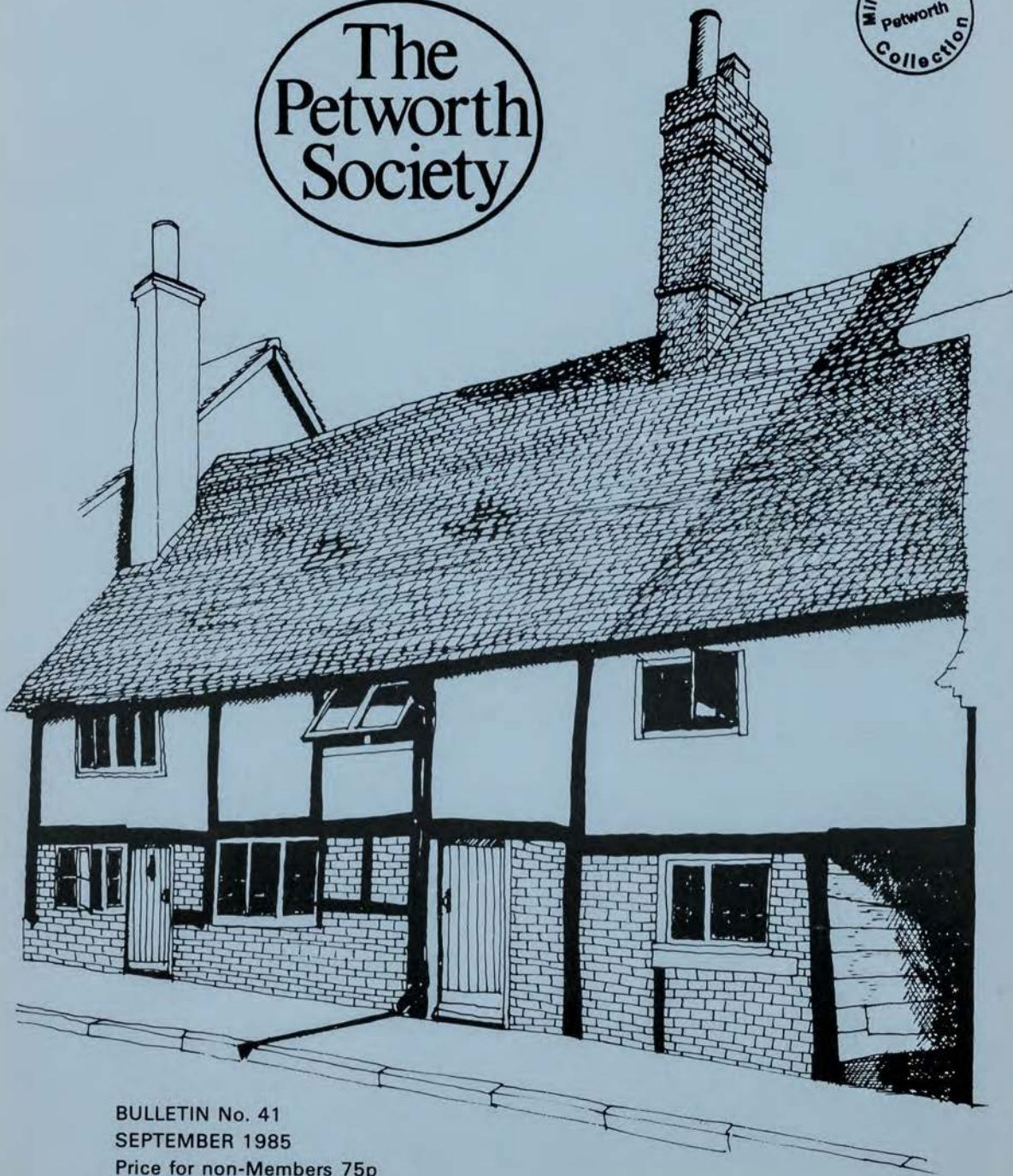


The Petworth Society

Miles Costello
Petworth
Collection



BULLETIN No. 41
SEPTEMBER 1985
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Cover design by Jonathan Newdick drawn from a photograph by George Garland. It shows Old cottages in North Street in 1952.

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

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

The annual subscription is £3.00. Single or Double one Bulletin delivered. Postal £4.00. 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, 16 Littlecote,
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

The summer programme seems to have been popular and I think you will like the autumn programme too. The details are on the separate "Activities Sheet". I liked the visit to Cooke's House at West Burton at the end of June. The garden never loses its interest however often I go there. This time I think we were slightly later than usual and there were some subtle differences: the cherry tree was beginning to fruit and the gentian bed was almost over. I couldn't myself go to Mrs. Thorp's at Coates Manor but I knew what this connoisseur's garden had in store for members as Bill and I had been over previously to see Mrs. Thorp. Needless to say the garden was much to the taste of the Society visitors. I hope the visit to Coates Manor becomes as much a Petworth Society tradition as the visit to Cooke's House. Anne's garden walk was its usual wild success - perhaps the most widely popular of all Society events and included a whole host of new gardens. The Manor of Dean visit and J's Graffham walk are to come as I write.

Bulletin 40 sold out rather too rapidly i.e. within a week of appearing and it was fortunate that the printer had a few spare copies on this occasion to tide us over. While I don't like to have Bulletins over at the end of the quarter, I don't like to run out at the beginning of the quarter either. As you would expect a number of copies of Bulletin 40 have made their way across the Atlantic.

You will see that we carry a tribute to the late George Wakeford, beemaster extraordinary and a great friend of this Society but this quarter has seen also the departure of R.H. "Dick" Taylor who died suddenly in June. Someone said it was as if one of Petworth's foundations had collapsed and I doubt whether anyone who really knows Petworth will feel this an exaggeration. To the many Petworth organisations to which Dick belonged he gave a loyal and unswerving support and he was particularly proud to be prominently associated through the Royal British Legion with the visit of the Toronto Scottish. Perhaps it is a sportsman that he will be best remembered. He was already a veteran, helping along Petworth 2nd team when I played football with him, he at inside right and myself on the right wing, profiting from his astute passes and usually failing to make the best of them. He never seemed to mind. He never forgot those days and would often greet me with, "Fit for this afternoon then? They're one short." It always appeared to me that despite his years Dick could do a better job for "them" than I ever would, but if I told him that he'd look appropriately horrified. A marvellous character, a real gentleman and a terrible loss to the town.

LETTERS

Mr. & Mrs. Leslie Tidy,
729 Ottawa St.,
Midland, Ont.
Canada.
L4R 1C3.

The Petworth Society,
Mrs. V. Sadler,
52 Wyndham Rd.,
Petworth, Eng.

Dear Mrs. Sadler:

We have recently arrived back to Canada after our 40th yr. Pilgrimage to Holland. We all agreed that it was a rewarding but tiring tour. However most everyone agreed that our most exciting and most heart warming day was spent with the people of Petworth.

You made us more than welcome and we enjoyed every minute in your town.

A very nice lady approached me near the tea room at Petworth House and gave me a photo of the Gatehouse where we were stationed in the Park.

I have had some copies enlarged for the Toronto Scottish photo archives.

I was so excited that I did not get the ladies name and address. I believe she said her or her brother lived there at one time.

I am enclosing a copy and would like very much for her to have it.

Thanks again for our wonderful time at Petworth. May come to visit again in Aug. All the best.

Les & Hazel Tidy

June 13, 1985

41 Lynvalley Cres.,
Scarborough, Ontario
Canada MIR 2V1

Mr. Peter Jerrome,
Chairman of Petworth Society

Dear Sir;

I am the wife of a Toronto Scottish vet, that was visiting Petworth on Sunday April 28th, during the Holland Liberation Pilgrimage.

We all certainly enjoyed our visit, and were overwhelmed at the very sincere welcome we received.

The reason I am writing, is that when I returned to Canada, I realized that I was missing a whole film from my camera that I

had taken in Petworth. I'm sure now that when I changed films I put one down, to put the other one in, and neglected to pick it up. We went on to the Junior school, and I took some there, but they were numbered from #1 on so I know that I had just changed films. This is a disc camera, & the film is flat, and about 3 inches square. I know that the chances are very remote but just in case it was lying around somewhere, I'd sure love to have it. My address is above.

Very sincerely yours
Mrs. Ted White

June 21, 1985.

Mr. Peter A. Jerrome,
Chairman Petworth Society,
Trowels - Pound Street,
Petworth, West Sussex,
England.
GU28 - ODX

Dear Sir:

I had the privilege of attending a ceremony at Petworth on 28 April 1985. I was not at Petworth at the time the regiment was stationed there, but heard so very much from the other members of their stay at Petworth, the good times and the bad, (the school being bombed).

As we were winding our way through the small roads to Petworth, five bus loads, I kept thinking how embarassed we would be, if but a few turned out to welcome us. However, to my surprise and pleasure, we had a beautiful welcome. I will never forget the love and emotion shown on our trip and stay that day at Petworth. I was taken aback by the welcome we received. The members of our association talked about the trip and welcome and will for years to come.

I would like to say thank you all so very much for all the work that went into preparing the welcome. The various people that helped in the preparation of the meal that was served and of course the minister of the church for his sermon and welcome. I can not go on mentioning and singling individuals, as I am sure it was a joint effort. However, I would like for you to pass on for me, to everyone who took part, from the children up to the senior citizens the band played for, our heart felt thanks. I am sure we will meet again.

I would like to say, as I had at the time at the school, that we will as long as there is someone left in our association send you a Canadian flag when that one has to be replaced. Don't hesitate to let us know when it is in bad shape and we will replace it with our pleasure. Yours truly, Jack Bateman

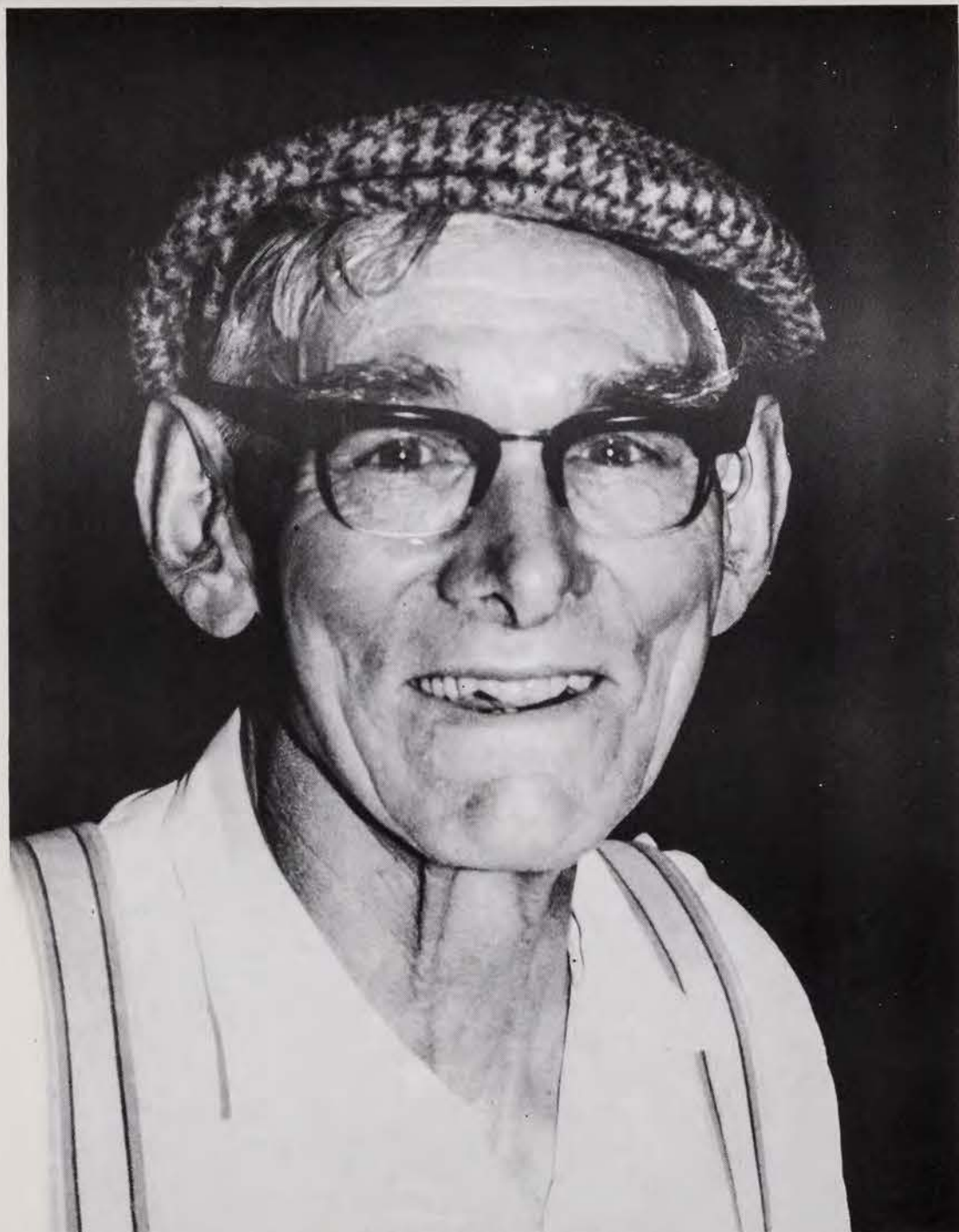
GEORGE WAKEFORD B.E.M. BEEMASTER

I started beekeeping in the summer of 1963. I remember it because of the bad winter in the early months of that year. I had helped to unearth a colony of bees on a farm adjoining where we lived but I didn't at that time have any knowledge of beekeeping. I simply phoned up my old biology master Allan Dugdale for advice. Together we looked at the bees and I bought them. Allan advised me to join the Wisborough Green Asscoiation which I did there and then. We took the honey off the colony but the honey jars I would need to get from the secretary. This is how I came to meet George Wakeford for the first time. When I asked him for the jars he was most apologetic, "I'm dreadfully sorry, I can't let you have any" - he didn't know I was already a member. When I cleared this up I got my jars.

The second time we met was when I was putting some of my honey into the Billingshurst Flower Show. George was exhibiting too but there was no question of rivalry. He carefully showed me where I was going wrong, putting as much right on the day as he could. The trouble he took with my exhibits you'd hardly think he had exhibits of his own. I didn't win but I did learn a good deal.

I left school that summer but as I didn't start work until the September I spent every day of that summer holiday with him.

By this time he'd given up the timber-cutting which he'd done for years, away from home nights at a time, sleeping out under canvas as often as not when the weather was warm. I wouldn't describe him as retired though, he was still putting in seven days a week with bees and gardening. During the winter he would also pick up many other jobs, though mainly gardening. One winter he worked for me cutting chestnut and making fencing stakes. He was secretary of the Wisborough Green Association for about 25 years until he was made President in the late 1970s. The Association had some hundred members of very different beekeeping attainment. Some might have a single hive at the bottom of the garden, while others might have twenty. Some members looked after their own bees but a significant proportion had George Wakeford look after their hives for them. When I first knew him I asked him how many colonies of bees he looked after and reckoned it was over four hundred. If someone had a swarm they could call on George. I've known him go as far as Shermanbury and Henfield or Wormley in Surrey. He drove himself at this time but was rather inclined to let his attention wander to the roadside. "Look at that..." he'd cry pointing to some plant or bird. Nature fascinated him but didn't improve his driving!



George Wakeford in 1975.

A photograph by William Goodydy lent by Mrs. Curtis, Wisborough Green.



Bee-hives at Wisborough Green in 1937.
A photograph by George Garland.

His relation with those whose colonies he managed varied from person to person. For some he simply made a regular call at the beginning of the season to put in the "Supers" or honey chambers and would be on call if the owner had a swarm and needed someone to deal with it. Extracting the honey was another familiar job as was feeding the bees in the winter. When I first went with him he'd do the extracting in people's homes taking his own equipment.

George never forgot his upbringing at Palfrey and would go back toward Ebernoe on the slightest pretext or without any pretext at all! Tom Haffenden was one of his oldest and closest confederates from the very beginning and eventually I bought Tom's bees because his eyesight was failing. I was at this time looking to build up my stocks with a view to keeping bees commercially. I put some of these bees on Ebernoe Common and we kept them near Birchwells where George's grandmother had once lived.

People were always phoning up to say that they had a swarm and asking him to go up and take it. He always looked to find someone who wanted to take them. He'd usually use a skep to transport them, sometimes a box. He was in his mid-sixties when I first knew him and remained a very strong man till he was in his mid-70's. I'm told he was still playing cricket when he was well past fifty. It was reported that no one had ever seen him drop a catch. I only once ever heard him swear; he was the most mild-mannered of men. It was about fifteen then and George, myself and a boy of nine were taking some bees out from behind a patch of lead on a roof. As we were peeling the lead back George asked the boy if he would move his coat for him. The boy threw it down rather carelessly and the coins in the pockets went all over the place - some cheques too!

George Wakeford was the best handler of bees I have ever seen but I remember one occasion when even he had to flee before their fury. They had been put in specifically to pollinate blackcurrants at High Noons and a barbed wire fence had been put in front of the hives to keep off some bullocks in an adjoining field. There were six or eight colonies I can't remember. We began at the furthest one and found the bees more than a little touchy, the second were more touchy and the third hive even worse. What finished us off was the uncomfortable fact that by the time we started to deal with the third colony we were under attack from the first two as well. It could only get worse as we proceeded along the line of hives. We were already badly stung and decided that discretion was the better part of valour. George always reckoned that the first two or three

stings of a season hurt him but after that stings had no effect. I don't think he was stung as much as many beekeepers and I put this down to the way he handled the bees. He never made a fuss and never made jerky movements but was always quiet and deliberate. Perhaps because he didn't make a fuss he was stung more often than people thought. Occasionally, if he were dealing with really spiteful bees, he might have about two hundred stings, unconcernedly picking them out himself. This happened once at Fittleworth and was very unusual; swarms are usually good tempered even if coming from bad-tempered colonies. Bees can sting through cloth.

George would invariably refer to people as Mr. and Mrs., he did not often use Christian names. Even someone like Tom Haffenden he would refer to as "Mr. Haffenden". There were nearly fifty years between us and he'd call me "boy" but then anyone of a younger generation than George would be likely to be called "boy". Bees he'd call "they little people" but if they were particularly bad-tempered "little devils" or "little jiggers". His attitude to matters of finance was relaxed. He'd send in a bill for his services and that was that. Nothing would ever induce him to send another one. Similarly if he lent equipment he'd never actually ask for its return. As he would say both about his bills and his equipment, "well if they wants it that bad, let them have it."

He had considerable botanical knowledge being in this, as with his bees, largely self-taught. He knew the botanical names of most wild plants without going into the technicalities of things like mosses and liverworts. He was particularly knowledgeable about apples. He once obtained a fairly rare apple known as "Benn's Red" which for years he insisted on calling "Winter Quarrenden". It was an apple that could be struck from cuttings and there are many descendants of George Wakeford's original tree in local gardens. He was an excellent gardener, always capable, if some crop failed to come up, of producing something to make up the shortfall. There was always some flower in the garden even in the depths of winter and he knew how to get mistletoe to "take". But it is as a handler of bees that he will be best remembered. Perhaps he weren't a scientific beekeeper in the modern sense but he was and, I would think, will always remain the best handler of bees I have ever seen.

Roger Patterson was talking to Mrs. Walters and the Editor.

REMEMBERING GEORGE WAKEFORD (1)

It often happens that workmen come across a colony of bees in a tree

that needs to be cut down. You can't simply go on cutting the tree down; once you see the bees coming out you have to stop. It would be a foolhardy man indeed who'd carry on cutting. Almost invariably it would be George Wakeford the beemaster who'd be called out to deal with the problem. I'd go with him to do the cutting and help with the bees. The last time was in fact quite recently; the root of a cherry tree was affecting sewerage pipes and the tree had to come out. The work had been halted when the first bees began to appear from the trunk. George had been notified so I took my car as it was bigger than his and we went off to see. It was George's custom to wait until evening and the air had cooled somewhat and the bees were reasonably settled, then to block the outlet with grass. George would say, "We must judge how far the bees are in the trunk", i.e. either way from the outlet - so he'd run his ear along the trunk to give an idea of the extent of the colony. Then I'd cut through with the chain-saw to remove the section with the bees, load the section on to the car and take it away. Another day we'd split the tree with an axe and George would find the queen, get some empty hive frames, lay the frames on the ground, take the combs from the tree one by one, lay each one on top of the frame, cut it round with a knife to fit the frame, then tie two pieces of string right round the frame to hold it in place. Finally he'd put each frame into the hive, put the queen with the combs, then shut the hive and let the rest of the flying bees make their way back into the hive.

I remember another tree, at Gunter's Bridge this time, an elm on a steep bank which had to be cut down close to the ground. The bees started to come out of the saw-cut until everything was black in front of us like a cloud, quite frightening really. Another tree I cut with George was at Dunsfold, an ash beside the road. The top had already been cut so that there was no weight left to make it fall properly. We would have to put a rope round the top to pull it the way we wanted it to fall. We had no ladder with us so George pulled up his Mini hard by the ash and in a trice was standing on the car roof attaching the rope to the stump of the tree. I could see the convex roof of the car buckling under his weight!

George and I would often be called out to deal with swarms in old buildings, often by builders renovating old cottages who came upon an unexpected colony and wouldn't proceed until it was removed. I remember a little wooden granary and a swarm behind a piece of felt just under the roof. Another difficulty would be a swarm in a chimney stack. George would have a cloth soaked in carbolic or some

similar substance, he would attach the cloth to a rod and poke it up the chimney - or if he wanted to keep the bees, (as he often did), he'd get up on to the chimney and poke the cloth down so that they would come out onto another cloth laid out on the hearth, then up an incline into a skep. Bees always go upwards, never downwards.

Peter Wakeford.

REMEMBERING GEORGE WAKEFORD (2)

George was used extensively by the police and by the council to deal with swarming bees. A swarm of bees needs careful handling and can be dangerous in inexperienced hands. I remember once we had a sun-blind jutting out into the street at the Middle Street shop and a swarm of bees had settled on the end. It was a public hazard; someone might bump their head against it with potentially serious consequences. George was of course sent for and in no time was calmly saying, "there she is", in that characteristic way he had. The queen was in a matchbox and George Wakeford had everything under control.

What most impressed itself on me was his patience. When I was beginning beekeeping I'd go over to Wisborough Green with my queries (and I'd plenty of those) and he'd explain and if necessary explain again and again. Other things too I remember, like going to the Honey Show with him last October and him bringing a box of apples to give away. It was of course Benn's Red that rare variety he had once been given and from which he had struck so many cuttings over the years. I remember too his knowledge of wild flowers and of country lore. One of them was (if I remember it right) "If oak's out before the ash we're in for a soak" but "If ash is out before the oak we're in for a splash". I remember the cap he always wore, the unbuttoned shirt and the way he called even quite senior people "boy". I always felt quite pleased to be addressed in this way.

There was a minute's silence at the Wisborough Green Association meeting on the 12th July. George Wakeford will be very much missed both for himself and for the help he so freely gave.

Bill Hazelman.

A QUESTION OF STATUS

An Outing from Petworth to Goodwood House

This was about twenty years ago. Goodwood House had a librarian, I was told on good authority. He was approachable, and repaired old books for anybody. I visualized a poor scholar, and as I had been wanting for some time to have some books repaired, searched the telephone directory to make an appointment ... estate office ... estate company ... and the Duke's private number. No other number was down. I rang the private number, imagining the butler might well put me through to the librarian, a refined, medieval man with leather patches reinforcing the elbows of his jacket - probably a genealogist into the bargain - working for his patron in a small room in a turret surrounded by parchments and glue. However, there was no answer, and I put my books into the back of the car and drove over. I had not seen the house before.

Turning in at one of the entrance gates I bowled along a straight tree-lined road through the splendid park; my car, although rather small, seemed conspicuous and vaguely impertinent. I felt like an intruder. There was nothing for it but to drive up to the front door and at once parry the possible disapproval of the butler by asking to see the librarian. The butler's heart, I hoped, would melt a little, presuming one scholar to be asking for another.

The road led past stables. There was a board which said No Parking on the Grass. The car now crunched along a gravelled carriageway which swept up to and away from the front facade of the house. All appeared to be deserted, blinds were down. It was definitely out of season. Around the stables, the house and across the park there was not a soul in sight, except for a gardener sitting on a machine mowing a smooth area of lawn that the carriageway bordered. I drew up beside him, and chanced my arm.

"Could you tell me how I can find the librarian?"
He regarded me through the car window with heavy incomprehension.
"Librarian?"
"Yes."

"There isn't one."

I raised my eyebrows. "There is, actually."
He shook his head, as if he would have invented a librarian to humour me if it were possible -

"There's not a librarian here."

My next step took him off his guard -

"Oh, well, I'll ask." And getting out of the car I was rash enough to march towards the entrance portico of the house, intent on reaching that butler. Next to the main door an arrowed notice said Teas. I had an uneasy feeling that there would be no one inside to answer the bell, then a certainty that I could not even see a bell. But the man followed me, reluctant to let me off so lightly.

"You did say it was the librarian you wanted?"

"Yes."

"There isn't one," he repeated. More head shaking.

"Well, there is, really." I tried to smile wisely.

"There isn't a librarian," he said reasonably, pityingly.

"Not here."

"But he repairs books - I've got some books for him -"

"Oh ..." He allowed the light to dawn slowly. He had played with me enough. "You mean the bookbinder?"

"Ah, that's it!" anxiously I made the most of my mistake.

He had me in the hollow of his hand and I needed his forgiveness.

"Have you got some books with you?"

I tumbled them out of the car, displaying them as though they were credentials, and with leisurely magnanimity he led me down the side of the house through a rose garden.

"I thought he called himself the librarian," I remarked ingratiatingly, with a false laugh.

"Maybe it's what he calls himself ..."

We went past the public lavatories round to the kitchen entrance.

"Here's the gentleman you're looking for," he suddenly announced with a change of manner, and handed me over to a small, round, bald man in shirtsleeves who had popped his head out at that moment.

This man faintly reminded me of someone, but all I could think of was a member of the Crazy Gang.

The back of the house was as deserted as the front; His Grace was "not in residence" I learnt from him. The bookbinder it was. He conducted me past a pantry, a kitchen, and down stone steps into the bowels of the house. We walked along dark, stone-flagged corridors smelling of carbolic, that once must all have been kitchen quarters, and into a big semi-subterranean room where there were signs of the bookbinder's craft. There he inspected my books and stated his price. I had brought some nice books, but there were also four bound volumes of a 19th Century magazine:

"I'll do the four for £6."

"But I picked them up in an antique shop for four bob each."

A flicker of compassion crossed his face.

"Call it £4. I'll stretch a point."

"Oh, I don't know - "

"Say fifteen bob each."

That settled, he said; "I'm here every morning, I'm retired now."

From what, I wondered? From bookbinding, or from being butler?

The wife, I gathered, was in Her Grace's service in some capacity that he did not define.

When we got up to the ground floor again, he favoured me by showing me through a door into the main part of the house. A notice said: Please do not sit on the furniture, and he took me into a stately library, where the chairs were under dustsheets, and pulled down book after book, great heavy, unfingered leather-backed volumes, from the sumptuous shelves. "I repaired this ... and this," he said, showing them to me. "I'm the resident librarian."

About a fortnight later I went back to collect my books. Everything was as deserted as before, and I had to ring loud and long at the kitchen door until a woman in an apron opened it. She vanished at my inquiry, and from somewhere inside the house her voice snapped: "Hey - you're wanted."

He materialized from across a small yard, in his shirtsleeves. We descended once more to the dark passages smelling of carbolic - the family were still not in residence - and entered his workroom, where he presented me with my beautifully repaired books and watched me writing out the cheque.

"I'll take you out another way if you don't mind," he said, "so I won't have to go up the stairs again," and he deposited me outside the kitchen entrance by some puzzling alternative route which was all on a level. There was a view of the nearby stable yard. There was enough stabling for a cavalry regiment, every loose box containing freshly laid straw, but no sign of a horse.

As I drove away I thought of him, plying his trade, tucked away down there, "retired", in his dark region underneath the house like a plump mole. It wildly struck me: did the Duke know he was there? I drove on reflectively, across the fine park toward the far gates and past a notice which said: Proceedings will be taken against anyone found damaging the trees.

R.W.

MR. J.H. KEEN CARPENTER AND CLOCKMENDER

1. Carpenter.

Dad always wanted to be a carpenter as a boy what money he got he bought tools with. His ambition was to be a ship's carpenter, but his Father burnt all the tools he had collected so that he couldn't go.

He was very clever with carpentry. Quite a few children of our age had toys he made - Quoit Boards and Rings, Bagatelle, Dolls Houses, Shops and Jigsaw Puzzles. He had a treadle machine in the cellar which aided him a lot.

Pictures of Foxhound Meets and various others were used for puzzles. They were pasted on 3 ply wood from tea-chests at Knights the Grocer. I have to this day a stool he made when I was about 2 years old made from cheese crates a good $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick. I use it to stand on cleaning my windows to this day.



The Keen sisters with their home-made cart.

He also did a lot of fretwork and one particular masterpiece was an overmantle with a mirror in the centre and pagoda like cubicles on the side and centre which took small ornaments in them.

He made a little van and Mum used to take the three of us to her Mother's at Pulborough during the 1914-1918 war. It was six miles and Daisy and I had to take turns in having a ride.

2. Clockmender.

Another hobby was mending clocks. They came in all sorts and conditions. Cuckoo, American, various Mantlepiece, Grandfather and Alarm. One clock he repaired was an old round shop clock and it went for years. He made a long pendulum with thick wire and a round piece of plywood and painted gold which was regulated to get the correct time. The weights which had to be attached to a long chain, one weight was a Borwicks Baking Powder tin and the other was a Carbide tin filled with stones and the lids soldered on and a staple loop to take the chains through and painted black. It was my job every night to wind the weights up to keep the clock going.

He bought a Grandfather clock off a Mr. Cooper on Ebernoe Common. No idea what he paid for it. It was in a terrible state and had been painted with a horrible brown paint. He stripped all this off, cleaned and polished the wood which was lovely oak, cleaned the clock face and works, got it going and now it's beautiful and in possession of my niece for her son when he gets older.

From Mrs. A. Luff,
16 Sheralds Croft Lane,
Thriplow,
Royston,
Herts.

"MEMORIES"

1) GROWING UP IN PETWORTH

I remember on reaching the age of four years - May 1918, my Father coming home from World War I. I was very puzzled about this strange man suddenly making himself at home, as it had just been Mother and me, and although she had repeatedly told me that my Daddy, a soldier, would come back one day, it took me quite a time to adjust to this strange man living in our house.

What a curious way life has in turning full circle. My little son was nearly two years old when his soldier Daddy came home from North Africa and Italy in 1945, once more in my life here was a child and his Father as strangers to each other.

A few months before my Father went to France in 1914, my parents suffered a dreadful tragedy.

I had a sister, Bessie, aged eight, I was nearly one year, we both had diptheria. Bessie had been moved to another room as she was well on the way to recovery, while I was still under draped sheets with steaming kettles to help me to breathe. The doctor had been that day, he didn't hold too much hope for me, but was happier with my sisters' condition and gave my Mother a prescription for Bessie, which was a tonic. In those days medicines were made up in the shop. Mother gave Bessie a dose from the new bottle, but my sister died shortly afterwards from poisoning, the wrong label had been put on the bottle and her harmless tonic had gone elsewhere, so by the end of that year I had become an only child. As I grew older I remember my Mother telling me about old country cures made from wild plants. We would gather wood-sage, the leaves would be well washed, then boiled to make wood sage tea, this seemed to her a cure for many ailments. There was the Recketts blue bag, which not only made the washing beautifully white, but was also very good for dabbing on strings. The oil of cloves for tooth and ear-ache, a raw onion for chillblains, and good old Venos for coughs. I remember one night I'd been coughing continuously, my Father going downstairs to get the Venos. He gave me a large dose and got very cross when I spat it out all over the bed. My Mother, who believed in waste not, want not, had put TURPENTINE into an empty Venos bottle, but had forgotten to change the label! However, in spite of a bit of stomach ache, it cured my cough!!

In my early school days, it seemed that the summers were long and hot, and in those days we seemed to be a little community cut off from the rest of the world. All we knew of the big world outside was what we learned in geography lessons at school. We saw no cars, or air planes or strangers. The only visitors from outside were the old knife grinder who called twice a year on his battered old bike, or gypsy women calling with clothes pegs.

The road outside my home was our playground. We'd play there all day, with a ball, or a top and whip, or a skipping rope (cut from Mum's clothes line). There was never any danger of accidents as

the only vehicle on the road was the horse and trap called "The Mail Bus", it fetched the mail bags from the Station to the Post Office once each day.

In the summer holidays we would play in the cornfield at the back of our houses. The stacked sheaves made good hiding places, or became fabulous "castles". The farmers would welcome us when the sheaves were gathered in, as armed with stout sticks we'd kill off the mice as they scampered out, and many a time we'd take home a nice young rabbit for next day's dinner.

Later on we had a cinema at the top of our road, what a nine days wonder that was! We really felt we were going with the times then, at first we only had the "silent" films. An old Italian lady and her family lived in our row and she became a real film addict, but could neither read or write any English. She would ask my Mother if I could go "pitch" with her to read the captions and dialogue, and especially if a RUDOLPH VALENTINO film was showing! She would thank us over and over in her own language, then she'd say "My Tony, he say, what you wanna go pitch for why don't you stay home and look at pitch on walls"!!

Saturday was "red letter" day as my Dad would give me two pennies as reward for helping with the daily chores. I'd make a bee line for Granny Palmers' sweet shop, which was really her front room.

There was such a feast to choose from, Packers Choc Crispies, Gob Stoppers, Aniseed Balls, pink and white coconut strips and weird things called LOCUST beans. For two pennies we could get eight bags of sweets at one farthing each!!

After school we would go in a gang to watch the smithy at work, the ring of the anvil would fascinate us, and we'd marvel at the way

he would hammer a lump of glowing metal into a perfect horseshoe. Sometimes in the summer holidays I would visit my Aunt, Uncle and cousin who lived at the top of the Sussex Downs. During Goodwood race week my Auntie would serve teas in the garden to any race goers who cared to stop.

My Uncle would take me and my cousin for walks on the Downs and many times we walked through BIRDLESS GROVE, just above the race-course. It lived up to its name and never once did we hear a bird call as we passed through.

Later on my Aunt and Uncle moved down into our little town and Uncle Bill became our town crier. I can see him now in his tall polished hat with a cockade on the side, his smart top coat, the ringing handbell, and Uncle's loud voice calling "O Yez, O Yez, O Yez, this is to give notice etc."

Saturday evening was always bath night, and what a performance it was! Mother would light the copper in the kitchen to heat the water, and around six o'clock it was ready. The bath was under the kitchen window, with a sink and cold tap alongside. A large wooden lid covered the bath, and was Mother's "work top". At bath time, up went the lid, pegged up to the wall, in went the hot water, and then in went me, to be scrubbed clean and ready for Sunday.

On Sunday we donned our "best clothes" and attended Sunday School morning and afternoon. Each child had to take a turn at pumping the organ for the morning service. It was very boring sitting behind the scenes, especially if the sermon was dry and long. We'd often be in a day-dream, to be rudely awakened by the parson glaring down at us and wrapping on the pulpit, then we would have to pump like mad so that the congregation could sing the last hymn!

The "great days" in our childhood were Leconfield Day and British Legion Day. These were held in the Park, everyone would meet in the Market Square, all wearing flower button holes, then we'd march to the Park alongside the town band. Arriving at the Park we'd find swings, roundabouts and cocoanut shies waiting for our enjoyment, and the beer tents already doing a roaring trade. In the afternoon there'd be races for prizes and dancing round the Maypole, what times they were!

My Dad was a member of the band, but I could never understand why a little man like him chose to play one of the largest instruments, the euphonium!!

The other "great day" was our Sunday School outing to Littlehampton or Bognor, we not only had the thrill of a visit to the sea-side, but also a ride in a real train, later we travelled in buses. The only problem was how to raise enough spending money for these great occasions. Fortunately for us our outing would take place after the four days of racing at Goodwood. We'd gather outside as the coaches were coming back from the races and shout "Throw out your rusty coppers"!!



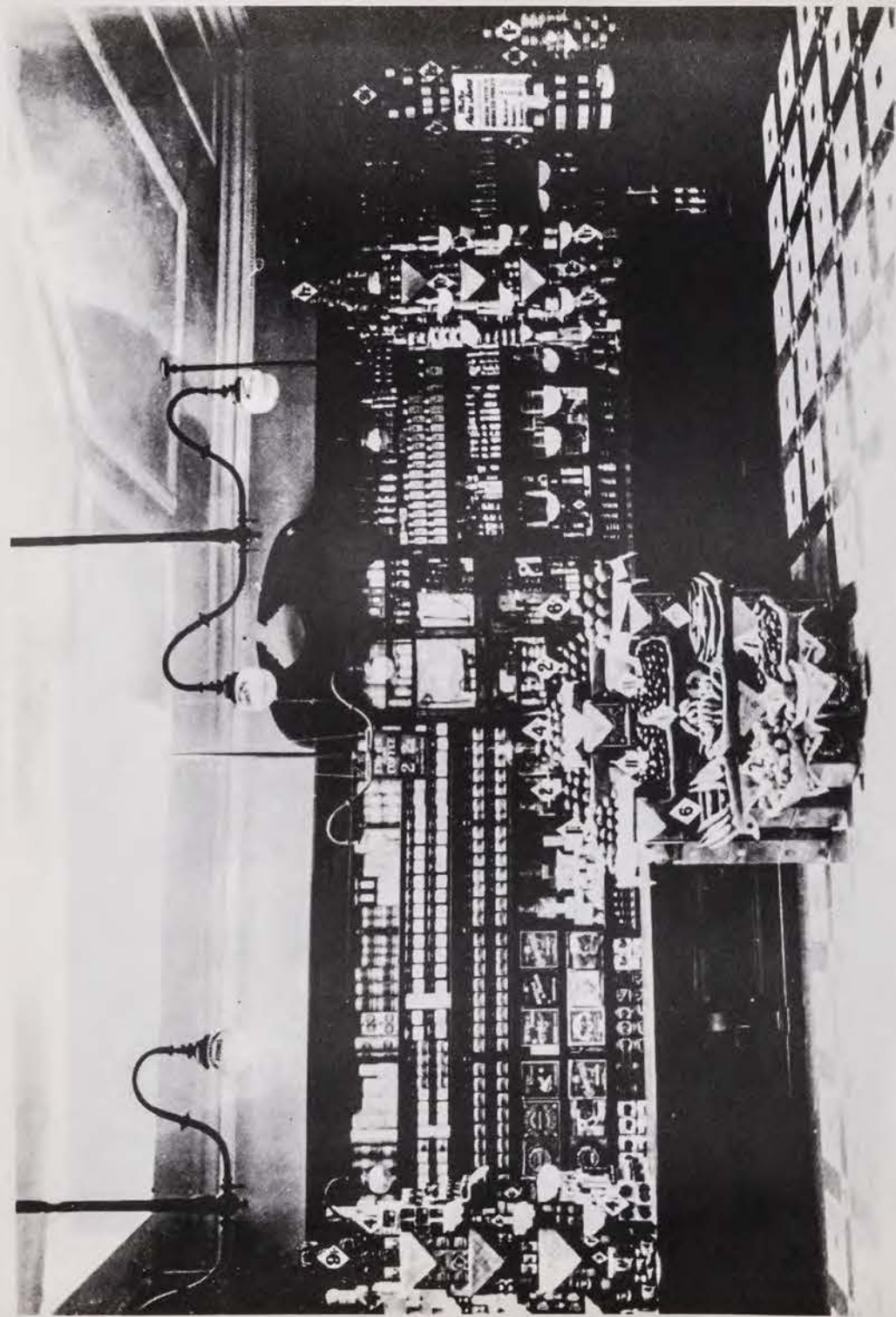
Toronto Scottish visit April 28th.
Photograph by James Clevett (Littlehampton).



Petworth Town Band c1910.



Sutton Revels May 1927.
A photograph by George Garland.



International Stores: Petworth c1933.
A photograph by George Garland.

This proved a wonderful way to make a quick penny, and many times we'd finish up with several shillings worth of coppers, sometimes as much as 10/-. The idea caught on quickly, and the crowd became larger each year, until finally banned by the police as being too dangerous.

When I got to the big girls school, my parents were full of hope that I might win a scholarship, which would give me a better chance of getting a good job when I left school at fourteen years, and although I was very bright at reading and writing, the third R - "rithmetic always defeated me.

As I approached my fourteenth birthday, I remember Mother saying "It will have to be service for you Girlie" and domestic service it was, there was no other choice. I left school at fourteen years of age and my first job was as daily maid, hours 8 a.m. - 7 p.m.. My wage was £2 per month, out of which I had to buy my own black stockings and afternoon collar and cuff sets, as well as giving Mother a little as I was still sleeping at home.

It was customary for the neighbours to show interest in youngsters who were starting out in the world. One such was a real country comic who lived in our row.

We met in the street one day and he asked me how I was getting on in my new job. I told him all about it and that I was earning £2 per month. Harry's good advice on hearing this was "That's right my gal, you take care of your pennies and you'll be surprised how the pounds will "creaseate"! He knew what he was talking about, but his meaning would mystify the listener!

I must record a few of his gems while I'm on the subject.

He'd had a lot of trouble trying to grow a good row of peas, as the birds would pick the seed out as fast as he sowed it.

The next year he proudly announced to his old pals, "I've got the better of them sparrers this year, I've planted my peas at the top of the garden and put the sticks down the bottom"!! He would also boast that he grew the biggest "taters as the holes in the middle weighs a 1 lb!" One of his favourites was that every time he bought a new pair of boots, he had to wear 'em two or three weeks before he could get 'em on"!

F.M. Pugh (to be continued).

PETWORTH TOWN BAND - TOWARDS A HISTORY

The Brass Band Movement or for want of a simpler term Town or Village Bands have through the ages provided a means for the working man to express himself musically. But unfortunately it has been given by some people the "Last of the Summer Wine" or cloth cap image. This of course is not true as many small bands have produced fine musicians. Petworth being no exception in that in quite recent years it has given one man the start in music that took him to the position of Regimental Bandmaster Royal Marines Plymouth Division.

The formation of Petworth Town Band is not very clearly written. It appears that a number of men from Petworth played with the Sixth Volunteer Regiment at Arundel which was formed in 1859 and disbanded in 1879. This gave them the inspiration to form a band of their own in Petworth in 1865, and it is on record in the archives that the then Lord Leconfield gave the sum of five hundred pounds it is thought for the purpose of forming a Town Band. Also on a wall in the Leconfield Estate carpenters shop is written "William Whitcombe" left Town Band 18 Sept. 1865. So it can be seen from this information that Petworth Town Band has been in existence for 120 years.

The Band prior to the 1914-18 war won many contests and prizes under their Bandmaster a Mr. Jerry Tiplady. Between the wars it flourished being the highlight of the surrounding community playing at town and village functions, light music in the afternoons and music for dancing quite often on village greens in the evenings. Two known Bandmasters of this period being Jim Sadler and George Tickner.

In 1946 the Band was reformed by the late Mr. Percy Savage unfortunately with very little money, instruments or music, the latter two being given for salvage to help the war effort. To raise funds on Christmas morning 1947 about eight musicians played carols in and around Petworth, amongst the instruments were two violins and one clarinet. (A strange Brass Band).

In the 1960s the Band once again struck a bad patch with only a few members turning up for rehearsals and it is with great thanks to the late Mr. Bert Pratt that Petworth has a Town Band today. At this period generous help was given to the Band by the then President Commander De Pass which enabled them to purchase new uniforms.

After the retirement of Bert Pratt the Band continued to flourish under the direction of Mr. Fred Standen until through ill health in 1983 had to hand over the baton to the present Bandmaster, Mr. Tony Deaken.

The Band continues to keep busy on varied engagements. One of the highlights being before members of the Royal Family at Cowdray Park Polo on Gold Cup Day. Many of its members having to travel a round trip of some forty or fifty miles at their own expense to attend such functions.

The main expense to the Band over the past five years has been purchase of instruments e.g.

Two Euphoniums	at £ 850.00 each
Two Cornets	at £ 250.00 "
Three Tenor Horns	at £ 575.00 "
and Two Bass Tubas	at £2000.00 "

The Band's President Lord Egremont provides a room at Petworth House for storage and rehearsals on Monday evenings.

Jack Holloway

WORKING AT THE INTERNATIONAL STORES

When I left the International Stores in 1935 it was still conducted very much on the old-fashioned principle of being served by the assistants, as opposed to present-day ideas of serving yourself. You would say what you wanted and the assistants would get it for you. The centre space was basically left vacant with the fixtures and shelving hugging the walls. The counters ran round the perimeter. As you went in there was a long counter to your left for bacon, cheese and fats, while another counter catered for jams, marmalades, teas and biscuits. There was a counter just for fruit and I can remember bananas at a penny halfpenny each. On the right hand side as you entered were the patent medicines, sweets and sugar. Just inside the door on the right was the cash desk where Edna Nairn and Miss Rapley would sit. There was at that time a door in the corner so that effectively the cash desk controlled the two exits.



The International Stores c 1930.
Photograph by George Garland.

There was a great deal of manual work to be done and the International then carried a staff of some sixteen to eighteen, including a number of men. There was a delivery service and Mr. Field was employed to go round taking people's orders. As I have said, the store operated as did all others in those days, on the principle that you would indicate what you wanted and it would be cut or picked out for you by the assistants. Bacon might be rashed in a variety of different thicknesses and would be cut as you waited. The cheeses were of the old-fashioned kind, needing to be skinned before cutting. Butter was still done in pats. A customer would order a pound of Sylvan Glen for 1/2d. and it would be cut straight from the block. It was rather similar with sweets: they would be on the shelves in boxes and jars and weighed out for you as you wanted them, at eight pence a pound. Christmas was a particularly busy time because people would begin from about mid-November to take out their clubs. They'd start in January, paying in at the desk at a rate of so much a week, a shilling perhaps. This would be marked down on a special card, separate from the weekly account. At Christmas time the club orders would come in like a flood: people wanted things like dried fruit and peel for Christmas puddings or glace cherries and sultanas for cakes. We might have to work till 10 o'clock to get the club orders finished but there would be no extra money for the time we had spent.

Every week two of the staff had to go out the back and down the steps into the warehouse. Here they used to weigh up the different sugars, flour, rolled oats, soda, all sorts of things which were weighed up out of great bins and bagged up in small quantities to be ready when the customers wanted them. Items like flour were bagged up in 1½lbs. 3lbs. and 6lbs. units and stacked up in great piles ready for the counters. The sugars too, granulated, moist, caster, lump and preserving, also needed to be bagged up.

Each counter tended to be a unit on its own and individual staff would be responsible for filling up before they went home. As you served a customer, you gave them a numbered white ticket, wrote the price on the ticket and initialled it. The cashiers had spikes and as the tickets were brought to the cash desk to be paid, the numbered tickets would be stuck down on the spike. If a number was missing they would know that particular ticket hadn't been settled, and they would call out, say, number seventeen, to check. Customers would tend to pay after a visit to a particular counter, then go to another counter, collect another ticket, pay, and move to another counter. It was almost like a series of different shops under one roof. It did take a while longer than modern shopping but of course one counter might have several different items, i.e. bacon, cheese and butter would all go together and come on the same ticket.

Fixtures were mainly attached to the walls and the customer would look at the outside of the containers and order from the shelf. Sometimes the prices were printed on the box or jar but often we just had to remember. Biscuits were another item for the customer to point to and for us to weigh out. For weighing we had the old-fashioned scales with brass weights.

Every Saturday evening the windows were emptied and the display cleared away in readiness for a fresh one on Monday morning. We were never allowed to start on this till a quarter to eight (we closed at eight) and if people came in during the last quarter of an hour we had of course to serve them. We hardly ever left work on time. We closed at six o'clock weekdays, except for seven o'clock Friday and eight o'clock Saturday. Half-day Wednesday we closed at one o'clock. I was 17 years old when I started at the International, having worked for a while at Coates Castle when I left school. I biked in from Duncton in all weathers and never earned more than twenty-eight shillings a week.

Nora Hollingdale was talking to Audrey Grimwood.

A SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER (4) LAST DAYS AT SUTTON

ANXIOUS DAYS

It was not very long after the outbreak of war that father's health began to deteriorate, always seemed to be getting bad colds and finally had to go into hospital.

What a worry for poor mother as there was no help from the Government in those days. She already went to a friend's house one day a week helping her to do the wash for a local big house, now it was necessary for her to do extra work to earn enough money to keep us all, so went into the fields to work as did quite a number of women owing to so many men being called up.

She did heavy things like dung spreading with a pitch fork, hoeing, and helping in the hay and harvest fields. The binder would cut the corn and tie it in bundles and drop in rows as it went along, then people had to walk along behind to stack them in lumps of about eight, the ears of corn at the top. They were left there several days until the corn was quite ripe and dry, then it was gathered in waggons and taken away and stacked into ricks and thrashed out later when they were not quite so busy. Some of us would go out in the fields and help mother when we could.

When the farmer realised father was not going to be able to look after the sheep for a long time, he asked my brother if he would take the job on. He was pleased to for he had had plenty of experience helping father. Children had to grow up quickly in those days.

We still went with him whenever we had the chance, he was good company and showed us how to make jolly fine whistles and pea shooters from sticks he cut from the hedge. He still liked to play a joke on us sometimes and because the dog occasionally had a slight fit, or that is what he called it, he would pretend it was dangerous and likely to attack us and would run and climb up a tree leaving us down below, but after a few scares we got wise to it.

One day while I was with him, suddenly a ram from another farm came running towards our sheep, my brother was worried and tried to drive it back and jumped on its back clutching the wool, thinking it would stop, but it did not, it kept racing about in amongst the sheep and I was scared that the ram would toss him off and hurt him, but eventually he let go and fell off, none the worse, in fact I think

he quite enjoyed the ride but it did the trick and scared the ram which ran off.

Now that we were living in the same village as our school, we were able to go to Sunday School. We went first to our classrooms where we had a scripture lesson and learnt the Collect for the day, then lined up in two's in the playground and marched into Church for the 11 o'clock service, with the younger ones being allowed out before the sermon began. We also had a stamp album and received a stamp every time we attended or if we were ill and could not, then a prize was given for those who had most stamps at the annual Sunday school party, where our vicar used to play around and make us laugh. It was always held at the Vicarage and he would creep under the table at tea time and pretend to cry, saying nobody would give him any tea.

The Vicar was also very good at the annual concert for local talent. He would dress up in a smock just like a country yokel, with string tied round his trousers below his knees, and a red pocket handkerchief tied round his neck. He would change his voice completely and have everyone in fits of laughter.

One of the least liked of school activities was the visit of our school dentist, who held his surgery at the Vicarage, in a spare room at the back. The children who had to see him would all sit in the kitchen first, and go through to the surgery as the nurse came in and called our names. I can still remember how I used to shake with fright at the thought of having my teeth out and dreaded my name being called. Then after it was all over we had drinks and biscuits handed round before going back to school.

MAY TIME

Our annual May Day revels were very much enjoyed by everyone in the village, not only the children. It started with a procession through our two villages, some in fancy dress, and headed by the May Queen, dressed all in white riding on a white horse lent by a man in the village, who would lead it along. The Queen was chosen earlier at school and my youngest sister was one of them when she was old enough.

The processions always ended up on the vicarage lawn where the Queen was crowned with her maids of honour standing each side. Then came the platting of the Maypole which we had been practising at

school. The music was played by a local man with his fiddle, his nickname was "fiddler Miles" and very good he was too.

There were all kinds of games and stalls and we were sorry when it came to an end.

Looking at the old photographs today where I am helping to plait the pole, I cannot help thinking what a lot of pleasure the children are missing where this old tradition has died out.

Mrs. E.J. Pentecost (to be continued).

PETWORTH CINEMA (11)
The Regal in building (1937)

First there were the necessary foundations, this was easy going as the land had for many years been allotments. Each day I visited the site works the going appeared to be good, concrete mixers arrived and within a few days concrete was being poured into different foundation levels, the next day a lorry load of bricks arrived, and the bricklayers and their mates started to make brick piles for each measured corner. By looking at the site it didn't appear to be much larger than a good size Garage, so to convince myself I borrowed a tape rule from the foreman in charge, and found the measurements were exactly right, 88ft long by 33ft wide. Each day the brickwork began to gather pace and it would seem it would not be long before the dampcourse height was obtained, and ready for concreting all over the site. As the weather kept comparatively dry the concreting was soon completed, and ready for the surveyors from county hall to inspect. In addition the recommendation for the first Building Society payment on stage one had to be made. Brickwork soon began to gain height, so I became very interested, having more or less made the plans, cornices and piers began to form and one could now see the shape of things to come, as the brickwork increased in height the building looked much larger. We were now almost up to the 18ft eaves, and would soon be ready for another Council inspection, which they approved without any comment, so another payment for stage II was due. The next interesting thing to watch was the fixing of the roof girders; these were of massive ironwork with a span of 33ft by 10ft to the ridge ready to take the 6" purlins. At this stage of the operations travellers began to call from the Building merchants asking me if their firms could quote for the plastering, plumbing/electrical installations etc.. I referred them to the foreman on the site. He was a terrific man about eighteen stone and he certainly knew his job. No body was allowed to slack off, I can

see him now taking out the plan, making notes on his pad, using his rule for measuring door and window openings. He was able to climb ladders of any height with the least bit of trouble in spite of his weight and size. In the specification provisional sums were allowed for Plumbing/ Decorating/ Heating/ and Electrical work, so I spent my spare time in getting estimates from several firms, although I intended to do all of the electrical work myself with other outside help. During some excavating work workmen unearthed two large 3" copper cables approx 2ft underground and running from north to south. Nothing was marked to show what these cables were for or for what purpose to be buried on allotment land. I went to the Estate office but they were unable to tell me much, so they advised me to go and see the Electricians at the Estate's Power House. Looking through an old survey map we found these cables were marked showing the position for the supply of electricity to the large houses on the Estate. I was asked if these cables could be left intact which brought in a revenue of some £500 per annum, and it would mean a costly sum to remove and dig up the main road for another position. I was pleased to agree to this arrangement providing the Estate gave me an alternate live supply that I could use for secondary lighting. They did agree to this arrangement and a contract was drawn up in my favour. I was more than pleased about this as it would save me a lot of cash in buying charging units and batteries. We had rain, rain each day with gale force winds, much water formed all over the site and it was impossible for lorries to get in or out from the main road. Tons of rubble was thrown down to get a solid foundation and all the timber that had arrived beforehand had to be covered up with canvas cloths, and everything had to stop. It was several days before the weather improved. The roofers came and I must confess I have not seen a roof of this size and structure completed by 2 men in such a short time: they took only 10 days. With the roof completely covered there was then no more worry about the weather. Parapet walls came next, the brickwork extended some 3ft above the eaves, with a stone coping on the top course. (No rain water gutters were visible). As the rain water from the roof was collected on to the inside of the 18" asphalt gully of the parapet wall. Within the next couple of days another Council inspection was made, everything seemed to go straight forward with another recommended payment for Stage III from the Building Society. The next on the list was to form a concrete bed to lay a large number of miniature red facing bricks, forming the steps to the entrance doors. The canopy above was erected on to the R.S.'s which extended through to the front wall from the operating box floor and covered with polished asbestos sheets with the joints covered with chrome strips giving a very pleasing appearance. We made a fascia board

to take advertising titles made of 5 ply cemented boarding, made by my brother in law Mr. W.J. Kirk. These 12" letters would slide into the grooves for top and bottom fixings and painted red and illuminated at night by a green neo strip.

T.S. COLLINS (to be continued)

THE PETWORTH HOUSE FIRE TELEGRAPH SYSTEM

To be honest, it has proved very difficult to discover very many factual details about the network of fire alarm telegraph lines which once radiated out from Petworth House. This brief note therefore has a dual purpose; one is to arouse people's interest in what, to an industrial archaeologist, is a fascinating installation. The other is a quest for any information relating to the system from those who may remember it in operation.

My own interest in aerial telegraph lines dates back to my boyhood, before the second world war, when my father often took me on long country walks. He had been a signaller/telegraphist with the Royal Engineers during the first world war, and it was his stories about the telegraph lines, running beside every road and railway in those days, that started what has become an enduring preoccupation.

I found my first aerial line insulator (in the mud of the River Orwell) in 1942 or 1943 and have been collecting, recording and documenting ever since.

Hence it was that I noticed many years ago that there was (and is) something very unusual about the wires that run across the roof tops in Petworth. Of the white porcelain insulators to which these wires are attached, a considerable number have the appearance illustrated in Fig. 1.

Now insulators of this type are not usually found in the U.K. They are listed in the Buller, Jolson and Co. catalogue of 1885 as being manufactured for export to Portugal. Unlike most modern insulators, they do not screw onto the supporting spindle, but are permanently cemented in place.

Could it be that the Leconfield Estate purchased a "bargain lot", possibly a cancelled export order? It would be interesting to know. Some of these insulators bear the impressed mark "BULLERS LTD." This was the trade mark used after about 1889 by the manufacturer previous-



Fig. 1



Fig. 2

ly known as Buller, Jolson and Co., of Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent. In the early twentieth century the firm's trade mark underwent another change.

Some of the insulators to be seen in Petworth appear to be rather larger than those just described and have a more pronounced dome above the groove. They could possibly correspond to what was referred to as "Margery's Pattern" in the Buller and Jolson catalogue (Fig. 2). Until a specimen can be recovered and its dimensions recorded, it will be impossible to come to any conclusion.

Also used on the Petworth Fire Telegraph System are a number of standard Cordeaux insulators, known as Post Office No.1 (Fig. 3). These may be original, or possibly replacements for the previous insulators which had become damaged. Certainly they could be original, since the Cordeaux insulator was introduced by the Post Office in 1878, for trunk line use. Cordeaux insulators were so named because they were the first to use a special internal screw thread developed by J.H. Cordeaux and patented in 1877 (revised 1881). Conventional screw threads had previously been used to secure insulators to their supporting steel pins; the significance of Cordeaux's invention was that his thread had an unusual asymmetric profile, designed specifically to prevent the insulator becoming jammed and hence difficult to replace. Subsequently practically all telephone and telegraph insulators used in the U.K. adopted this type of fitting.



Fig. 3

Occasionally insulators identical in appearance to the Cordeaux type but having the spindle cemented in, do come to light. These must have been very early, probably experimental versions, dating from the late eighteen seventies.

I very much hope that one day I shall be able to write a far more informative account of the Petworth Fire Telegraph System, including a description of how it operated. However, before I can do so I shall need your help. I should be most grateful to anyone who can provide information about the system, how it once operated, when it was installed and if it was ever used in the event of a serious fire. In particular, it would be very much appreciated if anyone who has some of the old insulators still mounted on

their property, or otherwise in their possession, would be willing to allow me to recover them. Alternatively, in some instances a photographic record could provide sufficient information. If you can help, please contact the writer, Dr. M.I. POPE, at the address given below.

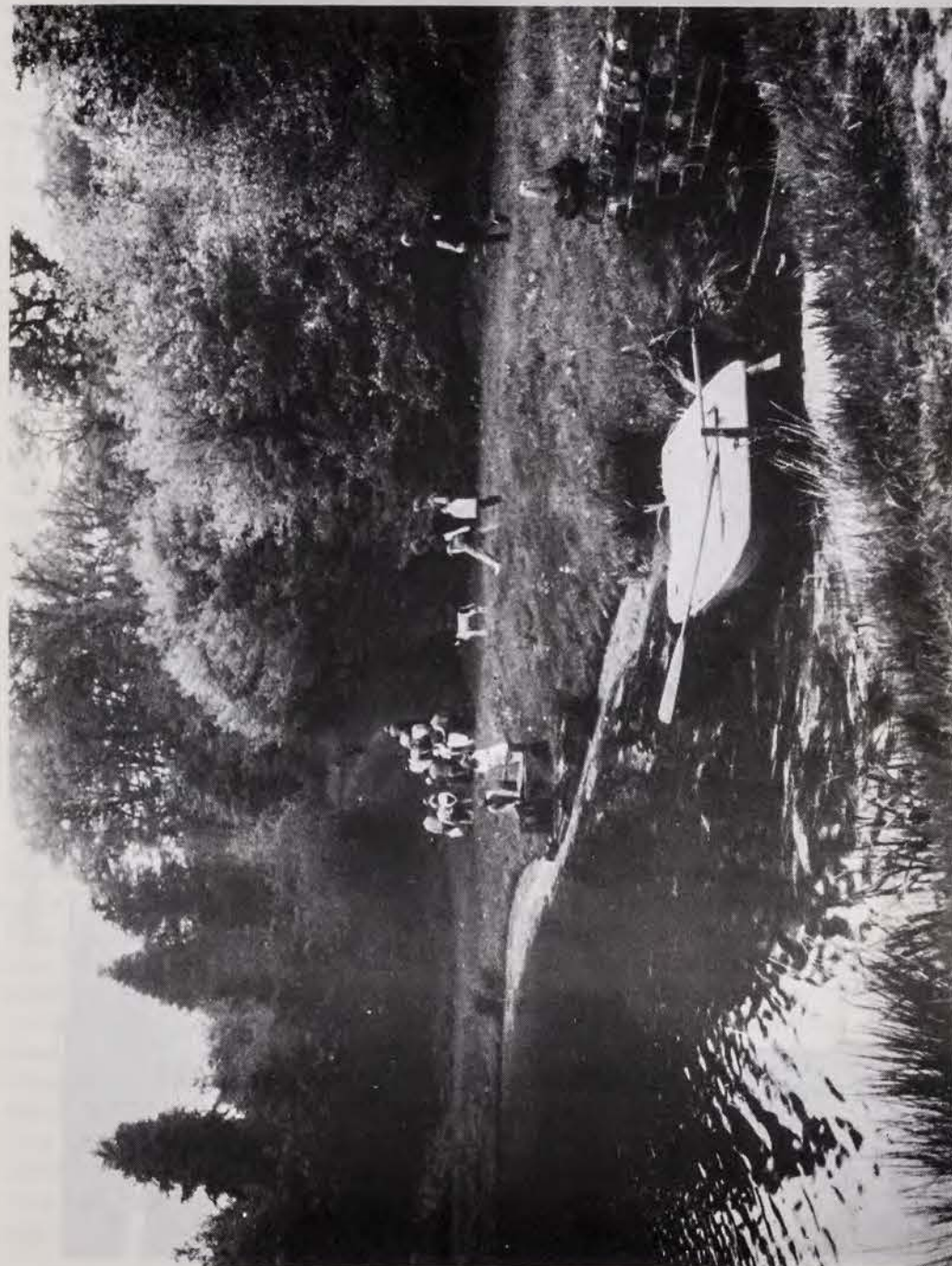
34, The Avenue, Hambrook, Chichester, Sussex PO18 8TY.
Phone BOSHAM 573676.

"THE OLD BLUE" - The Story of a Petworth Friendly Society.

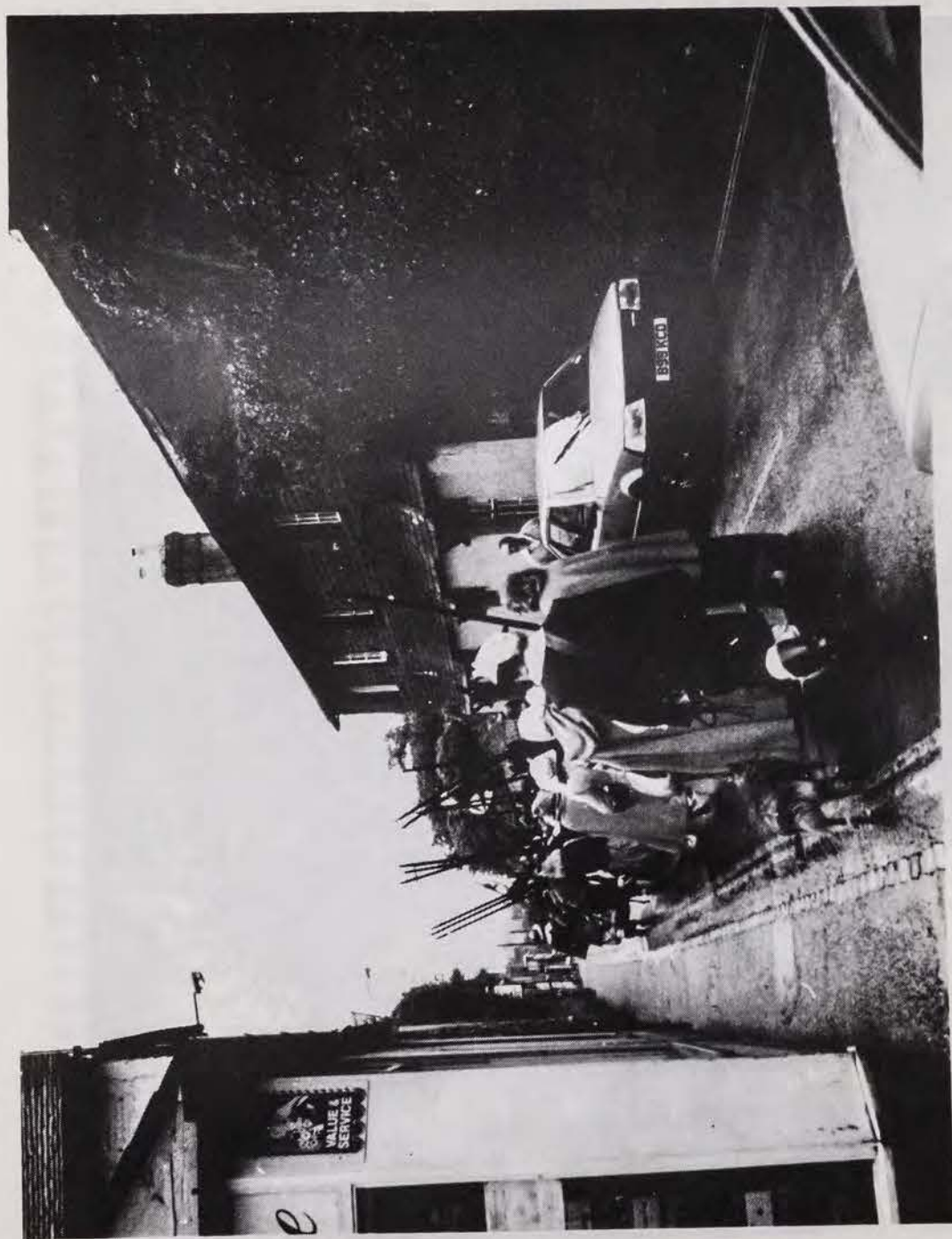
1) A period of grace. 1794-1822

"The Society of Good Fellowship and Friendly Society" was instituted at Petworth on Whit Tuesday the 10th June 1794. It appears to have been far the senior of the many Petworth Friendly Societies and even when its fortunes faded as the nineteenth century wore on it seems to have retained a certain respect. In deference probably to the antiquity of its founding it was known as the "Old Blue" and, with reference to its home base, as the "Angel Blue". Blue would be the colour of the sashes worn on its procession to church on the Annual Day. The Old Blue was sponsored by the local gentry who no doubt felt that a Friendly Society was an important instrument of self-help and might ease the burden on the Poor Law legislation. The "Old Blue" would appear to have been a fairly sober society of its type: it was quite usual for friendly societies to be based at public houses and they would be encouraged by publicans, even sometimes to the extent of founding societies on the publican's own initiative. On a club night the publican might find his room rent returned several times over in liquor consumed. Most Petworth public houses in the nineteenth century would have had a resident friendly society; there were certainly local societies at the Masons and the Swan, while local lodges or branches of federated societies like the Oddfellows or Foresters would also have a public house as their home base. An exception was the Petworth Park Friendly Society founded in 1856 exclusively for Lord Leconfield's workmen. The "Petworth Park" enjoyed the greatest prestige and held itself somewhat aloof from the town's various other friendly societies, but prestigious as it was, compared to the "Old Blue", the doyen of them all, it was a mere upstart.

Although recognisable Friendly Societies can be traced back as far as the latter half of the seventeenth century, by 1794 such societies were expanding rapidly and it would not be at all unusual for those whom the Rule Book (revised in 1859) describes as "the yeomen, farmers, tradesmen, artificers, husbandmen, and labourers" of



With the Petworth Society in Stag Park May 1985.



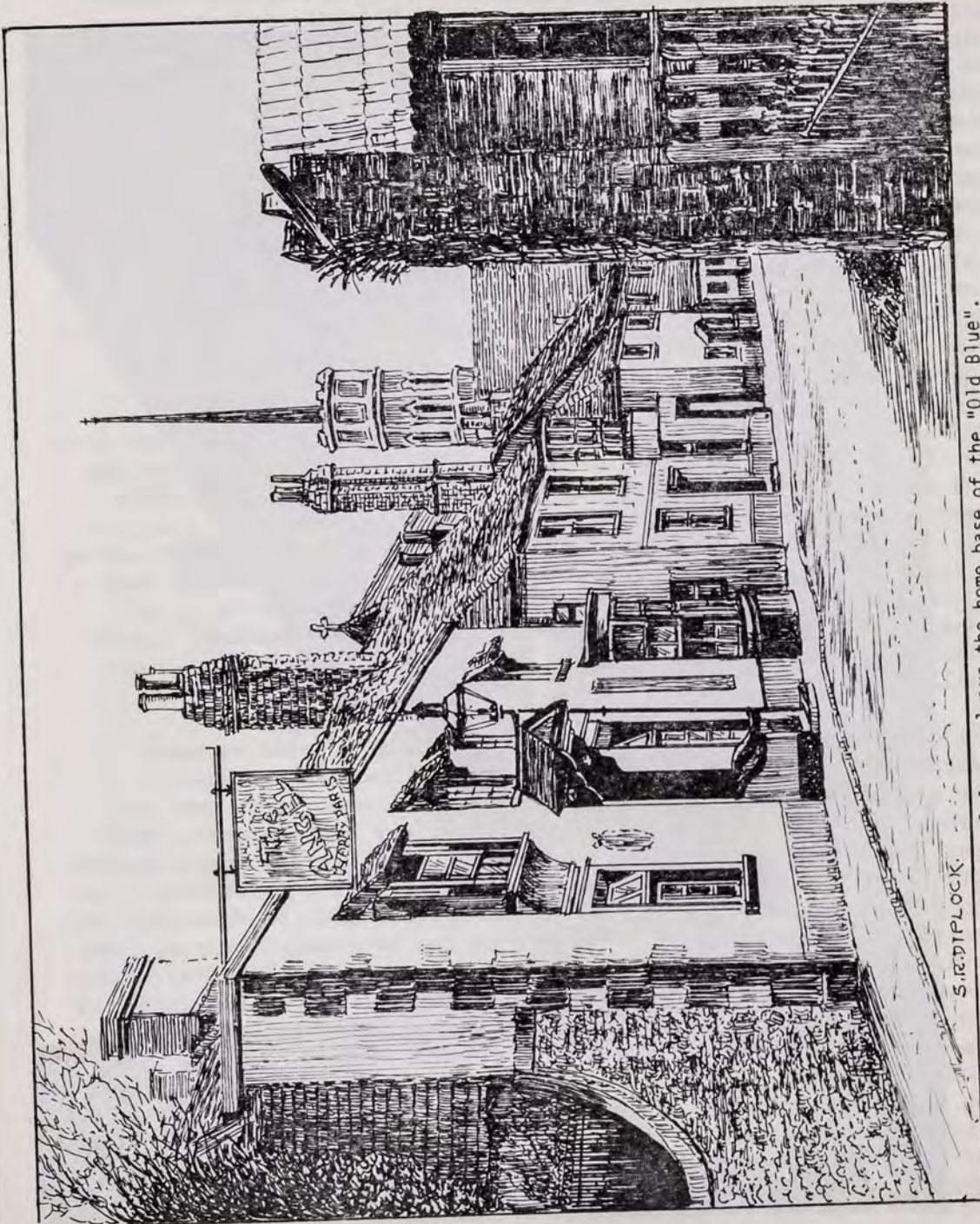
A meeting of different worlds! Pound Street June 1985.

Petworth and the surrounding villages to bind themselves together for their mutual protection and benefit. Friendly Societies were very much their own masters and, at this early period, subject to no outside control. It was a consequence of this freedom however that if they failed financially through inadequate administration they could expect no outside assistance. The officers were frequently unlettered men and even the more sophisticated societies had no experience of what would now be called actuarial matters. The calculation of possible benefit liability in relation to income was at best very random and governed not so much by informed calculation as by the necessity to keep the subscription rate as low as possible in the hope of attracting new members. Competition between different local societies tended to keep rates artificially low. A fair average contribution was a shilling a month while benefit might be as high as a shilling a day.

Nothing is known of the "Old Blue's" foundation other than the date, but it is likely that the founding members in 1794 were of an age and relatively young. Friendly Societies did not usually admit members over the age of 40, (the "Old Blue" had an upper limit of 44), because with advancing age came a greater likelihood of making a claim on the Society's funds. In fact the early years of such a society might be relatively untroubled with the building up of a considerable capital fund hardly eroded at all by members' claims. Indeed the early years of such a society as the "Old Blue" might well be termed a period of grace.

A Society's difficulties would begin when the founder members reached an age when sickness and infirmity became more likely. New members might be difficult to attract because their own contributions might be used to pay for the older sick members, while they themselves could not be certain that the society would survive until that time when they might be sick and ailing themselves. As the affiliated orders such as the Odd Fellows and the Foresters began to spread in the middle decades of the nineteenth century, men would become increasingly attracted by the greater financial stability offered by these federated societies, self-governing lodges or courts enjoying the support of a nationwide organisation, and increasingly wary of joining local independent societies like the Good Fellowship. The stifling of a society through its overweighting with sick and elderly members and the consequent failure to attract new blood was a recognised problem, and it was not unknown for younger members quite cynically to disband an unaffiliated society and form another expressly excluding the older members.

The first surviving minute book does not start until 1822 but it is



S.R. DIPLOCK.
The Angel Inn - always the home base of the "Old Blue".
Drawn by Rendle Diplock after a photograph by Walter Kevis.

certain that contributions in 1794 would have been levied at a fixed standard level regardless of the age of the insured. By the 1820's however it is clear that there was some awareness of the inequity of this system. As a later writer in the official Friendly Society Registry Office Guide Book would observe of this system "(in a society which) admits members between the ages of 18 and 35 or 40 at the same rate, the younger men will be, in fact, paying a great deal more than the older ones, because the society will have from them the full benefit of the years during which sickness is presumably light, whilst the older men all join at a time when it is beginning to be heavy". In the early 1820's the minute book records a general feeling that a lump sum should be paid on a member's admission, rising sharply in proportion to the applicant's age to a limit of 44 years. In response to this the minute of the Annual General Meeting held on Whit Monday 1822 records:-

"At this meeting the following persons were admitted members of this Society on paying the several sums attached to their names and being subject to the rules and orders:

Barnaby Berry	Petworth	Aged 19	3. 3. 0.
Thos. Alberry	Graffham	25	4. 4. 0.
Chas. Gray	Petworth	20	3. 3. 0.
John Wickenden	Petworth	22	3. 3. 0.
Thos. Pollington	Petworth	41	6. 6. 0.
Willm. Rimell	Petworth	24	4. 4. 0.
Thomas Dalmon	Petworth	29	4. 4. 0.
William Shotter	Petworth	37	5. 5. 0.
Joseph Richardson	Petworth	29	4. 4. 0. "

These new members were fortunate: it was recorded that in future the payment for admission of members be as under:

Under 23 years of age	3. 3. 0.
23 and under 26	4. 4. 0.
26 and under 30	5. 5. 0.
30 and under 35	7. 7. 0.
35 and under 40	9. 9. 0.
40 and under 44	12.12. 0.

While this was an attempt to deal with the inequity of a definite fixed payment regardless of age, it could be counter-productive. New members might begin to look elsewhere to avoid paying these

punitive admission fees and hence the purpose underlying them might be frustrated. A continuing supply of new blood was essential for any Friendly Society to survive. (to be continued)

(Documents courtesy of Messrs. Anderson, Longmore and Highham.)

To the COMMITTEE of the FRIENDLY SOCIETY at FITTLEWORTH.

WE the Minister and Parish Officers of the Parish of _____ whose
Names are hereunto subscribed, do hereby certify, That
one of the Members of the said Society, now residing in the Parish aforesaid, hath been very ill with
_____ which incapacitated him from following his usual
Occupation of a _____ from _____ to _____
185 _____ Days, at 1s. per Day.---

Minister.

Churchwarden.

Overseer.

Steward.

I _____ Surgeon and Apothecary, who have attended
during his illness, do hereby confirm the above Certificate.

N. B. This Certificate must be returned the first Monday in every Month to the Committee.

—◆—
Phillips and Bryant, Printers. Petworth.

A blank certificate for Fittleworth Friendly Society from the 1850's.
No "Old Blue" certificates are known to survive from the early nineteenth century but it is likely that the "Old Blue" adopted a somewhat similar format for their certificates from an early date. - 34 -



Petworth Market Square in the early nineteenth century.
The old Swan Inn on the right. Town Hall immediately on left.
Photograph by George Garland from an old print.

NEW MEMBERS TO 20TH JULY

Mrs. D. Betts, 49 Cambridge Road, Horsham.
Mr. and Mrs. R.A. Boakes, 112 Stockbridge Road, Chichester.
Mr. Boyd-Baker, 19 Goulding Avenue, Willowdale, Ontario, Canada.
Mr. and Mrs. P.M. Bowles, "Feldmore", Wyncombe Close, Fittleworth.
Mr. and Mrs. Bradley, Beards Cottage, Jacobs Lane, Haslemere.
Miss J. Brown, 2 White Hart Cottages, Petworth.
Mrs. A.C. Brown, St. Peter's Cottage, Angel Street, Petworth.
Mrs. B. Calder, 9 Belvidere Street, Aberdeen.
Mr. and Mrs. N. Callingham, Red Roses, High Street, Petworth.
Mrs. P. Catt, The Swan Inn, Huntington Kington, Hereford.
Mr. and Mrs. J. Dyer, 1077 Oddstad Boulevard, Pacifica,
California.
Mr. and Mrs. Fowler, 335 Grove Street, Petworth.
Mrs. Gartrell, River Hill Lodge, Petworth.
Mr. and Mrs. J. Holloway, Littlecote Lodge, Petworth.
Mr. and Mrs. H. Howard, 10 Martlet Road, Petworth.
Mr. T. Ingman, 3 Churchwood, Fittleworth.
Mr. and Mrs. W.J. Marmion, Archway House, High Street, Petworth.
Mr. J. McNiven and Mrs. A. McNiven, White Hart Place Cottage,
High Street, Petworth.
Mrs. B. Nicholson, "Hallgarth", Healaugh, Richmond, North Yorks.
Mrs. M. Poste, 8 Wyndham Road, Petworth.
Mrs. S. Pope, The Angel Hotel, Petworth.
Mr. and Mrs. K. Price, 9 Rothermead, Petworth.
Mrs. E. Pritchard, Hall Cottage, Duncton.
Mr. and Mrs. A.J. Peacock, Mile Cottage, 263 Limbo, Petworth.
Mrs. Salmon, The Old Rectory, Fittleworth.
Mr. and Mrs. Scutt, Wyndham Road, Petworth.
Miss Steer, 356c East Street, Petworth.
Mr. A.G. Wakeford, 42 Norwood Road, Effingham, Surrey.
Mr. and Mrs. O. West, 5 Heath End, Petworth.
Mrs. M. Woodgate, 119 Rotunda Road, Eastbourne, Sussex.

