THE HISTORY OF

the

KILVE DISTRICT

Part 2

Life at The Hood Arms, 1920s and 1930s.

Memories of Kilve

History of Little Orchard

List of Documents held

January 1996

THE HISTORY OF

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THE LOCAL HISTORY
OF
THE KILVE DISTRICT

Following the publication of Part 1 in March, 1995, with a reprint in December 1995, it has been decided to publish a further set of recollections.

It is intended to continue publishing 'The Local History of Kilve District' by parts from time to time, and Part 3 will contain a summary of the more formal documented history. A file of the documents, articles and maps which have ben collected has been placed at Kilve Court so that any resident may have access to them there. A list of the papers is published at the end of this Part 2, and any additions will be noted in subsequent publications.

Compiled, Edited and Produced by Olaf Chedzoy

Printed at Kilve Court

LIFE AT THE HOOD ARMS IN THE 1920s AND EARLY 1930s

by Frank Stevens.
(son of the publican at The Hood Arms)

The pace of life was much slower, but it was certainly not slow at the Hood when charabancs arrived, disgorging scores of thirsty travellers who crowded into the two bars demanding liquid refreshment.

At other times the Inn was busy providing hot meals in the Club Room for 70-100 people sitting on benches at long trestle tables, all covered with spotlessly clean, white linen tablecloths. The diners consisted of societies and other organisations from Bridgwater or even as far away as Bristol, who were having an outing and travelled by rail to Bridgwater or Williton, and then by horse-drawn brake to Kilve, having first written and asked the Proprietor if he and his staff could provide a hot meal. And it was hot, although served well away from the kitchen, up the stone steps, in the Club Room. The meal usually consisted of generous portions of roast beef, Yorkshire pudding, gravy and 2 or 3 vegetables, followed by a sweet, e.g. apple tart or whortleberry tart and (always) fresh cream from Putsham Farm, then biscuits and cheese. The huge joints of beef were carried whole to the Club Room and carved there by our neighbour, William Barber, or some other skilled carver brought in for the occasion.

Other large dinner parties consisted of the annual British legion 'do', or a special football celebration. On more than one occasion I remember the whole village being fed, when, for example, the son and heir of the local 'squire', Mr Cooke-Hurle of Kilve Court, was wed, and the villagers were entertained to a dinner at the Hood Arms at the

Cooke-Hurle's expense.

Apart from all this, hundreds of hot lunches and cream teas were served in the dining room, 3-course lunches being the rule.

During the summer months, most of the bedrooms were occupied by visitors on holiday and were always fully booked through August and September, with 'overflows' sleeping in local farms or cottages, and coming into the House for meals. There were, of course, no fridges. The butcher (horse-drawn trap) called once or twice a week, the baker daily.

Butter, milk and cream were fetched daily from Putsham Farm and other farms in the neighbourhood, and so were eggs. I remember as a boy being sent to Stringston (on foot, of course) to fetch eggs and cream from a farm there.

All the vegetables used were grown in the Hood Arms garden - asparagus, peas, beans, potatoes, onions, carrots, cabbages, etc., while the orchard provided a dozen varieties of eating apples, damsons and walnuts (for pickling). Eggs were also pickled. Along the sheltered garden walls, peaches, pears, greengages and plums grew in abundance.

The stables were full of horses all winter, for Kilve was a good centre for hunting with foxhounds and staghounds. Major Rose, who owned riding and hunting stables in Minehead, kept several horses at livery in the Hood Arms stables all the winter, with 2 grooms to look after them. The grooms lived in lodgings in the village, exercised the horses daily and had them ready for the riders who came to hunt on them on hunting days. The Club Room and its annexe were full of saddles, bridles and so on and my earliest memories are of the pungent smell of leather and saddle soap.

The grooms' day began soon after 5 am. Hay was cut on the chaff-cutter in the old loft above the stables, where the Blenheim Oranges and other keeping apples were stored in the winter.

There were very few cars before 1920 and not many after that. Strange that a garage should have been built as early as 1912 at a time when I doubt if there were more than one or two cars in the village - possibly two. The only contact with the outside world was the daily horse-drawn bus to Bridgwater, superseded in the 1920s by a motor bus, which departed at 8.30 am and arrived back at 5 pm, bringing the morning papers!

My father, however, kept a horse or pony, a four-wheeled dog-cart and a two-wheeled governess cart, and drove people to catch the train at Williton Station, or met trains there to convey visitors to the Hood for their holidays. From the early 1920s to the early 30s he also kept a pony or hunter on which his daughter hunted regularly and also won many prizes at local gymkhanas or shows.

In about 1921 he bought his first car, an 'Overland', costing, I think £400. This was used for his work, but also for family shopping and expeditions. The problems of catering were eased now. Instead of a visit to Bridgwater taking two hours by pony and trap, with say 2 hours for shopping an d a meal, and another 2 hours for the return journey, it now became possible to drive the car to Bridgwater, taking about 25 minutes each way, and no need to stop for lunch.

Soon afterwards the Hood boasted a second car, an American Cadillac, a large cumbersome affair, heavy on petrol. A chauffeur was then employed to drive, clean and maintain these 2 cars. The object was to build up a profitable 'car for hire' trade, but this did not materialize and the second car was soon sold (at a big loss), although the chauffeur was retained for some years. Later a petrol pump (hand operated) was installed on the 'front' and was an eyesore, but a lucrative one for some years.

Trade was quiet in the winter months apart from the hunting, skittles matches and the weekly football, when the car was often used to convey members of the family to away matches. For home

matches, the teams changed in the Club Room, where tubs of hot water were provided for their washing and bathing afterwards. Thence they proceeded to tea in the dining-room. Mr Frank Stevens was well-known throughout the district as a former County footballer, and this meant that other teams often called at the Hood on their way home from matches.

The hectic busy-ness of the summer months more than compensated for the comparatively quiet winters. To cope with all this, the following staff were employed:

The Proprietor - Mr Frank Stevens
His wife - Cook and Manageress of the catering and booking side.
Mrs Besley & often another sister.
Daughter - for a few years
Always one, sometimes three ladies from the village coming in daily
A Chauffeur
A part-time gardener, although for many years Mr Stevens managed the garden himself with perhaps occasional help with the digging.

There is no doubt that in the 1920s the Hood Arms flourished exceedingly. Both children were sent to boarding schools, and there was sufficient income to pay £120 p.a. towards the son's income at Oxford (1929-1933). The hotel had the reputation, I was told, of being "The best run house between Bridgwater and Minehead" and I believe that to be true, judging from the number of guests who came back to stay over and over again - people like the Nuttalls, engineers from Cheshire, who built the Barnstaple-Lynton railway, Sir - Ashcroft, Chief Engineer to the BBC and Lady Ashcroft, and others whose names I forget. Mrs Stevens was noted for her excellent cooking.

As for recreation, we made our own, of course. Nap parties

were held in the farm, and my father was often asked to spend an evening in this way. Socials, dances and whist-drives were held in the Club Room and the Village Hall. Above all, we walked.

As a boy I walked with my parents along the cliffs to Lilstock and back. At Lilstock we talked to an old man and his wife who lived in a cottage at the foot of the cliffs, right on the seashore. The remains of this cottage can still be seen, but it was completely devoid of creature comforts and nowadays would be condemned even for animals. Yet they were lovely people living there, apparently quite happily.

From 1919 to 1922 (aged 8 to 11) I cycled daily to school at St. Audries, a very hilly ride of 3 miles each way. I was equipped with a suit of overalls for inclement weather. One day, when I was 10 years of age, I arrived home from school and my mother asked me to walk back to St. Audries with her that evening - it was a Friday - to play in a Whist drive. Four of us went. So having cycled 6 miles to school and back, I then walked the same hilly 6 miles between 6.30 and 11.30 pm and played an evening's whist on top of a day's work at school. (I can't remember what time I got up the next morning!)

Our favourite Sunday afternoon occupation in autumn and winter was walking on the Quantocks - Longstone, Hodder's Combe, Shepherd's Combe, Bicknoller Post and home.

Kilve in the 1920s and 30s was the terminus of the Mail delivery service. The Mail Coach, and then the Mail Motor Van, arrived from Bridgwater in the early morning; stayed all day at the Hood Arms and was driven back to Bridgwater with the outgoing mail in the evenings. The driver spent his day in the village, at the Hood or elsewhere.

In the 20s the letters were delivered by William Crocker on a tricycle. Crocker was a great character, never to be forgotten; he was a blacksmith as well as postman; he was also Churchwarden and

sang in the Church choir. He was a "regular" in the Hood Arms bar and I've seen him on winter nights heat the poker in the bar fire until it was red hot, when he plunged it into his pint mug of beer. (I've written quite a bit about him and Parson James - with photographs - in the West Somerset Free Press).

Mr Stevens died at the age of 64 in 1947. Mrs Stevens stayed on and ran the hotel for another 14 years until she was 78, when she was forced to give up through illness, from which she later recovered to live to the age of 96. She was therefore 52 years at the Hood, through two World Wars, a complete revolution in transport and in the social and economic set-up of the country. She was helped throughout by her sister (often 2 sisters) and other members of her family and by much casual labour from friends and neighbours.

A glance at the Visitors' Register from 1955 to 1962 (which I have) shows an average of 120 signatures (often husband and wife as one signature). Probably less than half the visitors took the trouble to sign. Typical remarks are: "Thanks for everything", "Charming", "Very comfortable indeed & excellent food", "A very charming old place", "Still after 10 years a perfect tonic", "Wish we could stay longer", "Unbeatable anywhere", "A very pleasant stay. We hope to come again", "All I could wish", "Really lovely. All too short a stay with 3 charming ladies", "Marvellous food", "Lovely to be back again", "Excellent - what cooking". These were the years when there were no men about the house (i.e. no male protector). The "3 charming ladies" were Mrs Stevens and her 2 sisters, all in their 70s.

Afterthoughts.

All cooking during my boyhood was done on the kitchen range, which burned coal and had two ovens and a back boiler. In the early 20s this was supplemented by a "Florence" oil-cooker, with 4 burners and an oven, a rather smoky and at times smelly contraption.

During winter there were open coal and log fires in both bars, in the Club Room and both sitting rooms (also at Easter and September when the hotel was full). Also a coal-burning stove in the skittle alley.

Lighting was by candles and oil lamps. It was quite a lengthy job to fill a dozen lamps with oil each day and trim the wicks, clean the glass chimneys, etc. Later, pressure lamps took over (Tilley Lamps), but although giving better light, they still had to be filled with oil daily, mantles replaced, etc.

All guests put their boots and shoes outside their bedroom doors every morning for cleaning. It was quite a sight to see a dozen or more pairs of shoes and/or hunting boots lined up each day for cleaning.

Hot water was taken up to the bedrooms every morning for the guests to wash in the basins provided on the wash-hand stand in each bedroom.

As mentioned above, the hotel was largely self-supporting in vegetables. About half the eggs were also home-produced by poultry kept in the orchard. Cockerels were killed for the table, but a lot more had to be bought. In the early days (1909-16) pigs were also kept in the pigsties in the orchard. I well remember a pig's carcase being cut up and salted in the old kitchen in a huge long tub.

After the National Bus Company took over from Aplin's solitary bus, Kilve was well-served for transport with 4 buses a day each way to Bridgwater and Minehead.

By this time, the telephone had arrived (mid-20s - I think). It was now possible (e.g. if the Hood had had a sudden influx of people and was running short of food) to telephone the butcher in Bridgwater before 9 am. and ask him to put 6 lbs of top-side and 2 lbs of sausages (or whatever) on the next bus for Minehead, to be delivered at the Hood Arms, Kilve. Or to ensure delivery in the early morning, the order could be telephoned the previous afternoon.

All kinds of Bridgwater tradesmen (grocers, ironmongers, fishmongers, etc.) used to deliver goods to the Bridgwater Bus Office on the Cornhill in this way to be left at the Hood Arms for collection by the person in the neighbourhood who had placed the order. The bus conductor delivered these packages to the Hood. There was often a pile of these parcels in the hall, and a stream of visitors to collect them! This continued into the 50s and probably longer (memory and knowledge fail me here!).

Laundry was done at first in a copper boiler in the old 'Brewhouse' (not skittle alley). But by the early 20s most of the laundry was sent out to be done by a lady in the village. In large wickerwork baskets it was driven in a trap or two-wheeled cart pulled by Toby, the horse, down to Mrs Gale below the Old Rectory, near the Church in Church Lane.

I have vivid memories of the singing in the bar after the annual Hunt Point-to-Point Races, when the Huntsmen, Charlie Beck and Harry Holt (from the West Somerset Foxhounds) and others always had a rendezvous at the Hood. The bar was packed and, as the drinks went round, it was not long before the rafters rang with old folk-songs, etc. One song, always sung by Harry Holt, with everyone joining in the chorus, was "Home-brewed, brown bread, and a cottage well thatched with straw". (I have never heard this song anywhere else and hope it is being handed down and preserved for or by the English Folk Dance & Song Society or some such). Someone at Carhampton might know, since the Butcher's Arms there was the 'local' patronised by the Hunt servants whose H.Q. was just outside the village.

Normally, singing was not allowed in the bar. But exceptions were made for rare occasions e.g. when the Quantock Rangers won a Cup and celebration took place with the Cup being filled and passed around for all top drink from.

In my young days, mummers came from Nether Stowey at Christmas, singing outside for money. They frightened this small boy with their blackened faces and strange appearance.

To sum up:

Winter conjures up blazing log fires everywhere, roasting chestnut or toasting bread on a long toasting fork. Going upstairs by candlelight. Horses, saddles, harness, grooms whistling and sweating. The 'gentry' arriving to be helped on to their mounts (ladies mostly side-saddle). Hounds meeting outside the Hood. Skittle matches. Winter rides in the dog-cart after cold nights with the searchlights piercing the sky (1914 - 1918). Talk of German submarines being seen in the Bristol Channel.

Summer Charabancs and rush, rush, rush. Everybody rushing madly to serve the multitudes.

INTERLUDE ON KILVE

by Frank Stevens

Any account of Kilve in more recent years would be misleading if it did not contain:

1) Glatting. A famous sport which attracted regular visitors from Bridgwater, although it was only confined to a few.

2) Football. Kilve for its size, was amazingly successful in the 1950s as the home of the Quantock Rangers, not only won local honours, but also the Somerset Junior Cup on several occasions.

3) The British Legion Branch was judged to have 100% membership, I believe, and was awarded the National Cup or Shield for efficiency. The Chairman, Mr Q Inglis, went up to London (to the Albert Hall, I believe) to receive the Trophy, and there was for years in the Hood Arms a photo of him receiving this from H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.

4) Cricket. Recent exploits of Kilve C.C. are well detailed, but should be recounted in any history. It is extraordinary indeed that a village of some 350 population should produce a cricket team which has regularly competed with, and often beaten, teams from towns of 4,000 population e.g. Wellington, Street, Nailsea, etc, and should also have won the Somerset Junior Cup 3 (or 4?) times.

But Kilve has been well served by several outstanding personalities and sportsmen throughout this century.

1900-1939:

Reverend Hartwell James and Frank Stevens - football and cricket.

Sam Thorne - Cricket - the Grand Old Man of Kilve Cricket.

Bert Knight - an amazing man. Chauffeur to Mr Cooke-Hurle at Kilve Court. Secretary of the British Legion and responsible largely for its success. Secretary of the Quantock Rangers Football team for many years. Secretary of the Kilve Flower Show for several years and always carried off the prize for the best cottage garden.

NOTES ON KILVE CRICKET

by Frank Stevens.

We know that cricket was played at Kilve well over 100 years ago; in fact records exist of a team in late Victorian times. As far as I can remember, it consisted largely of farming families, a few country gentlemen and the villagers of Kilve, East Quantoxhead, Holford and Stringston. My own recollections of Kilve cricket date from 1919-1920, just after the first World War when the village team started up again after the five year break. The only farmers I can remember playing then were Lance Summerhayes of Pardlestone Farm and Philip Everard from Stringston, unless we include Owen Triggol whom, I suppose, we would have called a gentleman farmer from Padnoller before he retired to Holford and lost all his money in the financial crash of Kruger, the Swedish Match King. Owen Triggol owned a motor bike and side-car and a large cricket bag, the only member of the side to possess one. He was the opening bowler, fast too, the other pace-man being Ern Browning the blacksmith from Holford who was to be seen on Saturday afternoons treading through the long grass at the end of the cricket field at the end of his long walk down Holford Glen from the Smithy beside the Plough Inn. He was the traditional blacksmith fast bowler who, on these uncertain pitches, struck fear into the hearts of his opponents. Often the opponents' wickets were shared by these two demon bowlers as we can see from the old score sheets in the West Somerset Free Press. Often when I've looked them up I've seen four wickets for one and five for the other. Other names that come to mind are Charlie Sharman and Mr Frear, the two engineers in charge of the new oil works near Kilve Beach which was soon to close as being unprofitable. Frank Stevens

of the Hood Arms who captained the side for the first ten years or so , Leonard Lyddon, Cyril Richards and Fred Thorne, son of Sam, the indefatigable secretary of the club.

When there was a match on on a Saturday afternoon, about half an hour before it was due to begin, along we went, removed the hurdles and then we would take the little hand roller and roll the pitch. It took three or four people to push this thing along; sometimes it was the bigger one with the shaft which you could put a horse in, but we didn't have a horse then and a horse wouldn't have done the pitch any good.

Beside the pitch was a cart track which didn't make fielding near the batsmen very easy as the ball was quite likely to hit a pothole or a rut and jump up and hit you in the eye if you weren't careful. The pitch itself was pretty bumpy and the outfield was almost indescribable by modern standards because the grass was long and to hit a four was quite an achievement. To hit a four along the ground was very difficult because of the long grass. The grass was cropped by the cows and the sheep and it depended on how many animals were there and what sort of season it was....whether it was dry or wet.... as to how long the grass was. It was much easier to hit a six than it was to hit a four because the boundaries were quite short, but nobody hit many sixes and hardly anybody hit fours and the scores were very low; 40 all out was a very good score. 40 would have been in most cases a winning score. I remember one occasion when Kilve were all out for 28 after Dunster, their opponents had made 29. I think the reasons for this were the irregularity and bumpiness of the pitches and the fact that the bowlers were much better than the batsmen. The batsmen were local people who never had any tuition nor coaching; there was no television so they couldn't see how County batsmen performed: very few had been to Taunton to see a County match. The bowlers were, on the whole, pretty accurate and they were aided by

the pitch. I remember reading in Wisden of an occasion when Nether Stowey were all out for two, in about 1874, and they were two leg byes against Bishop's Lydeard!

We had our cricket teas in those days; the teas were brought over in a pony and trap from the Hood Arms; an urn of tea, the tea already made, and sandwiches and rock cakes. We had our tea under the elm trees.

Before very long the pitch was moved and we survived there for a year or two and then moved to a much better field up by the school, at least half a mile from the village. Everybody walked up there ...nobody had cars... and anybody coming from a few miles away to play cycled. One man had a motorbike and side-car and he was Owen Triggol as I mentioned. We had a hut in the new field and the teas were served in the hut and the tea ladies made the tea: they had a stove up there to boil the water. We looked forward to our teas; there were certain teams we liked visiting because we knew we were going to get a jolly good tea; Crowcombe and Wootton Courtenay were two of these.

We still had cattle and sheep cropping the outfield and there was still a lot of long grass and when the ball got stuck in long grass fairly near the pitch we'd pretend not to be able to find it when we could see it all the time, and we'd try to get the batsmen to start another run so we could run them out. Sometimes the ball got stuck in the middle of a soft and juicy cow dab. If he was a gentleman, the fielder wiped the ball off himself before he threw it back to the bowler but not always did he do that. On one occasion I remember batting with the local vicar, known everywhere as Parson James, or Parson Jimmy. He, at that time was about 50 and quite stout. I hit the ball fairly hard in the air towards Kilve and it finished up in a long and thick patch of grass and they couldn't find it. We went pounding up and down the pitch and we'd run five before they'd found the ball. Nobody

had thought of shouting "Lost ball! Six!" or we'd have had to stop and six would have been put in the score book. They found the ball and threw it in, but whoever threw it didn't throw it very straight and it went into another patch of grass and whilst they were trying to recover it we actually ran eight runs. Poor old Parson James nearly collapsed on the pitch....he wasn't at all a fit man...and he turned to me and he said, "Young man, don't you dare do that again!".

We also played occasionally against underarm bowlers. I remember two in particular....one a man called Brown who played for Bridgwater Thursday XI. They came out to Kilve for an evening match; he was a bearded man and he played lobs...he bowled them up into the air. We thought they were comparatively easy and we looked forward to them. He was the only bearded man I saw on a cricket pitch between the wars from 1919 to 1939. The other underarm bowler played for Cannington... a man called Knight, very unpopular with us because he skittled the ball along the ground....not easy to score off because you waited for the ball to bounce a little bit, perhaps hit a bump, and then you could hit it on the half volley, but normally you had to block those and play out the over.

WARTIME MEMORIES OF KILVE

These two memories from people who weren't country children are interesting in showing how with a long stay, one can become very attached to a place, while just a week of newness can seem interminable. However, no-one from Kilve at the time can place the visit from the Bristol Schools, and it is not known if the 'big' house referred to was Kilve Court, or elsewhere.

(1) by Doris Mears, nee Wilkins (via Audrey Prole)

When the war came in 1939, us children thought it a great adventure to go to the country, not realising the seriousness of it, as we had always lived in London.

Our family consisted of Mum, Dad, 2 brothers and 3 sisters and myself, although Dad stayed at home for his work and also he knew that he would eventually go into the forces.

When we arrived at Kilve we all had to wait and see who was staying with whom, and of course it was all very traumatic as we hadn't been parted from our parents before.

Eventually, Mum, Alex and the two youngest stayed with Mr and Mrs Cridland: my brother, Dennis' sister Iris and myself stayed with Mr and Mrs Sully. Having settled in with our new families, we eventually started at the Village School. After coming from a large school in London it seemed so small, and as there were other evacuees we were all in the same class at first, ages ranging from quite young to the teens.

A teacher was sent from London called Mr Hogwood who, if I remember rightly was very easy going, because I believe he felt sorry for us being a long way from home. He stayed teaching for a couple of years before leaving to live in Bridgwater where he opened a shop

dealing with natural remedies. He also had a caravan at Holford village where he used to work from.

Later, the older children left the village school and went to Williton.

We experienced lots of things during the time we were at Kilve from 1939-45 which we wouldn't have done in London, such as tobogganing in the winter, picking the lovely primroses and violets in the spring, blackberries and whortleberries in the autumn, and we mustn't forget the summer at the beach.

My brothers also did things they would never have done, such as rabbiting and doing odd jobs on local farms. My elder brother left school and worked for Mr Giles the local baker and then for Mr Street who had a coach company. I worked for Mrs Salter who had a grocery store in Stogursey, and after I left there, I worked for Mr and Mrs Barker at Kilve Post Office until I returned to London.

During this time, Dad went into the Army and eventually went abroad, and Mum was lucky enough to rent Mr Thorne's cottage, so Dennis went to Mrs Cridland's with Alex; and Iris and I left Mrs Sully and went to live with Mum at the cottage.

Another thing I remember I enjoyed was joining a club called the Y.P.U. run by Miss Lovibond; also the local Amateur Dramatics - I appeared in a couple of plays. I could go on and on about things that myself and the family enjoyed, because I can honestly say I can't remember anything bad happening while we were at Kilve.

We just look back on those years with fond memories and often sit and tell our extended families all about it. We made lots of nice friends and remember them all with great affection.

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(2) by Colin Buxton of Stapleton, Bristol
(first printed in the Bristol Evening Post)

It was the summer of 1941 and we'd just arrived at the big house in the village of Kilve in Somerset. "You'll be sorry, you'll be sorry. She'll bathe you!" cried the girls as we alighted from the old motor coach.

"No, she won't!" we cried back, not knowing who 'she' was or why she'd want to bathe us!

We were boys from Hannah More School, Trinity Road. The girls were from St Gabriel's School, Easton and were waiting to return on our motor coach.

They were right! It wasn't long before we were all lined up in the corridor of the big house waiting our turn.

'She' was the matron and upon arrival the first thing we had was a bath, two at a time, the only exception being a chap called Hobbs.

Mr Jenkins (one of our teachers who was with us for the week) told Hobbs: "I think you're big enough to bathe yourself." (Hobbs was a big boy for his age!)

It all started after the Blitz of Bristol. A notice was read out by Mr Shorter (another of our teachers) informing us that anyone whose house had suffered damage during the Blitz was being given a free holiday at Kilve.

When I told my mother she said,: "Why don't you go? It's the first free thing you've been offered."

So that's why I started what was to become the longest week of my life.

We started out by train from Temple Meads to Bridgwater, thence by an old motor coach to Kilve. It was just like the end of the earth and seemed to take just as long to a 12-year-old boy away from

home by himself for the very first time.

I ended up in the attic along with other small boys on a canvas camp bed and only a sheet and a blanket to keep warm. The bigger boys were down on the floor below in proper beds.

We'd all taken our ration books with us but the last meal at night was at 6 pm and there wasn't very much to eat. Boys from the town out in the country tend to get very hungry and we were no exception.

We ended up by buying dried bread and jam from a nearby farmhouse for half a penny a slice, but this was stopped once "she" heard what was happening. We tried scrumping but were caught out on the main road.

To me Saturday seemed years and years away. I was terribly homesick. Slowly the days passed by, with walks on the beach and hills. We watched the RAF practising bombing out in the Bristol Channel and tried catching eels on Kilve bveach.

One day it rained, so it was back to the house and once more into the bath (to stop us catching cold, "she" said). We must have been the cleanest boys for miles!

Finally the day arrived for home. I truly believed that I had lived my life that one week in Kilve.

I've been back to Kilve lots of times since those far-off days. Nothing has changed much.

Some of the names I remember from the photograph are Hobbs, Tasker, Garlick, John Massey, Ken Denham, Colin Withey, Stan Jarrett and Bill Holloway.

Some of the chaps are no longer with us; the others, well I wonder if it was the longest week of their lives, too.

I wonder if any Nostalgia readers have any memories of a free "holiday" at Kilve. Perhaps their days went by too quickly!

MEMORIES OF KILVE

by John Lock

(from a letter to Phyllis Lemon)

Historical factors relayed to me by Gran (Lock).

She was a lifelong resident of Kilve - albeit born in Stogursey in May 1880. Her parents were Samuel and Anna Maria Coles (buried in Kilve Churchyard). I remember her telling me that her father owned and ran a horsebus from Kilve to Bridgwater (doubtless prior to Mr Aplin) and after her demise in April 1969, I found the "post-horn" bugle which she had told me was blown when the bus was entering Kilve to advise the villagers that the post/mail had arrived. I note from the Kilve Church records that when married to George Lock in February 1903, the marriage certificate stated that she was Assistant Postmistress, and her father was Postmaster. Incidentally, Sam Coles and family lived in the old Post Office, opposite Putsham Farm. Subsequently, Mrs Brook - my great aunt - became Postmistress until her retirement, about the mid 1930s.

Mention has already been made by Steve Farmer that Gran Lock owned the General Store. Having been left a widow in 1913 she was left with 3 young sons. The oldest Bill (my father) was 9 years old, Charlie 7 years old and Eric 2 years old.

During the first World War years, she delivered letters in the district and subsequently - about 1919 - set up her grocery business which lasted until 1941. Incidentally, an amusing, albeit semi-tragic, story relayed to me by Gran Lock was the short period before George died. Apparently, Aunty Min Collins (Gran's elder sister) was helping out, including ministering to George's needs. He was close to death and asked Min to get Gran from the kitchen below. Min went

downstairs and said to Gran "He wants to see you - he has not long to go". Gran replied, "Tell him to wait as I have to feed the boys!" Anyway, George did wait to die!! - and they were able to exchange a few words before he passed away.

My father, Bill, left Kilve school when aged 12 years (1916) to help with farm work, and joined the Royal Engineers in 1919, subsequently retiring from the army in 1951 with the rank of Captain. He died in 1962, and is buried in Kilve Churchyard.

My uncle, Charlie, was apprenticed as a stonemason/bricklayer to Pollards, the Bridgwater builder. Subsequently, he had his own building firm in Kilve, 1947 to 1961, when he passed away, and is buried in Kilve Churchyard.

My uncle, Ern, joined the Royal Engineers as an apprentice in 1925. He was captured by the Japanese army in December 1941 in Hong Kong - and died in a prisoner of war camp in October 1942.

Gran Lock was one of the few people to have a motor car in the village in the early 1920s. It was Rover open-top car which she bought from the Bridgwater Motor Company. She was also one of the first people to have electricity in her shop and cottage, and was thus able to charge the accumulators for the wireless mentioned by Audrey Prole. This was generated by an engine (petrol driven) situated at the top of her garden.

I was informed by my grandmother that her husband George was employed as a gamekeeper locally. She was his second wife. He originated from Combe Florey, and I have noted from records that he was born in that village in about 1860.

Gran Lock also told me about the underground passage that runs from the Priory ruin to the Church. I mentioned this to Lt.-Col Samson - the then owner of Meadow House Hotel - a few years ago. He said that the deeds of Meadow House show that the passage in fact ended at this property. Maybe used by the smugglers who used

Kilve beach to bring in their contraband?

My personal recollections are as follows:

Collecting one gallon of milk each day from Mr Yendell's farm at East Quantoxhead, walking across fields and delivering to Beechanger (Dr Gibson); paid 4 shillings a week. This was during the period I attended Williton School in 1938. Taking shoes/boots to be repaired at Ernie Warren's Cobbler's shop, Higher Street, East Quantoxhead. Watched fascinated whilst he moulded leather for soles and heels, and picked nails/studs from his mouth - rhythmically tapping them into the shoes/boots with his hammer. Lovely smell of leather!

Lived in Greenhedges (Nutshell) during most of the second world war until joining the Navy in 1944. Member of the Home Guard for a period.

Helping Harry and Lancelot Summerhayes with haymaking and harvesting. Rewarded with tea, including the normally non-available clotted cream, and also cider in the fields.

The flash and thunder of the sea-mine which exploded below Lancelot Summerhayes' farm. Friendships with some of the evacuees. Western National buses driven by gas from a trailer, often breaking down during daily trips to Bridgwater and thus late arrival at Dr Morgan's school. Mostly good-natured American G.I.s - generous with cigarettes and "dunking" doughnuts.

I share the sentiments expressed by Audrey Prole that it was a privilege to have lived in Kilve - and I was there as often as possible to retain contact with my roots and my old friends.

MEMORIES OF KILVE

by Peter Hawker, (Edmonton, Canada)
(from a letter to Phyllis Lemon)

Peter Hawker visited Kilve during the summer of 1995.

I have been trying to think of things which might have changed, or that weren't as they were. The field to the left of the main road going towards Bridgwater and beside the cutoff that goes steeply to the top of the hill was put into wheat during the war, but I don't think it had been put into crop before that for many years. It was so full of thistles that we had to wear leather gloves, but our arms got all scratched from the thistles in the sheaves. I think Water Napper used to help in the evenings with the stooking. That was one of Harry Summerhayes' fields. During the war, the regular farm hands got ½lb cheese a day to supplement the small meat ration and keep them strong. There would be large earthenware jugs of cold sweet tea - no milk in it - in the field for refreshment. As the cutting area grew smaller so we would keep an eye out for escaping rabbits for supper. Once a fox came out. Rabbit stew was always welcome.

In those days, sheep had heads and sheep heads always made a good stew with carrot, onions, parsnips, turnips, swedes and potatoes. Fortunately we had a big garden at the Glebe House, and we also had the use of the garden opposite the Old Rectory (Meadow Croft House) but we only mostly went there for asparagus beds.

In those days, there was a tradition that went back a long time. After a wedding, the children would choose a place on the road coming up from the church and put a rope across. The groom had to try to get his bride past. I remember Marchant telling me to make sure

that I had lots of coppers. It was just as well, as there were two lots of ropes. Do the children still do this?

When father came to Kilve, an Order-in-Council had been passed that when Rev Sheddon died at Kilton, then Kilton and Lilstock would be joined to Kilve. This caused some bad feelings between Mr Sheddon and Father at first, but over time Mr Sheddon became quite friendly. He was Irish and strong-minded. The story goes that, if certain parishioners were not in Church on Sunday, particularly if they came from the cottages opposite, he would storm over after Church and find out, in a loud voice, why they hadn't been in Church.

But it was East Quantoxhead that was first joined to Kilve when the priest there joined the Army. Much later, Kilton and Lilstock were added to the parish.

Father was very worried when war was declared that he would not be called up. Up north, he had been a Territorial Chaplain, but had missed in 1938 when he came south, and he was getting up in years. Late that evening the postmaster came to the house with a telegram that Father was to report to a unit of Engineers at Uffculme, near Tiverton. Father was on a cloud, running around the house, happy as a sandboy that he had not been forgotten, even though it was six weeks before his moving orders finally came. When the unit was transferred, he went as the sole chaplain to Netley Hospital near Southampton. It was huge complex, with 1,000 soldiers in the mental wing alone. He was all by himself in a poky little room, and being the only padre, he daren't leave the place in case someone died, so he had to get the messes to mail his letters. Eventually, a training camp was set up at Norton Fitzwarren, and he was posted there, and two padres replaced him at Netley.

Father's predecessor, Parson James, had a 3/4 column obituary in 'The Times' as the finest fly-fisherman in the West of

England. He was a first-class shot. Father asked the Churchwarden what happened if they needed him, because, from the obituary, he always appeared to be out of the parish on a regular fishing cycle of places.

"We always know where he is. He leaves a phone number so we can get hold of him. Anyway, there's always at least three days from a death before there's a funeral, so he had lots of time to get back."

Mrs Lock had two sons who were Officers in the Army in Hong Kong. Before the war, she went out there and visited them and was away for, I think, six months. It took a month to get out there anyway. Her sons were back out there after the war, and I met Will Lock several times there.

Kilve cricket pitch was quite different then from the beautiful ground they have now. We never thought of going down to batting practice. I don't think there were any nets anyway. The pitch was cut and level, but it had a ridge around it where the fence to protect it from the animals went. We visitors were always told at school that you could drive a ball to cover point, and it was a sure run. The Kilve regulars told us here the outfield was slow and we would be run out. But we knew better. We would drive to cover point. The ridge around the pitch almost stopped the ball, and someone was run out. If it was one of us, fine, but if it was a regular we didn't hear the end of it for a long time. But we never made that mistake again!

John and I went down to the beach, but the tide was not far enough out to see the rock ridges with the pools below where they used to do their 'eel-glatting'. It was amazing watching the spaniels work these pools, and bark only when they found an eel. Then the men with long thin poles would work the back of the pool and bring out the eel, and then the men with tree-trunks would go into action, stun them, and grab them behind the head and shove them into the

gunny sack.

I used to cycle occasionally out to Steart. One day, at a very low tide, there were two horses attached to a sleigh going out over the mud to a wooden fish trap away out that was high and dry. I don't know whether they still do that.

There used to be a fishmonger who came, I think, from Watchet, and delivered fish around the village once a week, or once every two weeks. We used to go to Hooper the butcher in Watchet and ask him to keep offal-liver, kidney and sheep's head for us. He was always very good to us.

There was a fellow kept his cow in the field opposite us - the Glebe Field. The rent was £1 a year. We used to get milk from him, fresh from the cow as he used to go in with a three-legged stool and his pail and milk her in the field. Father asked him for the bill for the milk. "I haven't got around to it yet." This happened year after year, so father didn't send him a bill for the rent. Eventually, after the war, the milk bill arrived, and it was a whopper, even after the field rent was offset.

Father told him: "Please don't use me again for the next time you want to buy a cow. That's what banks are for. I have a family to feed, and it's going to be tough this next month or two."

Both John and I have a very soft spot for Kilve. John perhaps knew it better than I, for he fished in Miss Stapleton's yard, set night lines which caught eels, under the bridge by the house, and walked under the cliffs. He was very late coming home one summer evening, so around 9 o'clock Father set off after him and met him down by the cliffs.

"I thought you were lost, John!"

"No, Dad. I knew where I was. The aeroplane came by, the the drogue came off and floated away. I went along the cliffs and watched it. It came down near Lilstock, and that's where I picked it up."

As a family we enjoyed Kilve. We got to know the people and we had the space to enjoy ourselves as children. Mother found it a little difficult at first because she came from the north and felt a little outside things, but she soon became used to village life.

The Mothers' Union was a great help to her. Father was born at Wiveliscombe, so Kilve was like coming home. He loved the Quantocks and Exmoor, the fishing and the shooting and just being able to enjoy the outdoors and signs of nature. He enjoyed parish work and I think was an understanding person, although he could lay the law down when he felt it was necessary.

FURTHER MEMORIES OF KILVE
(continued from Part 1)

by Steve Farmer

The Men's Club was held at the Village Hall from the end of September to the end of March. For the members' enjoyment there was a three-quarter size billiard table, where players were allowed to play twenty minutes for the price of tuppence (2d.). Also available were table skittles, table tennis and many other parlour games.

During the winter, members would take part in billiard games against the clubs of East Quantoxhead and Holford, and also Nether Stowey. There would also be Whist Matches against the same opposition which the ladies would take part in. The Club was run by a Committee, and each evening a Committee member would be on duty to run things.

One of the locals who enjoyed the Club was the Rev. James. When he was free from any other commitments he would arrive to have a game of billiards and then he would take part in something that was almost like a ritual game of whist. His partner would be Sam Thorne or my father, Jack Farmer. They would play against Bet Knight and Alf Adlam. If things went the Rector's way, that was good for everybody: when he had to leave to be home in time for his evening meal, his final remark would be "Well played, Jack (or Sam)" and with a pat on the head he would go. But if things had not gone too well, and Bert and Alf had had the best of things and had won handsomely, poor Jack or Sam would have such a telling off from the Rector, when he would accuse them of doing everything they should not have done, and he would leave with a slam of the door as he

went out.

About this time there had been an interest in the arrival of Country and Folk Dancing in the district, and Miss Eliza Stuttaford started the interest in the village by organising classes to take place in the Village Hall on Saturday evenings. For this she would make the journey to Minehead to collect Miss Foreman who was the district teacher for this type of dancing. Like most other things in the village, it really caught on: one reason being that during the summer when fetes and garden parties were held in the district there would always be a display of the dancing to which members would be invited.

After a while, Kilve had a its own team of Morris and sword Dancers who at that time were Leonard Upham, Arthur Cridland, Bryan Hurley, Charlie Lock, Arthur Harris and Cyril Adlam. The Stuttaford family at the Old Rectory gave permission for members of the village to take over their tennis court which was adjacent to their garden at the Rectory. An entrance to the court was made from Sea Lane, and after a little work, a very nice tennis court was made available to play on. This too became a way of improving parish relations between Holford and Kilve and East Quantoxhead because they too had a tennis court next to the Village Halls, and many a pleasant evening was spent in competition at the game.

In 1929, Mrs Inglis, on behalf of the local Nursing Association of which she was president, made a donation of a trophy to the West Somerset Football Association for competition among the district teams, to be known as the Rose Bowl. At the same time, she promised that if the local side, Quantock Rangers, ever won it, she would present each player of the team with a medal in recognition of the achievement. Quantock Rangers, by beating Porlock 1-0 at Watchet in the final won the Rose Bowl and at the Social evening in the Hall were personally presented with their medals by Mrs Inglis.

This was in 1933, the team being - G. Tuckfield, F. Salter, G. Parsons (captain), J, Tuckfield, J. Barber, S. Farmer, G. Sweet, C. Chilcott, R. Chilcott, F. Thorne, E. Chilcott.

During the winter, quite a few events were arranged to take place at the Village Hall, such as whist drives which had wonderful support from the district - on a good evening as many as 16 tables would be occupied - and much pleasure was gained from the Quiz. 'Any Questions?' was held. One of the favourite events would be the social evenings that were held because one thing it did was to show how much local talent there was around. The admission to the Social was adults 1/-, children 6d. This would be paid at the door where Happy Jack Farmer (as he was known to the villagers), was sometimes assisted by Mr E Counsell. The M.C. for the evening was Mr L. Upham. The music for the dancing was supplied by Jack Quick on his violin, assisted by his sister Mary on the piano, and to help out would be George Tabrett with his accordion. It was possible here to see such dances as the Foxtrot, Waltz, Lancers, Quickstep, Paul Jones and the Quadrilles danced with the dignity and grace that they deserved. Mixed among this there would be games, such as Forfeits, Pass the Parcel, etc. No social evening would be complete without hearing a dialect reading from Jim Lockyer or the rendering of Apple Dumplings from Jack Quick. A wonderful selection of refreshments would be served by Mrs Farmer, Mrs Counsell and helpers. A cup of tea was 2d., a cream cake was 1d., and a ham sandwich 3d. The beauty of all these refreshments was that they had all been made and donated by the local ladies. Mrs Kitty Summerhayes at the farm would give half a gallon of milk and some cream, and one of the butchers who served the village would provide, as a gift, some ham. One of the nice things about this event was to see how the senior of the ladies and gentlemen dancers would take as their partner one of the many young lads and lassies and teach them the steps of many of the dances.

Each summer Mr George Tabrett would organise a coach outing to far distant places, which was greatly appreciated and enjoyed by all who were able to make the trip. Mr Tabrett continued doing this for quite a number of years.

Every summer, a fete and flower show would be organised by Mr H Knight and would take place in the grounds of Kilve Court by kindness of Mrs Cooke-Hurle. For a small village, the number and standard the exhibits reached was always very rewarding to the organisers. A feature of the fete was that there would be skittling for a live pig donated for the occasion by one of the local farmers.

Sport of all kinds was a great way of bringing people together in the district in the late 1920s right through the 1930s. In those days, every village from Bridgwater to Porlock and across from Watchet to Dulverton had either a cricket team or a football team, quite a few having both. This meant that quite a few local derby matches were played where no quarter would be asked and none given. There were no red or yellow cards in those days. The only thing a referee would send a player off the field for was for fighting. A good old-fashioned shoulder charge was all part of the game, but no matter what the rivalry on the field was like, it was soon forgotten over a glass of beer or cider. There were several exceptionally good sides competing in the League, such as Dulverton, Nether Stowey, Watchet, Williton, Porlock and Dunster. Quantock Rangers could hold its own with most of them.

Skittles was also a favourite winter game and here, too, the game was always played in the best of spirit. Teams would visit each other, usually 6 to a side, and the reckoned number of hands to play would be 12. The game of darts became very popular, and a game that enjoyed good support was Shove Halfpenny.

LITTLE ORCHARD, KILVE (Formerly The Post Office)

by Bette Gill

The Cottage stands facing the A.39 at its junction with Sea Lane.

The earliest record of the cottage is found on a one-inch map of 1810 at Taunton Record Office.

It next appears on the 1839 Tithe map, plot number 78 as cottage and Glebe land in the living of Reverend John Matthews and later the Reverend William Greswell. 29 perches in extent.

The next information comes from Kelly's Directory. The cottage was first registered as a sub-post office in 1861, the incumbent post mistress being Sarah Hughes.

In 1872 it passed into the hands of Samuel Coles and was registered in his name until 1906 with the additional trade of bookmaker.

In 1906 the business was taken over by his daughter Mabel and son-in-law, Henry George Foster in whose name the post office was registered. On his death in 1914 Mabel Foster became post mistress with the addition of a shop.

Subsequently Mabel Foster married Albert Brook, local gamekeeper for Mr Cooke-Hurle of Kilve Court and responsible for all the land on which the Cooke-Hurles had shooting rights, that is from the eastern boundary of the Luttrell estate at East Quantoxhead to the western border of the Fairfield estate. He also had a postal round delivering mail on foot to Kilton and Lilstock.

From here information comes from the deeds of the cottage.

In 1923 Mabel Brook bought the freehold of the cottage and garden then in the living of the Reverend Hartwell James M.A. for

£120. From then until 1940 it was registered as a post office and store in the name of Mabel Brook, a lady still well remembered in the village.

When Mabel gave up the Post Office and sold the property to Wilfred Henry Pollard, builder of Wembdon, she sadly made a loss of £10.

In 1940, the Post Office business was acquired by Frederick Barker and removed to Mrs. Barker's ladies dress shop a few yards westward beyond the Hood Arms, presently 'From Time to Time' antique and clock shop. It remained there until their son Vivian acquired the present Post Office and removed there in about 1962. Meanwhile the original Post Office now became known as 'The Old Post Office'.

In 1946 Wilfred Henry Pollard acquired the Glebe land known as the Burgess Meadow in the living of the Reverend Digby James Hawker for £350. This was the name of the land enclosed between the mill stream to the east and the stream running down Sea Lane to the west to the point where they converged. This he sold in 1947 together with the 'Old Post Office' to Mr. and Mrs. Russell. It then became known as the 'Holt' and began its new role as restaurant and tea-garden. It remained in their hands becoming a very successful business until 1960 when it was purchased by Mr. and Mrs. Kenniston who gave it its present name of 'Little Orchard'.

In 1963 it became the property of Mrs. Riddell who continued the restaurant business.

In 1968 a portion of the Burgess Meadow at its northern end was sold to Mr Vivian Barker where his bungalow 'Watersmeet' now stands.

In 1969 the property and business were bought by a Mr. and Mrs. Butterworth who remained for 3 years, selling to Mr. and Mrs Overy in 1972.

The part of Burgess Meadow between 'Watersmeet' and 'Little Orchard' was sold in 1973 and the bungalow 'Streamside' was later built there.

At about this time a road widening scheme for the main road (A.39) through the village necessitated the demolition of 'Hillside Cottages', acquired by Somerset County Council from Geoffrey Walter Fownes Luttrell. They were situated on the roadside at the corner of Sea Lane and the main road. They were demolished, the last tenant being Mrs. Chilcott.

By deed of exchange in 1976 between Somerset County Council and Mr. and Mrs. Overy a section of 'Little Orchard' land bordering the main road was exchanged for some of the land on which 'Hillside Cottages' and gardens stood. This exchange resulted in the provision of a footpath and grass verge running eastward from Sea Lane to end abruptly at the entrance to 'Little Orchard' car and coach park (the majority of which is now occupied by 'Mill Stream'). Pedestrians at this point had to walk out on the main road to cross the bridge, there being no footbridge until 1991.

Mr. and Mrs. Overy sold their cottage and business to Mr T. J. Vincent in 1980 and the last proprietors of 'Little Orchard' Restaurant and tea-gardens were Mr and Mrs Houghton who bought it in 1982. They remained for 6 years before selling it to Mr. D. Fuller in 1988.

Mr Fuller remained only a few months before selling the cottage and present garden to the current owners in November 1988 whilst at the same time selling separately the last undeveloped portion of the Burgess Meadow now occupied by 'Millsteam'.

Post Office business was conducted in the old cottage for 79 years, most of it by one family. A few old glass ink bottles found in the garden on what must have been the rubbish heap are its last reminders, although Samuel Coles' headstone can been seen in the churchyard.

The restaurant and tea-garden business was carried on most successfully for 25 years and for some time carried the accolade of an Egon Ronay recommendation. Many locals and complete strangers have testified to the good food they have enjoyed in the pleasant surroundings of the gardens under coloured umbrellas in the summer months.

The 'Post Office', alias 'The Old Post Office', alias 'The Holt', alias 'Little Orchard' has seen much bustle and hard work in its time, from long skirts and Poke bonnets in the early 1800s to the white lacy aprons, breakfasts, lunches, scones and teas in the '60s to the late '80s.

The cottage was enlarged in 1990 to its present size and although the bustle has abated somewhat of late, the hard work continues today in tracksuits and jeans.

KILVE HISTORY FILE
Schedule of Items held

1. Memorandum on Residents of Kilve - PRE-HISTORY, ROMAN, ANGLO-SAXON and NORMAN TIMES.
2. Frank Stanford's article DOMESDAY KILVE (from KILVE NEWS April 1988)
3. Copy of facsimile extracts from the DOMESDAY BOOK (AD 1985) with translations from the Victoria History of Somerset for
   (a) CLIVE (Kilve)
   (b) HILLE (Higher Hill)
   (c) PERLESTONE (Pardlestone)
4. Copy of the CHRONOLOGICAL RECORD of the Manor of KILVE and Lords of the Manor AD 1085 to AD 1961
5. Memorandum about KILVE Parish Registers 1583 - 1837
6. Copy of the following relating to residents of KILVE:
   (a) Lay Subsidy Return for CULNE (KILVE) for the year 1327 (9 names)
   (b) KILVE PARISH Lay Subsidy Roll for 1641/2 - 61 names
   (c) KILVE (Village) Lay Subsidy Roll for 1641/2 - 43 names
   (d) Dwelly's Hearth Tax Exemption Certificates for 1670 - 40 names
7. Copy of Schedules giving details of Land-owners, Tithe Plots, Dwellings and Occupants of the Parish of KILVE in AUGUST 1832 as follows:
   (a) A report on the ASSESSMENT carried out by the Land Commissioners of England and Wales in 1832
   (b) A detailed scedule providing:
      (1) The names of Land-owners and the tithe plots they owned

(2) The names of the Occupants of the tithe plots, dwellings and buildings
(3) The name of the tithe plot
(4) The use of the tithe plot

(c) Lists giving the breakdown for the five sections of the Parish in 1832
(1) Putsham
(2) Kilve
(3) Higher, Middle and Lower Hill
(4) Pardlestone
(5) Part of Holford

8. Copy of the TITHE MAP for the Parish of KILVE dated 1839.
(a) The Tithe Map
(b) The Tithe Map coloured in to show the land owned by the different land-owners in 1832.
(c) Enlargements of PUTSHAM village and part of Holford taken from the 1839 Tithe Map.
9. Copy of details of KILVE taken from KELLY'S DIRECTORIES of SOMERSET 1861 through to 1935:
(a) The entries as they appear in the directories
(b) The analysis of Principal Land-owners, Principal Residents, and the Commercial Residents, etc.
10. Copy of the Schedule of Population of KILVE 1801 to 1981.
11. Copy of the Ordnance Survey Plan for KILVE (i.e. the part of the Parish near the sea which was the original village of KILVE).
12. Copy of the page from COLLINSON'S "The History of Antiquities of Somerset", published in 1791, relating to history of KILVE.
13. Copy of Pages 97 to 103 from the VICTORIA "History of Somerset", Volume I, published in 1906, giving detailed information about the history of KILVE.

14. Copy of the detail from the Charirty Commissioners' Reports 1819 to 1837 dealing with:
(a) Alexander Standfast's Charity
(b) Houndrell's Charity
15. Copy of the Memorandum on the early roads of the district and a MAP dated MARCH 1765 showing the Common Road over the Quantock Hills and the Private Road through the village of PUTSHAM.
16. Copy of the AUCTION BROCHURE for the sale of the ALFOXTON ESTATE on JULY 1st, 1920.
17. Copy of the Historic List of Incumbents at the CHURCH OF ST. MARY THE VIRGIN, KILVE with the memorandum.
18. Copy of historic records of village properties:
(a) LITTLE ORCHARD
(b) PUTSHAM FARMHOUSE
(c) Properties at the East End of HILLTOP LANE.
19. Note prepared about OWNERS of LAND at East end of HILLTOP LANE.
20. Copy Articles about Property.
(a) Mrs. GILL'S article about LITTLE ORCHARD.
(b) Mrs SELWOOD'S article: The history of THE HOOD ARMS.
21. Recollections of former KILVE residents.
(a) MR. FRANK STEVENS
(b) MR. STEVE FARMER
(c) MRS. PHYLLIS LEMON
(d) MRS. AUDREY PROLE
(e) MRS. GRACE THORNE
(f) MR. JOHN LOCK
(g) MR. PETER HAWKER
(h) MRS. DORIS MEARS
(i) LADY GASS

22. Reprints of published articles:
    (a) The Last Retort. *Article by Martin Hesp in The Guardian 3 Aug 1985*
    (b) Blacksmith and Parson of Kilve recalled. *Article by Frank Stevens in W. Somerset Free Press 5 Aug 1978*
    (c) Running eight had the Parson Puffed. *Article by Eric Coombes in Somerset County Gazette, Aug 15 1980*
    (d) On Kilve's Delightful Shore. *Article by Frank Stevens in Somerset Life*
    (e) The Longest Week I ever had. *Article by Colin Buxton in Bristol Evening Post*
    (g) Special Page on Holford - with photographs of Kilve. *Bridgwater Mercury, 17 December 1991*
23. Obituaries of Kilve Personalities.
    (a) Herbert Thomas Knight (d. January 1953)
    (b) Sylvia Irene Alfraeda Hawker (d. April 1995)
24. Published Poems about Kilve, or by Kilve residents:
    (a) Anecdote for Fathers. *(Wordsworth's poem)*
    (b) The Gas Bus. *(Capt. G. D. Martineau's poem, published in the West Somerset Free Press during Second World War.)*

Note: The file of papers which have been collected and listed above is being held at Kilve Court, and may be inspected on request. The papers may be photocopied, but not removed from Kilve Court.