

# The Petworth Society

Miles Costello  
Petworth  
Collection



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Cover design by Jonathan Newdick drawn from a photograph by Walter Kevis. It shows Old Coultershaw Mill burned down in 1923.

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

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

The annual subscription is £2.50. Single or Double one Bulletin delivered. Postal £3.50. Overseas £4.00. Further information may be obtained from any of the following:-

Chairman - Mr. P.A. Jerrome, Trowels, Pound Street,  
Petworth. (Tel. 42562)

Vice-Chairman - Mr. K.C. Thompson, 18 Rothermead, Petworth.

Hon. Bulletin Sec. - Mrs. Margaret Hill, Whitelocks, Sheepdown  
Close, Petworth.

Hon. Treasurer - Mr. R. A. Sneller, 16 Littlecote,  
Petworth. (Tel. 42507)

Hon. Membership Sec. - Mrs. R. Staker, 2 Grove Lane, Petworth,  
assisted by  
Mrs. J. Boss, North Street, Petworth.

Committee - Lord Egremont, Mrs. Audrey Grimwood,  
Mr. R. Pottington, Mrs. Sonia Rix,  
Mrs. Anne Simmons, Mr. D.S. Sneller,  
Mr. H.W. Speed, 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

I hope you have liked the monthly meetings. Donald Jackson was his usual relaxed self making calligraphy look just a little easier than it really is in early December. The Christmas evening certainly went with a swing: Bob Lomas playing clarinet with his friends on percussion and piano while the Town Band played carols in the interval, doubtless relieved to be indoors on one of the wildest nights of the year. We had, too, the Rottingdean Tipteers to give their version of the raucous old Sussex mummings' play in its own way as much a Sussex tradition as the robust country humour with which Bob Lomas opened the second half of the programme. Jeremy Godwin sends us the Blennerhasset mummings' play from Cumbria and I include it in this Bulletin to give a comparison with the Rottingdean play. Despite the enormous distance separating the two plays there are many striking similarities. The Hall was again full for Doris Ashby's marvellous natural history slides in January and no doubt will be full again when Fred Shepherd returns in mid-February with his film on the South Downs Way. At 40p entrance (to include refreshments) I am not sure that we have got our pricing policy right!

The Committee had a long discussion over the subscription for the coming year. The outcome was a decision to make the absolute minimum increase that would enable us to fulfil our existing commitments. This basically involves charging £2.50 for a delivered Bulletin whether to a single or double membership. In case single members feel rather harshly treated I should point out that with the Bulletin costing well over 50p a copy (not counting the four activities sheets a year) we shall be subsidising a £2.00 subscription whereas on £2.50 (single or double) the princely sum of some 18p will go toward Society funds. Effectively from a Society point of view single and double members cost the same - the cost of four Bulletins and four activities sheets a year. This "single Bulletin delivered" membership is an experiment and if anyone feels aggrieved they are most welcome to come into the shop and savage me. The postal membership rises marginally to £3.50 and the overseas to £4. The cover price of the Bulletin rises to 65p. My stance on all this is clear enough: to provide as good a Bulletin as possible on as low a subscription as possible and to hand on to my successor a reasonable balance.

You can help us enormously by giving us something for our tombola at the Leconfield Hall mini-market on April 14th. The response two years ago was adequate but a little disappointing. It is a rule of

this Society that we do not go round asking for things. Our members either give spontaneously or they do not give at all. Any of the committee will be pleased to collect anything you can give and your response (or lack of it) could well influence future subscription decisions.

I have had some correspondence with the Chichester District Museum over their intention to take up with much greater intent the "district" part of their title and I hope we shall be seeing them in Petworth from now on. A note on their forthcoming dispensing Exhibition appears in this issue and I hope someone will be able to help them.

Jonathan has produced a particularly attractive cover drawing, very suitable for another plate. Do you want us to produce one this year? Your response to this note will largely dictate our policy. If you would like a plate with the old mill on it please let me know.

Mrs. Margaret Hill the Bulletin secretary feels it is time for her to give up her office and to stand down from the committee. I don't, but I know Margaret well enough not to attempt to dissuade her. Certainly anyone who takes on the job will find everything in perfect order and the consequences of not finding someone to take this on will be serious. Margaret will, I am sure, be pleased to explain (without obligation) what the work involves. The post of Bulletin secretary would entitle her successor to Margaret's place on the committee but membership of the committee is not a prerequisite of the job i.e. it does not have to involve being a member of the committee.

As so many people expressed interest in the 1920 photograph of Petworth footballers I give the names as kindly supplied by Mr. Hewson of Rugby:

Back Row. Dick Vincent, J. Wells, R. Tiplady, Dan Hill, E. Kent, R. Turner, H. Tree.

Centre Row. W. Hooker, C. Bartlett, A. Pullen.

Front Row. D. Rapley, J. Hewson, T. Moore, J. Tullett, Knight.

There are two similar group pictures in this issue, but this time we have included the names.

Lastly there is so much material trying to force a way into this issue that a good deal may have to go over to next time. I hope, however, we will be able to fit in the defamation article in its entirety. It may look a bit dry but it isn't really. Give it a go!

30th January 1984.

Peter.

#### A PERSONAL VIEW OF AN OLD PROBLEM

As I remember him Colonel Maude always felt that the Society could have no official view on the eternal Petworth traffic problem because any declaration of a Society "view" would have the effect of splitting the membership and in so doing destroy the Society itself. This is a piece of conventional wisdom to which I have over the years adhered, although my own personal hostility to the so-called western or Park route for a bypass must by now be fairly well-known. Nevertheless I have always accepted that my own attitude on this does not give me a mandate to say on behalf of the Society in general that its members too oppose the western route. You would not expect me to pour scorn on those who have so consistently championed this route over the years but then again you would not expect me publicly to endorse this route. Of myself I can say that I think my own views are not necessarily entirely rational any more than anyone else's are. Personal views on routes are convictions built up over years and are little affected by arguments rational or otherwise. This is probably a basic ingredient of this deep-seated problem and too often conveniently ignored.

The surprising decision of the Parish Council to suggest a route over the Shimmings Valley placed me in some difficulty. By tradition the Society had stood aloof from these discussions but how could we possibly appear to acquiesce in an idea such as this? I was clearly expected to make a strong objection and I did as you will know if you were present at the public meeting. The old convention of staying clear of the issue was under strain and in so far as it is hardly legitimate to criticise without making some constructive suggestion under intolerable strain. To make alternative suggestions is effectively to rethink the older policy. Having gone this far it was logical in the last Bulletin to explain our consensus position as agreed by the committee, to set out our objections to the Shimmings Route in detail and to suggest that it might be advisable before very radical and far-reaching suggestions were canvassed to make certain that the Parish Council were right in saying that there was no way forward along the lines of controlling heavy lorry traffic. There

is no change in our position since then and no one seems to have considered this to be contentious.

It is now three months since I last wrote. On the face of it little has happened to give any impetus towards alleviating the problem. Some significance may be seen in the recent closing of North Street to all traffic. A diversion was made via Kingspit Lane. There were problems here caused by the unsuitability of the road as it is at present but I imagine some might foresee a gradual upgrading of this road to take the pressure off Petworth centre. A gradual approach might make the expense involved tolerable. Of the technicalities involved I cannot speak.

Another event was the meeting between representatives of the Parish Council and the National Trust. On the face of it again there was little new here. Whatever the councillors may have hoped, the certainty would always be that the Trust would reiterate their old hostility to a western route. As I was not a party to this meeting I can as I write only guess the result of it but I would judge that the outcome will be a feeling that the discussion is back to the beginning and that the Trust are once again baulking the legitimate desire of the people of Petworth for relief by refusing them a route through the Park. There seems no way forward along these well-rehearsed lines. I just wonder tentatively whether it might be possible to hope for a more constructive attitude on both sides. No route will traverse the Park in the next decade and everyone knows this. Might it not be to Petworth's advantage to call a truce in the now almost ritual battle with the Trust and say, "let us assume as a working hypothesis that the route will not go through the Park. What are we then left with and what can we do?"

I don't think this is really a very radical idea. It doesn't imply any final judgement about the western route while its great merit would be that discussion could proceed unhampered by the underlying and apparently undying hope that in some way the Trust can be forced to concede. As things stand all discussion tends to end up on the rock of the Trust's alleged intractability. But after all what can they realistically offer within the next decade? Their membership is violently opposed to a western route while the land it would run through is technically inalienable. The almost inconceivable situation of the land being released could on any reckoning arrive only after years of legal struggle and at astronomical expense.

The overwhelming advantage of such a truce would be that the Trust could take the place it should have taken long ago in the broader

spectrum of Petworth discussion. The National Trust is not Petworth, but Petworth without the Trust lacks an utterly vital constituent of any solution to this problem. Surely no one can any more look on the Trust as a kind of alien outpost or garrison. It is, and will remain, an integral part of modern Petworth and it must have something to offer toward a solution. If it does not then it is failing in its responsibilities. I would very much like to have speakers from the Trust to talk to the Society and through the Society to the town as a whole, setting out their own practical suggestions for dealing with the traffic problem if the western route is to be held in abeyance. I would like in turn to feel that any such speaker would be assured of a civilised hearing and a congenial atmosphere.

It may be that we are beginning to see an end to the grandiose bypass plans of yesteryear. They, like the dinosaurs, will fade into history and it may be that the Shimmings route will be notable as a late example of this type of plan. We may be entering a new stage of discussion, "a day of small things". Roundabouts, neon-lights, dual carriageways that act as a magnet for heavier and heavier traffic while the centre of the town dies is not a vision of the future of Petworth. Or if it is it is not my idea of the future.

Peter.

15th January 1984.

#### A CAUTIONARY TALE

Through Petworth there came a long lorry,  
And the Council was 'Ever so sorry',  
When manouvering the Square  
To the driver's despair,  
He somehow collected poor Florrie.

P.C.

#### THE LECONFIELD HALL

The Leconfield Memorial Hall stands in the very centre of the town but is in its present condition no showpiece for Petworth. I know some look upon it as something of a white elephant and there has always been some talk of a more modern hall on a different site but there are serious difficulties in such an idea. I look upon the Hall as an important part of the town and few would deny that its central

position in the Square is a great advantage. However it now looks as drab as it has ever looked and there are serious difficulties inside. The Leconfield Hall Management Committee are, I am told, going to make a determined effort to come to terms with the problems this year and I think as a Petworth Society we should support them in any way that we can.

The most pressing problem without which nothing else can be attempted is the roof. The slating is basically sound but the lead flashing and guttering has been repaired so often over the years that it will stand no more. It must be renewed. If anyone doubts this they have only to look at the water-stained polystyrene tiles on the ceiling of the Upper Hall. Water is only leaking in at the moment but if the situation is not taken in hand it will soon flood in.

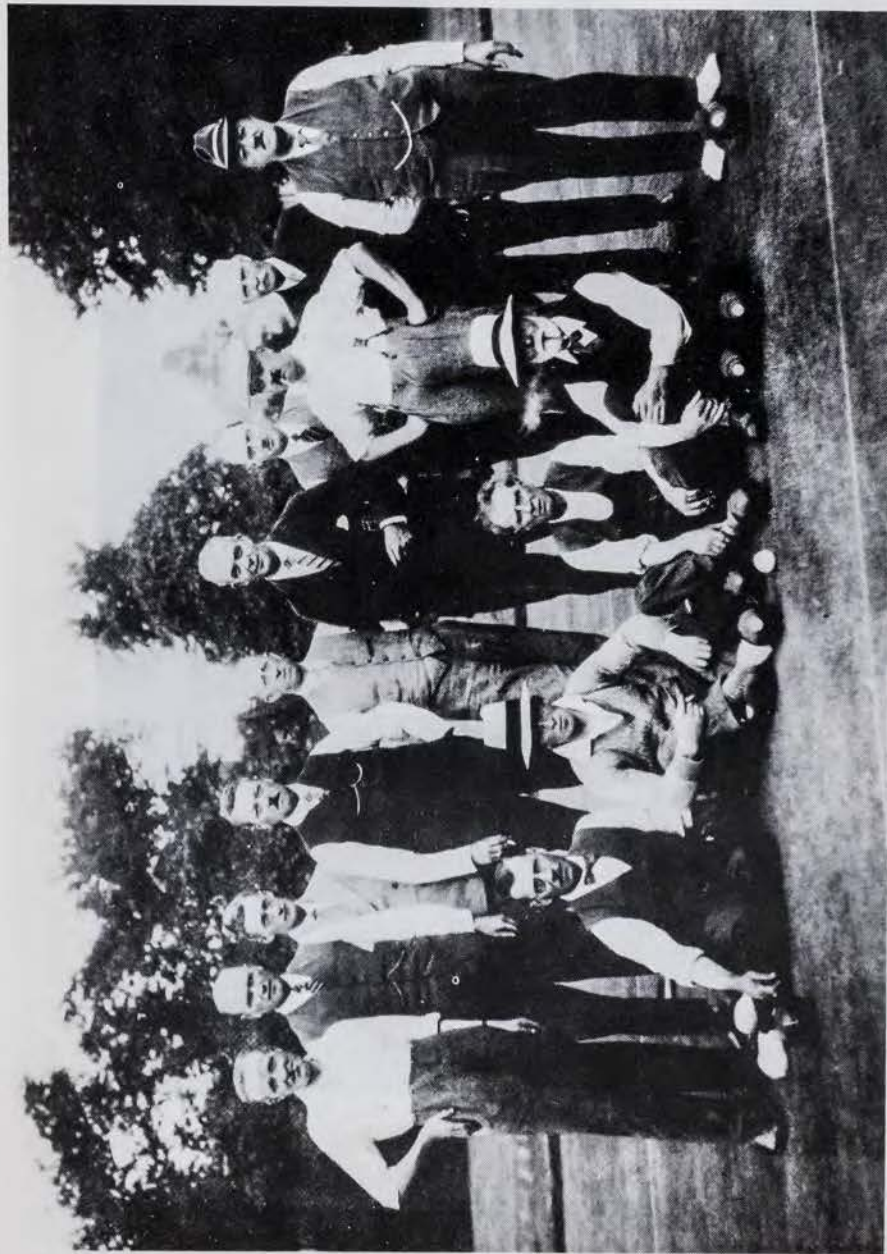
When the roof has been put in order, redecoration of the main hall and stage area is essential and in fact is required by the local authority. Some of the ceiling also needs relining. The stage curtains are in poor condition and have not been approved by the fire officer. New curtaining that is fireproofed is required. The Upper Hall has not been redecorated for some fifteen years. The wells of both back stage staircases are in urgent need of decoration as are also the kitchen and toilet lobbies. The north and south committee rooms while somewhat lack lustre are just about passable.

The roof work would need some £3000, the redecorations perhaps some £7000 more or less. Some money will be available from grants, local authority and otherwise, and the Committee are exploring the possibilities of charitable help. No one doubts however that a proportion of this money will have to be raised in Petworth itself.

Dealing with the outer stonework would be a second stage: on the east side particularly the stonework is in dire need of renovation. It is breaking and flaking away particularly around the windows and it is the stonework that gives the building its drab look from the outside. Recent renovations e.g. at the old Petworth Park Hotel have served only to intensify this impression of drabness. The Management Committee will, I am told, be taking advice on the possible cost of dealing with the exterior stonework.

Fund-raising functions are:

Supermarket and grand draw (25 good prizes). (The event will be supported by a marching band). April 14th.  
Cheese and Wine Party (date to be arranged).



Petworth Bowls 1933-34.

Back Row. A. WEAVER/D. HILL/F. WRIGHT/J. PULLEN/Mr. BROWN/Mr. INGRAM (Postmaster)/P. HAZELMAN/  
J. SADLER/Mr. WOOTTON/J. DEAN.

Front Row. Mr. MORAES/W. SMITH/E. STREETER/"DAD" WESTWOOD.

Photograph courtesy of Mrs. BEVIS Canterbury.



TILLINGTON F.C. Six-a-Side 1930-31.

C.WILSON Snr. (standing)  
 Back Row. J.TOWNSEND/R.SPOONER/C.SAUNDERS.  
 Front Row. C.LINTON/C.WILSON Jnr./R.SPOONER.

Photograph courtesy of Mr. DELDERFIELD Tillington.

Smaller functions run by local organisations with a larger function scheduled for the early autumn.  
 Please support this Draw - books of tickets are quite small 5 for 50p and are available from any member of the Hall Committee or direct from Mr. J. Brown, 2 Downview Road, Petworth. Donations may be given to any member of the Hall Committee or again sent to Mr. Brown at the address above. Cheques should be payable to the Leconfield Hall Renovation Fund.

Over the years it has been our practice never to ask for donations under any pretext. I hope I am not in breach of this unwritten rule. Any money received is not for the Society's direct benefit but a donation to Petworth itself. The Leconfield Hall is important to the town and this initiative should be supported.

Peter.

### J'S BULLETIN WALK

There have been several requests from members for some longer walks, so this walk is about eight miles long, in places it is hilly and considerable lengths of it are very muddy if there has been recent rain, a stout pair of walking boots or wellington boots are a must, it takes about 3½ hours.

Our walk starts on Bignor Hill and to reach this from Petworth direction, pass through Sutton village and on to Bignor, past Bignor church and a lovely old timber framed cottage on our left, on reaching a phone box there is a sharp bend in the road to the left but we take the small road to the right and within a few yards turn left through the farm and on up to the top of Bignor Hill. Before setting off on the walk it is well worth taking in the views around us both north to Petworth and the Sussex Weald and south to the coast and on a clear day sailing boats are easily seen. Now we set off from the large signpost and take the path due south on the left side of the clearing, by the fence, and keep straight on soon passing through a gate with larch trees on our left and arable land on our right, the path goes on down hill and opens out to a very wide track leading down towards a secluded house, before we reach the house, however, we take the first turn to the right marked by a signpost this path drops down into a valley and then up quite a steep hill, the path at one point diverts slightly, first right and then left but it is clearly marked and easy to follow. On reaching the beech woods we come to a T sign and here turn left through the gate and

straight on across the fields, the path is a bridleway and is usually marked well by horses hooves, this area is called Great Down and here we have a good view of Halnaker Windmill away to the west, after about a mile we come to a + sign and here turn right and after a few yards right again, on reaching a fork in the path with a signpost take the left fork and carry on to a signpost just inside the woods here once again we take the left fork.

On reaching a flint track we move on straight across at the + sign with beech trees on our right and silver birch on our left, this path we must follow as it winds its way through various types of woodland and eventually we come out onto the road at Eartham Woods, turn right and after a few yards there is a signpost marked Stane Street. Stane Street was built by the Romans to join Chichester to London (or Regnum to Londinium as it was then) and as we walk along it towards Bignor it is marvellous to think that it still exists after all the centuries have passed, and indeed parts of it are probably much the same as they were then, after we have walked about a mile we should spot the wireless aerials on Bignor Hill, these are a good guide as we know that we have got to end up about half a mile to the right of them. Soon we can see Gumber Farm over to our right and this is one of the many good spots to pause a while and look back at the view, this area is called The Gumber.

On reaching the car I think everyone will be a bit weary and possibly quite muddy but I am sure everyone will believe it well worth the effort and if, hopefully, it is a clear day the views we have seen must be among the finest in Sussex. Lastly please remember to engage a low gear when leaving the hill.

#### A LETTER FROM THE CHICHESTER DISTRICT MUSEUM

29 Little London,  
Chichester.

#### Proposed Temporary Exhibition, 1984.

The Museum would like to mount a temporary exhibition in 1984 to celebrate the 200th anniversary of the opening of the Chichester Dispensary in 1784. The scope of the exhibition could cover related topics such as local health, doctors, hospitals and dispensing, depending very much on the type of material made available through research.

The Dispensary was the forerunner of the Royal West Sussex Hospital, established in 1826, largely through the influence of the distinguished physician Dr. (later Sir) John Forbes. Dr. Forbes is associated with the development of the stethoscope and incidentally was a leading light in the formation of the first Chichester Museum about 1831.

The Museum collection contains a very small number of pharmaceutical objects which have been recorded by a specialist. We would therefore be grateful to receive offers of relevant documentary material, papers or photographs and especially objects which could be loaned for the exhibition.

Please contact Rosemary Gilmour.

Assistant Curator.

#### BOOK REVIEW: TONY WALES, "LONG SUMMER DAYS". GAMES AND PASTIMES OF SUSSEX CHILDREN.

I noticed "A Day out in old Sussex", the first of Tony Wales' booklets in the series "Simple Pleasures" in a previous Bulletin. "Simple Pleasures" is about bygone Sussex at play. Like other small private publishers I don't suppose Tony finds things easy and I think it is the comparative advantages of publishing several small volumes as opposed to one large one that have led him to publish pecemeal in booklet form. "Simple Pleasures" is really a series of chapters from a much larger book. The format is unpretentious, not unlike this Bulletin and with the same type of photographic illustration (including in this case a nice view of East Street). The style too is unpretentious, Tony setting off without overmuch preamble into his account of children's pastimes over a hundred years and more, ranging in time from this riddle of 1861.

"Why are the years 1860 and the coming year alike?"  
(Because one is 1860 and the other is 1860 too = 1862!)"

to this from 1980 "Why did the Athena B come to Brighton?"  
("To get to ShipStreet").

or how about

As round as an apple, as deep as a cup  
and all the king's horses can't pull it up. (A well)?



But the lack of pretension is deceptive. There is a lot of careful research here and Tony has spoken to scores of Sussex people about their childhood memories to gather together a great mass of oral recollection that might well otherwise be lost. Here is a whole disappearing world of playground games, skipping rhymes, tops, marbles, conkers, samplers, hoops, sweet-shops, magic-lanterns, shadow plays and old fashioned autograph albums. From the last I particularly liked

"I dreamed I died and to Heaven did go,  
Where did you come from they wanted to know.  
Horsham I said and didn't they stare  
"Step right inside, you're the first one from there."

Echoing the title this is a delightful sunlit book, unfussy and yet detailed, objective but never condescending. Something perhaps that no one else could have written and that's always the best kind of book. At £1-95 post free from Field and Furrow Books, 31 Hurst Avenue, Horsham it's got to be great value, or perhaps Tony will bring a few with him when he comes in March. I'll have a word with him. Like most of us small publishers he's probably better at producing them than selling them!

Peter.

### BLENNERHASSET MUMMERS PLAY

#### KNOCK ON DOOR

#### ENTER LEADER/FOOL:

"I open the door, I enter in  
I beg your pardon to begin.  
Stir up the fire and make a light  
(f)or in this house there'll be a fight"

#### ALTERNATIVE INTRODUCTION:

FATHER CHRISTMAS: "Here comes in old Father Christmas  
Welcome or welcome not.  
I hope old Father Christmas  
Will never be forgot.

When I was a boy I used to go in  
orchards to steal apples to make  
gooseberry pies.  
I was born in a rocky country where  
there was no wood to make me a cradle of.

I was born round shouldered and I'm  
round shouldered yet!"

Here comes in the Turkish Knight.

ENTER TURKISH KNIGHT: "I've come from Turkey land to fight  
and if King George will meet me here  
I'll try my courage without fear  
Here comes in King George"

ENTER KING GEORGE: "King George is my name .....  
with a sword and spear by my side

I'll knock you down in half a minute"

KNIGHT: "You Sir?"

GEORGE: "I Sir!  
Take your sword and try Sir"

(They fight. King George kills Turkish Knight)

GEORGE: "O see what I have done!  
I've killed my fathers eldest son.  
I wonder if there's any £5 doctors in this town?"

ENTER DOCTOR: "Here comes in old doctor Brown,  
Best old doctor in the town"

GEORGE: "What can you cure?"

DOCTOR: "That dead man lying down there.  
Take a drop of my ipsey-pipsey;  
Rise up and sing a song"

(Ministers to Turkish Knight: who gets up and sings,  
all may join in)

KNIGHT (and others?) "Once I was dead, now I'm alive; with a  
pocket full of money and a cellar full of beer  
I wish you merry Christmas and a happy New Year"

ENTER JOHNNY CUNNY: "In comes I little Johnny Cunny  
I'm the man that takes the money.  
If you haven't got a penny,  
a halfpenny will do  
If you haven't got a halfpenny  
God Bless You."

Collected by Mrs. Sue Mycock of Wigton in Cumbria from Joe and Hilda  
Lawson of Blennerhasset in 1978. The play was performed before  
Christmas. The actors were boys and for costume simply wore their

fathers clothes, or ordinary clothes turned inside out, with caps turned back to front. Their faces were blacked.

.....

Jeremy Godwin writes, "Blennerhasset is a smallish agricultural village some sixteen miles south west of Carlisle and on the edge of coal-mining territory. The old couple who could remember it from their childhood before the Great War have since died. It was performed around the village houses at Christmas time but probably did not survive the Great War. It has never been revived."

Our thanks to the Cumbrian Record Office at Carlisle and to Mrs. Mycock for permission to reproduce the text of the play.

### 314 LOMBARD STREET

314 Lombard Street should really perhaps be 313. 314 was actually the number of the adjoining cottages before the two properties were turned into one and my parents moved there after living in the little "bungalow" houses in Grove Street. In fact they had a choice between the Lombard Street cottage and another in North Street. On the face of it the North Street house was much the better prospect - the surroundings were less built up - (Lombard Street was full then of business premises) - and there were fields at the back of North Street, a garden and plenty of room to put out washing. I expect if my mother had been asked for her preference she would have decided on North Street but, as was the way in those days, she wasn't asked at all! My father worked for Ricketts the carriers in Grove Street and what decided him was the thought that if he went home for lunch he might be late back to work owing to the long uphill walk from the bottom of North Street. So we took the Lombard Street cottage, rented from Leconfield although in fact, as I have said, my father worked for Ricketts. Years later his taking the Lombard Street premises brought the family an unexpected nonus. When electricity came we were the first Leconfield cottage to be put on supply: the Lombard Street businesses all had the electric put on and it was simplicity itself for us to have it too.

Anyone who lived in 313 had, of necessity, a great deal to do with the occupants of 314. The tiny yard was even smaller than the present yard because a washhouse has since been removed. The two toilets were shared with 314 as were the washhouse and its copper, while the yard was used by both families to dry washing. In the early days all Ricketts' transport was of course horse-drawn and the

main trade to bring back deliveries from Petworth Station to the Petworth shops. When he was not engaged on this my father would deliver coal. Another job was furniture removing. It wasn't unusual for him to go to London, get back in the early hours, feed, rub down the horses and take off their harness before returning home. Horses weren't like today's cars: you couldn't just shut them away in a garage and forget about them when you came home. My father would be expected to be back at work first thing in the morning - but not before he'd gone up the Sheep Downs to feed the pigs and chickens on his 30 rod allotment. Other drivers for Ricketts were Mr. Dummer and Mr. Seldon but the first man to use motorised transport was I think Sam Talbot. My father never drove motors; as he was rather stout his mates used to joke and say it was because he couldn't get behind the steering wheel but in fact he simply preferred horses.

The rent of the cottage was 2/9d. a week and it would be paid annually in the Audit Room. It had to be religiously put by each week. £8 or £9 was no light sum to find in a hurry. The rent money was always kept in a tin box and my father was always saying, "If ever there's a fire, save the tin box first". My father liked the audit dinners: the choir boys would be singing and there would be cigars and nuts. If he had to be working one of us would go up and collect his dinner and bring it back for him to eat at home. The cottagers would be given a brace of rabbits and the business people a brace of pheasants. Most of the latter weren't keen on plucking the pheasants, so at this time of year my mother would sit in the yard with an old tin bath plucking the pheasants at 3d. a bird. We certainly weren't well-off and thought nothing of hand-me-downs and second-hand clothes but my mother was in some ways a very proud woman. Mrs. Earle and Mrs. Eager would help with the Mothers' Union teas and when they had finished would tip all the tea they had left in the urn into a great big white jug. Then, knowing my mother had a large family and something of a struggle they would kindly bring the big white jug up to Lombard Street and tap on the front door. "Yes maam," I would hear my mother say, "thank you very much". Then she would take the jug through to the kitchen, tip the cold tea down the sink and bring back the jug for them. She'd no intention of giving us warmed-up tea, nor had she any intention of hurting the good ladies' feelings. When Eagers had a sale she would get the items ready, stitching pieces of coconut matting at both ends for 2d. or making up sheets, pillow-cases and table-cloths from bales of material kept on a couch in the bedroom. Everything helped to bring in a little extra money - in the Great War she had had soldiers billeted with the family but it was a squeeze to fit four soldiers into a small house already holding a large family.

As with many of the poorer families we couldn't afford to call out a doctor unless the situation was desperate. Syrup of figs was a staple remedy for ailments - if it was more serious Mr. Steggles the chemist could often be relied upon to produce a spoonful of medicine. If we jibbed at it he'd pinch our noses while we swallowed it. We never had pimples or spots and Mrs. Bowdidge and Miss Westwood over the road always remarked on this. Perhaps it was something to do with the brimstone and treacle we were dosed with in the spring - three teaspoons consecutive mornings, three mornings without, then another three.

My father was a stern man but, like so many of his contemporaries, good-living. He'd go to the Rector's Bible class, well-attended in those days, while we would go to Sunday School. When we came back he'd be sitting out in the washhouse with the galvanised bath doing vegetables. We'd go back to church again at 11 o'clock and be home again at 12.30. My father would always say, "I'm going upstairs to shift my kit" i.e. wash and change. We children would lay the table for dinner, although in fact we'd sit on a bench as there wasn't room for chairs for all of us. The joint would be put in the dish and the "Sussex" drip pudding cut into slices. My mother would get up the vegetables while my father carved the joint. Then she'd wash up the vegetable pans before we started dinner. This meant that after dinner we children could wash up the cutlery while she changed.

There was always a Sunday afternoon walk - usually up round the allotments. Sunday really was a Sabbath day: my father would not do any work on the allotment, not even pick vegetables, nor would my mother touch a needle or a piece of cotton. There was church again in the evening and then, when we came home, my father would read passages out of the family bible and we would sing hymns. No, we didn't think there was too much religion on a Sunday, on the contrary, we rather liked it. The ladies in Lombard Street liked to hear the sound of our singing coming through the open door of the house. My mother had a fine voice and I can still hear my father say, "Let your mother start, she'll lead us". Good Friday though was a day to get on in the garden; whatever the weather or the date of Easter my father would always plant his potatoes on Good Friday.

A regular errand was for one of us to go up to Mrs. Cownley, the housekeeper at Petworth House, to buy the dripping that remained after the banquets and luncheons given at the numerous house parties. You could have beef dripping or game dripping and it was sixpence a pound. Another run, this time with milk-cans, was down to the agent's

house at Littlecote to buy skimmed milk, while another was to the Town Hall to pay a shilling into the Coal Club that Miss Downes looked after. This was a regular Monday morning thing. The coal would be delivered at Christmas.

Hunt Balls were held at the Town Hall and an awning and a red carpet stretched from the Town Hall across to the ballroom at the Swan. I would stand outside the tailor's shop in the Square and watch the guests arriving in their finery. By this time they would arrive in limousines rather than horse-drawn carriages. As I looked across to the Town Hall I always felt a bond of affection with the bust of William of Orange perched up there. "My little old friend" I always called him.

Some errands were for other people and we would receive a few coppers for doing them. I might deliver greengrocery orders for Mrs. Bowdidge, the Lombard Street greengrocer, and I particularly remember delivering to the Westminster Bank premises. The people in the flat at the top wouldn't come down for their order but would lower a great basket on a pulley. We then put the order into the basket and it would be drawn up into the air. Such jobs helped us along and on Saturdays my mother would give me a half-penny and my father a whole penny. Norse Moorman had the agency for Typhoo Tea and Evelyn Head, whose father was the gardener at the Rectory, and I used to deliver the tea for her - along to Dickie Woods in Angel Street, who collected the town's refuse, or down to Dickie Carver in North Street. Dickie was the town lamplighter and we children used to like following him round as he went to light the lamps. We might even follow him as far as the Station Road gasworks and sit inside there for a warm when the weather was cold.

Mrs. Bowdidge over the road was very kind to us children and always helped the family in any way she could. Only the gentry could afford to buy grapes in those days but as grapes were delivered in wooden barrels filled with cork, we would be given the barrels to burn the cork on the copper and we would carefully pick out any grapes that had fallen off the bunches. Mrs. Bowdidge also saved the tissue paper from the oranges and gave it to us. Carefully smoothed out and placed in a cardboard box this made a great improvement to newspaper in the wooden seat lavatory out in the yard.

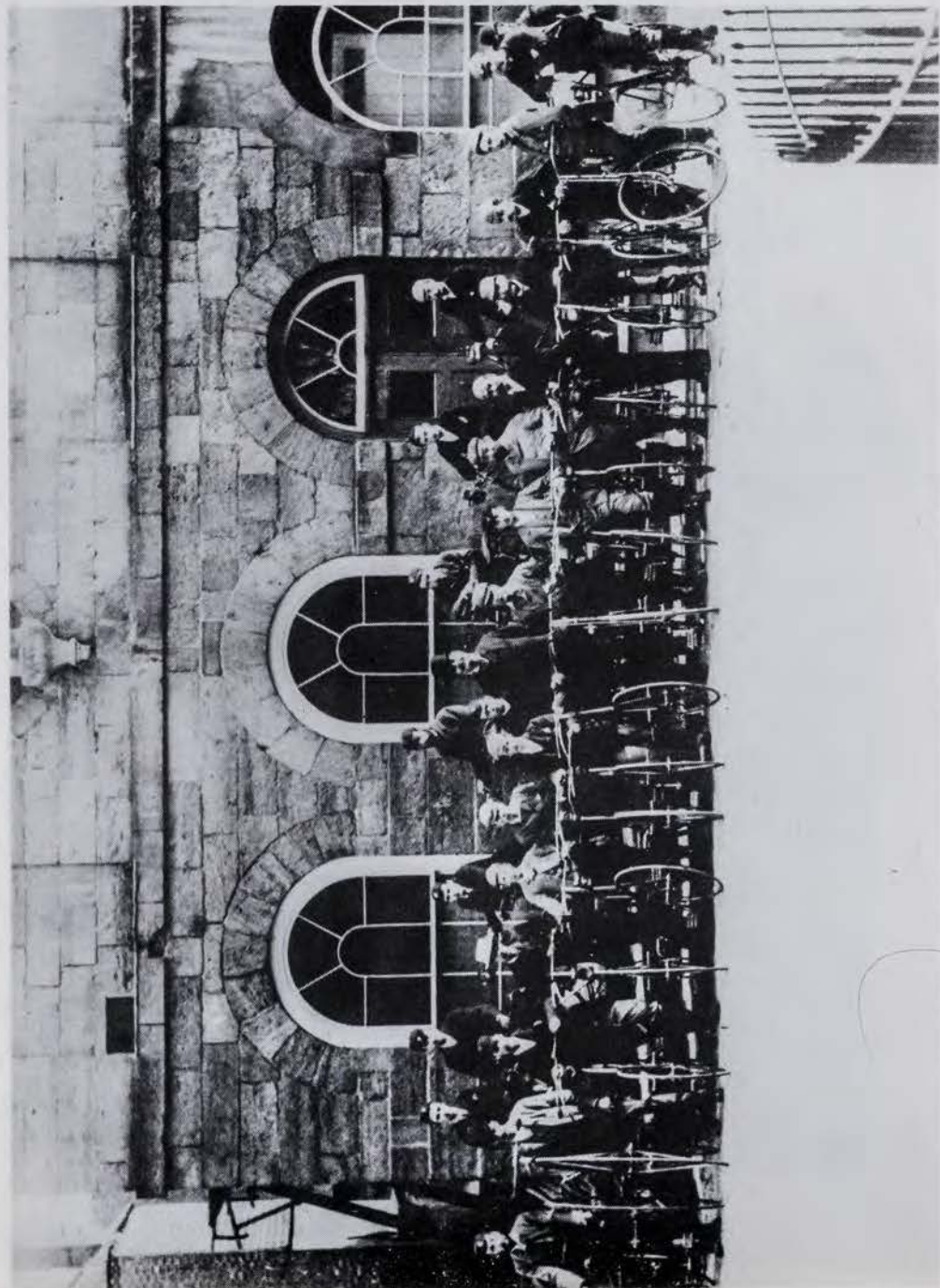
Being friendly with Mr. Head's children we were often up at the Rectory where he was the gardener. Mr. Powell the rector had an invalid mother and there was nothing we liked better than to borrow the old lady's wheelchair and run it down the slope towards the brook.

Fortunately for us we always got the chair back safely and were never caught. My brother worked at Ernest Streeter's, the antique shop and he told us that Queen Mary was coming to Petworth on a private visit and would be visiting the shop. When we were home from school during the lunch-time we rushed up to Streeters and gazed spellbound into the window at the rather austere tall lady with the grey hat. We heard afterwards that she was not over-pleased at this attention on a supposedly private visit. Mr. Earle in Lombard Street sold Liptons Tea and we would often take out Dusty, his little dog. The Earles had an old-fashioned range with a brass tap for the water at one side. I remember once, not realizing what the tap was for, turning it on and then finding I couldn't turn it off. I left quietly but Mrs. Earle was soon round to my parents complaining that I had flooded her kitchen. Gus Wakeford the milkman was another to suffer from my attentions when someone dared me to turn on his churn-tap - a number of households didn't get their milk that day!

Phil Sadler was talking to the Editor.

#### FORTY YEARS AT DUNCTON COMMON FARM

My future husband first came to know about Duncton Common Farm through his brother Alf who had come to work at Rotherbridge in the early years of this century, and it was 1905 when Nelson House began to rent the farm from the Leconfield Estate. As so many farms of the time, it had been empty for a while and once having taken it, Nelson had to go off to Warrington in Lancashire with Halls, the haulage firm, to earn enough money to start off at all. He worked so hard that although I had met him at Alf's wedding about the time that he took the farm, it was 1912 before we were married at Duncton Church. We came originally from Upper Beeding but by this time I was living at Teddington. This made things rather difficult in that I had to come down on the train, changing at Clapham Junction and coming to Petworth on the branch-line from Pulborough. I couldn't do this too often of course but Nelson would sometimes come up to London at the weekend. What I did do was to come down to Duncton in September when the farmwork slackened off slightly and stay for a month. I loved it down there and I soon got to know the Duncton people. Everything was a struggle when we were first married and trying to make the farm work. We decided not to live in the farmhouse just up the road, past the old school, but to live in 42b, the cottage on the main Chichester Road. I said to Nelson that it would be nearer the farm and the animals if they were ill and we could live with his father and mother. It was a struggle to buy our first cow but we soon began a milk-round in Duncton. Nelson, who by this time had Alf working along with him at

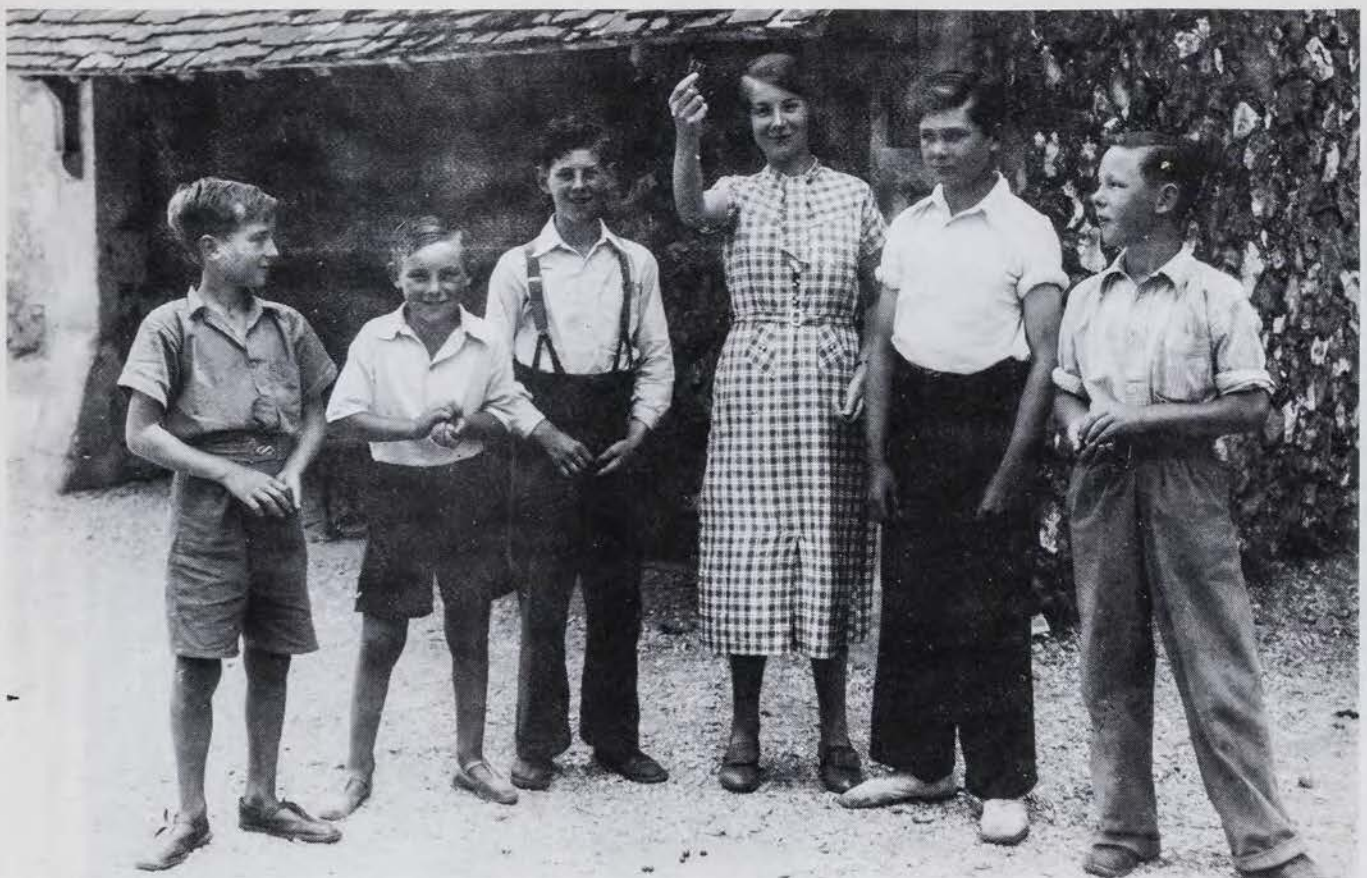


Cyclists outside Petworth Town Hall a hundred years ago.  
Photograph by Walter KEVIS.



A visitor to Duncton Common Farm. Mr. LUFF from Petworth.

A snapshot taken by Mrs. EXALL Heath End.



"Another game was Throw-block in which a block of wood with letters burnt on it was thrown into the air; according to the letter which landed uppermost, so marbles were won or lost"

Tony Wales: "Long Summer Days" page 20.

Sutton School 1937. Photograph by G.G. GARLAND.



Dickie CARVER at work. Lombard Street Petworth 1930. (see 314 Lombard Street).  
Photograph by G.G. GARLAND.

the farm, would do his milk-round on a push-bike. Previous to that Mr. Carruthers, the rector had had a cow but he reserved the milk for people who were ill and needed it. Butter we soon began to make and we delivered that too. It was very difficult to get the butter to set if the temperature was too high and you had to keep a steady pace as you churned. The stream at the back of the house was useful as we could put the cream in there in a bucket to keep cool. Later we would use fishmonger's ice from Petworth to keep the butter or cream cool. Chickens too we would raise and send the eggs by rail to shopkeepers I knew at Teddington. The eggs were packed in large boxes which one of the brothers would take down to the station, balancing them precariously on the handlebars of his bike.

Duncton Common Farm was in some ways an odd farm. While its heart-land lay in Duncton itself, it rented two meadows on the river at Rother Bridge. We'd use these mainly for hay or pasture and put out the cows there after we had cut the hay. We didn't really use them in the winter. I remember a cow being in calf down in the Rother Bridge meadows and Nelson going to see if it had calved, only to find the calf balancing precariously right on the edge of the bank. While we had stalls at Duncton we'd milk in the open field at Rother Bridge as we did in another field we rented behind the "Cricketers", right at the opposite end of the village.

The present sandpit was part of the farm and the mound was known as Mount Noddy. The soil was very poor and only of use for chicken to scabble about in. Nelson started to take out sand with his horse and cart but the pit was very small then. He had seven horses and would take on contract work for the council, or let the horses out. They were particularly used to pull the tar-pots used for road surfacing and the horses had to be freed very quickly if, as often happened, the tar-pot caught fire. One of the early horses was sold to be used during the Great War, for hauling timber I think. Lord Leconfield was sometimes to be seen striding over the Noddy with his distinctive yellow leggings. He would usually be on his own with only his black labrador for company.

We would go to market both to buy and sell. You had to be careful though. Nelson once took a cow into Pulborough to sell. It was a beautiful cow and he left it outside while he went in for a cup of tea. When he came out again someone had replaced it with a rough old cow and he only got 30/- for it and that was for the hide. It took him a long while to get over that. He'd sometimes go down to Chichester by lorry with John Turner or Harold Court taking a load of fruit, then buy up eight-week old piglets to bring back and fatten.

We'd feed them on meal and potato peelings and boil up the little potatoes, the culls, in a copper for them. I fed the pigs but you know how pigs always try to get out of the gate. To avoid this I'd first tip some food over the fence to get them occupied, then open the gate and go in. Horses were an important buy; we'd often buy them from private sellers and the men would ride them home bare-back; sometimes we would buy horses at farm sales. Jack was a great one for ferreting rabbits and they would be worth ninepence each in the market. I never liked them very much but the rag and bone men would always buy the skins.

You wouldn't be lonely at the farm for there were always people calling. The postman would come twice during the day; once in the morning and then again at 2 o'clock. Then there were the tradesmen: there was no shop in Duncton, only the Post Office kept by Mrs. Goatcher, but there were many tradesmen from Graffham, Petworth and Midhurst. Mr. Peskett from Graffham would bring meat and general groceries, Mr. Packham from Midhurst drapery. You would order, then he would deliver next day. You would pay on his next call in a month's time. Fred Tyrrell was a well-known Petworth tradesman operating from his North Street shop opposite the entrance to the Cow Yard. He had a paraffin tank on a horse-drawn cart. Cooking was often done with paraffin in those days. Alberys from Graffham were other regular visitors as was Jimmy Keen from Gordon Knights in Petworth. There were always tradesmen calling then. George Luff from Stevens, the Saddlers Row butchers, would bring with him leaves from the Back Lane mulberry tree to feed my daughter's silkworms. We of course were tradesmen too, delivering milk throughout Duncton and Burton and as far up as Coultershaw. Severe weather would be difficult for everyone. It meant we had to walk round with the milk but it didn't mean that we didn't deliver it!

Duncton was more of a community then. Perhaps the school acted as a kind of focus: people would come from as far away as the Benges, while although Coultershaw wasn't strictly a part of Duncton, socially it counted as part of the village. There were 86 pupils at Duncton School, but of course people had large families then. You could run through every house in the village, Willetts Close was just a damp meadow then, and name everybody there was - you knew everybody then. Dances would be held in the hall at the side of the "Cricketers"; there was no village hall at that time. There was of course the old "us" and "them" division between the ordinary inhabitants of the village and the owners of the big houses, but this division was largely taken for granted; it didn't worry us a lot and the village operated very much as a community. Mr. Douglas Hall lived at Burton

Park before he went to Barlavington Manor, and there were the large houses at Burton, Mrs. Biddulph at the Chalet or Major Milburn at Burton Rough. The big houses would always take fresh chicken, already plucked of course, from us in the early days.

Sundays were special days on the farm; my husband would never plough on a Sunday, nor would he even play cards, but he would of course help Alf to look after the animals, while in the evening he would read his bible and go off in his best suit to Church. We retired in 1946 and moved to Cocking, so my husband never had to use a tractor; he had always worked with horses and he worked with them till he retired.

Mrs. House was talking to the editor.

### BLACK BONNETS AND BLACK BOWLERS

Plaistow Place, like Weald Barkfold adjoining it, was a Jeyes Estate Farm and when my brother and I took over as tenants in 1919 it had been run for some forty years by Richard Nightingale, one of the Society of Dependents, or, as those outside would have it, "Cokelers". During my early days at the farm I would often talk to Walter Nash, a leading Dependent and a nephew of Richard Nightingale, about the old days. Nash had been in the habit of paying regular visits to his uncle at Plaistow Place and at this time managed several farms in the area. I can recall standing with Nash on the elevated porch at Plaistow Place, once a summer residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury, and looking out at the great expanse of the farm: you could see two-thirds of the farm area from the porch. Nash said quietly, "We used to scythe all these fields when I was a boy. When we had scythed all the hay, we would scythe all the corn". "It was a lot of work," I said to him. He replied, "We started early and we kept on till late and the women came out to bind up the sheaves and tie up the hay". Walter Nash could look back over his uncle's tenure of the farm - a good forty years. Plaistow Place was one of the Jeyes Estate's outlying farms and at that time, about 1880, they had the greatest difficulty in letting it. Richard Nightingale was a workman on the Estate and he was approached to take over Plaistow Place and manage it. At first he demurred, saying that he was by no means sure that they were making the right decision. "I've no finance and nothing more than the clothes I stand up in." "You take the farm and we'll support you," he was told, and he did. Whether Nightingale was already a Dependent at this time or whether he was converted while at Plaistow Place I do not know.

When we came to farm on Nightingale's death in 1919, the farm-workers had all grown old with Nightingale and as far as I knew they were all Dependents. The farm was basically worked by Dependents although they would sometimes employ boys from the village for odd work. I particularly remember George Luff the carter and his agreeing to stay on through the autumn of 1919 to help me out. He had a cottage at Loxwood being prepared for him to move into. He used to work a Guildford swing-plough, a wooden plough without wheels and his control of it was masterly. Many a time I've seen him with the plough turned upside down setting the share to his liking. It might take him half an hour but when it was set at exactly the right angle he could then plough at his ease and enjoy it. His sense of direction was uncanny: whatever the contour of the land he would hold his line. "How long did it take you to learn to do that?" I once asked him. "Just all my life," he said. Harry Kilner was the foreman then but he could turn his hand to the carter's job and take out a pair of horses. There were three or four women in the house, run I would imagine on Dependent lines as a community, and they still dressed at this time, just after the Great War, in black bonnets and long black skirts. George Luff himself lived in an old farm cottage nearby, not in the main house. On Sundays they would go off to worship either to Loxwood or Northchapel, wherever they were going that Sunday. I liked the Dependents: they were reliable and they were straight. Their word was as good as their signature I always said.

Farming was depressed in those early days just after the War and many farmers went bankrupt. Prices were bad so that you made little or nothing on what you sold. Wages too were low and the work hard. Farmers had made a great effort during the Great War and their status had risen, but they weren't so respected when the War was over. At that time of course we worked the farm entirely with horses but in 1921 I bought the first tractor to be seen locally. It was a small Fordson with coil ignition, a useful little tractor to pull a two-furrow plough. The soil at Plaistow Place was a stiff clay and the cleats on the wheels would soon become filled with clay and then simply spin. The Fordson was certainly useful but there were times in the year when you simply couldn't use it - horses however you could always work with.

Farmers were welcome at meets of the Leconfield Hounds and those that could afford it wore black coats, stock, and bowler hat. The gentry would wear pink and others turned out immaculately dressed in black with silk top hats. Fox-hunting was different then or so it seems to me as I look back: there were fewer foot-followers

then and even fewer cars and the fox would tend to take a certain line. I mean that if he were found in a particular covert the hunt would have a good idea of where he would be likely to go and at that time there was little to make him change it - at most the odd hedger or wood-worker. It seemed to me that this line was something transmitted from one generation of foxes to another. Lord Leconfield always had a man with him and if a fox was found his lordship would often head away in a different line from the hunt, knowing all the while where the fox would go and coming upon the hunt as they had cornered their quarry. Because of his lordship's aversion to jumping there were hunting-gates all over the Leconfield territory and beyond and many a farmer would be asked if he would allow a hunting-gate to be put up to allow entrance to a wood or a copse. You had to be careful at the hunt; his lordship would be fairly expressive if someone failed to observe the rules, although he would bear no malice afterward. I remember once crossing over to Malham Farm, Wisborough Green, by a field where the Leconfield Hunter Trials had recently been held. His lordship entered Malham Wood on the right and looked as if he were going through to New Pound. We thought we'd jump some fences and take a short cut. The fox, however, as foxes tended to do, doubled back toward us and we realised we were heading the fox, one of the cardinal sins of hunting. We quickly jumped into a little spinney and kept out of sight. Unfortunately an old farmer of our acquaintance wasn't quite so quick and was upbraided by his lordship in no uncertain terms. We kept ourselves hidden in the spinney!

Norman Manners was talking to the editor.

### HOOPS, PALES AND PIT-PROPS

I went to Stopham School, right opposite the Church and now used as a hall. In those days before the Great War, Miss Burnell lived at the school and took charge of it. She was a large lady, or so she seemed to me then, and quite prepared to use the cane to good effect if she needed to. There were two rooms separated by a curtain, and one room was used for the small children as was usual with village schools at that time.

I was never very keen on school and left when I was twelve in 1916. The first job I had was at Lee Farm and the pay was 4/- a week. We thought it wasn't enough after the first week so I went on for Mr. Holden at Harwood's Green, Stopham, my father's employer. Hoop-shaving was my job. I had never been formally taught to shave hoops; my father did it and I just picked it up. We'd make hoops in the winter, and from mid-May to September we'd work at hedging



and ditching. I didn't work with the animals as such. There was no basic wage for hoop-shaving - you were paid simply on what you made. If you hadn't made any hoops you didn't get any money. Hoops were extensively used at that time for binding the barrels that held anything from apples to butter to gunpowder even. It would be the coming of cardboard packaging which would kill off the barrel and the hoops that bound it together.

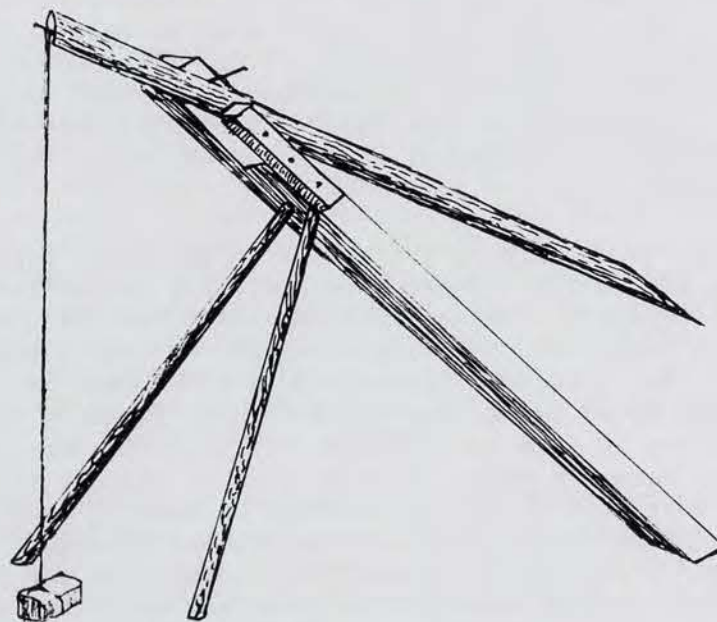
I can still remember the names of the hoop lengths and the numbers needed to make up each bundle.

2' 6"	packed in 360's	)	)	
3'	)	)	)	
3' 6"	)	)	)	6 <sup>d</sup> a bundle
4'	)	)	)	
4' 6"	250	)	)	Short pink
5'	250	)	)	Long pink
6' 6"	160	)	)	Firkin
7' 6"	120	)	)	Kilkern
9'	90	)	)	Barrell
10'	60	)	)	Short pipe
11'	60	)	)	Long pipe
13'	60	)	)	Middling
14'	60	)	)	14 Foots

As you cut the hoops you'd have different heaps around you and you would add to each heap according to the length. The length was largely determined by the piece of wood you were working with, after all "a pole is only straight between the crooks". You'd begin by cutting your pole to the length needed: it would be chestnut or possibly hazel or birch, splitting or cleaving it down with an adze to about an inch width. This was your basic hoop: but you would "shave" it, i.e. take off the rough splinters.

This "shaving" would be effected with a hoopmaker's "break" - a collective name for the whole apparatus used for shaving. Technically the break was only one part of the whole apparatus, a single piece of oak approximately 6 feet long and 8 inches wide and 3 inches thick, tapered at the bottom to ease working. A hoopmaker would usually buy the big piece of oak but, once bought, it would last him a lifetime. I only sawed my break up last year and I had had it at least since 1920. The rest of the apparatus the hoopshaver could knock up himself. The end of the break would stick just enough into the ground to make it stable and it would incline at an angle of some 45° depending on the worker's height. The break would be supported in its

turn by two wooden legs set at an angle. Though heavy, the break was transportable - the hoopshaver carrying it from site to site on his back. The top of the break was cut out in a kind of step and a steel bolt driven through the top. The second component was the "break board", a round chestnut log approximately six inches in diameter with one side flattened with an axe. This was effectively the hoop-shaver's work-table. On the reverse side of the log was cut a deep V-shaped notch which would pivot on the step cut in the break.



A hoopshaver's break.

Drawn by Rendle Diplock from a model made by Harvey Stenning.

At the end of the break board was a big old-fashioned blacksmith's nail, to which would be fitted a piece of wire or strong cord with a heavy boulder at the end. This acted as a balancing weight. The worker would then lay the hoop on the break-board underneath the bolt and lean with his thigh against the end of the break-board. This would lever down the board to trap the hoop under the bolt at the top of the break. The worker would then be set up to use the razor-sharp two-handed draw-knife to shave the hoop flat. It would have to be shaved end to end on one side only but every hoop, no matter the length, would have to be turned because of course the top half, having been held under the bolt, would be still unshaven. To free the hoop to turn it the hoopmaker would simply release the pressure of his thigh on the break-board.

You might start off at six in the morning with a candle in a jam-jar and work a twelve-hour day. You were never paid until the hoops were actually bound up in bundles and stacked at the roadside ready for collecting. They'd be collected with a horse and cart, thirty bundles to a load, and taken to Fittleworth Station to go to the coopers. Obviously you couldn't work if the weather were very severe and the arrangement was that you would draw £1 a week from your employer. He in turn would keep an account of what you had produced and if it averaged out at more than £1 a week he would give you a lump sum at the end of the winter. If it was less..... well, you made sure it wasn't less, you wouldn't want to make it up. You might go weeks and never see a soul, or you might see the occasional keeper or someone strolling. It was better to work on your own; on piece-work it was never a good idea to work with someone else because people work at different speeds and one would hence tend to carry the other.

Hedging was a job we did in the summer at Harwood's Green, as was also ditching and hoeing. There were basically two methods of hedging: layering or trimming. Hedges were important both as windbreaks and for stopping sheep and cattle, and the aim of course was to produce a fence that was growing. Farmers would often look on hedging as non-essential and would let a hedge go for years if money was tight. A hedge neglected in this way would be difficult or impossible to trim and from the farmer's point of view, once it had got to this stage, would have lost much of its usefulness, because it would have thinned out at the bottom allowing animals to clamber through. The idea of layering was to thicken the hedge, particularly at the bottom. You would cut half through some of the stems and bend them so that they would grow horizontal and you would take out a lot of the top wood. The cuttings would not be burned but re-used to fill up the bare places. You would knock straight stakes into the ground, one forward, one back, one forward and so on and then interweave branches through the stakes, holding the top layer down with a hooked stick. Some hedgers would intertwine beansticks on the top to give a solid look to the hedge but this was mainly for decoration. Ditching was straight-forward enough as long as you dug to allow the water to fall.

In 1921 my father moved from a tied farm cottage at Harwood's Green to a free house at Neville's Wood on the Stopham Estate. A "free house" was an estate house rented out to someone who was not thereby bound to work on the estate. The great advantage of this was that whereas if you fell out with the owner of the estate you lost your job and your house at once, here, while you might lose your job, as

long as you kept up the rent, you couldn't be turned out. My father and I went on to work for Morley Bros. making chestnut pales and we would often be working away for quite long periods sleeping out in the summer. It's quite warm outside so long as you exclude draughts so we'd soon get a row of chestnut poles stacked round, put on a thatch of shavings if we needed it and roll up in our blankets. We might even knock up crude bedsteads with poles and a truss of straw. We could only sleep out in the summer of course; Morleys would pick us up in the winter. By that time motorised transport was in use.

We'd work all over the place. I remember when my father and I were working out at Turner's Hill and just about to go home one Saturday morning, we thought we'd go down to the pub for a pint. However, an old lady who had previously ignored us completely came out of her cottage nearby and said, "You boys could do with a cup of wine", so instead of going to the pub we went in there. Well, she gave us several glassfuls of mead and we set off for the station and got on the train. The next thing either of us knew was being woken up by a guard at Portsmouth Harbour telling us, "This is as far as we go today" and having to catch the train back to Fittleworth. At one time in the 1920's Morleys had thirteen men working down at Slindon and we would put up at the Newburgh Arms, thirteen of us in two rooms for weeks on end and going home at weekends!

Up till 1929 I worked on pale-making. You would cut the chestnut in the winter and make up what you had cut in the summer. You'd work with an axe and reckon to cut some 4 to 4½ acres every winter. All through the summer from the end of March to the end of September you would make the chestnut into pales. Sweet chestnut would need at least nine years to grow again, but as you finished pole-cutting in March the first growing year would be the same year as you had cut. People always seemed to find this difficult to understand. The first year you would always find a profusion of wild flowers flowering in the unaccustomed light. I always took my dog to work with me but it wasn't usual even to take a dog - men who worked in the woods were solitary and apparently liked to be so.

The dog liked to run just ahead of my bicycle on the way to work and if I got ahead of him, he'd sit in the middle of the road and refuse to budge until I'd gone back to let him go first. I would set snares for rabbits and I remember the dog once pulling them up one by one and bringing them back to me! If I heard a rabbit cry I'd know a stoat was still on it and I'd look down the rides to find it. "That's my dinner, boy," I'd say to the dog. As I approached, the stoat would

run off leaving the rabbit. I would kill the rabbit and take it away but the stoat would be after the blood and "in feed" and would go looking for another rabbit. Once I bagged three rabbits one after the other, all attacked by the same stoat, and having hamstrung them, I put them on a stick and took them home. Mr. Emmett from Watersfield collected rabbit skins and would give you an orange for every skin. He would sell the skins to the fur trade. You'd skin the head and hang up the skins inside out until they were collected.

In 1929 I went to work in the stone pits. It was shorter hours but very hard work. When the quarry closed in 1938 I went back to Morley Bros. During the war the demand for pales was so heavy that we cut all the year round and didn't have to take off the bark. The work was so important for the war effort that we were treated as exempt workers. Pales were used on the beaches of Normandy, and elsewhere, particularly for covering shell-holes. We even had to make pit-props. Pine was the traditional material for this and was known as the miner's friend because of the creaking noise it made when it was weakening but, as pine was imported from Finland and came through the Baltic, we had to make them from chestnut.

Jack Stenning was talking to Audrey Grimwood and the Editor.

#### AT THE STATION ROAD STUDIO 1946-7.

In July 1946 I was looking for a position as a commercial photographer. I had had some photographic experience in the W.R.N.S. during the war and had taken a City and Guilds course in the spring and summer of that year. The advertisement (placed in a well-known photographic trade journal) looked just right, but with my rather limited experience, would I get the job? "Photographic assistant required for commercial photographer," it said. While the job was in the country, the interview would be in London at one of the photographer's offices. This last was a little dubious as the interview turned out to be at the Fleet Street branch of Wallace Heaton. My future employer did not really have a London office. Anyway there he was seated behind a huge desk, smiling and smoking his pipe. We had a brief chat and he said, "That's it. You'll do. When can you start?" That was my first meeting with George Garland. He wanted me to start straight away, the first week in August, but I insisted on taking a short holiday first. He would get digs for me and pay a wage of £3.12.6d. until he could be sure what I was worth.



Snow at Petworth. March 1954.  
A photograph by G.G. GARLAND.



The Rotunda in Petworth Park Pleasure Grounds 1984.  
A photograph by John MASON.

And so in the middle of August 1946 I went to Magnolia in Pound Street to lodge with Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, he being the head forester on the Leconfield Estate. I was no sooner settled in than I was off down the road to see my place of employment. The "studio" was rather different to my imagining. No greater contrast to the plush London office where I had been interviewed was imaginable. The Studio was basically a wooden hut, there was no toilet and everything, including the cameras, seemed to be stuck together with tape and sticking plaster. The cameras were certainly very old and Mrs. Garland was always urging her husband to get a new one. He never did. I have to say that it's often good policy to go on using proven equipment and Garland did get very good results indeed. He was certainly highly thought of in London.

Something I've never forgotten from my first days at the Studio was seeing strips of toilet paper being torn from a roll and used to make improvised negative bags. The sheets would be laboriously folded and stuck together. I think this was something Garland only did in this period of austerity just after the war, but it was a memory that has always stayed with me. The office was stacked with negatives, almost entirely of glass, and finding anything was very much a lucky dip. If a person re-ordered fairly soon it wasn't too bad, but it wasn't easy to find things that went some way back - even with the office catalogue! George Garland's own bench was notable for the string that lay about everywhere - he was always tying pieces of equipment together with greater or lesser success.

Garland was a fascinating man; you couldn't help but warm to his knowledge of country lore and his instinctive sympathy with country life, yet he would also be somewhat disconcerting. The first week he reduced my wage to £2.10.0. on the ground that he had to pay my stamp. Stuart Robertson told me to argue it out with him and although I felt very embarrassed I did and with a rather bad grace he paid up. He was always out and we at the Studio rarely knew where he was. I soon found out why I'd been engaged: a large number of Poles needed photographs for identification purposes and he said, "Frances, that's your job." The queue would often stretch well outside the Studio. He didn't like portrait work very much, preferring to be out in the open air.

In the early days I found his rather airy attitude to certain things difficult to adjust to. I remember there was some big civic function at the Town Hall and all sorts of local notables were there. Garland, dressed in his best suit, had been commissioned to take the photographs. As he sat at dinner he suddenly remembered that he'd forgotten

to put any plates in his camera. Whereas someone else might have rushed off back to the Studio to get them, that wasn't Garland's style. Instead he went through the whole performance of posing everyone and taking the photograph, knowing all the time full well that he hadn't a negative in the camera. When they phoned to ask for the proofs he simply said that the lighting hadn't been good enough and the proofs weren't satisfactory. "Don't you ever let on!" he chuckled as he came into the Studio the next morning. Everyone seemed perfectly happy with his explanation and, odd as his behaviour seemed to me, I suppose he knew exactly what he was doing.

Garland did a great deal of work for the newspapers and much of his work was for farming and country magazines. I would often go up to meet the bus either to collect or dispatch newspaper work. As I hadn't any transport I would use the buses to travel to assignments. Often I'd arrive very early for a wedding and have to stand about waiting, then after it was over stand about waiting for the bus back. Sometimes I'd even go out on the bus with Garland to fulfil some commission but I never went out in the famous motor-cycle and sidecar. It wasn't at all unusual for a lens to fall out as we were setting out, any more than it was unusual for a flash-bulb to fall out during a portrait session. I can particularly remember going out with Garland to photograph some prize goats. We had some considerable difficulty getting a very smelly billy to stand still. The goat had his revenge however, for as soon as our backs were turned he made a meal of Garland's leather camera case. Prize bulls and houses for sale were regular commissions at this time.

Time for George Garland was of no consequence whatever. He would sit talking in a pub to someone who interested him as if he had all day - and for his purposes he had. Loxwood Show was another assignment: I'd be sent out on such a job if Garland was forced to be somewhere else that day. Mrs. Garland and Jean looked after the Studio and dealt with callers. Mrs. Garland did the bulk of the printing and kept the books.

The winter of 1946-47 was a very hard one and it was very cold in the Studio. If I wasn't out I would photograph the Poles. I came to like Mrs. Garland very much and would talk to her a lot. She was an intelligent woman who had formerly been a school-mistress. I'd usually be told what to do for the day: when they found out that I could spot and retouch I had quite a lot of that work given to me. Garland often had specks of dust on his lenses. I worked at the Studio for a year but I couldn't face another cold winter in the

Studio and applied for a job at Reigate as manageress of a portrait studio. I got the job and handed in my notice. Both Mr. and Mrs. Garland were quite upset and said that I hadn't been there long enough. Perhaps I hadn't but there was no doubt that my year there had taught me a great deal. I can still laugh about some of the things that happened and come back with my husband, a local man, to look round whenever I can. Petworth has always been a special place for me. And Garland was a tremendous influence: he was like one of the Sussex characters he so loved to photograph and a man whom, once met, you would never ever forget.

Frances Thomas was talking to the Editor.

### DEFAMATION AT FITTLEWORTH IN 1594

(John Stone of Fittleworth has accused Thomas Cooke of immoral behaviour and made his views clear by uttering them in the street at Fittleworth. Cooke has retaliated by bringing a suit for defamation in the church court in which Stone is the defendant. In his defence John Stone relies on a key witness, John Parker of Petworth, a gardener, who claims to have been with Stone when the alleged immorality took place and to have actually witnessed it. In suing for defamation Cooke concentrates not so much on directly denying the incident as in establishing that John Parker is himself a notorious fornicator and perjurer and that any evidence he adduces should be set aside. Initial enquiries in Petworth itself have not shown Parker in a good light and Cooke presses forward with his attack on Parker's credibility by enquiring into his life before he came to Petworth in the spring of 1594.)

In order to establish Parker's character as a witness, or, as he hoped, to destroy it, Thomas Cooke had a list of nine questions to put to his own witnesses. He would then bring their testimony before the church court. By this time the court might itself be somewhat concerned at the way the case was developing: was there not a danger that Cooke, in seeking to attack Parker's character and hence his testimony, might throw a smokescreen over the case and obscure the fact that he was himself under some suspicion? After all, however unsavoury Parker might be shown to be, it was not Parker who was the central figure. Surely to rake up Parker's admittedly somewhat lurid past was really not to be point at all: might not all this be considered inadmissible? From Stone's point of view it was unfortunate indeed that it should have been someone of Parker's far from exemplary character who had climbed over the fence at the back of Richard

Gunter's garden and set off in pursuit of the hurrying couple, but that was simply the way things had happened.

Thomas Cooke however, sensing a weakness, was not to be put off. He had witnesses as to Parker's previous character and was determined to deploy them. As his questions ranged from Parker's activities in Petworth to his activities under different masters in different districts in and around late Elizabethan London, there was no witness who could answer more than a proportion of Cooke's questions. The first two, dealing with Parker's stay at Petworth had already been answered by Anthony Mandfyld, gardener to the ninth Earl, and William Smyth, husbandman, but these would of course have nothing to say about Parker's life in London prior to his arrival in Petworth early 1594. As we have seen, what they did have to say certainly gave little cause for confidence in any evidence Parker might provide but equally could hardly of itself be taken to prove that he was a liar and a perjurer.

Three witnesses however had made sworn depositions in London on Cooke's behalf and these would be presented to the court. All dealt of course not with Cooke's alleged immorality but with the character of the main defence witness. Martin Blackwell, 31, a joiner and a native of the parish of St. Nicholas in Turnbull Street, had known of Parker, not through having worked with him, but through being a member of the watch, while John Gill, 52, woolwinder, of the parish of St. Mary Overy had at one time worked with Parker. Cooke's principal witness is Henry James, 30, head ostler at the sign of the Lion in Highgate and previously at other London hostelries, Highgate being of course at this time a village well outside London. Although still a relatively young man James had already had an interesting career and was much-travelled. Born at Farrington in Hampshire he had left at the age of 13 to serve in the Army where he remained for five years, serving in Normandy. He had then seen service as a sailor aboard the Elizabeth of Hampton and the Sainte de Lymeous before going to work at the sign of the Crown in Smithfield. Like Gill, James knew Parker through having been in the same household with him and knows too something of his time with Alderman Billesley before he went to work for Sir William Cornwallis.

"continued on page 35"

Henricus James parochia de Hygate in com. Mydd. hed ostler at the Sygn of the Lyon there ubi moram fecit per iii annos vel circiter antea infra parochiam St. Andree in Holborn prope London at the Sygn of the iii Cups an in there ubi moram fecit per spatium ii annorum vel circiter et antea in parochia St. Sepulchre extra Midgate London at the Sygn of the Crown in Smythfyld ubi moram fecit per spatium v annorum vel circiter

Henry James of the parish of Highgate in the county of Middlesex head ostler at the sign of the Lion there where he has stayed for three years or thereabouts and previously in the parish of St. Andrew in Holborn nigh London at the sign of the Three Cups an inn there where he stayed for the space of two years or thereabouts and previously at the sign of the Crown in Smithfield where he stayed for the space of five years or thereabouts

- 1) Part of the curriculum vitae of Henry James as given in the introduction to his deposition concerning John Parker. A document from the West Sussex Record Office

His recent life c 1584-1594. The language is the curious amalgam of Latin and English used by the clerks - the depositions themselves are basically in English.

*[Handwritten Latin text, mostly illegible due to cursive script and ink bleed-through.]*

et antea in partibus Normanniae as a soldyer ubi fuit per spatium v annorum vel circiter

et antea in nave vocata the Elizabeth of Hampton in qua fuit ad mare per spatium vii mensium as a sayler et antea in alia nave vocata the Sainte de Lymehous pressed thither for a sayler by the queenes pres ubi fuit per spatium viii mensium et antea in Ffarrington in com. Southampton ubi oriundus aetatis xxx annorum vel circiter. Libere deponit ut sequitur.

And previously in regions of Normandy as a soldier where he was for the space of five years or thereabouts

And previously in a ship called the Elizabeth of Hampton in which he was at sea for the space of eight months as a sailor and previously in another ship called the Sainte de Lymehous pressed thither for a sailor by the queen's press where he was for the space of eight months and previously in Farrington in the county of Southampton where he originated of the age of thirty years or thereabouts. Of his own free will he deposes as follows:

2) Henry James' earlier life from joining the Army c 1577 at the age of thirteen to his leaving the services c 1584. How he came to be pressed as a sailor is not clear from this account. The omission marks, clearly visible in the original, show that the first paragraph concerning his life as a soldier needs to be read after the account of his life on board the two ships.

All these men know John Parker to be a man of unsavoury character. According to James it was common knowledge that when Parker had been head gardener to Sir William Cornwallis at his residences in Highgate, at the house near Bishopsgate called Fisher's Folly, and at Greenwich, Parker had on a number of occasions been surprised by the watch in compromising circumstances in taverns of a low reputation such as the Cock in Turnbull Street, the Buckler without Bishopsgate and another inn called the Rose and Hart. There were three ladies to whom Parker was in the habit of resorting and he was often missing from Sir William's house on these nocturnal adventures. James being in the household could hardly fail to know of Parker's activities and Parker boasted about them anyway. To a specific question about Parker being found at the sign of the Cock, James had no doubt that Parker had been surprised there. The woman concerned had been sent to Bridewell but Parker, making full use of Sir William's livery which he had with him, made his escape "by some subtell means".

Martin Blackwell had been a member of the watch and had entered the Cock Inn in Turnbull Street with the constable. They were looking for suspicious persons and found John Parker, Sir William Cornwallis' man, in bed with one Catheryn Elves, a common harlot. Catheryn was put into the cage and carted off to Bridewell. Some five weeks later Parker was again discovered by the watch in a similar situation but this time at the sign of the Buckler in Bishopsgate Street. On this occasion his companion had been one Beth Essex or Essex Bess. Again Blackwell had been a member of the watch. While the unfortunate Bess spent the rest of the night in the cage and was then dispatched to Bridewell, Parker had been more fortunate.... "The sayd John Parker the first tyme of his taking was lett go for his master's sake and the seconde tyme the constable and others not greatlye lookinge to him he slipped awaye also". Gill adds little to this: he had always known Parker as a "very lewde person" and is well aware of his being found by the Bishopsgate watch both at the sign of the Cock "a notorious bad house of resort" and at the Buckler. Both Gill and Blackwell are quite prepared to testify of their knowledge of the John Parker of their acquaintance but both are studiously careful not to confirm that the John Parker of Cooke's interrogatories and the John Parker they had known are necessarily one and the same.

John Gill looking back three years or so could recall being in Alderman Billesley's house when one widow Parrett came and complained to the alderman that John Parker, his man, had deceived her of her purse and sixteen shillings. When Parker heard about this, "he fledde away and so the matter ended". Alderman Billesley himself had told James a similar story. According to James, Parker soon got up to his

tricks at Sir William Cornwallis' house and borrowed ten shillings of one of the servants on the strength of a piece of gold he said was in his chest in London. She never saw her money again. John Williams the coachman had also lost some eighteen shillings in much the same way.

While all this hardly placed the defence's principal witness in the best of lights, it did not prove that Parker had not climbed over into Gunter's garden on the day in question, nor did it prove that he had lied about what he had seen there. It would be possible for Stone's counsel to challenge all or most of this London evidence as inadmissible; much more to the point as far as Cooke was concerned was Henry James' statement that about last Bartholomewtide one John Abbott of Acton had told James that Parker had "testified an untruth upon his oath in Westminster Hall" in a suit "comencyd by John Nueman of Harrow Wyld in the county of Mydds" about a bargain of certain cattle. Abbott had been "overthrown" by Parker's false testimony and said that if he could catch John Parker he would sue him for his perjury. Parker, James continued, was very much accustomed to swear and to take the name of God in vain, swearing by all the parts of God such as the wounds and the blood "and most usually when he did sweare most greuously he did ly most of all and so was accompted a comon lyer and swearer and none in Sir Wm. Cornwallis' hous willyd bold as hym". (To be continued in next Bulletin)

#### NEW MEMBERS

(Up to 26th January 1984)

Mr. D.C. Boxall, Old Farm Bungalow, Petworth Road, Wisborough Green.  
Mr. & Mrs. J. Brown, 2 Downview Road, Petworth.  
Mr. & Mrs. J. Brown, Old Preyste, North Street, Petworth.  
Mrs. E. Downes, The Presbytery, Angel Street, Petworth.  
Mr. J. Godwin, 15 Drovers Lane, Penrith, Cumbria.  
Mrs. S. Gill, Rowfold Lodge, Billingshurst.  
Mrs. G.M. Hill, 27 Cowdray Road, Easebourne, Midhurst.  
Mrs. B. Hull, 18 Willetts Close, Duncton, Petworth.  
Mrs. L. Lawrence, 9408 Oakmount Drive, Calgary, Alberta, Canada.  
Mrs. G.M. Place, 14 Rothermead, Petworth.  
Mrs. D. Petherbridge, 9 Lord Street, Roseville 2069, New South Wales, Australia.  
Mrs. Privett, 28 Martlett Road, Petworth.  
Mr. and Mrs. Ridley, Church View, Tillington.  
Mr. and Mrs. Rowe-Williams, The Coach House, Bartons Lane, Petworth.  
Mr. and Mrs. Rednan, 22 Valley Drive, Withdean, Brighton.  
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, Stoneham Farmhouse, Long Lane, Tilehurst, Reading.  
Mr. and Mrs. Vigne, Haltings, Angel Street, Petworth.  
Mr. and Mrs. J.P. Vivian, High Hoes, Petworth.

Petworth Cinema (8) will appear in the JUNE issue.



