

Miles Costello
Petworth
Collection

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY *magazine*



50TH ISSUE

December 1987. Price to non-members 80p

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Cover design by Jonathan Newdick.
Cover photograph is of a snow-scene "round the hills."

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PETWORTH SOCIETY

Winter programme: please keep for reference.

MONTHLY MEETINGS: Leconfield Hall. Admission 70p. Refreshments, raffle.

Wednesday 16th December

Marjorie and Don
ATTLE:

"The World of the Magic
Lantern"

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS
EVENING
Seasonal Refreshment

Tuesday 16th February

Fred SHEPHERD:
with his new film

"From my Window"
also

"An Alpine Journey"

Thursday 10th March

Tony WHITCOMB:

"English Canals"

WALKS: SUNDAY DECEMBER 12th
THE PETWORTH SOCIETY CHRISTMAS WALK.

SUNDAY FEBRUARY 14th
AN EARLY SPRING WALK FOR ST VALENTINE'S DAY.

I cannot give advance details of these walks because of the damage and obstruction to footpaths but we may use them to give ourselves some idea of the damage done by the hurricane.

Please note the Exhibition : "A SUSSEX CHILDHOOD 1880-1950" at Chichester District Museum, Little London, Chichester. It is first class and very much Petworth-centred with its emphasis on the work of George Garland and its copious quotations from earlier Bulletins. Admission FREE and worth every penny as the late Mr Harry Knight might have said!

LOCAL HISTORY

READING OF PETWORTH DOCUMENTS restarted on Wednesday October 14th and is regularly held on the second Wednesday in the month. 7.30 at Trowels - no previous experience needed.

Evelyn Pentecost's "A Shepherd's Daughter" is now available from local bookshops at £8.95. If you live away you can order direct from The Window Press, TROWELS, POUND STREET, PETWORTH, GU28 ODX, but please add 80p toward postage. It is hardback.

Also in hard back is the new reprint of "Tales of Old Petworth" - at local bookshops price £6.95. By post £7.30.

Lastly thank you all very much for your tremendous support for Petworth Fair. This year's fair may well have been the biggest since the war, I'm not sure whether this is true or not but we're certainly making great progress. Petworth people are very attached to their fair and after some troubled years it's coming back to its old place at the very centre of Petworth's life and tradition. The colouring competition was a terrific success and Mr Anthony Nelson M.P. kindly presented the prizes to those children who were present. Our grateful thanks to Mrs Julia Edwards for organising the event and to Ron Pidgley for his design. Results are appended here.

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 £3.50. Single or Double one Bulletin delivered. Postal £4.50. 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 - Mrs. I. Pritchard, The Manse, High Street,
Petworth.

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. Janet Ford, Mrs. Audrey Grimwood,
Mrs. Betty Hodson, Mr. John Patten,
Mr. R. Pottington, Mrs. Anne Simmons,
Mr. D.S. Sneller, 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.

Jonathan's new single issue cover marks something of a milestone: the fiftieth appearance of this magazine. It may be that over the years the traditional title of "Bulletin" has become something of a misnomer. No 1 appeared in 1974 and the intervening years have seen great changes in "traditional" Petworth, changes perhaps greater than in any other thirteen year period in the town's history. There were certainly antique shops in Petworth in 1974 but nothing compared with today's concentration. The years from 1974 have seen the departure of a host of well-known trading names. It is too facile simply to lament the passing of the old and castigate the arrival of the new. Towns rise and fall on the wings of economic necessity and Petworth can be no exception. Effectively it is the motor-car that has gradually spelled the end of towns like Petworth as small country centres serving a nucleus of surrounding villages. It is important to remember that the present concentration of antique shops is not the cause but the effect of a process of wide-ranging change. To an extent modern Petworth will continue to fulfil its old role of serving the immediate locality but the vogue for superstores and the attractions of big town shopping must take their inevitable toll. As a consequence shop premises will be more valuable to prospective antique merchants than to other retailers. The seller will sell to the highest bidder, he can hardly do otherwise. At the very least the current demand for shop premises will prevent those premises being turned back into private houses as might otherwise happen. These things find their own level and we may lament but not control them. A Society such as this has a voice certainly, but is effectively helpless in the wake of deep-seated changes of this kind. It has to work basically with the situation as it is: any pretence otherwise is mere posturing.

The town's traffic problem remains. On an objective view it is difficult to see any progress at all since 1974. Latterly the discussion seems to be veering back towards its old magnetic north; the hallowed and ancient idee fixe that the Park route is the only solution. I see no way forward whatever along these embattled lines and I suspect that for a while the only official response will be an exhortation to await the result of the A27 improvements. Parking is another intractable problem and here the situation has clearly worsened since 1974. Various ideas are mooted at present. You may have seen them in the newspapers. None are claimed to be

more than palliative measures but much hard work at local council level has been put into the quests for some kind of improvement. Whatever success is attained I fear that the increasing squadrons of cars will soak up the new spaces as quickly as they are produced. This is a measure of the problem not just a despairing shrug of the shoulders. Parking, or the lack of it, is a great source of frustration and sticky summers days (not too many this year!) trying to find somewhere to park is a memory that lingers. Superstores and hypermarkets do have their own car parks and this must be a potent factor in attracting people away from Petworth.

Current planning policy is another source of concern. Historical Petworth is a town of well-spaced gardens and unexpected corners. With land at a premium and Petworth suddenly so attractive as a place in which to live, the temptation to realize on garden-land, to utilize it for building development, becomes irresistible. "Infilling" is an acceptable word nowadays but historical Petworth is not a natural "infilled" town and the demise of its classic gardens will change its character irremediably. An application to build in a garden may stand a good chance of success in the present planning climate but it succeeds at the cost of destroying the town's distinctive ambience.

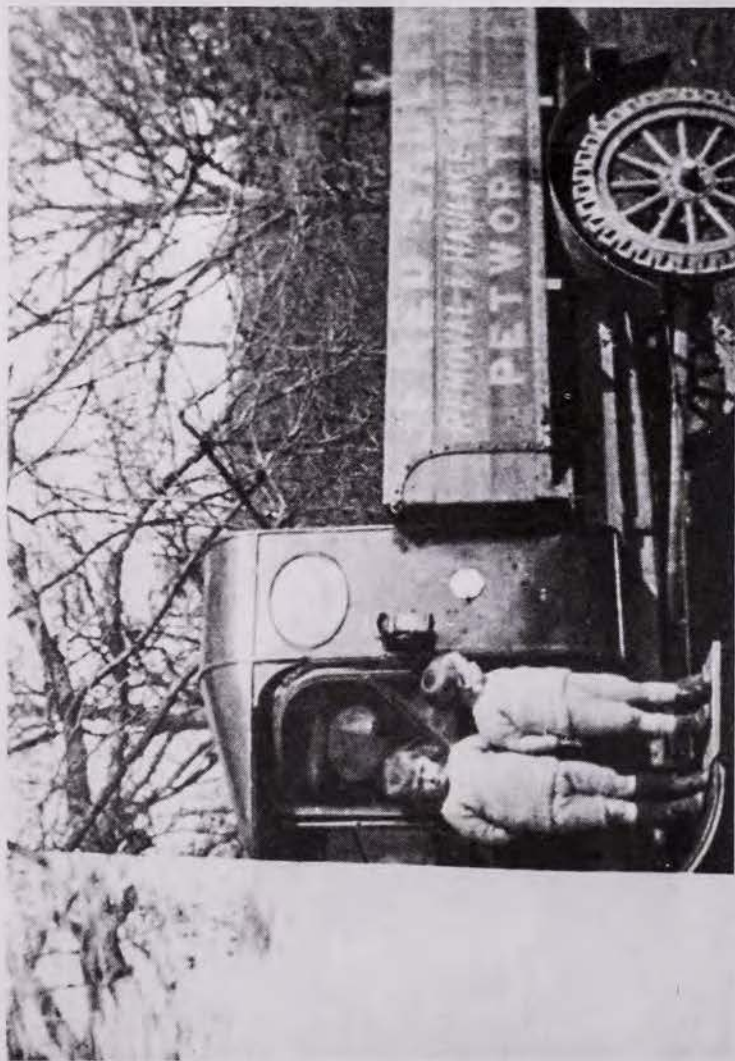
The loss of time-honoured garden land is in its way man's own choice: the destruction of so many trees in the recent hurricane is not. I know of nothing in Petworth's long history to compare with the devastation of October 16th. Obviously the Society's resources in man-power, relevant skills and finance are limited but within these restrictions we would be most interested either in taking some small initiative of our own in restoration or in working with others toward such an end.

Sober reflections for a celebratory issue! We can strive to influence the course of things but will never truly succeed. We can however in this magazine offer Petworth a certain self-consciousness of its own. Conservation is not just a matter of buildings or gardens, important as these may be: people's memories and traditions are as vulnerable as any building. I hope the series of Bulletins since 1974 are a small step toward a type of conservation that is too often pushed to one side.

Peter.



Mr and Mrs Card at the Horse Guards Tillington Christmas 1950
Photograph by George Garland.



Fred Sadler's original Ford lorry.
His nephews the Baker boys are standing on the running board.

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

Looking back over the quarter, the Toronto Scottish visit went off perfectly given the differences from their last visit. As it was a Friday and Petworth was at work it was inevitably a different occasion to the 1985 Sunday visit: less of an all-Petworth event and much rather the Society acting as the town's representatives. The weather was kind, the service apposite and relevant, and the whole visit a joyful meeting of old friends. The pictures in this Bulletin give the flavour of a unique occasion.

The Petworth Society concert in aid of the Town Band Uniform Fund drew a full Leconfield Hall and the combination of David Owen Norris, Fiona Clarke, Paula Thorp, young members of the Town Band and the "Town Band Quartet" gave great pleasure to those who came. £100 was given toward the Town Band Uniform Fund. Conscious that the old Prize Band concerts of the early century had a formal printed programme, we produced in our turn an attractive programme as a memento. A little costly perhaps but I hope it will enable those who attended to look back and remember a happy occasion.

By coincidence the concert money effectively closed the Town Band's Uniform Appeal, the money being raised in excellent time. A donation of £110.50 by Mr and Mrs Herrington two of our Australian members enabled the band to buy a tunic in memory of Mrs Herrington's father whose years as a stalwart of the band were brought to a sudden halt in 1928 by a serious shoulder injury sustained in a motor-cycle accident. His beloved clarinet was sold for £8!

Audrey's "very relaxed indeed" Bury Riverside walk was exactly that. A large company enjoyed an undemanding walk along the river bank followed by tea at Houghton Bridge then a walk back to Bury retracing our steps along the river bank. It was a marvellously mellow autumn afternoon. Riley's August Northchapel walk was very much enjoyed but the attendance was affected by the holiday season. Riley will put on a similar walk in the Spring but we will probably offer no walk in August next year.

Peter Hammond's natural and unassuming introduction to English fairs for the October meeting was very apposite with Petworth fair in prospect. By the time you read these notes the Fair will be

over for another year. It is already the largest event in the Society's year and quite important financially. We have considerable expenses to recoup in publicity and, to a lesser extent, in Hall hire. The school's colouring competition has been a great success: the design is by Ron Pidgley as are also the attractive posters and handbills. Thank you very much Ron!

Peter.

4th November 1987.

Postscript: Fish Finger the long-living Petworth Fair Goldfish (Bulletin 46) has finally expired, not so much through old age as through an accident, the pipe conveying water to his trough being severed for a while. Readers of the Bulletin will be pleased to know he now has a successor in the trough!

YOUR HELP PLEASE!

Mr Jeremy Tribe of the Tribe Family Foundation, P.O. Box 5109, Mill Valley, CALIFORNIA 94942 U.S.A. is very anxious to know if anyone of the Tribe family is living locally or if anyone has any knowledge of members of the Tribe family. Please write to him direct or let me know.

Mrs Jean Killpack of 142 South 200 East, Pleasant Grove, UTAH, U.S.A. would very much like to trace any recollection of her father Ernest Searle who left Petworth for America about 1910. He seems to have lived in Pound Street just south of Boxgrove. He had two brothers Charles Joseph and Edwin John and three sisters, Eda, Edith and Florence. Ernest's father Charles (1866-1937) had been a coachman at Petworth House, and Charles' father Edwin had in turn been a groom there. If you can help, again please contact Mrs Killpack or simply let me know.

Lastly can anyone suggest where this photograph might have been taken or recognise any of the people? It was probably taken about 1900.



P.

OCTOBER 16th A.M.

The wind was quite rough when I went to bed but I wasn't unduly worried; after all strong winds had been forecast but nothing exceptional. When I tapped the barometer however, more as a matter of habit than anything else, it dropped more sharply and more severely than I had ever seen it do before. "Rough weather coming", I thought without really paying much attention to it. Many people no doubt reacted in much the same way. I went to bed as normal right in front of the large window with the big copper beech outside. I woke up once, as you might do during the night, then again at a quarter to four. I realized then that there was a quite exceptionally strong wind outside, apparently strengthening all the while.

I was determined not to be frightened but by four o'clock the window was beginning to rattle alarmingly. I got up, dressed and fixed the window by tying the latches together. Lunn House is

exposed on the south side, the wind blowing straight across the valley from the Downs and I was afraid that the wind might suck the windows out. I lay down again facing the big window. The wind was very noisy outside and it was quite dark. The electricity had been off for some time. After about ten minutes I heard a creaking, very loud and quite short-lived. When the glass started to shatter in the window I thought the wind had blown it out. In fact of course it was the copper beech splitting in two, one half crashing on to the roof above me the branches shattering my window. As the tree struck Lunn House it smashed the tough fireproof glass of the window and the falling boughs themselves splintered. The curtains were now blowing out like flags in the wind.

I quickly scrambled everything off the table: outside in the darkness I could just discern the jagged piece of trunk still standing but all was still very black; all street lights had long been extinguished. With the wind blowing through the broken window frame and panes it was extremely difficult even to open the inner door. I sat there with the curtains flying out and a nightlight lighting up the scene, curiously enough the violent blast seemed to have no effect on the nightlight.

As dawn broke everything seemed calm enough at Lunn House, contrary to rumour no one was evacuated. I could see the branches of the copper beech lying on the roof like a pile of knitting all tangled up. The windows were quickly boarded up. Barry Stanton who had walked in from Fittleworth did this. I don't know how he got into work, he'd every excuse not to come into work at all. The road through Egdean would be hopelessly blocked for days. Mr and Mrs Patterson got their camping gas going to provide hot drinks and soup and went out to pick up groceries. Hot meals were arranged from the Emergency Services and several of us took advantage of the free meal kindly put on for senior citizens at the Red Lion.

M.N.

TWO VIEWS OF CHRISTMAS

1) On Christmas Eve all stockings were hung at the foot of the bed but excitement kept us awake until at last mother called out to us, saying "If you don't keep quiet and go to sleep, you will find

that Father Christmas has left nothing for you, I can hear his sleigh bells a little way off." So at last peace reigned until very early when we groped in the darkness for our full stockings. There were always a few coppers and an orange, some sweets and a little white or pink sugar mouse in the foot and then our presents. About breakfast time the Town Band usually came round to play carols. We all then set to to help mother, for she had a busy time preparing Christmas dinner. Sometimes we had a turkey, sometimes a goose with bread sauce and various vegetables - followed by the plum pudding, alight with the whiskey which Dad poured over it from a hot tablespoon and lighted with a match. Boxing Day, instead of pudding we had a Snapdragon, for this mother had previously put raisins in water till they were big and soft. When they were well drained they were put on a big dish, which was placed within reach of us all, and then they were lighted as the Christmas pudding had been. Then full of laughter and fun we all snatched them out of the blue flames to eat, accompanied with nuts and fruit. When friends or neighbours greeted us they were regaled with a small glass of mum's cherry brandy or sloe gin and mince pies. Our Morrello cherries were lovely very big dark red with very small stone and full of juice quite different to the ones I've seen nowadays. Spirits were cheap then whiskey 3/6 and gin 2/6 a bottle. We children had home made ginger beer, which too was jolly good. There was a cellar at 353 Egremont Row. One half was dark, where potatoes and other winter vegetables were stored, the other lighted half was where the wine was placed. Dad had a full set of brass handbells which he and the boys were good at playing so sometimes we had a little concert at home and if the weather was too bad for Church going we would sit round the fire in the sitting room by the light of the four candles in their gilded sconces, which Dad had made and fixed on the wall, and sang our favourite hymns.

Mrs. E. PLACE.

2) If there was one time of the year we looked forward to more than any other it was Christmas. How excited we were, it just could not come quick enough for us, and we were quite big before we found out who Father Christmas was, then somehow a lot of the magic

went. However, before we were enlightened about that, we were no trouble to get off to bed Christmas Eve and hung one of our black stockings over the foot of our brass bedstead. Then long before it was light next morning, one or the other of us would wake up and feel at the foot of the bed to see if He had been then it was not long before all were awake and chattering with excitement, feeling all the lumps in our stocking and wondering what was inside.

Mother, knowing there would be no peace until we had looked inside them would come in with a lighted candle and take us all into her room, where we all sat around on their bed and emptied our stockings. They both pretended they had not seen them and looked as surprised as us, and father would say, "My hi, fancy that now". Our presents usually consisted of things like hankies, tin toy scales with perhaps a few small sweets to weigh on them, a cracker, sugar mouse, pencil, and always an apple, orange and nuts in the bottom, sometimes even a three-penny piece which was a lot of money to us then.

I guess our parents often wished they could have given us more, but I am sure they felt well rewarded by the excitement we got from them.

Well, after we had looked at all our things, we put them all back into our stockings and then it was off back to bed and keep quiet until it was time to get up. I guess we were much too excited to sleep anymore, but looking back now I cannot help thinking how kind they were to let us look at our things so early when they must have been woken up in the middle of their sleep.

Then Christmas day we had all those goodies our aunts sent from Staffordshire, including a large pork pie and of course whatever mother could afford to make, it all went far too quickly.

(This extract is from Mrs Evelyn Pentecost's "A Shepherd's Daughter" published by the Window Press at £8.95. Parts of the book have already been serialised in this Bulletin).

A SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER



EVELYN PENTECOST

The dustcover of Mrs Pentecost's book (reduced size).
The Cover picture shows a field-scene near Sutton between the wars.

WINTER NIGHTS

Mother made plenty of jams and pickles, also wines. The parsnip, dandelion and elderberry were especially good. The latter was flavoured with cloves and ginger and we always sampled it on Fair night, hot as a night cap. For heating the wine mother had a thing she called a pipkin. I think it was made of earthenware and had a short handle to hold it over the red hot coals and we children always had a nip before scampering off to bed. There was no loitering on cold nights for there was no gas or electric heating and often long icicles hanging outside from the roof, but mother had had hot bricks in the oven, then wrapped in a piece of flannel and put in our beds. The beds were wooden with a solid back board at head and foot and wooden latts between, on which was laid a horse hair mattress and then a nice plump feather bed so we were soon snug and asleep.

Mrs E. PLACE.

THE FISHMAN

A visitor we were always pleased to see was a man from the coast with his cartload of fish when there had been a huge catch of herrings and mackerel. He would ring a bell and the women would run out with their dishes. Herrings were 8 a 1/- and mackerel 5 a 1/- all sparkling and fresh. Mother had a sort of wire cage and when the herrings had been cleaned and washed she placed the fish between the two wire sides and fixed them together. This was then hung by its two hooks to the top bar of the open kitchen fire. It had a little tray at the bottom to catch the drips. When one side was cooked the cage was reversed. Herrings or bloaters were lovely.

Mrs E. PLACE.

CHRISTMAS AT THE HORSEGUARDS

I remember one Christmas during the war when the "Toronto Scottish" were stationed in Petworth Park, my poor father was going mad as two of the "lads" had bagpipes in the bars and were playing them. As you can imagine in a confined space it was pretty noisy. I

thought it was wonderful but it was certainly very hard to hear what anyone was saying.

My mother always had some of the boys into supper after the bars were closed. They would then sit playing cards until the early hours.

When the Pub bars were being decorated we would use the Club Room over the old stable as a bar and the 18 gallon barrels of beer would be hauled up by rope; someone pulling at the top of the stair, someone else pushing at the bottom, very hard work, but as far as I was concerned worth it as all being in one big room there used to be some really good sing-songs. I can remember very well Chris Seagar taking two tin trays, banging them together and marching up and down singing "MacNamara's Band". We also used the Club Room as a School Room at the beginning of the war when the 'London Evacuees' arrived, as the school itself was not large enough to hold all the children. It was just the job for me, I could get up at 8.55 and still be in school on time.

When I first went to live at Tillington in 1938 Mr Whitney the farmer from Upperton used to deliver milk twice a day with a horse and cart and a great big brass milk churn, from which he would fill the milk pails. In 1947 his daughter Vera and I did the milk round just once a day and with a van but using the same brass churn and milk pails. We had lots of fun and have remained good friends ever since.

My first job on leaving school in 1943 was at "Westlakes" the Draper's where I worked with Betty Page also a very good friend. We would often go to work on just one bike, Betty stopping at the Horse Guards to pick me up. She rode the bike I sat on the handlebars. My wages for a week were ten shillings.

I have lovely memories of Tillington and Petworth, especially the Park with all the beautiful deer and the fun we had when the lake was frozen and although I was born in Hampshire in a little village called Preston Candover which I love, I always think of Tillington as my home and would very much like to return there one day.

PAM CATE (née CARD)

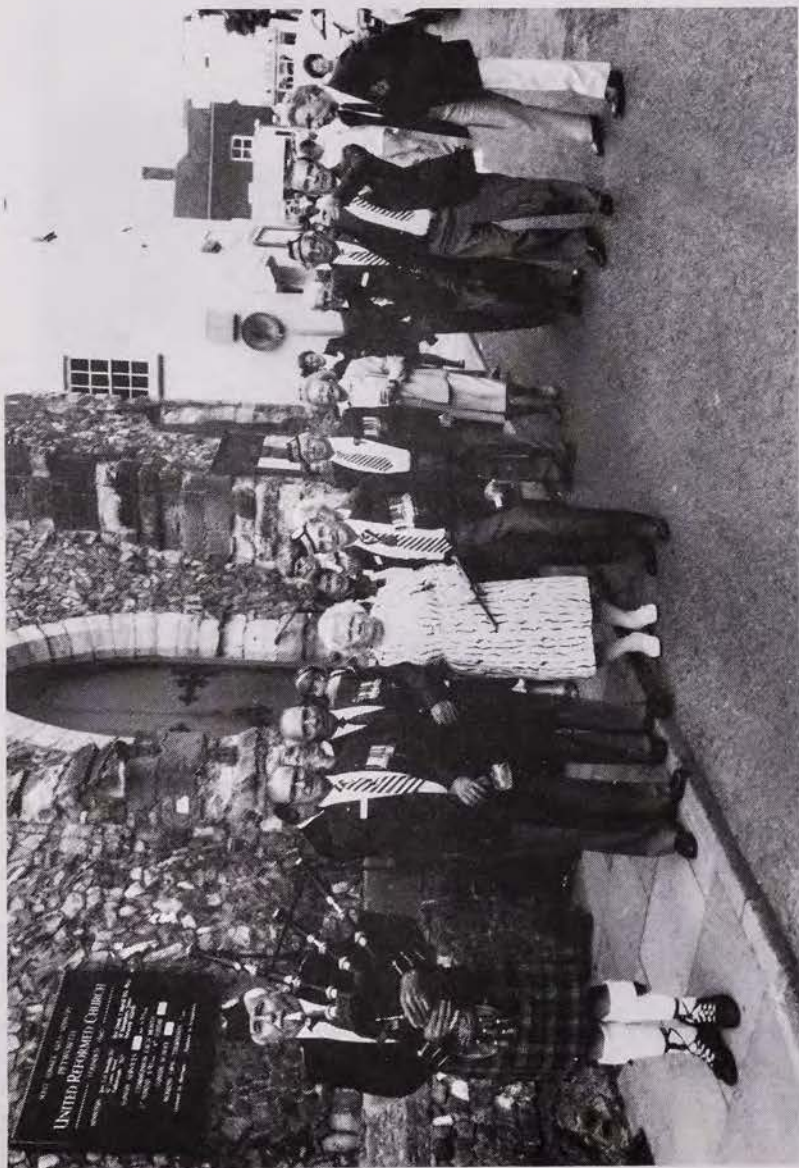
GROWING UP IN TILLINGTON

"I was born in the Upper Lodge of Pitshill House in December 1919, my father having come originally from Rudgwick. He had gone through the Great War in the Royal Naval Air Service (later the Royal Flying Corps) and had worked briefly at Peterborough after demobilisation. I don't know how he actually got to Pitshill as private chauffeur to Colonel Mitford but the appointment probably came through his answering an advertisement in the paper. Colonel Mitford, as a body guard of the king, often attended royal occasions and my father as chauffeur would of course be present too. Originally the Colonel had had a Humber but after a tour abroad he had come back with a Hotchkiss, converted in later days by Mr. Calnan of Petworth Engineering Co. into a truck. The London season meant that we often didn't see my father for months; my mother staying at Pitshill and helping in the big house when needed. There was a cook, a kitchen-maid, a scullery-maid, a butler, a footman, a lady's-maid and two or three housemaids. Everyone lived in except Mr. Hammond the butler, a somewhat exalted figure, or so at least is seemed to me at the time. Mrs. Hammond was a very nice lady really but I remember her stopping me when I was six or seven and saying, "You're nearly big enough now to raise your cap to me." My father had other ideas about this however!

As chauffeur my father wore black leggings and breeches and looked very smart in his double-breasted tunic and peaked cap. He was often out at balls and dances and would come back in the early hours. Whatever the hour though he would always wash his car when he got back. He never used polish but always a mixture of petrol and water and the car always gleamed. Colonel Mitford, as befitted a military man, would settle for nothing less than the best; it wasn't unknown for him to run his finger under the mudguard to check that all had been properly cleaned. It always had. Another regular trip was to Tillington Church every Sunday morning. The Mitford family would sit in the front pew. My father doubtless wouldn't go to Church himself but would be ready with the rugs when the family came out. At this time, just after the Great War, my father was an experienced driver. Even before the war he had worked as a chauffeur at Rudgwick. He was driving his employer's Sunbeam back through Guildford when the rear light blew out. My father continued his journey unawares. A car then was effectively



Toronto Scottish Visit (1)
Planting a commemorative canoe bark birch tree at Petworth Primary School.
Photograph by Tony Whitcomb.



Toronto Scottish Vist (2)
Veterans in Golden Square.
Photograph by Tony Whitcomb.

a carriage without a horse, the driver virtually sitting out in the open. He had hardly got back to Rudgwick and taken off his wet clothes when there was a knock at the door: a policeman had cycled after him from Guildford to issue him with a summons for driving through the town without a back light. How did the constable know where to go? Well if anyone had a motor in those days, everyone knew about it for miles around. He used to drive the car from Rudgwick to Scotland, stopping at one particular hotel which had a charging apparatus for the batteries. He'd change tyres on the way up, the roads being so rough that they demolished a set of tyres going halfway."

"I was born at 3 Park Terrace in Tillington; my mother had ten children and brought up a nephew too. There were so many boys that I had to sleep in mother's room. As I lived nearest to Tillington School it was a standing joke that I was always the last to arrive there in the morning. My mother had been married from Snow Hill in the Park in 1895, her father having been a shepherd on the Leconfield Estate. It was said that she walked down through the Paddocks in her wedding dress, changing her boots at the lodge and carrying her shoes with her. After being married she went straight to 3 Park Terrace. She had been in service at Brighton and only managed to see her young man once a year. Among other things she ran a taxi service with a pony and cart, picking people up from the train at Petworth Station with a pony she kept in the builder's yard.

The Bryder family business had been started by an uncle of my father's in 1863, and two aunts had brought my father up, his parents having died when he was a child. Bryders at that time were builders concentrating mainly on carpentry work; local builders at that time tended to be small firms with particular specialities. They would often work together on larger jobs. In the early days it was a natural expansion from carpentry to make coffins and offer an undertaking service. My mother laboriously covered the inside of the coffins with a wadding that looked somewhat like cotton wool. The coffins were hand-made and also hand-polished, my mother holding a candle as my father went round polishing them. When I was at school I had to sound the knell for funerals, a task my brothers had performed before me. The knell would be rung for half an hour on the morning of the service from eight to eight-thirty

and then again for half an hour before the service itself. I would count up to thirty before each ring, and would, I suppose, have been about eleven at the time. Occasionally I might have to be let out of school to ring the afternoon knell, but the verger would more usually do it. Tillington of course was far more of a village in those days, a good proportion turning out for the funeral of a fellow-villager. There was a horse-hearse in Petworth which would be hired out but the ordinary hand-bier was still used for outlying areas, six or eight bearers making the journey to enable a change to be made periodically. A modification of this was the wheel-bier. For the funeral the bearers all wore top-hats which they laid at the lych-gate. They did not of course wear them through the churchyard. In rainy weather they took good care to leave their hats top side up!

I had to take the schoolmaster's daughter Nancy Brown to school with me, Nancy being a little younger than I was. I liked the look of Jack when I was only five but at that time he seemed more interested in bird-nesting. His mum and my mum were great friends, in fact my mother had picked up the Holloway family from the station in her pony and cart "taxi" when they had first arrived. I was often given some hot cross buns and sent up to Upperton Common to gather flowers with which to decorate the Church for Easter. Another trip was up to the common to pick up "pineys" i.e. pine-cones for the fire. My mother had no money for luxuries, just £1 a week for so many children. She scrubbed out Tillington School for sixteen shillings a month providing all her own cleaning materials.

The school outing was once a year, usually to Bognor or Littlehampton. Mr. Brown collected a penny a week towards it. The parents went as well as the children. You took your own food and I can remember mother kneeling on the sand sawing through the bread to make sandwiches. To celebrate the outing we had a pot of meat paste to spread on it - a rare luxury."

"The only other chance of an outing was if you belonged to the choir. Tillington had a good choir in those days and often competed with other choirs. I was leading choirboy for a time and Mr. Chandler was choirmaster. The Boy Scouts too were revived about this time as were the Guides. There was too a village branch

of the St. Richard's Guild. The girls made woolly things for missionaries in hot countries which I always felt a little illogical, but I expect they knew what they were doing. Tillington School was the only meeting place in the village in those days and for dances or entertainment all the desks had to be moved manually. All the senior boys would stay behind after school and put the desks out into the yard where they would be covered with a tarpaulin. The school had a sliding partition which sealed off the infants rooms. Tillington School was well used during out of school hours; there were dances, whist drives, socials and plays. Various groups like the Nomads were based in Tillington even if some of the members came from Petworth and villages around.

I started work at fourteen with the old Petworth Engineering Co., later to become S.C.A.T.S. and latterly the Petworth Antique market. They dealt in all manner of machinery, tractors particularly, and specialised in country house electric lighting, installing and servicing the engines that drove the plants. It was a very diverse business which included well-work and this latter was my main job, working with Cecil Puttick and also Charlie Grace from West Chilton. We would go down to repair the pumps, sometimes descending seventy or eighty feet on a winch with a seat attached. We would drop a candle down to see what their air was like: if it went out we'd plunge a sack of hay up and down to create a current of air, then try the candle again. Alternatively we might pump fresh air down a hose pipe using one of the big old-fashioned blacksmiths' bellows. If you could see a haze as you looked down the well you'd know better than to go down.

In those early days of mechanisation Petworth Engineering Co. did contract ploughing with tractors but had also a thriving electrical side. George Cargill in Angel Street had a charging plant to replenish spent wireless accumulators. Part of the East Street yard was enclosed and offered a display of stationary engines. Petworth Engineering Co. also sold petrol. I remember Mr. Payne the butcher had a motor-cycle without a kick-start and it wasn't unusual after he'd filled up with petrol to push him to the Post Office before the engine started, once or twice even as far as Pound Street!"

"When I left school I had to go into service: there wasn't much

other work for girls at that time. I worked for General Burnett at New Grove at a wage of twenty pounds a year, at first in the kitchen. The hours were long: in theory and often in practice from six in the morning until eleven at night. There were two house-maids, a parlour maid, a butler, a kitchen-maid, a cook, a chauffeur and three gardeners. I stayed there for six years, having a half day off every week and every other Sunday afternoon. By that time Jack had moved on to working for Teddy Whittington the plumber: it was when Four Winds was being built and as he biked past New Grove on his way to work he'd whistle, "One two button your shoe, three, four knock at the door". I'd wave from a New Grove window. Curiously enough after I left New Grove I worked for Mr. Graham Hall at Four Winds."

Jack and Dorothy Holloway were talking to Audrey Grimwood and the Editor.

FRED STREETER : THE PRE-PETWORTH YEARS 1879-1929

Fred Streeter's early life has been chronicled by Geoffrey Eley in his book "And here is Mr Streeter" (1950) and again in "Cheerio Frank, Cheerio Everybody" by Frank Hennig (1976). Both authors had had the benefit of long broadcasting experience with Fred Streeter in his later years, and relying as they do almost entirely on Streeter's own recollection tend, despite the twenty-six year gap between them, to cover much the same ground. Geoffrey Eley's book contains long passages written by Streeter himself and posted to Eley as his book progressed.

Fred Streeter is so inextricably connected in the public mind with Petworth House and its famous Gardens that it is easy to forget that when he took over as head gardener at Petworth on March 25th 1929 he was already all but fifty years old having a wide experience born of many moves, many different gardens and employers and innumerable show triumphs - in all some thirty eight years of gardening savagely broken by the Great War. Streeter's broadcasting persona was an affable one but his hard early years had called for more than an amiable smile. To succeed in the career he had chosen he needed the willingness to work desperately long hours for little money, the single-minded preparedness to move frequently to advance his projects and the shrewdness, determination and self-confidence to exhibit at the very highest level and to win. Streeter's gardening mind had been formed in a

world which the Great War would destroy. It was a world of great houses still largely aiming at self-sufficiency, elaborate glass house ranges, bothies and cheap labour, and vast flower borders that would dwarf today's tiny building plots. Once the great flower borders were turned over to more "productive" war-time use they would never really return to what they had been. Labour too would never again be available in the same careless way. It is easy too to forget that as a gardener Streeter had been brought up in the late Victorian and Edwardian era: he was thirty-five when the Great War began and already a vastly experienced gardener whose mind was already formed. It has to be said that Streeter was in some ways a fortunate man: when his early world had been destroyed, he was given the chance to embrace a vast new world of radio and (later) television. Few men manage to move successfully from one world to another in the course of a lifetime.

His mother's people had in fact been tenants at Brinksole on the Leconfield Estate, although it was not till rather late in life that Streeter became aware of this. "You're Sussex", Lord Leconfield would say to him when he was being interviewed for the position at Petworth. Fred Streeter was born at Pulborough in 1879 his father being a shepherd at Hill Farm. As a small boy he had moved with the family first to North Holmwood near Dorking, then on to Reigate. He seems to have been an intelligent child and his teachers wanted him to continue with his studies. By his own account however he would have none of this and insisted on leaving school to become at the age of twelve gardener's boy at Colley Lodge, Reigate Heath, checking greenhouse temperatures at six in the morning, cleaning flower pots, or guiding the pony that pulled the lawn mower: in short doing all the lowliest jobs in the gardening hierarchy. After three years at Colley Lodge he made the first of the almost bewildering series of moves that would culminate in a stay of nearly half a century at Petworth: Streeter moved to a local nursery, learning to tie in the buds of roses, landscaping small gardens and graduating eventually to the azalea house. After a couple of years he moved back into private service where he always felt more at home, working locally again at Reigate Priory. There might be more financial reward in nursery work but Streeter always liked the one to one relationship between employer and gardener. It was at the Priory that he was given a half-ripe fig to eat. This made him so ill that he never again touched raw fruit. Years later when Lord Leconfield asked him if he had tried the Petworth House pears, Streeter replied, "No my Lord; I never

touch fruit". "What!" said his lordship, "Do you mean to say that you grow and handle all this stuff and never eat any? Why you don't know what's good for yourself". ("And Here is Mr Streeter" page 96).

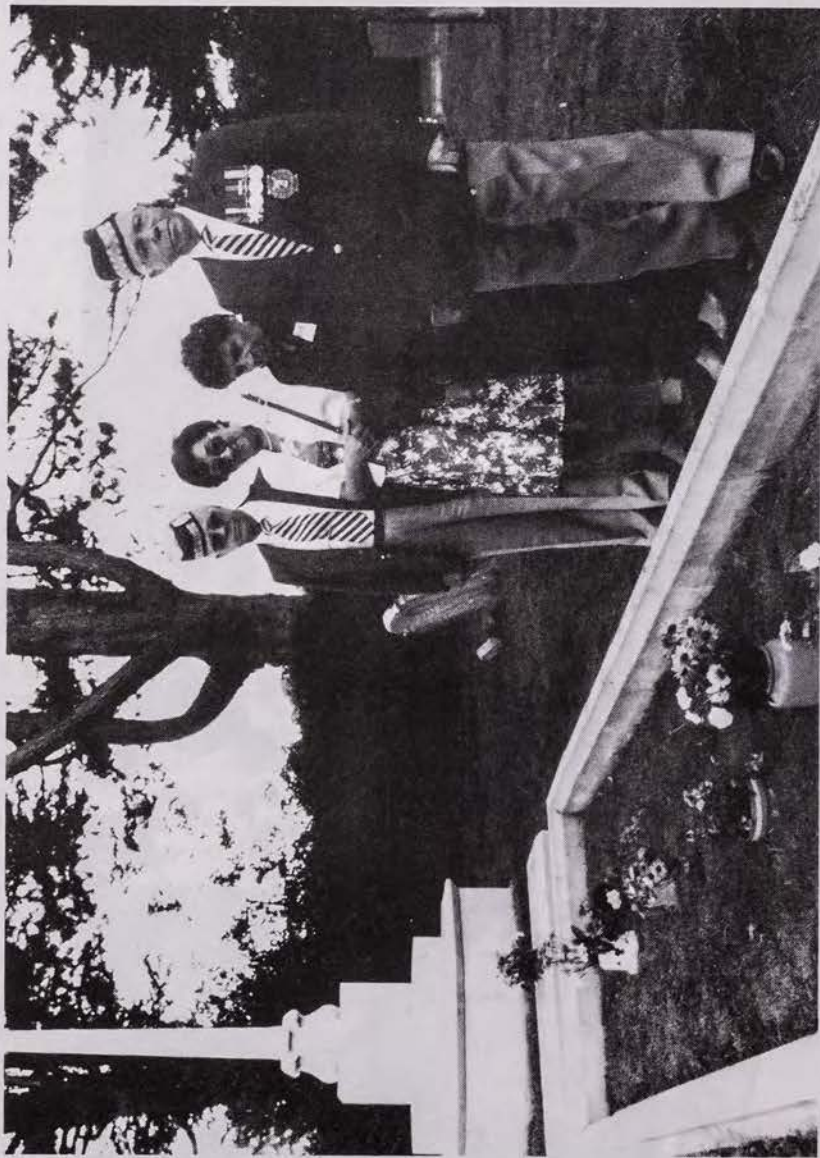
Fred Streeter had been quite a sportsman in his time, fielding for the Reigate Heath side when such cricketing giants as W.G. Grace and Ranji played at their ground. He was also a race walker of some accomplishment. Football and horse-racing however he would never countenance. Regarding football I can remember walking down the long pear-lined drive to the Streeter's house to watch Hungary overwhelm England in 1953. Mrs Streeter would greet me as she always did but I had the television to myself as I always did for football. There was no sign of Fred. Television sets were still something of a novelty in those days.

The next move was more than just a move, a spell in London at the world-famous nurseries of James Veitch and Son in Kings Raod, Chelsea. Any young gardener with ambition to do well might hope to pass through Veitch's for experience and Streeter arrived there on Boxing Day 1897, the year of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. It was here that he really began his exhibition work, being given the task of starting the foreman's caladiums for the Temple Show. Caladiums are members of the arum family and this was no light responsibility. The Chelsea Flower Show did not come into existence until 1912 and the Temple Show, though less elaborate, was the precursor. There were several thousand of the starchy tubers to be potted up in a mixture of peat, loam, silver sand and broken charcoal. The caladiums were his special responsibility, needing to be potted, repotted and kept at a constant eighty degrees. Streeter did all the work himself; he did not delegate important work, a consistent characteristic of his, and one that would eventually make him an unusual head gardener. In addition to his greenhouse work he would go out with the flower decorators, planting huge groups of flowers for occasions like political rallies or theatre first nights. And the caladiums? They won the Gold Medal at the Temple Show. Fred Streeter was on the way up but to advance he would yet again have to move on.

His next post was a disappointment; private service always being something of a lottery. Briefly he returned to Veitch's at Chelsea before receiving an offer to go to Ireland to work for the Hon. Mrs Barton at Straffan House, County Kildare, famous through Ireland



Toronto Scottish Vist (3)
In the Leconfield Hall.
Photograph by Tony Whitcomb.



Toronto Scottish Visit (4)
In the Horsham Road cemetery.
Photograph by Tony Whitcomb.



Toronto Scottish Visit (5)
At Petworth Primary School
Photograph by John Rosser.



Toronto Scottish Visit (6)
At Petworth Primary School
Photograph by John Rosser.

and beyond for its Crimean Snowdrops, its vast fruit and kitchen gardens, its walls covered with trained fruit trees of every conceivable variety, and its Shorthorn and Dexter herds of cattle. As would so often happen Streeter's first job was to revive what had lapsed, in this case the fruit houses: the vines, the peaches and the nectarines had been allowed to deteriorate. Streeter worked long solitary hours transforming the fruit houses, moving on eventually to the orchid house. By the age of twenty-one he was first journeyman, with a steady foot on the long ladder of advancement. He would not advance further at Straffan and it was time to move again. He returned to England to be foreman at Basing Park near Alton, a move that was to have far-reaching consequences for his later life. Things were not as well-ordered here as they had been in Ireland but pineapples were a tradition. Streeter had to turn his hand to their culture; keeping them "on the dry side at all times". As foreman he set out to plant the vast new borders some sixty five feet deep "allowing for some fine grouping effects", as Geoffrey Eley observes (page 39). Streeter worked relentlessly as was his wont, hardly leaving the gardens at all. All this was soon to change: it was on a rare walk to Froxfield a hamlet some four miles away that he met Hilda Burden, daughter of the head gamekeeper at Basing Park. Hilda was a school teacher and was with her mother outside their cottage talking to an old countryman. An acquaintance blossomed from a casual greeting and while still working ferociously Streeter now found time of an evening to put on his best clothes and go out to meet Hilda.

The time was ripe for another move: this time to become managing foreman "taking complete charge of a garden without being the actual head on the financial side" (Eley page 43) for Sir Charles Ward at Barham Court near Maidstone. Once more Streeter threw himself unrelentingly into really hard work restoring what had been neglected. After two or three years in Kent he was approached by the Barton family to work for them at Birtley House, Bramley whither they had moved from Ireland. He would have his own house and there would be no more living in the bothey. He was a head gardener at last and Fred and Hilda were married on the 10th of January 1906. It was from here that he would win his first R.H.S. Medal - for a exhibit of thirty-six large rose cinerarias.

The years of remorseless hard work renovating so many different gardens eventually took their toll Streeter falling ill with what he termed "painter's colic". Mrs Barton had died and he was now

head gardener at her son's house near Liphook. He became very ill indeed, going to bed when the snow was on the ground and not rising until the trees were in full leaf. In late summer he had hiccoughs for twenty-eight days and just when everyone was again despairing of him, the attack suddenly subsided. Fit again he planned and laid out a huge herbaceous border and a magnificent water garden and this done it was time for him to move on again. "He was now ready for a bigger place, and he always acted on the principle that in gardening it is not wise to stay too long in one place - not until the gardener finds the real place he wants." (Eley page 53).

A timely approach on behalf of Mr James Buchanan the whisky magnate led to Fred Streeter moving to Lavington Park as head gardener. He soon started to think of exhibiting at the first Chelsea Show in 1912. Herbaceous calceolarias were Streeter's choice and he grew them so large on a diet of manure water fed through the leaves that the plants needed staking with hazel twigs. The problem was that when Mr Buchanan saw the plants he said, "Cancel your entry Streeter, I want 'em myself". Such was the gardener's lot! Another move followed - to a girls' school near Watford in 1913. The next year came the outbreak of war; food crops went in, the great Edwardian borders came out. The hothouses were neglected. Fred Streeter was invited back to Straffan this time as head gardener. He knew it was only a matter of time before he was called up but in the short time he had he set to with his usual zeal to repair what had been allowed to lapse. Before long the call came for him to return over the water and report for Army Service. It was July 1915. France when he got there was a nightmare, week after week of machine-gun fire and the loss of all sense of time. Hilda had gone back to her home at Basing Park. Eventually, wounded and ill with trench fever Streeter was sent back to the Middlesex Hospital. His war was over. After a long spell in hospital he returned to Hilda at Basing Park in July 1918. The Streeters returned to Straffan, a vastly different place to the one Streeter had first known at the turn of the century. They were returning to the Ireland of the Troubles and of the Black and Tans. The workers would be difficult to inspire and direct.

The years at Straffan were very uneasy ones. In 1923 they left for a post at Broxbourne in Hertfordshire. Three years there and there came a move to Aldenham, near the Watford School he had been at just before the outbreak of war. Finally through another gardener Streeter received the intimation that the post at Petworth House

might be available. A note from Lord Leconfield informed him that if he wished to be considered he should attend at ten o'clock on the following Thursday and stay the night at the Swan Hotel.

In Streeter's own words, "I arrived at Petworth station to find the horse-drawn bus with straw strewn on the floor for warmth, waiting for me, and at 10 o'clock I tapped on the door of the estate office. Inside there was Lord Leconfield and the Agent, a Mr Watson. And what a gentleman that man was, to be sure - one of the very best. 'Sit down', says Lord Leconfield. 'Your history, please'. Well I had got all the answers ready - as I thought - but this was completely different! But I waded through. What I didn't know was that my mothers' parents had been tenants on the Leconfield estate years before. "Well that's that", said Lord Leconfield, 'You're Sussex'. 'Yes, my Lord', said I. 'Yes, sir, my Lord' - he had got me on the wrong foot. 'Well now', he went on, 'Mr Watson will take you round and I'll see the pair of you when you're finished.'

..... "After looking round we arrived back at the estate office, rang the bell and in came Lord Leconfield. All he said was: 'Well?' I accepted. 'Right', he said, 'draw your money for expenses from my secretary, the first door on the left outside. Good day'. And that was that." (And Here is Mr Streeter page 88).

Fred Streeter started at Petworth on the 25th March 1929.

P.

REMEMBERING FRED STREETER

My mother worked for Mr. Streeter. It was 1947 and he was doing so much fruit-picking that even he was getting tired. "Send Florie up," he said to my mother, "she can help us with the blackcurrants". Actually I thought my career at the Gardens was over before it began because I started not picking blackcurrants but clearing up a greenhouse after indoor peas. Pulling a cane up I poked it right through the greenhouse glass. "This is the end before I've even started," I thought to myself. Fred Streeter wasn't at all put out however, appearing on the scene with what appeared to be the largest peach I'd ever seen. "Cheer up, sit in the bothy and eat this," he said. I soon went on to general

gardening duties as well as picking fruit. It was the start of nearly thirty years with the Streeters. When Mrs. Streeter fell and broke her hip I used to go and help her, and when she died in 1966 I looked after Mr. Streeter.

Petworth House Gardens as I first knew them still retained the memory and more than a hint of former glories but times had changed and were still changing. There were still unusual features like the cranberry bed, the bushes growing in what was in effect a small dry swimming pool, but the half-a-dozen men working there in the late 1940's compared sadly with the 20 or 30 men employed there even in the early years between the wars. Great houses had in the old days striven as far as possible to be self-sufficient. The Gardens would be expected to feed not only the great house but also a small army of servants and retainers. It was almost a matter of principle not to buy in produce. The bothy had been a kind of hostel where the young gardeners lived, a Mrs. Westlake looking after their needs at one time. They would start as journeymen and gradually work themselves up by judicious moves from one great house to another - a long hard path that Streeter had himself trod through the great houses of late Victorian and Edwardian England. Some of the bothymen would do weekend duty to keep an eye on the hot-houses - almost like a guard duty in the Army. In the late 1940's all this was fast fading into memory: it was a world that had been irreparably damaged by the war of 1914-18 and effectively destroyed by that of 1939-45. Men had been called away to the war, the use of fuel for greenhouse purposes was difficult to justify and what had once been allowed to deteriorate would never return to its former glory. The Great War which effectively destroyed the world in which Streeter had grown up had symbolically virtually destroyed Fred Streeter too. He had been invalided out, desperately ill from wounds and from drinking corpse-infected water. He probably considered himself lucky to survive. When he was off colour you could always see the bayonet wound set into his cheek, a livid reminder of those desperate days.

Even in 1947 all manner of fruit was still grown in the Gardens: nectarines, peaches, apricots, black and white grapes, figs, strawberries, raspberries, blackcurrants and plums. At one time the Gardens had boasted over a hundred different varieties of pears. There were sloes and medlars and black morello cherries on the walls, cantaloupe and other melons in the heated houses. There were quince trees in the cottages opposite Hampers Common and these

would be picked as soon as they became ripe. The cottages belonged of course to Lord Leconfield. Coal for the heated houses would be fetched up from the station by old Mr. Cobby - Harold Cobby's father. The Gardens at that time had their own water supply, pumped up from Coultershaw to the reservoir on Lawn Hill. Vegetables? Well, we grew all the usual ones and of course the more unusual ones, like kohlrabi, asparagus, salsify and sea-kale, growing the last in the old-fashioned way between two pots to blanch it. Apples grew on cordons, and there were herbs along the side of the wall. There were plums of all kinds, Csars, Victorias, Belles and real English greengages. A camellia grew in front of the Streeters' house. The nuttery just inside the wall from the Tillington Road Armoury had chestnuts, cobs, apples and plums. Flowers had to be grown for decorating the House, particularly when there were functions. Fred Streeter wasn't terribly good on blending flower colours but his wife was: she used also to do a lot of embroidery. She had once been a schoolteacher and her father had been head keeper to the Nicholuson family at Basing Park near Alton. When she died the house seemed a lonely place. Fred always gave her freesias for celebrations. For their diamond wedding they had champagne and a cake.

The Gardens grew a lot of strawberries: the House using a lot of strawberry jam. Gardens policy was of course dictated to some extent by what the great house wanted. Fresh fruit would be sent up to the House every day. Lord Leconfield himself would often come down to the Gardens. The second day I was there I was picking raspberries when his lordship appeared. "Excuse me, can you tell me where to find Mr. Streeter?" he said, finally disappearing into the cottage with his dog.

Sometimes when Fred Streeter was doing a radio talk, (or in later days, television) I'd go up with him on the train. Maurice Howard might take us to the station, or we might even go to Pulborough by bus. I remember going to Olympia with him once; he was doing a display, not to be judged, but simply for exhibition. He did a lot of judging, had been thirty years at Chelsea and was a holder of the Victoria Medal for Horticulture (V.M.H.), of which there can only be twenty-six holders at any given time. He liked judging and going round giving talks, frequently to W.I. branches, local and not so local. In a long career before coming to Petworth in 1929

he'd worked in Ireland, at Lavington (for Lord Woolavington) but first as a boy at Reigate. I remember him going up there for a broadcast and being able to point out exactly where he'd sown his first row of peas. It turned out he'd put them where the head gardener didn't want him to and he was made to dig out all the seeds again! He'd actually been born at Pulborough but his parents had moved to North Holmwood near Dorking when he was young. His schoolmaster wanted him to be a teacher but he always wanted to be a gardener. He was never one for going out and about, being quite happy with long summer evenings in the garden. While a young man at Reigate he had played cricket with W.G. Grace, and when fielding had had the ball hit him in the throat. Grace had no sympathy, saying sternly, "You have to hold balls like that."

He'd begun his radio career by working once or twice with Mr. Middleton, the BBC gardener. The first time he was on the air with Mr. Middleton he walked up and down outside the B.B.C. for an hour without plucking up the courage to enter the building. Mr. Middleton and the producer were wondering where he'd got to. "Have you seen a man called Fred Streeter outside?" they asked the commissionaire. "Well there's been a man walking about outside for an hour or so," he said. The producer went outside to bring in the reluctant broadcaster. When some years later Mr. Middleton suddenly died, the B.B.C. wanted Fred to take over although he had actually very limited radio experience. He would have a style of his own, the Sussex voice which he made no attempt to disguise, the 'Cheerio everybody' which became a kind of catchphrase.

People used to send him things, often very decomposed by the time they arrived, asking him about pests or identification. Sometimes I would write the replies for him but more usually he wrote himself - in longhand. No one who wrote had their letter left unanswered. He'd prepare his radio scripts meticulously, especially so in the early days, Miss Harris, the Petworth House secretary going over the typescripts before they were sent off to the B.B.C. Frank Hennig the producer would interview him in latter days but they would already know roughly what was going to be said. Fred didn't usually take a particular subject and deal with it in great detail, although he was quite capable of doing this. Instead he'd talk of matters that might arise as the gardening year progressed, 'Now's the time to put your peas in,' or 'If you've got curl on your peach tree'... When he first started at the B.B.C. he was assigned a secretary but he soon found she had such difficulty with the



Petworth Town Band Group.
Petworth Society Concert in aid of Town Band Uniform Fund.
Photograph by Tony Whitcomb.



Fiona Clarke, Paula Thorp and David Owen Norris.
Petworth Society Concert in aid of Town Band Uniform Fund.
Photograph by Tony Whitcomb.

botanical names that he ended up thinking it was quicker to do it himself. Like Lord Leconfield Fred Streeter was in some ways a solitary man, but he was always pleasant and polite. I never had a cross word with him all the time I knew him. His favourite flower? The primrose.

Florie Hallett was talking to Audrey Grimwood and the Editor.

A TWENTY-SEVEN HOUR DAY

Fred Sadler was born at the Half Moon at Kirdford in 1900, his father being the Licensee there. He was one of eleven children and just young enough to miss the Great War, coincidentally being eighteen on Armistice Day itself. He was in his mid-twenties before he started business on his own account, having previously served an apprenticeship with Carter Bros. at Wisborough Green working on steam-engines.

A frequent port of call in the early days with Carter Bros. was Montpelier in the Gog, farmed at that time by Jonas Duncton. A new chimney stack was required on his steam-engine and red-lead would be needed to seal it. It was the "boy's" job to bring the red lead along and when, in the process of time, the Gaffer called, "Let's have the red lead," there was no sign of it. It wasn't, as it turned out, that the boy had forgotten, rather that an old sow from an adjoining field had swallowed the poisonous, sweet-tasting mixture. The creature had to be killed before it died or the carcass could not be sold! On another occasion at Montpelier there had been bees in the chimney stack for some years and the nests had grown so large as to completely block the chimney. Fred borrowed a twelve bore gun and fired both barrels up the chimney. It certainly made a clearance and, from the somewhat sooty honey that came down the chimney, a very acceptable mead was eventually fermented in the Montpelier bath. What other arrangements were made during the bath's employment as a fermenting vat are not recorded.

Fred Sadler's haulage business grew from very small beginnings, forty five pounds (a tidy sum in those days!) borrowed from an uncle to buy a model T Ford from the well-known firm of Gilbert Rice. The vehicle went cheap because it would only run on three cylinders, the fourth obstinately defying all the efforts of the Rice workforce to get it to work. Fred Sadler eventually diagnosed a fault in the "trembler box" and got it to work perfectly well on all four cylinders. Once when he had it up at Rice's, the boss

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"A model T Ford from the well-known firm of Gilbert Rice."

hearing the engine running perfectly and knowing it had been sold off cheaply, threatened to sack the mechanics for failing to trace the fault themselves. The lorry was used for delivering sand and rubble but particularly for operating a belt-driven sawbench for cutting logs. The business was based on the lodge at Hilliers.

It was the General Strike of 1926 which set the new business firmly on the road; Fred Sadler being given the job of taking fruit and vegetables to London, at a rate of £5 a journey. The General Strike took a good deal of business from the railway which the latter would never recover. Other frequent trips were to Portsmouth and Southampton. An indication of how precarious the business was in those early days is the story of the lorry straying into the Portsmouth tramlines and ripping a tyre. Legend has it that Fred Sadler flipped a coin to see whether he would buy a new tyre or throw in his hand there and then. The coin must have come down in favour of continuing! A council contract was a definite step forward, moving sand and local stone in competition with traction engines and trailers, horses and carts, and other lorries. The contractor would supply fuel, lorry and driver for two shillings and ninepence an hour. Another source of work was bringing coal from Petworth Station to the old Station Road Gasworks.

With business picking up a little the next step was to update the vehicle. The new addition was a 30 cwt. Ford B.B. with single wheels, needing to be hand-loaded and hand-emptied with a shovel. Another vehicle arrived in 1932, this time a twin-wheel B.B. with a two ton capacity and a hand-operated tipper with a handle rather like a well-handle operated by two men working at either side. Capacities were largely theoretical in those days, hauliers tending to pile on as much as they could get on the lorry without it actually falling off! A furniture licence was obtained for removals. These were the days of the old A, B and C licences for general haulage contractors. An A licence entitled you to carry your own goods any distance. A B licence entitled you to carry other people's goods as well within a 25 mile radius. A C licence restricted you to moving other people's goods (not your own) within a certain radius. B licences were not easily obtained, the request having to go before "Applications and Decisions" at Eastbourne. An application had to be advertised and other hauliers might well oppose it on the grounds that hauliers were already too thick on the ground in the locality. By this time in the 1930's so many were trying to start up as hauliers operating their own lorries, that there was too little work to keep them all going. Inevitably many failed financially. The licence system was intended to address itself to this situation and it did. A B licence was at once something to be prized and something not to be lightly gained. It could not be transferred and a separate licence would be needed

for each vehicle in a haulier's fleet: if it had been given for a 30 cwt. vehicle it could not be used for a 5 cwt. one. A good way to obtain a B licence was to buy out a firm which already had one.

As the 1930's went on, Fred Sadler took on Ted Baigent to work for him. Much of the work was concerned with road-making, working on contract to the council. Stones needed to be moved or laid, or tar carried out to where it was required. Another steady job was picking up builders' supplies, bricks and cement from Petworth station. Arthur Allison, the water foreman for the Leconfield Estate gave Fred Sadler a good deal of work for the Estate and said, "If you find you've a lorry and nothing to do I'll soon find you something!" In fact the lorries were kept pretty busy but Fred Sadler worked for Mr. Allison a lot, taking him about and taking equipment out to the various jobs.

Tar when brought to the location would be heated in a horse-drawn tar-boiler; there was a hoist with chains on it enabling a 40 gallon barrel of tar to be lifted over the boiler itself. A gantry enabled the barrel to be spun round over the boiler so that when the bung was taken out the tar would fall into the boiler. There was a constant risk of the boiler catching light and getting out of control and there was a quick release pin on the boiler to release the horses and let them bolt. Working at the top of Horsham Road, Fred Sadler had the boiler on fire, pressed the release pin and didn't catch them again until they were at the top of Fox Hill! The contractor not only moved the tar but laid it.



Tarring at Kirdford about 1930. Fred Sadler third from left.

A lot of haulage work centred on the station. In the yard the station goods shed had a line running through it so that it was possible to wheel goods straight from the track to wherever you wanted them. A big barrel had been left in the middle track, (not the track the goods shed was on) and two porters were arguing as to whose job it was to get the barrel into the goods shed. Ron Barnett from the Mill was down there taking corn to the railway. Without a word he picked up the five hundredweight barrel and took it into the shed, settling the argument at a stroke. Five hundredweight seems an incredible weight today but flour was still moved then in 2 1/4 cwt sacks. Fred Sadler once had to collect a load of such sacks from Rotherbridge and they needed to be lifted into the lorry. There were a lot of them and it was very heavy work. When he asked about this, the farmer said simply, "You've contracted to move 'em, so move 'em!" It was the sort of reply Fred Sadler might have made had the positions been reversed.

1939 brought a considerable change; the council contract being extended to cover the laying of concrete blocks for coastal defences. The drivers would be collected and returned home by Southdown bus, their requisitioned lorries remaining down on the coast to save petrol. The drivers worked in gangs with a central co-ordinator or "gaffer" and a number of foremen, one for each gang. When this particular job was finished, the driver would go back to the gaffer to be sent on to another job. The job foreman would be responsible for signing the driver's sheet for a nine hour stint and, provided that he had put in five or more hours, the ticket would be signed for nine. If you did a five hour stint like that three times a day, you could officially put in a twenty seven hour day then go home to bed. The lorries had of course been requisitioned for the war effort, being used to transport the materials for sea-defence work. The drivers would knock up the concrete, shaping it into great blocks with large wooden slats, then removing the wooden moulds as the concrete began to set.

As the war progressed, the sea-defences were in place, and the fear of invasion had lessened, the two lorries returned to Petworth. They were allotted to A.R.P. and Rescue, carrying the respective official sticker on the windscreen and being on call in case of emergency. Many of the usual jobs were still there, like picking up coal at the station to be used at Petworth Gasworks. Evenings were often spent at Newlands on picket duty waiting in case of a call-out, playing cards to while the time away. One of the players

was a bad loser, tossing a losing hand high in the air. The cards fluttered down into a line of Wellington boots standing on a rather inaccessible high shelf and were recovered only with difficulty. As the war came to an end a second-hand Bedford van was added to the "fleet".

In 1945 Mr. Godsalve of the Leconfield Estate asked Fred Sadler if he'd like to take on a sandpit. After considerable reflection he decided on balance that he did. Mr. Madgewick had had the Heath End sandpit in the 1930's, and during the war Bert Penfold had gone down to dig what was needed for the Leconfield Estate and cart it away. The rent would be £2 a year with a fixed royalty of a shilling a cubic yard. Equipment was basic: just a pick, a shovel, a hand-sieve and a wheelbarrow, the sand being hand-dug and hand-loaded. The only customer in the very early days was Mr. Woolford the Petworth builder. An early refinement was a shed; there was just a little 10' x 8' shack which had been put there before the war. It had come originally from being used at a Sussex County Show at Cowdray in the 1930's. It stood just off the main road and was known as the "office". It boasted a pot-bellied tortoise stove which could be made red-hot all the way up in winter.

When we asked for a better shed, Fred said, "I agree with you boys," and before long we had six old telegraph poles, some pieces of galvanised and some second hand four by two bought at Messrs. Strides quarterly agricultural sale. "Kill two birds with one stone boys," said Fred, "Get the nails out of the wood and you've got wood and nails together." There was an old bungalow on the site and when this was eventually condemned it was converted into an office cum workshop. In 1968 the Leconfield Estate wanted a Dutch barn taken down at Lurgashall. We bought it where it stood and, numbering every bit of galvanised and asbestos on site, brought it back to Heath End to rebuild it as it was, simply cutting the stanchions to reduce it from its original height of sixteen feet. It still stands.



"Another early refinement was a Chaseside mechanical loading shovel..."

Another early refinement was a Chaseside mechanical loading shovel which came in February 1947. It could be used to dig sand but we found it more useful for loading. It had a half cubic yard capacity, started on petrol and ran on paraffin. A difficulty was that the Chaseside's load was projected over the front wheel and when driven on sand the machine would tend to get its wheels stuck. Every so often we had to order railway sleepers to provide a road for it. As the sand-face receded we had to order more. The handbook was typewritten in those days! We had a penny a ton bonus on everything over 250 tons. I remember working in mid-summer clearing the "over-burden" i.e. the soil, fern and blackberry at the top before we could get at the sand; my father was clearing up with a shovel. Suddenly without a word he rushed off. When he didn't come back for a long time I switched the Chaseside off and went off down to the shed to find him locked in. "Are you in there?" I shouted. The reply was unprintable. It turned out that the machine had unearthed a wasp-nest and I'd tipped out the occupants over him. After being stung nine times he'd made for the shed and locked the door. I really think he was expecting them to up the latch and open the door.

In the hard winter of 1947, long before salt was regularly used on the roads, companies came to us to pick up the over-burden, the clearing from the sandpit, to put on the frostbound roads. There was always a queue in the road outside so Dad made a wide opening in the hedge to enable lorries to come in. The hole in the hedge was just left after that. Three or four years later we were working by the hedge when a chauffeur-driven official limousine drew up and a man with a bowler and brief case alighted. He came from what was the 1950's equivalent of the Department of the Environment. "Are you Mr. Sadler?," he said to Dad, "I'm from the

department and I want to know what that hole is doing in the hedge." "I'm pleased you asked that," said Dad amiably, "it's to let a lot of bloody spivs like you get in." With that the man left. We were very alarmed at this and told him, "You've really done it now," but in fact nothing happened and eventually the opening just grew over again. Dad was inclined to be rude to officialdom but they seemed to take it on the chin.

Against Dad's advice we dug beneath a seam of white "pipe" clay to find at another fifty feet a large deposit of very good sand indeed and also a single pocket of curious symmetrically twisted pieces of stone, quite large, with some kind of organic material at the centre. Even the experts weren't really sure what they were but thought them to be some thirty million years old. We thought they were prehistoric tree roots round which rock had gradually formed. A little less ancient were remains of charcoal kilns found just under the over-burden. We didn't know how old these relics were but no one seemed to have any memory of tradition of charcoal-burning on the site. Before Mr. Madgewick had had the pit it had probably been a parish pit where members of the parish could go and dig their sand, carting it away themselves.

We were never in trouble for doing too much, but we might well be if we did not work to Dad's exacting standards. "I've known some rusted out but very few worn out," was a favourite saying of his. No chance of us rusting out! I remember being up at 4.30 to shift coal from the station to the Gasworks, starting before it got too hot. I loaded and unloaded several tons, then pulled in at the lay-by in Station Road to go home and have a bath. Dad had been up in Pound Street and was furious with me for "wasting time" having a bath.

I'd been to the Gasworks with a ton of coke, hand-shovelled, when Harold Kitchener gave me a message to get back up the pit. I unloaded the rest, got a quick signature from Harold and got back. "I could have eaten it in half the time," my Dad said. "I'm going home till you have," I replied and went off to the Labour Exchange. He had to match the offer I'd had to get me back and he did!

Once Dad had decided something it was impossible to change him. There's a family story about one of us having an argument with him about spelling a word. Eventually a dictionary was produced and he was proved wrong. He wasn't having any of that. "These books are

full of misprints," he declared unshaken. Anti-freeze was one of those things he couldn't take to, always draining the entire five-gallon tank of the Chaseside in cold weather and refilling the next morning.

A feature of the garage we had in Station Road was the store of home-made wine. Mum was an assiduous maker of it and Dad and the men assiduous consumers. The garage was at one time let to ice-cream men with their "tricycles" i.e. a bicycle pulling a box holding ice-cream. The wholesaler would arrive at our garage to fill them up at 10 a.m. One morning he was alarmed to find they'd had a good go at the home-made wine and were in no state to set off on their rounds.

Dad was never one to pay out more than he needed for equipment. He went to Birmingham once for a digger. He probably got a good deal on it but it had certainly seen better days. We were working at the bungalows over the road from the pit when we heard a rattling in the road. When we looked over the hedge Ted Baigent innocently remarked, "Funny, someone's just dumped a load of scrap iron in the road outside." "Scrap iron be blowed," said Dad in rather more forcible terms than that, "that's my new digger." When we added a new bulldozer we had an Allis-Chalmers W.N. coming and Dad was determined to make a road for it. "Change of jobs for you boys today," he said, "Take your picks and shovels and make a road. I got a bulldozer coming and I need a road for it." No point arguing. If the bulldozer needed a road, we'd have to clear one for it.

Eric and Ray Sadler were talking to Audrey Grimwood and the Editor.

INSIDE OLD PETWORTH GAOL.
REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM JACOB JUNIOR.

- 2) The man who changed his mind and other experiences (continued)

THE SON OF A LORD.

I recall the case of another man who found His Majesty's Prison little to his taste.

A young society gentleman had apparently dined rather too well, and in a rash moment he assaulted the stationmaster at Shoreham. He was arrested, tried, and sentenced, and came to Petworth. When we took him over he proceeded to give us orders for half a dozen claret and bacon and eggs for breakfast.

As he had been sent down for a month's imprisonment without the option of a fine, he was promptly told that he could have none of these luxuries nor any different treatment from other prisoners. If he wished to make any request or complaint he could be taken before the governor.

He promptly expressed a wish to see the governor, but he was not able to obtain a deal of satisfaction. Drawing himself up at last with a dignified air, he said, "Do you know who I am? Do you know you are addressing the son of a lord?"

"I know who you are and who you will be as long as you are within these prison walls," said the governor. "You are B 321."

As a matter of fact, this young man had never done a stroke of hard manual work in all his life, and the crank and the treadwheel were practically impossible for him.

The governor at Petworth at this time was one of the best men under whom I have served. Under the old system he had a great deal more power than a prison governor has to-day. Yet he meted out stern justice.

He was a man who gave an order once, and knew it would be carried out.

Here is an illustration of his methods. Soon after I entered the service I was bringing a number of prisoners in from exercise in the yard. There was a mat at the door for the men to wipe their feet as they came in, and it was no uncommon thing for them to kick this mat outside.

On this occasion this happened, and the governor, who was standing near, drew my attention to it.

Next day I brought the men in, and had gone a little way along the passage when I heard a jingling behind me. I knew that the governor was in the habit of rattling his keys when he wished to call the attention of a warder. I stopped the party, and turned round sharply. The governor was standing by the door, and when he saw I was attending he stopped, carefully put the mat straight in its proper place, and walked away without saying a word.

I might mentioned that the doormat was never kicked outside again.

While I was at Petworth a lot of till robberies were reported to the police. At last a gang of small boys was caught perpetrating these robberies. The Magistrates did not think the case could well be met by any means in their power, so they consulted the police. The superintendent suggested that one of the boys should be taken to the gaol and given a proper birching.

This suggestion was followed, and when the poor little fellow



Tillington Scouts June 1934 (see "Growing up in Tillington")
Photograph by George Garland.



Fred Streeter in the 1950's.
Photograph by George Garland.

who received the punishment showed his pals what difficulty he had in sitting down we heard no more of any till robberies.

SAVING A WOULD-BE SUICIDE'S LIFE.

Going round the landings at Petworth one day I saw a young soldier hanging in his cell. Petworth, I may mention, is the only prison I have known where there was an iron grating inside each cell door, so that it was possible to open the door and talk to a prisoner and still have a very effective barrier between.

This young soldier had fastened a towel to the top of the gate, and to get at him it was necessary to cut him down first. I no sooner saw him that I whipped out my pocket-knife and, putting my hand through the bars, cut through the towel.

He lay like a log, with blackened face, just inside the door.

I immediately called the chief warder. The chief had had experience with similar cases, and he began to work the man's limbs and roll him about on the floor. Very soon the prisoner began to breathe, and his face lost some of its ghastly colour. In a few minutes we had him out in the yard, propping him up and walking him about in the fresh air.

The doctor had been sent for, and when he arrived and heard the story of how we had found him and brought him round the medical man marvelled.

I have in my time cut down at least half a dozen suicides who have hanged themselves in the cells.

(concluded).

MORE PEOPLE HERE ONCE? TRACING DEAD VILLAGES.

All over the world are villages which have wholly or partly shrunk, or which have shrunk and then got covered by later buildings (e.g. a 19th or 20th century farmyard, or a housing estate), or which have been made into a big house's park. Some shrank, or are still shrinking, as people left to seek work elsewhere; others (a very few) due to flood or plague, others due to a move to a better site elsewhere. Many are down to a farm or two, and that not old at first glance, set in fields without any sign of the bumps that outline where houses were. But converging footpaths or roads, or the characteristic one- or two-room outlines of houses, old fruit-trees in a field, a church on its own or next to a big house, or a place-name denoting a hamlet or village, are all hints of vanished villages. You need to study the immediate landscape, soil, extant houses, water-sources; bumps and hollows show better

at sunset and sunrise, and from up a tree or from a height, or in winter when the grass and greenery is low. Nettles love woodash, and often show where the hearth was. Old roads were a lot narrower than today's, being for packhorses rather than wheeled vehicles - Willett's Lane in Tillington, or Hunger's Lane, these are typical examples; you can often see them converging on an old village as "hollow ways", the village street. Remember that the old roads might now have become footpaths only, and that today's roads can be on different routes. Look for ancient fords and ferries: each end may well have (had) its village. There are also villages that arose on crossroads. If the land is sodden, or sterile, a village there is unlikely. The Medieval Village Research Group is the place to consult or contact if you need help or find any sites (D.O.E., Fortress House, 23 Savile Row, London W1). Publish your finds, e.g. in the Bulletin of the Petworth Society.

The following are possible sites, suggested by their place-names and/or setting, as on the O.S.1" map; local knowledge (yours, tested by visiting the spot) can verify or reject them at leisure. When you go, make a clear sketch-plan as well as notes; date it; measure it either by tape-measure, or by paces (measure yours!), or by your boot's length as unit. Never go onto private land without the farmer's permission; never try to dig up the ground, but see if there's any bits of pottery (or flints, even) on surface, whether from ploughing or from rabbit's works. Do nothing to force the evidence to fit your preconceptions; but let the evidence lead you to the true picture. If in doubt, include it - you can always throw it away later. Take photos, too; and don't put off the taking of notes, plan, or photos, for next time you come the site may be disturbed or destroyed.

So to the site-list. I live at Penrith (Cumbria), you live round Petworth, so it's up to you to test these:

<u>Site</u>	<u>Grid ref.</u> (centred on:)	<u>1st appearance,</u> <u>and Placename's</u> <u>meaning</u> (from E.P.N.S's <u>Sussex vol.</u>)	<u>Comments</u>
Kilsham	967196	Kelesham, 13th c "Cylli's Village"	Now a farm off the old Chichester road road over Rother Br.

Grittenham	942214	Greteham, 1086 "Great village"	Now an old farm
Budham	Not on 1" O.S.	Bodeham, 1296 "Buda's farm- village"	Wood in bend of R. Rother in Tillington Parish
Tillington	964222	Tullington, 960 "Tulla's farm- village"	Perhaps there was more of Tillington east and north of the Church, where the Park now is
Selham	93 20	Seleham, 1086, "Muddy village"	Motte (castle) guards the ford; church and few houses to southwards. Very wet areas even now
Ambersham, South	917208	"Aembre's ham" (village), 963	Same meaning for N. Ambersham too
Todham, Great and Little	90 20	Tadeham, 1086 "Tada's village"	Probably extended from Gt. T. to Lt. T. Farms
Colhook	964278	Colhok, 1281 ?"Cola's hook of land"	Spur of dry land near ponds, in heath. A few cottages yet.
Ebernoe	970278	Hyb eneogh, 1262 "Low spur by marsh-stream"	Scattered cottages; modern House and church. Old kiln on green
Old Elkham	994256	Elkesham) Eclesham), 1242	Now one 19th-20th c barn in ploughed field, on old path N-S, near SW-NE green lane. No sign of village at Elkham (995261)
Flexham	0022	Flexham, 1278 "Flax farm- village"	Probably near or under the coppices of Flexham Park
Bedham	017218	Budeham, c.1245 "Buda's farm- village", cf. Budham above	Was it ever any bigger? (Derelict modern church in wood, too)

Egdean	997202	Egedene, 1279 "Ecga's valley"; formerly called Bletteham, c. 1121 "Bleak, wretched village"	Rectors from 389; small old church on path westwards. Little sign now of village here
Ebernoe Common	9726 -9727		All but Sibland de- molished lately
Bittlesham	Not on O.S. 1"	Betilsham, 1541	(Bull. Pet. Soc. 27, 1982, p.8ff)
Hesworth	00 19 (House:000197)	Heshworth Street, 1740; but? = Hereswerth, 1296, north "Here's farm-village"	Now a c.1900 large house, + Common on
Shopham	985185	Shobeham, 1279 "Sceobba's village"	Bridge here in 1279, i.e. on a <u>main</u> road then
Coates	998178	Kotes, c.1142; Cotes, 1291 "Rough cottages, huts"	Evidently shrunken, by look of it on map
Horncroft	00 17 (Farm 004173)	Extant 1288 "Farm /Village on/with horn" (of land; or on its walls)	Look to the farm rather than the modern hamlet on the road B2138
Burton	967175	Botechitone, 1086 "Bodeca's farm- village"	Now small old church and large c.1800 house, in park; hammer-ponds (=former <u>jobs</u>) nearby
Barlavington	972161	Berleventone, 1086 "Beorlaf's farm- village"	- Church, stud- farm, cottage or two
Ridlington	954177	Writelington, 1261 "Wyrstel's farm- village"	Farm on E-W path; - ington names = v. old settlements

That's enough to start with! Off you go.

JEREMY GODWIN.

New members list will appear in the March Bulletin. Ed.

Ms. A. 9. 1. 23