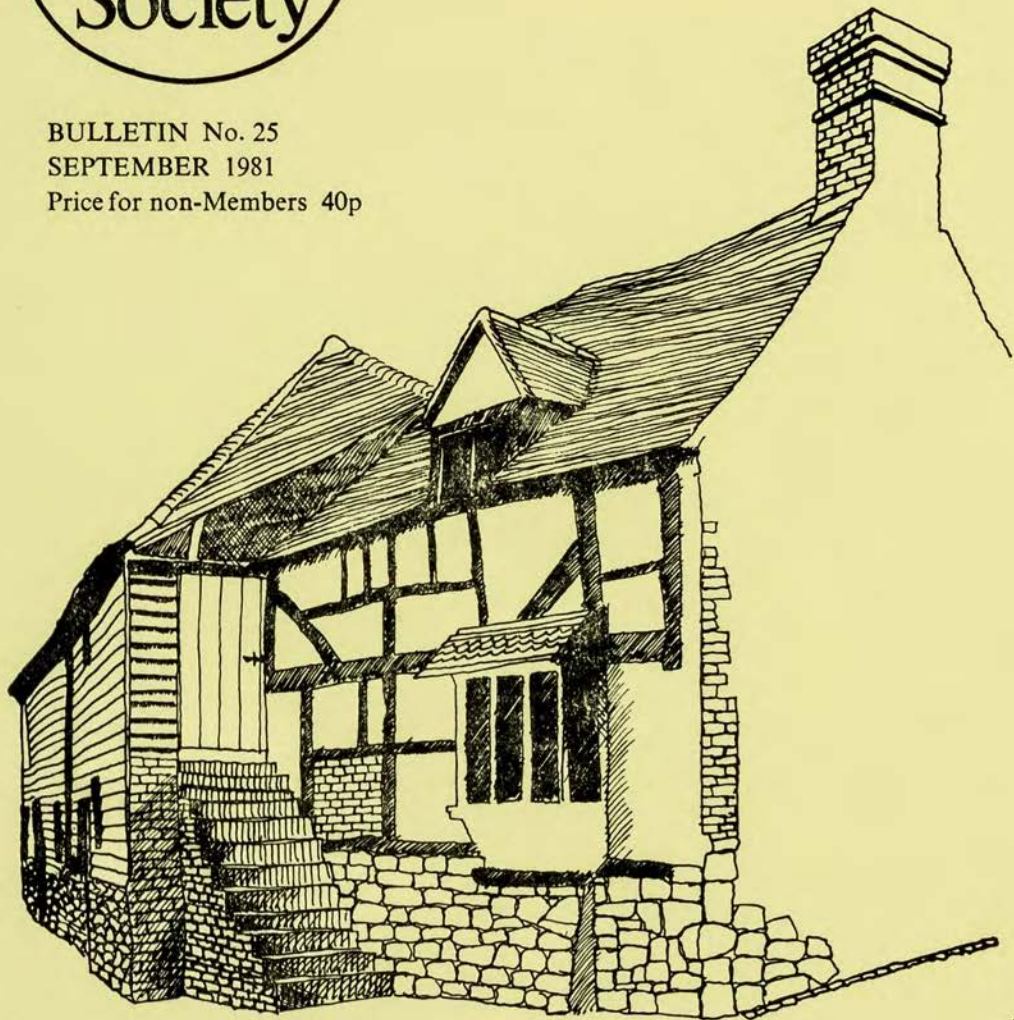


The Petworth Society

Miles Costello
Petworth
Collection

BULLETIN No. 25
SEPTEMBER 1981
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Cover Design by Mr. J.M. Newdick - drawn from a photograph belonging to Mrs. Smith of Fittleworth. It shows the old house that used to stand in the Angel Shades - demolished in the 1930s.

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

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

The annual subscription is £1 (minimum). Postal £1.50 (minimum). Further information may be obtained from any of the following:-

Chairman - Mr. P.A. Jerrome, Trowels, Pound Street,
Petworth.

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

Hon. Secretary - Mrs. B.G. Johnson, Glebe Cottage, Bartons
Lane, Petworth. (Tel. 42226)

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Hon. Membership Sec. - Mrs. J. Boss, North Street, Petworth.

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Mr. R. Pottington, Mrs. Margaret Hill,
Mrs. Sonia Rix, Mrs. Anne Simmons,
Mr. D.S. Sneller, Mr. H.W. Speed,
Mr. J. Taylor, Miss Julia Thompson,
Mr. E. Vincent.

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

The last Bulletin sold out very quickly, so quickly in fact that we had to produce a supplementary edition to carry us through the quarter. For this quarter we are printing rather more copies because of the Festival Exhibition of Petworth "Oldery" in the Leconfield Hall from Wednesday 16th September to Saturday 19th. For some reason this Exhibition does not appear in the Festival programme but we shall be there and would like to borrow items to exhibit and also to hear from members who would be prepared to help with stewarding.

The Society also have a tombola stall in the Leconfield Hall Supermarket on September 26th. This was extremely successful two years ago. Please help us with items, we do hate asking and many of our Bulletin distributors just won't have the nerve - but the success (or lack of it) of the tombola could well determine whether the subscription remains at its present level.

The Petworth Society bone china plate is proceeding. I would hope to have an example to show at the Festival Exhibition and at the tombola. This is not a fund-raising effort. At around £9 the plate will go out virtually at cost when the expense of reproducing the Bulletin cover-design is taken into consideration. The plate is a service to members. It should be nice and it should appreciate in value. It is not available to non-members. We will take off for our members the exact number they have ordered and paid for: the design will then be destroyed. As a Society it doesn't matter to us whether we sell a lot or a few except that if the response is very poor we would think carefully about doing another one.

The Regency Fete organised by the National Trust was marvellous. Everyone will have their own memories but I liked the freedom to wander where you liked, watch what you liked and the Friday and Saturday feeling of Lawn Hill as a giant stadium that would burst into applause as some particularly spectacular firework lit up the heavens and reflected briefly in the darkness of the lake. The Third Earl would certainly have approved!

The walks and outings have gone well and there is another varied programme for the autumn. While the garden visits are perennially popular (no fun intended), the visit to Manor Farm, Selham by kind permission of Mr. Comber was a great success too. We shall be going again in November. No less successful have been the walks to Holland

Wood, Stag Park and Rotherbridge all under Jumbo's expert guidance.

Mrs. Sheridan for so long the moving spirit behind the Garden walks has retired from the Committee. She is one of the few remaining founder-members and has done a great deal for the Society in her years on the Committee. It is nice to know that as with other ex-committee members she will remain in close touch and I trust her annual Garden walk will continue. In her place I am pleased to have Mr. H.W. Speed and Mr. E. "Bill" Vincent - neither of these gentlemen will need any introduction from me.

Among other matters we have written to the relevant authorities seeking action on the Grove Lane traffic situation and I gather there may at last be some movement here - also concerning the dirty ballast bins in the Car Park. These now appear to have been removed. We now have photostat copies of the Petworth Census Return for 1841, 1851, 1861, and 1871 with those for 1881 to follow early next year. For the moment these may be consulted here at Trowels.

P.A.J.

J's BULLETIN WALK

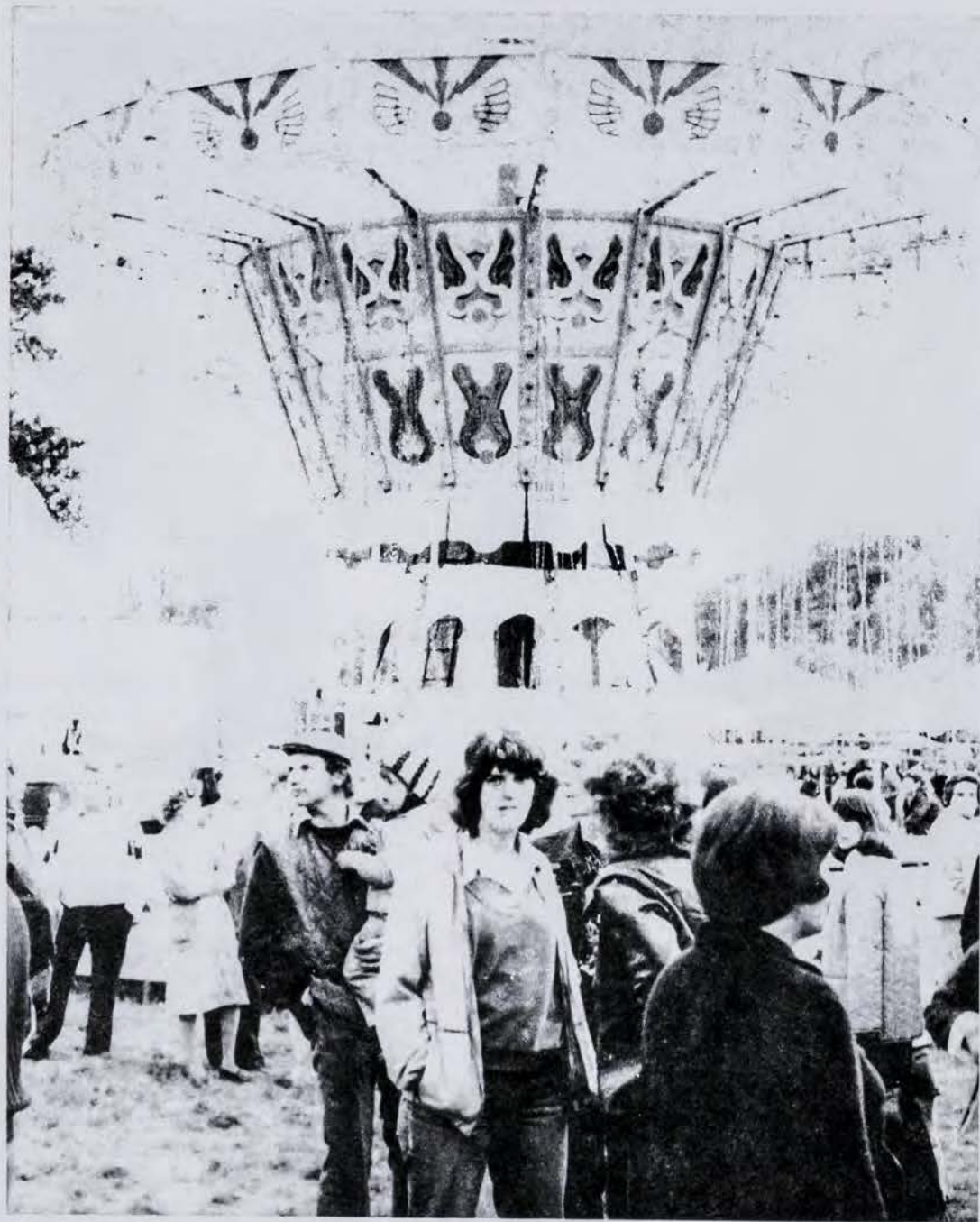
This walk takes about 2 hours and is over good walking ground with good views to the West and South of Petworth.

We leave Petworth Square by the cobbled Lombard Street and at the Church turn right and then left into North Street, after about 100 yards we take the second entrance to the left into the Leconfield Estate yard, inside the entrance we keep to our right and carry on until we come to a tunnel on our left leading into the park. As a point of interest it will be seen that the walls of the tunnel are lined with thousands of clay land-drains which are stored there, as the name suggests these are used to drain the land and have been used for this purpose for many many years, of all the methods now used the clay drain still does the best job.

On entering the park through the iron gates walk at a slightly left angle and we will come to a track passing by the end of the pond follow this and where it branches we follow the left branch to the double lodges. Now we leave the park for a while and outside the lodge gates turn right and then almost straight away turn left into Hunger's Lane. We travel down the lane for a while and then where a lane crosses, we turn to our right as directed by the footpath sign



Deer in Petworth Park Lake
Photograph by John Mason



Horn Fair 1981.
Photograph by John Mason.

and carry on to Soken Holes farmhouse. What a lovely house this is and what a lovely position. Here we turn right and keep to this lane passing Coxlands and Firgrove to the main road at Tillington. Cross straight over this rather dangerous road and up the hill past Tillington Church on our right and on towards Upperton. This stretch of the walk is, I know, along hard road and pavement whereas we usually try to stick to the more quiet and leafy paths, but it does have its compensations, passing some lovely cottages in Tillington and a backward look gives us some magnificent views of the South Downs.

When we reach Park House we turn right with the wall and in a few yards we come to a small gate into the park, it always seems to me to be an almost secret entrance and is quite my favourite park gate. As we move out into the park we must move all the time to the right until we get a glimpse of Petworth House in the distance. Having spotted our land mark we keep on a line straight for it and pass by the pond on our right, over the hill and down once more to the tunnel through which we came.

I like this walk and I feel that a lot of people never get round to seeing the park from the Upperton side and it really is worth while also some of the trees are quite beautiful especially at the south end of the pond.

We are indeed very lucky to be able to walk freely where we do.

BOOK REVIEW:

"Petworth - Today and Yesterday" - by Doris Gundry Price £1.25.

NO "History of Petworth" exists and I sometimes think that if there were such a book it might lead to a feeling that all that could be discovered of Petworth past had in fact been discovered. I am always dismayed to hear someone dismiss the history of a village or town with "There's a history of it", as if that were all that were ever to be said about it for all time to come. Ideally local history should be a continuing tradition. Arnold's History (1864) is often taken to be a "History of Petworth" in the definitive sense but it isn't. No one has ever written as incisively on Petworth as Arnold but I'm sure he would see his "History" not as an end in itself, but as a collection of thoughts on different topics that would serve as a stimulus for further study.

Miss Gundry has wisely not set out to write a "History of Petworth" but at the same time she rightly sees that no one can write about Petworth present without a continual recourse to Petworth past. Here is a readable historical guide-book that will do more for the casual visitor than any simple list of places to visit or places to eat at. Factual information of this kind Miss Gundry certainly provides but in less than 50 pages she contrives also to put the reader in touch with that older Petworth without which present-day Petworth is almost incomprehensible. Obviously in such a short compass there are omissions. During the discussion of the formation of Petworth Park I would have liked a mention of William James of Upperton that most persistent thorn in the 9th Earl's side - but here is a brief introduction to former owners of Petworth House, buildings of note, the Parish Church and famous visitors. I particularly liked the chapter "A Gardener, a Parson and an Earl" containing short biographies of Fred Streeter, Parson Sockett and The Third Earl of Egremont. How many of those who come to Petworth think first of Fred Streeter before anything else.

The book is nicely illustrated, well-produced, and at £1.25 very reasonably priced. A must not only for those for whom it is obviously intended but also I would think for the collector of Petworthiana.

P.A.J.

A HOLIDAY AT BALLS CROSS SHOP IN 1912

The name of the family with whom I spent a childhood holiday (probably in 1912) was Ansell. The young daughter and I had been schoolmates at Horsham when she gave me the sad news that they were leaving.

Anyhow to soften the blow I was invited to stay for a week. Horsham in comparison with Balls Cross, was a "city" but I had never felt so privileged as on the day I was granted the "freedom of the area" behind the counter and the sight of goodies usually hidden from view when Mrs. Ansell lifted the flap and took me through to the parlour.

It was a particularly hot summer, the water in the well was very low and the fields in the distance were smoking with the after effects of fires. I remember how nervous I felt lying in bed, looking through the open lattice windows that night hoping the fires would not spread too near.

There was a shady lane nearby where my school friend and I could lie on a high bank and enjoy lemonade and biscuits. In the ordinary way we might have drunk gallons of water, so thirsty were we but the well was a constant anxiety. Crates of empty lemonade bottles were another reminder of the situation.

Driving through into Kirdford recently I saw a pleasant white painted cottage named the Old Post Office where the little general shop once existed, everything around it giving the same peaceful, rustic atmosphere, almost unaltered thankfully as on the day my parents and I pedalled on our bicycles from Horsham to Balls Cross over 70 years ago. Noises consisted only from the blacksmiths hammer, or carthorses passing with hay loads and cows mooing in the distance.

From Mrs. G.L. Balchin, 186 Goring Road, Worthing, BN12 4PQ.

SOME FURTHER RECOLLECTIONS

Harking back to my teenage days - such a long time ago now, I well remember the joy and delight of coming to live in the country, after all the 1st World War years - and schooldays, in London we soon settled down to a new way of life and country pursuits. My schooling seemed to come to an abrupt end, but what a wealth of knowledge one acquires from Nature, and being so young, I absorbed it all.

The house was delightful, but no water laid on, or main drains, and we youngsters had to do our daily stint at the well head - 20 minutes each, our allotted task.

One year, in the 1920's, a very severe draught hit us, and the fine woods, surrounding us, caught fire. But for all our neighbours speeding to help, we would have been burnt out - fortunately "all hands to the wheel" - they cut and hewed down all the nearest trees, and dug an immense trench, which stopped the flames reaching us. It was a terrifying and anxious time. I well remember it.

I also remember some geese we had wandering away to a neighbouring farm, and a furious farmer cycled down to complain they were pulling all the corn stalks out of his Rick (in those days, corn was threshed later) - and to come and drive them away.

I, aged 14, was detailed for this job, and went off with a long stick, to do just that.

Amusingly, on the way home, a large limousine car pulled up, alongside me, and threw me a penny. They must have thought I was the proverbial goose girl!!

Although I do not live in, or near, Petworth, now, I love to drive around it, and follow hounds in the winter. Bedham was my "Mecca" and the two quaintly named ancient woodlands, "The Mens" and "The Cut".

Petworth itself, after the 60 years I have known it, has changed little, and indeed, the whole countryside is very nostalgic and full of memories. But with the changing times and the days of traffic and heavy lorries, something needs to be done to ease the burden on this lovely old town, and a Bye-Pass more than badly needed.

Good luck to it.

Mrs. I. Neville Kerans.

To make elder wine:

To every quart of berries put two quarts of water, boil half an hour, turn the liquor, and break the fruit through a hair sieve; then to every quart of juice put three quarters of a pound of Lisbon sugar, coarse, but not the very coarsest. Boil the whole a quarter of an hour with some Jamaica peppers, ginger and a few cloves. Pour it into a tub, and when of a proper warmth, into the barrel, with toast and yeast to work, which there is more difficulty to do than most of other liquors. When it ceases to hiss, put a quart of brandy to eight gallons, and stop up immediately. Bottle in the spring or at Christmas. The liquor must be in a warm place to make it work.

(From an old book belonging to James Alliston)

To prevent green hay from firing:

Stuff a sack as full of straw or hay as possible: tie the mouth with a cord: and make the rick round the sack, drawing it up as the rick advances in height, and quite out when finished. The funnel thus left in the centre preserves it.

(From an old book belonging to James Alliston)

PETWORTH HOUSE LAUNDRY AND UPPERTON

I was born in the cottage nearly opposite the present Public Library that is now in the garden of Windmill House. Four of us Saunders children were born there but there were thirteen of us altogether and all thirteen are still alive which must be rather unusual. The lane that runs from High Street and past the Public Library we always called Prison Lane. Old Petworth Gaol had long gone by this time but prisoners could still be held overnight at the police station and Mrs. Knight, wife of Sergeant Knight, would look after the women prisoners and conduct them to the police station if they were remanded or sentenced from Petworth Courthouse. Courts were held at this time at the Town Hall. My father went to the War on the 4th August 1914 (I think he had some previous military experience) and came out in 1918 having seen service at Mons and elsewhere. I still have his Mons Star and bar.

After the war he was coachman for Lord Leconfield and I can remember him going to pick up Elizabeth, the Leconfield's adopted daughter, at the station. Lord Leconfield had always strictly forbidden my father ever to let Lady Leconfield take the reins when she was being driven by him but once, when my father was taking her to Petworth Station with a four-in-hand, her ladyship suddenly said, "Let me have the reins Saunders". My father, mindful of Lord Leconfield's strict orders, refused but finally Lady Leconfield positively demanded the reins. What could he do? Just before Stony Hill cottages her ladyship gave the reins a tremendous flourish and the horses bolted. They were way past the station before my father finally managed to stop them. When the horses were replaced by cars my father worked at Petworth House.

When I married we lived at Heath End for a while and my husband would motorcycle the few miles to his work at Limbo Farm. Hours were long, seven in the morning until five at night and Saturday until twelve o'clock. When he left Limbo he worked at the stone pits until 1940 and then for the Electricity Board until he retired. Before I married I worked in Lord Leconfield's private laundry. At this time there were four employed there with Miss Verncombe in charge, but she left soon after I came and Miss Thompson took her place. The laundry was on the Horsham Road corner and dealt only with estate laundry - things like the butler's gloves or sheets that had been used by the house guests. The work had a set routine which hardly varied. Fridays we washed all day and also Saturday mornings. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday morning we did the ironing. Wednesday afternoon was

occupied in cleaning the laundry house itself where we lived in. We were paid board wages and used to walk up under the tunnel into the Pleasure Gardens and then into the House to receive our week's wages in Mr. Bennett's office. The wages were always meticulously set out for us in little envelopes.

Mr. Adsett (for some reason everyone at the laundry always referred to him as "Father") used to light the two big coppers and keep them stoked and there were giant tubs for rinsing. Mangling was done by Mr. Adsett in a special mangling room. Irons weren't electric in those days but were flat irons heated on a great stove, nearly a hundred there were of all shapes and sizes. Some were rather specialised like the polishing irons which were used to polish dress shirts. Lady Leconfield's sheets were pleated or "gophered" and these needed especial attention. "Washing" really meant scrubbing with hard soap and a scrubbing brush. Soda was the only other aid. You would scrub standing up of course and I've known my arms bleed up to the elbow in cold weather from brushing the laundry against my forearm. It was very hard work but after the first few days I liked it and the atmosphere was nice too. When I was at Heath End I would only go down odd days and in the end I worked on the fruit farms instead.

Mr. Adsett lived next door to Thompson's Hospital and I knew the Hospital well, having so often visited my grandfather there. He had one of the ground floor rooms which were entered from the road. They were all very similar with little open fireplaces with bars and side oven. Didn't the saucepans and pots get black! All the rooms had a tiny scullery on one side and a bedroom on the other. One old lady from Thompson's was renowned for going out into the road at Goodwood time and crying at the traffic, "Throw out your rusty coppers". The first floor rooms at Thompson's were approached through an archway to the back.

I've lived at Upperton now for forty-six years and there have been many changes. Perhaps what most strikes me is that now there are no children, they used to play in the streets and hardly a cottage was without them. Then there were the old characters, that marvellous old man Mr. Hooker, or Master Tanner up the road. Then too there were the cattle. Mr. Whitney, the farmer, used to live in Upperton village and would drive the cattle up the road to graze in the field by Westbrook House - you wouldn't see cattle in the roads now.

(Some recollections by Mrs. Ivy Stillwell)

BEDHAM AND BENNYFOLD

"Of course I remember your grandfather, Mr. Allison, - anyone who worked a farm as wet as Bennyfold would see a lot of the Leconfield Estate water-foreman. He used to do all the land draining and when there was a water block he'd send up two or three men to dig and re-lay the drains and he knew where every ram was. Fred Newman used to do the draining and Jim Pullen too but Mr. Allison could also divine and I often saw him looking for water. I told him where I thought there might be water for Marshall's Farm and watched him hold the divining twig by its two ends. As he walked it slowly curled over in his hands. It didn't have to be any special twig - it could be just a piece of hazel shaped like a wishbone and cut from a hedge. I could never make out how divining worked but thought it might be something to do with electricity in the body. Sometimes on a Saturday I'd cut Mr. Allison a bag of cabbage to take home. Some people found the Yorkshire accent he had never lost, and the quick way he spoke, difficult to follow but I was used to the way he spoke and had no difficulty. Bennyfold had a large number of gates and each one in turn had to be opened by hand and then closed again. George Cross was the driver for Mr. Allison and Mr. Wilcox the Leconfield wood-foreman and on this particular day was driving Allison to Bennyfold. As they came up the hill there was a violent thunderstorm and as they shut the gate and moved on I saw the lightning strike the bank where they had stood to shut the gate. It took the bank for 50 yards each way in a swathe 4 yards wide. It took all the dirt, stams (under-growth), and stones and cut a hole right through. They never knew what a lucky escape they had had. George Cross would leave Mr. Wilcox at one part of the woods while Wilcox went off to check the work and would then arrange to pick him up somewhere miles away later.

I left school at 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ just before the First War but I was already used to farm-work then. I would milk at Bennyfold before I went to school. I didn't go to school at Petworth but at Bedham where my family had been before they came to Bennyfold, and two of my sisters taught there. The school, an hour's walk from Bennyfold, had three teachers and numbers varied. Sometimes there were nearly fifty pupils, sometimes much less, they came from Pallingham and all round. People had large families in those days, eights and tens and it didn't need many such families to bring up the numbers. I didn't actually start school until I was seven and I was no scholar. Many a thrashing I had from Miss Day, the head-teacher, because I wouldn't or couldn't read and I never did learn. We used to do needlework and I was very good at that but now I can't hold a needle because of arthritis.

Knitting I didn't like so well because I used to drop my stitches. When I was sixteen and long left school I thought to myself, "I don't see why I can't", and I set to and began to read the newspaper. Soon I could read anything and I'm very glad I did. My father could measure things almost without thinking and was very good with change but when it came to reading a newspaper he'd say, "I'll read the pictures". My father had the "Red Lion" as his Uncle Alf had before him and I would often walk up there from Bennyfold of an evening. The family always said that the "Black Horse" at Byworth once belonged to the Purser family but I don't know whether that's true. The "Red Lion" is a big place and many troops were billeted there during the first war - they would often drink the pub dry and then it would have to close until new supplies came in.

At Bennyfold things had to be done by hand. It was a dairy farm and the crops were basically grown for feed. We used to have to grind out roots for the cows by hand and it was not until after the first war that we had a machine for that. Sometimes we would grow 90 ton of mangolds - 180 half-ton cartloads going into the barn - or made into a "pie". We would make mangold wine too and unlike some other wines, you could always rely on it. In later years I found mangolds tended to go "black-legged" - I don't know why that should be. Hay of course had to be pitched by hand, once you had cut it and horse-raked it up, and that really made you sweat. Some crops didn't make good hay - like red and white trifolium. We would broadcast seed by hand from a seedlip and we were very skilled at this, almost always managing to work the quantity out right and always getting a nice even germination. Clover seed was particularly difficult to broadcast. My father had a saying about sowing:

"Drunk to sow peas
wild man to sow tares."

I think he meant that you couldn't make much of a job of sowing peas unless you were drunk, nor much of a job of sowing tares unless you were angry enough to give the seed a good strong cast. Tares were like a climbing vetch, a tumbling sort of plant that would be cut with a faghook. It wasn't much use for hay but if we did have a few seeds over we'd throw them in with the hay. The fields at Bennyfold were deliberately kept small to help with the drainage. As for tools we would often improvise and make for ourselves the wooden cradle of a scythe that would help to lay the cuttings in handy sheaves, or the stick on the "fiddle" might be replaced when it broke with a piece of hazel.

I'd often go down to the station to collect cotton cake or linseed cake for feed and pop in for a quick pint at the "Railway Hotel" while I was about it. It was here that I saw George Garland's photographs washing off in the horse-trough, took them out, watered the horses, and put the photographs back in the trough again. I often thought Garland must have had a struggle in those early days. Bone manure too I'd collect and "super" (phosphate) - we'd mix them with the ash we collected from the workhouse and use it in the mangold drills for fertiliser. The workhouse had a great iron cage in which they burned the Petworth rubbish - of course there wasn't the flood of cans you have now - and they never let the fires out. I'd often collect two tons of ashes and mix it with the fertiliser. I soon learned that if you gave the "boys" at the workhouse an ounce of "baccy" they'd help you load. The workhouse had large allotments down by where the Hampers Green Youth Centre is now and I always thought the inmates each had a plot to cultivate, or at least some of them had their own plots, but I'm not sure whether this is right. I used to go down with my mother to see Mrs. Matthews, a family friend. The inmates worked for their keep and stayed sometimes for a night, sometimes for years. The clinkered ash from the workhouse fire was used for building roads.

Later we kept turkeys and chicken on the farm. You didn't have modern feed in those days and it was a job to rear the turkeys. Often we'd feed them on chopped stinging nettles and my sisters would gather the nettles in their bare arms - something I could never do. The turkeys had to be raised on a different patch each year or they would suffer from a liver complaint. They loved eating daddy-long-legs and would chase one of them anywhere. We had some thirty cows and Gus Wakeford would take the milk round the town - it wasn't bottled of course but ladled from the churn by milk can. We would also fatten bullocks. We grew 30 acres of feed, corn and roots and kale as high as this ceiling.

Hare-coursing I well remember. The hedges at Soanes and Frog were kept low of set purpose. Harry Skinner of Strood and Walter Dawtrey were leading lights. No one ever dared kill a hare on these farms, all were kept back for the sport. It was mainly the gentry who took part but everyone liked to watch. These were big open fields and you needed big fields for coursing to allow people to watch. Two dogs were held on a leash and then slipped, the hare always being given a start. The winning dog was the first that caused the hare to change direction and the judges were mounted on horseback. Betting was

popular - not with odds - but simply on which dog would be the winner. Sometimes a dog would catch the hare but not very often. Later the Petworth hare-coursers became connected with the Brighton dog-track and coursing at Petworth began to decline.

Walter Dawtrey was a great friend of Lord Leconfield's and once when the hunt was on a farmer's territory near Adversane the farmer shot the fox because the hunt was encroaching on his land. Lord Leconfield accepted this but Walter Dawtrey was so furious he had to be restrained. The Leconfield's adopted children, Peter and Elizabeth, were taught to ride in lanes around Bennyfold and we would often see Bill Barnes with his "pupils".

There were certainly some "characters" about in those days. Jackie Baxter from Egdean used to work with Luggs the threshers, who threshed over a great area from Handcross in the east to Duncton Hill in the west and as far down as West Grinstead. Jackie would always walk to work for Luggs when he was within distance. He did the dirtiest job of all, sorting the chaff at the very end of the threshing operation. "Racketing Jack" he was called. He'd often sleep at the threshing place and I would always bring him some cider if he was in our area. One day as I came in to where the threshers were working, he asked me if I had any cider - but I hadn't - the barrels were dry. They really were. "Tap t'other end," he said to me, "Tap t'other end." When the threshers were too far away for him to work with them he would break stones, i.e. smash the large stones that were laid at the side of the roads and smashed to make the hard surface.

Andrew Smith the showman was a familiar visitor to Bennyfold. "Mother, can I have a cabbage?" he'd say and he was always allowed to have as many as he wanted. In return he'd always see that we had a new broom or brush. Another character was old "Townie". Often it would be dusk when I drove the cart down North Street on the way home to Bennyfold and Townie would be sitting just inside Thompson's Hospital where he lived. "Come on," he'd say, "time horses were in stable. You'll have a job to get in the lane before lighting-up time!"

Jack Purser was talking to the Editor.

DOCUMENTS CONCERNING THE DILLOWAY FAMILY

Mr. Dilloway of Brighton has four old documents relating to the Dilloway family of Petworth of which at least two are of particular Petworth interest. The two not directly related to Petworth can be quickly dealt with; one dates from 26th December 1843 and is a certificate of good conduct from the Metropolitan Police for George Dilloway who had joined the force as a constable on 18th April 1842 and resigned on Christmas Day 1843. No reason is given for Dilloway's resignation but the certificate itself clearly states that it would not have been awarded if the constable had been guilty of any serious misconduct.

A much later document is an open testimonial from Mrs. J.C. Bridge of Bridge and Son "Steam Lithographers, Engravers, Die Sinkers" of 7 North Road, Brighton and testifying to Frank Dilloway's good service to her late husband over fifteen years. What the relationship is between George and Frank Dilloway is not at present clear, but this branch of the Dilloway family had obviously by this time moved to Brighton.

Of greater Petworth interest are the two other documents. The oldest is an indenture of apprenticeship binding George Dilloway, younger son of George Dilloway (the elder) of Petworth, gamekeeper, to Philip Hoad of Petworth, cordwainer. A cordwainer is a shoemaker. Apprenticeship indentures are formal documents framed in a time-honoured and unvarying language. They were written in duplicate and "indented" or serrated so that the two copies, one kept by each party, could be fitted together again if necessary. Any tampering would then be noticed. George Dilloway was to learn Philip Hoad's art and serve as an apprentice for four years from the first of April 1837 for four years. He would undertake to serve his master's secrets and keep his lawful commands, doing him no damage and warning of others who might intend damage. He would not waste his master's goods, commit fornication or contract matrimony within the said period, nor would he play at cards, dice, tables or other unlawful games. He would neither buy nor sell, haunt taverns or playhouses or absent himself from his master's service day or night without permission.

In his turn Philip Hoad agrees to instruct George Dilloway in the cordwainer's art and supply sufficient meat, drink, and clothes (with the washing and mending thereof). He would pay Dilloway one shilling a week for the first year, two for the second, three shillings for the third and five shillings for the final year. The document is signed

by the two George Dilloways and by Philip Hoad.

The fourth document formally appoints one George Dilloway Bridger shoemaker of Petworth "to be a watchman in and for the said Parish of Petworth and to serve and perform the duties of a watchman therein by day and by night". It is dated the 26th January 1846 and signed by Messrs. Sockett, Ellis, Foard, Sherwin and Green, almost certainly the vestry committee of the time. There is a counter-signature by George Wyndham in his capacity of Justice of the Peace.

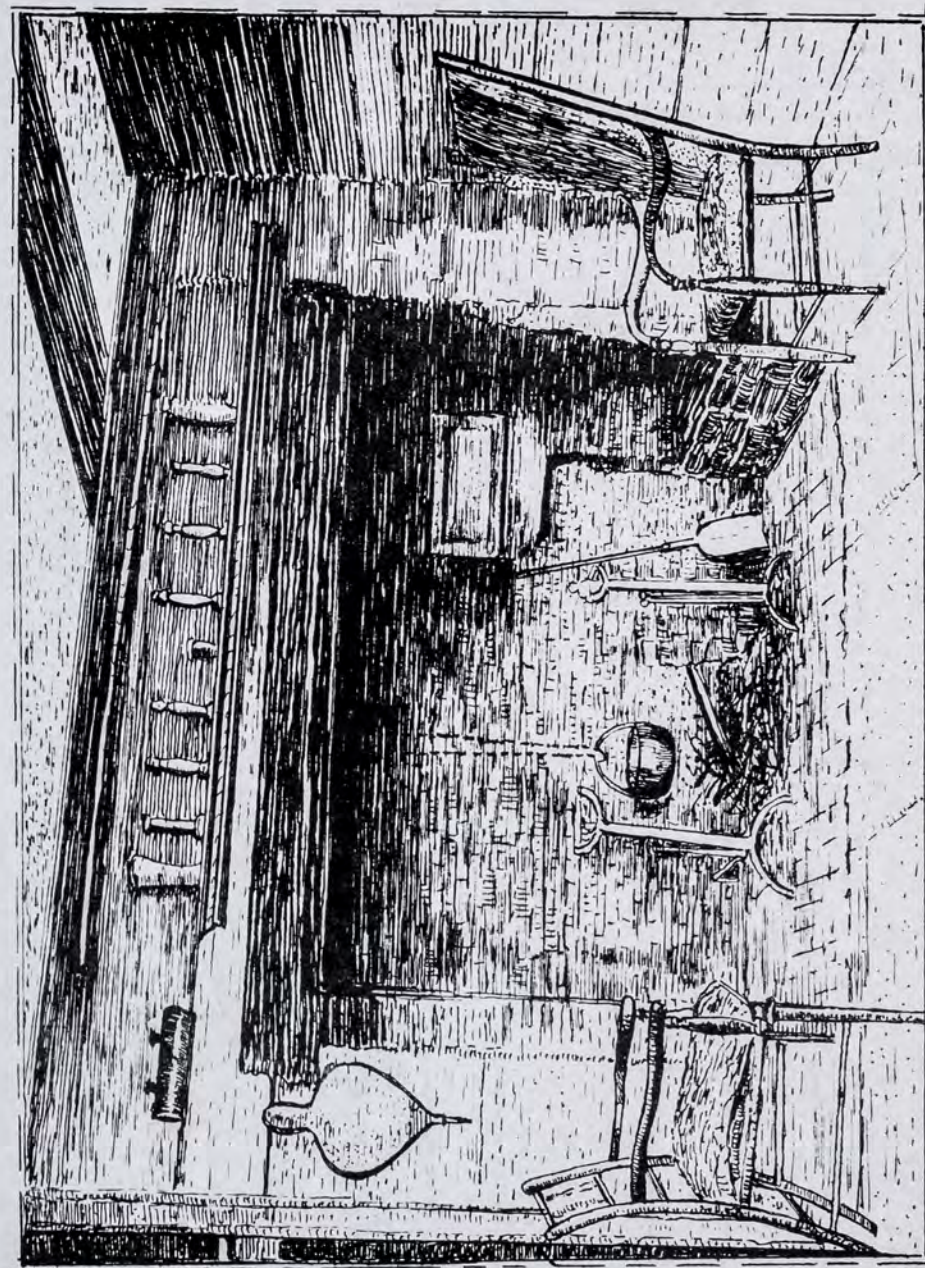
There can be little doubt that the George Dilloway of the apprenticeship indenture and the George Dilloway Bridger shoemaker of this last document are one and the same but why Dilloway added the name Bridger is not clear, nor is it clear why he left the Metropolitan Police after such a short spell of service. The Metropolitan force had been founded by Robert Peel in 1829 and it is known that five Petworth men sought admission to the force in 1830 among them a James Bridger. There were numerous similar applications from parishes all over the country and it is not known whether the Petworth men were successful. The wages were 21 shillings a week less 2 shillings for uniform. Whether Dilloway had some connection with James Bridger and if so what, is not clear.

The 1841 census return has George Dilloway a gamekeeper living at Frog Farm Lodge with his wife Martha and his children, George Dilloway 18 shoemaker's apprentice, Albert 14, Harriet 12, Emily 10, Adelaide 7, Thomas 5 and William 1. By 1851 George Dilloway (48) was at Petworth House Lodge with his wife Martha and children Charles (26), Emily, Adelaide, Thomas and William. Philip Hoad lived at this time in East Street. By 1861 George Dilloway was at the "Turkey" Lodge in Petworth park and had only William living at home.

P.A.J.

To make cowslip mead: (From an old book belonging to James Alliston)

Put thirty pounds of honey into fifteen gallons of water, and boil it till one gallon is wasted: skim it, take it off the fire, and have ready adozen and a half of lemons quartered: pour a gallon of the liquor boiling hot upon them - put the remainder of the liquor into a tub, with seven pecks of cowslip pipes - let them remain there all night, and then put the liquor and the lemons to eight spoonfuls of new yeast and a handful of sweet-briar; stir all well together, and let it work for three or four days. Strain it and put it into the cask - let it stand for six months, then bottle it for keeping.



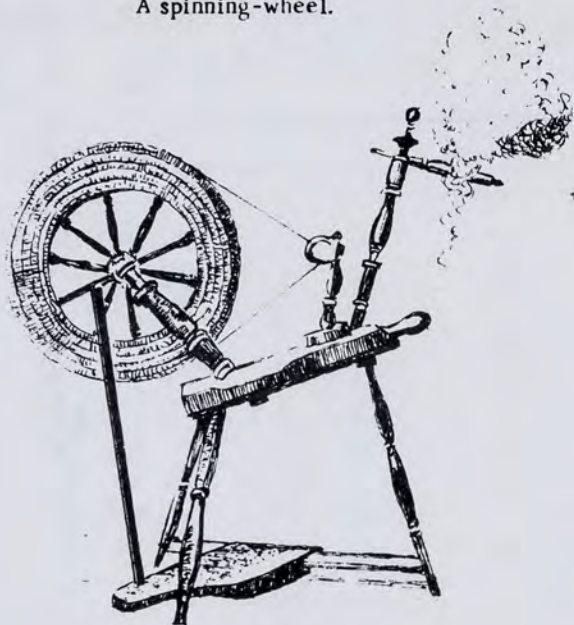
An old-fashioned hearth at Lodsworth - drawn by Rendie Diplock from a photograph by Walter Kevis (see "A farm-sale at Redland")

A Catalogue of ~~Effects~~ ^{Effects} belonging to Mrs Elizabeth Combes
 at Redland in the Parish of Clifton, which was
 Sold by Auction by J^r Dalrymple on Monday 18th November 1835

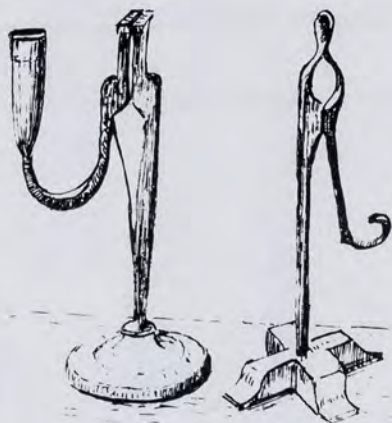
Farming Stock

		£	s	d
Two single harrows	M ^r Cooper	-	-	-
Two do	J ^r	-	-	-
51 Mattes		5	2	-
Two drag harrows	M ^r Cooper	-	-	-
A dung Cart		1	-	-
Hough		1	1	-
6 Rudders & barn shovels	M ^r Cooper	-	-	-
Eight Prongs		-	6	-
Winnowing tackle, bushel measure & dung Cart,	M ^r Cooper	-	-	-
Wagon jack & barrow		-	2	-
Drag Rope & sundry forks		-	2	6
An old body of a Cart	--	-	3	6
Two Cow Cribbs & a Ladder		-	10	-
Hog tub & trough		-	4	9
A pair trace harness	M ^r Cooper	-	-	-
Do		-	4	-
Do	M ^r Cooper	-	-	-
One pair harrow hames & pair horn traces		-	2	-
A mow cutter & 2 hatters	M ^r Cooper	-	-	-
Two hatters 1 Hough wippance		-	1	9
A Wagon	M ^r Cooper	-	-	-
Saddle & 2 bridles		-	4	-
Cart Horse & harness	M ^r Cooper	-	-	-
Two Ricks of Clover Hay	M ^r Cooper	-	-	-
A Rick of Meadow Hay		7	10	-
Grindstone		-	5	6
A Steer	M ^r Cooper	-	-	-
A Heifer		-	-	-
Do		-	-	-

A spinning-wheel.



Rushlight-holders.



All drawn by Rendle Diplock from photographs in the two books by Gertrude Jekyll mentioned in "A farm-sale at Redland")



Skillets.



A wicker bird-cage

THE OFFICE OF BAILIFF, PORTREEVE OR CLERK OF THE MARKET IN EARLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURY PETWORTH

A small group of documents at Petworth House is probably all that now survives of a once far greater number connected with an intermanorial dispute fought out in the later years of James I between Petworth and Arundel over the jurisdiction of Petworth market and fair. As often happens when much of the documentation is missing, the progress of this King's Bench suit is difficult to trace but the dispute seems to hinge on a legal technicality. The market and fair were part of the appurtenances or perquisites of the manor of Petworth - but did the manor of Petworth itself belong in law to the honour (or grouping of related manors) of Arundel or to the honour of Petworth (i.e. with the closely related manors of Sutton, Duncton and Heyshott)? The question was not quite as foolish as it may seem at first sight and, as will appear, the King's Bench judges had the greatest difficulty with it.

The manor of Petworth had in the past been particularly closely connected with Arundel on at least two occasions. In the twelfth century the manor had become forfeit to the Crown by the rebellion of Robert de Belesme. Henry I had bequeathed it to Alice la Belle, his second wife and she in turn had on her remarriage made the manor over not to her new husband but to Joceline de Louvain, her brother, the castellan or keeper of Arundel Castle. It was Joceline who married Agnes, daughter of William de Percy and took the Percy name. Centuries later Henry VIII had taken the manor of Petworth with its appurtenances together with much other land "west of the river" and when Edward VI visited Petworth in 1552 he was probably entertained by Henry, Earl of Arundel, then master of the game at Petworth. (Arnold's History page 47.) The Percy title was at this time held in abeyance, the Percy family in disgrace and the manor again forfeit to the Crown. Under Queen Mary, under whom the Percy title was recreated for Thomas the seventh Earl, the Earl of Arundel had been granted by letters patent that his tenants should be "quitt of toll" - apparently discharged by royal prerogative of the requirement to pay manorial dues at Petworth. When the inheritance finally passed back to the Percy family, Henry Percy the ninth Earl had granted the office of bailiff and portreeve of the town of Petworth to William Levett for a term of twenty one years from the 17th of January 1597. Did Levett then have any authority to levy dues on the tenants of Arundel? The court were not sure, nor were they sure about the precise relationship between Petworth manor and the honour of Petworth. They could ascertain what current practice was, but whether that practice was in

order, in the light of ancient precedent, was difficult to say. A note of their decisions survives but a definitive ruling on the relationship between manor and honour in relation to Petworth seems consistently to have been held in abeyance.

Probably the main interest of these documents today lies not in their witness to a rather abstruse legal dispute but in the lengthy statement made by William Levett, the bailiff, in explanation and defence of his privileges and duties - a statement itself dependent on a lost book of depositions taken from nine Petworth residents. In reply to the claim that he is a usurper claiming, without warrant, to hold a yearly fair on the feast day of St. Edmund the king, and on the Saturdays previous and following, and of falsely claiming to be "clarke of the marcate" with all the privileges and duties this involved, Levett, under nine separate headings, closely defines the position and privileges of bailiff, portreeve or clerk of the market as he sees it:

- 1) The manor of Petworth had always been part of the honour of Petworth certainly within the memory of men living. As we have seen, this was legally the crux of the matter and on this the King's Bench judges reserved judgement.
- 2) There had always been a certain office called the bailiffship or portreeveship of the town of Petworth and this official had been appointed to have charge of the annual fair and the weekly Saturday market. He would be appointed by the lord of the honour and manor of Petworth. Here, while the court basically agreed with Levett, current practice did not in itself prove that he was right. Were the honour and manor of Petworth one and indivisible? On this the court reserved their judgement.
- 3) The lord of the manor had been in the custom of granting the office of bailiff or portreeve to such person as he thought fit - either for that man's lifetime or for a set term of years. On this, as a matter of current practice, the court agreed with Levett.
- 4) Every year on the Saturday before the feast of St. Edmund the king and on the Saturday after, the bailiff would take of every one (including tenants of Arundel) who sold corn at the fair a dish-full containing a pint and a half from every three bushel sack. From every sack or pcke of corn containing less than three bushels he would take a pint. A pcke was a small sack.

The Court agreed with Levett that this was the practice but were not happy about the tenants of Arundel. Had the portreeve always been able to collect his toll from them or had the exemption granted under Queen Mary been observed?

- 5) During the fair the bailiff would take a due of one penny from every person selling cattle for every bargain struck, whether for a single beast or a number of cattle in a single lot. Levett claimed the tenants of Arundel were liable but again the court reserved judgement.
- 6) On the Saturday preceding and the Saturday after the feast of St. Edmund the king, the bailiff would take of all these (including tenants of Arundel but excluding vendors of corn and cattle previously dealt with) who had produce to sell one penny for the goods set out for sale. In the case of butchers and fishmongers he would take one penny per stall whether the stall were manned by a single person or several persons. This also, he claimed, applied to tenants of Arundel. The court agreed with Levett about the custom but reserved judgement concerning the tenants of Arundel.
- 7) Levett had been granted his position by the Earl of Northumberland for a period of 21 years.
- 8) The bailiff or portreeve had always had the authority to survey all bushel, and half-bushel weight and all peck, half-peck and gallon measures kept within the town for the measuring of corn to be bought and sold. He had also the authority to survey all butcher's weights between half a pound and sixteen pounds. Those not consonant with the standard of the King's Exchequer he would correct according to the standard. Those he did correct or find already correct, he would seal with the seal of the lord of the honour and manor of Petworth and allow to be used for commerce.
- 9) For the assizing, correcting and amending of weights he would charge one penny and one penny also for the sealing of weights. On points 7, 8 and 9, being matters of current practice, the court agreed with Levett.

It would be difficult to ask for a clearer statement of the portreeve's duties in connection with the fair and the weekly market, but it is also clear that Levett's duties were not only those connected with the fair and the ordering of the weekly market. We know from other

sources that the rent from January 1597 for the bailiffship was 53/4d. over a period of twenty-one years and that the bailiff was required "to repair the market house and other buildings and shambles". (Lord Leconfield: Petworth Manor page 7). The market-house was a wood-built predecessor of the present Leconfield Hall and the "shambles" of course were the slaughter-houses. There were however other duties and privileges attached to the bailiff's office and we will have a closer look at another document that must somehow be connected with this dispute in the December Bulletin.

P.A.J.

A FARM SALE AT REDLAND SELHAM IN 1805

Oglethorpe and Anderson 1267-1316 are a very miscellaneous collection of papers all in some way related to the estate of John Combs, formerly of Redland in the parish of Selham. The farm mentioned is clearly Redlands Farm on the northern extremity of Lodsworth, just to the west of Leggatt Hill. John Combs himself may well be that John Combs who, according to the Window Tax Assessment of 1762, was at that time tenant of the Swan Hotel in Petworth. Perhaps the most interesting document in the gathering is 1305, a handwritten catalogue of a sale of Mrs. Combs' effects, sold at auction by George Peat in September 1805. John Combs himself had died a few years previously.

The catalogue is handwritten on four foolscap pages of which the first is reproduced as the centre-piece for this Bulletin. This page lists farming stock alive and dead but the other three provide what is in effect an inventory of the house contents going from room to room and giving prices fetched, but not the identity of the purchaser. The catalogue is interesting as reflecting a transitional period when rural life was already beginning to change but when many of the older pieces of household equipment, familiar from seventeenth and eighteenth century probate inventories, were still in use.

The farming stock presents few surprises and can be followed on the reproduction. Mr. Cooper clearly was the incoming farmer and had already bought what he required - no price is given for this in the catalogue. Cooper did not purchase any of the household items. 51 wattles at 2/- each were presumably for sheep, while "rudders" were perhaps large paddles for stirring feed. Hames are the curved wooden pieces that form the collar of a draught-horse. A wippance

is probably what was usually called "a whipple-tree", the crossbar on which an animal's harness is fastened to keep it away from the animal itself. A prong is a fork. There were two ricks of clover hay and one of meadow hay.

It is probably the household furniture that gives the greatest interest today. The pantry contained among other items a drip-pan (used to catch the dripping from roasting meat), and a basting ladle, a pestle and mortar, six earthen dishes, a joint-stool (the carver's seat at the head of the table) and a "lard beater", apparently used for making pats of lard rather as one would do with butter. "Pewter spoons" reflect the wider use of pewter (once a rather aristocratic metal) instead of wood, while stone jars might be used for wine or beer. The meaning of the phrase "couple tub" is not clear. Possibly it was a tub with a smaller vessel inside that would be used for separating sediment from a liquid, or perhaps fat. "Water pot" does not specify the material it was made of - probably earthenware, while "roasting dogs" one would expect. The pantry also contained an armoury of tools of various kinds, a hay-rake, saws, augers (a kind of gimlet), jack plane and smoothing plane, hammers, a wedge, an adze, a grubaxe, five scythes, a mow cutter and four "spuds" (forks). The final item is "a bell metal skellet".

The kitchen had the inevitable roasting spits with roasting jack to turn them, knives and forks, bacon rack and mantle shelf. It also had four tables, two of oak, one of walnut and one described as "Inn". These were perhaps not as imposing as they sound, the two oak tables fetching 13/-, the walnut 1/9d. and the "Inn" 3/3d. Seven chairs fetched 4/3d., and an arm-chair 1/9d. The kitchen also had two candlesticks and a snuffer stand, a tin saucepan, coffee pot and flour box. A "candle box" would be a hinged metal cylinder attached to the wall by the mantel and a "box iron" an iron with a brass case having a flap at the back to allow the hot iron to be put back into the case. Most readers will know the steelyard, still sometimes seen, one of the most ancient instruments for weighing and indispensable at any farm at this time. The kitchen also had "two tongs and a cottrell", usually spelled "cotterel", a crane or bar used to hang a pot over a fire. The most valuable item, a fowling piece worth 9/6d., would be kept along with the musket (2/3d.) in a rough rack above the fireplace.

After the kitchen, the very centre of the household existence, the garret is quickly disposed of. There was a malt-mill (sold for £1.5.0.), an oak chest, a bedstead, ten rip hooks (an old name for

a fag-hook), and various sundries. The "dark" chamber must have been dark indeed to earn such a name. Here was a "goose-feather bed and bolster" worth £2.6.0., a bedstead, three blankets and a quilt, two oak chests, two old chairs, a box and a clothes-horse.

The "chamber" seems to have held such items at Redland as tended away from the purely utilitarian. Beside the bedstead, oak chests, chest of drawers, blankets and quilt, there was a spinning wheel and a bird-cage (almost certainly of wicker at this time). There were also sundry china cups and saucers and six delft cups and saucers with tea-pot and cream-jug and various jars, mugs, basins and wine-glasses. The "salt seller" would almost certainly be of pewter. Salt might well be the only foodstuff a farm like Redland would bring in from outside. It was often kept in a special salt box close to the fire to keep it dry. The box would be hinged with leather because iron hinges would rust badly as the salt attracted moisture. The most expensive item in the chamber was a "feather bed and bolster" sold for £3.19.0. The chest of drawers made £2 but no other single lot in the chamber was worth more than 18/6d.

The "parlour" offered only a wainscot desk and a pair of shears, a rather curious combination in a single lot. The cellar had a wooden hoop (for binding barrels) and a generous assortment of very large casks. There were also two "powdering tubs" (for "powdering" animal flesh, i.e. seasoning or spicing it, or more probably here, pickling or salting it), a small "tun-tub" (probably a fermenting vat), a wash-tub, a barrel stand, an iron hoop and an "oil barrel and lights". We are probably dealing here with rush-lights, peeled rushes, dried and then filled with melted fat. The rush would be held in an iron holder with a wooden base.

The "brewhouse" had a "furnace" - perhaps some kind of copper, a "milk kettle" valued at £1.1.0., a "bucking tub" (a familiar item in the old inventories and meaning a tub used for bleaching and steeping in lye), a mash-vat and another armoury of spades, turnip hooks, bill hooks, cleavers and similar tools. Lastly there is the "dairy". Here predictably was a cheese-tub, churn, trays and milk pail, sieve, strainer and wooden dish. A cheese "kiver" would appear to be a cover for a cheese tub. Four wooden "bottles" (casks or kegs to our way of thinking) were worth 5/3d. Here too were milk pans and crocks and "9 cyder hogsheads" worth £2.6.0. and "14 half hogsheads" worth £3.6.9.

The subtotals, room by room, for prices fetched are:-

(Live and dead farm stock)	£41.12. 0.
Pantry	2. 7. 9.
Kitchen	3. 0. 6.
Garrett	1.12. 3.
Dark Chamber	3. 6. 0.
Chamber	9. 9. 9.
Parlour	1.10. 2.
Cellar	3.11. 6.
Brewhouse	5.16. 9.
Dairy (including stock of cider)	7.11. 0.

Whether these monetary values adequately reflect the relative importance of the various rooms is probably open to doubt. I have found the two books by Gertrude Jekyll "Old English Household Life" (1925) and "Old West Surrey" (1904) very helpful but there will obviously be errors and omissions in the foregoing discussion. I should be glad to hear of any disagreements or additional explanations. The fire-side picture has been drawn by Rendle Diplock from a lost photograph by Walter Kevis of a hearth at Lodsworth, reproduced in Gertrude Jekyll's 1925 book. Does anyone recognise it? Surely it would be too much of a coincidence for it to have been taken at Redland itself? Possibly it may have been at River Park or at another old house in Lodsworth now demolished.

P.A.J.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF PETWORTH WORKHOUSE IN 1763

Documents relating to Petworth workhouse are few and far between and its earlier history is still somewhat obscure. Oglethorpe and Anderson 1385 is an isolated document not obviously connected with the papers with which it is now grouped that sheds a little light on the administration of the workhouse in 1763. It is an indenture bearing the date 7th April 1763 and containing a series of articles of agreement between the Petworth churchwardens John Taylor and William Hoad and the overseers of the poor Francis Graves and Thomas Wait of the one part and Edward Arnop of Petworth Butcher of the other part.

Arnop agrees for the sum of five shillings paid in hand and a rate levied at two shillings and sixpence in the pound to provide for seven years at Petworth workhouse, or if necessary, elsewhere, "such good wholesome and sufficient meat drink washing lodging wearing apparel and anything else thought proper by the churchwardens" for all poor persons "now maintained kept clothed or otherwise receiving

any kind of support whatsoever from the said Parish of Petworth" or anyone who might during that period want such relief. At the end of his tenure Arnop would leave all such poor persons clothed as they had been on the first Easter of his tenure, and all household goods, household stuff, goods and chattels linen and woollen in the same order as he had first taken them over. Reference is made to an annexed schedule but this is now missing. Arnop would at the same time indemnify the churchwardens, overseers of the poor and the people of the parish against any costs or damages incurred by reason of any person or persons becoming a charge upon the parish either through sickness or "casualty in receiving any bodily hurt and thereby wanting an surgeon apothecary or other necessary attendance". He would look also to the cost of binding workhouse apprentices to a trade. Arnop would not however be responsible for the costs involved in any law suit involving a poor person or for any expenses incurred "on account of any distemper called the smallpox" affecting his charges.

Every half-year the churchwardens and overseers of the poor would make a poor book and rate all persons possessed of any lands, tenements or hereditaments lying within the town and parish of Petworth at a rate of fifteen pence of two-thirds in the pound that such lands, tenements and or hereditaments should be rented at. This would be paid to Edward Arnop. The churchwardens and overseers of the poor also agreed that Arnop would receive all profit and advantages arising from "the dayly or other work or labour of the said poor persons or any of them" and also the rents, issues and profits of any properties vested in the churchwardens or overseers of the poor in respect of their several offices, but no lease on these properties could be granted for a period longer than the duration of Arnop's own agreement. Arnop in turn would have the use and occupation of the workhouse with the gardens and appurtenances belonging to it rent free and would covenant to keep all this in good and tenantable repair. He would however be allowed the appropriate materials for this. Arnop would pay the churchwardens thirty pounds a year toward the reparations of Petworth parish church and pay the abatements arising on the church bills of two shillings and twopence in the pound. He would also pay the vagrant tax for the town of Petworth provided that it did not exceed the sum of £6.4.0.; if it did the rest would be paid by the churchwardens and overseers of the poor.

On Easter Monday next (1764) he would pay for all stores of food within the workhouse at a rate to be appraised by two indifferent

(i.e. impartial) persons - one chosen by Arnop himself and one by the churchwardens. Lastly, six months before the expiration of the agreement the churchwardens and overseers of the poor would be allowed to enter the workhouse to arrange for provisions at the end of the period. If Arnop were to die before the expiration of the agreement then the articles would automatically be invalidated. The surviving indenture is signed by Edward Arnop in the presence of John Newhouse and Albert Puttick - the counterpart presumably would have borne the names of the churchwardens and overseers of the poor.

Indentures are never easy reading but, as in this case, often offer a good deal of incidental information. Clearly the workhouse was an asset whose austere regime could be turned to financial advantage. All the names on the documents are known from the 1762 Window Tax assessment transcribed by G.M. Kenyon (Petworth Town and Trades pp 110ff). Edward Arnop is also known from P.H.A. as a butcher at Petworth in the 1740's and his name appears to survive in the house-name Arnop's Leith in Angel Street. From the Window Tax assessment he seems to have had premises in Lombard Street as did also John Taylor, almost certainly the clockmaker of that name, and perhaps John Newhouse (possibly however "the Rev. Mr. Newhouse in High Street"). William Hoad was in East Street, while Francis Graves was tenant of the Half Moon Inn on the site of the National Westminster Bank. Thomas Wait, listed under "country south" may possibly have lived at Byworth. Albert Puttick ("Mr. Puttick" on the 1762 assessment) was one of the collectors of the Window Tax and is listed as resident in Church Street.

A BOMB AT BUDHAM (2)

At times like these, you were just never sure, always a little uneasy at your being at your most vulnerable. A full load aboard, loss of power or a sudden burst of fire from a night fighter just sitting on your tail, invisible in the gloom, then nothing, a slithering, shattering slide on the runway, a burst of flame, a series of explosions as fuel and the load went off almost as one. If it happened, he was very aware that he would neither see nor feel it. He had seen others before but then from a distance. Anyway, tonight, 29th September, apart from the usual strain to get off before the end of the runway, there was no such problem. With plenty of power and a light headwind, the wheels were up and tucked away in plenty of time, a little right rudder on his huge fin and he climbed away.

The field below was well blacked out, an odd light or two in the French countryside flickered and disappeared. Huge shadowy trees slid away and seemed to march backwards across the fields below.

The black Heinkel, still climbing and swinging right to complete a wide arc around his base, with one last check on power, completed its circuit and swung onto the course that was to take him out over the Channel. Still climbing, the crew settled down for a few moments brief rest, shattered briefly as all guns were checked out, firing down into the silver sea. Then, settling back into their seats to relax, stick eased back, both engines throbbing on three-quarter power, the pilots left reality farther behind each minute as they climbed towards the stars.

At 19,000 feet, through a thin roll of mackerel sky, and half way out over the Channel, away to the starboard, some 500 yards and 500 feet above, the moonlight glinted fractionally on the fuselage of what appeared to be a returning 88 just about to start a shallow dive which would take it back within reach of the French coast, his mission duly completed.

Levelling out at 20,000 feet in a clear sky lit by the soft pale moonlight, the sea shimmering far below, seen between the billowy clouds, seemed part of a distant world. The pilot called briefly to each crew member reminding them that there was still some fifteen minutes to landfall, which, if all calculations proved correct, should be off the River Arun at Littlehampton. They would follow it up, take the right fork up towards Horsham, turn due west to pick up the main railway line from London to Portsmouth, down to Petersfield, then back down the Rother and railway track, out over Littlehampton and home.

Approaching the coast from some few miles out, away to port as far as could be seen, the odd fingers of searchlights flickered and swept the sky in blindness. Many of them around and over Portsmouth seemed almost frantic in their efforts. One group of four had picked up an intruder, being swiftly joined by two more; all held the plane only briefly as he dived steeply down the beam and away, leaving them all groping in the misty shadows of the cloud and moonlight. A burst of fire down the beam often helped to lose them.

The pilot, flirting with the rolls of mackerel sky and the stray lower cumulus, must, he knew, be well visible from the ground with twin trails of vapour, one from each hot engine, swiftly forming behind him

into one vivid streamer of white. He might just as well drop fairy lights to mark his course, but whatever lay below over the rapidly approaching coastline, he and his crew, even if a little chilled, constantly on the watch for night fighters, felt reasonably safe from the searchlights and anti-aircraft guns which he knew were already plotting his approach, course, speed and height, fusing their first shells to greet him. He was also well aware that after the fall of France some few months before, and the current daylight battles which he felt were drawing to a close, the edge, or even the greater advantage, must lie with the Fatherland.

Many of the more recent conquerors of France, who were sleeping or awake along the whole line of the French coast during that night and indeed for some time previously, must have wondered and been extremely puzzled as to why they had not moved straight across the Channel on the fall of France. There was little if anything to stand in their way. A few hastily improvised obstacles, a lot of middle-aged, some old, and very young men, their only weapons broomsticks and pitchforks, maybe one rifle between a dozen of them, and perhaps twenty rounds of ammunition, these people, hastily formed into local defence companies, were at best simply resourceful.

The pilot and crew of the Heinkel knew full well that they were expected on this night and were anticipating the counter measures already under way in the various operations rooms far below as they drew steadily nearer. The greeting could be shattering from the long-reaching 4.7 AAs down through the range, 40mm Bofors, 20" cannon and maybe, just maybe, some new AA device. Then when the shooting stopped it was a sure sign that they were being hunted by one of the few early night fighters. Nothing much to fear in those as yet, but always the nagging doubt that it could just be your turn tonight.

The upper gunner peered intently astern, the large fin seeming to be lazily carving its way through the night sky like the dorsal fin of a giant shark, drifting a little and occasionally giving a little shudder as they dropped through a pocket of thin air. The white vapour from the hot diesels still rolled and twisted its way astern, leaving a trail clearer than a freshly painted signpost.

It was easy to dream up here almost in space, so near to the twinkling stars. One felt relaxed, almost warm. The track of a distant shooting star startled him, bringing his mind back to the job in hand. He could not see much of the sea, the ground or very little else below. Turning round and looking ahead, the moonlight glistened

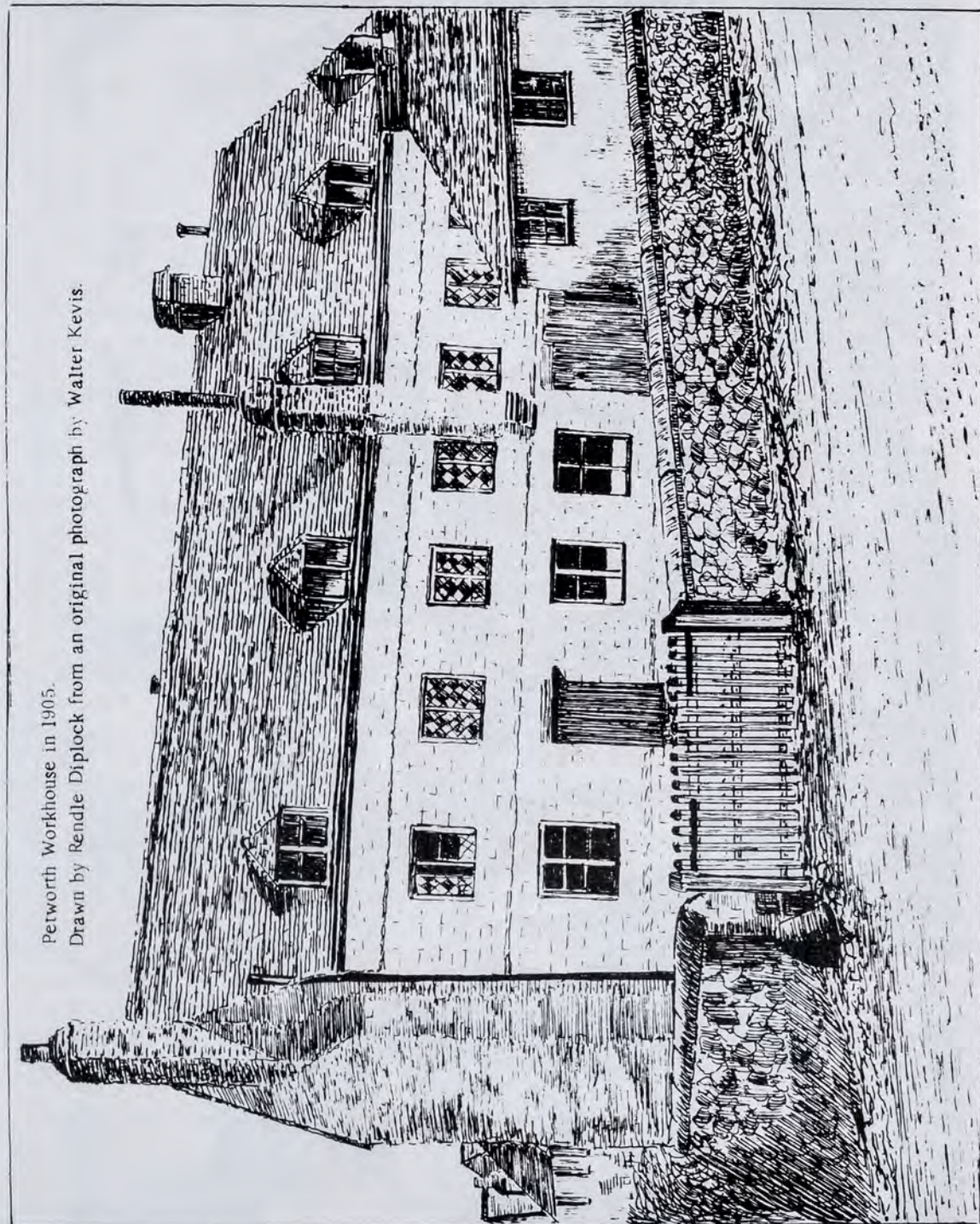
along the broad smooth back of the plane's body. He could have been sitting on the back of a whale alone on a moonlit ocean but for the occasional flash from the exhaust stubs, the flicker of silver from the tips of the spinning blades drawing them across the September sky. The huge wings seemed to him like the safety of the outspread wings of an angel holding him aloft in peace and in some degree of happiness.

The first half dozen rounds of 4.7 burst in haphazard fashion across the sky some hundreds of feet below and to starboard. The next group well astern and much lower. Inland, over Rustington and on towards Horsham, no more heavy AA even though the countryside was dotted with gunsites all neatly plotted on his charts along with the searchlight posts. They could almost calculate when the one ahead would light up and begin to finger the sky for them.

Picking up the winding ribbon of the Arun at Littlehampton, with the twin tracks of the southern railway close by, he altered course to starboard a few degrees to keep the tracks on his port side. Over the Downs, northwards and on. Two searchlights near Pulborough flickered into life, swept drunkenly round and just went out. Minutes later, peering out and down through the perspex nose, it was possible to pick up the dual track as it curved before entering Horsham Station, almost as plain as the river twisting away in the dim shadows of the moonlit wooded countryside below.

Five miles north of Horsham, still cruising with starboard rudder on, he completed a turn which brought him back across his own drifting trail some fifty feet above it. He decided to hold back for a while, cruise round and locate some of the camps now under construction. The moon meanwhile had made up its mind to hide above the banks of rippling mackerel sky way above him and to the west, restricting the sight of the ground below to patchiness, and making map reading a little difficult. Wishing now that he had put a couple of HEs into Horsham station, he put on port rudder, then straightened out to keep the pale moon high over his left shoulder and only just in sight. Spotting the Horsham/Guildford railway line on his starboard side a little distance to the north he turned towards it, picked it up and followed to the west.

As the moon flitted restlessly between the clouds, so too did the countryside below. A pond or lake would suddenly glisten and come to life, black shadows of woodlands would roll and unfold in turn. Tiny fields and ponds would brighten and then as suddenly disappear.



Petworth Workhouse in 1905.
Drawn by Rendle Diplock from an original photograph by Walter Kevis.



Royal Wedding July 29th 1951 - A view of the Downview Road Street Party.
Photograph by John Mason.

The silver winding streams and rivers, running as it seemed with the railway lines, gave him clues like a jigsaw puzzle as to where he was exactly. Drifting south now, once more in brilliant light, he found himself slightly north of Blackdown, the wooded eastern slopes in heavy shadow. No sign of any construction scars and no lights. Dropping the nose and cutting power he had almost lost his tell-tale trail of vapour. Down now to ten thousand feet and tracking the London/Portsmouth line, he tailed a long, fast-moving train heading towards the coast. A couple of trackside twin Bofors opened up head-on, their bright orange burst startling him and seeming to head straight for him personally. He heard the bomb aimer curse as shrapnel rattled on the underside of the starboard wing. Still over the train and now fairly straight and level, the bomb aimer had selected a bridge some five miles ahead and informed him so. Well in front of the train and hastening to the target they were again caught by fire from Bofors and cannon, but not damaged. He felt the old Heinkel lift almost with relief as they released part of their load.

Allowing the lift to continue they climbed away to starboard almost getting caught by the same battery that had opened up a few moments ago. The bursting shells and tracer flaring towards them were momentarily shadowed by the flash from the two 250 kg bombs and the ignition of the contents of a casket of incendiaries.

Continuing his turn through a very wide arc and back up to ten thousand feet, he once more picked up the track. The glow from one decent fire and several minor ones illuminated a narrow pencil of road some two miles ahead. Dropping the nose and easing the throttles forward, both engines under full power, the fires seemed to leap towards them. The bomb aimer/navigator manned the nose gun and loosed off a few rounds in the direction of the flames with no apparent success. Two sets of glistening track suddenly disappeared beneath a tree shrouded bridge - a quick glimpse was all that was possible, but just enough to confirm that, apart from a lot of tiny fires made by single incendiaries in the brush along the embankment, half of the approach span under the road having been destroyed, the main bridge and track were still intact. No sign of the train which by now must be well ahead. Anyway they had tried, and at least caused some confusion if not a lot of damage.

Keeping both engines on climb they reached for the dappled sky above and safety from the short range AA fire. Some of the smaller bore tracers seemed uncomfortably close and very concentrated. Perhaps after all things were not quite so bad as they might be this side of

the Channel. At fifteen thousand feet, and south of Petersfield (at least it ought to be), he found he had lost the train and had no wish to become involved with the glowing inferno to the south of Portsmouth where one of the large group raids was being tried out, more to test defences than to create ground damage in the Dockyard. It seemed a fairly successful debut in spite of the heavy AA barrage. The English seemed to favour very large percentages of tracer (for guidance no doubt), and a lot of searchlights. The flaming torch of a hard hit plane plunging to the ground disappeared in a blinding flash on impact. Better to keep away!

Climbing a couple of thousand feet and circling lazily around Petersfield he suddenly remembered that about a month ago when over the same area in daylight, he had been given a task which was to either seal a railway tunnel or try to blow the whole lot up. The tunnel was situated on a branch line near the little village of Cocking, running under the Downs to Chichester, and was supposed to hold explosive ammunition in store. Why not have another go by moonlight?

Spiralling down he picked up the junction to the east which was not too difficult tonight as both river and railway ran east and south towards the sea and back to Littlehampton. Just west of Midhurst he loosed a couple of small HEs in the direction of an oncoming train which was carelessly squirting a plume of white smoke and steam into the heavens. (The bursts appeared to be well wide of the track to the north and, glancing at his map, he thought it could be near Elsted or Dumford, fairly open country anyway.)

His fuel gauge showed two hours flying left. The actual time was 21.25 hours and on the western edge of Midhurst, behind the goods yard which was very tiny compared to most he had seen, there were no standing waggons. Another set of single tracks led off to the south through the Downs and on to Chichester. This was the one he wanted. It was not very hard to pick out the tunnel entrance where a single set of glistening tracks disappeared into a black hole in the chalk hills. Turning back to the north, about a mile north of Midhurst, and keeping the track in sight all the time, he lined up. The bomb aimer was in position. Straight and level at nine thousand feet, very little drift and steady at one hundred and eighty knots. Three HEs on the way down, hopefully on target. Again the sudden lift and power surge as both engines opened up on a lighter load, taking him round over the target for a quick glimpse. Somehow, unbelievably, they had missed the flash this time. The shadows had

all come together now, the tracks still lay shining between the trees, so really he did not know after all and certainly was not going to hang around to find out or to try again. All they had left now were three 250 kg HEs and a load of incendiaries. The sooner these were disposed of now and they got back over the Channel the better. So why not make a start and follow the river back down to the sea? There was another little town down river from Midhurst and it was well known there were a number of camps under construction in the heavily wooded countryside around it, a very large house, a church with a tall spire, some small engineering works and, above all, a station a mile south of the town close to a large flour mill on the river, which would lead him home. Quite a useful concentration of targets to finish on. For the last 45 minutes they had cruised around unmolested, no searchlights (not that any were needed now), and as yet no fire from the ground or fighters. The moon rode high over the broken clouded sky. His winding trail of vapour was again at his tail for all to see. It seemed that no one really cared that he carried a load of instant death and was just waiting for the opportunity to release it. The only warning they would have was when the bombs went off or red street lights came on.

His engines idled as once again he slid just below the clouds veering to port, north and away from the river. He circled the town picking out all the landmarks he knew. Reversing the circle, slightly to the north-east over the open fields and coming in from the east he saw a large pond in parkland close to the long body of the large house, overshadowed by the needle of the old church spire. Better not try for those well known landmarks. They were useful in many ways to others who might need them. Why not let the incendiaries go here? The bomb aimer pressed the release, allowing them to tumble away and scatter, some on the town and some on the farmland around. He did not expect them to cause havoc or even show up in the moonlight. Over the little town the silvery incendiaries scattered and darted, swishing towards the ground.

J.T.

(to be continued)

LIST OF NEW MEMBERS SINCE JUNE BULLETIN

Mrs. J. Alder, Gorseland, Wyncombe Close, Fittleworth.
Mr. F. Austin, 408 Brighton Road, Shoreham-by-Sea.
Mr. P. Blunden, 351 Egremont Row, Petworth.
Mr. & Mrs. M. Burrell, The Nook, School Lane, Sutton.
Mr. & Mrs. J. Codling, 71 Sheepdown Drive, Petworth.
Mr. & Mrs. A. Chapman, Boxall House, East Street, Petworth.
Mr. & Mrs. D. Cox, 24 Rothermead, Petworth.
Mrs. M. Cross, New Lodge, Tillington.
Mr. F. Dilloway, 7 Alan Way, Brighton.
Mrs. Dixon, 5 Sorrel Road, Horsham.
Mr. & Mrs. H. Frith, c/o Frith Antiques, New Street, Petworth.
Mrs. Gough, 2 Shipbourne Cottages, Wisborough Green.
Mr. & Mrs. Griggs, 3 Oakwood Court, Petworth.
Mr. E.G. Hamilton, 53 Hillgrounds Road, Kempston, Beds.
Mr. S. Hill, Trealow, Portsmouth Road, Milford, Surrey.
Judge & Mrs. A.E. Holdsworth, Sutton Gate, Sutton.
Mr. R.J. Holdsworth, 13 Rue de Remich, Sandweiler, Luxembourg.
Mr. R.C. Hollingdale, 80 Maple Drive, Burgess Hill, West Sussex.
Mr. W. Hollingdale, Holly Tree Cottage, Hill Top, Tillington.
Mrs. A. Jones, 12 Warwick Avenue, Kingston Road, Staines, Mx.
Miss R. Knight, East Street, Petworth.
Mrs. G. Mant, Rusman, 1 Littlecote, Petworth.
Mrs. J. Mitchell, Downview, Station Road, Petworth.
Mr. & Mrs. D. Pope, The Angel Hotel, Petworth.
Mrs. M. Sandall, 79 Wyndham Road, Petworth.
Mr. J. Steer, Cherry Tree Cottage, Coultershaw, Petworth.
Mrs. J. Strevens, Conifers, Grove Road, Beacon Hill, Hindhead, Surrey.
Mr. A. Thorpe, 5 Luffs Meadow, Northchapel.
Mrs. E. Upton, Four Winds House, Petworth.
Mr. J. Vincent, Smoky House, Selham.
Mrs. M. Wakeford, Market Square, Petworth.
Mrs. Westerman, East House, East Street, Petworth.
Mr. & Mrs. H. Wragg, 336g Grove Street, Petworth.
Mr. J. Townsend, 43 Hampers Green, Petworth.
Mrs. G. Sadler, 10 Meadow Way, Petworth.

Note We would like to explain that this list of new members names has to be at the printers one month before publication of the Bulletin therefore new members joining during that month will not have their names published until the following Bulletin.

