

Miles Costello  
Petworth  
Collection



The  
Petworth  
Society

BULLETIN No. 32

JUNE 1983

Price for non-Members 50p

## CONTENTS

	<u>Page</u>
Constitution and Officers	2
Chairman's Notes	3
A Recollection	4
Brickmaking at Colhook (1)	5
J's Bulletin Walk	7
Working at Limbo	9
"Not so Dusty"	13
Petworth Cinema (5) Early Days at the Pound	17
Farming at Upper Diddlesfold	21
Petworth Goal (3)	25
Mr. J.L. Vincent: a letter	27
Petworth Home Guard - a request for information	28
Petworth Church c1623	28
Some Old Hunting Terms	29
New Members	32

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## SUBSCRIPTIONS

By becoming a 'Friend' you will be entitled to concessions, including priority booking before the Box Office opens to the public. The exact benefits are conferred by various levels of subscription and are set out below.

Subscriptions should be made by the 1st July on which date Priority Booking commences.

Donations received by this date will be acknowledged in the Concert Programme.

When ordering your tickets, your category of subscription should be indicated.

### **FRIEND - Subscription £2.00**

Entitlement: Priority booking one month before tickets are released to the general public.

### **CONTRIBUTOR - Subscription £5.00 plus, per individual**

Entitlement: Purchase of any ticket for any concert or event at one half the ordinary price.

### **FAMILY - Subscription £8.50**

Entitlement: Purchase of all tickets at half-price for all members of the same family on whose behalf a Family subscription is paid.

## HISTORY OF THE PETWORTH FESTIVAL

The Petworth Festival was born in 1979 in order to bring the joys of music and art to the people of Petworth and surrounding area.

Some of the outstanding events from the earlier festivals are: The Brighton Youth Orchestra, Humphrey Lyttelton and his band, The Divertimenti Orchestra, and Lord Clark on the paintings of Turner.

It takes place in Mid-September and tries to cater for all tastes of music and art from the very young to the not so young.

## WHO ARE THE FRIENDS

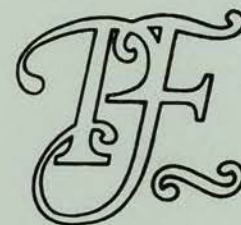
The cost of presenting first-class music and art has always been high. Of course, the organisers of the Petworth Festival hope that income from ticket sales will at least cover their costs. Nevertheless, their task is made much easier if they know that they can depend on a body of people - The Friends of Petworth Festival - who are committed to the Festival both financially and by their intention to be present at the concerts and other events.

T H E F R I E N D S

O F

P E T W O R T H

F E S T I V A L



President: Lord Egremont

**Fifth Festival of Music & Art**

**10th - 17th SEPTEMBER 1983**

# THE 1983 FESTIVAL PROGRAMME

Saturday 10th September

until

Saturday 17th September

The London Sinfonietta

Hampshire County Youth Orchestra

London Chamber Opera  
Gilbert & Sullivan  
"Cox and Box"

"Bax as I knew him"  
A celebration of Bax in his  
centenary year

Grand Firework Display  
and Barbeque

Julia Hazleton  
Piano Recital

Philip Jones Brass Ensemble

Gemini

For the younger members of the community there will be kite flying, Punch & Judy, Rock Concert, Folk Evening and various competitions.

Full programme available upon request.

On **SATURDAY 2nd JULY 1983**  
at 7.00 pm.

The Friends Committee are organising

"SCHUBERT, CHAMPAGNE & STRAWBERRIES"

at Bignor Park by kind invitation of The  
Dowger Viscountess Mersey.

Tickets at £6.00 per head will entitle you  
to a Buffet Supper followed by  
Strawberries and Champagne and some  
of Schuberts finest music.

Only Members may apply for tickets and  
as numbers are limited to 40, you are  
advised to book early.

IF YOU ENROL AS A MEMBER NOW YOU WILL BE  
ENTITLED TO APPLY FOR A TICKET TO THIS  
EXTRAVAGANZA

To the Friends of Petworth Festival

Miss C. Wade,  
c/o Midhurst Medical  
Research Institute,  
Midhurst, West Sussex.

From:

Mr/Mrs/Miss \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

Telephone: \_\_\_\_\_

Please enrol me as a Friend.

Please renew my membership.

(delete as applicable)

I enclose my subscription:

Friend: £2.00

Contributor: £5.00 plus

Family: £8.50

please list names of family members to be included  
(immediate family only):

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

(please tick the relevant box)



PETWORTH SOCIETY

Summer Programme - please keep for reference.

Sunday June 26th. Visit to Manor of Dean  
by kind invitation of Miss Mitford.

Cars. Leave Square at 2.15.

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Sunday July 17th  
Petworth Gardens Visit

Meet Petworth Square at 2.30.

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Sunday August 14th  
Harvesting visit to Heyshott

Cars leave Square at 2.15.  
Please check with noticeboards. This is at present  
a provisional date.

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Wednesday August 24th  
Rotherbridge Evening Walk

Leave Square at 6.15 p.m. . Cars.

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We have put off the proposed visit to the Weald and  
Downland this year because we already have enough  
visits. Please let us know if you wish us to put  
this on for next year.

Peter.

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.

From March 15th the annual subscription is £2. Double membership £2.50. Postal £3.00 (minimum). Further information may be obtained from any of the following:-

Chairman - Mr. P.A. Jerrome, Trowels, Pound Street,  
Petworth. (Tel. 42562)

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

Hon. Bulletin Sec. - Mrs. Margaret Hill, Whitelocks, Sheepdown  
Close, Petworth.

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. Sonia Rix,  
Mrs. Anne Simmons, Mr. D.S. Sneller,  
Mr. H.W. Speed, Mrs. R. Staker,  
Mr. J. Taylor, Miss Julia Thompson,  
Mr. E. Vincent.

Hon. Press Officer - Miss D.S. Gundry, Woodmans, St. Mary's  
Drive, Fittleworth.

As at 9th May 1983.

## CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

By the time you read this the monthly meetings will be over for the season. They have been particularly popular and well-attended this year. Fred Shepherd's wild-life pictures (often from Petworth itself) were their own testimony to his patience and skill while in April Michael Hay-Will spoke of his school for restoring antique furniture (and training future furniture restorers) at Burpham. We saw work in progress and the finished pieces. J's Coates Common Walk was popular too despite a drizzly afternoon, while as I write we have just returned from our annual visit to Cooke's House at West Burton, one of the most relaxed and enjoyable of all the Society outings. The other walks and visits are still to come as is Anne Smithells' talk on Farm Implements.

While the summer programme will not be finalised until later this month I would hope to have the Petworth Gardens Walk, A Gardens visit to the Manor of Dean, a farm visit for August harvesting, one or two walks and a visit to the Weald and Downland Open-air Museum at Singleton.

I include here a breakdown of Bulletin No.31 which has already been sold out for about a fortnight:

Printed 650	
Local Delivery	410
Postal Inland	130
Postal Overseas	8
New Members/sold/ complimentary	102
Total	650

The membership of the Society must now be moving towards 800 and its smooth administration does mean a lot of unsung hard work for a relatively small number of people. Please pay subscriptions promptly to save them the chore of sending out reminder slips.

Peter. 8th May 1983.



## A RECOLLECTION

The other evening the radio related the story of Sir Edward Elgar. Immediately I was back in 1920, walking with my mother up the long, dusty road which leads from the river at Fittleworth up to the church. A long, slow pull. It was a boiling hot afternoon and my cotten sunbonnet stuck to my head.

As we passed the church gate and turned left to climb an even steeper hill, we passed the house of a family friend. It lay back in its beautiful garden, windows open wide. The woods behind the house towered up the hill, sheltering it from strong winds.

With her finger to her lips my mother stopped, motioning me to keep quiet. As we stood in the road the notes of a piano came clearly out from the open windows. Not in any way like the tinkling my sister and I managed to perform.

No, this was masterly, a lovely melody with occasionally some crashing chords. I opened my mouth to question but was again hushed.

From tea-time visits I remembered the grand piano, but now I could see a strange lady in the garden.

"Where are Mr. and Mrs. Balcombe?" I whispered as we walked slowly on.

"They are at their seaside cottage for six weeks," was the reply. Lucky things! What would'nt I have given for a bathe in this heat. "Then who?" I queried, "That was Mr. Elgar playing," said my mother, "He is a famous composer and he and Mrs. Elgar have rented the house while the owners are away." I thought about this while the faint strains of music followed us up the hill. As a child of eight I was not very impressed, although I sensed that my mother felt it had been a wonderful experience to have heard him playing.

That August I sometimes saw Mr. Elgar out walking through the village, alone. He was very tall with a droopy moustache, and carried a long, staff-like stick. He used to go striding over the two bridges by the mill, speaking to no one as he passed.



Harvesting with a binder and three horses at Limbo c1930.





Mr. Balchin's Interstate tractor working at Limbo in April 1925.  
(Photograph by George Garland)

The following year he took a cottage at Bedham and rarely came down into Fittleworth. To a child he seemed a lonely, sad, stern man; and although I watched him pass I was in awe of him.

History relates today that he was indeed an unhappy man, but when I think about it I am glad that I once saw him and heard him playing.

P.C.

### BRICKMAKING AT COLHOOK:

#### 1. PREPARATORY TO FIRING

Winter was the dead season in the brickyard, a time for gathering wood for the furnace, great pieces of log or brushwood faggots, all to be stacked in great rows stretching as far as eye could see. Winter too, after the brickmaking finished in October, was the time to dig the clay for the next year so that the frost could get at it. The clay had to be weakened before you could use it, so it would be dug in late autumn. Wood-cutting would begin seriously about mid-November, usually copsewood bought beforehand from the Leconfield Estate.

The clay was dug by hand. There were three pits of brown clay and one of red and three carts of brown clay were needed for every one of red. You could not start brickmaking until mid-May because the unbaked bricks were stacked outside while still quite wet. If there were a frost they would crumble and be unfit for firing. Seven or eight men worked at the yard when I remember. When firing the bricks, three might be employed filling the kiln with the rest getting the wood ready for the furnaces.

If the weather were right in mid-May the brick-making season would start. The clay would be brought in by horse and cart and two big concrete pits filled up. Two were in use so that while they were using one they could fill up the other - filling could take some time. A pit would take twelve cart loads, nine of brown to three of red, with the red forming a layer sandwiched between the loads of brown. Once the pit was filled the clay had to be soaked with water and there was a pipe close by with a tap drawing from an adjoining pond.

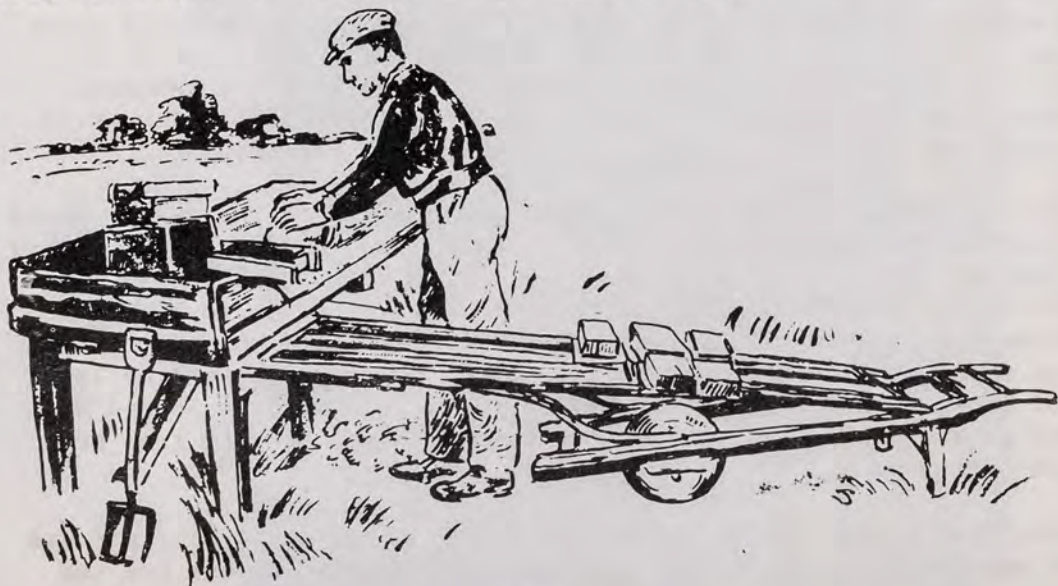
The clay would then be soaked for two or three days. The pit had a drain-hole in the corner and there were planks across the top



of the clay so that you could walk on it. The drain had a bung with a long cord and when started to use the clay you pulled the bung out to let the water run away. In my time you would then shovel the clay into a "jugging-machine", which mixed it up, breaking the clay with metal knives. It was then picked up on a kind of elevator which took it from the pit ready-mixed. This was somewhat new in my time, the mixing having formerly been done laboriously by hand.

The next stage was to work at the "tables" - more of a huge bench with a compartment on the left filled with sand to stop the clay from sticking. The brickmaker would shovel a big lump of clay onto the table, about twenty shovelfulls being needed to make the thirty bricks a barrow-load needed. The special elongated barrow appears in the illustration.

The table had a brickmaker's box in the shape of a brick fixed to the table at the bottom. The brickmaker would put the clay on the table, taking a big handful, then roll it into shape, pick it up, and throw it into the box or "mould". Any excess clay he would cut off using a bucket handle with a fixed wire, a tool known as a "bow". When you had cut off the "top", there was a trough in front with water in it and a piece of wood known as a "strike" which you would use to give the brick a smooth surface. Once the brick had been made you would take it off the mould, the frog turning it on its side as you took it off.



At the side of the table was another long arm with thirty pieces of board in the shape of a brick (not illustrated) - oblong but slightly bigger - and when you took the brick off the table you would lay it up against the board, continuing this as each brick was made so that you finished with every brick having a board underneath. The barrow would hold thirty bricks, fifteen up one side and fifteen up the other. The bricks would then be wheeled out to the drying "hacks" or sheds and taken off the wheelbarrow. They would then be stood on their side using an oblong board of the same size as those on the barrow but significantly thinner.

To get the bricks off the barrow the thin board would be placed on top of the brick and the brick stood up on end - they weren't laid flat - then the next one. The thin piece of board now separating the two would then be removed leaving a slight space between each brick. The bricks were laid on clay drain pipes, levelled off with sand, and each brickmaker had some six hacks. The hacks had aisles running down the middle for the barrows and two rows on each side. You would carry on until you had got the bricks stacked all along the floor of the hack at a single depth. By the time you had finished doing this, you would start stacking on the first bricks and would end up with the bricks standing eight high in the hacks to dry. It was hard to tell when they were ready for firing but it was usually reckoned that if, when you scratched them with your thumb-nail, they showed up white they were probably dry enough. The top five layers in the hack were stacked rather differently - every other brick being taken out and laid slant-wise. This way of laying them was known as "skinkling" but I don't know why this was only done for the top five rows. When sufficiently dry the bricks would be taken up to go into the kiln.

Riley Shotter was talking to the Editor.

### J'S BULLETIN WALK

I thought for a change we would take a walk to the north of Petworth, also some members have asked for some longer walks so this one takes about 3½ hours and being to the north of Petworth it is mainly over clay and gets a bit rugged in places.

We leave the town by Bartons Lane, opposite the church, and on passing through the kissing gate turn left following the path



that runs through the meadows below North Street. This always seems to me like leaving Petworth by the back door. When we reach the road we turn right for about 100 yards and then cross over to the pavement which we follow until we reach the turning on the left to Moor Farm, here we leave the road and follow the farm lane. Quite a few land marks can be seen from this lane, Petworth House and two of the churches, the monument at Upperton, the Bexley Hill aerial and away in the background Black Down. After about 1/4 mile along the lane we turn right at the bridleway sign and follow it along the edge of the field and the spruce plantation, then along the edge of the oakwood. On reaching the end of the oaks we leave the bridlepath and move straight on the footpath, over the stile and between the hedges to the next stile here turning right for a short distance then left across the field keeping the telephone pole for a marker, and on through the gate into the wood keeping straight on. When we reach more oak trees we follow the footpath to the right until it reaches a bridleway, here turn left, the house we have just turned away from is Black Brook farm-house. After walking about 200 yards we turn sharp left round the edge of the oak wood and on reaching the T bridleway sign we keep straight on with the open field on our left just through the trees, we can soon glimpse Petworth away to our left and pick up an idea of our position. When we reach a small hunting gate, the path veers away to the right into the wood, we follow this and soon come to a gate with the white Keyfox farm house directly to our front, we move along the left edge of the field through the big gate and along the lane past Ratford farm house out to the road turning right.

After about 300 yards we turn left at a footpath sign and over the stile keeping to the edge of the field, through a gap in the hedge, down the steps, over the foot bridge and on up to another stile, climbing this we walk 50 yards and turn left along the side of a wood to yet another stile with a footpath sign, here we cross the field at an angle to a gateway clearly in view, keeping to the edge of the field we walk on until we reach a stile and sign taking us into a copse. All these signs and stiles make the walk sound complicated but in fact at each point we reach, the next one is often in view so really it is not the puzzle it sounds. The path through the little copse we have now reached is not very clearly defined so we must pick our way and soon emerge onto the main road, here we turn to the left and after about 200 yards pass

through the gate into the park, keeping left along the edge of the fir plantation we carry on this line and keeping the pond to our left make for a dip in the brow of the hill with some large pine trees showing.

As we walk up the hill it is possible to look back on some of our journey and Moor Farm can be clearly seen a long way off, "haven't we done well." At the top of the hill we keep slightly left through the trees and when Petworth House comes into view we keep to the left side of it, through the iron gate and under the tunnel to North Street. I enjoyed this walk very much and found there to be an abundance of wild life especially in the Black Brook area, also large clumps of untouched wild flowers, in fact just as it should be.

### WORKING AT LIMBO

When my father moved to Limbo from High Noons just after the Great War it was a mixed arable and dairy farm of some 150 acres. In these early days it was run with horses but it wasn't long before my father, who was always interested in innovations, acquired a second-hand American Interstate tractor to do some of the really hard work. Jack Baker told me once that only 3 or 4 of these tractors had ever been imported and that if we had kept it it might have been quite valuable. I last saw it in a barn at Limbo many years ago where we used it for driving a machine for grinding cattle food. With an early tractor like the Interstate you were somewhat limited in that it was too heavy for jobs like binding and the steering was very peculiar. By the time you had taken up the slack on the steering you might well have wandered anything up to three or four feet off course so that it wasn't wise to use it anywhere near ditches! Still it did take some of the heavy work off the horses. I believe another Interstate went to Palfrey Farm but I don't know what happened to that either. Perhaps it's rusting away in a hedgerow somewhere. The later Fordsons had positive steering and could be used anywhere.

We had four horses at Limbo - two pairs. Two had been bought by my father as unbroken horses at the regular auction held in London at the Elephant and Castle. I suppose he had them sent down to Petworth by train and then collected them himself from the station. He broke them in himself, getting them used to having a harness on them. A young horse like that would go on for some twelve or fifteen years.



The working day at Limbo would begin at 5.30 with my father, myself and my elder brother going out to milk the cows, while my eldest brother, Maurice would go to the stables to feed and muck out the horses. We'd go back to the house for breakfast at 7.30. The horses had names and they knew them. Some horses could be stubborn but some were no trouble at all and would go down on their knees rather than gib at a job. It wasn't often that even a temperamental horse was difficult and if he was it would usually be because the carter wasn't thinking ahead. For instance if you were spreading manure you'd take the horse and cart to the highest point you'd need and bring him gradually downhill from there. If you got at cross-purposes with him he might hunch his shoulders up to the shafts and it would be a terrible job to get him to move, very difficult even to pull him round.

Mowing was a hard job for a pair: many farmers liked to start at 5 o'clock in the morning and give them two or three hours before the sun got hot. The long 5 foot knife on the cutter had to be sharpened after an hour and we did this on a narrow trestle with upright pins on the top on which the knife could be clamped so that the edge projected over the side of the trestle. Then we would sharpen the cutting edge with a file. We'd use a file for the mowers and an emery stone for the binder: the emery stone tended to make the cutting edge rough and jagged. This didn't matter for corn but grass which is much denser needed a more regular cut. For mowing the horses had to keep going at a reasonable speed so that the knife would cut through the dense stems. They seemed to know this and would need only the occasional slap with the reins to keep them going. For other farming tasks like rolling or drilling speed was not essential: the horses could go at their own pace.

To an extent the farmer had to plan his day to take account of the horses. You could not overwork them - for instance you wouldn't have them mowing all day. Or again we might have three horses on the binder all day but use four so that one of them was always resting. We might tie him up and let him chew away at the hedge or we might take him back to the stable. It didn't take long to change the harness, about five minutes perhaps.

Ploughing a field with horses had a technique of its own. You would first mark out a headland round the field to be ploughed to give the horses turning-space; this headland would form a kind of frame some five or six yards wide all round the field. You would

then "veer out" i.e. starting perhaps a quarter of the way across the field, plough quite straight up the field throwing out a thin furrow to the right to start ploughing back into. Turning at the end you would come back down the left hand side of the furrow again throwing out a thin furrow to your right. When you reached the headland you would turn left and start ploughing into the furrow you had just made, continuing this in a clockwise direction. This was known as "gathering". If (as in this case) you had started reasonably close to the headland you would continue gathering until you reached the headland at the side.

To continue ploughing you would then make another furrow some fifteen or twenty yards further on, veering out and gathering as before. You would continue doing this until you had accounted for some two-thirds of the distance between your two initial furrows. Obviously by this time you would be travelling further and further along the headland as each down furrow became further away from the preceding up furrow. To avoid this tramping the headland you would then finish the area by "splitting" i.e. turning left-handed until you had almost reached the area previously ploughed.

When you reached this point you would plough off a furrow to the right at half-depth, then come down and take out a full furrow, leaving half a furrow in depth to be ploughed. You would then come back the same way, taking out the half-furrow to bring the ground level. This was known as "crumbling" or "taking out the crumb". To plough the headlands you would start near the gate, your approach depending on how the field had been ploughed the previous year. If it had been ploughed to the right, you would go left, starting into the furrow left the previous year.

The horses didn't work all the time; on a pouring wet day for instance they would stop in the stable just coming out perhaps for water. Sundays too they never worked. Once my father was very badly behind with haying and got them all ready to go. Then he thought again and said, "No, it's Sunday," and put them back in the stable. He never thought of working the horses Sunday again. We'd feed them on oats and hay-chaff and they liked the odd mangold in the manger to chew. We'd often bring hay-chaff and straw into Petworth for feed. I remember Mr. Spurgeon, the vet buying it from us and also Mr. Payne, the butcher.

Once the mangold crop was off in the autumn we'd plough for winter corn and winter oats until about mid-November and if the weather



were right we might begin preparations for spring sowing. During the winter, the slack time in the farmyard, the horses might be in the stable a week on end, or equally they might be used to take hay round to the various yards or move a bit of manure out. This time, up till the end of February, was a time when you'd turn your hand to whatever needed to be done, trimming the hedges perhaps or even taking the opportunity to use the black harness oil to make the leather supple - just on the outside of course, not the inside that came into contact with the horse. It was no use starting to work the land until the weather was right and Limbo had some very different soil in different fields. The "Sand Field" had a great depression in it and it was said that from this field had come the sand used in building Petworth Church. Whatever the truth of this you could certainly "lose" a pair of horses in the dip i.e. as you looked from one end of the field to the other they would disappear from view in the dip.

Money was never easy and we did haulage work in addition to working the farm itself. A useful extra source of income was overwintering Kent sheep. We didn't have any sheep ourselves but we would contract to take a certain number from the exposed Kent marshes and keep them over the winter. The sheep would come up by train to Billingshurst and be met there by the agent. Drovers working with sheepdogs would then drive them to Kirdford where anything from 1,000 to 2,000 animals might be assembled on the piece of land beside the Half Moon. We would have made a prior arrangement to take a certain number and would know when they were due at Kirdford - and quite a sight it was. The number you had agreed to take would then be counted off and with a quick "Here you are, Mr. Balchin," the agent would turn his attention to his next client, leaving you to get them home. It needed two of us to drive the sheep home as we had no sheep-dog; my father having taken us to Kirdford with his motor-cycle and sidecar. When we did finally get them back to Limbo they could be put out to feed in the meadows or be hurdled in on such swedes or turnips as we had about. At the end of March we'd drive them back to Kirdford for the long journey home. Any that died in our custody we weren't paid for and the farmers always reckoned that if a Kenter was going to die on you, you'd much rather he died at the beginning before you'd begun to feed him. That way you wouldn't lose his keep over the winter.

Toby Balchin was talking to the Editor.

## "NOT SO DUSTY!"

My father worked for a grocer's at Wimbledon and would fetch and carry to places like Gamages and Harrods in the West End. He had some links with Petworth because both my grandfather and my uncle worked for Mr. Southin the blacksmith opposite the old White Hart in High Street. Eventually my father came down to Petworth and worked in the stone pits. Then hearing of a vacancy at Green's the grocers in Church Street, he applied and got the job. When Greens were taken over by Otways he worked on with them until Otways themselves gave up - living all the while in a cottage in Damer's Bridge that belonged to Otways. My mother had worked as a waitress at the old Swan and at the Half Moon, often at both simultaneously as they were both owned by Mrs. Pyecroft. In those days, before the motor car, people made overnight stays at hotels and the famous often came to Petworth - at Goodwood time particularly when the jockeys would put up at the Swan and the Half Moon. Although I had been born at Epsom, I was quite young when I came here and went to the Infant School under Miss McFarlane and Miss Wootton. I can remember Sunday School being held in the Iron Room and the prizes they gave for good attendance. The annual outing was to Bognor and we'd be taken down to the station in Mr. Rickett's furniture van - a pretty jolting ride that was - to catch the train at the station. One year we were given a change and went to Littlehampton but we didn't like that so well.

When he left Otways my father went on as a postman doing the Tillington and Upperton round but, with men being away during the Great War, he soon had a lot added to it. He'd start at six-thirty by doing his own sorting - he'd be given the letters for his area and have to sort them out for his round himself. He'd deliver in Lodsworth, clear the boxes and have to be back in Tillington by 10.30. Stag Park he had to do too. I used to help and I would probably have gone on as a postman except that when the Great War finished the regular postmen came back to reclaim their jobs: they had been kept open for them. I particularly remember pushing three great mail-bags up Horse Guards Hill at Tillington in a push-truck. It was a Sunday delivery one Christmas. My father's round was strictly timed because he was paid for the time he needed to take. I remember once a clerk going round with him to check the time taken and the distance. Some old lady had a registered letter and had to sign for it - or she would have done if she could have found something to write with!



There was a long hold-up while she fussed about trying to find something. "This won't do," said the clerk sternly, "you'll have to take it back again." The old lady was wasting Post Office time. It wasn't a cycle round and my father had to carry the parcels round on foot - hard work if there were any quantity of them.

I started off working at Eagers (now Davids in the Square) as an errand-boy. I'd deliver parcels and take bills round. After they'd closed at nine o'clock - shops opened till late in the evening in those days - I'd spend an hour sweeping top and bottom floors and the cloakroom and then about eleven o'clock I had to put the shutters up. This could be very difficult if the gears buckled as it could then take ages. In the end I left to work for Mr. Leazell the builder. Jobs were long then and you could be months working at one place. The first job was at Shillinglee working on alterations to the stables to make them into living quarters. There was no transport then so you walked to work, wherever it was, and when you went, you stayed the week, walking back on the Sunday. We'd sleep in the stables during the week. Pay was sixpence an hour and you were expected to be there on time. We were nearly a year at Shillinglee. The last week or so we had to go out to one of the farms to repair a barn. Normally we'd stop there but it was absolutely full of rats. I wasn't having any of that so that week I walked to and fro every day - leaving Petworth at half-past six and arriving there at 8 o'clock. One day we decided to take a short cut but we missed our way and ended up outside Squire Peachey's Ebernoe House. After Shillinglee we worked for several months at Fittleworth and then went to Burton Corner for four months to build a chimney. An old man who worked there had a pony and trap and when the animal died he had it buried with a service from the Prayer Book and ashes thrown into the grave. We didn't quite know whether to laugh or cry.

Mrs. Tiplady had the shop in High Street that would later be Whet-hams the grocers (now Eureka). She was a widow and besides the shop which sold sweets and things like that, tea, sugar and general groceries, she had a pony and trap. The pony would also draw a van if it was needed. I went to work for her and would take people to the station. I would also take pigs to market. In fact I would do almost anything. The lights on the trap were candles and I remember them once going out as I came round the Sadlers Row corner and into Pound Street. A policeman stopped me for driving without lights but I told him to feel the candle sockets which were still quite warm. As I only had to go down to the Pound he let me go on. This

was where we stabled the pony. Mr. Lamboll had what is now the Pound Garage at this time - he had a horse and cart and worked as a carrier. He also sold faggots, "hook-tips" and other burning wood and used to keep some of his stock in a big cellar at the top of Pound Street.

From Mrs. Tiplady I went on to work for Mr. Tate in Saddlers Row. He was a busy man but most of his jobs turned out to be rather dusty ones. Basically I suppose he was an upholsterer and decorator but he also did undertaking. He would restuff mattresses - you would empty the mattress case, then put the contents (which had got hard and lumpy by this time) through what was called a "devil-killer", a drum with a set of fearsome spikes, something like a chaff-cutter. This would tear up the flock material and get rid of the lumps. You had to be careful or the thing would chop up your hand as well! And the dust! We didn't use the devil-killer on the Petworth House mattresses as these had coconut fibre in them and we had to sit down and pick it by hand before putting it back.

Work was never easy to find in those years any more than it is nowadays. Hard weather would put men out and the winter of 1929 was hard. You could see as many as thirty men standing outside the Red Lion in those days. If a man heard of a job he'd tell his friend and so it got around. Everything was frozen in that year: Petworth Park lake was frozen and the Rector had a gramophone out there to accompany the skaters. People would come to the men outside the Red Lion and take them on for casual jobs - beating perhaps. The coursing meeting could need beaters to drive the hares into the copse from which they would be released into the sight of the dogs. The idea wasn't to catch them although if the greyhounds were slipped before the hare had a chance to get started they might well do so. The squealing of the hare wasn't something I ever got used to. I once saw two dogs so intent on the hare that they collided head on and the hare disappeared through the hedge. Another casual job was to help with threshing. Luggs from Billingshurst had the machinery and three skilled men, but the farmer had to supply the other men and they would take men on to do this. One farmer was well-known for having his machine break down and then saying, "There's no threshing today. I can't pay for doing nothing" and sending all the men away again.

Another of Mr. Tate's jobs was carpet-beating. He would go out to the big houses at spring-cleaning time, take all the carpets





John Tate's shop in Saddlers Row. Drawn by Rendle Diplock.



"Leaving Petworth by the back door" see J's Bulletin Walk.  
As the steeple shows the picture is an old one.  
It was taken about 1890.



(a)

Laid out for my Lord Percy

Given to George the fidler } 00-10-00

Given to S<sup>r</sup> Henry Goring =  
man for brinking a barrill of } 00-05-00  
Battell Powder . . . . .

Given to Will: the ffootman } 00-05-00  
for running to the sea-side

Given to the fishermen for } 00-12-00  
Rowing his Lord . . . . .

(b) Instruments for gunshot.

A large double probe.

A paire of incision shears.

Diuers sortes of forceps to drawe out bulletts  
or arrowe heads.

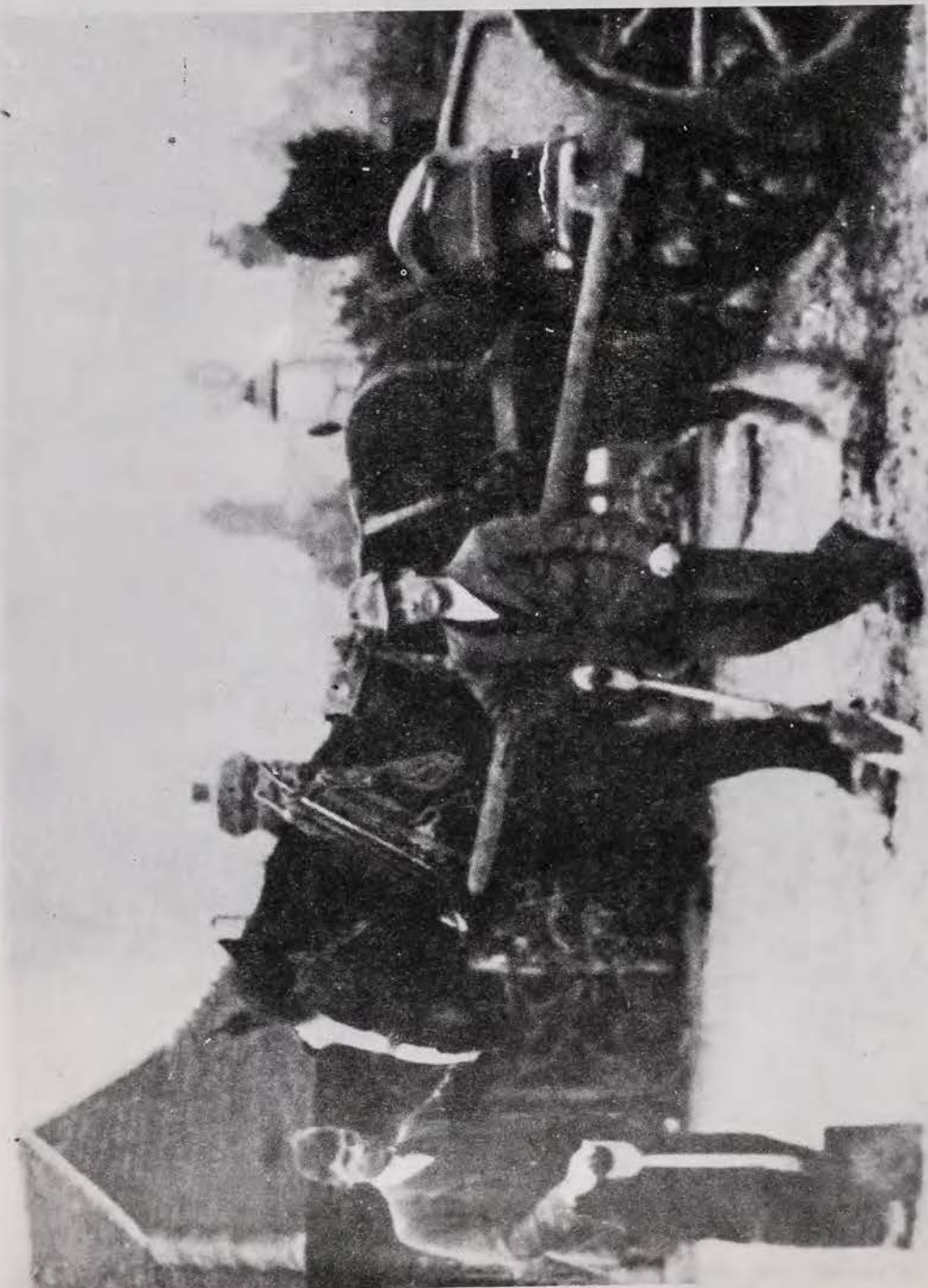
Sondrie sortes of Scrues to take bulletts out  
of bones or ioints.

Two straightforward mid-seventeenth century hands from Petworth House. (a) is from a book of disbursements coming from the time of the 10th Earl. "George the fidler" was extremely popular with my Lord Percy. The location of my Lord's excursion to the seaside is not known. (b) is a list of instruments used for dealing with gunshot wounds and taken from the handwritten encyclopedia PHA HMC 116. In order the instruments are double probe, incision shears, forceps and "scrues". (Reproduced here by kind permission of Lord Egremont)



Reg Baker at the rick with Crusion and Ben.





Les Southin (left) and Len Goddard carting clay to put in the pit at Colhook brickyard.

outside, hang them on the line and beat them with a long stick. Mr. Tate certainly came up with some dusty jobs and if you had no blisters on your hands when you started you would certainly have a few when you'd finished. Picture-framing was another of his specialities but the undertaking I was never keen on and kept away from as much as I could. When he left the Swan Corner premises Mr. Tate moved up to High Street and I worked there with him for a time.

Before I went on for Bryders the builders in 1937 I had two other jobs: working for Hursts the builders on the Grove Lane council houses and looking after the pigs at Hallgate Farm. The pigs were kept at River Hill and they were fed on pig-nuts - rather like Oxo cubes to look at. The bacon pigs had to be a certain weight and those of a size had to be kept together otherwise the bigger ones would eat all the food. I'd be back at Byworth by 10.30 to help with the farm, potato digging, mangold pulling, sugar beet - whatever there was to do. As Hallgate was still at this time a Leconfield Home Farm I'd sometimes go down to help at Frog Farm, another Home Farm. Sometimes too we'd go down to Coates to tie up the bracken in bundles for bedding for the Petworth House stables. It would have been cut the previous year and made into ricks each properly plaited with a thatch on. Bracken was wicked stuff when it was dry - it would go in to your hand and draw blood.

Bill Ede was talking to the Editor.

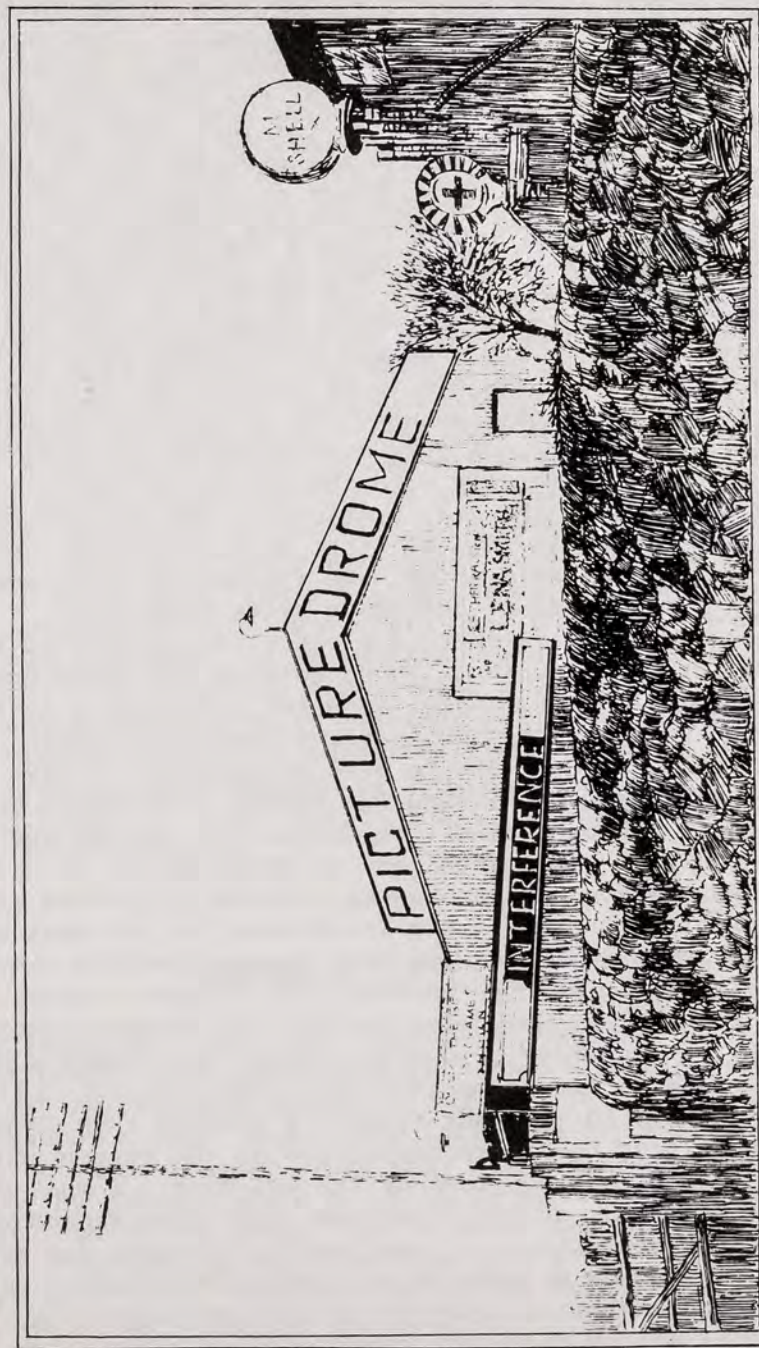
PETWORTH CINEMA (5)  
EARLY DAYS AT THE POUND. (c1925-1927).

So Petworth had no cinema; I was only hoping that one day something would turn up. In the meantime to keep my hand in I gave my services by operating at the Midhurst Cinema some six miles away, travelling back and forth on my Norton motor cycle. I was paid my travelling expenses both ways. I well remember one day as I arrived the generating plant was being dismantled by the Licensee; it appeared that the breakdown occurred soon after I had left the previous evening. This generating plant was installed down in the cellar basement under the Cinema foyer and a spare engine was standing by to be fitted. I asked him if he wanted any help, and I was amazed when he refused, he simply said, "I prefer to handle this on my own and in my way." He just lifted the engine bodily on to the bedplate as easy as a pulley block would have done.



This man was over 6ft and about 15 stone in weight and he certainly didn't know his own strength. The change over was completed under half an hour. Another interesting episode during my stay at Midhurst. The pianist promised me a piece of music and as the last reel of film was being shown I went down to the stage end to collect it. The pianist was playing quite normally to the film and was snoring his head off! I stood there watching him for quite a while before tapping on his shoulder, I really gave him a shock. He told me that he could memorise practically everything, having done so for very many years.

It was almost 18 months to the day before I was able to find a piece of building land measuring some 30ft. by 70ft. leasehold with a yard in the front to take about eight cars or a lorry or two, situated on to the junction of the Chichester and Midhurst road. This position was not altogether a desirable one but it made a start for something bigger. I made my own plans and presented them to the Council for approval. They were accepted as most tradesmen in the Town wanted a cinema again, to bring back the lost villagers from outlying districts. This Hall was 55ft long by 22ft wide leaving a 4ft pathway each side of the building for exits. It was constructed of Gal-iron corrugated sheeting with sheet asbestos lining, with a wooden framing approx twelve feet to the eaves and seventeen feet to the ridge, built on brick surrounds with 1" T and G flooring. It gave seating for 180 people. The ground rent was £25 per annum with a 25 year lease. The operating box was attached to the outside of the building approximately 6ft from the ground and being lined with asbestos plain sheets it was much warmer than the previous one we had in the Town. A small shed 8ft by 7ft housed a 6 hp Douglas twin engine direct coupled to a 4 KW. Dynamo previously used for search-light work during the later part of War I. The Powers No 6 Projector seats, carpets, curtains, came out of store; instead of using ordinary wooden chairs I was able to buy some plush running seating on iron standards to seat about 10 persons for each block. To heat the Hall we installed two large combustion stoves totally enclosed. This saved any trouble with flames flickering. As we had experienced before so here again the early patrons made a dash to sit near the stoves and some of them nearly scorched themselves by pulling the running seating as close as possible. There was only the centre gangway and no standing room was allowed. An 18" electric ventilation fan I fitted at the back of the Hall to draw the foul air and tobacco smoke away, but the trouble I found with this was that it also drew out the warm air. During the summer months I reversed the running of the motor to draw the cool air in, but this



Petworth Cinema in the 1920's.  
Drawn by Rendle Diplock from a snapshot belonging to Mr. T.S. Collins.



arrangement didn't please those sitting at the back on the raised platform who paid 1/10d to use the plush tip up seats: they complained of the cold air piercing down their necks, so I fitted two oscillating 12" fans one for each side of the Hall, with a sliding resistance fitted to the large fan for just ticking over. The screen size was a little larger than our previous one at the Swan Rooms measuring 12ft x 7ft with a black surround with screen tabs, which operated from one of the front seats nearest to the wall, worked either by me or by the usherette. This contraption I made up myself. It comprised a small 1/8 hp DC motor driving a pulley which operated the cord as one would normally do for any household curtain track as it had a double pole change over switch to reverse or to go forward. One had to be careful to leave this switch in a neutral central position when not in use. My youngest sister played the piano but I took over some evenings to relieve her when I had extra part time help with the projection work. Unfortunately my Father died the year previously, and did not see my new venture. Time just flew by, all that matters now was to book the best products available to me. We introduced lucky seat numbers taken from the numbers of admission tickets sold and scratched three or more numbers on to a black slide to show on the screen during the interval session. Those holding the lucky numbers were given a complimentary ticket each for a free seat during the following week. Serials kept our patrons together through wet, fog, or ice; they didn't want to miss an episode. I gave them what they wanted, serials such as ELMO THE MIGHTY - THE SACRED FLAME - THE PERILS OF PAULINE and many others to follow on. During one early summer Sir Allan Cobham's air circus came to Petworth for an air show and his representative came to see me, asking if I would be good enough to advertise these flights in advance for one week by showing a special film he had made for this purpose lasting about 10 minutes, to be shown during the interval. I thought this would do me no harm so I agreed, I was given 20-10/- air flight tickets to give away to my patrons free of charge, so my lucky numbers on the screen was twofold, a free complimentary ticket for the following week together with a 10/- flight ticket, I plugged this as much as I could by advertising two weeks beforehand on the screen and two double crown posters on the front of the building. I must confess, this did create a lot of local interest and I had a good week in spite of the great opposition. I kept two air tickets for myself and my girl friend now my wife Hilda. After our nightly programmes were over I used to rush home to try and get something on my home made Crystal set by tickling the crystal with the cats whisker, using only one pair of headphones. My aerial consisted

of a very long scaffold pole approx 35ft high and stuck into an old milk churn filled with brickbats and dirt, it had about 150ft of aerial wire attached and fitted to the ridge of the house, together with umpteen insulators of different sizes. One could just about hear some sound if everyone in the room was very quiet. I soon got fed up with this and built myself a Crystal and one valve set and I was able to plug in four sets of headphones. I bought two accumulators one to use as a spare while I took one to put on charge from a small switch board I made up during evening performances so I always had a fully charged battery. Things began to move at the cinema, I found it was such a tie for my sister Margaret to be playing each night although at times I did take over, but advertised in our local paper in the ads-section there was a pianola attachment for sale. This was an instrument that could be fitted over the key board of a piano with music rolls propelled and worked by one's own feet. I went along to see it and decided at once this is just the thing we wanted. I bought it for £5.0.0. together with a number of music rolls: each roll would last about 10 minutes or one could extend this time by pedalling a little slower. The only trouble was, when rewinding a roll one could hear the noise it made practically all over the Hall, we usually rewound the rolls during the interval. Our patrons didn't mind because they had music by mechanical means with no mistakes which did happen at times with any pianist through tiredness being so near the screen. Certainly the pianola was a godsend as Tom, Dick or Harry could play the thing after a little tuition, all one had to do was to pedal away for 2½ hours.

T.S. COLLINS

### FARMING AT UPPER D IDDLIESFOLD

My grandfather Cobby had a laundry at Ebernoe and I have heard older people talk about it. Hard work scrubbing with hard soap and drying on lines inside, or outside if the weather allowed. You needed a good faggot fire inside to get things dry so that they could be ironed. Then they would deliver in a horse and trap. My brother would go up to Tennyson's house at Blackdown, or at least to the lodge, but he never saw the poet himself. It was a long haul up there and the trap would go at no great pace. There were other laundries too in the district. Mrs. Upperton had one at Wet Wood and the Bridges sisters had another out at Gospel Green. They'd lay the laundry out on the common to dry



and had a little old pony and chaise which they would use to pick up the laundry and bring it back. The pony would be tethered out on the common and had a little rough stable of his own out there. There was great poverty then: I remember hearing how during one six-week period of severe snow and frost the commoners at Colhook had nothing to eat and the farmer told them to help themselves to swedes in the fields and take the peas he had stored in the barn. They had nothing else.

Grandfather Cobby worked the laundry and Thorn Hill farm until 1902 when the whole family moved out to Upper Diddlesfold. The farm belonged then to the Shillinglee Estate and Lord Winterton had the place put in order for us, cottages built and even a well dug. It was 60 feet deep and all excavated by hand. Upper Diddlesfold was a milk and arable farm of some 138 acres and we kept pigs and some sheep too. It was a family farm and we had hired help only very rarely - just a couple of men perhaps from Northchapel to do hoeing or harvesting when it was very busy. I didn't go to school after I was twelve because my brother was called up. I remember setting off down the road to school and my grandfather calling me back and telling me to take a pair of horses and get to work. Because my brother had gone I had been given permission to work on the farm. I never went to school again.

Diddlesfold was one of those farms that was alright if you caught the ground right. If you did, everything would go smoothly, but if for instance you worked the clay soil when it was wet and sticky you would have trouble and the crops wouldn't flourish. You had to work the soil when it was right. I suppose it was like hundreds of other small farms of the period: you became accustomed to the pattern of changing the crops, fields and pasture, the cycle of ley ground to grass, the five o'clock beginning to clean the horses and the daily milking. We would bring the milk away in churns by cart to leave it at Fisher Street crossroads. If we didn't get the milk down there by 8.30 there was no point getting it there at all.

We were basically a stock farm and hence much of our produce went to feed the animals. We would sell swedes, taking them out to Grayshott and Haslemere for feed. Like other farmers in the area we found overwintering Kent sheep a useful source of income. We would put them in to clear up the swedes - if you fed them on swedes you were paid a bit more for their keep. You were responsible for the sheep and if one died while it was with you you would get nothing from its keep during the time it had been with

you. The sheep would be brought along the road in big droves and were rested up at intervals along the road. Our sheep came off at Billingshurst Station but others came from Petworth.

As we didn't employ people, my brother and I had to be skilled at all the routine farm-jobs and my father showed me the various skills. In the early days he did all the rick-thatching. He also liked fox-hunting and one day my brother and I were waiting for him to come back and we began thatching a rick. When he did come back, my father lit up his pipe and said, "That's alright, I'll never thatch another rick again". And he never did - we always did it. Cutting the hazel spars, splitting them and pointing them was a winter-time job, they'd be kept on in the barn ready for use. When we needed them we'd first throw them into the pond, once it was wet you could bend and twist the hazel more or less as you wanted.

Threshing was an important task at Diddlesfold and one we didn't do ourselves, we'd contact Matthew Taylor from Northchapel who had a horse-drawn stationary engine for hire and he'd send out three men - one to look after the engine, one to feed the drum and the other to take the sacks off. If we had rats in the rick we'd put ferrets in to chase them out. As the ferrets went round the rick, the terriers would know just where the rats were coming out and catch them while they were still in mid-air. We'd stand by with sticks to make sure that none escaped but we never used shot-guns.

Down at the bottom of the rickyard was a round hay-steddle with piers and big timber sleepers on bottom covered with mesh. This prevented the rats from entering the rick through the bottom. It didn't stop them getting into the rick however - they would gnaw their way right up the rick and you could see the zig-zag marks on the side of the rick.

We might have three threshings a year. There was one in autumn, one just after Christmas and then most farmers would leave a big wheat rick for March to help with the rent. When we had finished with Matthew Taylor's machine we would take it on to the next farm that had hired it. This was the custom. I remember Matthew Taylor well. He was very highly respected in Northchapel. He was what you would call a yeoman farmer, renting and subletting farms. He also travelled round the south working as a Valuer and was very highly thought of in this regard. Most farms at



this time belonged to the great estates like Leconfield or Shillinglee, but Mathew Taylor was his own man. He was a short, rather stocky man who would talk to anyone - not at all aloof. He was one of the first people at Northchapel to have a car - perhaps the very first even - and I heard that when he wanted to go out in it two days running his chauffeur refused saying that it would get tired - it needed a day off for a rest and a polish! Much of Northchapel belonged to him and people looked on him almost as the squire.

Much of our grain we kept for feed; the winter oats being particularly good for the horses and we stored the oats in the big bins rather than sacks. The horses worked hard and my father would allot each of them so much oats a week. I liked to feed the horses up and got round my father's system by boring a hole in another bin and getting out a bit extra. This worked well enough until my father opened the bin and wanted to know why the oats in it had sunk down so much in the middle.

We didn't use a press for hay but this meant you did have to stack the rick properly. We'd cut the hay out with a hay-knife, (the 'L'-shaped blade being 3 feet by 2 feet) and then, thrusting in a hay spear, bring it down the "steps" we had cut in the rick. It would be weighed and tied with hay-bands. Fertiliser we didn't use a lot, sulphate of ammonia mainly to green up the crops or basic slag for the meadows to make the grass sweeter and bring up the clover. Dressing with slag was a filthy job - you'd get absolutely smothered with it.

Mangolds we grew a lot of and they would be stored in a "pie". One man would stack them, carefully placing them crown upward, then when we were hedging we'd use the trimmings to cover them and, when autumn was well on, give them extra protection with a covering of earth. Every so often you'd put in a wedge of straw to let the air in.

Some of the milk we would make into butter and in the early days we'd sell it round the neighbourhood or to the International at Haslemere. The fresh milk would be laid out in great pans in the dairy and the next day we'd skim off the cream and feed the remaining milk to the pigs. Butter was funny stuff - sometimes you could work all day and it would never come. The secret I found was to keep it at one speed and one speed only. If you began as if you had all week to spare then it would take you all week - you had to

put some effort into it. There was no running water at Diddlesfold: everything had to be pumped up from the well - even the water we used for cooling the milk.

We were right on the Leconfield boundary and in the early 1920's the Shillinglee estate sold the farm off. Colonel Baker's father bought it and gave his son the income of the farm as a twenty-first birthday present. It was £100 a year, paid in two six-monthly instalments of £50.

Reg Baker was talking to Mrs. Walters and the Editor.

### PETWORTH GOAL (3)

The goal at Horsham was closed in 1843 and in that year, arrangements had to be put in hand for making Petworth "a new common goal as well as a house of correction" i.e. to fit Petworth to take a number of special prisoners such as debtors. A minute book and accounts for the Committee superintending these charges are among the Quarter Sessions documents and many Petworth tradesmen figure in the accounts, among them William Hamman for bricklayer's work, Thomas Simmons for carriage of sand, and Samuel Pullen for carting. The necessary changes do not appear to have been very extensive, prisoners were employed on some of the work. The main contractor appears to have been Edward Hills of Arundel. In October, 1843 the committee were able to report to the court of Quarter Sessions that "the new buildings are now ready to receive debtors and all prisoners to be admitted to the common gaol." In January, 1844 there were in the prison, 44 persons, 37 male and 7 female. Amongst the former, just one debtor.

The prison in the 1840's continued under Mance's governorship much as before. In 1843 he was ordered by the Secretary of State to increase allowances which had fallen beneath the statutory. In 1848 the governor reported "one whipped for inciting others to mutiny, 21 confined in dark for refusing to labour, damaging the prison property or repeated offences". In 1851 Mrs. Sarah Mance died aged 62. Her tombstone is in the Bartons. She had been matron for 27 years. Mance's long period as governor was drawing to an end. In 1854 a prisoner escaped during the night "by removing the brickwork under the window of his cell and scaling the prison wall by means of a ladder made of the machinery on which he was employed in weaving. The prisoner was recaptured



near Lewes". There was an investigation of this matter. Mance was clearly incorruptible, but there were occasions both during his governorship and after it when the turnkeys were discovered abusing the rules eg. by being bribed to bring tobacco into the prison or being remiss in their duty to guard the prisoners. Sometimes the offending official was suspended, sometimes he was dismissed.

The new governor, William Linton, took over in 1856. He was possibly less austere than his predecessor had been and in his first annual report he states that he has made considerable alterations in the discipline and arrangements of the prison. The prison was enlarged in 1858 and the station house erected. Petworth was the HQ for the newly formed county police force. Documents for this period are much less detailed than earlier ones, although the chaplain's reports occasionally shed a sharp incidental light on changing conditions in Victorian England. So in April 1867 Alexander Combes reports to the visiting justices "Numerous persons have been convicted under the vagrancy acts and doubtless this number has been somewhat increased by the severity of the winter - they appear to consist of professional beggars and improvident persons, many of whom can earn very high wages when at work ... the fact that men who can earn high wages at their trade have been committed to prison for begging would shew the importance of promoting and encouraging saving habits among our artisans".

Alexander Combes was the new chaplain, Thomas Brown, who had served from 1849-1865, having retired. On a number of occasions (as 27/12/67) Combes notes 'several absent from the services for want of room'. The chapel was rebuilt in 1868. A memorandum from Mr. Linton the governor suggests that a principal reason was the insecurity of the existing chapel. Combes notes in a report of October, 1869 "In this period there has been the usual influx of travelling thieves and disorderly persons who are drawn to the towns upon our sea-coast by the attractions offered in the summer months".

In 1873 the warders presented a signed memorial asking for more pay and included in their request Standing Penfold the long-serving master manufacturer. The justices do not appear to have agreed with the warders. Significantly in his report of October, 1875, Alexander Combes reflecting on his ten years as chaplain, notes the great decrease in numbers in the prison. "In the year 1865 at the close of which I was appointed, the daily average was 104. For the Prison year ending 30th September last, the daily average has been 63."

There survive from this late period, some letters from John Edgington and Co., tent and cloth makers, concerning work commissioned by them from the prison manufactory. Also a handwritten prospectus on behalf of S. Penfold offering sacks, ropes, cocoa matting, mops etc. for sale and advising clients of his impending transfer to a similar post at Portsmouth.

The Quarter Sessions records contain little or nothing later than 1878. A report of 30th March of that year states "the whole of the manufactured goods and raw materials in the factory have been disposed of and the surplus (after payment of bills and wages of Trade Instructor) handed over to the Treasurer of the County to the credit of the county rate". There is some correspondence with Whitehall concerning the closing of the prison and the transfer of the property from the crown authorities, but I have seen no documents that relate to the actual closing-down of the prison, nor to its demolition apparently in the early 1880's. The police force for which Petworth was still the county HQ took over the governor's house and the other two houses and used them as their HQ, which it remained until 1897 when the HQ was moved to Horsham.

(Concluded).

(This is no more than an introduction to the old gaol, there is a good deal more information available in the Quarter Sessions Documents and incidental information in other sources such as the Goodwood House Archives. Ed.)

FROM MR. J.L. VINCENT

85 Wellmeadow Rd,  
Lewisham,  
London, S.E.13 6TA.

Hon. Bulletin Secretary,  
Dear Mrs. Hill,

2nd March 1983.

I am a member of the Petworth Society and wish to ask whether a paragraph can be inserted in the Magazine along the following lines.

I would be most pleased to receive any information, recollections, copies of photos or exchange information on the Boxalls of Lodsworth and Petworth.



My particular interest is Henry Boxall 1810 Lodsworth - 1877 Petworth. His wife Eliza 1827-1916 when she died at the Queens Head, the residence of her daughter Emily Henley. Other children included Albert my grandfather who migrated to Rotherhithe, Violetta who married a Dutton, Jane who married several times, Priscilla who married a Langridge.

Also the related Barhams who farmed at Little Common, Tillington. A direct descendant Roland still lives in this area, I believe.

I will pay for any correspondence, photos etc., and answer all letters. I can call if people wish and copy photos - they will not leave their owners possession.

#### PETWORTH HOME GUARD

Mr. Eric Milam of 27 Church Road, Horsham is writing a book on the Sussex Home Guard and would very much like to talk to any former members in the area. Please get in touch either with him or with me.

Peter.

#### PETWORTH CHURCH C 1623

*The walls want some poyntinge and  
roughe castinge in some places the pulpitt  
in the bottome the pulpitt wanteth a cover.*

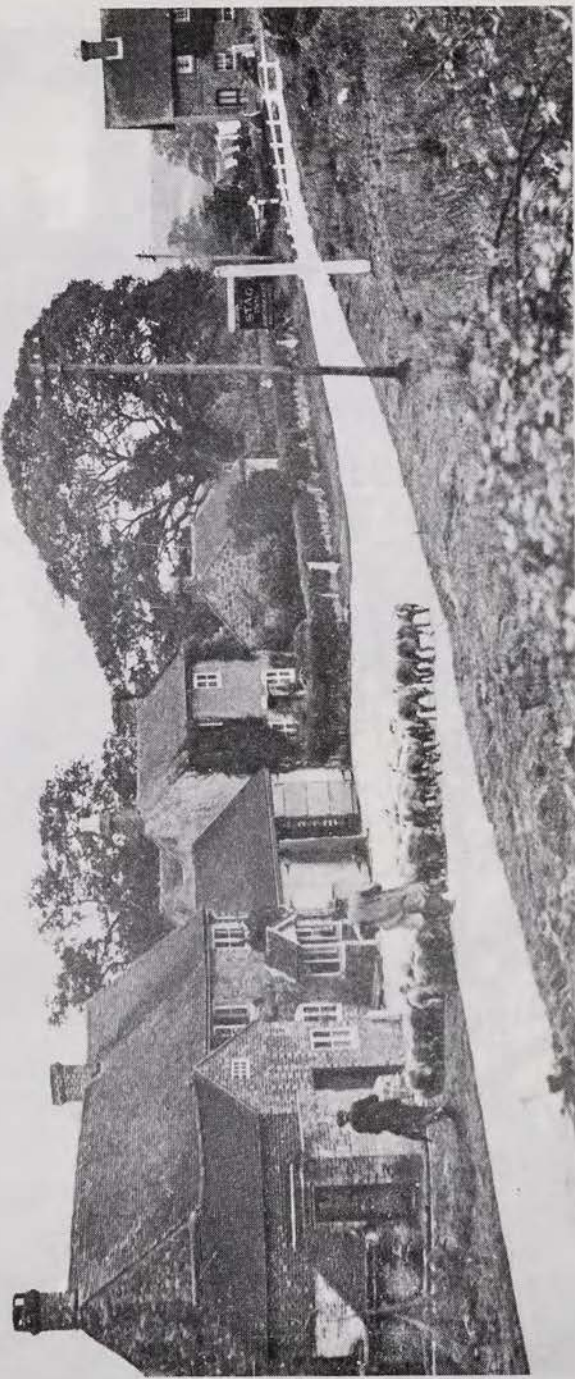
"The walls want some poyntinge and roughe castinge in some places the seats be unplanked in the bottome the pulpitt wanteth a cover."

(A Midhurst Deanery Report. West Sussex Record Office  
Ep1/26/1).



Kent sheep on their way to Ebernoe in September 1938.  
(Photograph by George Garland)





Kent sheep passing the Stag at Ball's Cross in September 1938.  
(Photograph by George Garland)

## SOME OLD HUNTING TERMS

Exact technical terms relating to different beasts of "forest, chase and warren", coming from the mid-seventeenth century hand-written encyclopedia PHA HMC 116 reproduced here by kind permission of Lord Egremont.

The different ages of a hart.

*A Harte the 1 yeare is caled a Calfe.  
2 yeare a Brokett.  
3 yeare a Spayard.  
4 yeare a Staggard.  
5 yeare a Stagge  
6 yeare a Harte  
If hunted by the kinge or Queene a Harte Royall.  
Alsoe hee may be a Hart proclaymed.*

A harte the 1 yeare is caled a calfe  
2 yeare a brokett  
3 yeare a spayard  
4 yeare a staggard  
5 yeare a stagge  
6 yeare a harte  
If hunted by the kinge or queene a hart royall.  
Alsoe hee may be a hart proclaymed.

We may recall the old hymn "As pants the hart for cooling streams,  
when heated in the chase..."



A Harte or Bucke goeth to rut.

A Roo goeth to his Turne.

A Boare goeth to the brimme.

A hare or conie to the bucke

A fox to clickettinge.

A wolfe goeth to mach or to his make

Suet of a Deere.

Grease of a Boare.

Beay greace of a Roo.

Fumetts or Fumishings of a harte or deere.

Crottells or cratisings of a hare.

Leses of a Boare.

Trants of a Fox. and all other vermins,

The slott of a Harte.

The view of a Deere.

The track or treadinge of a boare.

A Hare soreth in the playne field.

Doubleth when she runneth about to deceave y<sup>e</sup> dogges

Pricketh in a way.

Traceth in the snowe.

The taye of a harte.

The single of a Deere.

The wreathe of a boare.

The busche of a fox.

The stearne of a wolfe.

The scutt of a hare.

A hart or bucke goeth to rut.

A roo goeth to his virne(?)

A boare goeth to the brimme

A hare or conie to the bucke

A fox to clickettinge

A wolfe goeth to mach or to his make.

Suet of a deere

Grease of a boare

Beay greace of a roo

Fumetts or fumishings of a harte or deere

Crottells or cratisings of a hare

Leses of a boare

Piants of a fox and all other vermins.

The slott of a harte

The view of a deere

The track or treadinge of a boare

A hare soreth in the playne field.

Doubleth when she runneth about to deceave ye dogges

Pricketh in a way

Traceth in the snowe.

The taye of a harte

The single of a deere

The wreathe of a boare

The busche of a fox

The stearne of a wolfe

The scutt of a hare.



NEW MEMBERS 30-4-83

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Mr. and Mrs. K. Cooper, Micawber House, Woolpit, Nr. Bury St.  
Edmunds, Suffolk.  
Mr. and Mrs. D. Callingham, c/o 11 Grove Lane, Petworth.  
Mr. Farley, 28 Brighton Road, Horsham.  
Mrs. S. Goldsmith, 8 South Grove, Petworth.  
Mr. and Mrs. Guest, Milland, Balls Cross, Petworth.  
Mrs. R. Goff, George House Cottage, East Street, Petworth.  
Mrs. F. Gourlay, Dairy House, Elsted, Midhurst.  
Mrs. D. Greves, Meadow Cott, Northmead, Petworth.  
Miss S.A. Hart, White-Gate, Bell Lane, Cocking.  
Mrs. E. Ismay, 41 Sheepdown Drive, Petworth.  
Mr. A. Knott, 19 Sherbourne Road, Chichester.  
The Hon<sup>ble</sup>. Mrs. P.K. Minnitt, Whitelock, Sutton, Nr. Pulborough.  
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Miss A. Pullen, 22c Luffs Meadow, Northchapel.  
Mr. and Mrs. R. Pidgley, 4 Danehourst Crescent, Horsham.  
Mrs. P. Rose, 23 Luffs Meadow, Northchapel.  
Mr. and Mrs. Sewell, 94 Winterbourne Road, Chichester.  
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Mrs. F.E. Wells, Dacre, Fittleworth, Sussex.  
Mrs. F.P. Wright, 51 Coombe Lea, Grand Avenue, Hove.  
Mrs. P. White, 265 London Road, Petworth.



