

From Donkey Row  
to Ayres Yard  
Ducky & his Missus  
Down Under



# magazine

NO. 108. JUNE 2002

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY

## Contents

- 2 Constitution and Officers
- 3 Chairman's Notes
- 4 Petworth Golden Jubilee celebrations. Provisional programme
- 5 Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee 1887 -
- 6 Ditchling's Guild of St. Joseph and St. Dominic - a revelation
- 7 Heathland Howkins - Heritage with humour
- 8 Petworth Millennium Map
- 9 'Not Chillinghurst this time ...' David and Linda's Stag Park Walk
- 9 Solution to March Crossword
- 10 Deborah's Petworth Crossword
- 11 Eve of opening at the Cottage Museum
- 12 Book Sale notes
- 13 'To help the Petworth navigation ....' (1789)
- 15 A sailor with red, white and blue ribbons ....
- 18 The Tiplady family - a note
- 18 The Sheriff's gamekeeper
- 21 Woodland in Springtime
- 22 On Edward VI and other matters
- 25 Growing up in Petworth in the Twenties
- 29 From Donkey Row to Ayre's Yard - An alternative look at Petworth's ancient streets
- 33 Ducky and his Missus Down-Under
- 37 'I've got you an Armstrong tipper ...'
- 43 Seventeenth Century Trade Tokens
- 45 Three queries
- 46 Petworth Schoolchildren are addressed on the occasion of Queen Victoria's marriage
- 47 Cruising the Wey & Arun Canal
- 48 New members
- 48 A Hundred Years Ago

Cover drawing by Jonathan Newdick.

It shows a landscape at Perryfields.

Cover design by Jonathan Newdick.

Printed by Midhurst and Petworth Printers, 11 Rothermead,  
Petworth (tel. 342456) and Duck Lane, Midhurst (tel. 816321)

Published by the Petworth Society which is a registered Charity

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY SUPPORTS THE  
LECONFIELD HALL  
PETWORTH COTTAGE MUSEUM  
THE PETWORTH PARISH MAP  
AND THE COULTERSHAW BEAM PUMP.



## Constitution and Officers

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 of residence who is interested in furthering the object of the society.

The annual subscription is £9.00. Single or double one Magazine delivered. Postal £11.00 overseas £13.00. Further information may be obtained from any of the following:

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### *Hon. Treasurer*

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Mr Stephen Boakes, Mr Miles Costello, Lord Egremont, Mr Ian Godsmark,  
Mrs Audrey Grimwood, Mrs Betty Hodson, Mr Philip Hounsham, Mrs Anne Simmons,  
Mrs Ros Staker, Mr J. Taylor, Mrs Deborah Stevenson, Mrs Linda Wort

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### *Society Scrapbook*

Mrs Pearl Godsmark

### *Coultershaw Beam Pump representatives*

Mr S. Boakes, Mrs J. Gilhooly, Mr A Henderson, Mr T. Martin.

For this Magazine on tape please contact Mr Thompson.

### *Society Town Crier*

Mr J. Crocombe, 19 Station Road (343329)

Note: The crier may be prepared to publicise local community events and public notices for you, even snippets of personal news such as births, engagements or lost pets. It is suggested that such personal and business cries be made for a small donation to a charity to be nominated by the crier himself.

## Chairman's Notes

*This Magazine should appear a fortnight or so early in order to give details of the programme for the Golden Jubilee in June. As with the highly successful Millennium event, Market Square will be the focus for the celebrations and Harris Brothers will again bring their Galloping Horses. There will be events both in the Square and in the Leconfield Hall. As distinct from the 1935 and 1977 Jubilees there will be an absence of decorated floats – probably just as well in these insurance-conscious days! The programme will be orientated toward the Bank Holiday Monday but for the Tuesday Bank Holiday the Society will have a presence in the Hall.*

*I suppose that somewhere in world literature there is a story about someone sitting on an apparently supine crocodile. He gives the beast's tail a good tweak and is surprised at the consequences. So it was with the Society's three early summer initiatives (I am not thinking about the Rogationtide walk which will have taken place by the time you read this.). The dinner and the two trips unleashed a veritable flood on a largely unsuspecting Andy. Our apologies to all those who have had their money returned but we did operate very strictly in order of application. The Jubilee Dinner was wildly oversubscribed and I know many of you were disappointed. Perhaps the dinner will, in some form, become an annual event. To accommodate the numbers for the Loxwood canal trip, a second outing has been scheduled for mid-June and you will have your tickets by now. There are waiting lists for both trips as there is for the Shulbrede Priory trip in mid-June.*

*You will see that copies of the Petworth Millennium Map are now available and can be ordered from Petworth Parish Council. The map is too intricate and highly coloured to reproduce to advantage in this format but it is a magnificent effort from Mr and Mrs Golden and their team. The original has a place of honour at the top of the stairs in the Leconfield Hall, while facing it on the first landing is the enormous slate sign of the old Swan, demolished in 1899. In the Kevis Room downstairs you will see the imposing Girls School Collage made under the direction of Mrs Margaret Hill at the time of the Sussex County Show in 1962, now framed and very much a part of Petworth's continuing heritage. The old idea that the Hall is somehow out of place in a modern Petworth must be losing ground among all but a few diehards. Just ask any speaker from outside who's used to the ordinary run of village halls.*

*I hope you saw the Channel 4 programme "The Real Catherine Cookson" on April 4th which was partly shot on location at the Cottage Museum. The use of the Museum was background and subtle but probably more pervasive than would appear on a first viewing. The yard, the kitchen, the plate-rack were among the glimpses. The programme seems to have been generally well received and reviewed.*

*Lastly please note that there is no regular Book Sale in June although we may have a few books at the Jubilee Exhibition on June 4th. Please keep the books coming in; we will collect if it helps you. The sales go from strength to strength. Incidentally we'd very much appreciate a little help particularly in setting up on Friday afternoons.*

Peter April 11th



## Jubilee Programme (There may be minor alterations)

Thursday 24<sup>th</sup> May and Tuesday 28<sup>th</sup> May

The Petworth Society presents:

Some Petworth Celebrations 1840 to the present day. (Slides)

**Open Evening. Free Admission. Refreshments. Leconfield Hall 7.30 p.m.**

Programme will differ for each evening

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**Sunday 2<sup>nd</sup> June St Mary's Church 3.00 p.m.**

Ecumenical Service for the Queen's Jubilee

**Late afternoon:** Harris Brothers famous Southdown Galloping Horses arrive in Market Square

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**Bank Holiday Monday 3<sup>rd</sup> June**

Lunchtime	Official opening of Jubilee Gardens
	Ringling of church bells at St Mary's
12 onwards	Harris Brothers in Market Square

**Market Square**

2 o'clock, 3.30 and 5.15 Children's entertainment in the Leconfield Hall with Mister Magic, with further appearances in the Market Square.

2.30 to 4.30	Tea Dance in Leconfield Hall, led by Mr Alex Woodcock.
2.30 to 5.00	Petworth Town Band are in the Market Square
From 3.30	Tea in the Market Square
8.00 to 11.00	Disco with Wild Cat Sounds. Leconfield Hall

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**Bank Holiday Tuesday 4<sup>th</sup> June**

**Leconfield Hall 10 – 4** Petworth Society Exhibition : Royal and local memorabilia – photographs, newspapers, scrap books  
Harris Brothers in Market Square

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## Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee 1887

The Public Commemoration of our good Queen's 50 years' reign is over and past. Bright weather, and hearty co-operation of all classes of her loyal subjects during the lengthened preparations, as well as during the day and night of the occasion, have all combined to make it one of the most glorious scenes the world has ever witnessed. We cannot avoid putting into print some notice of it, so that if our magazine lasts, a future generation will be able to look into its pages, and have a record of an exceeding great and magnificent memorial of God's goodness to our country, and a nation's affection towards a good Queen. In our brief notice here it would be impossible to describe at any length the grand doings and sights in London on this occasion. Fortunate were they who got a good view of the procession as it wended its way from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey, through the parks and richly decorated streets, thronged with millions anxious to get a sight of the Queen, her children and grandchildren, and the Crown Princes and Princesses and dignitaries, the eleven carriages, the Princes riding on horses, and the whole retinue of representatives from all nations of the civilized world. The illuminations by night must have been very grand, such as have never been seen before, because electric light had not been invented. No living Englishman has ever seen the like to all this before.

But our local celebration must here be our chief record as far as space permits. Good working committees, many active ladies, a lovely park kindly lent for the occasion, and Queen's weather, and a goodly fund subscribed, were the circumstances which combined to make it on the whole a great success. It was not an easy problem these committees had to solve. They might have well been appalled at the undertaking. How to give a good cup of tea with unlimited bread and butter, milk, cake, and buns, out there in the Park, for between two and three thousand men, women, and children! How to set 300 guests in a large tent at a good and comfortable dinner! How to provide amusement besides tea for about 700 children of all sizes and ages, with a Queen's medal or a flag for most of them! How to do all this in an orderly way, and so that none should have to complain of insufficiency in any way, was the problem, and happy and successful solution of which cost the men's and ladies' committees many an hour's anxious thought, many meetings, and much talk, and much running about. It would be invidious to single out any, and say but for these we should have failed, for all helped willingly and cheerfully, and we ought to place on record the thanks due to the many members of the various committees, secretaries, and active helps in the execution of all the plans.

The food provided was more than enough, much in the end being given away. Besides which every family in the whole parish had been previously supplied with a ticket which secured for them a substantial meal on their own table at home.

The sports and races, the tugs of war, the swings and giant strides, &c., &c., and the many prizes carried off by successful winners, all these greatly contributed to the enjoyment of the masses of spectators.

The total number of people in the Park, of our own inhabitants, and from Tillington and other neighbouring parishes must have been between three and four thousand. The band played merrily, the bells rung out from early morning, and a torchlight procession through the



town, which was lighted up in a variety of ways, all tended, and we trust will tend, to make a lasting impression on all present, and to confirm as well as to prove the strong feeling of loyalty and attachment to our beloved Queen.

In the evening the beacon fires from surrounding hills were the objects of great interest. From Gog and Magog hill more than a dozen could be counted ... From *St Mary's Parish Magazine*.

*[No photographs appear to survive of the 1887 celebrations although there are a significant number of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee in 1897. Ed.]*

## Ditchling's Guild of St. Joseph and St. Dominic – a revelation

We were treated to a most interesting account of the rise and fall of the Guild of St. Joseph and St. Dominic, set up by the sculptor, letter cutter and type designer Eric Gill at Ditchling, East Sussex, in 1921. Our speaker, Jenny Kilbride, is now a trustee of Ditchling Museum. Her father joined the Guild as a weaver and dyer and so she grew up in the 'commune' established on Ditchling Common with houses, workshops and a chapel. After university and a course at Bradford Technical College, she returned to work with her parents.

It was an idyllic upbringing for the considerable number of children of the six families, intermingling freely, plenty of activities, organised and spontaneous, and sport. The homes, though simple, were full of beautiful things produced in the workshops. The idea that good design resulted in beauty as well as usefulness meant that they should not be 'kept as best' but used and enjoyed and so the children grew up with a deep appreciation of everything around them.

Originally leaving Hammersmith with the aim of raising his children in the country, Gill and the other craftsmen who joined him with their families, developed ideas on spirituality in art; work and worship integrated in their lifestyle and finding fulfilment in the Roman Catholic church, although viewed with some suspicion, if not disapproval, by the church authorities, at least locally.

Through the 1960s and '70s it became increasingly difficult for the silversmiths, weavers and stone carvers to make a living and the hurricane of 1987 caused considerable damage to the buildings, even blowing out the end wall of the chapel. The site was sold to developers in 1989 and the craftsmen and women dispersed, mostly to rural Wales, to set up studios independently.

Now, the Ditchling Museum of Art, Craft and Village Life, set up in the Victorian village school, displays work of the Guild and other 20th century artists and craftsmen associated with Ditchling. Exhibitions, workshops, walks, children's activities, talks and demonstrations are staged throughout the year. Like our own Cottage Museum, there is a small, well-kept garden with familiar herbs and traditional garden flowers. But the Museum also aims to reflect a continuing tradition of work: lettering, silver, etc. with the establishment of small studio workshops.

Some of our members may have been put off by the rather uninspiring and misleading poster advertising the event. This was due to a lack of information and a change of speaker, and for that I apologise. But there was no doubt that those who came had a thoroughly enjoyable evening, perhaps somewhat to their surprise, and there are strong representations being made for a Society visit to the Museum as soon as possible.

KCT

## Heathland Howkins – Heritage with humour

Chris. Howkins, who describes himself as an ethnobotanist – a social historian researching into our ancestors' use of the natural materials in their immediate environment, gave a most informative and entertaining lecture: Heathland Harvest.

Speaking without notes or visual aids, he kept our attention throughout with his witty and imaginative revelation of the inventiveness of the people who lived in isolated pockets on the heathlands of southern Britain including, locally, places like Fittleworth, Ambersham and Blackdown.

Such areas are rare in world terms, with characteristics changing with latitude and even differences between East and West Sussex. Here, there are eight definitive plants, including Scots Pine, bracken, ling heather, silver birch and gaultheria shallon – this last, not known to most of us, but proving exceedingly invasive since its introduction from western North America to provide food and cover for pheasants.

The heaths have provided a livelihood for the people living there. They supplied materials for building, furnishing and heating their homes, for national industries and for making articles for trading with other nearby areas with different resources, for food and medicines.

In the Middle Ages, they were owned and governed by the manors, which of necessity needed a range of habitat to provide the needs of the estate, from the lord down. Today, much of our heathland has been surrendered to residential development. Towns like Bournemouth, Camberley and Hindhead grew up as town dwellers became able to afford building in a beautiful, pine-scented environment.

Heathland has always been grazed and therefore enclosed. Modern breeds of cattle do not feed on heather, but Highland, British White and Longhorn do and are being brought back to breed genetic stock to improve overseas types. Goats do well, but are not always popular with the leisured, dog-walking public. Atmospheric pollution from traffic fumes containing nitrogen is inhibiting the growth of some plant species while benefiting other, so purple moor grass flourishes while heather is on the decline.

After yet another grand repast at the refreshment break – a new team's debut – we heard about the very simple, one room turf homes and how to construct a bed, heath-dweller style, from gorse, heather, bracken, purple moor grass and hemp. These were in use right up until the 1940s. Time for a few questions, a very confusing draw for the raffle and back downstairs to finish off the refreshments, all in true Society spirit!

KCT



## THE PETWORTH MILLENNIUM MAP

The map has been hung at the top of the stairs in the Leconfield Hall.

Prints of the map are on sale at

The Parish Council Office, The Old Bakery on Tuesdays and Fridays 9am to 12 noon

also at

The Tourist Information Centre, Market Square.

Print	£5.00
Print in cardboard tube	£5.50

By post, on application to

The Parish Clerk, Petworth Parish Council, The Old Bakery, PETWORTH GU28 0AP

£6.50 (including postage and packing)

Please make cheques payable to the Petworth Parish Council

## 'Not Chillinghurst this time ...' David and Linda's Stag Park Walk

The Petworth Society walkers emerged in some force from a long winter hibernation, descending on an unsuspecting and extremely wet March Stag Park. A brief break in a spell of squally weather, with heavier rain forecast for later. 'Not Chillinghurst this time,' says David, walks in Stag Park allow various permutations on a theme. We set off from Limbo Lodge, cars nicely parked inside the gates, skirting the two 'Spring' ponds and in no time we're at Figgs, Upper and Lower. Some can remember the 'junior' pond in process of reinstatement just a year or two ago. There has been winter draining here, removing coarse fish prior to renewing the trout stock ready for April 1<sup>st</sup>, start of the season. That's why the landscape's deserted; we've pre-empted the fishermen this year. The ponds take two weeks to fill from empty. It's all rain water: there are no natural springs at Figgs. The original ponds were put in no doubt when a supply of fish for Lent was crucial. David says the water level at Figgs can fall in a hot summer. In that case pumps keep the necessary level of water and oxygen.

At a junction of two paths there are insulators on a tree and wire now bitten in beneath the bark. Like the occasional concrete standing they're relics of almost sixty years ago. Last week David and Linda went round in shoes, today it's real boot weather. The fields looking to the wall that runs along the Upperton-Lurgashall road are standing in water, while turning to follow the line of the wall, there are white violets in the lee. Wheeling round for Jacksons Lake some of the wild daffodils 'Lent lilies' are double. The familiar punt at the water's edge, but the bluebells still to come. Tramping the wooden bridge over the swollen khaki waters and up the slope. Glasshouse Pond, a haven of coarse fish in an empire of trout. Carp, perch, roach ... from here they travel to other ponds, hence the draining.

Chillinghurst away in the distance, unknown and alone, happier perhaps to keep its distance. It does not encourage familiarity. We go on instead to Stag Park farm itself. Huge balls of chalk, apparently to go on to the Downs as part of the Jubilee celebrations. It begins to rain, diffidently at first, then blowing straight into us. The familiar dovecote and the sheep careering up the green slopes of March. The rain begins to penetrate. Carrier bags make impromptu cover for unprotected heads. Well, we almost got away with the weather and it's been a great start to the new season.

P.

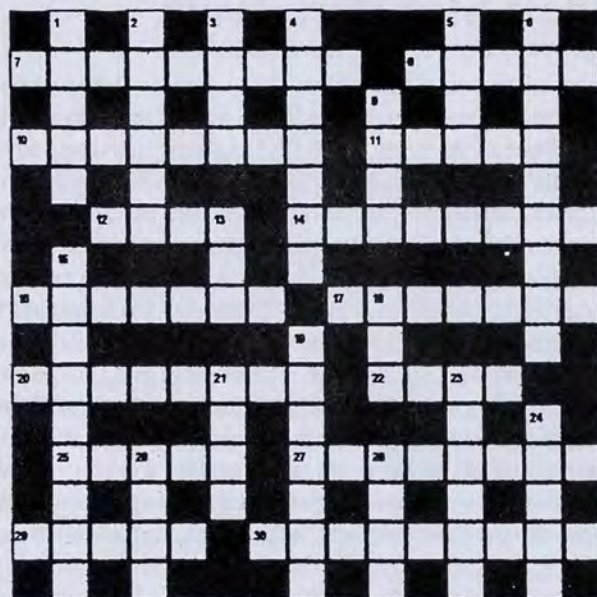
## Solution to March Crossword

**Across** — 1 Kingley Vale, 8 Erica, 10 Expanse, 11 Legging, 12 Roman, 13 Cotted, 15 Bignor, 19 Round, 21 Angelic, 23 Didling, 24 Thyme, 25 Bellflowers

**Down** — 2 Iping, 3 Energy, 4 Viper, 5 Long Man, 6 Belloc, 7 Fern, 9 Arise, 14 Trundle, 16 Idget, 17 Rocket, 18 Mangel, 19 Ride, 20 Drill, 22 Layer



## Deborah's Petworth Crossword



### Across

- 7 Lay hunter out in a supernatural way (9)  
 8 Irish neo-classical sculptor whose work is well represented in Petworth House (5)  
 10 Gigs halt to provide illumination for the Cottage Museum (8)  
 11 Watery features of the Park (5)  
 12 Worker in Petworth's C16th cloth-making trade (4)  
 14 Creative skill, as demonstrated by 8ac. (8)  
 16 C19th historian who rode through Petworth (7)

- 17 Royal celebration now approaching (7)  
 20 & 2dn Diarist who's provided revealing glimpses of Edwardian Petworth and the larger world (8,6)  
 22 Artistic representation of human body as created by 8ac. for example (4)  
 25 Together with Mr. Fuller he provided Petworth with high quality groceries (5)  
 27 Fragrant sounding gardens where Petworth's children play (8)  
 29 Type of willow used in basket work, which gave its name to an old local farm (5)

30 The last place on earth – now called Grove Street (6,3)

### Down

- 1 Historical record (5)  
 2 see 20ac.  
 3 & 5 Popular place with Petworth Society walkers (4,4)  
 4 Early name for Egdean (7)  
 5 see 3 dn.  
 6 Busy part of Petworth's road system – not as recent as its name suggests (3,6)  
 9 Conspiracy (famous one caused the 9th Earl to be shut in the Tower for 16 years!) (4)  
 13 Probably safer to avoid 3/5 dn. when males are in this state! (3)  
 15 20 ac./2 dn. spent her early married life at the one in Coultershaw! (4,5)  
 18 Crucial piece of equipment for Petworth Society evenings ... (3)  
 19 ... that's also essential here to keep thirsty customers satisfied (3,4)  
 21 Those against (4)  
 23 Old sweet-scented rose (6)  
 24 Adjective which describes Petworth House staircase (5)  
 26 Get busy in garden or allotment (4)  
 28 Used for storing grain etc. (4)

## Eve of opening at the Cottage Museum

Nothing is ever predictable. The television company have written to say that the Catherine Cookson programme will be shown on Tuesday: we now find it's Thursday. So much for our advance publicity. Tuesday in fact is the viewing day for local shopkeepers and business people, an open evening when they can look round the Museum with a view to recommending it to visitors. It's a new departure this year.

It's Thursday before Good Friday opening and everything's looking its best. It's extraordinary what three days of sun can do. The sun pours into the garden. The clothes line posts, shooting green in 1996 are now winter-bleached and long devoid of bark; the eucalyptus over the garden wall creaks sedately in the minimal wind. Max has sorted out the ailing meat safe and sensibly placed it out of the direct sun, its former position was something of an anomaly. We've changed the logs; the others were looking too weathered – people don't leave logs outside to weather do they?

In the garden the phlox are shooting up and the mahonia's in yellow flower. The garden fork keeps its usual watch on things. Columbine grows in some profusion by the far wall, if it's more prolific than in other years, it's the half-wild dark purple one. Even the more undisciplined plants are on their best behaviour at this bare time, lemon balm, oregano, hemp nettle and violet, hoping not to be treated too severely. 346 may be a haven for the unassuming but the unassuming must not presume. Bergamot reappears, there's a robust looking poppy, a couple of cornflowers. Scattering some home-saved seed – calendula, larkspur, annual poppy, love-in-a-mist, looking to capture that most elusive essence, the cottage garden. Nasturtium seedlings are up already but they're not the crimson green leaves of last year's Empress of India. There's no sign yet of last year's candytuft. The spring border is yellow with forsythia, going over now, and blue with grape hyacinth.

The sun streams into the kitchen through the (probably anachronistic) skylight. A new season, time to jump through the old hoops once more but for a new audience. "Lord Leconfield's sempstress." "No plant that could not have been there in 1910." "Mains water would have been quite new in 1910." The comforting "plop" of the gas light as it comes on. The discoloured scullery ceiling gives a certain authenticity.

Into the parlour, the opening date, 29th March is already set on the calendar. The "pimps" (faggots for fire lighting to the uninitiated) are back in the grate after a winter exile in the W.C. Today, of course, there's no fire in the stove. The visitors' book stopped on October 31st. "Very interesting and enjoyable." "Nostalgic, very interesting." I always distrust the word "nostalgia." It's certainly not something at which we should be aiming. A quick look upstairs, the stone hot water bottle on the bed, coming out of winter it's an ornament rather than a necessity. Iodised sarsaparilla blood purifier, the bottle's empty in fact. Museum afternoons can be desultory or can be busy. Up into the attic with a new book, a Book Sale refugee "The Stars shown to the Children ..." We already have architecture and the sea-shore in the same series. The sailor suit is neatly folded on a chair. Does Red Riding Hood look a little chubby? I've never noticed it before. Paying a quick tribute to Field Marshall Roberts in the stair cupboard. Yes, we're quite looking forward to the new season.

P.



## Book Sale notes 1) 'Etiquette for Men'

March 9th

Certainly the best selection so far, a few at £2 and a significant number at £1 or 50p with, of course, the great army of 25p. Thinking of the December record, not seriously challenged so far, we could perhaps approach it this time. Both downstairs rooms at the Hall absolutely crammed with books, more under the tables waiting to fill up. Restocking is an absolutely crucial operation; the rows must never be allowed to feel slack. What do we do with what's left over? Don't simply assume it's simply put out next time. Ideally we aim to have the initial display as completely new, older stock only being used to fill. This time we've a few auction lots and a school library clearance to say nothing of what has been brought in or otherwise acquired. Books on silver marks and coins, Irish plays, Countryman's Magazine from the 1940's, the virtually uncharted ocean of assorted fiction. What to weed out? Not fiction so much as out of date text books, part works, obviously used children's books – with the last appearance is all – no one buys a scruffy children's book. Cooking isn't quite as difficult but cooking's changed radically over the decades and this is reflected in what people buy. Odd titles noticed amongst the crowd. *Etiquette for Men* – it's a hundred years old ....

March 10th

The March wind blows leaves and wrappings from the Market Square up against the fire doors. The platform boxes packed ready to go. Some books to be 'lost'. The detached spine of a book on the carpet. *'Etiquette for Men'*. Very busy yesterday and December's record stands no longer.

April 13th 2) 'Our own carrier bags...?'

People waiting to get in. It's cold so we open just a few minutes early. Putting out the big sign. A good strong stock of 50p on the heavy tables on the north side, a reasonable selection at £1. I'd have liked a deeper range of older material but that's the way it goes. The great mass at 25p. The fiction is eight-deep on the great central block of tables. We wonder if everyone can see to the middle rows but people seem to manage. Dealers quickly eying up things, making little piles of books, aware that being early is all. Miles' new bookcase of 'specials' is decimated. A bustling busy hall that doesn't thin for an hour or more. Already the essential refilling, particularly on the centre fiction block. Reserve stock in platform boxes under the tables. It's just the brisk start that we need, you never look back after that ....

In odd moments we think of next month. Five weeks from now. Our own distinctive Petworth Society carriers perhaps – or very clean attractive paper-back fiction in a section on its own? People go off with the list of monthly dates. The number of 'regulars' increases every time. Oh, and March's record is past history, December totally forgotten. It's been a very good day.

P.

## 'To help the Petworth navigation ....' (1789)

This slightly indelicate poem appears by courtesy of the Mullens Harrison family archives. We reproduce below the heading of the surviving manuscript copy. The identity of "Mrs S" is not clear, possibly the prolific Charlotte Smith from Bignor Park who could certainly be described as "a lady well known in this county." It is only possible to guess at the original Latin superscription, now badly mutilated. The poem seems to reflect an actual incident and the bishop will perhaps be the elderly Sir William Ashburnham whose long tenure of the see of Chichester would end with his death in 1797 – see Alexander May: *History of Chichester* (1804) page 484. For Charlotte Smith see a convenient summary in Bernard Smith and Peter Haas: *Writers in Sussex* (1986). We can only conjecture as to the poem's reception at the offices of the Lewes Journal.

US MUSARUM,  
SIVE,  
ONIUM RUSTICUM.  
crebuit sylvas habitare Thalia.  
To the PRINTERS of the LEWES JOURNAL.  
SIRS,  
The following lines, which fell into my hands a few days ago, have not yet, I believe, found their way to the press. They are the production of M<sup>rs</sup> S.—'s pen, a Lady well known in this county, and the occasion of them was a real fact, which happened at Petworth. They are at your service, if you think them worthy of a place in your paper. From your humble servant. A constant Reader.

On a lady who purchased a large lot of Pots des Chambre at a Bishop's sale

With truth, if grave historians speak,  
The Queen of Persia's fair domain,  
Once dream'd that she had sprung a leak,  
And delug'd all the thirsty plain.

Sure fair Eliza<sup>1</sup> in a dream  
Was warn'd of som such inundation,  
And fearful of the impetuous stream,  
Has made this ample preparation.

<sup>1</sup> "Eliza" is not known



Mysteriously the Ladies eyde,<sup>2</sup>  
And mark'd the lot with reddy pencils:  
While every heart in secret sigh'd  
For those Episcopal utensils.

Tho' prud'ry frowning turn'd her eyes,  
And terrify'd the maiden aunts,  
Eliza boldly view'd the prize,  
E'er eager looks betray her wants:

Such urgency! And such a cass!<sup>3</sup>  
What could restrain, or what affright her?  
With unities of time and place  
She would have us'd the Bishop's mitre.

Thus she all piddling niceness spurns,  
Nature derides such affectation:<sup>4</sup>  
And river nymphs must have their urns  
To help the Petworth navigation.<sup>5</sup>

December ye 21st 1789

*Editor's note:*

The following is taken from the memoirs of Chief Petty Officer Harry Tiplady, born and brought up in Byworth and Petworth. Originally I had intended to reproduce only the very beginning leading up to Harry's recruiting in Market Square in 1904, but as the ensuing account of his early days in the Royal Navy is so vivid I have continued it until the end of his initial training. The memoirs continue until Harry's retirement at the age of 67 and were written perhaps in the late 1960s or early 1970s. This extract appears by kind permission of Harry's granddaughter, Mrs. Ruth Cairns. I hope I have read Harry's handwriting correctly; I have regularised the use of capital letters for ease of reading and once or twice smoothed the text a little, but one or two slightly difficult passages remain. The following words may not be familiar to everyone:  
*Clews*: the series of cords by which a hammock is suspended or the lower corner of a square sail  
*Ditty box*: more usually ditty bag, a bag used by sailors to hold smaller, personal articles, ditty box was a similar piece of equipment used by fishermen  
*Duck*: a heavy fabric usually white used for sailors' clothing and small sails  
*Huckaback*: a coarse cotton or linen used for towelling

<sup>2</sup> Eyde – eyed

<sup>3</sup> Cass, apparently "case"

<sup>4</sup> Affectation – an emendation. MS has affection which neither scans nor rhymes

<sup>5</sup> Navigation – a reference to Lord Egremont's canal building



*With the Petworth Society in Stag Park.  
Photograph by Ian Godsmark.*





*The old Swan Inn about 1870 showing the great slate sign which faced the west side of the Leconfield Hall. The sign now occupies a proud position in the Leconfield Hall itself.*

## A sailor with red, white and blue ribbons....

I was born of humble parents, my father being a bricklayer's labourer. In fact, as regards my mother I did not know her at all, as I think I was too small when she passed away. After that, and at the time of my birth, we lived in Byworth, a little village just outside Petworth. After a while we moved to Petworth, where I went to school at the bottom of North Street. I remained here until the age of thirteen when I went to work for a coal merchant, railway agent and furniture remover by the name of Mr. Charles Ricketts, who lived and had a number of horses and vans and stables at High Street, Petworth. My job at this stage was to take a horse and van to Petworth railway station, a mile and half out of the town. There I would shovel a ton of coal into an open van and then take it up into the town, or deliver it to various people. The price at the time was one shilling and sixpence a hundred weight, and also, may I add, that at this time, there was a branch line, London, Brighton and South Coast railway, running from Chichester to Lavant, Singleton, Midhurst, Selham, Petworth, Fittleworth and Pulborough, joining the main line at Pulborough for Victoria. It was on one of these mornings, when I was delivering coal at Mr. Eager's shop, the drapers in the Market Square at Petworth, that I saw a sailor with red, while and blue ribbons in his cap and also medals, and wondered what he was. Afterwards, of course, I found out that he was a recruiting officer (a Chief Petty Officer) of the Royal Navy. His name was Mr. Barwick. When he saw what I was doing, he approached me, and commenced telling me all about the Royal Navy, saying that I could attain the same position as himself, which I eventually did of course, so he gave me some papers to take home to my Dad, to sign. As my Dad could not read or write, he simply had to put a cross. Little did I realize that at that moment that was to be my life's destiny, from then onwards until the age of 67.

So he took me into the Star Hotel, and gave me a drink, and the following morning I was sent to Portsmouth with a number of other chaps he had secured, and persuaded to join. There we were met by another Petty Officer, who marched us into a little hut, outside the main dockyard gates, which was at that time the Recruiting Office. The little hut is still there, but I have no idea what it is used for though I have seen it hundreds of times since. So, after a lot of formalities, we were marched into the Dockyard Surgery for a medical inspection. After passing the doctor successfully we were really in the Royal Navy although we were not kitted up and still in civilian clothes. The next thing we were taken by a Petty Officer to Portsmouth Harbour station and then by train to London, then by the London, Chatham and Dover railway to Chatham, then on to the Chatham barracks – HMS Pembroke. The following morning, after sleeping in the barracks, all of us "new entries" were marched down to the barrack gates where the cells were situated, to witness punishment, which consisted of the birching of a rating for some crime he had committed. This was as a deterrent for us new entries.

Now commenced the real part of the Navy. First we were taken around to the stores and issued with a blue serge suit, a blue cap and ribbon, HMS Pembroke, one pair of boots, two flannels, two canvas hammocks, with brass eyelets, two bed covers, one blanket and a ball of spun yarn, and the first thing they taught us was to make a set of clews from the spun



yarn, as this was to cut it into equal lengths, the top to form an eye, and the remainder platted to fit into the eyelets of the hammock, then splice a piece of rope into the eye of the clew. This was the lanyard for hanging up the hammock, bed and blanket, and then another piece of rope called a lashing for lashing up the hammock in the morning. This consisted of seven equal turns around the hammock, ready for stowing in the hammock nettings. To the layman this may not sound very much, but I can assure you it is a tricky job, making the clews etc. We were also issued with two duck white working suits, one pair of black cloth trousers and a blue serge jumper, one Sunday suit, one straw hat and linen cover for hot climates, two huckaback towels like boards when wet, stowage place for soap and towel inside the linen cover for the straw hat, (helmets came along a few years later), a housewife which contained scissors, needles and cotton, wool for mending, two pairs of woollen socks, thimble, beeswax, buttons, tape, two white cap covers, one tin round cap box, one wooden ditty box for one's own personal use with lock and key to keep anything valuable in, one knife with spike for splicing, forty-eight clothes stops, for tying your washing on the line. You had to do all your own washing, making and mending clothes, there was also a wooden type (H. TIPLADY); this was to mark each piece of clothes, white with black paint and black with white paint. After that issue one had to find one's own gear; so that if you wanted a new serge suit, you would put in a chit to the steward for six yards of serge, six buttons, one yard of blue tape, one yard of blue jean, and then make your own, or pay someone to make it or go to the naval tailors and have it made up. Later I will explain how I used to augment my money by making up serge suits, me and my pal, as money was very scarce, but you will understand that this came later on, well after being kitted up. Now we start to be taught all about guns, boat knots and splices, bends and pitches, rifle drill, revolver practice, boat pulling, boat sailing, also kit inspection every week, and woe betide anyone found with dirty clothing! Then there was marching (square bashing in the Pembroke parade).

After a time at Pembroke we were to go to one of two large sailing ships, ready to sail, called HMS Calliope and HMS Northampton. These were the two largest sailing and training ships in the Navy although there were others active such as the Volage, anyway I was drafted to the Calliope. She was known as the "Hurricane Jumper," built in Portsmouth, she had distinguished herself during a hurricane which struck a Samoan harbour where seven ships were sheltering; the others were all driven on to the reefs and only Calliope survived, after running for open water. I find now, after all these years\*, she is still operating as the RNVR training ship on the Tyne, as the author of the book Gallipolli 1915 Joseph Murray was trained on her and also took part in that operation as I did myself which I will deal with at length later. Anyway I was drafted to her, with a large number of boys, to learn the hard way, and hard it was too.

When we arrived on board, all us boys second class were detailed for our respective jobs. I myself was told off as "Fore Royal" yard boy; my job was to go aloft and clean the lightning conductor, mend sails, sew sails and splice ropes. Many other boys were doing their respective jobs aloft. We very rarely saw our boots as going aloft all day and night we were

\* 1970s?

not allowed to wear them, only showing them for Sunday inspection. The ship was one of the hardest, if not the hardest training one could possible have. Firstly we had very hard-hearted instructors, then, in addition, we carried a number of NP (Naval Police). They were Petty Officers who were always looking for trouble. Smoking was a punishable crime, and one particular instance that sticks in my mind was that the "Heads" (toilets) were situated along the ship's side, and about ten seats in a row, separated by a piece of board and one could sit and see and talk to one another, also if one was to light a cigarette, anyone would take the blame. Outside the Heads was a piece of corrugated iron. There NPs or Crushers, as we called them, would hide and watch for a number of boys to go in, and then make a raid, and if there was smoke around everyone was taken on to the quarter deck and questioned (third degree) until someone owned up. The culprit would then be put in the Commander's report and punished. This usually was six or twelve cuts with the cane, administered by one of these Crushers. It took the form of "clean lower deck" – that means everyone to go aft to witness this operation, which was a hammock placed crossways and another placed vertical over it and the boy laid on the hammock with hands tied outwards also legs, and then the punishment commenced. Now also when they piped upper yard boys stand by to go aloft, the Petty Officer would be there with a yard of one inch square piece of rubber in his hand and when they piped (way aloft) would chase the boys up the rigging, belting them as they went.

This ship did not have electric light as she was all sail, so we had a rating called the "Lamp Trimmer" who was responsible for the trimming of lamps, also the placing of the candles in the lamps. No refrigerators in those ships, one or two days at sea and one was on salt beef or salt pork, also biscuits like the old dog biscuits, about three inches square – break one and one would find the weevils fall out, also pea soup. We had all enamel plates, all enamel basins, no cups or saucers, all wooden buckets, wooden tubs for washing and bathing in. I also remember such things as tinned Australian rabbit, tinned mutton, margarine, brown sugar, always tinned milk and another thing was that all our kit was stored in a yellow-painted canvas bag and when drafted from one ship to another everything you owned was stowed into this yellow canvas bag with a brass plate on the bottom with your name stamped on it, so that when stacked in the bag racks you could pick your bag out at once, as the mess decks of all ships, as too the upper decks, were divided into port and starboard sides. On the mess decks these were in the middle and formed the partition between port and starboard. One can imagine when piped (hard to clear) there were about five hundred men all trying to get to their respective bags. This was also applicable as regards sleeping billets: one had to find anywhere to hang one's hammock, as there were only a few hooks available, so one on the table, under the table, bag rack to bag rack, on the deck, in fact everywhere where one could find a billet. I have been lying in my hammock and looking at the galley where the food was cooked, and seen rats and swarms of cockroaches at different times. We also had a rating called the cooper: he was the man who made the wooden buckets with rope handles and tubs, casks, etc.

When we were getting ready for sea, as we had no steam, we had to raise the anchor by hand. This was done by means of a capstan, filled with slots, capable of taking wooden bars into them, and then being secured by a rope, called a swifter, being passed from one to the other, and then the fun began. Now as regards the hoisting we had a second class Petty Officer,



that is, he wore on his arm one anchor and a crown above. He was a fiddler and when ordered by the Captain on the bridge would start to play a lively tune so that as the lower deck had previously been cleared for this purpose all hands manned the bars and commenced to run around, singing to the tune of the fiddle and by this means dragging the anchor out of the mud and eventually to her stowage.

So now by this time I had practically finished the first part of my training and began to be hardened to the ways of the Navy and disciplined ....

## The Tiplady Family – a note

Hilda Katherine Tiplady married Henry Hill at Petworth in May 1891. Sadly Hilda died in the same year on August 15th. Hilda was my great grandmother.

At the time of Hilda's death she and her husband Henry Hill were living at the back of the Red Lion Public House, known as Red Lion yard, in Back Street, Petworth.

Hilda had a younger brother Christopher Tiplady who married Fanny Ann Stedman in 1894 they also had an older half-sister Florence Tiplady who became Mrs Rapley living in Petworth. Her son started the garage at Heath End.

Hilda, Christopher and Florence's mother was Clara Pannell before her marriage to a William Tiplady who was a soldier in 1856 stationed at the Cavalry Barracks in Brighton. He was a private in the 12th Lancers. Clara and William went to India for three to four years returning to Brighton where Hilda was born in 1860. Christopher was born at Aldershot Barracks in 1863. Nothing is otherwise known of their whereabouts at all nor do we know what happened to Clara and William. My great great grandmother was Sarah Adsett formerly Sarah Hill who was Henry Hill's sister. In later life she was fondly known as Polly Perkins. She died in 1940 at Somerset Hospital. Sarah's husband Charles Adsett rented Soanes Cottage from Walter Dawtrey. She was Charles Adsett's second wife. They had a daughter Mary Adsett who was my grandmother

If anyone has any information on my family I would be very pleased to hear from them through Peter Jerrome or directly.

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## The Sheriff's gamekeeper

It is usual to think of Petworth House of Correction in terms of its most notable governor John Mance, pioneer of prison discipline from the 1820s and effectively a national figure. William Phillips, Mance's predecessor is a much more elusive figure but there is no reason to suppose that in its own way his regime was any less austere than Mance's. The Petworth prison was

never a place for the faint-hearted. Some insight into Phillip's tenure is afforded by a dispute from 1815, a dispute that hints also at political and personal undercurrents at an administrative level.

The dispute revolves around what seems at first a straightforward case of assault. Richard Wood had been indicted at Petworth Quarter Sessions for an assault on Francis Sandham. He had been found guilty, fined a shilling, and committed to Petworth House of Correction for a month. What would cause difficulty in this case were the circumstances of Wood's assault and the identity of his employer. Wood had been acting as gamekeeper for Richard Walker of Michelgrove Park, sheriff for the county. No specific directions for Wood's treatment had been handed down at time of sentence. None were needed. The standard treatment at Petworth was bread and water and solitary confinement. Hard labour was out of the question; "there being no working implements in the house."

Wood's conviction had arisen directly from discharging his duties to his employer and the sheriff would presumably feel a certain responsibility for his gamekeeper. He may well have been somewhat put out by his conviction. What certainly stirred him into action was the toll that the fearsome regime at Petworth quickly took of Wood's normally robust constitution. An initial rapid decline had been halted only by the intervention of the prison surgeon, Mr. Blagden, but unless the prisoner received more nourishing food a relapse was inevitable. Most Petworth inmates became to a greater or lesser extent debilitated.

The sheriff was in a difficult position: he had no immediate jurisdiction over Petworth House of Correction and direct interference might be counter-productive. His duties were partly ceremonial, but involved also attending the Assize judges, conducting elections and seeing to the custody of prisoners during the trial process, but not after. The office was for a year only, but, crucially, although the sheriff for the year might well be chosen from the body of county magistrates, he could not act as a magistrate during his term of duty. In practice much of the sheriff's work was delegated to an under-sheriff, in 1815 William Holmes<sup>1</sup> of Arundel. It would be Holmes who made the first move to improve Wood's situation.

Holmes consulted William Knowlys, Common Serjeant<sup>2</sup> on the legal situation. Knowlys was doubtful about the strict legality of Phillips' regime but felt it would be politic to have Dr. Blagden's assessment of the damaging effect of the prison diet on Wood's health. The law certainly did not forbid the provision of extra food at the prisoner's expense or that of a third party, the only embargo was on liquor. Action in the King's Bench was certainly possible, but, given the time element, Wood might be better served by a direct application to the local Justices.

Armed with this advice, William Holmes launched a fusillade of letters, initially to the Earl of Egremont. These missives and their replies, came in such quick succession that the latter were usually obsolete by the time they actually arrived. Holmes made considerable use of express letters personally forwarded by the postmaster and it has to be said that, while certainly not in agreement, all parties acted with the utmost dispatch.

<sup>1</sup> The Holmes were a noted Arundel family. A William Holmes had been mayor of Arundel in 1804 and would officiate again in 1816, 1823, 1830 and 1831 – see G.W. Eustace *Arundel, Borough and Castle* (1922)

<sup>2</sup> Assistant to the Recorder of London



Replying to Holmes, Egremont is non-committal. Even if he wishes to vary Wood's diet, he cannot do so unilaterally, while the prison surgeon has seen no occasion to do so. Holmes persists: his next step is to call at the prison where he is rebuffed by the keeper. He is not allowed to see Wood nor is Phillips prepared to allow extra rations into the premises from outside. Despite this Holmes makes arrangements for food to be sent.

Asked again, Egremont gives no ground. He has however visited Wood in the company of the prison surgeon. The prisoner's condition is due to an acute inflammatory rheumatism. Wood declares himself satisfied with his treatment, while the choice of the coldest room in the house had been the prisoner's own. He had wanted the view. Egremont comments somewhat tartly that the sheriff has no jurisdiction but if he wishes to take on responsibility for the County's bridewells he is more than welcome to do so.

Holmes was not the man to be put down. Whatever the Earl says, Petworth, in the view of the Common Serjeant, is effectively flouting the law of the land. Writing to William Mitford, another local Justice, he insists that it is a matter of common charity for some action to be taken vis-à-vis the debilitating effects of the Petworth regime. Holmes has visited the prison and been refused admittance, while the surgeon has told Mr. Greenfield at the Angel that the proposed special food allowance is not necessary. Holmes has retaliated by threatening proceedings against Mr. Phillips with the loss of his position. Mitford in his turn seeks the advice of William Langridge, Clerk to the Court at Lewes. Langridge's reply is prompt but, on the face of it, somewhat opaque. Solitary confinement was not handed down in Wood's case. Others convicted of assault are not so treated. He seems to ignore the fact that this was the rule at Petworth. As regards food supplied to prisoners he writes, "Prisoners convicted of felony or fraudulent misdemeanours and idle and disorderly persons, rogues and vagabonds, as also those committed for non-performance of orders of bastardy and servants and apprentices for misbehaviour are all confined to the prison allowance dispossessed of their money whilst in custody and not suffered to purchase anything for themselves, but if any other prisoners have money it may be laid out for them by the keeper in purchasing meat, vegetables (sic) or other victuals and small beer but not any stronger liquor."

The bearing of this on Wood's case is neither explicit nor apparent. Langridge would appear to be saying that if the means are there, food can be bought in, the people he mentions would in any case be in no position to do this. Phillips however, was operating a blanket embargo. The correspondence closes with a letter from Richard Walker to the Earl of Egremont thanking him for visiting Wood, accepting Egremont's position of having no direct individual concern with the prison. Finally, "I shall persist in endeavouring to produce some mode for its better reputation." Precisely to what extent Walker's interest survived Wood's eventual release is not recorded but the solitary confinement system was in fact quickly reformed.

P.



*"Woodland in Springtime" A drawing by Rendle Diplock.*



## On Edward VI and other matters

My memories of the area go back to 1915 when I was three. My mother, brother and I came down from Lichfield, where my father was stationed in the Army, to stay with my aunt, Mrs. Randolph, at Bignor Park Cottage. Our family were in Kenya at the outbreak of hostilities and the Germans were already on the border when we left. Had we remained we would no doubt have been interned, but in fact we came home on a German ship! I was very poorly with malaria and it may have been for the best. I still get it over eighty years later, just a touch in the autumn, a bad headache or a shivering fit, then it passes. My father, who had a background in banking, had joined the Army at the beginning of the war and, of course, was serving in Egypt.

Obviously my memories of this period are very selective: I didn't go to school and the nearest village was Fittleworth. I vividly remember going into Petworth, my mother getting the donkey out of the stable, harnessing him herself and setting off with the trap, something I thought perfectly natural at the time. Mrs Birchall helped at the cottage, in fact a fair size house. She was a diminutive lady who seemed capable of any domestic chore required of her. I can't remember that she lived in, probably not. Mrs. Johnstone at Bignor Park and Mrs. Randolph were friends of long standing and Mrs. Johnstone was extremely reluctant to make a charge for the cottage, but something in the estate set-up forbade this, so every year Mrs. Randolph would walk formally up to the big house and pay over the sum of half a crown. The Randolphs had formerly lived at Chichester and my aunt had been widowed relatively young.

We were at Bignor Park for a couple of years or so but were certainly not there on Armistice Day. My father had been posted to barracks at Exeter and my mother and I were walking into the town. It was a drizzling miserable November day and we saw in a newsagent's window a big placard announcing that the Armistice had been signed.

In the early 1920s I made the acquaintance of West Sussex again. My father was working in London and my mother conceived the idea of spending a long camping holiday near to where we had been during the latter years of the war. My mother and I had a ridge tent and my brother a little tent of his own. We were on a track leading down to the river on Mr. Turner's farm at Coates. There were two cottages at the end of the track. Mrs. Wheeler lived in one and she thought we were completely mad as no doubt the farmer did. Mrs. Wheeler came out to us with any post crying, "Pip, pip, pip!" From here we'd walk over to Mrs. Randolph's for the occasional meal, but the essential idea was for us to be self-supporting: we had a camp fire and kettle. Idyllic, surrounded by blackberry bushes and lasting for the whole month of August! There was one problem: I think it rained every day but one. Having decided to do this, however, my mother was not to be deterred. She stuck it out, although I sometimes wonder if the rheumatism she suffered in later life had its origin in that wet August. My brother, still in his teens, had an old motor-bike and we rode up Bury hill into Littlehampton on the one day which was fine. Otherwise there was nothing but to walk into Fittleworth.

Sussex wasn't out of our system. When we came to Bignor Park we'd arrive either at Fittleworth Station or Petworth, depending on what was most convenient for Mr. Rapley from Heath End with his Morris taxi. It always seemed to be raining but we always loved

coming down. I remember walking into Stopham for the Regatta – quite an occasion!

In 1929 we rented Lavender Cottage just outside Northchapel. We'd had several moves and I'd been to several different schools. My father was still working, by this time for the War Graves' Commission, based in London but frequently in France. Lavender Cottage, despite its name, was a good size, with five bedrooms and three sitting rooms. In 1929 it had main water but no electricity. Mr. King, the landlord, who lived at Brookside Cottage, had electricity put in for us. The rent was £52 a year. We had an old black Morris in which we'd drive into Petworth. I still remember the old shops – Olders the grocers, the bike shop on the corner of Middle Street and Angel Street, the lovely children's clothing upstairs at Eagers in Market Square, the sweets in Rosie Ricketts' shop on Swan Corner (now a restaurant), the four or more butchers' shops, and particularly the Four and Twenty Blackbirds Teashop opposite the church, run at that time by Mrs. Northey, a widow I think, and a most welcoming lady. I think Mrs. Collins, herself, later the owner, helped her. Afternoon tea and cakes, half a crown I seem to remember.

At this time I made friends with the Kerr family who were living at Culvercroft in Pound Street and I have kept up with Bunty ever since. We were all great ones for amateur dramatics and much encouraged in this by Mrs. Provis, the new rector's wife, then later by Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe who lived in Petworth although Mr. Roscoe was secretary to West Chilton Golf Club. We specialised in music hall and doing little sketches. In 1938 came the ambitious Tudor Revels, celebrating the visit of Edward VI to Petworth in the 1550s. It was done for charity, and produced by Mrs. Provis in Petworth Park. My father was one of the actors and I have a photograph of him at the head of the procession with Mrs. Montfort Bebb. He is dressed in Tudor costume, and has a white beard. The costumes came from specialists in London, but I can't remember who my father was supposed to be. I had to collect an altar cloth from the church to be used as an awning: otherwise I was simply one of the peasants. The weather was good and there were three lovely days. I particularly remember Elizabeth Kelso, who played Edward VI, riding down the grass slope in the park. I suppose the Revels made a welcome diversion from the increasingly bleak international situation.

Dances were fairly frequent in the Swan ballroom between the wars, while the Hunt Ball was a very special affair with separate dance bands both in the Town Hall and in the Swan with a canopy going across the road connecting the two. Refreshments were invariably in the Swan. Earlier, it would, I think, be 1929, there was a severe winter when the lake in Petworth Park was frozen over for three weeks. After the first week it was declared safe for skating and, it seemed, all Petworth descended on the Park. Even the wobbiest skater tried his or her luck, with or without skates, and there were impromptu games of ice hockey. The Leconfields' two adopted children went to Brighton for a crash course in skating. Lighting was provided by cars parked round the lake. One night it snowed heavily and that was an end of it, a thaw came and the great party was over.

Lord Leconfield I well remember, as of course will anyone else who knew those years between the wars – thumb stick, breeches, round country hat and dog-gruff at first but prepared to talk to anyone – and punctilious. After the hunt had been round any damaged gate would be repaired that very evening.



From Northchapel we tended to go to Lurgashall church for Sunday morning service. My father used to read the lessons. On the 3<sup>rd</sup> of September 1939 Mr. Milner, the rector, brought his radio into the service, I think all other programmes had been held back pending an announcement at eleven o'clock. The announcement of war was at once devastating and frightening coming as it did a bare twenty years after the Armistice. There was no formal service that morning, simply prayers and a hymn. I was already in the A.R.P. and got on my motor-bike and went to Petworth to help with newly-arrived evacuees. As I recall a majority of these went in the Northchapel direction. The allocation wasn't done as you might expect in the Iron Room but in Golden Square. For some reason I connect it with Lancaster House, but perhaps it was in the Congregational Chapel.

One of my wartime jobs was to ferry expectant mothers from Petworth House to Burton Park for delivery. They seemed more afraid of the countryside than of the Germans and as often as not returned immediately to London with their babies. There was an evacuee children's hospital at Hilliers and part of my work involved helping there. The food was excellent in wartime terms, but many of the evacuees didn't like it, asking for "bread and marge." Dr. Ball took first-aid classes there. One early morning in August 1940 I was in the garden in Northchapel and saw great waves of German planes passing overhead going towards London. It heralded the full-scale onslaught of the following month. I remember too gardening with my mother at Lavender Cottage and hearing the sound of guns – it was coming from Dunkirk. Several small bombs fell in the Northchapel area and I have a vivid memory of Northchapel Home Guard running down the road past our cottage, pitchforks at the ready, in pursuit of a German parachutist. In the event the parachutist turned out to be a barrage balloon that had broken loose and blown down from London. One cottage in Northchapel was hit by a buzz-bomb and three people killed. One day an aircraft machine-gunned Petworth, bullets ricocheting off roofs, I went home as if nothing had happened: you became almost blasé about things like that. As an A.R.P. member I was present at the aftermath of the Boys' School tragedy. A mobile kitchen was installed just up the road from the school, but as a woman ambulance driver I was taken off duty: it was left to the men to drive. I saw the plane flying back toward the Downs. It was quite a small one. Some felt it had mistaken the chimneys of the House laundry for those of a factory, but no one really knows. People were stunned by the tragedy: it helped in a strange way that in a sense you simply couldn't bring yourself to believe that it had actually happened – but of course it had.

I married in 1941. My husband farmed Brownings at Kirdford, which has been farmed by three generations of the family. My husband was in the Royal Marines and from 1941 to 1945 we met when and where we could. I went to live at Brownings in 1946 with my two sons. My third son was born at home in 1949. My husband died in 1969. There has been a settlement here at least since medieval times: there are the remains of a moat and some indication of early tile-making. No doubt it was here when Edward VI first came!

Hermione Nicholls was talking to Marian and Peter.



*This photograph may reflect the very beginnings of organised football in Petworth in the early 1880s. The man seated third from right second row looks like Mr Tugwell the Curate, later Bishop of Western Equatorial Africa. If it is, it would date the photograph firmly in the 1880s. While the identification with Tugwell is a little problematical, the other figures are quite unknown. The photograph, reproduced here by courtesy of Mrs Dorothy Wright, is badly faded.*





Harry Tiplady in naval uniform.  
See "A sailor with red, white and blue ribbons ...".



Members of the Hill and Tiplady families at a family gathering apparently in Petworth.  
Some are local some not. Mrs Cairns would appreciate any identifications.  
See "A note on the Tiplady family".





*Petworth Ladies' Hockey Club 1934-5.  
L-R Back  
Mabel Hardy, Ruth Hardy, Lynkie Price, Peggie Streeter, ? Joan Tetley, Monica Calnan.  
Front  
Dorothy Townsend, Beth Jukes, ? Ingram, Olive Shertef, Joan Locke.  
See "Growing up in Petworth in the 1920s".*

## Growing up in Petworth in the Twenties

My family came to Petworth in 1920 when I was five. My father Frank Calnan to start an engineering business with his brother-in-law Frank Brooksbank. It was known as The Petworth Engineering Co, East Street which later became SCATS. I remember vividly the approach to Petworth the long straight Horsham Road with banks covered in primroses and the lofty church spire in the distance. We shared the house adjoining the business with my aunt and uncle recently returned from Malaya. I think Petworth folk regarded us as somewhat "fishy furriners" as they could quite often smell burning incense, a habit brought back by my aunt.

My mother was not very well at the time and my aunt who was quite a bit younger had no experience of running a home, so Bertha Skinner came to us as housekeeper and became a much loved friend. I remember her splendid cooking and among other things the lovely drip puddings under the joint. She also took me for lovely walks and taught me a great deal about the countryside. Later, when we moved house she moved to a house nearby where she looked after Mr Pitfield the solicitor. In my late teens 'Dumps' as she was affectionately known frequently invited me to supper on Saturday night when another of her young friends Reg. Spooner would often join us. We always had interesting food and homemade wine, usually elderberry. She was a great winemaker and always had mysterious large vats brewing in her kitchen. Another great friend was dear Lily Hunt who lived at the delightful Myrtle Cottage in East Street. Her husband George worked in the P.E.C. for a short time but died quite young, I think from war injuries. Some of the men who worked in the firm were Cecil Puttick from Fittleworth, Cecil Lanaway from Northchapel, Cyril Holloway from Tillington, Norman Knight and Mr Phelps who ran the office.

The business was fairly comprehensive as it was started before the grid and involved the installation of electric lighting plants, pumping plants and the wiring and plumbing of many properties. It also involved the drilling of artesian wells, agricultural implements and tractors, and last but not least motor cars. The work was often at some distance and with a staff of 20 my father collected a number of old cars for the men to use. He had a succession of Humbers, and I remember a Belsize, Morris Cowley, and several others, some with the most beautiful brass lamps and other fittings. I learned to drive on a Morris and my first opportunity to drive alone came when my father needed to deliver a new car to Major Courtauld at Burton Park. My father was very cautious and to my disappointment drove very slowly but although there was little traffic at the time I managed to get another car between us and hang back, so that eventually I could have a sprint.

It was always a great pleasure to accompany Pa when free from school on his visits to the various jobs, and I learned to steer from the passenger seat so often that I found it quite difficult to change to the orthodox position when the time came. I well remember a time when out with Pa, we found we had too little petrol to get up Bignor Hill as the petrol tank was at the back. Pa was always prepared for emergencies and soon had a little petrol in the lid of a tobacco tin, and instructed me to sit on the running board and slowly feed this into the carburettor as we ascended the hill. We reached the top without further trouble.



My elder sister Rhoda had been sent as a boarder to Lyndale House School in Midhurst, where she was very happy, and I started to Madam Barry's in Lombard Street. We often had lessons outside when the weather was suitable and Brenda Knight taught us. I don't think this little school lasted long as it was taken over by Brenda and moved to loft premises at the bottom of Golden Square, somewhere behind the shop owned by Mr Hounsham. At nine I was transferred to Lyndale House as a day girl, my sister Rhoda joining me unwillingly. This involved a train journey to Midhurst the station being reached by a horsedrawn cab. This was driven by Charlie – who was very kind to me and as I was so interested he allowed me to sit up on top and hold the reins in the correct manner. It was quite a trek to school from Midhurst station, and I hated the cold and particularly the snow which was far more frequent than nowadays. I loathed the snowballing from the grammar school boys and I always had very bad chilblains.

I joined Mrs Frank Whitcomb's dancing class quite young, and much enjoyed the shows she put on in the Iron Room. When I was 11 my sister and I joined the Guide Co. run by Miss Staffurth who was an excellent and most enthusiastic Captain. We did many interesting things including hikes when we would cook dampers over a camp fire and summer camps. We had regular Whitsun camps at Coates Castle and in those days there were red squirrels playing overhead in the pines. When we camped at Hope Cove in Devon, for some reason our coach was delayed and we arrived at the farm after dark. We had a wonderful welcome from the farmer and his wife – hot drinks in the kitchen and an invitation to sleep in the barn on great piles of hay as it was considered too difficult to pitch our bell tents in the dark. It was really romantic waking early the next morning to lovely views and all the different farmyard sounds. At 11 I was transferred to Chichester High School which meant a longer train journey and a late arrival. I remember Mabel, Ruth, and Joan Hardy from Fittleworth, Joyce Ingram, Joyce Holloway, Margaret Collins, Lynkie and Sheila Price, and Charlotte Marshall from Duncton who was my great friend, later killed in the bombing of Petworth School where she taught. There were quite a few boys attending the Grammar School at Midhurst, Bill Hazelman, Bill Hersey who sadly died in the war, and Penry, Ryan, and Erny Price among them.

I cannot remember much about life at Lyndale House except music lessons from Miss Westcott the principal who was an excellent pianist and very good teacher, and Miss White – the only person who has ever made me understand any maths. The things I really enjoyed were my music lessons, and playing hockey in Comber's field behind the Grammar School, but this was somewhat overshadowed by returning to lunch cooked by old Mrs Westcott, which was usually rabbit which we were forced to eat. One advantage of going to the High School was the addition of gym which I loved. It took place in a converted army hut too low for ropes but fairly well equipped otherwise. My greatest friend was Charlotte Marshall, a sweet and very brainy girl from a remarkable family. Her father had left school at 11 to work as a wheelwright, her mother had been a companion and they had courted for 17 years before having sufficient money to marry. Mr Marshall had educated himself and ended up as a very well read man, and he and his wife produced two very clever children, Charlotte and Gaius, who I think was in the Airforce but sadly I've had no news of him since the war.

Although television had not arrived there was much for young people to do, guides, Scouts, singing in the choir run by Mr Stevenson, head of the boys school, folk dancing taught by Ted Gardner from Sutton who was a very good dancer, hockey in the park, tennis in the park club and a private court near the bowling green, and in my late teens the choral society run by Gertie Whitcomb, and Saturday night hops in the Iron Room. In the winter there was also badminton in the Iron Room. The choral society was most enjoyable and among the concerts we gave I remember Hiawatha's Wedding, and Merrie England. We also attended the Petersfield festival which was flourishing then under Adrian Boult, there was a competition in the morning, a massed choirs rehearsal of a work we had studied all season, in the afternoon under Adrian Boult with professional soloists, a concert in the evening. The music I remember particularly was Bach's St Matthew Passion. It was a really inspiring experience.

The Whitcomb family from Pound Street were very musical, Gertie being the church organist and a contralto, Elsie soprano, Reg, tenor, Hubert bass, and Billy Pulling (later to marry Gertie) baritone. I was really excited when they invited me to join them for carol singing at Xmas, when they visited Petworth House, Grove Place etc, the group meeting any request and harmonising beautifully on a note given by Gertie. Another happy memory is a very hard winter when the lake in the park froze hard enough for skating and we had at least two weeks skating in the evenings by the light of car headlamps.

Sometime in the 20's another aunt and uncle came to Petworth and opened a garage opposite the Iron Room as Moraes. From then a taxi replaced the horsedrawn cab for station trips and this later became a single decker bus. One evening on the return journey we passed Mark Peacock leading a bull, and suddenly to our horror the bull attacked him. Like lightning he threw the coat he had been carrying, over the bull's horns and got the situation under control. Our milk was delivered by Sid Whitney with his horse and cart with churns and beautiful metal measures, and we would take out jugs for the necessary amount. Once when walking alone in Station Road, I heard a tremendous clatter and saw that it was Sid's horse which had bolted complete with cart, and was galloping furiously down the road. It was quite unnerving and I rapidly climbed the bank and hid in the hedge, pretending to myself that the noise was thunder. In my teens I very much enjoyed folk dancing and our team entered several competitions my partner being Bill (Pickle) Hammon. Others in the team were Joyce Ingram, Joan Tate, Joe Wilcox, and the Pullen brother Frank and Fred. While at school I sometimes played for the park women's hockey team, and later became secretary. We prided ourselves on playing matches in all weathers, the only snag being the lack of any changing facilities, so that often I spent several hours in wet clothes while taking the visiting team to tea. At one time the team consisted of Mabel and Ruth Hardy, Dorothy Townsend, Joan Tetley, Olive Sheriff, Joan Lock.

On one occasion we played the newly started mens club, but needless to say we lost. The Saturday village dances known as 'hops' were cheap and great fun, and I remember Acky Adsett and Jack Clifford as very good dancers. Other memories are the general strike, the annual fair, the town crier, the muffin man, and the local shows where George Garland would demonstrate his command of the Sussex dialect in company with the Rector of Sutton. George Garland was a great friend of my father's, others being John Gwillim from the mill, Jack Moase



from Coultershaw, Tom Upton from Duncton, Sid Scriven from Stag Park, and Mr Allison from Pound Street. My future husband worked in the Westminster Bank and being a keen sportsman he started the men's hockey club. It's amusing to remember that when we were saving up to get married our first purchase was a second-hand piano, which was temporarily housed in Mrs Hunt's front room and used by Mary Ward the dispenser for the doctors who was a friend of mine. Miss Harrison the previous dispenser also had lodgings there and we corresponded until a year or two ago when the letters sadly ceased. Gertie Pulling was another great friend of mine, and knowing how much I yearned to play the organ she gave me free lessons for ages and all I could do in return was to deputise for her on the rare occasions she was away. For Sung Eucharist it was a bit difficult to fit in with the priest who was hidden from view, so the arrangement was that the end man in the choir (Frank Whitcomb) gave one the nod when necessary. We were married at Egdean where I had played the harmonium for several years, with a very small choir of girls in blue veils, so I left Petworth in 1937, returning to West Sussex in 1942 as my husband was in the Navy.

My father sold his business in later years to SCATS, and now I believe the premises are used for antiques. East Street in those days contained Meachens bicycle shop, Denmans furniture and antiques, the Post Office where Mr Ingram was in charge, and Mrs Knight's grocer's shop at the lower end. There were also the Daintreys' lovely house, and Stringers Hall, also the house where Hubert Whitcomb and his wife lived, (her maiden name was Boxall), the girls school, the Institute, and the surgery of Dr Kerr and Dr Ball opposite the church. The first Rector I remember was the Rev Powell, then Rev Provis and later Rev Godwin. The Rev Davie was curate with Mr Powell, and later came Jimmy Cree who was a great friend of ours, he and my husband-to-be both lodged with Miss Vincent in Angel Street. Jimmy was due to visit us after quite a long spell at sea when to our great sadness The Royal Oak was sunk at Scapa Flow at the beginning of the war.

It was very interesting to me in the 50's to attend Professor Armstrong's lectures on domestic architecture, as he had made a special study of Petworth and mentioned many places I had known, together with numerous slides of his own including interiors to which he had had access. Roy Armstrong was a near neighbour of mine who did wonderful work in helping to create the museum at Singleton and to conserve the countryside in general.

My only contact with Petworth in 2001 was at the festival with its splendid concerts. Long may it prosper.

Monica Pidcock

## From Donkey Row to Ayre's Yard – An Alternative Look at Petworth's Ancient Streets

It is now over ten years since Peter published *Tread Lightly Here*, An affectionate look at Petworth's ancient streets, concentrating on the main thoroughfares through the town. It has proved to be an essential guide to the ancient properties which line the streets of Petworth.

Here we intend to do an alternative potted perambulation of the town, we will visit many of the same streets that Peter took the reader on in 1990, however we will concentrate on the not so well known places that generally failed to find their way into *Tread Lightly Here*. Many of the places will be familiar to the reader, some not so. All will be important and unless recorded now will certainly disappear before long, on occasion we will cross Peter's path, indeed places like Donkey Row and World's End are well documented in *Tread Lightly Here*, however it is important to emphasise that even such relatively well known nooks and corners can easily be lost, and in just a generation or two they may not even be distant memories.

There is little doubt that at any one time in the past a large proportion of the population of Petworth is of a transient, almost nomadic nature, and consequently has no time, or need, to establish roots. Such temporary inhabitants hardly stay long enough to learn the street names let alone those of the byways and alleyways for which Petworth is celebrated. In rural areas we have already lost countless field and wood names. Rarely written, they were passed down by word of mouth, and could not survive the great depopulation of the countryside, for like all names without constant use and familiarity they mean nothing. The old adage 'use it, or lose it' has never been more relevant than now, and it is imperative to re-establish some of these names before they disappear forever.

What can we do? Clearly we are unable to compel people to use the names that most are unfamiliar with. However, by introducing some former names on to street signs we may go some way towards ensuring that they do not die out and perhaps we can gradually reintroduce them into everyday usage. This theory is far from revolutionary and indeed many small towns in West Sussex have adopted the practise of using both the modern and old names side by side on street signs.

Our short journey of illustration begins, as Peter did, at the northern gate of the town at DONKEY ROW, a name almost forgotten even at that end of Petworth. The title alludes to the row of cottages just north of the Mason's Arms which run parallel, slightly set back from and lower than the busy highway upon which they stand. The cottages are certainly not the original 'row' but even now have developed something of the character of a Leconfield enclave situated in a predominantly private part of the street. Standing at the junction of the modern North End housing estate the cottages will have seen huge changes in the last sixty years and apart from the Mason's Arms public house the 'row' is one of the few enduring features of the area which is known as NORTH END.



The importance of North End, of which Donkey Row is but a part, cannot be doubted, for just one hundred years ago this short stretch of road was, with the exception of the Market Square, quite probably the most condensed group of public and private buildings anywhere in Petworth. Here we could find the Toll House, Petworth Union Workhouse, the Mason's Arms, the Boys' School and finally the Leconfield laundry, all in an area which stretched just some 200 or so yards, from the junction of North Street with New Road, or as we now call it the Horsham Road, to the end of Donkey Row, which effectively marked the northern margin of the town, a bustling, thriving community indeed, though now almost forgotten.

Moving on from North End and Donkey Row we cross the busy Horsham Road while at the same time glancing down CEMETERY HILL, if we could see round the corner at the bottom of the hill we would be able to see Flathurst, The Pest House, and in the distance, nestling beneath The Sugar Loaf, ancient COX BOTTOM. Sadly we have neither the time or space that Peter enjoyed so we must press on quickly. Past the recently renovated Running Horse beerhouse and the hospitals for which North Street is celebrated we begin the steep ascent of CHURCH HILL. The diminutive Tyrell's Cottage on our left, home for many years to the little sweet shop run by the lady of that name is immortalized in the memories of generations of boys as they headed off down North Street to the school. Almost opposite Tyrell's are the great gates to the Cow Yard, then the Wood Yard and before we know it we are on the summit of Church Hill proper. HELLS BELLS CORNER, was this name every really used? Almost mythical now, it has been suggested that the name was just a whim of Mr Boss who, in carrying on his business in the little row of shops that grace the top of Church Hill, would have witnessed from his window many near calamities as unfamiliar motorists navigated the deceptive bend.

RECTORY GATE, the Barton's, and then past The Obelisk into East Street, this latter an extraordinary name for a street that runs north to south but best not to dwell upon it, such things are not unusual in Petworth. Past the entrance to Trump Alley the ancient thoroughfare into the Market Place, redundant following the completion of New Street in the nineteenth century. Immediately past Trump Alley we have the convergence of Angel, New, East and Middle Streets, the initial letters of these names forming Amen and the junction was supposed to have been known as AMEN CORNER. I cannot help but suppose that this was something of a childish fancy for the popular name for this meeting of streets was MORLEY'S CORNER which has survived until quite recent times.

A short excursion into Angel Street takes us to the Catholic Church and the triangular area of land in front of it, which has long been devoted to car parking. Once, as Peter reminds us, known as DAINTRY PARK after its former owners, the parcel of land has in more recent years been known as BOWLING GREEN, though while the origin of that name is long lost it is possible that it may have some association with the nearby Angel Inn. Certainly it was still in use up to the late 1930's when a row of cottages bearing that name, and occupying the eastern extremity of the site, was demolished as part of a well-meaning slum clearance scheme. Past Bowling Green we reach the brow of the hill that looks out over the Shimmings.

Beyond Shimmings towards the old Yeatman's Yard we can see the Bailliewick and immediately alongside the house, is the lost STONER'S LANE, its outline barely visible in the

meadow. Originally a route from Petworth out over the Gog to Brinksole the ancient lane became redundant long ago, and was sacrificed to the plough on the opening of the New or Horsham Road some half a mile to the North.

From Angel Street we can cut through Cherry Orchard – a name thankfully in no danger – and out into Grove or New Grove Street. Turning left towards New Grove we come to WORLD'S END a cluster of small cottages, which stand, on the very edge of what once was the built up part of the town. The name, which once covered a much larger area quite probably predates New Grove under whose shadow the present tiny community exists.

Back towards the town we pass the entrance to the way that runs from The British Legion Hut down towards the car park, its course remaining parallel with the High Street. Rosemary Lane as a name has survived, one suspects, more by chance than design; quaintness no doubt being a significant factor in its longevity, after all had the thoroughfare been known as Gas Works Lane rather than Rosemary Lane what chance would it have had? What of PRISON LANE<sup>1</sup>, it was certainly in this area and may well have been another name for Rosemary Lane, still remembered by only the very eldest townsfolk in the 1980's it is probably lost now forever.

Entering the eastern limits of High Street and more or less opposite the junction with Middle Street we come across, as though by accident, the almost hidden entrance to a little twitten. Like an umbilical cord connecting the High Street and Rosemary Lane WHITE HART PASSAGE cuts a swathe between the old White Hart public house and the next door Spirit Shop and Club Room, before leading into the tiny WHITE HART YARD, here among the huddle of little cottages and former brewery buildings the alley twists its way out into Rosemary Lane, past the detached quoits pitch which always seems to be teetering on the very edge of extinction, perhaps yet another plot soon to fall victim to the current trend for 'infilling'.

As we progress down High Street we should perhaps reflect on the Red Lion for this after all is an ancient name for the street. So named after the hostelry that once stood halfway down and more or less on the site of the later and better-remembered Queens Head pub, the Red Lion not only gave its name to the street but also to an area of land behind the pub. RED LION YARD survived as an entity well into the twentieth century, and was for many years synonymous with poverty and deprivation in Victorian Petworth. T.B. and cholera were rife in the cramped and over populated hovels that were crowded into this area. Eventually the yard was cleared and the property became part of the Leazell building empire. Rather surprisingly the yard was not really developed until quite recent years and part of it has gained the rather fanciful name of The Mews.

We move rapidly along RED LION STREET, after all it is best not to dwell over long upon the lives of those poor souls who inhabited the yard. Past Kitchen Court and the entrance to the Back Alley in Golden Square, and off up into the Market Square, nothing to entertain us here for the hidden yards have disappeared with the passing of the great Swan and Half Moon Inns. But wait, the outline of THE WELL YARD which once served the Half Moon Hotel can still be made out in the narrow plot of ground which separates the bakery and dentist

<sup>1</sup> Also Bridewell Lane [Ed.]



from the modern National Westminster Bank building. Into Lombard Street we go and begin the gentle incline towards the parish church.

Little infilling has taken place along here and many of the old courtyards have survived. Two thirds of the way up and on the left we pass the former butcher's shop and the row of properties which conclude with the building that was for many years home of Ernest Streeter the jeweller, it is behind these facades that an area now divided into small yards and gardens was until quite recent times a large communal courtyard known as AYRE'S YARD, quite probably once the yard to the ancient and long gone Crown Inn, and which bears witness to one of the more unsavoury episodes in Lombard Streets history for it was here in the upstairs bedroom of one of the properties which face the street that a young child was murdered, but then that is another story. At the top of Lombard Street is Church Street, formerly WEST STREET, hardly used at all except as a postal address and to our left winding around to meet Pound Street is Park Road, yet another recent addition for it was until quite recent times known as BACK ROAD, another victim like Red Lion Street of the gentrification of Petworth's minor place-names.

We have gone round in something resembling an elliptic circle covering much of the east side of the town. The list of place-names is far from comprehensive and had we ventured further we would have passed around SWAN CORNER and into SOWTER STREET, perhaps we would have glanced down MILL LANE or even behind the fish and chip shop into GOSDEN'S YARD. We could have searched for FOSTER'S LANE, CHAPEL STREET, ORCHARD and BUNKER'S HILLS. To find HOG LANE and SNOW HILL would have required a trip into the Park, while nearer home we would have had little trouble in locating DAWTREY'S YARD. The search is infectious and even supposing one has exhausted the hunt for place-names then we can turn our attention to the large houses which once graced the town but most of which fell under the developers hammer or are teetering precariously on edge of the abyss. Remember LITTLECOTE, RED HOUSE and SOUTH COTTAGE? All gone. But what of BELLE VUE, a significant Petworth house its survival hanging in the balance, and yet I doubt that more than a few know that this house has served as Petworth Police Station for much of the twentieth century. It is remarkable that not a hundred years Belle Vue ago the house boasted one of the finest gardens in Petworth and indeed West Sussex, and yet today it is little more than a ruin..

If these harmless jottings succeed in inspiring some interest in our lost place-names then they will have served a purpose, indeed some of the names, which are CAPITALISED in the text, have only recently passed out of memory and with just a small initiative could quite easily be resurrected. Perhaps over the coming years as street signs are naturally replaced the new ones could display both the old and recent names, for what better way to flaunt our heritage than to display it in this way.

Miles Costello

## Ducky and his Missus Down-Under

When I was growing up in Petworth in the 'thirties and 'forties I remember how we all derived a lot of amusement from the sayings attributed to the various 'characters' round and about the district. It didn't matter how many times we heard them, we'd all enjoy seeing how many we could remember. I suppose it was all a part of 'belonging' and ensuring that this uniquely Sussex sense of humour wouldn't be forgotten. Have you ever wondered though what would happen if you 'transplanted' someone, who had lived almost 70 years in and around Petworth and had become a 'character' in his own right, from there to the other side of the world? This was a question that gave me a good many sleepless nights in 1970 when my parents, Nora and Bill (Ducky) Herrington agreed to join us in Western Australia.

My husband, Paul, and I along with our two children, had emigrated in 1963 and were living in Carnarvon, a very small town 612 miles north of Perth, where Paul was employed as an electronic engineer at the NASA Manned Space Flight Tracking Station. It would be hard to imagine anywhere less like Petworth. It very rarely rained and we once went fifteen months without a drop, so it wasn't very green! Winters were perfect with cool nights and mornings and lovely warm sunshine during the day. Summers were hot and long, but we were on the coast and the sea breeze, or rather gale force wind, came in after lunch every day to cool things down. The red dust that had blown in during the morning, straight from the desert with the easterly wind, was blown back again in the afternoon with the westerly. We also had the occasional cyclone to liven things up. The next town was Geraldton, 300 miles south.

We weren't too worried about Nora because, although we knew she would miss her sisters and friends, we also knew she was longing to be with her grandchildren. However we did wonder how Ducky would cope without all the customers on his bread round to have cheek to and also his mates at the Red Lion, most of them dating back to his schooldays. They came out on the SS Himalaya and their four-week voyage was the holiday of a lifetime. They went ashore at Lisbon, the Canary Isles, Cape Town and Durban. I worried about them getting lost on the way, and apparently, Nora did get lost in a large shop in Cape Town for a while! They made friends with fellow passengers and kept in touch with some of them for years.

Paul drove down to Fremantle to meet them on his own because it was the height of summer and I was expecting our fifth child. After a few days in Perth, Nora very bravely, took to the skies for the first time, and flew up to Carnarvon, where the temperature was 110 °F. It was March and when they had left England there was still snow on the ground. Ducky elected to drive back with Paul in our car, which was not air-conditioned. When they got to Geraldton Paul suggested they stay overnight and start again in the cool of the morning but Ducky wanted to keep going, so they did. We were very relieved when they arrived safe and sound. Ducky never forgot that ten-hour trip and often used to chuckle about it. A lot of the places one passes through on that road consist of, at most, a railway siding, a pub and half a dozen houses, with a few farms scattered over a wide area. When Ducky saw a place called Winchester coming up, he sat up and took notice but Paul said "Don't get excited Bill, it's only a one-horse town" and as he said that, they met a horse and rider so Paul added "And that's



the horse just leaving!" There is one stretch of 150 miles that is perfectly straight with no bends at all. Very dangerous of course, because drivers fall asleep and go off the road. Early morning and dusk is also dangerous because kangaroos bound across the road and cause accidents.

I'm sure at first they must have wondered if they had done the right thing in coming. The house we were having built for them wasn't quite finished and so they had to live with us in our house that was not air-conditioned. Quite a squeeze! Ducky didn't lose his sense of humour though. The first time he came into the butchers with me the conversation went like this:

Ducky: "It's a funny thing, but you don't see sausages hanging up in butchers shops out here in Australia, like you do in England"

Butcher: "Yes you do."

"Well, I've never seen any."

Butcher pointing to some. "Well, what's that then?"

"They're not hanging UP, they're hanging DOWN!"

After that he was definitely IN with the butcher and whenever I went in there without him, he would say, "Where's the old bloke today then?"

Ducky soon bought a Mini Minor and then had to pass a written test on the local road rules to get his West Australian Driver's Licence. One rule he had to know was all the one-way streets in Perth: this gave him a bit of a headache. The children enjoyed seeing Grandad doing his homework, even though he wasn't impressed. He said, "I told the copper there was no way I was going to drive the 600 miles to Perth to get tangled up in their one-way streets but he said I still had to know them". After he passed his test he got a job picking tomatoes on one of the plantations out of town. The plantation belonged to an elderly Yugoslav couple, with very limited English, and their daughter Rosa, who interpreted for them. I've always thought Rosa must have been a talented linguist because she was married to one of the young technicians who worked at the Tracking station and he had a very thick Scottish accent, and she coped pretty well with Ducky's Sussex accent as well. It wasn't long before Ducky became 'one of the family' and he and Nora were invited to christenings and anniversaries. He never worried about the language barrier. After all, he'd had plenty of practice coping with this whilst delivering bread at the Polish camp in Petworth. I remember him once getting 'involved' in a Golden Wedding celebration there, but that's another story!

Nora and Ducky's house was finished and they soon settled in and made friends. They were, in fact, invited to more parties than we were. Carnarvon, in spite of having all the latest technology up at the Tracking Station, didn't receive television until 1972. Consequently, we had parties and musical evenings and lots of other social activities. They were also pretty popular as baby-sitters. When Mr. and Mrs. H baby-sat my friend's four boys it was quite an event. The elder boys made cakes to entertain them with and to get Mr. H in the mood to tell his stories: not that he ever needed any encouragement! They still remember him telling them the best way to catch a rabbit is with a brick, a carrot and some pepper. Apparently, you place the carrot on the brick; sprinkle a lot of pepper on it and then wait. The rabbit hops up to investigate the carrot, sneezes, knocks himself out on the brick and then you can catch him.



Mrs Ford's Coronation Window. Percy Terrace 1937.  
Photograph by George Garland.





*Penworth Tudor Revels 1938.  
At rear Mrs Donaldson, Rev. Sidebotham, Clive Muncaster.  
Sitting left Mr Eliot, Centre Elizabeth Kelso. See "On Edward VI and other matters ...".  
Photograph by George Garland.*

The youngest son Simon spent a morning across in the 'bush' with all the right equipment but sadly no rabbit obliged! His brother Adrian went to school and told for 'news' that he knew a man who got up every morning and bent iron bars before breakfast! I must say Ducky went a bit pale when I told him the Headmaster had invited him up to the school to give a demonstration! I was only pulling his leg of course. They became de-facto parents (and grandparents) to a lot of young people who were working in Carnarvon and missing their families. Also when anyone had their mothers come to visit they would take them round to Nora and Ducky to be well fed and entertained while they were at work.

Ducky was supposed to be retired but all that sunshine seemed to give him a new lease of life. He bought a lawn mower and had a long list of gardens he kept tidy for pocket money. One of these was at the Carnarvon Men's Club where he became the cellar-man as well as the gardener. Of course since coming to Australia he had lost his nickname Ducky. But just at the time he started at the Club, Benny Hill's song 'Ernie, The Fastest Milkman in the West' became popular and the locals thought Ducky's accent was exactly the same as Benny Hill's so they called him 'Ernie' which I think really pleased him. Another garden on his list was the Courthouse and one of his favourite stories was of the time just before he and Nora left to move to Perth. As he was weeding, a stranger walked over to say "Hello" and Ducky thought he was the new gardener, so he proceeded to tell him all he would be expected to do. The stranger just grinned and nodded and afterwards Ducky discovered he was the new magistrate!

Nora too was enjoying life in sunny Carnarvon. Her excellent cooking was in great demand and for quite a long time she baked delicious apple pies for one of the cafes. She joined the Country Women's Association, which is the Australian equivalent of the Women's Institute and also had fun in the Friendly Corner and made lots of new friends. She cleaned the brass at the local Anglican Church and really enjoyed that.

When the Tracking Station closed down early in 1975 we moved down to Perth. Ducky was so happy in Carnarvon he didn't really want to move, but Nora said she hadn't travelled 10,000 miles to live 600 miles from her grandchildren, so they applied for a pensioner flat in Perth. They were very fortunate to be able to move into a brand new flat just after Christmas the same year, just twelve minutes drive away from us. After our exciting life in Carnarvon where we had been very much involved in the American space program and had met several of the astronauts when they had visited, Perth seemed pretty dull to us all. But Nora and Ducky soon settled into their new life, joined a club, went on outings and made lots of friends.

They had a memorable trip home to England in 1979 where they had a wonderful time catching up with family and old friends. I know their short time in Petworth staying in Grove Lane with Audrey (Grimwood) was very special to them, especially the surprise party that greeted them on their arrival. Ducky couldn't wait to get up the Red Lion to see all his mates. I know he was a bit surprised at the price of beer and told Doug Dean he was only trying to buy a pint, NOT the pub!

Another high spot for Ducky a year later, was a visit from his old school mate Timer Whitcomb. They spent many hours down memory lane and had almost talked themselves hoarse by the end of the visit. One thing they enjoyed doing was trying to remember all the



nicknames of their old mates. We wrote them down and still have the list. Other visitors they enjoyed were Audrey several times, and Margaret and John Sadler. Audrey always brought with her a bundle of Petworth, Midhurst and District Times and they loved going through those and catching up on all the local news. They never lost touch with all their old friends in Petworth and always looked forward to the Petworth Society Magazine and all the lovely stories that triggered their own memories. Nora's two sisters came out in 1986 and helped her celebrate her 80th birthday. They had a wonderful time and it was lovely to see the three 'girls' together once again.

In 1989 there was a big reunion in Carnarvon to celebrate the 20th Anniversary of the moon landing. When we asked Nora and Ducky if they'd like to drive up there with us, they jumped at the chance. This time the weather was cooler and we stayed overnight in Geraldton, but Winchester still looked the same and there was still no cathedral! We all had a wonderful time, but Nora and Ducky were quite overwhelmed by the welcome they received. Just like going home, they both agreed. They were invited out here, there, and everywhere and spent a lovely afternoon with Rosa and her parents. Of course 'Ernie' was soon swapping yarns with his old mates at the Club.

As time went on and they both had health problems, they were confined more to home. There were a lot of lonely people in the flats where they lived and many were cheered on their way with regular visits for a 'cuppa' and a good laugh: just like the 'girls' in Grove Lane years earlier. Ducky didn't like supermarket bread and so for years he baked a batch every other week. We all looked forward to Sunday teatime and Grandad's bread and Nanny's delicious cakes and pastries. One particular Sunday teatime sticks in our memory. Alison our sensitive, sixteen year old elder daughter, was bringing home a boy friend for the first time. Nanny had made one of her specialties, custard tart. Unfortunately, her eyes weren't too good and instead of vanilla essence she had put in green food colouring! It was certainly 'different'! Grandad was in fine form and rose to the occasion with some of his more colourful stories and sayings. To cap it off, little brother David, aged six, who hadn't taken his eyes off the boy friend all through tea, said, "Jim, if you marry Alison, will you be called Mr. Dench?" We don't know what Jim thought of us, but Alison made it quite clear SHE wasn't very impressed with her family!

Another memory that often caused me a bit of embarrassment, was that no matter where we were, if anyone mentioned the word 'apprentice' Ducky would say, with a completely straight face, "I was apprenticed when I was young—as a Coronation Program Seller". I can still see the baffled looks on people's faces. Not everyone grew up with a 'Ducky' in the family!"

In his latter years Ducky had several stays in Royal Perth Hospital. Whenever we visited, there would be nurses round his bed enjoying his 'cheek'. Once when I visited he was having an 'off' day though. He said to me "I don't think that nurse is all there." When I asked why, he said "Well she asked me which nurse had told me something, and when I said, 'That party over there that's chipping' she looked as if she didn't know what I was on about." I tried to explain to him that the poor girl had probably never heard the word 'chipping' but he couldn't believe that. Another time we went to bring him home and his male nurse said to him, "I'm really sorry you're going Bill. I've really enjoyed looking after you, even though I could only understand about half of what you were saying!"

In March 1993 after a particularly happy few days, during which she had telephoned her sisters, polished up all her lovely brass and had a good laugh at their favourite television program (Dad's Army), Nora had a massive heart attack and died in her chair with Ducky holding her hand. They had been married sixty-four years and three months. Ducky came to live with us and although he was knocked sideways another visit from Audrey with all the latest news from Petworth cheered him up. So did the bundle of newspapers she brought. I read bits to him for weeks afterwards. When Audrey went back she passed the word around that Ducky would be celebrating his ninetieth birthday in September. He was thrilled with all the cards he received and proudly showed them around the family, saying, "Fancy all these people remembering me". He never lost his sense of humour, right up until the day he died, here in his own bed, in October 1993.

I have talked about the impact my dear Mum and Dad had on so many people here and in Petworth with their kindness and sense of humour, but of course it was Paul and I and our family that benefited the most. So many children out here grow up without regular contact with their grandparents: not only migrants. Because of the vast size of Australia, members of the extended family often live hundreds of miles apart. Our children can't imagine their growing-up years without their Nanny and Grandad. Nanny's laughter, which was so infectious, would have us all in hysterics, and Grandad's stories and sayings, which they still repeat to each other, are part of their happiest memories. They were out here for twenty-three happy years and lived to enjoy three beautiful great-grandchildren. I shall always be grateful to them for being brave enough to leave their happy, settled and familiar life in Petworth to take a step into the unknown and join us in Australia. I think you could say they both 'transplanted' very well.

Joan Dench (nee Herrington)

## 'I've got you an Armstrong tipper ...'

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My father was born in 1899, and like many other boys at the time, gave a false age to enlist





*Albert Sayers with Jim*

couple of panes. Not surprisingly he was sacked on the spot. He wasn't out of work for long.

Grandfather Adsett, who had retired, lent money to buy a horse and cart, to enable my father to operate on his own as a coal merchant, while in 1920 he rented a cottage and yard in Lower Street at Fittleworth. By 1924 he was able to buy his first 25 cwt. Ford lorry a "Ford ton truck". The coal would come into the sidings at Fittleworth station and Dad would be allowed a set time to unload it, two or three days perhaps. If he did not clear it in that time he was liable for what was called "demurrage", effectively a penalty payment. The coal would be sacked manually with shovels and what had not been sacked within the stipulated time loaded and taken back to the yard. In the early days, of course, this would be by horse and cart. A second Ford lorry soon followed, at a cost of £140, a huge sum in those days and financed by credit from the Southern Counties Car Finance Corporation Ltd. I still have the agreement.

during the 1914-1918 war. He had the calf blown off the back of his leg in France and came back to convalesce in the military hospital at Bignor Park, very handy for going home to Stopham on his bicycle. It was at this time that he met my mother, an Adsett from Stopham and sister of George Adsett, the famous ploughman at Park Farm, Pulborough. My father had never been a great one for schooling; always ready to play truant to give farmer Elcombe at Manor Farm a hand, that is when he wasn't climbing on the school roof and dropping stones down the chimney! When he came out of the hospital at the end of the war he went to work for Mr. Line at Street Farm, Fittleworth as coalman and carter – the trouble was however, that there wasn't enough to keep the coal round going in the summer. Mr. Line sent him to his wife to find "some summer work." It turned out that this was cleaning the farmhouse windows. Dad refused. An argument followed in which he put his fist through a

While the coal business had been the beginning, my father was looking gradually to run it down; he was moving into more general haulage and there was plenty of scope. Instead of farmers taking their churns of milk to the station themselves it was more economical to pay Father to collect it. Fittleworth station was the centre of his activities; the vehicles being used for collecting milk in the morning and for general haulage during the day. By this time he was putting milk on the train and carting out whatever came into Fittleworth station. Fertiliser was a standard load. Father was driving one lorry and, of course, employing a man for the other one. It was heavy work, a full 17 gallon churn would weigh well over two hundredweight.

In 1925 came a development that would have far-reaching consequences. Father had a tilt made for the "other" lorry and fitted removable seats. He was approached by West Sussex Country Council to collect children from outlying areas like Little Bognor and Neville's Wood, Stopham and bring them in to Fittleworth school. I still have the original contract for £180 a year made between the Country Council and A.H. Sayers, coal merchant and contractor. School buses seem somehow quite modern, but the date is perfectly clear – 1925. He would pick up in the morning and bring the children home at four o'clock. Again he would do limited local haulage during the day. It was soon profitable as a side-line to take people to Horsham on trips, putting on a rick cloth held with metal hooks along the side of the lorry, the tilt being removed as necessary. When they didn't need it the three of them simply lifted it off and rested it on a sleeper. The lorry was a fourteen-seater. In 1930 Dad purchased a 14-seater Bedford coach and started to get rid of the Ford lorries, replacing them with three Bedfords.

Business was booming, and there was a new development; the Express Dairy now had a central collecting point at Billingshurst but were no longer collecting the milk themselves. A.H. Sayers was awarded the contract for collecting milk in the Fittleworth, Wisborough Green area, the churns being left outside the farm on a concrete stand while we collected them and took them to the Billingshurst depot. As hauliers we also gained the contract to take back from Billingshurst churns of skimmed milk – used particularly by pig farmers. This was all very lucrative for several years until the Express Dairy decided to employ their own tankers for this work.

This was something of a blow but we were doing a lot of general haulage so we could sustain it. A very important item for us was sugar beet. We'd collect it from the farms and take it to the station for dispatch by rail. It was seasonal of course, very much an autumn job. Farmers would be issued with permits indicating how much they could put on the rail each week, we would then collect their quota. Father would have made the arrangements with Jack Tulett at Fittleworth station. We had a similar arrangement with Pulborough for collecting beet from Greatham and the surrounding area. The farmers would collect the beet in dung carts, tip it out in a reasonably accessible position for us in a field and it would be physically loaded onto our lorry using the great wide sugar beet fork with the distinctive knobbed blunt tines to avoid piercing the root. This went on right up to the war in 1939. We did little in the way of moving cattle: occasionally Dad would go down to Barnham Market to help a friend. "You can't beat the Farmers' Weekly", an old countryman said. As it happened, the Weekly had a reporter there and he was in earshot. He pricked up his ears, "You read the Farmers'



Weekly regularly?" he asked. "Read it," said the old man, "Never read it, but there's nothing like it for keeping the wind out. Stuff it under your coat when you're ploughing a field and the rain's driving into your back. There's nothing like it."

I served my apprenticeship in mechanical engineering under Mr. Evershed at what was effectively Harwoods at Pulborough. It was just before the war, and I had no particular desire to work in the family business. In fact I'd have to say that I was strongly disinclined to do so. My father, however, had other ideas. "Come home and work for me." He wanted me to be part of the business. I needed a lot of persuading but he suddenly produced a stroke of genius. He bought me a car! It was a 1929 Austin 7, with the noise of a Hawker Hurricane and the performance of a push bike! No one else of my age had a car in Fittleworth, in fact virtually no one had a car at all. "This is for you, son," said my father. What could I do?

I later found there was a slight drawback. You can't use a car without petrol and my father kept a very wary eye (and his hands) on the petrol key. I could only use the car when he'd give me petrol. Nevertheless my friends and I would usually try to get into Worthing at weekends. Going along the straight at Findon we might actually notch up 25 m.p.h., but when we reached these heady heights the speedo went into a state of total panic, refusing to settle at all. There was a measured two miles down to Offington Corner which was much used at that time by a cycling club, particularly on Sunday afternoons, with men riding on tandems. It was as much a source of amusement as of embarrassment that even at full throttle the Austin would regularly be passed by a tandem!



*Bert Sayers with Les Sole from Watersfield who worked for Sayers for several years.*

In the 1930s we were doing a fair amount of general agricultural haulage, including removals. Labourers tended to move about. "You moving again, Jack?" "No, just blowing the dust off ..." I often had to help with this. Another regular job was going to Mr. Hunt at

Bedham to pick up faggots for Mr. Maidment the Fittleworth baker. There was the occasional adventure: I remember two brothers with a farm at Backhouse Lane, Pulborough. It was a hot day and we were dry. "Better have a drink boy," they said. It seemed a good idea, but they gave me potato wine. I have to say it was very drinkable stuff and seemed to have no obvious effect – until I started up the lorry to go. There were deep banks in the lane with ditches and I ploughed straight into the ditch. My mother was very put out at my "indiscretion." Once we went to pick up some faggots for Mr. Maidment. It was tipping with rain and by the time we'd collected and unloaded we were soaked to the skin. We hinted that a little extra tip wouldn't come amiss. Mr. Maidment wasn't playing, "Ah boy, I've been wet many a bloody time." was all he'd come up with.

When I came back from the war Father wanted to resurrect the original coal business and increase his coal fleet. He still had coal trucks coming into Fittleworth station. Even by 1939 we were doing a certain amount in Petworth and, if no one else was available, it fell to my lot to deliver. When the war came, the men were called up but I hadn't yet gone. I used to do the Grove Lane round regularly. One day my father said, "You'll have to make a bit of alteration to the price – from 2/3d to 2/6d a hundredweight. It didn't go down too well with one elderly Petworth lady who, waving an empty bag shouted, "You little bastard, I've a good mind to put you into this sack ....."

Father had always done a certain amount of business with Marley Tiles; he knew the manager well and we had a regular lorry taking sand from their pit in Chantry Lane at Storrington to the factory a mile and a half distant. Father supplied lorry and driver. Just before the war we had another contract running washed sand from Greatham to a depot being built for the military at Warnham. Unfortunately this particular run fell to me. "You shouldn't have any trouble," my father said, "there's another bloke up there doing the same job. All you need to do is to move the same as he does." When I got there I found the "bloke" was from Walkers of Hove and that he had an ultra-modern Bedford tipper. I was shifting the sand manually and couldn't possibly keep up. He sat in his cab, immaculately clean, and needed only to take out the pin on his tipper. "Look here," I said to my father, "if we're going to do much of this, we're going to need a tipper like that." My father seemed deep in thought. A little later he came back with a solution. "I've got you an Armstrong tipper." Sounded all right. It turned out to be a huge coke shovel. "That's what you call an "Armstrong" tipper," he announced. "You go up there and whoosh that around, by the time that Walkers bloke sorts out his tipper and dusts his boots, you'll be well up on him." I was called up before I had to prove my father right or wrong.

The war finished the coal business and my father struggled on as best he could with whatever labour he could get. Two brothers named Whitbourne from Holly Grove up on Hesworth Common came to Father and said they wanted to get as many people as possible to join the newly-formed Home Guard. Could they use our coach for transporting Home Guard members? Dad would join but claim expenses for running the coach, picking up the men and ferrying them to their various points of duty or to rifle practice or whatever.

I came out of the airforce in 1947 and returned to Fittleworth. Dad was getting his lorry fleet together again. There was another 28 seater coach. The school run was still operating, nearly a quarter of a century on. The coach was available also for local hire, football cricket, stoolball teams of course, and not only in Fittleworth itself, but Pulborough, Watersfield and all round.



In August 1948 we took a lease on Coates sandpit, supplying sand to local builders. It was a rather coarser sand than that at Heath End. We sold screened sand for plastering, much of it going to the new building work at Crawley. In 1950 we put into the sandpit at Coates a machine for making four-inch concrete blocks for supply to local builders. We did this for a few years, but then another firm took over Ford aerodrome with a much more sophisticated machine. We simply couldn't compete with this but carried on working the sandpit for a while. Sand production ceased in 1980 and we sold back the Coates lease in 1985.

In 1952 we bought three "A" licences, enabling us to travel with goods anywhere in the country, our contract with Marley Tiles made this crucial. A "B" licence limited you both as to radius of operation and what you could carry, while a "C" licence restricted you to your own goods only. The licences went with particularly specified vehicles and were originally brought in, I think, before the war to protect the railways. A licence of some kind was compulsory for carrying. Licences were quite strictly enforced and any changes had to be argued before a joint panel with representation both from British Road Services and the Railways. A solicitor would always be needed to present a detailed case. Licences were not readily granted and there were various restrictions. For the coaches we needed a Private Hire licence. We might be taking 35 people to London to a show but we'd have to pick them all up at one particular point: we couldn't go round the country picking them up. The A,B,C licence system was discontinued in 1970.

When Father died in 1964 we were already a limited company and, because we had a sandpit, legally registered as builders merchants supplying to the trade. Bricks were much in demand in the 1960s and in 1965 we took a lease on Ash Park brickyard at Plaistow, making hand-crafted bricks, some of them multi-coloured. We bought the lease essentially to operate the brickworks as a "slave" to our builders merchants but by 1972 bricks were more plentiful and we could buy bricks cheaper than we could make them ourselves, so we disposed of the lease. The hand-crafted bricks could only be produced during the summer so the workforce had to have something to do during the winter months: they couldn't simply be laid off. Mr. Mitchell, the previous holder of the lease, had it all set up, however. In the winter the yard went over to wood. Copse wood would be bought from the Leconfield Estate and the yard would produce pea-sticks, bean-poles, flower sticks and birch brooms.

After this we specialised as builders merchants operating a fleet of ten lorries. We had always made a point of employing local people and men often worked for us thirty years and more. All the while we continued our school run. In 1950 we'd been contracted to take another coach to Thakeham, then another running from Duncton into Midhurst. We had the ten lorries running, one in reserve, and three coaches. Wherever I go locally I meet someone who either worked for the firm or whom we once took to school. As a private contractor operating for private hire, we had the option of putting children off the bus if they misbehaved. Once was usually enough. The same coach might be in use for a trip to London that evening so we couldn't have it vandalised! In the early days, I drove one coach, my father another and of one of the men the other.

I suppose my abiding impression looking back is of enormous, virtually unparalleled, change. Would it be possible nowadays for a man like my father to start from nothing and build

up a purely local business? Not in that line I'm sure. Is it indeed possible nowadays to run a sizeable local business employing local people?

Jim Sayers was talking to the Editor.

## Seventeenth Century Trade Tokens

Until the late 1600's it was thought improper to have coins of the realm, that showed the monarch's head, in anything other than a precious metal. This meant that the English coinage was in gold or silver. As the coins also had to have virtually their full intrinsic value it followed that the smaller coinage pennies, halfpennies and farthings grew ever smaller, and were inconvenient and only too easy to lose. As an example Alfred the Great's pennies of the late ninth century weigh 24 grains (1 pennyweight), by 1350 in the reign of Edward III the weight was down to 20 grains, and by 1601 they were down to 8 grains. Whilst many silver farthings were issued in the reigns of Edward I and II, by the time Elizabeth I came to the throne the smallest coin was the halfpenny. If you wanted a farthing, you simply cut a halfpenny in two or a penny into four. Matters were further complicated in that the coinage was what is known as hammered. There were no milled edges as we know them today. This meant that although coins started life as round, unscrupulous traders and others, sliced off the edges, which when sufficient had been built up was melted down. This went on until a recipient of change decided it had been cut too much and refused to accept it. It was not until the latter half of the 17<sup>th</sup> Century that milled coins were issued and that particular problem was resolved.

In the reign of James I Lord Harrington, was given a patent for striking farthings in copper. Similar patents were issued in the next reign, but the privilege was grossly abused by the patentees, and their refusal to re-change these farthings caused so great a loss to tradesman, that in consequence of public clamour the coins were suppressed by Parliament in 1644. An authorised official currency was then intended, but it was never brought into use owing to the Civil War. The death by execution of Charles I in 1649 removed the exclusive royal prerogative of coining brass or copper money, and the dearth of small change being acute, the time was ripe for the large and widely spread issue of tokens. The first token was issued in 1648 and by 1656 they had spread to all England's counties, with a final spurt in the peak years of 1666 and 1667. In 1672 after the issue of new regal copper farthings and halfpennies, a proclamation was issued by the King, which forbade the use and issue of tokens. Thus the tokens were cashed in and disappeared, having served a very useful purpose.

Sussex tokens, judging by the wear to them, were popular and much used, more so than most other counties. Also many of the Sussex tokens had the word Sussex on them, again more often than any other county, perhaps showing the pride Sussex men and women had in their county. Appendix I<sup>1</sup> lists the towns and villages that issued tokens in Sussex, it does give an

<sup>1</sup> [Appendix has been omitted. Ed.]



idea of the importance or lack of importance of places in Sussex during that period. Sussex tokens are dated between 1652 and 1670.

The tokens were usually struck in copper or brass, the commonest denomination was the farthing, followed by the halfpenny, which did not appear before 1666. Farthings vary in diameter from 14mm to 22mm (mostly 14mm to 16mm), and halfpennies from 17mm to 20mm. The vast majority are round in shape, although I know one of Aldingbourne, which is octagonal, and one of Chichester, which is heart shaped.

Originally the tokens were struck for traders, shopkeepers, and in particular, innkeepers and alehouses. A few were issued by the local authorities of the day. A great variety of trades, professions and occupations is indicated on the tokens, either in words or by designs used, or more frequently, by the representation of the arms of one of the local trade guilds or London Livery Companies, then at about the height of their influence. The businesses of grocers and mercers occasioned most of the need for tokens, with bakers, drapers, tallow chandlers and ironmongers also prominent. At that time it is estimated that the average shopkeeper's income was about £45 per annum, a labourer about £15, and an important merchant in excess of £200 per annum. It is thought that the vast majority of tokens were made in London. The manufacturers doubtless had agents, travelling widely up and down the country, who perhaps showed samples of their work already completed and took orders.

The basic type of seventeenth century token has an inscription of legend each side surrounding either a central device, a group of initials, or further inscription. Legends are often continued from the obverse to the reverse. The central part, or field, is usually separated from the outer legend by a dot, lined or cable-patterned border. Tokens nearly always bear the name of their issuers, whether traders or local authorities. The place name of issue is nearly always present. The face value of the token is typically in the centre of one side if it is a halfpenny, but farthings are commonly not denominated. The issuers initials are usually in the centre in the form of a triangle, with the first letter of the surname placed above two letters alongside each other: the husband's usually on the left, the wife's on the right. It should be noted that with capital letters, an I was always used for a J, a V for a U. They have a wonderful variety of spelling for place names. Thus for Arundel, which issued 8 tokens, we have ARVNDELL, ARANDELL, ARONDELL, AROVNDELL, ARVNDLE, and my favourite ARNDELL, you can hear the Sussex accent coming across.

In towns where several traders had businesses in close proximity to one another, tokens of a known issuer would be acceptable in other shops, and boxes with small compartments were used to separate the different ones. Nearby villages would no doubt have accepted each others tokens. For most traders £1 worth of face value, or even less, would be sufficient. To give an idea of the vast numbers issued, London had in excess of 4,000 separate issuers.

Seventeenth century tokens are not now easy to find and are mainly to be seen in museums and private collections. Having said that, hundreds of tokens that had been lost or thrown away have been unearthed by metal detectors in recent years. They provide a fascinating insight into the local history of the time.

Nicholas Sharp will be talking to the Society on Wednesday May 22nd

## Three queries:

1) A plaque in Tillington Church commemorates Henry Stiles, gentleman, who died in the city of Moscow in 1711 and bequeathed fifty pounds to the poor of the parish of Tillington, also his brother Thomas, who died in 1713 and left an equal sum. They were the sons of Richard and Jane Stiles of Tillington.

1) Does the charity still exist?

2) Who were Henry and Thomas?

3) What were they doing in Moscow and how did they get there?

2) Judy Sayers found this postcard in a set of supposedly 'Fittleworth' pictures. It is not obviously of Fittleworth but can anyone shed any light on it?



3) *The Southerton Family*

Mrs Joan Anderson is looking for information on the Southerton family. Her ancestor William Southerton was a tailor in Petworth in the 1820s and is mentioned in Pigot's Directory for 1826. He died in 1832. In 1841 William's widow Lucy was living with her granddaughter at World's End. Another daughter, Frances married John Aggett in Devon and emigrated to Australia in 1855. Frances' nephew was the English cricketer James Southerton who went on the first England tour of Australia and holds the record of being the oldest ever Test cricketer. Mrs Anderson may be contacted at 8 Salisbury Street, Subiaco 6008, Western Australia.



ADDRESS to the CHILDREN of the PETWORTH SCHOOL, on February the 10th. 1840, being the Day of the Marriage of Her most Gracious Majesty *Queen Victoria*, with His Royal Highness *Prince Albert*, of *Saxe Cobourg*.

My dear Children,

WE are met together to-day to celebrate the event of our Gracious Queen VICTORIA'S MARRIAGE. As christians we are bound to rejoice in the happiness of every-body, and as *christian subjects* we are particularly called upon to pray for and to join in that of our Sovereign. You have often heard people talking of her, and I dare say have listened with pleasure to many accounts of her gentleness and goodness. You know she is very young, not many years older than some of the eldest among you; and you have been told that young as she is she has been placed by Providence in a situation of many difficulties and many trials, for the government of all this large and powerful country rests upon her. This is one great reason why every Sunday when you go to Church you pray for her. You are taught to do this, first, that you may be reminded that she is your Sovereign, and that it is God who has made her so; that therefore you are to love and honour her: and secondly, because as it is only by the grace of God we can do any thing which is our duty, there is especial reason that we should earnestly ask that

*Petworth schoolchildren are addressed on the occasion of Queen Victoria's marriage in 1840. First page only reproduced here.*

## Cruising the Wey & Arun Canal

As we drove to Loxwood in the rain we did feel slightly saddened – was this going to be another wet Loxwood trip? We need not have worried for as we boarded the 53 foot long "Zachariah Keppel" the sun came out, the sky was blue and the birds were singing! Our skipper Don Gibson gave us a quick safety talk and then we were gently cast off to explore the canal in all its glory. We soon passed the moored tour boat named "John Smallpeice" which takes up to ten passengers. As we sailed, by the bluebells were a sight amid the fresh new green leaves of the trees, we chugged on to the Brewers Lock where we watched the crew members Dave and Len do their work, winding the heavy gates open and shut to allow the craft through safely. We had dropped down about eight feet, a friend of Tom and Gordon's chatted to them from the towpath. We passed a beautiful cherry tree which had not been ravished by the high winds we have been having and as a contrast a copper beech was resplendent against the different greens of the trees, cow parsley, primroses, milk maids, stitchwort, bluebells and cowslips adorned the towpath – not many people to be seen but I suspect the rain had something to do with that. We passed a marker post saying Wey thirteen and a half / Arun nine and a half, these we were told were paid for by supporters at a cost of about one hundred pounds and the side that shows on the towpath often has the name of the sponsor on it. On past the "May Upton" another trust boat which is used to clean up the debris floating in the canal. Soon we had to negotiate the second lock, called Baldwins Knob and once again we watched as Dave and Len wound the gates to let us pass. On we sailed past two volunteer workmen making up a better towpath, they were using a small mechanical dumper truck with caterpillar wheels – I thought about the people who had originally dug the canal by hand. What would they have made of this machine?

Another milestone this time Wey fourteen and a half / Arun eight and a half. No we had not travelled far but it was so peaceful even though there was a buzz of conversation inside the boat – it was obvious that everybody was really enjoying the trip – under the new bridge – what a lovely way to spend a sunny April morning – in the distance a rape field shone through the woods in a vibrant swathe of colour. All too soon it seemed we arrived at the half way mark, the Drungewick Lane Winding Hole, where the crew turned the vessel using a long heavy metal pole. We disembarked here to get a closer look at the site of the new aqueduct, which is being restored where the original one was until 1957 when it was destroyed as part of the flood defence measures. Work when finished will enable boats to sail a total of six miles from Loxwood. Soon it was time to board for the return trip which although over the same part of the canal, was just as interesting seen from the other side! As we slowly made our way I noticed the wonderful reflections of the tree trunks in the river and the water marks on them. Lovely blue sky and sunshine still. Everybody agreed that it was a very interesting morning and well worth another visit when the aqueduct was operational. Ian then thanked Don and his crew before we disembarked, some to go home to lunch, others (who had pre-booked) were eating at the Onslow Arms nearby.

P.G.



## New Members

Mrs. Sheila Allen	Blackbrook Farm, Petworth, GU28 9NY.
Mrs. V. Bradley	1, New Street, Petworth.
Mr. & Mrs. G. Fisher	37, Old Park Road, South Enfield, Middlesex, EN2 7DD.
Mr. N. Goodenough	Scaldwell House, Scaldwell, Northampton, NN6 9JS.
Jill Grigor	The Old Shop, Stopham, Pulborough, RH20 1EE.
Mrs. G. Huggett	14, Burns Gardens, Middleton-on-Sea, Bognor Regis, PO22 6QS.
Miss H. Johnson	Bamboroughs, Lombard Street, Petworth.
Mr. D. Mant	Selwyn, 77, Camrose Way, Basingstoke, Hants., RG21 3AW.
Mrs. C. Miell	Wood End, Lower Street, Fittleworth, Pulborough, RH20 1SE.
Mrs. M. Murray	Holmwood, Chichester Road, Midhurst, GU29 9PF.
Mrs. A. Rice	Martlet House, Lombard Street, Petworth.
Miss J. Sadler	9, Willow Court, Fishbourne Road East, Chichester, PO19 3HL.
Mr. & Mrs. E. Willcocks	The Garden Cottage, Graffham, Petworth, GU28 0PT.
Mr. & Mrs. Anderson	8, Salisbury Street, Subiaco, 6008, Western Australia.
Mrs. L. Bostock-Smith	The Greenways, Loxwood Road, Plaistow, Billingshurst, RH14 0PE.
Mr. & Mrs. D. Burrell	2, Church View, Angel Street, Petworth, GU28 0BG.
Mrs. C. Finch	17, Hampers Green, Petworth.
Mrs. C.R. Higson	6, Boderton Mews, Burton Park, Duncton, Petworth GU28 0LS.
Mrs. G. Hill	356c, East Street, Petworth.
Mr. J. Stafford	Oakfield House, Angel Street, Petworth, GU28 0BQ.
Mr & Mrs. A. Woodcock	19, Kendal Close, Littlehampton, BN17 6SZ.

## A Hundred Years Ago!

*Kirdford August 28<sup>th</sup> 1902*

Considerable excitement was aroused in Kirdford village Thursday afternoon last when a large balloon was seen hovering immediately over it. The balloon proved to be a war balloon named Acacia 1902 which had ascended from Aldershot in the afternoon in charge of an officer and sergeant of the Royal Engineers on a trial trip. It was the intention to have descended at Petworth but owing to contrary currents the descent was made at Sladelands Park. After careful packing up the balloon was conveyed to Billingshurst and hence by rail home again.

[From *The West Sussex Gazette*, slightly emended.]



