

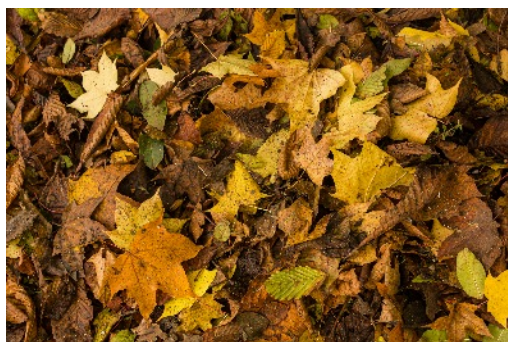
Newsletter

Autumn 2020



Founded 1984

www.rudgwick-rps.org.uk



Shades of Autumn © Doug Betts

Chairman's Report

Roger Nash

This year has been the most unusual year, not only in the society's history, but also in our everyday lives. Firstly, I hope that you and your family and friends have weathered the storm. If not, you have our best wishes for the future. We can be thankful we live in a rural area with less chance of infection and our lovely countryside to compensate us and lift our spirits.

One piece of unrelated sad news is that our committee member Vanesa Sanderson, daughter of our founder Stan Smith, lost her husband Denis several weeks ago, after a long illness. We welcome her back to the committee after several months away. Many in Rudgwick remember Denis for his contribution to village life, and as 'the bee man'.

Thankfully, planning issues have been less than in 2019. However, you will already know of the proposal, not yet an application, for Loxwood Claypits in the woods west of Rudgwick. If you live on Loxwood Road, you have much to concern you if the traffic from this proposal begins to flow past your house. We all share this concern as we all use this road – and the A281 to which it links. The effect on ancient woodland and not so ancient habitats on the site and along the track to it will be catastrophic for the countryside. Potential noise, lighting, and damage to the soil, together with the disruption to those walking the woods with or without a dog, will undo the good which came from increased numbers using the area during lockdown. The impact will be felt in Rudgwick, Loxwood and Alfold. RPS will fight this as we always do. You can do so too, and we will keep you informed.

It is a real shame that we cannot now have our Autumn Meeting, no mince pies, no glass of mulled wine, no speaker, and no conclusion to our AGM. There having been no summer walks this year, we can only hope for a better year in 2021.

One thing which has limped on through 2020 is the HDC/National Lottery project to provide the district with 20 local trails. I am pleased to say the one we devised for Rudgwick has now gone to the printers and will soon be available as a leaflet. That leaves you, who know Rudgwick well, to try out the other 19! Ours is a circular walk taking in Church Street, the Downs Link, and the Border Path. In connection with this, RPS are looking into the access from the Downs Link to the village.

Last, but not least, congratulations to those involved with the Neighbourhood Plan (especially Paul Kornicky and the parish council) for getting it to HDC in what they hope is a finished state. Will next year bring us to the referendum stage?

In this Edition:

- Chairman's report.....1
- Planning Matters.....2
- Spraying potatoes.....3
- Dutch courage.....4
- Lost in Sussex..... 7
- Jenkins family.....8
-Ernest Buss's little shop.....11

The Rudgwick Neighbourhood Plan was submitted to Horsham District Council (HDC) on 4 September and the Regulation 16 consultation is now underway from 2 October until 20 November. This is a hugely important step for the draft plan, as this consultation and the subsequent review of the plan and responses by an Independent Examiner should enable the plan to progress to the final stage of the Neighbourhood Plan adoption process, the public referendum. The independent examination will determine whether the neighbourhood plan meets the basic conditions, i.e. is the plan consistent with existing national and local planning policies and does it meet environmental requirements and human rights legislation.

Should the examiner conclude that the plan fails to meet the basic conditions, HDC in discussion with Rudgwick Parish Council can 'agree' suggested modification of the plan to make it acceptable. HDC must then publish a decision statement within five weeks (of receiving the Independent Examiner's report) setting out if it intends to send the Plan to referendum (and if not, why not). Hopefully this will all conclude by January 2021, but current Covid Regulations would then delay the holding of the referendum until May.

The review of Horsham District's Local Plan (the HDLP) to replace the existing plan (the Horsham District Planning Framework - HDPF) has been delayed by 6 months. The expected adoption date for the new plan is now June 2022. So, the existing HDPF planning policies will continue for some time yet.

But, on 27 November 2020 the HDPF reaches its 5 year anniversary of adoption. National planning rules (National Planning Policy Framework - NPPF) then dictate that Horsham's annual housing requirement is re-calculated using the standard formula. So, the 800 homes required by the plan, overnight becomes 920 and Horsham's target for the year 2020/21 will then be 841 homes (after apportioning the numbers). This is no great issue for Horsham as it is approaching 600 homes ahead of its cumulative requirement since 2011. If only it were that simple!

On 6 August the government launched two consultations on housing. One is

a White Paper 'Planning for the Future' and one innocuously entitled 'Changes to the current planning system'. The latter one has 2 main proposals with huge ramifications, yet it is to be in force by the year end. Firstly, changes are proposed to the standard formula resulting in Horsham having to meet a minimum of 1,715 homes per year, from 1 April 2021. HDC has publicly declared that this is unachievable and that they oppose it. You may well have read in the press about the 'mutant formula'; well, this is it!

Secondly, it proposes that development sites of under (e.g.) 50 homes could have no requirement to provide any Affordable Homes (the current limit is 10). This would mean that in Rudgwick where sites are (thankfully) generally less than 50, we would get no Affordable Homes at all. This proposal seems to completely ignore those in desperate need of such housing. We can only hope that consultees are so outraged that the government concludes a rethink is necessary. Consultation closed 1 October.

Turning to the White Paper, there are a lot of blue-sky ideas but without much detail. However, if it becomes a reality, then local influence over planning decisions will be severely diluted. So much so that the Local Government Association (LGA) & National Association of Local Councils (NALC) have launched a joint initiative to challenge the proposals entitled 'Keep Planning Local'. Rudgwick Parish Council has unanimously agreed to support them.

The core proposition is that all land would need to be designated under one of three categories; Growth, Protected or Renewal, on maps prepared as part of local plans.

Growth areas are declared '*suitable for substantial development, and where outline approval for development would be automatically secured for forms and types of development specified in the Plan*'.

This designation appears to be the equivalent of both the current site allocation process and outline planning permission, but all decided 'up front'. Strong local influence over the subsequent detail of any actual development seems very much in doubt.

Protected areas '*include sites and areas which, as a result of their particular environmental and/or cultural characteristics, would justify more stringent development controls to ensure sustainability. This would include areas such as Green Belt, Areas of Outstanding Natural Beauty (AONBs), Conservation Areas, Local Wildlife Sites, areas of significant flood risk and important areas of green space. It would also include areas of open countryside outside of land in Growth or Renewal areas*'.

This designation appears reasonable for those protected areas with an existing national classification, but there is insufficient detail as to how other areas of open countryside can be protected. Given that the NPPF frustrated local designations, such as 'Area of Great Landscape Value' (AGLV) used extensively just over the border in Surrey, the lack of detail is worrying.

Renewal areas are declared '*suitable for some development*' with '*a general presumption in favour of development established in legislation (achieved by strengthening the emphasis on taking a plan-led approach, with plans reflecting the general appropriateness of these areas for development)*'.

Whilst this designation appears to be 'business as usual' there is no clarity at all about (for example) development outside of settlement built-up-area-boundaries generally being on allocated sites only. This existing policy has historically been the main defence against inappropriate development in the countryside.

Perhaps unsurprisingly, the document fails to suggest any penalties for developer 'land banking' or 'token starts' to keep planning permissions alive; nor does it address unrealistic landowner's 'hope value' expectation. Yet planning authorities are threatened with even more penalties if they don't allocate development land quickly enough. In a very telling statement the document casually notes that 'the beneficiaries of planning gain' are 'landowners and developers' and then suggests concessions for developers to further defer infrastructure payments to ease their cash-flow. At the same time it suggests that local authorities must borrow to support the timely delivery of infrastructure.

I could go on, but I won't! Consultation closes 29 October 2020
<https://www.gov.uk/government/consultations/planning-for-the-future>

Spraying potatoes

Malcolm Francis

I presume that everybody has some vivid memory of an event that took place when only a few years old. I can remember watching from my parent's house in Lynwick Street a helicopter flying very low in one of Greathouse Farm's fields, very close to the railway bridge. I was so young that I was actually frightened of the noise and the way that it disappeared amongst the trees and then reappeared. My father said that the helicopter was spraying a field of potatoes as there were insects eating them.. (I think it was the first helicopter that I had seen). *The helicopter had a canopy rather like a large bubble. In later years I found out that it was a Bell 47 helicopter. It was similar to the ones used in the very popular TV series, called MASH, set in the Korean War where they were used to fly out casualties to a field hospital.*



I was so frightened by the helicopter, but fascinated at the same time, that I set about drawing a large picture of this new strange aircraft....

Moving forward to my school Collyers in Horsham; it had a wonderful library and I was always browsing aviation subjects and learnt a lot about crop spraying with the very effective insecticide DDT and the battle with Colorado Beetles infesting potato crops. In more recent times researching the whole history of those beetles, and the effectiveness of DDT, is quite bizarre. DDT (dichloro-diphenyl-trichloroethane) was developed as the first of the modern synthetic insecticides in the 1940s. It was initially used with great effect to combat malaria, typhus, and the other insect-borne human diseases among both military and civilian populations.

It also was effective for insect control in crop and livestock production, in institutions, homes, and gardens. DDT's quick success as a pesticide carried on until the major risks to human health and wildlife, especially birds, were discovered, along with the insect pests becoming resistant to that insecticide.

The Colorado beetle was planned to be used as a biological weapon as long ago as the First World war. I have found on the internet a very interesting report written by an American author how the Colorado beetle was known in the Cold War years as the Yankee beetle by the East German government. They claimed that the disastrous potato crop failure was caused by the Colorado beetles being air dropped in the days of the Berlin Airlift in 1948. Another section of the report regarding the use of the beetles during the Second World War describes the suspicion by the Germans that Britain was importing Colorado beetles for biological warfare, as one of their spies reported that an American B24 Liberator aircraft had arrived with a cargo of 15,000 live potato beetles. The Germans then started investigating the effectiveness of air-dropping live beetles by dropping 40,000 near a German town named Speyer (near Frankfurt). Each beetle had been painted for identification. Less than one hundred beetles were found after the test air drop. (*which surely could have been straight out of the comedy "Allo Allo. One could imagine the German lieutenant Gruber saying "where are my lovely beetles?"*).

The report notes that the Germans seemed to have missed the fact that they had added increased risk to their own potato harvest.

There is evidence that the Germans dropped Colorado beetles on the Isle of Wight and Swanage later in the War. Children were encouraged to search for them secretly, kill them in boiling water, and give them to the authorities. The whole report, which was classified as secret because of its biological warfare connotations, was only made public back in the '90s.

One last addition to my encounter with the helicopter, many years ago. I finished my drawing of the crop spraying helicopter in which I had included two pipes coming out of it, that were actually spraying little potatoes...much to the amusement of my parents.

Restoration of the brickworks to agriculture - some recent photographs

© Malcolm Francis



I am indebted to Wim van Kamperdijk from Holland for bringing this story to my attention, providing lots of information and a photograph of a military funeral in Rudgwick churchyard.

There are three heroes of this 1944 story; only one of them survived the war. Two were killed on 30 August 1944 at Shackleford Heath, near Peper Harow, Godalming. All three have close connections to Rudgwick in that year, the year of D-Day, V1 flying bombs (doodlebugs), and RAF bomber squadrons based at Dunsfold Aerodrome. It was also a year which began badly when the pilots and six crew of two Mitchell bombers of 98 and 180 Squadrons, RAF Volunteer Reserve (RAFVR), lost their lives at Pallinghurst on 7 January.

They had replaced RCAF squadrons, the Canadians having been there since the aerodrome was built by their engineers in May-October 1942. 180 Sqn, RAFVR, is part of this story too. The planes were the same - B25 twin-engined Mitchell bombers - and their missions were similar, including to bomb the German V1 bases in France.

The men in this story are:

- **Wing Commander (Flying) Lewis Alan LYNN**, DSO and bar, DFC, VK, Commanding Officer, 139 Wing, RAF, Second Tactical Air Force, Dunsfold, aged 28.
- **Reserve 1e Luitenant (Ft Lt) Cornelis (Cees) WAARDENBURG**, DFC, BL, BK, VK, navigator/observer/bomb aimer to W/Cdr Lynn and a trained pilot, 320 Squadron (Royal Dutch Naval Air Service), RAF; transferred to 180 Sqn just before the accident, aged 23.
- **Flying Officer Henry (Harry) George PAYNE**, Air Gunner, 180 Squadron, also new to the squadron, aged 27.

Alan Lynn was a Springbok from Witbank, Transvaal, South Africa. He was born in Barnes, Surrey in 1916. His parents, Frank and Evelyn, emigrated to South Africa. He married Beatrice Sharman in



Abingdon, Oxfordshire in 1938. Beatrice and Alan had a baby, Carol, in 1942 in Hunstanton, Norfolk.

In the Transvaal, Alan had initially attended the South African Training Ship, "General Botha", from 1932 to 1933. He then came to England to join the RAF, passing out as a Pilot Officer 12 July 1938. Promoted, he was a Squadron Leader by May 1942, commanding 107 Sqn. By early 1944 he was commanding 320 (Netherlands) Sqn at RAF Lasham near Alton. Here he also came to know Cees Waardenburg. It is thought he took command of the wing at Dunsfold about the end of April 1944, under the airfield command of Gp Capt Clarence Dunlap. The Dutch squadron had already moved to Dunsfold to join 98 and 180 Sqns on 18 February 1944. The airfield was very crowded as a result, decent accommodation in noticeably short supply. He had become one of the RAF's most experienced pilots, and an expert in precision bombing techniques. It is believed he rented a house in Rudgwick whilst serving at Dunsfold. In Autumn 1944, he and 139 Wing left Dunsfold for the continent, believed to be to Melsbroek, Belgium. By then he had flown over 100 bombing sorties, exceptional for a Wing Commander. He later returned to South Africa where he was living at the time of his death.

'Cees' Waardenburg was from Schipluiden, Holland. 'Cees' can be spelt 'Kees' and is pronounced as 'Case'. He had a brother Leen who had Cees's pictures, a hipflask, newspaper articles from the early forties, a silver pin that forms the letter W of Queen Wilhelmina and his RAF 'wings' from his tunic. Leen said there were three years of his brother's life with no contact, only the letters which came after his death.



It is believed Cees was the eldest of his siblings. He had previously served, aged only 19, as a Reserve 2e Luitenant of Infantry Weapons. In the Dutch army his unit resisted the German invasion of May 1940, alongside Wim Kamperdijk's father (hence the connection), taking part in the Battle of the Grebbeberg, the scene of fierce fighting. He was awarded the Bronze Cross (BK) soon after this on 6 November 1941, and posthumously awarded the Bronze Lion (BL) by a grateful Netherlands on 24 August 1946.

Cees was able to go home after Holland's capitulation. His real love was to fly. He made three attempts to cross

Dutch courage (contd.)

to England, but the Dutch coast was a forbidden zone. At the third attempt, with seven others, he succeeded on a small motor vessel, owned and bravely sailed by Herman Witkamp, from Rozenburg, Zeeland, to Orford, Suffolk, landing on 4 September 1941. After initial flying school in England he was sent to De Winton, Canada for further training, returning in July 1943.

At first with 139 Sqn, he was then posted to the Dutch 320 Sqn, which wore the distinctive uniform of the Dutch navy (RDNAS). He had been navigator/observer/bomb aimer to Alan Lynn at RAF Lasham. He was then rested, before a transfer to 180 Sqn at Dunsfold, where he continued to be navigator for Lynn. They flew with all three squadrons.. On 18 May 1944, he was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross (as a foreign national, he had been granted permission by royal decree to wear his



Waardenburg receives his DFC from George VI

medal, and on 13 July the Dutch Airman's Cross (VK). At this time, he had not yet flown a Mitchell, but as a trained pilot, he now expected to fly his own plane, having completed 54 sorties, over 100 hours (98 as observer, three as pilot), which qualified him to be a pilot, had he lived.

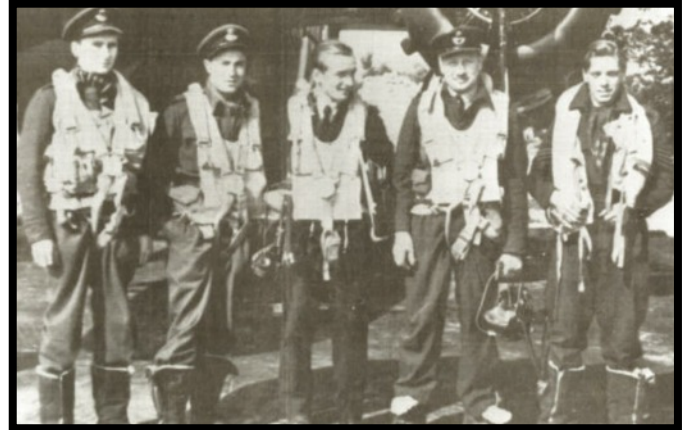
'Harry' Payne was the son of Henry and Nancy Payne of Dundee, Scotland. He was born, however, in Great Ilford Essex in April 1917. He joined the RAF, still in his teens, in 1935. He served in Palestine and Iraq, then in



F/O. Harry Payne Source: Nancy Cooper, via Russ Legross

Egypt and Greece flying photo reconnaissance over the desert and over the retreat from Greece. He then had a spell as an air gunner instructor, followed by service in a glider squadron preparing for D Day. He also took part in dropping missions behind the lines to the French Maquis and in bombing bridges ahead of the advance into Normandy. He joined 180 Sqn at Dunsfold,

like Cees Waardenburg, just prior to the accident. Harry married Nancy Cooper, possibly in Rudgwick, in Summer 1943. Harry was living with his wife and her parents at Highcroft in Rudgwick. Nancy had a baby in Autumn 1944, named Gillian. Gillian never knew her father.



Waardenburg centre, Lynn to his left

Wednesday 30 August 1944

The scene was set. W/Cdr Alan Lynn was CO of 139 Tactical Wing at Dunsfold. He had also just completed his 'tour', and was about to relinquish command. His erstwhile Dutch navigator/ observer/bomb aimer, Cees Waardenburg, was now given permission to fly, and with no experience of Mitchell bombers asked to go up for a test flight. Harry Payne, rear gunner, also new to the wing (180 Sqn) agreed to go with him, Lynn agreed to the flight. There was no flight plan.

Waardenburg has been described as a popular and intelligent young man. Lynn had long promised him he could eventually captain his own plane. Lynn is described as having a 'press-on' character, a reputation for personally handling the lead plane in attacks on the continent successfully, and without having to go back for a second time. Waardenburg in his triple role gets much of the credit for this. They are a dream team, but not without some resentment from others, particularly the squadron commanders who feel undermined by their boss leading up to two attacks a day.

Keith Cudlipp, one of Lynn's gunners, tells the story. "Cees, Johnny Pritchard and I were in our tent between the control tower and the Ops room. With us was Harry Payne who had just been posted to the wing as an air gunner and didn't yet have a crew. In the meantime, Alan Lynn had told him to come along with us until he was sorted out.

That day, Cees and Harry had bowled into the tent to find Johnny and I listening to the radio, a short play called, I think, 'Beetle Doctor' which was quite interesting. Alan Lynn walked in and asked Cees if he would take our aircraft (FW268) up for an air test and Cees jumped up, looked at us and said 'OK, any of you coming?' Harry Payne, who hadn't yet flown much on Mitchells, showed his willingness to go, but Johnny and I decided to stay, in order to listen to the end of the play. They were only going round the houses, so off they went. I think it was about 20 minutes later when someone ran out of the control tower and shouted that a

Dutch courage (contd.)

plane had gone down near Godalming. There were only two aircraft up that afternoon, and a few minutes later the other one landed, so we realised then it was Cees who had come to grief. I think that finished us for quite a while, as we were a very close crew. Even Alan Lynn said he wasn't interested in doing any more operations." [Surrey's Most Secret Airfield, Paul McCue].

It emerged later Cees had been a little too exuberant, flying low over Peper Harow House where land girls were working on the estate. An eye witness stated that the plane had roared up over the trees, come round for a second pass, and clipped a tree top, whereupon the plane flipped over and spun into the ground next to a Canadian army vehicle park on Shackelford Heath. It caught fire and killed the men instantly.

On 2 September, the two men were interred in Rudgwick churchyard, a break from the norm, which would have been to either take them to Brookwood Cemetery, or send the body back to the next of kin. Lynn wanted them buried close to where he and his wife lived, and where Harry also lived with his heavily pregnant wife and her family (Highcroft). No evidence has been found for Cees's



Rudgwick Church funeral, 2 Sep. 1944

lodgings. Did Lynn feel a huge responsibility for what had happened and so want to retain some ownership and dignity? The graves were northeast of the church, where Payne's CWGC headstone (below) can still be found. There were civilians and Dutch naval uniforms among the assembled mourners. After his death, probate was granted to Peter Waardenburg (father or youngest brother). Cees's address was given as Dorpstraat, Schipluiden, a few kilometres northwest of Rotterdam, the village where he was born 12 September 1920. He is remembered today on the village war memorial there (right, top). He died seven weeks after being awarded his DFC, before what would



have been his 24th birthday on 12 September.

Cees, 23, was younger than Payne who was 27 years old. Harry's remains are still in Rudgwick as testimony to the tragic events of 30 August 1944. Cees's body was officially and legally exhumed in 1964 to be re-buried in



Paddington New Cemetery (now Mill Hill Cemetery), London, NW7 alongside many of his Dutch comrades-in-arms. Rudgwick church has no record of this. Perhaps there is a record in the diocesan archive. The area of Mill Hill Cemetery where he is buried (right) was named The Dutch Field of Honour, opened by Prince Bernhard and the Duke of Gloucester on 12 May 1965.

The inscription at the foot of Harry Payne's Holy Trinity, Rudgwick, Commonwealth War Graves headstone reads: "The Eternal God is thy Refuge and Underneath are the Everlasting Arms".



I will finish with an amusing diversion from the story: On 20 June 1944, Lynn and Waardenburg had an extra passenger on a raid. He was Ernest Hemingway and he flew on a 180 Sqn mission against the V1 site at



Moyenneville in the Somme Department. An indication of how personal these raids were to both the crew and the American author and journalist, is that a few days earlier, 15 June, a V1 doodlebug had come down

in Cranleigh. Hemingway, already in the area, had visited the site and taken some pieces of metal away. A policeman duly accosted him in the officers' mess at Dunsfold and demanded them back!

A longer version of this story, and the background to it, with more photographs, will be placed on our website shortly.

The following paragraph is a précis of the opening information on the Wealden Building Study Group website and gives the reader a concise description of the Sussex Weald.

The term Weald (translated from 'wald', meaning a wood or forest) was used to describe a once largely uncultivated wilderness - a mosaic of grassland, scrub, solitary trees, groves and more extensive areas of forest, in which cattle and swine were grazed on leaf fodder and beech mast. Such wood-pasture still survives in some places.

At the start of the first millennium the inroads of civilisation into the wilderness, though rapidly advancing, were still comparatively local. From the 7th century through to the 10th, the Weald evolved into a kaleidoscopic landscape formed by piecemeal settlement, still with a great deal of woodland, shaws and small fields. The Saxon Weald of around 900AD stretched from the marshes of Kent to the New Forest in Hampshire – 120 miles long and 30 miles wide. When William the Conqueror commissioned his Domesday Book audit of his new dominion in 1086, the Weald was the largest remaining area of woodland and heath in England.

By AD 1200 much of the modern landscape was already recognisable. Nearly all our villages and most hamlets existed then, and the proportions of farmland, moorland and woodland were not enormously different from what they are now."

Some years ago some friends of my wife, from the North of England, came to stay. It was high summer and they commented that our Weald seemed to them so lush, verging on a jungle. If one just looks south from one of Rudgwick's higher locations, for example by the transmitter mast on the Border Path, the Weald still looks very wooded compared to other counties,

I thought that I must recount a series of incidents that happened locally long before the days of mobile phones and Sat Navs. If one is a stranger to the Weald one can still become "lost in the forest". I was driving along the A281 back from Dunsfold Airfield, where I worked, one lunch time to my parent's house in Rudgwick and noticed a car broken down in a little layby at the top of Hornshill, with two elderly people aboard. When I returned from Rudgwick I stopped and asked if I could help. It transpired that they had been waiting for three hours for recovery from a town called Andover. They had no idea that it was a long way to Andover, they seemed very disorientated. They said that they lived in Yorkshire and this was their first trip to Sussex. This was in the days when there were some breakdown services whose local supporting garages were stretched very thinly throughout the country. They were both very cold so I doubled back to my parent's house and brought them some hot coffee, I can only presume that the husband had walked towards Rikkyo School to contact the recovery company, even in those days the

A281 was a dangerous road for a pedestrian. A colleague drove past an hour later and they were just being recovered!

A similar incident happened when in the late Seventies my wife Nicola and I were living in Hermongers Road. One Sunday evening a car broke down just at the top of the road. The family with two small children had been waiting a very long time to be recovered. I enquired if we could be of any help and Nicola produced tea and cakes for them. We learnt that, again, they were strangers to Sussex and must have thought that the natives were friendly. Their recovery company did arrive eventually and again was not a mainstream company.

I can remember many years ago, long before Sat Navs, driving through Wisborough Green quite late at night and seeing a camper van stopped on the Green with some people looking at a map. One could read in an instant that they were lost. I then realised that the van had German registration. I pulled over and asked if I could help. The German driver, in very good English explained that they had driven from York and were looking for an address in Bedham, thinking that it was a village. I explained that it was a very wooded area and consisted of a network of lanes, I drew them a small map to give them a chance of "finding a needle in a haystack" and off they went; at least they had a vehicle to sleep in if they gave up in their midnight search!

One day Colin Tilley, who used to own Rudgwick Taxis for many years, asked me to cover a late, but simple, booking for him as he was starting very early the next morning and wanted to get some sleep. It was to deliver a person from Rudgwick to just south of Pulborough. I noticed that there was a car broken down right on the river bridge over the river Arun as one left Pulborough. When I returned a little later there was a lone policeman trying to move the car. I stopped to lend a hand. It transpired that the two ladies aboard were driving a hire car and the gearbox had suddenly seized. They had been representing a well known national dairy company that had sponsored a competition at Butlins holiday camp, in Bognor Regis. Their task was to present the prizes at the event. The accommodation offered to them for the night was very much below par and they had waited to 'lights out' and then made their escape. I only know this as the local policeman was keen to get them off his patch (they had no idea where they were, just lost in Sussex). I volunteered to take them home as the vehicle I was driving was a licenced taxi, I then found out they lived in Kingston-upon-Thames, so much for a quick job.

I can remember an odd incident on a Saturday night whilst travelling along the road from Kingsfold towards Clemsfold roundabout. A chap suddenly appeared on my side of the road as I came over a small hill, furiously thumbing a lift. He seemed so desperate that I stopped the car. He wanted to get to Billingshurst as he had run

out of petrol. He said that he had been told by a nearby resident that was the nearest location. He did not know this area at all. I said that there wasn't any point in going to that village as they did not have a 24 hours service. I suggested the filling station at Broadbridge Heath and volunteered to be a good Samaritan. The chap admitted that he was completely lost and had borrowed his wife's car for his journey from Portsmouth to London, it was mystery why he was lost in "our" forest. He bought a petrol container and petrol and then I returned him to Ockley where his car was parked. The hazard flashers were flashing very slowly, a sign of a flat battery. He managed to start the car on the last gasp of the engine. He was a very happy man and thanked me profusely!

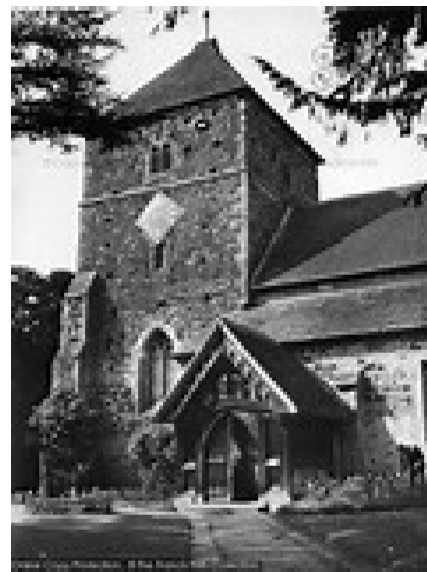
One Friday lunch time I was with a group of my colleagues in the Leathern Bottle pub that used to be located just north of the Smithbrook Kilns on the A281. A chap entered the bar and asked for directions. It transpired that he had set out from Margate and was travelling to Exeter. He did not have a map, just a scruffy piece of paper, given to him by a friend, with a list of towns that he had to pass through. We read the route he was taking: Reigate; Dorking; Guildford; **Horsham**, Portsmouth. The driver had a suspicion that it wasn't the most direct route as the sun appeared to be in the wrong position since he left Guildford. We persuaded him to go back to Guildford, turn west and follow the sun, to save getting lost in Sussex. We told him we he should get a new friend....

A very amusing incident took place in Rudgwick before the Second World War. My father recalled that some of Harold Tate the village builder's men, were laying a new water main in part of Church Street. A smart car pulled up and the driver asked the way to Loxwood. He was told by one of the older of the group to drive down to the main road, turn right towards Guildford through Bucks Green and turn left at old Buss's shop, Loxwood would then be about three miles distance. The driver thanked him and sped off. The comment was then made to the older chap "you're a silly old fool, Buss's shop was pulled down three years ago!"



More shades of Autumn © Doug Betts

In the last four issues of the Newsletter I have taken the Jenkins story from 1735 until the 20th century. In this issue I want to go back to the 'beginning', or at least the earliest I can find, even though at this date the Jenkins family were not yet in Rudgwick - but not far away. The earliest record I have dates to 1643 in Cranleigh, known then as Cranley, as it was until 1867. **John Jenkins** was baptised in St Nicolas church, Cranleigh, on 18 April 1643 son of **Thomas Jenkins**. Thomas Jenkins would probably have been born around 1620 but it has not been possible to identify where and when he was born, though not, apparently, Cranleigh. John Jenkins was only a year old when he died, buried in Cranleigh on 4 March 1643/44 (the old calendar which began the year on 25 March, so 4 March would have



been in 1643 then but in 1644 according to our present calendar; the old calendar continued until September 1752). His brother **Jesse Jenkins** was born in 1645, baptised in St Nicolas church on 1 May 1645 (there is no 'h' in this Nicolas). With the birth of Jesse, Thomas Jenkins and his unknown wife became the

forebears of the extensive Jenkins family that followed. There was one other child, a daughter **Thomasine Jenkins**, born 1651/52, baptised on 13 March. Only the fathers' names are given in the Cranleigh register so we do not know from the register the name of the Jenkins children's mother. A will, dated 1659, of one **Thomasine Creswell**, bequeaths, among many other bequests to numerous children and grandchildren, money to her **grandchildren Jesse and Thomasine Jenkins**, and to "**Jane, wife of Thomas Jenkins of Cranley**". This evidence shows that Thomasine Creswell was Thomas Jenkins's mother-in-law, but her daughter could not have been Jane because she does not, as with other bequests, refer to Jane as her daughter. The conclusion appears to be that Thomas was married twice, once to an unknown Creswell daughter and then to Jane. Marriages for Thomas have not been found in the on-line records, although this was a particularly bad time for the recording of marriages in parish registers, through the Civil War years and the Commonwealth, between the 1640s and 1660 (church marriages were actually illegal between 1653 and 1660). Thomas Jenkins died in 1668, buried in St Nicolas churchyard 18 November. His (presumed

The Jenkins family in Rudgwick (5) (contd.)

second) wife **Jane Jenkins**, widow, died in Cranleigh in 1691. At the time of the 1659 will young Jesse would have been 14 and Thomasine 7. I have found nothing further relating to young Thomasine, so it may have been only Jesse Jenkins, born 1645 (from now on referred to as 'Jesse senior') who was left to continue the Jenkins family and, of course, the Jenkins name. Naturally, the apparently wealthy Creswell family are also ancestors of the Jenkins line. The husband of the grandmother Thomasine Creswell was Christopher Creswell, gentleman, who died in Cranleigh in 1645 and the family owned the New Park house and estate in Cranleigh among other properties. I had hoped that his will, dated 1643, would provide the key to finding Thomas Jenkins's first wife, but while it clearly refers to Thomas Jenkins "my son-in-law" (a bequest of six pounds), it makes no reference to Christopher's daughter, Thomas's wife. It is odd that the daughter who married Thomas Jenkins is not mentioned in either will. Thomas's wife could not have been dead in 1643, as Jesse was born in 1645 and Thomasine in 1651/2. Whatever the reason, one may speculate that her name, too, could have been Thomasine, if the first-born Jenkins daughter was named after both her mother and grandmother.

Jesse Jenkins (senior) was married for the first time on 27 November 1676, to **Ann Moor** (or **Mower**) in St John the Baptist church, Capel. The couple had one known child, a son also named **Jesse Jenkins** ('Jesse 2'), baptised in St Nicolas church Cranleigh on 13 January 1678/9. Ann died in Cranleigh in 1682, "**wife of Jesse Jenkins, cordwainer**". So Jesse senior was a shoemaker, making shoes from leather. He did, apparently, marry again, but we only know this because of the burial of his second wife: "**Joan, wife of Jesse Jenkins, shoemaker**" in 1693). I have been unable to trace their marriage, nor any trace of children born to this couple, so it seems that the son Jesse 2 was again the only child to continue the family name. Jesse senior died in Cranleigh in 1710, having seen his son Jesse married in 1701 and (one hopes) four or even five of his grandchildren, born between 1703 and 1710. Importantly for what was to follow, Jesse senior appears to have improved his economic position in his later years, as he died a '**yeoman**', indicating a commoner owning and farming land, almost certainly in or around Cranleigh, where his son Jesse owned land, as we shall see. Jesse's rise in status from 'cordwainer' to 'yeoman' is very unusual. Perhaps he benefited from his Creswell heritage.

Jesse (2) married **Frances Symonds** (spellings vary) on 12 October 1701 in St Peter & St Paul church, Albury, the old Saxon church, now redundant, in Albury Park. Frances was probably born in 1672/73 in West Clandon, Surrey, so she was a few years older than Jesse. She was heavily pregnant at the time of their marriage, giving birth just a week after the wedding, as daughter **Ann Jenkins** was born on 19 October and baptised in St

Nicolas church, Cranleigh on 27 October 1701. In both the marriage register and the baptismal register Jesse 2 is known as a **tailor**. This was before his father's death, but if Jesse senior owned land as a yeoman, then the ownership would certainly have passed to his only son on his death in 1710.

It is with Jesse (2) and Frances that the Jenkins family tree really develops. After daughter Ann, another **Jesse Jenkins** ('Jesse 3') was born 13 June 1703, baptised in St Nicolas church, Cranleigh, 25 June (Jesse 2, his father, continued to be recorded as a **tailor**).

Between Cranleigh and Alfold

Two years later, Jesse (2), Frances and their family were in Alfold. The Alfold parish register is both more and less helpful than that of Cranleigh. Occupation is no longer given but the mother's name, Frances, is shown. On 11 July 1705, their son **Richard Jenkins** was baptised in



the parish church of Alfold, St Nicholas. **Thomas Jenkins** was also born in Alfold, baptised on 20 July 1707. Both of these important

members of the Jenkins family will be discussed in a future issue of the Newsletter. From now on there are no further baptismal entries in the Cranleigh registers, but there are burials there, and also evidence that Jesse (2) later returned to live in Cranleigh. A third son, **John Jenkins**, was born in 1710, baptised in Alfold on 4 April. His grandfather Jesse senior died just after, buried in Cranleigh on 16 May 1710. Young John was the only one of the seven children of Jesse and Frances not to survive to adulthood. He died as a young child and was buried in Cranleigh on 14 January 1715/16, the register noting that his father is **Jesse Jenkins "of Alfold"**. It would seem that Cranleigh was still regarded by Jesse (2) as his home parish, the place to have his young son buried and the place where he owned land. There were to be two further known children born in Alfold, a daughter **Frances Jenkins**, in 1712 and a son **George Jenkins**, in 1718.

Various documents have survived from 1722 and 1733 in which Jesse 2 in 1722, and Jesse and Frances in 1733, are shown as leasing out land held in Cranleigh ("seven closes called the common woods" in 1722), and property in Cranleigh ("various closes called the common woods...and the messuage [house and other buildings] adjoining" in 1733) which may well have been inherited from Jesse senior. These holdings were part of what was originally the medieval Snoxall manor (Snoxall still survives in the name of the playing fields in modern

The Jenkins family in Rudgwick (5) (contd.)

Cranleigh). Some 22 acres of this land were originally common woodland providing fuel and grazing for the villagers, probably until the 16th century, and later enclosed, and became farmed at some point as 'Jenkins' land. By 1722 in these documents Jesse 2 is no longer a tailor but a **merc**er. A mercer was a dealer in textile fabrics, often fine silks and velvets, so he appears to have developed a business from his tailoring trade. By 1733 Jesse 2 ("late of Alfold and now of Cranley") and Frances were living back in Cranleigh and by then Jesse was, like his father Jesse, a **yeoman**, a land-owning farmer. Jesse 2 died in 1739 and was buried on 30 September in St Nicolas churchyard, Cranleigh. Frances survived him by 5 years and was also buried there in 1744.

The next part of the Jenkins story covers the lives of the children and descendants of Jesse Jenkins and Frances Symonds. **Ann Jenkins** (born in Cranleigh in 1701) married William Chennel (or Cheynell) in St Peter and St Paul church Ewhurst on 19 October 1721. William was probably, born in Cranleigh in 1691, son of Thomas Cheynell, yeoman. The couple had four known children, all boys, all born in Ewhurst: Thomas, 1724/5; William, 1727; Richard, 1730; and John, 1734. Ann (Jenkins) Chennel/Cheynell died in 1769 and was buried back in Cranleigh.

I am not sure of the family connection, but one of the people to whom Jesse Jenkins leased land in Cranleigh was a George Cheynell (and later his widow, Sarah Cheynell) according to the 1722 and 1733 documents, where George is said to be 'a clerk, of Cranley'. I believe that the word 'clerk' can also be interpreted here as 'clerk in holy orders' and that it therefore refers to George Cheynell, rector of St Nicolas church, Cranleigh, who certainly had a wife Sarah and who died in 1728.

With Ann Jenkins's brother, the third **Jesse Jenkins** (born in Cranleigh in 1703), the close connection with Rudgwick begins but he was married to **Joan Napper** by licence in St Martha's church, Chilworth, Surrey ('St



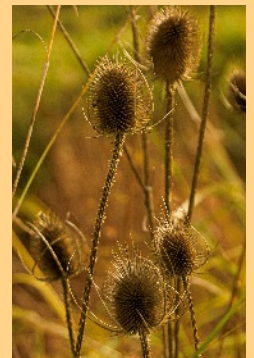
Martha's-on-the-hill') 17 June 1732. The licence would have been required for them to marry in a parish other than their own but the reason for this is unknown. Joan was born in Rudgwick and baptised in Holy Trinity church,

Rudgwick, on 14 May 1712, so she was just 20 at the time of her marriage to Jesse despite giving her age as 21 on the marriage licence. Her family lived in Rudgwick at this time and later: Matthew and Jane Napper were parents of six known children born in Rudgwick between 1702 and 1712, the first three of whom died young; Joan was the last. Joan's mother Jane died there in 1732, Matthew in 1750, aged 83. Jesse (3) and Joan Jenkins had three known children, all girls, born and

baptised in Rudgwick: **Mary** (1733), **Sarah** (1735/36) and **Jane** (baptised 9 June 1739, buried 24 June 1739). I have not been able to find Jesse's occupation in Rudgwick but, as we will see in a later article, his brothers were already occupying land just on the border between Rudgwick and Ewhurst and in Rudgwick itself in the 1730s, so it is conceivable that Jesse was working with his brothers in some capacity. Jesse was also elected by the vestry as a churchwarden for the Holy Trinity church, Rudgwick for four years between 1731 and 1734, so clearly highly regarded and an ex-officio member of the vestry. Jesse died in 1770 and his wife Joan in 1777; both were buried in Rudgwick churchyard.

Their daughter **Sarah Jenkins** (b.1735/36) married **Thomas Tidy** in Rudgwick on 3 May 1757, where their daughter Sarah was born soon after, but of more than passing interest is the story of her sister **Mary Jenkins** and her descendants in Rudgwick. This is where the Jenkins story becomes even more complicated and I will spare you that until the Spring issue!

More shades of Autumn © Doug Betts



I must thank Roger Nash for his researches on Ernest William Buss. I knew of the photograph of his little brick hut that stood in Bucks Green at the fork of the road to Loxwood. He was born in Walliswood in 1868. I had wrongly assumed that he had been disabled in the First World War. In the 1911 census he was 48, so too old for service in that war. He was already a widower, a boot repairer and lived at Motts Cottages with his widowed mother-in-law, Caroline Edwards, and his daughter, Amy Buss, then aged 19, a (their?) parlour maid. His wife had also been called Amy but died aged 22 years in 1892 just a year after young Amy's birth; she may have died in a second childbirth. Ernest did not remarry.

In the 1939 register he was described as incapacitated and lived at Park View in Bucks Green, still looked after by his daughter. He died in 1940 but was not buried at Rudgwick Church.

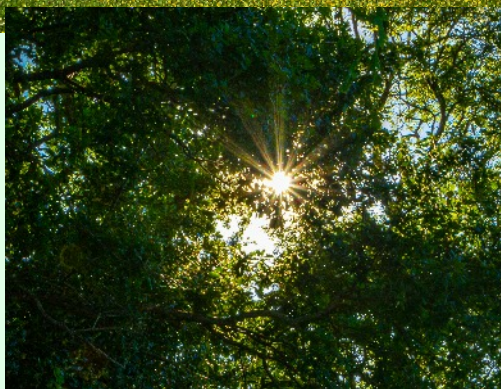
Peggy Walker, who was a Rudgwick resident, also mentions Ernest Buss in her book "Rudgwick Memories". Her parents lived in a cottage adjoining the Fox pub (now incorporated as part of the Fox), so she had good recollections of Ernest Buss; *"Up near our shop (that had a little café as well) was a brick built little hut. It was one time used as a flour house (the flour was given to the poor, I guess the poor had got richer). Mr Buss used it for snodding, mending boots and shoes. The shop had a stable door. How we children loved to hang over the stable door and chat! Mr Buss really loved children. He was a little man, a cripple. He used to sit on a chair facing the window and had on a great leather apron. He would lean his crutches in a corner. When he wanted to reach something, he would use one crutch and hop like a bird, much to our delight! I can see him now with large sheets of leather stacked up. He would take up a large curved knife he used to put the leather on the shoe, and cut the sole out. It always fascinated me to see his well used thumb, with a very long nail, edging the new sole around the shoe. There were always heaps of little chips of leather lying on the floor. I remember the lovely smell of the cobbler's wax, his old high back wooden chair, the odd picture or two on the white washed walls. In one picture "The Village Football Team" and in another "The Old Mill". There was a wooden bench just inside the door. All were welcome to sit and chat; maybe there would be a man out of work, or a service man home on leave; they would sit and talk to Mr Buss. I used to think how lovely it was that he'd got time to listen and people had time to talk.....as a child I would take my father's boots to be mended. After school my mother might say "Run down and get Dad's boots from Mr Buss". When I asked Mr Buss how much was the bill, he would say "oh bring me down an ounce of baccy and a box of matches". Nut brown tobacco was ten and half pence and the matches were one half pence, making the grand total of eleven pence!"*



The photo of Mr Buss shows that the little building was in a poor state of repair. Also notice the old advertisement posters that were very common on those days on random buildings.

Reminders of our Spring and Summer!

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