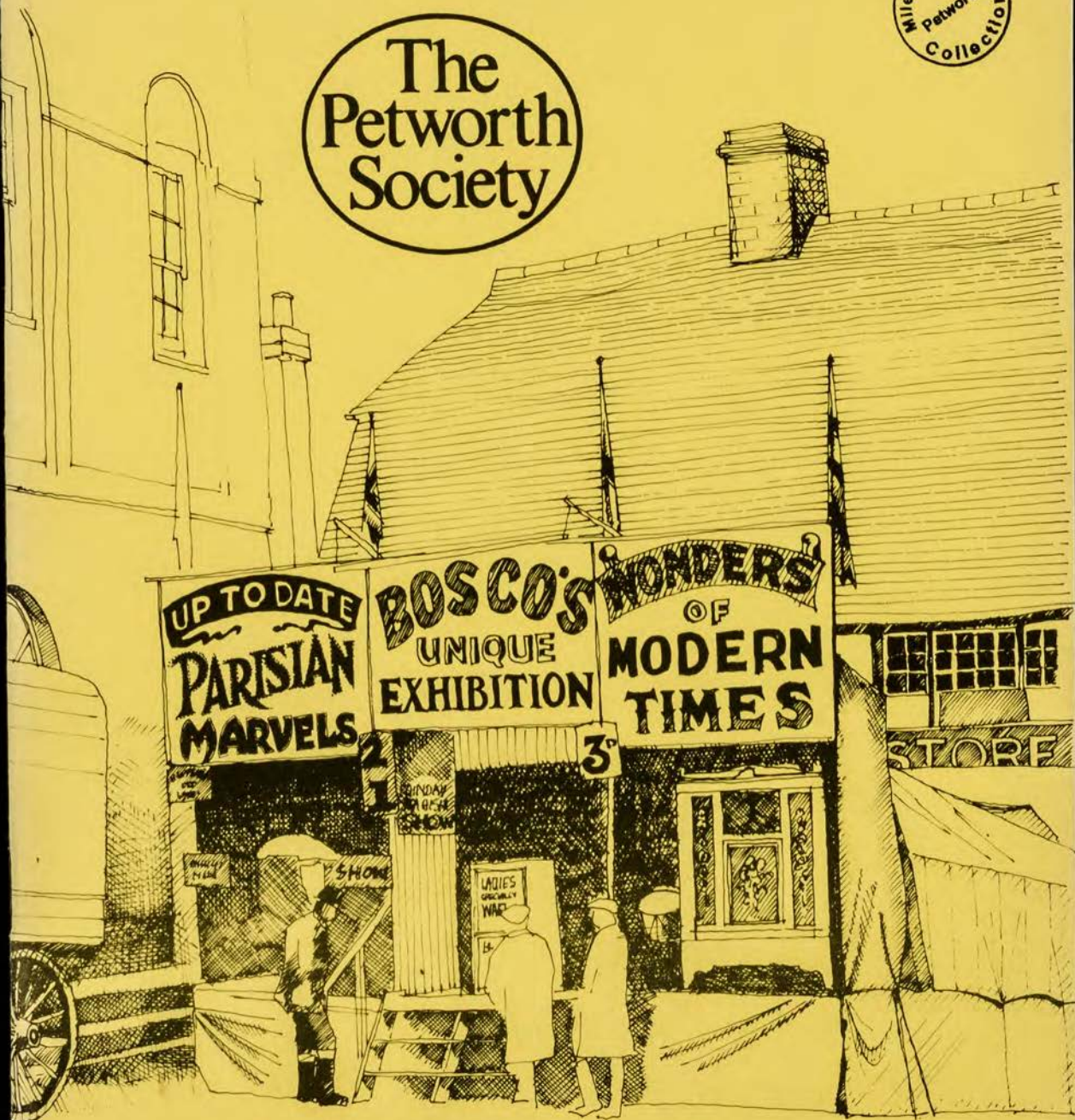


The Petworth Society



CONTENTS

	<u>Page</u>
Constitution and Officers	2
Chairman's Notes	3
Your Help Please	6
An Owl's Revenge	7
And Not Forgetting Sid	7
Barn Owl Fact Sheet and Survey	10
Old and New at Colhook	13
A Shepherd's Daughter (7): Return to Sutton 1918-9 (continued)	16
Old Wives Weather: (2) June to August	20
Early Days at Snow Hill	21
A Rule-maker's Apprentice	24
Ebernoe Common Nature Reserve	27
Mistress Goble and Master Owen	28
Memories by F.M. Pugh: (4) The War and After	34
New Members	36

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Cover design by Jonathan Newdick drawn from a photograph by George Garland. It shows side-shows at Petworth Fair in 1925.

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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 £3.50. Single or Double one Bulletin delivered. Postal £4.50. Overseas £5.00. Further information may be obtained from any of the following:-

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Mrs. Anne Simmons, Mr. D.S. Sneller,
Mr. H.W. Speed, Mr. J. Taylor,
Mr. E. Vincent.

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Drive, Fittleworth.

Membership enquiries to Mrs. Staker please, Bulletin circulation enquiries to Mrs. Sadler.

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

By the time you read these notes the monthly meetings will be over again for the summer. The last one is the A.G.M. on May 14th at which Doris Ashby will show some of her natural history slides. Meetings restart in October with an informal illustrated talk "Turner - a painter at Petworth" by Sarah Reid.

Looking back Fred Shepherd returned in February with his film "The Land of the Mountain and the Flood". The meeting fell in the middle of a bitterly cold spell and it was a measure of Fred's popularity that the Hall was pretty full on a very inclement night indeed. Darrell Cunningham had a full house too but was a trifle more fortunate with the weather. Helped by his two seasoned T.V. performers Puff and Bolero he gave the Society perhaps as good an evening as



Puff with the Petworth Society.
A colour snap by Helen St John.

anyone can remember. The Colin Garratt tape-lecture was something

of an experiment: personally I found the combination of steam-trains, superb photography and South America irresistible but not everyone I expect has an interest in steam-trains.

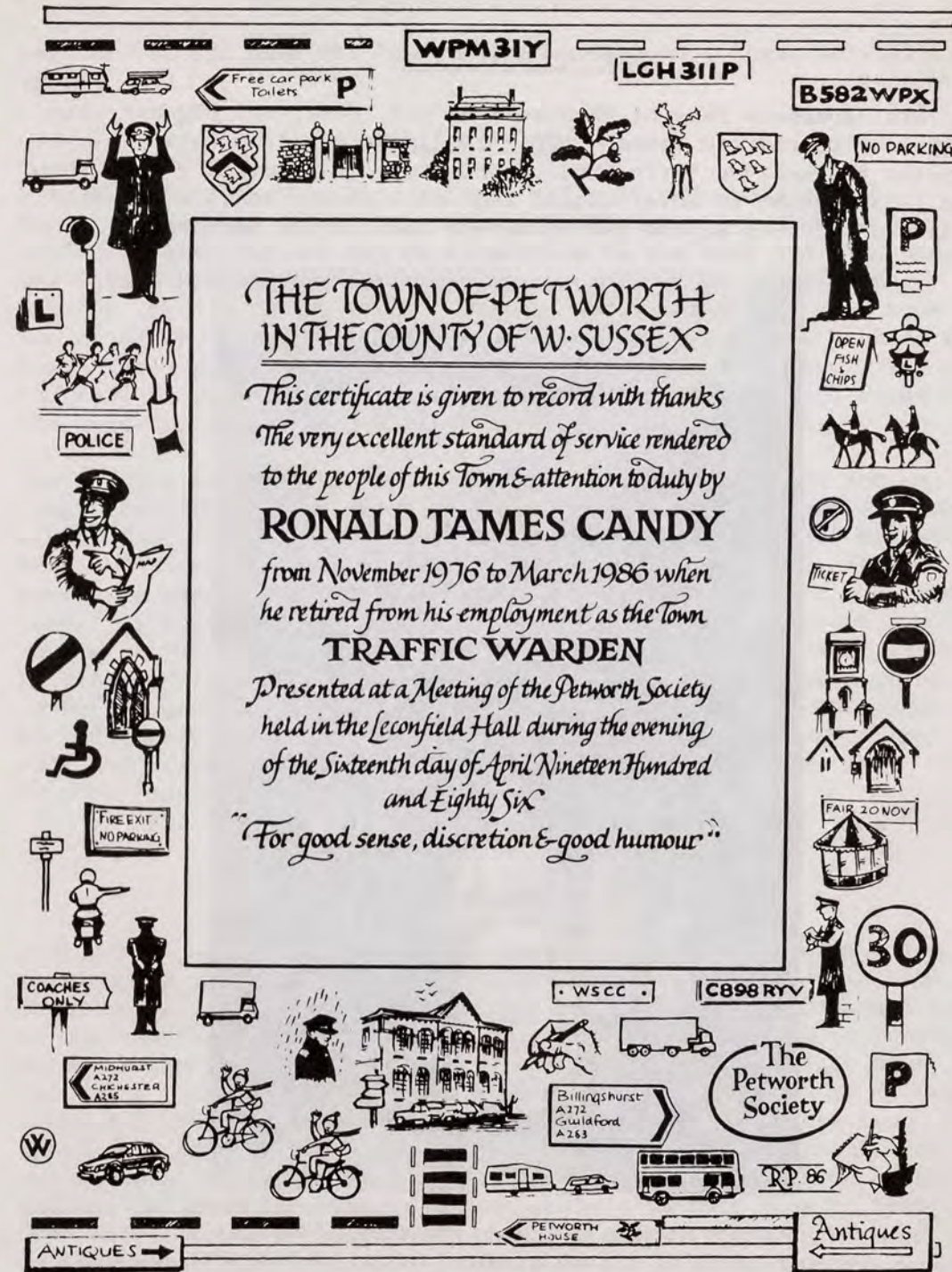
A feature of the Colin Garratt evening was the Society's presentation to Ron Candy, organised on our behalf by Anne Simmons and Audrey Grimwood. Ron received a cheque for £300 and a framed scroll by Ron Pidgley, a Society member, commemorating the event and Ron's nine years of service. Subject to there being sufficient interest Ron Pidgley is offering Society members a Saturday course in broad nib writing. It will be limited to fifteen right-handed members. Enquiries to Audrey Grimwood, myself or better still Ron himself on Horsham 65453. Date and venue to be arranged.

The Petworth Society clean-up of paths and verges took place on April 27th. This event is fast becoming an institution rather like the Gardens Walk. The effect on the approaches to the town is quite dramatic and surprisingly long-lasting. More important perhaps, I hope the clean-up does make most people just a little more conscious that litter is not entirely something that lies outside our power to prevent.

Preparations for Petworth Fair proceed. Without being specific I think I can say that there will be a considerable improvement on last year. There will be a good deal happening in the Square and the Leconfield Hall will be in full operation too. There are complexities though: we have to tread a rather fine line between using the Hall to induce people into the area of the Fair and diverting people away from the Fair itself and into the Hall. I can only say that if we don't get everything right this year we will have to try again next.

The walks and visits proceed as normal. I couldn't make all of them because of hospital visiting but J's snowdrop walk found snowdrops amidst the snow and the March Downland walk was very rewarding given very uncertain weather which probably deterred some members. The first visit of the season was to Manor of Dean on April 20th and there are as usual a number of walks and visits for the summer. Why do we tend to go to the same places each year? Well, because we like going there, the atmosphere's nice and restful and not too strenuous and our hosts are old friends. That's what Petworth Society visits are all about.

Peter. 2nd May 1986.



The Petworth Society presentation to Ron Candy. Drawn for the Society by Ron Pidgley.

YOUR HELP PLEASE

1) Mrs. Rosemary Knox of 98 Hangleton Way, Hove, BN3 8EQ has this postcard, postmarked November 21st 1903 and sent from Petworth. It carries the message "with kind regards from G.J. Austin - a Souvenir" and is addressed to Dover Edgell Esq: of Pagham. Is it a Petworth postcard and does anyone recognise the lady or the background?



2) Mr. Tony Palmer of 31, the Drive, Oakley, Basingstoke asks "Has anyone any knowledge of a family named Baker in Petworth during World War I that had two sons in the Royal Flying Corps?" Well has

anyone? If you have Mr. Palmer will be pleased to hear tel. 0256-780551.

AN OWL'S REVENGE

When I was a schoolboy at Eartham I had a friend whose parents kept the pub. My friend knew something about owls and where they nested locally and one day we climbed up to the nest and came upon the eggs. Now we knew where the eggs were. We waited till they hatched, then till the young birds had got quite a size then took two of the young birds. We made a place for them at the back of the pub. There was a meadow to the back and we barred the enclosure we had made to stop the birds escaping. We used to get young birds for the owls to feed on and we kept them there quite a time.

One evening someone came cycling down through the village and as they passed the pub an owl flew out of the trees and dived straight at his face. The man was quite shaken and had to jump off his bike. When he'd recovered a bit he went into the pub and asked, "Anyone keep owls anywhere round here?" "I don't think so," said the landlord, "although my son and the nipper over the road have got a couple of young ones out the back." The cyclist said, "You'll have to get rid of them, that owl's going to cause trouble, he's going to hurt someone." It was one of the parent birds seeking revenge. We had to let the young birds go. The old hollow tree where the owls had nested is still there on the far side of Eartham from Petworth but the owls have long since gone.

G.P.

AND NOT FORGETTING SID!

I suppose I have always been keen on wild life, but when we moved to Elmer we inherited a bird-table with the property and I always think it was this that started me off. When we began to lose a lot of our regular greenfinches I tried to find out what had happened. No one seemed terribly anxious to help but eventually after contacting a bird hospital and doing some private research on my own account I put the death of the greenfinches down to aerial crop-spraying. At that time crop-spraying planes would empty out their unused spray over the sea. I am glad to say that this kind of spraying has declined somewhat in recent years - in this area at least. Gradually I found myself taking in birds on my own account, setting up the casualties again for a return to the wild.

An early owl we called Conkers. He was a chestnut coloured tawny. He was by no means young when he came to us and he died at Elmer of simple old age. We had him with us for some five years. Conkers? Well he was chestnut as I have said, and every time anyone went near him he went absolutely bonkers. A chestnut owl that goes bonkers... Conkers had run into a train, quite a frequent happening. Drivers aren't supposed to stop in such cases but Conkers had been lucky. Another owl was Princess, a barn owl that came to us from a breeder on the Isle of Wight. Princess is still with us. Penny was a tawny a friend bought for us from a London pet-shop. Our owl population was beginning to rise.

One August Saturday a man phoned to say he had a baby barn-owl he wanted to release. I suggested he put it in a box marked "WILD ANIMAL" and leave it on the train at Croydon with the guard. I would meet the train at Littlehampton. I duly met the train and also an irate guard who indignantly accused me of transporting a large snake in his cabin. Certainly he had a very large box indeed marked "DANGEROUS WILD ANIMAL" and there was a loud hissing noise issuing from it. Inside however was just a little puff ball - the baby barn owl. Puff she would be called from now on... barn owls hiss when things aren't to their liking.

Another acquisition was a pair of snowy or arctic owls - quite rare birds and not often to be found in private hands. If they are to be found anywhere it is in zoos. The two snowy owls were quite expensive and were bought for us at Heritage. This species of owl is indigenous to the British Isles only in so far as the Shetland Islands are the extreme southern point of their range. We wrote to Torvill and Dean to ask if we could use their names and we had a nice letter back saying we could, so Torvill and Dean they were called. The year before last the couple had four babies and the mother slaughtered them all, something that often happens in the first year of breeding. When the same thing began to happen the following year we took the initiative and took away the last three eggs. From these we duly hatched three snowy owls. The last one to hatch died at birth and was deformed in any case, but the other two survived. Of the other two, one survived for six weeks. It had caught an infection at birth which eventually developed with great rapidity. The lone survivor was named Bolero by T.V.A.M. viewers after I'd appeared in the show and said that we hadn't yet given the young owl a name. Bolero was the viewers' choice.

If it hadn't been for the skill and dedication of David Constantine



The Petworth Society cleans up!
April 27th. Photograph by David Cole.



The Lodge of St Laurence at Lurgashall (left) with Northchapel Town Band (right) June 1908.

Does anyone have any recollection of this village friendly society?

Photograph courtesy of Mr. Greenfield: Roundhurst.

of the Grove Lodge Group, our vet, I don't suppose Bolero would be with us today. Rearing snowy owls from eggs is fraught with difficulties and we had been flatly told it was impossible. Baby snowy owls need a very carefully balanced vitamin diet; they grow so quickly in the early stages in relation to their size that any lack of vitamin or calcium will be magnified and result in serious deformity. There were other difficulties to be faced: Bolero would have to be tamed. She couldn't be released because even if we went up to Shetland to release her, she would need a lot of after-care. She would lack too the migrating instinct. Bolero is now totally imprinted and humanised, a family pet, something most owls would never become. We at Heritage are totally opposed in principle to the keeping of owls as pets - they are just too demanding for the ordinary household. They are night-time creatures who are at their most active when their owner is at his least active. Taming Bolero was a definite decision taken after a lot of thought as to what it would entail. She will be 1 year old on the 10th of June. Bognor Regis weight-watchers have raised the money for her travel box and cage - an International Air-line approved animal travel box which we now use for lectures.

What other animals have we had in at Heritage over the years? An early arrival was a three-legged frog, a casualty perhaps of an encounter with a cat. There wasn't much we could do for the frog, rehabilitation seemed the order of the day so we took it up to a local pool for release. Early arrivals were oiled sea-birds, some quite unusual, red-necked divers, great northern divers and others. Despite being told it wasn't possible we had a fair degree of success in cleaning and releasing oiled sea-birds. At this time we had two cormorants in a cage and a fulmar, a member of the albatross family, in an adjoining cage. The fulmar is a bird which protects itself by spitting out a vile-smelling substance and when the cormorants decided to investigate their neighbour, the fulmar spat all over them. One of the cormorants was to be seen still trying to wash away the smell a good three days afterwards.

A notable rescue was that of Charlie a swan who had got a hook in his web. I spent a good three hours at Ford trying to grab Charlie and when I eventually did I misjudged my footing and fell flat on my face in the River Arun. A fisherman who had been watching my efforts with some amusement said, "That's Charlie, do you want him out?" When I said I did he gave me a jam sandwich. It appeared that Charlie was a great one for a jam sandwich and I had no trouble catching him once I knew the secret. It's always best to deal with

things on the spot if you can; if you have to take animals away from their normal habitat they tend to become disorientated. The general public are often well-meaning but don't always act in an animal's best interest. I remember a cygnet being stuck in the mud and a well-meaning boy taking it home and cleaning it in cold water. We couldn't save it after that. Swans may seem large birds but in fact will go downhill very rapidly in adverse conditions. If a swan gets stuck in a hudge it will very easily catch pneumonia.

Thinking of the "permanent staff" at Elmer we mustn't forget Sid the muscovy duck. He came as a baby and has been with us ever since. He has to be treated with some care however; he's as big as a large goose and likes the occasional stab at a visitor's ankle. He has a hatred of cats, having been savaged by one when he was young, so he's quite capable of picking up any over-inquisitive cat and shaking him by the tail.

Darrell Cunningham wastalking to the Editor.

Darrell's main concern at Heritage Wildlife Rescue is the rehabilitation of the threatened barn owl. We reproduce here his "fact sheet" on the barn owl and also details of his survey for which he seeks your active help. He can be contacted at 11 Elm Drive, Middleton-on-Sea, telephone Middleton 6452 and would be pleased to send enquirers his brochure, but would probably appreciate return postage. Heritage Wildlife Rescue is run as a voluntary organisation with Darrell as the only full-time worker. It is funded by lectures but not supported financially by any national body.

BARN OWL - FACT SHEET

The Barn Owl is often referred to as the 'White Owl' as it is normally seen on the wing at night when only the white shows up. It is in fact covered across its back and wings with a golden sheen cascaded with soft blue-grey tear drops. Unlike the Tawny Owl it does not hoot but emits a sharp rasping screech giving it its other name 'Screech Owl'. The snoring sound heard at the nest site is both a warning to stay away and when emitted by youngsters, a cry for food.

The Barn Owl's life revolves around its nest site and the two mile square of its hunting grounds. Many sites have been used for centuries by generations of Barn Owls, I myself have seen the evidence of one long occupation. Its favourite hunting areas are over water meadows, permanent pastures, woodland margins, forest rides, and

along hedgerow bottoms. Although the Barn Owl often attempts to exploit motorway verges and railway embankments, its low drifting flight often results in fatal collisions with cars and trains.

During the nesting times and severe winters the Barn Owls will often be seen hunting in broad daylight. However, if you are wondering why you have not seen one it is simple: since the last war the number of Barn Owls has dropped from 40,000 pairs down to 5,000 pairs last year. The average weight of an owl is 13 ounces (Barns) to 3½ pounds (Tawny female) in metric that is approximately 425 grams to 1,587 grams. Wing span of Barn Owls approximately 2¼ feet or 72 cm. They are 60% feather enabling them to maintain silent approach to their kill. Unfortunately they suffer in wet and cold weather because of this very soft feathering. The Barn Owl relies on its hearing as well as sight to find food. In wet weather it finds flying limited and the noise of the heavy rain seriously impairs the hearing of the owl. In seasons especially winter with heavy snow the owls find difficulty in locating any voles or mice as these always remain tucked up under the snow. If a Barn Owl cannot find food after about seven days it will become lethargic and eventually die of both starvation and the cold.

The large wing span enables it to quarter for prey close to the ground and to hover just before plunging onto prey with outstretched talons: after which it carries the prey to a perch and swallows it whole. The carrying of the prey into a barn or tree will often suggest that there are young in the nest. It daily regurgitates pellets blackened and glazed sausage-like in appearance about the size of a thumb. These pellets contain the fur and bones of prey and are essential to its natural digestive system. These items can be identified by soaking the pellet in water and teasing apart. You can look up the bones in a reference book such as 'The Identification of Remains in Owl Pellets' published by the Mammal Society and available through our offices.

Nesting period of the Barn Owl is between April to September when the female will lay between three to seven white bantam sized eggs on a ledge or in the nest boxes in a dark corner at least eight feet up. Incubation unlike say Mallards is from the first egg laying; subsequent eggs at two day intervals EACH egg hatching after 30 days. Thus there is a vast size difference between the first and last to hatch and, if there is any food shortage it often results in being fatal for the last born.

Vast quantities of food are sought by the male often starting to cache some away when dry for the wet times ahead when it will be very difficult to hunt. First flight is normally after seven weeks and eventually finding new nest sites often only a few miles away. So, it is now very clear that putting up a box with a pair must always be accompanied by a supply of boxes within a reasonable distance from the main site.

With the harsh winters it is rare for more than ONE youngster to make it to next spring. Barn Owls breed after one year and pair often for life. They rarely venture much above 800 feet (243 m) preferring the warm valleys where damp meadows provide a good source of food.

If you do come across a dead Barn Owl please let us know as we would like the body for tests to discover the cause of death if possible.

The scientific name is Tyto Alba, Tyto meaning Owl (from the Greek Tuto) and Alba from the latin Albus meaning white. There are tales of ghost owls and as funny as this might sound, could be backed up by reports of luminous owls being seen (this comes probably from luminous bacteria present in decaying wood becoming rubbed off onto feathers). The legs are thin and relatively long and when at rest are placed feet apart so that the legs from the front sometimes appear to be 'Knock-kneed'. The Barn Owl is a wide spread bird from Scotland to the S.W. USSR and occurs in North and South America, Africa, India, Malaysia and even Australasia. Of course there are very different appearances and with more than 35 sub-species. In the European countries it has a darker breast, and has the scientific name of Tyto Alba Gutatta.

SURVEY

Can you help?

YES! This is something that everyone can do to help save the Barn Owl from possible extinction by the 21st Century. All you have to do is remember the following ideas when you go rambling, nature trailing, cycling motoring or just on the way to work or school:

- (1) If you see a barn owl, try to be sure that it is by checking the colours – white underneath and golden brown back parts. It will probably be flying slowly, and quietly and may appear all white. Check with the illustration supplied and then:
- (2) Record the time, date, approximate direction going and if possible from where it came. Next jot down the weather at the time and your surroundings, e.g. pasture, cows etc.

DON'T try to find the nest site please as this is both risking the lives of young and above all illegal.

Attention Farmers if you have a nesting pair please let us know, any information will be treated as strictly private. You will not have people streaming all over your land.

IMPORTANT! Teachers and leaders please do not let your children or adults wander all over farmers' fields. Please abide by the country code at all times. Farmers have a living to earn and we would all complain if our sugar frosties were not in the shops for our breakfasts!

With your help we may be able to keep accurate records of increases and declines in the numbers of barn owls seen in our countryside.

PLEASE PLEASE let us have reports of any young known to have left the nest and everyone if you find a dead one or injured or youngster on the ground please let us know on:

Middleton on Sea (0243 69) 6452

OLD AND NEW AT COLHOOK

In father's time our builders' yard was simply a rented field. To keep it we had to renew a special licence from the Council at five-year intervals. As our tenure of the field was somewhat precarious, it being technically an industrial usage in a highly rural area, when in 1969 the Leconfield Estate offered us a fifteen year lease on the derelict brickyard at Colhook we had at least to think about it. The brickyard was an extensive site of some 1.6 acres and on the face of it much too big. Most of the yard buildings had been bulldozed but some of the more serviceable and less derelict had been left. One had been used for pimp-making on the Leconfield Estate while another had been used as garages while the old stables were also still there. When we took over the brickyard, the few people who were based there moved out. While we had thirteen employees at the time, the old brickyard seemed a very large builders' yard indeed!

We continued with the lease until 1977 when the Leconfield Estate asked us if we wanted to buy. We had the option of purchase with or without the old brickworks' manager's house but an accountant advised us only to purchase the yard. Our concern after all was only to secure a site for our builders' yard, to retain the old brickyard as a base for our builders' business. The idea of developing the site was born only very gradually as many such things are. Perhaps it was the people who would pull in off the road and ask if they could use part of the yard that started the train of thought that

would lead to the present development. As the idea of some kind of industrial unit began to take shape we found John and Janet Davidson of Petworth more than useful allies. At this primary stage we were thinking of a fairly large building subdivided into units; and when we applied for outline planning permission using John Davidson's plans we had the backing of Northchapel and Petworth Parish Councils on the ground that the site might eventually provide much-needed local employment. Our application was comprehensively refused, on the grounds of position, the strain on local housing and the added traffic it would bring to the road.

The situation didn't seem particularly promising for our second try at obtaining planning permission. The two Parish Councils again backed the application but this time with greater vigour than before and the application received a certain amount of attention in the local press. We had also the backing of the Association of Parish Councils. The outline application was still for a large single building subdivided into units and the County Planning Officer had again recommended refusal, particularly on the grounds that the proposed development would conflict with the County Structure Plan.

As the planning meeting would be crucial we went. Mrs. Duncton our local representative had always supported the plan and put up a strong case. She had no intention of seeing the plan thrown out without detailed discussion and in this she had strong support from the Fernhurst representative. After all as the site had been industrial up to the demise of the brickworks; the application was not a new departure. The meeting was persuaded and outline planning consent was given. The scheme had literally been saved at the last hour; we could not have come back after a second refusal. This was certainly a giant step forward: outline planning permission meant that the scheme was approved in principle but not necessarily in the form in which we had submitted it. In any case the Leconfield Estate, as was quite usual, retained a covenant on the land even after they had sold it to us: they would need to approve any detailed plans submitted by us.

Gaining approval from Leconfield took some time and we had meanwhile been doing some building work for a client who was on the committee of COSIRA, the Council for Small Industry in Rural Areas. He advised us to contact COSIRA and we found them most helpful at this stage and effectively at every stage until the work was complete. They advised us on such things as the type of buildings suitable, and on economic methods of heating and insulation. Gradually too we were moving

away from our original idea of one large building subdivided and COSIRA agreed with this change of emphasis. They handled the detailed planning application for us and we submitted through them a scheme for sixteen units. The plans were approved. It was 1982 when we started dealing with COSIRA but as we have said it was a little time before the Leconfield Estate gave formal approval to our plans.

Planning permission was one thing. Finance was quite another. There was a great deal of capital expenditure needed to develop the site. The electricity supply had to be upgraded all the way from Palfrey and a new transformer was required. The development needed its own sewerage treatment plant and the water supply needed to be upgraded to a full 4" mains supply with a hydrant to cover fire hazards. Gas too needed to be laid on for heating. The telephone required a new line up from the Lurgashall turning. British Telecom didn't charge for the new line as they considered they were upgrading their own equipment but the other services all needed to be financed. New access was needed from the highway and new loading and parking areas within the site itself.

Initial work on the site involved a good deal of excavation; the site needed to be level whereas the old brickworks site was a good nine feet higher from one corner to another. All kinds of land drains were needed before we could even begin. This work we did ourselves but we did have special contractors for the brickwork and the roofing. Specialist contractors put the plastic-type roofing on over galvanised purlins. It took some eighteen months in all to complete the work of turning an under-utilised site where the trees and bushes were beginning to get a hold again into a tidy well-set-out light industrial complex. Some of the old-fashioned square built drains we kept, simply cutting into the existing system but we had to ask old hands like Riley Shotter and Frank Wadey to point out the old manhole covers.

While building we were aware that the project, problematical as it was in some ways, could not fail completely; four or five units were spoken for by people coming in off the road to enquire even while reconstruction was in progress. The agents put up a board advertising units to let and there was some advertising in the local press. Our impression was however that the letting came mainly from casual enquiries made by people passing on the road. Some people wanted to buy; there was at that time tax relief on the purchase of industrial buildings but we didn't want to sell the units.

The full complement of buildings will be 16 according to the original plan and Nos. 1-4 are still to be built. Units 5-7 are used for furniture restoration and warehousing while 6 houses a high technology colour printer specialising in brochures and colour magazines and having among other equipment a laser computer. Unit 8 houses the Stag Press a rather more traditional printer. Tomini Bar at 9 manufacturers public house games (parlour games as they are called) in the old traditional style and provides services like goldblocking on personalised gifts. Unit 10 and 11 are used for the manufacture of toys, blackboards, easels and for silk screen printing. 12 and 13 house Sussex Smokehouse, curing salmon and other fine foods over the traditional wood chippings. 14 is used for the assembly of light agricultural machinery from imported parts. 15 is used for making medical swabs, impregnated tissues and hygiene requisites while 16 has craftsmen working in fine metal. We of course retain a presence at Colhook: the site still houses our builder's yard.

As can be seen the development houses a number of craftsmen just as the old brickworks had once done but the modern site plays host to a much greater diversity of crafts. We have tried to encourage craftsmen to come to Colhook. Obviously we have to let as we can and cannot afford to have units empty but with that proviso we have tried to have a site we can feel proud of. A crucial factor in gaining planning permission was the possibility of employment for young people and there is some indication that there will be opportunities for local young people to be employed and learn a skill - this is in fact already happening. Obviously in the early days firms tend to bring their own skilled craftsmen with them but over a period they will perhaps tend to recruit their workforce locally and train them. It has given us a great deal of satisfaction that this site with which our family and other local families have been associated for generations still has its old connection and yet throbs with a new life of its own.

Graham and Colin Stemp were talking to Mrs. Walters and the Editor.

A SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER (7) RETURN TO SUTTON 1917-8 (CONTINUED)

We still had no water laid on in the house but there was a pump at the back, to pump it up from the stream across the field. However, it was always going wrong and most days we had to take buckets and dip it out of the stream; more often than not, there being cows in the field who would stand in the water to drink stirring up the mud.

So it was necessary to fetch it early in the morning before the cows were brought from the farm after the early morning milking, or wait until they had gone back mid-afternoon for the second milking, we then had to let the mud settle. It does not sound very hygienic now but it did not seem to do us any harm, we had no alternative anyway. There was a big galvanised tank at the back of the house which caught the rain water from the house roof, and very handy for wash days when you needed so much. It was a good many years before we had the water laid on in the house, we never did have a sink, and always had to keep a bucket under the tap to catch the drips. Of course no working class people had any bathrooms, only the gentry, so weekends the copper was filled with water and boiled, then a galvanised bath brought indoors, which hung on the wall at the back of the house when not in use. Two or three of us would have our bath one after the other by just adding a little extra hot water each time.

Just down the road from our place lived some people who had a few cows, and they too had to walk across the field for their water like we did, but he used to have a yoke on his shoulders and hook two buckets on, one hanging each side. What a lot of journeys he must have had each day, for each cow will drink an average of eighteen to twenty gallons a day, without it their milk yield would drop. It was not until years later that I understood cows had to keep having calves to keep their milk supply, I thought it just came naturally, like hens laying eggs.

We used to walk down to this house every morning for our milk, three generations lived there an old lady who lived to ninety-nine years, her daughter and son-in-law and their daughter, and she used to push a churn in an old pram up to the village with measures hanging on the side and sell milk to the people every day.

Our grate or stove for cooking was the old fashion type with open top and oven at the side. You would think the heat would all go up the chimney and not heat the oven, but it did, though you usually had to keep turning the things round or they would burn one end. We had a huge open chimney you could look out the top of, and chimney corner seats to sit in. If you wanted to fry anything you just had to hope a lump of soot would not come tumbling down into it, which of course did happen sometimes, but it is surprising how well you manage when you know you have to.

We had a long scullery at the back, the copper at the far end, and

another open fireplace but we did not use this one, only the one in the living room.

We also had a pigsty now so father decided to keep a pig, in fact he got two as he said they fatten up quicker, one eating against the other. One was to sell to pay the rent, the other to kill and have ourselves. He would buy the two smallest from the litter as they were cheaper, and we saved all our scraps and potato peels. We always grew lots of potatoes, some of which were cooked, together with the peelings and mixed with meal. We used to make pets of the pigs, would stand in the sty and stroke them, they loved it and would lay down waiting for more.

We hated it when the time came for them to be killed. The butcher took one which he killed himself, but father killed his own as he was a professional at it and did a lot for other people too when he could. He would walk miles to kill one sometimes, nearly into Petworth or over the other side of the downs, then return a few days later to cut it up.

When ours was to be killed we could go in doors and block our ears up, not that it had time to feel much pain as father was so quick at it. After which mother called us out and we would crowd around and help scrape the hairs off. I do not think I could do it now but it was a way of life then and we accepted it as with the rabbits we killed.

When the pig had been scraped clean in hot water it was brought into our big scullery and hung up on a big hook in the ceiling by its hind legs. Many people had these hooks in their ceiling, so I suppose it was meant for this purpose.

A big bath was placed underneath the animal while father opened it up and took all the inside out, then it was all divided up, the liver put in one bowl, heart and kidneys in another and so on. There was plenty to eat then for a long time, nothing in a pig is wasted said father, even the bladder was made use of, it was blown up and dried, then our brother used it for a football, and very strong it was too.

The pig would be left hanging for two or three days then came the cutting up time which we loved to watch. Father usually sold a few joints to the local people, it helped to cover the cost of feeding them. Some of the pork would be salted down in big pans and when the legs were salted enough father would put them in a



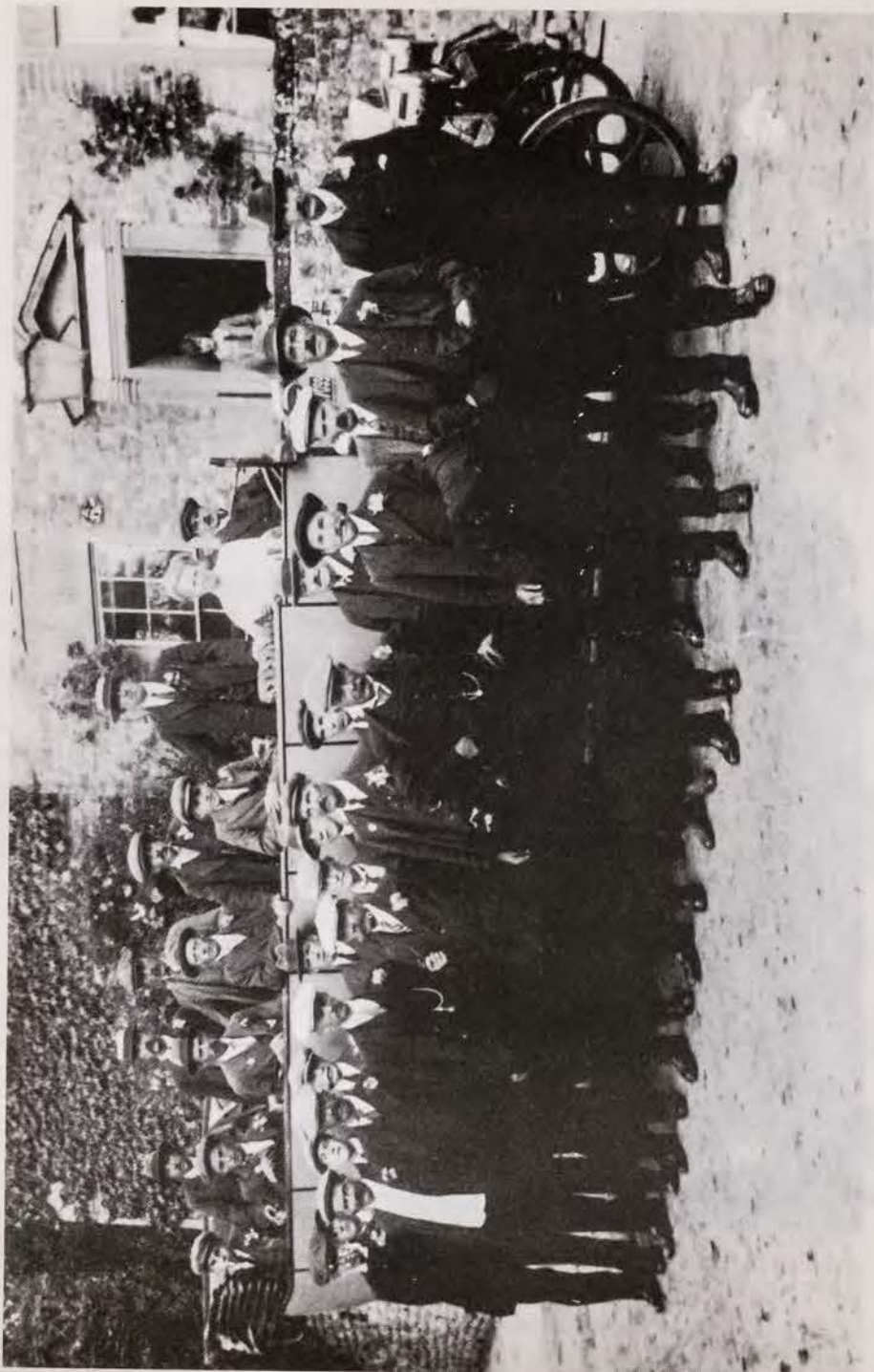
Darrell Cunningham and Bolero with Hannah and Michelle Blunden at the Petworth Society March Meeting.
Photograph by Tony Whitcomb.



Anne Simmons and Ron Candy admire Ron Pidgley's framed scroll.
Petworth Society April Meeting.
Photograph by Tony Whitcomb.



Petworth's antique dealers join forces with the Petworth Society to bid Ron Candy farewell.
Petworth Society April Meeting.
L-R. Anne Simmons, Mrs. Candy, Mr. Rayment, Ron Candy, Audrey Grimwood, Mrs. Rayment, Mr. Humphrey.
Photograph by Tony Whitcomb.



A charabanc outing from the White Horse Inn at Sutton probably just before the Great War.
This photograph courtesy of Mrs. Bowles: Fittleworth.

cloth and hang them up our big chimney to smoke, they were delicious. We had fried liver etc. for several days after the killing and never seemed to get tired of it. The head and trotters mother made into a lovely brawn, and the long strips of fat called the flead were cut up into small pieces, placed into a large saucepan and boiled until all the fat had melted out, leaving a lot of golden crispy pieces called cratchens, which we ate for breakfast with bread and thoroughly enjoyed. The fat, or lard, was poured into a big stone jar and when set, made lovely pastry and lardy cakes.

Even the pig's entrails were eaten, father cleaning them thoroughly by turning them inside out, soaking them in salted water several days, changing the water daily, and when they were ready mother tied them in bundles and boiled them for dinner. Sometimes she would only part boil them, then put them in the frying pan and fry, made a different flavour for a change. We were very fond of them, but do not think I would fancy them now.

In the frosty weather father would sometimes hang a lump of pickled pork out of the bedroom window in a bit of muslin all night before cooking it, as he said it gave it a sweet flavour. There would be plenty of roast pork with all the lovely crackling on top.

Another treat we had occasionally was fish, certain times of the year salmon trout used to come up the near by stream and quite a lot of people would catch them, including my father or brother. They were cleaned and either boiled, served with a parsley sauce, or cut up and fried, either way it was lovely.

There were mushrooms galore in the fields at the back of the house and certain times of the year we would pick them by the basket full or bucket. We would go early in the morning before the animals were turned out to damage them. There were no cultivated ones then, or any in tins, these tasted much better anyway. Sometimes we had them fried and sometimes boiled in a little water with pepper and salt, then strained and the liquor thickened to use as a sauce, delicious too.

Mother usually managed to buy a bit more coal now with the four eldest earning their own living, so we did not have to go wooding quite so much.

When I was about twelve years old, a lady in the village asked mother if she would let me go to her house one evening a week to

do some sewing, or Saturday mornings, when the evenings were dark. It was usually mending sheets or turning sides to middle, or making pillow slips from the best of them, turning her husbands shirt collars and general mending. I was not clever like my sister, able to make new clothes. I usually stayed there two hours for 6d.

Some Saturdays we looked after a small child in the village while the mother did her cleaning and shopping and got 2d. for this, also one night a week in the winter, while the parents went to a whist drive. They would bring it down to our house and collect it when they returned, for another 2d.

We were very fond of making rugs too, with strips of material cut up and threaded through hessian or strong sacking with a special hook. We would make lovely patterns of colours and it did not cost any money.

Mrs. E.J. Pentecost

(to be continued)

OLD WIVES WEATHER JUNE TO AUGUST

The best weather forecaster in the world cannot tell us for certain what the weather is going to do. Yet, to quote Dr. Johnson, "When two Englishmen meet, their first talk is of the weather."

So variable is the weather in our British Isles that neither professional nor amateur forecasters are always right. Some helpful notes are:- Look at the sunset, a watery sky means rain to come. A red sky at night is a good sign. Look at the barometer, a long slow rise means a spell of settled weather, warm in summer, cold in winter. "Long foretold long last, Short notice, soon past." Look at the horizon, the clearer the hills the nearer the rain.

June An old rhyme goes:- "Calm weather in June sets the corn in tune." About once in every four or five years the British Isles are affected by the European Monsoon, which occurs in early June. Some of us may remember the dreadful weather in June 1944 when our troops were waiting to invade Normandy.

June 21st is the longest day when the sun crosses the line. After this our daylight hours very gradually decrease.

For the amateur, be he holiday-maker or farmer, many old sayings bear truth.

"Too bright a morn comes to a wet end."

"No dew in summer is a sure sign of rain to come."

"An early morning mist, a heavy dew at night, mean fine weather."

"Rain before seven, clear by eleven."

At the end of June Buchan's fourth cold spell occurs, including a few days in July, but after that when the sun enters Leo, the greatest heat will arise. July so often begins with a rainy spell but then come the "Dog Days", so called by the Romans because the Dog star Sirius rises and sets with the sun. 12th-15th heralds Buchan's first warm period. The legend of St. Swithin and his wet 40 days has long been disproved.

August 1st (Lammas Day) Lammas-tide floods are traditional in Scotland according to records, and in England August can sometimes be the wettest month of the year. Buchan's second warm period is 12th-15th, the latter being St. Mary's day, which, if sunny, foretells much good. The 24th is St. Bartholemew's day about which there are many old sayings:- "As that day is, so shall the Autumn be." In the Middle ages it was considered to be the start of Autumn. "At St. Bartholemew there comes cold dew." and "If Bartlemy's Day be fair and clear They hope for a prosperous Autumn that year."

P.C.

EARLY DAYS AT SNOW HILL

It occurred to me that some of the older members of the Society might be interested in the early days of one Joe Wilcox, born at Snow Hill in the Park in 1910. Snow Hill no longer exists. An early memory was of deer shooting days. I was forbidden to go near the slaughter house which was on the end of the house, but of course, like all kids of 5 or 6 I looked through the windows, and watched with much interest the keepers, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Fermor, Mr. Tickner, Mr. Cross and Mr. Blunden to name but a few, skinning the deer, using their elbows to remove the skin from the flesh. These were then nailed out on the floor of the loft area and allowed to dry. The deer were shot in what I called the "killing paddock" by the keepers shooting through holes in the wooden doors at points round the paddock. Another thing connected with deer was the catching event. This took place in what I called the "catch-

ing paddock", a long narrow paddock which ran parallel to the Upper-ton Road. A huge net was stretched across the paddock from the Park wall to the fence enclosing the "Roos". The deer which had been enticed into the paddock by a trail of hay and ivy (so I suppose it must have been winter time) were driven by the keepers and woodsmen towards the net. Often the deer would break back and nothing would stop them so the men lay down and the bucks would take a huge leap in line over them, it then started all over again. During this happening I was put up in a tree by my Father to watch it all. Having caught what they wanted, two men would hold the bucks' back legs off the ground so that they couldn't struggle too much, while others sawed off the antlers. This is not as savage as it might sound, as antlers are solid, unlike cattle, and in any case they lose them every year. The bucks were then put into large crates and sent to other Estates who wanted some fresh blood for the herd.

Another thing associated with the "killing paddock" was the Sunday cricket. My brother, Phillip, and sisters Winnie and Monie and Mr. Howick from Tillington Lodge and my cousin Doff when she was staying with us, used to have a knock up at cricket, but Lord Leconfield had a habit of walking up in his white gaiters with his black dog, so I was always set to look through the hole in the gate which gave a clear view to the main road in the Park. If he came, the game stopped and we all disappeared into the "Roo" until he had gone by, usually towards Tillington.

Another memory I have is of my Grandmother who used to totter to a stone seat (which is still there) about 50 yards from the gate and say she was going to the sea-side on account of being able to see the Lower Pond, which is now almost obscured by trees which have grown up in the last 50 years or so.

1915 was not the best year of my life. I started school at Tillington. The Head Master was Mr. Stringer and I remember him as a very strict man indeed of whom I went in great fear.

During the time I lived at Snow Hill Lady Leconfield would sometimes call up to see my Mother. On these occasions it was usually my job to escort her down to Tillington Lodge and let her out to where her carriage and groom would be waiting. I never established why I had to go as Mr. Howick, the lodge keeper, could have opened the gates.



This photograph of Snow Hill in the late 1930's courtesy of Mr. H. Blunden.

Frank and Kathleen Howick were my nearest and only playmates. During summer we used to go and collect Blackbirds' and Thrushes' eggs, make a little fire and boil them in a tin. They tasted better than anything our Mothers could do. When the Jackdaws were nesting the keepers and other guns from around the area would assemble at Snow Hill and proceed to one of the many clumps of trees in the Park and take up positions around the outside, other men and us boys would then go in the clumps and rattle the trees that appeared to have holes in them to frighten the sitting birds out. They were then shot as they left the clump, or not as the case may be, as they came out very fast and only the good shots were successful.

Another seasonal event was rook shooting. Towards the end of May the young rooks were first beginning to fly. These were shot and given to whoever wanted them to make rook pie. I well remember being given six or so to carry by their necks. Before long I was itching badly as the lice and fleas crawled up to the heads and up my arm. This was a favourite trick of the keepers to play on the "new boys".

When I was 10 or 11 we left Snow Hill and went to live in Magnolia Cottage, Pound Street.

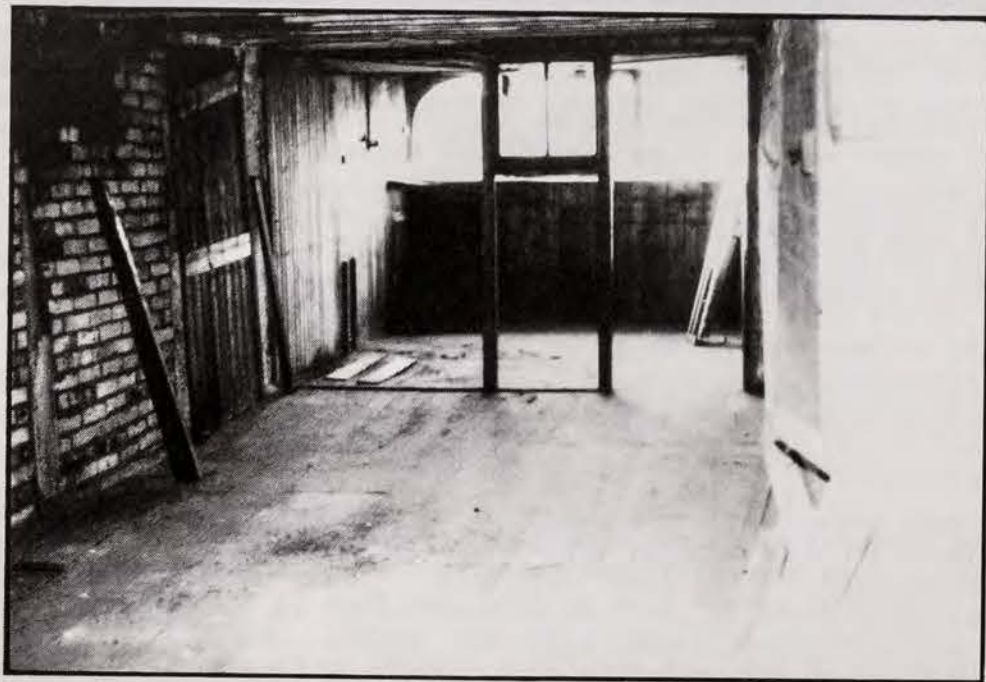
One other thing I have just recalled was of a balloon landing just in the Park, and of it being packed up in its basket and being transported to Petworth Station by horse and cart with its crew and back from whence it came.

I have more vivid memories of my time at Snow Hill than of anywhere else. If anyone has a photo of Snow Hill or if the Clerk of Works Department of the Estate has a plan, I would be delighted to have a copy.

J.W.

A RULE-MAKER'S APPRENTICE

I left Tillington School at the age of 14½ years of age. My first job was an apprentice Rule Maker, for Mr. J.S. Johnson of Grove Street, Petworth who came to Petworth from Edmonton N. London. Our workshop was over a bakehouse in Dawtrey's yard.



Mr. Johnson the rulemaker's premises in Golden Square.
A picture taken before extensive alterations in 1983.
Photograph by Bill Vincent.

Mr. Johnson was well over 60 years old, a stooping figure with a white beard, a remarkably kind and clever man who could not resist handing out money to beggars and children, though he was not at all well off, he lived with his daughter and son-in-law, Mrs. and Mr. Widden.

Very few people knew of this workshop, not surprising for I believe that we were almost the last of its kind doing this work by hand. Machines were taking over and we could not compete pricewise with them though our products were far better.

We used the hardest known wood in the world at that time, i.e. Lancewood, Lances were made from it I was told, hence the name. We had no power tools. We planed the wood into shape from the rough, sandpapered, french polished and then cut correctly to size. Most of our rules were 3 ft. rods, 5 ft. surveyors rods, with a spring clip in the middle to fold in two. We made our own brass ends to them all, drilling the brass ends with our own hand made drills, which consisted of the drill pushed through a cotton reel, and using a breastplate and string bow, like playing a fiddle.

We made also school rulers, tee squares, and spirit levels. Rules from 1 ft. to 10' 6", used for aeroplane wing measuring. We also made our own stamps to mark the rules. We used punches and a hammer to stamp.

A most interesting and exacting job which kept me employed for four years until Mr. Johnson finally gave in, having to bow to age and the machinery of other firms.

I started at 5 shillings per week rising to maximum of 21/- . My hours were 8 a.m. - 5 p.m. Weekdays, 8-12 some Saturdays. It would take so long to write the full story of Mr. Johnson, his skill, his songs, poetry etc. he was a remarkable man, bursting into song during the rough work, to me it was an education.

The Baker underneath gave me a doughnut and cakes most days, he too gave me great pleasure by his friendship, another story in itself, such as one early morning Mr. Wise the Baker walked into the yard to start baking round about 5 a.m.. He met Walter Dawtrey coming out singing:- Mr. Wise said "Shut up you will wake everybody up." Walter advanced on him flourishing his hunting whip threateningly. Mr. Wise, getting on in years though tough, took no chances and gave Walter a black eye. There was a headline in a local paper,

"5 a.m. round in Golden Square." The time I might not have correctly but it quietened Walter for a while.

Following a few small jobs to fill time, I was accepted as an A.A. Road Patrol in July 1929, on 6 months probation. My hours 9 a.m. - 8 p.m. Summer and 10 a.m. - 9 p.m. Sundays. Wages £2. 10s. per week - 6 days a week. I had to patrol with my own Push Bike for which I received 3/- per week. I had learned a little about cars by driving four different cars in my spare time for Alf Maney, delivering fish and fruit, but I had a lot to learn. I had to Patrol the Petworth-Northchapel beat, up and down all day long, assisting our members in many ways. Such as mechanically, rendering First Aid to anyone in need etc., also relieving Horace White or Jack Davis regulating traffic by the Red Lion Cross Roads, where I had many hot drinks in Winter brought out by those kind ladies, the Misses Arnold. As a village boy I was very touched by all the kind people I met including the police in Petworth who gave me lots of good advice, also P.C. Bourne at Northchapel. To me at 19, having spent four years in a workshop I felt I was in heaven, I played football, cricket and tennis, acting etc. in Tillington. That wonderful Vicar Mr. Goggs allowed us to use his tennis court. Mr. Goggs had been a great friend to us all from childhood.

After 6 months with the A.A. my permanent job was assured. At the same time I was given a change of beat, Petworth-Storrington, relieving the point duty man at Swan Corner. It was a harder time for me, having to push cycle one way in my own time, and on the pointsman's rest day, both ways. The London Bognor Road crossed the Petworth Road at Swan Corner. Traffic was heavy, there were no driving tests or compulsory insurance. We just bought a vehicle and drove it. The shop window owned by Fielders was smashed down many times. I had to stand in front of the shop to regulate the traffic.

One true story I must tell of the lady who ignored my stop signal, I ran for my life and she finished up in the Hotel Car Park. As a young man it didn't worry me much, I walked down to her, she apologised and I enrolled her as a member. I asked where she wanted to go, she answered "I only bought the car yesterday, I have just driven from London. I want to go to Bognor." I said "you will have to reverse." She answered "I can't", her male friend couldn't drive. I said, "you will come to a long steep hill Bury Hill. Stop at the bottom, engage low gear and keep your foot hard on the gas pedal" she answered "Must I keep my foot on it all the way up", I couldn't help saying "It would help you get up there".

By 1931 I felt I needed a change of scenery from floods and accidents and little spare time, so I had a transfer to Winchelsea, where I met many famous people. That is another story. I have been very brief, just an outline of two years service.

I must mention the Fielders, Moody's, Jennings, Mr. Cordon, the Garage Fitters of Kitchen's Garage, old Mr. Jennings who gave me a racing tip April 5th, Retired Police Sgt. Harwood who commended me and the local Police who gave me so much friendship and help and all of my A.A. colleagues at Petworth and Pulborough, especially Jack Smith and Ernie Hunt. Also the owners of the General Stores in Northchapel.

Bill Payne

EBERNOE COMMON NATURE RESERVE

Ebernoe Common Nature Reserve was acquired by the Sussex Trust for Nature Conservation in July 1980. Covering 176 acres it is 3 miles north of Petworth and is easily reached from the main A283 road to Guildford or from the A272 via the winding lanes from Wisborough Green through Kirdford and Balls Cross.

The area of the reserve is of national importance to nature conservation because it is one of the finest remaining examples of ancient pasture woodland in the South East of England. The site was listed in the Nature Conservancy Council's Nature Conservation Review as a Grade I site.

Soon after it was purchased by the Trust a detailed biological survey was set up under the direction of Dr. Francis Rose, local volunteers and members of the Horsham Natural History Society joined together to produce a wealth of data which is now included in a report by Dr. Rose.

Just to take a few figures from the report shows the real quality of this nature reserve:

Vascular plants - the total number now stands at 344 species, over 112 species of Bryophytes were recorded, the Lichens most of which were Epiphytes numbered 112, and the Fungi top the list with 380 species recorded and since then more species have been added. From plants to Insects, Beetles up to the end of 1984 numbered 172 species and 32 species of Butterflies have been recorded. With

the diversity of habitat it would be expected that Bird numbers would be high: the total number of species recorded was 60, the most numerous breeding species being Wren and Robin, the migrant species are well recorded with both Blackcap and Chiffchaff present in many areas but the location of 8 singing Nightingales in 1984 was surely a delight for all who heard them.

There is something of interest for most people in Ebernoe Common. For the archaeologist there is the Brick Kiln. From research it appears that the brickworks were in use at the end of the 18th century, but there is some evidence that it may have been in use as early as 1693 in G.H. Kenyon's Petworth Town and Trades 1610 - 1760 it states that F. Marks was paid for carrying bricks from Ebernoe to Petworth that year. The brick kiln was restored soon after the Trust's purchase by the West Sussex County Council and the Department of the Environment and John Fryer from the Weald and Downland Museum. The remains are especially important because they include a complete updraught or Scotch kiln with twin stokeholes which was fired with wood. The site is a scheduled ancient monument. Also within the reserve is the Furnace Pond whose waters were used to drive a bellows in the smelting process. Samples of vitrified rock can still be found in the vicinity of the pond.

Since the Trust took over the area I have been privileged to be the voluntary manager of the reserve and consequently spend many hours in the reserve, particularly at weekends. I have generated a band of willing workers who come along in all weathers to help keep the reserve in good order. One of the tasks is the estate work keeping the footpaths clear of fallen trees and keeping the scrub from closing the paths in other areas. The other tasks are designed to keep the diversity of habitat within the reserve. In nature nothing stands still and we are involved in bracken clearance to give a greater area for butterflies and the removal of holly where it has invaded an area of wild daffodils. The "team" always meets on the first Saturday of every month at 10.00 a.m. in the church car park. Tools are provided. If you would like to help do come along - everyone is most welcome.

Alf Simpson.

MISTRESS GOBLE AND MASTER OWEN

The church courts throughout the Middle Ages and beyond offered for some forms of litigation an effective alternative to a secular court like Chancery, although the range of the church courts was limited to matters involving morals, oaths, church personnel or



Colhook brickyard before redevelopment (top)

Colhook during redevelopment (bottom)

Photographs by Graham Stemp.



Industrial units at Colhook.
Photograph by Graham Stemp.

ecclesiastical property. Cases where the church court judged between one party and another were known as "instance" cases. The central point at issue in these cases would be the breaking of an oath. Some cases might be matrimonial in character or concern disputed wills. "Perjury" was a somewhat elastic term which might take in the breaking of a pledge given or implied. Examples of this might be failure to pay a debt or to provide supplies as agreed.

On the other hand the church courts were also the instruments of ecclesiastical discipline and the forum in which the spiritual authorities might prosecute on moral grounds. This type of business was known as "ex officio". A majority of ex officio cases coming before the court were of a sexual kind but "ex officio" could also include such infringements as illicit Sunday trading, non-attendance at church, fortune-telling and sorcery. The third great division of the court's business was the probate and administration of wills. Even wills which were not disputed involved the swearing of oaths.

While there were similarities with the secular courts there were also differences. The church court had a very limited range of sanctions: but limited as these were they were not to be taken lightly. For minor matters there was penance (often commuted, particularly in later times, to a fine), while in medieval times particularly a defendant might be suspended from church, excommunicated or in rare and aggravated cases "signified", i.e. arrested by the secular arm on a bishop's application to the court of Chancery. While the church court would certainly act to an extent as an arbiter of morals, it did not deal with matters of criminal law such as would come before the Assizes and it had no effective means to give appropriate sentence in such cases. During the fifteenth century excommunication came to be used sparingly and was employed very rarely in the sixteenth.

Given the overriding distinction that the church courts' rulings were based on Roman rather than commonlaw, the church courts, while operating independently of the secular courts in some ways mirrored their structure. There was a judge, a registrar, and practising lawyers known as "proctors". These latter would in instance cases be retained by the parties concerned. Ex officio cases would as often as not simply be decided by judge and registrar. As the Middle Ages progressed the personnel of the court became professional rather than simply ecclesiastical and a capable lawyer might make a good living as proctor, registrar or judge. In the heyday

of the church courts, the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the tentacles of the bishop's power, extending into society as a whole, were the unpopular summoners or apparitors, the eyes and ears of the church court. In medieval times the great bulk of ex officio or corrective business coming before the church courts originated in the enquiries and investigations of the summoner or apparitor. "They collected the reports of ill-fame and acted as a kind of ecclesiastical gestapo." (B.L. Woodcock: *Medieval Ecclesiastical Courts in the Diocese of Canterbury*, page 49.) It was the summoner's duty also to cite parties both in instance and ex officio cases. The summoner's could be a somewhat adventurous calling: in instance business he might well meet with a hostile reception but in ex officio cases easily suffer physical violence. It was quite common for him to report that he had been unable to make a citation and to use a Latin technical phrase meaning "on account of the fear of death and of the mutilation of his limbs". In the comparatively late period of the church court documents mentioned in this and earlier Bulletins the office of apparitor or summoner was probably obsolescent; the court's ex officio business relied largely on direct presentment by church wardens and to a lesser extent on the archdeacon's annual visitation.

There were in the Canterbury diocese two autonomous church courts, the Consistory court and the Archdeacon's court, reflecting the historic division between those parishes which had at one time been exempt from the bishop's jurisdiction and the rest of the diocese which had always been subject to that jurisdiction. The Consistory court operated on a circuit of various parish churches in the diocese and the Archdeacon's court at various venues but on a rather more restricted scale. Of their nature these courts were peripatetic. This situation was not reflected in the Chichester diocese which had one court only: the bishop's Consistory Court. For administrative purposes this court was divided into two: one sitting for the Archdeaconry of Chichester at Chichester, one sitting for the Archdeaconry of Lewes at Lewes.

While Petworth is rich in numerous types of historical record, the relevant church court material is not particularly copious given the town's relative size and importance in historical times. Perhaps the town's citizens were more law-abiding than most, perhaps the churchwardens knew when to look the other way. The two cases that have been discussed in previous Bulletins, the defamation suit involving John Parker at Fittleworth in 1593 and William Wilson's over-zealous curacy in 1592, come from a later period in the evolu-

tion of the church courts, as do most of the surviving records. The defamation case is "instance" i.e. between parties, while the case of William Wilson is "ex officio" - effectively a matter of ecclesiastical discipline.

What tended probably to spawn defamation cases in particular was the fear that, if not checked, allegations of a moral character could lead to ex officio charges being brought in the church court. Suggestions of sexual misconduct might well bring someone before the ecclesiastical court if he or she allowed the rumour to go unchecked. An instance suit in the church's own court might be the most effective defence. Sometimes the very threat of counter-action here might be sufficient to force a public retraction. On the other hand, however, once the full panoply of the court had been set in motion the case might grind on to an unforeseen conclusion.

This sort of situation seems to underlie a case recorded in EpI/11/6 in the West Sussex Record Office. One Benjamin Owen of Petworth has apparently been arraigned before the church court by Elizabeth Goble, also of Petworth, on a charge of defamation. The year is 1589. Elizabeth objects to an imputation of sexual misconduct on her part and is no doubt worried by the effect of these imputations on her marriage and job respects, let alone the fear of possible action against her in the church court. Only the evidence of Benjamin Owen's witnesses appears to survive and these depositions are headed "ex officio promotio", in medieval practice a rare type of action in which the court undertook the prosecution of someone at the "promotion" of a third party (Woodcock page 68). It was more common at this relatively late period and may reflect a feeling in the court that Elizabeth Goble had herself a prima facie case to answer. Costs would probably still be borne by the plaintiff i.e. Owen. While a good deal remains obscure the surviving depositions, as church court documents so often do, shed a vivid but uncertain light on the lives of ordinary people in another age.

Owen's three witnesses are some fifteen weeks apart in time and may reflect slightly different stages of the case. Church court proceedings were fairly efficient but never hurried. John Manfield and James Butcher's depositions are dated 26th July 1589, while George Bullen's is dated 11th October in that year. John Manfield, a tailor, deposes that on the Tuesday week (sennight) after Whit Sunday of 1589, he was going to his shop, part of Elizabeth Goble's house, and meeting Elizabeth Stent her maid carrying her clothes under her arm, he asked her what she was doing. She replied that

she was "too young to be a bawd", a phrase often repeated in these depositions. She did not however explain what she meant by this. When Manfield went into the house he found Robert Hall and John Talpot (Talbot) in the kitchen. When Robert Hall remarked on Elizabeth Stent's outburst and said, "Why, is Bess gone, hostess?" and then asked why Elizabeth Goble said to Halls in the full hearing of Manfield, "because I lay with my cousin" meaning Talpot.

James Butcher is described as a shearman and also as Elizabeth Goble's cousin. He gives a good deal of detailed information and distinguishes two different Elizabeth Gobles, one Elizabeth Stent's fellow-maid and the daughter of John Goble and the other Elizabeth Goble her mistress. These he calls respectively Elizabeth the sojourner and Elizabeth the hostess. On the date he agrees exactly with Manfield, but this time it is Elizabeth Goble the sojourner who complains that she is "too young to be a bawd". She comes to Butcher's house and describes how Elizabeth Goble "coming to bed to the said Talbot and trayling her petycot by the bedsydd said to hym, "How do you" and he said "well". She replied that if Benjamin Owen knew this he would "laugh in his sleeve". Clearly, there is already a case in progress or at the very least some discord with Benjamin Owen and it would seem that if Elizabeth's behaviour came to light it would substantiate certain accusations made by Owen. Talbot's reply, "Hold thy peace fool thou wilt bewray thyself" bears this out. "Bewray" is an old word meaning give oneself away or betray oneself. The next morning when Elizabeth Goble (the hostess) went round to Butcher's house to ask if her maidservant was there, Butcher told her she was gone to the constable or tithingman - presumably to tell them about the adventures of the previous night. Elizabeth's reaction was somewhat wounded: "Cosyn James I toke her for a comfort which ys now smally found for because she knowyth Benjamin Owen and I have bin in suiet and now she gyvyth me over in my distress".

*Copy James I toke her for a comfort
which ys now smally found for because she knowyth
Benjamin Owen and I have bin in suiet and now she gyvyth me over in my distress*

"Cosyn James I toke her for a comfort....." Elizabeth Goble's reaction to her maidservant's complaint against her.

When Butcher asked her why her maidservant had gone she said that she had lain with Tolpot her cousin but she vowed she had done this twenty times and would do so again "for he was a man of so honest conversation and life that he would offer no abuse touching her body." Butcher replied with a homely metaphot: she was the more dishonest woman for "putting fyre and tarr together yt will burn".

George Bullen (or Boleyn)'s deposition is written in a different and far more legible hand and its precise relation to the other depositions is not clear. Bullen was a gentleman, resident in Petworth some three years and living formerly at Greenwich. Bullen is unable to comment on any slanderous, opprobrious or defamatory words of Benjamin Owen concerning Elizabeth Goble. What he can report is that two of her maids lying in chamber with her had known of the common resort of one Tolpot of Chichester to her, and had seen him in bed with her on two consecutive nights. One of the maids had gone out of her door the following morning and said that "she would be no more her bawde". Then she went to one Butcher's house in Petworth and reported what had happened at her mistress' house. Tolpot on leaving the town had been sent a letter from Elizabeth asking him to come back to her again and "certifyinge him that she had very hevy frends in the towne". The note had been exhibited before Mr. Goring the magistrate. On his return to Petworth Tolpot had become somewhat aggressive and "demaunded openly in the streate who had any thing to say to him". George Bullen apparently feeling Talbot's behaviour offensive went to the constable and the two of them found Talbot in the house of one Arthur the Bayly. Talbot eventually admitted his immoral behaviour with Elizabeth Goble and being brought before Mr. Goring "fell downe submissively uppon his knees... and sayed that the devill had provoked him unto yt". He would not offend again.

The indications from these documents are that Benjamin Owen, while perhaps somewhat uncharitable in his comments, has a good case for claiming that any statements he had made were the simple truth and in no way defamatory and that Elizabeth Goble might well find her original instance suit working against her. Attack might not always turn out to be the best form of defence.

As the depositions mentioned are the only surviving documents there is no indication of the result of the case nor is anything further known of the parties involved except for ASS1 35/39/7 at the Public Record Office, a summary record of an inquisition held on the death of Benjamin Owen in March 1597. It is in Latin and records the

appearance of William Cobden lately of Selhurst in the parish of East Dean before a jury at East Grinstead Assizes later in that year. Cobden was accused of the felonious killing of Benjamin Owen on the 14th of March of that year at Petworth at 7 o'clock in the evening. There had been a dispute about money and Benjamin Owen, who appears to have been a somewhat short-tempered man, pursued Cobden "maliciously and violently and then attempted to kill him". Cobden fled as far as certain buildings in Petworth called le Butchers Shambles (i.e. the stalls where the butchers sold their meat) where "for his own defence and the salvation of his life and being unable to flee further", he drew his sword (valued at 6/8d. as the clerk notes) and struck Benjamin Owen who died some three days later of his wound. The site of the Butcher's Shambles is not known. The jury brought in a verdict of justified killing in self-defence.

P.A.J. with much help from Alison McCann.

MEMORIES BY F.M. PUGH (4) THE WAR AND AFTER

By this time I was drafted into a small arms factory at the Elephant and Castle, Walworth Road. Every married woman, with no children, by law, had to do her bit for the war effort.

So I would leave my flat in Islington at 6 p.m. every evening, travel across London from North to South on the underground, and all night would stamp small arms with the Woolwich Arsenal stamp. A heavy metal hammer in the right hand and the Arsenal stamper in the left, the small arms coming along on a conveyor belt, we must have stamped hundreds every night.

At midnight we would stop for a hot meal, usually meat and two veg, this played havoc with one's digestion! The work had a very unpleasant side effect, as we were hammering steel on steel, the dust particles would settle under the skin beneath the eyes and on the chest bones, so after a week or two, everyone looked as if they'd got black eyes, this could only be removed with medical treatment.

I would "knock off" at 5 a.m. next morning to make my way home again via the underground, which, overnight, had become shelter and sleeping accommodation for hundreds of families seeking refuge from the night "raids".

There would be just room to step off the train and pick one's way between the spread mattresses, and the smell would be indescribable!!

After a time I was given a change of work, although it was still helping the war effort. I, along with many other women, was posted to the Police Station canteens. I started at Islington Police Station, but was later transferred to Holloway Road Station, we backed on to Holloway Prison and could see rows of cell windows. Here again, I preferred to work nights, as my husband was on continuous duty at the Fire Station, and I felt safer with other people. I worked in the canteen with a girl named Rose, a true Cockney and a real rough diamond! One night a couple of plain clothes detectives bought in a man and woman they'd been chasing all day with regard to a jewel robbery.

Having safely lodged the suspects in the cells, they came to the canteen to ask if either of us would volunteer to "search" the woman, as we were the only females available. I couldn't have done such a thing for love nor money, apart from the fact that the lady in question was three times bigger than me! I can see Rose now, rolling up her sleeves and saying, "Lead the way, I'll have a go"!! As the war intensified, so more and more of our men were being called into the armed forces.

My husband had three embarkation leaves before he finally left England. I realised after two months had passed with no word from him, that he was overseas. The pain of parting was eased for me as I found I was pregnant, and on the 17th May 1943 my son was born, and call it coincidence or whatever, almost in the same hour a card arrived for me from David in North Africa, on the front of it was a Mother and infant, with the words JOYEUX NOEL!

I have already mentioned the wonderful spirit of Londoners, and on that morning I was to enjoy more of their generosity and caring. Left on our doorstep were gifts for the "lady upstairs who has just had a baby". There was a packet of tea, oranges, chocolate, scented soap, handmade garments for my baby, tomatoes and REAL eggs! All the things we couldn't get. I didn't know who to thank as we were all nodding acquaintances, but I guessed that nearly every home in the little square had added a donation, my heart was very full at this wonderful gesture.

I have often marvelled at the changes that have happened since I began as a little "scivvy". At the mansion in Bournemouth we had to rise at six o'clock every morning, and although the majority of the rooms were never used, all had to be swept and dusted each day. The heavy pile carpets were sprinkled with damp tea leaves then swept up with a dustpan and brush. There were no labour saving

devices in those days, we did it the hard way, with beeswax and elbow grease! At the "shooting box" in Scotland work was even harder. All the fireplaces were the size of small rooms, the grates and andirons were all polished steel, so the first task every morning was to polish them with emery paper! How I welcomed my first suction sweeper, and since then, the electrical gadgets, which, at the press of a button, make life and work so much easier.

I remember when my Dad had his first "crystal" wireless set. He would patiently fiddle with the "cats whisker" till he got 2LO, and wonder of wonders he heard a voice or music all the way from London!

Now we, in this modern age of 1985, press more buttons and not only hear and see directly from London, but from all corners of this wonderful world, which we have been privileged to call ours.

(Concluded)

NEW MEMBERS

- Mr. A.A. Aburrow, 23 New Road, Littlehampton.
Mr. E.W. Alexander, Box 32321 Glanstantia, Pretoria, south Africa.
Mr. & Mrs. Duncan Brand, 21 Hampers Green, Petworth.
Mr. & Mrs. B. Bashall, Pondtail, Foxhill, Petworth.
Mr. J. Baker, Site 534, R.R5 Comox, British Columbia, BC V9N 8B5.
Miss D. Etherington, 723 Salton House, St. Marys Hospital, Praed Street, London.
Miss G.L. Heydon, 9 Dawtry Road, Petworth.
Mrs. K. Howell, Church Lodge, Petworth House, Petworth.
Mr. & Mrs. M. Howard, 292D Horsham Road, Petworth.
Mr. B. Lewis, 24 Sunnydale Avenue, Patcham, Brighton.
Mr. & Mrs. W. Payne, 26 Olden Lane, Purley, Surrey.
Mr. H. Pont, East Street, Petworth.
Mrs. M. Rusco, Bamboroughs, Lombard Street, Petworth.
Mr. & Mrs. Sandiford, Windmill House, High Street, Petworth.
Mrs. F. Scutt, 41 Hampers Green, Petworth.
Mr. R. Smith, c/o Mrs. Veasey, 111 Sydenham Park Road, London.
Mrs. M.H. Shiner, Salters, Sutton, Pulborough.
Mrs. F. Thomas, Oxford Cottage, Grove Street, Petworth.
Mr. & Mrs. P. Wadey, The Croft, Burton Hill, Petworth.

Mr & Mrs Exall

