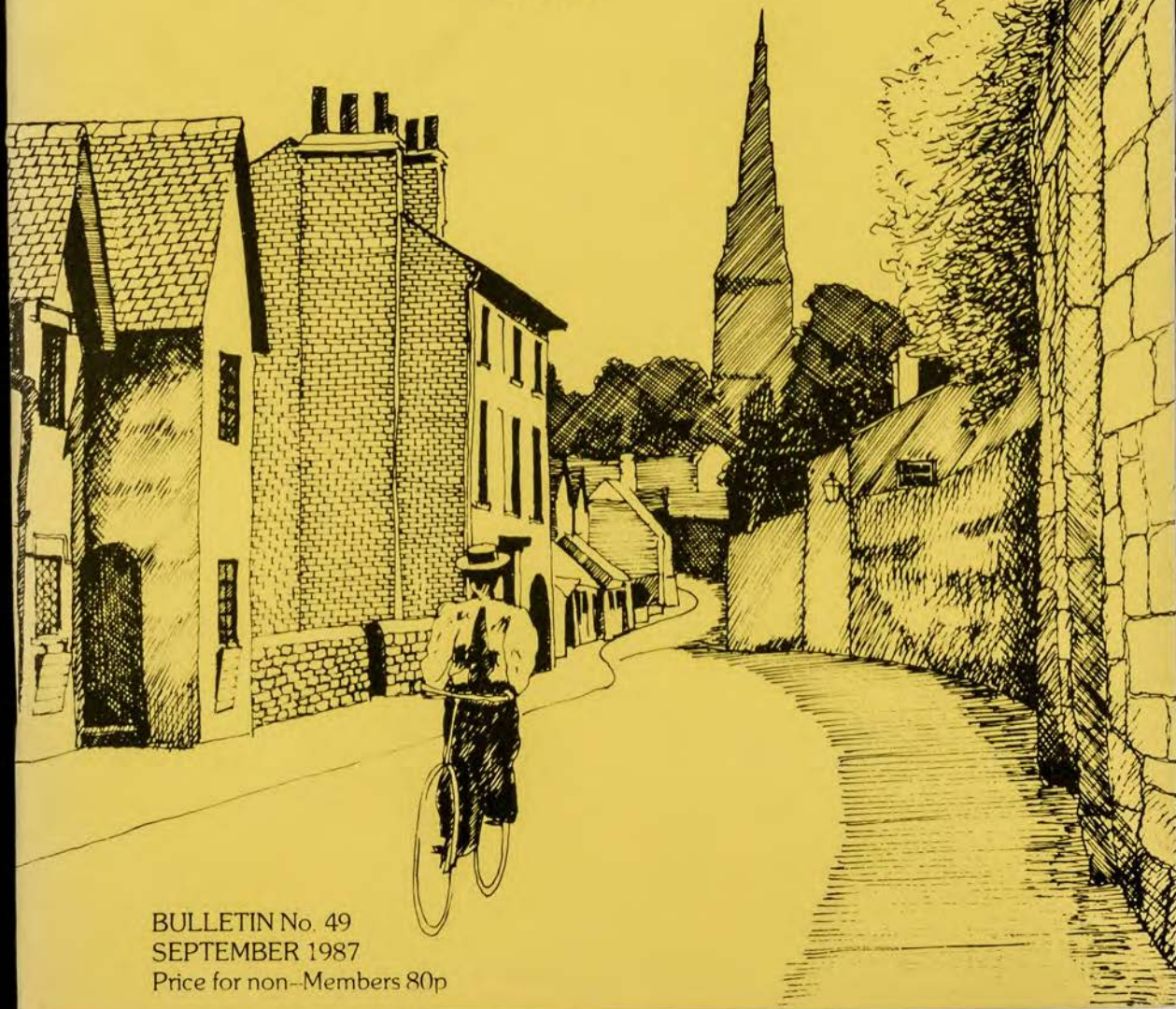


# The Petworth Society

Welcome back! Toronto Scottish  
visit to Petworth Friday 4th  
September

"Roll 'em up me lucky lads!"  
Petworth Fair Friday 20th  
November



BULLETIN No. 49  
SEPTEMBER 1987  
Price for non-Members 80p

CONTENTS

	<u>Page</u>
Constitution and Officers	2
Chairman's Notes	3
A Curious Craft	7
Again the Prairie Plumber	7
Petworth Fair : Home Thoughts from Australia	8
Petworth Edwardians - Fair Day 1987	10
Old Petworth Post Office	11
The Rickman's Art (1) Preparation	11
"My Soul Shall Pray for Zion Still..."	
The Ebenezer Centenary Service. 16th May 1987	13
A Knitting Factory on River Common	18
A Shepherd's Daughter (10) Sutton in the 1920's	21
Over the Downs to Findon.	
The Story behind a Garland Photograph	25
The End of the Search for The White Hart	28
Inside Old Petworth Gaol	
A first hand account (1)	33
The man who changed his mind and other experiences (2)	38
Working for Lady Maxse	39
New Members	40

\* \* \* \*

Cover design by Jonathan Newdick drawn from a photograph by Walter Kevis. It shows North Street and Thompson's Hospital about 1900.

\* \* \* \*

This Bulletin was printed by:-  
MIDHURST AND PETWORTH PRINTERS

11 Rothermead,  
PETWORTH. Tel. 42456

Duck Lane,  
MIDHURST. Tel. 6321

\* \* \* \*

Published by:- The Petworth Society

\* \* \* \*

## PETWORTH SOCIETY

Autumn programme: please keep for reference.

### THREE IMPORTANT EVENTS

FRIDAY September 4th

#### RETURN TO PETWORTH OF THE TORONTO SCOTTISH REGIMENT.

There will be a service at Petworth Primary School to dedicate the flag presented by the Toronto Scottish on their last visit in April 1985 and the planting of a Canadian maple tree to commemorate their visit this year. The service will be at about eleven o'clock and you are welcome to attend at the school. You will also be most welcome at the Leconfield Hall afterwards when we shall give the veterans lunch. After lunch the Toronto Scottish are anxious to meet old friends and explore the town.

(See press for details)

SATURDAY September 19th : 7.30 p.m. in the Leconfield Hall.

#### THE PETWORTH SOCIETY CONCERT IN AID OF THE TOWN BAND UNIFORM FUND.

With David and Fiona Owen Norris, Paula Thorp, members of the Town Band and friends.

Entrance £1-50. Refreshments free. No advance ticket sales. Advisable to come early. Raffle.

FRIDAY November 20th

#### "ROLL'EM UP ME LUCKY LADS!" PETWORTH FAIR 1987

Building on the success of last year we have a number of improvements to make November 20th a real Petworth day - from 2.00 in the afternoon. See publicity.

MONTHLY MEETINGS: Leconfield Hall. Admission 70p. Refreshments, raffle.

THURSDAY 22nd October

PETER HAMMOND  
of the Fairground Society  
of Great Britain:

"England's Fair Heritage"

SLIDES.

WEDNESDAY 16th December

DON ATTLE with his  
Victorian lantern slide  
show. Original costumes  
and material.

Seasonal refreshment.

The Petworth Society  
Christmas Evening.

COME EARLY.

WALKS

SUNDAY 4th October

Audrey's very relaxed  
indeed Bury riverside  
Walk.

Cars leave Petworth  
Square at 2.15

SUNDAY 13th December

The Petworth Society  
Christmas Walk.

Details to be  
revealed.

Leave Square at 2.15

There is one walk less than usual this quarter because the programme is so full otherwise.

LOCAL HISTORY

READING OF PETWORTH DOCUMENTS will restart on Wednesday October 14th and then on the second Wednesday in the month. 7.30 at Trowels - no previous experience needed.

Please note also: HISTORY OF PETWORTH Adult Education Course. Herbert Shiner School. Monday evenings from 7.30 to 9.30. Enrolment evening Wednesday September 9th see current Adult Education brochure. Course begins 21st September.

NEW FROM THE WINDOW PRESS:

"A SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER" by Evelyn Pentecost      Hardback £7.95

Reprinted: "TALES OF OLD PETWORTH"      Hardback £6.95

both books due in mid-October.

TWO TOMBOLAS.

The Society will have tombolas at the Leconfield Hall mini-market on Saturday 12th September and of course at Petworth Fair. If you like this Bulletin please let us have something for the tombola. It's a practical way of keeping up Bulletin quality and also holding the subscription at present levels. It doesn't help us at all if you mean to give something and don't get round to it. The essence is to see that we get it - anyone, committee member or Bulletin distributor will be pleased to collect. Or simply drop it in to me, Audrey, Anne or David.

Peter

15th August 1987.

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 - Mrs. I. Pritchard, The Manse, High Street,  
Petworth.

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. Janet Ford, Mrs. Audrey Grimwood,  
Mrs. Betty Hodson, Mr. John Patten,  
Mr. R. Pottington, Mrs. Anne Simmons,  
Mr. D.S. Sneller, Mr. J. Taylor,  
Mr. E. Vincent.

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

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

#### CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

*This Bulletin should come out a few days early to give advance notice of the return visit of the Toronto Scottish on September 4th. Some 130 veterans are coming to Petworth this time and there will be a service at the Primary School to dedicate the Canadian flag presented to the School on their last visit. We hope too to plant a maple tree in the school grounds to commemorate the present visit. After the ceremony at the Primary School the Canadians will be based at the Leconfield Hall and are most anxious to meet old friends again. Everyone is welcome at the hall during the early afternoon.*

*Looking toward autumn, the monthly meetings restart with Peter Hammond from the Fairground Association of Great Britain. He will give an illustrated talk on the country's Fair heritage, an appropriate lead-up to Petworth Fair itself in November. Don Attle from Angmering will be our Christmas guest, with a full-scale Victorian lantern-slide show, in contemporary costume. We would hope too, prior to the October meeting, to offer you a musical evening, the proceeds from which will go toward the Town Band Uniform appeal. Details on the Activities Sheet. The Society will have tombola stalls at the Leconfield Hall Mini-Market in September and at the Petworth Fair itself. Two successful tombolas could well hold down the subscription for another year so please help us - suitable items to me, Anne, Audrey or any committee members.*

*Petworth Fair dominates the autumn activities, being, like the Canadian visit, something that everyone in Petworth can feel a part of. This year there will be a slight expansion to take in the rest of Market Square. I now have the appropriate closure order. Space is under severe pressure and there will be more stalls than last year; most Petworth organisations will be represented in the Leconfield Hall back-up and the Red Cross rooms will also be in use. This year too there will be more for smaller children during the afternoon. The United Reformed Church Hall will be in use this year. Although this will be only the second year that the Society*

has backed the Fair, the latter has already become a very large event indeed and it is not easy to fit everyone in. Petworth Fair Day may be the most "Petworth-ish" day in the year, but is also widely seen as a test case for the revival of the old town fairs through the support of the whole community. Petworth Fair is no longer a purely local matter.

Looking back, the May visit to Barnsfold Nurseries was extremely well-attended and much appreciated. Our thanks to our hosts for making sure we had such an enjoyable afternoon. Brian and Joan's Stanmer Walk was quite an event: a coach trip and a walk over completely new territory for the Society. Everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves and we managed to get round just before the rain came. Once again our hosts had been to considerable trouble; even to the point of giving us a printed introduction to Stanmer that Brian had prepared himself. Eileen's Ebernoe Walk, despite the horrendous weather forecast, went off in magnificent weather. Although nearer home it was again largely new territory for most of us. Eileen too had prepared carefully and there seems plenty of scope for another walk in the same area next year. Marguerite and Joan's Fittleworth Gardens Walk was a new event this year. There were more gardens to see than we could manage but what we saw were magnificent. The Fittleworth Gardens Walk will hopefully become like its Petworth counterpart an annual Society event. Anne's Petworth Garden Walk was its usual huge success, quite compact this time and taking in a number of fascinating and unfamiliar small gardens each lovingly tended and each part of Petworth's astonishing and often unsuspected garden heritage. The Manor of Dean visit and Riley's Northchapel Walk are to come as I write.

Peter.

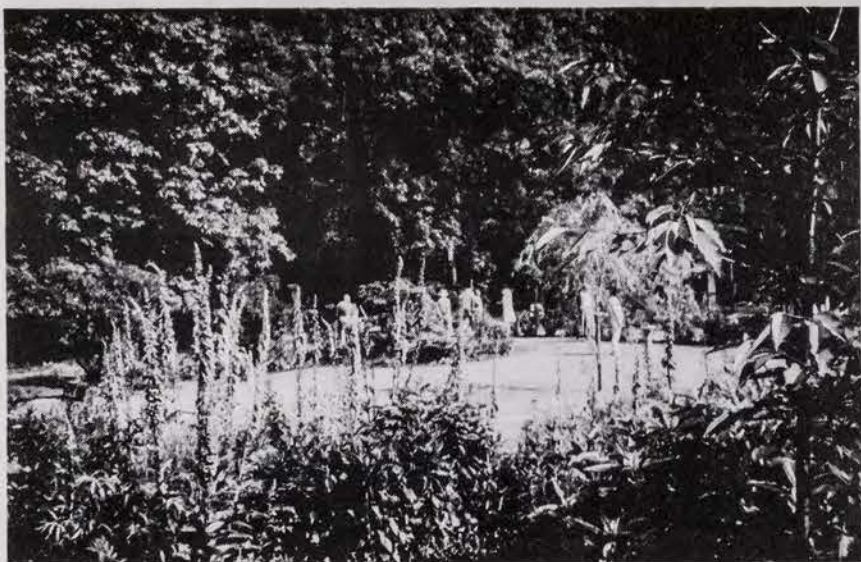
20th July 1987.



With the Petworth Society at Barnsfold Nurseries. May 1987.



With the Petworth Society at Stanmer Park. May 1987.



Fittleworth Gardens Walk. June 21st.



Petworth Gardens Walk. July 12th.

#### A CURIOUS CRAFT



Does anyone remember this curious boat, pictured here at Shopham Bridge with members of the Dallyn family and friends before the war? It appears to have been originally part of an aeroplane and was certainly professionally made and finished. It was also as you can see quite substantial. At one time it had belonged to the Green family at Byworth but the Dallyns finding it unattended had claimed it as salvage!

P.D.

#### AGAIN THE PRAIRIE PLUMBER (Bulletin No. 39)

What a flood of memories returned as I read of the Prairie Plumber. My experience was very similar. Was he pulling our legs? We were sitting round at lunchtime talking of our experiences on the South Coast constructing runways and airfields. Someone mentioned that wonderful fighting plane the Mosquito.

The Prairie Plumber sat quietly for a while before joining the conversation with the remark, "You chaps don't know what mossies are like over here. They are big in Canada. I had been up north trapping for some time and was on my way southwards again. It was getting warmer and when I arrived at Horse Neck Creek I decided to

take a swim; something I hadn't been able to do for a long time. As I was enjoying my swim I suddenly heard a humming sound and saw three dots in the sky heading straight towards me! I rushed to the bank and had no time to do anything except dive under an old bath left abandoned by the water. The mossies dived at me and struck the bath so hard that their beaks went straight through, bending them over. I grabbed a piece of pipe lying there and started to clout them over the head. To my amazement they flew away with the bath!"

I think he was pulling our legs this time but I have to say that the mosquitoes in Canada really do bite and so does the Black Fly.

G.B.

#### PETWORTH FAIR : HOME THOUGHTS FROM AUSTRALIA

1) When we lived in Angel Street we used to go down to the Fair. I was quite small and there were two things which weren't actually to do with the Fair but were nonetheless always a part of it. When I got to Gordon Knights the grocers, now Quest, on the corner of East Street I would come upon the first bit of magic. In the window was a mechanical figure, a girl putting her hand into a seedbin to throw seed to her chicken. The chicken moved in time with the girl. I would stand there watching this for ages. It was an advertisement for a seed firm. Another infallible sign of Fair Day was Eagers' window in Market Square. For November 20th they'd have their window right out and fill it with their Christmas display of toys. I'd spend ages in front of this window too, working out what I wanted Father Christmas to bring me. One year I was lucky; I actually got the doll right in the front that I'd set my heart on.

We'd save our pennies for the roundabouts but I was never very brave and in the early days even the kiddies' roundabout was an adventure. There were baby roundabouts and of course much bigger ones. Even out here in Australia certain smells still bring back memories of Petworth Fair. Coconut always reminds me of the Fair: dad would always win one and we'd be eating odd bits of coconut for weeks. I remember a Fair Day in my teens: I'd just been to Mr. Clegg's to have a tooth out and I was trying to eat a toffee apple

(on the other side of course). The Noah's Ark was going round, and, as it went round, I heard Bill Haley and the Comets singing, "Rock Around the Clock". Whenever I hear that tune now it takes me straight back to the Fair. The great thing about it was that you met people you never saw otherwise. I suppose they did exist apart from Fair Day but meeting them again was part of its magic.

2) I liked the story in last year's Petworth Fair Bulletin about the twicer with the skittle and the ball on a string. If you could knock the skittle down you won a watch. No one ever won because as you went to direct the ball he'd lean on the counter and throw the whole thing out of kilter. Two mates and I went round behind him and tipped the counter up then made off before he could get hold of us.

In the bakery we had a thing called a beetle-killer. It was a round globe about the size of a tennis ball which would be filled with powder. It had a long cane attached to it through which you puffed the powder by squeezing the globe. In this way you could direct the powder into corners where the insects hid. At that time it was the custom at the Fair for young men to squirt the girls with water and we were in the bakery talking about the forthcoming November 20th. My friend said, "I wish I could afford to buy some squirters". "No need", I said, "I've just the thing here, take the powder out of the beetle-killer, fill the globe up with water, screw the cane back on and there you are. The only thing is to make sure it gets back to the bakery". Well, we emptied the globe, washed it out, then put it into the oven to dry, the ovens were still warm after the day's baking.

Pleased as punch my friend set off for the Fair armed with the beetle-killer suitably filled with water. On the way down he stopped at the corner by Mr. Steggles the chemists' and spied Jim Tickner a portly gentleman and an ex-policeman. A trial run was obviously the order of the day so he tried a tentative squirt. The water shot out of the beetle-killer like a fountain and soaked Jim who set off in furious pursuit. So much for cut-price squirters!

At the corner of the Town Hall opposite Otways (now Gateway) a cheapjack used to have his position at Petworth Fair. He'd sell pencils, pens, rubbers, scarves, all sorts of things like that. At



night the stall was lit by an old spring-operated paraffin lamp with the paraffin at the top. It wasn't unknown for boys from the town to interfere with the light and use the ensuing confusion to make off with the odd item!

3) When I worked for one of the Petworth doctors before I married I'd take the children to the Fair, that was part of my job. Once the doctor diagnosed that I had laryngitis and I was told not to go out. It was November 20th however and I had no intention of missing out. When the doctor saw me during the evening, he said, "You've no business to be out at all, let alone at the Fair". However you felt, after you'd looked forward to the Fair all through the autumn you'd go if you possibly could. It was a chance to see people you hadn't seen for a year - since the last Fair in fact.

I particularly remember the stall which made rock. The man would make it on the spot, flinging the strands over a hook. I always wondered what gave the rock its distinctive brown inside until someone pointed out that the man who made the rock was always chewing tobacco and then spitting it out all over his hands!

(Recollections by different members of the Herrington family in Australia written down from a tape sent to Audrey Grimwood.)

#### PETWORTH EDWARDIANS - FAIR DAY 1987

If anyone would like to join the Petworth Edwardians on the stage on Fair Day they will be most welcome.

Just three provisos -

1. To be able to sing in tune!
2. To be willing to dress in old fashioned 'Fair' type costume. (help given!).
3. To be able to attend two or three rehearsals beforehand.

There will be a different 'flavour' to the songs this year, more the community type e.g. 'Clementine', 'Tavern in the Town' etc. etc. Please contact Rosemary Thompson (Petworth 42585) or any of the Petworth Edwardians if you are interested.

#### OLD PETWORTH POST OFFICE

I remember the old Post Office quite well, Mr. Burgess was the Postmaster, and his son Norman was a great friend of mine, we both invested in a pair of roller skates, and shared them. I had a good many falls skating along the front of Egremont Row and old Mr. Holden, one of the Postmen, said, "I can see now how the dents in the bricks have come about". Postage was then 1d. for a letter stamp and ½d. for a postcard and three deliveries daily. After the new Post Office was built in East Street an uncle of mine, who was a Captain for the East India Shipping line and a great favourite, came to stay and after meeting me from school we went into the Post Office and he asked for a dozen 1d. stamps. When the assistant was about to tear them out for him he said, "Oh no, I'll have that one and that one" pointing to various ones. The assistant looked so surprised, I burst out laughing and then she did too. He was always such fun and used to send lots of things from various parts of the world to us girls and had such tales to tell.

MRS. E. PLACE

#### THE RICKMAN'S ART (1) PREPARATION

We moved to Sickleham when I was five, my father doing contract work on local farms, hoeing, haymaking, thatching according to the season. The two cottages that were Sickleham belonged to the Manor of Dean but were at that time rented from the Dean Estate by Mr. Bennett of South Farm. They were a kind of enclave on Messrs. Barhams' Little Common Farm. The arrangement was that Mr. Bennett had prior claim on my father's services. By this time my father had evolved a fairly regular seasonal round, travelling round the farms by bicycle. There were few cars about in this area in the early 1940s and even a passing motor-cycle would briefly bring work in the fields to a halt - it was an event.

When I was quite a small child, six or seven perhaps, I would help on the farm at harvest, shocking or stooking wheat and barley. "Shocking" was the word we used. In those days before the combine harvester the harvest had to be cut early and "shocked" to allow it to dry. If it got too forward before it went through the binder you'd lose the grain. The sheaves, six to a shock, were stood in a

particular way: two upright in the centre and the other four leaning against them at either end. The sheaves were string-tied two thirds of the way up so that the bottom part splayed out; this made them easy to stand up. There was sufficient room in the middle of the shock for us children to use them at harvest time as improvised tents; you could get into the shade of the shocks when you were rook-scaring, running out with a red flag when the birds appeared, then retreating to the shade of the shocks till they came back. This was a summer holiday job. The shocks would stand in the field for three weeks before ricking.

There were two sizes of rick and each size could be made round or square. We worked mainly with round ricks believing that the shape made the wind come off them better. Most farms had their own rickman even at this time; he was an expert technician, although of course he would be proficient at many other crafts during the farming year. To begin, the rickman would mark out the rick area by putting his sheaves down round the perimeter of the rick. Sheaves were round of course but the bottom by virtue of the way it came into the cutter was angled across. The sheaves were laid long butt to short butt and the rick built up from the base, the sheaves being built slightly out so that the rick ended a meter or so wider at the top than the bottom. The rickman's responsibility was to build the rick and he would do the outside, the filler, his assistant, working two sheaves behind him. They would both be helped by a feeder taking sheaves off the loader and pitching them to the filler. As the rick built up and the "stem" was built the stage arrived when they started "pulling in" ie putting a top on the rick. It had to be left at least a week open to the elements to let the heat out, and it would be thatched properly at end of the harvest when time was less pressing.

Thatching ricks seemed to me an older man's job, something the younger men didn't do: it was always someone's father who was the rickman. My job, even as a small boy, was "bond boy". The only tool I had for this was a piece of hazel cut into the shape of an upright capital Y. It was pointed at the bottom and pushed into the ground. The fork stood about a foot from the ground and the arms were some two foot six inches in length, the span across the top being some two foot. This tool was called a haulm. A haulm would take some five rough bunches of loose straw, the first being

pushed hard down into the fork and the others placed on top of it. The bond boy's job was basically to prepare the loose straw for the thatcher, pulling it as straight as he could, taking out bent pieces and odds and ends. Weeds didn't matter too much as long as they were reasonably straight. Everything would be pulled into line and the end butted. If the straw was rather dry, the bond boy would put his hand into the water barrell and flick a little water over the straw. If the straw were left too dry it would tend to break. It would come out of the thresher quite straight and wasn't crushed as it would be in a modern combine. When full the haulm was always reckoned to be a yard of straw and this was an agreed measure. A bond-boy might make up some thirty or more haulms in the course of a day. It was piece work, working perhaps from 6.30 in the morning till 8 o'clock at night. You would be paid 8/6d. for thatching a standard rick. Most people kept to the same tasks but I recall two men who worked together as a team, going about on push-bikes and alternating the work, pulling the straw one day and thatching the next. I don't recall this as the usual practice.

(to be continued)

Ken Wells was talking to Audrey Grimwood and the Editor.

**"MY SOUL SHALL PRAY FOR ZION STILL..."**  
**The Ebenezer Centenary Service. 16th May 1987**

It was a sunny Saturday afternoon but there was still a sufficient May breeze to remind the unwary that summer was not yet here. The Market Square was quiet with just the occasional knot of visitors, looking perhaps as much as actually shopping. I walked up past the National Westminster Bank round the corner where Baxter's Smithy had once stood and into Park Road. Here there was a kind of solitude, at most the occasional pedestrian taking an adventurous route to the House, pressed hard up against the stable wall for fear of the traffic. Isaac Eatherton's chapel looked on the face of it as quiet and as unpretentious as ever, tucked away out of the awareness of the many. I opened the outer door, then once in the tiny anteroom, fumbled at the catch that would open the inner door. Mary was sitting smiling at the back with the small square hymn-books "Gadsby's Hymns" and a Bible for anyone who wanted one. Most seemed to have their own. The congregation were already seated: the men in dark suits, the women in bright Sunday dresses and wide-brimmed hats. Smart but, like the chapel itself, completely devoid of pretension. The chapel was full but not packed. The service had just begun and the congregation were

singing the opening hymn. When I had been before the hymn had been unaccompanied but today was a special day and the organ guided the worshippers. The distinctive cadences of the singing remained however the same.

"My soul shall pray for Zion still,  
while life or breath remains,"

so Isaac Watts had written and, whether intentioned or not, the idea of Zion the citadel and of the Holy City itself, seemed to permeate and underpin the service. There was to be little emphasis on the centenary. It was implied rather than stated. Centenaries after all reflect not so much the efforts of men but the long-suffering Providence of God. Petworth had never been a vigorous growth and even now as it looked to the future leaned heavily on the Divine Providence.

The Saturday afternoon sun streamed into the little chapel and filled it. The Minister, Mr. Wood from Croydon, spoke from a dais raised high above the congregation, while the deacon sat below him, raised only slightly above the congregation. There was no adornment, no obvious reminder of the centenary. Just a plain printed notice in the anteroom. The reading was from the Psalter, and the Minister read as if for the congregation to meditate on the text. The reading was not a single psalm but a quartet: first the familiar "The Lord is my Shepherd," then the less familiar 46, 47 and 48, psalms of Zion, the hymns and prayers of a people hemmed in on their little mountain fastness by a hostile and uncaring world. "We will not fear though the earth be moved... for lo the kings of the earth are gathered and gone by together... walk about Zion and go about her, mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces... for this God is our God for ever and ever, he shall be our guide unto death." The Minister read the psalms pausing slightly with each word as if to emphasise that here was the word of God. The congregation listened intently but without joining in the reading.

The prayers came next, perhaps the distinctive feature of this stern and resolute faith. When I had been before each of the trustees present had offered up their own extempore prayer, each in his different way speaking with an immediacy not found in denominations where set prayers were usual. Through each prayer could be felt a throbbing, aching sense of the fragility of the Petworth cause, so fragile over the years, so fragile now, would the Lord raise up someone to succour the cause? In different ways each petition had echoed the same insistent question.



"He'd sell pencils, pens, rubbers, scarves, ....."  
This photograph was taken by George Garland at Pulborough Market in 1936.



Petworth Post Office prior to restoration in 1885.  
The shop is now Messrs. Pelletts in Market Square.  
Photograph by Walter Kevis.

This time the prayer was long, the insistence muted but present all the time. The centenary was mentioned but not stressed. "We thank thee for thy great goodness in maintaining thy truth in this house of prayer these one hundred years. Thy people here are diminished in number but we thank thee that the doors remain open... that the Gospel is preached, that thy servants continue to minister... We look up unto thee for a gracious reviving, that thou wilt build up the walls of Jerusalem... that thou wilt yet return in thy power among the churches."

A hymn followed, perhaps the most familiar of the three sung during the afternoon. "Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion city of Our God." In announcing the hymn, the deacon read out the whole first verse, not simply the number and the first line. Here again was the ever-present theme of Zion the holy city, never far beneath the service throughout the afternoon. I thought of another of Newton's hymns "Amazing Grace", like the present one spanning very different Christian denominations in its use. "T'was grace that made my heart to fear..." Newton had come to grace from the excesses of a sea-faring life. Denominational differences notwithstanding, neither he nor Isaac Watts I suspected would have felt ill-at-ease with the afternoon's service although they would have been bewildered by the occasional juggernaut swinging at speed round the Park Road bend, shaking the building and briefly drowning the sound of worship.

The sermon took up the last verse of the reading from the Psalter, "For this God is our God for ever and ever, he will be our Guide even unto death." The sermon was intensely biblical, alluding to the text, going out from it and returning, but always underpinned by it and having an underlying and unpretentious directness that recalled the extempore prayers. If what we see looking into ourselves is dark how much more so must it appear to God who sees all and looks without the self-deception that obscures our view? Little point then in being "hypocrites in Zion." God is our Guide not only through life but through death and beyond. Our perplexity in the face of tribulation owes much to our inability to see properly the way ahead. God performs what he ordains and his right hand holds us fast. As he cares for the sparrow the minister had seen sipping from an overflow pipe on a day when all else was frozen hard, how much more will he care for us? Jacob in time of

danger had pleaded in prayer and been answered, so too had Daniel. These are not figures from a remote past but types of what happens here and now in everyone's lives. Mr. Wood explained that this text from the psalms was particularly dear to him as being the first he could remember being preached from. He was then a child of five or six. How many of those who had first heard it had since passed to glory! It remained however that same Word and that same God, then, now and in the future.

The last hymn was appropriately enough written by Lady Huntingdon, so often the benefactress of Independents and others in troublous times. The familiar tune sung often with the hymn, "What a friend we have in Jesus," made the singing easy although I had not heard the words before. These too were particularly apposite, the second verse beginning:

Here I raise my Ebenezer,  
Hither by thy help I'm come;  
And I hope, by thy good pleasure  
Safely to arrive at home.

The congregation would be well aware of the meaning of Eben-Ezer, the stone of help set up by Sameul to mark a famous deliverance and the help of the Lord "hitherto". As they sang the congregation posed insistent questions. Once in the chapel out of the way of the world, they had an intense reality that was in their own keeping. Here was a world of spiritual certainties and yet uncertainty. Would the chapel, despite those who prayed so earnestly for Zion's good, survive for another century? There would be tea afterward in the kitchen before the evening service. This had been the stables in those far-off days when the farmers rode in from out of town. I thought of the extensions to the pews put in so that the congregation could have refreshment in the break between services. These would not be used today; they were part of the distinctive faith of the Ebenezer and part now, I suspected, of its history. I stepped out of the sunlit chapel into Park Road, looking back at the plain centenary notice in the anteroom. The outside world seemed innocent of the centenary and the chapel looked as it always did, solitary and a little forbidding. Shy and diffident perhaps and never pushing. I was glad to have been present at the service and glad too that Audrey would be going to its evening counterpart. For an afternoon I had been part of Petworth's unfolding history and I had been privileged.

P.



"Roll 'em up me lucky lads!" Andrew Smith at Petworth Fair in 1929.  
Photograph by George Garland.

### A KNITTING FACTORY ON RIVER COMMON

My father worked for a builder and we lived in a little cottage just off the "Square" at Upperton. Sometimes my father worked locally, sometimes he worked away. Most Upperton residents at this time were farm-workers and their families, and as far as I knew this had always been so. When I left Tillington school at 14 soon after hostilities had ceased in the Great War I had to find something to do. Opportunities for employment were limited, particularly for girls. It was usual to go into service and in fact I nearly went to Horsham to go into service with my aunt. It might have been possible perhaps to go into Petworth to work in a shop but, other than this, there was nothing - or so it appeared. There was however on River Common the family firm of Walkers' Home Knitwear, hitherto operating only as a family unit but at this time looking to make a small expansion in their staff. Three of us, Dolly Payne, May Wilson and myself decided this was worth a try, we'd left school within months of each other and knew one another quite well.

The Walker family had a market garden on River Common growing and cutting flowers and vegetables and sending away hard and soft fruits. It took us about half-an-hour to get there, walking through the fields down by Pitshill House and then over the Common. It was a very muddy, dirty old journey in winter and we started work at eight o'clock in the morning. We found that while we might be delegated to pick and bunch daffodils if that was essential or do some other job with the fruit, our main job was with the knitwear. The knitwear operation had started with Mr. Walker's two daughters and an aunt working in a small cottage on the market garden but, as it had progressed, a wooden hut had been built to house the machines, insulated with sawdust between the planks. The hut was a single workroom with a small cloakroom. It had a stove in the centre of the room. The stove answered two purposes: it kept the staff reasonably warm in the winter and it had a ridged shelf halfway round it for the flat irons to stand on.

We three new girls started together and it took us a little while to get into the work. The daughters would show us how to knit little pieces to get the hang of the machines. We didn't work from patterns. Other girls came later. You had to have a certain

aptitude for the work but most girls picked it up reasonably quickly. The wool came in big paper parcels from Harrisons of Manchester. In the old days there had been a special woolroom in the cottage, the upstairs portion of the tiny premises, but in the new workroom the wool shelves were all up at one end. One of Mr. Walker's daughters would get the wool and pass it on to the winder. It was the winder's job to transfer the skeins to a wheeled wool-holder. It was wound on to the spools by an old-fashioned machine like a spinning-wheel. It didn't take long. It was however a vital job - the wool had to be wound just right or it wouldn't run properly. The spool was a long piece of wood shaped something like a candlestick on a base. It stood upright some nine inches high. The wool had to be wound even and tight on the spools and we would keep it waxed with paraffin wax so that it ran well. Once wound onto the spool the wool would be passed to the knitter to fit on her machine. She would then be responsible for knitting the whole garment but she would of course only do particular pieces at a time. For instance, if you were doing a jersey you would start with the back. Why the back? Well if the back wasn't right you could do it again without too much trouble - it was a fairly straightforward part of the job. If the back was right you'd then do the front to match up with it and follow with the sleeves and the border on the neck if needed. Pockets would be knitted separately and sown on - again if needed. We were using two-ply wool, a very fine type of wool by today's standards. Once knitted, the separate pieces would go to the presser to have the stitches held in place using a flat iron with a damp cloth. This would at least stop the stitches from running. The garment would end up with the finisher (sometimes the presser, sometimes a different worker) who used a needle to join up the shoulders and catch all the remaining stitches before the garment went to the finishing machine to be seamed up prior to the final pressing. A jumper might take about an hour to knit and another hour to complete. I might perhaps knit up five or six in the course of the day. All work done was written down in a book. As time went on there were several more local girls, one would work the wool, three would operate the flat machines for knitting and two would do the pressing and stitching. There was a small machine used to make collars and borders for cardigans.

What range of garments did we make? Jumpers and jerseys of course,

skirts, costumes, stockings and socks for both adults and children, and of course the "long-johns" men still wore in those days, reaching down as far as the ankles. We made little "pull-on" woollen hats for schools and striped hat-bands in school colours. Much of our work was for private schools in the Brighton area and there was a shop, Turners in Preston Street, which acted as a kind of agency for Walkers and also put out work to them when their own work-force was overstretched. Colours were rather more sombre than today's, although garments could be quite bright if so ordered. Grey in its various shades was particularly favoured and ranged from clerical grey to some very light shades.

The Walker family, Mr. Walker, his two daughters and his brother, with his own two sons and two daughters were zealous chapel-goers and they sometimes took us to social evenings at a chapel in Storrington. They never tried to pressurise us to go, it was just an evening out. They also held religious meetings of an evangelical kind, for instance in Petworth Square - or even in Upperton "Square" as we called it. I've heard it said that they used an accordion or "squeezebox" as such evangelists usually did but I don't actually remember that.

By about 1920 Walkers were delivering using motor-vehicles: originally perhaps in the old open tourer Fords with hoods, but of late years they had vans with "Walker Home Knitting" painted on the sides and the picture of a lamb. The two nephews drove the vans and a man from Storrington, who had returned from the war. One of the women would go out with each driver. They would select a particular area for a particular day, Haslemere and Hindhead say, and call at the big houses. The women would have cases with samples of our work to show. They would take orders and bring them back the next time they were in the area. It would be a fairly regular round. It was very much a "big house" business, a high-class trade. Walkers Home Knitting was not something the ordinary person could afford. The sales lady would show the client specimen garments, the lady of the house would say she wanted a jumper like that, the sales lady would take down the details of colour, size and style in her book for later delivery. Walkers did not operate on spec. We made specific garments for particular orders. The sales lady would come back and tell us precisely what she wanted for her orders. Probably the coming of the motor car



Jimmy Puttick working as "bond-boy" at Crawford Farm in the 1930's.  
The "haul" is now filled with straw. Photograph by George Garland



The bond-boy takes a haulm to the rick-top. A scene near Midhurst in 1939.  
Photograph by George Garland



"George Chant was a shepherd of the old school...."  
A photograph taken by George Garland in 1934.





"It simply became dangerous for everyone, the drovers and the drivers."

Morris Booker (right) Joe Elliot (left).

Photograph by George Garland.

benefited Walkers by allowing them to operate further afield: at one time perhaps they would have gone out with a horse and trap but I don't remember that period. Living on River Common they had to be fairly self-sufficient, Mr. Walker himself servicing the machines. He was clever enough that if they wanted a little part made he could make it himself.

The River Common factory was at the same time a smallholding; there was a herd of some thirty or forty goats which roamed the common and whose milk was used for butter. There were the daffodils in the orchard, the old-fashioned double ones which were packed and sent away. Other crops were strawberries, apples, blackcurrants and plums, even a few pears. If things were very pushed in the market garden we might be taken out of the workroom to help. Our pay was as good as a farm-labourer's and we had the considerable luxury of free Saturday afternoons and all day Sunday. We worked only till one on Saturdays. Weekdays we'd finish at five o'clock. We had an hour off for lunch: we brought sandwiches for this and could make a cup of tea at work. The Walker family eventually moved to Horsham and some of us kept up with them for years afterwards. I bought one of the knitting-machines when they left and took it with me on various travels during my married life - it's only of late years that I have passed it on to someone else.

M.

#### A SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER (10) SUTTON IN THE 1920's

Our dolls were mostly rag ones, we would envy the children their china ones with hair. We had wool sewed to ours, some that had been knitted as it was crinkly. One day one of my sisters and I decided to cut some of our hair and sew on, first we plaited it in one big plait behind, then cut a lump of each, but we had a shock when we undid the plait and found it all uneven and had to cut more off to make it straight. We did get a scolding and mother pulled the hair off the dolls and burnt it.

I remember her saying once when talking about babies, "They make your arms ache when they are babies, and make your heart ache when they grow up", but she also said once that, "You can't put old heads on young shoulders", so I am sure we were forgiven for the aches we may have given her.

She always took Old Moores Almanack, and believed in most of the things that were prophesied in it, one of them being that "people will get weaker and wiser and you won't know summer from winter."

Father still had several hives of bees and was always pleased to get a swarm early in the Spring, for as he said "a swarm of bees in May is worth a load of hay, a swarm of bees in June is worth a silver spoon, but a swarm of bees in July is not worth a fly." If we were home when ours swarmed we used to tin them down as it was called by hitting on trays or tins to make plenty of noise. It is supposed to make them settle quickly so they do not fly off to someone else's garden, then they were put into another hive.

We had a huge apple tree in our front garden and one day father grafted two or three other kinds on to it. He spliced the new cuttings on to the branches with a lump of mixed earth and clay, covered with a little bit of sacking, and when my youngest sister spotted them and asked what they were, he said, "Oh, they're coconuts", and they certainly looked something like them at a distance.

We also had an apple tree at the side of the house, some of the branches came close to our bedroom window, and when they were getting ripe we would often pick some when we went to bed. Father found this out and one night he waited until we were in bed then he slipped outside and put his cap on the end of the clothes prop and poked it up near the window just as we were about to reach out. Didn't we jump back into bed pretty quick?

My youngest sister has often had her leg pulled about the time when mother came down stairs and found her jumping down off the top of the sofa, and promptly said "I ain't bin at the chugar", now if she had kept quiet mother would not have known, she had anyway, it was kept in a little cupboard in the wall just above the sofa.

Another sister who worked at a big house not far away asked if we would go and keep her company one evening when the people were going out as it was rather lonely just there on dark nights. She did not want to open the door to strangers, so wondered how she would know if it was us or not. After thinking for a while she had a brainwave and said, "I know, if it's you, knock, if it's not you, ring."

There was a small barn or hovel just outside our garden that belonged to the farmer who sometimes had cattle in it in the winter. We would often play in it when it was empty and one day we happened to peep through a hole in the side and saw a bird building a nest in the hedge outside. We were very interested and kept peeping through each day very quietly to see how it was progressing. When it was finished we continued to keep watch while it sat on its eggs and hatched them out, and it was fascinating to see her bringing food to feed them. It was amazing how she knew which ones she fed with all the little beaks wide open, and the most amazing thing to me was to see the mother bird open her beak and catch their droppings as they poked their bottoms up, and then throw it over the side of the nest, I had often wondered how their nests stayed so clean. We also looked forward to the time when our baby chicks were hatched as we always kept chicken and hatched our own young, so always had plenty of fresh eggs.

One day when mother was home on her own, a man and woman came up the road on bikes, the woman came to our door and asked if mother could make them a cup of tea and let them have something to eat as they had come a long way. She told them she would if they did not mind waiting while she boiled the kettle, and so the woman back to the road and waited with the man until mother called out it was ready. She gave them a slice of cake with the tea which they took out to the roadside. When the woman brought the cups back she asked mother how much it was, she did not like charging them but the woman insisted, so she just said a shilling. The woman said, "I'll just pop out and get it from my friend", but no sooner had she got out of the gate, they both got on their bikes and rode off. Such a mean trick to play on someone as kind as mother.

We used to look forward to our oldest sister coming for a visit with our cousin and her little boy, for they would often entertain us by doing little sketches that they had seen back home. One in particular I remember in which my cousin was the lady of the house and my sister her maid, all dressed up for the part. The maid comes in and apologies for breaking a vase which she has in her hand, the lady is very cross and says, "Do you know, that vase was over one hundred years old", and the maid replied, "Oh, thank goodness it wasn't new Mam." She then brought in a letter carrying it in her hand, and the lady remarks, "How many times do I have to

remind you that you bring everything in on a tray", then the maid goes out and returns with a tray loaded up with coal to put on the fire!

Hardly fun these days, but when you had to make all your own amusements little incidents like this brought a lot of enjoyment to life.

My cousin's little boy would come and stay sometimes without his mother, and on one occasion mother took him and one of my younger sisters, who was about eight years at the time, across the fields to see the people at the small-holding. She left the children outside while she went in, and when they got back home my sister said to mother, "I don't like that man who works there, he tried to pull my clothes up", this shocked and annoyed mother very much and she put her coat back on and straight away took them back and told this man just what she thought of his behaviour. That evening when mother was telling the rest of us what had happened, the little boy said, "Aunty called him a dirty filthy beast, but he didn't look dirty to me."

There was a lady in the village who took a lot of interest in the children, she had a spinning wheel and used to do a lot of spinning and knitting. She took several of us one day round the fields where the sheep had been to collect the pieces of wool that had rubbed off on the fences or barbed wire, it is surprising how much one can collect this way. Then we went back to her home and watched her wash it, then dye it, and one of the things she used for this was that grey crinkly stuff that grows on the barks of trees, I think it is called lichen. Then we helped her comb it with a special tool to get the lumps out, and finally she helped us make our own little spindles to spin our own wool, it was very interesting.

Mrs. F.J. Pentecost.

Readers of the Bulletin will perhaps like to know that the full text of Mrs. Pentecost's reminiscences will be published (with illustrations) by the Window Press this autumn.

From the mid-1920's until 1939 I worked for Mr. Oscar Pyle at Avenals Farm, Angmering. I started as a labourer but then tended to concentrate first on the horses and then, as the 1930's went on, on tractors. Avenals at this time was a mixed farm with sheep but also other livestock of various kinds. It was natural that when Mr. Pyle had a batch of sheep to go by road to Findon Fair that I would be sent with them: I helped on the farm where I was needed. Joe Elliott who went with me worked for Mr. Pyle at odd times. It was quite usual at this time to send sheep along the road to Findon. I'd leave Angmering at five o'clock and cover the six miles to Findon by half past eight. There were sheep driven longer distances than this but farmers at any distance already used motorised transport exclusively by this time. The ones in the picture weren't Mr. Pyle's prize sheep; they were February lambs which people would buy to fatten on till after Christmas: the prize stock had already gone on by lorry. The funny thing about the trip is that two different photographers took similar pictures, George Garland and Messrs. Wardell of Hove, but we never saw either of them and never knew anything of it until a friend bought one of the Wardell postcards for me in a shop in Findon. I still have it. I tried to trace the firm in later years but without success. George Garland in fact took a series of some six pictures of us bringing the sheep along and of the sheep fair itself. I have to say I never saw George Garland; I can only think that for the Long Furlong picture he was hidden up on the hill on the right hand side behind some juniper bushes.

When we arrived at Findon the pens would be set out ready to take the sheep. There was an order to it; the older sheep to the front and the younger ones toward the back. There would be as many as four or five lines of pens of the type shown in the photograph. The prize rams and ram lambs would be over on the left hand side. The lines of pens would be some three hundred yards long. Once arrived we'd sort our sheep into pens; we had brought some fifty animals, three pens of sixteen or seventeen to a pen. We'd find the farm shepherd George Chant who'd gone on ahead with the lorry

and the prize sheep. In fact that year we won first prize for lambs. At Avenals Farm we bred all Southdown sheep but at Findon there might be seven or eight different kinds, black-faced or the smaller white-faced, Dorset sheep or even the distinctive Jacob's sheep. We'd stay with the sheep until they were judged. Selling was done by an auctioneer standing on a portable stand rather like a firm step-ladder - he'd position himself so that he could do some half-a-dozen pens at a time. The crowd followed; if you didn't get in first close to the fence it was very difficult to force your way in afterwards.

Almost invariably the sheep would be sold; I can remember only once taking back some ram lambs because they had not fetched the reserve Mr. Pyle had put on them. The fair was usually on a Saturday and took place about the second week in September. The farmer would need to enter his sheep some four to six weeks prior to the Fair. He didn't pay for the entries, simply giving the auctioneers a cut for selling them. The auctioneers would be looking to set up the pens a week or so before the Fair. I had a friend who made the hurdles which held in the pens at the sides: at the front the pens were of wattles made from Chestnut fencing. There was a pleasure fair too at Findon; you can see the chairplanes on the photograph. There would be swings and roundabouts and games like throwing three darts to score a specified number. If you could do it you won a prize. The beer and tea tents are away to the left by the beech trees.

Mr. Pyle had a flock of some two hundred and fifty Southdowns not counting what we called the ewe-lambs which would come on later to take the place of those that had been sold. He also had some ten to twelve rams penned in together on an odd piece of ground ready to be taken out in November and December. George Chant was a shepherd of the old school. I'd often see him pitching the pens for feeding - various crops were used, turnip and swede particularly, the sheep being penned in on the growing roots. Sometimes Mr. Pyle would sow tares for them or early barley, while in September he would often feed them on mustard. He didn't put them out on grass much, only if he got a bit short.



"You can see the chairplanes in the photograph." Findon Fair in 1935.  
Photograph by George Garland.



Ebernoe cricket team (or possibly the Red Lion cricket team?) 1920's.  
The photograph may be by George Garland.

George Chant's job could be very demanding particularly in February when he'd be dealing with new-born lambs and might be out most of the night with them. He had a great big shepherd's hut on wheels with a little coal stove in it. He'd go down late in the evening to see if everything was alright and if it was he'd be down there again early in the morning. Then when his assistant came he'd go off home for breakfast. Even at that time I suppose shepherding in the old style was dying out. I remember once seeing George Chant feeding the rams, having the cornsack over his shoulder and letting it dribble out into the trough for the sheep to eat. One of the rams hit him from behind and threw him right over the trough. On another occasion George Chant and I were loading up fifty-yard rolls of wire. I got hold of one of them and threw it up on to the lorry - they were very heavy. Suddenly George Chant shouted like anything, his long beard had got hooked up in the wire! We had to stop everything and disentangle it!

What stopped the practice of taking sheep to Findon by road wasn't, as you might have expected, the labour intensive aspect but the growth of motor traffic on the narrow downland roads. It simply became dangerous for everyone, the drovers and the drivers. Some drivers were considerate and eased up when passing the sheep but some didn't care whether they slowed up or not. In the end Mr. Pyle got contractors to move the sheep; they had simply been driven off the open road by the traffic.

Findon Fair today? Well the main difference is the number of lorries. It's as big now as it was in the thirties. People come from a wider area too - in the old days sheep from any distance would have to come by train. The weather's certainly no better; when I went last it rained like anything all day!

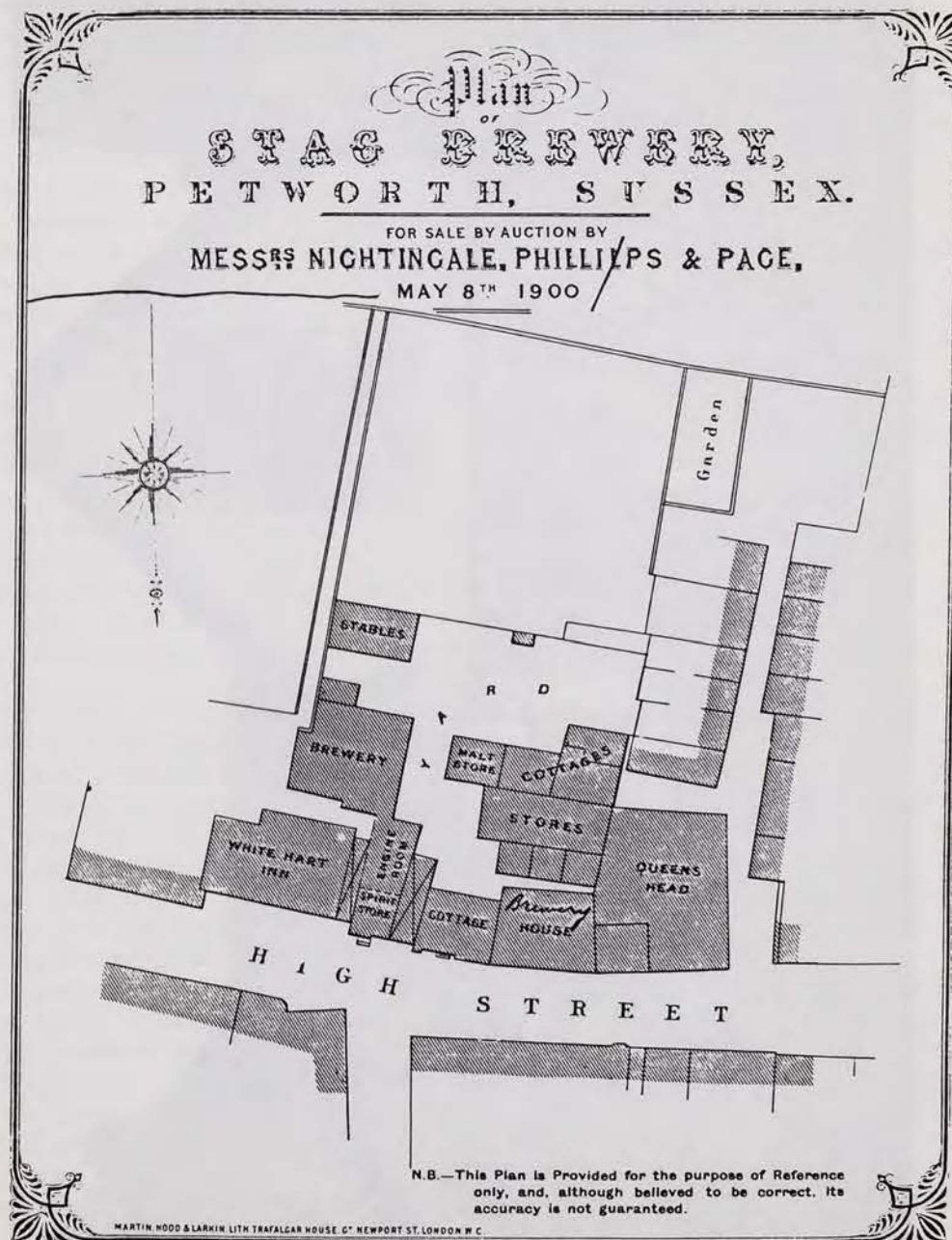
Morris Booker was talking to the Editor.

THE END OF THE SEARCH FOR THE WHITE HART.

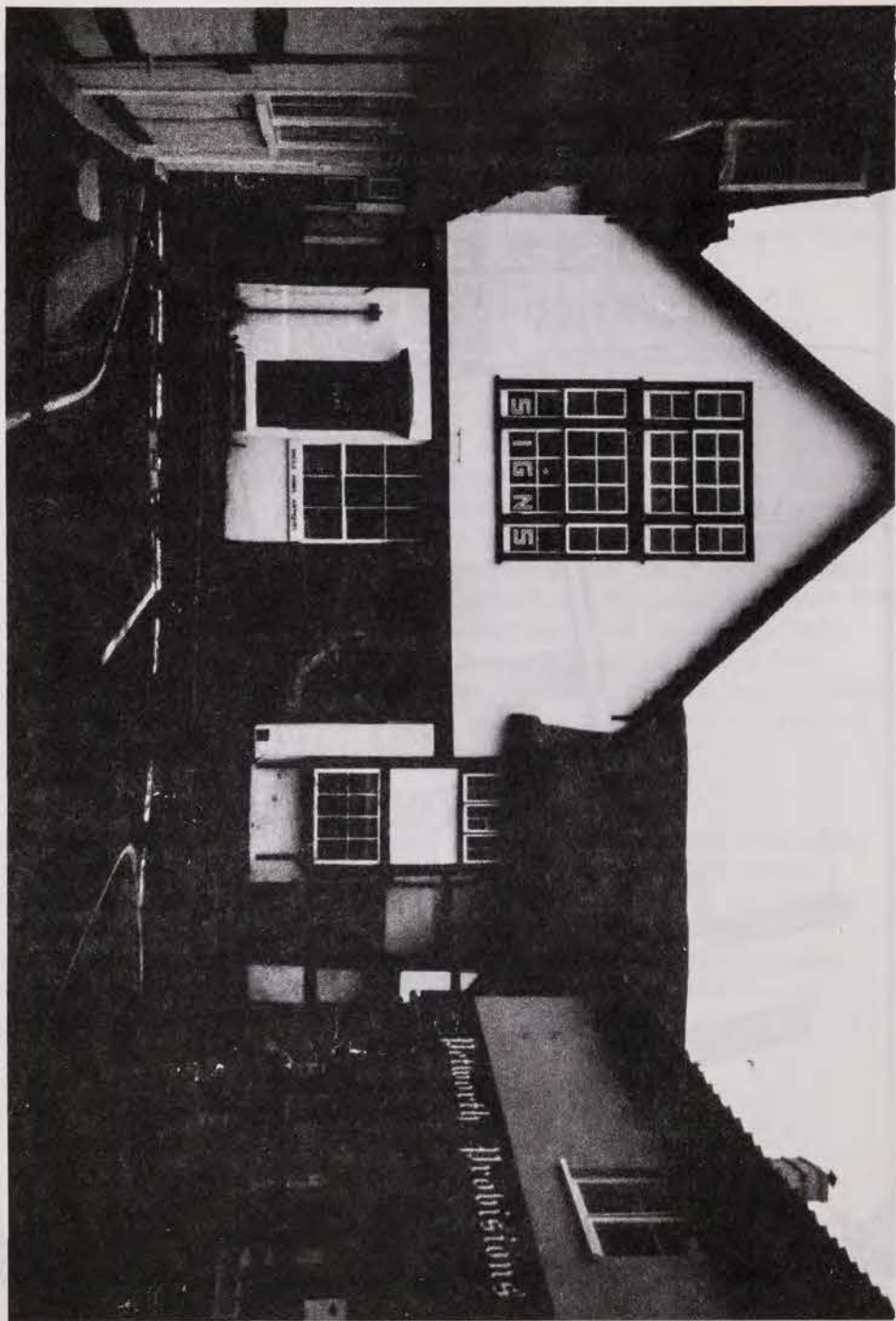
For many years I have searched to try and place the exact location of where my ancestors lived at Petworth in the 19th century - we knew that my great-great-grandfather - James Milton - had inherited the White Hart, (Back Street then, now the High Street) in 1850, from his father-in-law, who was my great-great-grandfather! George Knight, as joint owner with brothers-in-law, Henry Jupp, and Thomas White; but we could never pinpoint the position of the Inn in the modern High Street.

Many elderly Petworthians have told me of the White Hart of their own remembrance, which would seem to be further along the road to where my father used to take me to the archway that faces Middle Street. "That is where the drays used to go down to the Brewery", he would say nostalgically, "I can just see the horses now, all their brasses gleaming" however he would have been such a small boy at the time that I began to doubt his memory myself, and thought maybe they are all right, and it was further along the road, even though I knew that when my father is so sure, he is usually right.

Now at last, miraculously I have found the answer and the plan of all the hereditaments, or messuages as they called them, which belonged to the Milton family of Petworth, and of course father was right, exactly right, and the picture of his childhood memories of the dray horses going under the archway, at the side of what is now Fairfield Cottage into the yard behind, was true, even though it looks so narrow.



The premises today.



James Milton seems to have been quite an astute business man, and after buying out his brothers-in-law, expanded his original inheritance "The White Hart" of which he was then landlord - to absorb the buildings around and behind it into the yard: he then put a tenant landlord into the White Hart, and turned the rest into Milton's Stag Brewery - see plan - and developed a business large enough to supply fifty houses around. This then was where my great-grandfather and his brothers and sister grew up, and where in the fullness of time, my grandmother would visit, and take my father as a child..... In his will of 1871, James left 'The White Hart Inn - formerly Mr. George Knights, and then occupied by Wm. Hopkins' and the 'freehold brewery and plant and cottages or tenements' formerly Hollands, and adjoining the Inn' - these were at this period tenanted by Alfred Wilmer, Mr. Tate, Daniel Dilloway, Wm. Napper, and Charlotte Boxall, - to his youngest son, Manning, then aged 25 years. Manning also inherited the Wheatsheaf in North Street an old structure immediately north of Somerset Lodge, now known as Sheerings, though the cottage at one end is still known as Wheatsheaf Cottage. His father James had bought these buildings in 1847, and had it licensed as a public house, which only continued for just over 100 years, before reverting again to a private dwelling house. At the time of James' will, it was tenanted by John Pulling with a mention of George Dearling.

James' elder sons, James George, and Henry, were already firmly ensconced in their own careers, James George was a Wine and Spirit merchant in Angel Street and a few years later became landlord of the Angel, before his early demise at the age of 46 years. Henry had gone into farming, (their grandfather had been a hop farmer at Bentley in Hampshire) at Lodsworth, although the Corn Laws were to eventually force him to sell his beloved farm, and come back into town, to work with his brother Manning at the Brewery. In the meantime, Manning had done so well, that he had expanded even further, and had bought the adjoining property, the Queens Head Inn from Henry's father-in-law John Clue. This was in 1887, and again older readers will remember it later as the Turks Head, after the turn of this century. James Milton had had other property on the North side of the High Street, this was left to his daughter Kate, who later married Harry Steele and emigrated to South Africa - and in these days of family history popularity, there may be descendants there seeking their roots in this picturesque part of

England. Indeed there are descendants of all these Milton men, in Australia, New Zealand, America and Canada to my knowledge, as well as England. One son of Manning Milton, Frank, became a published poet in New Zealand, and there being a literary strain in the family, we have reason to believe that James George Milton, may have been the unknown editor of Tales of Old Petworth, which was published just after his death, in 1885.

After many successful years Manning Milton sold all his holdings to the Friary Holroyd Brewery in 1900, and he and brother Henry and their combined families of eleven offspring retired from the town for ever, after nearly 100 years of their family connections with Petworth. At the time of the sale, the landlord of the White Hart was John Holden, at the Queens Head was R. Knowles, and the Wheatsheaf's landlord was Robert Whitcomb, who - according to the memories of Mrs. E. Place, a marvellous contributor to this journal - at 93 years, - belonged to the family who seem to have taken over from the Milton family, there were so many of them, around the town.

There is always a new quest in family history, and now I have found the White Hart, the next hare to chase is James George and the Angel, and the fascinating book on Tales of Old Petworth, also some 'sightings' of Henry when farming, and later in town, at the Brewery, he seems pretty elusive for twenty odd years.....

A footnote about the various Inns:-

The White Hart had had a much longer history than the Wheatsheaf, it is first mentioned in 1777, then known as "The Fighting Cocks" and had originally belonged to Lord Egremont, who sold it to his tenant, Mary Nash in 1786. The Queens Head was not so old, it came into being around 1842, and had formerly held the title 'Turks Head' to which it reverted in this century, and before that had been housed in a previous building on the site, and called the Red Lion, before that it had been used as a wool warehouse, and 'anciently' had been known as Perkins. The Angel is first found in the 1735 Land Tax assessments - the landlord then being Thomas Hampton, the building before this had been held of the Petworth Manor.

Midge Clarke

..... My thanks are due to Mr. P. Holtham of Hove, who supplied the plan of the Stag Brewery, and further thanks are due to Friary Meux, (formerly Friary Holroyd and Healy's Breweries) which are now a subsidiary of Allied Breweries. The latter have asked me to state that they would be very keen to hear of any person who has done any pub. or brewery research in the Petworth area, and beyond: as far as East Sussex - as they have their own History Project Consultancy .....

M.C.

INSIDE OLD PETWORTH GAOL  
A first hand account (1)



William Jacob Junior, son of the William Jacob who raised the Lady Sudeley apple (Bulletin No. 43) entered the prison service at the old Petworth Gaol in 1876 and retired in 1920 as Chief Warden and Acting Governor of Strangeways Prison, Manchester. He recorded his long career in a series of articles for "Thomson's Weekly News" but unfortunately died almost immediately on their conclusion. His first article deals with his experiences at Petworth, prior to his removal to Portsmouth.

(These extracts courtesy of Mrs. Brenda Nicholson)

WILLIAM JACOB aged 19.  
A photograph by Walter Kevis  
handed down in the Jacob family.



IT was in 1876, when I was 22 years of age, I joined the prison service. The manner in which I did so was somewhat remarkable.

This was how it came about I was at home at Petworth, and out of employment. I heard of a job in London, and went down and found it would suit me, and that I should suit the job. I made all arrangements as to starting work, and returned home.

When I arrived home my mother said - "Whatever have you been doing? The governor of the prison wants to see you as soon as you come home."

I said, honestly enough, that I knew of nothing that I had done to bring me within the clutches of the law, but I set out immediately, and nervously ringing the bell at the prison gate asked to see the governor.

When I got into the great man's presence he said, "Oh, Jacob, we are short of a temporary officer, and I have heard very good reports of you."

I was thunderstruck, and told him I had never thought of entering the prison service, and had just fixed up a job in London.

"Oh, well, that will be all right," he said: "you haven't signed an agreement?"

When I said I hadn't he continued -

"Well, just write and say that owing to unforeseen circumstances you find it impossible to fulfil the arrangement."

#### THOUGHT I WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO STAND JOB.

After I agreed to the governor's suggestion to give it a trial, I saw the chief warder, and was told to report at six next morning, and he would put me through my paces.

I must say frankly that in the month during which I was on probation I did not like the service. I told my parents that I was afraid I should never be able to stand it.

My first difficulty was with the locks on the cell doors. We had in those days what were known as tumbler locks. You had to put the key in absolutely straight, give it a sharp twist, and lift the bolt. To a man who was used to these locks they presented no difficulty. To me they were a source of anxiety.

I remember one morning going along a corridor opening the doors and struggling with the locks until I was almost exhausted. The chief came along and said, "What on earth are you struggling at?" He took the key, put it in a lock, gave the necessary twist, and, presto! the door was opened.

I felt disheartened that so small a matter as the unlocking of a door should have made me feel foolish.

When I had served a month as a temporary officer it so happened that there was really no work for me. The idea there had been of sending additional prisoners to Petworth seemed to have fallen through, and I was really not sorry to think that I should soon turn my back on the job I was in.

I told the governor that I should be leaving at the end of the month, as my probation would have expired.

"By the way, Jacob," he replied, "I ought to have told you before. The committee are going to appoint a permanent officer, and if you apply you will probably get the job. You have had experience of what is wanted, and you have given satisfaction."

I knew the job would have to be advertised, and though it only carried a wage of 18s a week in those days, and meant often working every daylight hour, I heard that there were 50 applicants.

On thinking the matter over, it seemed to me that as Providence had brought me into the service, I should be foolish not to stay, especially as the governor had spoken so kindly of my progress.

When the day arrived on which the Governors were to meet, I followed the instructions of the chief and gave myself an extra polish. I was haled before Admiral Caton, who asked me if I liked the job and if I thought I should continue to like it.

#### THEN AND NOW.

When I replied in the affirmative he said, "Very well, you will be measured for your uniform in due course."

That was how I found myself a full-fledged prison warder, and during the 44 years' service which followed I never had a report against me, and retired with a clean sheet.

In those early days, when the county authorities had charge of the prisons, the treatment of prisoners was very different from what it is to-day.

With oakum picking, working on the cranks and treadwheels, and confinement in dark cells, there was certainly enough to deter any man from qualifying for imprisonment.

The water for the prison was pumped by means of cranks, which had a dial connected with them on which the number of revolutions done was registered. I remember a nigger we had in who did a spell on the cranks every day.

The first time he saw them he turned like mad to try and get the

handle to "spin" a few revolutions. Of course, as soon as he released the handle the pressure of water in the pump caused it to stop dead. He looked at the handle in astonishment and proceeded to take off his jacket.

He tried again and again until perspiration poured off him. By this time he had stripped to his trousers and vest.

"Well, boss," he said to me, "an old grindstone will run a few turns by herself when she gets so much speed on, but I'm hanged if this thing will."

A thing which annoyed prisoners at Petworth, and as I have heard them say made their punishment double was the fact that the old treadmill did not do any useful work. At Bodmin, where I served later, the treadwheel worked a flour mill and ground flour for Dartmoor district.

THERE has been from time to time a deal of controversy, regarding the advisability of corporal punishment, and I feel it might help in throwing some light on the subject if I give here some personal impressions of the effects of such punishment on different people.

A boy from Worthing was sent to Petworth to receive twelve strokes of the birch. He did not seem to mind in the least, and laughed and grinned while he was being tied up. While he was receiving the punishment he never made a sound, and seemed comparatively cheerful when he was released.

"You, stood that very well," said the doctor, who, of course, was present.

"That's nothing to what my father does to me with a strap," replied the boy.

This boy was only fourteen years of age at the time, and he was a regular demon. Eventually we got him into a reformatory.

#### LOST HIS BEAUTIFUL BEARD.

Petworth Prison was at that time under the strictest discipline.

For the first seven days after admission a prisoner had nothing but bread and water, and they were on the treadwheel and cranks from six in a morning to six in the evening. They also had their hair, and the beautiful beards which most of the men wore in those days, cropped close.

There were old hands who came in who learnt to count the steps they took on the treadwheel. By this means they could tell to a step, as one might say, when they had done their spell.



Grove Street in about 1865.  
The only known photograph of Petworth Goal.

Sp-aking of the cropping of beards reminds me of a commercial traveller who was sent down from Chichester to serve a month for some fraud he had committed. He had the most beautiful beard I have ever seen on any man. He was very upset when we told him it would have to come off.

When we had sheared it the man presented the queerest spectacle you ever saw. He had been out in all weathers, and his face had been heavily tanned except where the beard had protected it. When we had finished the barbering business his cheeks and the upper part of his face were pleasantly bronzed, while his chin and the sides of his face round his ears were dead white.

His wife came to visit him, and one could not but feel sincerely sorry for both of them. The man was so upset at being seen in such a plight, and the poor woman saw her husband as I am sure, she had never expected to see him.

"I would rather have lost £100 any time than have lost my beard," the commercial told me.

This man was typical of the educated type, to whom imprisonment must always be a terrible punishment. Yet, on the other hand, there were men who seemed to spend most of their time in and out of prison.

We had two such frequent visitors, who once occupied adjacent cells, and who used to communicate with each other by tapping on the wall.

Their code was quite simple. The letter A was represented by one rap, B by two raps, and so on through the alphabet. During the night, as they lay on their cots, they would laboriously spell out messages, telling each other of things they had noticed during the day.

I had an inkling of their game, and at last one of them owned up to the code and told me how it had been worked.

#### The man who changed his mind and other experiences (2)

##### THE MAN WHO CHANGED HIS MIND.

There was an incident during my period of service at Petworth which, beside having its humorous side, throws an interesting light on the deterrent quality of the rigorous old county prisons.

A schoolmate of mine had failed to comply with an order made against him by the local Magistrates. Meeting him one day he told me that he would persist in not paying the sum he owed. I told him that in that case he would probably be sent to prison.

"I don't care," he said, "I shan't pay up."

He was obstinate, however, and stuck to his resolve with just the consequences I had predicted. He was haled before the Magistrates again and sent to prison.

He was brought in and handed over, and the gatekeeper turned the key in the lock.

It was a key in those days, and it was no small operation to lock and unlock the great doors.

As he heard the key turn this man suddenly seemed to lose confidence, and he turned to the gatekeeper.

"I'll pay up; I'll pay up," he said hurriedly, "only let me out of here."

"Well, you're inside now," said the gatekeeper, "and if you want to talk about settling your debt you'll have to see the governor."

So he was taken before the governor, and promptly settled up and was released.

A few days later I met him again.

"Ah," he said, "the sound of that key in the lock was enough for me. I was bold enough while I was outside the gate, but when I realised I was shut off from everything it upset me."

(to be continued)

#### WORKING FOR LADY MAXSE

One day I met a friend who asked me if I could help with some needlework for her sister Miss Haakon who was lady's maid to Lady Maxse at Little Bognor, whose daughter was later to be presented at Court I think. I loved going there but there weren't any buses at that time, so I used to walk to Low Heath and Plumpudding Corner, then branch off through the wood to the left and a big field. When the days got shorter and I came home after tea with Miss Haakon and Mrs Royal the housekeeper. It was growing dark, so Dad gave me a lantern with a candle in it and box of matches and the very next evening it was wet and stormy so with my candle alight I set off. In the field were several cows and two big cart horses and when the latter saw the lantern they must have thought it strange and followed me. I was afraid of their great hooves and started to run and so did they. I was terrified and managed to get through the gate with a bang and sink down on the wet bank in the wood and so did my candle too and I had left my matches behind, so I sat there to get used to the gloom until I saw not far from me two very

bright golden eyes. I knew it must be a fox, so I got up and it slunk off through the undergrowth, but wasn't I glad to get through to Plumpudding corner and the road where it seemed quite light after the gloomy wood.

When the needlework came to an end Lady Maxse asked me if I thought I could make a loose cover for her favourite chair and she was so pleased with it and said could I make a cover for an eiderdown. I asked if I might take it and do at home, as I could put the extra leaf in the dinning room table to use for it. It was a lovely rose pink fine silk to be piped all round and fastened in the same way as the original. There was a nice piece over of the silk so I made a rose and foliage of it and fixed it near the top corner. When I took it over Lady Maxse was delighted and Lady Violet Leconfield saw it too as she happened to be visiting that day and after seeing the chair cover as well asked me if I would make a few at Petworth House, so then I had a workroom to myself there, but although the covers turned out well, I missed the pleasant company of everyone at Little Bognor.

Mrs. E. PLACE.

#### NEW MEMBERS

Mr & Mrs Bannister, River Hill House, River Hill, Fittleworth.

Mr Baigent, 4 Martlett Road, Petworth.

Miss J. Gumbrell, The Bakery, Byworth.

Mr F. Loonat, Petworth Provisions, Petworth.

Inspector Marshall, c/o Police Station, Petworth.

Mrs V. Moore, Stationmaster's House, Petworth.

The Petworth Players, c/o Allendene, Northmead, Petworth.

Mr W. Robinson, 42 Townfield, Kirdford.

Mr & Mrs Whitcombe, Leith Cottage, Angel Stret, Petworth.

H. & H. E. Wall.

23

