



*Sherbert Fountains (2)
The Queens Head
Oppertun Memories*

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY
Magazine

NO. 114

DECEMBER 2003

Constitution and Officers

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 of residence who is interested in furthering the object of the society.

The annual subscription is £9.00. Single or double one Magazine delivered. Postal £11.00 overseas £13.00. Further information may be obtained from any of the following:

Chairman

Mr P.A. Jerrome MBE, Trowels, Pound Street, Petworth [STD 01798] (Tel. 342562)
GU28 0DX

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Mr K.C. Thompson, 18 Rothermead, Petworth (Tel. 342585) GU28 0EW

Hon. Treasurer

Mr A. Henderson, 62 Sheepdown Drive, Petworth (Tel. 343792) GU28 0BX

Committee

Mr Stephen Boakes, Mr Miles Costello, Lord Egremont, Mr Ian Godsmark,
Mrs Audrey Grimwood, Mrs Betty Hodson, Mr Philip Hounsham, Mrs Anne Simmons,
Mrs Ros Staker, Mr J. Taylor, Mrs Deborah Stevenson, Mrs Linda Wort

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Mr Henderson, Mr Costello, Mr Thompson, Mrs Simmons, Mrs Grimwood,
Mrs Hounsham, Mr Turland, Mr Boakes (Petworth), Mrs Adams (Byworth),
Miss Biggs, Mrs Dallyn (Sutton and Duncton), Mrs Williams (Graffham), Mr Derek
Gourd, (Tillington and River), Mrs Goodyer, Mrs Williams (Fittleworth)

Society Scrapbook

Mrs Pearl Godsmark

Coultershaw Beam Pump representatives

Mr S. Boakes, Mrs J. Gilhooly, Mr A Henderson, Mr T. Martin.

For this Magazine on tape please contact Mr Thompson.

Society Town Crier

Mr J. Crocombe, 19 Station Road (343329)

Note: The crier may be prepared to publicise local community events and public notices for you, even snippets of personal news such as births, engagements or lost pets. It is suggested that such personal and business cries be made for a small donation to a charity to be nominated by the crier himself.

Chairman's Notes

Minimal comment this time to leave as much space as possible for contents: as usual it's difficult to fit everything in. By the time you read this you'll be thinking of Christmas, may I, on behalf of the committee and myself wish everyone the compliments of the season!

Peter Trafalgar Day 2003

If you go down to the woods today

Yes, you're in for a big surprise! For there you'll find Ben. Law, master of all he surveys, working in the environment, with the environment and, in return, getting the environment to work for him.

It was encouraging to have such a good turn-out for the first of the season's monthly meetings and to see some new faces.

Ben. is well-known and not only locally. A speaker at many gatherings of organisations in the area and the subject of a recent television programme, as well as the author of a book about his unorthodox lifestyle, he lives in woodland, mainly coppiced, near Lodsworth.

The sweet chestnuts, originally grown for hop poles and fencing, now find a multitude of uses in Ben's hands, with nothing wasted. He has abandoned the accepted system of coppicing on a 15 year cycle, for example, but will cut from 1 to 30 years' growth according to need. So he can provide faggots of young growth for flood defence work instead of burning on site, with older wood used for stakes, wooden-framed tents (yurts), garden furniture, fuel, swings – the list is endless. All offcuts are converted to charcoal, including charcoal sticks for artists.

Then there are the fruit trees: apples, pears, plums, damsons, quinces, medlars, many varieties of berries, vegetables grown in raised beds, wine made from fruit, leaves and tree sap, chestnuts in season, Japanese mushrooms grown on logs. He keeps bees, not only for the honey, but also to help with the pollination of the fruit.

Squirrels are the chief pest, but even they provide Ben. with delicious meat.

But the biggest surprise came in the form of the house he has built and now lives in after progressing from a tent to a yurt, then in caravans during nine years of planning applications and appeals. This house is no shack and far more sophisticated than most of us in the audience had imagined. Timber-framed, it has external walls of straw bales for insulation, plastered, and internal walls of wattle and daub. Light, spacious and aesthetically contemporary in design, if it hasn't already featured in Homes and Gardens, it should do. Electrical power is supplied by solar and wind generators, the former being the more efficient. Waste disposal is by cesspit and reed filtration. Rainwater collected from the roof

(12,000 chestnut shingles) and verandas has been more than sufficient for all needs, even through this dry summer.

Naturally, with all this interest there were plenty of questions from an audience fascinated by and not a little envious of Ben's "Woodland life in the 21st century" as the evening had been billed.

KCT

Ian and Pearl's Balls Cross Walk

August 31st

Into the familiar farmyard at Langhurst Hill, then briefly back up the hill towards Petworth. We plunge off right into the deserted late summer woods. It's a glorious afternoon. Through rutted tracks to the ruins of Old House, the old Peachey residence before the building of Ebernoe House. If Ebernoe ever had a centre of gravity, this move would have shifted it. Perhaps Old House was damp; it was certainly remote. A few pieces of stonework remain. More than most ruins it could tell a story. An eighteenth century Peachey with two more or less clandestine wives behind him. Leaving his estates in Sussex and the Cotswolds to Elizabeth Payne, daughter of the Northchapel blacksmith, the mother of his children but not his wife, and cutting off his blood relations with the proverbial shilling. Not that Old House was immediately abandoned: a Peachey brother-in-law died there in 1847. Whenever I go there the skeletal stonework seems in perpetual shade. Probably it's the growth of surrounding trees. There's a sunlit meadow, perhaps more easily reached by a track down from the Stag. It's surprising to see a couple in the distance, blackberrying perhaps, in this lonely spot. Yellow daisy flowers, I call them elecampane, others call them fleabane, reddening hips, a small copper and a red admiral enjoy the sunshine. An ancient binder is rusting away in the undergrowth at the side. It seems different somehow to a pile of newer junk dumped off the road and just into the woods. A sign saying Post Office, various metal and plastic kitchen and bathroom fittings: half-submerged among the brambles, the binder seems to have acquired, if not a certain respectability, at least squatter's rights. Could it be an old horse implement? David and I look. It's difficult to say. Perhaps it's not as old as it seems.

We move on and come upon a track. It's the road from Sparkes. There's a public footpath sign right in the middle of a wood, the actual footpath goes its own way. There's an adder skin lying beside the path. Someone holds it up. Skeletal, transparent, diaphanous. Sloughed off. Deep dry wheel ruts. These woods will be very wet come winter. It's a mellow day. On to Palfrey and beyond.

We bear left along the golf course hedgerow. Motorised buggies on a slope. To pick out the tower of St. Mary's in the distance, difficult to distinguish through the trees. Buzzards are wheeling in the clouds.

We bear round to cross the Balls Cross road again just up from Highgate Cottage. Once more the quiet woods. Another deposit of rubbish. Is it anyone's obligation to clear it? After a while we meet the paraphernalia of pheasantry. Wire fencing, the occasional bird. Eventually back through the farmyard at Langhurst. Ruby and John at home in the cottage. Coffee, tea, cold drinks, cake. Time to relax in the garden, a pile of marrows, sweet peas labouring now, Marvel of Peru. Thanks very much Ruby and John, to say nothing of Ian and Pearl!

P.

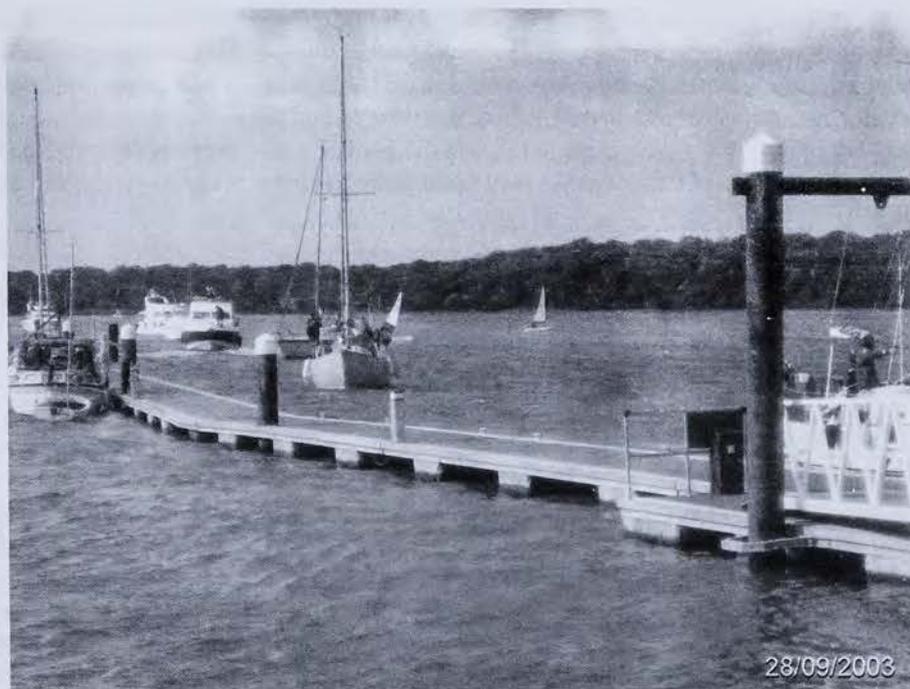
Chichester Harbour – with Judi Darley

September 28th

Along the A27 to turn off at the Stockbridge roundabout. Brown signs for Chichester Harbour. We pull off the road at the side of a field. There's a track to the harbour. Judi later tells us it's hoped it will form part of a projected cycle path from Chichester to West Wittering, subject to agreement with landowners along the way. She talks too of extensive tree planting and the track becoming suitable for wheelchair users. Chichester is the first of four inlets shaped like the fingers of a hand and pointing downwards. We've stopped at the end of a ploughed field that can yield, and sometimes does, relics spanning some two thousand years of use, often forced up by a heavy frost. We skirt a wood (Thornton's Copse?) on the right and we're suddenly in sight of the Marina; with 1080 berths it's numerically the largest in the country. Birdham adjoining is smaller but lays claim to being the oldest, dating as it does from the 1930s – the concept was innovative then. We wait at the lock to cross, the mid-afternoon boats are returning, Nimrod, Cornish Crabber and the rest. At this time they can come straight through; later they'll have to use the lock mechanism and that takes longer.

Finally the bridge swings across for us. A leisurely stop for tea, then on, past the house boats moored in the Egremont canal, then looking from the Apuldram hide across an expanse of reed and water. There are notes pinned up of the day's sightings, two blacktailed godwits and a kingfisher among others, and a long list of sightings since 1990. Whatever is a whimbrel, or, come to that, a garganey? We bear round to the left and here are the views Judi had promised us, the Cathedral of course, and there, to the right, is Halnaker Windmill. The sun gleams on the water in front of us. Judi talks of the continuing rhythm of lottery application – a raft of projects. A rambler bus, a fifty-seater flat-bottomed boat, a mobile information trailer. Some will come to fruition, some I suppose will fall by the wayside.

We're back to the copse again but this time the path keeps the water in sight. Seaweed is still dark wet where the tide has been and oaks seem an unusual tree at the shore-side. Eventually we bear right to pick up the track on the opposite side of our original field.



At Chichester Harbour. Photograph by David Wort.

Maize stems cut off virtually at ground level. There are voices down on the strand below the high path – so easy to think of smuggling days. In the distance a tractor throws up clouds of dust – it's been a long dry spell. There are whole maize cobs lying in the stream, golden yellow under the clear water. We wonder how they got there. And here's a find on the path, part of a carborundum stone apparently – Judi's pleased to add it to the collection. Back to the cars, some go off down to look at Dell Quay – it's 4.45 and most make for home. Thank you very much Judi.

P.

Good Morning, Midnight – The September book sale

A dampish September morning comes almost as a relief after the stinging, stifling heat of the August sale. We've very good stock this month. It's a truism but success depends on this. The longer the better stock survives, the longer you can retain that crucial first impetus, that

initial abandon that marks off the opening minutes. When that's gone, as go it must, the secret is to keep going, after all we've only six hours. Beware of a slack afternoon. Weather isn't crucial. The accepted wisdom is to operate only in the winter months. It's a myth - we couldn't possibly do that and there are more visitors in the summer.

This time £1 books are piled high on the Rupert Bear table cloth. Far too many to set out, but that mound will soon disappear. Chinese Art, the Benn diaries, John Major's memoirs, large books virtually new with dust-wrappers, often £25 or more originally, now splashing about like whales in a landing-net.

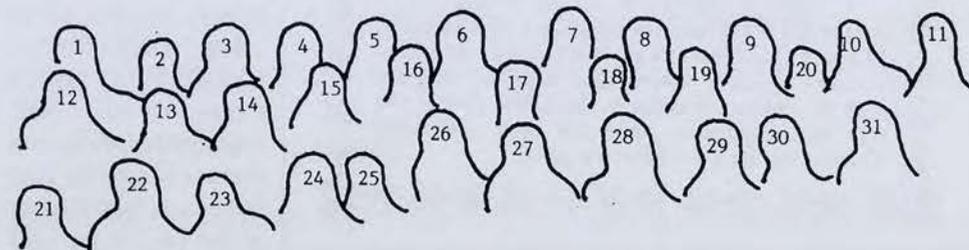
But these are just a fraction. New novels at sixty pence, literary "masterpieces" by people one has never heard of. Perhaps one should. A pullovered Geoffrey Archer looking strangely youthful on the back of a dustjacket. Well, we all age, I suppose. A new Penguin Jean Rhys has an empty wine glass as a front cover. A symbol, no doubt, of the writer's characteristic degenerating heroine. "Good Morning, Midnight." We're a little thin on gardening this time - it's just the way it goes. The 30p fiction has usurped some of the normal 30p non-fiction space. Another month it could be the other way round. Filling up boxes, the distinctive Petworth Society carriers or simply recycling Somerfield, Tesco, Sainsbury or just plain light blue. Dealers, regulars, casuals and visitors. It's very busy but you can never replicate that first mad rush, or the electric feeling that goes with it. What's the point? Well we enjoy it, of course, but effectively it's in your hands. Without the extra money this magazine couldn't, wouldn't, be the chunky chappie you're holding now!

P.

School photograph – 1958?

Many of you will remember Jack Bartlett, who was the Petworth Postmaster in the 60s and his wife, Margaret. Their elder son, John – one of our members – has sent a Garland photograph in which he features, but he cannot remember when or why it was taken, nor indeed, the names of many of the others in the group.

We've done a bit of research and Mrs Margaret Hill think it's the prize winners of the primary School's annual bulb show, possibly 1958. Thanks to Karen Chapman and her mother, Beryl, Brian and Carole Dormer, Elizabeth Hill and Geoff. Budd, we believe we have:



- | | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Carole Dormer | 11. | 21. Susan Playfoot |
| 2. Pauline Andrews | 12. Beryl Saunders | 22. Priscilla Elliott |
| 3. Lynne Chapman | 13. | 23. Philip Playfoot |
| 4. Sheila Duncton | 14. | 24. Geoff. Budd |
| 5. Sally Thorne | 15. Janet Budd | 25. Stephen Boakes |
| 6. Linda Boxall | 16. | 26. Patricia Wales |
| 7. John Goatcher | 17. John Katon | 27. Sheila Lucas |
| 8. | 18. John Bartlett | 28. Ellen Parsons |
| 9. Ian Christie | 19. ? Standing | 29. Andrew Bartlett |
| 10. Brian Dormer | 20. Kevin Saunders | 30. David Lucking |
| | | 31. Bertie Peacock |

We have used the girls' maiden names throughout to avoid confusion.

Can you supply the missing names, confirmation of the occasion, especially the date, or suggest any corrections?

K.C.T.

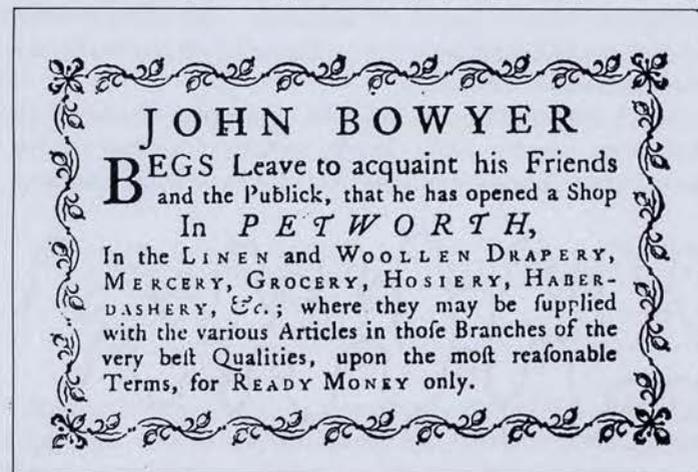
[For photograph see main illustrations. Ed.]

Three Petworth Trade Cards

Mr Peter Woodhead writes:

I have three cards issued by tradesmen in Petworth more than 150 years ago and I shall be grateful for any information that members of the Petworth Society may be able to provide about the individuals concerned.

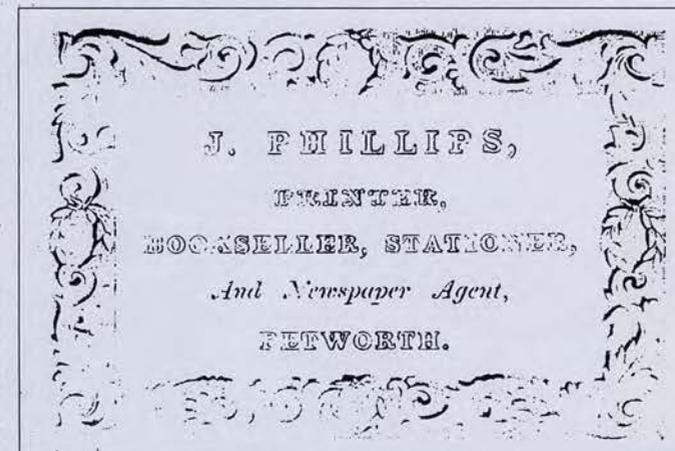
Card No 1, issued by John Bowyer, draper and grocer, etc., is probably the earliest and



judging from the spelling and general style might be attributed to the late 18th century, say, about 1780. It is printed in black on rather rough card with an ornamental border of the same colour. A John Bowyer is listed in Pigot's *Directory* of 1826 amongst the Gentry with the rank of esquire. If he is the same John Bowyer as the one on the card

one wonders how he made the transition from tradesman to gentleman. Perhaps he made sufficient money to retire on, or had come into an inheritance, or married well.

Card No 2 is issued by J. Phillips, printer and stationer. It is printed in black with a tan/gold border on very smooth card. Mr Jerome informs me that there is considerable evidence available for Mr Phillips existence in the way of bill heads etc. He, too, is listed in Pigot's *Directory* of 1826.



Card No 3 is apparently issued by Septimus F. Leete, apothecary. It is possibly a photograph on glossy card and is badly faded.

Since it will not reproduce well I transliterate it below:

Physicians Prescriptions and Family Recipes Faithfully Prepared
SEPTIMUS F. LEETE

PHARMACEUTICAL FAMILY CHEMIST

Late Principal Afsistant in the - Pharmaceutical Laboratory
of the

Liverpool Apothecaries Hall
PETWORTH

GENUINE PATENT MEDICINES FROM THEIR ORIGINAL PROPRIETORS

Mr Leete does not seem to be otherwise recorded. He is not in Pigot, who does not list any apothecaries. Judging from style, spelling etc., the original of the card dates from the period 1830-60.

I should be interested to know of any available evidence for the dates at which these tradesmen operated and from what addresses. I should particularly like to thank Mr Jerome for his kindness in providing help with several aspects of this note.

Peter Woodhead FSA, Tarry Cottage, Daglingworth, Gloucestershire, GL7 7AG

Percy – a note

Percy, in the St Lo department of La Manche in Normandy, is a town now much the size of Petworth and reputed to be the original home of the Percy family, for so long lords of Petworth.

The town is twinned with two Hampshire communities and this accounts for the new English telephone box. There is also an E.R. pillar box at the Town Hall.

P.



Letters to the Editor

Ivan Scott writes

27 Bromley Grove, Shortlands, Bromley, Kent BR2 - 0LP

Dear Peter

Email: ivan.scott1@virgin.net

Robert Tripland – died 1595 – inhabitant of Petworth.

Two Sundays ago my wife and I visited Petworth and Petworth House partly to see the area and partly to see if any evidence existed of my great (to the ninth) grandfather, Robert Tripland – but unfortunately found none.

Very briefly what is known is that Robert Tripland married Jacomie Langford at Petworth on 02/05/1580 – but three years earlier they had an illegitimate son John (alias Tripland) Langford, which appears to mean that Jacomie lived in a different manorial area, probably near Steyning.

Robert Tripland died in January 1595 between writing his will on 3 January and having it proved on 31 January. According to the said will he wished to be buried in the church litten (graveyard) of Petworth.

"in such desent sort as my executor shall bee thought meete"

Being a beer brewer his premises would have needed to be near a well, spring, or river. Would you kindly advise if you have any knowledge of Robert Tripland, his family, or business activities.

[The name Tripland is not known to me. Can anyone help? Ed.]

Julie Campbell writes

43 Gumnut Rd, YAMBA NSW 2464

Email: gabba308@bigpond.com.au

Dear Peter,

My name is Julie Campbell and I live in Australia. I got your address from Martin Hayes at the Petworth Library.

I am researching the family of William Rhodes who came to Australia in 1838 as a convict on the "Portsea". He originally came from Petworth Sussex.

I am trying to locate living descendants of William's family maybe still living in the area. While I realise that the population has moved around in the last two hundred years you can usually assume that if a family name is still in the area there is a connection somewhere.

Jeremy Godwin writes re Magazine 113:

Dear Peter

Perhaps the Beelzebub Oak is so-named as being on Petworth's brink of the Outwood, the old medieval piece of the Wealden Forest later cleared for the Park, but worked by the more recalcitrant tenants of Petworth and Upperton as a social unit. When the Park was extended northwards from the Arbour Hill, itself north of the old Petworth Common, to its present extent, it ejected the tenants' usage of the Outwood and cleared it, leaving the locals litigious and resentful. Well might the oak on the boundary corner on the edge of this area be named after the Lord of the Flies (the literal meaning of Beelzebub), patron (to the Estate's mind) of such people!

P.S. De Shepherd Psalm (PSM 113) — The usages De and Da for The are also found in written and spoken local dialect in Shetland, Britain's northernmost county. There the d – is thought to be due to Norse influence, the Norsemen having settled there a thousand years ago.

Another follow-up — Industrial bricks, in Petworth (Dammers Bridge and Lombard Street), Charlbury (Oxon.), and now (I read) in a West Cumberland town, where the Highways Department was caught in the act of "improving", ie, removing, them. Beware — officialdom may try it quietly here, too. Outcry thwarted them in West Cumberland.

Richard and Jackie Smith:

"Boswedden", 8 Sheepdown Close, Petworth, West Sussex, GU28 0BP

Tel: 01798 – 342387

Dear Peter,

20 September 2003

All Star Concert

On page 10 of Magazine No. 113 you have reproduced a poster for a Concert in Germany by an all-star line-up from Ealing Studios, headed by Michael Redgrave.

Thanks to Jackie's amazing memory and a double-check on the cast list, we have identified the film as 'The Captive Heart', made in 1946 and shot very largely on location in an old prisoner-of-war camp in Germany. Jackie remembers seeing this film on TV (as a very young girl!) around 1960.

To the best of Jackie's recollection, the story was set in World War II and featured a Czech resistance fighter (played by Michael Redgrave) who takes on the identity of a dead English officer and ends up in a POW camp. His fellow inmates have their suspicions about him, but when he receives a letter from the dead man's wife in England he feels under pressure to reply. To his great surprise, the woman (played by Redgrave's wife, Rachel Kempson) writes again, and a steady correspondence ensues until his release. After the war, he goes to England to see the wife in order to explain things, but she reveals that she knew it was not her missing husband because he would never have written in such endearing terms; she and her husband had had a difficult relationship.

How did it end? Jackie is not sure whether they got together, or just remained friends. Perhaps one of your other subscribers can add something to the story. As to any Petworth connection - who knows!

Yours sincerely,

Richard and Jackie Smith

[One or two other readers have made the same identification. Ed.]

Mrs K. Vigar writes:

Dear Peter,

9.9.03.

How I love reading the Magazine, the little tit bits I read take me back to my childhood so many years ago. For instance Harry Tree who is mentioned on page 5 in the September issue. We children were all afraid of him. There used to be a cup hanging from a chain leading to a tap in the Park wall where after a long walk on a sunny hot day my brother and I used to stop for a drink, "Old Tree" as we called him used to wave a stick at us and drive us away, perhaps it was understandable as children used to turn the tap on fully and run away.

On page 48 there is an account of the funeral of Mrs Streeter and the injuries her little grandson suffered when Petworth Boys School was bombed. Mrs Streeter was killed and the little grandson was almost blinded from bomb blast. I've often wondered where he is and if some sight returned to his eyes. I have so many happy memories of Mrs Streeter. She lived opposite us when we lived at Tillington Lodge, Henry her son was a little boy. I used to call Mrs Streeter "Auntie Deet". Mrs Streeter was a lovely pianist. When we had a social in Tillington School she always played the dance tunes. One I specially remember is, "Oh! Oh! Antonio, he's gone away, left me alonio, all on my onio. I'd like to meet him with his new sweetheart, up would go Antonio and his ice cream cart." I hadn't thought about this song for years until I thought about "Auntie Deet" on happy days.

On page 39 I see "Auntie Mog" is mentioned and that she was a keen guider. She managed to run her little shop near then what was known as Kensetts shop, the drapers later known as "Foxes" I believe. Mog was related to the Knights and married one of the Thayres, Mog used to be my guide lieutenant, she was one of the nicest people I'd ever met and all we guides loved her.

It is 10.30 p.m. I think part of growing old is remembering the past. Part of life is sad the other happy. That is why the old adage is still true you have to take the rough with the smooth. I made up the following years ago.

"Troubles we have many
Blessings we have too
We seldom count our troubles
But our blessings we do."

Hope this hasn't bored you Peter, good health to you both.

God Bless, Sincerely

Phill Sadler writes:

1 Oakwood Court, Petworth

Dear Peter,

I enjoyed reading the article about Arch Knight very much, you see I spent a great deal of my childhood in the bakehouse with him. My brother Ern was a baker there and brother Adrian the baker's boy.

When I was three years old Arch gave me a small pastry board and rolling pin and a wooden box to stand on to enable me to reach the bench, and every day a piece of dough and a few currants. Mind you it got pretty dirty by the time I'd finished making my bun but I enjoyed myself.

I well remember Arch's father, a fine gentleman. When I was at the Infant School, four years old, I would go to see him every day lying in bed with the sheet tucked under his chin, a lovely round face and snow white hair on the pillow. He liked me to sing him songs and recite poems which I'd learned at school. I missed him so much when he died.

Harry Cobby's father was the roundsman and once when he was ill my brother Ern drove the horse and cart and Adrian delivered the goods. Ern worked in the bakehouse. One day Ern decided to play a trick on Adrian and gave him sixpence and told him to go in the shop in Pound Street and buy sixpennyworth of round squares. The shop keeper said, "I'm sorry I haven't got round squares but these are nice and gave him a large bag of raspberry drops. Ern was furious, he was the one who looked silly.

Arch's sister Fan was a favourite with everyone, always had a smile and was so kind, if the cakes were a day or two old she would charge the customers a little less and the scales went right down when she weighed our sweets. I'm sure Arch's wife didn't know, she was a different type of person.

My brothers used to tell Mum how hard Gwen Carver worked, and when making sandwiches for teas in the Park Alice would tell her and her helpers to spread the butter on and scrape most of it off again.

I was very fond of Mog, she would sit in the kitchen at the large wooden table and cut up the slabs of sponge cakes which had been cooked in the bakehouse into different shapes, round, square and diamond and ice and decorate them to sell in the shop. All the odd ends she'd trimmed off she gave to me to eat, no wonder I grew so fat.

Arch often filled a large baking tin with apples and baked them in the bakehouse oven and gave them to Mum who made custard and we had them for dessert, she was so grateful having twelve children to feed.

There was a small shed in the yard where Ern used to cook the doughnuts in a large pan

of fat, then roll them in sugar. Arch never put jam in them, be put sultanas in the dough, they were delicious as were his Lardy rolls.

When Adrian was old enough he joined the Royal Navy and became Officer's Cook. Unfortunately after a few years he was ill and was invalided out and came home to Lombard St. Dr Kerr was wonderful and cured him of the illness and he went back to Arch as a baker.

When we were children a fishmonger used to come round with fish and Mum would send one of us out to him with a bucket and a shilling and he would fill the bucket full of fresh herrings, then go into the shop and pay Arch one penny toll.

Many years later, Jim Knight's daughter Eileen told me that when she and her husband took over the shop that my pastry board and rolling pin were still in the bakehouse.

I have many happy memories of Arch Knight.

Observations on Petworth House

When Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset, rebuilt Petworth House, in its present form, he included sculptured symbols of his intentions for its purpose on its main west front to the Park. These he placed above and below its ground and first floor windows, being its main rooms. On the North and South Wings' west front, first floor, a bowl of fruit and flowers; below its first floor windows, two busts of (whimsical) classical figures left and right of eagle (or similar) rising from a coronet. Along the ground and first floor windows, in keystone of each, a pair of wings; except for the Marble Hall, the ground floor windows of which have on their keystones a scallop, and the door's keystone a sundial (spot-on, as Greenwich Mean Time, on 4 October). The door is the former main entrance. Above the Marble Hall's first floor windows, are (left) and bow and quiver full of arrows, in foliage; (centre) a helmet; (right) a hunting or other horn with loop in middle. In between each of these three motifs, left and right of the helmet, is a duke's coronet.

The coronet expresses his proper pride and dignity; the helmet, his military aspirations; the eagle likewise; the scallop, his career, onward and upward; the wings, God's help and favour; the busts, classical revival; the bow, quiver, foliage, horn, the intended rustic delights of the Park. The sundial was their clock.

Jeremy Godwin

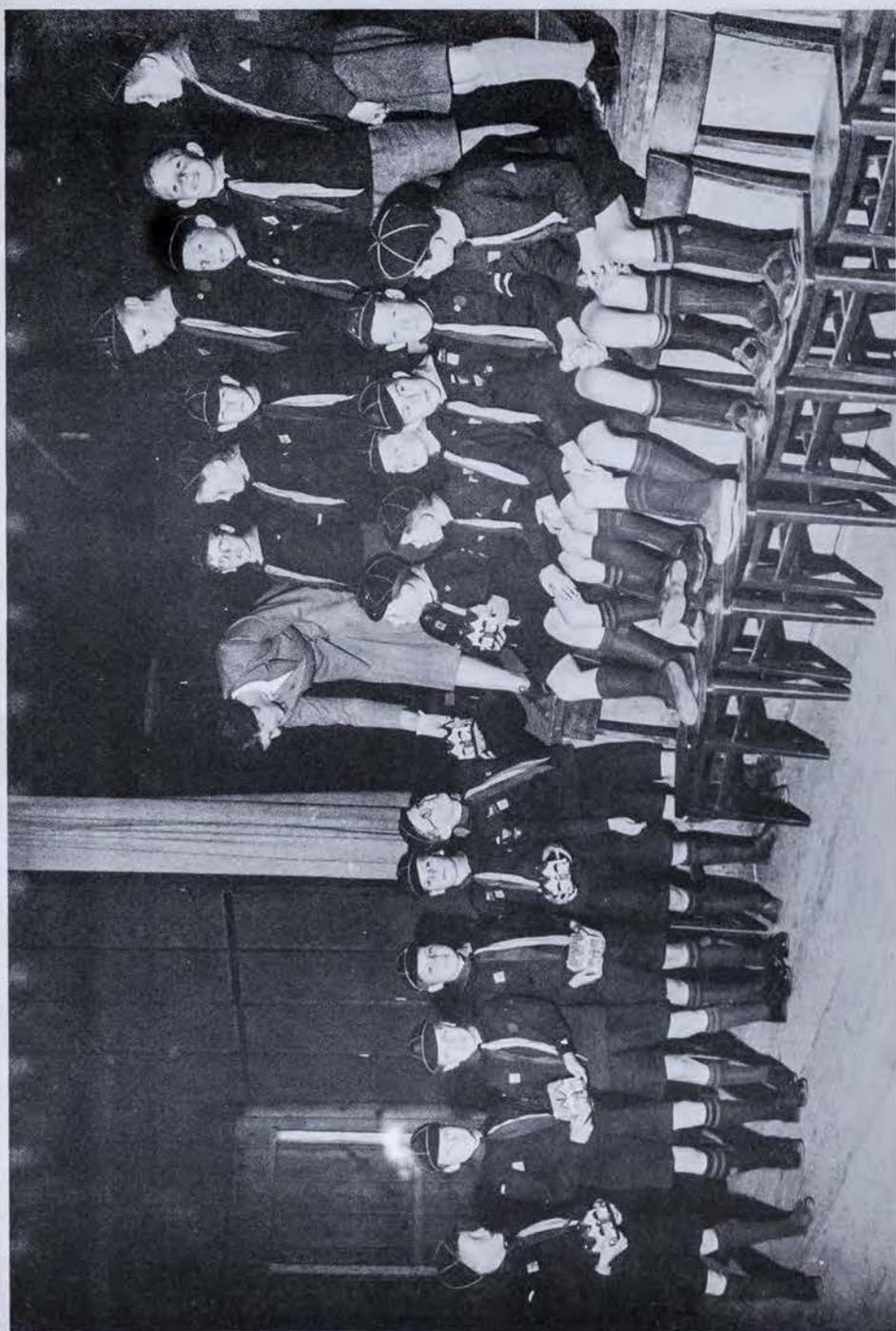
Solution to 113

Across 1 Herb Garden, 8 Lodge, 9 Nigella, 10 West Dean, 11 Lake, 13 Rustic, 15 Parham, 18 Kent, 19 Somerset, 21 Orchard, 22 Chive, 24 Leonardslee.

Down 2 End, 3 Bee, 4 Annual, 5 Digs, 6 Flower, 7 Maze, 12 Ash, 14 Sun, 16 Mother, 17 Border, 18 Knot, 20 Lawn, 22 Cos, 23 Ice.



Young Petworth 1958 Vintage. Photograph by George Garland. See "School Photograph 1958."



Here's another one to work on! The original Garland caption is: "Petworth cubs who are members of the Dr Barnardo League of Helpers, receiving their boxes from Mrs G.A. Mant, secretary and treasurer of the Petworth Branch, in the Iron Room." Probably late 1950s.

The Petworth Society 2003 Crossword (by Deborah)



Across

2 You are unlikely to find yourself in this dreary state of mind if you belong to the Society (5)
5 It was hard if 4 dn didn't know how to make it ... (6)
8 ... and she might have felt regret if this was not part of her 7 dn (3)
9 A short year and 30 ac are brought together in a religious community (6)
10 see 33
12 The Time of our Lives Music Theatre can sing plenty of these! (4)
13 Ponds made for industrial use, now often local beauty spots (6)
15 A gem from Balls Cross, whose tea and cakes were well received by Pet. Soc. walkers in August ... (4)
16 ... having trodden many

of these on their way! (5)
17 A hunter – bit of a prowler (3)
19 Decline, like the sea (3)
20 E.T. in the C.I.D. - produces official order (5)
21 Neither Dart nor Ilkley, but a local farm we visited in early summer (4)
26 A document of events, such as the Society's magazine (6)
28 ---- Quay – starting point for our 14 dn & 1dn walk (4)
30 St. Edmund's Day celebration in the town (4)
31 Noticeably replete after the Midsummer Eve Dinner! (6)
32 These members are very welcome in the Society (3)
33 & 10 She entertained in April with her portrayal

of Catherine Parr (6,4)
34 Summer flowers which bloomed profusely this year (5)
Down
1 see 14
2 & 11 The devil's tree that marks the parish boundary (9,3)
3 No Pet. Soc. meeting would be complete without one (6)
4 & 7 Mild, fair and rosy! Ada is looking confused: but Chris Howkins revealed some of her plant knowledge! (10,5)
5 Some of us saw them breeding in their hundreds in Chandler's fishponds! (4)
6 & 22 Old fashioned way we travelled from Sheffield Park to Kingscote last April (5,7)
7 see 4
11 see 2
14 & 1 Subject of a winter talk and venue for a summer walk! A.O.N.B. (10,7)
18 Ideal place for a springtime walk – Ben Law knows all about them! (9)
22 see 6
23 & 24 Ditchling Museum has examples of these (5,3)
25 Usually accompany a talk – local ones are particularly popular (6)
27 Relax and "get cool"! (5)
29 Farm building (4)

Upperton Mémories:

1) Camomile Daisies and 'Holy Joe'

I was born in 1917 at Rose Cottage on River Common not far from Roundabouts Farm, Mother told me that it was such a severe winter that year that our water froze and Dad would have gone up under the hill to a spring to fetch the water, the only trouble being that by the time he had walked back with a bucketful, it would be quite frozen solid and it would have to be thawed out. I was what was known as a 'straggler', I had an older brother George and three older sisters, and then Mother had a rest for seven years before I came along. Dad was in his forties when he was called up for the Great War. He would have been one of the last to go and I was about eleven months old when he went to war. He spent the last few months of the war in Germany and I still have some embroidered cards that he sent home to Mother.

Granny White my mother's mother also lived on River Common in what we called Granny's Cottage. It is now called Field House but when I remember it was just a little labourer's cottage.

There were always a lot of camomile daisies growing about Roundabouts Farm and we would pick the heads of the flowers to send to a cousin in London who would wash her hair in a mixture made from them.

I only ever went to Tillington School. Mr Brown was the headmaster and when he retired we had a headmistress who came from Portsmouth. I can see her face though I just can't remember her name for the moment. She was a very enthusiastic teacher, which was what was needed as things had slowly wound down in the period leading up to Mr Brown's retirement. We had three classes; the infants' was a room on its own. The other room had a folding screen in the middle that separated the two older classes. The screen could be folded back at weekends to allow for dances and other functions to take place. I remember a Miss Mascell and a Miss Bishop teaching at Upperton School and I believe the latter lady married a Bryder. The lady teachers were always very young and seemed to change quite frequently and it was only Mr Brown who remained for any length of time.

I was just a teenager but I seemed to get involved in everything that went on in the village, and among other things I was a member of the Women's Institute as well as the Mother's Union. Mrs Mitford of Pitshill House was president of both of the local organisations and as I often organised events I would go up to the house to talk to her. I was certainly not shy about going to the house and it never overawed me in any way. My future husband was a sort of footman at Pitshill House. His duties included assisting the butler and of course seeing to Colonel Mitford. You see he was studying to enter the Church and a priest that he knew managed to get him a position at Pitshill thinking that out in the country it would be peaceful and have just the right atmosphere for John to study. John was high church and I was low, however we got on well and what with one thing and another he never did take holy orders though he remained deeply involved with the church throughout his life. John would get time off from his duties and would come into the village, which is how we met.



Mrs Yeatman and her husband had the village shop and bakery at the very top end of Upperton village. Mr Yeatman died rather suddenly and his wife had to get out of the house that was attached to the shop. You see it was a tied place and belonged to Miss Amey of Petersfield who owned a brewery. Mrs Yeatman suggested that Mother took it, as it would give more room for her family. When Father came home from the war he was to find that Mother had taken on a thirteen-roomed house with a shop, a bakery and an off-licence attached. He must have been very surprised. Rose Cottage where we had lived previously was only two up and two down and so it seemed rather odd to suddenly have so much room. I was not to leave the house at Upperton until I was twenty-nine.

The shop sold everything from paraffin to bread, though Mother never used the bakery. We had an off-licence, which had to be open during licensing hours, which meant that we had to stay open until nine o'clock at night. Quite often we would get knocked up early in the morning as somebody wanted something urgently and Mother would have to drop whatever she was doing and open the shop. The house was quite old.

Our liquor licence was very important to the business and it was essential that it never lapsed. If the shop closed for any length of time then the licence would have had to be reapplied for and it was by no means certain that it would have been granted. Anyway Miss Amey decided to knock down the old house and build a new one and a plan was devised to demolish one half at a time and then rebuild that part before starting on the other side. This was so that the business could be kept going. I only ever met Miss Amey once and I believe the Mother only saw her half a dozen times but she was a tall lady and really quite masculine to look at; she had a reputation as being rather eccentric. The brewery was only small but they

owned quite a few houses and brewed lovely beer, especially their oatmeal stout. Mother felt that the stout was good for me and so every night during my teens I would have half a pint of stout for my supper.

Mother never went anywhere and spent all of her time at the shop. The only time she had to herself was Sunday afternoon after lunch. She would go upstairs and do her ablutions and dress up in her Sunday best. I guess that she got this from Granny White for she would always wear her domestic clothes in the morning but dress up in the afternoon.

Water for the old house was fetched from a well in the garden or else from a huge underground rainwater tank. We used a bucket on a hook to get the water from the tank though when the new house was built we had a little pump, which made things easier when it wasn't breaking down. The well water was lovely and cool in the summer though it was hard work getting it up for it was over sixty feet deep. The bucket was the size of two ordinary ones and held four gallons which took some winding.

While Mum ran the shop Dad looked after the market garden out the back. He also had an allotment at Little Common and orchards at River Common. With the produce that he grew he would do a greengrocery round and at the orchard he grew daffodils between the apple trees. We used to help bundle them up for sale.

Halfway up Upperton Hill there was an old house right on the road. My father George Wadey lived there when he was young and the whole family were good singers. They were chapel people and called themselves Cokelers. On Sunday evenings the whole family would sing hymns, and people would line up on the causeway opposite to listen to them singing. Grandad Mark Wadey had three brothers named Matthew, Luke and John and even their sisters had biblical names.

Miss Bulmer was the nearest thing to gentry in the village. If I remember rightly she lived in Westbrook House though we only ever called it Miss Bulmer's House, and she must have had some kind of disability for she travelled around in an old fashioned bathchair that was pulled by a little Shetland pony. When she went to Church on a Sunday morning the pony would be taken out of the shafts at the Church gate and she would be pushed inside, I think that she may have been a parson's daughter or something like that but she was certainly of independent means. She always had a couple of girls working for her along with Jesse Daniels who was her all-round body.

The patch of grass in the middle of the village was always known as The Green even though it was only just big enough to swing a cat on. Mr Walker from River Common would come and give sermons on The Green. We knew him as 'Holy Joe' but only behind his back of course. A man playing an accordion to encourage people to join in the hymn singing would usually accompany 'Holy Joe'. We children would go and watch and like most children generally take the 'micky' out of the proceedings. I always remember one day when Mr Walker was saying prayers his colleague put the accordion down so that he could join in and a stray dog came along and cocked its leg over the instrument. Needless to say we children were highly amused by this. Mr Walker lived at Westlands Lane up on River Common and he ran a small factory with women using knitting machines. Quite a few of the local girls worked for him at one time or another. Mr Hewson the AA man lived opposite the Green and when he moved to Birmingham to work in a motor factory, Mr Money, who had the shop in Golden Square at Petworth, moved in. Mr Money was a newcomer.

Telegrams—"Walker's Knitting, Lodsworth."

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Trade card for Walker's probably from the 1920's

- 1) Front
- 2) Back

We always celebrated Guy Fawkes night with a big bonfire up on Upperton Common. Huge quantities of furze and other burnable stuff would be collected and piled up and it would be a great celebration for the village. Like most villages we also had fetes and other entertainments but our favourite was Petworth Fair which was held every November. We occasionally went to the travelling circus which would pitch-up on Hampers Green and we would walk across the Park to get there, but of course the gates closed at nine o'clock and so we had to walk all the way round the wall to get home.

In winter if it snowed we would have great fun sliding down the steep slope in the Park just below the Monument. We would also go skating on the lake if it froze. Another favourite pastime was following the hunt on foot. In fact every season had its own activity. In spring we would walk right up to the Gog and pick huge bunches of wild daffodils and even occasionally bee orchids. We also had great fun in searching for iron ore in the Pheasant Copse and would be most excited when we found a piece as we were convinced that they were in fact thunder bolts. The Pheasant Copse also had those wonderful chestnut trees which of course gave us hours of pleasure in the autumn. Father did a lot of coppicing in the Pheasant Copse and would buy up several acres each year and so we knew the place very well. He would cut pea and bean sticks and make chestnut paling for fencing.

I remember Harry Hooker well. He was a regular churchgoer with his son who was also named Harry. Mrs Hooker however rarely went to church; in fact I don't ever recall her going out of the house. Harry junior was a little bit simple and we village kids would often tease him and Mr Hooker would say, "Leave the boy alone, won't you?" Well, the 'boy' as Harry called him, must have been all of sixty years old if he was a day! Charlie Scarfe the farmer delivered milk around the district with his horse drawn float. Charlie did like a bit of drink and most days about lunchtime you could find his horse and milk cart tied up outside the pub at Tillington. After he had finished his drink he would set off on his cart back to this farm at Upperton, fortunately the horse knew its way home for he was often 'three sheets to the wind' as they say. Most of us Upperton school children walked home each day for our lunch and if we were lucky Mr Scarfe would pass us going up the long hill home and as many as six of us would jump on the back of the cart and get a welcome lift home. One day Mr Scarfe was in the pub as usual when some village boys unhitched the horse from his cart, pushed the shafts through a fence and then hitched the horse back up. Mr Scarfe came out of the pub after his usual session and climbed onto the cart. He cried out his customary "gee-up" and the horse, fence, cart and Mr Scarfe headed off up the hill towards Upperton.

The village children were always up to some mischief or other, though they never did anything that would hurt anybody. Just across the road from our shop were some cottages up on a bank and in one lived a very large old lady. I will always remember getting up one morning for school and looking out of the window, there were her bloomers hanging on the clothesline and somebody had tied knots in the legs and the filled them up with turnips. Oh, we did laugh at the sight.

Mr Payne was the village postman for more years than I care to remember. He would get up very early in the morning, walk down to Tillington to collect the post and then deliver and collect the mail right out to River and Parkhurst where my sister Win was born. In the afternoon he would do his round again whatever the weather!

Mr and Mrs Peacock lived at the Monument in the Park and the old lady would charge a penny to take visitors to the top. The Park gate was always locked at 9 o'clock sharp and if you were still inside the Park then you had to knock Mr Peacock up to let you out and he would not be at all happy. Mrs Peacock kept goats and used to take in the laundry for Mrs Lascelles at Tillington House. Mrs Lascelles wrote a strong letter to her saying that if she didn't stop the goats nibbling the corners of her sheets then she would find herself another lady to do her laundry. My brother George's wife Norah was Mrs Lascelles' ladies maid at one time.

Mr Goggs was the Rector at Tillington and when he left Freddie Champion took his place. One day Dad had a fall out with Mr Goggs who had accused Dad of selling him a load of inferior firewood. Well Dad always believed in fair play and was furious that he had been accused of such an act and he called Mr Goggs a blackbearded old 'b'. Sometime later Dad was riding through Tillington on his cart when Mr Goggs came out of his house and called out "Stop Wadey!" Dad was used to being called George by everyone and ignoring Goggs went on his way home. Mr Goggs followed him all of the way to Upperton just to tell Dad that he had come out to apologise to him for blackening his name.

One night we were sitting in church at the back as usual when Mr Goggs the vicar came in, he looked around and said in a dry voice "If I had come to church by way of the smugglers tunnel I would still know what the weather was like." Mr Goggs knew that if we children were in church on a Sunday evening then it must be miserable weather outside. A local rumour was that there was a tunnel from the old vicarage into the church and the smugglers would come up Hungers Lane from the river and a friendly parson would let them hide their goods in the vicarage. Besides the tunnel I believe that there is a priest's hole in the church, for above the lectern where the brass eagle is there is a little doorway in the wall over one of the pillars. I often asked the vicar to allow me to go up and take a look and he invariably put me off and I never did get the chance.

Early in their marriage Dad bought Mother a little pony and trap for going into Petworth. Mother complained that the pony was too slow so Dad got her another. This one was very 'fleety' and you didn't want to make the mistake of turning it around before you were ready to go home for it would be off. One day Mother went down to Petworth railway station to pick up Auntie Emm who was her younger sister. Mother loaded up Auntie Emm's baggage but made the mistake of facing the pony homewards and before Emm could climb up onto the cart Mother and the pony were flying off home. Auntie Emm managed to cling onto the back of the cart before she got left behind.

Dad was a jack-of-all-trades and was pretty much self-sufficient in most things. He could thatch hay or 'varn' ricks in no time, press apples in his own cider press and make sheep hurdles. The cider that he made was well known around the district and much of it would be given to the casual labourers employed at harvest time. As children it would be our job to take the stone bottles of cider out to the men in the field. This would often be quite late in the evening for we were under strict orders not to give the men cider until they had finished their day's work. Dad believed in sending the men home happy.

Some Late Recollections

Doctor Druitt was our doctor and he would come through the village on a Thursday on

his way to Lodsworth. We used to say, "Send for Doctor Druitt. He'll come on Thursday you'll probably be better by then or he'll be in time to lay you out". Doctor Druitt always attended to Granny White and she would save a crate of her best apples for him at Christmas and he would give her a bottle of whisky. Granny White did all of the confinements and laying out in the village and one of the doctors said that she should take a certificate in it but of course she wouldn't for she would then be at everyone's beck and call.

Something that came to mind this morning was that we never said snowflake, it was always a gland of snow. When it snowed we would say, "Those are big glands coming down". I don't hear the word used any more. At school we would be corrected when we used local words.

Lady Cunliffe lived at River House and when she moved out I believe that some Blackshirts took it on for a while. They were something to do with Oswald Mosely and were not very popular in the village. The local boys often had fights with the fascists and I know that two of them were debagged in Petworth Square. I don't think they stayed long as they were made very unwelcome.

The old cinema at Petworth had a galvanised roof and if it rained hard you couldn't hear the music to the film, which was of course before talking films came out. We weren't really bothered by the noise just so long as we got a back seat.

A family called Blundens lived in the Park at Snowhill and I remember the son Charlie. There was also a girl and she once told me that it was so dark in the Park that one night she was walking home from Petworth when she fell over a cow that was asleep across the path.

I married in 1942 and moved away from Upperton in 1946 but Mother carried on with the shop for another couple of years and Mr Hazelman took on the shop after that.

Ethel Rose was talking to Miles Costello

2) There for the Duration

When war broke out I was living with Mum and Dad in North Road, Portslade. My parents were worried about the possibility of bombing and it was decided that I should go to Upperton to stay with my grandparents on Mother's side, George and Alice Wadey. I was certainly no stranger to the village for before the war my father and I had often cycled up from Portslade to Upperton to visit my grandparents, and then cycle home the same day, quite a trip for a young boy not yet in his teens. Anyway, much to my great pleasure I ended up going to Upperton for the duration.

Gran Wadey kept Upperton shop, while Grandad and his youngest son - my Uncle Ray - farmed Roundabouts Farm on River Common. I believe that my mother's family must have come from there, because my maternal great-grandmother, who we knew as Grannie White, lived in a cottage just down the lane from the farm. I loved the country life and felt completely at home on the common. Very occasionally I would make the journey down the long hill to Tillington school but really life was much too good to waste time indoors and Grandad never

really pushed me to go to school, though Gran often worried that Mum would find out that I was spending my days on the farm rather than at school. The war had little impact on life at River Common. Perhaps the odd plane would come over but really you could have been on another planet altogether, for the world just seemed to pass us by. I spent much of the war helping my grandfather at Roundabouts. The old farmhouse didn't go with the farm at that time which is why Gran and Grandfather had taken the shop at Upperton to house themselves and their six children who were of course my mother and her brothers and sisters. All of them apart from Uncle Ray, the youngest, had by this time long since flown the nest.

Uncle Ray joined the army and I more or less took his place on the farm despite being only quite young. I drove the tractor and generally mucked in around the place. Grandfather bought and sold horses and was something of a wheeler-dealer. He was well known for breaking in wild ponies and he could duck and dive just like Steptoe of the television and as he grew older he began to quite look like the old rogue. I don't know that he would do anything blatantly illegal but he sailed pretty close to the wind at times and could make a little extra money out of just about anything.

Grandfather kept sheep and cows on the farm and was very much involved in shooting and hunting either on the Pitshill or Leconfield Estates. We had horses for carting and ploughing as well one of the very early Ford tractors, which I would drive, and wherever I went on the tractor my shotgun went with me. There was no fear of a policeman catching me as we were so far out of the way at River Common. In fact I don't think I ever saw a policeman out there. Uncle Ray used to say, "If there's anything about boy, shoot it!". We used to go poaching at night with torches, I won't tell you some of the places we went, for it may be frowned upon even after all these years. We took some real chances and could easily have got into serious trouble if we had been caught. Uncle Ray was a great pheasant breeder and each season he would raise thousands of the birds up in the Pheasant Copse. He would wire off huge pens to keep out foxes and vermin.

Roundabouts was a Mitford farm, though I believe that Leconfield owned the Common. Grandfather had common rights at River and he used to cut the bracken in front of Roundabouts farmhouse to use as bedding for the animals.

Mr Yeatman had Upperton shop before Gran took it on and I think that Amey's the Petersfield brewers may have owned it, as Gran was just a tenant. The shop was quite large. Well, really it was a house with a shop in it. The garden was two or three hundred yards long at the back of the shop followed by a narrow strip of a field and then the Petworth Park wall. The garden was all laid out to fruit and vegetables, which were sold to shops in Petworth. I well remember loading the pony and cart up with produce and delivering to the shops, Caines in Pound Street, Meachens opposite the Church and Olders in Angel Street. There were probably others that I can't remember now but we didn't supply the big shops like the International Stores. Sometimes I was with Grandfather but occasionally by myself. Grandad also did coppicing and would make hurdles and bean sticks and pea boughs. He taught me how to thatch a rick and we would always thatch our neighbours' for them.

Things were never easy for Gran at the shop. She had no electric in the house or shop and every drop of water had to be heated on a huge copper. There was an enormous water

tank buried by the back door with a trap over it, which took all the rainwater off the roof, and you would draw out water in a bucket to fill the copper. There was also a well down the garden but the rainwater tank was more convenient.

The shop itself was only probably about 10 foot square, but it was full of groceries and flour and tins. The cellar was always icy cold and this was where the barrels and bottled beers were kept. Gran or occasionally Grandad would have to go down to fill up the jugs from the barrel. It was a beerhouse to all intents and purposes though it only had an off-sales licence. Grandad had cut a seat into the bank just up the road where the men could sit and drink their beer without breaking the licensing regulations. I don't suppose that sitting beside the road supping beer would be looked upon favourably nowadays. The shop got very busy on a Sunday morning with men sitting on the seat up the road and on the garden wall.

Gran sold Aladdin Pink paraffin, which was kept in the oil house in a huge five hundred gallon tank. There was no electric in the village then and everybody used paraffin lamps. There was also a saw bench in the stable that Grandfather used to cut up logs for the fire though we used faggots for cooking and heating the water. There was no mains electric on River Common long after it came to Upperton and all of the milking was done with the aid of an engine which had to be cranked up to create the vacuum for milking. Grandad had only about six milking cows, the rest being beef.

Eventually the war ended and I left Upperton, though I continued visiting for some years until Gran and Grandad gave up the shop and eventually the farm and came to live with us at Portslade. Uncle Ray carried on at Roundabouts, though with Gran moving, the connection was to a degree broken.

Dennis Field-Wright was talking to Miles Costello

3) Sweets Were Rationed

My first memories of Roundabouts Farm on River Common date from when I was about two years old. Mother and Father had taken my brother Dennis and I to visit Grandma and Grandad Wadey at Upperton. Dennis is five years older than me and has a clearer recollection of Roundabouts. However, certain things still stuck in the mind of a young child.

Grandad kept Southdown sheep at the time and my brother took me to see them. He sat me on the back of one of the sheep and with my bare toes gripping furiously onto the long wool he drove the sheep round the field with me clinging on for dear life. Eventually we were discovered and Dennis had his ears boxed for his trouble.

On another occasion Grandad was trying to sort out a big black stallion for its owner. He had a way with horses and besides breaking in Dartmoor ponies he would also see to the odd racehorse that was giving its owner a bit of trouble. Anyway, Dennis sat me on the back of the big stallion and then gave it a slap and off we went, horse and I, at a furious pace across the field. I clearly recall hanging from the horse's neck as it jumped a hedge and went off around the common before eventually coming to a halt at a high field gate.

Grandma made cheese and butter while Grandad grew all sorts of vegetables and fruit,

much of which would be taken to Haslemere market to be sold. My mother Winifred who is now 98 years old can remember accompanying him to Haslemere. After a successful day at the market Grandad would stop off at the pub on his way home. Fortunately his horse knew its own way home on these occasions.

Mother had a number of chores to do around the farm, which included delivering milk in jugs to other families on the common. She had to help with the animals, collect eggs as well as look after her younger brothers and sisters.

The family lived at the shop in Upperton village. It was a big house with 13 rooms, which included 6 bedrooms so there was plenty of space for the family. The shop was rebuilt in 1936 and Grandmother went away on holiday to the Isle of Wight while the workmen did the worst of it. I believe that they took down half of the building at a time before rebuilding it; this allowed the shop to continue in business while the work was carried out. Aunt Ethel who was younger than Mother was left in charge while Violet, another daughter, took Grandma away.

I remember visiting Grandma at the shop when sweets were rationed. She took down a small Mars bar from the shelf, and she carefully cut it into seven slices, which she then cut in half, Dennis and I could have one piece each day, quite a treat indeed!

Grandad was strict but fair and one day I said to Grandma that I only wanted a small piece of suet pudding with my meal. Grandad was not pleased and spoke quietly with Grandma. She then put a piece of suet pudding the size of a small pea on my plate by itself. The suet pudding sliced and put in the roasting tin to brown instead of Yorkshire pudding was a great favourite of mine. I soon realised that no more food was going to appear. Grandad then told me to eat the pudding and never again say that you do not want food that is put before you for there are plenty of people not as fortunate as we are. It was with great difficulty that I did not cry as I swallowed the crumb of suet pudding. Five minutes later Grandad gave Grandma a nod and my plate was filled in the usual manner. I had learned a lesson that I would never forget.

When the war ended Uncle Ray (Nobby) returned from the army and carried on working the farm. He was good fun for he had a great sense of humour and he loved to yodel at the drop of a hat. I remember one Sunday being all dressed up in my best frock ready to go for a walk. Uncle Ray called out to me from the cow stall where he was milking, would I like a drink. Before I could reply a stream of warm creamy frothy milk was winging its way towards my mouth. Unfortunately my mouth was shut and I received a lovely lace pattern down my Sunday frock. Needless to say neither Ray nor myself were the toast of the town that day.

When we visited River Common as a family we were always expected to muck in and help out with whatever chores needed doing on the farm.

Tillington School

Mother went to Tillington School where the pupils had to pay a halfpenny a day for their dinner. One morning as usual Mother was walking from River Common to school at Tillington and when she arrived she discovered the coin gone and she turned to go back home, for the rule was no money no dinner. When she had walked as far as Pitshill House Mother

put her hand in to her pocket for her hanky and there was the coin, she had to turn around once again and walk all of the way back to school.

Catowen

When Mother and her brothers and sisters were young they used to visit 'Catowen' to make clay marbles and dig for pig iron. Grandad said to be very careful as a complete horse and cart had fallen in, never to be seen again.

Commoners' Rights

Grandad had commoners' rights on River Common and this continued until Uncle Ray's death. The rights allowed the holder to cut varn (bracken), graze cattle and grant permission for people to ride their horses on the common. Grandad took his rights very seriously and would keep the rides clear and maintain the unmade road, which ran across the common between the pond and the tarmac road.

The Apple Orchard

The family owned two fields and an orchard at River along with another orchard at River Common. Daffodils would bloom beneath the apple trees in the spring and Grandad would welcome the gypsy families to come and pick them - at an agreed price of course - and they would then sell them at market. Grandad would use the apples for cider making. He was well known locally for his cider.

Roundabouts Farm

The farmhouse had a kitchen, sitting room, dairy, and a passage that went to the milking shed. Upstairs there were three large bedrooms, one of which was built into the sloping roof of the ceiling. The convenience was, as usual, up the garden, and it had two wooden seats, a large one for the grown ups and a smaller one for the children. There was no water or electricity at Roundabouts and light was provided by tilly, or paraffin lamps, or candles. Water was drawn from the well in front of the farmhouse and all the cooking was done on a black lead oven stove that stood in the kitchen. The walls of the house were whitewashed until Auntie Doris came to live there and she had wallpaper pasted up. The farmyard had two pigsties that housed the large Whites. There were also two stalls, a barn, two cart sheds and pond.

When Uncle Ray got married, Grandma and Grandad moved out of the farmhouse and across the common to a piece of land that they owned. They wanted to build a bungalow in the orchard but were refused permission. Not to be beaten Grandad converted a small shed into a nice living room with a stove and a small room for a toilet. They purchased a caravan and along with the shed they spent many happy years in the orchard. Eventually time took its toll and they could not longer stay at River Common and they moved down to Portslade where they spent their last years living with my mother. Uncle Ray and his new family remained at Roundabout Farm for the rest of his life.

Miles Costello.

Written from notes made by Sylvia Chandler granddaughter of George and Amy Wadey

LOCAL CELEBRITIES

No. 1

(This new series will appear fortnightly)



MR. J. E. WESTWOOD, Petworth's example of contentment,
who needs no introduction.

Four typical Harold Roberts drawings from the mid-1930s. The first is one of a series produced for the West Sussex Gazette, the last appears to portray Petworth bench of magistrates. See "Once more Harold Roberts."

WELL! I NEVER
EXPECTED
THAT!



Mr. ———?
DISCOVERS THE
EVERGREEN HUMBUG.
THE FIRST AND ONLY
SPECIMAN TO BE
CAPTURED IN THE
PETWORTH DISTRICT.
THOUGHT TO HAVE
ORIGINATED IN
WISBORO' GREEN.

1922



WHAT DO YOU WANT!



'You really feel someone lives here'

Warm, dry September days, half-way through the month and the Museum remains relatively busy. The weather helps no doubt. A good crowd on the Wednesday, a school party due in next week. It's Thursday afternoon and turns out to be a quintessential Museum day, not bustling busy, but someone there all the time from my lighting the fire at 2 o'clock until 4.20. An opportunity effectively to be expansive, visitors sitting in the parlour talking. No time even to deadhead in the garden, the orange plastic scissors kept well out of sight.

Of course, in a sense, I've done it all before. We all have; but it doesn't work out quite like that. People have their own insights: it's a matter of listening as well as talking. The cottage stimulates people to think of things already half-forgotten. The big black kettle and the heavy pots on the Petworth range. "Is it a real fire?" Funnily enough, this year it's been difficult to see the words "The Petworth" embossed on the flue. Something must be shading it. At Petworth House the range kept a stock-pot going constantly but our visitors have a variation on this theme. Where the great house had stock they had stew. In went meat to make a full meal. And to keep it fresh - egg shells. Trying not to fragment them, although if you did find a piece of shell, well you'd simply found a piece of shell. After all it was there to protect you. You changed the mix every fortnight the same period as at the great house. Start again from scratch. At the house the last job of the kitchen maid at night was to put the excess vegetables into the stock pot, bring it to the boil, then leave to simmer. 10.30 and so to bed. Other memories, a poor family and a mother with a burning pride. Up at 5 o'clock to white the doorstep, black lead the stove every day. Our black fender at the museum is something of a soft option. "We had a brass fender. You'd rake out the cold ashes and then go over the brass with ash and emery paper. That's all, every day, and it shone."

Slowly we return to 2003 and modern day consideration of Mrs Cummings' possible décor. A sempstress might well have chenille table cloth and curtains, a labouring family probably not. Or the bombazine round the mantle, ours is green, black perhaps more usual. We feel the stiff twill. The clock ticks away, to no purpose, the museum essays an eternal present. The stewards reach the end of an afternoon and go away, but the cottage remains impervious. The chair in the sewing room with the tumbling block pattern remains obstinately unmended. Presumably it will never be mended. Time imposes on Mrs Cummings an indolence she would, in real life, have abhorred. We look across to the parlour window, the candle's gone slightly lopsided. It's where the sun has streamed in on it.

Agnes Phelan, returning after eighty years, remembering her stay here in 1919, candles, a not too obvious door, a steep staircase and three girls in a tiny attic. It's an experience for our new friends to relive and they do.

A quick break. A look at the garden. The apparently insoluble problem of keeping it going in a dry September. Perhaps that's just the whole point! In 1910 you didn't, you wouldn't. Calendulas, nasturtiums bloom obstinately on but without conviction. Some vivid red rosehips, an unpretentious, rather nondescript Michaelmas daisy, a veronica flowering bright pink just at the very top of a longer flower spire - rather like a rocket at the top of its trajectory.

Inside again, feeling the heat from the gas mantles. "Ours didn't have pilots like yours." Leafing through the visitors' book. "A lovely place. My 4th visit". "A lovely way to break our journey". Our friends are coming downstairs. They've had a long chat with Betty Wade. They're still on the stairs, "It's just made our day. Finding the great house closed, this has made up for everything. You really feel someone lives here."

P.

William Tipper of Petworth

William Tipper (my great great grandfather) was born in Selham in 1820. He was the son of Thomas and Jane Tipper. The 1841 Census shows him as living with his parents at Heath End Farm, Selham, and working as an agricultural labourer on his father's farm.

On 28 September 1842, Thomas Tipper married Jane Steer (1814-1888) in Petworth and there they remained for the rest of their lives. Jane brought with her an illegitimate son, William Steer, who was baptised at Petworth on 27 June 1837 and was shown in the 1851 Census as a tailor's apprentice.

William and Jane Tipper had at least six children, all born in Petworth: Thomas (1844?), Alfred (1846-1849), Henry (1848-1852), Jane Ann (1851-1852), George (1855-?) and my great grandfather Lewis (1858-1906). The Census shows the family at the following addresses in Petworth:

1851 at 70 Back Street, William Tipper an agricultural labourer
1861 at 28 New Street, William Tipper an ostler
1871 at 26 North Street, William Tipper an agricultural labourer
1881 at Back Street, William Tipper an agricultural labourer

At some time in the 1870s both George and Lewis Tipper migrated to London because George married in Battersea in 1876 and was shown as living in Woodford in the 1881 Census while Lewis Tipper was living in Battersea.

The Farm Labour Book (PHA 2435) in the Petworth Hose Archives gives details of William Tipper's work from 13 October 1879 to 21 October 1880. He was generally paid 2/4d a day, making 14/- for a six day week. Occasionally the daily rate of pay was as high as 2/8d, 4/- or 4/4d. The Farm Labour Book also contains details of the work on which the farm labourers were employed. These tasks were quite varied and the details of William Tipper's employment for the two weeks to 15 June 1880 were typical for the season: Friday, Saturday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, ploughing; Saturday and Monday, winnowing; Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, dung spreading. Sometimes though, there was not enough work for all the labourers to work a full week. For example, in the two weeks to 29 January 1880, William Tipper worked for only nine of the twelve working days and in the two weeks to 21 October 1880 he worked for only seven and a half out of twelve working days.

The Petworth House Archives also show that William Tipper was tenant of estate cottage No. 346 Middle Street from 1886 until his death in 1890. I assume this is the same

property as what is now 346 High Street, ie the Petworth Cottage Museum. The Tipper connection is confirmed by the metal stencil in the name of Tipper which is in the Museum's cellar. So my great great grandfather was resident there before Mrs Cummings.

Jane Tipper died in Petworth on 31 October 1888. The cause of death was senile decay and the informant 'X' the mark of William Tipper. William Tipper himself died on 4 April 1890. The cause of death was suicide by hanging whilst temporarily insane. There was a brief report of the coroner's inquest in the *West Sussex Gazette* of 10 April 1890, but it contains no further information. The coroner's records for the relevant date are not available at the West Sussex Record Office and I have been unable to ascertain what might have prompted the suicide. And so ends the Tipper connection with Petworth.

I would be pleased to hear of any descendants of William Tipper who might read this article.

Terence Chapman, 38 Amberley Drive, Goring-by-Sea, Worthing, BN12 4QQ.
e-mail: mehrtensw@chapmans66.freereserve.co.uk

Once more Harold Roberts

Harold Roberts had been born in England in 1892 but left for Canada with his parents as a small child. A colourful and somewhat robust early life in Canada ended with his enlisting in the Royal Canadian Mounted Rifles. In 1914 he landed in France with the first Canadian troops. He would eventually contract double pneumonia in the trenches, return to England to convalesce, and marry.

He returned to Canada with his new wife but after two years the couple came back to England. Harold tried to make a living as an artist but eventually had to find work for the Inland Revenue. From there he moved to the Rating Department at the Old Petworth R.D.C. office at Newlands in Pound Street. By this time, in the mid-1930s, Harold was living at Wisborough Green, but very much at the epicentre of Petworth life.

Harold Roberts was a compulsive artist and sketcher, water colours, caricatures, sketches of local scenes (often reproduced in the *West Sussex Gazette*) and a limited



Harold Roberts in later life.

body of commercial work, all flowed from his pen and brush. In the 1920s he had a particular penchant for cartoons illustrating contemporary agricultural politics. Harold was living largely in East Sussex at this time and they tended to be published in the East Sussex press. While the controversies are themselves now largely forgotten, the cartoons remain a kind of memorial to them. Here is a typical one.



The Ulster F.U. has joined with a strong array of interested Societies and Associations in forming a Meat Advisory Council to defend the industry at a critical period. At the meeting on Thursday the English and Scottish Unions will not be represented.

It is unfortunate that Harold Roberts was decidedly cavalier about captions. Sometimes characters like Lord Leconfield, George Garland or Mr. Pitfield, the Market Square solicitor, are obviously identifiable, occasionally he gives a name: more often we are simply left to guess. There are some examples in this magazine. See main illustrations.

These caricatures take us right into a society, a privileged circle, that, seventy years on, can be glimpsed only from the outside. Harold Roberts was an insider in a way that we can never be. There is an intimacy, a familiarity in these drawings that we cannot honestly share. This is a lost world, dominated by those who, like the dinosaurs, have long since departed the scene. We can only note their footprints and wonder. Any information on the caricatures in this magazine would be appreciated. Harold Roberts died in 1956 aged 64.

P.

[See also Magazine 84. Ed.]

The Queen's Head / Masons' Arms, 1753 – 1956

Standing just within the northern entrance of the town the small inn is conveniently situated to offer a resting place close to the foot of the long incline which leads up North Street to the top of Church Hill and then on to the town proper. Not a place for an extended visit, for business after all would be in the town, perhaps at the busy market that clogged the Market Place, or even at the grand house that by now was hidden behind the great curtain wall which was built during the very first years of the inn. In the early days the busy turnpike gate that stood almost outside the inn would have generated a certain amount of trade, and no doubt a welcoming light and a friendly word from the landlord would have encouraged the passing traveller to enter the premises. A pocket-sized hostelry by modern standards, something less than half of the building as we know it today was used for commercial purposes in the nineteenth century, and the inn, never having gained the substance of a coaching establishment, would probably have offered only meagre fare to the weary traveller.

For many years the inn formed part of a trinity of buildings made up of the Union Workhouse on its northern side and much later the Boys' School to the south. Ironically neither of the important public institutions that flanked the old inn would contribute to its prosperity for it was strictly out of bounds to the occupants of both establishments. Unhappily the inn would eventually lose its neighbours and would become a lonely sentinel, ruling over, as it has for over two centuries, what was effectively an autonomous enclave on the very periphery of the town. This detachment from the town proper is to some extent still felt to this day, and with the loss of the small shops and businesses in North Street the commercial umbilical cord that for so long had connected the town with North End was effectively broken.

A Crisis of Identity

At various times during its long history our northernmost inn has displayed the sign of the *Queen's Head*, the *Masons' Arms* and now rather confusingly the *Stonemasons'*. To those official names we can also add the colloquial titles of *Vinsons* and more recently *The Trap*, the former name recording for posterity the long period of influence which the Vinson family held over the property, and of the second - although a great deal more recent - relatively little is known.

That the property which we commonly know as the *Masons' Arms* was once called the *Queen's Head* is the most difficult to substantiate and yet is equally hard to deny. The 1753 land tax assessment certainly confirms a hostelry of that name operating in North Street and it is not easy to place the business anywhere other than on its present site.¹ Even usually reliable authorities shed little light on the subject and previous researchers offer us no assistance. Miss Beck for instance makes no mention of the *Queen's Head* in her work; a most unlikely oversight on the part of such a capable scholar for it is quite evident that she had consulted the taxation records.² It is possible that she had simply failed to establish any firm connection between the *Queen's Head* and the *Masons' Arms*, a theory which becomes all the

more probable after considering the introductory statement to her work in which she freely admits that her list was not exhaustive and that she knew of inn names that were omitted because she was unable to accurately identify their locations. It seems likely that the *Queen's Head*

was one of these houses which through lack of evidence she chose not to include in her list.
The Vinson Connection

Like it or not the probability is that the *Queen's Head* and *Masons' Arms* are one and the same property and for our purpose they shall be treated as such. The first known use of the earlier name dates from 1753 when one Widow Harwood is tauntingly described in the land tax records as simply 'late *Queen's Head*'. No other clue is offered and it is only by following the descent of the Harwood line and their subsequent relationship with the Vinson family that we are able to establish a connection between the eighteenth century *Queen's Head* and the nineteenth century *Mason's Arms*.

From 1780 through to 1784 the tax assessments present William Vinson as first the occupier of the *Queen's Head* and then the owner-occupier. William had married in 1772 Elizabeth Harwood widow of John Harwood the son of the Widow Harwood who had appeared in the 1753 assessment. Elizabeth proves to be the solitary constant for a great deal of the Harwood - Vinson period at the *Queen's Head*. Her likely influence cannot be quantified at this distance in time for she hardly figures at all in official records, however it is almost certain that she managed the business while her husbands, and there would be a third by the name of John Price, were distant shadowy figures, materializing in assessments and directories but appearing to be quite remote from the actual process of running the inn. If we take the tax assessments as conclusive then we would assume that by the death of William Vinson in 1784 the long drawn-out purchase of the inn from the third Earl of Egremont - begun as far back as 1781 - had been completed. In fact this is not quite the case and we find the property is sold to Marmaduke Daintrey who in turn mortgages the inn to the heirs of William Vinson. Despite - or perhaps because of - the intricacies of property law, the inn remains in the Vinson family through the turn of the century, though no further official use of the name *Queen's Head* can be found after 1784.

It is not until some two decades later in 1804 that we are able to pick up the thread again when the persistent issue of vandalism becomes the subject of local concern. Evidently the town had suffered from what we today call anti-social behaviour. Young men leaving the public houses late at night had been bothering respectable townfolk with their raucous and inconsiderate behaviour and some were suspected of committing minor acts of damage to properties in North Street. The situation had come to a head and several youths were persuaded to testify against the perpetrators of the nuisance. In his statement 17-year-old James Osborn agrees that on one particular occasion he had been at cricket on Hampers Common and afterwards at *Vinsons*.³ This reference to *Vinsons* is important for it is the only known mention of the property between the years 1784 and 1823, a dark period of almost forty years from which few records have survived. We do know that the property remained in the Vinson family during this period, sometimes run directly by the family, occasionally by tenants, but generally watched over by John Price, stepfather of the young William Vinson who would eventually inherit the property.

As far as we know the earliest recorded mention of the *Masons' Arms* is an entry in a trade directory from 1823.⁴ The licensee at the time is a Mary Edwards of whom little or nothing is known. Mary would have operated as a tenant, for taxation records indicate that the property is still at this time owned by the ever-present Vinson family. The nineteenth century sees hardly any apparent change in the fortunes of the inn, and apart from a brief reference to an intended delivery of contraband brandy, and the subsequent hoodwinking of the local excise man, little is recorded to lift the ambiguity which appears to cover the post Vinson era.⁵ By 1839 the inn is owned by one John Woods, an obscure figure who has left hardly any record of his presence in the town. Woods it appears was also the tenant of the Running Horse beer house just up the road in North Street though even his tenure there is noted for its lack of any major occurrence to set its place in the town's history.

Certainly we can conclude by virtue of an almost complete absence from official police records that the inn appears to have been a reasonably well-ordered establishment. A single entry in the Police Occurrence Book for 1858 simply records Superintendent Kemmish 'attending the club at the *Masons' Arms*'.⁶ This occasion would have been the *Masons' Arms* Friendly Society club-day, probably celebrated - as was frequently the tradition of such societies - on Whit-Monday. We can only at this distance in time speculate as to the reason for Superintendent Kemmish's visit to the inn, though it was likely to have been purely symbolic for the inn appears to have escaped the worst indulgences of such occasions at Petworth.

By the second half of the nineteenth century the inn is like many other Petworth public houses firmly under corporate ownership. The *Masons' Arms* had been purchased in about 1840 by the Arundel based *Eagle Brewery* run by William Osborne and William Duke. The *Eagle* was a relatively small brewery and suffered from having a widely spread estate of licensed houses. In 1872, following the death of William Osborne, the *Eagle Brewery* and its houses were auctioned at Garraway's Coffee House, Cornhill, London. The sale particulars reveal that the brewery owned twenty-two houses, mostly in the coastal towns but including the *Railway* at Pulborough and its most northerly property the *Masons' Arms*. The *Eagle* tenant at Petworth was Robert Burdock; he had moved to the *Masons'* with the brewery and was by 1872 very likely one of their longest serving tenants. At the time of the auction Burdock was paying an annual rent of £19 10 shillings on a property described as 'A substantially built, neat roadside Public House. It contains an entrance lobby, parlour, small bar and bar parlour, scullery, upland cellar, cellar in basement, and a good yard with a stone-built three-stalled stable and cart shed.'

The sale of the *Eagle Brewery* to Henry Harrison signalled the passing of the long tenure of Robert Burdock at the *Masons' Arms* for within six months of the auction the public house license had been transferred to his successor Charles Moore and the loyal Burdock disappears without trace.

By the turn of the twentieth century the brewery and with it some half a dozen other pubs including the *Masons' Arms* had been purchased by Lambert and Norris as an addition to their stable of seventy houses, which was rapidly developing into one of the largest brewery holdings in Sussex. This great increase in size was however no protection against takeover and by the outbreak of the First World War Lambert and Norris were simply a subsidiary of

the Guildford based giant Friary, Holroyd & Healey which in its various guises went on to also own the *Star*, *Wheatsheaf* and the *Queen's Head* at Petworth.

It is only in relatively recent years – at least during the twentieth century - that the inn has been extended to take in the two cottages that once formed the northernmost and larger portion of the property. The 1851 census gives us a somewhat indistinct image of the residents of the building. In the *Masons' Arms* proper we have Robert Burdock the innkeeper, formerly from Dunsfold, he lives with his two unmarried daughters who earn their keep as housekeeper and dressmaker. In the cottage abutting the inn lives James Sherlock, a shoemaker, and his wife and three children. Next door in the northern-most dwelling we find George Meachen, a bricklayer's labourer, his wife and their seven children as well as his mother-in-law, a niece and a nephew, a total of 12 in what was in all probability a two bedroomed cottage.

Pre-1945 recollections of the *Masons' Arms* are few and far between and even when discovered they are generally thin on content. Any memories of James Challen and John Cobb are long forgotten. Certainly a few Petworth residents will remember Bill Pullen who lived with his mother in the cottage at the far end of the *Masons'*, and equally the Denyer family who kept the next cottage in. Jack Martin is really the earliest landlord of whom any sort of anecdotal evidence has survived. Martin kept the inn from before the Great War right up to and possibly through the Second world War. Despite having only one arm he had something of a reputation for being an exceptional shot with a 12-bore. A short, stout and cheerful fellow, Martin would not be rushed on any matter and if he was part way through a game of dominoes then it was considered prudent of waiting customers to allow him to find the appropriate pause in the game in which to return to the bar to serve. Any obvious prompting by an impatient customer would only result in the wait being greatly extended. Certainly following the Second World War and right up to recent years distant memories of the old local name for the pub survived and during Mr Martin's long tenancy the second darts team was always known as *The Trap*.

Recent alterations have seen the inn developed and extended to take in all three cottages that once made up the property formerly known as Smiths. Gone are the separate saloon and public bars that attracted the Edwardian race-goers on their way to Goodwood. The exterior of the property has changed dramatically over the centuries and only the northernmost cottage retains any indication of what may have been its original appearance. The larger or southern portion of the inn is hidden behind a nineteenth century façade which itself is covered by a pebbledash render. The gently sloping roof has also been adjusted during the twentieth century to allow it to project over the false front of the building and so give the impression that the façade is an original feature. The adjacent stable block was at one time altered to accommodate toilets for the customers but has now been transformed once more to become an integral part of the licensed premises.

Owners or Licensees of the *Queen's Head* / *Masons' Arms* with indicatory dates.

Widow Harwood 1753	Robert Burdock 1845, 1855, 1862
Elizabeth Harwood c. 1763-1801	Charles Moore 1872, 1874
William Vinson 1780, 1784	William Rogers 1883
John Price 1791-c.1803	Frank Rogers 1890, 1895
William Vinson jnr. 1804-c.1830	Sophia Rogers 1899

Mary Edwards 1826
William Edwards 1837
John Woods 1839

James Challen 1903
John Cobb 1905, 1909
John 'Jack' Martin 1913, 1924, 1938
Frederick West 1956

¹ WSRO Add.Ms. 2734

² Some Petworth Inns and Aleshouses in *Sussex Archaeological Collections* 99

³ PHA 6341 and The Petworth Society Magazine issue 11

⁴ *Pigot and Co. London & Provincial New Commercial Directory for 1823-4*

⁵ Jerome. *Tales of Old Petworth*, pp. 69-72

⁶ WSRO POL W/PI/1

Miles Costello, with thanks to Tony and Sheila Vinson for their invaluable assistance and expert knowledge of the early history of the inn.

The War Diary of Captain Penrose 1914 – 1915

I have given a sketch of the life of John Trevenen Penrose, rector of Petworth 1906-1919 in PSM 99, paying especial attention to the war years. The Penroses had two children, a daughter who died suddenly of meningitis while still in her teens in 1901, and a son, "Ned", in 1914 a commissioned officer in the Royal Irish Fusiliers. Both Mr and Mrs Penrose came from old-established Ulster families. Ned Penrose went to the front with the 4th Division of the British Expeditionary Force in August 1914. Wounded in October 1914, he returned to England for a couple of months before going back to Flanders in February of the following year. On the 25th April 1915 he was reported missing near Ypres. He was never heard of again although the Penroses never formally abandoned hope of his return. Mr McNeill, Ned's maternal grandfather, living with his daughter and son-in-law in retirement at Petworth, in particular refused to believe that his grandson was dead, clinging to the belief that he would eventually return from some German prison. Mr McNeill died in September 1915.

In January 1920, a letter arrived at Petworth Rectory from Aix-la-Chapelle. The Penroses had already retired to Wimbledon. It accompanied the return of a diary which the writer had found in a deserted dug-out on the very day Captain Penrose had disappeared, the 25th April. The diary is written in pencil and does not copy satisfactorily. It is held in the Northern Ireland Record Office in Belfast. Some years ago I presented the Belfast office with a copy of Fanny Skinner's book *John Trevenen Penrose* (1927). It is now a very scarce volume. The German letter which we append here with a translation is also held in Belfast. As a comment on the ultimate futility of war it is as poignant an item as could be imagined. I do not know what the official attitude was to officers keeping diaries on active service, but, whatever it was, Captain Penrose's diary survives.

PROF. P. LANGER
AACHEN
TECHNISCHE HOCHSCHULE

Aachen, den 29. Januar 1920.

D 3574/E/6/8
ACC. 15387

Rev. J. T. Penrose

Petworth Rectory
Sussex.

Sehr geehrter Herr:-

Das beiliegende Tagebuch fand ich am 25. April 1915 in einem verlassenen Unterstand am Haanebeck nördlich St. Julien bei Ypern. Indem ich Ihnen das Tagebuch überreiche erlaube ich mir der Hoffnung Ausdruck zu geben, dass sein Verfasser wohlbehalten in die Heimat zurückgekehrt ist.

Ihr ergebener



1 Anlage.

*Letter from Prof. Langer.
Courtesy of Northern Ireland Record Office, Belfast.*

Original translation:

Prof P Langer,
Aachen,
(Aix-la-Chapelle).
Technical High School.
Rev J.T. Penrose,
Petworth Rectory,
Sussex.

Aachen 29th January 1920

Very honoured Sir,

I found the enclosed diary on April 25th 1915 in a deserted dugout at Haanebeck north of St Julien near Ypres.

In sending you this diary I allow myself the hope that the writer of it has returned home safe and well.

Your most humble,
P. Langer.

Not for the first time we are indebted to Mr Brian Holland of Ballynahinch, not only for his transcription but for essential footnotes. The first extract describes the departure from England and the retreat from Mons in August 1914.

P.

22nd August 1914

At last, after weary days of traipsing over the country we have orders to entrain for Southampton. We embark in "Lake Michigan" with the Seaforth Highlanders hereinafter called the 78th

..... Troops crowd on booms and rigging sing Tipperary and cheer. A grand day. "Fair stands the wind for France,"¹ but in reality it blows the other way, but what matter, we are "for it" at last.

23rd August²

Breakfast 7.0. We are lying off Boulogne with 4 other transports. Very English looking country. Napoleon's English invasion camp monument in distance. I can't realise we are actually on service and may be fighting in a day or two.

10 a.m. We land and march on the camp at St. Martin's. At 7.30 we fall in and hurry just outside camp, pile arms, sit down and here we wait till 12.0. During this time, two days' biscuit and bully beef is issued. The men make fires of the boxes and sing round them. This the only bright spot in a damnable business. We march down to the station at 1.00 and after some time entrain.

24th August

A fairly comfortable night and morning. We have ration stops. After a very tedious journey through rolling country we detrain at the C³ and march off at once. Army H.Q. are here.

¹ Line from a poem by Michael Drayton

² 23rd August was the day of the battle of Mons, but Capt Penrose obviously knew nothing about this

³ Perhaps coded reference to Le Cateau, where the troops detrained

All the townspeople are out digging trenches.

After a 6-mile march along a dead-straight poplar bordered pavé - v. dusty - we go bivouac at 1 and wait for our transport. The men v. funny with the natives.

I hope we may get our kits. I want a clean handkerchief and my tobacco and matches, also socks. We hear our cavalry are too much for the Germans, and their gunners are hopelessly bad!

7 o'clock wagons arrive. I get my kit out and change socks, wash, shave and replenish tobacco pouches, then have grand meal. Bed down beside platoon. After 2½ hours sleep, Carbery wakes me at 12.30.

25th August

Today we move at 2.00 and start getting ready at 1.0. In consequence all is fuss at 12.45. I get packed at 1.0 have bread and butter and red wine. Some idiot moves my equipment and nearly loses it. However, off we go at 2 a.m. Very dark we go for about 4 miles. A splendid red daybreak comes on while we go. At 5.0 we have tea and biscuits on roadside. Just as I am cutting open a bully-beef tin we have to fall in. Great excitement. Guns⁴ heard to North and N.E. The Dublins and 87th⁵ take up positions. 78th and Warwicks⁶ in reserve.

We hear our first army⁷ is retiring on us and French retiring on Valenciennes. The guns seems to get closer. We are closed and retire though 78th who are entrenching in good position. Some of the 78th fire at an aeroplane, no success.

We march round and come up as support behind the King's Own.⁸ All the firing has died down, we eat turnips and fill water-bottles.

12 o'clock still waiting. Later we advance a bit and entrench. Yates' platoon at right angles to mine on left.

[A discussion on trenches follows]

We get it done at last and just as we are finished a battery of ours opens near the 78th. A gun replies from Valteys one mile to our front. Phibbs with D. Coy is out in front and told to retire. The enemy shell him heavily but he has no one hit. 3 or 4 shells come right over us, very close. We all lie doggo. It is my first experience, and not half so bad as I thought it would be. The firing dies down and we have to retire. We do so for 200 yards and then go forward again. The men all in good form and cracking jokes.

We then occupy our trench again for the night. Pouring rain. Luckily there are lots of corn stooks that we put in the trench to lie on. Hear that the King's Own on left have withdrawn. Orders to retire. We have had no night's rest for 4 nights.

[...Move West then South along bad roads. Dawn breaks on the 26th. The battalion comes under fire. They meet some retreating soldiers of the 2nd Btn. Essex Regiment, 12th Brigade.]

⁴ The guns are II Corps making a fighting withdrawal with German 1st Army in pursuit

⁵ The 87th is Capt Penrose's battalion. (1st Battalion Royal Irish Fusiliers)

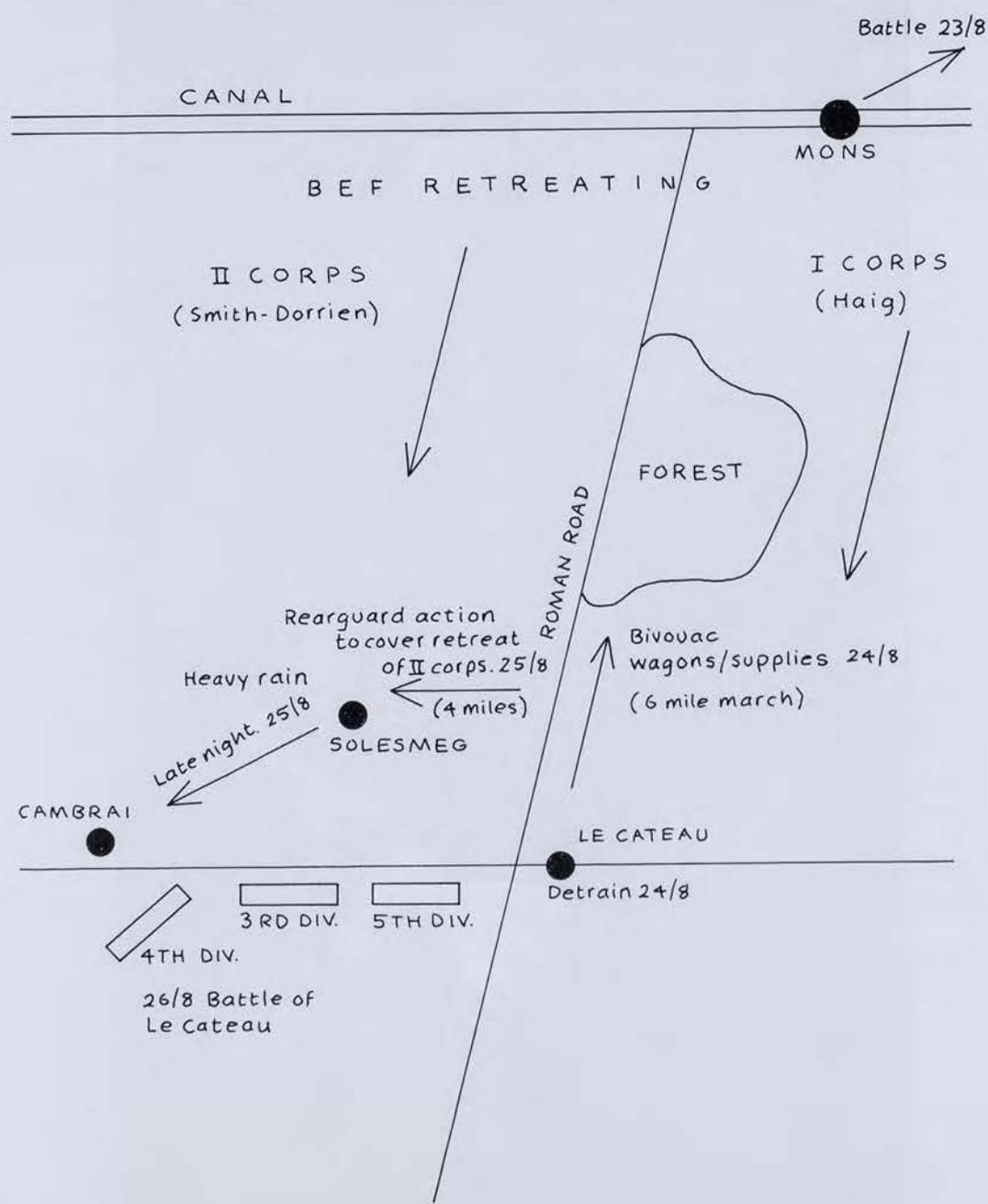
⁶ The future Field Marshall Montgomery was a 2nd lieutenant with the Warwicks

⁷ He probably means I Corp. There was no 1st Army. In fact it was II Corps

⁸ Probably the 1st Battalion King's Own (Royal Lancaster Regiment) who were in the 12th Brigade of the 4th Division. The Royal Irish Fusiliers were in the 10th Brigade



Captain Penrose. From John Trevenen Penrose: A Memoir.
By Fanny J. Skinner (1927)



Map illustrating the retreat from Mons in August 1914. See "The War Diary of Captain Penrose."

26th August [Battle of Le Cateau begins.]

We lie in roots and soon see enemy's infantry appear on the skyline. [Artillery tries some ranging shots.] Shell after shell of ours bursts beautifully over them. We can see their casualties lying in the fields. About 12.0 all Germans retire and firing dies down, and we are told the French have come in on our left.⁹ This lull lasts an hour, a welcome rest. Then the guns open again on both sides and we are told to retire.

Casualties 10 in two companies including two killed. We have to go back over a gradual slope and as we go shells burst over us like hail. A couple of men start running and I shout to them to walk - one cannot have a panic. It is awful. How we got through I don't know. The bullets strike all around me and the crack and wail and bang of each shell is desperate. Little Comesky of my platoon is hit while eating his biscuit. The men are tired and walk so slowly. At last we get over the hill and out of the beaten zone.

Soon an aeroplane comes over and in 10 minutes the enemy start shelling us - very accurately. The birdman has obviously told them. The shelling is damnable.¹⁰ There are 12 guns firing at us. I carry two rifles to help the men along. I long to run like a hare, but must wait for them. We are over the hill and shelter on a road behind a bank. One shell bursts beyond me, 10 ft in front - a horrid shock. Again we start off, this time out of sight of the enemy but they "search" the ground with shells which burst pretty close. However, after 300 yards of this we are in safety.

We halt for the night on a huge rolling down of cornfields.

⁹ Not strictly true. There were only some cavalry

¹⁰ The action described here is the battle of Le Cateau. II Corps, under General Smith-Dorrien, halted to regroup and fight a holding action against the pursuing Germans. The arrival of the 4th Division (including Captain Penrose's platoon) as reinforcements was a major factor in the decision. After this the "Retreat from Mons" continued

Sherbert Fountains and other random recollections (2)

Father

Father died four months before I was three and I have only vague memories of him, which is rather strange since I can remember things from long before he died. Father had evidently suffered from a weak heart since he was a boy when he had caught rheumatic fever after helping an old uncle clean out a well. Anyway, Father eventually died from a massive heart attack. He had always worked in the building trade, first for Lord Leconfield and then for Charles Leazell the Petworth builder. I believe that he used to draw up house plans for Mr Leazell who had been best man at my parents' wedding. Needless to say Mr Leazell was very upset when Father died.

Father belonged to Lord Leconfield's Club, which was called the Petworth Park Club, and I can quite clearly remember being pushed out to the Park to celebrate Club Day. I would have been very young for Father was still alive. The Club members would hold their parade and church service in the morning and then have a cricket match in the afternoon. Father played cricket for the Club as well as for Byworth. Byworth cricket pitch was laid out at Cherry Meadow at the back of Hallgate Farm. Getting back to the Club Day, Mother must have had me in a pram when we went to the Park for I can remember a man lifting me out of it and over some hurdles which had been put up to make a temporary entrance to the celebrations. There was a funfair, which had been set up over by where the pavilion now stands, and I can still picture the brightly painted horses on the roundabout, an experience that began a lifelong love of roundabouts.

Mother

Mother was a Courtney before she married, and her father had originally come from River where he had started out as a shepherd boy and ended up looking after the Bailliewick Farm at Shimmings for the Misses Daintrey. The house at Bailliewick didn't go with the farm, which is why he lived at Byworth. Mother went to Byworth School but left at just twelve years of age having passed an examination at the old Boys' School in Petworth. Mother's friend Fan Ford had also sat the exam and the two of them left school together, both having sickly mothers to look after. Mother once told me that she and Fan would regularly go up to The Hollies at the top of Byworth where the Allisons lived and take Peter Jerrome's mother out in a pram.

Mother lived at number 376E Byworth in the cottage that is now called 'Applewood'. It was a Leconfield cottage then and my grandfather lived there and Mother kept house for him. Her mother had died when she was about thirteen and so I never knew her. I was born in the cottage and Mother once told me that she could remember being a babe in arms and her father carrying her upstairs where they watched from a window as the famous 'Remnants fire' destroyed the old coffee shop and bakery that stood at the top of Lombard Street in Petworth. I suppose that this would have been in 1898 or early 1899.

Mother and Father never expected to have a family and she was 33 when I came along, quite old to start a family in those days and what with Father dying when I was young I was an only child.

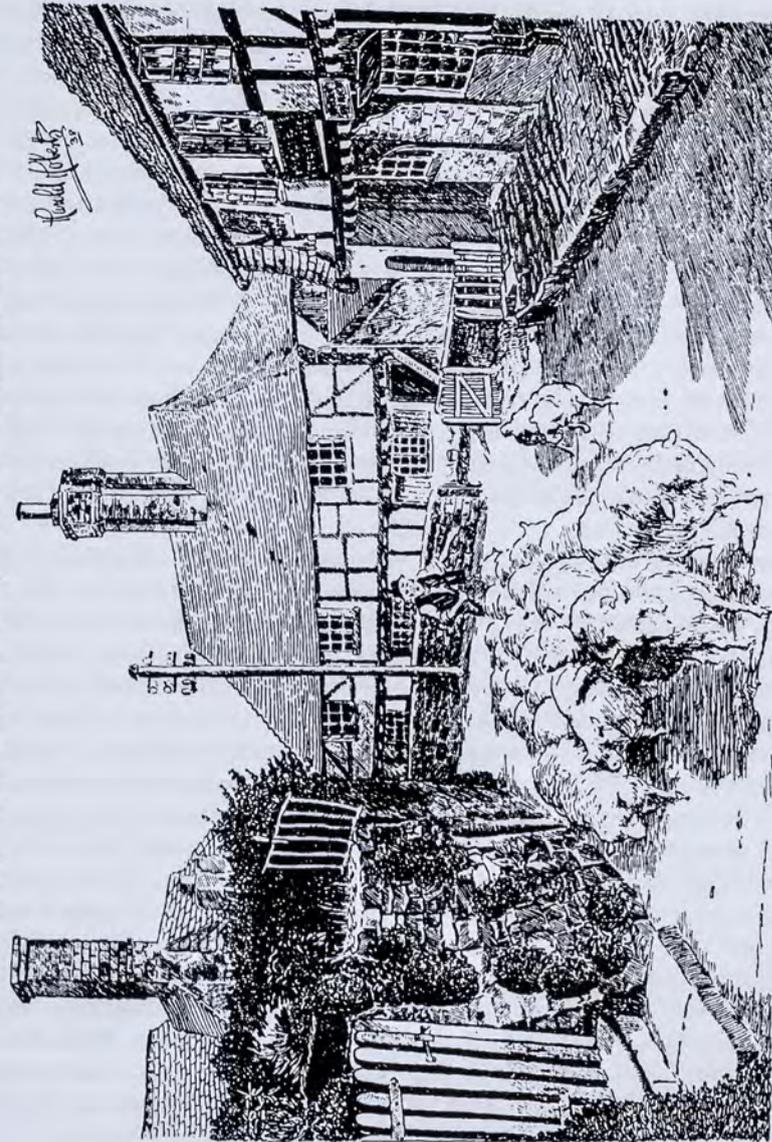
Queen Mary

I have a quite clear recollection of Queen Mary visiting Mr Streeter's shop in Lombard Street. She seemed to be a very tall lady and was dressed in grey from head to toe. According to Mother she asked me a question but I never answered. Mother was mortified by my lack of respect and insisted that I should have answered, "Yes your Majesty". I was only three years old at the time.

School Days

I was five when I started at Petworth Infants' School. Surprisingly I have very few memories of my earliest days there, though I have a recollection of a huge clock face with long hands with which Miss Bartlett taught us to tell the time. There were also some boxes containing cardboard coins that I suppose were used in adding up. I only had a month or so in the first class when I went down with the whooping cough, I had all sort of complications

“OLD, RAMBLING, AND PEACEFUL”



“OLD, rambling, and peaceful” is Mr. Harold Roberts' description of Byworth, Petworth, where he made this sketch. To quote him further: “A village off the beaten track with an atmosphere of rural England which continues to be unspoiled by jerry-buildings and roaring motor traffic.”

A drawing by Harold Roberts, appearing originally in the West Sussex Gazette.

and didn't go back to school again until the following September. Even though I had missed quite an important part of my schooling it made no real difference for thanks to Grandfather Courtney I was quite able to read and write even before I started school. Grandfather had decided that when I was three he would take it upon himself to teach me to read, write and count. He taught me to read from the Bible and the Sunday Chronicle and taught me the time from his big old watch and also the colours and names of the flowers in his greenhouse. By the time I went up to the second class, which was Miss Mac's, I was still some way advanced for my age thanks to my grandfather. I can't remember Miss Mac's full name though she married Dan Hill who had the taxis. Miss Bartlett who taught the babies married Mr Mickleborough and she had lived with her mother in New Street. Miss Wootton took the top class, her name was Margaret and her sister was headmistress at the Girls' School. My best friend was Joan Hunt and she always got into dreadful scrapes. Unfortunately I never sat next to her in class and nearly all of my school life I sat with Nellie Kent whose father was the postman. On this particular day Joan had got herself in trouble as usual and Miss Wootton had made her stand behind the blackboard, well there was little point in this for though you couldn't see her face the rest of Joans' body was quite visible to us and typically she began making all sort of queer contortions which of course had us children laughing our heads off. Miss Wootton finally realised what was going on and ordered Joan out from behind the blackboard and pushed her behind the piano and told her that she was a naughty girl and she was to stay there until break time.

Break time came and the class all filed out to the playground where I waited for Joan to appear. After a short while and with no sign of her I went back inside and there was Joan still behind the piano sat in a wicker waste basket, and with her knees up under her chin she was firmly stuck, what a sight she was! We laughed and laughed about it for weeks afterwards though Miss Wootton had not seen the funny side of it and had shaken Joan and told her that she was a stupid girl for getting stuck in the basket. I loved school, in fact I cried if I was unable to go. There were no school lunches then and we would come home for our meal. As the bus left Petworth at 12 o'clock we Byworth girls would be let out at ten to in order to catch the bus. While Joan and I were at the infants Mother would walk in and meet us at the school and we would walk back through Cherry Orchard and out into Angel Street where we would catch the bus. In the mornings she would walk us in for the first bus was not until 10 which was not much good to us and yet there was a late one which went back at 10 o'clock in the evening. By the time that I got to the Girls' School in East Street I was old enough to walk home at lunch time, however if it was a wet day Mother would walk in with packed lunches for all of the village children who went to the Girls' School, she would have to go around all of the cottages collecting them. This of course saved us girls from walking home in the wet. Mother would usually go into Meachen's just around the corner in Church Street and get me a banana to go with my meat sandwiches. Often I would get a bottle of lemonade to drink during the day as the school water never tasted quite right to me.

I can well remember us girls walking along East Street on the way to school and having to run for it as cattle had run amuck from the slaughterhouse in Trump Alley.

When we got into the last year we would go to cookery classes that were held in

Stringers Hall in East Street. We went once a week on Friday afternoons and then on Monday we would have to write up the recipes in a book. In fact I have still got my recipe book from the Girls' School. A Mrs Jeffries took us for cooking and she lived up where the Cottage Museum is, a big woman whose husband worked on the Estate. One year I made a Christmas cake and we used the recipe at home for many years for it made a very good cake. Miss Bevis took us for needlework which I must say I was very good at, she would often get me to make things for her and this used to irritate me a bit for the other girls could buy their work and take it home.

A Splinter

During the last year at the Girls' School we were taken out to the Park to play stoolball, I was no great lover of exercise but I did enjoy stoolball. Joan also liked playing but on one occasion that I recall she was unable to go because, typical of her, she had fidgeted so much in her seat that she got a splinter in her backside and had to go to the nurses' house at the top of Trump Alley to have it looked at. When we got back from the Park there was Joan at the school making a real commotion as the nurse had put neat iodine on the wound and it must have stung like mad. Joan really hated school and was certainly not a scholar. She lives in South Wales now but we have always kept in touch over the years despite being complete opposites. Incidentally the nurses were of course Allan and Read, they were here for years, two bigish ladies or so they seemed to us children for they regularly came to the school to check our heads for lice.

Byworth Harbour

The bus from Petworth was an open top Southdown double-decker with the stairs outside, and Joan and I would always go upstairs while Mother sat inside. The usual conductor was known as Little Jack and was a great character, when the bus got to Byworth Corner he would shout out 'Byworth Harbour' and we would come rushing down the stairs. Mother would hurry us down the lane from the bus stop for Grandfather always came home for his lunch at twelve and my aunt would be doing the cooking, after lunch my aunt would walk us back to school.

To be continued.

Joy Gumbrell was talking to Miles Costello

'Naw Money' – a story by Rhoda Leigh

"Rhoda Leigh" was the pen-name of Miss Metherell, one of the first incomers to the remote hamlet of Bedham, where she was companion to Miss West. Her fictional account of Bedham "*Past and Passing*" (Heath Cranton 1932), has become something of a Sussex classic and copies of the book are now difficult to come by. The thinly veiled portraits of prominent locals found little favour in Bedham itself. In 1991 John Hunt recalled (PSM 64) the resentment felt by residents who felt they had been caricatured:

"At the entrance to Spring Farm, opposite the turning to Warren Barn, there was a

thatched cottage where Mrs. Puttick had a shop selling tobacco, cigarettes and sweets with the occasional bit of grocery. The sweets would be weighed out from jars. There was no counter, just a cupboard and a table. Mrs. Puttick didn't take kindly to the way the character representing her was described in the book. When Miss Metherell replied that she hadn't actually mentioned her by name Mrs. Puttick retorted, "You might as well have done". It made Miss Metherell cry. I think that in order to write the book at all she had to describe the older inhabitants of Bedham as if they were rustics. They weren't. Beneath that rural exterior many of them, like Mrs Puttick, were quite shrewd and well able to think for themselves."

John Hunt had a vivid recollection of both Miss West and Miss Metherell: "Miss West was an early example of the people who were moving into Bedham as it offered a haven from 'civilisation'. You didn't need to be that wealthy, a cottage in Bedham might be bought for about £100 in the early 1920s. Cars were still not generally used and Miss West would commute to Brighton by bus, walking across Crooked Stile Field to the bus stop at Fittleworth, just quickly tidying up the cottage and leaving my mother to wash up and sort the house out. If the weather was bad the ladies would hire Fred Goodyer's taxi to take them to the bus stop." "*Past and Passing*" in fact suggests that the cottage had originally been left to Miss West. "My friend's legacy, a cottage of grey Horsham stone" (page 12).

Elgar the composer had come to Brinkwells just before the end of the 1914-1918 war in search of rural peace but a larger disturber of Bedham's primeval isolation was the novelist and litterateur Ford Madox Ford. (Ford had changed his Germanic surname Hueffer to Ford during the war). Ford was a genuine eccentric, looking to combine economic self-sufficiency with a literary career. Not an easy balance to maintain. He had come to Bedham partly to escape his wife, from whom he had been living apart for years, but to whom he was still legally married, and his former lover Violet Hunt. His new partner, Stella, an Australian painter some years his junior, would give birth to a daughter during the couple's sojourn at Bedham. While no doubt looked on by the Bedham people with some reserve, Ford was in some ways a genial character and he did bring a little employment into the hamlet. A part-time gardener even walked in from Byworth and there would be occasional work for a few locals.¹ John Hunt had no recollection of Ford at all.

Slight as it is, "*New Money*" is very much in the style of "*Past and Passing*". Miss Metherell died in tragic circumstances in London in 1933 and as far as we have been able to establish, the manuscript was never published. It operates very much within the no-man's land between incomers and locals. It is a theme touched on also by George Garland with his rustic "dialect" stories of the thirties and forties - but with a difference. Garland's humour at its best has a double edge. While he satirises his rustics, he also casts a mordant eye on the "civilised" world with which they interact. The rustics may operate their own perverse logic, they may indeed live according to that logic but they are not supine: they fight back. The logic of the outside world is no more nor less absurd than their own.

¹ See Alan Judd: *Ford Madox Ford* (1991) page 330. After a few years of struggle at Bedham Ford and Stella moved to France. Ford would soon become embroiled with the young Jean Rhys whose novel *Quartet*, published in 1928, is a thinly-veiled account of their affair. Cooper's Cottage at Bedham was eventually sold.

"Have you heard about my old meate Mark Cooper, 'ave ee? You would have done if you'd been along o' me last Wednesday. Me and old Eli Enticknap stood outside the Red Lion and the water was all over the road just there, when some chap come along in one of these 'ere motey cars. 'Can I get through the flood?' 'e says to old Mark. 'Oh,' old Mark says, 'You'll get through there, surely. It be only half way up old 'Arry Wackford's ducks look-e'. They was swimming about there see. Well this 'ere fellow went on y'know and just as 'e got in the middle his 'chine stooped. You should have 'eered what 'e shouted out to old Mark. Specilly when old Mark says to 'un: 'What, don't 'e goo meate? 'E went alright just now!'" Or, more briefly: visitor to Mark: "Don't you ever go anywhere like London to see the sights?" Mark: "No, I bides about here and the sights to come to see me." See "Eli and the tansticker matches" PSM 67.

P.

Naw Money By Rhoda Leigh

"There'll be a sale at South Cottage afore long fer sure," said Mrs. Tobin ironing her last sheet with emphasis.

Her husband took his after-dinner pipe from is mouth and gaped at her in astonishment. "What maiks yer say that?" he asked. "I've never 'eard nuthin' abaht it."

Mrs. Tobin shook her head sadly, then nodded emphatically.

"There's signs as can't be mistook by them as knaws," she said darkly. "Twill come true as true an then yer'll think on what I telled yer!"

"Daun't say that," faltered Mrs. Page, flushing crimson and then turning very pale. She had dropped in for a gossip as was her habit and was now filling the doorway with her comfortable person.

Mrs. Tobin regarded her evident agitation with suspicion.

"Ef yer was to git aht o' my light maybe I cud tell yer better, but tis my belief as it daun't cum as naw 'sprise, yer darter warks at South Cottage daun't she?"

"My Dollie never said the ladies was short o' money an she be paid reglar as reglar," prevaricated Mrs. Page. Flouncing out of the doorway and propping her substantial body against the outside wall.

"Then fer why did yer gaw all red an silly - like when I sez as there'd be a sale?" demanded Mrs. Tobin pausing with her iron in mid air.

"Well, Dollie did say as she'd 'eard one of the ladies say they'd 'ad the books a matter o' three months," unwillingly acknowledged Mrs. Page.

"That be a disgrace fer such as they," thundered Mr. Tobin, shouldering his tools preliminary to returning to work. "Tradesman's books did ought to be paid reglar."

"They've lost their money fer sure!" decided Mrs. Tobin, ironing again having dismissed any lingering doubt as to the solvency of the occupants of South Cottage from her mind.

"What makes yet think that?" asked Mrs. Page, hoping against hope that Mrs. Tobin was merely spinning fairy tales.

"Twice this last week our Jimmy hev taken a parcel dahn, wot 'ad bin left here by carrier,

an each time - (not only the once mark yer) Miss Leigh hev giv im a peppermint an said, "Thank yer Mum Jimmy, an tell 'er I can't pay 'cause we've got naw change." "Change be money baint it?"

"Spouse saw," acknowledged Mr. Tobin who was due at this work but lingered to back up his wife's argument.

"Stan's to reason then," said Mrs. Tobin triumphantly, catching the iron in a thin place in the sheet but taking no notice. "Ef they'd naw change, aperiently they'd naw money, an them wots naw money as ter hev sales an git some!"

Mrs. Page made no reply to this, twice she opened her mouth, but no sound came, then she cleared her throat and made a determined effort. "Well, I must gew. Arternoon all!"

She lumbered hurriedly down the garden path and made for South Cottage, clenching her shabby little purse, (containing three half crowns and some coppers) in a hot hand.

"I've five pounds an more registrated in Savings Bank," she muttered. "These ladies as bin real good ter my Dollie."

She was quite breathless when she reached the top of the lane. As she approached the gate Dollie came out and held it open for one of the ladies who wheeled her bicycle out on to the little road.

"Is anything the matter Mrs. Page?" asked Miss Leigh, staring in astonishment at that worthy's scarlet face and crooked hat. "Go in and rest," she said, then without further waiting for a reply, "Is there anything I can get for you from Rodstone? I have to go there for some money." "Where can yet git that?" faltered Mrs. Page, her eyes on the library books strapped to the handlebars of the cycle.

Miss Leigh laughed. "Why, I shall cash a cheque at the bank before I change my books at the library, but I must be quick they close at three o'clock. Is there anything I can do for you?"

Mrs. Page shook her head, then watched Miss Leigh free wheeling down the lane till she was round the corner, finally she burst into tears of relief.

haw money.

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"Ef ye was ter git aht'o my light

Autograph page of "Naw Money".

More news of Parson Acon

Extracted from the incomplete set of the Calendar of the Patent Rolls, 1327–1389, in Cumbria Record Office, Carlisle; 1361–1380 = gap in set, as is the gap 1390–1421; by 1422, silence.

Acon is a variant of Acun, itself a variant of Acombe, a place name. There is Acomb, a village near Hexham in Northumberland; and Acomb, a village west of York, now part of York's suburbs. So it appears from the Calendar's index at back of each volume. In 1329, the charter of Sir Henry Percy, knight, dated at Clifton near York on 19 September 1328 and witnessed by Sir William de Percy, Sir Ralph de Nevill, Sir Gilbert de Acon, and three other knights, bestowing lands etc on Fountains Abbey, was confirmed. In 1340 the King pardoned John son of John son of Ralph de Acon for murdering a York goldsmith. In 1342, John de Acun was third in list of five York merchants granted the King's protection and safe conduct, with two merchants from Newcastle on Tyne, all seven of them having bought from Henry de Percy and Ralph de Nevill the 200 sacks of wool assigned them by the King (Edward III) in (i.e. coming from) Lancashire, for the wages of themselves and their men now going to Scotland on the King's service (i.e. for war there), taking the wool to the port of Kingston upon Hull (i.e. Hull in Yorkshire) and thence to the King's Staple (i.e. depot) in Flanders, and for the ships carrying the same; Percy and Nevill were to be paid for this sale on 1 August 1342. Date of this patent of protection and safe conduct was 21 May 1342.

This last shows how come Parson Acon was wealthy — his family were prominent wool merchants in York, in both with the King and the main local landowners Nevill and Percy. In the 1330s–1350s various John de Acons were clergy and laity in Yorkshire, mostly in York itself; another, Henry de Acum, the Chafewax in Chancery (i.e. he was the one who saw to it that the wax for the Chancery seals was at the right temperature on day of use) for many years in the reigns of Edward II and III, was being rewarded with various sinecures in the North, in Yorkshire and in Cumberland, but was too busy in Chancery still to come north to them (1329). He will have been a very useful link with officialdom in London.

In 1332 one John de Acham, Chaplain (i.e. clergyman who had no parish as living) was party to the royal licence for bestowing land on Haltemprice Abbey in Yorkshire. In c-1350 he was Prebendary of the Chapel of St Mary and the Holy Angels, York (he had gone by 1354), thence (1388) to a chaplaincy in York Minster. Another or same John, became Parson of Almondbury (Yorks) by 1383; another, or same John, in 1388 also returning to the prebend of St Mary's and the Holy Angels, York, and became Warden, for life, of St Nicholas' Hospital near York, that year. Acon in these entries is Akum or Acome.

No Acums appear in the 1377–1381 volume; but in 1381–1385's, page 315, in the year of Richard II's reign, is the following entry: Licence, for £50 paid to the King by Henry de Percy, Earl of Northumberland, for him to enfeoff (i.e. put into freehold possession) John de Akam, parson of Petworth, Robert de Flynthalgh, parson of Mid(d)leton, Thomas Watton and Thomas Thurkill, of (i.e. into) his manor of Lekingfield (i.e. Leconfield) in Yorkshire, and of the manor and town of Corbrigg (Corbridge) in Northumberland, held in chief (i.e. by the Earl, direct from the King); and for them to re-enfeoff him and Matilda his wife, and the heirs

of the said Earl, of the same. Purpose of this legal manoeuvre is not stated, but they were to be Percy's Trustees awhile for it. So Parson Acon was the Rev John de Acomb, friend, or at any rate chief ally, of the Percies, and from a family with strong Percy links in Yorkshire, seat of the rest of the Acomb family and of its wealth in wool, with good links to London and the royal favour. 'Parson of Petworth' should imply 'Rector'; but the exception proves the rule, for he wasn't. He may have behaved as if he was, when calling at Chancery to get the licence finalised, hence the description of him in it thus. He will have been assertive, in the Yorkshire manner, and a good organiser.

Jeremy Godwin

[See also Jeremy's In Search of Parson Acon in Magazine 111.]

A letter from J. B. Watson August 1914

This letter written by J.B. Watson the Leconfield Estate agent to J.B. Pitfield, the Market Square solicitor, gives some idea of thinking in Petworth at the time of Captain Penrose's departure for France. See The War Diary of Captain Penrose earlier in this Magazine. Ed.

Littlecote, Petworth, Sussex.

Aug. 16. 1914

My dear Pitfield,

Thank you for your letter. We have had a nice little rain here, but the greater part of the wheat is in stack and the farmers as a whole were glad to see rain for the roots.

They have taken all Lord L's cub-hunters and coach horses and he expects the hunters to go very shortly. They have also taken my two cobs, so far I have saved my old horse and the missus's pony.

The police have enrolled a body of special constables and another body—the civil guard has been collected—112 of us—and guard the bridges. I've had one night on duty.

The rifle club is going strong—Podmore guaranteed the £6 box of ammunition.

The War news seems good so far. The Belgians have put up a marvellous fight haven't they? And isn't it a remarkable change in our way of doing things that the papers have no reference whatever to any English troops having crossed the Channel?

Up to now our enemies have always had all news of our doings at their disposal at the expense of a penny paper.

You've no doubt heard of poor old Howard's sudden death? Mainprice and his Mrs also back again. The Simpsons I hear are in great straits, no money nor means of getting it—I expect they'll get it arranged soon somehow.

We shall be glad to see you back again, when you can be spared from coast protection duties.

We are deadly anxious for news of the great fight probably now in progress in Belgium. With very kind regards in which my wife joins.

Yours very sincerely, J.B. Watson

LITTLECOTE,

PETWORTH,

SUSSEX.

Aug. 16. 1914

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- They have also taken my two

Notes:

Lord Leconfield horses have, of course, been requisitioned for war use. Mr Podmore was a well-known local resident latterly living at Newlands in Pound Street. The clamp down on information reflects the notorious 'Defence of the Realm Act' (D.O.R.A.). Old Howard is probably the chimney sweep in Damer's Bridge, Mr Mainprice had been curate at Petworth. Col and Mrs Simpson lived at Red House roughly in the area of the present Courtlea and Lund House. Mrs Simpson, soon to be widowed, would live on at Red House for many years. The reference to coastal protection is probably humorous. Mr Pitfield would be on holiday in Barnstable.

New Members

A list of new members will be in the next issue of this Magazine.

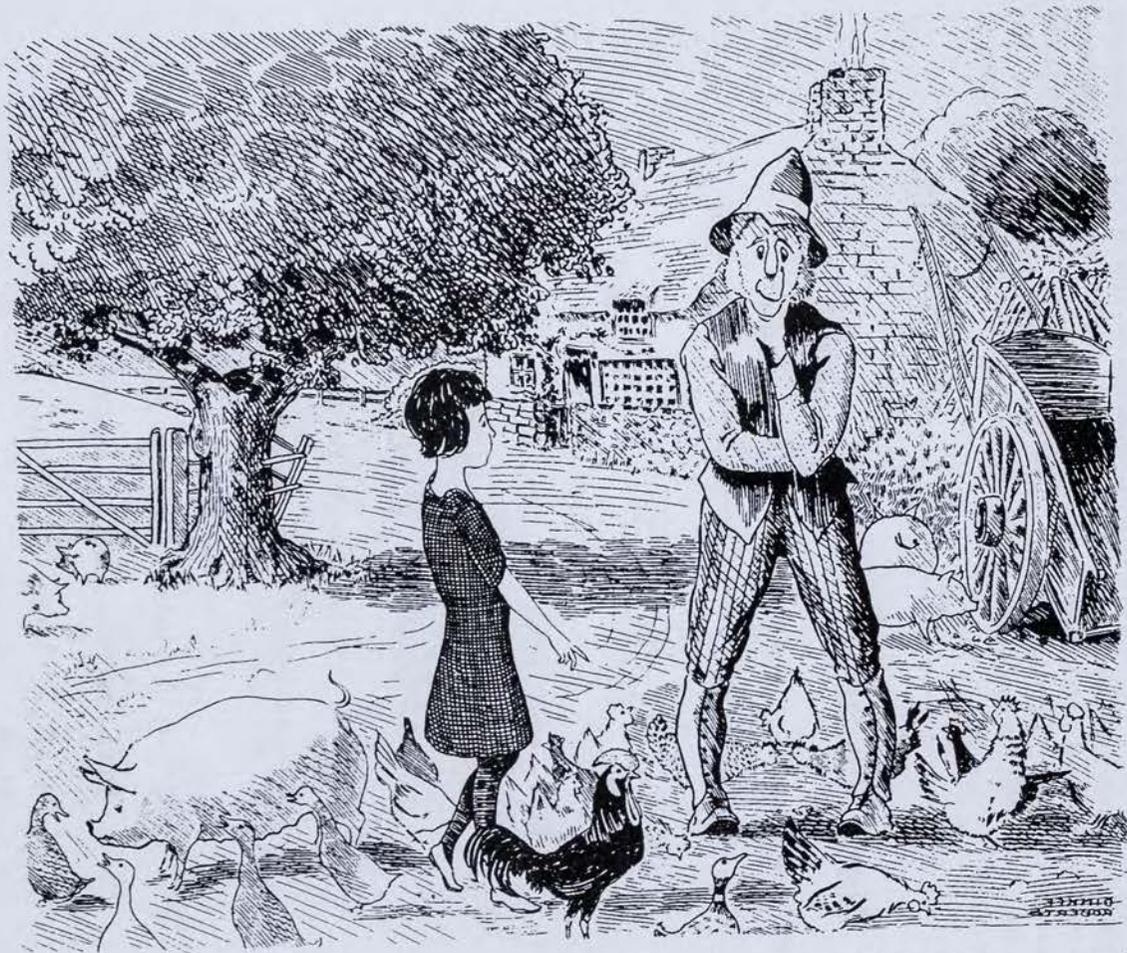
The Rectory

April 29. 1901

It is proposed to hold a
Jumble Sale. Early in June
the proceeds to
be given to the Lad's Institute.

Every description of Article
will be gratefully received,
and should be sent to the
Rectory by the end of May.

Jumble Sale Appeal. April 1901.



An early Harold Roberts drawing, probably from the 1920s. It has the signature 'Dinkee' Roberts not used later.

