



Dear Member

1. Programme

Apparently, all legal restrictions for social contact will end on July 19th. At present, New Park is restricting numbers and Covid protocols will still be in place at the time of our planned meeting. This will inhibit your opportunity to socialise with fellow members and to enjoy the lecture. **The July 14th lecture is cancelled.**

What is going ahead is.....

Wednesday 21st July: **An evening stroll around Georgian Midhurst,** led by Alan Green

This year's summer visit is to the market town of Midhurst – Chichester's neighbour in the north. In this walk Alan will explore some of the people and places of Georgian Midhurst and include some surprising features which you might not otherwise have spotted.

The walk begins at **1700 at Midhurst Bus Stand**, at the top of North Street and near the North Street car park. Travel to Midhurst by bus (Service 60) is easy and the times are given below.

There will be no charge for the walk, but a retiring collection will be taken to boost the Society's Covid-depleted funds – provided you enjoyed it that is!

Places will be limited to 20 so please register in advance with Alan Green by email (agreenzone@aol.com) by phone (01243 784915) or post to The Grumpium 10 Stockbridge Road, Chichester, PO19 8DP

Suggested bus times:

Chichester South St d	15.47	Midhurst d	18.42	19.12
Chi Cathedral d	15.50	Chichester a	19.21	19.51
Midhurst bus stand a	16.32			

Probable Programme for 2021-22

Our thanks to Alan for putting together the programme for the coming year, ending in July with an evening trip on the **Richmond** to commemorate the bicentenary of the opening of the Chichester canal.

Our hope in the following programme is that we will be able to meet as in the “olden days” but stress that we will continue to follow the protocols that are established at New Park. This may require the continued wearing of masks and may require you to book places at the lecture if the numbers allowed in the cinema are restricted.

For the moment take a note of the dates, your Committee will meet on 1st September to confirm or amend the 2021-22 programme and will notify you through our next Newsletter.

Probable Programme for 2021-22

Date 2021	Speaker	Title	Date 2022	Speaker	Title
08 Sept	Alan Green	A Chichester Boyhood 1950-1969	12 Jan	Andrew Foster	The restoration of Chichester Cathedral 1660-1686, after the Civil Wars
13 Oct	Hil Sloan	Goodwood Motor Circuit	09 Feb	David & Anne Bone	Friends in high places – the rediscovered story of the fisherman and quarrying the Mixon Reef in the early 19C
10 Nov	Janet Pennington	Cakes & Ale – a full English in your 17C Local?	09 Mar	Julie & Nigel Peachey	Tangmere Operations – the Battle of Britain and Beyond
08 Dec		AGM	13 Apr	Danae Tankard	Factionalism, Dissent & Murder in late 17C Chichester
			11 May	Richard Childs	Title to be confirmed
			08 Jun	Andrew Berriman	Images of Chichester Past
			13 July	Summer Visit Ticketed event	Chichester Canal: Bicentenary Cruise

2. Subscription for 2021/22

In anticipation that our programme will return to normal your Committee has decided that the subscription for 2021-22 will return to that which applied pre-Covid.

Single membership £20
 Joint membership (two people living at the same address) £35.

3. Membership Secretary

The Society is dependent upon the work of your Committee, our Membership Secretary is unable to continue in that role and we urgently need a replacement.

The task is essentially keeping our list of members up to date, collecting subscriptions and completing the register at our meetings.

If you are willing to help, have a word with Christine on 01243 537812 or christinetimblick@gmail.com or with me on 01243 816595 or pedrobinson11@gmail.com

Your Society needs YOU!!! – don't be shy.

Next Newsletter: 2nd September 2021

4. **Quiet Backwater to 'A' Class Road : The Metamorphosis of Orchard Street,
Chichester** **Alan H J Green**



140 Orchard Street – the seat of the Green Family – photographed around 1970. It is still there but has been defiled with plastic windows, a plastic front door and the painting over of its brickwork. (Author)

I have only had three addresses in my life all, as it happens, in Chichester. The second of these was where I was brought up, namely 140 Orchard Street, a Victorian terraced house which, for reasons I have never managed to fathom, was next door to No 130, but more of that anon. We moved there from 1 Friary Lane in 1952 when I was but two years old, and there I spent my formative years. Orchard Street then was very different in character from what it has since become, but the important thing is that it has largely survived against the odds.

We had had to leave Friary Lane as my widowed maternal grandmother had come up from Wales to live with us so we needed a bigger house. The main advantage of the house though lay in the fact that it had a large workshop in the back garden which my father needed for his carpentering and decorating business. We rented the house from Fred Peat, brother of the famous Alf, and eventually bought it from him. It was equally convenient for schools; my two sisters attended the Lancastrian Secondary Modern over opposite and I started school at the Lancastrian Infants, two minutes walk away up Orchard Gardens (a 1930s tributary), as did my brother a few years later.

The house backed onto the city walls which provided an impressive backdrop above which loomed the cathedral spire. Until around 1961 there was no public access to the top of North Walls but following major repairs it was reopened as a promenade and we had to suffer the indignity of having Joe Public staring into our hitherto secluded walled gardens.

In the Beginning



A detail from Loader's town plan of 1812 which shows Orchard Street running parallel with North Walls and starting to be developed from either end.

Orchard Street runs from Westgate to Northgate along the foot of the North Walls and it evolved as a residential street in stages, beginning in the late Georgian era. George Loader's 1812 town plan shows a road on the present alignment, but it is only built up for short distances from either end; the main portion of the road just running through the eponymous orchards. The orchards at the northern end were owned by Henry Silverlock.

Development proceeded apace in Victorian times as terraced housing, and the 1896 OS shows that it identified then as two separate streets making an end-on junction about half way along. From the Westgate end it was known as *Orchard Street*, and from the Northgate end *Orchard Terrace* each having its own numbering system. To add to the address complications, directories list a separately-numbered *Orchard Place* which comprised terraced houses on the south side straddling the boundary between Orchard Street and Orchard Terrace. Pity the poor postman!

Orchard Street was completed in the early 20C with more housing at the western end and the building of the two new Lancastrian Schools – boys and girls – on its north side.



The official opening of the Lancastrian Schools by Mayor George Turnbull on 29 August 1910. The buildings have survived and now accommodate the Central C of E Primary School. (Author's Collection)

At some time between the 1909 and 1912 directories the two streets became united as *Orchard Street* and renumbered throughout - doubtless to the relief of the Post Office - with odds on the north side and evens on the south, commencing at the Westgate end. No 140 was about halfway along and this caused my father to surmise that the reason for our being next door to 130 was that they started the numbering from both ends

simultaneously and got their calculations slightly wrong (at least that was the gist of what he said) but whatever the reason, 132 -138 (evens) have never existed.

Quiet Backwater

In the 1950s Orchard Street was a strong community with two corner shops (Newell's and Morgan's), a baker and a pub, the *Nursery Arms*, which was on the corner of Chapel Street, and these were places where people could meet so, although it consisted of around 200 houses, most people in the street were known to each other.

At that time Orchard Street was just a quiet residential road and at either end were signs sternly prohibiting the passage of *LOCOMOTIVES AND VEHICLES WITH SEATS FOR MORE THAN 14 PERSONS EXCEPT FOR THOSE REQUIRING ACCESS TO PREMISES IN THE ROAD*. This first category mystified my young mind: there are no rails so how can a locomotive possibly need prohibition? I had still to grasp that a traction engine or a steam roller classed as a *road* locomotive! Still, it did keep heavy traffic out save for the buses serving the Lancastrian Schools. Indeed, it was so quiet that children could play safely outside and on Sunday evenings the Salvation Army Band were able to play hymns in the road before the evening service in their citadel which was nearly opposite our house.

140 Orchard Street was larger than 1 Friary Lane, but even so we were still fairly cramped as an extended family of seven - three generations - living in a small three-bedroom house. We had no bathroom and only coal fires for heating, but with only one room actually hosting a fire except at Christmas when the hallowed front room came into its own. We had tin baths in front of the fire until my father installed a cast-iron bath in the kitchen served by a *Main Jason* gas geyser which always seemed poised to explode. Later he built a bathroom on the back of the house. This lack of mod cons was the norm in the street's Victorian terraces then - they had been built for working class families who were deemed not to need bathrooms. In the 1950s the majority still had only outside lavatories.

Our house did, though, have the luxury of electricity but several did not, they still being lit by gas. One of my boyhood errands was for a gas-lit old lady whose wireless was powered by an accumulator which I had to lug each week to Chitty's in North Street for recharging. No thought then of a risk assessment for that heavy glass vessel of sulphuric acid bumping against my bare little legs!

At Play

There were many children living in Orchard Street 'in my day' and, as has been said, the low level of traffic meant that it was safe to play outside so we all got to know each other. A favourite playground was the aforementioned Lancastrian schools. The caretaker, Mr Hiscock, lived in the school house (No 111) with his large family and after school were allowed to explore the school buildings and play in the mysterious, and faintly sinister, air raid shelters.



Snowbound Orchard Street in the Big Freeze of 1962/63. The abandoned trench for the new sewer can be seen, and in the background is the Lancastrian School and the school house, No. 111. This last was destroyed when the carriageway was realigned to form part of the ring road. This was the view from No. 140 and the young man one of my sister's (many) boy friends - I forget which one. (Author's Collection)

In 1962 works began on installing a new trunk sewer along the length of the street which caused great excitement for we boys, but the works were brought to an abrupt halt after Boxing Day when the famous Big Freeze arrived and permafrost set in. The boy next door (he from No 130) and I used to help the elderly lampman set out his road lamps against the trench each evening, which made us feel very important. He was either very tolerant or was glad of the free labour; I know not which, but we all seemed to benefit from the arrangement.

We were very close to Westgate Fields which, until 1964, were open meadows stretching right down to the harbour, interrupted only by the railway and the A27. They were a lotus land for boys – a river, mud, dogs and a busy railway; with all that on our doorstep we could – and did - amuse ourselves there all day. A few doors down from us in Orchard Street lived Reg Brundish who was the foreman shunter in Chichester yard and when he was on duty we were allowed to ride on the locomotives when they turned on the triangle, a youthful privilege that would be unthinkable today.



Chichester goods yard in 1962. Reg Brundish helped me to time this picture of SR electric loco 20001 so that I could include the up Plymouth train in the background. This photograph was taken with my new Kodak Brownie 127 that I had received as a reward for passing the 11+. As you can see, I had a lot to learn about photography!
(Author)

Survival against the Odds

Orchard Street had been in the sights of Thomas Sharp in his 1949 report *Georgian City* produced for the City Council, and was among the 700 houses he classed as slums. He had advocated its total demolition in order to create a dual-carriageway ring road hugging the walls. Some demolition did take place at the Westgate end in 1961, and again in 1963, under the aegis of slum clearance, but the idea of demolishing the rest for the ring road was not progressed - to the great relief of the residents.

However, the threat returned in 1966 when Sharp's proposal was revived by West Sussex County Council: compulsory purchase of properties commenced and some demolition occurred. Unsurprisingly fierce opposition and outrage ensued, especially in the light of the recent wicked destruction of the east side of Somerstown. Luckily the scheme was revised: although Orchard Street would still be part of the ring road it would now only be a single carriageway with its alignment improved and with much reduced loss of buildings. The prohibition on locomotives *et all* was – naturally - lifted and it became a busy 'A' class urban road.

Envoi

As with the late lamented east side of Somerstown, Orchard Street had been a tight-knit (and there were a few tight nits I can tell you) community living in a quiet backwater. Although largely spared the demolition ball, its conversion into a race track as part of

the A286 ring road radically changed its character. My parents continued to live at No 140 long after we had all flown the nest, but with the shops and the pub all long gone leaving nowhere for neighbours to meet up, and crossing the increasingly busy road becoming hazardous, they felt the heart had gone out of the place and had had enough.

They finally sold up in 1984 after 32 years and moved to a ground floor flat in Regnum Court, starting a new life a short distance away on the other side of the City Wall.

5. The Missing Norfolks

Philip Robinson

In the June Newsletter, Alan reminded us that on “*9th March 1730 the Corporation agreed to make a £400 contribution [towards a new Council House] and open a public subscription list*”. That list included three dukes, Richmond, Newcastle and Somerset. Who were they?

The Duke of Richmond was the 2nd Duke, Charles Lennox, who in May 1723, inherited his title and wealth from his father, the 1st Duke, who I described in our June Newsletter.

The Duke of Newcastle was Thomas Pelham-Holles, great uncle of the Thomas Pelham who was to be created 1st Earl of Chichester in 1801, [*see our May Newsletter*]. Thomas Pelham-Holles had inherited the title ‘Newcastle’ together with extensive estates from his uncle, John Hollis, provided he added the name Holles to his own, which no doubt he was pleased to do becoming one of the richest men in England.

The Duke of Somerset, Charles Seymour, known as ‘The Proud Duke’, had inherited Petworth through his wife, Elizabeth Percy. Charles Seymour was her third husband, yet she was only aged fifteen when they married. Elizabeth was the only surviving child of the 11th earl of Northumberland who had died when she was three years old. She was placed under the care of her grandmother, Lady Elizabeth Howard, the dowager Duchess of Northumberland, who married off her twelve-year-old granddaughter, first to Henry Cavendish, who died in November 1680, then, a year later to Thomas Thynne who was murdered in February 1682 and then in May 1680 to Charles Seymour. Elizabeth had quite a story to tell when she brought Petworth into the hands of the 6th Duke of Somerset.

Three Dukes, each with immense inherited wealth made their contribution to the Council House, but, I wondered was not the major landowner missing; where was the Duke of Norfolk? My interest was heightened by the fact that I have a tenuous link with the current Duke. I was born in Glossop in Derbyshire. As a child I would walk along Philip Howard Road to visit my grandparents, past Norfolk Square, then past the main hotel in Glossop, the Norfolk Arms, having played in Howard Park with children from the Duke of Norfolk Primary School. I might have stopped to look at the impressive lion, shown below, standing proud above Glossop Railway Station.



The Norfolks were principal beneficiaries to the town. It was the 13th Duke, Henry Charles Howard, who had paid for an extension of the Manchester to Sheffield railway line to Glossop and who had funded the building of its terminus railway station. There is still a twice hourly service to Manchester Piccadilly, a journey of half an hour, and Glossop has benefitted from the re-location of parts of the BBC to Manchester in its provision of attractive housing on the edge of the Derbyshire Dales, easily commutable to Manchester.

Though the Norfolks held land in Sussex in the eighteenth century, they rarely visited. Their principal residences were Norfolk House, St. James's Square, London and their country estate in Worksop, twenty miles south-east of Sheffield. Their right to lands in Sussex stemmed from the gift by William the Conqueror, otherwise known as William the Bastard, of the rapes of Arundel and Chichester to Roger de Montgomery as a reward for the diligence Roger had shown in protecting William's interests in Normandy. On Roger's death in 1094 the lands passed to his son, Roger de Bellême, who led an unsuccessful rebellion against Henry I. Roger de Bellême went into exile and his lands were returned to the crown. When Henry I died in 1135, land in Arundel was given to his widow, Adeliza of Louvain, who subsequently married William d'Aubigny the 1st earl of Arundel. It was their granddaughter Isabel d'Aubigny who brought the estates into the possession of the Fitzalans. Isabel was co-heir with her brother, Hugh, to her parents' estates and on Hugh's death in 1243 the castle and manor of Arundel passed to her son John Fitzalan.

Women have played a significant part in the transfer of the Arundel estates. Lady Mary Fitzalan married Thomas Howard the 4th Duke of Norfolk in March 1555 adding Arundel and other Fitzalan estates in Sussex to the Howard properties. Sadly, Lady Mary died, aged seventeen, following the birth of her only child, Philip, named after his godfather, Philip of Spain, and who was to become canonized in 1970 as St. Philip Howard. Philip's son the 14th earl of Arundel married Aletheia, daughter of the 7th earl of Shrewsbury and as part of her dowry in 1606, the manors of Glossop and Worksop, passed to the Howards.

On the 9th March 1730, when the Chichester Corporation opened its subscription list, the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Howard, the 8th Duke, was "*a devout Catholic, Tory and Jacobite*"¹ His principal residence was Worksop and, possibly, he had little or no interest

in Chichester. He died, without any children, in December 1732 and the title passed to his brother who had been imprisoned in the Tower of London, following his participation in the Jacobite rising of 1715. He also died without children and in 1761 suffered the tragedy of a major fire at Worksop that destroyed the property. It is only after that fire that Arundel Castle, much of it destroyed in the Civil Wars, began to feature as a principal residence of the Norfolks.

The current Duke of Norfolk, the 18th, Edward Fitzalan-Howard, is also Baron Fitzalan-Howard of Glossop. He inherited the estates and titles from his father, the 17th Duke, Miles Francis Fitzalan-Howard, in 2002 who had inherited them from his second cousin, once removed, Bernard Marmaduke Fitzalan-Howard, the 16th Duke, who died in 1975, his wife having only produced four daughters. The current Duke is a direct descendent of the Earls of Glossop and I am also a descendent of Glossop, a tenuous link indeed.

ⁱ John Martin Robinson (1983) *The Dukes of Norfolk* p. 150