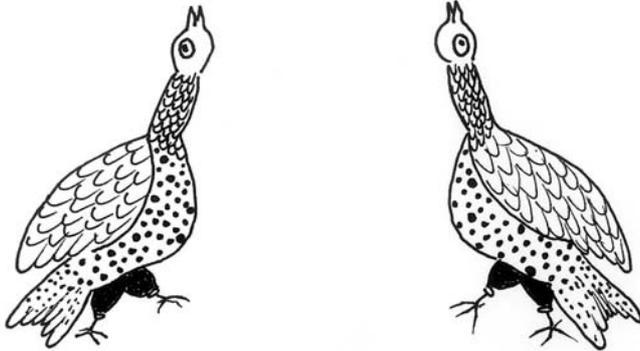


HAPPY CHRISTMAS



2006 – a busy year

There's been plenty happening in 2006 - and no doubt 2007 will be much the same. The big issue, of course, has been Development West of Horsham, and this is a matter that will continue to concern us all in the coming months. We also need to keep a watchful eye on any possible encroachments on the Park, as not everyone seems to understand that this vital area of green at the heart of Horsham should be left well alone, and not nibbled away at. The design quality of projected new housing on the Horsham Football Club site gives cause for concern, and the establishment of design standards for the town as a whole is something that the Society's Planning Sub-Committee is dedicating much thought to. Among other things we also need to monitor plans for the future of Chesworth Farm (see Julia Saunders's well-argued letter on page 2), and the Town Hall saga is probably not over yet.

But in other ways it has been a pretty good year for Horsham, and it is gratifying to know how high its UK ranking is on various 'lifestyle' criteria (and there's more positive news on this page). The Society is also in sound shape at the moment, and continues to attract new members at a healthy rate. Long may it continue!

Please renew asap!

It's subscription renewal time again, and all the details are on pages 5 and 6. So we hope very much you will renew, and as mentioned last month it would help Pat Gale enormously if everyone could do so by **15 January**. Many thanks.

If at Christmas ice hangs on the willow, clover may be cut at Easter

There's nothing I like more than a dictionary – and the more arcane the entries the better. So I was delighted recently when some friends kindly gave me a birthday present of Cassell's excellent *Dictionary of Proverbs*, and I've had endless fun ever since digging into its odder corners. The proverb quoted in the headline (best spoken with a good Sussex accent) means that a frozen Christmas leads to an early, warm spring, and is from an 1893 book called *Weather Lore* by Ralph Inwards.

How about another wordy one: *the devil makes his Christmas pies of lawyers' tongues and clerks' fingers* (Italian 16th century)? And does everyone know what *the devil gets up to the belfry by the vicar's skirts* is all about? If not, give me a call. I can't promise not to quote one or two more in the coming months – so please bear with me. These out-of-the-way proverbs are so much more interesting than tired old clichés like *one swallow doesn't make a summer*.

PS: another favourite book is Eric Partridge's classic *Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English*, but one's got to draw the line somewhere. His entries are often a little too near the knuckle for a decent, respectable publication like ours.

Long life

Yet more good news about Horsham – which you might already have seen, but it's well worth repeating. Based on data from the Office for National Statistics, our town is in a UK top ten ranking for life expectancy. Kensington and Chelsea, where the toffs can all afford top of the range health care, is *the* place to be; female life expectancy is 86.2 years and male expectancy 82.2 years. But Horsham is not far behind, and is ranked 10th in the country for women (83.4 years) and 8th for men (79.9 years).

Poor old Glasgow is the worst place to be for both men and women, which must be something to do with the locals' predilection for deep fried Mars Bars. Life expectancy for women is 76.7 years, and 69.9 years for men. Traditionally men's life expectancy has trailed behind that of women, but the good news for us chaps is that the gap is closing; it was almost six years in the early 1980s, but is now just over four years, thanks to better medicines and healthier living standards (ie less fags and booze).

Editor's note

First of all can I wish everyone a very Happy Christmas and all the best for the New Year. Thanks as well to all our contributors and letter writers, our all-important distributors, and those who have provided so many interesting photographs and ideas for the Newsletter. Please keep it up in 2007!

I would also like to pay special tribute to Rod and Moira Merry at Horsham Press, who do such a professional job on the Newsletter every month, and also to design supremo Adam Hammond, with his unerring eye for a good layout. The publication is all the better for their contribution.

Copy date for the February issue is 5 January.

Damaging effect of football pitches

Following the publication of the Chesworth Farm management plan and the articles in previous editions of the Newsletter, I am writing to outline my objections to the proposal to place football pitches on 'Jenny Bare-legs' meadow, as a lifelong Horsham citizen and keen walker.

Chesworth Farm and the surrounding countryside is a haven for wildlife and the loss of a central meadow could have serious repercussions on the flora and fauna which live there. Although the pitches will only be in use for a few hours per week, the effects of cultivation will be present permanently. By cutting the grass the number of hiding places and thoroughfares for small mammals such as voles will be reduced, as will pollination opportunities for wild flowers, which will be limited to the perimeter. At present cattle graze this meadow; their faeces attract flies, which in turn attract insectivorous birds such as swallows.

As part of my zoology degree I researched the causes of water vole population decline in the UK, and discovered that had their habitats not been destroyed and segregated by human activity, their numbers would not have been so drastically affected by mink predation. This is just one small example of the detrimental effect that human activity can have on our native wildlife.

There is a huge amount of pressure these days to build on green field sites. With the acquisition of Chesworth Farm, HDC has the chance to preserve the countryside for the use of future generations, and it should not squander this opportunity.

At present Chesworth is accessible to everyone for any manner of recreational activity, from wildlife-watching and dog walking to kite flying and cross country running or cycling. Those of us who oppose this plan are not old spoil-sports who think that children should not be allowed to enjoy this area. On the contrary, we wish to preserve it for all children to use, not just a few primary school boys who enjoy football. Children who grow up with respect for wildlife are more likely to turn into caring adults who will help to reduce the damage which we are inflicting on our planet. What sort of message does it send to local children if we gradually eat away at parts of our countryside in order to provide football pitches for them?

It might have been more acceptable to site these pitches on a meadow were there no alternatives available, but there are numerous other options in Horsham, including Bennett's Field, Horsham Park, Millais, Forest and Tanbridge Schools, as well as the countless junior schools, all of which have better parking and changing facilities than will be available at the 'Jenny Bare-legs' site.

I urge fellow residents to back our protest against HDC's plans.

Julia Saunders, BA, VetMB, MRCVS
South Grove, Horsham

Queen Victoria's last journey

Queen Victoria died at 6.30 pm on Tuesday 22 January 1901 – nearly 106 years ago – at Osborne, her Isle of Wight home. She had been ailing since the summer, and the South African War, to which she had devoted much of her energies, had also sapped her strength. On her way by train from London to Osborne and back she must have passed through Horsham more than once, and her very last trip, when her coffin was carried on its way to her funeral at Windsor, took place on Saturday 2 February, when most of the town turned out to witness the event.

Much thought had been given to the best vantage points. Unless they had a ticket to travel on the day, the public were not allowed on to Horsham station, and anyway there were probably better spots from which to watch. The general consensus was that along Park Terrace West was one of them, and during the morning, despite the cold weather and a heavy shower of rain just after 9.30 am, crowds began to gather there. Other favoured locations were across the road in Denne Parade, the Waterworks, Norfolk Square and Wimbleshurst Road (the Dorking line to London was the route taken). Crowds also thronged the meadows on either side of the railway line by the cricket pitch, and as the local paper rather stylishly put it 'a good number of cameras were *en evidence*'.

Horsham knew that the train had to be at Victoria by 11 am, but there was some anxiety as to whether it would be routed via the town. One rumour had it that the main Brighton-London line would be taken, but this was soon scotched when, at 9.52 am, the pilot engine *Sirdar* passed through. There was then what seemed a lengthy gap of some twelve minutes before 'a distant rumbling' heralded the approach of the royal train, and when locomotive *Empress* came into view and swept through the town, travelling at a fair speed and displaying a crown up front and with her sides draped in purple and white, heads were bared out of respect.

The poster setting out the orders of the day, on behalf of the London and South Western Railway (LSWR) and the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway (LBSCR) - for staff eyes only - makes interesting reading. The royal train consisted of eight carriages, namely (and in order) a brake van, saloon, funeral car, royal saloon, saloon and three others. The chief mourner, now King Edward VII, was on board, with the German Emperor and other royal princes.

The whole operation had to run like clockwork, of course, and there would have been a man stationed at each level crossing to make sure the gates were closed for fifteen minutes before the pilot passed, followed at a short interval by the royal train. Staff would also be positioned along the route, within signalling distance of each other. In those days of independent railway companies, most had their own royal train on standby, ready for use.

As Frank Holmes (an old railway hand himself) recollected in his *Horsham Town and Country Stories*, 'the LBSCR royal train was a beauty, and was composed of five clerestoried coaches finished in a reddish brown mahogany with lots of gold leaf and coats of arms. Inside, it was furnished like a grand Victorian drawing room, with settees and armchairs, gilt mirrors, carved tables with dainty lamps on them, with doilies and antimacassars in profusion. I can see it all now'.

Private and not for Publication. SUPPLEMENT to SPECIAL NOTICE No. 6.

LONDON AND SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY AND LONDON BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

FUNERAL TRAIN CONVEYING THE BODY OF HER LATE MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA, Accompanied by the Chief Mourner, H.M. KING EDWARD VII. AND H.I.M. THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND THE OTHER ROYAL PRINCES, On SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2nd, 1901.

FROM GOSPORT (S.W.R.) TO VICTORIA (via Fareham, Cokeray, Havant, Ford Junction, Horsham, Dorking and Mitham Junction) —

UP JOURNEY.	Royal Train		UP JOURNEY.	Post.	Div'd Train.
	A.M.	Dep.			
Gosport (Closest to S.W.R.)	8 25	8 45	Stoneham Junction	9 35	10 0
Gosport	8 30	8 50	Horsham	9 40	10 5
Fareham	8 45	9 05	Worthing	9 50	10 15
Fareham	8 50	9 10	Oakley	10 0	10 20
Farlington Junction	9 0	9 20	Halewood	10 10	10 35
Havant Junction	9 10	9 30	Dorking	10 20	10 45
Haslem	9 20	9 40	Leedswood Junction	10 30	10 55
Haslem	9 30	9 50	Plym Junction	10 40	11 05
Haslem	9 40	10 00	Mitham Junction	10 50	11 15
Haslem	9 50	10 10	Stoneham Junction South	11 00	11 25
Haslem	10 00	10 20	Dullem Junction (Main Line)	11 10	11 35
Haslem	10 10	10 30	Clayton Junction	11 20	11 45
Haslem	10 20	10 40	Worthing Road (Main)	11 30	11 55
Haslem	10 30	10 50	Victoria	11 40	12 0
Haslem	10 40	11 00			
Haslem	10 50	11 10			

The Royal Train will consist of eight Vehicles.
The British Emperor, the Vehicles forming the Royal Train will run in the following order, viz. —
Brake Van, Saloon, Funeral Car, Royal Saloon, Saloon, Baggage Van, Baggage Van, and Brake Van.
The Pilot Engine and the Engine of the Royal Train will carry the following Head Signals.
Clear: Reddish — Three White Boards, with a Double Diamond painted on them, one on top of Smoke Box and one on each end of Buffer Beam.
Caution: Four Lights. A Green Light on top of Smoke Box, a Green Light in centre of Buffer Beam, and a White Light on each end of Buffer Beam.

South Western Company's Engines and Guards will work the above Services from Gosport to Fareham.
Brighton Company's Engines and Guards will work Fareham from Fareham (S.W.R.) to Victoria, the Pilot and Royal Train being in charge of South Western Company's Pilotman from Fareham (S.W.R.) to Farlington Junction.

BS

Do come to our masquerade

- the place: Black Horse Hotel
- the occasion: Horsham Cycling Club Ball
- the date: 4 February 1905

Parties, dances and balls, such as the one above, were all the rage in Victorian and Edwardian times, and little excuse was needed to stage one. Everything was done in great style in those days, with tremendous energy and enthusiasm. If a fete needed organising, everyone got stuck in and made the event really outstanding; if a charity dance was on the agenda, one or more high-powered committees were formed, and huge sums of money raised; and any old excuse would do for a procession through the town, usually starting in the Carfax and with a local brass band to set things off.

And if someone decided to have a fancy dress party, a rough and ready costume knocked up in the back parlour simply would not do. After all, one's social standing depended on a well turned-out and original outfit - so no expense must be spared. Horsham now had a well established railway link to London, and anyone daunted by the thought of creating an elaborate costume at home, even with the help of their local seamstress, could hop on a train and call in on the likes of Nathan's, 'court costumiers', then just off Piccadilly Circus, with its 'Costumes of every Description, in Superior Style made to Order for Ladies and Gentlemen, or for Hire'.

The other shrewd move was to enlist the help of Ardern Holt. Now Mr Holt was a very significant figure in the world of fancy dress, and had built up a major reputation as *the* person to turn to for exciting and imaginative ideas. For the ladies, he had written his classic *Fancy Dresses Describ'd; or, What to Wear at Fancy Balls*. He was clever enough not only to have spotted a trend, but also to have understood that most people were thrown into a tizz when an invitation dropped through the door, with absolutely no idea what to wear. So Ardern Holt took the pain and uncertainty out of it all – and in the process no doubt made himself a very comfortable living.

By 1882 his little book had run into three editions (there were at least another three to come), and having gauged the potential, he decided that the next move should be a companion volume for gentlemen. He probably reckoned, correctly, that they needed even more help than the ladies. (Speaking personally, the prospect of a fancy dress party has always filled me with the greatest alarm, and the only time I sallied forth dressed as someone other than myself – with fairly disastrous results – was at university, a long, long time ago).

And so, at the end of 1882, *Gentlemen's Fancy Dress; How to Choose it* appeared in the book shops, and it would have been a simple thing for Horsham socialites, not short of a penny or two but badly in need of a confidence boost, to pop into Price's at 48 West Street, where for a few shillings it

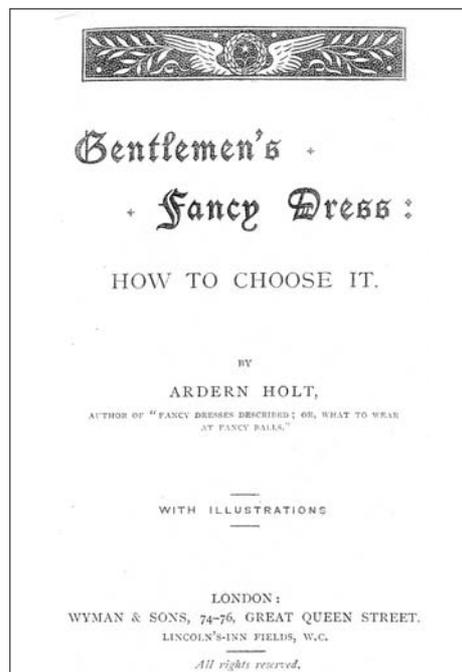
could, no doubt, be ordered. Just recently, in a second hand bookshop in Chichester, I also managed to get hold of a copy – but with the thought of any practical application very far from my mind – and a delightful read it turned out to be. So let us dip into its pages, and find out what was on offer.

To start with the advertisements, which were set out in great style. Liberty's (still with us) took the opportunity to promote their 'Indian Pyjamas (Sleeping and Dressing Suits)' made of 'exquisitely soft Indian silks' – which all sounds very splendid, but let's hope no one got it wrong and turned up to a party in their night wear. Clarkson's, again in London, were wig specialists, and were proud of their 'Ladies' and Gentlemen's white human hair, and floss-silk hair wigs, for Fancy Dress Balls', which were 'weightless, correct and graceful'. Clarkson's also threw in the fact that they supplied 'Gentlemen's wigs and scalps for private wear, so naturally made as to defy detection' and – mysteriously - 'bruises and other defects on the face concealed with great efficiency'. Lichtenfeld's also specialised in wigs, and the stock options for ladies seemed to be the 'Duchess of Devonshire', the 'Marie Antoinette', the 'Pompadour' or the 'Lady Teazle' – all for hire at £1 1s a time.

Ardern Holt took his business very seriously. In his introduction he underlines the importance of historical accuracy, and reminds his readers that they must get it right. He presents a great range of colourful costumes, which we will look at shortly, and is keen

on detail. Thus 'I will remind you that powder was introduced in James I's reign, and went out in 1795. With regard to beards – which are generally a difficulty – the ancient Britons invariably wore the moustache, and often a flowing beard, which, among the Druids, added much to their venerable aspect. The Anglo-Saxons wore theirs closely trimmed and united to the whisker...William the Conqueror and his followers were clean shaved when they invaded England, but allowed their beards to grow to an inordinate length after they came over here'. There is much more on beards through the ages, including the magisterial 'it is altogether incorrect to wear any hair upon the face with powdered wigs'.

He recommends, among the best comic costumes, 'Picnic, Champagne Bottle, Bumpkin, Aesthetic Clown, Nabob Pickle,



Phrenological Bust and Monsieur Reveille', and adds that 'some costumes combining two characters afford amusement, such as Black and White, the two Romeos and Peace and War'. But it was important, when planning what to wear, to consider matters such as build and features. A short man dressed as Coeur de Lion, or a tall man as Richard III, for example, would never work. But more than that 'people at Fancy Balls render themselves absolutely ridiculous because they assume characters in every way opposed to their own personality. I have seen a man with a fine presence, and a face that would have added dignity to the garb of a Venetian senator, arrayed as a clown ... In our day, when taste and culture are considered worthy of a thought, historical costumes should not be chosen by people of education without some little study'.

He then turns to advice on wigs. He notes that 'wigs are much lighter now, and save a great deal of trouble, but where it is possible it is best to powder the hair instead of wearing a white wig. This is easily done by greasing the head slightly, and then covering the hair with violet powder, jerked from a powder puff by knocking the elbow'.

Mr Holt was a man of exacting standards, and as we can see, he was pretty keen on attention to detail; it must have been this air of discipline and certainty that appealed to his less than certain readership. But what about the characters that he recommended? There were plenty of exotic ones for starters. You could turn out as an Arab Dragoman ('trousers of shot green and black silk; over the jacket a scarf of many colours; a fez cap'), or an Austrian Huzzar ('light blue cloth jacket and pantaloons, trimmed heavily with silver ... many of the Austrian uniforms are most effective in a ball room'), or even a Balochard Hongroise ('blouse of white cashmere trimmed with crimson and cerise ribbon').

Again Holt suggests a Croatian ('red cap; hair curling on shoulder; leather thong supports a pistol; tight trousers to knee'), a Venetian Bravo ('red silk tights, black velvet shoes') or a Russian Nobleman ('high boots of mouse-coloured kid; green satin under-dress; coat and knickerbockers of ruby velvet'). And if you really wanted to push the boat out, how about going as Haroun El Raschid, with his 'robe of violet satin embroidered in gold, and a turban with crescents of rubies and emeralds'.

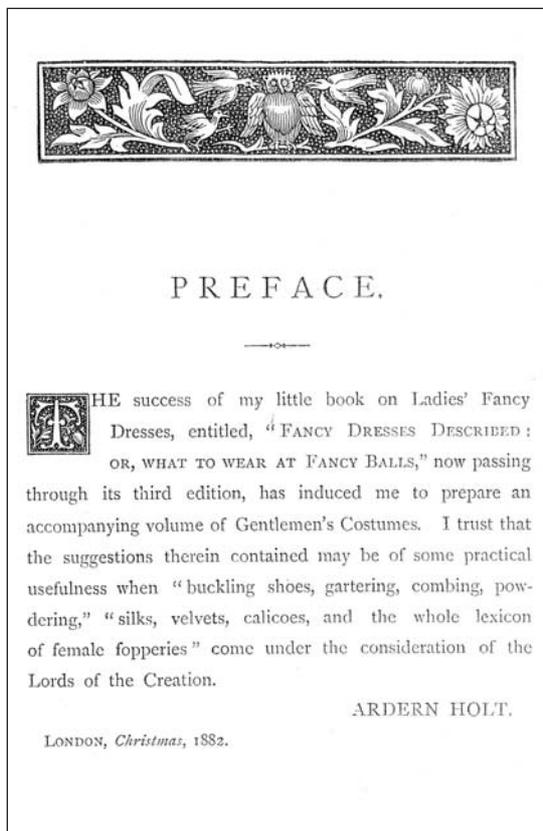
At the other end of the scale (and less taxing on the purse) were more down-to-earth choices such as the Bookmaker, when one should be dressed as 'a professional betting man, with white hat with black band, green veil around; check trousers; large betting book in hand, and a paper with "2 to 1 bar 1"'. The Bumpkin was even less demanding, simply requiring 'blue worsted stockings; thick leather shoes; long smock; felt hat; horse collar round neck', and the Convict wore 'manacles on wrist and ankles' (which must have inhibited him a bit when it came to the dancing), 'carried a jemmy and wore parti-coloured yellow and grey woollen suit and knickerbockers, with a number and five years' badge on his arm'. In another telling detail, Holt instructed that the hair must be short.

Some suggestions bordered on the bizarre. The author strongly recommends going as an Anchor, which, he states, is 'one of the many comical notions which at the present time find favour at Fancy Balls. It is formed of splints and calico, into which the wearer betakes himself, and manages slowly to propel it along the room. He generally wears a sailor costume, and vacates the Anchor as occasion serves'. How tactfully put. Another strange one is the Baby, which for some reason 'is to be assumed by a tall man'. Surely this is breaking a Holt ground rule? Among other details, a 'coral necklace around the throat' is required, together with 'white socks, blue kid shoes, with straps buttoned round ankles, and rattle in hand'. If I was Baby's partner at the party, I would want to lose him p.d.q.

Then there was Black and White ('this costume is divided down the middle. One side is a Christy Minstrel, the other side dressed as a drawing room tenor'), the Bounding Ball of Babylon ('an acrobat in a spangled suit'), the Crossing Sweeper ('old hunting coat, shabby trousers, wooden leg, patch over one eye, broom in hand'), and another oddity, Father's Darling – again to be worn by a grown man, and consisting of 'child's tunic; frilled trousers, sandalled shoes with socks; the skin covered with tights; a hoop in hand; large pinafore'. No thank you.

There are many, many more like this. Ardern Holt's book is an absolute delight, and apart from the range of costumes from which these examples are taken, he is particularly strong on British and European royalty, where his declared eye for historical accuracy is much to the fore. So Horsham folk had plenty of material to work on, and there must have been a good deal of head scratching when it came to drawing up a short list of options for the Christmas season. Should one adopt a modest peasant theme, splash out as an Arab potentate, or take the more risky humour route? Decisions, decisions....

Brian Slyfield



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Letters to the Editor

Do please write in: letters for publication to Brian Slyfield, Arun House, Denne Road, Horsham RH12 1JF

Treading the boards

As a footnote to Chris Aldridge's letter about the lamp from the Capitol and the editor's note to say it may be the only vestige we have of the old theatre, I would like to add my piece about my garden shed.

I built my shed in 1983 and the floor is made from the stage floorboards which I managed to obtain from the site during the demolition. The shed is still in perfect order and I have trod the boards every day since 1983, including matinées at weekends, and I am sure the floor will last for many more years. Not so grand as a lamp but it has certainly been put to good use.

**Peter Streamer
Greenfields Road, Horsham**

ed: Chris Aldridge reports that he had an excellent response to his letter in the November issue regarding his Capitol lamp, so many thanks all round. Indeed one of the pictures supplied has been framed and now hangs proudly in his hallway. There's more to be said regarding local 'rescue work' on our old theatre, and some interesting pictures and an article will appear shortly.

German Conquest

As I read the *German Conquest of England* (December 2006 issue) I was reminded of my introduction to the Battle of Dorking in the summer of 1944. I was camping by the Mole at Mickleham when a party of scouts decided to cycle up to the top of Box Hill for a swim in the open air swimming pool. Later we thought we would have a scout round and investigate as our Ordnance Survey map had a symbol marked 'fort' at Box Hill. We found hidden in among the jungle of overgrown trees and bushes a large substantial red brick structure with large black thick metal doors – all locked of course; it was a fort all right.

It was obvious that this structure pre-dated the current war that was then raging – D-Day had started; but then we were left puzzled.

Over the years I have come across articles about Chesney's story and some years ago I purchased a reprint of the booklet, which when the story was originally published had a dramatic effect on the government. All reminiscent of the Napoleon III scare with the outcome being the construction of forts ordered by Lord Palmerston. The government was so concerned that they decided to build forts across the North Downs to defend the Dorking Gap – one was built on Box Hill and I believe a second was built or proposed at Guildford, where there is a road called Fort Road.

I have been up to Box Hill recently and of course the fort is now fully exposed and is part of a refreshment area and is known as the Fort Café, run by the National Trust. The actual fort part is now a sanctuary for bats. The Trust has a booklet on sale outlining the story of Chesney and the effect it all had on the government which commissioned the construction of the forts in anticipation of a Prussian invasion.

**Raymond Cusick (new member)
Sedgwick Lane, Horsham**

Let's be positive about mobiles

I read with dismay on the front page of the December 2006 Newsletter not one single positive remark about mobile phones. Whilst they can be a nuisance, they enable parents to keep in touch with their children while the children are on their way to school and at other times, and also enable any children with frail or elderly relatives to keep in touch wherever they are. Not to mention the very obvious advantage to children who may feel they are being stalked by a potential paedophile or like person.

Mobile phones are an instant way of communicating disorderly behaviour, vandalism and crime to the police and to call for immediate assistance in the case of road accidents; injury or fire, whether in the home or in the countryside. If I did not have my mobile phone with me when I suffered a heart attack four years ago, I would be dead meat long time.

So before anyone else criticises mobiles, just think of all the advantages they have over having to search for a public phone box in an emergency!

Unfortunately there are mobile phone masts, but that is the nature of the beast, in the same way that if you want to fly to Majorca for your holiday you have to make use of the aircraft industry that causes massive atmospheric pollution that contributes to the depletion of the ozone layer and in humans, respiratory problems!

Does the writer of that article have a mobile phone, I wonder? Does he or she cause pollution with a motor vehicle? I rest my case.

**Alastair MacArthur
Nutbourne Court, Horsham**

Slinfold Flower Show 1889

Meeting up with the Slinfold Horticultural Society (December issue) prompted me to take a look at what went on there in Victorian times. The village has a fine tradition of exhibiting produce. An 1889 parish magazine entry starts 'Beautiful weather was associated with the annual show of flowers, fruit and vegetables by the cottagers and resi-

dents of Slinfold, held on Friday afternoon, 2 August, and in point of all round excellence the exhibition proved one of the most successful which has ever taken place in the pretty little village. The Rectory grounds, kindly placed at the disposal of the committee by the Rev J Hoare Masters, were utilised for the occasion, and a more admirable site for the purpose it would be difficult to secure. The rev gentleman is the president of the Society, and ever since the resuscitation of the show some years ago – mainly brought about through his instrumentality – he has evinced a deep interest in its welfare'.

There were more entries than ever before, 'and competition on the whole ruled pretty keen'. The prizes were presented by Lady Vincent, widow of the late Sir Frederick Vincent, the original founder of the show, and among the donors were the St John family from Slinfold Lodge and Mr Child of Park House. Head gardeners from some of the big houses locally did the judging (Mr Goodwin, Strood Park; Mr Sparkes, Wimblehurst; Mr Duncan, Warnham Court; Mr Moody, South Lodge; Mr Lawrence, Tanbridge), and the prize for the Neatest and Gayest Flower Garden was won by Mrs Killner of Bottle Houses. In the Small Garden section of this award Mrs Wade of Rowadams came third.

Other categories were many and various: Best Three Green Cabbages (won by Harry Francis), Best 24 Scarlet Runner Beans (Alfred Duffield) and Twelve Round Potatoes (William Reeves). W Shrubbs (father of Alfred Shrubbs, later to become a world-beating athlete) came fourth in the Twelve Kidney Potatoes category, and the Killners again did well in a number of flower sections.

In the needlework section Mrs Boniface (aged 76) won the Best Piece of Work made by a Woman over 65 Years of Age, and at the other end of the scale Ellen Charman came first in the Garment made by a Child under 11 Years category. Ann Reeves produced the Best Loaf of Bread made by the Wife of a Labourer, and Mrs Knight made the Best Plain Luncheon Cake, the Ingredients not Costing more than 1s.

Mr Matthew Freeman of Slinfold Apiary put on an interesting exhibition of honey, but the item on display that excited the greatest interest was a prettily-worked pin cushion 'which announced the source from whence it came in the simple inscription *made in Chelsea Barracks by a Grenadier Guard*'.

And so a fine time was had by all. There had been 514 entries from 50 cottagers, 50 children and 11 gardeners, and the parish magazine reported that most of 'the élite of the district' attended, together with many visitors from Horsham. And throughout the afternoon the Horsham Town Band played in the background 'and discoursed a choice selection of music, thereby adding materially to the enjoyment of the afternoon'. **BS**



FOUNDED 1955

Directory

The Horsham Society is an independent body supported by members' subscriptions, a registered charity (No.268949), affiliated to the Campaign to Protect Rural England and registered with the Civic Trust. It is a member of the English Historic Towns Forum.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Individuals: £5 per year **Single Pensioner:** £3.25 per year
Family Membership: £7.50 per year **Family Pensioner:** £5 per year
Businesses: £10 per year **Single Life Membership:** £100
Family Life Membership: £150

£2.50 postage is added to the above rates for out-of-town members

By The Way

New members

Thanks very much to the following for joining: Mr Hicks, Broome Close, Horsham; Mrs Rogers, Swindon Road, Horsham; Ms Richardson, Swindon Road, Horsham; Mr and Mrs Metcalf, Tanbridge Park, Horsham; Mrs McCulloch, Millbay Lane, Horsham.

Correction

In last month's issue a picture of the swimming pool complex was incorrectly linked to a feature on a possible extension to the Leisure Centre. Apologies all round.

Panto time

This year's panto at the Capitol is Jack and the Beanstalk ('the giant of all family pantomimes'), which runs from 8 December 2006 to 7 January 2007. The box office is 01403 750220.

Change of address

If you move house please don't forget to tell Kathy Gleeson so she can organise your new delivery arrangements – otherwise someone else will be getting your Newsletter. Many thanks.



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All correspondence should go to the Hon Secretary in the first instance. The Newsletter is published monthly except for August. Letters and articles to be considered for publication should be sent to the Editor, Brian Slyfield, Arun House, Denne Road, Horsham RH12 1JF. Opinions in the Newsletter, whether Editor's or contributors', are not necessarily the policy of the Society.