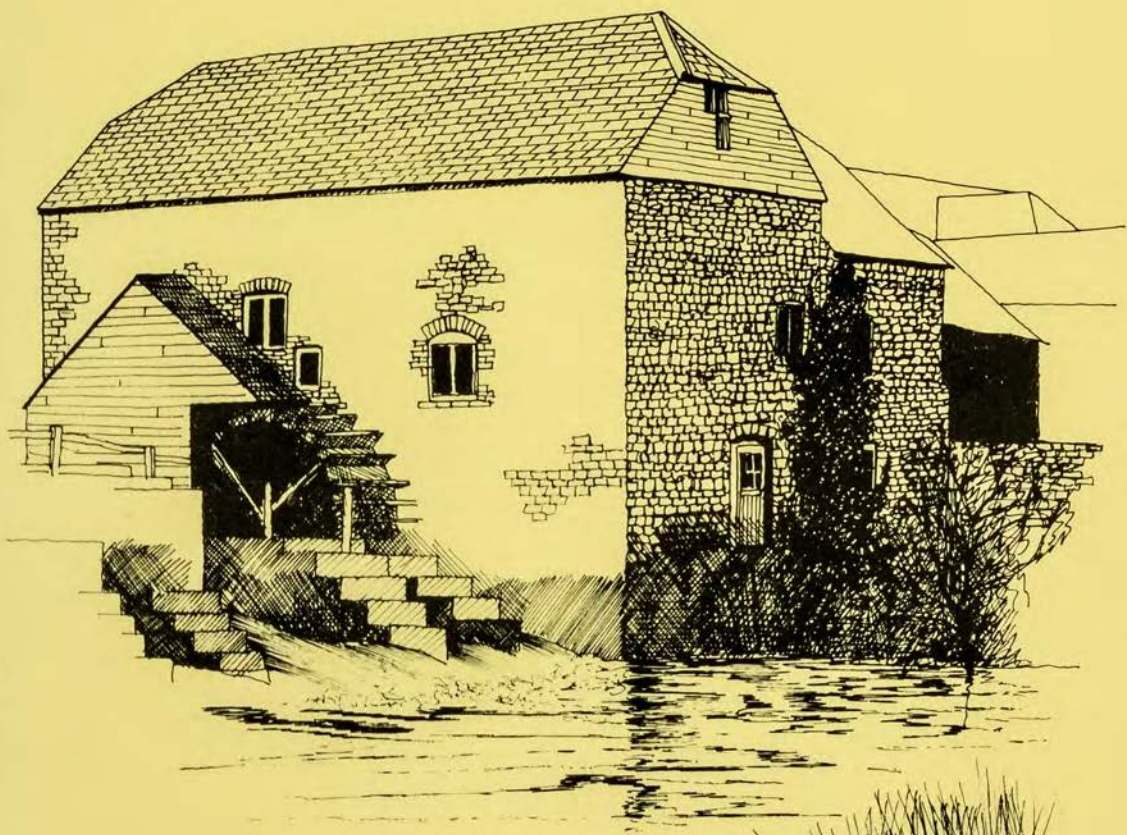


Miles Exall

# The Petworth Society



BULLETIN No. 36  
JUNE 1984  
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Cover design by Jonathan Newdick drawn from a photograph by Walter Kevis. It shows Old Coultershaw Mill burned down in 1923.

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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 £2.50. Single or Double one Bulletin delivered. Postal £3.50. Overseas £4.00. Further information may be obtained from any of the following:-

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assisted by Mrs. J.M. Hamilton and Mrs. D.  
Franklyn

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Miss Julia Thompson, Mr. E. Vincent.

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

## CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

*The monthly meetings will begin again in October. In February Fred Shepherd's film took us on a tour of the Downs while in March Tony Wales gave us an evening in old Sussex. In April Peter Brandon spoke on the Sussex landscape. Three quite different speakers but all excellent. The monthly meetings have been particularly well-attended this year and without suggesting a connection, I have to say also that the catering has been consistently superb.*

*J's downland walk on a Sunday morning in March was something of an innovation but quite well supported and worth trying again. In early April Miss Mitford gave a good number of members an extremely pleasant and relaxed afternoon at Manor of Dean, while at the end of the month some seventy members paid a visit to Arundel as guests of the very hospitable Arundel Society. A very enjoyable afternoon indeed. You will recall that the Arundel Society visited us last October. The tombola at the Leconfield Hall yielded us a profit of £74 after expenses had been deducted. Could I thank those who gave and those of course who helped on the stall.*

*Mrs. Margaret Hill is relinquishing the post of Bulletin Secretary and retiring from the committee. We are very grateful for all her hard work over the past four years. Her successor as Bulletin Secretary is Mrs. V. Sadler of 52 Wyndham Road and she will be assisted by Mrs. J.M. Hamilton and Mrs. D. Franklyn. Mrs. Sadler will not however be taking Mrs. Hill's place on the committee.*

*The new plate will be ready in June and Don Stewart-Tull will have samples of this and other work by Tulben Products on show at the Society's Festival Exhibition on June 16th. As usual buy a plate if you like it but don't feel under obligation. Our aim is to provide a service and, hopefully, recoup our initial expense.*

*Supplies of Bulletin 35 are now virtually exhausted but I would imagine that anyone who wanted one has managed to get a copy. Back numbers of 35 will however be hard to come by.*

*If anyone is still puzzling out the script at the top of page 34 in the last Bulletin I have to tell you that it was printed upside down. Our apologies for this.*

*Please note that the Coultershaw Water Wheel and Beam Pump is open from 11.00 a.m. to 4.00 p.m. on the 1st and 3rd Sunday of each month*



till September. Admission is 30p and the pump is now a scheduled Ancient Monument.

Could I remind you of the "Evening of Midsummer Madness" at Manor of Dean on Friday 15th June. It begins at 7.00 p.m. and includes Morris Dancers, Madrigal Singers, Side shows, Musicians and all manner of other entertainments. At £3 a ticket in aid of St. Mary's Petworth and All Hallows Tillington this evening is to be warmly recommended.

Mr. Beesly of 31 Grafton Road, Selsey is anxious to obtain a copy of Lady Maxse's "The Story of Fittleworth" now quite scarce. If anyone has one they are prepared to sell perhaps they could write or telephone him on Selsey 604249.

5th May, 1984.

Peter.

P.S. Please note the Society's Festival Exhibition is on June 16th. It is not as the Festival literature says on June 23rd. While I am not noted for my accuracy with dates, this time I am definitely not guilty. See you on the 16th!

### SIXTY YEARS AT "LLOYD GEORGE COTTAGES"

I was born on May 12th 1914 at No.1, Station Road, Petworth, then known at Lloyd George Cottages, the very first of twelve council cottages. No.1 was ready for my parents to move into in April 1914, as I was expected soon, and for a number of weeks we lived there with eleven unfinished houses alongside.

Before this, Mum and Dad lived in what was known as the Red Lion Yard at the back of the Queen's Head in High Street.

There were eight cottages there, belonging to Mr. B.S. Austin, who was affectionately known to his tenants as BE STEADY. He must have been the best of landlords, as the welfare of his tenants always took first place, there was coal delivered to each family at Christmas, and a gooseberry pie given to each household every Whitsuntide, and I remember my Mother telling me that if a family was hard pressed, the meagre rent was forgotten.

As I got older, I could name every family from Heathend to Hampers Green. Petworth was in those days a close knit little town, everybody knew everyone else.

Looking back, it seemed we were very remote from the rest of the world, as we saw no visitors, the only strangers being the old knife grinder who came to town once a year, and gipsy women selling clothes pegs.

The only "traffic" was push bikes or horse drawn carts. If we had't a bike, it was "Shanks Pony" everywhere. I remember Gussy Wakeford calling with the milk, which he carried in a large churn in the back of the cart, he would draw the milk from that into a smaller one and would fill our jugs with a long handled dipper.

The Sunday School treat to Littlehampton or Bognor was the day of our lives, apart from the thrill of going to the seaside, was a ride in a real train from Petworth Station, later we travelled in buses.

Then there were the "Days" in the summer, Leconfield Day was opened by Lady Leconfield, and British Legion Day started from the Square, with the town band and half the population marching alongside to the Park, where Andrew Smith's Fair would be in full swing and the beer tents doing a roaring trade.

I can remember my Dad in the band, a little man, playing a large euphonium!

My school days began at the Infants School, at the top of Rosemary Lane, where the Library now stands. My headmistress was Miss Mary Wootton, and her twin sister, Miss Margaret Wootton was headmistress at the Girls School in East Street, while their Father was Headmaster of the Boys School in North Street.

In spite of our geography lessons, the outside world was, to us, far away places with strange sounding names!

We never saw air planes or motor cars, in fact, Station Road was our playground, we'd be out playing in the road all day with a ball, or hoop and stick, or a pair of home-made stilts, or a bit of Mum's clothes line for a skipping rope, we made our own fun and never asked for more, and I can never recall Mother telling me to take care when I was out of her sight. As I have said before, we walked everywhere, and often my Mum and me would go "wooding" in the copses. A sack of fallen branches would heat Mum's copper for Monday's washing. We'd also have the pleasure of gathering a few first primroses or bluebells.



In the long summer holidays we'd play all day in the corn field at the back of our houses. The stacked corn sheaves made wonderful hiding places, or became a fabulous castle! The farmers would welcome us when the sheaves were gathered in, as we, armed with stout sticks, would kill the mice as they scampered out, and many times we would proudly take home a nice rabbit for next days dinner.

I am still here at No.1. 70 years on, except for the years when I was in "service" and the first few years of my married life, this has always been my home, am I the longest lived council tenant? I wonder.

How it has all changed. The cornfield on the west side has made way for a large housing estate, and the same on the east side which was all orchards and so beautiful in Springtime when they were all abloom.

My playground, the road is alive with traffic, rushing up and down all day and half the night, but that's progress, and we all have to go with the times!

Mrs. F.M. Pugh.

TWO EIGHTEENTH CENTURY REMEDIES

For a harsh that have the galon  
brandy and aneseed water and ouyl  
of turpentyne of Eysh a small quantity  
and a litell black peper and give the  
hors a litell to drink and after give  
hem a quart of oyle finecrik and a cynon  
and lickarish or Glickarish powder boy  
all theas together put in a litell oyl  
of turpentine and a litell brandy and  
a litell peper and give hem to drink

for a harsh that have the galon

Brandy and aneseed water and ouyl of turpentyne of eysh a small quantity and a litell black peper and give the hors a litell to drink and after give hem a quart of oyle finecrik and a cynon and lickarish or lickarish powder boy all theas together put in a litell oyl of turpentine and a litell brandy and a litell peper and give hem to drink.

These two recipes both come from an old book of farm accounts. The rest of the page bears the date June 1721 and the spelling is very rustic. The recipe is clear enough except for the precise nature of the horse's malady. The contents of the potion would seem to suggest constipation but does anyone actually know the expression galon? Oil of turpentine was prepared by distilling pure turpentine and oyle finecrik is a distillation from the seeds of fenugreek a legume much used by the old-time farriers.

For a sprick with a needle or stub or grate  
take washit well with this after <sup>and</sup> wash  
take vary <sup>grace</sup> acorn: honey of Gatch and  
ounce stronge vinegar halfe ~~ounce~~  
a pint maroney sublime and ~~a~~  
✓ roman vitroll halfe an ounce <sup>of Gatch</sup> but  
but all ye ingredients in pounds and  
bould over a mild fire a quarter  
of an hower and apply to ye bottom  
of any wound but especially where  
there is flesh grows.



For a prick with a nayle or stub or graine or tack wash it well with this after mintiond. Take vardeygreece allom: honey of eatch one ounce stronge vinegger halof a pint marcorey sublime and roman vittroll halof an ounce of eatch but (but) all ye ingredence in powder and bouled over a mild fier a quarter of an hower and aplid to ye bottom of aney wound but espesheley whare proud flesh grows.

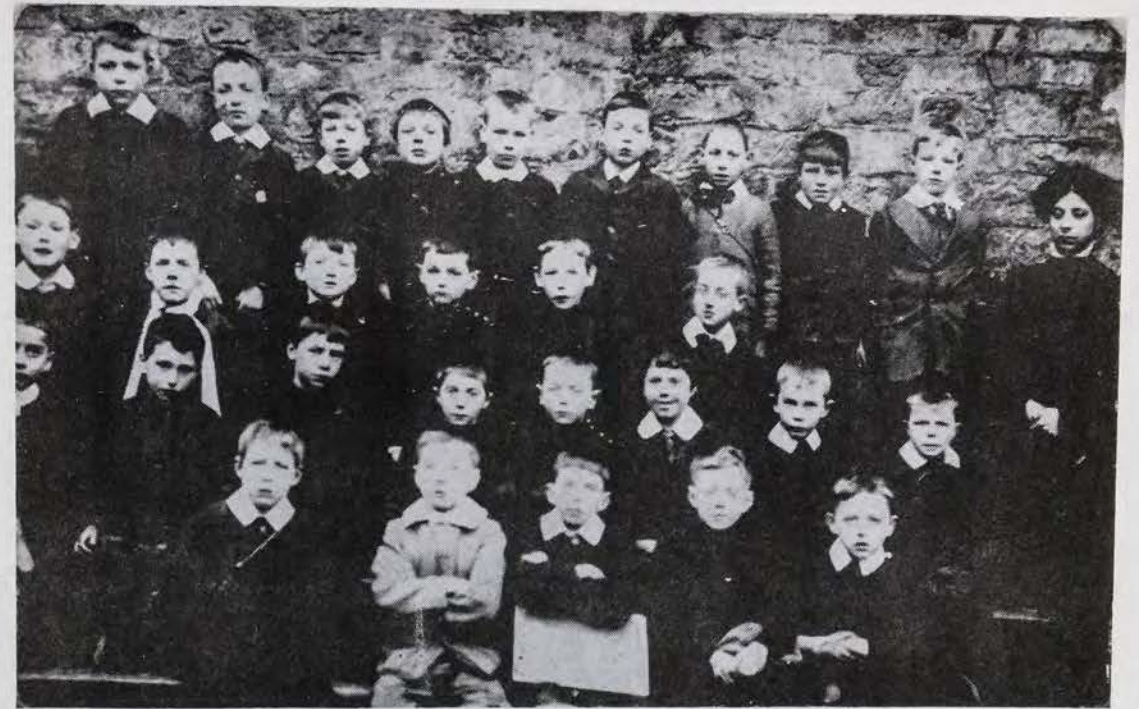
This drastic remedy would seem to be directed against the possibly serious effects of being cut with an infected piece of metal. A grain is one of the prongs of a pitchfork. Verdigris is the green deposit often found on copper or brass when it has been left for a time. It was used in medicine and also as a pigment in painting. Alum is used as an astringent. Sublimated mercury (mercuric chloride) is a white crystalline substance which acts as a violent poison. Roman vitriol is a corrosive metallic sulphate.

(These two documents courtesy of Messrs. Anderson, Longmore and Higham)

### A BAKER'S BOY

I can remember being at the Infants School where the Public Library is now. Miss Field was the headmistress in those days before the Great War and Miss MacFarlane was her assistant. Once I tripped a girl up as we marched back into school after play-time and Miss Field said, 'You stop till last Herrington'. So I stood there with my foot against the scrape. I waited and waited and no one came so finally I ran home. My mother was surprised to see me back and I had to say that Miss Field had let me come home. The next morning however Miss field was ready for me: she wasn't allowed to have a cane but she had a piece of picture frame which served much the same purpose.

We lived in Pound Street in one of the three cottages just below Magnolia, the home of the head forester on the Leconfield Estate at that time (Mr. Wilcox). The cottages are all demolished and a lay-by stands there now. Our house was very small and somewhat peculiar in that one room was more or less beneath the ground and there was a bedroom on ground level. All of us lived there, my sisters May, Ethel, Ivy and Lil together with myself and our parents. I can't think how we all slept - there were just two bedrooms for the whole family. I would be about six at the time and the year would be perhaps 1909.

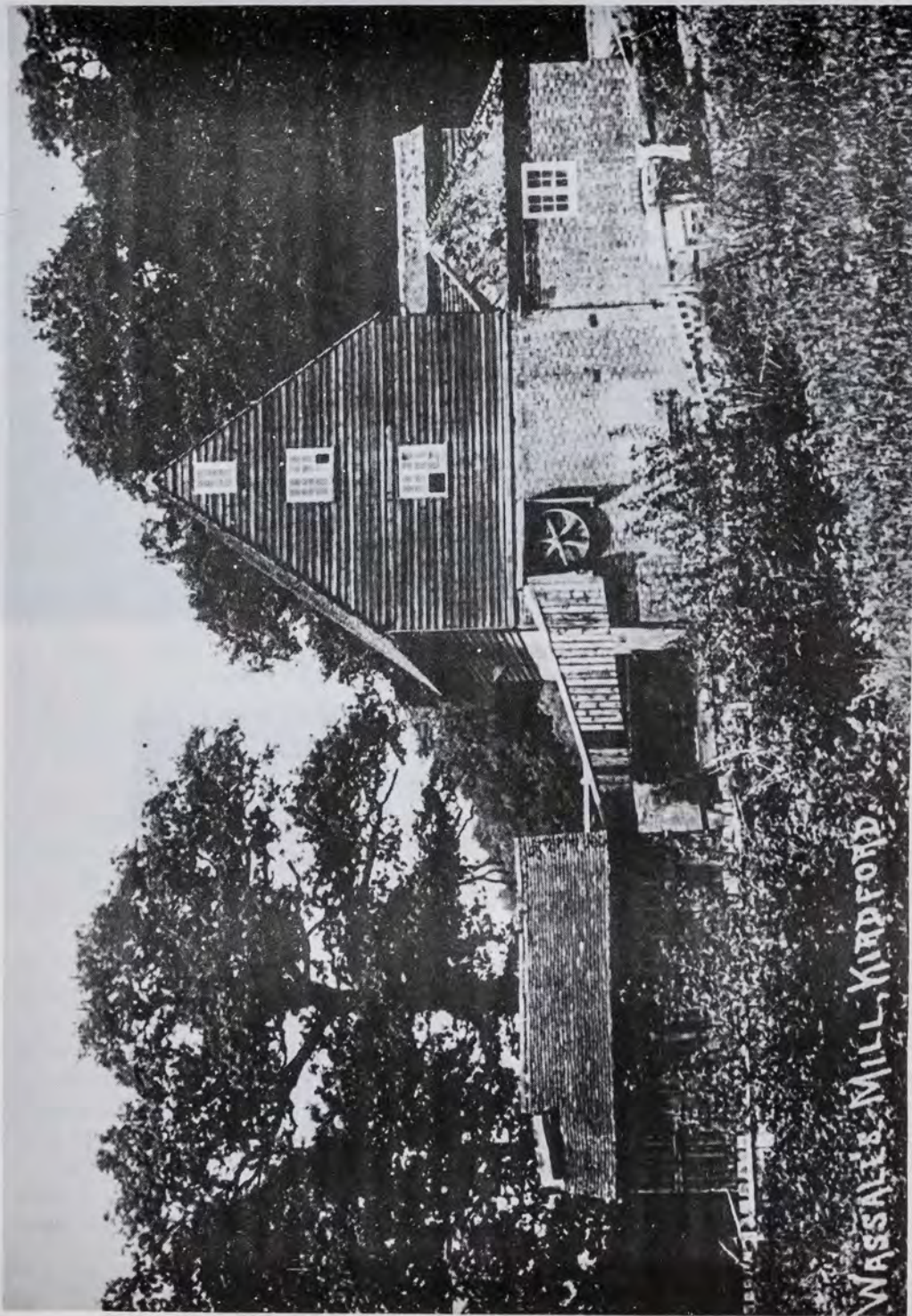


Petworth Boys School c 1916. Miss Wilde on right (see "A Baker's Boy"), Photograph courtesy of Mr. T.S. Collins.



Pulborough Market in 1910. (See "A Baker's Boy")  
Photograph by John Smith.





Wassell Mill at Ebernoe about 1920.  
(See "Working at Old Coultershaw")

I also tended to get into trouble at the Boys' School. Miss Wilde who took standard 1 caned me across the wrist with a rule for playing about and it swelled up badly. My mother wasn't happy about the swelling and in the end got out of me what had happened. "You come with me," she said and took me off with her to the Post Office to get my dad's allowance. By this time the war had started and he had been called up. As we walked into the Post Office we met Miss Wilde coming out. My mother went straight up to her and slapped her. "You take that for hitting my son," she said. "He's a nice little boy and doesn't do any harm." I'm not sure that she was quite right about that but the teacher seemed taken aback and said it had all been a mistake. Mr. Sutton taught Standard 4 and 5: he was a pleasant elderly man who wasn't allowed to use the cane because once he'd split a boy's hand open. Instead he'd stand behind you and thump you in the back with his knuckles. Another master was Mr. Coombs - we boys kept telling him he ought to join the Army and in the end he did go off - to serve in the Navy. Mr. Wootton was in charge. I remember once when I got into trouble he said, "Herrington, you'll never make a man like your father and it's no use you coming down here when you leave and asking for a reference because you won't get one." When I said I'd get on well-enough without a reference I got the cane. Well you just can't win.

Two or three days later I left school. I was 13½. Actually as my birthday was in September I was supposed to go back for the next year but I decided that I wouldn't go back. My friend Johnnie Saunders told me that Mr. Payne the butcher in Pound Street wanted a boy so I started work there. One of my jobs was to go to Pulborough Market every other week to drive the sheep back to Petworth. Mr. Payne would give me the train fare of threepence or so and I would go from Petworth Station, hang about all day until the sheep had been bought and then drive them the six miles back. In fact it was nearer ten if they straggled all over Fittleworth Common as they often did. There would be ten or twelve sheep, three or four for each of the Petworth butchers, Moyers in the Square, Boorers in Lombard Street and Mr. Payne. I'd be in front with the sheep while Jack Cobbett and his helpers drove back the bullocks, some half-dozen or so every fortnight. I worked on for Mr. Payne but finally asked him for a rise - I was only getting four shillings a week. "Well," said Mr. Payne, "You don't really do very much now, I can't see how I can give you one. Anyway Mrs. Hazelman at the bakers wants this leg of mutton delivered at once. Get your tray and take it up there." I couldn't march into the shop itself with the meat so I went round by the bakehouse and saw Mr. Hazelman standing there. "Hello," he said, "take the meat out to Mrs. Hazelman then



come back out here. I want to talk to you." I took the meat out as I was told and came back. Mr. Hazelman said to me, "How would you like to be a baker? Go and ask your mother what she thinks." "How much a week?" I said. "Ten shillings," he replied. It sounded rather better than the four shillings I had been getting. I ran down to Mrs. Tiplady's sweet shop in High Street, stayed there for about five minutes and ran back. "Yes, my mother says it's alright," I said. I then took the tray back to Mr. Payne and told him I was leaving on the Saturday having got a job with Mr. Hazelman. While I wasn't long at the butcher's I would stay with Hazelmans (now Petworth Provisions) for some thirty years.

In the years just after the Great War, there were extensive annual manoeuvres at places like Lavington Park and as the demand was so large perhaps 600 loaves a day from each baker the order was farmed out to Hazelmans, Cockshutts (at the old Square Tavern) and Randalls at Lodsworth. We'd start off at one in the morning and go on till 9 or 10 at night. The manoeuvres seemed to go on for months and there was just myself and Jack Grist the blacksmith's brother in the bakery. We slept at the bakehouse too, sharing a room. One morning I woke up and it seemed to be morning - it was broad daylight. We'd overslept and it was 8 o'clock. We got down to the bakehouse where the dough had been standing since 1 o'clock and it was sour, as white as milk. Well we did what we could with it and it didn't turn out too badly.

I did part of the town delivery-round when I'd finished baking and when Bob Simpson left Mr. Hazelman asked me, "Could you take over the round using the horse and cart?" "I think so," I said, "But I don't know the round." "I shouldn't worry about that," he replied "The pony will show you round, he'll stop wherever you have to call." So I took on the round: Tillington, Upperton, River Common, Pheasant Copse, Stag Park, London Road and Limbo - a journey of some six or seven hours. The ponies were kept in two stalls in the old stable yard where the garage was later. I had some very good calls; Mrs. Baigent (her husband was the stockman at Stag Park) would have a special cake ready for me if I got there about tea-time or Mr. Stemp at the Greyhound on the London Road would have home-made wine for me, then a spoonful of raw tea to chew so that no one could smell my breath. There would be more wine when I called on Mr. and Mrs. Thorpe - maybe perhaps a parsnip while Ted Peacock at Limbo always liked me to have "one for the road". As often as not by the time I got back I was as they say "more or less a gentleman".

When the Armistice was signed in 1918 I was out on the round with the pony cart thinking my father would be home within the week. I was so absorbed as I journeyed back along the London Road from Limbo that the pony seized its chance and bolted. I was so eager to get home in case my father should already have arrived back that I just let him go. As we galloped along the door of the box-cart opened and twelve loaves fell out. I didn't realize this and was sitting back at the shop sorting out my books when there was a knock at the door. Some of the Stag Park men had arrived with the twelve loaves I hadn't even realized I'd dropped. "Is he home?" I asked my mother. "Of course he's not," she said. "He's out in India. It could be a twelve-month before he's back." She was right too. He'd been out there for six years and I could remember seeing him off from Newhaven in 1914.

Deliveries with the pony and cart came to an end when Mr. Hazelman bought an old T-model Ford just after the war. I was still only seventeen. "Bill," he said, "we're getting rid of the ponies now that we've had this Ford come. Do you think you could drive it if I take you up as far as the Grove? You sit up there with me and see if you can manage." When we got back to the shop there was an urgent message from Major Courtauld at Burton Park. He needed 40 loaves for a party. I was eager to try out the Ford so I loaded up travelling down Station Road at about 30 m.p.h.. As I came up towards Heath End I thought to myself, "Shall I go round by the Chalet or nip through Burton Rough?" I decided to take the short cut through Burton Rough but as I went through I found that Miss Atkins from Sutton had had a similar idea and I ended up by knocking her wing off. I delivered the bread and went back to Petworth. "Can you manage the car?" asked Mr. Hazelman, "Oh, yes, I think I've got the hang of it now," I said. It wasn't until three weeks later that he received a bill for 25/- for a new wing on Miss Atkins' car. "Do you know anything about this?" he said waving the bill in the air. "Next time you have an accident you'd better make sure you tell me." Several cars followed the Ford, a Chevvolet, a Trojan, another Ford and a Vauxhall.

Two of us worked in the bakehouse and we kept the flour in the loft above. When we needed a bag we would hand it down to the man in the bakehouse below. Each sack weighed a hundred-weight and a quarter and it was a job to do in the morning when we wouldn't be under quite so much pressure. Dough-making would begin about six in the evening. We'd have two great bins and put two and a half hundred-weight of flour in each, inserting a pen-board to keep the flour and the water



separate. You'd weigh up six pounds of salt and put it in with six buckets of water adding liquid malt to keep the bread moist and a pound of yeast or, if the weather was cold, a pound and a quarter and mixing it in with the liquor. You'd then knead, shaking out the scraps i.e. the odd lumps of flour and water and putting them back into the other side of the bin, then as you worked up toward the end of the bin, cut the dough with your knife, punch it and work it and force it to the other side of the bin, all the time scraping the bin's sides so that nothing was wasted. Then you'd out the dough again, punching it down to the bottom of the bin. When you had kneaded the contents of the bin thoroughly you would put sacks over the top to keep it warm and let it lie there until four in the morning. First thing in the morning you would "scale" it, dividing the dough into pieces of roughly 2lbs 3ozs to allow three ounces of weight loss in the baking, then moulding or "harding" them up to the required shapes before proving. White loaves might be long tins, square tins, sandwich, cottage, coburg or the long "french" loaves. They would be set to prove and we'd then turn our attention to the brown bread - Hovis, Turog, Wholemeal - there were eight or nine different sorts. When the dough was ready we'd fill the oven, still faggot-fired in those days. Each oven took over a hundred loaves and while they were baking we'd get ourselves up for the next lot. We'd go on till all the dough was used - perhaps two in the afternoon. It would then be time to smarten up, load up the pony cart and set off.

Mr. Hazelman kept chicken in his back yard and I remember the rooster running into the bakehouse and without thinking scuttling straight into the oven. We got him out but the experience had taken all his feathers off. We let him loose in the yard and eventually his feathers started to grow again. Mr. Jones at the workhouse wanted a 'cockerel to go with his hens and asked Mr. Hazelman if he had one: "There's one here with no feathers," he was told, "but they're coming." He took it and reckoned in the end it was the best rooster he'd ever had.

I came out of the bakehouse when the second war finished, tugging the flour sacks about didn't help my rather delicate stomach and for seven years I drove the W.S.C.C, petrol roller. I then heard that Mr. Shoubridge at Byworth wanted somebody. He was still using the old-fashioned wood-oven and I stayed there seventeen years, delivering and (sometimes) baking. When I retired from baking I came out to Australia where my daughter already lived and I've been out here some fourteen years. I'll never regret coming out here but I still miss Petworth.

(From a tape-recording made by Bill Herrington in Australia and brought back with her by Audrey Grimwood).

## SOME RECOLLECTIONS

### YOUNG HORSES

We'd let the foals walk with their mothers, kept them on and broke them in ourselves. This wouldn't be till they were two years old; previous to that they would just live out in the fields. To break them in: a couple of foals would be driven into a loose box in the farmyard and we'd drop a rope round their neck. You had to be careful or you could be badly kicked. The odd knock we would simply take in our stride. To get them to work you'd need to put a collar on them pushing it over their head. This was difficult because they might strike out with their front feet but once you'd done it once or twice they would grow used to the collar. To get them accustomed to working we would take a pair down to the fields with a bush-harrow made of blackthorn boughs laid cross-ways, a chain dropped through and held with an upright stick. The length of the harrows would depend on the height of the blackthorn. The bush-harrow would smooth out molehills and things like that but it was as much as anything a way of training.

I can remember a pair of horses running away with me leading and my brother sitting on top of the bush-harrows. You'd sit on a rough seat of faggots rather than directly on the blackthorn of course. The pair went off at a terrific rate but my brother, bumping and jolting up and down as he was, let go of one rein-rope and pulled them round. It would take a week perhaps to get them used to work - you'd do perhaps a couple of hours with them, then do the other farm jobs. Then they'd be moved to the stable with a chain holding them from behind so that they couldn't get loose. We tended to sell the horses as they grew older and replace them with those we had reared ourselves.

### CONTRACT WORK IN THE WOODS AND IN THE QUARRY

While we didn't actually work in the woods we'd often move bean-sticks, pea-boughs and hoops. We'd also cart bark. Oak bark was used in tanning leather and there was always a lot in the barn at Montpelier, chopped up into small pieces. Stripping the bark was a skilled job, done in May just as the buds began to burst and the process was known as "rining". It was only in May that the bark



would peel off easily and even then it didn't always. A distinctive flat iron tool was used for this job. The body bark of the tree would be taken off to a height of about five feet and the tree would be cut down. Obviously you would use oaks that were about to be felled. When the tree had been felled, the top part would be painstakingly stripped of its bark and the timber utilised. We would as often as not take the bark down to Petworth Station, as we did too with the hoops and pea-sticks. The horses would also haul timber, dragging the logs out with frames and rolling them up onto the waggon with ropes and chains. It was very hard work and might need as many as six horses.

We would also cart stone for the roads, most local roads being laid with stone from Bognor Common. We'd go as far as Loxwood carting stone and dumping it by the roadside for men to break up into pieces about the size of hen's eggs. Then the steam-rollers would press them in and the surface would be "slubbed" in with just dirt and water. To unload the stone we'd take off the tail-board of the waggon, let a few stones roll off the last board, then take that board out so that the stones simply fell through the floor of the waggon. A load of stone might be 3 or 4 tons and you needed at least three horses. Creaking wheels were the sign of a very heavy load. We would look to do two journeys a day, three men setting out for the stone-pits about seven o'clock with four horses and two waggons. We'd load a waggon up and set off, two men leaving the other man with a single horse and a waggon to load, ready to turn the horses round when they returned. They would be other waggons loading at the pit and they might well help if the three inch tyres cut down into the mud.

Sometimes we'd take our own hay to Petworth Station and put it on the trucks. The porters had to check that it wasn't stacked too high. A truck would take two tons of pressed hay, eighty trusses of half a hundredweight each. This would be quite high but if it went any higher there might be trouble with the tunnels. There were ponds all along the roads then, one opposite the Stag at Balls Cross, another on the corner at Kirdford, while we always drove the horses straight through the pond opposite Keyfox.

#### CARTERS' TALES

The old carters had some curious ideas. There were particular stretches of road where the horses would stop quite still and the waggon couldn't be moved. This would be the work of some witch: and it was always a woman who was responsible even if her identity could

only be guessed at. The remedy was to get out a penknife and cut lightly into the spokes of the wheel. This would cut the witch's fingers and her hold on the cart. If the horses were persistently tired in the morning this would suggest that a witch was using them during the night. The remedy this time was to nail up an old scythe in the barn.

#### THE LECONFIELD RABBIT BEAGLES

The beagle hounds were kept by the Estate and an Estate keeper would come out with them. The hunt started after the close of pheasant shooting in early February and would go on till about the end of April. The beagle pack, some twelve or fourteen dogs, was kept different from the Leconfield hounds themselves and the members of the beagle hunt would wear just their ordinary clothes. Jack Cross, a keeper in the Park, was the last one to keep the beagles: he had Peter Baigent as his whipper-in. The keeper would set out a piece of woodland and put the beagles in so that the guns would be ready to shoot the rabbits when they ran across the rides. You had to be very careful not to hit the beagles, also of course to fire in front of the rabbits - they would be moving so quickly that you had to anticipate their movement. If they stopped in their tracks the shot would miss. The "bag" of rabbits would be shared out between the guns: we might have perhaps three or four each and we would go round with a cap for the keeper. This went on well after the war and it was really myxomatosis that stopped the beagles.

A.

#### WORKING AT OLD COULTERSHAW

As my father and grandfather had both worked at Coultershaw Mill it wasn't surprising that I should start there when I was twelve; working Saturdays until four o'clock as a flour packer. Gwillim's Digestive S.R. Flour was packed in one penny and two penny packets, each paper bag being filled with a scoop but not weighed. They were packed twelve dozen to a box and as many as a couple of dozen boxes would be packed and sent off by train to Brighton. We would also pack plain flour in a similar way. For local people however we packed flour in 1½ and 3 lb bags with the tops turned over and stuck down with flour paste. The self-raising flour did not come ready-made; it was mixed at the mill itself: plain flour being somewhat laboriously mixed with bicarbonate of soda and cream of tartar and the mixture revolved in a barrel. There was also our quota of orders and some packets that would be kept as stock.



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# **GWILLIM'S SPECIALITIES!**

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**Digestive**  
**SELF-RAISING FLOUR,**  
**BEST AND CHEAPEST.**

**SUSSEX GROUND OATMEAL**

To be obtained of all Grocers.

Manufactured locally by Skilled Workmen

---

**NORTH MILL, MIDHURST,**  
**AND**  
**COULTERSHAW MILL, PETWORTH.**

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An advertisement taken from a Midhurst Times of 1913

I went on full-time in 1919 when I was fourteen and stayed till I was twenty when I went to work for Boxalls the builders - rather to my father's regret - he had hoped I would continue the family tradition of working at Coultershaw. I did whatever jobs needed to be done besides flour-packing. One was to clean the flour-sacks ready for re-use: any that were torn or needed stitching I would patch or restitch using a sewing machine. We had a barn nearby where hay was kept and a chaff-cutter in the basement of the Mill and we would cut chaff and bag it up. It was widely used for horse-feed and the mill itself had a special mixing room where we used to keep different kinds of meal - a ton of each at a time and mix it manually. When bagged and weighed up this meal was used for feeding pigs and cattle. Different kinds of meal were barley, oatmeal and three kinds of offal from grinding flour-bran, pollard a finer product, and sweet crammings, the finest of all. The mill stones ground the wheat and barley meal that would be mixed with the by-

products of flour production and sold as mixed meal. Not all grinding was done with the stones however, the old mill had small steel rollers which could grind one and a half sacks of flour an hour.

The stones were turned by a paddled water wheel and the water coming onto the wheel was controlled by a flood gate. A shaft from the water wheel went through the bottom floor of the mill and from this shaft different sized pulleys took belts up through the different machines on the three floors of the mill. In fact the machinery was basically on the middle floor, for here was the steel flour-rollers, and the big grinding stones that were the mill's basic equipment.

Local farmers would bring in wheat in their waggons to be ground at the mill. The foreign wheat arrived by rail. For breadmaking English corn needed strengthening with foreign or it would be too soft. Farmers didn't just come: there would be an advance arrangement and the mill employed a representative who would go round to the neighbouring farms and came to an agreement with the farmers. The grain was packed in two and a half hundred-weight sacks and a few sample ones would be checked for the weight.

The normal working hours at the mill were 7 till 5 but the two "shift-men" or millers worked shifts from six in the morning till six at night and then on again from six to six. The mill closed at twelve midnight Saturday and opened again at midnight on the Sunday so that Saturday night and Monday morning formed a split shift. The shift-man had effectively to supervise the grinding operation. This was something he had to keep an eye on but it could usually be left for a while. They would dress the mill-stones and when the wheel was not working, re-cut the close-fitting grooved sections of the stones - something they would do perhaps twice a year.

Mr. John Gwillim had four mills at this time: Petworth, Midhurst, Fittleworth and Wassell at Ebernoe. The last two were at this time only used for grinding corn for farmers. Petworth and Midhurst were the only ones that made flour. The great fire at Coultershaw in 1923 changed the pattern of working quite radically. We lived at Heath End then, my family, originally from Tillington, having moved there in Maurice Ireland's time, Mr. John Gwillim's predecessor. Horace White was the last man on the twelve o'clock shift that Saturday night and he saw nothing amiss when he went off duty. The fire was first spotted between 2.30 and 3.00 o'clock but by that time there was no possibility of saving the mill: part of it being tarred and weatherboarded. The first I knew about it was when a man from Station Cottages came up to Heath End to sound the alarm. I was out



of bed in no time but my father was in such a state that he put both legs into a single leg of his trousers and got rather left behind. I remember them getting the horses out of the stable opposite the mill in case the fire spread. The horses had been used among other things to go to the station to get coke. This was used to heat the water which dried the wheat after it was washed. It would be taken upstairs in cups on a elevator and dried by a kind of square tank filled with hot water.

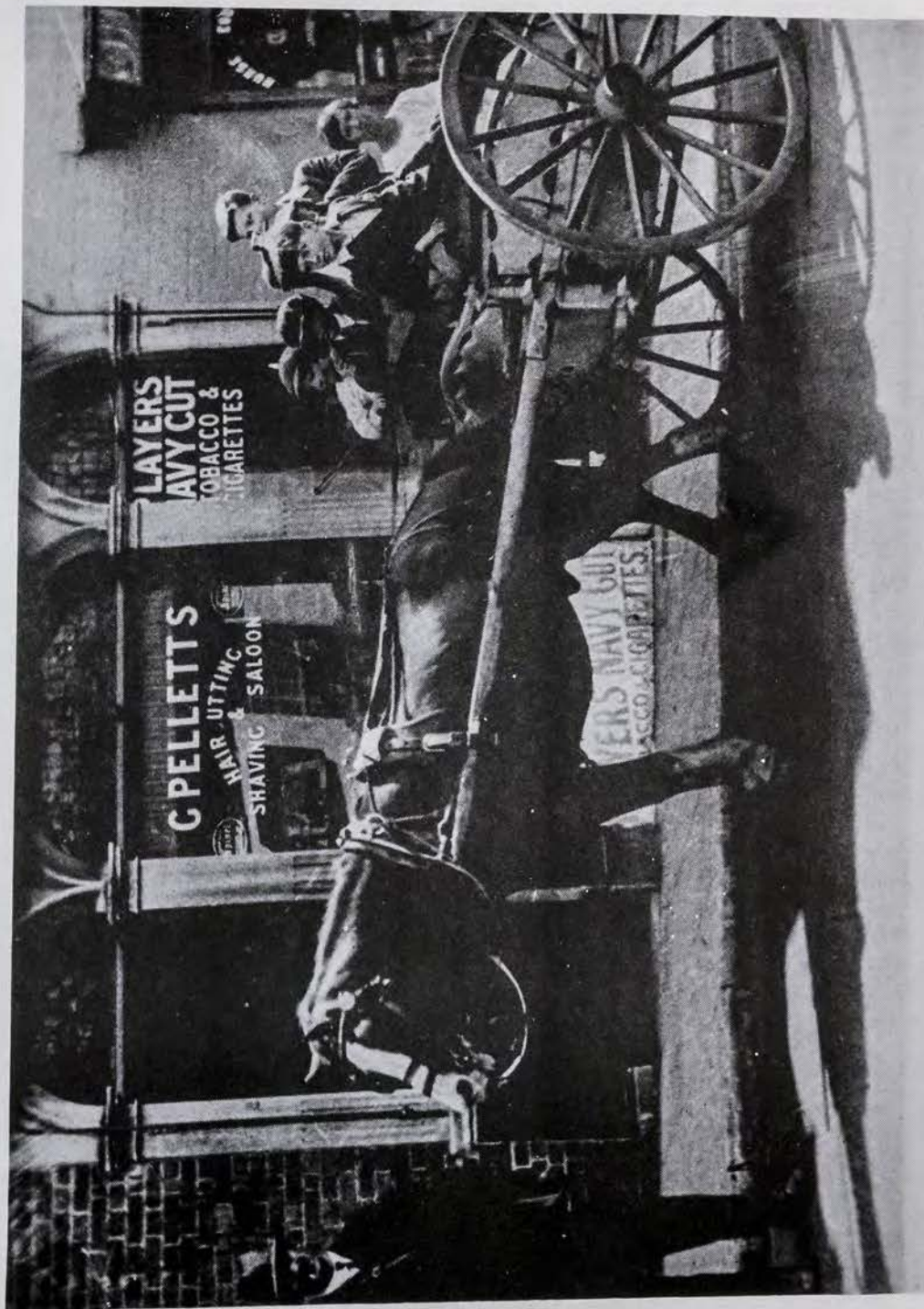
The Coultershaw fire had an obvious effect on the whole milling operation. My father and I went to Midhurst for a while and from then onwards an automatic flour-packing machine was installed at Fittleworth. This did away with the scoop and everything was filled and weighed by machine.

When I first went to Coultershaw to work the only lighting was a piece of wood with three nails holding a candle. This would be carried round the mill but the spilt grease made the floors very slippery. To pull up the flood gates outside at night, we had to take a candle outside in a jam-jar and it was quite dangerous. Soon after I arrived they had a dynamo put in which ran off the wheel. This was much better except of course that if the mill slowed down your light too went down. Another innovation soon after I arrived was an elevator. Prior to that material had been moved from floor to floor by a chain and pulley. A chute allowed material to be loaded onto waggons and carts outside but you had to be careful to see the recipient was ready or he might be hit and injured by one of the heavy sacks.

When the floods came up we had to clear everything off the bottom floor and hence we kept only the old corn-washing machine on that floor. The water would rise to one foot or eighteen inches all over the floor and the water-rats would take over. They were huge and completely unafraid and would just sit there and defy you to make them move. Fortunately they would go off as soon as the water subsided.

Mr. Daniel Batchelor was employed by the Leconfield Estate down at the wharf building and it was part of his job to see that the Coultershaw water-pump wheel pumped water up to Lawn Hill. He had to start up the pump and the wheel and stop it at night.

In 1917 the mill had two horses and carts used for local deliveries. These were replaced by a Foden steam-waggon and later solid-tired lorries. As part of my job I would often go round with the drivers.

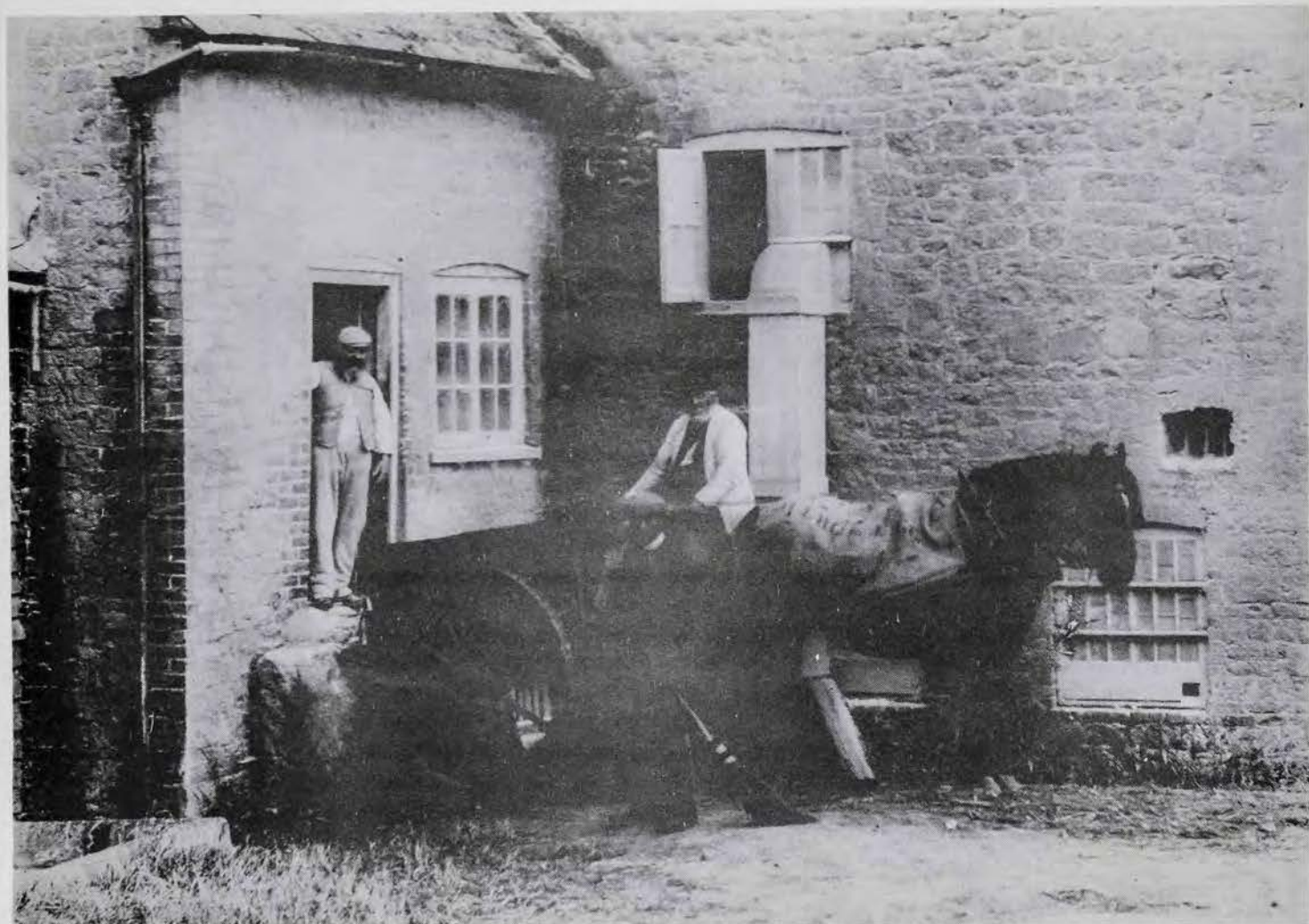


Gus Wakeford's milk-cart. (See "Sixty Years at Lloyd George Cottages")



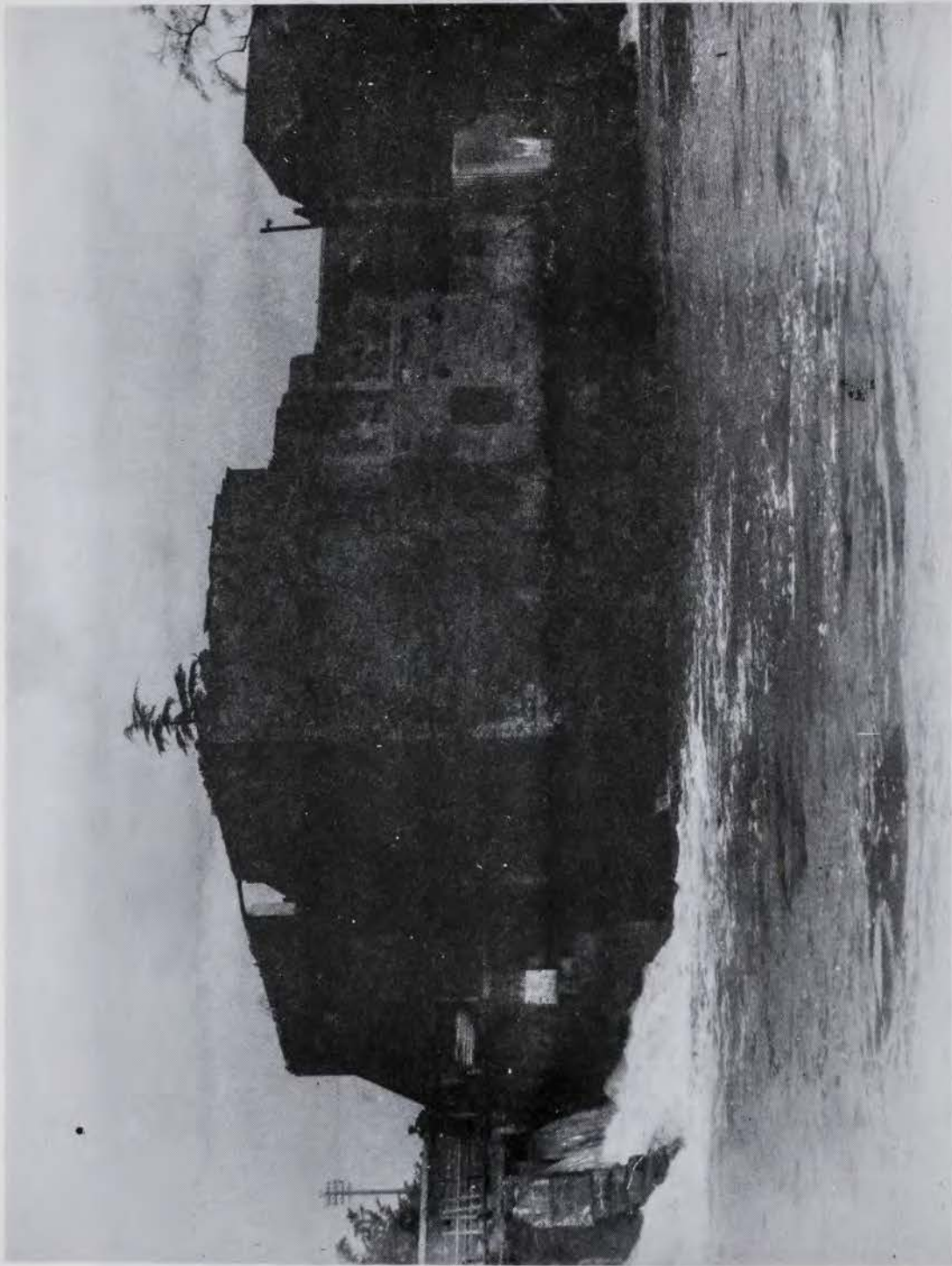


Rining oak trees at Lord's Wood Lodsworth in 1937.  
(See "Some recollections"). Photograph by George Garland.



Coultershaw Mill in 1899. Photograph by Walter Kevis.  
George Hollingdale (left).  
The cart belongs to Mr. Moase of Coultershaw Farm.





Coultershaw Mill burned out. Photograph by George Garland.

There was hardly a village around which didn't have its own bakery then: Mr. Hare at Sutton, Pescods and Alberys at Graffham, Hardings and Picknells at Fittleworth and others at places like Northchapel, Lurgashall, Windfallwood and Lickfold. The mill would also deliver bags of flour as far afield as Brighton and Worthing. In Petworth of course there were several bakers, Arch Knight in Lombard Street, Mrs. Harris at the Tavern and Hazelmans, but we would also deliver packeted flour to the grocers like Mrs. Gordon Knight or Olders.

The mill had an eel-trap by the flood-gates, built with brick and iron-bars and with a small gate. When there was a thunderstorm my father would lift up the gate for a time, then close it and you might find half a hundred-weight or more of eels in there.

Ernest Hollingdale was talking to the Editor.

### PETWORTH CINEMA (8)

#### Sound on film and lantern shows at Tillington Church

In those good old days, weeks came, and soon turned into months. Our cinema business was governed by dates in the calendar. Bank holidays it seemed, were always upon us, when a special programme had to be booked. From our weekly Trade paper The Kine Weekly press reports stated that all future films would soon be made on "SOUND ON FILM" and that no more recordings on disc would be made. This meant of course, that I should be limited to playing on disc for the future. However exhibitors who had installed the Western Electric Sound System could take advantage of this new recording, as this method, was already incorporated in their equipment. Sound on Film saved a lot of worry and expense and also greatly reduced the transport charges as there were no more heavy cases to lump about, nor the expense of rehearsals to run through for each film. There were two methods for the screening of Sound on Film. The driven head as fitted to Western Electric and later R.C.A. and B.T.H. equipment or the other makes which were film driven. In other words, the film was pulled over a drum powered by the projector head and down to the bottom spool box. In my case I could only afford the later which I bought from a small firm in the Midlands. They called themselves "The Imperial sound System". This comprised an electric cell mounted inside the drum and connected to a pre-stage amplifier conveniently fixed on to the wall between both projectors. For the showing of Sound on Film we had to mask out the right hand, top corner of the screen to eliminate the sound repluses and this reduced the screen width by about one foot. Our equipment now consisted of the following:



two Kalee No.7 Projectors, with Kales type arc lamps, low intensity arcs and Tandem resistances to supply the two arcs and a Slide lantern on a stand. As all this equipment was installed in the 10ft x 8ft operating box we found it difficult to move around when two persons were working together. I had no choice but to enlarge the box again which we did during one week end in the summer. This gave us another 4ft in width which we made great use of. I fitted a bench over the large film container for rewinding purposes. The box was mounted on brick piers approx 5ft from ground level, with the underneath space providing room for our brooms, brushes, and empty film transport cases. The operating box windows were approx 8ft from floor level in the Hall so we were able to erect a raised platform for the better priced seats. There were times when Teenagers would jump up and down from their seats and putting their hands in front of the lens porthole, much to their own amusement and the annoyance of others, but this soon stopped, as they were interrupting their own enjoyment. We did not show films on a Sunday, as we only had a six day licence, in any case, if I applied there would be little chance of getting it. During the six weeks of Lent with the help of one of my willing helpers, Len Page, I gave Lantern shows at Tillington Church. We fitted up an 8' screen in front of the altar steps of the middle aisle. The Church was lit by oil lamps then. There was no electricity in those days, so I managed to borrow a large carbide gas cylinder from a nearby garage proprietor who used it for lighting his garage during the week days. I was also able to purchase some rubber tubing which I connected to the three burner fitting in the Lamp house. This lighting fitting had a metal reflector to increase the light on to the condenser. The arrangement worked splendidly showing a clear picture, but about half an hour later a smell of gas was noted, escaping from one of the rubber connections, where the gas had increased in pressure. I had added too much water to the carbide crystals. This was not a very pleasant smell, especially inside a church, so different from the incense people were used to. I never saw so many handkerchiefs being used all at the same time. However, it appeared everyone took it gracefully. Most of them knew what carbide gas smelt like as their menfolk used gas carbide cycle lamps. These lantern lectures took the place of the normal Sunday service during Lent, and I enjoyed every minute of it, and I am sure, Len Page did too. Showing slides in a church was an unusual novelty for me, and it certainly held churchgoers together, especially the very young and old. Now back to the Cinema. From the outlying villages many young people came on their cycles to the Cinema especially on a Saturday. So for one day a week I hired a large shed in which to store their cycles during the show. This arrangement prevented cycles from being stolen and also gave them a dry seat to go

back home with. We charged two pence each for this concession, half of which I gave to one of our part time willing helpers who looked after each machine and their lamps as they arrived. Some lamps were brought in to the pay office, for the cashier to mind. There was as many as 20 or more. With the lamps still burning there was sufficient heat to warm the pay office, which was outside the hall. Showing sound films gave us some concern especially during the bad weather, because the roof was constructed of galviron, with only the thin asbestos sheets under side for the ceiling. Hailstorms or very heavy rain could be heard above the dialogue of the film being shown. I tried to eliminate this by tarring and sanding the roof. This was a very dirty and sticky job to do, and there was some improvement, but unfortunately during the very hot weather the tar would start to melt and drip, filling up the rain water gutters. This made a frightful mess which was very difficult to clear. All one could do was to throw more sand on the roof and we always kept a ladder near by for this purpose.

T.S. Collins. (to be continued)

#### HILDA

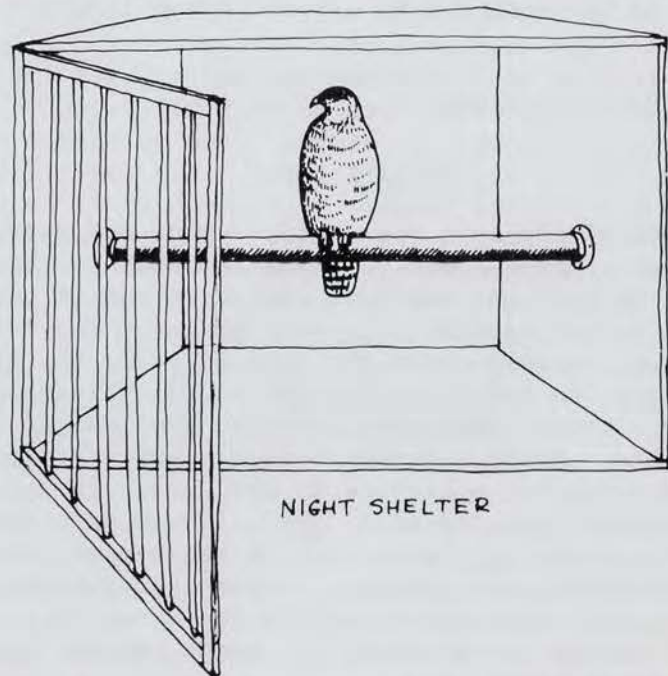
Hilda was just out of the nest when I first made her acquaintance at Chichester Station. She had arrived from Harpenden with a load of racing pigeons. We knew she would be coming on one of the London trains but after a long evening wait we'd given up for the day and driven home again. As soon as we got back however, the station were on the phone to say she had arrived. "We've got a buzzard for you in a tea-chest." I think they were relieved when we set off straight back to collect her. Hilda had been bred in captivity, so at that time (1979), I didn't need a licence to keep her; though if I had wanted to take a bird from the wild, then I would have needed a licence. However, today all hawks must be registered with the Department of the Environment, who supply a unique leg band for each hawk in Great Britain, once they are satisfied the owner is a competent handler. Fines running to thousands of pounds can be charged against anyone with an unregistered bird.

I called the buzzard Hilda but it's very difficult to distinguish male and female buzzards and she is either a small female or a large male. Male hawks are generally one-third smaller than females, the word 'tiercel' denoting this; tiercel is still used to describe male peregrines and goshawks.



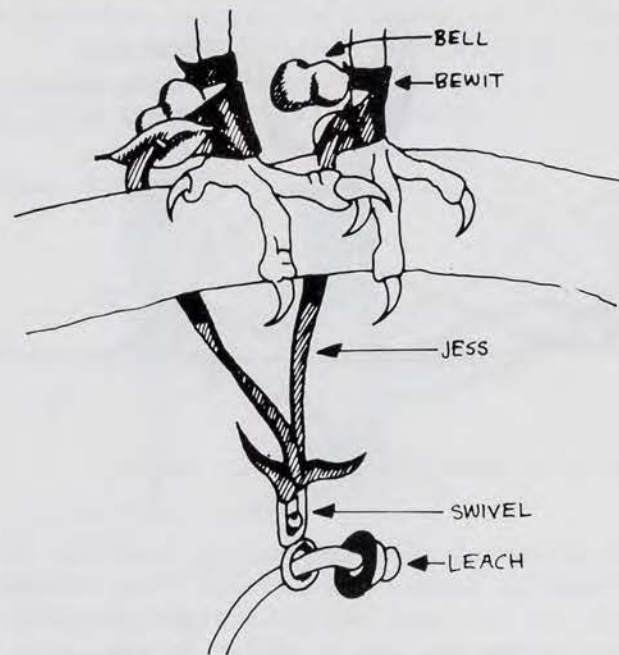
Everyone has to start somewhere and buzzards are quite suitable for the beginner, not being as temperamental as some of the other hawks although this doesn't mean one can be careless. I had had some previous experience in dealing with injured kestrels. They might have flown into window panes, or become weakened through eating vermin that had been poisoned. Sometimes too they were weak through a gradual build-up of pesticide in their food-chain. A good indication of a hawk's chances of survival is the "cere", the wax-like top part of the beak. On a weak bird this goes almost white but on a healthy bird like Hilda it's bright yellow. Sometimes I saved the kestrels, sometimes I failed but they gave me experience in handling hawks.

So we brought Hilda back to Petworth. For the night she could stay in the "night shelter" - a box as big as the back of a mini van,



with a door, plenty of air spaces, and a perch in the middle. Hilda had only a plastic ring with the breeder's initials and the date and hadn't been handled before. She would be at this time perhaps some six weeks old and the first task was to fit her with jesses and bells, the simple accessories without which it isn't possible to operate at all. I knew this had to be done in the dark as to approach her in the light would alarm her unduly and make the whole operation far more difficult than it really needed to be. I had already practised with

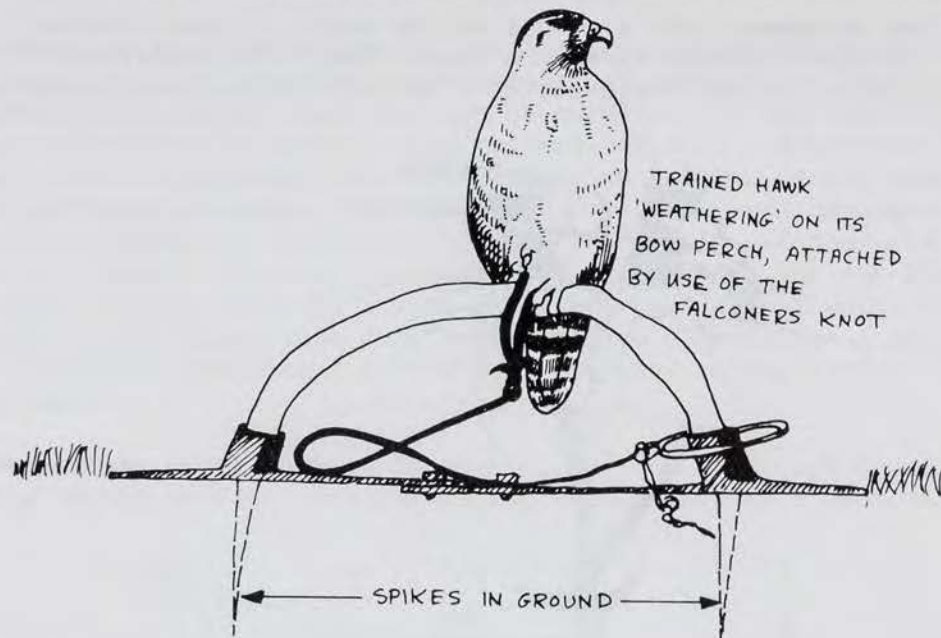
putting the equipment onto a pencil in the dark - a pencil being roughly the same circumference as a hawk's leg. The jesses are short straps of leather fastened round the bird's legs and having a



free end to which is attached the swivel of a leash. The bells (fixed by tiny leather straps called bewets) will indicate the bird's whereabouts if it fails to return. They're very small and mine came from Lahore in Pakistan. The metal quality is very poor compared to British-made bells but their great advantage is that they make a curious high-pitched tinkling sound that will carry a tremendous distance, a quarter of a mile in favourable conditions. Nowadays people with very valuable birds like peregrine falcons have tiny radio transmitters attached to the birds. Captive-bred hawks can range in price from £40 for a kestrel, to £800 for a peregrine.

Feeding wasn't an immediate problem: Hilda, as any bird sent out from the nest would be, was well-fed and there was no immediate necessity for her to have food. A healthy buzzard can go three days quite comfortably without eating. The initial difficulty was to get Hilda used to my approaching her. I kept her on a bow perch in a quiet part of the garden, putting her into the shelter at night or if the weather was persistently wet. Hawks quite like a smart shower and will open their wings to take full advantage of it.

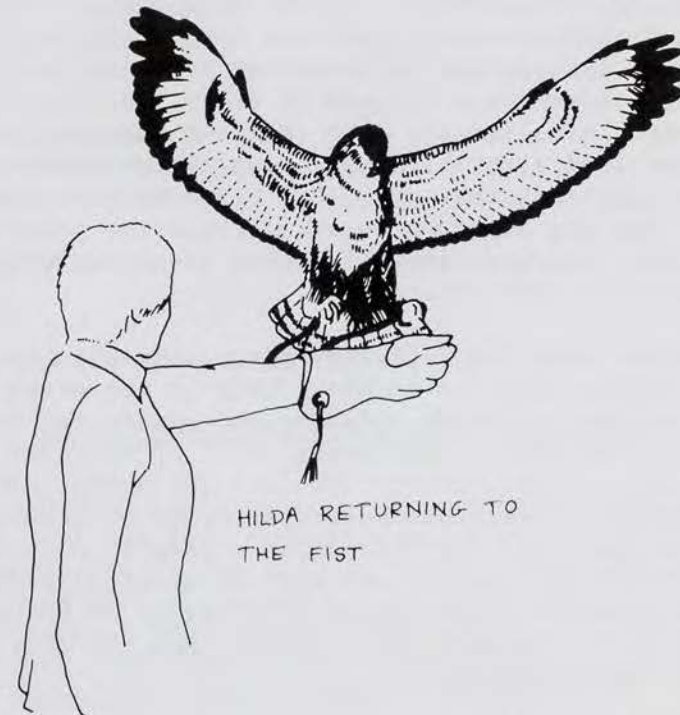




A hawk is trained by means of food and regular handling and must be trained to come to hand to feed. The falconer has a buckskin handling glove or gauntlet on one hand with the other ungloved hand free to tie and untie the jesses and the swivel. He must also be able to tie the one-handed falconer's knots that secure them. While you may start off gaining the bird's confidence by giving her food, she must quickly be taught to come to you for food and associate you with food. She will begin by eating raw rabbit from the glove but she must learn to come to the glove for food or you will have no control over her. At the same time she must gradually be acclimatised to everyday life. This involves her being taken, on the glove, to the quieter parts of the countryside, avoiding meeting human beings unless it is necessary - at least in the early stages. If you do meet people it is best to pass to their left so that the bird faces them. For food-training you may start off by getting the bird to come to you indoors but eventually you have to start outside so I think you may as well start outside anyway. The hawk's weight needs to be carefully watched and weighing is a daily task, using a specially adapted pair of balancing scales with a perch incorporated into them. After a time one will come to know an individual bird's best flying weight.

In the outside training-ground the bird sits on a perch with a creance, a long fine cord, attached to its leash. The trainer then unwinds sufficient of the creance for the distance he is working at,

produces a piece of meat and calls her. He will start at as small a distance as 2 or 3 feet and eventually go as far as 100 yards. As she acclimatises to the game, she is inclined to anticipate, i.e. come to the gauntlet before the trainer has in fact whistled or signalled. If this happens then I work with an accomplice who holds her by the jesses while I walk away, get to the distance we are working at, and raise my arm. Training needs to be regular, ideally



daily at the same time. As soon as she is coming to hand easily at 100 yards, it is in order to do away with the creance and have her flying free. Then when you go for walks you can put her up into a tree, lure her out with a marble-sized tit-bit of meat and gradually increase her flying ability. After all, during this period of training she is also learning to fly.

The kind of training I have outlined is similar for both long-winged birds (falcons) and for short-winged, but the long-winged falcons now need to be trained to wait-on so that they can take birds like partridges on the wing. They will already have learnt to accept the hood as a measure to prevent their becoming agitated. The training of these birds is far from easy and it may be that some



of the old skills of the heyday of falconry in the Middle Ages have gone for ever. A falcon needs a gradual training with a lure, a pair of wings of whatever bird you want it to capture with a piece of meat attached. The wings are in turn attached to a 10 foot length of strong cord. The purpose is to train the falcon to go to the lure for its food. After a day or so it will eat the meat and continuing training consists in increasing the distance between bird and lure. The bird is stationed some distance away with a creance and the lure swung in the air by the falconer. As the bird comes, the lure, from being swung round the falconer's head, is dropped to the ground, and pulled away at the last moment to encourage the bird to circle up and look for it, before being allowed to claim its 'quarry'. The next time the bird is called the lure is again put away but for a longer time. The longer the bird has to wait, the higher it will climb, but it's important that she doesn't become discouraged and lose interest: she may not then be at all eager to return. The higher she climbs, the greater will be her advantage when she stoops from c.500' vertically onto the quarry.

Different hawks are used for different prey: a merlin may hunt sky-larks and the falconer can lie on his back in the grass training his binoculars on the two birds, pursuer and quarry, as they soar and descend again and again. The merlin will by no means always catch the sky-lark, and a single contest can last for hours. The peregrine on the other hand will take pheasants, partridge or grouse but it needs large open tracts of moor and often a team of pointers working in front to indicate the quarry, and with strategically-placed 'beaters'. The peregrine will spiral to a height of perhaps six hundred feet until it reaches its "pitch". When the quarry is flushed, down sweeps the peregrine.

Short-winged hawks such as the sparrowhawk could be used for working a hedge looking for blackbirds or even perhaps partridges while a goshawk will catch rabbits or hares. You need a trained dog to flush the rabbits from hedgerows and it's wise not to let the bird go unless you are fairly confident that it will be successful. It's the powerful feet of the birds that do the damage and often they become so excited they can hardly let go of the prey - a condition known as being "sticky-footed".

When a hawk catches its quarry for the first time the falconer must be careful and approach the bird crawling flat on his stomach to avoid alarming her. If she is alarmed she will either make off with the prey or stand her ground and mantle. On this first catch she will be allowed to gorge her fill. After this the falconer goes up

to the bird with another piece of meat to exchange it for the prey. This is known as "making in".

Every bird has a correct flying weight and needs to be weighted every day with this correct flying weight kept in mind. It is essential for the falconer to know at exactly what weight the bird will be most obedient. If the bird is over the weight, about two pounds in Hilda's case, then it's very unwise to fly it. It won't necessarily return and may simply stay up a tree. The longest I've lost Hilda is three days - it was in a pine-wood and on the third day I could hear the high-pitched sound of her bells. She hadn't caught anything and was glad to see me, flying back on to my arm. Buzzards are, as hawks go, relatively docile but a goshawk will revert completely to the wild in a week. Actually, while Hilda is trained to hunt, during each moult, she is left alone for three months so needs a few days re-training to hunt as sharply as ever - once trained a buzzard never really loses her skills.

Andrew Thompson was talking to the Editor.

#### THE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY FALCONER

We have had occasion to refer to the seventeenth century handwritten encyclopedia (PHA HMS 116) from Petworth House in previous Bulletins and this time deal with the section on falconry. In addition to those reproduced here there are sections on "Parts of a hawke", "Diseases in hawkes" and "Acts of Hawkes", i.e. the characteristic actions of hawks. The list begins, appropriately enough, with the long-winged hawks, the aristocrats of falconry:

*A gerfaulkon  
A gerkin male  
A Faulcon*

The gerfaulkon or jer falcon is a large type of falcon sometimes used to fly at herons and found in the wild in the sub-arctic belt around the globe. The male may be called a jerkin or (as here) a gerkin. Faulcon proper is the peregrine itself, a name coming from the latin peregrinus "one from foreign parts, pilgrim", because it was the custom to catch the birds on passage or pilgrimage from the breeding-place. The peregrine is the most



*A Tasselgentle ma:*

*A Saker.*

*A Sakerett ma.*

*A Lanner*

*A Lannerett. ma:*

*A Kite*

*A Merlin*

*A Jack Merlin mal:*

*A Hobby*

*A Jack Hobby ma:*

*A Castrell*

*A Jack Castrell. ma:*

Next follow the short-winged birds. The eagle seems a rather surprising entry and is in fact little used. It is short-winged presumably in relation to its body size! Today members of the eagle and buzzard families used in falconry are known as "broad-wings". The rare word "iron" for the male bird seems to be a variant of "erne" meaning particularly the sea-eagle. Auspridge is the osprey or fish-eagle

*An Eagle*

*An Iron. ma:*

*An Auspridge*

*A Goshawk*

*A Tassel of a Goshawk ma.*

*A Sparrowhawk*

highly-esteemed of all hawks. Tasselgentle, the modern tiercel-gentle or peregrine tiercel is the male peregrine. Tiercel again comes from Latin, in this case tertius "third" and alludes to the belief that the third egg in every clutch produced a male bird. The saker and lanner are both falcons from central Europe and Asia. Both are still regularly used in modern falconry, the saker being the larger of the two hawks. The kite is not used in modern times and is looked upon more as a scavenger but the merlin is a small European type falcon still used for lark-hunting (a special licence is required). The hobby is another small type of hawk, once flown at larks and other small birds but no longer used in falconry. It is in fact largely insectivorous. The castrell is of course the modern kestrel, also known as the stan-nel or windhover.

proper, not used at all in modern falconry. •The goshawk is a large short-winged hawk well-liked for falconry purposes as is the sparrowhawk.



Horses pulling timber onto a waggon. (See "Some recollections").  
Photograph by George Garland.





Looking South from Court House Cottage, Lombard Street, Petworth.  
From a drawing by Miss Phyllis Nelson.

*A Musket ma:  
A Bald Bussard.  
A Ringtail  
An Owl.*

The term musket for the male is still commonly used. The bald bussard seems to be an alternative term for the osprey and the ringtail is either a ringtail harrier (not used for hawking) or a young golden eagle (O.E.D.).

The owl is not used.

The earliest printed work dealing with falconry is the 15th Century Boke of St. Albans in which there is a list of birds used by different classes of people. It is:

Emperor	: Eagle, Vulture and Merloun	Lady	: Marylon (merlin)
King	: Ger falcon and the ger tiercel	Young man	: Hobby merlin
Prince	: Falcon gentle and tercel gentle	Yeoman	: Goshawk
Duke	: Falcon of the loch (i.e. peregrine)	Poor man	: Tiercel
Earl	: Falcon peregrine	Priest	: Sparrowhawk
Baron	: Bustard	Holy water clerk	: Musket
Knight	: Sacre and sacret	Knave or servant	: Kestrel
Esquire	: Lanare and lanaret		

The section sub-titled "kinds of names of hawks" deals basically with hawks at different stages of their development: yasses are the modern eyass, a nesting or young hawk. Ramigge haulkes are young hawks that have left the nest to take to the branches but are as yet untamed, much the same as branchers. Passengers are hawks caught on migration in immature plumage. Haggards are untamed hawks caught in the wild but yet in full adult plumage. Sore haukes are first year hawks that have not yet moulted and that still have their red plumage (sore comes from French sorrel). They can also be known as red hawks. Entermuers are hawks that have spent at least one moult in captivity. White haukes are probably trained adult birds in full plumage.

*Yasses  
Ramigge haulkes.  
Passengers  
Branchers.  
Haggards.  
Sore haukes.  
Entermuers.  
White haukes.*



Roofter hoods.  
 Hoods.  
 Belles.  
 Jesses.  
 Buetts.  
 Varusells.  
 Luers.  
 Leases.

"Habiliments belonging to a haulke" gives the essential equipment of the falconer, little changed today: rooferhoods also ruster-hood (French chapon de rust) are roughly made hoods which enable the hawk to feed easily while wearing them. They are used until a proper hood is tailor-made. Hoods are the tailored leather caps that keep the hawk quiet and settled. Belles, usually one on each leg, aid the location of the hawk. Jesses are leather straps attached to the legs and attaching in turn by the free and the swivel that holds the leash. Buetts (modern bewits) are the small leather straps that attach the bells to the hawk's legs. Varusells (latterly Varvels) are small metal rings attached to the ends of the jesses and through which the leash is threaded. They are no longer used in modern falconry. Luers (lures) are used to attract the flying falcon down to the falconer. Leases (leashes) of thin rope secure a jessed hawk to its stock or perch.

"Parts of a hauke" among others are: nares - nostrils, panell the lower part of the stomach, single the middle or outer claw on the foot, pounces, claws or talons, seré, the wax-like part just above the beak where the nostrils are situated. Sarsell (sarcel) is the outermost primary feather, beame feathers the primaries in general. Braile feathers are those round the rump. Imped feathers are repaired broken feathers, full suminge full length new feathers with the quills hardened off. Crivetts (modern crinks or crinets) are explained by the encyclopedia itself as "long hairy fethers by the nares".

Diseases of a hawk number beside fairly obvious maladies like wormes, goute, lice, mytes and cough: fronse (modern frounce) a disease of the beak and throat. Rye is a swelling in the head which according to the fifteenth century Book of St. Albans afflicts hawks not given enough fresh or "hot" meat. Refrayninge appears a similar malady. Cray is a form of constipation. Pinn in the foot refers to corns. Tany is explained by the writer himself as a shortness of wind and filanders as "a kind of worme". The Arteticke is "a fatness about the harte" and Agram "Swollen cheeks". "Webb in the eie" is a thin white opacity over the eye, while Aggerstine is explained as "when

she pulleth her tayle, nibbeth feet". Falera is a whiteness of the talons and the rare word Anguellis "a sort of small worms cast up by sick hawks" (O.E.D.).

The final category is "Acts of Haukes". Some like bathing or pruning (i.e. preening) are fairly obvious: some are quite rare. Jouketh is an old word used of a hawk perched or sitting asleep on its perch. Noteth is explained by the writer himself as "when shee draueth oyle from her rumpe" i.e. draws from the oil gland in the rump to help with feather maintenance while preening. Rouseth is to erect all the feathers of the body end and shake them. Mantelleth has two distinct meanings: either a stretching of wing, leg, tail on one side of the body, a sign of good health, or in a less desirable sense to spread the wings and tail over food and hide it (a sign of greed and excitement and jealousy). Warbleth is not used in the normal sense but technically of stretching both wings upwards over the back until they nearly touch and spreading the tail. This is again a sign of good health. Muteth is obvious, while endueth is a technical term for digesting, i.e. conveying food into the bowels; another term for this is embowelet. Putting over is another technical term for moving the head and neck to push food down into the crop. Ruffling is to ruffle the feathers (a sign of anger). Maling (mailing) is to wrap a hawk in a scarf or kerchief either for taming or for an operation like imping. Reclayminge is to recall the hawk and manning to get it used to men. Drawinge means to close the hood. Catinge her upon a perch probably refers to the bird bringing up pellets of fur after digesting. Feaketh is to wipe the beak clean with a stropping action after feeding and traversing to wriggle from side to side on the perch.

AT/PJ (Extracts from P.H.A. H.M.C. 116 reproduced by kind permission of Lord Egremont)

### DEFAMATION AT FITTLEWORTH IN 1594 (3)

(John Stone of Fittleworth has accused Thomas Cooke of immoral behaviour and made his views clear by uttering them in the street at Fittleworth. Cooke has retaliated by bringing a suit for defamation in the church court in which Stone is the defendant. In his defence John Stone relies on a key witness, John Parker of Petworth, a gardener, who claims to have been with Stone when the alleged immorality took place and to have actually witnessed it. In suing for defamation cooke concentrates not so much on directly denying the incident as in establishing that John Parker is himself a notorious fornicator and perjurer and that any evidence he adduces should be set aside.



Initial enquiries in Petworth itself and in London have not shown Parker in a good light and Cooke presses forward with his attack on Parker's credibility by suggesting that he is also a notorious perjurer.)

While the court might well demur at Cooke's setting the proceedings off, as it seemed, at a tangent, the uncomfortable question still remained. Could a man with Parker's history be counted as a reliable witness? Had he not already committed perjury? For this there was only Henry James' report, hearsay as much as anything but no one had refuted it.

The case had commenced on the 8th June 1594 and came before the court on some forty separate occasions. Cooke's tactics were so far successful in that the case had largely become a war of attrition over Parker's character: Cooke's advisers objecting to Parker's reliability as a witness on the ground that he was himself a notorious fornicator and a perjurer, while Stone's counsel sought to have Cooke's attack on the principal defence witness deflected by claiming that much of the evidence was inadmissible. Over a year later the court at last delivered its verdict: Parker's evidence could not safely stand and Stone's remarks were defamatory. Cooke's determination to destroy John Parker's credibility had paid off. Stone was having none of this and immediately declared his intention of appealing to Canterbury to the Archbishop himself. Whether he did or not and what result he had cannot now be known: the great bulk of the records of the Court of Arches were destroyed during the great fire of London and no mention of his appeal survives in the records that remain.

We are left to make of the case such as we can. On the main participants virtually nothing is forthcoming from the Fittleworth parish records. Lady Maxse in the "Story of Fittleworth" notes that in 1608 John Stone, a recusant, was made to receive Holy Communion in the King's Chapel at Whitehall. If, as is likely, the two John Stones are one and the same, then John Stone the Catholic might feel himself at something of a disadvantage in the church court. Cooke may be connected with a gentry family of that name at Bignor but even this is uncertain. We can be fairly sure that both Cooke and Stone were men of some means; such a lengthy case would have needed funds to support it and Cooke's journeys to London for information on Parker's part would clearly involve numerous expenses.

Perhaps one of the earliest Fittleworth witnesses casts a little light on Fittleworth attitudes towards the litigants. William Coles

was a tanner and a churchwarden. On the day after the alleged incident in Gunter's beans, i.e. the 28th May 1594, he had been bringing his wains through the street at Fittleworth coming along from Wakestone on the further side of Bedham. As Coles came along one William Wace had been looking out of the casement of the White Horse "one Quennel's house". Wace was clearly very angry indeed about the alleged incident in Gunter's beans and wanted Cooke presented to the church court for his flagrant immorality. "It is true," cried Wace, "present it or I will present you". Stone then came out of the inn and made the same demand. The next day Stone again accosted Coles and wanted Cooke presented. He had with his own eyes seen a hawk strike down a chick. Coles had little alternative but to present Cooke and Cooke's counter suit for defamation may well have been in its origins a defensive measure. Coles adds that "the better sort of the parish of Fittleworth have thought the said Thomas Cooke to be a man of bad life with some bad woman or other". Clearly there was a considerable feeling in Fittleworth that Cooke was quite capable of the sort of behaviour Stone had so indignantly accused him of. The metaphor of the hawk and the chick seems to reflect a consciousness that Cooke had abused his relatively exalted social position. It is possible perhaps that Stone, being convinced of Cooke's bad character and his illicit relations with the girl and having blurted out his convictions in Fittleworth Street, had through Cooke's swift recourse to the church court to back up his allegation in a more definite way than he had expected. Parker was a man who would swear to anything if the price was right .... or was it simply that for once in his life Parker was actually telling the truth? The church court obviously found it difficult to decide and at a distance of nearly four hundred years we too can now only conjecture.

(The documents for the case all come from the County Record Office at Chichester. The handwriting is often very difficult and this article owes a great deal to the advice and help of Alison McCann, Archivist at Petworth House.)

#### A FARRIER'S ACCOUNT FROM 1720

A bill for his Grace ye Duke of Somersett for farriouring done by me Thomas Turner beginning November ye 20th 1720.



£ s. d.

November ye 20 for roweling 3 colts and Looking after them	)	0 - 7 - 6
ye 27 for 2 days work at ye foarge	)	0 - 2 - 0
ye 27 for cuaring of ye bull stagg when he was cut and very much ganguared like to die	)	0 - 10 - 0
for cuaring ye snugfilley of a carbuckell in her grine	)	0 - 05 - 0
December ye 15th 1722 for cutting and cuaring an ox that could not make water	)	01 - 0 - 0

02 - 4 - 6

A Bill for his Grace y<sup>e</sup> Duke of Somersset  
for farviouring done by me Thomas  
Turner beginning November y<sup>e</sup> 20<sup>th</sup> 1720

Novemb<sup>r</sup> y<sup>e</sup> 20 for Roweling 3 colts and  
Looking after them ———— £ s. d.  
0 - 7 - 6  
y<sup>e</sup> 27 for 2 days work at y<sup>e</sup> foarge ———— 0 - 2 - 0

y<sup>e</sup> 27 for cuaring of y<sup>e</sup> Bull Stagg  
when he was cut and very  
much ganguared like to die } 0 - 10 - 0  
for cuaring y<sup>e</sup> Snugfilley of a  
carbuckell in her grine } 0 - 05 - 0  
Decemb<sup>r</sup> y<sup>e</sup> 15<sup>th</sup> 1722 for cutting and  
cuaring an ox that could not  
make water } 01 - 0 - 0  

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02 - 4 - 6

Thomas Turner's account appears to be in his own hand and is not difficult to read even if the spelling seems a little wayward to today's eyes. A rowel was a circular piece of leather or other material having a hole in the centre which was inserted between the flesh and skin of a horse or other animal to allow the humours to discharge. The four chief fluids of the body were blood, phlegm, choler and melancholy and the rowel would see that the right proportion was maintained between the four.

'Cuaring' means curing. I do not know what is meant by a "snugfilley", nor do I know why Turner's work for the Duke was so intermittent.

The account is receipted by Turner and signed by him but I have not included this here.

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NEW MEMBERS

- Mr. Alder, Gorselands, Wyncombe Close, Fittleworth.
- Mr. Bevis, 35 Cowdry Place, Canterbury.
- Mr. Budd, Camelia, Park Rise, Petworth.
- Mrs. K. Barnett, 2 Squires Cottage, Bury, Sussex.
- Mrs. Callingham, 11 Grove Lane, Petworth.
- Mrs. Camp, 14 Glebe Gardens, Sonning, Reading.
- Mrs. B. Exall, 23 Grove Lane, Petworth.
- Mrs. Eldridge, Downsvie, 6 Herons Close, Kirdford.
- Mr. Franklin, 10 Mant Road, Petworth.
- Mr. & Mrs. Godsmark, 38 Martlett Road, Petworth.
- Mr. & Mrs. Gordon, Garden Cottage, Pitshill, Tillington.
- Mr. James, Lower House Farm, West Burton, Pulborough.
- Mrs. F. Jordan, 2 High Street, Petworth.
- Mr. J. Katon, High Street, Petworth.
- Mrs. Luff, 16 Sheralds, Croft Lane, Thriplow, Royston, Herts.
- Mr. G. Matthews, c/o Mrs. Page, Saddlers Row, Petworth.
- Miss E. Mills, 41 Wyndham Road, Petworth.
- Mr. & Mrs. R. Myram, Steepwood Farm, Billingshurst.
- Dr. & Mrs. Pope, 34 The Avenue, Hambrook, Chichester.



