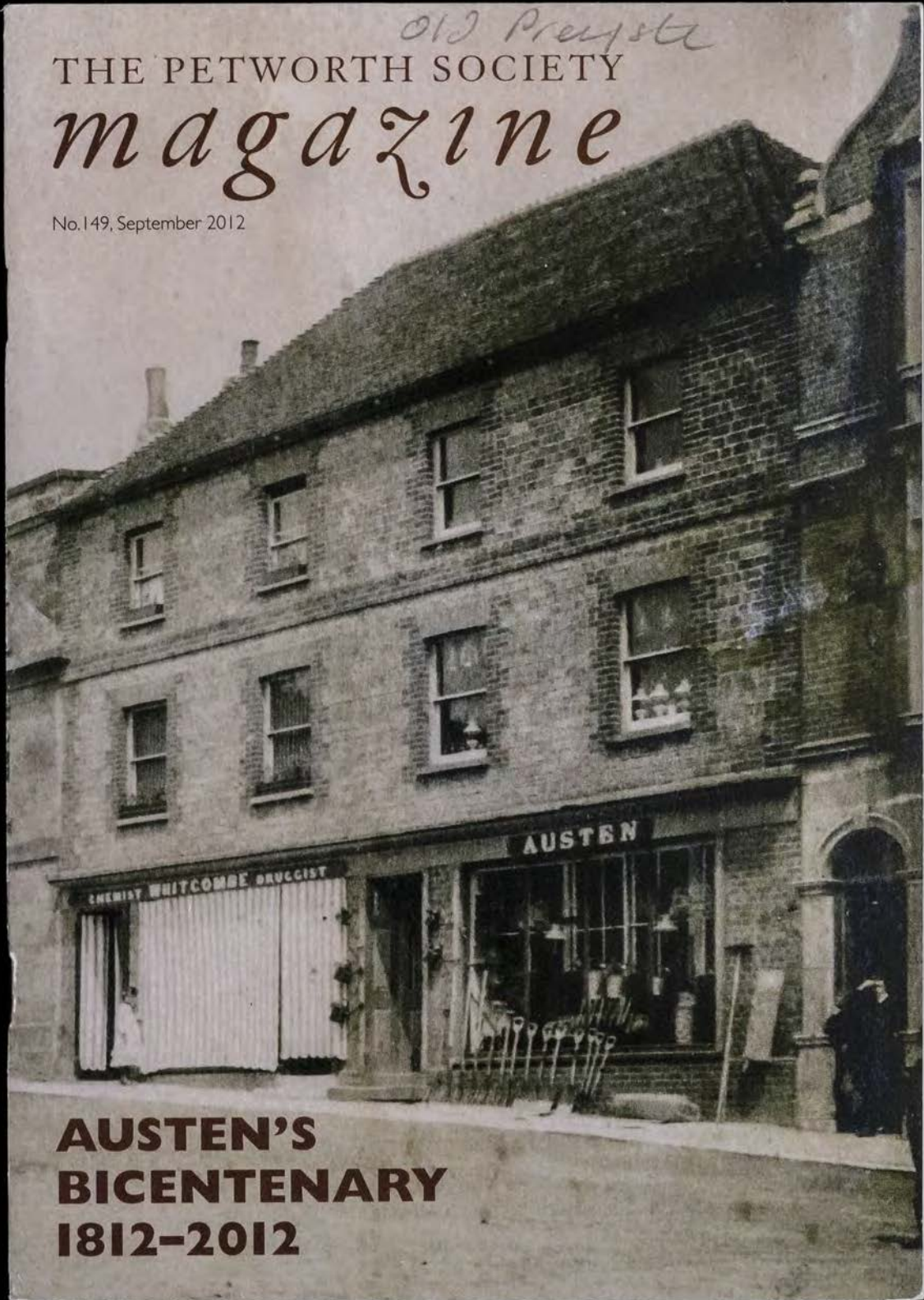


Old Preysta

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY

magazine

No. 149, September 2012



**AUSTEN'S
BICENTENARY
1812-2012**

THE PETWORTH SOCIETY
magazine

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Petworth Market Square viewed from Austens the ironmongers.
This postcard is franked for 6th August 1904.

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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 objects of the society.

The annual subscription is £10.00, single or double, one magazine delivered. Postal £13.50 overseas £16.50. Further information may be obtained from any of the following.

CHAIRMAN

Mr P.A. Jerrome, MBE, Trowels, Pound Street
Petworth GU28 0DX.
Telephone: (01798) 342562.

VICE CHAIRMAN

Mr K.C. Thompson, 18 Rothermead, Petworth
GU28 0EW.
Telephone: (01798) 342585.

HON. TREASURER

Mr A. Henderson, 62 Sheepdown Drive,
Petworth GU28 0BX.
Telephone: (01798) 343792.

COMMITTEE

Mr Stephen Boakes, Lord Egremont,
Mrs Carol Finch, Mr Ian Godsmark,
Mr Philip Hounsham, Mrs Celia Lilly,
Mrs Anne Simmons, Mrs Ros Staker,
Mrs Deborah Stevenson, Mrs Patricia Turland,
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(Midhurst/Easebourne).

SOCIETY SCRAPBOOK

Mrs Pearl Godsmark.

SOCIETY TOWN CRIER

Mr Mike Hubbard
Telephone: (01798) 343249.

For this magazine on tape please contact
Mr Thompson.

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Coultershaw Beam Pump.

WEBSITE

www.petworthsociety.co.uk

FRONT COVER: designed by Jonathan Newdick using an unattributed photograph of Petworth Market Square about 1880. Note that there is no wistaria on what are now the premises of Messrs. Anderson, Longmore and Higham. Austens was apparently partitioned on rebuilding in 1866.

Chairman's notes

Owing to the printer's holidays and the rather unusual content of this Magazine I am writing these notes a good three weeks before I normally do. Hence a list of new members will appear in December. Magazine 149 features a bicentenary celebration of Austens the ironmongers and we are grateful for an appropriate contribution toward our costs. Advertising? Certainly. But Austens are, and continue to be, an integral part of the Petworth scene. Except for its length, the Austens feature fits comfortably into the series 'Old Petworth Traders' with the obvious proviso that Austens are still very much a going concern. We've never been in principle opposed to advertising: it's simply that no one has previously come up with an idea that is sufficiently persuasive. Given escalating costs, particularly for postage, attractive advertising is never something we can dismiss out of hand.

By the time you read this the Society Dinner and the Dover Castle trip will be almost upon us. Remember that there are often last minute vacancies. You can always ring myself or Andy but you need to do so immediately on receipt of the Magazine.

Returning to the cost of postage. There isn't a great deal we can do. Mrs Brenda Earney has kindly agreed to hand deliver the Midhurst/Easebourne magazines and the subscription will switch to local from next March. Thanks very much Brenda!

Following the relative success of our Window Press 100's "We don't do nostalgia" (2010) and Peter Dead Drunk (2011) we propose for 2012 a quarter century of Magazine reflection on Petworth fair, one of the oldest surviving street fairs in the country, revived by the Society from apparently terminal decline. By any standards it's been a lively twenty-five years. I would hope to have copies available at Petworth fair in November and will probably introduce the book, as I did with Peter Dead Drunk, at the Leconfield Hall. This time probably in early December. As before, the 100 copies will be individually numbered and illustrated with vintage photographs. Price and title to be determined. Details in the December magazine or ring me nearer the time.

Peter
1st July

P.S. For latest information please refer to Activities Sheet.

The 38th Annual General Meeting and more – life with Mel Rees

The meeting took place on Wednesday, May 30th.

Our Chairman, Peter Jerrome, welcomed 55 members. Apologies for absence were received from Mr and Mrs Philip Hounsham.

The Minutes of the 37th Annual General Meeting were taken as read and after correction, approved.

Presenting the report of the Trustees, Balance Sheet and Statement of Financial Activities for the year up to February 29th 2012, Andrew Henderson, Hon. Treasurer, pointed out that attendances at meetings had risen. There had been an increase in donations, for which he expressed the Society's gratitude. Magazine printing costs had fallen slightly, but increasing postal charges could mean a rise in subscriptions for members receiving their magazines by mail. Production of a publicity leaflet accounted for the rise in printing costs. It had resulted in recruiting 27 new members.

Answering questions, Andy said that he understood that Gift Aid (by which, it was reported, many charities benefited) did not apply to membership fees, but he would make further enquiries. A fee of £60 was charged by the Independent Examiner, Mr. C.D. Boxall of S. & B. Accounting Services.

Peter expressed the Society's appreciation of the Treasurer's management of its finances and a vote of thanks was recorded.

No additional nominations for places on the Committee had been received, which Peter had to assume indicated members satisfaction with the present body, but he invited anyone willing to serve to contact him.

Adding his thanks to his Vice-Chairman, Keith Thompson, for his support throughout the year, Peter reported on activities. Talks had been extremely good. There had been outings and visits to Dover Castle and Chichester Harbour (by boat) were coming up. The Annual Dinner, started as a 'one-off' had become an institution. The bond with the Harris brothers, showmen of Ashington, was still strong, perhaps surprising after the disastrous fire which almost destroyed the Gallopers in 2005. The Magazine, approaching its 150th edition, inevitably reflected the personality of the editor, who had to interest a very diverse audience nevertheless. All copies of his latest book 'Peter Dead Drunk' had been sold. The Book Sales were not only a vital source of income, but also appealed to people outside the Society.

There followed slides of activities taken by Ian and Pearl Godsmark and David Wort: walks around Lodsworth, Ambersham Common, Osiers Farm and Burton

Park, the Annual Dinner with a tour of the Petworth House stables, the visit to the BBC television studios, Fair Day, the memorial seat to the late John Grimwood, Rohan McCullough's portrayal of Beatrix Potter and the meeting with live hedgehogs, ending with shots of the town and countryside taken from the tall crane used in the construction of Morgan Court in Station Road.

Michael Hubbard, the Society's Town Crier, gave an account of his engagements during the year, probably many more than people realised. Any donations went to local charities.

Business over, Mel Rees made a welcome return with more stories of his life and family, lots of laughs, of course. We all have experiences – amusing, unusual, co-incidental – but we don't remember them. Mel does. As A. Mann, he has written many books, published by his Trouser Press.

Ann I. Witness

“Beyond that there was a garden.” David and Ian's June walk

A rare day of sunshine in a dismal June. Arundel River or Ambersham? The constant rain had made the latter impracticable. Arundel River had seemed straightforward enough, until we encountered road surfacing on the way to Fittleworth. Road closed and a perilous diversion along the Sunday lanes, Little Bognor, River Hill and a flood of bewildered and disgruntled traffic coming the other way. Then Father's Day Arundel, a seething mass of turning cars. Finally we made our way up the hill from the Black Rabbit and out onto the road to South Stoke. Uphill in the unaccustomed sun. Was that flattened desiccated carcass on the tarmac once a grass snake or a young adder? Why does the barley over the Arundel Park wall move so constantly but yet, apparently, make no sound?

Before too long we're at a farm and walking through the churchyard at South Stoke, part of Society folklore and inseparable from memories of Audrey Grimwood's excursions, so ably assisted by Rita. “Audrey reckoned it would be a leisurely three hours with a stop for sandwiches, in fact it took longer.”¹ Twenty years on Society walks are tailored to the slow advance of years. That day had been a festival day at South Stoke. “Someone was practising their singing in the lane ... in the church the singer we had heard in the lane was now singing Ave Maria in a voice that seemed too strong for the tiny church.” It turned out he had

nothing to do with the festival. He too was a visitor and hadn't sung professionally for two years. His friends had persuaded him to give a rendition. We were there again two years later,² but “the glory had departed.” The church was not en fête and the singer just a memory. “We sat in the pews and I could look out of the open door to the flint wall of the churchyard. Beyond that there was a garden.” Had we been to South Stoke since 1996? Probably not.

Next Sunday, there would be the monthly evensong, three o'clock in the afternoon. On the side the big bible is open at the book of Tobit. On the lectern itself there is 1 Samuel 15 in a modern version. The information sheet tells us that the last resident rector left in 1928. The tiny parish which includes “the hamlet of Offham and the inhabitants of the Black Rabbit” is now in the care of the Vicar of Arundel. It had been staunchly Royalist in the Civil War. The Roman Catholic Earl Philip had forfeited the parish to the Crown under Elizabeth, recovering South Stoke only in 1797.

Out of the church and left to the river, which bounds South Stoke on three sides. Arundel Castle rises in the distance before us, while the church tower of Tickner Edwardes' Burpham is clear across the river. Blackberry is already in full flower, black and white cows and teasel with its deceitful cups of water to trap the unwary. A boat on the river, invisible in the shade of the reeds and coming to view only on its journey back. Yellow flags and sporadic Sunday afternoon trains. All too soon we're back at the Black Rabbit.

P.

1. PSM 77 September 1994.

2. PSM 86 December 1996.

Confessions of a reluctant pragmatist – the June book sale

Books? Superseded by “Kindle”? Perhaps. But there are still a fair few about. Take your local fete. It'll almost certainly run a book stall. Of these, a chosen few will find a new home; for the rest it's future uncertain. Time to call in those dashing young men from the Petworth Society, modern day knights in armour with their legendary white van.

Exam. crib notes, outdated text books and atlases, Readers Digest, carefully collected ring-bound part works on cooking, fishing, sewing, gardening, tired book club editions, even cassette and video. Condition, so often the touchstone,

means little when it comes to ghost-written "autobiography" whether it be chef, footballer, rugby player, pop-star or general "celebrity", to say nothing of expensive TV spin-off or bulky political memoir, heavy in any sense you like to give the word. £20, £25 who'll give us 50 pence? No-one, it seems. The public's judgement is as final as it is dismissive. Paperbacks are another matter, lighter, more saleable. Unless they're desperately grubby or falling apart, most get a Book Sale chance, never another.

The Sale itself is essentially a double selection. A first prior appraisal to take out what would otherwise drag the Sale down. Then, on the day, it's over to the public. Come three o'clock it's downhill all the way. Our regular clients will not expect the same collection next month.

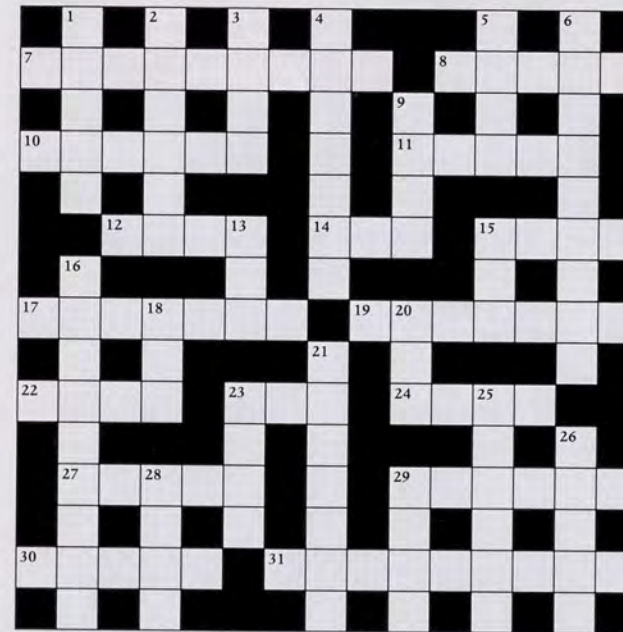
Whatever ideals we may have had in 2001, eleven years on we have to be practical, pragmatic might be a better word. The "collector" is our lifeline; without him we'd simply seize up in six weeks. At the moment we're back with the firm we had two years ago. This follows a brief flirtation with the Salvation Army (distinctive but labour-intensive white sacks) then a change of personnel and regional revamping. After that a succession of private individuals, all seeking an Ebay Eldorado, and finding it, apparently, as illusive as the real thing. (Think about it!)

2001's idealism may be badly bruised but we still have the odd twinge. Here's an ex-school library paperback, painstakingly reconfigured with a card cover. The paper's browning and damp-stained, and, crucially, it's missing pages 7 and 8. Dashiell Hammett: *The Maltese Falcon* (1930) in a 1960s reprint. A wartime *Odyssey*, Campden Hill to the Edgware Road. Could have been Cathay itself for all I knew. Humphrey Bogart in black and white, other than that I remember nothing. Samuel Spade of the long and bony jaw. "He looked rather like a blond Satan." How should Hammett be able to compare one manifestation of Satan with another? And the disingenuous Miss Wonderly. "She's a knockout", Spade's secretary announces. Spade's partner gets himself killed almost before we start. A trifle excessive you might think, but murder acts like rennet in a junket when it comes to crime novels. With two pages missing, the Sale's out of the question but throw it out? Even pragmatists have their sentimental moments.

Oh and the June sale? Not bad at all. To borrow a title from T. Wogan. "Mustn't grumble."

P.

DEBORAH'S SUSSEX CROSSWORD



- 15 Aged in Coldwaltham (3)
- 16 Twice visited by Petworth Society, this ancient house near Linchmere was once home to a religious community (9)
- 18 Rent out (3)
- 20 Important element in any excursion – especially with scones and cream! (3)
- 21 Early Norman church near Pulborough, known for its C12th wall paintings (7)
- 23 Storage tower (4)
- 25 Employ (6)
- 26 Large country house (5)
- 28 Tipped the dray over in the back garden (4)
- 29 It regulates water levels (4)

ACROSS

- 7 Award-winning modern building at the Weald & Downland Museum (9)
- 8 Fast and noisy Goodwood Festival (5)
- 10 Recently opened museum in Chichester (6)
- 11 Blacksmith's essential piece of equipment (5)
- 12 Animals associated with parkland (4)
- 14 Tree once referred to as "Sussex weed" (3)
- 15 Cereal somewhere in the oast house (4)
- 17 C19th poet born at Field Place near Horsham (7)
- 19 see 24ac
- 22 Spoils the landscape (as 24/19 perhaps!) (4)
- 23 Dr Struve built one in Brighton in the C19th (3)
- 24 & 19 Seagulls' new home (4,7)

DOWN

- 1 Head of religious establishment such as 16 (5)
- 2 Appreciate – a stately home for instance (6)
- 3 Sudden fancy – a folly perhaps? (4)
- 4 N.T. village of flint cottages – famous for its annual pumpkin display! (7)
- 5 Flashy dresser! (4)
- 6 Let lout be in the old lighthouse (9)
- 9 Windmill – he's one of a pair (4)
- 13 Cinque port in East Sussex (3)

SOLUTION TO SUSSEX LITERARY CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- 7 Invisible, 8 Byron, 10 Reader, 11 My son, 12 Dyke, 14 Man, 15 Aged, 17 Eleanor, 19 Forsythe, 22 Acre, 23 Ada, 24 Doom, 27 Drown, 29 Bright, 30 Sweep, 31 Romantics

DOWN

- 1 Angel, 2 Kindly, 3 Pier, 4 All-time, 5 Eyes, 6 John Keats, 9 A man, 13 Ego, 15 Ass, 16 Blackdown, 18 Ale, 20 Old, 21 Farjeon, 23 Aunt, 25 Opiate, 26 Shock, 28 Odes, 29 Boat

In a museum garden

It's a question as perennial as it's unanswerable. What was the garden at the Cottage Museum really like in 1910? Returning in 1997 with memories of a fortnight spent at 346 High Street in 1919, Agnes Phelan simply had no recollection at all. Had Mary Cummings been somewhat laissez-faire? If she was we can't follow her. A hundred years and more on, visitors expect a certain order.

A rectangular, almost square, central plot and, separated by a brick path, a smaller, narrow, west-facing border. The basics at least will not have changed since 1910. The larger plot doesn't really lend itself to perennial planting although the smaller might. For the former it's usually overwintering wallflowers or occasionally pansies, followed by salvia, antirrhinum, perhaps verbena, often varied with dot plants like coleus or blue salvia, with tall dahlias bringing up the rear. "House of the white dahlias."¹ "What nonsense." I can almost hear Mary Cummings saying. Manchester Irish. Did she still have an accent? We can assume so.

Block planting will usually suffice but it does rather suggest "public park" and begs the whole question of "cottage garden." In practice "cottage garden" isn't an easy concept, and one which can, all too easily, degenerate into disorder. "Mary Cummings couldn't have been much of a gardener." Despite (or insufficiently conscious of) the risk I've tried this year. Annuals from seed. Would Mary pop across the road to Windmill House (two cottages then) for seed? I doubt it. I suspect old Mrs Butcher's stock would be pragmatic: mainly vegetable seeds.²

Annuals are not, it seems, an easy option, although they're certainly cheaper. Overwintering candytuft and love-in-a-mist have made a surprising show in the west border but will soon need replacing – probably with annual coreopsis. "Best when grouped en masse" advises the seed packet. We shall see. Tall larkspur, African marigold, cosmos, a sprinkling of dwarf nasturtium, candytuft and clary in the larger plot. Sweet sultan with its pale lettuce leaves has succumbed as too the dwarf larkspur. Raising annuals from seed seems a fraught business. It's been a very wet June and 346 has a nocturnal fifth column. I didn't know slugs and snails devoured African marigolds. And can you put out blue slug pellets in a 1910 garden? Slugs or snails? The elaborate artwork on David and Ian's walk poster suggests the latter.

P.

1. PSM 142 December 2010.

2. See Old Petworth Traders (3) PSM 140 June 2010 and invoice on page 13.

The Petworth Society

Sunday, June 17th.

Join

David and Ian

on their

Alternative June Walk

It could be Arusham Common

It could be the Arundel river

Come and find out

Cars leave Petworth

(main car park.)

2.15 p.m.

Snail art at 346 High Street.

Dora Older's diary (7): 1917

[Again I have used almost all of Dora's entries. Dora's brother Arthur is still in Palestine with the Royal Sussex fighting alongside troops from Wales and the Home Counties. Ed.]

Thursday 27th September 1917

5000 Canadian soldiers are staying in the Park tonight. They are on a route march from Witley Camp – six bands including bagpipes.

Wednesday 3rd October 1917

Today has ended a week of Terror to Londoners. For a week past German aeroplanes have been bombing London through the nights and on Tuesday raiders came in the daytime. The weather has been all in their favour, lovely moonlight nights (the harvest moon) so calm and still. Today is very rough much to everyone's relief.

Petworth has a great many refugees, everyone that can possibly leave London has done so.

Thursday 4th October 1917

Tea is very scarce in the country now, so much has been torpedoed, we have been out at the shop for several days and before that we were serving out ounces and two ounces to make it last as long as we could. It seems so funny to have coffee for tea, but we are thankful to be able to get plenty.

Wednesday 17th October 1917

There was an Exchange and Barter Sale in Aid of the Red Cross Society this afternoon at Petworth House. Everyone took a gift and bought another – very amusing no one being allowed to come away without buying one article £90 realized.



LEFT:
"This shows the kind of dug-out that we live in and nature of ground."



RIGHT:
"Lighthouse Port Said harbour."

[Wednesday] 31st October 1917¹

Our troops captured the town of Beersheba. November. Arthur mentions taking part in the battle, as a runner to the General's headquarters.²

Saturday 3rd November 1917

No tea in the Shop for a fortnight and no butter for a week except a little fresh.

[Saturday] November 10th 1917

General Allenby entered the city [Jerusalem] amidst enthusiasm – reads a proclamation from the steps of the Tower of David. The 4th Sussex Regt. are in the Welsh division.

Sunday December 2nd 1917

Had butter for tea today – the first for a month.

Courtesy Mr Alan Older

1. This entry is placed out of order in the diary, no doubt reflecting the arrival of a letter from Arthur in Palestine, or a newspaper report.
2. Arthur sends also a page from a Turkish notebook picked up on the battlefield. 1st November 1917.

At the Station Road studio

I left Petworth Girls School at Christmas. I was fourteen. Mrs Tunks at the Angel had suggested a job in Chichester to which I would travel daily on the bus. It was in an office and I quite liked it, but there was a problem: there were mice in the office. I just couldn't live with the mice. I couldn't even now. I made such a fuss about the mice that in the end I had to leave. So it was back to Petworth.

Someone said that George Garland, the photographer, was looking for extra help at the studio, just south of the present Fire Station in Station Road. A bungalow stands now roughly on the site. There was no formal interview, or at least I don't remember anything of the kind, I just started. It would be not very long after the war and soon I would not be the only assistant. Stella Speed came after I began, she certainly left before I did, while "Pip" Michael was there too for some of the time, but I don't think we were all there together. I would stay for several years.

Mrs Garland, "Sally" but not to us, ran the studio, George being out a good deal of the time. Much of his work was outdoor, except of course for portrait work. We were largely, but not exclusively, studio-based, printing in the darkroom,

touching up photographs that sort of thing. Sometimes one of us would go out on an assignment with Mr Garland – never “George”. We’d help particularly with weddings at which our employer had a reputation for being slow. It wasn’t just weddings, however, I remember an air crash at Upwaltham. It was on a hill. George went up, returned and told me it wasn’t suitable for me to go up.

Occasionally I’d do an assignment on my own. I particularly remember a point-to-point at Midhurst. I didn’t drive then and my fiancé took me over on his motorbike. I had some pictures of horses taking a fence that I was really pleased with and they appeared in various newspapers. It was only when I saw the prints that I realised how dangerously close I had got to the horses!

I had a small camera to go out with. While George himself often used the big box camera, I never did. Negatives were glass and stored on shelves in the studio. We’d print from a machine, which could enlarge if necessary, the standard Garland print size being 8½ inches by 6½. Stella and I would often work on printing together in the dark room while Mrs Garland had her own room. I say “room” but we are really thinking of partitions. As I say, George was out a lot and under Mrs Garland’s watchful eye the studio largely ran itself. Sometimes George would go off for a week or so to a friend in Herefordshire who he’d known for years. I imagine he went by train. He would take photographs to vary his usual, essentially localised, output. A high proportion of his work was for the local newspapers.

The press cutting book? No, I never had anything to do with that, it was very much Mrs Garland’s province. If George could, at times, be a little remote, Sally was always pleasant and approachable. I didn’t like the responsibility of taking weddings on my own; after all I was still quite young. No, I never went to a ploughing match with him, although it was something he never missed. I do, however, remember dropping in once on John Gray who had an antique shop, I believe, at Beeding. He was clearly a very old friend and we were made very welcome. The family had been chemists in the Market Square in the 1920s, leasing one half of the Austen and Co premises. Visitors to the studio? Not too many. The occasional salesman of course, Doug Pelling from the Midhurst paper who was married to Stella’s sister Beryl, a regular visitor also was Mrs Chaffer, whose husband Ted worked in the Leconfield Estate smithy. It was he would make the ornamental gates that stood in front of the steps leading to the studio. Halfway up stood the famous glass showcase. Either George or Mrs Garland would pick out the pictures for us to put in the glass-fronted showcase, almost a place of pilgrimage for many Petworth people, especially on a summer Sunday afternoon or evening.

Jean Lucking was talking to the Editor.

Old Petworth traders (10) – the spirit of Austens

Belchambers, Great White Hart or Austens? Welsh drovers, gooseberry pie or a boy dragging a five gallon drum of paraffin up a winter lane at Bedham? The spirit of Austens is at once a will-of-the-wisp and something almost tangible. On the basis of a Roman coin found on the site in 1866 and precisely datable to 268 A.D. Roger Turner¹ looked to Roman origins. If no-one has followed this particular flight of fancy, neither should anyone question the very real antiquity of the site. There will have been a settlement of some kind for as long as Petworth has been Petworth. If, in 1273 King Edward’s justices-in eyre were prepared to concede 1189² as a de facto date for the beginnings of Petworth fair, activity in what is now the Market Square can be assumed not simply by 1189 but long before, even given the continuing ambiguity over the fair’s original siting.

Random names emerge from a medieval mist: Henry Somers, father and son, in the fifteenth century, with one Colville reflecting an earlier generation. The Vyvyans, again father and son, seem to span much of the sixteenth, while there is a turn of the century flurry of transfer, lease and ephemeral names. One at least is known to history³. In 1609 George Frye had been two years in the Kings Bench prison in London, committed for debt. Over some two decades he had traded as a mercer in Petworth, himself testifying that “he hath used to see and offer divers kinds of wares such as sylkes, sattins, taffetyers and other such like.” Parish constable at one time, he had, some claimed, been cuckolded by his wife Ann, herself the butt of a scurrilous rhyme, widely distributed by word of mouth and by placard and subject of an ongoing suit for defamation in the Star Chamber.

Belchamber(s)⁴ had signified the property for some decades but under Henry Goble the premises would become for a time Petworth’s leading hostelry, with painted chambers featuring such emblems as the Cock, Falcon, Star, Marigold, Griffin, Dolphin, Hart, Star, Luce (Pike), Angel and Sun, each room decorated with murals appropriate to its name. The inn’s heyday would be, perhaps, the reign of Charles II, but the Goble succession would continue well into the new century. Only four decorated chambers survive in 1758 but the count of rooms and outbuildings remains as it was in 1670⁵. The depleted stock levels are, however, as sure a sign of economic decline as they are of changing tastes in décor. There is even specific mention of trade shifting diagonally across the Market Square to the Half Moon Inn. Two halfpenny traders’ tokens from North Wales “probably . . . left by cattle drovers” may offer a clue to clientele. By 1783 the inn has reverted to being a private house.

James Row was born at Goring in 1768, marrying Susanna Petar from an

influential Petworth family in 1791. Some locate the original base of the future ironmongery business at Daintrey House in East Street just across the road from the "Little" White Hart in Trump Alley, the satellite beer-house to its more prestigious Market Square counterpart. Whatever the truth of this, Row, then described as a cabinet maker, bought the Market Square premises in 1808 and quickly established a business in ironmongery. James Row died in 1826 but his widow continued, employing a manager. None of the Row children appears to have had more than a vestigial interest in ironmongery, the three daughters marrying to advantage, while two younger sons became draper and doctor respectively. The eldest son, James, was apprenticed to his father as "cabinet maker, upholsterer and auctioneer" and presumably intended to take over, but clearly all did not go according to plan. By 1831 he is writing home from the Cape, bound for Australia. Susanna Row had left Petworth in the same year. Sporadic later letters from James in Tasmania will have done nothing to reassure his mother. Work was hard to find and in 1833 he had made the hazardous 122 mile journey from Hobart to Launceston, eight days travelling⁶ "and having frequently to sleep in what is called the Bush with my gun under my head for a pillow, expecting any moment I might be attacked by the Aborigines, who, if they had found me, would have taken my life without any ceremony, they being yet hostile to white people."

On leaving Petworth, Susanna Row had leased the ironmongers to Thomas Seward. When he died the business was carried on by his widow Sarah and son Thomas then aged seventeen. In 1844 Mrs Seward bought the property from Susanna. Young Thomas Seward⁷ seems to have had wide-ranging interests, and by the early 1860s was running, concurrently with the ironmongers, an Albert Institute for the education of young working men in the upstairs rooms of the Market Square premises. This would become for Thomas an all-consuming passion, his Institute moving first to the Tillington Road armoury, then to specially converted premises in the Town Hall and finally, in 1890, to the "Institute" in East Street. In 1866 the Swards sold out to B. S. Austen.

By any standards Thomas Seward was an extraordinary man, particularly in the context of his time. An outspoken liberal, a high churchman and a champion of the poor and the under-privileged in a socially petrified society, he worked tirelessly for what he believed, ruffling in the process some very distinguished feathers. In 1890 vested interests would deny him the secretaryship of the Institute which had been his life's work. Author of a published poem "Jesus" (Watts and Co) of which no known copy is now extant, he had by the time of his sudden death at Billingshurst in 1892, amassed a museum and a lending library of several thousand volumes.



Thomas Seward.

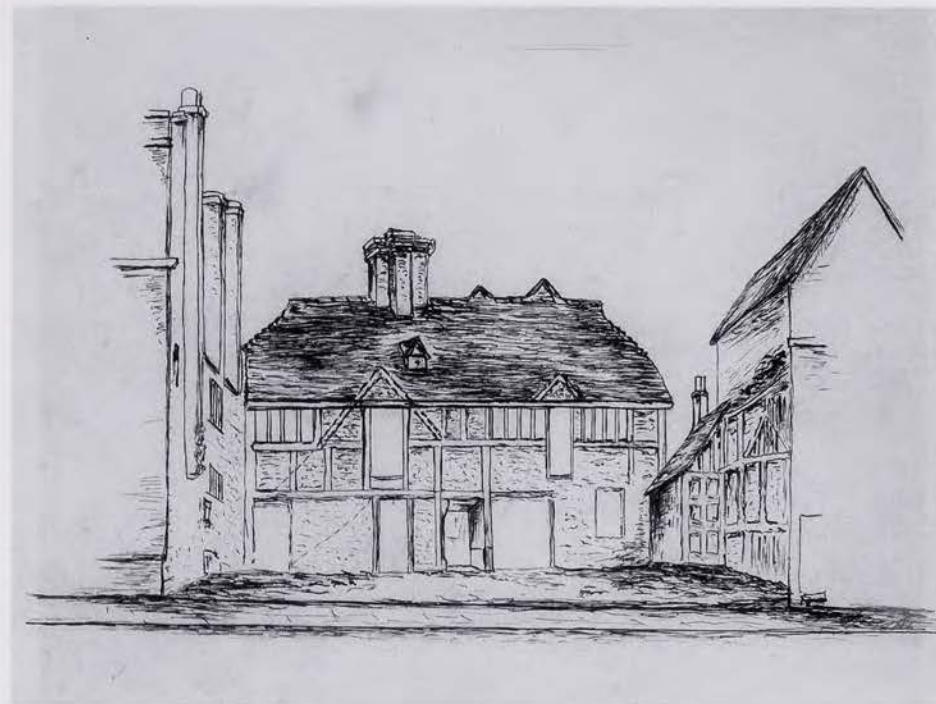
While Roger Turner's article⁸ has attracted much adverse comment because of its various errors and digressions, it remains indispensable because of the engravings of the old inn premises made from drawings by William Knight at the demolition in 1866. Knight's original ink drawings, found some years ago in a Surrey attic, are much clearer than the reproductions in the article. It was immediately obvious in 1866 that the brick and stucco facing of Swards was not 'original' but a gentrified rendering over an original timber frame, something found elsewhere in Petworth. It was also clear that the old inn had been in the shape of a letter 'H' with the eastern and western wings connected by a narrow passage and staircase.



West front in 1866.



West front with facade removed.



Inner or eastern part of building with the west wing removed. Very much part of the Great White Hart.

Given the central position occupied by the rebuilt premises, Baker Steddy Austen could not but become a familiar, indeed unique figure in the town. Baker Steddy would soon become corrupted to "Be Steady." Already in 1875 Austen (with William Death the auctioneer) is spearheading a protest to Lord Leconfield's agent against a crude but popular show "Peter Dead Drunk" staged in the Market Square and obstructing the progress of traffic through the Market Square. While Death was a determined and outspoken opponent of the town's immemorial fair, Austen is more moderate, the protest expressly excluding the statutory fairs and even travelling menageries.

Writing almost sixty years after Austen's death⁹, Arch Newman could recall "the tall hard-hatted ironmonger: he would wait outside ready to tell any casual person. "The man on the far side of the street owes me a lot of money." Newman gives no name but has no need to.

Market Place, Petworth, 17 Sept 1874
 Miss H. Bladen

Bought of B. STEDDY AUSTEN,
 Furnishing and General Ironmonger, Cutler, &c.

OILS & COLOURS.
 LAWN MOWERS, WIRE NETTING, IMPLEMENTS.

24 Aug.	1 doz Best ivory heart Thives	1	4
	1 " " " Table "	1	12 6
	1 pr " " Carvers		9
	1/2 doz " E.P. Dessert forks		13 6
	1/2 " " " Table "		19 3
	1 Cut Glass pepper		4
1 st Sept.	1 Hammer 7 th 1 st tin tacks 10	1	10
	1 Turn screw		8
3 "	4 doz Brs head nails	1	4
5 "	1/2 " Bk Table Thives & forks	4	9
	1/2 " Teaspoons	1	1 1/2
	2 Decent do 8 th 1 st oil filler		18
	6 loop hooks & screws		18
6 "	1 brass top 7 th 1 doz brass hd nails		2 9
	4 " Stair rods		2
11 "	1 Rake handle		1 6
	1 garden trowel		10
			£ 6 2 4 1/2

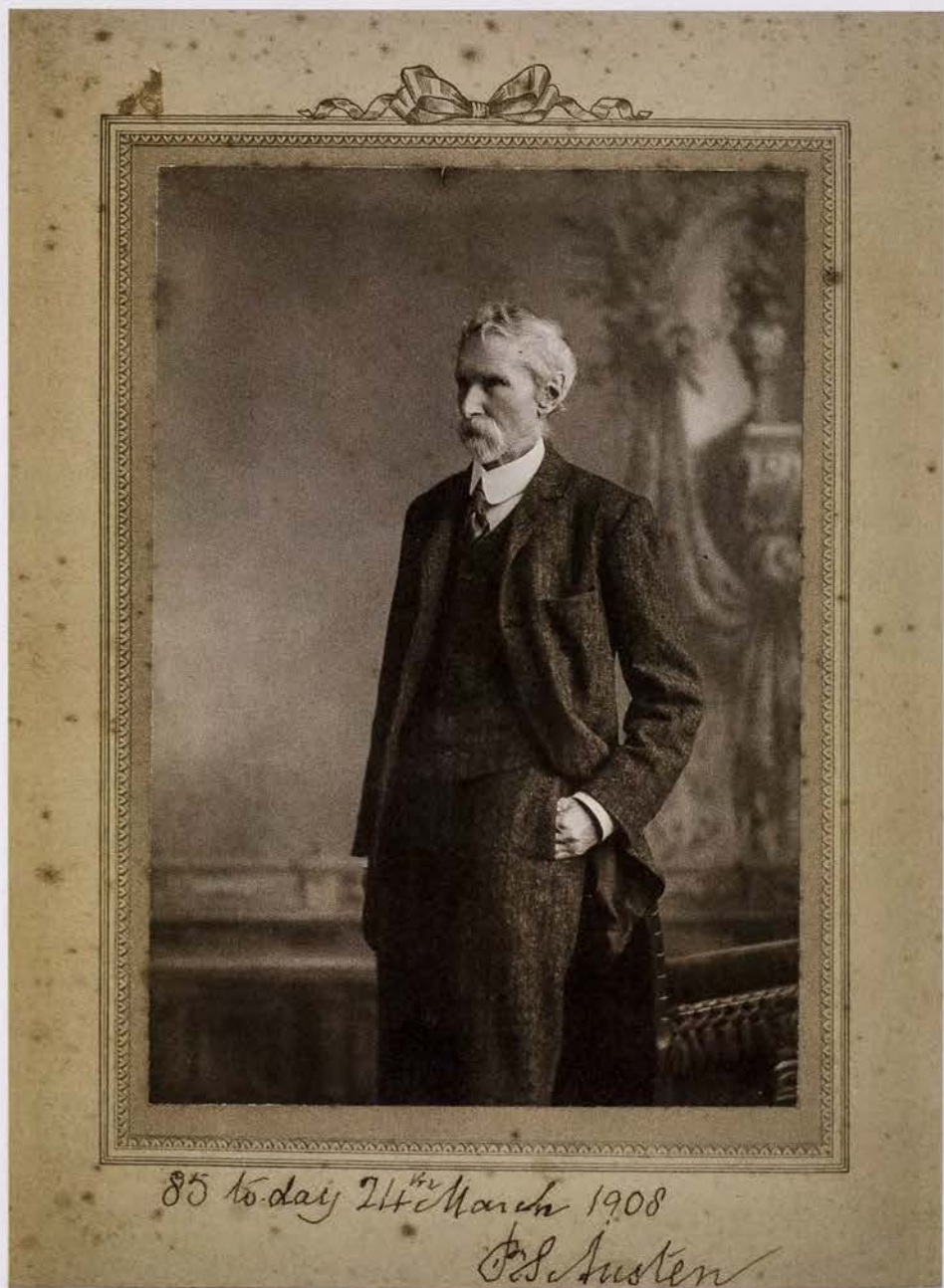
Ch^d by allce on Cutlery 2.3

Received 17 Sept
 Wm Steddy Austen
 Ironmonger

An invoice from 1877.



Susanna Row 1773-1844.



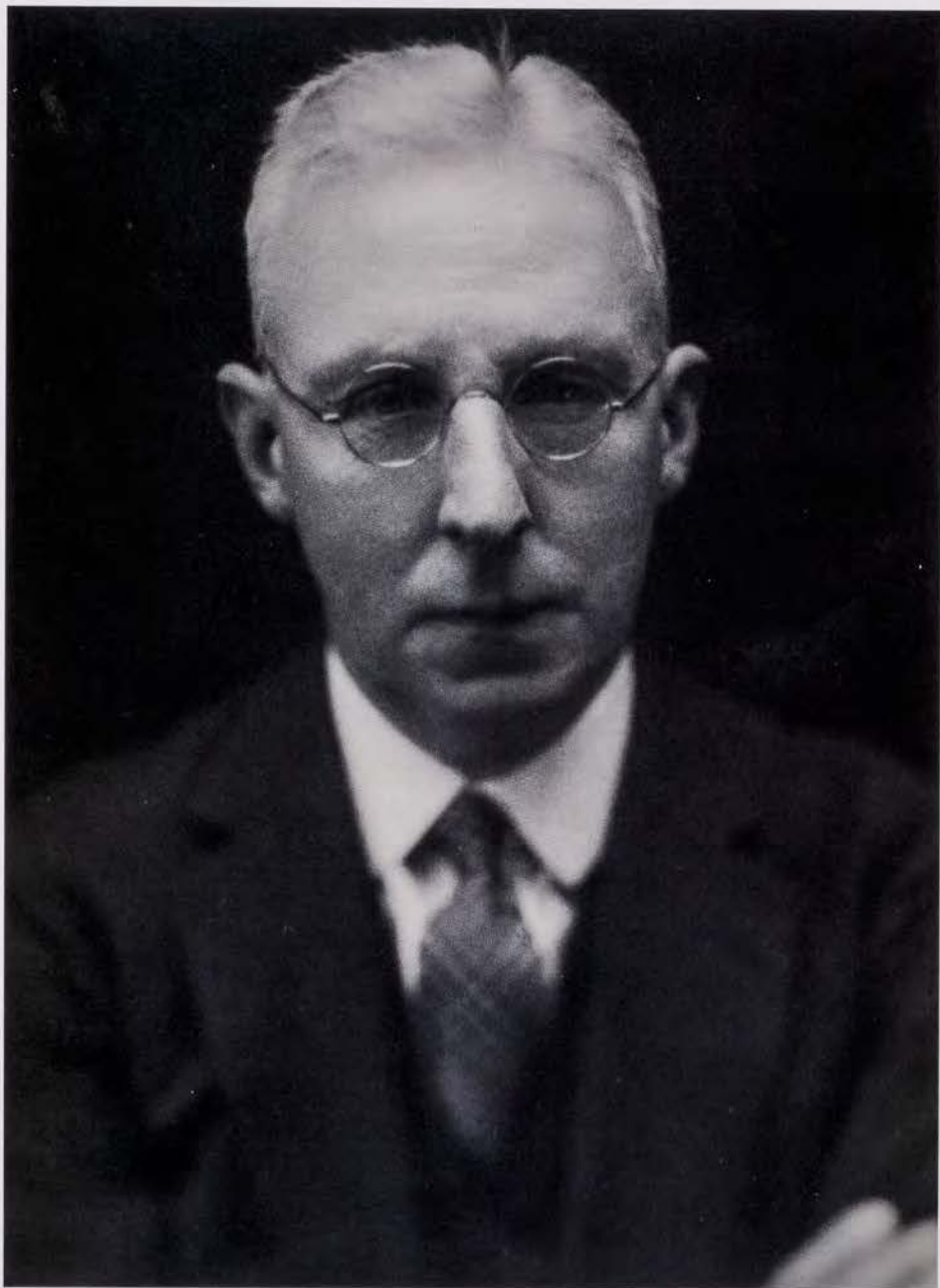
Baker Steddy Austen on this 85th birthday in 1908.



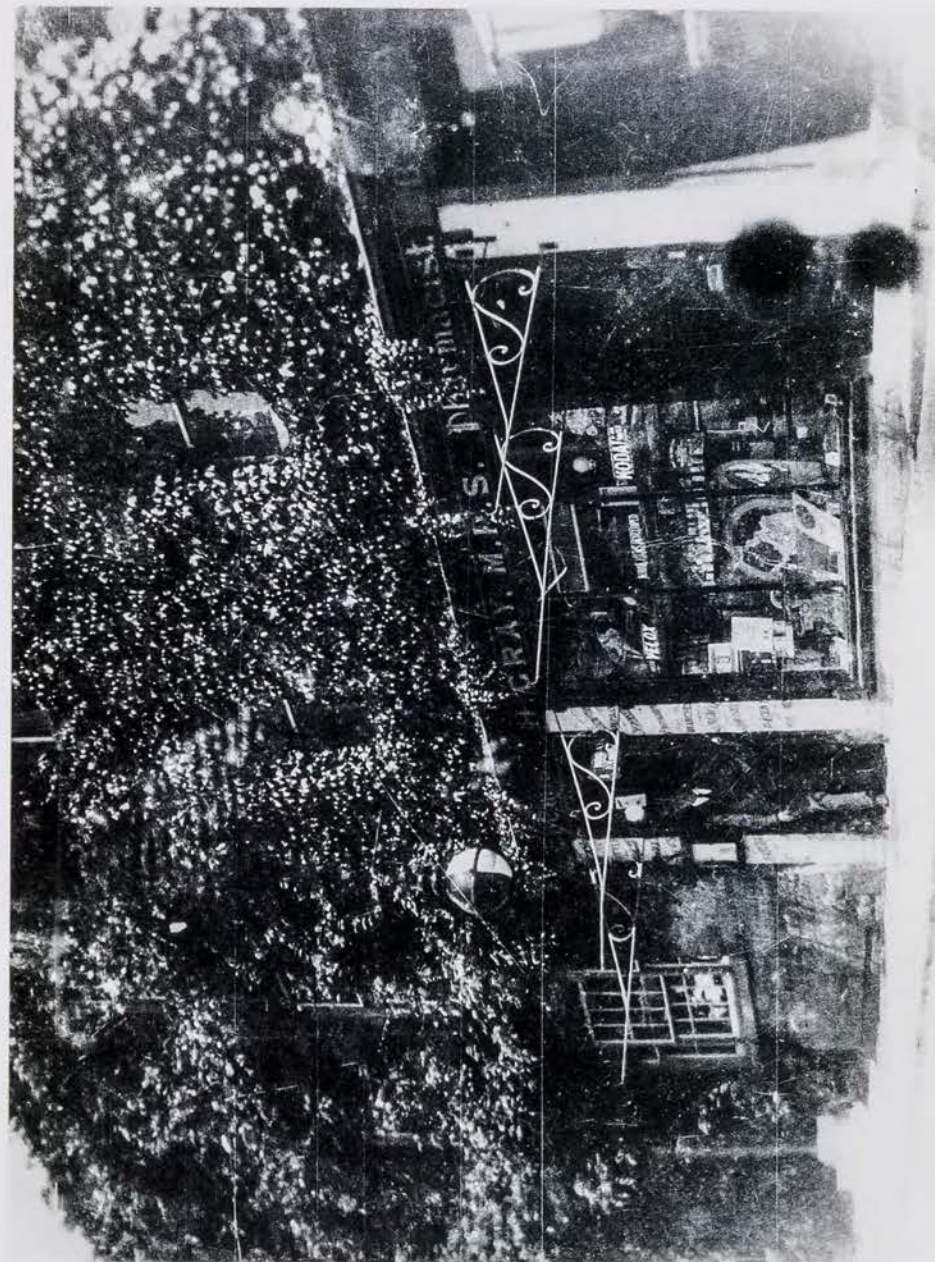
This curious unattributed photograph shows the rear of the premises when the partition still divided chemist and ironmonger.

Petworth Town Centre. Ordnance Survey 1st Edn. West Sussex Record Office PM 121.
Austens immediately north of the post office.





W.D. Morgan in later life.



H. Gray chemist, last incumbent of the northern section of Austens before the partition was removed. A snapshot from the mid-1920s.



Austen's – probably in the late 1930s.
Attribution uncertain.

Without in any way neglecting the demands of business B. S. Austen, like Thomas Seward, but in an entirely different way, seems to have had something of a social conscience. He would be living in some style at Somerset Lodge in North Street, but writing in June 1984¹⁰ Florence Pugh recalled her parents in the old Red Lion Yard to the rear of the Queen's Head in High Street, the eight tenements of this notorious slum having passed to B. S. Austen. "He must have been the best of landlords as the welfare of his tenants always took first place; there was coal delivered to each family at Christmas, and a gooseberry pie given to each household at Whitsuntide and I remember my mother telling me that if a family were hard pressed, the meagre rent was forgotten." The fearsome reputation¹¹ of the Red Lion Yard cannot simply be explained away but neither can such testimony be entirely set aside.

Presumably for reasons of economy, in 1866 B. S. Austen partitioned the Market Square premises, the northern half being leased over the years to a succession of chemists. It was an arrangement that continued until the mid-1920s when the last tenant, H. Gray, moved to East Street.

In 1893 William David Morgan came from Wales to work for B. S. Austen as an apprentice. He was seventeen and the son of an army farrier. Morgan would be an inseparable part of Austens until he died in 1944. For years the Morgan family would live just across from Austens at the Old Bank House on the western side of the Market Square. A son, Owen, would be born in 1906 and a daughter, Gwenda, in 1908. Owen would be killed in a motor-cycling accident on Bury Hill, a tragedy with which the family probably never really came to terms.

On the death of B. S. Austen, his widow continued the business with W. D. Morgan as manager, and with the premises still partitioned. In 1923 Morgan bought the shop and business from the Austen family. Gwenda studied at the Goldsmiths' College of Art until 1929 then learned the art of wood-engraving under Iain MacNab at the Grosvenor School of Modern Art. Very reticent about her talent, Gwenda worked for the renowned Golden Cockerel Press and for Joan Shelmerdine at the Samson Press. Under no commercial pressure, Gwenda was far from prolific as an artist but such work as she did produce is very highly regarded. Her "masterpiece" (John Randle) is perhaps Gray's *Elegy* (Golden Cockerel Press 1946) closely followed by *Grimms' Other Tales* (Golden Cockerel Press 1956). Gwenda and her mother were content to leave the general running of the shop to W. D. Morgan and after that to managers, Mr Denyer taking over from Mr Morgan. Gwenda did not work in the shop but remained keenly aware of it. Working with Mr John Willis she produced an elaborate decorated float for the Silver Jubilee of 1935, while her imaginative Coronation shop window would be featured in the *Ironmonger* magazine.

During the war Gwenda worked locally on the land, returning to her wood engraving when the war ended.¹²



Austens' decorated float for the 1935 Silver Jubilee.

On the death of Gwenda's mother in 1936, Una the nurse who had cared for her in her last illness, remained with the family and eventually married W. D. Morgan. Una was in fact much of an age with Gwenda and step-mother and step-daughter would live very happily together until Una's death in the mid-1980s. Una was a bustling, practical lady who continued a tradition of understated generosity that now seemed something almost to be assumed. She was also a tireless worker for National Savings. It would be a bequest from Gwenda, who died in 1991, that acted as a catalyst for the renovation of Petworth's Leconfield Hall in the 1990s. The ever reticent Gwenda would have been somewhat alarmed at the naming of the upper hall in her honour as no doubt she would also have been at the impressive collection of her engravings that adorn one wall.

It is fortunate that Ron Collins¹³ who went to Austens in the early 1930s as a delivery boy has left some recollection of those days. Aged fourteen and just out of school, he was working with a somewhat sullen replacement driver seconded from a local garage. The pair were delivering in remote Bedham. The driver insisted he was not paid to lug heavy drums about, only to drive and the boy was left to manhandle a five gallon drum of paraffin up a muddy lane that was inaccessible to the lorry. Even empty the drum was as much as the boy could handle.

Working hours were 8 in the morning Monday to Saturday with half day Wednesday, to 6.30 Monday, Tuesday and Thursday, 7.30 Friday and 10 o'clock Saturday. Five shillings a week, but as a juvenile with a two hour break for lunch and half an hour in the afternoon. Just time to rush home. No tea was provided on the premises. After two years Ron was promoted to sales assistant and his wages increased to ten shillings.

Mr Morgan himself was "always immaculately dressed and most gentlemanly of behaviour", while Bill Tait, the manager would be similarly smartly dressed with brilliantly shining shoes, "he walked around with a very straight back in the Army fashion" as befitted a veteran of the 1914-1918 war.

"In those days Austens had a large workshop with its own forge and actually manufactured its products to customers' requirements. Quite a lot of work was done for Petworth House and I remember they made large size saucepans and other vessels to the requirement of Petworth House, and other work was done for the various needs of the Estate. The workshop was managed by Bill Hunt who I recall lived in Byworth, the neighbouring village."

The workshop was an important part of Austens and had always been so. Stephen Rapley, later at the Heath End garage, had served his apprenticeship as a tinsmith at Austens.

Ron Collins closes with a last thought:

"Mr Morgan was a favourite of mine, particularly on the day the November fair came to town, when he would give me two shillings to spend at the fair, which I would change into pennies (24) and then proceed to lose the lot on the penny roller stall."

Two shillings would be more than a day's wages.

In 1965 the business was purchased by Mr Charles Neve and run with the help of Mr Philip Neve, the transition appearing seamless. Mr Philip Neve would continue after his father's death. In June 2011 the business was bought by Parkfield Retail Ltd (owned by the Wagg and Winnicott families) and again the transition seems to have been seamless.

P.

MARKET PLACE,

Petworth, Sept. 30th 1899

Mrs. Burden

Bot. of **B. S. AUSTEN & Co.,**
IRONMONGERS.

TOOLS, WIRE NETTING AMMUNITION, OILS. PAINTS GLASS, &c.

1899

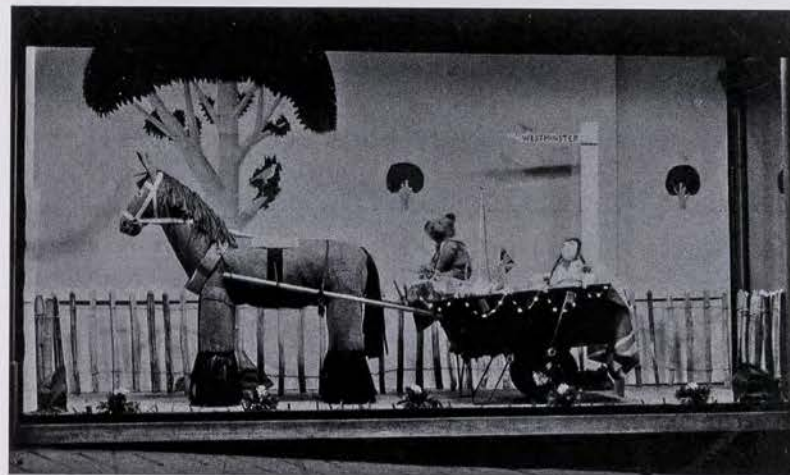
Sept. 21	New Top Complete, to "Premier" stove	1	9-
--	Repair. Sock on base		
--	Fix. Top to Pepper box	6	
.. 25	1. Baking pan	10-	
		3	1-

Paid. Oct. 5th 1899
To B. S. Austen Co
Ch. 4.

An invoice from 1899, reflecting activity in the workshop.

As so often I am grateful to Alison McCann at the West Sussex Record Office also to Robert and Jackie Winnicott for their constant advice and encouragement. Any errors remain my own.

1. Sussex Archaeological Collections XIX.
2. The accession of Richard I.
3. See P. Jerrome: Petworth from the Beginnings to 1660 (2002) Chaper 19.
4. Belle Chambre? The name does not appear to refer to a particular person.
5. See G. H. Kenyon: Petworth Town and Trades (1962) pages 122-125.
6. Petworth Society Magazine (PSM) 22 (December 1980) page 15.
West Sussex Record Office (WSRO) Oglethorpe and Anderson 3427.
7. See P. Jerrome: Tread lightly here (1990) pages 57-59.
8. See note 1.
9. West Sussex Gazette 22nd August 1968.
10. PSM 36 (June 1984).
11. See Susan Martin's article "A very ordinary lady" PSM 138 (December 2009).
12. Gwenda's wartime diary was published by the Whittington Press in 2002 under the title "The Diary of a Land Girl."
13. PSM 68 (June 1992).



Austens' Coronation window 1937.

"It doesn't advertise anything, but was just planned by my daughter to amuse the children passing by," writes Mr W. D. Morgan, proprietor of B. S. Austen & Co., ironmongers, of Petworth, in sending us this picture of one of his Coronation windows. The display was nevertheless successful in attracting much attention to the Austen premises, as well as delighting the small folk. Grey house-flannel was used for the body of the horse, which also had a black crepe-paper tail. The birds on the tree and the signpost were cut out, and the small trees at the back were placed on green paper to represent grassland. The real cowslips in the foreground were replaced with fresh ones each day.

From *The Ironmonger* June 5th 1937.

Bot. of CHAS. WHITCOMBE,
FAMILY AND DISPENSING CHEMIST.
HOMEOPATHIC MEDICINES. GENUINE DRUGS.
CATTLE MEDICINES, etc.
Physicians' Prescriptions carefully Prepared.
Agent for the Liverpool, London, and Globe Insurance Company.

1880

Aug 1	Diarrhoea Mixture to mix	1	6
6	Soreness & Mide Mouth	1	9
	Stop. & Bottle Mixture		
15	Mixture to mix do	1	6
24	Hemifadi Janos Water	2	
	Bottle Sp. Lotion	1	
27	Soap Liniment HB	1	6
July 7	Tonic Mixture M	1	6
18	Camph. Chloroform HB	1	7
21	Bottle Camphor Pills	1	
26	Box Ointment.		2
6	oz But. Lint		3
12	Tin Broude Ess. Perf	3	
Apr. 10	Tooth Powd. & Dentifrice	1	
	Syrhon Seltzer Water		8
21	Liquid Ammonia HB		4
27	Sp. Camphor & Tr. Myrrh		3
May 8	Do		3
13	Tin Rosaluta Food	2	
22	Linseed oil		2
	Scent for Pomade		6
	Fairy		19
	July 2 nd 1880		11
	for C. Whitcombe		

Invoice from Chas. Whitcombe Midsummer 1880.
We have omitted name of recipient.

George Garland's "Sussex" books (2) The Mistress of Stanton's Farm

John Halsham's *Idlehurst* (PSM 148) was published in 1898; Marcus Woodward's *Mistress of Stanton's Farm*² in 1938. Different as they are, the two books, span a kind of Golden Age of "Sussex" writing as defined by George Garland's collection. Woodward was a popular writer of his time on natural history subjects and an occasional contributor to Arthur Beckett's *Sussex County Magazine*, but *Mistress of Stanton's Farm*, published two years before he died in 1940, is, one suspects, at once a new departure and a labour of love. A native of Ditchling, Woodward had known Stanton's Farm at East Chilmington, a few miles from Lewes, as a boy and had first-hand recollection of his subject, who died in 1893. "I remember the goodies that 'Grandma' would bring forth every time I ran into her kitchen." Woodward was a friend of the grandchildren rather than a blood relative and in 1938 he modestly dismissed his presentation as a "dish of chestnuts." In introducing the book Arthur Beckett politely demurred, noting the while that, on looking to supply historical background Woodward had incorporated a good deal of material from other sources "in the manner that is now fashionable among writers on historical subjects." Did Beckett approve of this? It is impossible now to say. Somewhat similarly, while the book is replete with lists of recipes, herbal cures and sundry household practicalities, Woodward tends to use published sources rather than the originals. "I have avoided those applying to the grosser dishes, such as those of the fleshpots, and favoured those which seem to me to be of a pleasant and humorous nature."

The story's beginnings were already in 1938 well beyond the recall of anyone living. Susannah Stacey (née Hooker) had been born in 1812 at Horley in Surrey, the privileged child of wealthy parents. Even in her teens, and riding her distinctive white pony, she was a notable figure at the local hunt. Her mother had a consuming interest in herbs and herbal remedies which she passed to her daughter, an apt pupil. Susannah had no lack of admirers, but her choice of husband was quite unexpected. Not yet twenty, Susannah and a young female cousin hired a coach from Smallfield, Horley, to Cuckfield, there to marry, apparently on impulse, Mr William Stacey, a farmer and widower some twenty years her senior. "Nobody," Woodward observes, "ever understood her motive especially as she was to become the stepmother of five young children." It would be the early 1830s and Victoria not yet upon the throne. Clearly the truth will be more complex than the remaining vestiges of tradition. It would appear that Susannah took little time to adjust to her new position and was in no way

overawed by it. A certain hauteur accompanied her in all that she did. No one was more respectful than Master Stacey himself. "Him she always addressed by his surname only: he was 'Stacey' and never anything else. For his part he always addressed his wife as Ma'am, as if speaking to the Queen."

Whatever 'Grandma' had in mind when she so suddenly left Horley, she soon set her distinctive stamp on her new home. Stacey was a convivial man, a parade example of the old-time sporting farmer with a particular passion for the hunt and for cricket. The farmhouse was a byword for its generous hospitality. A regular stopping point for the Southdown Hunt, an annual rendezvous for the Brookside Harriers and the Surrey Staghounds, Stantons was a magnet for local society. When the Hunt came to visit, Grandma like her husband would be quickly into the saddle, at least in earlier days, or follow on in her pony-chaise, her awareness of the terrain serving her well in making up the time.

From the beginning, and given that "she never lost her sense of dignity" Grandma was a bridge over the vast chasm between the relatively opulent and the desperately poor. If, for modern eyes, there seems more than an element of condescension in a clutch of remembered recipes for the poor, there is at least a consciousness of their existence. Left over meat is to be collected from plates to add to fish bones, heads and fins then cooked with barley, oatmeal or boiled grits. "It makes a very nice broth, seasoned with pepper, salt and an onion." Certainly there was no such scrimping in the farmhouse itself. The labourers, as was the custom lived in house and ate at an adjacent table to the principals. If their fare was coarser and their wages a mere pittance, they certainly did not starve. Woodward writes of apple turnovers a foot long, six inches wide and correspondingly thick.

Victoria's early years were halcyon days for farming, and devoted as he was to the hunt and to cricket, William Stacey lived in some style. Susannah was very much her own woman "like the duenna of a feudal castle when her husband was absent in Palestine on a crusade." Tenants though the Staceys were, the parlour at Stantons had very much the aura of an estate office and the lord of the manor was a regular and admiring visitor. By nature a solitary silent man, he might sit long hours in the withdrawing-room at Stantons. Susannah deferred to no one and was visited by lord and peasant alike, no less a personage than Garibaldi appearing on one occasion. "A born ruler and domineering of character," Susannah dispensed charity freely but very much on her own terms, while her ever-growing prestige seemed to feed on itself. Harsh she could certainly be. Her pony whip was ever to hand and woe betide the child or grandchild who spoke out of turn or rested hand or elbow on the dining table. Instant punishment would be what Grandma called a "spat" with the whip. The tale is told of Molly the teenage maid who secretly

washed her stockings with Grandma's precious soap, and, worse, stole time from her household duties to do this. "Slut" Grandma pronounced and only the pleading of a granddaughter prevented a whipping.

No work of any kind was permitted in the Stantons household on a Sunday and Grandma's stately progress to church on Sunday mornings, in pattens if wet, was as unalterable as the seasons. On the other hand she operated on the very marches of sorcery and consciously "adopted a witch-like pose." While she openly professed to believing in none of it, it was agreed that a great part of her success in healing lay with nurturing a corresponding faith in those she treated. And, protestations aside, Grandma had fixed notions that nothing could shake. Never buy from the broomsquire in May: "If you buy a broom in May, you'll sweep the master of the house away." "He who would live for aye must eat sage in May."

Contradictions abounded. A special concoction of thyme "enabled one to see the fairies." Did Grandma believe this? Her "clients" no doubt did. Devoted churchwoman, wise woman and witch, Grandma might appear all three at once while Dr Smythe the Lewes doctor was her constant friend and confidant. From miles around people would trudge to Stantons to consult the "wise woman." At once open-handed and frugal, Susannah would dispense free of charge at her discretion, but be fanatical in her insistence in the return of empty medicine bottles. She brooked no opposition and insisted on a permanent settled order at Stantons.

Washing was once a month and performed to an unchanging and inflexible ritual. "I don't know what the world is coming to" was Grandma's standard response to the bungling intervention of some unfortunate newcomer, rather as she would when, in the kitchen, some innocent rolled pastry in the opposite direction to what was laid down. "Old Sophie" had begun as a girl of twelve and fifty years on had progressed to chief washer-woman. The helpers would come in to Stantons at between five and six in the morning, winter and summer, often trudging several miles and lighting the rough tracks with lanterns, on their way to light the coppers.

If "Grandma," as she claimed, believed in "none of these things," she hid it well. The villainous Robin Goodfellow might still be said to haunt the dairy to frustrate the butter-makers and a suitable incantation be in order. A swallow's nest should on no account be disturbed for swallows would bring either gold or children to a house. House crickets, the good spirits of the hearth must never be disturbed, or a feather bed turned on a Sunday, lest bad dreams attend those who would sleep in that bed during the following week. In fairness it must be said that many of these beliefs would be generally held and not seem to conflict with

orthodox religious thinking, being at worst marginal to it. Quite often advice is simply pragmatic, like admonishing the cook to be thrifty with coals and cinders. Once wetted these are better than whole coals for furnaces, ironing stoves and ovens. Similarly with this scent to draw rats: "Take three pennyworth of oil of rhodium³ and the same of aniseed and caraway seed, dress a piece of red herring with the above."

Grandma was perhaps happiest in the herb garden at Stantons. Every sunny summer day would find her there, lovingly tending her plants or gathering leaves or bloom, a sun-bonnet on her head and the inevitable white gloves "protecting her beautiful hands." Camomile paths and a camomile lawn sent up their scent into the summer air to mingle with thyme, marjoram, pennyroyal, rosemary, tansy and the rest. There would be clary whose very name recalled an earlier age when a decoction of the seeds had been used to clear dim eyes. Now the plant itself would produce a favourite English wine. Who would now, a hundred and fifty years on, grow skirret as an alternative if slightly bitter alternative to parsnip? It had been a favourite of the Emperor Tiberius but had it come with the Romans or later from China? At Stantons it was fried in butter, strongly flavoured with cinnamon and served with an orange sauce. Belladonna grew well in the chalk and Grandma would distil a very potent essence from the virulently poisonous roots for use in plaster and poultice. If in origin a "foreigner" Grandma soon set herself to master the local Sussex dialect and become as proficient as anyone.

If Horley perhaps had had accurate timepieces, there were none such at Stantons "or at least none to which the slightest attention would be paid." Grandma had her own conception of time:

Make time in time, while time lasts
All time's no time when time's past.

Increasingly, in her own autocratic way, Grandma dispensed her potions far and wide. At seven in the evening, winter or summer, Stantons would take on the air of a later surgery; people coming from miles around to seek the wise woman's help, departing always with the admonition to "return the bottle," ringing in their ears. Mary the maid, seasoned with the experience of fifty years "would set about her tasks with a will . . . putting out in orderly array sponges, swabs and linen bandages, ointments, medicines and magic charms, and, most particularly, sterilizing, as best she could, a formidable-looking set of surgical instruments . . . without a qualm Grandma would make an incision to open a poisonous wound, dig down into a boil, deal with a fractured collar-bone or twisted knee, put a few stitches in a broken head, or draw a tooth."

For bronchitis Grandma would instruct Mary to fetch a can of skim milk and a pot of grated mutton kidney fat, a tallow candle and a sheet of brown paper. The suet to be boiled in a cup of milk and taken internally, the tallow and brown paper to be applied as a chest plaster. Thyme tea and honey were Grandma's standard antidote for whooping cough, while, as ever, she would be ready with a charm. Thus for burns and scalds:

"There came two Angels from the North,
One was Fire and one was Frost.
Out Fire! In Frost!
In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

Grandma did not confine her ministrations to humans. She was equally in demand for her drenches for cows and horses and even credited with halting a local outbreak of foot and mouth disease.

Wine making and bottling each had their separate celebrations like washing, baking, or, indeed, the twelve days of Christmas, when Stantons traditionally kept open house, for waits, mummers and the less fortunate in general. We are not told Grandma's attitude to the smugglers but brandy was often used in quantity in wine-making. Garibaldi's liqueur celebrated the famous visit by that statesman to Stantons.

The walls at the farmhouse were bare except for the occasional mask of a fox, and except for the odd rug the floors were bare too, but the house was alive with children and spaniels, while "small notice would be taken if a sheep, pig, duck or chicken wandered indoors." Robins hopped fearlessly everywhere and over all hung the fragrance of drying herbs.

As the century advanced farming became more straitened. The days of plenty were long past and Grandma would have known that. William Stacey died in 1883 at the age of ninety one. Early in 1893 Grandma simply retired to bed to die. She was buried in the cemetery at Westmeston, "the most singular woman of her generation in all that countryside."

P.

1. Marcus Woodward is featured as Modern South Saxon No. 117 in Sussex County Magazine 1938.
2. Published by Heath Cranton.
3. Rosewood.

A sleuth in the woodyard

The woodyard is the one at Petworth House. It stretches from behind the length of the servants' quarters to the high wall facing on to North Street. The wall of the churchyard on the south side and the battery house and a wall from the old bakehouse on the north, make the area into an enclosed and peaceful oasis. Today the only sign of any activity is a greenhouse with growing plants!

It was not always such an idyllic area. It was a bustling and busy backyard. It once had a laundry, a brewery and a bakehouse. None of these exist now, but there is enough evidence on the ground, and, with the help of the Petworth Archives, it is possible to build up a picture of how things were in the woodyard during the nineteenth century.

One file, PHA 9766, is particularly helpful. It contains plans of the cowyard and the woodyard. Another file has a plan of the brewhouse building. These files are from the 19th century, but unfortunately there is no exact date. The reason for the plans is uncertain. It is probably fair to hazard a guess that the layouts of the cow and woodyards date from the first half of the century during the time of the 3rd Earl. Among the clues that point to them being early 19th century is that they show a slaughterhouse where the lodge is today. Someone, probably at a later date, has drawn in pencil a two-inch gas pipe leading to the slaughterhouse but indicating it is to the lodge. Another clue is that the shape of the back of the servants quarters' agrees with the tithe map of 1838 and not the OS map of 1874.

The town had gas in 1836. Isaac Mercer who had the contract for installing the gas, fell out with Henry Upton over the payment of his bill. One of the items in contention was overcharging but according to Mercer, the 3rd Earl had instructed three extra days work to install gas for the gas stove in the pantry.

However, on the detailed plan of the brewhouse and the bakery, the shape of the servants' quarters agrees with the shape in the OS map of 1874, and so that drawing is of a later date.

The laundry area was concentrated in the buildings along the boundary wall with the churchyard. The building nearest to the servants' quarters was shown as the washhouse. This building was built in the early 19th century, according to recent research by Archaeology South East. Next in line comes the brick water tank in a building from the mid 17th century, then the lower laundry. Then, in buildings already in situ by 1706, is a small washhouse and then charcoal and pimps. However, all this doesn't tally with the inventory taken on the death of the 3rd Earl in 1837 when there appears to be a room over the laundry, and a room over the laundry next to the stairs!



The woodyard about 1905.



The battery house viewed from the cowyard about 1905.

This could just mean that the bakehouse was being used as a laundry as well. Two such rooms exist. Architect John Loudon writing in the 19th century tells his readers that the brewhouse should adjoin the washhouse and the bakehouse. On the one hand brewhouses and laundries share a common technology, that of boiler and a copious water supply. On the other the brewer shared with the baker the problems of mixing and caring for yeast. All three produced strong and pervasive smells.

In some houses one room or building served all three purposes with the same copper being used! This seems unlikely for Petworth because the 3rd Earl's inventory describes the contents of the laundry as having:

"a fender, a set of copper kettles, 4 window curtains, a mangle, 3 cloths to ditto, an ironing board with two trestles, 6 ironing stools, 13 chairs, a pair of steps, an iron bound chest, a box, 8 flaskets, a brown pan, 7 tin candlesticks, 6 trenchers, one small looking glass, 8 stocking boards, 22 flat irons, 10 stands, 3 Italian irons, 2 sling stones, a handbarrow, 2 ironing cloths, 2 boxes."

The washhouse had:

"a hoe, a fire shovel, a large round tub, an oval tub, a 5 hole washing trough, 5 wood shoots, 1 wringing horse, 1 form, 1 stool, 1, 2 pails, 1 hand dish, 1 coal hod, 1 copper, 1 starch pot, 1 ditto stewpan, 2 ditto saucepans, a pair of steps, a napkin board."

The next item on the inventory is the brewhouse, so possibly they were using the bakery and the confectionery for laundry purposes, even though the contents of the bakery and confectionery are also shown which means there was rather a number of items in a fairly limited space.

The laundry itself was moved down to the Horsham Road in 1873 after a fire. A report in the West Sussex Gazette September 26, 1872 reported that the fire originated in the laundry which adjoined the servants bedrooms and the china closet and had been recently built and had only been completed 10 days previously.

In the inventory on the death of the 1st Lord Leconfield in 1869, the contents of the laundry rooms are noted after those of the bakehouse, brewer's bedroom, the butcher's bedroom, the brewhouse and the woodyard. This time it comprises a lower laundry, a washing laundry, laundry and a passage between laundries with two coal boxes. Not all the contents are the same. Gone is the five hole trough and the candlesticks are now brass, and the flat irons have increased by one!

The fact that the brewers and butchers bedrooms come between the bakehouse and brewery agree with the actual plan of the brewhouse building. It was divided into three with the brewhouse nearest to North Street, the next section being the

bakehouse, and the section nearest the servants' quarters was the confectionery (not mentioned in Lord Leconfield's inventory). There was an upstairs over the confectionery and the bakehouse. The brewhouse went to the full height of the two-storey building.

Once a brew was started it would go on for more than one day. It involved boiling, cooling, fermenting and boiling again. Temperatures and timing were critical, and it was the lot of the brewer to be working in the dark with scalding liquid, slippery floors and steep staircases and by candlelight. Keeping out the sun and ventilation so that the air could circulate was most important.

On the death of the 3rd Earl, his cellars contained 3000 gallons of small beer and 8200 gallons of ale (presumably all home brewed in the dark).

By the 1869 inventory, the brewhouse had been modernised with a copper hopback, along with several other fairly up-to-date features such as copper refrigerators. Pamela Sambrook in her book *Country House Brewing in England 1500-1900*, writes:

"As late as 1869, the brewhouse at Petworth seems to have been equipped to a level in keeping with the elaborate kitchen, pantry and larders, all amounted to bulk catering of a very high quality, the domestic offices were provided on what have been little short of commercial scale."

The brewhouse survived until it was converted into 3rd Lord Leconfield's electric generating station in 1906. Fortunately four very small sepia prints survived with the specification. These show a louvered lantern on the ridge of the roof at the brewhouse end and few if any windows. That was all that was known for sure about the brewhouse. That is until more research can be done and originals of the sepia photographs turn up. This is not an impossible hope because suddenly three ten by eight photographic prints have come to light of the completed battery house, and, joy of joys, the bakehouse was left standing at the time!

There is so much more to learn about the woodyard in just the 19th century. For as well as the brewing, baking and washing there were building works. The washhouse, the wall protecting the slope down to the tunnels and the alterations to the servants' quarters would have all produced dust and noise and disturbance. There was the gas pipe going in, and the drains coming out.

When the 3rd Earl threw out his stuffed birds, which had become moth eaten and mouldy, into the woodyard, it probably made no difference to the ambiance.

Janet Austin

“Good on time, but . . .”

My father was part of the influx of West Country farming families into the southeast in the years before 1914. These included the Davys, Dallyns, Retallacks, Hutchings and Smallridges. My grandfather, Fred Morrish, had been head gardener for the Lord Lieutenant of Devonshire at Glenthorne, just outside Lynton, hence my christian name. He took Halfpenny Farm at Gomshall, near Guildford for a time. He had a milk pony which needed to be caught and harnessed before taking the milk to the station for the milk train. One day they had just loaded the milk when the pony simply took off! They rushed across the fields to the station to find that the porters had already finished unloading. The pony had arrived safely and backed up to the platform all on his own. My father then moved to Farnborough in Kent where he met my mother. The London buses ran as far as Farnborough and advertised it as a “trip to the country” which was fine as far as they or the Londoners were concerned, but the trippers didn’t know much about the country and after suffering open gates and litter for a few years, when a hay knife was pulled out of the rick and a cow lay on it with disastrous results, he moved.

His next farm was Manor Farm (now Church Farm) at Bepton. The church lies alongside the farmyard and he and my grandmother are buried there on the south side of the church. All the boys worked on the farm, while my father did some contract ploughing using one of the new-fangled tractors. Later he went as working partner to Huxholt at Harting.

Both my father and his elder brother wanted to farm on their own, so they bought a small dairy business in Colliers Wood (near Mitcham in South London). They had the express intention of building it up and selling to leave enough profit for them each to take a farm. By working from either 3.30 (to pasteurise the milk) or 4.30 to load up barrows and start delivering till afternoon then canvassing for more customers and then back to wash bottles, they achieved their target and in 1928 they each took a farm. My father took Great Allfields and his brother, Bert, went to Empshott in Hants.

By now I was one year old so I don’t remember the move! Before we moved in the Estate had put in a bathroom and W.C. and one of the old Petworth ranges, so there was hot water! The cold came from the well in the garden raised by a semi-rotary pump in the kitchen (about fifty pumps per flush, as far as I can remember). This was the only water supply until about 1936 when the Estate put in their own supply to the farms north of Petworth: Gunters Bridge, Osiers, Ratford, Keyfox, Langhurst and Great Allfields. They subsequently found that at milking times there wasn’t enough pressure to supply the ones at the top so they had to put in a

reserve tank at Langhurst.

Having worked with cows all his life my father wanted to run a dairy but there was no cowshed at Great Allfields. The Estate didn’t think it was a viable proposition to convert all the “New” barn into a cowshed, so only did one end – enough for 12 cows. After a year or two other people started producing milk and they converted the rest of it to a cowshed holding 28 cows and we milked there until 1967 when the herd was moved down to what was Little Allfields in the re-organisation of Estate farm boundaries.

At busy times like haymaking I, at about 4 or 5 years old, would get the cows in for afternoon milking and there are photos of me with a bucket and stool nearly as big as me milking one of the cows called Fountain who was quiet enough to allow this little menace to tackle her great big teats!

Before the arrival of mains water the animals had to drink from the ponds, and when these ran low or even dried up completely it was necessary to take containers in a cart to a dip-hole such as the one near Cheyne Bridge (pronounced China!) or at Isling Bridge. The cows would have to be driven to the river at Hoe Bridge or Isling Bridge to get their fill. A cow will drink 15 gallons a day plus 5 gallons for each gallon of milk she is producing – a five gallon cow would need 40 gallons a day. Not a bucketful. For the benefit of metric users that’s 180 litres a day.

In those days fertilizer was not in common use apart from lime and probably basic slag once every seven years or so. Yields were low and the cost of fertilizer precluded its general use. Farming was very hard in the thirties and my father was lucky enough to get an agency for Calthrops cattle feed, which entailed going round the farms in the district trying to get orders. Prices were about £4 a ton then but with milk prices at about 9d a gallon net even £4 was expensive. There used to be some four or five different lorries going round picking up milk for different firms at about 10d a gallon, less transport, which was up for negotiation. When the Milk Marketing Board was set up in 1933 they cut the cost of transport to a third of what it had been and ran the Board as well. He also got an agency for Hadfields fertilizer which gave him two strings to his bow. Even so, he found that on paper at any rate, he had lost nearly all the £1000 with which he had started. Like a lot of farmers, even on better land than the Weald, the war saved them and the ploughing-up subsidy of £2 per acre which the War Agricultural Committee had to approve kept many farmers going as also the gradual increase in prices due to the difficulties of importing food.

We had an old grey long-wing Fordson tractor and a Ransome RSLD YL two-furrow plough, but everything else was horse-drawn equipment or adapted for tractor use. I first drove the tractor when I had to stand on the clutch with both

feet and pull on the wing support to get it down. Not the sort of thing which Health and Safety would approve! In 1940 my father scraped together enough to buy a new Standard Fordson tractor – which was bright orange and everyone was sure it was a target for German planes! By now I was 13 and out on the farm as soon as I got home from school.

Having had a good education themselves my parents were determined to do their best for me and instead of sending me to the local school my mother taught me at home under the P.N.E.U. (Parents National Educational Union Scheme) until the age of eight when they managed to send me to Midhurst Grammar School. The fees were £5 a term with a bus season ticket £1/16/0 a term and getting me into Petworth and back until I was old enough to cycle the three miles on my own, which must have been very hard for them.

I had gone to Midhurst when I was eight in September 1935. Mr Heald the headmaster was nearing the end of his long tenure. Mr Lucas came in 1938, but everything seemed to go on much as before. Mrs Lucas would begin teaching early in the war and continue long afterwards. It was a very small junior class until the scholarship boys came in at eleven. Mr de Cartier from Balls Cross would bring me into Petworth in the morning to catch the bus and my father would pick me up in Petworth Square at 3.30. At least that was the arrangement. My father was one of those people who simply couldn't wear a watch. As soon as he put it on, it stopped. Not wearing a watch, he was good on time, but sometimes, waiting in the Square, I'd think "not that good." There were troops everywhere during the war but we didn't see a lot of them. For a while the Kings Royal Rifles were at Frith with some of the wives sleeping at the Stag but what we children really appreciated was a trip to the Canadian camp in Holland Wood.

The common was always grazed at this time. Jack Chitty had 52 acres at High Buildings and "Lofty" a very tall man from Byworth, used to bike over to keep an eye on them. I remember he had a bike with double handlebars, he also had quite a taste for fresh milk! Lofty wasn't the only local character. Another was Fred Jupp, an elderly bachelor who lived with his brother and family during the war. The wages went up and my father explained that because of this he was going to have to deduct about 1/- a week in P.A.Y.E. He explained it very carefully and Fred was with him all the way, till at the end he said, "I don't know – I wish they hadn't put the money up!" After a couple of weeks of this when he was paid again he said, "Ave they bin for it yet?" "For what?" "This 'ere tax." "No, I have to send it on each month." "Huh! Can't want it very much then!"

Another time, when paying an older man, my father apologised for having had to put him on to raking the cavings away when we were threshing, a filthy job, and he said "That's all right, when we've done I'll have a bath." A voice from the

kitchen behind him said, "That's what you said last year, but nothing came of it!" I remember him saying he had got a hundred cabbage plants from somewhere and said "I gave 'alf to my 'ere son, 'alf to my 'ere son-in-law and I 'ad 'alf." He lived next door to a friend of mine and told his sister off for singing in her bath – "They'll 'ere you", meaning the German planes overhead. She said "Of course they won't. And anyway, what about the wireless?" "Ah, that's different, that ain't we!" When the bombing was at its height in 1940 he said, "If this 'ere bombing gets any worse I'll take the missus and goo right away from it – right down 'Ampshire!"

From just before the war and for the next few years there were very few people in the Balls Cross area who had cars and so the roads were nearly always empty – and just right for play! Once one of us managed to get hold of a pair of roller-skates, but the surface of the roads was just rolled chips of stone – much too rough to roller-skate on, but there was one bit that had been tarred by the end of Crawford Lane and we spent many happy hours skating and falling down on that patch! There was always plenty of time to get out of the way if we heard, say, Admiral Heath coming from Ebernoe in his Morris and we could track him by the toots at each bend! There were so few cars that we knew the sound of their engines.

That reminds me that we had a dog called Paddy and he used to do the rounds of Balls Cross dustbins each morning on the off chance. If he was in the yard when Golds' the butcher's van came on a Tuesday and Friday morning he was given a bone. One day he was down the Kirdford Road when the butcher came and he didn't hear it and came back too late, stood in the yard, puzzled, then shot off up to High Buildings, to Mr Chitty's where the butcher went next and got his bone there!

Talking of cars and their individuality reminds me that we not only knew the sounds of their engines but, of course, their registration numbers too. Funny how some things stick in the memory! For example Mr Biggs' was a maroon Buick(?) number BM? 385, Mr Len Wadey ran a grey Ford van LPO 760 and my father's was a blue black Morris 10/4 BPO 279 which was around for a good many years. I think it cost him £189 six months old in 1936, (having succeeded to the same insurance policy I know the date was 9th July!)

Box Cottage must be one of the most bombed places in the area – in November 1940 one fell in the field 100 yards away, followed about three nights later by one on the garden hedge and a few days later a group of four, two each side of the road, a hundred yards down towards Kirdford. That was the time when we heard the drone of planes heading for Coventry most of the night. I remember being on the binder in the summer of 1940 when we saw an He 111 coming down at

Frithfold and diving into the ditch. We'd already heard them machine-gunning the ground.

In the late thirties we had three horses, Prince, Smut and Ginger. Smut overstrained herself when Prince, in the shafts of a loaded wagon, slipped down and she was left as the trace-horse to take strain while things were sorted out. Later we had a younger horse instead, but there was little for him to do so he was sold to Mr Chitty. He used to turn him out into a field at night, but he was always breaking the gate down to get out. One night Mr Chitty forgot to shut the gate – next morning the horse was still in the field!

I have often thought it strange how some farms keep on changing hands and others stay the same for years. For example, Mr Biggs went to Crawfold Farm in about 1926 and it next changed hands in the sixties and Chandlers are still there. My father went to Great Allfields in 1928 and I left there in 1995. Ivan Wade's father took over Butcherland in about 1926 and Ivan is still there. Meanwhile, places like Little Allfields had George Muggeridge till about 1938, Mr King till 1947, Mr Faulds until 1963, then Mr Tester till 1967 when the boundaries were rearranged and it became part of Allfields. Langhurst, too had a chequered history – Murray till 1928, Holliday till 1936(?) then Childs till about 1948, then Mitchell till 1959. I had it temporarily till Mr Gibbs came in 1970.

My father had been a Methodist lay preacher but, during the war, with petrol as scarce as it was, he went to Ebernoe Church, something that would continue after the war. He started the Ebernoe Young Farmers' Club and another at Petworth School.

Lynton Morrish was talking to the Editor.

