



The  
**BULLETIN**  
of the  
**EAST GRINSTEAD**  
**SOCIETY**

No.108

Winter 2012-13

Published by **THE EAST GRINSTEAD SOCIETY**  
c/o 20 St George's Court, East Grinstead, Sussex, RH19 1QP

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## THE EAST GRINSTEAD SOCIETY

www.eastgrinsteadsociety.org

The Society was founded in 1968 to protect and improve the amenities of East Grinstead and its environs. The town has a long history and a unique architectural heritage, entrusted for the time being to the hands of our generation. It should be our concern that such contributions as we in turn make are worthy of the past and a fitting bequest to the future.

The Society arranges regular talks, discussions, walks and visits. It produces this *Bulletin* of articles of local interest and a *Newsletter* thrice yearly. Its 1969 report on the High Street conservation area was well received as a basis for future policy. It is very active in monitoring all planning applications and making representations to the authorities on planning issues and promotes citizenship education in local schools. It has held exhibitions, planted trees, restored the churchyard railings and martyrs' memorial, and financed tree-ring dating of some buildings in the High Street. It has also produced surveys of trees, seats and playground equipment, provided a plaque by the mass grave of victims of enemy action in Mount Noddy cemetery (now superseded) and historical guide-maps in the High Street, and presented seats in memory of leading former members to Sackville College and the High Street. It has published a book of reminiscences, sets of postcards reproducing old photographs, three town trails (one of them also in French) and leaflets on the local martyrs and on Mount Noddy and Moat Pond. With the Town Council it established the now independent Town Museum.

The Society is a registered charity (no.257870) and belongs to the Federation of Sussex Amenity Societies. A copy of its constitution is available on request.

The strength of such a Society lies in the extent to which it can be seen to represent public opinion; the larger the membership the greater the influence. Membership forms are on the website or obtainable from 2 Eastern Road, Lindfield, RH16 2LP. The subscription is £10 p.a. By signing a Gift Aid form standard-rate income tax payers can increase its value at no cost to themselves. Persons wishing only to receive the *Bulletin* can do so at a special rate of £5 per calendar year, payable in advance to the Editor (address on cover).

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## EDITORIAL

‘Sometimes our obsession with conservation is merely conserving our state of ignorance. We need new knowledge if we are properly to understand what it is we are conserving.’ - Francis Pryor, President of the Council for British Archaeology, speaking of archaeologists of pre-history, 2001.\* Justification enough, if other reasons do not convince, for our Society’s concern (but by no means ‘obsession’) with local history in all periods and particularly our including original research on it in our *Bulletins*. Equally we are justified in including information that will assist future as well as present researchers, however unreadable in itself, such as the index that occupies pp.18-20 of this number.

\* quoted Surrey Archaeological Society’s *Aspects of Archaeology and History in Surrey: towards a research framework* (2001), p.144

**COVER PICTURE:** The house in Green Hedges Avenue which from 1863 to 74 was our first hospital, as photographed in the early-20th century by Arthur Harding for a proposed illustrated edition of the *History of East Grinstead*. For an article on the pre-history of the hospital see pp.7f. below.

**AS WE SAW OURSELVES (38):** ‘About the Doctor[ate], I find it is thought uncivil to the College *not* to be called so, and it is so dinned in my ears by the townspeople, who think themselves honoured in me, that it will soon cease to sound strange.’ - J.M. Neale, Warden of Sackville College, letter to Benjamin Webb, 21 Aug. 1861, following conferral of honorary D.D. by Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut, U.S.A., in the previous year (M.S. Lawson, ed., *Letters of J.M.Neale* (1910), p.334)

**AS OTHERS SAW US (48):** ‘We started in East Grinstead and had a few sniggers and people saying “It can’t be that good if it’s in East Grinstead”.’ - ‘Former pop star’ Peter Andre, on opening day of his second coffee shop, in Brighton, 30 Aug. 2012 (*Brighton Argus*, 31 Aug. 2012)

## IN MEMORIAM

## EAST GRINSTEAD PARISH MAGAZINE, 1873-2012

We regret to record the demise, peacefully, at the end of 2012 of East Grinstead’s longest-lived surviving publication. Bidding it farewell, the Vicar, Canon Clive Everett-Allen, said  
*‘This particular attempt to communicate the faith and to communicate with one another has not been successful but, no doubt in time there will be a replacement!’*

The cause of death was given as declining income from sales and subscriptions. For anyone interested in East Grinstead in the late 19th and most of the 20th century it was an invaluable resource, as we illustrated in a centenary tribute in *Bulletin* 12 (May 1973).

**RELOCATION:** I suppressed a smile a few years ago when a former pupil told me a classmate had ‘moved up North to Luton’. Since then the North has extended further: the newly-appointed manager of our Chequer Mead Arts Centre, Mr Nick Byrne, formerly in a similar post in Devonshire, told the *East Grinstead Courier and Observer* (25 Oct. 2012) East Grinstead’s ‘excellent reputation as a fantastic place to live and bring up children has been one of the key factors in my decision to move up North’.

M.J.L.

## THE HIGHWAY FROM GRINSTEAD TO LEWES

M.J. Leppard

The bounds of Donnyngesfeld in 1469 which I discussed in *Bulletin* 107 included, on the east and south, ‘the highway from Grinstead to Lewes’, i.e. the road between Dunnings Mill and Saint Hill Green. It was only after the article had been published that it struck me how uncritically in an earlier piece I had regarded the current road to Lewes via Forest Row and Wych Cross as *the* road between the two towns throughout their history.

In 2005-06 I had attempted to account for the fact that, of three early-13th century planned towns on historically important roads from London to the coast, Crawley to our west and Edenbridge to our east had never fulfilled their potential but East Grinstead had prospered, albeit modestly, and gained borough status. Among possible factors I suggested that the East Grinstead route had the advantage of better river-crossings. Edenbridge has always been susceptible to extensive flooding, and travel south of Crawley means traversing the broad flood-plain of the Ouse, whereas that of the Medway at Forest Row is comparatively narrow, after which the road follows high ground to a narrow point on the Ouse at Sheffield Bridge.<sup>1</sup>

Conveniently, but carelessly rather than deliberately, I had overlooked the fact that flooding is also experienced in Forest Row (very seriously in 1958), where an elevated footbridge was in existence by 1492<sup>2</sup>. Equally, though, flooding has also been known at Dunnings Mill (badly in 1958 and 87) and can also occur at Willetts Bridge, now the western end of Weir Wood reservoir. Further south, however, by way of Tyes Cross and Horsted Keynes, there is no significant water to cross until reaching the Ouse at Freshfield. On that score, therefore, in pre-turnpike days, perhaps there was little to choose between going via Forest Row or via Saint Hill. And as for the steep drops down Hermitage Lane and still tortuous Stone Hill, north of Willetts Bridge, until 1826 they were matched by the equal steepness of the plunge out of the town on the line of Old Road and again at lengthy Wall Hill. With so many pros and cons, perhaps the more direct and therefore shorter Saint Hill route had a slight advantage. For the monks of Lewes Priory it would certainly be more convenient for reaching their properties at Hurley and Imberhorne and their church on East Grinstead High Street.

By the 17th century, however, there are clear signs that the route later adopted by the turnpikes, now known as the A22, was the preferred way to go. The impressive location of Sackville College, in use by 1616, would have lost much of its effect if travellers between Lewes and London had entered the High Street by Hermitage Lane, or, more likely by then, the ‘relief road’ of Ship Street. The existence in 1636 of a tavern (an inn licensed to sell wine, usually found in towns) at Forest Row<sup>3</sup> suggests passing trade of some prosperity; there were none on the Saint Hill route. The first book of road maps, Ogilby’s *Britannia* of 1675, confirms the A22 as the best way to go from London to Lewes, and thereby guarantees the continuance of that status.<sup>4</sup>

All this may amount to little more than thinking aloud captured in print. To have any substance, or be consigned to oblivion, observations and evidence from readers are needed.

**REFERENCES** (E.G. = East Grinstead): <sup>1</sup> *E.G. Museum Compass* **18** (Autumn 2005), p.4; **19** (Spring 2006), p.10  
<sup>2</sup> *Forest Row, historical aspects and recollections*, vol.3, part 1 (Feb. 1986), p.18; no source cited <sup>3</sup> *Sussex Archaeological Collections*, vol.33 (1883), p.272 <sup>4</sup> reproduced in M.J. Leppard, *A history of E.G.* (2001), p.33 and elsewhere

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**CORRECTION:** *Bulletin* 107 (Autumn 2012), p.6: Alexander Nesbitt was born in 1817, not 1887.

**15th-CENTURY BUILDING IN EAST GRINSTEAD HIGH STREET**

Dr Sarah Pearson

In an article entitled 'What was going on here then?' in *Bulletin* 74 (Autumn 2001) I attempted to account for the spate of rebuilding and new building in our High Street in the mid-15th century, dating confirmed by our Society's dendrochronological survey of some of them. When the Wealden Buildings Study Group visited the town in 2010, I met Dr Pearson, an authority on mediaeval timber-framed structures in South East England, and gave her a copy. Her response follows. M.J.L.

Your argument about out-of-town wealthy families building in-town properties during the 15th century is an interesting and compelling one. I am conscious of the town houses of great families in large towns, and realise a few will have had 'inns' or administrative centres even in small towns like East Grinstead where they owned a lot of property. Broadleys [34-40] and Clarendon House [Judges Terrace] seem very plausibly explained this way. But you are suggesting that this occurred on a large scale. Obviously I hardly know the houses except the two we saw yesterday [7-11 and 34-40], but 4 High Street as a half-wealden doesn't look very impressive to me - hardly the house for a wealthy land owning family to be building for their own occupation. Nor would I think that was the case for Corals and Wickendens [7-11]. These seem more like houses for the wealthier inhabitants of the town, perhaps partly commercial - whether or not the occupants owned or leased them.

So I found myself wondering whether your suggestion, while part of the explanation, might not be the whole story. It is not that I can come up with a watertight alternative. But this is not the first place in which good buildings were constructed just when there was a downturn in the economy. It happened in Sandwich (where I have been working) in the last quarter of the 15th century, and is known to have occurred elsewhere and at other times. It has been said that a good time to invest money in building was when it wasn't worth ploughing money back into one's business. It is also the case that even during severe economic downturns some people are little affected. And it has been argued by Christopher Dyer that after the Black Death the reduced population came to have far higher expectations of their living standards than before, so that the 15th century became an age of consumption. This took time to work its way through to the building of new houses, but it is an argument that makes sense. Across the whole South East, whatever the economic experiences of individual places, there was massive rebuilding throughout the second two thirds of the century. If so, it means that many of the wealdens, which were not always large, could have been built by prospering locals despite the fact that the town as a whole was not doing well. Possibly you will find this too contradictory, but it is the sort of picture we felt we had identified in Sandwich, although possibly a little later in the century, when the houses built were good quality, but often fairly small. Nonetheless, Broadleys is certainly a cut above other houses, and I completely agree that one needs to find a special explanation for that house, which your suggestion\* sounds as if it may have done.

\* Given orally at the meeting, then written up in our *Bulletin* 102 (Winter 2010-11), with one detail corrected in *Bulletin* 103 (Summer 2011) by Dr Janet Pennington.

**REAR ACCESS TO HIGH STREET HOUSES**

M.J. Leppard

In an article on 74-76 High Street in *Bulletin* 105 (Winter 2011-12) I puzzled over how a horse could have been got to the stable behind it. Our member Mrs Diana Haskell has kindly informed me that when her sister bought Porch House (nos 82-84) in the early 1970s there was still a right of way across her garden. The fact that the eponymous porch is at the back supports this provision, she adds.

I am always grateful for informed comments, corrections and information, as in these contributions. I certainly never wish to imply that I am giving 'the whole story'.

M.J.L.

## THE TOLLGATE IN EAST GRINSTEAD HIGH STREET

M.J. Leppard

A recent article on turnpikes to Lewes and Newhaven by Dr Brian Austen, in *Sussex Industrial History* no.42, was reported in our last *Bulletin*, welcomed for providing the date the trust governing our road expired, and corrected on the date of the road improvements at the eastern end of the High Street. The editor has accepted for the next issue a brief article by me supplementing part of it from specific sources for the history of East Grinstead. Since it also supplements what has been published locally on the subject, it seems desirable to summarise it in our *Bulletin*. In doing so I also take the opportunity to correct certain details in my discussion of the known photographs of the tollgate in *East Grinstead Museum Compass* no.36 (Autumn 2011). I have not attempted to summarise Dr Austen's original work, however, which must be read as published.

When Charles Abbot, the Speaker of the House of Commons, bought Kidbrooke at Forest Row in 1803 he needed speedier access to and from London than the then state of the turnpike allowed and therefore became chairman of the Surrey-Sussex Turnpike Trust. His papers in the Public Record Office were used by the late Eric Byford to give a detailed chronology of the improvements undertaken. In 1824 proposals were drawn up by his agent George Robson; estimates were obtained and money raised in 1826.<sup>1</sup> The re-alignment of the road at the eastern end of the town can be independently dated: in 1827 James Chilcott produced a 'Plan of the Ground taken from Lord Delaware's Estate for the New Turnpike Road into East Grinstead Town'<sup>2</sup> and on 17 August that year James Wren of South Park, East Grinstead, tendered to buy the old turnpike gate house for £18.<sup>3</sup> This improvement was effected to replace a steep hill with a gentler gradient a little to its south-west, part of the line of which survives as Old Road.<sup>4</sup>

The tollhouse known from photographs thus dates from no earlier than 1827. One of them is by the local photographer William Harding as reproduced by his son Arthur, with the addition of '1864', as a postcard later in the century, no.9 in his 'vintage' series. This is almost certainly the correct date, taken for the record between the expiry of the Trust in that year and its winding-up in the next. No.7 in the series records the same scene from a slightly more north-westerly viewpoint, clearly taken at the same time but without any people. A third, unattributed, image is known from a single copy in East Grinstead Town Museum, from a closer viewpoint and featuring two men. It could also be William Harding's work, perhaps taken at an earlier date; some of his son's postcards give 1862 for their date.<sup>5</sup> The fact that the tollhouse does not appear in any later images of its site, documentary references or maps can now be accounted for by Dr Austen's establishing that the trust expired on 1 November 1864; the gate was redundant, and no doubt unmourned, and the tollhouse had no alternative use.

Of the pre-1827 structure there are no images, nor any maps that show it; the re-aligned road must have swept across its site.

The first keeper whose name is known appears in Thomas Palmer's rhyming directory of the town in 1799 thus: 'Langridge at the paygate dwells, All kinds of nets he makes and sells'.<sup>6</sup> In the 1803 militia list John Langridge, gatekeeper, is recorded as 'infirm', in the 17-55 age-group.<sup>7</sup> He is still there in the 1811 draft census return for East Grinstead, head of a household comprising one male and three females. Ten years later the draft return names William Green, with one other male and two females, followed in 1831 by William 'Hues' accompanied by one female.<sup>8</sup> Only the head is ever named.

From subsequent censuses we learn that William Hughes was born in East Grinstead, in 1851 aged 53 and also farming 37 acres. Mr and Mrs Hughes were recollected by Edward Steer (born 1845)

in his reminiscences of his boyhood years in the town, 1856-59, keeping the tollgate and ‘so far as us boys were concerned, the principal sweet shop of the town’.<sup>9</sup> According to W.H. Hills they made enough money out of keeping the gate to build Rock Cottages in London Road and retire to one of them when the turnpike was abolished.<sup>10</sup> William Hughes was buried in East Grinstead on 18 April 1865 and his widow Mary, who by the time of the 1871 census had become a Sackville College pensioner, on 9 December 1879 aged 81. Presumably it is William Hughes who appears in the Harding photographs.

It is understandable that tollgate-keepers should have another activity to supplement their income and occupy their time. The Hugheses were not the only ones to sell sweets; in 1849 a stock of sweets was stolen from the toll-house at Sidley near Bexhill.<sup>11</sup>

I have discussed the known surviving original tickets for the East Grinstead turnpike in *Bulletin* 53, illustrating two of them.

**REFERENCES:** E.G. = East Grinstead; *E.G.O.* = *E.G. Observer*; F.R. = Forest Row; Sx = Sussex

<sup>1</sup> E.C. Byford, ‘Wayfaring in F.R.’, *F.R., Historical Aspects and Recollections*, vol.3, part 2 (Oct. 1986), pp.5f., citing P.R.O. 30/9/10/17, /18 and /37 (Colchester papers) <sup>2</sup> Sx Archaeological Society Figg maps 26d (P.D.Wood, ‘Descriptive catalogue of topographical maps and plans ... in the old parish of E.G.’ (1964), p.14 <sup>3</sup> Manuscript original, among papers at Sackville College (transcription by R.H. Wood in my possession) <sup>4</sup> M.J. Leppard, ‘E.G. before the town’, *Sx Archaeological Collections*, vol.129 (1991), pp.29-31 <sup>5</sup> Harding pencilled the numbers on the back of the cards, which are quite common; ‘vintage’ is the designation used by the Museum’s keeper of photography, Mr David Gould, to distinguish them from Harding’s parallel ‘contemporary’ series. <sup>6</sup> East Sx Record Office SAS/SM 167; reproduced *E.G.O.*, 7 Nov. 1896 and elsewhere <sup>7</sup> Sx Militia List, Pevensy Rape, 1803, Northern Division (PBN Publications, 1988), p.21 <sup>8</sup> West Sx Record Office, PAR 348/26/2, /8 and /7 <sup>9</sup> Reminiscences serialised in the *E.G.O.*, 1899 <sup>10</sup> Talk ‘The Streets of E.G.’, 1919 (original typescript in my possession) <sup>11</sup> R.V. Kyrke, *History of East Sx Police* (printed for restricted circulation 1969, not published), p.48

## THE PREHISTORY OF OUR HOSPITAL

M.J. Leppard

This year the Queen Victoria Hospital celebrates its one hundred and fiftieth anniversary. Its centenary was observed on a grand scale, including a visit by its patron, the Queen Mother, a play, a televised church service, and a history, *A cottage hospital grows up*, by a local general practitioner, Dr E.J. Dennison. He begins by assessing the evidence for its claim to be the fifth oldest cottage hospital in this country and Cranleigh’s to be the first in 1859 and confirms both. Cranleigh’s primacy has most recently been re-affirmed by Keith Atkins, speaking on its records, which survive from 1860 to 1945, at the Surrey Archaeological Society’s autumn conference last November, .<sup>1</sup>

There is a difference, however, between being the first cottage hospital to come into existence and originating the concept. As long ago as 1966 Stanley Godman pointed out the use of the term in 1856 by J.M. Neale, the Warden of Sackville College, East Grinstead and founder of the Society of St Margaret. On 28 April that year, in a letter to his friend Benjamin Webb, he wrote that a house near the College was to be taken for the sisters from Midsummer and ‘what is the present house at Rotherfield we turn into a Cottage Hospital’<sup>2</sup>, three years before Cranleigh was established and four years before the first record of the term in the *Oxford English Dictionary*.<sup>3</sup> In correspondence with me while preparing the article, Mr Godman asked rhetorically, ‘Is it likely that Neale actually coined the term? One wd hardly think so from the letter of Ap 28 but it cd. not have been in circulation much before that, surely?’<sup>4</sup> He and I received no replies to attempts to get information on the project from anyone in Rotherfield, and there is only passing mention of the Sisterhood in the published history of the parish.<sup>5</sup>

It looks as if it was one of the many schemes Neale conceived but never managed to put into practice, perhaps because the sisters were to concentrate on nursing the sick poor in their own homes.

I was unaware then that Neale had been seriously contemplating setting up a cottage hospital quite early in the life of the Sisterhood, but I subsequently discovered that on 22 February 1855 the architect George Edmund Street had written to him

I have now made a plan which will, I hope, be sent to you in the course of to-morrow.

I have made a plan of a very simple and unornamental cottage. On the ground floor is a sick room for men, a small doctor's room, a convalescent room, and a kitchen; and on the first floor a sick room for women, linen closet, a sleeping room for a Sister of Mercy, and another small room which might be used either as a second room for her or as an oratory. ...

It is difficult to make a design without any reference to a particular locality. At least I always find it to be so; and it is possible that such a plan as I have made might in nine cases out of ten be unavailable. I shall, however, be very glad if I have done anything to help your work.

In a footnote Sister Miriam explains 'This was written with reference to a plan of a cottage hospital, then recently suggested by Dr. Spencer Thompson: and with the idea of its being introduced in connection with the new Sisterhood'.<sup>6</sup> I have been unable to find any information about Dr. Spencer Thompson, but it reads as if his might have been the original inspiration for the whole cottage hospital concept. It is also possible that Neale was involved with the movement from its earliest days; a writer in *John Bull* in 1866 says of cottage hospitals 'We believe that Dr. Neale, of East Grinstead, was one of the originators of the scheme' though Napper at Cranley [sic] was the first to put it into practice.<sup>7</sup>

As early as 1848, however, something comparable seems to have been envisaged, certainly here in East Grinstead and quite possibly elsewhere too. Following the death of the vicar in December 1847, Earl and Countess Amherst, as patrons of the living, commissioned extensive additions and alterations to the vicarage for their nominee, the Rev. John Netherton Harward. In his report on the work to be done, dated 28 February, the surveyor, a Mr Back, wrote 'It would be highly desirable that there should be fire places in three at least of the attics in case of infection and sickness. One might then be used as a Hospital'.<sup>8</sup> Whether that ever happened, I do not know.

**REFERENCES** (J.M.N. = John Mason Neale): <sup>1</sup> Surrey Archaeological Society *Bulletin* 436 (Dec. 2012), p.14 <sup>2</sup> M.S. Lawson (ed.), *Letters of J.M.N.* (1910), p.271 <sup>3</sup> S. Godman, 'Dr. J.M.N., Christian scholar and hymn-writer', *West Sussex Gazette*, 11 Aug. 1966 <sup>4</sup> 30 July 1966 <sup>5</sup> C. Pullein, *Rotherfield* (1928), p.213 <sup>6</sup> Sr Miriam, S.S.M., *J.M.N., a memoir* (1887-95), p.312b (This is a series of articles from *St Margaret's Magazine*, bound in one volume unrepaginated. I have followed the pagination created by A.G. Lough for his *The influence of J.M.N.* (1962), which he explains on p.1.) <sup>7</sup> 27 Jan. (cutting in East Grinstead Cottage Hospital scrapbook of Dr J.H. Rogers, its founder, now in West Sussex Record Office) <sup>8</sup> estimates, letters, bills, etc. (Centre for Kentish Studies, Maidstone, U269 E91/1)

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**WEST SUSSEX RECORD OFFICE** has received the archives of the Guinea Pig Club, to be followed by those of the Queen Victoria Hospital. Although the Town Museum took over the contents of the hospital museum it is right that the documents should be in an archive repository with expert staff, ideal facilities and conditions, and, as a statutory institution, a securer future. It has also acquired file copies of the *East Grinstead Courier*, 1944-2004 (acc.15873) and *Observer*, 1940s-70s (acc.16324).

Whose *Bulletin* are you reading? For how to be sure of your own copy see p.2.

## OUR ASTONOMICAL TRADITION

M.J. Leppard

Few local people can be unaware that the astronomer Sir Patrick Moore, who died in December, spent most of his younger years in this town. There may, though, be few who know that he was a link in a chain of astronomers who lived in East Grinstead. This is not the place to tell his life story, judge his character or assess his significance: local and national press coverage has dealt with those aspects adequately and in the case of Adam Trimmingham in the Brighton *Argus* of 19 December unkindly. We can, however, give a fuller account of his local years and set his astronomical induction in the context of the hitherto largely unrecognised and unpublished tradition here.

To the best of my knowledge it began with the arrival of **Thomas William Bush**, F.R.A.S., at Lullenden near Dormans Land in 1909, where he made a 24-inch reflector telescope that was later housed at Brockhurst in East Grinstead and ultimately transferred to Nottingham University. He was born in that city on 19 May 1839, to a weaver, and, while learning his step-father's baking trade, taught himself ancient and modern languages as well as mathematics, optics and astronomy. He married a music teacher, took on his own bakery and began making telescopes. In 1870 he received a gold medal from Queen Victoria for the 13-inch telescope he showed at an international exhibition. He soon became a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society and sold his business to build his own house and observatory. In 1889 he moved to Shropshire to run Lord Forester's private observatory and planned a 24-inch telescope. After working for some years with Mr W.S. Franks at Brockhurst he moved to East Grinstead, where he is listed at 19 St James's Road in the local directory for 1923. On 8 January 1924 he entered Sackville College (block 6, room 4, according to the edition for 1928). He died there on Monday 22 April 1928. His funeral took place in the College chapel on Friday 27, but his burial place is unknown; he is not in either of this town's cemeteries. Later in the year the museum in the parish church tower received 'a carborundum crystal from the late Mr T.W. Bush's collection ... and an earthenware sun-dried dish from Bidos, Egypt, fashioned before the use of the potter's wheel date 6000 B.C. (circ[a])', from his executor and old friend, Mr Percy Victor Sharman of Beckford, Lewes Road, a professor of music. Mr Sharman also fulfilled his wish that his scientific instruments, medal, books and great telescope should go to the then University College of Nottingham. (Kelly's Sussex directory for 1922 has Leonard Wykeham Sharman at the address given for Mr Bush in the following year, which looks like another expression of family friendship.)<sup>1</sup>

Dr F.C. Poynder of East Grinstead wrote in 1932:

'Mr Bush's mathematical attainments were of a very high order. He had a wide knowledge of History and Geography. He could read the Old and New Testament in their original languages and could also read French and German. He had a great interest in Philosophy. He was well read in general literature; had a great love of music; and was an ardent admirer of Shakespeare and Shelley, whose words were often on his lips. When it is added that he had an intimate knowledge of farming and Mechanics, we may justly say that intellectually he was among the giants. It was only due to his total lack of ambition and his indifference to the world's prizes that he did not attain to a position of pre-eminence in any one of half a dozen subjects. But we shall form a very incomplete picture of him if we omit his nobility of character. He was courteous, gentle and lovable, with that greatness which results from the union of brilliant intellect with loftiness of character, complete simplicity.'<sup>2</sup>

**William Sadler Franks**, born in Newark on 26 April 1851, had also had little formal education but acquired enough practical experience and reputation, particularly in cataloguing star colours for publication, to become a F.R.A.S. in 1880. From 1892 to 1904 he worked with Dr Isaac Roberts in his

observatory at Crowborough, followed by a spell in Uxbridge. In 1910 Mr F.J. Hanbury recruited him to supervise his observatory at Brockhurst, which he did until his death on 19 June 1935, knocked off his bicycle by a motor vehicle. There he continued his studies, made the telescopes available to guests, and from January 1912 took and published meteorological records. For many years he gave ‘delightful’ lectures in the town on winter evenings and contributed monthly letters on the weather to the *East Grinstead Observer*. Kelly’s Sussex directories list him at Doona Cottage, Lewes Road, in the 1911-15 editions, then he disappears from their pages, and the town directories, until Cullen’s for 1928, when his address is Brockhurst Observatory, where, in a house that still stands, he must have been living all along. When he died, after being ‘in indifferent health’ for some time, it was called Starfield, the same as Dr Roberts’s place in Crowborough. He left a widow, one son and two daughters. His funeral took place in the Roman Catholic church here.<sup>3</sup>

His obituary in the *Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society*<sup>4</sup> includes this portrait:

‘Franks, in whose character modesty was charmingly blended with enthusiasm, was probably little known to the present generation of astronomers, but there was a time when his diminutive, almost gnome-like figure was often seen at meetings of the Society, and those who were privileged to know him will retain a happy recollection of his delightful personality.’

Franks’s patron, **Frederick Janson Hanbury** (1851-1938), though not a practising astronomer but primarily a botanist, deserves brief mention for his part in maintaining the tradition. He trained as a pharmacist in the family business Allen & Hanbury, became very wealthy, and in 1908-09 had Brockhurst reconstructed under the supervision of Sir Aston Webb & Son. He probably already knew of Franks by then and may have met him: in 1878 the Rev. T.W. Webb had communicated his star catalogue to the Royal Astronomical Society; at Uxbridge he was employed by John Franklin-Adams; and members of the Hanbury family married members of the Webb and Franklin-Adams families.<sup>5</sup>

**Patrick Alfred Caldwell-Moore**, so-named when born in Pinner on 4 March 1923, arrived in East Grinstead in 1929, having spent most of the previous years at his maternal grandmother’s holiday home in Aldwick, Bognor. For the sake of her asthma she then had three houses built here, in Worsted Lane, one for herself, one (Glencathara) for Patrick’s parents, and one for one of his aunts. For a while he attended Waldegrave House preparatory school in St James’s Road, and when it closed followed Mr Leslie Tyler and a few of the boys to a tiny school he set up in a hut. Heart problems, from which he suffered from ages 7 to 15, soon necessitated private tuition at home, given ‘brilliantly’ by the vicar of Colemans Hatch. Young Patrick delighted in the countryside at one end of Worsted Lane and, having encountered a book on astronomy, the nearness of Mr Franks and the observatory just beyond the other. Franks, ‘a delightful chap’, allowed him to use the telescopes, and on his death Mr Hanbury appointed 14-year old Patrick to give visitors guided tours of the skies through them. The observation books were handed to him at the Franks family’s request. In due course he correlated them and gave them to the British Astronomical Association. When Hanbury died the observatory was dismantled.

In 1940 Patrick Moore lied about his age and became a navigator in Bomber Command, well qualifying him on his return to become a Flying Officer in the Air Training Corps and its very popular instructor in air navigation and astronomy. He duly appears in that role in the 1946 photograph of the squadron in David Gould’s *East Grinstead and environs*. From 1945 to 52 he was ‘concerned in the running of a school’, as he tantalisingly put it for *Who’s Who*. Still remembered here as ‘a consummate chess player’, he is named as the contact for the Chess Club in the town guides and street directory for 1958-62. He also lectured, for example in 1963 on ‘Life on other worlds’ to pupils of the Grammar

School, which at that time had its own observatory. In 1958, at the height of dissatisfaction with our steam train service, he was moved to write to the *East Grinstead Observer* of 14 February: 'Going from the earth to the moon by spaceship is, if possible, even more difficult than going from East Grinstead to London by British Railways'. In 1965 he left the town to become director of the Armagh Planetarium. By then he had been a free-lance author for 13 years and presenter of 'The Sky at Night' for eight. 'My memories of the social life in East Grinstead are happy ones' he said in 2004 in an interview in the *Daily Mail* 'Weekend' section that includes photographs of his house and of him as a small child.<sup>6</sup>

Of local youngsters inspired personally by Patrick Moore with a lasting interest in astronomy or to take up a related career, probably the most eminent is Professor **Brian Warner**, born in Crawley Down in 1939 and educated at Felbridge Primary School, East Grinstead Grammar School and London University, followed by a series of academic appointments and honours at various institutions worldwide. When he retired from the professorship of astronomy at the university of Cape Town it gave him the honorific title Distinguished Professor of Natural Philosophy. A visiting professorship awarded at the same time by the university of Southampton has enabled him to spend time in both countries as well as giving lectures round the globe and renewing contact with family and friends here.<sup>7</sup>

I am not aware of any later direct personal links in the local chain started by T.W. Bush, but the potential for a fresh start was established at Sackville School a few years ago on the appointment as head of science of the (related?) Mr **Steve Bush**, who introduced astronomy into the syllabus. In 2003 the Parents' Association funded a £1000 reflecting telescope. A small group of gifted pupils now voluntarily studies astronomy to G.C.S.E. level out of hours for intellectual stimulus ahead of the customary age for public examinations. In October 2012 a purpose-built observatory was opened in the grounds by Dr Katie Joy, a pupil of the school from 1993 to 2000 and now a researcher at Manchester university following time with the National Aeronautical and Space Agency in the U.S.A.<sup>8</sup>

**NOTE:** Full technical details of the work and apparatus of Bush and Franks, beyond the scope of this article and barely intelligible to this writer, are given by Fleckney.

**REFERENCES:** E.G. = East Grinstead; *E.G.C. & O.* = *E.G. Courier & Observer*

<sup>1</sup> Patrick Fleckney, *Old St. Anne's* [Nottingham], (N.D.), pp.49-64, supplemented by me from local directories and E.G. parish magazine, July 1928 <sup>2</sup> *The National Deposit Friendly Society Magazine*, April 1932, p.89, quoted by Fleckney, pp.64f. (E.G. directories record a branch of that organisation here in the 1920s.) <sup>3</sup> Obituary in the *E.G. Observer* (which incorporates that in the *Times*), Fleckney, pp.65-67 (which incorporates a memoir of Franks by Patrick Moore), B. Firmin, *Illustrated guide to Crowborough* (2nd ed., 1897), p.188 <sup>4</sup> Vol.96, p.291, reproduced in Fleckney, pp.67f. (Patrick Moore recalled he was about 4' 8" tall - *Daily Telegraph Magazine*, April 2007) <sup>5</sup> Fleckney, p.66, supplemented by me from local knowledge <sup>6</sup> compiled from material by or about Moore in *E.G. Courier*, 21 Feb. 1974 (quoted in same, 19 Feb. 2004), Brighton *Evening Argus* 'Weekend', 7-8 Aug. 1999, P.D. Wood, *E.G. Society Bulletin* 99 (Winter 2009-10), p.13, *Daily Mail* 'Weekend', 19 June 2004, *E.G.C. & O.*, 18 Oct. and 13 Dec. 2012, Brighton *Argus*, 17 Dec. 2012, undated photocopy of 'My country childhood' from *Country Living*, Fleckney, pp.65, 67, and as indicated in text. <sup>7</sup> Personal acquaintance <sup>8</sup> *E.G.C. & O.*, 11 Oct. 2012

**ACKNOWLEDGEMENT:** I am grateful to Prof. Warner for a photocopy of the relevant part of Fleckney's work (which is handicapped by an understandable lack of local knowledge that I have tacitly corrected)

**BEFORE WE LEAVE THE SUBJECT:** In the late-1970s or early-80s Sackville School's then head of science, Mr John Plowman, introduced new pupils to the study of space and time with the question 'How far away would you suppose the moon is?' 'Do you mean', asked an 11-year old boy, 'from East Grinstead or from Forest Row?'

**EDWIN ARTHUR HARDING**, as remembered by his niece Mrs Margaret Jackson

There are illustrated accounts of this local photographer (1869-1947) and his work in *Bulletin* 64 (Spring 1988) and, more fully, in David Gould's *East Grinstead through a lens* (2010). To offset the 'unattractive side' to his personality, we are glad to print this personal reminiscence, written at the request of Mr Gould. The original manuscript is in the documentation file at the Town Museum. Ed.

Edwin Arthur Harding was my uncle, and as a child I spent many happy holidays with my aunt and uncle in Newbury. Uncle Arthur was a very happy and kind man, and always great fun to be with. He was passionately fond of his cats, he had two, and would walk miles collecting grass and soil for them. He always made myself and my parents most welcome when we stayed with them. Uncle Arthur was a lovely person, and I was very fond of him and felt very sad when he died. I had not only lost an uncle, but I had also lost a friend.

**CECILIA ALFREDA CHANNER AND EAST GRINSTEAD** M.J. Leppard with David Gould

Paintings of the exterior of our parish church in 1781 and the interior after the fall of the tower in 1785 are among the most familiar subjects of Arthur Harding's postcard series, with attributions that vary with each batch printed. They are clearly copies of the original views by James Lambert, of which those of the ruins survived only in copies by S.H. Grimm. All three have been directly reproduced in the Sussex Record Society's 50th jubilee volume<sup>1</sup>, and frequently elsewhere. Only one specimen of the Harding postcards is known with an artist's name and a date: 'Channer, 1885'.<sup>2</sup> The negatives of two of them have now been found to be more fully attributed: 'C.A. Channer, 1885'.<sup>3</sup>

That artist's only known connection with this town is recorded in the *East Grinstead Observer's* report of the annual general meeting of the Sussex Archaeological Society here on 14 October 1885: Miss Channer exhibited several pictures of old houses in the locality done by herself. The accounts of this event in the parish magazine<sup>4</sup> and the Archaeological Society's journal<sup>5</sup> make no mention of her. We can only guess whether she exhibited those pictures in person or sent them in, whether they were copies of the work of others or done in situ, and whether Harding's photographs were taken at the display. So we cannot even tell if Miss Channer ever came here.

**CECILIA ALFREDA CHANNER ELSEWHERE** David Gould with M.J. Leppard

Reference books record Cecilia Alfreda Channer as a domestic, interior and landscape painter who exhibited from 1880 to 94 and lived in London.<sup>6</sup>

In the 1851 census Alfred T. Channer and his wife Charlotte are at 14 St John's Wood Road, Marylebone, with Cecilia Alfreda, aged 1, two older children and two servants. Cecilia has not been found in 1861 but in 1871, as a gentlewoman, she is a visitor in the Bloomsbury household of the Rev. William Kirby, Rector of St Dunstan in the East. Ten years later, as an artist and gentlewoman, she is with her curate brother, Edgar Campbell Channer, his family and servants in Hammersmith. In 1891 she is living on her own means at 32 Pembroke Square, Kensington, with one servant. Miss Channer died on 18 October 1897 at 92 Boundary Road, St John's Wood, with effects worth £3,146.5s.7d.

**REFERENCES:** <sup>1</sup> 'Sussex Views' (1951), nos 56-57 <sup>2</sup> in the Margary collection of postcards in the Sussex Archaeological Society's library, Barbican House, Lewes <sup>3</sup> recently received by East Grinstead Town Museum <sup>4</sup> Nov. 1885 <sup>5</sup> *Sussex Archaeological Collections*, vol. 34 (1886), p.xvii <sup>6</sup> J. Johnson & A. Greutzner (comp.), *Dictionary of British artists, 1880-1940* (1980), C. Wood, *Dictionary of Victorian painters* (2nd ed., 1978) and internet sources

## FROM A WARDEN'S LOG, 1939-45

R.H. Wood

By the kindness of Mr P.D. Wood, we print below some extracts from the journal kept by his father when an air raid warden in the Second World War. Rather than the factual chronicle of incidents that one might expect, they are the polished observations of one who, even in such tense times, kept his characteristic detachment and long view. Mr Raymond Wood himself re-polished some of them to appear in our *Bulletins* 23 (January 1978, 'Unhappy, far-off things') and 24 (May 1978, 'Battles long ago'). There is an obituary of Mr Wood in *Bulletin* 26 (May 1979), with photograph, and accounts of him and his wife Winifred in *Bulletin* 97 (Summer 2009). The end-notes are mine, to augment the record for the sake of future historians or explain what some might find unfamiliar. Editor.

In the dead hours I left the others dozing in the cellar and wandered off by myself through the churchyard. It was possessed by silence. Soft shadows leaned from the trees and gravestones. Only the moonlight showed in regular array what, by day, seems to be merely a haphazard collection of stones. I reflected on the fine indifference of these dead ones, upon the endurance of certain ancient roofs standing dark against the southern sky and also upon the eternal passivity of the moon. My individuality shrank to its infinitesimal historical proportions. It was perhaps fatigue which allowed me to slip away further than ever before: how far I realised only when the syren bellowed nearby. It was harsh recall from a spiritual seclusion more profound than the deepest sleep - and proportionately disturbing.

\*\*\*\*\*

At three o'clock this morning a white mist chilled me as I bicycled home from duty. It lay still and level over open spaces and crept into every corner until I came to the high trees of the vicarage garden overhanging the road. As I passed into their shadow their respiration seemed very warm upon my face and the mist stood back like a wall from their benign and unexpected influence.

\*\*\*\*\*

We are a mixed lot. The other Senior Warden is an insurance superintendent, youngish, able and probably too intense. Many of the wardens are ex-service men, of whom P. is a butcher's roundsman with the old soldier's trick of snatching sleep anywhere at any time. He smokes his pipe, says little and is without illusion. Another is L. a stone mason, ruddy and imperturbable with the same knack of sleeping.<sup>1</sup> T. is a chauffeur, hawk-faced and shrewd. D. is a restaurant keeper, tired, indomitable, good-hearted and a Cockney. For variety there is S. maker of stained glass windows and a talented amateur actor. His mobile, puckish face is authentic theatre.<sup>2</sup> Others, not picturesque, will, I think, be reliable.

\*\*\*\*\*

This morning, in the dead hours, the moon went down in wild glory behind bare poplars and craggy firs. It was as if drama dwelt in the backcloth and the actors, feeling their genius withdrawn, had silently departed.

\*\*\*\*\*

Night watches have revealed much of the surviving character of this ancient town and I stand in the empty streets seeing it suddenly anew. Just so might an elder appear to a wakeful child, an elder unconscious of observation, returning to himself when the day's demands have ceased. How many generations have trodden the ground under my feet; the tale runs like a long roll call through the mind of Mr Chips.

\*\*\*\*\*

There is some exchange of cheerful rudeness with the Home Guard. We maintain that they are

an indoor army, never to be found on wet nights. It is true that they have an easy time but who knows with what forlorn courage some of them may die.

\*\*\*\*\*

When we speak of the English scene perhaps each of us means something slightly different. If I ever saw England it was this afternoon, rainwashed and shining. The low, wintry sun flung its light across the meadows. To every stone and grass blade hung its attendant shadow and the stems of the naked hedges gleamed. A birch plantation was a bloom of purple threaded with silver, a royal mantle dropped in disorder upon the earth.

\*\*\*\*\*

The evening shadows are one too many and the evening mists too cold. With darkness come the relentless beat of aero-engines and our eyes turn to the north. *Morituri*.<sup>3</sup>

\*\*\*\*\*

A man from London said to me 'You can hear these ruins'. When I had put down the telephone I stared for a moment at its unresponsive blackness - and a scene formed itself. Silent guns and the city sleeping; sleeping except for long white wards; sleeping but for men and women watching, bleary-eyed; sleeping unaware of the footfall in the quiet street. The echoing step is stayed. It is too dark to distinguish the shape of anything. Without warning and close at hand a half-broken timber cracks under the weight it can no longer bear and a shaley clatter of slipping tiles ends abruptly with a sweet-toned tinkling of glass. A shred of curtain, moving in the night breeze, rasps lightly against its window frame, but this is a very small sound and is lost altogether when the footsteps begin again, marching steadily down the road.

\*\*\*\*\*

Spring is stirring. This afternoon when I was looking round some straw stacks the birds' voices held a new jubilation, the sky a triumph of great white clouds. There was a keen sweet smell of cut roots as I came back through the farm buildings. A sharp pain was my envy of the countless generations who will know all this when I am forgotten. I wondered if these envious thoughts were only the obvious token of a man's hold on life or whether they were the measure of my own past happiness, that I should dream living so desirable for those to come.

\*\*\*\*\*

Spring is here, the second Spring of the war, windless and sunny. Towards evening the moisture and slanting sunrays create as it were a nimbus about the ugliest and most commonplace works of man.

\*\*\*\*\*

The other night Menzies, the Australian Prime Minister, came to Wardens' Control. His car had broken down. He stayed about three quarters of an hour and had a cup of Bill's old soldier's tea. He is a big man, gave his impressions of his journey through Libya and thinks the world of Winston Churchill. He left saying that Australians are good soldiers but bad politicians. I wonder what is the definition of a 'good' politician.\*<sup>4</sup>

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\* 'One evening Mr. Menzies, then Australian Premier, visited the Post and signed the Post Book and had a cup of tea. He told Mr. Towler, Head Warden, he must get back to the House and tell Winston about it. It appeared he was passing through the town when his car broke down close to the Post.' - A Head Warden [T.P. Peters], *Reminiscences of 1938-1945*, p.6<sup>4</sup>

Casually, behind wreathing tobacco smoke, the old soldiers bring out their tales. These are no efforts to impress but simple illustrations to the talk which passes in the long night hours. Bill was a sergeant, R.E., in the last war. We were talking of First Aid and he said 'We had some rum jobs'.

\*\*\*\*\*

Lately I have not written in this book. The interval has seen London's three most terrible night raids. For ourselves, we have been hit but not hurt. The night of the first raid was an interminable glare of moonlight, the second more cloudy. The light of the fires shone upon those clouds, even above our heads. The third night our fighters were hunting ceaselessly and the sky sparkled with tracer. The score, they said, was thirty-three.

\*\*\*\*\*

I find myself in three phases of the mind and spirit. In a sense one grows accustomed to the tale of myriads of people overwhelmed. They are, as it were, only the imprint upon the news sheet. Then one is aware of a reality, a personal knowledge of affliction. From every man, woman and child slain, tormented or cast out, there spreads a ring of suffering, of wasted labour, hope and love. As one may look up to find the sun covered and a great cloud darkening all beneath so the spirit finds itself pressed down by the weight of human anguish. Except by some with the infinite compassion of the saints this knowledge may not be long supported. The refuge, the second phase, is the diversion of one's effort to the task laid upon us all, wherein is a sanction and a release. The third phase is detachment, empty of all feeling. One is the seer in infinite space. The earth passes and all of humanity is a thin wall of voices, swept away and lost as the sphere disappears into the void.

\*\*\*\*\*

I saw ghosts today. When I began my business life I used to go with my father to visit two old maiden ladies who were sisters and had a small estate near Ashdown Forest<sup>5</sup>. In each of them was something of the grande dame but as persons they differed exceedingly. Henrietta was minute and bird-like, having an astringent wit. Alicia was tall, gentle and devout. The skin stretched tightly over the bones of her face gave her a look of death in life and yet I remember following her from room to room and noticing how feminine grace lingered in her movements. Their youth had been spent in Quebec and I recall some bright pictures of the old city under snow with skating parties in the foreground. One understood that it had been very gay. Henrietta died first. When I was married her sister sent me a cheque with which was bought a bird bath for our garden and its leaden figure still watches, finger on lip, under the cypress trees. When Alicia in her turn departed their home was sold. This afternoon I went to measure some trees in the little park where an army hut stood deserted. The house was a shadow in drifting rain, less real than two old ladies suddenly alive in recollection. On the way home I met tall strangers in armoured vehicles which bore the golden maple leaf. I thought that in this there ought to be some intimation of completion; of a circle closing between Quebec in the 'sixties and Colemans Hatch in 1942, but found no more than an abiding sense of the transience of human life.

\*\*\*\*\*

France is free and our armies stand on the German frontier. Four months ago came the first of the flying bombs, a novelty which troubled people more by its strangeness than by its lethal power. We who lived here through that time will not lose our first impressions; the splitting reverberation and long stabbing flame of the propulsion jets; the slim dagger-like silhouette of the bomb; the tall pillar of greasy smoke. We were hit several times and much damage was done. Three died and forty were maimed.<sup>6</sup> The things were of small military importance; just a sort of sop to the *furor teutonicus*.<sup>7</sup>

\*\*\*\*\*

The sixth Spring - and the German Reich is crumbling into ruin. My son is just eighteen and I think of the broken, starved and bankrupt Europe which his generation is to inherit. This would be a small thing if some great quickening of man's spirit should be on its way, but I have no faith in such a thing.

\*\*\*\*\*

The war in Europe is nearly over. Only shreds and remnants of the German forces remain. My mind turns back nearly six years to a moment when I sat in the public gardens in Bexhill in August 1939. The air was filled with the shouts of children. There were young fathers splashing about in boats as merrily as the smallest of these. The women's summer frocks made a brightly changing pattern amid the grass and trees. I recall with what brooding sense of doom I watched them. A monstrous shadow lay upon my spirit and I suspect that those lively ones were less uncaring than they seemed. I walked down to the shore and on the way I bought a morning paper which announced the Russo-German non-aggression pact. I said later to my wife 'It is disastrous' and at that word a woman sitting below us on the pebbles turned so that I saw the fear in her eyes.

\*\*\*\*\*

The war in Europe is over and I have been married for just twenty years. The sun shone today, there was a public holiday and we dined with our best friends.

\* \* \* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> L., also mentioned as Bill: William Henry Leppard, M.M. (1884-1977), R.E. = Royal Engineers [no known relation to the editor] <sup>2</sup> Thomas Vivian Smith (1888-1960), for an account of whom see *Bulletin* 53 <sup>3</sup> Latin: 'those who are about to die' <sup>4</sup> The control post was at Norton House (now a car park). Mr Towler: Charles Penberthy Towler, baker, 174 London Road <sup>5</sup> The Misses Hale of Forest House, Colemans Hatch. Another version of this reminiscence is in *East Grinstead Museum Compass* no.1 (1999) <sup>6</sup> A flying bomb came down on London Road on 12 July 1944 <sup>7</sup> Latin: 'Teutonic rage'

**ASHURST WAY** has been approved by Mid Sussex District Council for the last of the new roads behind 240-54 Holtje Road, despite not conforming to that council's policies 7.1 (i) 'The name should reflect the history and heritage of the land intended for development' and, crucially, 7.1 (vi) 'Names should not be similar to any existing road in the area' (a principle also enforced by the postal authorities when consulted). Some wild goose chases around Ashurst Wood are likely to arise from the breach of the latter. The former defies the four existing historical applications of the name Ashurst in the ancient parish and hundred of East Grinstead, viz the tithing, the common, the manor and the village. The site off Holtje Road, although in the parish of East Grinstead, was not in East Grinstead hundred but in that of Loxfield, in its tithing of Greenhurst (as acknowledged by names already given to other roads in the development). It seems that, having ruled out any topical names relating to the Olympic Games and the Queen's jubilee, or any others suggested in advance, town councillors forwarded for adoption a name thought up by one of their number during their discussion without examining it. (The historical names mentioned above are dealt with in detail in our *Bulletins* 65 and 75.)

**WORSTED:** By invitation I submitted a version of what I wrote about this ancient name in our *Bulletin* 90 to the *Journal of the English Place-Name Society*. It has now been published in volume 43 of the *Journal* (2012 for 2011) with the additional information from the editor that Kill Puddings, an alternative appellation in which it once rejoiced, is found as a field-name elsewhere in the country, probably meaning 'sticky land by the kiln'.  
M.J.L.

**IN THE BEGINNING:** The first issue of East Grinstead parish magazine, for January 1873, contained notes of events in the past month, such as the hearty service in Sackville College Chapel on Christmas Eve, followed by a tea and distribution of gifts; a monthly calendar which included the church services, the dates of the town's stock market, and the annual dinners of the Volunteers (at the *Crown*, following their monthly weekday afternoon parade) and of the Fire Brigade (at the *Swan*, after its monthly practice); hymns for the month and three sets of lessons for each Sunday; entries in the parish registers; and a timetable of the five weekday and two Sunday trains to London via Three Bridges, the fastest of which took 73 minutes. The twenty-four middle pages were a standard inset. The magazine was printed by James Hayward of the Post Office, High Street, and sold at 2d or delivered free at 2s.6d. for the year. The editor hoped there would be many subscribers, so that it could be supplied to 'our poorer brethren' at one penny a month. [The last ever, for Winter 2012, is on sale in the church at £1.50.]

**TWENTY FIVE YEARS AGO:** *Newsletter* 41 (April 1988) marked our 20th anniversary, celebrated in special articles requested by both local newspapers, an exhibition at the Town Museum, and a party. Less cheerfully, our founder-chairman, Mr P.D. Wood spoke at the February meeting from first-hand professional experience on the local property market. Unless planning controls were relaxed, which he thought would happen, pressure for building land would not be eased and house-prices, rising annually by 25% while personal inflation was 7½%, would continue to go up. The ever-expanding Gatwick and its employment needs, electrification of our railway and completion of the M25 all attracted people to live here, and ultimately the channel tunnel would have an effect here too. He was confident, however, that office development, currently in excess of demand, would prove a very lucrative investment, though while empty it had negligible rateable value. A bypass was at least seven years away, but related planning blight was already evident. By supporting current planning legislation our Society was contributing to pushing up house prices.

### ***EAST GRINSTEAD MUSEUM COMPASS 33-36: INDEX NOMINUM***

Two of our *Bulletins* have included indices of publications other than our own (69 W.H. Hills, *History of East Grinstead*; 84 (E.W. Young, *Pageant of East Grinstead High Street and Reminiscences of Old George*). The now defunct journal *East Grinstead Museum Compass* had an exemplary policy of making every eleventh number an index of the preceding ten, but those following no.33 could not receive that treatment. In partial compensation, therefore, there follows an index of all personal names in those issues. At some time in the future we may find room in our pages to perform the same service for the place-names and for the matters treated in them.

Common abbreviations are used for first names. Dates of birth and/or death are printed if in the text of these or earlier numbers but no information is given that has not been so provided. Different persons of the same name may not be distinguished. For simplicity each reference is a four-digit number, the first two the number of the issue, the second two the page number; thus 3609 means number 36, page 9. References to the same page in several consecutive issues are indicated by ...; thus 3402...3602 means page 2 in numbers 34,35 and 36. References continuing from one page to the next are indicated by f. after the number. A dash - indicates repetition of the first word of the previous entry, - - the first two words. No indication is given if there is more than one entry on a page. Minor variations of spelling are not always given. It is hoped that liberal use of cross-references compensates for any inconsistencies. The opportunity has been taken to include the non-index contents of *Compass* 33. Application should be made to the Museum to see or to buy copies of any issue.

**ARTISTS, CARTOGRAPHERS,  
CONTRIBUTORS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS**

Bartlett Benjamin 3604  
 Bateson Janet 3609  
 Connold Harold 3401  
 Dyson A.G. 3516  
 Editor *passim*  
 Gould David 3407f.,3510,3607  
 Jacobs William 3409,3608  
 Joyce Donovan 3609  
 Leppard M.J. *passim*  
 Llewellyn 3301  
 Webb Geoffrey 3601

**NAMES IN TEXT**

Allen Enid (1889-1989) 3411  
 Arnold Mary Ann (née Medhurst, d.1842) 3611

Bailye Chas 3606  
 Baines J.M. 3405  
 Baker Geo. Lewis 3509  
 - Miss 3507  
 Bartlett Benj. (b.1991) 3410,3411,3603  
 Barton Dav. A. 3609  
 Bastone Martin 3302  
 Bateson Mrs Janet 3609  
 Bayley A.J. 3608  
 Best W. & Son 3608  
 Bilsshers Avelina, Ric. 3516  
 Bird A.J. 3407  
 Bond 3509  
 Boorman Eliz. 3405  
 - Jn Hicks 3404f.  
 - Mr, Wm (d.1791) 3405  
 Bourne Rog. 3412  
 Bridgland Alf. 3606  
 Brinkhurst Jn (1824-90) 3510  
 -- (C20) 3610  
 Bristowe Cdr Robt Hy 3410  
 Brock Cr A.N. 3302...3602  
 Brooker Wm 3606

Cary J. 3406  
 Cave Jn 3505  
 Charley Sir Wm (1833-1904) 3611  
 Chi(l)vers Kevin 3407  
 Clayton 3411  
 Coates Prof. Ric. A. 3411,3503,3511,3512  
 Coffin Maj. Gen. Clifford 3410  
 Cole Angela 3403

Colls Walt. L. 3507  
 Connold (Thos) Harold (1889-1968) 3403,3508  
 Corn Miss Sarah E. 3302...3602  
 Coughtrey Ed. E. 3608  
 Coutin Mrs Kay S. 3607  
 Coward Noel 3507,3608  
 Cox Miss 3407  
 Cracknell Basil E. 3507  
 Criswell H. 3608  
 Cundall Jos. Hy (1818-95) 3504,3505,3506,3507,  
 3508,3605  
 Cunnington Jackie 3313

Dædel, Dallingridge 3516  
 Daniels 3403  
 Davies family 3505  
 Davison Mark 3407  
 De La Warr Earl 3409,3506,3603  
 - Muriel Countess 3403  
 De Ruiter R. 3404  
 Deere Jn 3407  
 Delamotte Phil. Hy (1820-89) 3505,3506,3507,  
 3508,3605  
 Desmond Brian 3409  
 Devenish R.C. 3608  
 Dewey Samantha 3610  
 Dewhurst 3411  
 Dickinson M. 3404  
 Dixon 3405  
 - (E.G.) 3408  
 Dunstan St 3602  
 Dyson A.G. (Tony) 3302,3402,3411,3502,3507,  
 3516,3602

Easton Steph. Whiting (d.1936) 3508  
 Elizabeth Queen (Consort of Geo. VI) 3503  
 Evershed A. 3403  
 - Ewen (1805-89) 3403,3410  
 - H., Wm 3403  
 Ewing Guy 3404

Fairall H. 3406  
 Farren Edwin 3606  
 Fisher Robt 3406  
 Foster Ray 3407  
 Foster Reg. 3508  
 Fowle Jn 3606  
 Francis als Gear Alf. (d.1874) 3508,3509  
 - Arthur 3508  
 - Chas Walt. 3509  
 Freeland Pet. W. 3513

- Freeman Jn Hy Gordon ('Don') 3516  
 Frith 3508  
 Furse Basto 3606  
  
 Gaston Wm 3606  
 Gear Alf. see Francis Alf.  
 Gibb Ron 3512  
 Good Jamie 3604  
 Gould Dav. 3313,3403,3410,3411,3504,3506,  
 3507,3509,3510,3605,3606,3608,3615  
 Gray Pet. Jack 3606  
 Greig Violet M. 3503  
 Griffith Leonard Arthur (1927-2005) 3608  
 Grinstead 3516  
  
 Haines R.M. 3516  
 Halingerigge de 3516  
 Hall Helena 3512  
 Reg. 3512  
 - Russell, Wm 3606  
 Harding (Edwin) Arthur (b.1869) 3403,3407,3606,  
 3607  
 - Wm (1838-1922) 3508,3606  
 Harrison & Sons 3301  
 Hatswell Dorothy A. 3302...3502,3510,3602  
 Hayler W. 3508,3606  
 Hayward Arthur B. 3513  
 Hazell Stanley 3513  
 Head Wm A. 3606  
 Heath Thos 3404  
 Heldele 3516  
 Henderson Roy 3412  
 Hills W.H. 3409,3606,3608  
 - Walt. 3606  
 Hoare C.J. 3609  
 Hogger family 3411  
 Hollins Mike A. 3302,3402,3411,3502,3602  
 Hooker Chas, Frank 3606  
 Hughes Mary 3606  
 Hunt Hy ('Orator') 3405  
 Hunter Jack, Ralph 3606  
 Hutton Rev. Thos Palmer 3507  
  
 Ind Coope 3411  
 Inderford Ann 3404  
 Isted family 3410  
  
 Jacobs family 3608  
 - Wm 3603  
 Jeanes Jas 3404  
 Jenner Gordon (b.1901) 3411  
  
 Jenner Wm 3606  
 Jessup R.F. 3508  
 Jones H.C. 3412  
 Joyce Donovan G. 3609  
 Jupp Jn (1851-1927) 3503,3509  
  
 Kallmann And. 3610  
 Kelly 3510  
 Kemball-Cook Brian, Marian 3608  
 Kennedy President 3412  
 Kerr Simon R. 3302...360  
 Kerridge R. 3404,3405  
 Kinsey Edgar Orlando 3508  
 Kirby Pet. 3508  
 Knight Jn (of Lingfield) 3404  
 - Wm 3606  
  
 Lacey H.M. & U.E. 3510  
 Langridge A., J. 3510  
 Lawson Mary Sackville (neé Neale) 3505,3507  
 Laycock Leslie S., Rita M. 3611  
 Leonard 3405  
 Leppard Mich. J. *passim*  
 Leslie K.C. 3408  
 Llewellyn Prof. Nigel 3612  
 Longley Tom 3607  
 Lough A.G. 3507  
 Lucas Phil. 3503,3508  
 Lutwyche 3405  
  
 Mainstone Cr R. 3302...3602  
 Manley J. 3604  
 Margary Ivan D. 3509,3604  
 Marshall Alexandra 3610  
 Maxwell Jas 3608  
 McDonald B. 3510  
 McIndoe Sir Arch. (1900-60) 3301,3303,3411,  
 3412  
 Maidment Lewis 3510  
 Mais S.P.B. 3507  
 Mead Mrs Eileen 3412  
 Meades Alf., Edwin 3606  
 Medhurst family 3611  
 - Mrs Fanny 3509  
 - Mary Ann see Arnold Mary Ann  
 Merrett Don. Fredk (1889-1980) 3508  
 Mitchell Ronald 3313,3606  
 Millard family 3411  
 Miriam Sr 3505  
 Mundy Robt 3407

- Nalder & Collyer 3411  
 Neale Cornelius Vincent 3504,3505,3507  
 - family 3504  
 - Mrs J.M. 3504,3505  
 - Rev. Jn Mason (1818-66) 3504,3505,3506,3507,  
 - Kath. Ermenild (b.1850), Margaret Isobel  
 (b.1853) 3506  
 - Mary Sackville (b.1848) 3505,3506 see also  
 Lawson Mary Sackville  
 - Sarah Agnes (b.1844) 3506
- Osborne/Osborne Jn, Mary 3404
- Parish W.D. 3512  
 Paterson Rev. Chas Jn 3609  
 Payne Alf. (b.1858) 3605,3606  
 - family 3606,3611  
 - Geo. 3606  
 - Wm (b.1854) 3605,3606  
 Pennington Dr Janet V. 3510  
 Pepper Wm Reynolds 3507  
 Pike 3509  
 Pink Robt 3606  
 Pinyoun W.A. 3608  
 Potyngdean Adam, Isabella de 3516  
 Powell Malcolm 3403
- Racey Jn 3406  
 Readman A. 3408  
 Redman Arch. Geo. 3509  
 Rice Alb. I (1864-1936), Alb. II 3510  
 - Bros 3407f.,3510  
 - Darby, Dorothy, Emily (1868-1939), Eva 3510  
 - family 3410  
 - Geo. I (b.1843) 3407  
 - Harriet (Miss), - (Mrs) 3510  
 - Jas 3408  
 - Mrs Sophia (née Baker, 1854-1941), Wm I  
 ('Darby', 1816-92), Wm II (b.1838) 3510  
 Rogers Dr J.H. (d.1879) 3406,3505,3507  
 - J.H. II 3505  
 Rolley Chris. J. 3403
- Sabini Darby 3510  
 Sammes H. 3509  
 Sanger Lord Geo. 3607  
 Scott Jn 3606  
 Shaw W.F. 3512  
 Shepherd Dav. 3412  
 Shorney J. Austin 3611  
 Simkin Dav. E. 3506
- Simkin J.T. 3409  
 Simpson Mr 3607  
 - Alan James (d.1977) 3410  
 - E.J. 3607  
 Skinners (business) 3410  
 Smith A.N.D. 3608  
 - Ernest A. 3508  
 - Jas 3406  
 - Jn (of W. Hoathly, b.1929) 3411  
 - Wm 3508  
 Stapleton Jn 3612  
 Stenning Jn Cuthbert (1839-1922) 3508  
 Stratford Jn de Bishop 3516  
 Streatfield J.R. 3607  
 Stripp 3509,3607  
 Styles Mr 3505  
 Sutton Rev. C.N. 3505
- Tester Scan (1887-1972) 3512  
 Thomas 3410  
 - Llewellyn 3301,3503  
 Toms Herbert 3513  
 Tooth Edwin 3606  
 Trego Rev. Jn 3611  
 Treloar Rev. Alb. Jn 3516  
 Trimmingham Adam 3510  
 Turner Dennis J. 3406,3411,3516,3611  
 - F. 3403  
 - Mr 3411  
 Tyler Leslie J. 3410
- Vestey family 3411  
 Vick J. 3509  
 Voyce Susan 3610
- Wagg Miss Elsie 3412  
 Webb Sir Aston 3606  
 - Geoff. 3603  
 Weir Fred, Wm 3606  
 Wellcome Sir Hy (d.1936) 3504  
 Wells family, Lucy  
 Wheller Arthur Geo. 3509  
 Wickenden G. 3509  
 Wickham family 3503  
 Williamson G.C. 3404  
 Wilson Mr & Mrs C. 3406  
 Wood W.J. (Mrs Raymond) 3603  
 Wren Wm 3506
- Yates Robt H. 3605  
 Young Hy 3606