

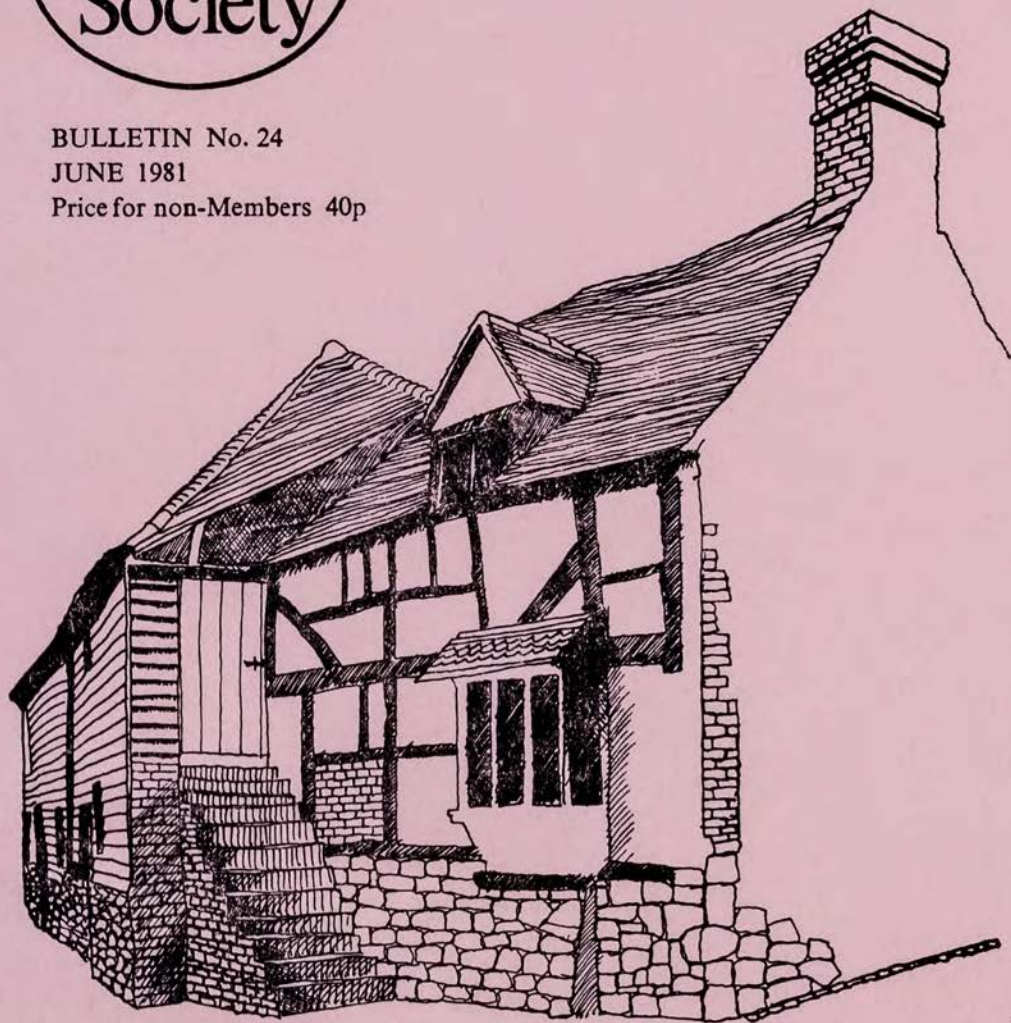
# The Petworth Society

Miles Costello  
Petworth  
Collection

BULLETIN No. 24

JUNE 1981

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Cover Design by Mr. J.M. Newdick - drawn from a photograph belonging to Mrs. Smith of Fittleworth. It shows the old house that used to stand in the Angel Shades - demolished in the 1930s.

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The Petworth Society was founded in 1974 "to preserve the character and amenities of the town and parish of Petworth, including Byworth; to encourage interest in the history of the district, and to foster a community spirit". It is non-political, non-sectarian, and non-profit-making.

Membership is open to anyone, irrespective of place or residence, who is interested in furthering the objects of the Society.

The annual subscription is £1 (minimum). Postal £1.50 (minimum). Further information may be obtained from any of the following:-

Chairman - Mr. P.A. Jerrome, Trowels, Pound Street,  
Petworth.

Vice-Chairman - Mr. K.C. Thompson, 18 Rothermead, Petworth.

Hon. Secretary - Mrs. B.G. Johnson, Glebe Cottage, Bartons  
Lane, Petworth. (Tel. 42226)

Hon. Treasurer - Mr. R.A. Sneller, 16 Littlecote,  
Petworth. (Tel. 42507)

Hon. Membership Sec. - Mrs. J. Boss, North Street, Petworth.

Committee - Lord Egremont, Mrs. Audrey Grimwood,  
Mr. R. Pottington, Mrs. Margaret Hill,  
Mrs. Sonia Rix, Mrs. C.M. Sheridan,  
Mrs. Anne Simmons, Mr. D.S. Sneller,  
Mr. J. Taylor, Miss Julia Thompson.

#### CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

I am writing these notes before the A.G.M. on May 13th but this is probably a good occasion to offer a few reflections on the progress of the Society. The Bulletin looks fairly stable in its present form. It is the Society's main expense but I would think the consensus would be that it is worth it. The monthly meetings and walks now appear well-established and likely to continue much in their present form. At the A.G.M. we will put forward for approval two changes to the constitution. Firstly we shall ask for the Committee to be given the power at their January meeting to decide the subscription for the coming year in view of the projected cost of the Bulletins for the coming year. At the moment we tend to subsidise the membership - I don't disagree with this in principle and we don't exist to make a profit, but obviously we need to keep an eye on the financial situation and adjust as necessary. Another proposed change is to delete the various restrictions on membership of the Committee. It seems obvious that we need the best people whether they are resident in Petworth or not, whether they are councillors or not.

I think that with the groundwork done we can look gradually to widen the scope of our activity. I do not mean in the sense of having an increased number of meetings or walks: I think the intervals between them are about right - but in other ways. We are interested in the Petworth census return of 1881 which should be available next year and propose to make a donation to the County Record Office to help their purchase of the West Sussex census for that year from the Public Record Office. We are also hoping to buy for the Society print-outs of the census returns for Petworth in 1841, 1851, 1861 and 1871 - the returns earlier than 1841 are not sufficiently informative to justify our copying them. We would hope to devise some means of making these available to members. We have started a Society scrap-book (kept by Julia Thompson) and we are thinking about a Petworth Society plate in bone china in a limited edition and available strictly to members only. I may be able to say a little more about this at the A.G.M.

Regarding the vexed question of lorry weights I have received detailed replies from both Mr. Anthony Nelson M.P. and Mr. Madron Seligman M.E.P. and I include Mr. Seligman's reply in this Bulletin. I also include a reply from the Parish Council to a letter about the cobbles in Lombard Street.

Lastly Mr. Beesly of 31 Grafton Road, Selsey, would like to purchase the following books

- 1) Lady Maxse: The Story of Fittleworth.
- 2) Lord Leconfield: Duncton and Sutton Manors.

If anyone has either of these books and would like to sell them they can phone Mr. Beesly on Selsey 4249 (evenings) or write to him.

P.A.J.

FROM M.R. SELIGMAN M.P.E.

February 27th 1981.

Dear Mr. Jerrome,

Thank you for your letter of 16th February, received via Luxembourg concerning the possibility that the Government could raise the maximum weight of lorries to 40 tonnes (according to the European Parliament) or 44 tonnes (according to the EEC Commission). I recognise the validity of the many points you raise.

I myself am deeply disturbed by the prospect of heavier lorries on our roads. It was as a result of pressure in the European Parliament by the British Conservative MEP's on the Transport Committee, that this legislation was delayed pending the conclusion of the Armitage Report.

I am watching the situation closely and will certainly resist unacceptable legislation when the debate comes before the Strasbourg Parliament in the next month or two.

The British Conservative Members of the European Parliament, invited Sir Arthur Armitage to explain his report to us on February 3rd last. There is no doubt he has gone into the whole matter very deeply. I will therefore give you his answers to some key questions. Most of them impressed me as sound; but others were not adequate, and I shall do my best to resist any new legislation until satisfactory answers have been given to these particular questions.

The answers which I regarded as unsatisfactory were:-

Question 1 The cost of reinforcing British Bridges will be between £1.200 million and £1.350 million. Who will pay and will this money be spent before we allow 44 tonne lorries on the roads?

ANSWER: The EEC will have to pay, in order to enable EEC lorries to deliver and collect in Britain.

Comment: With the EEC budget so tight, this money is very unlikely to be available, except in the form of a loan, which would presumably be unacceptable at present. Furthermore, if such a sum were available it would be better spent on by-passes, repairs and environmental improvements with the existing 32.5 tonne maximum weight lorries, let alone larger ones.

Question 2 Heavier lorries will have strong engines and make more noise, emit more fumes and consume more fuel?

ANSWER: Armitage's answer to this was not satisfactory.

Question 3 How can it be right to increase axle weights from the present 10.17 tonnes to 11.55 tonnes (including 5% tolerance) if the Americans are regretting even increasing them to 9 tonnes. Have you consulted the Americans on this?

ANSWER: No!

Comment: The Americans must be consulted on this.

Question 4 Have you estimated the total cost of your 58 recommendations, apart from bridge reinforcement?

ANSWER: No!

Comment: Heavier lorries must only be admitted if the cost of the whole parcel of Armitage recommendations can be afforded.

Whilst the answers to the above points were unsatisfactory, I did note a number of satisfactory aspects of Sir Arthur Armitage's report.

1. Existing damage to environment unacceptable

50 out of the 58 points in the report are concerned with measures to improve the existing environmental situation based on a 32.5 ton limit. Even the last 8 recommendations are reckoned to improve the

present intolerable situation by ensuring less environmental damage, due to the improved axle design reducing road damage. However much one may disagree with some details, Armitage is definitely aiming at an improved environment by the year 2000.

## 2. Rail, Canal Option

Transferring freight from lorries to trains, canals and pipelines would only reduce lorry freight by 2½%. Trains could only handle 40 million tonne-miles more per year.

78% of freight is carried by road, 14% by train and 8% by canal or pipeline.

## 3. Dimensions limited

While Armitage recommends heavier lorry weights, he recommends a limit on height and only a half metre increase in maximum length to 15.5 metres so as to be able to carry a 40 ft. international container.

## 4. Heavy lorries must pay for their damage

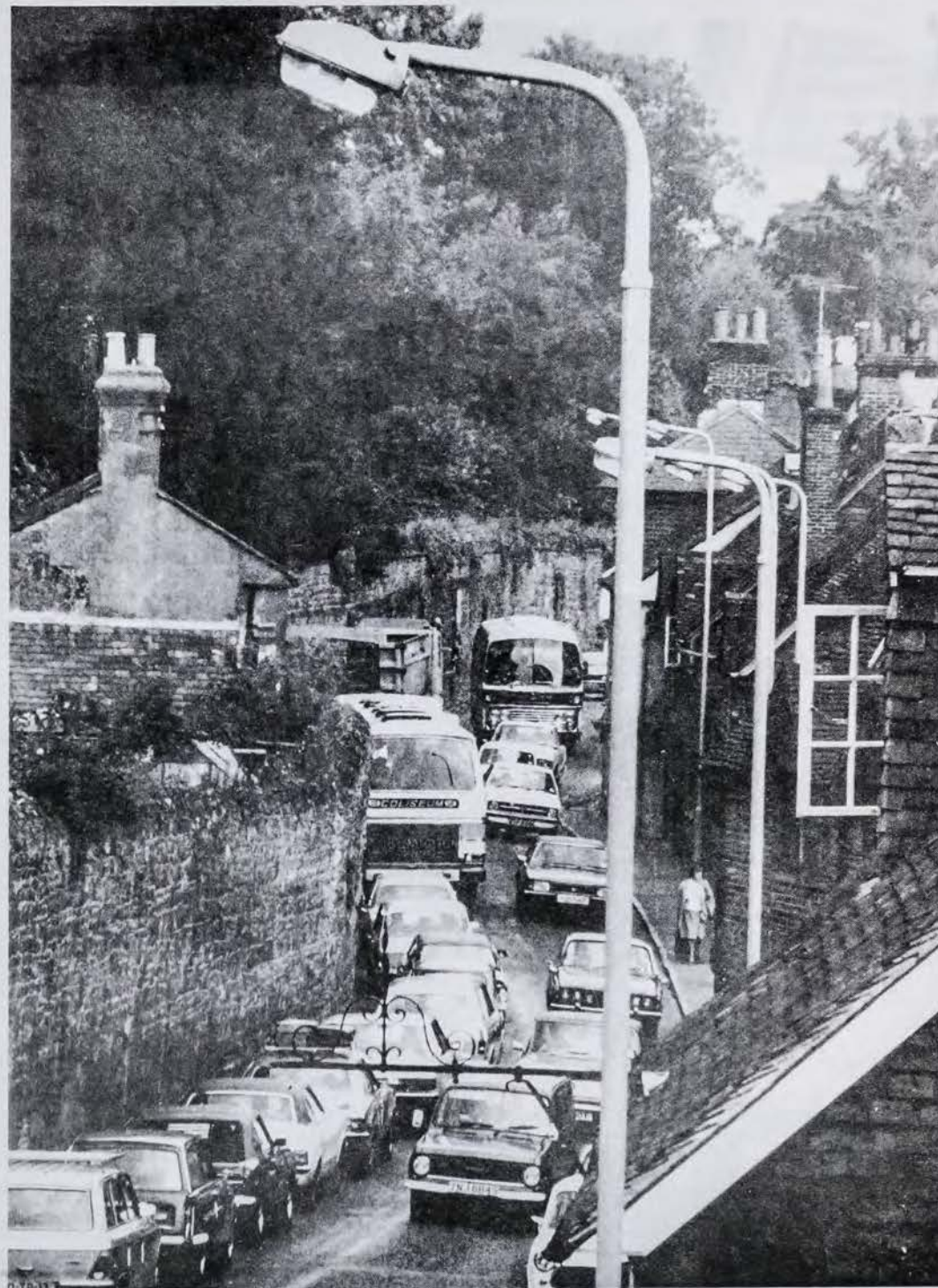
Armitage recommends much heavier taxes for heavier lorries because heavy lorries cost 15% of the cost of new roads and cause 90% of road maintenance costs. Consequently Armitage recommends:

- (a) that heavy lorries should pay their whole load track costs plus £50 million a year.
- (b) In addition the Freight Transport Association have agreed that lorry owners should pay the cost of road accidents which is £125 million a year.
- (c) Furthermore lorry owners should pay for the cost of pipes and sewers damaged under roads.
- (d) Finally, lorry owners should pay the cost of improving so-called lorry action areas, like Cheyne Walk on the Thames Embankment, where lorry traffic is unbearable.

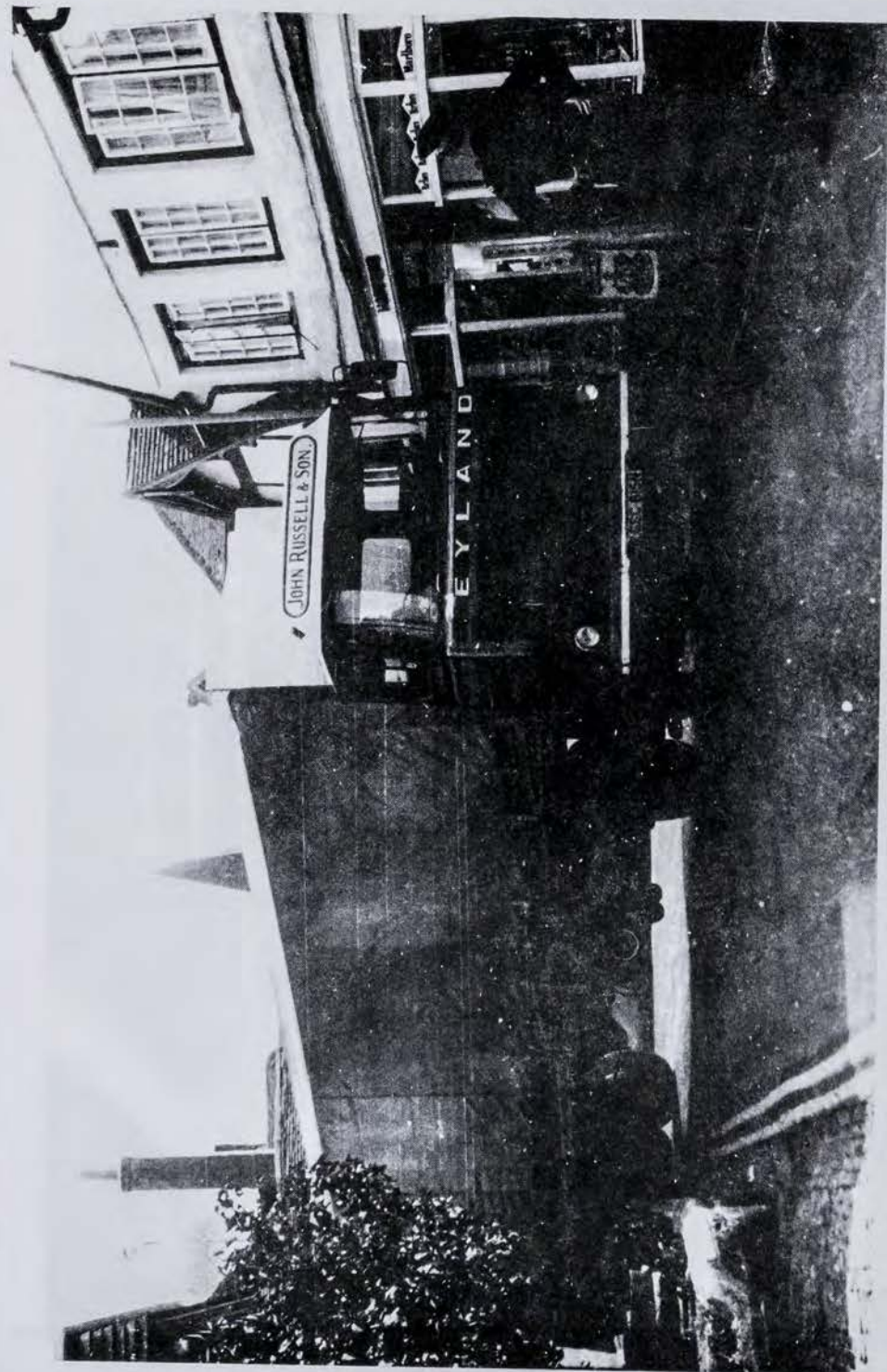
I do think that there is a frightful problem as far as Petworth is concerned and I shall oppose any increase in lorry weights until all the unsatisfactory aspects of the present recommendations have been solved.

However, in conclusion, we must recognise that lorries have become an integral part of British industrial life and that to compete with European competitors we must be on equal terms with them.

Yours sincerely, B. Parsons. pp MADRON SELIGMAN



North Street traffic. A photograph by John Mason.



Saddlers Row. A photograph by John Mason.

A LETTER FROM PETWORTH PARISH COUNCIL

14 Grove Lane, Petworth.  
30th March 1981.

Dear Mr. Jerrome,

In reply to your letter regarding replacement of cobbles in Lombard Street I am afraid that there seems little chance of progress at present. The situation is that the work was carried out by the Gas Board who are not yet in a position to say that it is completed. This seems to be due to a holdup in Golden Square over rights of way and technical problems and this work is connected with Lombard Street.

The County Council will not replace the cobbles until given the all clear by the Gas Board but I am assured that the cobbles have been safely stored and the Gas Board are being pressed to complete the work.

Yours sincerely,

D. Simpson.

Clerk.

PHEASANTS and HARES

In my schooldays there were coursing meetings in Petworth and sportsmen came from all over the country.

Walter Dawtrey gave everyone a lunch at Soanes Farm.

My school mate 'Bubble' Barham and me went walking up hares for Mr. Harry Skinner, to slip young greyhounds to train for the Waterloo Cup and we got 2/6d. for a Saturday afternoon, a lot of money in those days.

I remember Mr. Skinner going to Russia to slip hounds for the Tsar of Russia.

Coming home one afternoon, we ran into 'Pickle' Hammond, a well known poacher. Sergeant Knight caught him putting down snares for hares and he had to come up before the court.

The Chairman of the Court said to Sergeant Knight "How do you know that the snares were for hares". He said that the snares were set

6 inches from the ground. 'Pickle' said "He seems to know more about it than I do" (laughter in Court).

'Pickle' sold his hares and pheasants to old Mr. Eager in Petworth Market Square. We called him 'Whispering Dick' and the password was 'Up a Tree' or 'Down a Well'. 'Up a Tree' meant a pheasant and 'Down a Well' was a hare. Mr. Eager paid 'Pickle' 1/6d. for a pheasant and 1/- for a hare.

Henry ("Timer") Whitcomb.

#### AN ENCOUNTER WITH THE QUEEN OF RUMANIA

I used to be seconded by Mr. Arthur Vincent my employer to do the Petworth House paper-hanging and I would often be working there as much as five months in the year. When we were working in the North Gallery we had to work on high platforms in order to protect the statues and because of the danger of tools falling from the platforms (scissors always seem to fall point downward) a big notice was always put up warning everyone to keep clear of the North Gallery. Despite this as I was paper-hanging I looked down to see an elderly lady obviously a member of the house party, walking calmly in the Gallery and quite undisturbed either by the work in progress or by the warning notice. I clambered down from the platform, went over to the lady and pointed out the notice forbidding anyone to enter because of the work being done in the Gallery. The old lady smiled graciously and left. A few minutes later my father who was kitchen man at the House rushed in in some consternation and said, "Do you know who you've just turned out of the Gallery? That was the Queen of Rumania!"

C.F. Baigent.

BOOK REVIEW: KEITH SMITH AND VIC MITCHELL: BRANCH LINES TO MIDHURST. MIDDLETON PRESS MIDHURST £4-95

This is a book of photographs, selected by the authors from a much larger collection, to illustrate the old railway branch lines to Midhurst. The book opens with an informative introduction outlining the history of the various lines and the types of locomotive used on them and then takes the reader on a series of pictorial trips to Midhurst following the lines from Pulborough, Petersfield and Chichester respectively, and calling at each station along the line.

Readers of this Bulletin will probably find the eastern section Pulborough to Midhurst the most evocative. The journey begins at familiar Pulborough where there are a number of pictures from the early 1920's. From here the traveller sets off down the line to Hardham Junction where the Midhurst branch left the main mid-Sussex line to the south coast to turn westward. Here the driver would collect the single line token at the old "box on stilts" signal box. First stop was Fittleworth opened in September 1889 in response to public pressure. At Fittleworth the journey takes on another dimension for here is a miniature pictorial history, from a double page Kevis picture of the station just opened, to two pictures from the collection of Mrs. Smith at Fittleworth showing a Red Cross exercise in the station yard just before the First War and the first taxi to ply outside the station to a series reflecting the station's gradual decline. Finally there is a last forlorn picture taken by David Dornom last year. Next stop is Petworth and here again is a journey in time from the old station opened in 1859 and photographed by Walter Kevis some thirty years later just prior to its demolition, to its successor opened soon after by the Duke of Connaught, to Mr. Webber's farm-stock arriving in G.W.R. wagons in the 1950's, and so, as with Fittleworth, to the old station's gradual decline. From Petworth the next stop is the simple wooden station at Selham opened in 1872. The next journey is along the Petersfield to Midhurst line via Rogate and tiny Elsted. Then we travel from Chichester to Midhurst through Lavant, Singleton most ornate of all the stations on the line, with its two great island platforms deserted all year except for the brief flurry of Goodwood, and then to Cocking with its mock-Tudor facade built in 1880. Finally the book deals in some detail with Midhurst itself. Keith Smith (an old friend of the Petworth Society) and his partner Vic Mitchell of Midhurst have done a marvellous job in recreating the spirit of the old lines and here is a fitting tribute to the coming centenary of the opening of the Chichester and Midhurst line on July 11th 1881.

P.A.J.

#### SOME RECENT RECOLLECTIONS

Having lived near Petworth for 11 years - 1919-1929 I pen these few recollections as being the happiest period of my life.

My father retired from the Army at the end of the 1st World War, having started his career in the Boer War, and being stationed in

in many parts of the world, and selected this lovely part of Sussex to settle down.

He bought me a ragged gipsy pony, and I learned to ride and even follow hounds. In those days Lord Leconfield's hounds were "Private" and so were an "Invitation Pack".

I remember old Mr. Dawtreay, who used to share apples with me, and would follow Mr. Podmore on his bob-tailed horse, and his two lovely daughters riding side-saddle. The gipsy pony I had was only fed on grass, so I could not go very far, and, - of course - no Horse Boxes, in those days, and Meets usually too far, for me. Later I was given, or lent, horses, and had many enjoyable years with the Hunt.

The Hunt Balls were splendid affairs, in the Town Hall, Petworth Square. One very long frosty winter Lord Leconfield allowed people to skate on his beautiful Lake and we used to have great ice-hockey matches.

The Tennis Club was a thriving affair and life was easy and pleasant.

My mother did her weekly shopping in Petworth, driving in by horse and trap, the four miles or so. On occasion she would also drive 12 miles to Horsham - give the horse two hours rest and drive home again. Later - we got a "Tin Lizzie"!!

We knew the Prices, Ryan and sister Kitty, and their father living near Fox Hill, and I had much kindness and hospitality from Dr. and Mrs. Kerr, who lived in the centre of Petworth and other kind folk.

It was a sad day when we finally left, my Father becoming very ill, and everything was sold. As a point of interest, when he bought the place - very pretty house, garden, stables, outhouses, etc. etc. with 60 acres of land, 40 of these being woodland - the price was £2,000!!!

from Mrs. Iris Neville Kerans

#### EARLY SCHOOLDAYS IN PETWORTH

I was not at Boxgrove School very long: just from the age of five till about seven, I think, when the School closed down.

The school was run by Miss Fanny Austin and her two sisters and Elsie Whitcomb also taught there. It was "Miss Whitcomb" who guided our hands when we were at the pot-hook stage.

After the beginning of the 1st world war I remember that in a small room where we used to put our outdoor clothes there was a long table covered with clean sheets of newspaper and one of the other girls said to me: "You see all those pages printed with names? well they are names of men who have been killed in the war".

In the school-room there were long tables, and forms to sit on and a piano, and in the winter a good fire in the grate and a row of little woolly bobbles hanging from the mantelpiece.

We worked on slates and the squeaking of the slate pencils on the slates was enough to set one's teeth on edge. Sometimes the tables were put back against a wall for a dancing lesson. Once a week (or perhaps twice?) I had a piano lesson which took place in a room that looked on to Pound Street. As the lesson was usually at tea time one of Miss Fanny's sisters used to bring her a cup of tea and Miss Fanny would say to me: "You must have some of my tea", and she would pour some from her cup into the saucer for me. Ugh! it was very strong and had no sugar. (I used to like sugar in those days). I had to drink it because I was too shy to say that I didn't like it

On the walls of that room there were several large oil paintings which Miss Fanny had done and I remember her pointing to one of them which was of the interior of Durham Cathedral and saying: "That is an unusual Cathedral because every column is decorated with a different pattern."

One day I injured an arm in the hinges of a gate and had to wear a sling for some time and when I arrived at school each morning Miss Fanny used to ask: "How is your arm this morning?" and I would say: "It is alright thank you", and then she would say: "If it is alright you would not be wearing a sling. You should say: "It is better"; but everyday I forgot and said the wrong word.

In the summer Miss Fanny used to hire the wagonette from Mr. Streeter (who ran the horse-cab to and from Petworth Railway Station) and we were taken for a ride round country lanes. This was not really a treat for me. The joggling motion made me feel "queasy". I only remember going on one occasion and I think it was to Coates Common.



When the weather was warm enough we sometimes had lessons on the lawn of "Boxgrove" and I remember that we played a "listening game". For a few minutes we had to keep very still and just listen and then tell what sounds we had heard: footsteps on the pavement outside, a dog barking, a bee humming or even a slight movement of one of the children. The girl with the longest list was praised. (No prizes given!)

We were not allowed to run between the box hedges, (though we sometimes did) and we were told not to pull off the little pointed "caps" of the yellow flowers which I later learned were Eschscholzias.

There was a closet in the garden discreetly hidden by dark trees and bushes and once there was a bucket just near the door and in it some drowned kittens. I am sure that Miss Fanny did not intend it to be left there for us to see such a gruesome sight.

When Miss Fanny's school closed down most of us went to a newly-opened school in Lombard Street. ("Glengarriff". Now called "Lombard House"). This school was run by a french woman, Madam Barry. We all wore butcher-blue overalls and had a silver badge with the school motto printed on it: "Aim at the best. Be content with no less". This motto was quoted with amusement at home when sweets were passed round!

At the age of eight I left Glengarriff to go away to school.

G.M.

#### A HOUSEMAID AT PETWORTH

The housekeeper at Petworth had given me detailed instructions about coming from my home in Derbyshire, down on the train to Kings Cross, then by taxi across unknown London to Victoria. I had the exact time of the train to Pulborough, where I had to change to go along the branch line to Petworth, watching at each of the little stations to see which would be Petworth. There I would be met. And so I came to Petworth - just a name to me then. The other travellers alighted and disappeared, the train moved off and I was left alone. After about five minutes a horse-drawn carriage pulled up and a voice said, "Are you the new housemaid for Petworth House?" I would know the driver later as Bill Barnes. We set off for Petworth House up the slight hill from the station and into the old town.

I had always wanted to work in a big house and had already had a year's experience in a smaller house carrying a staff of four housemaids, but Petworth was so much bigger. I had applied through an agency and they sent me a choice of two or three places at which to apply. As my family pointed out Petworth was in fact the furthest from home but I liked the sound of the name and here I was. As they had never seen me nor I them I was on a month's trial - after a month I would be sent for if satisfactory and asked if I would like to stay. Equally of course if I didn't like it at Petworth then I could leave. If I stayed then my travelling expenses from the north would be refunded - no small item for a housemaid! Usually the House liked to take girls from away - perhaps they felt that local girls would inevitably see things that were better not talked about with their families.

Life in a great house was disciplined and organised and the housemaid knew her place. Instant dismissal lay in wait for anyone who misbehaved. The food was marvellous, the wages of course low and paid only once a quarter. In the morning we wore print frocks with cap and apron. These had to be bought ourselves but the print frocks were not uniform and we could wear different colours. In the afternoon we wore black dresses (again bought ourselves) with little white aprons and black stockings.

The day began with a call from the night-watchman. There were two watchmen each with a distinct tour of duty. The first served from 10 till 3 and the second from 3 till 6. Needless to say it was the second watchman who woke up us housemaids but it was still quite early - a quarter to six in the morning. He had to go on knocking at the door until he received an answer; then he would move on to the next door. There were eight of us in all. Our first task was to clean out all downstairs rooms including the fires. We had until 8 o'clock to do this - then it was breakfast. Breakfast was in the housemaids' sitting-room and we were allowed half an hour for this. It always amuses me to think that the very first conversation I heard at breakfast on my very first morning went something like this: "There are some new people coming to the Cricket Lodge in place of old Mr. Tree, some people named Greest from Hampers Green or somewhere like that". Of course it didn't mean anything to me then and I didn't even know what the Cricket Lodge was, but it stuck in my mind as first impressions so often do. I never thought then that I would become Mrs. Greest.

After 8.30 we would go upstairs, cleaning the bedrooms as they became vacant. There were often house parties and weekends would be particularly busy. Parties would come to Petworth for the shooting or hunting while in Goodwood week of course the House would be absolutely packed. On the other hand, Lord and Lady Leconfield would often be away - the London season began roughly in May and they might then be away for as long as three months. This was no time however for the housemaids to put their feet up - rather an opportunity to give the House a good spring clean! We'd wash down the walls and shine up the steel grates and bars on the fires - sometimes it would take a whole day to get a steel grate really clean.

As I have said we were eight housemaids under the housekeeper at this time in the late 1920's and there were also a butler and under-butler, two footmen and a steward-room boy. The last was really a kind of apprentice - he would not be allowed in the dining-room itself but would wait on the upper servants in the steward room much as they themselves waited on the family in the dining-room itself. In this way he would learn the art of the butler. The housemaids had breakfast (8.00 to 8.30) and tea (5.00 to 5.30) in the housemaids' sitting-room but dinner (12.15 to 1.15) and supper (9.00 to 9.30) were in the servants' hall. Here we would sit on backless forms, footmen strictly on one side and housemaids on the other!

We were allowed one day a week off and every other Sunday we could have either a free afternoon and evening or a free morning. When we were off we had to be in by 9.00 p.m. unless that is we were going to a dance - in which case we had to get special permission and let the night watchman know because he it would be who would have to let us in. Normally we would go in and out of Church Lodge and the lodgekeeper would let us in and out. If we were free in the evening we could play cards or listen to the gramophone we had - but we were not allowed to mix with the footmen. Footmen and housemaids had to keep strictly to their respective apartments.

If we were on evening duty we would be told when the visitors had gone up to dress for dinner and would then slip into the downstairs rooms to sweep the hearths, shake the cushions and generally do a quick tidy-up before they came down again. When the visitors did come down we would in turn go upstairs, turn

the beds down and generally tidy the bedrooms. By now it would be our supper time. We hadn't worked all day of course: we would work until 2.30 and have the rest of the afternoon until tea-time free.

When meals were ready the bell would ring and we would come over to the servants' block. "Below Stairs" isn't an accurate description of life at Petworth for we of course did not live in the House itself but rather in a different block. Visitors would have a printed notice (and I still have one) telling them that if the bedroom bells were not answered between 8.00 a.m. and 8.30 a.m., 12.15 p.m. and 1.15 p.m., 5.00 p.m. and 5.30 p.m., and 9.00 p.m. and 9.30 p.m. this was because the servants were having their meals. If there were a real emergency a footman would eventually answer the bell. Even when we were actually on duty the house guests would usually simply call us rather than ring. We had a list of guests who were expected so that we could familiarise ourselves with their correct titles and with what bedroom they would use. The "Blue Landing" was often full and a house party would often number a dozen or more. It was usual for the guests to bring their own valets or ladies' maids and these visiting servants would sleep in the attics of the House itself and not in the servants' block. Colonel Carter, clerk of the course at Ascot, was a frequent and popular visitor. Lady Leconfield herself would often hear me cleaning the bathroom and call out to me and she came to see me at home the first Sunday after I was married.

The laundry-maids we saw rarely - only for Christmas dinner in the servants' hall and of course they lived at the bottom of North Street and not in the House itself. We housemaids were given an allowance for laundry and once hit on the bright idea of not sending our washing to the laundry but doing it ourselves and keeping the allowance. We would wash our things secretly and then sneak into the sewing-lady's room (she did not live in) to use the iron. This went on until we were discovered and the housekeeper put an abrupt end to our pranks! We housemaids all got on very well together and once one went there would be a tendency for the others to move on too. The nursery maids we hardly ever saw nor did we as housemaids have much contact with the Leconfields' adopted children Peter and Elizabeth.

I loved the work and after I had been married a few years I went back to work at the House and have worked there on and off ever since, latterly of course for the National Trust. It was the war

that finally destroyed the kind of life I have spoken of. Servants wore livery up till then but not after, and of course during the war the number of men available was very limited, while after it there were never again the numbers of servants that I had once known.

(Mrs. Greest was talking to the Editor.)

#### A BOMB AT BUDHAM

##### Part I September 29th 1940

This is the story of the bomb at Budham removed by the Army in 1968. It had lain buried in the corner of a field upstream from Rotherbridge for nearly thirty years but had in its random way drawn quite different people together knowingly and unknowingly at quite different times...

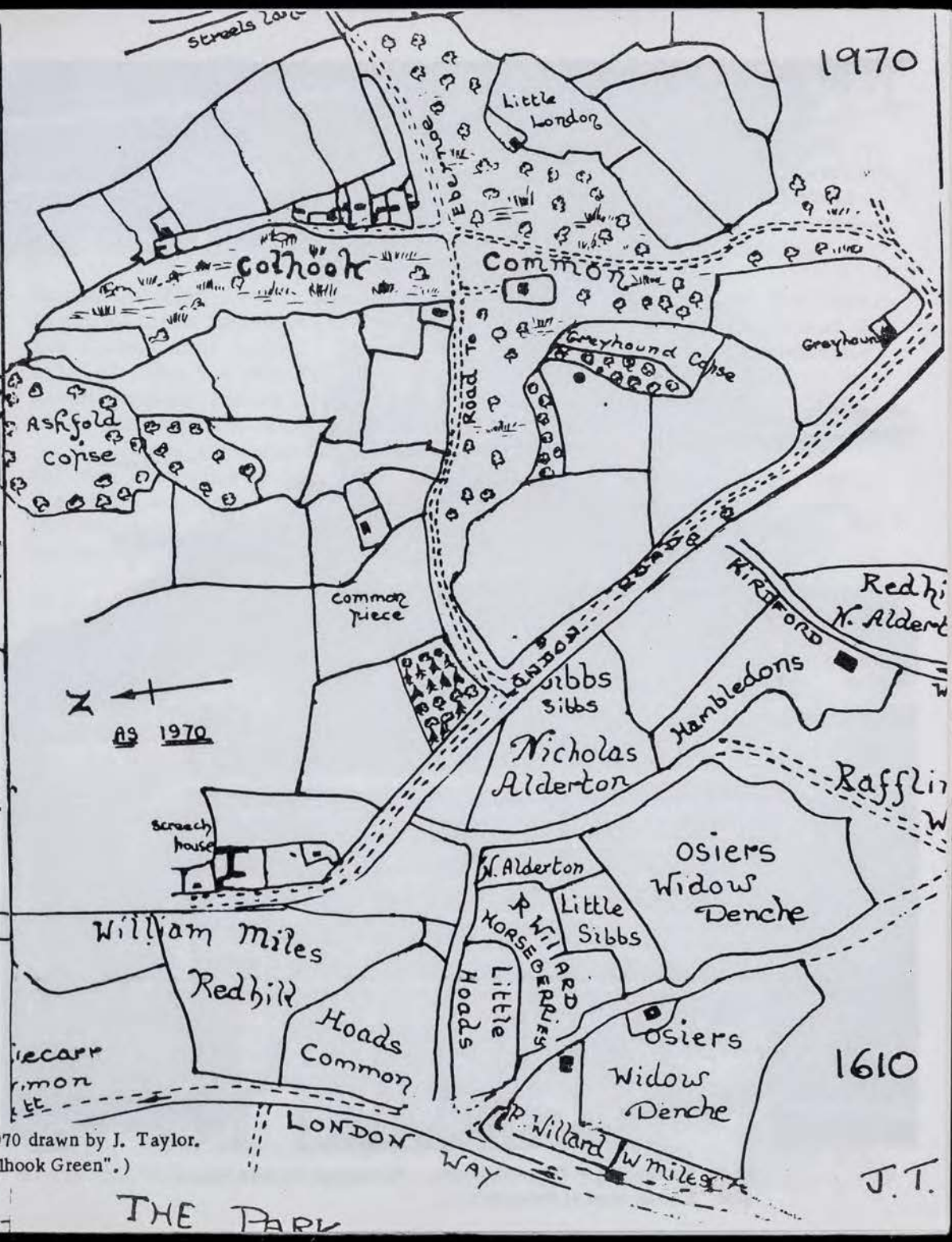
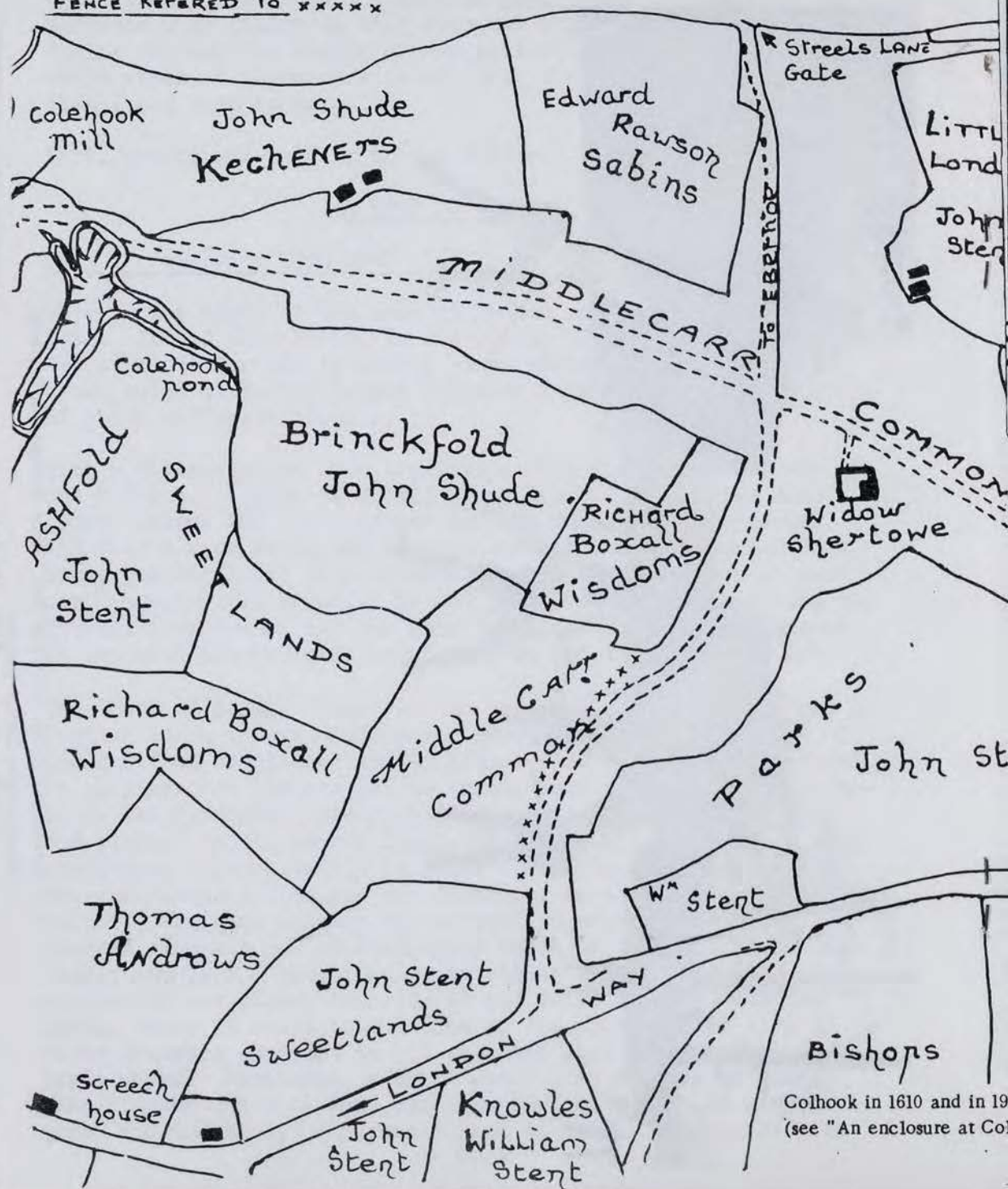
With a three-quarter moon trailing a high filmy mackerel sky and a few odd flecks of woolly cloud lower down drifting aimlessly across the late summer heavens Sunday 29th September had been a warm sunny day as were most of the days during that long, beautiful and very eventful summer of 1940, when so much was happening all around. We had just scrambled back across the Channel from France and the Home Guard became reality, instead of men with broomsticks, and forks, as did the action of war.

The throb of German diesels, high in the blue summer sky, set a lasting image in our minds never to be forgotten. The roar of Merlins from Hurricanes and Spitfires rose to a crackling snarl as they reached for the sky to track, hunt and when possible destroy the Heinkels, Messerschmitts, Dorniers and Junkers that had plagued us all summer long. At times, all we saw were long continuous silvery trails in dense formation coming in from the sea and mingling with our own fighters, as they reached the same height. The same silvery vapour trailed from their super-charged exhausts and criss-crossed those of the bombers as they vainly sought for the blind spots either in the formation or to single out one plane, separate it and drive it away from its group, where it could be cut down by the concentrated fire of eight Browning guns set to hit the same spot maybe two hundred yards ahead. Sometimes, a trail would turn swiftly to grey, then blacken and roll away amid the distant rattle of machine guns and the thump of German cannon to spiral earthwards with



Ice-hockey in Petworth Park - see "Some teenage recollections".  
Photograph by George Garland.

From PLAN of 1610  
FENCE REFERED TO \*\*\*\*\*

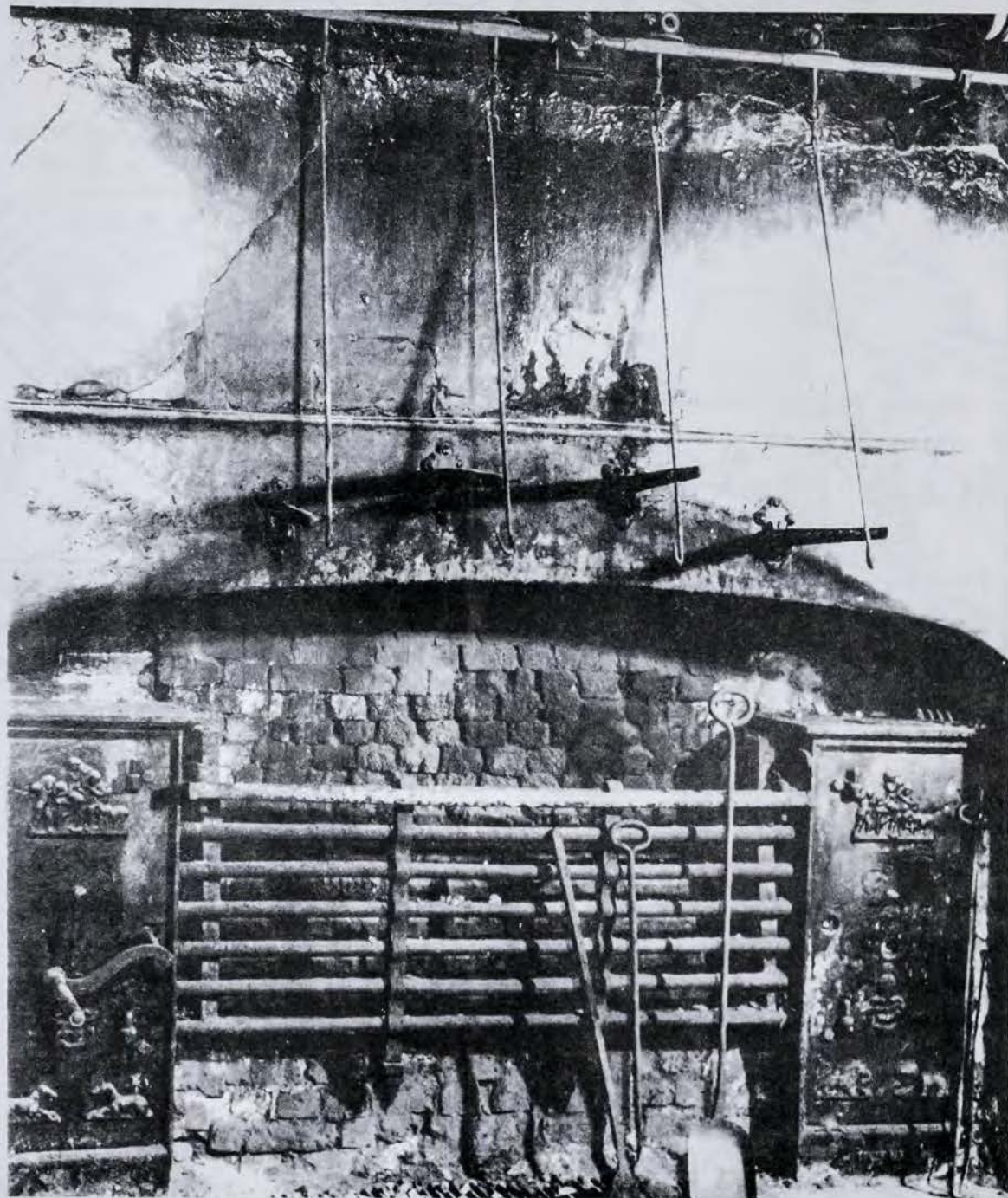


Colhook in 1610 and in 1970 drawn by J. Taylor.  
(see "An enclosure at Colhook Green".)

1970

1610

J.T.



In the old kitchen at Petworth House. Photograph by John Mason.  
(See "A housemaid at Petworth".)

an ever-increasing whine, often to plunge deep into the chalk of the downs or weald clay.

Sometimes one would be driven down badly shot up but still being held desperately in control. There would be shaking and shuddering pieces falling off, engines mis-firing and bombs being jettisoned as the fighters raked it with bursts of fire. The feats of airmanship by some of these young men on both sides were incredible.

September 29th 1940 had been one such a day. The last of the daylight raiders had left the scene by 6 p.m. and we did not expect a lot during that night. The sun had gone down, a red and promising ball of fire for the following day. Each day and night held an unknown content for us, usually from the air. Was this coming night to be quiet and peaceful - or what?

The sun disappeared in a red haze behind the trees across the Park, the red turning to gold, purple, deep violet then paling to green, and the evening stars peered through the now deepening darkness while flecks of cool grey cloud drifted in to the lower cooling air.

We boys had our usual trip around the hills and up to the Sugar Knob to look for any late raiders. As the darkness deepened, so the searchlights across the length and breadth of the Weald and beyond, southwards over the Downs to Brighton, Portsmouth and the west, gradually ran up their diesels to try their beams, coming on and off, and arcing across the sky. They were giant fingers of light, sweeping and searching, forming a cone perhaps on one of our own planes as practice. Then after a half to three quarters of an hour, one by one they would close down and the waiting game began all over again.

It seemed to us that tonight was indeed going to be quiet so we headed back for a few games round the streets and alleys in the town, then home to listen to whatever may be on the radio. Perhaps Haw Haw might give us a clue to what was in store, he did sometimes, in a crafty callous sort of way. But not even that tonight. Though all seemed unusually silent, what we did not know then, was that on that particular Sunday, was to start a new phase of the German bombing technique.

In fact unbeknown to us, while the last of the daylight raiders were leaving, other groups across the channel on airfields scattered all along the French coast were being armed and bombed up ready for a

night offensive that was to become all too frequent and much more impersonal than the daylight raids.

On one such field, tucked away in a quiet corner, a Heinkel 111 waited. Silent but not alone. This particular airplane, resplendent in new black paint, dull beneath and glistening on top, the perspex greenhouse of the nose freshly cleaned, all guns cleaned and checked, tanks fuelled, was now at 6 p.m. about to be loaded with an assortment of arms. A few 500 lb. bombs, canisters of incendiaries, anti-personnel bombs, parachute flares (which did not always light the target) all stowed in the hungry belly of the black bomber.

By 7.30 p.m. it was ready to roll. All 500 pounders were ready, some with impact fuses, some clockwork. The pilot and crew were busy chatting of the day's events with the returned day crews and perhaps discussing the coming night's outing which was to be not a scheduled concentrated raid, but more a random target, search and destroy mission, over the coast of West Sussex. They were to go inland some twenty miles, circle around, hunting for uncovered lights which could attract a bomb or two. Other targets could be camps and gunsites, some of which were plotted on charts but were not very plentiful in those early days, most camps only just being built. Anyway, quite a variety of targets for a high level evening raid.

As the evening drew on, the bomber and fighter crews drifted away to their various quarters to check out minor details, course and weather, plus the last minute personal matters of letters and requests.

About 8.30 to 9 p.m. the engines were being run up in readiness for take-off. After the first clatter and choking gasps the Junkers BMW diesels smoked, coughed, spluttered and roared into life, then just as easily settled into their steady rhythmic throb. Even now, on ghostly moonlight nights, the throb of their diesels echoes and re-echoes haunting the lonely sky above the English countryside. They can still be heard even now if one is in a susceptible frame of mind. These single raiders at 20,000 feet always sounded so mournful and distant at night, and yet could be so menacing and frightening in a pack during the daytime.

The crew clambered aboard up through the hatch in the belly. The ground engineer handed over and climbed out. The gunners checked

the hydraulics to each weapon; the navigator his precious instruments, and the pilot his bombload, now locking neatly stacked and almost snug within the warm belly of the Heinkel. The usual smell of dope, grease, hydraulic fuels, paints, leather and oxygen all mingled with the warm sickly smell of diesel exhaust. All in all, a machine well tuned, well trained, all set to go and sail the darkened skies across the channel. What would happen to its deadly cargo no one would ever really know or from which plane it came; no one would ever really try to find out or point a finger and say to the pilot, "You are responsible for that crater, that fire, that dead person down there".

Having strapped in and checked communications, all was ready. A touch on both throttles, both motors increasing in noise and power, heavy vibration throughout the body until the brakes came off, then more power until she started to roll off the parking bay. Thumbs up from the pilot to the mechanic out on the runway, then out on the perimeter track to trundle around to the single main runway, slottling in behind a couple of J.U.88s also off on marauding missions.

Without warning two ME 110 night fighters charged out from nowhere, causing the Heinkel pilot to curse, slamming his throttles down and braking as much as he dare, hard left rudder, and veer to the edge of the concrete, shuddering, but not daring to stop for fear that the second 110 might slam into him. Unknown to him, this one had swerved off with one wheel on the long grass and stopped with both engines dead. Cursing over the intercom, both the idiot that had cut in and also the tower control for giving him the all clear, he let the second ME re-start and go by to get away from him. Cautiously re-opening his throttles, he picked up speed, eased himself back into the centre of the track and joined the queue at the end of the perimeter.

The two 88s started to roll in succession. The flames that belched from their giant radial exhausts gradually mingled and were lost with their shadows in the last dim light of day. The 110s, anxious to be off after the problems they had caused, slammed both throttles wide against their brakes, let go and shot away into the gloom, pulling up and away much earlier than was usual, very conscious of their errors on the ground. They were young and silly he thought.

Again pilot and navigator checked all systems, ran up both engines to full revs and then, satisfied that all was in order, asked for

and received final clearance. The pilot opened up to two thirds power and released the brakes. For a second or so she hung back, then, reluctantly, with a slight lurch, hunched her back and started to roll towards the distant end of the dimly lit runway.

(to be continued)

J.T.

#### AN ENCLOSURE AT COLHOOK GREEN IN 1639

P.H.A. 6071 is a gathering of three documents dealing with the enclosure of part of Colhook Green by Algernon, the 10th Earl of Northumberland in 1639. Colhook Green is a rather unusual title for the land in question and may have been chosen in these documents as being more ambiguous than "Common". The first document and the most interesting and informative of the three is a statement by one George Tyrry relating a vain attempt by him and others to fence a parcel of the common called Colhook Green. Much longer is an eight page complaint by Algernon, the 10th Earl, in Star Chamber against those who had torn down the fences put up on the common. Lastly there is a submission by the tenants involved and subsigned with their marks.

According to George Tyrry, on Wednesday the 2nd of January 1639 he, along with old Burrell and his son, had been employed by Nicholas Holroyd (clerk of the works at Petworth) to fence in a parcel of common, part of Colhook Green. At about three in the afternoon there came Mary Souter, wife of Anthony Souter, Alis widow of John Stent, Annis the wife of Robert Willard, Annis or Agnis wife of John Miles, Richard Boxwell (Boxall) son of Widow Boxall, and Susan Knight widow who said the common was theirs and that what the workmen had put up they would throw down. With their spades they then proceeded to do this, adding that if the men came again the next morning they would again throw the fences down. Souter's wife did not have a spade but a staff some 5 feet long with a pair of grains (prongs) on it.

According to Algernon, the 10th Earl's, lengthy formal complaint in Star Chamber against the tenants, Colhook Green was parcel of the demesne (land held directly by the lord himself and not by tenants) of the manor of Petworth and he had accordingly caused it to be fenced. The tenants previously mentioned unlawfully protesting some right in part of the common had levelled the hedges, fences and ditches, eight perches in all, set up on the Earl's behalf. They were armed with "swordes, daggers, spades,

clubs, large staves with iron graines in the end thereof, pikes, pistollles and gunnes charged with powder and shott and with other unlawfull weapons as well offensive as defensive". The tenants' resistance as reported by George Tyrry has lost nothing in being transferred to the Earl's Star Chamber complaint and now escalates almost into guerrilla warfare! Despite this array of weaponry the Earl had again had the fencing put up only to have it thrown down again for which "your said subject is dampnified above five hundred pounds" - a rather exorbitant sum one would think for those days. The complaint closes with a request for a subpoena to be directed against those involved requiring them to appear personally before the Star Chamber to answer the Earl's charges.

The last document is an undated letter to Algernon Earl of Northumberland entitled, "The humble Peticon of your honors tennants whose names are here subscribed".

It reads as follows:

"Who most humblie show unto your honor that whereas (itt seemes by your honours apoyntment) a parte of Colhooke Comon belonginge to the mannor of the honor of Petworth was lately inclosed, and some of our wives without our privities knowledge or consent made entry upon the same inclosure pretendinge a right of pasture therein for cattell as belonginge to our lands holden of the said mannor, whereupon your honor hath caused process to be served upon us to answere the same fact in the kings most honorable court of Starrchamber which if your honor should prosecute will tend to our undoinge. Now forasmuch as wee hereby acknowledge the error and offence committed and are all hartely sorrie for the opposinge your honor that you wilbee pleased to stay your proceedings against us humbly submitting our selves to your honors order and correccon therein...." Eight marks with the corresponding names follow.

Clearly the tenants, whatever the rights of the matter, had come to think discretion the better part of valour and it was expedient to put the whole incident down to their own womenfolk's indiscretion. This was not a large enclosure: three men in a day would not be able to enclose much more than an acre and, in any case, Colhook had no William James to co-ordinate a legal battle as had happened with the enclosure of Petworth Park almost half a century before. There remains a strong impression that the tenants had been pressured into submission.

Ralph Treswell's great map shows the area concerned as it had been in 1610 some thirty years previously. It lies to the left of the present road to Eberness coming from Petworth. To the east and north lay the two segments of Richard Boxall's split copyhold of Wisdoms, and to the north and west John Stent's Ashfold and split copyhold of Sweetlands. The southern border of John Shude's Brinckfold abutted fractionally on to the common as did part of the 88 acres of Thomas Andrews to the west. Andrews' lands stretched away northward toward Northchapel. The enclosed land is quite clearly marked as common on the 1610 map and was of course part of that common ceded to the tenants by Henry the 9th Earl in return for the Outwood enclosed in the northern section of Petworth Park.

John Stent also held the copyhold of Parks on the other side of the track and Little London away to the south east. Knightleys, the copyhold adjoining Little London, was in the hands of William Boyes. Horseberries further to the south (now Osiers) was held by Robert Willard, and Redhill and Blackwool by William Miles - both the latter would have had commoners' rights to this piece of land. Anyone with commoners' rights would of course have been damaged by the Earl's enclosure.

Many of these names reappear in 1639 even though there is nothing corresponding to Treswell's map for this period and something is known about nearly all of Tyrry's assailants. Richard Boxall senior had died in 1628 leaving a son of 3 whose education was eventually entrusted to Anthony Souter who would in the 1640's buy Redhill on a mortgage foreclosure. Souter obviously had connections with the area but exactly where he lived in 1639 is not clear from the information available. Richard Boxall's mother, widow Boxall, in fact died in 1642 and Richard himself some three months later. (see Leconfield Petworth Manor pp23).

Alice Stent was the widow of John Stent, son of the John Stent of Treswell's map. He had married Alice Hayward, heiress of Graunts or Grants, a copyhold on the Surrey border east of Dickhurst, but had died in 1635 (Leconfield pp 76). John Stent the elder had sold Ashfold, part coppice, part pasture, to the 9th Earl in 1615 and the Earl retained the coppice as an enclosed wood in his own hands. Ashfold coppice was probably extended to the south beyond its old boundaries soon after and John Stent's transaction some 25 years previously may well have a good deal to do with the 10th

Earl's interest in the common further to the south. Alice Stent may well have held Sweetlands and Parks at this time. The Willard family held Horseberries (near Osiers) from 1571 to 1673 and Annis Willard would simply be upholding the old commoners' rights of Horseberries. John Miles and Annis, his wife, were at Redhill and Blackwool, although the nominal tenant in 1639 was still William Miles who would in fact die within the year. (For the later history of the Miles family see Leconfield pp 72-3.) Richard Boxall and the widow Boxall were obviously still at Wisdoms in 1639. The widow Susan Knight may be connected with Brinckfold, of which little is known after 1610 or, more likely, she may simply be the successor of widow Shertowe in the isolated cottage that stood to the centre of the cross formed by Middlecarr Common. The position can be roughly tabulated as follows:

<u>Tenant</u>	<u>Interest</u>
Mary Souter	Not certain. Brinckfold (?) Wisdoms (?)
Alis Stent	Sweetlands, Parks
Annis Willard	Horseberries
Annis Miles	Redhill, Blackwool
Richard Boxall	Wisdoms
Susan Knight	(?) Widow Shertowe's cottage

William Boyes of Knightleys seems to have taken no part in the objections. He died in 1640.

P.A.J. (with much help from J.T.)

The map (centre pages) is redrawn by J.T. from Ralph Treswell's 1610 map and for comparison shows on the right the area in 1970. We are grateful to Lord Egremont for permission to reproduce from the 1610 map and to quote from P.H.A. 6071.



LETTERS FROM SUSSEX EMIGRANTS TO CANADA

Reference to the first party of Petworth emigrants to go to Upper Canada has been made in previous Bulletins. Here are quoted some extracts from letters written home to relatives and friends. These letters were published in a booklet, "Letters from Sussex Emigrants who sailed from Portsmouth in April 1832 on board the ships Lord Melville and Eveline for Upper Canada." Also included are instructions to emigrants by Captain Hale, a Gazetteer of places named, an introduction by T. Sockett (Rector of Petworth), and a map of Canada. The book, published by John Phillips, Petworth, and by Longman & Co. London, MDCCCXXXIII is now in the possession of Mrs. Arthur Caplin who lives near Pulborough who lent it for this review.

James Tilley of Petworth was one who received a letter. His came from George Boxall, his wife, and William Tilley, all of whom went from Lurgashall: "Dear Fathers, Mothers; Brothers; and Sisters," it begins and goes on to report safe arrival of the party. "We travelled up the country and were settled near Mr. Spencer and my brother; and we have got plenty of work, of sawing of steam boats; and we gets good pay for it; and we like this country much better than old England... Dear father and mother, Hannah and James Tilley: if you feels any way inclined to come out, and my brother William Boxall, I think it would be better to get(a) living (here) than in England: but I shall not persuade you against your inclination." Some prices are quoted: Pork 3d. per lb. Best green tea, 3s.9d. Sugar, 6d. Best beef and mutton, 2½d. a pound. "Buy your furnishings at Portsmouth. Get your flour in barrells; pack up all your goods, as you can iron hoop your boxes, and cord them strong; do not trust no locks."

George Warren heard from William T. Upton, formerly of Fittleworth: "I have been in my place now 9 weeks, and what with my wages, and what I have made with them, am now worth £8. 10s. There is a man of property in 9 weeks... If trade is as bad as as it was, any one would do better in Canada, for here anyone can soon gain an independency... Tell J. Lucas that his brother Ned and C. Edwards are living close to me: they get 1s. 3d. per week, and board and lodging, and are quite steady."

Thomas Puttock in Kirdford heard from his daughter Ann, wife of Edmund Thomas. After describing the long rough voyage she writes:

"I am happy to tell you that America is quite as good as we expected to find it. Edmund has had plenty of work, ever since we have been here. We have no reason to repent leaving England, at present... He has earned 3s.9d. a day and his board; and sometimes not so much."

But not all letters brought good news. Thomas Scutt in Bignor hears from his son-in-law, Thomas Adsett, of the death of his wife and daughter Harriet. "Sarah (2½ years old) a gentleman by the name of Chapman, a carpenter, came and took her; Charles (6 years old) is at a Weavers; Emma (7 years old) is at Mr. Tottles; and are well; and like the place quite well. I get plenty of work, at 5s. York, that is 2s. 3½d. of your money, and board."

Stephen Goatcher writes to his wife in Pulborough and sends a message to Mr. Comper: "by what I can see at present, the land is the best quality, but it is all covered with heavy timber: they say they can clear an acre for about £4. There are no underwoods or bushes at all, but the timber is cut and burnt altogether... In this place there is not one stone to be found; it's black loam. Their wheat is very fine: barley they do not sow. They raise a great deal of Indian corn." He asks to be remembered to Mr. Clements, Mr. Parry, Mr. Comper, Mr. Challen.

Finally young John Luff, an orphan from Bury, writes to his Aunt Foster in Fittleworth: "I think at present that the country above mentioned, that I now live in, is a good, and a wholesome, and a pleasant one, as far as I am judge: the prospects of gaining property are pleasing; and may say the same of my master."

So, inspite of the hardships and the loss of dear ones, not one of the emigrants appears to have any regrets, and all seem to appreciate the prospects of the country of their adoption, although we may surmise that the book, intended as it no doubt was, to be a spur to emigration, favours the thoughts of those who found the new world to their liking to the expense of those who did not.

D.G.

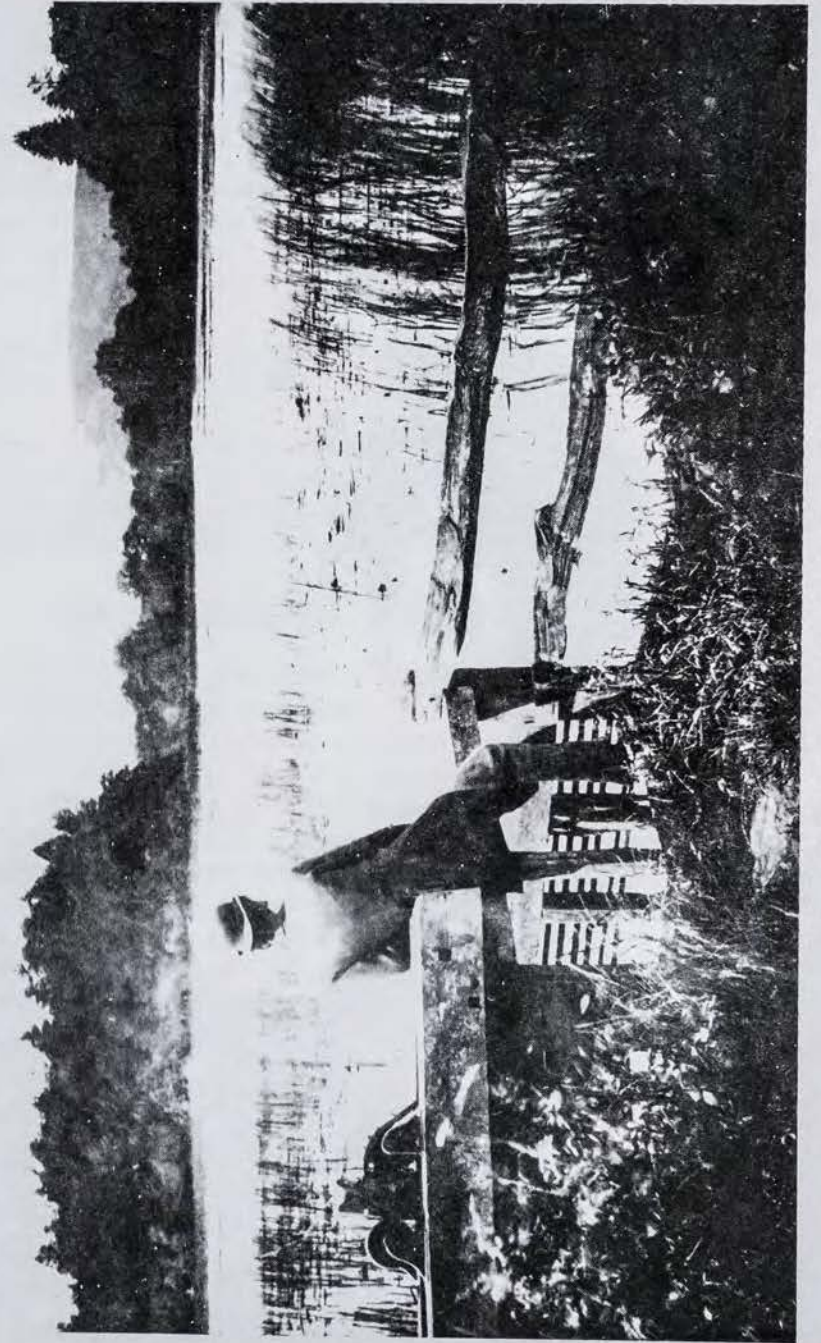
### J's BULLETIN WALK

This walk is quite a short one and takes about 1 hour, it is over easy going and stout shoes are all the footwear needed. We do however, need a car to reach the starting point.

In our car we leave Petworth by Station Road and carry on past Coultershaw. Here where the old mill stood a band of keen enthusiasts have been restoring the old water driven pump which used to pump river water up to Petworth, after countless hours of labour the project is nearing completion and will soon be on show to the public. About  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile further on we turn left on the road to Burton Mill and the Roman Villa and in a few minutes reach the lovely Burton Pond. Here another restoration job has been done and at times the mill can be seen grinding grain.

A little further on we come to a cross roads and turn right towards Sutton. We must park now as soon as possible and there are several places on the grass verge near to the cross roads.

Walk now towards Sutton past the turning marked Barlavington and about 3 or 4 hundred yards on we take the first turning to our right. When we reach the house which is called Sutton End we move off to our right along the path which has the chestnut fencing along its right side, and keep going until we come again onto the hard road. Now we turn left and travel along the road for a short way and we will see a rather lovely little stream emerging from the woods to our left down water falls and under the road, shortly after this the road bends to the left but we keep straight on through the gate marked Crouch Farm and along the lane in front of the house, this lane passes between high banks and the trees growing along the top expose their roots in many unusual and attractive forms. Soon we come to the large lake belonging to St. Michaels School and here we see another somewhat larger water fall which is emptying into the top end of Burton Mill Pond. A little further on, just past the pond there is a small hut in the woods to our left and if we stand quiet it is possible to hear a dull thud at regular intervals coming from the hut this is a hydraulic ram which is used to pump water. The hydraulic ram is driven by a volume of water passing through it, and it pumps a small amount of this water usually to a large tank somewhere at a much higher level, these used to be quite common many years ago before our water mains covered such a large area, but to find one still



Burton Mill Pond c1890 - see J's Bulletin walk.  
Photograph by Walter Kevis.



A view of Burton House c1890. Photograph by Walter Kevis.

working must be pretty rare these days.

On now straight ahead, and soon after passing a tile hung building with the lower half painted on our left, we come to an enormous chestnut tree where the road bends left, we leave the road at this point and pass to the right through the gap beside the iron gate.

Keep to this path as it winds its way through the trees, large chestnut trees and then silver birch. Away to our left may be seen a big house with red gables set in pine woods, this is Barlavington Manor and to its left the light coloured building is the old Monastery, now private dwellings.

We join the road again at Burton Mill and move to our right past the pond and so back to our cars.

I think this is a lovely walk at any time of the year with plenty to see along the way but it is especially pretty in the snowdrop season for they grow in profusion at Sutton End and at Crouch Farm lovely to look at and best not touched.

#### WORK IN THE WOODS. CHRISTMAS 1913

Mrs. Balchin of Midhurst has lent two pages of accounts for woodland work at Christmas and New Year 1913-1914, probably written out by her father Mr. Stemp, foreman woodman on the Leconfield Estate, and giving details of work done by men under his charge. This seems to be Stemp's own copy for a personal record, another copy obviously went to the Estate accountants. According to the first sheet J. Pullen and his men had cut on behalf of E. Webster (Fruiterers and Grocers at Petworth) for Christmas 1913 200 bundles of laurel at 2d. a bundle and also  $5\frac{1}{2}$  loads of wood at 5 shillings a load. A load of wood was no vague term but a pile of logs cut in four foot lengths, two feet high and measuring sixteen feet on the ground. A stump would be driven into the ground and the wood stacked against it. Lander and Co. (almost certainly the butchers in Saddlers Row, Petworth) had also had 200 bundles of laurel and  $4\frac{1}{2}$  loads of wood. It was not unusual at this time for butchers to sell both holly and laurel at the festive season. Also on Christmas Eve 1913 40 bundles of blind (i.e. unberried) holly had come from Head's Common (on the London Road) and 19 of berried holly from Birch Wood (at Bigoner Farm), while another 6 bundles had come from Tooth plantation (on the left going into Sutton from Coates crossroads). The holly is not priced and was probably intended for Petworth House and Yard.

- Peacock (the initial is torn away) working Roxalls Copse (in the Gog Woods toward the Horsham Road and at the back of Hilliers) has six fortnightly statements of money received in respect of completed work and for the Christmas fortnight has the following:-

100 Bunts at 4/-	(per) 100	4 - 0
75 Sprays at 3/-	100	2 - 3
75 Bush at 2/6	100	1 - 10½
25 Peasticks at 6/-	100	1 - 6
500 Withes at 3d	100	1 - 3
1 Bundle Flower sticks at 4d	50	4
25 S(hort) Poles at 3/6	100	10½
1 Qr. wood at 4/- load		1 - 0
25 Bcls. hoops at 10/- load		8 - 4
		-----
		1 - 1 - 9 (should be 1-1-5)
		-----

"Bunts" were choice short faggots, probably used for baking bread and each no thicker than a thumb. A "spray" was a looser birch faggot, 25 to a bundle and again very fine. It was however rather more open at the top than the bunt. Basically its use was for fires but it could also be used as besoms to sweep golf courses or horse-tracks. The wood had to be extra fine so that if a horse trod on a broken piece it would not go into the foot, or if a piece broke off, say on a golf course, it would be borne away by the wind. A "bush" was a faggot of a lesser quality than the two foregoing, anything in fact that was going. Withes are pieces of flexible wood used for binding bundles; the term is still in common use. Flower-sticks are probably substantial stakes for flowers such as dahlias. Hoops were used for encircling barrels and came in different lengths, each having a different name, like "bottle hoops", Jakeys, skillions, short

pink and long pink. They were packed in different numbers to the bundle according to the length of the hoop.

Peacock's totals for the preceding fortnights are respectively 19/7d. £1.4.0., £1.6.10½. and £1.8.8. This was piece work and it was hard work and Peacock would be paid for what he cut. Even in the mid-1930's James Puttick, as local hoopshaver, would work from 7-5 six days a week to earn £1. Peacock's items do not vary much from fortnight to fortnight. "Hookstakes" at the end of November were sticks used to hold down hedge growth when it was being cut. 400 "heat-hers" at 4d per 100 were probably used for heather brooms or simply as a kind of faggot.

#### A MUSICIAN'S INVENTORY 1622

A true and perfect Inventorie of the goods and cattells of Henrye Trashe of Petworth in the Countie of Sussex Mussion taken and praised the xvth daye of October 1622 by Nicholas Turgis, William Hardham, Thomas Trashe and Henry Caerlett viz:

(modernised)

In primis his apparel	xiiis ivd	13-4
Item in Money in his Chest	£xi-xvis iiid	11-16-3
Item one Chest	xviiiid	1-6
Item Instruments and books	xls	2- 0-0
Item one horsbeast	xxxs	1-10-0
Item at Jesper Cachelbes one iron bound trunkie with two paire of sheets with other lumber in it	xs	10-0
Item one litle fether bed one flock boulster and two old blanketts	xiiis ivd	13-4
Item one peece of gould about his necke geven him by the kings majestie	xis	11-0
	xvii-xv-v	£17-15-5

Inventories were prepared for church court probate use and this is an unusually brief one. Turgis and Hardham are old Petworth names but Caerlett is an unusual one. Inventories always begin with the Latin "In primis" - i.e. firstly. Trashe's instruments were probably violins and his will specifically mentions "tenor and treble" violins. The "books" were clearly books of music. The iron-bound chest coupled with the lack of mention of any house (unusual in inventories) suggests that he lodged somewhere, perhaps at the quaintly named Jasper Cacheloes. The piece of gold about his neck may indicate that he had been touched for the king's evil, while the horse would be used to travel to engagements, i.e. local gigs. (Compare also Kenyon: Petworth Town and Trades pp 97). This document comes from the West Sussex Record office.

GARDENING EQUIPMENT AT PETWORTH 28th APRIL 1590

From PHA 424 accounts of Richard Stokes mainly for works on the Walks and Great Garden at Petworth. Reproduced by kind permission of Lord Egremont.

pd. for ii paire of garden sheeres at ii s vi d the paire	v s
pd. for a spade and a hollow shovell at xii d the peece	ii s
pd. for a lyne for the garden	ii d
pd. for ii hooks to cutt the hed es and banks, and a rammer to smoth the allies and gravle at xii d the peece	iii s
Some	- x s ii d
pd. for ii Basketts for the garden to carrie out weeds the v <sup>th</sup> of Maii 1590	xii d

HENRY BARNARD'S WEEKLY HOUSEHOLD ACCOUNT FOR NEW YEAR 1666  
(from PHA 5243)

The Barnard family lived in a mansionhouse called Durance, on the east side of the Market Square to the south of the White Hart Inn (now Austen's). The southern end of the house was demolished at the turn of the nineteenth century to make way for New Street and the rest of the house altered to make the buildings which is now Kingswood Chemists. Henry Barnard died in 1697 and his detailed inventory survives. The Barnard family were "gentlemen" and at this time probably gained most of their income from rents. Thomas Barnard who died in 1664 held the manor of River, Duncton Mill and a farm at Shopham. As sometimes happened to families who gained their income as rentiers the Barnards of a somewhat later generation fell victim to debt. (See Kenyon: Petworth Town and Trades pp 59-60.) PHA 5243-5266 are a series of notebooks detailing Henry Barnard's personal expenses, almost without a break, from January 1666 to December 1695. They are, as one might expect, very repetitive.

"The weeke ending the 5th of January...

	£	s	d
for Beefe	0	6	8
for Mutton	0	4	9
for Egges	0	1	0
for Wildfowle	0	1	6
for Tripes	0	1	0
for Broomes	0	0	6
for Milke	0	0	7
for Bread	0	0	4
for the helper	0	1	0
for a Bribe	0	1	0
for Candles	0	1	6
for hard sope	0	0	8
for white Salte	0	0	5
	<u>1</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>11</u>

A WITCH AT BURY

Among the Church Court deposition documents in the County Record Office is a roughly written note from February 1603 (Cap. I/4/7/11) containing allegations about the activities of one mother Scutt of Bury. According to this: "Mother Scutt of Bury is reported to be a

witch and that she hath taken it upon hir to cause younge women not maryed being begotten unlawfully with childe to be delivered unto herself"... she then "destroyed ye children and some of ye mothers". One man's daughter from Bignor, a maidservant expecting her master's child was to be conveyed to Mother Scutt's at Bury "to the intent that she shold be delivered of her child before ye tyme and that she shold never come from thence agayne". Two men of Walberton were to take her to Bury at the instigation of the girl's master. The girl however "fearing to be made away if she went thither" went to her master's wife and begged her to prevent her being sent to the old woman's house and "thereupon the said Joane went not thither" instead "she is now delivered" of the child at Walberton.

Whether the allegations against Mother Scutt were ever substantiated, and if they were, what action was taken against the old woman, is not known. Joane clearly felt there was a good deal that was sinister in a visit to Bury!

#### NEW MEMBERS JOINED SINCE MARCH BULLETIN

We welcome the following New Members.

Mr. & Mrs. Balchin, 5 Pitsham Wood, Midhurst.  
Mrs. L. Barnes, 319 Park Road, Petworth.  
Mrs. B. Bertram, Tudor Cottage, North Street, Petworth.  
Mrs. R. Carter, 13 Willow Walk, Petworth.  
Mr. L. Cooper, 5 Butt's Meadow, Wisborough Green.  
Mr. & Mrs. E. La Croix Lantern House III, 22 Mant Road, Petworth.  
Mrs. M. Diplock, 30 Lawrence Road, Hove, Sussex.  
Mr. T. Eldridge, Downsvie, 6 Heron's Close, Kirdford,  
Billingshurst.  
Mr. & Mrs. R.W. Etherington, 86 Wyndham Road, Petworth.  
Mrs. D. Franklin, 4 Mant Road, Petworth.  
Mrs. D.E. French, 3 Benson Road, Croydon.  
Mrs. J. Hamilton, 15 Station Road, Petworth.  
Mr. A. Hankey, Cherry Tree Cottage, Byworth, Petworth.  
Mr. W. Herrington, 4/36 Walanna Drive, Karawara, W. Australia.  
Mrs. B. Hodson, Clock House, Church Street, Petworth.  
Mrs. Kapko, 210 Hangleton Way, Hove, Sussex.  
Mr. N. Lavington, Musket Cottage, Grove Street, Petworth.  
Mr. & Mrs. K. Lintill, Nuthatch, Upperton Road, Tillington, Petworth.  
Mrs. Therese Poston, Dormers, 72 Petersfield Road, Midhurst.  
Mr. R. Randall, 8 Grove Lane, Petworth.  
Mr. & Mrs. J. Stanton, 80 Hampers Green, Petworth.  
Mrs. A. Thomas, 2 Pound Close, Petworth.  
Mr. J. Kincoot, Smoky House, Selham, Sussex.  
Mr. F. Wadey, 122 Hoveley Avenue, Caundon, Coventry CV6 1HT.  
Mr. G. Webster, "SCIO" West Side, Tillington, Petworth.

