

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY *magazine*

Issue No. 58
December 1989

Price to
non-members £1.00



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Cover drawing and design by Jonathan Newdick
after an original photograph belonging to Mrs Barbara Calder
showing the west side of Market Square decorated for
Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee in 1897.

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This Bulletin was printed by:-
MIDHURST AND PETWORTH PRINTERS

11 Rothermead,
PETWORTH. Tel. 42456

Duck Lane,
MIDHURST. Tel. 6321

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Published by:- The Petworth Society

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PLEASE PASS TO A FRIEND

The new quarterly magazine of the Petworth Society is now available. The 1989 cover design shows the west side of Market Square decorated for Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee in 1897. On a more modern note there is an analysis of the forthcoming referendum on a western bypass route through Petworth Park. It is suggested that continuing confrontation with the National Trust is not the way forward. It is time for all factions in Petworth to work together to stem the assault on the town's historic centre by heavier and heavier lorries. Something needs to be done quickly and the article calls on the National Trust to commission a study at the highest level to suggest how heavy lorries can be inhibited from entering the centre of Petworth. There is the usual account of the Society's activities over the last quarter with particular reference to meetings in the Leconfield Hall.

Robert Harris discusses the decline of the English fair tradition over this century, the reasons for it, and the particular significance of Petworth Fair in this context. Michael Wall, curator of the Chalkpits Industrial Museum at Amberley talks about his work and the growing success of the Museum. "To Eaton Square and back" is an account of domestic service at the beginning of this century, while "Early Days at Avenings" gives a fascinating glimpse at Petworth life in the years leading up to the Great War, the war itself, and the 1920s through the eyes of a member of the Mant family. "Burton Park between the wars", is perhaps self-explanatory, while "Granny Rowe" is the third of F.M. Rowe's very popular recollections of life at Duncton in the early 1920s. There are the usual short notes including one on the Tickner family. A feature of this Magazine are the nine photographs of Petworth Fair 1988 by John Rosser, while there are also pictures of the Society Christmas evening by Tony Whitcomb and old photographs to accompany the relevant articles.

The circulation of the Magazine, now in its 55th Issue, is at present 800. Many of these are delivered locally but a significant number, (over 200) are sent to Petworth exiles at home and abroad. The Petworth Society while it organises large events such as the return of the Toronto Scottish Regiment to Petworth in 1985 and 1987 and Petworth Fair holds regular monthly meetings during the winter months in the Leconfield Hall. On the 14th March Roger Fitter of English Woodlands talks on "The Role of Trees in Landscape and Forest" (Slides). On Wednesday 19th April Mrs V. Bennett-Levy will talk to the Annual General Meeting on "The Royal Maundy" while on October 11th Sir Francis Avery Jones M.D. F.R.C.P. will talk on "Herbs, their importance past and present".

Society walks, almost invariably on Sundays, continue throughout the year. Details of those for the coming quarter will be found in the Magazine. In the summer there will be the usual walks and garden visits but particularly the Gardens walks in Petworth and Fittleworth. The annual clean-up of roads and verges is in April. You may have seen the Exhibition, "A Country Photographer" at the Public Library; this was mounted by the Society. We also look after the two notice-boards, in New Street and Lombard Street.

Why not join us? Annual subscription is £4 single or double membership with Magazine delivered locally, £5 postal delivery or £5.50 overseas. Please fill in the form below and return it either to...

Mr. P. HOUNSHAM,
50 Sheepdown Drive,
Petworth.

or to

Mrs R. Staker,
2 Grove Lane, Petworth,

alternatively simply bring it in to Anne

at E. Streeter and Daughter
Lombard Street - (almost opposite the Church).

If you already receive the magazine, please forgive this intrusion. May we simply thank you for your continuing support.

Peter Jerrome
Keith Thompson

The Petworth Society

Application for Membership

I wish to become a member of The Petworth Society subject to the rules of the Society, and I enclose a subscription of (min. £4). (Postal Minimum £5, overseas £5.50).

BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

Full Name (Mr./Mrs./Miss)

Address

.....

Date

Signature.....

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 £4.00. Single or Double one Bulletin delivered. Postal £5.00. Overseas £5.50. 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. Treasurer - Mr. P. Hounsham, 50 Sheepdown Drive,
Petworth.

Hon. Membership Sec. - Mrs. R. Staker, 2 Grove Lane, Petworth.

Committee - Mrs. J. Boss, Mrs. Julia Edwards,
Mr. Ian Godsmark, Lord Egremont,
Mrs. Janet Ford, Mrs. Audrey Grimwood,
Mrs. Betty Hodson, Mr. John Patten,
Mrs. Anne Simmons, Mr. D.S. Sneller,
Mr. J. Taylor, Mr. E. Vincent

Membership enquiries to Mrs. Staker please, Bulletin circulation enquiries to Peter or Bill (Vincent).

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Mrs. Adams (Byworth), Mrs. Hodson (Sutton
and Duncton), Mr. Vincent (Tillington and
River), Mrs. Harvey (Fittleworth).

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

I will try to keep these notes to a minimum as I append separate accounts of Society events. Magazine 57 (750 copies) is already long sold out and I am sorry if any new member could not have a copy. The print will probably have to be increased for next year.

I would particularly draw your attention to Tuesday December 5th when the National Trust make a presentation of their plans for Petworth House and give an overall view of what they have already achieved there. The presentation is in association with this Society and the first step in a continuing and determined effort by the Trust to come out into the town and identify itself much more closely with it, a cause I have supported consistently over the years. Neither town nor Trust can lose from a greater degree of consultation, discussion and co-operation. Even a measure of disagreement implies a dialogue and dialogue is essential for an ultimately united town.

I do not give a special report on the Charles Leazell Exhibition: so many members were actually present that a report seems almost superfluous. It was very much a committee effort and raised £1610.94 for the charity "Shelter" and an equivalent amount for this Society.

Shelter

NATIONAL CAMPAIGN FOR THE HOMELESS

88 Old Street London EC1V 9HU 01253 0202

No. 008313

Received with grateful thanks the sum of £1610-94

from MR P. JERROME

CHAIRMAN THE PETWORTH SOCIETY
TROWELS
POUND STREET
W. SUSSEX

Date 9-10-89

E. J. for DIRECTOR

Receipt for £1610.94 paid by the Society
on behalf of Mr and Mrs Bodiley.



Ron Pidgley's Poster design for Petworth Fair 1989.

Virtually all originals were sold and a high proportion of the limited edition prints. The very few that remain are available from Anne at E. Streeter and Daughter but supplies may be exhausted by the time you read these notes. The prints do make a superlative Christmas present. The touchstone of the weekend was that everyone appears thoroughly to have enjoyed it. The preview was a really happy occasion and no one seemed to begrudge the long time spent waiting outside the Leconfield Hall on the Saturday morning, the queue forming initially at 6.00 a.m. I was not present to see this!

What the Society will do with the money will have to be discussed at the November committee meeting. It may have the effect of reopening the old question of a permanent room or display of Petworth memorabilia. It is a subject that, while not urgent at present, will need a degree of thought in ensuing years.

The Fair will of course fall within the period of the printing of this magazine. I hope it will again be a "Petworth" day in every sense. Mike Pope sends me this cutting from the Sussex County Magazine for March 1937. Is it true?

Petworth Fair Weather

It is declared to be a fact, observed and verified for many generations, that whatever weather is experienced locally on the day of Petworth Fair (November 20th), similar weather is always experienced on Christmas Day. In making Christmas plans, therefore, it would seem wise to get in touch beforehand with a Petworth resident.

Peter.

1st November 1989.

AUDREY'S CIRCULAR WHITEWAYS WALK SEPTEMBER 3RD

The road up on to the downs at Bignor was a good deal better than I had anticipated and once we were on top of the downs a great vista spread out beneath us to the south. It was an unusually clear day and we could make out Selsey Bill, Chichester Cathedral and the skyscraper flats on the front at Bognor. Further away was the great mass of the Isle of Wight. Was it really the Isle of Wight? Yes, we were assured, it was, it was an unusually clear day. Aud. and Eileen said that if you were up here at dusk you could see the lights spread out beneath you all along the coast. It was a glorious day; standing on the hill we could watch the gliders, looking down on them as they flew over the valley below.

Up on the downs all was brown, a legacy of the long hot summer. Aeroplanes seemed nearer up here, heard but not always seen. It was fifty years to the day since the declaration of war in 1939. The newspaper and television hype had made thinking about this seem almost hackneyed but here, not being bullied by the media, was a time to think about these things, thoughts allowed to run at random, unmarshalled by the hectoring voice of others. The unseen engines carried a hint of menace.

"Snips" was in the water-trough and there were ships on the glittering sea. Storm damage had opened up the view but it was the scarp that had taken the full brunt of the hurricane, trees swept away in vast corridors. The clearers had left what they could and oak and ash were slowly growing back. Clematis and mugwort were in full growth and the pink heads of hemp agrimony were everywhere. We made Whiteways, stopping for tea or ice-cream and then began the long trek up through the woods. The paths were very dry and here again the hemp agrimony was the dominant flower. As we reached the top again we could see the doomed Bognor gasometer away to the south. The blackberries were dying already, just as if they had been sprayed. It had been an early year and autumn would come early too.

AUDREY'S IMPROBABLY RELAXED BURY RIVERSIDE WALK OCTOBER 8TH

The weather forecast had been rather discouraging but in fact it was a pleasant enough October afternoon, if a little breezy. Parking at the ferry is always difficult so we took as few cars as possible and disposed them round the village as best we could. For some it was a fair walk down to the river. The ferry of course has



The Charles Lezell Exhibition preview. 22nd September.
Peter (left) and Keith (right) with Mr and Mrs Bodiley and Lord and Lady Egremont.
Photograph by Tony Whitcomb.

long ceased to operate and is just a memory now, buttressed by one or two famous Garland photographs. Mr Dudman in the 1930s had been a retired sea-faring man.



This particular walk isn't really like any other because it is so short and broken at half-way with a visit to the tea-rooms at Amberley. It is also inseparably connected with Tilden Eldridge for this was the last walk he took with us. Two years ago on just such a Sunday afternoon as this he had solved the parking problem virtually single-handed by bringing his mini-coach, as he so often did, and also by buying tea at Amberley for anyone who had forgotten to bring their money. Perhaps it had been a little sunnier that day, there was a fairly stiff breeze blowing along the river bank. We shared out Audrey's basket of apples as we had done two years ago: we could remember Tilden doing this then, and set off.

Some of us found the succession of stiles a little difficult but we persevered, making a leisurely progress along the meandering bank of the river. The occasional boat passed throwing up a wash against the river bank. With such a short distance to cover there was no need to hurry. This is not a walk for those who walk with purpose. In time we crawled out under a stile on to the busy A29 to go over Houghton Bridge to the tea-room. It was their last week of the season but one. We could sit out and watch the swans or people taking out boats, or just look at the river. Very leisurely. Why had Audrey called it "improbably relaxed"? Nothing to do with Audrey it appeared. Some extravagant phrase dreamed up by the Chairman. What did it mean? "Well", said the sage when pressed. "It means the walk is so relaxed you wouldn't believe it unless you were actually on it, so it's improbable." Time to get everyone together again and set off back to Bury.

P.

RILEY'S NORTHCHAPEL WALK OCTOBER 29TH

Riley sometimes has good weather for his walks, sometimes bad: rarely in-between. Walkers can find themselves on the top of Blackdown on a glorious May morning or looking at the lake in

Shillinglee in mid-November with the rain buzzing angrily off the surface of the water and seeping into anoraks. October 29th was, on the face of it, a decidedly uninviting day: dull and wet in Petworth Square and the rain blowing into our faces across the Car Park at Northchapel Village Hall. A day for the stalwarts rather than the uncommitted, but by no means a bad turn-out for such a wet day. Riley was as imperturable as ever.

We set off across the main road, down a lane that was new territory to me. It wouldn't have been, Riley reminded me if I'd been on either of the two Blackdown walks: they went this way too. Quite soon we were passing Upper Diddlesfold with its farm pond, then just past the farm, a meadow studded with mushrooms, the intense white of their crowns standing out clearly even on such a wet sunless day. The rain intensified but the wind was less violent than it had been on the Saturday. We climbed a stile and tramped single file through a wood coming out eventually on the Lickfold Road. Here we turned left along the road, Riley pointing out the path we would have taken over the road if we were making the ascent to Blackdown. Turning off the road again we doubled back through another mixture of woodland and meadow coming eventually to a tall hedge of golden yellow leaves, the plant stem looking like bamboo, then some carefully cut pieces of topiary. Here was the cluster of houses that forms Hill Grove, a favourite Garland haunt between the wars when the Bicknell family made cider here and birch brooms.

From Hill Grove it was a straight road back to Northchapel. The rain continued but it had been new territory for many of us. Riley said he had a different walk up his sleeve for next spring and would do another May visit to Blackdown. A good afternoon. The Petworth Society never bothers overmuch about the weather.

P.

HERBS: THEIR IMPORTANCE, PAST AND PRESENT OCTOBER 11TH

There was an excellent audience in the Leconfield Hall for the first of the Petworth Society's winter season of monthly meetings when Sir Francis Avery Jones, M.D., F.R.C.P., a former consultant physician in London and sometime holder of the ancient position of Curator at the Barbers' Surgeons' Herb Garden in the City of London, spoke on "Herbs: their importance, past and present", illustrating his talk with slides. As a specialist in digestive disorders, Sir Francis has had a life-long interest in herbs and a

continuing awareness of their potential for healing action. In retirement at Nutbourne he has a carefully planned and purpose-built herb garden that illustrates both ancient tradition and modern use. He stressed the importance of colour and a slide of a border of chives in flower highlighting a medley of greens demonstrated this point to perfection.

The title 'herb', is in origin a general name for a plant but in its modern use may be defined as 'a plant of specialist use for man or animal'. The uses of herbs are manifold; domestic, culinary, medicinal, for dyeing, even sacred or magical. The Druids, Sir Francis reminded his audience, were adept at using herbs in their rituals and the Ancient Britons too were well aware of their various properties. Some plants like bluebell or the ramsons - or wild garlic - had established themselves here after the last Ice Age.

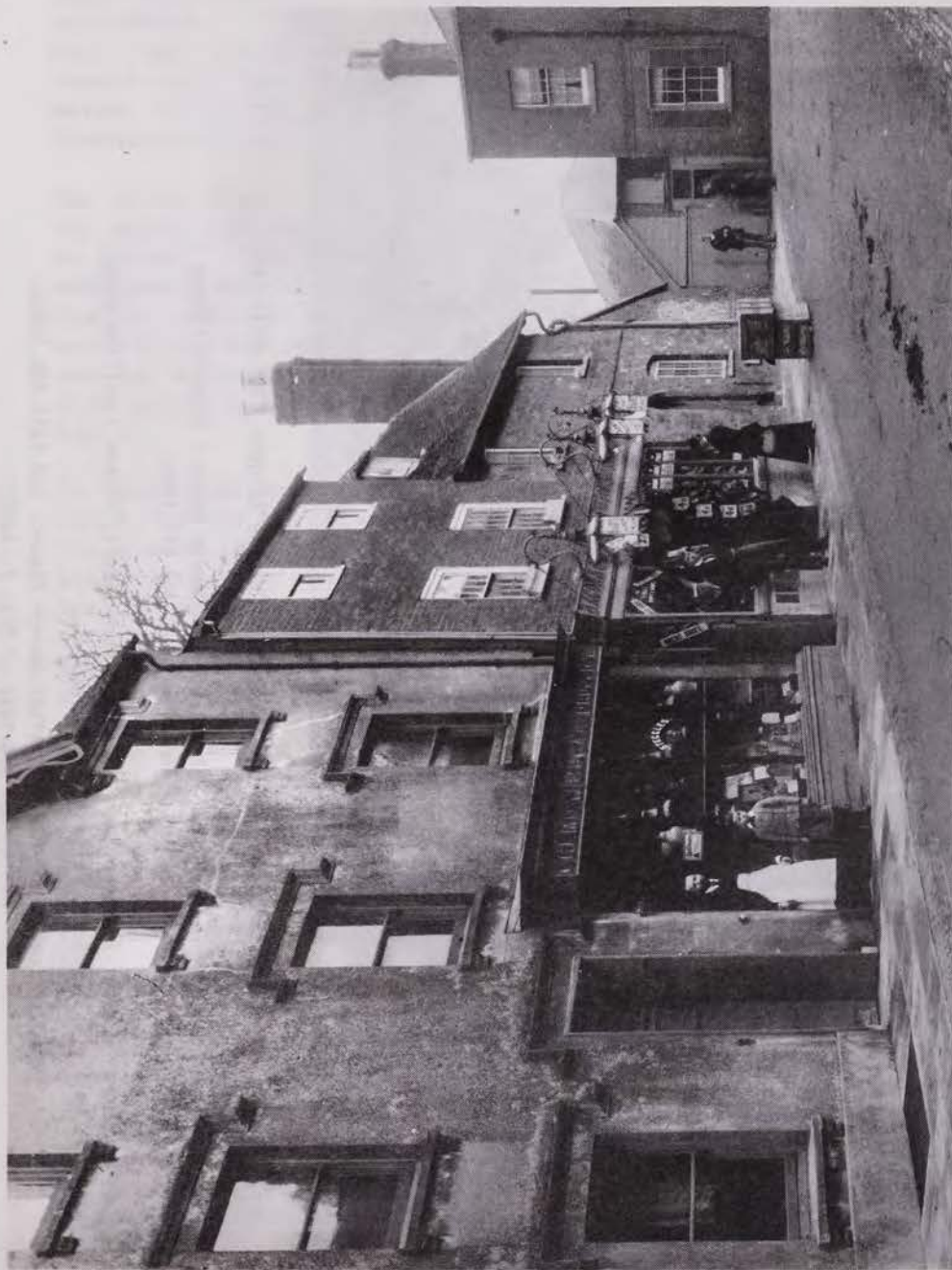
So many herbs however were brought over by the Romans that the coming of the Legions heralded a new era in Britain. This list of their additions to the indigenous species is an almost endless one. Alexanders, chervil, fennel, horseradish, marjoram, mint and taragon are but a few. The ancestors of many modern vegetables were Roman introductions too but they were less aware of flowers. When they left, it was the monks who would carry on their traditions: the Romans had been well aware of the anti-biotic properties of some plants in the treatment of wounds and indeed garlic was still being extensively grown for the treatment of wounds as late as the 1914-18 war. A ration of licquorice was given to the legions before a day's march. It retained salt in the tissues and inhibited thirst. Later this herb would be grown freely by the Dominicans at Pontefract.

John Gerard the Elizabethan herborist's great herbal, still used today, marks another chapter in the story of herbs. The Elizabethans used herbs not simply for cooking or medicinal purposes, but used meadowsweet and like plants to sweeten the air in their homes. Prunella vulgaris, the carpenter's wort or self-heal was used to staunch bleeding, carpenters being particularly in need of such medication! Costmary was used for insect bites. The Elizabethan still-room was a hive of industry, distilling cordial water, drying bunches of tansy for its fresh, pungent aroma, drying woodruff for pillows. Saponaria, the soapwort or "Bouncing Bet" was still being regularly grown and used at Uppark until the recent fire for washing delicate fabrics.



Back Row / Mr. Mackie / Darcy Rushworth / Charlie Baigent / Mr. Williams.
 Centre Row
 Arthur Napper / Frank Pullen / Frank Speed / George Smith / Clarrie Linton /
 Ray Roane / Charlie Simpson / Ron Williams / Joe Williams.
 Front Row
 George Muskett / Arthur Hill / George Baxter / Bert. Purser / William Gigg /
 Charlie Hill / Bert. Pellett / Ted Gigg.

Petworth Scouts in 1922 just after George Peacock had left the troop.
 Photograph courtesy of Mrs. P. Sadler.



George Steggles with his son Cecil at the Church Street shop before he moved to Market Square.
The picture would have been taken in the 1890's. Photograph by Walter Kevis.

Sir Francis then went on to discuss the more modern uses of herbs indigenous and foreign in medicine before dealing with a large number of questions - always an indication of interest. He had given a tantalising glimpse of a world where folklore, tradition and exact science at times go hand in hand.

Sir Francis was warmly thanked on the Society's behalf by Mr. John Patten and refreshments were provided by Mrs. Ada Parvin and her very able helpers.

P.

26 Orchard Paddock,
Haxby,
YORK, YO3 8DP.

8th October, 1989.

Dear Peter,

I enclose "A Sussex Ploughmans Song" as promised.

This song was sung by my Grandfather Robert Strudwick, who lived in the Kirdford and Wisborough Green areas and worked with horses all his life.

It was given to me by his youngest son, Mr. Arthur Strudwick, (whom you met at Kirdford) who went to school in Wisborough Green and now lives in Scawby, Brigg, South Humberside.

It was nice to meet up again last weekend, and the Kirdford event was certainly a huge success.

Yours sincerely,
F.A. Kenward.

A SUSSEX PLOUGHMANS SONG

Tw'as early one morning, just break of the day,
The cocks were a crowing, the farmer did say,
Come arise my good fellows, come arise with good will,
Your horses wants something, their bellies to fill.

When five o'clock came boys then up we did rise,
And into our stables, bold and merrily did fly,
With a rubbing and scrubbing, our horse avow
For we are all jolly fellows, that follows the plough.

When six o'clock came boys, at breakfast we meet,
With beef, pork and bread boys we heartily did eat,
With a piece in our pocket, I'll swear and I'll vow
For we are all jolly fellows that follows the plough.

When seven o'clock came boys away then we go,
We trip o'er the plain boys as nimbly as doe,
And when we get there so jolly and bold,
We will see which of us, the straight furrow can hold.

Our master came to us and to us he did say,
What have you been doing boys, this ere long day,
You have not ploughed your acre, I swear and vow
You are idle fellows that follow the plough.

I stepped up to him and made this reply,
We have ploughed our acre and you tells a lie,
We have ploughed our acre I swear and I vow
We are all jolly fellows that follows the plough.

He turned himself round and laughed at the joke,
Tis past two o'clock boys and time to unyoke,
Unharness your horses and rub them down well
And I'll give you a jug of my very best ale.

Come all you brave fellows where eer you may be,
You take this advice and be ruled by me,
Never fear your master I swear and I vow,
You are all jolly fellows that follows the plough.

Bob Copper writes:

15.10.89.

Dear Peter,

We certainly have various songs about Ploughmen and Ploughboys in my father's collection but "A Sussex Ploughman's Song"/"We're All Jolly Fellows Who Follow the Plough" is not one of them. I never heard him sing it. It was, though, an extremely popular song amongst country people in the southern counties. Cecil Sharp said of it "... almost every singer knows it; the bad singers often knew but little else."

When collecting traditional songs for the B.B.C. Permanent Library in Sussex and Hampshire in the 1950's I would often sing a verse from this song as a test piece to assess the possibilities of other, and perhaps better, songs lurking in the memory of a prospective songster. Almost invariably it would be remembered, by singers and non-singers alike, and must be the most widely known song in southern England. It was always sung to a tune based on the ubiquitous "Villikins and Dinah". Bob Lewis, the well-known West Sussex folk-singer, still sings it from time to time - and he sings it very well.

"Discovering Kirdford". From a colour photograph by Reg. Thompson.



"DISCOVERING KIRDFORD". SEPTEMBER 30TH-OCTOBER 1ST

It was clear that the Ifold Local History Society were going to make a big effort with their September exhibition "Discovering Kirdford". Three times Janet Austin and Flora Nineham had come over to rummage through the Garland albums and now they had more than fifty pictures. We haven't done a full-scale exhibition for some years and I still regard myself as "convalescent" after the last one. Perhaps in 1990! I certainly didn't envy Janet and her friends their task.

The Village Hall was quite busy at 1.45 on the Sunday afternoon. When I left at 4.15 the Hall was packed to bursting. It was the mark of a successful exhibition that people were saying there was simply too much to take in, yet at the same time making suggestions not so much for improvement as for expansion! It had all been

meticulously thought-out and planned; thirty-eight different sections each clearly labelled and set out either on desks or on sturdy screens on loan from the Weald School. Even then many of the sections looked capable of considerable subdivision. The Garland photographs, numerous as they were, were well distributed around the room, just one thread in a larger tapestry.

On the back wall was the huge Kirdford tithe map of 1847 not publicly on view for many years. Reg. Thompson had even brought along the famous nineteenth century Payne diaries - but these were carefully kept at one side. Another treat for the connoisseur was an original indenture concerning Brownings Farm dating from 1578, together with a transcription, the latter looking quite venerable too!

It's not the place here to detail the thirty-eight different sections, overflowing into the room at the back. Under newspapers (Section 2) I found a mention of the "friendly Petworth Society Magazine". I liked that and was pleased to see a number of Kirdford articles from this Magazine put up on the screens. Three tramps, announced the West Sussex Gazette in 1865, had been in trouble for making a fire within fifty feet of the highway. The chapel at Kirdford had had its opponents too I learned, an old basket-woman playing the Jews harp on the steps to deter the worshippers. Fruit, and particularly apples, played a prominent role in Kirdford life (Sections 6 and 7).

Here too (Section 9) were old Kirdford shops, Myrams the butchers on the Green and so many others. Here too were postcards, inns and historic houses, the Calf Club and, in the room behind, agricultural pictures and Mr Treadwell's collection of old farming implements, corn forks, straw bands, seed trays and even a yoke. Old family pictures aroused as much interest as anything as also individual sections on Kirdford characters like the Rev. Sidebotham or Ron Snelling. This summary is notable as much for what it omits as what it includes, the enthusiasm was obvious and understandable. So many Kirdford people, so many visitors too had really "Discovered Kirdford".

P.

TO THE MOLE

Blind velvet creature
'Neath the grass,
You are so still
As by I pass.
You hunt at night
And sleep most days
And show to none
Your secret ways:
And yet I find,
I'm wondering still,
Why do you show us
Each neat hill
Pushed up by your
Enquiring nose
With help from your
Enormous toes?
But I could never
Wish you harm,
Nor would the man
Who owns the farm:
But you won't see
Another dawn,
If you start digging
On my lawn!

Ken Wells

HIGH STREET, PETWORTH.

It was some time in 1928 that we moved into Petworth in High Street from Fox Hill. My father wanted to be nearer the Mill and the station at Petworth, so, to my dismay, we left the good stabling and paddock. However, father was friendly with Mr Wells at the Angel Hotel, who kindly said I might use the stable behind Angel Shades, a beer-house opposite the hotel.

The horse I had then, a young chestnut gelding, had been lent to me by Ryan Price. Strangely enough, when we moved out from the house at Fox Hill, the Price family moved in. They had previously lived at Bury Gate, Fittleworth.

The house in High Street was, I thought, very disappointing. It

was in a row with no garden, just a little yard at the back where we put a few hens. There was a space for the car at one side and no electricity, but that was nothing new to us.

The previous tenant had turned the large front lounge into a Tea-room. My mother disliked the huge shop windows so she locked up the front door in the centre which opened on to the pavement, and hung muslin curtains the complete height. We could then see out, but no one could see into the room. The main entry was made from the 'Car-Port' as it would be called today, into a small office. The front room was very large with an Ingle Nook fireplace. Upstairs there were two double bedrooms in front and a smaller bedroom and a bathroom at the back.

I hated it at first, chasing up Angel Street at 6 o'clock in the morning to feed the horse.

Going up the street, next door to us was a butcher, Peacocks, later to be Lerwills then Speeds. Then came Dean's the fishmongers. I think then Whetham's general stores. Lastly Hazelman's shop, the bakery being round in Middle Street. They bought our flour for the Bakery so we knew them all very well. At the lower end of High Street on the opposite side was Dawtrey's stables and yard. These were next to Lancaster House where Mr Walter Dawtrey lived with Mrs Dawtrey and their niece; it is now a dentist's. Mr Morrissey used to exercise the horses in Fairfield, which was then a very large field, now it is the Fairfield Medical Centre. Next came the Co-op Stores and Kitchen Court, then Archway House, where lived Colonel Mayne, an autocratic old gentleman who exercised his little dog at the same time each morning. After this there were two houses where Mr Morrissey and Mr Smith lived. Mr Card, had an electrical shop next and later he also had the shop which is now Caines, on the opposite side. A yard contained some workshops used by Leazells and Thears, and six more stalls for Dawtrey's horses. To the east was the Queens Head Pub. I'm told there was a cobbler next, and the Archway at the top led to the Veterinary Surgeon's office, stables and house; both Mr Spurgeon and his wife kept hunters.

Returning to our small place, (now the Electricity Showrooms), at the further end of our carport were two very high wooden doors kept locked, inside was the garage for Pym Purser's two hire cars. We used to hear the men working in there. If the weather was very hot they would throw open the big doors to let some air through.

In February 1929 we had an extremely cold spell with no water in the mains of High Street. A cart brought water round for two weeks, and all the horses had their shoes roughed for the icy roads. We left High Street that summer after my father died.

P.C.

GEORGE STEGGLES

I am sure that the older residents of Petworth remember my father, familiarly known as "Doc Steggles" where he carried on the business of a Chemist in the shop (now Kingswood Chemists) at the corner of New Street and Market Square, though I doubt whether there is anyone living who would remember him at the shop, formerly belonging to Mr. Edgar, in Church Street, which was pulled down at the end of the last century, and on the site of which the War Memorial now stands.

My father left school at the age of thirteen and started work in the surgery of the doctors in the town. He would tell me of seeing a doctor remove a child's tonsils, merely holding the child on his knee and without any kind of anaesthetic! In later years mine were, in fact, removed at home with the kitchen table as the operating table, but I did have the benefit of an anaesthetic!

Whilst working my father continued his education by attending night school and ultimately qualified as a Chemist and Druggist at Westminster College of Chemistry and Pharmacy. Bronze medallions (and silver) were awarded at the College for proficiency. I think that my father had four or five, all of which were always displayed in one of the show cases on the counter in the shop. One awarded for proficiency in Materia Medica is still in my possession.

In the early days my father also acted as a dentist and extracted teeth (still without any pain killer) at six pence (old money) a time. This had to end, however on my father's marriage to my mother because, whereas his first wife had been prepared to hold the heads of the patients, my mother was not.

Apart from occasional help from my two half brothers, both qualified chemists, before they left home to take up jobs elsewhere, my father ran the business with only my sister, Edie, as full time helper. My mother helped at busy times and, as I became old enough, I did what I could but I was still at school when my

father died in 1930. My father never took a holiday in his life and his working hours started at 8 a.m. every day continuing until 6 p.m. at the earliest, and 8 p.m. on Saturdays. Prior to my recollection he opened at 7 a.m. daily and closed at 10 p.m. on Saturdays. No matter how late the Saturday closing there was always one customer, living quite near to the shop, who always came in for some small purchase at the very last minute. The shop never closed during the day, my father and Edie staggering their mealtimes so that one of them was always there.

For his leisure my father would, on early closing day (Wednesday) hire a wagonette from Mr. Streeter and take us all to Bedham or some other place in the country for a picnic. Later we were able to go farther afield, sometimes to the coast, with "Pim" Purser driving us in her taxi.



George Stegges
at the seaside.

My father did a lot of walking in his younger days and would think nothing of walking to the South Downs, and back, on Wednesdays. He took a great interest in wild flowers and would bring back specimens or orchids and other rare flowers and display them in the shop. As a result, in later years, when he could not walk so far customers living in the country would bring specimens to him - a practice that would be frowned upon in these days of conservation.

Two particular brands of cigarettes sold in the shop were very popular, namely Evening Star and Players Number 2. My father bought them in boxes containing two hundred or more cigarettes and, for sale, they were packed into bundles wrapped in small squares of white paper, sealed with sealing wax. Evening Star sold at fifteen cigarettes for seven pence and Players Number 2, a slightly better quality, at fourteen for seven pence halfpenny.



Interior of the Chemist's
Shop in Market Square c1900.

My father was very fond of children and those that came into the shop were frequently given a sweet - a large strong acid drop or a blackcurrant pastille - from the big jars which, with other medicinal tablets stood behind the counter, and the really lucky ones would be given a block of Allen & Hanbury's, or Ovaltine, chocolate. Elizabeth Wyndham, the adopted daughter of Lord and Lady Leconfield often came into the shop with her nanny and, when she had her first Shetland pony insisted upon bringing it up the two steps and right into the shop "to show Mr. Stegges".

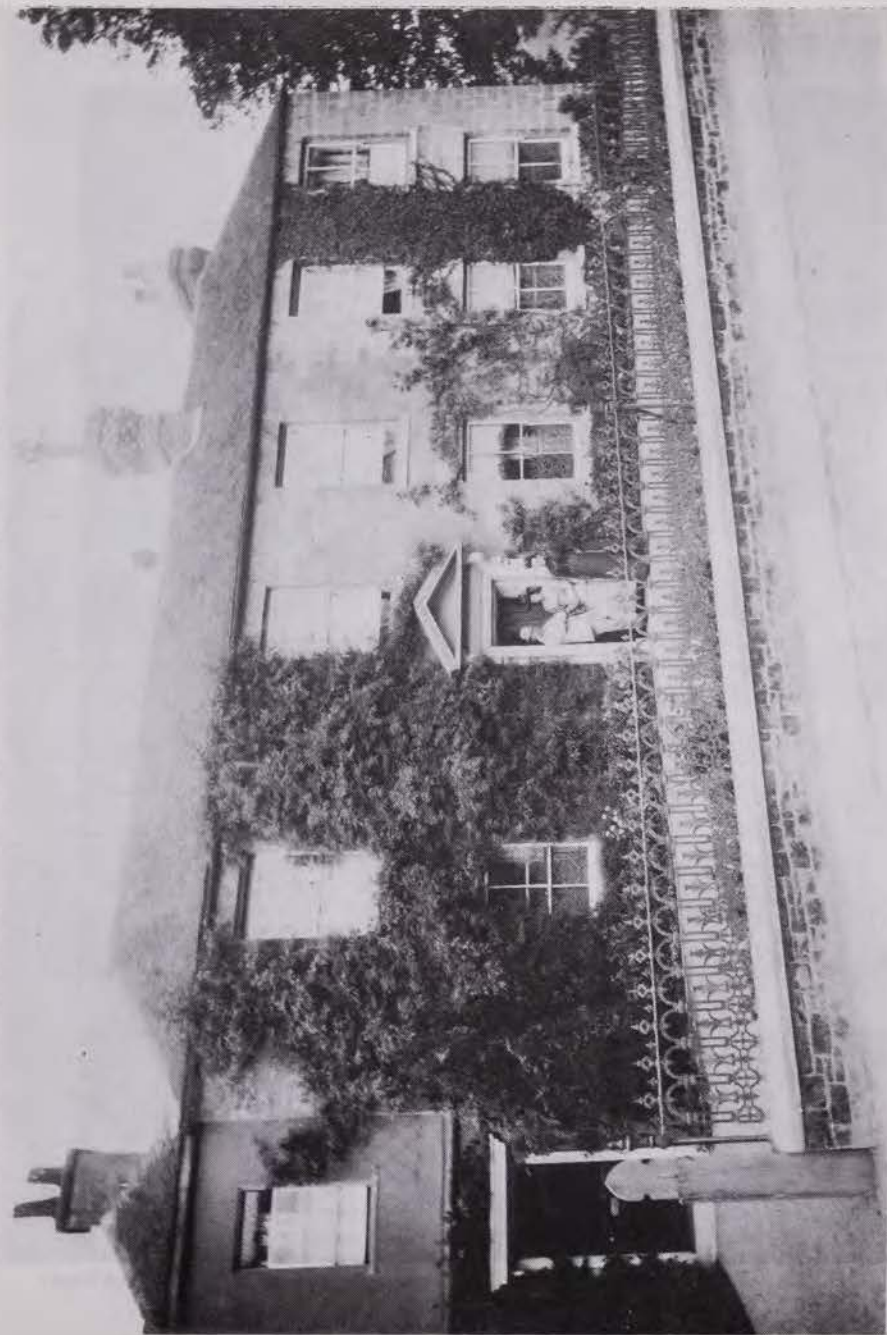
A boy, starting at the age of twelve and continuing until he was fourteen, and left school, was always employed for two hours early evening and on Saturday mornings, to deliver items bought by customers during the day, and do other odd jobs. On more than one occasion, as one boy left, his younger brother took on the job.

They took the goods out in a large wicker basket covered in "American cloth" to keep them dry. Frequently they had to push crates of syphons of Soda Water or Lemonade on a truck to Petworth House and other large houses in the town. When, during the 1920's, King George V and Queen Mary stayed at Pitshill for Goodwood, my father supplied the Soda Water etc to Pitshill. Not at any time before or after were syphons cleaned as much as they were before being sent to Pitshill.

I don't think that I ever remember seeing the things in the windows of the shop changed. Apart from a row of carboys on a shelf at the top, the New Street window was always filled with animal medicines and other farming requirements. Cooper's Sheep Dip is one that comes to my mind. It really did not matter what was in the window facing the Square for it was always so full of posters announcing whist drives, dances and other functions that nothing else could be seen. It was recognised as the place in the town for displaying notices and I can remember that Mr. Stevenson, the Boys' school headmaster, (long before the days of radio or T.V.) when in most years he attended the Oxford and Cambridge Boat race, sent telegrams to my father, announcing the result, which we then put into the window for all to see.

The window bench in the Square was a favourite meeting place for the youths of Petworth during summer evenings. If they became too noisy an effective way of removing them was for my father to water the geraniums in the window box at the sitting room window overhead and "accidentally" allow some of the water to spill over.

About three weeks before Christmas each year two very large tables were brought into the shop on which were then displayed all the fancy soaps, perfumes etc that were suitable for presents. My father did not like dealing with these and, as far as possible, left it to the rest of us to do. He was much happier making up prescriptions of medicines and pills. As a child I would watch fascinated as he actually made pills. Physic balls for horses were also made - they were about the size of a sausage and had to be pushed down the horse's throat. My father also made something called a black draught which persons who had imbibed more than was good for them the night before would come into the shop in the morning, and drink, to cure the hangover. For a few weeks each summer bottles of "Kill Wasp" had to be made up which, as well as being lethal from the wasps' point of view, could be smelt all over the house. Everyone was glad when that time was over. I very much



Grays, Angel Street - September 1895. Photograph by Walter Kevis.



A saw bench working at Fittleworth in 1911.
From left: Henry Goodyer, Frank Dalton, George Goodyer. Ern. Goodyer
(with overalls) is standing by the engine. Bob Dalton stands to the front.
Photograph by John Smith.



Charles Leazell's men at work in High Street in the mid 1920's.
The shop is now the Electricity Board showrooms.
Photograph courtesy Miss J. Gumbrell.



The same building in the late 1920's.
Photograph courtesy Mrs P. Catt.

doubt whether a chemist of today would ever be asked to dispense any of these things - or would know how to do so.

A final thought that comes to mind is concerning the carriers who used, on two or three days in the week, to come into the town, originally with their ponies and traps but later with a motor vehicle, from the villages under the Downs and elsewhere. They would leave at the shop little slips of paper, written by the villagers, giving lists of things required, which were then put up and, later, the carrier would call and pay for, and collect them. My father always allowed him something off the price and the villagers also paid the carrier a few coppers, and that was how he made his living.

Judging from the number of people who attended his funeral, and the floral tributes sent, I think that my father's death was a loss to the town.

G.L.S.

ON NOT QUITE LIVING AT GRAYS

I never actually lived at Grays although it had been, as I understand it, home to the Upton family for some two hundred years until my uncle Mitchell "Mike" Upton sold it in the 1920s. I was always told that it had been built by the Upton family, and that the stone had come from one of the stone quarries used for rebuilding Petworth House at the turn of the eighteenth century, the incumbent of Petworth House at the time allowing the Upton family to re-open the quarry just for the stone needed. The stone may in fact have been near to hand; there is a quarry half-way down Shimmings Hill and the almost vertical walls of the Withy Copse seem to indicate a degree of quarrying there too at some time.

My very first recollections of Grays come from toward the end of the 1914-1918 war, when my father Thomas Herbert Upton was working for King and Chasemore in Horsham: he would eventually of course work for Major Courtauld at Burton Park. We set forth for Petworth by train from Horsham (change at Pulborough) to be met at our destination by a privately hired four-wheeler operated by Henry Streeter which took us up to Angel Street. There was a similar horse-vehicle for general public transport but this was before the first motor bus, a Crossley converted ambulance. Henry Streeter came to Angel Street to pick us up three or four days later. Grays had its own turning space in the street opposite so that carriages could sweep round.

At that time the triangle of land bordered by the path alongside the Roman Catholic Church (running to the top of Shimmings Hill) and Angel Street itself belonged to the Upton family. All, that is, except for the little piece of ground outside the Roman Catholic Church which forms the western apex of the triangle; this belonged to the Daintrey family in East Street and was always light-heartedly called by us "Daintrey Park".

The Withy Copse had been kept up by the family over the years although, by the time I am talking of, things were getting much more difficult. The family still however kept up vestiges of the old tradition of self-sufficiency: there was a cow in the cowshed at the bottom of the steep face of the copse and pasture for her in the meadows. There were chicken too. The path through from Angel Street to Round the Hills was always public but access to the Withy Copse itself was controlled by a gate at the side with latch and bolt. The tennis court in the lower meadow was still there when I used to come to the Grays. Although my father's generation was the last to use it, its site can still be made out in the meadow. I would imagine all this was sold to Leconfield when the house was sold. On the other hand it may have been rented from Leconfield.

For a year before I went to Midhurst Grammar School in 1925 I used to bike into Petworth Boys School from Duncton and then go up to Grays for lunch. Grandmother lived there and two maiden aunts and there was a maid and a cook. When the family had all been at home some thirty years before there had been far more retainers of course. The Upton family had a considerable influence on that side of Angel Street: Hill Cottage belonged to the family and was rented for a time by Mr. Pitfield the solicitor. The Barn was put together in 1926/27 from four old cottages on the site. My uncle Mitchell "Mike" Upton lived in what is now The Cottage and dealt in batteries and radios - he had been trained in the new electrics at Ferranti in London at the turn of the century. I remember he had a counter just inside the front door and a generator in the garage at the back. Arnop's Leith was built in 1947 on the builders' yard toward the top of the Angel Street triangle, the rest of the yard already having being turned into lock-up garages.

The Upton family were traditionally professional advisers of various kinds to the big house but many of them seem to have been at the same time in business as entrepreneurs of various kinds, often as estate agents. Until the early 1920s the family were well-known for their annual Old Folks Tea in the Iron Room: tea and cakes for the elderly and an annual entertainment put on by

family and friends. Henry Thomas Upton was my grandfather, Henry Upton my great-grandfather but the line of Uptons at Petworth seems to go back much further than this. I have a picture of John Upton architect to the Earl of Egremont. My grandmother Agnes Upton was a daughter of William Woods Mitchell, founder of the West Sussex Gazette.

The old name for Grays was East Lodge, Grays not apparently going back beyond the end of the last century. No one seems to know the origin of the name: I have heard it suggested that it is a reference to Gray's Elegy, one of the Upton forbears being much interested in poetry, but this seems rather difficult to believe. Family documents show that the east wing was added with a school-room underneath in 1889. This, of course, made the house much bigger than it had been, the new drawing room running right across the house from front to back. The extension cost £1293, a very substantial sum in those days.

Staff had at one time been numerous but were much fewer in my time. There had been a gardener, coachman/stable man, cook-housekeeper, kitchen maid and parlour maid, a nurse when the children were small and a washerwoman coming in. The Upton family pew was in the front of the gallery at St. Mary's Church. There was a family anecdote that once when Aunt Min dropped her sixpence during the Litany, she looked for it and asked for help while the Rector read out his part, but stopped looking for every response - not missing one!

Peter Upton was talking to the Editor.

WORKING FOR MR. LEAZELL

I started working for Leazells in 1923, Charles Leazell's yard in those days being in front of the Roman Catholic Church. There were several yards in Angel Street at roughly this time; Coopers was near the Angel and Vincents on the other side of the road. My mother and Mr. Leazell had reached agreement for me to join Leazells who, with Boxalls of Tillington, were probably the largest building firm in the locality. Both firms employed a significant number of men. I was fourteen and about to leave school. It was Mr. Leazell's policy for youngsters to start from the bottom and for the first few months I would make the tea, go down to the shop for the men's cigarettes, or take tools down to the blacksmith for sharpening. My first months were spent with the men working on Upper Sorrells at Bedham, but in due course of time I would learn

bricklaying: I was actually taken on to learn this. They would gradually ease you into the job; it wasn't a formal apprenticeship. You watched for a while before taking your first steps.

After Upper Sorrells we went to the Chalet at Burton to work for Mr. Flowers: it was another big job there, a good deal of sand having to be taken out. Leazells took it off to Tillington to use in building there. Another later job was the Barn in Angel Street for the two Misses Upton. It had been four old cottages facing toward Shimmings. By this time I was well into bricklaying, enjoying working on the distinctive herring-bone effect, snapping the bricks off with a trowel rather than using the traditional large chisel or "bolster" to trim them. Mr. Leazell's business wasn't by any means confined to Petworth, I remember working all over the place in the late 1920s, going out by bicycle, as all workmen did then. There were jobs at Bury Gate, Tripp Hill, Balls Cross and the telephone exchanges at Rogate, Fittleworth and Bury. These were of the old kind where people lived in the house and looked after the exchange at the same time. Mr. Leazell had one of the old-fashioned "ton-lorries" with a speed restriction of sixteen m.p.h. Previous to that he'd had a five cwt. van. Much of his haulage however was contracted out: Fred Sadler did a lot, or Mark Peacock, or sometimes Mr. Madgewick. In the early period old Mr. Scaife from Upperton would carry materials with his horse and cart.

Soon after I joined the firm the yard was moved to High Street: the old Red Lion Yard behind the Queen's Head. Mr. Leazell had his office on the end of what is now the row of shops on the south side, Mrs. Kent worked there as secretary for some time and then Percy Muir. We did a lot of work in High Street, some of the property being old cottages that were being converted into shop premises. The Blue Bowl was a tea-house run by Mr. Arnold who had been chauffeur at New Grove: it would eventually become the Electricity Board showrooms. Mr. Jerry the tailors was another conversion; that's now Corralls. I spent a lot of time working on both sides of High Street. Dick Gale's, the hairdresser, some may remember on the other side of the street, also Ernie Card's Chinese Lantern Library run by Mrs. Card. I never knew why it was called the Chinese Lantern.

Mr. Leazell was great to work for: I never heard him grumble at anyone - ever - and for someone in charge of so many men that has to be most unusual. He administered the firm from the office, giving the site plan to the foreman. He bought a little two-seater

car with a dickie-seat and would usually come round to his various sites to pay the men individually, giving each man his little envelope in person. Sometimes if he didn't get round we'd go back to High Street for our wages. Fourteen shillings a week I started on. He always gave each of the men a Christmas box and was most meticulous about this, whether trade were busy or slack.

The bungalows at Tillington were one of our bigger jobs. Mr. Leazell had a small stone pit nearby and, having such a large work-force, he employed very little outside labour; just the haulage people and perhaps a few self-employed plasterers. Sometimes we would do the plastering ourselves. Specialist plumbers he carried on the staff. The bungalows cost £750 each and Mr. Leazell had to complete them within a specified time. If he did he received a government grant of £70. A government inspector would come round to check everything was as it should be. We'd build up to roof level, then move on while the carpenter dealt with the roof. Toward the end when time was short we might have as many as twenty men working on painting. No, there wasn't overtime, after all our normal working week was fifty hours, up to twelve o'clock Saturday. We'd aim to have the bungalows to roof level in a couple of weeks or so. I remember that the Midhurst White bricks we used were lovely to lay. The whole job took several months by the time the road was taken into account. The first person to move in, I recall, was Jimmy Elliott the bus conductor, then Sgt. Knight the policeman.

Not all the jobs were house-building: we'd often go round building coppers. Quite a difficult job because you had to judge the distance from fire to copper to allow the flames to go right round and make the heat even, and of course it was essential that the flue should be just right. All coppers were actually made of copper then, later they were galvanised. When you had built the copper to the top, you'd run the flue into the chimney. There was a flange on the copper and you'd tuck the brickwork in under the flange and cover the top with cement. Making the distinctive handled wooden lid was a carpenter's job and this was done by the firm too. As you will remember there was a "copper" stick to haul out the washing, made of course from wood. Another tricky job was putting in the old-fashioned cottage grates, you could so easily get it wrong. Like the other Petworth builders, Leazells did a certain amount of "cottage dodging", i.e. doing up cottages on the Leconfield Estate. The builder had £10 a cottage, working with old-fashioned distemper and mixing our own paint as you did in

those days. Wells were another thing: I helped dig a well at Churchwood, Fittleworth. When we built Rogate telephone exchange we had to put a pump in a ninety foot deep well in the school playground.

Things got very tight as the decade turned, and like other builders Charles Leazell could only keep on a skeleton staff and hope for work to pick up. He couldn't hope to keep such a large work-force without dragging the business down with them, so with many others I was laid off. Claude Lucas and I cycled for miles, day after day looking for work, Claude finally getting a job on the Leconfield Estate. I didn't really want to work on the Estate, and ended up bricklaying at Goodwood where they were building the Tote. I would eventually return to Petworth to work for Woolfords.

When I was fourteen I played football as goalkeeper for Petworth Youth Club based at that time at the Institute opposite the Church. Petworth F.C. had been wound up in the mid-1920s but the Youth Club kept on a lad's team with Vic Roberts taking us round to matches in his Bedford bus. The following years the British Legion started a team and the year after that the two teams amalgamated. Petworth F.C. had restarted. I played for the reserves for a couple of years before making the first team. I remember when we came back from Arundel in the coach after winning the West Sussex League that the Town Band were out to meet us but we couldn't get any further than the Angel because of the crowd. We had to walk from there to the Square. Football was a very important part of the town then and most people took an interest in the fortunes of the club. I remember us playing Easebourne in Petworth Park one Boxing Day and the pitch being roped round with spectators standing several deep, a crowd that would not disgrace a modern fourth Division Club. You could hear them all over the town. There was a collection round the ground but the players had to pay a shilling each toward travelling costs, a tidy sum in those days. Lord Leconfield made a donation every year, as did others like Dr. Kerr, the Chairman or Mr. Turner who was the local bank manager. I remember playing Worthing in the Sussex Cup semi-final at Littlehampton and Petworth bringing down two double-decker loads of supporters. The club played then in red and black striped shirts, not the later red and black quarters. The shirts were supplied by the Club but all the other equipment was ours. The team was more local then, everyone lived in Petworth. Sometimes we would play the troops stationed in the Park on manoeuvres, over in front of the House as the cricket season would still be on. We were very friendly with Captain

Edwards, the landlord of the Angel and were often up there, although in fact the H.Q. of the football club was the White Hart in High Street. Captain Edwards moved eventually to Tenby in the West Country and if any of us were ever in the area we would look him up.

A speciality of the White Hart at that time was quoits, played on a separate piece of ground abutting onto Rosemary Lane. The heavy rope rings were thrown with a distinctive backhand flip and had to land on iron hooks positioned in the ground, perhaps the length of a cricket pitch away. You can see that to play quoits a pub had to have a fair amount of space and not all pubs had this. The story goes that Harry Knight and some other men were playing quoits out of hours with a barrel of beer covered over beside them and Supt. Gibbons coming down the lane from the police station looked over the fence as he passed. "I shall be glad when it's opening time," volunteered Harry Knight. Supt. Gibbons must have had his doubts as to whether they were intending to wait that long! Quoits was a game for the older men and they didn't encourage youngsters to play. Pubs were more at the centre of local life then; if you went out you went out in Petworth, because few people had cars. Dart matches at places like Bognor, Houghton or Amberley were very much more of an outing than they would be today.

Stan Adsett was talking to Audrey Grimwood and the Editor.

PETWORTH SCOUTS SEVENTY YEARS AGO

I moved into Petworth in 1913 when I was six, my parents having lived previously on the outskirts of the town. A year later I joined the Wolf Cubs. The headquarters of the Scouts were at New Grove and the mistress of both Cubs and Scouts was Miss Watson. I found the Cubs interesting from the beginning and soon had a good grounding in Scoutcraft. Some things in particular I have never forgotten and still find useful like First-Aid and needlework. We would be given badges for proficiency and I remember "Thrift" which was rewarded with a "Collector's Badge". You had to collect so much money, so many cigarette cards, so many foreign postage stamps, and also make up a scrap book. Another was "Housewife" ie cooking, darning, knitting, needlework, prepare and cook a meal, sit and eat it and clean up afterwards ie pots, pans and the stove. Miss Upton (the Guide Mistress) was the Examiner. To finish up you had to take some item of clothing that needed fairly drastic attention, like a pair of trousers with the seat out, mend

it as best you could, then wear the repaired item to school the next day to show that it was still wearable.

The New Grove headquarters was over the stables and coach-house at the bottom of the yard and was quite capable of accommodating us Cubs, some thirty as I recall. I was four or five years with the Cubs before I moved on to the Scouts. By this time I was pack-leader: the Cubs had four patrols, each led by a "sixer" who had two stripes and a "second" who had one. As overall pack leader I had three stripes. When a new curate, Mr. Butler, arrived, he took over the Scouts while Miss Watson continued with the Cubs and it was at about this time that I transferred to the Scouts. Cubs wore green caps with a yellow stripe, a green jersey and, as I recall, a yellow tie. Stripes were worn on the right arm, badges on the left. Cubs did have camps but only very locally, up the Gog or on the Sheepdowns and we usually came home at night. There was an annual meeting at Fittleworth at which the local packs would compete one against another in specific outdoor crafts. Miss Watson (I think) made a flag for the Cubs and this was borne proudly aloft on its flagpole to Church every Sunday. Both Cubs and Scouts would fall in at the Grove, Scouts at the front with their drum and bugle band and their standard, Cubs to the rear. We'd reach Church for the eleven o'clock service then march back to New Grove after the service.

When Miss Watson married Mr. Butler and they moved away, Miss Stapylton from Hilliers took over the Cubs and Mr. Mackie, the new curate, the Scouts. It was 1919 and the new curate had just come back from serving in the war. It was clear from the beginning that he was quite exceptional and under him the Scouts, already a flourishing organisation, really began to take off. He rode a Sparkbrook motorcycle, bought from Mr. Morley on Angel Corner who was the local Sparkbrook agent. He would work extremely hard, often I am sure dipping into his own pocket to buy new equipment for the troop. I remember morse signalling equipment and particularly the "buzzer" that was used to tap out the messages. There was also battery operated flash-light equipment for signalling at night and the heliograph, a tripod-mounted apparatus that flashed messages in code by using the sun's rays to reflect on mirrors. Mr. Mackie would send boys on to the Sugar Knob and get them to flash messages down to Sheepdown. For the heliograph the sun of course had to be out and at a suitable angle; if it were dark we had to use the flash-light. The Rev. Mackie also bought compasses for the Scouts and taught us to "box" (i.e. read) them to

thirty-two points. We were taken out and left in the dark to find our own way home solely by use of the compass. The curate was an enthusiastic photographer: he could set his camera on a tripod and so time the switch that he was able to rejoin the posed group before the picture was taken. Very advanced for the 1920s!

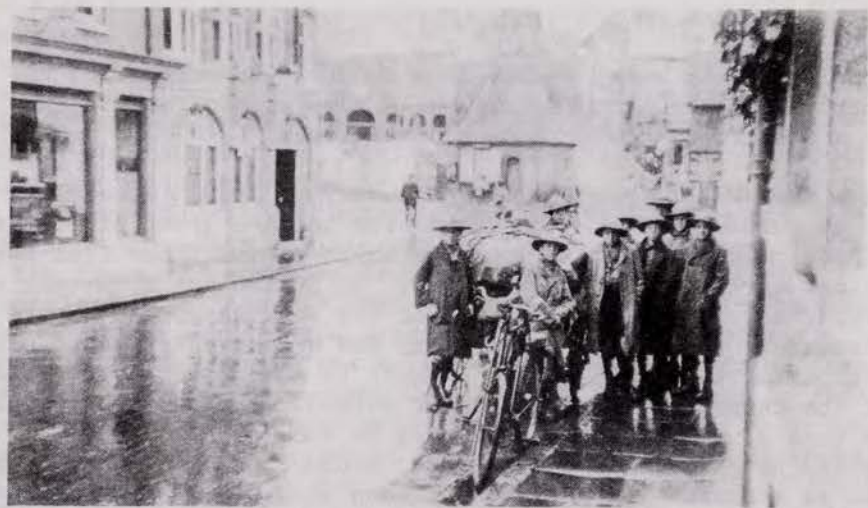


Petworth Scouts returned from a trek! c1920.

He organised treks every summer from about 1920, purchasing the trek cart and tents himself. We would have a long trek in the summer and shorter ones at Easter and Whitsun.

A famous trek was to Belgium in the summer of 1920. We marched to London to join up at West Hampstead with another group of Scouts. We stopped to camp four times on the march up and I can feel the mosquitoes on Ripley Common even now! We pulled the trek cart all the way. The vicar who had charge of the West Hampstead Scouts had an interest in a shipping company and had arranged for us to march from Hampstead to St. Catherine's Wharf in London Docks to board one of the company's ships bound for Ostend. From there we would make a general tour of Belgium taking in among other places, Brussels, Waterloo, Ypres, Rochfort, Bruges, Dinon and Namur which we used as a base. The war had not been long over and the trenches and barbed wire entanglements were still to be seen. Live shells still lay about and we were strictly forbidden to touch anything. Temporary graves there were too - just a stick in the ground with

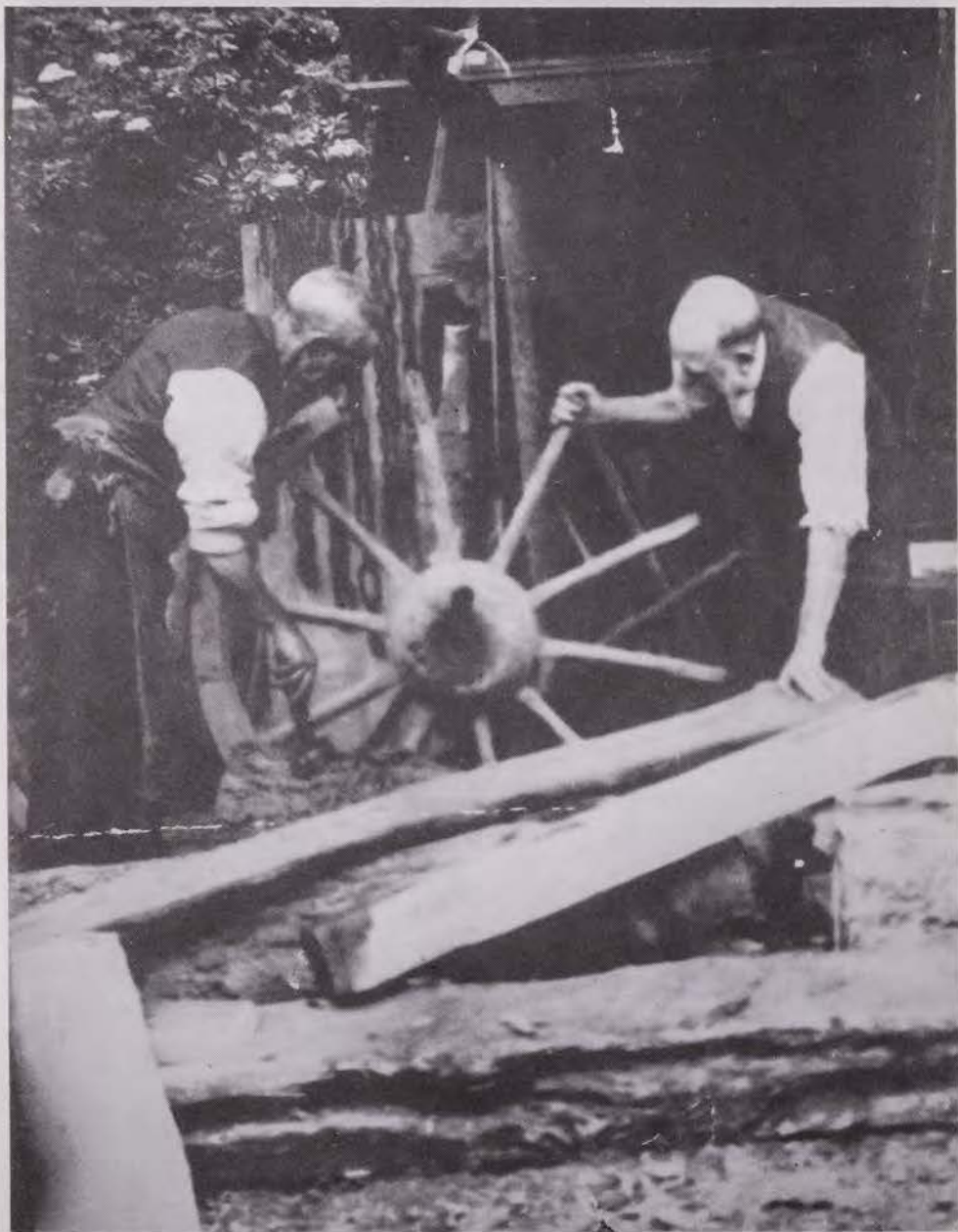
an identity disc and the appropriate colour to represent the country of the soldier who had fallen. While we were at Rochfort there was a terrible storm and a lady kindly allowed us to take shelter in her large chateau until the storm cleared up. While we were here we visited the famous Hannes Grottoes, winding our way through passages to the Great Hall where we could see the stalagmites and stalactites. A river ran through this cavern and we later boarded a boat and sailed out of the Grottoes in it. While we were in Belgium we watched the raising of H.M.S. Vindictive, sunk with two other ships in Zeebrugge harbour as an anti-submarine device. It was the 20th August 1920. She had been filled with concrete and sunk. After being raised she was towed into Ostend harbour and later brought back to England under her own power! I brought back a couple of bolts from the Vindictive as souvenirs of the event but I haven't got them now. The boat we came out on was an ordinary commercial one and I was violently sick going out. We went down into the gallery to eat sandwiches because it was so painful being sick on an empty stomach. On the way back I fell asleep in a coil of rope and wasn't sick once! We were fifteen days in Belgium before returning to West Hampstead where we stayed a night and a day at Scout H.Q. before setting off back home via Leatherhead, Dorking, Barns Green and Billingshurst. There wasn't a great deal of traffic on the road, some ex-army vehicles back from the war and the occasional private car.



Leatherhead 1920. Petworth Scouts are returning from their trip to Belgium.
George Peacock extreme right.



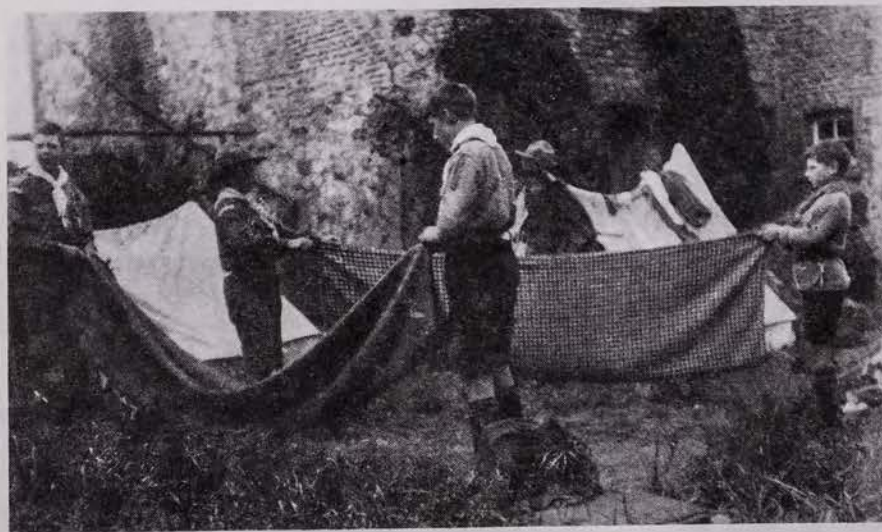
"Squelching" a tyre at Fittleworth about 1911. Photograph by John Smith.



Harry Goodyer (right) and Frank Dalton debating whether to renew the spokes on a wheel.
The felloes will clearly require their attention!
Photograph courtesy of Gordon Goodyer.

A trek was well-organised and in no way haphazard. We'd take a sanitary officer, a medical officer and two scoutmasters. The Belgium trip cost thirty shillings but parents couldn't usually afford to pay, individual boys effectively having to fund the trip themselves. Instead of spending our odd pennies on sweets we'd buy a penny stamp at the Post Office and stick it on a special form. Then, when we had twelve stamps we'd transfer the shilling to a Post Office savings account. I took out the evening papers for Weavers at this time; they sold for a half-penny and I was often given a penny and told to forget the change. The odd half-penny went towards the thirty shillings needed for the trek. I'd start my round in Lombard Street and make my way down toward Hampers Common, shouting "News," "Argus" or whatever. Like some of the other newsboys I was in the choir at St. Mary's and Mr. Selve Fowles the choirmaster would often hear us shouting for all we were worth and lament, "If only you boys opened your mouths in Church as you do in the streets..."

At Easter and Whitsun Mr. Mackie would take us to various camping places along the South Coast. I remember Goring and Ferring at different times but particularly Bailiffscourt Farm at Climping -



Petworth Scouts at Bailiffscourt Climping.
George Peacock second from left.

it's now a hotel. Mr. Mackie arranged for us boys to go down there on our own if we wanted to spend a weekend under canvas. Saturdays we'd set off on our bikes for Climping, then come back in time for Sunday evening Church. George Purser and I did this several times, taking a patrol tent, comfortable for two, but capable of housing four at a pinch. Nearer home we might camp overnight on Rickett's field where Mr. Ricketts, the carrier kept his horses. It's now the field where the Scout Hut is.

When it wasn't summer time, instead of trekking, we'd go up to the Gog, taking potatoes and sausages to cook, make tea and have a camp fire. There were organised paper chases, tracking trips and always a prize at the end. Anyone that wanted to would be taught to swim, dive and life-save. Mr. Mackie had a chest harness made for learners and would sit on the end of the diving board Lord Leconfield had installed on the bank of the Lower Pond in Petworth Park, holding the harness until we were able to manage on our own. Every Spring we went to the Leconfield Estate Office and requested bathing and fishing tickets.

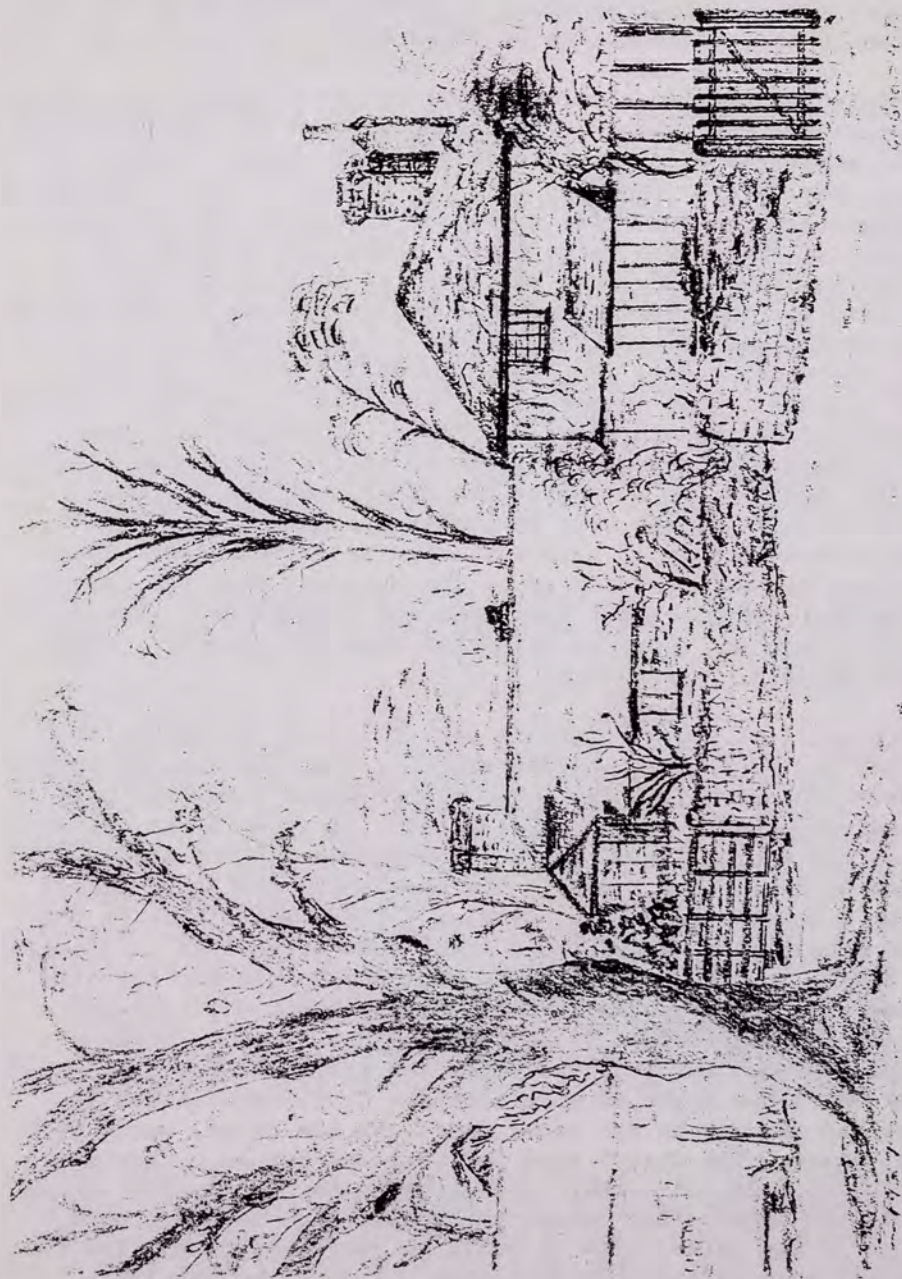
Swimming in the Lower Pond was male only and between the hours of 8 p.m. and 8 a.m. Strange hours but the Estate simply didn't want us down there during the day. There was no swimming at all on Sundays. The Rev. Mackie even taught us how to make our own bathing slips. He worked very hard and spent a lot of time (and, I would think, money) on our troop. Much of what I learned then has been of the greatest help to me and others all through our lives and in my case certainly still is!

George Peacock was talking to Bill Vincent and the Editor.

The Petworth Society congratulate Petworth Scouts on their 75th Anniversary 1914 - 1989!

LIFE AT THE WHEELWRIGHT'S

My grandfather and his brother had both been apprentices at Thomas Tilling, the coachbuilders at Hackney in London and both decided at roughly the same time to set up as independent wheelwrights. My grandfather settled at Fittleworth, his brother at Burpham near Arundel. My grandfather took over in 1887 just off Hallelujah Corner at the start of the Bedham Road. I am not sure whether he took over an existing wheelwright's business but tradition has it that the premises had at one time been a malthouse. I went there



Fittleworth Upper Street showing Padwicks and the wheelwrights in 1937.
A pencil drawing by Gordon Goodver.

at the age of six after my mother died, my grandfather and his housekeeper looking after me while my father looked after the rest of the family as was the custom in those days.

The wheelwright's was an interesting place for a child, with ample living quarters, a kitchen, cellar, sitting room and four bedrooms upstairs, while the wheelwright's shop itself, quite a large structure, was entered straight from the kitchen. There were three large carpenters' benches, two along one side wall and one along the end wall. There were large vices, a drilling machine and a narrow pit at the doorway that was used for building wheels. I worked there for ten years after 1946 but in my time everything was becoming mechanised and the wheelwright's traditional craft was in decline, there being very few carts and wagons about. My father had died in 1944. When I came out of the Army, I remember building up a wheel for Mr. Retallick at Lea Farm; it had already been partially built but he insisted I finish it for him. When I did finish the wheel it was a sign of the times that the Parfoot brothers wouldn't put the tyre on: they said that they had finished with that sort of hard work when my father died. There used to be a big wooden board up on the building with the legend "Harry Goodyer, Wheelwright, Carpenter and Undertaker". There are still brass hub-caps about carrying the name "H. Goodyer. Coach and Wagon Builder, Fittleworth".

The basic skill of the wheelwright was of course the making of wheels and the first step was the stock or hub, the roughly shaped block being turned on a lathe. The timber would have been kept in the timber-shed until perfectly seasoned. If it were not, it would shrink on the wheel with disastrous consequences. The stock would be turned on a very big lathe in the workshop; the lathe itself turned by a wheel outside the building. There was a hole in the wall and a belt that went round a wheel some seven foot in diameter with a handle on it. Two men would work the handle and turn the wheel and, in its turn, the lathe. The stock would rotate and a man inside the shop turned it to shape with a chisel. Three men were really needed for this task, for the stock of wood that would make the wheel-hub might be some fourteen or fifteen inches in diameter and the man on the other side with the chisel would be a powerful brake. The chisel used for this was not an orthodox chisel, being bevelled rather than straight across, twelve inches of steel with twenty-four inches of handle. You needed a good hold, for if the chisel flew it could be very dangerous. The two men outside were in the open of course - I only saw the lathe

working once and helped turn the great handle. Frank Dalton would always do the chisel work. Once you'd got the lathe going, the wheel had a momentum of its own.

The wheelwright had a set of wooden felloe patterns, or sometimes simply a pattern on a piece of stiff cardboard which you would lay on the spokes. There were hundreds of these patterns at the wheelwrights for wheels and other wagon parts. When it finished they were thrown out because they were full of woodworm. Many, most perhaps, went back to my grandfather's time, some, perhaps, even before. If a wheel wanted a new felloe you'd find a pattern hanging on the wall that would fit that particular wheel: often you'd have a cart or wagon in that was so rotted in parts that if you didn't have the relevant pattern you wouldn't know how to deal with it. The felloes are the wooden section that form the circumference of the wheel and into which the spokes are fitted, two to each individual felloe. Each felloe is connected with the next by means of a metal dowel. In older vehicles dowels were of wood.

Elm was the traditional wood for felloes, as it was for the stock, but spokes were of oak to give added strength; these were of seasoned timber, cut off in three foot lengths and left to season in the yard before use. If they weren't perfectly seasoned they would dry and fall out. Elm was a strong wood, its curly grain giving added strength, but it did tend to rot badly if left out in the open field. For lighter wagons ash might replace elm; home-grown timber was used except when a very hard wood was required, as on some light carts where the shafts would be of lance-wood, a light-coloured imported timber of great strength and capable of withstanding a horse treading back on the shafts. Our lance-wood came from a specialist coach-building firm. The felloes would be tapered down at the bottom to fit the tyre, for instance a four inch by four inch felloe would be tapered down to three and a half inches on the back of the wheel. The number of felloes to a wheel varied; a large diameter wheel needing a lot of spokes very close together but with the mortices staggered in the stock to give strength.

When the wheel was ready to have the tyre put on the blacksmith would come along with his "traveller", a wooden disc about a foot in diameter and attached to a handle to enable it to revolve. He'd make a chalk mark on the traveller and another mark on the wheel he was about to measure. He'd then run the traveller round the

circumference of the wheel and count the revolutions it made; any remainder he would measure with a rule. He would then do the same on the inner side of the tyre. Measurements made, he was now in a position to measure and bend the iron strip that would form the tyre. The tyre would be put on red hot, the rim being cut half an inch larger than was needed. As the water was put on, the metal tyre would contract and burn itself onto the wheel. It was quick work cooling off the tyre; if you were not quick you might of course catch the wooden part of the wheel alight. Two or three men were on hand to throw bucketfuls of water on to the wheel. This was known as "squelching". At a certain time in the life of a wheel, the tyre would be removed to be "cut and shut". A half inch piece of tyre would be taken out and the tyre rewelded. It would be put back slightly smaller to tighten up the wheel.

With the exception, as we have seen, of lance-wood, our timber was local, most coming from the Leconfield Estate but some also from the Stopham Estate. Mr. Wilcox, the Leconfield Estate wood reeve, we knew well. We had commoners' rights for the storage of timber, something some of our neighbours didn't like, but as long as we kept a log there all the time, we retained our rights. Mr. Wilcox would tell us if there were a dead tree in Flexham Park; he had a knife with a hook on it, called a race. He'd mark the trunk with a "G" for Goodyer but we could easily spend a Sunday afternoon trying to locate it. Leconfield wouldn't mind us collecting a single tree, whereas if they had several they'd get the timber wagon out. At one time just before the war we had great piles of trees in the yard, so much so that you could hardly see out because of them, but as the war went on the pile diminished.

Three men would go up into the woods with Mr. Wild's cart-horse "Duke" loading the timber on to a cart using a couple of poles and a rope. It was heavy work. We always liked to work with dead and dying trees; the wood was much quicker to season, difficult though it might be to work. Elm, ash, oak and Scots Fir were staple timbers, the last being used for flooring. Elm might be used but was so prone to rotting that there was always the chance of someone putting their foot through the floor.

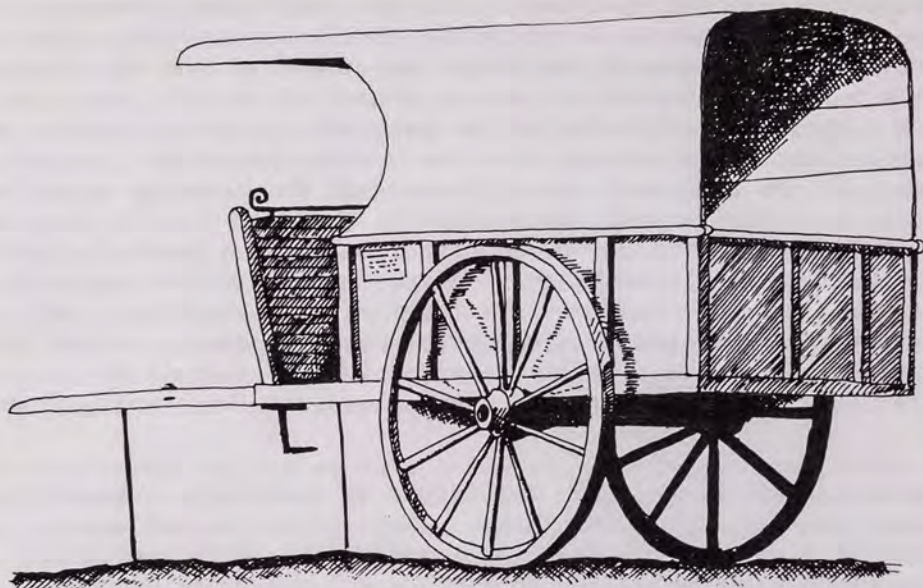
Before my grandfather had a steam-engine, trees had to be cut to planks over the sawpit, a large pit in the ground. He'd put a couple of bearers across the pit and roll the tree on. He had a long saw, and one man would stand on the log while another would be down in the pit. It was still there when I left, twenty foot long,

five foot wide and six foot deep. The saw itself was between eleven and twelve feet in length with a handle on each end. The saw cut only on a downward stroke and was shaped at the end like a parrot's beak so that when it came up it pulled the dust out. It was the job of the man in the pit to pull the saw down; the man at the top had much less control over the cutting operation: he had to make sure the alignment was right and pull the blade up after the downward cut. Planks would be handcut by this method. The cutting line would be marked on the trunk with a line and a piece of chalk. If the bark had been removed they'd mark the line with a piece of charred wood. A line so drawn was known as the "striking line". As the cutting progressed you'd move the bearers along. A band saw was used to cut curves; it was later mechanised, but in my grandfather's time it was turned by hand and very hard work it was too.

We had later a saw-bench which was driven by a portable steam-engine and would convert timber to planks. The last one we had was a Marshall 10 h.p., a somewhat larger machine than its predecessor with each flywheel weighing a good ton. All our waste wood and offcuts would go for the steam-engine; we never bought coal for it. If there were any really big trees that we couldn't handle, they would be taken down to Coultershaw where, once a year, Mr. Bourne from Storrington cut larger trees for the Leconfield Estate with his portable saw-mill.

Painting wagons and carts was an integral part of our trade. The Leconfield Estate used to bring in the cart that they used in the woods when there was a shoot. It was a black cart with a canvas top and hooks all around for hanging up the pheasants. It used to come in every two or three years to be rubbed down and thoroughly painted. It was a peculiar box-shaped cart, painted, as I have said, in black, with a matt finish. First everything had to be painted meticulously, from the light blue wheel spokes to the wheel rims. Then there were a couple of coats of varnish, care being taken not to take the glaze off the paint. It was ironic, I always thought, that after so much trouble the first time there was a shoot the wagon would go up into the woods and become covered in the churned-up mud. Talking of pheasants, a side-line was making hen-coops as replacements for the Leconfield Estate stock. Twenty-four or so every year for the Leconfield Estate pheasants, the coops being made to a specific pattern.

It wasn't just the Leconfield pheasant cart that we painted:



The Leconfield Estate pheasant cart.

Mr. Standing the carter would bring the ordinary carts and wagons up to the wheelwright's to be painted, and we'd also work on the Stopham Estate carts. In my grandfather's time you'd buy a keg of powder to make up into paint. There was a trough in the paint-shop with different compartments in it, each for a different colour. You could mix one colour and another, there were all sorts of colours. You'd need also white lead, red lead, turps, linseed oil and a drier, the latter a powder too. Everything would be mixed together in the paint mill. As a boy I was forbidden to go into the paint shop because of the poisonous white and red lead, the former an extract of lead made by heating lead in a cauldron, to leave the white lead on the top. It was then skimmed off. You'd use a grey paint as undercoat on a new wagon or cart, then Venetian Red for wheels and shafts, and Brunswick Blue for the body, a dark blue. Lining might be a rather lighter blue. Wheels were always Venetian Red a mellow type of red which would darken when varnished. All the old paint which was left would go back into the "mill". It was called "woad" colour, I never knew why, and was used to paint tenons and mortices. These were "cramped" together with wet paint to keep out the water.

Goodyers also made wagons, Sussex wagons and Devon Boat wagons. On the former the front of the body was narrower than the back so that

the wheels could tuck in underneath to give extra lock, whereas on a boat wagon the wheels went right under the bed of the wagon. The wooden pieces at the back and front that kept the hay up were known as "lades" and the headboard would have the owner's name on it. Frank Medhurst used to do all the decorative lining freehand. Making carts for wet conditions meant "broad" wheels, called I always supposed after the fen-like conditions in the Norfolk Broads. The wheels were double the width of an ordinary wagon wheel and on such wider wheels we didn't put a tyre, simply straits, i.e. sections of iron tyre overlapping halfway up each felloe and nailed on hot. We had a special fire for putting on these straits. Jack Aysh from Hardham took hay off the Amberley Wild Brooks and his wagons always had the wide wheels.

Goodyers were also the local undertakers but the coffin wood was usually bought in: you would need an enormous saw to cut out boards of that size. The board was usually elm rather than oak as it was cheaper. My aunt would "trim" the coffin with cotton wool, there would be lace pillows and the external fittings would of course be brass. The name and age would be painted in black on a brass plate at the top. Coffins were made up in the workshop and we sometimes had to work until midnight. All had to be sandpapered down; some were varnished and some stained. In later days my father would dig the graves too.

Goodyers made a wheelbarrow for the organisers to give to the winner at Fittleworth Horticultural Show but it was a rule that no one could win a Goodyer wheelbarrow twice. It was a regular order. I expect there are a few still about. Grandfather used to make cabinets while my father cut pieces of beech timber from Abbots, Bedham, four inch square for a furniture maker at High Wycombe. It would be used for making chairs. We used a stationary engine by this time to drive the saw. In earlier days Goodyers did a fair bit of construction work: the pavilion at the Recreation Ground (now pulled down) was my grandfather's work, the Fleet Garage building, again now gone, the rifle range and Mr Padwick's Studio where, when the floorboards were changed, my grandfather's name was still written in chalk on the underside.

Work would start early in the morning at the wheelwright's and go on until five-thirty. What I could never fathom was that they would leave off at four-thirty, come to the table with the rest of the family for tea, then go back into the workshop until five-thirty. Frank Dalton and my father would both do this. Every year for about three days everything stopped and they would go up to

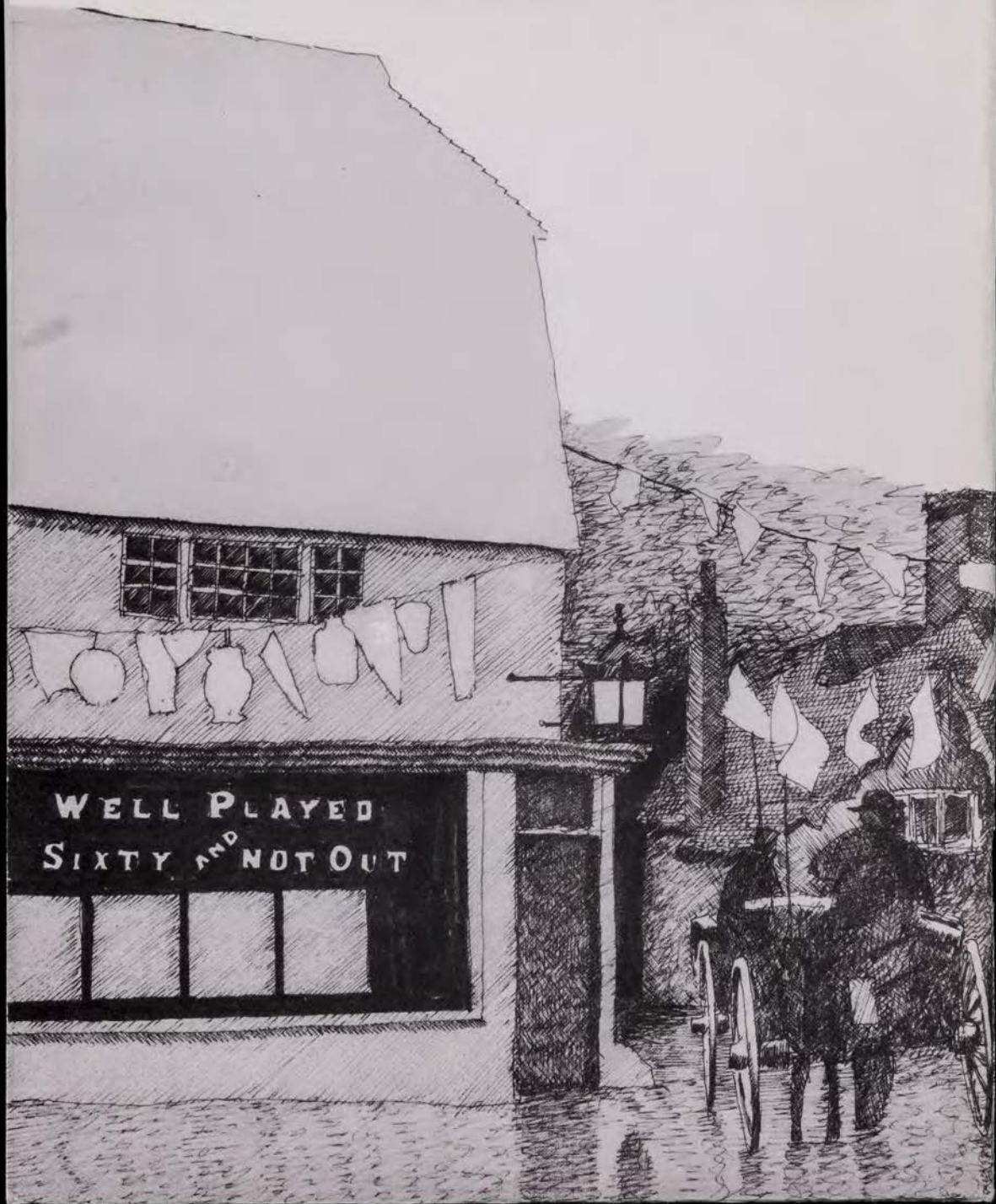
Tom Goodger at Tripp Hill. Mr. Goodger had a cider-press and they'd take their apples up there by horse and cart, press them, bring back the cider and put it in the cellar. It was actually the ground floor but they always called it the cellar. The great time for cider was lunch-break when they had a quart jug with bread and cheese. They also brewed home-made mangel beer, Mr. Retallick from Lea Farm would bring them a cartload of mangels specifically for this. They used to cook the mangels in the kitchen copper, a massive three feet across, chopping the mangels up and putting them in a sack. There was a big hook over the copper and the sack of mangels would be lowered into the copper from this and boiled. The mangels would then be hauled out and left to ferment. Ginger beer was made with root ginger in big earthenware jars. If corked too tightly it would blow up. They grew a vast quantity of parsnips too - for wine as a change at lunch-break.

Getting coal up from the Station was another day's work. We had a whole load, not just a hundredweight, and it would be brought up on Mr. Retallick's wagon - a year's supply. Pig-pens there were too out in the garden and large troughs in the "cellar" for salting down the joints. Father would buy most things in bulk and a lot of his dealing was by barter; he'd do a job in return for something from the farm. Money didn't change hands a lot, there might perhaps be corn for the chicken, of which there were always a number scratching about in the sawdust among the carts. Farmers' finances were very seasonal, "When we get the money for our corn we'll pay you" was a typical phrase, or more likely, "You can have a dung-cart load of potatoes for your pigs".

Hallelujah Corner used to be called White Horse Corner after the White Horse, an old coaching inn. There were seats all round against the windows. If you went round the corner towards the church there was a high wall, it's been much lowered now, but that's where the London Stage used to stop and change horses. There were stables behind the wall and travellers would go to the inn for refreshment. The name Hallelujah Corner is comparatively recent: the local chapel used to congregate there on Sunday evenings and we boys would go out to hear them although we were actually church-goers. They sang "Hallelujah" so often that the name stuck. Their little chapel on Hesworth Common is still there although long superseded; it was once a blacksmith's shop.

Gordon Goodyer was talking to Audrey Grimwood and the Editor.

List of new members will appear in the March Magazine.



WELL PLAYED
SIXTY AND NOT OUT

WON