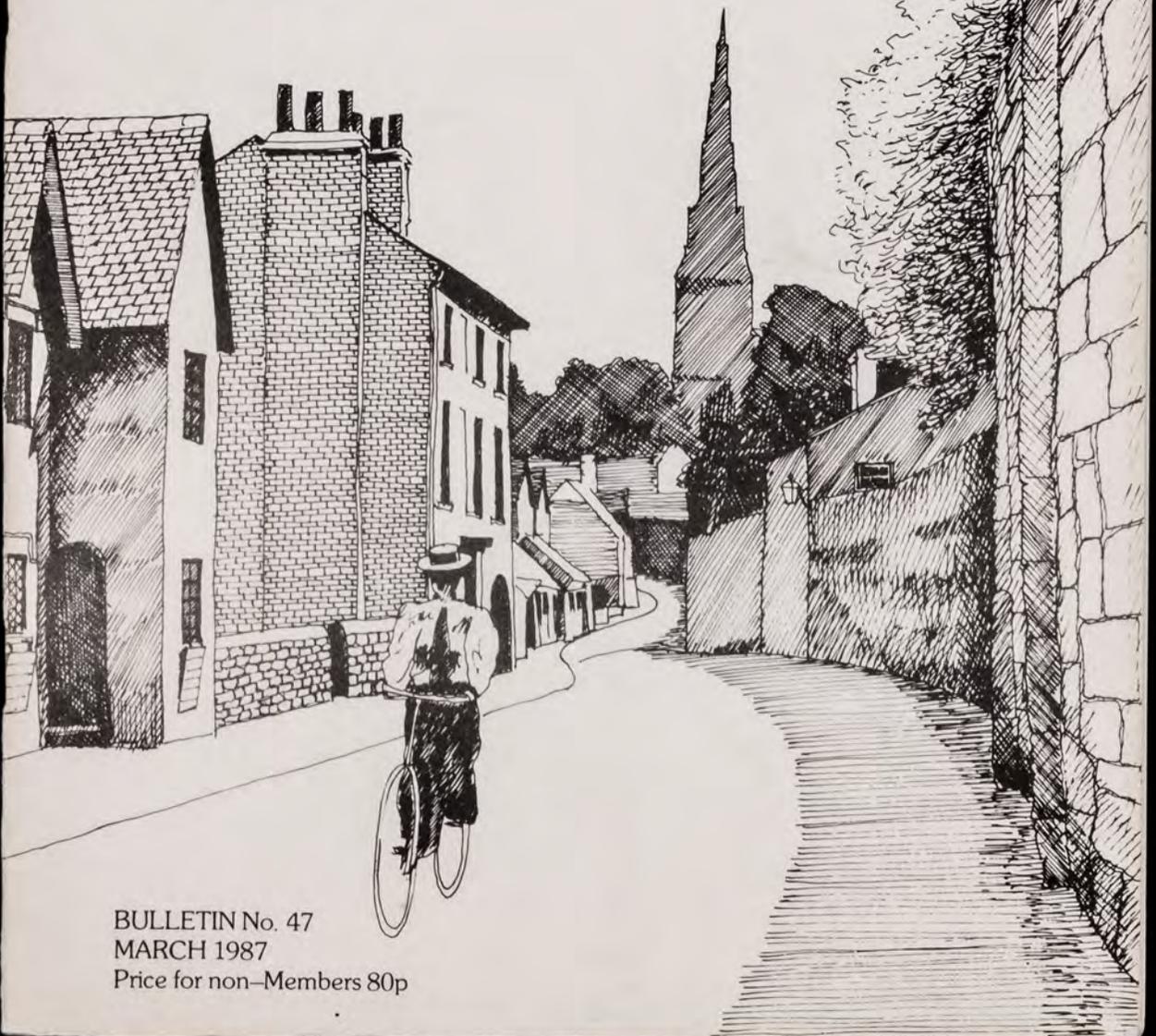


The Petworth Society

Miles Costello
Petworth
Collection



BULLETIN No. 47
MARCH 1987
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Cover design by Jonathan Newdick drawn from a photograph by Walter Kevis. It shows North Street and Thompson's Hospital about 1900.

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

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

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:-

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assisted by Mrs. J.M. Hamilton and Mrs. D.
Franklin

Hon. Treasurer - Mrs. I. Pritchard, The Manse, High Street,
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Mrs. J. Boss, North Street, Petworth.

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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

1. Petworth Fair

It seems a very long time since the last Bulletin which, as you will remember, appeared early to anticipate the Fair on November 20th. Well here we are at last with a new year and Jonathan's new cover to welcome it. All 725 copies of the Petworth Fair special issue had gone by December 1st so it's good to have a current edition available again. From the Society's point of view Petworth Fair was successful beyond reasonable expectation. We had said that the immemorial November fair "in the feast of St Edmund the King" was a vital part of Petworth's life and tradition but it really needed the people of Petworth and the districts round to come out in very considerable force to put some flesh on this bare assertion. They did. I don't think I have ever seen so many people in and out of the Leconfield Hall. This meant both that the local organisation stalls were well patronised and that the entertainers upstairs had a packed and appreciative audience. Our especial thanks to the Petworth Christian Fellowship, the Edwardians, the Singalongs and Petworth Town Band. The outside stallholders too were pleased with their excursion to Petworth and eager to be invited again. We would look to increase both the scope of the Fair and the back-up this year. Obviously in the very act of providing a back-up we were consciously breaking with tradition but no one who was there could doubt that the spirit of the old Fair was abroad on the night and not even the atrocious weather later in the day could really banish it. The day was of course reported in the local newspaper but the revival aroused interest far outside the immediate area as you will see from the leader we reprint from World's Fair the national weekly newspaper for fairs and showmen. The support given the Fair by the Petworth Society was widely seen as an example of what other organisations over the whole country might do in support of the ancient local fairs. As the article rightly points out, no new charters or dispensations will be given and the tenuous hold of those that exist should not lightly be surrendered.

2. Subscriptions

Midhurst and Petworth Printers have kindly agreed not to raise

their prices for this year's Bulletin so we have taken our courage in our hands and decided in turn to hold the 1987-8 subscription at last year's levels. Subscriptions are due on March 15th and the rates are as before: £3.50 local, single or double membership, Bulletin delivered. £4.50 postal and £5 overseas. I am pleased to hold the subscription but have to say this is something of a financial risk. Subscriptions may be sent direct to the new Treasurer, Mrs. I. Pritchard at The Manse, High Street, Petworth, or to the membership secretary Mrs. R. Staker at 2 Grove Lane, Petworth, alternatively they may be handed in to Anne at E. Streeter and Daughter in Lombard Street, or Messrs. Shepherds in Golden Square, or direct to me. If you do hand in your subscription, please put the exact money in a sealed envelope with your name and address on it. Please remember that the collectors will not be able to answer questions about your subscription. We hope Mrs. Pritchard enjoys working with us and thank Bob Sneller for his amiable and meticulous attention to the Society's finances over the years. We have all enjoyed working with him and are sorry to see him go.

3. Programme

The member's walks are setting a very high standard: Janet's Graffham walk in October making the very best of a drab grey October afternoon. I couldn't go on Mrs. Strevens' Fernhurst walk but this too broke new ground for us and the atrocious weather did not seem to spoil anyone's enjoyment. The Christmas walk covered much more familiar ground and was blessed with a really beautiful mid-December afternoon. Gillian's "fairly local" walk was absolutely right after the recent bad weather and very well attended. While keeping to her "fairly local" brief Gillian still contrived to introduce some quite unexpected territory (to me at any rate). Jean's Bedham walk is to come as I write. You will be pleased to see from the activities sheet that the pattern of walks by members continues this quarter. Sarah Reid had a very full house for her excellent talk "Turner, a painter at Petworth" at the end of October while there was another large attendance at the Christmas meeting to hear Don Cottrell and to see his marvellously constructed fairground models. Petworth Town Band concluded the evening with carols. The hard weather in mid-January unfortunately forced Alf Simpson to call off his talk on Ebernoe

and somewhat reduced our normal audience but members seemed to enjoy the impromptu programme put on to replace the scheduled speaker. We would now hope to have Alf speaking at the Hall in the spring of next year. Please note that the Society will mount a small exhibition on the Regency Building Society premises in New Street from March 16th. Have a look: we will try to give a brief outline of the Society's various activities past and present. On a personal note Jonathan and I very much enjoyed producing the new Garland book "The Men with Laughter in their Hearts" and it does seem in its turn to have given pleasure. There are at least two mistakes which we can only correct in a future reprint: on page 78 Harry Grist should of course be spelled Greest and on page 90 George Adsett is using an ordinary single furrow plough - not a cultivator.

4. Conservation matters

You will see that we reproduce in this issue a handbill from Petworth House Archives outlining the early history of the East Street obelisk. The obelisk has fallen on sad times but it was highly regarded by Nairne and rightly so. Years of neglect in this traffic-laden age have taken a severe toll: the inscription has long since disappeared, the gas lamps have been amputated, the structure has apparently been shifted on its plinth and the rusting metalwork is forcing the stones apart. With so much of Petworth renovated and restored the distressed slate of the "Barry lamp-post" begins to become more apparent, mercifully the practice of draping signs round the base seems for the moment to have ceased. Over the year we shall continue to call attention to the plight of this important monument and ask if some restoration can be undertaken.

Discussion of the town's traffic problem seems as I write to be having one of its lulls, although the recent damage to Messrs. Bacons on the corner of Pound Street indicates that all is far from well in this regard. The preoccupation with a Park by-pass has had its usual effect of stifling any concerted effort by the town to obtain relief from heavy lorries. If the town stopped sighing for what it is not likely to get and concentrated all its energies on a unified cry for some tangible relief, however small, from the heaviest lorries it might have a better chance of success. For a

start it is surely sensible to prohibit vehicles of a certain length from attempting to turn right at Bacon's corner - or at the very least to place a warning sign there. There might also be a lesson or two to be gained from the New Street closure in the autumn.

Peter. 26th January 1987.

THE LEADER ARTICLE FOR WORLD'S FAIR 12TH DECEMBER 1986.

IN OUR OPINION
FAIRGROUND HERITAGE WORTH FIGHTING FOR

THE welcome news that the combined efforts of the Petworth Society, interested engine and organ owners, townsfolk and travelling showmen would appear to have averted, at least for the time being, what had appeared to be the imminent demise of the traditional winter fair at Petworth (Sussex) provides a timely reminder of just how tenuous is the link with the past on which so many of this country's ancient fairs rely.

The fair at Petworth can claim a history going back to 1273, yet it was almost allowed to die out simply because the local residents, though happy to see the tradition continue, were by and large not prepared to go out on a wet and windy November night to give the visiting showmen a reasonable return for their efforts. The Petworth Society's answer was to endeavour by means of publicity and the provision of additional free attractions, some of them under cover, to bring back the Petworth punters and attract visitors from neighbouring towns and villages as well.

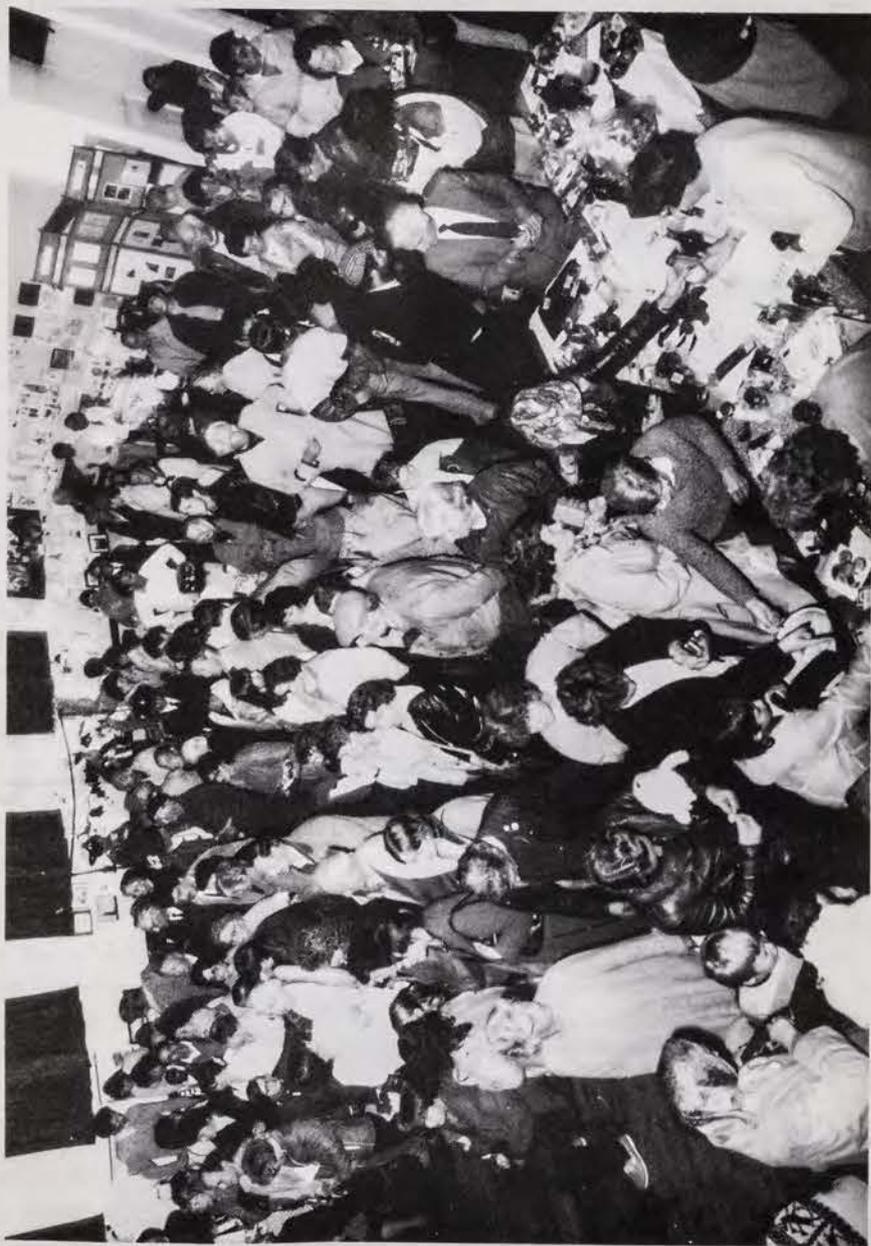
Obviously the time of year at which it is held puts Petworth's winter fair at special risk, but even so it has survived in one form or another for well over 700 years, and it would have been sad to have seen it die out.

LESS ATTRACTIVE PROPOSITION

There are, however, many fairs up and down the country which are currently at risk for other reasons. In many cases they have simply been outgrown by the families who have kept them going for generations. A small market place or village green which was certain to provide a living for one or two rides and a bit of



Petworth Fair 1986.
Photograph by Tony Whitcomb.



Petworth Fair 1986: The Leconfield Hall upstairs.
Photograph by Tony Whitcomb.

small stuff in years gone by is a less attractive proposition if attendance now means leaving several expensive items of equipment shut up on the layby, yet there is a natural reluctance to hand over positions which have been handed down for generations to a showman with lower overheads.

Local authorities all too often see the rent charged for an annual fair not just as recompense for wear and tear of the site and an equitable charge for services rendered but as a source of income not falling directly on the ratepayers. In consequence rents for individual pitches rise to an unacceptable level, and the fair can no longer be held, leaving the council and the local residents the poorer and depriving the showmen of another little piece of their livelihood.

Still another problem has been brought about by the changes of the dates of the Whitsun and August Bank Holidays. The former has had a serious effect on many of the smaller late May and early June fairs, while the latter all too often finds showmen about to launch on the back-end run in the wrong place at the wrong time.

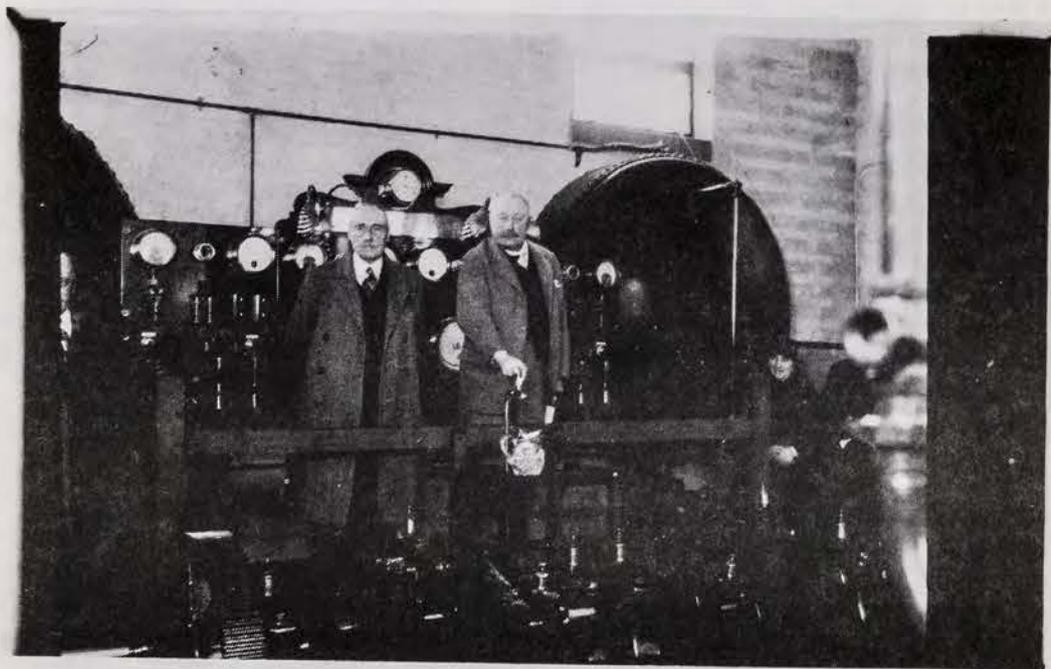
Markets, being organised rather differently, usually have a system under which casual traders are permitted to occupy any spaces remaining vacant after a stipulated time. Whether or not something similar could help to save some of this country's threatened fairs from extinction is a matter for conjecture, but of one thing there is no doubt. Nobody is going to get any new charter fairs, mops, feasts or stalties authorised in the 20th century, yet all it needs for some of those which have been handed down for hundreds of years to be lost is for three or four showmen to decide to stay away.

TENDENCY TO GROW

We realise that expenses are going up all the time, and a small annual fair may no longer look such an attractive proposition as it once did, but small villages have a tendency to grow into well-populated suburbs with the passing of the years, and it is likely that the market place or village green will still be there in 100 years from now, with the fair still on it if it has been looked after. Within living memory the May fair at Beaconsfield was felt by many to be only just about worth setting up for whereas nowadays it is spoken of as one of the best one-day street fairs in the country. And that is just one example.

A positive approach is needed if the rot is to be stopped before irreparable damage is done to this country's fairground heritage, based as it is not just on the few big important fairs up and down the country but also on all the little feasts, revels, mops and one-day fairs which together go to "make up the run". Are the majority of showmen happy with the alternative, which all too often entails stallholders paying inflated rents to attend private business venues in parks where they know in advance that they will be lucky to cover their expenses, simply to get their lorries and trailers off the layby? We think they and their children deserve something better, and where better to seek it than at the traditional fairs their grandparents defended so staunchly in the face of bigotted opposition which has in recent years been replaced by a positive appreciation of the customs of yesteryear?

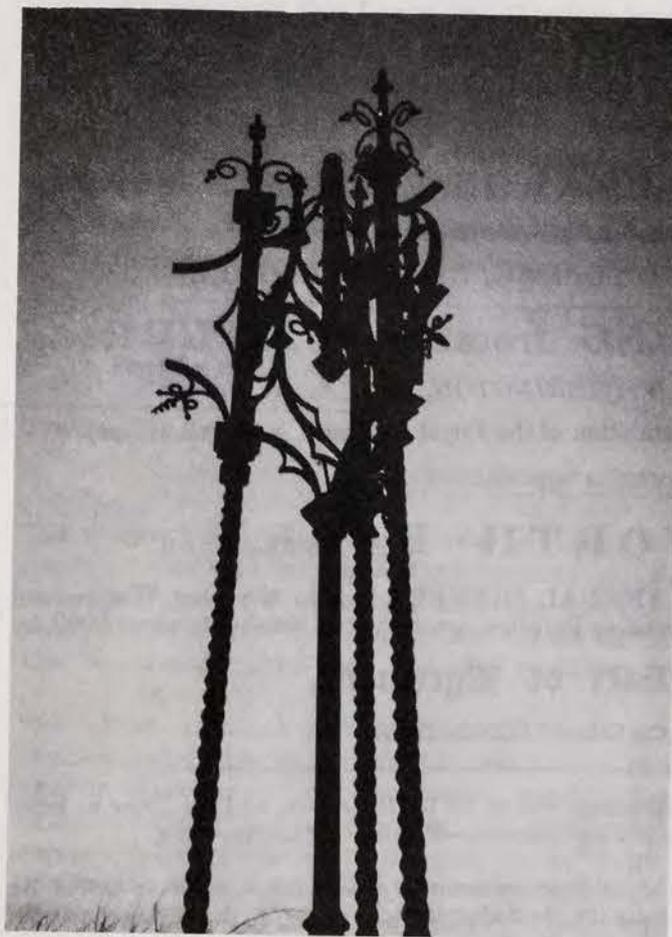
MYSTERY POSTCARD



Not much luck with our postcards so far. How about this one?
Little doubt about the identity of the gentlemen
but where is it and what is the occasion?

A MATTER OF CONSERVATION?

The Barry lamp-post



Ian Nairne: Buildings of Sussex 1965 writes, "At the junction of North Street and East Street [is] a very strange lamp standard in the middle of the road. It has a Gothic stone plinth and an extraordinary prickly iron superstructure. The intention seems Art Nouveau, but the detail is a cross between Gothic and sweet pea tendrils." In fact it was put up in 1851, and the designer was Sir Charles Barry, who built St Mary Petworth, Holy Trinity Hurstpierpoint, two churches in Brighton and the hospital and the lodge in Queen's Park there.

Nairne calls it a terrifying object, but insists that as a curiosity it should most certainly be preserved.

"A cross between Gothic and sweet pea tendrils"
A view of the East Street obelisk.

It is perhaps the only example of Art Nouveau in Sussex, a worthy neighbour to the utterly magnificent ironwork in front of Daintrey House.

When was the top of the lamp standard with its fitting it appears in the 1962 photograph removed? Where is it now? Is there any chance of restoring it?

The history of Barry's standard. A document from Petworth House Archives reproduced by kind permission of Lord Egremont. The document would seem to date from about 1851. What happened to the inscription?

GRAND RURAL FÊTE IN PETWORTH PARK.

IT IS INTENDED TO PUBLISH, BY SUBSCRIPTION,

An ENGRAVING from the PICTURE

Painted by W. F. WITHERINGTON, Esq. A. R. A.

(and lately exhibited at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, Somerset House),

OF

PETWORTH PARK,

As it appeared at the time of the ANNUAL DINNER given to the poor Women and Children of Petworth and the surrounding Parishes, amounting in number to about 5000, by

The Earl of Egremont,

On the 9th. of JUNE, 1835.

The size of the Engraving will be 24 by 16 Inches, and the Price to Subscribers for Proof Impressions *Two Guineas*.—Prints, *One Guinea* each.

**** A limited number of Impressions only will be taken, so as to render the Engravings valuable to the Subscribers.*

It has been thought that many persons will be desirous of possessing, and handing down to their children, a representation of this interesting Scene; and also, that some public and lasting token of gratitude is due to the Nobleman, who, in addition to so many munificent works, has so often spread a feast for the poor.

Both these objects are proposed to be furthered by the publication of this Print. The possessor may be gratified with the contemplation of it, and the profits arising from the sale, will be applied in aid of a fund to be raised for defraying the expence of such a token.

As one of the latest of his Lordship's munificent acts has been, to enable, by his liberal Contributions, the Inhabitants of Petworth to perform a great public benefit by lighting their Town with Gas, it has also been thought desirable, that the testimony of gratitude should be in accordance therewith; and a handsome Standard for the support of four Lamps has therefore been erected, (which will bear a suitable inscription,) at the angle of the Three Streets on entering the Town from London, where one of them branches off towards his Lordship's Mansion, and near the elegant Spire, built a few Years ago by his munificence.

Of the beauty of the Structure, more need not be said than, that the design was liberally contributed by BARRY, an Architect who has executed many much admired works, who built the above-named Spire, and whose designs for the two Houses of Parliament have been considered superior to those of numerous competitors.

Subscriptions as well to the Print, as to the Fund, are received at Mr. PHILLIPS' Library, PETWORTH.

J. Phillips, Printer, Petworth.

WHY, IN BEELZEBUB'S NAME.....?

There are five champion trees in the Pleasure Grounds of Petworth House: the tallest sweet chestnut, purple Likiang spruce, hybrid catalpa, Japanese walnut, and the fattest crenate beech. But in the park itself there are two trees of unusual historical interest: the Northumberland Oak and the Beelzebub Oak.

The first is well documented: it was planted about 1630 to commemorate the marriage of the Tenth Earl to Lady Anne Cecil, and stands just north of the Lower Pond. Nothing is known of the origin of the Beelzebub Oak, or the reason for its name. It stands right against the wall of the park, just north of the Northumberland Oak, and there is a cast iron plaque on the inside of the park wall bearing simply the name: BEELZEBUB OAK. One can only speculate on why a tree should be given the name of the Lord of the Flies. It could refer to some early manifestation of Satanism in Sussex. Or to some legendary Beelzebub Colt, a horse that could run like the devil.

The archives in Chichester have yielded only one fact: both trees are shown on a map dated 1767. Peter Jerrome however has a parish map of 1830, surveyed and executed in lithography by I.T. Lewis, Winchester, and this provides a valuable clue. The Western

boundary of the parish of Petworth comes south through Luff's Pond, skirts Pheasant Copse, touches the park wall at the Beelzebub Oak, passes through "Site of Northumberland Oak", then "Site of Old Oak", through "Site of Lime Kiln", past the Upper Pond, crosses the road to Midhurst, and continues south down Hungers Lane to the Rother.

When was the parish boundary established? And were the trees planted as boundary posts, or was the line drawn between already established trees?

How can we date the trees? Alan Mitchell and Victoria Hallett are compiling a book on the named trees in the British Isles. After measuring the height and the girth, Mitchell gave his expert opinion. The Northumberland Oak is just over 200 years old --- it was planted about 1780. The Beelzebub Oak is 120 years old, and so dates from about 1860.

The historical difficulty is that we are dealing not with individuals but with dynasties. There must have been two trees on these sites when the parish boundary was drawn, but how many times has the tree been re-planted? For the Northumberland Oak, there must have been a tree in mediaeval times, which was replanted for the Tenth Earl's wedding, and replanted in 1780. There must have been a mediaeval Beelzebub Oak, which was planted and replanted until its present avatar in 1860.

Reverting to the Northumberland or Cecil Oak, Vicky Hallett wonders if the name contains a pun. The oak like so many in Petworth Park is sessile, the leaves having no stalk. It is a much finer tree than the English Oak but has no connection with any noble family.

K.A. CARRDUS,
Neighbours,
WISBOROUGH GREEN.

"THE ALDERMOOR"

It lies at the foot of "round the Hills". As children we loved to paddle in the brook, but no one would ever venture thro' the gate

to the small wooded and rather marshy place. We all had heard that it was haunted. As I grew older, I found out it was because in times past, the house a little further on had always been used as an isolation place and years ago there had been an epidemic of smallpox and many people had died there. When a person was ill with it, he or she had to be attended to by one of the family.

The Alder trees (not to be confused with Elder trees) were often cut and the wood used for making clogs. The house at that time was called The Pest House. The fields beyond the brook leading to the Gog were called the Hurst, and we often picked the primroses, which grew in profusion on the banks, but we always carried a stick to rustle the grass and plants as Adders, our only poisonous snakes, were often seen sunning themselves.

A favourite walk was to go down the Sheepdowns and thro' the Virgin Mary Spring Copse, with its lovely cold spring water, which was so good for curing weak eyes and also sprains. Then thro' the Byworth Sheepdowns, where at the far end was the wooden bridge, with a gate at each end called Hunter's bridge. This spanned the brook and led into what was called The Apple Orchard - there were no apple trees left, but one or two Quince trees still thrived by the water.

The left hand bank of this field was rather high and on the small wooded enclosure could be seen a flattened circle and a donkey going round and round, drawing the water which then flowed to provide Gorehill House with its water. Reaching the end of the Apple Orchard was the road and on its opposite side stood the old Waterworks. This part was called Haslingbourne. We then turned to the right opposite a big wooden barn and past the cottages to the upper fields and through Mr. James Cooper's fields and back to the Sheepdowns.

At the far end of the Shimmings Hills stood a house called The Bailliewick and Mr. Hanger who was I think the Farm Baillif for Lord Leconfield lived in Byworth, so I suppose the Bailliewick was used at one time for farm business.

Mrs. E. PLACE

tarmac in those days, just a stone road, which we called a "slubbed in" road i.e. a fine stone dust watered in and then rolled by steam-roller to give it a smoother surface. The Rector of Duncton at the time was Alington Hatton Hildebrand known locally as the "Hunting Parson" because he hunted with Lord Leconfield. When he retired he moved to the top of Shimmings Hill but he only had a short retirement for he died shortly after.



"By Duncton Post Office"
an old postcard.

Captain Watkins taught us to sing this about 66 years ago at Duncton School:

"Joy, Joy, Joy
With Joy my heart is singing
Joy, Joy, Joy
His love to me unknown

I'm on my way to heaven
My heart is bubbling over with his
Joy, Joy, Joy."

R.H./B.H.

NEW ARRIVALS

Our cottage looks onto a valley through which runs a little stream. Few people come this way so we see plenty of wild life.

When gardening one June day I noticed a roedeer nibbling at the blackberry bushes of which the valley is full. She was watching me, so, quietly, I watched her, thinking that it was an unusual time of day to see her. Normally the deer come down in the early morning or at sunset; and then in two's or three's.

For a while I forgot her, and the next time I looked she had disappeared; but with careful searching, at last I caught sight of her. She was under a willow, suckling a tiny, dappled fawn, and licking it every few minutes.

Keeping very still I watched her move away from her baby and start to nibble the bushes once more. The fawn swayed on its spindly legs then subsided into the long grass and bracken, completely hidden.

Usually roedeer have twins, so I kept watch on the mother. Sure enough as she approached another patch of tall grass, up scrambled a second fawn to begin feeding vigorously.

The process was the same, after his feed and much licking and grooming, he lay down again, and the doe left him.

Now I knew where the two babies were hidden we should be able to watch their progress, always providing someone did not find them and think, mistakenly, that they were abandoned. This, I fear, happens too often. However, few folk walk in the valley before blackberry time, it is too overgrown and has no path.

The young fawns have no smell until they begin to follow their mother, so, unless a dog stumbles across one, they are safe.

The doe returned regularly at least three times a day. We watched the fawns grow stronger as they jumped up to welcome her.

One morning early we heard a strange noise, almost like a child's trumpet. Looking into the valley we saw a fox running after one of the fawns which was bleating in its distress.

We shouted and made horrible noises until the fox turned and ran off into the woods. The doe must have heard the distress cries for no sooner than were we indoors again than she reappeared and spent a long time with her little one, no doubt reassuring him that mother was always nearby.

There were no more frights over the 'twins', as we called them. One evening at dusk, the stag came up the valley, nosing about as if looking for his offspring. He found them, each in turn, and giving them a good sniff, he departed. I thought he looked nervous, as if in awe of his mate.

Not long after that the young ones were able to follow their mother, and all too soon she took them away, probably to join other does with their new fawns. We hope that perhaps another Spring might bring her back to have a family near us again.

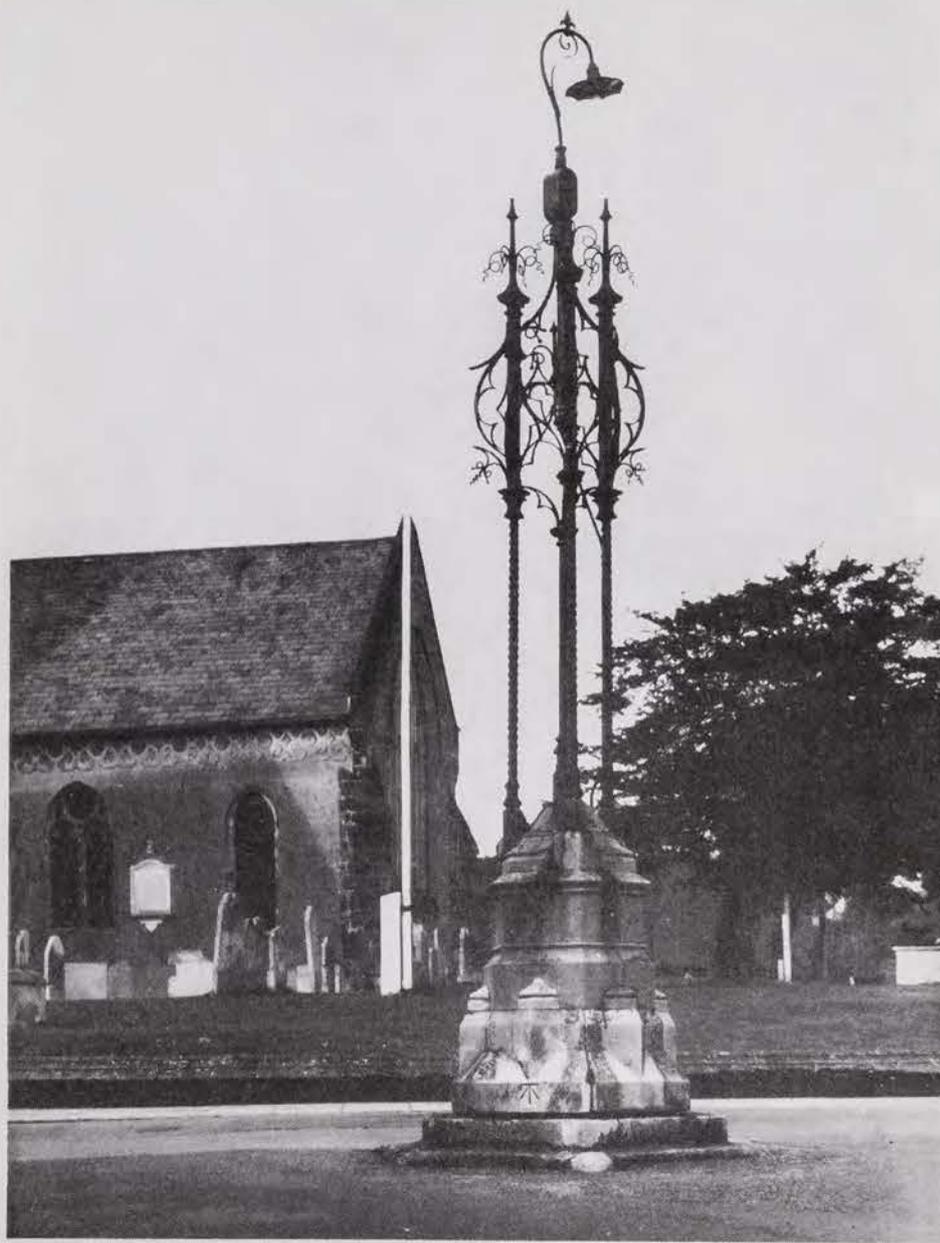
P.C.

AN ENCOUNTER WITH THE CIDER-MAKERS
NOVEMBER 1933

THE QUEST

Come with me, writes the Nomad, and meet the cider makers of Hillgrove, out by the Surrey-Sussex border, and within shadow of mighty Blackdown Hill, where Tennyson once lived, and mused, and wrote; and left us the better off for the inspirations he gained there.

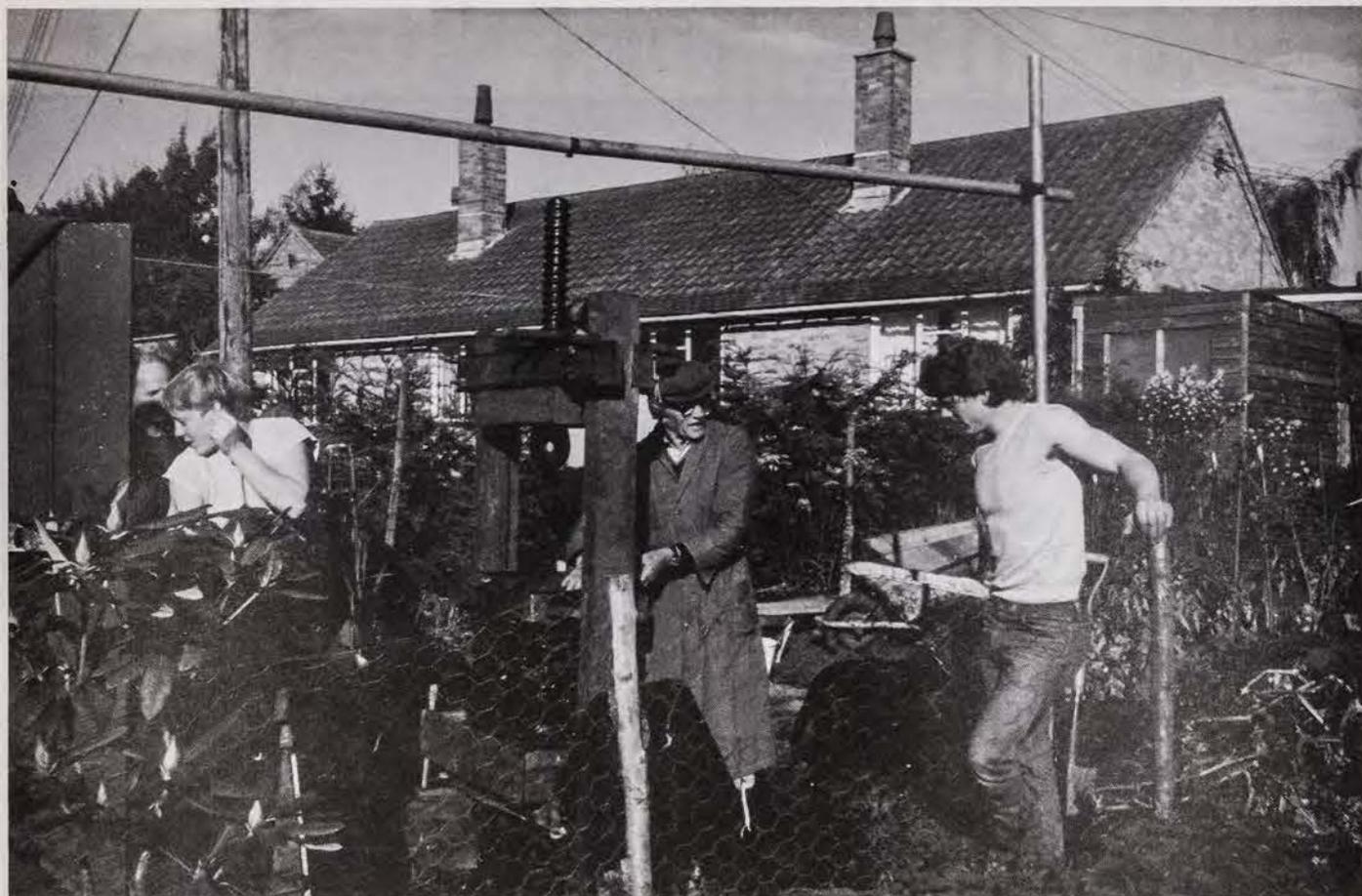
I set out from Northchapel on a morning when the autumn mists were making phantom pictures of tree and hedge and hill alike, and transforming the cobweb lairs of spiders into miniature fairy palaces. Passing the old school on my left, and turning



The East Street obelisk in 1962. When did the top lamp disappear?
Photograph by G.G. Garland.



Jim and Dick Bicknell at work in the mid-1930's.
Photograph by G.G. Garland.



Harry Bicknell at work October 1986.



On Tilden's Kirdford walk. September 1986.

left-handed, I followed as pretty a sheltered laneway as one would find in a long day's walk; and in about a mile came to a cluster of cosy-looking cottages which comprise the hamlet of Hillgrove.

On the left of me was a small open common, with little cottages dotted about here and there on its outskirts, and on the common, close by the remains of a Guy Fawkes Day bonfire, was a cider press of a generation ago.

TWO SUSSEX WORTHIES

Two Sussex worthies were working here, while a "native" stood by in philosophic contemplation. From one of these workers, a heavily-built man with twinkling blue eyes and flowing grey moustache, I learnt the story of his 40 years of cider making. His name, he told me, was "Dick" Bicknell. More than 39 years ago, when he was 25 years old, one, Levi Luff, who lived in the neighbouring village of Lurgashall, possessed this same cider making tackle, and used to travel the countryside during the cider-making season (from the end of September to the end of November), and make cider for farmer and cottager alike. In those days "Dick" was Levi's right hand man at the job, but with the passing of the cider-making season he went back to his work in the woods as a wood-reeve. Sixteen years ago, when the guns of war were still booming in Flanders, Levi Luff passed on to his forefathers, and in due course the cider-making outfit was taken over by Master Bicknell.

At this time he became associated with Jesse Dalmon, a native of the neighbouring village of Northchapel, and these two have carried on ever since the traditions of Levi Luff.

WATCHING THE PROCESS

From my seat on a pile of sacks, filled to overflowing with cider apples, I watched them grind the fruit in their 40-years-old cider mill. The crushed fruit was then wrapped in cloths and placed in a pile in the press, with wooden division pieces between each bundle, and the press was then screwed down so that the juice came running out in a cascade into the vat beneath. As the vat became full, so it was emptied by means of a bucket into a hearby barrel.

I asked good Master Bicknell how much fruit this press of his would take at a filling, and he told me on an average 3½ bushels, or four bushels if the apples are inclined to be rotted. He told me of a gigantic press, which in days gone by was used at Lodsworth, and which would take 20 bushels of fruit at a filling.

I then asked him what were the golden rules governing the making of good cider, and he said that in the first place a clean barrel should be employed, and this should be filled finger deep from the bung, corked up, and not allowed to work out.

A SMALL ORDER

Our conversation was interrupted by the arrival of a man from a neighbouring village with a 4½ gallon barrel which he wanted filled. And as all this talking had been dry work, and since "the proof of the pudding is always in the eating," I welcomed Master Bicknell's kindly invitation to sample the products of his labours of last year.

As we drank our cider in the loneliness of this country common, "Dick" Bicknell gave me a toast which I here pass on: "A man's best mate is a civil tongue, my friend."

So I left them, and, looking over my shoulder as I passed up the hill through the trees, I saw that their backs were once again bent over their cider mill.

And Blackdown in the dim distance was still shrouded in November mist.

Part of an article written by George Garland under the pen-name "The Nomad" in the Sussex Daily News for 27th November 1933. The article is reprinted in its entirety in the recent Window Press Book "The Men with Laughter in their Hearts."

AN ENCOUNTER WITH THE CIDER-MAKERS - OCTOBER 1986

The weather forecast had been appalling but there wasn't a cloud in the sky as we scuttled in Bill's three-wheeler along the narrow

twisting lanes to Lurgashall in search of the cidermakers. This time we were making not for Hill Grove, their traditional stronghold, but for Greengates in Lurgashall itself. There were plenty of cars on the estate and not too much room to park; everyone seemed to be at home at 9.30 on an October Sunday morning. As we pulled up we could tell that the cidermakers were already at work: the clinking of the crusher was already audible, a subdued tinny noise. We set off in the direction of the noise. The lawn at the back of Harry Bicknell's house was still wet and, this being still only mid-October, there was no trace of a bonfire. The last tomatoes of the year lay yellow and green on spent bushes. Harry Bicknell was already at work emptying out the end product, the pomace or cheese into a barrow ready to be carted away. It was leathery, dry and hard. "You could make shoes of this," said Harry, tongue-in-cheek and you might almost have believed him.

It was a good time to come for the process was due to start again. It would be repeated many times during the day. There were some eight or more people present, some watching, some taking a hand. It was all very easy-going. Two were hard at work on the crusher, the same one as in old Dick Bicknell's day and coming down through Harry's father Jim unchanged except for the odd strategic wooden patch. The apples had been piled unceremoniously in a kind of bunker, originally probably intended for coal. They were Cox's this year; Harry had got them from an acquaintance in return for a bit of picking. The apples were being shovelled into the top of the crusher; they were still quite hard and bounced in the crusher making it hard work to turn the handle, but there was plenty of juice for the soft pulp brimmed with it as it flowed down into a large wooden bowl. The crusher was difficult to photograph as it was such a bright day and the whole apparatus stood in the shade of a shed at the end of the garden. A turn on the handle was quite heavy work and nowadays the machine would probably be harnessed to work on electricity. Such push-button refinements were agreed by all present to be alien to the spirit of the whole enterprise.

With the apple pulp prepared the next step was the crucial one of loading the press - very much, it appeared, the province of Harry Bicknell himself, old Dick Bicknell's grandson. Harry it was who tipped out the brimming pulp, folding it round with sacks and

aligning the pulp-filled sacks with the wooden dividers. In Harry's hands the whole process looked deceptively easy although pushing the pulp around within the sacks looked a messy business. Layer was methodically built on layer and even without pressure the juice was streaming down into the wooden barrell at the bottom. Harry said the juice would make his hands go brown; it didn't wash off but gradually wore off. The sacks were spotlessly clean, bleached perhaps by the acid juice and veterans of many autumns - sacks aren't as easy to come by now as once they were. Harry had perhaps a dozen layers in the great press before it was time to use a wooden bar to make the first turns: the juice cascaded down like a waterfall. Later a crowbar would be used to turn the great worm and bring the press down to its full extent. The great worm had been put on to Levi Luff's original press just before the war but otherwise the press was exactly the same as it had been in Grandad Bicknell's time. When all the juice had stopped flowing the pressure was released and it was again time to empty the pomace, the end-product into a wheelbarrow. Thrown out into the hedge it would disappear virtually overnight, pigeons and small birds raiding it for the high concentration of pips it contained.

Harry would go off for a while as the pulp was being made again and reappear when his expertise was required again. A bowl of juice was handed round for the helpers to sample; it tasted quite sweet. Mrs. Bicknell came out with some of last year's brew and cheese and biscuits "to help it down" while Sam, the dog capered about approvingly. Cidermaking might be hard work but it seemed a convivial sort of job. Harry compared last year's cider, made like this year's from Cox's, with the previous year's, Cox's with an admixture of Bramleys. The latter was darker but the sugar used would be about the same for either.

I asked Harry if the old Hereford cider apples were ever used now. "They're all grubbed out," he said, "there used to be four trees at Hill Grove when we lived there but I don't know where you'd find one now. Super apples to eat if you let them ripen till Christmas". The whole process had taken about an hour and they were working away at the crusher prior to starting all over again. They'd make about sixty gallons for their own use, there was strictly none for sale. That was a big difference from old Mr.

Bicknell's time, a subtler difference perhaps was the pervasive feeling of protecting a threatened tradition. The press had been laid up for a year or two after Harry's father, Jim Bicknell, died, then it was brought up from Hill Grove to Greengates. No, they wouldn't like a museum to have it, things didn't get used in places like that and it was a Bicknell family heirloom, they wanted it to stay with them.

Despite the forecast the weather had been more than kind. Harry had put a bar up to hold a tarpaulin but it didn't look as if it would be needed. Once you had decided on a particular Sunday you had to go through with the cidermaking regardless. With thanks to our kindly hosts Bill and I set off again for faraway Petworth.

P.

"ROUND AND CLEAR LIKE BUBBLES"
Petworth Town Band 1921-1958

I joined the Town Band as a learner in 1921 and it seemed a strong, solid town organisation then, giving little indication of the struggles that would come in later years. There were many members then who could recall the old pre-war Prize Band days when they had been a "contesting" band, playing in competitions often far afield and often being successful. Mr. Tiplady had been the bandmaster in those far-off Edwardian days. By 1921 the war had cut off that period almost as if it had never existed and the band was no longer a contesting one. It had been disbanded at the outbreak of hostilities and reformed when its members returned. Some doubtless had never returned and the recollections of those that survived seemed to be mainly of playing in different regimental bands during the Great War.

Petworth Town Band in 1921 was a brass band with a few wind instruments, two or three clarinets. Prominent members were George Tickner, Jim Sopp and Percy Townsend. Jim Sadler was my tutor; I played the tenor horn at first. Harry Hoad was the side-drummer and I remember being rather worried about having a dent in my tenor horn. He simply rubbed it gently and patiently with his drumstick and before long the dent had disappeared - as if by magic!

The side-drum he had made himself and it was painted red, white and blue. It remained in the band for years although its history had been largely forgotten. I don't know what eventually became of it. I remember Harry Hoad coming into a practice one evening in the 1920s, pleased as punch with one of those new-fangled tobacco pouches with a zip fastener. He proceeded to show us how the zip fastener worked. As I say, reminiscence mainly concerned Army days; the war had been like an earthquake in these men's lives and they were changed men because of it.

Practices in those days were at the Infants' School where the Public Library is now and the band members would sit on the tiny desks, ranged around in a circle. There was no heating because the school was day only and the lamps were the old acetylene gas lamps "either a good light or none at all". Learners came early on practice evenings, then the main band would come and we'd have a "blow". Other members included Bill Tate on euphonium, George Hunt, and Bill Emmett on base. The full complement was about 16. We'd run through three or four pieces of music during the course of the evening. Practices were twice a week, Tuesdays and Thursdays I think. I also practised for twenty minutes every dinner time and over a period graduated from tenor horn to cornet to euphonium. Jim Sadler from Shimmings had taken over as bandmaster after the war, his brother Wally the tinsmith was another member as was Frank Sadler from Northchapel. The band never had any funds and I somehow had the impression that Mr. Pitfield the President used to lend them money. I don't know about that but I do know that the President had a soft spot for Gilbert and Sullivan - good music for brass bands!

Petworth Band didn't in those days play carols on evenings in Advent but it was a tradition to play on Christmas morning. Sometimes the members simply shared the collection amongst themselves. The British Legion Bank Holiday Fete in the Park was an important and regular band occasion and Lord Leconfield's Club Day was another. We'd march to church and then be given dinner in the great tent in the Park. There'd be a cricket match and then the band would play for dancing in the Park. We would often play at Lady Cunliffe's house at River, also for Tillington Fete, on both occasions we would, as for Club Day, play for dancing in the evening. Dancing on grass sounds alright but in fact it's quite

hard work, and playing for it isn't much better - the grass deadens the sound. We'd receive £5 for a "do" at River House. Pulborough Hospital Parade was another regular booking: we'd be given tea in the Hall and attend the open-air service they held, marching in the procession through the streets. I believe there was a Hospital parade at Fittleworth but it probably finished before I joined the band. Petworth didn't have one - in my time at least. We'd play some Saturday evenings in Petworth Market Square for eight till nine. Collections averaged thirty shillings to two pounds. I remember in the early days going to the Rectory Fete to hear Blackman's band from Arundel and expecting to see a group of black men! Later I came to know Mr. Dick Blackman quite well and once had the privilege of sharing a stage with him at a Home Guard do during the war. His daughter accompanied us on the piano.

Armistice Day between the wars was a great occasion; the Petworth parade forming up by the British Legion hut and marching down High Street, through the Square to the church. The band never played hymns in church as they do now. Bandmasters can be temperamental and I remember playing at one such service in a neighbouring church and giving the cornet all I'd got until the voice of the bandmaster bellowed over the heads of the congregation, "too bloody loud". On another occasion a local rector became rather confused and announced the number of a hymn we'd already sung. "We've had he," came a rustic voice from the band. As I say we played in the Market Square in those days and someone in the crowd was heard to ask what we were playing. A countryman looked over my shoulder at my music and announced in awestruck tones, "Marche Militaire by Skewbert". Major Constanduros would take me in his Bentley to sound the Last Post and Reveille at Bury before the eleven o'clock service, then bring me back to Fittleworth to sound them as the service ended there. I remember once sounding the Last Post at Bury, then pausing for the Reveille. The congregation however were disappearing back into the church: the rector obviously that I had already sounded Reveille. I hadn't and couldn't now, so I just never sounded it at all. When I used to play at Petworth, Ernie Dean laid the British Legion wreath at the War Memorial. He only had one arm and was a little self-conscious about this so we had an arrangement that I would wait till he rejoined the ranks before I began to sound the Last Post.

Equipment was a difficulty in those days but nothing like as expensive relatively as it is now. A man came once from Potters of Aldershot to look round the instruments. He estimated repairing the lot at £50. When I started I picked up a good trumpet for £3 in a pawnbrokers at Brighton. I played in a local dance band. The Town Band didn't really like this - not because they looked down on dance bands but simply for the very practical reason that if dates clashed I'd play for the dance band. I was paid for that!

The band had seemed strong enough to me, joining as a youngster in 1921 but in fact there were already signs of decline. The members were working men, mainly on Lord Leconfield's estate and the band was a close-knit group, men of a kind and men of an age. There was no real system for training new members and tuition was very haphazard; you learned if there was someone willing to teach you. You sat by another member and learned from him, but you didn't learn any theory. In the years between the wars, people who might have helped the band didn't seem to move into Petworth and the population was static. George Tickner who delivered bread for Mr. Hersey at Byworth was a stalwart of the band for many years, leaving and coming back once or twice. Most people knew him for his going round delivering. Once, in a competition at Shillinglee in the 1930s his music blew over when he was playing a cornet solo. Somebody picked it up and put it back upside down! George was round the villages with his bread cart one day when he heard an old man playing a cornet. He borrowed it and played the Irish washer-women's jig on it - to the old man's astonished enjoyment.

Jim Sadler's hobby was the band, although of latter years he played bowls as well. As it was Wednesday afternoons it didn't interfere with his band work. Harry Townsend was learning at the same time as I was and was mad on cricket. Practices were Tuesday and Thursday but cricket also beckoned on summer evenings. One day he came in with his hand heavily bandaged. "You can't play like that," said Jim Sadler and Harry went off again. Thursday he turned up - without a bandage or even a mark on his hand. "Soon got better, didn't it?" observed Jim Sadler drily.

I remember playing once at Tillington Fete when an old man collapsed. It upsets you when that happens. When the bandmaster

heard he just said, "I'm not surprised he collapsed, the way you lot have been playing". Another recollection is being told of a band contest at Lewes. The band went by train and were giving an impromptu concert on Lewes station coming back. In the melee Bill Steer put his drumstick right through the big drum. A hasty collection was arranged but by this time the audience had begun to disperse and only ninepence was collected.

At one time in the 1930s the band was reduced to eight members and were unkindly referred to as "the drunken eight". The belief that all brass bands drank heavily goes back, I think, to the German Bands that used to travel round before 1914. Some bands, probably in response to such criticism, became Temperance Bands. Albert Leale, an ex-Band-sergeant in the Royal Marines, took us for a while and one evening he said to me, "George, how much money in the funds?" "About £8," I replied. "Well," he said, "Let's all have a beef steak supper at the Angel and pack up." We didn't, but that was how bad things had got with us. Percy Muir conducted us for a while; he was a conductor in both senses, working for Southdown on the buses as well as conducting the band. Mr. Head, the one-armed Rectory gardener, was our secretary, a job I later took on, cycling round to our vice-presidents to give them our list of engagements and collect their subscriptions.

When the war came the band stuff was packed away into a big cupboard at the Infants School and left there for the duration. As it happened the cupboard was near the kitchen. When the weather grew cold and the water-pipes burst, everything became wet and the stands and the music went out for salvage to help the war effort. Once again the band had effectively to restart from scratch. Percy Savage was a leading light as was Mr. A. Pratt later. Percy had played with the Friary Band before the war, and both men taught a number of young players. Once at practice Percy told us quite rightly, "Bring your notes out round and clear like bubbles". We tried again and at the end I was laughing. When Percy asked why I said, "They came out like artichokes, all knobs." Fred Standen came along in the very early days and his son John later joined the band of the Royal Marines. There were the two Sadlers too, Jim and Frank. Rehearsals were in the chapel, now the United Reformed Church, and the old mantle lights were still in use. George Garland was chairman for a time. He'd always say, "I'd give you a

donation if I thought you were going to continue." Whatever this suggests about George's financial attitudes, it is certainly a fair reflection of the uncertainty of those early days. I was secretary and I knew just how near to disaster we were. The band still didn't go round carolling but always played from 8 o'clock Christmas morning till one. Gradually too it began to build up a series of engagements but it was hard going. We didn't always even have uniforms and when we had, having to buy second hand from small-ads in Band magazines. We often found them well-worn to start with. They were certainly well-worn by the time we'd finished with them.

George Baxter was talking to the Editor.

SHIMMINGS BETWEEN THE WARS

We were interested to read George and Ada Parvin's recollection of Ken Sadler in the September magazine. Ken Sadler was our uncle and his father Grandad Sadler as we always called him was of course our grandfather. We well remember Grandad Sadler practising his trade as saddler and harness-maker in the shop that is now the Card Shop on the corner of Angel Street and Middle Street. Older Petworth people still call this Morley's Corner and we would surmise that when Mr. Morley gave up, his employees Mr. Sadler and Mr. Yallop divided up the business between them, Grandad Sadler taking over the harness-making upstairs while Mr. Yallop did the bicycles downstairs. When we were children Grandad was always at work making saddles. He'd be clearly visible at the front upstairs window, sitting on a high stool as he worked at this bench, surrounded by the tools of his trade, awls, leather punches and the rest. He didn't wear old clothes but was always neatly dressed with an apron over his ordinary clothes as he worked. He'd walk home to Shimmings to lunch then walk back. Of later years he had hip trouble so it must have been quite painful going up and down the hill. As children we'd go up to visit him. The stairs were the same as they are today and there was a lift at the back to take the materials upstairs. Probably even in the 1930's the trade was declining but some farmers were still using horses and the hunt were probably good customers. What we most remember as children is the unmistakable clear pungent smell of the new leather. Grandad Sadler was still there when Gordon left for Canada in 1951 and was living with Ken at Station Road. He later went to live in London where he died in 1957 during one of the thick "smogs" they had there.

Grandad Sadler's passion was the Town Band and he was bandmaster for a number of years, keeping the band going through good times and bad. He was very dedicated to the band and entered them for concerts and things like that. Once a week they'd play in the Market Square and we used to go and watch them. Of late years he took up bowls but the band probably still came first; bowls tended to be a Wednesday afternoon pursuit. Our father George Simpson was also in the band and played euphonium at one time and we think Ken played clarinet. Gordon too played for a time and also used to play drums in a dance band that played for the Saturday dances in the Iron Room during the war. Mr. Leale played the piano.

Mother was born when Mr. and Mrs. Sadler still lived at Byworth, before they moved to Shimmings. She went to Byworth School and we still have the certificates and medals she received for perfect attendance. Like so many girls of her generation, when she left school she went into service, working at Petworth House as a housemaid. During the Great War she caught Spanish 'flu and they were very kind to her at the great house and looked after her until she recovered. When she married George Simpson they went to live at Shimmings just down the lane from her parents. Like her brother Kenneth, mother's sight began to fail when she was in her early twenties and she was soon totally blind. The condition, a rare disease of the retina, was little understood then and it was put down to her having fallen off a five-bar gate when she was young. Ken's was in turn put down to his having been hit as a boy by a heavy piece of wood. Nowadays a good deal of research has gone into this condition and it is known to be hereditary. When mother's sight failed with five of us to look after Granny Sadler found she had to do things liking washing for us as well as her own household work.

Mother could still cook and clean but she couldn't go out alone. There were no such things then as guide-dogs for blind people - "seeing-eye" dogs as we call them in Canada. She did however have the family pet, a mongrel who would take her out, bringing her up the hill from Shimmings to Mount Pleasant where she could be met. The dog lived to the age of sixteen and mother was heart-broken when it died. Our sister Dorothy was a war-bride and went out to Canada in 1946. I went out to be with her in 1948 and Gordon came out in 1951. When Mum and Dad came out in 1954 it didn't leave



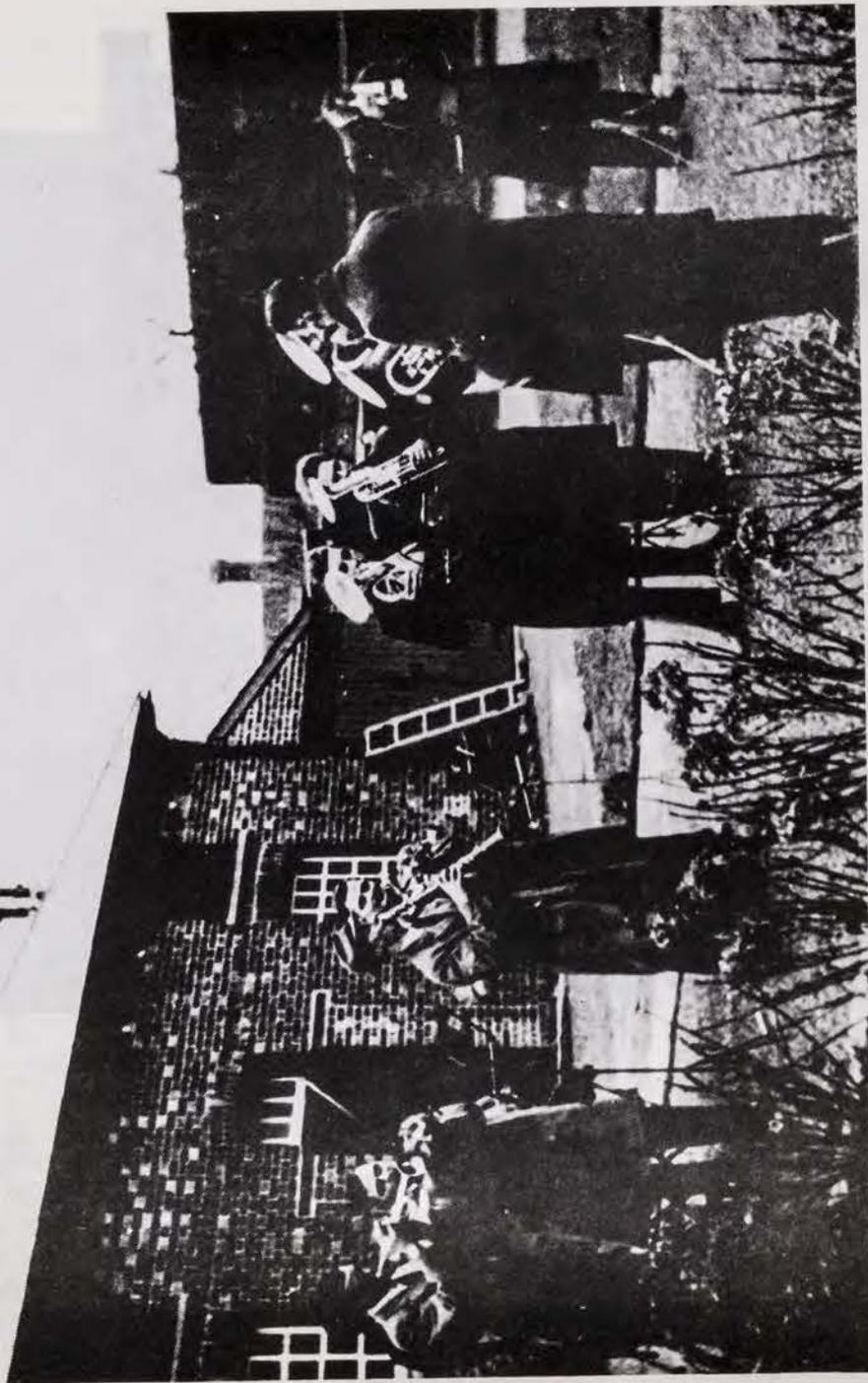
George and Edith Simpson in Canada.

Shimmings in those days was like a miniature village all on its own. We'd shop for everyone and Mr. Keen from Messrs. Gordon Knight would deliver. Granny Sadler didn't go out much. We'd have our own Guy Fawkes night and we'd pick up wood, scrounge a few pennies and fill the guy with fireworks. We'd be building it up for weeks with dry stuff from the garden and bracken and the wood we'd collected.

anyone here at all. Mother lived on till she was 84, but dad died in 1970 at the age of 72. While at Petworth he had worked for the Leconfield Estate as a plumber and locksmith and would be on call if anything went wrong with a lock. He would also see to the fire-extinguishers. He was a kind of smith but only one of several at the House who worked in metal. Jim Reed also did metal work while Mr. Crawley was the blacksmith. Mr. Chaffer worked more on ornamental work although he had come as a blacksmith; perhaps he was what you would call a whitesmith. As children we used to go down to the Pleasure Ground, to pick rose-hips for Lady Leconfield. She would come down and tell us when we had enough for what she wanted.



Petworth Town Band. A snapshot from the 1930's.
Back: F. Sumerzell, G. Baxter, L. Baxter, M. Newman, K. Sadler, W. Sadler,
B. Head, H. Townsend, B. Steer, A. Dean, J. Sadler, C. Simpson
Front: G. Simpson, P. Townsend, F. Sadler, W. Tate, G. Page, G. Tickner



Petworth Town Band. Christmas morning 1947.
A snapshot taken inside the Police Station Yard.
L-R George Baxter, Hugh Saunders, Alf Lucas, Ron Saunders, John Grimwood, Reg Ryder,
Percy Savage (bandmaster), John Sadler.

Mr. Carn looked after the apple orchard and kept everything in his garden perfect. There were archways of roses too. Old Mrs. Sadler had a rock garden and a flower garden with huge clumps of lavender and a big patch of lupins. One thing we did have to leave Shimmings for was the Fair - however short money was we could always find something for the Fair either to go on the rides or to buy a ginger snap or a toffee apple. The Fair was something we'd look forward to all autumn long and dad would always win a coconut at the Fair.

Gordon Simpson and Sylvia Sinclair (nee Simpson) were talking to the Editor.

THE OLD BLUE: The Story of a Petworth Friendly Society.

(5) Into the shadow of the Oddfellows 1845-1855

The austere financial discipline imposed by James Luttmann Ellis and his committee in the mid and late 1830s had kept the Old Blue solvent during a very difficult period. A mark of their success is an announcement in April 1847 to the effect that "there being a balance in the hands of the treasurer of £59.5.9 on the year's accounting" the rates would be raised to seven shillings a week for the casual sick and three shillings and sixpence a week for the chronic sick. The respite, though welcome, was brief: the rates would revert to the old figure of six shillings the following year. The A.G.M. of 1847 was marked by an unusual event; the election of a successor to James Joyes who had resigned in that year having succeeded John Austin as treasurer in March 1844. The election was contested and decided initially on a show of hands. William Death had clerical backing and was proposed by Thomas Sockett the Rector and Charles Klanert his curate. John Austin was proposed by Thomas Phillips and seconded by Walter Vinson. When John Austin emerged victorious on a show of hands, William Death demanded a formal poll. The result was the same - fifty votes for Austin to twenty-three for Death. It is difficult to know quite how to interpret Austin's victory. Would it be right to see it as an indication of a certain rank and file impatience with the aristocratic upper echelons of the Society? Thomas Sockett and Charles Klanert would probably reflect also the views of the House. There are signs in the Tales of Old Petworth of popular feeling against the House and Rectory in the middle decades of the

nineteenth century and there may be echoes of this here. J.O. Greenfield tells of the battle of the stage-coaches with the townfolk supporting Eade, and the House and Rectory Robinson. In this latter case it was the House and Rectory who emerged victorious.

New members continue to dribble in during the eleven years to 1855, 67 ordinary and 9 honorary but these years saw also the warning of 56 members with the ensuing expulsion of 52. Warning came after a year's failure to pay contributions, so someone warned in 1847 would have stopped paying his dues sometime in 1846. He would be expelled the following year as a matter of course. 1848 brings a most unusual influx of new members, 20 in all. This may reflect the collapse of a smaller local friendly society or may simply be coincidence. What is disturbing for the future of the Old Blue is its almost total failure to hold these new members over the following decade as the table shows. The Minute Book lists the new members (all but two from Petworth) with their age in 1848. This enables them to be checked fairly accurately against the 1851 census. Their year of warning would be followed by official expulsion at the A.G.M. of the next year.

It is noticeable that while the basic local employment according to the 1851 census is "Agricultural labourer", abbreviated to "Ag.lab" in the returns, the new members can generally be classed in some fashion as craftsmen or tradesmen. Friendly Society membership, even in the middle decades of the century, was low proportionally to the population at large. While it rose with every decade it was at this time by no means general.

The members not expelled over the next decade or so can in turn be checked against the members' list for 1861-2, the first complete list that survives. Edward Richardson and James Holden do not appear and may have died while still members of the Society. Henry Hall Knight is living in London in 1861-2 and in later years has a Leatherhead address; he would in later years become the oldest living member. William Cooper has a Hornsey address in later years. As neither man appears in the 1851 census both may well have left Petworth soon after joining the Old Blue. John Ellis the prison porter had moved to London by 1861 and was expelled in 1864, somewhat surprisingly perhaps as he would not be able, at the age of 53, to join another Friendly Society. Daniel Batchelor would

continue a member for many years, as would James Dale, variously described in later members' lists as of Midhurst, Cocking and West Lavington and in the 1880's at Herston Mill, Storrington. Studying the list what must give cause for concern is the high proportion of members lost in the crucial early years after joining.

A clue to this failure to attract, still less retain, new members is provided by an entry in the Minute Book dated April 30th 1849. It records a Special General Meeting held at Petworth Town Hall to consider the following requisition addressed to John Luttmann Ellis.

Sir,

We the undersigned members of the Petworth Friendly Society, having been given to understand that Mr. Jones the landlord of the Angel Inn (where the Society has been usually held) has an intention of establishing another Society at his house, do hereby request you to call a Special General Meeting of the members of this Society to consider the propriety or impropriety of immediately removing the same to some other house."

The requisition had been signed by fifty-seven members. In the event the members decided unanimously to stay at the Angel Inn. Mr. Jones the landlord obviously had an eye to business and had probably divined that the future lay not with the Old Blue but with his new guests the "Oddfellows". With the coming of the Oddfellows to Petworth begins another chapter in the faltering history of the Old Blue.

The Manchester Unity of Oddfellows was by some years a younger organisation than the Old Blue, although the mythical origins of the Society were allegedly in classical times. The initial "Abercrombie" lodge at Manchester had come into existence about 1810 and had proceeded to open other lodges for "mutual support, protection and advice", as the Society's magazine would later put it. The individual lodges had a considerable degree of self-government but the funeral fund soon came to be centralised by districts. Government was by a Board of Directors chosen by an Annual Moveable Committee. This central authority soon tried to

raise contributions to a level sufficient to cover eventual benefits and this led in the 1840's to a serious schism between those who supported the hard line on contributions espoused by the governing body and those who were prepared to go their own way. The schism caused a temporary fall in membership in the mid-1840's but the outcome was a considerable strengthening in the finances of the main body. Growth between 1832 and 1842 had been very rapid; 561 lodges rising to some 3,500 and in the period after 1845 the Oddfellows began again to expand very rapidly. The main reason for the order's relatively slow progress in the southern counties will have been the difficulty which those working as agricultural labourers or in related occupations would have had in paying contributions on the scale usual in Oddfellows' lodges.

The Foresters were a similar type of organisation to the Oddfellows and like them traced their origins back to a remote antiquity - by tradition the first Forester had been Adam himself. In fact the order's heartland lay in the industrial counties of the north. They had no courts in Sussex in 1845 but some 22 in 1855 (see P.H.J.H. Gosden: The Friendly Societies in England). The Foresters were more likely to spread in country areas because their terms were more suited to labourers' pockets than those of the Oddfellows. They were also more likely than the Oddfellows to take over already existing societies. The Foresters had been less resolute than the Oddfellows in enforcing minimum rates and were hence rather the less actuarially sound of the two great orders. Their Petworth base would be the Swan.

The attraction of the new federated societies lay to some extent, but not exclusively, in their greater degree of financial stability. Both orders took care also to foster a distinctive, almost Masonic ritual, the knowledge of which bound members together in a wider brotherhood. There was a system of signs and passwords which could gain a man admittance to an Oddfellows or Foresters Lodge anywhere. The aim was to make an Oddfellow working in a cotton mill in Accrington feel he had more in common with an Oddfellow working in Portsmouth dockyard than he had with another Accrington cotton worker who was not an Oddfellow, (P.H.J.H.

Gosden: The Friendly Societies in England page 128). There were elaborate costumes and regalia and an elaborate initiation ceremony. As Gosden observes, "The secret orders were able to offer the mysteries of membership of a large brotherhood as well as

OLD BLUE

NEW MEMBERS IN 1848

Name	Occupation	Address in 1851	Age	Warned
EDWARD RICHARDSON	JOURNEYMAN/BAKER	NEW STREET	25	
ALFRED ANDREWS	Not known	Not known	24	1851
HENRY HALL KNIGHT	Not known	Not known	19	
WILLIAM COOPER	Not known	Not known	15	
FREDERICK H. ARNOLD	POST OFFICE CLERK	MARKET PLACE	17	1861
EDWARD NYE	STABLEMAN	BACK STREET	28	1851
GEORGE AYLES	TAILOR	NEW STREET	22	1851
FREDERICK HOOKER	BLACKSMITH	BUNKERS HILL	18	1851
JOHN ELLIS	PORTER AT PETWORTH GOAL	BACK STREET	35	1864
MARK STEDMAN	GARDENER	BACK STREET	20	1851
JAMES HOLDEN	Not known	Not known	20	
ALFRED PANNELL	Not known	Not known	19	
AMBROSE PANNELL	TAILOR	CHURCH STREET	19	1855
DANIEL BATCHELOR	LABOURER IN WOODS	SHIMMINGS	16	
JAMES DALE	(MILLER)	Formerly COULTERSHAW	20	
CHARLES HERRINGTON	FOOTMAN TO J.L. ELLIS	NEWLANDS	27	1854
WILLIAM HOPKINS	Not known	(DUNCTON)	29	1850
GEORGE NEVATT	TAILOR	DAMERS BRIDGE	27	1850
ALFRED HUNT (Buckfold)	VICTUALLER	FOX INN	24	1851
EDWARD KNIGHT	MANSERVANT (1841 census)	CHURCH STREET (1841)	24	1850

COMMITTEEMEMBERS 1845 - 1855

Name	Occupation (1851 census)	Address (1851 census)	Years served	1st year on committee
EDWARD ARNOLD	CLERK	CHURCH STREET	1	1854
FREDERICK ARNOLD	POST OFFICE CLERK	MARKET PLACE	2	1850
JOHN AUSTIN	IRONMONGER/AUCTIONEER	GOLDEN SQUARE	2	1845
HENRY AYLING	MASTER HARNESS MAKER	BACK STREET	3	1845
EDWARD W. BRYAN	Not known	Not known	2	1845
EDWARD COOPER	BAILIFF	CHURCH STREET	10	1846
JOHN DAWTREY	VETERINARY SURGEON	BACK STREET	1	1845
WILLIAM DEATH	BOOKSELLER/AUCTIONEER	NORTH STREET	4	1846
WILLIAM DILLOWAY	GROCER	POUND STREET	9	1846
JAMES ELLIS	CARPENTER	EAST STREET	8	1848
JAMES EMBLING	PLUMBER	LOMBARD STREET	5	1846
WILLIAM GREEN	GROCER	CHURCH STREET	4	1852
JAMES GREENFIELD	BUTCHER	MARKET PLACE	7	1849
EDMUND HASLETT	CONFECTIONER	CHURCH STREET	1	1845
GEORGE JOHNSON	CORDWAINER	WORLD'S END	1	1855
HENRY KNIGHT	Not known	Not known	4	1850
EDWARD LANE	BAKER	DAMER'S BRIDGE	2	1847
HENRY LEE	Not known	Not known	1	1846
JOSEPH LUCAS	GARDENER/PARISH SEXTON	NORTH STREET	7	1847
GEORGE LUCAS	BRICKLAYER	ORCHARD HILL	10	1845
WILLIAM MELVILLE	DRAPER/TAILOR	CHURCH STREET	11	1845
FRANK G. MORGAN	CHEMIST	CHURCH STREET	10	1845
PETER PUTTICK	AGRICULTURAL LABOURER	BACK STREET	2	1847
THOMAS SHERWIN	FARMER	BYWORTH	1	1855
JOHN STEDMAN	CORDWAINER	EAST STREET	5	1845
WALTER VINSON	TAILOR/PARISH CLERK	LOMBARD STREET	10	1845
JOHN WICKENDEN	CABINET MAKER/ UPHOLSTERER	WORLD'S END	2	1854
WILLIAM S. WRIGHT	BRAZIER/TINSMITH	MARKET SQUARE	4	1845

the social attractions of monthly meetings which was as much as the local societies could offer". The Old Blue, dominated as it was by honorary members and with a strong clerical influence, would have seemed very staid compared with the new societies like the Oddfellows and the Foresters. While new members had to appear before the Committee there is no indication of any kind of initiation ceremony, still less of any great secrecy. All that was required was the somewhat prosaic statement of a doctor that the candidate was in good health.

These were changing, even dangerous, times for the Old Blue. The committee structure of twelve men serving alternate years in blocks of six was already long broken. Good committee men, or at least willing ones, would serve for year after year. The annual outgoing for benefit continued to fall, a total of £135.6.2 falling to £81.11.6 in 1854 being a sure sign of stagnation. Compared with the early century when the Old Blue had a heavy concentration of members in the Pulborough, West Chilton and Hardham area, new members were now almost entirely confined to the immediate locality. The federated societies were beginning too to provide some form of medical attendance, something the older local societies would never achieve, and younger members probably shied away from the matter-of-factness of the Old Blue and its uncertain financial situation.

Documents courtesy of Messrs. Anderson, Longmore and Higham.
(to be continued)

NEW MEMBERS

Mrs. S. Duffield, Stringers Cottage, East Street, Petworth.
Mrs. J. Fynes, Fairfield Cottage, Petworth.
Mrs. Gratton, "Quoins", Pound Place, Petworth.
Mrs. A.I. Grigor, Wychacre, Harborough Hill, West Chilton.
Mr. S.W. Hayler, 1 Dawtrey Road, Petworth.
Mr. & Mrs. F.A. Kenward, 26 Orchard Paddock, Haxby, Yorks.
Mr. Saffrey, Petworth Primary School.
Mr. R. Sadler, 1 Rothermead, Petworth.
Mr. G. Simpson, 9440 Almond Crescent, S.E. Calgary, Alberta,
Canada.
Mrs. Spencer-Palmer, Deanhurst, 100 London Road, Knebworth, Herts.
Miss Swan, Milestone Cottage, Petworth.

