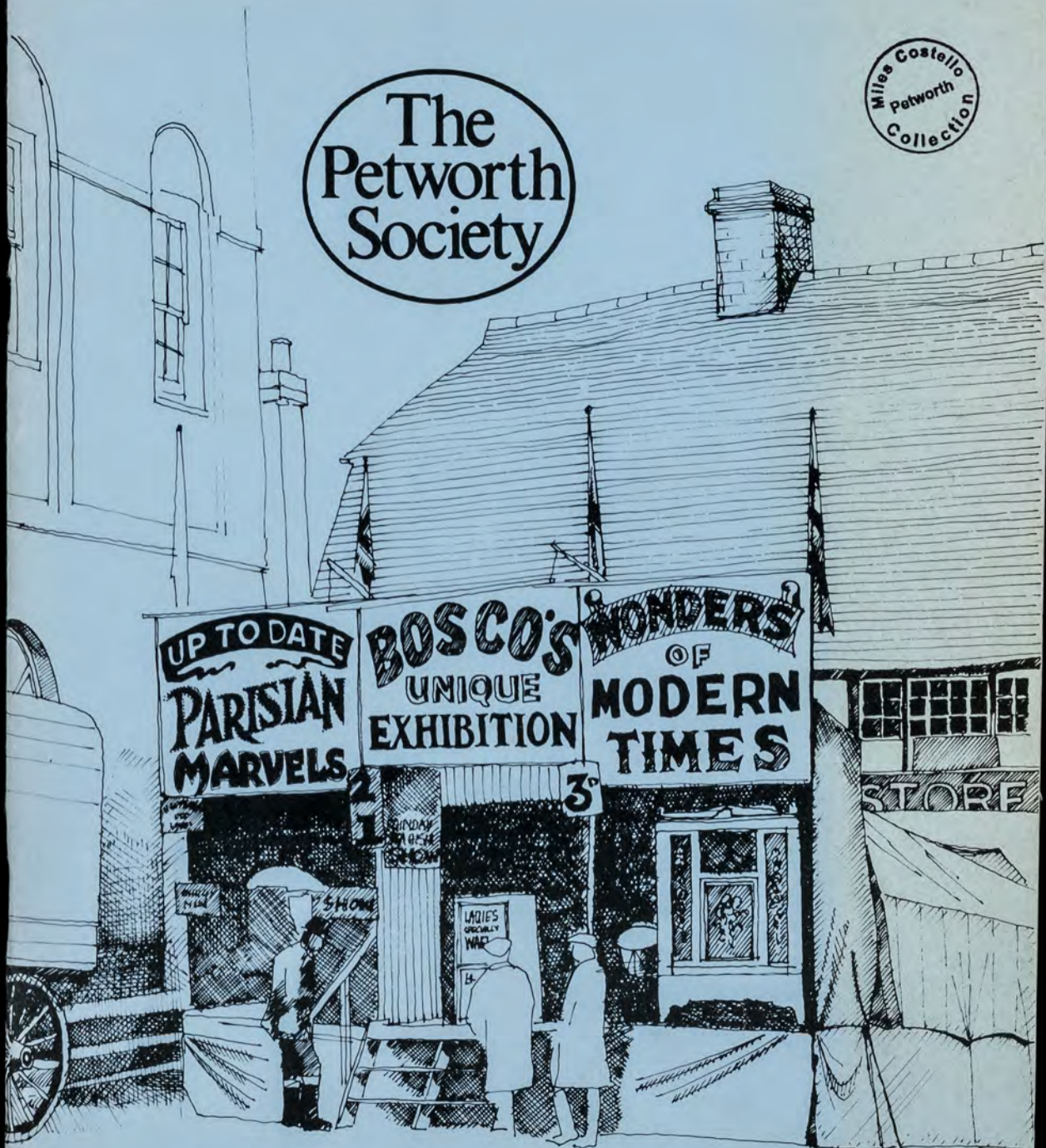


# The Petworth Society

Miles Costello  
Petworth  
Collection



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

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## PETWORTH SOCIETY

Autumn programme: please keep for reference.

Monthly meeting: Leconfield Hall 7.30.

"TURNER: A PAINTER AT  
PETWORTH" an illustrated  
talk by SARAH REID.

An ordinary person's guide to  
Turner.

THURSDAY OCTOBER 30th

Admission 60p. Refreshments, raffle.

There is no monthly meeting in November as Petworth Fair on the 20th November will be treated as a monthly meeting. There will be extensive publicity. We have the help and support of most Petworth organisations in this our most ambitious undertaking since the visit of the Toronto Scottish. Full details in the December Bulletin which will appear this year at the beginning of November, in advance of the Fair.

### HAVE YOU A WALK FOR US?

Walks for the coming year will be favourite walks chosen and led by individual members. They will mainly break new ground for us.

The first three are chosen by Tilden Eldridge, Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Strevens.

The first two leave Petworth Square at 2.15 but please note that the November walk departs for Fernhurst at 2 o'clock sharp.

SUNDAY September 21st

Tilden's Kirdford  
Walk.

Cars leave Square  
at 2.15 p.m.

SUNDAY October 19th

Janet's Graffham  
Walk.

Cars leave Square  
at 2.15 p.m.

SUNDAY November 16th

Mrs. Strevens' Fernhurst  
Walk.

Cars leave Square  
at 2.00 p.m.

Peter.

P.S. On the subject of walks Mr. Kim Leslie of the West Sussex Record Office reminds us that October 23rd is the 150th anniversary of Thomas Holt's last walk to London - he was then in his eighty-fifth year. For details of this phenomenal octogenarian see Tales of Old Petworth page 74-6.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

### 1) The summer programme

To bring you briefly up-to-date with the summer events: Jumb's Stag Park Walk did catch the bluebells; it's never easy to get it right and it was a marvellous walk. The Billingshurst Local History Society enjoyed their guided walk round the town on June 1st. It was followed by tea at the United Reformed Hall where Miss Joy Gumbrill was on hand to show the visitors some fascinating items connected with Petworth's non-conforming history. It was pleasant to see a good number of our guests return for the Gardens Walk. Good weather for both walks and we were again fortunate with the guided visit to Ebernoe Common Nature Reserve. It was a very hot day but ideal to appreciate the shade under the woodland paths. Alf and Mrs. Simpson were most engaging guides - never technical and always ready to stop at a point of interest. The walk certainly familiarised members with the Common and some at least of its varied plant and animal life. Alf Simpson will be coming to talk to the Society in January. The visit to Mrs. Thorp's was a beautifully relaxed afternoon: the garden at Coates Manor so inspired everyone that almost everyone set off in the late afternoon for two West Burton gardens that were open under the National Gardens Scheme. Anne's Garden Walk lived up to its reputation as the most widely popular of all the Society's events. A seemingly numberless horde of members and friends sampled gardens small and large, new and old, familiar and unfamiliar. It's nice to see gardens in unexpected places and interesting to see how with care unpromising and unpretentious gardens can be as interesting as much larger ones.

### 2) Petworth Fair

Preparations for Petworth Fair continue to some purpose. We are receiving strong support from the Petworth organisations in our effort to turn round the decline of the Fair and we are confident of an excellent back-up in the Leconfield Hall: both floors will be in full use. We are looking too to effect a definite improvement in the Fair itself although obviously we have less control over this. As I have said before we are very much in the experimental stage this year - it will be in some ways easier next year when we've had a chance to see how things work out in practice. What I would stress is that this is Petworth's Fair and its continued existence depends as much on Petworth's



reaction to this initiative as it does on the back-up we provide and what the showmen can bring. There will be extensive publicity this year and the December Bulletin will feature the Fair, appearing early in November in advance of the Fair itself.

### 3) The Toronto Scottish

You will see the letter from the Toronto Scottish, one of two I have received. Needless to say we are most grateful for the donation. You will be pleased to hear that members of the Toronto Scottish propose to be in England next year. They are not doing parades or scheduled events "just a visit to our many friends in Petworth" as they put it. More of this in a later issue.

### 4) Books

It is a great pleasure to find that Tony Wales' "A Sussex Garland" (1979) has been reprinted. As a general book on Sussex lore I don't know of a better. The format is essentially pictures on the right hand side and a mixture of country lore, old customs, recipes, songs, dialect words and much else on the left. A marvellous book and a must I would think for readers of this Bulletin. Countryside Books, Newbury £4.95.

Nearer home the Window Press are producing their first book since 1983, "The Men with Laughter in their Hearts", a collection of photographs and press cuttings by George Garland covering the years 1922 to 1939 but particularly the 1930's. We are also re-printing a hardback version of "Not Submitted Elsewhere" (1980) featuring Garland photographs from the 1920's. We have taken the opportunity to make one or two minor corrections. The books should be ready in early October.

### 4) Mr. Bob Sneller

You will be saddened to hear that Mr. Bob Sneller has indicated that he would like to retire as treasurer at the next A.G.M. He feels the time has come when he must look to cut down his outside interests a little. I can't object to this - he's done the job for more years than I (or he) like to think, but I'm sure we'll all miss his genial equanimity. He always seems to make the treasurer's job look easy when quite obviously it isn't. During his tenure of office the Petworth Society has become a very large organisation and his shop has provided an easy and

convenient collecting point for subscriptions and a centre for subscription enquiries. A successor is crucial to the continuance of this Society in its present form. Bob or I or both of us would be very pleased to chat with anyone who might feel they would like to take over. I hope we can find someone fairly quickly so that they can work with Bob to start with and he in turn can leave office without feeling too worried about the succession.

The new members list will appear in the next Bulletin.

Peter.

24th July, 1986.



The Toronto Scottish Visit April 1985.  
An unusual shot by Jack Fleger from Toronto.



A LETTER FROM THE TORONTO SCOTTISH



**TORONTO SCOTTISH REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION**

FORT YORK ARMOURY  
660 FLEET STREET  
TORONTO

May 12, 1986.

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

Dear Peter:

Our Association had a dinner dance on April 25th, 1986. We held this dance as an opportunity to show our appreciation to the three gentlemen who made our trip, the 40th Anniversary Pilgrimage and our day at Petworth, Jack Nicolls, Lorne Morrow and Jack Bunting, it was their project. To show our appreciation we presented them with 14 carat gold rings with Toronto Scottish Regimental crests and an inscription inside the ring "in appreciation from T.S.R.A., May 1985." We had a nice turnout and everyone had a good time.

We had a General Meeting on April 27th and Russell Ridler was elected President and he will probably be in touch with you. It was suggested by a member that we send a donation to the Petworth Society and all members agreed. Please find enclosed a money order for 100 Pound as a donation.

We cannot get over the overwhelming reception we got from the people at Petworth and we wish to keep alive our comradery and friendship that was certainly prevalent in April 28, 1985.

Yours truly,

TORONTO SCOTTISH REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION

Jack Bateman

SOME OBSERVATIONS ON BULLETIN 44

- 1) On the Lodge of St. Laurence at Lurgashall Mrs. Alison McCann writes:

Dear Peter,

I can give you some information on the Loyal Lodge of St. Laurence (a.k.a. Lurgashall Friendly Society). The records of it are among the Lurgashall parish records in this office. They begin in July 1838, but the society seems to have already been in existence at that date, since the club "box" then contained £47.16.7½d. It was dissolved in 1913. In 1908 the hire of the band cost them £5.

There were obviously a lot of these little local friendly societies. The following were those who banked with the Petworth Savings Bank. (I listed the names for future reference while going through the Bank records for something else).

Petworth United Tradesmen's F.S.,  
Plaistow F.S.,  
Odd Fellows Angel Lodge Petworth,  
Odd Fellows Loyal Mountain Lodge Northchapel,  
Masons Arms F.S. Petworth,  
Tillington F.S.,  
Angel Club F.S. Petworth,  
Odd Fellows Swan Lodge, Fittleworth,  
Half Moon F.S. Northchapel,  
Duncton B.S.,  
Northchapel F.S.,  
Wisborough Green F.S.,  
Sutton B.S.,  
Loxwood B.S.,  
Egdean B.S.

(B.S. = Benefit Society; F.S. = Friendly Society).

Other customers of the Bank were the Committee for Preventing Indecencies (1816) and the Society for the Suppression of Irregularities in the Town of Petworth (1838)! I do not suppose the last two survived for long!

- 2) On the charabanc outing from the White Horse at Sutton



(photograph opposite page 19) Mr. Laurie Vile says, 'I have two slightly differing postcards showing the same group outside the White Horse. It was just after the Great War - 1920 in fact. The men are members of the White Horse Slate Club on the annual outing. It was the first time something like that had been attempted. The Slate Club was paid out at Christmas so that members could buy things like presents for the kids or a chicken for the Christmas dinner. My father recalled that the charabanc came from Midhurst and was due to take the club members to Bournemouth for the day. When it got as far as Chichester the front wheel bearings went so the Slate Club had to turn round and come back. Whether they came back in the same coach or in another I don't know. Incidentally the oil lamp outside the pub and clearly visible in the picture came originally from the Old Bailey in London. I wonder what happened to it?'

### "SEEING SOME DIFFERENT SCENERY"

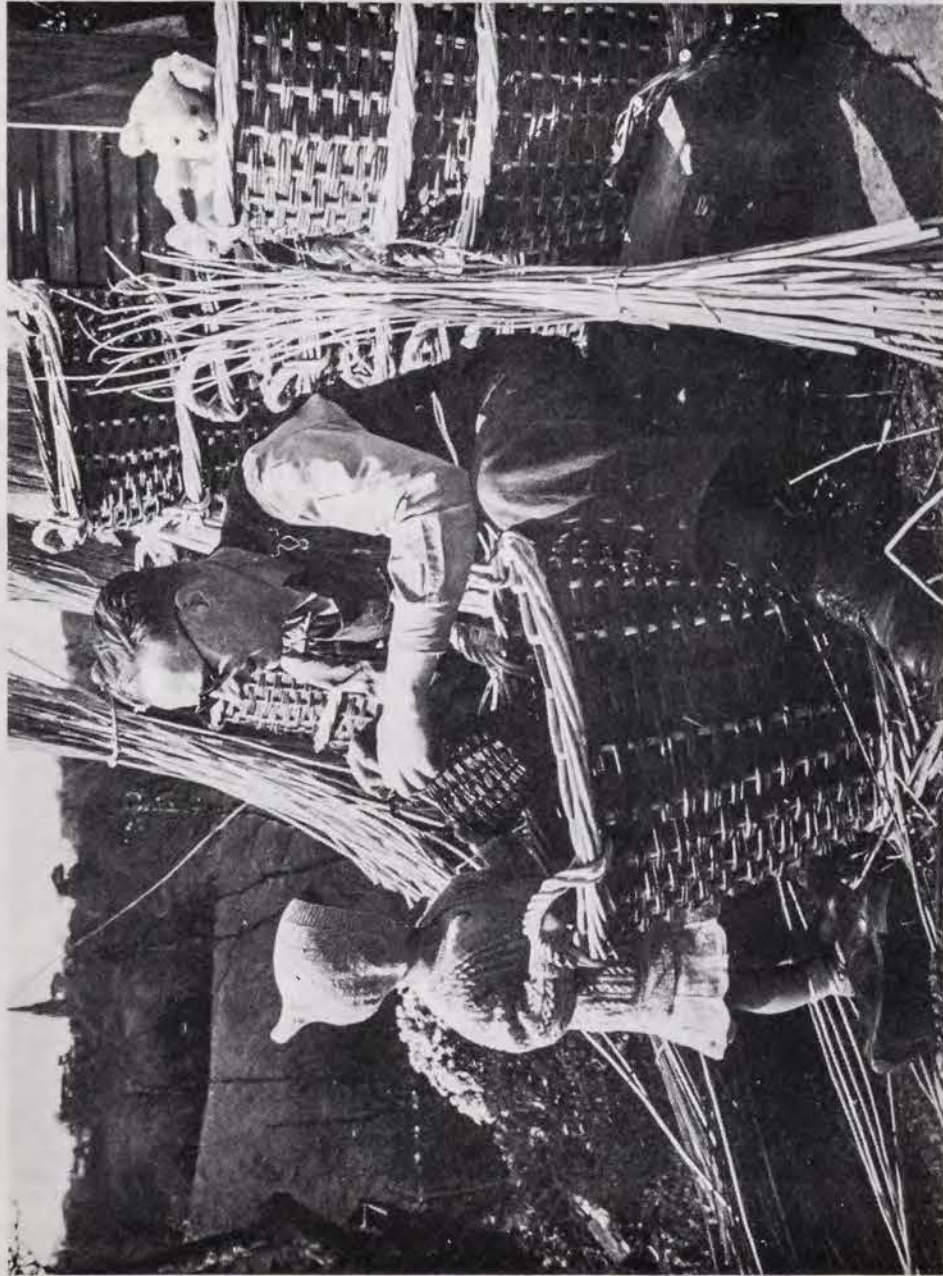
We first got to know Ken Sadler when we went to live at Shimmings in 1940. We hadn't been there long before he would come round practically every evening to see us. He lived next door with his father and mother until he got married towards the end of the war. When he became blind at the age of 21 he'd gone away for training in basket-making and by this time was working at basket-making on his own account.

I was in the R.A.F. at Kenley and was on duty when one of my mates came by and said to me, "Your daughter's front page news in the Mirror." "Don't talk daft," I said. "Well," he replied, "Your name's Parvin isn't it? There's this little girl Ann Parvin talking to a blind chap called Ken Sadler." "Well you've certainly got it right there," I said. He offered to go over to the NAAFI and bring the paper to show me. That's how I got to know about the article in the Daily Mirror. The first thought of the reporter when he had come to Shimmings had been to borrow the Sadlers' dog for the photograph but Mrs. Sadler's grandchildren had taken it for a run. When Ann who was two at the time came toddling round out of our back door the reporter and the photographer said, "Can we have her in the picture?" They'd come to take Ken's picture because he was making potato baskets to help the war effort. These potato baskets were large, bushel, baskets and he had to make a certain number every week before he could do any private work. He'd work at the baskets all day and every so often a van would come and pick them up. He made them in considerable quantity.



At Petworth Fair 1964  
Photograph by George Garland.





Ken Sadler with Ann Parvin. April 1943.  
(This photograph courtesy of George and Ada Parvin)

Every year the blind would go on holiday to Bognor and one year a man came round from the Association to tell Ken about the date for the outing. "Tell you what Ken," he said, "we're going to Worthing this year. It'll make a change. You'll be seeing some different scenery on your run". Ken roared with laughter. "It might be all right for you guv'nor," he said, "but some of us won't be seeing too much scenery". "I'm sorry," said the visitor, "I dropped one there didn't I?" Ken just laughed - he could always see the funny side of things. They'd have an outing once a year, going to the seaside early in the morning and back in the evening.

Friday night was Ken's courting night when his fiancée would come up to Shimmings to see him but otherwise most evenings he'd come round to us. We'd be listening to the wireless or something like that and he'd come to our back door, round the buildings at the back. It would be all in darkness, well, quite apart from the black-out it wasn't much good putting the lights on for Ken was it? He'd come across to the door, give a little tap and walk in. We didn't take any notice of him at all, let alone say anything like, "look out for that chair," or "mind the table," Ken never ever knocked into anything. He'd just come straight in and sit on the settee and he was totally blind - it was almost uncanny. Ken had gone blind when he was 21 and his sister in Canada had gone blind at exactly the same age. I'd known him slightly in his teens. He rode a bicycle when he worked as an errand boy - for the International Stores I think.

The photograph of Nanny and Grandad Sadler is taken outside the house at Shimmings. We called them Nanny and Grandad because that's what Ann called them. Mr. Sadler worked as a harness-maker, leather-worker and leather-repairer and had the upper part of what is now the Card Shop. You'd go in at the corner door and up the stairs if you wanted him. Mr. Yallop had a cycle shop on the ground floor, he worked with Bill Goatcher on bicycles in a shed at the back.

In a way Ken had an advantage over most blind people in that he hadn't gone blind till he was 21 and knew what things looked like even though he couldn't actually see them. Ann often used to go round to see Uncle Ken and his mother; they were just a few yards away from us in the next house. He made her a special little shopping basket just big enough to take two Oxo cubes and when she wanted a doll's cradle he made one for her too. I always treated Ken as if he could see as well as I could and when I'd come home on leave he'd say, "Going out tonight then?" We'd go up to the town, to the Lombard Street Club or to the Legion - being a serviceman I



could take someone else in if I signed for them. Ken never seemed to expect me to make allowances for his blindness and I never saw him make a mistake. At Shimmings he'd play dominoes and win more often than not. Mr. and Mrs. Alf Taylor lived up the lane then and we'd all play darts. Ken would feel where the board was and get back to the right distance. We'd practice for a while and Alf Taylor would say, "down a bit" or "to the left a bit," or something like that and when Ken had the range we'd start, Alf and Mrs. Taylor, Ken and myself. He had the Braille dominoes and would bring them round. When you'd put down yours he'd run his hand over the surface. I'd mostly say what I'd done but if I didn't he'd know anyway.



Nanny and Grandad Sadler  
at Shimmings.

We didn't see so much of him after he married and moved to Station Road. He still carried on basket-making of course and had a shed outside built by the Association for the Blind. He had to do a certain amount for them every week but he did private work too. When Nanny Sadler died, Grandad Sadler went down to live with Ken at Station Road.

Ada and George Parvin were talking to Audrey Grimwood.

### OLD WIVES WEATHER (SEPTEMBER TO NOVEMBER)

It is said that:-

"September dries up ditches or breaks down bridges." So the season of mists and mellow fruitfulness can vary. There are usually three consecutive windy days in the middle of September. The Mid-land millers used to call them "The windy days of barley harvest". The Autumn equinox occurs on the 21st: when, once more our day and our night are of equal length.

September 29th: is Michaelmas Day, when "The devil puts his foot on the blackberries." (The best of them is over.) At Michaelmas too, the heat goes into the sky, and Michaelmas rain foretells a mild winter.

October There are many old wives tales about this month. One I have found to be true is:- "Full moon in October without having had a frost, there will be no frost until full moon in November."

Another saying which proved very true in 1969/70 is that a fine, warm October is followed by a cold winter.

"If October brings frost and winds, then January and February will be mild."

October 18th: is St. Luke's Day, and at this time a spell of warm weather often occurs, namely, "St. Luke's Little Summer." It is also believed that if the leaves hang and wither on the trees it foretells frost and snow.

November "If ice in November will bear a duck,  
There'll be nothing after but sludge and muck."

Flowers blooming late into November foretell a bad winter.



November 6th: - 11th: brings Buchan's sixth cold spell. St. Martin's day is on the 11th. "North-West wind at Martinmas, severe winter to come." Again one reads:- "Ice in November, mud in December."

Note for Gardeners      "Onion's skin very thin,  
Mild winter coming in.  
Onion's skin thick and tough,  
Coming winter cold and rough."

P.C.

### MR. HARRY HOAD AND HIS PETWORTH

#### 1) Mr. Harry Hoad

My father - the late Mr. Harry Hoad, served a long apprenticeship for cabinet making, at Lord Leconfield's yard and worked there until he retired. He was the youngest son of Philip Hoad, who was a skilled boot and shoe maker; which were all handmade then and his cottage and workshop lay behind where the shops are now, in the Square. He had married late in life and by the time my father married, was thinking of giving up. When the old Lord Leconfield heard of it he approached him and said "I am having 6 cottages built in Angel St. Philip, and I want you to have first choice of one, for we are going to make big changes in Petworth, and when you are settled, we are going to demolish your cottage and workshop etc. and build some modern shops". So eventually my father and mother joined his parents at 353 Egremont Row and I and my 3 brothers and 3 sisters were all born there. I was the youngest and was born in 1893, do didn't see my grandparents.

Dad, besides his work as cabinet maker, had taught himself wood carving and in later years restored Grinling Gibbons carvings at Petworth House, which had been damaged when electricity was installed there. He also carved the centre one of the three big pelmets in the Square Dining Room at Petworth House. At one time, too, he would leave the yard at 1 o'clock Saturdays and after dinner he would wash and change and be off by train to Horsham, where he instructed a class in wood carving. He was also a very keen gardener and beekeeper. Our surplus honey was sold at 10p for a 1 lb. jar, and 12p a honey comb. For many years, we had only oil lamps and candles for lighting and during that time a gentleman asked him if he would make and carve an oak chest, for his guns.

He soon had the panels made and lovely sketches made of the designs to carve. He had a bench and chest of tools at one end of the scullery, and here he would work of an evening by the light of an oil lamp, and when it came to carving the finer parts, I had to hold the candlestick in certain positions. At last it was assembled, the top of the lid and the panels round all carved, and finally polished with our homemade beeswax polish. It was lovely and Mr. Bird was delighted with it. I often wonder where it is now. A little wren on a Hawthorn bush, was my favourite piece of his work. It is now in my nephew's possession in S. Africa.

We had many of his carvings at 353 which are now scattered among offsprings of the older members of the family. One was a fireplace and mantelpiece fitted over the ordinary one, made of oak, with a centre piece of a stag caught in a bramble thicket, and on the mantelpiece stood a clock with a carved case in oak, depicting an Aesops Fable of "The Fox and Stork". The fireplace in the sitting-room was made of teak and here the centre carving depicted a Greek legend. When I think of the long hours that men worked in those days, one seldom heard a grumble - they all took a pride in their work and all tended their gardens too. It saddened me, on my last visit to Petworth, to see his beloved garden stripped of all the lovely fruit trees that he had reared and now only a lawn, but in my minds eye, I can still see it just as it used to be and I can also see Petworth and its old inhabitants too. They were very happy days for me.

He was very fond of music and for some time played in the Town Band. When he was a little boy the Volunteers chose him for their mascot. Besides his work as cabinet maker at the yard, he was entrusted with the examination of all the valuable books in the Leconfield Libraries.

He seemed to be able to turn his hand to anything and when a soldier returned minus a leg from the knee down and found the false one so painful to use, someone suggested he should see Mr. Hoad, and Dad was able to examine it and alter it to the man's great appreciation. He was also a very serene man, as long as he had a happy home, his pipe and beloved garden. Unlike mother, he never slapped any of us, but if we were misbehaving he would say "Dashed if I don't fling my cap at you" and looking very stern, we knew it was time to stop. The Dowager Lady Leconfield was a fairly frequent visitor and liked to sit and chat with mother and even knitted a waistcoat for Dad and he had to let her see how it fitted. She was such a nice old lady. and what lovely Xmas parties we had at Petworth House. All the



children of the workers who were of school age assembled and had tea at long trestle tables and when we had finished the bigger children would help to put them to one side and we played games - Blindman's Buff was the favourite and when it was time to go into the Hall, where the huge Xmas tree stood, with all the little candles alight - what a chorus of oohs and aahs there was. We first sang a carol and then with Lady Leconfield at one side with the girls and Lord Leconfield with the boys they would alternately call our names and Father Xmas would give us our present, which we were not to open till we got home, to avoid the litter. While we were getting into our coats, our mothers and fathers, who had come to collect us - received their presents. The last party I attended, my mother had a pretty tea service and dad an umbrella. After singing another carol, we each thanked our kind hosts, we hastened home to open ours. When someone told me that the late Lord Egremont had mentioned Dad and his work, in a book he had just had published, I was so pleased, that I sat down and wrote to thank him and told him of how we had all loved his Grandmother etc. and I was so surprised to receive a nice letter from him, with a signed copy of his book. In his letter he said that "Mr. Hoad was still a much honoured man in Petworth."

At his funeral, after a Service in the Church, the men from the yard, walked each side of the coffin, which had been placed on a draped truck and drawn by two of the men - to the Cemetery in Horsham Road.

## 2) Egremont Row and Old Petworth

Our first neighbours that I remember were at the Steps End, a Mr. Wills and family, and at the other end the Smiths. Both of these men were clerks at the Estate Office. Next to Mr. Wills was Mr. Felix Whitcomb the builder, who had the yard, over the wall as we always said, in front of the R.C. church, he had taken over the house from Mr. Harry Whitcomb, whose family had so grown that he was given the Pound Street house. I knew 10 of them, but Elsie told me there had been others. Then came an old man Mr. Kingett and his spinster daughter. I think all the houses must have had the same kind of locks, because one night we were all in bed when it sounded as if the front door was being opened. My father jumped out of bed, in his nightshirt, and went down to meet a very embarrassed Mr. Paris, the Licensee of the Angel, who evidently had intended visiting his lady friend - but all was quietly settled and no more said. Our house was the next, with a Mr. Harber next door. After Mr. Smith had moved to the other Estate at Cockermouth, we had a

Lords Tennis Player, a Mr. Smith, who was succeeded by another, Mr. Lambert, and in the Harbers house came the French Chef. After him an Italian one, but by this time the 1914 War was looming and he went back to Italy and the house was empty. When War broke out the K.R.R.s and Rifle Brigade came for training and the empty house was filled by R.B.s and we had four billeted with us. I was the only one at home then and mum and I really enjoyed looking after them. At Xmas we had all just started dinner when the door opened, and a very nice Officer said "Any complaints boys?" There was a chorus of No, no sir and looking at their plates, he said "I should think not, I wouldn't mind sitting down to it myself." He was very different to the C.O. who was hated and the men decided to try and get him removed. One of our four, older, and well educated, got some sheets of paper and got up a Round Robin, and of an evening after supper, when we were all having a chat before they went up to their room, he would put the signed sheets under mother's work box on the little table, but one evening there was a bang at the door and an Officer and two Red Caps looked in. They marched the boys up to their room and searched all their things and when they came down asked if they used this room. My mother said only for their meals, so the Officer said they were being taken away and separated and he would send four others. Now as soon as I heard them go upstairs I hurriedly took the papers and hid them in the cupboard with the ironing blanket. We felt very sad as we sat talking about it, till we heard a scratching on the window and the cook from next door came in to ask what had happened, he was very relieved to hear they had not found the papers and said he would at once burn them. All our boys said they would come to see us after the War, but they were all killed poor lads.

At one time there was a row of little cottages, running from the road across to the path to the Hills. These were later demolished and Arnop's Leith was built on the site. Also the house a little farther on called The Barn was built on the site of another two cottages. In our school holidays we children used to go with big baskets to pick blackberries, which we took to Mrs. Knight, the greengrocer in Lombard Street, they were sent in bulk to a Dye Works in Scotland. It was nice to earn some pocket money.

We didn't get much in those days, but it went much farther. At the little shop opposite Cherry Row I could buy a farthing liquorice strip and farthings worth of Tom Thumb drops, a large loaf was then 4½d, currant buns, lardy rolls etc. ½d each or 7 for 3d. far better than those of today. I dimly remember the shops that stood where the War Memorial now stands and also the awful fire that destroyed



the bakers, where Mr. Streeter later had his shop. Another Mr. Streeter lived in East Street in the little cul-de-sac between Miss Burnett's shop (afterwards Denmans) and Mrs. Bryant's bookshop (where the new Post Office was built). Mr. Streeter ran the horse bus to the Station - fare 6d. and had cabs for hire. We had three separate schools. I was taken by an Aunt, my first day at the Infants' School, bellowing all the way and at the foot of the rise there was Mr. Steggles with his little son Horace who was bellowing too. When we reached the school, Miss Field the Mistress came out to see what the noise was about and took us both by the hand into the classroom, where we soon forgot our tears. Miss Field shared a house with Miss Elson the Girls School mistress. Miss Field was tall, thin, and rather austere and Miss Elson was rather short and fat. Both were very kind and when I later had a bicycle, I sometimes accompanied Miss Elson who rode a three wheeled tricycle. We always went down North Street and along the London Road - no cars then - but I often wished that she would go a bit faster. Our Rector then was Mr. Jones, an awfully good man, and there were two Curates. The Church was always full and woe betide anyone who had done wrong, it was alluded to in the Pulpit. There was a Men's Bible Class Sunday afternoons, well attended and Mother's Union. Sometimes a Missionary would give a Magic Lantern lecture and tell us about the country and people where he had been. The two Curates would take it in turn to visit the schools, for Scripture lesson, and they all visited the people too. This all helped to keep things as they should be.

### 3) Schooldays

Besides the Xmas parties, we had several other enjoyable days. The trip to Littlehampton organized by Miss Elson, the Sunday School Picnic tea at the Gog, the Circus on Hampers Common, and sometimes a week's visit of the Marionettes, held in a big tent in Austens field. These were big puppets on wires and how we loved the performance of The Babes in the Wood, with the robins flying about, dropping leaves on the sleeping Babes. The evening performances, for adults only, were more lurid, such as "Murder in the Old Red Barn" etc.

Then there was Club Day in the Park, with roundabouts, cricket and races, and of course Fair Day. In the winter some of the local men would get up an entertainment, always much appreciated, the two actors that I liked the best were Walter Dawtreay who came on stage and sang "They Calls I Buttercup Joe", with its rollicking chorus of "I can plough and sow and reap and mow, for I be a farmers boy - for

I be a farmers boy" and another one  
"You wont catch me on a Gee gee's back again,  
It's not the sort of thing that you can doze on.  
The only hoss, that I think that I can manage  
Is the hoss the missus dress the clothes on -"

The other actor was Mr. Ernest Streeter, who recited with great gusto "The Charge of the Light Brigade". We frequently had visits by a German Brass Band who played in various streets and collected the coins given. When the 1914 War broke out we wondered if they had been spying out the land. Sometimes, an Italian - Mr. Valenti with his barrel organ, his wife and a dear little monkey in a red coat came round and later he and family settled in a cottage near the Turk's Head and he worked on a farm. He had a dear little daughter named Maria, Theresa, Clemintina Valenti, who attended school. The children living out in the country spoke very broad Sussex dialogue. They lived, often 2½ miles away and brought their dinner. One day one was spotted going home at dinnertime and when asked why, she replied "Please miss I be gioine to tak me feyther's bacci home" and was promptly told, "take off your coat, father must wait for his tobacco and I will find you some dinner." Miss Elson had a cane, but I don't think it was often used, but I was once reprimanded by her. It was singing lesson and my class were grouped in a circle around the teacher at the piano, I was thoroughly enjoying it and keeping time by rising up and down on my toes as if I was riding a bike. We had just come to the end, singing Jubilati, Jubilati, Jubilati, Amen - when I had such a slap across my shoulders, which sent me flying, I hadn't heard Miss Elson coming and the shock made me feel very sick. It was almost dinnertime, so a girl had to take me homewith a note and I spent the rest of the day in bed. One teacher we had wore her hair in a bun, in which she always stuck a thick steel knitting needle and woe betide you if you misbehaved, it was no joke to feel this across your knuckles.

### 4) Pubs and Whitcomb Families

I remember that Manning Milton had a Brewery. Next to a building adjoining the White Hart in High Street. There was an archway, which was the entrance to the Brewery and I believe the family lived in the house a little lower down, where later Mr. Spurgeon the Vet lived and near "The Turk's Head".

Talking of Pubs, at one time we used to say that Petworth was made up of Pubs and Whitcomb families. Of the former there was "The



Angel", with the Beerhouse opposite called "The Tap", "The Red Lion" at the corner, opposite Mr. Morley's cycle shop. "The Turk's Head" - "The old Swan", "The Wheatsheaf" in North Street and right at the end close to the old Workhouse stood "The Trap".

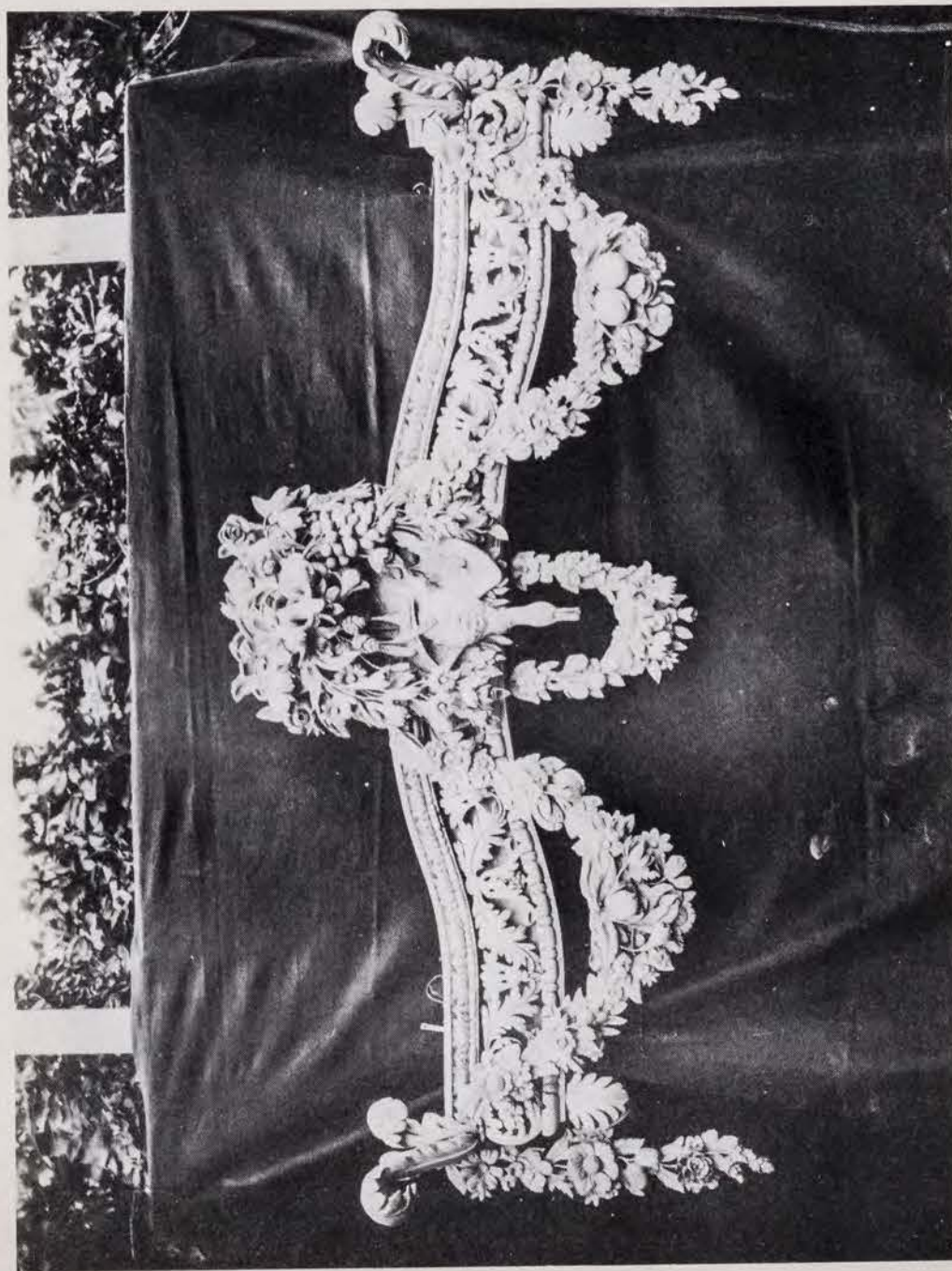
Of the Whitcomb families, old Sid Whitcomb had a house and yard in Grove Street. In Cherry Row, at intervals, lived three different families of that name. Henry Whitcomb in Pound Street, Felix Whitcomb builder in Egremont Row. At the bottom of Pound Street at Pound House lived two Miss Whitcombs, Bob Whitcomb at "The Wheat-sheaf", and another one who lived in the Sheepdown Cottages.

I only remember the Ricketts family and the coal yard but, now, so many places have new names. The old Stringers Hall was a nice old house and also the one behind it, through the door in the wall next to it. In the latter lived Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Gould and in the former lived his sister Miss Eliza and her niece Miss Mary. They were friends of my mothers and I sometimes went to tea with them. There was a big garden, which at the far end, had a walk running alongside the back of The Bartons and all along the top of the Hills behind the brick wall. There was a summer house at each end. The shops too in old Petworth were so different. One could leave a written order at the Grocers and goods would be promptly delivered. Or mother would perhaps say "Call in at Charlie Bishops and ask him to please send some shoes (called Highlows then), suitable for you. He would take my size and up would come several pairs for mother to chose from. Or at her request Mr. Eager would send two big hat boxes with hats for mother to try on at home. When country people came in to shop, or pay a bill, Mr. Eager would give them a glass of wine. Each shop then, kept to its own trade - no self service jumble of goods.

Oh! what a dear old Petworth  
Was the one I used to know  
So I hope that my few 'memories'  
May help to keep it so.

5) Some thoughts on "Petworth: Time Out of Mind" Window Press.  
Petworth 1982.

I really can't find much to correct. Of course a lot of the things were before my time and of the Jubilee and Coronations, the only things that seem to have impressed me were the illuminations and torch light processions. The little glass bulbs you mention on page 110, were what were called Fairy Lights. They had short but big



A pelmet carved by Harry Hoad for the Square Dining Room at Petworth House.  
An early example of Hoad's work.  
(Photograph by Walter Kevis)





A Hoad family group in the Gog Woods in 1903.  
Ethel at the top.



Mr. and Mrs. Hoad at Littlehampton in 1935.





Manning Milton's family.

Back L-R: Archie, Mrs. Milton, Frank, Elsie, Manning Milton.  
 Front L-R: Ralph, Manning Junior (Bubbles), Charles, Robert, Lance.

(Photograph courtesy of Mrs. M.K. Clarke.)  
 See "A Petworth Dispersion."

round candles in them which burned for a very long time and steady flame and the bulbs were of different coloured glass. One of these was often used in a child's bedroom or when a person was ill. The stout man walking in front of the man with bicycle, I feel sure is Mr. Felix Whitcomb the builder. There is one thing I would like to verify is that "The Hermitage" was not in East Street. It was where you can see the big white gate at top of the Hills, on page 68. At one time Mr. Lawrence the Registrar lived there and when after old Mr. and Mrs. Gould died, Miss Eliza and Miss Mary Gould left Stringers Hall they lived there. The house in the background is the R.C. Priest's house and the Hermitage was through the white gate and round the bend.

At the other end of the Hills, is the road which is now called "The Bartons". It was then known as "Craggs Lane". I suppose because Mr. Cragg the Plumber had his workshop there next to Mr. P. Thayre. Page 20 are photos of John and Mary Vincent. They were my Aunt and Uncle, she was my mother's eldest sister. When I was 16, I went to work at a friend of my sister-in-law's Millinery Showrooms at High-bury, until the 1914 War seemed to be looming and she closed down and I went home and as it happened Mr. Eager asked me if I could take over his millinery department as his milliner had to undergo an operation. This I did and then the War did break out and I stayed to help mother with the boys billeted, as I have already said.

On page 29 you mention Mr. Tree, this is not the Mr. Tree that I remember. He was a much younger, clean shaven man and his daughter Maud came to school. I knew all the girls named in the school class photo, but they were all in a higher class, so must have been a little older. When I lived at Brighton, after my husband died in 1950, my sister Dorothy and I spent a holiday at Petworth. Her friend Winnie Whitcomb found us lodgings with Pam Vincent and I met several of these old school girls. We all very much enjoyed our holiday. One other thing of when we lived at Brighton, Doreen had become friendly with an old lady, Mrs. Marshall, who told her that she knew Petworth as when she was younger she used to visit an Uncle who had a Chemist's shop in front of the Church, a Mr. Edgar. And also when I was a child my mother was friendly with a widow - Mrs. Morgan whose son Billy later managed Austen's shop. She lived in one of the houses opposite Mr. Kevis's shop.

What a good picture it is of the Baxters. Old Mr. Baxter on the right. His son second on left and his eldest grandson who died soon after. You would see the three generations all in step going home punctually at 12 p.m. to dinner. There were two younger boys and



one girl. They were a lovely family. Before the Todmans took over the White Hart the Licensee was a Mr. Holden, who later I think moved to the Welldiggers at Lowheath, and the bakers shop in Middle Street was run by Miss Burrows. There was another blacksmith who lived in the end cottage opposite and the Smithy was round the corner in High Street. His name was Mr. Grist, we used to run down from the Infant School to see the horses shod.

After the Todmans came Mr. Hazelman, who previously had old Mr. Wakefords bakery in High Street opposite Cherry Row. The photo of the Leconfield gardeners was before my time I knew Mr. Pull and family later and his son Charlie was my first boyfriend in School days. He would say to my mother "Can Ethel come out Mrs. Hoad", and she'd say "yes Charlie but you are not to go further than Egremont Row". He sometimes smuggled a peach or nectarine for me. But he was full of mischief and led me into some funny pranks. I often laugh when I think of them. And now Mr. H. Watson, Lord Leconfields Agent. He lived at "The Grove" in Grove Street. It was the second Mr. Watson who lived in a new house built on I believe some of Mr. Percy Austin's the grower's land in Station Road, that was called "New Grove". I will always remember and picture Mr. H.E. Watson, for I was supposed to be with my sisters who had a stall at a Church Bazaar held in Austins field. I was looking at one of the other stalls and stood entranced by a pretty doll, when Mr. Watson came and he said, "What would you buy if you had enough money?" "Oh!" I said, "that lovely dolly." He just nodded to the one running the stall and put it in my arms. I was so overjoyed I did manage to thank him, but I didn't stay any longer, but rushed home with my treasure.

Judging by the looks of some of the servants and old people it really does look somewhat feudal and I expect the ones who lived out in the country were very ignorant, but things had steadily improved and in the Dowager Lady Constance Leconfield's time, although we always respected them, there was not the bowing and scraping there had once been. Once when my daughter Doreen was returning to London, after visiting my mother, Lady Leconfield was also waiting to board the train, although Doreen had a 3rd class ticket Lady Leconfield insisted she should sit with her in her 1st class carriage and they chatted pleasantly in comfort.

Going back again to Mr. Kevis, it is just as I pictured him, but I think he was a little stouter then. He was always pleasant and had very kind eyes. He took several photos of us children. In my time we had several changes of Doctors, there were Drs. Hope, MacDermott,

Barnes, Beechcroft, Druit, Spicer and Dr. Kerr who with his wife always enjoyed the fun of Petworth Fair, and Mr. Steggles was as good as a Dr. and would extract a tooth, for there was no local dentist. One had to go to Midhurst. The two Curates Leafe and Watson stayed on with the Revd. H.E. Jones and after him it was Revd. Penrose and curates Frost and Bridges. Mr. Golds the fishmonger took the shop in New Street just below old Mr. Knights house and I can see Trowells in the corner.

I sometimes like to take street by street and name all the shop people and those in the houses. It's surprising how many I can remember and now they are all gone, but not forgotten.

I don't suppose Andrew Smith, the coconut Fairman, is still alive, but it's a lovely photo as I remember him. I never managed to get a nut, but Dorothy was good at it. Then there's a picture of Jesse Daniels of Tillington, he used to sit next to me at Sunday School.

Mrs. E. PLACE.

### "WHERE IS THE WHITE HART OF 1780?"

I have always pondered as to why the fascinating little town of Petworth is so dear to my heart, although my grandmother who brought me up was born and bred at nearby Lodsworth and Lickfold, and spent a lot of her childhood at her grandfather's public house, 'The White Hart' in Back Street (now High Street) it was a three-storied house with plumbing she told me. I still am not sure of the actual location of this house, but it would appear to be the building that is now a private house, called Fairfield House, to the left is an archway leading to a lane called White Hart Walk, and some way down is a building still known as The Old Brewhouse, which seems promising - although our worthy editor assures me that the entrance from High Street would be too narrow for such enormous vehicles as the brewer's drays to manoeuvre, nevertheless I can romanticise, and think that probably over the years the buildings have been extended, and the gap narrowed thus. I can stand there and see in my mind's eye, the majestic steaming horses with their brasses gleaming proudly, sweeping through that archway!

The inhabitants of Petworth town, who go about their daily business and take it all for granted, probably do not realise what an amazing time capsule it is to the visitor privileged to see it occasionally. Beyond my grandmother's birth backward for another hundred



years lived countless forebears of ours - which probably accounts for the 'tug at my heart' - and I can imagine that only the modern noisiness of traffic has changed the town since 1773 when a great-great-great-grandfather of mine, John Lintott opened a pork butcher shop in East Street. In those days, there would have been none of the refinements of modern butchery, it was apt to be live pigs in one end, and pork chops and joints from the other!

John Lintott's daughter Mary married one George Knight and they were the owners and licensees of the aforementioned White Hart for many years after George's brother, Joseph had lost the licence for allowing 'irregularities' - intriguing, but no more details known...

When George retired in 1840 or thereabouts, having no sons, the licensed house was left in common ownership to his three sons-in-law, Henry Jupp, and Thomas White, and James Milton, who became the actual licensee of the White Hart, and later was to become the grandfather of my grandmother! James also about this time, 1847 bought a property in North Street and converted this into licensed premises also, and called it the Wheatsheaf. It is a long low white building, one end of which is still named Wheatsheaf Cottage, and privately owned; although the public house continued until 1959. Incidentally George Knight was not related to the Gordon Knight, much written of in this journal as a grocer; nor yet of Knight's the baker in Lombard Street so well known until recent years, through many generations, though I wonder if they all in fact stemmed from a common ancestor before George Knight who was actually born in 1773.

The White Hart stayed in the hands of the Milton family for years during the 19th century - James George the eldest son of James Milton and grandson of George Knight, had briefly become the licensee of the Angel whilst his father still held the White Hart, and Henry the next eldest son, (and my great grandfather) had gone into farming at Lickfold, so the licence passed onto the youngest son, Manning, who intine turned it into the Stag Brewery: Manning Milton also owned The Queen's Head, High Street. My great grandfather Henry Milton gave up farming before the turn of the century, and joined brother Manning as a partner in the brewery, whilst James George was also a maltster as well as wine and spirit merchant at the Angel, c1878. One hears of today's high level of drinking, but there were certainly a lot of alehouses and breweries in a small place such as Petworth in the 19th century, that there must have been a demand for them! With a pint of beer being 2d. (old money) it was good value, one supposes.

Tales of great-grandfather Henry, say that after visiting the 50 odd houses in the district, supplied by the brewery, and after having had a sociable half pint with each, he would come home decidedly tipsy, luckily before the advent of the combustion engine, his journey was made by pony and trap, possibly a very erratic line was steered!

There are still people living in Petworth, who remember the successor to the White Hart that belonged to so many generations of my forebears, for until 1939 a licence was given to a house further along the High Street, the house now called White Hart Place Cottage, we think.

As to any of my kinsman, as far as I know, all had scattered around the globe and left the town completely by the 1920's, if any reader has any better information on my forebears way of life I should be pleased to hear from them.....

Midge Clarke,  
23 Ernest Road,  
Bedhampton, Hants.

#### A PETWORTH DISPERSION

Manning Milton's family (see the photograph) had all left Petworth by 1920.

Frank was a published poet, had a good position on the Bolivian Railway, was British Consul in Bolivia and Peru and died in New Zealand at the age of 68 being stranded there by the 2nd world war. He never married.

Robert and Archie both emigrated to farm in New Zealand. Robert's wife was Hetty Knight, daughter of William Knight the Lombard Street baker. Hetty lived to 92 and wrote in 1946 that her brother Arthur was still in business in Lombard Street. There are descendants in New Zealand.

Elsie married a dentist and lived in Bedford. One daughter who died in New Zealand.

Charles a schoolmaster last heard of in Canada. No descendants.

Ralph was British Consular in Bombay and other places, he retired and died in South Africa at the age over 80. There are descendants in New Zealand, Rhodesia and London.



Lance was a repertory actor among various other occupations. He married late in life having travelled in many countries. He died in Australia. No descendants.

Manning Junior little known of him, son last heard of in Finland!

M.C.

### A SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER (8) SUTTON AFTER THE GREAT WAR

One day the keeper called to ask mother if the two eldest of us still home could go stopping for him when they had a shoot on. Mother agreed on conditions that there were always two of us and placed within sight of one another. We quite enjoyed this. On the day of the shoot we had to meet the keeper at an arranged place early in the morning, there would be several other children as well. He took us to the wood and placed us at intervals all round it. We each had a stout stick and our job was to keep tapping on the fence or anything to make a noise to keep the birds in the wood until the beaters and shooters arrived later on. We were given a packed lunch of meat sandwiches, bread and cheese and a bottle of ginger beer, the ones with a marble in the neck. We needed warm clothing as it was always in the winter months and no shelter much as we had to keep outside the wood.

Later in the day, the beaters would arrive and stand all along one side of the wood with the guns placed in the field all around. Then at a signal from the keeper, the beaters, all men or big boys, would start walking through the wood knocking the undergrowth to drive the birds out. As they came along level with us we had to follow along with them. At the end of the shoot all the birds were laid out on the ground in rows, the rabbits and hares likewise, and they were counted. Then the keeper would come and pay us 2/6d each and either a rabbit each or one between us, depending on how many they had caught. We felt quite rich but most of it usually had to go towards some new boots.

The old carrier man was still coming round every week for orders to get from Petworth only now he pushed a hand cart instead of the horse and cart he used to have. What hard work it must have been pushing a load five miles to our village, then he would have another good two miles delivering on his way before he reached his own home, including the very steep Bignor Hill. We would always be on the look out for him and take the order out to him to save him the walk down our garden path. He usually gave a shout. We just told him

what we wanted and from which shop, giving him enough money to cover the cost, but he never wrote anything down, for the simple reason that he could neither read or write, yet he was never known to forget an order or give the wrong change. He was a most remarkable man so kind and gentle, always singing or humming a tune as he went along. "Old Georgie" he was called by most people. He had some peculiarity about his eyes, never seeming to look straight at you, and when giving you change he held the money up close to his eye brows and looked upwards. Some children said they were upside down. My brother and his pal would often push his cart up the hill "or hollow" leading to the village on their way up to the men's club in the evening.

One day Georgie had left his cart by the Vicarage gate while he took some goods up the drive to the house, when he was gone some local boys pushed his cart right back to the bottom of the hill again. He came back and caught up with them giving them a telling off and they said "we only did it for a lark", to which he replied "there's a cage up Pet-eth for larks", meaning Petworth Police Station.

We also had a man who came round selling fresh herrings when in season, twentyfour a shilling, and the muffin man came round with his tray of muffins or crumpets on his head, ringing a bell to let you know he was about. They were a real treat for us. I suppose it was a change from the usual food we had.

One of our favourite puddings that mother made was apple pudding cooked in a cloth. She would place the cloth over the colander, then make a suet crust and lay inside, add soft brown sugar and a few cloves, damp the edges then draw the cloth up and tie. Sometimes she would grate a little nutmeg in instead of the cloves, and when the quinces were ripe one of these added was delicious. We loved quince and apple jam too, boiled rice with treacle was another favourite. Talking of treacle, every spring mother would dose us with brimstone and treacle. She bought the brimstone from the chemist and stirred a certain amount into a jam jar of treacle, mixing well, and we had a teaspoonful early in the morning for three mornings in succession, then miss three mornings and soon until we had had nine lots altogether. It tasted lovely and if mother was not looking we would have an extra dip in. It was supposed to have been a tonic and must have worked for we seldom had anything wrong with us, except one winter when there was a very bad bout of flu about, lots of people in the village had it, including our neighbours, and all of us except father and one of my sisters. We were lucky to recover for two or three in the village died.



The lady who lived next door was one of our teachers and had a little boy about the same age as my youngest sister. Before she married she taught the middle class, but when her child was old enough to be left with a relative in the village, she went back again as the infant teacher, and we often walked to school with her. I was very fond of whistling, and she once told me it was not lady-like for girls to whistle saying, "whistling maids and crowing hens are neither good for beasts nor men." Her husband was a baker and normally worked at the local bakery but was at that time away in the Army baking bread for the troops. Her father lived with her, he was company for her and a dear old chap. There were signs now that the war was nearing its end thank goodness, although it did not have the effect on us children like it did the grown-ups.

Petworth fair was another annual event to which we looked forward. With only a few coppers to spend, we would set off for the five mile walk, usually with others from the village, feeling very excited. The thrill of the lights, roundabouts etc. in the square was something we looked forward to for weeks ahead. My brother's pal was very good at knocking coconuts off and would often throw for other people as well, and the same when the nuts were ripe, there were several walnut and chestnut trees about and he would throw sticks up and they would come tumbling down. We used to boil some of the chestnuts with a little salt in the water, they were lovely. There were hazel nuts and filberts galore and we would put some by for Christmas.

Well, the war eventually came to an end with celebrations in the village to mark this, but it was sometime before some of the men returned and, of course, some never did.

When the man next door came home, instead of going back to work at the local bakers, he bought his own business and so they moved away and we had new neighbours.

One day when father was poorly, mother kept me home from school to walk into Petworth to get some medicine for him from the doctors. I was nearly half-way home when I met a school friend on her way in for a similar reason and she asked me to go back with her, so I did.

Once when my cousin and eldest sister were coming to stay, I had to stay home again and go to the station with a pram that we had borrowed, for my cousin was now married and had a baby. Well, just before I got to Petworth Station, there was a road through a wood called the Rough, which was a short cut, but I was nervous of going that way by

myself so took the longest way round by the main road. When I arrived I sat on the platform waiting for the train, and after a while the porter came up to me to enquire who I was waiting for. When I told him he said "oh, they went some time ago". I remembered hearing a train when I was passing the Rough but did not dream it was theirs, so I had to put a move on to try and catch them up, but they had too long a start and were just turning into our gate when I caught sight of them. I had a scolding for mother said if I was scared to go through the Rough I should have waited there for them but I did not think of that.

Although we had the occasional scolding or smack from mother, I am sure we always deserved it. Our parents were both very tolerant and kind. Father never hit us, or should I say only once, that was when mother had asked me to do something that I did not much want to and instead I just stood and sulked. This must have annoyed him and he took his cap down off the nail behind his chair and clicked it across my head. It did not hurt me, but the shock of him actually hitting me at all was too much, I burst into tears and cried for a long time, ending with a bad headache, then just as I was beginning to calm down, he came over and put his arm around my shoulder and said he was sorry if he hurt me but "you must do as your mother tells you". That just opened the flood gates again. Another time when some of us had been a bit troublesome, and probably mother had had an extra tiring day, she said to father "why don't you take them in hand and make them mind" and he said "no good me hitting them mother, you'd only take their part." Not many people had better parents than us I am sure.

In the summer months when mother did not want to waste fuel, we would take our Sunday joint up the bakehouse to be cooked, while we were at Sunday School and church, and collect it when we came home. Quite a lot of people did this and only cost about 2d., then mother only had to cook the vegetables which did not take so long.

Our parents often took us for walks in the afternoon, through the fields or on the downs and one day, we were on our way home when some of the younger ones running of ahead, spotted a wasp's nest and stuck a stick into it. By the time the others had got there the wasps were all swarming out, but only seemed to go for mother. She tore off over the field, waving her arms to ward them off. She had hair pins flying in all directions, the more we ran to help the faster she seemed to run. Father often pulled her leg about it later, but it was no joke at the time.



Sunday evening, especially in the winter, he would play his violin to us, we loved this. He always started by playing the hymns which we had at Sunday School, so had to remember, then we all chose one in turn. Mother's was always "Through All the Changing Scenes of Life", and his was "The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended", then he always finished up by playing "Pop goes the Weasel" for the youngest one. He told us he bought the violin when he was about eighteen years old, and used to sit on a five-barred gate to practice because it made such a noise indoors. He would have been very proud if he had known that years later, one of his grandchildren would be playing it in the Chichester Orchestra.

During the summer our teachers would take us up on the downs for a picnic. We would collect nice cold spring water in our bottles at the foot of the downs on our way. We had all kinds of games up there and teacher always finished up by throwing a lot of wrapped sweets into the air, then we had scrambles for them.

Traffic was increasing on the roads now, more cars and charabancs, especially the days of Goodwood races. We had usually started our summer holidays that week and a lot of children would go over the other side of the downs and sit on a bank on the roadside and wait for them to come home. We had a good view of them quite a distance ahead, as they approached we all stood up and waved, shouting "throw out your rusty coppers." Quite a number of people threw coppers out, sometimes even a shilling or a sixpence. Talk about scrambles, it is a wonder there were no accidents as it was quite a steep bank and no pavement at the bottom, but I do not remember anyone being hurt. A few years after I left school children were stopped doing this on account of the increasing traffic and danger involved.

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

#### THE OLD BLUE: THE STORY OF A PETWORTH FRIENDLY SOCIETY

##### 4) The Quest for Financial Stability. 1833-1845

The uneasy financial situation of the Angel Blue in the last years of the 1820s and the beginning of the 1830s had forced James Luttmann Ellis, the Society's president, to take the opinion of John Tidd Pratt, a barrister specialising in Friendly Society matters. Tidd Pratt, appointed by the National Debt Commissioners in 1828 to certify the rules of Savings Banks, would in 1846 become the first Registrar of Friendly Societies. He was the acknowledged expert in this field.

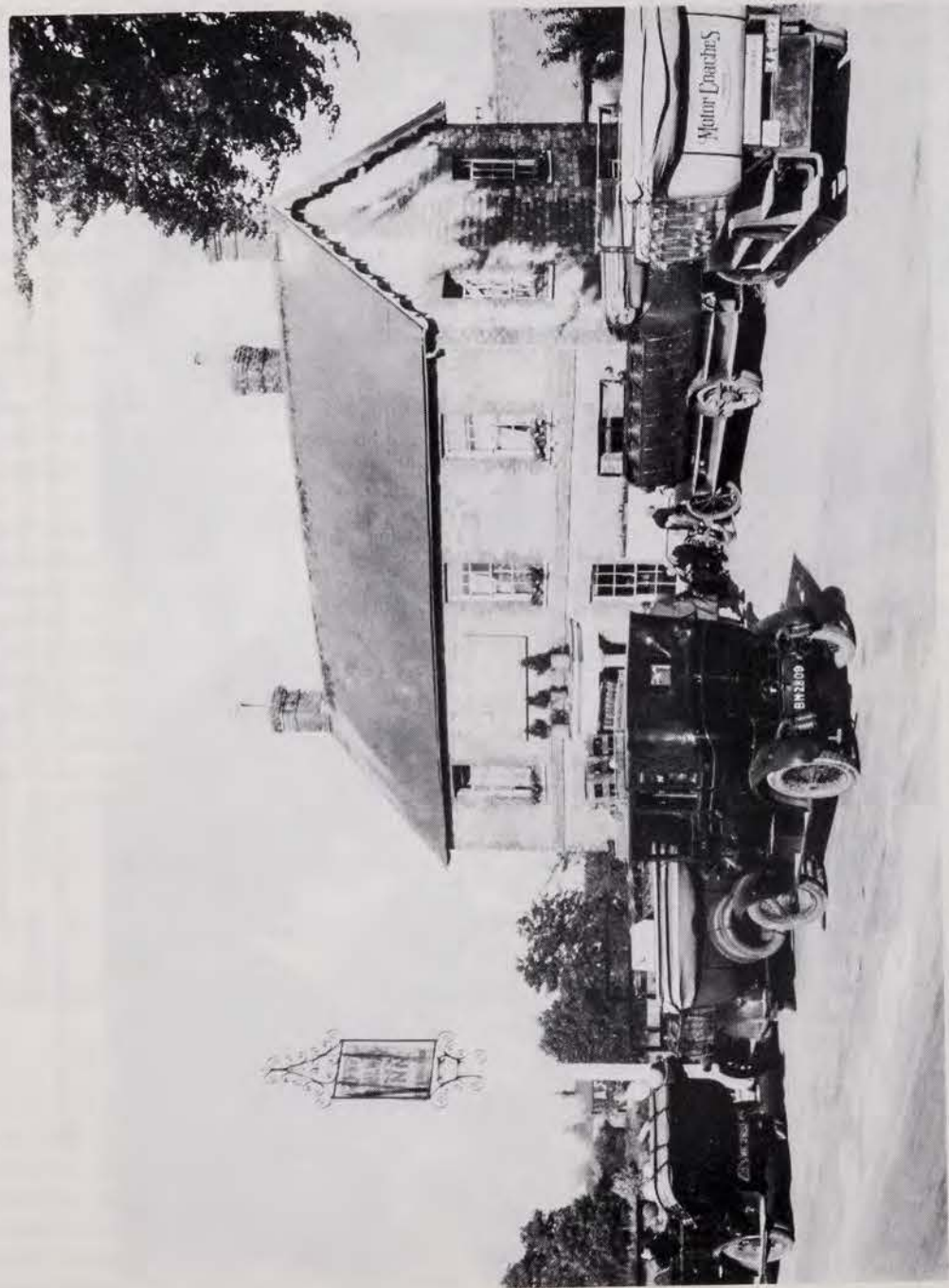


"The war eventually came to an end with celebrations in the village to mark this...."

A dinner at Sutton to celebrate the end of the war. 1918-9.

(Photograph courtesy of Mrs. Bowles Fittleworth.)





"Traffic was increasing on the roads now, more cars and charabancs, especially the days of Goodwood races."  
Goodwood traffic outside the Railway Inn (now the Badger and Honeyjar) 1926.

Photograph by George Garland.

From an actuarial point of view the problem of the Old Blue was a familiar one and one common to most independent Friendly Societies more than a generation old. Quite simply the Society had built up a hard core of the chronic sick and aged, men who were too infirm ever to work again and who would continue "on the club" until they died. Past premiums had been pitched too low to allow for such a continuing drain on resources. Had the premiums been higher the members could not have paid them anyway: it was a dilemma at the very heart of most societies of the time, however well-run they might be. A local Friendly Society like the Old Blue might cope easily enough with periodic payments to the casual sick, often simply a matter of a week or ten days, but the "superannuated" members were a different matter altogether. John Tidd Pratt's advice was forthright: the Society had no alternative but to scale down the benefits paid to the long-term sick and it was acting within its constitution if it did so. In effect the Angel Blue had to make a composition with its creditors if it was to survive at all. The unpalatable truth however was that its creditors were its own members!

The halving of the rate for the chronic sick and aged (i.e. those who had had twelve consecutive monthly payments from the Society) cut the outgoings drastically, falling to £201 in 1833 as compared with £346 in 1831 the last full year under the old system. James Tidd Pratt's solution, while predictable enough, was somewhat draconian and the views of those who had paid in for their old age and then found themselves receiving half-benefit do not surface in the Minute Book. It must however be said that if James Luttmann Ellis and his committee had not taken some firm action the Society might well have folded, taking with it its members' entire contributions over a period of years. This was quite a regular occurrence, particularly with small independent societies founded on particular public houses. Half a loaf was certainly better than no bread at all. At the A.G.M. of 1835 John Phillips, the successor to the discredited Daniel Easton as clerk, reports an order that the basic allowance be reduced from six shillings a week to five, with a corresponding reduction for superannuated members from three shillings to half a crown. The invalid fund had fallen well below the statutory sum of £300 and contributions had already been raised "to as high a rate as the greater portion of the members can afford to pay". The Minute Book adds, "It was considered that these allowances, in consequence of the reduction in prices of the necessaries of life, are now equal in value to what the former allowances were at the time they were granted". The basic allowance would fluctuate several times between five and six shillings a week during the next decade or so.



The two entries reproduced from the Minute Book reflect quite different situations although they are separated by little more than a year. That for December 7th 1835 reflecting the month of November in that year is the more representative and gives a good idea of how large a proportion of the Society's outgoings went to the long-term sick. Almost all the payments are for ten shillings (i.e. four weeks at the lower rate of half-a-crown). Even then William Johnson had by November been consecutively on the club for eleven months and would, after one more month, be classed as "permanent sick" and liable for half-benefit only. Francis Jarrett had had a number of weeks on the club during the year without actually receiving benefit for consecutive months.

The entry for February 6th 1837 recording claims on the Old Blue for January of that year is less representative and probably reflects a severe winter. It gives an abnormally high pay-out and an unusually high proportion of casual sick. William Johnson, after a short spell at the lower "superannuated" rate in 1836, had come off the club and now having influenza can claim benefit at full rate as casual sick. It was in fact most unusual for someone to come off the club once they had become superannuated. January 1837 seems to have seen an incidence of influenza but otherwise the ailments (not always categorised) are much the usual ones in the Minute Book. Gout, rheumatism and "general debility" are the most common, particularly among the chronic sick. Blindness, scarlatina (scarlet fever), phthisis (consumption), dropsy, liver disease and erysipelas are other occasional diseases in the late 1830s. Some injuries like "extensive lacerated hand", "rupture", "brusied leg and shoulder from fall" were no doubt sustained at work. As often as not just the symptoms are noted like "bad foot", "pain in the hand". An ulcerated leg might keep a man on the club for years. The locations give some idea of the geographical extension of the Old Blue as does the disposition of stewards for 1837:

James Green	Petworth
Francis Jarrett	Pulborough
Edward Baker	Northchapel
John Chalwin	Tillington
Thos. Winter	Hardham
Daniel Bryan	Sutton

The precise function of the stewards is not defined. Presumably they would collect contributions. Early Friendly Societies used stewards to check on the health of claimants but it would appear that even

in the 1820s the Old Blue insisted on confirmation from a doctor. In many primitive Friendly Societies if a man moved away he automatically lost his contributions but the Old Blue had a system of remitting by post. A member might be as far away at Brighton, Betchworth or even Penistone but he could still claim on the club if he sent in his form. The later federated societies like the Foresters or Oddfellows allowed a man to "take his benefits with him" as the phrase went and it would appear that the Old Blue had already partially anticipated such a development.

The Old Blue was by the standards of the time a well-run Society but in the 1830s and early 1840s new members, the very life blood of any Friendly Society, are very thin on the ground, less than 70 over the thirteen years from 1833 to 1845, and certainly not enough to keep pace with mortality among the older members. In the same period 32 members were expelled for non-payment of contributions and one on conviction for felony. Probably the lack of new members was a greater source of anxiety than the expulsion of non-payers. After all once a man had been expelled he had lost his previous contributions to the club but could make no further claim on it. Defaulting members were publicly warned at the AGM after a year's non-payment and expelled at the AGM of the following year if they had not mended their ways. Almost invariably a warning one year would be followed by expulsion the next. It would appear that if a member was in arrears one year he had little chance of making a double contribution the following year.

Various possible factors need to be taken into consideration in accounting for this lack of new members. Absolutely crucial was the Society's public image. The Angel Blue was now some fifty years old and would be beginning to acquire the reputation of an "ageing" society with all that that might imply for intending new members. Their contributions might be used to support the chronic infirm now but always before them they would have the spectre that when their own turn came to seek relief from the "box" the club into which they had paid their contributions over the years would no longer have the funds to succour them. There was no prospect of redress in such a case.

Such pragmatic financial considerations might not be all that determined a working man's loyalty to one Friendly Society rather than another. A working man might cast his eyes occasionally to the future but he was conscious above all of the present. In days of few or no holidays the annual Club Day of his Friendly Society



was an event to be anticipated with the greatest enthusiasm. Every Whit Monday, preceded by a band, the members of the Old Blue would march through the town to church in time for divine service, then return to the Angel Inn for a convivial dinner at three o'clock. A charge of two shillings was levied for the dinner and liquor and only members receiving relief from the Society were excused. Five shillings would be forfeited for non-attendance. Best clothes would be worn with the blue sashes and rosettes of the Good Fellowship - no doubt too the Old Blue had its own banner but of such matters there is no mention in the Minute Book.

Apart however from the Annual Day, an integral part of any Society's existence and appeal was "club night" - when members would pay their contributions in a convivial atmosphere. Much of the clergy and gentry's initial distrust of the Friendly Society movement sprang from the belief that club nights led working men into intemperate habits. There was an element of truth in this but it was certainly not the whole story. It was technically illegal for club money to be spent on entertaining but this could be circumvented fairly easily. A familiar way of effecting this was to pay an inflated room-rent to the landlord. In these early days the reputation of a local Friendly Society might lie as much in the success of its club nights as in its financial stability. A society was expected to have a strong social side. It may well be that here, as with its growing reputation as an "ageing" society, lay the seeds of the Old Blue's decline. The Good Fellowship may have been seen as somewhat lacking on the social side.

Although associations of working men approximating to later Friendly Societies are known in London and elsewhere from the early eighteenth century and even before (P.H.J.H. Gosden: *The Friendly Societies in England 1815-1875* page 3ff), the effective roots of the Friendly Society movement lay in the industrial counties of the north. It was essentially a working-class movement. Development was far slower in the agricultural south where the farm-workers had a very much more restricted tradition of independence. The Old Blue seems to have had from the very beginning some of the characteristics of the later type of "County" Society (Gosden page 52ff) "managed" or at least patronised by the gentry and clergy as a practical means of self-help for the working man who might otherwise have recourse to the Poor Law legislation. Even at its inception the Society had relied (in addition to the contributions of its members) on help from those more fortunate: "a voluntary subscription will be solicited from persons of affluence to assist the Widows' Fund in addition to the sums already given for

this purpose which amount to upwards of two hundred pounds". (West Sussex Record Office M.P. 1868 reproduced in Bulletin 42.) By 1822 there was a strong clerical and gentry influence in the government of the Society, William and Charles Mitford being honorary treasurers with the Rev. Thomas Sockett, while the President was James Luttmann Ellis, the solicitor. James Ellis and Thomas Sockett would be fixtures for a generation while the Rev. Dr. John Johnson would replace William Mitford. Later Edward Tooth Petar and John Upton would join Sockett as honorary treasurers. As the Society's finances became threatened there was a significant influx of honorary members paying a guinea a year but claiming no benefit. There were 14 in the critical year 1833 and a further 22 over the period to 1845. The Earl of Egremont made over £100 in 1837 and Col. Charles Wyndham £60 in 1839. Mrs. Charles Wyndham donated £40 in the same year. There were other smaller subventions from the same source. Vital as these contributions were, they may have been something of a double-edged sword. The clergy and gentry probably had a somewhat paternalistic attitude toward the Society and their influence would give the Old Blue a staid public image. Club nights - if the Old Blue had them - they are not provided for in the Rule Book - may well have lacked something of the robustness of other local club nights untrammelled and unchecked by the influence of gentry and clergy. Certainly the Old Blue's convivial nights, if such there were, might err if anything on the side of a certain temperance.

In the dozen or so years from 1833 to 1845 the Society had steered itself narrowly clear of financial disaster but it had also in those years lost momentum. Survival rather than development was now the order of the day, its greatest challenge, the spread of the federated societies of the industrial north into its own territory, was still to come and it would be ill-equipped to meet it. The Oddfellows and the Foresters were still perhaps just names at the turn of the 1840s. Two different aspects of the Minute Book show the Old Blue standing still. Firstly outgoing payments for sick benefit in 1845 as compared with 1835:-

	<u>1835</u>	<u>1845</u>
January	£16. 3. 0	£9. 5. 8
February	24.10. 0	11.15. 0
March	17. 0. 0	10.17. 2
April	22.13. 0	10.16. 1
May	16. 2. 0	9. 8. 6
June	22. 5. 6	9.11. 0
Carried Forward	£118.13. 6	£61.13. 5
	- 33 -	



	1835	1845
Brought Forward	£118.13. 6	£61.13. 5
July	8. 0. 6	7.13.11
August	10. 9.11	8. 3.11
September	12. 4. 3	8. 2. 6
October	9.12. 6	7. 2. 6
November	11.16. 1	7. 4. 2
December	7.15. 0	8.16. 0
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	£178.11. 9	£108.16. 5

While on a short-term view the drop in payments out might be a relief, on a longer view the drop must indicate stagnation.

Secondly there are signs of decay in the Society's committee system. According to the Rule Book "There shall be a committee of twelve members chosen at a general meeting, six of whom shall go out of office in rotation annually and in the places of those going out of office six others shall be chosen annually on Whit Monday" (Rule 4). This had been adhered to quite strictly until the late 1830s. After that however there are indications that good committee members were not easy to find. Of the 1839 committee two, William Stoper Wright the tinsmith and William Melville the Church Street tailor, would serve consistently through to 1845, while Edward Cooper would miss only 1844 and George Lucas only 1840 and 1845. George Lucas had joined the Good Fellowship in 1836 and Edward Cooper "servant" in the same year. William Melville who had joined in 1837 became a committee member in the same year and would continue a stalwart of the committee for several decades.

(To be continued)

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

Angel Inn, Tetworth, Dec. 7<sup>th</sup> 1835  
 At a regular monthly Meeting of the Committee of the Society of this class held on this day, the following persons sent certificates and claimed the Allowance from the Society in respect thereof—

Name	Place of Abode	Nature of Illness	Period of Illness	Rate of Allowance	Sum Allowed
W. Phillips	Centworth	Went on his Leg	8 <sup>th</sup> Nov. to 3 <sup>rd</sup> Dec.	28	10.-
W. Suck	Beltanagh		2 <sup>nd</sup> 9 <sup>th</sup> +	28	10.-
W. Swett	"	Rheumatic Gout	25 <sup>th</sup> Nov. to 6 <sup>th</sup> Dec.	7	5.-
W. Willmott	Chillington		8 <sup>th</sup> Nov. to 5 <sup>th</sup> Dec.	28	10.-
W. Sanger	Chillington	Rheuma & Debility	9 <sup>th</sup> 9 <sup>th</sup> +	28	10.-
W. Suck	"	Debility Rheumatic Gout	9 <sup>th</sup> 9 <sup>th</sup> +	28	10.-
W. Sympson	Centworth		9 <sup>th</sup> 9 <sup>th</sup> +	28	10.-
W. Deighton	Chillington	Rheumatic Gout	9 <sup>th</sup> 9 <sup>th</sup> +	28	10.-
W. Suck	Chillington	Rheumatism	9 <sup>th</sup> 9 <sup>th</sup> +	28	10.-
W. Suck	Chillington	Rheumatism & Debility	9 <sup>th</sup> 9 <sup>th</sup> +	28	10.-
W. Suck	Centworth		9 <sup>th</sup> 9 <sup>th</sup> +	28	10.-
W. Suck	"	Rheumatism Debility	9 <sup>th</sup> 9 <sup>th</sup> +	28	10.-
W. Suck	"	Rheumatic Rheumatism	9 <sup>th</sup> 9 <sup>th</sup> +	28	10.-
W. Suck	"	Gout	9 <sup>th</sup> 9 <sup>th</sup> +	28	10.-
W. Suck	Centworth		9 <sup>th</sup> 9 <sup>th</sup> +	28	10.-
					7.15.-

Wm. Holt  
 Wm. Collins  
 John H. Burgess  
 Charles Ed  
 Wm. Summerville  
 John Ellis  
 James Green  
 James Westcott  
 George Anderson  
 John Knight

Sick payments for November 8th to December 5th 1835 from the Angel Blue Minute Book.



Angel Inn 6<sup>th</sup> February, 1837

At a regular monthly Meeting of the Committee of the Society,  
held on this day, the following persons sent certificates of their Sickness  
and claimed the allowance from the Society, in respect thereof.

Mr. Ayres, Beccles	+ severe Laceration	Jan 28 <sup>th</sup> Feby 1 <sup>st</sup>	78	1	0	0
Mr. Ayres, Beccles	+ Influenza	5 <sup>th</sup> Feby 30	26	—	18	7
Mr. Bond, Beccles	+ Sore of the Chest	15 <sup>th</sup> Feby 4	21	—	15	—
Mr. Bond, Beccles	+ Lacerated Leg	8 <sup>th</sup> Feby 4	78	—	10	—
Mr. Bond, Beccles	+ Influenza	3 <sup>rd</sup> Feby 4	33	1	3	6 $\frac{1}{2}$
Mr. Bond, Beccles	+ Stomach	8 <sup>th</sup> Feby 4	78	1	—	—
Mr. Bond, Beccles	+ Rheumatism	8 <sup>th</sup> Feby 4	78	—	10	—
Mr. Bond, Beccles	+ Cold & Fever	6 <sup>th</sup> Feby 27	12	—	8	6 $\frac{1}{2}$
Mr. Bond, Beccles		23 <sup>rd</sup> Feby 4	13	—	9	3
Mr. Bond, Beccles	+ Acute Influenza	8 <sup>th</sup> Feby 27	29	—	14	3
Mr. Bond, Beccles	+ Common Influenza	8 <sup>th</sup> Feby 4	28	—	10	—
Mr. Bond, Beccles	+ Cold & Debility	8 <sup>th</sup> Feby 4	28	—	10	—
Mr. Bond, Beccles	+ Cold & Fever	6 <sup>th</sup> Feby 4	30	1	1	5
Mr. Bond, Beccles	Mumps	8 <sup>th</sup> Feby 4	28	—	10	—
Mr. Bond, Beccles	+ Cold	8 <sup>th</sup> Feby 4	28	—	10	—
Mr. Phillips, Beccles	+ Ulcer in his leg	8 <sup>th</sup> Feby 4	28	—	10	—
Mr. Phillips, Beccles	+ Sore in the Chest	15 <sup>th</sup> Feby 23	9	—	6	5
Mr. Phillips, Beccles		8 <sup>th</sup> Feby 4	78	—	1	—
Mr. Sims, Beccles		9 <sup>th</sup> Feby 4	27	—	19	3
Mr. Sims, Beccles	+ Cold & Influenza	16 <sup>th</sup> Feby 4	20	—	14	3
Mr. Sims, Beccles	Rheumatism	8 <sup>th</sup> Feby 4	38	—	10	0
Mr. Simmonds, Beccles		8 <sup>th</sup> Feby 4	28	—	1	—
Mr. Simmonds, Beccles		1 <sup>st</sup> Feby 4	35	1	5	—
Mr. Taylor, Beccles		8 <sup>th</sup> Feby 4	28	—	10	—
Mr. Taylor, Beccles		8 <sup>th</sup> Feby 4	28	—	10	—
Mr. Taylor, Beccles		8 <sup>th</sup> Feby 4	28	—	10	—
Mr. Taylor, Beccles		8 <sup>th</sup> Feby 4	28	—	10	—
					10. 15. 6	

George Jackson  
William Collins  
Jas Greenfield  
Jas Ellis  
Edward Cooper  
Jas Phillips Clerk

Sick payments for January 8th to February 4th 1837 from the Angel Blue Minute Book.

(reduced size)



Mrs Exall 23

