

The Petworth Society

Miles Costello
Petworth
Collection



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Cover design by Jonathan Newdick drawn from a photograph by Walter Kevis. It shows North Street and Thompson's Hospital about 1900.

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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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Mr. D.S. Sneller, Mr. J. Taylor,
Mr. E. Vincent.

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CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

The current season of monthly meetings ended in early April with Patricia Hingston's fascinating and well-researched talk on the Mary Rose. For the February meeting Jeremy McNiven had given us a marvellous pictorial insight into Peru's Inca heritage, while March saw John and Rosemary McCulloch describing their adventures travelling in Indonesia. All three talks were very popular. Before too long I would hope to have Jeremy back with another series of slides, as also John and Rosemary with the sequel to their first show. The meetings have been consistently well-attended and we have an excellent line-up for next year.

Jean's Bedham walk certainly shook off a few winter cobwebs in February as did Peggy's Fittleworth walk in March. The members' walks have all been so good and each one so well planned that the idea seems a stroke of genius. I'm beginning to wish it had been mine! The litter Sunday worked well again. Of course it's as much a symbol as anything else, drawing attention to a continuing disfigurement. It does however also clear up a good deal of semi-permanent rubbish as well as the ever-present wrappers and cans. Our especial thanks to the Petworth Christian Fellowship who took over from the Society stalwarts in the afternoon.

Preparations for the Toronto Scottish visit on September 5th continue. Details will appear in the September Bulletin which may have to come out slightly early. There will be perhaps some 110 veterans on this occasion - a Friday. There will be no parade or marching band but the Canadians are most anxious this time to meet old friends and to use the Leconfield Hall very much as a home from home.

We have been granted a slight extension to the normal Market Square closure order for the Fair. The application was necessitated by the considerable crowds attracted to last year's revival. The additional Market Square area should enable local societies to use the Red Cross rooms and take a little of the strain from the Leconfield Hall.

The article "Roll-on" offers a view of the present impasse on the traffic situation which will echo the views of many readers. I

suppose a majority of Petworth people would still favour some kind of Park route but I think I detect even in the article itself a certain unease with this argument, for so long the refuge of those who would see an easy solution to this intractable problem. Is a continued insistence on this route really in Petworth's interest if it diverts attention away from other possible solutions? The difficulty of course is to say what realistic alternatives there are. The banning of heavy lorries remains resolutely opposed by the relevant authorities, while the draconian relief road "solution" apparently favoured by some in authority, would probably be worse than the evil it seeks to alleviate. Roll on indeed! Regarding the obelisk we will continue to seek some kind of reinstatement. Meanwhile we publish a photograph, showing how it looked ninety years ago.

On a brighter note, we have a really good summer programme for you. The visit to Fittleworth Gardens under the auspices of Marguerite Coady and Joan Harvey is a twin to the familiar Petworth garden visits and should prove very popular.

Since our last Bulletin Mr. H.W. "Bert" Speed, a committee member for some years, has died. No one will need reminding of his many-faceted contribution to Petworth life over so many years. The Society will miss him and so will the very many organisations to which he gave so much. Regular readers of this Bulletin will be sorry too to hear of the death of Mr. T.S. "Stan" Collins. The account of his early experiences in running Petworth's cinema was a distinctive feature in earlier Bulletins and gave the greatest pleasure to many.

We are sorry to lose Mrs. Sonia Rix from the committee after many years service to the Society in so many different ways. She feels the time has come when she must devote her attention to her many other commitments. I know however that she will continue to help us even though no longer a member of the committee. To fill the two vacant committee places we have co-opted Mrs. Janet Ford and Mr. John Patten. We are pleased they have accepted an invitation to join us and hope they will enjoy working with us.

The material available for this Bulletin is so extensive that there is again no instalment of "A Shepherd's Daughter". Mrs. Pentecost's



The Toronto Scottish in Petworth April 1985
Photograph by James Clevett Littlehampton.



The obelisk in 1897.
This photograph courtesy of Mrs. Barbara Calder.

avid readers will however be pleased to know that the Window Press will publish the whole text in the autumn. There will not be a book of photographs this year.

Peter.

27th April 1987.

ROLL ON ...

Mindful that the Petworth Society exists to preserve the character and amenities of the town, I venture to wonder whether some day not one hundred years hence Petworth will attract tourists as a unique example of a country town of the Macmillan era, pulsing with mid-20th Century life and surviving without a by-pass. At advertised times in the summer months there might be demonstrations of the latest articulated lorries negotiating olde worlde corners, and people would be employed as "locals" driving round in circles in dented cars looking for parking spaces for shopping. Perhaps the National Trust would have co-operated to rope off a corner of its domain as a coach park, where visitors de-bus to throng the narrow pavements and watch the quaint road show.

It is natural that there are those who would defend Petworth Park from being encroached upon for a by-pass, who were born and bred in Petworth. The Park is part of their environment and in a special sense, their heritage. But in any case, if the County Council will not dispute matters with the National Trust, either for a surface route or for a tunnel, then the most obvious route on the map at least, is out. Possibly it becomes more difficult to incorporate the A283 into a traffic diversion scheme.

The well known proposal to use existing roads to the east of the town is handicapped by the fact that apparently there are not any usable existing roads to the east of the town. Merely to have the A272 banned to heavy through-lorries between Billingshurst and Petworth would, I understand, provoke objections: the Police, the road hauliers and their customers, and the people in Pulborough, would not like it. The objections to any proposal are seemingly many. Ah, we used to think, wait for the M25 - but the M25 itself is clogged.

Will the A27 improvements be our salvation? I wonder. What is

even more worrying than the present traffic problem is whether one day there will be some violent traffic measure that will throw a horrific ring road round Petworth and Park, a dual carriageway with roundabouts, amber lights, and strategic car parks for the amenities. What would that do to the character of the town?

R.W.

A "PETWORTH" BOOK

People often ask me about "Petworth" books. Well, there are some like the "Tales of Old Petworth" or G.H. Kenyon's "Petworth Town and Trades" which are fairly well-known and perhaps not too difficult for the determined seeker to come across. Some books like Arnold's History are fairly familiar but now quite scarce and expensive. Some like Fanny Skinner's memoir of J.T. Penrose, Petworth's rector from 1906 to 1919 are at once unfamiliar and decidedly rare. Such a rare book is undoubtedly James Marr Brydone's account of his journey to Canada with a party of emigrants from Petworth under the auspices of the Petworth Emigration Committee in 1834. The book was originally published by John Phillips of Petworth in that same year. It is pleasing that his great-granddaughter Barbar Calder has this year reprinted a small edition of his important work with the original map.

James Marr Brydone had been born at Selkirk in 1779 and was educated for the medical profession at Edinburgh University. He saw service aboard the Calcutta, an East Indiaman, and was assistant surgeon of the Thunderer at the Battle of Trafalgar in 1805. He was one of the last surviving Trafalgars. After Trafalgar he had many commissions among them taking charge of a convict ship bound for Australia. He retired in 1834 after a distinguished naval career on sea and land. He eventually became land steward to Lord Leconfield.

The Petworth Emigration Committee had been founded in 1832 to facilitate the passage to Canada of any from Lord Egremont's estates and the adjacent parishes who desired to emigrate. Conditions in England after the Napoleonic wars were not prosperous for those who worked on the land and many looked to emigration as an alternative. Thomas Sockett, the rector of Petworth, a

practical and competent man established a three-man committee to see that those who went were not simply transported to Canada and left to their own devices. Elaborate arrangements were made to give the settlers a chance to settle and make good. Many so-called "emigrant schemes" left a good deal to be desired in this regard. Two ships had gone out in April 1832 under the Petworth Emigration Committee Scheme and another in May of that year but after that the Committee sent out just the one ship a year until it disbanded in 1837. The first two ships had gone out under the guidance of Stephen Goatcher and William Penfold respectively while for the third embarkation in 1832 and that of 1833 Captain Hale took charge.

A change being felt necessary for 1834 the Committee approached James Marr Brydone a proven organiser and, as befitted a navy man, a stern disciplinarian. Brydone's account of the journey out aboard the "British Tar" is graphic and well-ordered. He bound the company together by strict naval type regulations and a system of messes. Great care was taken with provisions and their allocation so that the emigrants arrived in the New World in much better state physically and mentally than was usual on emigrant ships. The British Tar arrived with nothing worse than a few cases of measles. Brydone was infuriated to have the ship held up at Grosse Island in the St. Lawrence for quarantine purposes "at a time when the same disease prevailed both at Quebec, and Montreal and probably, in half the townships of the Lower Province" (page 9). Once allowed to proceed Brydone personally escorted the emigrants to their various destinations. This, the main part of the narrative, contains many vivid vignettes of Canada in 1834. "Voyage of Emigration" is an essential part of any collection of Petworth books and is available (post free) for £5 from

Mrs. Barbara Calder,
9 Belvidere Street,
ABERDEEN AB2 4QS.

Peter.

VOYAGE OF EMIGRATION TO TORONTO CANADA



JAMES MARR BRYDONE
— Naval Surgeon —
1834

The cover of the new edition of J.M. Brydone's "Voyage".

A VISIT TO BOGNOR A HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO

Robert Rice Palmer was a wealthy mercer and one of Petworth's leading figures at the turn of the nineteenth century. He was connected with Pettifers in Church Street but lived for many years at Avenings. The Palmer family were very much part of the local scene and extensive landowners, their land passing through their married daughter into the Blagden family, another important local clan. Robert Rice Palmer died in 1829 but his widow Harriet survived him until the late 1840's. In 1837 Mrs. Palmer appears to have taken a week's holiday at Bognor, recently developed by Sir Richard Hotham, a wealthy Southwark hatter and, at this time, in its infancy as a coastal resort. William Blake had stayed at neighbouring Felpham some few decades previously, and the two villages of North and South Bersted were old foundations. Modern Bognor developed from a farm bought by Hotham at South Bersted in the 1780's.

Mrs. Palmer's income came from rents and annuities and it was her custom, as it was of others of a similar relative affluence, to keep detailed records of her daily transactions. It is impossible to reconstruct Mrs. Palmer's holiday in any detail from the bare bones of her account but some tantalising details do appear. A visit to Bognor was probably highly fashionable and Mrs. Palmer went perhaps with Miss Whicher, a friend. It may well be that Miss Whicher was what we would call a "companion". There would have been several servants, William Berryman was a long-serving retainer of the Palmer family. Catering may have been as much in the hands of the servants as in those of the landlady - possibly "Mrs. Smith". Mary would seem to be the maid. Carriage is expensive, presumably a hired coach from Petworth to Bognor and then the same back. The chaise to Shopwyke is an excursion. "Bathing woman" reflects of course a very different age to ours, while the novelty and excitement of "use of the telescope" reflects a lack of sophistication that the present day has lost. The meaning of "bar" twelve shillings and threepence is not clear. Mrs. Palmer returned nine days after leaving Petworth with lobsters as presents for those who had remained in Petworth. Whether "coals" reflects delicate health or some disappointing weather it is difficult now to say. Twenty pounds for a week's holiday was a considerable sum even for someone of Mrs. Palmer's status and it may well be that the holiday had been recommended for Mrs. Palmer's health.

JULY 20th EXPENSES AT BOGNOR 1837

	£	s	d
Carriage to and from Bognor	3	7	6
Letters and parcels		9	9
Meat		18	1
Sugar		7	10
Tea		10	6
Bread, baking and flour		7	10
Butter		5	8
Cheese		2	5
Coals		5	4
Salt and vinegar			5
Lotion 3d Soap and Soda 7½d			10½
Milk and cream		6	6
Bar		12	3
Mrs. Jones		16	0
Candles		1	3
Fish		8	5
An egg			1

Carried on 9 0 9

A man			6
Map		1	6
Fruit		1	3
Brick and blacking		1	2
Washing		5	2
Matches			1
Miss Whicher's little girl and boy 1/- each		2	0
Chaise to Shopwyke		15	0
Church		1	0
The use of the Telescope		1	0
Bathing woman		2	0
F. Stone 10/- F. Mitchell lad 10/-	1	0	0
A poor man			6
Lobsters for presents		13	6
Miss Whicher's servant		2	6
Mrs. Smith	6	4	0
Baths		10	0

Carried on 19 1 11

	£	s	d
Mary a cap		1	4
Paid Mr. Berryman and Wm. (?)		3	0
Sundry			3½
Brooches, pin and lockets	1	5	0
? ? 2/- each		4	0
	20	15	6½

(Documents courtesy of Messrs. Anderson, Longmore and Higham.)

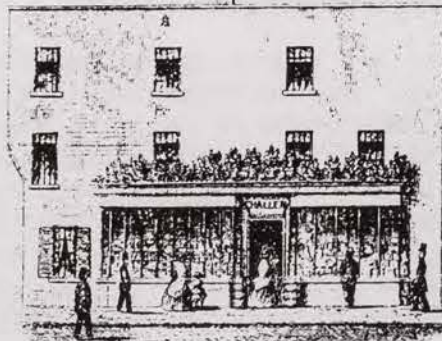
**"HITHERTO THE LORD HAS HELPED US."
A HUNDRED YEARS OF THE EBENEZER CHAPEL.**

"Ebenezer" is simply the name of our church as St. Mary the Virgin is the name of the parish church. Our denomination is Strict Baptist. Ebenezer, the Hebrew for "stone of help" is a reference to 1 Samuel 7:12 where Samuel sets up a commemorative stone after defeating the Philistines at Mizpah and adds, "Hitherto the Lord has helped us". It is a fairly common name for our chapels and there are several Ebenezer chapels in Sussex. Other frequently found names are Zoar, Bethel, Hope, Jireh and Rehoboth. Our denomination has several hundred chapels, some abroad, and many congregations are of a fair size. East Sussex in fact has a much heavier concentration of Strict Baptist chapels than West Sussex, probably as Ralph F. Chambers suggests (Strict Baptist Chapels of England: II Sussex page 1) because of the deterrent effect of the great landed Roman Catholic families in the west on the more zealously practising protestants. The latter were far more likely to settle in the east of the county.

My mother had always been of the Strict Baptist persuasion but, before my parents came to Petworth, could go only infrequently to the Ebenezer chapel at Broad Oak, Heathfield because we lived at a distance of several miles. When I came with them to Petworth as a child the congregation was a close-knit unit of some fifteen to twenty. The chapel was already a good two generations old and as a

child it was not for me to ponder overmuch on its history. I now know that it had been founded by Isaac Eatherton, a shoe maker who had his premises in one of the old houses that stood in St. Mary's Churchyard. Eatherton had bought the site for the chapel for £50 in 1881. The Chapel was opened in 1887. The site on which it stood had once been the back yard of the ancient copyhold of Teelings, now Messrs. Wakeford in the Market Square. As to the history of the congregation it is difficult now to be precise. Looking to origins, Ralph F. Chambers (page 12) links Eatherton's cause with an earlier chapel in Golden Square "built for the 'Independents' by a Mr. Challen".

Ex of M. Geo Osborne W 4 1868
Golden Square
PETWORTH.



Benjamin Challen
Grocer & Millster
CORN, SPIRITS & WINE MERCHANT
Agricultural & Cartage etc.
OIL CAKE, HAY AND STRAW,
British Wines.

NORWICH UNION FIRE & LIFE OFFICE.

2 1/2 Invoices 11/- L 4.8.0
2 sh

April 1868
Benjamin Challen

I. Barnham Junction

Two Invoices (above) of Benjamin Challen in 1868. (Courtesy of Mrs. Mant.)

(below) of Isaac Eatherton (1880). (Courtesy of Messrs. Anderson, Longmore and Higham.)

READY-MADE BOOT AND SHOE WAREHOUSE,
 PETWORTH

187

Mr. Thos Sherwin

Bought of **ISAAC EATHERTON.**

LADIES', GENTLEMEN'S, AND CHILDREN'S, BOOTS AND SHOES,
 1880 IN GREAT VARIETY.

March 23rd 1 Patent Oxford Shoes
1880 Nov 26th

Or by cash 7/-

With best thanks Isaac Eatherton

Benjamin Challen's chapel had been opened by William Huntington, the evangelist and seated some 200 "hearers". In its early years it had been well-filled. "Providence" chapel, as it was called, seems to have been largely sustained by Benjamin Challen and later by his son Charles. Chambers' account can be filled in a little by reference to a rare book "Sermons, by James Hallett of Mayfield". Hallett was a very well-known 'Independent' preacher of his day. The sermons, mainly but not exclusively preached at the Providence chapel in Petworth include a funeral sermon entitled "The Perfect Man and his Peaceful End" preached in Petworth on Tuesday January 13th 1867 on the death of Benjamin Challen. The sermon, like the others in the book, is lengthy, closely argued and uncompromisingly Scriptural. In a brief personal passage Hallett does however say that he and Benjamin Challen were old friends, "I question whether the union and affection that existed between David and Jonathan was stronger than our love to each other." Hallett had met Benjamin

Challen first at Chichester in 1844, the latter having been called a while earlier by Mr. Parsons of the Zion Independent Chapel at Chichester "during the time he preached at Minstead, near Midhurst". After this Challen would frequently drive to Bolney to hear Hallett give his monthly sermon there.

Benjamin Challen was a grocer of some standing and his initials B.C. can still clearly be seen on the brick wall of his former Golden Square premises, now three separate shops but then a single one. According to Ralph Chambers (page 121) the Chapel closed on the death of Benjamin Challen's son. He continues, "There were yet a few left in Petworth who desired to hear the same Gospel, and these erected the smaller building in Park Road, evidently about 1887. A church was formed, but before the end of the century became extinct. Services however were carried on, mainly with the aid of Strict Baptist ministers and in 1911 a Strict Baptist Church was formed by Mr. Picknell of Redhill". Ralph Chambers clearly had access to reliable information and it would seem from his account that Isaac Eatherton's first initiative had faltered. The chapel was kept in service at the turn of the century although technically there were no members. The congregation of Mr. Picknell's forming was a fresh initiative.

When I first came to the Ebenezer, there was still a special service on the anniversary of Eatherton's initial founding. If the anniversary fell on a weekday then the service was on a weekday. There was no especial order of service, just our normal Sunday service. The anniversary service lapsed for a while during the last war but was revived in 1966. Another distinctive service is for New Year, again held if necessary on a weekday. We observe Easter of course but again not with special services. Harvest too is important for us; our following in the Sussex villages has tended to come from the land. We do not however observe harvest with the traditional sheaves and produce. Where the congregation is larger than ours there are Christmas morning services and carols where there are children. The Petworth church has never had many children in the congregation, hence there has never been a Sunday School or carols at Christmas. Services are always taken by a pastor. Petworth's pastors have always been itinerant or as they are technically known "supply" i.e. preachers from other congregations coming over especially for the services. There is

what is effectively a panel of preachers who care for churches such as ours where the congregation is too small to sustain a pastor. Pastors in our denomination are not normally stipendiary; they do another job during the week. A car is of course essential for an itinerant. Our ministers do not wear vestments, simply a Sunday suit. Communion at Petworth is once a month and is given by a minister, usually at the end of the afternoon service. Some congregations, Worthing for instance, have services morning and evening but ours have always been morning and afternoon, perhaps in deference to the long distances the itinerants often have to travel. Morning and afternoon services are very similar, beginning with a hymn, then a reading from Old or New Testament, then a prayer by the Minister. We have no set prayer book; prayers are extempore on the principle that this allows for the expression of true feeling, whereas a set form of prayer may inhibit it. Another hymn follows, then the sermon. This is followed by a final hymn and closing benediction. Our hymn book "Gadsby's Hymns" has many hymns written by members of our denomination but quite a lot of hymns which are common to most Christian denominations, like "When I survey the wondrous cross", or "There is a fountain filled with blood".



Mr. and Mrs. Hunt in 1938.

Ours is a small congregation, and while I am the caretaker we have no deacon at the present time. In most of our chapels the deacon takes the desk and gives out hymn numbers. He also selects appropriate hymns and deals with the collections. There are two boxes at the back of the church but no one goes round during the service. Mr. Hunt from Stag Park was the deacon when I first came to Petworth and he continued as such until he died in the mid-1950s. In later years he would come up on the bus. Baptism by total immersion is a distinctive rite of ours and there is a large Baptistry with steps leading down into it and a room to change in after the baptism. Baptism is for us an adult rite. The chapel is under the control of trustees whose Secretary lives at Redhill but great weight is given to the views of the individual members, however few they may be. While the normal congregation is very sparse it is often supplemented by "visitors" particularly in the summer months, i.e. Strict Baptists looking for a home from home while in the district on holiday. They are often extremely generous.

I cannot recall a marriage at the Ebenezer but it is possible that it is licensed for marriages: most of our chapels are. The chapel would appear to be much the same as Eatherton and his congregation built it and remains in quite good repair. Finances always permitting, the trustees see to that. A great difference however since Eatherton's building is the transformation of Park Road from a quiet street to what is effectively a trunk road. Ralph Chambers calls Park Road "narrow and dangerous" and it would be difficult to disagree with him. The heavy lorries as they pass give much the same effect as an earth tremor and visiting pastors soon learn to stop to allow a juggernaut to pass. It may be that this forges a special bond between the visiting preacher and his small congregation. The preachers are not put off by the sparse numbers and often have a great fondness for the little chapel at Petworth.

There is a good organ and hymns are accompanied if there is someone to play it. I can play a little myself but hardly well enough to accompany the hymns; if there is no one to play the organ the tunes are pitched orally. The position of the chapel dictates the lighting; there can be no light on the one side because it comes hard up against another building, but on the west side there are

extensive glass windows. There are also two round windows high up at either end. The adornment of stained glass would be alien to the spirit of our religion. When the sun streams in the chapel is full of light and belies its somewhat sombre exterior aspect. At the rear and to the side there is a kitchen and a yard, the former comprising at one time the stables. The congregation have always tended to be agricultural and to hail from the outlying farms so they were able to bring their horses in, stable them and stay for morning and afternoon service, having some refreshment in between. The afternoon service would enable farmers to return afterward to attend to their animals.

Chapel furniture is simple and unadorned: there is the pulpit rising high at the back of the room and below it the raised desk for the deacon with the large Bible in the Authorised version. Then comes a series of long pews or benches with no centre aisle. This is to save on the limited space available. The pews are themselves moveable so that they can be moved forward to allow more chairs to be used if necessary. There are also narrow supplementary hinged pews lining the east wall. In the old days the chapel was lit by gaslight and the scars of the old fitting can still be made out. Decoration is eschewed, ours is not a religion of colour and imagery. Much more representative of our cause are the narrow hinged additions to the pew shelves that enable refreshments to be placed on them at Sunday midday, i.e. between services. This very much reflects the distinctive family atmosphere of the Strict Baptist faith. While the congregation were very much bound together in the sternness of their faith, they did not seek altogether to divide themselves from the outside world. They "neighboured" as the expression goes. Perhaps the most meaningful symbol of our meeting together is the great mixture of hassocks, each one lovingly prepared by some previous member, each one as I look appearing different. What a tale they could tell! Each one has just "happened" as I always say.

We celebrate our centenary in May. For once Isaac Eatherton's chapel will be full as members come from all round to join with us in our celebration. Ralph Chambers is probably right when he describes Petworth (page 121) as "always a struggling cause" but I like to think that Isaac Eatherton might permit himself to murmur "Hitherto the Lord has helped us" as the sound of the hymn vies

with the noise of the lorries and that same timeless Gospel that he knew a hundred years ago is preached from that same pulpit he sacrificed so much to erect.

(From conversations with Mary Newick and a look at such historical material as is to hand. We would like to know more of the Ebenezer's early days. Can anyone help? Ed.)

COUNTRY ROADS

When I was young all the country roads were laid with flint stones, which were then rolled over by a big steam roller. When vagrants went to the prison or the workhouse for food and a night's lodging, they had to pay by breaking up a pile of stones for road making. You might walk for miles and not meet anyone, except perhaps a horse drawn vehicle with its ironclad wheels and the bicycles in those days had solid rubber tyres, to cope with the roughness of the flints. They were aptly known as "bone shakers". But before motors arrived on the scene a man named MacAdam had invented the making of roads as they are today and that reminds me of a verse I once read.

"The woman tempted me and I did eat,
Was the reply once made by Adam,
Who paved a way more trodden by men's feet
Than any fashioned by the great MacAdam."

The first motor that we saw was a motor van owned by Mr. Fred Otway the grocer, to bring bread to his two shops from his bakery and shop at Haslemere in Surrey. It was quite an event and we all flocked to see it. Mr. Otway was a very popular man, one of his shops was at the top of Lombard Street opposite the Church and Mr. Streeter's the Jewellers. It had previously been run by Mr. Green, who lived in the nice grey stone Tudor style house in Lombard Street. The other shop was in Golden Square, where there are now three smaller shops next to Walter Dawtrey's yard. He was another very popular and jolly man, but became much subdued after his only son was killed while riding and taking the dangerous corner at the foot of Duncton Hill. At the opposite side of Golden Square stood a big house owned by Mr. Bromham, with a large shop window just round the corner in Back Street as it was called then. He dealt in

antiques and good furniture which he renovated. I don't know if the house was demolished to make way for the present Bank or whether that was built on the small plot of land which lay between the house and Mr. Mant's the Solicitor's house "Avenings".

It wasn't until 1902 that the streets had their names put up, as traffic was beginning to flow. Before this there was no need for everyone knew everyone else in the town and where they lived and all houses were number. Not many had names as they do today.

Mrs. E. Place.

THE BARBER FAMILY - AN ENQUIRY

188, St. John's Way,
Thetford, Norfolk. IP.24.3.NU.

Dear Peter,

I would be most grateful if any member has any information through their researches of any of these family members:

1. William Slaughter.
You mentioned a little of him in your book "Men with laughter in their hearts" (Page 55).
If you have any information on him - He was one of Mother's tribe.
2. a Thomas Barber married a Frances Spooner in Northchapel 1810 Apr 7.
b Thomas Barber married a Harriet Whare, also in Northchapel 1836 June 26 (Son of a).
3. Eliza Short - Died 1914 Nov. 14. at Half Way Bridge Age 86 - As far as I can find - Buried at Lodsworth, also her Husband William Samuel Short Born Lurgashall 1926 Oct. 8.

From what I can make from this puzzle Thomas Barber (2b) went to Tottington Farm at Upper Beeding Mid to late 1850's. As an employee of the Farmer William Randall, together with two sons and two daughters.

William Randell had been farming at Gough's Farm (This may be

Goff's) Northchapel, where two of his children were born - He died at Tottington Age 62 August 1862.

Also amongst this maze, Families Fish, Hill & Luff also went to Beeding from Lurgarshall and Northchapel about the 1850's - These also come in part of the picture - be it more like a puzzle.

Regarding Eliza & William Short there is at the moment a block - All I know Eliza (This may be Elizabeth) Died at Half Way Bridge Pub (George & Dragon) then licenced by my late Aunt (Mrs Miller), Eliza was Mrs Miller's Mother and my Great Grandmother.

I would be most grateful if you or any member has any information however small or may be indirectly connected with the tribe.

Regards and best wishes,

Ron Barber

(Can anyone help Ron with this? Peter)

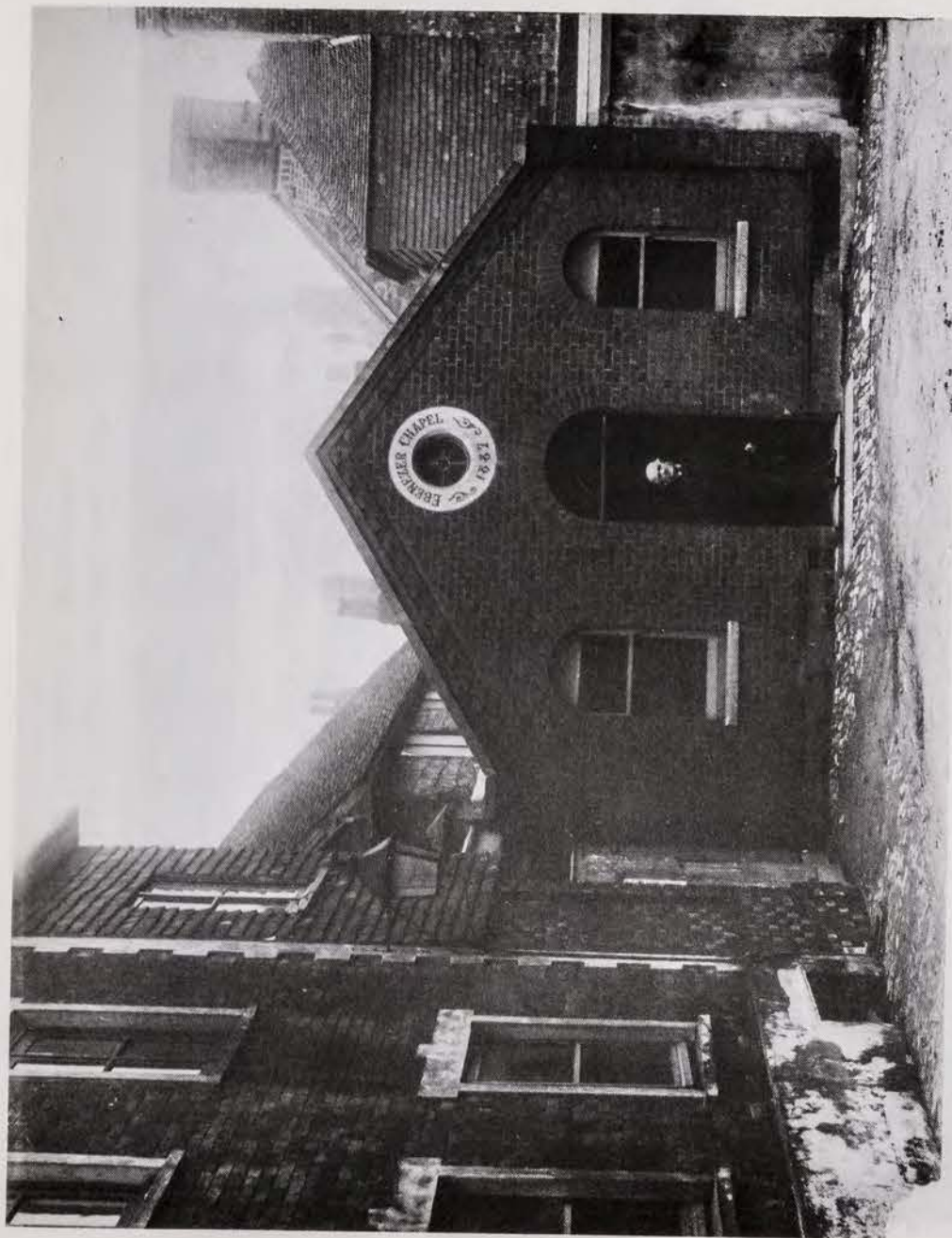
THOUGHTS ON THE LITTER SUNDAY APRIL 26th

We tidied up Petworth our local Town
That sits like a jewel at the foot of the down
We scrabbled in hedgerows
 We picked up the litter
There were bottles and cartons
 empty cases of bitter
 Why can't the public realize
The mess they make of the countryside!
We're proud of our Petworth
We like you to come,
But when you do, please, take your litter home.

J.S.

A VIEW OF BYWORTH

I was born in Petworth in 1891 but we left for Byworth when I was a baby. My parents were the last tenants in a cottage in High Street that was pulled down about this time. There are now gardens on the



Isaac Eatherton outside his chapel 1897.
(Photograph by Walter Kevis)



Byworth Church and Schoolroom c 1900.
 Photograph by Walter Kevis.



"One of my earliest memories is of being shown from the bedroom window
 the fire over Petworth when the bakery at the top of Lombard Street burned down".
 Remnant's Fire 1899. Photograph by Walter Kevis.



Farm-buildings on the Bailliewick in the late 1930's.
Photograph by G.G. Garland

site just south of Stone House. I don't remember the old cottages that were there and their replacements were built to the back.

One of my earliest memories is of being shown from the bedroom window the fire over Petworth when the bakery at the top of Lombard Street burned down. Another is of going to the park for Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee celebrations, and being carried downstairs from my cot on Christmas morning, with my stocking over my shoulder.

Other Christmases I recall sitting on the hearth rug and being told by our eldest sister what to ask Father Christmas for, while our parents had gone shopping. All working people did their shopping Christmas Eve; shops kept open until eight p.m. as they did most nights. I remember our stockings on Christmas morning usually contained a small toy, perhaps a paper book, one orange and apple, a few chestnuts and cob nuts (home grown), also a few sweets and dates, and in the toe a new penny. After I started school each Christmas Mr. Hanger gave each child a handkerchief with a sixpence in the corner; this we gave to our Mother who gave us back a penny, with the rest she would buy a pound of sugar, twopence, and a large cottage loaf, threepence. With our penny we bought sweets. Grannie Hersey at the shop sold Fry's Chocolate Cream; one section cost a farthing and one section those days was like half a bar today. Other prices I remember were Treacle 2d half a 2 lb jar, it came from a barrel, Cheese 8d and 6d, Butter 7d and for 1/- enough pudding beef and suet to make a large pudding that would last three days. The meat came from Knights, the Butcher in High Street, served by a Mr. Ayling who had two thumbs on his right hand, and when he cut the meat would pop a small piece of fat in his mouth. We always had plenty of vegetables; Father was a keen gardener. Another treat were the bread puddings Mrs. Hunger would send round the cottages. She was B. Steddy Austin's daughter. I also remember the death of Queen Victoria and a man telling our Father, "The Boers have killed our Queen"; also going to a treat in the park for either the relief of Ladysmith or Mafeking, I'm not sure which. The boys only attended Byworth school until they were eight; then they went to the Boys School at Petworth. Girls finished their schooling at Byworth; if we attended all week Miss Singer gave us a few sweets and nuts wrapped up in a page of old copy book on Friday afternoon. When it snowed in Winter we would

start at Hunger Farm corner, then known as Fattening stalls, with a small snowball and roll it along the road to Byworth corner to arrive with a large ball and a clear road. In those days each village had a Lady Bountiful; Byworth's was, I think, a Mrs. Watson from New Grove, who would distribute each year secondhand clothes or 1 cwt. of coal. Miss Alice Daintrey was the Lady Bountiful for Limbo. We also paid in the coal club 6d a week from January to Autumn and then received half a ton of coal along with a load of faggots and any windfall wood we could find. This was our winter fuel supply. I remember also Mr. Caplin in Angel Street with his barrel and ladder, filling, trimming and lighting the old oil street lights. These would be put out again about eight p.m. Petworth Fair day was a Holiday. The Fair started at twelve mid-day with Lord Leconfield having the first ride on the roundabouts. Rides on things cost 1d; we usually had 6d to a 1/- to spend. The stalls sold small toys and watches and beads for 1d and 2d, and Mrs. Hammond's famous brandy snaps cost 1d, or sometimes 2 for 1d. We always took one or two home for Mother. We had to be home by tea time, and for a treat it was always soused herrings. Mr. Fielding brought them round on his cart at 25 for 1/-; we had about 3d worth; the herrings came from the boats at Worthing.

Another Holiday was May Day. The evening before we would go out to get wild flowers and our Father would make our garlands. In the centre we always had auricula from the garden; then early next morning, soon after seven, we would start for Petworth and visit all the larger houses with our garlands. Sometimes we would get a ½d, sometimes a 1d, sometimes nothing. Miss Alice Daintrey would sit in the hall and wait with a bowl of coppers; we always had two pennies from her as our Father worked for her. At certain times there were scrambles, one outside Otways where Gateways now is. They would throw sweets into the road, not tarmac roads and not wrapped sweets. Another scramble was at Greens where the Four and Twenty Blackbirds was; they would throw out biscuits. We finished up at Miss Goulds at the Trofts, Byworth and she always had the auricula from the garland. It had to be before twelve noon; this was the custom. We would then drag our garland home and give the money to Mother.

When we lived at Petworth my father, Tom Courtnay worked for Miss Daintrey at Daintrey House in East Street and he continued doing



Tom Courtnay
a snapshot from about 1930.

this until he died. Miss Daintrey had the old Bailliewick farm (less the farmhouse, the house did not go with the farm then) as a private pasture farm, basically using the farm to provide for Daintrey House's household requirements. It was a small farm, just a few meadows running up from the brook with usually six cows, a few pigs, some hundred or so chicken, and apple trees and allotment land in the meadows. Most of the farm-buildings were up in the left-hand corner where the garage is now. Dad worked the farm himself except for a lad some afternoons and his faithful helper, Bob a lovely sheepdog who would open the farm-gates. Miss Daintrey seemed a stern lady to me as a child and she certainly didn't approve of strangers wandering about on the farm. I remember once

when Dad had had to go off and had left me to stop the chickens from roosting in the trees, that Miss Daintrey even stopped me to ask me what I was doing there. Dad had an old-fashioned yoke for carrying milk and he supplied the Cottage Hospital. The people from Shimmings would also come to the end of the lane for milk. Dad was very strict to time, always starting at seven o'clock and going right through to bedding up the cows last thing at night. In what spare time he had he'd do his garden; he was a very keen gardener.

When Dad was 80 in 1934 George Garland had a photograph of him published in the West Sussex Gazette with a short account of his life. Like so many of his generation he had started work at eleven as a shepherd's boy. He worked from seven in the morning till five at night for fourpence a day. He could remember a pig market being held at Petworth every Saturday and the County Jail in operation, when harvesting was still done with the sickle, the wives and

children of agricultural workers appeared in the cornfields for gleaning as soon as the last shock was carted. "In my young days," he said, "the corn was threshed by flail in the barns and in the winter, farm workers would sooner do this job than any other since it was more comfortable than working about on the farm in the cold and wet."

During World War I I was working at haymaking on the Bailliewick farm when some Canadian soldiers came up, took the rake and did the work for me. Yes, there were Canadians here during the Great War - not just the last war. I had two sisters older than myself and a brother. My sister, later Mrs. Shoubridge, worked for the Daintreys as a cook at Daintrey House. Miss Con and Miss Alice who lived there were the sisters of Mr. Daintrey, at one time a solicitor in the town. Miss Con was an artist of some ability and spent a good deal of time abroad working on her art. Quite a few pictures of hers survive locally, some of local scenes but many of places on the continent. Miss Alice kept a stern eye on the farm. she was a hardy lady who always had a cold bath before breakfast, sitting in a saucer bath, shaped like a big saucer which she kept under the bed. The maid would bring up the cold water, then empty the bath when Miss Alice had finished with it. The domestic staff consisted only of the cook and the maid. When my sister was the undermaid she used to wait table. The cook made a butter cake and was told she could make herself a dripping cake. The cook however made herself a butter cake. When Miss Alice saw the cake she said, "That dripping cake really does look nice, we'll have that in the dining-room". Cook had to set to pretty quickly to make a proper dripping cake. If she'd let the other cake go into the dining room Miss Alice would have known it hadn't been made with dripping. The servants had to be in at eight o'clock and were allowed out Sunday afternoons provided they weren't "pleasuring" as Miss Alice put it. Miss Alice herself went to church every morning.

Byworth was mainly cottages then with the two farms as now, Barnsgate and Hallgate. Mr. Richardson lived in what is the present Barnsgate farmhouse and moved from there to the Manse in High Street. He eventually left the Manse to the United Reformed Church. A number of different people lived at various times at Trofts but most of Byworth belonged to the Leconfield Estate. Byworth wasn't traditionally Leconfield territory but the Estate

had bought in extensively during the nineteenth century. The bakers belonged to Mr. Hersey whose mother had come originally with her Aunt Penfold - a young woman then but capable of lifting the 240 lb. flour sacks that were in use then. Every week during the winter two pigs would be killed, then hung all night on hooks outside the shop window. Next morning they would be cut into joints and, often as not, tubbed up as pickled pork.

Byworth found it difficult to have a village life of its own, living as it did very much in the shadow of Petworth. It did of course however have its own church and its own school, one and the same building. I can remember the chancel of the church being built onto the schoolroom. A screen shut off the two parts when the school was in session. One of the Petworth curates was responsible for Byworth and there was quite a congregation on Sunday evenings and even a surpliced choir. Byworth at one time boasted its own cricket team too! Despite this, entertainment was still somewhat lacking so a visit to the Church Army evangelist with his magic lanterns was eagerly awaited. For this everyone went to Barnsgate barn, lit by the old carbide lamps. The Church Army didn't have their own horses and the local farmers lent them theirs to move their caravan from place to place. Something that really brought the village people out was the passage of the car belonging to Mr. Otway, the Petworth grocer, solemnly preceded by a man walking with a red flag! The entire village turned out to see the novelty proceed so very slowly through Byworth. If we were out in the trap when the monster appeared one of us had to get out to hold the terrified pony.

I passed exams to leave school at 12, being taught at Byworth before going to the old Petworth Boys School in North Street to be examined. If you passed when you were twelve you could leave school, otherwise you had to wait till you were thirteen! There were some fifty pupils at Byworth school in those days, coming from places like Egdean, Shopham Bridge and Strood, as well of course as from the village itself. I remember my first day at school with Kate Sadler, who later had the Post Office, taking me off to school one thick foggy autumn morning. The old Post Office was across the road from the one most people remember. The school had two teachers, the Misses Singer, who lived in the school house where Mr. Blackman is now. The school was church run and the curate came

once a week for a bible-reading. We'd also sing a hymn and there would be prayers. Once a year a Mr. Heath came to give us our Scripture examination; he was an elderly clergyman who had a habit of stroking his beard. This mannerism fascinated us so much that it tended to put us off our answers. When he was coming we'd wear a new pinafore and go to school with our hair done up in plaits. One day Mr. Heath caused consternation by coming early and before we'd had time to undo them! We used to take our dinner to school, with cold tea in medicine bottles. We'd stand them round the open coke fire to warm up. We'd bring bread and cheese. I could have gone home but preferred to do this. There were standards for each school year and, as in most village schools, just two separate classes. When I left school I helped my mother at home. She wasn't strong.

Soldiers were billeted in Byworth during the Great War. It was the last stage for them before being sent to France and I remember Mrs. Steer in the village telling me that they weren't allowed to use her beds. They had to sleep on the floor to get them used to living rough when they were on active service. Most Byworth men worked on the land and perhaps rather less of them went to the war proportionally than in other villages. Mr. Clayton was the first landlord of the Black Horse I can remember. His daughter used to warm her feet in the oven when the weather was cold. Mr. Jones was a bit later: he had at one time been coachman to the Wilberforce family at Lavington.

Much of our shopping of course had to be done in Petworth. Mr. Eager I well remember (the shop is now David's in the Market Square), he was always known as "Whispering Dick". "Have you got any news?", he'd say. Old customers would have the shop chair and a small glass of wine. Mr. Kevis, the photographer I can see now. He was a member of the congregation at our church. It must have been the General Election of 1906 when the Conservatives held this seat and there were great celebrations. As the carnival came down Lombard Street Mr. Kevis shouted at them, "You may have won here but you haven't won the country."

Cottagers received two rabbits from the Leconfield Estate at Christmas, tradesmen two pheasants. Cottagers had beer, bread, cheese and cold meat when they paid their rent in November. If

you brought a bag you could take your meal home with you if you preferred. Our cottage was the dearest in Byworth at three shillings a week. Farmers had a four course meal twice a year on Audit Days. My brother-in-law knew one farmer who regularly had too much to drink on these occasions, on one occasion being so bemused that he poured mayonnaise on his fresh fruit salad thinking it was cream.

Mrs. Gumbrell was talking to Audrey Grimwood and the Editor.

MUSHROOM HUNTING

Mushrooms need moisture - preferably some warmth and humidity as well. There was little of that in September (1985) when a very small group of the Petworth Society met in the town to begin a walk that I joined as an occasional weekend visitor to the area.

It was cold - it was drizzling. A dozen people and two dogs.

It was, however, September, and that is the month when I start to look for mushrooms.

I had found the first specimens growing under the hedge on the main road just outside the town. These were the BOLETUS - small snail-eaten samples, but certainly edible. Practically all this group is edible - the most common being BOLETUS EDULIS. If in doubt, always consult the reference book.

Since my early childhood in Yorkshire I have always carried a bag with me (originally paper - now, inevitably plastic) on country walks in the hope that I might find something interesting or edible.

Most town people have never had the opportunity of eating wild mushrooms - most people have never eaten real mushrooms - gathered early in the morning pink and white - newly born - darker beige a few hours old - ink black at the end of the day.

I remember an early morning in County Durham when I left the house where I was staying with a relative - a knowledgeable botanist and authority on the flora and fauna of the area. We had climbed two

stiles, crossed two fields and the third one seemed covered in large plates perhaps dessert size. They were the largest and most perfect mushrooms I had ever seen, about four hours old eight to twelve inches across. Our paper bags were now quite forgotten; we gathered the caps leaving the stalks behind - we piled them from wrist to chin and walked back across the fields cautiously - as though carrying the real porcelain plates they had, at first, seemed. That was a long time ago - but mushrooms can grow anywhere providing the fields in which they grow are well grazed or fertilized. I even once found several pounds in a London graveyard!

On the September walk to Graffham I found three edible varieties. The BOLETUS which is very recognizable a solid fungus with vertical tubes which open as pores underneath, yellowish, - the cap chestnut in colour and slightly sticky. The colour does not change when the flesh is cut. This fungus is very popular in Europe - known as The CEP - highly prized and delicious in soups or stews - it is often dried in the winter so that it can be used later in the year.

I found a few chanterelles on the same day. They are very delicious, have an apricot scent and are bright yellow. The cap is funnel-shaped with a frilly edge - these also are often dried.

Puff balls must be caught young of course, they are easy to recognize. The giants - occasionally almost football size - are absolutely delicious sliced and fried with the bacon. Those which I found were small. They must be fresh and the flesh white - stamp on them when they are old and watch the dusty spores fly out of the chimney at the top!

None of the fungus that we found was a prime example of the species. This really does not matter. It is the pleasure of hunting and finding and immediately cooking. After cleaning and trimming the best way to cook them as far as I am concerned, is in plenty of butter, as much fresh parsley as you can find, salt and ground pepper and garlic if you like it. Use a heavy iron pan and a wooden spoon to move them - cover and simmer very, very slowly - if you want to make a sauce, stir in a little flour. A wild mushroom sauce served with meat or game is a great discovery. I tried it in France last year.

I spend part of my life in France now. Vineyards surround the village and grape picking starts in the third week of September. Towards the end of the third week conversation turns towards mushroom hunting. Food is always high on the agenda. The local river provides fish and the prime target of the local hunters - that is everyone in the village including the postmistress - is the wild boar. The feasts that follow the "vendange" are five to seven course affairs and wild mushrooms are always on the menu.

Everyone in the village will turn out to look for fungus. Indeed, many are very secretive about certain locations. There are far more varieties than I have ever found in England. The CEP is exceedingly common and always highly prized. Others are not so easy to identify - however, I have come to the conclusion that almost anything that grows under oak trees either dead or alive is safe. The elusive truffle also grows in the ground under the oaks. Only one man in the village knows where to find them and it is a heavily guarded secret! As the wild mushroom season is an important one, all pharmacies display models and charts in their windows and they will always identify anything one is in doubt about - free of charge. Bookshops have complete displays in their windows and almost every country person will have a book on the subject on their shelves.

However, the best displays are always to be found in the markets. Stalls throughout October and early November are piled high with every imaginable variety - all named - all guaranteed. Ask how to cook them and you will be told. It is easy to become addicted to mushroom hunting. Buy a book and be prepared for the next season.

JOYCE SHORTO

REPAIRS TO WASSELL MILL BRIDGE 1930

In the mid twenties it became apparent that the retaining walls on the bridge were needing attention and that buttresses would be needed to prevent collapse. Mr. G. T. Suter of Fox Hill, Petworth, the Rural District Surveyor drew up plans and specification in 1926 for the work to be undertaken.



G. T. Suter Surveyor to the
old Petworth Rural District Council.

In a document dated 23 and 24th July 1762 there was a list of properties forming part of the Peachey's Ebernoe Estate and the following was extracted.

"And all that Messuage or Tenement and Water Mill and lands with the appurtenants formerly in the occupation of William Pennicod and George Smith or one of themlying and being in Kirdford aforesaid late of the said William Peachey Esq deceased"

It would appear there was some doubt as to who was responsible for this work as he certainly went into a great deal of detail to look up legal cases between 1835-1903.

These were all relating to the Ellenborough Act of 1803 which stipulated that a bridge built by an individual before 1803 for his own use, or where a person erected a Mill and dam for his own profit and the Miller built the bridge, and the public at large subsequently used it, it became the liability of the inhabitants of the County to maintain it. This included the rebuilding if necessary.

The act of 1803 made it the responsibility of the local authority, subsequently the County Council to maintain those bridges and also those built after that date.

Apparently in 1833 there was also some investigation into the Mill and Bridge, but this time information was obtained from local residents who stated their recollections of past happenings.

All the ages stated in the proofs of evidence are those obtained in 1833. The dates of birth have been added by me for easy reference.

Daniel Holden Age 82 (Born 1751)

"Says he remembers the cattle of Osborne, the tenant of Wassell Mill grazing cattle in Pipers Lane some 40 years ago" (1793)

William Baker Age 75 (Born 1758)

"Recollects timber being cut when Wassell Mill was built"

James Spooner Aged 63 (Born 1770)

"Says he assisted in cutting timber in 1815 for the repairs of Wassell Mill."

John Baker Age 68 (Born 1765)

"Remembers timber being cut when the New House at Wassell Mill was built about 17 years ago (1816). He also speaks of Robert Osborne as the tenant of Wassell Mill"

William Phillips Age 37 (Born 1796)

"Says he assisted in cutting timber..... for Mr. Peachey 17 years ago last April (1816) and the timber was used to build the New House at Wassell Mill."

Henry Boxall Age 77 (Born 1756)

"Says he used to go down Pipers Lane to Wassell Mill with grist"

William Holden Age 62 (Born 1771)

"Remembers when bringing sheep home from Pipers Lane for his father a lamb jumped off the Pond Head of Wassell Mill on to the apron and he went down and brought it up in his arms."

There also survive Mr. Suter's appraisal of the notes, the Specification of Work and the drawing of the buttresses, whilst these are dated 1926 I believe the work was carried out in 1929-30 as on one of the original documents is a penciled note dated 24-1-1928 for the notes to be returned to him.

The contractors could have been Boxall's the Tillington Builders.

It would be interesting to know if anyone can recognize the three workmen and the one local, character, he could be Robert Holden? Holden is pictured on page 28 of "Men with Laughter in Their Hearts". As it would also be to know Suter's source for the statement later in 1833.

F. A. Kenward
26 Orchard Paddock,
Haxby,
York.

PETWORTH RURAL DISTRICT COUNCIL

SPECIFICATION for the erection of BUTTRESS near WASSELL MILL,
EBERNOE.

At the end of the existing West wall, on the South side of the road, near the overflow from the Mill Pond.

Erect Buttress built of Cement Concrete faced with brick, with cement concrete footings as shown, and capped with cement.

The buttress to be faced with brickwork of 9" and 4½" courses laid alternately "English bond" the concrete to be filled in every two courses, the brickwork to be keyed into existing wall as shown.

In removing the fallen earth, and excavating for the foundations, any old brickwork removed can be used for concrete, any extra rubble required for this purpose will be supplied unbroken on the site by the Council.

The bricks to be used to be Southwater Pressed Stock Bricks.

The mortar used to be composed of one part good fresh Cement, and three parts good sharp sand.

The concrete to be composed of one part good fresh cement three parts well broken rubble, and the necessary sharp sand for filling.

General Conditions

The Contractor to provide and cart all the necessary Material "except where otherwise specified" which are to be of an approved quality.

The work to be carried out as soon as possible after the acceptance of the tender, in a workmanlike manner, and to the satisfaction of the Council or their Surveyor.

The Contractor to be responsible for any accident arising by or in consequence of the work being carried out.

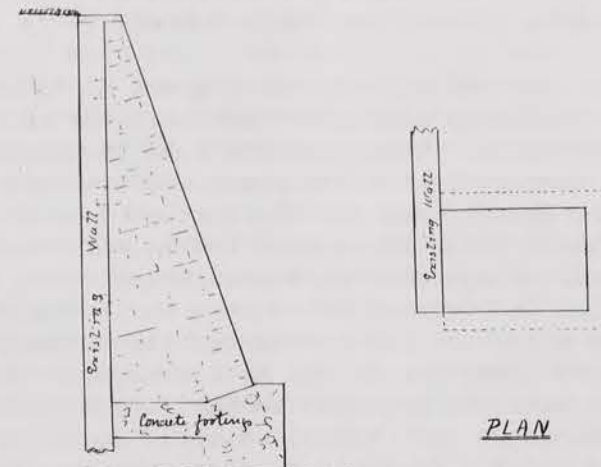
G. T. Suter Surveyor

June 1926

Proposed Buttress near

Wassell Mill

Ebernoe



ELEVATION

Scale 1/2 foot to 1 inch



"MAD ABOUT HORSES"

An early memory is of being taken from Upperton to Petworth Park for the celebrations for King George V's coronation in 1911. At this time there were six of us, my brother Bill being still in a pram. There was a flower show in a big marquee and old Andrew Smith's fair. I seem to remember people coming out of the beer tent and clumsily stepping over the ropes but I didn't know why of course. My father would have brought his Flower Show exhibits down from Upperton by wheelbarrow: I often helped him with this in later years.

The Scarfe family lived next door to us in Upperton and we became friends with them through taking their son Charlie to school with us. We would often be invited to their house for occasions like Charlie's birthday. Mrs. Scarfe had a gramophone with a large horn, a great luxury in those days, and one record particularly stands out in my mind. It was about the sinking of the Titanic but as I was so young at the time I can only remember a few snatches, something like "the gathering of the nightmare.... she sailed with a London crew". I wonder if anyone remembers the words. I can't think the record is still available. Sometimes we were given a penny a week for taking little Charlie to school.

Most of us boys were in the choir at Tillington; I think we were paid three or four shillings a quarter and there was always a good congregation in the church. There were Mattins on Sunday morning, Bible Class at the Rectory in the afternoon and Evensong at 6.30 in the evening. It was good to see all the Mitford family in the front pews. They would leave first when the service was over. Great days they were, in spite of my mother being often ill and my father away in France and Germany during the war. While he was away we boys looked after the big garden and the orchard. Most of the apples there were cider apples and my father sold these and then went to market with the proceeds to buy little piglets to fatten up. Even before we left school we would go up the road and help Mr. Wadey make cider. He would produce some two thousand gallons, putting it into large brandy casks. The press he used was solid oak and must have weighed nearly half a ton. The most interesting feature however were what they called the "cheeses". These were years old and had originally been made by the convicts

at Petworth Prison. These consisted of matted horse hair and all the apple pulp was put into them. They were then folded up at the ends and laid one on top of the other. There was a total of eight "cheeses". When the cheeses were safely in position the big screw was wound down into position and the cider flowed into a big tub. Eventually it went into the big casks, usually accompanied by a big piece of beef for it to "feed on". It was sold through the winter and particularly at haymaking time.

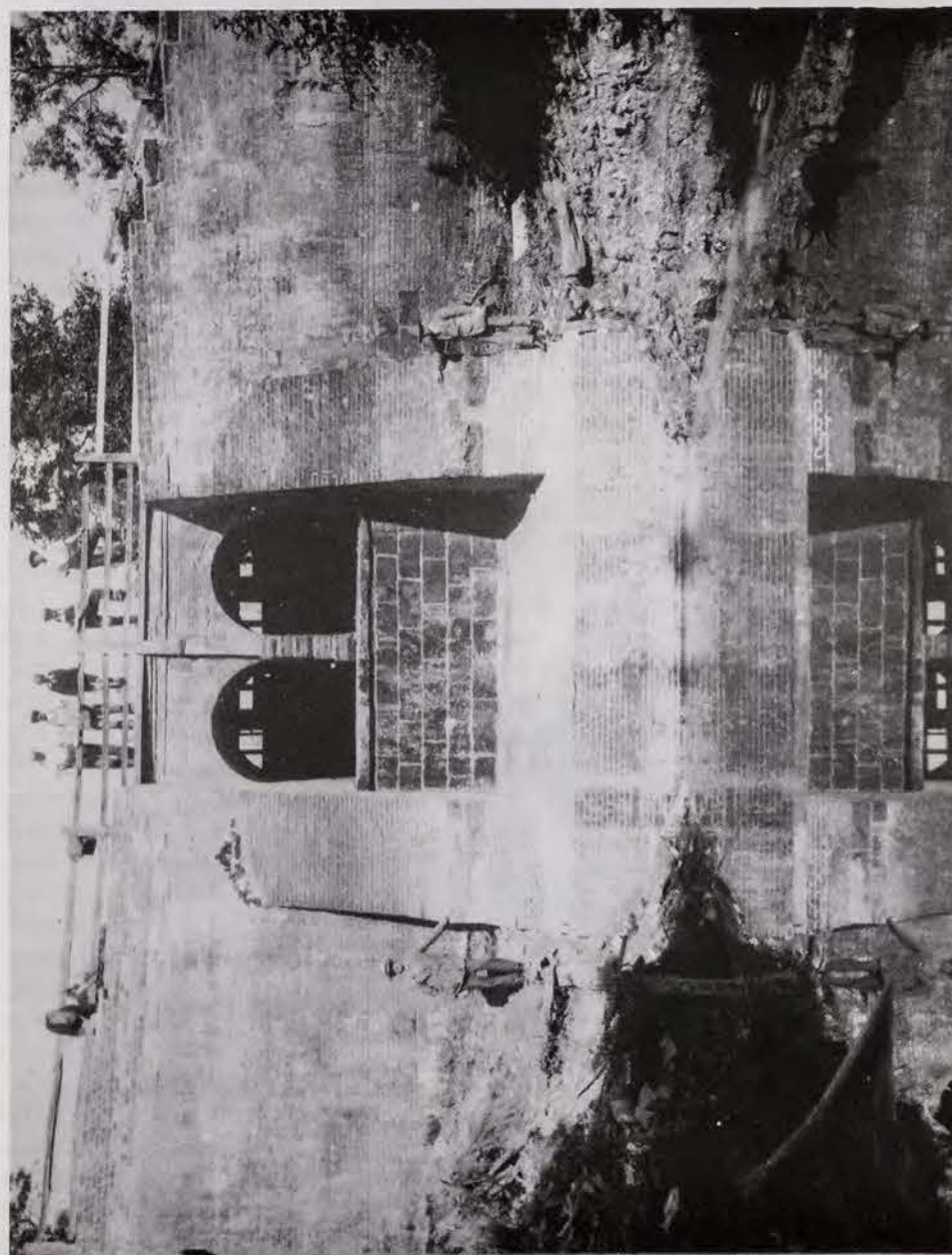
My brother Jack and I were in the Boy Scouts and Miss Podmore was our Scoutmistress. Camps were held in the summer. There was also a bugle band and I was one of the six who sounded the Last Post at the unveiling of the Petworth War Memorial. I always hope that somewhere there's a photograph of this ceremony.

As I'd helped him before, it wasn't surprising that when I left school my first job was working for George Wadey who had the off-licence at Upperton. I wanted to be a successful jockey and helping Mr. Wadey break in horses seemed as good a way to start as any. He would buy New Forest ponies and break them in for sale. Drovers would come round with the wild ponies, a dozen or more at a time, and Mr. Wadey would buy two or three to resell when he had broken them in. We'd put a mouthing bit on them, then lunge them round the field on a lunging rein until they were tired enough to let us put on a saddle or harness. Mr. Wadey did all sorts of things from his Upperton premises: he dealt in timber and used also to take his fresh garden produce to Haslemere and hawk it around the streets. He had a horse named Gipsy who would pull the flat-bottomed cart he used for this work. He might carry quantities of rhubarb, cabbage or plums, whatever in fact was in season in his Upperton garden. I often went with him on these trips. He had a habit of keeping a gun under his seat in case he saw a pheasant on the way back but this always worried my mother who did not want me associated with anything that seemed like poaching.

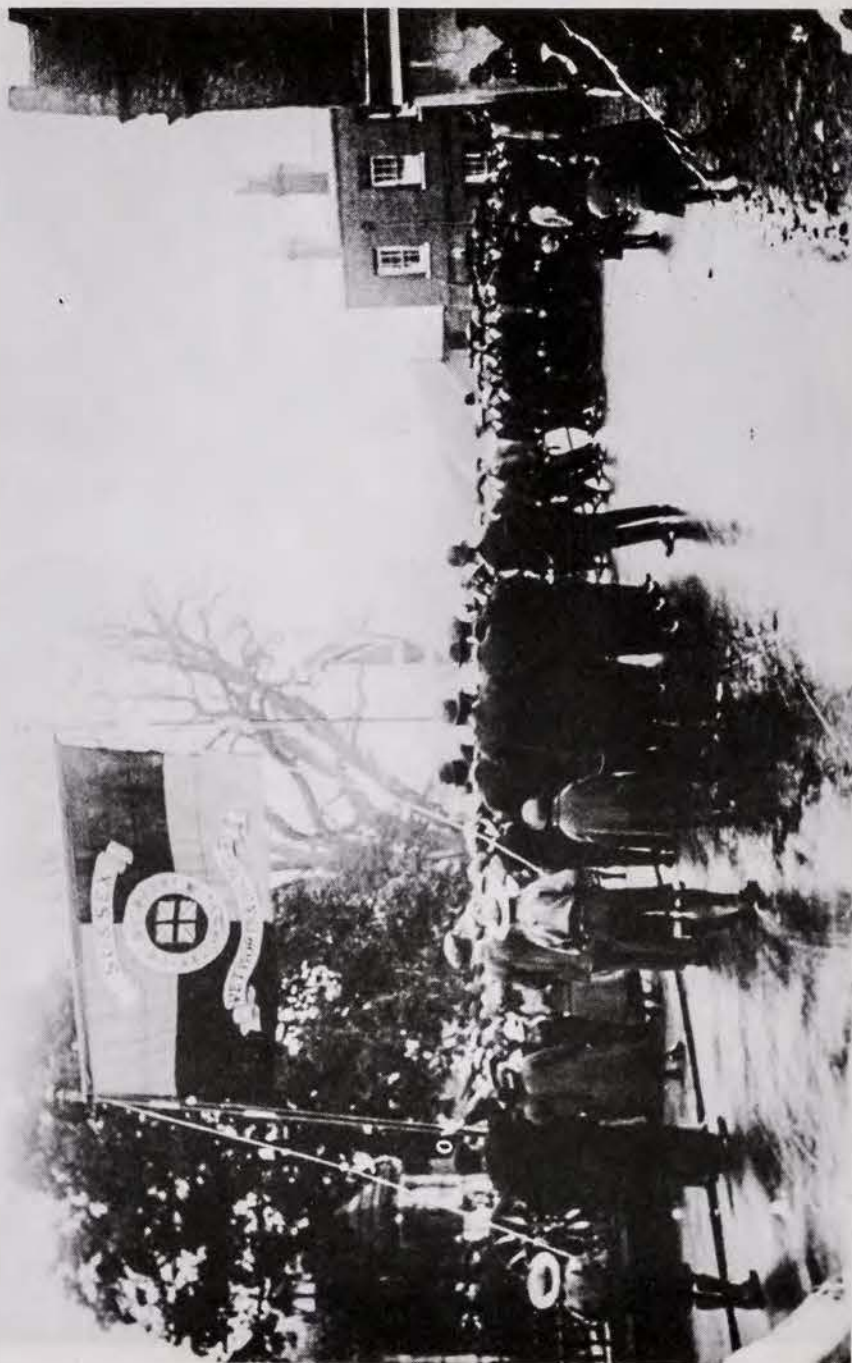
My next job was in Dawtrey's Yard at Petworth. Walter Dawtrey farmed Soanes Farm at this time but also let out hunters for hire. Of these he kept some eight to ten in the stables where the Old Bakery precinct now is. The windows faced out onto the back lane, the rest of the premises he used as a corn and seed store. He had

other premises adjacent to the old Queen's Head where he kept a further sixteen or twenty other hunters. Walter Dawtrey's horses were thoroughbreds; he used to go over to Ireland to buy them and then would sell them or hire them out for hunting. Archie Howard, myself and another boy worked there and Mr. Jack Hill was the foreman. Our job was to muck out, exercise and groom the horses, taking two horses at a time, one ridden and one led. We might take them down North Street or round Byworth or down Station Road. I remember once Archie and I being out with Goose Boy, a nice horse, and having it bolt in Station Road. It jumped over a fence into a field. Archie wasn't hurt but the horse suffered some superficial damage and Walter Dawtrey wasn't pleased. It was a frequent sight to see Walter Dawtrey galloping full pelt up Pound Street making his way from Soanes to the stables. I particularly remember a golden chestnut stallion that he kept for breeding purposes. I think it had won the Newbury Spring Cup some seven years before as a three year old.

It wasn't long before I felt I would have to move on if I was to become a jockey so Archie and I went to Winchester to work under Mr. Doyle, a well-known trainer at the time and himself a top-flight steeplechase jockey. It was hard work: up at six in the morning and out on to the gallops with the first string about seven. If you didn't get up in time and get out you would be back late and all you'd get for breakfast in the messroom would be bread and dripping. There were some fifteen of us racing hands on the staff and we each had the responsibility for grooming two horses - mine were Treppenel and Don Jose. They belonged to a Belgian tycoon who had an estate in Leicestershire. Wages were 38/- a week with bed and messroom and an extra £2 if one of my horses was a winner. The owners came visiting on Sundays and this made Sunday the hardest day of a seven-day week. All work had to be done by mid-day Sunday and best rugs put on the horses. Although I was tall I was very light, about nine stone, and I always hoped to be given a ride, but Mr. Doyle invariably said, "I'll give you a chance when you get used to my style of riding". I was never quite sure what he meant by this, but I was expecting to ride one of my two horses at Ludlow when the Belgian owner disappeared in mysterious circumstances on a flight over the Channel. All that happened was that I took his two horses back to the estate in Leicestershire and that was the end of that.



Repairs to Wassell Mill Bridge 1930.
Messrs. Suter (left) and Kenward at foot of bridge. F.A. Kenward (centre top).
Photograph by George Garland.



"I always hope that somewhere there's a photograph of this ceremony".
The unveiling of Petworth's War Memorial soon after the Great War.

Photograph probably by J.H. Keen.

There were no horse boxes then but we were paid ten shillings extra when we took our horses to race meetings. If there was a meeting, say at Manchester, I'd set off from Winchester at 6.30 in the morning arriving in Manchester at 9.30 in the evening. You'd sit with the horses all the way. The horse compartment would often be shunted separately, perhaps waiting an hour or more at somewhere like Wolverhampton. Once there you'd lead the horse down to the racecourse, be given a key to the stable-box and then look for somewhere to sleep. Perhaps a Temperance hostel at five shillings a night. If we couldn't find anywhere there was nothing to be done but bed down with the horse. I often had to do this. The round trip would be three days, one travelling up, one racing and one travelling down. I'd help with the saddling and bandage the front legs to protect the tendons - you don't see this done much now.

Appointments tended to be for a season and while I was never really out of work I was sometimes temporarily between appointments. It was about 1925 and Miss Podmore at Tillington had a thoroughbred four year old racehorse given her by Mr. Buchanan, himself well-known in the racing world. It had a slight hip deformity but this didn't effectively impede its movements. It was a very fine horse. Old Mr. Booker, the Podmores' groom and myself set out to break the horse in. We'd leave the mouthing bit in all day, then lunge him round for half an hour to get him tired before vaulting up to him, getting one leg over before getting our feet in the irons. We used to take him out with Miss Podmore sometimes in Petworth Park, sometimes on River Common. We were out with him on River Common one day and I was riding when I came to a little ditch where they had put bits of furze for the horses to jump over. The horse fly-jumped, threw me off and set off down the hill into Upperton as if he had been shot out of a gun. My mother saw him careering through Upperton and feared the worst. He ran straight on down the hill to Podmore's and into his box. It was as well no one was in his path as he turned the Upperton bend! His sire had been third in the Derby in the early 1920's.

When I left Mr. Doyle I went into polo, going out in May 1927 with the British International Polo Team to America and coming back in the November. We sailed on the Minnewaska, carrying some three hundred passengers and cargo. There were about thirty polo ponies and the crossing took eleven days. It was pretty rough at times

and also foggy and I was glad eventually to see the Statue of Liberty. We were based at Long Island for three months and were paid ninety dollars a month. The team consisted of Captain Guinness, Major Atkinson, Captain Peart and Captain Rourke.

After that we were at Santa Barbara, Riverside, Del Monte, California and of course I was immensely thrilled with it all, being a country boy. My mother used to write to me every fortnight, sometimes sending me a Sunday newspaper to read. I in turn would sometimes send her and Dad the New York Herald Tribune. There were plenty of gang fights in those days. We also went to see Jack Dempsey fight Gene Tunney for the heavyweight championship of the world in New Jersey. I kept my ticket for over forty years and then lost it. It would have been valuable now. I came home in late November and I bought something for everyone, my three sisters and a big box of cigars for Dad.

I then joined another good polo team whose boss was Dutch-Argentine. We all had a nice brown suit of riding cloth made at Weatherills in London. We did all the London season before going down to Minehead in Somerset. Our polo ground was at Dunster and this was our permanent base. In August we all went to France, Deauville, Gouvieux and Cannes. During October that year, the R 101 airship took off from England to fly to India and it crashed at Beauvais, only nine miles from where we were, so the next day we had the polo truck and went to see it. It was lying partly in a wood, partly in a field. There had been forty-eight people aboard but only eight survived. I remember the Air Minister, Lord Thomson, was killed. I kept a piece of metal that I broke off for some years, but I do not have it now. On one occasion I travelled to Liverpool to collect the polo ponies arriving from Argentina, sixteen or more at a time. We would bring them back by train through the Severn Tunnel. We'd then school them on the sands at Minehead, getting them ready for the London season.

People in my sort of job were always moving about; we'd look for positions in the "Horse and Hound", a magazine I still take. Changes were usually made in May and in the early and mid-1930's I had a number of different positions with various hunts. There was a season with the Quorn for instance. My first post was as second horseman to Lady Astor at Hever Castle in Kent. Her ladyship

would have two horses for hunting and I would hold back with the spare horse so that she could replace the first when it tired. I then took the tired horse back. I might perhaps change her side saddle too.

Other posts were with Lady Greville not far from Oxford, then with the Joint Master of the Old Surrey and Burstow Hounds. When I got married I decided to give up horses so that my wife and I could work together. She worked as cook housekeeper and I did the waiting and valeting. We eventually bought our own house in Weybridge. Then the war came and when I came back I could see that times had changed and I would never work with horses again. I never did.

George Payne.

A KNITTING FACTORY ON RIVER COMMON

My father worked for a builder and we lived in a little cottage just off the "Square" at Upperton. Sometimes my father worked locally, sometimes he worked away. Most Upperton residents at this time were farm-workers and their families, and as far as I knew this had always been so. When I left Tillington school at 14 soon after hostilities had ceased in the Great War I had to find something to do. Opportunities for employment were limited, particularly for girls. It was usual to go into service and in fact I nearly went to Horsham to go into service with my aunt. It might have been possible perhaps to go into Petworth to work in a shop but, other than this, there was nothing - or so it appeared. There was however on River Common the family firm of Walkers' Home Knitwear, hitherto operating only as a family unit but at this time looking to make a small expansion in their staff. Three of us, Dolly Payne, May Wilson and myself decided this was worth a try, we'd left school within months of each other and knew one another quite well.

The Walker family had a market garden on River Common growing and cutting flowers and vegetables and sending away hard and soft fruits. It took us about half-an-hour to get there, walking through the fields down by Pitshill House and then over the Common. It was a very muddy, dirty old journey in winter and we started

work at eight o'clock in the morning. We found that while we might be delegated to pick and bunch daffodils if that was essential or do some other job with the fruit, our main job was with the knitwear. The knitwear operation had started with Mr. Walker's two daughters and an aunt working in a small cottage on the market garden but, as it had progressed, a wooden hut had been built to house the machines, insulated with sawdust between the planks. The hut was a single workroom with a small cloakroom. It had a stove in the centre of the room. The stove answered two purposes: it kept the staff reasonably warm in the winter and it had a ridged shelf halfway round it for the flat irons to stand on.

We three new girls started together and it took us a little while to get into the work. The daughters would show us how to knit little pieces to get the hang of the machines. We didn't work from patterns. Other girls came later. You had to have a certain aptitude for the work but most girls picked it up reasonably quickly.

M. To be continued

NEW MEMBERS

Mr & Mrs R Beesley, The New Star, Petworth, Sussex.

Mr K Carrdus, Neighbours, Wisborough Green, Nr Billingshurst
Sussex.

Mr Collins, 63, Rosedale Gardens, Thatcham, Newbury.

Mr & Mrs Cooper, 62, Sheepdown Drive, Petworth, Sussex.

Mr & Mrs Daynes-Winter, Red Roses, High Street, Petworth, Sussex.

Mr J Elliott, The Orchard, Winston Road, Ashington, Sussex.

Mrs Greenwell, Tanners, River, Petworth, Sussex.

Mrs P Goacher, Flat 2, Market Square, Petworth, Sussex.

Mr J Greaves, Ramblers, 48 River Mead, Pulborough, Sussex.

Mr & Mrs Greig, The Stone House, High Street, Petworth, Sussex.

Mr T.R. Jenkins, 41, Sheepdown Drive, Petworth, Sussex.

Mrs S Knight, Uplands, Church Street, Bowerchalke, Wilts.

Miss K. Morrissey, 4, High Street, Petworth, Sussex.

Mr Puttick, Heydons Loft, Graffham, Sussex.

Mr & Mrs J Reed, Coates, 77 Manor Road, Selsey, Sussex.

Mrs E Spriggs, Spriggs Florist, High Street, Petworth, Sussex.

Dr & Mrs D Ter-Haar, Coppards, Middle Street, Petworth, Sussex.

Mr & Mrs Watson, 1 Rosemary Gardens, Petworth, Sussex.

Mr & Mrs R Wadey, Thornhouse Cottage, Kirdford, Nr Billingshurst
Sussex.

Don't forget:

SATURDAY 13th JUNE

Midsummer Social Evening at Manor of Dean

Morris men, madrigals and side-shows.

7.00 p.m. Tickets £3.00 to include buffet and wine.

Not a Society function

but highly recommended!

PETWORTH TOWN BAND : UNIFORM APPEAL

As you will probably have already heard Petworth Town Band needs some £5000 to provide itself with new uniforms. A proportion of this money is already to hand but some £3000 is still required. A special account (01-50312359) has been opened at the National Westminster Bank Petworth Branch and those who would like to support the Town Band in their appeal are invited to make their contribution either directly at the bank or personally to Mr. Jack Holloway, Littlecote Lodge, Station Road, Petworth. You may wish either to make a small individual contribution or to purchase for them a particular item. While a band jacket is expensive (£110.50) trousers are £37 a pair, band caps £12.50, cap badges £3.75, belts £3.30 and shoulder badges 85p.

Petworth Town Band is an entirely voluntary organisation. It brings great credit to the town of Petworth in its outside engagements as well as considerable enjoyment to the inhabitants of Petworth when it performs locally.

The Petworth Society is pleased to be associated with this appeal.

PETWORTH SOCIETY

Summer programme. Please keep for reference.

SUNDAY JUNE 14th

EILEEN'S EBERNOE
WALK

Cars leave Petworth
Square at 2.15.

SUNDAY JUNE 21st

MARGUERITE and JOAN'S
FITTLEWORTH
GARDENS WALK

Cars leave Petworth
Square at 2.15.

SUNDAY JULY 12th

ANNE'S PETWORTH
GARDENS WALK

Leaving Petworth Square
at 2.30.

No cars.

SUNDAY JULY 26th

Petworth Society visit
to Manor of Dean
(by kind permission of
Miss Mitford)

Cars leave Petworth
Square at 2.15.

SUNDAY AUGUST 16th

RILEY'S NORTHCHAPEL
WALK

Cars leave Petworth
Square at 2.15.

2.30 at Northchapel
Village Hall

IMPORTANT DATE:

FRIDAY September 4th

TORONTO SCOTTISH VISIT TO PETWORTH!
Details in next Bulletin.

Hotels Exalt

