The Petworth Society

BULLETIN No. 30
DECEMBER 1982
Price for non-Members 50p

CONTENTS

* * * *

Cover design by Mr. J.M. Newdick drawn from a photography by Walter Kevis. It shows the Old Post Office in Market Square.

* * * *

This Bulletin was printed by:-
MIDHURST AND PETWORTH PRINTERS

11 Rothermead,
PETWORTH. Tel. 42456

Duck Lane,
MIDHURST. Tel. 6321

* * * *

Published by:- The Petworth Society

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.

From March 15th the annual subscription is £2. Double membership £2.50. Postal £3.00 (minimum). Further information may be obtained from any of the following:-

Chairman - Mr. P.A. Jerrome, Trowels, Pound Street, Petworth. (Tel. 42562)

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

Hon. Bulletin Sec. - Mrs. Margaret Hill, Whitelocks, Sheepdown Close, Petworth.

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, Mrs. Anne Simmons, Mr. D.S. Sneller, Mr. H.W. Speed, Mrs. R. Staker, Mr. J. Taylor, Miss Julia Thompson, Mr. E. Vincent.

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

The new season started with Mr. Hill's talk on Sussex Windmills and a full house at the Leconfield Hall - I would expect another good audience for Bob Lomas on Heavy Horses. Considering the appalling weather we had an excellent turn-out for Jumb's Stag Park walk but we were very lucky that it really rained hard only when we were safely in the cars and on the way back. The Festival Walk already seems a long time ago but would appear to have been an attraction - at a guess about eighty people went round the town.

It's already obvious that the new plate is going to cover costs so there doesn't seem any reason in principle why, Tulben Products being willing, we shouldn't try another one next year. It may be that the second design, depicting a building that still stands, was one that everyone could relate to, whereas with the previous one there were many (myself included) who had never seen the building depicted. The Christmas cards too seem to have fulfilled a need and I imagine that by the time this Bulletin appears we shall either be out of stock or have had to reprint. Many have asked whether we can do another card next year and, as with the plate I don't see why not; the card will comfortably cover expenses. As you know we are not greatly concerned about making a profit on things like plates and cards and I cannot sufficiently stress that no one is under the slightest obligation to buy either. Naturally I'm pleased if you support these initiatives but I'm quite happy if you don't. If they cover their costs, give pleasure and provide a service to some of the members - then they have fulfilled their purpose. Incidentally if anyone has either No.4 or No.15 of the second plate and would be prepared to exchange I would be pleased to hear from them.

I liked the notice of the September Bulletin by "Sussex Onlooker" in a recent West Sussex Gazette and I found Miss Walsh's argument that the Bulletin provided a "testament of continuity" particularly to the point. Of course this Bulletin deals to a considerable extent with the past. Why shouldn't it? The past however is only a road to the present and I am no great believer in what is called "nostalgia", I am also as well aware as anyone else that the past is never so attractive as when it is looked back on. Nevertheless this is a peculiar time when the small Sussex towns are changing, probably more rapidly than at any other period in their long history and we would be ill-advised to ignore what Miss Walsh calls "continuity". As Colonel Maude was always at pains to stress

Petworth is changing and changing quickly but a town that loses contact with its collective memory will soon lose its character as well. I would hope the Bulletin, in however small a way, acts as a focus for the town's collective memory and I hope too that the new photograph book (like its predecessors) will also work in the same cause of "continuity".

The Chairman's notes for the last Bulletin were written well before we were to learn of the loss of two most valued former committee members, both founder members. It may be that being a member of the committee is so traumatic that once having served, one never really loses the feeling of belonging to the committee. Certainly although Margaret Sheridan and Patrick Synge were technically retired from the committee they still influenced us a great deal and took the keenest interest in the Society's affairs. Even when quite ill Margaret was determined that the Gardens Walk would be a gigantic success and so it proved, and at other times although no longer on the committee she was always someone to whom to turn for unassuming help and advice. I'm sure she would want the annual Gardens Walk to continue. Patrick had had very much to do with the Society's early stages and had an interest in Petworth, its environment and this Society that survived several years of increasingly frail health. Of his distinguished career in horticulture it is not for me to speak but I can certainly say that both he and Margaret are already very much missed.

P.A.J.

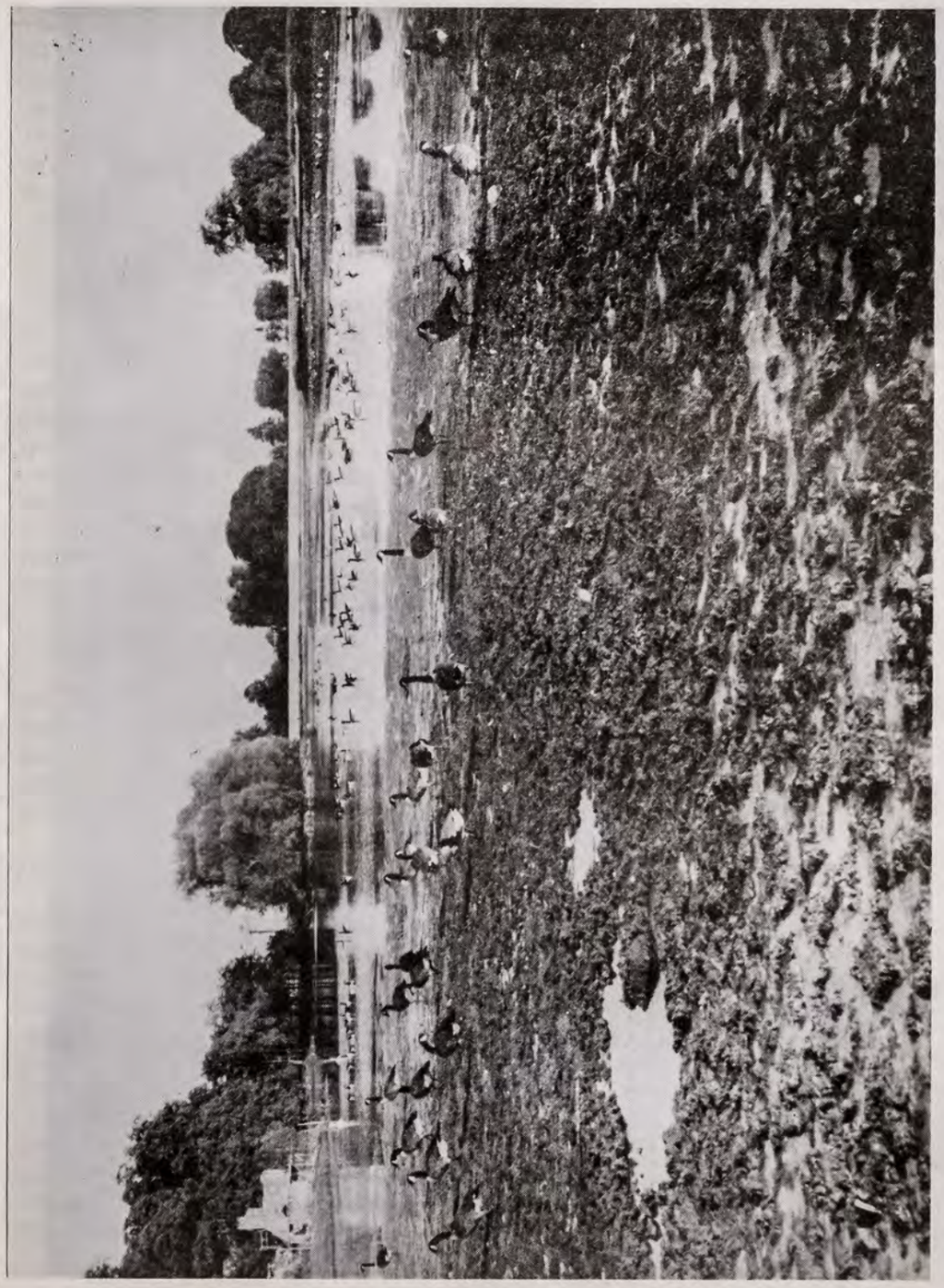
1st November, 1982.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

A lady writes re the article on the Dependents:

Dear Mr. Jerrome,

We find the September Bulletin has given interest and pleasure, especially to the people who knew the Stores in the former times. Some of us well remember Mr. Levi Peacock and his daughter mentioned in the Bulletin, he was a Dependent Member and walked to our Chapel every Sunday if he could, Mr. Wilcox was Mr. Peacock's Boss and our Mr. Smith often met him when he delivered groceries, said what an excellent gate maker he was. Mr. Wilcox once told Mr. Peacock to take any nuts he found anyone stealing from the Park. He found a man stealing and told him he was told to take any nuts, "You take



Canada geese on the Upper Lake in Petworth Park Summer 1982.

Henry Hooker in November 1933. Photograph by George Garland.

them then," said the man, "You give to me," Mr. Peacock said, "No", said the man, "You were told to take them so take them". Mr. Peacock was not the man to pick his pocket so the man kept his nuts. (They had large pockets in those days). I wonder if it is in your records that there was a Prison in Petworth. Mr. Luff who lived in the Store said that two of the heavy doors and some cellar steps came from the Prison when it was demolished, the Stores was established in 1880 and these doors were there then. Mr. Luff was 80 when he died in 1920 so it was a long time ago.

There was a severe whirlwind in Petworth about the same time and a Mrs. Batchelor a widow who did laundry work for a living, sent the laundered linen home by her daughter who was hit by the storm, which swept her off her feet and sent the laundry in all directions. It was difficult to find it all and they thought they had lost a good Table Cloth however all was found and had to be taken back to be relaundered (which they could ill afford). Mrs. Batchelor and her daughter were Dependents and came to live at the Stores where she was Cook until she retired at the age of 80!! (Of course she had help). It is good to know that we knew these well loved and respected people if only for a few years.

THE CARVER FAMILY

Mr. A. J. CARVER of 54 BUCKINGHAM ROAD, BRIGHTON BN1 3RM would much appreciate any information, recollections, photographs or memorabilia on the CARVER family in or around Petworth. All material will be returned if required. Telephone calls welcome BRIGHTON 722866.

IN DARKEST DUNCTON - AN EVENING WITH THE ENTOMOLOGISTS

Saturday 4th September would not, it appeared, be a good evening for moths. It had been the third glorious cloudless day in succession and moths are much more likely to fly when there is some cloud cover. The temperature too would probably drop sharply as soon as the sun went down; but Colin and Guy decided they would come up from Newhaven and give it a try. At the very least it would show how the present-day entomologist works.

As dusk was falling we set off for the foot of Duncton Hill where just inside the Sussex Naturalist Trust reserve we set up "camp". Colin of course had written permission to conduct his surveys in this and other similar woodland. We operated two lights, one on

the bend of the marly track that led up the scrap of the Downs, still quite muddy after heavy rain earlier in the week, at a spot where ash saplings lined the track. Here we placed a Skinner trap - a light collapsible box with angled sheets of plastic and inclined papier mache egg trays to act as a kind of rest room for visiting moths. There was a mercury vapour lamp above the box and a white sheet spread over the marl below. Colin preferred this type of trap because it was collapsible and easy to transport. "Trap" is somewhat misleading: it was more a kind of guest-house where the insects could gather beneath the light of the lamp. At the end of the evening they would be identified, noted and released. The modern entomologist is a chronicler of insect distribution and numbers far more than he is a collector of specimens. The serious entomologist needs a specimen collection of some kind for reference but this is a very minor part of his work. This top box we would leave to be inspected later.

Down the hill we came in file, a paraffin lamp lighting the way ahead. Where the path widened into a rough glade not very many yards from the gate and the main road we set up the principal lamp. The equipment was fairly simple: a large M.V. (mercury vapour) lamp on a stand rising above a white sheet spread out on the path, both lamps being run from a small portable generator. A long wire led up to the second M.V. lamp up the path. The M.V. lamp gives out the ultra-violet light that many moths find unable to resist.

The next thing was to sit and wait. Colin wasn't optimistic. While the ground temperature, a steady 62°, was reasonable for the time of year the relative decline since the sunny daylight hours would probably influence moths against flying. We would expect almost exclusively male moths at the lamp; females come much less often. No one really knows why this is the case and the usual explanation is that the lamp is not normally shone amongst the denser parts of the wood where the females are egg-laying. The experienced moth-watcher knows that even a week can make considerable changes in the species of moth that can be expected. Fewer and different moths will be flying in September than there are in June but of course dusk falls earlier in September and there is less time to wait before lighting the lamp. The study of moths appears an occupation for the philosopher - so much can go wrong but yet in the very uncertainty of an evening's prospects perhaps lies its attraction. Certainly the weather is absolutely crucial. A clear evening is not desirable, overcast skies are good, humid thundery weather is the best but once the rain falls the evening is usually ruined: moths will not fly when it is wet but rather shelter under leaves. They must not

alight on a wet sheet for once the wings have become wet, flight too becomes difficult. No feeling entomologist operates with a wet sheet. If it rains the expedition is usually at an end. If rain lands on the mercury vapour bulb the latter can explode but it can be protected with a pyrex glass framework. A replacement bulb is expensive. We carried a paraffin lamp as standby in case the bulb failed.

As Colin had feared the sky was too clear for it to be more than a somewhat thin night. On a good evening in September one might attract some 40-50 different species of moth to the sheet; in June on a very good evening perhaps 80-100. We saw on this Saturday perhaps 20-25 different kinds of moth. On an exceptional midsummer night it was possible so to fill the sheet that you could not put a hand on the sheet without dislodging some of the legion of moths that covered it like a living carpet. "No one would believe it, unless they'd seen it," said Colin, "but I have seen it and it's true. I wouldn't believe it myself if I hadn't actually seen it." The majority of moths fly between dusk and midnight, others later during the night, some few during the day.

The first visitor was not long coming to the ultra-violet light, a Silver Y moth with its distinctive gamma sign on the wing. This is a very common immigrant bred here from eggs laid by migrant female moths. This male would not survive but would die of cold during the autumn and winter. The next to come to the light was a Copper Underwing, another common species but this time a native and one that would survive in egg form all winter on the underside of leaves. Another very common woodland moth, the Brimstone, followed, its name coming of course from its yellow colour. Then came the Smoky Wainscot and the "Mouse", the latter so-called because of its habit of scuttling away on the sheet if touched - just like a mouse. The Blood Vein was a small moth with a blood-red bar across its wings but the bar was not visible in its full richness beneath the ultra-violet light, while it was easy to see why the "Snout" was so called. Other moths included the Dusky Thorn, Squarespot Rustic, Hebrew Character, various Wainscots, the Green Carpet, Beautiful Carpet, Flame Carpet and the Centre Barred Sallow. The last two were perhaps the least usual and were in the Skinner trap further up the path. The larva of the latter moth would be feeding on the ash sapling that had sprung up beside the bridle path. Opinions appear to differ as to how far the light of the lamp is visible to the moths. Some think of 3 metres only and some of a radius of some 25 yards.

Sometimes it isn't just moths who come to find out what's happening, an old fox has been known to poke his nose out, sometimes even a badger can be seen observing the proceedings. Many moths tend simply to rest immobile on the sheet rather than flit around the lamp. The moth population appears to have declined over the present century; during the last century and indeed well into this, it was not uncommon to encounter hundreds or even thousands of a single species in some favoured haunt and it would be possible to go, say, to Petworth Park and find moths resting on the trunks of the big oaks. This is much less likely now. Habitats too have become more confined: Guy Botwright could remember being warned by Mr. Wilcox the head forester on the Leconfield Estate not to go into Ebernoe Common in case he got lost! The decline of the old-fashioned type of coppicing and especially the clearing of woodland undergrowth has had much to do with the falling moth population as too, of course, the spread of concrete over once flourishing habitats. The motor-car also has much to answer for: not simply in the obvious sense of atmospheric pollution but physically through the millions of nocturnal insects caught in the car headlights, then struck down and killed. It may seem obvious but it still needs to be said: a moth does not normally survive collision with a motor-car. Older readers will remember clearing moths out of the old open car radiators. A car driven by a conservationist will have much the same effect when it strikes a flying insect as a car driven by anyone else!

"Not the best of evenings," said Colin, carefully removing the moths from the observation box on the slope, then shaking the supine bodies off the sheet now fast becoming damp with the dew. He had found however a réally fine specimen of a Beautiful Carpet Moth, so fine that it seemed to suggest a second late brood. This was rather unusual and needed more thought. Perhaps it hadn't been such a bad evening after all.

(Colin Pratt's book "A History of the Butterflies and Moths of Sussex" is published by the Booth Museum of Natural History at Brighton and costs £9.95.)

A GARLAND CHARACTER - HENRY HOOKER OF UPPERTON

Henry Hooker was my grandfather. He was a carter on the Mitford Estate where he worked for over fifty years, and he had three shire horses to look after. He was always up between 4 and 4.30 to go up and clean out the horses, groom and feed them before coming back for breakfast. He'd prepare them for whatever they had to do on that day, harness them up and have them out in the field by seven o'clock. Grandfather always went to Tillington Church on Sunday morning but in the afternoon he'd go up and feed the horses. Then he'd come home for tea and be off again at 6.00 to be at Church for evensong at 6.30. I think he liked to keep to a routine. He was a sidesman at Tillington Church and I can remember him going round with the almsbag. Often on Sunday we children would go to lunch with our grandparents, after all we lived next door to them and my grandparents always liked to have one of us at least in for dinner. Sunday School was a must and I sang in the choir at Tillington for eleven years. Mr. Goggs was the Rector then.

I would run errands for the old people: for instance Grandfather would get his tobacco from Olders in Angel Street, one ounce of dark shag and one ounce of light shag. Miss Older used to pull it out of a big tin, weigh it, and roll it up. Often too we'd go to George Wadey's shop in Upperton. It was on the right hand as you go out of the village on the Lurgashall road. I remember taking quart bottles there to be filled with beer and taken away.

George Garland often photographed my grandfather and he would take the finished prints up to show the old man. Garland always said he was very photogenic and his picture appeared in many farming magazines. Often too we'd go down to the Station Road Studio to look at what was in the showcase and often enough we'd see Grandfather's picture there. He'd often be photographed with his old friend Mr. Tanner.

Grandfather was a very amiable man and I never heard him swear all the time I knew him. In the summer when we'd take his tea out to him in the harvest fields, he'd let us come back home on the horses with him when he'd finished. He worked on until he was 82. He was always gentle with animals and birds and never ever rough. He never shouted at the horses. "Whoa", he'd say and stroke the horses's nose or "over boy". Horses always came first with him. When we were children we kept rabbits and as often as not Grandad would come home with a bunch of hogweed under his arm. "There y'are boy", he'd say, "let it wither and give it to the rabbits". That's what I remember

most about him - his kindness to animals and that's why of all the many Garland pictures of him I think the one with the geese gives the best idea of him as he really was.

from Mr. F.L. Wadey, 122 Moseley Avenue, Cownden, COVENTRY.

A PETWORTH BUTTON AND OTHER MATTERS

A small button was found recently in the garden of Ridge House - quite an ordinary metal button but bearing clearly the name "Elmer Petworth" - a name not known either to the finder or to myself. I wonder whether anyone knows the name - it's unusual to find a Petworth name that draws a complete blank. I haven't searched the directories so the name Elmer may be there somewhere but directories aren't infallible. George Garland always used to point to the Kevis photograph of Messrs. Jukes premises in Golden Square reproduced in the present Bulletin. Jukes were only there for a time and I think he never found a directory in which they appeared. Yet they must have been there at one time. It used to quite worry George Garland. In fact I think this particular photograph was taken about 1880. Kelly's is the directory most often consulted and probably the most informative but I append here the 1902 Petworth entry from a rather less well-known directory "Bennett's Business Directory". It gives rather less information than Kelly's but is a useful source nevertheless. This photostat courtesy of Miss A. Marshall.

P.A.J.

PETWORTH.

Allen Miss, dressmaker, Angel st
Angel, Angel st—H Paris
Arnold E, stationer, East st
Austen B S and Co, ironmongers, Market Place
Austin P, nurseryman, Mill Lane
Bacon and Co, boot and shoe stores, Church st
Barnard J A, hairdresser, Pound Place
Baxter R, smith, New Grove st
Bishop and Sons, boot and shoe warehouse, Lombard st
Boorer W, butcher, Lombard st
Borrow F, postmaster, Market Square
Boxall J, builder, Tillington rd
Bromham J, agent and draper, Golden Square
Bryant Miss F E, stationer, East st
Burden Mrs, toy dealer, Lombard st
Burnett Mrs J, fancy repository, East st
Burrows W, baker, High st
Corbett J, fishmonger, High st
Cragg and Son, plumbers, North st
Dawtrey R W, veterinary surgeon, Golden Square
Dawtrey W, corn & seed merchant, Golden Square
Dean J, butcher, North st
Death, Son and Tomkins, auctioneers, Lombard st
Dounan M, baker, North st
Eager H, drapers & haberdashers, Market Square
Gallop J, draper, North st
GODWIN C & CO, wine and spirit merchants, Lombard st—see advt
Golds A, confectioner, Pound st
Green W and H, grocers, Church st
Hardham F, baker, Market Square
Hawkins A, hairdresser, High st
Hope S W, surgeon, North st
Horse Guards Inn, Tillington—F Barham
Howard A, sweep, Golden Square
International Tea Co, New st
Ireland M, miller, Couldersham Mill
Kevis W J, photographer and tobacconist, Lombard st
Kinsey W D, tailor and draper, New st
Knight G and Co, butchers, High st
Knight C, fruiterer, etc, Lombard st
Knight J L, grocer, East st and New st
Knight W, baker and confectioner, Lombard st
Lamboll G, carrier and coal dealer, Pound st
Literary Institute and Reading Room, Church st
London and County Banking Co, Ltd, Market Square
Macdermott and Beachcroft, surgeons, Church st
Masons Arms Inn, North st
MAYBANK W H, coach, cart, van builder and wheelwright, East st and High st
Milton M, brewer, Stag Brewery, High st
Morley A G, saddler and harness maker, East st, and Angel st
NEVATT A, tailor, habit maker, riding trousers and breeches maker, hatter, hosier, glover, shirt maker and gentlemen's complete outfitter, Market Square

NEVATT G & SONS, naval and military tailors drapers and hatters, East st
Older C, grocer, Angel st
Otway and Fuller, grocers, Market Square and Golden Square
Petworth Coffee Tavern, East st
Petworth Institute, Church st
Pollard and Moyer, butchers, Market Square
Queen's Head, High st—A Knowles
RAILWAY INN, — H Streeter, proprietor
RED LION HOTEL, New st—J Purser, propr—see advt
Ricketts C, coal merchant, 345 High st
Southin J H, general smith and farrier, High st
Star Inn, Market Square—W H Smith
Stedman J W, watch maker and silversmith, North st
Stedman Mrs, confectioner, High st
Steggles G, chemist, Market Place and New st
Street W, boot maker, Post Office, Tillington
STREETER E, jeweller and art dealer, Golden Square
STREETER E & D, antique dealers, cabinet makers, upholsterers and undertakers, High st
STREETER H, fly proprietor, Livery and Bait Stables, Norman Mews, East st and Swan Yard
Summersell G, hairdresser, Church st
Swan Hotel, Market Square
Tate J, painter, Saddler's rd
THAYRE P, machinist, shoeing and jobbing smith, Church Hill. Second-hand bicycles and tricycles for sale
Tyrrell S, confectioner, North st
VINCENT W G, plumber, painter, glazier, paper hanger, decorator and general monumental mason, Angel st
Wagstaff E, boot dealer, Pound st
Wakeford G, baker, High st
Webster E, seedsman, East st
Weeks S, newsagent, Market Square
WEEKS & SON, saddle and harness manfrs. Tennis, cricket and football accessories
Well Diggers Arms, Lowheath—Mrs Mason
WHEATSHEAF INN, North st—R Whitcomb proprietor
Whitcomb C, milliner and fancy draper, Lombard st
Whitcomb S, builder, New Grove st
Whitcomb F, sanitary engineer
Whitcombe and Rogers, chemists, Market Place
White Hart Inn, High st—J Holden
Willmer W, hairdresser, Angel st
Woods J, builder and contractor, Angel st

WORKING IN THE WOODS IN THE 1930'S

As we lived at Colhook brickyard I would often help my father with the brickmaking even though I never actually worked there full-time. When I left school I worked on a farm at Ebernoe and then for a year or two for the Leconfield Estate woods department. I preferred farming though and finally I went back to it. There were no mechanical saws in those pre-war days in the woods and plenty of work with the old-fashioned axe. Trees were cut up with the old cross-cut saws. The Leconfield Estate didn't actually make their own hoops at this time: this was done by men working for themselves who bought the underwoods at the annual brushwood sale.

My father used to make hoops when he worked at the brickyard - it was a useful way to supplement his income during the winter, while

the other men cut wood to burn in the furnaces during the summer. The first hoops I ever made were on Christmas Eve 1932 when I was twelve. They were the smallest size, 2½ feet long and 480 to a bundle. It took me all day, splitting the wood down with an adze, then shaving it smooth. I cut the hoops to 5 feet and then in two. I couldn't have worked with more than a 5 foot length because I hadn't the reach then, nor when I had finished had I the reach to bind them with a withe. It was the smallest hoop size but it was still a big bundle.

When I went to work for the Leconfield Estate I had to be measured for a smock. All beaters had to have their own. It was Estate issue and water-proof. I think it was to Eagers in the Square that I went to be measured. Beating was part of a job in the woods and we always had to wear black bowler hats with red ribbons so that the guns could see us easily. There was both pheasant and partridge shooting usually with Lord Leconfield's house party. You knew that if you worked for the Estate you would never have Boxing Day off - you would always be beating because they always had a Boxing Day shoot. Often enough it was in Stag Park.

I never remember planting trees but I do remember trimming them. The woods department would supply the Estate farms with stumps and rails and a lot of work consisted in making these. There was also a lot of hedging and ditching. Mr. Wilcox the head forester knew what he wanted and would usually come out to see us during the day. In the old days when he came out by horse and cart the men said that you could hear him from quite a long way away but when I worked for him he had a small pick-up van and tended to appear more suddenly. If he didn't come in the morning, he'd be out in the afternoon but he never came twice.

Most of my working time was spent in Stag Park but I do remember cutting bracken on Coates Common. It was taken up to the Estate Yard and they must have used it for bedding of some kind. When I went back to farming I still used to do hedging and ditching but I also cut faggots, pimps and pea-boughs during the slow winter months - the smaller farmer used to do quite a bit of this in those days.

Riley Shotter was talking to the Editor.

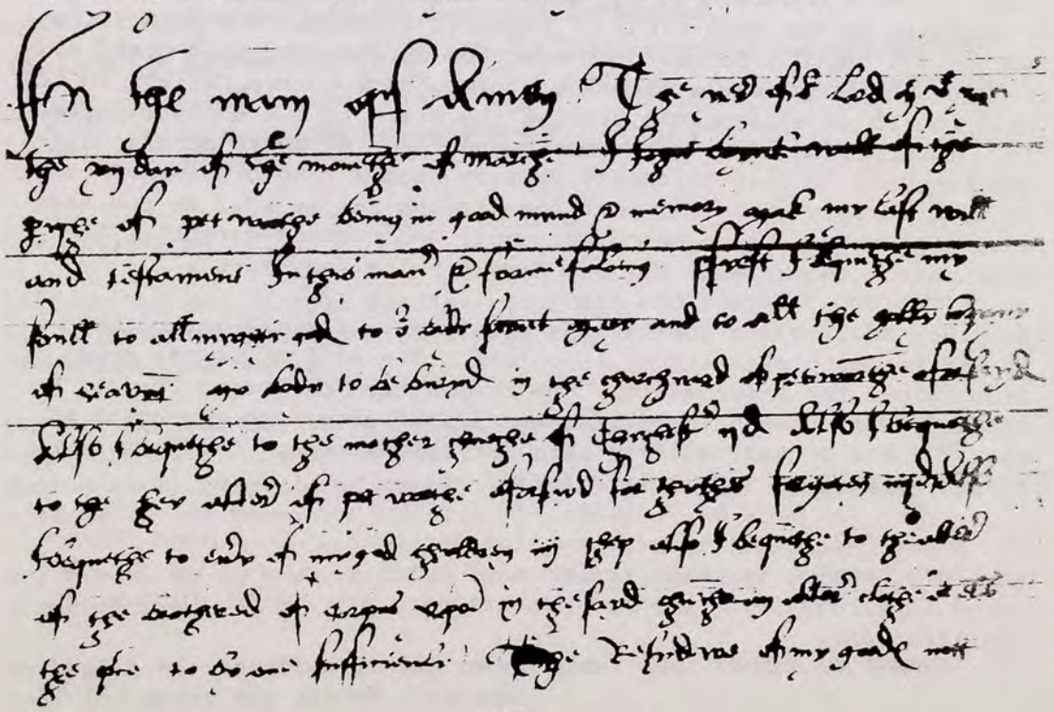
TWO COUNTRY NOTIONS

Beauty of Bath is one of the very earliest of English apples, coming into fruit in early August but like most of the very early varieties it goes over very quickly and becomes stale. It was reckoned however that if the apples were pushed into a hay-rick and left there for three weeks the taste was much improved. The older people would sometimes push a trayfull one by one into a rick and make a mark to indicate where the apples were. The improvement in flavour was thought to be brought about by the heat generated in the rick. No other variety of apple received this treatment.

Similarly field swedes were never eaten fresh from the field because the flavour would be lacking. Instead a layer of swedes would be mixed with the mangold pile and as the mangolds were taken out and used for the cattle so the swedes would gradually be removed for eating. The proximity with the mangolds during the winter enhanced the flavour.

TWO SIXTEENTH CENTURY PETWORTH DOCUMENTS

1) A copy will of 1520. (West Sussex Record Office).



Transcription. (I have slightly modernised the spelling and used Arabic numerals).

"In the name of God Amen. The year of our Lord 1520 the 12th day of the month of March. I John Brinkwell of the parish of Petworth being in good mind and memory make my last will and testament in this manner and form following: first I bequeath my soul to Almighty God to our Lady Saint Mary and to all the holy company of Heaven: my body to be buried in the churchyard of Petworth aforesaid. Also I bequeath to the Mother church of Chichester 2^{d}. Also I bequeath to the High altar of Petworth aforesaid for tithes forgotten 4^{d}. Also I bequeath to every of my godchildren 4 sheep also I bequeath to the altar of the brotherhood of Corpus Christi in the said church an altar cloth or else the price to buy one sufficiently. The residue of my goods not bequeathed, my debts paid, I give and bequeath to Joan Brinkwell my wife whom I make ordain and constitute my sole executrix that she dispose for my soul as she sees most expedient. These being witness: John Robins curate of the same church Thomas Wors William Wakelyn with many more".

Many Brinkwell wills survive and the family was well-established in the Petworth district at this time. The will of course comes from before the Reformation. The brotherhood of Corpus Christi appear to have been a lay order who looked after the arranging of masses for the dead and other similar observances. They are frequently mentioned in pre-reformation wills.

2) A churchwardens' presentment for Petworth 1579. (West Sussex Record Office). It takes the form of a series of replies to numbered interrogatories but the numbers here are out of picture on the left hand.

Petworth

Transcription:

"At Douncton one Richard Pearson resorteth and lieth at one John Cotes hous and comith not to divine service nor receved the communyon this Eastar.

Our person (parson) ys incumbent upon his benefice and servith the cure himself and he was student in Oxford and Master of art. He hath also an other benefice called Upwaltham. The college of Eatonys patrone of our benyfice and what the value is we know not.

Our parson ys no preacher. We have had our quarter sermons duely preached.

He kepith his benifice in his owne hands. Our church ys somwhat in fall and decay for lak of glasinge.

Our parson ys not maried nor any of his curats.

Our parson is alowd by my Lord Byshop himself to teach under hys hand and seall who (what) ys sound and sincere relygion and teacheth Mr Nowell's catechysme both in laten and english.

One William Shipway beinge suspected with one Doerey's wydowe and whether he will marie with her or no we knowe not.

The testaments of Edward Wyllard and John Turges are not yet proved.

We have an honest woman to our midwyf and hath good report of all her weghes and hath executed th'ofice here about XX yeres".

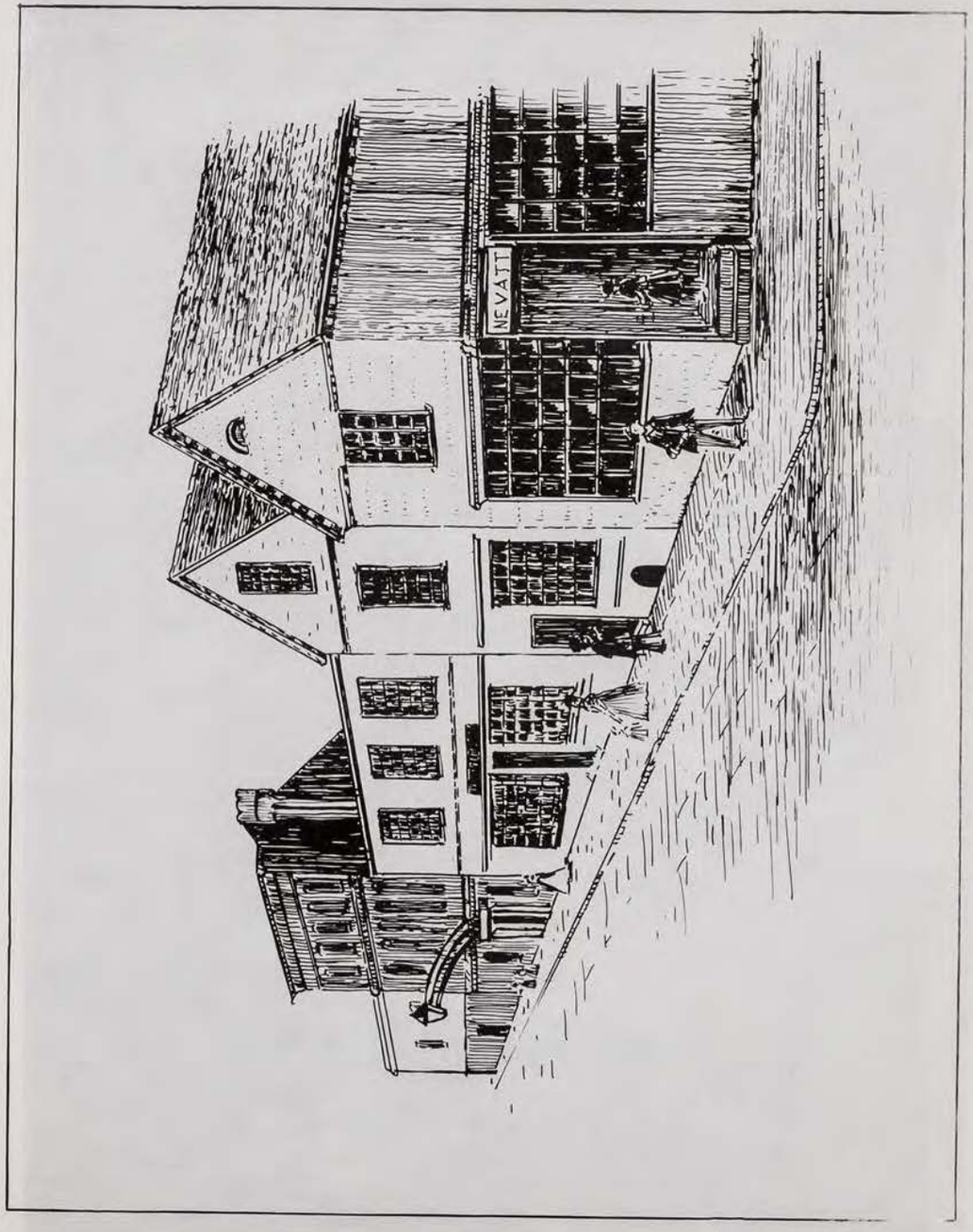
Nicholas Smyth former bursar of Eton College was rector at this time. He had been rector since 1560 and died in 1591. Regarding this type of document Mrs. McCann writes:

The presentments had to be made by the churchwardens of every parish at least twice a year and at Visitations. They received a set of questions about the state of the church, the qualifications and behaviour of the incumbent, any local schoolmasters and midwives, and the moral life of the parishioners, and they had to return their answers to the church courts. The incumbents also had to give their answers to the questions. From these, the church courts would begin proceedings against offenders.

Alexander Nowell Dean of St. Pauls (c1507-1602) was the author of three catechisms, the "Large Catechism", the "Middle Catechism" and the "Small Catechism" which is practically that of the Book of Common Prayer.

PETWORTH CINEMA (3)
BEGINNINGS AT THE SWAN ROOM

I noticed there was no transport in the Town only a horse bus to the Station some 2 miles away, the only other transport were the Doctors' two cars and about three other private ones and a couple of tradesmen's vans of some unfamiliar make. After a few days at home I really felt that I would like to start a Taxi service in Petworth. After all my knowledge of cars would help to overcome any necessary repairs and maintenance. After a lot of argument with my parents for and against, and especially only serving two and a



Petworth Market Square c 1850. Drawn by Rendle Diplock.

Messrs. Jukes in Golden Square (See "A Petworth Button"). Photograph by Walter Kevis.

Miss Wootton with evacuees September 1939. Photograph by George Garland.

Kirdford Church in the snow. February 1947. Photograph by George Garland.

half years apprenticeship instead of three years my parents eventually gave in and they bought me my very first car a model T.Ford Launderette Five Seater with wind up glass door windows. For the first six months business was slow, people could not see themselves sitting in a car for short journeys they would rather use their bicycles, but business gradually improved. Long journeys were taken with parties of five which was in most cases cheaper than going by train and also at one's own leisure. It was not long before I was able to buy a second car with a paid driver. Business flourished and I was making a good living, but within a matter of a year other tradesmen in the town saw this as a new era, and it was not long before other taxis appeared. No licences were necessary in those early days. The doctor's daughter bought a car: the butcher, a publican, the only Garage in Petworth another, so that it seemed that within a matter of a month or two Petworth was flooded with Hire cars and to make matters worse Southdown Motor Services started to operate, running scheduled services to Horsham, Chichester, Worthing, Brighton, collecting fares from villages between. Soon everybody in the car hire business including myself was cutting fares to a minimum making just a bare living. Some days my two cars did'nt cover a journey, and under those circumstances it was not long before I had to dispense with my Driver and do all the driving myself. There was a small cinema in the town running for three days a week and I made it my business to become known to the owners a Mr. & Mrs. Pillans, his wife being a French lady. On one winter's morning I had a note pushed through the letter box of my home (No phone in those days except for a limited few.) Mr. & Mrs. Pillans wanted me to take them to Duncton Catholic Church for an early morning service at 8 a.m. I usually picked them up at 7.45 a.m. and it was the practice for me to wait until after the service to pick them up again. What I could not quite understand on this occasion was that they both appeared so miserable. I put this down to Mrs. Pillans who was very erratic at times and this could have been one of those days. Neither spoke a word during the short drive home, but as Mr. Pillans paid the fare he asked me in for a cup of coffee which I gladly accepted. As we all three sat down Mr. Pillans broke the silence and his first words to me were" Would I like to take over his Cinema concern?" I had to ask him again because I could'nt believe what he said to me. They both repeated the question, my hand holding the cup of coffee became somewhat unsteady from excitement, and it seemed ages to me before I was able to give them an answer. He helped me with the situation by saying that the Taxi business in Petworth must be getting very bad for all of you, and he thought that under the circumstances I might be interested. The reason why they wanted to

dispose of their Cinema enterprise was that Mrs. Pillans wanted to return to Bournemouth as she did not like the Country life. We discussed the proposition and the price for the going concern. The Pillans would accept a figure of £250, this price to include a Powers No 6 Projector and 12'-13½' spools, a lamphouse with arc and the usual resistances, a quantity of red plush tip-up seats, a screen, some curtains, carpets, a Kelvin generating plant, a switchboard and some outside still frames and poster boards. All this together with a short lease based on a quarterly tenancy by Trust Houses Ltd at the Swan Hotel, I told them what my position was with my Taxi business and asked them if they would be good enough to wait and see if I could raise the necessary cash by selling my two cars. When I arrived home I told my parents what had transpired and seeing how interested I was in the Cinema business they eventually agreed with me. On the following Monday I arranged to take both cars to an auction sale at Brighton with a reserve price for each car. The Ford for £150 and the Overland for £100. I was told that I would be informed of the results immediately by next morning's post, I just could not sleep that night wondering what the outcome would be: suppose the cars do not fetch this sort of money - what would be my position then? Surely I thought as I laid awake in bed, somebody would be interested. But whatever should be the outcome I intended to see the Pillans on the following Thursday evening and explain my position. However Thursday's morning post arrived and the post mark was from Brighton. My fingers holding the letter trembled as I tried to open it with a knife as the envelope was stuck unusually tight, the contents read as follows: they were pleased to inform me that the two cars had been sold for the combined price of £250, the reserve price had been reached and they enclosed a cheque for £237.10.0. 5% commission being deducted. All I now had to find was another £12.10.0.. I rushed down to the bank as soon as it was opened and banked the cheque, I knew then I had the cash available. After galloping my lunch I made enquiries to find out what time of day Mr. & Mrs. Pillans would be arriving at the Cinema as they were expected back sometime during the afternoon in readiness for the evening show. Six o'clock came and they had not arrived, I was, even at this early stage, getting a little worried because they had already informed me the previous Sunday of the urgency to dispose of their interest at Petworth, as they had another business in view in Bournemouth. I had visions they could have found another purchaser during their stay away. Seven o'clock came for the opening up session. The operator arrived, and then the pianist and cashier. The programme itself did not commence until 7.30 p.m. but still no Mr. Pillans. I waited at the Box office and saw each individual paying for their ticket. The programme was just about to commence, when rushing up the stairs came Mr. & Mrs. Pillans

who had just arrived from Bournemouth. They saw me waiting for them in front of the pay office with some anticipation wondering of course what my answer would be. To ease their worried looks I said, "Everything is alright" and presented them with a cheque for £25 as deposit. The change in their faces was alarming, as they must have been in the same position as myself, wanting the cash to purchase their other interest in Bournemouth. They took me down to the Hotel lounge and gave me a drink of wine to celebrate the occasion. They said they would do all in their power to effect a quick and satisfactory transaction. The first thing I had to do in the following morning was to get in touch with Trust Houses Ltd at head office to see if they would accept me as their new tenant, and to give the name of the Solicitor who would be acting for me. Unfortunately I found there was a snag, being under 21 years of age I was not old enough to hold a Cinema Licence, so my Father stood as proxy for me. It took about fourteen days to get everything settled with a further 14 days notice to apply to the court for the transfer of the licence. I had to take over the bookings which Mr. Pillans had previously arranged. This was no problem as it gave me that extra thinking time in which to book films.

T. S. COLLINS.
(to be continued)

A VIEW FROM KIRDFORD

Petworth always seemed a long way away in the early days before there were cars and at Kirdford we didn't have too much to do with Petworth. I do remember though that there used to be a butcher on the corner of Saddlers Row opposite the shoe shop. Tribe his name was and on Saturday evenings he'd sell off whatever he had left. People like us from the villages used to cycle in to buy it cheap. This was long before the Great War. I can remember too my grandmother going into Petworth to have her photograph taken by Walter Kevis. It was quite an occasion when she went off in my uncle's pony and trap. I still have the photograph and it is as clear now as when it was first taken - it hasn't faded at all.

When I first took on the job as Kirdford's postman the pay was 7/6d. a week and when I retired at the age of ninety it was £16 for the same number of hours! I started in 1910. In those days you were paid by the time the round was expected to take you. Rounds were either "walking" or "cycling" and if yours was a "walking" you were not allowed to cycle because then you would be finished well within the time you were being paid for. Mine was a "walking" round but

unofficially I did sometimes go round by bike. Every so often someone would come out from the Post Office at Horsham and walk the round with me - just to make sure the round did in fact take me the time I was being paid for. The post would come from Billingshurst by van - although in the early days of course it came by horse and cart. Private contractors would do this work - for a long time it was Henry Woods from Wisborough Green. Sometimes I had to read letters for people who could not read them themselves and on one occasion I even had to write a letter for an old lady. Some of the cottages were very remote then but as they didn't often have mail I didn't always have to go. The job brought me in a steady income and, being only eighteen hours a week (6.30 to 9.30 six days a week), I was free to do other work.

My present cottage next to the garage was once a stable. My mother's family ran a carrier's business from these premises. They'd go to London once a week. I can't speak of this from my own experience because it was before my time but my impression is that basically they would bring back provisions like sugar and tea for the Kirdford shop. They would take up what they could to balance the journeys but basically it was what they were bringing back that was important. They used the old broad-wheeled waggons, essential for the early part of the London journey because while you didn't meet a turnpike until you came to Guildford, you didn't meet a hard road either!

The garage beginnings at Kirdford went back to the old cycle days when tyres were still solid, and in the early period it was basically a cycle business, run by my uncle. I had my first motorcar licence in 1910. At that time there were only two people at Kirdford who had a licence - myself and the chauffeur at Barkfold House. My first car was a single cylinder Rover: I was already quite used to cars, having learned to drive on my father's own single cylinder car. The Barwells at Barkfold had a Napier and the mechanic who came down with it from the factory ended up as their chauffeur. I was very friendly with him for many years. In those days cars had to be scrupulously washed every night otherwise the coachwork would go spotty: cars were made with real varnished coachwork then and varnish spots very badly if it isn't kept clean. 20 m.p.h. was the speed limit at that time but I didn't have anything to do with red flags - that was before my time. The police were quite strict about the speed limits, particularly on the road from Guildford to Kingston, and they'd have special traps. Working in plain clothes and with a flag and a stop-watch they'd operate on a straight measured mile.

Going out in a car was a real adventure then and many a time I've struggled up Duncton Hill with a single cylinder motor with the occupants having had to get out and follow on foot. The adventure is gone from motoring now and so is the excitement. Hoods folded back on to the back seat then and there were side curtains which could be put up if it was wet. We ran a hire car service from the garage - 6d. a mile it used to be and it cost 6/- to go to Billingshurst station and back. In the early days we sold petrol in cans; there weren't any pumps then of course. By law the cans had to be kept in a pit 30 yards from any building so when someone pulled in to fill up we'd go off down into the garden to fetch a can and then tip the petrol in from the can. Filling up could take a while as you can imagine but no one seemed to worry about time. It was a big day for the garage when the pumps came. We had to pay the petrol company back for them at a rate of one penny on each gallon we sold and that took us some considerable time! During the period that we were repaying the petrol company we could only use their petrol. "Pratts with Ethyl" it was called - the ethyl gave it some kick. I always liked engines and with a garage at the very beginning of the age of the internal combustion engine you had to keep looking to the future and also to pick things up for yourself. Skills like welding you could teach yourself using a manual. Of course you'd make mistakes but you did learn for yourself and you'd probably do it all the better in the end. I can remember the old acetylene motor-car lamps, and then the new Ford with its own lights! It cost £100 but the lamp tended to dim when the car slowed down and when it turned a corner it hardly shone at all. I was 90 when I gave up driving and I still had a completely clean licence.

During the Great War I was in the Naval Air Service and based in the Orkneys. We were on the watch for German submarines that might be operating in these northern waters and I serviced the engines for the biplanes that searched for the submarines. I had first gone to Rolls Royce at Derby for a three months' course to learn about the engines.

My father farmed for a time at Holland Heath, then he took the bakery hard by the cycle shop and I would work in the family bakery as well. We had all brick ovens and used faggots - some 1,000 a year. The bread was prepared of course the previous night. Our cakes and Sussex rolls were very well known - 7 lbs of dough, 3½ lbs of margarine and 3½ lbs of lard - the same weight in fat as in dough. You could warm them up when they were a day or two old and the fat would still run out of them. People would come for miles

for them, even up from the coast. We delivered bread as far as Dunsfold, first with a horse and cart, latterly with a motor van.

The old village of Kirdford has remained much the same in my time but of course the motor car has made it less remote. My father used to organise outings to Littlehampton and other places and I can vividly remember one old lady standing on Billingshurst station and looking fearfully down the line as you can do at Billingshurst. When a train came puffing up the line it was as much as we could do to stop her taking flight - she'd never seen anything like it before. I can remember Mr. Howard running the Kirdford malthouse for Matthew Taylor to whom it belonged and I can just remember the mill. My family were Congregationalists and that's how I learned to play the organ. There was a chapel at Balls Cross - a long room at the back of a barn. There were Cokelers in Kirdford then but their main base was at Loxwood. The workhouse was opposite the Half Moon - I can remember old men breaking stones by the roadside; the stones would be brought out from the stone-pits and the men would break them. Passing carts would eventually roll them in.

All cottagers made their own wine in those days but our family favoured what was known as "botanic beer". It was supposed to be non-intoxicant but in fact if you kept it long enough it would become quite potent. You bought it as a mix and added hot water and yeast.

I wonder how many Kirdford people remember "Gipsey Party day", one of the two annual celebrations. Andrew Smith the showman would come with his roundabouts and take up the whole of the village street. The roundabouts would stand on the green in front of the church and the stalls were everywhere. Foresters' Club day was another big occasion - and as in other villages the club members would march through the village. There was an enormous banner kept at the Half Moon and the Club secretary would always walk beneath it. Again there would be a fair with roundabouts.

Ron Snelling B.E.M. was talking to Mrs. Walters and the Editor.

J"S BULLETIN WALK

This walk takes about 2½ to 3 hours and takes us through a mixture of farmland and woods, wellington boots are a good idea, or at least stout shoes. We start by taking a car along the Brighton road past the Welldiggers pub and on to Egdean. Here we can park in the small road that runs through above the wood and joins the two major roads,

there are several places where it is possible to pull off without causing an obstruction. Now we move south towards the downs, cross the road and into Woodruff Lane, past the duck pond and turn left into the field, keeping to the left hand side until we reach the hard road, here we turn left up the hill and where the road forks, keep right and taking no turnings, carry on out to the Swan Hotel. Turning right for about 25 yards we turn left across the road and through the gate into the field, now after about 150 yards we turn left at the sign, and carefully following footpath signs we keep to the left edge of the fields until we reach a sign that takes us left along the edge of a wood and out onto a hard road, here we turn right for about 50 yards and then left onto wooded common. At the top of the hill we find a T sign and turning right we follow the path out to the main road, here turning left for a short way down the hill then crossing to the right at the sign, move once again into the woods, now keeping to the left we follow signs straight through the wood to Limbourne Lane, here turn right and then immediately take left fork. Keeping to the lane we pass some lovely little cottages and where the road turns sharp right through some iron gates, we keep straight on into the woods taking the left hand footpath, keeping to this we take no turnings until once again we strike the hard road, here turning right and then first left along the lane past Amen Cottage. When our lane joins again the larger road, just above Fitzleroi Farm, we move to the right for about 30 yards, then, at the footpath sign, turn left into the field, and keeping to the right hand edge carry on until we come to a holly hedge, here we must move to the right along this hedge and not to the left along the fir hedge as the sign seems to indicate. These evergreen hedges that we now see encircle the fruit orchards and house where once General Maxse lived and I well remember that Mr. Dick Collins used to keep them all trimmed by hand, I think it took him about six weeks to trim the holly and six weeks to trim the fir, but when he had finished it was a job well done and looked very nice. Following the holly hedge we come out onto the road at Little Bognor and turning left away from the footpath signs we walk down the road to a sign "Framewood" here we turn right and follow the footpath straight across the field moving left when we reach the wood under the electricity cables until we come to a small gate opening onto a lane, turn left along the land and out at Plum Pudding corner, crossing the road we turn left onto the path that takes us back to the car. All the left and right turns make this walk sound very complicated but in fact it is not too bad as the signs point the way very well and I think a little trouble taken is more than rewarded by the lovely views and points of interest all along the way.

PETWORTH AND PECKHAM RYE

When war was declared in 1939 the authorites wasted no time in getting us out of London. I was at Peckham Rye school at the time and was one of the thousands of London children who were moved out into the country within a few autumn days. In no time at all, it seemed, we were put on a 36 bus and taken to Victoria. We were all given gas-masks and had an identifying number put on our backs together with our names. Schools were kept together which was as well because Victoria was absolutely bursting with children. I was only nine so I don't remember much but I do remember coming to Petworth Station. I stayed first with Mrs. Cobby in North Street and my brother and I were very happy and well-looked after there. I particularly remember being bathed in a tub in front of a roaring fire. Unfortunately my brother and I tended to argue and eventually I went up to stay with a family in the cottages opposite the Police Station. I can't remember their name now but I do remember that they had a big cupboard under the stairs where they kept the home-made jam - there were stacks of it. I planted one of the plum-stones and a plum tree grew up in the garden. I was ill in 1942 and had to go home but my brother was younger and he stayed on in Petworth until 1944.

I don't remember much about the Evacuee school as such but I certainly didn't feel out of place as an evacuee in Petworth and I think we settled down very well in the circumstances. We weren't entirely cut off from our parents either. Every Sunday at 11 o'clock a big coach, sometimes accompanied by another smaller one, would bring parents down for the day from London. We all used to wait there but often we didn't know whether our parents would be coming that particular day or not. Even so we'd always go to the Square and wait just in case. It was usually mothers who came, most fathersof course being away in the forces. The coach would leave again for London about 5.30 in the evening. When I could I would take my mother down to the Virgin Mary Spring so that she could collect the pure spring water in her cupped hands and drink it. When I came back this time I couldn't find the Spring - I went round the hills instead of the Sheepdowns and thought the Spring nust have been done away with! I could only remember it was down a steep slope.

In the winter the lake in Petworth Park would freeze and we'd slide on it and I can remember that in the summer there were days when there were stalls by the main entrance in the House. They were run for various charities and we children loved to go from

stall to stall just looking. Often when we were round the hills we'd see Lord Leconfield out with his hounds: he'd go down the slope to the brook, take them over the stone bridge and off up into the Gog woods. I remember too how the men on the gate used to touch their caps as he came out of the House. We were often in the Park but we weren't allowed in the House itself although I believe Lord and Lady Leconfield did take in some evacuees themselves. Sometimes we'd go up the Gog ourselves with some relations of Mr. and Mrs. Cobby whom we called Aunt and Uncle and I would go out with Uncle when he went rabbit shooting. I liked that. Every Saturday morning there were the pictures - the cinema used to be packed - but I don't remember the actual films now. Some Sundays we went to church: we weren't made to go and didn't go as a body but I think they liked us to go if possible. We walked quite a bit too; down the long road to the Station, or over the swinging bridge at Rotherbridge. I'm going have a look down there today. Sometimes too I'd go up to watch the bread being made in the bakers in Lombard Street.

Saturdays too I used to push a four-wheeled trolley round Petworth with lamp oil. I'd knock on the doors and ask them if they wanted oil for their paraffin lamps. Then I'd ladle it out in a measuring can. I think it was 6d. a can.

Barbara Norman was talking to the Editor.

PETWORTH GAOL

a) Introduction

The main sources for a history of the old gaol at Petworth are the records of the Court of Quarter Sessions which cover, rather unevenly, the whole period of the prison's existence from its being finally built in 1788-9 to its demolition in the early 1880's. Only four governors cover the ninety years that the prison was in use and the reign of the first, William Starkes was brief. He was succeeded by William Phillips in 1791. Phillips retired in 1826 and was succeeded by John Mance who retired in 1856. The last governor, William Linton, appears to have remained in charge until the prison was closed on the orders of the Secretary of State in the late 1870's. Only Starkes' bond survives while for Phillips there is little until the 1820's but this can be supplemented by the very full account in Dallaway's Preliminary History. Curiously, although Dallaway's History of the Rape of Arundel was not published

until 1831 it does not appear to include material relating to the prison from later than 1819. Dallaway had access to materials apparently no longer extant and he helps to fill out the rather dim early period of Phillips' governorship. Mance's governorship is rich in documentation of all kinds, Linton's less so; the later reports tend to be rather cursory and give only scattered insights into life in the prison. There are at least two engravings showing the Prison from Tillington Road (one reproduced here) and some lateish photographs of the County Police Force set against the prison buildings.

b) Two earlier Petworth prisons

The 1788 house of correction had had its forerunners: there had been a prison of sorts as early as 1330 for Arnold's History of Petworth (1864) tells the curious tale of how Thomas de Natindon the Pope's proctor had gone to Slindon where Simon de Mepham Archbishop of Canterbury was staying. Natindon was to serve a writ on the Archbishop with whom the Pope (John XXII) was not on the best of terms, but he and his men were to receive a very robust greeting indeed. No sooner was the writ produced than the Archbishop's men fell on Natindon and his entourage with sword and stave. They were stripped and bound and then suffered the indignity of being doused with several gallons of cold water. Natindon contrived in the end to escape but was pursued as far as Petworth, the manor of Lord Henry Percy where he was apprehended and committed once more to prison. Once more, three days later, he escaped. Perhaps we should think of this very early prison as a kind of private dungeon kept by the Percy family.

A second early prison is that mentioned by Lord Leconfield (Petworth Manor 1954 page 142). It was a former malthouse south of the present Thompson's Hospital in North Street and let out by Henry Percy the 9th Earl in 1630 on a twenty-one year lease. The lessees were a number of local gentry led by sir William Goring of Burton and the letting is obviously connected with an order made at the Quarter Sessions in 1625 to the effect that "a House of Correction for the Rape of Arundel shall be erected at Petworth." The idea does not seem to have been very successful for the building was abandoned in 1651 on the expiry of the lease. George Hampton the new tenant was remitted his first half-year's rent to buy timber to repair the building, by this time in a ruinous state.

c) The Bridewell

The third Petworth prison is often known as the "Bridewell". Its origins and even its site remain a mystery but it was probably simply an older building pressed into service. Certainly is was a very small affair. When the penal reformer Howard visited it in 1774 he found there were four prisoners kept without work in miserable conditions, in two wretched apartments. They were much debilitated by lack of nutriment and ventilation. In 1776 three men committed in January, died, not of fever but of sheer cold and the Duke of Richmond ordered the allowance of bread to be doubled. Arnold reports the tradition that "it was customary for the inmates to put out a leather bag with a label on it, 'Pray remember the poor prisoners'".

The magistrates had no doubt as to the inadequacy of this building and in 1782 appointed two Justices of the Peace, Major Mitford and Walter Smyth Esq. to investigate. On July 15th, 1782, Mitford and Smyth reported that the House of Correction consisted of two miserable rooms, without chimney or yard or water, and with no possibility of employing the prisoners. It was "in every respect improper for the purpose intended. No conceivable alteration could render the place fit". They suggested that the new principle of separate apartments be used in the new prison, this in direct opposition to practice at the old Bridewell.

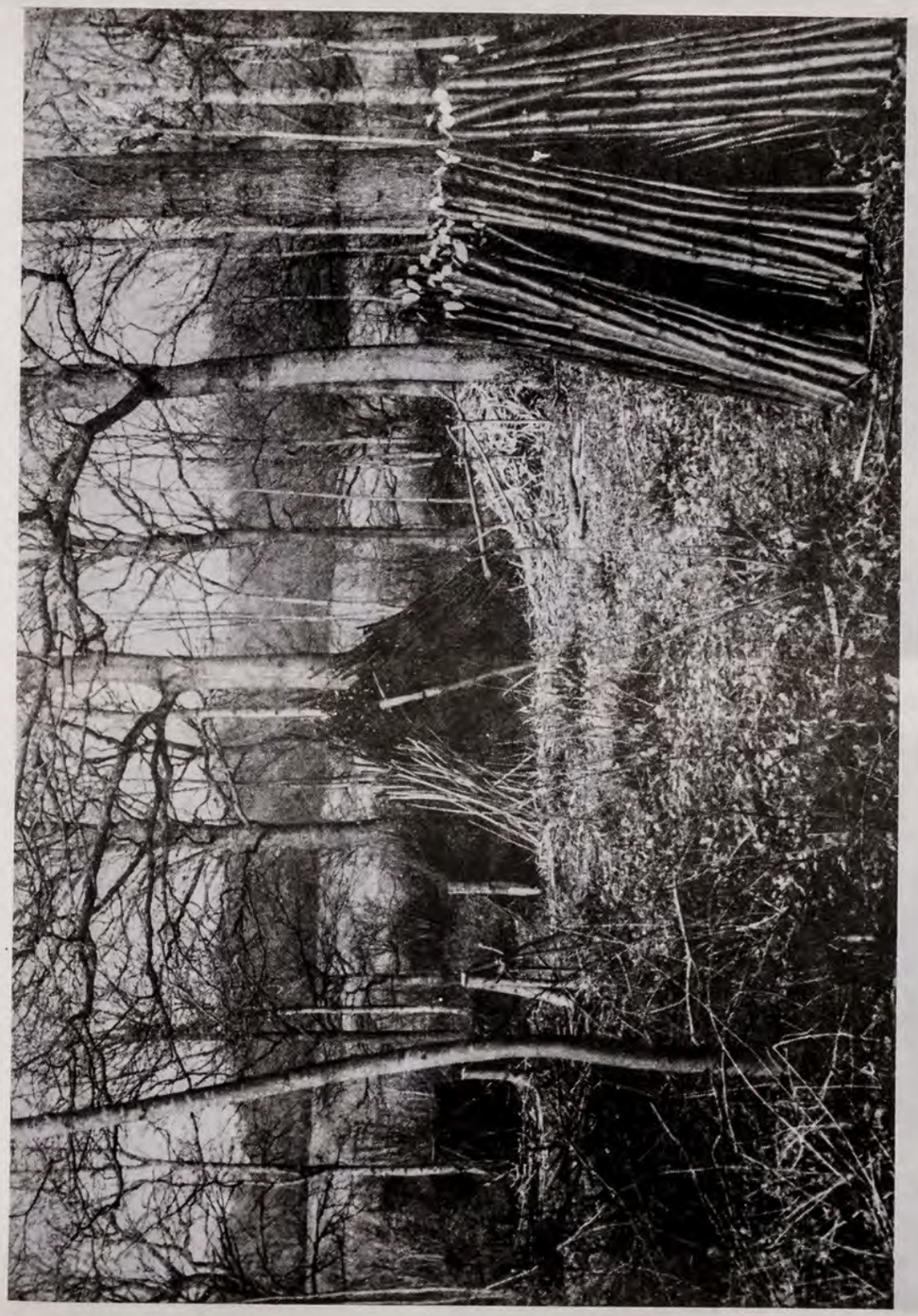
d) The new House of Correction

Four sites were considered for a new House of Correction and three of these rejected.

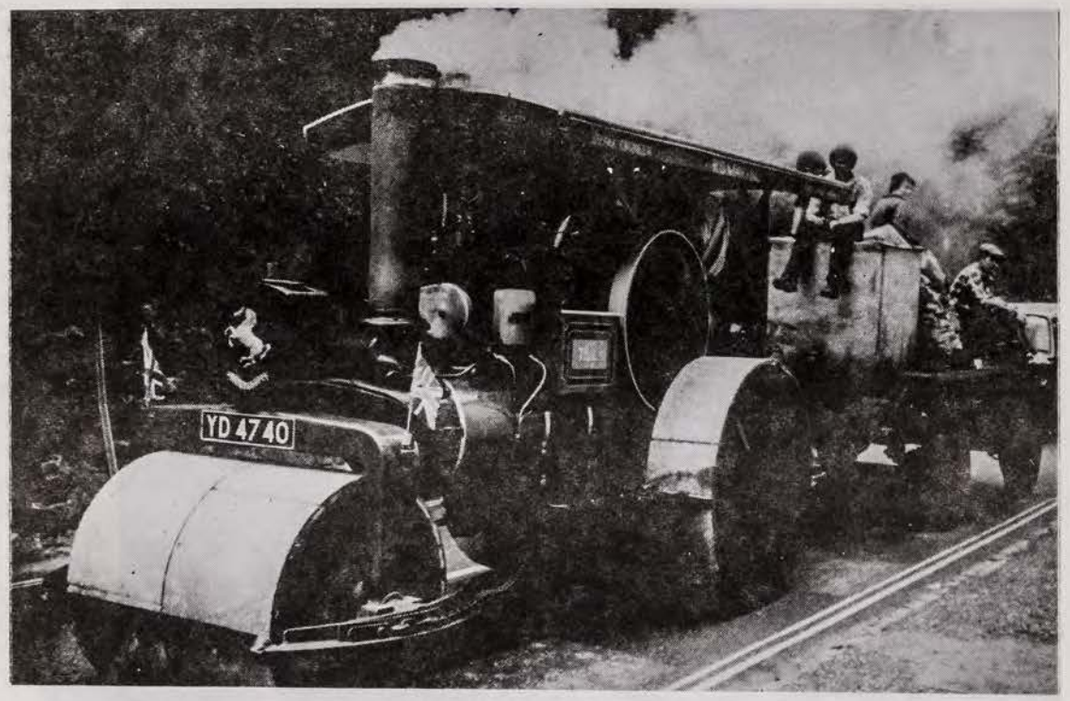
Two were already occupied and would be expensive to purchase, and a third was owned by Mr. Dawtrey who objected to disposing of it. The fourth which belonged to Lord Egremont and was on high ground very near the town was adopted. By 17th February the justices were ready "to receive proposals in writing, sealed up from any person or persons". The clerk of the peace was directed to give public notice in the Hampshire Chronicle and in two of the London evening papers among others. The scheme was not, in fact, received with universal approval and a petition was drawn up locally claiming that the plan was too expensive, the rates for the poor being already "very burthensome". The petitioners demanded that the plans be set aside and a new plan adopted the cost of which would not exceed £1,000. The petitioners do not appear to have been successful.

In 1785 Mr. Tripp, steward to the Earl of Egremont informed the court that it was his Lordship's desire that the House of Correction be built in the Fair Field at Petworth instead of the plan formerly proposed, and if this plan were adopted "the Fair Field aforesaid was at the service of the County for that purpose". It is not clear how this suggestion by Mr. Tripp is different from that adopted in 1783.

James Wyatt produced plans. Building commenced in 1785, to be completed in 1788. So far from the expense being limited as the petitioners had demanded, William Upton the Elder and William Upton the Younger were contractors for an additional wing in that year. Thomas Vernon was appointed Chaplain in July, 1789 "to perform Divine Service there every Sunday and for his pains and trouble there, he is to be allowed a salary of twenty pounds per annum". Dallaway gives Wyatt's ground plan, and a view of the front of the gaol.



"Woodland work". Photograph by George Garland.



Steam Rally in Petworth Park 1982 - Two pictures in Pound Street.

He gives also, quotations from Howard's Lazarettoes (1789) and Nield's State of Prisons (1804). To summarize these authorites - The prison was in an airy situation, of two stories over arcades. Each room contained an iron bedstead, straw mattress and bolster, two blankets and a quilt. There were two infirmaries on each floor with the chapel in the centre, this latter having thirty-two pews with high sides to prevent prisoners seeing each other. All prisoners however were in view of the Chaplain. The keeper's house was detached. There was no employment for prisoners.

At the Epiphany Sessions 1816, the court ordered that the principle of solitary confinement be implemented. Mr. Moneypenny, of Mortimer Street, London, a well-known prison architect was commissioned to make certain changes. According to Dallaway, who gives a plan, these amounted to filling up the arcades and employing them as separate rooms. This of course gave the prison a third storey. Cross walls were to be built in the four airing grounds to double the number to eight. A woollen manufactory was established to make clothfor the prisoners' clothes, horse cloth, blankets and mops. Prisoners were allowed to keep a small proportion of their earnings. No reference to these alterations of 1816 appears to survive in the documents of the Court of Quarter Sessions.

Dallaway reprints also the rules of 1788, statistics of prisoners and alterations to the rules made in 1815 and 1819, together with an account of the woollen manufactory from its inception in 1817 to Epiphany 1819. A blank form survives from 1820, obviously intended for the signatures of the Visiting Justices. This testifies to the good order of the House of Correction "the whole plentifully supplied with excellent water the same also is provided with a treadwheel for such of the Prisoners as are sentenced to hard labour and in which prison is also a manufactory of coarse woollen cloth and blankets".

(to be continued)

A QUESTIONNAIRE OF 1847

This questionnaire is from the Row family papers in the Oglethorpe and Anderson collection at the West Sussex Record Office. James Row had emigrated to Tasmania (Van Diemensland) in the early 1830's (see Bulletin 22) and virtually disappeared. When his mother died more than a decade later he had, in order to benefit from the will, to prove his identity by answering a series of questions so devised that no one but James Row himself could possibly answer them. In this way

he would establish his identity. The house he is describing is now Austens, once the White Hart Inn, and some years after this to be extensively altered to roughly its present outline. This is one of the most interesting of all the Oglethorpe and Anderson documents and a marvellous contemporary insight into the Petworth of the "Tales". Mr. Henty was a Tasmanian solicitor known to the Row family.

Questions put to Mr. James Row by Mr. C. S. Henty	Answers taken from Mr. James Row by Mr. C. S. Henty
1. The Christian name of your Mother and her Surname before her Marriage?	1. Susannah Peter
2. How many Brothers and Sisters had your Mother?	2. Three sisters and one Brother.
3. The names of your Mother's Brothers and sisters?	3. Mrs. Upton, Mrs. Howard and Mrs. Osborn and Edward Peter.
4. Where they resided at the time you left England?	4. E. Peter lived in Petworth - also Mrs. Upton. Mrs. Osborn sometimes lived with her son at Hayling Island, sometimes with her Mother, and sometimes with Jas Row's Mother. Cannot say where Mrs. Howard lived.
5. The Christian name of your Father?	5. James
6. From whence your Father came before he resided at Petworth?	6. Goring
7. Your own Age?	7. About 49.
8. Your height?	8. About 5 feet seven.
9. Is there anything remarkable about your face or hands and if so state and point out to Mr. Henty in what respect?	9. The right thumb is shorter than the other and much swelled at the extremity.
10. What School did you go to?	10. First to Berry's at Petworth afterwards to Perry's at Farnham.
11. To what School or Schools did your Brothers go?	11. John went to Berry's and William to Crosthwaits.
12. How many Brothers had you when you left England and give their	12. Two. John and William. William was walking the Hospitals. John

names and their residence at that time?	resided at some place beyond Lewes.
13. How many Sisters had you when you left Engalnd and give their names and if married the names of their husbands and where they resided?	13. Three. Sarah. Reeves, whose Husband came from Benenden, Kent and afterwards lived at a place beyond Lewes. Susannah. Andrews. Farmer at Pulborough. Anna Maria. Ferguson, Draper of Petworth.
14. To what business were you brought up?	14. Cabinet maker, Upholsterer and Auctioneer apprenticed to my Father.
15. With whom did you work at Petworth?	15. My Father until his death.
16. Did you ever work elsewhere and if so where?	16. In London for twelve months.
17. When and with whom did you return to Petworth and how did you travel?	17. Returned in Company with Charles Berry, the Son of his old Schoolmaster who was ill. They returned in an open Landau.
18. What were your Brothers brought up to?	18. John as a Draper and William as a Doctor.
19. With whom were your Brothers placed?	19. John with Mr. Reeves of Benenden and Willam with a doctor at the same Place.
20. Describe the House in which you were brought up?	20. Long low House opposite the Market clock - with Uncle Peter on one side and Grandmother on the other.
21. Describe any Pictures or Paintings therein namely the subjects of the Pictures and in what rooms placed?	21. In the Dining Room near the closet there was fixed a Representation of Fruits with a Frog insect etc. Besides several Dutch paintings on wood.
22. What was your Father's age at the time of his death?	22. About 58.
23. The name of the Clergyman who buried your father?	23. Some young Gentleman Mr. Sockett was Rector.
24. The name of the Undertaker at the Funeral?	24. Charles Johnson of Petworth.

25. What particular circumstance occurred at the Funeral to the Clergyman and Medical Attendant?	25. These Gentlemen were neglected to be apprised of the Funeral's leaving the House and were left behind. The Coffin had to wait in the Church Porch for them.
26. In what Room did you Sleep after your Father's death?	26. Believes in the usual place in the Ware room.
27. State any circumstances to prove that you are really James Row formerly of Petworth so as to remove all doubt respecting your Identity such as occurrences to yourself, Family and Friends etc.?	27. Hand in copy of his Father's Will prepared by Ellis & Hale which was given him by that Firm. Mr. Lutman Ellis was Coroner. After his Father's death he sold some Estate for the Tooth Family at East Grinstead. Father broke his leg, afterwards his Bladbone, and pricked his hand with a needle whilst making a matrass, had the gout and died of the Jaundice. Mother troubled with Spasms. Jas Row

I certify that the above questions were put by me to Mr. James Row and that the answers thereto were readily given to me by Mr. Row and by me forthwith committed to writing. Dated this ninth day of March 1847.

C.S.Henty

Launceston

Vandiemansland

* * * *

Owing to the quantity of material for this Bulletin, the list of new members who have joined since the last issue will appear in the March, 1983 Bulletin.