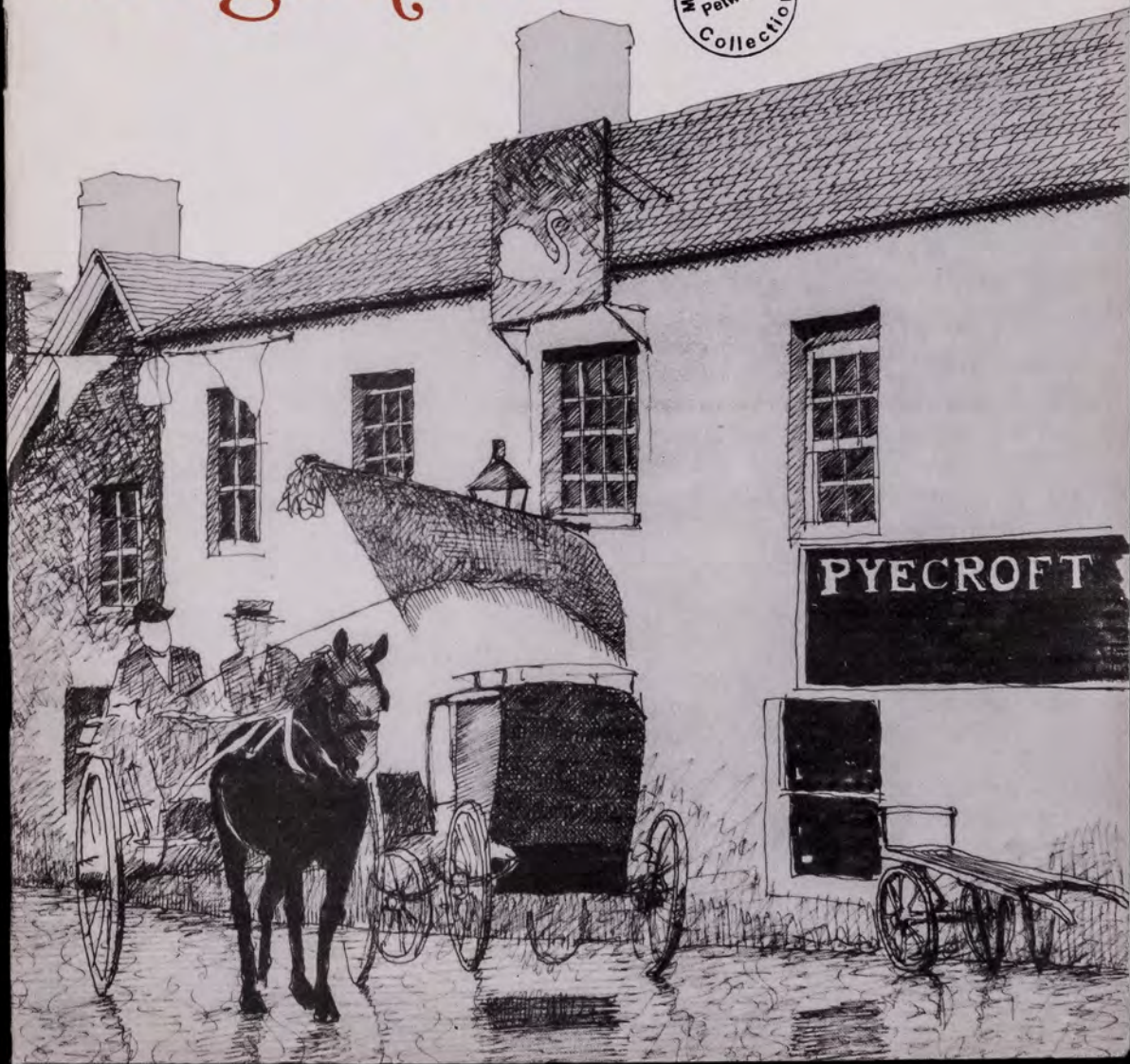


CHARLES LEAZELL EXHIBITION — SEPTEMBER 23, 24.

THE PETWORTH  
SOCIETY  
*magazine*

Issue No. 57  
September 1989

Price to  
non-members £1.00



CONTENTS

	<u>Page</u>
Constitution and Officers	2
Subscriptions: A notice	3
Chairman's Notes	4
Letter: Mrs Greenfield	5
Royal British Legion, Petworth	7
Fittleworth Gardens Walk	7
Petworth Gardens Walk	9
The Solution to Petworth's traffic problem	10
The Charles Lezell Exhibition	13
Discovering Kirdford	13
Calves and Commoners	14
The Leconfield Creamery	19
Petworth Scouts	23
Craggs the Plumbers	26
Mistress Brown disapproves	33
The Winter of 1899 and other memories	37
New Members	39

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Cover drawing and design by Jonathan Newdick  
after an original photograph belonging to Mrs Barbara Calder  
showing the west side of Market Square decorated for  
Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee in 1897.

\* \* \* \*

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AUTUMN PROGRAMME 1989

Walks: Cars leave Petworth Square at 2.15.

SUNDAY 3rd SEPTEMBER

Audrey's Circular Whiteways Walk.

SUNDAY 8th OCTOBER

Audrey's improbably relaxed Bury Riverside Walk.

SUNDAY 29th OCTOBER

Riley's Northchapel Walk.

SUNDAY 26th NOVEMBER

Ian and Pearl's Balls Cross Walk.

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Monthly meetings: Leconfield Hall 7.30 p.m. Refreshments, Raffle.  
Entrance £1

WEDNESDAY 11th OCTOBER

Sir Francis AVERY JONES M.D. F.R.C.P.  
Herbs: their importance - past and present.  
(Slides)

WEDNESDAY 13th DECEMBER

Petworth Society Christmas Evening.

PETWORTH FAIR IS MONDAY 20th NOVEMBER.

September 22nd - 24th

THE CHARLES LEAZELL EXHIBITION

Viewing Friday September 22nd 7.30pm  
Refreshments

Open for selling to Petworth Society

Members only: Saturday 23rd 10 - 12

Open for selling to general public

Saturday 23rd 1 - 5

Sunday 24th 10 - 12

1 - 4

September 30th/October 1st

DISCOVERING KIRDFORD

IFOLD LOCAL HISTORY SOCIETY  
EXHIBITION

11 - 5 both days

KIRDFORD VILLAGE HALL

Evening Class Petworth: People, papers and pictures 1500-1989

Peter Jerrome. Mondays 7.30-9.30 p.m. Herbert Shiner School.

Enquiries Petworth 42580 or ask Peter on 42562.

NOTICES

PETWORTH PARISH COUNCIL LITTER CLEAN-UP

SUNDAY 10th SEPTEMBER

PETWORTH CAR PARK 10.00 a.m.

---

Donald Simpson Clerk to the Council writes:

Dear Peter,

May I bring the above event to your notice and ask if your Organisation would kindly participate.

You may be interested to know or may already have seen from press reports that Petworth has won the Chichester District Council Floral Pride Campaign award to Parish Councils for 1989.

On behalf of the Parish Council I would like to express thanks to your organisation for the support received in brightening up the town and enabling this award to be achieved. The judges also commented on the general tidiness of the town which adds so much to the overall appearance and I would like to express appreciation to Les Howard for his work in this respect.

Yours sincerely,

D. Simpson

---

Petworth Twinning Association Notice.

During the weekend 15 - 18 September, Petworth is entertaining a party of about 50 French people from the twin town of Ranville.

The Association urgently needs offers of accommodation for the party so please, Petworth, open your hearts and homes to them. It is not necessary to speak French - all you need is a smile and a laugh - so if you can offer hospitality please contact Joan Chatwood (Petworth 42893) or Mary Wakeford (Petworth 42293).

---

VICTIM SUPPORT

(Registered Charity no.290646)

(We help the Victims of Crime)

invite you to

AN EVENING IN VICTORIAN LONDON  
WITH CHARLES DICKENS

at SEAFORD COLLEGE, Petworth  
by kind permission of the Headmaster

including :

"London in the Spring at Greenwich Fair"

"At a Gin Shop"

"The Old Bailey and in Prison"

"The Revels of two City Clerks"

"The Dark Veil" (mystery, suspense, Horror !)

"All wrong on the Night" (Amateur Theatricals in Clapham)

performed by John Hagen as a dramatised reading  
with music and sound effects  
Commencing at 7.15 p.m.

on Wednesday 11th October 1989

Sherry, Buffet Supper, Entertainment  
All for £9.50 per person

Tickets from 1 Chestnut Cottages, Byworth, Petworth, GU28 0HP  
or Tel : Petworth 43447

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 - Mr. P. Hounsham, 50 Sheepdown Drive,  
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 (Grafham),  
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).

### SUBSCRIPTIONS: A NOTICE.

Would you please note a change of procedure. With virtually no one omitting to renew their subscription last year it seems a good time to help the Treasurer and Membership Secretary by asking that outstanding subscriptions for 1989-90 be paid before the December Magazine comes out. Reminders will be sent out in December and March but no magazine. Magazines will be delivered or dispatched on renewal of the subscription. The purpose of this is twofold: to save Phil. and Ros. the necessity of sending out more reminders than they need, and to avoid the recurrent situation where someone pays in March and cannot then recall whether they have paid for the coming year or the previous one. If your subscription is still due, a letter outlining this change will come with your Magazine. If you have recently paid ignore the letter. If you have paid some time ago please check with us. Above all we are anxious to keep all our members.

Peter



Have they lost Riley? Or has Riley lost them? Riley's Blackdown Walk.  
Photograph by David Wort.

#### CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

If this turns out to be a larger Magazine than usual it is because I am anxious to use these pages to draw your attention particularly to the Charles Leazell Exhibition on September 22-24 and the Kirdford Exhibition the following week. There is more about both exhibitions in the body of this Magazine but regarding the former I would stress the intention to offer Petworth the opportunity of keeping Charles Leazell's work where it belongs, on living-room walls in his home town. The prices are, on any rational basis, extremely reasonable and due preference will be accorded members of this Society. The Kirdford Exhibition is a painstaking effort by the Ifold Local History Society and we have two articles in this Magazine to celebrate it. The Ifold Society can be proud of what they have achieved and it will certainly be worth a trip to Kirdford to see what they have done.

A feature of this quarter has been a steady growth in membership. You will see this from the list of new members. The thousand barrier must be long passed now. Summer activities have been slightly less in number this year but very heavily supported. I append separate accounts of the Petworth and Fittleworth Garden visits. Coates Manor and Dale House is to come as I write but this is always a popular visit.

I missed Riley's Blackdown Walk but it seems to have been very much enjoyed. Walks and monthly meetings effectively restart with the September Magazine and Petworth Fair comes within the period of this particular issue. Donations, either of cash or goods toward the Tombola really do help and it's so easy simply to forget. While the Fair itself will be open in the afternoon the main thrust of the distinctively Petworth contribution will be in the evening. We have looked basically to make minor improvements on an already successful balance: there will be a greater variety of local stalls and a greater variety too in the free entertainment in the Leconfield Hall. Successful as the fair is, you can never relax with something as fragile as a street fair. Improvement must always be sought.

You will be delighted to hear that the Toronto Scottish Regiment will be returning in force next summer for a Sunday visit and we're looking forward to having them. It's a really good day when the Canadians come and this one will be no exception. The Canadians' loyalty to Petworth is an enduring one and the town's affection for

them needs no underlining from me. We're already thinking hard about it. What a shame that Frank Wright won't be here to carry the R.B.L. Standard. How he would have enjoyed doing so! So much in Petworth, as in other towns, depends on enthusiasts like Frank and it's not until they are gone that people in general realise just how much they did. I'm glad we have Frank's own view of standard-bearing. (Bulletin 40).

We don't always mention those who have died but I would like on a personal note to mention Mrs Silla Greest who passed away in July at Denmead near Waterlooville whither she and Sid had so recently moved to be near their family. Silla was the first person to give her recollections of an older Petworth in the now time-honoured .... "was talking to the Editor", format. The idea was suggested to me but as I didn't then know Silla Mrs Knight took me across the road from Percy Terrace to introduce me. It seemed a curious idea and Silla said she would have to think about it. It didn't seem very likely that she would agree but when I went back as she had suggested in a week's time the result was "A housemaid at Petworth" (June 1981), still one of the best pieces we have done. I wonder whether we would have tried again with someone else if she had refused. Ideas that seem so right with hindsight are often very fragile at their beginning.

Peter.

29/7/89

42 Golden Ridge, Freshwater, Isle of Wight, PO40 9LF.

30 June 1989

Dear Peter,

I was very interested in the Harold Roberts' cartoon in the June issue of the Petworth Society Magazine.

I'm enclosing a photo-copy of a cartoon of Reg, though I can't see that it is signed the style seems the same as those of H.R.

I remember Reg saying that he was playing for a team of butchers, (this would have been on a Wednesday afternoon), hence the butcher's apron and the string of sausages, that it was a very hot day and it was a very close match and that he scored the winning run. He would have been playing between the mid and late thirties.

Yours very sincerely

Marie Greenfield



55 Not Out

ROYAL BRITISH LEGION, PETWORTH.

A LADY OR GENTLEMAN IS REQUIRED TO BECOME OUR POPPY DAY APPEAL ORGANISER. THE WORK IS VOLUNTARY AND THE REWARD IS "SPIRITUAL"!

THIS IS A VITAL TASK AS THE LEGION DEPENDS SO MUCH ON THE POPPY DAY APPEAL. THIS WORK, WHICH IS ONLY PART TIME AND SEASONAL WOULD BE MOST SUITABLE FOR A RETIRED PERSON, NOT NECESSARILY EX-SERVICE BUT KEEN TO HELP US.

OUR ORGANISER WILL BE FULLY BRIEFED AND ASSISTED AND START IN 1990, IN TIME FOR THE NOVEMBER APPEAL. IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO HELP PLEASE WRITE TO:-

The Chairman,  
Royal British Legion,  
Grove Street,  
Petworth GU28 0BD.  
Tel: 42309.

JOAN AND MARGUERITE'S FITTLEWORTH GARDEN WALK JUNE 25th

We put on slightly less summer visits this year but decided to give them greater publicity. Keith would do full posters for all three visits and Bill get them round in his usual thorough manner. He did. A preoccupation of a garden visit is usually the weather but for the Fittleworth visit this was never a problem: June 25th coming at the end of an apparently endless stream of cloudless sunny days. The poster campaign had clearly done its work, there were a large number of familiar faces in the Square, some less familiar, and one or two also had simply seen the posters and come on the off chance. Could they come? Of course they could.

We parked in the Village Hall Car Park at Fittleworth and walked down to Lower Street. The gardens, as last year, were reasonably close together, important in such a scattered settlement as Fittleworth. Quite a walk initially down past the Swan, over the bridge up toward Tripp Hill. Mr and Mrs Savage at Piper's Studio had a deceptively long garden, the land going well back to the rear. The garden had been made, Mr Savage said, in 1962, orchard having been there before. The whole area is shown as orchard on the 1912 Ordnance Survey he said. Part of the old orchard still remains and the remaining garden is protected with deer fencing, Mr Savage having learned from experience that deer are determined and



(2) Saddlers Row, Petworth.

the person, the abundant wild life and the struggle to grow things in shade and on slope. He took us out on to the common to show luxuriant growth rising from the prone trunk of a sweet chestnut downed in the hurricane. It was a lovely warm afternoon and the last stop, no point in trying to move them on now!

P.

ANNE'S PETWORTH GARDEN WALK JULY 16th

The long column snaked up Middle Street from the Square; there were well over seventy of us we were sure. The first stop would be Boles House in East Street, a classic Petworth garden. Here was a high stone wall, a pavement and a steady flow of traffic, but once inside there was a different world. There were shrubs by the high wall, an expanse of well-kept lawn and all manner of flowers. We noticed particularly the Cascade geranium in stone bowls. A haven indeed and a marvellous staging-point on our trek to North Street. The throng of people filled the garden. Most of us filtered out through the back into Bartons Lane, some simply went back up East Street.

Rectory Gate was next, first Mrs Boss' small garden then the larger one at Rectory Gate Cottage. The acanthus we remembered from previous visits, but there were dark buddleias against a wall and clematis. Here was a typical Petworth garden, small and enclosed but a paradise for birds and insects. Rectory Gate Cottage again we had seen before but it was nice to be back. In contrast to the Boss' garden here was a relatively large "hidden" garden. Some very nice herbaceous plants were enjoying the open situation, flat yellow heads of achillea shone in the sun. It was a garden with children and a garden obviously much enjoyed.

The Nook again is very typically Petworth, a very high passageway leading after a while into light. Here too was a deep garden with this time the yellow flowers of rue at the beginning, an arbour of apples and some vegetables down at the bottom by the wall. There were different plants to look at and identify, memories wrestling with half-forgotten names, people standing about in clusters, in no hurry at all to move on.

Somerset Hospital I knew well but familiarity does not diminish its spell. The great border on the south wall must be one of the very



largest in Petworth. There were lawns and apple trees and above all a feeling of restfulness. From the end of the lawn we looked up to the building itself, bought in 1728 by Charles Seymour Duke of Somerset. Mrs Wickliffe was the tenant then. The existing house had been radically refurbished for use as an almshouse. Once round the back we were in sight of Somerset Lodge, a garden in transition and very much one of Petworth's classic gardens. Mr and Mrs Harris were seeking to reintroduce an order that had long vanished. Much of the garden had, they said, been overgrown but they were undertaking major works; levelling the lawn, making and planting new borders and, in particular, creating a pond at the end. Really hard work but exciting. The seventy or more visitors straggled round the large garden. A quince stood already by the pond, a few hairy fruit beginning already to swell. We wished Mr and Mrs Harris well; anyone who is interested in Petworth would be pleased to see so much thought and sheer hard work going into such an important garden.

Last stop was Thompson's Hospital, so near the traffic, yet with a few quick steps to the back so far away. Double glazing cuts down the noise we were told. There were neat little gardens hard on the house to the back, climbing hydrangea and Gully the cat "at home" in Gully's House. Then down the steps to the magnificent garden at the bottom, lawn encircled by a border of mature plants and with the view to the Rectory Meadows and Flathurst fields. We thanked Anne for arranging the walk and set off up North Street. It was half-past four. The Petworth Garden walk is perhaps the oldest Petworth Society event but it shows no sign of losing its peculiar fascination.

P.

#### THE SOLUTION TO PETWORTH'S TRAFFIC PROBLEMS.

Following two, rather contradictory, articles on this topic in the last Issue - both of which mentioned me - Peter kindly agreed to let me put my thoughts to readers. How I wish that it were in the realms of possibility that Petworth would get rid of its problem lorries in the short term, as advocated by Peter! There is only one way to do this, using the well researched - but always rejected - "Speed" route with a virtually new Kingspit Lane. The County Council will not accept this solution, long term or short term, and for good reasons: it would require policing to keep lorries out of

the Town. This is simply not an option for the police, with their shortage of manpower; without policing the sand and gravel lorries at least, which are an important proportion of our heavy traffic, would just continue going through Petworth. And it would entail a much longer way round, thus making it a non-starter in traffic engineering terms. So, I fear, that it is the National Trust, and others who hope for some vague, unspecified solution to come out of the Trust's "initiative", who tilt at windmills! Nevertheless, I have given the Trust information to bring Petworth Preservation into their meetings if they so wish; and I wish them success.

I think that it is a pity, incidentally, that we have two organisations in this small Town with similar aims. Whilst Peter's historical work is a delight to us all, a greater effort by the Petworth Society to preserve Petworth from ugly development as well as from traffic would, I am sure, be welcomed by all Members.

Now to the article on the Referendum: Petworth Preservation had no influence on the Parish Council honouring its commitment to hold a vote. It simply took a long time to honour because of the very protracted negotiations with the County Council. They were hostile to our initial proposal to put alternative routes to our residents, but in the end accepted the form of the voting paper which was used, and which showed such an overwhelming support for a route through the Park. The Parish Council, equally overwhelmingly, resolved to request the Trust to accept the decision of the people of Petworth, and have made this request.

As to a specific route, my own view, which the Chairman of the National Trust promised to examine last year, is that there can be no valid objection to a complete tunnel, without the unsatisfactory long and steep cuttings which the earlier short tunnel proposed required. Expensive yes; but perfectly feasible. Let us get on with it!

Paul Sinclare 20th July 89

(Mr Sinclare is most welcome to argue a constructive case in these pages and has done so. Some will agree with his views, some clearly will not. Mr Sinclare's views cannot of course be construed as representing the overall stance of this Society any more than those of any other individual contributor.)

ED.



Charles Leazell sketching in the West Country.

THE CHARLES LEAZELL EXHIBITION.

featuring the work of Charles Leazell (1883-1958)  
(By kind permission of Mr and Mrs Bodiley)

LECONFIELD HALL September 23rd and 24th

Open for selling to Society members only:  
Saturday 23rd September 10-12

Open for selling to general public:  
Saturday 23rd September 1-5

Sunday 24th September 10-12  
1-5

The Exhibition will be officially opened by Lord Egremont on Friday September 22nd. The Society will provide refreshments and members will have a chance to preview the Exhibition. No one will be able to order or buy on the Friday. Tickets will be £1.50 to include refreshments and an application form is included with this Magazine. Members only on the Friday evening, as on the Saturday morning.

There will be original mounted water-colours, original pen and ink drawings, and, lastly, individually authenticated reproductions of local scenes drawn in pencil, seventeen in all in limited editions of twenty each.

While we shall advertise the Exhibition extensively, there is little point in trying to "sell" it. It is obvious that here is a rare chance to acquire pictures of local scenes at a very reasonable cost. Quite simply, such a thing can never happen again.

I would hope to have also a table with old Bulletins for sale at cover price - something we have never done before. Some are now quite rare.

Peter.

1st August 1989

"DISCOVERING KIRDFORD"

"Discovering Kirdford" is the title of the Ifold Local History Society exhibition which will be held from 11 am to 5 pm on both Saturday, September 30, 1989 and Sunday, October 1 at Kirdford Village Hall.

Peter Jerrome has lent 50 pictures from the George Garland collection. There will also be over 50 different pictures from postcards, as well as personal pictures with anecdotes on local life on display.

Even some of the local people may not know why there should be cottages called Cobblers and Malthouse, why not come and discover why. Also why not come to just discover Kirdford.

Entrance will be free. Any profit from any donations towards the exhibition expenses will be given to Cancer Research at St. Luke's Hospital, Guildford.

#### CALVES AND COMMONERS



Judging calves looked after by young farmers. Kirdford.  
An agency picture from the 1920s courtesy of Mrs Chipchase.

Although I was born at Boxalland, Kirdford, my parents had not always lived there. When they were first married they had lived at Robins Cottage on the Plaistow Road just round from Mackerels. My father was a "commoner", i.e. the house he rented was not tied but belonged to an independent landlord for whom my father did not work. His tenure depended on his paying the rent rather than his relationship with his employer. The rent was £5.4.0. a year, two shillings a week, and rates of sixpence a week were collected personally by the rate collector. The rent was considered high for those days; most of the cottages being let for one and sixpence a week rent and rates. There were in all twenty-seven cottages along the Plaistow Road and on Pound Common and they were all "free" in the sense of being rented but not tied.

The commoners' unusual status gave them a certain enviable freedom but it had its dangers too. They were paid more per hour than the farmer's tied man who had a room perhaps in the farmhouse attic, but by the same token they were also casual employees who could be simply stood off if there was no work. As an instance of the uncertainty of a commoner's livelihood my mother frequently recalled the hot dry summer of 1893. The crops dried out completely and there was no work on the land. My father and the other Kirdford commoners literally took to the road in search of work, ending up over the county border in Hampshire where the farmers were pleased to find men who, initially at least, were prepared to work simply for their food and not bother too much about upsetting the local men. Moving through the county, my father eventually finished up working at Southampton Docks, coming home only when the winter came and there would be work in the woods. He brought back with him money to stock up and buy clothes.

My mother was left to fend for herself during the summer: fortunately her own well kept going while that of nearby Caleb's Farm went dry. She let the farmer use her well in return for milk and a little butter. Chicken she sold to the shopkeeper and she grew a few vegetables and kept two pigs. The victual or "vitical" man as he was called, let her have corn and meal crammings on the understanding that when the pig was killed he could have half.

A curious benefit of being a commoner was a greater freedom of worship than that enjoyed by most working men. You could go to chapel if you preferred, not to church as you might well be expected to if you worked for the local gentry. When my father

later worked for the Barwell family he used to have to attend church regularly and my mother, being chapel, resented this. The chapel was still newly built at this time and there was still a strong recollection of prayer meetings being held in private houses.

My mother sometimes spoke of her grandfather, my great-grandfather, who lived in one of two cottages, now Chapmans, a single house on the Plaistow Road. He received a pension of half a crown a week from the Winterton Estate for whom he had worked as a coachman. He was allowed to gather rushes from Shillinglee for making baskets and thus to supplement his pension. This enabled him to live independently and not be forced into the workhouse as so many older people were at that time. My mother as a child helped him to make the baskets which were worn on the back with two handles for the arms to go through and were known as "Tommy baskets". They were very popular with workmen to carry their food and drink in, men who worked in the woods often having several miles to walk to their work.

Most of the commoners worked as casual piece workers on farms in summer and in the woods in the winter; their earnings averaging a pound a week in comparison with the tied cottage workers' earnings of ten shillings a week or sometimes less. The woodland work used to start in October with the fall of the leaves. A large swathe of underwood would be cut and the hoopmaker would set up his break, make a hut and roof it with bundles of shavings. The other men meanwhile started trimming out: first they cut a substantial block and stumps at different lengths for measures, a cradle for the pea boughs, and withes, mostly made from hazelwood, to tie up the bundles of bean sticks, pea boughs, props, flower stakes and bush faggots for land-draining. House faggots and bunts weresold for heating the brick ovens that people did their baking in; all the old cottages had brick ovens. The Stennings were the hoop-makers of Kirdford, Shadrach, Meshach and Bill, the mother refusing to have her third son called Abednego.

Then there were the charcoal-burners: Brinksole Heath was a great place for charcoal burning, so near to the glass furnaces of yesteryear. In April after the copse cutting was finished the rining started, i.e. stripping the bark from oak trees that were about to be felled. It would be stored to dry off and during the summer women and children took off the moss. The bark was then

tied into bundles and sent to the tanneries to be used in curing leather. Some men used to stay on in the woods even in the summer making pimps which were small bundles of thrift wood left from the copse cutting. Birch wood was the best for making pimps, the thrift being cut into bundles a foot long, tied into larger bundles of twelve and sold as fire-lighting wood. Both trades were dying out when I was a child. After the tree felling in the spring, men went on to the farms.

They would begin with hoeing and setting out the root crops and then came the haymaking and rick-building. Then came the harvesting with the stocks of corn mellowing in the summer sun: the carting of the corn used to last out until the end of September whereas now it's all over by August. The whole family went out into the fields. As "commoners" the cottagers had certain rights such as keeping a goat, or being allowed to graze a specified number of geese on the common, or cut the bracken in autumn for bedding their pigs. All cottagers kept pigs, two little piglets being bought to be reared and fattened. One would be killed in spring to provide meat, bacon, hams and lard, the other in the autumn. The residue from making the lard was used for pastry, the pies made with dried fruit and spices always being known as "scrap pies". The "vitical" man used to come round with his horse and cart selling crammings for pig food, corn for the geese and chicken, and flour by the stone for breadmaking. He was very popular as he would sell in small lots that the cottagers could afford: if they went to the miller they had to buy by the sack.

As I said I was born at Boxalland, separated from the road through Kirdford village by two fields. Boxalland was a Barkfold Estate farm at that time and my father had by this time become bailiff for the Estate, taking over from my grandfather who had lived at Skiff House on the outskirts of Wisborough Green. The bailiff's job was of course to collect the rents; but it was in practice far more than that. My father had also to plan and order the day to day working of those farms that were controlled directly from Barkfold. Much of his work was connected with buying and selling; he would take Estate cattle to sell at local markets like Guildford and Pulborough. He might however just as easily buy in: poor stock to bring back to Churchland or Boxalland to fatten up and return later to the market. He might also buy in on a poor market, hold, and sell again when the market had recovered.

In between times he worked much as he had done when he was a commoner, casually on the farms in summer, in the woods in winter. An incidental duty of the bailiff on the Barkfold Estate was to provide lunch (at Boxalland) for the guests at the big Barkfold shoots. Captain Barwell always said that if my father had had the right sort of education he could have done very well for himself. The second Mrs. Barwell was much younger than her husband who died just before the outbreak of the 1914 war, and my father didn't always see eye to eye with the Captain's widow on farm management. After several disagreements he was dismissed in 1917. He rented New Barn from the Leconfield Estate, starting a milk-round, and remained there until he died in 1922. My brother then rented Crouchams, a fifty acre smallholding just outside the village and my mother and I went there to live.

As a young girl I joined the Calf Club, a forerunner of the present "Young Farmers". You bought a calf and kept it for a year when you brought it back to be judged. Obviously you couldn't participate unless you had a farm or a smallholding. The calves were Dairy Shorthorns from South Eastern Dairies who ran the Leconfield Creamery. You kept a log and were encouraged to visit other farms as much as you could and compare notes. George Duck from Petworth, one of the directors of South Eastern Dairies, was well-known as a judge of the calves.

Runts or orphans might be taken into the house and "hobbed" with a bottle of milk until they were strong enough to fend for themselves. Lambs particularly were hobbled but it could be done with piglets or even calves. "Little Darlings" we called them and they would follow you about wherever you went.

A staple item in the economy of the local farms were the Kent sheep known popularly as "keep sheep". They were brought over by train from the Kent marshes to overwinter in Sussex and were driven back along the roads to Petworth Station when the winter was over. Why "keep sheep"? Simply because the farmers reckoned to make enough from them to pay the rent.

My friend's father who lived to be 104 told me that when he was a boy living at Stroud Green, the Queen of the gipsies lived there. When she died, gipsies came from all over. She was buried in Kirdford Churchyard and he said the cortege was a mile long, a sight he never forgot. After the funeral they came back, had some sort of ritual and then burned her caravan. During my childhood

days there were a family of Smiths living at Stroud Green, Andrew Smith was the showman of the fairs and lived to within a week of his hundredth birthday. He always said he was going to give a free fair at Wisborough Green when he was a hundred but he did not quite make it. Andrew and his wife used to go round selling pegs, brooms and things like that, also rabbit skins for a few pence, or simply something from the basket. Often enough they'd end up in the Half Moon. Later in the day when they passed Crouchams where we lived we could see what appeared to be a horse and cart on its own, but on closer inspection Andrew and his wife could be seen lying in the cart, his wife's long hair trailing over the back of the cart. There wasn't a lot of traffic in those days and the horse knew his way back to Stroud Green so everything was alright. Next morning at the crack of dawn would see Andrew at Crouchams asking mother for a jug of cider, he used to say in his gruff way of talking, "Just a drop of cider mam and fill the bottle up for the old woman". After he had gone my mother would find a broom left by the well. It was his way of paying for the cider.

Flora Nineham was talking to Janet Austin and the Editor.

#### THE LECONFIELD CREAMERY



The Leconfield Creamery at Kirdford, a very early view.  
Postcard courtesy Mr Chris Vincent.

The Leconfield Creamery at Kirdford was in a strict sense neither Leconfield nor a creamery. Certainly it belonged to the Leconfield Estate but it was rented out to South Eastern Farmers, a subsidiary of United Dairies. The Creamery never made butter and, while some cream was taken off for a time and pigs kept in a field at the side to feed off the separated milk, this was not found economical and soon discontinued. The Leconfield Creamery was quite simply a collection and distribution depot for milk and had been purpose-built as such just before the 1914-1918 war. It was a distribution centre to which farmers from a wide radius could send their milk for pasteurisation and dispatch.

In the early days I would imagine, the farmers would bring in their milk churns by horse and cart but I don't recall that. I was very young when my father came to Kirdford in 1921 on a six-month secondment from London where he was employed by United Dairies. He was the Creamery's third manager and he was to stay in charge until he died in 1941. The Manager's house wasn't, as might have been expected, next to the Creamery but down in the village not far from the Foresters' Arms. It was said that they didn't build the house next to the Creamery because the ground wasn't suitable for building, but there has been building there in later years. My father biked into work in the early days, then simply drove.

In the 1930s the depot had a couple of lorries of its own but retained also three outside contract lorries. There were three staff working in the Creamery itself and, in addition, an office and a laboratory both manned at this time. My brother was foreman and my father the manager. South Eastern Farmers were a subsidiary of United Dairies and there was a certain rivalry between United Dairies and Express Dairies, resolved much later of course by their amalgamation. There was a tendency for farmers to play on this, shifting their allegiance to whichever of the two big dairies would give a higher price for bulk milk. Despite this, the catchment area for the Creamery remained fairly constant and covered a large radius, Horsham, Coolham, Billingshurst, Loxwood, Rudgwick and Petworth. In the 1930s the plant would process 2000 gallons a day. One or two very local farmers brought the milk in themselves, thus saving the fractional collection charge, but by 1935 I don't think anyone did this. Nearby Gownfold may have been one of the last.

Labour was difficult in the early days because, apart from the manager's house, we had no accommodation to offer. In practical terms this meant that we couldn't tap the market for tied workers,



Members of the Petworth Society at Fittleworth Mill on June 25th.  
From a colour slide by Ian Godsmark.



Clean Milk Competition Leconfield Creamery.  
Mr. Balchin receives cup from Lord Leconfield. Mr Rapley (right).  
Photograph courtesy of Mrs J. Chipchase.



An early tanker at Kirdford Creamery c1927. Cecil Mitchell on the lorry.  
Photograph by George Garland.



"Andrew Smith was the showman of the Fairs"  
Photograph by George Garland.

or, putting it another way, we could get the workers but we couldn't house them. Later three cottages were built near the Foresters, two being used by the lorry drivers and one for staff working in the Creamery itself. Staff were allowed a quart of milk a day as perks. There was no contact with the general public and there were no retail sales. What we might do however, as a favour, was to oblige another dairyman who was short, Mr. Scragg perhaps at Battlehurst or Petworth Dairies. Accommodation milk this was called. Accounts were handled not from Kirdford but from Head Office in Petersfield, the manager at Kirdford keeping, of course, a tally of what was brought in and what had been sent back and United Dairies sending out a cheque.

At this time there was a considerable concern with cleaner milk. It was popularly supposed that thunderstorms or the threat of them turned milk sour, but it was in fact more usually unhygienic milking. The Clean Milk Competition was an incentive toward improving standards. It was in fact voluntary, but almost all farmers participated, the winner attaining considerable prestige. It was part of my father's job to go round with a small instrument with a filter pad on the end which could show what dirt there was in the milk. The winner was quite simply the farmer with the best record of clean filters. My father preferred to go in the late afternoon to arrive in time for milking.

The milk was tested for freshness in the small laboratory at the Creamery; formaldehyde would turn stale milk pink and one small sample of stale milk could turn a whole 2000 gallons. If a farmer's milk failed the test for freshness he would have it back and feed it to his livestock. Farmers often couldn't understand why their milk had been rejected, not being very well versed in the ways of bacteria. I remember one particular altercation with an irate farmer who had had his milk rejected and my father saying, "My daughter's tested it and it's turned the test solution pink." "What do I do?" retorted the farmer. "Give the girl a box of chocolates?" Many farmers had chicken running about the cow stalls and the chicken dung carried an infection that could get into the milk.

Milk could be T.T. attested, i.e. tested for freedom from tuberculosis by Ministry of Agriculture inspectors, or not. There were various types of milk too. Channel Island milk had five per cent cream, a much higher proportion than the two per cent of ordinary milk. Friesian cows were more prolific but their milk had



a relatively high water content. An excessive water content could lead to rejection so many farmers put a few Jerseys in with their Friesians to get a balance and cut down the percentage of surplus water. Shorthorns of course were a popular breed with a good balance.

The Creamery would open at eight o'clock in the morning with the first lorry due in from the local farms at about 10.30. The outgoing tanker lorry with the day's output, some 2000 gallons by the mid 1930s, would leave at about 2.30 in the afternoon. The lorry would go straight up to United Dairies' Depot at Valley Road, Streatham where the milk was pumped into their tanks. The lorry would arrive back later in the evening, at about eight o'clock perhaps. It was part of the driver's job to maintain the lorry and there was a garage on the premises. Milk turning sour was a perennial problem and for a brief period the lorry driver made a night run, the Creamery collecting in the afternoon and the tanker setting off in the late evening. In fact it didn't make much difference and we reverted to the old scheme: it wasn't sultry weather so much as lack of hygiene that turned the milk sour.

The Creamery closed at four o'clock. If there were milk surplus to the tanker lorry's capacity we would cold store it for the next day. The Creamery had a cold store, an engine to pump water up from a spring in an adjacent field, and another engine to boil water to sterilise the churns before they were sent out again. There was a small office, and, as I have said, a laboratory. Electricity was provided by a generator. The various Creamery engines, had, of course, to be serviced and kept clean.

For collecting the milk the Creamery had two lorries, with another three private lorries working under contract. Father tried as far as he could so to plan the day that collection lorries didn't arrive together: this wasted time if it happened. A collection lorry would come into the Creamery, roll back the door and slide the churns down a chute from the back of the lorry into the Creamery. The man at the bottom of the chute would roll the churns away for testing and pasteurising before the milk was pumped into the waiting tanker lorry. The empty churn lorry would then go to the side to allow another one to come in and unload and in turn pick up a fresh set of sterilised churns to take out. The old-fashioned seventeen gallon tall churns were eventually phased out in favour of the smaller squatter ones. The churns belonged to the Creamery, and, despite the battering they received, were built

to last. When a farm was up the end of a lane, the milk would be put up on a platform at the top of the lane for the lorry to collect.

The Creamery closed when the war came. Petrol rationing meant that it was more economical on fuel to operate from the Express Dairy depot right by the station at Billingshurst. The Kirdford Creamery did not open again.

Joyce Chipchase was talking to the Editor.

#### PETWORTH SCOUTS

I joined the St. Mary's Petworth Scouts in 1932-33, the Scoutmaster being C.S. Steveson, who was also the Headmaster of the old Petworth Boys School, the Assistant Scoutmaster being Mr Pullen.

We met every Friday evening in the Scout Room above the stables at New Grove and were instructed in First Aid, Morse and Semaphore Signalling, Observation, Cycling, Map Reading, Knots and Lashings.

On Saturday afternoons the troop would go to the Gog where outdoor scouting activities would be pursued, such as Cooking, Tracking, Observation of Plants, Trees and Animals.

All these events were organised on a competitive inter-patrol basis and points awarded to the most efficient patrol. Once a year there would be a visit from the District Commissioner, who would review the activities of scouting in general and in particular in respect of local Scout Troops.

During the winter Charles Stevenson would organise a concert given by the Scouts in the Iron Room, this would be for one or two nights, was always well attended and raised money for the Annual Camp and equipment.

Weekend camps were held locally at such places as Ham Park, Angmering and in most years there would be a week's camp, in 1934 the camp was at Valley, Anglesey. There were two camps in the Isle of Wight one at Freshwater Bay and the other at Totland Bay, one of these being in 1937. In 1939 the camp was in Guernsey at the end of July. We left Petworth on Friday evening and arrived in Guernsey early on Saturday morning after a very rough crossing.

The Scouts always took part in the Armistice Day parade, the Fete in Petworth Park and also in Silver Jubilee and Coronation celebrations of 1935 and 1937.

In the early weeks of the war, the Scouts manned at night the telephone in the A.R.P. Office in the yard of the old Police Station, the four I remember doing this were, Ron and Hugh Saunders, Chum Whitcomb and myself, I'm sure there were at least another two, as we had two on duty each night, and then two or three nights off: this was in addition to our normal work. By the end of the year most of us were going into the various services and this duty was taken over by others.

The basic training and activities of Scouting was well worthwhile, it gave us an interest to enter into a competitive spirit, to be self-reliant and give something back to the community.

F.A. Kenward.



PETWORTH SCOUTS AT VALLEY, ANGLESEY in 1934

(Left) Group picture



(Right) Morning prayers, note the recorders made at the Boys School



May 12th 1937. Petworth Scouts selling the official Coronation Programme. F. Kenward to the rear. (Photograph courtesy of F.A. Kenward)

THE 1ST PETWORTH SCOUT GROUP

are holding a

BAR-B-QUE

on

SATURDAY, 23RD SEPTEMBER, 1989 at 7.30 p.m.

at The Scout Hut, Sheepdown, Petworth

to celebrate their

75TH ANNIVERSARY

We would like to see any former Scouts who have been through this Group and those who have been connected with the running of the Group over the years and they are accordingly invited to come along. Would anyone intending to be present please contact Mrs. Lena Saunders, Petworth 42679.

### CRAGGS THE PLUMBERS

Cragg and Son the Bartons Lane plumbers were already a long-established firm when I went there as a boy of fifteen in the mid 1920s. In fact the time was not far distant when Mr. Cragg, "Willie" as we irreverently and unofficially called him, "Sir" as we called him officially, would retire. A widower at this time, he remarried and moved to the coast. The firm of Cragg and Son was taken over by the Summersell brothers, Jack, who was a member of the existing staff, and Arthur who was an accomplished tinsmith, a trade already declining at this time. The art of relining copper saucepans was to be submerged by more modern technology, but a very considerable art it was. Arthur in fact, while retaining an interest in the firm, did not take an active part in later years. I don't remember Mr. Cragg senior but his son was one of the old school, mild-mannered and a regular church-goer. We were never allowed to work Good Friday as so many other builders did and I never heard Mr. Cragg swear, although there were certainly times with us when he might have been excused an oath or two.

Looking back now and reflecting I can see that the firm was, in my time, to some extent living on tradition but as a boy of fifteen you don't think like that, simply accepting things as they are. Cragg and Son still carried one specialist painter, Charlie Denyer but it was said that at one time Craggs had employed fifteen. They had decorated the rooms at Petworth House it was said. I don't know, but what they did have were a number of very high "stods", like enormous steps on which boards were laid to enable painters to work at ceilings or high walls. They were never used in my time. Another link with a distant past was the huge pole ladder, its sides formed from a single trunk split in half, and so long that it had to be slid through one outhouse, the Bartons Lane premises themselves, and out at the back. It was still used occasionally for premises like Eagers in Market Square, having to be hauled up on a rope thrown down from an upper bedroom window and attached on the ground: it was of course far too heavy to be simply lifted into position like a normal ladder. The poles were pretty solid but yes, it did bend alarmingly in the middle. Another venerable piece of equipment I did see used was the big old shepherd's hut that housed tools and equipment, towed down by lorry for a job in Station Road.

Cragg and Son were an unusual plumbers, the business having evolved

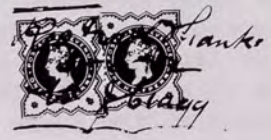
over the years in a rather peculiar way. We used to do a lot of plumbing work for Mr. Boxall the Tillington builder, but Cragg and Son were not simply plumbers and had never been. For a start William Cragg was secretary to Petworth Gas Co., and this meant more than simply receiving a complimentary supply of coke from the Station Road gasworks. Craggs were responsible for all the work connected with Petworth Gas Co. and this local responsibility continued until the early 1930s. Jobs might be comparatively small, like replacing broken gas mantles: the town's mantles were lit by the lamplighter pushing his long pole up into the lamp to open the gas tap, then lighting the mantle with a paraffin light on the top of the pole. There was a rubber bag on the bottom of the pole like the one there used to be on old-fashioned car horns and, when pressed, this shot out the flame that lit the gas. The pole was of course hollow. The mantles were very fragile and always seemed more vulnerable on Friday night after the lamplighters had been paid. Or perhaps that was just my imagination. Less delicate work was maintaining the gas mains, very much a pick and shovel job in those days when there were no pneumatic drills, or using a big pump to blow the clogged dust out of a choked pipe, rust as often as not. Sometimes we just seemed to blow more in than we had had to start with. A more administrative job was to collect meter money. We would go round the houses, writing down the units used, collecting the money, and putting the ticket with the figures and cash paid into a little ball which we dropped into the collecting bag. The bag grew extremely heavy as the day progressed and we suffered a deal of criticism from the customers because Petworth Gas Co. did not, unlike some other local companies, have a system of rebates.

Being the town's gas contractors put the regulation of the East Street obelisk into Mr. Cragg's domain. The obelisk was still lit by gas at this time but there were by now all sorts of difficulties in getting the gas up to the lamps; the pipe being an ultra-thin strip of lead going up to the three lamps through the very middle of the stem. This pipe had become blocked over the years and nothing we could contrive ever succeeded in clearing it. One of the obelisk steps was removable to give some kind of access but even with this we found it impossible to get at the central pipe. Eventually we had to give up and put another pipe up the outside. The R.A.C. man used to stand on the steps of the obelisk directing traffice. "Do motor-buses run here?" asked a traveller. "Motor boats run from the Market Square, Sir," came the reply.

1891  
*A. Killick Esq.*  
 July 1892



		£	s	d
1891	Amt Ac End d		2	3
1892				
Feb 19	Soon 7 forcing W.C. to	1		9
Apr 9	Replacing 1 lamp glass to skylight of Mr Kings' Stores			
	2 mens time, materials to	7		6
30	Rep W.C. Supply	1		
May 28	Rep Rainwater gutters & pipes fitting part new D			
	24 ft iron & 2 W.C. new Gnie Gutter	8		9
	12 ft Old pipe, 1 offset & 1 shoe	7		10
	8 pack iron, nail, bolt, & putty	3		9
	2 stopcocks, 1 nozzle, 1 miter wire, paint,	2		10
	1 Day Plumber & Labr to D	8		
		£	2	3
				8



Working for Mr. Cragg meant frequent visits to Petworth Gasworks and I would often watch the men stoking the huge retorts that produced the gas which would be purified in the big filter beds to the rear. Farmers would buy tar by the gallon to make up roads or tar barns. It was of course a by-product of the gas-producing process. Just over the brow of the hill behind Gasworks Cottages was the Swan Garden, a big square used to grow vegetables for the Swan Hotel. "Pickle" Hammond who looked after it sometimes didn't bother to go home but would just kip down at the Gasworks: people often did that: it was never cold there after all. I remember once he had taken out a line of parsnips, sold them, cut off the tops and put them back in place. Unfortunately the Swan manager saw the tops in the ground and said, "I'll have those parsnips today". I don't remember how Pickle got out of that one.

Staff were four plumbers and four apprentices or "boys", one to each plumber. Charlie Denyer the painter worked on his own with a boy being told to "go along with Charlie" if help was required. The senior men were Dick Denyer, Jack Sumersell, Joe Williams, and Ernie Card while the four apprentices when I joined were Arthur Hill, George Bayley from River, Jack Remnant and myself. A tradesman didn't go out without his boy, who would carry his tools on his bike, or even sundries like lengths of pipe. As often as not I worked with Joe Williams who, while a first-class craftsman, could be disconcertingly casual. Joe and I were working once at Watersfield Towers, now Lodge Hill, biking there as of course we biked to all jobs at any distance. "Look in at the Station, Joe, to see if that bath's come in that we've ordered," said Mr. Cragg "and I'll get Tom Madgewick to pick it up in his lorry". The bath was due in at Fittleworth Station. On the way to Watersfield Joe looked over the bridge at Fittleworth. "Any stuff for Craggs?" "Yes, it's all here," said the porter. When this was reported to Mr. Cragg he duly sent out Mr. Madgewick with his lorry, to find when the lorry returned to Bartons Lane that it wasn't the bath that had arrived but a small hand-basin. As I have said Mr. Cragg never swore but he must have been exasperated on occasion.

As any plumber of the time Cragg and Son were workers in lead and there was a machine for making leaded lights, or at least for producing the grooved lead into which the cut glass could be fitted. The beating and working of lead were a plumber's standard skills. Lead that had been replaced was brought back to the yard in quantity and sold to scrap merchants in large parcels known as

"pigs" which were kept in the shed to the left where the old stables had been. All water pipes were lead then; I remember soon after Mr. Cragg retired a traveller coming round trying to sell Jack Sumersell copper pipe, very much of an innovation then.

Occasionally it would fall to me to be told to "go along with Charlie". Charlie Denyer the painter was a real craftsman in paint, but a stickler for tradition. Everything had to be done absolutely by the book. Paint would be made up by the painter himself, the different colours being kept in powder form in little drawers upstairs at Bartons Lane, rather like the drawers with tea and coffee they used to have at Olders. The ochre, Prussian Blue, Deep Humber or whatever it was would be mixed carefully with oil using a pallet knife. It would then be strained through muslin into a pot and more oil added until the consistency was what the painter wanted. Charlie Denyer was a marvellous craftsman but even in those days considered a trifle leisurely. I remember him being three weeks decorating one bedroom for Mr. Morley on the corner of Angel Street, the job being punctuated by the paint running short and frequent trips back to the Bartons Lane "shop" to knock up some more. I remember working with him at Mr. Letchford's on the corner of Pound Street and his getting me to rub a door down with pumice stone. When I thought I'd finished, he ran his hands over the surface and said simply, "No, give it some more". This happened several times and I can still hear him saying, "More boy, more boy." Every crack in the putty of a window frame had to be carefully monitored. He was a real perfectionist.

By this time Mr. Cragg would travel round with Mr. Boxall, the builder, in his car. Local rectories were having more modern heating put in, kitchen ranges and boilers. Most rectories had box hedges and we could cut likely pieces of box to lay up to season for a year before being shaped for use in working lead. We not only put in new ranges but serviced existing ones, or cleaned out boilers at the larger houses. We did this every year for the Maxses at Little Bognor.

We would travel out by bike but if we had a lot of equipment we'd take out a handcart. Wells particularly required heavy equipment and we'd trundle the handcart out with the welling machine. The trouble was usually with the pump, and among other things we'd need a hundred feet of wire cable to let a man down into a well. The worker would sit on a board and be lowered down on a winch, a

candle having first been let down to test if there were gas at the bottom. If the candle went out it wasn't safe to descend; or, of course, if the candle went out while he was working he would need to be hauled up very quickly. Craggs had a big wheel pump to pump air down into the well to clear the gas but it was never used while I was there: another relic from the past. Wells were tricky; it was a rule never to lay any tools on the rim, for if one were accidentally knocked over the edge the consequences might be serious. I remember Jack Sumersell shouting, "Pull me up," and when he got to the surface, finding that he hadn't got his two foot screwdriver, yes, screwdrivers could be very long in those days. Despite going down again to find it, we never did, it wasn't easy searching at the bottom of a well; it was muddy and dark and you'd tie yourself to the pump so that you wouldn't keep swinging about. For years afterward Jack Sumersell would say at critical moments, "If only we hadn't lost that screwdriver."

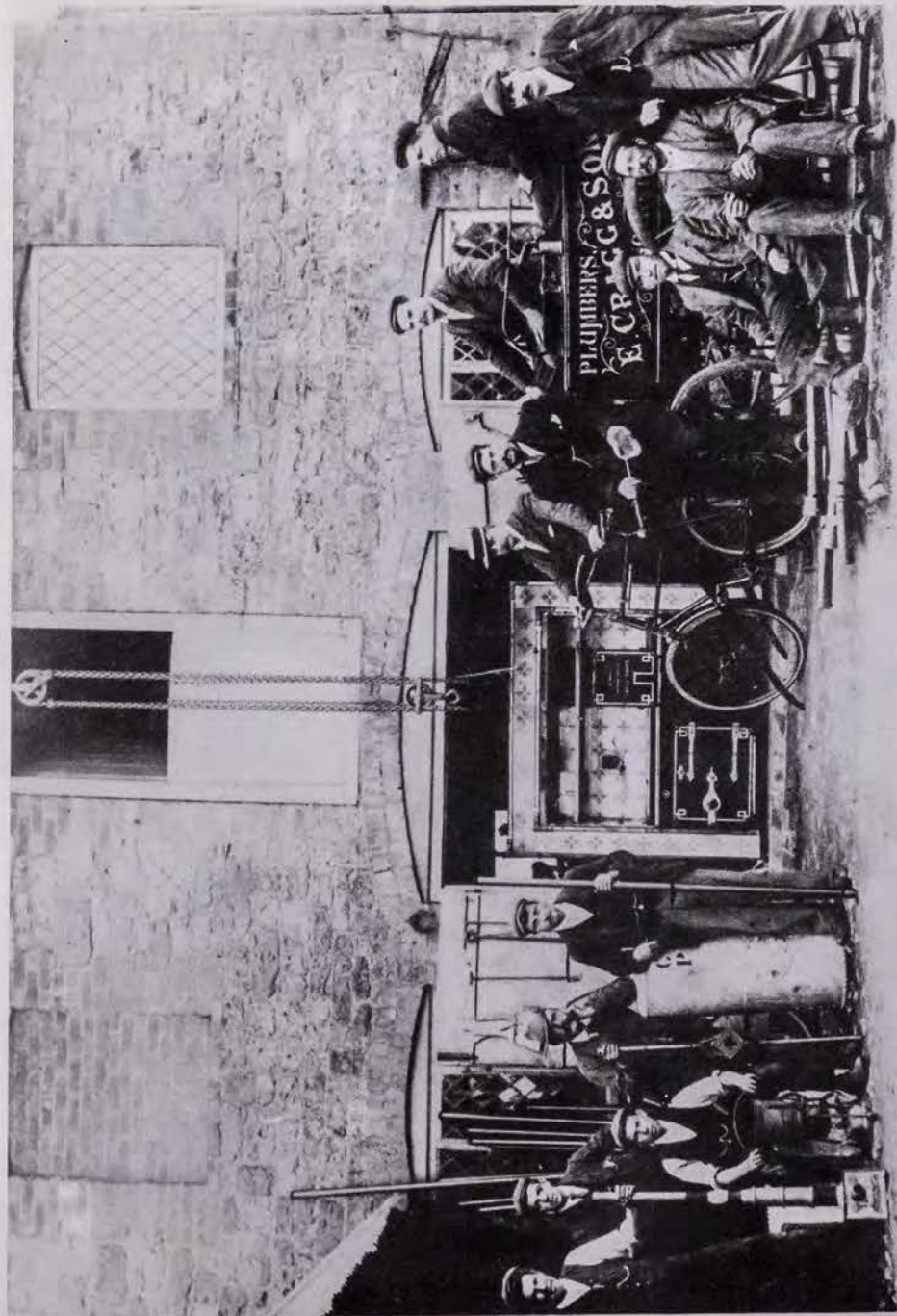
Work was difficult between the wars and jobs hard to come by even despite the diverse nature of Mr. Cragg's practice. We might hang about at Bartons Lane mending copper balls or doing odd jobs of one kind or another, but Mr. Cragg never stood anyone off in hard times and I have never forgotten that. So many men were laid off and out of work between the wars. I remember them standing on the street corners not knowing when the next wage packet would come. Many went up the stone-pits, teams of three, with one clearing the rubbish from the top and the other two hewing stone. The three would share out the money between them, being paid of course only for the hewn stone.

Craggs had an arrangement with the local council to look after the water supply and Mr. Cragg was responsible for the wire connecting the water works with the Gog reservoir. It was used to check water levels. There were special little clips used for tensioning the wire. If water were being lost we might go out with Mr. Cragg and Mr. Parker from the council, turning off each stop-cock in turn while they checked the effect of this back at the Shimmings depot. When the leak was located they'd get two labourers from the stone-pits to dig down and open up for us. Yet another Cragg sideline was attending to the fire hoses, Petworth Fire Brigade being at this time a Parish Council responsibility. Craggs would clean and dry the hoses after use, laying them out in the Market Square.

The Bartons Lane premises had work benches on the ground floor, used for knocking up lead and jobs like that, while in the left hand corner was a forge. Saturday mornings we might use it to make up or sharpen chisels. Upstairs was the paint shop and the glazing shop. Mr. Cragg had a diamond which he used to cut glass, no one else being allowed to use it. Craggs were glaziers too. I can see him now tapping the glass after he had cut it with the diamond. On the ceiling upstairs were pasted handbills of travelling shows that had come to Petworth, they would be of great interest now but no one bothered with such things. The paint shop, had, as I have said, drawers with the different powders clearly marked with the colour, while on the wall, as you came down the stairs, were thick wedges of paint where over the years the painters had rubbed off their brushes. They looked like nothing so much as bunches of grapes, but were really multi-coloured knobs, big enough to hit with a hammer and showing all the different colours if you cut off a cross-section.

Red lead was a vital part of life at Craggs. A powder mixed with putty and used with rag and string to seal plumbing joints. The red lead was rolled in and oil added. It wasn't easy to get the mixture right - you might have to add more oil, which was simple enough, but if on the other hand you added too much, you'd have to try to soak the excess out with newspaper. Highly dangerous material and not to be left around with animals. The old workmen seemed to have a rather casual attitude toward the red powder. Red lead and sandwiches often living rather too closely together for modern tastes.

We'd begin at eight o'clock and finish at five p.m., biking out to jobs. You couldn't get to work without a bike and my father bought my bike for me when I started work. Craggs, like other firms, had a "shop-bike" kept at Bartons Lane in case someone's had broken down and had had to go in for repairs. Saturday morning we'd go to Kitts in Middle Street to collect our wages. Mine were half a crown to start with, rising after a year or so to five shillings. Mr. Cragg would take the money off a shelf to pay us. At this time he still had one of the old-fashioned private telephone lines to Bartons Lane. You wound up a handle and the power was provided by a glass "sweet-jar" container containing sal ammoniac. The surgery also had one like this although Post Office telephones were just coming into use. I worked for Mr. Cragg for seven years and have never forgotten him. Even in those days he was a little unusual; I



Messrs Craggs the Plumbers, Bartons Lane. About 1900.  
Photograph possibly by Walter Kevis.



"Hobbing" a lamb 1931.  
Photograph by George Garland.

remember his habit of passing a cigarette round when he arrived to check on a job. As I have said, even in hard times he never stood anyone off. If I had to describe him in a single phrase I'd simply say, "He was a gentleman".

John Standing was talking to John Grimwood and the Editor.

#### MISTRESS BROWN DISAPPROVES!

The diocesan or bishop's court at Chichester was a quite separate administration from the criminal courts. Its law was the ecclesiastical canon law based ultimately on Roman law and, particularly in later years, its range of sanctions, while not to be disregarded, were limited as compared with those of the secular arm. The difference in jurisdiction was clear: those who infringed the laws of the state could expect retribution in the secular courts; those who infringed the laws of God as established by his Church could expect to be arraigned before the Bishop's court; superficially very similar to a secular court, with a judge, a registrar and practising lawyers known as "proctors". Cases might be "instance" i.e. brought by an individual or "ex officio" brought by the bishop's apparitors acting on information from local Churchwardens, or even as a result of independent enquiry by the apparitors themselves. A private individual might well be moved to bring a case in the bishop's court in the hope that a favourable judgement there would salve a bruised reputation. The central point at issue in an instance case would often be the alleged breaking of an oath, or "perjury", a very wide-ranging concept in this context. This might involve a solemn pledge of a commercial kind, or a disputed will.

A frequent source of litigation concerned betrothals; the plighting of one's troth being a most solemn pledge, an act with definite religious undertones, made before God and an essential prelude to holy matrimony. Difficulties arising in the period between betrothal and marriage often came before the bishop's court for solution, usually on the application of the injured party. A case in the church court might be used to uphold a persons's public reputation, belittled by the setting aside of such a solemn oath. The judge had the authority not only to rebuke the guilty party but also to impose the stigma of public penance or a fine, and by doing so put the full panoply of the church behind the injured party. Human nature being what it is, a church court case might be brought

from an amalgam of differing motives, not easily separated out. A case might owe its origin to a damaged public reputation, a sense of grievance bordering even on spite, or simply to a despairing desire to retrieve a situation. The court's sanctions might just possibly drive a defaulter back to observing an original oath. A case might do this or it might of course breed an ever more bitter enmity.

In 1573 John Sucher of Petworth complains to the bishop's court that Margaret Brown, once his betrothed, is no longer prepared to marry him as she had promised. He calls three witnesses to testify to the solemn pledge that Margaret has broken. His first witness is Thomas Guye, shearman (i.e. shearer of woollen cloth), twenty three years of age, two years resident in Petworth, but formerly of Godalming. According to Guye, about a year ago last Hallowmas (All Saints) he had been in the company of John Sucher and Margaret Brown in William Mose's house and had heard Sucher say to Margaret, "Margaret you have syxe peces of golde of myn in the waye of marredge and uppon that bargayne and promise now I do give you my faithe and trowthe". "And lykewise incontynently" Margaret replied, "I have receyved the same. I plighte my faithe and trowthe". Neither would part from the other till death should divide them. They kissed, and desired Guye to be their witness. The phrase "lykewise incontynently" has an odd ring almost as if there were a certain reserve or surprise on Guye's part. Perhaps he simply found their behaviour a little impulsive.

Thomas Guye knows of another significant meeting on the Monday after Our Lady's day in the following year. John and William Sucher had gone with Nicholas Smythe to William Mose's house and asked Mistress Brown for her good will in the matter of the proposed marriage. Mistress Brown refused outright, whereupon Margaret, seeing that her mother would not agree, arranged to meet John Sucher in the Barton's Field at Petworth about two hours before sundown.

*Handwritten text in cursive script, likely a transcription of the original document's handwriting. It appears to be a summary or a different version of the text on the left page, mentioning names like 'Sucher', 'Margaret', 'Guye', and 'Smythe'.*

"And ther the said John Sucher requested of the mother of the same Margaret her good will to have her said daughter which thinge she wold not grant to him, and then the same Margaret perceyvinge that she cold not have her mothers good wyll did appointe to mete with the said John in the Barton Pfeild in Petworthe afforesaid about ii howres before the goinge down of ye sonne."

(From W.S.R.O. Ep I/11/2 1573)

John Sucher duly met Margaret in the Barton's Field and they went off to brother William's house in Petworth. It was supper time and they were "making merry". After a while Nicholas Smythe came up to them and said, "Margaret nowe seyinge you are comen hether of your own fre will I trust all things is well betwixt you and John Sucher". Margaret replied that they were. Nicholas asked John Sucher if he had a piece of gold. He had and took an angel (a gold coin bearing the figures of the archangel Michael and the Dragon) out of his purse. John and Margaret again solemnly plighted their troth and desired those present to bear witness. Examination on Margaret's behalf produces little extra. In reply to the crucial fifth interrogatory regarding conditions set by Maraget, Thomas Guye insists that the contract was "pure and free without any condycons". Thomas Guye's is the most detailed deposition and agrees basically with the two others. The reference to Nicholas Smythe as John Sucher's father-in-law is puzzling and unexplained. Presumably John Sucher's first wife had died. There may be some clue here to Mistress Brown's hostility, but if there is we are no longer in a position to interpret it.

Thomas Gate, another shearman, three years resident in Petworth but formerly from Buckinghamshire, is twenty two years old. He too looks back to Hallowmas last and recalls being in the house of William Mose with whom he then worked. Margaret Brown came up to him and said, "Thomas, now John Sucher hathe a wyf". "Hath he?" was Gate's somewhat understated reply. Margaret continued to the effect that she was very glad and had given her faith and troth. "What wyll you mother say to this?" asked Gate. Margaret replied, "I care not what she says. I have maid him a promyse of matrimony and therefore I will go with him whether so ever he wyll have me." Concerning the events on the Monday after Our Lady's day he is unable to depose. To the fifth interrogatory about the pledge being a conditional one he cannot depose either. It has to be said however that the general tenor of his evidence does not support the idea that Margaret's promise was a conditional one.



The last witness brought by John Sucher is Nicholas Smythe, described in an earlier deposition as his father-in-law. Smythe is forty-five years of age and described as a "capper" i.e. a maker of caps. He has been some thirty years resident in Petworth but originated in Abchurch Lane, London. Regarding the first betrothal he is unable to depose but he certainly remembered the second one. The Monday next after Our Lady's day he had gone to William Sucher's house where he found Margaret Brown, John Sucher, William Sucher, William Jewkes and Thomas Guye. William Sucher had asked Margaret if all was well between her and John. John gave Margaret an angel and they plighted their troth each to other. On the fifth interrogatory Nicholas Smythe is quite clear: "The contract was made betwene the said partyes without any condycon."

There remains only Margaret Brown's own testimony. She had certainly talked with Sucher of marriage about a year previously but insisted that this had always been subject to Sucher obtaining her mother's permission. She had received from him six pieces of gold which he had later taken back. After Our Lady's day she had received from him an old angel as a token of marriage and had again contracted to be his wife provided that he could obtain her mother's good will. She had told her (prospective?) father-in-law that she had made Sucher a promise of matrimony "but yt was no otherwise but that she mighte go backe agayne from yt honestlie".

The issues in the case are clear enough, turning on the single question as to whether the promise Margaret had made had been conditional on her mother's approval. The court had to decide between Margaret and Sucher's three witnesses: of whom Thomas Guye and Nicholas Smythe had been unequivocal as to Margaret's setting no conditions, while Thomas Gate strongly implies that she had not. Either Margaret had not set a condition, or Guye, Smythe and Gate were in error, or, more likely, in collusion with Thomas Sucher. The headstrong impression Margaret gives and the fact that Sucher had felt sufficiently sure of his ground to bring the case before the bishop's court may well have influenced the judge in Sucher's favour, but the verdict has not in fact survived. The extant documents give no indication either of the reasons for Mistress Brown's objections to her prospective son-in-law, nor as to why Margaret herself should have changed her mind. Church court depositions keep to the essentials and do not seek to satisfy the curiosity of a later age.

On a wider view, the case gives a glimpse of the clothmaking industry in Petworth in its mid-Elizabethan heyday, and confirms other tenuous indications as to its location. The witnesses are all connected in some way with the cloth industry, Guye and Gate being "shearmen" i.e. cloth-cutters, while Nicholas Smythe is a capper, apparently simply a maker of caps. William Mose too is described in a lease from Petworth House as a clothier.

What evidence there is of Petworth cloth-making has been set out in Bulletin 33 in an article about Petworth Rectory in the seventeenth century. The industry is mentioned by Leland during the reign of Henry VIII, but most particularly described by William Bullaker deposing before the Chancery in 1592. Looking back to the mid-century, Bullaker recalls how the copyholders of Petworth, paying a set low annual sum for their copyholders, had used the capital they had accumulated to dye and spin woollen cloth and give work to the poorer tenants. The copyholds had grown wealthy and the town itself had prospered. It was, so Bullaker claimed, the excessive fines for admission to copyhold estates levied by Henry Percy, Ninth Earl of Northumberland that had effectively destroyed the Petworth cloth industry by draining away its capital. The lease of 1590 says that William Mose went to great expense to build a house and store in a parcel of the glebeland called the Barton "for dying in fowle wether of kersyes" - a heavy, ribbed type of cloth.

The cloth makers may well have formed something of a community on its own, tight-knit and inward-looking, marrying largely within its own confines and bound together by simple economics and their shared skills. Significantly Guye, Gate and Smythe have all come into Petworth from outside the town. We may suppose that they were at least partially trained when they came here. Petworth's reputation for cloth-making appears to have extended over several counties at least. The Mose family too were relative newcomers at this time, although they would continue here for several generations. The Barton's field could well be the present Barton's cemetery, not used for burials before the early nineteenth century.

P.

#### THE WINTER OF 1899 AND OTHER MEMORIES

Sitting near my window, with the warm sunshine on me, it struck me in this third week of the New Year how much the seasons have changed, since I was a little girl.

The Winter of 1899, has always remained very clear. I was 6½ years old, and attending the Petworth Infant's School. In November it turned bitterly cold, and we finished lessons early, so after Miss Field, the school mistress, and Miss Heywood my teacher, had seen that we were all well covered up in our coats and scarves, we were told to run home as fast as we could. I hadn't got far when I was seized by an attack of croup, to which I was prone, and badly wracked by coughing. I at last got to our door at 353 Egremont Row, gave the door a kick and collapsed on the doormat in the porch. I've never forgotten my relief, when my dear Mother, picked me up, saying, "Oh you poor little mite", and cuddled me, and dosed me with Ipecuanha wine on a teaspoonful of sugar. It was some time before I went back to school, and the freezing cold continued. The Park Lake was frozen hard for weeks and my Father and three brothers thoroughly enjoyed themselves skating with lots of others. The Christmas of that year too, was especially good for me, for besides the usual orange, apple and pink sugar mouse I found in my black woollen stocking, two dolls, a box of crayons and a rolled up drawing book and a pretty beaded purse with a little gold chain handle, and - Wonder of Wonders - a whole silver shilling. To crown all this wealth, my father had made me a lovely doll's pram, like the new kind that were coming into fashion. I think that Mothers used to carry a small baby, for the old perambulator we had, was a big cumbersome solid wood thing, shaped like a Bath Chair, two large wheels at sides and one small one in front. All were wooden, with solid rubber rims, like the bone shaker bikes. When Mother put a long cushion on the wide seat two small children could sit in it with another one on the floor. But that Winter it was broken up and the wood burnt. Families were much bigger in those days. I was the seventh and last, but I knew of several who had six, seven or eight and two of ten children, so it must have been very difficult to provide for them. Most tradesmen had a Club, to which people could put what money they could spare. Mr Ricketts had one so that they could receive the amount saved, in coal, which I remember was 1/8 a bag. Dad always bought a load of cord wood from the Leconfield Estate. This was dumped at the end garden gate, in Cherry Orchard Lane, and when we came home for tea, we all had to set to and bring it round, to stack behind the outdoor lavatory.

Thank goodness we didn't suffer any burst pipes, as there was only one to the tap over the scullery sink, which was well covered, also the lavatory cistern. This was only a yard or two from the back door and had an umbrella handy if it rained. I don't think toilet

rolls were made then. I didn't see any for some years, and my sister and I had to cut squares of paper and thread a piece of string through and tie to the pipe.

As we all grew, so we had to help Mum and Dad in various ways. My sister Freda had to clean the lavatory every Saturday morning while I cleaned and polished the spoons and forks. There was no stainless steel and my sister also, being three years older than I, cleaned the knives.

One of the dolls I had had at Xmas was a Dutch doll. This was made of wood, with a round head, with black painted hair, and eyes, and rosy cheeks and lips. The head and body all one piece of wood, with a piece for the shoulders, and the arms somehow riveted to move at the elbow, the legs too at the hips and knees. The other doll was of a type often sold at the Fair, as it was quite cheap, with a china head, and arms and legs fixed to a stuffed body: with Mother's help they were dressed and taken out in the dear little pram. There were none of the labour saving gadgets, but Mother always found time to be with us, and would read to us while we had our supper, which we made as long as possible. Usually it would be a Grimm's or Anderson's Fairy Tale. Then it was a wash down in front of the kitchen fire, hair well brushed, and prayers said, kneeling down by Mother - and a scamper off to bed. By this time, we had had a great excitement, but also a tragedy, for one night we heard the big firebells on the Town Hall clanging, and it was Remnants Bakery and Confectionery shop ablaze. It was burnt out, and later Mr E. Streeter's shop was built on the site. It was a marvel there were so few fires considering we had to rely on oil lamps and candles. There was the big one when Fittleworth Common was mostly destroyed, for our Summers then were so long and hot and dry.

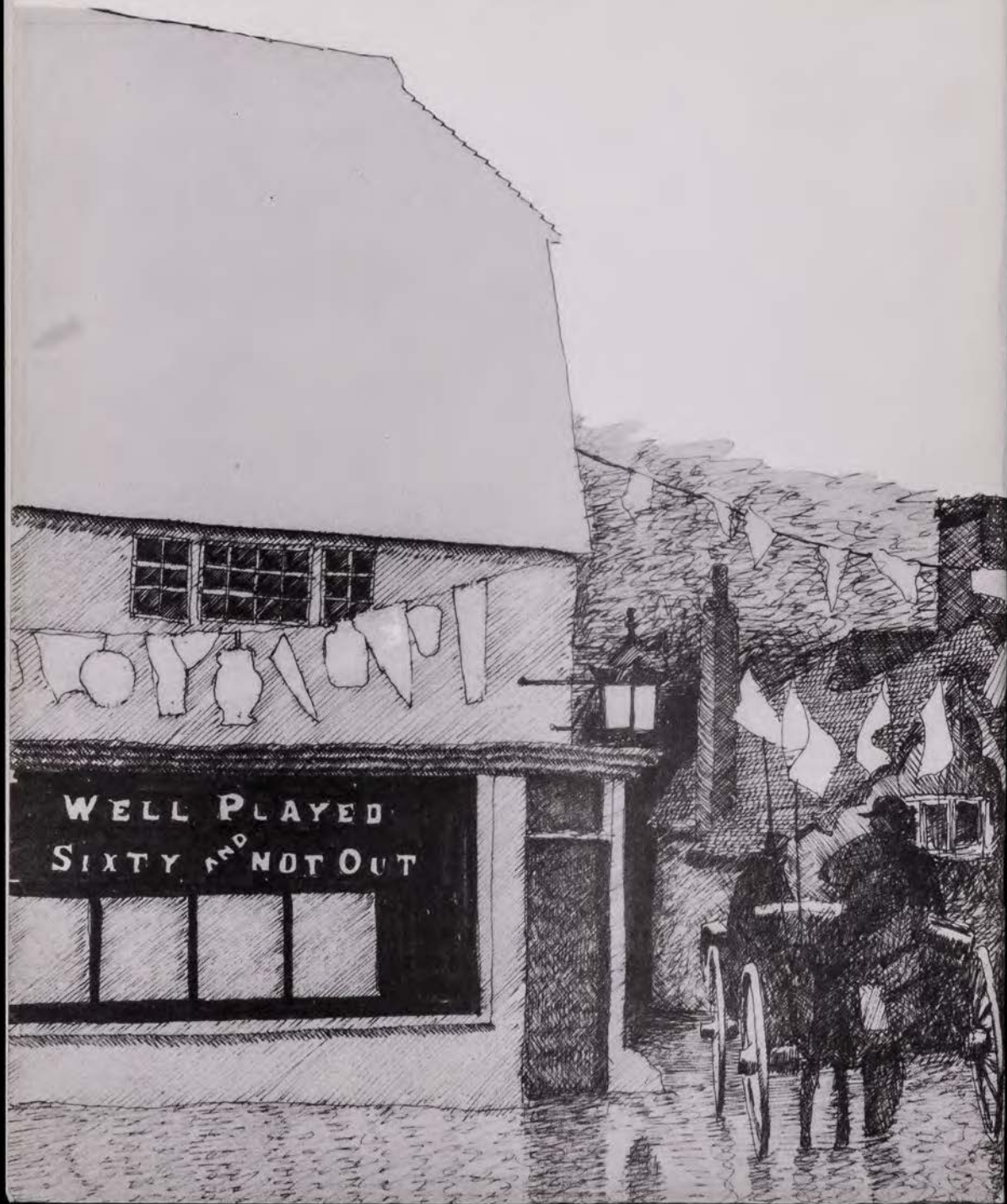
Mrs. E. PLACE.

#### NEW MEMBERS (to Mid-July)

Mr and Mrs ADSETT, Lancaster Studio, High Street.  
Mr D. ANDREWS, 24 Martlett Road.  
Mr and Mrs AUSTIN, 25 Ifoldhurst, Ifold, Loxwood.  
Mr and Mrs BARHAM, 2 Theodore Cottages, Upperton.  
Mr and Mrs BAXTER, 2 Rosemary Close.  
Mrs L. BRAGG, Fairfield House, High Street.  
Mr J. BRIDLE, The Tasty Plaice, Pound Street.  
Mr and Mrs CAINE, 6 Rosemary Close.

Mr and Mrs CARTER, 45 Hillside, Horsham.  
Mr P. COLLEYMORE, Barrington Cottage, Byworth.  
Mr and Mrs CRADDOCK, Rectory Cottage, North Street.  
Mrs T.J. CROGAN, 48 Gladstone Place, Aberdeen.  
Mrs J. CUMMING, 234 Thornhill Cottages, Colhook Common, Ebernoe.  
Mr and Mrs CURRELL, 19 Valentines Lea, Northchapel.  
Mr FEATHER, Barnhouse, Byworth.  
Mr and Mrs FEATHERSTONE, Hill House, Rectory Lane.  
Group Capt. FORD, Moss, Byworth.  
Mr and Mrs GOODYER, Byhill Cottage, Egdean.  
Mr and Mrs GOULD, 16 Sinhurst Road, Camberley, Surrey.  
Mr and Mrs GREGORY, The Manse, High Street.  
Mr and Mrs HARDING, Croftings, North Mead.  
Mrs K.F. HOAD, 40a Ottways Lane, Ashtead, Surrey.  
Mr I. HOPKINS, Avenida Brasil 12, Cascais, 2750 Portugal.  
Mrs IVE, Davidson House, Park Crescent, Midhurst.  
Mrs JARVIS, Byworth Lea, Byworth.  
Mrs KERSHAW, Spring Cottage, Byworth.  
Mrs MATTHEWS, 385 Strood, Byworth.  
Mrs MILLICHAMP, Oak View, The Lane, Ifold, Sussex.  
Mr MORROW, 32 Dorking Crescent, Downsview, Ontario, Canada.  
Major and Mrs MOORE, Sylbrick Cottage, Byworth.  
Mrs NOBLE, Monks House, North Street.  
Mr C.C. O'KANE, Oades Cottage, Byworth.  
Mrs PEPPER, 8 New Street.  
Mr and Mrs RALPH, 2 Barringtons Cottage, Byworth.  
Mrs RANDALL, 62 Wyndham Road.  
Mr and Mrs ROGERS, Wisteria Cottage, Bartons Lane.  
Mrs ROLLS, Westlands, Fox Hill.  
Mr and Mrs SIMCOX, The Dell, Rectory Lane, Pulborough.  
Mr SIMMONDS, 21 Jubilee Crescent, London N.9.  
Mrs SLOWLY, 37 Eastdale Road, Burgess Hill, Sussex.  
Mrs STICKLEY, 2 Old Park Cottages, Norwood Lane, Graffham.  
Mrs TIDMAN, Fairfield Court, Grove Street.  
Mrs TRIGGS, 48 Broyle Road, Chichester.  
Mrs WADEY, 4 Rothermead.  
Mrs P. WALMSLEY CLARK, Bakers, Byworth.  
Mr and Mrs WESTLAKE, Gofts Cottage, Byworth.  
Mr WHITCOMB, The Welldiggers.  
Mrs WILLIAMS, 18 Greatpin Croft, Fittleworth.  
Mrs WILMSHURST, Little Downsview, Pound Close.  
Mrs WORRALL, 307A North Street.

Addresses Petworth unless stated otherwise.



WELL PLAYED  
SIXTY AND NOT OUT

BOY OWN