the Standing Joint Committee, was unable to be there, but quite understood that Lord Leconfield was not very anxious to be present, because he (Lord Leconfield) was a very large subscriber to the fund and a member of his family had taken a large part in the provision of it. The Chief Constable acknowledged the great help of Mr. A. Gee and Mr. J. Underhill, who had assisted in ambulance driving, and of many others who had helped – Ps. Wiseman, P.c. Bristow and P.c. Capon.

The ambulance had been provided by the people of Petworth, and had been made possible by the organisation of which Lady Leconfield was President; Mrs. Grylls, Chairman; Mrs. Druitt, Treasurer; and Miss C. Podmore, Secretary. The ambulance had been paid for right out, which was a great asset. Lord Woolavington gave £100, and Lord Leconfield £50, and Major J. S. Courtauld, M.P., Mr. Fraser Title, and others were among large subscribers. The Chief constable went on to say that he would like to see Petworth have a St. John Ambulance section. The nearest was at Pulborough. One had been organised at Chichester lately, and he would be very glad to help with one at Petworth. The old ambulance was the first police ambulance in the county. It was a gift to Worthing, and then it was sent to Petworth. Now there were two at Worthing, two at Horsham, two at Chichester, and one at Petworth. The old ambulance paid for itself at the end of the first year. The Chief Constable emphasised that people who were not in a position to pay would never be refused use of the ambulance. The public then inspected the ambulance, which cost £410.13s. We understand that only about £11 was required to complete that amount.



Guest examining new Petworth Police Ambulance at presentation ceremony, July 1933.
Photograph courtesy of West Sussex County Archives, Garland Collection, ref. no. N7506.

Cigarettes and cucumber sandwiches

It reeks of tobacco smoke. In fourteen years of book sales I've never come across a smell like it – a kind of pot-pourri in reverse. "Ashes – And Dust" seems all too appropriate for a title. It's Douglas Jardine's account of the Australian cricket team's tour of England in 1934¹. The acerbic Jardine had been an uncompromising captain on the reciprocal tour of Australia. It's not a rare book but a copy in good condition would perhaps be worth three or four pounds. Quite apart from the smell of tobacco this one's distinctly shabby.

I once had a set of Players' cigarette cards, Cricketers 1934, sombre pastel colours as I recall. Thicker card as compared with the 1938 set which were more highly coloured with gummed backs. Ponsford Woodfall and the inevitable Bradman graced the 1934 set but Hans Ebeling of Victoria I particularly remember. The unusual name and his few test appearances. Perhaps I felt a tinge of regret for him. The set was made up with English players. Bakewell of Northants, Arnold of Hampshire, Mitchell of Derby, Hedley Verity with the white rose of Yorkshire. Memory can play tricks.

Cricket books are a genre all their own, from one point of view a niche market – football isn't the same – perhaps careers are shorter and there isn't the continuity. Cricket books give an overmastering sense of the passage of time. Who now, except for the most dedicated, would call to mind Warwick Armstrong's all-conquering 1921 Australian tourists, MacCartney, Andrews, Mailey and the rest? Even in 1970 Ronald Mason² is looking back through a mist of more than half a century, while in 2013 we're another forty years on. Days when a tour was an exhausting marathon, test and county and invitation matches followed by a gruelling tour of South Africa on the way home. A team could be away from home for a year.

In those days between the wars Jesse Daniels and friends would cycle from Upperton to watch Sussex at Hove, leaving at 4.30 in the morning and spending the day at the ground. On a local level Jesse's skills as a spin bowler would bring invitations to play for the "haristocracy," Colonel Mitford's invited Pitshill team, the butler bringing the cucumber sandwiches and the cake in the Pitshill donkey cart.

Ronald Mason was there to catch a glimpse of Armstrong's Australians, playing Sussex at Hove in the dying summer of 1921. "That first day is with me for ever. I can still see from my timorous nine years old height the bewildering, smoke-wreathed, elbowing, chattering crowds ..."

Among George Garland's possessions was a postcard obviously kept for a reason: Garland was not an overly sentimental man. It shows the massive figure



of Armstrong, now approaching fifty, leading his team out at Hove. On the reverse is scrawled in faded pencil "Australians v Sx 1921 Armstrong leading his men out." Might George Garland (then 21) have rubbed shoulders with Master Ronald Mason (then 9) amongst that "smoke-wreathed" crowd so many years ago?

P.

1. Hutchinson 1934.

2. Warwick Armstrong's Australians (Epworth 1971). Readers Unions Edition 1973

Travels in a silent landscape.

David and Ian's walk 21st July

Right off the A272 at Hawkhurst crossroads, through the narrow entrance framework and into the somewhat restricted parking area. Over the road and we plunge immediately into the woods. With the temperature in the 30s the shade is welcome. In fact, during the entire walk we rarely venture into direct sunlight, pursuing an apparently meandering course over the crunching remains of last year's greenery. Bridges over an exhausted stream and deep ruts which remind of how wet this heavy ground can be in winter. Two walkers coming the other way

up an incline seem as surprised to see us as we are to see them. Otherwise the woods are empty and eerily quiet. At one point we come across a colony of yellow loosestrife, clearly a garden escape, but otherwise it's a study in brown and green.

Briefly we emerge into the sun at manicured Crimborne then walk slowly up the hill to Hawkhurst Court. There are weary-looking late summer primrose leaves on the verge and a post-box sleeping in the Sunday sunshine. No collection Sunday, last collection 7.30am Saturday, later collections at faraway Billingshurst. I think of George Garland's yokels arguing vacuously over the ownership of the village pillar-box. Is it the Squire's or the Parson's? "It's not the Parson's," says Eli triumphantly, "It says no collection Sundays."

At the top of the incline we look at the Canadian maple planted to commemorate the Dieppe Raid in 1942. Hawkhurst Court was the H.Q. of the 2nd Canadian Army and the raid was coordinated from here. In the Sunday afternoon sun, Hawkhurst keeps its own counsel. The Osmaston family, the Canadians, a school, development . . . it's saying nothing.

P.

Saddlescombe. July 25th

Something of an unknown quantity although Debby, Gordon and I had been to an April Open Day. Today we have Saddlescombe very largely to ourselves, not something offered on a regular basis. The response had been overwhelming. Debby still counting at 70 when our hosts could only take 44. Originally a Leconfield Estate outlier 'in a retired hollow near Devil's Dyke'¹ Saddlescombe passed from Brighton Council to the National Trust in 1995. A working farm until recently, it will apparently revert to this later in the year, some visitor access continuing.

Cows viewed from the coach lying in the fields didn't bode well for the weather after a recent heat wave but, except for a heavy shower during lunch, the weather was kind. The farm has been immortalised by Maude Robinson's "A Southdown Farm in the Sixties".² The Robinsons, a devout Quaker family, had moved from what is now Gatwick Airport in the early years of Queen Victoria and would hold Saddlescombe from the Leconfield Estate until the mid-1920s. The old Leconfield numbering remains. In a sense a visit is a reflection on Maude's memoir.

We were divided into three manageable parties, each with a guide seconded for the occasion from their usual farm and downland work. Their practical

experience and enthusiasm was soon evident. Where does one start? The extensive gardens, globe artichokes, black kale, runner beans and the rest. The garden layout appears to be unchanged over the centuries. The Knights Templar, strip lynchets, the merits of "non-invasive" archaeology, or "virtual" visiting, sitting at a screen and taking the wear and strain out of the physical reality. A long rod or "needle" to tell if a rick was overheating (a needle in a haystack?), the outdoor privy with the barely adequate "modesty wall". Maude Robinson on a train being amazed at seeing white (as opposed to black) pigs. The donkey wheel with oxshoes nailed into the timber supports. The wattle shed, Saddlescombe as the archetypal downland sheep and corn farm, an ingenious way of separating poppy and corn cockle seed from the rest and the extraordinary Poacher's Jail. Plenty to think about as we ate the Saddlescombe sandwiches and salad and watched from cover the only shower of the day. Thanks very much Debby (and Gordon).

P.

1. Kelly's Directory 1907.
2. Dent 1938 and reprints.



Time warp in Petworth Park?
Actually an advertisement being filmed in the early 1980s.

