

Mrs Costello
Petworth
Collection

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY
magazine

No. 177. September 2019



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Saddlers Row in the early 20th century. Note the railings to the right, the Old Swan buildings had been demolished in the 1890s. In the absence of traffic the street seems alive with children.

FRONT COVER

Upperton in the 1930s photographed by George Garland. The figure is Henry Hooker, a favourite Garland character.

BACK COVER

A pink water lily 'James Brydon' at Petworth House. See 'Petworth House Gardens', June 16th on page 23. Photograph by Gordon Stevenson.

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY

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 £14.00, single or double, one magazine delivered. Postal £18.00, overseas nominal £25.00. Further information may be obtained from any of the following.

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CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

Welcome to an enlarged magazine – our first of 56 pages. Even so I have had to hold material over for December.

After rescuing Petworth Fair from oblivion in 1986 the Society feels the fair is strong enough to hand over to a newly-formed committee on which the Society will have representation. I think it reasonable to say that the sheer weight of tradition behind the fair is something no other Petworth event can match.

I do not include a review of Mike Hubbard's *A Postman's Patter* as it has been widely distributed. Mike tells me there are a handful of copies at The Petworth Bookshop.

I have a few tickets left for the Society dinner on September 18th – please ring me before September 9th on 01798 342562 for menu and ticket availability.

HELP !

Some will remember the *Yellow Pages* advertisement a few years ago in which J. R. Hartley is looking for a book written by himself. I find myself in the same position regarding *George Garland (1922-27)* published in 2013. If anyone has a copy they are prepared to sell back to me I would be grateful.

Recent Window Press limited edition books do not, as far as I know, appear

on the internet but I do have very limited stocks of the following titles.

We don't do nostalgia – Petworth Cottage Museum 1996-2010 (2010). *Eleven Sussex Books* (2014) £10 each, post free. Cheques to The Window Press at Trowels, Pound Street, Petworth GU28 0DX. All copies of *Petworth Through the Looking Glass* (2019) are now sold.



Of cabbages and champion bulls

John Giffin in conversation with Caroline Egremont and the editor. Part two

It is not known when the Petworth breed of Sussex cattle was first at Petworth, only that by 1782 the third Earl of Egremont had established a herd at the newly developed Stag Park. The ground had been cleared of forest and scrub, hedges planted and the land underdrained. Many of the drains remain in working order to this day. The cattle themselves are commonly thought to descend ultimately from the wild red breed that once roamed the primeval forests of the Weald. The farmhouse and model farmstead were raised in a single calendar year to accommodate the Sussex herd as well as the various hay barns, granaries and stables required to operate a mixed livestock and arable farm of some 650 acres. In his *Agriculture of West Sussex* (1793), Arthur Young makes reference to the third Earl's contribution to improving the Sussex herd and to the 'veritable garden' the Earl had created from scrubland, while the *Sussex Herd Books* from 1855 to 1878 refer to 'Sussex cattle' in the hands of other breeders. The second Lord Leconfield is mentioned in 1878 as a founding member of the Herd Society but it would not be until the time of Charles third Lord Leconfield that Petworth's Sussex cattle were first registered. This was in 1908, with entries backdated to 1894. There is a tradition that the great house originally looked upon the Herd Book as a passing fad.

Ardingly 1972. Elation. It was the South of England Show and as the Leconfield Farms foreman I was leading the First Prize bull Petworth Concorde III around the ring as was my privilege. A good day was about to get better. Two men came up to me 'Is he for sale?' They were Ayrshire breeders looking to expand into Sussex cattle. We settled for £2,000, a significant sum at the time. This was immediately followed by a less welcome interruption – the show secretary with an urgent message. I was to leave for Petworth without delay. Jeff Simpson the stockman would take over. John Wyndham had died.

I returned to a Leconfield Estate in thrall to death duties; an estate in which showing might be important for morale but in financial terms something of an indulgence. Death duties were to be paid in half-yearly instalments over an eight year period. The Chieveley Report had insisted that the Leconfield Estate could not continue to run on what were effectively pre-war lines. It had to pay its way in a world that was fundamentally alien to its spirit. The recommendations of the report needed to be implemented. Some provision had already been made: John Wyndham had been ailing for a time, as too, the long-serving land agent John Shelley who would soon retire. To reduce capital taxation, outlying farms had

been let out in the late 1960s to be followed now by Frog, a home farm. One or two farms like Parsonage at Witley and the smaller Great Brockhurst at Lurgashall, had been bought in with a view to improvement and resale. Unmodernised properties might be sold or, in some cases, pulled down, while the property sales that had been such a feature of the 1950s and 1960s would continue. These of course were originally to pay duties on the death of the third Lord Leconfield. Of properties demolished I particularly remember Snow Hill, a large house in Petworth park, indeed the only property in the park, latterly unoccupied but used in connection with the deer. Snow Hill had neither mains water nor electricity, to say nothing of telephone, and the cost of installing services would have been prohibitive. Snow Hill had the curious feature of attracting snow when it was raining on the slopes below. I have always supposed that this was why it was called Snow Hill. No trace of the building survives now.

The Leconfield Estate was large and diverse, comprising grass, potatoes, livestock, dairy and arable. Its development had been thwarted by the drain on capital from death duties and a punitive rate of taxation on income. Financial stringency apart, it was clearly sensible to consolidate the home farms under one management as opportunity offered, i.e. as leases expired and tenants retired. South Dean at Tillington, with a dairy herd of 160 was a case in point. It was a very productive farm, had always been, and was eminently suitable for direct administration, while items like the dryer would now come into estate use. At Stag Park I was managing with five radial flow bins. Stag was a farm of some 716 acres with 80 Sussex cows and followers and a few Sussex bull calves.

As farms like South Dean came under direct control, I might be driving a thousand miles a week before the coming of the mobile phone. I had my first one in the mid-1980s. It cost five or six hundred pounds at the time and could be used only when I was in a vehicle. I'd gather the workers together in the morning to plan out the day's work – obviously people like shepherds were not involved: their daily routine was clear enough, varying only with the season. A feature of these morning meetings would be an exchange of surplus garden produce, some simply given to anyone who might want it. A huge cabbage did not find any takers, an old worker complaining that he hadn't a large enough saucepan in which to boil it.

In 1976 we had mounted a display of Petworth Sussex cattle in Petworth Park by the lake and in full view of the House itself. The display was a joint initiative of Lord Egremont, Charles Wolseley the new agent and myself. The aim was to promote the Sussex breed in general and the Petworth herd in particular. Some twenty breeders attended, mostly from Kent and East Sussex but others had come specifically from abroad – South Africa and what was then Rhodesia. It was the year of the great drought and already in June the Park was parched and yellow. It was a lot of work for a single-day show but a great success. I remember the sheer

hard work of bringing in and constructing the hurdles and the difficulty, even in June, of driving the stakes into the dry ground. Roger Wootton, freshly arrived at Petworth, was a great help. As we had hoped, we had orders for Sussex bulls, while Lord Plumb, the NFU president made the opening speech. John Glanfield was here from Rhodesia: we put him up at the Crown at Chiddingfold. The Snow Hill paddocks were brought into use and lunch was served in the big white marquee visible on the right of the photograph on page 45.

We were exporting bulls for breeding to South Africa, Rhodesia, Zambia and elsewhere. Sussex bulls adapt readily to African conditions and thrive in a dry heat, but I would find that the sapping humidity of places like the Gulf of Mexico suited them much less well.

In 1982 I was asked to judge the Sussex cattle at the Rand Show in Johannesburg, a considerable honour for myself and the Leconfield Estate. I flew out in April, leaving Heathrow where the temperature was two degrees and landed in Jo'burg where it was 30. The following day I found myself in the bull ring. The 1st class in the morning was the year-old Sussex bulls. I was somewhat dismayed to see 44 animals come into the ring. The usual number of cattle to be judged in a class in this country is ten or twelve. My other difficulty was that the handlers looked identical. I was used to bulls being led round by a variety of handlers who might be anyone from an old man, a young girl, a man with a beard etc. This makes it easier to mark them in your mind as they walk round. In this case the handlers were all native South Africans who wore identical red overalls and white wellington boots. Feeling a bit exposed in the full sun I gradually picked out from the circling bulls the first to the forty-fourth, judging each individual. Luckily I could see immediately which were the best five bulls, but after that it is less easy. In the 3rd class, 18-20 month old bulls, – 20 bulls in this class – my chosen winner 'Brookshall Resolution' was champion bull of the Sussex breed that day. His progeny went on to win all the prizes in South Africa for the next few years. The last class was the Sussex cows – 25 in this class – My chosen winner 'Start Olivia Adette' was later judged, by an independent judge, to be Overall Champion of the Rand Show, winning the gold cup. Clearly I had created sufficient impression to be asked back to Africa five years later. Ardently in 1983 was a memorable success. 'Matador 9th' was the overall winner of the show and sold to a breeder in Natal.

Times were changing and the immediate threat posed by death duties was easing a little: was the use of the home farms for conventional agriculture the best way forward? Might vegetables be a better use of the land? It was not a question that could simply be brushed aside. Leeks, cauliflowers, overwintering onions to supplement the potatoes? We engaged a marketing group to act as our agents. They would sell the produce on our behalf and provide the necessary labour while we prepared the ground, provided tractors and whatever else was necessary. It



Opposite above.

The display of Sussex cattle in Petworth Park in 1976, the land parched and savannah-like in what would be the driest summer anyone could remember.

Opposite below.

Petworth Matador 9th. He was exported to a breeder in Natal in 1984 for the record price of 15,000 guineas, a record which still stands today.

Below.

Three full sisters aged, left to right, nine, seven and four years. They were the winners of the Group of Three class at both the Royal Show and the South of England Show in 1983. Both photographs were taken in front of Stag Park farmhouse, the centerpiece of the third Earl of Egremont's model farm which was constructed in 1782.



would be basically a single annual crop economy but even then I had reservations about taking leeks off the ground in the depths of winter.

The labour force always intrigued me. My favourites were the Sikhs – cheerful and hardworking and arriving on the agency coach as a family unit: muffled in the bitter cold, they would put up a tent and cook their own food. Eight o'clock sharp they would be on the land. Other workers were Portuguese and already there was a sprinkling of East Europeans. The agency would ring me with an order for so many bins of leeks, parsnips or whatever. The leeks would be cut with a fearsome-looking machete, lethal I always thought, in the wrong hands. We still had 150 acres of potatoes at Frog and a good crop of winter barley, and were using our own slurry on the land.

Exporting Sussex bulls to Africa was a complex business, and an expensive one, but then a champion bull could be worth a considerable sum of money. Even in the 1980s 'Matador 9th' was sold for 15,000 guineas and 'Matador 4th' for 8,000. Ironically the latter would prove to be the better buy. Strict quarantine was the order of the day. An animal to be exported might spend three months in the courtyard of the stables at Petworth House. He would then be put into a strong crate and lifted on a crane for the journey to Southampton, en route to Africa. The shipping line would now take responsibility with costs defrayed by the purchasers. A young stockman might accompany the animals.

As was customary with most farmers in the 1980s straw which was surplus to requirement was burned in the field and incorporated into the soil. It gave us a good start to the year, in much the same way as glyphosate does today. One year, having completed our burning programme, the wind blew from the south west at gale force, causing the straw cinders to be blown into Petworth and Tillington. I had so many phone calls regarding the inconvenience it had caused from a baker who had his iced buns ruined to a lady with soiled baby-clothes. The worst affected were offered a sack of potatoes to help calm the waters and all went well until I was called to the kitchen of the Herbert Shiner School: it was in a sorry state. There were five dinner ladies and they demanded a sack of potatoes each. The most embarrassing part of the episode for me was that we had been fortunate to win Champion Farm at the ploughing match the previous year. When I went to retrieve the cups in the Agent's office to give back to the organisers to re-present them they were found to be a third full of ashes. No more stubble burning after that for us and anyway, the practice was banned nationally the following year.

Yes, I remember the great fire at Stag Park. It coincided with the funeral of the Estate accountant Ken Brownsey and meant that I was unable to attend. It was not, as some suggested, caused by spontaneous combustion (nor, thankfully, by stubble burning) but by mice nibbling the electricity cables. The heat was such that you couldn't put your hand to the adjacent stable door for days afterwards.

Three churches and one Sunday

Anne Lewitt in conversation with the editor

I have had the three United Reformed churches at Petworth, Pulborough and Billingshurst under my care for nearly two years now. Of course, it takes time to settle in but I am already beginning to feel at home here. Previously I had four years in charge of two churches in Leeds and came here at the suggestion of the Yorkshire Synod, one of thirteen governing our presence in England, Scotland and Wales. Each Synod has a moderator with a general supervision over their area. I was happy enough in the more urban context of Leeds, but the suggestion that I might look after three smaller country churches appealed to me. It began with a telephone call, some initial information about the churches and a journey down to Sussex. I met representatives, elders and had a look round, got a feel of things and liked what I saw. Equally important, everyone had a chance to meet me. I would be based at Pulborough: quite simply, that is where the manse is.

Three churches and only one Sunday in a week? Lay help is crucial and here the URC minister has a little more freedom of action perhaps than their Anglican and Roman Catholic colleagues. A URC minister must have that help: obviously I cannot be in three separate churches at the same time. In practice I rotate but not slavishly: each church needs its own time but I have to take account of particular occasions. Petworth is the smallest congregation, Pulborough is growing, if gradually, while Billingshurst, given its recent growth, has a stronger family base, reflecting the proximity of the railway station and a significant commuter base. That said, each church has a distinctive character all its own and a reliance on a core of hard-working stalwarts. Has it ever been any different?

I think it's important to set Petworth in a context. Yes, it's not a large congregation but it would be facile to see it as in any way isolated from the mainstream of Petworth life, and it is part of my job to see that it is not. We do work not only as you would expect with other denominations and bodies like Petworth Churches Together. We also take full advantage of the central position of the church: its homely character and its relatively ample capacity. Think of the Friday Coffee Morning, very much a Petworth institution, very much a talking-point and in no way the exclusive province of the URC its host.

The Sunday congregation is the backbone of the URC but I like to think and am surely right to think, that the URC presence goes far beyond this. The URC has an aura, impossible to define, but it is a part of Petworth's very spirit. People may not be members of the congregation but they remember people like Stan Chapman,

Dick Fowler, Desmond Bending the minister, who remain very much alive in Petworth tradition. The Boys' Brigade may be long gone but it remains part of Petworth's continuing awareness. How many people remember Joy Gumbrell at the Sunday School?

Obviously memory does not necessarily translate into attendance but they are part of that aura I have mentioned. To an extent it is a matter of preconceived ideas. You say you have the same difficulty with the Petworth Society: however open you are, or try to be, people have that fear of making the first step into the unknown, to break through a barrier they have themselves created. You say, that having had Leconfield Hall meetings for forty years, the conception is of a closed circle and that first step into the circle becomes ever more difficult. In fact the circle is not closed and never has been, it is an illusion.

My cure of three churches takes in more than worship, crucial as that is. Committees are part of the job! A minister may, with others, assess possible candidates for the ministry, potential lay preachers, or others who simply want to take a humbler position. On occasion I attend conferences or committees in London, for instance, on Equality, Race, Sexuality. Inclusivity is a modern mantra, and rightly so. The world is changing and the church needs to change with it.

A URC minister is in a position of influence but he or she is in no position to dictate even if he or she is so minded. In some ways I have, probably, less freedom of action than my Anglican or Roman Catholic colleagues. I can indeed, I must delegate and lay participation and help is both essential and healthy. Anyone is welcome at services but church membership demands a certain level of commitment and the approval of the congregation acting with the minister as a unit. A prospective member will make a confession of faith, an undertaking to join rotas, help to the best of their ability and make some financial contribution depending on circumstances. Practical matters too – the choice of a hymn book, the date of the Harvest Supper are matters decided not by diktat but by consultation.

Preparing for the week ahead, and thinking of a sermon, I often begin with the reading for the day – usually one Old Testament, one New. I choose the hymns – the organist will need to know in advance. "Rejoice and sing" is one current Hymn Book but we will also use familiar hymns not included. Particular hymns can strike deep very personal chords, in individual memory, different for different people. I conduct funerals of course, in theory there should be some connection, however tenuous, with the church, but this is very much at the discretion of the minister.

Above all, I have an increasing awareness, particularly perhaps in Petworth, of standing in a long and proud non-conforming tradition and of the privilege and responsibility of presenting that tradition in a rapidly changing world.

See 'From the National Newspaper Archive' on page 22.

Tidying cabbages

Pamela Kahane in conversation with Miles Costello

My grandparents William and Eliza Lerwill came from Maddox Down near Barnstaple in Devon at the end of the nineteenth century and settled near Wisborough Green where they took on Pallingham Farm, a Leconfield property that borders the river Arun near Bedham, and where they raised their fourteen children. Several of their sons also took on local farms including Malham, Pallingham Quay and Lee Place. Unfortunately grandfather didn't live to a great age for he died in 1915 as the result of being thrown from his horse; this was five years before I was born.

My father Walter took on Malham Farm, where I was born in 1920, before moving to Lee Place Farm when I was eight. I was the youngest of my parents' six children, Gwen, Nancy, Tom, Florence and Bernard and I am now the last surviving child. Lee Place was not a Leconfield farm but belonged to Colonel Helme who lived at Lee Place Farmhouse and who also owned Northwood Farm which was also tenanted by a Lerwill.

I went to school at Wisborough Green where the small building appeared to be full of Lerwills who were all my cousins. I remember a Miss Cork being one of the teachers and the headmaster was Mr Crawford whose son Felix married one of my aunts. The school was a two-mile walk each way and we took our lunch with us. When my grandfather died his widow came to live in the village at Yew Tree Cottage and most of my older cousins would have their lunch with her. Sadly she had died by the time I went to school. Later I would move on to Horsham High School for Girls and would cycle to Billingshurst station, catch a train to Horsham and then walk a mile at the other end to the school, quite a trip there and back in all weathers. Of course we went to church – everyone did. We would go to the parish church for Sunday school which looking back was quite strange as my grandfather was a chapelgoer and had the Congregational Mission built in the village shortly before the First World War, it is a private house now.

Father employed several men at Lee Place, one was Ernie Sopp, a carter, who was with us for many years and lived in one of our cottages. Yes we still had working horses throughout the war. The farm was quite large – about five hundred acres and mixed, we had a dairy herd, sheep and arable crops. I had just left school and I planned to become a teacher when the war started. That was out of the question as I was needed on the farm and both my sister Nancy, who had been a teacher at Kirdford School, and I became land army girls at Lee Place Farm. We would do all

of the jobs that the men had previously done, though our main task was looking after the dairy herd. We would rise early and milk the cows by hand. I was in the land army for six years. My brother also helped as he was in a reserved occupation.

My husband to be, Paul Kahane had been exempt from service during the war due to poor health and instead had been posted to Birmingham where he worked at a factory making torpedo heads. He and his mother were living at Kirdford on the Plaistow Road at the time and when he returned home he worked for an aunt of mine who had Linfold Farm at Kirdford. Paul was of Romanian descent and his father had been very well off but sadly his parents' marriage broke up and Paul and his mother came to live at Great Common in Kirdford in greatly reduced circumstances. Fortunately she had been a friend of the Vicar at the time and he may well have helped find the cottage they lived in.

Paul and I were married at Pulborough in 1954 and set up home at Lee Place Farm. My parents were by then elderly and needed some assistance and it fell to me as the youngest girl to help them. Sadly my father passed away shortly after we married and with his death the farm tenancy ended and we had to be out by Michaelmas. After some searching we found a smallholding at West Chiltington, it was eight acres and a house and so we bought Common Land Farm for five thousand pounds, a not inconsiderable amount, with the help of Mr Tupper the Midland Bank manager at Petworth. The house was barely modernised, with little heating, but we remained there for four years while my brother worked the land and grew vegetables and kept chicken.

Paul was working at the time for Colonel Muir at Idehurst on the Petworth Road at Wisborough Green. The Colonel had a shop in Horsham and a stall at the market where Paul would sell plants for him. One day Jimmy Wardrop from Moor Farm at Petworth, who had married one of my sisters, came to tea and just happened to mention that Mr Money the Golden Square greengrocer was hoping to retire and was looking for someone to take over the business. Paul thought that there may be an opportunity and so he went and spoke to Mr Money and in what seemed a short while he had bought the business lock stock and barrel, although the building itself remained the property of a Mr Knight.

Tucked into the corner of Golden Square at the entrance to Back Lane, the shop was rather small with a store at the rear where the little café is now. Of course the modern shopping arcade wasn't there though there was a bookmaker and other little businesses, plumbers and such like in the yard next-door. It was hard to make a living from the shop as there were several other greengrocers in the town, Mr Muggeridge just up the High Street and Mr Jerrome in Pound Street, that is without the Co-op and The International Stores, but people tended to shop locally and might come in several times a week. Paul had several assistants over the years from Saturday girls who just filled in to Mrs Clark who more or less ran

the shop and who later married the Reverend Bending, the minister at the nearby Congregational Church. Paul didn't buy his produce at market: having placed an order a wholesaler would come up from Worthing with a flatbed lorry and deliver the goods. Where possible he would also buy from local growers when their produce was in season and he also sold a lot of flowers. Unfortunately he was colour-blind, though he never let on to his customers who might come in and ask for a bunch of flowers of a certain colour and he would more often than not pick up the wrong ones though he usually recovered by making a joke of it. Our son Tim also worked in the shop at weekends and during school holidays just to earn a bob or two. While the shop was compact it always seemed very busy. As with most local shops it was important that you were able to deliver orders and Petworth House was one of our many customers. I imagine that the House tended to share around their custom and tried not to favour one trader against another. A big problem was perishable goods and so at home we always seemed to have fruit and vegetables somewhat past their best as Paul didn't like to throw them away if we could eat them.

As you went in the shop door on the left was a little deli-counter while on the right and straight ahead were two old-fashioned counters with all the vegetable stands behind. Customers didn't help themselves, they were served just as you would expect in a traditional greengrocer. Out the back in the bitterly cold storeroom would usually be found a youngster chopping the ends off Brussels sprouts or tidying cabbages. One day Paul caught a little boy pinching nuts and he smacked him on the bottom before chasing him out of the shop. His mother, who had just bought a lettuce, was furious and she threw it at Paul and stormed out. Paul picked up the lettuce, wiped it off and put it on the shelf to sell again.

Paul was really quite religious and he was convinced that he could heal people by 'laying on hands'. He was quite seriously involved with a group of adherents known as 'Seekers', they believed in the power of collective prayer by which they could connect with the dead and effect change in the world. They rarely met each other physically but would congregate spiritually at a given time to pray. It was very important to Paul that he didn't miss the allotted time and he would always make sure that he was home. I believe that his mother had also been a 'Seeker' and so it was handed down. It was something of a mystery to the rest of the family and certainly not something he shared with us even though he would at one point become president of the group.

Paul became well known in Petworth and I would imagine that many people still remember him. He had a lifelong passion for golf and could best be described as something of an eccentric though he managed to keep that well disguised. The old shop now sells upmarket lingerie rather than apples and cabbages, a reflection perhaps on the greatly altered shopping habits in the town. Paul retired in the mid-nineteen eighties and passed away at the age of ninety-four in 2008.

Ian & Linda's Lord's Piece walk. May 19th

Miles Costello

This is familiar territory for many dog walkers and lies immediately south of the road that leads from Heath End to Fittleworth and at the junction of the lane which takes us on to Sutton. Part of the Barlavington Estate, the sandy waste stretches from Sutton Common to Broadhalfpenny and is a gently undulating heath with shallow hills at least one of which is topped by an ancient tumulus. Our walk begins at the car park on the road to Sutton and we almost immediately begin the long but kind ascent to Sutton Common. The area appears remarkably barren for little seems to grow on this greensand ridge and even the Ling for which the heath is noted has yet to show any signs of life. Despite the common being bone dry Milly the retriever manages to find a hidden mud-hole and emerges from the brush with a black sludge plastering her previously golden coat. We pass the former Coates National School on our left, a gift from Lord Leconfield, it is an interesting example of the Victorians' rush to educate even in these remotest of rural areas. Turning south we skirt the edge of the common, the path is well trodden but the absence of other walkers is apparent. Still in the sand we at last enter woodland where oaks have recently been felled opening up the poor earth to swathes of Foxgloves yet to expose their flowers. Dying bluebells line the track, while dainty white Lesser stitchwort, Dwarf forget-me-not and Viper's bugloss are in full bloom creating a sharp contrast to the open heathland. Wendy spots a bright yellow Azalea hidden amongst a recently cleared Rhododendron thicket, clearly an imposter and yet comfortably at home in this weak acidic soil. Across the Sutton Road we negotiate the base of Column Hill and Broadhalfpenny before arriving once again at the car park. A circular walk if not quite a circle. Time for the essential group photograph and an opportunity to shake the dusty sand from our boots.

In the 1970s Lord's Piece, a part of Barlavington Estate, supported the last surviving British colony of the Field cricket, *Gryllus campestris*, and by 1992 it was estimated that fewer than 60 pairs survived. However, the Estate, working in partnership with Natural England and the Invertebrate Conservation Centre at London Zoo, has seen populations, even in poor years, increase to several hundreds. Such numbers are often sufficient for the Lord's Piece Field Crickets to provide breeding pairs for the Zoological Society of London, which runs a captive rearing programme at London Zoo. The young which are reared are then used to establish new populations in Surrey, West Sussex and Hampshire, the entire historical range of this insect in England.

Opposite. Summer rain on Lord's Piece. A graphite monoprint by Jonathan Newdick.



It's only the Annual General Meeting – but read on!

Keith Thompson

Members should not be put off at the prospect of the Society's Annual General Meeting. This was to be its 45th.

An element of entertainment may be expected during the business proceedings and there's always a reward in the presentation by a speaker which follows.

There was an attendance of 25, including a handful of people recently enrolled. Our new Honorary Treasurer, Nick Wheeler, commented on his report on the finances, so clearly presented, explaining that they were now running on a cash basis and much simpler to operate. Balances remained much the same if the awaited Gift Aid returns were taken into account. There had been a saving of £1500 per annum on magazine production costs since the design and printing had passed to Jonathan Newdick. The Chairman added his appreciation of Mr Newdick and thanks to Mr Wheeler, a pleasure to work with.

In the absence of additional nominations, the current Committee was re-elected en bloc.

In his Chairman's Report, Peter Jerrome, said that the magazine was the flagship of the Society and judging by attendances at meetings, it would appear to be the main reason for joining. He praised Mr Newdick for making it an outstanding publication, unequalled among other societies. The Book Sales, also a flagship, brought income enabling the Society to do things others could not. Concerning talks, people seemed to prefer local topics. The Annual Dinner was being brought back to Petworth House. Fair Day was being handed over to an ad hoc committee on which the Society was represented and he was confident that it would continue with new ideas. Slides, thanks to Ian Godsmark, were shown of the Gumber (Madehurst) walk, the Cottage Museum garden with a display of gazanias, the visit to Marwell Zoo, Lord Egremont speaking at the Annual Dinner, the South Downs Folk Singers and Tipteers at the Christmas evening, David Bramwell (speaker), walks to Pittshill and Lord's Piece.

Questions concerned any plans for the Society's future. Mr Jerrome replied that it was always exercising the mind, but the proposals for the reconfiguration of the Leconfield Hall would influence activities. The Hall was left to the people of Petworth. It had been virtually run by the Society for 25 years, but the current committee had no Society representation.

It had not been possible to book an outside speaker to follow as a vacant date for the hall could not be found to match the availability of those contacted.

However, Miles Costello came to the rescue, speaking and showing the results of his putting photographs of local interest on Facebook, often resulting in amazing responses.

The first shown was the doll's head fixed in the Leconfield Estate wall in North Street opposite Thompson's Almshouses, unknown to many in Petworth since the traffic in the street made its location and viewing so difficult. There was a Boy Scout patrol of 1941, which included Mr. Stevenson, headmaster of the Boys' School at the time who was later killed in the 1942 bombing. There was Bacon's shop on the day it closed in the year 2000, with the owner, Mr Christie and assistant Sue Purser (née Madgewick). There was the alehouse, Angel Shades, with the landlady, Mrs Wakeford, at the door. There was the late-lamented and much loved Miss Joy Gumbrell of the Byworth bakery as a child and in later life. There was the Primary Schools' sports day at Culvercroft in Pound Street, which had become the Boys' School after the bombing, while the Infants' School was on the site of the present Public Library and the Girls' School was in East Street. Mr Arthur Hill, the then headmaster, was presenting the prizes. There was Peter's shop in Pound Street when it was owned by Mr W. Caine; the Golden Café, haunt of 1960s teenagers; allotments in Station Road, now occupied by the Fire Station; a newly discovered and mysterious painting of the Shimmings Valley, an early photograph of the footpath 'round the hills' and finally, the Dog's Grave at the Gog. Zeke was the mascot of the Toronto-Scottish Regiment stationed locally. This Facebook posting prompted considerable response from people who wanted to know where it is, those who thought they knew but couldn't find it and people who just remembered it. One response was from a lady called Heidi, the Canadian High Commissioner's Official Bugler, who had come to Petworth one afternoon and had walked from the town and found the grave. Accompanying her Facebook message were photographs she had taken of the grave decorated with small Canadian flags, and a short video of her playing her bugle. The performance was accompanied by the plaintive whining of her dog who was looking at the gravestone almost as if trained to do so. (See 'Zeke and the power of Facebook' on page 50).

So that was a fascinating end to an evening which many would have expected to be an uninspiring time. Far from it and it would appear that Miles has discovered an untapped source of interest in Petworth far and wide.

The invasion of 1910

The June Book Sale. Peter Jerrome

Discarded library books are familiar incoming Book Sale material. Most are culled prior to the sale – wear and tear, disfiguring stamps, issue page torn out, content outdated. It's unusual, I'd hesitate perhaps to say unique, to find a complete issue sheet like the one illustrated. Davies's Library, two pence a week, the borrowers are, of course, anonymous and in the nature of the case must remain so.

The book.¹ First published in 1906 and reissued in Hurst & Blackett's library edition of William le Queux 'The Master of Mystery' series would be perhaps somewhat dated in 1933² – might the cars passing daily on the Great North Road still be numbered in 'dozens'? But William le Queux was a name to be reckoned with, and the book far from that prolific author's only production in 1906.

Strongly backed by the press baron Alfred Harmsworth (Lord Northcliffe), and rallying to the insistence of Lord Roberts on military retrenchment after the Boer War, le Queux had been commissioned to write a series of articles in Northcliffe's *Daily Mail* drawing attention to an undefended east coastline. The fruit of detailed topographical research by le Queux and his advisors, the invasion of England in novel form would sell in millions, be translated into twenty-seven languages and make le Queux a wealthy man.

A turgid read today, the book is a combination of detailed study of terrain, heroism and bloodshed on an apocalyptic scale. England's makeshift defences are overrun by the German military machine, but the invaders are finally driven back by English grit and determination at the cost of un-numbered lives, civilian and military, and with London and other cities a smoking ruin.

The lesson is hammered home. 'London – the proud capital of the world, the "home" of the Englishman – was at last ground beneath the iron heel of Germany! And all, alas! due to one cause alone – the careless insular apathy of the Englishman himself!' The book also taps into a widespread febrile unease that a large German dispersion in the country, were agents of the Kaiser and waiting the word to rise at their master's bidding. Might not the ubiquitous itinerant German bands be spies reporting back to Berlin?

In the light of this, the *Mystery of a Motor Car* appears a little tame. It is a convoluted story of international intrigue with a strong anti-German slant. The plot moves with breathless speed but relies too much on coincidence to be really convincing. The hero survives a number of adventures which would make even the later Dick Barton quail – one involving being bitten by a cobra in a locked

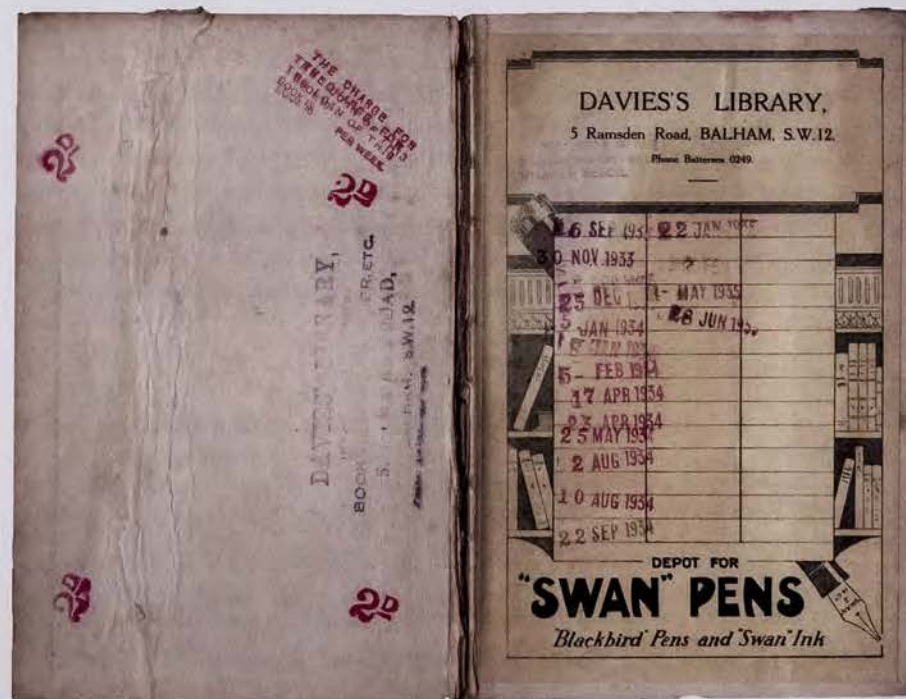
room. As the venom takes hold and his head swims he exits into Fitzroy Street via an upstairs window, leaving his Teutonic enemies helpless on the other side of the locked door. William le Queux, it is said, was Queen Alexandra's favourite novelist.

In 'This was a very serious state of things...' (*PSM* 147, March 2012) I draw attention to another 'classic' of the genre: Walter Wood, *The Enemy In Our Midst*, John Long (1906). The standard treatments are I. F. Clarke, *Voices Propheying War* (1966) and *The Great War with Germany 1890-1914* (1997).

1. William le Queux, *The Mystery of a Motor Car*, Hurst & Blackett, c. 1933.

2. The issue dates are from 1933 and 1934.

The front endpaper and issue page of the Hurst & Blackett edition of *The Mystery of a Motor Car*.



FROM THE NATIONAL NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE

Miles Costello

Bazaar at Petworth. *Chichester Express & West Sussex Journal*, September 17th 1867

The old fair field was the great centre of attraction last Thursday, a fancy bazaar being held on that day in aid of the funds for the completion of the Congregational Church in Golden Square. In the morning it rained in torrents, and fears were entertained that the bazaar could not be held out of doors; but fortunately the rain cleared off and the day proved delightfully fine, the sun shining in all its summer splendour. The large tent was very delightfully decorated with flowers, evergreens &c. Attached to the bazaar was a museum, which was well patronised and contained some very interesting and rare objects. The electric machine proved highly amusing to the juveniles especially. At the entrance was a stuffed greyhound, which a short time ago could have been running about the town. It was the work of Mr Jacob, naturalist of Pound Street, who sent several cases of stuffed birds and animals. Among the numerous interesting things in the museum was 'The natural coloured sand of Alum Bay', so arranged as to represent Shanklin Chine, Isle of Wight; some very beautiful petrified barnacles, a Chinese umbrella, scent jar from Madagascar, some African girl's anklets, a specimen of marine telegraph, bottle of water from the Ganges, Chinese Testament, several kinds of reptiles, two cases of insects, a kangaroo, foxes, owls, an excellent collection of grasses, some Chinese vases, Burmese idols, Australian rat, an otter &c., &c. There was a music box kindly lent by Mr F. G. Morgan. There were a great many persons present throughout the day, including many of the gentry of the town and neighbourhood.

The above is a condensed version of the original report. The bazaar was held some 12 years after the inauguration of the building in October 1855 – the commemorative corner stone having been laid just four months earlier in June. Miss Gumbrell in her history of the Church¹ states that the church was completed the year following the inauguration. She was correct inasmuch as the exterior building works may well have been finished, however, the interior furnishings, much of which would have come from the redundant chapel in East Street, were hardly suitable, and it would have taken many years to raise the funds to replace the rather old and worn fittings. The old fair field was in Grove Street in the shadow of Petworth House of Correction which by the time of the bazaar was very much in decline and would be demolished little over a decade later. Of Mr Jacob the 'naturalist' little is known of his taxidermy skills if indeed the stuffed animals were of his own creation. He would, however, gain considerable recognition in the fruit growing world from his allotment and orchard in Pound Street.

1. *Chronicle of the Origins of the United Reformed Church, Petworth, 1640-1996*. See 'Three churches and one Sunday' on page 11.

Petworth House Gardens, June 16th

Peter Jerrome. Photographs by Gordon Stevenson

A discouraging weather forecast did nothing to dampen the spirits of those arriving at the Estate Yard in Park Road for 'three o'clock sharp'. In fact the threatened rain never quite materialised. Lady Egremont welcomed everyone in the reconfigured vegetable garden where she explained that the area under cultivation had been reduced by the construction of paths – grass and self-binding Breedon gravel from Derbyshire.

A central circular bed, some thirty feet in diameter has been constructed from a dismantled ornamental pond with a fountain from elsewhere in the gardens; the fountain now removed, the water replaced with soil and its great stone rim mimicking the edge of a giant flower pot. A striking feature with giant foxtail lilies (*Eremurus himalaicus*) replacing the fountain and projecting like rockets into the troubled June sky. Time to note the new glasshouse, constructed of powder-coated aluminium in a delicate shade of pale grey-green, requiring no painting and impervious to rot.

Moving from kitchen to ornamental, we were now in the Sunk Garden created originally by Fred Streeter for Lady Leconfield in the 1930s. Attention immediately focused on the pool, square, still and an inky black in colour, an effect produced by a tablet placed in the water, in a different context a dye used in food production. No fish disturb the impassive surface of the pool, while pink water lilies named 'James Brydon' reflect in the dark water. The entire garden is planted in shades of pink, silver and purple and the intention is to mirror the sky and to catch the occasional moon in the tranquil water of the pool, which is edged with Sussex marble.

Next to the Cloister Garden which Lady Egremont has constructed from a former tennis court, still remembered in use, there is a gravel garden framed by two pergolas of white wisteria and a hornbeam stilt hedge. A central pool has permanently bubbling water drawn from a spring on Lawn Hill in Petworth Park, previously blocked off, but now directed into the gardens and, ultimately, to a reservoir serving the kitchen garden. Here a gravel garden has Mediterranean type drought-resisting varieties such as lavender, iris, cistus, (*Romneya coulteri*), the Californian tree poppy and Gallica roses.

The party then dispersed in different directions, walking through various walled enclosures including the naturalised paddock with Southdown sheep grazing and its six apple trees, two each of Worcester, Kent and Katy, chosen for their bright

red colouring and with the rambler rose Francis E. Lester entwined among the branches.

Gradually the group re-formed in a leisurely way and made its way towards the House across the south lawn where we could see Lady Egremont's 35-year-old tree planting coming to fruition and the swirling drifts of wild flowers, ox-eye daisies predominant and at their best in June. The party then had tea under an arbour on the terrace designed by the architect Adam Richards.

The weather may have given little away, but this could only contrast with the warmth of our reception from Lord and Lady Egremont and their helpers. Gardens are to be enjoyed and we were given an afternoon to remember.

Below. *Cornus kousa* 'John Slocock' with meadow cranesbill (*Geranium pratense*) underneath. *Opposite.* A pergola of white wisteria (*W. Sinensis alba*), Evergreen columns of *Trachelospermum asiaticum* define the openings. The roundel at the end bears the inscription 'Fair Quiet have I found thee here' from Andrew Marvell's 'The Garden' (*Miscellaneous Poems*, 1681).



A palimpsest of fragile memory

Jonathan Newdick

When Luke Howard, the Leconfield Estate electrician, told me about the old posters on the walls of the estate carpenter's workshop I had no idea what I might find. What I found is remarkable. Newspaper cuttings and posters from the middle of the nineteenth century, still there on the walls where they were pasted all those years ago. Newsprint is designed to last for 24 hours, seven days at the most and poster paper not much longer, yet some of this stuff is 170 years old and more. A palimpsest of fragile memory where memory has often become mystery.

Here is a poster for Bulwers', *The Lady of Lyons* at Petworth Theatre, October 19th 1853. If Sir Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer-Lytton, 1st Baron Lytton, PC (25 May 1803 – 18 January 1873) is remembered today it will not be for *The Lady of Lyons* but for the 'The Bulwer-Lytton Fiction Contest', held annually at the English Department of San Jose State University in California. Entrants are invited 'to compose the opening sentence to the worst of all possible novels' – that is, deliberately bad. Poor Sir Edward is remembered this way for the opening phrase of his 1830 novel *Paul Clifford*, which begins 'It was a dark and stormy night...'. He is credited also with responsibility for the phrases 'the great unwashed' and 'the pen is mightier than the sword'. How the good folk of Petworth responded to *The Lady of Lyons* is not recorded but it was a popular melodrama, being first produced in London at Covent Garden Theatre on February 15th 1838 and was revived many times over the rest of the 19th century.

On February 2nd 1854 the Petworth Scientific Institute were presenting 'The Origin and Unity [?] of the Human Race', a lecture with illustrations '[including?] the Heads of all the Inhabitants of the Globe' by a 'Soldier of the 88th Regiment' whose surname appears to be Cosgrove. What's it all about? Who now knows?

Here too, is a railway timetable for trains to Brighton from Crawley, Fay Gate [two words in those days], Horsham, Billingshurst, Pulborough, Petworth and Midhurst... admission to the Grand Aquarium reduced to 6d on, presumably, production of your railway ticket.

An engraving of a dancing elephant, a highwayman, Dick Turpin perhaps, spurring away to the west, the excise men having lost him again, looking downcast.

There is something about a cricket match. The town band make more than one appearance: nothing unusual about those two. But why some sort of almanac with saint's days and other notable dates – West India Docks opened, 21st August 1802; the Battle of Bosworth Field, 22nd August 1485; the death of Lady Arabella

Stewart on September 15th 1615 and the birth of Earl Russell on August 18 1792. Who now remembers the significance of the Treaty of Prague on August 23rd 1866? The railway accident at Thorpe St Andrew in Norfolk on 10th September 1874 was dramatically illustrated in the *The Illustrated London News* at the time but the engravings seem not to have made it to the workshop wall. The tragedy gets just a mention between the 15th Sunday after Trinity and the death of Captain Basil Hall in 1844.

There is plenty here to distract a carpenter from planing a length of timber but John Staker, the present incumbent, is not distracted by any of this and nor by me with cameras and tripods. I am grateful to him for his relaxed tolerance.

These seven pages present only a small selection of what remains on the walls but it is now all recorded and the collection may one day find its way into a book.



HEAR RETURN TICKETS TO BRIGHTON.

GOOD FRIDAY, EASTER SUNDAY, MONDAY, AND TUESDAY.

TRAINS TO BRIGHTON AND BACK FROM

	FIRST CLASS.		SECOND CLASS.	
	S.	D.	S.	D.
WLEY	6	0	4	0
FAY GATE			2	6
HORSHAM				
ELLINGHAM				
BOBO				
TWON				
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will be issued from the above Stations by all Times Class each day, available to return the same evening.

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TUESDAY, APRIL 15th.

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BRIGHTON RACE COURSE.

NIGHT General Manager

SEPTEMBER

1 S	Partidge shoot	1869
2 S	14th Sunday after Trinity	1794
3 M	Cromwell d., 1658	
4 Tu	St. Cuthbert	
5 W	Edward Bonner	
6 Th	Genevieve's Feast	
7 F	Alexander of Russia	
8 S	Garibaldi's death, Naples, 1866	
9 S	15th Sunday after Trinity	
10 M	Ranking accident at Thorpe, 1764	
11 Tu	Captain Basil Hall d., 1841	
12 W	Blacker d., 1819	
13 Th	C. J. Fox d., 1806	
14 F	Wellington d., 1859	
15 S	Lady Arbella Stuart d., 1655	
16 S	16th Sunday after Trinity	
17 M	Philip IV. of Spain d., 1665	
18 Tu	Gilbert d., 1643	
19 W	Dr. Johnson b., 1709	
20 Th	Battle of Beilby, 1854	
21 F	St. Matthew	
22 S	Lord Beauman d., 1854	
23 S	17th Sunday after Trinity	
24 M	Lord Fairlie d., 1865	
25 Tu	Lucknow relieved, 1857	
26 W	Constantinople founded 326	

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Castle JP GIN Distilled from unmalted Corn, and highly rectified Distillery. Strength, 55 per cent.

Castle PROOF GIN Distilled from unmalted Corn, and highly rectified Distillery. Strength, proof.

Castle UP IRISH-WHITE from fine Malt, and highly rectified. Strength, 55 per cent.

DO IRISH Dublin

SEPTEMBER

1 S	Partidge shoot	1869
2 S	14th Sunday after Trinity	1794
3 M	Cromwell d., 1658	
4 Tu	St. Cuthbert	
5 W	Edward Bonner	
6 Th	Genevieve's Feast	
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EXTEMPORE

LECTURE

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS,

of the Heads of all the Inhabitants of the Globe,

ON THAT MUCH CONTESTED PROBLEM,—

ORIGIN AND UNIT

OF THE

MAN RACE.

AT THE TOWN HALL,

Thursday Evening February, 2nd 1854.

Open at half past Seven. Lectures to Commence at Eight o'clock

Admission for Non-Subscribers may be had of the

at 4s. each

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MORGA

Further memories of Culvercroft

Melvyn Bridger in conversation with Miles Costello

There are some memories of Culvercroft School that remain quite clear while others have long since faded. Like all local boys I first went to the Infants' School in the High Street before moving on to Culvercroft. As usual the infants would walk to Culvercroft to have their lunch. Surprisingly I hardly recall doing that at all apart from the one occasion which has stuck in my memory. It was the day of the annual school photographs and we infants were walking down the road to get our lunch. As usual we walked in pairs holding hands with our partner. On this day I was with a lad from the Polish Camp named 'Spisho', when we got to the corner of Dammer's Bridge and Saddlers Row 'Spisho', for no apparent reason, bent right over as if to peer at something on the ground, natural curiosity got the better of me and as I looked to see what he was doing he stood up and his head whacked me in the eye. Well, as you can imagine by the time it came to having our photographs taken I had a huge shiny black-eye. As I said, that was my only recollection of walking to Culvercroft for lunch.

I suppose I was eight when I started at Culvercroft and there were several Polish lads in my class. They were quite distinctive as many of them wore hob-nailed boots with long socks up to their knees and topped off by knickerbocker style trousers. As I lived at Hampers Green I would sometimes walk home across the Park with the Polish lads as they made their way to the camp. I remember there was a story about the white stag that lived in the Park and it was considered very unlucky to see it. Such was our fear of looking directly at the 'beast' that on one occasion 'Spisho' and I crawled on our bellies all the way down Lawn Hill just to avoid seeing the stag. The Polish Camp was immediately beyond what we called The Polish Lake and there was a high perimeter fence all around it which jutted out into the lake. If the gate was locked the only way to get in was to walk along the fence, avoiding falling into the water, and climb around the end and back into the camp. A risky business indeed.

Back to Culvercroft. Mr Hill, the head teacher, had an office on the right as you entered the front door. I remember standing outside that office on several occasions waiting for a whacking, not always but usually for some quite minor misdemeanour. The dining room was at the back of the building where Mrs Wakeford the cook was in charge. This was my favourite place as I loved my school dinners and would eat just about anything that was laid in front of me. I guess that like most growing lads I was constantly hungry and of course we didn't

really get a lot of snacks in those days. Talking of school dinners I remember Mr Salter used to collect all of the food waste from the school kitchens and feed it to the pigs he kept at the allotments in the Horsham Road.

Mrs Hill the headmaster's wife took some classes but I think they were mainly 'arty' lessons. They were generally held upstairs above the dining room. I enjoyed the lessons and particularly recall making things with raffia and cane. Mr Rivett also took his class upstairs and was known for being a bit free with a cane or slipper. On one occasion a Polish lad threw the slipper out of the window, I'm not sure what happened but I guess that he probably got the cane instead.

Myself and another of the older boys would each morning be sent round to the girls' and infants' schools to get the numbers for dinner. Just the thought of knocking on the door of Miss Slade's class sent a shiver down my spine. There was always a delay before 'come in' and then the risk of being ritually humiliated in front of a classroom of girls.

Down by the school gates there were some stables and I can clearly recall taking my cycling proficiency test there, it was also where we would pot up bulbs for the following spring.

The lawn at Culvercroft was strictly out of bounds except on sports day. While memories of the occasion have mostly failed I can still recall winning the three-legged race with Ian Parker as my partner. An unlikely achievement considering I was a big lad for my age even then.

Winters were always memorable at Culvercroft and it generally seemed much colder than nowadays. I believe that 1955 was a particularly cold winter with heavy snow which, unlike today, never seemed to stop us getting to school. The Park lake froze over and the estate sent a Landrover on to it to test the strength of the ice before we children were allowed on. In the playground an ice slide was created by the playground wall. If you were careful you could slide through a narrow gap between the wall and a cherry tree, of course not every child was successful and injuries did occur.

Petworth Heritage open weekend

For the second year running, on the weekend of 21st to 22nd September the Petworth Society is supporting this nationwide event when hundreds of historic attractions will be open to the public free of charge. The weekend at Petworth will be co-ordinated from the Leconfield Hall where information on all the participating attractions will be available along with refreshments and a slide show of old photographs of Petworth and the neighbourhood. Petworth House will be open and regular guided walks will start from there and take in St Mary's Church and the town before ending at the Petworth Cottage Museum. Other attractions include Coultershaw Beam Pump and Burton Mill. On the Saturday Petworth Town band will be entertaining locals and visitors alike in Golden Square. This weekend is important in that it brings together several of the local heritage groups and attractions under one organising umbrella and so illustrating how different interests can work together to promote the history of the area. For further information on venues and opening times please see local publicity.

Changing Petworth (4)

Harvesting greens at Frog Farm in May 1936. A scene to contrast with that described in 'Of cabbages and champion bulls' on page 5. Photograph by George Garland.



'Rain Could Not Ruin Effort To Help Church'

From the *Midhurst and Petworth Observer*, August 1951

Edn. 1213 Phone: Midhurst 14
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No. 3,628 Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper SATURDAY, AUGUST 1951

Circulating in Easebourne, Lodsworth, Fernhurst, Lynchmere, Lurgashall, Camelsdale, Hammi

Rain Could Not Ruin Effort To Help Church

PETWORTH FETE
RAISES £250
Colourful Procession

Three-Cornered Fight Likely
Unless one of the candidates withdraws by noon to-day, there will be a three-cornered fight in the by-election at Graham and South Ambersham for the seat on

Petworth's Festival of Britain Fête was robbed of most of its lustre by the incessant rain throughout Monday but it could not be described as anything else but successful.

Some £250 was raised, although the net profit for the Restoration of the Church Tower Fund is not yet known.

The whole town combined to present the mammoth spectacle in a major effort to relieve the town of its biggest 'eyesore' – the church tower in its present state – but the hours of hard work in preparation had to go by the board when some of the later events on the ten-hour programme had to be abandoned.

However some of the colour and pageantry that would have been the features of the day were seen when the half-mile carnival procession, which was organised by Miss Westlake and Miss Fox, passed through the town to Petworth Park, which was the main centre of the day's events.

Hundreds lined the Market Square as the vehicles began to assemble and the Festival Queen, 18-year-old photographer's assistant Miss Stella Speed, and her attendants, Miss Peggy Cargill (21), clerk, of Angel Street, Petworth, and



Miss June Vickers (18), hairdresser, of London Road, Petworth, arrived for the 'crowning' ceremony.

The Queen, wearing a dress of white net over taffeta, with a pink sash and a black velvet cloak with a white collar, had a crown of flowers placed on her head by the Rector of Petworth and Tillington (The Rev. L. H. Yorke). Her 'throne' was on a floral decorated lorry, on which she rode at the head of the procession behind the combined Petworth and Midhurst Town Band.

While she presided over the day's festivities, Miss Speed did not know that her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Speed of High Street, Billingshurst, were involved in the train crash at Ford the previous day.

Although the couple luckily escaped injury, Stella's parents thought it best to keep the incident a secret until the event was over.

The 'royal' party sheltered under umbrellas and the attendants had mackintoshes draped about their shoulders during the ride.

A considerable amount of ingenuity and skill was shown in the carnival exhibits, especially in the decorated lorries and vans classes. The theme of 1851-1951 was predominant as shown in Mr. Gordon Gwillim's first prize entry, the old mill, and the Youth Club's beach scene, which was complete with Punch and Judy show as well as bathing 'belles' of both eras.

Petworth Boy Scouts staged an Hawaiian scene with the assistance of Girl Guides on a horse-drawn cart, while the Boys' Brigade entered a Heath Robinson train which travelled through the manpower of their office, Mr. S. C. Chapman.

A topical note was struck by the model of Petworth Church, staged by Messrs. Hooper and Standing and the Festival Garden which was Messrs. B. S. Austin's [sic] contribution.

An ancient and decrepit fire engine, shown by the Leconfield Estate Company and held in check by two bearded firemen and a vintage car from Harwood's Garage, raised many laughs.

Also featuring in the prize list were Petworth Darby and Joan Club, whose members, including 86-year-old Mr. Frederick Carfrae, in black coat and top hat, and Mrs. King, braved the rain on top of an open lorry.

One of the most attractive entries in the whole procession was Mrs. Jack Dwyer's 'Crinoline Lady', modelled over an ordinary saloon car. Altogether there were over 30 vehicles, vans and cars, which had been entered, mainly with the town's tradesfolk and in addition there were dozens of people, both young and old, in fancy dresses.

Opposite above. Petworth W.I. Mrs Harvey on the extreme right. Can anyone identify the other figures? Opposite below. Petworth Town Band brave the elements in Pound Street. Photographs by George Garland.

A tribute to Mrs Paddick – the L.F. Ramsey story

Shaun Cooper

'Is it true, Ma'am, that they're going to raise the school age?' asked Mrs Paddick, pausing in her polishing of the spare room grate. Mrs Paddick comes in twice weekly to 'do' for me. She is the best-tempered woman I have ever met, and that is saying something in a county noted for good-tempered women.'

'Quite true, Mrs. Paddick. So your Syd will be all right, won't he?'

Mrs Paddick shook her head doubtfully. 'I dunno about that, Ma'am. He sauces me so already I can't do a thing with him till his Dad comes home. Same as last night, he wanted to go out to play with the big boys. I told him it was raining and he couldn't go, an' he says to me:

"If you don't let me go, Mum, I'll cut off your head with the carving knife."

"Oh Syd," I says to him. "What would your Dad say when he came home?"

"He'd ask me where your head was, Mum, and I'd tell him I'd cut it off an' give it to the cat."

'Where does a child of six get such ideas, Mrs. Paddick?'

'That's what I dunno, Ma'am. He's that deedy, too.'

This is the start of a short article in the *West Sussex Gazette*, January 30th 1936. It was titled 'Our Syd' and was written as by 'A Sussex Woman', and the newspaper went on to publish more conversations she had had with Mrs Paddick, each week, for thirty-eight years.

The main aim of the Mrs Paddick articles was to record and preserve words and expressions from the Sussex dialect, and each of the conversations usually included a few examples. Explanations of the meanings of the dialect words were hardly ever given, but from the way they appeared in the dialogue it was usually fairly easy to determine what they meant. The word 'deedy' though (at the end of the quote above) means 'clever'.

Not only did Mrs Paddick use local provincialisms in her talk, she also knew a lot of superstitions and country lore, and some of these old beliefs were quite unusual. For example, it is fairly well-known that people used to nail horseshoes on doors and walls to keep witches away, but when Mrs Paddick was asked why witches avoided such horseshoes, December 13th 1951, she said that it was because the witch had to turn round and count all the footprints the horseshoe had made. Other instances can be found among the many strange country remedies she knew

of – such as the advice of one of her elderly neighbours to swallow a live centipede to cure a bad headache.

Gradually, as the Mrs Paddick conversations became popular, more details about the Paddick family were given. Readers learnt that her first name was Annie, and that her husband was called Charlie. He had been a carter when he first began courting her.

Not all of the articles by 'A Sussex Woman' in the newspaper actually recorded conversations with Mrs Paddick. Every now and then, there would be something different. For instance, that of July 7th 1938 did not have any conversation, but was just a description of Mr Paddick and his family background. He came from a long line of thatchers. And in the one of March 21st 1940, it was a timely conversation which the author had had with Mr Paddick himself, concerning the planting of potatoes.

The *West Sussex Gazette* occasionally published letters from readers praising the Mrs Paddick articles. In November 1943, a Mr V. Bartlett of Byworth wrote:

I have often intended to write to express gratitude to 'A Sussex Woman' for inventing or reporting Mrs Paddick. May I suggest that 'A Sussex Woman' is performing a very valuable service, and that you should sometime publish a glossary of the more expressive words. The reminder of the richness of our language would do us all good, and some purely Sussex phrases might find their way into the national vocabulary.

Another letter in the newspaper, in 1956, noted that:

Mrs Paddick's clever anecdotes are the work of a cultured writer with a keen sense of humour and the remarkable gift of conveying the real Sussex flavour in her dialogue...

and it compared the writer's work with that of Jimmy Dean, and Newall Duke, who both also wrote many articles about local lore in the *West Sussex Gazette*.

The newspaper probably also received letters from readers wanting to know where Mrs Paddick lived, because the name of the village was never given. In 1947 the book of Mrs Paddick came out, and this was just like the articles in the newspaper, but grouped into themed chapters. The first one, 'Introducing Mrs. Paddick', includes some interesting descriptions of the village where she lived, but the place was still not actually named. However, readers learnt that the village is 'nestling at the foot of the downs', that many of the cottages had no back garden 'since the down rises behind them,' and that the church is 'standing on a hill' – and so it must have seemed as though Mrs Paddick lived somewhere along the foot

of the northern escarpment of the South Downs, in West Sussex; possibly in a village such as Bury or Graffham. This would have been quite plausible too, since the book was by Margaret Wyndham, and there was an author with that name who lived at Petworth. But in fact, the writer of the Mrs Paddick tales was not called Margaret Wyndham, and the part of Sussex where she lived was south of the Downs, not north of them.

Her real name was Lilian Fairbrother Ramsey and she was born January 30th 1877, in Wandsworth. She had two older brothers, and also living in the house were their paternal grandfather and their maternal grandmother. Shortly after Lilian's birth they all moved to the village of Holdenhurst, near Bournemouth, where they stayed for well over a decade. Lilian's father, Benjamin Mansell Ramsey, was a Professor of Music and a conductor, and Edith, her mother, was a teacher. But by the time of the 1901 Census, they were living in Folkestone in Kent, running a school for young ladies, where Lilian was a teacher and her mother was the Principal – or, according to an item in the *Folkestone, Hythe, Sandgate & Cheriton Herald*, January 13th 1900, Lilian was the headmistress. By 1911, the family had moved to East Dulwich, and Lilian, who was working as a school mistress, was now the head of the house – meaning that her parents, and her youngest brother, were living in her house.

It was during this period of working in schools that Lilian and her father began writing musicals together, notably 'Peach Blossom' (1907). She wrote the words and he composed the music. Lilian also wrote a novel, *A Flapper at School* (1913) – which one reviewer described as 'good-natured satire.'

She had two older brothers and three younger ones. In 1901, Bernard was 27, Percy was 26, Lilian was 24, Harold was 21, Wilfrid was 16, and Lawrence was 15. By 1911, Bernard and Wilfrid were living together in Purley; Percy was in Southsea on the Hampshire coast, and Harold was living in Gosport, though he moved to Dorset after he got married. Wilfrid also got married and moved to Dorset. Bernard eventually moved to Berkshire after he got married. All this information about where Lilian's brothers lived is relevant, because it shows us that when she and her parents moved to West Sussex, it brought them a lot closer to the rest of the family. Lilian and Lawrence moved to West Wittering in 1914, and their parents lived nearby, somewhere in the district of Westhampnett, just east of Chichester. Also, it seems likely that the Charles Fairbrother who taught at the Oliver Whitby School in Chichester at that time was a relative of Lilian's mother, as her maiden name was Fairbrother, and the school's income came from a certain farm in West Wittering.

The Ramsey family was a very musical one, no doubt from the influence of Lilian's father. He and she formed the West Wittering and District Choral Society and he was the conductor; and in other parts of the country, Bernard, Percy, and

Harold all became organists, and Harold was also a Band Sergeant for the RMLI (Royal Marine Light Infantry), while Wilfrid became a band conductor, and he was a competent artist and amateur actor as well.

Lawrence started a poultry farm at West Wittering, but when the First World War began, he enlisted. After two years service he was badly wounded, and returned to West Wittering limping and suffering from depression, his hair now white. He died in 1919, in what would now be called a psychiatric hospital.

Lilian was also one of the founder members of the West Wittering Women's Institute, which was formed in 1920, and it was she who wrote *The W.W.W.I Book* (1930) about the West Wittering Womens Institute – which includes, among other interesting items, the words of the traditional Christmas play performed by The Tipteerers, a list of field names, and the history of the Oliver Whitby School

However, most of her writing was published in newspapers and periodicals. She had a couple of juvenile tales in a Sheffield paper in 1917, and from 1923 to 1924 the *Shields Daily News* had her long serial 'The Girl Who Ran Away'. She wrote lots of articles for other newspapers too, and for *Sussex County Magazine* and *The Worthing Herald*. Curiously, a letter by her about Apple Howling, published in the *Daily Mail* in 1919, was signed as from 'A Sussex Woman' – and then in 1951, she used the same letter as the basis for one of her conversations with Mrs Paddick; but in it, Mrs Paddick was remembering how her grandfather used to describe the old custom.

THE ORIGINS OF MRS PADDICK

In the section about West Wittering in *West Sussex Villages* (1982) – a book that contains articles by John Batten which had previously appeared in the *West Sussex Gazette*, he notes that Lilian Ramsey had lived there and that she wrote:

... the delightful 'Mrs Paddick' pieces for the *West Sussex Gazette*, quoting that lady's Sussexisms of which she had, in 1930, included a selection in her history of the village written for the Women's Institute. Mrs Paddick evolved from the seven pages of dialect words and phrases in the book, though Miss Ramsey said she was based on a real villager.

At the start of her introduction to the glossary in *The W.W.W.I Book* Lilian wrote what quickly turned out to be very prophetic words: 'With the spread of broadcasting, expressions peculiar to different parts of the country are likely to die out and be forgotten...'

She also wrote that when the book was first compiled, a list was made of 'the Sussex words and phrases commonly used by the natives of West Wittering' – so

it is clear that her interest in the local dialect must have begun long before 1930. The glossary has many interesting words, almost all of which have sadly fallen out of use now: I particularly liked 'poud' which means a pimple or boil, and 'nurted' which means enticed.

The idea to start writing conversations that included Sussex words, to be published in the *West Sussex Gazette*, may well have been inspired by the list of local dialect words she had compiled, and the woman who spoke them could indeed have been based on someone in the village, as Lilian had implied – but her name would not have been Paddick. To learn something of the origins of Mrs Paddick though, we need now to look at the other significant name in Lilian's life.

In the 1939 Register, it is recorded that Margaret Howard Spalding was living with her at West Wittering. Margaret was three years older than Lilian and had been born in Bromley in Kent – although her family later moved to Kensington. She had six sisters, of whom the one born just before Margaret was called Lilian, and their father was a stationer and wholesaler of paper. Margaret became a nurse, working at Rye in East Sussex (1911 Census). It is not known when she moved to West Wittering, but there are newspaper reports – mainly of West Wittering Womens Institute events – that place her there in 1923. On the question of whether she was living with Lilian as early as 1923, we can only go by the clues that occur in these reports. For example, whenever there's a list of the people who worked at these Womens Institute events, Lilian's and Margaret's names nearly always appear together, and as the lists are never in alphabetical order, we can deduce that they were probably provided by senior West Wittering Womens Institute members – which both Lilian and Margaret were. One report, in the *Bognor Regis Observer*, August 15th 1923, lists the tea-servers at a recent fête, including: 'Miss Ramsey, Miss Spalding...' In a report of a Bank Holiday Sports Day at West Wittering, among the many tea-servers there were: '...the Misses Ramsey and Spalding.' An item in the *Hampshire Telegraph*, June 28th 1929, about an incident in West Wittering when some youths had thrown bits of broccoli into the street, describes how Margaret Spalding was struck by two of these 'missiles' on her face and hand while she was driving her car, and mentions that Lilian Ramsey was one of her passengers. A report in the *Bognor Regis Observer*, 14 August 1929, listing the floral tributes at the funeral of a vicar's wife, noted one that was given by 'Miss Ramsey and Miss Spalding'. And in the *Hampshire Telegraph*, February 10th 1939, their full names appear next to each other's in a long list of people who passed a First Aid Course: 'Lilian Ramsey, Margaret Spalding...'

From all of which I think it's fairly safe to assume that Lilian and Margaret were, from at least as early as 1923 onwards, generally associated with one another, and thus may very well have been living together as well. Certainly, once they were together they never moved apart.

Margaret was born in 1874, but her mother died in 1881. It's likely that the mothering of Margaret and some of her other sisters would then have been taken over by one of their three servants, probably Martha Ann, who was in her mid-thirties. At the time of the 1891 Census, Margaret and four of her sisters were living in Ealing, and Martha (or perhaps she was known as Annie) was visiting them – so, obviously, she had become so close with her ex-employer's daughters that the friendship had continued after they left home. She is one of those people who is hard to track using records on Ancestry.com though, because the collected information concerning her often seems contradictory. For example, according to one Census form she was born in Farnham, and according to another, she was born in Midhurst, but on her birth record it says 'Farnhurst' [*sic*] – and when she was visiting the Spalding girls at the time of the Census in 1891, she gave her place of birth as 'Hazelmeze' [*sic*] in Surrey. The fact that these places are in Sussex or Surrey shows us that Martha was not bad at spelling, as it might have first appeared, but that she was in the habit of giving misleading information about herself on any official forms or registers. It's the same with her surname as well: sometimes she gave it as Puttick, and sometimes as Pattick.

This is surely not a coincidence, that the writer of the Mrs Paddick stories was living with a woman who once had a loveable servant who, at least when Margaret first knew her, had been using the surname Pattick (1881 Census) even though it was really Puttick. Indeed it is very likely that the Spaldings actually called her Annie – which was also Mrs Paddick's name – because many people of that period tended to go by their middle names. Mrs Paddick was based on a real villager, certainly – as Lilian had said; it's just that the village was not West Wittering.

She may well have been born in Fernhurst in 1846, but the Putticks were living at Oving by 1851, and then they moved to nearby Rumboldswyke, in the district of Westhampnett, and so this rather flat area of countryside just east of Chichester is where Annie actually grew up.

There is a faint sense in some of all this background history that perhaps various Ramseys and Spaldings may have known each other long before the 1920s. For example, Lilian's mother grew up in Kensington which is where the Spaldings were living at that time; and when the Ramseys left East Dulwich they came to the district of Westhampnett, which is where some of the Puttick family lived; and Lilian's brother Harold and his wife later moved to Bromley in Kent, which is where Margaret had been born. None of all this is proof of course, but I think we can be fairly certain that, whatever the real story was that linked them, Lilian knew the Putticks.

By about 1921, Lilian's parents were living in West Wittering as well, and she and her father helped form the West Wittering and District Choral Society

in 1922. However, he died in August 1923, and then Percy, who was living in Brighton, became the conductor.

Wilfrid and his family moved to West Wittering in the late 1940s, and some of the articles and stories Lilian wrote for *Sussex County Magazine* in the early 1950s are accompanied by sketches he did. By the mid-1960s though, she had outlived all of her brothers – and then early in 1968, Margaret died.

‘Quite a frost this morning, Mrs. Paddick,’ I said.

‘Just a sniggler, mum. But ’tis winter-proud, I’d say.’

Mrs Paddick tied her apron. We sat down to stone raisins for mincemeat.

‘Soon you an’ me’ll be the only ones left as’ll make our own mincemeat, mum,’ commented Mrs. Paddick.

Lilian continued writing her conversations with Mrs Paddick for the *West Sussex Gazette* all through her eighties and well into her nineties – and then the two of them slipped quietly away together, February 15th 1974.

Notes

Mrs Paddick Talks Sussex, a collection of 30 of the Mrs. Paddick articles, was published in 1956. This booklet is very rare.

It seems possible that Lilian may have had a daughter. In the Lilian F. Ramsey archive at the West Sussex Record Office, there is a note that indicates that the items cannot be viewed before 2013. This could suggest that Lilian did not want a certain person to ever see them, and thus that that person was probably born in 1913. A Lilian R. Ramsey was born in Greenwich in 1913, and her mother’s maiden name was Ramsey; no other details given. At that time, Lilian F. Ramsey and her parents were living in East Dulwich, which is very close to Greenwich; but the following year the family moved to Sussex. A report in the *Chichester Observer*, October 16th 1948 about a local produce show in West Wittering, notes that it was opened by Wilfrid Ramsey and his wife, and that among the many winners there were Miss L. F. Ramsey and (further down the list) Miss L.R. Ramsey. It’s unlikely that this is just a coincidence.

The family who filled in their Census forms and birth records etc. variously as Puttick or Puttock or Pattick, and often mis-spelled other names as well, were mainly based in north-western Sussex, with large family groups clustered in and around Petworth, and also in Kirdford, Plaistow, Fernhurst, and Stedham. Annie herself had at least nine siblings. One of her brothers began using the surname Puttick after he was married. He and his family also lived in Rumboldswyke.

Martha Annie Puttick died in Essex in 1931, aged 84. But something of her spirit will remain forever Sussex.



Old Snobby. From a sketch by Wilfrid Ramsey

Two drawings by Wilfrid Ramsey from the *Sussex County Magazine* which illustrate articles by L. F. Ramsey (Lilian Ramsey).

The Georgian house accompanied an article titled 'The Women's Institute House at Chichester', in September 1953.

'Old Snobby' illustrates a piece titled 'Cobbler! Cobbler' from October 1955.

Both drawings are reproduced here at the same size as they appeared in the magazine.

'Snob' is listed in The Revd W. D. Parrish's *A Dictionary of Sussex Dialect* (1875) as a cobbler. It is not, however, exclusively a Sussex word, being known from Somerset, London and elsewhere.

George Lamboll

No. 30 in the continuing series of old Petworth traders. Peter Jerrome

George Lamboll is one of those figures who inhabit that curious twilight area of magazine recollection, now dead oral tradition and the bare bones of the census. Born in Surrey in 1845, he married Tryphena Burningham. In 1996 George Caplin (*PSM* 83) remembered Lamboll well as the carrier plying between Petworth and Guildford. He 'was something of a family friend and would bring us back big blocks of margarine from Guildford. They weren't easy to come by. He'd go to Guildford and pick up for us what he could.' It was the early years of the 1914-18 war and food was scarce.

Bill Eade (*PSM* 32), working for Mrs Tiplady in High Street, would take pigs to market. Returning home and turning from Saddlers Row into Pound Street, the candle lights on the trap went out. A policeman stopped him but being asked by Bill to feel the candle sockets, was satisfied that they had just gone out, allowed him to continue to the pound where the pony was stabled. 'Mr Lamboll had what is now the Pound Garage at that time - he had a horse and cart and worked as a carrier. He also sold faggots, 'hook-tips' and other burning wood and used to keep some of his stock in a big cellar at the top of Pound Street.' Bill Vincent seemed to remember Tryphena living at the now demolished South Cottage on the site of the present toilets in the car park. Writing in the *West Sussex Gazette* in 1968 and looking back to the early century, Arch Newman echoed so many of his generation in lamenting the coming of the motor-car: 'Why did Lamboll's firewood yard have to become a garage?' Time moves on and the garage on the Tillington road corner is itself no more than a distant memory.

Opposite.

George Lamboll receives £1 from Miss Blagden for a load of cord wood on October 2nd 1897.

PETWORTH, *Oct. 2nd 1897*

Miss Blagden

Dr. to GEORGE LAMBOLL,
 PETWORTH & GUILDFORD CARRIER,
 Coal, Coke & Wood Merchant.

1894 HIRE CARTING DONE.

<i>Oct 2nd</i>	<i>1 Load Cord Wood.</i>	<i>1. 0. 0</i>
<i>Rec^d With Thanks Oct 2nd 1897 G Lamboll</i>		

Zeke and the power of Facebook

Miles Costello

It is not widely known that the Society has been making something of an effort to move into the 21st century, nothing too drastic of course, but computers and the internet are no longer possible to ignore. Information concerning almost five hundred members is kept on a memory card not much larger than a finger nail and computers are an essential tool in the day-to-day running of the Society, not to mention the design and publication of the magazine. Even Peter, having resisted it for years, now has an email address, though he keeps it a closely guarded secret. Gordon Stevenson, our capable webmaster has steered us through the choppy waters that are the internet with our own webpage and we have recently joined the Petworth Business Association through whose website 'Discover Petworth' we have gained a more visible online presence.

Having embraced the internet it seemed logical to take the next step in the journey and examine the possibility of creating a social media presence, and so with a degree of apprehension I dipped my toe in the water and opened my own Facebook account. I was not particularly confident – after all, from what I could see of Facebook it consisted largely of photographs of lost dogs, favourite meals and exotic holidays to places I had never heard of, a rather strange combination when accompanied by the rants of animated Brexiteers who seem to have invaded social media. Despite my doubts I planned to show a selection of old photographs in the hope of generating a response from anybody who may have an interest in the town but for one reason or another were unlikely to join the Society.

The first few photographs were well received and produced some interesting comments from as far afield as Florida and Canada. It looked as though there may be a demand and yet I was soon to be surprised at the reaction to a photo taken by Ian Godsmark of the well-known dog's grave at The Gog. The site has long been a place of pilgrimage to both young and old and while it is extremely difficult to find the walk is well worth the effort. No sooner had I posted the photograph on Facebook than enquiries began to flood in. Where is it? How do I get there? Why was the dog named Zeke? Of course, as many as there were who knew nothing about the grave there were others who were reminded of almost forgotten childhood visits. Some spoke of flowers and ashes left at the grave, of annual visits while continuing traditions passed down from their parents. To many the grave had simply become part of their family's folklore, an almost spiritual place that somehow seemed to transcend the normal divisions among generations. Such was

the apparent interest that a hastily organised trip was arranged and, as the guide, I took two enthusiastic family groups to the grave. Certainly most of them had never been to The Gog and it is difficult to know whether the younger children were aware of the significance of the grave in relation to D-Day and the second world war. I consoled myself with the thought that if nothing else the trip had been an afternoon of exercise and fresh air and yet perhaps in the future something would trigger a memory of the visit and they may wish to return again, possibly with their own children.

Responses and comments on Facebook are short-lived – almost ephemeral and I fully expected the clamour to have died down by the following day; however I then received a message from a young woman named Heidi who wished to know how to get to the grave. I explained that even most locals wouldn't know the way and it would be difficult to give her accurate directions, after all the Gog is a warren of rides and interlinking paths and it would be easy to become disorientated and lost. I did however offer to show her the way but received no reply.

On the third day after the initial posting of the photograph I received a new message from Heidi in which she explained that she was honorary bugler to the Canadian High Commission in London and that she and her step-father had made the trip to Petworth that afternoon and had walked from the town and found the grave. Accompanying the message were photographs of the grave decorated with small Canadian flags, and a short video of Heidi playing her bugle. The scene, truly emotive, was enhanced by the sight of her dog obediently accompanying the bugler as she played a general salute to Zeke. The video was an immediate success on my Facebook page and I can only imagine how many people viewed it. Zeke had, some three-quarters of a century after his untimely death, become a minor albeit short-lived sensation. Who would have thought it?

Like the Society magazine my Facebook photographs appear to be of particular interest to a wider diaspora who, though no longer living in Petworth, still have a residual connection with the town. The social media presence has had a secondary benefit in that it has encouraged other people to share their own photographs with me. These have included one of Walter Caine and his son standing outside his shop in Pound Street – an important photograph, while another shows him on his extensive allotment in Station Road long before the area was developed. A photograph of Fred West, landlord of The Mason's Arms, taken in the pub, and

another taken at Rotherbridge shows the footbridge; just a family snap but it is a reminder of that period when the bridge was transitioning from the old swing bridge to the modern metal one. Hopefully as time goes on other 'unknown' photographs will appear which will further add to our knowledge.

Who knows where the internet will take us, it is after all incredibly fickle, change seems to happen almost daily and to an even younger generation Facebook is already hopelessly outdated. For my part I will cling on to this mad merry-go-round of fake news and discriminate views until interest fades or, as I suspect, the whole insane thing simply implodes.

A visit to Mottisfont, June 18th

Peter Jerrome

A full coach for the first Society excursion of the season. No surprise there. No point worrying about the uncertain weather. We're on our way, west from Petersfield, sporadic patches of scarlet poppies in grey fields on a grey day. King's Somborne means we're almost there. Rain puckers the puddles in the coach park. Mottisfont, home in the 1930s to Maud and Gilbert Russell. Originally the twelfth century Augustinian Priory of Holy Trinity. The Russells used it as a weekend retreat from the whirl of fashionable London for themselves and their guests. The original priory had a chequered history, ravaged by the Black death, more virulent in a close community. Revival was slow and then along came Henry VIII.

House first – impossible to take it all in given the time at our disposal. The study, the 1930s morning room with its unpretentious and untypical Lowry, the senior housemaid's room, the lady's maids room, the servants' corridor. 'Climb the stairs to a different realm but one where rank was still respected.' And the serried ranks of books in the downstairs rooms. Did anyone even read them? A leisurely lunch but we're really here to see the rose garden. Still a hint of drizzle. The new kitchen garden with its red brick beds, magnificent bronze cos lettuce – bound perhaps for the restaurant?

Then the magical rose garden itself. The muffled scent hangs on the damp air. The yellow of Graham Thomas ... a notice says that the older roses are all left to fruit: they have only the single flowering. A woman leans towards the Graham Thomas with her camera poised to capture an impression. I'm not sure that you can. Even on a rather dismal day like this, memory is the only way to recapture a magical moment.

Debby and Gordon have done it again.

Below.

Clipped yews, foxgloves and, of course, an abundance of roses, holding raindrops on their leaves at Mottisfont.

Photograph by Ian Godsmark.



A notable centenary

From an article written by George Garland in 1957¹

The West Sussex Police Force came into being on March 1st 1857. Previous to then the job of keeping law and order in the countryside was in the hands of parish constables. At Petworth Thomas Gale May was the superintendent of the parish constables in the Petworth area. He was appointed on July 7th 1851, and was succeeded by John Kemmish on July 9th 1856. May's report book is still preserved at Petworth Police Station today, and it makes quaint reading. One item records that the constables were called to the Market Square in Petworth to stop people setting off fireworks there in celebration of peace – the peace which ended the Crimean War with Russia.

West Sussex was slow in creating a whole-time police force. Government permission to do this was granted as early as 1839, but the Justices who were responsible for what was then called the 'Supervising and Parochial Constables' seemed reluctant to sanction the creation of a paid police force. It was not until compulsion came through the County Police Act of 1856 that they had to take action, and on January 8th 1857, at a meeting of the General Quarter Sessions held in Petworth they decided to appoint a chief constable, six superintendents, four sergeants and sixty constables. At that time the pay for a third class constable was 18 shillings a week; the sergeants were paid 23 shillings and sixpence, the Superintendent £104 to £110 per annum and the Chief Constable £300 with, in addition, £100 for travelling expenses and £10 for the rent of an office. He was also allowed the services of a clerk. Transport provided for this newly created force took the form of six horses and six carts. That first year of its creation H. M. Inspector came and inspected the Force and reported that it was furnished with proper uniform clothing and appointments, and, he said, in his opinion it was efficient in numbers and in discipline.

At this time there were separate forces in Arundel and Chichester. According to a Capt. Willis, at Arundel, there were a superintendent and two constables, but only the superintendent was properly clothed in uniform; the constables being provided with only greatcoats and hats. Chichester, with its superintendent, sergeant and five constables was somewhat better off for they were 'provided occasionally with uniform clothing'. The office at Chichester was equipped with books and stationery, but the cells, formed from the former bridewell there were without any form of heating.

Qualifications needed for a man to become a policeman at this time were height,

good appearance and an ability to read and write. And, let us repeat, the wage was but 18 shillings a week. The present day constable is paid about £490 per annum.

At this time the population of West Sussex was only 104,000, with a further 2,748 in Arundel and 8,512 in Chichester, and in those early days the chief troubles came from gypsies and tramps, for there was little serious crime.

Capt. Frederick Montgomerie, of the 199th Regiment, was the first Chief Constable. He was appointed in 1857, having his headquarters at Petworth where stood the old prison. After the old jail was pulled down in the early 1880s the newly created force took over the governor's house and the two other houses, which stood on the west side of the old prison, and used them as their headquarters. They remained there until the headquarters were moved to Horsham in 1897. The governor's house is now occupied by the present superintendent, Superintendent J. G. Doney, and it is interesting to note that some of the bricks from the old prison were used to make the floor of a farm building at South Heath Farm, Selham, and they can be seen there today.

In Capt. Montgomerie's time only the superintendent was provided with transport, which was a dog cart. Constables had to walk, even when taking a manacled convict to jail. This led to many breaches of discipline, and it is recorded that one foot-weary policeman who accepted a lift in a cart and made his prisoner walk behind was reprimanded and fined five shillings.

Communications were near enough non-existent at this time, and about the only way to contact a country policeman quickly was to send him a telegram, and since many rural areas had no post office this was often impossible.

The problem of providing police stations had to be tackled, and in 1857 a piece of land near the railway station at Chichester was purchased and there the new police station was built. It was occupied a year or so later. In course of time police stations were also built at Steyning, Worthing and Shoreham, and strangely enough the County Surveyor of Hampshire prepared the plans for these, the work being done by building firms from Brighton and Winchester. In 1863 the Littlehampton Police Station was built and is still in use. That in Bognor, built at the same time was replaced in 1938.

There was little crime of a serious nature in those far off days, but superintendents had a variety of jobs. They acted as inspectors of Weights & Measures, and Inspectors of Common Lodging houses. Foot and Mouth disease was prevalent

at that time too, and that took up a fair bit of their time. In 1873 no less than 318 farms were affected in West Sussex.

The first uniform consisted of a frock coat and top hat, and this remained until 1872, when the Force started to wear helmets and tunics.

One of the earliest police raids was led by a Worthing superintendent at Findon, where a crowd had secretly assembled to watch a prize fight. A number of policemen were injured on this occasion. Then in August 1883 the police of Worthing were called into action to deal with the historic Salvation Army riots in the town. On that occasion the Riot Act was read from the steps of the Town Hall, and the 4th Royal Irish Guards were called over from Brighton to quell the rioters. Records show that in 1860 police were drafted from Chichester to Wittering to protect the cargo of a French vessel driven ashore there, and in the same year soldiers stationed in the fort at Climping were causing trouble in the public houses across the Arun.

Capt. Montgomerie died in 1879, and was succeeded at Petworth by Capt. R. B. Drummond, M.V.C., as Chief Constable. At this time the transport of the Force here came under survey, and new carts were purchased for £25 each. They must have been good ones, for one of them lasted for 22 years. Capt. Drummond remained as Chief Constable until 1912, and when he died he was buried in Fittleworth churchyard. He was succeeded by Capt. A. S. Williams, M.V.O., who in course of time was succeeded by the present Chief Constable, Mr R. P. Wilson, O.B.E. It is a fact, therefore that over this period of 100 years there have been only four chief constables.

Past officers of note at Petworth were Supt. John Kemmish, who was the last superintendent in charge of the Parish Constables. He came to Petworth from the Hampshire Constabulary, where he had served for five years. He retired from there with the rank of sergeant in 1855, and came to Petworth in charge of the Parish Constables on July 9th 1856. His progress was rapid, for on March 5th 1857 he was appointed Superintendent of the newly created Force and also deputy Chief Constable. When Capt. Montgomerie died in 1879 he was in charge of the force for four months until the arrival of Capt. Drummond. Supt. 'Bill' Read was another notable officer at Petworth. He came here as constable in 1867, and remained until his retirement in 1908. He had been made Superintendent on March 16th 1895. He was the first officer from this force to be sent abroad to bring back a prisoner on an extradition warrant – and the prisoner had to be fetched from Italy.

Much more could be written about this interesting subject, but time will not permit. May we, therefore, close by thanking the West Sussex Constabulary for their long period of faithful service to the people of West Sussex, and wish them every success in the future.

1. It is not known where this article was published, if indeed, it has ever appeared before now.

