

Miles Costello
Petworth
Collection

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY
Magazine
NO. 115. MARCH 2004

*Half Moor
shrubst fountain (3)*



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THE PETWORTH SOCIETY SUPPORTS THE
LECONFIELD HALL
PETWORTH COTTAGE MUSEUM
AND THE COULTERSHAW BEAM PUMP.

Constitution and Officers

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 of residence who is interested in furthering the object of the society.

The annual subscription is £9.00. Single or double one Magazine delivered. Postal £11.00 overseas £13.00. Further information may be obtained from any of the following:

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For this Magazine on tape please contact Mr Thompson.

Society Town Crier

Mr J. Crocombe, 19 Station Road (343329)

Note: The crier may be prepared to publicise local community events and public notices for you, even snippets of personal news such as births, engagements or lost pets. It is suggested that such personal and business cries be made for a small donation to a charity to be nominated by the crier himself.

Chairman's Notes

Welcome to a new Society year and a new Magazine. The cover, like every other cover over the last twenty five years, has been designed by Jonathan and this time he has worked with a classic Walter Kevis landscape. A separate article offers a few reflections on what is effectively a centenary issue. It's a hundred Magazines since we first experimented with "Bulletin" 15. I'm particularly pleased this time to have an article by Alison McCann. Over the years Alison has helped this Magazine far more than a mere superficial review of its contents might suggest.

Successful book sales – and they are very successful – mean a good deal of useful publicity and attention for the Society. They also mean the occasional new member and a stable subscription level. Any deficit in Magazine funding should be made up from the monthly event in the Hall. We're always on the look-out for books; if you have any you don't need or know anyone who has, please let us know.

We have shifted the date of this year's Society dinner at Petworth House to bring it nearer the actual date of the Society's thirtieth anniversary. Details in the next Magazine, as, possibly, of a second expedition. The River Wey cruise looks very promising. It's on Sunday June 27th. Details on separate sheet. Numbers are limited to 46. As usual first come, first served.

I may close with a word about Mrs Nellie Duncton who passed away at the end of last year. She was, as you probably know, a centenarian. Her recollections adorn a number of Magazines up until quite recently, and, I think it's fair to say, have a character that is completely their own. There is nothing really quite like them. The rural world of Nellie's early days was a very different one to this and she offered an unrivalled access to that world. If this Magazine lives on at all, it must live through reflecting the personalities of those like Nellie who have something to say that is totally distinctive. The Society will be the poorer for the loss of a presiding spirit.

26th January 2004 Peter

Public Service Announcement

There will be few readers of this Magazine unaware of the contribution to Petworth life over the years of Avril Broma, the distinguished artist and free style sculptress. Avril has been seconded to the European Commission for a year and asks us to publicize the following directive. In view of Avril's service to the Society over the years, I am prepared for once to break with tradition.

"All dogs must receive commands in **two** different European languages one of which may be English. They have the right to dispute those commands and must be informed of

their rights **in both languages** at the time. They have the option of ignoring the command, doing the complete opposite or obeying it. They must be told that they can seek immediate local arbitration, appear before a regional tribunal, or in exceptional cases, take the matter to the new Court of Canine Rights at Pamplona in Northern Spain. Measure effective 9 a.m. 1st April."

Some personal reflections on Magazine 115

Magazine 115 marks something of a milestone. It is 25 years and 100 issues since a new look "Bulletin" 15 came out. It seemed a bold idea at the time. Petworth had certainly not seen the like before. By no. 18 someone said to me, "It's all very good, but of course with somewhere like Petworth you'll run out of material after two or three more issues." Not quite.

Innovative at the time, by today's standards issue no. 15 was still relatively Spartan. It carried three larger articles and a number of smaller features. There were four pages of illustration but no photographs. The three larger articles were a look at Downland flowers by Patrick Syngé, a consideration of Round the Hills in the sixteenth century, and reflections by Mrs. M.K. Clarke on the Milton family in relation to nineteenth century Petworth. I have to say that in the article on Round the Hills the reference to Francis Cheynell, intruded Rector of Petworth as also Bishop of Chichester is something I still sometimes blush about. You thought I was utterly shameless? Well almost. Perhaps a competition to find a worse mistake might ease matters. (No, it's a joke, honestly.)

Historical articles and reflection formed the main basis and it would be several issues before the great run of direct recollection begins. We have now some four hundred pieces, some long, and some relatively short. For issue 24 Charles Baigent famously recalled dismissing the Queen of Rumania from the North Gallery at Petworth House when he was working there, while with the help of Mellicent Knight I persuaded a somewhat apprehensive Mrs. Greest to talk about her work as a housemaid at Petworth House in the 1920s. I hadn't known Mrs. Greest prior to this but would remain firm friends with her until she died some years later.

I have no idea whether the vast ocean of material we have will interest a cyber age. Perhaps the merely localised is obsolescent. That cannot be my concern. The material is there if anyone wants it. What I do know is that enshrined here are memories as irreplaceable as the unique personalities they reflect. I do have back numbers if members like to enquire, but a complete set of magazines 1- 115 would now be quite valuable. Early issues are particularly scarce. I myself no longer have issues 2 and 4.

It is a particular pleasure 25 years on to feature another article from the pen of Mrs. Clarke!

P.

Ever-increasing Circles

The second of our 2003/4 season of monthly meetings drew another large audience to hear Andy Thomas speak about Crop Circles and to see his intriguing and often beautiful colour slides. It was an immaculate presentation in all respects and even the most sceptical could not fail to be impressed.

Crop circles are not a new phenomenon. There was a report from Holland in 1590 and one in 1678 blamed the Devil for a circle remarkably like our present-day appearances. The first photograph came in 1932 and then more and more occurrences led up to a big increase in the 1970s. By far the larger proportion occur in England, but this may be due in part of their being easier to spot in a relatively well-populated country, but from the 1980s reports have come in from all over the world. Not all appear at night. The patterns have also become more and more complex.

The absence of footprints, tracks and the fact that circles can appear within a short space of time, make it impossible for all to be man-made, although some are. Early theories holding weather phenomena, such as mini-tornadoes responsible are also dismissed, as the crops are bent rather than broken. Often, moving lights are observed, which have reminded some of ball-lightning - highly charged particles in the air.

Today, the geological make-up of southern England may supply answers. Dowsers detect underground water at circle sites and piezo-electric fields have been suggested also. The genetic make-up of the crops is altered and the soil becomes changed in its chemical composition. Andy believes that the little-understood power of the human mind may be influential and the Southern Circular Research organisation, of which he is a member, has carried out some interesting experiments in that field.

From the early, quite simple circles, we now have extremely complicated geometrical designs, some resembling DNA, others seem to be star maps, representations of human or alien faces and coded messages. Is the year 2012 one to look forward to or dread?

The talk, not surprisingly, elicited more questions and comments than any other that we could remember. Those, and the buzz during the break for refreshments were evidence of everyone's interest, fascination and even apprehension in a subject which continues to baffle all who look for explanations and answers.

KCT

Radio Days and TV Times

Our members were obviously eager for more from the Time of Our Lives Music Theatre following last year's Christmas entertainment and so there weren't many empty seats on the return visit for our Christmas evening.

Apart from the producer/actress, Dymrna le Rasle, who has been with the company on

all their visits, it was a new cast, but just as talented. Dympna says that competition to join is intense and she is able to engage the best, usually young graduates from theatre schools and colleges such as the Royal Academy of Music. Matthew Woodyatt started the programme at the keyboard with a medley of the old programme signature tunes. Throughout the evening he maintained a skilful balance, complementing orchestral and percussion backing to ensure perfect and slick continuity as song followed sketch or dance routine. At times, the exhausting succession of quick changes, acting and singing a part almost had him in a state of collapse. Perhaps it would be almost as entertaining for us to be able to see what went on and off behind that screen at the back of the stage!

Kathryn Nutbeem, starting out on what promises to be a successful career in musical comedy, has a powerful and versatile voice. Her solo spots formed some of the most memorable moments of the evening, while her enjoyment of her sillier roles in the sketches was obvious.

Gavin Barnes, too, with knowing winks at the audience, joined in the fun, notably in his daring portrayal of Max Miller, and, as guitarist, his authentic contributions to the rock and roll and country and western items.

It is Dympna who is the driving force behind the show, her experience enabling her to add subtlety and accurate observation to the overall brashness and exuberance in the reminders of programmes such as Dick Barton, Special Agent, The Flowerpot Men, Emergency Ward 10, Coronation Street and The Archers.

Costumes and outrageous wigs again contributed to the programme, at times making it hard to believe that we were, after all, watching only four performers. From the fluorescence of the '50s to the immaculate elegance of the quartet from 'My Fair Lady' – beautifully rendered – a brilliant show.

KCT

All change for Petworth!

Am I allowed to suggest, as a new-comer of only 43 years residence in Petworth, that Peter's presentation of slides, mainly taken by John Caine in 1977 at the time of the Queen's Silver Jubilee, of the decorated shops and the carnival procession, was a truly Petworth occasion?

The audience was largely of locals, depending on your definition. Indeed, if someone newly arrived in the town had come along out of curiosity or in search of information, it would have been an evening of mystery. Identifying shops, even streets, was sometimes difficult. References to names such as Speed, Fox, Streeter, Boss and Harper would have been meaningless and Peter's battle with the new sound amplification equipment as well as with certain members of the audience, was typical of such occasions. An 'outsider' could be forgiven for thinking he had entered a completely alien world.

Recalling his own experiences as a shopkeeper, Peter told of the occasion when he had

answered the door at 11.45 one night to receive delivery of the Society's magazine. A passer-by came into the shop saying, "I'm glad you're still open. I'll have a pie and a bottle of Coke." So Peter served him. That's how it was in those days.

Almost all of the shops shown have changed. The butchers, grocers, greengrocers, confectioners, bakers, jewellers have all gone, to be replaced by antique dealers in the main. The shop frontages have often been changed as well.

Peter read a letter, written to the local newspapers in 2000, complaining of the town's demise and another, from a national in 2003, praising its re-emergence as a go-ahead place. We could add the inclusion of the Cottage Museum in a book of England's 1,000 Best Houses and the recent television programme featuring Fair Day.

Perhaps equally surprising were the changes that became evident when we were shown a series of slides of the year 2,000, because many of the shops have changed again in the last three years.

What will the next 25 years bring? And how many of us will be here to comment? The show ended with a few slides showing the wide range of Society events over the last quarter of a century, some of them quite ambitious ones, such as the 'Apple Days'. A reminder of how well or how badly some of us have worn over the years!

KCT

'With the flag to Pretoria' The December book sale

There's something indefinable about the beginning of a book sale. Perhaps it's the relief at finally having got it all together for another month. The red dots are on the £1 books, another month of course it may be some other colour. The 60p table is tightly packed at the north end and along the west side. The sets of books are ticketed up. Paperback blockbusters with cracked spines have been culled, as too the novels with browning pages - some old, some alarmingly new. And does anyone want television spin-off books from the 1970s? Or worthy, battered, Everyman Library volumes with flapping spines and dust wrappers long vanished? Or cook books marked by service in someone else's kitchen - or unmarked but reflecting some faded knight errand of the kitchen, now more than half forgotten. Time is as merciless with such celebrities as it is with media gardeners. In short without a certain clearance the stock will simply clog up, the pool of books become a stagnant one. It doesn't, but you do have to become reconciled to the fact that there are books which have served their purpose, books you might say, that were superfluous even when they first appeared.

Or perhaps it's the flotsam that intrigues. A cheap day rail ticket from Polmont to Edinburgh. Where is Polmont? I've no idea. Perhaps it's better left to the imagination. Or a handwritten book listing theatrical digs on show tours in the early 1920s. August to November 1920 for one show, Christmas 1920 to May 1921 for another. Digs listed and

marked as excellent, very good, fair and rotten. One or two were "rotten". Forgotten names like the Hippodrome at Dunlington, or the Theatre Royal at St. Helens. Weekly stays at smaller northern industrial towns. It must have been desperately hard work, a whole culture destroyed by radio and television. It's not something to sell: I put it to one side.

The accepted wisdom is that people leave money in books and then forget about it. If they do I've never found any. The reverie's about to come to a rude end. Counting down, a minute to go. Andy nods approval, Miles moves to the door, the queue snaking round the east side of the hall disappears like water down a plughole. They're coming through the door. Suddenly it strikes me what's so distinctive about the opening - it's the way people walk - not the post ten o'clock saunter - it's like the old-fashioned Olympic road-walkers, keeping their heels to the ground. It's bad form to run, but you get in as quickly as dignity allows.

Once in, the question is where to go. Assess the £1 table, go for the sets? In fact most gravitate to the 60p table, leaving the 30p section for detailed inspection later. Clump of box against box, of books landing in boxes, the place is absolutely crammed. It always is. I've never seen anything like it in Petworth. Some people are buying £1 books as new for Christmas presents. Why not? For the rest it's the old refrain "condition, condition, condition", there's a very nice book on Tewkesbury Abbey but the spine's been torn away. If only It's ex-Christ's Hospital library; some books carry with them a partial CV. Most don't. For about a quarter of an hour we take nothing or virtually nothing - curious when the first hour counts for such a large proportion of the total "take." People are still filling boxes and bags. The "sets" table already needs reinforcing, the £1 table is feeling the heat of battle, there's a new slackness in the 60p. The large £8 set of Russian classics rather surprisingly holds on as do the two volumes of *With the Flag to Pretoria*. Boer War material usually hardly survives the first minute. Someone's on a mobile at the £1 table. "Have you got the B..... biography?" "Yes, but" "Okey doke, I'll get it." We're seriously under way.

....Actually *With the Flag to Pretoria* hangs on till early afternoon, the Russian classics till lunchtime. It's been a good day, December we find is as good a month as any - better than any in fact.

P.

A Koala at 346 High Street? I don't think so

"Christmas Day," mused the Chairman, "members will be eagerly awaiting an account of my now traditional visit to the Cottage Museum." How much in this magazine owes its origin to such miscalculation! Let's hope the old chap never collides with reality.

In fact, there's another reason for making a way through the quiet Thursday/Sunday streets and up a deserted High Street. The sewing-room window is showing an alarming tendency to blow open: the catch needs replacing. For the present Max Bradley has it firmly

held with cord. Of course, nothing's that simple: the "new" fitting will have to be "old".

The Cottage is very much off season, the winter garden's trimmed severely back. It held on quite well last year until it got off the leash about mid-August. Did people have that problem in 1910? Sue has cut back the roses. Inside, it's the typical out of season picture; if you like, a study in the irrational. The stove lies in its mid-winter torpor, condemned to work on sweltering summer afternoons, but not now. There's a hint of rust on the top but no more than that. Curiously the protective plastic cover is still in the cellar. In the parlour there's a back view of Ann's Christmas "shop" window, a table lamp strategically out of sight on the right. Presumably Max has it on a time-switch.

The Christmas window will be cleared, but otherwise everything will lie dormant until the visitors make it all alive again. The Museum exists in their imagination. The green bombazine that encloses the mantel shelf is "more usually black", the old phrases reverberate though the close season. Upstairs there's the most marvellous scarlet Christmas cactus on the window sill. Those extraordinary wide sills, seats virtually, painted Leconfield brown. Agnes Phelan sitting there in 1919 watching the band pass in the street beneath her, heads uncovered. Her book Tam O'Shanter briefly cast aside. The stone hot-water bottle on Mrs. Cumming's bed, like the stove downstairs, "resting" for the winter. Taking Field Marshall Lord Roberts of Kandahar out of the attic cupboard to stand briefly downstairs. When in the attic it's so easy to imagine someone's downstairs: I've left the front door open. In fact it's some confused noise in the street outside. I hurry down but of course there's no one there.

Outside again, door safely locked. There's a rotting marrow in the meat safe. The original green is heavily dappled now with deep yellow. There's another in the mangle. Will these leathery skins hold or the whole rotting mass explode in my hands? I just manage to get them, first one, then the other, as far as the rosemary at the bottom of the garden before dashing them into its unforgiving stems. It's a still day but the eucalyptus in the next garden creaks, like a dog's residual growl. If Mrs. Cummings had kept a koala it would have kept going over the wall. Or perhaps the eucalyptus wasn't there then. Or perhaps Mrs. Cummings didn't have a koala There are Christmas flowers on the rosemary and forsythia in tatty yellow bloom against the side wall. No sign yet of the spring and early summer flowers that make the garden so attractive.

Actually we're all rather pleased. Simon Jenkins, author of *England's Thousand Best Churches* has produced a sequel: *England's Thousand Best Houses* and the Museum's in it. I remember him coming with Lord and Lady Egremont a few years ago - I happened to be stewarding. It seems he liked what he saw - well the house at least! Two stars puts us in the same league as Michelham Priory, Pallant House or, come to that, Lambeth Palace. "A genteel estate worker in the year 1910." He recalls the meat safe and the seaweed by the door. "Mrs. Cummings had been a milliner in Dublin." Did I say Dublin? "The house does not pretend to reflect poverty, the Cummingses while still together, were comparatively well-paid workers." Well, up to a point. As an ex-army farrier Michael Cummings was a skilled craftsman, but with four young children Mary Cummings wouldn't be working then. "An immaculate portrayal of working-class life in a settled small town before the Great War." I don't think we'll argue with that. After all with something like this you tread a fine line

between history and imagination. Perhaps that's as it should be.

P.

Can you bear not to be part of the Cottage Museum experience? If you'd like to join us as a steward (no previous experience necessary, informal "training" given!) please ring Jacqueline 342320 or Peter 342562.

Book review: Jewelle St James All you need is love

To an extent this book is a recapitulation and reflection on Jewelle's previous book *Just Imagine - a past life with John Lennon*. In dealing with the new book it may be appropriate to reprint my review of the earlier book to give some idea of the rather unusual background.

"The first thing you have to say is that this is a very courageous effort, the second that it is very much a Petworth book if one like no other, the third is that it is extremely readable. Simply put, the basic premise of the book is preposterous. John Lennon of the Beatles was shot dead in New York City just before 11 o'clock on December 8th 1980. Jewelle Lewis a Canadian housewife living near Vancouver and several years Lennon's junior, had had no more than a passing interest in the group, other than planning to see them in Vancouver in 1964 and being disappointed when the trip failed to materialise. She was therefore disconcerted to find that her grief at Lennon's sudden death was boundless and uncontrollable and lasted through the 1980s.

Enquiries in the psychic field suggested the Jewelle had known John Lennon in a previous life and a first trip to England (a trip the family could ill afford) was to Mere in Wiltshire. It proved largely abortive. Jewelle refused however to abandon her quest to make sense of the turmoil she was in and further psychic enquiry suggested not only that the century she the location had been incorrect on her initial trip. The century was the seventeenth rather than the fifteenth and the location West Sussex. John Lennon had been one John Baron from Fittleworth while Jewelle had been Catherine James from Petworth. They had been engaged to be married but John had died of consumption. Catherine herself had tended him for a time before herself dying of grief, heavily dosed with laudanum by an aunt.

Jewelle returned to England in 1990, armed with more information about the James family and allied matters. As chairman of the Society I had already corresponded with her but remained somewhat uneasy about her central thesis. Ros Staker was a tower of strength for Jewelle as was Ann Boxall and her daughter Becky. Ros brought Jewelle round to see me and Jewelle writes, "Although he had the reserved, polite, manner characteristic of English men, I sensed a doubtfulness in his expression as Ros introduced us." Couldn't have put it better myself. A visit to Jumbo Taylor added some detail but I'm not going to spoil the book by telling you any more. It reads like a detective story and it has real Petworth people in it as well as their seventeenth century counterparts. Perhaps it tells us as much about Petworth

in the 1990s as about Petworth in the 1660s. That's for you to judge. I remain uneasy about the basic thesis but it's a real talking-point and it's the sort of book that will soon disappear from circulation and become a curiosity. I enjoyed reading it and it's certainly not as silly as it sounds. Jewelle's had the courage to write it and get it published and the book is its own tribute to her drive and perseverance. However cynical you may be it does raise interesting questions and it makes you think. How many books do that? Read it, you'll enjoy it."

Jewelle's basic thesis has not changed in a decade. It would be all too easy to pick holes in her interpretation of events and I remain very uneasy about John Lennon's supposed past life in Petworth. That said, however, it does offer an explanation of sorts of Jewelle's apparently illogical desolation at this death. There seemed no apparent reason why Lennon's death should have such an effect. By 1980 as a married woman with children, Lennon was a half-forgotten pop interest from adolescence. She had never attached that much importance to him. But is Jewelle's the real explanation? Did Jewelle once work at Thompson's Hospital? There seems a little confusion between 'hospital' in the modern sense and 'almshouse' although there might be a certain tending of elderly people in an almshouse. And did Jewelle's aunt really kill her by over-administering laudanum? And in the very room where she happened to be staying in the 1990s? The Bronte connection is new to the present book, but why do figures from the past all have to be so well-known? The past is made up of innumerable people who 'have no memorial'. Like many scholars Jewelle has a tendency to see 'Helena in jedem Weibe', every woman as Helen, in other words she will take what she wants from any set of facts and discard the rest.

That said, there is much on the positive side. Jewelle, as we who have met her know so well, is a most engaging personality and this comes across in the book. You can feel the warmth of her relationship with Ros Staker, Ann Boxall and Mrs Wood Ros's next door neighbour. Nor does Jewelle try to ram her ideas down the reader's throat. She writes of her deeply held convictions: she is prepared also for others to doubt and query those convictions.

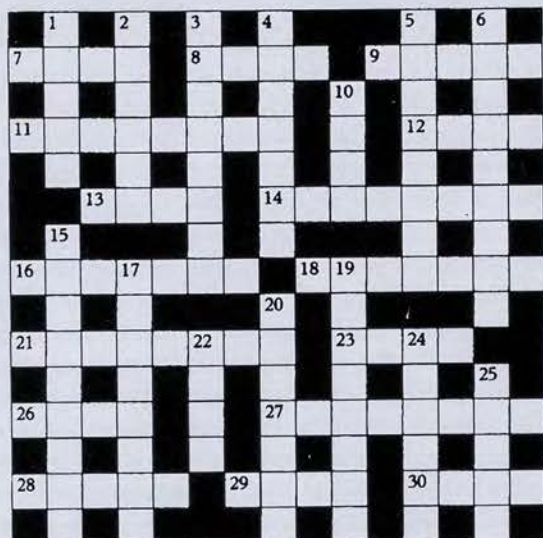
Even if you do not accept the basic thesis: there are definite pluses. It's a Petworth book and an outsider's look at contemporary Petworth. Jewelle, of course, as the seventeenth century Catherine James' alter ego, would dispute being an outsider at all, simply someone returning after three hundred and fifty years! Certainly Ros, Ann and Co are attractive representatives of present-day Petworth.

Jewelle is an honest, almost ingenuous, writer quite willing to share her thoughts with the reader. She introduces us to a world of psychics and mediums and makes that world sympathetic. These people are not portrayed as weirdos, still less as charlatans. It's salutary to see them from this angle. They represent another, conceivable, way of thinking. Few will accept all that Jewelle claims, but if you accept a little, all kinds of 'certainties' will begin to crumble. Perhaps it's no bad thing if they do.

One last point, in my own alter ego as seventeenth century Master Philp, I ask Catherine to dance. Sensibly she declines, seeing John in the distance. She had a lucky escape, I've never been able to dance a step and no doubt never will now! Like '*Just Imagine*' '*All You Need is Love*' is a bright, lively read. It's available from Ros (342953) or at the March Book Sale.

P.

Deborah's Sussex Crossword



Across

- 7 Jack, Jill or Sally (4)
- 8 Works in garden, damaging shoe (4)
- 9 Devil's -----, south of Treyford (5)
- 11 Was the Blackdown home of 21 ac. (8)
- 12 Get rid of Len – then find some time in Earnley! (4)
- 13 Remove a heavy weight from pretty village, then giddy-up! (4)
- 14 Dialect word for vermin, or more often for rascals! (8)
- 16 Downland pool (7)
- 18 "The Blue Idol" early Quakers' meeting house is near this small village (7)

Down

- 21 Victorian Poet Laureate who ended his days living at 11 ac. (8)
- 23 Retain part of a castle? (4)
- 26 A Sussex hassock or footstool (4)
- 27 Towers built along the coastline during Napoleonic Wars (8)
- 28 A singular noise for a village near Stedham (5)
- 29 and 10dn Traditional Chichester event (4,4)
- 30 Sussex basket first made at Herstmonceux (4)

- 2 Not so fast! (Sounds like a possible name for someone gathering 29 ac.) (6)
- 3 A village between Singleton and Goodwood, and the nearby haunted forest (8)
- 4 Sixties hair-do and a home fit for a queen! (7)
- 5 High spot on A29, named after the nearby village, once home of John Galsworthy (4,4)
- 6 The church here was built on a Saxon burial ground and Cardinal Newman was once its curate (9)
- 10 See 29 ac.
- 15 Hill near Woolbeding, one of a line used in C19th for semaphore communication (9)
- 17 Very sorry – sounds as if it's dark when imprisoned (8)
- 19 Rose and teak together make a source of wood – once important in ship building (3,5)
- 20 Confused seamen learning to make paints (7)
- 22 Fittleworth inn, popular subject for artists (4)
- 24 Seen on t.v. - things going on (6)
- 25 Jack, Jill or Sally could have given you some (5)

Solution to 114

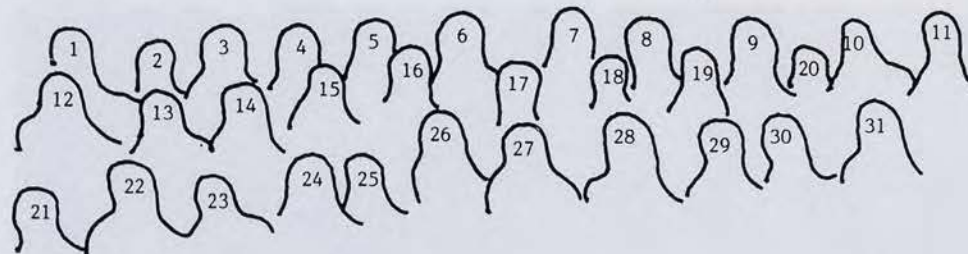
Across 2 Bored, 5 Cheese, 8 Rue, 9 Friary, 10 Neil, 12 Lays, 13 Hammer, 15 Ruby, 16 Paths, 17 Owl, 19 Ebb, 20 Edict, 21 Moor, 26 Record, 28 Dell, 30 Fair, 31 Fatted, 32 New, 33 Alison, 34 Roses.

Down 1 Harbour, 2 Beelzebub, 3 Raffle, 4 Dairymaids, 5 Carp, 6 Steam, 7 Flora, 11 Oak, 14 Chichester, 18 Woodlands, 22 Railway, 23 Craft, 24 Art, 25 Slides, 27 Chill, 29 Barn.

Here and There

Keith's research on John Bartlett's school photograph (Magazine 114) has produced most of the names and we append a suggested list.

Our thanks to the many people who have helped us. This is Keith's key with the names:



- | | | |
|--------------------|----------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Carole Dormer | 11. Michael Hackford | 21. Susan Playfoot |
| 2. Pauline Andrews | 12. Beryl Saunders | 22. Priscilla Elliott |
| 3. Lynne Chapman | 13. Harvey | 23. Philip Playfoot |
| 4. Shelia Duncton | 14. Wendy Hammond | 24. Geoff. Budd |
| 5. Sally Thorne | 15. Janet Budd | 25. Stephen Boakes |
| 6. Linda Boxall | 16. Janet Pidgley | 26. Patricia Wales |
| 7. John Goatcher | 17. John Katon | 27. Sheila Lucas |
| 8. Michael Pidgley | 18. John Bartlett | 28. Ellen Parsons |
| 9. Ian Christie | 19. ? Standing | 29. Andrew Bartlett |
| 10. Brian Dormer | 20. Kevin Saunders | 30. David Lucking |
| | | 31. Bertie Peacock |

Mrs Beryl Randall has the following suggestions for the cubs picture in the same Magazine but identification proved more difficult in the absence of any identifying 'key' diagram.
 1st on left on floor – John Katon. 2nd on right top – Ken Salter. On right of Mrs Mant – Colin Doyle. 2nd from right bottom row – Michael Harvey. 3rd from right bottom row – Leonard Peppering. 6th from right bottom row – Melvin Bridger.

Walter J. C. Murray

Further to our discussion of the book *Copsford* in previous Magazines, the Society's very good friends Mr Malcolm Walton and Mr John Pelling recall Murray as a frequent contributor to later issues of the *Old Sussex County Magazine*. They can also remember him as a regular speaker at Camera Clubs like those at Worthing and Lancing.

Ron Collins writes: 63 Rosedale Gardens, Thatcham, Berks. RG19 3LF
Tel. 01635 866268

Dear Peter,

During a clear-out, I came across this photo. I can't recall that it has ever appeared in the pages of the Petworth Magazine, and I wonder if it is of use to you and the Magazine.

I do not require it to be returned – please keep for your archives.

The photo is of my period at the school and I recall all the faces, but never had the voice to make the grade!

Happy New Year, Ron Collins

Petworth Boys School Choir 1930/31



Back Row Left – Right

Saunders Hampers Green.
G. Mayes Father Chauffeur to Lord Leconfield.
Smith Angel Street.

Back Row Left – Right continued

R. Saunders Station Road.
L. Playfoot North Street. (Butcher Saddler Row)
D. Thompson High Street.
T. Grist Grove Street. (Blacksmith's son)
Simmonds Station Road.
C. Muskett Grove Street.

Next Row Left – Right

J. Baxter Cherry Orchard. (Blacksmith's son)
Wakeford North Street.
Standing Moor Farm Lodge, Horsham Road.
Bob Green (always known as Ozzie) Black Horse, Byworth. Twin of Stan Green.
P. Hall Father Gamekeeper. Moved to Bury Gate.
Saunders Hampers Green.

Middle Row Left – Right

R. Hazelman Middle Street.
B. Miles Byworth.
H. Sheilds Park Road.
C. Sadler Cherry Orchard.
H. Tickner Byworth. (Baker's son)
Chum Whitcomb Grove Street.
F. Kenward Fox Hill.
J. Coddington East Street.

Hooper
C. Stevenson Headmaster.

Second Lower Row Left – Right

Stan Green Byworth.
Wilson Grove Street.
P. Moore New Street.
H. Saunders Station Road.
D. Boxall
Gigg Station Road.
Carver Station Road.
A. Puttick Wickers, Fox Hill.

Front Row Left – Right

Unknown
Unknown
J. Ruffle Hilliers Lodge.
Green Byworth. Eldest of the 3 boys.
Boxall Station Road.
Habgood Riverhill.

Womens' Land Army at Petworth

Bronwen Robinson sends this Womens' Land Army notification of training from 1942. Miss Linthwaite was to be trained at Petworth House Garden for six weeks. It is most unlikely that anyone will remember this, but someone may recall Mrs Bowley at Willetts. Overleaf the W.L.A. contact locally is given as Miss Podmore of Tillington Hill. Bronwen is particularly interested in W.L.A. reminiscence and mementoes and can be contacted at 51 Kensington Road, Chichester PO19 7XS.

MINISTRY OF AGRICULTURE AND FISHERIES
WOMEN'S LAND ARMY

..... West Sussex..... County Secretary
Address..... 8, Worthing Road,.....
..... Horsham.....

Dear Miss Linthwaite,.....

NOTIFICATION OF TRAINING

A four weeks' training in..... Gardening..... starting on
Monday,..... 23rd March, 1942..... has been arranged for you, as a
member of the Women's Land Army, with..... MR..... Streeter,.....
at..... Petworth House, Petworth.....

During training you will be billeted at..... Mrs. Bowley, Willetts,.....
..... Tillington, Petworth.....

The nearest station is.....

You should arrive on..... 23rd March..... Please notify
..... Mrs. Bowley..... of the time of your arrival as soon as
possible. P.T.O.

Re Ian and Pearl's Walk (Magazine 114) Mrs Ruth Lewis writes:

Plas-y-Dduallt, Maentwrog, Blaenau Ffestiniog, Gwynedd LL41 3YT
22 December 2003

Dear Editor

It was interesting to read Ian and Pearl's 'Balls Cross Walk – August 31st 2003' in the last issue of the Petworth Magazine, especially when they came upon Old House. The land around the house was rented by my father, Wilfred Morrish who lived at Great Allfields Farm for many years from the 1930's, and later by my brother Lynton. I always remember the house being empty, with a track going past it from Sparkes known as an old coaching road. There was an open area of common land next to Sparkes known as Goose Green, where we understood there used to be regular goose fairs.

My sister Judy and I used to walk to Ebernoe School over the common with other Balls Cross children until we were 11, and after that rode our ponies over it – so we knew all the paths and houses very well. We used to get to Old House from the lane beside the Stag Inn – across two fields, 9 acres and 7 acres. We then came upon a common like paddock with blackberry bushes and a winding track that we took to reach Old House. There were three fields beyond there that usually had corn in them. So at harvesting time it was a long way to and fro bringing the corn home. The binder that is referred to in Ian and Pearl's article is probably a tractor driven one from the days before my father had a combine harvester. I remember as a child travelling to and from that area with trailers drawn by horses belonging to Mr Jack Chitty our neighbouring farmer who came to help out.

I must try to walk over it again one day before I am too old to do so!

Yours faithfully, Ruth Lewis

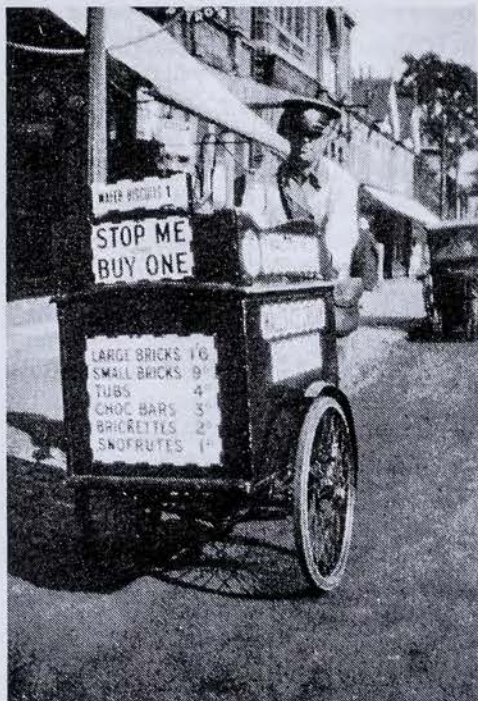
Mr King

Re Mr King the magistrate of whom a Harold Roberts sketch appeared in the last Magazine. Pam Bruce tells me that he lived at Northchapel, having bought Brookside in 1905. He was founder of the Working Men's Club and was at one time Chairman of the Parish Council. He was Mrs Bruce says, 'The first non-farmer to put something back into Northchapel' and seems to have been genuinely popular. Before coming to West Sussex he had been a solicitor in London.

Upperton (Tillington notes re Magazine 114) Jeremy Godwin observes:

Page 16 'Camomile daisies'. Are these feverfew? If so, they're still there. Page 18, 'the old house right on the road, halfway up Upperton Hill' is Hillside, in 1980 old Mr Daniels' house (Jesse Daniels); it was rebuilt after he died, retaining its outward looks. 'The causeway opposite' is the raised path to the flight of steps down to the road, at the narrow top of the hill. 'The Green', a tiny grass triangle at Westbrook House's lane-end, was paved c.1990, when cars parked on it.

Page 21. The staircase rising from behind the doorway, visible from the nave of Tillington Church, is not for 'a priest's hole', but is part of the tower previous to the present one. The doorway gave access to the medieval rood-loft, a walkway above the chancel screen, giving access to the rood/standing cross with Jesus on it) and the oil-lamps there. All these were swept away in the 16th or 17th centuries, but the doorway remains.



The ice-cream man

Glancing through the Petworth Society scrap books I found this cutting from the *Midhurst and Petworth Observer* for September 8th 1983. I do not recognise the background – Chichester? Does anyone remember Mr Haslop, who will probably be no longer with us?

Ed.

How many of our older readers in the Petworth area can remember this man?

He is Albert Edward Haslop, and in the mid-1930's, he was a regular sight on the streets of Petworth, selling ice-creams from his hand-pushed barrow.

This photograph was taken in 1934, and during the summer of that year Mr. Haslop regularly travelled between Midhurst and Petworth, selling his wares.

Now 81, he recently underwent a heart by-pass operation, but is still going strong and currently lives at Petersfield Road.

Finally this is the Swan Hotel, Petworth entry in Ashley Courtenary's *Let's Halt Awhile* (1945 Edition):

Petworth, Sussex—Swan Hotel

Tel. 2102

Petworth is a place to linger in. Apart from Petworth House, which dominates the town in the same way as the Castle rules over Arundel, there are three other objectives in Petworth—its Church, its Lombard Street, and its Swan Hotel, a Trust House in Saddlers Row. Here again is a good eating and sleeping headquarters, not only for Petworth, but for all in the immediate vicinity, especially when Peace Days come along with The Stewards Cup at Goodwood Racecourse (nine miles), and a day with the horses over the sticks at Fontwell (seven miles).

Fully licensed. 4½ gns. 10% Service charge. Gas fires in bedrooms.



The classic view of High Street from the attic window at the Cottage Museum. Photograph courtesy of Midhurst and Petworth Observer.



The bedroom at Petworth Cottage Museum. Photograph courtesy of Midhurst and Petworth Observer.

The mystery church bell of Duncton

When the old Duncton Parish church, which stood in the laneway leading up to Manor Farm at the southern end of the village was pulled down in 1876, it had a remarkable bell, which, with the old wooden half wheel, was safely conveyed the mile distance to the site of the new church at the more northern end of the village.

Mr. Frederick T. Barrett, of Sunnyside, Graffham Common, near Petworth, who has previously written two intensively interesting booklets about this part of the county, "*Graffham through a Thousand Years*", and "*The church of St. Giles, Graffham*", suggests in a new booklet which he has just published about the ancient church bells at Cocking, Heyshott, Duncton and Graffham, that this ancient bell at Duncton probably has a foreign origin. The diameter of the bell at the mouth is 23 inches and the height 19 inches.

Mr. Barrett recalls that the inscription, as recorded by Dr. Tyson in 1864, runs thus: DE FLOTHE A ...E: LA HAGUE: FET: LAN: MCCCLXIX. The H. in Flothe now looks doubtful, and there appears to be an N before the LA. La Hague is quite clear, as may be seen from an illustration which Mr. Barrett has of a rubbing made by Mr. Francis W. Steer, the County Archivist, and if we could but know what the missing letters are our problem would be solved, says Mr. Barrett.

Quoting from his booklet, Mr. Barrett says: "It has generally been assumed that the bell is of Dutch origin. The authorities at the Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam, tell me, however, that they can find no trace of a bellfounder of the name of De Flothe, and, further, that Flothe is not a Dutch name. They add that the inscription is hardly likely to refer to the Dutch Hague at so early a date as 1369, when it was only a very small village. There was a castle at La Hague owned by the Counts of Holland. This still stands, but there is no possibility of bells being hung in the towers. There was also a monastery in the locality, but it had no tower. So one turns to France which has its Hagues. If it is a French Hague, Normandy is indicated. Monsieur de Bouard, Dean of the Faculty of Letters at Caen University, has an intimate knowledge of that area, and points out that there is in La Hague a small village called Flottemanville-Hague. So the inscription may refer to a place, and not to a founder. De Flotte is a Breton surname."

Mr. Barrett says that up to the present time the Antiquaires de France have not been able to give him any definite conclusion on the problem. Recalling the times when the men of Winchelsea and Rye were so often in conflict with the Frenchmen from over the water, Mr. Barrett suggests that the bell may be of French origin. Quoting further from his book, Mr. Barrett says: "How did such a bell get to England? Its date, 1369, is significant. In 1377 the French sacked Rye, and carried off eight bells from the church there. The next year saw the inevitable reprisal. Listen to Stow: "The men of Winchelsea and Rye gathered a great number of people together, and embarked themselves towards Normandy, desirous to requite the losses which before they had received; and so in the night arriving in a towne called Peters-Haven, entered the same, slaying so many as they met, and those whom they think able to pay ransome they carry to their ships: they spoyled the houses, with the Churches where they

found many rich spoles which sometime had been by the Frenchmen set from Rye, and especially the bells and such like which they shipped ..." Did a French bell accompany the Rye ones?

Having arrived in England, how did the bell find a resting place at Duncton? Duncton had early connections with Lewes Priory, as the chapelry, with lands, tithes and pastures was made over to the monks about 1140 A.D. The great Priory may have been offered the bell by those old commandos, or the Priory may have claimed it. Duncton had no bell, and the Prior sent this French example to his outlying possession! "Does this make an undue strain on the reader's credulity?" Mr. Barrett asks!

From Garland, Petworth.

[This Garland article from the 1950s seems well worth reprinting. Can anyone add to it? Ed]

Sherbet Fountains and other random recollections (3)

Sherbet Fountains

On Fridays when Mother met us from school she would give us girls a penny each which was a lot of money when she was only on a widow's pension, though she did take in some washing and do fruit picking in the season which of course soon got spent on clothes. Fortunately for me Miss Agnes Daintrey was a governess to some young girls and as they were a bit older and bigger than me I would get their 'left-off' clothes, which were very nice. Anyway Mother would give us girls the penny each and Kathleen Hunt's mother would do the same though they were often quite hard up, as Sid her father was a carpenter and what with the depression he often found it quite difficult to get work. Joan's mother would give us 'tuppence' each as they were a little better off, for Bill worked for Austens at Petworth where he was a tinker and would do a lot of the repair work in the workshop at the back of the shop and was on a better wage than a lot of men. So every Friday we had fourpence to spend and Mother would take us to Ricketts sweet shop in Sadlers Row where the café is now. Our main objective was to buy as many sweets as possible for the fourpence, many of the sweets were a ¼ of a pound for a penny though better ones were tuppence a ¼ and a bar of chocolate was one penny. Sherbet fountains were two a penny and in the summer we would often buy two sherbet fountains and eat them as we walked home over the Sheepdowns, Mother would eat my liquorice as I have never liked it. By the time that we got to the Virgin Mary Spring a good deal of the sherbet would be gone so we would tear off the top of the packet and put it under the spring and make a fizzy drink. The resulting drink tasted rather a lot of soft, soggy cardboard; in fact I can still taste it to this day. Not so long ago I spotted some sherbet fountains in the post office and I bought myself one and I still didn't like the liquorice after all those years. A favourite sweet of mine was aniseed balls, that is until Vera Green who was a couple of

years older than me gave me so many that I was violently sick and I never liked them again. I can remember it quite clearly for it was at the Girls' School and Joan who was with me got in quite a state shouting, "It's pink sweets miss, pink sweets!" She was rather put out because she hadn't been given any. I got sent home for the rest of the day. Getting back to the sweet shop I remember that there was one particular family who were very poor and quite often two of the girls would watch us through the shop window choosing our sweets, Mother would always insist that I offer them some when we came out of the shop. Talking of sharing I can remember a time when I was about three that I was taken to a Rectory fete at Petworth by my mother and aunt. At that time the Workhouse was still down the bottom of North Street and the men used to wear long grey coats like a uniform and there were a group of them sitting on a long seat and Mother turned around to discover me missing and she found me offering my sweets to the old men. Mother didn't stop me as she thought I was doing the right thing by sharing my sweets.

As I said earlier, in the summertime we would come home from school over the Sheepdowns, and often we would take our shoes and socks off and run across the grass in our bare feet. Joan being a dirty little monkey would always find the cow pats and stamp her bare feet into them and the mess would go all up her legs. She would have to wash her feet in the Virgin Mary Spring before she went home, for her mother was so strict and house proud. In fact I would say she was the most house proud woman that I have ever met, they lived in what is now April Cottage and every day she would scrub down the red brick court until it sparkled and when Joan got home from school she would have to take off her shoes before treading on the bricks to get indoors. In the morning Joan would go to school in a clean frock and when she came home at lunch time she would have to put on a clean one before returning to school, her mother could not bear the idea of Joan wearing a dirty dress. The family lived in the kitchen of the cottage and I once heard her say that no one had ever sat on her sitting room furniture.

Byworth Bonfire

Arthur Older who had the shop in Petworth lived up at the Hollies after Peter Jerrome's grandparents moved out. Anyway Mr Older always organised the celebration on Bonfire Night and the youngsters would parade a guy through the village collecting the odd farthing or two, I suppose to put towards fireworks or something. The bonfire was always up in the Hollies garden and it was an eagerly awaited event in the Byworth calendar. One year my uncle made the guy and he hung it up in the shed, well I didn't know he had even made the guy and I was sent out to fetch in some kindling. I opened the shed door and there in front of me was this strange man, I tore back indoors to tell my mother who followed me out to the shed, gingerly she opened the door and there was the life size guy in one of my uncle's full length coats, we laughed and laughed when we realised what it was. When the guy was taken round the village it would be put on a wooden trolley with a box on top. Bonfire Night was the only night after dark that we would go right to the other end of the village to the crossroads, and we had torches that wouldn't be allowed now, which Bill Hunt used to make. Each torch would just be a thick stick with an old treacle tin nailed to the top and a rag saturated in paraffin which when lit would go up like a flare. As we made our way back through the village we

would make as much noise as possible and shout out "Guy, Guy, stick him up high" at the top of our voices. We would call at every house as we passed and we would always get something in our collection tin. The first bonfire that I went to was in the meadow at the bottom of 'The Spout' which Alf Green from the pub used to superintend as the meadow belonged to him. Grandfather would buy us a few fireworks, as did old Jesse Clark. The bonfires ceased before the war when the bigger girls left school and went into service and there just weren't enough children to carry it on.

Windfall

Most every family had one of those little trucks upon which the guy was carried as it was long before the days of rubbish collections and so once or twice a year the truck was loaded with rubbish and pushed or pulled up the Hollow to the Welliggers' Arms and across Low Heath to Plum Pudding Corner where there was a tip. Of course you didn't have anywhere near the amount of stuff to throw away that you have today, hardly any tins or jars and if you did have jars you would wash them out and use them for jam or pickle or such like, paper was always burnt and peelings would go on the compost pile or be given to the chickens or pigs if you had any, so there wasn't a lot of waste. This procession up to the tip usually took place on a Saturday and quite often two or three families would go together but as we got older just us children would do it. On the way back across the common we would fill the truck up with windfall wood for the fire at home.

Games

There were a lot more children in Byworth when I was young and we would often congregate outside number 376E where we lived then and we would play games in the lane. Of course in the wintertime this only happened on Saturday afternoons as we would have jobs to do in the morning, and Sundays would be for church or chapel. Rounders was a favourite game but instead of having to hit stumps to get your opponent dismissed you had to hit their legs as they ran which meant that the runner spent a good deal of his time leaping around to avoid the ball. If the striker hit the ball hard enough it would end up over the wall in my grandfather's vegetable garden. This was not so bad in the winter but if it happened in the growing time then we were under strict orders to leave it there until he dug his potatoes later in the year. The only way to retrieve the ball was to wait until he went off to work at Bailliewick and then get up onto the wall with a clothes prop and rake the ball off. In the autumn we would be allowed out until dusk and then our favourite games was 'Starlight, Moonlight, the Bogey won't be out tonight', and we would start at the top of the road and somebody would go off and hide but we always knew where they would be hidden for it was either up the drive where old Master Hall lived or behind the big doors at the Black Horse or perhaps up the drive opposite which used to be called 'The Yard' but I don't suppose anybody calls it that any more. Of course they could hide in the big hollow elm or perhaps down by 'The Spout', but there were strict self-imposed restrictions on how far we would go after dark and even though we roughly knew where everyone was hiding it never seemed to affect our enjoyment of the game.

Petworth Fair

I never went to Petworth Fair until I was six, Mother didn't think I was old enough until

I had started school. Mother collected Joan and me from school and we made our way down New Street, it would have been quicker to use High Street but for some unknown reason Mother would never go down that street though she would never say why. Anyway I felt quite wealthy for I had one and sixpence to spend. Grandfather had given me sixpence as had my aunt and uncle, and I was allowed to have sixpence out of my own savings. I can always remember the strange sensation of walking down New Street and being able to see the bright lights ahead but not hearing any noise, it is a phenomenon which I believe is peculiar to New Street though I don't know why, it just seems that noise does not carry along it. The first thing we did was go on the children's roundabout which stood in front of Eagers in the Square, it was run by the Hammond family and the son would stand in the middle and wind the handle which turned the roundabout. Old Mrs Hammond kept a long stall in front of the solicitor's office; she must have been very old as my mother remembered her as being quite old when she was a child. Mrs Hammond always had a clean white apron on and she would sell all manner of things on her stall, glass vases, children's toys, and brandy snaps, Mrs Hammond was famous for her brandy snaps, not rolled like today but flat almost the size of a saucer, and they were a penny each when I was a child though Mother could remember them being a halfpenny. I always bought three brandy snaps, one for myself, one for my grandfather and one for my uncle. Mother on the other hand would buy one for herself and one for my aunt. We always had a special tea on Petworth Fair day, other days it would be just bread and butter with cake at weekends, but Petworth Fair day we had soused herrings for tea. Fielders the fish people used to come up from Worthing every week with an open backed lorry and they would make sure that their visit coincided with the fair and it seemed to be a tradition that people had herrings for tea on that day. The herrings were priced according to their size, so if you had ten for a shilling then you had a nice size, the fourteen for a shilling ones were of course much smaller. We always had six pennyworth which was enough for our tea when we got home. I don't know how my aunt used to cook them because I have tried and they don't taste a bit the same. The swinging boats were always situated at the top of the road leading to the Golden Square and they belonged to Andrew Smith who also had his coconut shy in front of it. The roundabouts belonged to the Matthews family at that time, apart from the little one that belonged to the Hammonds. Mr Matthews always wore a half top hat, which was one that was not so tall as a full one. Mr Smith however always wore a bowler and would sit alongside his coconut shy taking the money and handing out the wooden balls. The stalls and rides were lit by lamps, no electric lights then, just big tins full of paraffin soaked rags giving out a bright flickering light. It wasn't long before the fair began to generate its own electricity for the lights and this came from a big old traction engine that stood over by the Leconfield Hall. Hammond's traction engine and living van always stood in Lombard Street but most vans were parked up out of the way at Hampers Common.

(To be continued)

Joy Gumbrell was talking to Miles Costello.

'The Greatest Rascal I Ever Heard Of' – William Tyler, the 3rd Earl's man of business

William Tyler, legal agent to the 3rd Earl of Egremont from 1801 until his death in 1835, is a name that constantly occurs in records relating to Petworth town, and to the whole estate. His unpopularity in the town has been referred to before, but no attempt has previously been made to put together the history of his life, as far as it can be discovered.

He was born in c1764, probably in Lewes, although no baptism can be found. He was the eldest son of William Tyler and his wife Elizabeth neé Halsted. William and Elizabeth had four more children, Ann (1766-1794) George (1768-1770) Elizabeth (1771 -?) and Sarah (1777-1860) the latter of whom was to figure largely in William the younger's life. William Tyler senior was a yeoman, and one of the principal landowners in the Lewes area in 1798, despite an anonymous letter in 1812 referring to his son as "raised ... from a dunghill". After his first wife died, William Tyler senr. remarried in 1796, to Elizabeth Bull. He died in 1817, described in the Lewes burial register as of Clandon, Surrey, where he also had property.

In 1781, William junr. was articled for 5 years to William Carleton of Petworth, gent, an attorney, where one of his duties was to look after the household disbursements. When his articles expired, he was engaged as a clerk, for 2 years, by James Upton Tripp, legal agent to the 3rd Earl of Egremont. By 1793, he was in partnership with Tripp.

In 1797, it is possible that Tripp was regretting this, because a very unpleasant allegation was made against Tyler. Henry Hide, son of a local farmer, told Tripp that "about 8 years ago.. about 8 o'clock, Mr. Tyler or some such person behaved very rude to him by drawing on him and putting his affairs in his hand and pulling down his breeches..... That he never mentioned it to his Father and Mother notwithstanding he was then 14 years old and only mentioned it 5 or 6 weeks ago" Tripp's conclusion after hearing the evidence was "that Mr Tyler did not commit an Unnatural Crime, but made an attempt".

If the allegation was true, or even if it was simply widely believed, it might explain the animosity felt against Tyler locally, and some of the actions against him. However, it did not stop his rise in his profession, for when Tripp died in 1801 Tyler succeeded him as legal agent to the 3rd Earl of Egremont. One of his first actions seems to have been to query his predecessor's accounts, which he checked from late 1770s on.

In 1805 Tyler received an anonymous letter, as a result of his involvement in the prosecution of Lt. Thomas Spry, leader of the Littlehampton press-gang, for illegally pressing two men from Storrington for service in the Navy. The letter, signed Peter Pindar junr. accused Tyler of "attacking the Navy and the man above all other who had been... clearing your county of all the vile fellows, thieves, robbers, except yourself who from your present proceedings, seems to be the greatest Rascal I ever heard of, a Double Eyed, Double Hearted, Back Door Villain". The writer threatened to "tell the world who you are and caution every body to take care of their Breech. O you vile rascal you have led my Lord Egremont astray and will ruin his reputation"

There is a tradition that in 1810, thieves broke into Tyler's office in East St and stole the money which was to pay the estate workers, but no reference to this has been found in the sources so far.

In 1812, someone played an unkind trick on Tyler. In May of that year, he received a letter purporting to come from George Halford, the cook at the Earl's London house in Grosvenor Square. In it, he reported that the Earl had had an apoplectic fit and was not expected to recover. Not surprisingly, Tyler rushed up to London, hiring a chaise at a cost of 1s 6d to do so, only to find on his arrival that the Earl was fit and well. If he hoped to keep the matter quiet, his anonymous tormentor ensured that he could not. An anonymous letter describing the hoax was sent to Edward Tooth, a hatter in Petworth:

"A Country Attorney hoax'd. The Agent for a Lord not 12 miles from Arundel yesterday received a letter from His Lordship's Cook in town, informing him my Lord had died of an apoplectic fit, and requesting his immediate attendance in Town, whereupon (having gorged the bait) he flies post-haste up to Town and being ushered into his Lordship's room the dead lord lifted up his head and with a loud voice exclaimed "You dam'd fool, go back and mind my business." This unexpected scene operated so powerfully on the panic-struck attorney as to throw him into strong convulsions in which deplorable state he still remains. This hoax is not very highly relished in the neighbourhood where he is universally beloved and esteemed as an accomplished gentleman who by his own merit has raised himself from a dunghill to be an ornament to his profession and to Society and has got an unimpeachable character for Honour and Integrity"

The perpetrator of the hoax was never discovered, though there were suspicions that it might have been a London tradesman who was disgruntled over the settling of his bill. But at least the Earl repaid Tyler for the cost of hiring the post chaise to London. Fortunately Tyler had not spread the news of the supposed critical condition of the Earl before he dashed up to London. The incident obviously did not prejudice the Earl against him, as in 1813, he increased the fee which Tyler was paid.

Whatever the Earl thought of Tyler, he was certainly unpopular in the community at large. According to *Tales of Old Petworth*, at an unspecified date a tramp called Bandy was hired by Jem Haslett to sing obscene songs about Tyler, and on another occasion, effigies of Tyler and his servant Richard Goatcher were paraded at Egdean fair. In 1834 four Petworth men, led by Charles Herrington, who was often in trouble with the authorities, were prosecuted at the Assizes for parading a gibbet around the streets of Petworth, with two effigies hanging from it. One, identified as Tyler, had labels stating "Iniquity rewarded" and "a preventive to the corruption of youth". The other effigy, which was unidentified, but might well have been Richard Goatcher, was labelled, "Jackal, the Bulldog's Provider".

It may not have been just Tyler's alleged sexual proclivities that made him unpopular. In 1823 he attempted to lower the wages of the workers on the estate. There are numerous complaints about his manner of treating people, even those who were his social equals. It was implied that his language and behaviour were not those of a gentleman. His nephew Thomas Gould described him in 1826 as "perhaps sometimes rather hasty." Tyler himself complained of people's behaviour towards him. In 1814 he complained to the Earl of the "gross and

unprovoked ill-treatment" which he had suffered at the hands of William Holmes, an Arundel attorney, when Tyler attended as a witness in an arbitration dispute. In 1825, as a result of Tyler querying his accounts, William Knapman, who ran the Earl's London house, used gross language to Tyler, and squared up to him, ready for a fight.

With the Earl of course Tyler had to take care, but from time to time he was obviously in disfavour. In 1816 he apologised for having asked for a Christ's Hospital nomination for one of his nephews, and in the same year he was embarrassed by his brother in law who was proving to be a bad tenant of one of the Earl's properties. In 1826 he wrote "it would not become me to reply to your Lordship" but complained of "the indignities which I have lately been subjected to". Nearly a year later, he referred to the Earl's "present prejudices" which meant that he could not "calculate on any favour".

But his relations with the Earl were not always bad. He was often given the use of the Earl's theatre or opera boxes if none of the Earl's family or friends wanted them. He borrowed books from the Earl's library. In 1822, just after the death of the Countess of Egremont, the Earl's estranged wife, Tyler asked the Earl "May I be permitted to ask for some article (not for its pecuniary value) for myself in remembrance of her Ladyship in bygone and better days?".

What else do we know of Tyler? We know he was a great walker in his youth. We know that he had become short-sighted by 1818. His household included a cook-housekeeper, a housemaid, and a "strong girl", as well as Richard Goatcher, who was originally his footman. In the 1820s, he seems to have had trouble keeping a satisfactory housekeeper, writing repeatedly to the Earl about his search for a replacement.

He also took into his household his sister Sarah's sons. The first two, Thomas and William, did not please their uncle, and were sent away again, William in particular being in disgrace with his uncle, to the extent of being described as his "imprudent nephew" in his will of 1829. Thomas' letter of advice to their younger brother Richard, when he was being taken into Tyler's household in 1825, gave a vivid picture of the atmosphere of the household. He wrote of their uncle:

"You will find Mr. Tyler a kind generous benefactor, perhaps sometimes rather hasty, but soon and easily appeased. You must consider the multiplicity of his business, the importance of which keeps his mind constantly employed, and leaves him little leisure to attend to every frivolous affair that may occur among his servants. It is natural for a person of his age, and so much employed when abroad, to wish for peace and quiet at home and to dislike wrangling etc. among his dependants and domestics. The servants give little consideration to these matters, but if you are careless about your uncle's comforts, how can you expect him, who has already conferred so many benefits on our family to keep you to produce quarrels and breed disgrace in his household"

"Be deaf to every slander you may hear cast on any person, be no talebearer and never forget yourself so far as at any time to rail against your benefactor and superior in office."

It would seem that there was some disloyalty amongst the servants, for Thomas warned Richard "You will often hear the servants and other speaking against your Uncle, but



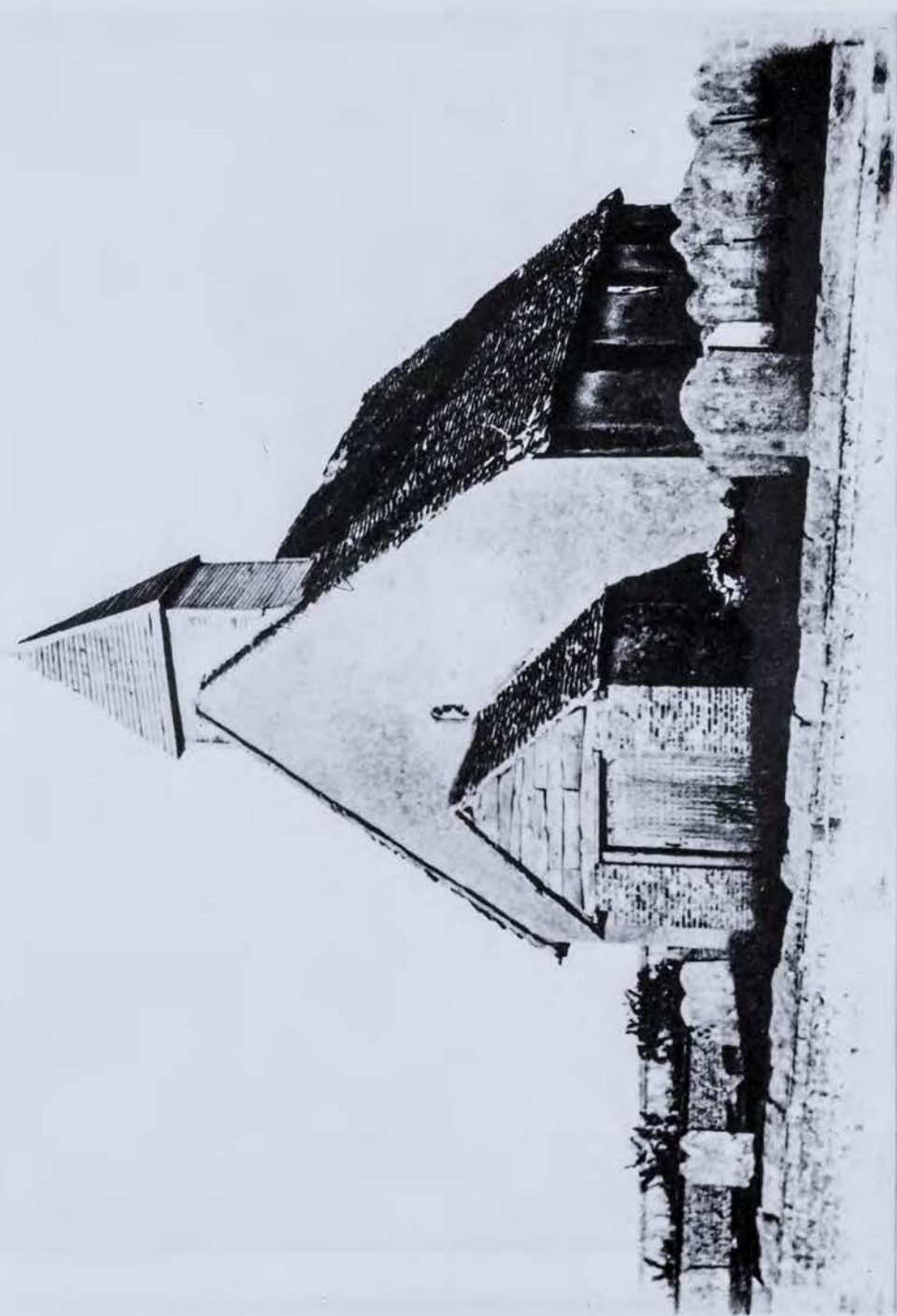
Byworth Post Office in the late 1920s. Photograph by George Garland. See "Sherbet Fountains and other random recollections".



A 1933 Harold Roberts cartoon – outside Cockshutts in the Market Square. Subject not known.



Another Harold Roberts cartoon. Clearly Mr Boxall the auctioneer.



Old Duncton Church. See "The mystery church bell of Duncton".

seem never to take any notice". He also advised him on his attitude towards the housekeeper, Phyllis Caiger, and towards Richard Goatcher. "The Housekeeper being the only person you will have to submit to, which she being mistress of the house, you must of course do, behave respectfully to her and with affability to the servants. Interfere not with the concerns of Richard Goatcher or his family in any way, and do not enter the gardens and fruit grounds just when you please, or for what you please, without the permission of your Uncle himself, as by offending Richard Goatcher you may injure yourself considerably, he having by [*illegible word*] service great influence with his master."

Richard seems to have made a success of his residence with his uncle, as he was taken into his office as clerk in 1827. However, he underwent an evangelical conversion by 1828, and eventually became minister of Byworth Congregational Church. His brother John was the one who became a solicitor.

Tyler supported his sister Sarah and her husband and her numerous family. He had at least three of the boys living with him from time to time, and when he died, his three unmarried nieces were living with him. He left large sums of money in trust for all his nephews and nieces, as well as an income to his sister, and an annuity to her husband. He left generous sums of money to his clerks. He left his housekeeper, Phillis Caiger an annuity of £20. An annuity of £30 p.a. to Richard Goatcher was revoked by an 1834 codicil to the will, and instead, his wife Jane was given an annuity of £20 for her sole use, free from interference from her husband. There were also legacies to their two children and their nephew. In all, Tyler's legacies amounted to over £35,000, plus annuities for £150. He also left eleven different properties. He had obviously been very successful in his business life.

He undoubtedly owed his success to his hard work and efficiency. He ran the extensive Sussex estates for the 3rd Earl, but also travelled to Yorkshire and to Cumberland in connection with legal and estate business. Shortly before his death in 1835, the Earl also gave him the responsibility for the western estates. He dealt with the purchase and sale and lettings of properties; transacted legal business and brought criminal prosecutions; and set up and administered detailed accounting systems for what was a very large organisation. He also represented the Earl's interest on local committees. In addition to the work for the Earl, he maintained a private legal practice. No wonder his nephew referred to "the multiplicity of his business".

Tyler died in October 1835, rather suddenly, after a few week's illness. We may never know precisely why he was so unpopular. It may have been caused by a common belief about his sexual proclivities. He was obviously a difficult personality, rude and abrasive. His very efficiency may have offended some who were trying to make more profit than was their due in their transactions with the estate. Whatever the reason, his unpopularity was such that a legend grew up (unsubstantiated so far) that after his death, people filled his grave with cabbage stumps, and danced on it.

Alison McCann

The Half Moon Inn 1666–1900

Positioned on the elevated northern side of the Market Place, the *Half Moon Inn* dominated its immediate surroundings much like its successor the National Westminster Bank does today. The grand double frontage of the inn, solidly built from ashlar-stone, projected deep into the busy Market Place. The entrance, with its huge lantern suspended high above the doorway opened directly onto the rough stone and pitch of the crudely made highway. Seen from the Market Place the imposing facade of the inn concealed a labyrinth of yards, barns, hovels and stables; ancillary buildings essential to the running of a busy nineteenth century posting inn.



The Half Moon Inn in 1896. A Brydone family photograph.

In the absence of an early picture of the inn and in order to place the property in relation to its surroundings the following legal document, written in 1804 gives a detailed description of both the north and west sides of the Market Place.

"All that freehold messuage tenement or dwellinghouse brewhouse washhouse and yard commonly called or known by the name or sign of The Half Moon Inn situate standing and being in or near the Market Place of the town of Petworth and bounded towards the south by the Market Place and the street leading to the Swan Inn, towards the east by the messuages or tenements now or late of William Upton and William Taylor, towards the north by Sir

George Pecknells house late called The Blackhorse, and towards the east by the Back Lane leading from the Half Moon Inn to the Church - and also all those stables coach houses late slaughterhouse and now a stable, buildings and gardens situate standing lying and being in or near the town of Petworth aforesaid and bounded towards the south by the house and garden late of Henry Hind and now of William Knight, towards the east by the said Back Lane leading from the Half Moon Inn to the Church, towards the north by the Back Lane leading from the Pound Street to the Church, and towards the west by the said last mentioned lane and a building heretofore a wheelers shop belonging to John Goldring."

For those unfamiliar with the position of 'Sir George Pecknells house' or the route of the Back Lane, it may help to explain that the inn effectively enclosed the area now occupied by the National Westminster Bank, along with the land immediately behind - which is now developed but was formerly home to the Iron Room. The sizeable yards and gardens that went with the inn stretched across the road to take in the site of the modern Red Cross Centre along with the Market Square Garage and much of the land back to Park Road and opposite the entrance to the Leconfield Estate yard; a considerable area by any standards and much larger than its near neighbour and commercial rival the *Swan* which occupied the southwest side of the Market Place.

The ancient title of the land is *Mewys*, a name long lost except perhaps in old Market Place deeds. An early owner was one Thomas Telying who rather oddly lends his name not to our property but to a neighbouring copyhold known even today as *Teelings*. Of the earliest years little is known and we must speculate when attributing to the inn its first host. Previous writers have suggested that an Edward Martin may well have been the original owner, plying his business during the first half of the seventeenth century. Martin certainly owned the property and we know that as an ale-connor or inspector of ale he had close connections with the trade though we have no real evidence to prove that he was the first landlord.

To gather firm evidence for the earliest existence of an inn on the site is difficult. We do know that the bureaucrat Sir Giles Mompesson makes no charge against a half Moon when registering and licensing Petworth inns in the early years of the seventeenth century.ⁱ We must therefore move forward to 1666 and the presentation of Thomas Moody, who had incidentally purchased the property from the ale-connor's widow Alice, to the manorial court on a charge of obstructing the Market Place.ⁱⁱ The offending obstacles would appear to be building or demolition materials the presence of which had clearly upset other traders in the town. Perhaps a new inn was under construction at the time? Moody is rather generously given time to clear the materials with only the threat of a fine if he fails to carry out the orders of the court. It would appear that our owner was not the only culprit, for some two decades later the manorial court is still complaining of 'the foulness of all the Market Place'.ⁱⁱⁱ We can only assume that Moody complied with the order and nothing else is heard of either him or the *Half Moon* until 1674 when he once again appears before the court, though on this occasion he is simply applying for permission to make a connection into the upper conduit near the church in order to provide water to a tank in the *Half Moon Yard*. While the inn itself was probably well supplied with water from a conduit head in the Market Place and possibly from the adjacent and appropriately named *Wellyard* it seems likely that the additional supply was required for the ancillary buildings to the west and rear of the inn and the logical source would

be the church conduit which could be gravity fed to the yard.

While we can be certain that Moody was the owner of the property, there is no evidence to suggest that he was anything other than simply that. All records indicate that by 1674 Thomas Coward was the tenant or licensee of the inn. Little is known of Coward and less so of the following three decades of his tenancy to 1712. It was in that year that Charles Seymour the 6th Duke of Somerset purchased the property from Thomas Moody's heir John and as seems likely, retained Coward as his tenant. A succession of tenants eventually follow Coward through much of the eighteenth century concluding with William Arthur who will remain at the inn until 1786 when the third Earl of Egremont sells the property to John Upton. Like his distinguished predecessor Upton makes no effort to run the inn himself and installs tenants during his relatively brief period of ownership that ends with the repurchase of the inn by the third Earl in 1812.

It is in 1812 that the earliest of three surviving inventories are made. The first is by no means as detailed as the later ones and may well be incomplete. However it still offers us a glimpse of the inn from a distance, though several of the references are difficult to understand and really just raise new questions. The inventory covers only the bar, larder, kitchen, tap-room, dairy, corn loft and stables. No reference is made to living or sleeping rooms, and the inclusion of a tap-room would suggest that the semi-autonomous *Half Moon Tap* was not yet operating at this time. The following items are just a part of the inventory.

The engine that draws the beer from the cellar.

Three brass locks fixed, two on the great Room Doors & one on the Bar Door (before two old locks & a spring latch).

Fix'd ladder or stairs to the old Soldiers Room.

The other signs. A new one fix'd with iron to the corner of the stables.

The Great Room was probably 'the new assembly room' which Edward Betts the London decorator charged the Third Earl for painting in 1781. Later the room would become known simply as the banqueting or functions room. As to the identity of the old soldier or indeed the location of his room it is now quite impossible to say.

By comparing the two later inventories for 1878 and 1894 we are able to build up an image of the *Half Moon* at a critical period in its history. Charles Dempster had overseen the hostelry during much of the third quarter of the nineteenth century. He had successfully managed the nearby *Swan* Hotel since 1845 and probably took on a similar role at the *Half Moon* in around 1860 at about which time he was also operating the recently opened *Railway Inn* at Coultershaw.

By the time that Dempster took over the *Half Moon* the old inn was probably beginning to show signs of its age and may have been suffering from some lack of investment. In both 1878 and 1894 there were 24 bedrooms, all quite comfortably furnished. There were smoking rooms and sitting rooms, a coffee room and dining room, a bar with a speaking tube giving a direct connection to the *Swan*. The landing and stairs displayed a magnificent collection of stuffed birds, a favourite among Victorians. The 1878 bedrooms are tastefully decorated and comfortably furnished by the standards of the period. Each room heated by a stove and the floor covered with a Kidderminster carpet. Roller blinds with dwarf muslin curtain

blocked out the nightly goings on in the Market Place. A mahogany five drawer chest, a five foot wide four poster bed, various chairs, deal dressing table, a sewing frame, a japanned hip bath and washing stand complete the furnishings. The sizes of the bedrooms clearly vary and can be assessed by the differing quantities of carpet recorded for each room. Indeed several of the chambers contained more than one bed and may have been family rooms. By 1894 little seems to change in the furnishings, and indeed some of the 1878 fittings may have survived until the later inventory for the second floor landing and stair carpet is firmly described as 'much worn'. Each 1894 bedroom comes equipped with a 'Romford stove', a japanned sponge bath, a towel horse and invariably a five foot bed. Any indication of decoration in the later inventory is scarce. Bedroom 14 has a 'pair of oleographs framed and gilded', a popular form of printing in imitation of oil painting. Room 8 has '3 pencil drawings'. Sitting room 1 is quite comfortably furnished with several easy chairs and caned seats, a 6ft dining table and several other small tables and a mahogany framed sofa. Copies of the *Sporting News* and a large Bible provide reading material while a stuffed fox accompanies a portrait of the Duke of Wellington and an engraving of Tilbury Dock.

The 1894 account gives us some idea of the catering facilities offered by the inn, the crockery list includes '108 meat dishes', '52 white meat and pudding dishes', '23 cheese plates'. The cutlery list is no less impressive with '10 dozen steel forks' and 9 dozen black handled knives' to mention just a few. Clearly the inn was capable of entertaining in numbers even towards the end of its days and a photograph of the function room taken in 1885 clearly shows seating for eighty diners. Of course such a large establishment also required service rooms such as pantries, kitchens, stores and of course the servants accommodation. A well-stocked garden, yards, stables, and carriage sheds; and beer, wine and spirit cellars are all included in the inventories. The vast cellars were markedly lacking in stock in both inventories. Perhaps the reserve had been run down in the periods leading up to a change of management. Despite the apparent lack of wet stock there were in 1878 3,672 empty bottles in the wine cellar, an indication of better times perhaps? Upstairs the situation is less severe for in the bottle store we find some 600 bottles of black and 300 bottles of white wine, a considerable reserve for a provincial inn and an indication of the drinking habits of the clientele. The lack of any beer stock may well be explained by the practice of brewing all of the ale used in the Leconfield houses at the neighbouring *Swan Inn*. By 1894 the cellar inventory once again lists only dry stock, of which three huge 160-gallon gin casks and the indispensable ice safe make up a large part of the contents of the vaults.

The yards and stables had obviously formed an essential part of what was once an important coaching inn. The coming of the railway line to nearby Coultershaw in 1859 had effectively bought an end to the coaching age at Petworth. However the need for local transport continued undiminished and the *Half Moon* livery stables would remain a significant part of the commercial landscape in Petworth even after the inn itself was demolished. In 1894 there was stabling for twenty-three horses with loosebox accommodation for a further twelve animals. There was, of course, all of the paraphernalia essential to the livery business, a chaff machine and pea store, a harness room with a loft above equipped to provide basic accommodation for the ostlers and travelling grooms. Besides stabling the yard contained a

'large iron water tank, a pigeon house, large manure barrow, fowl house'. A list of carriages included a black and blue lined funeral car, a painted Victoria, a four-wheel pony chaise, a wagonette, a landau, a miniature brougham, a dogcart, a four-wheeled 'bus' capable of carrying up to thirty passengers and a smaller 'bus' to hold fifteen persons. These last two vehicles would no doubt have been used for the regular service that ran between the town and the railway station. Clearly the yard was a busy and thriving enterprise without which the inn could not survive, though perhaps they were too closely linked to stand effectively alone. For despite the yard continuing well into the twentieth century the coming of the internal combustion engine would signal the demise of such livery establishments and many would be replaced by garages serving the needs of the new generation of transport.

The reason for Dempster leaving the *Half Moon* is unclear. By the time of the 1878 inventory he was certainly in his late 50s and quite probably the pressure of running the three Leconfield inns made retirement at rural Boxgrove seem very attractive. With Dempster's departure in 1878 came new tenants in the form of Thomas and Sophie Pycroft. Like their predecessor the couple also took on the tenancies of the *Swan* and the *Railway Inn* as well as the *Horseguards* at nearby Tillington. Following her husband's death in 1882 Sophie has the licenses of all four establishments transferred into her name and business appears to have continued very much as before. By 1894 the bar had been replaced with an office from which Mrs Pycroft could command her extensive empire. The speaking tube was still in place as were the stuffed birds. Quite clearly a certain amount of modernization had taken place during the intervening years and while in 1874 no reference is made to providing conveniences for the guests, by 1894 we find a lavatory with the requisite fittings which include a toilet basin, a lead lined sink and "a stout waste pipe". The 1878 landing is tastefully decorated with views of Petworth "framed and glazed".

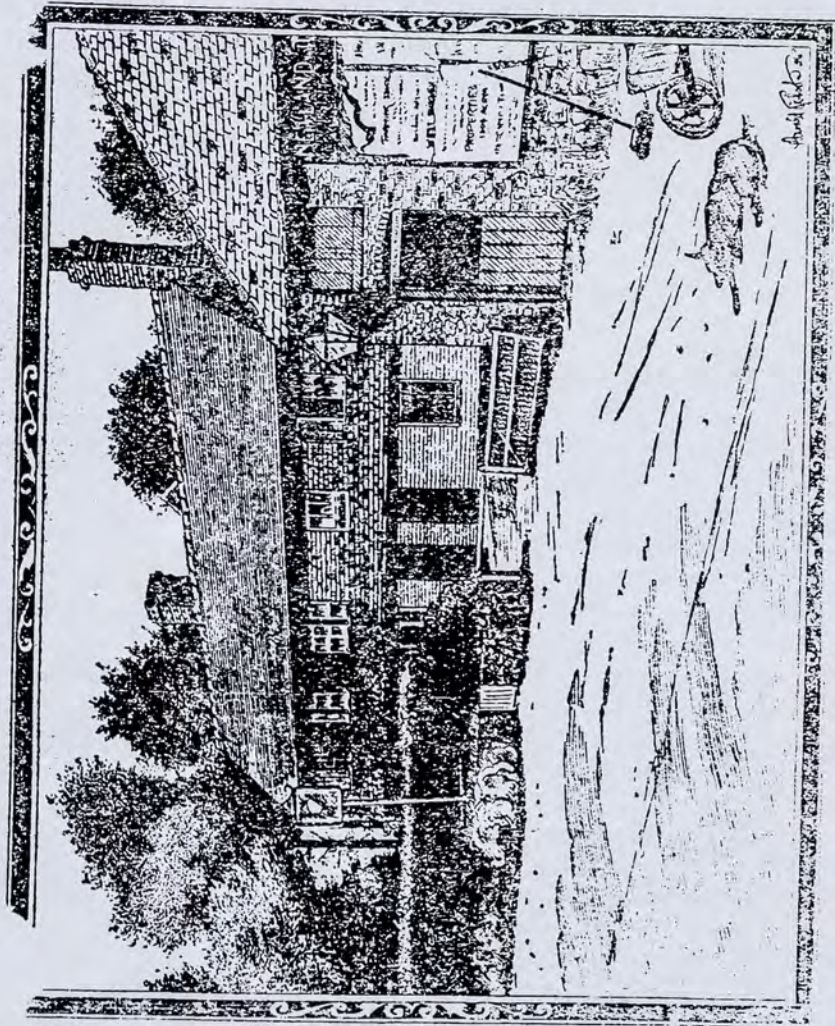
Any record of Sophie Pycroft continuing with her empire after the 1894 inventory is difficult to find. Certainly the *Swan* of which she was also tenant was demolished in 1897 and the *Half Moon* continued operating only while the new *Swan* was under construction. The old inn was finally demolished in 1900 to make way for the new bank building in a deal which involved the ownership of the Old Bank House on the west side of the Market Place being transferred to the Leconfield Estate. The passing of the *Half Moon* saw the end of an era; the last of the great Petworth coaching inns had gone, a large area of central Petworth would be redeveloped and the character of the Market Square would be changed for ever.

Oral or written recollections of the *Half Moon* are rare. However Edwin Saunders writing in the 1960s recalls the old inn during its last days and his brief reminiscence provides us with a suitable postscript. "There used to be a pub close to the *Swan* called the *Half Moon*. This was for the lower class people and they had a livery stable where they let horses and carriages on hire. I have seen many carriages and horses come out of the yard. That has been finished for some time but it is still called the *Half Moon Yard*."^{iv}

The reference to 'lower class people' is difficult to reconcile with what we know of the inn today, perhaps Edwin is mistakenly remembering the *Half Moon Tap* which stood for many years at the rear of the inn. The Tap was a beerhouse and certainly more likely to have attracted the type of customer that he refers to.

31 May 1893
 Personal Estate of Mrs. S. 74.

NOON AT THE HALF-MOON, KIRDFORD.



A different *Half Moon* - this time at Kirdford. Harold Roberts captures the sleepy feeling of noon in the 1920s. From a newspaper cutting.

Owners or Licensees of the *Half Moon* Inn with indicatory dates

Edward Martin	?	? Bradley	1788
Thomas Moody	1666	Ann Johnson	1799
John Moody	?	James Jenner	1826
Thomas Coward	1674	George Lee	1845-55
J. Roberts	1753	Charles Dempster	1858-78
Francis Graves	1762	Thos. & Sophie Pycroft	1881-88
William Arthur	1744-87	Sophie Pycroft	1888-1894

ⁱ Mompesson Licensing Accounts – Bucks. Record Office D/X 648

ⁱⁱ PHA 3955

ⁱⁱⁱ Leconfield. Petworth Manor in the Seventeenth Century

^{iv} Petworth Society Magazine issue 27

Miles Costello

Am I descended from Milton?

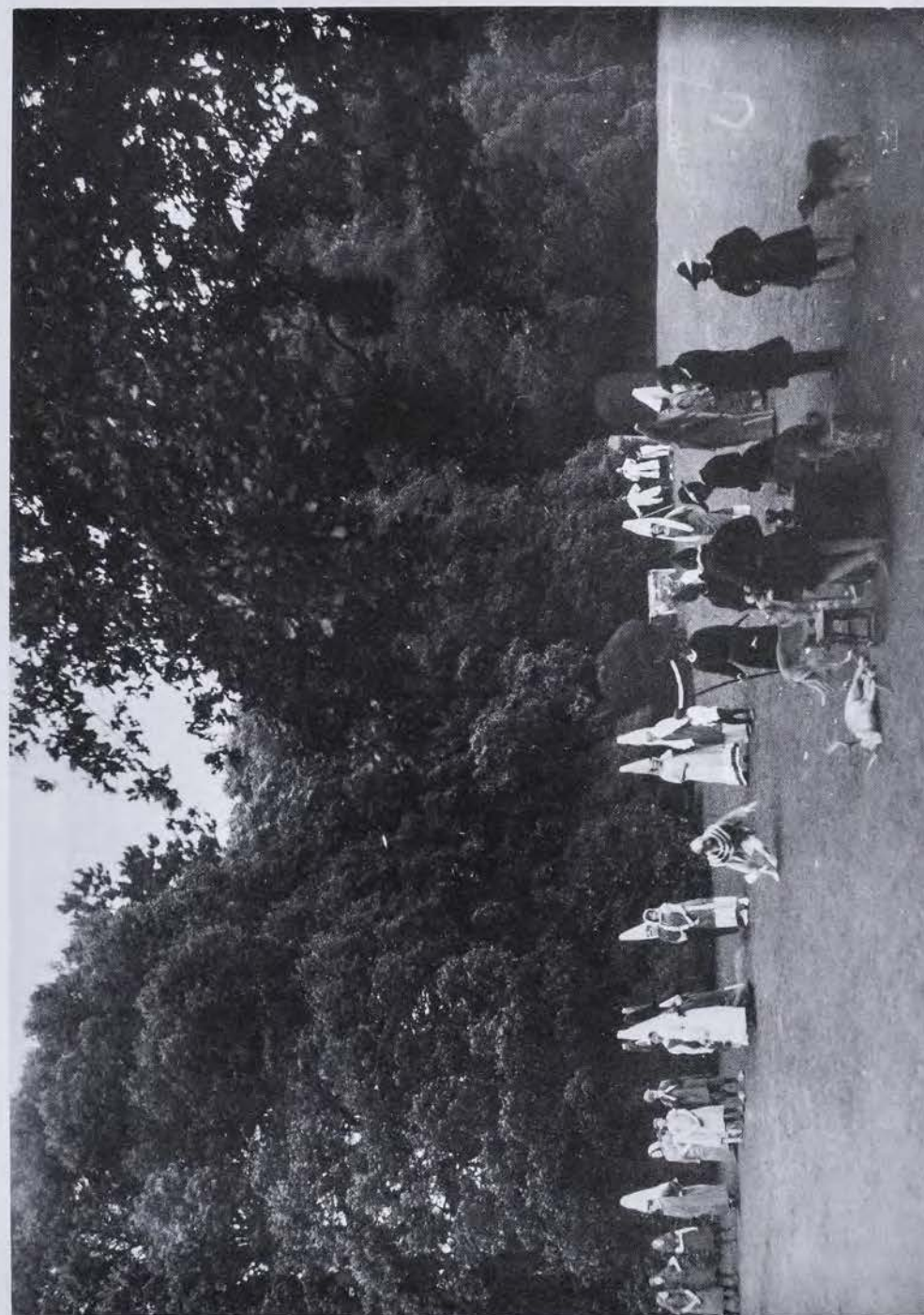
My father was Portsmouth born but my mother, born in Nottingham, came to the city with her family as an adolescent. My paternal grandmother Katherine Milton (known as Kate) was born 1865 at Petworth, West Sussex, so I did wonder whether my grandparents (Kate was the wife of Charles Prain Minter) moved to Milton in Portsmouth circa 1890 because of her name, but I never thought to ask. The legend from Kate's family was that they were descended from the poet John Milton (1608-1674) but history tells us that the line died out with the poet's grandchildren, but only because no records could be found.

My grandmother was very honest and would not have told me a false story. She certainly believed in this family legend and had always been very decisive with no doubts. I decided to prove or disprove it, which was what started me off on genealogy. I had no other roots in Hampshire so traced back Kate's family one hundred years at Petworth, then got stuck and could find none before my great-great-grandfather James Milton who became an innkeeper and brewer at Petworth.

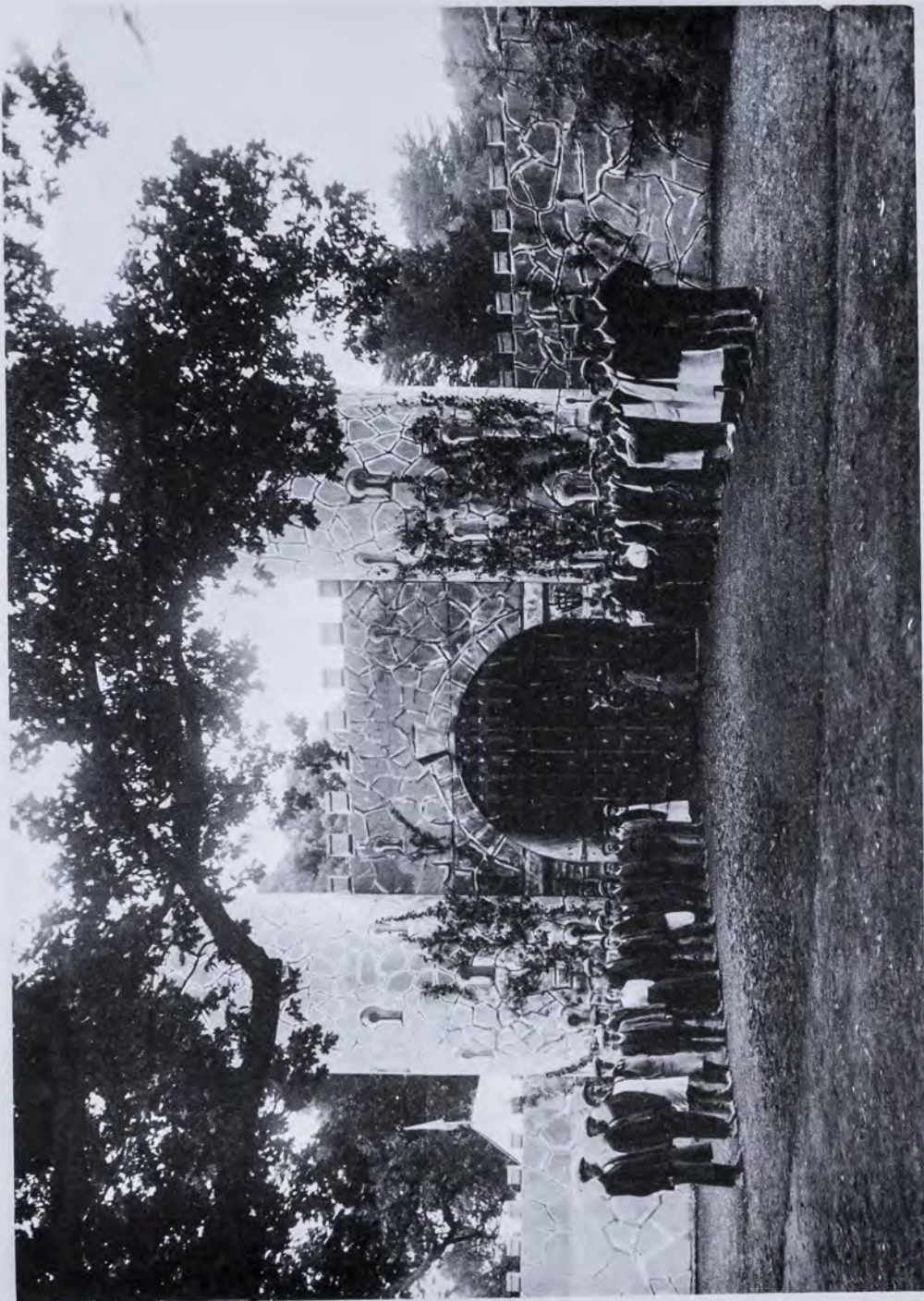
James was born in 1806 in nearby Fittleworth and had a veritable empire there with several relatives helping and employing others. He kept the White Hart Inn in the High Street and the Wheatsheaf at North Street. Both inns that James owned at Petworth are converted to private residences now.

I decided to find living descendants to try and solve my problem. I knew the name of a cousin of my grandmother who often visited her and that they had emigrated to New Zealand so my first step was to approach the New Zealand commission in London with the names of the cousin(s). They were very helpful and in good time found addresses and several of these people corresponded - all knew the legend that my grandmother had always told me.

One of these third cousins, Ralph Milton, I traced to South Africa. He continued to write



Pageant of Bignor 1912. Note ladies' headdresses and jester. Episode V Old English Sports.



Pageant of Bignor 1912. Wooden representation of Arundel Castle built by estate workmen.

to me, as he was interested in genealogy and 30 years ago he told me had sighted an ancient bible in the house of his cousin Katherine, another cousin of my grandmother. It had been published in 1629, there was no cover but there were signatures within and the inscription:- "James Milton his book. The sun (sic) of Robert Milton. His grammar (sic) Elizabeth gave him in the year 1682. Robert Milton his hand" followed by many autographs, then eventually: James Milton son of James Milton was born 17th Sept. 1721. There were no place names as often happened in those days.

Although this was exciting news I still had no clue as to where the Sussex family had originated. However, one day a new found kinsman decided in an idle moment at the Society of Genealogists to try a blanket search of the southern counties of England to find anyone of this name. When he got to Hampshire there they all were at Bentley, a village near Alton! James' father (also James) was born 1777 and yet another James, his father, b. 1751. The baby's parents, James and wife Mary Ogden married there in 1745, but where they both hailed from was another mystery.

James Milton died 1752 at Froyle. I had the IGI searched for me through every county in England, but concluded that if the Milton family had originated in London (which would link up with the poet's family) this might explain why there was no trace because many London records of the time were all destroyed.

Bentley is in the middle of hop growing country so the fact that they settled as innkeepers and brewed hops in Sussex seemed natural and tied up with their livelihood at Bentley. I wondered how the family of James born 1777 all moved to Sussex, lock, stock and barrel, perhaps on canals, but certainly our ancestors were more mobile than we think without our easy way of transport.

It has taken me many years to go back through West Sussex to North Hampshire where for one hundred years more my ancestors moved around from Bentley to Froyle and before that Headley, where Robert Milton died on 26 June 1721.

Robert and his wife Anne had 4 children at Hartley Wespall between 1687-1693, but there was still no sign of James, my furthest known ancestor. Historians have written that the poet Milton's relatives lived within the area with family members at other places in Hampshire, so why not this James? Why not Bentley?

Now I resorted to the published history of the poet. Not a lot had been written about his personal life, but in the late 19th century the best biographer, Professor David Masson, gave details of Milton's daughters; the eldest, Anne, died in childbirth with her husband's name unknown, Mary had died unmarried and Deborah Clarke (married and the youngest) had three children; Caleb, Elizabeth and Urban. Her daughter (now Elizabeth Foster whose seven children were reputed to have died before her) was found living in poverty and kept a chandler's shop at Shoreditch. She knew nothing of any cousins or relatives and little of her famous grandpa. A concert was staged of her grandfather's "*Comus*" as a benefit in 1750 and when Elizabeth died, Masson concluded that all other descendants had died and the line had ceased, because he could not find any more records, so history books accepted and copied his findings. At this point it seemed the poet's connection to my family had been a fairy story after all, much to my disappointment.

Then I studied the factual history again to look for a clue. Masson said the poet's daughter Anne had died in childbirth 1678 with her baby (we all know how history can be distorted and recorded wrongly): perhaps the baby survived and was our James who was given the bible in 1682. The poet's daughters were recorded as having no formal education, and on John Milton's will in 1674 Anne's signature was merely a mark over a seal with her name written for her by Richard Milton (not Robert however) followed by her sisters, Mary and Deborah. In our family bible, the signature of Anne was started three times, and badly written.

The poet's third wife, who outlived him was Elizabeth Minshull which could fit the description of "grammar Elizabeth". If I could not prove the story right, I thought I would like to disprove it, by finding other forebears of James, but I cannot even do this.

Cousin Ralph was also disillusioned and he concluded that we had a collateral descent from Christopher, John the poet's brother. It is well chronicled that Sir Christopher Milton was Recorder and lived at St. Lawrence parish, Reading. Their sister Anne Philips lived at nearby Basingstoke - only 15 miles from Bentley and my proven ancestors. Professor Masson mentioned family connections at Basingstoke and other places in Hampshire so there are many apparent links, but nothing to prove it conclusively.

In October 1678, maternal grandmother Anne Powell made a will, referring to her "two surviving grand-daughters" and no mention of great-grandchildren. This was not proved until 6 November 1682, two months after our bible, which seems to prove that Masson is right. Finally I concluded that there was no bridging the gap between the baby stated to have died with his mother Anne in 1678 in childbirth, and my James in Hampshire born 1721, son of James given the 1629 family bible.

After other research, and finding no lineage back from James at Bentley in 1745, nor his wife Mary, I thought I would like to find the original bible that Ralph sighted, or perhaps a descendant of the owner, for she had sent it to her brother in the USA. Ralph had no knowledge of this bible so it was thrilling to him. He had heard tales of the man who acquired the family bible, a John (Jack) Milton. Ralph (born 1886 at Petworth) had retired to South Africa after being Chief Constable in an Indian town for many years, possibly Bombay. A real sweetie, but very old by now although still able to help me in my search, he joined it with the aid of his cousins, still living. He was sure it was Vancouver where they had all lived so he made enquiries. His sons had other family bibles, one starting "James Milton born 2 Dec. 1751" followed by his family, the other book, "James Milton born 1st April 1777" followed by his family, so proving to me we had the right family and the right place in Hampshire.

I knew little of John/Jack Milton in 1920, vaguely described as being a "lighthouse keeper off the West Coast of the USA". A penfriend in California went across states to Washington even to try and trace him, but of course we had the wrong country, it was "West of the States", but was the West Coast of Canada, not America! We found the death certificate of John the lighthouse keeper in Ontario, then we found his daughter, Margaret's death on 16 October 1979 and now have found living grandchildren and yes, the ancient family bible nearly 400 years old (with names of my family in from 1680) still exists and has been traced in British Columbia, Canada, after 30 years of hunting it!

The most exciting part of this quest came in 1999 when I discovered Jim Chambers in

California who knew that his grandmother Lucy had emigrated and she too turned out to be my own grandmother's cousin. Ralph's cousin Katherine and Jim's grandmother grew up together in Petworth as sisters.

I have by now made so many friends on both sides of the Atlantic that it has been all worthwhile and very exciting at times. I still am sure there is a connection with the poet, so still seek the Milton line, but I do not think I will ever find my missing link.

Mrs M.K. Clarke

[A different version of this article appeared in the *Hampshire Family Historian*. Ed.]

The pageant of Bignor 1912

Bignor Park had originally been an appendant to Arundel Castle. Tradition has it that deer for fattening were brought in from the forest and the venison salted down and dried for the lord's winter supply. Eventually Bignor Park came into the possession of the Pellatt family who built a new house there. In 1712 the estate was sold to Nicholas Turner and in 1806 it passed to John Hawkins who built the present house. In 1912 Bignor Park was still in the possession of Hawkins' descendants, Mrs Johnstone being the incumbent.



Roman soldiers at Bignor Park 1912.

Pageant of Bignor.

Episode II.—The Romans.

Roman Governor	Rev. J. Penrose
Roman General Dr. Kerr
Roman Soldiers—	Col. Barrington Kennett, Mr. Musgrave, Mr. Lucas, Mr. Michalls, Mr. Gribble, Mr. Moir.		
Roman Ladies—	Mrs. R. Tupper, Mrs. Middleton, Mrs. Gribble, Mrs. Leslie, Mrs. Wrangham.		
Caia (A Singer)	Miss Symons
Nymphs—	Miss Beart, Mrs. Hill, Miss Blackburn, Mrs. Paddon, Mrs. Fisher, Miss Middleton, Miss Michalls, Miss Skinner, Miss Richards, Miss Wallroth.		
Roman Slaves—	Miss Leslie, Miss Comper, Miss B. Comper, Miss King, Miss K. McLeod, Miss Gladys Ede.		
Dance of Ancient Britons with Tom Toms—	Mr. Wall, Mr. Goodsell, Mr. Barnett, Mr. Powell, Mr. Ede, Mr. Charman, Mr. H. Gumbrell, Mr. Randall, Mr. A. White.		
Child on Shield—	Winnie Goodsell.		
British King	Mr. Foord King
Roman Gentlemen—	Mr. H. F. Buller, Captain Lambert		
Black Boys	Leslie Clark, Norman Duke, R. Harwood		
Crowd, Men, Women & Children—	Same as British Scene.		

Cast list for Episode II.

Even in the 1980s it was still possible to pick up faint echoes of what was clearly a very considerable event. Memory of it was not submerged by the 1914-1918 war; perhaps the very memory of it hinted at some kind of pre-1914 idyll. We have, however, no direct recollection, and the pageant will now have slipped beyond the reach of personal recall. Some years ago I was given some forty photographs illustrating the revelry while the occasional copy of the elaborate Book of the Pageant, originally priced at a shilling, surfaces. In good condition such a copy can fetch a premium price. Even rarer, because more obviously disposable is the printed booklet of the performers, not to mention the specially printed card tickets.

Pageants yesterday as today are time-consuming and labour-intensive. Ideally they look effortless but everyone knows otherwise. Mrs. Johnstone was leaving as little to chance as possible. The 1912 pageant might be a one-off, but it was going to be remembered. The great unknown, the weather, while not distinguished, did not turn out to be a major hazard.

Florence Rapley is sparing in her mention of Bignor Park, just a mile or two from Heath End. Her first diary entry, for 1st July 1909, contains the note "Miss Johnston (sic) Bignor Park married today." It is almost three years before she again has occasion to mention Bignor Park. Somewhat wistfully she regrets being unable to attend the historical pageant being held there:

"July 3rd. More showers, heavy clouds. All those who have a deal of money to spend are gone to historical pageant at Bignor - it would be good to see but I most forgo everything."

On July 4th she notes, "Fine, hot - great traffic again to Bignor Park."

At 7/6^d a ticket Florence perhaps had a point but the heavy traffic indicates that not everyone felt so constrained. Mrs Johnstone was not a lady to skimp and the pageant was not something to be missed. Like a comet it was something to catch while you could.

The basic version of events is that published in the *West Sussex Gazette*, reproduced here shorn of its long list of participants:

THE PAGEANT OF BIGNOR LIVING PICTURES, OF OLD SUSSEX.

There could be no two opinions about the pageantry last week at Bignor Park. If you liked this sort of thing, this was emphatically the sort of thing you would like. The whole thing was done so well; how could anyone help liking it? The virtue of a picture is in its colours and in the series of pictures suggestive of old Sussex story, which were set upon the green lawn of Bignor Park, under the trees heavy with July verdure, with a glorious background of the "wooded, dim blue goodness of the Weald," there was a brilliance of colour and a beauty of harmony to delight an artist's eye.

The pageant was set in eight scenes, and a fairly generous interpretation was given to the proposal to confine its incidents to the historical happenings within a radius of seven miles. Almost any place in this old county of ours could furnish, from its richly-storied past, the materials for a pageant, but even in this respect Bignor has its special advantages, while for sheer beauty of setting no place in Sussex can surpass it.

Several hundred people, of all grades of society, and mainly drawn from the immediate district, took part in the pageant, and apart from the spectacular beauty which was of the essence of the show, there was an intelligent attention to detail—quite unobtrusively exercised—which did much to ensure the artistic success that was attained. There was humour, too. The impressions which one carried away from the pageant were of the extreme beauty of the principal historical costumes, the dignity of the processions the vigorous naturalness of the "crowds," the truly delightful dancing and playing of the little children, the magnificent elocution of the Herald (Mr. W. Wrangham), who acted as a kind of descriptive chorus throughout, and of the final splendid mass of colour when all the various performers assembled at the trumpet-call for the epilogue. Only the sunshine was wanted (on the opening day at least) to make that picture perfect. On the second day there were frequent intervals of sunshine.

To come to some detail. The Herald, as has been said, acted throughout as descriptive chorus. He it was, a fine figure of a rider in his heraldic trappings, trumpet in hand, on a fine horse suitably caparisoned, who pronounced the prologue, and announced in blank verse (written by Miss Herbert and others) the scope of each successive scene. It would be difficult

No. 153

An Historical Pageant

AT
BIGNOR PARK,

Wednesday, July 3rd, 1912,

Opening at 2-30 p.m.

Proceeds to Village Nursing Work.

Family Tickets per Secretary of Pageant, Bignor Park,
Pulborough, before 3rd July.

7/6 Ticket. * *Special Railway Fares and Conveyances from the Station will be arranged.*

Ticket for Bignor Pageant

to imagine English more admirably declaimed, or in a manlier voice and manner. The Herald was one of the treats of the pageant. The prologue introduced that county classic, Mr. Kipling's verses on Sussex.

THE EPISODES: ANCIENT BRITONS.

The first episode suggested a scene of village life in ancient Britain, with a procession of white-clad Druids with a flaming torch and weird singing, and British fisherfolk about their primitive occupations. This scene was calculated to shatter any cherished notions about the wardrobe of our ancient ancestors consisting merely of woad. The Britons' costumes were prehistoric and various, but sufficient. They even wore boots—of a rudimentary and prehistoric type, but nice and roomy. There was some fun in this episode. For, as a terrified Briton came running to announce, after sacred rites round a Druidic altar,

“Down the slope beyond the woodland comes
The dreadful dragon of the Bignor Hill.”

Amid screams of panic the Dreadful Dragon advanced, a well-proportioned monster of scarlet, white, and black, a scaly, elongated nightmare, propelled by the limbs of sturdy little boys. He came on with an amiable leisureliness that belied his fearsome reputation, and while the ancient Britons screamed with simulated terror, the audience laughed heartily at this bit of “comic relief.” Finally, the dragon was killed, and his remains were removed in joyous procession.

ROMAN AND MEDIEVAL DAYS.

The second episode suggested the Roman occupation, and showed the Britons giving their submission to a Roman governor, and dancing before the governor and Roman soldiers and ladies. The third (A.D. 690) introduced the Saxons, and was in two parts. In the first was shown a harvest festival, with Bishop Wilfrid, blessing the harvest and the people. In the second, timed ten years later, the conflicts of Saxons and Danes were suggested. Some very pleasant music accompanied this episode, harvest songs being sung by Saxon maidens and children. There was, indeed, music in every scene, played by an able orchestra of young ladies becomingly dressed in green, and seated in a balcony of the house of Mrs. Johnstone (the prime mover of the whole pageant). . . .

Episode IV. (Norman Sussex) was notable for the excellence of its ecclesiastical processions. The time was that of the first Henry, and mediæval Sussex folk were keeping holiday in honour of the transference of the ancient Sea of Selsey to Chichester. It was in this episode that the effectiveness began to be apparent of the castle gateway designed by Mr. Musgrave to occupy the extreme back of the lawn upon the left, and provided with a curtain “door,” which allowed of some exceedingly picturesque vistas of approaching or receding processions beneath the arch. The two processions of nuns and clergy, with banners and the model of the priory Church, moving to music and the ring of bells, were exceedingly dignified and ornate. A second part of the Norman episode showed a picture of Queen Matilda coming to Arundel, a graceful figure borne in a litter, with a procession of ladies and guards. The crowd, a disorderly one (so far as disorderliness is permitted in pageantry), oppose her way to the Castle, but Matilda makes friends with the children, and from the Castle advance the Lord of Arundel and his Lady and the Knights of St. John to receive her. A very fine procession ended the scene.

The next episode was typical of old English sports (A.D. 1300-1400). In so far as the costumes were concerned, it contained some of the most charming. It is surprising how very graceful is the appearance of those high-peaked fourteenth century head-dresses for ladies when seen in actual use, especially when, as in this scene, the wearers are mounted on horseback. Pretty faces of the present day looked exquisite under those tapering “dunce” caps, with the long veils dependent from the apex. The dresses of the ladies in this episode—blue and gold and green and purple, with long skirts becomingly disposed by their horses' sides—were some of the best seen. In this picture there were foresters in green, a lively jester, Morris dancers, dancing children—who evidently enjoyed the performance—and horsemen in the costume of the period who tilted at the ring and rode in the joust. The episode concluded with “general hurrahs of people,” and the singing of “The Kynge's hunt is up.”

LATER TIMES.

As the periods of the pictures drew nearer to our own times the quality of the dresses and groupings was more than sustained. Episode VI., with a royal passage of Queen Bess through a village May Day scene “to show how Sussex folk can shout and sing” was highly picturesque, and the gorgeous robes of the Queen as she rode by in a glitter of gold and silver embroidery, silk, and spangled lace, must have aroused envy in many ladies' hearts. The village costumes here, the demeanour of the crowd, and the dancing of the children at the Maypole were all admirable. The seventh episode centred round Amberley forge and the escape through Sussex of the merry monarch echo “never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one.” Charles, disguised as the servant of one of his supporters, was seen desperately flirting with the village maids (you have to flirt very desperately when there are a dozen or so lovely maids and only a few minutes to do it in), while Roundheads search the neighbourhood for the fugitive monarch. The last episode was laid in the days of the Regency, and showed the meeting of the allied Sovereigns, A.D. 1814, “depicted with due skill from one at Petworth Park,” as the Herald explained. The principals were richly attired, and again the village children made a conspicuous part of the charm of the scene, some very tiny dots taking part in a rustic dance. Last of all came, as already mentioned, the assemblage of all the characters from all the episodes in one harmonious mass of rich and brilliant colours. The Herald blew his trumpet, and in that full fine voice of his proclaimed in blank verse:

“A vote of thanks unto a lady here
Within whose beauteous lands this story we have played.
Some call her fairy godmother about here,
A goodly name, I think, which serves me well
In this my message from these many folk
Who here surround me on the greensward bright.”

A glimpse at the cast list suggests a few modern comments. There is a very strong clerical element, almost all incumbents and curates for a radius of several miles being actively involved. In Episode II Mr. Penrose, the Petworth rector, noted for his fine speaking voice, is the Roman governor, while Mr. Knyvett, the curate, a great favourite with Mrs Rapley and later bishop of Selby, appears in a later scene. Other performers came from the upper echelons of local society: there is Colonel Barrington-Kennet from Tillington House, Mrs. de Fonblanque



Pageant of Bignor.

EPISODE V.

Tilting at the Ring—Ancient Games. A.D. 1300-1400.

SCENE. Near Arundel Castle,

Enter Foresters with dogs, hounds, etc.

HERALD:

"Now in this Scene which follows Norman times,
We do depict the games and revelries
Which in King Edward's reign were oft times held.
Fair maidens ride with falcons on their wrists,
The men folk tilt the ring—
And men in armour duels fight,
But first a jester leads a merry throng
Of Morris dancers and of children sweet."

Enter Jester leading on troupe of Morris Dancers, and 16 country dance children.

Music: Sellinger's Round.

Jester dances to centre, and then goes to side.

Morris dancers advance.

*"Bobbing Joe,"
"Princess Royal."*

They retire, and Jester leads children forward.

They dance an old country dance.

People applaud.

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Book of the Pageant Bignor 1912. Episode V.

All retire to sides as Procession enters.

*Ladies mounted with Pages,
Hooded falcons on their wrists.*

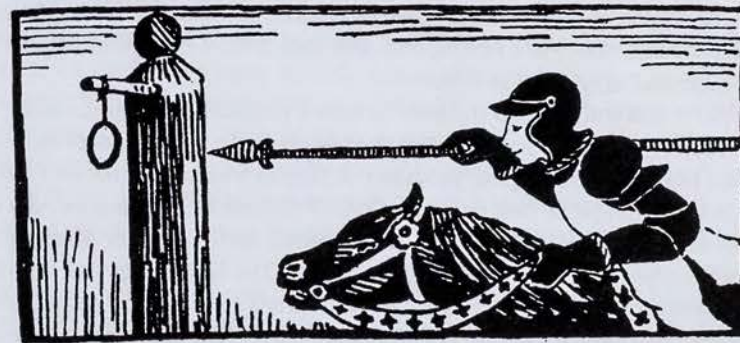
Then Horsemen ride in for Tilting Joust, etc.

HERALD:

"The games are o'er, His Grace the Noble Duke
Doth now command your presence one and all,
He has prepared a feast for every one
In yonder Ancient Castle near, called "Arundel."

General hurrahs of people.

They all pass out singing—"The Kyng's hunte is up."



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from Duncton House, Mrs. Wright Biddulph from the Chalet at Heath End, or Mrs. Beachcroft, wife of one of the Petworth doctors, and always to the fore in any dramatic entertainment. Other well-known Petworth names are Mr. Spurgeon, the vet, Mr. Ernest Streeter from the Lombard Street clockhouse, Mr. Boorer, the butcher, Mr. Pitfield, the solicitor or Mr. Gwillim from Coultershaw Mill. Mrs. Johnstone cast her net widely. Literally there is a cast of hundreds, with of course, a particularly heavy representation from the Sutton area. The tradition of folk dancing would flourish between the wars and even, for a time at least, survive 1945. The principals did not hog the limelight however, the list of performers meticulously acknowledges every single crowd member, elf and soldier. If there were tensions behind the scenes we can know now nothing of them. From a vantage point just a few years short of a century later, the Pageant of Bignor does indeed seem an idyll.

P.

For the earlier history of Bignor Park, M.A. Lower: *History of Sussex Vol I* (1870). For the diary of Florence Rapley: *So Sweet as the Phlox Is* (1994). For Bignor Park under John Hawkins see Frances Steer: *I am, my dear Sir ...* (1959).

The deeds of Testers at Upperton

Further to the Upperton details in No. 114, December 2003, the deeds of Testers (formerly the Off Licence and Shop) are incomplete, and date from 1797, 1820, 1090-1980; I have examined them and they show as follows:-

In 1797 it was sold for £90 freehold to John Upton of Petworth, surveyor, with Daniel Huburn of Petworth, cordwainer (= shoemaker) as second party. Vendors were the family of the late John Burdick of Tillington, yeoman (i.e. farmer who owned his own land). He lived at Testers in Upperton till he died between 1790 (Will) and 1797. His wife Ann outlived him briefly, but also died pre 1797, leaving as its owner their daughter Mary, wife of James Cleverly of Swallow Street, Westminster, coachman. The deed denies that John Burdick ever had a granddaughter Mary; his sole such is the Cleverlys' daughter Harriet, now the wife of William Rock, Sergeant in the 10th or Prince of Wales's Regiment of Light Dragoons. The property is described as a messuage (i.e. house) or tenement and garden called part of Testers, which had been copyhold of the Honor and Manor of Petworth until the third Earl of Egremont sold it freehold to John Burdick's mother Elizabeth (dead by 1797). (An Honor is a group of manors.) Its residents in much of the 18th century (recited here) were Thomas Smith, John Burdick, and now (1797) Timothy Butt the younger. Formerly it was part of the copyhold estate of Mary Richardson, widow, in the Honor and Manor of Petworth. Its amenities in 1797 included buildings, yard(s), garden, paths, and water-supply. The deed is signed by the parties; the Rocks and Mr Upton have neat writing; Cleverly's is erratic; and Mary is illiterate (women were begrudged education — it would make them uppity). John Upton's witnesses were William Tyler and James Challen, both of Petworth. The seal is armorial, quarterly; the

crest shows the top half of a lion holding a star in its paws.

The title was reinforced by the fine levied by John Upton, 1797, wherein the purchase is described as one house, garden, and orchard.

The 1820 deed is a bond for repayment of £100 mortgage (at 5%); prolonged to 1827) by Thomas Steer of Petworth, blacksmith, to James Newman of Coates, husbandman (= tenant-farmer). Newman was illiterate. The bond was cancelled on repayment by tearing-out the seal.

The 20th century deeds cover 1909-1980. On 22 June 1909 Matthew Taylor of Northchapel, gentleman (i.e. of private means), sold John Maurice Yeatman, grocer in Upperton, the freehold house and shop, which he had tenanted 'for some time past', and which had been 'formerly two messuages and a shop'. The price was £600. The deed states that Mr Upton had sold it to Taylor on 15 April 1871, the vendors being Henry Thomas Upton, Horace John Upton, and William Legh Sherwin. On 24 June 1909, Yeatman mortgaged it for £600 to Miss Elizabeth Amey of the Borough Brewery, Petersfield, he to buy all beers, wines and spirits from her and apply for all necessary licences and to trade to best advantage, during the mortgage; and to give her first refusal if ever he sells up. Interest, 4%; he to insure the premises (if he does not, she will, and charge him). He died on 18 June 1919, leaving his widow sole executrix, and the mortgage not paid off; whereupon Miss Amey bought the property for £200 from Mrs Yeatman and it became a tied off-licence in full.

By 1946 Mr W.E. Hazelman had become its tenant, on yearly tenancy, and it was known as The Off-Licence, Upperton. Rent, £26 yearly; tenant to repair, replace broken windows; see to the cesspools and privies; sell beer ale porter stout cider food and non-alcoholic beverages; not to let the licence lapse or end; not to alter the buildings, nor give them or contents as security; to report to landlord any police or JP's complaint; not to sublet, nor buy liquor from other than Amey's, nor brew his own; not to put up adverts without Amey's leave; 14 days' arrears of rent, or bankruptcy, brings end of tenancy. Landlord to give fair price for tenant's outlay on stock, at end of term; though in this case, as tenant gave nothing at outset for these nor will Amey's. The above deed is Amey's standard tenancy agreement. Testers had a cesspool.

An abstract (= summary) of title, 1953, covers 1909-49, and names Mrs Yeatman as Helen; states that Miss Amey died on 25 January 1948 (having made her Will in 1946 at West End, Petersfield); and reciting a 1949 sale of shares in the Brewery. On 15 Oct. 1953 the Brewery sold Testers to Mr Hazelman for £1000 freehold as sitting tenant; Amey's was now of Chiswell Street, City of London.

Mr Hazelman's bank was the Midland, in 1978; to secure his credit there, he mortgaged Testers to it, as 'formerly the Off Licence, and now Testers': the Shop had shut. Times were changing, and small shops on corners or in hamlets were feeling the pinch of supermarkets' pull in nearby towns. Testers by 1979 had become 'The Kennels', its once-productive garden (200 yards long, rather than 300, *pace* No.114 page 23; it ends at a bank, four feet above the field, wider than page 23 makes it) now divided into kennel-huts and dog pens left and right of the central path, wherein Mrs Hazleman boarded dogs and also bred English bulldogs and Yorkshire terriers, showing them at Cruft's etc. Her husband kept the grocery on corner of

High Street and Middle Street in Petworth, part of which is now (2003) the second-hand bookshop. The mortgage lasted until the Hazelmans sold Testers in 1980, when the Bank reconveyed it to them.

Meanwhile, Mrs Hazelman checked Testers' rights on Upperton Common; the deeds include the County Secretary's reply (West Sussex County Council), that Testers' owner's commoners' rights are to graze 1 cow and 3 horses, to cut and take hay, to cut and take wood, and to cut and take turf. These rights became final on 1st October 1970.

On 25th September 1975 Lady Egremont and Trustees sold Mr Hazelman two fields in Upperton, total 2.21 acres, for £1225, excluding the minerals and sporting rights, and reserving the right to enter to repair the Park Wall; purchaser to fence the west, south-west, and south sides; purchaser to use the fields (the two paddocks behind this part of Upperton) for agriculture or gardening only; not to erect buildings on them, or otherwise upset the vendors or their successors.

The 1980 sale preliminaries began with the Land Registry Search of 1979, using the modern O.S. 25-inch map. Several house names in Upperton have since changed, e.g. Testers, 'The Kennels'; Lutine Cottage, 'Vernham Dean'; cottage now part of Park House, between it and road, 'Yew Tree Cottage'. A further land Search in 1980 states that Amey's Brewery was voluntarily wound-up in May 1960. The sale itself, to Dr and Mrs E.G. Godwin of Epsom, Surrey, was on 17 March 1980, Mr Hazelman's witness being D. Gumbrell, 10 Grove Lane, Petworth, foreman painter. The upper paddock was retained by the vendor, who later sold it to the owners of Park Cottage, its abuttal; the purchasers later sold the brow above Upperton Watering-place to Park House. And since 1980, Testers' garden has become notable again.

Jeremy Godwin

The War Diary of Captain Penrose (2)

Continuing the retreat from Mons, August 1914:

27th August

We now start south over muddy roads and tracks, all drenched, hungry and dog-tired. The men can hardly drag themselves along and after a halt can barely get up. We pass thro' numerous straggling dirty villages - the people rushing out with water and food. The men lose control and fall out right and left, entering houses and rushing at pumps, etc. Carbery, Hill, I and a few NCOs herd and drive them back into the ranks, which are already badly straggled. I am awfully tired and thirsty and this cursing the men who I completely sympathise with is heart-breaking. It almost made me weep. Twice I kick over buckets of water which the men are crowding around. [*Finally the men halt and fill their water-bottles.*]

We pass Allenby's¹ cavalry and his guns, hiding in corn-stooks. We then came on more

¹ Allenby would later command the allied forces in Palestine and capture Jerusalem from the Turks

troops of the 4th division. [*At Roiselle, there is a halt of an hour and a half, where the troops are fed by locals. C Co. turn up, but not A Co. They hear that the 9th Lancers² have been caught in a trap "like Bannockburn."*]³ Only 67 got away.]

28th August

The men ride on carts and have a chance to clean boots and socks.

Snow⁴ told Tuely⁵ last night that 3 Division⁶ had held up three German Corps, 70,000 to 240,000. He is very pleased with us all. (This place is Voyennes). However, there is a good deal of depression about. We have to retire. [*He believes that they are going to Noyon. The troops are dog-tired and straggling.*]

They have finally reached the limit of our endurance.

29th August

Rum issue puts heart into us. Rest day.

One of our men slept in a house and then robbed the old woman of 5fr. His comrades found him and nearly killed him. This shows jolly good public opinion. He is under arrest and may be sentenced to death for looting.

At 6pm we see an aeroplane duel, French mono, German biplane. A wonderful sight. G got away.

30th August

Arrive Noyon - a fine old town.

31st August (*Genencourt*)

Wake about 5.30 after a grand night. Put on clean underclothes and socks. Order comes to move at once 6am. The men are in wonderfully good form, my platoon has no absentees for 2 days, v good. Those who fell out on the march rejoined. We hear that 4 German cruisers and odments⁷ (sic) have been sunk and that the French have taken St. Quentin in German rear. We are all elated at the news. At last we move off through a lovely forest. After half an hour we halt and my platoon goes out as flank guard, as there are Uhlans⁸ about: I wish we could bag one or two. [*The men march on and are approached by peasants asking about "Les Prussiens."* The long march through the forest is made easier by the scenery. They meet the 12th Brigade.]

These last few days have damaged discipline tho' they are all keen enough on a fight.

² The reference is to an incident on 24th August at Elonges. As II Corps was retiring after Mons, two battalions of the rearguard were threatened with capture by overwhelming numbers of Germans. To buy them some time the lancers and another regiment charged the enemy, who had also brought some guns up. Unfortunately they couldn't get past some barbed wire in a field (there for agricultural, not military reasons) and got shot to bits. Most of the rearguard were captured anyway, so the whole thing was pretty pointless

³ It is suspected that the reference to Bannockburn is a slip and that he actually was thinking about Balaclava and the charge of the Light Brigade

⁴ Commander of 4th Division

⁵ Reading uncertain

⁶ The 3rd Division had borne the brunt of the fighting at Le Cateau - see magazine 114

⁷ The battle of the Heligoland Bight, fought on 28th August. The Germans lost three cruisers and a destroyer, so Captain Penrose's information is surprisingly accurate

⁸ Uhlans were German Lancers, and there were always rumours about them popping up all over the place

We reach St. Sauveur, told to doss down in the street for the night. [*The men receive food from inhabitants, sleep in the street. There is very little room and it is rather cold.*]

1st September

We are turned out before dawn and off we go. I am reeling with sleep. [*At 7am they halt in the village street a Verberie and hear sudden firing⁹ while they are having breakfast.*]

All is rush and scurry, the firing dies down and we manage to finish breakfast.

See men of the 3rd Chasseurs Alpin, a very sturdy, good-looking lot. They are the first French infantry we've seen since the show started. We move off, retiring as usual and hear that the Bays were caught while watering and badly hammered.

Eventually we retire in artillery formation over endless acres of roots - awful walking for sore feet in a blazing sun. Then we form column of route and so off. This is another awful march. [*They march alongside howitzer battery and eventually turn into a stubble field. They find transport and have a good meal of tinned fish, tongue, fruit and biscuits with whisky.*]

Get first post since we crossed the water. I get letters from Father, Mother, Esther and M.G.

Entrench - difficult to get men to make thick enough parapet. Light fires - unwise.

2nd march off. Feet getting worse all the time. Drummer Mullaly falls out for water - backchat - under arrest, tied to a wagon all the time halted.¹⁰ Arrive at Dammartin 25 miles from Paris and bivouac in an orchard. Hear rumours about Paris fortifications, all v. glad. This army **must** have a real rest.

3rd September

Roused just before dawn. March off, feel benefit of rest but all are v. jaded. Hear about "L" Battery. At midday we reach Lagny a nice town on the Marne some 12 miles east of Paris.

During these last days the junior NCOs and many of the senior have been quite useless. In barracks the subaltern is often a cipher (in hands of NCOs) - quite different on service.

Poor bivouac - no water near for drinking or washing, no shade, no decent place for latrines.

Good tea - sleep, boot and breeches off. Promised a horse, "Fusilier", by transport sergeant.

4th September

Wake up feeling comfortable. Bacon, eggs, tea. Hear of General Order from French¹¹ congratulating then one from Snow.

⁹ The firing that they heard was one of the most famous actions of the retreat. A detachment of cavalry (Bays) and a horse artillery battery of six guns stopped in the village of Nery, thinking that the Germans were miles away. When the mist cleared in the morning they saw that the crest of the ridge outside the village was full of German cavalry with twelve guns. The Germans proceeded to shell the living daylights out of the British cavalry and soon put five of the six horse artillery guns out of action. The surviving gunners manned the remaining gun and returned fire, despite being 'sitting ducks' to the Germans on the hills, and succeeded in inflicting a lot of damage before help arrived. Three VCs were awarded to the gunners. (See reference to 'L' Battery on 3rd September)

¹⁰ This was called Field Punishment No.1. The offending soldier was tied up spreadeagled to the wheel of a gun or a cart until punishment was complete

¹¹ Marshal French, commander of the BEF

V. hot. Hear rumours about Germans being switched to Russia.¹² Woken up to hear of move. [*They move on five miles. Captain Penrose rides Fusilier. At dusk they reach a pleasant orchard.*]

5th September

Wakened up at 12.30 from a lovely sleep. Stand to at 3.30. Go SE, pass thro' Ferrieres where K of Prussia stayed in 1870.¹³ Get milk from dairy maid at yard gate. Get to bivouac 1pm.

(Indecipherable name) goes into village Choisy and forages. Given fruit and veg by woman. People are awfully good to us. Good stew at seven and bed on straw.¹⁴ Original diary is at the Northern Ireland Record Office in Belfast. See PSM 114. Transcription and notes kindly supplied by Mr. Brian Holland of Ballynahinch.

¹² Amazingly, this was true although how they'd know it I can't imagine. The Germans sent two corps to the East where the Russian were threatening, thereby weakening their right wing at a critical moment in the campaign

¹³ The reference is to the Franco-Prussian war 1870-1871

¹⁴ They didn't know it, but this was the end of the retreat. The next day they started to move north. A few days later the Germans were finally checked at the battle of the Marne, in which the BEF was not heavily engaged

No very hard sell!

The following verses from the *Brighton Herald* for 2nd August 1834 appear to be an advertisement for a face cream called Kalydor. "Rowland" one may suppose to be the maker or purveyor of this priceless elixir. The approach seems a good deal subtler than modern such advertising!

Beauty and Time

As Beauty repos'd in her Bower,
'Neath the rose and the myrtle's sweet shade,
Time silently passed in that hour,
And admiring the Goddess survey'd
"If ever I linger," he cried.
'Tis when pleasure gives moments like this,"
And his pinions he flutter'd in pride
As he gave the proud beauty a kiss!
Time's touch every beauty alarms:
And she woke as he melted in air,
When a fountain reflected her charms
And told that some wrinkles were there,
The tyrant! she cried, all in tears,
To leave of his kiss these sad traces,
What is beauty if shadow'd by years
Tho' her toilette be made by the Graces.

The Graces were near their lov'd queen
And some Kalydor quickly applied,
When no trace of a wrinkle was seen
As with rapture its virtue they tried.
To "Rowland" praise only was due,
And the Goddess confess'd it in duty,
Who can faded complexions renew
When insolent Time kisses Beauty.

A letter from A.A. Knight to Mr. Pitfield August 1914

(A.A. Knight was managing clerk at Messrs Brydone and Pitfield the solicitors in Market Square. John Pitfield, by this time, senior partner.)

Dear Mr. Pitfield,

Petworth, 10th August 1914

Yours of yesterday's date is duly to hand.

I am not surprised to hear that you had a tedious journey to Blandford, but am glad you ultimately reached Grafton House¹ in good time and found your mother much better than she was at Easter.

We have had rain most days but I think it has not been sufficient to do much harm to the corn. Today has been very mild with plenty of sun.

The excitement of the war is very great here and does not tend to assist the getting on with the usual everyday work. Special Constables, to the number of 24, were sworn in at the Town Hall today for this Petty Sessional Division. The railway and other bridges are being guarded by persons volunteering for the purpose.

I will attend to the matters you have mentioned in your letter as far as I am able.

I am going to Haslemere² tomorrow afternoon

I sent Miss Peachey³ ten £1 postal orders on Friday last and she has acknowledged them but says she does not think she will be able to get to Haslemere either tomorrow or Tuesday week

[The letter closes with some notes on financial affairs.]

All well

with kind regards
believe me.

Yours very truly, Alfred A. Knight.

¹ John Pitfield's family home

² John Pitfield had a Haslemere sub-office at this time, attending probably once a week or by appointment

³ Ebernoe House had been sold in 1912 and the three unmarried Peachey sisters forced to move out. The reference here is to Margaret Grace, the eldest daughter of John Peachey, one time master of Ebernoe. See 'Not all sunshine Hear' - a history of Ebernoe (1996) chapter 30

JOHN PITFIELD,
SOLICITOR.

Petworth.

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*Pageant of Bignor 1912.
A Druid.*

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|----------------------------------|---|
| Mr. and Mrs. Bates | 41, Lindsey Close, Pollards Hill, Mitcham, Surrey. |
| Mr. and Mrs. J. Brown | 45, Streatham Road, Mitcham, Surrey, CR4 2AD. |
| Mrs. J. Burton | 2, Westways, Rosemary Lane, Petworth, GU28 0BA. |
| Mr. G.T. Coulson | April Cottage, 293, North Street, Petworth, GU28 0DN. |
| Countess J. De Vops Van Steenwyk | Little Denmans, East Street, Petworth, GU28 0AB. |
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