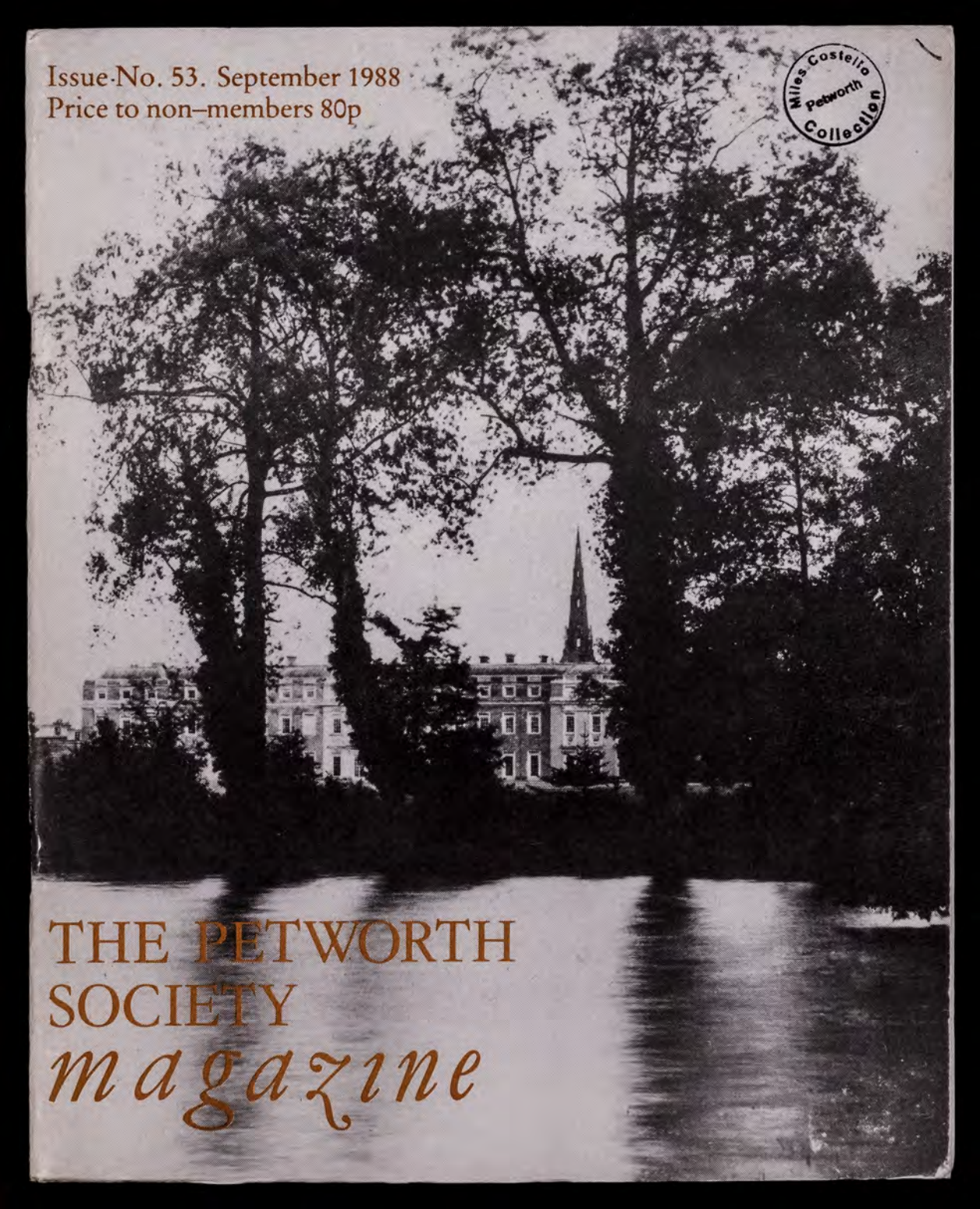


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A black and white photograph of Petworth House, a large stately home with a prominent central spire, viewed from across a body of water. The house is framed by two large, leafy trees in the foreground. The water in the foreground is dark and reflects the sky and trees.

THE PETWORTH
SOCIETY
magazine

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* * * *

Published by:- The Petworth Society

PETWORTH SOCIETY

Autumn programme: please keep for reference.

SATURDAY OCTOBER 1ST
LECONFIELD HALL. 8.00 P.M.

* A SUSSEX HARVEST HOME *

with an ensemble of Sussex Singers:

The Copper family, Bob. Lewis, Vic. Gammon,
Will. Duke, Gordon and Mabs Hall.

Tickets £3.50 from David's. Admission on the night only
if some tickets remain unsold. Tickets by post from Peter.
Refreshments free. Raffle.

ALL PROCEEDS TO PETWORTH SOCIETY BULLETIN FUND.

Sunday September 11th
 Riley's Blackdown Walk
 Starts 11.00 a.m. from
 Northchapel Village Hall
 Take Picnic lunch
 Finish Northchapel
 about 3.30.

**Note altered time to our
usual walks**
 Cars leave Square at
 10.40 a.m.

Sunday September 25th
 Visit to Manor of Dean

Courtesy of
 Miss S. Mitford

Cars leave Square
 at 2.15.

Sunday October 9th
 Welcome to the
 Midhurst Society
 Guided walk round the town
 followed by refreshments
 JOIN US!
 Petworth Car Park 2.30 p.m.

Sunday October 23rd
 THE PETWORTH SOCIETY'S:
 "PROBABLY BALLS CROSS"
 AUTUMN WALK.

Cars leave Petworth Square 2.15

Tuesday October 25th
Darrell Cunningham
of Heritage Wildlife
Rescue:

OWLS

Leconfield Memorial Hall
7.30 p.m.

Admission 80p
Refreshments. Raffle.

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 19th Market Square

PETWORTH FAIR: FROM 2.00 p.m.

All the fun of the fair and Petworth back-up
in Leconfield Hall and Red Cross Rooms.

TOMBOLA PRIZES PLEASE TO PETER, ANNE or AUDREY

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THE PETWORTH SOCIETY CHRISTMAS EVENING

WITH DORIS ASHBY

LECONFIELD MEMORIAL HALL 7.30 p.m.
SEASONAL REFRESHMENT AND ENTERTAINMENT. RAFFLE.
ADMISSION 80p.

ANNOUNCING:

FRIDAY October 7th in the Marble Hall at Petworth House.

A celebration of Edward Lear's Centenary (1812-1888)

A programme devised by H. Colin Davis

Readings by David Davis, (uncle David of Children's Hour), Rosalind Shanks from Radio 3, and Martin Muncaster.

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

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

The annual subscription is £4.00. Single or Double one Bulletin delivered. Postal £5.00. Overseas £5.50. Further information may be obtained from any of the following:-

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

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

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

Hon. Membership Sec. - Mrs. R. Staker, 2 Grove Lane, Petworth.

Committee - Mrs. J. Boss, Mrs. Julia Edwards,
Mr. Ian Godsmark, Lord Egremont,
Mrs. Janet Ford, Mrs. Audrey Grimwood,
Mrs. Betty Hodson, Mr. John Patten,
Mrs. Anne Simmons, Mr. D.S. Sneller,
Mr. J. Taylor, Mr. E. Vincent.

Membership enquiries to Mrs. Staker please, Bulletin circulation enquiries to Peter or Bill (Vincent).

Bulletin Distributors - Mr. D. Sneller, Mrs. Williams (Graffham),
Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Mason, Mr. Thompson,
Mrs. Simmons, Mrs. Watson, Mr. Patten,
Mrs. Adams (Byworth), Mrs. Hodson (Sutton
and Duncton), Mr. Vincent (Tillington and
River), Mrs. Harvey (Fittleworth).

PLEASE NOTE:

IF THE ORDERING OF CONTENTS IN THIS QUARTER'S MAGAZINE SEEMS A LITTLE UNUSUAL, IT IS BECAUSE IT IS BEING TYPED IN TWO PARTS: THE FIRST IN LATE JULY, THE SECOND IN MID-AUGUST. THE CHAIRMAN'S NOTES WILL APPEAR AT THE HEAD OF THE SECOND PART: THIS DIVISION IS TO HELP WITH PRINTERS' HOLIDAYS.

YOUR MAGAZINE: CAN IT SURVIVE? (2)

My cautionary article in the last issue concerning the finances of this Magazine and their likely effect on its future evoked a considerable and concerned response. In addition to various individual donations members have written, telephoned or simply stopped me in the street not only to voice their anxiety that the Magazine should continue in its present form but also to discuss the various suggestions I put forward.

I canvassed a number of possibilities in the article: as you would expect some found more favour than others, as of course, some appeared more attractive than others to me at the time. Significantly none of my correspondents countenanced any curtailment of the Magazine either in size or number of issues. Sponsorship of some kind remains a possibility but, no particular sponsor is in view, and it is possible to conceive of circumstances where sponsorship and editorial freedom would be difficult to reconcile. That said, sponsorship is not ruled out. Advertising was viewed with greater favour although strenuously opposed by a minority. A persistent motif in your comments to me is that as this Magazine may be read in later years, contemporary advertisements may then themselves be of interest. A fair point. A caveat here is that advertising should be unobtrusive and tasteful. When employed to excess advertising has a tendency to devalue the material it is, in theory, supporting. The advertising option remains very much open but I do not see it as a panacea. In other words I doubt whether it would bring in anything like enough to cover the annual deficit on this Magazine. At best it could be seen as one source of income among others, probably taking the form of a single four-side centrefold.

A persistent, indeed overriding motif among my correspondents is that the subscription is inadequate given the expense involved in producing the Magazine to the standard expected by the membership. In effect the membership is being subsidised by the Society. While I can certainly see the force of this argument I am reluctant to press it to its logical conclusion: I feel that we cannot raise the subscription to a level where there is even one member who genuinely cannot afford to remain so.

My impression is that we are gradually working out a rough compromise. We have a promised donation in aid of the December Magazine from the Rother Raft Race and with other donations for this specific purpose have a start toward funding this issue independently of members' subscriptions. This aim should be considerably bolstered by the Harvest Home on October 1st when we shall play host to an ensemble of Sussex singers who will entertain with the old Sussex songs. They will make no charge for appearing and all proceeds will go toward financing the December Magazine. Artistes include the Copper family, Bob Lewis, Vic. Gammon, Will Duke and Gordon and Mabs Hall. The Coppers of course feature regularly on television, Bob Lewis is an old friend of ours, and Mabs Hall has recently released a recording of the old Sussex songs. The evening will clearly be the best of its kind that Petworth will have seen.

We will look to the Society tombola at the November Fair to build on the foundation already laid. To operate through a Saturday afternoon and evening given the crowds the Fair attracts the tombola will need to be huge. While I am well aware that much of the material for a tombola of this size will need to be bought in, I would stress that a donation (either in money or something for the tombola) is the most practical way for you to ensure the future of this Magazine.

I have not looked here to give a final word on Magazine finance, more to run over the various options again in the light of your comments and to say that while I do not have a hard and fast solution, we are not standing idly by. I will again be pleased to have your opinions.

Peter.

A RUSTIC'S RETIREMENT

"How goos yer 'orse ole Ben?" he said.
And Ben said, "'Er goos well."
"How's called yer 'orse old Ben?" he said.
Ole Ben said, "'Ers called Nell,
For twenny years 'ers pulled this cart
Un never once did falter.
Day arter day 'er willingness
Has sweated up 'er 'alter.
But now ole Farmer Giles is dead
A' good things come to pass,
'Cuz'er and me together now
Is going out to grass. (Har, Har!)

Ken Wells.

All 150 copies of our special edition of Ken's poem "It came on an October Night" have sold out and have been sent all over the world. Our thanks to Ron Pidgley for the calligraphy!

THE HERBERT SHINER SCHOOL REUNION, MAY 7TH, 1988

In these days when it seems essential to a teacher's prospects of promotion that he should move on after 2-5 years in a school, it is perhaps unusual that I should have been on the staff of the Herbert Shiner School, Petworth, for over a quarter of a century since its foundation in 1961. My retirement in July, 1987 and the reunion of ex-pupils and staff held on May 7th this year to mark the Silver Jubilee of the official opening on May 4th, 1963, have made me more aware of the passage of time. Affection and appreciation for the School, particularly in its original Secondary role from 1961-70, was demonstrated by about 200 ex-pupils and 44 from the governing body, teaching and ancillary staff, supported by many messages of goodwill from others unable to attend, including Miss Margaret Bell (retired Senior Mistress) and Mr. Bob. Sneller (old boy), both of whom had arranged their holidays for that weekend!

Requests for a reunion had been expressed at earlier retirement gatherings for Mr. Derek Mayo (ex-Headmaster), Mr. Darrell Stirling (ex-Head of Maths. Dept.) and Mr. Roy Gristwood (ex-Deputy Head). Eventually, a self-appointed committee of ten "old girls" joined me in planning the event. Although we asked for advance booking, the days leading up were anxious ones as we tried to forecast how many

would book after the dead-line, how many would merely turn up unannounced on the night and how much they would eat and drink. A history of the School - The Early Years, 1961-84, consisting of edited highlights from the School Log, with additional comments and features, was produced. There are still copies available, price £1, from me or the School office. I also have a list of the names and addresses of those who attended the reunion.

For the first hour or so, I was greeting (and trying to recognise) everyone who arrived. At 9, all listened to a taped message from Mr. Robert Stirling, the first Headmaster, now in retirement in Redcar, N. Yorkshire, pleading senility and a fear of motorway driving for his absence. His memory for names from a comparatively short episode in his long teaching career was remarkable and greatly appreciated by his old pupils. A splendid cake, complete with School crest and House badges, had been baked and iced by Mrs. Jill Wilkinson, who as Miss Sutton was the School's first Domestic Science mistress. It was cut by Mr. Arthur Barnett, second Headmaster now retired in Worthing, and Mrs. Marjorie Shiner, "niece-in-law" of Sir Herbert and still a Governor of the School. Next came an unscheduled (as far as I was concerned) item, when Mrs. Christine Hill (née Delderfield) presented me with a mantle clock to mark my retirement, and to my wife, a magnificent bouquet. Everyone there would know how moved and overwhelmed I was. The remaining time was far too short for the completion of conversations which seemed to have been resumed as if the intervening years had not slipped by. It was a joy to meet those who had travelled very long distances to be there; people like Mr. Ernie Wheeler, once Assistant Caretaker and over 80 now, up from Goring to see "his girls and boys" and others who were achieving great success in their lives and were kind enough to give the old School some of the credit. Most left by midnight, but a dozen old teachers were still to be found in the Domestic Science room at 1.30 a.m. re-living the evening with its reminders of school life in a scene reminiscent of so many late nights following fetes, plays and concerts in years gone by.

Subsequent days have brought so many messages of thanks that I would like to share them with (in no particular order of importance) Mrs. Maureen Adsett (née Baigent), Mrs. Connie Andrews (née Delderfield), Mrs. Christine Hill (née Delderfield), Mr. Peter and Mrs. Sue Miles (née Dormer), Mrs. Theresa Lithgow (née Kelly), Mr. Graham and Mrs. Jill Wilkinson (née Sutton), Mrs. Morna Phillips (née Sargent), Mrs. Daphne O'Hanlon (née Taylor), Mr.

Steve Kempster and his cleaning staff, Mrs. Jennie MacKenzie (née Simmons), Mrs. Kate Juniper (née Challen), Mrs. Audrey Grimwood and Mrs. Margaret Miles of the Petworth Society, who served coffee, Miss Janet Miles, Mrs. Pam. Young, Miss Thelma Jack, Mr. Sid. Hayler and all the others who played their parts so perfectly that they weren't even noticed!

Footnote: Future plans include planting a commemorative tree in the School grounds and another reunion in 1993.

Keith Thompson.

A SIDELIGHT ON PETWORTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH 1888.

Among the records of Penrith United Reformed Church, Duke Street, formerly Penrith's Independent (Congregational) Church, deposited in the Cumbria Record Office, Carlisle, in May 1988, is the following letter. From the Rev. Robert Jackson, their minister, it intimates his call elsewhere, now a century ago:

"To the Deacons and Members of the Congregational Church, Penrith

Dear Brethren,

I am thankful to say that God has opened the way for my removal to the South of England. The Church at Petworth has given me a very cordial and unanimous invitation to the Pastorate rendered vacant by the death of the Rev. J.W. Marshall. The leadings of Providence are such that I feel constrained to accept it. I shall therefore bring my Ministry amongst you to a close on the first Sabbath in December.

Praying that all Divine guidance and blessing May be granted unto you,

I am

Dear Brethren
Yours in Christ,
Robert Jackson

Penrith, 8th Nov. 1888 "

(Ref. DFC/Cl./9/60).

(Jeremy Godwin)

Praying that all Divine
Guidance and Blessing
May be granted unto you

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The Rev. Robert Jackson 1889.
A portrait by Walter Kevis.

SOME NOTES ON THE REV. ROBERT JACKSON

Rev. Jackson was invited to take up the pastorate at Petworth after preaching five times in the Petworth chapel. His pastorate to commence the third Sunday in December 1888. Stipend to be £120 per annum, a free house, (Stone House, High Street) and all removal cost to be paid. Rev. Jackson took his first service on Sunday December 20th 1888 and during this service he baptised my Aunt, Mrs. Shoubridge. He also baptised my Mother on Sunday February 11th 1892.

He took the chair at his first Church meeting on January 3rd 1889. During that year the Hall was built and the church altered.

On February 7th 1894 Rev. Jackson informed the Church that he would have to tender his resignation as Minister owing to failing health. The Church much regretted this as the Rev. Jackson was a popular Minister and good preacher filling the church so that extra seats had to be put in.

On September 3rd 1894 it was reported that the Rev. Jackson would not receive any benefit from the Ministers retiring fund for some months after the date of his proposed retirement and the Church made the following recommendations:

1. That Mr. Jackson resign at the end of the quarter September 1894.
2. That the Church pay him £20 for the six months ending Lady Day 1895.
3. That he be allowed to occupy Stone House for same period.
4. That if health permits he will supply the pulpit on Sundays during the six months for the usual preaching fee.

February 1895, it was agreed to extend the above arrangement for a further quarter until midsummer June 1895 as the promised house at Brighton had not become available.

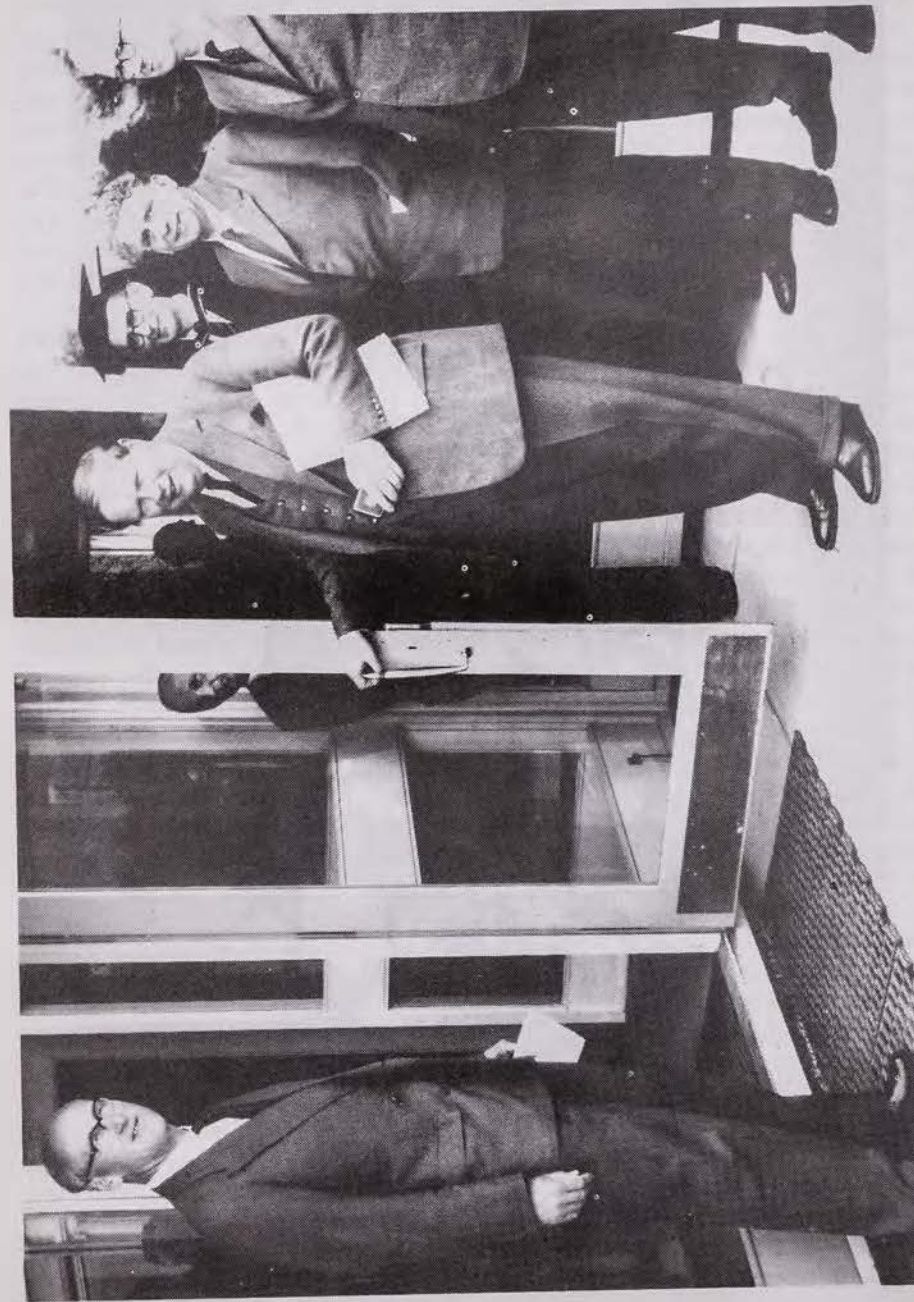
Sometime after June 1895 Rev. Jackson moved to Brighton.

Joy Gumbrell.

A FRACAS AT PETWORTH HOUSE 1609-10

Cases heard before the bishop's court at Chichester tended broadly to revolve round moral rather than specifically criminal issues. For these latter the Assizes stood ready with sanctions that the Church Courts did not have. Occasionally however there is an interaction between the two spheres of influence, secular and ecclesiastical. Margaret Cowper accused of witchcraft at Kirdford in 1574 (Bulletin 52), appears to have been sent to the Assizes from the bishop's court. She was accused of bewitching to death William Fowler in 1572, Elizabeth wife of Thomas Fowler in 1574 and Henry Stoner in the same year. She was found guilty on all three counts and condemned to hang. Such a case must be considered somewhat exceptional; most cases in the bishop's court tending to deal with rather less desperate infractions of public morality.

Many church court cases turned on the upholding of a person's public reputation. The bishop's court could be used to clear (or attempt to clear) a person's name when rumour was rife and likely to come to the ears of the churchwardens and via them to the bishop's apparitors. A successful instance suit in the bishop's court might well have the effect of stifling rumour and preempting a visit from the apparitors. An unsuccessful suit of course would



Sir Edward Boyle, then Minister of Education, officially opens the Herbert Shiner School: 4th May 1963.
Photograph by G. G. Garland.

Goodwood traffic at the Pound c 1912. The garage buildings to the right of the picture.
(Photograph courtesy of Miss Brenda Knight)



have precisely the opposite effect but in face of persistent rumour there was probably little choice but to proceed. There was a definite risk involved but hardly less than allowing rumour and innuendo to go unchecked. Thomas Jux's instance suit in 1609-10 has some unusual features but remains a variant on this theme of public reputation. The deposition of three witnesses called by Jux survive but there seem to be no depositions for the defence. As so often the suit springs from a moment when long held bitterness explodes into anger. The language is robust and the passions aroused unbridled and violent. The bishop's court was no place for the prudish.

Edward Morley the constable of Petworth testifies that some two months previously, he had been in possession of a warrant to apprehend Thomas Ayer and William Ayer his brother and bring them before one of his Majesty's Justices of the peace, either Mr Thomas Churcher who had issued it or another. Knowing that Sir Thomas Bishop of Parham was visiting the Earl of Northumberland's house at Petworth and would hence be conveniently available, Morley brought the Ayer brother before Sir Thomas. He does not say why the warrant had been issued. The business being concluded words arose between the Ayer brother and Thomas Jux senior. Thomas Jux had begun to boast that his son "did kill well and good meat and saw no reason why he should not do so lawfully". Thomas Ayer's reply was sharp and wounding. "You kill well indeed for you helde a maide in your armes until you had begotten two bastardes upon her". It is not clear to which Thomas Jux he is alluding. When Thomas Jux asked him to prove it. Ayer replied, "Aske Dr. Bownde". This exchange occurred in the presence of Sir Thomas Bishop, Henry Badmering, Robert Cooper and others whose names Morley cannot now remember.

Henry Cooke (also known as Badmering) aged 32 and a butcher tells a similar story but significantly adds that the hearing before Sir Thomas Bishop was about certain matters objected against the Ayer brothers by Thomas Jux. After the case was finished there was some talk concerning the killing of flesh and Thomas Jux senior began boasting about his son's butchery skills. He knew, he said, "noe reason to the contrary but he should be suffered to kill flesh". Ayer replied, "You had your hands full of flesh when Nan Hamon had two bastardes". In replying to specific questions Cooke deposes that Nan Hamond was a single woman and that about a year previously Thomas Jux had been excommunicated in Petworth parish church and denounced publicly in the church as an excommunicate person.

Robert Cooper a shearman aged 38 tells much the same story and as so often there is, with this third witness, a feeling of repetition. There is no essential conflict in the plaintiffs' evidence. Lastly there come certain interrogatories specifically addressed to Edward Morley the constable. He testifies that he is a cutler by occupation and constable of the town of Petworth. The office of constable was clearly part-time and, perhaps, like that of the bailiff farmed out. Morley too has heard of the scandal involving Thomas Jux and knows too that Jux had been excommunicated and denounced as an excommunicate person in the parish church.

Edward Morley was sworn about the said matter and he denounced in the church of Petworth

"Respondet that he hath heard that the saide Thos. Jux was excommunicate about the said matter and soe denounced in the parish church of Petworth."

(Part of the testimony of Edward Morley, constable of Petworth.)

It is in the nature of these documents that there is little explanation of the background: the court kept to the essentials. After all they were not discussing the original hearing before Sir Thomas Bishop, simply an incident that had flared up at the end of it. It is possible that the original hearing was about the sale of sub-standard meat. This would give some point to Thomas Jux's otherwise somewhat inopportune boasting about his son's butchery skills. Henry Cooke's testimony suggests that the Jux family had made some kind of complaint against the Ayer brothers. The drift of Thomas Jux's outburst seems to be that his son was as well able to kill meat as anyone if only he were allowed to. It may be that Jux's original complaint was intended to discredit the Ayer brothers and thus open up a way for his son. Why Henry Cooke the butcher and William Cooper the shearman or cloth-cutter should be present at the hearing is not explained - perhaps they were giving evidence.

Not the least curious aspect of the case is to explain why Thomas Jux should have brought the suit at all. The scandal seems to have been common knowledge and he had already been punished by being

excommunicated and publicly denounced by Alexander Bownde the rector. On the face of it a suit for defamation was pointless; if nothing else the parish register would see to that recording as it does the baptism of Sara and Susan daughters of Ann Haman "fathered upon Thomas Juxe, married man". The twins had been buried three days later.

Thomas Jux's only ground for complaint would appear to be that he had performed his penance, his excommunication had been cancelled (if indeed it had) and hence that it ill behoved Thomas Ayer to rake up the scandal all over again. Whether the church court took this view is unfortunately not known.

(Peter with much help from Alison McCann.)

AT OLD WESTLANDS

1. Early Days

The Duncton family farmed Westlands off Fox Hill for generations, James Duncton having come there with his eight year old son Jonas (my future father-in-law) from Herrings Farm at Kirdford. Confusingly my husband was also called Jonas but this was invariably shortened to Joe. It was a close-knit family and some of their memories and traditions went back well into the nineteenth century and long before my husband was born. Immediately before their move to Westlands, young Jonas, then barely eight, had been sent from Kirdford to feed some bullocks the family were already keeping at Westlands. A friend asked him to play cricket saying that he would come to Petworth to help him as soon as the game was finished. When it did the friend refused to keep his part of the bargain. Once he reached Petworth Jonas was afraid to go home and had to sleep with the bullocks.

When my mother-in-law first married Jonas, everyone ate fat pork and drank cider for breakfast. Granny insisted on stopping this and introduced tea. James Duncton having become elderly and somewhat infirm was pushed around the farm in a wheelchair and a daughter back from holiday had been entrusted with this. To reach the orchard involved cutting through the "hoghouse", a shed with a door at each end where the pig-food was kept. It was full of lumber like tubs and barrels and had three great coppers too. When the girl pointed out that she couldn't push

the chair through all this, the old man replied, "Course you can!", got out of his chair, manhandled all the obstructions out of the way and sat back in his invalid chair!

When the family were still at Kirdford, if anyone had a toothache they'd go to Plaistow to an old lady who for half a crown (a tidy sum in those days) would take the nerve out of the tooth. She had a berry of some kind, a clay pipe and a bowl of boiling water. She'd put the berry in the water and place the pipe over the bad tooth, then look in the water and say, "There's the maggot!" I can only think the berry was used to deaden the nerve and the pipe drew it out by suction. She picked the berry out of the hedgerow but the secret died with her.

Farms were very difficult in those days and a farmer needed to turn his hand to anything that would bring in an extra shilling or two. Like so many farmers Jonas senior did contract work as a haulier. He'd cart stones for roadmaking, collecting them at Little Bognor and leaving them in tidy heaps all along the road to Plaistow. I can myself remember the men sitting patiently on sacks by the side of the road, holding the stones with their legs and cracking them with a hammer. They wore rough goggles made with mesh and held in place with elastic bands. They weren't in any way spectacles but purely and simply a crude way of protecting their eyes as they broke the stones.

APARTMENTS TO LET.

A	ARNOLD, MRS PETWORTH	One bedroom, one sitting-room	Newsagent
A	USTIN, MRS GARDENS AND FLORIST PETWORTH	One Bedroom one sitting-room	Nursery
B	RYANT, MISS PETWORTH	Bedrooms and sitting-rooms.	EAST STREET, PETWORTH.
D	ALE, MRS STABLING KEYFOX FARM, PETWORTH	Three bedrooms, dining room, sitting-room.	
D	UNCTON, MRS A WESTLANDS FARM, PETWORTH.	Five bedrooms, two sitting-rooms, with or without kitchen and larder	
H	OLDEN, MRS FARM, NORTH CHAPEL, PETWORTH	Three bedrooms, one sitting-room.	GOFF'S
L	ONGHURST MRS GREEN, STAG PARK, PETWORTH, SUSSEX.	Two bedrooms, one sitting-room	COPSE
L	UGG, MRS BRIDGE FARM, PETWORTH	Two Bedrooms, one sitting-room	GUNTER'S

An advertisement in
L. C. Barnes:
A Guide to Petworth
and its Surroundings
(1902).

Granny Duncton was very "up-together" and let rooms to paying guests. An admiral often came and sent his three sons too, people came too on painting holidays. We still have a picture of Westlands painted by one of the paying guests before the Great War. She also trained maids and her protégées were much in demand among the local gentry. When I was fourteen she approached my mother for me to go to Westlands as a maid. I turned out to be the one who never left because after I'd been there several years she had come to rely on me so much that she wouldn't let me go. I could certainly have had a place at Hilliers if she had released me; everyone knew they could rely on a maid trained by Mrs. Duncton at Westlands. What sort of things did a maid learn? Well obvious things like the right way to make a bed, or putting a sheet down when you were black-leading a grate so that nothing got on the carpet. You'd then break off a piece of the black-lead which came in a kind of cake and dissolve it in water.

Jonas Duncton could turn his hand to almost everything: beside the haulage work, he'd shoe his own horses and he would also do his own brickwork, mending the brick sills on the doors where they were worn down in the middle. Having a brother who worked at Woolwich Arsenal he could obtain gunpowder and was famous locally as a maker of fireworks. A more orthodox sideline was growing peas for canning; the large marrowfat kind. The canning factory would give him a sack of peas for sowing, take back the equivalent at harvest-time and pay Jonas for the surplus. This had finished by my husband's time.

Westlands was rented from the Leconfield Estate and, like all the other Estate farmers, Jonas was allotted two foxhound puppies to bring up. We'd supply their meat, rabbits and that sort of thing but Leconfield supplied oat-meal and dog biscuits. We'd boil up the oatmeal until it was like thick cake, the pot being suspended on a pot-hook over a down fire in the kitchen. There was a Leconfield Puppy Show held every year and a prize for the best looking foxhound.

A great characteristic of life at Westlands was the avoidance of waste - and not simply at Westlands. When I was a girl my mother would ask the farmer for bags of chaff at threshing time. We couldn't afford feathers and she'd fill our bedsticks with the chaff. The chaff would serve us a year or

perhaps two but eventually would become "dusty" i.e. it would be too dry and crumbly to be of any use. When it was turned out to be replaced with fresh it made a lovely bonfire and such bonfires were always known as "danger-fires". I don't know why.

2. Bacon

Bacon was an essential foodstuff at Westlands as of course it was on other farms. The Duncton family killed their own pigs to cure for bacon. There was a big dairy at Westlands with a long slate trough in it. Pigs were grown fat then and we'd cut out great slabs and immerse them in the slate trough - it would be about half-filled with brine. We'd put saltpetre in the knucklebone to keep the flies out. Boiled with greens was the traditional way to eat fat pork, but we'd also make sausages, using plenty of sage but no breadcrumbs. The skins would be made from pigs entrails; as I have said nothing was wasted, especially nothing that came from a pig. I can remember Granny Duncton patiently poking a piece of whalebone into the entrail to take out the sticky inside layer so that the remaining part could be used for sausage skin. We'd then grind the pork in the mincing machine, fill the skins and hang the sausages round the kitchen to smoke. I'd go through my collection of corks to pick out the more presentable ones and use them to keep the separate sausages from touching as the skeins of them hung alongside one another. That way they would dry consistently. After being thoroughly smoked they'd be taken down to the dairy and laid on the shelves until they were needed. They would keep virtually indefinitely. They were never fried, simply boiled. One of the Duncton relations used to bring herrings up to Westlands and these would be smoked too. There was always a certain amount of smoke in kitchens then.

We had a large chimney and people from Kirdford would bring their bacon to Westlands to be smoked. Jonas Duncton had a short ladder and a number of hooks set in the chimney and he'd hang the bacon on the hooks. The bacon would be brought in wrapped in muslin. When we had bacon in the chimney we had to burn oak on the down-fire, anything else would taint the bacon. If someone was cutting oak locally we'd have the sawdust to make the fire up, often using it to bank the fire overnight. You didn't need flame, just a steady smoke.

Our own joints, once we'd cured them, were put down the cellar. Certainly they'd go green but we could bring back the colour of the rind with warm water. I remember Granny washing off the soot and mould and then wringing out the cloth. I've known people to put saltpetre on the joint itself rather than in the knuckle but this made the joint very hard. Jack Purser, my brother-in-law, would pickle pork using brine and a greased wooden tub. If you didn't get it quite right it would go "rusty" i.e. yellow but if it were properly pickled and then boiled it could be cut into nice solid slices.

3. Beeswax and adder fat.

March was the time to search for adder fat, when the reptiles were coming out of their winter sleep. First however you had to catch the adder, pinning him to the ground with a forked stick before crushing his head. Jonas would then bring the adder home, cut it open and remove the fat. What fat there was, and there wasn't much, came in a long narrow strip. It would then be stood in a cold cream jar in a saucepan of boiling water, and strained through a piece of muslin into a bottle. It would be applied with a feather and was widely esteemed for its healing properties. It smelt horribly and never set again once it had melted. We had a little dog who was so small he used to go down the foxholes to get out the cubs. When half his nose was bitten off I washed the wound off, put on some Vaseline. When this did not heal the wound I feathered it all round with adder's fat. The nose of course never grew again but it certainly healed. Adder's fat was nine shillings an ounce at the chemist's, a huge sum in those days and quite beyond our limited purse.

To make beeswax we'd fill the copper with water and put in the empty honeycombs. When the water boiled the beeswax came to the top as a kind of scum and we'd then scoop it off and strain it into a vessel, an eggcup say. Thread would be passed through beeswax to make it waterproof.

Periwinkle ointment was made with periwinkle using both leaf and flower and homemade lard. It was used for sores and cuts, also for healing the teats on our cows when these were scratched. The lard I suppose was used to set the drug contained in the plant. Another ointment was made from a little blue flower we always knew as "herb of life". You hardly ever see it now but I once came across a plant a few years back while I was blackberrying.

If anyone had a cold we'd boil cider in a saucepan, then make toast and get them to sop the toast in the cider, rather like bread and milk. The cider had to be as hot as they could stand it. This would often sweat the cold out. Cider might be heated using a red hot poker, as you can imagine there was a violent sizzling noise as the poker met the liquid. When there was an influenza epidemic, just after the Great War I think, many people died and there was a great feeling of danger. A woman down the lane from us died with it. We got a bucket of hot ashes and poured brimstone (sulphur) on them. The sulphur burned blue and gave out a pungent smell. You had to get out quickly and not return until it had burned out and there was no more of the choking gas. Whatever the merits of this remedy no one at Westlands went down with influenza.

A loaf baked on Good Friday never goes bad. It may become dry but it doesn't go bad. Baking day was Friday so we always baked on Good Friday and every year we baked a special Good Friday loaf to put on a shelf to bring luck. A Good Friday loaf could be ground up and used to help stomach upsets.

4. Fruits in their season

Granny's sister Mrs. Puttick would often stay at Westlands. She was a mid-wife and rode round to her various calls on a bicycle. She might stay with us two or three months at a time. She was employed on a private basis and would stay with her clients during their confinement. We used go to blackberrying at Downers' Roughts near Marshalls Farm, taking our lunch and the puppies with us. The Lombard Street greengrocers would give us three halfpence a pound for blackberries and send them away for dye.

When I was a girl at Kirdford there were great crops of acorns, far more than now as it seems to me. On the way home from school we'd fill our empty dinner bags with acorns, bring them home and sack them up. Over a few weeks we had seven great sacks. A relative who worked for Lady Barwell at Barkfold gave us a shilling a bag for them and they were used to feed the pigs.

Chestnuts were another "hedgerow" crop. At that time we would send two churns by horse and cart twice a day to the Leconfield Creamery at Kirdford. We'd load on hampers of chestnuts and my

brother would collect them and take them home to the family at Fountains. Jonas loved chestnuts and after roasting them would put them on the floor to cool, but he had to be careful for his big sheepdog would follow him and scoff the lot if he wasn't on his guard. Hazel nuts could be buried in the ground to keep them, using a biscuit tin. The idea was that this kept them moist and made them swell up. Obviously you had to get the tin out and use them before they started to grow the following spring. The difficulty usually was to find the box again once you'd buried it!

Mrs Duncton was talking to Audrey Grimwood and the Editor.

DOWN THE GREEN: 1) A STRANGER'S RETURN

CHAPTER 1

No doubt, as always, the back door of the cottage was open. When I look back over the years, it seems that the only time the door was shut, was well after sunset, or if winterly winds were blowing at gale force.

The door step had been cleaned diligently, and was gleaming white. "Don't tread on the step," Mother called, "or it won't be fit to be seen, by the time your Father get's home".

For several days past, my sisters and I had been told, "Your Daddy's coming home, and for good this time, so be good and help me and Granny".

My Father's service in the first World War, was drawing to its end. To me this meant very little, I had been told about Daddy being a soldier, and when he did come home, he would see what a big girl I had got, from the tiny baby he had left behind when he first volunteered for active service.

Granny lived next door to us, and as Father was her only son, it was only natural that her white head, covered in a finely crocheted mob cap, should appear from time to time, out her door, and gaze wistfully down the road. My great-uncle (her brother) lived with Granny, and was working in his shed, probably as was often the case, putting a new wheel in some neighbour's wheelbarrow. He too, had more stops than usual that day from his labour, and obviously had only one thought in mind, "Jack's on his way home, I'm real pleased for Amy's sake, and the kids will be glad too."

Each night when we said our prayers, we always prayed for Daddy's safe return, and now our prayers were indeed being answered.

My sisters and brothers had gone to school as usual in the morning, home to enjoy the substantial meal Mother had prepared, asking questions continually, "Will he be here by the time we get home from school". "I don't know, I wish I did" came Mother's reply. "Anyway, come straight home, there will be some morning's wood to get in for Granny and me, and the milk to get from Mr. House's, so don't be late.

We had a small courtyard outside the back door, the bricks were always a bright red, for never a week went by, without they were scrubbed down with a hard broom, this was a chore done in turn by my brothers Joe or Jim. A water tub under the drain pipe collected the rain water that was used for the weekly wash, bath nights or hair washing sessions, and this day (luckily for me) it was barely a quarter full, as I feel sure I was goaded by Amy, who was three years older than I, to look at the little girl in the water, who had a dress on just like me, and before Mother could come to my aid, I was head first in the water tub. Who actually pulled me out, I am not quite sure, but anyway, the homecoming of Dad was temporarily dismissed from everyone's mind, whilst I was stripped, bathed and put in a warm bed, and promptly fell asleep.

When I eventually awoke, and taken downstairs and placed on a man's knee by the bright fire, this gave me a dreadful fright, I screwed up my face, and soon large tears were falling steadily down my cheeks.

"I don't like that man, Mum" I kept saying through my sobs, and wriggled from his grasp, straight to mother's arms. "Don't be silly, Mabel" she said soothingly, "You've been waiting for Daddy all day, and now he has come, all you can do is cry, and won't sit on his lap. Come on, be a good girl, he loves you, and hasn't seen you since you were a little baby". Mother had such a coaxing way with us all, and before long, I was being cuddled by the khaki clad figure, and with Amy on his other knee, and the rest of the family, squatting on the floor, and all tongues working as fast as they could go.

Dad had some interesting tales to tell about his experience in France, but these were often kept until after we younger ones were in bed and asleep, although we did enjoy some fascinating tales



Mr and Mrs Jonas Duncton with daughter June.
The steam-engine behind them is still in Messrs Luggs yard at Billingshurst. (See At Old Westlands)



Jesse Clark with his grandchildren in the garden at 376A Byworth.
Photograph by G. G. Garland. (See Byworth Days)



Mr Harnett's cows.
Photograph by George Garland. (See Byworth Days)



Lord Leconfield's Hounds in the mid-1930's.
Photograph by G. G. Garland. (See At Old Westlands)

about the horses he cared for as being in the Royal Army Veterinary Corps, he regarded these animals as his four legged friends.

With a large family to clothe and feed, it was necessary for Dad to get employment very soon after his demobilisation, although many jobs around the house needed a man to put them in order, the main item was to provide a weekly pay packet, so with barely a day or two in the peace of his own home, Dad was fortunate to be given work on the local Burton Estate, as under Gamekeeper, the wage was not high, but there were several concessions to consider, as we were allowed cheaper wood and coal, and this in itself was a great help.

Then came a bad epidemic of influenza, and like every other family in the village we did not escape. At the first sign of a sore throat we were dosed with Owbridges cough mixture, and our chests rubbed with camphorated oil and then it meant bed until the fever had passed. We had a old fashioned open grate in our kitchen with an oven at the side, in the bottom of this at least four bricks could be laid, and by the end of the day, these had got lovely and hot, so as each one had to take to its bed, the bricks were removed, wrapped first in newspaper to retain the heat, then flannel and put in the beds to warm them, our nighties also wrapped around so that these were also warm for us to put on.

I did not have a very bad attack of 'flu, so one afternoon, Ethel, who had been off work with it, decided to take me for a walk up the road to meet what members of the family were back at school.

Off we went, and before long, I fell down and cut my knee, not very much, but I firmly refused to walk another step, so Ethel carried me back home, explaining to Mother what had happened, and assuring her that it was an accident. Mother bathed my knee which had only just a, little cut, and pacified me with the words. "There it will soon be better, I have put some ointment on it, and Mummy has tied it up with a nice clean bandage" and stood me down on my feet, but this was no sooner done, then down I fell again.

By this time Mother could see I was ill, and so laid me on the sofa, and when Father came home from work, he at once went for the doctor, who after examining me, said I was paralysed down my left side. He said I would have to go to hospital, but this was not possible for a day or so, but when I was admitted, the news was broken to my Father that I had got Poliomyelitis (or Infantile

Paralysis as it was known in those days) and the specialist felt sure I would remain a cripple for life. This must have been a dreadful blow for my parents, but as always problems like these were faced with a smile and affection in our house, and the anxious moments they just shared together.

The next few years I spent considerable time in first Chichester and Brighton hospitals, while various treatment and massage were tried, and these are not very clear in my mind, but eventually I was well enough to leave hospital, and once more rejoin my family, although not able to walk very much, I started school being pushed in a pushchair to and fro for my daily lessons.

F. M. Rowe (to be continued).

BYWORTH DAYS



376A Byworth

Our old cottage at 376A Byworth belonged to the Leconfield Estate. It was very small and eventually pulled down, a garage now standing on the site. I sometimes think that in these rather more preservation-conscious days it might have been spared for it was

certainly old. The beams in the lower rooms were less than six feet from the ground and even before I left school I was too tall to stand upright underneath them. There were fire-places in the bedrooms and the front room had an old type oven range for cooking. There was no running water, only a tap outside the front door. We shared this supply with our neighbours. The scullery was no more advanced than the front room and boasted an old bread oven with big metal doors. I can never recall the oven being actually used but there was an old copper for the weekly wash. There was a little hole under the sink so that you could wash the floor off and sweep the water out through a hole in the wall. I suppose the hole must have had some kind of cover to guard against uninvited vermin entering the house. There were two butchers' hooks in the ceiling for hanging bacon. At this time in the mid 1930s pigs were still home-raised and sent away for slaughter, although my sisters can remember when they were slaughtered at home. The sides were hung on the hooks. This practice stopped with the coming of the war in 1939. There was electricity in the village but we didn't have it put in. I can remember first oil-lamps and then Tilley lamps. The story went that my grandfather Jesse Clark, who was the tenant, was so alarmed by the prospect of electricity that he refused to have anything to do with it.

The garden was a typical tenant garden of the time, my father growing all the vegetables we needed. There were five apple trees and two cherry trees and my father had to use a good deal of ingenuity to keep the birds off the latter. He had three bells set in the tree at ripening time, each connected to the bedroom with a piece of thin rope. At the first hint of the twittering hordes he would pull the ropes and ring the bells. What happened when he was out at work? Well it was up to my mother, myself, or one of my six elder sisters to ring the bells. Another feature of the garden were the three or four groups of cobnut trees. Years later when the house had gone I went into the garden on a visit to Byworth, took a sucker from the cob and now have a good healthy bush in my own garden in Horsham. The nuts are harvested in October and will keep for anything up to eighteen months, becoming sweeter with keeping.

My father worked as a coalman for Messrs. Corral and put the lorry away each evening in a barn on Mr. Thorn's farm. He would always remove the armature to make sure that no one could go off with it during the night. The coal came into the station loose in open

waggons and he would bag it up in hundredweight sacks. The price of a hundredweight of coal in those days was about five shillings. If I went out with him on the round, I'd wait in the cab while he stopped for lunch (probably a couple of ales) at the Racehorse Inn. He'd bring me out a lemondade and a pennyworth of biscuits, I wasn't of course of an age to be allowed into the pub. As I waited in the cab I'd hear the incessant whirr of the mill. I can still hear it in my mind whenever I think about waiting in the cab outside the Racehorse.

My great interest as a boy was Barnsgate Farm where Mr. Harnett was the tenant. The farm-buildings have gone now except for the stables where the great carthorses were kept. I would help to harness up the beasts and hitch them to the carts, even being allowed to drive them across to the mangel-fields up by the Gog. I remember corn-ricks up there and the grain being threshed. I would rake away the chaff at base of the machine. The mangels would be carted off to the meadows for the cows to eat after milking. They would be brought up to the farm for milking and to return, as often as not, they would simply make their own way out of the farmyard, up through the village, over the road and up the track that leads to the Cottage Hospital. If the field gate on the left had been left open they would go in there: if the one on the right they'd go in there. They never went straight on up the road toward the Hospital. Milking was still done by hand, the milk passing through a cooler and eventually into a churn. We villagers collected our milk from Barnsgate every day. It had the old-fashioned cardboard tops which you opened by pushing down through the middle. I used to help with the haying and things like that but never learned to hand-milk so it was odd that the first job I had when I left school was at Faygate and involved helping to hand-milk a herd of Shorthorn cows. What a joy when the milking machine arrived!

My grandfather, retired from the Leconfield Estate, did a bit of mole-catching for Mr. Thorn at Hallgate, setting the traps in the morning and returning to check them in the evening. Mr. Thorn would pay him a few pence for each mole he produced. Celebrating New Year was a regular event in Byworth, I remember Mrs. Gumbrell our neighbour next door (Aunt Lucy to us children) telling me that one particular New Year my grandfather, who always took an alarm clock with him on this festive occasion, arrived outside the house to listen to Petworth Church bells ringing in the New Year, holding just the ring off the top of the clock. The clock itself had somehow become lost in the celebrations!

My mother was very averse to any sort of drinking and on one occasion my grandfather who had helped Mr. Courtney next door clear out the home-made wine in his cellar, took refuge in Petworth until he had recovered sufficiently to return home!

Our neighbours Mr. and Mrs. Shoubridge and Mrs. Gumbrell and her daughter Joy had the village bakery, a little way from our cottage and the smell of the fresh baked bread would come into our house. Mr. Shoubridge (Uncle Fred to us) would be up very early in the morning to bake the bread, which would be delivered the same day. The oven was heated with faggots in the old-fashioned way, the bread of course being baked in the oven after the ashes had been removed. As children we were told that the little holes in the bread were made by Uncle Fred's crooked little finger - but they were of course air-pockets in the dough. Mother always made a fruit cake on a Saturday and this would be taken into the bakery to be cooked in the bread oven. The charge for this was a penny. Threepence for a Christmas cake.

Being the youngest child, by the time I grew up some of my elder sisters had left home but it must have been cramped at the best of times in that tiny cottage - particularly when with the coming of the war we had evacuees as well. Eventually I went to live in Petworth with one of my sisters in High Street. Before I left school I worked for Olders the grocers for a while delivering groceries on the trade-bike - evenings and Saturdays. Then I had a job at Mr. Standen's the outfitters in Market Square. I remember using Dustmo to sweep the floor: it was rather like wet peat and the idea was to stop the dust rising and going on to the clothes. On Saturday I'd clean the shop windows.

During the war I can remember the long summer evenings. We had double summertime then, and we would stand in the garden, watching the formation of our bombers and fighters going off in their bombing raids. We never had an air raid shelter at 376A, just a strong old 4 legged kitchen table, with blankets draped over it: again I suspect a bit cramped. I can remember my mother scolding my father because he would insist on standing on the front door step after the siren had sounded. I suspect to get a better view of the activities. We would play in the meadows at the back of the cottage, and quite often hear the sounds of bagpipes on the main road leading to the Welldiggers, usually the piper would be in front of several squads of marching soldiers. Once I was with my father in the lorry delivering coal at River when some planes

started to machine-gun the searchlight batteries up there. There was nothing we could do but crawl under the lorry for safety.

Bill Clark was talking to the Editor.

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

Just a brief outline of the Society's activities during the late Spring and Summer. The conducted tour of Billingshurst with the Billingshurst Local History Society was something we would ourselves have been proud to put on. Peter and Wendy Lines pointed out the older features in Billingshurst High Street in such a way that we could never take it all for granted again. Mr Evershed introduced us to the Unitarian Chapel and Peter and Wendy gave us all tea in the garden at Marringdean. A lovely afternoon.

Marguerite and Joan's Fittleworth Gardens Walk a few weeks later was an ideal complement to the Billingshurst visit. It was once again extremely well-organised and took in a quite different part of Fittleworth from that which we visited last year. Again we found that in general Fittleworth gardens are spacious where Petworth gardens are compact. As if to make this point Anne's Petworth garden walk concentrated largely on North Mead. I missed this popular outing but I gather that it was much enjoyed. Joy's Fernhurst walk in June gave us a walk through varied country, a stop in the garden of Verdley House, and ended with tea and biscuits in Joy's garden. A really nice relaxed Sunday afternoon.

Members will be relieved that the additional Pound Street car parking is to go ahead. The loss of a magnificent garden has to be weighed against the need for more parking. One has to see the need for the latter but has also to lament the loss of the garden. Petworth's distinctiveness as a town owes much to its historic gardens and too many are disappearing. You will have noted that the secondary application to create three additional spaces by removing the inside section of the double box hedge has been withdrawn by the District Council. The box hedge is one of Petworth's outstanding historic features and is described by William Cobbett in his Rural Rides (1830) as several centuries old and a great curiosity. You may be surprised to learn that a preservation order cannot be placed on a hedge. For the purposes of such an order a hedge is not a tree! In this case the Society took the rare step of writing in to the District Council appending the signatures of the members of the committee. Two other issues

are of particular interest to members: the discussions between the Parish and Parochial Church Councils concerning the gates of St Mary's Church and the effort to breathe some new life into the discussion of Petworth's traffic problems. Discussion on both issues is at a very early stage and it hardly seems appropriate to comment until matters are a little further advanced. The same applies to possible developments at the Post Office and the proposed introduction of car parking changes - neither of which appear to be in Petworth's interest. We will certainly do what we can.

I have mentioned the Sussex Harvest Home on October 1st. You are hardly likely to forget the Fair on November 19th - the 20th falling on a Sunday this year. Our thinking as you know is to make the Fair the most Petworth-ish event of the year - a day when virtually everyone comes together in the Market Square. No other Petworth event is like the Fair or could be like it.

Could I mention that I am giving an evening class on "The Streets of Petworth: their history and traditions" on Monday evenings at the Herbert Shiner School from mid-September. It will be a series of ten talks each dealing with one or more of Petworth's historic streets.

Peter.

5th August 1988.

LOST FRIENDS

As you know we don't have a regular obituary column, taking the view that the Parish Magazine already performs such a function and does it well. There are occasions however when there is a special need to remember those who have served the Society exceptionally and it is right that we should mention two former officers and two whose recollections have enriched these pages.

Doris Gundry had long been our press officer and was a lady whose infectious enthusiasm belied her mature years. She had worked long in advertising and used the communication skills she had acquired to our considerable benefit. So unassuming was she that she needed frequent reassurance that she was doing the job adequately when in fact she was doing it excellently. Above all however she was quite simply a nice lady whom it was a pleasure to know.

Her great friend Barbara Johnson had been secretary of the Society over a period of some years that covered its rather uneasy earlier days to its more general acceptance by the town as a whole. She

was always hard-working and invariably courteous and helpful. Of late years her failing eyesight had given her much difficulty and latterly her general health too had declined. She will be remembered with the greatest affection.

"Mog" Thayre produced one of our very best recollection pieces (Getting rid of my cough... March 1985). At the time of the tape recording from which the article was written she was living in "exile" at Portsmouth. Eventually through the good offices of friends she came home to Petworth to live at Courtlea where she was very happy. The great turning-point in her life was the bombing of Petworth School at Michaelmas 1942. She could never be reconciled to the horror of that day and was "Paul's Mum" to the end.

Bill Ede too had been at Courtlea and he had twice contributed his memories to the Bulletin (Not so Dusty... June 1983 and Prize Rabbits and Marionettes... December 1983). He was a model of the old-fashioned countryman; in some ways a solitary man, the slight impediment in his speech hid an astute observer of the local scene. His close friends may not have been many but friendship for Bill was something that endured a lifetime and beyond. The friendships he had were born of long years and were rock solid. The funeral was at Egdean on a lovely May morning, when the hedgerows were green and fresh. He would have appreciated that.

P.

NEW MEMBERS

Mr and Mrs B. Apps, 72 Wyndham Road, Petworth.
Mr and Mrs Baker, Highfold, Hawkhurst Court.
Mrs Best, 3 Cedar Close, Tadley, Basingstoke.
Mr and Mrs Bone, 8 Lund House, Petworth.
Mrs E.V. Brentnall, 2, The Victors, North Street, Petworth.
Mrs L. Bragge, Fairfield House, Petworth.
Mr and Mrs Bridger, 1 Downview, Petworth.
Mr A. Brooke, Prospect Cottage, North Street, Petworth.
Mrs M.A. Candler, 44 Orchard Close, Petworth.
Mr and Mrs Carver, 92 Goldstone Road, Hove.
Mr and Mrs W.A. Clark, 113 Farhalls Crescent, Horsham.
Mrs A. Cook, 18 Orchard Close, Petworth.
Mrs Dickenson, Magog Lodge, Petworth.
Mrs Diplock, 1 Egremont Almshouse, Horsham Road, Petworth.
Mr and Mrs Eames, c/o Mrs Hall, Petworth.

Mr and Mrs Green, Uppermead, Petworth.
Mrs Hall, Sunningdale, Upperton.
Mr and Mrs Hall, Mount Pleasant, Angel Street, Petworth.
Mr and Mrs Harber, Whitehall, Golden Square, Petworth.
Mrs Herbert, 45 Greatpin Croft, Fittleworth.
Mrs Alma Hilton, Cresswell Court, APT 605, 3050 Goldcrest Road
Burlington, Ontario, Canada.
Mrs E.J. James, Hillside, Northmead, Petworth.
Mrs M. Lutman, 7 St Blaisses Road, Boxgrove, Chichester.
Mr and Mrs McHardy, Little Common Farm, Tillington.
Mr and Mrs S. Mills, 11 Park Rise, Petworth.
Mrs S. Newbolt, 2 Toghill Crescent, Rudcote, Corsham, Wilts.
Mr A.G. Penfold, 86 Charles Avenue, Chichester.
Mr and Mrs Ratcliffe, Teazles, Northmead, Petworth.
Mr Ramsay, Flat 2, Swan House, Petworth.
Mr and Mrs P.J. Ricketts, 12 Littlecote, Petworth.
Mrs M. Roberts, 8 Downview Road, Petworth.
Mr and Mrs Roady, Ryders, Hawkhurst Court.
Miss P. Scott, Withy Cottage, Graffham.
Mr R. Sadler, Quarry's Edge, 55 Sheepdown Drive, Petworth.
Mr and Mrs Sandall, Wyndham Road, Petworth.
Mr and Mrs C.F. Simpson, 23 Anex Street, Liverpool, New South
Wales, Australia 2170.
Mrs Standing, 50 Greatpin Croft, Fittleworth.
Mrs B. Stillwell, 11 West Side, Tillington.
Mr and Mrs Strudwick, 1 Mulberry Court, Petworth.
Mr and Mrs Talman, 24 Mant Road, Petworth.
Mrs W. Wilkinson, 24 Russell Avenue, High Lane, Stockport
Cheshire.
Mr and Mrs L. Worley, Park Corner, Church Street, Petworth.

REQUEST FOR INFORMATION : THE SLEMMINGS FAMILY

I would be very grateful to hear from any Member who may have information regarding an old Petworth area family, Surname Sleyman - Slemmonds - Slemmings or variations of this name. Known to have lived at such places at Petworth, Egdean, Byworth, Upwaltham and several other villages from at least 1700 to early 1900's. Any information gratefully acknowledged.

S. Slemmonds, 47, Sullivan Road, Fulham, London, SW6 3DT.

BOOK REVIEW:

"It was a Lovely Life". P.M. Kingsley. Privately Printed

Members will be well aware of Pat Kingsley's sensitive handling of reminiscence from her Stopham article in the last Magazine. "It was a Lovely Life", is a small booklet of some twenty-five pages recounting basically the tradition of older residents about Fittleworth as it was just before the Great War, with the occasional foray into the period between the wars. What marks the book out is the easy coalescence between Pat's writing and the memories she deals with: you do not have the appearance of a stranger rewriting alien material. Pat lets her friends, for such they clearly are, speak for themselves, simply ordering and arranging their recollections as opposed to rewriting them. There is a simplicity here that is enhanced by the unusual presentation; the book being produced by photostat from an original text beautifully handwritten by Mr Kingsley. This adds to the childlike atmosphere that pervades the book; after all those who remember now are talking of a world in which they were themselves children. Here among so many others we meet Mr Johnson the carter at Street, the two provision shops, the butcher, the various blacksmiths, Mr Hart the postmaster, George Attrill, in later years cooking his food outside on a tripod over a wood fire, successive schoolmasters, Bedham school and Miss Day "She was a little tiny thing; Oh! she was very sweet". There was a school at Coates then too. The book ends with four quotations from those who have helped produce it.

Pat tells me that she has only printed a very limited number in the first instance. I think she will need a lot more. "It was a Lovely Life" should be available as the phrase goes, "at discriminating bookshops" - or direct from Mrs P. Kingsley, The Studio, Hallelujah Corner, Fittleworth for £2.30 to include return postage. All profits go to charity.

P.

PETWORTH TO GUILDFORD - AND BACK!

My parents came down from Perth in Scotland when I was three, my father having obtained a position in Petworth as a groom. At first we lived over the shoe-shop that Mr. Kensett kept next to his outfitters at the top of North Street. I don't know where my father's work was but it turned out to be largely immaterial for he

"Horse-hoeing on Lord Leconfield's Estate Early 1930's." Does anyone know the identity of the two farm workers? Photograph by G. G. Garland.





Mr. Robert's Bedford coach cum removal van -
the seats could be unbolted, the back jacked out and the windows boarded up - about 1935.
Photograph by G. G. Garland courtesy of Mrs. S. Pidgley.

died soon after coming down here, leaving my mother with three young children, myself and my two brothers. As you can imagine it was a difficult time for my mother, although as very young children we didn't really have too much awareness of the situation. I do however remember my mother telling me that the Rev. Penrose had been to see her and given her three gold sovereigns to look after us. I would suppose she was finding life particularly difficult at the time.

Before too long we moved to 268 North Street, just opposite the workhouse, and by this time I was old enough to give my mother a hand. In Goodwood week she used to do teas for people who stopped at the "Trap" as the Masons Arms was then known. Jack Martin the landlord would tell people, "If you want tea and sandwiches go down to 268". We didn't just provide teas however; there was a big shed at 268 and I'd be in there boiling up a copper to give plenty of hot water. Then, armed with the water, a towel, and a bit of soap, I'd charge twopence for a wash and brush-up. People were glad of it, I can tell you. In those days of solid tyres and open charabancs you could get very dusty indeed on a long trip. Four-in-hands too would call in at the Trap, coming down on Sunday to stop at the pub and feed and wash the horses before starting the last lap of the journey to Goodwood. They'd arrive early Sunday morning and stay until the afternoon, setting off to make Goodwood by the evening. This would give them Monday to get ready before the races began on the Tuesday.

My mother also took in washing for the Petworth doctors and I'd carry the big baskets back to Dr. Beachcroft at George House or to Dr. Kerr at Culvercroft - leaving them of course with the servants. By the time I was twelve I was working as "house-boy" at Eagers the outfitters in Market Square, going there at five o'clock every evening except Sunday for three shillings a week. This would be about 1923. I'd sweep the long corridor that led in from Lombard Street and I'd clean the knives with the knife-cleaner, a big drum with a handle on one side. You put the knives in the drum and cleaned and sharpened them by turning the handle. In the summer I'd help Mr. Tickner in the garden. The old mower took the pair of us pulling to make it cut! I only worked in the house and had nothing to do with the shop itself, hardly ever going near it.

When I left school I went to work for the International Stores, still then in New Street, as an errand boy. I was paid ten shillings a week and the job entailed going round with groceries. This was all I did: simply taking out orders as the staff made

them up. I would go out as far as River Common with them. As people brought in their orders the staff would pack the orders into boxes and lay them on the floor. They left it to me to work out how I delivered them and I would take four or five at a time on the bike. The heaviest things were 28 lbs bags of maize for chicken feed - I'd often go out to Parkhurst with these. Sometimes the load was so heavy that the bike overbalanced. I once broke several jars of jam going up the Horsham Road a bit top-heavy.

After three months doing this I was offered a job at fifteen shillings a week, half as much again as I was receiving at the International Stores. My new employer was Mr. Roberts the Pound Street carrier. While later he would have the Pound Garage, at



Pound Garage about 1928

Back Row: L-R
Mick. Purser, Bert. Exall, George
Knight, Vic. Roberts, Stan Goodsell.

Front Row:
Sheila Roberts, Bill Wareham.

this time the garage part was owned by Mr. George Knight, who did motor repairs with his mechanic Stan Goodsell, and sold Cleveland Petrol at tenpence halfpenny a gallon. The single pump was of course manual. Vic Roberts had part of the Pound Garage site, using it as his base while he rented out four garages that had once been stables. In fact he garaged his own lorry in one, letting the others to Mr. Muir the coal merchant, Mr. Stevens the Sadlers Row butcher and Alfie Smith who lodged at the Queen's Head in High Street and had, not a lorry, but a horse and cart. He used to go round the town with fresh herrings. George Knight had a big barn which he used for his repair work (there was no house on the site then) and had a big inspection pit in there. The old cinema stood to the front of the site.

Vic Roberts, as I have said, was a carrier by trade. He would leave Petworth for Guildford Mondays and Thursdays, returning

Tuesdays and Fridays. On Mondays starting at about nine o'clock he'd go all round Petworth calling at different shops like grocers, butchers and greengrocers and pick up their orders. About noon he'd leave Petworth and when he arrived at Northchapel do the same. The process would be repeated at Chiddingfold, Whitley and Milford - not further because this would be another carrier's territory. He'd also call at some well-to-do private houses. We'd knock on the door and wait for a servant to come out with the order. Monday would largely be spent collecting orders and we'd put up in Guildford overnight at the Lion and Crown in North Street. Often we'd take chickens that hadn't laid properly to sell at Guildford Market and find that with the bumping of the solid tyres and the shaking of the frame at the top of the lorry they had laid eggs after all! We'd get the landlady to cook them for us. Vic Roberts had an order book in which we would write down the orders although at this time people were just beginning to telephone them in - Petworth 116 his number was. He liked us to be smartly turned out and insisted on breeches and gaiters as standard working gear. I went round with Mr. Roberts collecting the orders and applied for a driving licence to drive the Ford lorry as soon as I possibly could. It was the old "one-ton" covered-in type with solid tyres.

We didn't so much buy things at Guildford as bring back what had already been bought. A side of beef for the butcher perhaps; the butcher having already been there to buy it. We'd get three shillings for bringing it back. It was a fair weight and three shillings by no means excessive for the work involved. There was no refrigeration then of course: we'd bring the meat back covered in sacking, but we would also bring back one and a quarter hundredweight blocks of ice for the Petworth butchers, carrying it on the iron rack that went round the top of the lorry. The ice would drip down into the lorry on our way back. We'd reckon to leave Guildford at about midday on the Tuesday. Bananas were another staple item, brought back of course for the Petworth greengrocers. They were packed into the old-fashioned returnable wooden crates and we'd go down into the wholesaler's hot-room to get them. Great spiders would come in with the banana loads and I particularly remember bringing one huge one back to Mr. Ernest Streeter in Lombard Street. He was a great collector of all kinds of insects and he gave me half-a-crown for it. Once I remember being down in the hot-room when the man in there suddenly shouted, "Stand back!" He tapped a bunch of bananas on a rack above me and a snake's head appeared. In a flash he'd chopped the head off with his big knife. The snake was apparently highly poisonous. The whole Guildford operation was done again on the Thursday and Friday.

What you may ask did we do with Wednesday? Well Mr. Roberts had at that time, about 1930, a purpose-built Chevrolet Convertible which could double as a lorry or a coach. Petworth had a flourishing Wednesday football club and we were contracted to provide transport for away matches - handy for me as I played for them as well! On Wednesday evening or on Friday when we got back from Guildford I'd again used the Chevrolet, this time to take the girl servants from Petworth House to the theatre at Horsham. It was arranged through the Estate of course. There were fourteen girls for each trip, a different fourteen each Wednesday and Friday of course. No, I didn't go to the theatre myself: I spent the time in Horsham, looking round the shops. I worked for Vic Roberts for seven years.

Bert Exall was talking to the Editor.

THE OLD BLUE: THE STORY OF A PETWORTH FRIENDLY SOCIETY

6) Into the age of the federated societies 1856-1866

While the coming of the Oddfellows to the Angel in 1846 had seriously damaged the Old Blue, membership in 1861-2, when the first surviving members' contribution book begins, was still fairly respectable for a small local society, some 140 members in all. 1859 had seen one of those rare and unexplained surges of new members that occur occasionally in the Old Blue's middle years. The twenty or more new members reflect perhaps the collapse of a smaller local friendly society. Although as events turned out the Society would fail almost completely to hold these new members, at the turn of the 1860's the Society might at least, on a superficial view, be seen as just about holding its own. There was certainly no room for complacency however. Compared to the 1820's when the first known minute book survives, the Old Blue's catchment area had shrunk; the Coldwaltham, Pulborough and West Chiltington connection surviving only in the older, predominantly superannuated members, by this time a drain on funds rather than an asset to Society finances. There had been also great upheaval in the Society's upper echelons as the decade came to an end. At the special meeting of the Society on May 11th 1857 a letter was read from J.L. Ellis asking to be allowed to resign his office as President. Mr. Richard Blagden the surgeon was asked if he would serve in his place. In 1859 Thomas Sockett the rector, for so many decades honorary treasurer, resigned too. Messrs. Ellis and Sockett must have seemed to the ordinary members somewhat remote and distant figures, but at the same time, as changeless and

unaging as the eternal verities. Secretaries might come and go but Ellis and Sockett had set their benevolent if aristocratic seal on the Society's affairs for the best part of four decades. Continuity rested now in the old committee stalwarts and above all with William Melville, the Church Street tailor, an exiled Scotsman who rarely missed a monthly meeting and took the chair on the not infrequent occasions when the President did not attend.

The Old Blue might with some disadvantage co-exist with the Oddfellows but the arrival in Petworth of the Foresters was to affect them severely. Based on the Swan Inn, the exact date of the Foresters' Petworth foundation is not known but they were almost certainly in operation by 1860. Their great strength had always been in the industrial counties of the north and in the early part of the nineteenth century they had made slow progress in the agricultural counties of the south. There had been no Foresters' courts at all in Sussex in 1845 but they were to increase rapidly over the next decade or so. There were 22 courts in 1855 and 60 by 1865. A great advantage of the Foresters in recruiting was that their slightly lower level of contribution put them within the range of a humbler type of working-man who might be unable to meet the Oddfellows' average contribution.

Above all the Foresters with their federated system of courts offered financial stability, something the more ephemeral local societies could not. Financial stability however was but a part of their attraction. The initiation ceremony of both Oddfellows and Foresters was secret and elaborate with strong masonic undertones. While not directly related to the Freemasons, the two great Friendly Society movements seem in their early days to have been influenced by them. Considerable use was made of mystic emblems, elaborate costumes and regalia. Secrecy was strictly observed and in the early days a candidate for admission had to fight a mock combat to show his courage to the officials of the order. When this had been done, the Chief Ranger would explain the significance of the combat to the initiate; how, as Adam had to fight with the wild and strange beasts of the forest, so faithful Foresters had to contend in their turn with the World, the Flesh and the Devil. Although the ritual combat had been struck out of the initiation ceremony in 1843, the initiation ceremony itself remained impressive. It would take place during the normal monthly lodge night. The first part of the evening would be devoted to business matters dealing with contributions, the claims of the sick and the election of lodge officials. There might perhaps be a lecture.

After this the meeting might become more convivial giving rise to the disapprobation so often voiced by well-to-do critics of the Friendly Societies. There was always an uneasy balance between the somewhat puritan attitudes toward the World, the Flesh and the Devil in the initiation ceremony and the robust camaraderie of "Lodge Night". This balance seems to have been common to all the federated societies. Passwords were exchanged for admission to the next meeting and the utmost secrecy observed. The other main ceremony was attendance at the funeral rites of a "brother". As the years went by the Foresters, as also the Oddfellows, provided medical attendance, little more perhaps in its early stages than advice from a surgeon, but in due course covering the supply of such medicines as he might recommend. The Society would pay the surgeon an annual sum per head for those he cared for, as P. H. J. H. Gosden observes (the Friendly Societies in England 1815-1875 page 148-9), a pattern on which the National Health Insurance scheme was based after 1911, and the forerunner of the modern National Health Service panel scheme.

The years 1861-5 show the severe effect of the federated societies (and particularly the Foresters) on the Old Blue. In fact of the twenty-three new members enrolled in 1859 some two-thirds had left the Society in the six years to 1865 while those old members who died were not replaced. The following table shows the Old Blue's rapid decline in the early 1860's.

Year May to May	1861-2 Members Remaining	New Members	Members Expelled for Non-payment
1861-2	(140)	10	4
1862-3	126	7	3
1863-4	99	2	10
1864-5	78	0	19
1865-6	72	0	19

Relatively new members were more likely to defect than older members. Those whose contributions had been entrusted to the Society over the years would stay on, as much from necessity as from conviction. If a man were going to forfeit his contributions by leaving a Friendly Society it was very much in his interest that he did this early in his career with them. The longer he had paid his contributions the more he had to lose. Worse, if he were over forty years of age he would find it difficult to join another Society at all. Effectively the early 1860's are critical years in the history of the Old Blue. A plateau is reached by 1865 after which defections fall, new members are rare and the original members gradually pass away: the Society survives only through the momentum created by those who had, in former years, paid their contributions and whose advantage did not lie in pulling out. As a growing entity the Old Blue had simply ceased to function. Committee meetings continue, the sick are reimbursed, but overall hangs a feeling as if the real world were passing the Old Blue by. This is not of course to undervalue the significance of the Society for those who came under its protection. A frail ship it certainly might be, but for those who looked for it to succour them in the icy waters of nineteenth century poverty it was salvation. Not for them the luxury of taking an overall financial view.

The committee minute book continues to give an account of payments to sick members much as before, payment being predominantly to the "superannuated" i.e. those who had been in benefit for more than a year. Occasionally as in September 1861 all payments are made to superannuated members viz.,

Name	Residence	Nature of Illness	Days	Payment
Bridger Bryanson	Tillington	Paralysis	35	17.6d.
Vine John	Petworth	Disease of the eyes	35	17.6d.
Phillips W.W.	Bersted	Debility	35	17.6d.
Puttick Peter	Northchapel	Old Age	35	17.6d.
Winter Thomas	Hardham	Asthma	35	17.6d.
Green Thomas	Petworth	(Not indicated)	35	17.6d.

September 1865 offers more of a mix between casual and superannuated claimants:

<u>Name</u>	<u>Residence</u>	<u>Nature of Illness</u>	<u>Days</u>	<u>Payment</u>
Alderton John	Petworth	Blindness	28	14.0d.
Ball Alfred	Fittleworth	Sprained Ankle	28	£1. 8.0d.
Bridger Bryanson	Tillington	Paralysis	28	14.0d.
Bridger Thomas	Tillington	Rheumatism	4	4.0d.
Butt Timothy	Fairlight	Inflammation of knee joint	14	14.0d.
Ellis James	Petworth	Varicose veins in leg	28	14.0d.
Gosden James	Stonehouse	Weakness	28	14.0d.
Greenfield John	Petworth	Phthisis	13	13.0d.
King Richard	Storrington	Cataract	28	14.0d.
Vine John	Petworth	Ophthalmia	28	14.0d.

To be continued.

Documents courtesy of Messrs. Anderson, Longmore and Higham.

REMINDER:

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An ensemble of Sussex Singers

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THE STREETS OF PETWORTH :

Their history and traditions.

An evening class of
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A THIRD PASSAGE FROM THE REMINISCENCE OF WILLIAM JACOB JUNIOR WHO WORKED BRIEFLY AS A WARDEN AT THE OLD PETWORTH GAOL JUST PRIOR TO ITS CLOSURE ABOUT 1880.

A TARTAR TO HANDLE

Among the many remarkable characters who crossed my path while I was in the south of England none provided more amusing incidents than a well-known poacher.

He was particularly well versed in the art of stealing pheasant's eggs. The keepers and police when they managed to catch him found him a tartar to handle and had many smart tussles with him. On one occasion he stole five dozen pheasant's eggs and sold them to an inn-keeper. He watched where the publican put his purchase and immediately stole the eggs again. He was caught by the police, and came to Petworth for six months. When he obtained his release, a friend taunted him about having been spotted by the inn-keeper. "All right" said he, "I'll throw him in the pond yet." This threat was overheard, with the result that he was sentenced to prison for another six months.

On one occasion a police official had this man in a vehicle outside the courthouse ready to be brought in. Watching his chance, he raised both arms, and brought the link of the handcuffs down hard on the iron tyre of the trap wheel. The link snapped, and away went the prisoner with his arms free. Miles away in the heart of the country, which he knew so well, he persuaded a blacksmith to free him from the "bracelets" which still remained on his wrists. It was months before he was found again.

On another occasion he was boasting in a public-house that he knew where there was a nest with eleven pheasants eggs in it. He went on to say that he would have them that day. A keeper who had been listening to all this left the pub, very quietly. The keeper knew of only one nest with eleven eggs in it, and he quickly chose a point of vantage from which he could watch the eggs without being seen.

Tirelessly he lay hidden in the undergrowth till five in the evening, but not a sign or sound was there of the poacher. Feeling stiff and very hungry, the keeper stole out to stretch his legs and have a bite to eat. He was not away very long, so great was his anxiety to catch a poacher redhanded. Yet when he returned to his post the eggs had vanished. It was some time later when he was in trouble again that the poacher owned up to having taken them.

This man had only one foot. While he was in prison in Portsmouth on one occasion a sledge-hammer fell on his toes. Mortification set in and his foot had to be amputated. He had a stump show, and, strange to relate, he would get about and run as well as any man. One of his funniest escapades was when he broke into an aviary and stole a number of pheasants. He entered the aviary among the startled birds

with an old umbrella which he used to carry about, along with a carpenter's bass. Catching eleven pheasants one after the other, he quietly gave their necks a twist and put them in the bass. It so happened however, that he had been in convivial company, and his fingers were not as sure as usual. Thus it came about that his eleven pheasants were only badly scared. With his heavy-laden bass he climbed down to the railway, walked along the track to Rogate, where on arrival he found he had only one pheasant left. Meanwhile the keepers had found the aviary in disorder and the poacher's well-known umbrella inside. It was not very long before he was with us at Petworth again, and when he saw me he began to lament his ill-fortune. "Why" I said, "everyone knew that umbrella for miles around". "That may be" he said, "but that's no reason why I should be such a fool as to tell the Magistrates it was mine".

Mixed Drops, Acids, Pears, Honey Butter
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Candies & Creams :-

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" "	per bar 1d.
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" White	4d.
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Toffee Tablets	4d.
Honey Butter Nuggets (in 7-lb. boxes)	5d.
Cokernut	5d.

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Another price list from The International Tea Co. Petworth 1894.
Courtesy of Petworth Antique Market.

