

Ferrari festival

As part of the Council's enjoyable Piazza Italia on Good Friday and Easter Saturday, Sussex Ferrari Owners' Club put on a magnificent display in Market Square. Up to 14 of their cars (the word doesn't really do justice) growled their way down East Street, and with some difficulty managed to pack into the square. Plenty of Horsham people were there to gape in awe (women as well as men, I would add), and the Ferrari owners, an affable bunch, stood by to answer questions and make sure too many liberties weren't taken with their immaculate machines.

There was much talk of 0-60 mph in 3.9 seconds, top speeds of 196 mph, and 14 mpg was considered 'not bad'. But a friend who had driven one in the past put consumption down to more like 7 mpg, as his car got to 70 mph in just second gear, and that's where it had to stay (that's his story, anyway). Not the best way to save our planet – but awesome none the less. There was also talk of one machine, with fins and looking more like a space craft, and with a clearance of just a few inches, costing over £200,000.

But the key issue must be – should Ferrari paintwork deviate from classic red? This is probably a character-defining issue, and dreary old conservatives like me throw their hands up in horror at the thought of bright yellow or black. I'm glad to say that, generally, the Horsham view was much the same. One poor vehicle was not only a rather dull brown colour, but a four door saloon as well. As someone (with access to a good dictionary) said, a Ferrari that can seat four people must be an oxymoron.

Sad to say, it was shunned by most onlookers, rather like a runt in the litter (some litter), but more adventurous-minded folk took a liking to a deep blue machine that was there on Saturday. Call me old-fashioned, but when I buy mine, it has to be red.



East Street packed with Ferraris and people.



The view from Bar Vin.

Chris Smith

'Parking services'

Talking about motors, I see that our friendly neighbourhood traffic wardens are supplied with one to get them about from car park to car park. No quite a Ferrari, but a smart little number all the same, with the euphemistic slogan 'Parking services' emblazoned on the side. What it really means is: 'pay up or we'll fine you'.

But should the council tax really stretch to such luxury? Why can't the wardens get about the town on bicycles? That's what postmen do, after all, with no fuss. And plenty of other people manage it as well. If the wardens followed everyone else's good example they would do their bit to help save the planet, get fitter and make a useful council tax economy as well. HDC should aim to reduce its own use of cars in the town, as well as the public's, so how about it? Message to the council: think green.

Editor's note

Do remember that the Newsletter always welcomes contributions (not just letters) from members, and if anyone feels moved to comment on any aspect of the town's development or planning control, for example, their views are always welcome – just as long as they are legal, decent, non-libellous etc etc. So please write in!

Copy date for the next issue is 8 June.

From the Committee

Local history helpline

Are you about to get involved in an aspect of Horsham's local history, perhaps researching your family tree or the neighbourhood you live in? If so, the Horsham Society might be able to help. There's a growing number of people coming to us for advice on these and similar matters, and the Society now has a fair track record for publishing historical articles on Horsham's people and places.

So it seems logical to capitalise further on this body of information, and at the same time make the Society's experience work a little harder. If you would like a second opinion on a project you are working on, have a tricky problem to solve, would like advice on where to start your research or would simply welcome a few tips on available sources, do please get in touch.

We can't pretend to have all the answers, and unfortunately are unable to undertake research projects on your behalf, but we would be more than happy to offer advice and suggestions if you so wish.

There is also a comprehensive catalogue of over 170 articles on Horsham's people, places and events on the Society's website, and the list, which covers subjects from the 16th-20th century, is easily consulted. The website is www.horshamsociety.org. (But if you would like a printed copy of the catalogue write to the address below).

If you would like to request a certain article or discuss a research project, just ring Brian Slyfield on 01403 263870 or write to him at Arun House, Denne Road, Horsham RH12 1JF.

Local Development Framework

A lot of work is taking place behind the scenes on this major project, involving further examination of alternative sites that have been submitted by interested parties (generally developers and land owners), and contesting them where necessary. The Horsham Society has been nominated by the Inspectors in a number of cases to make representations on various sites, and while it is gratifying that we are judged to have a central voice in these matters, at the same time the study of a considerable amount of paperwork and research is required. Much of this falls on the shoulders of Oliver Palmer and John

Steele, and we are grateful for their efforts.

Michell arms at the Michell Arms

The Society recently received an enquiry from far away Leicester regarding the coat of arms featured at the Malt Shovel public house in Springfield Road. This establishment was previously called the Michell Arms (until some young sprog in a brewery marketing department decided to 'modernise' the name), and the coat of arms is that of the Michells, an old Sussex family.

Henry Michell (1809-1874) was a Storrington man who came to Horsham when young and built a highly successful career as a brewer. He also had many other strings to his bow. His brewery was, at various times, in the Carfax and in West Street, and he acquired a number of pubs which are familiar to us today: The Star at Rusper, The Wheatsheaf at Kingsfold, The Chequers at Rowhook and The King's Head at Slinfold were all his, along with others. But whether or not he had the right to claim the coat of arms I am not sure; perhaps it was imposed on him by the later generation of brewers who created the Springfield Road pub in his name.

A pub called The White Horse was previously on the site of The Michell Arms, and the latter was there from 1919/20 (although today's building looks younger). The Michell brewery was sold to Brighton's Rock brewery in 1911.

For those who are really interested, and thanks to JF Huxford's rather sniffy comment in *Arms of Sussex Families*, 'the arms are blazoned: Sable, a chevron between three escallop shells argent. Escallops are cockleshells and the emblem of St James, patron saint of pilgrims, and may be seen on the shields of of many families at the period of the Crusades. Unfortunately they were adopted by so many other families wishing to have it assumed that they were descended from the Crusaders that their original significance has been lost, and escallops are among the most common of heraldic charges'.



Michell arms.

The Crown

Talking of pubs, The Crown in the Carfax is in a really shabby state these days. The outside is a most depressing sight, and the sooner the owners get on and smarten it up the better. It's bad enough having a boarded-up King's Head along the way. We don't want another run-down establishment in what we like to think of as 'the jewel in Horsham's crown'.



Bluebells – but the right kind?

As I write the blossoms this spring are magnificent, and the blooms on our wisteria the best for many a year. There are bluebells everywhere - but hold on a minute: are they the right kind?

I read that our native species (*Hyacinthoides non scripta*) is under threat. We have about half the world population, but it is under attack from an invasion of wretched Spanish bluebells (*Hyacinthoides hispanica*), which are escaping from gardens all over the country and hybridising with the natives.

The Spanish invader is distinctive in having a flower spike with its faintly scented flowers around it, while our native species has strongly scented flowers on one side only. The leaves of *hispanica* and its hybrid are much wider, up to 35mm compared with the 20mm of the home grown variety. Those who care about our bluebells suggest that landowners fight back by picking Spanish bluebells in the wild or, even better, and once they become familiar with their appearance, digging them up. Otherwise this could be another grey v. red squirrel scenario – and no-one wants that.

Planning application

An outline planning application has been raised for the demolition of one house, and the building of ten on the same site, in the Brambling Close/Doomsday Green area. For a number of reasons, including elevation, this does not seem to

Doing one's bit for Horsham

We were sitting around the meal table, at ease after a couple of bottles of red and putting the world to rights, or in particular Horsham. Two of us had had a traumatic time trying to park in Sainsbury's car park; it was stuffed with cars even on a Wednesday morning and we wondered how our parents did their shopping.

Near us in Clapham we used to have a Sainsbury's, Home and Colonial and a David Grieg's. None of these stores were self-service; if you wanted sugar or jam then you queued at the preserves counter, then you moved across to the bacon counter where the sides of bacon, like slabs of mahogany, were hanging. You asked for a pound of back bacon: 'Yes madam, what number would you like?' There was a white celluloid chart showing the slicing machine settings that eliminated the back and forward ballet you now see between the deli counter and the slicing machine when you ask for 100 grammes of salami 'sliced not too thin'. 'Will this do?' 'No, thicker please'. 'How's this?' 'Yes, that will do!' This ballet is repeated many times a day and must reduce customer through-put and increase customer frustration.

I was always fascinated by the man in charge of the butter counter. After you had purchased your jam and bacon you next had to queue again for the butter at a separate counter while the best butter was patted into a block. How this system would cope now with the numbers of customers in the Horsham area defies belief. Frankly it could not.

It coped in Clapham because in addition to the large stores there were the corner shops. There were 13 in our road that also offered a service. You did not have to drive six miles to buy a pint of milk, you did not leave a carbon footprint and the act of shopping was also a social event. Also the wives generally did not go to work, rents and house prices did not swallow up more than their husbands could earn, and wives could shop any time during the day.

I have a concern that the new developments in Horsham, with its population growth and the greater number of cars, will increase the pressure on the three supermarkets, making every day a trauma day and public holidays a type of hell. There seems to be no provision for corner shops, some existing ones have been turned into residential use and others sell useful things like nail extensions.

While we were slowly recovering from the rather good red we hit on a brilliant scheme to reduce the carbon footprint, the trauma of three holidays of shopping hell and traffic congestion, all in one action that would also put Horsham on the tourist map. We would combine New Year, Easter and Christmas into one holiday in June; it would be safer – no icy roads; it would cost less, and the Christmas lights would not be on for so long, requiring less carbon from the power generation. You would exchange THREE parking traumas for just one. Again only one meal to cook, and just one lot of washing up – you can see how the advantages just keep on coming.

As the effect of Australia's best slowly wore off we found that we did not have a name for our new holiday. Any suggestions?

Peter Gardner

Post Office problems: nothing new

Today's Post Office is in pretty poor shape, with long queues a regular feature (right out into the Carfax the other day), scruffy hand-written signs, stamp machines that don't work and tatty, inappropriate goods on sale - but it was ever thus. In July 1891 it was held that better accommodation was badly needed and 'there was much room for improvement'. Apparently 'the external appearance of the premises is by no means so imposing as the dignity of the business carried on within might demand', and there was nothing to distinguish the building 'from an ordinary house' in the Carfax. Internally it was exceedingly cramped, and the space allotted to the public 'ridiculously small'. One couldn't write a message without being overlooked by someone else; there was barely room to turn; the light was bad and the ventilation non-existent. Dear, oh dear.

But to be fair, one improvement had been attempted. No-one liked licking stamps or envelopes ('putting aside the probability of deadly microbes lurking in the glossy cement, it is not comforting to reflect, as one puts a stamp to one's tongue, in what dusty recesses it may have lain, or what soiled hands have touched it', as the local paper verbosely put it). Moreover 'stamps are made in Germany and German gum is as great a mystery as German sausage'. Make of that what you will.

And so the authorities had installed a fine new machine, 'a neat stamp moisturiser – a cylinder covered with absorbent material which revolves in a trough of water'. Full marks for this, at least – but sadly there seemed to be no takers. Horsham folk were wary of novelties, and so far 'the new machine was not generally used'.



The old post office building, in the background to the left of the bandstand.

Rabbit stops play: lad stops rabbit

In late August 1928 a cricket match between Horsham and Old Dovorians was in full swing at our local ground, when a young rabbit suddenly hopped across from the direction of Denne Hill, hotly pursued by a brown dog – which steadily gained on its prey. The chase took place in the area between the players and the pavilion, and the game was temporarily suspended while sympathetic onlookers chased the dog off.

But not everyone was so well disposed. Just as the rabbit was about to find safe haven in the undergrowth by the Arun, the local paper reported that 'bunny was bowled over by a cricket stump thrown by a lad, and was subsequently the subject of an appetising dish'.

There are plenty of rabbits around today. Do they ever invade the pitch?

Queen Mary visits Captain Anthony

by Brian Slyfield

Towards the end of April 1927 Queen Mary, wife of George V, had been staying down in Sussex – at Paddockhurst, Viscount Cowdray’s ‘picturesque seat’ near Turner’s Hill. While in the country she made time for a few trips out, and on the afternoon of Wednesday 27 April visited Brighton’s Royal Pavilion. The following afternoon found her in an antique shop in Lewes High Street (she was famous for her love of such things), and at 6.10 pm precisely that same day, accompanied by Lady Bertha Dawkins (third daughter of 1st Earl of Lathom, and living at Wyck House, Wadhurst) and Lady Mount Stephen, her Daimler drew up in front of Horsham Town Hall, just in front of Hoad and Taylor’s the builders.

What brought her to Horsham? Antiques, again, and the fact that the owner of a Market Square shop was known to her. For Captain George Henry Anthony had established his Armada Antiques Galleries (‘fine old furniture, bronzes, glass, old prints and pictures’) at what was then Number 6 in the square towards the end of 1925, and he and his wife had, a little later, moved into The Causeway House – now Horsham Museum. They were resident there by 1927.

He was clearly a man with connections, and as the local paper put it, ‘he was known to the Royal Family’. Let us return to him in a minute.

The Queen’s visit was unofficial, but the word quickly got around, and a crowd soon gathered. She was in Captain Anthony’s shop for no more than 20 minutes, but also found time to admire the window next door. This belonged to the Horsham Co-operative Weaving Industry for Disabled Soldiers, and she

was a keen supporter; she had recently purchased one of their scarfs at an exhibition.

As she left, the crowd applauded, menfolk bared their heads out of respect and onlookers leant out of the upstairs windows of the King’s Head across the square for a really good view. She graciously bowed in acknowledgement, and it was noted that she looked in excellent health, and was well turned out in grey, ‘with a toque of heliotrope tint, a spray of heliotrope flowers, and grey shoes and stockings’. Her Daimler then set off up East Street towards the Brighton Road, and in what must have been his finest hour, PC Pennicott ‘signalled her car smartly round the corner’.

Whether or not she made a purchase at Captain Anthony’s we do not know, but it has been said that she had a disconcerting habit from time to time, when staying at some country house or other, of expressing an admiration for one (or more) of her host’s pieces, following which it was difficult (no: well nigh impossible) for the latter not to offer it up as a gracious gift to Her Majesty. But the newspaper report of her visit to Horsham makes no mention as to whether or not one of her ladies-in-waiting left The Armada Galleries with a parcel tucked under her arm.

But what of Captain Anthony? He sounds like an interesting man, and I wish I had a likeness of him. But I do know that he was from Lancashire, born on 3 December 1875 to Burdon and Letitia Anthony, who lived at Green Lane, Seaforth, Litherland. His father was a ship’s broker, and his mother’s maiden name was de Witte. He attended Rossall, a public school in Wales, and



The Causeway House c.1900.



East side of Market Square in Captain Anthony’s time.

later taught there. From 1909 he was seconded to the far more dazzling role as governor to the Romanian royal family, and assisted with the upbringing of Prince Carol (later King Carol II, who took the throne in 1930 but fled from it in 1940) and Prince Nicholas. At one point he accompanied the latter on a three week holiday to England, during which he was first introduced to Queen Mary, and it was this meeting that forged his later connection with royalty and led to her making more than one visit to his shop.

He also served with the Manchester Regiment, and was in France during the Great War. He suffered the loss of a leg (as indeed did another prominent Horsham figure and teacher, Bob Greenop, once a pupil and later a long-serving master at Collyer's). His injury occurred just three months after his arrival in France in 1914, and so he returned home – only to go back later, when he served on the Dispersals Board, which managed the business of troop demobilisation.

Anthony, who had one son, was also a talented painter (the local paper called him 'a fine landscape artist'), and some of his work is in private hands today. After the war he further developed his artistic interests, and for a while became a pupil of Philip de Laszlo (1869-1937), a well-known Hungarian painter and society figure of the time, who specialised in portraits and painted, among others, King Edward VII. Anthony exhibited regularly with the Society of Sussex Artists, and his work in a London exhibition was noticed by Queen Mary (another royal



Queen Mary with King George V. In early 1929 the King was sent to Bognor Regis to recuperate from serious illness. He hated the place and refused to return – hence his emphatic "Bugger Bognor".

link), who bought several of his pictures.

So he was a man of parts and – surely – highly developed social skills: in turn soldier, antique dealer, teacher and artist.

As we have seen, the Anthonys (I know next to nothing of his wife; it is possible that she died early or they split up) came to Horsham in the mid-1920s, and he was still listed as being at The Causeway House in 1934. It looks, from street directory records, as if he had vacated the Causeway by 1937-9, although at that time he was still proprietor of The Armada Galleries. It is possible that he then went to live above the shop in Market Square, although it has also been said that he stayed with friends locally at some point.

THE
ARMADA
ANTIQUÉ
GALLERIES
FINE
OLD FURNITURE
BRONZES, GLASS
OLD PRINTS AND
PICTURES
6 MARKET SQUARE
Telephone
Horsham 200

An amusing story is told from his time at The Causeway House. Apparently a late night patrolling constable (in the days when they did such things) noticed that the Armada Galleries' front door was insecure, and helpfully called in on Captain Anthony, just down the road, to tip him off – but the midnight caller was much taken aback, in the gloom of the old house, to stumble across a detached leg propped up against a wall.

In 1941 the fledgling Horsham Museum moved to The Causeway House, utilising a couple of rooms, and sharing it with the local WVS and ARP organisations. A museum leaflet, giving a brief history and chronology, states that West Sussex County Council bought Causeway House (by then the prefix 'The' had been dropped) from Captain Anthony on 30 June 1950, but this is incorrect, as he died of heart failure in Horsham hospital on 1 August 1943, at the age of 67, and is buried in Hill's cemetery.

His address at the time of his death was still 6 Market Square, and Yvonne Jeans, a local friend, was at his bedside. Immediately after his death Mrs Jeans, wife of Captain FWH Jeans, an aide-de-camp to King George VI (from Pond Farm in Southwater), looked after The Armada Galleries, at least on a temporary basis. At that time his son, Private GEP Anthony, was serving with the Queen's Regiment in Egypt.

Causeway House, as many will know, is one of the finest in the street. There may have been a building on the site as early as the 13th century, and the earliest part of the existing structure dates back to about 1450. It was modified and added to in about 1600 and later in the 18th century, but has been little touched since then. It now holds Horsham Museum's broad-ranging collections, and visitors cannot fail to be impressed by its splendid panelling, wide floor boards and, best of all, its creaking staircase.

The Romanian connection

Queen Victoria's family had blood ties with many a European crowned head, and the present exiled Romanian royal family can trace a line from Prince Alfred, her fourth child. In 1874 he married Grand Duchess Maria, daughter of Tsar Alexander II of Russia. In 1914 their second child, Princess Marie, became Queen of Romania when she married King Ferdinand I, and King Carol II (1893-1953) continued the line.



Mitchells' coaches

I remember, back in the 1950s, a very handy bus service that started in Warnham and Langhurst, passed our front door in Pondtail Road and ended up at its own stop on the Carfax inner circle. Its handiness was epitomised by the fact that wherever you were, all you had to do was wave vigorously at the driver, and old Ma Mitchell (as we used to know her, disrespectfully) would stop and pick you up. No nonsense about official bus stops with the Mitchells.

Ma Mitchell (May) was a great character, settled in behind the wheel of her bus as it bumped and shuddered along those country roads, enveloped in a capacious fur coat and hat and very much the Granny Giles of cartoon fame (remember her?)

So I was delighted when her great nephew, Jonathan Mitchell, got in touch recently. He kindly supplied this splendid photo of the Mitchell company line-up in earlier days, and told me something of the family history. James Mitchell (1882-1966), his great aunt May's husband, must have been something of an entrepreneur, and from his base in Station Road, Warnham, operated an off-licence (catering for the local brick workers), as well as running a coal business. In the early days his vehicles delivering coal were adapted to carry passengers as well, and the firm later graduated into the single decker buses that I remember.

Ma Mitchell had the singular distinction, not just of being a woman bus driver when it really was men's work, but she was also, in her time, the oldest person in the country of either sex to hold a public service vehicle licence; she was driving buses until she was 80. But in the end time caught up with the Mitchells and their delightful and mildly eccentric operation (but much more fun than the dreary Arrivas of today), and it was eventually sold to Crawley's Compact Coaches, after which the merged company became known as Mitchell Compact. **BS**

In the photo May Mitchell is on the left. Harry Mitchell, Jonathan's father, is next to her, and James Mitchell is next to him. The other two figures are company employees whose names are unknown.

Pallant House Gallery

When you're next in Chichester, and if you haven't yet discovered it, make sure to visit the Pallant House Gallery. It claims to have one of the best collections of Modern British art in the world, and even if (like me) that's not strictly your cup of tea, there's other material as well – and the well designed building is worth a visit in its own right. Better still, there's an excellent restaurant, and in the summer you can sit out in an attractive courtyard.

The gallery is one of ten museums and galleries contesting the 2007 Gulbenkian Prize, which is worth £100,000, and it must be in with a very good chance. When we were there the other day one of the judges, Dan Snow, was having lunch in the courtyard, and seemed to be enjoying himself. Let's hope that was a good sign.

Letters to the Editor

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

Bell tower

May I say how much we enjoyed your interesting and informative article about Springfield Park and Gerald Blunt. Thank you! Articles about other old buildings would be of great interest. How about Denne Park? I know the Eversfield family used to own it – but I don't know much else about it.

Now – the main reason I am writing. We noted with pleasure the return of the bell tower to the clock house at the top of Black Horse Way. Would you know the history of this? How old is it, who put it there and why is it in a position that is so prominent in the town?

Maybe one of the books on Horsham has the answer – but I cannot find any that do. Other readers may find this of interest also.

Thank you very much.

**Gloria Gratwicke
Furzefield Road, Roffey**

Gloria: thank you for your comments. Denne Park is on my list of 'things to do', and articles on Roffey Park, Holbrook Park, Westbrook Hall, Warnham Court, Harwood House and one or two others are in the pipeline. As regards your question about the bell tower, I had always assumed that the structure was part of Manor House's outbuildings, but if I am wrong I would welcome the correct answer. **BS**

Carpet of Flowers

Wisborough Green's St Peter ad Vincula features its annual Corpus Christi Carpet of Flowers, designed by local artist Patsy Longden, between 4-7 June. Viewing is on Monday-Thursday, 10.00 am - 7.30 pm each day. The Corpus Christi service is on 7 June at 7.30 pm (admission free).

For more information contact Patsy Longden 01403 700219 or Fiona Kemp 01403 700939.

Char-a-banc menace

My ever-ready *Pocket Oxford Dictionary* defines a char-a-banc as 'a long vehicle, with many seats looking forward, for holiday makers'. There were an increasing number on the roads in the mid-1920s, and the trip from London to the south coast, with Horsham slap bang in the middle, was a particularly popular route.

But they were not universally liked. Our local police force had taken against them in a big way. Why? Because, as the local paper put it in September 1927, 'through improvements in construction char-a-bancs this summer have been travelling at hitherto unattained and often dangerous speeds'.

Horsham police had, so far, been unsuccessful 'in curtailing the growing menace'. But thanks to Superintendent WH Beacher and Sergeant Gee, the problem was finally cracked. In the end the solution was simplicity itself: the two officers followed offending vehicles in their own car, and when its speedometer went over the legal limit for char-a-bancs (which was no more than a stately 12 mph), the drivers were booked. Why hadn't they thought of this before?

Never mind – the officers felt pretty pleased with themselves, and a major sweep on 27- 28 August netted a clutch of prosecutions. A number of London drivers ended up before the Horsham bench, which included Nellie Vesta Laughton (who we have to thank for the Remembrance Garden down by the Arun), and fines were duly levied.

Frederick Brooks from Holloway Road was fined £3 for driving a 4-ton, 32-passenger vehicle at Buck Barn at 28 mph, as was Cecil Lewis for travelling at 25 mph between Southwater post office and the Fox and Hounds. But a Brixton man, Albert Dean, received the stiffer penalty of £4 for driving at 30 mph along the stretch between Five Oaks and Slinfold timber yard. What's more he had been overtaking other 'lads', some of whom were also in the dock that day, and this reckless man's excuse that 'his wife was lying ill and there was an increase of twins in his family' cut absolutely no ice with Mrs Laughton and her colleagues.

Nice try.

Chestnut Lodge - update

1. House to let

Last month we took a look at Sir Prescott Hewett and Chestnut Lodge, the house he lived in at the junction of North Parade and Pondtail Road. On his death on 21 June 1891 it was put up for rent, and in August that year King and Chasemore placed an advertisement in the local paper. The details are interesting, and reflect a typical well-set-up gentleman's house of the time.

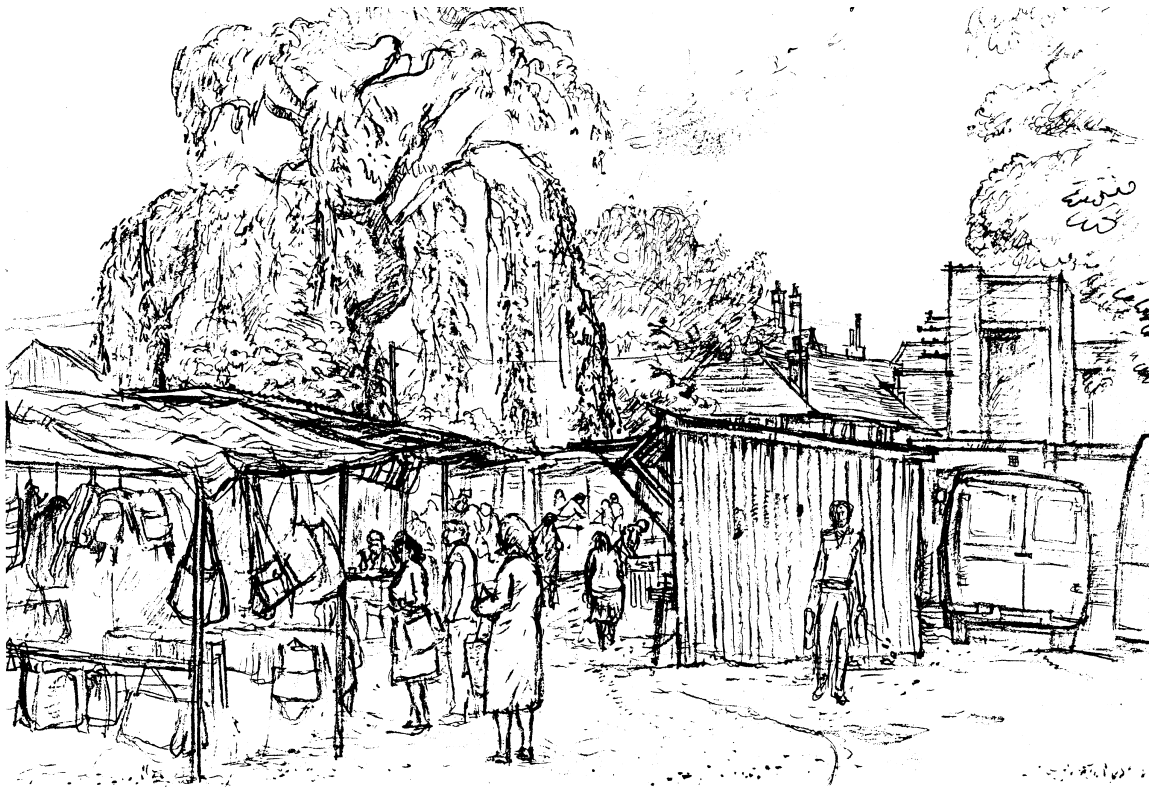
Chestnut Lodge boasted an entrance hall, three reception rooms, a conservatory and ten bed and dressing rooms – although only one bathroom. 'Good offices and excellent cellarge' were on offer, together with stabling for three horses, a coach house and two cottages. The 'extensive pleasure grounds' included a tennis lawn, kitchen garden, orchard and various outbuildings. This all amounted to four acres, with another six acres, made up of two meadows.

2. The Lodge lives on

Next, I am delighted to report that more of Chestnut Lodge remains, other than the coach house, as I stated last month. Society members John and Pamela Davies have kindly put me straight, and it is good to know that a whole wing of the old house is still there, and is now a fine home in its own right. So the name 'Chestnut Lodge' lives on. Benjamin Fox was its original occupier, and we will return to this early figure in a later issue; little has been written about him before.

Horsham Interfaith Forum

The Horsham Interfaith Forum (HIF) organises a programme of interesting and eclectic speakers, and on 31 March, at the Unitarian Church in Worthing Road, Jehangir Sarosh gave a stimulating talk on Zoroastrianism, one of the world's oldest beliefs. It is the religion of the followers of the Iranian prophet Zoroaster ('thus spoke Zarathustra...'), who lived c.1400 BC, and for over 1,000 years it was the official religion of three major empires across the Middle East. This most ancient belief has considerable importance because of its geographical position astride the routes between East and West, and because of its profound influence on Judaism, Christianity and Islam – especially in regard to beliefs on heaven, hell, resurrection of the dead and the final judgement. The Three Wise Men were followers. HIF members hold many different beliefs, and the Forum does not promote any particular one, but respects all. Its encourages co-operation between people of all faiths and welcomes those who support its views. For more details contact Chris Smith on 01403 258334.



The old
Horsham market,
now Pirie's Place,
by John Bray



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

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.

By The Way

New members

Thanks very much to the following for joining: Mr and Mrs Mitchell, Redford Avenue, Horsham; Miss Hemming, Hothfield, Kent; Mr and Mrs Stamp, Springfield Park, Horsham; Mr Turner, Tanbridge Park, Horsham; Mrs Golchin, Bishopric, Horsham; Mr and Mrs Davies, Black Horse Cottage, Nuthurst.

Horsham Symphony Orchestra

Saturday 16 June at 7.30 pm sees the HSO (conductor Steve Dummer) at the Capitol with a programme of Vaughan Williams, Elgar and Mozart. For booking and other details call HSO ticket secretary on 01403 891351.

Garden party time

Friends of St Mary's are holding a garden party, with musical entertainment by members of Dorking Philharmonia, on Sunday 10 June between 3.00-5.00 pm. It's at 4 Springfield Park Road, and tickets (£3.50) are available from the Parish Office, Church Centre, Causeway (01403 253762). Sounds fun – make a date in your diary!

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