

Miles Costello
Petworth
Collection



The
Petworth
Society

BULLETIN No. 33
SEPTEMBER 1983

Price for non-Members 50p

CONTENTS

	<u>Page</u>
Constitution and Officers	2
Chairman's Notes	3
The Third Petworth Kite Festival	4
J's Bulletin Walk	6
An Evening at the Theatre	7
Petworth Rectory and Its Environs in 1635	12
A Baker at Fittleworth	18
Petworth Cinema (6) The Coming of the Talkies	22
Palfrey before the Great War	26
New Members	31
Walnuts at Sutton	31
A Duncton Inventory of 1622 : Thomas Goble	32

* * * *

Cover design by Jonathan Newdick drawn from a photograph by Walter Kevis. It shows Somerset Hospital about 1900.

* * * *

This Bulletin was printed by:-
MIDHURST AND PETWORTH PRINTERS

11 Rothermead,
PETWORTH. Tel. 42456

Duck Lane,
MIDHURST. Tel. 6321

* * * *

Published by:- The Petworth Society

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 £2. Double membership £2.50. Postal £3.00. Overseas £3.50. Further information may be obtained from any of the following:-

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

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

Hon. Bulletin Sec. - Mrs. Margaret Hill, Whitelocks, Sheepdown
Close, Petworth.

Hon. Treasurer - Mr. R. A. Sneller, 16 Littlecote,
Petworth. (Tel. 42507)

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

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

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

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

The monthly meetings begin again in October with the visit of Mr. Jeans and the following speaker will be Donald Jackson. While Mr. Jeans has not been to us before, Donald Jackson is an old friend returning. This alternation of fresh faces and old friends will be a pattern of the season's meetings. The autumn walks appear on the activities sheet and as I write have still to be finalised. I can however draw attention to the Festival Walk around Petworth on Tuesday September 13th. We shall leave the Square at 5.15.

The Christmas card order forms will come with this Bulletin and the cards themselves should be available from early September. The drawing, this time of Lombard Street, has again kindly been provided by Rendle Diplock. Last year's card made a small profit for the Society and I trust the new one will do the same. We have, incidentally, a few of last year's cards available at the old price of 9p if anyone would like them.

We have given the Society plate a certain amount of thought: the first sold relatively well, the second a little less well. On neither plate did the Society make a loss, while the members had excellent value. Two factors have this year induced us to hold the third plate over: first and foremost the thought that if we proceeded members would have to make an outlay in three successive years, secondly that as there is no Society presence at the Petworth Festival this year we lacked our usual September platform to promote the plate in its early stages. Our relations with Tulben Products remain excellent and if you indicate that you would like a third plate next year there is no reason why we should not proceed, assuming, that is, that prices have remained reasonably stable over the two year gap.

Please note an important change in the Society's administration. Of all the Society's offices it may be that that of Membership Secretary is the most onerous. Like the gardener's, it's a job that is never done. To members over the years, particularly those who live away from the town, Mrs. Boss has been the main link with Petworth and the Society. She now feels the time has come, not, fortunately, to give up entirely, but to take a slightly less active role. Mrs. R. Staker will take her place with Mrs. Boss assisting her in a reversal of their present roles. Postal subscriptions should go now to Mrs. Staker at 2 Grove Lane, while local subscriptions can be handed in

at 2 Grove Lane, to Bob Sneller or to me. It's good to know Mrs. Boss will continue to help. I cannot imagine a Petworth Society without her tireless work behind the scenes.

The Parish Council is rightly concerned about the Jubilee Gardens round the hills and we will be co-operating with them in a cleaning-up operation on Sunday October 2nd. If it finishes quickly we may have a short optional walk afterward. We are in numerical terms a very large society, certainly the largest Petworth organisation, and it is only proper that we should be prepared to turn out in some strength on the very rare occasions when we are called upon. I hope we do.

Peter. 12th August, 1983.

THE THIRD PETWORTH KITE FESTIVAL

The Petworth Kite Festival begins officially at 10 a.m. on Sunday 11th September but for myself and the other organisers the day will begin much earlier with the arrival of the refreshments, car park signs, portable toilets and other necessities. Early arrivals too are the "kite professionals", their big vans awash with gear. Kiting is a growing hobby but it still retains a certain easy-going attitude that some other sports have entirely lost. It may simply be that while the professionals are makers and sellers of kites and fly valuable and ingenious kites on which they have spent a good deal of effort both in design and in trials; anyone can come to a kite festival, even if they have never flown a kite before, buy one, perhaps for £2 or less, and simply join in. There are competitions which give the festival a kind of basic structure, but much of the fun comes simply from flying kites and watching others do the same. For the last couple of years Ambrose Lloyd (unfortunately away in South Africa this year) has toured the local schools in advance of the Festival showing school children how to make and fly kites. Many of the kites on show at the two previous festivals have been made by local school children and could be seen in the Park for weeks after the Festival had finished.

A kite doesn't have to be made of any particular material but of course the material it is made of must be light. A kite will usually have a bamboo framework but not always. A very cheap kite can be little more than a piece of plastic with strings attached. It's amazing what actually does fly. Most kites have a tail to



Sid Whitcomb (left) outside his house in Grove Street in 1902. The decorations are for the Coronation of King Edward VII. (See "An evening at the Theatre.") Photograph by Walter Kevis.



The demolition of the Old Pound in April 1937. (See "An evening at the Theatre.")
Photograph by George Garland.

weight the kite in the right place and of course a long play of nylon line with which to hold it. The delta shape is a popular one but you can have chains of deltas, parafoils, sleds and others.

As I have said, flying kites lacks the relentless seriousness of some other sports. People fly kites because they like flying kites. We have competitions but they are very good-humoured. We have had prizes for the smallest kite, the largest kite, even the most musical kite (won last year by a kite decorated to resemble a grand piano). The highest-flying kite competition actually requires approval from the Air Ministry as quite considerable heights can be attained. Kites can in fact be filled with gases like helium and two years ago someone filled a kite with the gas and then let it pull him across the Park on grass skis.

The basic site for the Festival is on the plateau between the Upper Lake and Petworth House. Kites can be caught in the trees or go into the lake but the prevailing wind tends in fact to blow them towards the House. Although accidents are comparatively few, they do happen. One intrepid gentleman was reduced to removing his clothes before wading across the lake to one of the islands to rescue a kite that had come to grief. Perhaps in due course we shall have a boat in the lake recovering stranded kites for their distraught owners!

A lot depends on the weather. The first Kite Festival was held in a raging gale but this was in fact good kite weather. There was a large attendance and the rain kept off until late afternoon even if it did come down pretty hard once it started. Last year we had competition for attendance from the Rother Raft Race and a pleasant day with the gentle breeze dropping by mid morning to almost nothing. It was so still that it was very difficult to get the kites up at all. Mr. Charles Saffery from Bristol could however put up a whole series of his special model hot-air balloons.

Petworth Park is a good venue for kites and while the event is not yet one of the major kite festivals it is already recognised on the kiting calendar and would be much missed. This year Clive Rawlinson from Essex Kites and Peter Walter from Malvern Kites will be in attendance with many other kite groups from around the country. There will be stalls selling kites, a kite hospital and free advice from the experts.

More exotic will be the firework kites (i.e. kites with crackers attached to the tail of the kite) and "fighting kites" where the

combatants have a blade attached to the tail of each kite and the aim is to cut the opponent's string. As if that isn't enough there will be bicycle polo, a family fun-run, model aeroplanes, hot-air balloons and parascending. Part of the profits will go to 'Riding for the Disabled'.

Richard Etherington was talking to the Editor.

J'S BULLETIN WALK

In the last bulletin our walk took us north of Petworth, so this time we will go to the south and take a short walk on the downs, it lasts about 1½ hours and a pair of stout shoes should be adequate.

We leave Petworth by car and travel through pretty Sutton village and on to Bignor, passing Bignor church we carry on until we come to a right hand turning just past a phone box, this we take and then left through the farm and so on to the track which although fairly steep in places and a bit bumpy is quite alright for motor cars, on reaching the top we park by the large sign post on the South Downs Way.

Following the path the sign tells us goes to Slindon we set off keeping the wire fence close on our left until we come to a bridleway sign, here turning left we walk down a track with a field on our left and woods on our right, on through the small gate and after about 300 yards take the bridleway to our left through the woods.

For a lot of the way along this walk the undergrowth is pretty wild and it is interesting to note how many different plants there are, many of them not to be found on lower ground, also the bird life varies from our lower pasture and there seems to be a profusion of hawks and skylarks.

On reaching a field gate we pass through, crossing the field at an angle making for the right hand side of the fir trees on the brow, here we find another small gate, pass through, and along the left side of the field to a bridleway sign, then straight on across the next field following the track which gradually curves round to the left.

Just before reaching some large black barns we come to a South Downs Way sign turning us to our left, but care must be taken not to take the wrong path as there is a bridleway about ten yards

further on. Following the South Downs Way sign we wind our way up the hill and through yet another small gate, here it is worth pausing for a while to catch our breath and to take in the lovely view away over the Sussex weald to our right, in fact this view stays with us as we follow the South Downs Way signs back to the car. This is a nice walk to take early in the morning, perhaps before breakfast, when all the animals and birds seem to let you get that bit closer. Two small points, remember to close all the gates, and remember to engage a low gear when bringing the car down off the hill.

AN EVENING AT THE THEATRE

I was born at Pound House on the Tillington Road corner in 1904. We lived up round the corner from the Pound which was still in use then. It was used to house stray cattle and had a big tank to water the animals and a high bank at the back to prevent them escaping. There was a man who kept the Pound and he lived in the cottage hard on the corner. In those days before motor-cars people would tell the police about strays and the police would tell him. He would then go out and drive the offending animals back to the Pound. I always understood that it cost £1 to get the animals out again and this was why it was called a "pound". The Pound had a high wall and my brother Joe fell off once at Goodwood time and concussed himself. Some passing gipsies picked him up and brought him home and came again after the races were over to ask if he was alright.

There was an open meadow where the Fire Station is now and it was always known as Howard's Meadow because the Howard brothers, the town sweeps, kept ponies and carts there for hire. They rented the meadow from Lord Leconfield. Travelling theatres would use the meadow and this always fascinated me. They had a huge marquee with banked seats but it was 3d. to get in to see a play about the Red Barn murder. I managed however to slip in under the canvas without being noticed. By this time we had moved to Grove Street where Sid Whitcomb, my grandfather, lived and when I didn't come home, my parents reported me as missing. In fact I was seeing the play round a second time. About ten o'clock as I was walking up the Back Lane to go home I was met by Sgt. Beecher who promptly seized my ear and marched me up to the police station. Here he opened a cupboard, took out the birch and told me that if I ever did that again I could expect to feel the birch. Sgt. Beecher was an interesting man; he moved eventually to Bognor and lived to be 100, becoming the oldest pensioner in the West Sussex Police.

The travelling theatre was known as Taylor's Gaff - a name I could never understand. They would stay about a week and bring stage, curtains and marquee by horse, siting their living waggons in the meadow.

We used to keep pigs when we lived in Grove Street and would take on any empty sty that was going on the nearby allotments. On Sundays I had to be careful with my bucket of pig swill for Mr. Watson, the agent, lived at New Grove and when the family drove to church in their carriage and pair I was not to be seen carting pig swill about. "Hang on," my father would say, "they haven't gone along yet". We'd kill two pigs a year and salt them down ourselves in the cellar of the house in Grove Street, once the old Fox and Hounds pub. Salting was my job, using the big old yellow sinks in the pub cellar. There I would rub in the salt and brown sugar, and as the juices ran out, ladle the brine over the bacon and turn it. This I had to do every day.

Petworth Fair I well remember: particularly the stall where you shot at a donkey with a rifle. If you hit the donkey in the right place it would kick. It wasn't a real donkey of course! I remember too the ginger-bread stall outside Austen's in the Square. Petworth in those days was an Estate town. At eight o'clock the breakfast bell would ring in Lord Leconfield's yard, the men having started work at 7 o'clock. Then the workmen would come trooping out of the yard, anything up to two hundred men, blacksmiths, carpenters, whitesmiths, painters, plumbers, tradesmen of all kinds. The bell would ring again at 8.30. The men would never go back before the bell went but wait on the corners until it rang.

Wages were low: bricklayers earned 21/- a week and labourers 14/-. Bricklayers would often split hoops in the woods in very severe weather when they had been laid off and many were effectively masters of two quite different crafts. My father and grandfather were builders and there weren't too many builders in Petworth in those days. Much of our work was for Leconfield but we did private work too. Much of our Estate work was on farms and some were so outlying that we would go away for the week. Applesham Farm at Shoreham was one of these. My father would leave Grove Street in the early hours of Monday morning, six men altogether in a horse and cart, work all week, and then set off back on Saturday half-day (four o'clock). They'd get back about ten in the evening ready to start off again on Monday. There were 95 cart-horses on that farm alone and 5 hunters kept for the foremen to ride out and check the carters as they worked the Downland. Cucumber Farm at

Singleton was another outlying Leconfield farm. A job nearer home was going down to the kennels in Petworth Park a fortnight before Goodwood races to give them a "spring-clean" so that all would be ready for Lord Leconfield's guests at the annual Puppy Show. Lord Leconfield would drive his own coach four-in-hand to Goodwood with his house-guests. Three coaches would come through Petworth, Mr. Podmore's from Newlands, another coming through from Blackdown House and his Lordship's.

Repairing the Park wall was a regular job for us, although we weren't the only builders employed on this. If it was a large job we and the other builders would tender, while if it was quite small it would simply be allocated to one of us. One year I and another man worked a whole year on the coping of the Park wall, going through from the Armoury to Jackson's Lake in Stag Park. Sand and mortar were the main materials in those days. Sand we'd collect by horse and cart from the old pit just past Shopham Bridge on the left, but for work on the Park wall Mr. Sutton of the Estate insisted on river sand which was deposited by flooding and taken out of the river at Pulborough. This didn't dry out white.

I worked at the workhouse when Mr. and Mrs. Jones were there. The Larbert Ranges there got a lot of use and we had to put in new fire-backs quite frequently. They would give you a big cup of coffee and a plate of bread and cheese at about 11 o'clock when the residents had theirs. It was as good as a main meal.

Once the side wall of a cart house fell out at Hoes and my father gave a price to build it up. On the Thursday my father said, "If we get the job, we'll go to Goodwood on Tuesday". We did and we finished so that we could go to Goodwood, but my father, myself and the man with us had to work pretty hard!

We'd take the builder's horse and trap to Goodwood. It was different then, the air was full of the blowing of horns and the coaches would stand beside the course with the butlers fussing about laying tables with champagne and salmon. The Metropolitan Police would come down by train with their horses. All the horses indeed would come by train to Singleton and be brought on to Goodwood from there. The ordinary people might bicycle or walk. In my grandfather's time I was told that the Petworth Band would form up in the Square and begin playing, then march to Graffham, up on to the Downs and through to Goodwood playing all the time and stopping of course for refreshment. Then when the Races were over they would march back the way they had come.

A less sophisticated band was that led by Bellas Willmer, the barber, who had his premises at the back of the old White Hart in High Street. They played instruments like penny whistles and didn't have uniforms at all. Even less sophisticated was the row made by what was called "rough music". If a man was suspected of beating his wife the neighbours would stand outside and bang away with sticks on metal trays and dustbins. It made a fearful noise and it was something I only ever saw once.

Quoits was a speciality of the White Hart then and many of the other pubs also had teams. It was a very popular pastime with working men. The rules were not unlike bowls, with an iron stake to aim at with the heavy metal rings, thicker in the middle than on the rim and in flight rather as one would imagine a flying saucer. The playing bed was of clay and there would always be plenty of beer on tables at the side. The players threw with a distinctive backhanded action. There was a quoits league and the pub teams would travel by horse and cart to places like Cocking and Bepton to play. With so much metal being hurled about quoits was a somewhat noisy game.

Talking of the public house, Mr. Collins, the landlord of the Star, used to keep chickens in the stabling at the side of the pub. Every morning he'd let his chickens out to scratch about under the horses and carts. Imagine doing that now! I remember too the fire-bells on the Town Hall ringing one night for a fire somewhere out Pulborough, West Chiltoningon way. They got the horse hitched up to pull the engine but had to wait for the other to finish his stint pulling the horse-bus up from Petworth Station!

During the Second World War I was in the R.A.F. and when I came out I went back to building. However in 1949 I thought I would try something else and became landlord of the Welldiggers. I hadn't a lot of experience of the trade even though my uncle had been landlord of the Wheatsheaf in North Street for many years. The first thing I did was to encourage coaches to call. There weren't many private cars then and most people went by coach. I built a pavilion on the lawn and would often do sixty coaches a day, thirty on the way down, thirty on the way back. It was hard work but once we got going we never looked back.

Henry Whitcomb was talking to Bill Vincent and the Editor.

Book Your Seats at an Early Date

By kind permission of the
RIGHT HON. LORD LECONFIELD
The NORTHCHAPEL
AMATEUR DRAMATIC SOCIETY

present

A
CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME

entitled:

THE

QUEEN OF HEARTS

A Prologue and Three Acts. Played by 50 Local Artists

in

THE IRON ROOM, Petworth

on

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26th

at 8 p.m.

TICKETS: 2/6 & 1/3 (including tax)

CHILDREN HALF PRICE

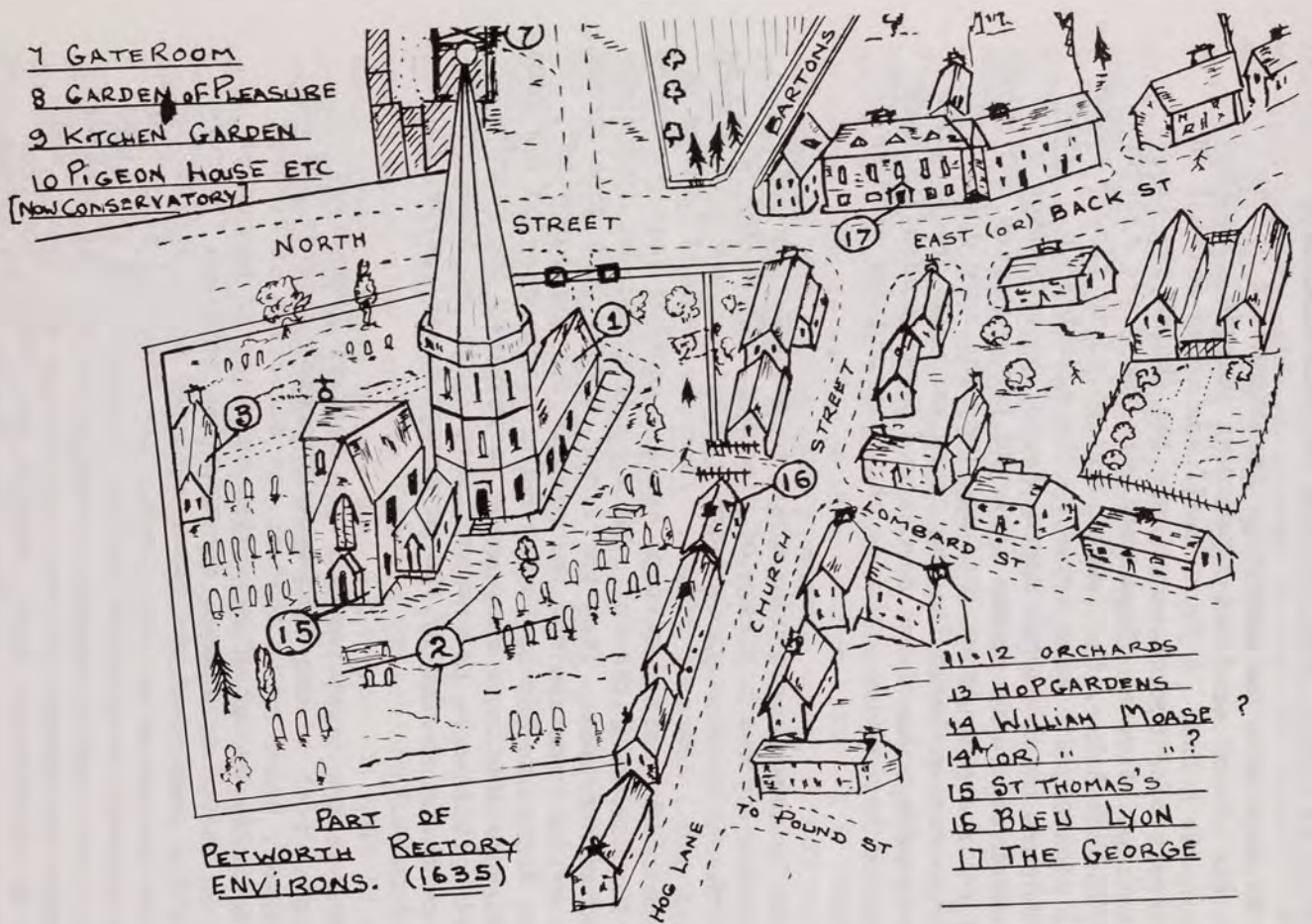
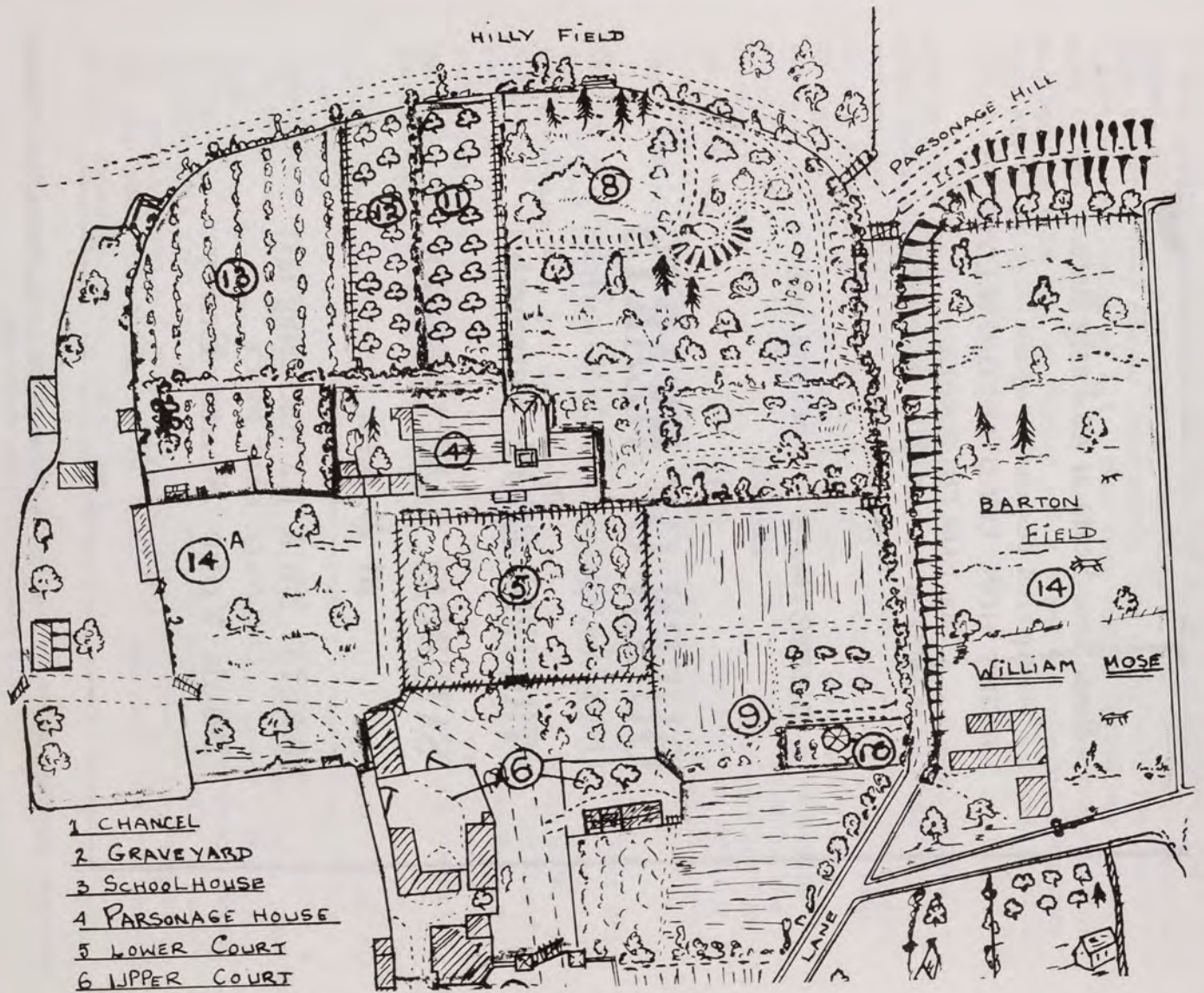
Book Your Seats Early

Chalfont, Printer, Haslemere.

Can anyone date this poster found by Mrs. A. Wadey of The Croft, Burton Hill, Petworth?

At a guess we would say about 1936.

But perhaps someone remembers taking part in the pantomime?



PETWORTH RECTORY AND ITS ENVIRONS IN 1635

"There doth belonge unto the parsonage the channcell of the Church, with the church yard and a tenement therein standinge used for a schoole house. A fayre dwellinge house scituat in the Northe Street of Petworth neare unto the Church the kinges high waye leadinge betwene. Togeather with two fayre courtes enclosed before the house, the lower court paled in fflower square and sett and planted with elme trees by the said bishop. Item in the upper court on the north parte thereof ye standinge a buildinge conteyninge sixe roomes employed for granaries and other uses. Item a large gate roome leadinge into the same court and dwellinge house not enclosed leading alsoe into two greate yards wherein are standinge two large barnes and three severall houses used for stables heyloaftes lodginge chambers and oxe stables and the like.

Item there is belonginge and adioyninge to the said dwellinge house two gardens th'one a garden of pleasure with walkes and mounds, th'other a kitchin garden with a pidgeon house nowe stored with pidgeons and a house of office. Item one orchard lyeinge on the east side of the said dwellinge house - another lesser orchard lyeinge on the northside thereof with a smale hoggarden adioyninge nowe planted with hoppes. Item two large barnes with gate roomes and a close of land conteyninge one acre in the occupæon of William Mose leased to him by Doctor Bownd predecessor to the nowe incumbent Bishoppe Mountague whereuppon is reserved the yearlye rent of twelve shillinges per annum. This lyeth and adioyneth to the barton on the east side of the parsonage house, yards, gate-rooms and barton."

The preceding is the first portion of a terrier (preserved in separate copies both in the Chichester Diocesan records and at Petworth House), drawn up in 1635 at the direction of Richard Montague, formerly Rector of Petworth, but created Bishop of Chichester in 1628. As bishop, Montague had retained the cure of Petworth "in commendam" and hence retained too a direct interest in the parsonage and its lands. The "Rectory manor" of which this document details the Rectory environs and the glebe was at this time a small authority existing within the greater Petworth Manor but having its own jurisdiction and court, and the Rector as its titular lord. Records are scanty but from later surveys and lists it is clear that houses and land were held of the Rectory Manor in parts of North Street, East Street, Angel Street and around the Parsonage Gate. The George Inn and

the Angel were both held at certain times of the Rectory Manor. The 1635 terrier makes no attempt to list the separate properties held of the manor; the first part dealing only with the Rectory environs and the second part with the glebe.

Alexander Bownde had succeeded Nicholas Smyth as rector in 1591 and had been in turn succeeded by Montague in 1623. While the terrier is a bare quarter of a century later than Ralph Treswell's great survey map of 1610, it is not readily explicable in terms of it: Treswell's commission did not include the independent Rectory Manor and he leaves out buildings like the present Angel altogether and is studiously non-informative about the glebe. He does, however, draw in the complex of buildings that formed the Parsonage. What we cannot be at all sure is whether he has drawn the complex accurately or, as elsewhere on the map, simply presented a stylised version. We cannot be sure either what buildings standing in the Rectory environs in 1610 he has simply omitted. What we can certainly say is that the buildings now at the top of North Street and adjacent to the Rectory Gate, were in existence, if not in their present form, at the time of Treswell's map, but are not shown on it.

Turning to the terrier itself, the "chancel of the church" presents no difficulties. St. Thomas' Chapel, clearly shown on Treswell's map is rightly not mentioned: its long connection with the Dawtreys family having virtually ended when it was made over by Henry Dawtreys to the ninth Earl in 1623. The churchyard is clearly indicated by Treswell with the houses running along the south side much as they still were before that line of buildings was demolished in 1896. In the seventeenth century an alley ran along the back of them keeping them separate from the Church and giving access into North Street. These houses were traditionally held of the Manor of Petworth and no part of the Rectory Manor. On the west side of the church gate was the old Blue Lion inn.

The terrier describes the schoolhouse as a "tenement" a technical term simply describing land or property held by one person or another. It was not unusual at this time to have a school closely allied with the church building itself, sometimes in a kind of porch or parthex, an open cloister built on to the church itself. It is possible that Treswell shows some such structure tagged on to the west end of the church but it is difficult to be certain. More promising may be the building just discernible on Treswell's map tucked up under the left hand wall. William Bullaker, member of a wealthy and distinguished Roman Catholic family, deposing before the Chancery in 1596 in the dispute over enclosure and

manorial rights, recalled the town 'both in his childehoode goinge to schoole in Petworth and sometym since'. It is very likely indeed that Bullaker's school and the schoolhouse of the terrier are one and the same and likely too that the school had a high reputation in the 1550's. It is clear otherwise that Bullaker would never have been sent especially to Petworth to attend it.

Regarding the Rectory complex itself the detailed interpretation of the terrier becomes very difficult in the absence of a plan. When the terrier was drawn up the relation of one part of the Rectory complex to another was obvious on the ground but the position now is of course quite different. Once familiar landmarks have gone and any reconstruction must involve an element of conjecture. The "fayre dwellinge house scituat in the Northe Street" must be the old Rectory itself, its position unchanged over the three and a half centuries since the terrier was drawn up. The lower court paled in four square and planted with elm trees may then be immediately to the west of the Rectory complex with the upper court still further to the west and a track linking the two courts with North Street itself. At a guess the gate room leading into the upper court might lie roughly in the position of the present archway on the left of the Rectory Gate although it would need to be higher than it is at present to accommodate loaded hay waggons. This gate room would open out onto the building with six rooms employed for granaries and the three several houses used for stables, haylofts, lodging chambers and ox stables. The disposition of these buildings within the upper court can now only be guessed at - as can also the location of the two large barns.

The "garden of pleasure with walkes and moundes" is somewhat reminiscent of the quickset hedges and walks that Henry VIII had had built on the Arbour Hill in Petworth Park almost a century before. In their midst he had built a banqueting hall. The Rectory version could well be sited to the south-east somewhere near the present new Rectory and further to the east. The kitchen garden could then be to the south-west of the pleasure garden, extending perhaps as far as the wall on the east side of Barton's Lane. The combined pigeon house and lavatory (house of office) would be omitted on Treswell's map. The 1875 ordnance sheet shows an observatory toward the south-west corner of the kitchen garden and this could well be the former site of the pigeon house.

The orchard will be sited to the east of the Rectory with the hop garden to the east of the Rectory complex to the rear of the upper

court, the lesser orchard lying between them. The two large barns in William Mose's occupation are mentioned in a Petworth House lease of 1590 which records the conveyance of the barns and the one acre of glebe to three generations of the Mose family for a period of 40 years, i.e. to 1630. It is clear from the terrier that the Mose family were still in occupation some five years after the expiration of the original lease.

According to the lease of 1590 "the sayd William Mose the grandfather by the encorraiment of Nicholas Smyth late person of Petworthe dyd bestowe great cost and chargies on the buyldinge of a house and store in a parcell of glebe land of the said parsonage of Petworthe called the Barton contayninge by estimacon (on(e) acre more or lesse within the towne of Petworthe for the great benefitt and comon welthe of the towne of Petworthe for dryinge in fowle wether of kersyes there to be made and hath also at his owne charge buylded a barne upon the said land...."

The two elder generations of the Mose family are described in the lease as "clothiers" and it is reasonable to suppose that grandson William was of the same trade. The lease is an important witness to Petworth's cloth-making reputation in the sixteenth century, something already mentioned by Leland in the reign of Henry VIII. Kersey was a heavy ribbed type of cloth. It is clear from the lease that William Mose's drying store was a great asset to Petworth and much used, but what form it took is less easy to say.

William Bullaker called before the Chancery to give evidence on behalf of the tenants in 1592 and looking back to the mid-century recalled how "the cobby-houlders growinge to great riches dyd undertake the makinge dyng and spynnyng of wollen clothes and therwith sett the meane sort of tenants on worke. By which meanes both the better and meaner sort of the same tenants lyved so well and arryved to suche wealthe and riches in short tyme that manye of the same cobbyholders dyd sett the poore people of the countrys therabouts on worke wythe spynninge and weavinge and with the makinge of the same clothe so as the same cobbyholders were of great accompt wythe the comon people and so well esteemed..." According to Bullaker the making of cloth had declined as the century advanced.

The siting of William Mose's drying house can only be conjectured. What does the writer mean by "the Barton"? Is it a barn, a threshing-floor, or more probably already a place name? At first sight the obvious position would be where Mr. Cragg once had his

workshops, on the site of the present Glebe Cottage, and the "close of land" may be part of the present Barton's cemetery, not in use as a cemetery before the early nineteenth century. It seems perhaps more likely however that in speaking of the barns directly after the hop garden the terrier intends to site them in the vicinity of the old existing barns around the south east corner of the present Rectory complex, just off the public footpath. There is at present no means of resolving this ambiguity.

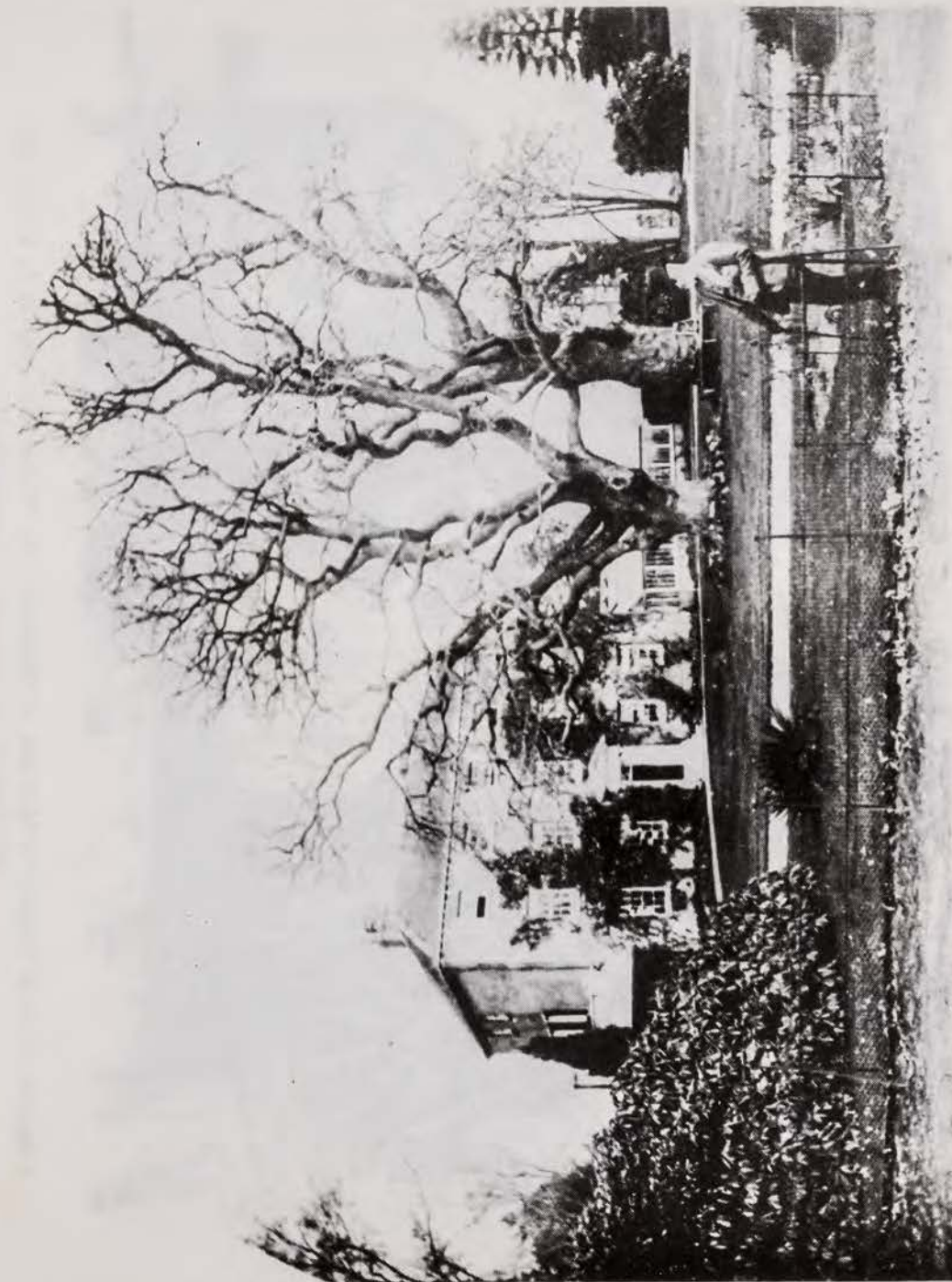
JT/PAJ

A BAKER AT FITTLEWORTH

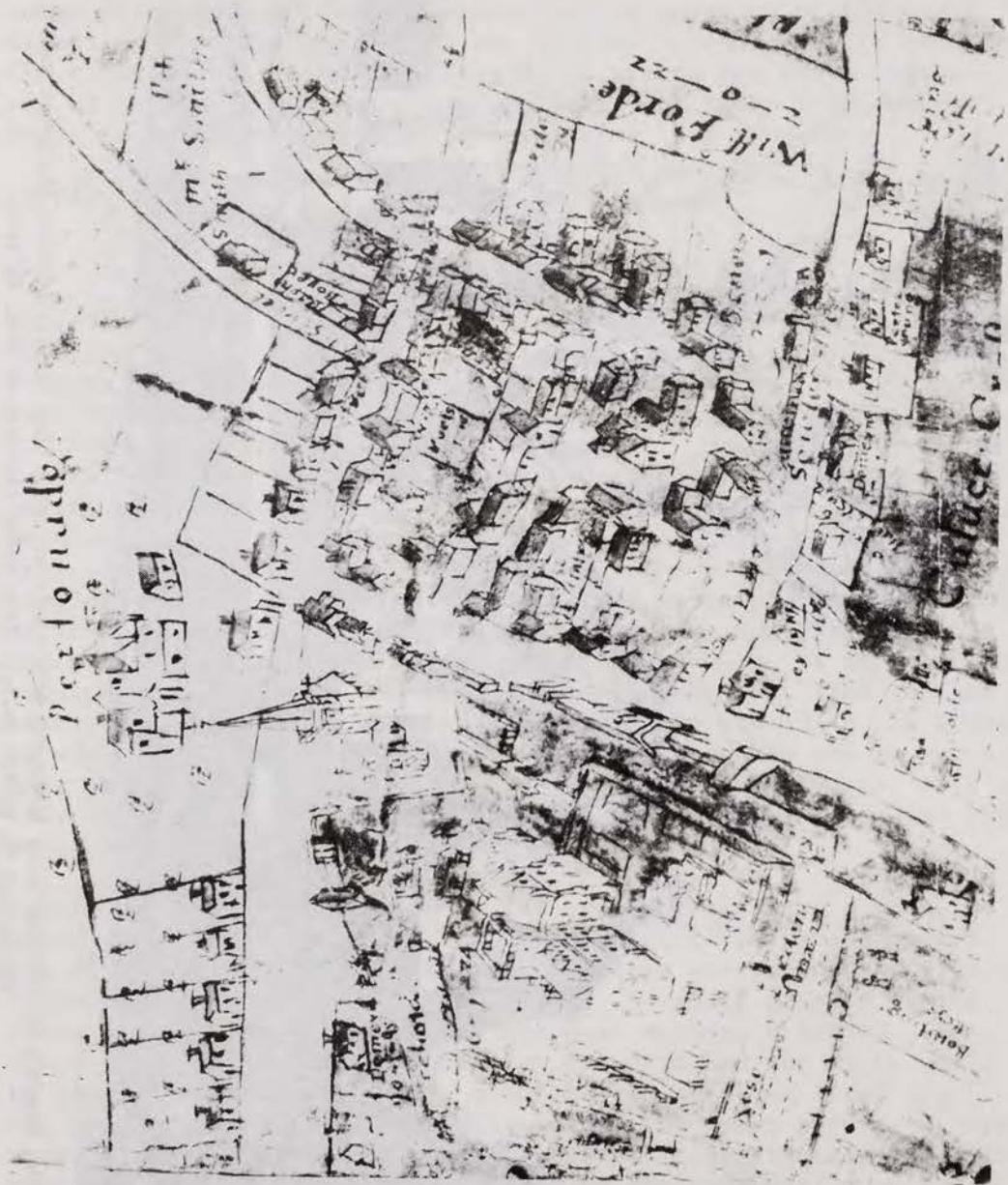
My father Edward Binstead (known as Ted or "Baker") had always been involved with baking, from the time when, as a boy at Sidlesham, friends of his had had a general store and bakery. In 1900 he came to Fittleworth to work as a baker for Harding Bros. and he continued there for thirty years until he retired. Hardings weren't just bakers of course but areal old-fashioned general stores with groceries on one side and a draper's on the other where you could buy needles, cotton, material by the yard, shoes and even watches. They also did hardware. Picknells up in the village were a rather similar general shop. Although my father was employed by Hardings, in the bakery itself, his special province, he was very much his own man. In a sense his day began in the evening, or at least the routine of baking did, and he would go through that same routine every day except Saturday when, with the shop closed on the Sunday, he would be free to come into Petworth for shopping and to get his hair cut. He would come in on the train from Fittleworth, walk up into the town from the station, have a drink at the Angel and then walk home to Fittleworth with his wife.

Regularly at half past seven in the evening, six days a week, he would leave his house at 1, The Terrace, Fittleworth and go into the bakery at the rear of the shop premises where, working with the light of a little oil lamp or a candle, he would measure up the flour and prepare the yeast for the next morning's baking. The flour always came from Gwillim's at Petworth and the sacks would be stacked on one side of the bakehouse to keep the flour dry: the bakehouse never became really cold. The yeast needed to have water added to it and to be at the correct temperature so that it rose and, to help this process, would be agitated gently with a spoon.

Flour and yeast would be kneaded together, then laid in wooden bins and covered with sacks so that the dough would continue to



Mr. Peachey of Ebernoe House surveying his rabbit warren. (See "Palfrey before the Great War.")
Photograph by Walter Kevis. This print courtesy of Mrs. Walters.



A section of Ralph Treswell's 1610 map of Petworth. The "Personadg" complex is at the top.
(See Petworth Rectory and its environs.)



Mr. Binstead with his hand-cart.
The top cart is earlier and the picture slightly out of focus.
These pictures courtesy of Mrs. Budd. (See "A Fittleworth Baker")



The Petworth Society in the garden at Manor of Dean in June 1983.

rise during the hours of night before my father returned. As he left, getting on for nine o'clock, he would open the great door of the oven and put a single faggot on to burn; this would warm the oven before the morning's firing. The faggots (ours always came from Hesworth) were an important part of a baker's life; if they were wet my father would become quite cross as he would also if the men had thrown the faggots about and broken the hazel withe that bound the faggot together. My father disliked having to stop what he was doing and retie the withe.

When he arrived at work at five o'clock in the morning, three o'clock before holidays, the main business of baking would begin. My father would knead the dough again, not mere handfuls, but using the full reach of his arms. It was very hard work. The dough then had to be shaped into the individual loaves, some to be baked in tins, some simply laid on the floor of the oven. At half-past seven he would go home for breakfast to return some half an hour later.

Six faggots would go into the oven and the fierce heat they generated would make the bricks hot. When you opened the heavy, catched iron door of the oven the heat would take your breath away but of course long years of baking had made my father accustomed to the heat. As you looked into the oven the faggots would have been reduced to a heap of ash. This was removed with a scraper, a long-handled tool like an enormously wide-bladed draw-hoe, and the ash collected in a recess or well below the oven door. It would help to keep the heat in. The grey floor of the oven, looking more like stone than brick, would be quickly swabbed out with a damp rag attached to a pole: the bricks were of course so hot that the moisture from the rag evaporated instantly.

The loaves would be placed on the hot bricks with a baker's shovel or peel; different types of loaf having different regular positions in the oven, and the peel would be used again to remove them. Baking times would vary a little according to the heat of the oven but about an hour might be a good average. My father would first open the door and test a loaf or two by banging it with knuckles to see if it sounded right. When removed from the oven the loaves would be left to cool on top of the wooden dough bins.

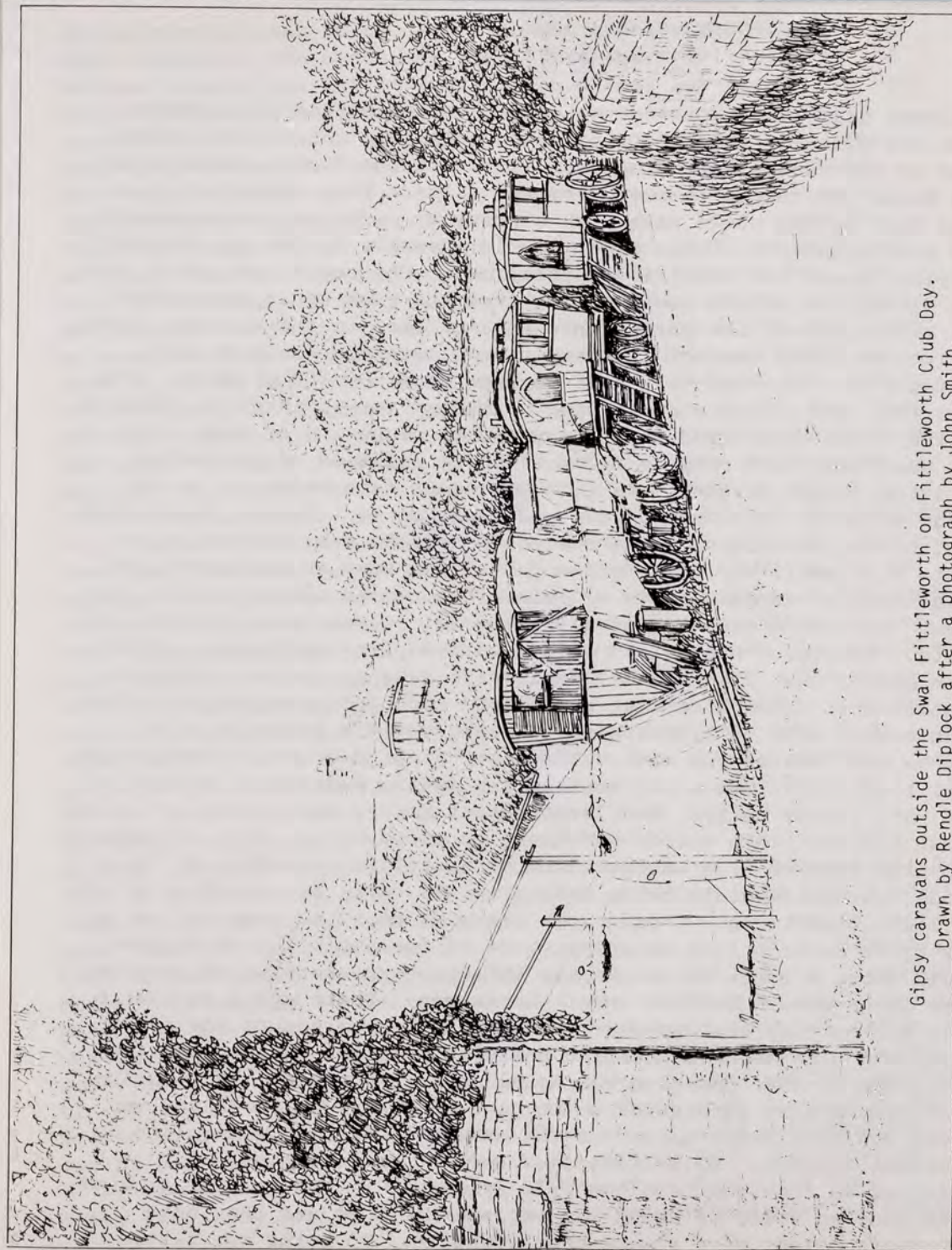
Every weekday except Tuesdays and Fridays my father would come home, have a good wash and put on a collar and tie prior to going round the village delivering bread. Tuesdays and Fridays were the days when Gilbert Harding delivered groceries with the horse and

cart and of course, in readiness for these days, my father would be kept busy doing extra bread and cakes. As the oven cooled and bread was taken out, it might be used to cook other things: the villagers would pay a penny to have their pies and cakes cooked for them. My father too would do hot-cross buns at Easter and make slab-cake for carnivals and club days. You couldn't of course bake bread and cake at the same time. My mother would often give my father a meat pie or a fruit pie and he would take it to work, bake it and bring it back with him for dinner. The gipsies who came to Fittleworth for club day or Carnival Day would even bring an enormous joint to be cooked in the Hardings' oven.

Fittleworth was quite small in those days. After Fittleworth school there was a house on the left called Three Chimneys and then nothing until the three or four houses on the Fleet. After calling at these my father would turn and go up to the old Rectory then to the cluster of houses on the opposite side of the road. It must have been hard work pushing the wooden hand-cart with its sixty or so loaves and people were very particular, "I don't want that one, it's done too much. Give me a pale-baked one," they would say.

The village used to flood badly in those days, and I remember it flooding (as it often did) across the road opposite Street Farm House. My father arrived with his hand-cart and surveyed the waters, not keen to get his feet wet - there were no Wellingtons in those days. As he stood there wondering what to do a farmer drew up in a cart. "Let the tail-board down and sit on the back," he said, "then hold on to the hand-cart and I'll pull you through." It sounded like a good idea and the horse began to advance through the water pulling the farm-cart, my father and the hand-cart. However half-way through he stopped; the farmer coaxed him on, but in vain. Finally he gave the horse a good clout and he took off, pitching my father out of the cart and seat-first into the water. The only consolation was that the bread didn't get wet!

Mrs. Agnes Budd was talking to the Editor.



Gipsy caravans outside the Swan Fittleworth on Fittleworth Club Day.
Drawn by Rendle Diplock after a photograph by John Smith.

PETWORTH CINEMA (6)

"The coming of the talkies"

Business gradually improved, we seemed to get better film copies with not quite so many joins to make. But life was full of adventure in the Cinema world the year 1927. In the States canned music was being introduced to accompany the films. This consisted of an amplifier as one would have with a powerful radio set using a magnetic pick-up with a needle as one would normally do for any ordinary playing record but electrically recorded. One could just about hear the vibrations of the sound coming from the pick up as the record was being played then passed into an amplifier to the speakers under the screen. The cost of this equipment installed would be £400 suitable for a normal size hall seating from 500-700 persons. This equipment was called a panatrope. I became very interested, because in the large cities and towns they had an orchestra of from three to ten musicians to accompany films with the addition of the mighty Wurlitzer organ mounted on a lift coming up from below on to the stage apron in full view of the audience, so my thoughts immediately went to the panatrope, where one could get the same orchestra results in a small way. The price quoted for such an equipment just frightened me especially in my case with no main electricity in the Town. One would have to install a special converter to produce 230 volts. However I had a talk with my friend from Cadby Hall and we both agreed that it would be possible to make up such an equipment. I started to build a cabinet and fitted two hand wound Gerrard clockwork motors with 10" turntables and long arm BTH pick-ups with a change over switch for each. The next thing to do was to make up an amplifier. This was a big contraption as the components we had to use were fairly hefty. The large output valves were almost as bright as an electric lamp bulb the current supplied by a 6 volt car battery. The high tension side was obtained by installing a number of 10 volt exide chargeable glass cells making up 230 volts DC. wired in series by lead connections. I made up a charging board to keep the batteries up to scratch from the output side of the amplifier which produced about 8 watts on to the two 10" Epoch speakers wired together with large wooden baffles under the screen. There again another 6 volt car battery was necessary to supply the current to the field coils and with another charging board to keep the battery in trim, we seemed to have charging boards all over the place. This equipment proved most successful which gave me a thrill to realise we could now give organ music for the showing of films, controlled by a volume control. We selected our records from the musical suggestions we received from the film renters. We had to bear in mind that whoever would be using the equipment had to see that both clockwork motors were always kept wound up. To bring our little

cinema more or less up to date I bought another projector which meant enlarging the operating box: this was fairly easy as the box was outside the building and mounted on brick piers. We made this extension complete in one week. I was also fortunate to purchase another Kalee projector complete with stand and lamp-house-arc etc. with a tandem change over resistance to supply both machines with the wiring in a steel conduit to meet local requirements. The projection port holes had to be altered so that both machines had a more or less central position with the necessary shutters controlled and operated by wire cables. We fully advertised the fact that we were now able to give continuous performances without a break in the programme so in our small way we were catching up with the larger type of Cinema although it meant a lot of hard work with no mains electricity in the town. One evening just prior to opening we were unable to get any sound from our amplifier to the speakers and having already disposed of the piano for lack of space, we had no alternative but to give patrons their money back. The next morning we had to set to to find what was wrong. It appeared that sometime during the previous day a large lorry had backed into the front of an exit door splitting the frame work where our speaker wires ran alongside, so we soon had the floor boards up and renewed a certain part of the cable. We were in business again. We were able to book a number of complete programmes including a news reel some two weeks old together with a serial, making our programme run for 2½ hours. The cost of this programme was £5.0.0. The only trouble running with this kind of programme booking was that we were unable to book from other renters as we was fully booked from one week to another. This did at times cause some confusion when we wanted to play another renters product, and to get over this difficulty it was necessary to pay for the made up programme on the original date. However in due course we dispensed with this kind of booking which left us free to work with other renters' products. In 1928 I became ill, I had to go into hospital for an operation, and my part time operator was also away ill, waiting to go in. It so happened that we both ended up in Chichester Hospital, and had our troubled appendices removed on the same day. I was courting at this time a Miss Kirk who came to live in Petworth from North Finchley hence our serious combined interest, we had so many happy times together, motor cycling, going to the sea nearly every Sunday and the running of the Cinema together. I also rented a small lock up shop in the Golden Square which I used as an office, and I sold and repaired cycles and accessories in the day time, attending to the running of my Cinema at night. During my illness Miss Kirk took over everything, and during my absence she introduced Saturday matinees

to boost the weekly takings. With this little extra income we just about made a living, takings up one week and down the next which was usual in the cinema world. After six weeks of convalescence I was able to resume my activities again. I sold my motor cycle which enabled me to buy a small car, a Morris Cowley four seater which I garaged in a corn chandlers premises in the town, so my car was always kept in the dry keeping the canvas hood from deteriorating. Luckily I could do my own running repairs to keep it on the road. In the year 1929 great things began to happen in the Cinema Industry. The first talking film was being shown in the States one in particular "SONNY BOY" all talking, singing and dancing. I said to myself here we go again, more progress, more expense, more excitement. This was certainly a new era in entertainment and from press reports hundreds of cinema patrons were turned away on the opening nights and this carried on for many weeks. It was not long before other major cinemas began to realize the importance of this great cinema wonder. In London the Empire with 3,000 seats had its first premiere run and thousands flocked to try to get a seat. The press gave it full publicity and the trade reviewed it as a revolutionary change within the industry. The first film was recorded on a 16" record and driven by a flexible drive from each Projector head to a turn table mounted on to a heavy iron pedestal stand with an extra long pick-up arm. The nearest large Cinema to my own little Cinema was the Gaumont Portsmouth which was already being wired for sound. It appeared there was only one large company who were manufacturing talkie equipment and that was Western Electric Co., later on R.C.A. took up the challenge. Of course I was not in a position even to think of being able to install such equipment, I just had to wait and see what other small cinemas were likely to do. Large cinemas in provincial Towns such as Guildford, Worthing, Brighton and Eastbourne were being wired for sound, in fact all along the South Coast Cinemas with first runs were advertising opening dates. From trade reports such as the Kinematograph Weekly to install talkie equipment would cost in the region of £2,000 or more; a figure I could not even consider as our takings even if they trebled with this new medium would not be sufficient to spread this kind of figure over a three year period. We had a lot of discussions to re-view the situation; we were sure that our patrons would not continue coming to see a silent film anymore, they would go further afield for their entertainment, Miss Kirk and I gave it serious thoughts first to get married - so that both had something to work for. So on February 16th 1930 we were married and from then we both started our new lives together with a new and exciting adventure full of confidence of what might be in store for the both of us. Our short

honeymoon was spent at Hove which was not far from a small Cinema "THE EMBASSY" which was being wired up for sound, I was very interested in what this equipment consisted of. So it was business and pleasure combined. I must confess I spent most of my time with the owner of this small 350 seater, asking the Engineers what was this and what was that. I took in everything and noticed that the projectors were of the same make KALEE Model No 6, as my own at Petworth. The price I was told for the complete installation for Sound On Disc was in the region of £700 with amplifiers and speakers. Several firms were advertising in the trade papers offering sound on disc equipment for the smaller halls which comprised of one pair of synchronisers with pedestal iron stands with 16" turntable for £90 with amplifiers charged according to power output. As I intended to use my own amplifier equipment this would save me a great deal of money and with the kind help of my in-law I was able to purchase this conversion equipment for cash. I spent hours making up a special driving pin for each flexible drive from case hardened steel as I did not want any trouble with bent shafts. Finally the day came for a try out with a one reel sound copy supplied by Wardour Films Ltd. for this purpose complete with Disc. We seemed to have plenty of power, and the speech was very good, the music accompaniment however was not especially good. We put this down to bad recording and let it go at that; in any case I was very proud of the fact that we were able to screen our first talking film. So I booked our first feature film (Sound on Disc) the rest of the programme such as the comedy, serial and news, was of the silent version. So we were able to advertise all talking, singing and dancing programmes at the same time as other large towns were doing. When it came to our first full length film, here again the music wailed. But the speech was very good. I put this down to the variation speed of the Projector motors and I subsequently increased the size of the round leather belts from 5/16 to 1/2" to stop any slipping. There was a slight improvement but I was far from satisfied. I eventually came to the conclusion that as we were depending entirely on our own generating plant for power the voltage varied between 70 and 75 sufficiently for the motors to hunt and this could be the trouble. I came to the conclusion these projector motors should be independently supplied from another source, so, scouting around for a few days calling on every Garage in the district who might have some 6 volt car batteries for sale, I bought 12 in fairly good condition. I only wanted them for stabilising the voltage between the generator and the motors, and wired each battery in series making approx 70 volts. I also made up a charging unit to keep the batteries fully charged. So now that I had a floating output and a steady voltage

at constant speed, we had no more wailing trouble. Showing of talkies on disc made a lot of work; it was necessary to run rehearsals for every change of programme, but unfortunately there were times when sound and picture were out of synchronisation, the dialogue was either too early or too late, so black spacing had to be inserted to make the speech to correspond with the lip movements. The film leaders had numbers printed from zero to ten with a pointed arrow on one frame inserted in the gate mechanism with the pick up needle on start on the recording disc so that both started together at the same time. We had plenty of part time helpers during the evening performances. They wanted to see and hear talking films, of course we could have done with their services during the day but they had their day employment to consider. I was very lucky and pleased that a young motor mechanic from the adjoining Garage was able to assist us during his lunch hour, his name was Bill Wareham, he could sit down in comfort close to the heating stove to eat his sandwiches and watch the film being shown his job was to shout out if the film being shown came out of synchronisation so he had a private show to all films.

T.S. COLLINS (to be continued)

PALFREY BEFORE THE GREAT WAR

At the close of the last century my father was working as a poultry-boy for Lord Leconfield at Stag Park but he had always wanted to farm Palfrey over on the other side of the London road and away towards Balls Cross. To make any sort of go at it he had to save up and add to his income by working evenings in the woods when he had finished at Stag Park. He would take a 2 lb jam-jar, put a candle in it for light and work away in the woods making hoops for barrells and what we called "hoop-chips". These last were cleft pieces of wood that were a by-product of the hoops themselves and were used for tacking round boxes to strengthen them. As with the hoops he would be paid so much for a bundle. He worked on largely regardless of the weather but he had to be careful in the uncertain light of the candle: a hoop-shaver's cutting tools had to be very sharp indeed.

It wasn't so much that my father needed money to buy himself into Palfrey as that he had to buy stock to bring with him to the farm. Palfrey wasn't a Leconfield farm at this time but one of ten in the district that belonged to Squire Peachey's Ebernoe Estate; among the others were such well-known farms as Idlefold, Hill Land, Butcherland, High Buildings, Sparkes and Willand. The Peachey estate was at this time in decline and few if any of the farms

were in good order. Palfrey had been let out to the Pyecroft family at Petworth, licensees at one time of the old Swan Inn and the Half Moon in the Market Square and for some years it had been managed on their behalf. My father was told quite bluntly that he could go there but that he would probably starve if he did. Farming was very depressed at this time and the rent was quite low, £40 a year for 113 acres - it wasn't easy to get people to take farms on. The house when my parents arrived was very delapidated and the fields empty. The only thing there was in plenty were rabbits, and it was always said that if my father was in danger of starving he could always go to the hedgerow and shoot a couple of rabbits. He was not of course allowed to touch the pheasants. He was warned before he went that he would be very fortunate if he could get on with Mr. Turner, the Peachey Estate gamekeeper but in fact the two men soon became inseparable friends. Mr. Turner's reputation owed a great deal to his being a strict and incorruptible man.

In these days before Palfrey went over to Leconfield a year or two before the Great War, the cellar at the house was floored simply with bricks laid upon the bare soil and I can remember how the earthworms would throw up their 'casts' between the bricks. Lord Leconfield would later have the bricks broken up and the floor cemented. If my father wanted timber for reparations he would go and see Mr. Turner for permission, then go out and cut the necessary timber and cart it to Palfrey himself: Mr. Brown, the estate carpenter, would then do the repair, rather as Yankee Ayling used to do on the Leconfield Estate. Mr. Peachey himself was quite a tall man as I recall, with several daughters - I would occasionally see him if I had some business at Ebernoe House. He didn't however tour his farms and was probably quite elderly by this time. His staff at Ebernoe House seemed pretty constant; there were Mr. Turner and Mr. Brown whom I have already mentioned, Edgar Feast, the gardener, Mrs. Jupp, the housekeeper, and David Baker of Golden Knob, younger than the others, who worked in the gardens.

Perhaps what made the greatest impression on me were Squire Peachey's hare-hounds. They weren't actually beagles so much as small fox-hounds, those that had not been kept for fox-hunting. There seemed a lot to me then but in fact there weren't all that many, perhaps a dozen in all and I would look at them over a gate at the back of Ebernoe House where Edgar Feast kennelled them. I don't think the hare-hounds had any uniform although they probably once did and by this time they were probably just a survival from more prosperous days, although I was of course too young to realise this. If they had been disbanded it would have been an obvious break with

tradition: the end of an era. Mr. Turner was the huntsman and Edgar Feast the whipper-in. Feast had a long whip and Turner a hunting horn. There never seemed many followers, sometimes none at all. The most regular was Bill Knight, who used to be umpire for cricket and walked on two crutches - it's surprising how quickly he could move on the crutches. The hare-hounds neither encouraged followers nor discouraged them. They didn't usually catch the hare and it was the pursuit that really mattered. I do remember them once catching a hare in one of the small fields at Palfrey but it hadn't been given a proper start and it was all something of a mistake. They paunched it and threw it into the air for the hounds to fight over. The neighbouring farmers generally didn't mind the hare-hounds on their land but the tenant at Osiers wrote to Mr. Turner and refused permission because he had sheep and lambs there. The hare-hounds also sometimes went to Fittleworth and my father would take them over in a high-sided cart. They would put in a tidyish day at it and came back only when it got dark. My father was quite happy: he could probably earn more doing this than by working all day at Palfrey.

My father of course would never catch a hare but the foxes certainly would and my father and the squire had a secret agreement to catch them, something Lord Leconfield would have objected to most violently if he had only known. The traps were double sprung on each side and nasty things to set; my father had to kneel on the spring to get the jaws open. We'd then put out the meat, dig a shallow hole and set the traps around the hole. Foxes are very cagey creatures and we'd also set a decoy with freshly forked ground and meat - they'd often avoid that and go for the trap. In the morning my father would shoot them or kill them with a club. Inspecting the traps would be the first job in the morning. If the foxhounds were due we had to cover the traps with hurdles, fox-traps were certainly not something to make public.

Ebernoe House was a little unusual in having its own rabbit warren - it was right up by the house itself and there were always rabbits to be seen, black ones, brown ones, and all shades in between. The warren was Mr. Turner's province and the main maintenance was to net the holes periodically and cull the rabbits because they bred so rapidly. The warren was surrounded with wire but the rabbits tended to escape by burrowing underneath and getting out on to the common itself. If they did they were likely to be caught by a fox. The warren just looked like an open meadow running from the rhododendrons almost to the road - they didn't cover the turf with cut boughs or anything like that.

My father's savings bought him two horses with which to begin at Palfrey but much of the work in his first five years there was done by hand. My mother had kept goats when she lived at Lodsworth and she brought them with her to Palfrey but they had to be got rid of; they had eaten the bark off the holly trees in the lanes so that the trees died, the sap no longer travelling between bark and wood - much to Mr. Turner's consternation. We'd reap by hand, with either sickle or scythe but for peas and tares we'd tend to prefer a scythe. Peas and tares would be roughly bundled, then stacked in small ricks and fed to the animals while still green. After that we'd feed rye and lucerne. My mother was a great butter-maker and would make up to 30 lbs a week, all packed neatly in half-pound pats. We didn't have any trouble selling it. There were regular private customers for much of it, while the rest was taken into Messrs. Gordon Knights at Petworth on a push-bike.



Palfrey in the 1930's -
drawn by Harold Roberts of Wisborough Green

Another "hand-job" was flailing beans, something we did in the barn. It wasn't exhausting work but when you had had a day of it you'd certainly know where your back was. We might also use the winnowing-machine for beans as well as for removing chaff. The flails we used for beans were fashioned locally for us.

Sometimes our grass seed would be adulterated with that strange parasitic plant called "dodder", and we'd find a patch or two of it growing in our grassland at Palfrey. Dodder lives by attaching itself to a host plant and throwing out suckers. Dodder is probably rather rare now but we didn't take much notice of it and my father didn't bother to eradicate it.

In the very early days we'd take bullocks to Pulborough Market on foot. I remember my brother and I each being given charge of a bullock to go the nine miles to market. For some reason my animal went much faster than my brother's and I soon lost sight of him altogether, got to Pulborough, had the bullock weighed, and then set off home on foot. I met my brother at Stopham Bridge with the bullock lying resting in the road. The poor creature had been fattened for several months and given no exercise so it just wasn't prepared for the long walk. We had to wait for him to get his breath back before going on to Pulborough with him. Later we would borrow Lord Leconfield's bullock cart and two horses would pull the bullocks to market. Chicken, ducks, geese and eggs were taken down to Brighton by Mr. Bridger, the Fittleworth carrier. He would go right down through the common collecting from Palfrey, Brinkwells and the other farms.

The water at Palfrey was very hard but it made very good beer. We used to pick up the hops at Coultershaw Mill in big sacks, together with the malt. We'd pick it up when we went down to collect the flour we'd brought to be ground the previous week and bring the next week's flour. We drank home-brewed beer from quite a young age and could always go down the cellar for a drink of it. The strange thing was that we couldn't drink pub beer; it would upset us and make our head ache.

The farm-house had no range but there were two brick ovens. In one we kept the powder and cartridges dry - I often wondered what would happen if someone lit a match carelessly. The other oven was used for the Monday baking. We'd use surplus faggots bought from Mr. Holden at the Greyhound, burn the wood till the oven was hot enough and then close it down to keep the heat constant. We never used coal at this time.

My father made a barometer out of a jam-jar: he filled it two-thirds full with water, and then got an old olive-oil bottle which

he rested upside down on the neck of the jam-jar. The drier it was the higher the water would rise into the inverted olive-oil bottle. We set great store on this and kept it in a little square window on its own, looking at it every morning.

When Lord Leconfield bought the Peachey farms just before the Great War, he had the well at Palfrey examined, tracing it back from the pump. We found that it was actually inside the house under a great stone slab. While he was prepared to buy the Peachey farms he wouldn't buy Ebernoe House itself. It needed a good deal of repair and he didn't think it would be of use to him, given the amount he would have to spend on it.

George Wakeford, B.E.M. was talking to Mrs. Walters and the Editor.

NEW MEMBERS

(Up to August 5th)

Mr. and Mrs. J. Fairhead, 75 Sheepdown Drive, Petworth.

Miss J. Gardiner, 2 Sheepdown Close, Petworth.

Mr. J.H. Scott, Pond Cottage, Colhook Common.

Mr. K. Pennells, 31 Victoria Grove, East Cowes, I.O.W.

Mr.P.Bronson, Moonrakers, North Street, Petworth.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Jemmett, Lowheath Cottage, Petworth.

Mr. A. Williams, 75 Butt's Meadow, Wisborough Green.

Mr. H. Whitcomb, 5 School Close, Fittleworth.

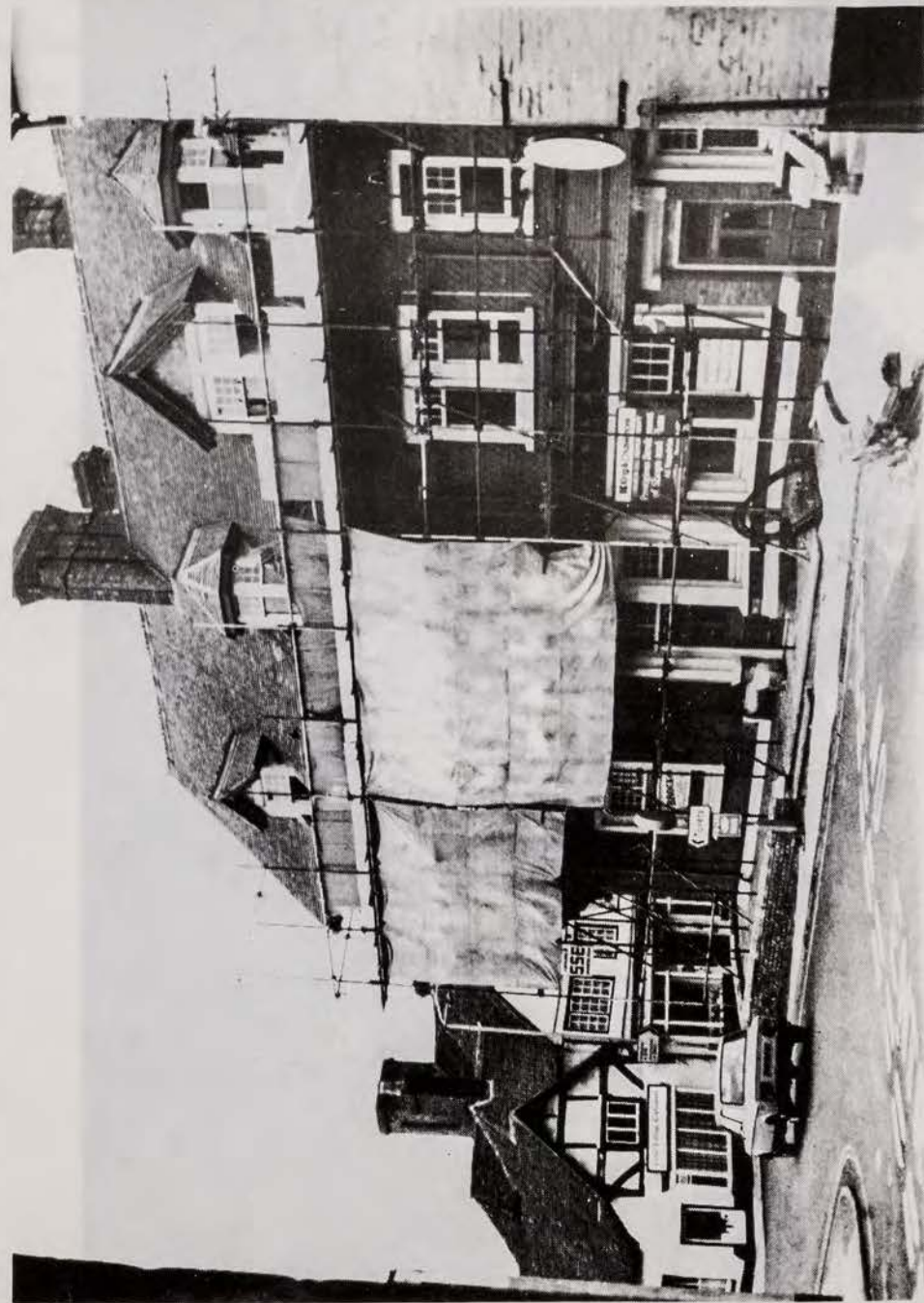
Mrs. B.M. Huntingford, 3 The Victors, North Street, Petworth.

WALNUTS AT SUTTON

Sutton is noted for walnuts. There were always plenty in this village at the right time of year. The trees grow so well on this soil.

This item is from the recollections of Edwin Saunders.

For all the wearing Apparell — 206
 for 2 flock beds — 256
 for one feather bolster and one feather pillow — 156
 + for one flock bolster and 1 flock pillow — 156
 for one feather — 66
 for 2 blankets — 156
 for 2 pairs of sheets — 156
 for 1 coverlet bedstead and 1 bedmatt — 156
 for all the small linen — 256
 for 1 yellow coat — 66
 for all the yutton — 66
 for 3 small chests — 156
 for 3 pieces of bakens — 156
 for 3 Quanters of rony and the butter — 156
 for the brush — 156
 for 1 Iron rest and 1 rest and 1 pair
 of Andirones and 1 pair of Tonges with
 the rest of the Iron — 156
 for 1 beaten and 1 tinn and 1 potory — 156
 with other odd things — 156
 for 1 pair of set rangers and 4 chairs — 156
 for twenty loads of wood — 156
 for 1 pair of stoves wrocht & 1 narrow and
 the rest and 1 pair of rangers — 156
 for the tile and the bricks and the
 clay hat is very dodged — 156



A changing landmark. Petworth Park Hotel in July 1983.



Beside the Lake in Petworth Park July 1983.

A DUNCTON INVENTORY OF 1622 : THOMAS GOBLE

Imprimis	for all hes wearing apparell	xx s
It(em)	for 2 flockbedes	vi s viii d
It	for on fether boulster and one fether pelloe	iiii s
It	for one flock boulster and a flock pelo	xii d
It	for one keverlet	v s
It	for 2 blanketes	xii d
It	for 2 paire of sheetes	ii s
It	for a trokell beedstedell and a beedmatt	iii s iiiii d
It	for all the small lennen	xvi d
It	for a hollen sheete	v s
It	for all the puter	ix s
It	for 3 small chestes	v s
It	for 3 feiches of baken	xxvi s viii d
It	for 3 quartes of hony and the butter	iii s
It	for the brase	xxxii s
It	for a iron pott and a spitt and a paire of andirons and a paire of tonges with the rest of the iron	vii s
It	for 4 verkenes and a tunn and a keler with other ould tubes	xii s
It	for a paire of pot hangeres and 4 chares	xvi s
It	for twenty corde of wood	fv
It	for a paire of carte wheles and a harrow and the heath and a horse harnes	viii s
It	for rae tyle and rae brecke and the clay that is redy dedged	xx s

It for 1 bound ————— 20
 It for 1 table plonk and 2 tresselles and
 for 2 shelf bordes ————— 26
 It for wootes ————— 11ijb
 It for haye and tares ————— 111ijb
 It for palle and rayle and 2 trowes — 26
 It for an aker and half wheat ————— 111ijb
 It for 3 paire of sheres and a paire of rakes
 with the rest of hes shopp toules belongeng
 to hes trade ————— 111ijb
 It for a gyne chest and a paire of sheetes — 111ijb
 It for a goune petecote and 2 hates ————— 111ijb
 It for a gyne beedstedell ————— 111ijb
 It for an ould bedstedell and 2 ould vates — 111ijb
 It for 2 stales of bees with the plonk as they
 stand and for a pease of tember lyeng by
 them ————— 111ijb
 It deu unto hem from John Phelp ————— 111ijb
 It due unto hem from Tho. Ferat of
 Woullavington ————— 111ijb
 It for redy tyles ————— 111ijb
 It deu unto hem from Rich. Heale
 of Watersfelde ————— 111ijb
 It due unto hem from Will. Cherman
 of Watersfeld ————— 111ijb
 It owing to him fower shillings
 more by Thomas Baker ————— 111ijb
 It for 1 body tylob ————— 111ijb
 It deu unto hem from Will. Cherman
 of watersfeld ————— 111ijb
 It deu unto hem from Witt. Cherman
 of watersfeld ————— 111ijb
 It deu unto hem from Witt. Cherman
 of watersfeld ————— 111ijb
 It deu unto hem from Witt. Cherman
 of watersfeld ————— 111ijb

It for a cubard x s
 It for a table plonk and 2 tresselles and
 for 2 shelf bordes v s
 It for wootes xiii s
 It for haye and tares xxxiii s iiii d
 It for palle and rayle and 2 trowes v s
 It for an aker and half wheat xxvi s viii d
 It for 3 paire of sheres and a paire of rakes
 with the rest of hes shopp toules belongeng
 to hes trade xxx s
 It for a gyne chest and a paire of sheetes xvii s
 It for a goune petecote and 2 hates xxiii s
 It for a gyne beedstedell vi s viii d
 It for an ould bedstedell and 2 ould vates x s
 It for 2 stales of bees with the plonk as they
 stand and for a pease of tember lyeng by
 them vii s
 It deu unto hem from John Phelp xviii s
 It due unto hem from Tho. Ferat of
 Woullavington viii d
 It for redy tyles xii d
 It deu unto hem from Rich. Heale
 of Watersfelde iiii s
 It due unto hem from Will. Cherman
 of Watersfeld iiii s vi d
 It owing to him fower shillings
 more by Thomas Baker 4 s

SOME WORDS

keverlet	coverlet
trokell bedstedell	a bed on truckles or casters often pushed beneath a bigger bed when not in use.
hollen sheete	"holland" (linen) sheet
feiches	flitches - cured sides of bacon
andirons	a pair of horizontal bars to support wood burning in an open fire
verkenes	firkins - a quarter barrell measure
tunn	a large cask
keler	keeler - a shallow tub for cooling beer
tubes	tubs
rae	raw i.e. unfired
dedged	probable misspelling for dredged
plonk	plank
wootes	woods
palle and rayle	pale and rail (for fencing)
troues	troughs
gyne	joined
stales	stalls

The Gobles were a well established family in Petworth and district during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and many wills and inventories survive. In this inventory taken for probate in 1622 Thomas Goble is described as a "sheareman" i.e. a sheep-clipper, while the mention of "hes shoppe toules belongeng to hes trade" suggest a definite place of business. He seems to have lived quite well and to have dealt also in wood - twenty cord is a great amount - and even tiles and brick, having some "raw" or unbaked and some "redy". Whether he fired them himself on the premises is not clear. The inventory is not, as is often the case, grouped by the contents of particular rooms and is unusual for the mention of bee stalls: Goble was obviously an early apiarist. John Phelp (Philp) who owes him eighteen shillings was no doubt a member of the well-known family of Duncton brickmakers. The two Watersfield debts may indicate some business connections with that village. The spelling of the inventory is very rural, and unusual in these documents, although hes for his and hem for him are uncommon as, probably, is "rae" for "raw". The spelling perhaps gives a hint of how people spoke in early seventeenth century Duncton. The appraisers are Thomas Aylwin of Duncton, John Aylwen of Tillington, John Napper of Duncton and William Neal of Petworth.

The meaning of the word "heath" in this context is obscure. The document comes from the West Sussex Record Office.

