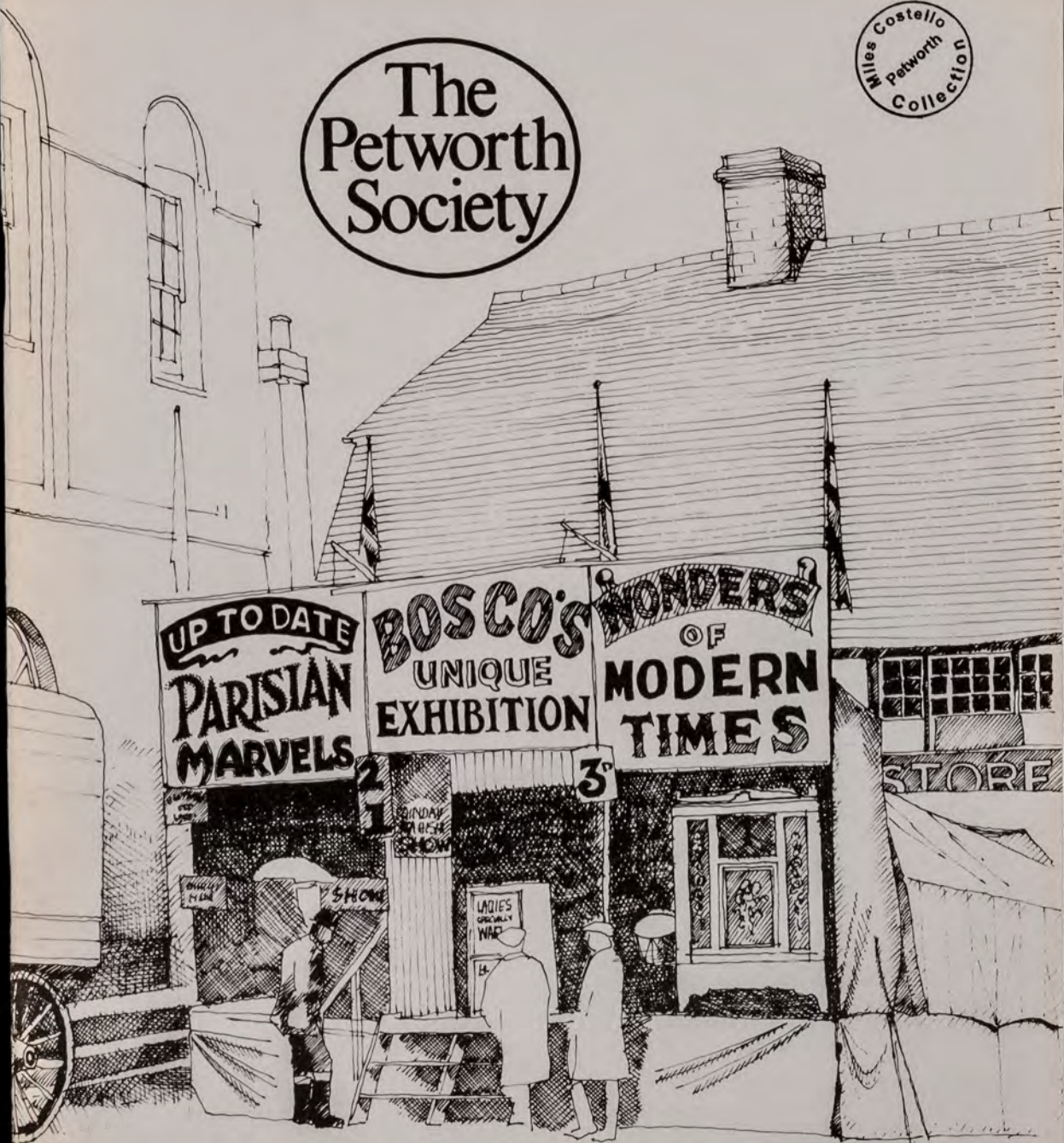


The Petworth Society



BULLETIN No. 46 NOVEMBER/DECEMBER 1986 Price for non-Members 80p

PETWORTH FAIR SPECIAL EDITION

.

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

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PETWORTH SOCIETY

Winter/Spring programme : please keep for reference.

THURSDAY 20th NOVEMBER

PETWORTH FAIR

REVIVED!

Traditional Fair from early
afternoon

Leconfield Hall back-up
from 6.15

Monthly meetings: Leconfield Hall 7.30 p.m. Admission 60p. Refreshments, raffle.

THURSDAY 18th DECEMBER

PETWORTH SOCIETY
CHRISTMAS EVENING

TUESDAY 20th JANUARY

ALF SIMPSON

EBERNOE COMMON
NATURE RESERVE

SLIDES

WEDNESDAY 18th FEBRUARY

JEREMY MCNIVEN

"A View of PERU"

SLIDES

TUESDAY 17th MARCH

JOHN and ROSEMARY
MCCULLOCH

INDONESIA:
PARADOX AND
PARADISE

SLIDES

THURSDAY 9th APRIL : PATRICIA HINGSTON : THE MARY ROSE
SLIDES
(date to be confirmed)

PETWORTH SOCIETY WALKS : Cars leave Petworth Square at 2.15
unless otherwise indicated.

SUNDAY 16th NOVEMBER Mrs. Strevens' Fernhurst Walk.
NB Cars leave Square 2.00.

SUNDAY 14th DECEMBER PETWORTH SOCIETY'S CHRISTMAS WALK.

SUNDAY 25th JANUARY GILLIAN'S "FAIRLY LOCAL" WALK.

SUNDAY 22nd FEBRUARY JEAN'S BEDHAM WALK.

I am very pleased to announce that Mrs. I. Pritchard of "The Manse", High Street, Petworth has agreed to take over from Bob Sneller as Hon. Treasurer.

Subscriptions can either be posted to or left at that address or dropped into "Shepherds" greengrocers in Golden Square or E. Streeter jewellers in Lombard Street.

In both cases it must be the correct money (either cash or cheque) in a sealed envelope addressed to Mrs. Pritchard and clearly marked with your name and address. No receipt will be given at the time but one will be sent with your next bulletin.

Peter.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

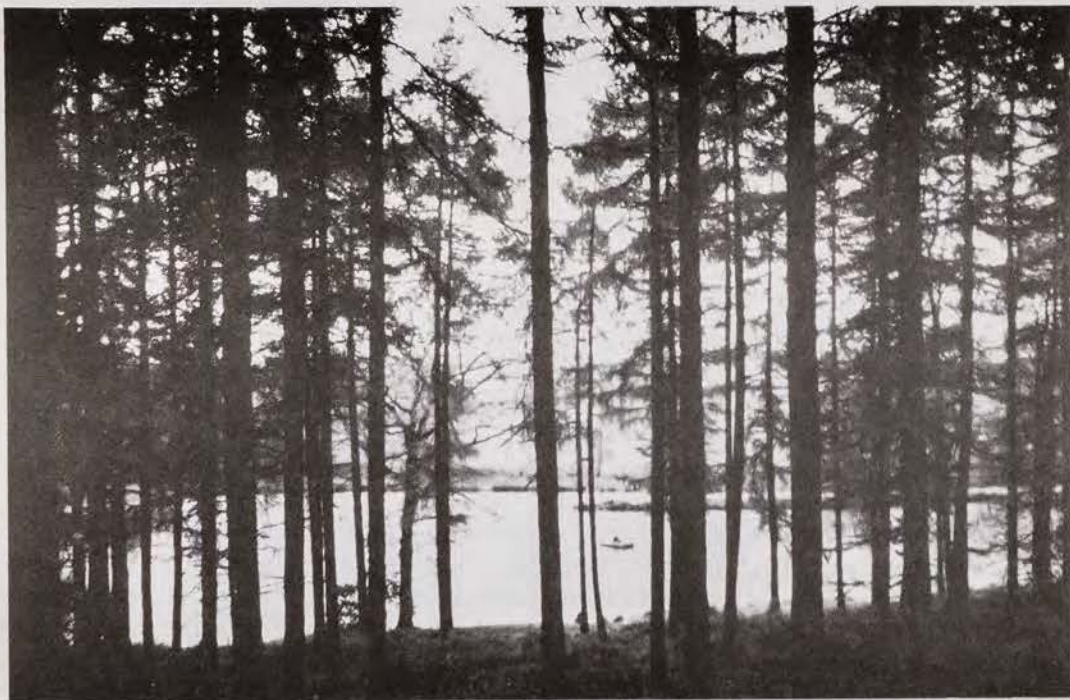
This Bulletin is appearing a month early so that it will be ready in advance of Petworth Fair on November 20th. You will see that I have tried to make this a "Fair" Bulletin although I have to say that documentary material relating to Petworth Fair in the past seems somewhat scanty. Writing now I can give you a broad outline of our proposals for Fair Day although as you would expect there are still various details to be finalised. There will be extensive publicity prior to the day. Basically the Fair will be in two parts: the traditional showmen's fair and the new Leconfield Hall back-up. The showmen will come in on the 19th and early on the 20th and the Market Square will be full. There will be the traditional "gallopers", a number of individual sideshows and galleries, roundabouts, candy floss and pop-corn, a steam-engine and fairground organ. This part of the Fair will be open from early afternoon.

The Leconfield Hall part of the Fair will begin at 6.15 p.m.. While I cannot say that every Petworth organisation will be represented it might justifiably be said that rarely have so many Petworth organisations worked together in one place and at one time. There will certainly be snacks, stalls, a raffle, demonstrations, clown and stage make-up advice and Father Christmas in the Lower Hall, and hot chestnuts outside. The Lower Hall will be given over entirely to local organisations. Upstairs there will be more stalls, some manned by local groups, some from further away. There will be exhibitions including one of Junior Art. Also upstairs from opening-time to about 9.30 there will be a continuous running entertainment featuring in turn the Singalongs, the Edwardians, Petworth Christian Fellowship and the Town Band. There will be no charge either for entry to the Leconfield Hall or for the entertainment. Come when you like, go when you like. I am hopeful too that permission will be given for an open-air roast in the Car Park.

The Fair differs from most other local events nowadays in that we are putting it on for its own sake. It is not a fund-raising operation. Quite the reverse in fact; the publicity and hire of the Hall will come out of Society funds and we are not charging the organisations for their use of the Hall. The showmen too, while obviously they are not looking to lose money on the day are here first and foremost to see that Petworth does not lose its

immemorial fair. I know, I've talked to them. Showmen don't like to see the demise of the ancient charter fairs - certainly not one dating back to 1273!

As you will realize the walks are rather different this season in that each will be led by a different member. The overall result will be an acquaintance with some rather unfamiliar terrain.



Unusual scenery on Jumbo's Stag Park Walk.

There was a glorious day for the first: Tilden's Kirdford Walk covering quite unexplored ground for us. It was one of the best Society walks I can remember, a tremendous mixture of contrasting scenery, easy walking and muddy going that more than once invited comparison with Jumbo's legendary Gog walk in the snow. How many years ago was that? Over the years the Petworth Society walks have built up a tradition that is all their own.

We do not, as I write, have a replacement for Bob Sneller as treasurer. I hope this position will soon be rectified. The Society is now quite large and has an annual turnover of a size that precludes operating without a treasurer. If you think you can help please don't hesitate to contact Bob who can give an idea of what the job entails.

Peter.

1st October

P.S. See you on the 20th November. Don't forget too the next Bulletin won't be out until March. The present Bulletin is a month early.



This Edwardian Postcard is entitled "Petworth Hunt" but the location is now illegible. Where was the picture taken?

MR. HILTON OAKES

Members will be sorry to hear that Hilton Oakes, our second Chairman died in August at Eastbourne whither he had moved from Petworth several years ago. As successor to Colonel Maude Hilton Oakes took over the chairmanship of this Society at a period when the first flush of enthusiasm had ebbed and there were difficulties

with the Society's public image. Hilton was a clear-sighted man and in the time before he left for Eastbourne set out to rectify matters. He foresaw a Society with a thousand members, a target not of late years too far off although it seemed a very tall order then. He always insisted that the Petworth Society should be first and foremost a means of bringing together and working with other local organisations and I think that the cooperative town effort to save Petworth Fair would be very much something he would approve of, as no doubt was the visit of the Toronto Scottish. I am sure that the thoughts of all members go out to Mrs. Oakes in her loss.

Peter.

OLD PETWORTH FAIR

The Fair people had to wait until late evening of the 19th November to enter the town, and it must have been very hard work, to get all the things erected in time for the opening. There were the big Roundabouts with the organ music blaring out, Cocoanut Shies the cocoanuts placed on stands at intervals, some high and some low, with an old man in attendance who kept shouting "Come on, you pays yer penny, and you takes your choice." Next came the Shooting Gallery, and then a stand with a high post attached where young men could try their strength, by swinging a big mallet on to something at the base of post, which sent it running up and if it reached the top would ring the bell.

Down the Shop side of the Square, stood little stalls, selling small toys etc. and a small stall which sold Waterfilled Squirters, which the boys were fond of buying a chasing and wetting the girls. These were later prohibited. The end stall was very clean and sold gingerbread and rock and here one could watch a man in clean white apron pulling the rock mixture which he had made and then putting it round a big hook, and re-pulling it until he had got it to the right thickness and the brown colour running evenly down the length. It was then taken off the hook, and when set and cool he would cut it in even pieces, and sold. Opposite was a small roundabout, for little children to ride on, and a man turned a wheel to set it in motion. The Fair was much bigger in those days and ran down to Golden Square and up to Park Road.

The Fair people had to be up early on the 21st to clean up and be out of the town before business started. It got rather rowdy by late evening and we were forbidden to go there after tea, but it

was tantalizing to hear the music and shouting and not be able to join in the fun.

There was also a "Pot Fair" which was held in a big room at "The Red Lion", the entrance was in the yard behind the Pub, and up some steps, and one could buy all sorts of crockery, all of which were "throw outs" from the factories where they were made, with flaws of some sort, but they were quite usable and very cheap and gave the housewives a chance to replenish their crockery.

In this same room there was also at one time a 6 penny Bazaar held.

Mrs. E. PLACE.

SOME EBERNOE APPLES - A SEASONAL THEME

Autumn and apples, apples everywhere from the Garden of Eden to Kirdford Growers. Actually, they say Eve's Fruit was an apricot but they also say that Adam's Apple, the projection in the forehead of the neck, is so called because it was supposedly caused by a bit from the forbidden Fruit which stuck in Adam's throat. Take your choice.

One of the most useful apples grown on Colhook Common years ago was the Greasy Pippin. This was a hard, shiny, green apple that looked as if it was made of wax. Picked in the autumn, it stayed just as hard, shiny and green through to the next autumn. A very early apple was the Rather Ripe, ripe in time to sell at Horn Fair, ten for a penny. Another 'early' was the Summer Bushom. There was a Winter Bushom, too, green and a bit spotty but beautiful to eat and cook. There were four-sided Codlins, long oblong-shaped apples called Lady's Fingers, Five Minute Apples and The Poor Man's Friend grown from shoots and cuttings, not by grafting. At Streels Cottages grew the HUGE Cat's Head apples. On Ebernoe Common, Golden Knob probably took its name from the very sweet little Golden Knob apples growing there. And there were many, many more varieties, some still about such as Scarlet Nonpariel on Colhook Common, the Grenadier at derelict Birchwells and D'Arcy's Spice near Ebernoe Church.

Those days there were no cider presses on or near the Common. The Commoners made their own brand of cider in their coppers. Every cottage had its Pear Apple tree, lovely little apples to eat but also very good for cider, as were the Dusand and the yellow Hereford apples. To make the cider the apples were cut up and put into the copper with just enough water to cover them and brought

slowly to the boil, being very careful not to mush them up as that clouded the cider. The juice was strained off into 18-gallon barrels and 2 lbs. of sugar to the gallon added. The barrels were left open until the sugar finished working, then they were closed, sealed with the bung and the all important vent peg inserted. This little peg, the size of your finger, had to be removed before you could draw off the cider. Very potent, even without the addition of dead rats or high meat!

Reprinted from Northchapel and Ebernoe Parish News October 1985 courtesy of Mrs. Walters. Does anyone know of other obsolete local apples?

A HUCKSTER AT THE FAIR ABOUT 1920

I didn't see this: my father told me this happened at Petworth Fair. One of the tricksters came down from London, by train, with a small stall, with just one skittle and a ball hanging from a piece of string. The prize was a watch if you knocked the skittle down, he gave you one free go in which most people knocked the skittle down easily, then you paid half a crown for 3 goes with the ball, but no one ever knocked the skittle down then because he would lean on the stall in such a way that the ball missed every time. The year would be about 1921 I should think. Several men saw through the trickery and decided that they would smash the stall up. The man then packed his stall up and made a hurried get away to the station. I can tell you just where he used to stand, it was in the corner opposite the present International doorway by the telephone kiosk.

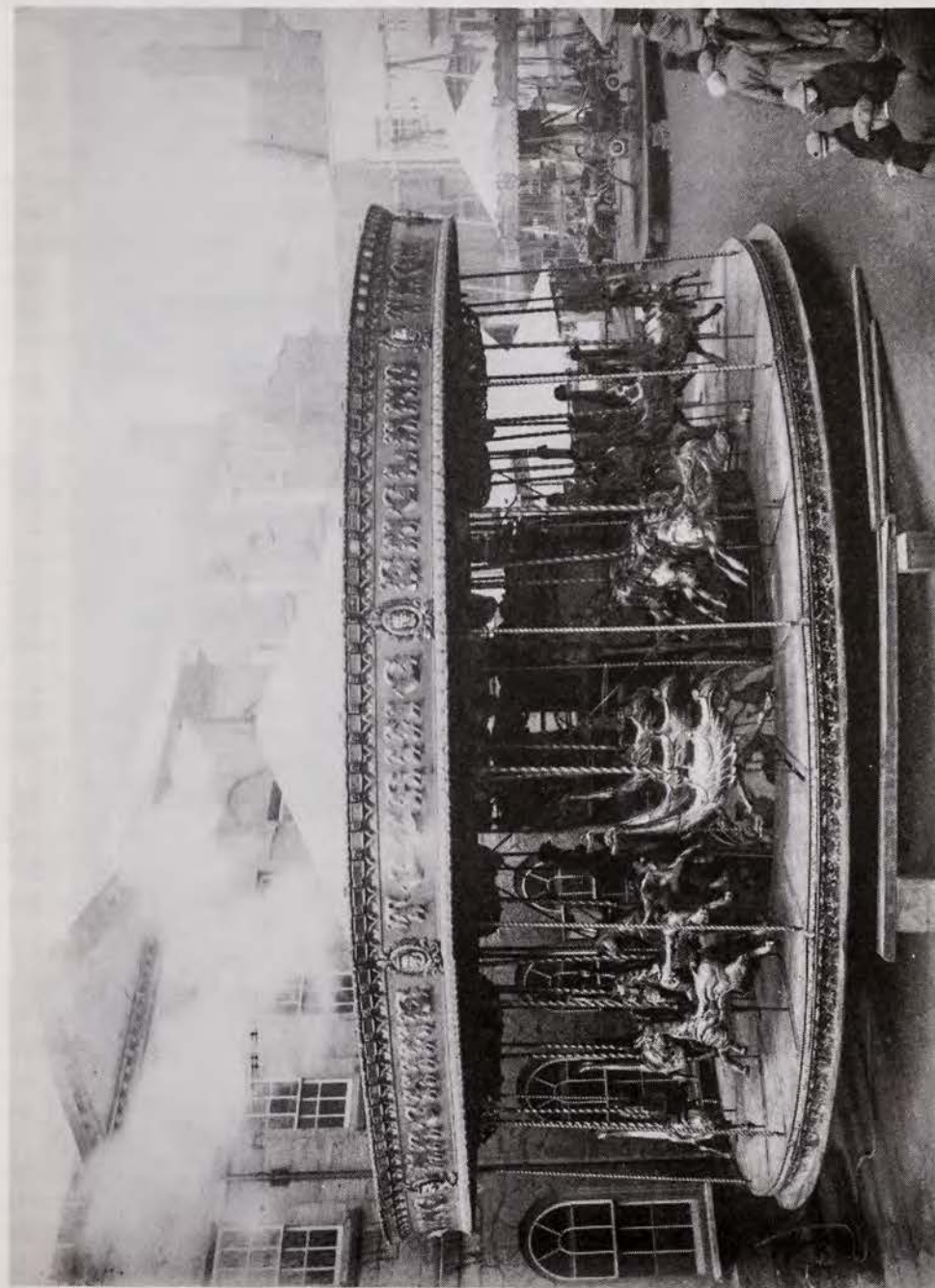
We would walk from Heath-end after tea and would spend about 2 hours at the fair. If we had any money left we would pay 6d for a ride on the station horse bus back to the station.

B.H.

PETWORTH FAIR IN THE FOG

Adventure by Night BY THE NOMAD

Driving along in a motor car on Wednesday night, a procedure quite foreign to me, I may say, we climbed a steep hill, and in a thrice found ourselves within the confines of a narrow street, and cheek by jowl with a miscellany of caravans.



Steam roundabout at Petworth Fair 1925.
Photograph by George Garland as are all the following.



"Andrew Smith's coconut shies were our number one attraction"
The photograph was taken in 1929.

This was in West Sussex, we knew but further than this we wondered where, as one is apt to do on so very foggy a night.

And as we slowly picked our way along this narrow street, dodging ubiquitous caravan parts here and there we came to what, in the fog appeared to be a market place, brilliantly lighted up and chock full of all the paraphernalia of "all the fun of the fair."

And thinking this promised a pleasant break from slowly crawling along in a motor-car in a dense fog, we decided to tarry awhile, and find out more of what we saw, so, under the guidance of a friendly Sergeant of police we made our way through the straggling crowd and found a haven for our much heated motor-car in a garage standing on a stiffish slope, and next door to a door bearing the legend: "Petworth Fire Engine and Hose."

The Age-old Fair

This business concluded we made our way down the slope and into the market Square - of Petworth and so in a few moments were lost in all the medley of the annual age-old Petworth Fair.

Here on our left was a sideshow at which young boys and maidens (modern ones, I may say) were throwing wooden balls at heavy loaded skittles stood up in clusters of five; and varied and alluring were the prizes offered to those of them successful in knocking down four out of the five.

To the right of us a mixed throng was gathered round a hoop-la stall watching with keyed up interest the participators in this most exciting of pastimes.

At a small tent further on we were assured that in return for a small sum we could learn the worst of what the future had in store for us, but on such a foggy night as this the venture had little appeal.

The Roundabouts

And as we ambled round with the crowd we came to a large raised platform sort of arena in which small model motor-cars, with flag poles with flags complete sticking from the backs of them, were careering around in the wildest possible abandon, to the accompanying shrieks and laughter of their promiscuous passengers, but we had had enough of motoring and so passed it by.

We were not eligible for the small roundabouts, which were worked by hand, and erected solely for the joy of the children, and the prizes at a shooting gallery were, we thought, inadequate for the amount of public amusement our efforts would undoubtedly provide.

The roundabout, that very pineal gland of an English pleasure fair, next attracted us, and it was while we stood there idly

watching the gaily painted horses and cockerels whirling around on their riotous way, that we met with the Major-domo of the evening's fun Arch Knight, stoutish and good humoured, and brimful of anecdotes of this and past Petworth Fairs. And he ought to know a thing or two about it all, for he is the "Tenant of the Tolls," and the letting of the streets and market place comes within his jurisdiction.

The Quest in Parliament

The original Petworth Fair was first initiated by Sir William Dawtrey in 1273 and was held at Egdean in what is still known as "Fair Field." The original charter was for a nine days fair, but a repeal in about 1881 reduced it to a one day function.

Some 30 years ago a section of the tradespeople of the place organized a petition to Parliament for the abolition of the Fair, but another section framed and presented a petition for its continuance, and won their way; and it is said that the leader of these "die-hards" had free rides on the roundabout as a reward!

Mr. Knight informed us that the owner of the Market Square, the old market house (which once was in the form of an arcade of shops under, with a large assembly room over) - the present Town Hall - and the streets attached to the Market Square is the Lord of the Manor, Lord Leconfield, who lets the tolls from the Square, &c., to him. The tenancy of the Tolls has been in Mr. Knight's family since 1887.

Two of Mr. Knight's rights consist of being able to demand a penny a day from hawkers of fish in the place on any day, and twopence from vegetable hawkers on Saturday.

He informed us that previous "Toll Collectors" were good Master Dearling, and later John Stedman, who was the town's postman during his time of tenancy.

Among the Exhibits!

And thanking good Master Knight for all his interesting information, and with our assurances that we would faithfully render him toll in the no uncertain event of our journeying hither with our apple cart on some future occasion, we proceeded upon our adventurous way to see Marth Cockburn, the "Smallest Woman on Earth," who in the course of her 38 years has never managed to grow higher than 22½ inches, and another lady whose body was tattooed in the most alluring manner possible!

And lastly the raucous cry of "Everyone a good 'un" fell upon our ears, and many of our hard earned pennies parted company to

"Old Andrew Smith," a veritable doyen of showmen, whose cocoanuts were the acme of tantalization by their very fixedness!

Long shall we cherish our memories of this very merry fair.

THE NOMAD.

This article which was written by George Garland under the pen-name "The Nomad" appeared in the old Southern Weekly News on November 24th 1934. A number of Garland's Nomad articles are reprinted in "The Men with Laughter in Their Hearts" a collection of Garland photographs just published by the Window Press. The photograph of Andrew Smith the Showman reproduced in this Bulletin was published with the article.

JOHN STEDMAN'S TENANCY OF THE TOLLS 1854-1876

Arch Knight's office as collector of the tolls was by 1934 a mere shadow of what had once been the important civic office of portreeve or clerk of the market. As Arch Knight observes in his conversation with "The Nomad" John Stedman in the mid-nineteenth century had combined the office of collector of the tolls with that of the town's postman. At the end of John Luxford's tenure in 1854 Lord Leconfield, owner of the tolls had put the position of master of the tolls out for tender. John Luxford had paid £6 per annum. John Stedman offered £13 per annum and was given the position. It seems that Stedman came to regret his tender for in 1860 he writes to Henry Gray Brydone, at that time still probably Lord Leconfield's agent, that "the market is decreased probably owing to the Railway for the Horsham market is much increased by it - the money collected this year don't much more than pay the time for collecting it." Stedman was looking for a reduction from £13 to £8.

Stedman's complaint led Mr. Brydone to draw up for Lord Leconfield a statement of the toll-collector's duties as they stood and the income he gained from them. £4-0-0 a year came from the County Court for cleaning, coals and ink, providing a fire in the magistrates' room and towels and washing materials for the judge. Some £3 to £3-12-0 came from the magistrates themselves for providing ink-pens, blotting paper and coals and candles when required. Petworth Savings Bank paid 30/- a year for coals, ink and cleaning. These activities of Stedman's were centred on the Town Hall and the Old Bank House in the Market Square. As regards their profitability Brydone was quite clear, "The above things are not profitable and hardly pay".

£3 or £4 comes from the various fairs but the cattle fair in particular involved carrying wattles and "trussles" down to Hampers Green and back. The pig market had declined but there is a shilling for posting a lot of bills and a shilling for "crying" ie acting as town crier.

Lord Leconfield agreed to the reduction but was less than sympathetic to a similar request in 1876. Stedman's predecessors seem to have been John Peacock (c1803) and John Luxford (from 1817). "Good Master Dearling" referred to by Arch Knight may have followed Stedman.

(Documents from Petworth House Archives reproduced by kind permission of Lord Egremont.)

Bills of Petworth &c 10 Jan 1861

*The County Court pays for cleaning, coal, & ink
£4.0.0 a year including a fine in the
Mapstake room - fuel, washing materials
for the Judge -*

*The Bench - very fortnight the Mapstake pay
if each - average 2/6 to 3/ a fortnight
a £3 to 3.12.0 a year -
Then come ink-pens - blotting paper -
Coals - & candles when required -*

*Parish Bank - very Monday
pay, 30/ a year of coals ink & cleaning
The above things are not profitable and
hardly pay -*

*Against the receipt at the Fair shows the expense
of carrying the wattles down to Hampers Green &
back again - there are 120 lbs of wattles - the fair
clerk for 20/- to 24/- not always for the time
The pig market has a good deal fallen off
There is posting bills and crying - if for posting a lot
of bills and if for crying - Stedman thinks the rent should be
£8 - Luxford paid 6/-*

Henry Gray Brydone's analysis of the income and duties of the Clerk of the Market. (1861) (Reduced size)

THE FAIR IN THE 1930'S

Before the war I had a two-seater Austin 12 and I'd drive to the Fair in this. There were very few cars then and two-way traffic round the town. It was very easy to park in those days; most people walked or bicycled in. Everyone went to the Fair in those days: it was absolutely packed, a real throng. If you lost someone it was quite a job to find them again. A steam-engine generated electricity but the stalls also had their own paraffin and hurricane lamps. People came from miles around, Northchapel, Wisborough Green, Sutton, Lodsworth, all round.

The Fair took in the entire Square and there were caravans in Lombard Street and Golden Square. We'd go in the evenings, the children had the afternoon largely to themselves. In the evening the Fair was a meeting-place, you'd see all sorts of people you hadn't seen for ages, since last November 20th probably! At that time before the war the fair people had the Square more or less under canvas so that if it rained you were sheltered and didn't realize it was actually raining until you stepped out of the Square into the side streets. The fair people seemed to be same characters every year. They had a rather rough reputation and the shops were rather suspicious of them but the Fair was great fun and everyone looked forward to it for weeks ahead.

J.B.

PETWORTH FAIR IN THE EARLY 1960S

It wasn't long ago really, but it was still a very different fair then, Sheila and I went up in the afternoon because that year being a Saturday the fair was going early and most things were half price for a while. There were the coconut shies and air rifles with corks, to shoot down 10 cigarettes or liquorice allsorts, also one which we called "Shoot the Soldier". The soldiers were four pieces of white metal. In the middle of the Square there was always the ping pong balls that you had to get into the gold fish bowls to win a gold fish. I never won a fish but my sister always seemed to. In front of the Solicitors was the children's Roundabout and in front of Austens was the Switchback. I think that was what most of us over 10 years old went for.

In front of Pelletts the large generator lorries sealed off the Square from the usual traffic. Here was win a Teddy Bear with

tickets and darts that you tried to throw 3 into one playing card. We used to get the honey comb to eat and there were toffee apples, candy floss and bubble gum as well.

Fair Day seemed important then. Dad had to have his broad beans planted and I knew that in 5 weeks to the day it would be Christmas day.

David G.

LIVING ON THE PAST (1971)

The Pulborough bus stopping in New Street: the Horsham bus parked outside the Westminster Bank: such curious behaviour can mean only one thing. The Fair, half-forgotten since last year is back. Coming home through the Square all is dark but there are confused sounds of men working. "Amusement Caterers" proclaims a surprisingly opulent-looking generator lorry. The men go on working in the darkness amidst a maze of poles and pipes. It's cold and they appear almost a race apart, calling gruffly to each other, wasting neither energy nor words. Strangers they are and strangers they wish to remain but for tonight the Square is theirs. A group of them stand talking, a stocky man swearing venomously, one of the group slips into the Star. It's twenty past six. A woman appears at a window in the interior of a dark lorry parked in front of Weavers. It's very dark in Lombard Street but will be darker still tomorrow when the Fair is lit and Lombard Street contrasts with the gaudy new world it looks down on. The cobbles are already awash with pipes and ropes. Is it worth their while to set up one night, stay another and leave the next day? There's a deadline for their departure. The promised life of tomorrow's Fair makes Petworth's empty streets unwelcoming almost hostile this cold dead November evening; unpromising terrain for the strangers. In the darkness the coconut stall takes rough shape, so too does the huge horse roundabout. There will be goldfish in plastic bags.

The cold weather turns to steady bitter incessant rain. In the morning some boys get near the horses but one of the fairmen barks at them from the coconut stall. The fairmen stand about, long cigarettes hanging precariously from clamped lips. The Eagers must have known the fair people for generations and have come in especially to see Mrs. Benson.

It's a wicked night with driving wind-blown rain. The bushes in the garden of the Westminster Bank blow violently inside the halo

of light that is the Market Square. The fair people seem tight-lipped about the weather, too proud to grumble. A feeling of loyalty to the past drives us up into the Square but there are few adults braving the storm. A man with matching football cards tries to attract our attention and fails. We leave him imprisoned in his round stall. The hamburger stall is untenanted and some of the others are already covered but many are well-stocked. A £1 note is wrapped round a packet of Rich Tea biscuits and held there by an elastic band. Some large pictures of foreign-looking ladies in the ample swimming suits of another era strike an odd chord in this permissive age. It's as if they've come to shock and have arrived a generation late. The customers in any case are mainly children intent either on the shooting gallery or the big horse roundabout in the corner by the generator. Somehow the incessant sweeping rain doesn't seem right, we remember the Fair as crowds milling about in a dry cold. It's tempting to feel sympathy for the fair people; so much preparation and so few people here but they seem to scorn sympathy. What is everyone doing? Watching old films on television? Perhaps the Fair means more to the elderly. Aunt Wyn down at Elsie Whitcomb's because it's Fair Day and remembering fairs past, savouring the privilege of being allowed on the last turn of the roundabout, but not venturing out tonight into the cold air. Everyone seems aware of the Fair, but everyone ignores it, using it only as a lens to focus up the dead past. Thinking of Arch Knight laying the plank during the war years to keep the charter alive. How precarious it is, so many centuries hanging on a single plank and collapsing if the tradition breaks. Surely though they'll never come again after this year.

The morning is calmer and milder as if the elements have finally exhausted themselves. A policeman fusses with the no-waiting obelisks. The fair is all packed up and the big lorries are ready to move off. People tend to feel vaguely ill-at-ease as the fair people depart. They hadn't gone but the weather had been so bad hadn't it? "We would have gone if the weather had been alright". There are broken coconuts in the empty grey streets, their insides dulled by the merciless rain.

P.

"FISH-FINGER" - A SURVIVOR 1986

To win a goldfish at Petworth Fair you had to throw a ping-pong ball into one of a number of large glass goldfish bowls stood together on a large table with their glass sides touching. It wasn't nearly as easy as it seemed as the bowls had narrow necks and the

balls bounced so easily off the glass. It was sixpence for three goes I think. When I eventually managed to get a ball in I was duly presented with my goldfish in a polythene bag in a little water. He (or she) was a very small goldfish some two inches long at the most. For the rest of my time at the Fair I had to carry my prize about with me.

"Fish Finger" as we came to call him survived these rather inauspicious beginnings and I kept him for a year or two. Eventually as I was moving and it was difficult to look after him properly I gave him to some friends. They kept him in a nearby water-trough which had a constant flow of fresh water. They've had him a good eighteen years now and the fresh water seems to act as an aerator. Fish Finger is partial to puffed wheat and cornflakes but probably feeds largely on what the fresh water brings in, water-beetles and small water creatures of various kinds. He is now a very large goldfish indeed: even in severe weather the trough never freezes completely and he survived last winter without apparent difficulty. I wonder how many other hardy survivors of Petworth Fair there are about.

L.

STILL MISSING THE STEEPLE!

My parents were very strict and there was never any question of my being allowed to go to the Fair on my own. I don't remember ever going with my father, I think my mother always took me. We lived at first in one of the cottages at the back of the old Queen's Head in High Street so it wasn't far to go to the Fair. In those days it extended all up New Street and down almost into Golden Square, while the Market Square was full and there were caravans in Lombard Street. The Fair was something special, something to look forward to all through the autumn and I can still remember the excitement of waiting for the 20th to come. Pennies were scarce then so we could only sample a few of the stalls but I always had a go on the "swings". They were shaped like boats and pulled sideways I think. There was Tom Smith's roundabout and I can also remember throwing a ring to win toys and things like that. Much more difficult in fact than it seemed. The Fair was always absolutely packed: you could hardly move the Square was so full! My father and mother had come over from Italy because near relatives had set up in business in Glasgow and done extremely well. There were clearly opportunities here but it was always difficult starting and my father had to work very hard, even though my mother had a small income of her

own. He was much in demand to work on local farms although he had been in fact a hairdresser. Mr. Duncton and Mr. Moase were regular employers. As with many Italians however his first love was gardening and of late he worked for Mr. Bishop who had the shoe shop in Lombard Street. He was very skilled at grafting trees and growing all sorts of fruit. It was just like him that Petworth Fair was first and foremost connected with gardening "Always sow broad beans on the 20th of November" - that way he said they wouldn't get blackfly.

Mrs. Place's recollections took me right back to Petworth in those far-off times, but I wonder if it was really my father who had the barrell-organ? Certainly there was an Italian who had one, and it was quite large - not easy to have got into one tiny house. I don't remember whether he had a monkey, I know they used to dress the monkey in a red jacket. As I've said, my parents were very strict and I wasn't really allowed to talk to strangers but when this man knocked at the door for his money I rushed out and asked him if I could turn the handle. Imagine my pride when he actually let me turn the great big handle of the barrell-organ! I was only about five and the handle was so big I could hardly turn it - it probably didn't do more than play a few disconnected notes. But that was enough for me - I'd actually played a barrel-organ! My father certainly wouldn't have approved if someone had told him what I'd been up to. What makes me think particularly that he never had one was that I still vividly remember once when there was thick ice on the lake in Petworth Park someone sent down to ask him if he could lend them his barrell-organ. He wasn't at all pleased, taking the view that because he was an Italian it didn't necessarily mean he had to have a barrell-organ! Another time he was a little put out was when someone asked me as a tiny tot whether my father was Catholic or Protestant. As I didn't know what either meant I said, "Protestant". He was very cross when I told him what I had said but to be truthful he was a little lax in his observance!

When we moved to Station Road I could go out into the garden and look up at the Church to see what time it was. It was the towering steeple that I loved. The Roman Catholic Church was our church of course but I loved the steeple and was heartbroken when it was taken down. Couldn't they have found the money to replace it? I can never come up Station Road, as I do most Sundays, without thinking what a great loss the steeple was to Petworth.

Mrs. Poston was talking to the Editor.

PETWORTH FAIR IN 1856

CATTLE FAIR. - The fair held on Thursday last was pretty well supplied with beasts and horses (though the latter were not very first-rate in quality). Of sheep there was not a large quantity, but we believe nearly all changed hands - very few beasts were left unsold. At the "Pleasure" part of the fair, held in the town, we stated last year that there was a larger number of "roughs" than we had ever seen here, but this year beats its predecessor, the town was literally swarming with them, and the police were kept on the alert up to one o'clock in the night, when there was a general melee, which did not terminate till two of the party got "shopped up." This portion of the fair is now become such an intolerable nuisance that we hope some measures will be adopted to do away with it altogether. The immoral and disgusting songs vociferated by a man and woman, and eagerly listened to by the young of both sexes, were offensive in the extreme. Some of the speeches of the "Cheap Jacks" in the laudation of their various wares, were not much before these poetical effusions in decency and morality. Several parties (notwithstanding the vigilance of the police, to whom great praise is due) had their pockets picked.

From the West Sussex Gazette November 1856

A FAIR PUNISHMENT! (c1880)

"When he was a boy Harry King used to take milk into old Petworth gaol for a debtor prisoner, and he also used to fetch the paper for the late Rev. Coombes, who was Chaplain at the Prison then.

His father worked for the Leconfield Estate but also looked after and cleaned out the Town Hall, and young Harry used to help him and always cleaned the two lower rooms. One year, he recalls, he did something wrong in performing this task, and by way of penance he was not allowed to go to Petworth Fair; instead he was sent up to the Gog and Magog with a wheelbarrow to fetch some fern. Truly a hard labour for his misdemeanour! In those days on Petworth Fair day a Pig Market was held on Hamper's Common on the Northchapel Road."

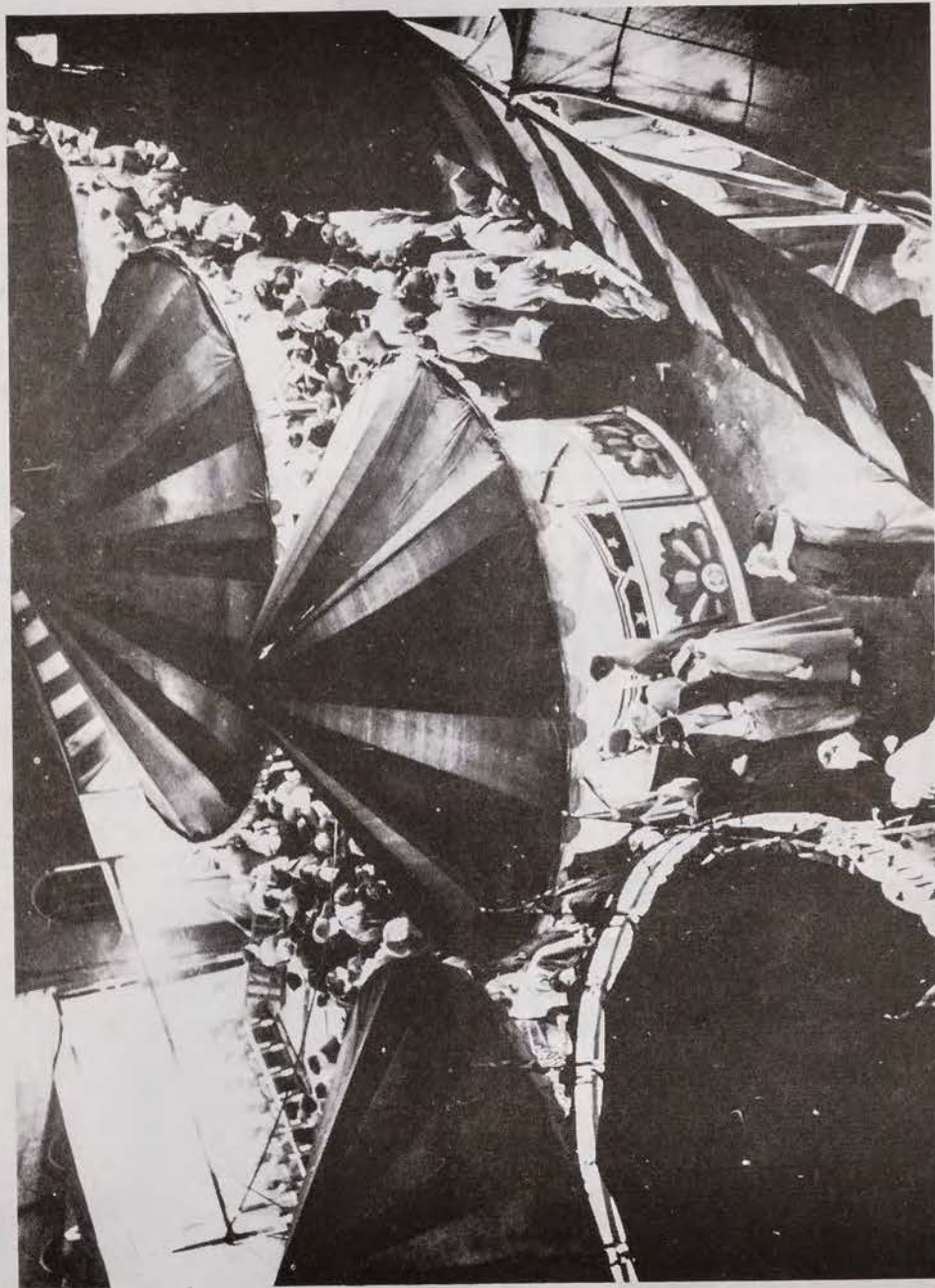
From a piece by Mrs. Garland reporting the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. King of Grove Street. Sussex Daily News December 30th 1938.



Arch Knight keeping the Fair open in 1942.



"I can never come up Station Road, without thinking what a great loss the steeple was to Petworth."
This photograph was taken an hour before demolition work began in 1947.



Stalls at Petworth Fair about 1956

LIVING DANGEROUSLY : PETWORTH FAIR 1873-1883

Petworth's immemorial November Fair was traditionally in two parts: a cattle fair held on Hampers Common and a pleasure fair held in Petworth itself. Whatever the merits of the cattle fair it is clear that by the later decades of the nineteenth century there was already a considerable tradition of hostility to the pleasure fair on the part of the Petworth "establishment", the clergy, gentry and tradespeople. Those opposed to the pleasure fair were no doubt much heartened by the passing of the Fairs Act of 1871 which granted to the Secretary of State, on application by the local magistrates, the power to order a fair to be abolished - provided always that the owner's consent to the abolition had first been obtained.

Accordingly in July 1873 Charles Holland the Rector presented to Lord Leconfield a petition seeking the abolition of "the Annual Fair held in the town of Petworth in the month of November". A score of signatures follow largely of local tradespeople. Echoing the wording of the 1871 Act the petition claims that "the said Fair is invariably found to be the cause of grievous immorality and in no way necessary or of advantage to the inhabitants of the parish or the neighbourhood."

Lord Leconfield's reaction was guarded but by no means unfavourable. In a letter to Mr. Ingram his agent he notes, "The petition is signed only by tradespeople in Petworth. If the abolition of the Town Fair will involve the abolition of the Hampers Common Fair, how will it affect the small farmers to the north of Petworth?" (25th July 1873). His lordship was already touching indirectly on a serious obstacle lying across the abolitionists' path: one that would ultimately frustrate them completely. While it was clearly in the power of the Secretary of State to order a fair to be abolished given the appropriate application by the magistrates and the consent of the owner (in this case, of course, Lord Leconfield) there was no such burning desire to abolish the cattle fair as there was to abolish its unruly partner the pleasure fair. The inevitable question arose: did the Act allow the Secretary of State to abolish one part of a Fair and not another? As Mr. Ingram wrote the same day in reply to Lord Leconfield, and talking of the two parts of the fair, "It would I should say be difficult to stop one without prohibiting both."

In the light of Lord Leconfield's reservations, William Death the auctioneer, a determined and outspoken opponent of the pleasure



Setting up the Fair 1957

fair, suggested to Mr. Holland that if the petition was altered to read "annual pleasure fair", it would, as he put it, "answer every purpose". Henry Gray Brydone, clerk to the justices, duly prepared the magistrates' application to abolish the fair with Lord Leconfield's approval and Mr. Death's alteration. He too had his misgivings. "It may not be necessary," he writes to Mr. Ingram, "to enter into the difficulty until the Home Office starts it but there is some doubt whether part as it were of a fair can be abolished without the whole." He was right: the problem of the two-part fair would bedevil the abolitionists' case.

So far from "answering every purpose" William Death's amendment was completely ignored by Whitehall and they wrote back to Mr. Brydone proposing to publish a notice in a forthcoming London Gazette giving official warning of the total abolition of Petworth Fair i.e. both pleasure and cattle fairs. Mr. Brydone had to reply by return as a matter of urgency pointing out that abolition was desired only of the pleasure fair, there was no desire to do away with the cattle fair.

Whitehall replied firmly and quickly, "The Fairs Act 1871 gives no power to the Secretary of State of reservation of part and abolition of the other part of a Fair." The forebodings of Mr. Ingram and Mr. Brydone had been justified. As Ingram noted, writing to Henry Gray Brydone, "It would appear there is nothing further to be done unless the cattle fair be abolished with the other". The pleasure fair had been saved effectively on a legal technicality.

Further moves were made in 1883 to abolish Petworth Fair, but this time, absorbing the lesson of the abortive attempt some ten years previously, the demand was for the abolition of both parts of the Fair at the same time. As usual the main backing seems to have come from the clergy and tradespeople. It may be that this initiative did in fact kill off the Hampers Green cattle fair, and it may be too that it was at this time that the pleasure fair was cut to a single day. Whatever the truth of this the survival of the pleasure fair to the present day shows that the abolitionists did not have things all their own way.

(The documents referred to are all from Petworth House Archives, quoted here by kind permission of Lord Egremont.)

"PETER DEAD DRUNK", JULY 1875

William Death despite his failure to have the pleasure fair abolished in 1873 was not, it seems, deterred. The visit of travelling showmen in July 1875 led him and B.S. Austen the iron-monger to write again to Mr. Ingram protesting about the misuse of the Market Square.

"Sir.

Permit us to call your attention to the present disgusting state of our Market Place and to ask if you will be so kind as to lay the matter before Lord Leconfield.

There is now a large Show with two vans and they occupy nominally the whole Market Place so that a carriage could not pass through without considerable risk. We therefore respectfully ask that we may be relieved from all Stallmen, Hawkers and Showmen except at the regular statute Fairs i.e. allowing only a reasonable halt when passing through the Town. The people now occupying were performing last night and seem likely to remain.

We are Sir,

Yours ever obediently,

B. S. Austen
Wm. Death.

P.S. The wretched performance tonight is to be
"Peter dead drunk". "

Mr. Ingram wrote back the next day to say that he had instructed John Stedman the master of the tolls that in future no shows of any kind were to halt in the Market Square "except when the statute fairs are held, or by special leave". Curiously this seems to have gone a little too far for the protesters who in replying hope that "special leave" will be given "in the case of menageries etc. our hand being only against such demoralising exhibitions as the one we have recently called your attention to."
(Petworth House Archives.)

Mr. Ingram's instructions seem by the turn of the century to have been somewhat ignored for E.V. Lucas writing in 1904 recalls:

This reminds me that I saw recently at Petworth, whither we are now moving, a travelling circus whose programme included a comic

interlude that cannot have received the slightest modification since it was first planned, perhaps hundreds of years ago. It was sheer essential elemental horse-play straight from Bartholomew Fair, and the audience received it with rapture that was vouchsafed to nothing else. The story would be too long to tell; but briefly, it was a dumb show representation of the visit of a guest (the clown) to a wife, unknown to her husband. The scenery consisted of a table, a large chest, a heap of straw and a huge barrel. The fun consisted in the clown, armed with a bladder on a string, hiding in the barrel, from which he would spring up and deliver a sounding drub upon the head of whatever other character - husband or policeman - might be passing, to their complete perplexity. They were, of course, incapable of learning anything from experience. At other times he hid himself or others in the straw, in the chest, or under the table. When, in a country district such as this, one hears the laughter that greets so venerable a piece of pantomime, one is surprised that circus owners think it worth while to secure novelties at all. The primitive taste of West Sussex, at any rate, cannot require them.

(Highways and Byways in Sussex pp 91-2).

Just the sort of "demoralising exhibition" of which Messrs. Austen and Death had complained so bitterly nearly thirty years before.

PETWORTH FAIR AND OTHER MATTERS

I was born in Orchard Cottage Upperton in 1910, the 6th of a family of 7. My father "Bill Payne", was the Tillington Postman.

I have vivid memories of my childhood. We were very poor but we had a huge garden and fruit orchard. We had a huge pram where the four youngest of us were many time put out in the garden. I remember we rocked it until we overturned it on its side, great fun rolling on the garden, until Dad saw us.

I advance now to the fourth of August 1914. I was then four years and six weeks old. It was the morning when the first world war was declared. Dad came in carrying his loaded postbag on his way round.

I stood right close to the cooking range, near breakfast time, he told mother that a war had been declared and as he swung his heavy

bag to put it down, did not see me and knocked me on to the burning Range.

Though he quickly picked me off, my left arm was badly burned. There was no Health Service and we couldn't afford a doctor, Mum tore off strips from the tail of an old clean Flannel shirt, smothered the 4-5 inch burns with vaseline and bound it up. It took months to heal, the scab being pulled off every time they changed the dressing. I carry two white scars to this day as evidence that I was probably one of the very first civilian casualties of that war. I can remember everything about that incident, and the pain.

Like all my brothers and sisters we had to go out after school, on the rough dusty roads gathering horse manure for the garden, also up to the Common getting wood for our fires, bracken for bedding for Dad's pigs and all kinds of berries for jam and wines which Mum made; as also firm oranges, parsnips, potatoes: she made lovely wines. It was very hard for Mum to feed us all especially during the war and her health was never strong. Dad later joined the Army and we missed him a lot.

I soon got used to school but the discipline was very strict though many little things were undetected such as: when the teacher left the room, one boy would take a dead mouse from his pocket and wave it around.

A photograph I still have, taken during the war, I well remember the teacher saying "here comes smiling Billy". They were taken in the school, so that we could send them to our fathers serving in the Forces.

There were thousands of soldiers around before they left for France and scores of mules dragging guns etc.. It all scared me then, little did I dream that in a little over 20 years later I would be fighting in another war.

I must mention how and why I became scared of all dogs except our own. Walking near the Monument at Upperton with my brother and sisters, Mr. Peacock's hugh black dog came charging up the road towards us barking with joy. He ran straight into me knocking me down, I can still remember his long hair rubbing across my face, I collected a bruise and bump on the forehead.

In Bulletin 42 is a picture of the Monument in Mr. Peacock's time, I am positive the black dog is the same one who in playful manner assaulted me that day. I was very young at the time, Jack and George my brothers will remember it. I remember the cricket ground on Upperton Common, but not the fair.

However, Petworth Fair was always a great day for us kids. We would have our pennies for months to spend there. Andrew Smith's coconut shies were our number one attraction, Andrew was a lovable character. I remember his call of "Hurry up Hurry", at his stall outside Moyer's Butchers Shop. The things I hated were water squirters, metal tubes pressed to squirt, big boys often squirting the water down girls necks and blouses. I failed to see the fun. The music from the Roundabout organ thrilled me always. There was a stall once that I regretted spending 3d. on, a lot of money to me.

The notice said, and the man called "Line up to see the Lady with her bare behind". What we saw was a fully dressed lady with a little bear on a string behind her. Bang went 3d.

As I grew a little older, in fact eight years old, the fighting of world war one stopped on 11th November, 1918. Oh yes I and all my family were so happy, now perhaps Dad could come home. The Tillington Church Bells rang out and we were all allowed to run down to Tillington to be near the Church. Flags were flying from windows soon afterwards and we were all so happy. Dad was then moved to Cologne in the Rhine Army and was a long time before he was demobbed. An amusing little story always remembered by me, amongst us kids, boasting about our Dads. Bobby - "My Dad's in France fighting the Germats". Mary - "Ah, my Dads down the Church lighting the stoke hole". Meaning the stoking of the boiler.

So many little things like that stand in my memory. Mother always encouraged us to go to Church, we were sitting in the back row one Sunday evening, I was about ten years old at the time, Mr. Goggs, during his sermon said "We won the Great Victory", a man jumped up and shouted: "Yes, by starving your women and children". I was sitting with the late Bob Bryder, we were very scared. The man then walked out. It was to us a terrible thing to happen in Church. Mr. Goggs often ended his sermon with the words "Man still strives to cheat his fellow men".

I was doing well at school, I loved arithmetic and singing, I joined the Church Choir and the Wolf Cubs. It was the Wolf Cubs that gave me a thrill, working to gain various badges on my

uniform, when I gained promotion to sixer I couldn't keep my eyes off the two rings round my arm. When we had sports on the Vicarage Lawn, I won 2 events, my winnings:- a total of 9d. equivalent to nine weeks allowance from Mum of our Saturday 1d. I was in the money. We competed with other Cubs in Rallies. I remember competing at Fittleworth to me then like a trip abroad.

As time went by, Mr. Brown arrived as our School Head. He was a very kind man and taught us how to read music. Every Friday afternoon was for sport. If it rained etc. he and the teachers taught us ballroom dancing. Girls and boys as we were a mixed school. Most of us knew every dance before we left school. In fine weather us boys he took to the Recreation Ground for football or cricket according to season.

Mr. Brown refereed and instructed us. So school for me was a real pleasure, from then onwards. He also gave me extra singing practice in his house at times of concerts etc.. As we left school, he gave us personal advice which I have valued all my life. We were poor but we did learn a lot at school. My one regret was that even though I passed all exams I was unable to go on to Grammar School as we could not afford it, whilst several others that were miles behind me just paid to go.

I stayed on at school an extra half year until I got my job as a Rule Maker. I paid a visit to the Petworth Drill Hall during that time to see Sgt. Baxter about joining the Air Force as an apprentice. I knocked the door and was so relieved that he was not in that I ran nearly all the way back home. I took good care that I didn't try again, until over four years later when I failed the eye test.

I was sport mad, from our football with pig's bladders and rag balls, my greatest thrill was at 16 being picked to play cricket as a bowler for Col. Mitford's XI against Horsham Y.M.C.A. - on that lovely Pitshill ground. Our team included: Col. Robinson Capt. of Gloucestershire, G.T.S. Stevens Middlesex, the two Mitfords William and Cecil, George Perry (local farmer) and others of the estate. G.T. Stevens and I both took four wickets each. I could go on and on, the hard life and upbringing we received has stood us in good stead for life, we appreciate things much more for it, but for me they were not the "Good Old Days" so often quoted now.

Bill Payne

DECEMBER TO FEBRUARY

OLD WIVES WEATHER

(The Official Farmer's Winter)

So, coming to the last three months of old weather sayings, December might be mild if the previous month had brought ice thick enough to bear a duck, although St. Ambrose Day (Dec: 7th) often means a cold snap, lasting for a few days. On December 21st we are told "Look at the Weathercock at 12 o'clock, and whichever way the wind is, there it will stay for the next lunar quarter." December 21st; is also the shortest day, and if there is a frost it is said to indicate a severe winter.

"A warm Christmas, a cold Easter." (often true)
and "A Green Christmas makes a fat Churchyard."
However, if it snows on Christmas night the crops will do well.

Sometimes, after Christmas we get what used to be called the Post-Christmas storm; this can last for 7 or 8 days, and records show that it occurs in four out of every five years. On December 28th in 1879, the Tay Bridge was destroyed in a terrible storm.

January. Countrymen believe that Nature always pays her debts, and if fine, warm weather occurs out of season, it is a bad sign and we shall pay for it later.

"In Janiveer if sun appear, March and April pay full dear."
and "If the grass grow in Janiveer, It grows the worse for all
the year."
But "When oak trees bend with snow in January, good crops will
follow."

January 14th is St. Hilary's Day, said to be the coldest day of the year.

February. The saying "February Fill-Dyke" does not necessarily refer to heavy rainfall, but probably originated from the old fashioned winters when the snow began to melt and fill the ditches and dykes with water. Buchan's first 'Cold Spell' of the year is on February 7th - 14th (or thereabouts). In Europe this period of cold is known as the "After Winter". Again this cold snap may end in snow, but snow in February as well as in January is supposed to foretell a fine summer. There are many old rhymes for this month.

"As the days grow longer the cold grows stronger."

and "All the months in the year curse a fine Februeer."
Candlemas Day (Feb: 2nd) "As far as the sun shines on Candlemas
Day,

So far will the snow blow in before May."

"When the North wind does not blow in February, it will surely do
so in March."

But "Winter's back breaks about the middle of February."

To conclude, we wonder why so many old country folk believe in "Weather Lore"? Surely because all the signs and sayings have some truth in them.

P.C.

PETWORTH FAIR IN SEARCH OF ITS PAST 1937

PETWORTH FAIR IN ANCIENT TIMES

ONE OF THE OLDEST IN EXISTENCE

CHARTER DATES BACK TO 1273

We of Sussex have ever been noted for our fairs, not perhaps that we have ever possessed such large sheep fairs as are to be found in Hampshire, Dorsetshire and Kent, but that our towns and villages have ever been most conservative in the preservation of these ancient events.

However, it is not of the fairs of to-day I would write, but rather of those of yester-year and especially of that held at Petworth on 20th November as it was when one of the most famous agricultural writers of all time - the Rev. Arthur Young - was making a tour of Sussex round about the year 1796.

PRIZES FOR HORSES

When we visit such important events as the Royal Show of England, or the Sussex County Show, we are somewhat inclined to forget that these great agricultural exhibitions had their origin in quite humble country events and started as ploughing matches, fairs, or even shearing meetings.

Gradually, as more and more interest was evoked, classes for live stock were added, and thus at a ploughing match, besides exhibiting their skill as ploughmen, some of the enterprising

farmers would bring along an extra horse or two, just to show what good teams they possessed, and this gradually led, through wagers, to a system of prize awarding for horses of certain ages. Sheep shearing meetings generally taking place on the farm of a large sheep farmer, or landowner, it soon became customary for those who attended these meetings to wish to inspect any other live stock on the place, and this, in its turn, gradually led to classes for cattle exhibited by a few neighbours, and thus, by long, yet, certain, steps, to shows as we know them to-day.

Petworth Fair must be one of the oldest in existence for its Charter dates back to 1273 and it was then held at Egdean in what is still known as the Fair Field.

ORIGINAL CHARTER

We believe that the Fair was initiated by Sir William Dawtrey, a name closely associated with Petworth right through the ages, and a family that can claim as ancient a lineage as any in the country.

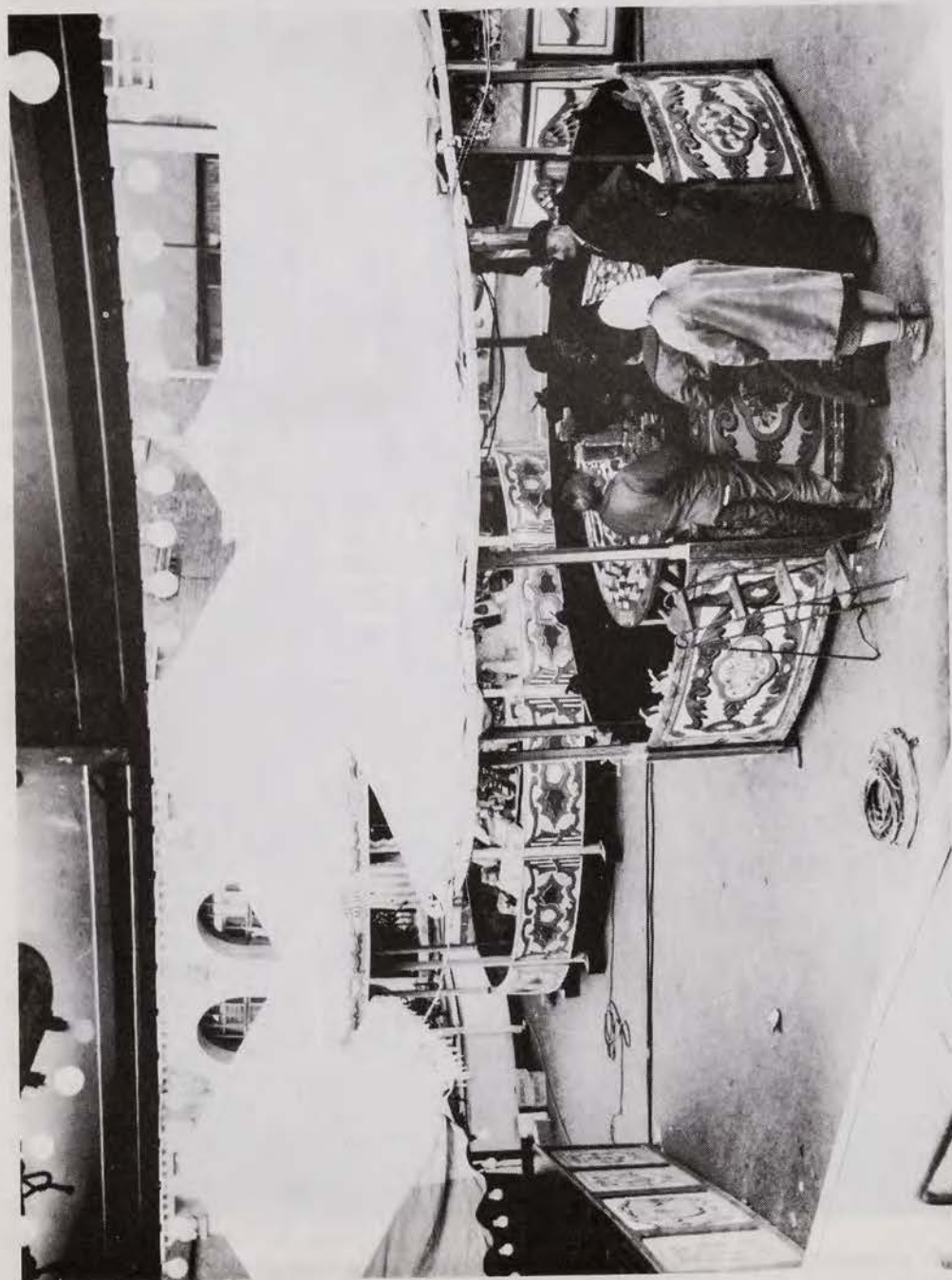
The original charter was for a nine day fair, but a repeal of the Charter in about 1881 reduced it to a one day function, and then the Cattle part of it was held at Hamper's Common, the people coming up to the Pleasure Fair in the town in the evening.

As to what took place at the Pleasure Fair in those days of the later part of the 18th century when Arthur Young was touring Sussex, the present writer has no means of ascertaining, but without doubt there were "Fat Women," the "Smallest Woman (or Man) In the World," and probably wrestling or boxing matches, skittle alleys, stalls, cheap-jacks, and all those great and manifold attractions designed to catch-penny from the rural visitors.

BOUNTIFUL LANDLORD

Then too, it came about that apart from all the fun and frolic of the ordinary Fair, with its flaring lights and many stalls and salesmen, farmers were encouraged to take a more practical interest and to exhibit some of their best stock in friendly rivalry.

Petworth has ever been lucky in its landlord, for while to-day we have in Lord Leconfield, not only a revered Lord Lieutenant of Sussex, but one of the old type of country squires taking a keen interest in his land, in horse and hound, and in his world-famous herd of Sussex cattle, so in 1795 we are told by Arthur Young that Lord Egremont, the then owner of Petworth, desiring to improve the



Stalls at Petworth Fair 1961

BOYS AND GIRLS
ARE YOU GOING TO WIN A
GOLDFISH AT THE FAIR?
IF YOU ARE LUCKY AND
GET ONE YOU CAN BUY
THE FOOD IT WILL NEED
HERE
6^D PER DRUM
REMIN DAD THAT FAIR TIME
IS BROAD BEAN SEED
TIME

Mr. Cahane's fair-time noticeboard. 1964

Kahane

breed of cattle in that part of Sussex and to excite greater interest in cattle breeding amongst the farmers, offered a premium for the best bull exhibited at the Fair at Petworth, the premium taking the shape of a silver cup.

Apparently there was quite a good entry stimulated, doubtless, by the novelty of competition. Thus a class of nine bulls paraded and the Cup was awarded to a bull exhibited by Mr. Thomas Coppard, of Woodmancote, and without a doubt the breed was Sussex, for Mr. Coppard possessed a herd of the famous dark red beef cattle. Cows, too, were exhibited by several farmers and according to Young those that were ahead of the rest came from Mr. Coppard and Mr. Upfold.

So enthusiastic were the farmers over this show that they agreed amongst themselves to exhibit bulls and heifers at Storrington Fair on 5th December.

MORE PRIZES

Having set the ball rolling so successfully at this first venture, Lord Egremont went still further at the Fair in 1796 and offered a silver cup for the best bull shown, and ten pounds for the bull that was placed second. His lordship also offered 15 guineas as a prize for the best heifer and five guineas for the heifer placed second.

We are told that the following exhibitors sent bulls: Mr. J. W. Parsons, of West Camel, Somerset (Devon bull); Mr. John Ellman, of Glinde (Sussex bull); while Messrs. John Ireland, of Rudgwick, Thomas Coppard, of Henfield, Henry Colgate, of Frantfield, John Upperton, of Rackham, and Thomas Holman, of Henfield, also exhibited Sussex bulls, and all the bulls shown were three years of age.

The Cup for the best bull went to Mr. Colgate, and second prize went to the Devon bull exhibited by Mr. Parsons.

Only four heifers competed, two Devons and two Sussex, the exhibitors of the Devons being Lord Stawell and Mr. J. W. Parsons, and of the Sussex, Messrs. John Ellman and Hainse, of Kirdford. To John Ellman went the first prize, while Lord Stawell's Devon heifer came in second.

John Ellman was, of course, the noted Southdown sheep breeder, and it is frequently over-looked that he was also an improver of the native breed of beef cattle also.

Fifteen farmers then got together and put up a sweepstake for the best two year old heifer, and this was won by Mr. John Salter, of Fittleworth.

A 50 GUINEA CUP

Lord Egremont was at that time, one of the foremost amongst the noblemen to encourage agriculture throughout the country, let alone the county only, and thus he had amongst his friends practically all the leading breeders, graziers, and farmers. Many of these were invited to stay at Petworth House next year (1797) for the Fair by which time Lord Egremont's Cup had been raised to the value of 50 guineas, and this was secured by a bull exhibited by Mr. Harrington, while a Mr. Marchant took the sweepstake for the best heifer.

Not content with this good work Lord Egremont in this year founded an Agricultural Society at Lewes for the improvement of cattle and sheep, and for awarding prizes to the best ploughman.

From this Society sprang, ultimately, the Sussex County Agricultural Society, although before it attained so imposing a name it had passed through a period when it was termed the "East Sussex Lean Stock Show Society."

VALUABLE CROSS

To-day tractors and horses do the work formerly done by oxen, but in those days it was essential to encourage a breed of cattle - such as the Sussex - that would produce working oxen ere they became beef. In the days of which I am writing not only Sussex and Devon cattle were kept in the county to work on the farms but Herefords as well, and a cross between the white-faced Midland breed and the mahogany red Sussex was highly valued. No matter how hard they were worked Sussex cattle always appeared to carry plenty of condition, and when taken from the yoke and yarded to fatten they very rapidly put on flesh and came out as prime beef cattle.

From The Southern Weekly News

20th November 1937

The article is probably largely written by Mrs. Garland.

Petworth

July 28/04.

The Queen Alexandra of England who was staying at Goodwood House with the King for the Race Week paid a surprise visit to Petworth House on Wednesday evening July 27. 1904 travelling by motor attended by her Ladies & Gentlemen in waiting arriving at 6.40 p.m. and leaving at 7.30 p.m. driving back to Goodwood to dine. There were not a great many people present to see the Queen depart it not being known early enough. The Queen was shown round Petworth House by his Lordship who was changing his clothes ^{when she arrived} and who came down in his Tennis Suit to meet her. ~~Baroness~~. I saw her arrive at Petworth House and depart from there.

W. Barttelot

Mr. Barttelot's handwritten memorandum. (slightly reduced)

QUEEN ALEXANDRA AT PETWORTH, A MEMORANDUM

Petworth

July 28/04

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W. Barttelot

Photostat courtesy of Messrs. Anderson, Longmore and Higham.
Does anyone know anything more about this?

A PUBLIC WATERING-PLACE

I can remember the time I used to go down to Fittleworth Mill with my father, we had a hand-truck and we would get five hundredweight of barleymeal for £1. Hughie Joyce was the miller's name and he had Street Farm just over the road. His son was the first person I ever knew to own a motor-cycle. As you went in the main gates at the Mill there used to be a road which ran straight down to the water. It was a public road giving access to the mill pond and the latter was a public watering-place. There was no water laid on in those days and farmers had to get water where they could particularly in the summer when farm-ponds tended to dry up. The farmers would come down to the Mill to get water for the animals, or for the old steam-threshing machines or for wetting straw for thatching.

When I was still at school, just before the Great War, we used to go down to the watering-place catching tiddlers in a jar. P.C. Stoner from Fittleworth caught us and told us to get out. We didn't take much notice of him and as soon as we could slipped back.

P.C. Stoner however was hiding behind a bush and he put a stick across our backsides. When I told my father about this, he said he had no right to do this because it was a public watering-place. Mr. Elcombe was a regular "customer" at the watering-place, he used to fetch water for his animals.

E. W. Whittington.

SHOOTING AT CHURCHWARDENS!

Mr. Blank has brought in the broken head of a churchwarden's pipe, one of many fragments of clay pipe to be found on his allotment which is on or immediately adjacent to the old "Fair Field" for long the site of local fairs, and mentioned in a document of 1798 as being "situate near the Bridewell". The pipe has clearly never been used and it is likely that the large number of such unused clay-pipe fragments in this area reflect a bygone fair-stall where it was possible to shoot at clay pipes for prizes. Mr. Blank can himself remember similar stalls at country fairs in the West country.

A SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER (9)

SUTTON IN THE 1920'S

One day in the summer months mother took us on an outing, and a friend of hers in the village also came with her two children. Mother packed up enough food for the day and we set off for Littlehampton, walking to the next village of Bignor, then up over the downs, coming out at Whiteways Lodge at the edge of Arundel Park.



"Coming out at Whiteways Lodge at the edge of Arundel Park."
Photograph by George Garland.

We had a rest here, mother had taken a teapot and the lady at the lodge kindly gave her some boiling water to make some tea, we had our own milk, sugar and tea. Then we moved on again walking right through the park, coming down at last near Swanbourne Lake. What a delightful walk it was and what a view; looking down on Amberley below. We had another little rest here, then continued through Arundel to the Station, and there caught a train to Littlehampton.

What excitement there was amongst us, riding in a train was a rare treat but all too short. By the time we reached the beach it was 2 o'clock so we could not have very long there because of the long journey home before dark, but we enjoyed every minute of it. When it was time to start back we kept dawdling along and mother said, "Hurry up or we will miss the train," but that is just what we wanted to do so we would have a little longer there.

The homeward journey was not half as exciting as going and it was almost dark by the time we came down off the downs at Bignor again, arriving home very tired, most of all mother I am sure, but a day we never forgot.

My brother was cowman at the farm now, and had to get up very early to milk the cows, taking the milk by horse and cart to Fittleworth station to catch the 8 o'clock milk train. Sometimes he had to be called several times. We often heard father call out "come on nip, you'll never catch that train." They used to give him breakfast at the farm, to save him coming back home, before he went to the station, and on his way there he had to stop several times to drop off cans of milk at different houses and then collect the empty cans on his way back ready for the next morning. The people would put them outside or on the wall handy for him.

Father seemed to have a lot of toothache these days but could never be persuaded to have them out. I remember someone coming to the house and giving dental treatment once and mother suggested he had one out that had been bothering him recently, but he just said, "Oh, let it bide now it is alright." I do not think they gave any injections in those days and as children we would often sit in front of the fire warming cabbage leaves for him to hold on his face to relieve the pain. Although he would not have his out I remember him offering to pull one of mothers out that was troubling her and as it was already a bit loose, she let him. He got some strong thread and made a loop to put over the tooth, it was a front one. Then he said he would count three and pull, but he pulled after two, to get it over quicker he said, but it was in tighter than they thought and the pain of it made her quite bad. It scared him as well as us and he did not offer to pull any more.

When he had a bad cold he always reckoned that hot beer with a little ginger in did it good. He would put the poker in the fire to get red hot, then stand it in his beer, a very old fashioned remedy. One evening in particular when he wanted some, two of us,

and a girl friend who had been at our place to tea, walked up the village with my brother and his pal on their way to their club, and he went into the pub and got the beer for us to take back. When we got halfway through the village we suddenly spotted some cows with calves coming towards us and the farmer behind them. One of the cows started coming for us and the farmer shouted to us to get in someone's gate, so we turned and ran back to the nearest one, the cow was roaring away with its head down low. Two of us managed to squeeze through the gate, the other falling over the top, and in the commotion the bottle of beer got broken. We thought we had better not go home without any so we went back to the club room and told our brother what had happened and he went down to the pub and bought some more. Most cows are usually alright when they have new calves but the odd one does sometimes get very fierce. On one occasion a child was standing in her garden watching some go by when one suddenly jumped up the bank and hooked his horn in her mouth and tore it badly. I suppose they are really protecting their young.

Another thing we liked doing was going ferreting with father, sometimes on the downs, sometimes in the fields below. He took some nets, and when he had found a suitable place where there were a lot of rabbit holes, or burrows he would place the nets over them. If there were several holes close together he would put one big net over the lot and small ones over the single holes. Then he put the ferret into one of the holes and we all crouched down very quiet, very tense and excited as we heard the rabbits racing about underground, wondering which hole they would come out of.

We would pounce on them as they got tangled in the net and hold them until father came and killed them. Sometimes the ferrets would get stuck in the hole behind a rabbit, or start to eat one instead of coming out, then father would have to dig it out with a spade which he always took, but first he would put a second ferret in on a bit of string to find out how far in it was. When we had got all the rabbits out of that burrow we would go on to another, it was an exciting time for us, but not for the rabbits. One day my sister sprang on to the net when something ran out, only to find it was a baby fox.

The fashion was just starting of having your hair bobbed, quite a lot of people had it done, including two of my sisters, father cut it, and one was so thick he had to use his sheep shears instead of scissors, but he would not cut mine as I had curls and he said it was a shame to cut them off, I was very disappointed.

sometimes some of the children would get lice in their hair, nurses would come to the school occasionally and inspect all our heads. Mother was very particular about this and every Friday night she would look through our hair and rub some stuff in just in case there were any. This was supposed to kill them, then Saturdays all our heads were washed. I remember one mother coming to the school in a temper because she found some in her childrens' hair, she even took some dead ones in a matchbox to prove it!

Father was very particular about us having tidy hair and clean hands when we sat down to a meal, and if we didn't he would say "thee looks as if thee's been drawn through the edge backwards, go and put a comb through it", and he always kept a little stick on a shelf behind his armchair and if we should start playing or squabble at the table, he would get it and bring it down sharply on the table. He never did hit us with it, but it usually did the trick, I guess we thought he may one day.

Mrs. E.J. Pentecost - to be continued.

NEW MEMBERS

Kate Arbon, The Stable Flat, Glebe House, Selham.
Mr. and Mrs. G. Budd, 5 Rothermead, Petworth.
Mrs. S. Banks, 10 Downview, Petworth.
Mrs. Blackmore, Regent House, Grove Street, Petworth.
Mrs. E. Davey, 12 Birchdale House, Church Hill, Harefield,
Middlesex.
Mr. P. Dallyn, Old School Lane, Duncton.
Mr. and Mrs. G.A.Hawkins, Lilac Cottage, Duncton.
Mrs. L. Lomas, Petworth House, Petworth.
Dr. R. Long, Bedford House, North Street, Petworth.
Mr. and Mrs. Madgewick, 8 Freemans Close, Upper Halliford,
Shepperton, Middlesex.
Mr. R. Pullen, 12 Little Green Lane, Farnham, Surrey GU9 8TB.
Mr. C.W. Puttick, 14 St. Aidans Square, Cross Flats, Bingley,
Yorks.
Mr. and Mrs. Randall, 353 Egremont Row, Petworth.
Mr. and Mrs. Ripplingham, 46 Sheepdown Drive, Petworth.
Mr. and Mrs. Sandiford, Windmill House, High Street, Petworth.

