

Miles Costello  
Petworth  
Collection

The  
Petworth  
Society

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DECEMBER 1984  
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**Tenth Anniversary Edition**

CONTENTS

	<u>Page</u>
Constitution and Officers	2
Chairman's Notes	3
The Toronto Scottish - a letter	4
Ten Years - forward and back	6
Petworth Friendly Societies - Your help please	8
J.H. Keen: photographer and fireman	9
A Shepherd's Daughter (2). Sutton	10
Ducklings galore	19
Fittleworth Station from 1915	20
The Talking Man and the Winking Man	24
A Haulage Business between the Wars	28
George Attrill	31
Pig-pens to churches	32
New Members	35
Drawing - Picking Sugar-beet at Petworth Autumn 1943	36

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Cover design from a photograph by George Garland.

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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 £2.50. Single or double one Bulletin delivered. Postal £3.50. Overseas £4.00. 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. V. Sadler, 52 Wyndham Road, Petworth.  
assisted by Mrs. J.M. Hamilton and Mrs. D.  
Franklyn

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

Hon. Membership Sec. - Mrs. R. Staker, 2 Grove Lane, Petworth,  
assisted by  
Mrs. J. Boss, North Street, Petworth.

Committee - Mrs. Julia Edwards, Lord Egremont,  
Mrs. Audrey Grimwood, Mrs. Betty Hodson,  
Mr. R. Pottington, Mrs. Sonia Rix,  
Mrs. Anne Simmons, Mr. D.S. Sneller,  
Mr. H.W. Speed, Mr. J. Taylor  
Mr. E. Vincent.

Hon. Press Officer - Miss D.S. Gundry, Woodmans, St. Mary's  
Drive, Fittleworth.

## CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

*I have treated this as a tenth anniversary issue although the Society is now in fact a little more than ten years old. December 1974 saw the appearance of Bulletin No.3 and the membership then stood at 179. For what it is worth I have tried in "Ten Years - forward and back" to offer some personal thoughts on Petworth in the 70's and 80's but otherwise except for the cover (used only for this particular issue) all is much as usual.*

*The monthly meetings began again with Mr. Len Clark from the National Trust talking about the Trust's diverse and complex responsibilities in the Southern Area. It was something of a novelty to have such a speaker addressing a public meeting in the town but probably the general feeling was that the meeting was helpful and amicable. Little progress was made perhaps on the more predictable questions but on some issues I think both Trust and town will have fashioned at least a kind of understanding. Richard Cox's November evening comes next week as I write but will no doubt be of the superlative quality Petworth audiences have come to expect from him, while the Christmas evening with Fred Shepherd and Martin Muncaster looks promising to say the least. J's Downland Walk was short enough to make a pleasant October outing for everyone while Jumb's River Park Walk broke new ground for most of us and was much enjoyed by the couple of dozen or so who took advantage of a very sunny early November afternoon.*

*You will see in this issue a letter to the Society from the Toronto Scottish Regimental Association. Some 250 members will visit Petworth on Sunday April 28th 1985. They will be guests of the Petworth Society. They will march to St. Mary's for a service of remembrance, be entertained to a buffet lunch in the Town Hall and in the afternoon be shown round Petworth with a particular view to places with which they have a direct connexion. As you will see from the letter they will be accompanied by the Toronto Scottish Pipe Band. We are working closely with the Rector, the British Legion and the National Trust and we have approached the Parish Council but I must stress that the Toronto Scottish are here as the Society's guests. It is our responsibility to see that they enjoy their day here. We would like help from the membership in various ways - in being on hand in the afternoon to guide the Canadians round the town in small parties, to help with the buffet lunch and to offer a little financial help if possible. We will probably open a special account to deal with the visit. As you know I am very averse to public appeals for*

financial help but if you do feel you would like to make a contribution toward entertaining the Canadians in some style then please let me or one of the committee have it, however small it may be. The Christmas raffle will be augmented and all proceeds will go towards the fund for the visit. It goes without saying that anyone who wants to see the Canadians will be most welcome in the Town Hall on April 28th and you do not have to be a member of the Society. More of this in the March issue.

Christmas cards are still available at 12p and there is an order form with this Bulletin. Some of last year's (Lombard Street) are still available at 11p but stock of the 1982 issue (Damer's Bridge) is now exhausted. Bulletin No. 37 (September 1984) sold out but I do have a few spare copies of No. 36 (June 1984) and often odd copies of earlier Bulletins although the stock is now very uneven. The 1984 plate is of course still available at £9.50.

Mrs. Betty Hodson has been co-opted to serve on the Committee taking the place vacated at the last A.G.M. by Mrs. Margaret Hill. Anyone who goes to anything the Society does will know Betty and it is unlikely that anyone will be very surprised that we have co-opted her. Perhaps the only surprise is that we haven't put her on the Committee before!

Peter. 11th November 1984.

#### THE TORONTO SCOTTISH : A LETTER



**TORONTO SCOTTISH REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION**  
**HOLLAND LIBERATION PILGRIMAGE '85**  
**COORDINATING COMMITTEE**  
**2346 LAKESHORE BLVD.W., TORONTO,**  
**ONTARIO, CANADA, M8V 1B6**

Mr. Peter A. Jerrome  
Chairman  
The Petworth Society  
Trowels, Pound Street  
Petworth, West Sussex GU28 ODX  
England

15 October 1984

Dear Mr. Jerrome:

As you know The Toronto Scottish Regiment of the Canadian Army was stationed at Pheasant Copse in Petworth for almost a year and a half in 1942/43 during the Second World War. During this time the soldiers of the Toronto Scottish were always treated most hospitably by the residents of Petworth and have happy memories in that regard, even though there were sad days as a result of the war.

Our Regimental Association is planning a 40th Anniversary Pilgrimage celebrating the end of World War 2 in 1985. Our members have expressed a desire to revisit our old "home" in Petworth at the very start of our 17 day Tour, and we would like to know if we would be welcomed by the present citizens of Petworth, on the following basis.

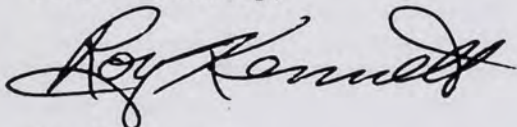
1. DATE: - SUN. 28 APRIL 1985.
  2. NUMBERS:- Approximately 230 including Veterans, some with their wives, and our Pipe Band.
  3. ARRIVAL:- at Approx. 10.30 A.M., in 5 coaches.
  4. We would very much like to do a "Church Parade" from the town square to the old Parish Church of St. Mary at about 11.00 A.M. if that could be arranged with the Rector of the Church. Of course it should be a "military type" inter-faith service of Remembrance honouring the war dead of Britain and Canada including the young people who died in North Street school in 1942.
- Of course the conducting at the Service would be at the total prerogative of the Rector of St. Mary's Church. We will have with us wartime Padre Keith Kiddell (who is a Church of England minister) and if he could assist in any way he would be glad to do so.
5. LUNCH:- 12.30 P.M. to 2.00 P.M. We would appreciate (and be prepared to pay for) a casual type of noon snack such as sandwiches, biscuits, buns, etc. with tea and coffee if that could be served in the old Town Hall building after the Church Service. This would not have to be a "sit-down" type of meal and could be served "buffet" style if it is possible for your Society to arrange something of that sort.
  6. During the afternoon our Pipe Band would likely do a concert in

the town square if desired and probably one also over at Petworth House, afterwards.

7. As some of our group would also like to visit some of the historic parts of old Petworth perhaps some of your members would like to take some groups (about 15 to 20 people) on a walking Tour of the Town.
8. I will also be writing to Mr. Roger Webb, Administrator of Petworth House, to see if special arrangements could be made for our people to make a tour of Petworth House.

We thank you for your kind co-operation and thoughtfulness.

Yours sincerely,



Roy Kennett  
Public Relations Officer  
Toronto Scottish Regimental Association  
Holland Liberation Pilgrimage '85  
Co-ordinating Committee

Allied with the London Scottish Regiment and the Gordon Highlanders

### TEN YEARS - FORWARD AND BACK

The last decade has seen considerable change in the town and there is no reason to suppose that the next will be any different. An obvious comparison with 1974 is the upgrading of various premises that had stood either in disrepair or under-utilised. It would seem that the scope for this type of operation will become increasingly limited during the next decade now that the more obvious sites have received attention. Improvements can bring their own problems however: the current dearth of parking space may well be attributed to the growing number of people coming into Petworth to work in the new offices and shops and parking all day. There's nothing wrong in this; it simply illustrates that change tends in its turn to create its own difficulties.

The town's traffic problem remains. Efforts have been made from time to time over the last decade to get something done, but they have basically been reinstatements of older positions and their pre-

dictable failure has led if anything to a certain cynicism. I have argued before that the main thrust toward a solution should lie in alleviation, difficult as this unquestionably is. I have also argued that a continuing dialogue with the National Trust is an essential part of any solution and I am increasingly doubtful of the widespread assumption that with the coming of a bypass Petworth would immediately be transported into a Golden Age. Could Petworth's already rather tenuous position as a shopping centre for the neighbouring area survive the drastic surgery of a bypass? Can Petworth live without the car-borne traffic that has rolled through its streets almost throughout the present century?

Another dubious perennial is the assumption that if someone were to wave a magic wand and all the antique shops disappeared Petworth would suddenly revert to that bustling homely little market town we (perhaps mistakenly) assume it once was. One has only to set out this proposition to realize it is absurd. Petworth lies in what is basically a conservation area and it will not develop as other towns have developed. This is not a particularly new situation in the town's history: after all the presence of Petworth House and its owners has effectively controlled the growth of the town over the centuries. Few now would regret that control. Conservation as a conscious limiting factor is of course different from the rather random attitude of previous owners of Petworth House but there are similarities. What I think is new in the present situation is that it is now that very undeveloped character of Petworth that will lead people to the town in a way that has never happened before. Its continuing undeveloped character will make it something increasingly unusual and desirable and shop and house prices will continue to rise, while those whose home town it is may find it difficult to remain here. Clearly the new policy of selling council houses will affect this issue but at this time it is difficult to judge in what way.

The whole concept of "conservation" needs a close look. Petworth may not grow as other towns may grow but even a conservation area cannot remain dormant. It will develop if only in a somewhat artificial and constructed way. I think we shall have to live with a certain artificiality as a price of conservation. No one really knows what happens to a conservation area over a long period of time. The antique shops would seem, as far as we can judge, to be here to stay. They are not like the old shops and the old tradesmen and they cannot be like them. They must look for their custom largely to visitors and among their own fraternity. There is a possibility

of friction here: Petworth divides so easily into "them" and "us". The next decade looks in prospect an uneasy one when the antique shops need to become demonstrably an integral part of Petworth life and not seen simply to be using the town as a convenient base. The local people meanwhile need to realize that the alternative to an antique shop will probably be no shop at all and that those shops that still remain do need the support of the local community if they are to survive in their present form.

Peter.

#### PETWORTH FRIENDLY SOCIETIES IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY -

Your help please.

The Parish Magazine for July 1887 has the following note:

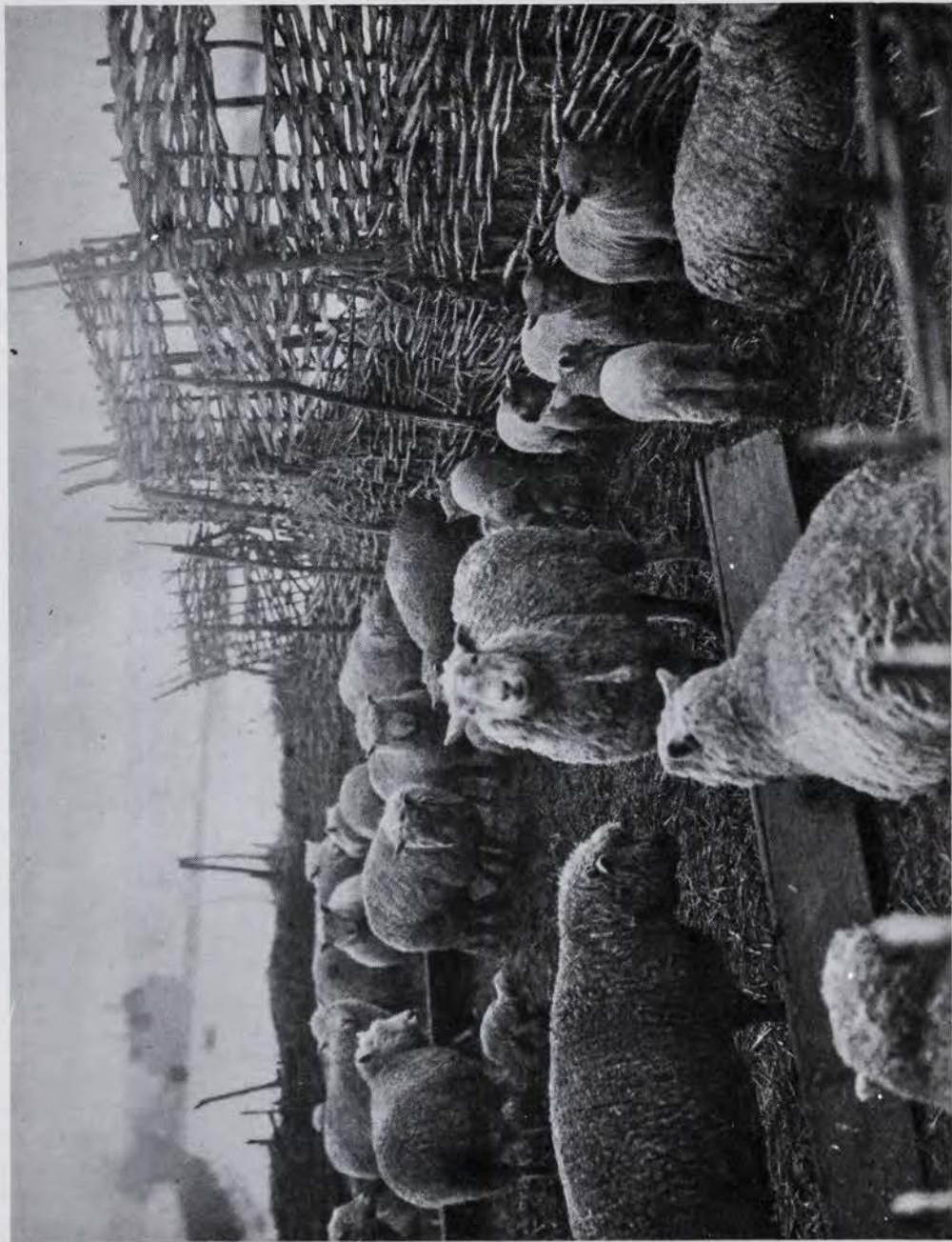
"The Amalgamated Friendly Societies had their United Festival Day on June 21st, and dined together in the Park. The "Old Blue" Friendly Society dates from 1794 and has the large amount of £3475-18-10<sup>d</sup> in hand.

The other Clubs which thus united for the occasion were the "Swan Friendly", the "Masons' Arms", the "Odd Fellows", the "Red, White and Blue", the "Foresters", and the "Juvenile Foresters". The other Club is the "Park Club" confined to Lord Leconfield's workmen."

The Petworth Park held its "Club Day" separately from the Amalgamated Societies. Some of the latter Societies seem genuinely local, while others i.e. the Foresters (with their Juvenile section) and the Odd Fellows were independent "courts" or branches of institutions by this time almost national in their scope. The Friendly Societies usually met in public houses and the home base of the Swan and the Mason's Arms will be obvious. The "Old Blue" variously known as the "Society of Good Fellowship" and the "Angel Blue" met at the Angel. The "Red, White and Blue's" base is not known. The Petworth Society has certain material concerning the "Old Blue" while some record of the Park Club is to be found in the Petworth House Archives. For the others there is at most the occasional annual statement and for some nothing whatever. We would hope to write of the "Old Blue" particularly in a future Bulletin. The nineteenth century Friendly Societies fulfilled a great social need in providing sick insurance and (hardly less important in those days of few or no holidays) their respective Club Days were much looked forward to and anticipated. We are very interested in all these Societies and would very much



Jack Tulett with the Fittleworth "shunting-cabin"  
Photograph by the late D.E. Wallis courtesy of Keith Smith.



A Southdown fold in wintry weather. Photograph by G.G. Garland.

appreciate any information about them - old or new, written or spoken.

Peter.

#### TWO QUERIES

- 1) Has anyone ever heard of the activities of the Golden Square "Rook Club"?
- 2) Has anyone ever shot lead-pellets into the trunk of a walnut-tree to make the fruit sweeter?

#### MR. J. H. KEEN: PHOTOGRAPHER AND FIREMAN

##### 1) PHOTOGRAPHER

The camera was on a tripod with a black cloth over part of the camera and his head, the plates were glass.

Printing of plates was done in the cellar a tiny corner place (made by Dad) with a small bench and door and dark red-light. (Fixing was done either by me or sister Daisy - now Mrs. Jaggard and living at Duxford, Cambs.). Printing on to photographic paper was done by gas light in the kitchen. Mum did the fixing in a shallow oblong dish and me or Daisy the second dish and finally they were washed in a round tank in the sink for ages in running water before being placed on big sheets of blotting paper to dry. He also made enlargements from old photographs by taking photographs of them. I remember going with him taking Wedding and Christening Groups etc. and the biggest order he had was for taking the unveiling of the 1914-1918 War Memorial and I believe postcards were 3d. each. The weirdest was taking a photo of an old Quaker lady in her coffin. He had to tip the coffin to get the angle right. I was with him and scared stiff. I thought she would fall out. (I was only a school-girl at the time) it was at a small cottage close to Brinksole Farm.

Dad finally gave up Photography in 1937. Our family group and my daughter on her own were the last he did.

Mr. Garland bought his equipment and the plates he destroyed himself.

##### 2) FIREMAN 34 years Fire Service, retired 1955.

When Dad joined the Fire Service the Captain was Mr. John Stedman,

## PETWORTH SOCIETY

Winter programme : please keep for reference.

Exhibition: closing weeks at Petworth Public Library.

"Petworth in Festival of Britain Year". .

Photographs by George Garland from 1951.

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Document reading at Trowels - first Wednesday in each month at 7.30.

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Monthly meetings. Leconfield Hall 7.30 p.m. Admission 50p (subject to review in the New Year). Refreshments. Raffle.

Wednesday 12th December

Fred SHEPHERD (with help  
from Martin MUNCASTER)

shows his new film  
"West Sussex - its wild life  
and ways"

also his film  
"Three Countries"

CHRISTMAS EVENING.

Tuesday 15th January

Jim Bracken

"Sussex Church Brasses"

Illustrated with slides  
and facsimile rubbings.

Thursday 7th February

Doris Ashby

with natural  
history slides.

Thursday 28th March

Miss Eva Alexander

with herself and  
Puppets!

Please note Sunday 28th April. The Toronto Scottish Association visit  
Petworth.

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Christmas Card order form. This year's card is again drawn by Rendle Diplock and shows East Street.

Please supply \_\_\_\_\_ cards at 12p

Cash enclosed

" \_\_\_\_\_ 1983 cards at 11p  
(Lombard Street)



Walks:

SUNDAY 16th DECEMBER

JUMBO'S DUNCTON

COMMON WALK

Grade B.

Cars Leave Square at 2.15.

SUNDAY 20th JANUARY

PETER'S GOG

WALK

Grade A/B.

Leave Square at 2.15.

SUNDAY 24th FEBRUARY

J'S KEYZASTON

and FITTLEWORTH

WALK

Grade B.

Cars Leave Square 2.15.

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Some Bulletin back numbers available at cover price please contact me. Peter.

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Petworth Society Plates	1) Angel Street 1981	8.95
	2) Old Post Office 1982	9.50
	3) Old Coultershaw 1984	9.50

he lived next door to the Catholic Church in Angel Street. The fire bell was on the Town Hall and glass had to be smashed before the bell could be rung. The Fire Station was quite small, close to the baker's in the Market Square. The first fire engine I remember was a manual where the men pumped up and down each side to get water into the hose.

The next fire engine was a Ford, quite small but at least it was a big improvement. Coultershaw Mill was a very big fire. Also Coopers Yard in Angel Street (paints and timber). It was pitch dark and I went to call 2 firemen using a bike with an oil lamp. First I called a Mr. Burdock living in a cottage off the cross roads on Station Road and then on to Mr. Bill Steer at Egdean and I did the same many a time when there had been rick fires at Hardham Brook, or any where. Daisy or me would bike out to where the fire was and if it was likely to be a long job we would come back with messages for the wives and collect pipe and tobacco. It didn't matter how many miles we had biked or how late or dark we had to go home for bed.

Mr. Maurice Balchin, Limbo Farm was Captain when Dad retired.

From: Mrs. A. Luff,  
16 Sheralds Croft Lane,  
Thriplow,  
Royston, Herts.

### A SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER: (2) SUTTON.

#### School Days

As for most of us the first day at school was a big day in my life; I was lucky to have company to go with as it was a two and a half mile walk. We took sandwiches for our midday break consisting usually of bread and jam or dripping, and occasionally a little meat pie or a piece of cake. If we wanted a drink we used an enamel mug that hung on a hook in our cloak-room and dipped into a pail of water that had been drawn up from a well in the garden of the school house opposite, the older boys usually doing this. There was one mug between all the girls and the boys had one in their cloak-room.

I remember on one occasion several years later there was no water in the pail and some of us were very thirsty and one of the other girls and I decided to get some ourselves. So without telling the teacher we popped across the road with the pail and while the other girl was

winding it back up I put my hand on the roller and suddenly the rope wound over my hand and nearly lifted me off my feet and into the well. I shouted out just in time for her to stop winding; what a scare I had, it certainly taught me a lesson not to do such a thing again.

I felt terribly nervous that first day at school, when the bell rang at nine o'clock we all had to line up outside in two rows, boys one side, girls the other. Then the head-mistress would walk up one side and down the other inspecting us before we marched into school. The infants room was on its own but the middle and top class shared one large room with a curtain down the middle, this could be very distracting at times. Sometimes a lump of wet blotting paper would come suddenly from behind it hitting you on the back of the neck.

When play-time came I was horrified to see the boys chasing the girls round to the lavatories, they may not have gone in but I was too scared to go in them in case they did when I was alone, and wet my knickers on several occasions in those early days.

Our clothes were so very different too, we wore a cotton chemise next to our skin, these were either made at school in sewing class and then parents bought them, or mother made them on her sewing machine which she bought during her service days. Then we wore a liberty bodice to which our suspenders were attached to keep up our black stockings, although garters were used for years before suspenders came into fashion. Our knickers were white cotton material gathered onto a band that buttoned at the back and a flap behind that buttoned onto the band. One of my younger sisters often had her flap dangling down, and our neighbour once offered her a farthing a week if she kept it fastened up but I do not think she earned many, it must have been very difficult for a young child. Then we wore a flannel petticoat and long dresses, and finally a white pinafore, you just were not dressed without one of these. Also of course we wore black boots, usually laced up ones for school and buttoned up ones for Sundays for which we used a button hook. Every night father would inspect them and replace any studs or blakeys that we may have kicked out. He did all our shoe repairs himself, and when my eldest sister left school and bought her first pair of low shoes, as soon as father saw them he said "new, what good be they! there's no support for your ankles, you'll be turning your feet over in no time." She said they cost 2/11d a pair, or nearly 15 new pence.

Father's wages in those days were 10/- a week and he had to work very hard for it, but however tired he was, he always made time to nurse us and would let us play with his hair standing up in the back of his chair with a brush and comb. Sometimes one of us would be behind mother as well and see who could make them look the smartest, using ribbons and slides. Once, my sister got the comb so tangled up in mother's hair, that lots of her hair had to be cut off to release it.

One of our favourite pastimes when we were young was cutting out children from papers of magazines that were given to us, then we would line them up in rows, give them names and sometimes make paper furniture using glue or gummed paper, bending the paper children to sit on the chairs. Then we would make a house from a cardboard box to put the furniture in, sticking coloured paper on the walls. We spent many hours like this and it did not cost us anything.

Another treat was when mother took us out for a walk and during the summer she always took us on top of the downs for a picnic. What an exciting time we had. First mother would make a few extra goodies to take for tea, one of our favourites was a dough cake that she made in a big tin and then cut into squares. When everything and everybody was ready, we set off, all carrying something, including a watering can full of water to make the tea. When we arrived there the older ones went to collect dry sticks to light the fire, and mother kept a few bricks hidden up there to make a base for the fire and something to rest the kettle on, then a cloth was laid out and the food and cups put on, and when the kettle boiled we would all sit on the grass and have our tea.

It is difficult to describe fully the real pleasure we got from these trips but they cost nothing apart from the extra work for mother, and I am sure she felt well rewarded from the pleasure we had. We would play hide and seek among the trees up there and pick bunches of flowers to take home including several kinds of orchids, one of which was the bee orchid which was just like real bees climbing up the stem. Then mother would help us pick some totty grass, as we called it. She liked having some of this in vases at home and it was replaced each year with fresh.

Our favourite spot on this part of the downs was a little fir tree that we discovered when we were quite small, it was not very high, but the branches spread out flat, more the shape of a mushroom, and

so formed ideal seats for us to sit on, with a lovely view of our village below. We would sometimes pretend to be birds and would cuckoo at the top of our voices so we nicknamed it the Cuckoo Tree, and not only our favourite spot but that of our own children years later and also many of our friends.

When we had finished tea mother would pour the remains of the water on the fire making sure it was properly out before we returned home. There was always a feeling of great fun at being on top of the downs with plenty of freedom and fresh air.

Then there was a field at the foot of the downs where there grew a lot of wild strawberries, quite big, for wild ones. We used to take jam jars with string tied round for handles and pick some for our tea, squashed up with sugar, they were lovely with bread and butter.

Sometimes mother took us to our local church on Sundays, we always enjoyed this and the singing of hymns. There was not always a service every Sunday as the rector had three churches to attend to, he was so good and kind, and always ready to help anyone who needed it.

#### Moving House

When I was about six years old we moved from our present house and went to live in the village where our school was, much to our delight. We went to school as usual that morning, taking our sandwiches, then went along to our new home when we came out in the afternoon. We thought the lessons would never end that day, I guess our parents were glad it was a school day to have most of us out of the way with all the work involved.

It was a much larger house than the one we had before, there were four bedrooms and two living rooms besides a large scullery, and a big copper house at the back, also a large woodshed where we often played when it was raining.

We also had a lavatory of our own this time, joining the shed, much to mother's relief, for she hated sharing and would always peep outside to make sure there was no one about before she would venture in.

There were still two cottages in the village that shared one and some years later I heard a story about it which was rather amusing. Apparently there was a small child in the lavatory one day when a man from next door came up the garden towards it, now she knew it

was him by the way he walked because he was a cripple, so when he got near she called out "it's alright Mr. Smith, you can come in, it's only me and I sits on the little hole." Quite a number of them had a low seat as well as the usual height. This child turned out to be the first lady I worked for when I left school and it was she who told me.

Our new home was a tied cottage that went with the local farm and father took on the shepherd's job, apparently he had done a lot of shepherding years before in Devon and sheep shearing time used to travel around the neighbouring farms with a gang to do their shearing, all hand shears. Sometimes they slept in the farm houses, sometimes in the farm buildings, and I remember him saying the rats ran over them occasionally.

Some of the happiest memories of my life are connected with these sheep, and they have been my favourite animals ever since. Weekends and holidays we took turns going with father to take the sheep on the downs to graze, sometimes they would stay up there in folds during the night depending on the time of year, and we would help carry the wooden hurdles as he made the folds and hand him the metal rings that were placed over the end of the hurdle and over the posts in between to keep them secure.

The farmer used to grow turnips and swedes up there for them to feed on when there was not enough grass, this would be folded off bit by bit, and naturally we used to pick a lot of the greens from the tops to take home for dinner and never got tired of them. The sheep were also fed with some sort of dried food that came in sacks, we used to like the job of emptying this in their troughs as it contained some locus beans which we loved to eat, and sometimes when we got hungry we would pull up a young swede or turnip, peel it and eat it raw, they were very tasty.

Father was often on the downs all day and liked to have one of us for company when we were not at school. He would take his food which usually consisted of a hunk of bread or the top of a cottage loaf, a piece of the crumb scooped up, a knob of butter put underneath, and a piece of cheese, sometimes a raw onion, then he had his hot meal at night.

Sometimes we had a real treat, mother would give him a few rashers and at lunch time he would light a fire, as there were always plenty of dry sticks lying around, then he would cut a forked stick from

the hedge and we would cook the bacon on front of the fire, holding a piece of bread underneath to catch the fat, then make a sandwich of it, we really did enjoy this, or sometimes we just made toast.

We had our favourite sheep and gave them names which they answered to and would feed out of our hands, one only had one eye so her name was "Blind eye".

Oh, I must not forget to mention the sheep dog "Jim", what a lovable faithful creature he was, never known to have hurt any of us, and goodness knows he must have had a rough house sometimes with all of us around. He started off by living at the farm when work was finished, but was constantly coming back to our house any chance he had, so the farmer agreed that he should stay with us, much to our delight. He was good at his work, and if the sheep strayed too far on the downs we only had to say "round 'em up Jim" and he was off like a shot and so gentle with the sheep. A few of them had bells hanging round their necks just in case they should get lost.

Sometimes in the summer mother would take us all up there to have a picnic lunch with father, then we would boil the kettle and make tea like we did by the cuckoo tree. This was on a different part of the downs and mother must have been worn out by the time we got back home, but she seemed to enjoy it as much as we did.

Lambing time was another exciting time in our lives, to see them all frolicking about in the fields, you just could not help bubbling over with excitement, especially when father brought some new born lambs home to be bottle fed. We all scrambled for the job, much better than playing with our dolls.

While they were quite small their tails were cut off, we children never saw this done, but accepted it as something that had to be done, and the tails were used to make pies, very nice they were too. Mother would pour hot water on them and all the wool came away easily.

Pigeon pie was another tasty meal, but I think our favourite was rabbit, which can be cooked in so many different ways, and mother being the splendid cook she was, made some super dishes. This was a cheap meal for us and father used to catch them on the downs while minding the sheep. His favourite was rabbit pudding boiled in a large basin with a lump of fat pork added or some morels, these looked something like toad stools but had a lovely flavour.

Sometimes we had the rabbit stuffed and roasted whole, delicious, and tasted more like chicken.

Then once a year the sheep were taken to a sheep dip and poked right under the water containing some disinfectant to kill any ticks or other compalaint they might have. It was usually done just before the shearing time and helped to clean the wool. These ticks which they sometimes got would eat right into their flesh if left long enough, we would often search through their wool and pick them out, sometimes using a little stick if they were in very far. The sheep were so docile and seemed to know we were doing it for their good. Occasionally they would get foot rot, these sheep were rounded up in a fold and we would catch them with a crook as father needed them and he would trim them up and put ointment on.

When the sheep were being rounded up at night before taking them off the downs, they were counted to make sure none were left behind, driven through a gate only partly open so that only one could pass through at a time, and when we happened to be there, would sometimes place a stick across the opening so that they had to jump over it and if we took it away the rest of them always copied the one in front and jumped just the same.

Father made a sundial up there so that he would have a rough idea of the time should his watch ever stop, but of course this only worked when the sun was shining, and when he was on the part of the downs which overlooked our garden, we sometimes had to go to the top end of the garden and wave something white on a stick to let him know when it was time to come home. He would be up there in all weathers and often was blown right over with a load of hurdles on his back.

There were a few small chalk pits near where we used to have the sheep, and sometimes to amuse ourselves, we would play a game by getting some sticks and painting one end, then sit at the top end of the pit and bore holes which came out a little way down inside the pit. Having done this, we would then roll some stones or berries down through to see whose would come out the other end first, or try and catch one anothers as they came through, only pretending to put one through sometimes to baffle them, it was quite fun.

Shearing the sheep was a very interesting time too, done in the Spring. They were all brought into a fold near the barn where it took place, and again we would be there whenever we could, watching, and helping catch the sheep as they were needed. You would think

they would struggle to get away while being shorn, but would sit there so quiet. I am sure they must have known it was for their own comfort. Father showed us how to fold the wool up, there is a correct way to do this twisting some of the outside pieces into a rope for tying up the bundle.

The speed at which they were shorn with those hand shears, you would think the sheep would get out, but I never remember it happening and I have seen hundreds done. They did look funny to us after they lost their coats, we had difficulty in picking out our favourites, but it is surprising how quickly it grows again.

One day when father was going to be sheep shearing near the farm house, mother was preparing his food to take and discovered she had forgotten to buy some more cheese and was very worried, but father said "don't worry mother, I'll be alright with the bread and butter", and when lunchtime came and the farmer's wife invited the men inside the house to eat, he was embarrassed when he saw they all had cheese but him, so he tried to look surprised as he unwrapped his lunch and remarked "well I'm danged if I ain't bin and forgot my cheese", whereupon the farmer's wife went into her larder and cut him some. Mother was rather cross when he told her, as she said it was like telling a lie, but he said "well, it was only a white one mother."

About this time another exciting thing happened, at least for us children, my sixth and last sister was born, making one boy and seven girls. Now, none of us had any idea that one was on the way and my eldest sister then twelve and a half years called that morning for her friend next door to go to school, and very excitedly told them she had a new baby sister, and the mother replied "why, didn't you know your mother was going to have one?"

My sister was amazed that she knew, for we all thought that the nurse brought it during the night, but mother was very reserved and never talked about such things to us, although we must have seen plenty of lambs born, yet it never entered our heads that babies came that way; I am sure we would never have believed it anyway. I can still remember my own excitement on arriving at school that morning and telling my teacher the news, but looking back years later, I realised she must have thought, "good gracious, how many more is she going to have?"

When the baby was about three months old, mother's youngest sister came down from Stafford to stay with us. Mother was thrilled for

she had not seen any of her family since she took the twins when they were four years old, and a four month old baby, up to her home for a weeks holiday, several years earlier. It must have been a very tiring journey for her with all the luggage, and crossing London too, I often wonder how she managed it. My brother being the eldest stayed home with father and my eldest sister and myself were looked after by a neighbour. I was only two years old then so do not remember it. The baby was christened while they were in Staffordshire, in the same church where mother and father were married "Barton under Needwood", near Burton on Trent.

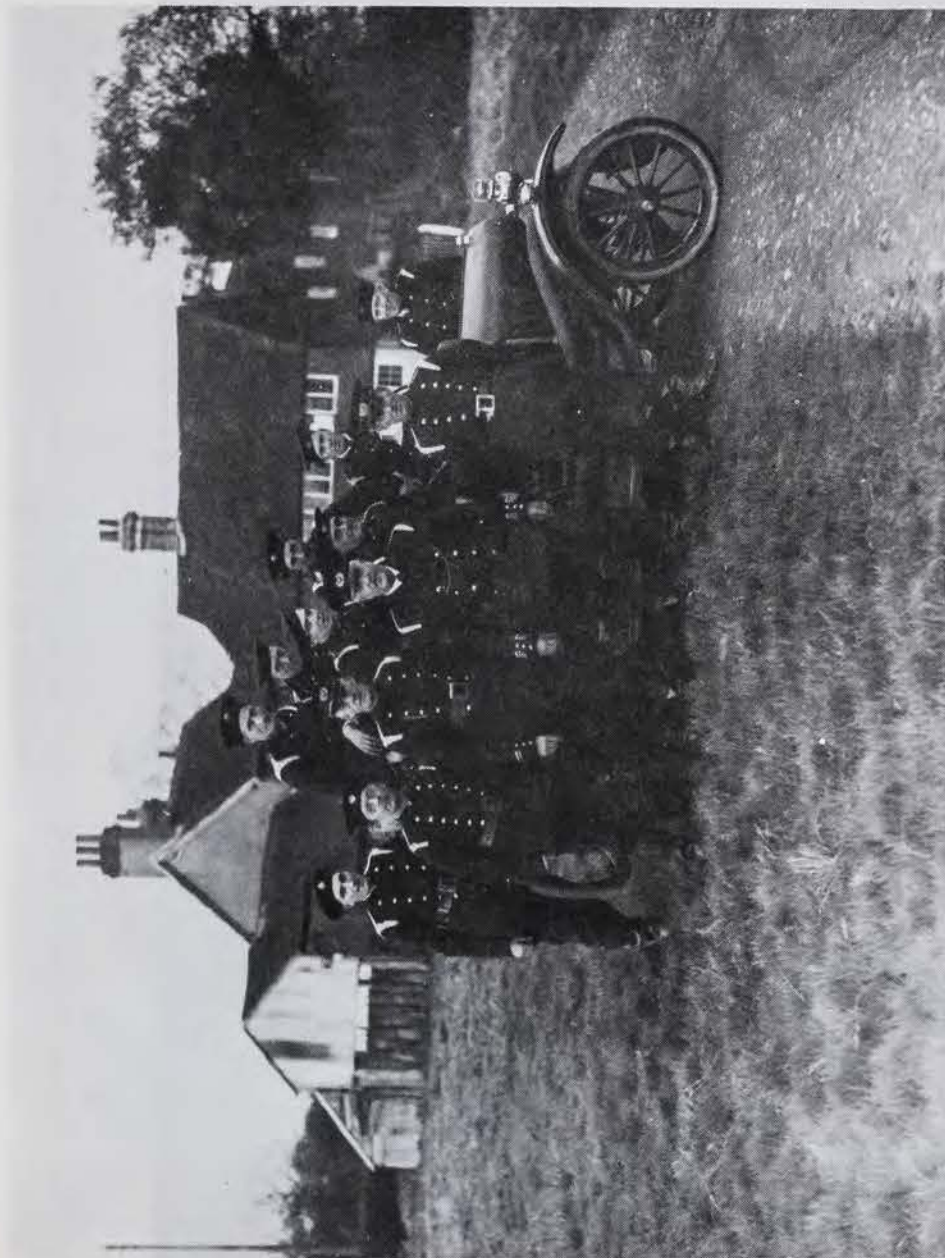
Mother said one of her sisters offered to take one of the twins and bring it up herself, thinking I suppose, it would help mother, but she would not part with any.

We were all looking forward to this aunt coming to stay, for we remembered she and her sisters between them always sent us some nice things at Christmas. Luckily she was fond of walking, and had plenty of it, up there on the downs picnicking where father had the sheep, carrying the baby, still in long clothes. This aunt was head housemaid in service and later married the butler.

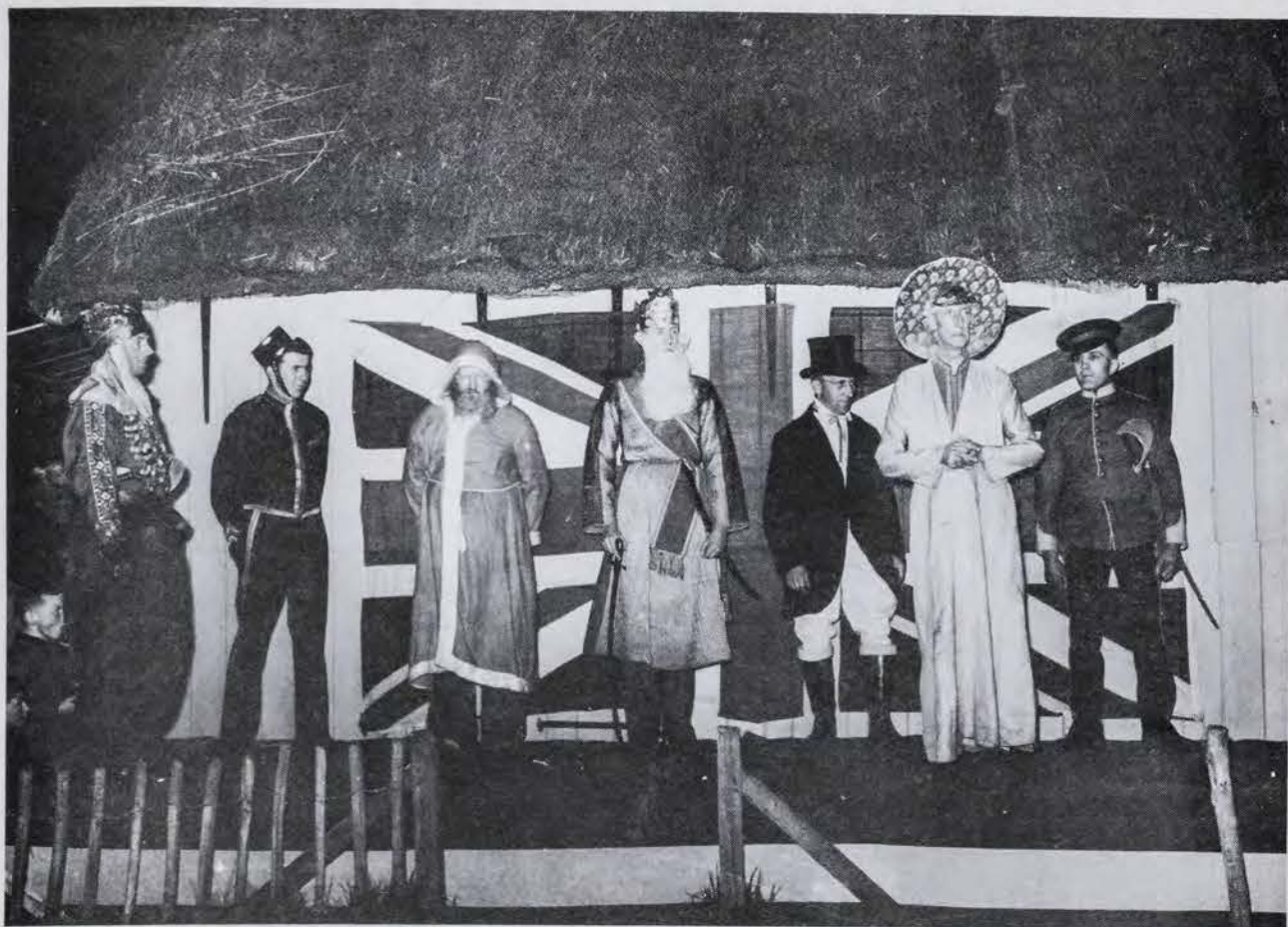
While she was with us I remember playing an awful trick on my three year old sister. I had been told that wasps do not sting when they are dead, and I was anxious to find out if it was true, but did not want to try it on myself. I picked up a dead one and pressed it on her leg telling her it would not sting because it was dead, but my word, what a shock we both had, first she just screamed and then her leg began to swell up enormous, and had lots of blisters on it. I was really scared and didn't I get a telling off from both my parents and aunt, it taught me a lesson I am sure.

One day when father was on the downs with the sheep and one of my sisters, they were just sitting down having their lunch, when father noticed a lot of bees flying around and found a swarm of them up in a tree close by. Now he kept bees at home, always had a few hives in the garden, so decided he would have these too. He collected the sheep together and brought them to the brow of the hill where he could see the village and our house, then he left my sister in charge of the sheep while he popped home to get a "skip" as he called it. (A container made of rushes or straw to take the bees in before putting them into the hive.) He told my sister he would not be long, but to her it seemed ages and gave a sigh of relief when he returned.

Mrs. E.J. Pentecost. (to be continued)



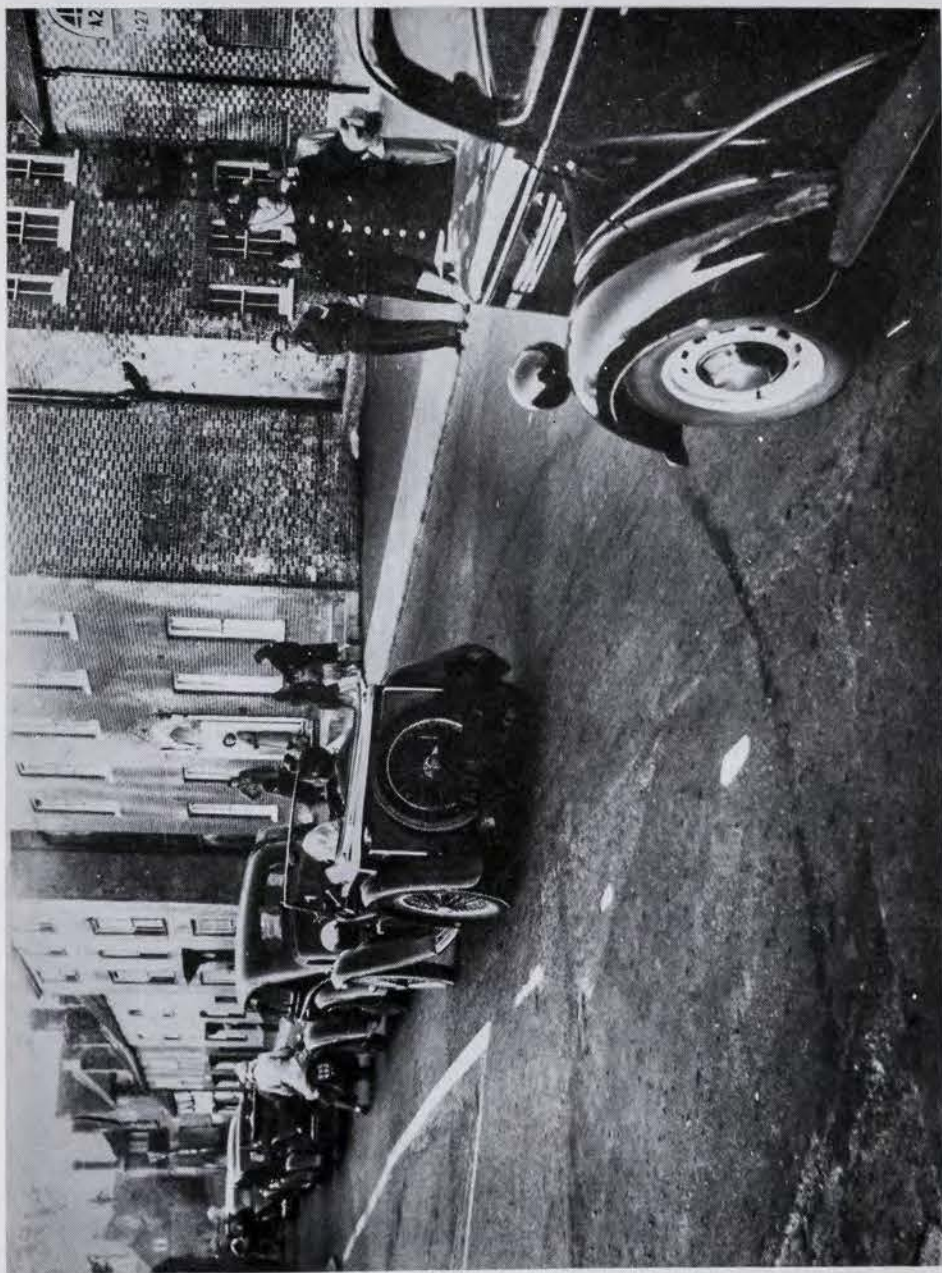
Petworth Fire Brigade Group 1938. Jimmy Keen front row left.  
(See J.H. Keen photographer and fireman). Photograph by G.G. Garland.



Fittleworth Tipteers in May 1951. George Attrill as Father Christmas third from left.  
(Photograph by G.G. Garland)



Lord Leconfield inspects Canadian troops -  
an official Canadian Army photograph.



Unchanging Petworth! Traffic on Easter Monday 1949  
(Photograph by G.G. Garland)

## DUCKLINGS GALORE

Our neighbour lives in a converted watermill with a large pond, a waterfall and a beautiful garden.

This Spring the mallard ducks have been busier than ever. Nests were built everywhere, round the pond, in the garden and in the old pigstye. Eggs disappeared overnight but were quickly replaced.

Soon the first hatchings occurred. Because of previous tragedies the first nine ducklings were carefully placed in a wire covered run with their mother. Sadly, next morning, every one had gone without trace. No crow or magpie could have reached them; possibly a ferret or stoat it was thought, as no trace of rats was found.

The next hatching took place in a tub of wallflowers. Mama could alight but her brood was left anxiously 'bleeping', so they had to be rescued and carried to the pond to join their mother. One of these later ventured too near the waterfall, and was swept over. Vain attempts to rescue it were tried, but alas the little scrap had disappeared; so a board was placed across the tunnel where the water rushed down.

Three sunny mornings later another duck came waddling down the lane followed by ten babies. From the copse beyond a pitiful 'bleeping' could be heard. Mama continued to lead the family on to the pond, but Katy, the golden retriever, made a bee-line for the wood, re-appearing with a tiny ball of fluff in her mouth which she brought to her owner. None the worse, the baby was returned to its brothers and sisters.

Numbers increased daily, and we noticed that the mothers often took their families into the lane close by, teaching them to pick up grit, which is good for their crops.

Inevitably there were several near misses with cars and tractors, and eventually one driver drove straight over a little family, killing five of them. He did not stop.

This morning the clutch in the pigstye was hatched, mother and babies safely crossed the lane to the pond. We shall never cease to wonder at the tiny scraps of fluff 'plopping' into the water one after the other, and immediately swimming after Mum.



Someone else had discovered the ducklings. A handsome visitor has been coming to the pond very early in the mornings. This visitor is a heron who thinks that ducklings make a good breakfast.

To our knowledge two more ducks are still sitting, one by the stream in the garden and another in the flower bed.

We lose count when all the families are on the pond, and so too, do their mothers, I am sure.

P.C.

POSTSCRIPT: Another nest of eggs was found on the 28th October, due to hatch very shortly. I wonder if this is a record? The country people call ducklings born in October "bramble ducklings".

### FITTLEWORTH STATION FROM 1915

I was born at Horsted Keynes and began working for the railway at Burgess Hill before the Great War. I came to Fittleworth in May 1915 to replace a reservist who had been called up and I was only intended to stay at Fittleworth for a few weeks, or a month or two at most. In fact I joined up in October 1915 and was sent to France. While at Fittleworth I had met my future wife who was working at Burton as parlour-maid cum valet to Major Milburne. With so many men away at the front the job of valet was no longer just a man's preserve. Later she went to London to work for a doctor in Harley Street. Hence it was that we were married at Marylebone Parish Church. I was myself stationed in London at the time.

When I first came to Fittleworth there was a staff of four and we worked a twelve hour day. When the eight hour day came in the numbers went up to six, with an additional porter and clerk. The station was busy in those early days before the internal combustion engine had really made its mark. What always seemed to me a turning-point was the General Strike of 1926. Fittleworth Station was moving 1000 gallons of milk a day, with eighteen different milk carts coming in night and morning. The strike forced the farmers to look for alternative methods of transport and with motorised transport becoming more efficient they found they could take the milk direct to the big depots, cutting out the railway as an unnecessary middleman.

Loading the milk churns would take six minutes. There wasn't a special milk train and passengers just had to be patient. Selham

loaded even more than we did and the churns of course made a rare old din. You had to work hard on the loading - if six minutes was the time allotted for it and it took seven, then this would go into the guard's notebook. Delays, however small, at each station could make a big difference by the end of the journey. The return of the empty churns made quite a noise too. Churns had metal plates on them on which was imprinted the farmer's name. When the churns were slow coming back farmers would borrow them from one another, sticking a white label with their name on over the imprinted name.

All sorts of goods came in and out of Fittleworth Goods Yard: two council engines would draw roadstone from the pits at Flexham or by the Cottage Hospital and bring it out to the railway. My job in the goods yard wasn't basically to load so much as to ensure that the loads were correct for travelling. I did however usually help with the wheat sacks, each one weighing 2 cwt. 1 qtr. 4 lbs. The first lift wasn't too bad, it was when they had to lift an extra weight to lay a second layer of sacks on a layer already stacked that some help was appreciated. Hay and straw were packed already bundled; animals too would go by train in a special kind of truck, and somewhat later apples from the Little Bognor orchards. They went out in trays (5 lbs.), little boxes (7 lbs.) and bushel boxes (40 lbs.). Each had its own destination and I had to work out the mileage to the relevant station and hence the cost of sending. I think they were usually sent out as presents in return for the appropriate gift tokens.

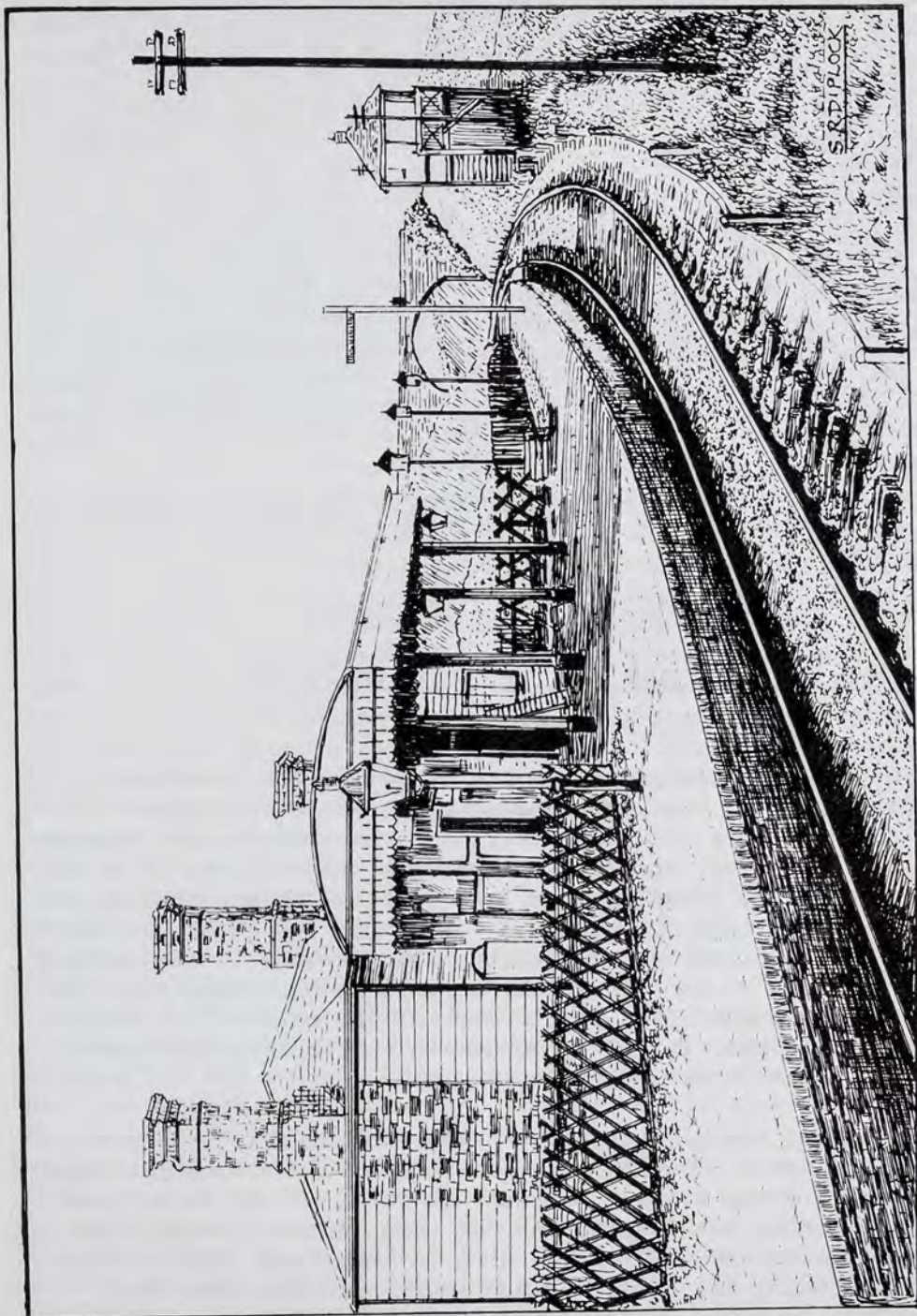
I had to help with loads of hoop wood and Sussex fencing to see that they were safe to travel. There was a gauge in the yard: two wooden posts (later concrete) beside the track with an oval-shaped piece of metal joining them - itself shaped to the curving top of a goods waggon. If a truck fouled on this gauge on its way out of the goods yard it would have to be brought back and reloaded. As I would probably have to do the reloading I got to judge loads very accurately, even before they arrived at the gauge. Hay and straw were particularly tricky as they might be loaded wide (i.e. stick out at the side). Coal came to a special wharf in the early days and Mr. Joyes, the miller, was also a coal merchant. Coal waggons were uncoupled to be taken out of the goods yard. The merchant had three day's grace to clear it; after that he would be charged siding rent or demurrage as it might be called. Animals could cause problems; you might send dogs in the guard's van but they wouldn't be accepted unless they had a muzzle. On the other hand the muzzle wasn't put on but tied round the animal's neck. If the dog got fierce the

guard had to muzzle him himself! In the early days I remember Mrs. Stavers had a Goat Show at Fittleworth and the animals arrived by train to be collected from the station. There were iron railings round the station then (taken up for munitions during the Second War) and the goats were brought back to the station to be dispatched to their various destinations in dribs and drabs. I tethered one group to the iron railings waiting for their train to come in but I had made the mistake of tying them too closely together. When I came back I found they'd eaten each other's destination tickets. Goats will eat anything. Well one goat looked much like another to me so I had to get on to the Goat Show secretary to try and establish which goat was which. Fortunately the Goat Show people said the animals had an identifying mark stamped onto their ears.

Fertiliser and sugar beet were important items for us and there was a lot of parcel traffic then. There was no delivery from Fittleworth Station but people came and collected them. They were usually marked, "To be called for by Mr.....'s milk-cart". It was a useful sideline for the farmers who would otherwise be returning home with an empty cart. When Gray and Rowsell began dealing in motorcycles and cycles their stock would come down to Fittleworth by rail. Even if you were working in the Goods Yard you had to attend every passenger train, dealing with luggage and railway parcels. You might have to run a hundred yards to attend a train if one caught you un-awares.

There was no signal box as such at Fittleworth but only a "shunting cabin". The cabin could give signals but it could not control trains. It was really only a safeguard for the goods yard. If a train was coming from Petworth to Pulborough the box could work the points so that the train would not go straight into the goods yard. The shunting box was replaced in 1931 with a ground frame which was unlocked by the single line token carried between Hardham Junction and Petworth. Before a train could leave Hardham Junction, Petworth signal box had to hold down an electric lever to release the "staff" at Hardham.

In the aftermath of the General Strike and the switch to road transport the station staff began to dwindle. In the early days there had been four, then six but by 1933 the staff was reduced to myself only. Probably if all the different jobs had been put on to me at once I would have given up in despair, but after all I had got used to most of the jobs over the years. I had had to be clerk, porter and general cleaner (the station's oil-lamps had to be kept clean and filled).



Fittleworth Station before the Great War,  
drawn by Rendle Diplock after a photograph by Walter Kevis.

There was a lot of paper-work too - you had for instance to calculate the oil so that the lamps burned no more in the current month than they had burned in the corresponding month the previous year. Or you might have to work out and write down the precise shunting time for each waggon. I now did all the monthly returns, for goods, excess fares and parcels among other things. When I had a holiday a relief came up. When the station closed for passenger traffic, it operated with goods only for a time. Steam went over to diesel at about the same time. The Hardham to Midhurst line was never considered to justify electrification. In the early days there had been three goods trains a day; one early in the morning, one at mid-day and one in the later afternoon, while there were eighteen passenger trains, nine each way. I remember the Hikers' Special that used to run between the wars. Hikers could get off at Fittleworth and walk over to Amberley or alight at Amberley and catch the train back at Fittleworth. I went on at Fittleworth until it closed in 1963. It was part of the Beeching rationalisation but the closure came as no surprise. The station had been put forward for closure long before Beeching.

Jack Tulett was talking to Mrs. Catt and the Editor.

### THE TALKING MAN AND THE WINKING MAN

Twenty-five years ago in Byworth

We first saw them on a boiling hot September afternoon. We had returned from the heat of Italy to find it almost as hot in Byworth that year, and they were in our front garden, two young men I suppose in their middle twenties, stripped to the waist and filling in an unwanted flight of steps from the road with rubble. We were having our recently acquired cottage made quite a lot bigger and generally more habitable, while endeavouring to preserve its character. The next day the Talking Man came to me with the mysterious request that they use an empty, windowless tool shed at the back of the garden "for their own purposes." Oh, yes, I agreed, wondering what conceivable purposes they could have there.

The Talking Man was the bricklayer, a hardy looking fellow deeply sunburnt, with a lean, muscular stomach. He was a craftsman at working with stone, and the Winking Man was his mate. I had never seen as clean a workman as the Winking Man, he wore spotless white singlets, his jeans never had a trace of dirt on them, and later in the year I saw him taking his girl out in a smart dark overcoat and leather gloves.

But in the meantime it was hot, for some little time we had that amazing weather, and soon my wife was making quantities of orange squash for them. The Talking Man's capacity for work was enormous. He was working all day on our house and building himself a bungalow in his spare time, still helped by the Winking Man. They shared a motor bike, and off they went on it when they finished their day's work with us, the Winking Man driving and the Talking Man on the pillion, and worked at the bungalow until late at night by arc lamp. At 8 o'clock in the morning we would hear the motor bike again, by which time they had already been working on the bungalow a couple of hours. The Talking Man, at any rate, worked on his bungalow throughout the week-ends, and hoped to move a new wife into it before long. He must have laboured 16 hours a day, and when bricks were being unloaded from the lorry at our house, with a chain of men passing them along, he used to catch and pass the stacks of bricks like an all Black.

It was after they had been with us a week or two that the Winking Man started winking. My small daughter was nearly four, and he would notice her watching them and slip her a wink. At that she would bob away behind a corner, and a little later peer round at them to verify what had happened, and catch another wink. She then dashed off again and hid. Gradually as the days passed her curiosity overcame discretion as the winks enticed her into the open like a sparrow being emboldened and hopping to the human hand for crumbs. One day when they were having their break and eating their sandwiches I overheard her with them, pursuing a conversation the drift of which was best known to themselves; and all at once she was revealing what she had been dying to tell them -

"You're the Winking Man!" I heard.

"Ah, he likes winking," said the Talking Man. "That's about all he does do an' all."

"Here," said the Winking Man. "What do you call him, then?"

"He's the Talking Man!"

"Oh," said the Winking Man slowly, with heavy meaning, as though a great truth were made plain. "He's the Talking Man is he?" The Talking Man was silent. "He does an awful lot of talking, doesn't he?" said the Winking Man. And for a time the winking Man used to choose his moment to whistle a few bars of crying, talking, sleeping, walking doll ... It was evident that the Winking Man had an edge over the Talking Man in this matter of nomenclature, and he enjoyed himself greatly. After all, the Talking Man did talk, there was a justice about it; he had to talk, he gave instructions to the Winking Man and used to come and ask me if I liked the results of his labour. He was technically the foreman. Once we heard

the only walking, talking, living doll on the radio and discreetly turned it up for his benefit.

They were with us all through that winter, they were with us for about six months until the spring. During that time they witnessed my will, and the next day the new chimney pot was blown into the garden in a gale and missed me by two feet. The Talking Man hammered his way through walls, connected the new extension with the old building, and appeared dustily through solid thick stonework into our hall, into our upstairs landing, into the old kitchen. They joined things up, bricked things in, and took down a complete chimney in the middle of the house like filleting a herring, and we gave the Talking Man our old bath. The original part of the house was said to be about 300 years old, two old farm cottages that at one time had been knocked into one, and downstairs they were connected by an open archway. Not wanting to pay for accommodation elsewhere we camped in the place for as long as possible while the work was in progress: it was like living in a house on a battlefield. We hung a tarpaulin across the archway, and as the Talking Man and the Winking Man took the inside out of the other half-cottage they handed us the lathwork and pieces of beam, through the tarpaulin, as they ripped it all out, and we put the pieces on the sitting-room fire for much needed warmth. No one could understand what had kept the upstairs floor up for so many years in the other half-cottage, the front wall had bulged away from the joists. There was a lot of muttering about an "R.S.J.", and in due course this much heralded and important-sounding appliance was manhandled in, proving to be a small steel girder.

We were reduced to climbing a ladder to reach the bathroom, until the water supply was disconnected and we were forced temporarily to evacuate; but we were back in January before the heating was put in. The Talking Man and the Winking Man all this time had changed appearance with the seasons, from singlets to lumberjack shirts, from shirts to chunky jerseys, until finally the Talking Man withdrew into a vast bus driver's tunic, Wellington boots, and a cap comforter with a red bobble. One day I saw his head and the red bobble incongruously sticking out of the chimney stack.

One day a carpenter arrived, an elderly man in a cap and apron, who only once took his cap off, this when he was obliged somewhat distrustfully to handle the telephone in order to speak with the builder's yard. He liked big jobs, to plane long planks of wood, and to nail down floors, when he hummed loudly at his work. If he was

humming there was sure to be something wrong, he would be messing about with a little lock, or the D-plates on a mirror, which the poor old fellow hated. He kept bees, we used to give him corrugated cardboard which was apparently useful for bees, and he brought pots of honey for my daughter. Then came the plumber's men and there were always little blow-lamps huffing in the garden, cutting up pipes. Our child told us that the fitter was the "fly man", and that the youth who assisted him was called Banana. After them came two decorators, tall and thin, soft-mannered men whose infinitely patient, cat-like progress around our interior walls could be detected by tiny piles of cigarette ash, every so often, that had dropped from the half-inch of cigarette which was permanently in Bill's mouth. Bill used to be a stretcher-bearer in the army and might have been needed again when my wife's dressing-table mirror fell out of an upstairs window and nearly hit Owen on the head. While they were there the "floor specialist", whose hair was red, put down oak blocks in the sitting-room and with a machine polished them the colour of orange, it looked like a night club, and we came home to find Owen looking at it sadly. It clashed with his walls most hideously, but luckily the machine scraped it all off again. Then one day, dramatically, the lights fused and there was someone screaming: the electrician's mate had got "stuck" on a cable, but fortunately the electrician moved at speed and kicked him off it. Came the spring, and there was our home, transformed.

Even before the final touches were completed we realised that the Talking Man and the Winking Man were with us no longer, and that we had never said good-bye. After re-laying the front steps they had folded their tent and stolen away. Not long afterwards I at last laid bare to my own satisfaction the mystery of the tool shed, which had always faintly puzzled me. I had imagined there was some secret equipment kept there, necessary for the building work, but had never seen anyone actually going to it. When our thoughts were turning back to the garden and what was to be done, I opened the door, and found one bucket.

Standing in the garden I look at their handiwork in the local stone, that toned in years ago. The stones were dressed and laid one by one, rugged and precise, and the minor crises of that winter melted away into them, but seemed at the time to make the work, even the new windows and the roof - great difficulties there - more personal. I see stones of many different sizes and hues, and how they tie in with the older stones, and the way they all make a balance, every inch of them handled by the Talking Man's wind-bronzed thick hands,

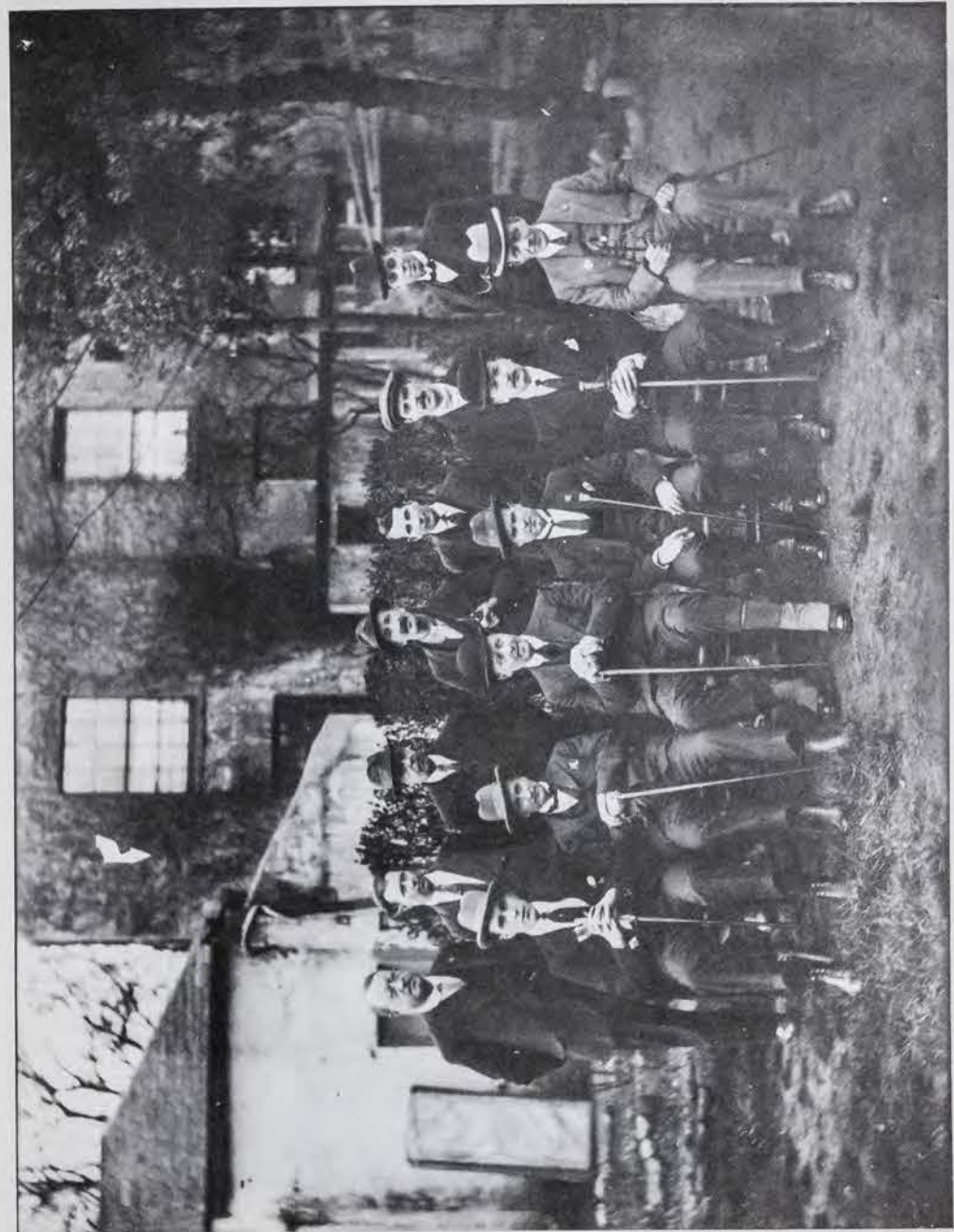
after being first squared off and the mortar mixed by the Winking Man. Like words their work endures. Good for another two or three centuries if providence allows, when goodness knows whose eyes will behold it, the Talking Man's and the Winking Man's strong signature.

R.W.

### A HAULAGE BUSINESS BETWEEN THE WARS

Farming was not easy in the early and mid-1920's: demand for milk and grain had slumped and a farmer such as my father at Limbo was always looking for ways to supplement his income. When I left school in 1924 he had both myself and my two older brothers needing to get a living from the farm and was probably looking with some concern. So it was that when he heard that Mr. W.J. Barnes of Petworth was looking to sell the traction engine with which he had conducted his road haulage business, he bought it. The traction engine could haul a seven-ton trailer and was much like a modern fair-engine, running on steam and powered by coal. It could not travel at much more than walking-pace. It had cleats on the huge wheels rather like those on a tractor and could also have angled "straights" bolted on to give additional grip. The water was kept in the main boiler with a tender to give a reserve supply. The distance at which a traction engine could be operated was effectively controlled by the slow speed at which it travelled - a good distance would be perhaps Petworth to Northchapel - it was impractical for longer distances because of the slow progress it made. In those days traction engines and horses took advantage of the numerous ponds that still existed beside the roads - there was one near Limbo and another called "Waste Water" further towards Petworth, but in fact this was really simply an overflow from the Lower Pond in Petworth Park. There were other such ponds, now disappeared. There was one by Keyfox on the Balls Cross Road and another at Balls Cross itself.

Mr. Barnes' traction engine wasn't the only one about. Mr. Ewens at Tillington also had one but there weren't very many of them. The bulk of the work lay in moving road-stone, rubble and sand for the local Parish Councils who were at this time responsible for all minor roads. Main roads were the province of the County Council. There had to be two on a traction engine, one to steer and another at the back on the trailer to wind the brake. Mr. Barnes had often had his wife to help on the brake. If you were coming down North Street you'd certainly need the brake. To start up in the morning you'd have already, the previous evening, parked the engine where you were working so that you could use the hour or so while you were getting



This picture was taken by Walter Kevis perhaps some eighty years ago. Does anyone recognise either the background or any of the men?

It is probably Petworth but not certainly so.



Byworth twenty-five years ago. See the Talking Man and the Winking Man.  
(Photograph by G.G. Garland)

up steam to load the trailer. The fire was let out every night then relit the next morning. The monster burned coal and of course smelt strongly of coal and smoke. Loading in those days was done by hand: either trailer could take 7 tons or 7 cubic yards, while the coal truck could take 5 tons. I can remember picking up stone by hand at River Hill Quarry - the bigger pieces you simply picked up and threw onto the trailer, while for the smaller pieces you used stone-forks. It was mainly my father and my brother Maurice who worked with the traction engine.

My father soon realised that, useful as the traction engine was, the days of these cumbersome machines were numbered. He had to try out the new internal combustion engines. It wasn't however for the likes of him to buy a new lorry: instead he went off to Reading and drove back with a six-ton ex Thames Valley Thornycroft bus chassis. He's never driven such a thing before. There was a seat but no windscreen, top or body work. Later he returned to Reading on his motor-cycle and bought a cab and body which he had sent on to Petworth Station so that he could fit them himself. They probably weren't a matching Thornycroft cab or body or even a Thornycroft cab or body at all, but a small thing like that didn't matter in those days. The windscreen was an old shop window which he cut to size and fitted himself. The new vehicle was a great advance because it meant that you could make an average of four haulage trips a day instead of two. There was still the labour of loading and unloading the road materials by hand but at least the travelling time was cut. You still couldn't tip and there was a limit to what would fall off if the tail-board was removed. The new vehicle with its solid tyres was slow by modern standards but it was immeasurably quicker than the traction engine. The solid tyres made for a bumpy ride but of course there was then nothing else to compare it with.

After my father died it wasn't long before we invested in another lorry although we still used the old one when there was enough work for two. Pneumatic tyres were coming in and we could travel a good ten to fifteen m.p.h. faster in this. We bought another ex Aldershot and District chassis but this time had it made up by King and Taylor at Godalming. We still had no lights and work had to be finished in daylight, but the new vehicle, a Dennis, had lamps fitted even if they were not actually in use. We still carried a great deal of road material but we tended to work more as contractors for the stone companies than directly for the Council who were employing them. A large part of our trade in the season was carrying sugar beet to Petworth Station - we'd collect it from the farm,

then load it onto the train. A later acquisition (in 1935) was a five-ton tipper truck: this would take some of the labour out of unloading at least. There were of course a number of loads that couldn't be tipped, such as sacks of grain but equally there were many that could. The tipper cost us £430. The haulage rate at that time was very low; we would load some 5 tons (or 5 cubic yards) of stone or rubble at the local quarries in the Little Bognor area and take it six or seven miles for the sum of eleven shillings and threepence.

The extract from my business diary for February 1936 will give an idea of the payments and the type of work. Grove Pit is at Little Bognor, Warren Pit was near Fitzleroi at Fittleworth. The hay from the farm would have been sold for us through Sadlers, the Chichester seed merchants, with the understanding that we would deliver. We would pick up the steam-coal for threshing from Dell Quay at Birdham on the way back from Portsmouth.

## FEBRUARY, 1936

6 Thursday

30 yds Rubble from Grove Pit to  
Northchapel Road. 2/6  
4½ yds 3-4 in stone from Grove Pit  
4½ yds 2½ in stone from Warren  
Pit to Bury Hill. 2/3

7 Friday 0 11-19 a.m.

1½ yds 2½ stone from Warren  
Pit to Bury Hill 1/3  
10 yds Rubble from Grove  
Pit to Northchapel Road 2/6  
2 ton hay from farm to  
Petworth Station.

8 Saturday S.R. 7-22 S.S. 5-0

70 trusses hay from farm to  
Portsmouth.  
2 ton of coal from Dell Quay  
to Farm.

9 Sunday Septuagesima

Toby Balchin

## GEORGE ATTRILL

Many readers will, I am sure, remember George Attrill who lived for the greater part of his life in Fittleworth. Employed by the County council, George was to be seen daily trimming the verges of our village roads with his "swop hook", cleaning out the ditches and keeping the village tidy.

Those who knew him say that George started work every morning at the top of Saigeman Hill and worked his way down towards the Swan arriving there exactly at opening time. "When I saw George passing my window about mid-day," said Mrs. Sybil Pope who lived formerly at Little Poyns, "I used to say: 'It must be ten to twelve,' and a couple of hours later when I saw him returning, I knew it was ten to two."

In appearance George was a broad-shouldered powerful man with a fine reddish beard which gave him such a likeness to the celebrated Dr. W.G. Grace that his friends called him "W.G." His sharp grey eyes peered out from behind old broken specs. that were constantly falling off; gypsy ear-rings dangled from his ears; and his smile was wide and engaging. Summer and winter he wore shirt, waistcoat, and trousers only and padded himself with newspapers to keep out the cold.

A keen sportsman George played cricket and football for the village and thought nothing of walking ten miles to play in a match. Sometimes he rode on his old bike with an umbrella strapped to the handle bars. He played quoits and darts, and was an early member of the Rifle Club. His collection of air guns and catapults was notable and one of his most treasured possessions was a gun disguised as a walking stick which had to be filled with air from a foot pump.

As a singer of traditional folk songs George with his clear melodious voice was quite famous taking part in several BBC Radio broadcasts. One of his favourite songs was "Old John Barleycorn" with its rollicking chorus: "Hey, John Barleycorn. Ho, John Barleycorn. Old and young, thy praise has sung John Barleycorn."

George took the part of Father Christmas in the old Tipteers' play "St. George and the Turkish Knight" when it was revived and performed in Fittleworth at the time of the Festival of Britain. He knew almost the whole play by heart.

A true Sussex countryman in the best sense of the word, George's knowledge was not based on book learning but on old country lore - traditional remedies for cuts and minor ailments and old superstitions and beliefs. We who live in Fittleworth mourn his loss, not only because of what he did for our village but because he had the character of a great man.

George Attrill died just twenty years ago on November 10th aged 78 years. He was buried in Fittleworth churchyard beside his mother, Philadelphia, and his four brothers but the grave is unmarked.

D.G.

### PIG-PENS TO CHURCHES

I had always wanted to be a carpenter and did quite a bit of fretwork when I was at Duncton School, so it was natural enough that when I came to leave my father should try to fix me up with an apprenticeship at the builders J. Boxall of Tillington. Few of the builders then took apprentices and Boxalls only took one every two years so it was a definite advantage for me that Mr. Boxall was my uncle. Even then I had to wait a year because the previous apprentice, a cousin of mine, had started only the previous year. I had to fill in a year working at Coultershaw Mill where my father and grandfather had worked. I didn't do anything very important, odd jobs and sweeping up that sort of thing but it kept me going till Boxalls were ready to take me on.

I lived at Heath End then and Tillington seemed a long way away when I started to work for Boxalls in March 1925. I would cycle the three miles into work and then might expect to cycle out to wherever the work was. It might be anywhere, Loxwood, Plaistow, Elsted, Lurgashall, even somewhere as far out as Singleton. I wouldn't cycle empty-handed either: I might have a bag of tools, or a piece of timber, or fittings or even perhaps a pot of paint. Nothing was motorised in those days, and the bicycle was the accepted means of trans-

port. In fact there were still three men, Mr. Pratt, Mr. Loader and Jimmy Townsend who walked to work and would also walk to wherever the work was. Jimmy Townsend was basically employed to look after Mr. Boxall's two meadows where he kept some seven or eight cows and pigs.

All materials for building were then moved by horse and cart and at that time Mr. Boxall had two horses, two carts and two carters. The carters were part of a work-force that could number perhaps some fifty or sixty men. Timber and cement came in by rail to Petworth Station and were brought back to Fir Grove by horse and cart thence to be taken out to the job again by horse and cart. The carters were employed full-time and that was their job - fetching and carrying materials. Sand did not come from the station but was dug out at the pit near Shopham Bridge and carted back to Tillington. Bricks and tiles came mostly from Colhook brickyard. I remember one horse bringing back sand from Shopham and stopping on the hill by Haslingbourne. He then refused outright to go any further and nothing the carter could do would move him. There was nothing to be done but unload the cart at the roadside and come back to Tillington empty, then the next day send out the other to load the sand and bring it back.

Just after I started work Jack Townsend from Stony Hill began at Boxalls as a carter and we used to cycle to work together. He'd wait for me at the top of Stony Hill. Over the top of the stables at Fir Grove was a hayloft and Mr. Boxall had had built a tunnel running from the hayloft to the carpenter's shop. Boxalls always kept several cats to keep down the mice and at night the cats would come up the tunnel and slept in the shavings in the workshop.

All carpentry work was done by hand then, there were no machines of any kind and the workshop was built upstairs over the storehousings. To reach the workshop you would walk up an outside step-ladder, quite slippery in the winter. The carpenter's shop had no heating of any kind and only daylight for lighting except for two oil-lamps on the wall. The shavings were left on the floor to give a bit of warmth for your feet. As the winter wore on they might be some 18 inches deep by the bench so that when you went away from the bench you had quite an abrupt drop to the floor. The shavings were cleared out just once a year in the spring. There was a hole in the floor with a trap-door and the carts were put underneath to load. It would be the apprentice's job to clear out the shavings through the trap-door into a cart beneath. They were taken down to a barn on Soakenholes Farm where they were used to heat the water for sterilising milk. Nothing went to waste in those days.



I began on five shillings a week, not a lot even then and I had to buy my own tools, there was no tool money then. A rise after a year wasn't automatic, you had to justify it by your work and even after six or seven years you were not in full pay. After five years as an apprentice you might spend another two as an "improver". Mr. Boxall would keep back a proportion of the five shillings for tools and when you wanted one you would just have to see if there was enough money kept back to enable you to buy it. After some two years I wanted a jack-plane so I said to Mr. Boxall, "Uncle, I'd like a jack-plane". "Alright", he said, "You've enough money for it, get Harry Buck the man you're working with to buy you one in Austens". I bought the plane and still have it today. One day I was talking to Harry Buck across the work-bench, perhaps about work, perhaps not and leaning on the plane as I did so. Next day Mr. Boxall said to me, "Have you got that plane?" "Yes," I said. "Well", he said, "it won't work if you lean on it telling little tales to Harry Buck". Mr. Boxall died some four years after I started and there was no more holding back of wages to buy tools after that. I don't remember the price of tools then except that my panel saw (again I still use it) cost 12/6d.

Down in the yard at Fir Grove was a grindstone used for sharpening the tools. If you were slightly in disgrace at work you might have to do half-a-day turning the handle and it was hard work. The first piece of machinery Boxalls had was a circular saw bench powered by a stationary engine. It was belt-driven and to start the engine you pulled on the belt, turning the saw itself at the same time.

I can still remember the first morning at work, coming into the yard at Fir Grove: all the carpenters were out working so the shop was empty. "You come along with me", said Mr. Boxall, I think he had a van at this time and we set off for Graffham. He was working with Mr. Cragg the Petworth plumber, staking out a new house, levelling the ground and putting out the stumps to mark it out. Mr. Cragg had the necessary levelling apparatus and it would be on loan to Boxalls. The house is now called Four Winds. I didn't do very much, just held the stumps for them. The operation was known in the trade as "stumping out".

Mr. Boxall was a country builder working on all types of building from pig-pens to churches, from barn-doors to kitchen furniture and curtain units even to complete house-building. I particularly remember building two new cottages for Major Shiner (as he was then) at Coldharbour. Major Shiner always liked to inspect the job and he kept Sealyham dogs. We went up there to put the roof on the new cottages and proceeded to unload the lorry - we had motorised transport by this

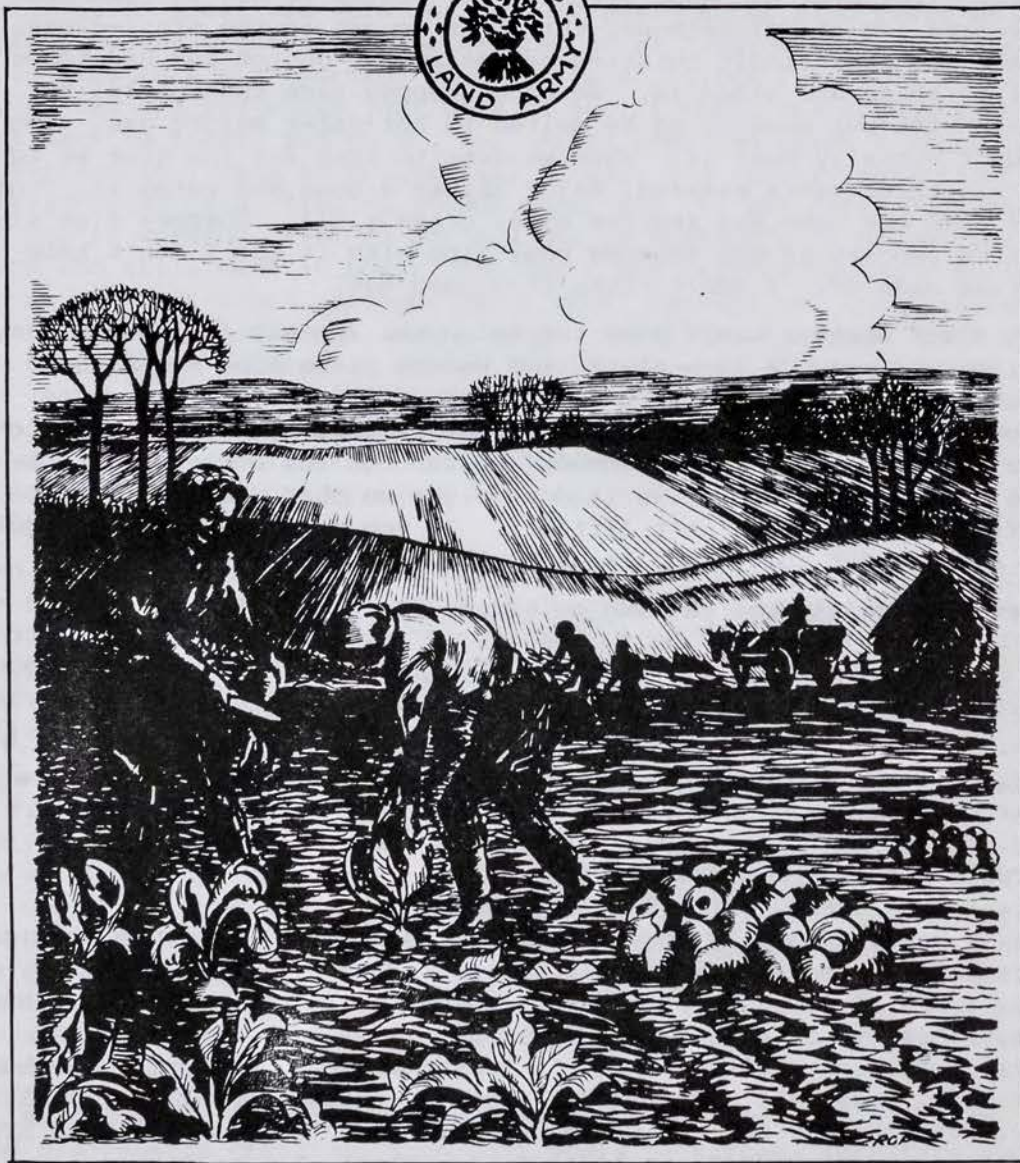
time. We put down our dinner-bags, tools and equipment and got down to work. Soon Manor Shiner came round with his dogs to see how the work was going on. When I came later to get my dinner-bag it was empty - the dogs had gone off with it! Later we had to come back to the same job at Coldharbour, this time to put in the stair-cases. These had a difficult twisting corner at the bottom and had to be cut to shape and glued in. We used Sheppey glue then, solid to start with but needing to be melted in hot water before use. You didn't actually boil it. When we came to look for the glue we found it was three parts missing; Major Shiner's dogs had eaten it. One was dead the next day and the other gravely ill. Sheppey glue always tasted peppery if you touched your lips with it but I don't know what it was made of. I don't think it's used now.

The older workers would play tricks on the apprentices and on their fellow-workers. A jack-plane is a wooden plane some seventeen inches long with the cutter down by the wedge. You might get a short piece of webbing such as you put on chairs, nail it down to the bench, then slip the webbing up through the cutter aperture. The wedge would then drive it down tight so that when you went to lift the plan it wouldn't lift off. Or you might send someone down to Austens for something like a bubble for a spirit-level!

Bert Hollingdale was talking to Audrey Grimwood.

#### NEW MEMBERS

Mr. & Mrs. M. Berry, 1 Mant Road, Petworth.  
Mr. & Mrs. J. Bicknell, 72 Canberra Street, St. Marys 2760, N.S.W.  
Mr. Collins, Grosmont, West Side, Tillington. Australia.  
Sir Owain & Lady Jenkins, Bowles House, East Street, Petworth.  
Mr. & Mrs. P. Lowman, 13 Martlett Road, Petworth.  
Mrs. P. Nicholl, Tinkers, Graffham.  
Mr. & Mrs. Oakey, Gofts Cottage, Byworth.  
Mr. & Mrs. Osgood, 19 Queen Elizabeth Road, Bucks Green, Rudgewick.  
Mrs. E.J. Pentecost, 3 Warwick Court, Torton Mill Road, Arundel, Sx.  
Mr. & Mrs. Sayer, Honey Wood Cottage, Ridge Farm, Rowhook, Horsham.  
Mr. & Mrs. V. Stevenson, 20 Ruskin Way, Cowplain, Portsmouth.  
Mrs. K. Tapson, "Cotswold Cote", Brasenose Road, Bredon, Tewkesbury.  
Mr. R.A. Sumersell, 25 Kirklees Garth, Farsley, Pudsey, Yorks LS28  
Mr. P.R. Thomas, 8 Pound Close, Petworth. STQ.  
Mrs. Tyler, Flat 98 Tootmill Road, Loughborough, Leics.  
Mrs. G. Turner, 4 Greenfield, Sutton.  
Mrs. H. Spriggs, 8 Greenfield, Sutton.  
Mr. C. Gardner, 10 Greenfield, Sutton.  
Mrs. B. Phillips, 5 The Street, Sutton.  
Miss Parker Gray, Flat 4, Warwick Court, Torton Mill Road, Arundel.



Picking Sugar-Beet at Petworth Autumn 1943  
A contemporary drawing by R.G.P.

PETWORTH CINEMA (10) will appear in the next issue.

His Excellency