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THE PETWORTH
SOCIETY
magazine

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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 £4.00. Single or Double one Bulletin delivered. Postal £5.00. Overseas £5.50. Further information may be obtained from any of the following:-

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Mrs. Adams (Byworth), Mrs. Hodson (Sutton
and Duncton), Mr. Vincent (Tillington and
River), Mrs. Harvey (Fittleworth).

YOUR MAGAZINE - CAN IT SURVIVE?

You have become accustomed over the years to a Magazine of a quality both in presentation and content that makes it at once the flagship and distinguishing mark of this rather unusual local society. Some 430 are hand-delivered in Petworth and the neighbouring villages, just over 200 are sent out postally, inland and overseas, there are a handful of complimentary copies and the remainder are sold in local shops. Occasionally a few spare copies remain, more often than not the issue exhausts itself. The total print is 720, usually pushed over the 750 mark by the purchase of the "printer's odds". I judge the enormous membership of the Society in relation to Petworth's size to be directly attributable to the quality of the Magazine.

Quality does not come cheap: over the years the cost of production has gradually overhauled member's contributions and the deficit on last year's account was uncomfortably large, alarming even. There is no point whatever in a Society like this amassing money and my duty as Chairman is to push resources to the absolute limit. I have no prerogative however to spend money that we do not have.

There are certain options which may be mooted without being considered particularly attractive. A reduction in magazine size seems a counsel of despair which would particularly penalise postal members. It would lead also to a tremendous backlog of material. A reduction to three issues a year would be open to similar objections. A large scale fund-raising event is perhaps an alternative but there are so many of these now that I am not convinced this is feasible.

There is no problem editorially: material is abundant. If this magazine falters and fails through inadequate funding we may in years to come feel that we have failed to make use of a great opportunity. A significant proportion of what is already preserved in these magazines would otherwise now be lost. I am continually mindful of how much local tradition George Garland collected in the 1930s which is now lost because he had nowhere to publish it, he often did not collect what he might have done. Helpful as the newspapers were in the 1930s his material was often truncated and discarded owing to the exigencies of space. How much might have been preserved if there had been a Petworth Society and a magazine in those not so far-off days!

This is a very serious problem. On present principles the financing of the December magazine looks precarious to say the least. It is probably idle to appeal for direct donations but obviously any contribution of this kind will be most welcome. Possibly a special fund might be set up to finance a particular issue - in this case the December one.

More promising perhaps on a long-term basis will be to offer advertising or sponsorship space for September and December. The magazine's capacity as an advertising medium is at present untapped and I would be prepared to talk initially on an informal basis with anyone who would be interested. Failing that we shall perhaps approach possible sponsors or advertisers ourselves.

Your thoughts on this? This magazine gives Petworth a sense of continuing tradition in an age of sustained and often disconcerting change. If you care for Petworth I hope the future of this magazine will concern you too.

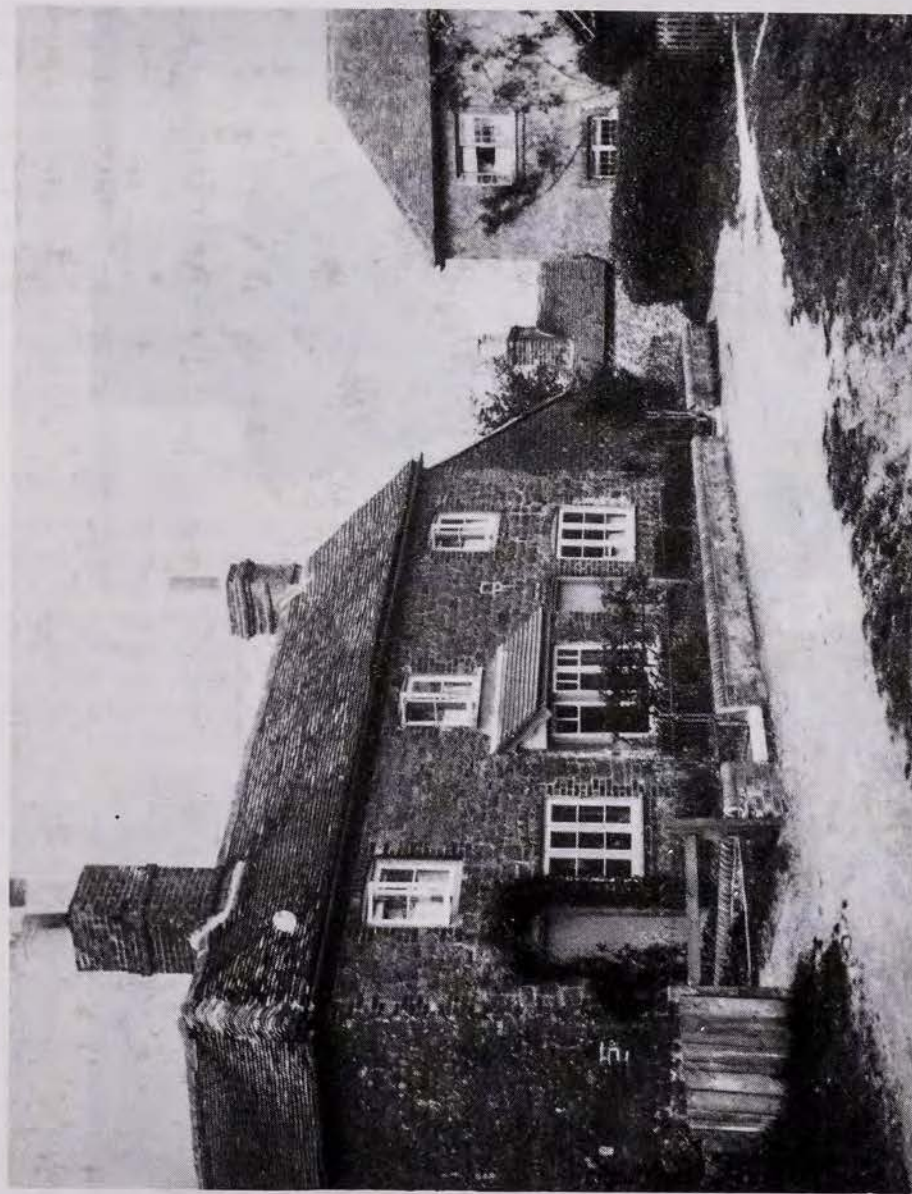
Peter.

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

This Bulletin should appear a day or two early to give prior notice of the United Reformed Church musical week put on to aid restoration funds. The U.R.C. is an integral part of Petworth life and the Society is pleased to be able to help in a practical way by providing publicity for the fund-raising effort.

The last quarter has seen three excellent speakers and good attendances both at the monthly meetings and the annual general. Fred Shepherd's visual presentation in February was all that we have come to expect from him; it hardly seemed two years since he was last with us. Tony Whitcomb's very personal and humorous view of English Canals attracted a full house in March, and a very appreciative full house at that. Alf Simpson's pictorial introduction to Ebernoe Common Nature Reserve was absolutely fascinating, an object lesson in clarity and good humour.

John and Gloria's Valentine's Day walk attracted a large company, took in new territory at Lodsworth and had a sunny afternoon. It was much enjoyed. Riley's Northchapel walk in March also attracted a good attendance on a day of determined and unrelenting rain. In typical Petworth Society fashion no one seemed deterred. Riley plans a rather more ambitious walk in September.



Duncton Post Office and Shop about 1905.
The Post Office has already been moved from the house on the left.
Photograph by Walter Kevis.



Victorian postmen photographed by Walter Kevis.
(1) Mr Ayling - a copy made in 1895.



(2) Mr Steadman 1897.

Roy Pottington, a long-standing member of the committee resigned at the A.G.M. following his removal to Midhurst. His good-humoured and sensible advice has guided our thinking on planning matters for more years than we can remember - certainly for a good decade. During much of that time he has been our representative on the Leconfield Hall Committee. We wish him and Mrs. Pottington every happiness in their retirement. The committee's nomination to fill the vacant position is Mr. Ian Godsmark and I am pleased to say not only that he has agreed to be put forward but also that the nomination was endorsed by the A.G.M. Anyone who has attended the Society's functions, whether monthly meetings or walks, will know Ian, and I am delighted to have him on the committee. As David Sneller and I are both on the Planning Sub-Committee of the Parish Council the Committee's voice and view on contentious applications is represented at local council level.

Peter.

3rd May 1988.

"PICK UP LITTER PLEASE" APRIL 17th

The first Petworth Society litter campaign took place in 1985. Its purpose was to make Petworth look reasonably tidy for the return visit of the Toronto Scottish Regiment. Its success in 1985 led to its being established as an annual event. The original April date has been kept over the years because it seems the ideal time: the grass has not grown sufficiently to camouflage bottles, cans and plastic bags for the summer months and the weather should be neither too hot nor too cold. The omens this year were not good, Saturday being very wet and cold but fortunately Sunday turned out to be bright and sunny. Ideal weather and no need to worry about a possible postponement. Turnout proved to be the best yet, forty perhaps, Les and I were too busy handing out bags and working out areas to be covered to be sure. Many were old friends but many were new. Some covered familiar territory, some new.

Les Howard supervised operations on the Society's behalf and we had a good supply of black plastic bags kindly donated by Mr Neave on behalf of Messrs Austen. The object of course was not to cover what Les. Howard already does so well but to deal with those places that it is not part of his contract to cover. We had enough volunteers this time not only to clean the usual places but also to reinforce those working in particularly difficult places like the stretch from Rotherbridge Crossroads through Haslingbourne to Egdean. The approaches to Petworth received particular attention;

Tillington Road, Station Road from Coultershaw up, Horsham Road, Pulborough Road, and the London and Balls Cross roads. Others concentrated on Petworth itself: Grove Lane, Station Road verges, Wyndham Road, Back Lane, Cherry Orchard and elsewhere. Most streets had a pair of volunteers working in them.

Jumbo and Les would go out later in the morning to collect the bags. Three of us stayed in the Car Park to clear the parking area and particularly Birdcage Walk. The previous day's rain still filled crisp packets and plastic cups and the wind had blown polythene and plastic debris hard into the wire netting. Date codes on the crisp packets suggested that nothing had been done since our last visit a year ago. Objects were on the whole predictable, wrappers, cans, crisp packets, pieces of polythene but a pair of ladies' panties surprised! A proportion of litter was attributable to the undesirable practice of affixing to car windscreens notices extolling various more or less cultural events at Midhurst, sales, professional wrestling and such like. It's surprising how quickly even a large sack fills up with cans, plastic cups, sweet wrappings and crisp packets. Public attitudes seemed less bewildered this year, more positive and appreciative. There was much less of the stock argument, "If you pick it up, it only encourages them to throw it down".

After an hour and half in the Car Park and a brief transfer to Mant Road it was time to set off with Les to see how things were going and collect up the bags in the trailer. Jumbo had already been round collecting so we didn't meet up again with everyone. Some sacks were simply left at agreed points for Jumbo or Les to collect. Mr Tupper from Bignor had stopped and taken the Station Road sacks on his way home. Grove Lane boasted a very decayed gammon joint thrown out perhaps when the electricity failed in October, a "solid silver" teaspoon which turned out to be hallmarked N.A.A.F.I. and innumerable cans. Haslingbourne yielded a great quantity of rubbish - a vacuum flask, two petrol caps and a siphoning pipe, some ping-pong balls among the usual cans and packets. Sixty-two bags was Sunday's final yield but some fifty boys and girls from the Herbert Shiner School went round on the Monday to really turn the screw on the litter and pushed the total number of bags up over seventy. It does look better for a time and just possibly will encourage one or two to be a little more thoughtful. Thank you very much everybody. See you next year!

P.

It came on an October night by Ken Wells

*It came on an October night
Of its coming none could tell
The world went from a dreamless sleep
To the very gates of Hell
By morning it was over
The dawn's first light unfurled
A sinful devastation
In an eerie silent world
There were no songbirds singing
Not even one in sight
And so it stayed on that first day
Till night time claimed the light*

Ken Wells' poem in the March issue was so popular that the Society has produced a limited edition of 150 copies, calligraphy by Ron Pidgley and each one separately numbered.

They are 30 pence each. If ordering by post please add return postage. Available from Peter Jerrome at the address inside the front cover of the Magazine - or in Petworth from Anne at E. Streeter and Daughter Lombard Street.

A note from Mrs. P. Gill, the County Archivist

NEW PREMISES FOR THE WEST SUSSEX RECORD OFFICE

In Spring 1989 the West Sussex Record Office will be moving into a new purpose-built building. The new Record Office is already rising on a site not far from the present office. When completed it will provide more spacious searchrooms, and better facilities for visitors. By bringing all the Record Office's holdings under one roof, it will also enable a more efficient production system to be provided, than is possible in the present cramped accommodation.

Moving the entire Record Office is of course a mammoth job, involving as it does the removal of thousands of boxes of precious original documents from both the John Edes House, and the archives out-repository and Modern Records Section at Tangmere Airfield, outside Chichester. Interruption of the Office's services to the public is inevitable, although every effort is being made to keep it to a minimum.

The timetable of closure and restricted services is dependent on the completion date of the new building. At the moment it is anticipated that the Record Office will be completely closed from 20 February to 31 May 1989. From 1 June it is hoped to be able to provide a very restricted service. It will still not be possible to produce any original documents, since they will still be in transit or being re-stored. However the Office's large collection of microfilms and parish register transcripts will be available.

There will be slight delays in dealing with correspondence throughout the period of the move, when all available staff are fully occupied with re-boxing, re-storing and compiling indexes for the original document collection. From October 1989 we hope to resume our full services to the public.

Any changes in this timetable will be announced as they are decided, and firm dates for the closure period and the restricted service will be given as soon as it is possible to do so. Some disruption to people's research is inevitable, but the County Archivist hopes that all past and potential users of the West Sussex Record Office will appreciate that the purpose and the end result will be to provide an even better service to our public.

PETWORTH UNITED REFORMED CHURCH

The United Reformed Church in Petworth was originally a Congregational Church and it can trace its origins back to the year 1740. The early history of the church is not entirely clear and some research on recently discovered records is currently being pursued. There seem to be some indications of earlier precursors in Byworth even before this date. However, there is no doubt that the church has played a part in the life of Petworth for some 248 years.

The present building is not the original one; the congregation has met in three earlier buildings, only one of which is still standing. Initially they used a converted house on the site of the present public conveniences, later moving to another house on the site at the side of the present church, and then for a period they used the school in East Street. The present church was erected in 1855, the schoolroom a few years later, and these have been used continuously since that time. They have served a large number of people over the years and a great many children have received their early instruction in the Christian faith in the Sunday School. However, in common with many other churches, the level of public support has reduced and both congregations and Sunday School are now much smaller than they were in past years.

The building itself has stood the test of time quite well in many respects, but it has not proved capable of withstanding the atmospheric pollution of the modern age. It is apparent that at least two types of stone were used in the construction. Some of it is believed to be a local stone with a poor reputation for weathering, and these sections have indeed weathered very badly. It has softened and appears to have lost the bonding which ties the sand grains together so that it may now be easily scraped away as dust with a finger nail. The church is faced now with a bill of £102,000 to pay for the removal and replacement of these deteriorated stones. The damage is particularly obvious around the steeple and the adjacent buttresses and wall areas.

Although the church has the backing of the central organisation of the United Reformed Church, it still has the responsibility of raising as much money as possible to cover the costs of this work and the membership is working hard at this job. The main fund-raising events being planned include a Flower Festival and Celebration of the Arts Weekend over the period 2nd to 5th June.

During this period the church will be decorated with flowers and will be open to visitors throughout the day. In the church hall there will be an exhibition of quilting and textiles from Midhurst Grammar School and also work from other local schools. Local artists, including Veni Gligorova, Christopher Aggs and Sue Hadley are assisting with an exhibition of paintings and sculpture in Petworth House, thanks to the very kind and generous assistance of the officers of the National Trust. All through this period there will be morning coffee, afternoon tea and ploughman's lunches on sale in the church hall.

There are also musical items being arranged during this period. Members of the churches in the group, with Petworth Edwardians and other supporters, are rehearsing a concert version of "The Merry Widow" which will be presented in costume in the Leconfield Hall on the Friday and Saturday evenings. It will be conducted by Richard Anderson and narrated by Lars Tharp. On the Thursday evening there will be music in the church by "Strolling Players" and on the Saturday at lunchtime there will be a concert given by the children from the Edward Bryant School in Bognor Regis. This will be a programme of songs from the sixties. In the afternoon, the Town Band will be playing in the Square.

On the Sunday there will be a special celebration service at 10.30 am in the church, in which children from the local school will take part. In the evening, in place of the evening service, there will be a Recital Concert based on the music of Bach, by Terence Allbright (harpsichord and organ), Timothy Callaghan (violin) and Ben. Train (flute).

The members of the church commend these events to the people of Petworth in the hope that they will support the fund-raising efforts and thereby help to ensure that one of the buildings which give the town its character and charm is not allowed to fall into dis-repair, but rather that it should stand and continue to be at the service of the community for many years to come.

RESPONSE TO THE STORM

3) The Barlavington Estate

The Barlavington Estate as a separate entity is a comparatively modern concept, a composite of various pieces from other ancient estates put together to make a unified whole. The Estate has a

large farm concentration but also some 1500 acres of woodland. Its nucleus, Barlavington Farm was originally part of the historic Burton Park Estate and used by its owner Major Courtauld as a stud-farm. In the course of time it passed from the Courtauld family to Lady Wentworth and thence into its present ownership. A considerable portion of the Estate's present acreage formed the southern part of the Leconfield Estate and was purchased privately for Mr. Anstruther in the late 1950's. It extends eastwards from Barlavington to Coates and on to Coldwaltham. Also part of the Estate is a quite separate 1300 acres of woodland at Hascombe near Godalming. The Barlavington Estate woodland is managed by English Woodlands of Witley in conjunction with Messrs. Clutton and a guiding principle is that of holding the land in trust for future generations. A characteristic of the management of the Estate is its neat and tidy road verges. An illustration of its overriding attention to amenity values as a companion to sound forestry management is the young woodland around Coates Castle, carefully thought out and designed by Dame Sylvia Crowe, later landscape consultant to the Forestry Commission.

There is very serious hurricane damage both on the Sussex Estate and on the exposed high ground of the Hascombe Estate but this article deals only with Sussex. While the amenity woodland such as Coates Common will be particularly familiar, much of the Estate is in fact planted with commercial woodland, some predating the present owner's tenure but much planted from the early 1960's onward. The experience here, and it must be a general one, is that it is the older plantations that have suffered most: i.e. those trees that, although already harvestable, still had the possibility of a reasonable annual growth or "increment". There comes a time in the life of a tree when it is quite mature and the wood grows at too small an annual rate to be of significant value economically. The decimated plantations had not reached that stage but had had their last thinnings taken out and were growing to full stature. It so happened that men were actually on the ground on the day prior to the hurricane taking out the last thinnings. In such a desperate situation we did at least have the advantage of trained men available on the ground even if they found that, because of the storm, they had no immediate chance of removing the timber they had just thinned! Skilled labour, essential for woodland work, was in very short supply in the immediate aftermath of the hurricane.

The Barlavington Estate was faced with a similar dilemma to the Leconfield Estate over the Scots Pine which had suffered

particularly severely in the storm. Scots Pine has to be harvested quickly before it develops the blue fungal infection that makes the wood, if not actually unsaleable, certainly of limited market value. A small team has been working since October at salvaging the Scots Pine and, most importantly, our marketing agents have not panicked, trying as far as possible to operate on the same principles as before the storm. Of course the amount of Scots Pine coming on to the market in the wake of the hurricane has meant that prices have not been maintained but we have been careful not to put the timber on the market at any price simply to clear it.

Devastation is greater proportionately in the conifer than in the broadleaved plantations and in all perhaps 50% of the plantation timber is damaged, ranging from 90% loss in some desperate areas to 20% or less in some favoured spots. The younger plantations, as I have already said, have predictably suffered less than the more mature. Replanting will proceed as quickly as circumstances allow but we are at pains to leave what is standing. Even when the loss is as high as 80-90%, we would still look to interplant. The ensuing discrepancy in harvesting times will make the harvesting slightly more difficult but, as long as lines can be cleared to get out the felled trees as need arises, then replanting of this kind can be considered feasible. An important consideration here is a psychological one: foresters have a feeling for trees; there's no point being a forester if you haven't. The loss of so many trees created a psychological block against destroying those that have survived the disaster. It has to be said however, that, with the best will in the world, the trees that remain, particularly when they are very scattered and without the protection of their fellows, are very much now at risk from the elements.

Marketing the timber is an important and necessary aspect of the whole operation and certainly not to be lightly dismissed; to an extent the future of the woodland as a viable proposition depends on it. The marketing companies have had to look much more widely than formerly to find a market for the glut of timber available as a result of the storm. The pulpwood is being exported to Sweden to be turned into paper and cardboard. Curiously, the logistics of transport dictate that it is easier to ship timber to Sweden than to transport it north to the only mills in Britain capable of handling it. The Douglas Fir will go to the sawmills for use in making sheds and for large fencing posts. The pine goes to a factory in Wales for general fencing material, posts and rails and a variety of boards. It is used also to make pallets for the food

industry. While, as I have said, the blue fungus does not make the wood unsaleable it does reduce the price considerably because it then becomes quite unsuitable for a number of purposes. Research has shown that if Scots Pine is used for pallets for food storage, the blue fungus that attacks the timber is capable of travelling up into the material standing on it. It can for instance permeate boxes of cornflake packets standing on the pallet.

The larch will eventually go for interwoven fences, panels, posts and gates. In this time of pressure we have allowed the larch and spruce to lie in situ as we have the hardwoods generally. It is the Scots Pine that is so vulnerable if left. The poplar deserves a special mention. As it stands it offers one of the more spectacular instances of devastation, a whole plantation snapped off fifteen to twenty feet up. No conifer can be pollarded except the sequoia or redwood and this being in a relatively sheltered position has stood up well, but the broadleaved trees in general will shoot again. In the case of the poplars we would look to trim the plantation up and leave the stumps to shoot and produce pulp-wood. Originally poplar was grown for matchsticks and its cultivation encouraged by the manufacturers. Matchsticks however are now imported direct from France. Poplar pulp can still be used though for pallet wood, box wood, chipboard or the central core for blockboard. As the poplar is planted on the wetter sites, we haven't in this mild wet winter made any inroads in dealing with it as yet. Some of the severed tops speared into the ground during the hurricane and appear now to be coming into leaf. Obviously when coppiced the poplar will have to be reduced to a reasonable number of healthy shoots.

The effects of the hurricane will necessitate a planned replanting programme, often conifers rather than hardwoods in response to the prevailing soil. There will be an opportunity perhaps to rethink the siting of rides; to think too perhaps about the visible edges of plantations. Some hardwood will be planted of course, and there is the possibility of mixing different types of conifer for variations in shape and colour tone. The damage will be tidied up as time permits but the first task will be to make safe what the hurricane has made dangerous. This doesn't mean slavishly clearing all fallen trees. This is hardly practical in amenity land and some decaying trees are an important part of the ecological chain. The damaged hardwood areas will, to an extent, regenerate of themselves with sycamore, ash and other trees but they can't simply be left to fend for themselves. Such regeneration needs intensive management.

Some curious situations will arise from this disaster: quite beyond most foresters' normal practical experience - in scale at least. Trees blown over are now putting forth fresh leaf. Will they continue to do this year by year? It's difficult to be sure. Near Arundel there is an oak-tree in a field just off the A27 beside the road to Burpham which has blown over yet continued to leaf for twenty years at the very least. Uprturned oak and ash can survive for years. Fallen larch is already showing considerable growth. Where depleted stock allows light into a stand all kinds of dormant seed will come up; a riot of foxgloves is likely but also an abundance of bracken and bramble which, if unchecked, will eventually make it difficult to retrieve fallen wood.

We have progressed since those dark early days when the devastation seemed so total that we could hardly even summon the courage to make a start. We can only trust that the fact that the roads are cleared and the surviving trees are coming into leaf, will not mislead anyone into thinking that we as foresters will not live for years in the shadow of this, the most serious natural disaster in Sussex for hundreds of years.

Roger Fitter of English Woodlands and Stanley Mayes of the Barlavington Estate were talking to the Editor.

A PROPOS OF BULLETIN 51

The piece in the last Bulletin about the Leconfield Estate storm damage brought back so many memories for me. I was there with Mr Wilcox when Duncton Common was planted, it was about 1920 so the Scots Pine would as Mr Jemmett said have arrived at maturity by now. When planted the trees had to be protected with wire netting to keep off rabbits and deer. This was always reckoned to cost £15 an acre but it was not to interfere with the Estate game. As Mr Wilcox was at once head forester and head gamekeeper I suppose he of all people would be in a position to reconcile these somewhat conflicting interests. As I turned the page there was Mr Wilcox and his trap. How often have I gone with him in that trap to work in the forest! The horse in the picture however was smaller than Refus the one I had known.

When the Estate were going to sell a standing wood, the first thing was to establish the value of the standing timber. I would go out with Mr Wilcox and girth the tree for him with a tape as he stood a distance back. I had a rod of hazel some six or seven feet long

and would hold it against the tree to give a rough indication of the height to the first branch. The height of the first branch would be the length of the plank that would be cut from it. The wood above that would be estimated for various different uses. Wilcox was an absolute expert in these calculations.

Oak was often felled in the autumn when the sap had fallen and then left on the ground until the spring. It was only then that I began to understand what was happening. Not only had the timber been sold but also the bark which would be taken off almost whole and used for tanning leather. It was amazing to watch the skilled "riners" removing great sheets of bark with their special spade-like rining tools. I remember being out with Mr Wilcox and girthing one of these fallen giants with the tape measure when a bird flew out from a tiny bush to one side, leaving a lovely little nest with eggs. I asked Mr Wilcox what it was and he replied, 'A nightingale'. It was the first and last time I have seen a nightingale's nest.

Another memory is of a small circular plantation down near the river that had some of the finest ash I've ever seen. We went down to measure up: it had been sold to Slazengers to make tennis rackets, hockey sticks that sort of thing. It was very valuable timber perhaps £1 or thirty shillings a cubic foot even at that time. To avoid splittance every tree was to be "chained" as it was felled ie the base needed to have a chain tightened round and round it to prevent the trunk splitting as it fell. It was a laborious process and they must have skipped one or two. When we came back the next day the plantation was nearly felled; Mr Wilcox went up to the first tree and found it split, a foot or more up the trunk. He kicked up merry mutiny - I can still remember it nearly seventy years on! I think perhaps he was working here with outside men, his own men would never make a mistake like that. They were very skilled and a "furriner" like me found their Sussex brogue at first almost impenetrable.

Mr Wilcox was a very busy man being in charge not only of the forestry workers but also of the gamekeepers. Everyone on the Estate received a brace of pheasants at Christmas. The game was laid out after the shoot and loaded on to a mule-cart drawn by a single mule. Everyone of the house guests who was shooting had a loader who would load the gun and pass it to the guest who'd shoot and then pass the gun back for reloading. On one occasion I was standing with Mr Wilcox about ten yards back when one of the guests took a shot and there was an explosion and a blinding flame.

The gun had burst between the butt and where the guest's left hand was in position two or three inches up from the gun sight. Something had blocked inside the gun and the whole thing exploded in his hands. The man handed the gun back to the loader and took another one. I've never seen anything like that before or since - even in the 1914-18 war.

On Friday afternoons I would bicycle or ride a horse out to the northern part of the Estate to pay the men. Every copse and wood had its own ledger and I kept them for the two or three years I was there, entering all the work done and its costing. No doubt the books are still in Petworth House Archives. After six or seven years a copse would be sold in a copse sale. Nothing was wasted. Whereas today the undergrowth is unsaleable, at that time it would be used to make pimps and pit-props, bean-sticks, pea-sticks and hoops for barrells. Now it is just left.

Happening one Friday to be working in the Estate Office and being on my own, as I worked I was looking down from the window to the Grand Entrance to see the house guests as they arrived. Mr Pull the gardener came in and said to me, "Do you want to come and see the dining room?" "Yes, I would, very much so," I said. So he took me into the dining-room to see the table set for dinner that night. It was a rounded table all set out in silver with a huge silver bowl in the centre filled with pink carnations and maidenhair and asparagus fern. "How many flowers are in there?" I asked. "Six dozen", was the reply. Huge beech logs burned in the hearth and on the great sideboard was a large silver box with cigars. There were two men on the northern part of the Estate who did nothing but fell beech and for every tree they felled another was planted. No other wood was ever used at Petworth House because beech never spits.

There were no visitors then in today's sense. You might be invited to see the pictures, or perhaps allowed to, but the House was not open in the sense that it is today. I'm pleased that I knew the Estate in those far-off days when it was run in the old way, something you just could not do on that scale in today's conditions.

Lastly the picture at the end (of the procession in Grove Street). I was present at the ceremony for the unveiling of the War Memorial and I do remember it all quite well. The banner seems to be a Boy Scout banner and they did play a prominent part in the service at the memorial itself. Yes, I'm pretty sure that's what it is.

(From a tape made by Guy Botwright and excerpted by the Editor. Any errors will be due to the Editor!)

Very good wishes from everyone to Guy - now in his ninety-first year!

WORKING WITH GEORGE GARLAND

As I started my short career as a "model" when I was a baby I suppose I didn't really have much choice. My mother had already entered me for various local baby competitions and I still have a cup awarded at a fete put on by the Burton Park Conservative Association in August 1925. There were other shows too at that time like the Rectory Fete or the August Bank Holiday Fete in Petworth Park. From such beginnings I progressed to acting as a "model" for George Garland. In other words I appeared in his pictures, sometimes on my own for instance as "Bubbles" but more usually perhaps to provide the human interest for some pastoral or agricultural scene he was taking. It was all very casual and there was of course no fee; it all stemmed, I am sure, from my mother having my portrait taken at the Studio after I had won some competition or other. We lived at 2 Grove Lane in those days and my mother took the greatest care with my clothes; smocking and knitting and keeping a chest full of wool. She could match anything up and the chest was much in demand among her Grove Lane neighbours. My father was in the Navy at that time and inevitably away from home a good deal.

One of George Garland's favourite haunts was Soanes Farm, tenanted at that time by Oliver Cross. Soanes was just over the fence from the Garland council house at South Grove and just over the fence too from our council house in Grove Lane. Inevitably I would often be included in Garland's Soanes pictures because I spent so much of my time at Soanes. Mr. Townsend, the shepherd was a great friend of mine and would often take me out all day on the farm. I would be only five or six but he'd say to me, 'Go and get my rubber,' meaning the tool he used to sharpen his scythe on, or I might bring up his bread and cheese for him. As a shepherd he'd fold the sheep, feed them cake in the winter using the long sheep troughs, or perhaps fold them out on turnips. He had a special tool, a variation on a Dutch hoe which he'd use to prise the roots out of the ground when the sheep had eaten the top part. Another job I did on the farm as I grew a little older was to "stand hard-in". At harvest-time I'd sit on the horse and move him on from sheaf to sheaf as they picked them up and tossed them on to the cart. I'd

go home with my shirt stuck hard to my back and reeking of horse-sweat. So much for Bubbles!

George Garland would call in to collect me for his expeditions, usually if he had some particular venue in mind where I might be suitable. Sometimes he'd use me, sometimes not. We'd go off with the motor-bike and sidecar, as often as not with Mrs. Garland riding pillion. I was very fond of her and can remember on many occasions sitting in the Station Road studio with her. She'd often give me a cup of tea and a rock-cake. I remember once going to Kirdford to do some fruit-growing pictures and not being used at all. Findon Fair was a regular outing every year and as often as not we'd take old Shep. The old man smoked the old-fashioned shag tobacco, cutting it off with a knife rather as one would a piece of paté nowadays. As a boy it was the auctioneers that used to fascinate me; I'd watch them moving along on their auctioneers' steps, selling the sheep pen by pen.

Another regular trip was to the snowdrops at Burton, George Garland almost always needed a model to give human interest to scenes like this, often a girl like Edna Nairn but he'd use me too, sometimes on my own, sometimes with Edna. The daffodils at Hilliers were another seasonal theme; Garland, like other photographers, had his own particular spots where he knew he could get a picture. Another regular trip was to Littlehampton for pictures of bathing belles, a little daring at the time perhaps as were the young ladies in shorts who figured in his hiking pictures. People quite liked to be photographed then and he'd often work with whoever happened to be on the beach. Sometimes he seemed to have a curious detachment from what he was doing. "Have you got a fixed face?" he might say to one of the girls and I wasn't always sure that he was being humorous. He seemed happiest going about the countryside looking for a picture to materialise. A free spirit? Yes, I think that's exactly what he was.

My days with George Garland ceased abruptly in the early thirties. When I was eleven we moved from Grove Lane to Fittleworth. I never worked with George Garland again and indeed rarely saw him. By that time I was at Midhurst Grammar School and, being more self-conscious perhaps as I grew older, would probably have stopped "modelling" anyway.

Vernon Hawkins was talking to Audrey Grimwood and The Editor.



The International Tea Co. New Street 1892.
Photograph by Walter Kevis.

BISCUITS AT REDUCED PRICES.

PEEK, FREAN & CO.'S.

Abenethy	5½d	Fruit	5½d	Oswego	8d
Abenethy, Thin ..	5½d	Garibaldi	5½d	Peoples	5d
Almond Rings ..	5½d	Gem	4d	Picnic	5½d
Alphabet	5d	Ginger Nuts	6d	Ratana	14
American Crackers	4½d	Ginger Cakes	10½d	Ryle Nuts	5d
Arrowroot, Plain ..	7½d	Ginger Snaps	4d	Royal Dessert ..	12
Arrowroot, Thin ..	7½d	Gossamer	5½d	School	4d
Baker	4½d	Koh Moor	9d	Smyrna	7½d
Cabin	3½d	Lemon Bingers ..	3½d	Social	3½d
Chieftain	5½d	Lemon Rings	5d	Soda	5d
Cocoa Nut	15	Lunch, large and small	3d	Tea	4d
Coffee	10½d	Madras	5½d	Timin	5d
Coffee Rusks	8d	Malta	8d	Toast	6d
Colonial	5½d	Marie	7½d	Top and Bottoms	5
Crackers	4d	Maud	5d	Tourist	5d
Cracknell	11½d	Medium	7½d	Universal	4d
Cuddly	3d	Milk	4½d	Walnut	6½d
Daisy Cakes	8d	Mixed, Best	9½d	Water	4½d
Demi Lune	6d	Nut	5½d	Wheaten	5d
Ludley	5d	Nursery	7d	Whole Meal	8d
European Mixed ..	7½d	Oaten	8d	Zoological	5d
Fairy Cakes	7½d	Osborne	7d		

HUNTLEY & PALMER'S.

Abenethy	5½d	Empire	5½d	Pearl	5½d
Abenethy, Thin ..	5½d	Excursion	4d	Peril, Fleete	5½d
Almond Rings ..	5½d	Fancy Sweets	9½d	Picnic	5d
Alphabet	5d	Fruit	5½d	Prince	5d
American Crackers	4½d	Fruit Drops	11d	Richmond	4½d
Arrowroot, Plain ..	7½d	Garibaldi	5½d	Royal	4½d
Arrowroot, Thin ..	7½d	Gem, Best	6½d	Rural	5d
Baker	4½d	German Rusks	9½d	Social	5½d
Breakfast	8d	Ginger Nuts	6d	Soda	5d
Brighton	6d	Java	4d	Smyrna	7½d
Butter	4½d	Jovienne	4d	Spruce Rusks	1d
Button Nuts	4½d	Kinder Garten	4½d	Spruce	6d
Calon	3d	Lemon Rings	5d	Sweet	5d
Camp	5d	Little Folks	5d	Tain	8d
Cocoa Nut Drops ..	15	Madeira	11d	Tea Rusks	8d
Cocoa Nut Rings ..	9½d	Madeline	7½d	Tea	6½d
Cocoa Nut Wafers ..	15	Marine	8d	Top and Bottoms	9d
Colonial	5½d	Marie	7½d	Tourist	5d
Combination	5½d	Marlock	7d	Traveler	3d
Conversation	5½d	Milk	4½d	Vanilla Pastry	9d
Crackers	4d	Napier	5d	Variety	7d
Cuddly	3d	Nursery	7d	Walnut	6d
Demi Lune	6d	Oaten	8d	Water	4½d
Dessert	12	Orange Drops	7d	Wheatmeal	8d
Diadem	7½d	Osborne	7d	Yacht	5d
Digestive	5d	O T. Captain	5d		

INTERNATIONAL TEA CO.

New Street, Petworth.

Printed at the International Tea Co.'s Steam Printing Works, Mitre Square, London, E.C.

"Biscuits at reduced prices."
The document comes from 1894.
(Courtesy of Petworth Antique Market, East Street)

NOTE OUR PRICES!

Corned Beef, per 2-lb. tin	9d., Cut as required	5d. Per lb.
Roast Beef	per 2-lb. tin	8½d.
Salmon, Renowned "Orca" Brand	per tin	5½d.
Lobster, Choice Quality	"	8½d.
Pineapples, Splendid	per 2½-lb. tin	6d.
Currants, Good Clean	per lb. 2d., 2½d., & 3d.	
Sultanas, Fine Fleahy	" 2½d., 3d., & 4d.	
Biscuits, Cyclist (Like Tea)	per lb.	2d.
" Mixed (Iced)	"	3d.
Genuine Primrose Soap	"	2½d.
Plum Jam, Finest Quality	per 3-lb. jar	8½d.
Mixed Fruit Jam, Finest Quality	"	7½d.
Sherbet, Best Quality	per lb. 4½d. & 6d.	
Bloater Paste	per tin	1d. & 2½d.
Flour, Good Useful	14-lbs. for	1/1
" Finest Pastry Whites	"	1/5
Sweets, Best Boiled Mixed	per lb.	4d.
Soda, Good Washing	per 14-lbs.	6d.
Pickles, Assorted Kinds	per large bottle	4d.
Sauces	"	" pint " 3d.

INTERNATIONAL TEA CO.,

New Street, Petworth.

Printed at the International Tea Co.'s Steam Printing Works, Mitre Square, London, E.C.

Special Offers! 1894.
(Courtesy of Petworth Antique Market, East Street)



International Stores: New Street in the 1920's before the move to Market Square.
(Courtesy of Mr C. Saunders who is on the extreme right.)

"CHILDERNE OF WAX" - SUSPECTED WITCHCRAFT AT KIRDFORD IN 1574

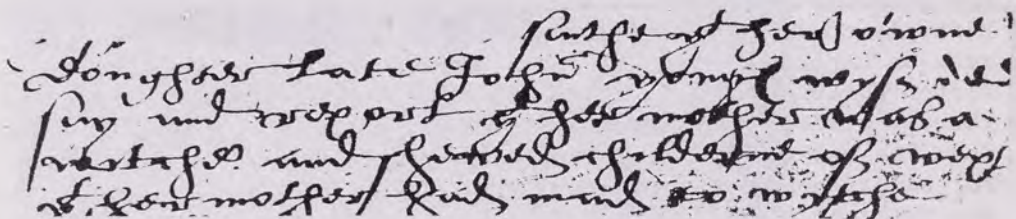
As has appeared in other church court cases, someone against whom grave allegations of a moral nature were being made tended to be placed in a difficult position. The dilemma was this: if he or she did nothing the allegations might eventually simply die out but on the other hand they might equally well come to the ears of the local churchwardens and through them to the ears of the apparitors, the bishop's officers, and result in a summons to appear before the bishop's consistory court at Chichester. Silence might well be seen as betokening guilt. The alternative course was to sue in the bishop's court for defamation effectively clearing one's name and thereby stifling the rumours but at the risk of dragging the case into the open. An appearance before the bishop's court would be for an ordinary villager like setting foot in another world. There was the long trek on foot or possibly on horseback to Chichester and the unfamiliar and probably forbidding setting of the court, so like a secular court in some ways, yet in others so different.

Faced with allegations of witchcraft in the latter months of 1573 Margaret Cowper of Kirdford could hardly risk a passive course, the consequences of failing actively to clear her name might be desperately serious. She rounded on her accuser John Skinner and made the only attacking move open to her, suing him for defamation in the bishop's court. From the single page fragment available at present it is difficult to make any judgement on the facts of the matter, apparently all that there is left of the case are two short statements in Skinner's defence seeking to substantiate the allegation that Margaret Cowper is a witch. In suing him for defamation Margaret is effectively forcing him to produce such evidence as he has, if it is mere hearsay it may then openly appear to be so. Of the two possibilities in the bishop's court bringing a defamation suit would certainly appear rather safer than having to negotiate an investigation by the bishop's apparitors.

Peter King testifying ex parte John Skinner is 43 years old and a palemaker by trade; he has lived some seventeen years in Kirdford and before that in Cranley where he was born. He replies to two interrogatories: firstly that it is the common fame in the parish of Kirdford that Margaret Cowper is a witch "and so taketh it", and secondly that John Young one of Margaret Cowper's witnesses had been Margaret's son-in-law.

The age of the next witness Thomas Fowler, a sawyer of Kirdford, is not given. He had lived for some twenty years in the village and before that in Wisborough Green. To the first interrogatory he replies that Margaret Cowper's daughter late John Young's wife had said that her mother was a witch and showed children of wax that her mother had made to witch.

Part of Thomas Fowler's testimony:



Part of Thomas Fowler's testimony:
Margaret Cowper's daughter late John Young's wife
said that her mother was a witch and showed children of wax
that her mother had made to witch.

(he) saithe yt her owne daughter late John Youngs wyfe did say and report yt her mother was a witche and shewed childerne of wax yt her mother had maid to wytche.

It seems rather doubtful from this whether Margaret Cowper's daughter was still alive, if she were not Thomas Fowler might find it difficult to substantiate his allegations. Unless more of the case can be found among the diocesan records it remains in the air. Did Margaret Cowper's offensive silence the talk and keep the apparitors from her door? Or did the bishop's court find that she had indeed practised those black arts of which rumour had accused her? (W.S.R.O. Ep 1/11/1 1574/5).

P.

DUNCTON POST OFFICE

While the earliest mention I can find of a Post Office at Duncton comes from Kelly's Sussex Directory for 1859, I have a letter delivered to Duncton in 1842 and I have heard that in very early days an old woman would come once a week or so over the hill from Arundel in a dog-cart bringing the mail. The recipient paid sixpence for it, although the envelope I have actually has "prepaid" written on it. A post-office was a point where you sent off or collected mail, mail wasn't delivered then. By 1859 David

Dean, brother of James Dean the cricketer was the local postmaster and blacksmith and the Post Office was at a house next to the Cricketers. No bungalow separated the two in those days. There followed another move to Willow Cottage next to the Cricketers but on the other side and from there in 1866 my grandmother Mrs Jane Goatcher fetched the stamps, cash, letter scales and date stamps, gathering them up in her apron to bring them to her small cottage next to the village shop. My grandfather became the village postmaster. The adjoining village shop was owned and run by the Kilhams family, well-known in Duncton, old Mr Kilhams being beadle at the old Duncton Church at Manor Farm. Tradition has it that, staff in hand, he would sit in the front pew, his pigtail hanging down from under his large tricorn hat. My grandmother used to say that once during a service some boys lopped off the pigtail with a pair of scissors but I can't vouch for this.

Miss Kilhams died in 1902 and left the combined properties to my grandmother, the shop being considerably larger than the post office premises on the left hand side. In the early years of the century post-office work was gradually becoming heavier, Grandfather was growing old and my father took over as postmaster eventually moving the post office into the village shop premises. Grandfather died in 1905 and with Granny now rather delicate it was decided in 1909 to give up the shop and concentrate on the post office. Post office work was increasing all the while. It had been a typical old-fashioned village shop with everything being laboriously weighed out, biscuits, butter, cheese and suagar in the old blue paper cones. People were poor then and there was a lot of old "two penn'orth of currants, pay you Saturday". I don't think Saturday always came!

In these early days the mail would come out from Petworth in a horse and cart driven by Tom Harding. As I recall Mr Purser was the last postman to do this. The mails were sorted at Duncton with my father delivering Burton, Barlavington and Duncton village as far as the market gardens along Lavington Lane. Arthur Connor delivered Duncton Common, Herringbroom and the farms, while his brother Percy delivered over Duncton Hill and as far as the Benges. Their uniform was navy blue tunic with stand-up collar, piped with red, with G.P.O. embroidered on each corner of the collar, red stripes down the trousers and Shako type hats.



Duncton postmen before the Great War.

Tom Goatcher (centre) with Arthur and Percy Connor.

Photograph courtesy of Miss E. Goatcher. The original is badly faded.

Duncton Post Office was a single room with a long counter set more or less in the centre and running lengthways. As customers came in the front door the counter was on their right. Old Age Pension came into force in 1900, five shillings a week for those who were seventy and over, increased over a decade later to seven shillings and sixpence. National Health contributions came in May 1912, stamps for men being ninepence and for women eightpence. They were mainly paid by the employers. Many of the customers were illiterate and even in my time I can remember them holding the post-office pen like a dagger as I guided their hand to make their cross, then signed it myself as being "the mark of". Behind the counter was a locked chest where we kept the money and valuables. My father would always take the Postal Orders and money upstairs with him when he went to bed at night.

Rounds and uniforms were reorganised just before the Great War. Tunics now had turned down collars and the hats had peaks back and front. The horse and cart was replaced by the bicycle. Arthur and Percy Connor joined up when the war began in 1914 but my father was classed as C3 because of his deafness. He was given a bicycle and allotted all three rounds, leaving out only Duncton Common. He'd walk out to Ridlington, Westerlands and Lower Barn when he came back. During the war Michael (Jimmy) Green brought out the mail from Petworth every day, going on to Lavington Park and Graffham but delivering Duncton Common on his way out to us.



Jimmy Green outside his rest hut about 1916.

Photograph courtesy of Miss E. Goatcher.

Again the original is badly faded.

There was a rest hut built in the meadow to the rear of the Post Office, a wood-lined, corrugated structure with a window, a reclining bed-chair, a stove and a locker. Jimmy Green would go round

on his bicycle and get back at about noon. He was then off duty until his mate Mr Muskett arrived from Petworth with the afternoon mail at about two o'clock. My father was what was known as a "auxiliary" postman, another word for a part-timer, and didn't make an afternoon delivery. Jimmy Green and Mr Muskett as full-timers were known as "established men". Jimmy Green did the afternoon delivery with the exception of Duncton Hill who had no second post. When Jimmy returned he'd go back down to the hut. He and Mr Muskett would need to be back in Petworth to empty the boxes at 6.30. We had a post-box in the window of our office and at 6 o'clock we'd empty it - it opened only from inside the shop. We would then handstamp the letters for Jimmy Green to take back to Petworth with him. He was transferred to Byfleet towards the end of the war - about 1917.

The Post Office was open Monday to Saturday from 8 a.m. to 6.30 p.m. except for Wednesday when we closed at 1 p.m. There was a delivery and collection Sundays, Bank Holidays, Christmas Day and Good Friday. The only day off was Boxing Day. Christmas Day was busy; there was a tendency to deliver Christmas cards on the day itself and there was a collection on the day itself. Local cards needed to be held back and delivered. My father often didn't get back for his Christmas dinner till three o'clock. I did a Christmas round myself for several years and I can confirm that there was a lot of mail. Christmas nowadays seems a quiet day but at that time it seemed much more lively. Cards, as I have said, came on the day itself and there were parties everywhere. I might spend a good hour on Christmas Eve franking the cards with the hand-stamp.

Some once or twice a year the Head Postmaster or the Head Clerk would come out from Petworth to check the accounts. You never knew when they were coming and if you were a penny or twopence short you had to make it up. There was a succession of different postmasters at Petworth, none of them staying very long. Petworth was a head post-office for the region around and the position was a stepping-stone on the way to a more important job. A man would apply for Petworth, get the job, then after a year or two begin applying elsewhere.

In course of time bicycles gave way to motor-bicycles with red box sidecars, although my father kept to his bicycle. In

September 1923 the telephone was installed. We had to get calls for people, then book it down. The sheet went up to Head Office every month. On Tuesday we had to requisition stock: cash, postal orders, stationery (envelopes, postcards, registered envelopes) - whatever we might need for the week. It was delivered on Thursday. We had to provide our own blotting paper, pen nibs and ink for counter use.

There were a lot of manoeuvres locally in 1923 and again in 1928 and the troops were in and out all day sending money back and things like that. It made us particularly busy. One day the C.O. came in and asked us how we'd got on with the men while they'd been in the district. When my mother replied that they'd been very gentlemanly, the C.O., obviously very pleased, said, "Madam, let me shake hands with you".

In 1939 there was war again and before long there were troops everywhere again, this time, however, Canadian, American and Polish. The rounds were altered once more. There were more houses in Duncton now and my father's round was heavier and took longer. Eventually the fields were taken off his round and Westerlands and Lower Barn put on the Graffham one. Vans were in use by this time. I did Manor House, Roman Catholic cottage, the cottage next to us, the farm cottages, Redlands and Ridlington Farm - on foot. I was allowed fifty-five minutes for this and was paid 8/6d a week. During the Christmas period I delivered Duncton Common as well. My wages finally rose to 10/6d. When my father died in February 1951 after a short illness we kept on the Post Office for a few weeks but decided in the end that it was too much, my mother not being well at the time. It closed in June 1952.

Ethel Goatcher.

THE INTERNATIONAL STORES IN THE 1890's

If, as I have read, the Stores in New Street Petworth were opened in 1892, it was the year before I was born, so I don't know what sort of building was there previously, but I often went as a

toddler with Mother and later, on my own, for there was no traffic in the streets then. It was a nice friendly shop, lighted like the streets by gas, but the householders had to rely on oil and candles. Very few groceries were packeted so all were weighed. As you entered, on the left was a long wide counter with one or two chairs for the customer's use, with big drawers running under counter at back containing the goods and some on view on shelves. First were the dried fruits - currants, sultanas, candied peel etc., then the various sugars. A big pair of brass scales in centre of counter and behind the assistant was a glass case showing medical things such as pills, cough cures etc. and on a higher shelf stood big black canisters inscribed in gold paint - CEYLINDO TEA and this was the part allotted to the weighing of it. Price was 4½d. a 1/4 lb. Then at back were rows on rows of big square biscuits tins with the names of contents on them. The favourite ones are much as they are today, but how different the texture. Since the electrical mixers came in the biscuits are so light and thin, one finds many broken ones in the packets, whereas before, they were taken whole from the tins to be weighed, any broken were later put in a tin and children could buy 1 pennyworth of broken biscuits - very popular. After this were the various goods, candles, matches and other household things which were of course packeted.

To separate the counters, was a long iron framed stand, the top shelf showed various nuts, the big Spanish chestnuts at 2d. lb. a great favourite, to roast or boil. The second shelf held apples, lemons and oranges. The latter were the small Spanish variety, which came a little before Xmas, and sold three for 1d. Much nicer than the big navel oranges we see now. Lastly, the two lower shelves were for onions, turnips, carrots and potatoes, but I am forgetting, that the end counter before this stand was the one for the various types of flour. When one had completed buying that side it was totted up and you gave the assistant the money which, with the slip stating the amount required he put into a wooden cup, taken from an overhead wire, then it was sent along the wire to the cashiers desk, which stood in a small glass enclosed cabin. The slip was retained and any change was sent back in the same way. You next went over to the right hand for tinned meat such as corned beef, which one could also buy sliced and cooked ham, then the bacon - either joints or rashers cut as preferred, thick or thin. Lastly, on this marble top, were the

big slabs of butter and lard and cut into pieces of required weight, with the wooden butter patts, and patted into shape and wrapped in greaseproof paper. The same process for the payment again. The cashier that I remember was Miss Bessie Rapley and her left arm ended at the elbow, but she managed very well. The manager at that time was Mr Weaver, who later left and opened his own shop at the lower end of Lombard Street.

I don't think we had all the kinds of biscuits that were in their catalogue, but our favourites were Cracknels made with arrowroot, mostly eaten with a glass of wine, but as children, we liked them with a spoonful of jam, put in the centre, they were boat shaped. Mother liked the Garibaldi, that had plenty of currants in them. The Little Folk and Alphabet letters were liked by little children. Ginger Nuts, never failed, but how I wish we could still find Osborne, Abernethy, and thick lunch - a big biscuit to spread with butter, and piece of cheese, they all seemed so much more satisfying. The little ratafia with its almond flavour was used to decorate trifle or Christmas cakes and one I couldn't resist - to my cost. Mother had bought some and put in a tin to use later in that way, and I saw the tin and thought to just try one, but that led to many more and when I was discovered as the culprit I had to forgo my Saturday 1d for three weeks.

There is one thing I wish I could find out, it is about a chair Mother had, which I had heard came from the International Stores, now as they were Grocers could it have been given in a Competition, or perhaps at a much reduced price if you were a good customer. It had a nice folding wooden frame, with a very pretty carpet seat and a panel of same at the back. It was a great favourite of Mothers and was always spoken of as Mum's Internash chair. We had it for many years, but I suppose I had lost interest in it. How I wish now that I had asked lots of things, it would be of interest now for the Petworth Magazine.

Mrs. E. Place.

SLIGHTLY SWEETENED KINDS

RURAL. Slightly sweet.
Ligeramente endulzada.

KINDERGARTEN. Slightly sweet.
Ligeramente endulzada.

LITTLEFOLK. Slightly sweet.
Ligeramente endulzada.

HUNTLEY & PALMERS BISCUITS.

To an extent the biscuits on the International Tea Co.'s list can be checked against an early century Huntley and Palmer Catalogue kindly photocopied for the Society by Nabisco Foods. The catalogue is not dated but certainly predates the First War. By no means all the biscuits mentioned in the 1894 list have survived into the Catalogue but equally many Huntley and Palmer varieties mentioned in the Catalogue find no place in the list. This is particularly the case with the more expensive assortments which come at the beginning of the catalogue. "Dessert", fifteen varieties contains none from the 1894 list, "Rich mixed" just one out of twenty-four, and "St Georges' mixed" none out of fourteen. The rather less luxurious "Sweet Assorted" has however eleven varieties of which eight come from our list: Marie, Thin Arrowroot, Digestive, Osborne, Nice, Ginger Nuts, Fruit, Colonial and Petit Buerre. A number of these varieties are still available today. Missing from the list are Currant Finger, Butter Finger and Eclipse (from the illustration rather like a modern Tea Finger). A further assortment "Combination" has thirty kinds "sweet and slightly sweet" and only two from our list "Richmond" and "Walnut", the former a round shortcake biscuit with a single currant in the middle, the latter a small short biscuit in the shape of a walnut.

Biscuits from the 1894 list do however form the basis of Huntley and Palmers Cheese Assorted. "Milk" is a round water-type biscuit, "Breakfast" an ancestor of the modern Breakfast biscuit, "Spray" a rather smaller round cheese-type biscuit and "Oval Thin Captain" a small cracker. "Thin Captain" is a much larger type of this biscuit.

Turning to individual biscuit varieties in the catalogue, a fair proportion of them figure in the 1894 list. Ginger Nuts are familiar enough today, while Button Nuts appear a smaller version. Colonial is an oblong ridged biscuit with a coconut flavour. Ratafias as now are a small sweet almond-type biscuit. Demi-lune are small biscuits shaped like a half-moon and with a sweet vanilla flavour. Iced Gem as today are sweet with sugar icing. Thin Abernethy are large biscuits, slightly sweet with caraway seeds. Nursery is slightly sweet and much used for infants and young children, about the size of a modern Rich Tea, as so many biscuits it has the letters H.P. perforated into it. Petit Buerre and

Wheatmeal appear much as today, while Digestive is described as "Wheatmeal, slightly sweet, very short". Oaten is an oblong oatmeal biscuit, slightly sweet.

Tea rusks are a dry biscuit slightly sweetened, Fruit an oblong currant sandwich rather like a modern Garibaldi. Huntley and Palmer's Garibaldi seems rather larger than modern versions of this biscuit. Rural, Kindergarten and Little Folk are small biscuits in the shapes of animals, letters of the alphabet and human figures respectively. Pearl is another small biscuit, on the lines of a tiny oval Osborne. Osborne and Marie are much the same as today with Picnic apparently simply a variation in size, twice the size of Pearl, half the size of an Osborne. Social yet another Osborne variation is like Osborne very familiar from nineteenth century grocery order books. The more well-to-do families seem to have bought these biscuits by the tin. Lunch, not found in the Huntly and Palmer list, does appear in the Peek Frean one. It was another biscuit often bought in by the tin, and is a large unsweetened cracker. Cuddy is a very large round cracker, Cabin rather smaller. Soda a large square cracker.

Mrs Gumbrell from Byworth remembers Abernethy as the size and shape of an Osborne but sweeter and Alphabet as sweet and in letter shape, a little bigger than a postage stamp. Cracknell were semi-sweet, the size of an Osborne and puffed up around the edges, they were very crisp. Peak Freans Fairy Cakes were the shape of a small cake but made of sweet biscuit mixture. Nursery, Peoples and Zoological were all miniature biscuits: Nursery had nursery rhymes, or phrases from them on the top while Zoological were in the shape of animals. Peoples were shaped like small figures in the manner of Little Folk. Empire were something like a modern Rich Tea.

This still leaves a fair proportion of the biscuits on both lists unexplained. Some like Coconut Drops or Orange Drops are fairly obvious, some can be guessed at, Smyrna for instance will be a fig biscuit of some kind, but what of these to take just fifteen of the more striking names? Brighton, Camp, Java, Matlock, Pickwick, Tops and Bottoms, Yacht, Nile, Dudley, Oswego, Rifle Nuts, Koh-i-noor, Madras, Maud, and Diadem. Does anyone know them?

P.

Regarding the list of sweets Mrs Gumbrell calls to mind the following doggerel:

Oh, the business, things are beginning to hum,
Ask the schoolboys if they know where to come.
For every penn'eth of Almond Rock
We give them a sheet of tin
To put in the seats of their cordueroyes
So they all come rolling in!

LIFE IN STOPHAM IN THE 19th CENTURY

gleaned from the recollections of Jane Pullen who talked to Miss Joan Masefield in the 1940s.

When she was only three years old Jane's father was killed. He was a carter, and one icy morning he slipped, and his frightened team dragged the heavy cart over him. His widow, Martha, left with Jane and her baby Charlotte, moved back to Pallingham Quay to keep house for her father, the gamekeeper. One of Jane's earliest memories was of being lifted up by her grandfather to see the Anchor Inn burning fiercely on the hillside. Amongst the Inn's customers were the bargemen who had to wait their turn to use the lock. The Arun and Wey Canal was never a commercial success owing to the shortage of water in the summer months for refilling the locks. There is evidence however that it was once used for transporting the tiles, bricks and sand made and extracted from the area around Pallingham. The Anchor was rebuilt as a house and after World War II when the woodland industries had declined, and all but one of the empty houses at Neville's Wood were pulled down, the old Inn sign was found in a cellar. Yew trees mark the spot where the outbacks once stood and a few sturdy roses bloom in vanished cottage gardens, while in the spring the snowdrops and old-fashioned double daffodils re-appear among the wild ones which bloom so freely there.

Granny Adsett lived in the first of these cottages, now the only one still remaining, and when the time came for the little Pullen sisters to attend Stopham School their mother arranged for them to keep their school boots with Granny. They walked the muddy path up from the river and if they were late Granny would go to meet them as they came through the woods. Martha would always let her know if they were sick and not coming to school. While they laced their boots the other children gradually emerged from the surrounding



A wedding about 1900. The photograph was probably taken by Walter Kevis - but very few Kevis wedding photographs have survived.

Does anyone know who the happy couple are?

Photograph courtesy of Mrs B. Calder, Aberdeen.

Stopham, which now looks so thinly populated, then boasted a village shop which also served as Post Office and Bakery. The shopkeeper Walter Warner was at school with Jane. He grew up to be the coachman at Stopham House, but when the first car arrived he retired to bake and deliver his own bread while his wife kept the shop. Miss Masefield remembers him in the 1930s - an old man in a bowler hat rattling along in the cart behind an elderly disapproving grey pony. That pony knew how to bring him safely home after his customary visit to the pub. When the old pony died poor Walter could not train another to take such good care of him so his baker's round was limited to Stopham and the little old man was bowed under the weight of two baskets covered with white cloths.

Mrs. Warner was a very God-fearing woman who could outquote any parson with texts from the Bible. She would watch out for Joan's father, the Reverend William Beech Masefield, the Good Book at the ready. He found her somewhat alarming as she followed him down the road still firing texts! The baker's bread oven stood by the gate of the old shop with an insulating stone wall built round it. It was filled with brushwood and fired, then the ashes were raked out and the dough together with the Warner's dinner, was placed inside with a long-handled shovel. The oven heat was sealed in with a heavy red earthenware door. One Christmas when Kenneth Grigor's mother was expecting visitors at the farm her oven was playing up so she took the whole Christmas dinner down to Walter who cooked it deliciously in his slow-burning oven for the price of one old penny!

For Jane there was more exciting shopping to be done at Pallingham Quay. Where else would you be fetched by the shopkeeper in his boat for the shop was on the further bank of the river. "You stood on the bank and shouted" Jane explained, "then Mr. Stone would row across and fetch you and bring you back". This shop served both the isolated community at Neville's Wood and the bargemen. Jane would also be given a copper to buy tinder from the 'barkers'. These were the men who, when the oak trees were felled, stripped the bark using for tanning leather. For a penny you could buy a bag of bark dust for the tinder box.

Sunday was another busy day for the children. It started early, as on school days, with a hurried breakfast and the packet of food for break thrust into their hands. Then the long walk up through the

woods - first to Granny Adsett's cottage to change their boots - and then on to Stopham with the other children. In the schoolroom the little ones learned their catechism, while those who could read studied the Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the day, and were questioned on the set passages. A few minutes before eleven the Church bell would ring and there was a rush to prepare for the Service. Natural needs to be attended to in earth closets out in the backyard, hands to be washed, and while the boys changed their collars the girls put on their clean sleeves. These were made of white cotton and ended in elastic at the elbow. The children then marched two by two up to the Church where Squire and Parson stood at the door to greet them. "Good morning children" "Good morning Sir" and again they made their bows and curtsies. In church they sat on a hard wooden bench behind the organ and they couldn't see a thing. After the service the children played on the Green, ate their bread and cheese and returned to school for Sunday School or hymn practice. Jane and Charlotte arrived home about 5 o'clock - after dark in winter. The lovely smell of their hot dinner cooking in the oven greeted them. "The best moment of the day" said Jane in later years!

When grandfather died Martha and the two girls were offered the now vacant Yew Tree Cottage in Stopham village. Martha took in the Rectory washing and the cottage was rent free. They were also entitled to Poor Relief which Jane collected once a fortnight from Fittleworth. This was two shillings a week plus 6lbs of flour. Jane enjoyed the outing for the old lady who lived in the farm at the bottom of The Fleet looked out for her and invited her in to drink a glass of buttermilk. Shopping in Petworth was another high event. It was a day's outing - Martha and the girls carried their town boots among the shopping baskets. They took something cold for lunch which they ate in the Market Square. Their route took them across the fields to Limbourne Lane and Churchwood, a track through the woods brought them out on the Bedham Road where a narrow lane sloping steeply down past Amen Cottage brought them to a field path leading to Little Bognor. From there they came across more fields and woods to Plum Pudding or Pudding Pie Corner. In Martha's young days an old woman set up a stall here where three lanes met and she sold hogs puddings and other tasties to those going to market. Another 'cut corner' took them from Gog to Magog to the kissing gate at the top of Shimmings Valley where they hid their dirty boots. On the walk home items they had purchased for neighbours were left in agreed hiding places to be collected later.

When schooldays were over Jane was put to work as kitchen maid at the Rectory and then promoted to cook. Charlotte started as under housemaid at Little Hilliers - the dower house for Stopham. One sad day she fell down the stairs with a lighted oil lamp in her hand. She was dreadfully burned and her life was only saved by the family doctor who cocooned her naked body in cotton wool - ordered blankets and sheets to be laid over her in the cart and sent her off to Petworth Cottage Hospital. Charlotte was thereafter a semi-invalid - badly scarred and shy of meeting strangers. Jane decided she must leave her job to help her aging mother with the laundry work and the task of caring for her delicate younger sister. As for the policeman who had courted her regularly - he was told to look elsewhere for a wife - she had more than enough on her hands already! Her personal sacrifice might never have been known had not the remains of an old bath chair been discovered in a refuse pit at the Rectory. This led Miss Masefield to question Jane as to its former use.

When the inevitable time came for Jane to leave Yew Tree Cottage and move into the old people's home then at Stopham House she made many journeys up the winding rickety stairs in her old home to the two tiny bedrooms with their windows down to floor level. Finally the kitchen table was covered with neat piles of frilled nightdresses, black stockings, long dresses and starched aprons all to be packed into the new suitcase. Sadly this was stolen from her cottage when Jane went into St. Richard's Hospital in Chichester for a check-up after the fall which had occasioned her move. Jane never looked quite at home in the new tweed skirt and woollen jumper which replaced the old clothes she had always worn. On her last day at Yew Tree Cottage Jane took Miss Masefield around her garden with a basket and trowel. They took a cutting from the rambler rose which reached up to the chimney pot. The rose had been part of a bunch of flowers given to Jane by teacher for helping to clean the school house after lessons were over. Martha had planted the rose stem by the outside curve of the bread oven where it had flourished so well. Some Solomon's Seal and daffodil bulbs went into the basket, also a small lily bulb which was difficult to sort out from the entangling growth. "Charlotte brought that lily back from Worthing - it stinks" Jane commented. All established themselves in Miss Masefield's garden although the turks cap lily took its time to form a clump. It still smells "foxy". At the bottom of the garden where the privet had run wild Jane paused to say "My mother told me there were 25 springs round

the old hammer pond and if we played there we would be sucked in and drowned". She smiled slyly "I guess mother wanted to keep us out of the mud, I never found springs there." And yet part of the woodland is called The Quells - the old anglo-saxon word for springs. When hammer pond was cleared out to enable Miss Isobel and her friends to skate there Jane's grandfather was in charge of the digging. Tubs of water were set alongside the road and eels and big tench were dropped into them.

Somewhere in Jane's ancestry was a sailor. Her rolling pin was a long white glass tube with a cork in one knob handle and a worn picture of a sailing ship. This had rum in it when it first came home said Jane and when she wanted a cool roll out she filled her rolling pin with well water. Another treasure was a Bristol ware vase, mulberry red glass with vine leaves against frosted white with an improbable little bird in orange and blue enamel in a circular medalion on one side. There is a handmade unevenness about the rim and it does not stand quite straight. Jane said it was very old.

The relationship between Jane in her old age and Miss Masefield was very close and had a remarkable ending. Miss Masefield was not able to make her weekly visit to Jane as she was spending Easter in Dorset with an aged Aunt of 97. She called to see Jane before she left but was told that Jane was upstairs with a very bad cold. Fearing to carry germs to her Aunt Miss Masefield left her bunch of bananas with Matron and the message that she would see Jane when she returned to Stopham. In Dorset this must have preyed on her mind for in her sleep a little old lady stood by her bed and smiled at her. She seemed illuminated by an oval golden light for her black satin blouse, with pleated white edging at the neck and her long black skirt could be clearly seen. Her hair was white, neatly parted in the centre, and drawn back behind her ears. It was a sweet face, unmarked by sorrow and hard work, almost youthful and her hair more abundant than Jane's. On the Tuesday a letter arrived from Matron saying that Jane had died peacefully in the night. Surely says Miss Masefield that lady in the dream was Jane dressed in the best Sunday dress of her period, her face so happy.

(These recollections have been beautifully edited for the Magazine by Mrs Pat Kingsley. Ed.)

List of new members will appear in the next Bulletin.

