

## The 30th Annual General Meeting – and here be serpents!

The Society was formed following a public meeting called by Colonel A.H. Maude on December 10th 1973. The inaugural meeting was on March 15th, 1974 and the first Annual General Meeting was on April 22nd 1975, so we are at least 30 years old. Peter thought that the Colonel would be pleased that the Society was still in existence and especially pleased with the magazine, which is his own particular pride. Petworth changes and people accept that, but with the ubiquitous mobile phone and the media churning out too much with very little meaning, the magazine reflects the interests and standards of Maude and George Garland, the local photographer of the mid-20th century.

Andy Henderson, our efficient and hard-working Honorary Treasurer, had already reported with pleasure on our healthy finances, boosted by improved attendances at monthly meetings and the continuing success of the book sales. Peter added that the town's traders had commented on the extra business brought in by the crowds attending.

The Committee was re-elected unopposed.

Business over, Paul Bruce, from the Sussex Downs Conservation Board, spoke about the 5 year project (April, 2002 – July, 2007) to increase management, restore and extend the heathland in an area bounded by Haslemere, Petersfield and Storrington and to set up a 60 miles walk, the Serpent Trail, from Blackdown, through Liphook, Liss, Rogate, Durford Heath, Woolbeding, Petworth, Flexham Park, Coates Common, Lavington and Midhurst to Petersfield. There is a budget of £1.2 million, funded by a partnership between the Board, the National Trust, DEFRA, English Nature and WSCC, which acts as the legal body.

The heathlands have existed on the acid, sandy soils of the Wealden Greensand since the last Ice Age, 10,000 years ago, first grazed by oryx and wild horses, then cleared of trees from Neolithic times for hunting and later, grazing domestic stock. Under the commons system, Lords of the Manors granted rights to the poorer people to graze animals and collect wood and turves. After 1800, when this area had 8,000 hectares of heathland, decline in the woollen trade made maintenance uneconomic, leading to encroachment by birch and oak. During and after the Second World War, further afforestation with Scots pine took place, leaving only 1,000 hectares of true heathland, which, nevertheless, represents 20% of the world's resource.

It was unfortunate that, due to a misunderstanding, there was no overhead projector to show examples of the typical plant and animal life, much of which is threatened by extinction unless their habitat is preserved: heather, bracken, rhododendron, the Dartford warbler, woodlark, nightjar, the adder, grass and smooth snakes (here be the serpents!), lizards, frogs, toads, newts, beetles, butterflies and crickets.

So the project involves working with landowners to remove scrub, control invasive plants and encourage the return of heather by rolling, cutting, judicious use of a specific herbicide and grazing by cattle and Exmoor ponies. Sheep are not favoured due to conflict

with dogs brought by people using the footpaths. It is hoped to restore another 500 hectares. The Serpent Trail links the local heathland sites. Paul ended his talk by giving details of forthcoming events: a 'reptile safari', 'Bats at Burton' and picnics. There were plenty of questions, proving the interest aroused.

KCT

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## Steve and Miles' bound-treading walk 16th May

A very good turnout for what is to be a relatively short walk followed by tea at Coultershaw Beam Pump. In fact there's an accident at Rotherbridge crossroads, a car skewed across the road and badly damaged. A pedestrian is trying to control a single line of traffic alternate ways. We don't park in the Beam Pump Car Park, but further down at the wharf itself, the barns and sheds suggesting a bustling but now all too elusive past. Briefly we follow the line of the river along a path bordered on either side by the luxuriant fresh vegetation of mid-May: comfrey in pastel shades of white, pink and mauve, the huge leaves of burdock and the pungent leaves of tansy. Strong-growing plants all.

Over a stile and into the buttercup meadows. The river forms Petworth's boundary with several parishes. The wailing of sirens is heavy on the afternoon air; someone thinks there's been another accident, this time at Fox Hill. Keith Hyde-Dunn gives the blessing and enters with some enthusiasm into this new/old business of bound-treading. Unfortunately he's treble-booked; evensong at Egdean at 3.15 then another service at Pulborough. He leaves with every appearance of regret having given us a text book Rogation prayer and the other Keith's so popular "Meadows of Cathay" prayer from last year.

We advance slowly along the river, Andrew stopping us at a freshly constructed gravel "riffle" some twenty yards along by four feet deep. It's a spawning ground for chub and sea-trout. Some large but indistinct forms just below the sun-dappled surface are identified as sea-trout. The riffle is forbidden territory for anglers.

Time to look at Petworth from the south, the Herbert Shiner, Gore Hill, Hoes Farm from which, during the 1914 war, Elgar himself had sallied forth to admonish an unrepentant Henry Whitcomb about trespassing on Lord Leconfield's private fishing. We move to the junction of the Rother and Petworth navigations and the present boundary with the Barlavington Estate. This is supreme canal territory and, paradoxically, here in the great buttercup meadows, lies Petworth's half-forgotten industrial past. Andrew explains the proposed improvements, points out alterations already made. The original flow of the river is to be in a measure restored, accumulated silt removed, and the vulnerable remaining wetland protected. Already it's host to nine species of duck. Leconfield Estate works in close harmony with the conservancy authorities as also does Barlavington.

Historically, of course, these valuable water-meadows were once part of the old town



Half Moon Tap



THE PETWORTH SOCIETY  
*Magazine*  
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Half moon tap  
Five lighters in 19th cent  
Petworth  
A Zeppelin Flying Past



field system long before the coming of the canal. This is land that over the years had been dug out, refilled and dug out again. We cut diagonally back across the buttercup meadows. It's hot and fairly tiring over the tufty ground. The sirens are still wailing.

Back to Coultershaw for tea. The road is closed both ways and it's possible to sit on the side of the road and think how quiet it must once have been even given the bustling life of the wharf. The old silence except for rare moments like this is gone for ever. We come home through Burton and Shopham, the northbound traffic held up on the Dunton straight as far as the eye can see.

[We were unaware at the time but the accident proved fatal. We had gone through just moments after it happened.]

P.



*A look-back to Andy and Annette's Slindon walk in March.*

*Photograph by David Wort.*

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## Aboard the Iona 27th June

Again fortunate with the weather. Again a trip well overbooked, the boat capacity being 46. Through the leafy lanes to Godalming wharf in the coach, the wharf being the very southernmost point of the British Waterway Network. From here it's a bare twenty miles to the Thames and then the prospect of turning for Reading, Oxford, the Midlands and beyond. This afternoon we're slightly less ambitious.

Chris Howkins, already known from his talks to the Society and to the Museum Friends, was waiting for us at the wharf and, as we were soon to find, in excellent form. His combination of dry wit, the unexpected, the erudite and sometimes the bizarre probably merits that over-worked adjective "unique". He began with some observations on a horse-drawn

narrow-boat trip. No it's not a barge, a narrow-boat is a peculiarly British institution intended for the narrow cuts of Britain's waterways. And yes, the horse is happy enough. No, contrary to one old lady's belief, (on some previous non-Society trip I hasten to add) the horse does not come aboard. The beads of maroon and cream carry rope and harness clear of the skin as does the young lady on the tow path. Essentially the narrow-boat travels under its own momentum, the horse needing to make just three pulls during the journey. Built in 1935, the Iona was originally named the Bellerophon and was a commercial carrying vessel. Converted for passenger use in the 1960s, it has been at Godalming since 1968.

Once away Chris provided a kaleidoscopic commentary, effectively an introduction to Godalming itself and the plants of the waterside. He briefly passed on review such features as the lammas meadows, still operated by the commoners for grazing, haymaking and silage, but carefully protected by the National Trust, as is the waterway itself, and Godalming's long history as a textile town. It was here that Mrs Billings, a century and more ago, had invented the cable stitch. Or what of the Jekyll, Lutyens connection and the only "Lutyenesque" supermarket in the world? Or the district's defiant non-conforming past, Unitarians and Quakers and John Wesley coming on several occasions but never managing to preach? Or the long tradition of Anglican disapproval?

We were passing the multi-trunked alders at the riverside, multi-trunked because of their coppicing for commercial use. The charcoal was once used for gunpowder at nearby Chilworth. Nothing as good. And alder for clogs of course, again nothing as good. Obligatory wear in a gunpowder factory where the slightest spark from a hob-nailed boot ....

And the plants of riverside and wharf. Hemlock water dropwort or tansy or meadowsweet with its medieval disinfectant uses, Queen Elizabeth I knew all about that. All too soon we're through Cattersall lock and into the Unstead water-meadows, turning for the return trip. Here Chris revealed another facet, a well-practised virtuoso serving of 46 plates of scones, jam and cream, followed by tea. Back under the bridge, through the lock to the wharf. Quite an afternoon!

P.

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## On the roof of our world.

### Nigel's mid-Summer Walk 11th July

A Nigel walk will usually mean parking at Northchapel Village Hall, but it's a brief stop this time. Whither then? I thought I'd heard talk of Plaistow, but no, the convoy turns left at Fisher Street, then left again at Gospel Green, before sharp right into a narrow lane on the slopes of Blackdown. At the end of what seems a maze we reach an almost deserted National Trust car park. Surface puddles in a cold July. Do we ever cancel? Not so far at any rate and we've been doing this for twenty years and more. In any case, black as the clouds are, it's not raining now.



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THE PETWORTH SOCIETY SUPPORTS THE  
LECONFIELD HALL  
PETWORTH COTTAGE MUSEUM  
AND THE COULTERSHAW BEAM PUMP.





20 walkers and 3 dogs. Photograph by Pearl Godsmark.

Almost immediately we're at the first vantage point. Some can recall a morning walk and picnic here with Riley Shotter but it's a long time ago now and they had walked to Blackdown. For some reason I couldn't go. Was it fifteen years ago? As likely more than less. We're looking south toward distant Chanctonbury. Someone points out Schoolhouse farm beneath us.

We move on. It's the whortle berry season and the peaty soil is covered with the plants, "hurts" is the local name, others call them bilberries. I don't think you find them in the Petworth area. What strikes me is how sparse they are and how tiny. Picking "hurts" would be hard labour indeed. When I get home I look at Margaret Hutchinson's<sup>1</sup> childhood account of "hurting" before 1914. It took an age to cover the bottom of an enamel mug and an aeon to fill it, even if you refrained from eating as you picked. And if you laboriously filled the mug and then tipped over the contents ... did you forage in the unforgiving undergrowth to recover what you'd once had or simply start again? The crushed berries stain the hands like blood. There's a notice about spraying the bracken and walkers are advised to keep to the paths and out of the undergrowth.

Another stop and a different vista. Butser Hill in the distance this time. To the right are those peculiar white domes at Odium, or is it some hitherto unknown mini-Eden project!

On through the woods to perhaps the finest view of all. Petworth is visible it seems on a clear day. Today a combination of mist and summer leafery blots it out. The scarp falls almost vertically. There's a jungle beneath us, rowan berries already turning orange. Is that Stag Park? Certainly there are cars at Screech Corner, the very way we've come from Petworth. It takes a while for the eye to pick them out. 20 walkers including two children, but not the three dogs. We move on, perhaps a little unwillingly, to walk among the tall single

<sup>1</sup> Margaret Hutchinson: *Childhood in Edwardian Sussex* (2nd Ed. 1983) pages 71-2.

stems of Scotts Pine. Somehow they seem to accentuate the feelings of height. We make our way by the edge of the scarp to the car park. Nigel, Don and Ann provide drinks on a cool day. It's been a first-rate walk.

P.

## Wrestling in a convent? The June Book Sale

Summer, it's generally thought, is not time for book sales, but our preset monthly schedule flies in the face of such tradition. We tell ourselves that it can be as cold in June as it is in March or November. Sometimes perhaps it is, but not this time. It's hot. 95 flat boxes with the 30 pence books and then what seems an endless succession of "square" boxes carrying the rest. Reasonable overall quality this month, if a little short on the unexpected.

Saturday morning gives time to arrange, make sure the sets are all marked up, the serried ranks are tight and there's no obvious rubbish. Time, too, to deal with some large sacks left at the Hall door for us. We put out the odd prints we have but this time there are no jigsaws. By 9.30 the queue is congealing outside. Still half an hour to go. Time for the chairman to sink into his now traditional reverie - or that's what he calls it. Team thoughts turn toward the impious. Could the old boy organise an alcoholic extravaganza in a distillery? Guide the wayward fortunes of a public convenience? Preside over a wrestling tournament in a convent? Funny you should mention that - it heralds this quarter's item of ephemera. Small matter that it's probably a hundred years old and in Spanish. On Sunday, 22<sup>nd</sup> March, in the convent of the nuns of Puerto de la Cruz, five noted (mainland?) wrestlers will pit their strength against fifteen island rivals. The tournament will close with a challenge match. A set of rules stipulates that anyone making a move before an opponent has signalled his readiness to begin will be disqualified. Two judges will give decisions with a third to settle disputes. Anyone using language (in a convent?!) that might offend the competitors will be summarily ejected, as will anyone trespassing on the arena. Privileged seats are 1.50 pesetas, normal admission 1 peseta, children and soldiers half a peseta. All at one o'clock in the afternoon.

Funny what falls out of old books. The island would appear to be Tenerife. Initially it's slightly less busy than last month, but that's almost a relief. Last month was almost beyond us. This Saturday the Square's got one of its moods on, quiet, almost sullen. I've learned over the years to view the Square almost as a personality if sometimes a rather mercurial one. In fact, instead of an initial wild rush followed by a quieter afternoon, it all keeps steadily on till the end. We finish not far short of April or May. Curiously there's rather less brought in during the day than usual.

Sifting through the bags left outside the Hall in the early morning, my attention wanders to an unassuming almost anonymous little book - the spine title almost completely worn



## Constitution and Officers

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 of residence who is interested in furthering the object of the society.

The annual subscription is £9.00. Single or double one Magazine delivered. Postal £11.00 overseas £13.00. Further information may be obtained from any of the following:

### *Chairman*

Mr P.A. Jerrome MBE, Trowels, Pound Street, Petworth [STD 01798] (Tel. 342562)  
GU28 0DX

### *Vice Chairman*

Mr K.C. Thompson, 18 Rothermead, Petworth (Tel. 342585) GU28 0EW

### *Hon. Treasurer*

Mr A. Henderson, 62 Sheepdown Drive, Petworth (Tel. 343792) GU28 0BX

### *Committee*

Mr Stephen Boakes, Mr Miles Costello, Lord Egremont, Mr Ian Godsmark,  
Mrs Audrey Grimwood, Mrs Betty Hodson, Mr Philip Hounsham, Mrs Anne Simmons,  
Mrs Ros Staker, Mr J. Taylor, Mrs Deborah Stevenson, Mrs Linda Wort

### *Magazine distributors*

Mr Henderson, Mr Costello, Mr Thompson, Mrs Simmons, Mrs Grimwood,  
Mrs Hounsham, Mr Turland, Mr Boakes (Petworth), Mrs Adams (Byworth),  
Miss Biggs, Mrs Dallyn (Sutton and Duncton), Mrs Williams (Graffham), Mr Derek  
Gourd, (Tillington and River), Mrs Goodyer, Mrs Williams (Fittleworth)

### *Society Scrapbook*

Mrs Pearl Godsmark

### *Coultershaw Beam Pump representatives*

Mr S. Boakes, Mrs J. Gilhooly, Mr A Henderson, Mr T. Martin.

For this Magazine on tape please contact Mr Thompson.

### *Society Town Crier*

Mr J. Crocombe, 19 Station Road (343329)

Note: The crier may be prepared to publicise local community events and public notices for you, even snippets of personal news such as births, engagements or lost pets. It is suggested that such personal and business cries be made for a small donation to a charity to be nominated by the crier himself.

## Chairman's Notes

*The usual fall Magazine. I hope you'll find something to interest you. You'll see the monthly meetings are particularly strong this year. Good speakers can be expensive and the Book Sales give us a certain freedom. Attendance was well up last year and may well be again.*

*The 30<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Dinner will be nearly on us by the time you read this. Once more we were punctilious, rigid might be a better word, about first come, first served, but inevitably some members had to be disappointed. There was of course the same dilemma with the recent boat trip. It's a situation that will recur. Hopefully it will work out with reasonable fairness over a period.*

*A word about Petworth fair – on a Saturday this year. The eight minute television slot in January highlighted its regional, effectively national, significance. Yes, of course it's an inconvenience, but then most worthwhile things have an element of the inconvenient. In time at least, it remains a link with that unknown Petworth of crusading days. It's a Petworth treasure : make the most of it.*

Peter July 20<sup>th</sup>



*Television coverage for Petworth Fair 2004.  
Photograph by Keigh Sandall.*



away, always a serious disadvantage. There's a name in pencil inside and a date, January 1946. The book would have been new then. An address, too, in Campden Street W.8 - just two streets away from where we were living then. Book sales can remind of smaller individual worlds: they can also of course hint at larger ones. The book is Henriqueta and I<sup>1</sup>, a girl growing up in Honduras with her apparently widowed mother, a schoolmistress moving from one small provincial town to another in the early 1920s. A spell follows in the still colonial capital Tegucigalpa. Convent education against a background of governmental instability. Revolution is almost a matter of course. The book closes with the writer leaving to complete her schooling in the United States. The earlier descriptions of rural Honduras reveal a different quite unexpected world. Something of a gem.

We're genuinely tired at the end of the day. Some books to keep, flat and square boxes to repack and store. A fair number of books, however, have reached the end of the road and have to go for recycling. We can hardly do otherwise, collecting as we do, remainders from fêtes, coffee mornings, house clearances and the rest. And we've little margin for meditation: the Hall has to be cleared. As often as not there's another function in the evening.

P.

## 'If the sieve's not happy ....'

The columbine's already in high seed head in the Museum garden and it's still only mid-June, the flush of oriental poppy has been spectacular but all too brief. The pink cistus is tiring. Where's the summer colour to come from? Certainly not from the new Bishop of Llandaff dahlias. They're struggling - from the attention of slugs and from competition with other established plants. But whoever heard of slug pellets in an Edwardian garden? Grapefruit shells with beer? Would Mrs. C. have eaten grapefruit for breakfast? Put like that, the answer has to be no. The gardener has to face facts: the Bishop of Llandaff dahlias aren't going to make it - spindly deep crimson single shoots, just waiting to be some slug's next meal. The difficulty doesn't lie with the glorious jumble of heavyweights backing up against the roses on the rear wall, the lemon-balm, the heliopsis, the ox-eye daisies, the rosemary - that's reasonable enough, it's going to be the absence of summer colour. It's desperately dry too, even the gooseberries are suffering, wizening in the sun as if the victims of some biblical drought. The birds pick up the tiny, still unripe, reddening berries and toss them about on the parched surface. The old-fashioned lily blooms defiantly bedside the rhubarb, but the lily beetles are nibbling away at the leaves. Pick the little devils off if you can but there are always more. Superficially, they're not unlike a ladybird.

It's in some ways an odd garden. On the face of it an orthodox sun trap but the sun seems to come in over the catslide roof to draw the taller plants. Then the wind and rain come in

<sup>1</sup> By Argentina Diaz Lozado. Translated from the Spanish by Harriet de Onis. London. Denis Dobson 1945

behind and push everything forward. There's an excess too of sage and oregano. Even if Mrs. C. were into herbs, they wouldn't have been her staple diet! I look across to the brick wall of the W.C. The rusting, redundant sieve looks at me. He's not happy. The filipendula in the centre of the plot isn't happy either. Flat white heads in gangling flower, but he's drying out. You can tell that by the brown leaves at the bottom. I can almost hear late summer voices: "Mrs. C. doesn't seem to have been much of a gardener ...." No, if the-sieve's not happy, I can't be happy either.

Now it just happens that Miles is on holiday this week and the weather's on the change. It's rained and already the wind's getting in beside the taller stuff. Time to be decisive. Create space. Take out the poppies, the filipendula, cut back the cistus and the excess oregano and sage. Get in some bought summer annuals, calendula, nasturtium (Empress of India with the squat habit and dark leaves), antirrhinum (Burgundy red), a few cosmos and salvia patens and some big marigolds to guard the marches. Also a small cluster of zinnias - always something of a gamble. Will it all work? Well, by the time you read this, we'll know. Have a look in at 346 to see for yourself.

## Spelling Ebernoe

People are often curious about the name 'Ebernoe'. The book *The Place Names of Sussex* by Mawer & Stenton (1929) suggests that it may come from Saxon words meaning 'spur of land by the yew-stream' or 'marsh-land stream'. Whatever its meaning, the name has been spelt in an amusing variety of ways since the first known written record of Hyberneogh in 1262. In fact I have collected 42 different spellings! Just for fun, here are some examples, with the earliest dates for which I have found them:

13<sup>th</sup> century: Hybernehowe, Yburneho, Ibernehew, Yburnehou.

14<sup>th</sup> century: Yborneho, Iborneho, Bournehou, Iburnehow, Tyberneho.

16<sup>th</sup> century: Ebernow, Yvernoll, Hibernhoo, Ibernowe.

17<sup>th</sup> century: Evernoe, Ebernelle, Ebernowe.

18<sup>th</sup> century: Abernole, Ebernold, Hybernow, Ebernheld, Ibernow.

19<sup>th</sup> century: Ibbernowe, Evernoll and, at long last, on a map of 1836, Ebernoe!

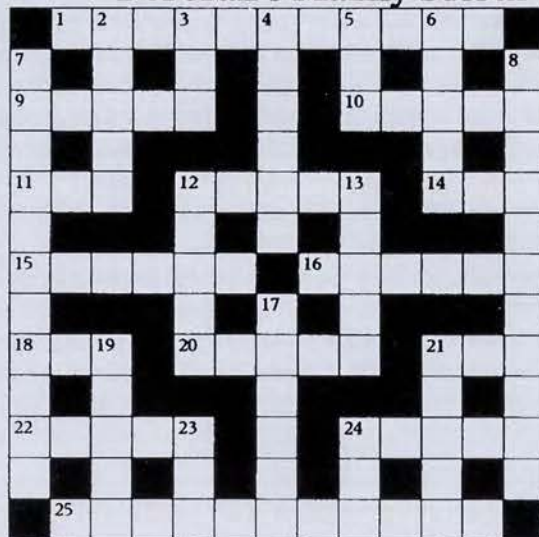
The confusion between 'b' and 'v' continues - occasionally I receive letters addressed to Evernoe.

There are yet more spellings in documents mentioning people with Ebernoe as a surname. In the 14<sup>th</sup> century the names of the tenants Thomas Ibournehou and John Hybournehow are spelt in several different ways. And in 1540 William Ibernhowe rented land at Hybernowe. This is the latest date I have found for a Mr Ebernoe who may actually have lived here - but John Ebbornoll and Simon Ebernell, who in 1641 were at Westbourne and West Thorney respectively, must surely be descended from Ebernoe people... And does Ebernoe still exist as a surname? - I would love to know!

Frances Abraham



## Deborah's Mainly Sussex Crossword



### Across

1 Horsham was once famous for this traditional cake (and produced three different kinds!) (11)  
 9 Petworth and Ranville for instance (5)  
 10 Lively dance – for horsey people maybe! (5)  
 11 Complaining type – sounds as if 10 ac. might do them good! (3)  
 12 & 12 dn. Downland hamlet near Amberley (5,5)  
 14 Refreshing drink made from a baler (3)  
 15 Beautiful village at the foot of the Downs (6)  
 16 Saxon king believed to have had a castle at Arundel (6)

18 Spirit once regularly smuggled into Sussex (3)

20 Choose from a selection (5)  
 21 Sound sheepish (3)  
 22 Strong smelling shrub, once believed to keep the Devil away (5)  
 24 Month when Heathfield's traditional "Cuckoo Fair" is held (5)  
 25 Skilled craftsmen who gave their trade name to a Petworth pub! (11)

### Down

2 Pretty village on the Rother, where paper was produced at the water mill (5)  
 3 Means of lighting still employed in the Cottage Museum ... (3)

4 ... and a cheap hand made covering for the floor (3,3)  
 5 Prepare to sail from Brighton (3)  
 6 First Saxon king of Sussex who landed at Selsey (5)  
 7 Resent state interference with a Roman road (5,6)  
 8 Early form of punishment, which gave its name to a Midhurst inn, once frequented by smugglers (6,5)  
 12 see 12 ac.  
 13 Composer of "the Planets", whose ashes were interred in Chichester cathedral (5)  
 17 Wooded sandstone ridge behind Petworth, where there are ruins of a small church (6)  
 19 The heart's taken out of Midhurst – amongst other things! (5)  
 21 C19th poet who frequently visited the south coast and bathed in the Arun at Littlehampton (5)  
 23 Move fast through the middle of Arundel (3)  
 24 Little donkey! (3)

## Solution to 116

### Across

7 Duke, 8 Lurgashall, 9 Roberts, 11 Ostler, 12 Snow, 13 Dyeing, 14 Rapley, 16 Amuses, 20 Heaths, 22 Name, 23 Arbour, 25 Hauteur, 26 And Duchess, 27 Lees

### Down

1 Furriner, 2 Benbow, 3 Florence, 4 Harold, 5 Chattels, 6 Glee, 10 Stag, 15 Peteorde, 17 Midhurst, 18 Somerset, 19 Etch, 21 Spruce, 22 Needle, 24 Rank

## Some household hints

The following are taken from a notebook, mainly of culinary recipes, kept by the Ede family, local farmers. It comes from the early nineteenth century. Capital letters as in original.

### Recipe for the curse of Wounds or Bruises

One ounce of Elector<sup>1</sup> Oil  
 One ounce of Swallow Oil  
 One ounce of Oil of Spike  
 One ounce of Oil of Worms  
 half an ounce of Spirits of Wine and Camphor

### To make Blacking

½ lb Ivy Black<sup>2</sup> boil'd in 2 quarts Beer and 2 table spoons fulls of Sweet Oil Boil'd together about ½ an hour and about ½ lb of Coarse Sugar and the Whites of 2 or 3 Eggs.

### To cure hams

For a pair of Hams weighing from Twenty to Thirty Pounds take 3lbs of Common Salt 4lbs treacle ¼ lb of Prunella<sup>3</sup> firmly pounded and mixed well together and rubbed with the brine for 3 weeks or a month.

### For Cureing Bacon

For a Pig weighing 10 score a peck of Salt ½ lb Salt Petre ½ lb Coarse Sugar rub the hind and fore Gammons with the Salt Petre and Sugar the third day after being killed using a portion of the Salt at first and the remainder at different times when you move and rub it.

### For Chapt hands

Sweet Oil, Bees wax and Butter in equal quantity of each simmered together.

<sup>1</sup> Probably the same as electuary, a medicinal syrup. Oil of swallows and oil of worms were made by crushing in a pestle and mortar, then refining the resulting oils

<sup>2</sup> Harvested ivy berries?

<sup>3</sup> Probably the same as prunello, finest dried prunes or gages



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*A characterful late nineteenth century advertisement.*

## The Rev. J.T. Penrose. Two notes

Members who remember the account of the life of John Penrose, rector from 1906–1919, (PSM 99) may be interested in the following newspaper extracts. The first is from the *Midhurst Times* 16<sup>th</sup> May 1919 and reports the rector's farewell sermon at St Mary's:

### Rector's Farewell Sermon.

There was a large congregation at the Parish Church on Sunday morning, when the Rector (the Rev. J.T. Penrose) preached his farewell sermon. He took as his text the 3rd chapter of the Epistle of St. John, verses 20 and 21. "For if our heart condemn us God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things. Beloved, if our hearts condemn us not then have we confidence towards God." Sometimes, he said, when they did the right thing their friends were apt to mock at them, but what did that matter if they could look the world in the face? That was one of the heaviest crosses their loving Master Jesus Christ had to bear, but he had confidence towards God. If they wanted to possess that confidence they must try to realise that they were all God's family. As the sailor looked up to the sun and stars to find his bearings, so must they look up to God. There was the unfailing guiding star which, if they could only follow, they could not go astray, but there was no encouragement for the man who followed his own will and made excuses. It was with great humiliation they laid down their work when it was finished, but he would leave his in the hands of God, knowing that it could not fail. He would always have to pray for forgiveness for his carelessness and ignorance, but he knew that God would forgive and fill up what was wanting.

Two others deal with Penrose's heroic death in his native Ulster, a death which made national headlines and resulted in a Posthumous Vellum Award from the Royal Humane Society. The first extract is from the *Coleraine Chronicle* for the 9<sup>th</sup> October 1926:

### Aged Clergyman's Fate.

#### Gave Life for Others.

#### Bathing Tragedy at Ballycastle.

#### Belfast Visitor's Bravery.

Ballycastle was the scene on Saturday afternoon of a deplorable bathing fatality. In an heroic effort to rescue a lady who was in imminent danger of drowning, an aged clergyman named Rev. John Trevennan Penrose, London, lost his life.

It appears that four ladies, viz., Mrs. J.R. Williams, "Ardaghmore;" Miss Kathleen Branigan, Quay Hill; and the Misses Kealy and Kelly, Rathlin Road, two teachers employed in the Cross and Passion College, Ballycastle, were bathing at the Strand, when the Misses Branigan, Kelly, and Kealy were carried by a current out of their depth. Miss Kealy managed to get to the shore, and as the other ladies were in difficulties she went for assistance. A number of people came on the scene, among whom was the deceased clergyman, who had been playing golf on the adjoining links. Getting hold of a lifebuoy he dashed out into the water, but as he was approaching Miss Kelly he was seen to collapse.

Prior to this a man named Jenkins had rushed towards the boat-slip to get a boat put out. A young gentleman named M. Walter Knox, Belfast, was sitting in the vestibule of the Marine



Hotel, and over-hearing Jenkins say that there was a woman drowning at the Strand he immediately ran across to the scene, and went out and was successful in bringing in the clergyman and Miss Kelly. Miss Branigan in the meantime had been brought further ashore and was assisted out by Miss Kealy. Artificial respiration was immediately carried out on Rev. Mr. Penrose by police and coastguards, under the direction of Dr. Boylan, assisted by a visiting doctor, but this proved futile.

The theory pronounced at the time, and afterwards substantiated at the inquest, was that deceased's death was due not to drowning, but to heart failure, this being indicated by his collapse and the fact that at that time he was not out of his depth.

Strong comment was voiced at the inquest proceedings on the fact that a number of men and youths who were on the scene of the occurrence made no effort to go to the ladies' assistance, allowing a venerable gentleman of seventy-two years to make an effort at rescue.

The Rev. Mr. Penrose's action reached the highest pinnacle of heroism, inasmuch that he sacrificed his life in an effort to save another, for "greater love hath no man than that he should lay down his life for a friend."

Two other extracts come from the *Northern Constitution* of the same date:

#### **The Funeral.**

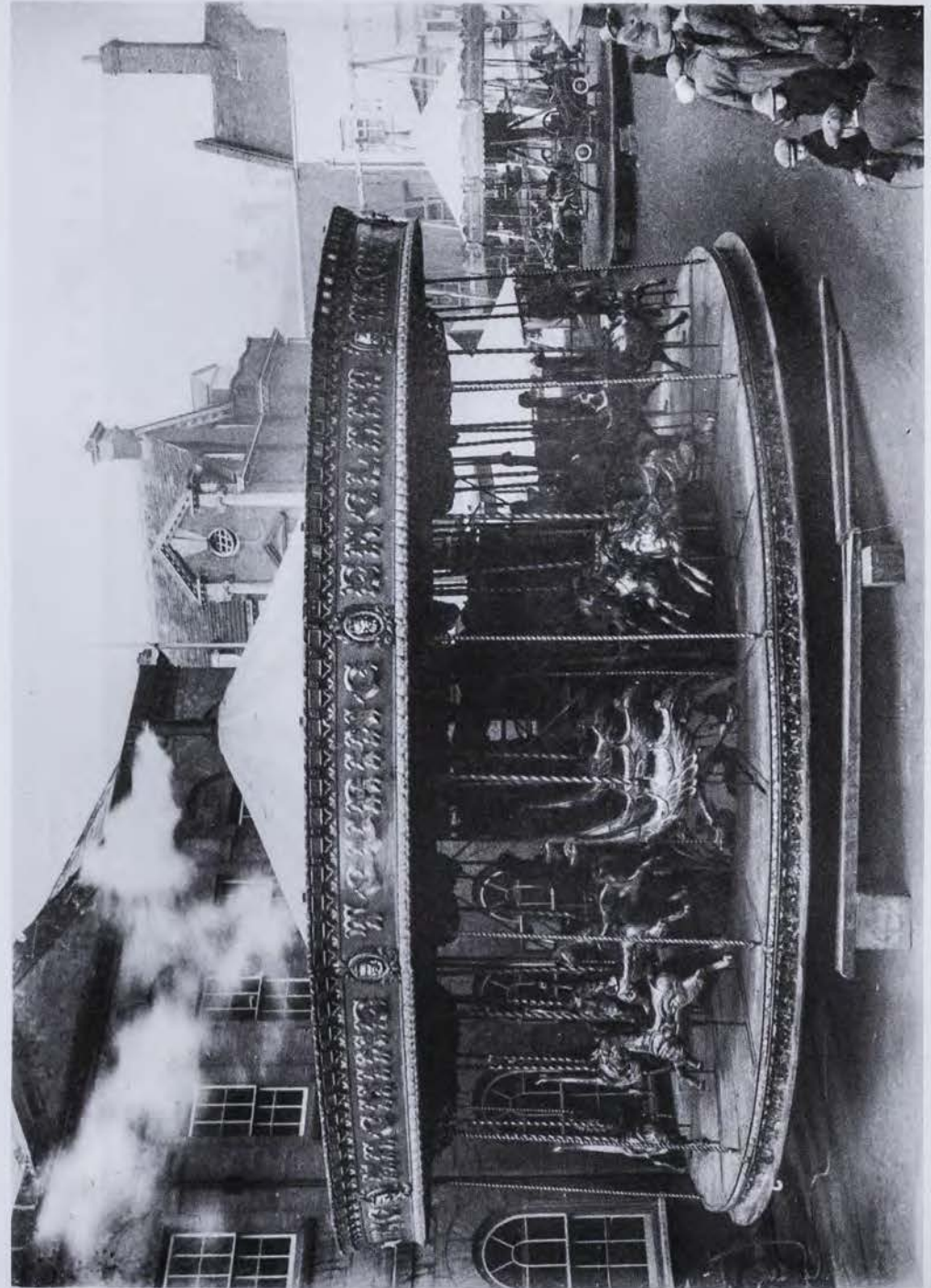
Ballycastle paid fitting homage to the noble sacrifice of the late Rev. J.T. Penrose on Tuesday afternoon, when the funeral procession passed through the town from Dalriada Hospital en route for Cushendall, where the interment took place. As an expression of the universal public sympathy all the business establishments were closed and blinds were drawn all along the route. There was a large attendance of the public, which included the members of the Urban Council and the local clergy.

#### **Urban Council's Sympathy.**

At Ballycastle Urban Council meeting on Monday night, the Chairman (Mr. Wm. M. Belford, J.P.) said he was sure that they were all acquainted with the sad tragedy which occurred on Saturday, and he thought that they as a Council should pass a vote of condolence to the friends of the deceased, the Rev. J.T. Penrose. They should also express their deep sense of appreciation of his heroism – a man of his years – seventy two – facing what practically meant for him certain death in his effort to rescue one in imminent danger of drowning. He also mentioned that the funeral would take place from Ballycastle on the following day and he thought that the least they could do would be to attend the funeral of one who had given his life so nobly in the cause of humanity.

[Both newspapers give a full account of the inquest. Ed.]

First extract courtesy of Mr Tim Austin, remaining extracts courtesy of Mr Brian Holland.



*Penworth Fair 1925. Photograph by George Garland.*





Petworth Fair 2003. Photograph by Keith Sandall.

## 'A silver and lapis tabernacle door ....'

The immediate post-war years saw moves toward producing a new visitors' guide to Petworth parish church. As with so much at the time, Miss Mayne at Archway House was a prime mover. It would, however, be the mid-1950s before Colonel Maude produced an updated version of the guide. Three separate documents, all apparently from early 1947, reflect Miss Mayne's efforts to pick up still lingering traditions. Of the three, one is a simple, typed memorandum outlining Violet, Lady Leconfield's personal recollection. The second consists of replies from the Rev. G.W.E. Manners, formerly curate at Petworth, to specific questions, while the third and most interesting, is an informal letter from Mrs. Powell, wife of Valentine Powell, incumbent from 1919 to 1931 to Miss Mayne. The Rev. Manners makes one reference to Powell's successor Mr Provis, but the latter does not seem to have contributed to the discussion. Mrs Powell's letter, despite, or perhaps, because of its very allusiveness, is a significant piece of history and vividly reflects attitudes in the 1920s. She is replying on behalf of her husband who is unwell and confined to bed.

### 1) Copy note by Lady Leconfield 8.1.47

*Re Aumbry.*<sup>1</sup>

I do not remember whether or no it was a memorial to Bishop Jones<sup>2</sup> but when Mrs. Flower<sup>3</sup> presented the silver Venetian sanctuary lamp I had that silver & lapis Tabernacle door and gave it for the Aumbry. I do not know what century it is, but it was bought by Sir Percy Wyndham when in Rome and given to me. It had evidently been a tabernacle door before and was just what you now see let in the wall.

I had an idea that Mr. Powell had always kept a sort of Diary of the Church in the Vestry but that Miss Mayne would be sure to know of.

V.L

<sup>1</sup> An aumbrey or aumbry (more usually aumbry) is a cupboard in which sacramental vessels are kept.

<sup>2</sup> H.E. Jones, rector from 1897-1906, afterward at Hitchin. Professor of Moral Theology at Kings College London and later Bishop of Lewes.

<sup>3</sup> Mrs Flower is not at present known.

### 2) Replies by the Rev. G.W.E. Manners

*Aumbrey*

In memory of Bp. Jones. Other details already supplied by Miss Mayne, by letter, direct. *Organ* Two rebuilds, the first being the most radical and important:-  
1910 - by Norman & Beard - Organ moved from Thomas Chapel to present position over Baptistry. Choir organ added.

1938 - by Ivimey<sup>1</sup> of Southampton - Pedal pipes removed from behind choir-organ to present position in Baptistry.

*War Memorial*

The actual memorial nitch (sic), window etc, commemorate 1914-1918. Names of the

<sup>1</sup> IVIMEY (?) The word is almost illegible.



fallen 1939-45 have been added to the Roll of Honour on this memorial. Numbers of names: '14-18 = 75, 39-45 = 20 (exclusive of those killed in the raid, whose names have also been recorded).

#### Spire

Originally designed for a church in Brighton. Tower raised by 1/3 of its height at same time. The architect was ~~Sir Gilbert Scott~~, (Sir) Charles Barry<sup>2</sup>, at that time retained by the Earl of Egremont. Plans drawn in the estate office.

#### Font (at the west end of nave)

Found in the Rectory Garden, Tillington, and presented to Petworth Church by the Rev. W. Gogg,<sup>3</sup> Rector of Tillington. This took place during the incumbency of Mr. Provis (The Manor House, Limpsfield, Surrey) from whom further details might perhaps be obtained.

#### Egremont Memorial (Back of N. Aisle)

Figure designed by E.H. Bailey, R.A., who was responsible for the statue of Nelson on the Trafalgar Square Column.

(Further details of interest might be got from George Garland,<sup>4</sup> who is compiling the new town guide, and has been culling information about the church, I believe).

<sup>2</sup> The correction is by Colonel Maude.

<sup>3</sup> Mr Goggs - long serving Tillington Rector in the early 20<sup>th</sup> century. Gogg is an error.

<sup>4</sup> There is no evidence that this project was ever completed.

#### 3) Letter to Miss Mayne from Mrs. Powell

The Rectory, Horsted Parva, Uckfield, Sussex

Epiphany 1947

Telephone Isfield 214

My dearest Grace,

Thank you very much for the two nice letters - and a lovely goldfinch card!

My poor Val is still hard up with remains of his flue. His temperature refuses to stay put! He has been in bed 3 weeks last Saturday - and still the beastly thing crawls up and down and of course it makes him so weak and rotten. We thought this morning he was all right again! Normal for 8 hours! but no! Up again this afternoon - it is really sickening. -

About the Aumbrey - Val did write a "log book" about things like that. But where it is I know not - if Mr. Godwin<sup>1</sup> has not got it. The lovely little door was given to Val for it by Lady Leconfield - who had bought it a some Red Cross Sale<sup>2</sup> and had it by her. I think Mrs. Flower gave the Aumbrey lamp we're not quite sure about the lamp (as she did also the Venetian<sup>3</sup> Point lace on the Altar - it (the lace had belonged to her grandmother and was part of her wedding trousseau!) And the Aumbrey was all put in as the memorial to Bishop Jones. (I am sure Val wrote all that in the log book!) The little Font! was found by Mr. Goggs in his garden! and he could not bear it should

<sup>1</sup> Incumbent in 1947.

<sup>2</sup> This clause has been struck out by Colonel Maude and annotated, "No, see Lady L's note."

<sup>3</sup> Reading uncertain.

be left there and he gave it to Val - who as you may remember, used it a the Mission (which Fr. William Carey took and all three heavenly pilgrim ladies!<sup>4</sup>) at the first public Baptism we had of dear Mr. Steer's boy (Egdean) a teaching service the font at the entrance to the Church and in full view of the whole of that vast congregation - (shall you ever forget it!) and Mrs. Stubbs<sup>5</sup> thought the steam from the hot water in the Font was incense!!!! Oh dear, "Those were the days"!!!

And then we left the Font there!

(I think Betty Shakerley's Eve was christened in it! No doubt quite illegal to have two fonts in a Church! Val says! - but the other one was no use for the Mission Baptism - poked away as it is - and not very obviously near the entrance!

Darling - it is sweet of you to ask us to stay - but I fear we couldn't. Val is too invalid-y I fear.

But I will try to get over sometime perhaps - for an hour or two - when he is better and I can get away.

At present I do not leave the house except for feeding hens - or verger-ing the church!!!!

I do not expect we shall move before June! Our house can't possibly be ready for us until just then if as soon!

I heard from dear Mrs. Randolph this morning - she says she was 80 on Christmas Day!

But we all <sup>6</sup> on.

Well I must close this chatter!

With very best wishes from us both.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>4</sup> I cannot elucidate this reference.

<sup>5</sup> Wife of Manager at Westminster Bank. The suggestion seems to be that Mrs. Stubbs would not have approved.

<sup>6</sup> Word illegible.

<sup>7</sup> Colonel Maude adds the following note: "One lamp given by Mrs. Flower. The other by Mrs. Northey(?) in remembrance of her sister Mrs. Simpson of Red House.

## The Black Horse/Half Moon Tap

Two lesser-known hostelries they may be but for a period spanning some three centuries these alehouses afforded relief and refreshment to what can only be described as the 'lower classes' at Petworth. Never great inns or hardly even public houses as we would know of today they occupied and thrived on a small piece of land now almost totally concealed from public view in the very heart of the town. It is almost certain that both of these alehouses operated from the same site, and even possibly the same building though at different periods stretching back over three hundred years. While references to the older establishment *The Black Horse* are



difficult to find, we can, by piecing together the little information available, develop a rather vague history of the property.

We begin, as is so often the case, in the seventeenth century, with Lord Leconfield who suggests that Benedicta Ayre wife of William Ayre owner of *The Crown Inn* built an alehouse at the rear of *The Half Moon Inn* on a site known as *The Wellyard*.<sup>i</sup> This property is fairly easy to locate as it is an elongated piece of land stretching north from the Market Square between the modern National Westminster Bank (the site of the *Half Moon Inn*) and the adjacent property which houses the dentist's surgery (an ancient copyhold named *Teelings*). With this in mind we can effectively site *The Black Horse* in the area behind the Ebenezer Chapel in what is now Park Road.

There is nothing to indicate that Benedicta Ayre gave the alehouse a name and despite both Miss Beck and Lord Leconfield mistakenly suggesting that this was formerly the site of an alehouse named *The Ship* we find that the first recorded reference to the property appears in Crow's great survey of the town conducted in 1779 when the site is described as "The Black Horse alehouse, brewhouse, stable-yard & small garden".<sup>ii</sup> The occupier at the time of the survey is named Holmes though apart from this brief reference he will remain anonymous to us. By 1803 the fortunes of *The Black Horse* appear to have changed for in a conveyance of 1803 the property is described as "late the Black Horse"<sup>iii</sup> With only these two references to the alehouse it is difficult to establish how long the *Black Horse* operated, 1779 being the only unambiguous date.

It is unclear what the property was used for during the first three decades of the nineteenth century though we know that it was purchased in 1836 by the third Earl of Egremont from a man named Steer, and shortly afterwards it became known as the *Half Moon Tap*, a popular alehouse used locally by the lower orders as well as offering comforts to visiting grooms, ostlers and servants, as their masters enjoyed the hospitality of the adjacent *Half Moon Inn*.<sup>iv</sup>

Effectively incorporated into the estate controlled by the licensee of the *Half Moon Inn* it is sometimes difficult to separate the smaller establishment from its powerful neighbour. However a surviving inventory tell us that the *Half Moon Tap* consisted of a "Public Parlour" containing an iron stove, a brass roasting crane, assorted shelving, and 2 motion beer machine in a mahogany sink lined with pewter. The beer machine is noted as being "out of order" at the time of the inventory. For comfort the parlour has a deal settee, 2 wooden chairs, and a "stout deal table". Accessories usually associated with alehouses include 4 iron spittoons, various ale measures, a corkscrew and 2 tin funnels, 25 assorted jugs and finally a set of dominoes in their box. The ground floor of the tap continues with a scullery, a pantry, a parlour that appears to be private, and a lobby. The first floor has two bedrooms and another in the attic. While the front of house has "two signboards with lettering", the compiler of the

<sup>i</sup> Leconfield. *Petworth Manor in the Seventeenth Century*

<sup>ii</sup> PHA 1464

<sup>iii</sup> PHA O.G. 10/M/3

<sup>iv</sup> PHA O.G. 13/20

inventory finds no reason to tell us what is written on them.

It would appear that the tap was operated under the same licence as the neighbouring inn and while there were certainly occupiers of the alehouse, they would probably have been as much connected to the livery business as to the licensed premises. The building was eventually demolished in 1900 at the same time as the *Half Moon Inn*.

Owners or occupiers of The Black Horse/Half Moon Tap c.1650 - 1900

Benedicta Ayre c.1650

Holmes. 1779

Egremont/Leconfield 1836 - 1900

Dempster, Charles 1874

Pyecroft, Sophie 1898

Meachen, A (occupier) 1855, 1858, 1862

Streeter, Henry (occupier) 1881

Miles Costello

## Adders in the well

My father George Knight Turner was born at Chichester in 1898, but as far as I know, lived most of his early life at Petworth. He died in 1980 and was by profession a school teacher. He was in some ways a little reticent about his early life. Going through a drawer recently my wife and I found a file of items relating to the period of the 1914-1918 war, mainly enlistment notices, ration books and the like, relating to his work as a student teacher. and to his time at

M i d h u r s t  
Grammar School.  
Surviving  
photographs  
seem also to  
suggest a period  
at Ebernoe  
School, but of  
this I had, up till  
now, no information.  
An attack  
of polio, which  
left him with a  
withered arm,  
meant that he  
was not allowed  
to serve in the  
1914-1918 war.



High Hoes in 1925



I was born in 1926 and my first impressions of my grandfather George Turner will come from the late 1920s and early 1930s. The whole family would take advantage of the long school holidays to stay with my grandparents in the country, George Turner being a gamekeeper for Lord Leconfield. As you know it was Leconfield practice to move gamekeepers from one "beat" to another every few years. In 1925-6 Grandfather was at High Hoes.

By 1926 he was at Winter's End (Lodsworth) where he stayed until 1932. My memories of Winter's End are hazy but very vivid. I think we had a taxi from Haslemere station. I can remember making a sea of feathers with my brother on the common land in front of the house.



*At Winter's End 1932*

Chickens ran free at the front of the house and in the picture four faggots can be seen in the right hand corner ready for use. My brother John and I (Eric) always enjoyed feeding the chickens with corn. "Tip" the dog would always listen out for anything passing the house and then jump onto his kennel to bark a warning to them.

Grandfather was at Brinksole from 1932 to 1934. I think we would come to Pulborough by train and then catch the bus to the Welldiggers.

One Sunday afternoon we all left Brinksole for a walk in Flexham Park. During this walk Granddad noticed ahead that a car was parked more than the permitted fifteen yards from



*Tip on his Kennel*

the road, always on "duty" he paced the distance to be sure then asked the owner to kindly move the vehicle. We then continued our walk.

On Sundays we all walked to Petworth church for morning service which my Grandmother did every Sunday in the year. It was nice to have the freedom of the woods to play in. Once again we always had chickens to feed and the added fun of feeding the pig with household scraps.

Perhaps my most vivid memory is of men cutting timber in the woods at Brinksole. A supply of water was laid on for them from the nearby reservoir, but I'm not sure why. In the main photograph my brother and I are sitting astride a felled fir tree. Wisely we've laid a sack across the trunk.

Grandfather retired to New England. He was 70. The house has now been demolished. New England was very isolated with only wood to burn for heat and cooking and oil lamps for lighting. Water was drawn from a well which first had to be cleared of snakes as the whole property was in a very run down state.

When Grandfather died in 1937 he was buried in Duncton churchyard. My grandmother bought a plot of ground at Bepton and had the present New Cottage built.



*George Turner at New England 1936*



Although I was not aware of this before coming to Petworth last week it now seems that earlier in his career Grandfather had worked as a gamekeeper on the Peachey Estate at Ebernoe in the years before it was sold to Lord Leconfield in 1912. My grandfather who would otherwise have lost his employment went on for Lord Leconfield, initially perhaps on his old "patch" at Ebernoe. He will perhaps have had another move before Winter's End in the mid-1920s. There are a number of references to my grandfather in George Wakeford's recollections of early century Palfrey (magazine 33).

Eric Turner.

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## A Zeppelin Flying Past

I grew up at Woking in Surrey where my father Cecil Salisbury worked for the Post Office. He had a good job and was fiercely proud of being part of the civil service, which of course the Post Office was then. Many years later and during the period leading up to his death he would reflect upon the sad decline in the fortunes of the Post Office and he felt strongly that it was no longer the fine institution that he had served for so many years.

My mother Nancy came from Petworth and was the daughter of Henry Cooper the builder and undertaker who had his yard in Angel Street between the Angel Inn and the Catholic Church. I would spend most of the school holidays at Petworth staying with my grandparents in their house in Grove Street. Grandfather's house was the last before the meadow on which many years later would be built the medical centre, which stands there now. I always connect my early memories of Petworth with the cry of rooks, for just down the road was the Grove which then had a huge rookery in the tall trees in the garden. The view of the Grove or New Grove as we now call it was different then for great trees shrouded it and no aspect was open towards the town.

Grandfather's house was larger than many in Grove Street and I suppose this reflected his position as a tradesman and employer of men in the town. The house belonged to the Leconfield Estate, as did nearly every other house in Grove Street, and was set at an angle to the road and adjacent to the drive to Red House where Colonel and Mrs Simpson lived. The front of grandfather's house has been altered but little else seems to have changed over the years.

A very early memory of mine was being lifted up by my grandfather to look over the garden wall in Grove Street and seeing a German Zeppelin flying past, Grandfather told me that the Zeppelin pilots used the South Downs to navigate their way along the coast. Perhaps it was heading towards Portsmouth on a bombing raid. The year must have been 1918 and I was just four years old but the memory is very clear even after all these years.

Grandfather had purchased the Angel Street yard from Mr Woods who had himself run a building and undertaking business from there. I remember there being an old malt house in the yard but it was really just a ruin and grandfather used it as a paint store for many years. Grandfather – like most Petworth builders – did a lot of work renovating cottages for the Leconfield Estate. This work was not particularly lucrative but was extremely important in

that it kept men employed when other work was slow.

Charlie Peacock worked for grandfather as a carpenter. Many people will remember him living at The Running Horse in North Street. Like grandfather he made coffins for the undertaking side of the business. When granddad eventually retired Charlie took over and continued the business up to the 1960s when he passed away. I think that grandfather would have liked to have a son to carry on the business but that was not to be.

My maternal grandmother was a Cooper by birth as was my grandfather though they were not related at all. Grandmother was some ten years older than her husband and when I remember her she was a rather frail gentle lady and spent much of her time indoors. She had come to Petworth with the Austen family as their nurse in 1866 and had lived at Somerset Lodge with them. Grandmother died in the house in Grove Street in 1924 when I was nine years old. Grandfather was certainly not Victorian in his attitude to us grandchildren and indeed was considered to be rather a liberal man, which in those days was unusual, especially in a provincial town like Petworth. Grandfather was a member of the town council and a keen fireman, ending up as fire chief at Petworth. Ironically he would suffer the loss of his own premises from fire some years later.

One day Mr Pitfield the solicitor took grandfather to one side and tipped him off about a piece of land by the Mason's Arms in North Street that was shortly coming on the market. Grandfather thought it might be a useful place for keeping his horse as well as for storing his brick cart and other large pieces of equipment. Mr Pitfield was concerned that if the Leconfield Estate got wind of the sale then grandfather would surely be outbid and the two of them swore not to mention it to anybody else. In the event grandfather was successful and became the owner of Brown's Field in North Street. Exactly what Mr Pitfield got out of the deal was never revealed to me. Access to Brown's Field was by way of a track that went as it does today between the Boys' School and The Mason's Arms and the land stretched right down to the side of the Horsham Road cemetery. The meadow was very pretty and grandfather kept a few cows on it just to keep the grass down. Even in recent years the very bottom part of the meadow, which was considered unsuitable for building, has been used for grazing and Mr Scriven from Shimmings regularly kept stock on it. Sadly the boundaries are no longer secure and so the meadow is unused. Over the years, as work got slack, grandfather would set his men to building houses on Brown's Field. The development was very much piecemeal and evolved over a good many years. Materials were expensive which meant that it was an important opportunity to use up spare stock left over from other jobs and stored at the Angel Street yard. This use of 'left-overs' very much characterises the style of the houses and it is not difficult to pick out occasional architectural eccentricities, which make each house unique in its construction.

Mother's sister Margaret did Austens' and grandfather's accounts and she had a little office above the shop in Market Square. Margaret lived with her parents in Grove Street and never married. Eventually she would move into a house at Northmead which Henry built for her and which she called Brown's Field, which of course was the old name for the meadow upon which the houses were built.

Mother was christened Annie Elizabeth Cooper but was always called Nancy, which



she preferred. Both Nancy and her sister Margaret taught at the East Street Girls' School at Petworth. They were bright girls and would have been quite young when they taught there. I suppose that they were really pupil teachers and not much older than their students.

As I have said I spent most school holidays at Petworth and consequently I got to know the town and its inhabitants quite well. Gus Wakeford the milkman would come along Grove Street with his two-wheeled float. The whole thing was terribly unhygienic by today's standards. The milk was served in different sized measures and these would hang from the outside of the urn. You could purchase any amount from a quarter of a pint upwards. The milk of course was straight from cow, no pasteurisation in those days though we children never seemed to suffer from it.

The Sheepdowns were very different then in the years after the Great War. No houses at all, just the most beautiful downland grass cropped short by the sheep that grazed upon it. I had such wonderful freedom to wander at will for things were so much more relaxed then and not surprisingly holidays at Petworth were eagerly looked forward to.

Down the road from us and opposite The White Hart pub in High Street was the forge, now just a cottage, where we children would spend hours watching Mr White the blacksmith shoeing horses and wondering how the great nails and searing heat of the new shoes didn't hurt the horses. Next to The White Hart stood the Club Room, a venue for popular dance lessons. The property has remained virtually unaltered since those far off days between the wars. Along Middle Street and at the corner of Angel Street was Mr Morley's cycle shop and just into Angel Street was the shop that housed Olders' the grocers. I have an abiding memory of Miss Older who served in the shop, a very precise lady. She always wore several blouses and a tie. Back down High Street and before it swings into Golden Square was Mrs Palmer's little sweet shop. I remember Mrs Palmer clearly for she was a rather rotund woman who to all intents and purposes appeared to be as round as she was high.

With grandfather's interests at Brown's Field seemingly never ending, the long walk down North Street was not uncommon and I got to know that end of the town very well. Grandfather once showed me into the little building next to the workhouse that was used as the tramps' ward; the room was virtually bare apart from wooden benches that lined the walls. Grandfather told me that the reason the ward was even more austere than the main workhouse was to deter tramps from coming to the town. I don't think that policy worked for there always seemed to be lots of tramps passing through and even a bare room must have seemed comfortable compared to an open field.

After the workhouse closed it became a preparatory school with Miss Muirson as headmistress. When she retired the school continued for a while under new owners but eventually came up for sale again. By this time I had married and my husband who was training to be an architect was very interested in buying the property and converting it into flats. Unfortunately he couldn't persuade his family to invest in the project and as is well known Harwoods bought it and demolished the lovely old building to make way for a modern garage complex.

While grandfather Henry Cooper died in 1936 the family connection with Petworth has remained firm. Henry built the very house in North Mead in which we are now talking and



*George Turner at Brinksole June 1933. See "Adders in the Well."  
Courtesy of Eric Turner as are the following three pictures.*





*Ebernoe School about 1903. George Knight Turner, first row third from left.*



*Ebernoe School June 1909. George Knight Turner fourth from right top row, aged eleven.*





John Turner (left), Eric Turner (right) at Brinksole in 1933.

in which my daughter and her husband live. While I never lived permanently at Petworth I have always had an affinity with the town and I eventually returned to Petworth to live some fifty years after saying goodbye to grandfather Cooper for the last time.

Mrs Mary Boyt was talking to Miles Costello

## ‘Maria seems to like you ....’

To us, as a large family, Petworth fair was always supremely important, the highlight of the year if you like. Perhaps age changes perspectives a little, but I've been going for nearly sixty years, and if it had been going during the war, no doubt I would have been going then. Oh yes, I've occasionally been away on November 20<sup>th</sup>, but I'm one of those who can say that if Petworth fair had never existed my life would have been quite different. And I would never have wished it different.

I was sixteen, the year, I suppose, would be 1953, and I was at the fair with a friend. The roundabout was in full swing (not Harris Brothers' Southdown Gallopers at this time) and a party of girls were among those enjoying themselves. They were complete strangers to me but one of the girls caught my eye. I didn't know it then, but they were Italian and working at Hawkhurst Court, then a private school run by Mr Lloyd Monsell. The girls did cooking and cleaning. Why this particular girl? Her eyes? Her smile? I don't know. Ken Temple who was with me said, "She's looking at you." I didn't know whether she was or not, but as they came down from the roundabout it appeared, not only that they were Italian, but that one of them had a little English. Eventually she said, "Maria seems to like you."

At least this was a promising start and it was arranged that we'd go for a short walk - up Lombard Street, over the road by the obelisk and into Bartons Lane. Round the Hills, of course, would be out of the question in the impenetrable darkness of a November night and in any case we'd only just met. At any rate Maria seemed sufficiently impressed with me to give a telephone number at the school. I'd never heard of Hawkhurst Court at this time.

At sixteen I'd already been left school some time. Although originally I'd won a scholarship I'd left school to go out to work as soon as possible and gone on with Boxalls, the Tillington builders, initially labouring but with a view to bricklaying. Boxalls at that time expected you to bring your own pickaxe and shovel - and to use it to some purpose. Much of the work involved digging trenches for the footings of buildings, mixing concrete, or simply feeding bricks and mortar to the bricklayers. In those days everything was dug out manually. If there were mechanical excavators in use, it would be in the larger cities and towns.

My friendship with Maria was going well, but there was an early crisis. Her father wrote from Italy to say that the family were thinking of emigrating to Argentina. The family, in Italian terms, meant everyone, two parents and all six children. There was a general exodus from Southern Italy at this time, not simply to Argentina, but to Australia, the United States and, of course, England. Given the power of family ties in Italy, it was something Maria had



very definitely to think about. As far as I was concerned, if it came to that, we could marry and I would go with the family to Argentina.

I was still living at home and Maria was living at Hawkhurst Court. Then came another letter from Italy saying that the proposed move had been cancelled. There were all sorts of reasons. Maria's eldest sister had friends in Australia who wanted her to come out to them, her two brothers wanted to come to England, while Maria's mother, who, in her whole life, had never left her local village was getting cold feet about Argentina! The family's home was in Abruzzi, just inland on the Adriatic coast. The family were farmers, effectively living on what they grew. They worked the farm for a landlord, splitting the produce fifty-fifty with him. At best it was little more than subsistence farming and things could be hard in the winter, particularly in the wake of a poor growing season. Maria's coming to England meant that she could send back money to Italy to help the family budget.

Marriage? I'd no home and a pretty ordinary job. I was now seventeen. Maria's brother wrote to ask if I could get him a job over here and I found him one at Beaulieu. He got on well enough but his wife had to look after a dozen other Italian workers, mainly from Sicily. She found they took a lot for granted and could be overbearing. She wasn't happy. The foreman didn't want to lose a first-rate workman in Maria's brother, but it looked as if the couple would soon be heading back to Italy. I asked for a fortnight to find them somewhere else, advertised in various local newspapers and eventually found them a position at Rudgwick, Ben working on the farm and Ida in the house.

Our own housing problem was solved by our getting married and living in. Mr Monsell's father lived at Biddenden in Kent and we were given a live-in job on what was effectively a small estate. Maria did the cooking and I had to learn fast. The job involved milking cows, general agricultural work, and looking after the pigs. There was also a large garden. £5 a week for the two of us, wasn't big money even in those days. As Maria had been brought up on a farm I asked if she'd ever milked a cow. She hadn't, but she had milked sheep - the Italians made cheese from sheep's milk - so we reckoned it should be somewhat similar. We slunk off down to the cowshed to see what we could do, and, with Maria's guidance, after some time I began to get the hang of it, even if it seemed to take an age at first. Feeding the pigs was, in theory at least, easier, but one veteran seemed particularly anxious to sink its teeth into me. I soon learned to clean out the sty while its occupant was immersed in his swill. It could be five in the morning till ten at night but at least the work made me exempt from National Service, until I was 21 I was told. Time off? Hardly any, except for a couple of hours to go shopping in Tenterden. Biddenden itself isn't a big place and the house was quite isolated and hidden away among trees. In the nature of things Maria was left very much to her own devices.

Some of my family came over to Kent to see me and suggested we come back to Petworth. We lodged for a time with a married sister in a Leconfield Estate gamekeeper's cottage out on the Upperton Road, not far from White's Green. Once more it was very remote. Maria found a job working for Mrs Gwatkin at Redhill House, cycling there from White's Green. I went to the initial interview to help with any language difficulties. Maria was happy there and they were very pleased with her. As for me, I went to work at Byworth for Miss Lovell and Miss Burton at Trofts. That was three days a week, general gardening and car

cleaning. There was a Rolls Royce and a Buick. A handyman chauffeur was in overall charge. I remember he was particularly good in the greenhouse and with the herbaceous borders. Two days I worked for Mrs Wilmore at Gore Hill. She had six or seven Jersey cows and here my experience at Biddenden came in useful. Before she would give me the job Mrs Wilmore wanted to see me milk the cows. I also worked for Mr Gooddy at Byworth Edge.

After a while we left my sister's and moved to the top flat over the fish and chip shop in Pound Street. Mrs Brash, the owner, was very kind to us but kitchen, bedroom and everything else, including a water tank were all in the one room. There was a little oil stove for cooking and as the flat was right up at the top under the roof it was bitterly cold.

I was now called up for National Service and had to leave Maria in the flat. Although I was with the Royal Sussex at Chichester it wasn't the best of situations. I had the chance of a posting as a P.E. instructor at Aldershot, but it would have meant signing on for an extra year. Obviously I couldn't: I needed to be back in Petworth as quickly as possible. I was working in the Officers' Mess at Chichester but Maria remained unhappy in the flat. Eventually I was allowed to leave the army a few months early on compassionate grounds.

So it was back to gardening and general work at Byworth. It so happened that Charlie Wilson, my old foreman at Boxalls, was working at Mrs Wilmore's. He saw me with the cows and said, "What the hell are you doing? Come on Monday and there's a job waiting for you." So I was back on the building.

It remained very cold in the flat and I had a touch of bronchitis. Dr Griffiths suggested we try for a council house. By coincidence George and Sally Garland were moving out of 9 South Grove to live at Windmill House in High Street and we had the chance to take their house. We did. It was curiously old-fashioned, gas-lights instead of electric and an old oil stove that over the years had blackened the green oil paint. There was no Rayburn and no hot water. The garden was quite overgrown, I was happy enough: things were settling down. I would remain with Boxalls another seven years.

Brian Kitchener was talking to the Editor.

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## Questionable proceedings in Lord Leconfield's yard 1862

The *West Sussex Gazette* for 27<sup>th</sup> February 1862 records a special Petty Sessions hearing at Petworth concerning an alleged theft of plumbing material from the workshops at Petworth House. The case is of some interest for the incidental light it throws on working practices at Petworth at the time. The presiding magistrates are John Peachey of Ebernoe House and John Henry Robinson of New Grove.

Edward Davy, a plumber working for Lord Leconfield is charged with theft, Henry Barttelot, keeper of the Turk's Head beer house in High Street and two travelling hawkers from Brighton with receiving. At issue is a quantity of brass, lead and plumber's metal, Davy



being second man in Lord Leconfield's plumber's shop and in his lordship's employ for two years. He lodged at the Turk's Head. John Joyes was first plumber. "The case excited very considerable interest, and the court was crowded during the lengthened investigation."

William Whitcomb, foreman of the mechanics' yard at Petworth, testified that the plumbing materials were kept, in the care of Joyes, "in a place called the plummery." Brass taps were kept in an unlocked upstairs room, the lead "in the bottom floor of the yard adjoining." Some six or seven months previously Joyes had reported to Mr Whitcomb the disappearance of some brass cocks and the latter, with Joyes in attendance, had taken the precaution of stamping one of the old taps which remained with the initials "G.W." (i.e. George Wyndham). It was then returned to its hamper with the other taps. The tap in question was a very distinctive 1½" round stop tap. Eventually it went out to Sladeland at Kirdford, but, after a while it was removed by Davy because it was no longer required, a new pump having been installed. The tap was supposed to have come back to the plummery on the wagon but Whitcomb did not see it again until he saw it in the possession of Supt. Kemmish at Petworth. Whitcomb has no doubt the tap is the same as the one stamped: in fact it still carried marks of the whitewash that had been applied at Sladeland. Barttelot would be well aware that his lodger worked in Lord Leconfield's yard.

Mr Downes, defending Barttelot, (Davy was undefended) elicited from Whitcomb that the "G.W." die was used a good deal on brass and iron, that Whitcomb could not be totally positive that the two taps were in fact one and the same and that other workmen had access to the plummery. "We have about 15 or 16 painters and plumbers," Whitcomb conceded, "they at times go to the stores to get things when wanted." Questioned by Mr Penfold appearing for the two hawkers, Whitcomb conceded also that he could not give a precise date for the marking of the tap, that there were some twenty men in the carpenter's shop, and some forty to fifty builders. None of these however had anything to do with the stores. A door at the bottom of the stairs was kept locked. The two hawkers might well not have known that Davy worked for his lordship.

John Joyes himself confirmed the stamping of the tap and also identified it. He thought that another tap given in evidence had originally been placed by Davy in Lord Leconfield's store, having been removed from the South green. From certain marks he was quite positive that a piece of lead, also produced in evidence, was one that "had been used for punching upon." He admitted having a glass of beer with Barttelot and Davy at the Turk's head. He had not paid for it.

Robert Marshall, foreman of the carpenters, confirmed that a piece of lead was the very same piece that he had seen Davy using to line a tank. A sash weight produced in court was one he had himself cast and sent out to Sladeland. Mr Spearpoint, "station master at Coultershall", confirmed the sending of a number of bags of metal from the station. There seemed nothing unusual about this. No attempt had been made to disassemble and Sullivan, one or the two hawkers, was licensed as such. "He brought the bags openingly, and left them at the station as he had frequently done before. Anyone could have opened them."

William Johnson, a marine store dealer from Brighton, was not charged. He testified that he had taken in the brass and lead with other bags containing horse hair, bones and rags.

He dealt regularly with Sullivan but had entered the metal in his book as suspicious. Matthew McCarthy, Sullivan's partner, had seemed uneasy about it. "We bought that lead and metal from Barttelot at the Turk's Head at Petworth and we understand that he is a very bad man and we are afraid it isn't all right." Johnson determined to hold the metal to see if there were any repercussions. Only then would he send it on to London. Questioned by the clerk to the magistrates, he said, "If I had known the plumber was lodging with the beerhouse keeper I should not have bought it."

Evidence followed of arrest and the case was referred to the Assizes. I do not know the outcome.

P.

## The will of Sir John Dawtrey Knight (i)

This transcription of the will of Sir John Dawtrey has been checked by Alison McCann at the West Sussex Record Office, the original comes from the Public Record Office. As a will it is fuller and more interesting than similar wills of the time, largely because of Dawtrey's relative opulence. For a general discussion of local pre-reformation wills see P. Jerrome : *Petworth from the beginnings to 1660* (2002) pages 54 and 73.

The "Church of Waltham" is Upwaltham Church, Ryvers Hall apparently River Park at Upperton. The Mountfield and Edmund families were associated in various ways with St Mary's over a period of years. The mother church of Chichester is of course the Cathedral. Ratford is the present Ratford on the Balls Cross road. The houses mentioned are probably no longer standing while "Horstroff gate" may not otherwise be attested. I do not know what blak-rye means as applied to a horse.

In the name of God Amen. The yere of our Lord God a thousand fyve hundreth ffourty and two the xxij day of August I Sr John Dawtrey Knyght being sike of body hole and of parfite memory do ordeyn and make my last wille and testament in forme and maner hereafter folowing First I bequeth my soule unto almighty God and to our blessed Lady Saint Mary and to all the cecestiall company of hevyn to pray for me and my body to be buried in the Church of Petworth nere where my wife lyeth. Also I bequeth unto the mother churche of Chichester iii<sup>s</sup> iv<sup>d</sup> Item to the highe awter of Petworth iii<sup>s</sup> iv<sup>d</sup> Item to the Churche of Petworth to the reparacons of the vestements of the said church xls Item to the Church of Waltham' to bye them a Crosse wt. a banner of silk to the said Crosse xls Item to every man servant that is in wages in my house over and above his wages vi<sup>s</sup> viii<sup>d</sup> Item in like maner to every woman servant vi<sup>s</sup> viii<sup>d</sup> Item I geve to John Goble my servant vi<sup>s</sup> viii<sup>d</sup> Item to the said John Goble the house that he dwelleth in called Spicers paying no rent during his lyfe naturall. Item to John Hethe the house that he dwelleth in called Ratford with all suche landes as he nowe occupyeth in his owne handes pertheyning to the said howes paying noe rent during his naturall lyfe, Item to John Hethe vi<sup>s</sup> viii<sup>d</sup> Item I geve to Joane Mownfildes my servant xls in money during hir naturall lyfe to be paid owte of my lands of Ryvers Hall and for lack of payment



of the said xls she to distreyne in and upon the manor and londes of Ryvers Hall aforsaid Item to the said Joane the house in the North Strete that Hughe Edmund dwelleth in with the gardyn therto perteyning paying noe rent terme of her lyfe but she to kepe the reparacons of the said house tenant like Item to the said Joane a ffetherbed which she nowe lyeth upon with a newe coverlet that I bought to the said bedde with a bolster and pillowe and a pair of blanketts and the pare of canvas shets. Item to the making of the high wayes in the Northe Strete from horstroff gate unto the house that Robert Hethe dwelleth in xls. Item to Thomas Dawtre my sonne my gowne of blak damaske and a jacquet of tawnye velvet. Item to Anthonye my sonne my black velvet gowne and my blak velvet jaquet with a blak damaske doblet. Item to Anthony my blak - rye geldyng. Item to Thomas Dawtre my sonne I geve twenty marks by the yere owt of Ryver hall during his naturall lyfe Item to Anthony [my] sonne I geve twenty marks by the yere out of Ryvers hall during his naturall lyfe. Also I wille that if it fortune Thomas Dawtre to dye before Anthony that Anthony to enjoy his parte and porcion. Item I will that if it fortune Anthony to departe this world before Thomas then Thomas Dawtre to enjoye his parte and porcion. Item I geve to John Myllyngton my servant xls in money by yere during his naturall lyfe as it apparethe by a patent by me made and granted, Item I geve and bequethe unto John Dawtre my sonne the hangings in the hall and banker<sup>1</sup> of verder<sup>2</sup> and vi cussyons made of carpett worke with my armes. Item to the said John the hangings of the parlour with the banker and cussyons which are with roses. Item to the said John the bedde with the hangings in the great chamber with the curteyns testour<sup>3</sup> and fustyans with the great counterpane<sup>4</sup>. Item to John Dawtre the bedds in the myddle chamber with all therto belonging.

#### Notes

<sup>1, 2</sup> a green covering for a bench or chair

<sup>3</sup> a bed canopy

<sup>4</sup> a quilted bed cover

Courtesy of Mr Roy Daughtree.

Second part to follow.

P.

## Some References to Fire Fighting in Nineteenth Century Petworth

*'In each Parish is to be kept a large engine, and a hand-engine, and a leather pipe and socket of the same size as the plug or fire-cock.'*

Statute of 1708

This is not an attempt at an essay on what is after all a specialised subject but an opportunity to record various details regarding the early years of organised fire fighting at Petworth. The vestry book from which many of the following references come is not readily

accessible to researchers, a situation which may make these short extracts all the more useful to future students of the subject.

One of the many duties of the Clerk to the Vestry was to keep detailed and accurate records of all of the meetings of the Churchwardens and Parish Overseers. The period covered by this particular vestry book is the first quarter of the nineteenth century, a time of apparently heightened awareness of the need to provide an adequate response to fires in the town. What prompted this response is unclear. Perhaps there had been a minor fire at Petworth House or even a major one in the town. Further research would I am sure come up with a likely candidate, though it may well be that the disastrous fire which destroyed much of the former George Inn a decade earlier may well have provoked some action the results of which we see in the vestry records.

To illustrate the development of a volunteer fire brigade at Petworth during this period it is simply necessary to reproduce the relevant entries as they appear in the vestry book. The only other apparent references to early nineteenth century fire fighting are a bundle of documents dating from May 1808 which consist of various specifications and quotations for two fire engines purchased at that time by the Third Earl of Egremont, one for the use of the parish, the other for duties at Petworth House.<sup>1</sup> I have incorporated the details found in those documents into the references below. Finally I have included particulars of a more recent fire engine belonging to the Leconfield Estate and sold at auction in 1971.

Extracts from the churchwarden's vestry book are in *italics*.

#### **March 24<sup>th</sup> 1808**

*At a Vestry holden this day for the purpose of taking into consideration what is necessary to be done for procuring water and assistance under accidents by fire.*

*Resolved that it appears to this meeting to be expedient that such of the respectable and active inhabitants who shall consent to do so, shall meet at three several periods of the year to be settled by the after named committee, for the purpose of practising with the fire engines, and in obtaining a speedy supply of water, and that it be recommended to such inhabitants to engage themselves under a forfeiture, to attend each such meeting, unless prevented from so doing by a cause to be allowed by the committee.*

*That the following persons be a committee, for setting plans for the above purposes, and for appointing the days when the said meetings shall be holden, and for giving previous notice there of –*

<i>Mrs. Tyler</i>	<i>Mr. Thos. Green</i>
<i>Mr. Ellis</i>	<i>Mr. Wm. Johnson</i>
<i>Mr. Hale</i>	<i>Mr. John Easton</i>
<i>Mr. Daintrey</i>	<i>Mr Matthew Halliday</i>
<i>Mr. Garland</i>	<i>Mr. Thos. Holt</i>
<i>Mr. Wm. Upton</i>	<i>Mr. Petar</i>
<i>Mr. Thos. Upton</i>	<i>Mr. John Upton jnr.</i>
<i>Mr. H. Upton</i>	<i>Mr. Thos. Crippse</i>
<i>Mr Upperton</i>	

*Of whom any five shall be a significant number to act, and that the offer of Mr. James*



Goldring to act gratuitously as clerk of the said committee be accepted and that the meetings of the said committee be holden at the Vestry room in the Church, and that the first meeting of the said committee is holden on the 7<sup>th</sup> day of April next as six o'clock in the evening.

It be recommended to the several agents of the fire offices who effect insurances in this town, to enquire of the respective offices, what sums they will respectively contribute towards furnishing a new fire engine and the expense thereof.

**April 23 1810. Easter Monday**

Ordered that Mr. Thos. Upton be applied to for making a plan for a house to put the engine in, in the Parsonage Yard, and that Mr. Dunster be requested to give leave for building the house there.

It is in May 1808 that the Earl of Egremont purchases two identical Hadley & Simpkin manual fire-pumps. Advertised by the manufacturer as a 'third sized engine' the pump required a total of ten men to efficiently operate it and was described as suitable 'for the use of fire-offices &c.' A detailed specification for the engines had been put before the Earl and after much consultation and deliberation it was decided to order two of the fire-pumps at a basic cost of £57.00 each. This price would eventually rise to £105.00 each when the extra costs of carriage springs, spoke wheels, 140 feet of leather hoses and 2 dozen leather buckets were included in the order. Surprisingly no reference is made in the vestry book to this very generous gift.

**June 12 1810**

At a Vestry holden this 12<sup>th</sup> day of June. Ordered that a shilling for each person for each time the fire engine belonging to the parish be practiced with be allowed to twelve persons so appointed by Messrs. Halliday & Holt and who will undertake constantly to attend during the time they are practicing the said engine.

**Oct. 6 1813**

Order that the day for practising with the engines be fixed for Monday next at four o'clock.

**Jan. 24<sup>th</sup> 1815**

Ordered that the state of the Parish engine be inspected by Mr. Embling and put into order for use.

The fire engine is probably one five years old at this time and already giving cause for concern. Mr. Embling was a plumber by trade.

**Dec. 21<sup>st</sup> 1826**

At a special Vestry held this day, the following report of the state of the Parish Engine & pipes having been made to the Vestry.

Wanting new:

One 20 feet pipe 2s.2d per foot -	£2.3s.4d
Five 40 feet pipe 2s.2d per foot -	£21.13.4d
One 12 feet suction pipe 4s.6d per foot -	£3.3s.0d
Six joints at 10s. per joint.	

It was ordered that a new suction pipe as being the most necessary be immediately provided & that as the Parish of Petworth has at different times expended great sums on the

Engine & pipes an application be made to the different fire offices to contribute towards the expense of furnishing the other new pipes which are required in order to have the Engine at all ready to act on the shortest notice.

**Jan. 8<sup>th</sup> 1827**

At a Vestry holden this day it having been represented that the Engineer & other persons who attended at the fire at Burton House with Lord Egremonts Engine have not received any reward for their exertions. Whereas those who attended with the Parish Engine have been remunerated. The Vestry Clerk was instructed to write to Mr. Basset the agent for the Burton property enclosing a list of those persons who were employed as above & stating the circumstances of their having been omitted in the lists which have been sent in.<sup>ii</sup>

Nothing is known of the parish-pump after the middle of the nineteenth century, though a photograph dating from the third quarter of the nineteenth century shows a similar, though not identical, pump in use at Petworth.<sup>iii</sup> It is not possible to determine whether that pump is the parish or indeed the Petworth House machine, or indeed if it is either of the two. It seems however that the Petworth House pump survived and was offered for sale at auction in 1971 though sadly its present location is unknown.

It may also be worth recording that at the same auction held in October 1971 in the Stable Yard, a much later Petworth House fire engine was offered for sale. Still remembered, as being in its garage in the North Street Cow Yard in the 1960s the engine was a Merryweather Valiant horse-drawn fire engine, Serial no. 1821 built by Merryweather and Sons in 1898. According to the auction catalogue the appliance was 8ft 4ins long with a 4ft wide track. Merryweather were renowned for their pumps and had supplied governments throughout the world since the Valiant was first developed in 1883. Generally used to move water, whether on board naval vessels, or on shore through pipelines' the pump had provided highly reliable and was soon adapted for use on fire appliances. Merryweather designed three different appliances, a small two wheeled hand drawn vehicle, a three-wheeler and the large four-wheeled horse-drawn carriage of which the Leconfield engine is an example. Capable of moving 260 gallons per minute the engine was considered to be one of the best available at the time. The sale of the two engines in 1971 included 12 uniform coats, fourteen fire buckets, and an escape ladder on 5ft 10in. wheels built by Shand Mason & Co. London. The Merryweather has survived and is displayed in the Feuerwehrmuseum at Salem in Germany still bearing the legend Lord Leconfield.

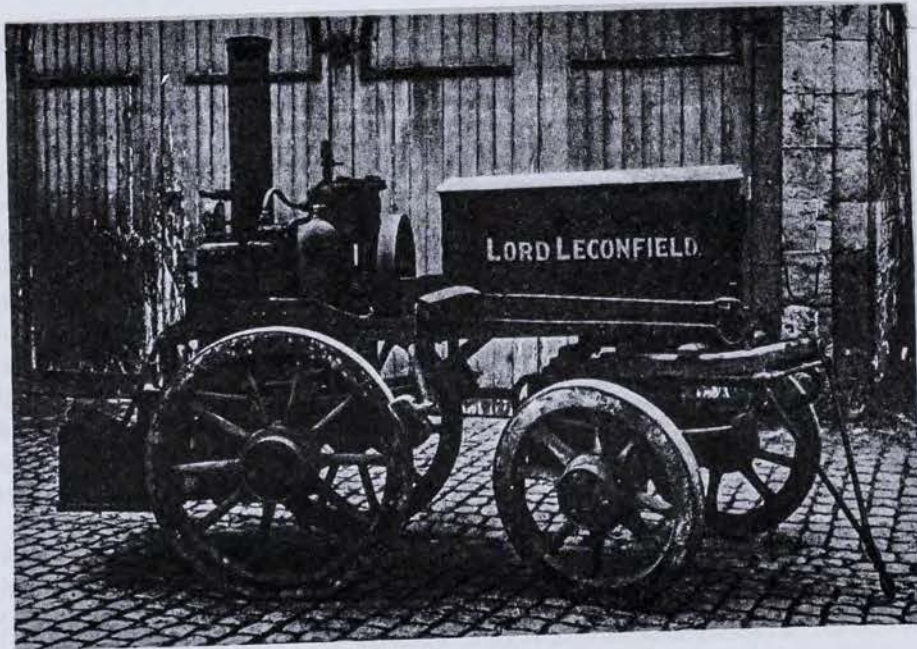
Miles Costello

<sup>i</sup> Petworth House Archives 8778

<sup>ii</sup> The destructive fire of the night of December 25<sup>th</sup> 1826 was attended by both pumps though it would appear from surviving notes that Lord Egremont's engine returned to Petworth sooner than Mr. Basset would have liked, while the Parish pump remained on duty and put out the flames when they broke out during the following day.

<sup>iii</sup> Jerrome. *Petworth Time Out of Mind* p.22





*The Merryweather appliance in 1971.*

## Some unscrupulous maltsters – a letter

*Debbie Stevenson writes:*<sup>1</sup>

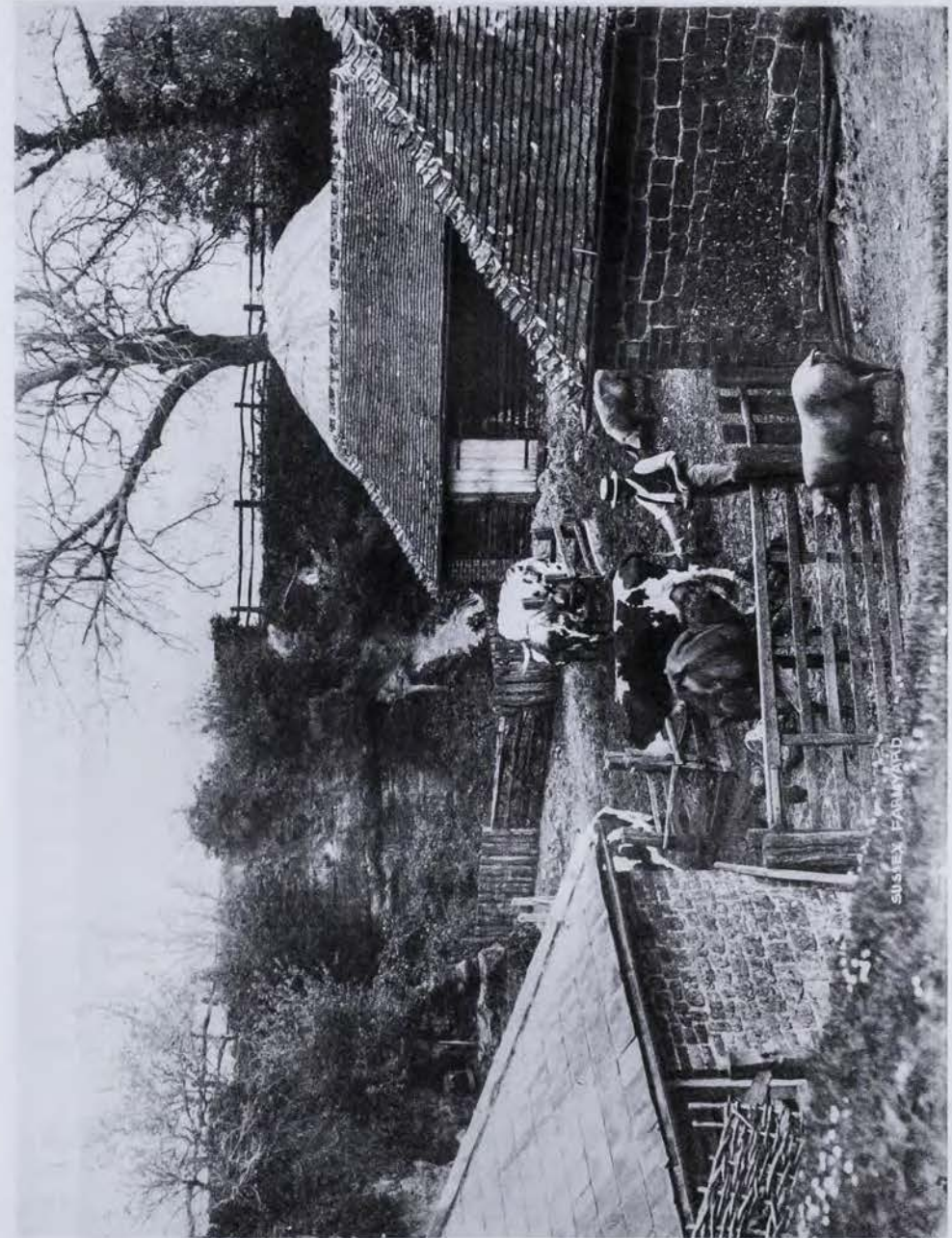
3 South Grove, Petworth, West Sussex  
24th June, 2004

Dear Peter,

Further to our conversation the other Saturday, I enclose some information on Adversane. As I think I told you, I was born in one of the cottages constructed from the old malthouse, shown before its conversion in last quarter's magazine. Strangely enough, my mother heard her first ever wireless broadcast from that same cottage when she visited her aunt as a small child back in the early 1920's, so the malthouse had been converted to dwellings by that time. However, there were still some features of its early use in evidence then, such as a gutter which ran through the main living room.

According to William Albery's "A Millennium of Facts in the History of Horsham and Sussex", Alfred and Dennett Allen, who were the 19<sup>th</sup> century owners of the malthouse, stored huge quantities of malt in secret vaults, thereby cheating the revenue of thousands of pounds of tax and making themselves a small fortune. (My father explored these vaults, which were at the southern end of the malthouse.)

<sup>1</sup> Re photographs centre pages Magazine 116



*Quarry Farm, Grove Street a hundred years ago. Mr Cooper the farmer. See "This way, gentlemen...."  
Photograph by Walter Kevis.*





*Plus ça change ... ! Golden Square in the early 1960s. Photograph by George Garland.*

The Allens owned malthouses in Horsham, Pulborough, West Chiltington and Worthing, as well as Adversane. Their illegal trading was discovered when an employee at the Worthing malthouse tried to blackmail them! He needed money to buy the railway hotel and tried to extort it from the Allens by threatening to tell the authorities about their illegal business. The Allens ignored him, so he carried out his threat and informed the Excisemen, who swiftly raided the Worthing malthouse. At first they could see nothing suspicious and were on the point of leaving when one of them noticed one of the brothers had his eyes fixed on a point of the wall close to a kiln. There was a small area of soft mortar in the wall there, and closer investigation revealed a frame of brick work which lifted right out, revealing a hole just big enough for a man to get through. This led by a short underground passage to a large arched space in which there were two vaults full of malt. It transpired that, once these hidden vaults were filled with new supplies, the removable bricks were replaced in the wall and filled in with quick drying mortar. The capacity of the illicit vaults was equal to the legal ones, so for every bushel of malt on which the Allens paid duty, they sold a bushel duty free.

News of the Worthing raid swiftly spread to the Allens' other malthouses, including Adversane, all of which had the same cunningly contrived secret vaults. During the night loads of malt were taken from the malthouses down to local rivers, (the cart wheels wrapped in rope to deaden the noise of the convoys!), and tipped into the water. For several days afterwards people could be seen getting it out and taking it away to feed their pigs!

The Revenue succeeded in seizing £12,000 worth of malt which was taken to the Tower of London! The Allens' trial was set at the Court of Exchequer, and they were closely watched to ensure they did not leave the country. However, the day before the trial they boarded a steamer for France, closely followed by detectives in another steamer! Being the cunning pair they were, they doubled back and caught a boat back to England, and while police searched for them in Paris, caught a train to Liverpool and escaped to America!

The trial went ahead without them. They were found guilty and fined £110,000, although they were liable to a fine of £375,000! They remained in America until the Solicitor General reduced the amount of their fine to £10,000, which they eventually paid and came back to England! Why it was reduced so dramatically I don't know. Perhaps the Solicitor General had benefited from their activities in the past!

My father's parents lived at Adversane at the turn of the century, with four of their five children. (Dad was youngest and born at Parbrook, near Billingshurst.) My grandfather was manager of Juppsland Farm and the family lived in a cottage down Westlands Lane, which is now sadly no longer there. My Aunt Joan, who died in 1995 at the age of 97, told me some of her memories of that time, when Adversane must have looked as it does in the photograph.

It could only have been a few years later that Eleanor Farjeon, who lived at Gillman's near Parbrook, Billingshurst, used Adversane as a setting for her children's book, "*Martin Pippin in the Apple Orchard*". She begins one chapter,

"One evening at the end of the first week in September, Martin Pippin walked along the Roman Road to Adversane. And as he approached he said to himself, 'There are many sweet corners in Sussex, but few sweeter than this, and I thank my stars that I have been led to see it once in my life.'"



Then she goes on to mention the malt-house, "..... the most beautiful building in Sussex."

I wouldn't share that view, which is really a classic example of poetic licence I think! However, Adversane was certainly a lot prettier a hundred years ago than it is today, having suffered, like so many places, from being situated on a busy main road.

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## Memories of Adversane – see previous letter Aunt Joan's Childhood Memories as recalled in 1994

When I was five years old Father became Farm Manager at Juppsland. It was mainly an arable farm with cows and poultry, but they grew a lot of roots.

Our cottage had a Horsham stone roof and walls built of huge slabs of stone. There was a very large kitchen and a very large pantry which was big enough for another living room! We had a big wash house, with a copper, and a coal house where I liked to play with my dolls. Arthur dressed in a tartan cape and we pretended he was "Auntie" come to visit!

Grandmother Caroline's parents farmed Nobs Crook, at the end of Westlands Lane. When my Mother and Father first went to live in the cottage at Adversane, Grandmother Caroline showed Mother how to light the brick oven. She put a faggot in, and raked out all the coals and started baking bread, pies, cakes and buns - and all with yeast! We were playing outside and Mother brought us out some cakes and homemade lemonade, and we had a picnic.

Having eaten that, we went in and asked when tea would be ready, and we got another half cake each!

One day Arthur and I saw one of the local ladies coming up the lane on a chestnut horse, going to the hunt. As she came near us I said to Arthur, "You salute this lady and I'll do a curtsey!" The lady lifted her whip and saluted us back!

One Sunday we were left to watch the dinner while our parents went to Billingshurst church, but we forgot all about the lunch and eventually Father and Mother were seen coming back home, so we quickly stoked up, hoping we would get away with it, but we got into trouble because the meal wasn't cooked!

On another occasion we had all gone out and a thief broke into the house. He couldn't find the money, which was hidden in the eaves of the house, but he stole all Mother's bread. The thief was caught, but Mother wouldn't have the bread back!!

At Christmastime we didn't receive many presents, but I remember walking to Billingshurst with Mother to buy little toys for the boys' stockings at Luxford's shop. We had our first Christmas tree at the farm. I heard voices in the night, so I crept downstairs as quiet as a mouse and discovered my parents dressing the Christmas tree. We had presents off the tree - I had a tiny tin pram that I could push along the table, while the baby, (that was Arthur),

had a rattle! One Christmas my godmother sent me a tam-o-shanter and a pair of gloves - and a sugar clock! Eventually I ate that, but it hung on the wall for a while! One winter there was a heavy fall of snow and it blew into the clothes closet, so we had to clear snow off the clothes and sweep the cupboard out.

I walked from Westlands to North Heath School. Because the lane was muddy Mother insisted we must change our shoes on the way, leaving our muddy boots at the end of the lane to change back into on the way home. The main road then was very peaceful, but there were often animals being driven along it - sheep and cattle. The girls used to do a lot of sewing at school, and when we got older we walked down to Pulborough once a week for cookery lessons in someone's house.

When I was nine a youth offered to give us a ride to school on a cart. As I got on the horse started and I fell under the cartwheel, seriously hurting my thumb. I carried on to school and Governess looked at my thumb, which had been badly crushed, so I was walked down to the Pulborough doctor. He looked at me, and considered removing the thumb, but he did manage to save it. Mother had to take all her children to Pulborough when he needed to dress my thumb, and she was pregnant at the time. When the doctor realised how far she had to come and her condition he let her treat it herself.

One hay-making time, when Bert was about three, one of the two carthorses, (they were called Darling and Johnnie), bolted down the lane, because the carter took the bit out of its mouth. Bert was in his path, so I snatched up Bertie and ran into the corn. My friend Fanny Underwood ran along the road in front of the horse, but managed to get away. Father came hurrying up and managed to catch the horse, but I got a telling off for damaging the corn!

The summers were usually long and warm. Granny Caroline used to put on a sun-bonnet and she and Mother would go and help with the hay-making. Other times she took the tea down for the workers in the fields.

We children used to have to walk to the Gospel Hall to Sunday School each week. Every year there was a Sunday School treat. We went to the sea at Littlehampton in the charabanc, and Mother went too. We always took a pile of coats with us, in case it rained. For a treat we were given hokey-pokey, which was similar to ice cream. It was like frozen cornflour and cost a penny a lump! Everyone sat under the pier to eat the packed lunches. I remember Uncle Ted went too. He lived next to the Gospel Hall and was a boot-maker. I can remember being carried part of the way home, tired out after so much excitement!

There was a Harvest Supper at the farm. I was put in the big bed with my little brothers and told to take care of them and Eve, (who was just a baby), so I told them stories while Mother and Father were at the Harvest Home.

The Adversane Fair was the event of the year. There were naphtha lights all around the green. They had two merry-go-rounds - a small one was for the babies. There were stalls selling dolls, ginger cakes and all kinds of toys. There was a boxing booth and a whole sheep was roasted.

I had to work hard, being the eldest girl. I had my first job when I was twelve. I used to push an invalid boy around in his wheel-chair during the school holidays and at weekends. There wasn't much time for play, but I liked making stirrups out of my skipping-rope and



pretending the sawing-horse was a real horse. I always wanted to have a horse to ride; and to be able to play the piano. That was another thing I used to do. I pretended the arm of a chair was the keyboard and "played" the tunes while I sang them! Mother taught Eve and I how to do proper dress-making by helping us to make clothes for our dolls. She showed us all the different types of seams and how to do button-holes and pleating.

Mother often sent me to do the shopping. There was a butcher's shop at Caterways. Miss Voice had the village shop, which was next to the pond and the blacksmith's forge. The shop killed their own pig and you could see it hanging up outside. We usually got our milk from Soil Farm, and our butter, but you could buy it from what is now Old House restaurant, which was a farmhouse then. In very hot weather we kept the milk and butter cool just inside the well. There was a ledge running round inside the top of it, so we put the things there and it kept them nice and fresh.

The lady who lived at Soil Farm came to help us when Mother had Eve. She came into us carrying the baby in a basket! I looked after Eve and changed and dressed her. She wore long flannel petticoats!

Adversane was very pretty and peaceful then. There were geese on the green. The malthouse was still working, and I used to love the smell of the malt. In summer the lane was lined with meadowsweet. I've always loved the smell of it. And the hedges were full of blackberries in the autumn. We didn't want to leave the cottage, but the owner – Mr Hope – eventually decided to sell it, and it was pulled down for the Horsham stone, which was worth a lot of money. So we had to move to Parbrook.

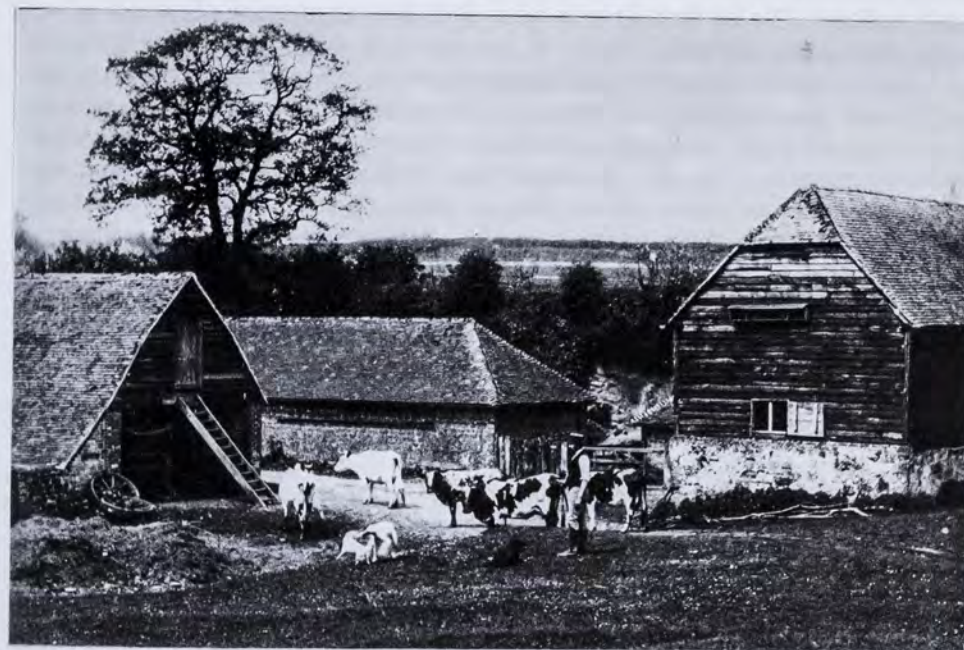
N.B. "Caterways", where the butcher's shop was, later became "Adversane House". Unless it has been obscured by creepers, there is still the small outline of a bricked-in window on the wall next to the road, which is where my Aunt said you collected your meat!

## ‘This way gentlemen ....’

My great-grandfather Cooper originated from Rumbolds Hill farm at Plaistow and was the youngest of several sons. His father managed to place them all in farms, but by the time it came to doing the same for the youngest son, the money had run out. He went to work instead for his eldest brother on a farm at Newhaven. When he finally asked his brother for help to start out on his own, he was given a shilling! His wife was a native of Bedham and the couple moved back to Petworth where he farmed the Rev. Sockett's glebe farm on the Horsham Road, being the last person to do so. After that the glebe was operated as a market garden by the Webster family. My great-grandfather had been enrolled as a special constable during the agricultural disturbances of the early 1830s and I still have his baton or truncheon with the royal arms and the date 1831. His photograph appears as "Cooper's Copy" in the book *Petworth Time Out of Mind* (1982).

My great-grandfather's eldest son, my own grandfather, James, farmed Quarry Farm,

just off Grove Street in Petworth. He had two daughters, one of whom was my mother, who married in 1922. She worked at the old Petworth Post Office in Market Square, moving to the "new" Post Office in East Street during the 1914-1918 war. She'd passed the Civil Service examinations and was a competent telegraphist as were her two superiors, William Flanigan and "Taffy" Hughes, Irishman and Welshman respectively. William Flanigan had worked as a telegraphist for de Beers the diamond people in South Africa and was noted for his ability to send a message with one hand and receive with the other. At the outbreak of war in 1939, and, by this time, well over sixty, he enlisted in the R.A.F. as a telegraphy instructor.



*Quarry Farm – an alternative view by Walter Kevis.*

My parents moved to Coldwaltham Farm very soon after they were married, but I was very often at my grandmother's in Percy Terrace. My earliest memory is of setting off for Petworth in a pushchair, making for Fittleworth Station. We'd then take the train to Petworth, from where we would be picked up by the station bus driven by Mr Henley. The bus was at this time operated by Mr Morais who had the Park Road garage. Mrs Morais was a great friend of my mother's and we'd sometimes go to tea with her. Essentially, however, we came to Petworth to see Grandmother.

A special trip was down to Mr Dean the fishmonger in High Street to buy fish for tea. I was, perhaps, four or five at the time and when Mr Dean saw me coming he'd get a large cod on the slab by the door to greet me with a cheerful "hullo". Mr Dean's ventriloquial skills



were well-known locally but not, of course, to me. Other favoured stopping-places for a child were Mrs Palmer's sweet shop in High Street, or Mrs Tyrrell's in North Street - she sold pink sugar mice - Mog Tharye's, again in North Street, or Rose Rickett's tea-shop on Swan Corner. My grandmother died in 1932 and I have an extremely hazy memory of some sort of stop at the Horsham Road chapel before the burial, but I wouldn't like to be specific. I've been intrigued by the recent talk of something at last being done with the old chapel.

Living as we did at Coldwaltham Farm I went to Coldwaltham school for three years before my parents paid for me to go to Midhurst Grammar School. I'd travel in on what was popularly known as "The Pulborough train". When I first went to Midhurst, the Rev. Heald was still in charge. The last form I was in before I left had something of a Foreign Legion character about it which reflected, I suppose, the uncertainty of the times. It was 1939 and it had two sets of twins who were Republican refugees from the Spanish Civil War, one pair from Cadiz, the other from Madrid. There was a Turkish refugee and another boy who was the son of a well-known American band-leader, also two grandsons of the composer Mendelssohn and an Austrian Jew. The international set-up no doubt reflected the attitudes of Mr Lucas the new headmaster who had taken over from the rather more conservative Mr Heald. I left in 1940 as my father wanted me back to work on the farm. Some of the masters stick in my mind after more than sixty years, none more so than "Bogey" Brown, the history master, with his invariable blue suit, shiny from constant use. I remember him once umpiring the cricket at Cowdray Ruins and his getting soaked when it rained. The next day he turned up without the suit but with some decidedly elderly looking grey flannels! He was a non-nonsense man from the Black Country. Mr Wilkins the geography master was a great friend and the two would always walk down North Street to school together.

Any child coming at all frequently to Petworth would soon get to know the various tradesmen, particularly in Lombard Street, then very much the centre of things. Knights the bakers, or Mr Earle standing outside his tobacconist's in his white apron. My Uncle Ned always bought his tobacco there. Or there were Mr and Mrs Bowdidge the greengrocers, the Westwoods' wool shop, or the Bishops, father and son in the shoe shop, and Billy Boxall, the auctioneer, from Newland, Tomkins and Taylor. A few weeks ago I ran into John Tilbury who spent ten years articled there. Every lunchtime Billy Boxall would go across to Cockshutts at the Old Square Tavern for a glass, always observing the formality of buying a biscuit first. It was something to do with the particular licence that the Tavern held. How did I know? My mother and I were often in there for cakes for tea. Then there were Les and Stan Eager in the Market Square drapers. On Wednesday afternoons Stan would come out to Coldwaltham with goods. It wasn't too serious; I think as much as anything, he liked a bit of fresh air. When he came to us, my mother would usually be about to go off to the W.I. and my father to set off back to the farm to work. He always took a glass of Eno's before he went. It was a warm day and Les seeing my father's foaming glass asked if he could have one. My father, who was something of a joker, put in an extra spoonful. "Drink it while it's fizzy" he said. Was it a coincidence that some hours later Les was seen making his way rather hurriedly up the path to the sandpit?

My grandmother was a widow at this time, running Quarry Farm and living in Percy

Terrace. It was the house on the end of the row, nearest to Petworth and with a big washhouse room on the side, with, at that time, several coppers in it. My grandfather had been a great brewer of ale, very useful in place of overtime money at haymaking time, and there was never any shortage of volunteers!

As a boy I'd go round with Jim Stoner delivering milk for the farm. He pushed a churn on a kind of pram, the churn of course having a tap at the bottom. People would bring out their own vessels. Later I'd go round with Len Playfoot who was much nearer my own age. At this time delivery was by van. Going round Petworth and with the milk cart, you tended to see things. Emma Arnold, tall and gangling, nipping across Middle Street from the stationers to the jug and bottle at the Red Lion carrying her jug - or the little shop in East Street that Emma's sister Marjorie only opened in the afternoons. It sold books and stationery. I imagine they must have taken over the premises after the Misses Bryant had gone. It was on the north side of the Post Office. I wonder how many people remember the glass case that had to be smashed before the fire bells could be rung on the Town Hall? Major Syer was the Market Square tailor and he made my first suit. My second was made by his successor Arch Standen, who came to live at Coldwaltham when he retired.

I didn't see a lot of George Garland although, of course, I knew of him. Everyone did. He'd taken the pictures at my parent's wedding in 1922 when he was first starting. My father, never one to mince his words, remarked that it was about time he worked out what he was doing. In fact George was always notorious for taking his time. I remember when I was in the Home Guard during the war, that I'd just received my stripes as a corporal and "C" company were lined up, officers and men for a photograph after a parade at Pulborough Church. Garland was across the road, interminably appearing and disappearing under the black cloth that covered his head and shoulders. One wit observed that we weren't just waiting for the dickie bird, we were waiting for it to hatch.

I left school at fifteen and put my age on to enable me to join the Home Guard. I'd never handled a rifle before and found my first parade at Coldwaltham something of an ordeal. The dapper man with shining brass and gleaming boots was sergeant-major "Dinko" Roberts from Wisborough Green, well-known locally as an artist. He took serious exception to my non-existent arms drill and seemed ever afterwards to have a critical eye on me. He was very smart and professional and I came to respect him. He had spent part of his early life in Canada and was on excellent terms with the Calgary Highlanders who were stationed locally.

I particularly remember a "C" company Home Guard exercise, a simulated raid on Petworth. Coldwaltham, Wisborough Green and Pulborough were issued with Pioneer trucks for transport. We drove into Petworth Station which was unattended, then made our way up Kilsham Lane, then Hungers Lane, then, crawling through Mr Webber's kale at Frog Farm, we let off flares and retired. On the way home we met with West Chiltoningon, and came back with them along the Horsham Road as far as Flathurst. Petworth Home Guard had set up a road block in North Street, so we attacked across the Shimmings Valley. My local knowledge was useful in bringing us up by the Roman Catholic church.

My grandfather Secomb had come up from Cornwall to Ratford farm on the Balls Cross road in 1903. The family had a farm at Gweek, a hamlet at the head of the Helford River in



Cornwall. The river was tidal and it wasn't unusual to come downstairs in the morning to find your boots floating in the kitchen. Opposite the farm were quays where lighters unloaded coal and timber, bound for the tin mines, still operating then of course. My grandfather brought with him three of his five sons. Of the other two, one remained farming in Cornwall while the other was a warrant officer in the Indian army. Ratford was 200 acres as compared with 40 for the farm in Cornwall. My grandfather was also a butcher with a stall in Helston Market. In fact my father hadn't worked on the family farm; he was by trade a carpenter and joiner. Coming up to Ratford, he quickly had to learn to work with horses, his brother Ned having always worked with them. Our horses would usually come to us after they'd done a few years' service on the London streets. In early days at Ratford the corn would be taken to Wassell Mill at Ebernoe to be ground for the pigs and cattle. There were pigs foraging on the roadside by the cottages on Langhurst Hill and the pigs would follow the cart because they could smell the grain. A number of the local farmers had come up from Cornwall at this time. The Dales at Keyfox and the Luggs at Gunters Bridge among them. Most were staunchly chapel but my father soon left the Chapel and eventually became a sidesman at St Mary's. As I have said, he left Ratford in the early 1920s to take over Coldwaltham Farm, while Grandfather retired to Kingston Gorse on the coast.

Reverting to Petworth, I remember my father talking of Paul Thayre, a most ingenious man in his chosen trade of agricultural engineer. He had his premises at the end of Bartons Lane, and wore distinctive spectacles that he had soldered together himself. He was always cracking and eating nuts. My father told me that in the celebrations that followed the Armistice in 1918, he'd gone to London to stay with his brother-in-law who was a yeoman warder in the Tower of London. Actually he lived in married quarters, but it was nice to say that one had stayed in the Tower. My father was coming home and Victoria was absolutely packed. Who should he see in the crowd but Paul Thayre leaning against a wall and cracking nuts!

Waltham Park was, until the mid-1950s, part of the Leconfield Estate and Mr Bryer, the head keeper, a real stickler. He had the distinction of never being subjected to the otherwise invariable Leconfield practice of moving keepers every three or four years. During the war there were commandos based at Fittleworth Mill and a certain amount of poaching in Waltham Park. Clearly a pheasant or two would make a welcome change in the Officers' Mess at the Mill. Mr Bryer took this as a personal reflection on his professional status and boarded the bus to Petworth to see his lordship and tender his resignation. Lord Leconfield's response was characteristically blunt: "Don't be a bloody fool. Go back and get on with it." He did. One gentleman was being taught to shoot by Bryer and finding even the rudiments beyond him. He eventually contrived to commit the unpardonable offence of shooting a pheasant on the ground. Once again Bryer set off on the bus to Petworth to see his lordship - this time successfully. There would be no more shooting for the gentleman concerned.

Shooting was a way of life at Waltham Park. Lord Leconfield would come out in the morning, driven by a chauffeur in livery. His lordship would be sporting yellow waistcoat and spats. It was popularly reckoned that if he hit a bird with his first shot everything would be all right: if he didn't, things would go from bad to worse. There was a hovel and a barn in

the woods where lunch would be taken, and there would usually be seven guns. Lord Leconfield's workmen, acting as beaters, wore canvas smocks and bowler hats with red bands. I'm thinking, of course, of the 1930s. A circle would be formed by local boys (supervised by pensioners) and acting as "stoppers" to prevent the birds from escaping; driving them back into the wood. The boys were kept apart in accordance with the old axiom: "one boy is a boy, two boys are half a boy, and three boys are no boy at all." There were also keepers with dogs and one, distinctively clad in black, whose task it was to conduct the guns to their respective positions. "This way gentlemen ..." At the end of the day the birds would be laid out in the top field. Yes, the old mule cart was still in use and also an old World War I covered wagon. The boys had a florin a day, the old men five shillings. Reasonable money in those days but it could be very wet and cold in December. All in all shooting was a formal occasion with something of the ritual about it.

My last journey into the Leconfield Estate yard came in 1954, just before the Coldwaltham properties were sold. Local farmers would have liked to purchase but the properties were basically sold as a block. I had to put up some gates and went to the gate shop in the yard. It was nearing the end of lunchtime and the two men in there were sunk in their chairs fast asleep, shavings up to their knees. They woke up and helped me load. The new one way system was now in place and they saw me out, insisting that on no account should I turn right. After Mr Shelley replaced Captain Briggs as land agent, he thought the men in the yard should get out and about more, and the two carpenters from the gate shop were sent up to Bert Dewey's farm at Nithurst on the Upperton Road. It was hot weather without motorised transport, and possibly the farmer was a little generous with the home-made wine. Anyway the intrepid carpenters went to sleep and didn't wake up until half past five. They were very late getting back to the yard. There was some discussion of possible overtime but I'm not sure what happened in the end!

Mr Allison, the Estate water foreman, was a well-known figure. He'd come out to Upwaltham driven by George Cross. Allison never drove himself. The well at Coldwaltham farm had dried up, but there seemed no obvious reason for this. Mr Allison suggested boring a little deeper: it might be possible to find water at a lower level. Cecil Puttick and another man were assigned to do this, a windlass was put at the top and the obligatory candle lowered. First a layer of brick was found, the rock and of course all the jumble that is usually found at the bottom of a well - old scythes, blades and farm implements, often carefully beaten out by the blacksmith. Real quality some of it: my father took one of the scythe blades and used it for years. Eventually the boring came on an underground stream. It was connected up and lasted us until the end of the war in 1945. Then it suddenly ran dry. It transpired that someone along the line had bored deeper and tapped into our supply! It was the sort of thing that could happen in those days before mains water. It was time for us to be connected. German prisoners of war did most of the work. Oh yes, I've seen Mr Allison divining for water - it was surprising what he could come up with doing this. He also did all the jumps and fences at Petworth Ploughing Match.

Jim Secomb was talking to the Editor



## LURGASHALL MILL



The ancient water-mill at Lurgashall lies in quiet, pastoral country between the wall of Petworth Park and the village of Lurgashall, well off the beaten track. Its pleasant setting has attracted many artists, not least of them Mr. Harold Roberts, who sends us this drawing.

*This drawing by Harold Roberts appeared in the West Sussex Gazette on the 16<sup>th</sup> June 1955. Lurgashall Mill is, of course, now at Singleton.*

## A Petworth Childhood Between the Wars (1)

My parents, Nora and Bill Herrington, were living in East Street, Petworth, in a flat above what I can only remember as 'The Dairy', but in 1929, apparently, it was a butcher's shop. My mother woke up in the early hours of the morning with stomach pains, which she assumed was the result of eating too many raspberries the day before. After a while she realised it was more likely to be her first baby eager to come into the world a couple of weeks early. My father went to the district nurses, Allan and Read, who lived right next door. Nurse Allan came, sized up the situation and decided she had plenty of time to finish her night's sleep before returning in the morning. My father then rushed off to Tillington on his motorbike to fetch my grandmother but she was too nervous to ride pillion and insisted on walking to Petworth. He then had to go to work, as he was a baker at Hazelmans. He would have made the dough the evening before and put it in large bins to rise overnight and if it was left too long the dough would flow over the top of the bins and onto the floor. My mother assured him she would be all right until her mother arrived: he asked Mrs Warner who lived in another flat nearby if she would keep an ear open in case her help was needed. A short time later Mrs Warner heard my mother calling out that I had arrived. No doubt Nurse Allan was roused from her sleep and mother and baby would have received plenty of attention from then on.

Nurses Read and Allan were loved and respected members of the Petworth community for many years. They must have delivered hundreds of babies and as they walked through the town they would pat children on the head saying, "This is one of *my* babies." They must have had excellent memories. Nurse Allan always said this to me and Mum would say indignantly "Oh no she's not" and they would both laugh. The nurses came up to the school regularly to inspect our hair for head lice and they always identified *their* babies. Whenever Nurse Allan said it to me I always longed to correct her, but instead we used to exchange knowing looks.

When I was six weeks old Mum contracted diphtheria and was seriously ill. She spent several weeks in Brighton Isolation Hospital and then when she came home she had a relapse and almost died. My poor Granny was left to cope with a new baby that, up until then, had been breast-fed and later on had to nurse Mum back to health. I was baptised at home as they were afraid I would also become ill but, thankfully, this didn't happen. Mum recovered and eventually she and Dad were able to begin their life as new parents. Years later when for the first time parents were able to have their children immunised against diphtheria, Mum waged a 'one woman crusade' in favour of it. Some of her friends were hesitant, as it was something new, although most people had been vaccinated against smallpox. I can remember Mum saying, "If you had been in Brighton hospital, as I was, and seen children dying around you, you wouldn't think twice about it." I can't recall any of my friends missing out so I suppose she must have done a good job.

My mother's parents Ellen (Nell) and George Knight lived at Hill Top, Tillington, in the house where Grandad had been born. We have a lot of family photographs taken in the



doorway or the garden of this house, dating back over 100 years. The earliest photo is of four generations: my great-great-grandmother, Mary Anne Waite; my great-grandmother, Priscilla Knight; her daughter Emma Boxall; and *her* little daughter May, aged about three. May and one of her sisters were the last members of the family to occupy the modernised house, which is now called 'Waite Cottage'.

Grandad lived there for most of his seventy-two years. He was the second youngest of eleven children: his father died when he was two years old. His mother did the laundry for all the 'ladies' of the village, which must have been very hard work in those days. All water had to be drawn from a well outside the back door, which also provided water for the other three houses in the row. Water wasn't laid on to these houses until after the Second World War. Grandad had fought in France during the First World War: I have a photograph of my Mum that he carried in his wallet all through it. When he was a child someone had paid for him to have clarinet lessons and by all accounts he was a very good musician. He played the clarinet in Petworth Town Band for many years. Tragically, the year before I was born he had a motorbike accident and badly damaged his shoulder. He never fully recovered the use of it, as there was no physiotherapy in those days. He had to give up playing and I have always felt sad that I never heard him play. He instilled in me a love for military band music as he always listened to it on the radio on Sunday mornings and also took me down to Petworth Square on Saturday evenings to listen to the Town Band. Grandad was a carpenter and cabinet maker. He worked for his brother-in-law, Jim Boxall, and later his nephew, also Jim. He made most of the furniture in his home as well as for others. The smell of sawdust always reminds me of the times I spent chatting to him and watching him working in his carpenter's shop.

My Granny was born in Barton-Stacey, Hampshire and was one of seven sisters. She met Grandad when she left home to work in 'service' in Petworth. She was a quiet, gentle lady and a great walker. She wouldn't get on a bus if she could help it and much preferred to walk everywhere. I used to go and stay at Hill Top quite often on a Saturday night. Grandad would go to the British Legion in Petworth, and Granny would make toffee and we would listen to 'In Town Tonight' and 'Music Hall' on the radio. She would take me with her when she did her shopping at the Post Office Stores, which at that time was run by Mr and Mrs Bathe. She always gave me a penny to spend on sweets: I can remember standing there gazing at them all for ages trying to decide whether to buy a pennyworth of sweets or two different things that cost a halfpenny each or four that cost a farthing each. Granny would be ready to go home and I would still be trying to make up my mind. Much as I loved spending time with my grandparents at Hill Top, I always found it very hard to sleep there. The church clock chimed every quarter of an hour, and, on the hour it played a tune like 'Big Ben' before striking the hours: apparently, the people that lived there hardly noticed it. Tillington Church is a beautiful little church, over eight hundred years old. For generations both the Knight and Herrington families have been baptised, married and buried there. I used to love going to church with Granny when I stayed there and always think of those times whenever I hear her favourite hymn, 'What a friend we have in Jesus'. Mum had two younger sisters, Christina (Aunt Chris) and Priscilla (Aunt Syb): they played a big part in my childhood. I was the first grandchild on this side of the family and consequently received lots of love and attention.

Dad's parents, Edith and William Herrington, lived at Upperton. We didn't see so much of them because Dad worked very long hours at the bakehouse and even had to make the dough most Sunday nights. When he did have a Sunday off we would walk to Upperton and catch up with the family. Grandad was a very colourful character - literally. He had served in India during the First world War and had returned home tattooed from his neck down. I wish I had made a note of the pictures, but remember he had Granny's picture on his chest and Britannia on his back. There were hearts and horseshoes on his arms, snakes up and down his legs and rings on his fingers. He was quite a work of art and we children never tired of looking at all the pictures. Dad always said that when he was young, he intended being tattooed the same, but after he'd had a small horseshoe done on his arm, the pain of it made him change his mind. We all said, "Thank goodness!" Grandad had a great sense of humour and like Dad, was always pulling our legs and making us laugh.

Granny was a quiet lady. She died when I was about twelve so I don't feel I knew her very well. My cousin, Edie, has told me that she had lived in the United States when she was young and had a slight American accent, always calling lifts 'elevators' and caretakers 'janitors'. She and Grandad had lived in the United States when they were first married and Grandad had worked on the railways. Granny always made homemade wine and we children would think ourselves very grownup when we were given a glass of apple 'wine'. Granny had been an only child and was quite a young lady with her own pony and trap when she was living in Petworth. She always gave me a lovely *Schoolgirl Annual* for each birthday and Christmas, years before I was interested in reading them, but how I blessed her when I reached the age where I couldn't get enough of these stories. In those days, 'holidays' weren't a top priority amongst working class country folk, but Granny and Grandad Herrington not only went on holiday every year: they went to France. I think Granny was used to travelling in her younger days.

Dad had three older sisters - Polly, May, and Ethel (Et) - and two younger ones - Ivy and Lily. Polly lived away and I never met her. Aunt May lived in Rugby and she and Uncle Jim had two children, Edie and Jim. We looked forward to their visits from time to time. Aunt Et and Uncle Brad had two sons, Leslie and Gordon, but Et died young and Leslie lived away with his father and Gordon was adopted by Aunt Lil and Uncle Jack who had no children of their own. Aunt Ivy and Uncle Jack had Margaret (Margie) and Bill. They also lived in Upperton and whenever we visited, we would play together at our grandparents - and enjoy our apple 'wine'.

When I was eight months old we moved from the flat in East Street to a cottage in Angel Street. This cottage was the second in a terrace of four, next to Leith Cottage. They were very old and by today's standards quite primitive. There was no running water in the house: we had a communal pump outside. We each had a very small garden and ours was grassed, but Dad had an allotment up the Cherry Orchard and grew all our vegetables there. The houses had a living room, scullery, larder, two bedrooms and an attic. The four toilets for the houses were in a yard down at the end, past all the houses - it seemed quite a long way in the winter. We had no electricity but in the living room there was a gaslight. For the rest of the house we used candles. A few years later the cottages were condemned and demolished and a large house was built on the site. Meanwhile, Mum did wonders in our little house. Everything was clean and tidy and she cooked lovely meals in the basic gas oven. Before her marriage she had been



the cook for Dr and Mrs Druitt and she always enjoyed cooking. All through her life she would sit and read a cookery book with as much enjoyment as she would read a 'romance'. I don't think she enjoyed washing or bath days though, because before she could heat the water she had to remove lots of dead cockroaches from inside the copper. Like lots of people in those days we had to have our weekly bath in a tin tub in front of the fire. I loved this, but I wasn't the one who had to pump and carry the water, heat it in the copper, bale the scalding water into the tin bath and then clear up afterwards.

Our neighbours were the Carvers, the Smiths and Mr Mitchell. Rosie Carver and I would play together and on Sundays Les Smith would join us and we would sit on the wall that fronted our cottages and write down the number plates of the cars that went by on their way to the coast. (They couldn't have travelled so fast in those days.) A Mr Stevens, who lived further along Angel Street, bought a car so that he and his wife could have the occasional day out at Littlehampton, fourteen miles away, but he was too nervous to drive. He asked Dad if he would drive them and in return he could take us as well. This was a great treat for us, because although we lived so close to the coast, we very rarely went there. Most working class families didn't own a car. Our trips to the seaside were usually limited to the Sunday school outing to Littlehampton or Bognor once a year. Mr Stevens insisted we leave very early on the Sunday morning when there was hardly any traffic on the roads and we would arrive when the beach was practically empty. I can still remember what a wonderful feeling it was to have the beach to ourselves. Gradually the people would come and the beach would become crowded and then after a picnic lunch we would leave, thus missing all the homeward bound traffic also.

The year that I turned five, some very significant events happened in my life. One Saturday morning when I was playing outside, my Granny came out to tell me I had a baby brother. It was a huge surprise. Children weren't told much in those days and I certainly wasn't prepared for this happy event. I can remember being very excited and not at all happy about going home with Granny, but they bribed me by saying we could go and meet Aunt Chris when she came home for the afternoon and I could tell her the exciting news. Aunt Chris was in service at Pitshill and I remember running along the Upperton road shouting at the top of my voice as soon as she came in sight. I was very thrilled with my baby brother Bill, but I almost immediately went down with chickenpox and was kept away from him and Mum for fear they would catch it too. I believe my Aunt Syb came and looked after me.

Just before Bill was born I had started school. Grandad Knight had encouraged me to read and I had a little book that I could read all the way through. I had been longing to start school for ages, but when the day came and Mum tried to leave me there, I kicked and screamed and Miss Bartlett had to carry me in. Mum had given me a banana to eat at playtime but it had got wedged in my mackintosh pocket and I spent the whole break trying to get it out, with no luck. We walked to and fro through the Cherry Orchard to the Infants School and always went home for lunch, which was from twelve o'clock till one-thirty. Apparently, the first day, I couldn't wait to go back for the afternoon session. The teachers, Miss Bartlett, Miss 'Mac' and Miss Wooton were very kind and I enjoyed school. Headmistress Miss Wooton and her twin sister, who was now headmistress at the Girls School, had taught my Dad, and so had their father who had been Headmaster at the Boy's School. I should imagine that, after that first morn-

ing, I was a lot easier to manage than my Dad was, judging by the stories he used to tell us.

When Bill was only a few months old, Mum became very ill with kidney trouble. Once again Granny nursed her back to health and during her illness we lived at Hill Top for what seemed to me quite a long time. I attended Tillington School and walked up around the causeway to school with Les Howard and Ron Pratt who both lived close by. Whilst we were living in Tillington, the country celebrated the Silver Jubilee of King George V and Queen Mary. All the schoolchildren received a Jubilee mug and I remember being very thrilled to discover on my return to Petworth School, that they had kept one for me there also. Dad had remained in Petworth and when it was time for the family to return he decided to have a big clean up. He carried all the living room furniture out into the garden to give himself room to operate and a man went to our landlord, Mr Upton, and asked if he could have our cottage as it appeared that we were moving out. Thankfully Mr Upton checked up before saying yes.

At the end of our small bit of garden in Angel Street there was a wall which we shared with Leith Cottage, where the Cargills lived. Rosie and I would spend a lot of time talking to Peggy and Jean over the wall. Mum and Mrs Cargill were good friends and I would often go round there to play. Their house seemed huge to me and their back lawn appeared to go on forever. Peggy started school a few months after me and we used to wander through the Cherry Orchard together on our way to and from school. Peggy and I stayed friends for many years: I am her daughter Teresa's godmother. Sadly, Peggy died in 1983, but we always meet up with Teresa and her brother Ricky whenever we are in England. We children had a happy life in Angel Street. Rosie had a little brother, Peter, the same age as Bill, and we enjoyed looking after them. We had a big old tin bath up against the wall in our garden and we would all sit on it and pretend it was a ship, a train or a motor car, and would 'travel' all over the place. Our attic was great to play in and we had a trunk full of 'dressing-up' clothes.

Mum would walk to Tillington once a week, at least. I remember sitting on the end of Bill's pram when my legs got tired. It always seemed a very long way to me. Aunt Chris or Aunt Syb would often be there at Hill Top so we used to get plenty of spoiling. Aunt Chris had always been the knitter in the family and she made us some lovely clothes. I remember particularly some matching outfits which consisted of a yellow jumper each, and brown shirts for Bill and a brown skirt for me. Whenever we wore these, people would comment on how nice we looked. Aunt Chris was still knitting the most beautiful things, including very fine baby shawls, almost up until the time of her death at the age of ninety-four. Aunt Syb was very 'daring' for those days and I can recall the stir she made when she came home wearing lipstick and actually smoked a cigarette. Her boyfriend, Len Page, had a motorbike and sidecar and they used to take us on outings with them sometimes. Later on they had a three-wheeler car and I used to be squeezed in the front with them for a trip to the seaside or a picnic in the country. Sometimes I would go with Dad when he went on his bread round all around Byworth. He would buy me lemonade and a packet of crisps when he called at The Welldiggers and by the time we got to The Black Horse I would be thirsty again and he'd buy me another lemonade. The smell of new bread always reminds me of those days.

Dad worked very hard at Hazelman's and never had as long as a week off. There were no unions in those days to protect workers rights: not in rural areas anyway. Once a year



though, Mr Hazelman would lend Dad his car and we would have a few days at Fareham, which is in Hampshire near Gosport and Portsmouth. Two of Granny Knight's sisters had married sailors and Aunt Ada and Uncle Son lived at Fareham with their sons John and Teddy: Bill and I loved staying there. Teddy was about five years older than me and was full of fun. He used to take us to play in a nearby recreation ground, which had a children's playground. This was a novelty to us as we had never been to one before. Sadly, when he was sixteen, Teddy caught pneumonia and died. Maybe penicillin would have saved him but it wasn't available to the general public until many years later. John was a bit older and had joined the navy as soon as he was old enough. He was at a Naval Training College nearby and often came home and joined in family outings with us.

While we were there we always visited Aunt Annie and Uncle Ted and family who lived at Gosport. Aunt Annie was a real character and always had us in fits of laughter. She was very different from her two sisters, Ada and Nell, who were much quieter. She always wore 'saucy' hats and John and Teddy would always look forward to seeing which hat she would be wearing that particular day. Uncle Son and Uncle Ted had been retired for years but there would always be plenty of naval talk. The guns in the First World War had deafened Uncle Son but he lip-read a bit and could always understand Aunt Ada who told him what was being said. During our stay, we also went across to Portsmouth on the ferry. It was only a short distance but we found it quite exciting and I always found it scary at night when we were coming back. The sight of all the ships in the harbour with their lights on gave me a very strange feeling. Maybe it was a premonition that one-day I would board a ship and travel twelve thousand miles to Australia!

Bill and I always referred to John as 'John the Sailor' and we thought his uniform of bell-bottom trousers, tunic, and sailor hat was fantastic. I do wonder how comfortable those tight tunics were though, especially in hot weather. Once, John visited us at Angel Street and we went on a picnic around the Sheep Downs. When we got home he realised he had forgotten to give us a bar of chocolate that he had slipped inside his tunic. It had melted and he was in a dreadful mess. Mum had a very difficult job trying to peel his tunic off over his head so that she could wash it.

Petworth Fair Day was one of the big excitements of the year. It was, and still is, held in the Market Square on November 20<sup>th</sup>. The Fair has been held on that date since 1189. We children used to save up our pennies for rides on the roundabouts and we looked forward to Dad winning a coconut on the coconut shies. For me, as a young child, the excitement started about two days before the Fair. Gordon Knight, the grocers, always had a mechanical display in their window at this time. A girl would be putting her hand in and out of a seed bin and it looked as if she was scattering seed to chicken that were pecking it up. I would stand there for ages watching this and thought it was magical. And Eagers always had their Christmas display of toys in their window by Fair Day. One year I was very lucky as I actually received the doll that I had set my heart on. For the adults, the main attraction was meeting up with people they only seemed to see once a year at the Fair.

To be continued.

Written by Joan Dench and edited for the Magazine by Miles Costello.



