

Some lesser known trees

NO. 122. DECEMBER 2005



THE PETWORTH SOCIETY
magazine

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Cover design by Jonathan Newdick. It shows trees at Snow Hill in Petworth Park.

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THE PETWORTH SOCIETY SUPPORTS THE
LECONFIELD HALL
PETWORTH COTTAGE MUSEUM
AND THE COULTERSHAW BEAM PUMP.

VANDALISM AT PETWORTH FAIR

You will be aware that the priceless hundred year old "Gallopings Horses" roundabout owned by Robert Harris and his brothers was attacked by vandals in Petworth Market Square on the evening preceding the annual fair. Fire damage was severe. It is particularly distressing given that the Harris family have been coming to Petworth for over a hundred years. They were here for Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee in 1897. Petworth Fair itself is one of the oldest, if not the oldest, street fairs in the south of England. Even in 1273, no man could remember the beginning of it.

In response to feeling widely expressed in the town, the Petworth Society, who organise the fair, are setting up a fund to help Harris Brothers, at least partially, to defray the very considerable cost of repair and restoration, so that, ideally at least, the family can operate again in the spring. The Petworth Society have already made a substantial donation, while Petworth Town Band will give a benefit concert in St. Mary's Church on February 4th.

Donations please to :-

The Hon. Treasurer
Mr. A. Henderson,
62 Sheepdown Drive,
Petworth,
West Sussex GU28 0BX

Cheques should be made out to the "Petworth Society Fair Appeal"

I,
of
enclose my donation to the Restoration Fund.

Peter Jerrome Chairman, The Petworth Society



PETWORTH SOCIETY ACTIVITIES SHEET

Winter/Spring programme. Please keep for reference.

Walks and visits begin again in March

MONTHLY MEETINGS LECONFIELD HALL 7.30

TUESDAY December 13th

Paul Campion :



Mastermind – Secrets of the Black Chair

Known for his appearances on many different TV and Radio quizzes, Paul takes us behind the scenes at this most challenging quiz and other popular shows.

Admission £3.

TUESDAY January 24th

"A hundred years after Trafalgar". Petworth in 1905.

Peter Jerrome. Slides.

Admission £2.

FRIDAY February 24th

David Battie FRSA

"My unusual career"

David has appeared on the Antiques Roadshow since the first series in 1979 and makes numerous other radio and television programmes.

Admission £5.

N.B. This is a talk.

David will not be giving valuations.



FRIDAY 24th March

HONOUR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER

Jennifer Goldsmith presents the recollections of Lillian Hunt. Bedham and Petworth over two hundred years.

£3 Refreshments. Raffle.

MONDAY April 24th

CHRIS HARE:

SPOKEN MEMORIES OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. A PANORAMA

£3 Refreshments. Raffle.

MAIN MAGAZINE: CAPTION OPPOSITE PAGE 26 SHOULD READ

"NANCY ROWE WITH BERYL SPEED c1934."

SEE: SOME THOUGHTS FROM MISSISSAUGA

Petworth Town Band concert in aid of Petworth Society Fair Fund. Saturday, 28th January at 2.00 p.m. St. Mary's Church.

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

Vice Chairman

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

Magazine distributors

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), Mr Bellis (Grafham), 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

Nothing much to say except to wish everyone a happy Christmas and New Year. I hope the article on the Boxgrove Tipteers offers a seasonal touch. We continue our experiment with colour, this time featuring two pictures taken by Pearl in the garden of the Cottage Museum. As an occasional recourse, colour is certainly something for an Editor to have up his sleeve, but classic Garland and Kevis black and white will no doubt remain a preferred option.

Peter 21st October 2005

Jeremy towards the Land of Lod. 7th August

It's Open Gardens day in a sunny, busy, Petworth but we're off to the country. Up the hill through Tillington and Upperton, past the Monument, then left, signposted for River Common. Jeremy will be waiting for us at the bottom of the lane. He has three Upperton "irregulars" with him to add to a slightly sparse turnout. Somewhat surprisingly August is never a good month for turnout. We move away to the right, down a grassy farm track and into a field with mushrooms. Time to look west to Blackdown: Aldworth, Tennyson's old house, can clearly be seen, but, Jeremy says, the old manor house of the Yaldwyn family, once local entrepreneurs in iron, was removed some sixty years ago. Field, meadow and wood, a tractor in the far distance. This seemingly empty landscape is alive with history. A stand of maize may be cover for pheasants. Jeremy plunges off into a wood - he's on the hunt for an ancient road. The wide bed is quite obvious but its continuation beyond the fence rather less so. Perhaps half a mile away the present wall-lined road winds uphill towards Parkhurst. We've already glimpsed the farm buildings from the back, distinctive early nineteenth century barns built perhaps just before the corn laws were repealed. But is this submerged track the same that William James would have taken when he started for London in search of Henry Percy's infamous cloakbag of gold? It's certainly possible.

That's Jackson's Lake Lodge through a gap in the trees. Who was Jackson? No one seems to know. White of White's Green seems a little less elusive. Jeremy says that when the wall was being built Master White refused to sell his piece of land and the new wall had to dogleg round it, hence White's Green. Soon after, Master White died but his contumacy had given him immortality of a kind. We continue along the road before turning off left. There's a bridge high over the Lod, flowing quietly in summer mode. It's not "toward the land of Lod", this actually is the land of Lod. In the green quiet "Lod" seems almost a tangible presence, lurking on the periphery of three parishes, Tillington, Lodsworth and Lurgashall. We see White's Green again across the road through the trees. We skirt River Park farm - more history. From here the poachers set out to climb the Park gate and make off with Northumberland deer. 1623 was it? And that huge pond with the massive artificial bank. There must have been some purpose. Iron? A mill?

It seems excessive for a stew pond. A little further on, purple cardoon high at a garden edge. The wheat is dry and darkening, rabbit tracks on the edge, pursuing fox tracks too, perhaps. Over the bridge, Jeremy talks of old Cowdray-Leconfield land exchanges and Acts of Parliament. The bridge carries the date 1797 and B. for the old Cowdray name of Browne, but it's difficult to see with the summer foliage on. Two fields and we're back on the track where we started. A classic walk.

P.

The Society Dinner September 6th

For an original "one-off" the annual dinner appears, three years and more on, already something of an institution. Looking back to the first in 2002 (PSM 113) I noted, "I don't think that we really expected it to catch on as it did." We didn't. 2002 saw a rather surly June evening, but recent dinners have been bathed in a mellow September sunshine. As a matter of policy at the beginning we tried to keep couples together but to break up known groups. It was to be "a chance for members of the Society to meet other members. A simple night out with friends is something you can do any time at a pub." Quite. Over the intervening years we've kept to that philosophy.

As compared with last year our special event was a visit to the White and Gold Room and a glimpse of the White Library, courtesy of Lord and Lady Egremont. This particular year they were unable to join us, having an engagement in London. Wine and pressé followed with the time to relax, moving between the Marble Hall and the West Front and looking out into a sun-drenched Turner landscape, the deer recumbent and seeming strangely near on the slopes of Lawn Hill.

Then a leisurely walk back for dinner. This is the life. I suppose this event, perhaps like this Magazine, reflects the Society's unique mix of local, formerly local, and, equally significant, those who just like the Society atmosphere and come a long way to be with us. Petworth is unusual and the Society mirrors that. Eleven tables of eight, serving quickly from either side. A leisurely meal and a chance to talk. Lorna and her helpers, unobtrusive but in fine form. Eventually it's time for the Quiz: the Chairman, for no obvious reason, having been deputed to set the questions this year. Well, you know what the old boy's like: heavy-handed, issuing the papers like some desiccated school invigilator. Where was that effortless charisma that the Treasurer had made his own in former years? Everyone seems happy enough just chatting. Phil and Dilys' table win with 12 correct. I'm sure the Chairman won't be trusted with the Quiz again even if we have one. As a kind of valediction here is the Quiz. Don't forget the original sufferers had less than ten minutes and were working in very difficult conditions!

P.

Quiz

01. The present Petworth Society treasurer is:
a. Tim Wardle b. Karl Marx c. Andrew Henderson d. Groucho Marx
02. The number of the December Society Magazine will be:
a. 121 b. 122 c. 123 d. 124
03. What is the last possible date of the month on which the Petworth Society Book Sale will normally be held?
04. In what year did the Toronto Scottish Regiment return to Petworth for the first time?
05. Was Petworth's former Regal Cinema named after the 1935 Silver Jubilee or the 1937 Coronation?
06. In what year was the steeple of St. Mary's removed?
07. How many blank tiles are there in a standard Scrabble set?
08. What is the acknowledged "King" of herbs?
09. What is a mendicant?
a. a liar
b. someone who dislikes women
c. a seamstress
d. a beggar
10. Where will the 2008 Olympic Games be held?
11. The favourite sport of Mary Queen of Scots was
a. billiards
b. golf
c. real tennis
d. stool ball
12. Which famous writer lived at Bateman's, Burwash in East Sussex?
13. Which type of hat is agreed to have originated in Ecuador?
14. What does a phillumenist collect?
15. From what country comes the traditional dance the Mazurka?
16. Emma Lavinia Gifford and Florence Dugdale were the wives of which famous author?
17. Who had a hit in 1951 with "Come on-a My House"?
18. In what year was the battle of Mons fought?
19. Who was pushed into a tea-pot by a combination of the Mad Hatter and the March Hare?
20. With what flowers would you associate Colinette with the sea-blue eyes?

The September Book Sale

"A very practical woman", my mother observed, talking of my maternal great-grandmother who died in 1925 - or was it 1926? Before my time anyway. She would have nothing of either books or drink, but of the two evils the former was unquestionably the worse. Eighty years on, whatever would she think? A great-grandson brazenly disporting himself in a public hall, like some moth-eaten pirate, afloat upon an ocean of books. At least he's not flying the skull and crossbones.

Actually we're looking on the September sale with a certain circumspection. The much-hyped Oval test match is on and the August sale shattered all records, shattered not broke. And in August of all months? None of us can work it out. September's a funny month. Do more people go on holiday in September than in other months? I think they may.

Here's a strange collocation. Virginia Woolf's *Orlando* side by side with Arnold Bennett's *Riceyman Steps*, both old hardback editions. Virginia wasn't too flattering about story-tellers like Bennett, Wells or Galsworthy. No doubt "Uncle Arnold" and others had a few reservations about Bloomsbury. I've always felt Virginia had the edge in that particular argument but that's a matter of opinion. Certainly most of our 40p fiction follows the story-telling tradition. George Garland used to play chess with Galsworthy at Bury House - in the 1920s I suppose. The author had a kind of secret room with a speaking tube down to the servants' quarters. No, I never really understood it either. Come to that Arnold Bennett was at Amberley in the 1920s.

It's busier than ever at the start. A bus engine chugging away outside the open window. Pages turning. Books piling up. Someone breaks from the scrum and makes for the counter. That book on Brendan Bracken has a red label. £2. Someone isn't sure. It's worth a lot more than that and it's in good condition, he takes it. Ramsay MacDonald remains. The Burmese dictionary, the Sanskrit dictionary. Three Jarrow lectures. St. Ninian's *Isle of Treasure*. Whatever's that? Itinerant sugar-cane cutters in northern Argentina, outside kitchens in separate huts. You never know what's going to turn up. You may not actually explore it but it's there for you.

And what's this? *Fourth Floor*, the Magazine of St. Martin's School of Art Students' Union 1952. Wherever's that come from? And where will it go? "Contributions are as welcome as they are rare." Couldn't put it better myself. Australia 174 for no wicket. The afternoon's quieter. That will be the difference between this month and August but we're certainly not complaining.

P.

Miles' dog's grave walk - 25th September

A variation, a hybrid of walk and visit if you like, a pilgrimage perhaps. The dog's grave in the Gog woods. An institution almost, certainly a part of local tradition. Not there, it

would be missed. A direct link with those fevered days when the quiet woods were alive with troops. Zeke was a mascot run over by a military vehicle. Why bother about a dog at such a time? But they did. Perhaps the dog in some way symbolised a domesticity they had left on the other side of the world. More likely they were simply fond of him. Once the stone carried the coloured regimental flashes. They're long gone but the stone survives. Even the 1987 hurricane could do no more than strew the site with debris from the trees that had once hidden the camps.

We park at the Cottage Hospital and walk up the curving lane to the rear, gradually gaining height. The view across the valley is framed by low branches. Petworth on an eminence. Audrey will be waiting for us at the top. It's good to see her back. Lettuce under white floss and a ragout of buildings, classical stone and otherwise. Some very much otherwise. The early autumn woods are in mellow mode. Large, mealy pale green acorns already litter the path and the sun glints down through the foliage. Given the similarity of the Gog paths, the grave can be elusive, but Miles doesn't take the direct route, preferring to make a detour through the woods. Adders? Rarely seen in these woods and the colder mornings will certainly have retired them for the year. Left at the cottages (now a single dwelling) built by the parish in the nineteenth century. Something to do with the rebuilding of Hilliers perhaps - the big house is just down the slope. The Gog was a source of local stone and the woods are honeycombed with the remains of impromptu pits now long forgotten. The new Serpent Way passes on the eastern border, this being the first piece of heathland on its labyrinthine passage west. Petworth clay, then another piece at Heath End.

Even so, it's not long before we're at the grave. The slightly ruddy brown headstone still seems clearly etched. Today's a special day; there are scarlet carnations and white roses. Sometimes there are no flowers at all. Others unknown occasionally come to the grave and leave flowers as a token of remembrance. You can be alone with your thoughts in these woods. The Serpent Way doesn't actually pass the grave. Over the years Zeke has become a presence of a kind. But what kind? Does he embody the war years? the death of young men? an older Petworth? the loss of loved ones? Perhaps he's a general symbol for private grief.

We take our time. For some the grave is a new discovery. Then back the more direct way. Lovers' Lane to the right, leading down over the fields to faraway Petworth. The way the old farmworkers would walk into the town to shop. Saturday afternoon hundred years ago when work was finally over for the day. The shops opened late then.

Not a long walk certainly but a thought-provoking one

P.

"I don't know why he doesn't get a proper job" (Speaker's mother)

The 2005/06 series of monthly meetings opened with Mel Rees talking about the things

most of us think but dare not say - at least in public. Described in press reviews of his books as "Grumpy Old Men meets Victor Meldrew" and "rude, insensitive, self-opinionated, sexist and very, very funny" he certainly lived up to his reputation and had his audience in fits of laughter from beginning to end.

Starting with stories from his childhood, when he was continually "testing the system" and discovering boundaries, Mel related amusing incidents from his experience in many jobs and family life. As a schoolboy train spotter he has retained his fascination with railways, has an old carriage in his drive and named his first son Gareth William to achieve the initials GWR - not realised by his wife until the christening ceremony.

Nevertheless his underlying love of his country and sadness at the decline of once-held values came through, fittingly summarised in an imaginary conversation between Nelson and Hardy as they prepared for the Battle of Trafalgar, albeit frustrated by Health and Safety, Human Rights and EU regulations.

Mel Rees publishes under the pseudonym of Anthony Mann (A Man) through his own Trouser Press. The crowd at the after-talk sales table has ensured that there will be a good few copies of his four books and audio tape appearing in Christmas stockings this year.

KCT.

Where have all the bees gone? September at 346

Life probably offered Mrs Cummings little time for reflection; but coming back unexpectedly one mid-morning in September, she might have felt her heart beat just a little faster. The sun pours into the walled garden of 346 and there's a continuous vibrant humming noise. It's bees. There are so many on the salvia spires that the whole scarlet mass appears to have a corporate life of its own, held in a kind of stationary motion. The contradiction is justified. There is no breeze and the salvias are actually quite still. It's the bees, scores, hundreds, more perhaps, that give the impression of motion. The old-fashioned salvias with the sage-like leaves give off a woody, fresh smell, astringent perhaps, but not quite. Can I catch also the faintest waft of heliotrope from the far border? It's noticeable in the cool of the evening but less so during the day. Perhaps, on the pinnacle of decline, the garden is at its best. The low-slung Michaelmas daisy is full out, there's the odd late nasturtium, dahlias and rudbeckias are still in full flower and the lemon flowers of heliopsis are overtopping at the back. I look again at the scarlet sage. You could come up a hundred times and not see such a sight.

I do come back next day with a small group walking round the town. It's a dull overcast morning. With the sun gone you see different things: the Japanese anemone, hips on the rose bush, the mahonia will need to be cut back. It's even making inroads into

the cinder path. Spent larkspur, mould on the everlasting pea, the last summer berries have withered. And, above all, the silence, only the far-off wailing of an ambulance siren. Where are all the bees now?

P.

Petworth's Milestones

For some time now, under the auspices of English Heritage, the Milestone Society has been undertaking and recording, in detail, milestones countrywide. This came about because it was discovered that very many were being lost through so called 'road improvements' This has been shown to be very much the case in West Sussex where only twenty three have been located, Surrey have one hundred and twenty.



*Milestone Cottage,
Duncton, Sussex*

The Petworth series along the present A283/A285 is probably unique, for with one exception, that of a cast iron plate in Petworth Park Wall near Ebernoe road junction, all are tablet stones on buildings, mostly cottages and sited high up under the eaves of the cottage roofs. Two stones in this series have not been located, one at or near Coultershaw Bridge, the 51st, from London and the 49th, which would have been at, or near, the Old Boys School, north of the A272 junction for Billingshurst. Most of these tablet stones on the cottages were cemented over during the threat of invasion in 1940. Take a look at the 50th on the last cottage on the right (west side) when leaving Petworth on the road to Duncton.

There is a tablet in the wall of a cottage in New Street, Petworth bearing the inscription "49 miles to London", regrettably, this is dubious, for the style of inscription does not conform and it is exactly half a mile in each direction to the known locations by distance measurement. Further the Market Hall is a known datum for the cast iron plated stone at Tillington. "1m Petworth MH, 5m 5f 4r MH Midhurst".

Can anyone help us with information as to whether a tablet was on the school or any building nearby? For if so, it may be possible to obtain a replica in original typeface style, providing someone in the vicinity of North End Close is prepared to accept it for display. We would like to hear from anyone too with information of stones to the east of Petworth for this is the route of turnpikes from Winchester to Brighton, as discovered on a milestone one mile west of Midhurst.

Lionel Joseph, Lorengau Cottage, Forest Green, Dorking RH5 5RZ - 01306 621420

Departures

Departure must be part of the fabric of every small town. Some are irrevocable - for a new life elsewhere perhaps. Memories then set in stone. My own departures have been of a different kind, temporary but endlessly repeated, one impression laid on another. A few months, a working week, a working day even. And in earlier days by public transport. A car's not the same. The full poignancy would come from the top of the old double-decker, more or less empty for preference, although the later single-decker would give a measure of the old feeling. The six-fifty from Market Square was in fact a single-decker; it might be waiting by the Town Hall, or possibly still to come in. Invariably the Square was deserted and, as memory will have it, it was as invariably dark. You might imagine you heard voices, but you'd never see anyone. In that darkness you might be anywhere, but, of course, you weren't. Petworth doesn't interchange with anywhere else. The driver and his one passenger. Did you sit handy to him or make the long unsociable walk to the back? Conversation could be limited; the vibration of the engine saw to that. A heron in a country road on a dark recent evening, or, more pragmatic, "Is the heater working?" words flying backward.

Right to leave the Square. Into Park Road to snake round those scraped and bleeding walls. And here memory plays its pranks. It's always bright sunshine by the church. "The Rev. H.O. Jones. Hon. Chaplain to the Forces." I'd inevitably think, "But there are no troops here," and, as inevitably, tell myself this wasn't the point at all. Right into East Street, out towards the open country and the bus gathers pace. Time to look down on the green fields of Shimmings. Mist perhaps, dew almost certainly, and, from the departing bus, fields of Elysium. And yet, were I not leaving, I'd never have given them a thought.

Conductors? Not by this time. Refugees already from a Paradise that had never

really existed, victims of the all-seeing clipboard. Oh, there had been clipboards in Eden, but they were held in check as the serpent had never been. The Inspector had one as he sat on the bench by the Town Hall permutating times and crews. Years later, even the bench would disappear, purloined to adorn some distant book sale, garden auction, or private grounds. Can you purloin a bench? The bench may have been replaced but its comrades are gone now. Conductors, inspectors, clipboards, the lot.

Drivers and conductors worked in pairs and strode the sunlit evening streets in tandem, the driver carrying nothing, the conductor his satchel. Strangers and sojourners in biblical terms. Pies. The shop opened later then. "Are those fruit pies up there?" "We'll have two please." Lyons Individual. I haven't seen them for years.

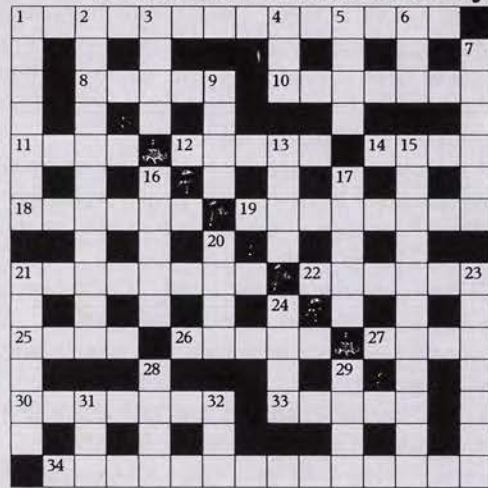
Travelling the early bus you might half-penetrate a secret world. "Christ," exclaims the driver. The conductor has lost the key to the padlock on his ticket machine. "We'll stop at the garage to see if it's there." The garage is long gone now, a cavernous barn of a place. For some reason, this particular morning it lies enigmatically open to all the world. An inland Flannan lighthouse. The conductor takes a new machine with a key and leaves the other. "Someone will be unlucky," the driver observes, laconic. Or the journey halts at a rural phone box. "Someone's been sick - all over the bloody back." The odd stray umbrella from the previous night but not this. And that casual, almost derisory, double ring of the bell, telling the driver what's only too obvious. Rural stops where you expect to see no one and you don't. Oh yes, there are gods in heaven. Time and Motion, and they demand their sacrifice.

P.



"Companions". A garland study from the 1930s.

Seasonal Petworth Society Crossword



Across

- 1 Season's Greetings! (5,9)
 8 & 16 dn Sun-supplied energy for travelling round Chichester Harbour (5,5)
 10 Old scholars were reunited in this rural spot this summer (7)
 11 Girl found sleeping in the cinders (4)
 12 The day for the lords to start a-leaping! (5)
 14 Tree hidden in the tracery (4)
 18 Local village still remembered for its May revels (6)
 19 Great height! (8)
 21 Moves like the Three Kings' star (8)

- 22 Thrashed – like the parish boundary (6)
 25 Don't miss the last one before Christmas! (4)
 26 Dolly Ponsonby's composer father (5)
 27 Prepare the Xmas drink? (4)
 30 Prepares to leave harbour (7)
 33 A wish from the heart for peace here (5)
 34 Special anniversary commemorated last May (3,3,2,3,3)

Down

- 1 Christmas entertainers, locally once called "tipteers" (7)

- 2 A lot get broken at 23 dn (11)
 3 Christmas (4)
 4 Some winter weather in a trice (3)
 5 Parts of the stockings where the oranges go! (4)
 6 Girl's name (3)
 7 C19th artist whose paintings of Petworth Church featured in the September magazine (6)
 9 A dance for Hogmanay! (4)
 13 It will be ringing in the run-up to Christmas! (4)
 16 see 8 ac
 17 Scrooge, for instance (5)
 20 You might be stuck for one when buying a present (4)
 21 One of Mel Myland's entertaining characters (6)
 23 Time to make 2 dn (3,4)
 24 Essential part of the Xmas decorations (4)
 28 Might be on the cheese board! (4)
 29 Precedes angels such as Gabriel (4)
 31 "---! Humbug" as Scrooge used to say (3)
 32 "Heat was in the very --- Which the Saint had printed" (Good King Wenceslas) (3)

Solution to 121

Across

7 Beau, 8 Eels, 9 Mary, 11 Scottish, 12 Etch, 13 Anne, 14 Minimum, 16 Toronto, 18 Scenery, 21 Receive, 23 Iris, 26 Soda, 27 Ranville, 28 Suds, 29 Scry, 30 Fake

Down

1 Percy, 2 Austen, 3 Regiment, 4 Alchemy, 5 Hazelman, 6 Lynchmere, 10 Swan, 15 Poorhouse, 17 Orchards, 19 Chimneys, 20 Terrace, 22 Iron, 24 Iliffe, 25 Blake

Petworth Ontario - a letter from Canada

517-2050 Amherst Heights Drive, Burlington ON L7P 4M6

Dear Peter

Thought you might be interested to know that, returning from Ottawa in June where we attended our grandson's University Graduation, my husband 'Chum' and I detoured from our route in an attempt to find Petworth, Ontario.



New houses in Petworth Ontario.

Well, we found it, situated in the countryside and accessed from two major roads which displayed regular road signs indicating Petworth.

Your article in the Society's Magazine No 106 mentioned a number of ruins which unfortunately we were unable to find. However two of the original structures are still there. Before entering Petworth a narrow steel bridge crosses the Napanee River but there appeared no ruins of the original sawmill.

Our general impression was that Petworth, Ontario is now more of a spread-out community area than a town or village, as we had envisaged.

We look forward to your magazine each quarter, and thoroughly enjoy the contents.

Best wishes

Sincerely

Pat Whitcomb

Wyndham and East Kimberley. A letter from Australia

Patrick Cannon writes to call our attention to the port of Wyndham in the far north of the east Kimberley region of West Australia. The name reflects Wyndham initiative in the early settlement of this region. In her "Kings in Glass Castles" Mary Durack recalls the original proclamation of the port of Wyndham in 1886. "Black Rat" in welcoming a visitor to the town, calls up from his boab canoe and explains, "They called it after some toff in England" The Bovril and Vestey organisations had interest in the town's meatworks. These were gold rush days and the Town Guide recalls that ... "The port was a vital supply and landing point for the thousands of people determined to make their fortune in the Kimberley." The town now has a flourishing tourist trade. The local Museum commemorates the Malls Creek Gold Rush of the 1880s. Nowadays there is the chance to visit Aboriginal communities, take a barramundi fishing trip or simply explore. The brochure carries the following warning in bold lettering. "Crocodiles in the region are large and numerous. Travelling in the Kimberley requires care and preparation, beware when fishing. No swimming in or around the Gulf or local rivers."

Hamburgers at Shulbrede Priory, Lynchmere

A recent visit to the Priory was organized by the Petworth Society. The guided tour and afternoon tea provided a glimpse into an older world, dating back to the 12th century. The whole afternoon passed very swiftly and was very worth while.

One of the fascinating aspects to me, as a poultry fanatic, was the flock of a rare breed, namely, the Silver Spangled Hamburg, which are being bred at the Priory. These came from eggs supplied by a neighbour and were from a reddy-brown bird and a white one, rather small in size, not at all like the birds that were to be bred. They are an example of what can occur in poultry breeding when crosses are made and the cross bred birds are discarded, the owner believing they are of no value and are mongrels. The size, shape and colour of these mongrels are of little consequence because hidden in the structure are the genes of the breed from which they were bred. Often the throw back" can be from many generations ago, the process is known as *Reversion*.

These birds have not been refined up to exhibition standard with the result that there are certain deviations from the standards laid down by the Poultry Club. The legs are white instead of grey and there were some with single combs and pure white in plumage instead of white with black spangles. There are others which are well spangled and have the desired Rose comb, so important for the exhibition bird, and making the male birds look quite magnificent. Although some have single combs this is not very serious because there is a tendency for this to happen, again due to reversion, possibly

because of a cross with Old English Game which are also an ancient race being present when Romans invaded Britain some 2,000 years ago.

They are not exhibition stock and therefore a few variations matter little. They lay well and adorn the gardens splendidly and, since they are a very old breed, dating back hundreds of years, were one of the first breeds to be shown in the north country of England. The great naturalist Aldrovandi mentioned them in his writings in 1599, calling them Turkish, although it is clear they were Spangles, which went on to become "Moonies" and then Spangled Hamburgs, being developed to a high degree of perfection by English breeders.

Another variety, the Pencilled Hamburgs, were developed by the Dutch.

The poultry at the Priory run free and lay in any convenient place so Kate has to watch them to collect their eggs for, if they are not discovered, she will suddenly hear a batch of chicks. The hens obviously become broody quite early because the visit on the 22nd July revealed chicks running around, quite independent of the mother and fully feathered, possibly around 10 weeks old. Because she would have sat for 21 days this means she came broody early in May. Many strains of Hamburg do not come broody, but Old English Game, which is similar in size and carriage, get the urge to sit and rear chicks.

A Rare Breed

All the varieties of the breed are now rare in Britain. Yet at one time they were very popular. The reason for the decline has been the need for special breeding arrangements, especially for the Pencilled variety. The cockerels are bred from one pen and the pullets from another. This is known as *double mating* which simply means that great care is taken in selecting as follows:

1. Cockerel Breeding Pen

An exhibition male bird is mated with hens which have male characteristics, that is, heavily marked with rounded green-black spangles.

2. Pullet Breeding Pen

A fine exhibition hen is bred with a male which is marked similar to the hen and is all the better if the tail has no sickles, known as hen feathering.

Once the separate pens are set up the progeny from each should be rung with distinctive colour rings and the two strains should not be mixed or the pattern will be spoilt.

Fortunately any person wishing to keep these beautiful birds without showing them will have no need to practise double mating because quite commendable results can be obtained from breeding with a single pen and, if keeping 10 or more hens, two or more cocks can be kept to ensure fertility of the eggs. If on free range this is ideal because the younger cockerels can avoid any bullying from the older male bird who will be 'cock of the walk'.

Source of the Name

The name "Hamburgh" is based on an erroneous belief because they did not come from Hamburg, but it is believed they came from two other separate sources:

1. *Pencilled Hamburgs from Holland under the colourful name of Pencilled Dutch and Dutch Every-Day Layers.*
2. *Spangled Hamburgs which were developed in England.*

These according to Tegetmeier, a leading Victorian author, were quite different from the Pencilled variety in "size, plumage and in the formation of the skull." The use of the name Hamburg is also criticized because the Spangled came first and was called Moonies or Spangles.

Weights and Characteristics

Hamburgs weigh in the region of 2.25 kilos (5 lbs) and fatten quite well so they can be culled as table birds. They are graceful in carriage, always on the move, making a splendid picture when on a lawn or in an orchard. They are good foragers so in the growing months - spring and summer - can find a great deal of food in the form of wild seeds, insects and greenstuff.

Dr Joseph Batty

A Garland "Character"

I think that, of all George Garland's "characters" from between the wars the one to whom he looked back with most affection in later years was "Old Shep". It may be that the old man's readiness to be pictured wearing various, more or less authentic, Garland props was a help, as too was the fact that the relationship went back to the very beginnings of Garland's press activity in the 1920s. Even talking to Garland in the late 1970s, just before he died, and some half a century since Old Shep had left the district, Garland could still recall the old man with feeling. He was the Garland "press" countryman par excellence. How much Shep's aura owed to Garland's creative use of local colour and how much was hard fact is impossible now to disentangle. "Hard fact" may be alien to the very spirit of such characters, but Shep remains the quintessential Garland character. I think the story of the smock may be Garland legend, I still have what appears to be the smock, although I suppose that Shep could have gone off with an earlier version. I also have the two "property" crooks. The following adds just a little to the information about Shep contained in the several Window Press Garland books published in the 1980s. Unfortunately the browning typescript from which the account is taken is severely damaged and up to a paragraph is missing.



"Old Shep" - 1920s. See "A Garland character". Photograph by George Garland.



The garden at Petworth Cottage Museum. September. Colour photograph by Pearl Godsmark.

“Old Shep”

William Shepherd, better known locally as “Old Shep”, is a shepherd of the old school. He was a genial old fellow possessed of a quaint philosophy of his own, which may have come about from his constant and close association with nature while keeping his lonely vigils with his sheep on the hills.

A little, short, withered man with a billy-goat beard, he used to wear a little round billycock hat of the type favoured by the agricultural workers of the day - happily these hats and their wearers are not, even now, thoroughly extinct - a brown velvet jacket, a waistcoat of a woolly material, plaid neckerchief and light corduroy trousers. His face was heavily scored with wrinkles which in themselves told a tale of the hard and exposed sort of life he had led, but nature had made amends by giving him the rosy cheeks of one of her sons.

At the time I knew him he used to lodge at a house down by the “haunted” lane at Rotherbridge, near Tillington and used to do odd jobs on the neighbouring farms. He was not allowed to earn more than a small sum in this way as he was in receipt of the “Pension” as he used to call it, and by reason of frequent and severe attacks¹ he was unable to take regular employment.²

[He did however] enjoy having his photograph taken. Possibly the fact that he used to get a drop of something good to drink when he came to be “photoed” intensified his liking for these occasions!

At that time I possessed a property” smock which I frequently used when photographing him and other local rustic characters, and one day when I had “Old Shep” dressed up in this he said to me, “Master George, if ever you dies while I’m ‘bout here, or if ever I goes way ‘fore you dies, I wish you’d give me this ‘ere smock.” As I had no sentimental reasons for wishing to be buried in a smock in the event of my demise, and as the likelihood of his going away after so many years sojourn in this district appeared so remote I readily promised to give him my smock should either of the tragedies he had mentioned occur.

The march of Anno Domini, coupled with the devotion of a married son lost me my smock! Imagine my feelings when some months afterwards he came to me with tears in his eyes and told me of his impending departure from the district. A married son somewhere in Surrey had written expressing his willingness to provide a home for his father during the closing years of his life. And the old man had reluctantly decided to go. And so “Old Shep” went tearfully away, missed as much by me as by the local worthies who frequented the village inn with him. And my smock went with him - may it be of comfort to him in his closing years. He was “no scholar” to use his own expression and I have never heard of him since he left us, but when he left he promised to come and see me again one day.

¹ Typescript faulty here

² Typescript breaks off here, several lines missing

Some Lesser Known Petworth Inns and Alehouses

The Anchor

A 1780 land tax assessment describes a property as 'late the Anchor' and 'South of Petworth'. Perhaps an inn at Rotherbridge?

Fox and Hounds

Recorded in the 1861 census as 'a beer and lodging house in Grove Lane' this house occupied the property now known as Regency Cottage. Local tradition has it that the cottage has long been associated with the Whitcomb family. In fact the Whitcombs arrived after the beer house had closed and the census offers us the name of Alfred Bridger as the only officially recorded landlord of the house. By 1872 Bridger has moved on to the Well Digger's Arms at Lowheath and it may well be about this time that the Fox and Hounds closed.

The White Horse

The most southerly of the North Street beer houses, the White Horse is also the least known and the most difficult to place in a precise location. Hardly surprising really as the only reference to it comes from the 1882 manorial survey of the town which loosely put the establishment somewhere near to the top of North Street. Unable to be precise we can only gather together what scant information there is available and then perhaps make an educated guess at the probable site of the White Horse.

The only real candidate for a credible location has to be the ancient property that stands adjacent to Rectory Gate and which form the row of little shops that is all that remains of the once prosperous commercial community, which until the end of the nineteenth century effectively enclosed the parish church. Merchants such as F.G. Fox, Thayre and Gallop formerly plied their trades and displayed their wares in these small outlets and are still remembered with affection in the town.

To find evidence of a licensed property at this point we have to go back to the 1839 town survey which records a building standing very near to the top of Church Hill that was occupied at the time by one James Burgess. Burgess appears frequently in official and commercial records as a beer retailer though there is never any firm connection with the White Horse, or in fact any particular property other than the Fox Inn just outside of Petworth where he appears as occupier on the 1837 tithe award map. What little we know of James is that he was born in 1804 and is identified as a publican on the baptismal entries of his sons Edwin and Clement who were born in Petworth in 1832 and 1833. The 1845 edition of Kelly's Directory gives James as a beer retailer; the 1851 census has him, by this time a widower, living at the Beer House in North Street along with his widowed mother, Elizabeth. Burgess appears in Melville and Co's Sussex Directory Directory where he is described as a 'brewer and retailer of beer, North Street.' 1860

finds a mention in the police occurrence book when Superintendent Kemmish on 1st July makes a visit to several public and beer houses where he finds two men drinking in James Burgess' beer house at 11.30 am. On 7th July Burgess appears at the Petty Sessions held at the Town Hall in Petworth where Kemmish gives evidence under the Beer Act and Burgess is fined with costs. The last reference to James is in the 1867 Kelly's Directory.

The facts then are that James Burgess had a beer house in North Street. He owned or occupied a property near to the top of North Street. The manorial survey names a building where Burgess lived as the White Horse. It does seem pretty conclusive, however other than the survey no other written record is known to exist. Probably a short-lived beer house, the White Horse will have to remain somewhat obscure for the present time.

The Ship

Mistakenly supposed to be a forerunner of *the Black Horse and the Half Moon Tap* this little known hostelry probably stood in Church Street near to the junction with East Street. The only official reference to the Ship can be found in a quit rent commutation from 1786 which describes the property as "*A certain freehold messuage or tenement, outhouse, stable premises and dwelling house situated in the street of the town Petworth formerly known by the name of the Ship*".¹ It is likely that the inn operated during the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, however even this is uncertain.

The [Old] Red Lion

It is important to distinguish this establishment from the well-known business in New Street, which was for many years operated by the Dean and Purser families. Our inn was situated on the south side of High Street about half way up. The building has long since disappeared though the area was until quite recent times still known as Red Lion Yard, and High Street itself was, for a period, Red Lion Street. Historians tend to suppose that the pub stood on the site of the much more recent Queen's Head public house, however it seems more likely that it occupied a position further back into the yard. Few references to the inn survive though a land tax assessment of 1785 records a Widow Foot as owner and occupier of the Red Lion Inn.

The Trowel

An ancient tenement in Pound Street. Little is known of this public house other than that a John Philpe owns it in 1696. It has been suggested that his father, also named John, was a publican for on his death an inventory of his goods records 14 pewter flaggons, 7 kilderkins full of strong beer, very ample brewing tackle and 1 cwt of hops worth £6 10s². By 1753 a land tax assessment has the property in the ownership of a William Hunt, while three years later the establishment has closed. Incidentally the finely built cellars where John Philpe may well have stored his kilderkins have survived and the house has in recent years been restored.

The Bleu Lyon/Blue Lion

Formerly situated on the west side of the church gate on the site of the buildings which

once enclosed the churchyard. First officially recorded as the Blue Lion in 1637 in the ownership of Nicholas Smart. As usual, few records have survived, however in 1691 Mrs Elizabeth Holway, the keeper of the Bleu Lyon, was presented to the manorial court for not grinding her corn and grain at the lord's mill. It would appear that the inn closed around the end of the seventeenth century.

The Bell

The whereabouts of this inn will probably remain a mystery. The only confirmation of its existence is in 1691 when, like her colleague at the Blue Lion, Widow West was presented to the manor court for failing to grind her corn and grain at the lord's mill.

The Black Lion

Between 1617 and 1621 Sir Giles Mompesson and his agents travelled the country issuing inn licenses on behalf of parliament. To qualify for licensing an inn had to at least provide accommodation, thus elevating the establishment above the status of a common alehouse. Apart from the Black Lion only one other Petworth inn, the Star in Golden Square, was licensed by Mompesson during this period. Such was the demand for licenses throughout the country that in a very short time the system became notorious for corruption and bribery, and in 1621 Mompesson was impeached on charges of dishonesty. From 1621 onwards all inns, regardless of their provision, had to be licensed. Despite this association with an famous episode the location of the inn is unknown.

The Coach

The Reverend Arnold³ refers to an inventory made in the reign of Queen Anne (1702 - 1714), which mentions an inn named the Coach.

The Star

On the site of the present HSBC bank in Golden Square. Nicholas Turgis was granted a license for the Starr by the notorious Sir Giles Mompesson between 1619 and 1621 (see the Black Lion). In 1706 the Duke of Somerset purchased a messuage called the Starr Inn adjoining the The Beast Market (Golden Square). The later history of the inn is unknown.

Miles Costello

¹ PHA H12/KK

² SAC. 98

³ *The History and Antiquities of Petworth. 1864*

“Sleeping in the Larder”

Judy Ray (nee Morrish) one of our United States members sends “Sleeping in the Larder” - poems of Sussex childhood. They reflect growing up at Great Allfields, Ebernoe in the war years. It's a supremely vivid picture of Ebernoe, its characters, Miss Annie (Holden) Miss Heath, Miss Nurse, Ebernoe School and much else. I reproduce one of the poems from the collection. Enquiries of

J Ray, 2033 E 10th Street, Tucson AZ, 87519, USA

Armistice

Armistice Day, November grey
sprinkled with scarlet poppy
faces of canvas or silk.

My sister and I, bearing
cardboard trays like old-time
ice cream vendors at the movies,

knocked on village doors
and offered poppies
to remember the non-survivors.

Our grandmother always placed
two in scarlet silk on the silver
frame of Cousin Eric's photo.

We thought armistice was the end,
not just a truce between wars.
Poppies still flare out our memories.



Great Allfields drawn by Harold Roberts - West Sussex Gazette 1955.

Some thoughts from Mississauga

1423 Mississauga Valley Blvd, Apt 1416, Mississauga, Ontario, Canada L5A 4A5
8th August 2005

Dear Sir,

Friends of mine, Mr & Mrs E Anderson of Pulborough sent me the Petworth Society Magazine for June 2005 No. 120. They knew that I would be very interested in it as I was born at Shepherd's Lodge March 1930, also my brother John 1927, and when I was about 3 years old my parents moved to Adelaide Lodge where we lived for the next 20-22 years. My father H (Jack) Cross was the Head Gamekeeper to the Leconfield Estate. Arthur Hamilton and my dad worked together sometimes. During the war Dad and Arthur would go up to Petworth some nights on night watch and because the Hamiltons' house was very isolated in the woods Mrs. Hamilton and their two daughters Ann and Patricia would come to our house at Adelaide Lodge and stay the night with us. My sister Vera, and my brother Eric were both born at Adelaide Lodge; Vera now lives in Colchester and my brother Eric is a gamekeeper on an estate in Great Missenden, Bucks. My brother John passed away fifteen years ago.

There are so many things and names of people in the Magazine that I remember well.

My dad, being the gamekeeper and looking after the hounds, beagles and the deer in the Park, would often take me with him sometimes to mark the baby fawns ears before they could get up to walk. I remember having to pick up acorns, the winter feed for the deer. Sometimes I would go with him to catch a rabbit or two; we would usually go up around Snow Hill. I would quietly sit by the burrow until the ferret drove the rabbit out. In the Magazine there's also mention of sheep shearing. I was with Dad a few times to watch that at the pond in the Pheasant Copse, Dad's black retriever would swim in the pond. I also went fox hunting with Dad sometimes. Everyone would meet outside the pub (I forget the name) at Chiddingfold, Dad had, and I have it now, a horn that he blew for the hunt. On page 46 there's mention of George Cross, George Cross was my great-great uncle; he lived in the Courtyard at Petworth House up over the stables. Uncle George used to walk to Adelaide Lodge every Sunday to have Sunday dinner with us, then after tea he and my dad would walk back to Petworth and go to the Red Lion; later Dad would ride his bike home. My aunt and uncle (Mr and Mrs Frank Speed) lived just across from the Red Lion on Middle Street.

In the Magazine there's also mention of George Garland. George Garland would take photos of my cousin and me to put in the newspapers; my cousin being Beryl Pelling (née Speed). I am enclosing one photo that Mr Garland took of Beryl and me (I'm the blonde). I don't remember where it was taken as you see I am only around 3 years old. Funnily enough, though, I do remember that my coat was red. Of course I went to school, Edna Anderson (née Howard) and her sister Norah took me to school every day and of course we walked in those days. We had about 2 miles to go to get there (quite a long way for a five year old, but it didn't hurt me). I first went to the Infants' School where Miss Margaret Wootton was Head Mistress. My teacher was Miss Mac, I don't

know her full name, however, I am left handed and in those days that was a no, no. Miss Mac came up behind me one day and whacked me across the knuckles with a ruler, try as she might I am still left handed today. Yes I well remember the milk bottles around the stove. When we walked home from school we would pass Mrs. Tyrrell's sweet shop and the Wheatsheaf and a little further along North Street where the Wakefords lived. I remember Jean and Silvia. Later years I went to Petworth Girls' School where Miss Mary (Bunny) Wootton was Head Mistress. Daisy Smith was one of my teachers, also Miss Bevis and Miss Bell - oh yes, I also have fond memories of Mrs. Clarkson, she was an evacuee always dressed much like a nun. I don't remember why but she gave me a Bible and wrote my name in it, Nancy Cross age 10. Talking of being at the Girls' School, I remember walking up Tillington Road to the park to play stoolball. I always looked forward to Friday afternoons when we would go down to the end of the street to our cooking class with Mrs Jefferies. If I remember right later that afternoon the recipe was written on the blackboard and we would have to copy it off into our exercise books (note books). One time I spelt "ingredients" wrong and had to stay after class to write it out 100 times; needless to say that's one word I can spell with no hesitation.

The day the Boys' School was bombed I was standing on the top of my desk winding up the window, it soon closed with the vibration and I was quickly off the desk hurrying with the other girls toward Miss Wootton. My brother John went to the Boys School but that day he, along with the rest of his class and teacher, were up in the town, I believe it was carpentry that they were doing. I was in Petworth several years ago and I did visit the cemetery down Horsham Road. My oldest daughter, who was born at Adelaide Lodge, was with me and I was able to show her the Girls' School. As she was taking my photo outside the school a lady that at that time lived there asked me if I had been to the school there. When I said yes she very kindly took my daughter and me around the school. I never ever expected to go inside again so it was very exciting for me and so unexpected.

At the top of the Horsham Road across from where the Boys' School was there's a row of houses. My great-great grandmother used to live there, Elizabeth Jane Cross. My sister and I sometimes would call in to see her on our way home from school and I remember she would give us thick pastry sausage rolls. In later years she came to live with us at Adelaide Lodge and my mum (Amy) took care of her for seven years, then she went to the Cottage Hospital where she died. I believe she was around 90.

I left school at the age of 14 and went to work at the "International" grocery store where Mr Harold Whitcomb was the manager. Edna Anderson (née Howard), her sister Norah and brother Horace also worked there with me. Horace used to deliver the groceries, which were neatly piled and wrapped in brown paper and tied with string in those days. I am not sure how long I stayed at International, a couple of years at least, however, later I went to work at "Moneys" Greengrocers. Miss Courtney lived up over the shop in a flat, she had a lot to do with the shop. Mr Alf Money I believe lived at Upperton with his wife and daughter Mary. In my lunchtime I used to take Miss Courtney's two dogs, Simon, a golden retriever, and Sikie, a greyhound, for a walk

around the "Downs". Saturdays I would have to go around to Pound Street to get fish and chips for the three of us. Oh what memories your Magazine has brought me and of course special thanks to my friends, Mr and Mrs Anderson, for sending it to me.

Yours truly, Nancy Pilmoor (née Cross).

Old Roads through Petworth Park

Until the 12th century, the land now within Petworth Park was open woodland. In the 12th - 15th century the Conyger (Pleasure Grounds and Lawn Hill) was enclosed as warren for the Lord of the Manor's fresh meat supply; in the early 16th century the Lord was Henry V111, who commandeered Petworth Common, including the Arbour Hill, named from the Arbour he erected on its top, levelled-off. This was a summer house for his picnics. In the 1770s, the Park Wall was built, trapping the various old roads within it. These may well pre-date the Park.

From Petworth, south of the Church and the medieval House, ran West Street, continuing straight to Tillington, along the south wall of Tillington churchyard. West Street was extinguished in the 17th century and the town's westbound road moved south to begin at Pound Street's foot (A272). West Street ran through the present lake (an 18th century creation) and the fork with the road to the Outwood, shown on Treswell's 1610 map, is still faintly visible to-day, a few yards due west of the two ilex (holm-oak) trees on the islet in the lake's south west corner. The Outwood road, now a grassy drive, goes towards the Stew Ponds. If it went further (its route may have been filled in when the Park was landscaped) it may have gone between Arbour Hill and Snow Hill to emerge at Shepherd's Lodge into the Pheasant Copse. On the other hand, it may only have served the Outwood itself, ie. today's Park north of Snow Hill. Not all the north-south hollow-ways went to the Downs; Willetts Lane (Upperton to the Rother) may only have served part of Tillington's southern fields.

West Street, at this fork, is now a faint shallow hollow-way about 10 feet wide (the Outwood road, at this fork, is about 7 feet wide) and runs west past two lime trees and an oak tree on its south bank, then between 5 horse-chestnut trees (four on the north, one on the south bank) and so to the crossroads with Hungars Lane, a four-lane-ends. West of this crossroads it runs between an old hedgebank on the north and a belt of beech saplings on the south; its hollow-way is faint, ie, has been levelled. In the field on its south are faint traces of hollow-ways and house-plots, site of the hamlet of Soal (of which Tillington House is the Manor House. Soal (this house's former name) is a sub-manor in Tillington parish. A spring's stream runs south rising in this field's north part.

To be concluded ,,,,,,,,,,,,,,

Jeremy Godwin

Sub-post Office thoughts

Considering the list of sub-post office in the last Magazine from the standpoint of my first experience of Petworth post-office in 1947, I have to echo the statement, "What, in modern terms, is extraordinary is the continuity." Things, in fact, didn't change much over thirty five years and two world wars. The personnel might be different but the network of sub-post offices was the same. The only one missing from the list is Stopham while there was a new sub-office on West Chiltington Common. In 1910 it had been simply a private house with a facility to sell postage stamps. At this time in the 1940s the Post Office was still a branch of the Civil Service with individual post-masters responsible for telephone and telegraph. The Post Office would be nationalised in the 1950s and become a corporation.

I remember the West Chiltington Common office very well. It was my first audit, going out as assistant to Mr. Freddie Dean. Bus to Pulborough then the long walk to West Chiltington. An elderly lady was in charge at West Chiltington and when we arrived the first thing she said was, "Can you pull that drawer out for me?" It was clear that she couldn't do it. We had some difficulty ourselves, and it transpired that she had a great reserve of copper: pennies, halfpennies and farthings. The drawer was so heavy that we could hardly lift it. It fell to me to count all the copper and arrive at a balance.

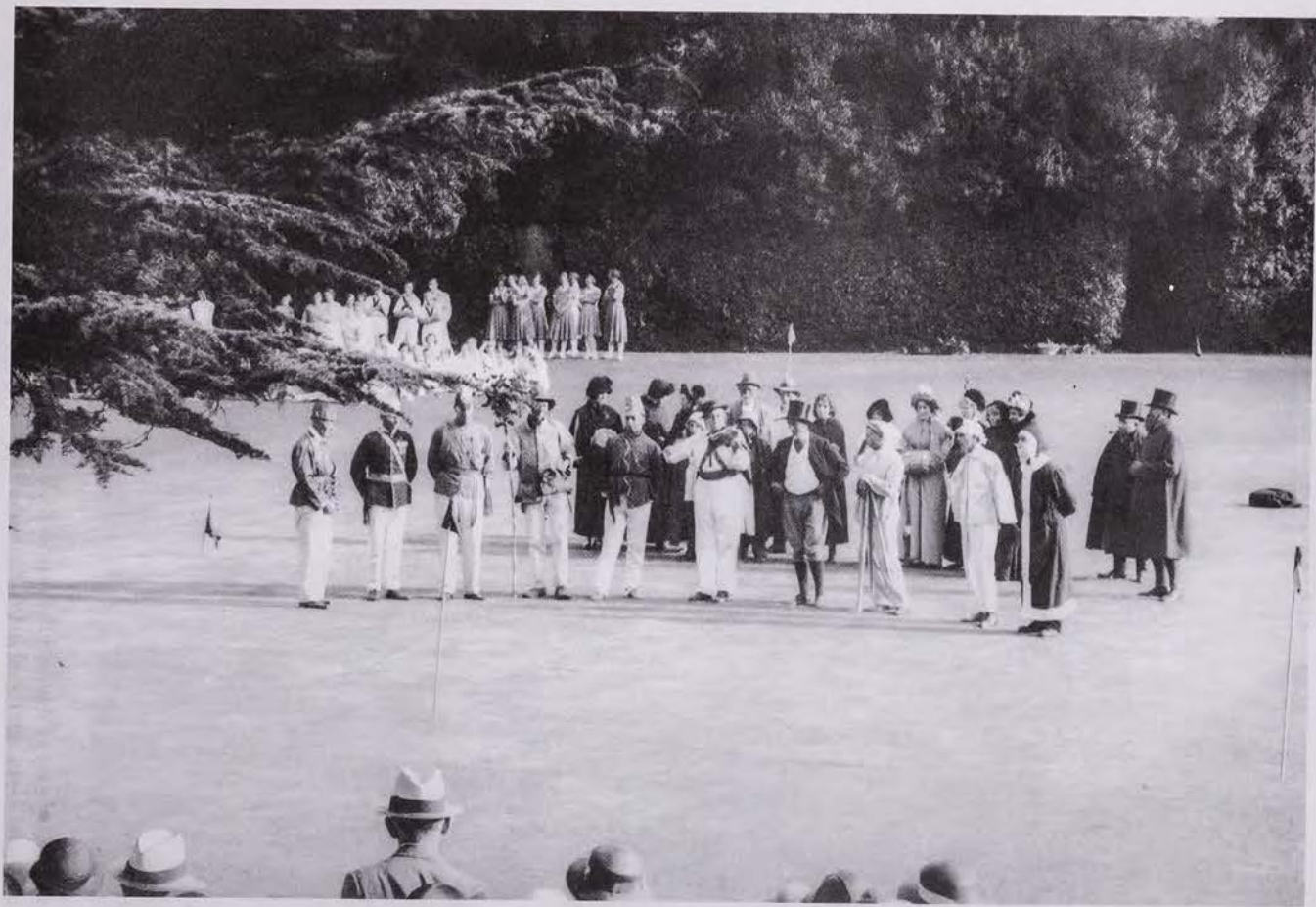
There were three grades of sub-office and this one was in the smallest grade. Grades were:

- 1) Crown office, such as Pulborough where the postmaster was a civil servant dealing directly with Head Office.
- 2) Cash account office - operating with a cash account and sending the weekly reckoning to Petworth by post. These were then forwarded to regional H.Q. at Brighton. Tillington and Lurgashall were typical cash account offices.
- 3) Non-cash account office. These were very small outlets like Balls Cross, Byworth or Nutbourne. These worked with a set sum of money and ordered money and stock as their cash fund depleted. They would send in pension docketts, details of postal orders and other vouchers paid as occasion required. The capital fund would then be replenished with cash and stamps as appropriate.

By this time most sub-offices had some kind of shop. East Lavington was one that didn't. You'd go in the front door of a private house, the last in Beechwood Lane before Seaford College. There was a table with drawers, separate from the domestic furniture. Otherwise the office was simply a room in the house. At Balls Cross Miss Ansell who had taken over from the long-serving Thomas Payne, the oldest postmaster in England, had a small shop. At Byworth too there were a few items of grocery: the stock would be enlarged when the office moved diagonally across the road. A few names from the 1910 list still survived even in the 1960s, although the family members may have been different - Pescods at Graffham, Talbots at Lodsworth, Grinsteds at Bury. I remember that Mr. Bathe at Tillington was an ex-soldier. When he retired he went to the Royal Hospital at Chelsea.



This picture of a group of mummies appeared in the Midhurst Times in January 1958. The group are not identified in the cutting we have. Reproduction from newspaper may be poor.



The Boxgrove Tipteers at Goodwood Folk Festival 1933/4. Photograph by George Garland. See "George Garland and the Boxgrove Tipteers".



The Boxgrove ensemble. Presumably Mr Sharp is second from right. 1933/4. Photograph by George Garland.



This picture of a group of mummers appeared in the Midhurst Times in January 1958. The group are not identified in the cutting we have. Reproduction from newspaper may be poor.

Storrington office at that time was very tiny but extremely busy - on a par with Petworth itself I always thought. It was at the back of the Co-op. In the early 1950s we had occasion to take over the office. Jack Bartlett, myself and one other, found conditions terribly cramped. In such a confined space the five postmen had only a single table on which to sort letters. At that time Storrington letters were hand stamped with the local mark before being taken to Pulborough. Franking was done on an old tree stump set in the floor with a piece of rubber on the top. And, as I have said, it was a very busy office. You had two foot six inches to work in behind the counter and about the same space for the public. Access was through the Co-op itself - easy enough except when the shop was closed. Then you entered through a narrow side door and someone had to come out to allow the next person to come in.

There were three grades of postman:

- 1) Full time
- 2) Part-time - doing more than twelve hours a week
- 3) "Allowance deliverers" - these, often women, did less than twelve hours a week, usually in very rural areas.

Petworth town had no part-timers. As time went on the Petworth sub-area shrank, mail for Pulborough coming direct from Redhill and the eastern portion coming under Worthing. Eventually Petworth would become a sub-office under Haslemere. Everyone delivering from Petworth including such stalwarts as Nellie Peacock who did Tillington, Upperton and Whites Green by cycle would come in to East Street to collect their mail, those with the biggest rounds first. By this time however we had two motor vans - a crucial difference from 1910. The Establishment Book seems to reflect the closing days of the old Market Square post office, the East Street office being built in 1911. Certainly there is no indication that there was ever stabling at East Street - the two garages there being purpose built.

Times were changing. I remember the old office at Duncton closing in the early 1950s. For a year or so we had a garden shed to which we'd come out on Friday afternoons to pay pensions and allowances. That was before Mrs. Thomas opened a new office in the village.

In the early days most sub-postmasters operated their own telephone switchboard and were on "24 hour call". In theory they were on duty day and night, but as so few people had telephones it perhaps wasn't as onerous as it sounds.

Many offices too had their own stamps for franking. If you had, say, twenty items to send - brochures or fliers for instance, you could be given a discount for quantity. Say the postage was two pence you could put on a three half-penny stamp. The local office would then frank the envelope with their particular number to show that the correct postage had been paid. If not, postage due stamps would be affixed. The Petworth number, I remember, was 614.

Don Simpson was talking to the Editor.



Edwardian postcard. Courtesy of Mr and Mrs Knox, Hangleton.

Oh yes he was certainly an uncle!

Jill Roy writes from Reading to identify the ladies pictured on the jigsaw in PSM 121 (page 23). They are the six daughters of Edmund Collins of Barnsgate Farm at Byworth.

Born in 1813, Edmund died in 1898. He also had three sons, one of whom was the "uncle Bill" of Maureen Bailey's article. Bill lived in North Street, grew prize-winning vegetables, and died in 1964. Another brother, Tom, was the father of Stanley Collins, owner of the Petworth cinema. Maurice, the eldest seems to have lived away. As for the sisters, seated in age order starting lower left and ending upper right they are:

Jane (Jenny or Auntie Jimmy) [Ayling]
 Constance (Con) [Streeter]
 Mary [Hoy]
 Florence (Auntie Flo) [Knight]
 Mabel (Auntie Mo)
 Emily Agnes (Daisy, or, more usually, Auntie Ted)

Jane lived at one time at Watersfield, Constance married Ernest Streeter of the Clock House in Church Street, Mary and her husband lived, first at Woldingham before moving to Shoreham and then Haywards Heath. Florence carried on the East Street/New Street grocery business after her husband's premature death. Ernest Streeter had persuaded her to remain in business and given her a lot of help. Mabel and Emily Agnes did not marry, Mabel living with the Hoys, Emily Agnes with Florence Knight.

[Mrs Roy also sends this newspaper account of the funeral of Edmund Collins in 1898. I have omitted the names of mourners. I wonder when was the last time town blinds were drawn for a funeral. Ed.]

AN OLD SUSSEX FARMER FUNERAL OF MR COLLINS AT BYWORTH

The funeral of Mr. Edmund Collins, of Barnsgate Farm, Byworth, Petworth, who died on Friday evening last, took place yesterday afternoon at Petworth. Deceased who had reached the advanced age of 85 years, was the second oldest inhabitant of Byworth, and one of the oldest of Lord Leconfield's tenants. He was practically the father of the local Lodge of Oddfellows, "The Loyal Angel Lodge," Petworth, of which he was the first enrolled member. Deceased was one of the oldest Sussex farmers, and came of an old family of tillers of the soil. The house has now been in the family upwards of 75 years. It was first taken by Mr. John Collins, father of the deceased, who died in June 1851, the deceased having therefore been the tenant for the last 47 years. Eight years ago, deceased was confined to his room, suffering with his legs and from then to the time of his death he had never left it. His wife died only about four months since in Guy's Hospital, London were she was undergoing an operation. Deceased, who was well known about the neighbourhood and greatly respected by all, leaves three sons and six daughters. The body was enclosed in a coffin of polished wych elm, with brass furniture, and bore on the breastplate the inscription:- Edmund Collins, died October 14th 1898, aged 85 years. The

roof of the hearse was covered with beautiful white wreaths..... At the Angel Hotel, Petworth, the party was joined by several representatives of the local Lodge of Oddfellows, and other friends. On the way the deepest respect was shown, all the blinds being drawn. At St. Mary's Church gates, the Oddfellows lined both sides of the pathway, the sorrowing relatives with the coffin passing through to the church. Here there was a large attendance, and the service was impressively conducted by the Rev. Mr. Bromley, Curate. The service being over the coffin was carried to "The Bartons," where the last sad rites were performed and the body was committed to the family vault.

An Invoice from J.G. Knight 1925

Thinking of Florence Knight and her grocery and hardware shop on the corner of East Street and New Street (now a travel agent), this invoice has recently come to light, courtesy of Mr Tony Pratt. It reads:

1/4 Nectar	8
2 matches	2
2 Gran	8
1 oz Royal ? al *	10 1/2
1 lb Butter	1.9
1 S.R. Flour	5 1/2
4 New Laid	8
Lard	5 1/2
Rasher *	9
Tin Nestles	10 1/2
Tin Libbys	8
1 Lemon	1 1/2
2 lb Potatoes	4
R/ Cheese	4 1/2
1/2 Currants	4 1/2
Spice	1
<hr/>	
Cr. Nestles 10 Libbys 8	9.3 1/2
	1.6 1/2
	7.9
1/4 Sweets	3 1/2
	8.0 1/2

The invoice is for 21st February 1925. Readings with an asterisk are unclear to me. I do not know what R before cheese means, nor the meaning of the annotation below spice. I assume that Nectar refers to Tea. P.

EAST & NEW STREET, PETWORTH.

Feb 21st 1925

M. J. Baker

BOUGHT OF

J. G. KNIGHT

(F. KNIGHT)

Grocer and Provision Merchant, Earthenware, China, Glass and Hardware.

1/4 Nectar	8
2 Matches	2
2 Gran	8
10 oz Royal Seal	10 1/2
1 lb Butter	1.9
13 B. Flour	5 1/2
4 New Laid	8
Lard	5 1/2
Rasher *	9
Tin Nestles	10 1/2
Tin Libbys	8
1 Lemon	1 1/2
2 lb Potatoes	4
R/ Cheese	4 1/2
1/2 Currants	4 1/2
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<hr/>	
Cr. Nestles 10 Libbys 8	9.3 1/2
	1.6 1/2
	7.9
1/4 Sweets	3 1/2
	8.0 1/2
<hr/>	
	7.9
	8.0 1/2
	8.0 1/2

Invoice from J. G. Knight.

Postmen in Petworth District 1910/11

Further to my note on sub-post-offices in Petworth District in 1910 (PSM 121) I now reproduce from the Establishment Book a list of "Postmen" and "Assistant Postmen". The former are full-time, the latter part-time. The note on the resignation of Ernest Bloss reflects, at earliest, the situation in April 1911. Effectively the only commentary we have is provided by Ethel Goatcher in PSM 52 and I reprint the relevant portions of her description of life at Duncton Post Office as an appendix.* While Ethel seems to be recollecting the period just before the outbreak of war in 1914, the official list makes no mention of Arthur Connor. On the other hand, her account of the rounds of her father Thomas Goatcher and of Percy Connor tallies exactly with the Establishment Book. The two Petworth full-time men, Michael Green and Cecil Muskett, mentioned by Ethel, appear on the list although Muskett's round is given as Petworth to Northchapel rather than Duncton.

POSTMEN

Pulborough to Bury	Cycle	John Stemp (ex Soldier)
Petworth to Horse Bare	Cycle	Michael Green (ex Soldier)
Petworth to Lurgashall		
)	Lionel Everard George ("Buffs" East
	Cycle)	Kent)
)	D'inglo Brumhill (ex Soldier)
Pulborough to Ashington	Mounted	William Frederick Strudwick
Pulborough to Ashington	Mounted	Ernest George Cook (ex Soldier)
Tillington to Upperton	----	William Payne
Pulborough to Ashington	Cycle	Mark Lelliott
Fittleworth to The Bungalow (Pulborough)	Cycle	Daniel Budd
Petworth to High Noons	Cycle	Walter Newman
Thakeham to Merry Hill	Cycle	James Streeter
Storrington to Roundabout	----	Peter Burgess (ex Soldier)
Petworth to Byworth		Cycle Walter Howick
Storrington to Barns Farm	----	Fredek. Wm. Newman
Pulborough to Codmore Hill)		
Todhurst)	----	Ernest Stanley**
Pulborough to Stopham	----	George Sheppard
Petworth to Northchapel	Cycle	Cecil John Joseph Muskett
Pulborough to Sutton	Cycle	George Edward Taylor
Petworth to Lodsworth	Cycle	Edward Newing Creed

TOWN POSTMEN

Percy Holden	Petworth
Archibald Callingham	Petworth
Charles Hedges	Pulborough

* Page 52 ** Reading uncertain

ASSISTANT POSTMEN

			Hours	
			Weekday	Sunday
Ex soldier	John Porter	Pulborough to Pickhurst	31½	4¼
	Charles Edward Duke	Coldwaltham	30½	3¾
	George Standen	Fittleworth to Bedham	28	2¼
	Ernest George Floate	Washington	18	2¼
	Thomas Herbert Goatcher	Duncton to Crouch	19	1
	George Thomas Greenfield	Cootham to Hurston	28¼	3¼
	Albert Barnett	Bury to Amberley	28½	1¾
Ex soldier	Frank Johnson	Chiltington to Broadford Bridge	18	3
	Henry George Sebbage	Fittleworth to Coates	25	3
	Philip Arthur Dubbins	Wshington to Highden	18½	2
	Percy Connor	Duncton to Upper Waltham	19¾	--
	Richard Wyndham Sherlock	Lodsworth to Lickfold Bridge	27½	2¼
	Alfred Edward Bridger	Graffham to Top (sic) Leas	28½	--
	Charles William Herbert	Petworth to the Fox	28	2¼
	Arthur George Bryder	Lodsworth to Petworth	24	2½
	Ernest Herbert Bloss	Tillington to Little Common	Resigned 8/4/1911	
	Cecil William Ede	(Petworth) to Rafflin (sic) Wood	22½	--
	Maurice Gocher	Nutbourne to Hall Farm	30	1¼
	Charles Lelliott	Ashington to Brown Hill	23½	2¼
	Cecil Strudwick	Cootham to Rackham	31½	4
	Hubert Victor Dudeney	Tillington	18	1¼

Ed.

"Lord and Lady Egremont liked a nice table

”
....

Father had been bedridden as long as I could remember and I don't ever recall him having a job. He had been caught by the fever - rheumatic fever that is - before I was born and though he had once worked for Mr Boxall, the Tillington builder, he would never fully recover from his illness and was certainly never fit enough to work. Mr Boxall owned the row of cottages that we lived in and we were able to stay there. I don't know whether this was an act of generosity on Mr Boxall's part or simply financial good sense as no doubt my parents or the parish would have to pay the rent.

I was born at Hill Top at Tillington on 6th August 1914. I don't actually remember the occasion as I was only little but I do know that I was the youngest of twelve children, a large family even in those days of large families. Mother was born Laura Stenning and her family came from River which is not so far up the road which meant she didn't have

to move a great distance when she came to Hill Top. Father was Harry Howard from Lodsworth; he was born up by the old beer house near to the village pavilion. Our neighbours at Hill Top included Mr Dummer the village 'snob', and Mr Knight who was a carpenter for Mr Boxall, and a wonderfully talented saxophone player in his spare time.

As I have said I was the youngest in the family and before me were Jesse, Tom, Arthur, Archie, Harry, Perce, Laura, Daisy, Lil, Harriet, Mercy and Doll. Not necessarily in that order except for me bringing up the rear. Harriet, who in later years married Bert Speed the Petworth butcher, is the only one left alive and she is a couple of years older than me.

Despite Father's ill health he still managed to live to be 82 and Mother was 86 when she died. Long life seems to run in the family, at least on Mother's side, for her father David Stenning lived to be over 90. He was quite well known at River and used to preach the gospel at meetings on River Common, along with members of the Walker family who had the knitting factory there. David Stenning was a very religious man indeed. Most Sundays we would visit him, walking across the fields, Mitford, Dean and River.

I went to Tillington School for my education. 'Went there and left there' as they say. I could have gone on to Midhurst but there was never enough money to keep any of us children at school longer than necessary. I enjoyed school and I liked the teachers. There was Miss Bishop who came from Selsey, she married Toby Bryder and they moved into the teacher's cottage down near The Horseguards. There was also Miss Ramsey who had come up from Cornwall, and Mr Brown who was schoolmaster and lived in Thatched Cottage next to Bennetts farm. He was a lovely man and very popular with his pupils.

The Reverend Goggs was Vicar at Tillington. I still have my first communion card that he gave me. It is dated 11th November 1927, Armistice Day. It seems to me a strange day to have had my first communion. Mr Goggs was very popular with the village children and I can clearly recall the excitement of going down to The Rectory to listen to a 'cats whisker' wireless that he had set up. Of course we children had never heard anything like it before, and even though it wasn't a proper sound - not like today - we thought it was marvellous. At the end of the evening we boys would swagger back up the road to Hill Top like we were on top of the world.

There was always something to keep us children amused depending on what time of year it was. If we weren't playing 'tops' then it was marbles. In the winter we would water down the school playground and slide on the ice. Can you imagine today's school children being allowed to do that? At harvest time we would go 'rabbiting down at Bennetts. As the fields were harvested the rabbits would bolt for the safety of the hedgerows and we boys would be waiting with heavy sticks to knock them over. The proceeds of the day would be shared equally among us and would be most welcome at home.

Just once a year in August we would leave the village to go on the school outing to Brighton. Every Monday we would hand out 3d to the teacher which would pay for our

fare and afternoon tea, but not dinner which was usually taken as a packed lunch. A bus would be waiting outside the school at 9 o'clock sharp, but of course we would be there much earlier having hardly slept a wink such was the excitement in advance of the great day.

There was always a shop in Tillington and Mrs Streeter kept it for donkeys' years. Old George Wadey had the stores at the top of Upperton and when he gave it up Bill Hazelman took it on. George Bryant was landlord of the Horseguards pub and I believe that a Mr Adams had been there before him. The Horseguards had always been a King and Barnes house, at least when I knew it. There was a big room built on to the pub before my time, it was very old but I can remember it being modernized and a good floor put down for dancing. In those days it was known as the Tillington Club Room and was very popular, especially as the school had a solid block floor which wasn't nearly as good for dancing.

As we children got older we would occasionally be sent into Petworth for anything that Mother couldn't buy in the village. This was before the first buses and even before the road had a tarred surface, it was just rolled stone and would become very dusty in the summer and wet and dirty in the winter.

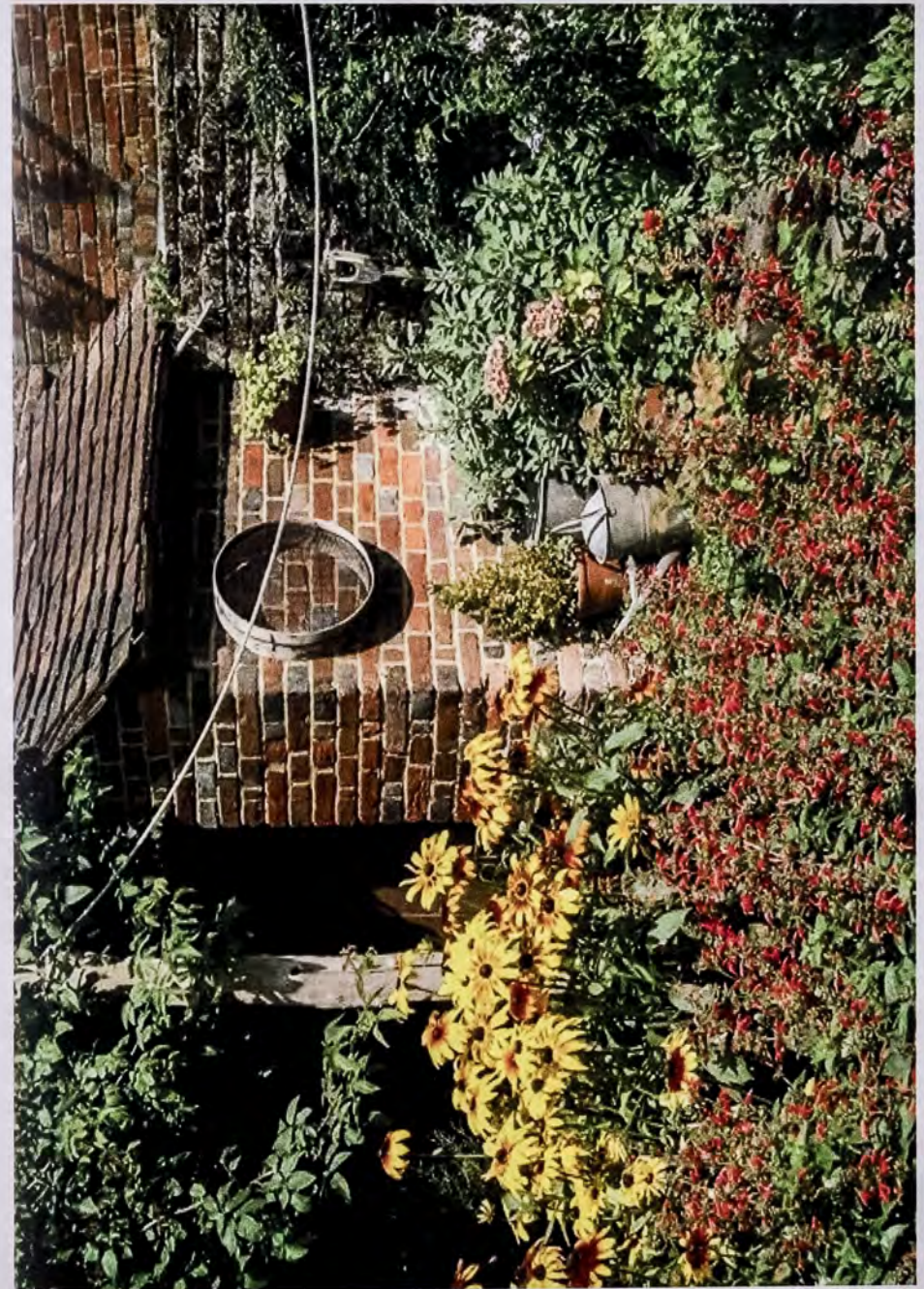
I don't know where the money came from before we began working. How Mother managed I have no idea. Perhaps there was a little coming from the parish but there was certainly no dole or sick pay then. Mother did get a few shillings relief from The Ancient Order of Foresters to which Father had been paying before he became ill. Hardship. I don't ever want to see those days again. We had two big allotments in the village and as each child got old enough he or she was expected to put time in there, and as I was the last to leave home I was the last to take them on.

Mother was always extremely well organised and so it was no great surprise to find she had secured me a job a whole year before I had left school. It had been arranged that when I reached 14 I would go and work for Dr Druitt at North House in Petworth as a 'general lad'. Mother agreed that I would begin on 5s a week and work from 7.30 - 5.00 six days a week and Sundays 11 to 7. No time off except a few hours on Sunday morning for church. Dr Druitt was a caring employer by any standards and there were certainly far worse jobs around town. My duties included seeing to the wood and coals for the fires. I would wash the car while Dr Druitt was at his surgery and then help Reg Hayden, the gardener, in the afternoon. Reg retired while I was there and a chap called Tickner took over from him though he was almost 80 years old himself. I would walk into Petworth every morning leaving home about half past six rain or shine. When my money went up to ten bob a week I thought that I was a millionaire. Swank, I should think I did! Mother could buy a hundred weight of best house coal for half a crown in those days. I pay fourteen quid for just one bag now. May and Annie Bryer from Waltham were in service at North House. May married Johnny Standing and lived in Grove Lane, while Annie married a Pullen from Lowheath and I believe that she is still alive and living at Midhurst, though she must be a good age now for she was several years older than me then.

There were several Druitt children, Peggy, Nancy, Betty and Peter and they had a live-in nanny, I don't recall her name but she was a little old shrump - a wonderful lady who I got on with very well. I was at North House for quite a few years until one day Dr Druitt called me into his office and said "Now Maurice I can't afford to pay you what you are worth so I've seen your Mother and I'm getting you another job". You see Dr Druitt really just needed a lad and as I was a man by then I suppose that I had outgrown the job. That's how things worked in those days; I had no real choice in the matter and once again things had been arranged between Mother and Dr Druitt.

I was to begin working at Godwin and Co. the wine and spirit merchants in Lombard Street. Mr Ben Wareham was manager then and he and his family lived on the premises. Mr Wareham's son, Bill, - who was a year or two older than me - was already working there as a delivery driver and was very keen to introduce me to the pleasures of the job in order to relieve him of his evening duties which threatened to get in the way of his courting activities. Following a flurry of lessons from Bill I soon passed my driving test, which in those days was not too difficult. Bill moved on to pastures new and I found myself in the position of delivery driver. Not only was I expected to deliver for Godwins but Mr Scragg, who owned the business, also ran a milk delivery service from Battlehurst Farm and so my job involved beginning a milk round at 5.30 in the morning and then starting at Godwins 8.30 to a notional finishing time of 5.30 in the afternoon. However this rarely happened for there was always something to be done. Mr Wareham was a keen sportsman and had spent a career in the Guards before becoming a sergeant with the Sussex Constabulary at Petworth. Retirement had taken him to Godwins as Manager. Mr Wareham enjoyed a game of cards and more often than not I would spend the evenings ferrying him about the county and beyond, and I began to realise why Bill had so wanted me to pass my driving test!

Eventually I became tired of the long hours at Godwins and I began looking around for another job. Somehow or other I got to hear that Lt Col Sutton, Master of the Cowdray Hunt, was looking for a footman driver, so I went for an interview at Tillington House and much to my surprise got the job. Col Sutton had a lovely old Wolseley car, and once a week I would drive him up to London where he would lunch at the Savoy and then on to Whites Club where he would spend the evening. Apart from fox hunting the Colonel was very keen on otter hunting and I would drive him out to Halfway Bridge to meet the Cowdray beagles. Eventually Cowdray decided to give up the otter hounds and the pack was amalgamated with the Storrington beagles. After several years Sutton decided to move to Chippenham and he asked me to go down with the family. I did, but only to take the cows, for after looking at the place I thought to myself that there was no way that my wife would live here, after all she was a Portsmouth girl and the house that was arranged for us was little more than a shack across a field. Lt Col Sutton was a level-headed man and understood my reason for not moving and he offered to have a word with Lord Leconfield - who visited the Suttons most Sunday afternoons - with the intention of securing me a new position. He was as good as his word and he arranged for me to have an interview with his Lordship. He told me to remember that while his Lordship



The garden at Petworth Cottage Museum. September. Another colour photograph by Pearl Godsmark.



Petworth schoolchildren outside the Tillington Road Armoury in 1936/7. Nancy Pilmoor next to boy with hands in pockets. Probably a visit to the cinema. Almost certainly a Garland photograph.

could be a bit harsh he didn't really mean it. This advice fell on deaf ears for the 3rd Leconfield, which was his title, had a fearsome reputation for having virtually no tolerance and I don't mind admitting that when I went into the interview I was trembling from head to toe.

Apparently Lord Leconfield - who was in a rather poor state of health - had been advised by his doctor to get more fresh air and so it was decided that he should get out and about on the estate each morning. My job would be to drive him around in a Landrover to whichever department or farm he wished to visit.

Anyway I survived the interview and, with Lt Col Sutton's recommendation, much to my surprise I got the job. I was to start the following Monday and be at the Arcade with the Landrover at 9 o'clock sharp. Keen to make an impression I arrived 10 minutes early only to see his Lordship stroll around the corner. He came straight up to me and said, "Who are you?" I replied, "Maurice Howard your Lordship, you told me to be here at 9 o'clock." He was clearly very annoyed and roared "If I told you to be here at 9 o'clock I don't want you to be here at 10 to 9, now take that vehicle away and come back at 9 o'clock." Wondering what I had let myself in for I dutifully returned at the appointed time and we set off to see Mr Justice, the keeper in the Bird Field. The trip was quite uneventful, however on the way back from Raghams his Lordship turned to me and with a big grin on his face he told me that he hadn't meant to be rude earlier but that it had been a test to see whether I had a sense of humour or if I would fly off the handle. I didn't really see the funny side of it at the time. However, from that day onwards we got on very well though a lot of people couldn't understand how I put up with him. He wasn't all that popular with some people but I understand that he did a lot for Petworth without talking about it. Whether that is true or not I don't know, but I reckon it might be.

For years 'Lordie' had used an agency Rolls Royce and driver when he needed one, but for one reason or another he decided to buy his own motor and he offered the agency driver the permanent position of chauffeur. This chap accepted the job and moved into the Garage Flat at the top of the Cow Yard. This appointment did not alter my position as Landrover driver and life carried on as before until a couple of years after I started 'Lordie' began to get too old and ill to go out as much as he would have liked and I became more or less redundant. I didn't need to worry though as there was always a demand for drivers as many of the older Leconfield foremen had only ever driven horses and so I began to drive the Head Forester about and, when he didn't need me, I would drive for the Clerk of Works. Eventually I moved on to the game department and when old Bert Penfold retired I took over his job driving the estate lorry. After some years Mr Brown, the chauffeur, left and Jumbo Taylor's father, Fred, learnt to drive and took over the position. Fred would later develop leg trouble and I would have to take Lord Leconfield down to his house in North Street every day to visit him. Lord Leconfield thought the world of Fred, he had been 'Lordie's' head groom before taking up driving.

Mr Smith was Land Agent at Petworth during much of my time. He ran the estate from Cockermonth and came down three or four times a year. Later we had our own

Agent and things became a lot tighter at Petworth. Mr Shelley was a disciplinarian but I got on all right with him. A lot didn't, but he had to be strict for it was still a very big concern even then. He was in charge of an estate with land right down to the back end of Lancing and Hove, over to Petersfield and up to the Surrey border. With Mr Shelley's passing went a whole way of life at Petworth for he was the last of the old-time Land Agents. Mind you they sold a lot off for death duties, in fact so much went that a wag once said that one day Lord Leconfield would walk out of his front door and be trespassing! Fortunately it has never come to that.

Lord Leconfield died in 1951 and there was a very big funeral.



Funeral of the Third Lord Leconfield. Photograph by George Garland.

Lady Violet Leconfield remained at Petworth for a while but she had health problems of her own, and as their two children were adopted it meant that the title passed sideways to Edward Wyndham who was the old Lord's brother and was himself 80 when he inherited the title. The 5th Baron never lived at Petworth. Instead his son, John Wyndham, was granted the title of Baron Egremont and he moved into Petworth. On his father's death in 1967 John became the 6th Baron Leconfield, however he preferred to use the Egremont title. John himself would die in 1972 and his wife became known as the Dowager and it was for her that I would eventually work.

Den Rayner was the butler at the house and I suppose that his time was coming to an end and the Dowager Lady Leconfield was looking for someone to replace him. Den had been under butler for the Courtaulds at Bignor Park, where his father was butler.

Anyway Den decided to break out and he got the position at Petworth and was there until he retired. Lady Leconfield knew that I had been in service for Colonel Sutton and she asked me if I would like to take on the job. I was happy to go back into service.

Den gave me some training before he packed in, but I had to learn a lot as I went along. The butler's pantry was upstairs opposite the dining room while my ironing room was next door to the present kitchens. Among my many and varied duties was answering the private telephone. You see, quite correctly, the family wouldn't answer their telephone until I had told them who was on the line. Unlike a lot of butlers I would clean the floors and polish the brasses if need be. It wasn't really part of my job but there was no one living in then, and all the help was daily, which meant if something had to be done out of hours then generally I would do it. I had to collect the newspapers from Weavers in Lombard Street, sort the post, take up trays to guests who didn't wish to come down for breakfast and then press and lay out clothes for the day.

I can't remember the name of the housekeeper when I first started at the house. She was a queer old bird and we would sometimes take tea together in her room, but I never really got to know her. When she retired Bert Penfold was directed to take her to Pulborough station to catch the train. He later told me that he had never seen so much luggage and reckoned that she had probably taken our rations with her!

As became their status in the county the family entertained a lot and the weekends were the busiest. The hunt ball was held every year at Petworth House and as you can imagine there was a great deal of hard work involved in preparing for it. Mr Barlow organised the ball and quite often I wouldn't get home until four in the morning and have to be back at the house for seven o'clock. It was generally considered that the Square Dining Room had the best dance floor, however the occasion was so big that most of the house was used right up to the private quarters.

Lady Egremont would go up to London on a Monday and usually come back on the Friday. She would telephone before leaving town to say that she wanted dinner at such and such a time and invariably she would have it in the White Library on her own in front of the fire. On her return from London I would have to meet her at the Arcade and bring her luggage in. Quite often the house would be full for the weekend with the likes of Harold Macmillan, Lester Piggott, James Stewart or Bing Crosby. Mr Crosby would come down with the family for Goodwood week. They were such pleasant people and I grew very fond of them.

Every year there would be the annual pilgrimage to Cockermonth. The best china and silver would be packed up and sent on and the family would follow. We would have to be at the castle for 6th August, which was the start of the grouse shooting, and would often stay for the salmon fishing right to the end of September.

Mr Macmillan often visited Cockermonth Castle and as Beeching had closed the railway station I would have to meet him at Carlisle and escort him to the castle. Mr Macmillan was very fond of Johna Wyndham who had been his private secretary. Sadly he became very frail as he got older which was a great shame to see. The castle at Cockermonth is huge and like Petworth it has its own farms. It is still the home of the Dowager Lady Egremont.

The family had a nanny for many years. In fact Nanny Parkes had made it a life long job to look after the children. She was a lovely lady and very popular with her charges. Daphne Turner was the Dowager's ladies maid and I know that she became very fond of her. I believe that she is still alive living in Honiton and Lady Egremont visits her every year. She would probably be 93 by now, just a bit older than me.

Lord and Lady Egremont liked a nice table and she would come in and look it over before I announced dinner. I could do it then, all of the napkins were starched and folded in the shape of a cockscomb or sometimes a mitre, though I did prefer the former. We often had agency chefs just bought in for functions, otherwise Mrs Rayner would come up and cook for the family when they weren't entertaining.

When Lord Egremont died the Dowager remained at Petworth for several years and I carried on working for her son, Max, the new Lord Egremont. Max had married Caroline who had been brought up in Oban and had connections with Watneys, the brewery people, through an aunt I believe. When I reached 65 Lord Egremont asked me if I would stay on as they didn't want a strange face in the house until the children left for school. So I remained another five years and I can tell you every day was a pleasure and, given the chance, I would do it all over again. You couldn't work for better people. John Wyndham always called me 'my dear boy', and they took to me and I took to them. There was nothing I wouldn't do for them. In fact I put in more time for them than I did in my own home. Fortunately my wife never felt inclined to get involved in the house, she was a tolerant woman. We had our holidays when it suited the family, generally in September.

Maurice Howard was talking to Miles Costello

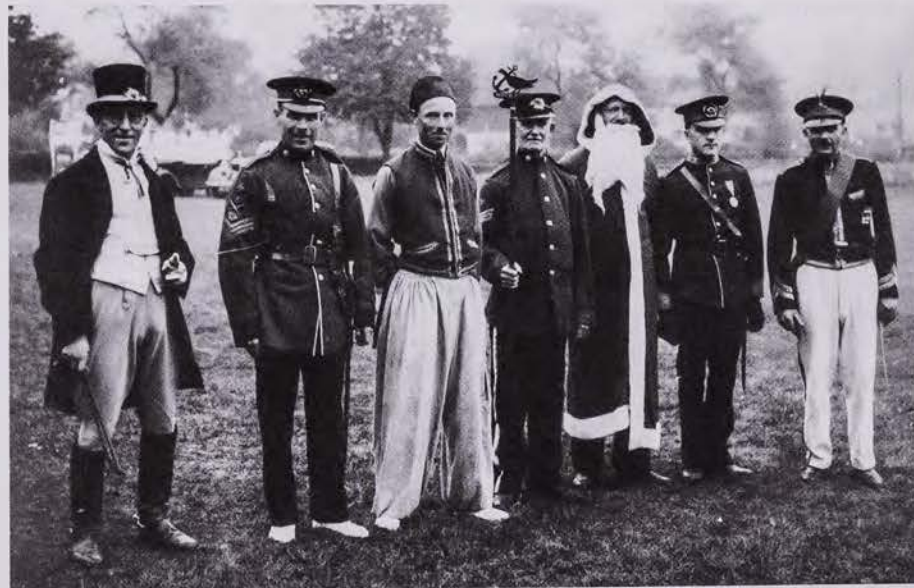
Answers to Quiz

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Andrew Henderson | 11. Billiards |
| 2. 122 | 12. Rudyard Kipling |
| 3. 14th | 13. Panama |
| 4. 1985 | 14. Matchbox Labels |
| 5. 1937 Coronation | 15. Poland |
| 6. 1947 | 16. Thomas Hardy |
| 7. 2 | 17. Rosemary Clooney |
| 8. Basil | 18. 1914 |
| 9. A beggar | 19. The Dormouse |
| 10. Beijing | 20. Roses of Picardy |

George Garland and the Boxgrove Tipteers

Always on the lookout for a good story, in the mid-1930s George Garland made the acquaintance of R.J. Sharp who had revived the ancient Mummers' Christmas Play at Halnaker. Sharp was originally from East Preston where Mr Foard, a forty year old farm hand had revived the tradition in 1911. Gaps in the oral tradition were filled by using a copy of the Iping version and the reconstructed piece would be played at great houses locally. Christmas Eve however was always kept for their own village. Writing in the Sussex County Magazine in 1936, Sharp observed, "The number of visits and the hospitality provided, made it a matter of some self-denial on their part to keep sober long enough to play at the last house."

Master Sharp survived the 1914-1918 war but the East Preston gang did not continue. Sharp himself having left the district sought to revive the Tipteers at Halnaker in 1927, adding more passages from the Iping tradition including, "Hip, Mr. Carpenter" apparently a fragment of a French shadow pantomime or "galanty-show" popularly called "Ombres Chinoises" and in vogue in London about 1775-1780. Even in the 1930s there were surviving traditions of Tipteers at Bosham, East Dean, Pilleygren on the Goodwood Estate, Midhurst, Petworth and elsewhere. "Many old people have remarked that the Boxgrove Tipteers be but the same as they was."



Tipteers at Fittleworth in May 1937. Photograph by George Garland.

It is important to realise that both the East Preston gang and the later Halnaker men were conscious revivals of a tradition that was all but dead. Master Foard at East Preston had been one of a group of boys which a man named Barnard, originally from Washington, used to take out at Christmas. Barnard, "took the part of Father Christmas and also the money collected, but rewarded the boys with some sweets." In 1938, according to SCM (12 page 75), the Boxgrove men appeared as an item in a television programme for Alexandra Palace when two of their number, dressed in traditional costume, explained the history of their present play.

There are some further notes by R.J. Sharp in SCM for January 1931. See also Arthur Beckett: *The Wonderful Weald* (1911) Chapter XXXV.

Part of an original letter to George Garland from R.J. Sharp (slightly corrected). I have retained the original use of capital letters.

TEL: 375

WESTFIELD
WESTGATE
CHICHESTER

27th Feb 1936

Dear Mr. Garland,

Boxgrove Tipteers

Herewith quite a lot about the T's from which you will be able to extract material. BUT. The Boxgrove Singers are not quite the same as the T's. The Boxgrove T's started in 1928. In 1934 they were asked to take part in the rally of the Sussex Branch of the English Folk Dance at Goodwood Society- they contributed two items of the *Masque of the Seasons* (1) Winter - The T's and Crowd (2) a reproduction of the old Sheepshearing

Feast, whereat were sung the Old Sheepshearing Song and "Rosebuds in June" and other Sussex Folk songs - in both of these the Tipteer gang was supplemented by inhabitants of Boxgrove and Halnaker and others including old Shepherd Ridout and old Houghton - other men, women and children and two sheepdogs Nell (Ridout's little Sussex bitch "Nell" and Mrs. Sharp's Old English "Philli") - The outcome was that instead of the "Tipteer gang" meeting only just before and at Xmastime, it was decided that during "G.M.T." they should meet weekly to learn and sing Sx Folk Songs, thus turning themselves into a living Museum thereof. During B.S.T. (Br Summertime) the meetings cease. There is no limit to the number as regards the Folk Song Singers but there is as regards the Tipteers as there are only 12 parts and excess singers would be absorbed into the Tipteer gang as vacancies occur.

The method adopted is - each man has a book wherein he writes the words of the song from dictation - the tune is played over on the Fiddle a time or two and gradually the singers become word and note perfect - at present they thus know some 15 songs - mainly Sx Folk Songs and mostly from the earliest collection of Folk Songs ever published, being those collected by the Revd Broadwood from 1843 onwards. Others are the very noted "Summer is icumen in" the most discussed piece of musick in existence by means of the fact that it is a canon for 4 with a pes or burden for 2 and the earliest specimen of harmonized musick in existence and written by an English Monk in 1240. By reason of its lilt and merrie rural words it is a great favourite with us. At present we are striving with "Loath to depart" a canon for 4 by Ravenscroft 1609 and as such title was the common name for many songs of leave taking then in vogue I hope to substitute an old English custom for the modern one borrowed from the Scotch of "Auld Lang Syne".

Owing to our essay at Goodwood we were asked to sing at the Home Counties Section of the All England Festival and the English Folk Dance and Song Soc, at the Dome Brighton in Oct last - in a report of which it is stated "the most individual 'turn' was the unison singing of the Boxgrove Tipteers - the Fiddlers gave the note and played the time quietly with the men as they sang. It was the best unison singing of a folk song I have heard, and they were asked to repeat their performance at the Albert Hall" which we did on 4th Jany, last: receiving many congratulations especially on our exceptionally clean diction. At both of these we appeared in smocks, some, family heirlooms kindly trusted to us by the owners.

Subsequent notes by R.J. Sharp

Influences

1) The miracle of St. Nicholas - who restored to life two students who had come to him, lodged at an inn and been murdered by the inn-keeper who had cut them in pieces and thrown them into a brine tub, intending to sell them as pickled pork.

2) The boy bishop*

3) The Feast of Fools or Feast of Asses commemorating the flight of Jesus, Mary and Joseph to Egypt on an ass. Father Christmas says, "I've a jackass you can ride." There is also the traditional "Wife and family" on Little Jolly Jack's back. Little Jolly Jack would seem to be closely connected with the Feast of the Fools and the Feast of Asses.

The Feast of Fools was celebrated on Twelfth Night or New Year's day. The Feast of Asses in France was (a) in honour of Balaam's ass and celebrated at Christmas and (b) to commemorate the flight - at Beauvais in January or in England on Palm Sunday.

* [For this see P. Jerome: Petworth from the Beginnings (2002) page 56. Ed.]

A "West Sussex Gazette" correspondent writes:-

One glorious summer evening in 1934 I was one of a crowd of people watching a display of massed folk dancing on the lawns at the back of Goodwood House. In that programme were two items from "The Masque of the Seasons" by the Boxgrove Tipteers: Winter, by the Tipteers and crowd, and a reproduction of the old Sheep-shearing Feast, in which the Tipteers were augmented by the inhabitants of Boxgrove, Halnaker and other places, together with old shepherd Ridout and old Master Houghton, not forgetting two perfect specimens of the old English sheep-dog. In this the old sheep-shearing song, "Rosebuds in June" and other old Sussex songs were sung.

I was interested in these Boxgrove worthies and their doings, and would know more about them, so I sought out their leader and fiddler, Mr R.J. Sharp, and made a tryst with him to meet "the gang" at the inn in Halnaker one evening during the winter following, for I learnt that it was there they met once a week during the winter. Alas for promises made on pleasant evenings! The months sped by and that proposed pilgrimage to Halnaker never materialised, until earlier in January this year I was reminded of my procrastination by news of the Boxgrove Tipteers singing at a great folk dance festival at the Albert Hall in London.

This decided me and, having written and made a date with Mr Sharp, I went over the Downs to Halnaker one bitterly cold evening a few weeks ago. There, at the Anglesey Arms under the kindly guidance of host Parker, in a long, low-raftered room at the end of the passage on the right, I found the Tipteers singing Sussex songs of long ago

with a zest which betokened their enthusiasm. And standing by a fire which burnt in an old-fashioned duck's nest grate was their leader and fiddler, Mr Sharp, accompanying them with skilful dexterity. I am afraid my arrival rather (completely, I should say!) upset their practice that evening, because their leader's time was so taken up by telling me the story of Tipteers in general, and the Boxgrove Tipteers in particular.

Mr Sharp explained that in various parts of England there existed in olden times gangs of "Mummers." In some parts they still exist. In Sussex the "Mummers" are known as "Tipteers" (from tippet, a cloak or disguise). The Christmas Mummers play, once general, but now but lingering in few localities is, in common with the English sword dances, of ancient origin. In both, traces of the Pagan rite of raising Spring from the dead Winter survive. During its long life the play has obviously absorbed influences from the early Christian Church, from the Crusades, and from the mystery and religious plays of the Tudor period, when it was probably at its perfection. Since then people have become less artistic and more addicted to political buffoonery, and thus the play, as now preserved, is a quaint jumble of religion and clownishness, full of corruptions, even to the characters, for Saint George has become Prince or King George III, and Bonaparte, Hardy, King of Prussia, &c. appear in many versions (see "The Mummers' Play," by the late R.J.E. Tiddy, Oxford University Press).

At one time there were gangs of Tipteers at Angmering, West Worthing, Worthing, Washington, Iping, and in some parts of East Sussex. And I think I am right in saying that there used to be a gang at Tillington, because recently a man at Upperton, who belonged to it, told me that the last time they did their play was in the hall at Pitshill House at Christmas in 1913!

Mr Sharp went on to tell me how he became interested in the local Tipteers at East Preston when he lived there in 1911-12. Only the year before this play had been revived there by a Mr Foard, a farm worker, who lived in the village all his life (and his people before him). Some 20 years previously he had been in the gang of local Tipteers (run by a then old man), and wrote out the play from memory. In 1913 another version was kindly given by Mr Frank Dawtrey, of Iping, from which the few deficiencies of the East Preston version were made good. The Sussex dance "Over the Sticks" was also included. Mr Sharp stated that when he went to live at Chichester in 1927 he became interested in the Boxgrove folk dancers, and suggested to the men that they should revive the Tipteers. They readily agreed, and they have been out every Christmas since.

"Now this is where we differ from the original Tipteers," said Mr Sharp. "After our appearance at the Folk Dance Festival at Goodwood we decided that, instead of meeting only just before and at Christmas time, as we had been doing, we would, as a regular thing during the winter following, and each winter thereafter, meet somewhere each week in order to learn and sing old Sussex folk songs, thus turning ourselves into a living museum of such things, so to speak. There is no limit as regards members for this purpose, but there is as regards the Tipteers, since there are only twelve parts in the play. As vacancies occur singers are drafted in. The method adopted for learning these old songs is that each man has a book in which he writes from dictation the words of the song to be learnt. I then play the tune over on the fiddle a few times, and in due course

the singers become word and note perfect. At present they have learnt in this way fifteen songs, mainly Sussex folk songs, and mostly from the earliest collection of folk songs collected and published by the late Rev. Mr. Broadwood, from 1843 onwards."

"What was that song you were singing when I came in?" I asked. "Oh" replied Fiddler Sharp "that is the very noted 'Summer is icumen in' the most discussed piece of music in existence because it is a canon for 4 with a pes (or burden) for 2. It is probably the earliest harmonised music extant, and was written by an English monk in 1240."

To a man these preservers of tradition then gave me the secret of their success and fame. "Our main object is to carry on the old traditions and not to allow the old songs to die out. Although we strive hard to sing well, we realise that we do it for our own pleasurable recreation, and thus manage to attain a jolly efficiency which brings complete contentment. When we meet it is under a standard of strict equality, and when we meet here at practice it is a very strict rule that there shall be no 'standing treat.' Each man pays for what he wants. We can sustain a full evening's programme, including individual turns, and on more than one occasion have given enjoyment at Women's Institute parties in remote country places."

This article by George Garland appeared in the Gazette in 1936.

A 17th century Petworth inhabitant

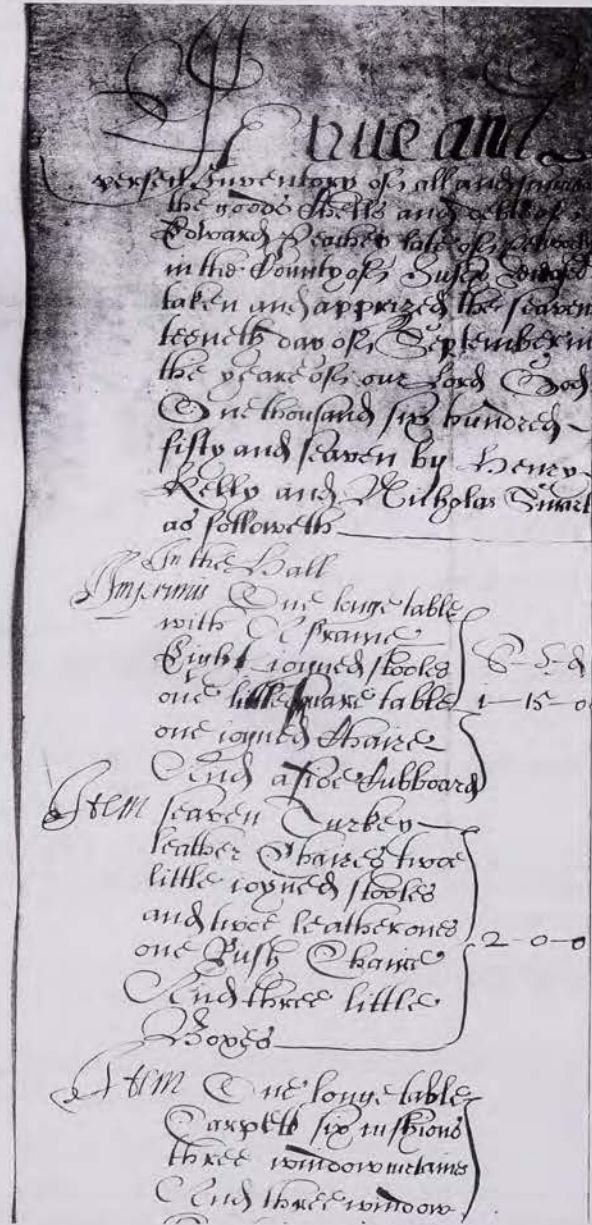
Edward Peachey was born in Sidlesham in 1593, the son of Edmund Peachey of Eartham. By 1621 he was in Petworth where he ran a haberdasher's business. He married twice and had six children. By the time of his death in 1657 he was living in a sizeable house in North Street, Petworth, which had a large hall, a parlour and four chambers, as well as the usual offices. The house was on the west side of North Street, so was one of those which was subsumed into the Park in the early 18th century.

In addition to his business he owned property in Petworth and Kirdford, though his own house was held on lease. The Peachey's seem to have been successful business men. His eldest son, Edward, became a citizen and grocer of London. Less successful was Edward Peachey the elder's son-in-law, William Smyth, also a citizen and grocer in London. In 1653 Edward Peachey and his son had to join in making legal arrangements for the support of Joan Smyth and her children. The schedule of William Smyth's debts shows the wide extent of London trade at that time, his debtors coming from places as far afield as Bristol, Chester, Wolverhampton and Bury St Edmunds.

Edward Peachey's probate inventory is 3020 mm long and lists all his household goods, including such luxury items as silver bowls and spoons. He was owed £360 in debts which could probably be recovered. He also had a large stock in trade, including 27 table cloths, 29 towels, 22 pairs of sheets and 118 napkins.

He made his will in January 1657 making provision for his second wife, Ann, but she died in the following March. He died in September 1657. He was sufficiently wealthy for his will to be proved in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury. The probate inventory compiled in connection with the probate of that will was bought by Lord Egremont

from a rare book dealer in 2004, and is now in the Petworth House archives.



Beginning of inventory of Edward Peachey.

A true and perfect inventory of all and singular the goods, chattels and debts of Edward Peachey late of Petworth in the county of Sussex, deceased, taken and apprized the seventeenth day of September in the year of our Lord God one thousand six hundred fifty and seven by Henry Kelly and Nicholas Smart as followeth:

In the Hall

One large table with frame, eight joined stools, one little square table, one joined chair and a side cupboard. £1 15s 0d

Seven Turkey leather chairs, two little joined stools and two leather ones, one rush chair and three little boxes. £2 0s 0d

One long table carpet, six cushions, three window curtains and three window curtain rods, one little brass cupboard and a stone mortar. £1 4s 0d

One pair of iron and irons, fire shovel, and two pairs of tongs, one fender, one little iron back, two smoothing irons and a jack with iron weights and an iron chain. £1 10s 0d

One large pair of brass and irons. £2 0s 0d

In the Parlour

One standing bedsteadle with curtains and valances, one feather bed, one feather bolster, two pillows, a rug and a blanket. £4 10s 0d

One trundle bedsteadle, one flock bed, two bolsters, two feather pillows, a coverlet and blanket. 15s

One drawing table with frame, one side cupboard and a press, seven joined stools, two ordinary chests and two boxes, an old trunk, a pair of tables with men, two curtains and a curtain rod. [no value given]

Pictures, a cushion and a little carpet. 3s

In the Kitchen

Five iron pots and iron kettle, five sittings, two iron dripping pans, three gridirons, one fender, three pair of pothooks, three pair of pothangers, a toasting iron, a chopping knitt and a cleaver. £2 6s 8d

Five brass kettles, two brass pots. Two brass pans, seven brass skillets, eight brass candlesticks, two brass chafing dishes, one brass mortar and iron pestle, two warming pans, two brass skimmers. £4

Five brass kettles, two brass pots. Two brass pans, seven brass skillets, eight brass candlesticks, two brass chafing dishes, one brass mortar and iron pestle, two warming pans, two brass skimmers. £4

Three pewter flagons, two quart pots and a pint pot, a cup, two porringers, two salters, six saucers, three little plates, eight butter dishes and eighteen gig platters, three basins, a colander, five chambers and a dozen of spoons. £2 10s 0d

One still. 5s

One cupboard, one table, an iron tressle [trevelt??], a dresser, two stooles, a grate, three searches and a sieve. 10s

In the Buttery

Four wooden bowls, three wooden platters, nine treas, a meal tub, four sacks and three pasty peels. £1

In the Cellar

Two barrels, eight kilderkins, two firkins, seven kivers, a powdering tub, one tunn, four stands and a bowl. £2

In the Kitchen Chamber

One pewter flagon, one pewter basin, two ewers, a pint pot and half pint pot, two pairs of candlesticks, one chamber pot, three salts, one pasty plate and three pie plates, twelve little plates, sixteen saucers, nine fruit dishes, three dozen and nine great platters, one dozen of spoons all pewter, and a chest. £10

In the little Shop Chamber

One standing bedsteadle, one feather bed and bolster, two pillows, one blanket, a coverlet, rug, green curtains and valance, one trundle bedsteadle, a flock bed and bolster. £8 [the rest scratched out]

One side cupboard, four green cloth chairs, two cloth stools, a joined chest and a glass cupboard, and a joined stool. £2 6s 8d

Fire shovel and tongs and irons, all of brass, a fire shovel and tongs with brass tops, a pair of bellows. £1 10s

Two window curtains and curtain rods, and a looking glass. 4s

In the Outer Shop Chamber

One standing bedstead, one feather bed and bolster and one flock bolster, curtains, rug and three blankets and two feather pillows. £3 10s

Four chests and a press, two coverlets, four pair of blankets and a brass hanging candlestick. £5 10s

In the Hall Chamber

Two silver bowls and three silver spoons. £5

Two gold rings. £4

His wearing apparel and money in his purse. £15

One side cupboard, two chests, a press, three trunks, two boxes, three little stools, two close stools and two pans. £2 10s

Eight cushions. £3

Two standing bedsteads with curtains and valance, one feather bed and two feather bolsters, two flock bolsters, two pair of feather pillows, one green rug, five blankets, one coverlet, one trundle bedstead, a flock bed and bolster, one blanket and coverlet. £9

One broadcloth carpet and one broadcloth cupboard cloth. £1 10s

Two other cupboard cloths, a suite of curtains, two pair of valances, a tester, cloth for window curtains for cloth covering for stools. £6

A looking glass. 5s

Eight pair of fine holland sheets, eight pairs of fine pillowcoats, one childbed sheet and four fine half sheets. £10

Four pairs of flaxen sheets, two pairs of flaxen pillowcoats. £2 10s

Four pairs of ordinary flaxen sheets, four pairs of coarser sheets and five pairs of old course sheets and six pairs of ordinary pillowcoats. £5

A large diaper table cloth, two shorter ones, one diaper cupboard cloth and a diaper towel and two dozen of diaper napkins. £8

Two coarser diaper table cloths, one cupboard cloth and a long towel and a dozen and a half of towels all suiteable. £4

One table cloth of diaper one one [sic] side cupboard cloth, one other sideboard cloth, one towel and a dozen of napkins, all suiteable. £2 10s

More in money. £25

Two other diaper table cloths and a dozen of napkins. £1 5s

Two other coarse diaper table cloth and dozen of napkins, suiteable. £1 5s

Four long flaxen tablecloths, two side table cloths, two shorter table cloths, four laid work towels, five dozen of laid work napkins. £6 10s

One other long flaxen table cloth, a side board and fourteen napkins. £1.10s

Two other pairs of ordinary flaxen sheets. £1

Six calico cupboard cloths. 15s

Seven ordinary table cloths, eight long towels and three dozen and eight napkins of the same. £3

In the Barn and Backside

Wood, faggots and coals. £10

A brewing vat, four buckets, a coop and lumbery stuff. £1 10s

In hopeful debts owing upon specialitie. £360

Sum total: £549 9s 4d

This inventory was exhibited the tenth day of October 1657 by Mr Edward Peachey the executor etc. for a true and perfect inventory

Alison McCann

"In these early days the mail would come out from Petworth in a horse and cart driven by Tom Harding. As I recall Mr Purser was the last postman to do this. The mails were sorted at Duncton with my father delivering Burton, Barlavington and Duncton village as far as the market gardens along Lavington Lane. Arthur Connor delivered Duncton Common, Herringbroom and the farms, while his brother Percy delivered over Duncton Hill and as far as the Benges. Their uniform was navy blue tunic with stand-up collar, piped with red, with G.P.O. embroidered on each corner of the collar, red stripes down the trousers and Shako type hats.

There was a rest hut built in the meadow to the rear of the Post Office, a wood-lined, corrugated structure with a window, a reclining bed-chair, a stove and a locker. Jimmy Green would go round on his bicycle and get back at about noon. He was then off duty until his mate Mr Muskett arrived from Petworth with the afternoon mail at about two o'clock. My father was what was known as an "auxiliary" postman, another word for a part-timer, and didn't make an afternoon delivery. Jimmy Green and Mr Muskett as full-timers were known as "established men". Jimmy Green did the afternoon delivery with the exception of Duncton Hill who had no second post. When Jimmy returned he'd go back down to the hut. He and Mr Muskett would need to be back in Petworth to empty the boxes at 6.30. We had a post-box in the window of our office and at 6 o'clock we'd empty it - it opened only from inside the shop. We would then handstamp the letters for Jimmy Green to take back to Petworth with him. He was transferred to Byfleet towards the end of the war - about 1917.

Rounds and uniforms were reorganised just before the Great War. Tunics now had turned down collars and the hats had peaks back and front. The horse and cart was replaced by the bicycle. Arthur and Percy Connor joined up when the war began in 1914 but my father was classed as C3 because of his deafness. He was given a bicycle and allotted all three rounds, leaving out only Duncton Common. He'd walk out to Ridlington, Westerlands and Lower barn when he came back. During the war Michael (Jimmy) Green brought out the mail from Petworth every day, going on to Lavington Park and Graffham but delivering Duncton Common on his way out to us."

See Postmen in Petworth District. 1910/11 (page 32)

New members will appear in the March Magazine.

