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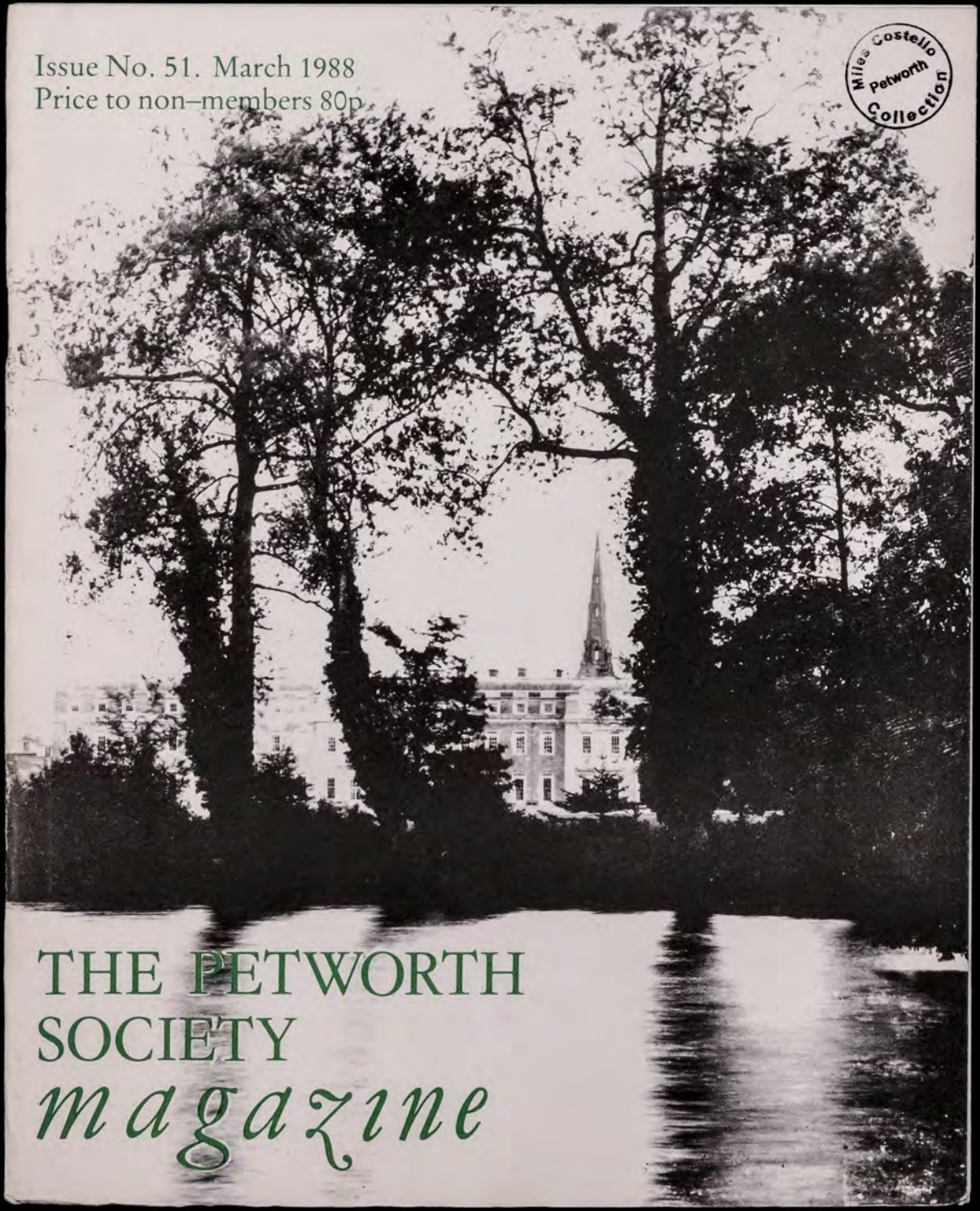

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY *magazine*

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Cover design by Jonathan Newdick.
Cover photograph by Walter Kevis.

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The PETWORTH SOCIETY - Constitution and Rules

1. The name of the Society shall be the PETWORTH SOCIETY.

2. The objects of the Society shall be to preserve the character and amenities of the Town and Parish of Petworth, including Byworth and Egdean; to encourage an interest in the history of the district and to foster a community spirit. It shall be non-political, non-sectarian and non-profit making.

3. Membership shall be open to anyone, irrespective of place of residence, interested in furthering the aims of the Society.

4. The annual subscription shall be decided annually by the Committee in January. The financial year shall end on 15th March.

5. There shall be a Committee consisting of a President and not more than 15 elected members resident in the Parish of Petworth, to include a Chairman, Vice-Chairman, Hon. Secretary and Hon. Treasurer, all of whom shall relinquish their office every year and shall be eligible for re-election at the Annual General Meeting. The Committee, of which a quorum shall be five, shall meet not less than once a quarter.

   The Committee shall have power
   (a) to conduct the business of the Society on the agreed principles,
   (b) to fill any casual vacancy until the next Annual General Meeting,
   (c) to co-opt for particular purposes, and
   (d) to seek professional advice when necessary.

   The Committee shall elect the Chairman and Vice-Chairman at its first meeting following the Annual General Meeting.

6. The Annual General Meeting shall be held in the Spring. Not less than 14 days' notice shall be given to members.

   The business of the meeting shall be
   (a) to receive a report of the activities of the Society during the year,
   (b) to receive an audited statement of accounts,
   (c) to elect the Committee for the ensuing year,
   (d) to deal with resolutions of which at least 14 days' notice has been given, and,
   (e) to consider any other business relevant to the aims of the Society.

7. A General Meeting may be called by the Committee or at the request in writing of a minimum of twenty members. At any General Meeting, including the Annual General Meeting, the voting shall be by show of hands unless those present decide by a simple majority to hold a secret ballot.

8. Changes and alterations to this Constitution and these Rules may be made only at the Annual General Meeting or at a special General Meeting and by a two-thirds majority of those voting.

The PETWORTH SOCIETY - Annual General Meeting
Deletions, Amendments and Additions to the Constitution and Rules

The Constitution and Rules are printed above. You will realise that since the death of Col. Maude over eight years ago, the Society has had no President. In order to regularize the situation and to create a certain degree of flexibility with an eye to the future development of the Society, the Committee will propose the following changes at the Annual General Meeting on 27th April, 1988:

Clause 5: Delete "a President and"
Delete "resident in the Parish of Petworth"
Delete "Chairman and Vice-Chairman" and substitute "Officers" (penultimate line).
Add the following new Clause 6: "The Committee may submit the names of persons for the approval of the Annual General Meeting, as President or Vice-President, in recognition of outstanding service to the Society".
Re-number existing Clauses 6, 7 and 8 as 7, 8 and 9.

It should perhaps be stressed that the Committee has no particular persons in mind for the offices of President or Vice-President at this stage.

It would be necessary for any member and his/her seconder who wish to propose amendments to the above or any further alterations to the Constitution and Rules to inform the Chairman well in advance so that 14 days' notice may be given on the Society's notice boards (see Clause 6(d) above); as indeed is the custom for nominations for the Committee, together with the name of a seconder and the written consent of the nominee.

PETWORTH SOCIETY

Spring, early Summer programme: please keep for reference.

MONTHLY MEETINGS: Leconfield Hall. Admission 70p. Refreshments, raffle.

Thursday 10th March

Tony WHITCOMB:

"English Canals"

An illustrated talk
7.30 p.m.

Wednesday 27th April

Annual General Meeting
at 7.15 p.m.
followed by

Alf SIMPSON
"Ebernoe Common"
"Nature Reserve"

An illustrated talk

Please help:

Sunday 17th April

Petworth Society
Clean-up of roads and verges.
In conjunction with
Mr Les. Howard

Start Petworth Car Park
at 9.30 a.m.

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY

Annual Subscription 1988/89

We would like to remind members that subscriptions for 1988/89 are due on the 15th March. There are still a few members who have not paid their subscriptions for 1987/88. We regret that those members who have received magazines for the current year will have to be removed from the register unless the subscription is paid by March 15th.

Subscriptions may be paid to any of the following:-

Mrs I. Pritchard, The Manse, High Street, Petworth.

Mrs R. Staker, 2 Grove Lane, Petworth.

Mrs Anne Simmons at E. Streeter and Daughter, Lombard Street - (almost opposite the Church), Petworth.

Would you please let Mrs Pritchard or Mrs Staker know:-

(a) If you wish to retire as a member or
(b) Have changed your address recently.

Any new member in possession of a receipt bearing a date between December 15th 1987 and March 15th 1988 does not have to renew their subscription for the next year March 15th 1988 to March 15th 1989.

Single magazine delivered. Single or Double Membership £4.00 (Minimum)
Postal £5.00 (Minimum)
Overseas £5.50 (Minimum)

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 £4.00. Single or Double one Bulletin delivered. Postal £5.00. Overseas £5.50. 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. Treasurer - Mrs. I. Pritchard, The Manse, High Street, Petworth.

Hon. Membership Sec. - Mrs. R. Staker, 2 Grove Lane, Petworth.

Committee - Mrs. Julia Edwards, Lord Egremont, Mrs. Janet Ford, Mrs. Audrey Grimwood, Mrs. Betty Hodson, Mr. John Patten, Mr. R. Pottington, Mrs. Anne Simmons, Mr. D.S. Sneller, 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 Peter or Bill (Vincent).

Bulletin Distributors - Mr. D. Sneller, Mrs. Williams (Graffham), Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Mason, Mr. Thompson, Mrs. Simmons, Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Grimwood, Mrs. Adams (Byworth), Mrs. Hodson (Sutton and Duncton), Mr. Vincent (Tillington and River), Mrs. Harvey (Fittleworth).

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

Edition No. 50 of this Bulletin will probably sell out completely, writing at the end of January I have only a handful of copies left. I expect Jonathan's single issue cover had a good deal to do with this. I hope you like his new cover design for 1988, based on an original photograph by Walter Kevis.

You will note that we have rounded up the subscription. It will be £4 for local membership and £5 for postal. I can't think anyone will be surprised at this but whether the increase is sufficient is another matter entirely. Expenditure (mainly printing) probably exceeded income last year but a generous donation helped make up the shortfall. I see no point in imposing economies on this Bulletin until they are forced upon us and I suppose the worst that could happen would be that we would have to issue a severely curtailed December Bulletin if funds were dangerously low by the end of the yer. A donation however small over and above the subscription would help keep the Bulletin at its usual standard.

Mrs Sadler has now moved home and for reasons of space cannot continue to distribute the Bulletin. As you can imagine 750 copies need a fair amount of room. While she will kindly continue to help us please address all Bulletin delivery enquiries to me for the time being as I have the relevant lists. Mrs Sadler and her helpers Mrs Hamilton and Mrs Franklin have given the Society some very genial and efficient service over the years. Thank you very much ladies!

Petworth Fair was by agreement the best since before the war, not least because we were able to deploy two large machines. Most fairs are held in fields out of town and most fairs have modern music. Petworth Fair is enclosed by the buildings of the Market Square and the music comes from the two preserved Gasparini organs of Paul Kirrage and Phil Read. Nowhere that the fairmen go has quite the enclosed almost magical atmosphere that Petworth has. Add to this the virtually uninterrupted tradition of some seven hundred years, the spirited participation of almost every town organisation in the Leconfield Hall and Red Cross rooms and Ron Pidgley's colouring competition with its over a thousand entries and you have something Petworth can be proud of. No new event could possibly rival the Fair, rooted as it is in the memory and tradition of Petworth people. A full report on last year's Fair written by Peter Hammond appeared in World's Fair 18th December 1987.

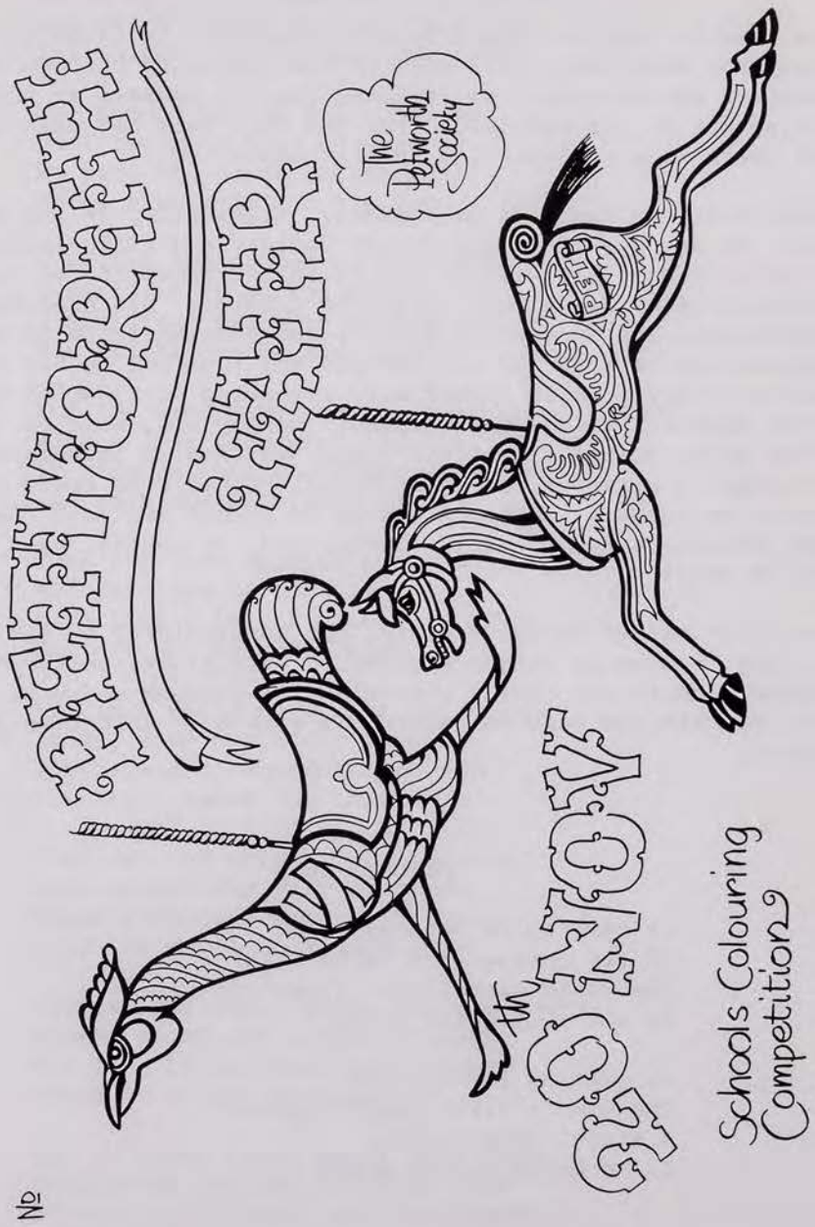
PETWORTH FAIR 1987.

Harris Brothers tractor and box truck photographed during building up, with their Southdown Gallopers behind. Photograph by Peter Hammond.

The well-attended Christmas walk was very much in the shadow of the hurricane. Doris Ashby deciding eventually on Iping Common as other proposed walks were impossible. Doris is one of this Society's best friends and her enthusiasm turned a very bleak December afternoon into one to remember. The Christmas meeting predictably attracted a full house. Don Attle's lantern-slides were fascinating and the evening concluded with the combination of the Edwardians and the Town Band, as successful here as it had been at the Fair.

This Bulletin pays especial attention to the effects of the October hurricane, in its own way perhaps the most serious natural disaster locally for many centuries. The countryside will bear the scars for generations. Beginning near home we have tried by talking to those directly involved to give a constructive and forward-looking account of the situation in so far as this is at present possible. This theme may continue as occasion offers in later Bulletins but I have to say that it does depend on the willingness of relevant landowners to talk to the Society. I suppose an obvious cause for concern would be the Bishop's Clump for so long a feature of the downland skyline.

Peter. *31st January 1988.*



Ron Pidgley's colouring competition drawing for Petworth Fair 1987.

TILDEN ELDRIDGE, 1934 - 1987

From time to time we record appreciations of the lives of men and women who, have made their mark on the community through their character and service. We remember them in sadness at their parting but in the knowledge that the full term had been run and that there is a satisfaction in its completion.

Tilden Eldridge has left us suddenly, tragically, in the prime of life. He was a good friend of the Society and fully involved in its activities. His willing provision of transport for our more far-flung walks was almost taken for granted. His cheerful disposition, his unassuming modesty and consideration of others endeared him to all. We all enjoyed the incident on his last walk (Audrey's very relaxed indeed Bury riverside walk) which ended up at the Houghton Bridge tea-gardens. One by one, most of the ladies of the party joined him at his table, watched in amazement by a gentleman, a stranger, at least to us. Finally he could contain himself no longer. He leant across to Tilden and said "Tell me, what aftershave do you use?" Tilden had, of course, paid for the teas as well!

He will be missed by the Society, but particularly by his family, the lady to whom he became engaged on Fair Night, in the village of Kirdford and in the family removals firm through which so many first met him and came to regard him with such affection and respect.

K.C.T.

OCTOBER 16th

It came on an October night
Of its coming none could tell
The world went from a dreamless sleep
To the very gates of Hell.

By morning it was over
The dawn's first light unfuled
A sinful devastation
In an eerie silent world.

There were no songbirds singing
Not even one in sight
And so it stayed on that first day
Till night time claimed the light.

The second day we all could see
Just how much must be done
To hide the scars successfully
Where the Devil had his fun!

I walked the slopes on Bury Hill
I strolled in Burton Rough
I saw grown men with watery eye
Sad voices choked and gruff.

For the wind moved in those withered leaves
With a long tormented sighing
It told us that the trees were down
And each one slowly dying.

They cut them up with axe and saw
And put them to the flame
Each time I felt I'd lost a friend
But did not know his name.

For in a world of stress and strife
To get some heartfelt ease
Just spend a contemplative hour
Out there among the trees.

They lay now sprawled in disarray
Like troops who lost the fight
Their birthdays were in centuries
Till the Devil rode that night.

The injured stand there stark and mute
Broken limbs and gashes showing
How long before they too succumb
There is no way of knowing.

And if these trees could only speak
They would tell us all they know
Of wars and plagues and pestilence
They have seen them come and go.

The trees are made by God himself
To fit a master plan
They never once defiled the earth
In the same way as does man.

Man travels in the universe
And one day will go far
He will find what he is seeking
And then shame another star.

So if the Devil reads these lines
And for once would like to please
Next time take undeserving men
And leave the world the trees.

Ken Wells.

THE NIGHT THE OAK TREE CAME TO CALL

Everybody has their own story of the storm that hit West Sussex on October 15/16 1987. Yet, a week later, listening to our battery radio, it was no longer news. Only a minority were still without power and telephones.

Because we chose to live in a cottage in the woods, we knew that we should have to wait until among the last to be reconnected. However, our neighbours, a quarter of a mile away, were wonderfully kind, bringing milk and post to us for four days. This was no mean feat as all the paths through the woods were blocked with fallen trees, so they had to clamber across a wet valley.

At first light on the 16th: we found we could not see out of the front windows. Our dear old 70ft. oak tree had gracefully subsided on to the front lawn; its branches had taken off the guttering, but no other damage was done to the cottage. Because of the noise of the gale we had not heard it come down.

That first morning a kind quarry worker clambered up to enquire if we were all right, and we promised, (being somewhat elderly) not to try and get out.

Two hours later a breathless grandson arrived, having cycled 12 miles, carrying his bicycle over fallen trees for the last two. He began to try and clear a way out but it was an impossible task, as we later knew, for it needed an outsize power saw and a bull-dozer.

Hurricane damage on the Greensand Ridge.
Photograph by Graham Stemp.

"Even if it is man himself who has ordered the wildness that he sees before him".
The Upper Lake in Petworth Park.

We gave him a meal and he struggled his way out to the A283, to cycle home, carrying messages to friends and relatives.

We resigned ourselves to candles and the small Calor gas ring, and, of course, the Inglenook fire, for which there would be no shortage of woods for years to come!

Next day it was fine and sunny, we saw, as far as we could scramble that most of our eight acres of woodland was devastated. The handy-man who helps us with the woods and garden came to see what he could do. He cleared part of the way up to the road but came to a second massive oak tree barring the way.

On Sunday morning two men arrived with a bull-dozer from the quarry opposite. Daughter and family also arrived from Oxfordshire, leaving their car with neighbour as everyone else did; and carrying provisions, saws and choppers across the valley.

By afternoon the way up to the road was clear, but sadly not one of the three roads leading to civilization was clear, so we had to be content until help came from the Council workers and the Estate.

We were very touched when a representative from the Red Cross arrived on the fourth day to ask if we needed anything. It was on the fourth day too, that one of the roads leading to the village was passable with care. We actually drove out and got a meal.

The birds were very quiet and frightened, but one evening during the first week after the storm, I heard a robin singing his 'Goodnight' song. On opening the front door, there he was, singing from the top of the oak lying at the door. I am sure he was our own local robin and had come back to cheer us up!

On the eighth day a team of electrical engineers from Glasgow put up a new power line for us. How grateful we were. Telecom were not so good, we were without a telephone for a month.

As the New Year begins a firm has begun to clear our woods. This, of course, we had to arrange for ourselves. The men are in their own caravan and estimate that the job will take over a month.

How lovely it will be to see the oak tree lifted off the front lawn, and to find what can be rescued from the flowers beds beneath all the branches.

Yesterday, January 14th I found some primroses out. Spring will come!

P.C.

RESPONSE TO THE STORM

1. The Leconfield Estate

The Leconfield Estate woodland, some two thousand five hundred acres in all, was damaged severely by the storm of 16th October; damage in Stag Park on its Northern extremity being appreciably less than that on the greensand ridge running East from Petworth in the direction of Fittleworth, and comprising the Gog Common, the South side of Flexham Park, Low Heath and Egdean Common. Hesworth Common, while not a Leconfield responsibility, can be considered part of this area. Clearing up in the Leconfield woodland started at the beginning of November at Low Heath, and Brinksole Heath. In Flexham Park the aim will be to clear and replant some of the worst areas on the Southern side. Overall however the plan for this area is to remove blown timber and leave as many standing trees as possible particularly where it is possible to leave them in groups; since the Estate does not have the resources for elaborate tree surgery, trees will either be felled or left. Any tree that has lost two-thirds or more of its crown will be felled; if half of the crown remains the chances are that it will be left standing. Leaving Flexham Park out of account, these woods contained a high proportion of elderly trees, many already subject to rot from decaying lower branches. Rot can take fifty years or more to destroy a tree and it may be that the storm damage has not significantly shortened the life of the ageing trees that still survive.

Our plans for the Gog Common? We will remove the fallen and badly damaged timber and leave what reasonable trees remain standing. With this help from us the woodland should regenerate by itself. Certainly it will seed up with birch and holly but probably too with young Oak; there has been an exceptional acorn crop this year. All the timber on the Gog Common appears to be natural with the probable exception of the Scots Pine, planted originally perhaps for sporting purposes; these latter will certainly need to be felled where the crown has been severely damaged. Pollarded Oak will make new shoots but the Scots Pine will never do this. In twenty years time I would envisage the

Gog Common as comprising clumps of old surviving trees, left largely on conservation grounds as a home for insect and bird life; these veterans interspersed with fifteen to twenty year old Birch and some young Oak. As now there will be some thick patches of bracken. As we will be relying on natural regeneration, in a hundred years the Gog Common will probably look much as it did before the hurricane. What we are certainly not going to do is to clear the Gog Common and replant with Conifer. We have no wish to do this and in any case the Common is already included in the Forestry Commission's Broadleaved Woodland Grant Scheme, which precludes any planting of Conifers.

Duncton Common (which is not actually Common land!), largely on the Petworth side of the Graffham Road at its junction with the A 283, provides a good example of some to the dilemmas posed by the hurricane. It was planted with Scots Pine by Mr. Wilcox of the Leconfield Estate in the 1920's and was, from a forestry point of view, fully grown and ready to be felled over the next decade. The growing of timber is a business like any other, and like any other business governed by economics. Trees grow a certain amount over a year and this annual growth adds annually to their value. This increase in timber volume is known technically as an 'increment'. Obviously in the very early stages of growth there can be no realistic increment but over a period of years the stand grows, the plantation is thinned to give the remaining trees more light and nutrient, and the value of the trees begins to appreciate. Eventually there comes a time, and the Scots Pine had reached this point, when the timber is at its peak value, i.e. the rate of growth of these mature trees had slowed to the extent that the annual increment was low. In forestry terms the time had come to consider felling. It had been proposed to start replacement felling at the North East end of the area so that the prevailing wind would blow the seed into the felled area for reseeding purposes.

The decimation of this plantation represents the loss of nearly seventy years of careful husbandry. If Oak blows over the tree can remain alive for some years. Scots Pine does not, the wood dies quickly and within months develops a fungoid infection which leaves a blue stain and renders the wood virtually unsaleable. Harvesting the Pine is therefore a salvage operation fought against the clock. Not only that, but we will have to sell the felled Pine on a falling and over-supplied

buyer's market. The price of Scots Pine is now a mere two-thirds of what it was six months ago before the hurricane and is set to fall still further. When the windblown Scots Pine has been removed we hope that the plantation will regenerate naturally from the trees left standing. This is cheaper than replanting, and, usually more efficient in that the young trees do not have to withstand the shock of transplanting, and the initial rate of growth is better. Of course, if regeneration fails, one must replant.

Apart from the harvesting of timber in windblown plantations there is much else to do and our reserves of labour are limited. The immediate post-hurricane duty of helping the local authority to clear the roads is past but we are now working to clear the farmer's fields. We have then an obligation as landowners to clear footpaths and bridleways of fallen trees which are obstructing them. As I speak we are clearing fallen trees from Lovers Lane on the way to the Gog. The clearing work will continue until the end of February when it will be suspended for some four to six weeks, to allow replanting of areas felled in the Winter of 1986/87.

The reason for this apparent withdrawal of labour from the task of clearing needs to be clearly understood. A forester perhaps more than anyone has an eye to the future and it must be to the trees of the twenty-first century that he looks when he seeks to remedy the effects of the hurricane. It is crucial that we do not compound the damage done by the hurricane by failing to plant out our young trees. A forester will feel more despair at the devastation wrought among a plantation of twenty-five year old Oaks in Pheasant Copse than he will at the more obvious ravaging of the older trees on the Gog Common. This Spring we are replacing the felling carried out last year at Shoveltree Hanger, South of Perryfields on the Rother but on the opposite bank, at Westlands copse off the Horsham Road, and at Peaked Croft near Blackbrook Farm. All these areas were felled eighteen months ago.

At the same time we must continue to care for those young trees already planted which have suffered in the violent wind. The 'grow tube' may be damaged leaving the tree a prey to deer or rabbits. The original stake may have been broken, torn away, or set an an angle. The 'grow tube' may need replacing.

These young trees, as I have said, are our ultimate answer to the hurricane and they must not be allowed to spoil. We have been working at this continually since the storm and this will continue until all the damage is repaired.

When the young trees have been planted we can return to the task of clearing the footpaths, and, eventually the other rides. Areas that provide good access for machinery will obviously be easier to deal with than those that do not. The Gog Common is in the first category, the Virgin Mary Spring area definitely in the latter. Clearing the Virgin Mary Spring area will be slow because of the difficulty of getting adequate machinery on to the ground in such terrain, although we hope to have this cleared by the Summer.

There is as yet no assistance from Government funds for any of this clearance work and it must be appreciated that this storm has caused a heavy burden on the finances of the Leconfield Estate. It may take up to five years to remove all the windblown and damaged trees, and possibly up to eight years to replant the areas cleared. Rest assured, however, that we are doing our best!

Ted Jemmett was talking to the Editor.

2. THE NATIONAL TRUST:

Petworth Park and Pleasure Grounds

Any body as large, as diverse and as representative as the National Trust must have within its members different voices urging different priorities. Entomologists, historians, garden consultants and others will all clamour to be heard when a subject as important as the future of Petworth Park is under review, as it must be to some limited extent in the light of the recent hurricane. Lancelot Brown's concept of creating an "ordered wildness" has governed our thinking about the Park over the last decade and despite the storm will certainly continue to do so. Brown had consciously sought to make the Park a haven of nature where the eye, as it surveys the landscape, is not confronted by the works of man, even if it is man himself who has consciously ordered the "wildness" that he sees before him. Brown did not completely succeed in

this but even today his thinking provides an ideal at which to aim. Essential to this concept is so to screen the boundary that the travelling eye does not see the physical edge of the Park, but rather the Park merging into the surrounding countryside. We had already in accordance with this philosophy sought by new planting to screen part of the Pheasant Copse wall, also to thicken up the cover in front of the London Road Kennels. Brown's ideal can never be completely attainable: for instance Hampers Green must always be visible from the top of the Arbour Hill, but as I have said the pursuit of this ideal to some considerable extent controls our thinking about the Park.

I mentioned a conflict of interests: a broken dead tree stump can mean quite different things to different people. To an entomologist it is home for a host of insects and an important link in a natural chain. It should be left in situ. To the ordinary walker in the Park it may suggest a certain neglect in husbandry. To the dedicated follower of Lancelot Brown it represents a disturbance in nature's reign, an anomaly, something that stops the eye as it takes in the landscape. The debate continues, but I am sure that a compromise can be reached: stumps of dead trees will be cleared from the traditional Park area while the rews by the Tillington Road paddocks will be left as they are, the brushwood remaining as the hurricane left it and the fallen trees simply pushed within the confines of the rew. Different species of deer will be kept in the paddocks and there will be a certain amount of replacement tree planting. A kind of nature reserve if you like but at the same time affording the deer some shelter from the wind. It is important that visitors understand that these areas have been left deliberately for conservation purposes and not simply abandoned through neglect. There are rare species of beetle in the Park, bats and rare lichen, natural chains owing their existence to Petworth's long history as undisturbed parkland.

Tree damage in the Park is variable and not always predictable. The Arbour Hill, overlooking Hampers Green, has perhaps the most exposed group of trees of all and yet it has stood up very well. It seems that continued exposure to the wind has rooted the trees so firmly that they could withstand the hurricane. Trees in more favoured positions simply lacked

the tenacity to survive. Another exposed ridge is the hanger (or wooded slope) to the rear of Snow Hill. The ancient beech there have suffered badly but some remain. It is difficult to replant here because the remaining giants will eventually come down and in so doing destroy whatever younger trees are planted in their vicinity. We would propose here to clear the hanger of casualties and replant to the rear, south east of the damaged area and inside the present field perimeter. The trees will be a mixture of native broadleaved species like oak, sweet chestnut, beech, lime and ash. Beech is difficult now to replace because of the activities of the grey squirrel which relentlessly strips the bark from the young beech trees, and still more the sycamore, now very difficult to grow to maturity because of this problem. Oak is fairly resistant to this pest as is lime. It is not known why squirrels do this and as it is only at a certain time of year, early summer; some have looked to a hitherto unknown mineral deficiency as an explanation. The squirrels certainly seem to be seeking something in particular.

As to numbers of trees in the Park, and the proportion of damage, I have carried out a tree count in the wake of the storm, leaving out very young trees less than ten years old which predictably survived better than the heavier more mature trees. Of 1883 trees in the Park, 1357 are not damaged while 135 have slight damage, 316 have fallen and need to be removed, while 75 need to be felled as being irreparably damaged. The upturned stumps will have to be burned or buried. The timber from both Park and Pleasure Grounds has been sold to a firm of contractors and it is a part of their brief that they clear all the stumps except as I have said for those in the rews. Cutting up the fallen trees is a problem in itself; there is a world of difference between trees grown in a plantation and those grown in a park and really big machines will be needed. One fallen sweet chestnut is nine feet through the butt and it is doubtful if there is a power saw in the country big enough to cut through it. The giant may have to buried in situ. The timber fallen is some 22,500 hoppus feet, the latter a pre-metric cubic timber measure slightly larger than a cubic foot and reflecting the cubic capacity of a tree when it has been squared off for use as timber.

An unlooked-for by-product of the disaster may be to stimulate thinking about the earlier history of the present Park. Already in April a huge sweet chestnut was blown down, tearing a great hole in a knoll just across from Lawn Hill. A ring count showed the tree to be two hundred and eighty years old, predating Lancelot Brown by a good half century. Brown clearly incorporated some existing trees in his redesigned park. The knoll itself is obviously artifical and the discovery of tile and masonry in the crater made by the uprooting leads me to guess that part of the debris from the huge stable complex to the west of the present lake may be buried here. I stress this is only a surmise however. Ring counts will be made on the trees uprooted by the hurricane and this may give us some idea of the trees in the Park and possibly even its layout before Lancelot Brown's time, also which trees may have been planted at his direction. There is serious damage to trees on the islands in the lake and the willows may well have to be pollarded. The swamp cypress has lost its top and faces an uncertain future.

I can best sum up this section on the Park itself by saying that damage here is serious but not irreparable. Our original ten year planting scheme will continue but at an accelerated rate, helped possibly by outside donations. Our guiding "Brownian" principles remain unaltered, even perhaps strengthened by the hurricane.

The Pleasure Grounds present a rather different picture. I am not perhaps given to extremes of emotion but the sight that greeted me on the Friday morning had an effect that I can only compare to being in a road accident. I was quite literally shaken and found it very difficult to take measure of the enormity of the scene: the devastation seemed total. Originally the cunegeria or rabbit warren for the House, and part of the old Conyger Park, the present Pleasure Grounds were laid out by Henry Percy, ninth Earl of Northumberland around the turn of the seventeenth century. They were in the then fashionable French parterre style, i.e. in rectangular plantations with straight paths. They appear quite clearly on Ralph Treswill's great map of 1610 as "the Birchen walks". Alterations were certainly made by Charles Seymour, sixth Duke of Somerset at the turn of the eighteenth century, but it is clear from extant plans that Lancelot Brown intended very

considerable alteration in line with his more informal garden philosophy. The present layout shows however that Lancelaot Brown did not carry out the great part of his proposed alterations, the net result of his work being simply to soften the formality of the Garden, to curve the lines and vary the stock. Accounts for the plants he purchased from John Williamson of Chelsea, Nurseryman, are still extant in Petworth House Archives and many of these plants may have survived until the hurricane. A ring count will soon show whether this is so. Additions continued to be made under successive owners, including an extensive planting of rhododendrons at the turn of the present century.

Not since the first alterations wrought by Henry Percy at the close of the sixteenth century have the Pleasure Grounds stood at such a turning-point. While some trees certainly remain, huge machines will remove the fallen when the bulbs (some one million in the Pleasure Grounds) are over and the ground is dry. There is no point in churning up the ground with heavy machinery to add to the devastation. Some of the trees to be cleared are huge: five of the largest trees of their species in England have gone, only the oriental beech remaining in this category. This particular specimen, like the trees on Arbour Hill, survived despite occupying a very exposed position. Long years of defying the wind no doubt stood it in good stead when the crisis came.

There seem to be two main options for the future after the ground is cleared, working of course with the few mature trees that remain. One is to lay out the Pleasure Grounds much as they were when the hurricane destroyed them. The other is to take the Pleasure Grounds back to an earlier period, effectively towards the original layout of Henry Percy with its much greater formality, with straight paths perhaps bounded by clumps of trees of the same species, each path looking toward a central point on which they all converge, this in its turn might be dominated by a large ornamental vase of some other feature of that kind. A difficulty here would be the existing curved informal layout of Lancelot Brown's paths. It has to be said that Henry Percy's original concept was somewhat austere and there may be a halfway house between the two options looking perhaps to the Golden Age of the 3rd Earl and seeking to combine the bold planting of a relatively

few species that is the hallmark of Henry Percy's layout with the more informal planting that is the legacy of Lancelot Brown.

No concept would see any real maturity in a lifetime and it is important not to rush this, the most crucial decision in the four hundred years since Henry Percy first created a garden here from part of the old Conyger Park. We can only look to salvage what we can from the disaster and take the opportunity for regeneration. It has been forced upon us but it is an opportunity nonetheless. As a token of what is gone we have an agreement with the timber merchants that a small proportion of the wood removed will come back to us to make into artefacts like seats and bowls which will give us a link with what had once been. How are the mighty fallen!

Trevor Seddon was talking to the Editor.

PAYNES' THE BUTCHERS

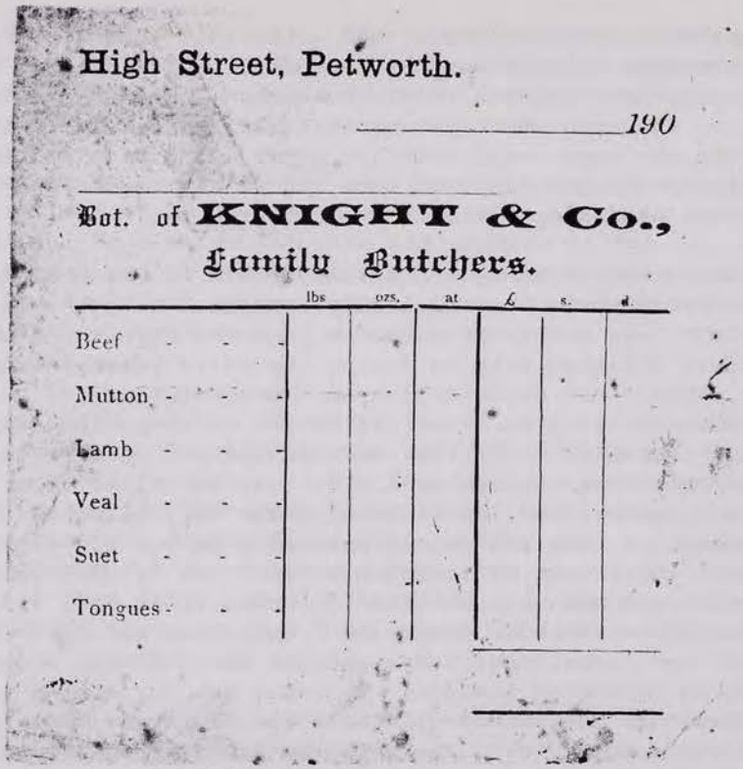
I was born in High Street where Deans the fishmongers later had their shop. Like so many of Petworth's old shops, the premises now house antiques. The shop is still recognisably the same, even to the red and blue tiling on the floor. The shop had formerly been Knights the butchers and my father took over as proprietor about 1906. One of my earliest memories is of watching the pigs being "stuck" in the alleyway opposite. The pig's throat would be cut and the blood carefully collected in a vessell. Petworth House would take the blood to make black puddings, a great delicacy then. I suppose that watching such scenes as a child was in a real sense more violent than today's television or video but as I had been born into it I am not aware of it upsetting me, it was simply a part of everyday life. Our slaughter-house was at the bottom of the Alley: all the Petworth butchers had their own separate slaughter-house at this time. The animals would be brought in by the farmers in carts and would usually be docile enough until they caught the smell of the slaughter-house, the whiff of blood hanging on the air. Then they could be very difficult. Animals were still "poleaxed" with a blow on the head at this time before the humane killer and the carcasses had to be dragged out of the alley across High Street and into the shop. Dad would look out of the alley to see if there were any strong men coming up the road who would help to drag the carcass into the shop for it to be skinned and cut up.

"A forester perhaps more than anyone has an eye to the future....".
Mr Wilcox of the Leconfield Estate about 1930.
Photograph courtesy of Mrs M.E. Knight.

Petworth Fair 1987.
Photograph by John Rosser.

Petworth Fair 1987.
Photograph by John Rosser.

Petworth Fair 1987: inside the Leconfield Hall.
Photograph by Tony Whitcomb.



High Street, Petworth.

190

Bot. of KNIGHT & Co.,
Family Butchers.

	lbs	ozs.	at	£	s.	d.
Beef						
Mutton						
Lamb						
Veal						
Suet						
Tongues						

A billhead from Messrs Knight in High Street.

Butchers brought their meat on the hoof them. On Sundays if the weather was fine the whole family would go around the neighbouring farms like Frog or Stag Park and discuss forthcoming purchases with the individual farmers. The other Petworth butchers did the same. When cut up the meat would be left to hang for a while in the big store at the back of the shop. There was of course no refigeration but there was already a twice-weekly delivery of ice. This came from Guildford by lorry and was particularly welcome in summer. The ice came in enormous blocks and was picked up by huge metal tongs. The blocks were laid on sacks and manhandled into the shop. We kept them as best we could but, big blocks as they were, the ice was a fragile thing and tended to disappear all too quickly from the baths and tubs in which we tried to keep it. For us children it was a great treat to sneak into the store and take a piece of ice to chew. Not very hygienic I suppose by today's standards. When we moved to what is now the fish and chip shop in Pound Street

the ice was kept in the cellar. Dad would sell pieces of ice to special customers like Dr Kerr at Culvercroft, but I think he dealt in ice largely as a service to his customers. When the animals had been killed, the skin and hide were taken off and sold to the hide and skin man who came round with his lorry. The hide and skin man had a definite and unmistakable odour about his person and his clothing that was inseparable from his trade.

When the Great War began we had already moved to Pound Street. My father's several moves were basically connected with the expiring of leases. It was a fair-sized house in Pound Street and we had five soldiers billeted with us during the early years of the war. My sister, myself and Annie Caplin who worked for us for years shared one of the attics. The five "boys" as we called them stayed with us all the while until they were posted and were northerners from the King's Royal Rifles or K.R.R.'s as we called them. As happened with other families we soon became very attached to our "boys", my mother treating us all basically as one big family. Dad used to pull their legs by saying how smart the Rifle Brigade lads were: both regiments were billeted in Petworth at this time. My mother would make enormous steak and kidney puddings for her "boys", who had large appetites, training all the week and then having Church parade on Sundays. To repay Mum for making these enormous puddings they would grind out the sausages. Some of the boys were quite musical and the Whitcomb family from over the road in Pound Street would come over to join them for musical evenings.

Sausages were an important commodity for us and Dad grew sage and thyme especially for seasoning them, cutting, drying and rubbing the leaves himself. The plants, pulled up by the roots, would hang in the kitchen drying off, rather like upturned lavender bushes in appearance. If the plant were pulled up whole it dried the more steadily. Pepper Dad would buy in bulk. The sausages came out of the machine in a long string and had to be turned individually by hand, the skin was at that time an animal product too, the result of immersing the gut of animals in brine.

Meat was very short during the First War; in some ways I think things were tighter then than during the Second. What meat came into the town had to be allocated by the butchers acting together as a committee. It wasn't a straightforward division; but had to be apportioned according to the proportion of the total trade each butcher enjoyed i.e. the butcher who did the biggest trade had also

the largest allocation of meat. The Leconfield Estate helped eke out the ration by providing venison and rabbits. I can remember the butchers sitting round the table in Pound Street working it all out - very amicably as it seemed to me at the time.

Another feature of the First War was the egg-collection: we children would go to the Town Hall with an egg or two - whatever we could spare in fact. We'd write our name and address on the egg in indelible pencil and it wasn't unknown to get a grateful little note back from the recipient at the Front. Even chicken became difficult to keep as the war went on, quite simply there was no foodstuff for them except scraps.

In summer we often had the day off from school to go blackberrying: this was counted as "helping the War Effort". The West family who had the greengrocer's next to us in Pound Street acted as one of the collecting points and the great tin baths of berries would stand in the shop waiting for dispatch. I suppose they went by train but I never saw them go. I do remember though, the sticky juice trickling out under the shop door, the blackberries were used for jam-making. In addition to a day's holiday from school we'd make a few coppers, but a pound of blackberries takes a lot of picking.

There were a number of butchers in Petworth then us in Pound Street, Boorer's in Lombard Street, Hounsomes in Golden Square, Moyers in the Market Square and, a little later Messrs Stevens in Sadlers Row. If we were short we would usually go to Moyers, it was the nearest to us in Pound Street, but in practice all the butchers cooperated with one another. It wasn't too long before my father moved again this time to East Street to a shop vacated by Mr and Mrs Denman and afterwards the Dairy. After a short while we removed again to Mr Boorer's Lombard Street shop. Mr Boorer was not well and he and my father went into partnership. Mrs Boorer continued to do the accounts. I went to school at Midhurst, but left at the age of thirteen when mother was ill. At that time it seemed quite natural to leave school to go and help one's parents.

About this time a central slaughter-house was established in Trump Alley, as I have said, every butcher had previously had his own individual slaughter-house. Trump Alley came to be nicknamed "Blood Alley". We had a pony and trap, one of the old-fashioned box-carts where the driver sat very high up. Johnnie Saunders drove the cart for us and we had a Welsh pony to draw it called Timothy Tugmutton.

Delivery day was usually Friday and our round included Sutton, Bignor, Duncton, Tillington and Upperton. All the butchers had rounds and each had their particular customers in each village, and there was no poaching of customers. Delivering meat in a pony and trap wasn't easy particularly in the summer, certainly the meat was covered in muslin but it was a good idea to start pretty early in the morning before the sun really got up.

Dad loved fishing and when we were in Lombard Street Lord Leconfield would often call through the open door, "Any luck Payne?" Eventually Dad and Jim Reed the estate farrier were given the rare privilege of being allowed to fish the lake in Petworth Park. At one time we supplied the House with meat exclusively but a new cook had a different system of giving three different butchers a month each. It worked reasonably well but was a little untidy.

I used to ride my father's motor-cycle, a Sparkbrook. As Jack Holloway said in the last Bulletin it had no kick-start, it had to be pushed to start. I used to go to Northchapel on it although I am sure many people considered this rather unconventional, for a girl at least. It was an uncertain journey, for if I stalled on the way I would have the greatest difficulty restarting. I would use the lever to stop at Northchapel and immediately go to the telephone at Hortons Farm where Dad's brother lived. It was one of the old ones where you turned the handle, (the latest thing then) to ring home and tell them that I had arrived. For the return I had of course the same starting ceremony, having to be pushed until the engine fired. In the early days I had gone on the boxcart to see my grandparents at Northchapel, staying weekends and sleeping in a four-poster feather-bed. My grandmother had a warming-pan full of coals. She would carefully smooth the warming pan round the bed on its long handle making the feathers "plim" ie come up to about three times the size.

Melicent Knight was talking to Audrey Grimwood and the Editor.

FIRE AT OLD COULTERSHAW APRIL 1923

The weekend shift at Old Coultershaw Mill was a split one running from six on the Saturday evening to midnight, then beginning again at midnight on the Sunday and running through till six the following Monday morning. The mill would not be working at full capacity and the single man on duty would simply take off the flour in 2½ cwt.

sacks and stack them away ready for the day men to move them into store when they came on. He would see too to the "offal" ie the bran itself and other flour-bran products. He would also of course have an eye to the control of the water. Horace White had been on the split shift at the mill that night and left at midnight. Everything seemed entirely as usual when he went off shift.

The first we knew that something was wrong was someone rattling our windows just up the road at Heath End. "Uncle, your mill's on fire". My father was always known as "Uncle". Dad's first words to me were, "Get down there and save the books" ie the accounts. These were kept in the "office", a wooden building on the side road going down towards the wharf. Mr Gwillim the boss was living at that time at Beechfields on the Horsham Road and didn't arrive till later because of the lack of communication and distance he had to travel. Dad was somewhat late on the scene himself as he contrived to get both legs in the same leg of his pants. I ran down from Heath End and over the bridge; the heat was so intense that I had to crook my arm across my face to get over the bridge. One corner of the old mill abutted hard on to the road by the bridge. I was there before the Fire Brigade arrived but I could see already that there would be little they could do to save the mill. It was something after three o'clock and the roof was well alight, the flames lighting up the night for a great distance around.

Petworth Fire Brigade were the first to arrive, parking hard up beside the bridge so that they could get the hose into the water. Yes, they did ask where the water was but it was a question they always asked - if there was no water available they were in serious difficulty. They didn't of course bring water with them.

It was obviously useless to do anything about the main part of the mill so the first thing to do was to train the hose to prevent the stables opposite the office from catching light. The office was already beyond salvation, so much for my father's instructions! The tarred weatherboarding of the stables was doused in water and the horses led to safety. The stables were saved and the firemen's only real option was to try to contain the fire. The Foden steam-engine that was used for delivery stood in an open shed in the yard and this too was saved.

As the night wore on the Petworth House Fire Brigade arrived towing their steam fire engine. This was a more elaborate and efficient

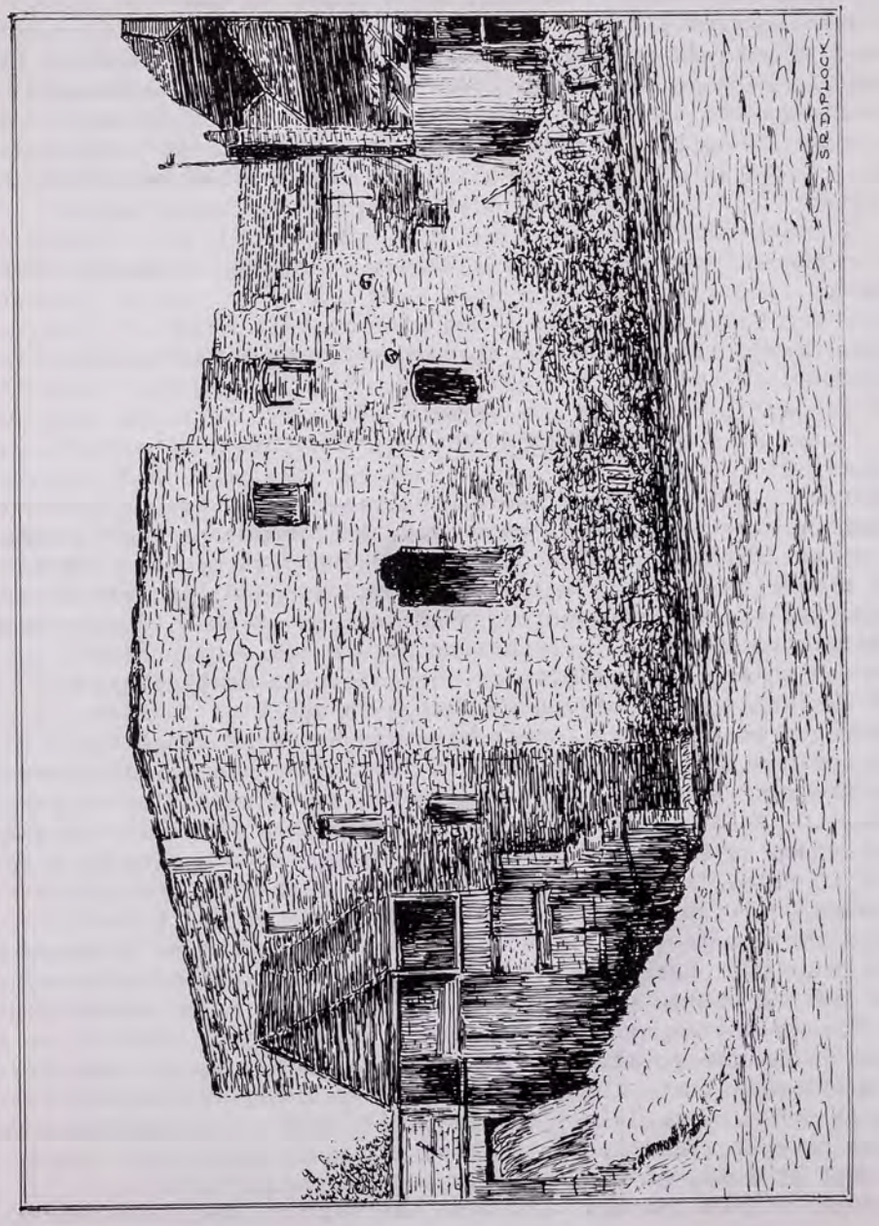
mechanism than anything that the Petworth Fire Brigade had but like the Foden steam-engine needed to have a head of steam before it could be used. The pump was towed down from Petworth House with Mr Crawley desperately at work getting up a head of steam at the rear. The Petworth House Fire Brigade had the great advantage over their town counterparts of having two hoses to the pump!

While the Petworth House Brigade were later than the Petworth firemen in arriving on the scene, none of the firemen were particularly quick by modern standards. They couldn't be. Someone no doubt had had to go to Petworth to sound the alarm; the telephone service was in its infancy then. The Town Hall fire bells had to be rung and the Fire Brigade had to go to Henry Streeter's stables in the Square to collect the horses. The horses that pulled the station bus also pulled the fire engine when they were needed. Petworth Fire Brigade had some sort of arrangement with Mr Streeter the licensee of the Railway Inn. We didn't hear the fire bells at Coultershaw but people in Petworth did and there was soon a great crowd at Coultershaw watching the scene.

A notable appearance as day began to break was the Midhurst Fire Brigade with their motor-driven fire-engine, the first of its kind that I had ever seen. It had a powerful pump and could deploy two hoses. I remember the brass helmets of the Midhurst firemen and my Uncle George who was in charge of them.

Petworth Fire Brigade who had arrived first bore the brunt of the work and very hard work it was: four men on each side of the pump pulling the heavy lever that drew water up from the river below. If you didn't pump hard enough you got no water and as I have said it worked only a single hose at a time. Any strong man would be conscripted to help the firemen as they tired. Between six and seven in the morning the firemen were both tired and hungry and someone was dispatched to the Railway Inn to seek some refreshment from Mr Streeter the proprietor. They received the immortal reply, "Yes, there's bread and cheese and something to drink, but if you'd told me you were coming I'd have got something prepared."

My father and I went to work at North Mill, Midhurst for a while starting on the Monday. We would take the train to Midhurst then walk down through the town to the mill. The fire was never really explained although there was a theory about the spontaneous combustion of dust, known to be something of a hazard in such premises.



Coultershaw Mill after the fire in 1923. Drawn by Rendle Diplock after a photograph by George Garland.

There was certainly a good deal of dust about and also candle-grease. The mill was lit by candle-light and the candles were carried from place to place with much attendant spilling of grease. There was nothing unusual about this at the time, any other mill would have done the same. Nor was there anything unusual about the tarred weatherboarding which was extensively used at the time. One thing I particularly remember was that the corn was always stored in great wooden bins: where the bins had stood there lay after the fire piles and piles and piles of burnt nails.

Ern. and Bert. Hollingdale were talking to Audrey Grimwood and the Editor.

(For an account of working at the old mill see Bulletin 36) (June 1984).

THE RICKMAN'S ART (2) Thatching

A hay-rick might stand for one or two years, the farmer deciding how much protection it would need for the time he wanted to keep it. He would then thatch accordingly. The rick might in fact stand six or seven years weathering and losing colour from the outside whilst remaining quite sound inside. Even with corn-ricks the farmer knew within a month when he was going to thresh, depending on the availability of the threshing machine, and he would basically put just enough thatch on the rick to keep the weather out of the grain. Thatching was a necessary job: in no way a refinement. The farmer would certainly have to wait a while after the rick was made up before thatching because, in the early stages, the sheaves generated considerable heat of their own and two or three weeks needed to be allowed for this to dissipate. To assist in this, flat-bottomed steddles were laid in the rick as it was being built up. These steddles were made of cleft hazel, rather like hurdles but curved and rounded at the top. These were set at four feet intervals alternate ways through the centre of the rick. If the thatch were put on too early, the added warmth might make the grain grow again in the rick, rendering it useless, or the heat might become so strong that the rick combusted, or even if it didn't actually burn, the heat might cause the grain to dehydrate. Again it would be useless. On the other hand, if the rick became too wet through remaining unthatched the grain might grow again. Once more it would be useless. The decision to thatch was, therefore, a fine one and very much the farmer's own. At most the

thatcher might say, "She's a bit warm, best pull off her for two or three days". The rick was always referred to as "she". For thatching a rick of sheaves, the farmer would either have had one field already threshed to give him a little cash in hand and a supply of fresh straw for thatching, or alternatively, he might have a thatching rick from a previous year, a rick that was always treated with the greatest respect. Of the two alternatives the thatcher would prefer the fresher straw.

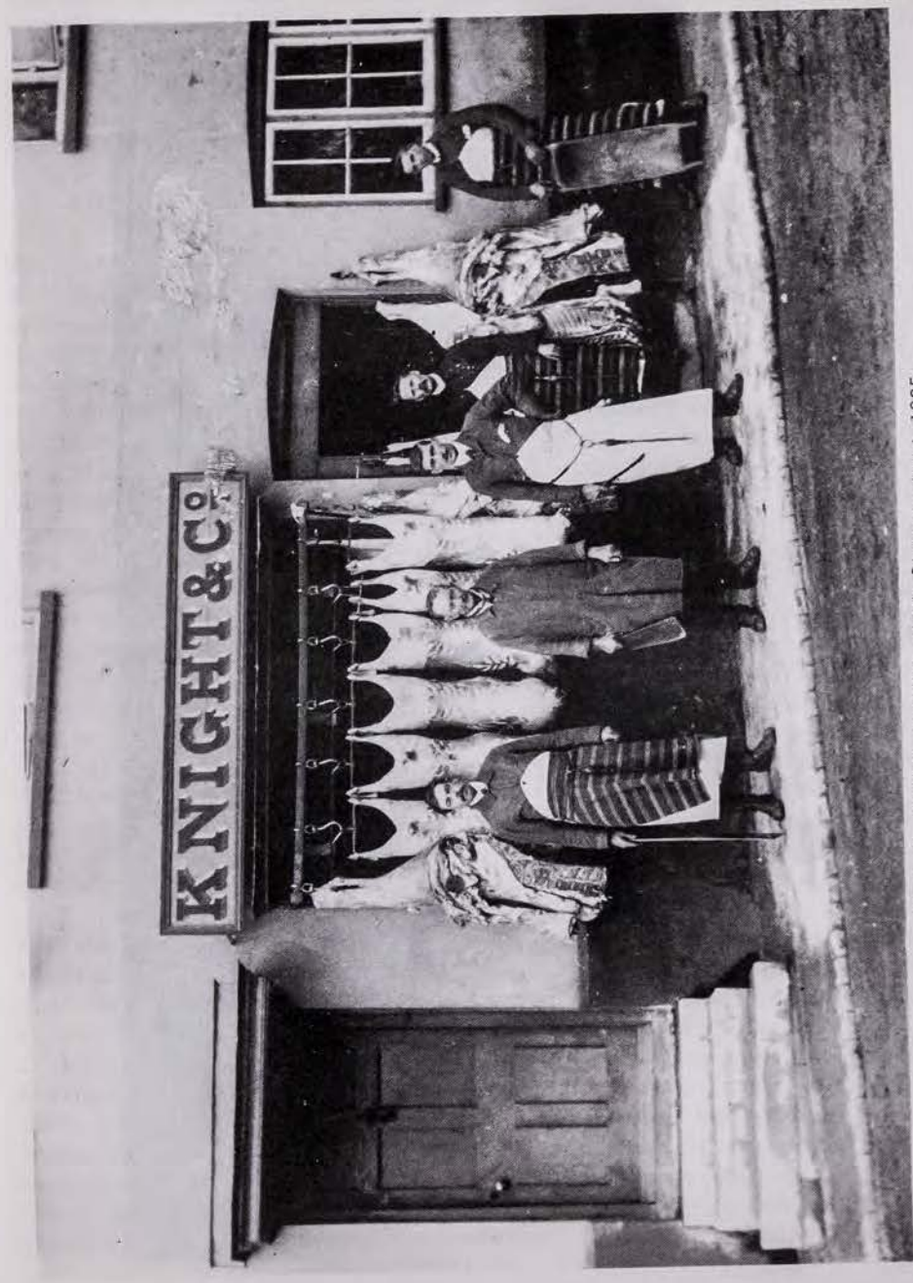
On a square rick the thatcher, if right-handed, would begin in the top right-hand corner, on a round rick he would start at an equivalent point. He would then make his first lay, i.e. he would take part of a bond, lay it down and spread it out with his hand. The first bond he would have taken up himself but after this he would have them passed up to him on the roof of the rick. The first spar would be driven hard in on the far side of the lay and twine attached to it. The ball of string would be hung on a convenient spar when not in use. A spar is a hazel-stick, usually cleft into two or four. Uncleft sticks could be used but were less likely to be found where the hazel coppice had been systematically raided over the years for this purpose. In other words, the bigger hazel sticks had to be cut and cleft because sticks of the ½" diameter required were hard to come by. The spar would be pointed at one end to give easy entry into the rick and would be notched near the top to take the string. It would be a maximum of two feet in length. Spars were prepared in June or July well in advance of thatching. It wasn't usual for the rickman to cut the spars himself; he'd get boys to cut them for him during the school holidays, but he would point and notch them himself. A hundred was about the number he'd need on an average rick, and he would take a handful up with him, sticking them in the rick rather like a quiver of arrows until he needed them and leaving the rest below.

The thatcher would work at the limit of his easy reach, driving in another spar and connecting the two with the twine, standing the ball of twine on the last spar to hold it. It would now be time for him to step slightly down the ladder and begin his second lay, a distance downward of some two foot six inches and roughly the length of the straw he was using. Again he would drive a spar in at the extreme end and another some two foot six inches in from his first one. He would be careful to set the second lay just under the first; if he did not the rain would come through. A spar stick would be used to lift the first lay slightly and spread the

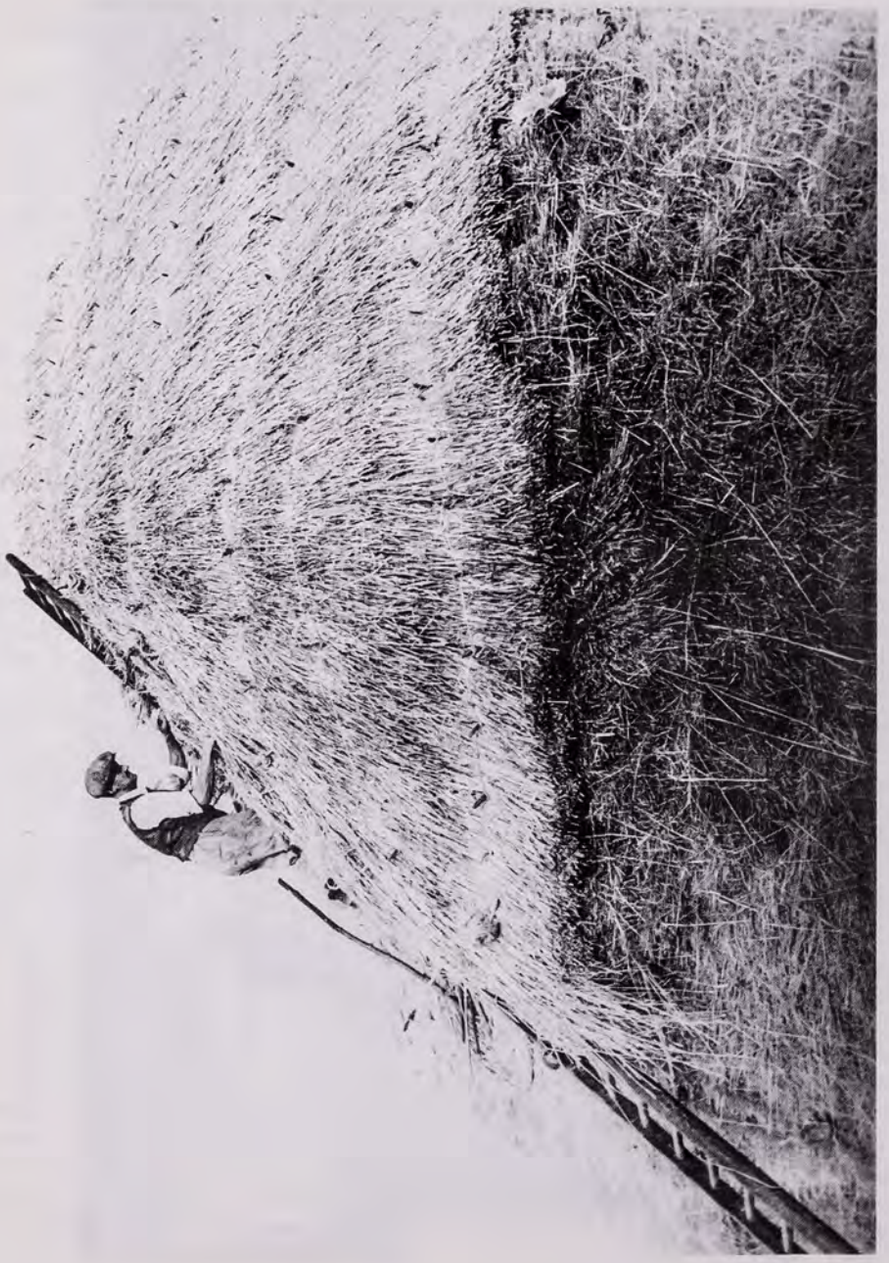
top of the second into the space exposed. The whole process would then be repeated perhaps to a depth of some four lays until he reached the bottom of the roof.

Tying in might be done either with twine or with straw ropes made on site using a straw-puller or wimble, a tool rather like a starting-handle to look at with a hook on the end. The straw would be wound onto the hook until the tension kept it on, then the handle would be turned. Two men usually worked on the wimble, one man feeding the straw and another doing the winding. When he had finished the lay the rickman would rake it with a comb, a wooden tool in the shape of a comb but with no handle, about a foot long with squat wooden tines. He would also trim or "butt" the overhanging bottom edge of the rick. While thatching was a necessary job, a certain neatness was required without being fussy. A sheaf rick would be much smaller than a straw rick, although the method of thatching was the same; it was only that the number of sideways movements of the ladder would vary according to the type of rick.

Moving to his left with each set of downward lays, the rickman would eventually reach the end of the rick. It was time now to begin the whole process again on the other side of the roof. A crucial part of his work was to ensure that the "comb" of the rick was in order, i.e. that the meeting of both top lays was well married and that they were carefully combed in together. Obviously if he failed in this, the rick would not be water-proof. Sheaf ricks were often round rather than square and the thatch would be so laid that there was very little exposed comb at all, just a single pointed cone at the top. The rickman would lay the thatch more thickly toward the bottom of the roof because this would take the rain. For thatching corners a spar known as a pig-tail spar was used. This was a double-length spar twisted in the middle and then bent giving a take-off point for the twine to go off in two different directions. It was called a pig-tail because of the characteristic loop produced by the twist being made in it. The final spar would be hammered in hard as had the first as these two spars would carry a great deal of tension when the twine became wet, but these two spars would not otherwise differ from the other spars which were pushed in by hand as opposed to being driven in with a wooden mallet. Once he had finished, the rickman would walk round the rick to check that all was properly butted and on a straw rick he might comb down the outside with a pitch-fork to give it a



Messrs. Knight and Co. High Street about 1905.
The first and third men from the left are not known. Second left is Harry Rapson, fourth left Mr Payne. Sidney Wigg on extreme right.
The photograph may be by Walter Kevis.



Charles Northeast thatching at Amberley in the 1950's.
Photograph by George Garland.

uniform surface and texture. For thatching a rick the rickman would receive 8/6d. Rick-thatching was piecework and while its limited season was hard work it could also be financially rewarding.

Ken Wells was talking to Audrey Grimwood and the Editor.

"GREENWICH BIRD", A CASE OF DEFAMATION AT PETWORTH 1603

While the church courts, at least in a superficial way, presented similarities with the secular courts in their procedure and administration, the content of the cases dealt with tended to cover a grey area of public morality that would sit rather uneasily on a secular court. The church courts might well be used to defend a person's reputation; indeed their very existence might make it expedient for someone to have recourse to them if they felt their reputation had been placed under threat. More than this, failure to respond could be construed as acquiesence in the allegations and raise the definite possibility of the church court itself bringing "ex officio" charges on moral grounds. Suggestions of sexual misconduct in particular, if allowed to pass unchecked, might well bring someone before the bishop's court if the imputation were not firmly met and contested at the start. An "instance" suit in that same court might well prove the most effective defence, hopefully wrong-footing the accuser and also of course preempting possible action by the ecclesiastical authorities themselves. Such an initiative by the authorities might follow the prompting either of the local churchwardens, or of the apparitors, the bishop's own agents, whose task it was to uncover just such cases of moral laxity. It will be seen that the very existence of the bishop's court tended of its own to create activity within that court.

Elizabeth Goble's defamation suit against Benjamin Owen in 1589 (Bulletin 46) had perhaps effectively been forced upon her by the need to forestall a probable initiative from the church court. A similar, less colourful case, different also in essential points, is that brought by Margaret Goodman of Petworth against Thomas Westdeane, also apparently of Petworth, (W.S.R.O. Ep./1/11/9) in 1603. By his slanderous statements Westdeane had placed Margaret Goodman's public reputation in jeopardy, laying her open to sanction from the very court to which she must appeal in order to clear her name. The case appears a relatively standard one and the plaintiff's witnesses well-rehearsed. There is virtually no

conflict or inconsistency in the evidence and there is, too, no sign of a reply from Westdeane. As in many cases in the bishop's court, the whole suit is essentially the product of a moment's blazing anger. There is, as often, a certain robustness of language that testifies to a rather more rough-hewn age than ours.

Joanna Curtyes (Curtis) wife of John Curtis is Margaret Goodman's first witness. Joanna now sixty years of age and born at Sutton, had lived at Easebourne for some time but at Petworth for the last thirty years. Her remembrance of time is not exact but she is clear enough on the basic facts of the case. Like the other witnesses she had been cited to appear before the court; as casual bystanders they were perhaps not too anxious to become involved. It was sometime in Lent of that year, possibly something before, that Joanna Curtis being at the shop of John Bywimble, a mercer in Petworth, "buying of wares", had heard Margaret Goodman and Thomas Westdeane coming "through the streete of Petworthe" close by the door of Bywimble's shop. It seemed to Joanna that there was some discord between them or at least "some angrie words betwixt them". Thomas Westdeane said as they came over by the shop door that Margaret was not honest. When Margaret demanded wherein she was dishonest he replied that she was a whore. Margaret had then asked John Bywimble, William Mose and Joanna herself to bear witness. Westdeane replied, "Thou arte an arrante whore and came from Greenwiche".

Westdeane had later asked Joanna whether she had been cited to court and what she would say. When she said she would report what she had heard, he departed saying that he would teach a whore to spit in a man's face. In her view the good name and credit of the plaintiff had been impaired by reason of the speeches complained of and "the said Margaret amongste grave men within the parishe of Petworthe..... is of lesse estimacon than before she was".

The evidence of William Mose of Petworth is more summary than Joanna's. Mose, described as a yeoman, was thirty-eight, had lived in Petworth some ten years but had been born in Godalming. He too could remember the parties coming along the street at Petworth and he too had been in Bywimble's shop. Clearly Margaret and her partner were at variance. Westdeane had called Margaret a whore and a Greenwich bird and John Bywimble had heard this too. In reply to questioning he said that for his own part be believed Margaret Goodman to be an honest woman and that her credit had not

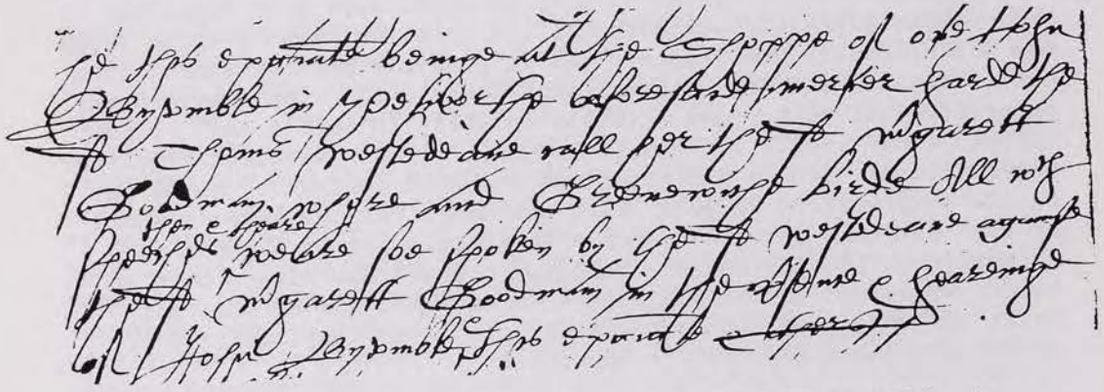
been impaired by Westdeane's outburst. He had come to court at John Goodman's request but also "by processe out of this courte". The original argument, so he had heard had been about Margaret Goodman's brother, but he knows no details of this.

The third and final witness is not, as might have been expected, John Bywimble himself but Mark Upfield a tailor, twenty-three years old and orignally from Cranley. It is possible perhaps that Joanna Curtis and William Mose had mistaken Upfield for John Bywimble the proprietor but this seems a little unlikely in such a small place. Upfield could recall the two in Petworth Street "walkinge togeather verye discontentedlye and brawlinge one with another". As he sat in the shop working Upfield heard Westdeane call Margaret a whore or else say that he would teach a whore to spitt in a man's face. He wasn't quite sure which. Margaret Goodman had always been an honest woman and had always been so accounted, and he does not think her good name, fame and credit are in any way impaired by reason of Thomas Westdeane's speeches.

Margaret Goodman is the wife of John Goodman the innholder whose inventory survives from 1619. His will, also from 1619, leaves Margaret all his goods, including three liquor licences which she is to keep up until his children are old enough to take them on. It is not certain which Petworth tavern John Goodman had but it is clear from his inventory that it was an important one, possibly the Great White Hart in the Market Square. As an innkeeper's wife Margaret Goodman would have been a woman of some standing in the town and also used to robust language. Westdeane had however gone much farther in effectively accusing her of immoral behaviour.

The Bywimbles had been servants to the Earls of Northumberland in the latter half of the sixteenth century. John Bywimble being the son of a former bailiff of the manor. Deposing before the Chancery in 1592, he could remember his father seizing a black mare for a heriot on the death of Jane Jolif. He had been sixteen or seventeen at the time (Cloakbag and Common Purse page 63). Richard Bywimble (born 1566) could remember as a boy being with his blind father the bailiff or rent collector at a meeting between the Earl and his tenants. (C.C.P. page 29). The office of bailiff like that of clerk of the market was farmed out and had been held by John Bywimble (the younger) himself at the turn of the seventeenth century. (Lord Leconfield: Petworth Manor page 8).

Thomas Westdeane does not appear to be otherwise known and the indications are that Margaret Goodman will establish her case. The most likely punishment for Westdeane would be a fine but possibly most likely punishment for Westdeane would be a fine but possibly he might have to do public penance in white sheets for his "incontinence" or failure to hold his tongue.



"He this examinate beinge at the shoppe of one John Bywimble in Petworthe aforesaide mercer harde the sd Thomas Westedeane call her the sd. Margaret Goodman whore and Grenewiche birde. All which speeches then and theare weare so spoken by the said Westedeane against the sd. Margaret Goodman in the presence and hearinge of John Bywimble and this examinate"

(Part of the testimony of William Mose)

The term "Greenwich bird" seems to refer to Greenwich as a haunt of sailors, while the reference to Petworth Street may imply that Bywimble's shop was in the main street, perhaps West Street (now Church Street) extending at that time through where Church Lodge now is. Houses stood in the present churchyard fronting on the street until 1896. The precise site of Bywimble's shop is unfortunately not known.

P.

Some penances and punishments from the manuscript book PHA HMC 116 at Petworth House.

Note "Penances in white sheets for incontenencyes etc."

Reproduced opposite by kind permission of Lord Egremont.

Of Punishements vsed vppon Offenders in Englande.

Punishements are of 5^e^ sortes, either
- Pecuniary
- Shames & Disgraces.
- Bodilely tortures.
- Losse of Members.
- Losse of Life.

Pecuniary are

Amercements or Fynes for contempts, trespasses &c.
Deprivations of Offices or Commands. for misdemeanors
Forfeitures of bonds, leases & for non payments at dayes.

Shames and disgraces.

Penances in white Sheets for incontenencyes, &c
Cartinges and throwinge of rotten eggs. for whores.
Papers with inscriptions vpon their heads. for forgeries. &
Ridinge backwards vppon Horses, for forgeries, libellings &
Settinge in Stockes in open places, for misdemenors as brawlings.
Settinge into the Cages. for whores, Rapes &c
Banishments vppon the Kings displeasure
Duckinge in Cucking Stooles. for scoldings.
Standinge vppon the Pillory for forgeries.
Ridinge vpon a Coltstaffe. for beinge beaten of his wife

A rear view of cottages in North Street.
This illustration has been redrawn by Rendle Diplock after an original water-colour owned by Peter Wakeford and dated 1918.

NEW MEMBERS

Mr. P. Barton, c/o 60 Wyndham Road, Petworth.
Miss B. Bibby, The Cottage, High Street, Petworth.
Mrs. E. Burrows, "Copyhold", Bury, Pulborough.
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Mrs. J. Chatwood, Angel Court, Petworth.
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Mr. D. Green, 79 Whateley Crescent, Castle Bromwich, Birmingham.
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Mrs. A. Newman, 9 Downview Close, Lavant, Chichester.
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Mr. and Mrs. J.E. Richard, Little Mere, Hawkhurst Court, Wisborough Green.
Mr. and Mrs. Ralph, 2 Barrington Cottages, Byworth.
Mrs. D.M. Robinson, 40 The Banks, Long Buckby, Northants.
Mrs. Rowland, 54 Greatpin Croft, Fittleworth.
Mrs. Slee, 326 High Street, Petworth.
Mr. J. Tribe, Tribe Family Foundation, Box 5109, Mill Valley, California 94942.
Mr. C.F. Vincent, Little Cottage, Burton Common, Petworth.

Mr. F.A. Kenward from York has the following two pictures of a procession in Grove Street about 1920. Does anyone know the occasion?

It is possible the procession is returning from the service to dedicate the war memorial.