

The  
Petworth  
Society

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Cover design by Jonathan Newdick drawn from a photograph by  
Walter Kevis. It shows Somerset Hospital about 1900.

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The Petworth Society was founded in 1974 "to preserve the character and amenities of the town and parish of Petworth, including Byworth; to encourage interest in the history of the district, and to foster a community spirit". It is non-political, non-sectarian, and non-profit-making.

Membership is open to anyone, irrespective of place or residence, who is interested in furthering the objects of the society.

From March 15th the annual subscription is £2. Double membership £2.50. Postal £3.00 (minimum). Further information may be obtained from any of the following:-

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Mr. J. Taylor, Miss Julia Thompson,  
Mr. E. Vincent.

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

## CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

*As you can imagine I am rather pleased with the new cover drawn by Jonathan from a turn of the century Walter Kevis photograph. I should think Jonathan is too but he probably won't admit it. You will in turn be pleased to know that we propose to recommend to the A.G.M. that the annual subscription remain the same this year. We don't make much on the Bulletin but as long as we can remain solvent our aim must be to keep the subscription as low as possible.*

*We have had some very large audiences for this season's monthly meetings and you will note that there are some excellent speakers to come. Anne Smithells' talk on old agricultural implements and their restoration will be preceded by the A.G.M. Looking back Bob Lomas' November talk on Heavy Horses set a very high standard indeed while the Christmas Evening had that subtle hint of the unplanned that is the particular hallmark of the Petworth Society. Our especial thanks to the Edwardians and to the Town Band. I was supposed to know what was going on but I too felt the surprise when the curtains parted to reveal the Town Band. Mr. Davies' slides of New Zealand were very well received and all the better for his humorous and unassuming account of them. Tony Wales developed back trouble the day before he was due to come but we hope he will be able to come next year, meanwhile we all wish him a speedy recovery. Doris Ashby took over at short notice and gave a marvellous show, ending with shots of badgers, fox-cubs and fawns. In response to many enquiries I have spoken to her and she is prepared to come again next year.*

*The January walk on Lavington Common was well-attended with between 40 and 50 members taking part. The weather was kind as it happened but whoever heard of a Petworth Society walk being put off because of the weather?*

*We have written to the relevant authorities concerning all-night parking in Lombard Street and the matter is receiving attention. The consensus seems to be that like many another matter it is best settled by mutual agreement. The suggestion that a skip be placed in the Car Park for bulky household refuse that might otherwise simply be dumped is being considered by the Council.*



*We have drawn the attention of the authorities to the ruinous state of the fencing running along the Withy Copse path and are assured that repairs will soon be put in hand. I hope they are.*

*Peter*

### "A MULE WITH WHITE EARS"

I came to Petworth in 1931 to manage the Home Farm at Stag Park. My previous employer was going to India and had let the farm I had been managing up to then. When the Petworth job came up I went to be interviewed by Mr. Griffith, the Petworth agent but I think this was just a formality: everything had already been decided over dinner by my previous employer and Lord Leconfield - that was how things tended to be done in those days.

Managing a "home" farm was different to being a tenant farmer. I didn't pay rent and I was paid directly by Lord Leconfield. As a home farm too we had special responsibilities toward the great house: butter and milk would go to Petworth House as well as mutton and poultry if needed. We might also have to carry manure for the Gardens or even do the occasional carting job. By this time the self-sufficient days when the Home Farm supplied the great house with everything were almost a memory, but in 1931 the system still worked to a limited extent.

Stag Park was a mixed farm. Lord Leconfield's Sussex herd were kept there but there was also feeding cattle, a significant number of sheep and, of course, cereal crops. Work was still done almost exclusively by horses: there were twenty working horses when I first came and the two tractors were almost as new as I was. My time at Stag Park spanned the great change from horse to tractor; if there were only two tractors when I came there, there were only two horses left when I moved to Shimmings in the early 1950's, and they did little or none of the farm work. Stag Park soil was on the heavy side and while I always liked working with horses, some of the work was very heavy even for the strongest horse. It's often forgotten just how hard the horses had to work. The heaviest jobs were working on the binder or cutting hay: the horses had to pull very hard indeed to work the knife and the work was continuous. We had to change teams at lughtime and I've known the teams be changed again at tea-time. Other regular farm tasks like rolling weren't quite so hard for them and there were moments of respite. As the process of mechanisation advanced all the implements had



Where have the rest of them gone? Mr. Parish looks suitably perplexed and who can blame him with the Petworth Society at large on the Graffham Downs last year?





A view from the Downs at Graffham last year.

to be adjusted, even the waggons themselves. We didn't get rid of the horses; they worked on with us, but we didn't go on breeding at Stag Park and gradually the supply of working horses dried up. The war gave a great impetus to mechanisation; bailers came in and combines. Labour was so short then and everything had to be done so quickly, whereas horses were labour-intensive and time-consuming.

In the early 1930's Stag Park employed some twenty men: there were three or four carters, two or three cowmen, a shepherd and a number of "day men", casual but certainly not unskilled labour. These men knew about hedge-trimming, rick-building, thatching, ditching - dying crafts now. There probably aren't too many people now who even know how to milk a cow. It was policy not to have a large turnover of staff; a constantly changing labour force was not good either for the farm or for morale, and if you upset one member of an old-established family you could easily lose them all. It was not everyone that wanted to live in so remote a part as Stag Park and those who had been bred out there were always the best. The cottages were spread out too - there were two at Stag Park and others at Copse Green and Chillinghurst. They were quite scattered but Stephen Payne, the carter, would walk from Copse Green to Stag Park - no mean distance - for lunch every day and never be a minute late. He was a first-class carter and knowing the country as he did was part of the reason why he was so good. I often worked with him at breaking in horses. The purpose of this was to get them used to drawing a plough, to farm-working in fact. We'd start by having him pull something like a big log to get him used to the harness and the jangling of the chains. He would have an experienced horse working with him of course. We broke in a lot of horses at Stag Park but it needed two men and you really wanted someone like Stephen Payne who knew and understood horses.

Fertilisers we didn't use too much in the early days. It wasn't that we were against their use on principle but simply that they weren't easy to get. There was nitrogen about then and we used basic slag for the grass but manure from the yard was our staple fertiliser. Spreading dung from the cart with a prong fork was a painfully slow job; mechanisation has taken so much of the back-breaking work out of farming.

As I have said, as manager of a "home farm", I was paid by the Estate. I was accountable in theory to the agent but I didn't see



him a great deal. As long as a farm appeared to be competently run a manager would be given a fairly free hand. Lord Leconfield I saw quite a lot, particularly of a Sunday. He liked to cast an eye over the stock and would usually come up on his own. In some ways he was a solitary man. When I saw him I knew that if he wanted me he would put up his stick - if he didn't I knew he would prefer to keep his own counsel. If he wanted me to come to Petworth House he'd send a note down with the milk cart.

His lordship often hunted in Stag Park and if the hounds were coming we'd make sure there was nothing in the vicinity of the woods that might get in the way - that was part of my job as manager. I remember once we'd cultivated a field for drainage and carefully left a track round the field to enable the hunt to pass. A few days later the hounds met at Last Lodges on the London Road and came up through the field. His lordship's horse went off the track we had left and got on to the cultivated part of the field. His lordship was forced to dismount and sank into the mire. "Scriven, what the hell have you done with Cocks Field?" roared his lordship. "We've cultivated it to two feet, my lord," I replied. "Two feet be damned," replied his lordship, "I've gone down three already".

His lordship always liked fat mutton and one day he came up to me and said, "Scriven, can you get the sheep fatter, there's not enough fat on the mutton". Well, fattening sheep is a somewhat slow process, so I had to buy in a few fat sheep unbeknown to his lordship. After a while he came up to me again and said, "We can't have any more of that mutton, Scriven, I like it but no one else will touch it and I have to eat it all myself". His lordship was fond of pigeon pie and we used to send up pigeons from the dovecote at Stag Park. The true strain of pigeon at Stag Park was black and we tended to shoot the lighter birds - they were crossed with tame doves.

Pheasants were kept at Stag Park. I remember the keeper taking the young ones into the woods after they had been reared. This was done about four o'clock in the morning so that they were in the woods while it was still dark. This was the best time to release them into the wild. The shoots were not let out then and the shooting was almost invariably done by house parties. They would shoot once a year in Stag Park and would come to Stag Park House for lunch. We set aside a big room for them. Everything was brought down from Petworth House and the butler arranged it all.

For the Coronation celebrations in 1937 Lady Leconfield wanted me to construct a temporary farmyard outside Petworth House. The idea was that at twelve o'clock midnight, she would bring her house party out of the House, the floodlights would be gradually switched on and they would suddenly and unexpectedly find themselves in the midst of a Sussex farmyard. It wasn't an entirely new idea, I think her ladyship had heard of it having been done at some other great house. In order to show up in the floodlights the animals had, as far as was possible, to be white. It was a somewhat daunting prospect but we set to and put up pens outside the House. We had a mare and foal, a mule, two cows with calves, a quartet of sheep, some white chickens from Mrs. Wardrop and several ducks. As far as possible we chose white animals but one or two needed attention from us. For instance we had to paint the mule's long ears white so that the floodlights would catch them. He looked most peculiar with his illuminated ears but of course the paint was only on the outside fur and came off very quickly when it was all over. The chickens and ducks had to be tied to stakes, on a kind of lead, just like the old gamekeepers did with them when the birds were laying. We had to try to get each of the animals to make the appropriate farmyard noise in turn as the spotlight shone on them and with the occasional judicious prod it worked reasonably well. Her ladyship was delighted with our efforts. I remember hearing that the dinner table was arranged in the form of a ship. They had staff down from London to do it.

Sid Scriven was talking to the Editor.

### BEEKEEPING THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY

Probably my grandfather kept bees when he was at Frith Hill near Northchapel but when I asked my aunt about it she just laughed and said, "I think he was afraid of them". My father certainly kept bees at Palfrey and always had skeps covered in sheeting by the east wall. He didn't sell the honey: a large number of the older people kept bees and treated them almost as a natural crop, like field mushrooms; often indeed they simply used old barrels instead of skeps. There were blackberries everywhere then, more wild flowers and of course no spraying.

The skeps were made from straw by a family at Fittleworth who would walk round the outlying farms to sell them. The skeps were quite light and they would be carried tied together and slung over the shoulder. Certainly my father never made skeps himself. I

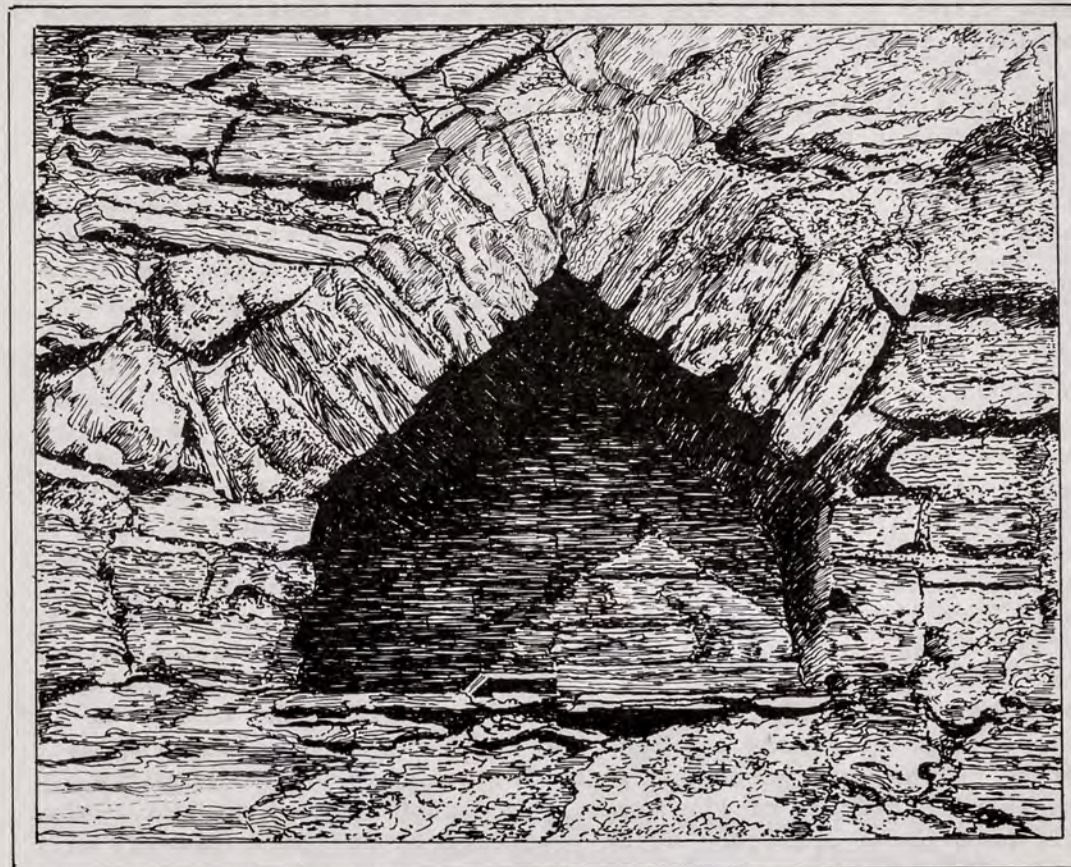


only once saw a skep made of anything but straw and this skep had a wooden band two or three inches in width on the bottom.

My father was in no way a scientific beekeeper: he couldn't tell a worker from a drone nor pick the queen. He knew simply that bees needed a good hive which was sound, clean and dry. Beyond that he was prepared to leave the bees very largely to their own devices. Every beekeeper would leave a couple of hives to overwinter and my father was no exception. If he had overwintered his colony successfully his year would effectively begin when the weather grew warmer, spring turned to early summer, and the bees were building up to swarm. When they did swarm he'd ascertain where they were, dress up in protective clothing and go to collect them. You couldn't buy protective clothing as such in those days, you'd simply make it yourself. My father would often wear an old curtain and cover his arms and hands with old socks or stockings. When he was fully equipped I always thought it was a miracle he could see the bees at all - let alone take them!

When ready to take the swarm he would put a sack on the ground, place the skep on top of it and carefully shake the bees into the skep. The skep was solid at the top and needed to be set back at an angle with a brick or something similar; this angled opening at the bottom gave the only ventilation. Without due attention it was all too easy to suffocate even the strongest swarm through lack of ventilation. I have in fact done it myself. Some older farms still had bee-boles in the walls to hold the skeps but we simply placed them on a low stand.

A swarm hangs pendulously rather like a bunch of grapes and my father would always try to hive them on the spot and then carry the skep to its permanent position. He would wait until it was dusk so that every bee would have returned to the hive by then. In its permanent position the skep or wooden hive would be covered with sacks for warmth. A broken bread pan was ideal to keep off the rain.



A bee-hole at Boles House, East Street - bee-skeps were placed in these.  
Drawn by Rendle Diplock from a photograph.

There were considerable numbers of wild bees about then and if a swarm came across the farm my father would chase it. Yes, they did use the old method of "tanging", banging with a key on a fire-shovel to arrest the swarm, although I never had much confidence in it. Another custom that was already dying even at this time was "telling" the bees about family events. I certainly remember once the hives



being draped in black crepe because of a family death. It was popularly supposed that if you didn't tell the bees they too would die. If you did fail to take the swarm properly the bees would tend to return to the place where they had first swarmed, and to prevent this my father would bruise nettles and lay them at the place where the swarm had been taken. This was something else I never found very successful. The idea was that the bees would dislike the abrasive smell of the bruised nettles and would not settle. You rarely see wild swarms now. If a swarm was on the wing, the custom was that as long as you could keep them in view you could chase them, even if you ran over someone else's land to do it. Once however you had lost sight of them you had no further claim on them.

In those days you would only take off the one crop of honey - in August/September. The night before he was to take it off my father would carefully separate the skep from the stand - the part that rested on the stand would be stuck fast to it by this time. He would then feel the weight of the skeps and calculate roughly which were the two heaviest. These would be kept to overwinter. My father knew nothing about feeding them during the winter and they would simply live off the honey they had made. There was no smoker to control the bees, frighten them and make them good-tempered and therefore the bees had to be killed to allow him to get at the honey. Accordingly the following day he would dig a single pit in front of the hives, big enough to take a skep. Into this he'd put a brimstone stick - we used to buy them from Mrs. Gordon Knight's shop at Petworth and knew them popularly as "matches". A "match" looked like a piece of corrugated brown paper. When the match was lit and smoking he would take the skep with the bees in it and place it over the burning brimstone. Within two minutes the bees would all be suffocated. If the hive was a very strong one there would be bees remaining on the stand, and having taken the colony he might find some three or four hundred running over the stand. These he would cover with a thick sack and crush by pushing down on the sack with his hands. He would usually do all the hives in a single evening.

After this the skeps would be taken into the kitchen where the combs would be cut out or simply broken off using the weight of the honey as a lever. The combs and honey would have the "brood", the developing bees and the pollen, taken out and then be crushed, usually it was pressed with a knife until the honey ran out into one of the old three-pound jam jars. Over the winter it would gradually crystallise - a sign of good honey.

When my mother had taken all the honey she could from the combs, letting it seep into the jars through muslin bags, she would use the combs first for making mead, then for making home-brewed beer. The remains of the combs weren't wasted even then for the wax would be heated to melting-point and put into a Keillers stone jar - they didn't crack with the heat. A little liquid honey would be added and the mixture kept constantly stirred; more wax and then vinegar would be added and the mixture kept stirred until it formed a kind of paste. The resulting "beeswax" was used as a polish and it would keep for years. My mother would never cook with honey, sugar does the job of sweetening rather better. All our honey we ate on bread. Mead if made properly was very strong and considered something rather special compared with the other home-made wines and beers.

When I went to Ebernoe School the first thing I noticed was a big printed drawing showing all the parts of a bee and giving them their technical names. The drawing was pinned up on the wall. How often my attention wandered to it during lessons. The odd thing was though that all the time I was there the teachers never mentioned it - perhaps they were as perplexed by the Latin names as I was.

I first saw modern-type hives when I was about 20. Mr. Purser at Hampers Green had them and he induced me to join the Sussex Beekeepers' Association. At this time too Jimmy Baker of Blackwool Farm lent me a book on modern beekeeping and Mr. Kenward was employed by the S.B.A. to go round advising beekeepers on the new methods. Every member could receive a visit from Mr. Kenward if they so wished. He'd open the hive up, put things right and get the bees to build neatly in the hive and not in the old haphazard way. My father thought the price of the new hives was exorbitant, they were over £2 each and he would have nothing to do with it all. I however did invest in the new hives and began to keep bees on a scientific basis. The 1930's, 1940's and 1950's were good decades for beekeeping but with changing methods of agriculture honey yields have not been good of late years. Oil-seed rape can be a good bee crop but the honey needs taking off very quickly as it crystallises rapidly and loses its texture. I did have some however that had an admixture of wild flowers and that was excellent.

George Wakeford, B.E.M. was talking to Mrs. Walters and the Editor.



## SCRASES HILL TO BUTCHERLAND

I was brought up at Scrases Hill on the London Road, my father being a haulage contractor. I don't remember him operating with horses but I do remember a very early Ford motor lorry that he had. He had his business premises at the Nook, close to our home at Scrases Hill. I went to school at Petworth Infants (where the Public Library now stands) and then to the Girls School in East Street where Miss Elsen was the headmistress. You had to be very careful when she was about because she had soft shoes that didn't make any noise and if you misbehaved she was inclined to creep up behind you and flick your hair forward over your face so that it all fell on to your exercise book: the ink would smudge and then you'd get into trouble for being untidy.

It was a three mile walk into school and back, morning and evening, and we children had lots of ways of amusing ourselves on the long walk. Some of us came from as far away as Stag Park and we would pick up others as we advanced towards Petworth. There was no need to worry about traffic on the London Road in those days before the Great War. In winter we would troll our hoops - girls had wooden ones and the boys' were iron. At other times when we had skipping-ropes we would skip all the way to school. Or again we might play marbles, stopping wherever there was a suitable little hole in which to drop the big marble or "alley". Whoever dislodged the alley from its hole would win the other marbles. We'd play marbles in one spot, then hurry on along the road and stop for another game further on. Everyone walked to school then but we did occasionally get a ride, particularly when the farmers were going to the stone-pits for stone to fill up their yards. Often we'd go back home sitting on top of the stones. Occasionally Matthew Taylor, the magistrate, who lived at Fisher Street, would come along in his fly - this had a bar across the back and we would hang onto it - or at least we would until the driver realized what was going on and gave us a quick flick with his whip.

The boys would often give the girls bundles of flowers, cowslips or something like that, but one day I had a bunch of cyclamen given to me. I was very pleased with this unusual bouquet and happily took them off to school with me. Next day the little boy who had presented them came up to me and said, "You won't be getting cyclamen again. My mother didn't half give me a thrashing." He'd picked the flowers off his mother's favourite pot plant!

On summer Sundays we'd go to grandmother's - she lived at River Hill on the way to Fittleworth. We'd go less often in the winter because of the roads. In the afternoons we would play stoolball in the field beside her cottage. This was before the revival of the game and we had home-made bats and wickets. We'd play as soon as we'd finished lunch and everyone played, not just the children; it was a game for the whole family.

My mother had great faith in the time-honoured household remedies like liquorice powder but the one I hated most was brimstone and treacle - a good dose of this was supposed to clear the blood when spring came round again. I think she bought the brimstone from the chemist and mixed it with treacle in a basin. It was very gritty and the smell of it has even put me off curry ever since. You would use the old-fashioned remedies if you possibly could because a doctor made a straight charge of five shillings to come out and that was a lot of money in those days. When my sister had chicken pox my mother told me, "I can't send for the doctor until you both get it" - she didn't want to pay for two separate visits. I did get it of course and remember being annoyed that I didn't have as many spots as she had!

Christmas stockings were a little more basic then than now and went according to a set pattern. There would be a penny in the toe, then an orange, then an apple, then a few sweets. One Christmas I especially wanted a little blue book with a picture of a girl on the front but it cost a full shilling. I kept on and on about it and eventually I did get it. I'd seen it in Gallup's (now F.G. Fox) who had a fancy goods department. I remember Mr. Gallup well; he was a "tally man" who would walk round all the farms with his walking stick over his shoulder and a bag on the end of the stick. He'd take orders for haberdashery and then bring out the finished goods. He'd also sell cotton and threads from his bag. Joe Stedman was another "tally man" - he'd walk round the farms with watches to sell. With his little bowler hat and tailed coat I always connect him with Charlie Chaplin. I think he also wound clocks at the bigger houses.

Farmers didn't cut back the hedges as they do now and blackberries were allowed to grow in great profusion. There were often great bushes in the centre of the fields. People used to come out from Petworth with tin baths, the men had straps on their shoulders and would carry the baths, filled with blackberries, back to Mrs. Knight's shop in Lombard Street. She would then take them and have them sent away for jam or dye.



As soon as I was old enough I went out to work as a lady's maid. Mrs. Penrose, the Rector's wife, got me a job at Rusper near Horsham where I stayed for six years as one of eight servants. I liked it there and did a lot of needlework and it was here that I learned to sew by machine and to make alterations. At school I had only learned to hand-sew. At Rusper I had a bicycle and would ride into Horsham - a very nice country town in those days. Eventually I moved to a position at Storrington and it was while I was there that I met my future husband.

When I was first married we had a cottage by the old pound at Colhook and our animals would common on Colhook. As a wedding present my father gave me a heifer and a gold sovereign which had been minted in the year of my birth. My husband used to do whatever he could to bring in some additional income and he left the day to day running of the farm to me. He could do most of the woodland jobs like hoop-shaving, faggots or bean-sticks but like my father he also did haulage work. He had a horse but also Johnnie the mule. Johnnie had served with the troops in France during the Great War and had shrapnel marks all over him. After the war my husband bought him at the Elephant and Castle horse sale, had him sent back to Petworth by train and walked him home from the station. Johnnie was to return to the station when Coultershaw Mill was burned down in the early 1920's for it was he that drew the heavy metal girders the short distance to the new mill. Johnnie was truly a marvellous animal and he worked for us for years, usually in tandem with a horse. Mules are long-lived creatures.

Every Sunday we'd go over to my husband's parents at Colhook. There were always 10 or 12 to dinner and it was always the same - beef pudding. It would be cooked in a huge iron pot on a down fire, the pot being hung on a ratchet and let up and down by adjusting the teeth of the ratchet. The whole meal, beef pudding, vegetables (greens or parsnips usually) and the sweet (invariably spotted dick) was cooked in the same pot but it was all separately bound up in cloth and it was delicious. The pot was heavy and it needed two men to lift it off the fire. The pieces of dough that came off when the pudding was first trimmed were rolled up in little balls and thrown into the pot. They would be eaten later hot with soft brown sugar and a dab of butter. "Skimmers" they were called. The pudding took six hours to cook so Luke Wadey would get up early on Sunday to put it on the fire. The fire itself wouldn't be kept in overnight and he would relight it even though the ashes of the previous night's fire might still be red hot. The old

ingle-nook fireplaces had bacon-lofts set back in the chimney so that the bacon could slowly smoke. If there were too big a fire the bacon might well suffer damage and fail to keep. I remember that one particularly cold day we had a huge fire and eventually began to hear a steady dripping. For a long time we couldn't make it out but we eventually realised that we'd begun to cook the bacon we had in the bacon-loft over the ingle-nook. It soon went rancid after that.

My husband always wanted to farm Butcherland - he'd been used to coming out to get his father's animals there and whenever he came past the farm he'd always dream of having it one day. In fact we were to go first to Gunter's Bridge - we stayed there for eighteen months. Then we were offered Marshall's and Mitchell Park but my husband wanted Butcherland. There had been two generations of Wakefords there, David Wakeford senior and "young" David. When young David finished and moved down to Hill Lands we were offered Butcherland and my husband jumped at it.

Mrs. L. Wadey was talking to Mrs. Walters and the Editor.

### THE TIPTEERS - AN ENQUIRY

The mummers' carol reproduced here comes from a text used by the Colhook Tipteers under Major Vincent in the 1920's. There survives also a manuscript part for the "Valiant Soldier", apparently one of the supporting characters. Tipteers is a Sussex word for mummers but the origins of the name seem lost now in obscurity. As the carol indicates, The Tipteers' play was a Christmas play and Boxing Day was a particularly appropriate day for it. The basic subject of the play is a contest between St. George and a Turkish knight, the Turkish knight being first slain and then restored to life by a quack doctor. There are various subsidiary figures, almost always including Father Christmas, who for some reason often appears with a black face. The tone of the play is comic and the dialogue and the humour somewhat homespun. Many Sussex villages and towns had their own play; the theme remaining similar from place to place but the text often varying quite considerably and often being very corrupt.

At the beginning of this century the tradition of tipteering seems to have been in decline. Arthur Beckett had a performance especially put on for him at Compton and printed a version of the text in his book "The Wonderful Weald" (1911). One has the strong



impression that at this time performances by Tipteers were somewhat unusual in most places. Certainly Beckett had to travel a long way to see the Compton version. This Compton version printed by Beckett seems to be at the root of most modern revivals. One of the most famous revivals between the wars was that of the Boxgrove Tipteers under R.J. Sharp - their version, dating from about 1911, went back to oral tradition at East Preston and Iping. The carol given here and reproduced from an original manuscript part used by the Colhook men is from the Iping version of the play and quite different to the Compton concluding carol. Another revival was by the Fittleworth Tipteers in the 1950's. They did not use the Boxgrove version of the play.

Were there ever Tipteers at Petworth itself? Does anyone recall Major Vincent's Tipteers? Perhaps it will be possible to add to this preliminary notice in the next Bulletin.

### The Tipteers Carol

1. The Moon Shone bright & the Stars gave a light  
A little before it was day.  
When the Lord our God he calle'd on us all  
And he bade us awake and to pray.
2. Awake! Awake! good people all  
Awake and you shall hear.  
How Christ our Lord, he died upon the Cross  
And for us whom he lov'd so dear.



Johnnie the Mule, a veteran of the Great War. (See "Scrases Hill to Butcherland")  
Photograph courtesy of Mrs. Wadey.





Taking a swarm of bees that had swarmed in a currant bush at Wisborough Green.  
This photograph was taken by George Garland in 1934.



In the stables at Stag Park in 1938. Stephen Payne (left) and Joe Boniface.  
Photograph by George Garland.





Mr. Hill of Camelsdale making bee-skeps in 1936.  
Photograph by George Garland.

3. So dear, so dear, as Christ love'd us  
And for our ~~sins~~ he was slain.  
We must leave off all our wicked wickedness  
And turn to the Lord again.
4. My Song is done and I must begone  
I can tarry no longer here,  
So God bless you all, both little, great  
and small,  
And God send you a Happy new Year.

Courtesy of Mrs. Wadey, Ebernoe.

#### PETWORTH CINEMA (4)

##### THE SWAN ROOM

I shall never forget my first opening night: I wanted to do the operating myself to save expense. I started up the Kelvin plant, cutting the arc in, and lacing up the projector for the very first time. It seemed all was in readiness to start the show. Unfortunately I laced up the projector with the film inside out, it looked perfect on the screen but when the Title of the film came on one would have to read it as though you were looking through a mirror. However it didn't take me long to find my mistake. The arc control I had little trouble with as I had some experience before, but only having one Projector we had to stop to change reels, fortunately with a Powers No 6 machine the square boxes could take a double reel spliced together which would last approx 20 minutes. The time taken to replace with another spool of film would be approx two minutes. Our patrons were quite used to this inconvenience. The two reel comedies, serials etc could be projected non-stop. Film travellers seemed to call every day: one would tell another of a new Exhibitor who was just opening up and would have plenty of open dates to fill.



One or two film companies offered complete programmes consisting of cartoon, serial, 2-reel comedy and main feature. We did not play a news reel at this time. A programme lasted for about 2<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> hours and as it finished just before 10 p.m. this enabled our patrons to catch their buses from the Square. The films came in transit boxes by train to Pulborough Station and then by branch line to Petworth Station to be brought up usually in the station Bus. There were times when our films arrived late giving us about 5 minutes to unpack and spool up. What a scramble this was to get the next reel of film mounted up ready for the projector. It appeared the late arrival of our programmes was due to the same programme showing elsewhere the night before, probably on the East Coast or somewhere in the West, but we seemed to get over these troubles somehow. Our generating plant consisted of a Twin Kelvin marine engine coupled direct to a 7KV Dynamo which was based in the cellar of the Hotel, in fact almost underneath the public bar where barrels of beer used to be kept. The entrance was from the outside down some stone steps. The exhaust ran alongside the Hotel building over the eaves guttering and close to the roof tiles, unfortunately there were times when the engine misfired before starting up which caused a small explosion through the silencer and several tiles would be damaged or dislodged, a repair job that needed a builder to attend to. A friend of the family a Mr. Billy Williams who was an Electrical supervisor at J. Lyons of Cadby Hall London, usually spent his holiday at Petworth, and was very keen to help with the electrical side of running the Cinema. He made several improvements, such as altering the resistances and field coils on the Dynamo to ease the pressure on the engine. This eventually saved the backfires re-occurring, we had no more trouble with broken or dislodged tiles on the Hotel roof. Our weekly programmes consisted of the following. Monday a free night. Tuesday a Whist Drive/ Wednesday a Dance comprised of a Piano and Drums and sometimes a Banjo thrown in, and of course Thursday/Friday/Saturday The Cinema. The seating comprised Bentwood chairs coupled together by battens in lots of five for easy moveability. The better class seats were of red tip up ones and mounted onto a raised platform. This assembly Hall had a seating capacity for about 150 but no standing room was allowed as we only had a centre gangway. The heating was very primitive, by two open type fire places using coal as fuel, unfortunately the flickering flames caused some reflections on to the screen, so we changed over to coke, only to find that our patrons were being choked by the fumes. With these fumes mixed with tobacco smoke it was not a very nice mixture for anyone to sit through for a two hour period. The small electric Fan in the centre of the ceiling did little to improve this situation.

We had to think of some other means to heat the place and decided to buy two gas fires and through fitting metal hoods to each fireplace this proved successful. The early patrons always made a quick dash for their seats so as to be near the warmth. The screen size was approximately 10ft x 6ft with a black surround but it had no screen tabs. I thought I could do this later on, The operating Box outside the building was made of corrugated iron, with a sheet metal floor, suspended on 12ft 6" x 4" wooden pylons. This enabled us to project through the large window of the Hall. In the winter the operators, and I was one of them, just froze and had to wear an overcoat with our hands on the lamp house to try and keep warm for lacing up the machine. In the summer it was no other than a sweat box, so it was going from one extreme to another. Our London friend Mr. Williams and his family would always come to Petworth for their Holiday vacation and he also made many weekend trips to see me and the Cinema workings. During one weekend he suggested that we should brighten up a bit by fitting up two large glass electrical fittings the same as one would see for street lighting in the larger Towns. After two weekends we had this fitted up with two 200 watt lamps in each. This was something for the Town to see, so different from the old gas burners and fittings sited on every street corner. This lighting was a good advertisement, people would come out at night to see the glare and it really put the Cinema on the map. Business started to improve, more local people were getting Cinema minded especially with the bigger type of films. I introduced some sound affects, such as rolling peas on a drum to represent rain. Shaking a large piece of sheet metal for thunder, an old lorry car tyre by letting the air escape to represent a steam loco, always with a foot pump handy to keep the tyre pressure up, and a half a coconut shell tapping on a piece of wood representing horses hoofs at a gallop, all this made such great fun. During one hot summer morning the Hotel Manager wanted to see me in his office, I expected a complaint from him with regard to our engine noise at night, but this was not so. He surprised me by asking would I be prepared to agree to give up Saturday evening's performances during the Summer months on alternate days from the Easter to mid September so that he could use the Hall for coach parties when required for catering. I told him that a Saturday night was usually my best take although in the summer it was not so good unless wet. The Saturday matinee of course would not be affected. He went on to say that I would be paid compensation to cover any losses. I hesitated to give an answer but I could see he was working under instructions from Head Office which made things very difficult for me, and having a short



lease with a quarterly tenancy I had a feeling it would be better if I agreed. Fortunately my programmes were booked on a flat rate so there was no bother with the renters. This arrangement did not last long: I eventually received a letter giving me three months notice to quit the Hall, so this really put paid to my first Cinema project. Not only had I lost my ingoing cash but everything that went with it. The trouble was finding another suitable Hall in Petworth. My friend came to the rescue again and helped me to dismantle the Kelvin plant and other Cinema equipment such as the projector, tip up seats, curtains and carpets. He suggested we should light up my parents' shop property with electricity by re-installing the Kelvin plant at the rear of the premises in our large stable and outhouse. We also had to buy some storage batteries to cover 50 volts. It took several weekends for my friend and myself to complete this installation, everything was wired in conduit, and so we were the first business in the Town other than the late Cinema to have electricity for lighting. The projector and seats we stored up in the loft.

T. S. COLLINS (to be continued)

#### BOOK REVIEW: "A DAY OUT IN OLD SUSSEX" BY TONY WALES

"A day out in old Sussex" is not Tony Wales' first book but it is the first in a series called "Field and Furrow" which he is producing and distributing himself. "Field and Furrow" will deal with various aspects of Sussex life and the series will provide in small independent booklets the comprehensive survey that a large book would. Each individual booklet will cost however only a fraction of the prohibitive price of a large volume. "A Day Out" costs £1.70 including postage and is available from Tony himself at 31 Hurst Avenue, Horsham.

This first in the projected series is a mine of fascinating and curious information. We meet the Brighton bathing women or "dippers" from the late eighteenth century and onwards who "supervised the bathing from the "machines" - bathing huts on wheels, which were drawn right into the water. Perhaps supervising is a little mild, as their duties included not only undressing some of the reluctant bathers, but grabbing them by the shoulders and completely immersing them". The women came to be known as "marthas" after Martha Gunn an early "dipper" and one of the most famous.

Tony goes on to talk of the Sussex piers and their machines. Littlehampton was his home and his childhood memories of the seaside

town are varied and vivid. Small as it is the book is packed with information and anecdote. There are Volk's electric railway, Jubilee treats at Horsham - tea brewed in empty beer kegs lent by the local brewery and having a novel and attractive taste - Walter Potter's curious museum at Bramber, our own Thomas Holt the prodigious Walker, Ticehurst Cock Fair, Horn Fair nearer home, the birth of the Cycling Clubs "Bigaroons" etc. "What are Bigaroons?" you may ask. Buy your own copy and find out!

P.A.J.

#### J'S BULETIN WALK

This walk is fairly short taking about 1½ hours, but it is quite hilly for part of the way and very soggy in some parts, so wellington boots are a must. We need a car to reach our starting point and leave Petworth by the Midhurst road to Tillington, here turn right up the hill to Upperton and passing through the village we take the first turning to the left and park on the edge of Upperton common.

Leaving the car we walk back the way we have come and just before the road junction we take the path to our left cutting across the corner, on reaching the road again move to the left for a short distance until we reach the Monument. I suppose the Monument must be about the highest point of Petworth Park but unfortunately it is a private entrance and usually locked, it is however well worth walking round from the Upperton entrance to this point inside the park for the view across the Sussex Weald is truly magnificent, perhaps we will take this in on one of our future walks.

Back to our present walk, we stand with our backs to the Monument and before us see two footpath signs, we take the right hand one down the steep path through the holly trees, down and down taking no turnings until we reach the hard lane, at River Common, here we turn left and follow the lane for about four hundred yards to a multi-footpath sign and turn left onto bridleway. On reaching another bridlepath crossing our path at an angle, we move to the left and keep on up the hill taking no turns until we reach a gateway in an iron fence, we turn left here and walk for about 50 yards to a T sign, here once again turn left and take the path which was obviously cut from the hillside years ago and winds its way through beautiful woodland back to the Monument.

I find this walk changes very much with the seasons, but at all times



the woodland is lovely and so are the views across to Blackdown and Bexley Hill.

### LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Peter,

Re December, 1982 Bulletin, page 29 - "A QUESTIONNAIRE OF 1847"

The Mr. C.S. Henty who certified the questions and answers put to Mr. James Row, must surely have been Mr. Charles Shaum Henty, fourth son of Mr. Thomas Henty the Sussex farmer, banker, horse-loving friend of George, 3rd Earl of Egremont, from Church Farm, West Tarring, Littlehampton. This remarkable man, at the age of 54, sold his Sussex farm and went off to Australia and Van Diemen's Land with his wife, daughter, seven sons, some 40 personal and farm servants (all from West Tarring), his farm live and deadstock, some of Lord Egremont's 'blood horses' and even rose bushes. The Hentys went in two parties, the advance party lead by James Henty, Thomas's eldest son, left for the Swan River Settlement in June 1829 and Mr. Thomas Henty with his wife and the rest of his family, including Charles, left in November, 1831 for Van Diemen's Land. Lord Egremont's second son nearly went with them but changed his mind.

The Hentys took cart horses, cattle, pigs, poultry, rabbits, dogs and their prize Merino sheep - the latter being recently shorn were all wrapped up in flannel coats made for them by the West Tarring cottagers. The 'blood horses' bought from Lord Egremont's Petworth stud were:

Young Wanderer	black colt by Wanderer out of Ogress
Octavia	black filly by Whalebone out of Blacking
Merino	black filly by Whalebone out of Vicarage
Petworth	black filly by Whalebone out of Vicarage
Whalebone	brown cold by Whalebone out of Blacking

In addition they seemed to have acquired 'Sir John'. As the Henty brothers were loading their sheep onto the CAROLINE, one of the ships they chartered in June 1829, they heard that Lord Egremont's "Fredrick", full brother to "Sir John", had won the Derby Stakes at Epsom the day before. Up went "Sir John's" value and up went the spirits of the Hentys.

Those days it took from 5 to 6 months to reach Australia and although the Henty's stock were being looked after by the farm servants

who had handled them for years on land, their life long experiences were of no avail against the sea. By the time they reached the edge of the Bay of Biscay, they were in great trouble with the stock, particularly with the Egremont horses. Eventually they found that both horses and cattle fared better when placed fore and aft. The horses were put in slings and never left alone, four men taking it in turns to watch over them for the whole journey, so precious were they.

The CAROLINE stopped off at Rio for a week for provisioning and for the Hentys to buy mules. The Emperor Pedro, a noted horseman was said to covet the Egremont 'blood horses'. "I hear he is coming to us," wrote James Henty to his father, "but I hope not and shall endeavour to prevent it if possible, as if once he gets his mind on an animal he is an awkward hand to get rid of." The CAROLINE managed to sail away with all the Egremont horses and they all landed safely at the Swan River Settlement in October 1829 though in very bad shape.

A few months after Mr. Thomas Henty and his party arrived in Van Diemen's Land in March, 1832, he was advertising the services of Young Wanderer, the black colt. Mr. Henty offered a purse of 30 sovereigns to be run for over the Launceston course by Young Wanderer's off spring when two year olds. In 1834 Mr. Henty was made a Steward of the Launceston race course and by 1835 he was writing to a friend: "My blood horses are now increased to nine. What would a stallion of the best blood sell for, 3 years old in your Colony? Poor old Lord Egremont was nearly worn out, when James left (England)."

James Henty visited England in 1834 and called on Lord Egremont at his Brighton house but he was at Petworth. It is not known whether James had another chance of giving Lord Egremont a first hand account of how his blood horses had survived and how Young Wanderer was doing at stud in Van Diemen's Land.

The Henty Family and their pioneering exploits are well known all over Australia and Tasmania and are part of Australian history. I wonder whether Young Wanderer and/or the brood mares, Octavia, Merino and Petworth are part of Australian blood stock history?

I have quoted freely from Marnie Bassett's book THE HENTYS - An Australian Colonial Tapestry, published by Oxford University Press in 1954. The late Lady Bassett (she died in 1980 aged 90) was a well known Australian authoress and THE HENTYS her best known book.



Incidentally, William Henty, Thomas Henty's fifth son was the solicitor of the Family and Charles the banker but by 1847 they'd all become such prominent people in Vandiemansland that one supposes any Henty's 'certificate' would be accepted without question.

Yours sincerely,

K. Walters (Mrs.)  
Streels Cottages,  
Ebernoe.

THE WILLIAMS FAMILY:  
A LETTER TO MRS. WILLIAMS, NEW STREET.

4242 - 111 Avenue  
Edmonton, Alberta, Canada  
T5W OK2

January 18, 1983

Dear Mr or Mrs Williams,

May I trouble you for a bit of your time? I am trying to gather information about my grandfather's family, Williamses who lived in the Pulborough/Fittleworth area about a hundred years ago. Since you have the same surname, perhaps you can help.

My grandfather was Harry Williams who was born in 1867, possibly in Pulborough, although I'm not sure of that. His father was Stephen Williams, who I believe was a miller in Pulborough, and his mother's maiden surname was Younger. There were apparently at least two other children of Stephen Williams, a son whose name I do not know (and who may have emigrated to the United States) and a daughter, Elizabeth, Betsy or Betty.

My grandfather Harry, an apprentice baker, married Charlotte Johnson of Fittleworth about 1898, and in 1899 or 1900, with two children, emigrated to Canada after having lived for a time in Brighton.

If you can provide any information about my great-grandfather, Stephen Williams or his family, it would be of great help to me as I plan to visit England again this summer and would very much like to try to contact some of the "lost family".

Yours very sincerely,  
Gordon Williams

(If anyone can help here would they please contact Mrs. Williams, myself or directly with Mr. Williams in Canada)

(P.A.J.)

THE BOGNOR REGIS LOCAL HISTORY SOCIETY - AN ENQUIRY

The Bognor Regis Local History Society was founded on a cold January night in 1979 with a dozen potential members and with the optimism to agree the following stated aims.

Firstly, to bring together those interested in the history of Bognor Regis and district, and to encourage the research and recording of its past and present.

Secondly, to establish a Museum Collection in Bognor Regis for Bognor people, and more important, premises in which to display such a Collection.

Like the Petworth Society, the Bognor Society Story is one of success.

During the course of four years the Society has flourished beyond the wildest dreams of its founder members - it has established an historical newsletter, sponsored several publications and has an active membership of almost one hundred and fifty enthusiasts.

Now in 1983, the Society is on the point of establishing a Museum at Hotham Park Lodge, the premises being leased to the Society from the 1st April this year. Through the Petworth Society I would appeal for the following assistance:-

Firstly, we are urgently seeking exhibits and collector's items relating to the history of Bognor Regis. Any donation or loan of such material would be gratefully accepted.

Secondly, we are trying to trace a bathing machine for restoration and display. We have been advised that several Bognor Machines were sold in 1919/20 to shepherds and sheep farmers in downland areas for use as lambing huts. If anyone knows of such a 'hut' in restorable condition, please advise me, again gratitude is the reward.

David Allam, 4 Elmcroft Place,  
Westergate Street, Westergate,  
Chichester, Sussex.



## PETWORTH GAOL (2)

From this time the Quarter Sessions Documents gradually became more plentiful. Several copies survive of a printed directive of 1823 concerning the use of the treadwheel. Twelve hard labour prisoners were to be worked on the wheel, of whom nine would work the wheel with three as relief. In the summer they would work from 9 a.m. to 12 a.m. and from 1 p.m. to 6 p.m., with some diminution in winter. Three would be replaced every fifteen minutes, so that "each of the said prisoners will have laboured on the wheel forty-five minutes of each hour of which they are to be employed". It appears from a letter written from New Grove by Mr. Aysh one of the visiting justices that this was an alternative to an earlier proposal where a relief was to be made very five minutes.

Detailed and elaborate annual returns begin from Michaelmas 1823 and continue into the 1850's. These, prepared for the Secretary of State, contain statistics of the prison population, details of diet, chaplain's and surgeon's duties and other matters. From 1824 there is also an annual account of the establishment of the prison. At that time it consisted of a keeper, a matron (the keeper's wife), two male turnkeys, a master manufacturer, a chaplain and a surgeon. Phillips retired in 1826 and over thirty applications were received for the vacant position. Many of these applications contain testimonials; many do not. Among the former the printed application from W. John Mance stands out - a man with some prison experience already and a military background. The justices were clearly impressed and appointed him. The new governor bound himself in the sum of £200 against misuse of his authority. Starkes and Phillips had bound themselves in the sum of £100. His stipend was £50 per year with use of the house and garden.

A new era begins with Mance who was clearly an austere but efficient governor. In 1831 he replies to a letter from the Clerk of the Peace at Lewes, obviously containing some query about the austerity of the regime at Petworth. The governor could inform Mr. Langridge that the diet in the Prison was "seven ounces of the best wheaten flour boiled in water so as to make a quart of thick Gruel or rather hasty pudding and seasoned with salt for breakfast and one and a half lbs. of the best wheaten bread daily".

*House of Correction, Petworth*  
*12<sup>th</sup> September 1831*

*Sir,*

*In answer to your letter of the 9<sup>th</sup> instant I have the pleasure to inform you, that the Prison Diet in this Prison is Seven Ounces of the best wheaten Flour boiled in water, so as to make a Quart of thick Gruel or rather hasty-Pudding and seasoned with salt for Breakfast, and one and a half Pounds of the best Wheaten Bread Daily. This is our Prison allowance of food for every Class of Prisoners, except those "under the care of the Surgeon" who according to the 13 Section of the act 2<sup>nd</sup> Geo 4 Cap 64 Clause 10, are "allowed such Diet as he may direct" and I can say from nearly Eight years experience that this quantity of food appears sufficient for all healthy Prisoners confined for short Sentences, that is for any time not exceeding Six Months, but after this Period the Prisoners generally require a small addition of food, which is ordered by the Surgeon when he conceives it necessary, and is taken off, continued, or varied as their Health and Circumstances may require he being responsible to the Justices and to the Country that the Prisoners Health does not suffer for want of sufficient food. Prison food being generally apportioned to Labour*

John Mance gives his recipe for hasty pudding.

A document from the West Sussex Record Office Quarter Session Records.



He quotes official statistics to show that at Petworth the output of work on the treadwheel was appreciably higher than at Lewes, while the food was much less. Mance observes, "I have now a notorious vagrant in my custody who declared to me, in the Presence of the Prisoners working on the treadwheel, that he would rather be three months in Lewes Prison than one in this House and he assures me to my great satisfaction that he will never come into this division of the county again". He continues, "When the Prisoners were allowed soup in this Prison, the Paupers preferred the Prison to the workhouse and during the winter the House was crowded with Parish Paupers".

Mance had constructed with the approval of the visiting justices a graduating pump which imposed hard labour on thirty prisoners where the previous crank had only imposed labour for eighteen. When both treadmill and pump were in operation an assistant turnkey was employed. Mance invented an instrument called an Ergometer, which measured the daily amount of labour performed over a period of three months. The key was kept by the keeper who had to account to the visiting justices for the non-performance of any labour not recorded by the Ergometer since their last meeting.

In December, 1833 Mance reported to the visiting justices that while originally the prison had been built for thirty-two prisoners, the average number of prisoners was now running at fifty-two and on one occasion had reached 107. It was impossible to keep up any pretence to solitary confinement in conditions like this.

Arrangements were made with Henry Blackman of Lewes for a loan of £500 towards the cost of the necessary improvements and a committee of the visiting justices met at Epiphany 1834 to review the proposed alterations. By Easter they were able to report that they were in contact with Mr. Cowper an eminent surveyor in East Sussex and that Mr. Upton, surveyor of Petworth House of Correction had inspected Mr. Cowper's plans. Upton was directed "to prepare a plan and estimate for extending the present boundary walls on the north and south of the keeper's house without encroaching on the field in front of the prison, the said enlargement to include the additional number of 67 cells". Seven sleeping cells were to be made from the existing Day Rooms. There were to be two manufacturing rooms for producing prison and other articles. It would thus be possible to adhere to 4GCDIVC64 which directed that 'a separate sleeping cell be provided for every prisoner'.



The Boxgrove Tipteers in action about 1935.  
Another Garland photograph.





Haymaking by Shimmings about 1920.  
This photograph courtesy of Mr. Guy Botwright.



Outside the Swan Room Picture Palace. Miss M. Golds seated front.  
The date is probably before the Great War. Does anyone know the other people?  
This photograph courtesy of Mr. John Simmons.

Females were separated according to the Act. A small building was erected in the gardens on the south side of the keeper's house with washhouse and laundry. The visiting justices being "convinced of the injurious tendency of the Day Rooms on morale and on the less hardened" kept constantly in view this principle of solitary confinement. The reports of both governor and chaplain speak of the previously undermining influence of the Day Rooms. Tenders were invited from various tradesmen and the proposed changes led Dr. Blagden to look back on the years he had served as surgeon. Writing in 1834 he noted that for the first thirty years of the prison's existence, there was no labour and little exercise except that taken in the airing yards, which amounted to about two hours daily. Scurvy was prevalent amongst those who were confined for long periods. The Day Rooms with ingress and egress from their respective yards had helped eliminate this and fires had been lit in these rooms during the winter. Dr. Blagden's attitude to the proposed changes was reserved. He pointed out that the Day Rooms had stone floors, very liable to deposits of moisture, also that other yards would be required if the present yards were partly taken up by the improvement.

A school had been established in December 1833 and on the 5th April, 1837 Mr. Langshaw the new chaplain reported the school but thinly attended owing partly to severe cold but particularly "to the almost incessant exertion necessary during the short days of winter to enable them (the prisoners) to accomplish their allotted task". Mr. Mance's regimen was strict. Mr. Ayling the previous chaplain had complained in October, 1835 that prisoners under solitary confinement were restrained from attending chapel. He commented "While they are imposing on the prisoners the severest punishment that the place allows, they are withholding from them the best means of correction". Prisoners were not always well-behaved; the governor's reports often mention disorderly behaviour in chapel, and sometimes the chaplain had to take a turnkey with him. Mance confirmed in reporting to the visiting justices in 1836 "that the adoption of silence and separate confinement has materially improved the discipline of the prison". In 1837 he lamented that revenue prisoners (who were not subject to hard labour) were a burden on the rates of maritime counties, whereas inland counties benefited from Excise money but did not pay for the upkeep of such prisoners. Conditions in the prison continued to be severe and there was more than one suicide and a number of attempted suicides.

(To be continued)



## EDWIN SAUNDERS RECOLLECTS (3)

### LUNCH-BASKETS

Men used to go to work with a rush basket on their shoulders with their mid-day meal in it. I have not seen one of these baskets for a long time. They used to be all the go years ago and when I saw them sit down to their mid-day meal it was always the top of the loaf and home-made. They always cut a hole in the top and put in a nob of butter and a piece of fat pork and sometimes an onion to go with it and use their pocket-knife to cut it with bread held between thumb and finger and a bottle of home-brewed beer to go with the meal. The bread was never cut in slices, always cut from the top of the loaf and they always put it in a red cloth with white spots..... There was a custom in the building trade if they were working out in the country and mushrooms were in season they would go and get some, light a fire and cook them on a shovel or a slate and have them for their dinner..... There was another thing they used to do if they were working in our little town; they would go and buy a bloater or fresh herring and point a stick and cook it over the fire and they were very good. Fresh herrings were very cheap I have bought them 60 to a shilling straight from Worthing, always nice and fresh and when the herrings were cheap the country people would salt them and get a piece of string and put the herrings on the string and hang them round the fire-place and when they were ready they could have them when they wanted them.

### THE G.P.O. MAIL VANS

The G.P.O. mail vans were drawn by horses. They used to take the mail and collect it. One could always hear them coming because they had iron tyres on their wheels no rubber tyres in those days and it was always done at night and in the early morning.

### TO HEAR THE NIGHTINGALES

I knew men who in the spring time of the year would walk to a common so as to hear the nightingale sing, take some strong beer with them and stop for a few hours so as to hear this bird sing. I know my father used to do it. They would get to the common about ten o'clock at night and I have heard them talk about it many times.

### THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND

One hears quite a bit about blood sports these days but nature is the cruellest. Take a hawk how they kill a bird and tear it to pieces. Then there is the stoat. I have watched quite a few in my time, how they find a rabbit and run behind and keep jumping in the air and it is so frightening that the rabbit stops running and the stoat jumps on the rabbits back and sucks its blood. We countrymen used to say the stoat was the poor people's friend for if one heard a rabbit cry we knew a stoat was after it and there was a cheap dinner for us and it was always a nice rabbit.....

### OTTERS

Then there is the otter. There are several in the Rother. A gamekeeper I was friendly with would always tell me where I would see one. He knows where their home is but he is not allowed to shoot them. They used to hunt them once a year. I have seen them hunt the otter - there is plenty of walking to this sport for the otter's scent lays on the ground for a very long time and it may take many hours before the hounds get up to the otter and very often they finish the day without seeing one. Their skin is very valuable and I don't think they do too much damage to the fish. They catch quite a few but there's always plenty left to fish for.

### HARES

Years ago this little town was noted for its strong hares and big coursing meetings. Bookmakers used to come and plenty of money was put on the greyhounds. They had callovers just the same as horse-racing and money could be put down the night before the meeting. I have heard the callover but as I am not a betting man I had nothing to do with it. A large crowd used to come to the meeting but it has been done away with a good many years.



## NEW MEMBERS

Mrs. D. Boakes, 64 Wyndham Road, Petworth.  
Mrs. J. Bray, Dye House, Duncton, Petworth.  
Mr. D.J. Budden, 5 Mulberry Court, Petworth.  
Mr. & Mrs. A.J. Carver, 54 Buckingham Road, Brighton.  
Mr. & Mrs. P. Clark, Flat 1, The Square, Petworth.  
Mr. J.M. Collins, Redcote, Bradpole, Bridport, Dorset.  
Mr. & Mrs. D. Cummings, White Hart Place Cottage, Petworth.  
Mrs. R.A. Foster, 241 Conrad Tower, Bollo Lane, Action, London.  
Mr. & Mrs. H. Hedges, 10 The Harrows, Tillington.  
Mrs. C. Hirons, 28 Littlecote, Petworth.  
Mr. & Mrs. M.J. Hubbard, 11 Dawtrey Road, Petworth.  
Mrs. G. Knott, Nurses Cottage, Pipers Lane, Northchapel.  
Mr. & Mrs. D. Lawler, 9 Littlecote, Petworth.  
Mrs. M. Lowman, 21 Station Road, Petworth.  
Dr. S.Z. Mack, 34 Ullswater Drive, Nepean, Ontario.  
Mr. & Mrs. R. Peskett, 9 Luffs Meadow, Northchapel.  
Mr. S. Southin, 14 St. Georges Close, Park Road, Toddington, Beds.  
Mr. J. Taylor, The Shambles, Lower Green, Wakecolne, Essex.  
Mr. & Mrs. A.P. Vickery, The Coach House, Pound Street, Petworth.  
Mrs. E. Whitton, 20 Mant Road, Petworth.  
Lt. Cdr. & Mrs. J. Raban-Williams, Lombard Cottage, Lombard Street,  
Petworth.  
  
Mr. & Mrs. A. Woodcock, Sunnyside, Midhurst Road, Petworth.  
Mr. T. Wales, 31 Hurst Avenue, Horsham, West Sussex.  
Mr. & Mrs. N. Allwright, Milestone Cottage, Duncton, Nr. Petworth.  
Mr. & Mrs. Grisdale, Durnford, Seymour Road, Headley Down, Bordon,  
Hants.  
  
Mr. & Mrs. Brownsey, Soanes, Grove Lane, Petworth.  
Mrs. J. Chisholm, Fosseys, The Street, Slinfold.  
Mr. & Mrs. MacPherson, 9 Aubrey Road, London.  
Mrs. I. McKenzie, 23 Luffs Meadow, Northchapel.  
Mrs. M. Mulcahy, Prospect Cottage, 311D North Street, Petworth.  
Mr. L. Parrack, 47 Whippingham Road, Brighton.  
Mr. & Mrs. B. Pottington, 7 Diamond Street, Beckenham, West  
Australia.  
  
Mrs. A. Salter, 13 Collyer Avenue, Beddington, Surrey.  
Weald and Downland Open Air Museum, Nr. Singleton, Chichester.



