

# Friends of the Willis Museum Newsletter January 2013



*Market Day: close inspection will reveal that this familiar scene was not photographed recently. It's actually from a photo CD that Derek Wren has just given the Willis of photos he took in 1964.*

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*The Friends was founded in 1978 to promote, support, and improve the Willis Museum. Meetings are held on the third Thursday of the month except in August, and other events are arranged from time to time.*

*Annual subscription £10, Visitor for one meeting £2 Registered charity no: 280406*

*Your committee:*

*Derek Anthony (Chairman), Ian Williams, (Deputy Chairman), Leslyanne Hatt, (Secretary), Howard Ray (Treasurer), Bill Fergie (Outside events), Alistair Craig, John Hollands (Publicity), Cathy Williams (Programme Secretary).*

*Contact us c/o the museum, or by email at [enquiries@friendsofwillis.hampshire.org.uk](mailto:enquiries@friendsofwillis.hampshire.org.uk)  
This issue was edited and distributed by Derek Anthony and John Hollands.*

**Chairman's Jottings, by Derek Anthony**

On behalf of your committee may I wish you all a very happy 2013. I do hope that you have all had most enjoyable Christmas and New Year celebrations.

By now you should have received your copy of the Friends programme of monthly talks for the coming year. I believe that Cathy Williams has put together another excellent programme with subjects ranging from 18<sup>th</sup> Century Country Houses to Classical Myths.

While we are on the subject of our monthly meetings your committee recently discussed the question of whether it might be better for us to take a break in January, when the evenings are so dark and the weather uncertain, and to meet in August instead. No decision was taken but the committee would like to hear your opinions, either in person or by telephone (you can ring me on 01256 322073) or by email (my email address is [derekganthon@btinternet.com](mailto:derekganthon@btinternet.com)).

In December members of the committee attended a meeting with the Museum Service team which is charged with examining the possibility of refurbishing the Museum's "Time Tunnel". This project is at a very early stage but we hope that the actual refurbishment will start later this year or, failing that, next year. News of a new development for the Friends, John Hollands has been working hard on a book about Basingstoke's Triumphal Gateway and the 16 bronze panels which it supports. The book should be published before the next newsletter.

Finally, I do hope that you will join me at one or more of our forthcoming monthly meetings where you will hear the latest news about the publication of the book and the refurbishment of the "Time Tunnel".

**Mysterious Mistley: Aleister Crowley, 1875- 1947, and his association with George Jones of Basingstoke, by Peter Buckland**

*In our September issue Colin Williams wrote about a mysterious event with a Basingstoke connection "at mysterious Mistley". We asked if anyone could throw further light on the mystery. Peter Buckland has kindly done so.*

George Cecil Jones was an Industrial Chemist living at Waterloo House, 58 Cliddesden Road, Basingstoke in the late 1800's and in around 1894 was working with the Dowson Economic Gas and Power Company in Basingstoke. In 1902 he then went to work as Managing Chemist at Free, Rodwell & Co. Ltd., Maltsters of Mistley, Essex.

Crowley became interested in Mysticism and in 1898 whilst in Switzerland he met Julian Baker, an Analytical Chemist with whom he discussed Alchemy. When back in England, Baker introduced Crowley to Jones. (Jones married Baker's sister Ethel in 1905 and had a daughter Eileen born at Mistley in 1906)

Both Jones and Baker were interested in Astral Projection and Magic and they then introduced Crowley to the Order of The Golden Dawn.

Crowley recorded having visions in his diary but these contained Lost Souls, A Hideous Deformed Giant and a Magic Sword, hardly a Crucifixion Experience.

It seems that these people were 'High on Drugs' with their experimentation, so nothing new in today's world. Obviously the Telegraph review was not researched well enough as the location mentioned is Mistley in Essex.

### **Early Wesleyan Methodism in villages near Basingstoke, by David Young, MA**

*The author retired at Christmas 2011 as Director of the Albanian Evangelical Mission, and is undertaking research with Chester University on early Methodism in northern Hampshire. He has carried out some of his research at the Willis, and he has also been helped by our members, Bob and Barbara Applin. David and his wife Margaret live in North Wales.*

I was born in Basingstoke in 1946, and my early Christian life was spent in northern Hampshire, in the churches of the Methodist Basingstoke Circuit, an amalgamation of the old Wesleyan and Primitive Circuits. I was brought to faith through the ministry at Church Street Methodist Church; and in 1965 I began to preach in the circuit, first of all at Oakley. (**Left: The Methodist Chapel, Oakley**).



At that time, I met elderly men in chapels like Wootton St Lawrence, Oakley, Charter Alley, Burghclere, men probably born in the final decade of the 19th century, who looked back to, and spoke longingly of, the revivalist days which they knew of in their youth. The quality of their aspirations and their conversation attracted me to that religion.

Also, I had a hobby of going with friends on cycle rides forty to fifty miles in length, and I noticed that the villages were dotted with Methodist chapels.

All of this prompted me to wonder how Methodism came to be established in my native region, and the more I tried to find out, the more I discovered that no-one had written the story. The desire to fill this gap in the story of the area has led to offering this article as part of the answer.

In the 18th and early 19th centuries there was an almost total absence of industry in Hampshire, which remained rural and agricultural. William Cobbett, writing in 1822 in the chapter of his *Rural Rides* entitled *Hampshire, Berkshire, Surrey and Sussex*, tells us that:

*These counties are purely agricultural, and they have suffered most cruelly from the accursed Pitt-system... the luxurious, effeminate, tax-eating crew, who never come near them, and who have pared them down to the very bone.*

As regards Methodism, Dr J H Rigg, in his introduction to William Pocock's book *A Sketch of the History of Wesleyan-Methodism in some of the southern Counties of England* (London, 1885), writes:

*Wesley devoted his labour chiefly to districts where the population was numerous... He left unvisited most of the purely agricultural regions of England; the sparse peasant population, bound to their field-work, the torpid tenant farmers, the coarse squires made up a state of society which offered... the fewest opportunities for his work.*

The story for us begins with Dummer, five miles south-west of Basingstoke. On the Sunday 4th June, 1738, John Wesley was there and wrote:

*For from the time of my rising till past one in the afternoon, I was praying, reading the Scriptures, singing praise, or calling sinners to repentance.*

Charles Kinchin was Rector of the Church of Dummer, and a Fellow of Corpus Christi College. At the “earnest desire” of Mr Kinchin, Wesley returned to Dummer on Saturday 10th March 1739, where on the next morning he preached to “a large and attentive congregation.” But Kinchin died in January 1742, and Wesley's visits were not continued.

I have discovered nothing more about Methodism in villages near to Basingstoke till we nearly reach the end of the 18th century. About four miles from Basingstoke is the village of Sherfield on Loddon. Here, in February 1798, the dwelling house of Daniel David was licensed for religious worship, the certificate being signed among others by Sam Toomer and William Taphouse. Samuel Toomer signed elsewhere also for Wesleyan certification, and we shall meet William Taphouse later, after his transference to the Primitive Methodists.

The 1851 religious census informs us that the Wesleyans in Baughurst had since 1795 been using premises joined on to a house but used exclusively for worship. Baughurst was in the Newbury Wesleyan circuit. In 1810 it had a population of about 400. In 1824 there were regular Wesleyan services there, at 10.30am and 2.30 pm. A footnote in the preaching Plan states that they were held in a “rented preaching-place or dwelling-house.” They drew 35 people in the morning, 29 in the afternoon, and 12 in the evening. The steward was James Stacey, who resided in Baughurst.

Burghclere was also in the Newbury Circuit. In April 1794, “Protestant Dissenters called Methodists” licensed the dwelling of Mathew Giles “of Charley Cottage, Burclere for the exercise of the worship of Almighty God.” It had a population of about 600 in 1810. A letter was addressed to the Rev. J. B. Whittingham, at the Methodist Chapel, Winchester, on 5th October 1825, asking him to handle the matter of a “Chapel in the parish of Burghclere” by William Worth, minister of the Gospel, Newbury. The chapel was demolished a few years later in 1837.

At Overton we find Methodists meeting in a cottage in 1810. Then in May 1812 a house and adjoining premises in the possession of Stephen Sweetzer was set apart for the public worship of Almighty God by “Protestant Dissenters called Methodists.” In March 1816, a “certain messuage or Dwelling house” occupied by William Hasell, labourer, was similarly registered by William Griffith of Winchester, Methodist minister. A chapel was built in the period 1841-2. At the time of the 1851 religious census the Wesleyans here drew a congregation of 42 in the afternoon and 57 in the evening.

Laverstoke, a village of about 100 souls in 1810, lies between Whitchurch and Overton. It had a reasonably thriving Methodist society from 1812 till 1822; one of the leaders was Edward Morrell, a foreman at the paper mill in the village.

Our attention also turns back to Dummer. In 1827 Wesleyan minister John Overton, of Andover, left a note for his successor to the effect that “a society may be formed immediately” at Dummer. In June 1828, the same John Overton signed the certificate registering “a Tenement or Dwelling house situate in Dummer now in the occupation of Joseph Wooldridge, labourer” for use “forthwith as a place of religious worship by an Assembly or Congregation of Protestants.” Yet the 1851 Census does not record a Wesleyan meeting in the village.

Sherborne St John lies two miles north of Basingstoke. The house of Samuel Loader was registered for religious worship in July 1807; the certificate was signed, among others, by Sam Toomer.

About 1½ miles further on is Monk Sherborne. Here the house of James Gosling was licensed, the certificate bearing the signatures four signatures, including Joseph Jefferson and Sam Toomer, who both signed also at Sherborne St John.

The Wesleyans made a number of attempts to plant their presence in Basingstoke itself, but did not manage to establish a lasting society till 1870. We have seen that they held meetings in a number of villages around, and by 1940 they had chapels in Newfound, Cliddesden, North Warnborough, Greywell, Upton Grey, Kempshott and Bramley. This was an impressive achievement, but does not really qualify for the words I used at the beginning of this article: “the villages were dotted with Methodist chapels.” The explanation is that the Primitive Methodists, who arrived in the 1830s, soon became considerably more widespread and numerous in the surrounding villages... but that is another story.

## An Eighteenth Century Conduct Book, by Bob Clarke

In the mid-1970s, I bought a grubby, well-thumbed little book for £5 from Lawrence Oxley's bookshop in Alresford. Its title is *Counsellor Manners, his Last Legacy to his Son, containing Instructions for his Behaviour and Deportment among Men, in the Various Conditions of his Life*. The book was printed in 1710 for J & B Sprint, at the Bell; and G Conyers, at the Ring; both in Little Britain, the book publishing centre of the 17<sup>th</sup> and early 18<sup>th</sup> centuries.

This was one of a number of cheap shilling books that Sprint and Conyers published. Another of their efforts was "*Legerdemain: Or, Natural and Artificial Conclusions, and Hocus Pocus Improved, viz. How to ... walk upon the Water; to make Artificial Birds fly about; to make sport with a Cat, Duck, and other Fowl; to make a Cat piss out the Fire; and Egg fly in the Air, with above 140 Rarities, Sports and Pastimes, to recreate Wits with at vacant Times.*" I have no idea why anybody would want to make the cat piss out the fire.

*Counsellor Manners' last legacy* comprised 120 pages of advice, much of which appears so obvious that his son must have been supremely thick if he needed to be told such things. Having advised his son to put his hand in front of his mouth while yawning in company and not to yawl and roar, he continues:

"Neither sneeze or cough too loud and violently if thou canst help it, but, if possible, repress it, lest thou besprinkle with the Dew of thy Lungs, his Face that stands by thee ... Be not seen with a Drop hanging at thy Nose, like an Icicle on the Eaves of an House; Neither pick thy Teeth, or blow thy Nostrils aloud, when thou sittest at the Table, nor look into thine Handkerchief, as if thou hast blown out a Pearl or Carbuncle.

Neither when thou dost arise from thence openly unbutton or unhasp thy Breeches, as if thou wert in haste to ease Nature; nor return to the Company, from the necessary House in the Garden, with thy Hose untied; for this carries with it a Shew of Immodesty in thy self, and of Disrespect to Others ...

If thou art walking with any one, and shalt see any thing that's filthy in the Way, thou shalt not presently turn and shew it him: Neither shalt thou bring any odious or loathsome Thing to others, that they may see it, or smell to it."

As was common in homilies of this nature, Counsellor Manners advised his son to forebear whoring:

"... And as Harlots will bereave a Man of his Goods and good Name, so will they shorten his Days, as (according to the Observation of Herbalists) those Plants die soonest which run most into Seed: And so likewise the Naturalists have observed, that the salacious Sparrows of all Birds are shortest lived, by reason of their immoderate and frequent Copulation ... I have read that Jevanni Zecca, the famous Bolognian Physician, openly professed by his Bills to give a certain Antidote against taking of the French Pox, and when Multitudes flock'd to him for his Medicine (believing that it consisted of Pills, Potions, Diet-drinks, Diaphoreticks, Salivatioas, Oils, Plaisters, Electuaries, Powders, and other such Medicinal Ingredients) he only gave them the Picture of a Gallant, drawn to the Life, with his Nose eaten off, telling them, that the way how to use this Receipt, was, that just as they were about to lie with a lascivious Woman, they should take the Picture out of their Bosoms, and seriously view and consider it, and if that did not preserve them from taking that foul Disease, he believed nothing would do it."

Counsellor Manners advised his son not to be too quick to marry as it was, "better to have one Plow going than two Cradles, and more Profit to have a Barn filled than a Bed." But when the time did come to choose a wife,

"Neither for Gain or Lucre marry some rich but very old Widow, lest when she kisses thee, she drop her Teeth (if she have any) into thy Mouth; but perhaps thou may'st hope that thou shalt out live her, but this is just as if a Man should hang himself in hope that some Body or other may come before he be dead, and cut the Rope."

All in all, an enjoyable and entertaining little book.

## What's on at the Willis

**Now until Feb 9: Vivienne Balson Art Exhibition, Basingstoke Community Gallery**

*A local artist's paintings inspired by time spent in South West France and her interest in the French Impressionists.*

**Jan 19 to Mar 13: Dovecot Studios: the art of modern tapestry. Sainsbury Gallery**

*Recent textiles from a renowned Scottish studio based on the work of famous modern artists*

**Feb 16 to Feb 23, from 10 am Family fun activities. Ellaway Room.**

*Half term trails and make and take activities based on the current exhibitions. Ask at the museum or see the museum website for more details.*

**Feb 16 to Mar 16: Kala. Basingstoke Community Gallery**

*Stunning celebration of a 2000 year old dance style*

**Feb 21, 7.30 pm: The classical myths with a little sex and some violence, by Chris Amery. Archaeology Gallery (Friends' Talk)**

*Dramatic readings from the Latin poet Ovid (in translation by Ted Hughes).*

**Mar 21, 7.30 pm: Three Basingstoke Films, 1937 to 1983, presented by David Lee of Wessex Film and Sound Archive. Archaeology Gallery (Friends' talk)**

*"Pimco Bakery" (1937), describing the latest in hygienic bakeries; "Here today and gone tomorrow" (1963) – Basingstoke on the eve of the major town development, "Borough of Basingstoke" (1989)*

**Mar 23 to April 13: Open art exhibition. Basingstoke Community Gallery**

*An opportunity for all amateur artists who work or study within the Borough of Basingstoke and Deane to exhibit their work. . See the museum's website for entry conditions and an application form.*

**Mar 23 to May 11: Skeletons, London's buried bones**

*Fascinating exhibition from the Museum of London about the human remains buried beneath the city.*

**Apr 18, 7.30 pm: The lavender story, by Tim Butler. Archaeology Gallery (Friends' talk)**

*Everything you have ever wanted to know and more about this favourite aromatic herb.*

**Apr 20 –May 11: Shaun Donohoe. Basingstoke Community Gallery**

*Exhibition of work by a local artist.*

**May 16: The railway to Basingstoke, by David Brace. Archaeology Gallery (Friends' talk).**

*A railway history expert who is also an expert photographer explains how Basingstoke came to be a key location on the railway map.*

### **"And then I was a teenager", by Peter Buckland**

*In the September newsletter Peter wrote about his early life as the son of the chauffeur to Lord Camrose and his childhood home above the stable block at Hackwood Park. Here he continues the story.*

On my thirteenth birthday in 1954 my father gave me a border spade and fork. We had an allotment garden at the top of the walled paddock behind the garage buildings. It was one of four large plots and ours was at the end with loganberries trained on the wall. There were three large Victoria plum trees and several apple trees. Mother had a corner for flowers and a row of her favourite sweet peas. The soil was good, boosted well by horse manure and nitrogen from chicken droppings.

Digging was sometimes with interest as apart from broken slates discarded from the stable buildings we would often turn up live aircraft ammunition. It is understood that these were jettisoned from a Mustang fighter plane

following a mid-air collision with another Mustang in 1943. One plane came down near the Basingstoke bypass towards Viables, and the other coming from the direction of the Golden Lion crashed along the Tunworth Road near the Hackwood cricket pavilion. One pilot was killed; the other survived and was taken to the Canadian Field Hospital at Hackwood. My father was later asked by Lord Camrose to take some fruit to him. .

Being into gardening I later worked Saturday mornings at Fordyce in Hackwood Road for Mr Tucker our maths teacher at Queen Mary's Grammar School. Fordyce is not far from where the Plough Stores was where my mother did her weekly shopping with the ration books after the war.

During the school summer holidays I would spend time at Hackwood Home Farm. One day, when I was approaching fourteen I was with the farm workers on the bale cart. I couldn't easily lift the bales onto the trailer and one of the men asked if I could drive a tractor. I said, "No," and he said, "Well, now is the time to learn." This would save him having to keep moving the tractor along the row a bit at a time. He sat me on the seat of the iconic grey Ferguson but my feet could not reach the clutch and brake pedals. "Don't worry," he said, and put it in first gear and set the throttle to slow speed, and I just steered while the workers loaded the bales onto the moving trailer. My first driving lesson, today, no way!

When I was fourteen I got a new bicycle from Charlie Everett's in Potters Lane in Basingstoke. It was a Rudge Ulster Tourist in electric blue with straight handlebars, which I still have and ride occasionally today. After a few weeks the frame broke, (maybe I shouldn't have been riding it up trees), and I took it back to Charlie. Although I expected him to get me a replacement, he just ordered a new frame and rebuilt the bicycle, no charge.



Charlie Everett, trading as Southern Counties Cycle Co., was on the south side of Potters Lane where just along on the opposite side was the Misses Philpotts' Bakery Shop where I remember the 1890s Wedding Cake [now one of the Willis's most popular exhibits, Ed] on display in a dusty old shop window. Miss Philpott also taught piano lessons, one pupil being a young girl who later became my wife.

As I was now fourteen I got a paper round with Buckland's the newsagent, (no relation), in Wote Street almost opposite the Haymarket Theatre, but when I told my father he wouldn't let

me as he did not want me riding my bicycle into town in the early dark mornings.

Living at Hackwood we would ride our bicycles into town and we would leave them in the shed behind the Horse and Jockey public house in Hackwood Road, where the Harold Jackson Terrace is now; Mr Hobbs was the landlord. I also came to the youth clubs in Basingstoke, especially the one behind the Methodist Church in Lower Church Street opposite St. Michaels where we played table tennis.

In the 1950s there were three cinemas in Basingstoke, two at the bottom of Wote Street, The Waldorf and Savoy, also known as the 'Fleapit' as it was not uncommon to see a rat run across in front of the screen. The third was the Plaza at the top of Sarum Hill where the "ABC Minors" had their own programme on Saturday mornings for 6d.

Hackwood was renowned for the pheasant shooting and for Lord Camrose's entertaining during the winter weekends. In the spring I accompanied my father when we went to the various poultry farms around Basingstoke to collect broody chickens to sit on the pheasant eggs for raising the birds for the shooting season.

The winter shooting weekends were busy times; my father's schedule first involved taking the London chauffeur back to the station for his return after bringing the Lord down to Hackwood by road. This wasn't until after a cup of tea and one of my mother's freshly baked jam tarts. On the Friday evening when all the weekend guests had arrived I would help my father garage all the guest cars, mainly Bentleys, Jaguars or Rolls Royces after we had washed and cleaned them, sometimes up to twenty cars. Later on the Friday evening we would also go back to the station to collect a box of films sent down from London for showing in the house after shooting and dinner on Saturday. They were always the latest films such as *Genevieve* and we were allowed to sit at the back of the cinema with other household staff.

I enjoyed sport and represented Queen Mary's Grammar School at football, hockey and athletics. Cross country was out through the Oakridge Estate across open fields and through copses which is now the Popley housing areas.

I left school when I was sixteen and in September 1958 I started a five year apprenticeship at Lansing Bagnall. Then out in the 'Big Wide World'.

## **A Gentleman Visits Basingstoke and is Accommodated to His Complete Satisfaction! by Colin Williams**

Too often visitors to Basingstoke lack appreciation of its charms: from "wretched, both in regard to the buildings . . . and complete absence of trade [Como di Medici 1669] to "sodden and littered walkways under menacing roads . . . ruthlessly crushed [David McKie 2006 "Great British Bus Journeys"]. So chancing on a visitor with a good word to say brings to mind Basil Fawlty's reaction to an expression of satisfaction by a departing visitor: "We should have him stuffed!" Our visitor, however, passed through in 1782 so escaped any such indignity.

Our visitor was the Hon. John Byng, not a national figure, although of some minor social standing, being the younger brother of Viscount Torrington. His uncle, also John, was certainly famous, or perhaps infamous, as the Admiral who was shot after a court martial for failing to relieve the garrison at Minorca. The French said this was "pour encourager les autres".



The Hon John, as the younger son, entered the army where he served for twenty years. Later he became Commissioner of Stamps where his duties were such as to allow him to participate in the fashion for touring; unusually, he preferred his own country rather than the fashionable Continental Grand Tour. Between 1781 and 1794 he undertook sixteen "Rides" [his title] which he wrote up in twenty-four volumes. These were not intended to be published; he wrote, "I shall never hazard a bookseller's window."

The Hon John comments: "I would have desired Mrs B to assist me in my journals, but from the recollection of a story of a Sea Captain who observing [on board] two boys aloft called out, "Jack, what are you doing there?" "I am doing nothing at all," says Jack. "And what are you doing, Will?" "I am only helping Jack, sir," [An aside: With Mrs B being busy with fourteen pregnancies, one can only speculate as to her reaction if her assistance had

*been asked for].*

For the year 1782 the Hon John's ride was to be *A ride into the West* from London to Weymouth and back. He left London on Friday August 23<sup>rd</sup> on his horse Vestris and accompanied by his dog, Jock; he travelled via Farnham, Alton, Alresford, Winchester, Rumsey [sic], Ringwood and Wareham to arrive in Weymouth on



Monday 27<sup>th</sup>. There he joined his wife and friends at their lodging. The Hon John was an unenthusiastic holiday maker: bad whist, miserable musicians, living in the midst of powder, perfumes, caps, gloves, being introduced to Miss That and Captain Tother – “I hated the place and enjoyed but little of my time there.” But he did enjoy visiting the fish market to collect the best of the catch for their meals. Eventually on Friday September 6<sup>th</sup> he escaped Weymouth. He travelled via Dorchester and Salisbury aiming for Basingstoke. He passed through “Whitchurch a mean borough town”, through the “cool looking village of Laverstoke” [*An aside: not presumably “cool” in the modern sense*] through “the dirty little town of Overton” to reach Basingstoke at seven in the evening of Saturday 7<sup>th</sup>.

Having arrived in **Basingstoke** “I found an inn of **good** fare, and had a sole and a rabbit for supper. The wheat is all housed, but the barley is not yet ripe enough for cutting; which is a great preservative of the game. As usual I took a short evening walk.” The next day - Sunday - he comments: “The inn of last night [**The Crown**] I may praise for its **good** larder, **good** stabling, and **good** beds”. The Hon John then continued homewards via Reading arriving at “my chateau” on Monday 9<sup>th</sup>.

And what of **The Crown**? Here we benefit from the knowledge of two of our local sages.

*From Bob Applin:* **The Crown** was one of the town’s major coaching inns; it was situated in what is now Joice’s Yard car park. With the coming of the railway it went out of business and the landlady became bankrupt. It was sold with part [where Basingstoke Service Centre is now] becoming a public house. Its later history is uncertain but probably it closed in 1850 on the bankruptcy of the then owner [see below].

*From Bob Clarke:* The Reading Mercury, May 16<sup>th</sup> and Sept 19<sup>th</sup> 1840. “When the **Crown** was put up for Auction in 1840, the items to be sold included 21 post horses, four mules, two cows in calf, 15 pigs, post chaises, flies, mourning coaches, 170 dozen bottles of port and sherry wines, 300 ounces of plate, brewing plant, 2,000 gallons of beer, the furniture of 30 rooms, 27 bedsteads, 27 feather beds, mattresses and bedding, mahogany furniture, linen, carpets, china and glass.”

The wealth of the landlords of the coaching inns can be seen in the auction notice of the landlord of the *Angel*, after he was made bankrupt in 1850. As well as the *Angel*, he owned the *Black Boy* in Church Street, the *Pheasant* in Bunnian Place, the *Crown and Anchor* in Chapel Street, the *Jolly Farmer* at Cliddesden, the *New Inn* at Monk Sherborne, the *New Inn* at Tadley, and the premises that was formerly occupied by the **Crown** in Winchester Street. He also owned the Lickpit Estate in Basing, comprising 231 Acres; Old Castle Field near the centre of Basingstoke comprising 15 acres; and owned or leased houses and land in Basingstoke and surrounding villages as far afield as Bagshot in Surrey [Reading Mercury 8 June 1850].

### More of Derek Wren’s photos of Basingstoke in 1964 (with Derek’s captions).



Looking up Church Street from the corner of Cross Street. The buildings on the left have been demolished.



**Cross Street. The brick building was the Blue Coat School, founded by Richard Aldworth in 1646 but rebuilt in 1862. It had been closed in 1896. All that side of the street has been demolished.**



**Church Street with the junction with Potters Lane on the right. All the buildings shown have been demolished.**

*We hope to include more of Derek's 1964 photos in future issues of the newsletter.*