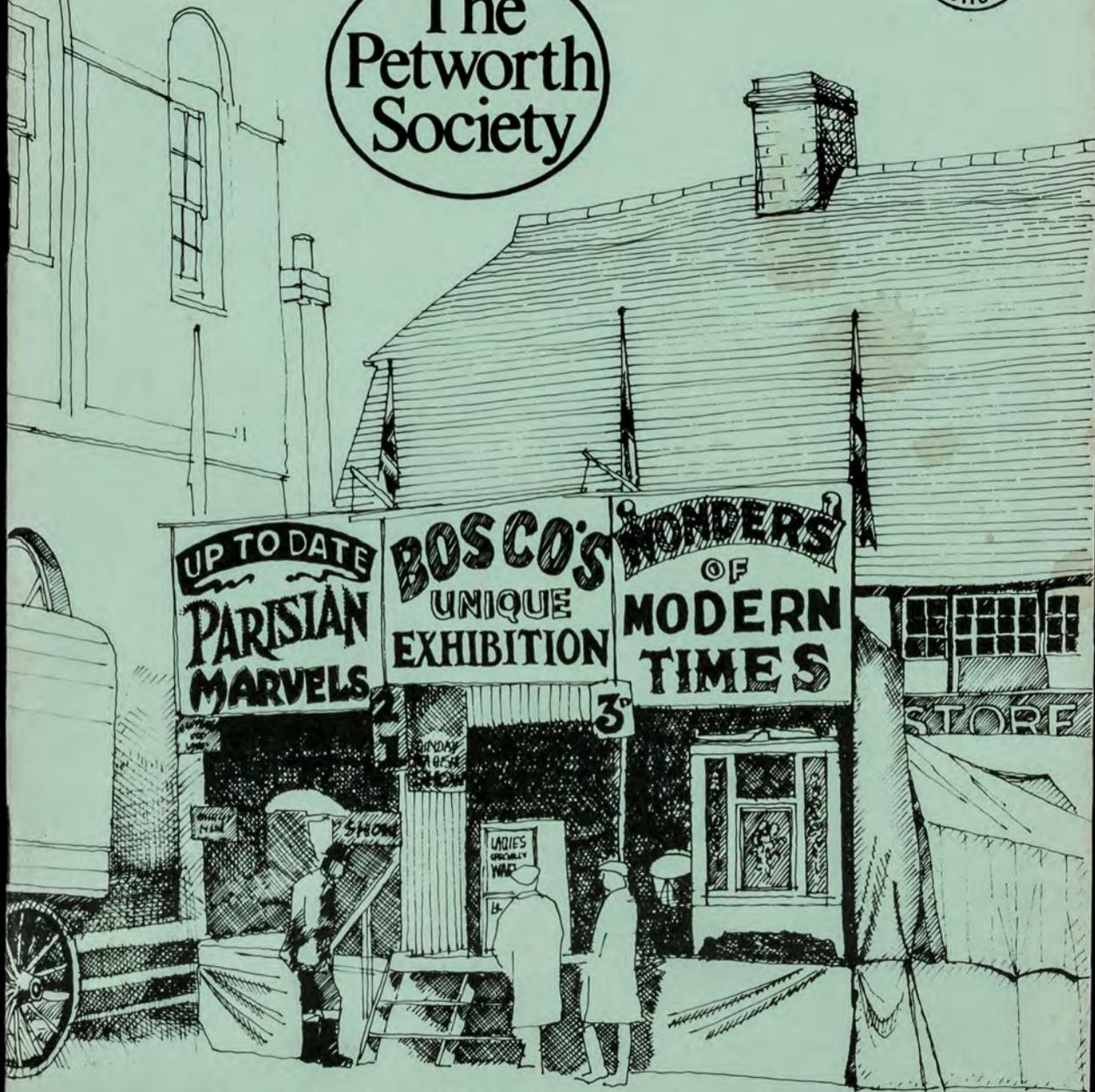


The Petworth Society



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Cover design by Jonathan Newdick drawn from a photograph by George Garland. It shows side-shows at Petworth Fair in 1925.

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PETWORTH SOCIETY

Spring programme: please keep for reference.

Monthly meetings: Leconfield Hall 7.30 p.m.

Refreshments Raffle

Tuesday March 11th

Darrell Cunningham

Heritage Wild Life Rescue

with PUFF and

BOLERO

"OWLS NOT DODOS"

SPECIAL OWL RAFFLE

Wednesday April 16th

Colin Garratt

A Taped Lecture
with slides

"ADVENTURES IN
LATIN AMERICA"

Steam-locomotives
in Argentina, Chile
and Paraguay

"Adventures in Latin America

This semi-paradise provided the setting for Colin Garratt's most exciting expedition. On the sugar plantations of Brazil he found engines with affinity to the wild imagination of Emmet and the charm of Disney eking out their days. The Argentine Pampas provided evidence of past British enterprise with engines now reduced to battered remnants of Victoriana, eloquently recalling the days when Britain was the 'workshop of the world'. In Paraguay he discovered a genuine Edwardian steam railway which had hardly changed since the early days of this century. Having crossed the Andes more amazing discoveries were made amid the romantic wilds of the Chilean desert - the one place in the world where rain never falls.

The pictures from this seven-month expedition are exquisite and combined with a poetic commentary they form an unforgettable presentation."

Wednesday May 14th

At 7.15 p.m.

The Annual General Meeting

At 8.00 p.m.

Doris Ashby

with natural history
slides

Walks and visits leave Petworth Square at 2.15.

Sunday March 23rd J's Stane Street and Dog Kennell Walk. 6 miles circular downland.

Sunday April 20th Visit to Manor of Dean by kind permission of Miss Mitford.

Sunday May 18th Jumbo's Stag Park Walk - the bluebells should be in full bloom.

Sunday June 1st Visit by Billingshurst Local History Society: Conducted tour of the town followed by tea in the United Reformed Church Hall. Members welcome.

Sunday June 15th Petworth Society's own guided tour of Ebernoe Nature Reserve.
Guide Alf Simpson.

Two important dates

SATURDAY 22ND MARCH

LECONFIELD HALL

PETWORTH TOWN BAND

SPRING CONCERT

Tickets 1.25p to include refreshments.
(Children) 75p)

RAFFLE Concert begins 7.30 p.m.

SUNDAY 27TH APRIL

PETWORTH SOCIETY'S CLEAN-UP OF
STREETS AND VERGES

Don't just talk about litter - do something
about it - join us in the car park at 9.30.
Bags, transport provided. (If wet 4th May)

RON CANDY'S RETIRMENT PRESENTATION

Those many people in Petworth who have asked if they could show their appreciation of Ron Candy's nine years' service to the community as Petworth's traffic warden will be pleased to know that the Ron Candy Presentation Fund has been opened for that purpose at the National Westminster Bank in Petworth - Account number 50327054.

If you wish to subscribe to this Presentation, you are invited to make your contribution, either by cash or cheque to any one of the following:-

Mrs. Anne Simmons at E. Streeter and Daughter, Lombard Street.
Mrs. Audrey Grimwood, 12, Grove Lane, Petworth.
Mr. E. Vincent, 10, Westside, Tillington.
Mr. P. Jerrome, Pound Street, Petworth.
Mrs. Katya Stevenson, House of Pets, Market Square.

Alternatively, you may prefer to make your donation direct to the special fund account opened at the National Westminster Bank at Petworth - Cheques to the Ronald Candy Presentation Fund.

While the presentation will be organised by the Petworth Society, we are most anxious that everyone in Petworth who wishes to subscribe, whether members of the Petworth Society or not, will do so.

The presentation is expected to take place during the Petworth Society meeting at the Leconfield Hall on April 16th. You are most cordially invited to attend.

P.S. Does anyone have a photograph or drawing of Snow Hill house in the Park (demolished about fifteen years ago?) Peter.

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

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

The annual subscription is £3.50. Single or Double one Bulletin delivered. Postal £4.50. Overseas £5.00. Further information may be obtained from any of the following:-

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

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

Hon. Bulletin Sec. - Mrs. V. Sadler, 52 Wyndham Road, Petworth.
assisted by Mrs. J.M. Hamilton and Mrs. D.
Franklin

Hon. Treasurer - Mr. R.A. Sneller, Beechfield, Fox Hill,
Petworth. (Tel. 42507)

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

Committee - Mrs. Julia Edwards, Lord Egremont,
Mrs. Audrey Grimwood, Mrs. Betty Hodson,
Mr. R. Pottington, Mrs. Sonia Rix,
Mrs. Anne Simmons, Mr. D.S. Sneller,
Mr. H.W. Speed, Mr. J. Taylor,
Mr. E. Vincent.

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

Membership enquiries to Mrs. Staker please, Bulletin circulation enquiries to Mrs. Sadler.

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

Supporting Petworth Fair

You will see the usual new year's cover to announce a new quartet of Bulletins. I am very grateful for Jonathan's fine drawing and particularly anxious to draw your attention to its subject. The annual Petworth Pleasure Fair is held on the 20th of November "in the feast of St. Edmund the King" as the old documents put it. Petworth Fair has a long and not always entirely savoury tradition behind it stretching back well into the middle ages but it has of late been but a shadow of its former robust self. Our hope is that we will be able to look on last year's fair as the lowest ebb and work from now for an upturn in its fortunes. I think however we should be clear what we are trying to do. Times have changed and the fair as it once was has gone for ever. As a committee we've had a long and frank talk with Eddie Hammond the showman and we are well aware of the difficulties a showman has in bringing out a full-scale fair on a single night basis. Eddie will do what he can but the future of the fair lies as much in our hands as in his. I can certainly say that relations between Eddie Hammond and your committee are excellent.

Eddie Hammond's fair will remain the showpiece but we would look eventually to put on a sufficient entertainment to make the fair what it always used to be - a meeting-place for people who don't otherwise see each other very often and something too to look forward to in the dull days of incoming winter. Petworth fair was always looked on as the harbinger of Christmas and Messrs. Eager in the Market Square would put out their collection of Christmas toys on November 20th, never a day early, never a day late. If Petworth is to retain its character in changing times, it needs the fair. We will be making suggestions for this year and would welcome others. As a Society we have consistently taken pleasure in disproving the old maxim, "You can't do anything in Petworth, there's no support". We do receive local support and with your help would hope to make November 20th a very special day.

The December Bulletin will be brought out this year in early November in time for the fair. We would like to make it a special "Petworth Fair" Bulletin and would particularly welcome reminiscences of the fair - long or short. If you have anything of interest please let me know.

Subscriptions

Your committee, as it has power to do at its January meeting, discussed the eternal problem of subscription levels. Put very basically, your Bulletin and activities sheet at four issues a year costs the Society a penny or two under £3 a year, while for postal members the figures need an extra 72p to be added for postage and a few pence for envelopes. I don't think we can do anything but adjust the subscription to £3.50 for local members (single or double) and £4.50 for postal subscriptions. This leaves a perilously low margin but I think it is the best we can do. Your Bulletin is expensive but you do seem to like it. The print this year will be increased to 715 a quarter but I'm astonished at the journeys some Bulletins make. If you're reading this Bulletin at second-hand (or even tenth-hand) why not join and have your own? It might eventually even reduce Bulletin costs per capita and think would it would do for your conscience.

Programme

Bob Lord couldn't make the November meeting because of his impending move to Lincolnshire but provided an engaging and able deputy in Sarah Raper of the Hampshire Bat Group. Sarah made sure we would in future give her little friends the respect they deserve and I don't think we'll ever look on bats in the same way again. The Christmas evening saw the Hall packed to capacity although we just about managed to avoid turning anyone away. Even if you were not there you may have seen the reports in the Observer and West Sussex Gazette. All the acts were on top form and the Town Band finished off in great style. Will the "Clangers" go professional? I can reveal that they are considering various offers. Such Christmas revelry was a hard act to follow but Mr. Calvert succeeded admirably in January, attracting a very good audience on a bleak January evening. His humorous and unpretentious account of farming life on Pebble Island in the Falklands transported us to the South Atlantic as if by magic. J's Ebernoe walk in November attracted some fifty members and was very popular.

Looking forward beyond Fred Shepherd's February film show "Land of the Mountain and the Flood", we have Daryl Cunningham with his owls, Puff and Bolero. Daryl is now an accomplished television performer as are Puff and Bolero. Two certain full-houses and wise to come early. In April we've an interesting experiment: a slide show with taped commentary by Colin Garratt showing the old



The Clangers go into action at the Christmas Party.
Back-stage photograph by John Simmons.

Victorian steam trains still operating in the wilds of Argentina, Chile, Brazil and Paraguay. Colin Garratt will not be appearing in person but we may well look to have his full-scale audio-visual show next year. It would have to be all-ticket because of the Leconfield Hall attendance restrictions and the price of tickets would have to be more realistic than is our usual custom. You will be pleased to learn that Doris Ashby is the speaker at the A.G.M. in May.

Mr. Ron Candy

March sees the retirement of Ron Candy, the Petworth Traffic Warden. Traffic Wardens in general have an unenviable reputation but not I would think in Petworth. Ron Candy has for years done a difficult job and earned most people's respect for the way he does it. Petworth's traffic problems are almost legendary but

would be even worse but for Ron's good sense, discretion and good humour. I am sure everyone in Petworth will wish him and Mrs. Candy a long and happy retirement.

Peter.

31st January, 1986.

P.S. Because of the material available for this Bulletin, you may find some regular features absent.

IS THIS A RECORD?

The Saunders family photographed as a group at a family wedding a few years ago. All thirteen children have survived and all are married. This must at the very least be an unusual occurrence - does anyone know of anything like it?



MERRY CHRISTMAS, PETWORTH!

Ymas 1985

Dear People of Petworth,

May yours be a Christmas
that's filled with delight—
A day that is happy
from morning till night
And leaves you with memories
so precious and dear,
They'll remain in your hearts
through a wonderful year!

Merry Christmas
to All of You

Thank you all for a day
We will never forget, we
reline that lovely day
April 28th many times
and bless you for your
goodness, Margaret + James Munro
Toronto Scottish Regt.

One of the Christmas cards received by the Society from individual members of the
Toronto Scottish Regiment.

OLD WIVES WEATHER (MARCH TO MAY)

March The other day I was pleased to hear on the radio, a Welsh farmer say, "He always knew when snow was coming because his sheep crowded together." So, some of the countrymen still believe in the old sayings.

Now winter is over, (we hope). The Vernal Equinox is on March 21st when the sun crosses the equator, and our day and our night are of equal length. Country folk used to say that if the wind was in the North on 21st March, that we should get recurring Northerly winds for the next three months. Sometimes this does happen.

"A peck of dust in March is worth a king's ransom." So, cold drying winds are welcome, but if March has April's weather, then April will be cold. The old gardeners used to always put their seeds in when the moon was waxing, because they believed it gave the best results.

Yet another rhyme for March goes:- "So many fogs in March you see, so many frosts in May will be." On St. Patrick's Day 17th "The warm side of a stone turns up and the broad-back goose begins to lay." (Ireland)

There is a belief that if we do not have storms at the Equinox, then we shall have them during the last few days of the month.

There are many tales of the 'borrowing days'.

"March borrowed from April, three days and they were ill:
The first was frost, the second snow,
The third was cold as ever could blow." (Scotland)

April Usually changeable, but 'April snow stays no longer than water on a trout's back'. And:- 'April moist and warm makes the farmer sing like a nightingale.' (Wales)

But during April comes Buchan's second cold spell of the year. Blackthorn Winter, so called because the white blossom seen in a mass on the hedgerows looks like snow. This cold spell is about the middle of the month and often brings a really wintry spell of cold weather, sometimes with snow! (April 5th 1958, 4" snow in Surrey). However, it is said that a cold April 5th fills the barns, also that April and May, between them, govern the corn harvest.



Petworth Fair 1953. Photograph by George Garland.



Ron Candy.
Photograph by Bill Vincent.

May "A rainy May brings plenty of corn and hay," but in the middle of May comes 'the tail of winter'! Buchan's third cold spell. The 11th, 12th and 13th are known in Europe as 'The Festival of the Ice Saints'. A time when fruit growers worry, and early potatoes too, are vulnerable. Perhaps sometimes, we are glad we had not 'Cast a Clout'!

P.C.

Note In 1867 Dr. Alexander Buchan (Secretary of the Scottish Meteorological Society) published his theory that there existed a tendency towards the occurrence of cold and warm weather at certain times of the year.

BOOK REVIEW:
TONY WALES: BALLADS, BANDS AND BELL-RINGERS

One of the perks of producing this magazine is that Tony Wales from Horsham, one of our postal members, always sends me a review copy of his latest book. His Sussex Village Book I reviewed last year but it must be a year or two now since I noticed the second of his small booklets in the "Bygone Sussex at Play" series. Ballads, Bands and Bell-ringers is the title and not surprisingly Tony begins with songs beginning with the activities of Henry Burstow of Horsham who could sing 420 songs from memory and who regaled his wife with these over forty-one consecutive evenings in 1906!

Tony recalls George Attrill of Fittleworth speaking of a travelling ballad-singer who would visit Fittleworth every few weeks, standing outside the Swan and offering his stock of "ballet" sheets at a penny or twopence each, advertising each song by singing it himself. I wonder if there is anyone now at Fittleworth who would remember this now?

Some venerable Sussex songs have a surprisingly short pedigree others a very ancient one. Buttercup Joe or To be a Farmer's Boy are as Tony says, "not folk songs in the strictest sense but nevertheless songs of the folk." "Sussex by the Sea" was written in 1907 by William Ward-Higgs who lived for a time at South Bersted.

The village bands, as Tony says, really came into their own when playing for the old village benefit or "Club" days - often they traced their origins back to the old volunteers or Territorial bands. I would have liked a mention of Petworth Town Band, an old

foundation and still in robust health as those who were at the Christmas Evening will testify. Bell-ringing comes next, then the village story-tellers.

Plenty of information here, about street musicians or the old "German" bands, barrel organs and dancing bears. Finally the text and music of three songs passed down in Tony's mother's family Piri-Iri-Igdum, Our Good Man, and Brian O'Lynn. Tony gives us the original versions and spares us (the often very bawdy) parodies. The book's quite small but not a word's wasted. "Bygone Sussex at Play" seems to get better with each new addition to the series. How do you get the book? Easy. Direct from Tony Wales, 31 Hurst Avenue, Horsham RH12 2EL. £1.95 post free.

PETWORTH'S OTHER APPLE

Part 1. Some loose strands

Miss Gwenda Morgan wrote the following poem for the Parish Magazine in January 1979 in reply to some verses contributed by Mr. Furnivall to a previous edition. He had written of a company of apples invited to a ball.

ANOTHER APPLE

Those verses I found quite entrancing:

All those lovely apples dancing,
Enjoying their delightful ball.
A jolly picture for us all!

There was one Lady, though, not there.
You think she had not time to spare?
Alas! she died and was cut down;
Poor "LADY SUDELEY" of this town.

Yes, in Petworth she was raised
By Mr. Jacobs. Give him praise!
In eighteen hundred eighty-five
He introduced her. She did thrive.

She lived upon the lawn next-door
And rosy gowns her children wore.
A pretty picture there she made,
And sad it was when boughs decayed.

We saw her body laid on grass
And sawn up. Well! we all must pass.
Mr. Jacobs? quite a mystery:
Is he known, or lost in history?

G.M
1979.

Gwenda had read in Amateur Gardening of August 5th 1978 an article on apples in which there appeared a photograph of a Lady Sudeley apple and the caption, "it was raised by Mr. Jacobs of Petworth and introduced in 1885". What had really given her the idea for the poem, however, was the recollection that the Misses Wootton, who lived in the house next to the Pound Garage in Station Road, had had an apple tree on their back lawn just outside their kitchen window which Miss Maggie Wootton always said was the original Lady Sudeley. Reasonably enough Gwenda, living in Ridge House adjoining and sharing some of the original orchard trees with the Misses Wootton, often wondered why Mr. Jacobs of Petworth, himself a quite unknown figure, had named his apple after Lady Sudeley. Perhaps he had worked for the Sudeley estate as a gardener? Eventually the ancient tree blew down and Gwenda remembered the rather forlorn remains being sawn up and taken away.

I knew nothing of the tree and if asked whether any well-known apple could claim a Petworth origin would have thought of the Egremont Russett, raised, as I was always led to believe, in the garden of the Third Earl of Egremont. I would have given Gwenda a little information on the mysterious Mr. Jacobs, on the face of it a somewhat surprising figure in late Victorian Petworth. He is mentioned in the 1861 census as a sheep doctor, in that of 1871 as a naturalist and in 1881 as a market gardener. Walter Kevis has among his negatives portraits of William Jacob, his wife Sarah Ann and a picture of a set of stuffed fox heads, the handiwork of William Jacob. Never one for excessive subtlety, Walter Kevis describes Jacob as a "birdstuffer" and it would seem that, like the eccentric Rev. Ferryman before him (see Tales of Old Petworth pp 101), Jacob was quite capable of turning his hand to taxidermy. The census has the Jacob family in New Street in 1861 and in Pound Street in 1871 and 1881. There the matter appeared to end. William Jacob was obviously unusual in his time but for all that remained a somewhat enigmatic figure. "Lost in history", as Gwenda had so aptly put it.

Part 2. Putting the strands together

It was only really when Jacob's great-granddaughter wrote to me requesting information that William Jacob began to appear more than a name. Mrs. Nicholson from Yorkshire in fact had a considerable amount of information concerning William Jacob and his connexion with the Lady Sudeley apple, the product of some diligent research. What she did not have was a picture of her great-grandparents. The two Kevis portraits and the picture of the stuffed fox heads were soon on their way north to be copied.

William Jacob had been born in 1819 at Lyminge in Kent as was already known from the census records. Prior to his arrival in Petworth in the mid-late 1850's Jacob had worked as a farm-bailiff at Sharsted Farm, Chatham, presumably then,

as now, a fruit farm - I often have apples and pears from Sharsted in the shop. His work at Sharsted would presumably have given Jacob both opportunity and incentive to try his hand at propagating apples. Of the actual raising of the apple in 1849 nothing is now known, any more than his reasons for leaving Chatham to come to Petworth. It is only clear that he must have brought his fledgling apple with him when he came from Sharsted. His own name for the new variety was Jacob's Strawberry. Once at Petworth he seems to have started up in New Street as a vet or "sheep doctor", as the 1861 census has it. He had been a Wesleyan local preacher



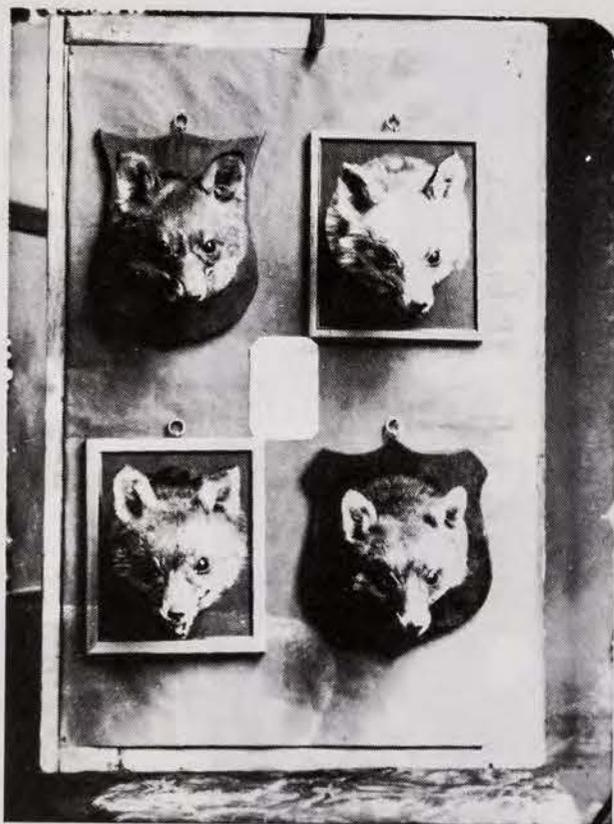
William Jacob



Sarah Jacob

in the Chatham area but there was no Methodist chapel at Petworth. All things considered, Petworth is a rather surprising place for Jacob to move to. Whether he continued his Wesleyan ministry during his time at Petworth is not known.

Once established at Petworth it may be that fruit-growing took something of a secondary role, at least during the early years of his sojourn in the town. Certainly for the first thirty years of its existence Jacob's Strawberry does not seem to have come to the attention of the cognoscenti of the apple world. We can only suppose that in the early years the original tree was planted in the garden of his house in New Street.



William Jacob's taxidermy
June 1894

It was not until the early 1880's and Jacob had established himself at Petworth as a grower of prize-winning fruit that the apple world began to take cognisance of the "new" variety. An article in the "Garden" for 27th September 1884 has the following.

NEW DESSERT APPLE

I have lately had an opportunity of testing the beautiful new early Apple, named Jacob's Strawberry, and feel sure that it fully merits the first-class certificate granted to it by the Royal Horticultural Society at its last committee meeting at Kensington. It is beautifully striped with carmine on a yellow ground, and traces of russet on it bespeak good quality. Its best season is during August and September, and I feel certain that it will become a great favourite with market growers, for, as I have repeatedly stated, it is to early sorts of Apples that home growers must turn their attention, for the simple reason that foreign competition

does not set in with any great force until the American barrels arrive, and in that case home growers have the first three months of the Apple season to themselves, because our markets cannot be glutted with Apples from the Continent in the same way that they are with fruits that require a greater amount of summer heat than this country affords. Jacob's Strawberry is a good sized Apple, a circumstance which adds to its value, for although the majority of our best old dessert Apples are below medium size, I find that, like other fruits, the public who buy them give the preference to large kinds. It is useless alluding to flavour; in that matter tastes differ widely. Where one would select Frontignan Grapes, ninety-nine would ask for those lovely large-berried Gros Colmars, yet the latter at their best are never anything like equal to the former. When, however, we get quality and size combined with a showy exterior, as is the case with this Apple, there can be little doubt as to the position which it will occupy in the market. During the last eight years it has never failed to carry good crops both in good and bad seasons, and therefore it has not been hastily thrust upon the public. Being soft and melting, it is quite different from the Ribston and some of the old dessert kinds. These will doubtless always find admirers, but the sorts to plant in quantity must be of a more prolific Fillbasket kind. Although exhibited and certificated under the name of Jacob's Strawberry, I hear that it is likely to be sent out under another name - viz., that of Lady Sudeley, in compliment to the owner of the largest fruit farm in the kingdom. The Apple stands so far in advance of all other hardy fruits for general utility, that it may truly be termed the king of fruits, and any valuable addition to our lists of good kinds such as this is of national importance.

- James Groom.

So many ill-flavoured fruits are in cultivation, that we note with pleasure the receipt of a good one from Mr. Bunyard, of Maidstone. Tasted by us in mid-September, it then seemed past its best, but in flavour excellent, thus showing a very early Apple. It was large and handsome in colour, but on these things we place no importance whatever. The aim of raisers should be to get us well-flavoured, delicate, digestible Apples. There has been a false standard held out for their attainment, and it is quite common to send out new Apples which are absolutely valueless as far as flavour goes. The name Jacob's Strawberry is said to be provisional, but we do not see why it should not serve. The question is, Is the Apple worth eating? This Apple has been grown for years by Mr. Jacobs, of Petworth.

The Gardener's Chronicle for 1st November 1884 has the following note and the diagram reproduced below:

LADY SUDELEY APPLE

We learn that Messrs. George Bunyard & Co. of Maidstone, have decided to distribute this remarkable Apple, hitherto known as Jacob's Strawberry Apple, next year, if they can raise a sufficient stock. In order to avoid confusion of names they will rename it Lady Sudeley, by permission, there being four other Strawberry Apples in cultivation. It is somewhat remarkable that such a beautiful fruit - moreover, one possessing such merit in point of size, flavour, and continuous cropping - should not have been known to Dr. Hogg, Mr. Barron, or the Fruit Committee of the Royal Horticultural Society, and known judges regard it as a valuable acquisition.

By those who have seen it growing for seven years it has been regarded as an excellent dessert fruit, and also well adapted for exhibition. It will certainly be considered as indispensable in all well ordered fruit gardens in the milder parts of the kingdom. Although there are now many varieties of early Apples, we can thankfully find place for this sort, which begins to colour towards the end of July, and in August it comes into use, lasting in good condition for about two months. Our illustration (fig.101) shows the general character of the fruit, which is streaked with crimson on the sunny side.

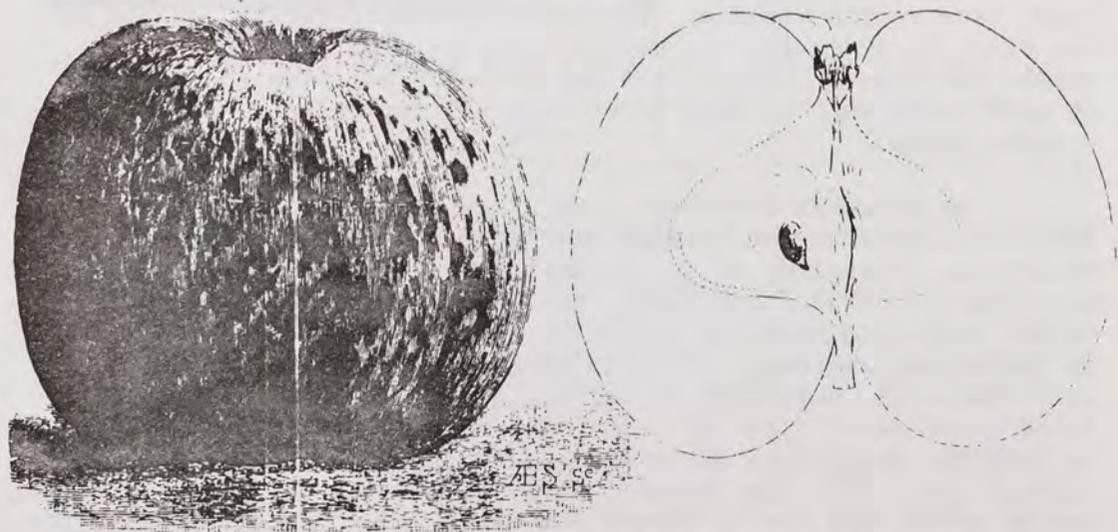


FIG. 101.—APPLE JACOB'S STRAWBERRY, OR LADY SUDELEY. (SEE P. 564.)

Clearly the Lady Sudeley apple was beginning to make a name for itself. In September 1885 James Groom again noticed the apple in the Garden magazine but this time after a visit to Petworth to see the Jacob trees. He writes:

APPLE LADY SUDELEY

Having seen fruit of this handsome early dessert Apple in 1884, I resolved to go to Petworth this year to see Mr. Jacob's trees, and I confess that I was amply repaid for my journey by seeing the best display of Apples I have ever before witnessed. Two trees of this variety were covered with hundreds of fine fruit, and although growing amongst others consisting of all the best old varieties, such as Scarlet Nonpareil, Melon Apple, and others, Lady Sudeley could be distinguished at a glance. I have seen larger trees and heavier crops in Kentish orchards, and more brilliant fruits in orchard houses, and on wall trees, and cordons, but I never saw fruits on fully exposed bush trees to equal those on the trees in question. In addition to their bright colour, they looked as if varnished, while the perfume emitted by them was unusually powerful. As regards flavour, this Apple is superior to any sort ripe at the same time. It is not surprising, therefore, that the produce of Mr. Jacob's trees has for years past carried off all the first prizes for Apples at the Sussex shows. In fact, during the season in which it is at its best, viz., August and September, I do not know any Apple that could successfully compete with it, having, as it has, size, colour, and quality on its side. As a market fruit it will take a leading place, as it becomes fit for use before the competition from foreign Apples begins. Mr. Jacob has no difficulty in selling his Lady Sudeleys at so much per dozen, and as a rule makes from £5 to £10 a year by the produce of two fair sized bush trees, the crop being generally bespoken long before it is ripe. In gathering, only a few dozens are taken at a time from the outsides of the branches. There is usually a good lot fit for use the first week in August, but this year it was quite the end of the month before many were ripe, and they keep on maturing until October. When gathered, they are best about the end of a week's time; if kept long, they become mealy and flavourless. The trees in Mr. Jacob's garden are fine specimens, spreading and healthy. They get no pruning or training of any kind; but when the fruits are well set they are thinned, and never fail to produce a good crop every season for these last sixteen years. I may add that Petworth is in a good fruit-growing part of Sussex, and that

the trees in question have a rich root-run. There can be no question that the majority of English orchard trees are starved, and that to that circumstance may be attributed most of the ills that befall Apple trees. I send a few specimens of this Apple, gathered last week, and just now fit for use.

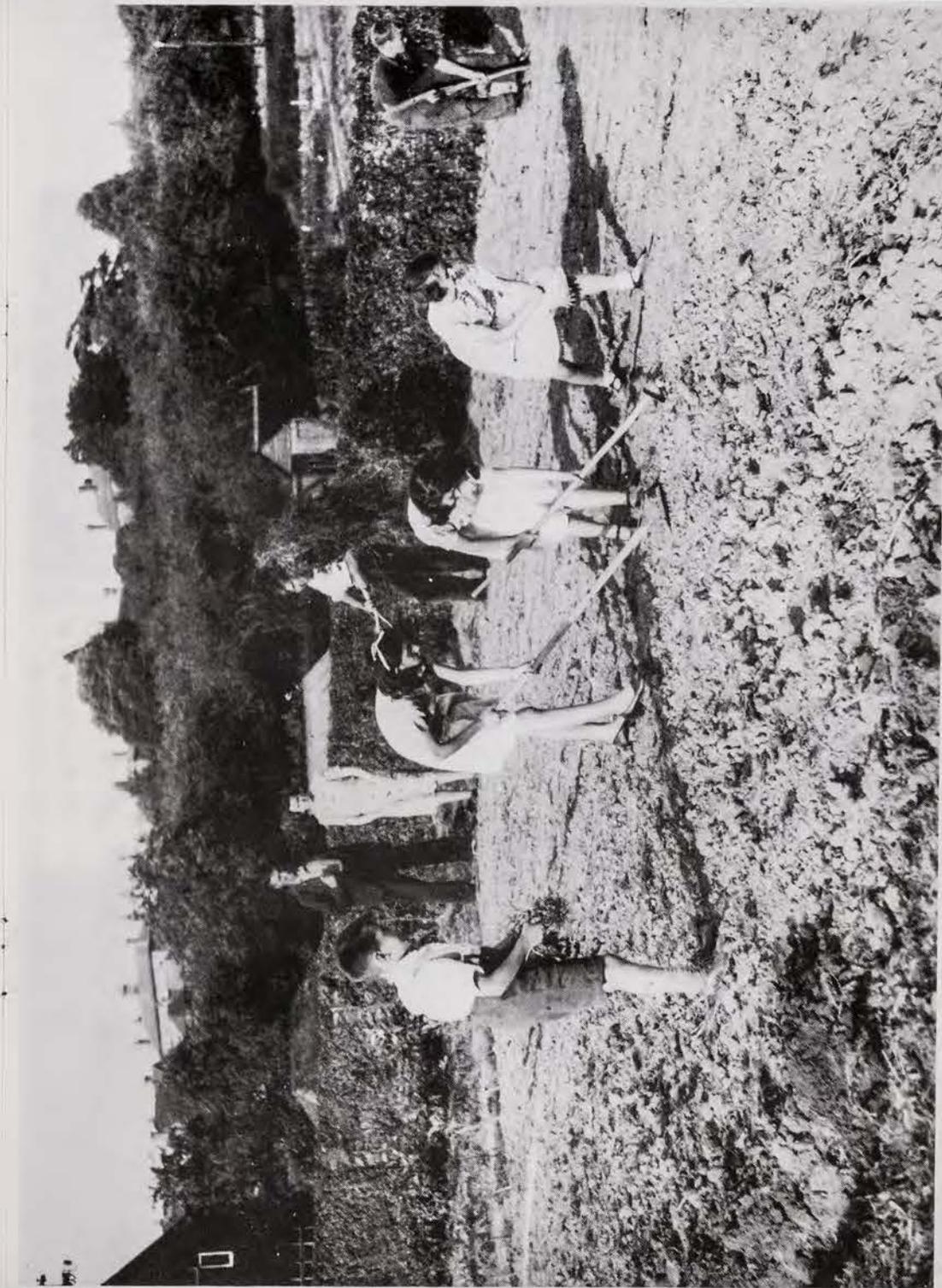
James Groom

Gosport, Hants.

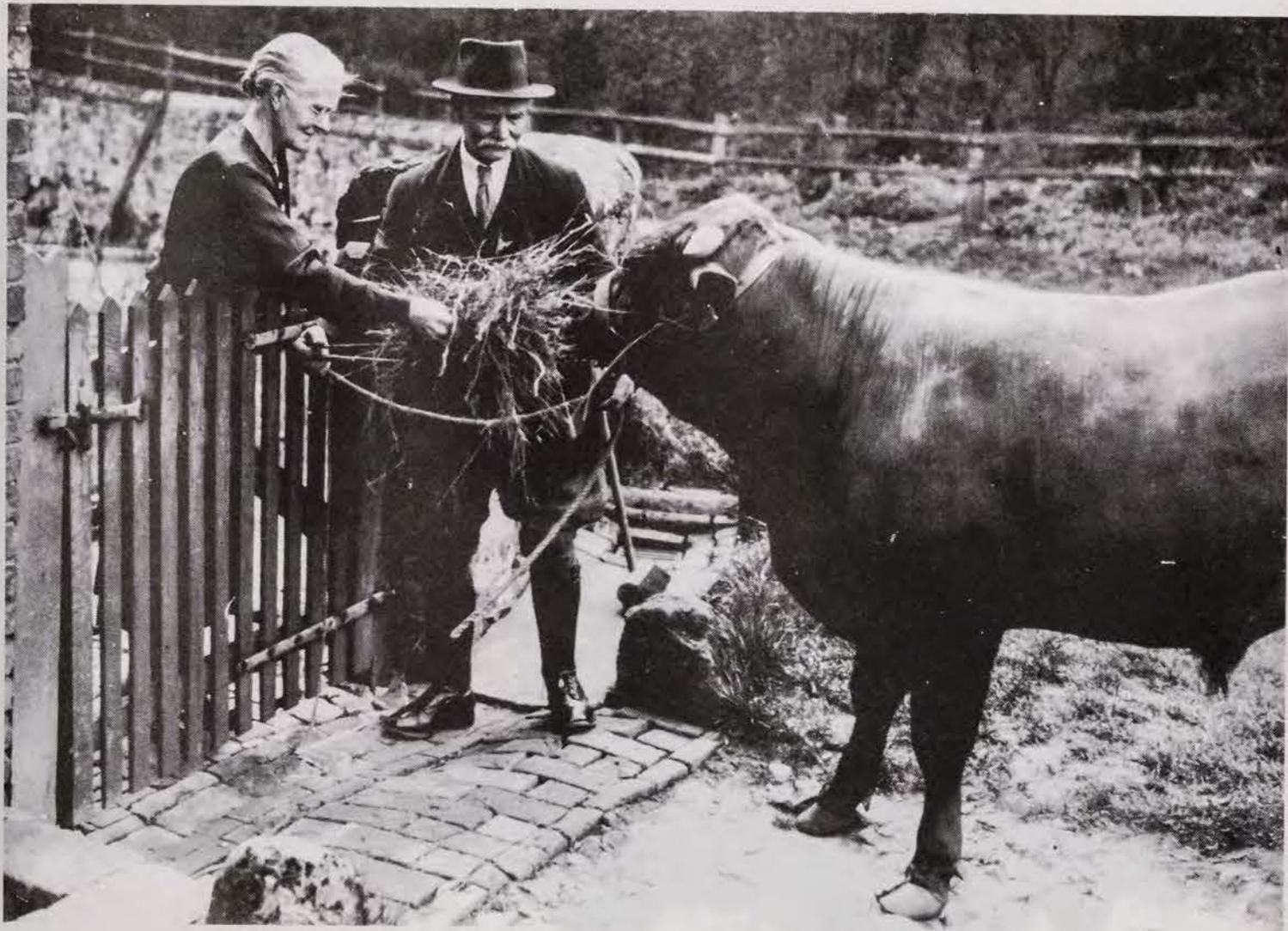
* * * Samples of Lady Sudeley Apple have also been sent to us by Messrs. Bunyard, of Maidstone, and fully bear out all that Mr. Groom has just stated. Their flavour is good, but they had been kept too long. They evidently should be eaten almost as soon as gathered. As regards appearance, this Apple is all that could be desired. It is above the medium size, and richly streaked with crimson on a yellow ground - just the Apple that in the market would attract the attention of buyers. - Ed.

Groom's second article is of particular interest because it shows that Jacob, even in 1885, had no extensive stock of the apple, only two trees. The trees would seem to have been in position since 1869, but where they had been in the dozen or so years since Jacob had moved to Petworth remains unclear.

With the introduction of the apple on a commercial basis by Bunyards of Maidstone the long process of recognition was almost complete. In 1890, the Master of the Worshipful Company of Fruiterers was Sir James Whitehead, Bt., at that time also Lord Mayor of London and it was decided that an Exhibition of Fruit should be held at the Guildhall on the 6th, 7th and 8th of October in that year. There were more than 450 exhibitors and more than 4,500 plates of fruit were shown. The Fruiterers' Company gave prizes for the best varieties. The Queen was Patron of the Exhibition, one of whose aims was to promote English fruit. Two cases of English pears and apples were sent to Balmoral and these included some from William Jacob's exhibit. 35,000 people attended the Exhibition over the three days and it was considered a great success.



Schoolchildren working the "cinema" allotments in Station Road c1945.
The trees over the road on the left may be part of William Jacob's orchard.
Photograph by George Garland.



Mr. and Mrs. Baigent at Stag Park in 1940.
(See "Horses, Cows and Pigeons") Photograph by George Garland.



Nigerian farmers on a British Council visit to Stag Park. August 12946.
Photograph by George Garland.



"Jimmy Whittington was a nice old man..."
 Photograph by George Garland.



 The Worshipful
 Company of Fruiterers.
 GUILDHALL EXHIBITION, 1890.
 An Award of Merit
 for *apple Lady Sudeley*
 Exhibited by *Mr. Wm. Jacob*
High Street
Letworth, Sussex
Presented through the
Lord Mayor to Her Majesty the Queen.

Award to William Jacob 1890.

A prolific early grower of the new apple was Lord Sudeley from the Gloucestershire village a mile from Winchcombe. His lordship had a hundred of the trees planted on his Gloucester Estate and the apple was renamed Lady Sudeley in deference to her ladyship who had a very striking ball gown which recalled the new apple in colour and design i.e. gold with red stripes.

Where did James Groom go to see the Lady Sudeleys? It would seem that if Miss Wootton was correct about having the original seedling, the orchard was at the back of the two houses now lying between the Pound Garage and the Fire Station. Bill Vincent can actually remember this area being called Jacob's Orchard but the

tradition is now very distant. Many members of course will well remember the extensive allotments and orchards now occupied by the new housing estate and running back in the direction of Littlecote House, but the evidence does seem to point to Jacob's orchard being on the western side of the allotments, possibly abutting onto the road.

The Ordnance Survey of 1912 shows barns and a greenhouse where the Pound Garage now is and then orchard right through toward Littlecote, but I would think a significant portion of this land had always been allotments. Gwenda Morgan remembers that there was no house where the Pound Garage now is, only a barn. To reach her father's allotment she would go behind the old barn and along a path. There was a high wooden fence dividing the path from the orchard - presumably William Jacob's original planting. We have a photograph in this Bulletin of some of the old apple trees as they were in the garden of Ridge House in 1973. They have not greatly changed since then.

Some light is thrown on the early history of the allotment land by a letter from William Jacob himself written to John Wright F.R.H.S. and reproduced by Wright in a Handbook of 1890, extolling the virtues of profitable fruit growing "for cottagers and small holders of land"... Jacob writes:

"Nothing is more refreshing to me than gardening and fruit-growing, in which I have been interested from quite a boy, and have now had sixty years' experience. I never yet met with a man whose theory upon any subject was equal to practical experience. The field of allotments, of which my garden forms a part, has about fifteen tenants. It was formerly worked by the landlord as a cornfield. He could not make it pay, so made it into gardens, about forty rods each, and I should think the value of the produce from the land is upwards of £400 a year from fruit and vegetables; and the owner realises an annual rental of nearly £35 per annum. I give £5.10s. for only seventy-five rods, but it is in the best position and worth more than the rest."

William Jacob's last years are something of a mystery. He seems at some time in the 1880's to have lived in High Street (Back Street as it was then known), and to have died in 1895, possibly in Wisborough Green Workhouse. Of his four children, Mrs. Nicholson gives the following note:

William jnr. In 1876 he was unemployed and had gone up to London for an interview for a job - successfully. On his return home, his mother wanted to know what he'd been doing, as the Governor of the Prison had called, enquiring for him. But all was well. The Governor had heard such good reports of young William (22) that he had called to offer him a temporary post on his staff. So began 44 years service, which was rewarded in 1920 by the posthumous award of the I.S.M.

Thomas Edward was a groom/coachman in 1881 (15) - possibly at Petworth House. Family legend described him as the black sheep of the family: a horse dealer. I wonder what his father, the lay preacher thought of it? But contact must have been maintained, for he is listed among the mourners at his brother William's funeral in Cheshire in 1920.

Eliza Jane (born 1861) entered Service, and was invited to move north to Hampsthwaite Hall near Harrogate, with her employers, who may have been called Wright. She married and continued to live in Harrogate until she died in 1918.

Catharine (born 1871) went into Service possibly at Petworth House, joined the prison service, served at Holloway Prison where she met and married a fellow officer Frank Janaway. She died in 1922 and her daughter now lives in Canada.

In passing it may be of interest to list the apples in the catalogue of Thomas Rogers, the nurseryman at Fern Bank, Lodsworth for Autumn 1901. Lady Sudeley does not appear among them. Few of these are grown now although I do remember having a few boxes of Cox's Pomona one year when there was a great dearth of English apples. Worcesters and Cox's have survived, Warner's King sometimes appears, like the occasional Blenheim, but the other varieties are probably quite rare.

Blenheim Orange	King of Pippins
Cellini	Lord Suffield
Cox's Orange Pippin	Manx Codlin
Cox's Pomona	Nelson's Glory
Duchess of Oldenburgh	New Hawthornden
Dumelow's Seedling	Peasgood's Nonsuch
Ecklinville Seedling	Reinette du Canada
Fearn's Pippin	Scarlet Nonpareil
Hawthornden	Stirling Castle
Kentish Fillbasket	Warner's King
Keswick Codlin	Worcester Pearmain

(P.A.J. with grateful acknowledgement to Miss Gwenda Morgan, Mrs. Brenda Nicholuson, the Fruit Officer of the Royal Horticultural Society at Wisley, and the Clerk to the Worshipful Company of Fruiterers. Has anyone anything they can add to this article?)

HORSES, COWS AND PIGEONS

As we lived at River Common, I went to Tillington school; Mr. Stringer was the master there then and his sisters were the other teachers. Mr. Goggs was the Tillington clergyman and remained so for many years. Like most village schools Tillington was divided into two - infants and bigger children. I can't say I liked school much; I thought the best thing was the school outings that Mr. Boxall, the Tillington builder, organised for the schoolchildren. We children from River Common would go to River to be collected by Jimmy Whittington the carter at Mr. Pratt's farm and he would take us in his waggon to Petworth Station. Jimmy Whittington was a nice old man and when we got on to the open road he might even let me drive his horses for a while. Sharper and Prince they were called. Once at the station we'd go on the train to Littlehampton. We had our lunch given to us but once there we could go where we liked.

Already when I was eleven or twelve I used to milk the cows for Mr. Jones at Roundabouts Farm on River Common. He'd give me a half-penny a cow, while Saturdays I used to help with dunging or even do a bit of ploughing with a one-horse single plough. When I was fourteen I went to work for Mr. Brittain at Parkhurst. I had charge of three horses and used to work seven days a week for five shillings. I worked the horses, brought them home again and kept them groomed. Parkhurst was a farm of some 150 acres, rented from the Leconfield Estate and run by the farmer and his son with a cowman and myself as carter. I didn't serve any kind of apprenticeship but was just plunged straight into it. Mr. Brittain himself tended to concentrate on the milk. He used to take it into Collins' dairy in East Street and they in turn delivered it round the town with milk-cart and churn. I didn't have much to do with the milk but when Mr. Brittain sold a hayrick to Walter Dawtrey, Dawtrey sent two men up to cut and tie the hay and I had to cart it to Petworth to Walter Dawtrey's cornstores off Golden Square - a ton and a half load at a time. I had three horses on to pull the cart, working with trace harness, one behind the other. You needed a good horse in front for that and it was still tricky getting them into the yard. Once there I threw the bales off the waggon and they

were hauled up into the store with a kind of grab. Another job was to cart bavins or faggots to Arch Knight, the baker's in Lombard Street. I'd come up Park Road and turn right down Lombard Street to dump the faggots on the cobbles. He'd then carry them up the narrow passage to the bake house. He'd give me a bag of rolls before I left. A familiar trip was to the workhouse for ashes to use when we were drilling mangels. Mr. Brittain would give me an ounce of baccy to put the loaders in a helpful mood. There were several refuse collections in Petworth then, private of course, and I remember the great big high-sided cart one of them had. I remember too when they were covering the reservoir at the Monument; Mr. Brittain's cart (and myself with it) was hired out (with others) to the Leconfield Estate for a week or ten days. Mr. Allison the water foreman was in charge. He spoke very quickly in his Yorkshire accent and he didn't like to see anyone standing about not doing anything.

I was seventeen and a half when the Great War broke out. I volunteered, going to Petworth to enlist and taking the King's shilling. I went first to Chichester, then to Dover where for a time we kept guard on the cliffs. From Dover we went to Boulogne, then up the line to Etaps where we trained at the "Bull Ring". The training was harder here, running up to attack trenches and sticking imaginary enemies with bayonets. Soon I was on the Somme, I was at Ypres and at Paschendaele and elsewhere. I was lucky to survive; of a hundred men going up to the front only five or six might survive. There would be a six-week tour of duty, then back down the line to recoup and take on fresh recruits. The trenches were infested with rats and I remember the general coming up with an overcoat covering his uniform and catching some men bayoneting rats. "Those bayonets are for sticking Germans not rats," he said testily. When a stretcher-bearer was knocked out I often had to fill in, venturing out into no-man's land of a night, untaping the puttees of the wounded and using them to drag them back toward the relative safety of the trenches. We had to keep very close to the ground; every so often a machine-gun would sweep no-man's land to deter a possible offensive. Yes, we did see the Germans, they'd take our trenches, or we'd take theirs, but casualties were terrible and the whole thing a stalemate, advantage swinging forward and back to little effect. Sometimes the trench mud came up to your thighs, or you might get the stretcher hung up in the telephone wires. I was awarded the Military Medal and was twice mentioned in dispatches but it was a

grim time and I was very very fortunate to come out not only alive but unharmed. When we finished in France in 1918 I came back to Southampton, went up to North Wales, spent some seven months tidying up transport and things like that, then went to London to be demobbed.

In the meantime Mr. Brittain had left Parkhurst and my job had gone with him. However I went to stay for a week's rest with Mr. Baigent, my uncle, the stockman at Stag Park Farm. Before the week was out I'd been asked whether I would like to work on the farm, and the next week I was setting out mangels with Alf Standing and Alf Hunt. They were both older men than I was and Alf Standing said, "Come on, colt in the middle", meaning that I, as the youngest, would work in between the pair of them. The first thing they told me was not to pull out the thinned mangels but to use the hoe. The hoe might knock one or two plants out but it saved time, while bending to pick out the plants only wasted it.

There were a couple of white brood mares with colts and Nelson Boniface the foreman wasted no time in getting me down in the White's Green field ploughing with them. He came down to see if I was alright but when he saw I'd ploughed before he went away saying, "I'll leave it to you". The mares were brought back to their colts at lunch-time and then went out to work again in the afternoon. Mr. King the farmer said to me, "When the colts are old enough to work, you can break them in". Bill Card and I worked together at breaking, getting the colts to pull a log about. Breaking was something we'd do in the winter when the farm-work slackened somewhat. When the colts were used to work, I'd take them down to Petworth Station with loads from the farm. They were very good; the only trouble I remember was when we met Mr. Barnes's steam-engine puffing up the Station Road. It scared the young horses so much that they ran up the embankment but they didn't come to any harm.

I entered for local ploughing matches on a number of occasions: the young horses were first-rate for the preliminary competitions like grooming, but Captain and Traveller, as they were called, were a little touchy and a little too fast to be really good competitive ploughing horses. An older more stately pair of horses wouldn't throw the ground so high and would leave a nice seam. We'd take the horses up to Flexham carting stones, often putting a young horse on in the middle to gain experience. In the winter we'd take cattle to Pulborough market. I particularly remember the Fat Stock Show in

the run-up to Christmas. Once it was so frosty in North Street that we had to put another horse on - it was that slippery up past the cow yard. A memorable excursion was with Bill Card to Fishbourne. We had a cartload of wood each for Mr. Edgar, the former manager at Stag Park who had retired to Fishbourne. We'd walk with the horses most of the way but coming back down Duncton Hill the old-fashioned cart lamps kept being blown out by the wind and we had to keep stopping to relight them.

A more regular trip was up to Petworth House stable yard to deliver hay; Alf Standing, Alf Hunt or myself would often be up there. There were sixty horses in the stables: Lord Leconfield hunted six days a week, himself three days and his huntsman three days, so horses and change horses were needed for his lordship, his huntsman and whips. There were cub-hunting horses too, not as good as hunters. Cubbing was a rough old job and the cubbers were often sent to be sold at the end of the season. The stables also held Lord Leconfield's carriage horses. Bill Barnes senior was up there at this time and no one was allowed to deliver after ten o'clock when the yard had been swept through. We'd come up North Street and turn right; there was no one-way system then. The stables always insisted on white oats; black oats weren't allowed, it coloured the dung and this wasn't acceptable.

I got married in 1922 and lived briefly at Pheasant Copse before moving to Chillinghurst in Stag Park. When Bill Card retired I took over as head carter, getting an extra five shillings a year. We didn't work Sundays then, Lord Leconfield didn't approve of it. I had worked Sundays at Parkhurst before the War but that was different: Parkhurst was a tenant farm rather than one of the Leconfield home farms. I liked Chillinghurst: the family used to walk from there to Northchapel school and thought nothing of it. At that time a keeper and another carter had the other cottages. I never knew much about the moat but I was told there'd once been a drawbridge over it, but whether that was true I couldn't say. I worked on as head carter till 1931 when they decided to get rid of the Stag Park horses except for a single pair. The horses were sold and I was asked if I'd help with the shorthorn herd they were establishing - about eighty cows - and of course with Lord Leconfield's famous Sussex cattle.

Most Sundays Lord Leconfield would come up to the farm, his mac thrown over his arm. He'd walk up through the Park, through the Pheasant Copse, to see my uncle the stockman. He'd ask if he was

in, then get him to show him the Sussex cattle. After that he'd walk back through the Pheasant Copse to the kennels. I believe he often helped with exercising the hounds. If anything was wrong he'd just put up his walking-stick: he wouldn't say anything, just keep pointing with it. I worked mainly with the dairy herd, the milk and cream would go to Petworth House and the Express Dairy people would come and fetch it. George Cross would collect the milk and cream for the House and after him Maurice Howard. I remember Lady Leconfield appearing once particularly. She'd been helping to put out a fire on Upperton Common when out walking with her two adopted children. They'd all helped to put it out with sticks and she came in to us to have a wash.

We had to turn our hand to whatever was needed. An unusual job in the early 1920's was cleaning out the pond in the farmyard at Stag Park. Everyone had to set to, Alf Standing, Alf Hunt, Steve Payne, Joe Boniface, Bill Card, myself and others, draining the pond, then working with wheelbarrows and planks digging out the mud with shovels and carting it off.

His lordship liked pigeons and the dovecote at Stag Park was still in regular use then. I looked after it and culled the coloured ones. The true strain was black but it could easily get adulterated through cross-breeding. The numbers had to be kept down anyway; once a year we'd tie the shutters back and when the pigeons were used to it, we'd go up and catch some sixty or seventy. We'd leave about thirty, the right breeding number for the dovecote. We shared the pigeons out among the workmen. Some liked them and some didn't but they made a good pie and they were nice baked. The nests were on ledges but the thing that most struck me on going in there was the sheer noise.

Another unusual job was the "ice-cart". If the Petworth Park lake was frozen hard, carts were brought from all the home farms, six from Stag Park, two or three from Frog Farm and one or two from Hallgate, together with whatever could be spared from the House stables. Copsemen and gardeners would break up the ice and it would be taken up into the Cow Yard where there were at that time two ice-houses. Carting the ice was a laborious job because you couldn't pile the carts higher than the tail-board. If you did the ice would simply slide out. We might spend a week doing this sometimes, taking the ice up to the House, then tipping it down into the ice-house and ramming it down. Sometimes it might last for years, there might be a succession of mild winters and no opportunity to replenish stocks.

Apples? I remember Rather Ripe as a very early apple you could buy at the lodge at Tillington. "Catshead" was a great big apple and "Soldier" all red - it could also be called "blood apple". The Nanny apple was striped. Curly Tail looked like a codling, the curly tail was where it fixed to the tree. Herefords, or "Erfurts" as they were known, were a cider apple and of course we had the familiar Cox's, Bramleys and Blenheims.

Mr. Yeatman kept the shop at Upperton in my early days and every year they used to have a loaf each for the poor people of the village. It was some charitable bequest. Hoggers supper was an annual occasion at the pub. You'd pay about two shillings for a supper - quite a lot then. Bert Leggatt the chimney sweep would go round collecting rags and bones and the local boys would walk behind him. Someone at the King's Head once bet him a pint of beer he couldn't stop the smoke going up the chimney. He climbed into the chimney, stopped the smoke and won his bet.

Ern. Carver was talking to the Editor.

THE "OLD BLUE", THE STORY OF A PETWORTH FRIENDLY SOCIETY

3) A Friendly Society in crisis: 1823-1833.

While there was certainly a formal element to the committee meetings held at the Angel on the first Monday after the first Saturday in the month, there does seem to have been a definite inspection of the various certificates returned and the passing of them does not appear to have been entirely a formality. There was always the possibility of misrepresentation or even fraud. No certificate survives from this early period, such certificates as do survive all relate to a much later period in the Society's existence, but the 1859 Rule Book gives an outline of the form used at that time. It may well have been much the same three decades earlier.

Petworth Friendly Society, Instituted 1794.

The following Certificates must be duly filled up and signed as directed before the member can claim relief, the same to be returned the first Saturday in every month to the Committee.

Certificate of attendant Surgeon.

I hereby certify that (Member's Name)
now residing in the parish of (Parish resident in)
has been incapacitated through
(Nature of Illness, &c.) and unable to follow his usual
occupation from to

Date,

Surgeon.

Certificates were rarely questioned but there were occasional difficulties: for instance William King of Tillington was required to attend the January committee of 1824 "it having been reported to the committee that he has been at work making of cider". King did attend and apparently satisfied the committee. More serious was the case of William Budd of Mersham in Kent who was found to have forged the signatures on his claim form. A special general meeting was held at the Town Hall on 26th September 1826 "to take into consideration the propriety of expelling William Budd from this Society for having obtained relief by forged certificates". He was expelled "by the unanimous acclamation of the members present". A later minute accords William Edwards £5 "for his expenses to Mersham regarding Budd's certificate". Clearly the Society had dispatched a committee member to confirm their suspicions.

The Society was now over thirty years old and entering that period when illness and incapacity might be expected among the founding members. Expenses were high: payment in sick benefit alone (apart from widows' benefit) was running at £344.15.0. in 1827, rising to £377.12.0. in 1828, then fluctuating slightly - £351.16.0. in 1829, £315.13.0. in 1830, £346.1.0. in 1831 and £237.18.0. for the first seven months of 1832. In April 1825 £100 of the Society's stock needed to be sold to balance expenditure and a similar sum again in April of the following year. January 1827 saw a subvention from the Invalid Fund of £125 and in 1828 came another £125 from the Invalid Fund and £75 from the Widows' Fund. Clearly the Society was in danger of bleeding to death but it is impossible to pin down the exact proportion of withdrawal to existing funds because the Minute



At Sutton c1915.

This photograph courtesy of Mrs. Bowles, Fittleworth.



Sun and shade in Petworth Park 1985.

Book of the Society's committee, the only source for the history of the Society at this time, makes no mention at all of the Society's capital funds. It is certainly however no surprise to read in 1828 of a requisition signed by three members asking the Clerk to call a special general meeting on the ninth day of June "for the purpose of considering the necessity of raising the amount of the subscription". The committee ordered 300 statements of the annual accounts to be prepared, also 300 notices advising of the special general meeting. This at least gives a rare insight into the approximate membership of the Society at this time - at a guess perhaps some 270 if one takes into account excess or complimentary copies.

What actually transpired is far from clear. Daniel Easton lists as usual the new committee and the stewards for Petworth, Pulborough, Northchapel, Tillington, Coldwaltham, Sutton and West Chilmington elected at the Annual General Meeting held on Whit Monday 26th May 1828. He then proceeds to leave the following pages of the Minute Book blank. On the 9th of June there is simply a normal committee meeting and no mention of any special meeting. Probably Daniel Easton meant to fill in the details of the Annual General Meeting and never got round to it. Perhaps the proceedings were too complex for him to cope with in writing; clerks of the local friendly societies were not always the most articulate of men. It does not seem as if he were under any great pressure from Charles Mitford, the Rev. Thomas Sockett and the Rev. Dr. Johnson, the official treasurers. Apparently nothing was done and on July 6th at the normal monthly committee meeting it was "ordered that a request be signed for the Treasurers to sell out £375 stock from the Funds for the use and benefit of this Society".

While the requisition, whatever the fate of this initiative, gives a hint of misgiving at the way in which the Society was travelling financially, another, and perhaps potentially greater, cause for concern is the complete lack in the Minute Book of entries for new members for the years from 1828. New members had not come easily in the early and mid-1820's, some sixty-six over the period 1822-1827, but after that new members appear to dry up completely until four are reported in 1833. Perhaps prospective new members were chary of the rather precarious financial state of the Good Fellowship and fearful that their contributions might be swallowed up in funding an ageing membership. Possibly too the influence of other competing Friendly Societies was beginning to gnaw away at the foundations of the Good Fellowship although the Golden Age of the

large federated societies like the Oddfellows and the Foresters was in fact still to come. It is even possible that Daniel Easton simply did not record new members during these years. There are indications in these latter years that his book-keeping and minute-taking were becoming somewhat relaxed. The failure to give an account of proceedings at the Annual General Meeting of 1828 is a case in point. The massive transfusion of £375 in 1828 brought respite for a time but another £300 needed to be withdrawn from joint funds in October 1830.

Daniel Easton will himself have been somewhat preoccupied at this time: the official treasurers clearly left everything to the sub-treasurer and clerk and there was room for a certain degree of financial manoeuvring. It is not clear from the Minute Book whether there was an honorarium for the sub-treasurer at this time but if there were it would probably have been quite small. At a meeting of the President and Members at the Angel on July 24th 1832 Daniel Easton is reported "to be greatly indebted to this Society, having in his hands a balance of £134.12.4 of the Invalid Fund and £19.17.11 on account of the Widows' Fund which he states his inability to pay". Easton had also left unpaid some sixteen pounds toward funeral expenses for members. Messrs. Ellis and Hale, solicitors, (James Luttmann Ellis a partner was the President of the Society) were instructed to take "such steps as they may think advisable to recover the balance due from the said Daniel Easton". Such peculation was not uncommon among Friendly Society officials but the chances of recovering the lost money were probably remote indeed. Daniel Easton appears to have been the local postmaster and one may assume he left Petworth after this.

The Annual General Meeting of 1832 had clearly considered the Society's financial position alarming but other than noting that the meeting was adjourned until the 15th of September, Daniel Easton, as yet undisgraced, had made no mention of a decision to submit details of the Society's financial situation and certain questions regarding the constitution to Mr. John Tidd Pratt, a barrister and a specialist in local friendly societies and the laws relating to them. John Tidd Pratt would in 1846 become the first salaried Registrar of Friendly Societies.

What John Luttmann Ellis and his committee were particularly concerned about was the position of the superannuated members who might go on drawing full benefit from the society year after year, effectively draining its resources. Any ageing local Friendly Society

would eventually develop a hard core of such "superannuated" members - far more expensive than the casual sick who were working men who might have odd non-consecutive periods "on the club". What Mr. Ellis needed to know was whether the committee had power under the rules of the "Good Fellowship" to commute payments for "superannuated members and sick members who have received pay from the club for one year and upwards". Mr. Pratt's opinion was unequivocally that they had. Other points concerning allowances and contributions Mr. Pratt advised should be addressed to an actuary.

In the light of John Tidd Pratt's observations the adjourned Annual General Meeting resolved to cut the payment to superannuated members by sixpence a day, to raise the contribution paid by existing members by ninepence a month to two shillings a month, one shilling and ninepence to the Sick Fund and three pence to the Widows' Fund and to do away with the old system of premiums on admission of new members in favour of a table of graduated contributions payable by new members. This table, handwritten in the Minute Book in September 1832 appears again unchanged in the Revised Rule Book of 1859. A weakness was that the graduated contribution scheme applied only to new members and these were in desperately short supply. It was agreed also that the capital of the Widows' Fund should be made permanent and the interest divided equally among the widows together with the monthly members' contributions to the fund.

These measures, above all through halving the sum paid to superannuated members, defused the financial situation at least for the time being. The total payment on sickness certificates fell in 1833, the first full year of the new rules, to just over £201, as compared with £346 in 1831. It did however mean that the Society was now forced firmly onto the defensive, a posture it would retain for the last seventy-five years of its existence.

Table of Contributions to be paid by Members according to their Age, at the time of admission, and to continue as long as the Party shall remain a member.

Age last Birthday.	To Invalid Fund Monthly.	To Widows' Fund Monthly.	Total Monthly Contributions.	Total Annual Contributions.
15	£ s d	£ s d	£ s d	£ s d
16 } 18	0 1 1	0 0 6	0 1 7	0 19 0
17 } 19	0 1 2	0 0 6	0 1 8	1 0 0

20	0	1	2	0	0	6	0	1	8	1	0	0
21	0	1	2	0	0	6	0	1	8	1	0	0
22	0	1	3	0	0	6	0	1	9	1	1	0
23	0	1	4	0	0	6	0	1	10	1	2	0
24	0	1	5	0	0	6	0	1	11	1	3	0
25	0	1	5	0	0	7	0	2	0	1	4	0
26	0	1	6	0	0	7	0	2	1	1	5	0
27	0	1	6	0	0	7	0	2	1	1	5	0
28	0	1	7	0	0	7	0	2	2	1	6	0
29	0	1	8	0	0	7	0	2	3	1	7	0
30	0	1	9	0	0	8	0	2	5	1	9	0
31	0	1	10	0	0	8	0	2	6	1	10	0
32	0	2	0	0	0	8	0	2	8	1	12	0
33	0	2	1	0	0	8	0	2	9	1	13	0
34	0	2	2	0	0	9	0	2	11	1	15	0
35	0	2	3	0	0	9	0	3	0	1	16	0
36	0	2	4	0	0	9	0	3	1	1	17	0
37	0	2	6	0	0	9	0	3	3	1	19	0
38	0	2	8	0	0	10	0	3	6	2	2	0
39	0	2	9	0	0	10	0	3	7	2	3	0
40	0	2	11	0	0	11	0	3	10	2	6	0
41	0	3	2	0	0	11	0	4	1	2	9	0
42	0	3	4	0	1	0	0	4	4	2	12	0
43	0	3	7	0	1	0	0	4	7	2	15	0
44	0	3	10	0	1	0	0	4	10	2	18	0

No member under the age of 21 years shall be required to contribute towards the widows funds until he shall attain the age of 21 years.

Table of graduated contributions from the Rule Book of 1859.

(To be continued)

RECOLLECTIONS BY F.M. PUGH (3) 1939 AND AFTER

In the summer of 1939, the family I worked for decided to take a holiday in Sussex while there was still time. The war was getting closer, and they were Jewish and well acquainted with Hitlers hatred of the Jews.

We packed our belongings, and to my surprise and delight we landed in Felpham and at Blake's PEAR TREE COTTAGE, where we spent an unforgettable holiday.

Soon afterwards we had to part company as the family business in London collapsed.

I never knew where they went or how they faired, but felt very sad at leaving them.

In January 1940 I became a married woman. My husband was serving in the London Fire Brigade, and I stayed at home in Sussex. My mother and I worked together at Petworth House, cooking for an evacuated children's home from London, there were all colours and creeds. I can't remember the true number, but I know it ran into three figures. At that time we had soldiers from all over the world camped around us, and they would always lend a helping hand with any heavy chores. There was also another huge camp at Shillinglee Park, mostly French Canadians, they were a generous lot, and one Christmas they gave a party for all the staff of Petworth House, and their cook baked each one of us a delicious meat pie, with our initial on top in pastry!

After a time I got a job at Pitshill House as daily help. I cycled to work each day and many times I'd stop in the Park to watch a dog fight going on overhead between our wonderful Spitfires and invading German planes. By then we were under curfew, and I'd ride home at night as if being chased by the Devil, as even a cycle lamp had to be half "blackened out". By now lots of things vanished from daily life which we had taken for granted. We couldn't get white bread, fresh milk, eggs, fruit or new clothing. Everything became rationed or things of the past. I remember a girl coming round in the interval at the Cinema, not with sweets etc. but a tray of scrubbed carrots!

These were supposed to be as nutritious as oranges, and very good for the sight in the "black out"! Our diet consisted of dried milk, reconstituted eggs, queer stuff called SNOEK, which tasted like cod liver oil, and MACON, which was sliced mutton representing bacon. All jams tasted the same, like mashed turnips with a flavour added, and Strawberry and Raspberry "jams" were sadly lacking in pips!

I remember how difficult it was then if one needed new clothes, footwear, or household linen as we had clothes rationing, and the few precious coupons were never enough to go round. Then we were issued with identity cards, and an ugly gas mask which we had to wear, in a cardboard box on a string round our necks. Later I joined my husband in London, blitz or no blitz, and then I had to carry a heavy tin hat as well as the gas mask. Those were the days, we lived from day to day in great fear, and yet it seemed exciting.

The spirit of comradeship in London, indeed all the big cities of England, was something to experience. The fiercer the war became, the closer and harder we fought for our land.

I can hear the air-raid sirens to this day, starting to wail in the distance, and reaching a crescendo all over London. Then the dreadful "crump" of falling bombs, the screaming sirens of fire engines and ambulances. Much later when the "All Clear" sounded, we would come to the surface to find a lot more of London razed to the ground, dust and rubble everywhere, little lost, frightened children, cats and dogs searching for their owners, but in spite of it all, there was always the kindly "Bobby" or a good soul ready with a helping hand, a bit of comfort or a cup of tea!!

(To be continued)

A SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER (6) RETURN TO SUTTON 1917-8

Well, at last the day arrived when father came home from hospital, what an exciting time that was for us all, there was such a lot to tell him. Whilst it must have been a great relief to mother, he was never quite so well as before his illness, and when recovered enough could only do light work.

Soon after he came home the farmer moved to another farm in the village where we used to live, but at the opposite end, and after a short while we also moved there, so my brother was still able to work for him. It was nice being near the school and shop again. Our house was at the foot of a hill or "hollow" as it was called, and the church at the top.

When father was strong enough he started doing a few jobs to earn a little money, and also set mole traps and sold the skins, sending them away by post, the price depending on the quality.

There was a small-holding just across the fields and he used to milk their few cows, and when their cider apples were ripe, would make a lot of cider for them with a press they had. They would give him some to bring home, and when we saw our chance we would sometimes stick a straw in the top of the barrel and have a drink. One of my sisters worked there when she left school, the lady took in paying guests.

Later on father started catching rabbits for the farmer, mostly on

top of the downs as they seemed more plentiful up there. He made all his own wires, I have watched him make so many I am sure I could make them even now. We would tie them up in bundles, all the stumps that we stuck in the ground to hold the wire fast, and the little sticks holding the wires in position were all cut beforehand in the local woods. The wire came in large rolls and bundles of binder twine to tie the stumps on with. He had a big block of wood with a hook on the top on which he hooked several strands of wire, then lifted it and spun it to twist the strands together.

The next morning after setting the wires down, he would get up very early to collect the rabbits before anyone else could steal them. We usually took turns going with him to help carry them as they were very heavy when he had a good catch. He would come in our room early and wake whoever was going, then go downstairs and make us a cup of cocoa, and get something to eat. Then we would set out with our poles on which to carry the rabbits. We also took a spade to dig a hole to bury their entrails to make them lighter, this was done inside the woods, they were then all slung on our poles and off we set for the farm with our catch. Then it was back home, wash and change, have breakfast and off to school by 9 o'clock.

On a few occasions when father was not very well, my sister and I went up there ourselves and collected the rabbits, paunched them and took them to the farm. We liked going with him when he set the wires too when there was no school, it was interesting looking for their runs, and we would hold the bundles of wires and hand them to him as he set them. One of my sisters was doing this one day and when she got to the last one, as she handed it to him she said, "this is the last one", to which he replied "ah, that's the one I've been looking for" and she said "why didn't you tell me, I could have given you that one first?" A joke she was never allowed to forget!

The house in which we now lived was not a farm cottage but belonged to Petworth House, as did a lot of them in the village. Our rent then was 2/6d per week and paid yearly. The tenant farmers went the first day to pay theirs and were given a sit down lunch, then the next day the cottagers went and paid theirs, and were given a packed lunch to bring home which usually consisted of cold meat sandwiches, bread and cheese and a bottle of beer. We would usually go with others from the village and thought nothing of the five mile walk.

Mrs. E.J. Pentecost (to be continued)

NEW MEMBERS UP TO 18.1.86

Mrs. L. Bertram, "Hope", Lombard Street, Petworth.
Mr. & Mrs. Delderfield, 5 Park Terrace, Tillington.
Mr. & Mrs. J. Davis, 8 Elsenham Crescent, Basildon.
Mr. & Mrs. J.A. Ross Esplan, The Manse, High Street, Petworth.
Mr. & Mrs. J. Hitchins, The Old School House, Byworth.
Mr. S. Hill, 3 Thompsons, North Street, Petworth.
Mr. & Mrs. R.W. Lake, 23 Hampers Green, Petworth.
Mr. T. Lerwill, 336H Grove Street, Petworth.
Mr. & Mrs. E. Miles, 7 Butts Meadow, Wisborough Green.
Mr. & Mrs. E.R. Hollett, Lower Fold, 311f North Street, Petworth.
Mrs. Rose, 51 Stanhope Park Road, Greenford, Middlx.
Mrs. Place, Manhood End, Birdham Road, Chichester.
Mrs. J.D. Puttick, 2 Darwin Road, Welling, Kent.
Mrs. I. Pritchard, The Manse, High Street, Petworth.
Mr. & Mrs. J. Patten, 47 Sheepdown Drive, Petworth.
Mrs. G. Relph, 33 Denham Close, Parkview Road, Welling, Kent.
Mr. & Mrs. R. Tyler, c/o 14 Amethyst Crescent, Hope Valley,
Adelaide, South Australia.
Mr. & Mrs. G. Wilkinson, School House, Herbert Shiner School,
Mr. W.F. Whittington, 243 Freshfield Road, Brighton. Petworth.
Mr. & Mrs. E. Way, Bigenor Farm, Petworth.
Miss J. Wardrop, 336H Grove Lane, Petworth.
Mr. Baker, 71 Wyndham Road, Petworth.
Mr. & Mrs. Duncan Brand, 21 Hampers Green, Petworth.
Mr. & Mrs. Burwood, Woodbine Cottage, Bignor, Nr. Pulborough.
Mr. R. Bojanowski, 19 Colin Road, Luton, Beds.
Mr. W.G. Calvert, 1 Chesnut Cottage, Byworth, Petworth.
Mr. & Mrs. Exall, 4 Heath End, Petworth.
Mr. R. Herbert, 10 Rothermead, Petworth.
Mrs. B. Higginson, 4 Woodbury House, Heath End, Petworth.
Mr. & Mrs. Hazelman, North Lodge, Heath End, Petworth.
Mrs. F.J. James, Heath End Cottage, Heath End, Petworth.
Mr. & Mrs. Marchbank, Apartment 4, Swan House, Petworth.
Mr. & Mrs. Pembery, 61 Sheepdown Drive, Petworth.
Mr. & Mrs. Palmer, 31 The Drive, Oakley, Basingstoke, Hants.
Mr. & Mrs. Payne, 26 Olden Lane, Purley, Surrey.
Mr. & Mrs. M. Reynolds, 77 Sheepdown Drive, Petworth.
Mrs. S. Reid, 17 Burghley Road, Wimbledon.
Mr. C. Saunders, 4 Park Rise, Petworth.
Mrs. Steele, Grittenham Farm, Tillington.
Mr. Sam Slemmonds, 47 Sullivan Road, Fulham, London.

Mr. & Mrs. Exall 23

