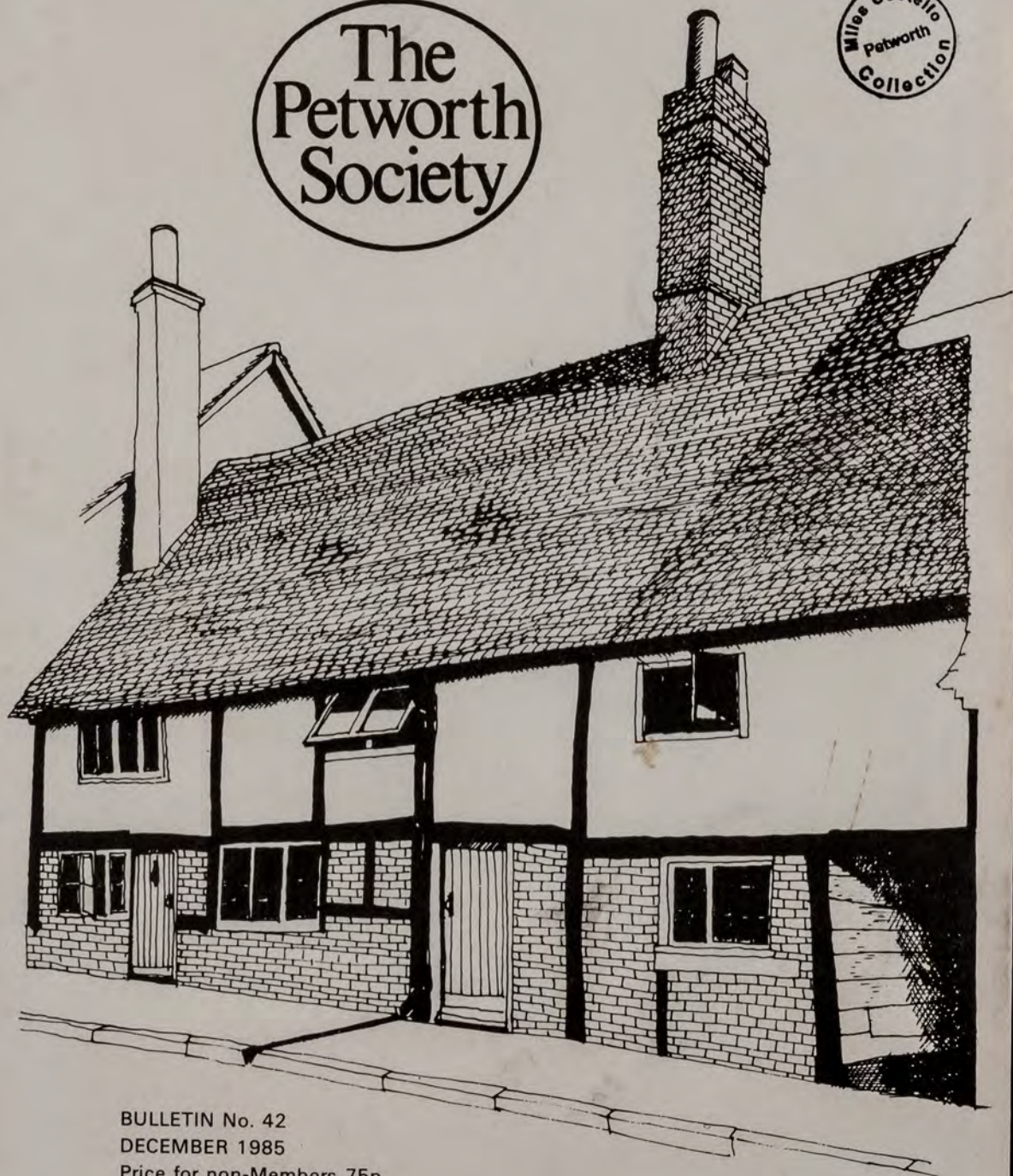


The Petworth Society

Miles Costello
Petworth
Collection



BULLETIN No. 42
DECEMBER 1985
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Cover design by Jonathan Newdick drawn from a photograph by George Garland. It shows Old Cottages in North Street in 1952.

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PETWORTH SOCIETY

Winter programme: please keep for reference

Monthly meetings: Leconfield Hall 7.30 p.m.

Refreshments. Raffle.

Tuesday December 17th

Petworth Society
Christmas Evening

Mince pies, punch.

Wednesday January 15th

Mr. Calvert

Two movie films:

"Life in the Falkland
Islands"

Tuesday February 18th

Fred Shepherd with two
Shows to include:

"The Land of the
Mountain and the Flood"

Tuesday March 11th

Darrell Cunningham
of Heritage Wild Life
Rescue with Puff
and Bolero

"Owls not Dodos"

Please note that there is an attendance limit for functions in the Leconfield Hall and that for any of these evenings we may have to limit numbers. It's a good idea to come just a little early to be sure of a place.

WALKS : Leave PETWORTH SQUARE at 2.15.

Sunday January 26th

Peter's Gog Walk

In which Peter tries
not to get lost in
the Gog.

No Cars.

Sunday February 23rd

J's Snowdrop Walk

In which J and friends
try to find the
snowdrops.

Cars.

Christmas cards 12p each. East Street or Lombard Street.
Available from Peter or Anne.

Ron Pidgley's map of Petworth 25p. I have seen copies coloured and framed
and these make very acceptable Christmas presents.

Stocks of Bulletin 40 and 41 are exhausted but it is worth enquiring about
earlier back numbers.

I am sure all members would like to join me in congratulating Mrs. House
of Heath End on reaching her 100th birthday today - Petworth Fair day.

Peter.

20th November 1985.

P.S. Can anyone give us any information of the whereabouts of
Jacob's orchard? We would be very pleased if anyone could -
or even if anyone had ever heard the expression.

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 £3.00. Single or Double one Bulletin delivered. Postal £4.00. Overseas £5.00. 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.
Franklin

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.

Membership enquiries to Mrs. Staker please, Bulletin circulation enquiries to Mrs. Sadler.

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

I am writing these notes a little earlier than I would normally because I want to be sure this Bulletin is out in good time and well in advance of the Christmas evening on December 17th. The last Bulletin quickly sold out but I have to apologise for the printer's error which left out the three diagrams in Mike Pope's article on the Petworth House Fire Telegraph system. As most members keep their Bulletins we include with this issue the three missing diagrams on gummed paper. These can be stuck into their proper place in Bulletin 41.

The committee have purchased a number of albums to hold the extensive photographic record of the Toronto Scottish visit. As I have said previously, coverage of the later part of the afternoon is not good but for the day as a whole there are four major sources, James Clevett, John Mason, John Rosser and Tony Whitcomb - each complementing the other. There are also a significant number of different additional photographs by other hands. I'd hope at the Christmas meeting to have a table with the albums on show so that members may see them.

You will see that Alison McCann has managed to shed some light on the darkness surrounding the origins of the Good Fellowship Friendly Society. I'm very pleased to be able to reprint a cutting from the Sussex Weekly Advertiser and also a poster from the West Sussex Record Office concerning the inaugural meeting of the Society. The "Club" would appear to have been based initially at the old Half Moon Inn in the Market Square. How long it continued there is obscure; we know only that by 1821 the Good Fellowship was firmly established at the Angel and in later years so firmly established there as to acquire the nickname "The Angel Blue". It is clear both from the newspaper cutting and the poster that the Good Fellowship was very much encouraged by the local gentry who saw it no doubt as an important means of self-help for those who might otherwise seek support from the parish.

The monthly meetings made a lively start with Bob Lomas' talk on Heavy Horses. Bob gave a very full house indeed very full value indeed. Jumb's Chillinghurst walk was much enjoyed. A grey Sunday but good for walking. This time we only flanked the gaunt outpost in the fields with its mysterious half-moat but I can report that all looked as forbidding and fascinating as ever.

I hope you enjoy this Christmas Bulletin. It's produced for your enjoyment and articles about the old ways do seem to interest you. I don't think these should be seen as an irrelevance to Petworth present. There's much to be gained from looking back to a time when Petworth felt more certain of its identity as a town. As an estate stronghold, as a market centre or as both or simply as a place in which people lived and worked, an older Petworth with all its divisions (and they were many) could feel to some extent at ease with itself. It knew its role and could feel a certain comfort in that



Petworth as an estate town.

Lord Leconfield's workmen await the return of his Lordship after his marriage in 1911.
This postcard courtesy of Miss J.P. Duke.

knowledge. What now? The summer streets are full of visitors and the Market Square resounds with unfamiliar accents and the click of cameras. Quite rightly many of the shops seek to cater for this clientele. A significant proportion of Petworth residents now look away from the town for work and livelihood. Some appear only at weekends while many new residents have come here to retire. Traditional Petworth (hardly itself a constant factor) will be a little uneasy at these changes. It would be unnatural if it should feel

otherwise. Can any self-respecting town see itself largely as a leisure centre? Perhaps if the town had grown between the wars, if the changes had been more insidious..... perhaps.... However the old days will not come back and we cannot wish them back. For the present Petworth moves warily forward and it is no bad thing to look back at times to firmer ground and older difficulties and to find a measure of continuity in the midst of apparently constant change.

Don't forget the Christmas evening on 17th December!

11th October, 1985.

Peter.

THE CHRISTMAS STORY.

"O little town of Bethlehem. How still we see thee lie."

I had a dream that the Holy Child was born in Tillington. About the time I was a boy in these parts. I fancied that Joseph and Mary, on their way to be registered in Chichester at Council Offices, came up Hungered's Lane, past almshouses, along what we call the A.272 no more than track then, and up the hill to the Inn.

They ask George Briant at Horseguards for a room, or share of one. George was alright. He'd a dog clever at finding lost money. Many's the time the dog come back from Petworth with a penny in 'is mouth. Sometimes a shillin'. Well, George were that busy. He'd hasn't an inch of space to let. "Try pub at Upperton", he said.

Off they go, past post office and sweet shop. Not ones you know! Bit further on. Where Doctor Morgan lives now. What's their kitchen was shop, an' outside on wall between shop and living quarters was post box. Bricked-up now, but you can see marks where t'was. Old Mrs. Streeter looked out over glittering brass scales an' weights, sherbert dabs, lemonade powder, anniseed balls and dolly mixture. "You'll 'ave to go ter Pitshill", she said. "Not too nice, but it'll do".

School, where Linton House is might 'ave suited, but t'was locked, and nobody would take responsibility for opening. Not even woman who cooked there. 'er used to 'ave no clock' an' faithfully borrowed one from Granny Bryder at start of each term. Give it back at end for holidays. Clock was once full of Huntley and Palmer's biscuits. Made of tin, and now empty, 'cept for works.



So they arrive at Upperton, and go to pub where Morgan-Grenvilles live now. Not so grand in those days, and the track - no more, was fearful muddy in winter. But, no luck. Full up. Bit further on, where Hazelmans live now was general stores/off-licence. Old chaps from River Common would walk there with empty beer bottle, or two. Get them filled with ale. Then sit and talk on couple of benches on other side of road. Pass bottles round. Mary and Joseph rested there and drinkers offered them a sup of ale. That helped, for they was so tired, Mary particularly. What was more use was advice to go on to Pitshill. Same as Mrs. Streeter said.

Well, cut a long story short, they found place at Pitshill. No more than cattle shed, where they made themselves comfortable as could. Bit smelly, 'cause they shared it with cows!

It was there that birth took place. Nothing special in that, you'd reckon. Old Enticknap, 'im what was shepherd, 'an no more than one tooth in 'is mouth 'ad about 10 or 12 kids. What's one, even if it did come in a manger?

Here's the answer to that. Happened that this same Ted Enticknap, and two other shepherds had met up - old Spreadbury from Park, and Frank Marshall from Pitshill. They was on their favourite topic, sheep. Take something to stop 'em talking 'bout anything else. But something did! Suddenly, before them stood what they could only describe as a gurt angel, splendid an' glittering. They was fair mazed. Well, more than that - terrified, for they'd never had such an experience. This angel calmed 'em down, telling them that there was good news for them, down the hill from where they were standing. A very special baby had been born. One that'd be mighty. Someone from God. And in the manger. As he finished telling them this, there was a great sound of voices all around, singing : "Glory to God in highest heaven, and on earth, peace to all men". Sounds fantastic, doesn't it? Just like when you have a great moment of happiness, and everything is so good that all life seems ablaze with sound and beauty!

The angel left. There was a great silence, and then they shepherds said : "Come, let's go and see this thing that's happened. So, off they went, with all speed, 'sheep forgotten for the moment. On the way, they gathered up Tommy Pett, out late, p'raps not from sweeping chimneys which was 'is job! Then, Bill Grantham, the cow-hand, who'd realised that this was no ordinary night. His wife too. She kept dairy, and had come straight out, 'er big apron cheeping away

as usual. Better explain that. She used to rear chicks left without mother, and kept 'em in folds close to her. 'Sides chicks she'd snatched up quart of fresh milk for new baby - the best milk too : twopence a quart. Not the skim!

When they reached manger, they found Joseph and Mary, and a baby. Ted found 'is tongue, and told Joseph and Mary what had brought them all there. Then they knelt. Felt they had to. Never been so near to God in all their lives. Tommy Pett's donkey knelt too. Afterwards, Tommy gave the Family his donkey. It was a grand present for them. Anyway, Tommy was really too tall for the animal, or the donkey was too small! His legs always dangled along the ground. It used to make the kids laugh. But still, "What can I give him, poor as I am, If I were a shepherd, I would bring a lamb". Tommy brought a donkey!

That's where my story ends. Because it's where my dream ended. Only for me, it's more than a dream. Every Christmas, Jesus is born again in the hearts of new generations. Like a gift on a tree. Some accept the gift, but don't undo the wrapping. Some open their parcel, and discover the hidden splendour.

J.H. (1977)

FROM THE SUSSEX WEEKLY ADVERTISER

12th May 1794

"We hear from Petworth that under the patronage of Earl Egremont, Wm. Mitford Esq., and the other Magistrates acting for the Lower division of the Rape of Arundel, a Friendly Society or Society of Good Fellowship has been instituted there comprehending all the parishes of that district which have not already Friendly Societies in them.

The honorary members are many and respectable, who have subscribed for the immediate fund at the first meeting no less than 200L, and nearly as much more is expected from the neighbouring gentry who have not been solicited for their subscriptions; and who did not attend the first meeting.

The members are to receive 6 or 7 shillings per week when sick or superannuated, and widows £7 per annum."



And the compliments of the season!
Photograph by G.G. Garland.



Jack Miles with his dog Spot at a Petworth Ploughing Match of the 1950's.
Photograph by G.G. Garland.

By an Act of Parliament passed in the Year 1793, for the Encouragement and Relief of Friendly Societies, Persons belonging to a Society established according to the directions of the said Act, may reside in any Parish they choose, and not be removable unless they are actually chargeable: this great advantage, added to many others, which have been found to arise from the Societies in different parts of the kingdom where they have been established, makes it desirable to have a FRIENDLY SOCIETY AT PETWORTH.

NOTICE is therefore hereby given to Men in Health, and under the age of Forty Years, resident in the Parishes of Petworth, Tillington, Lurgershall, Northchapel, Kirdford, Fittleworth, Coates, Bury, Cold Waltham, Stopham, Sutton, Burton, Hardham, Bignor, Duncton, Barlavington, Woolavington, and Egdean, that a FRIENDLY SOCIETY, will be established at the HALF MOON INN, at PETWORTH, on the 10th of June next, 1794, being Whit Tuesday, and that Rules, Orders, and Regulations, for the good government of the Society will be then proposed, and such persons chosen members thereof by ballot as may be deemed eligible.

The proposed payment on admission will be Five Shillings, and One Shilling and Three-pence per month, Three-pence of which monthly payments will be carried to a FUND for the Benefit of WIDOWS of deceased Members, under the RULES OF THE SOCIETY, and a VOLUNTARY SUBSCRIPTION, will be solicited from persons in affluence to assist the WIDOWS FUND, in addition to the sums already given for this purpose which amounts to upwards of TWO HUNDRED POUNDS.

The amount of the Relief to persons who may by Old Age, Sickness, Infirmity, or Accident, be rendered incapable of Work, after having duly paid his Subscription for Two Years, will be ascertained by the Rules of the Society, and such relief will be given to Widows, after their Husbands have been six years members as the funds of the Society may afford.

Every Person wishing to become a Member, is desired to attend on WHIT TUESDAY, 1794, at the HALF MOON INN, by Eight o'Clock in the Forenoon, that they may be chosen before church time.

As the business of the Society will be conducted by a Committee of Twelve Members, there will be only one General Meeting in each year, at which all the Members will be required to be present. This General Meeting will be on Whit Tuesday in each year, when every member will be expected to attend Divine Service at PETWORTH at Twelve o'Clock, and afterwards to dine at the HALF MOON INN. And Whit Tuesday will be the only day in the year on which New Members will be chosen.

The founding of the Old Blue.

A document from the West Sussex Record Office. (Miscellaneous Papers No. 1868)

THE OLD BLUE; The Story of a Petworth Friendly Society.

2) The Society in 1822-3

Sick insurance was by no means the only inducement for men to join a friendly society although it was a powerful one. In those days before compulsory holidays the annual Club Day was an event eagerly to be anticipated and in this early period the "Angel Blue" held its annual day on Whit Monday. Friendly Societies were in local competition one with another for members and had, on the one hand to keep their monthly contributions as low as possible, and on the other to offer as much as possible in social and convivial activities. Different societies would be ardently supported by the public house on which they were based; the benefits of a healthy friendly society to the resident publican being obvious. There was some danger in this competition: monthly rates would tend to be set too low to give the societies financial stability and funds might well be diverted toward entertaining the members. This was technically illegal but could be circumvented by paying an inflated room rent. On the other hand, if a society failed through exhaustion of funds there was no redress: a man's contributions were gone and his only recourse was to the Poor Law.

According to the earliest surviving Rule Book, that of 1859 "the Treasurer shall be resident in the town of Petworth and shall at all reasonable times of the day, by himself or by some person in his house be ready to receive all voluntary contributions, and on the first Saturday in each month, between the hours of 2 and 8 in the afternoon the regular monthly payment of each member..."

The Rule Book does not stipulate where the Treasurer is to be on the first Saturday of the month, presumably at the Angel Inn rather than at his own house, but unusually there does not seem to be any provision for regular meetings of members of the Good Fellowship. Rule 6 states: "All the ordinary business of the society between the feast days shall be conducted by the President and Committee conformably to these rules: they shall meet on the first Monday after the first Saturday in every month at 8 o'clock and shall be attended by the Treasurer, who shall be their clerk..." "Between the feast days" would seem to refer to the period between consecutive Whit Mondays, i.e. the whole year.

The monthly committee meetings were the main burden of the Society's activities other than the Annual General Meeting on the Annual Club Day, although doubtless the ordinary members might meet informally at the Angel. Rule 2 gives instructions for the Annual Day:

"members..... shall meet at the Angel Inn, in Petworth, by ten of the clock in the forenoon on Whit-Monday in each and every year, and shall proceed from thence to the Parish Church of Petworth aforesaid, and dine together at the said Inn, at the hour of three, and shall every one depart the room in a peaceable and quiet manner by the hour of eight in the evening: and there shall be paid by each member present the sum of two shillings for such yearly dinner and liquor, and every member absent (except those who, on the day of any such general meeting, may be receiving relief from this society in consequence of age, sickness, infirmity or accident) shall forfeit the sum of five shillings....." and Rule 5 states the duties of the President at the Annual General Meeting and lays down that "he shall wait on the Rector or officiating Minister of Petworth, and request one of them to perform divine service and preach a sermon adapted to the designs of this society on Whit-Monday in every year, and afterwards to dine with the members and if such Rector or Minister shall decline it the said President shall request the use of the parish church of Petworth for some neighbouring clergyman of the Church of England..." In fact Thomas Sockett, the Rector of Petworth, took a considerable interest in the Society and was one of its three trustees for many years.

The first Annual General Meeting covered by the Minute Book, that of May 1822, appears to mark something of an epoch in the early history of the Society. John Ellis, the solicitor, partner in the well-known Petworth practice of Ellis and Hale, becomes president: "Mr. Garland having declined the office of President, the Society return him their best thanks for the attention he has for so many years paid to their interest". Mr. Garland would appear to be Henry Garland the tailor, that same Henry Garland whom John Osborn Greenfield could recall going to supper with at the Old Bank House in 1812. (See Tales of Old Petworth ppllff.) A new committee were, as usual, chosen at the 1822 A.G.M. and in accordance with the Rules comprised six members of the retiring committee and six new faces. Most members of the committee of 1822 are otherwise known but not all. Jesse Haslett appears in Pigot's 1826 Directory as a baker, John Collins was the London carrier, Charles Eade a saddler, Thomas Slater landlord of the Star Inn, Thomas Austin a carpenter, William Dale the miller at Coultershaw, William Pulling the Pound Street builder, and Richard Foard one of the Petworth smiths. William Edwards may have been connected with the Masons Arms, John Challen with the grocery business of Benjamin Challen in Golden Square, while George Smart does not seem a Petworth resident. George Haslett is not otherwise known. It would seem that the

committee members were, as might be expected, largely drawn from the trades-people of the town. Daniel Easton the clerk was presumably also a local man but of him nothing seems known outside the remaining record of the "Old Blue".

These were days of a certain grandeur for the "Old Blue"; it was a privilege and an honour to serve on the committee and payment for attending the regular monthly meetings was a shilling, by no means a token amount in those days.

As was the practice with other Friendly Societies, the "Old Blue" performed also the functions of a funeral club and a levy of 1/- a member would be made on the death of a member toward funeral expenses (Rule 12). The Society also had a widows' fund and a proportion of the total monthly contribution would go toward this.

The Committee Meetings even as far back as 1822 seem to have been very formalised affairs with the only effective recorded business being a perusal of the sickness forms provided by sick members and the authorising of payment. A typical month's outgoings is the following from July 1823. This list gives details of the ailments of the members but often Daniel Easton would simply use a phrase like "continuing ill" and not specify the illness.

Petworth July 7th 1823

At a regular monthly Committee Meeting as above dated holden at the Angel Inn to examine the Certificates of the sick and infirm members of this Society, the following persons having sent their proper certificates to this Committee, were ordered relief, viz:

		£	s.	d.
1	That James Giles of Pulborough be paid he continuing ill with Rheumatism from June 7th to July 5th	28 days	1.	8. 0.
2	That Michael Streeter of Pulboro' be paid he continuing ill with a lame arm from June 7th to July 5th	28 days	1.	8. 0.
3	That Geo. Petto of Petworth be paid he continuing ill with dimness of sight from June 8th to July 5th	28 days	1.	8. 0.

			£	s.	d.
4	That Thomas Bignall of Fittleworth be paid he continuing ill with rheumatism from June 8th to July 5th	28 days	1.	8. 0.	
5	That James Knight of Petworth be paid he continuing ill from June 8th to July 5th	28 days	1.	8. 0.	
6	That James Boxall of Fittleworth be paid he continuing ill from June 8th to July 5th	28 days	1.	8. 0.	
7	That John Chalwin be paid he having been ill with the King's Evil from June 8th to July 5th	28 days	1.	8. 0.	
8	That William King of Tillington be paid he continuing ill with bad hands from June 8th to July 5th	28 days	1.	8. 0.	
9	That William Ayling of Tillington be paid he continuing ill with rheumatism from June 8th to July 5th	28 days	1.	8. 0.	
10	That Wm. Austen of Upwaltham be paid he having been ill with bad hands from May 4th to July 5th	63 days	3.	3. 0.	
11	That Henry Hall of Petworth be paid he having been ill with pleurisy from June 26th to July 3rd	7 days		7. 0.	
12	That Edward Ede of Coldwaltham be paid he continuing ill with a bowel complaint from June 7th to July 5th	27 days	1.	7. 0.	
13	That John Sotcher of Coldwaltham be paid he continuing ill with water on the chest from June 6th to July 4th	28 days	1.	8. 0.	
14	That James Holt of Brighton be paid he continuing ill with rheumatick gout from June 1st to July 5th	35 days	1.	15. 0.	

		£	s.	d.
15	That William Rainger of Tillington be paid he he having been ill with an asthma from 9th June to 7th July	28	8	0
16	That John Coles of Upwaltham be paid he having been ill with gravel from June 7th to July 5th	28	8	0
				<u>£23. 8. 0.</u>

The monthly benefit for June 1823 was a fair average, and leaving out of consideration payment to widows for which a separate book (now lost) was kept, payments for the first three complete years in the Minute Book total £778.2.6., an average of some £260 a year, £22 a month. The Society's funds however were invested in 3% Consols, a safe government stock paying a very low interest. Benefit payment was beginning to outstrip incoming contributions and interest on capital, and the Society's "period of grace" was fast coming to an end.

(to be continued)

(Documents courtesy of Messrs. Anderson, Longmore and Higham).

"A BARLEYCORN DEEPER"

I'd always been interested in horses. I had a Saturday afternoon job helping an old man with a smallholding. One day he said, "I'm just off to the pub, (pubs opened all hours in those days) take the horses and the plough back home for me." It was an old-fashioned Guildford wooden plough without wheels. As we were going back some geese frightened the horses. They bolted, I let go of the plough handles and the heavy implement embedded itself in the ground. We had to dig it out again. As a boy of twelve I wasn't man enough for a plough like that. Towards the end of the Great War I served in the Royal Artillery as a saddler and harness-maker - again I was never far from horses. I still remember a funny question they asked in the proficiency test. "Which side of a horse has most hair?" People produced all sorts of answers like: "The nearside because it rubs against the other horse" - but the answer they wanted was "the outside of course". Well he doesn't grow any hair inside does he? No one rumbled this at all. One other funny thing I remember at a kit inspection - we'd have all our kit laid out on the bed and we'd

hold each article up in turn to prove that we had it. We would have two pairs of socks but we could hold up one and say, "One on and one in the wash". That was alright but someone got a bit muddled, held up one of his spurs and said, "One on and one in the wash".

A carter's day began early at five o'clock or before. You'd go to the stable, give the horses some feed, brush them down, muck out, send them out to water, then whilst they were drinking, fill the manger again. After that you'd get your own breakfast, there was half an hour allowed for that. When you came back you'd wait for your orders for the day. You might have to plough, harrow or roll - whatever needed to be done. There might be five horses in the stable and each horse would have its own individual harness, so there would be five sets of thill harness, i.e. for working with shafts as in a cart, and five sets of plough harness. There might be a couple of sets of trace harness for horses working one behind another. Hours were long; in Surrey you had to do sixty hours, fifty in the field and ten in the stable. I had a young lad who used to do the odd work with a horse and cart or he might do things like harrowing in the corn after I had drilled it.

I wasn't happy with the pair I had. There was a grey which was "wall-eyed" and a brown horse. The brown horse was very awkward. If he decided he wasn't going anywhere he'd just dig his heels in and refuse to move. You just had to go on home again. One day a neighbouring farmer came up to the farm with a pair of horses, one grey and one brown. Guv'nor asked if he could buy the grey so that he had a pair of greys. The price, it turned out, was 42 guineas. For some reason I had to go up to Hampton Court from Guildford where I worked to collect the horse and bring him back. I wouldn't care to do it now but even in 1929 it wanted some thinking about. I led the horse most of the way. I did ride it too, but it had a back like a saw; its backbone stuck out so much.

When I got back and put it in the stable, the guv'nor said to me, "Now you've got a good horse you can bulk the ground for planting potatoes." Well I harnessed them up and I never drove a better pair of horses. In fact it was difficult to part them even when you had to. You only needed one horse for horse-hoeing and I had one of them and another carter had the other on the other side of the hedge. I sat down to have my breakfast and the chap with the other horse came over to sit with me. I heard a rattle and the other horse had come over to join his mate. Whenever we could we took both horses

to work, we wouldn't leave one in the stable if we could help it.

One day I took the Hampton Court grey out to pick up a chicken house but she kept putting her head down along the ground. When we got there she fell down. I thought she had colic, so I borrowed another horse so that I could lead her behind the cart but she kept wanting to lie down. I gave her a colic powder in a pint of old ale but even this didn't work and I had to get the vet. Well she didn't improve and when she finally died they found fourteen pieces of baling wire in her intestine. We'd run short of chaff; our farm was one of three and when the bales had been put through the chaff-cutter, some of the baling wire had been left in, been chopped up by the cutter and made its way into the feed.

We had a big shed on pillars with four large corn bins inside and a passage up the middle. You'd walk up steps into the shed carrying the two-hundredweight grain sacks after threshing. We did some contract work on neighbouring farms and this might mean working at a distance of six or seven miles from home two or three days a week. Feeding was difficult then - the usual sieve of corn was alright but hay was bulky stuff - it was better to get more corn. We'd get under the barn and bore a hole in a bin with an auger. Then we'd bung up the hole with a cork until we needed corn again. The gov'nor's father used to take grain for his chickens and eventually found the grain had sunk down in his bin like a funnel! We grew wiser and made the next auger-hole in a corner, much more difficult to notice.

The farm was going over from horses to tractors but I still wanted to work with horses so I began to think about moving and saw two jobs advertised in the Surrey Advertiser, one at Liss and one at East Grinstead. They both seemed about an equal distance away. At that time Hall and Co. were taking gravel out of our farms and, talking to one of the drivers, I found he was taking a load of gravel or sand - I can't remember which - to Bordon Camp. "How far is Liss from there?" I asked. "Not far at all," he said. "Just chuck your bike on top of the load". So on the spur of the moment I set off and no one even knew I had gone. When I got there, it was a bit muddling - the farmer was out and I could only arrange to have further talks.

Once back home I was told a farmer was coming to see me at two o'clock on Sunday, but before we had time to get sorted out there was a loud banging on the door. Mr. Bennett from Coxland Farm,

Tillington marched straight in. He didn't bandy words. "You want a job. I want a carter," he said. He was a friend of the farmer from Liss. When I came down to see the farm and the house there were a few minor things; for instance I wanted the well properly covered so that the children wouldn't be in danger of falling down. We put half a hundred-weight on the lid. Jack Yeatman brought us down in his lorry. When I was about to leave I found the gaffer working in the cow-pen. "Cheerio Jack," he said, "I'll tell you one thing. I'll keep the job open for a month. If you don't like it, you can come back." They had a big jug of parsnip wine, a big cake which I could take for the children on the way down, my money (thirty-eight shillings) and an extra ten shilling note.

We had to stay in the field till five o'clock even on winter evenings and my mate got rather weary of this. The Guv'nor went to Guildford market on Tuesdays and would call in to check all was well on his way back. My mate thought it was pretty pointless working with the light gone and as a gesture he took the acetylene lamp from his bike and hung it up so that it shone underneath the horse as he worked. He thought Guv'nor would say, "You'd better come home if you can't see properly." Instead Guv'nor said, "That's a good idea, I'll get you both one so you can work when the light's gone." You had to plough six inches deep. If it only came up to his ankle he'd say, "Put 'em a barleycorn deeper" referring to the share.

On my first evening in Tillington, Fred Linkhorn took me up to the Horse Guards. "What are you having?" "Mild and bitter." "A stranger in the camp," observed Mr. Leggatt the landlord. "I've seen people come and go," he said, "but you'll stay. You look the type." I did - for thirty-two years. In those days Mr. Bennett still had a push-cart milk delivery all up round Upperton with a churn and ladle. A man named Parrett did this. Then when Sid Kingston took over, the milk was bottled and delivered by van.

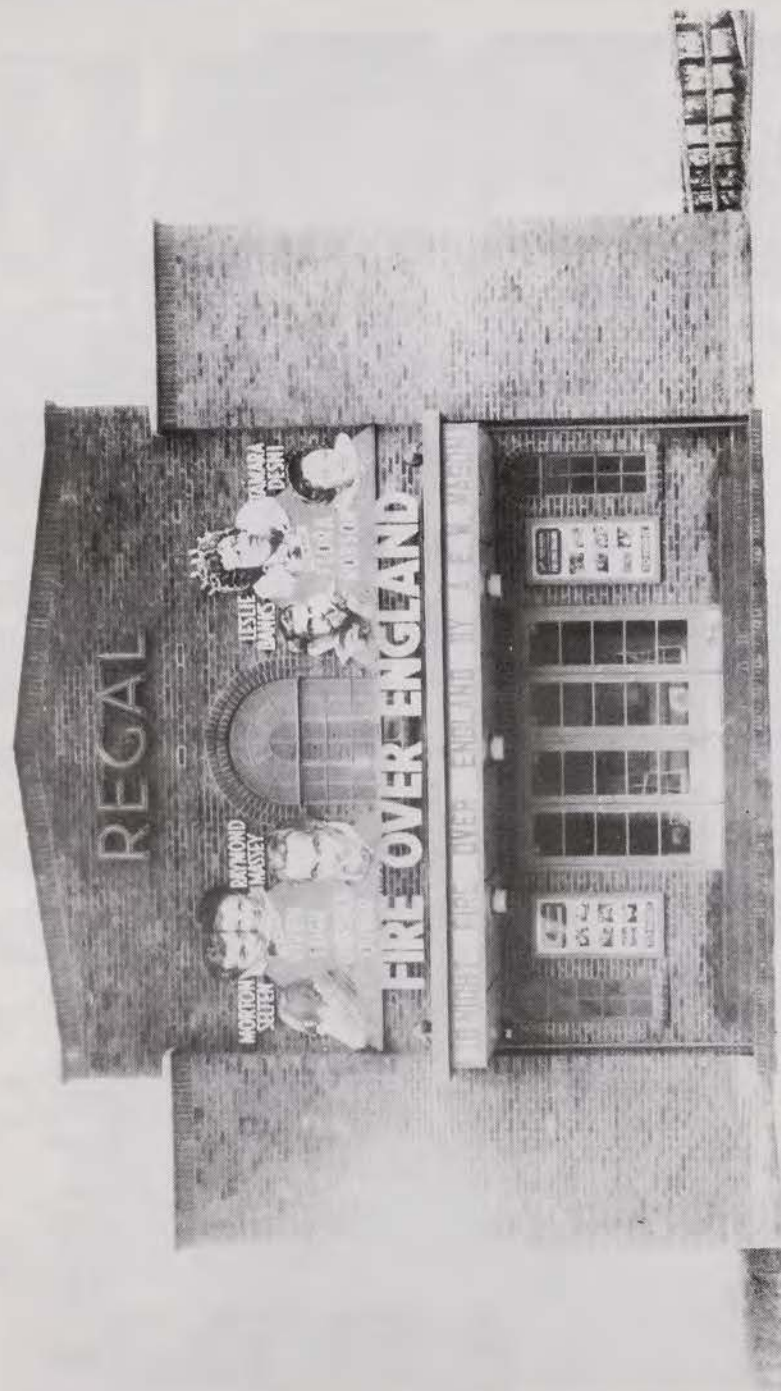
Jack Miles was talking to Bill Vincent and the Editor.

PETWORTH CINEMA (12). The Opening of the Regal

We were now in the first week of April 1937 and had to decide soon on our first opening date. This was not an easy thing to do, because there were so many little things still to be finished, such as the fixing of the outside display cabinets, installing the ticket machine, electric lamp fittings for the foyer and the under-side of the canopy, front entrance door mats with wells to take

them, lino tiles for the lobby and cloaks. The large illuminated Hall clock I made and installed myself using the wall for numerals to be mounted on. The hands I made from very thin aluminium. A number of further willing helpers came to our aid to break up barrel loads of brick-bats, large stones, and every bit of rubble we could find to make a car park. We had only the use of a hand roller. We seemed to have covered everything except to find a name for our new hall. So after some family discussions we decided to call it THE REGAL being in remembrance of their Majesties Coronation year. The large red metal neon sign was proudly erected 25ft high on the front elevation, making it an imposing symbol for many to admire and see. All we had to do now was to fix a firm date for the opening night. We made it May 7th and had only now to allow for the advertising. I made a number of double crown poster boards and fixed them up around the Town with a certain number for the outside villages. I eventually wrote to R.K.O. Radio Pictures Ltd. informing them of my opening date and saying that the proceeds of the night's takings would be devoted to the repair of St. Mary's Church organ. They were quite willing to supply me with a suitable and complete programme, and enclosed a list for me to choose from. I decided that a technicolour print would be best for the occasion and I was fortunate enough to acquire the film "SWING TIME" with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, the rest of the programme was made up with a Pathe Pictorial-Comedy-Cartoon, for a two hour programme, all with no charge. I soon got to work again with 50 colour double crown posters and a four page programme. Advertisement I had little trouble in getting for a nominal fee and forwarded same to the printers, with a number of special invitation cards. I forwarded the synopsis of the film to the press with a lay out of the rest of the programme.

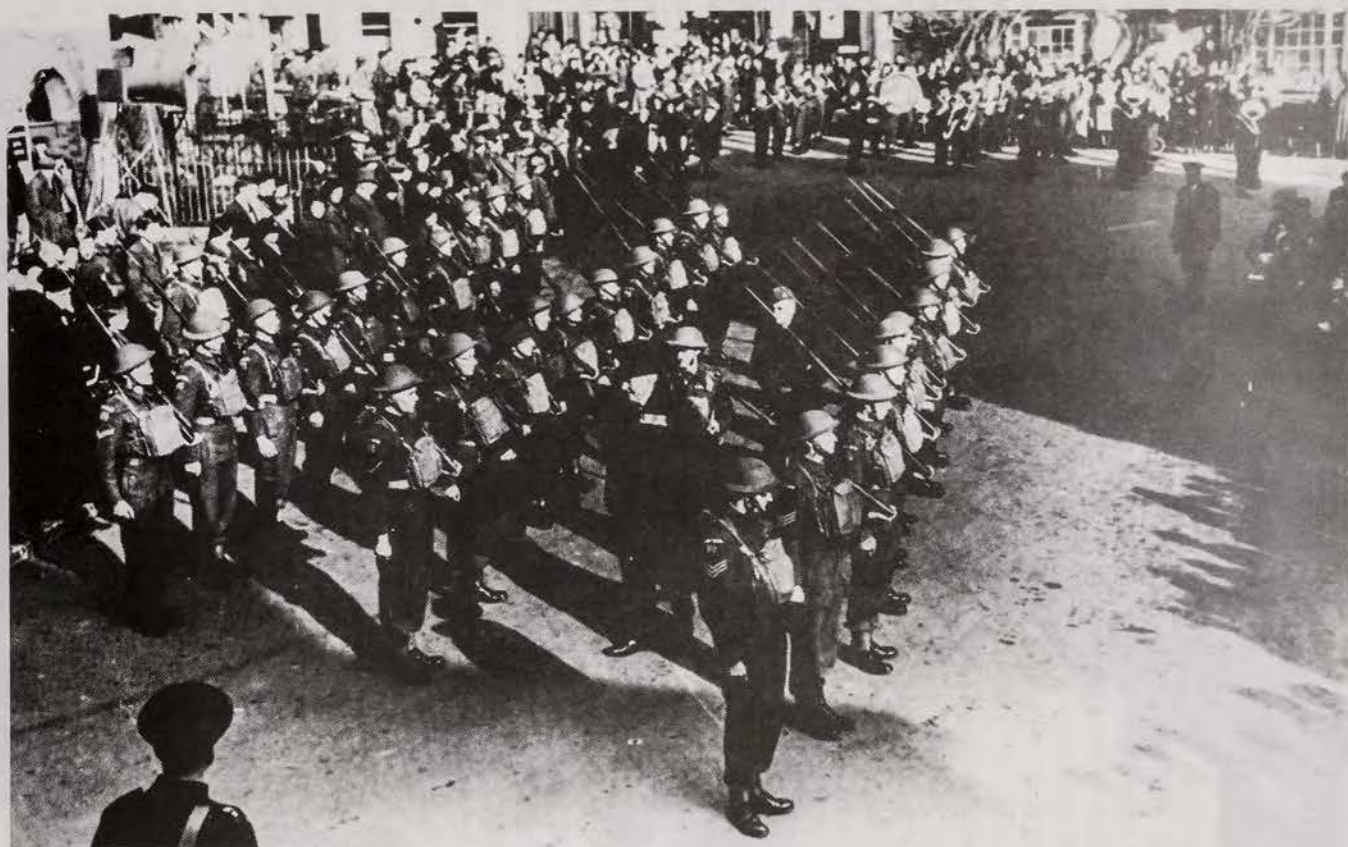
Special thanks were due to the late Mr. Fred Streeter head gardener of Petowrth House, who was known by many as the BBC gardening expert. At Lady Leconfield's request he arranged the planting of lovely flowering shrubs and fruit trees on each side of the Cinema borders. The fruit trees he planted consisted of a very special variety of eating apples which he later attended to and pruned himself. Soon the great day arrived May 7th 1937. The rehearsal went according to plan and the weather was kind to us. I left nothing to chance. I could'nt afford to. I bought myself a new evening suit and my wife a new evening dress. My brother-in-law did likewise. I shall never forget the great day; cars started to arrive long before the scheduled opening time. These were mostly our guests who had to be entertained. A queue started to form which stretched from the front entrance doors to the back of



The Regal Cinema in November 1937.
A.E.W. Mason was of course a local author.
Photograph by G.G. Garland.

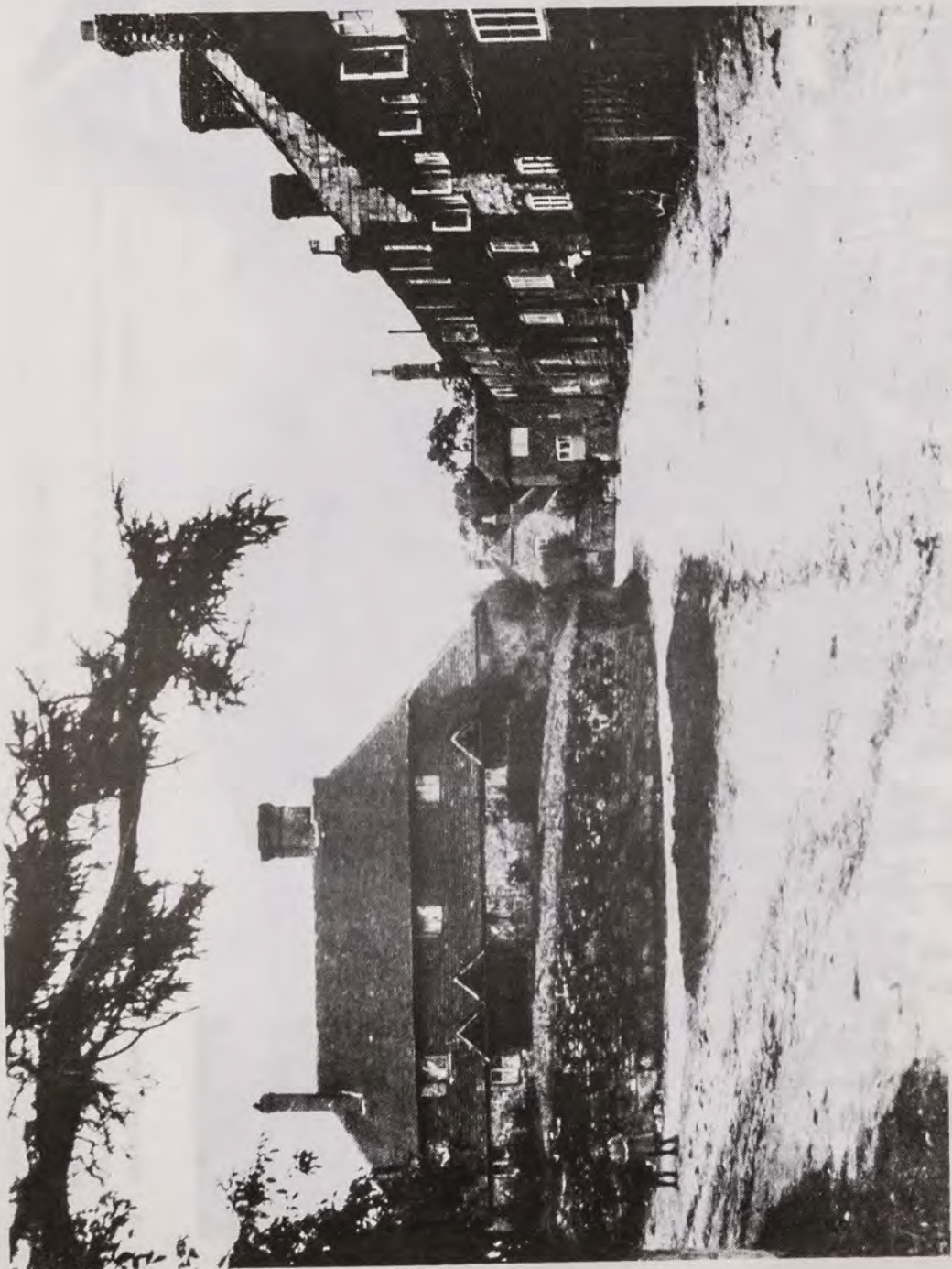


The Half Moon Inn in Petworth Square, first home of the Society of Good Fellowship.
The Inn was demolished in 1899.



5. Petworth Home Guard on parade in 1943. The parade was probably in mid-week; many of the men here worked on the Leconfield Estate and some regular faces are missing - doubtless at work on neighbouring farms and elsewhere.

Photograph by G.G. Garland.



Upperton Village in 1912.

Photograph by Frith.

the building, more cars arrived and it was not long before the car park was full (about 70 cars). Those who had invitation tickets were seated first to save confusion later on. At 7 o'clock the box office opened for business and the crowd started to come in. Soft music from selected records started to play. The beautiful floral arrangement on the stage was carefully selected by Fred Streeter. What a mass of colour this was coupled up with gold stage curtains, blue seats and carpets and the usherettes in blue and silver uniforms. I can't ever remember seeing so many people in evening dress presenting their invitation cards where special seats were reserved for them. Every seat soon became filled long before the opening session. I waited at the foyer entrance doors to receive her Ladyship, I did not know what to do with my hands; first I put them in my pocket, and took them out again, all for no reason, walking and touching the glass doors. I felt so nervous seeing so many people outside who were waiting to see her Ladyship arrive. At last a car arrived, the chauffeur opened the door for her, what a lovely evening gown she was wearing for this occasion, it was like a first night at a London Premiere opening. I escorted her to her seat until the great moment arrived at 7.30 p.m.. I then escorted her Ladyship down the aisle and then on to the side of the stage opening behind the gold curtains where other celebrities had already taken their seats. I gave a cue for the operator when to open the curtains, as soon as I had closed the stage door behind me. As the curtains began to open I gazed at the fully seated audience as the stage lights were switched on. Seated on the stage were centre - The Lady Leconfield, I sat next to her, then came the following. Sir Cyril and Lady Shakerley, The Rector of Petworth and Tillington, Messrs. G. Mant & Oglethorpe - Local Solicitors, Messrs. Kerr and Druitt our local Doctors, Mr. W. Morgan Magistrate, and my old and faithful friend Mr. Chandler the organist, also the builder Mr. Boxall. I then introduced her Ladyship to the audience and distinguished visitors. She gave a very warm and entertaining speech to a packed audience, saying how pleased she was to open this cinema, being the last thing in modernity. She went on to say, "I rarely go to see a film other than those I have taken myself in many different parts of the world", she hoped however through the enterprise of the proprietor that every one in Petworth and the outlying district would patronise the cinema and that the inhabitants of the town would be proud to possess such a place where they could relax in comfort for many years to come. I duly thanked her for her wonderful speech, also thanked the audience for attending the opening. There was a loud applause and the curtains closed. I escorted her Ladyship from the stage where my wife presented her with a beautiful bouquet of flowers which she so greatly admired and handed it to one of the usherettes to look

after until the performance had finished. With everyone now seated the Hall lights then started to dim and the programme commenced. My first nights takings were devoted to the Church organ repair fund and the sum of £20 was handed over for this good cause. These takings were not too bad considering the large number of personalities who were invited and the best seats taken.

T.S. Collins (to be continued)

From The Southern Weekly News 15th May 1937.

PETWORTH'S NEW CINEMA
GRAND OPENING OF "THE REGAL"

The climax to weeks of waiting with excited interest came to Petworth on Thursday evening when the grand new cinema erected on the corner of the Midhurst road was opened.

The building though very capacious, was not nearly large enough to accommodate all who wished to attend, and those who were unfortunate enough to be denied tickets gathered outside to take what little share they could in so important an event.

The front of the building was gaily decorated in red, white and blue, while its name ("The Regal", in honour of the Coronation of their Majesties) stood out in truly modern style.

Inside, every seat was quickly filled, and by 7.30 all was ready for the moment which had been so eagerly awaited.

Lady Leconfield (Lady Bountiful of Petworth) appropriately enough performed the opening ceremony with a charming and witty speech to "My friends". She warmly congratulated the proprietor, Mr. S. Collins on producing a cinema that is "the last word in modernity" - and with the gradual perfection of artistry in the presentation of pictures, she hoped that "The Regal's" future would be an edifying one. Lady Leconfield said it was "great fun" to open the cinema. She said that in the future, when the people of Petworth invited their friends to "the flicks" she hoped that all would find the programme a source of pleasure, relaxation, education and happiness.

On the stage with Lady Leconfield were Mr. S. Collins, the Rector (the Rev. G. Provis), Captain and Mrs. Shakerley-Ackers, Captain and Mrs. Briggs, Colonel Mayne, Mrs. Champion (wife of the Rural Dean) and Father Fitcher. - 20 -

The Rev. G.S. Provis voiced the thanks of the Church to Mr. Collins who is giving the proceeds of the evening to St. Mary's Church Organ Fund.

Mr. Collins thanked Lady Leconfield, to whom Mrs. Collins presented a beautiful bouquet.

Among the first night patrons were noted:- Lady Leconfield's party (Miss Elizabeth Wyndham, Miss Odette, Miss Peile, Mr. and Miss Baker, Miss Cooper, Miss Podmore, Mrs. Randolph and the Rev. A. Hildebrand); Dr. and Mrs. D.C. Druitt; Major and Mrs. Milburne; Mr. and Mrs. Grahame Hall; Miss Houseman; Mr. W. Morgan and Miss Gwenda Morgan; Miss Peel; Mrs. Kirk; Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Upton and Miss Judy Upton; the Misses Upton; Mrs. Sutton; Mrs. Collins; Mr. J. Collins; Miss Murison; Mr. and Mrs. S. Jerome; Rev. S. Deighton; Mrs. L. Tredinnick; Mr. John Tredinnick; Mrs. S. Tredinnick; Miss Mayne; Mr. C. Folkes; Mr. J. Boxall; Mr. Brown; Mrs. Broad; Mr. and Mrs. S.E.C. Rapley; Miss Susan Griffith; Miss Frances Griffith; Miss Price's party; Mr. and Mrs. W. Payne; Miss Whitcomb's party; Mrs. Weaver; Mrs. Cummings and party; Mrs. G. Knight; Miss Collins; Miss Colbeck and Mr. and Mrs. Hayman.

The sum of £20 will be handed to the Church Organ Fund - the proceeds of the evening.

PETWORTH "HOME GUARD"

I left school in Easter 1941 and joined the Air Cadets. After about 12 months I left not being too keen and the following week I walked into the Midland Bank and asked for Major Jerome, C.O. of the Petworth Home Guard. I was sent into his office where he asked what it was that I wanted. I asked if I could join the Home Guard. "How old are you?" "15 years and a bit", I said. After a while he said, "Well you're a big lad. Alright you can join but behave yourself." So I was in. It was not long before I got my uniform and later on I was given a 303 rifle. Can you imagine - not yet 16 years old with a 303 rifle. I don't think that I ever missed a parade, unless I was ill. There were lots of other lads in the Home Guard and all very keen.

There were times when we would march through the Square and would hear the odd laugh or snigger from some of the troops stationed in Petworth, but it was not like that for long. We all began to get very smart. I think the picture in Bulletin No.37 1984 proved that. I think that picture was late Summer 1943.

There was one man excused boots, and he wore plimsolls but some would turn up in Wellingtons. Many of these chaps lived in the country on farms. Even then some summers were wet. Sergeant Major Roberts soon moulded us into shape. I remember the Cathanger Farm Camps very well. We would arrive Friday evening, put the tents up, fill our palliasses from the straw ricks and wait for supper. Saturday night the concert party would arrive. I don't remember them all but I do remember Vi Geldert, a very attractive lady, with a lovely voice, and Mr. ('Scoop') Garland as we called him but not to his face.

On our second Cathanger Camp Major Jerome called over some of us young chaps, the Dallyn brothers, Ken "Spider" Peacock, Den Seldon, and myself. He told us that we were all to become dispatch riders. Two or three of us said we were unable to ride motor bikes, but by late afternoon we all could. After that we would ride from 'Red House', Headquarters to the Offices in Leconfield yard with dispatches.

On returning one Sunday morning up Park Road, round near the church, down East Street, Ken (Spider) Peacock knocked some old chap down. I can't think of his name, Harry someone, but he worked at Petworth House. Getting up not too knocked about he shouted at Spider, "Right my boy that will cost you a pint. The Angel Hotel 12.30 p.m."

When we were allowed to take the bikes out Thursday evenings there was always a great rush to get the 350^{CC} Ariels - the other bike being a 250^{CC} Enfield which when kick started would kick back and give your ankle a fair old whack. Most times poor Peter Dallyn would get landed with it. Well he was the eldest.

Sometimes we would go to Billingshurst then down to Pulborough and see what they were made of. No crash helmets, not much traffic either.

Mock Battles and Exercises

One Sunday we were to defend Petworth from the Wisborough Green and District Home Guard. Our platoon would defend the Grove Street area i.e. the Court House, Police Station and Infants School. It seems that they broke through at North Street and were soon all over us. We had blank 303 rounds for our rifles, plus thunder flashes. I remember seeing Peter Dallyn take up a position just round the corner of the Court House. One of the Wisborough Green men saw him too. He rushed up turned the corner and fired at

point blank range and hit Peter in the face - our first casualty. In hospital they removed all the wadding from his face. He will remember that. He may still have the scars, I know he did for many years.

Another exercise was with the Royal Canadian Regt. We spent a whole week with them, two weekends and every night. They taught us how to scale walls. They put us under live Bren-Gun fire. What a fine marksman that Canadian was. Thank God! Also how to fire from the hip while moving forward. They also demonstrated how to throw oneself on to barbed wire. They asked for a volunteer for this. Nobody moved but on asking again Jack Knight who worked in Petworth Estate Office said he would do it. He was a sergeant and a very good one. I had a lot of respect for him and always looked up to him. He was our Platoon Sergeant. Anyway he threw himself across the wire and we all walked over him. He got up without a scratch, mind you, I don't know how many foot marks he had on his back when he got home.

Another exercise was to creep up on the Canadians in the Pleasure Gardens at night from all directions. I started off with Bill "Duckie" Herrington. I don't know how long it took us but we did surprise them. Duckie was a very good soldier and very smart, one of the smartest. He could lift a rifle up by the end of the barrel, raise it level with his shoulder and hold it for quite sometime. I tried it lots of times and failed. I expect it was those great bags of flour in the bakehouse that gave him his muscles.

Rifles, Grenades, Stick Bombs and Stenguns

There were a good many men in the Home Guard that were crack shots and would have done quite a bit of damage to the enemy if they had landed. The Dallyn brothers were very good, they were members of the Petworth Rifle Club. If I remember correctly the first man to hit the 5 gallon drum "first single shot" was Bill Ede.

Hand grenades most people got very good with, mind you, after a few near misses. Like bringing the arm around and dropping it behind instead of in front. That made you move fast.

Stick bombs; you would have to be very careful with these and never hold them close to your trousers or they would stick to them. They were, of course, to stick on tanks.

The picture of the March Past, Bulletin No. 37/1984 was, if I remember rightly, the end of the week's training with the Royal Canadian Regt. Before that we had a big battle with dummy tanks and two aircraft overhead. People from Petworth and surrounding district were allowed into the park to watch.

The first Saturday of the exercise we were to defend Red House. The Canadians should have attacked us during the night, and they were expected to attack from the "Fairfield Side". All night long one would hear an officer or sergeant saying "Stay alert, keep your eyes open." Nothing happened and about 7 a.m. in the morning we were marched down Back Lane to breakfast at The Armoury. All the way down we marched around sleeping Canadians. They had slept all night while we waited.

We looked forward to Sunday nights, we would parade in the morning, and keep our uniform on all day. Then we would be allowed into the Y.M.C.A. at Daintrey House. We would have a cup of tea and a bun and then play the Canadians or Americans at billiards (small table).. They were not too good at billiards so we often got a free cup of tea or a few cigarettes.

I think it was 1943 when we were taken to Sutton one evening to search for a crew member of one of our bombers returning from a raid. They had been ordered to bail out over the downs and this one was still missing. We searched for two nights until very late. It was double summer time and sometimes would stay light until 11 p.m. if a good day. We looked all over Sutton Common and the woods; without any luck. He was found some weeks later near Kirdford poor chap.

The time came when we were asked to take certain tests, these would include rifle, grenades and stenguns, map reading and such like. Quite a lot of us passed these tests and were awarded red chevrons to sew on our sleeves.

I must say the "Home Guard" was a very serious business, not just for playing at soldiers. The excuse would have to be a good one if one missed parade, but most people turned out. When you think of so many men working long days on farms, many of us worked from 6.30 a.m. to 7 p.m. on places like Ford, Tangmere, Thorney Island and Funtington air bases and still turned out Thursday evenings, or stood guard at Red House, Petworth House or The Gog, with a bit of firewatching on the side. By 1943-44 we were a smart and well-armed unit.



Petworth: The Gog view - an undated drawing.
The artist is not known to me but his initials are on the left. (Ed.)

In 1944 age 17 and 1 month I joined the Royal Navy, but before I left I was given a reference from Major Jerome to take with me. He wrote that I would make a good gunner but I wanted to be a stoker and I finished up as a Radar Operator!

E.D.

A SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER (5) CROUCH

When my eldest sister left school at fourteen years she went to work in a big house about four miles away, on the way to Petworth. She had to get up at 5.30 a.m. every morning and pump lots of water by hand to fill up the tanks in the loft, also light all the fires and clean the grates or stoves. Within two months the cook had taught her how to make bread and from then onwards had to make it all for the whole household.

On her afternoons off, she had to walk the four miles home in all weathers and by the time she reached there, had tea, it was nearly time to start walking back again, especially during the winter months. It worried my mother that she had to work so hard.

It was not long after she started this job when the farmer came to see mother one Monday morning and told her he was leaving the farm at the weekend and another farmer was moving in and bringing his own men, and would she please move out of the house by Saturday. All his workmen had notice to leave as well; including our neighbours.

What a shock this was for mother and father away in hospital still. Although he was improving slowly there were no signs of him coming home yet and was too far away for her to visit him. What with this personal worry and the war together, I sometimes look back and think we do not know what real trouble is nowadays.

Well, mother was at her wits end as to what to do, she had no idea how to set about finding a home with all us children and decided to go and ask our dear Vicar's advice, he certainly was a friend 'in need' and she knew if anyone could help it was him. Sure enough he rode all round the neighbouring villages on his motor bike searching for a house for us, and eventually got one only about one and a half miles from the end of our village. It belonged to the farmer from whom we bought our milk before we moved into our present house.

Mother was so grateful and I do not know what she would have done without him.

The farmer agreed to employ by brother and was very kind to him and he continued to work for him for many years until the farmer himself retired. Now this cottage, though not so far away, came into a different district, was just outside one of the entrances to Burton Park and meant that we had to change schools and go to Duncton. We did not like the idea of this very much, having to make all new friends again.

Moving on a Saturday meant that mother had all us children around her except the eldest, whether we were a help or a hindrance I would not like to say. But it was not such a nice house by a long way and in a very lonely spot, after living right in the village, trees all around us.

Once again we had no water tap and had to cross the road in front and collect it from a fountain, which is still there sixtytwo years later, but without water. So the old glazed pan had to come out again in which to store it. The lavatory was back at the top of a very long garden, and a woodshed near the back door. A grapevine reached the roof of the house, which, when ripe we would reach out and pick from our bedroom window.

We collected our milk from the farm close by before going to school. This was a good two miles walk through the park, a very pleasant walk really with deer and sheep roaming about, a large lake and waterfall and two ponds.

We took our sandwiches as usual but here we were given a cup of hot cocoa to drink with them, which was very much appreciated. I think we had to pay a little for it. We soon settled down and made new friends and were told by the children when we first started that no girls were caned there, which naturally pleased us, although it soon became clear that it was seldom that even a boy was caned. They were punished in other ways, such as giving up their play time and writing lines. All the teachers were very nice, the head mistress and the infant teacher lived in the school house joining the school.

The infant room was on its own here and the other two classes shared a large room as our other school, but no curtain dividing them this time.

We had to pass a ring of trees in the park on our way to school and someone told us that if anyone ran round it three times, a witch would come out after them. We were not sure whether we believed it or not and several times ran round it twice. Then one day when

I was taking a school friend home to tea, we decided to take a chance, and as soon as we completed the third round, we raced off home as fast as we could, not daring to look back until we had gone a long way, we were sure then that it was only a joke.

In the summer months the schools were asked to help the war effort by picking blackberries to send to the factories for jam making, this suited us very well. We all took a jam jar to pick into, then when it was filled they were emptied into a large basket or box. Lots of schools were helping this way and we were sorry when the season came to an end.

One day a balloon came over the school very low and settled in a field not far away, all the teachers and children went to have a look for it was a rare sight. If an aeroplane went over, which was very seldom, we were allowed out in the playground to watch it pass, as this also was something rarely seen. These days they would be miles out of sight even before we could get outside.

There was a waterfall not far from our house, the water ran under the road from a large lake, then over the fall into another lake the other side, making a lovely spray. Just about the fall there were some large stones or slabs which we liked to play on, using them as stepping stones over the water. This was great fun, but one day some of us actually crawled under the road where the water was running through, and when we came out we had a shock the keeper was waiting for us, and didn't he tell us off. He pointed out the danger we would have been in if the flood gates controlling the flow of water from the top lake gave way, so we did not do that again, but we still had not learnt our lesson, for later on he came along and caught us standing in the bottom of the fall with the spray falling on us. We found it deeper than expected and if it was not for a tree branch hanging overhead to clutch hold of I would have gone under. This time we did heed his warning, for he promised to tell mother if he ever saw us in there again. We could not get out while he was there as we had taken all our clothes off, he realised this and went off. Somehow you do not see the danger when you are children.

One day, when we arrived home from school, mother told us of a terrible fright she had had that day. As she opened the back door to go to the shed, a big airship was coming very low in her direction, the point seemed to be aiming right for the door. She grabbed up the younger children and raced to the far end of the house as fast as she could and waited for the crash, but of course it did not



Agricultural workers of another generation. Messrs. Tanner (left) and Hooker.
Photograph by G.G. Garland.



Petworth Park Monument in Mr. Peacock's time.

come, it was higher than it looked. Airships were an impressive sight and could be quite frightening.

We all looked forward to father's letters coming, it was a pity he had to go so far away, but we were pleased to know he was still improving.

Our cousin (on father's side) came to stay with us, and during this time my eldest sister came home on her afternoon off. When the cousin heard how much work she had to do for her 2/6d a week, she told her to go back and give her notice in, for she would get her a job straight away for at least 5/- a week near her. It happened that this cousin had just lost her own mother and had left her place as lady's maid in service to look after her father, and decided that instead of my sister getting a job near her, that she should go and live with her and her father and she would teach my sister dress making and make a living together. This pleased my sister very much as she had always been fond of sewing.

When the day arrived for her to go, she set out with her luggage to walk the two and a half miles to our nearest station, caught a train there to Arundel, changing at Pulborough on the way. Then at the other end had another four miles to walk to where my cousin lived; she said it seemed endless and wondered whenever she would get there.

However, my sister soon learnt the dress making trade and lived there for many years until she married, and now at the age of seventy-six, tells me she has only bought two ready made dresses in her life. One was for a wedding and one for a funeral, when she was not well enough to make them herself, she made many things for the family also.

For a few years my sister and cousin were living on the main Arundel-Worthing road near Patching Pond, and she told me that every day you would see a horse and cart go by loaded up with kindling wood, taking it to the bakers in Montague Street, Worthing, to heat the ovens for the bread, the wood all being cut in Clapham Woods.

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

RECOLLECTIONS by F. M. PUGH.

2) Upstairs, Downstairs.

In my next place I started as third housemaid, but as time passed became second housemaid. Then began my tuition into learning to wait at table.

The grandeur of it overawed me somewhat, and when I think of the dreadful faux pas I made, make me hot with shame to this day.

Yet from all this, I gained a lot of valuable experience, especially when the family took me to their shooting box in Scotland.

The "box" was more like a castle, the staff some 40 strong, the grand dinners, with the family in full Scottish dress and a piper playing, was something I shall never forget.

One of our distinguished guests was the then, Duke of Argylé, I had the honour of mending his black silk socks one evening before he came down to dinner, I was the envy of the servants hall that night.

It was there that I learnt how to valet for gentlemen, how to decant wines, cookery secrets, how to address my betters, and above all, to know my place.

All this valuable knowledge stood me in good stead later in life when I became housekeeper and companion to a dear little lady and where I had to know a bit of everything, more of this later.

My next venture took me to Bournemouth, to a post in a very grand mansion. It was here that I really learned about "class distinction". We had a BUTLER, FOOTMAN, HOUSEKEEPER, COOK, PARLOURMAID, HOUSEMAIDS 3, KITCHENMAID, CHAUFFEUR and GARDENERS 3, all for one old gentleman who lived the life of a recluse, and whom I'd never seen until I'd lived three months in his house.

My first job each morning was to polish the front door brass, brush away cobwebs and scrub the marble steps. One morning I fell into a day dream and forgot the golden rule of being quick with my work and disappearing from sight by a certain time. I picked up my scrubbing brush and paid and entered the front door, and being a couple of minutes late, to my horror, was confronted by a very tall gentleman coming down the front stairs! He stopped and I think as suprised as I was, said "Goodmorning, who are you?" and me in my mob cap and sack apron, bobbed my knee and said "Please sir, I'm Florrie B from Sussex sir", then I fled through the staff door to be met by the housekeeper, who threatened me with the "sack" for being on forbidden territory after time!

The class distinction which I've mentioned before, was rife in large households in those days. The menial staff sat at the bottom of the meal table in the servants hall, always received the last servings,

and never spoke unless spoken to. We were given one afternoon and evening off each week, and a half day off every other Sunday, and had to be in by ten o'clock sharp. To be ill was unheard of, and when I got a very bad housemaids knee and was ordered one weeks bed rest by my Doctor, the housekeeper made sure my time was not wasted, and every day gave me sheets to be turned sides to middle, and all by hand!

A few years later I came back to Sussex and found a post at Felpham, Bognor Regis. The lady of the house was a widow, no family, but a lot of friends. The house was small and situated at the top of Blakes Road.

The poet Blake, had lived in a little thatched cottage, called PEAR TREE COTTAGE, at the bottom of the road, hence the road became known as Blakes Road.

I spent many happy years there, just me and the cook, my lady treated us more like daughters than her maids, she was a very lonely person. After a time she decided that one girl could run her home alone, so I became her housekeeper and companion. Her needs were small, and I served all her meals on a trolley in the sitting room, the only time we used the dining room was when visitors came to stay. My lady always spent three months of the summer with friends in her beloved London, this gave me plenty of time to clean the house from top to bottom, and my parents were always welcome to stay with me for two or three weeks holiday while she was away. How they enjoyed those times, and little did I realise then that I had a job in a million.

I remember how we suffered together at the time of the abdication of Edward VIII in December 1936, and at the accession of Albert, Duke of York. My lady, being a staunch royalist, took it all much to heart, it was about this time I realised that her health was deteriorating. She died very suddenly one morning in the Spring of 1937, so, sadly indeed another chapter for me.

By now I'd got myself a young man, David, who was a Londoner, so he was my incentive to take a post in London with friends of my dear lady of Felpham. I was thrilled to be near David and his family, and to be able to explore our wonderful capital city. We would often go to "live" theatre shows, and on my own, I'd haunt Buckingham Palace perchance to catch a glimpse of a royal person or to see the Changing of the Guard. Life was so wonderful then, little did we guess that we would soon be at war again.

(Mrs. Pugh's article in the last Bulletin was extremely popular. She won't mind, I'm sure, my pointing out that in those days it was more usual for doctor's prescriptions to be made up at individual doctor's surgeries rather than at the chemist's. This is in fact what happened in her sister's case. Ed.)

UPPERTON FAIR AND HALF A RAISIN

I was born at Orchard Cottage in Upperton; the house is still there but it has been greatly altered over the years. The public house nearby was called the King's Head, a Mr. Luxford had it that time of day but it closed when I was young - before the Great War I would think. It was turned into a farmhouse and Charlie Scarfe the farmer had it. I can remember walking up some stone steps past a holly tree, straight across to the back of the pub. We'd have been sitting at the wooden table in the scullery at home, mother at one end, waiting for father to come back and sit at the other end. They weren't all that keen to see children at the pub door at dinner time; we might well have the door slammed in our faces and be told to go home again. I shouldn't give the impression that my father spent a lot of time in the pub; he didn't exactly have time on his hands. He was the Upperton postman and he walked fourteen miles a day with his letters. Starting at Upperton, he'd go to Tillington to collect letters, then go to Upperton, Pitshill, River Common, Salmonsbridge, River Park, White's Green, Nithurst and the Monument finally returning to Tillington to put his mail in. Then in the afternoon he'd go back to Tillington, Upperton, River and Lodsworth before returning to Tillington. Summer and winter he'd go round, on foot in snow, rain and sunshine. In the early spring he'd take a chopper in his bag and cut a bean-stick to bring back with him. Doing this every day over a period of weeks he'd eventually have enough to stake his runners for the new season. He acted as Upperton postman for forty years and during the 1914-8 war served with the G.P.O. on the Rhine.

At that time before the Great War Upperton Fair was held every year. I can't remember either the day or the time of year but it was held the same day each year on Upperton Common. You'd hardly think so now but there was a beautiful cricket ground there and the oak-tree where the score-board was stands on the right as you go toward New Road. There are still plenty of bottles up there; there used to be a shooting gallery at the Fair. There were roundabouts and swinging boats but there weren't side-shows. We were very young of course and my father used to take us up there. Jack Yeatman's father had the Upperton shop at this time and on Saturdays when the cricket was

on we used to help carry the minerals up there for the players. Lemonade bottles were not stoppered but topped with "alleys" - marbles which perched on the top and were held in place by the gas in the lemonade. They had to be "opened" by forcing the alley down into the bottle with a special wooden tool. This released the pressure and pushed the alley into a recess in the side of the bottle. Actually the alley didn't usually stay there once the bottle was opened; the bottle would almost certainly be broken to get the alley out. It was too useful for catapults or for playing marbles. That's why there are so few lemonade bottles surviving unbroken with their alleys. Ameys from Petersfield made the lemonade, they were brewers and owned the Upperton shop at that time. Lodsworth had a fair too - it may well have been the same one that came to Upperton but I can't be sure now. There was plenty of room up on the Common, and I can particularly remember Cocking playing cricket against the Upperton village team. The Great War killed off Upperton Fair. I can remember men digging slit trenches in 1914 for practice and men training on River Common - we'd go down to pick up empty cartridges. They were firing blanks in practice.

George Wadey had the shop after Yeatmans. There was an off-licence and groceries. People who lived in Upperton didn't usually go down to Tillington and Petworth seemed a fair way away. There was a cart-shed where off-licence customers could drink. The old shop was eventually pulled down and a new one built by the brewers. Mr. Yeatman used to bake bread on the premises but he would often be delivering it at midnight! Many a time I've known him leave the bread on the lavatory seat at the bottom of the garden at dead of night. Mrs. Yeatman was cook up at Pitshill House. Miss Haslett had had the shop before and I've often heard my mother say how careful Miss Haslett was with her weighing. If a raisin put the scale down too firmly, she'd cut it in half and put one half back into the jar.

We didn't reckon to go to Petworth much that time of day but it was a bit different when the silent films came in. We'd walk or even run if there was a picture on. Saturday nights I remember particularly. I've heard the rain rattling on the galvanised roof of the old cinema down by the Pound. It cost fourpence to go in. How did we find fourpence? Well there were ways and means. Sometimes if my mother had an odd copper she'd let us have it but a more reliable source was bringing the three Tillington schoolteachers' laundry up to old Mrs. Saunders who lived next to us in Orchard Cottage. It was two separate houses then. We'd save the threepence and with a penny from mother we were alright. Serials always made us determined

to come back the next week. I remember Buster Keaton and Elmo the Mighty particularly.

Another thing we liked to do was to go up to the top of the Monument in Petworth Park. Mr. Peacock lived there then. We used to play cards up at the top and of course there was a glorious view once you had climbed up the long winding staircase. Mr. Peacock worked for the Leconfield Estate as a farm-worker and his wife took in washing for which she had a great big basket on a trolley. Mr. Peacock charged us a penny to go up to the top of the Monument, but whether the Leconfield Estate made him do this or whether this was something he'd devised to make an odd copper or two I never knew.

Orchard Cottage had a large garden. We used to keep pigs as people did then and a big run of chicken. There was an acre of ground. We had six pigs in the pen and the garden was basically laid down to orchard, apples mainly but some plums. The orchard was in fact rather unusual: there was one Codling tree, four big Blenheim trees and a Balconi, while the plums were Victorias and a large blue plum. The great majority of the apple trees however were "Herefords" grown for cider-making. You could cook them but they weren't much to eat. One year we had a hundred and seventy bushel and Rowlands of Horsham bought them from us for cider.

We had a big tub in the garden and I'd put the rhubarb in it and then fill the tub with water from the well. I'd let it all soak for a month until it was green on top then I'd skim it off nice and clear, put in the sugar and yeast, stir it up, leave it a day, give it another stir, then bottle it up - and watch it working. It was ready after about six months but a half-pint glass was enough for anyone.

When we had a six-gallon barrell we used to get candy sugar - on a string, put it down the bung-hole and let the wine feed off it. The candy sugar might be light or dark brown but it was always very hard. In the early days we'd try to break a bit off to chew - if father wasn't looking.

Alf Standing was the local pig-killer and when we knew he was coming we'd get the copper on and have a big tub full of boiling water. He'd go down to the pen, kill the pig and bring it up to the house on a thing like a stretcher with two handles on each side. We'd then put the pig on top of the tub over the boiling water and rake the hair off him, finally hanging him up on the iron hook in the scullery. We used almost to come to blows over the bladder, "Can we

have the bladder Mr. Standing?" It could be blown up and tied with string like a balloon. Many Upperton people used to send their bacon to Mr. Pratt at River to be dried but my father would put part of it up the chimney to smoke. It was fixed on by a big iron hook, with knotches rather like a saw and adjustable. Mr. Standing was a great advocate of "sticking" pigs and letting the blood run clear and some people used the blood for things like black puddings but we didn't. Mr. Standing worked on the Leconfield Estate and lived at Pheasant Copse Lodge on the Upperton Road. It's pulled down now. It had a nice garden which ran all along inside the wall. He grew some very good stuff and had it well netted to keep the rabbits out.

Upperton was a farming village; there were cart horses at farmer Scarfe's and when they had finished work they'd run out of the yard, down the hill to Lower Well for a drink. No one supervised them and they used to come back up the hill when they had finished - entirely of their own accord. Harvesting time at Mr. Scarfe's farm gave us boys the chance of a rabbit; they'd run into the middle of the field and we'd stand round the last piece to be cut waiting for them to break out. We'd come back from school, be told Mr. Scarfe was cutting some corn, bolt down our tea and get out there. Sometimes I'd use my catapult. You wouldn't just take home what you'd bagged either. The rabbits would all be laid out at one end and Mr. Scarfe would apportion them out when we'd finished. It was his field after all.

After the Great War I was in the Territorials - the 4th Royal Sussex. I always liked shooting and had a good eye either with a gun or a catapult. We would meet in the Tillington Road armoury. Mr. Baxter was sergeant. I remember us winning the battalion cup for shooting and there were prize-shoots every year on the range in Petworth Park. The prize money was collected from local tradesmen and gentry and the first prize was £6 - a sizeable sum in those days. Talking of shooting, there was a stall at Petworth Fair where you could knock over packets of woodbines with an airgun. I would pay for five shots and knock the woodbines down one after the other but I had too good an eye to get much of a welcome from the stallholder. I could also hit coconuts (not with the airgun of course) and people would say, "Jack, can you get us a coconut?" That time of day you only had to blow at a coconut for it to fall. It wouldn't be fixed to the stand but just lodged in the top. Andrew Smith didn't care; coconuts were cheap enough then and he knew he would have plenty of other people's money. People flocked to the fair then, they would walk in from the outlying villages like Lodsworth. It was something of a meeting-place where you'd meet people you hadn't seen for a long time.

These were the days when Mas' Hooker and Mas' Tanner were living in the village - old-fashioned farmworkers so often photographed by George Garland. They were already elderly when I knew them in the '20's and '30's, living with some self-sufficiency, curing their own pork and making their own beer with malt. When I worked with Henry Hooker at Pitshill he carried with him a wooden bottle with a spout. This would be filled with home-brewed beer. He would plough and I would "press", following behind him with the press making the grooves for seed-sowing. "Going to have a soop of my home-brewed beer?" he'd say when we stopped.

Mr. Tanner and his wife lived up the "Alley" at Upperton. Once when I had a wart on my forehead I remember saying to my father-in-law, "Doesn't anyone cure warts now?" "Go across and see Master Tanner", he said. So I went across the road and said to the old man, "I heard say you can cure warts." "Where is'n then?" I'd got my cap tucked down, half-covering it. "He'll be gone in a little while," he said. He didn't touch it or do anything. In a couple of days it had gone - clean as a whistle.

When the swedes shot up in the Spring, the old people would take off the swede green to cook: they lived well in their own way, as they had always done. They dressed differently with the old-fashioned corduroy trousers. If they were ploughing they wore no overcoat, just an old sack pulled over their shoulders. They might get wet through but they never stopped for the weather. Leisure wasn't something they bothered with overmuch. They'd be quite happy to work all day and then to spend the evening tinkering about in the stables with the horses. They weren't paid overtime either! Tanner and Hooker were jovial old men, always laughing as they smoked their pipes. Strong tobacco they used but it never seemed to do them any harm, hard as nails they were through being out in all weathers.

Jack Payne was talking to Audrey Grimwood and the Editor.

This quarter's new members will appear in Bulletin No. 43.

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