

The
Petworth
Society

Miles Costello
Petworth
Collection



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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 or residence, who is interested in furthering the objects of the Society.

The annual subscription is £1 (minimum). Further information may be obtained from any of the following:-

Chairman - Mr. P.A. Jerrome, Trowels, Pound Street,
Petworth.

Vice-Chairman - Mr. K.C. Thompson, 18 Rothermead, Petworth.

Hon. Secretary - Mrs. B.G. Johnson, Glebe Cottage, Bartons
Lane, Petworth. (Tel. 42226)

Hon. Treasurer - Mr. R.A. Sneller, 16 Littlecote,
Petworth. (Tel. 42507)

Hon. Membership Sec. - Mrs. J. Boss, North Street, Petworth.

Committee - Lord Egremont, Mrs. Audrey Grimwood,
Mr. R. Pottington, Mrs. Sonia Rix,
Lady Shakerley, Mrs. C.M. Sheridan,
Mrs. Anne Simmons, Mr. D.S. Sneller,
Mr. J. Taylor, Mrs. D. Thorpe.

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

The Tombola at the Petworth Organisations Supermarket was very successful indeed and raised £129. Indeed the whole Supermarket, an idea which originated with Mr. Hilton Oakes, appears to have been a great success. I should thank Mrs. Grimwood, Mrs. Simmons and the other ladies who worked so hard and of course those members of the Society who contributed so generously with prizes.

The Ebernoe walk was well-attended and we were fortunate to have a gloriously mellow autumn afternoon. I think everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves and everyone too had an opportunity to see that part of the Common that is now the subject of a preservation order.

The regular monthly meetings in the Leconfield Hall have made a sound start. The evening of horticultural and botanical slides from the collection of Mr. Patrick Synge will end with a very informal Christmas gathering. I hope all local members will make the effort to come. The Spring programme is at the back of this issue.

I am pleased to say that the Rector is now co-ordinating the appeal for an appropriate memorial for Colonel Maude. Town organisations with whom Colonel Maude was connected will be approached and there will be an opportunity also for private persons to make their own contribution.

I have been asked to put forward the suggestion of forming a Petworth Society photographic club. If anyone is interested please let me know. If there is sufficient interest we will try to make the appropriate arrangements.

The section from Robert Norton's map of Duncton reproduced centre-piece is by kind permission of Lord Egremont.

I am increasingly being asked for back numbers of the Bulletin and some issues are still available at 10p each for 1-14 and 20p for the later ones. Some issues viz. 1, 3, 10 and 15 are exhausted while a number are down now to odd copies. Such numbers may be ordered from the Blackbirds Bookshop or directly from me.

P.A.J.

CONSERVATION COMMENTS

The Society has been among those expressing concern at the de-lapidated and dangerous condition of the posts and rails towards the top of North Street. These have been a feature of the town for centuries - they or their predecessors were certainly there in 1804 as we know from old plans. It would be a great loss to Petworth if they were removed or allowed to disappear - to say nothing of the lack of protection now afforded to pedestrians. We are urging the Parish Council to press for immediate action from the appropriate authority.

Observant members will have noticed the disappearance of the old fire bells from the roof of the Leconfield Hall. Their removal has been necessitated by the complete decay of the wooden structure that once supported them. The question now arises as to their future. As with the North Street posts and rails, these fire bells are a distinctive feature of the town, still affectionately remembered by many older residents. Might there not be somewhere in the town where they could be preserved on public display and even perhaps rung occasionally? The suggestion has even been made that the Fire Authorities might find a home for them near the Fire Station. A suitably inscribed plaque might accompany them.

Those who lament the empty niche on the Leconfield Hall may take a little comfort from the news that the bust, now restored and on ten years' loan to the National Trust, will soon be on view at Petworth House. The difficulty now is that Petworth residents will now have to pay admission to see their once-familiar treasure. Perhaps the Trust will accept Petworth Society membership cards as a free pass!

We would like to draw attention to the carved bench-seats lately at Thompson's Hospital and originally used there perhaps in public worship. Both have "Thompson's Hospital" boldly carved on the back. These are now stored at Petworth House where they were wisely taken for safe custody when the Hospital lay nearly derelict. As with the fire bells and the posts and rails they are a part of Petworth's historical heritage. Where should they go now?

PAJ/KCT



Mr. "Pickle" Hammond - a Petworth character of the 1920's and 1930's
drawn by Mr. Charles Orr-Ewing from an original photograph by G.G. Garland.



Mr. Jimmy Puttick drawn by Mr Charles Orr-Ewing - again from a photograph by G.G. Garland.

LOOKING BACK AT THE FESTIVAL

When we met in the Leconfield Hall last December it appeared to be generally agreed that, considering the state of the world, we all needed to have our morale boosted, our spirits raised. And a festival seemed a good way of doing it - provided it was a really festive festival with something that everyone could enjoy, not simply a succession of cultural events. That was our target and, now that the Festival is over, we can fairly claim to have scored a bull. Wherever one went, one saw happy faces - except of course in the darkness of Petworth Park on the Saturday - but no one doubted that that also was a happy occasion for everyone but Mr. Speed who was last seen, knife in hand, living up to his name in pursuit of a venison thief.

Not everything went right, of course, and there were many anxious moments for the Committee before the Festival. Persistent lateness by the printers deprived the Friends of the Festival of their main ammunition, the brochures, until they were almost too late to be of use; the programmes also should have been on sale a couple of weeks earlier than they were; instead of the five hundred very handsome posters we ordered, we got only fifty - and those at the last moment. Something went badly wrong with the films. And incredible incompetence on the part of the music-publishers made it impossible for the Delmé Quartet to play Sir Michael Tippett's new work, as advertised, and an old one had to be substituted. Yet when the Festival actually got going, none of these things seemed to matter.

The principal events - Lord Clark's lecture and the seldom seen Turner water-colours, the Delmé recital, the orchestral concerts in St. Mary's - had packed audiences and the Park was crowded for Humphrey Lyttelton-plus-barbecue, though (regrettably) too many of the crowd had climbed over the Park wall and got in for nothing. (Outsiders, of course: not Petworth people.) The only flops were the recitals at St. Michael's School, for which perhaps coaches should have been laid on and where the hall was not filled, as had been expected, with girls and staff. But coming back to the town on the Saturday afternoon, one had the marvellous experience of finding the Square full of sunshine and happy children enjoying 'street theatre' with Seaford College band in the background, and the Leconfield Hall crowded with people looking at the exhibitions of Sussex art and local arts and crafts.

The sideshows, like 'Elgar at Brinkwells', were at least equally successful and one of them, Brenda Dykes playing the flute to a picnic-eating, wine-bibbing audience squatting all over the garden of Fairfield House, provided one of the happiest of all one's memories. And then, of course, there was the all-pervading sideshow of the ingenious window-dressing.

To do it again and with fresh ideas, as we must, will not be an easy task.

G.A.

AN ANCIENT RITE

All Chairmen of the Petworth Society after a year in office are obliged to travel secretly into the recesses of Petworth Park to consult the Druid who holds court beneath the spreadeagled aspen tree just within the high wall. So on a misty afternoon and in accordance with ancient tradition, your chairman went, as all his predecessors had once done, to report on his progress before the stern figure of the Druid.

"Ah, lad, you're here", said the Druid, toasting a sausage on an old paraffin stove. The chairman nodded nervously as the Druid pointed into the cave with his toasting-fork. "You look rather like Neptune," said the chairman. "Just the sort of stupid thing you would say," said the Druid. "You were never my choice. Keith the Fearless always impressed me, or Robert the Dark, he that keepeth the secret hoard, or the lady Sonia. But who of all the knights and ladies could replace the lord Hilton, he that lived where the woodpeckers gather, and he that returneth in March with show of magic pictures?" "Your numbers grow," continued the old man. "The Bulletin doth consume thy substance lad, but tis a powerful weapon. All read the latest offering by yon Jumbo."

"He of Barlavington writeth this time, yon Jumbo's lured to Duncton seeking coneys. The Bulletin takes a southern slant my lord. It troubleth me."

"Tis well, my son," the Druid said, "for some there be of thine own people in the south country. Still take thou heed and confiscate yon Jumbo's passport, ere next ye venture to the scribe. Or take the wind from out that strange green horse of his; no

place is sacred from that thing."

"Times are my lord, when I feel lackaday," the chairman said. "Hard toil we had, William of Tillington and I, at ye Public Library travelling o'er hill and dale on that three-legged steed he hath that almost flies except there be so great assortment of old pipes all clattering at the back. Hard toil we had with mapping pins and screens to make a picture show. And all that time the people scanned, and none a word would say. I'd almost wished some coarse old gent had then upbraided me, so resonant did the silence seem."

"My lad," the Druid said, "you're young and inexperienced yet. The people think but do not say. As one they seem like a recumbent whale, yet each for his own part quite pleasant is in truth. All men are weary and have much to do. A chairman casteth endless bread upon the endless waters. And he that muttereth will not stand. See me again, my lad, November-tide - if thou survive. Or is thy throne unstable now? Time and thy people only know! Be gone!"

A MAN OF PETWORTH

It is six years, last St. Luke's Day, since Doctor Ball died. Doctor Tony Ball served the Petworth community before and for many years after the Second World War, in which he sacrificed so much of a robust physique in the sterner service of his country. Fifty years ago he came to Petworth as a young doctor. He married Barbara, daughter of the Rev. E.H. Johnston, Vicar of West Lavington. Early in life he had joined the Territorial Army, and he saw active service in France in 1940 as a Medical Officer to the Royal Sussex Regiment. He rose to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, commanded a Field Ambulance unit in the Western Desert, and was Mentioned in Despatches in Italy. Invalided home, he resumed general practice in 1945. He retired in 1970. In the post-war years the stout walking stick on which he leaned seemed to become an extension of his personality, around Petworth. Later there were two sticks, and eventually a fall in the snow when visiting a patient in the outlying countryside caused crutches to appear, alas, to the end.

Doctor Ball was a man of forceful opinions, with which inevitably it was possible to disagree; but he was also a man of conviviality, and of outstanding courage, and great moral strength. He prescribed large old-fashioned looking bottles of medicine. "Hullo!" his voice

would boom, announcing his arrival on the threshold, before his massive ascent of the stairs on his stick. There was no doubt that here came the family doctor, nor did he always pull his punches when he reached the sickbed: "You'll feel worse tomorrow." Tony Ball was a man on a big scale. He called a spade a spade, and had little sympathy for easy assumptions, or for the pretentious; and for all the rugged side to his character, he was kind. He was a fine man, and a man of Petworth, whose work did not necessarily lie among the more eloquent members of the community. Petworth should never forget him.

R. Woollcombe.

BARLAVINGTON

Henry II, whose rash but understandable cry of rage had inspired four of his knights to murder the violent and inconsistent Thomas-a-Becket, was King of England when they began to build the church at Barlavington eight hundred years ago. But for many thousands of years before this, wave after wave of adventurous and seagoing races were flung upon the south and east coasts of Britain, and still can be seen their high-placed camps, the dew-ponds, and the roads made by these primitive peoples. Bare uplands played a great part in the life of man before the forests were felled and the valleys were drained. Our children, playing at being Britons and Romans, still come home with the stone axes, flint arrowheads and flint tools they have found on the Downs. Still we plough from our fields the coins, the pieces of pottery and the tiles of the Roman Empire. The Roman road, Stane Street, which skirts the far boundary of the manor, made easy the conquests of the ruthless Saxon barbarians and the Danish pirates who followed them. But not all of these invaders plundered, destroyed, and passed on, for one, Boernlaf, settled here and gave it its name, 'Boernlaf's tun', which means Boernlaf's enclosure or farm.

When Domesday Book was made in 1086 this had become 'Berleventone'. The entry reads: 'Robert holds Berleventone of the Earl, and Corbelin of him. Frawin held it of King Edward in allodium. Then and now it vouched for five hides. There is land for 6 ploughs. In demesne are 2 and 8 villeins and 8 borders with 3 ploughs. There are 4 serfs, and 2 mills and 7 acres of meadow, and wood for 2 hogs. In the time of King Edward it was worth 100 shillings and afterward 60s. Now £7.'

The Earl mentioned in Domesday Book was Montgomery, Earl of Arundel: King Edward was Edward the Confessor, and to hold land 'in allodium' meant that it was held by absolute right and without the burden of homage or fidelity. 'In demesne' was land kept by the Lord of the Manor for his own use and a villein (which comes from the Latin word Villanus, a farm servant) means simply one attached to the farm or villa and covers a large class of people annexed to the manor. Of these the lowest was the serf. A serf was, by birth, bound to the soil. He and his family were sold with an estate when it changed hands. He could not migrate or withdraw his labour. He had to work on his lord's estate for so many days in the year, bringing with him his own team of oxen, and when he died his best beast was seized by the Lord of the Manor. He could not even marry his daughter without his lord's permission and without paying his lord a heavy fine! A 'bordar' was a villein of one of the lowest ranks who did menial service to his lord in exchange for his cottage. And, by the way, a 'hide' was not the skin of an ox, but an English measure of land. In Anglo-Saxon times it meant a portion sufficient to support a family and was usually from 60 to 100 acres, but was of no fixed amount.

The Manor of Barlavington passed, with the honour of Petworth, to Josceline de Louvaine and from the Percies of Northumberland to the family of de Alta Ripa or Dawtrey. (If one says 'de Alta Ripa' quickly it is easy to see how it became 'Dawtrey'). An honour, in feudal law meant a superior lordship on which other manors depended.

Seven hundred years ago Sir William Dawtrey had a grant of free warren in Barlavington for the pursuit of foxes and hares, and in 1292 the same privilege was granted to Edward de St. John who had married the heiress of Sir William Dawtrey. The Manor of Barlavington had already been assigned as part of the original endowment of Hardham Priory when this had been founded by Sir William Dawtrey for the Black Cannons of St. Augustine. (It was St. Augustine, sent to England by Pope Gregory the Great in 597, who brought back to England the Latin alphabet and the custom of written records. Between the fall of the Roman-Celtic world in the Fourth Century and the arrival of Augustine there stretches two hundred years of darkness, inexorable in its silence. There are no authentic chronicles of the Saxon Conquest). The Manor continued to be vested in Hardham Priory until the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII in 1536, when it was granted to Sir William Goring as the lineal descendant and rightful heir of the St. Johns of Barlavington. The Goring family

remained loyal to Charles I and for a time the then Lord Goring, who was the commander of Charles' cavalry, was the sole upholder of the royal cause in the West of England.

In 1734 England was at peace. Walpole was Prime Minister, George II was King and one freeholder of the Parish of Barlavington was given the vote. In 1740 the skeleton of an elephant with tusks seven-and-a-half feet long was found nine feet down in Burton Park, and in the lake, carp, tench, and pike 'of remarkable size and flavour' were being caught - as indeed they must have been caught for many centuries before and are still landed, today.

In spite of numerous restorations parts of the original church, built between 1160 and 1180, still remain and Norman pillars support the arches of the 13th century nave. Less than a century ago the church possessed an ancient hagiscope, or squint, but this has been built in. The bell bears the inscription 'Bryanvs Eldridge me fecit 1651'. The church registers before 1657 are lost, but those registers we have are full of local names like Denyer, Heather, Rapson, Peacock, and many others. The Act of Parliament passed in 1666 for burying 'in woollen' seems to have taken many years to reach Barlavington, but in 1679 we read 'Richard Garrot, gent, was buryed May 12th., in woollen as approved by certificate from Robert Palmer Esq.' This Act was intended for the encouragement of woollen manufacturers in the Kingdom and the prevention of the exportation of money for buying and importing linen. In 1799 the church received an augmentation from the Commissioners of Queen Anne's Bounty of £200.

The devastating 'restoration' of the eighteen-seventies took away much of the character of the old church. The high oak pews were removed and the gallery below the belfry at the west end was demolished. The fragments of wall paintings mentioned in old records have been rendered over and lost. But the church still serves the hamlet of Barlavington as it has done for eight hundred years. It is very simple but it is good and is worth preserving.

J.B.

BOOKS FOR GARDENERS

Books for gardeners are legion but this year, 1979, has seen some very notable ones and I would like also to remind you of a few which I find invaluable for constant reference, and a few others which I like and enjoy but which are not quite new. This season saw the publication of three very handsome books which look like the style often called "coffee table books" but which are of permanent value and will give constant pleasure. They are expensive but, as present book prices go, they are very good value.

My first choice is "Gardens of the National Trust" by Graham Stuart Thomas, who has been the Trust's Garden Adviser for over 20 years and is now their Garden Consultant. Their gardens show great variety and some great beauty, and Thomas is a very skilled plantsman. He also writes with charm and has managed to describe the salient points of each garden. He also draws and paints with skill, and the book is illustrated lavishly with his work and fine photographs, both in colour and in black and white. There is a Foreword by the late Earl of Rosse, another noted gardener and lately chairman of the Trust's Properties Committee. The book is published by Weidenfeld and Nicholson at £9.95 and is available from booksellers or the National Trust shop at Petworth House.

My next choice comes from the same publishers and is superbly produced. It is called "The Garden as a Fine Art" and is by F.R. Cowell and takes us through the ages and shows us how different countries have constructed and planted their gardens in different periods. It is a generous and scholarly approach on historical lines, but brings out how they have derived enjoyment from their gardens and I certainly enjoyed it. Some of the illustrations are superb.

My third book is Hugh Johnson's "The Principles of Gardening" published by Mitchell Beazley at £16.95 and is a very unusual and comprehensive survey of gardening and the scientific principles which make plants grow. It explains these in a series of double page spreads with innumerable colour pictures in the same way that he used in his beautiful book on "Trees". This is a new way of making scientific facts palatable, and the book contains many ideas which are very relevant to gardens but which may not have occurred before to many of us.

Another book which provides me with constant pleasure in Christopher Lloyd's "The Well-tempered Garden", first published by Collins in 1970 but still as relevant as ever, and now in a paper back. It is a most entertaining book, full of unexpected ideas and good tips, really based on practical experience.

A good book which I enjoy also is "Variations on a Garden" by Robin Lane Fox, published by Macmillan in 1974. It is a book of illustrated essays round the months by a gardening scholar, who also has the gift of writing and a lovely appreciation of plants.

Another invaluable work is "Hilliers' Manual of Trees and Shrubs", obtainable from Hilliers of Winchester or as an illustrated hardback published by David and Charles. It is a very comprehensive and accurate list, with brief descriptions of all woody plants that may be grown in this country and also contains many that are borderline. It is a splendid work based on Harold Hillier's vast collection and knowledge of growing trees and shrubs that is probably unequalled elsewhere in the world. Incidentally the new park of tender shrubs at Ventnor, Isle of Wight, is full of interest and can be visited in a day's excursion from Petworth. The collection there is largely based on gifts from Mr. Hillier.

Most gardeners hanker after a one volume, all-embracing dictionary of plants and how to grow them, and the best is probably "The Amateur Gardener" by A.G.L. Hellyer, first published 30 years ago but continually revised and brought up-to-date. It does for our generation what William Robinson's "The English Flower Garden" did for a previous generation. This incidentally is still in print and has been revised by Roy Hay.

To turn to paperbacks and cheaper works, The Royal Horticultural Society's "Vegetable Garden Displayed" and "Fruit Garden Displayed" are still among the best guides for beginners, and even more advanced gardeners in their subjects. They are based on a series of photographs of garden operations and are constantly revised. They are obtainable from the R.H.S. Again the series of Wisley Handbooks, published also by the Society, are excellent value and priced at only slightly more than the average Christmas card or calendar. There are now 34 titles and all are written by authors whom the Society considers as reliable and leading authorities on the subject. I can thoroughly recommend them.

Then there is that hardy perennial, "The Small Garden" by C.E. Lucas Phillips and now there is also "The New Small Garden" by the same author (Collins £6.50) and also in paperback. Much of the original work, it claims, has been re-written and brought up-to-date. Then there are a large selection of books for the more specialised gardener and I would pick out of these, Ingwersen's "Manual of Alpine Plants" which is the counterpart of Hillier's "Manual of Trees and Shrubs", obtainable from Ingwersen's Nursery at Gravetye, East Grinstead, East Sussex, Lionel Bacon's "Mountain Flower Holidays in Europe" obtainable from Alpine Garden Society, as is also "Daphne" by C.D. Brickell and Brian Mathew, all that a horticultural handbook should be, and also Brian Mathew's "The Larger Bulbs" (Batsford £6.50). But these are only a few which I personally know and can recommend out of a vast field. They can mostly be seen at good bookshops or at the R.H.S. Information Centre and bookshop at Wisley.

Patrick M. Syngé.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Burton Mill Bungalow, Barlavington, Petworth, West Sussex.

24th October, 1979.

Dear Sir,

I always enjoy my copy of the Petworth Society's bulletin and would like to send many thanks and congratulations to your contributors and yourself. I was particularly interested in the article in last issue on the beautifully deserted Kilsham Ponds - which are "just down the road" from here - and that there was evidence of a water mill there at some time. In their day mills seem to have been built on every available water course and their rights to their source of power often bitterly fought over. If the water failed for some reason steam and gas engines were sometimes used, and in the case of West Ashling Mill a windmill was built on the roof! It remains to be seen if sites for water turbines to generate electricity will be as much in demand in the future; but charges made by the Water Board discourage attempts to make use of this source of energy and in most cases the water continues to run to waste.

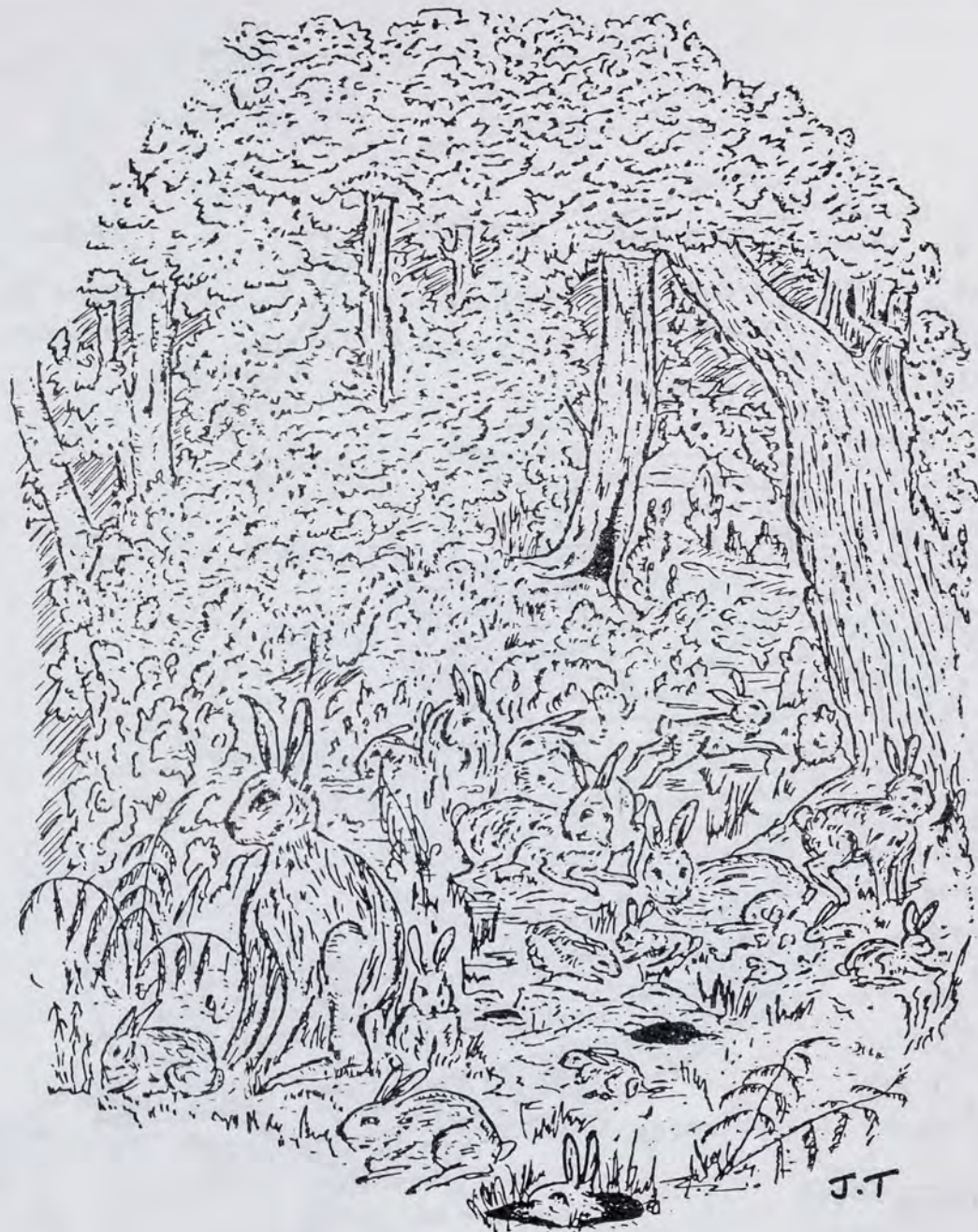
The restoration of Burton Watermill is going well and we have carried out some trial grinding of wheat. Unfortunately the whole of the interior is covered with flaking whitewash which is a major difficulty to getting the mill hygienically suitable for grinding flour. It is an immense task to sand and wash it off. Several hands would make a deal of difference and if anyone would like to help (the oak beams look beautiful when the task is done) please contact me at Sutton 293 or arrive at the mill on a Sunday morning.

Yours sincerely, Anne Mills. - 13 -

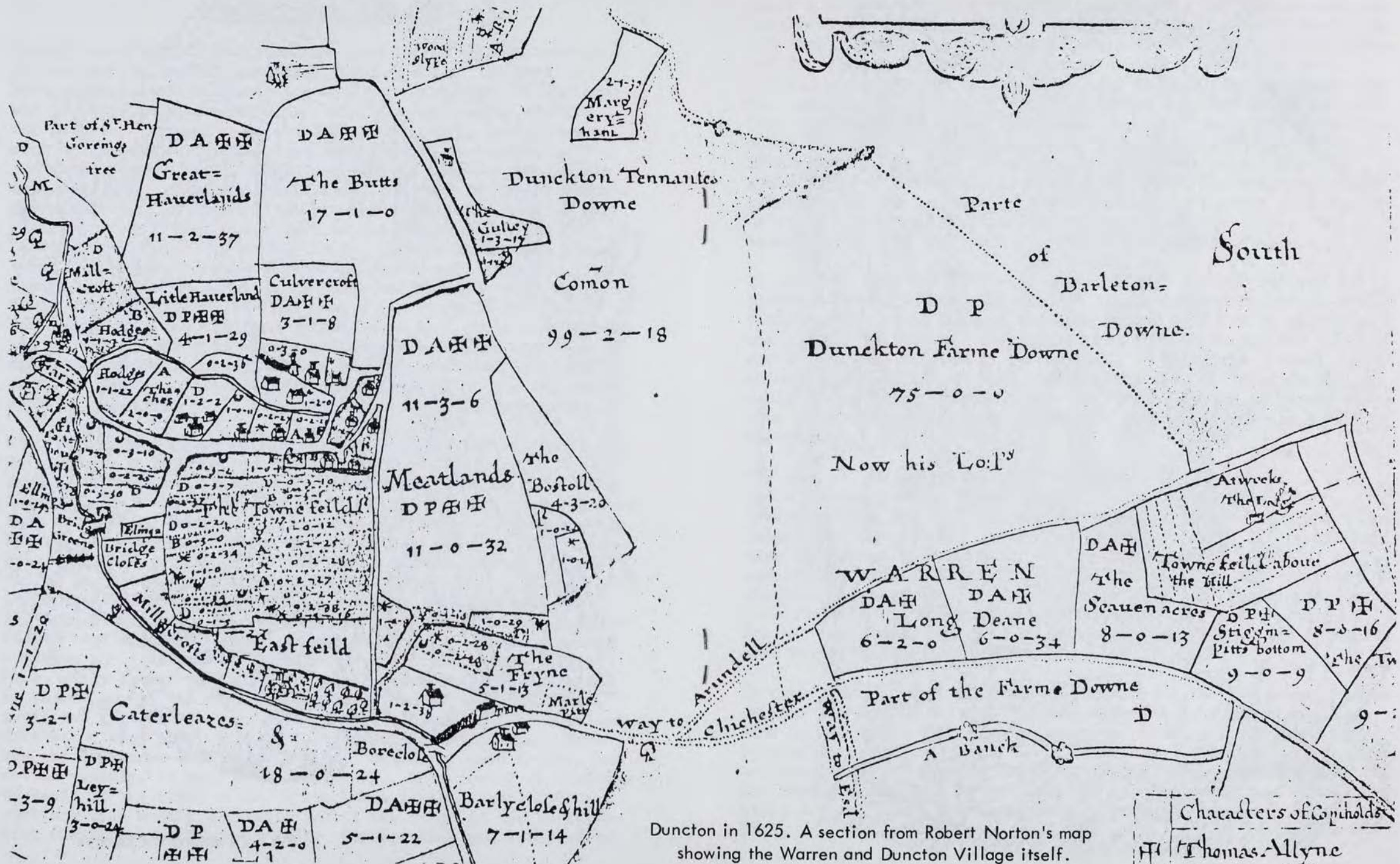
DUNCTON WARREN 1590-1636

Recent notes in this Bulletin have dealt with various aspects of seventeenth century land-management, such as the Earl of Northumberland's stew-ponds for fish or deer-parks for venison; but lightly-wooded countryside could also come under service for rabbits - or coneys as the full-grown of the species were more accurately called. Coneys were induced to create their own warrens which were culled from time to time for the lord's table or, more probably at this time, for that of his servants'. The oldest part of the present Petworth Park - the area of the Pleasure Grounds - was once part of the Coney or Conyger Park itself, so called because of the lord's conegeria or coney warren there. Although the name Conyger persisted well into the seventeenth century, the coney warren had probably long gone by this time. The rabbits culled from such a warren would be used as food of course, but the furs too would be used for making shoes and gloves and for some forms of clothing. As with the mole-catcher whose main concern was as much to treat and sell the skins or pelts as it was to exterminate moles, so too the overseer of the warren would find the skins a valuable commodity.

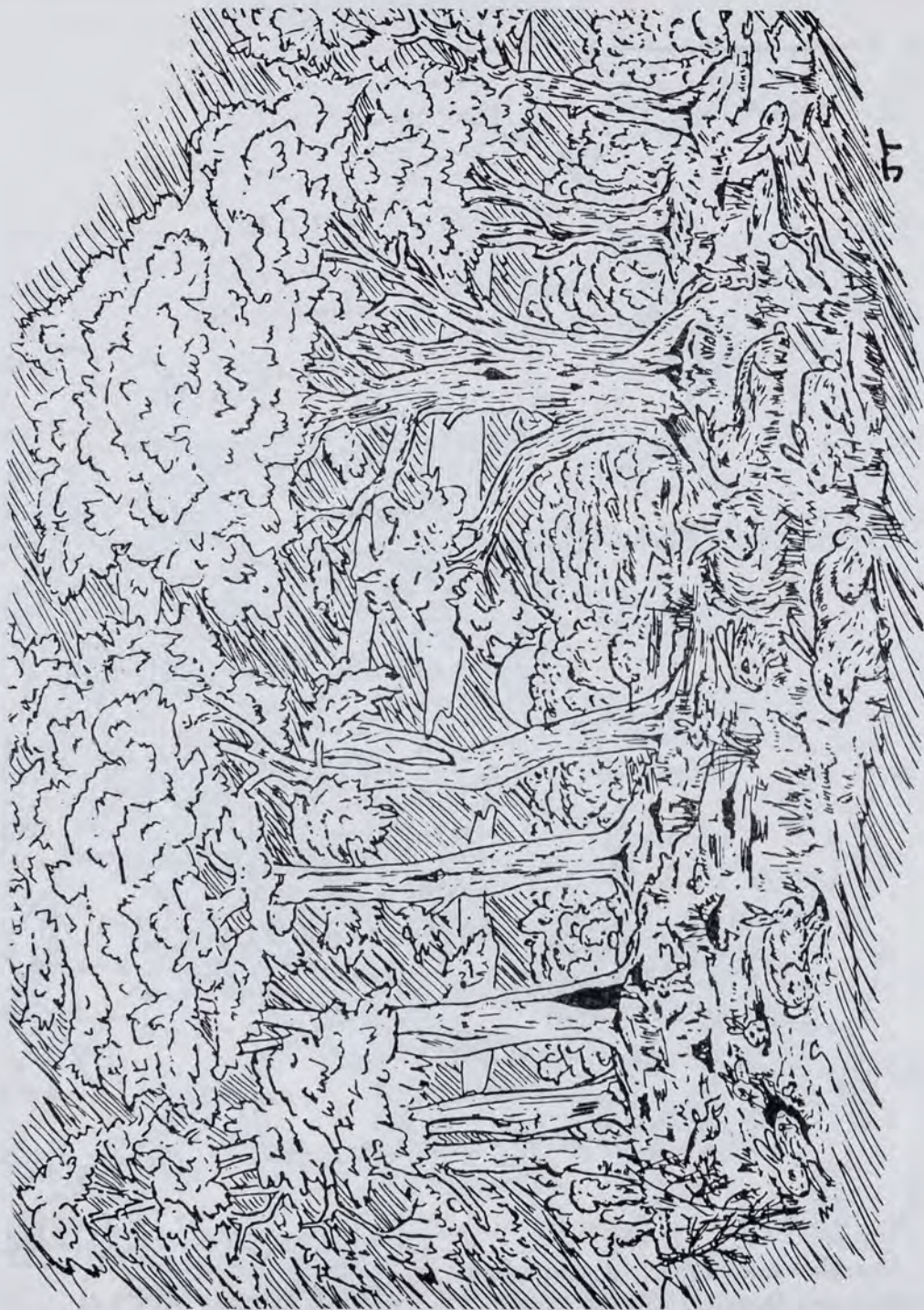
With regard to Duncton Warren it seems certain that it was a new development in 1590 because the lease for the letting of the ground survives and presupposes a warren still to be made. The indenture is drawn up between Henry Percy, 9th Earl of Northumberland and one William Blundell, yeoman of Meadhurst (Madehurst) in Sussex. Blundell is demised and granted by the Earl "all that his parcell of ground called the Warden Vallowe and one feilde called the Longdeane and one Lodge latlye builded parcell of his Lordshipp's demayne of Duncton... together with Dunctoun Hyll". All this ground was to be planted and replenished with coneys and called his lordship's warren of coneys. Blundell's lease was to run from the feast of the Purification of St. Mary the Virgin (i.e. early February) 1590 for a period of twenty-one years and he was to pay to the Earl 500 couple of coneys as "good, fatt, swete and well-fleshed" as the ground would yield. The downland turf has always been renowned for its excellent herbage. This was why Southdown lamb (now alas only a memory) used to taste and eat so sweetly, as many of us well know. This rental in kind was to begin at the feast of St. Bartholomew (24th August) 1592 and continue with weekly deliveries until the feast of the Purification (Candelmas on February 2nd). Perhaps this was intended to



"A hare among the coneys"



Duncton in 1625. A section from Robert Norton's map showing the Warren and Duncton Village itself.



"Poachers Moon"

cover a period when meat would be most short. The coney would be delivered to "the meancyon or dwelling house of the said Earl". In addition Blundell could supply as many others as he might be directed to bring up to a limit of twenty couple a week. The Earl would, on the signing of the lease, pay Blundell twenty pounds for the making and planting of "conye borrowes and buryes" in and upon the land in question. He would also pay ready money for three hundred couple of coneyes or as many as might be available. For these Blundell would be paid 12 pence a couple at the most. Blundell would be given competent and sufficient frith "for the makinge and plashinge of the burrowes or buryes" and would receive twelve loads of wood yearly "for fyer" during the period of the lease. The lease closes with the usual reparation and penalty clauses.

It is clear that the frith for the making of the burrows and for plashing refers to faggots, or more likely interwoven branch material that was to be laid on the open ground as cover to encourage the animals to burrow. They might need some encouragement as they would have some difficulty in burrowing on the chalk downs. The animals might well have been artificially fed, at least in the early stages, and possibly holes and warrens in the immediate vicinity of the warren would be stopped to induce the animals to use the warren.

The site of the warren in 1610 is shown on Ralph Treswell's plan, and a clearer plan by Robert Norton in 1625 shows the warren occupying both sides of the way to Arundel. This old way has since become the more modern highway to Chichester. Now, after climbing over the top of Duncton Hill, we are still passing virtually through the middle of the old warren. So the next time a rabbit scuttles across the road, or sits dazzled by your headlights, or lies flattened in the road by some previous car, spare a thought for his ancestors. He may have a longer family tree, and certainly more right to be where he is than you or I.

In case you are still not sure of the site of the old warren, as we go over the top of the hill towards Chichester on the right hand side is the track which climbs up to the chalk pit and round by Bishops Rings and on to the South Downs Way. This was then the way to Esden, i.e. East Dean. The long grassy valley, running west of the road down to what we now call Dog Kennel Corner, was and should still be Long Dene, the Seven Acres and Towne fields are above the Hill.

The cottage and farm buildings on the north side of Dog Kennel Corner are probably standing on the site of the lodge "lately builded" in 1590. We can picture a lodge or house, half-timbered with wattle and daub walls. It might have just a single room; thatched or roofed with furze and with little or no light inside. Fair enough, I suppose, for someone like William Blundell and those who followed him. It would seem from the plan of 1625 that the Downs were not entirely as wild and foreboding as our imagination would have us believe.

Nothing is known of the progress of the warren except for a note about the rental in 1623 (see Lord Leconfield Sutton and Duncton Manors pp 68). The next information comes from Petworth House, a file of papers from 1636 concerning poaching from the warren. In a formal complaint in Star Chamber Algernon Percy, the 10th Earl, protests at the activities of Thomas Sandham and others at the warren. On Whitsunday 1636 they "did maliciously, riotously, profanely and unlawfully assemble themselves and meete together at or neare the said warren armed and prepared with swords, daggers, pistolles, longestaves and diverse other unlawfull weapens and nettes, trappes and other unlawfull engins and instruments of purpose therewith to catch trap and destroy the coneys". These men had forcibly entered the warren and taken two hundred couple of coneys, swearing that they would murder anyone who tried to stop them. The bill complains of another night foray on or about the 2nd of July when the poachers had broken their way into the warren and pitched their nets and snares there to take and kill coneys. They hunted, chased and killed some two hundred couple more of the animals "with their said nettes and engines". The same men had also several times since raided the warren and "bragged and boasted thereof".

There exists also in this file a number of very brief statements from witnesses to the poachers' activities, giving corroborative testimony concerning the two main forays and a series of bonds, one for each of the poachers and binding him over "in ducentis libris" i.e. in the sum of £200 - a very large sum in those days - against his offending again. The poachers had submitted themselves to the Earl's mercy and promised never again to hunt coneys in the warren, nor to set any nets, hays (a kind of large rabbit net) or engines for that purpose.

Obviously nets were used by the poachers, but it is not certain whether the nets were the nets as used today which cover an individual hole or series of holes so that the rabbits bolted from the holes into the nets, or whether the nets were erected around the warren and the rabbits driven into them from the outside while feeding. Possibly the poachers would net the holes, then the warren in a half-circle and then drive the rabbits into semi-circular nets by means of beaters following behind. They would then use their assortment of weapons accordingly. The role of ferrets in all this is uncertain. - Could ferrets be the "unlawful engines" referred to in the Earl's complaint? Perhaps ferrets were not used at all; ferrets at night are not a speedy means of capturing rabbits and speed was obviously of the essence of the operation. Nothing is known as yet of the later history of the warren.

The warren at Duncton was only one of very many. Some like this have lost their names and identity, others have retained both, with names like Sullington Warren eastwards along the downs, Warren Wood just north of Moor Farm, Petworth and Warren Cottage near Ebernoe Church. All these names (like Limekiln Copse and Limekiln Rough) have their own significance.

J. Taylor.

WASHINGTON COPSE

This small area to the south west of the Town has been used for many years as a general dump for all sorts of unwanted items from old bicycles to rubble and many trees have suffered as a result. Once a stone quarry, many of the trees are ash but elder holly and sweet chestnut are growing well. Places such as this are of great importance together with our shrinking hedgerows as reservoirs for all forms of wildlife.

The Leconfield Estate have agreed to do some levelling this winter and then to fence the north eastern edge to stop further dumping. It is then proposed that a few volunteers (or press men) should clear the moveable rubbish and plant a number of suitable trees such as oaks. It is not proposed to make the area into a park. Rotting timber will be left for fungi, insects and woodpeckers and no exotic trees or plants will be introduced.

Offers of help with this project will be welcome and the work will be done later in the winter and when the weather is suitable. D.S.

EBERNOE COMMON

Readers of my piece on Ebernoe Common in the last Bulletin may be interested to hear of the latest developments in our efforts to save a substantial area of the beautiful woodlands on the Common from felling by the new owners. Although licence to fell is granted or otherwise by the Forestry Commission, they do, in 'sensitive' cases, consult local Councils, and throughout the summer we hovered on tenterhooks waiting to hear what decisions the Planning Department of Chichester District Council would reach. We are fortunate in that the Common is not only valued by local residents and visitors for its beauty, but is also cherished by scientists and conservationists for the unusual wealth of its wildlife, and many were generous with information and support. At last, in late-September, we were delighted to hear that the District Council had decided to put a Tree Preservation Order on 170 acres of the Common, including the 9 acres for which permission to fell had so far been requested. In fact, this does not necessarily mean that no felling can ever take place, because owners can apply for permission to take timber from protected areas, but it does mean that, at the very least, there will be much tighter control in future.

The whole case is an interesting one for those concerned with land use, forestry, and nature conservation. There is a direct clash in such woodlands between the interests of forestry (where a supply of healthy timber is the all-important concern) and those of nature conservation, where a natural cycle of tree growth and death enriches the wildlife immeasurably - without a certain amount of mature and dead wood many fungi, lichens and insects cannot exist. Obviously, over the country both interests must be catered for, but it is often impossible to combine both in the same area, and wildlife is so vulnerable that, once damaged, it can often never be re-established in its former richness and species are lost forever. Natural woodlands in Britain are now scarce, and in the Nature Conservancy Review (C.U.P. 1977) those on Ebernoe Common are reckoned to be the best of the remaining pieces of old Wealden forest. At a time when the Government is spending large sums on re-planting denuded areas of countryside it is imperative that those forests which we still have should be preserved. In some places the re-planting of felled areas is sufficient, but in ancient woodlands with special scientific value a clear policy of conservation is the only way to safeguard their special character and rich wildlife. Frances Abraham.

PETWORTH RAILWAY STATION

1859 - 1966

On 10th August, 1857, the Mid Sussex Railway Company was authorised to construct a railway line from Horsham to Petworth via Billingshurst and Pulborough. By railway standards, progress on the line was brisk and just over two years later, on 10th October, 1859, an official inspection was made of the line. The tour began at 8 a.m. at Three Bridges and progressed to Horsham where a considerable time was spent inspecting the new station. Later, the ceremonial train proceeded southwards into the Sussex countryside. A reporter for the West Sussex Gazette wrote:

"The land in this neighbourhood is not of the first quality, and the district is very thinly populated; indeed, it looks as one would imagine the backwoods of America do The people, when they were seen, looked scared at the appearance of the steam engine, as also did the horses, beasts, turkeys and other things, which ran from us in great horror."

Apart from being an official inspection of the line, the train was also being run to deposit various of the Company's servants at their new positions along the line. Although owned by the Mid Sussex Railway Company, the line was leased by the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway, finally being acquired by them three years later in 1862. The picturesqueness of Petworth Station, which is situated about 1½ miles south of the town at Coultershaw Bridge, obviously pleased the reporter, who wrote:

"The little station, which is built of polished deal, lies nestling under the hill in all the pride of perfect security. The railway buildings here are very numerous There is also a pretty little engine house for pumping up the water into a tank to supply the engines."

At the time of the opening, a new inn, 'The Railway Inn', was being built close to the station (this is now known as 'The Race Horse') and it is more likely that the local people appreciated this than the pleasantness of the station after their long walk from the town! However, subsequently a Mr. Dempster ran an omnibus to meet all the trains, but at 6d the fare would seem rather exorbitant for the times.

The inaugural train service was fixed at five passenger trains each day to Petworth, the journey taking one and a quarter hours from Three Bridges. Five additional trains ran only as far as Horsham. On 18th October, 1859, only a few days after the line was opened, an extremely successful special was run to the Crystal Palace from Petworth, the return fare being 3s. 6d., which included admission to the Palace. A few days later, on 22nd October, Sharp Engine No. 79, having been lit up and steamed with the regulator wide open, ran away from the old shed at Petworth. She got as far as Horsham, 17½ miles away, where a cleaner on his way along the line saw her pass with three sets of crossing gates on her buffers! She was then going quite slowly and he caught her. Fortunately, Hardham junction and Itchingfield junction were not then in existence and so there was a clear run to Horsham. One wonders whether the Horsham man who stopped the engine was suitably rewarded. The position of the Petworth, cleaner and fireman no doubt warrants some sympathy; apart from the inevitable interview with Mr. Craven, the Locomotive Superintendent of the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway Company, the men were forced to sit and wait for whatever ghastly news the morning might bring, since at this time there was no block telegraph and therefore no way of knowing of the recapture of their engine.

An extension to Midhurst was authorised on 13th August, 1859, and so slow was the progress on this, that it seemed that the line would never be completed. The tunnel at Midhurst caused some difficulty and during April, 1863, a man was injured by a fall of earth. Initially considerable delay had been caused over protracted wrangles over prices and compensation paid to local landowners. The line was ready for traffic on 15th October, 1866, and was greeted ironically by the West Sussex Gazette thus:

"Wonders will never cease - The Petworth and Midhurst Railway, alias 'Death's Line', was opened on Monday. This project has been so long in hand that we began to despair of seeing it fully carried out during the present generation."

The line, only 5¾ miles long, had taken just over seven years between authorisation and completion. Initially, the service consisted of six daily trains from Midhurst to Pulborough, plus two extra which ran only as far as Petworth. This long delay meant that the rival London South Western Company were the first

to reach Midhurst, opening their line from Petersfield on 1st September, 1864. Although the Act authorising this line stipulated that the railway must have a station at Selham, this did not open until July, 1872.

The original Petworth Station was demolished in the late 1880's (a photograph taken by Walter Kevis in 1889 is believed to show the original station just before its demolition). The present single storey wooden structure, situated slightly west of the old station, was opened by the Duke of Connaught, who was staying at Petworth House with a shooting party at that time. It does, indeed, seem strange that a wooden structure was chosen to serve the town and seat of one of the County's greatest landowners. In its details, an obvious effort was made to achieve an effect, even out of materials which the Brighton Company never favoured. Patterning on the weather boarding was achieved by the use of diagonal planking above and below the main wall panels, and wrought iron work on the booking hall roof, stained glass windows, an interior finished in polished deal, full length platform canopy and a booking hall entrance canopy all helped to add that extra touch of class. However, the most striking contrast with the lesser stations lay in the goods facilities, Petworth having both a goods shed and a crane inside and a second crane outside. Other 'status' symbols were a water column on the platform and a fully signalled passing loop, although the signal box, which was a typical produce of Messrs. Saxby & Farmer, was usually closed.

The late Ted Challen, who served for 26 years at Petworth as signalman/porter from 1904, in an interview in the mid-1950's, recalled how busy the station could be. The late E.V. Lucas and A.E.W. Mason were frequent passengers to London, as well as James Buchanan (as Lord Woollavington was then known) and Capt. Douglas Hall, who lived at Burton Park and was the Member of Parliament for the Isle of Wight. Royal visitors must also have been quite frequent to the area, what with Goodwood Races and the friendship between King Edward VII and Mr. James at West Dean Park.

In 1923, the London, Brighton & South Coast Railway became part of the Southern Railway and as early as 1932 there was a decline in local traffic. The nationalisation of Britain's railways in 1948 spelt out the end for many small, unprofitable branch lines and by 1955 passenger services at Petworth came to an end. Freight services ceased on 20th May, 1966: although the occasion was witnessed

by only a few, the customary detonators were placed on the line to mark the end of 106 years of service.

Keith Smith.

Keith Smith made the marvellous model of Petworth Station on show in late summer at the Public Library. He is very anxious to receive further information about all aspects of Petworth Station. Please don't hesitate to write to or telephone him: he will be very pleased to deal with any enquiries or comments. His address is:

Mr. K.D. Smith,
"Crantock",
22 Mill Gardens,
East Wittering,
Sussex PO20 8PR.

Telephone West Wittering 3672

Ed.

SOME SOMERSET HOSPITAL ADMISSION PETITIONS 1770-1820

The imposing brick-built house in North Street that would be the future Somerset Hospital was purchased in 1740 by Charles, Duke of Somerset and in 1746 converted into premises to cater for twelve poor widows. The Duke endowed it liberally and took a personal interest in its completion. Nineteenth-century recollections pictured him as going to inspect the alterations at the Hospital, borne in a sedan chair carried by two muscular attendants with a running footman to clear the way, and two other men armed with silver-headed cudgels to deter any who might seek to gaze at the features of his Grace within his servant-driven fastness. (cf Arnold's History pp 83.)

Petworth House material dealing with the Hospital from 1746 onward is very extensive and much of it has probably not yet been thoroughly inspected. A large proportion certainly consists of detailed accounts concerned with the day to day running of the Hospital but PHA 6076-7 contain petitions from widows seeking to enter the Hospital or at least to receive a pension from the endowment. Few sets of documents from Petworth's long history cast a sharper light on the situation of the less fortunate in a harsh age. Some petitions are from the eighteenth century and some from the early nineteenth and not all are dated. Those mentioned here are only a few selected at random. The petitions, addressed to the Earl of Egremont, are usually written in faultless copperplate and

obviously by a practised hand at the request of the petitioners themselves. These latter usually sign with their mark at the end.

Hannah Boxall, writing in 1816, explains that by the decease of her late husband, himself a worker on his lordship's estate, she is left in great indigence and destitute of the means of subsistence except by parochial relief. Her present infirm state of health renders her incapable of earning a livelihood by her own industry. She also has a son of seven years of a very weak and sickly constitution, while her other children, being married, have moved away, and having families of their own are unable to help her. She seeks a Hospital pension "either out of the House or in it, as your lordship may please to grant".

Ann Warren had been 70 in 1810 and was the widow of Edward Warren who had lived for many years with the late Mr. Knight and latterly with Mr. Dale at Coultershaw Mill. Mr. Warren had a short time previously removed to the Isle of Wight where just before he died he had "risqued nearly all his savings in a joint flour concern, the vessell containing its produce was wrecked at sea and the cargo lost, whereby he was reduced from comfortable to distressing circumstances". Mrs. Warren on returning to Petworth had been forced to resort to friends and acquaintances and to subsist on their benevolence. She gives seven supporters for her petition, all well-known men in the town. Most petitioners no doubt had some kind of referee but this formidable list is unusual among those petitions I have seen.

Sarah Milton of Lurgashall, widow of a former tenant on the Earl of Egremont's estate, had been left with three very young children on her husband's death. She has expended what little property had been left her in bringing them up and is now in very reduced circumstances. Her eldest child is still barely twelve and as yet too small and weakly to contribute toward his own livelihood. She hopes to obtain a situation in, or a pension from the "Hospital for decay'd widows at Petworth".

Mary Powell, a widow, had been confined to her bed and room for some six weeks. Writing in her own hand, she reminds Mr. Tyler, the steward, that she has already made application to his lordship for help and asks Mr. Tyler to speak to his lordship on her behalf. Her original petition to the Earl also survives in which she points out that her uncertain health prevents her regularly following her trade as a washerwoman.

Ann Johnson writing in 1778 recalls that her late husband had been for years a tenant of the late Duke of Somerset at Little Mitchell Park, Northchapel. She had been left with two small children to bring up and her husband having been "rent run" (apparently "in arrears") at the time of his death, she did not have even five shillings in the world with which to bury him. She had been advised to make off with some of the cattle but refused and instead confided in Mr. Elder, that old and trusted servant to the late Duke. He had let her have money with which to bury her husband. When she had managed to clear her creditors she was left with nothing at all. She had then become housekeeper to the incoming tenants at Mitchell Park and so remained for some years. Now her poor health causes her to seek support from the Hospital at Petworth.

Mary Rapson "his lordship's humble petitioner" is a poor woman some fifty-four years of age, and chiefly employed in nursing the aged and infirm widows in his lordship's almshouse and in weeding the gardens of respectable persons in the summer season. Her earnings from these occupations are so small and precarious however that she is greatly distressed at certain times of the year and begs to be made one of his lordship's weekly pensioners.

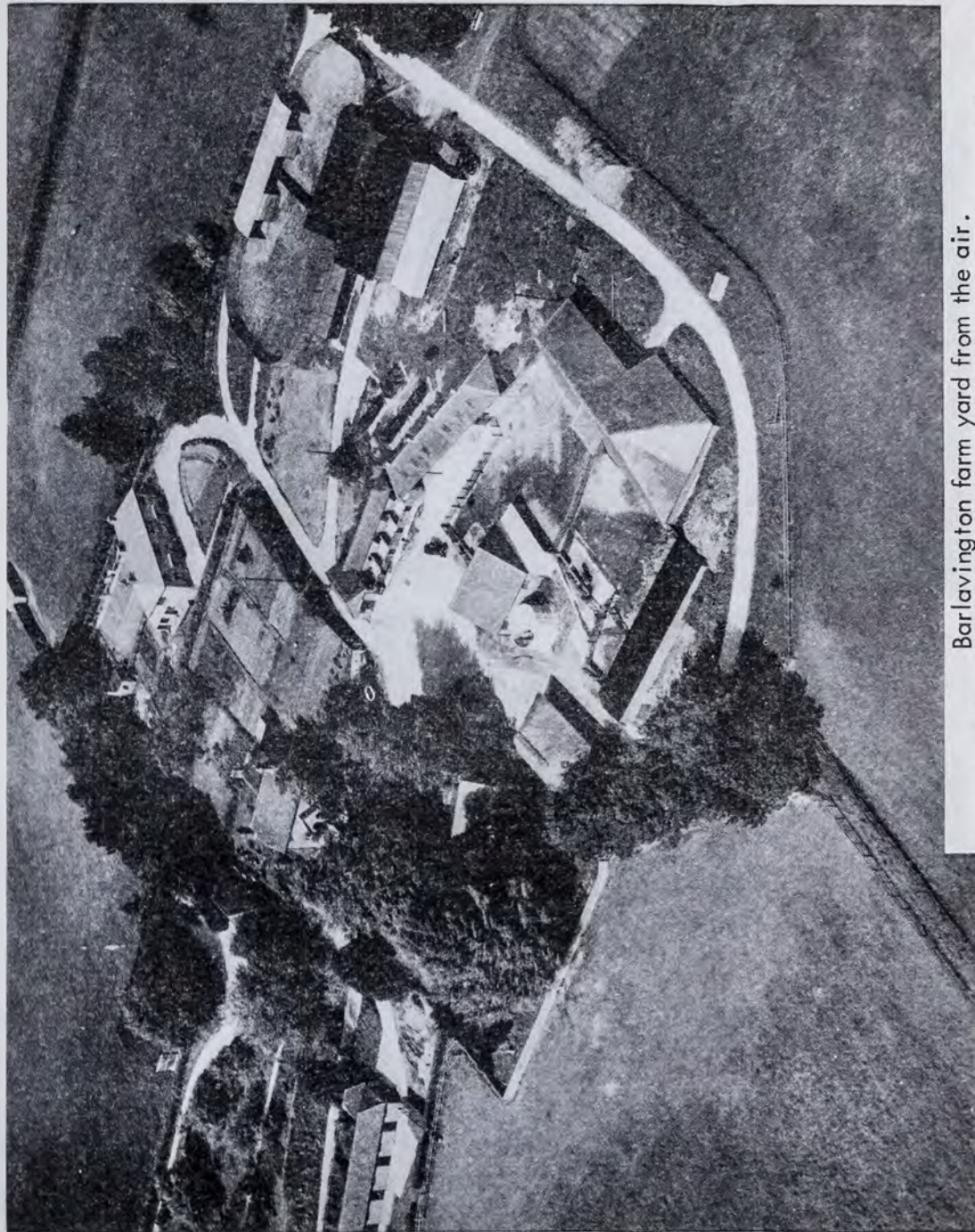
Mary Miles of Petworth has lately been left a widow and in a state of health which prevents her from obtaining a regular maintenance. Her son, though brought up in the trade of a shoemaker, is incapable through sickness of earning a subsistence. She too hopes to be considered as an object of his lordship's bounty and to be given either a pension or a place at the Hospital.

What success attended these various petitions is not clear - although one may suppose that most of the petitioners received what they sought. It would probably not be difficult, given the richness of the surviving material, to find out more of these and other "decay'd widows".

P.A.J.

THE GALLERY OF ROGUES

In this modern age it is quite the fashion to deprecate and demean our beautiful language: frequently one hears criticisms of the 'technological jargon' -- the art of using at least three totally unrelated words together, to create a new 'on-going sphere of communication' or 'phrase'.



Barlavington farm yard from the air.

St. Mary's Church is just visible in the south-west corner of the yard.



Another rare postcard. Does anyone know the occasion?



One more picture of the New Street procession.

However, in the English of the seventeenth century, people were equally apt at 'flowery phrases', the difference being though, that the effect was somehow more gracious or even romantic; take for example extracts from the 1630 handwritten encyclopedia PHA. HMC. 116 something of which was mentioned in the previous bulletin.

These extracts, which the handwriting group refer to as "The Gallery of Rogues", pertain to petty criminals -- and it must be said that their counter-titles today are not nearly so endearing. The whole criminal world goes by the title of "The Fraternitie of Vagabonds both Rufflings and Begerlie, men women, boyes and girles--" and today's Yobbo was then a 'Roaring Boy' one who behaved or lived in a noisy, roaring, riotous manner'. Today the word Hooker is somewhat more sinister than in 1630 -- for then it was 'someone who used artful or wily means to catch a person or thing' though sadly in this instance, one can see a connection from the past to the present day meaning. A 'Palliard' was a professional beggar or vagabond who slept on straw in barns, thus giving us the term palliasse or straw mattress; while a 'Freshwater Mariner' or 'Whipjack' was a beggar who claimed to be a distressed sailor, but who had in fact never set foot on the ocean!! One who swore was a 'Damerer', a pickpocket or petty thief was a 'Prigman' and a farmer's servant was known as a 'Jackman'.

Some of the descriptions are almost self-explanatory -- for instance a 'Swiggman' was a drunkard, a 'Quirebird' -- a term for singer or informer and 'Drunken Tinker' needs no explanation whatever!

One of the most interesting entries is 'Abraham Man'; this refers to a man who wandered about the countryside, pretending to be a lunatic in order to beg for alms. His supposed condition would have allayed any arrest for vagrancy, though he would have previously lodged in one of the Religious Houses of the day before their dissolution.

Women had some delightful titles, too, 'Kitchen Morte' - a serving girl, 'Doxy' - a paramour or mistress and 'Baudie Baskett' - one hesitates to put any interpretation on that at all! The meanings of names like 'Uprightmen', 'Warshmen', 'Irish Joyles' and 'Demaunders for Glimmer' are lost in the mists of time; one can only admire the lyrical sound of 'Swadder' whereas there is nothing lighthearted about the 1970's term 'Mugger', but reminiscence is a gentle pastime, especially if we do not dwell too much on the crime itself, but only upon the criminal's 'title'!

Sonia Rix.

NEW MEMBERS

Dr. Gerald Abraham CBE, The Old School House, Ebernoe.
Miss Frances Abraham, " " " " "
Mr. T. Adsett ARICS
Mr. G. Baker, 2 Overmead, Mill Lane, Shoreham-on-Sea.
Mr. J. Baker, 71 Wyndham Road, Petworth.
Mrs. Baker, 71 Wyndham Road, Petworth.
Mr. Beesly, c/o 24 Willow Walk, Petworth.
Mr. & Mrs. J. Buckingham, Gingerbread Cottage, Fittleworth.
Mr. H.W. Davidson, Glebe Cottage, Tillington.
Mr. J. Ellis, Rotherbridge Farm, Petworth.
Mr. Field, 24 Willow Walk, Petworth.
Mrs. J. Frost, 44 Sheepdown Drive, Petworth.
Mr. T. Gane, 5 Renton Close, Billingshurst, Sussex.
Mrs. J. Gane, 3 South Grove, Petworth.
Mr. M. Gane, 15 King Charles Road, Surbiton, Surrey.
Mrs. K. Hayes, 14 Edencroft, Bramley, Guildford, Surrey.
Mrs. Helme, Lutmans Cottage, Wisborough Green.
Miss M. Howard, 3 Hilltop, Tillington.
Mrs. J. Illius, Pitts Garden, Fittleworth.
Mr. K. Leslie, Downland Cottage, West Stoke, Chichester.
Miss B. Murray, Dacre, Bedham Road, Fittleworth.
Mr. & Mrs. M. Myers, Stable House, Foxhill, Petworth.
Mrs. M. Nairn, Barnboroughs, Lombard Street, Petworth.
Mr. R. Oakley, 7 Grove Lane, Petworth.
Mrs. E. Oakley, " " "
Miss F. Paton, York Cottage, Pound Street, Petworth.
Mrs. K. Pennells, 6 Station Road, Petworth.
Mr. A. Pilbeam, 4 Oakwood Court, Park Rise, Petworth.
Mr. J. Podmore, Tillington Hill, Petworth.
Mr. & Mrs. I. Plenderleith, Goldneys, River, Petworth.
Mr. J. Purser, Buckfold Cottage, Foxhill, Petworth.
Mrs. P. Railing, Douglaslake Farm, Fittleworth.
Mrs. V. Randall, 8 Grove Lane, Petworth.
Mr. G. Ray, Stoney Croft, High Street, Petworth.
Mrs. P. Redgrave, Lantern House, Tillington.
Mr. & Mrs. D. Robinson, Alderville, West Side, Tillington.
Mr. A. Smith, 15 Grove Lane, Petworth.
Mrs. C. Stanton, The Old Manor House, 534 Hill Top, Tillington.
Mrs. M. Sutherland, Court House Cottage, Lombard Street, Petworth.
Miss J. Thompson, 18 Rothermead, Petworth.
Mrs. P. Ure, Preyste House, North Street, Petworth.
Mr. E. Waldy, Dales House, Lombard Street, Petworth.

It would be most helpful if members would kindly notify Mrs. Boss of any change of address and it would ensure that members receive all communications correctly addressed. Also if they would inform Mrs. Boss if for any reason they wish to leave the Society.

WASSAILING AT DUNCTON SHORTLY AFTER THE GREAT WAR (FROM THE SUSSEX DAILY NEWS JANUARY 8TH, 1919)

AN OLD SUSSEX CUSTOM - "WASSAILING" AT DUNCTON.

The war has done its best to kill our customs and habits, but customs die hard. And so one finds that the quaint ceremony of "wassailing" or charming the apple trees observed at the Down village of Duncton is one which has so far survived. Nevertheless things are not as they used to be. In years gone by when the old chief, Mr. Dick Knight, was alive "wassailing" night was always a great event in the village. When the old chief died his son, Mr. Arthur Knight, promised he would carry on the tradition of the village, and he has faithfully fulfilled his promise. Every year he revisits his native village on old Christmas eve to head the wassailers in their pilgrimage to the orchards. This year his followers numbered only three. The smallness of the band was not surprising for, as the chief remarked, "There is no one about now" - many "wassailers" are engaged in sterner work than the charming of apple trees. Despite the small number of "wassailers" and the downpour of rain, the usual visits were made to Mrs. Court's, Lavington Park, Mr. Sildon's, Mrs. Knight, at the home of the old chief, and the mill 'neath the apple trees, the customary verse was recited:-

Here stands a jolly good old apple tree,
Stand fast root, bear well top.
Every little bough bear apple now;
Every little twig bear apple big;
Hats full, caps full,
Three score sacks full.
Whoop! whoop! holler boys!

What the party lacked in numbers they made up for in noise, and, if there are as many apples this summer as there were yells and shouts the crop should be a good one. By the time the boys had completed their round all were thoroughly wet through, and the chief's raiment, handed down by his father, was somewhat bedraggled. War-time restrictions did not permit the usual visit to the village public-house, the Cricketers' Arms, where in olden days "wassailers" concluded their evening's ceremony with a sing-song.

See also Jacqueline Simpson: The Folklore of Sussex pp 102PP.
with some different newspaper references and not including this
one. Can anyone add to this description of the "howling boys"?

SPRING ACTIVITIES

THURSDAY 17TH JANUARY

OLD PETWORTH in NEW SLIDES, Leconfield Hall 8.00 p.m.

THURSDAY 14TH FEBRUARY

MR. JOHN COOPER (Selsey) on Soft Fruit Growing
Leconfield Hall 8.00 p.m.

THURSDAY 6TH MARCH

MR. HILTON OAKES "A journey in Hungary and Czechoslovakia"
(Slides). Leconfield Hall 8.00 p.m.

Exhibition of photographs in the Public Library, Petworth:
The early 1950's (now ending)

Another exhibition in early Spring.

Local History Group meets at Trowels fortnightly.

Don't forget Monday, DECEMBER 10TH

Garden and other slides belonging to Mr.
P.M. Synge - followed by informal
Christmas gathering. ALL WELCOME.

Admission 35p - Refreshments.

Leconfield Hall 8.00 p.m.

