
Part I:
Biography

*A portrait of Scan's parents, Will and Sally Tester, taken by the Nutley photographer, Arthur 'Daddy' Francis, between 1908 and 1915.
(Courtesy Daisy & Arch Sherlock)*



Chapter 2: 1887 - Great War

Lewis Tester was born at the crossroads at Chelwood Common, Sussex, on 7 September 1887, though for most of his life he believed he was born in 1886. Whether this was a mistake or a deception, the effect was that he was able to leave school and contribute to the family income a year earlier than he should have done.¹ His parents, Will and Sally Tester, were married in 1870 and brought up eight children: Jinny (Jane, born 1872), Trayton (30 January 1875), Harriet (1877), Fred (Alfred, 1881), Bert (Albert), Minnie, Lewis and Will (1888). The three oldest, at least, were born at Horney Corner, halfway between Nutley and Maresfield. The family moved to Chelwood, then briefly to Maresfield in 1888, and then back to Chelwood. From there they went to Forest Row for the next three years, before buying Leamland, a plot of land and a house at Cinder Hill, from Arch Sherlock's grandmother, and the *Green Man*, a public house in Horsted Keynes, in 1891.²

Will and Sally Tester earned their living in a variety of enterprises. The pub was a source of steady income, supplemented seasonally by the sale of ponies bred in the paddock at the back of the pub, but the family was already involved in two well-established trades. It was the fish-hawking business that brought the family to Horsted Keynes:

Scan: That's how we first come here; we had a fish-hawking licence. We used to go to pubs and fairs with whelks and oysters. We were known by it all around Sussex. My father had forty years going back and forward to Brighton fish market, so he knew a bit about it. I used to know most of the fishermen in Brighton. There used to be an old chap there, and he used to be what they call a picker-up; he used to pick up for these big fish buyers, but he used to fill his

Brighton fish market; undated.



[own] box up and, do you know, he had one of the finest fish rounds in Brighton. He was quite an elderly man then, and I can see his old go-cart now, that he used to push his fish out on. It was just like a pair of old bike wheels on a frame, and wire round to keep his baskets in there. You see, his fish was always fresh and good and cheap. Well, we bought it, and we didn't have to pay for it to come up by rail, because it came up with us, you see. There used to be a station here. Well, it used to be a junction and at that time of day it was very busy. We had a horse and cart come down to the station to meet us and we used to separate the stuff out into two or three carts and away we used to go. [VS]

Oh, we were known for it for years, my father was. And we'd got gentleman's places; we had to get there for lunch, and one of my brothers used to have to drive on in front and call at these places, and get the stuff there ready for lunchtime. We used to have to go out all around, one one way and one another, and sometimes, if we'd got a glut of herrings or anything like that caught off Brighton anywhere - well, we'd got a herring deese at the *Green Man* and we could keep them in there for very near a week - fresh.³ So we'd always got plenty of fresh herrings, and then we used to dry a lot for bloaters. Perhaps you'd get four or five for a penny - with buying a lot like we used to buy. Well, you hang them up in the herring deese, and then sell them penny a time. It don't sound a lot, but if you got half a cart-load hanging up there, that's ever so many pennies. [VS]

Yes, we used to do a good trade then. And now, well, you do see a fishmonger in the village; he comes from Haywards Heath, but I've told him, I says, 'I don't know how you people make a living.' I says, 'I've carried more stuff over one arm than you carry on your whole pony cart!' I've carried that much over my arms in baskets, that you had to stop and have a rest, you know, and have another go. Then if you went to two or three places and they didn't want none...Cor! But we used to travel all round the outskirts. We never used to go in the villages much. Well, round the outskirts they don't go in a shop to buy their stuff.

If they got some fish that they knew was all right come to the door, well, it saved them going out. We used to sell a lot of stuff like that.⁴ [VS]

Will Tester was also a brickmaker, supplying J.J. Saunders & Sons of Brighton with pipes and tiles, as well as bricks from his three brickfields: one by the station at Horsted Keynes, another behind the *Green Man* and a third near the *Bricklayers' Arms* between North Chailey and Newick. This was essentially a family concern, operating almost at a domestic level, with the father and sons doing most of the work throughout the year and additional itinerant labour taken on in the summer months.

Arch Sherlock remembered the details of brickmaking; clay was dug and mixed with London ashes during the winter; this was known as curfing. Then in the better weather it was pug-milled in a pan and rollers driven by a horse or small engine. It was knocked up by hand in moulds and trimmed to size with cheese wire, and the wet bricks were then placed into a hack to dry, before going into the clab, a wood-fired oven, for firing and burning. A man could make 200 or 300 bricks a day and there might be four or five men working at a time. These travelling brickmakers made good money and it used to be said, 'Father paid the men their wages and mother got it back over the counter in the *Green Man*.'⁵

MUSIC IN THE FAMILY

In the bar at the *Green Man* there was a large wooden table where, besides dominoes, they played a guessing game called Ups for a gallon of beer, and there was music, singing and stepdancing in the evenings when Lewis was a boy.⁶ His parents were not musicians, but his eldest brother, Trayt, was 'a bloody knockout; he could play any instrument' [DN], including the cornet, though he was primarily a concertina-player and stepdancer.⁷ He was a young man when Lewis was a boy and Lewis looked up to him and paid great attention to his music. Their maternal uncle, Tom Shoebridge, a shoemaker in Nutley, was much older, having been born around 1829; he played a tambourine about two feet across with three tuned bells strung on a wire on the inside, and was so skilled 'he could knock hell out of the tambourine' [RH] and at the same time sound whichever bell he chose.⁸

Trayt learnt the concertina, probably during his teens around 1890, from a local lad five years older than himself, Joe Marten (1870-1959), the son of a smallholder at Chelwood Gate. Joe's son, Will Marten, recalled:



Scan Tester as a teenager; undated.
(Courtesy Daisy & Arch Sherlock)

When grandfather was alive I think Dad used to be the general dogsbody ... He was the youngest one of the family. As a matter of fact he was lame; he damaged his foot as a child, so he didn't really go out a lot. I think he stayed at home and looked after the pigs, cows and everything.

Joe was a practical man, good with his hands, and he set himself up in 1898 as a cycle dealer and repairman. He cut hair, ran the slate club in the *Red Lion*, and drove a wagonette - 'take people to the station'.⁹ According to Bert Wood, he was a good blacksmith as well. He married at the age of 40 in 1910 or 1911, and his sister-in-law, Fanny Lander, remembers that before she left the area in 1914 he seldom went out, but played music at home. Mary Elphick, Joe Marten's daughter, confirms this: 'When we were kids Dad used to get his concertina out. He used to keep on and on, going on, all the same tunes ... oh yes he was quite good.'

Will Marten: He used to play some of the old dance tunes, I'll tell you one - *Rustic Bridge*. *The Old Rustic Bridge* he used to play, but he used to keep on and on and on.

Besides the concertina, he could get a tune out of the melodeon, fiddle, whistle pipe and band fife, and he remained a friend of the Testers until his death.

On paying-out night of the *Green Man* Slate Club, Sally Tester put on steak and Christmas puddings for the tontine dinner in the bar and Lewis was kept up late to stepdance on the table.¹⁰ By the age of eight he could play the tambourine like his uncle Tom and was proficient enough to go out to other pubs playing with Tom and Trayt. On one occasion they were piling out of the cart when someone, amused that Lewis was man enough to play music but too small to jump down off the tail unaided, gave him a hand and shouted out, 'Come here, you little scantiloper!' The name 'Scan' stuck for life.¹¹

There were lots of melodeon players round about; melodeons could be bought for as little as four shillings, and Scan managed to get hold of one. The first tune he remembered trying was *The Sailor Cut Down in his Prime*, and with his one and only dance tune, *Soldier's Joy*, he went out busking at Christmas-time with his younger brother, Will, on the tambourine.¹² Scan used to borrow Trayt's concertina when he was at work, and using his melodeon fingering, he was able to play a few tunes on one side of the concertina. After he had impressed everyone in the bar of the *Green Man*, his father saw the promise in him and bought him a concertina pitched the same as Trayt's.

MUSIC ON ASHDOWN FOREST

Although the family was now settled in Horsted Keynes, Trayt used to take Scan up to the pubs on Ashdown Forest when he was still very young. The *Foresters* at Fairwarp and the *William IV* at Nutley were cottage-sized beer-houses.¹³ The *Foresters* was a rough pub; locals used to say that if there was a fight in the bar, instead of throwing everybody out, the landlord, William Osbourne, used to lock the door to keep them all in!¹⁴ They didn't take too kindly to strangers in Fairwarp and, in particular, they did not like young men from other villages taking an interest in their young women. From a Chelwood Gate perspective, 'there was always a feeling about Nutley, and Fairwarp was rougher still.'¹⁵ 'They'd look at you if you went over Fairwarp as much to say, "What the hell you want over here?" ... They used to go from here of a Sunday night for a pint of beer and punch up.'¹⁶ Even into the 1930s the Danehill lads had to muster four or five strong to venture to a dance in Chelwood. Trayt, and later Scan, however, had credibility all round the area.

Fairwarp was a great area for fiddlers; some were old men when Scan was a boy and some he heard then were around eighty years old. Scan realised at the time that their music and dancing was not only very exciting, but reached back into the past. They were keen stepdancers, and this was where Scan picked up most of his stepdance tunes.

Scan: They used to know any amount of them, these old blokes did, and they was all fiddlers, you know. Nearly all of them was fiddlers. It wouldn't be nothing to see four or five fiddlers in a pub playing together. You never see a concertina; you might see a melodeon or something of that. I used to like to hear these old blokes up there; you know, they were blooming marvellous. There used to be one or two elderly blokes - jolly good! A lot of people didn't think much to them, but I knew ... they were blooming good! [RH]

William Walter (1851-1927) from Browns Brook was a Fairwarp fiddler from before Scan's time. He moved away in about 1880 to work as a carter on the Holbrook Estate, Cross-in-Hand, where he continued as an active musician.¹⁷ Scan might well have come across him if he returned home to see friends and relatives. Browns Brook is a cluster of crofters' cottages on the forest a mile or so north of Fairwarp. Charlie Ridley, living there now, says 'everybody round about played something or other.' His father, Herman, was the leader of Ashdown Forest Temperance Band. Christopher Stephens, whose grandfather lived at Browns Brook, says that in recent years, as the old folk have died, piccolos and flutes have been found among their effects. His mother, Mabel (1895-1957), played the violin from music and his father, Nelson, played the cornet in the Temperance Band.¹⁸

Fairwarp fiddlers:

William Walter (left), whose death was reported in the Sussex Express, 25 February 1927, and Scan Tester, 26 May 1958.



At Oldlands, just down the track towards Fairwarp, there was a family of fiddlers a few years older than Scan.

Scan: There used to be a family at Fairwarp name of Gorringe, and one of them was blind. He was using a gun one day when the damn thing bursted - blinded him. He was a fiddler. He'd got two brothers played fiddle. This blind bloke, he was a good fiddler - weren't no mistake - and if I went into a pub anywhere he was, soon as ever he heard me speak, he'd say 'Hello, Scan, how you getting on?' He was always in a pub. Well, you know, they used to have a collection round for him then. [DN]

Blind Charlie (1875-1955) had actually stood in the way of a stray shot over a hedge when he was 16. With no question of compensation, he remained

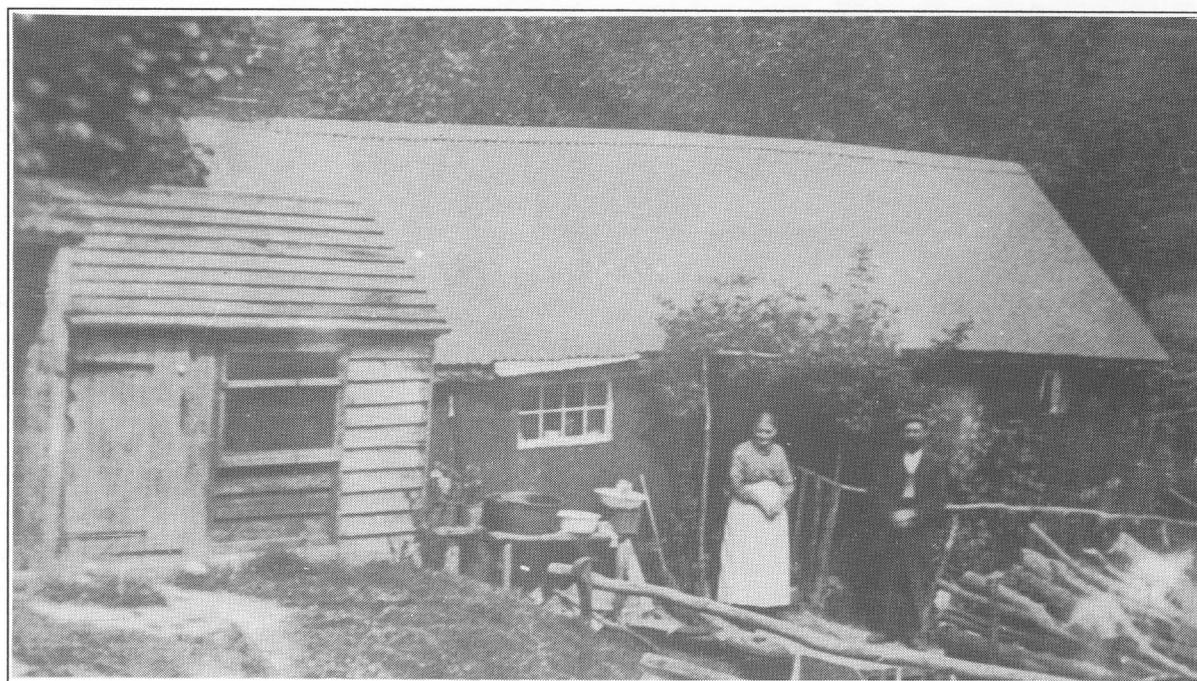
single, earning his living making mats and baskets. He played the melodeon as well as the fiddle, and several mandolins were found in his cottage after his death. Charlie's brother, Edward, played in the Ashdown Forest Temperance Band and another brother, Bill, was Scan's regular partner on the fiddle for many years before the Great War.¹⁹

Scan: You know, in the pubs on a Saturday night they used to step for a gallon - a gallon of beer.²⁰ Three or four steps - you didn't want no more beer for the roomful. They used to come in just as they left off work, after they'd had a bit of tea and they'd all got hobnailed boots, nailed and pelted, and it was all brick floors! You could hear them! Yes, it was a good bit of sport. [DN]

Charlie Gorringe, fiddler, and his mother at Oldlands, Fairwarp; undated. The cottage had earth floors in two of its three rooms.

Right: detail.

(Courtesy Frank & Jean Gorringe)



It was worth watching. It was better than some what you'd pay to go and see to see these old blokes. 'Cause, you know, if you get a man between sixty and seventy, it makes you think when you're young yourself. It used to make me think when I was a young chap ... If the old ones do it, well, it's interesting to the young ones, I think. It used to be to me. They was jolly good, some of them old people, but you never see it now.²¹
[R&DS]

The *Nutley Inn*, now known as the *Shelley Arms*, was another Ashdown Forest haunt frequented by Trayt and Scan; it attracted some of the same musicians and customers, but it was a quite different kind of pub.²² It was an early-Georgian coaching inn, with large, high-ceilinged rooms and presumably a passing trade of travellers and boarders. James Cordeux, landlord from 1894 to August 1900, was a connecting link, as he had previously held the tenancy of the *Foresters* in Fairwarp in 1882.

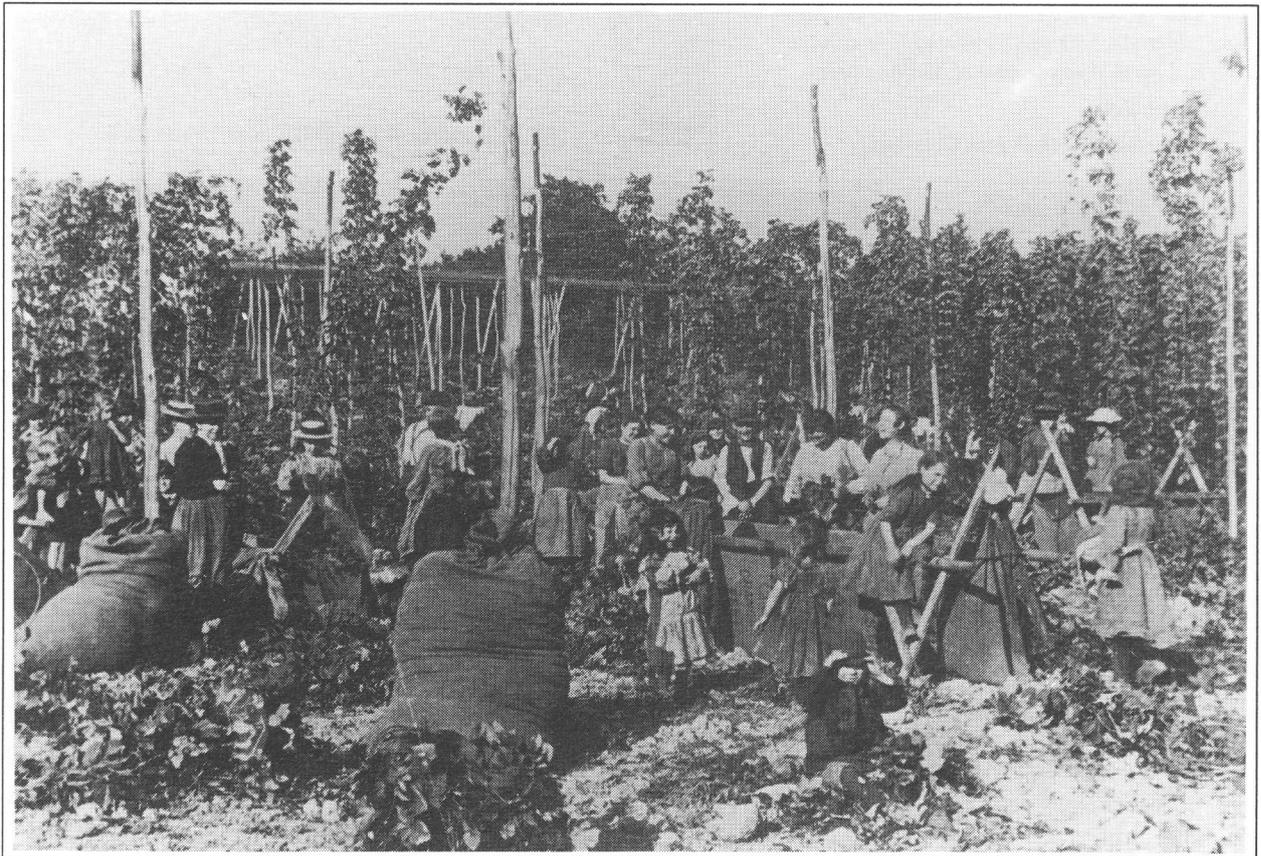
HOPPING DOWN IN KENT

Hops for the brewing trade were widely grown in Kent and Sussex. Harvesting depended largely on female and child labour, with a few men pulling the poles, cutting the bines and collecting the full bins. Hop farmers employed the same seasonal workers year after year, providing transport and fairly primitive communal living quarters. Many families depended on the additional income, but hopping was seen as a holiday, and for Londoners from the East End and the south east it was a blessed relief from the stresses of slum life. The season began on 1 September and continued for three or four weeks.²³

Scan: I used to do a lot of stepdancing one time, and, course, when I was single we always used to go up the hop country there every year, and, course, we used to get our living, you see, for playing our musics and, ah, I've stepped against dozens of gypsies up the hop country ... My eldest brother was a jolly good stepdancer too. [AW]

My eldest brother and me, we used to take our concertinas and go up the hop country, and we used to go in the pub with our concertinas of a night, and go

Hop-picking at Cranbrook, Kent; undated.





hop-picking during the day. Never used to draw no picking money, not before we come home. We used to earn our living in the pubs. We never picked up our hop-picking money until the forenoon of the day we were away. Oh, we had several pounds to bring home. Oh yes, that wasn't no bother at all. We used to go to a little place called Iden Green, and it was close to Benenden [near Cranbrook, Kent]. About a mile from there is a little place called the *Oak*. We used to go up there. They'd got a nice sized room and the landlord wanted us to go there of a Saturday night. The weekend we used to get the place full up with hoppers. My brother was a stepdancer and all and we would take turns. One would dance and the other would play. I've had some happy times up there. Yes, the *Oak*. We used to go there across the fields, well, footpaths. Ten minutes or quarter of an hour's walk. We usually used to go there every Saturday night whilst we were up there. [VS]

We used to sometimes have a month; mostly it was between three weeks and a month. It all depends how the hops were. You see, if they had cogates hops, well, they were small, but ordinary hops, as long as your finger, it didn't take you long to pick a bushel, but you had to pick six bushels for a shilling. We used to sit on the edge of the bins - one sit there facing me and I used to sit facing

him. We used to have the old bin there and all you had to do was snatch them off and let them fall in. You'd be surprised how quick we got a lot. Of course, we was used to it, you see, but, you know, little kiddies, they used to give them an umbrella and you'd be surprised how quick they'd get that full up. [VS]

You used to have three different lots; one farm was for Londoners, and another was for home-dwellers, and another for all round Sussex. But my brother, he used to pull poles for the home-dwellers always, so, of course, we used to stick in their set, and they used to pay him a guinea a week for pole-pullers, so he always had his money coming in. I used to have half a bin and then I used to help him pick his hops [hop poles?] up, because you had to pick them up clean, and then every chance he got he used to slip and help me pick in the bin, and then we used to share the money. Of course, he had his guinea; that was standing money; that kept us well away, that guinea did, both of us. [VS]

Yes, you could buy a pound of cake, currant cake, for fourpence. Of course, I was young, and, well, I lived on cake nearly. And some of the ladies, they come from round our country, round Nutley and Chelwood Common, so we never had any bother to get anything

cooked. We used to have a roly-poly suet pudding of a Sunday, and a pound and a quarter of beef steak each, fried, then we used to put the pudding in this gravy, mix it all together. Lovely! You couldn't get a better meal. We used to get potatoes. We used to go out in the potato fields and dig them up of a night. We'd always have plenty of potatoes. [VS]

They had huts, you know. I used to have a straw bed. They used to put some faggots down, and then put a thick layer of straw on top of it. Oh, you could sleep all right. [VS]

You see, all the people that went hop-picking then, they were used to it... Cor, you could see them sit there on the corner of the bin, and the old hops rolling over in. Some of them could pick hops you know! They could get a half bin whilst I was looking at it. And we used to do pretty well, because we went up there when we were pretty young. But it was more like a holiday. A lot of people went there for their holidays. There was no work attached to it; you was sitting down all day on the bin. This was years ago, before I was married. I was quite a young bloke then. Ah, that was the time to enjoy yourself! [VS]

SCAN'S BROTHERS, TRAYTON AND WILL

Trayt, according to Scan, was a minor black sheep in the family, a bit of a tearaway, who 'never worked'. Nevertheless he was their mother's favourite, always welcomed home after his wanderings. The sight of Lewes Prison once prompted Scan to comment to me, 'My brother did six months in there for assault', but he knew nothing more than that.

Their mother had taken a lad, Ted Fox, into the family, and he eventually worked his passage to Canada where, according to Daisy, he set up a mink farm, 'had the first combine harvester over there ... and became a millionaire'.²⁴ The *Sussex Express*, throughout 1910 and probably over a longer period, ran weekly display advertisements promoting Canada, backed by newsletters from an anonymous Canadian farmer. Advertising copy such as '160 acres Government land free for farming' and 'Canadian wheat realised this year 60/- an acre for an expenditure of 30/-' must have been very tempting.

Trayt seems to have faded out of Scan's music circle well before the Great War, and at some time he worked his way to Canada to join his foster-brother. He came home several times, and Daisy can just remember his occasional visits to her home. He was living at Burghurst Cottages, Horsted Keynes, in 1924, but had either died or moved on by 1925.

*Bandsman W. Tester, Royal West Kent Regt.;
studio portrait, Malta, c. 1906-7.
(Courtesy Paul Marten)*

*Opposite: Will Tester, photographed by
Daddy Francis of Nutley; c. 1908-15.
(Courtesy Daisy & Arch Sherlock)*



Scan: Well, I suppose he was, I expect, sixty-odd when he died. He was like Will, his breath went ... He never played a lot a part of the time. See, he wasn't fit for playing and he never used to get about much latter part of the time.²⁵
[RH]

Will, baptised Willie and nicknamed Darky, came up close behind Scan, having been born a year later in Maresfield. He went through the same experiences, delivering fish and making bricks, and he heard the same music in the *Green Man* and at Nutley. Daisy thinks he probably went hop-picking with Scan and Trayt, but his daughters think perhaps his stories of the hop-fields were secondhand. As he was neither a cricketer nor a footballer it is unlikely he took part in the music-making associated with those activities. He worked as a baker in Maresfield until October 1905, when he went across to Maidstone and enlisted in the Royal West Kents, in which he served as a bandsman. After ten months in Malta, he bought himself out for £18 in April 1907 and returned home to marry May Baker in November 1907.²⁶ Having been 'tutored by the picked solo man of the world' [RH], he was a trained military band clarinettist with a year-and-a-half's experience, as well as being an ear-player on the concertina, melodeon and tambourine. Scan had a particular soft spot for him, and said many a time, 'My brother was a better concertina player than I was.'²⁷



THE BOER WAR

Scan: I knew the blokes who went to the War. There was no conscription then; they were volunteers. Well, there was several of them volunteered to go. They wasn't called up like these others; they went on their own accord... I don't think there was anybody went from here what didn't come back. It wasn't like these other wars.²⁸ [RH]

When word went round that Sugar Woolgar was coming back from the Boer War, 'the whole village turned out'. He arrived at Horsted Keynes station drunk, and was pulled the mile or so into the village on a cart, with Scan heading the procession, playing all the way on the concertina. Later, three or four other Boer War 'heroes' received the same treatment. On the face of it this might have been more appropriately a job for Horsted Band than for a fourteen-year-old boy. At about this time, Scan played the side-drum and cornet by ear in the Horsted Band (see chapter 7).

Scan: I can remember this blacksmith bloke ... what helped start the band [Horsted Band]. When that [Ladysmith] was relieved, they set the blacksmith's anvils off. Well, they brought them outside this blacksmith's out here, and, course, we was boys. We run for our life, when he set them off. Cor, there was crowds of people out on the green. They knew what he was going to do, and he got both anvils out there and set them both off. I don't know how he done it but, I tell you, she was a tidy rattle, and they did that at lots of places.²⁹ [RH]

Well, I used to play with a chap; he was a mandolin player. He was a good musician, and he knew music well. He used to play and vamp along with us at Nutley. His name was Jack [Carr]. Anyway, he was in Ladysmith. You know, they surrounded Ladysmith, didn't they? Well, he was one of them in there, and he'd never say much about it, but I have heard him tell blokes a little sometimes, when they've asked him.
[RH]

THE FIDDLE AND GYPSY MUSICIANS

Somewhere around 1904 - 1905 Scan decided to take up the fiddle. He said it came naturally to him, having played with so many fiddlers for so long, and two sessions in the woodshed were enough for him to get the hang of it.

Scan: One night I went out in the woodlodge, took my fiddle out there, and they said, 'Where are you going, then?' I says, 'Going out playing!' They says, 'You can't play that damned thing!' I said, 'I'll bet you a shilling I can 'fore I come in.' Course, I'd been used to playing with a fiddle, you see, with my concertina. I knew just where to string up and all, and how to string up. I went out in the old woodshed by myself, and I played a tune or two afore I come in. It was rather rough music, but I got the tune out. I thought to myself, 'I know where the fingering is'. [I was] about eighteen, I should think. Seventeen or eighteen. I could use my fingers then. I could use my fingers very well fiddling, 'til, you know, my hands come bad. [RH]

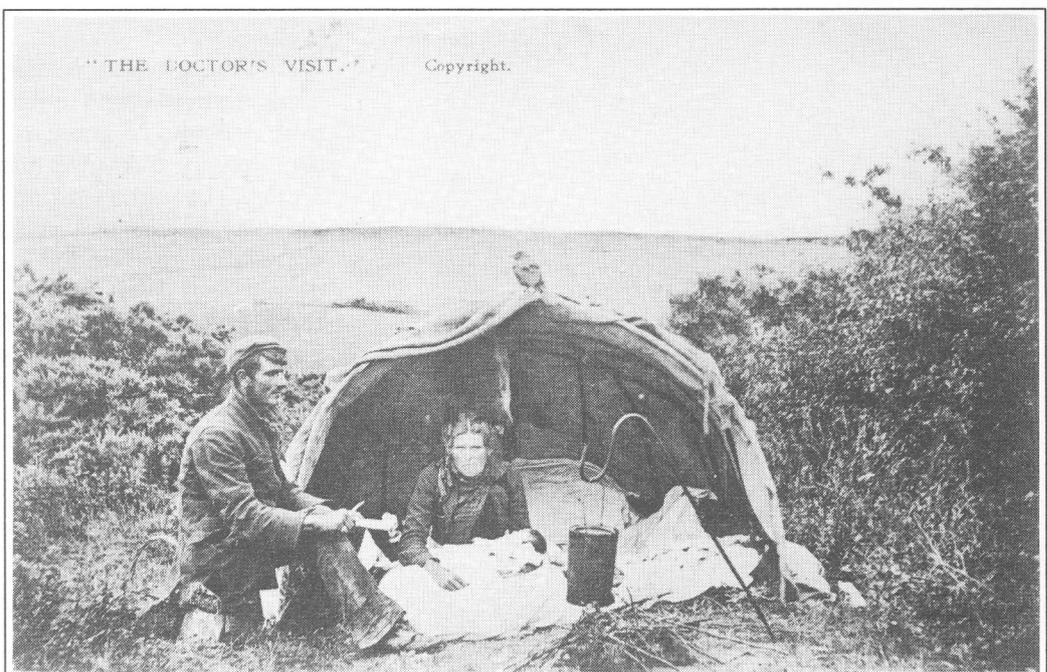
Balanced against this claim that he was self-taught is the fact that he and Bill Gorringe separately told Mervyn Plunkett that Bill had taught him to play the fiddle. Had Bill formally passed on a complete method of bowing and dressing a tune, Scan might have been expected to have said as much, if only as an aside.³⁰ Late in life Scan could still play enough on

the fiddle to show he had had an animated, dynamic style, characterised by a developed bowing technique. Since Trayt was a 'bloody knockout' on any instrument, he may well have played the fiddle; certainly two of Scan's other regular associates, Denner Head and Joe Marten, were fiddlers. Scan probably did not play the fiddle very much after the 1930s, and by the mid-1950s he could only manage to play for a minute or two. Rheumatism caused him creasing pain and equally severe frustration; his fingers went down accurately on the strings, but he was unable to get them up again.

Scan: You see, my hands come bad years ago. You see, my fingers when I held them up all went numb. Used to be the marks of the strings in my fingers here, and I played hours like that till I got, you know, regular fed up with it and made my hands ache so that I got fed up with it. That's why I left off and I thought, perhaps, my hands would get better, but they didn't. Matter of fact they gradually got worse, 'cause I couldn't get my fingers down, you see. I can get them down now, but I can't get no pressure on them. But I often wished, you know, that I could have played. I'd just like to have played now, especially as being out round with first one then the other. I could have had a tune then. [RH]

Scan also played the mandolin, using the same tuning and fingering as the fiddle. The mandolin had some local popularity but Scan was not particularly taken with it.

Gypsies in the south of England; postcard post-marked 1906.





The Smith brothers at the Men's Club, Edenbridge, Kent; 17 February 1968.

(Photograph: David Nuttall)

Scan remembered the gypsies camped on Ashdown Forest as being poor; very few had caravans - just tents or bits of cloth hung over sticks - and many relied on music to supplement their income.

Scan: That was nothing to see a gypsy kid come round the streets with a mouth-organ and tambourine.⁵⁵ You want to hear some of these gypsies on that. They practically used to rattle a tune more like I do, only they got this stick. You know, it don't half sound when you get a stick. You see, you got nothing to muffle it. With your hand you have, but with these sticks you ain't. [RH]

Fanny Lander: We used to have lots of caravans round here one time ... By the *Red Lion* [at Chelwood Gate] on the right-hand side there used to be a patch called Gypsies' Corner ... Some of 'em used to move, but some of them used to be stationary up there ... Harris was one of them, and there used to be Leech. He used to go round the fairs ... selling winkles and cockles.

Bert Wood: If they lost a kid, they'd bury 'em, and that was a sacred place for them.

Charlie Bates: There was one up side where old Deegs used to have a nursery up Chelwood Gate. Well, there used to be a regular place up there where they used to stop, and they reckon ... they burnt the caravan and her in there, 'cause for years you could always see flowers there ... before my time, but they always said when a gypsy died they burnt the caravan and them in it ... Well, it was a gypsy law, wasn't it?

The fiddle was relatively common amongst the Ashdown gypsies and, if two or three of them got together, they would usually play *Brighton Camp* in unison in the key of G, the standard fiddle key for that tune; but if there were four or five, one might play the tune exactly the same, note for note, but in the key of C. The fingering is the same, but transposed one string below, and some of them by double-stopping could play in G and C at the same time. Late in life Scan was still able to play *Brighton Camp* accurately in this manner.

Scan: You finger on two strings and, you know, that was a rare thing for the old gypsies to play ... You know, I've heard some of them gypsies damned good fiddlers. I've heard some of them play dance tunes, you know, but the majority of them used come round, they got three or four tunes they'd play and you never

hear them play nothing else. But *Brighton Camp*, well, that was the main tune, and they used to have their old finger right across on the other strings - two strings - and, course, you know, if anybody gets a clear tone, it's alright, ain' it? Course, I tell you, you got to shift your fingers over further. It's easy. Well, ... one night, I suppose, I just tried it. I found out I could do that easy enough. I used very often to get in a pub anywhere where there used to be laughing and talking and I used to play like that. I could play like that alright, but, course you see, if you was going to play a schottische or something like that, you'd find out that was a bit awkward, 'cause you got to shift your fingers quicker, ain' you? [RH]

One time of day before the 1914 War you very often see gypsies about with a fiddle or mouth-organ or mouth-organ and tambourine, and these fiddlers - I bet nine out of ten of them played *The Girl I Left Behind Me* like that.³² Just that one; they didn't play no other tunes. They nearly always played a mouth-organ and tambourine or else a fiddle. That was pretty near all the two instruments ever I hear them. They was no good with a concertina or anything, you know. [RH]

If they come in anywhere and I was in [there], and they see me, they didn't want no telling who I was, you know. They knew! They wouldn't stop there long. They had a drink and stop there and hear me play a tune or so, and they very soon gone, 'cause they want get in another pub, somewhere where they can go round with the hat. They knew that wasn't going to work in where I was, you see! Course, I never bothered whether they went round for me or whether they didn't. I didn't play for that - not like that - but you know that's what they played for. They was always out for that. Course, if they was in a pub all the evening, they'd go round two or three times if they could. But I didn't want them to do that [for me]. [RH]

You see, many a time I put it in the blind box or something like that, and I've told the landlord, 'I want you to see where I put this money. This is the collection what they've had for me, and I want to

put it in that box.' And he's give it out - told them. Well, they don't mind giving anything so much like that, but if they think you're scrounging, they wouldn't give nothing, and it was only pennies when they did give anything. I mean to say, 'taint like it was going to break anybody, was it? But a penny was a penny that time of day. [RH]

Without doubt Scan did busk in pubs, but much of the time his playing was for fun, and he and the people in the pubs had an unspoken understanding of where they stood. He would certainly have been embarrassed if his intentions were misunderstood and the code were broken. His point about the blind box refers probably to a much later date than 'before the 1914 War'.

Scan told the story of how he once paused outside a pub listening to the music, before deciding to venture in. The tambourine playing really took his fancy; it was strong and lively, carefully phrased and precise - everything Scan expected of a good musician. Wondering who it could be, he opened the door and found a woman and her two daughters playing in perfect unison! They were not people he knew, so they were either travellers or hoppers, or he was in strange territory himself. While the quality of the music stuck in his mind, the fact that they were women was equally remarkable. In one taped conversation about the old music he confirmed that, indeed, there used to be 'some women fiddlers'.³³ [RH]

GETTING ABOUT, CRICKET AND EARNING A LIVING

Scan, quite understandably, was sometimes hazy on dates, and he would try to pin them down with reference to important events such as the Boer War, the Great War or the date of his marriage. Trying to work out the time span of his regular commitments is particularly difficult, as they sometimes seem to overlap with each other. He was playing the tambourine with Trayt at the age of eight, in 1895, and he always gave the impression he was out pubbing when quite a young lad. He had left school and was earning his living at ten or eleven, and in those days there was no age restriction on frequenting pubs.

Apart from going to Brighton for his father's fish business and the annual trip to the Kent hop-fields, he confined his activities very largely to the villages and hamlets on the western side of Ashdown Forest, very often walking and later using a bike. He would go anywhere he thought there would be music and good company, travelling light and often sleeping out under a hedge. A trick he picked up from some of his gypsy pals on the Forest was put to regular use if he was late leaving a pub or a party; he would lie on the ground curled up inside his overcoat with none of his body exposed, then blow warm air inside the coat. It seems unlikely, but he always said that even when the coat was frozen stiff in the morning, he had remained warm and had slept well ready for work. If he felt no ill-effects at the time, he certainly paid for it with rheumatism later in life.

Scan's first job outside the family was for one of the big houses on the Forest, while he was lodging at Agnes Cross with his sister, Harriet, and her husband, Arch Blayber. Arch was the gamekeeper at Brook House for the Clarke family, who had made their fortune as coal factors. The sons were all cricket fanatics and Arch also acted as cricket coach. As Arch Sherlock said, 'That time of day they used to have to find a job for the good cricketers.'

Scan was taken on as an assistant groundsman, preparing the cricket pitch for the 'young gentlemen' who came to stay. The mid-week matches, with brass band in attendance, were for the toffs, but, if numbers were short, members of the ground staff were expected to complete the team. It was in this way that Scan played cricket regularly with a young Harold Macmillan. Around this time Scan earned a small supplementary income umpiring matches and repairing the ground for Fairwarp Cricket Club. Wicket keeping was hard on his hands, and it is debatable which contributed most to his pained hands later in life, rheumatism or cricket injuries. A cricket ball smashed his cheek-bone in the late 1920s and he never went back to the game.



Above: Scan the cricketer; undated.
(Courtesy Daisy & Arch Sherlock)

Below: Extracts from Fairwarp Cricket Club accounts book.
Scan earned 1s. 6d. for each match he umpired.
(Courtesy Frank & Jean Gorringe)

1906	Brought Forward	12. 16. 8
Sept 4.	Ground Expenses	4. 6
Oct 15.	Postage	5
" 23.	Evening Sale W Norman's c/c.	6. 6
" 23.	Money Lloyd's c/c	6. 3
" 23	Postage & P.O.	2
Nov. 10.	Printing 50 Rule Cards	7. 6
" 10	Postage	1
" 10	S. Jester. repairing ground	2. 0.

1907.	Brought Forward	£. 0. 3
Oct 26.	Norman's c/c	10. 4
Nov. 6.	S Jester umpiring	4. 6
" 12.	Ground Expenses	4. 0
" 21	Burgess's c/c	5. 0
Aug 6.	Lloyd's c/c	2. 11. 0
" 5	Burgess's c/c	17. 4
Feb. 1. 1902	Postage	8

NUTLEY v. HORSTED KEYNES.

Played at Nutley on Saturday, resulting in a win for the visitors. The game was in connection with the District League and the points were easily captured by Horsted Keynes.

NUTLEY.

First Innings.

A. Turner, c Frost, b F. Carr	0
E. Gillham, c Tester, b F. Carr	0
W. Tester, b W. Wilkins	12
T. Diplock, c Tester, b F. Carr	18
W. Keen, c Hume, b W. Wickens	7
T. Lawson, b F. Carr	0
W. Biles, c Baker, b Wickens	8
E. Mitchell, b Wickens	0
F. Taylor, c Wheeler, b Wickens	2
J. Taylor, b F. Carr	0
F. K. Mitchell, not out	12
Extras	4
Total	63

Second Innings.

A. Turner, b Baker	9
E. Gillham, c Foster, b Carr	6
W. Tester, c and b Carr	15
T. Diplock, c Lavender, b Carr	11
W. Keen, not out	9
F. Mitchell, b Tester	8
F. Taylor, c L. Tester, b Tester	1
J. Taylor, not out	0
F. K. Mitchell, b Baker	0
Extras	8
Total (for seven wickets)	61

HORSTED KEYNES.

R. Baker, b Biles	3
E. Newnham, b Biles	47
F. Tester, c Gillham, b Biles	9
F. Lavender, c Biles, b Keen	8
E. Green, c Tester, b Keen	2
F. Carr, not out	29
Hume, b F. K. Mitchell	1
R. Foster, c Mitchell, b F. K. Mitchell	0
W. Wickens, b F. K. Mitchell	0
L. Tester, c Diplock, b Tester	6
Wheeler, c Diplock, b F. Mitchell	1
Extras	10
Total	116

Above: Sussex Express, 16 July 1914.

Sometimes Scan supplemented his living by wood-cutting and collecting bush faggots (the trimmings from stakes and poles) for firing in the brick-kilns, and in the summertime he cut litter on the Forest. They 'used to have waggon loads and waggon loads used to come off the forest. Men was up there days and days cutting bracken and the heather.³⁴ With no set hours and no employer, he was free to go off sometimes for a week or so busking with one of his cricketing mates, Dennis - better known as Denner - Head. The two of them travelled around playing in pubs and sleeping in stables and lofts, presumably making as much, or more, busking as they would have done at their other activities.

Below: Fairwarp Cricket Club, winners of the Northern and Southern Cups, Nutley & District League, 1926. Standing, left to right: Unidentified, Edward Gorringe, F. Gibbons, S. Walters, unidentified, J. Walters. Sitting, left to right: A. Kenward, W. Weller, E. Marwich (capt.), W Sutton (vice-capt.), W. Walters, Denner Head. (Courtesy Audrey Castle & Peggy Head)



SCAN'S MUSIC PALS

Denner Head (1883-1969), originally from Collingford Farm, Danehill, lived for most of his life in Back Lane, Fairwarp, working as a woodman on the Forest before going into the coal business. He had his own lorry after the Great War, which he made available to Fairwarp Cricket Club for away matches, and he and Scan sat at the back of the lorry, leading the sing-song with their 'musics' on the way home.³⁵ Nobody now is able to describe his style or repertoire, though Arch Sherlock described him as 'great' on the fiddle and Phil Lucas confirms that this was his local reputation. His daughters say he was an ear-player and also played the tambourine, and Charlie Ridley remembers seeing him with a one-string fiddle; in fact, Denner tried to teach him when he was a kid. Like so many of his contemporaries he enjoyed a good fight, and he could give a song, usually *Golden Slippers*, if called upon.³⁶ He was regarded as a character - but so were most of his contemporaries - and he frequented the *Crocodile* in Danehill.³⁷ In his early days he played regularly in the *Foresters* and later on, in the 1940s, he played in the *Star* at Piltdown, where his brother, William, was the landlord.³⁸

An old musician whom Denner Head knew from childhood was Mrs Stephenson. She would have been born in the 1850s and lived until she was about 90. Her father kept the *Oak*, a beerhouse in Danehill. After she married Edwin Stephenson from Nutley,

they kept a smallholding, Little Collingford, opposite the Heads' place at Collingford Farm. Remembered now as a 'real old farmer', she was also an old-style tambourine player, and Rose Avis, whose family moved into Collingford Farm after the Heads left, remembers her about 1919 playing at family parties with her daughter, Alice, a self-taught piano and concertina player.³⁹

The Awcock Brothers from Danehill were yet another musical family, taking their interest from their mother, Mary Sherlock (born 1839), whose family were involved in the music in chapel.⁴⁰ Amos Awcock sang bass, tenor and alto in chapel, and probably never sang inside a pub in his life, but he yodelled for his own amusement in the woods and had a reputation for eccentricity.

Charlie Bates: Amos used to play the fiddle and yodel. Yeh, he yodelled as well. Oh, he was marvellous yodelling.

Bert Woods: Well, they used to reckon he used to come out onto the road of a night with a sheet over his head acting as a ghost.

His brothers, however, were much more down-to-earth, musically speaking. Arthur (born 1872), a gamekeeper, Alfred (born 1876), a gardener, and Albert (born 1883), a carpenter and builder, were all fiddlers. It seems likely that Alfred and Arthur did not play out very much, but Albert Awcock and

Unidentified cricket team with concertina and banjo.

Photograph acquired by Paul Davis from Mr Webber, '10 miles from East Grinstead going to Gatwick'.

(Courtesy Steve Chambers)



Denner Head were great pals and played together in the pubs. Albert's daughter, Margaret Lucas, confirms he held the fiddle down on his chest, always tapped his foot when he played and could not read music. Her memory of his repertoire is rather sketchy, but she remembers *Nelly Bligh*, *Stars and Stripes*, some of the old minstrel songs and *If I were a Black-bird*, and a night scarcely went by without his playing the fiddle at home. He also played the tambourine, a small one less than a foot across, currently in his daughter's possession.

Scan's stories of other musicians, characters with such marvellous names as Fishy Mason, Dido Wickham and Trombone Billy, should be dated, in all probability, from about the turn of the century to sometime during the Great War. Scan was young and eager then, getting around as much as he could, learning not only tunes and techniques from other musicians, but how to fit in with them. If there was a time he experimented and took musical risks, this was probably it.

Melodeon players were plentiful enough. Jack Gurr, better known in Horsted Keynes for his singing, played in the *Crown* and very occasionally in the parish room at a wedding or special event, but most of his music making was at home with the family. 'Father played all the old dance tunes' - polkas, schottisches, the *Maxina* and the *Veleta* - according to his son, Bert (born 1907). Jack's wife, Emma, could handle a melodeon as well, but as far as Bert knows they did not keep musical company with Scan. In his teens, Bert Wood (born 1890) of Danehill had a melodeon with the added refinement of a vibrato device:

I had one that you just twist on the side and then it quivered ... I can remember buying it ... I give five bob for it - new'un. Yeh, five bob off a bloke coming round ... I think he got several like, and he's going round trying to sell 'em ... Oh, everybody played 'em ... everybody had a music of some sort. There's a kiddy over here had a tambourine, and we used to go over Horsted and play in pubs.

Bert Wood also recalled a 'tall ginger haired bloke' who 'used to get up on a wagon and play' the melodeon at the fair on the *Coach* club feast day.

Scan: There was lots of them, and I often wonder where all they old musics went to. There wasn't so many double rows; there was more single, but I used to have a small one, a double-row one with the

stoppers on. Well, I used to have a big one one time - the last one I had - and I had that after I played a concertina a long time, but I got fed up with the old melodeon. I sold that and kept to my concertina. [RH]

There used to be a chap; he was a lot older than me. He could play a concertina on one side, and we used to call him Bogie, and his name was Woolgar, Harry Woolgar, but we used to call him Bogie Woolgar, and he used to have this old cheap concertina every night wherever he went. He come up on the Green; he used to have it up there. We used to sit up there and make him play. [RH]

Punch Browning, a bricklayer by trade, was another Horsted Keynes concertina player, contemporary with Bogie Woolgar. Scan associated an untitled polka⁴¹ with the former and *Jenny Lind*, *Old Joe*, *the Boat is Going Over* and *Not for Joe* with the latter. Bogie Woolgar was living in Barcombe when Scan spoke of him in 1959.

Scan: I used to know an old bloke at Lindfield. He was a painter bloke, and if he dropped out of work in wintertime, he used to come out round playing. Fishy Mason his name was, and he was a little, short bloke about my height, and he always used to wear [an] overcoat and cut the lining and drop his old fiddle and his bow down in there, 'stead of carrying a bag or anything, see. That's how I used to carry it. You wouldn't hurt the bridge. I used to carry mine miles like it. Always did. I used to have a green baize bag as well, but hardly ever I took it. Never used to put it in a bag; I used to stick her down in my coat. [RH]

I used to carry my little concertina; I used to have a green baize bag hanging over my shoulder, then put my overcoat on. I used to go in pubs and anywhere; nobody knew that I got [my] music, but some of them got a bit wide-o. They used to come round and knock me around the back. They said, 'I thought you'd got her!' Very often if I went in anywhere I didn't want them to know that I'd got it, because very like I wasn't going to stop. I bet a shilling some of them twigged me.⁴² [RH]

Up in the Forest at Three Chimneys, a pair of cottages at Twyford in the parish of Forest Row, there was a nest of musical activity. Next to Scan's sister Jinny there lived the Ridleys. Three of the family were ear-players on the mandolin: Joe, a bricklayer, and his daughter, Maggie (born 1900), shared a twelve-string instrument, and his son, Fred Gurr, played the more usual eight-string version.⁴³ Maggie had taken violin lessons after hours at Twyford school from her teacher, Miss Newnham, which helped her to some extent with the mandolin. Shortly before the Great War, a young builder's labourer came to lodge with them. He had spent his childhood in a home in Forest Row and after some time at sea returned a proficient reading musician on the trombone.⁴⁴

Scan: [Joe Ridley] used to play a mandolin with him first when I heard him. This chap used to play with him; he used to lodge with him, and he used to play a flat-backed mandolin... This mandolin player used to vamp. He was a jolly good player... Course I knew him well, because he lived next door to my eldest sister. [RH]

Trombone Billy, as he was known to everyone, taught his landlord, Joe Ridley, to play the trombone from music, and Joe and his two sons, Fred and George Gurr (euphonium and trombone respec-

tively), joined Forest Row Band. On Sundays a cornet player from Nutley used to cycle over for a spot of practice, and it was on Sundays too that Scan used to visit his sister, Jinny Thompsett.

Scan: So one day he [Trombone Billy] says to me, he says, 'You're coming down the *Green Man* Saturday night.' He says, 'Bring your music.' So I took my concertina in there and I played along with them, and, you know, it didn't matter what you played for that trombone bloke, you know, he come in along with you. If he didn't know the tune, he'd come in for bass or alto or something. Yes, he'd have a part, and you wouldn't know from what he knew the tune, you know, but he was learning the tune all the time he was playing. [RH]

In the years immediately before the Great War, Forest Row Band went out every Saturday night in the warm weather, playing outside each pub in Forest Row in turn, encouraged by jugs of beer sent out by the landlords. Sunday night was another matter, as they could not interfere with the church service, so they took the crowd up to the *Ashdown Forest Hotel* on the Forest. The supporters sang as they rambled through the woods to Trombone Billy's solo renderings of all the popular songs.

Forest Row Brass Band, c. 1910.

(Courtesy Eric Byford)



Scan: I believe that bloke could play with anybody. He could play in any key and, course, he was an orphan boy, and I don't know where he was brought up, but he was a grown-up man when I first knew him, you see. I was a young bloke then, and he used to go out in the pubs by his-self playing. Didn't matter where it was to him, 'cause he was a jolly good player, mind you, and it wasn't hoarse. It was good music. [RH]

Scan partnered Trombone Billy in pubs and busking on Brighton beach. Their repertoire on the beach was exclusively song tunes, but Scan insisted that Trombone Billy was fluent enough on his old 'push-me-off-the-pavement' to play solo for stepdancing. He was in the army during the War and never returned.

Scan: There used to be a chap lived down at Leighton Road [Horsted Keynes]; he was a harp player and a banjo player, and he sent to this firm, where we used to send, and he got this mouth-organ for me... He got one with four sides; four different keys there was, like. It was alright - very useful. I don't know what become of it, but, course, I had it a long time and, you know, you was always tearing about somewhere of a night, and used to play along the roads, you know. [RH]

Although Scan heard others 'vamp' on the mouth-organ - playing the melody with a chorded, percussive accompaniment - he could never get the hang of vamping. In spite of playing the mouth organ very often, he stuck simply to the melody line.

Scan: This chap used to play I don't know what sort of harp it was - one of these flat harps, you know, used to finger with it. He was a very good player, and he could play a banjo very well too. He used to sit out on the Green here in the summertime up to twelve o'clock of a night, sit there singing, and he used to play the old banjo. [RH]

According to Bert Gurr the only person in the village who sang with a banjo was Alf Alexander. Scan told David Nuttall that at some time while he lived next to Horsted Keynes post office, from 1923 or 1924 to 1953, the postman played the dulcimer. Daisy and Arch Sherlock have no memory of this, so perhaps Scan was talking about Alf Alexander; the dulcimer might have been an autoharp or zither.⁴⁵

Scan: I never played with a flute, just the piccolo and the whistle-pipe. There used to be a chap at Forest Row, Bert Richardson his name was. He was quite a young fellow, he wasn't old. He was captain of the football club, and when I used to play football for Forest Row,⁴⁶ the older ones what used to come and watch the game, they knew me, you see, and they said to me, they said, 'Why don't you bring your music then, Scan, with you?' And old Bert Richardson says, 'You bring it. I'll bring my whistle pipe.' He says, 'We'll have a tune.' So when we used to go to the outmatches, he used to play his whistle-pipe. He could play very well, too, and I wondered then, I thought myself, 'Well, he must have had a whistle-pipe in C for to play along with that C music.' [RH]

Scan, too, played the tin whistle at this time. Forty years or more later, he had the urge to play one again, thinking he could entertain himself. He was quite disgusted that after several attempts, he was unable to make a respectable sound on it.

There was a number of fife and drum bands round about in Scan's early days, including the Church Lads Brigade in Horsted Keynes, a school band at Fletching at the turn of the century and an unidentified band reported at the Diamond Jubilee celebrations in Newick.⁴⁷ It seems reasonable to expect evidence to have come to light of men and boys who could play dance tunes or song airs on a band fife, but perhaps the discipline of the fife and drum bands and the motivation of the participants, like those of the village bands, produced bandmen rather than musicians.

DIDO WICKHAM AND DANCING AT NUTLEY INN

Scan: A chap [used to play with me], a piccolo player from Nutley. His name was Henry Wickham; we used to call him Dido. He was a real curly-headed bloke, and he could bloody well drink some beer, too. That's one of his main things; that was the worst part of it. And what he told me was, when I asked him where he got his music from, he said, 'Well, when I was coming home from work one night, I met a fellow on the road, and he stopped me and said he hadn't got no money. He said, *Would you buy a piccolo off of me?* I didn't know what a piccolo was. I said to him, *I don't know. How much do you want for it?* Well, he says, *I want half a crown for it, but,* he says, *You can't buy one in a shop for two guineas like it.'* [RH]

So he says, 'Course, I didn't think of buying it at all, but I said, *Let's have a look at it - what it looks like.'* He says, 'When I had a look at it I thought to myself, *I don't know nothing about it, but damned if that en't some good stuff.* 'Twas all made

of ivory.' Well, he says, *'I'll give him half a crown and chance it,'* and he said, 'I hadn't got a lot more money then. I brought the thing home and it laid about in the drawer a long time.' [RH]

And this bloke [Jack Carr], he understood music well, and he was in the pub one night and old Dido was in there having a drink, and they got on talking about music like, and old Dido was always a bloke fond of music and his brother was a good musician; course, his brother had been a brass band bandmaster. So old Dido told him, 'I bought a music off a bloke on the road a week or two ago. He said it was a piccolo!' They got on talking so much this bloke said to old Dido, 'Next time you come up here put it in your pocket. I can tell you if it's any good or not.' So old Dido told me, 'I carried that for over a week in my pocket, and he never come up there. The very night I left it at home, he was come up there.' So he says, 'You will see it now, 'cause I'll go and get it, and when he opened it, he said, *Cor blimey, man, that's all ivory.'* Old Dido

Nutley Inn, photographed by Daddy Francis.
(Courtesy Gordon Turner & Phil Lucas)



says, 'Ivory?' He says, 'It'd cost you pounds, man, to buy an instrument like that. That's a professional's instrument.' Old Dido said, 'I thought, *Well, bugger me, I could make a bit on that.* I never once thought about learning to play it.' [RH]

He says to him, he says, 'Look, if you like to take the trouble to come down to my place, I'll learn you how to play that in a fortnight, and I'll guarantee you that.' Old Dido said, 'That's how I done it. I went down his place every night and on Saturday and Sunday night for a fortnight and I could play several tunes, time I finished.' He got the [sheet] music out, and he learnt him the music and how to finger it and all. Then he never touched music afterwards, not till sometime after ever we finished playing together. His brother got a brass band up in Nutley, and old Dido joined it, and he had a bass instrument, and I never did know what become of his piccolo. [RH]

Until 1911 or 1912 there was one brass band, the Ashdown Forest Temperance Band, which covered Nutley and Fairwarp, with a practice hut midway between the two villages. On the evening of an amicable decision to split into separate bands for each village, the bandsmen formed up outside the band-hut, and, according to Charlie Gorringe, the

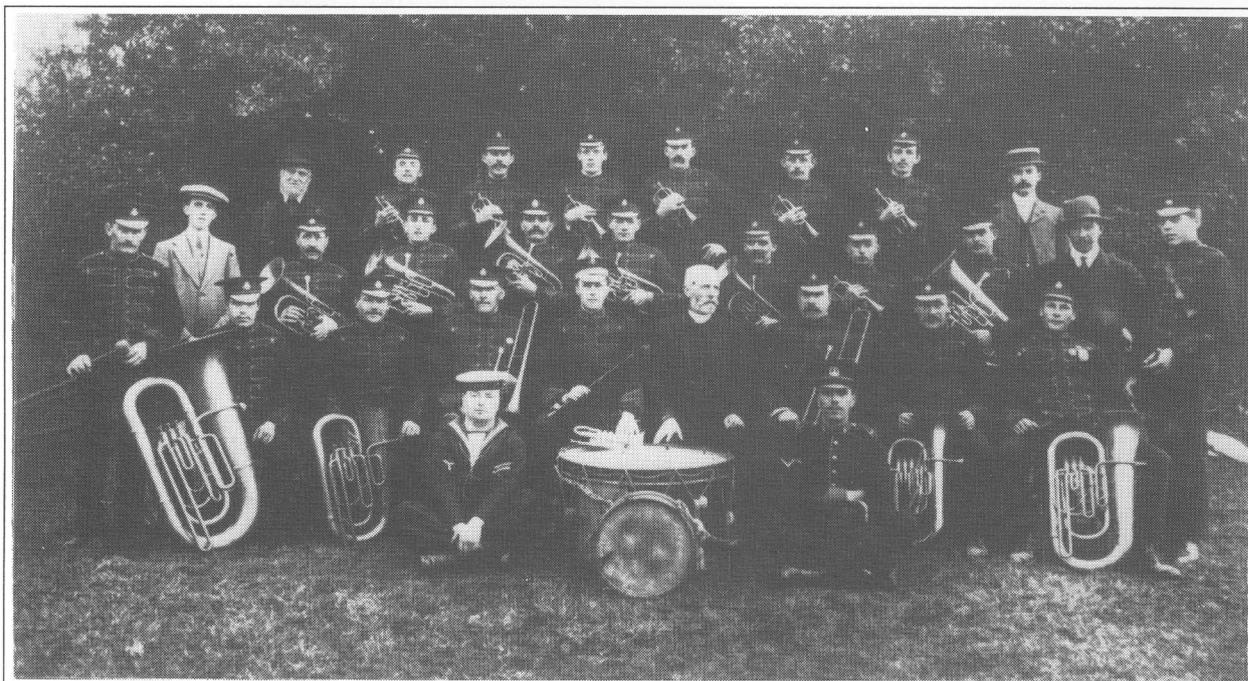
two halves marched off playing in opposite directions. Charlie Wickham became the bandmaster of Nutley Band and Ernie Best of Fairwarp Band.

Scan: You know, we used to play regular in the *Nutley Inn*, what's called the *Shelley Arms* now. We used to play there regular every Saturday night and, you know, sometimes we had old Dido's brother [Charlie Wickham], who used to blow a cornet, and there used to be a chap come up there and used to vamp on the old piano...There used to be Jack Carr; he used to vamp and play mandolin. He was a good bloke, he'd played in a string band in the Army; and then we used to have old Tommy's sister [Martha Stephenson] used to play a concertina as well, and I used to play the old fiddle, and another bloke, name of Bill Gorringe, used to play the fiddle along with me. And old Tommy Stephenson's father used to play a tambourine, and his tambourine was as far across as ... two foot, I expect, and he used to rosin her up and he used to rrrrrrrrhhh! Yes! [RH]

Some nights there'd only be old Dido and me ... Dido and me played there night after night of a Saturday night by ourselves, and I've known him sit there playing to keep the party there 'til I got there of a Saturday night, when I've been out [at] football several mile out and

Ashdown Forest Temperance Brass Band, c. 1908.

(Courtesy Norman Edwards)



Press reports of activities by the Nutley and Fairwarp bands after the split:

(Sussex Express, 18 January 1914; 19 February 1914; 2 October 1914 and 19 March 1914.)

NUTLEY.

BAND SUPPER.—The members of the Nutley Band were entertained to supper at the Coffee Hall last Wednesday by the generosity of Mr. P. P. Lascelles, of Nutley Court. The company numbering about 20 sat down at 7.30 to an excellent repast served by Mr. Tribe. Mr. Lascelles presided, and after ample justice had been done to the bounteous spread, submitted the loyal toast, which was duly honoured.—Bandmaster Mr. C. Wickham then proposed the toast of "Our Host," in terms appreciative of the kindness of Mr. Lascelles in providing so excellent an entertainment that evening.—Mr. F. T. Ridley seconded and the toast was accorded musical honours and the recipient suitably responded.—The Vicar (the Rev. C. Neil) who was present, was next toasted, on the proposition of Mr. E. Kenward, supported by Mr. Lascelles.—In reply, the rev. gentleman expressed his pleasure at being present, and said he hoped that the band would meet with every success. The remainder of the evening was spent in music and song, when amongst those who amused the company were Mr. P. P. Lascelles, Mr. Wickham, Mr. E. Kenward, Mr. N. Stevens, Mr. R. Stevenson, Mr. A. Moore, Mr. S. Streeter, Mr. A. Wickham, and others.

SOCIAL.—Another delightful parochial party took place on Friday evening when some 300 were present in the schools. These gatherings are deservedly popular and are well organised by the entertainment committee, of which the Vicar (the Rev. C. Neil) is chairman. The programme consisted of musical items that included glee by the glee party consisting of Mr. Neil, Mrs. Biles, Miss Biles, Mrs. C. Wickham, Miss Lascelles, Miss Gibbs, Mr. O. Shoobridge, Mr. T. Shoobridge, Mr. H. Appleby, and Mr. C. W. Sargeant, songs by Mr. H. Appleby and Mr. F. Taylor, and selections by the Nutley Band Handbell Ringers, who also contributed a quartette. Refreshments were served during the evening.

(Owen and Tom Shoobridge were Scan's cousins.)

FAIRWARP.

THE BRASS BAND.—The Parish Magazine says the band now practices on Monday and Friday (with the permission of Mr. Miles) at Oklands Ribs Range Room. There are vacancies for four or five new members. Application should be made to the Bandmaster, Mr. Jennings, at the practice room.—Under the careful and patient teaching of the Bandmaster, ably supported by the Committee, the new Hon. Secretary, Mr. C. Wood, and the Assistant Secretary, Mr. F. Norman, backed up by the regular attendance and hard work of the members, the band should soon become musically and financially most efficient. The subscribers are heartily thanked for their generous support and are invited to continue the same. The retiring Hon. Secretary, Frank Ridley, Nutley, deserves not only many thanks, but some tangible recognition for his devoted services on behalf of the band, from its commencement.—The balance sheet for 1913 shows receipts, £43 12s. 6d., and the expenditure leaves a balance in hand of £13 8s. 11d.

NUTLEY.

AGENT FOR THIS PAPER.—Mrs. C. Whitewood, Grocer and Draper.

BANDMASTER'S BENEFIT.—During the time in which he has acted in the capacity the master of the local band, Mr. C. Wickham has become increasingly popular with his fellow-instrumentalists, and his impending departure from the district is a source of much regret to them. They determined that he should not go away without some tangible evidence of their esteem, and accordingly on Friday and Saturday turned out in the evening, and played selections in various places, the resultant collections going to form a "benefit" for the Bandmaster. Mr. Wickham is leaving to go into business on his own account, and takes with him the good wishes not only of the bandsmen, but the inhabitants as well.

never got back soon. You see, old Dido would sit there playing dance tunes and that for them to dance right up 'til I come back. When I got back, they'd say, 'Look, where the bloody hell have you been?' Sweat was pouring off his forehead like peas dropping down. Cor, he could play, you know. [RH]

You'd see him - he's right down like this here playing - and I'm blown if he couldn't play, weren't no doubt about it, seeing he was right above all of us. And didn't that used to rattle in that room - that didn't half rattle. [H&HG]

I've heard ever so many piccolo players, and I've heard some good ones in bands and that, but I've never heard nobody could beat old Dido not with what he knew. See, he played by ear. You know, I don't think that ever he learnt a lot about music, but old Jack Carr said, 'He would have never learnt, if I hadn't have persevered.' He said, 'I knocked it into him.'⁴⁸ [RH]

Every Saturday night they used to come from Brighton. Two or three different parties put up for the weekend, you see, purpose come up there for round dancing ... and they had every dance there was. We never used to play no sets there ... and, course, that was a very good turn, 'cause there used to be sometimes five or six of us playing together there, and I have known seven play together ... We used to have a tidy band there. It used to sound very nice... Course, we never had this every week, [but] very often that lot used to get in there. They used to come along with their musics and, course, we all used to know all the same tunes. We had a good time! [RH]

No matter what the weather was, I used to go. Walk - ten miles that is - both ways. Sometimes I used to take my fiddle and sometimes I used to take concertina; it all depends - we had a brother and sister used to play with us - two concertinas - well, you see, that was enough concertinas. [H&HG]

Dancing at *Nutley Inn* originally took place informally in one of the bars, presumably the tap room, but at some point there was a move into the large reception room at the back of the pub for more formal Saturday night dances.⁴⁹ There was a collection, so in all probability the musicians, rather than the landlord, ran the evening.⁵⁰

Dido and Scan appear to have been the core musicians, but there is no evidence of who led the band, though most, if not all, of the other musicians were older than Scan. Nor is there evidence of how they developed their repertoire and learnt the new Edwardian round dances.⁵¹ Jack Carr (born c. 1872), who had been in a string band in the Army, and Charlie Wickham (born c. 1873), a member of Ash-down Forest Temperance Band and then bandmaster of Nutley Band, were both musically literate; Dido (born c. 1875) was taught musical notation by Jack Carr, although rejected it as soon as he got the hang of his instrument. Jack Carr was at the Siege of Ladysmith; the question is whether he taught Dido before or after the Boer War. Scan acknowledged he learnt tunes from Dido.⁵²

Scan's use of the word 'vamp' implies the pianist played by ear, and the rest of the band almost certainly were ear-players. Scan stated quite specifically that they played everything in G, which is further evidence of their playing by ear. If any of their material came from sheet music or gramophone records and was not in G, it was transposed to accommodate the concertinas and fiddles. Neither Will nor Trayt, in spite of his earlier association with the *Nutley Inn*, seem to have been part of this band. Tommy Stephenson was the gardener for Lady Castle-Stewart at Old Lodge, Nutley, on the Crowborough Road, and his sister Martha lived just beyond his house on the same road.

The *Nutley Inn* band at its full extent comprised:

Scan Tester	fiddle or concertina
Bill Gorringe	fiddle
Dido Wickham	piccolo
Charlie Wickham	cornet
Tommy Stephenson	concertina
Martha Stephenson	concertina
unidentified	piano
Jack Carr	mandolin
— Stephenson	tambourine

SERVANTS' BALL AT THE COACH AND HORSES

The end-of-season servants' ball at the *Coach and Horses*, an alehouse with a large upstairs reception room at Danehill, was an important event in the social calendar of the working people in the district. Mrs Lander, oldest inhabitant of Chelwood Gate (born 1896), then Fanny Smith, danced 'waltzes, two-step and *Veleta*, *Haste to the Wedding*, the *Quadrilles* and the *Lancers*' at the ball in 1911 or 1912.

Fanny Lander: I was about fifteen then, and there was a big room and, course, it was all full; everybody was there, and Scan was playing, and Bill [Will] and I think somebody else, but I can't remember that ... I only went the once; both my sisters and I went. We were all good dancers in those days ... You really got something out of the dancing in those days.

Scan: You know, I used to play at the *Coach* ball. I played there for over 20 year, and I used to play from seven to two, and we never reckoned to play one tune twice. Me and old Dido Wickham, the piccolo player, and Tommy Stephenson, a concertina player. Only I used to play fiddle with them, you see, ... before 1914. Ah, but I played after that as well. Made the twenty years up. [RH]

You know what I used to get? I used to have to play there Boxing Night from six to ten, and then the ball was what we used to call the Second Christmas Holiday - night after Boxing Night. That was from seven to two, and I used to have to play them two nights for fifteen bob the two nights. And I used to get my drink and a supper half way through and a supper when I done, if I liked. But I used to play there Boxing Night myself, and Dido and Tommy used to play in *Nutley Inn*, you see, that night - Boxing Night; then they used to come and help me Ball Night. Well, then we used to share the two lots of money, you see, so we didn't do bad, because sometimes they'd collect round very near a pound over there - them two - collecting round the room, and I earned fifteen bob over there, you see, so it was pretty well thirty-five bob between the three of us, so we didn't do too bad! [RH]

Will Marten, landlord of the *Coach and Horses* for over fifty years from 1876 to 1927, was Joe Marten's brother, and it seems more than likely that Joe and Trayt played in the early days, and brought Scan in when he was about ten years old.⁵³ Thus, if he played from 1897 to 1916, he would have 'made the twenty years up'. It is unlikely that the three musicians mentioned by Scan played together consistently throughout the twenty-year period, or that Scan always played the same instrument. His account probably describes the last few years.

The last time he played with Dido Wickham was during the Great War, and Scan linked their parting with his own move to Horam Road in 1917 or soon after. He could not place when they stopped holding the balls. 'I think they did have a ball about once after I played there.' [RH] On another occasion, he said, he handed over to his brother Will and a melodeon player. Will spent Christmas 1918 in Marez in Germany, but he could possibly have played the 1917 booking.⁵⁴ Social changes already in process before the War, but then accelerated by it, reduced the number of servants considerably by 1918, and so, perhaps, the ball died through lack of support. Mrs Lander confirms the *Coach* ball did not survive the War.

MARRIED LIFE AT CHELWOOD COMMON

At 22 Scan married Fanny Turner, whose sister Amy was his brother Bert's wife. Scan's mother-in-law, Granny Turner, was a baker with a general grocery shop at Chelwood Common, and Scan had done a variety of jobs for her before he married, including relining the bread-oven with bricks, delivering bread and picking up her lodgers from Forest Row station with a pony and trap. Scan and Fanny's daughter, Daisy, was born on 18 October 1910 in what is now Rose Cottage, Horsted Keynes, and shortly afterwards the family moved into a rented place at Chelwood Common.

Scan: Daisy's mum was a good dancer. Yes, she was a fine dancer, and we used to go out to a lot of dances then, 'cause, you see, I only used to go out to a pub of a Saturday night, see, then, and if there was a dance on in the week we used to go. Daisy's granny used to have Daisy, while we went out to a dance. [RH]

Will Marten and Mary Elphick: All round Chelwood Gate was lots of small holdings. They had fruit gardens and they had cows, pigs, and we've had haymaking - and the old forest was used

for cows - but nearly everybody had an orchard and possibly a cow or so ... I don't think this was a very poverty-stricken area ... not really ... Nearly every place had the pig pens ... When we were kids we never felt very poor or very rich, put it that way, but some of those who were in tied houses and that were pretty grotty really.⁵⁵

Scan always had a shilling or two in his pocket, but was never that well off, and in order to keep a family he took a job with a building firm in Crowborough, walking a round trip of ten miles or more each day for a halfpenny an hour more than he had been getting locally. Yet shortly before he married, he had seen an opportunity for a bargain - a neighbour's piano was being repossessed - and more or less on the spur of the moment he paid £12 cash for it!⁵⁶

SERVANTS' PARTIES ON ASHDOWN FOREST

For several years after their move to Chelwood Common, Scan provided Saturday night entertainment for the servants below-stairs in some of the large houses on Ashdown Forest estates.

Scan: This was just before the 1914 War, because it was while I was living at Chelwood, and I was most times in the summer working over at Horsted station for my father. Why I went up there to live was cheaper rent, and that was my first wife's home there, you see. That was when she was alive, and then the War started and, course, it quietened down then and I never went to these places no more after the War.⁵⁷ [RH]

I think the man that first got me to go to play anywhere like that was at a place called Chelwood Vetchery, and he was a head gardener there, and I used to go up there in the winter time, all the winter.⁸² He used to save my job all the summer, so as I could go to work in the brickyard, and I'd come back there in the winter, when there wasn't so much work in the brickyard. Well, the gentlemen that had the place built was Sir Stuart Samuels. I expect you might have heard of him - he was a big pot and, course, it was a fine place. So when I was up there, the old head gardener came in *Nutley Inn* one Saturday night, and he heard the music going - course, we used to play in a long room at the back - and he come down

there, and stood listening to us and having a drink. Well, I didn't know; I never see him, and didn't know nothing about it. So one day when I was working up there, he come round and was stood talking, and he said, 'Would you play to a servants' party in the house here for me. They want to have a dance and they want to invite the girls from the other houses round about to make a party,' and I said 'Yes, I will anytime, if you let me know a day or so beforehand.' He said, 'Alright.' [RH]

So it was he that started this going round. He got this party up there. You see, them houses was two or three mile, well, two mile off the main road. You look where they got to go back to of a night, if they go out of their evening-out or their afternoon-out, and then come back of a night. It was all dark you know; there wasn't no lamps there. If they couldn't get the coachman or one of the grooms to come out and fetch 'em, they'd got to walk. So they decided they'd have a night like that, so they invited these servants there. Course, they told them what they was going to do, and it gradually got round. I got three or four places to go to, you see. So I very near always got one of them places in a fortnight to go to, and, you see, you always come across the same girls and that there, because they come from the other houses to that party. They used to invite one another. [RH]

Usually I used to have to get there ten o'clock at night, but the worst part of it was, it was always four or five o'clock in the morning before the devils left off. Well, you see, I hadn't got time to go to bed when I got home. Many time I've come home, changed my clothes, and laid on top of the bed and had hour's sleep before I got up, and had my breakfast, and go to work. Well, that ten bob was all extra, you see. I very near always had that ten bob once a fortnight, and sometimes every week. But I have earned as much as three pound a night, and I used to go to Press Ridge Warren - that's at Wych Cross - and another place called Twyford. That was an old gentleman's place; only, that's right out

of the way, two mile or two mile and half off the main road. And then I used to go to Chelwood Vetchery and Pippingford. A gentleman named Captain Banbury was there when I went there, and he was a nice gentleman ... [RH]

Of course, you had plenty of grub. All the grub was made by the servants, you see. It was the cooks' doings. They'd got to do that to keep the servants, if they got good servants, and the cooks used to work all the grub like that. I used to have a damn great parcel, man! Well I've had a damn great parcel I couldn't get my arm round it for to bring home. I used to bike round these places, you see, and I used always to have got a bit of string with me and straps on my carrier, so I could strap it on. [RH]

I always had to take slippers with me, because in the servants' halls, you know, they used to get that blasted floor up; if you'd got a pair of thin soles on, and if you hadn't got rubber soles, soon as ever you stepped on the floor you was across the other side. And, course, they girls used to work on them floors, you know. They was lovely floors for dancing. There were plenty times we never had to buy much grub, only just a piece of meat. We never had to buy no bread or tarts and cakes or anything like that, 'cause we always had enough to last all the week, and it didn't matter which place I went, I always got a parcel. [RH]

DANCE TEACHER AND PROMOTER

Scan: You see, early on, well as long ago as I can remember, they didn't have dancing like they do now, you see, every each other week. They had only two dances a year, see, one in the autumn and one in the spring, but, course, they used to have a dance at Christmas-time, and they used to have New Year long-nights ... but in a village hall or anything they only used to have two. Well, they was half-a-crown a time that time of day. Yes, I paid half-a-crown at that time a day to go to a dance, and where two gentlemen weren't allowed to dance together. Well, you don't want nothing [i.e., an organised ticket dance]... if you're dancing every night all the week in pubs, but this was, you know, what you would call a posh dance, see. About twice a year. That included refreshments. Well, there was always one or two in a village that time of day would organise anything, get anything up. You see ... two or three of them get together. Well, they worked together and get this dance up, find out how much it cost for anybody to play. I never played to many posh dances. I have played to one or two.... [RH]

When I left off playing [at the *Nutley Inn?*], old Bill Gorringer said to me, he says, 'Well, we may as well stick together.' He come to Horsted Keynes to live, and I come to Horsted to live, you see, so he said, 'We may as well mate up together as usual.'⁵⁹ I says, 'I don't mind.' So we used to go together us two playing and, you know, round about there, several miles round, if they had a party, if we couldn't come there, I bet you sooner ... they put it off so we could come, so as they could have a dance. [RH]

This must have been in the three or four years preceding the Great War. Bill Gorringer moved from Oldlands, Fairwarp to Valley Holme, Horsted Keynes, where, Arch Sherlock thinks, he worked as a coachman, but by 1913 or 1914 he had moved to Whiteman's Green Dairy, Cuckfield, where he was to remain for the rest of his life. Daisy Sherlock remembers going over to Cuckfield with the family to have tea with the Gorringers and the Gorringers

coming to Horsted Keynes for return visits. This would have been during the 1920s. Scan and Bill remained friends, but appear to have stopped playing together.⁶⁰

Scan: There wasn't no bands; nobody at all went out to play in old dances. I used to hire two rooms - one at Horsted [the Assembly Room above the butcher's shop] and one at Chelwood Common, and it used to cost me half-a-crown a night the room and light. They used to find light; it was only paraffin lamps like, and [I used] to charge sixpence a night from seven to ten. That was three hours. That was tuppence hour. That wasn't bad was it? We used to get several in there. [RH]

What Scan did not say, on this occasion, was that the sixpence included an hour's tuition, for Scan taught the round dances and set dances, and then there was general dancing for the last two hours.

Scan: I said to old Bill Gorringer, I said, 'Well look Bill, if you want to mate up with me,' I says, 'You can come in along with me, if you like, with these dances.' 'Well,' he says, 'I'd like to.' So old Bill started coming with me like, and we used to play to these dances, and that's where we used to play that *Indian Polka* tune.⁶¹ [RH]

The *Alberts* are a set dance like the *Quadrilles* or *Lancers*, only the figures, there's five figures in the sets, see. The figures are some out of the *Quadrilles* and some out of the *Lancers*. Well, I had three months twice a week with a chap [Bill Gorringer?]: I had a set one end of the room and he had another set down the other end of the room ... All the winter I played for them ... Sometimes two fiddles, and a piano sometimes. [MP]



Busking on Brighton beach; undated. The band consists of cello, two violins and cornet, with perhaps a piccolo or violin standing between the two female musicians. They are playing from memory or by ear.

BUSKING ON BRIGHTON BEACH

Scan's busking at Brighton with Trombone Billy and later with two legitimate, musically literate concertina players spanned the Great War and, although perhaps unknown to him, was in a time-honoured tradition. Buskers did well from Brighton's earliest days as a pleasure resort, their main pitch being the beach and the promenade above it. The quality of entertainment provided by solo musicians, bands, minstrel troupes, animal acts, etc., was generally high and the performers took themselves seriously and did their best.⁶²

The Brighton scene was still flourishing at the beginning of this century and Tom Bridger and Charlie West had a regular pitch. A pound bought them a licence for a year, and they restricted their busking to afternoons during the summer season. One of them played on the *Skylark* and Tom Bridger used to clean the windows of Woolworth's in the mornings. Then at night they would split up and play in separate pubs. Scan had known them for years, through his association with the fish market, and just before the 1914 War he started going out with them on those Saturdays when the mood took him.

Scan: You see, the blokes what I used to play with, of course, they knew music; they played off of concertina music to learn the tunes. Well, then I used to learn them off of them, 'cause there was three of us, and I used to follow them two along. Well, after I'd heard it once, like, I knew it that time of day. They was jolly good players. Tom Bridger and Fred [Charlie?] West. He brought up a family of ten playing on the beach. They never used to do nothing only play on the

beach and in the pub. They played Anglos, only they always played B flats. I don't know why. [DN]

Johnny Doughty (1903-85) worked in Brighton fish market as a boy and he told Bob Fry he remembered the buskers with the little chap in the trilby hat following along behind. In an interview with Vic Smith, he recalled:

There was two of them. One used to sit up in the bows of the *Skylark*, if she was on the beach and they were helping them up aboard, and one was playing the fiddle and the other was playing the squeeze-box.⁶³

Scan eventually bought a 40-key B flat Lachenal from one of them for £5 in order to play with them. His C/G music would not have gone with their B flat/F instruments, unless, of course, they had tunes written in C and G. So what did he do before he bought their concertina? Did he borrow one of theirs or did he play the fiddle, and if so, how did he string the fiddle up to play in tune with them? Scan was eager to learn as much as he could from this different class of music. As a lad he had tried to learn to read music in Horsted Keynes Band without success, and now his second attempt was no better: 'I carried it in my pocket, 'til it rotted away!' [DN]

Buskers are not likely to split their takings with extra members unless they make a difference to the total collection. Scan confirmed it was worth his while to go down by train specially for the busking, and he could still get back in time for any evening commitment. He stopped going out with Tom Bridger and Charlie West in 1919: 'I was a bloody fool to stop.' [DN]

NOTES

1. Horsted Keynes school records for the period are not at the school, nor are they in either East or West Sussex Records Offices.
2. David Nuttall has found references to the marriage of William Tester and Sarah Orpah Shoebridge, and the births of Jane, Harriet and Alfred in the St. Catherine's House index, and he has a copy of Trayton's birth certificate. Lewis and Willie are recorded in the Danehill Baptism Register, but the other children are not. I have been unable to trace the family in the 1871 and 1881 Census returns.

The *Parliamentary Register* lists a Trayton Tester, clearly not the Trayton Tester from Browns Brook (see note 25), as living with Scan's father in Forest Row in 1889

and 1891, and then at Martin's Fields in Nutley in 1891 and 1892, and at Ashgrove in Horsted Keynes in 1893. The 1893 entry records that he had previously lived at Chelwood Common, Burgess Hill and The Green in Horsted Keynes. It seems very unlikely that Scan's brother could have registered to vote five years under age and without a property qualification. It appears, therefore, that there was another Trayton Tester in Scan's father's household.

3. Deese: a 'Place where herrings are dried' (Cooper, *Glossary of Provincialisms...* (1853)).
4. Other fish retailers in the district included the Setfords from Cinder Hill and the Gurrs in Horsted Keynes.

5. Bob Fry.
'Old Lewis's [Scan's] father was a clay digger up at Station Field, digging clay at 15/- a week.' (Mrs. Coon, 'Memories of my Village: Horsted Keynes' [1956], *Danehill Parish Historical Society Magazine*, II, 12, (Jan. 1986), p. 8.)
Trayton Tester's birth certificate describes Will Tester as a brickmaker and journeyman in 1875. (David Nuttall)
6. Other pub games recalled by Arch Sherlock, Bert Wood and Charlie Bates, included shove ha'penny, Ring the Bull, marbles (on Good Friday) and quoits at the *Crown*, shove ha'penny and rings at the *Coach*, dominoes (six tables), darts and rings at the *Crocodile*, Toad in the Hole and Ring the Bull at the *Red Lion*.
7. His playing the cornet raises the question of whether he had any musical training and any degree of musical literacy. Scan's cornet playing did not come from Trayton.
8. Compare this account with the Isaac Cruikshank etching, *Triumphal Entry of 100,000 Crowns* (London, 1791). This shows the Foot Guards band, which includes a tambourine two feet across with bells on the inside strut (National Army Museum, London, ref. 7507-28).
9. Charlie Bates.
10. Members paid in to a slate club weekly and drew out at Christmas. In cases of need, members could draw in advance.
11. Scan told several stories about how he got his nickname; this is the one he told me. In the early 1920s he was called Tinkie.
12. Scan told Steve Pennells his partner was Ernie Baxter, but he could not have been, as Ernie was 13 years younger than Scan. Will told the same story to his grandson Paul Marten, in which he himself was the tambourine player.
13. The *Foresters* later became an alehouse. It has now lost its original character by being modernised. The original *William IV* building is now a dwelling house standing beside the present pub, built in 1928.
14. Charlie Gorringe.
Pub landlords have played a crucial role in traditional music: since they control the venue, they have the means to encourage or suppress pub music. Below, and in subsequent notes, are listed the known landlords of the relevant pubs to show turnover or consistency of the tenancies and to help date events from oral sources.
Foresters: 1882 James Cordeux; 1883 John Page; 1887 Thomas Weller; 1888-97 missing; 1898 William Osbourne; 1929 Herbert Rapley; 1932 Thomas Puttock; 1938 Fred Leake.
William IV: 1878 or earlier Thomas Weller; 1889 Jane Weller; 1902-07 missing; 1908 Eli Carter; 1913 Frank Blackman; 1923 William Stock; 1928 rebuilt. (Uckfield Petty Sessions Register of Licences, East Sussex Record Office.)
15. Mary Elphick.
16. Will Marten.
17. He was recorded as aged 20 in the 1871 census return. However, his obituary (*Sussex Express*, 25.2.1927) records his age as 65, whereas he was probably 75.
18. Evidence from Mabel Tester's grandfather, Job, provides an insight into how the hamlet of Browns Brook was squatted: 'I live in a plot of land I took in 25 years ago. I have never been to court to take a grant, but I pay 1/6 a year to Lord de la Warr.' (W. Raper, *Litigation, Earl de la Warr [v] Residents of Ashdown Forest 1878-9*, Book 4, p. 157, East Sussex R.O., Acc. no. 1954). William Walter's father also gave evidence.
19. Charlie Gorringe (Blind Charlie's nephew).
The evidence of Blind Charlie's father, Charles Gorringe, establishes the Gorringe family at Oldlands by 1865 (Raper, *Litigation*, Book 4, p. 16).
20. In the *Coach and Horses* beer was served in jugs of various sizes, but was drunk from half-pint glasses. Customers could offer friends a drop from their jug. At the *Crocodile* customers would offer a newly-arrived friend their glass, 'to drink down to your thumb.' The offer was returned when the friend bought his beer (Bert Wood).
21. Billy Bennington (b. 1900), of Barford, Norfolk, recalled stepdancers in hobnailed boots dancing on brick floors and then making up 'a foursome'. (*The Barford Angel* (East Anglian Life, unnumbered LP; 1980s)).
22. *Nutley Inn* landlords: 1887 Thomas Crouch; Oct. 1890 Alfred Hobden; June 1894 James Cordeux; Aug. 1900 Richard Cox; April 1908 Lewis Walters; Nov. 1919 George Newman (Uckfield P.S.L.R.).
23. Compare the song, *Hopping down in Kent*, recorded by Mike Yates in the 1970s (Mary Ann Haynes, Topic 12TS395; Louise Fuller, Topic 12TS285).
24. Ted Fox may have been a relative on Sally Tester's side of the family. After the Second World War he turned up unannounced, offered Charlie Bates a week's work to drive him round the district, and wanted to take Scan back to Canada.
25. Details of Trayton's death remain a mystery, and I can find no record at St. Catherine's House between 1924 and 1930.
There was another Trayton Tester (born at Browns Brook, 1.6.1866) living in the same locality at the same time. He was the son of Job and Jane Tester, the father of Mabel and grandfather of Christopher Stephens.
Scan told David Nuttall he used to send concertinas to Trayt in Canada.
26. Will's personal Army papers, including discharge document, in the possession of his grandson, Paul Marten.
27. Bob Fry.
28. War dead: 33 in Horsted Keynes in 1914-18, six in 1939-1945, and 48 in Danehill in 1914-18.
29. Scan told me in the late 1960s he had recently seen anvils set off. Gunpowder and wadding were stuffed into the hole on the side of the anvil and fired by a lighted fuse.
30. Some country fiddle players in Ireland, contemporaries of Scan, were taught to play the fiddle rather than left to pick it up unaided. For example, Jamesy Gannon, a carpenter of Achonry, Ballymote, Co. Sligo,

- wrote tunes in *abc* notation for his pupils, and taught bow strokes, grace notes and triplets. Scan's repertoire and that of Gannon's pupil, Michael Gorman, contained some common material, including *Haste to the Wedding*, *Keel Row*, the *Veleta* and *Jenny Lind*, and Gorman played for the schottische, the barndance and the *Lancers*.
31. The mouth organ and tambourine were held together in one hand. Compare the manner in which the pipe and tabor is held and played.
In the mid-1970s Mike Yates recorded duets by Jasper and Levy Smith on the mouth-organ and drum, sounding like a tambourine: *Cock o' the North*, a composite of *The Campbells are Coming* and *Garryowen*, *Flowers of Edinburgh*, *The Wind that Shakes the Barley* and *The Girl I Left Behind Me* (*The Travelling Songster: An Anthology from Gipsy Singers* (Topic 12TS304)).
 32. *Brighton Camp* and *The Girl I Left Behind Me* are alternative titles for the same tune.
 33. Scan definitely meant fiddlers and not violinists. There is some conflict in the evidence whether women went into pubs or not, and if so, when. For a discussion of the topic, see Ginette Dunn, *The Fellowship of Song: Popular Singing Traditions in East Suffolk* (1980), Ch. 2.
 34. Will Marten.
 35. A 'music' is local vernacular for any musical instrument.
 36. 'There was always a fight outside a pub' (Bert Wood).
 37. Landlords of the *Crocodile*, a beerhouse: opened 1899, Henry May from Horsted Keynes; 1935-41 Norman May (Uckfield P.S.L.R.).
Bert Wood and Charlie Bates never heard music there and Scan never played there. The pub was held for 42 years by the same family, who determined it was a no-music house.
 38. Mrs. H.C. Hardy fêted 300-400 children at Danehill to celebrate the Diamond Jubilee. 'Children's games and sports were generally indulged in. Among these was climbing the pole for a monster leg of mutton. The trophy was carried off by Willie Dier, Frank Baker and Denis Head being second and third.' (*Sussex Express*, 22.6.1897).
 39. Mrs. Stephenson's son married Denner Head's sister, Mabel, and their daughter, Cicely, played the piano and piano-accordion in a pub, after she moved away from the district.
 40. Raymond Leppard, internationally-famed composer, conductor and musician, is descended from these Sherlocks.
 41. Scan's version of this tune appears on Topic 2-12T455/6, side 1, track 2.
 42. Scan sent plans to Lachenal, the concertina maker, to have small concertinas made, one for him and one for his brother, to fit in their pockets. The maker sent him full-size instruments (David Nuttall).
 43. Maggie, Fred and George had the same parents and were all born within wedlock; Maggie was surnamed Ridley and the other two were Gurr.
 44. The children's home was run by Olivia Freshfield, unmarried daughter of the family at Wych Cross Place.
 45. The dulcimer was known locally: Master Sales played a dulcimer solo at a penny reading in Mayfield in 1897 (*Sussex Express*, 12.2.1897).
 46. Scan was a founder member of Danehill Football Club and later played for Horsted Keynes and Horram. 'L. Tester' played back for Danehill v. Fletching on Christmas Day, 1909 (*Sussex Express*, 31.12.1909).
 47. Arch Sherlock remembered the band in Horsted Keynes. '[O]rder is only kept up with the greatest difficulty, the children generally being disodient, rude and impertinent. To improve the order and make the school more popular, a Drum and Fife Band has been started to accompany the School Exercises and Drills.' (Fletching School Logbook 1881-94, entry for 20.10.1890; quoted in *Danehill P.H.S.M.*, III, 6, (Feb. 1988), p. 13).
A band from Newick was reported in *Sussex Express*, 26.6.1897.
 48. Henry Mayhew interviewed a London street concertina player in the mid-nineteenth century: 'In the summer I sometimes go out with a mate of mine, who plays the piccolo. He's very clever indeed, and plays most extraordinary.' (*London Labour and the London Poor*, III (1861), p. 183).
 49. The back room in which the band used to play burnt down in the mid-1980s. The outline of the walls remains.
 50. There was no notice or advertisement for the *Nutley Inn* dances in the *Sussex Express* during the first half of 1905 or throughout 1910.
Most of the dancers lived locally, but who made up the 'two or three different parties' who came from Brighton and stayed for the weekend? The fifteen miles or so, even by train to Uckfield and horse bus to Nutley, was not a particularly easy journey and was not within the normal resources of an average working man. The possibility is that they cycled, but 'every Saturday night' is perhaps an enthusiastic overstatement.
 51. See chapter 5 for a discussion of round dancing.
 52. Scan to Steve Pennells.
 53. Scan was earning his living at 10. At a similar age, Michael Gorman was playing at all-night house dances with adult musicians (see note 30).
 54. Daisy Sherlock thinks Will played with Scan at the servants' balls and Fanny Lander remembered him playing there.
 55. Interwoven dialogue; one would start a sentence and the other would finish it.
 56. Horace Jackson, Lewes, advertised new pianos from £6 - £14 (*Sussex Express*, -.11.1909).
 57. Scan lived in Chelwood briefly before he married. He lived in Horsted Keynes for a short time in 1910.
 58. 'Vetchery' was the spelling and pronunciation before the Great War. It is now spelt Vachery.
 59. I have been unable to trace when Bill Gorrington moved from Fairwarp to Horsted Keynes. The *Parliamentary Registers* place him in Horsted Keynes in 1913 and Cuckfield in 1914.

60. Daisy Sherlock never heard Scan and Bill play together. This might be accounted for by Daisy's non-involvement in Scan's pub playing or by Scan giving up his other musical partners when Daisy was old enough to replace them. Daisy remembers going to tea at Tommy Stephenson's after Scan had stopped playing with him.
61. Scan described the *Indian Polka* as a round dance: *chassé* into the centre of the room for four bars, *chassé* out for four bars and *schottische* round for eight bars. There is a different American dance of the same name. The tune is *Louden's Bonnie Woods* or *Lord Moira*, composed by Duncan MacIntyre (*A Collection of Slow Airs, Reels and Strathspeys* (1795)).
62. Mayhew interviewed Whistling Billy, a London street musician, about busking at Brighton in the late 1850s: 'At Brighton Regatta I and my mate made 51.10s. [£5 10s.] between us, and at Dover Regatta we made 81. [£8]... I used to go out with a mate who had a wooden leg. He was a beautiful dancer, for he made 'em all laugh. He's a very little chap, and only does the hornpipe, and he's uncommon active, and knocks his leg against the railings, and makes the people grin. He was very successful at Brighton, because he was pitied...' (Mayhew, *London Labour III*, p. 203).
63. *Musical Traditions*, 7 (mid - 1987), p. 25.



Clematis Cottage, Horsted Keynes, Scan's home from the mid-1920s until 1953.
(Courtesy Daisy & Arch Sherlock)