The Landmark Trust

CAVENDISH HALL

History Album

Written and researched by Caroline Stanford
April 2010

Photo: Pamela Matthews, *née* Firth, as a child at Cavendish Hall *c.* 1922

The Landmark Trust Shottesbrooke Maidenhead Berkshire SL6 3SW
Charity registered in England & Wales 243312 *and Scotland* SC039205

Bookings 01628 825925 *Office* 01628 825920 *Facsimile* 01628 825417
Website www.landmarktrust.org.uk

BASIC DETAILS

Built	**c 1802**
Architect	**Unknown**
Listed	**Grade II**
Opened as a Landmark	**May 2010**
Refurbishment	**Funded by the Estate of Mrs Pamela Matthews**
Contractor	**Modplan of Shefford, Bedfordshire**
Decorators	**Mackays Decorators of Perth**
Landscape consultancy	**The Landscape Agency**

Contents Page no.

Print of Cavendish Hall by Mackworth, c 1820.

Summary

Cavendish Hall is one of those gracious and solid houses that helps define the tone of our ancient villages and countryside, both through its residents and its staff. Its significance lies in its typicality, cohesion, completeness and for the consistent high quality of its parts. While not a house that has participated in events of high national drama or been the home of exceptionally notable people, its residents have lived here contentedly and it has inspired memories of deep affection. Today, its 30 acre estate remains intact with lodge, coach house, walled garden, English landscape park, woodland, garden and pleasure ground. The unbroken continuity of its parkland in the Vale of the Stour gives a glimpse of archetypal English countryside, as treasured by the artist John Constable, who was born in East Bergholt.

Listed Grade II, Cavendish Hall remains an excellent example of a Regency country house. According to White's Directory of 1844, it is said to have been built by Thomas Halifax, once Mayor of Chester, for one of his sons. The coat of arms in the stained-glass window on the ground floor does indeed show arms granted to a John Hallifax of Kenilworth in 1788, making a Hal(l)ifax connection plausible. According to the date on the window, and if the stained-glass window is in its primary position, the house was completed by 1802. The next firm evidence is the catalogue for a seven day sale of the entire contents of Cavendish Hall, the effects of its deceased owner, Captain William Lambert Ogden, in 1814.

Sir Digby Mackworth lived here in the 1830s and in 1840 a retired medical doctor, John Yelloly, bought the house. The Yellolys owned Cavendish Hall for more than a century, although for much of that time the house was let to a succession of tenants, the longest in residence being the Trapmann family (1880s) and a widow, Mrs Adeline Ramsay L'Amy (1896-1914). The last tenant, Mrs Morwena Brocklebank, bought the estate around 1948.

In 1969 Cavendish Hall was bought from Mrs Brocklebank by T. S. (Tom) Matthews for his third wife, Pamela. Thomas Stanley Matthews (1901-1991) was an American journalist and writer, patrician Democrat and a former editor of *Time* magazine. His network of friendships and acquaintances during a long and interesting life provide Cavendish Hall with links to some of the great literary figures of the twentieth century. T. S. Eliot, Robert Graves and Laura Riding were all good friends of his; his second wife was international correspondent Martha Gelhorn, Ernest Hemingway's first wife.

Pamela Matthews (née Firth, 1917-2005) led an equally interesting life. As a little girl in the 1920s, her father Lesley Firth rented Cavendish Hall from the Yellolys for several years. Pamela never forgot her happy times here. The artist Francis Bacon was a cousin and he too revived his links with this part of Suffolk in later life. During WWII, Pamela Matthews served with British intelligence in Vienna, where she met and, in 1948 married, a dashing and charismatic soldier, Vladimir

Peniakoff. Nicknamed Colonel Popski, Peniakoff had formed his own elite fighting force in the North African desert during the war. 'Popski's Private Army' (No 1 Long Range Demolition Squad) carried out a series of daring raids behind the German lines in North Africa and Italy – freeing prisoners, destroying installations and generally spreading alarm. Popski wrote and published his daring and hilarious memoirs while married to Pamela. He died in 1951.

In the early 1960s, Pamela met T. S. (Tom) Matthews, then still married to Martha Gelhorn from whom he was divorced in 1963. Pamela married Tom Matthews in 1964 and they spent twenty two years together at Cavendish Hall, Tom writing several of his best known books here, including his biography of T. S. Eliot *Great Tom: Notes towards the Definition of T. S. Eliot; Jacks or Better,* and *Angels Unwares.* Pamela delighted in her herbaceous borders, and she and Tom shared deep affection for their Jack Russell terriers. Tom died in 1991.

Pamela Matthews initially approached Landmark in 1997 about a possible bequest of the Cavendish Hall estate, wishing that the house that had given her such deep enjoyment during her lifetime to be cared for and give equal pleasure to others following her. This wish was fulfilled after her death in 2005 by the grant of a lease of the property to Landmark in 2009 by a trust set up by her executors, accompanied by a large donation from her estate sufficient to pay for the quite extensive works required to prepare Cavendish Hall for its new life as a Landmark. Internally, the entire house needed re-wiring and a new heating system was installed. Next to the breakfast room, a new kitchen was put in, closer to the dining room that the one in the Matthews' day although during works the recess for a range was discovered, suggesting that this had been a kitchen before. New bathrooms were created and to reinstate the original spacious plan of the first floor, partitions and fitted cupboards were removed. The house was redecorated using paint colours and wallpapers to complement the elegance of the internal architecture.

The house's gently sloping site feels carefully chosen. A belt of woodland gives shelter from the north. To the south and west there are views across the Stour Valley through with fine old trees of a 30-acre park. Among these trees, mostly oak and common lime, are, unusually, a few cedars of Lebanon. In the early print on page 4 these cedars appear as young trees; in the photographs on pages 20 and 21 taken nearly a century later, they appear in their maturity before being swept away, with many other old trees, in the great storm of 1987. Two remarkable specimens survived the storm in the pleasure ground close to the road: a very tall example of the small-leaved lime (*tilia cordata)* and, close to it, *zlekova carpinifolia,* a tree similar to the elm, native to the Caucuasus and rare in Britain. Guided by the print and early photos, Landmark has planted a new generation of trees in the park and garden. The trees along the drive and in the pleasure ground have been under-planted with exotic flowering shrubs and in accordance with the principles of Humphry Repton, whose influence was at its height when Cavendish Hall was built.

Cavendish Hall : the Building

There is no definitive evidence of the date of construction of Cavendish Hall, although one of the features that strikes visitors first is the fine heraldic stained-glass roundel dated 1802 in the ground floor cloakroom. Architectural analysts are trained to be suspicious of such features, which are all too easily moved from one building to another. Here, however, strong circumstantial evidence suggests 1802 could indeed be accurate as a construction date for most of the house. In Pamela Matthews' papers is this letter from John P. B. Brooke-Little, Registrar and Librarian of the College of Arms:

> *'The arms exhibited are clearly those granted to John Hallifax of Kenilworth, co. Warwick, eldest surviving son of John Hallifax and grandson of Thomas Hallifax , both of Springthorpe, co. Lincs. The arms were granted on 11th December 1788 to John Hallifax, to the other descendants of his grandfather, Thomas Hallifax and to the descendants of John's cousin, Robert Hallifax, late of Mansfield, co. Nottingham, deceased.'*

William White's *History, Gazetteer & Directory of Suffolk* (1844) written soon enough after to be within living memory, provides another link with the Hal(l)ifax family, in stating that :

> *'Cavendish Hall, an elegant modern mansion, in a park of 50 acres, was built by the late Thomas Halifax, Esq., banker, of London...'*

A more recent history of the village by Rosemary Freeth (2002) adds that the Thomas Halifax believed to have built the house was once Mayor of Chester and that he built it for one of his sons.

The refurbishment by the Landmark Trust has broadly returned the presentation of the house to this Regency period (the literal Regency period lasted from 1811 to 1820, during which time the Prince Regent and future George IV assumed responsibility for ruling the country when his father George III was declared unfit to rule due to his insanity. The Regency period is however generally accepted to last from around 1800 until around 1840.)

The stained-glass window in the cloakroom on the ground fllor

'The arms are blazoned: Or on a Pile engailed Sable between two Fountains proper three Cross-crosslets of the field. Crest: On a wreath a Moor Cock per bend sinister sable and Gules combed and wattled of the last gorged with a ducal Coronet Or on the breast a Cross-crosslet as in the arms. The motto is Sacre Cheveu. (Grants, vol. xvii)

'In *Burke's general Armory* Hallifax (bearing the arms granted in 1788) of Chadacre Hall co. Suffolk bore a quartering for Savile, namely, Argent on a Bend Sable three Owls of the field. This is the quartering shown in the glass. In the glass there is also an impalement for a wife, viz: Argent two Chevrons and a Bordure engrailed Sable, quartering, Or three Bends Gules. This is probably Staunton of Longbridge, co. Warwick. The quartering of the bendlets is not easy to identify but could be Jarman.' – extract from John Brooke-Little's letter.

The work is of the highest quality. Richard Hand, who signed the window, was one of the best stained-glass artists of his day. He trained in Dublin and though well renowned in his field at the time, only three other known examples of his work survive, plus a decorative scheme at Donington Hall. Hand was in London by 1803, when he sent his only contribution to the Royal Academy, a picture called *Grapes.*

Architectural historian Mark Girouard dubs this period 'The Arrival of Informality' and Cavendish Hall is representative of it. It has a sense of openness inside and out, and is a house where you encounter your fellow inhabitants and, formerly, staff easily and without ceremony (even if there is also a clear division of public and service areas on either side of the green baize door).

A print of *c.*1820 (see page 4) shows the house and service blocks already in the form they present today. Note too the conical ventilation lanterns on the roof, shown as open and one of which survives today. The house is so unaltered and Landmark has done so little to its structure that there was no need for detailed building analysis, but this is not to say that the house did not evolve in its early years. Those who have worked most closely with the house during its refurbishment found evidence that led them to speculate that there was in fact an earlier house, in the north east corner of the service area, which was later incorporated into this Regency villa.

On the opposite side of the service area, another angle was filled in at a later (though still early) date. This addition would have blocked a rear entrance and its roof slope also partially blocks the window in what is now the rear first floor shower room. This intervention facilitated or was prompted by the removal of a corridor which once ran from this back door along the back of the dining room to allow the servants more discreet access to the front entrance hall. The four fine columns with their Ionic capitals were brought into the dining room from elsewhere at the same time, their slight lack of height for the room masked with a discreet lintel. They are not marble but timber and gesso, finished with scagliola (a composite which includes glue and natural pigments) in convincing imitation. The capitals are cast plaster.

The front portico is could be an addition and there is a possibility that the double storey bays on the west elevation were not part of the primary construction but judiciously executed additions. And perhaps surprisingly to our twenty-first

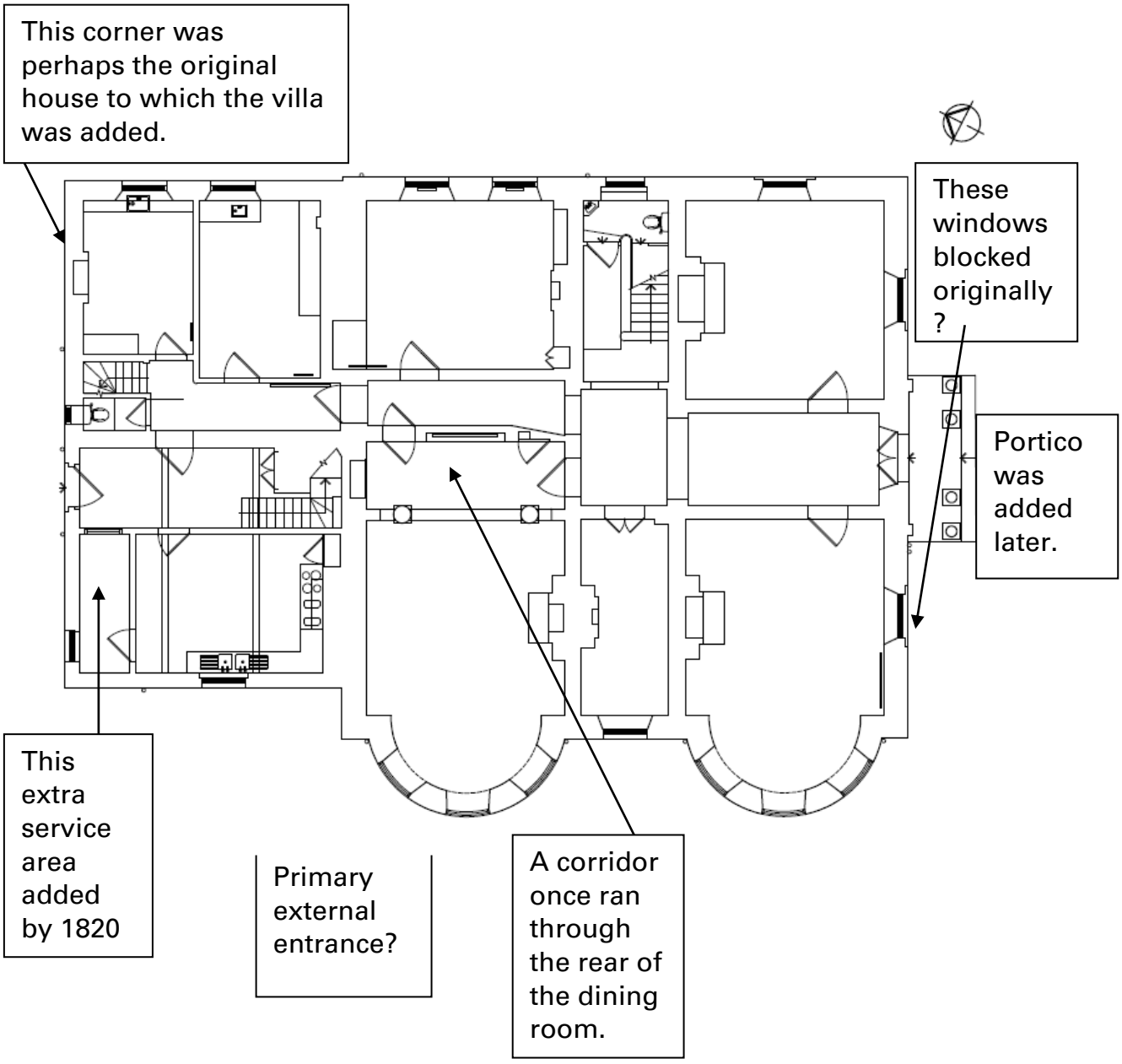
century sensibilities, the outer windows on both storeys of the south elevation were originally blind, in the 18th-century fashion that made a virtue out of contrariness in avoiding the window tax. Windows were hardly ever built at right angles to each other in Georgian buildings, and the tell-tale traces of later opening up can be read in the floors, skirting, shutter joinery and shadow of black plaster on the external brickwork in the window reveals for those who look closely.

Similarly, there is a chance that the east side elevation was also altered from a more symmetrical appearance originally, perhaps a matching arch-headed window on the ground floor where today there are two rectangular ones. Was the stained-glass roundel ever in the more prominent first floor position? It seems not - the ground floor is a more traditional place for such features and in a first floor position would have significantly reduced the light on the stairs and landing.

The masterly oval first floor landing with its gracefully coved ceilings, bedrooms opening sociably off it, is the best feature of the house. Its conviction and consistency of form in the curved doors, with their self-closing rise-and-fall hinges and curved locks, is unusual.

There are particularly fine marble chimneypieces in the library and south west bedroom, but they look too early, too delicately Adamesque for a Regency date and have almost certainly been imported. The less elaborate examples in the sitting and dining rooms and north west bedroom are more likely to be contemporary with the house, although a plaster line above the dining room chimneypiece suggests even this may not be in its primary position.

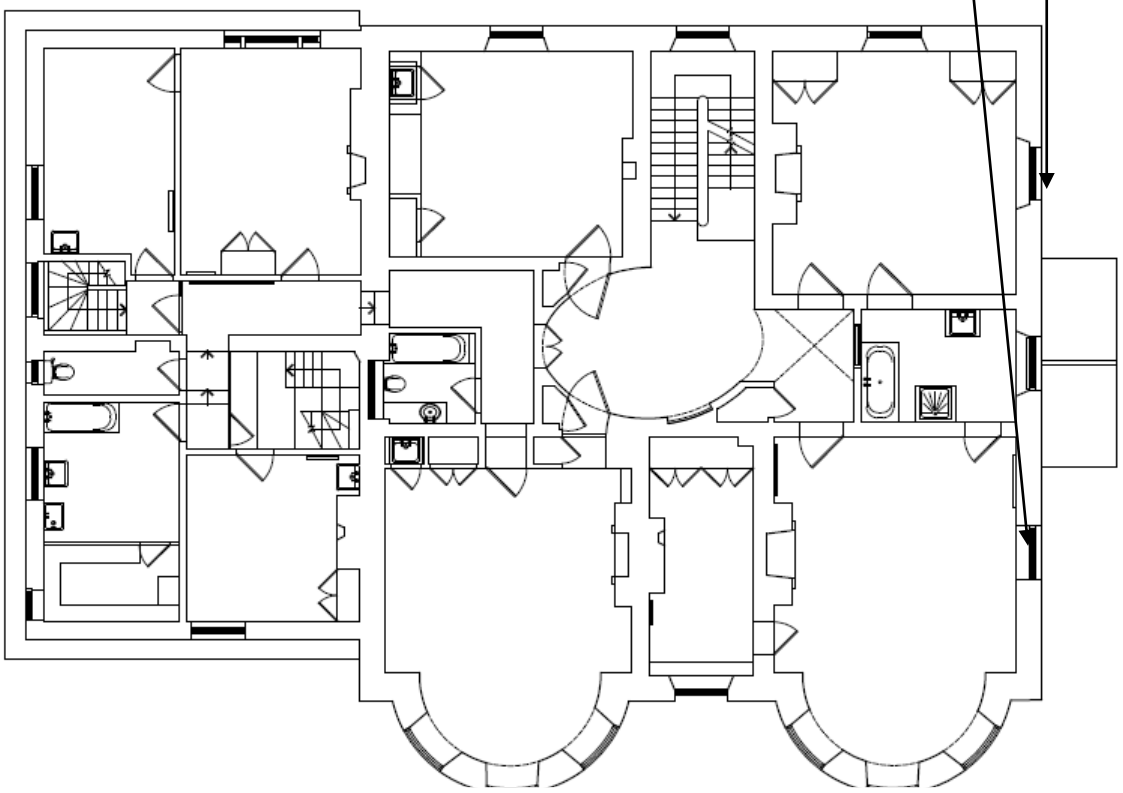
Ground floor plan (not to scale). No structural changes were made to the ground floor during refurbishment.

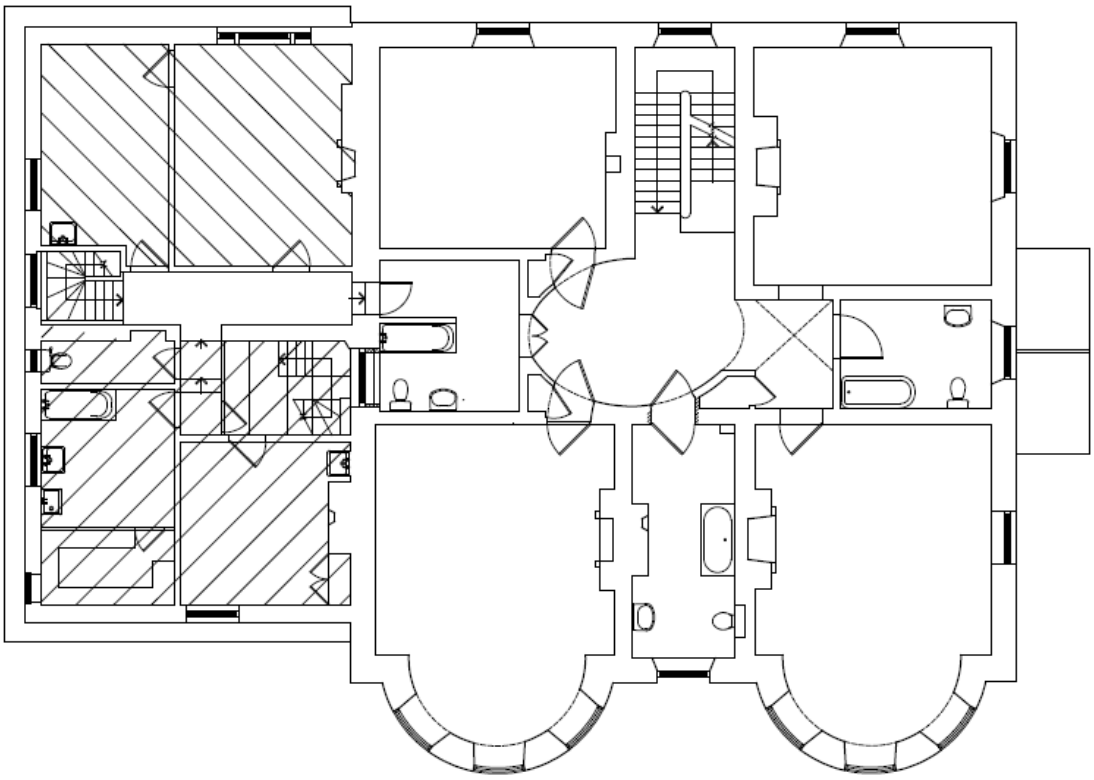


First floor plan before (top) and after (below) refurbishment (not to scale). Few changes were made during refurbishment: fitted cupboards removed, ensuite and bathroom arrangements rationalised.

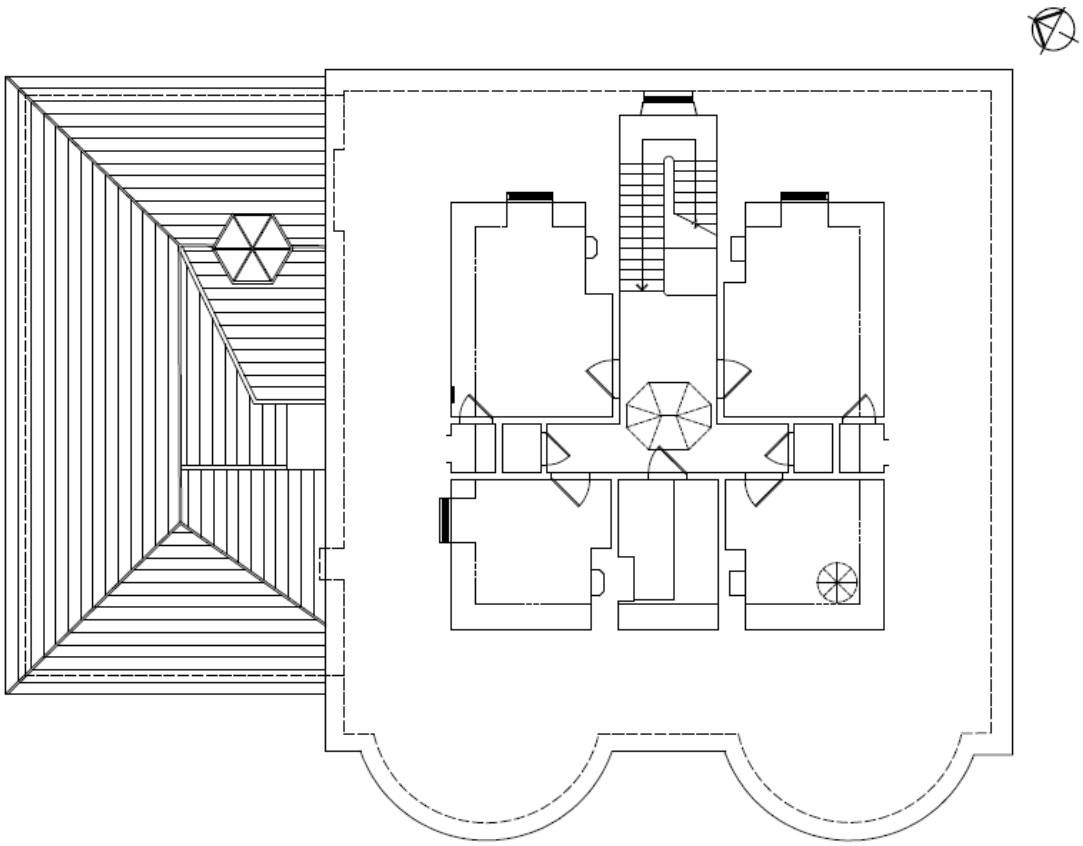
These windows originally blocked?

These first floor service areas are not part of the Landmark





Second floor plan (not to scale)



Sequence of residents at Cavendish Hall

c. 1802	Thomas Halifax
To 1814	Captain Ogden (d 1814)
<1833	Sir Digby Mackworth Bart d. 1838
1840	Dr John Yelloly d. 1842
1844	Mrs Sarah Yelloly, 'relict of the late Dr Yelloly, who was physician to George IVth.' (White)
1864	Harrod's Directory has Miss Yelloby [sic] in the Hall
1875	Unoccupied
1879	Lieut Col Cecil Robert St John, J P
1883, 1885	William Hume Trapmann
1888	James Gordon Stewart
1890, 1891	Capt Miller
1892	Rev Sir William Hyde Parker
1893, 1894	No resident stated
1896-1914	Mrs Adeline Ramsay L'Amy
1916	Unoccupied
1922	Unoccupied
1921 (Times Obit) 1925, 1929	L. L. Firth – PM's father
1933	Unoccupied
1937	Ralph Vincent Gandolfi Hornyold
After 1948	Mrs Morwenna Brocklebank, sitting tenant, bought , from the Yellolys
1969	Mr T S Matthews bought from Mrs Brocklebank
2005	Death of Pamela Matthews. Charitable trust set up in which was vested the beneficial interest in the Cavendish Hall Estate.

Modern and Elegant Furniture,

AND VALUABLE EFFECTS,

AT CAVENDISH HALL,

NEAR CLARE, SUFFOLK,

THE PROPERTY OF

CAPT. OGDEN, DECEASED.

A

CATALOGUE

OF THE VALUABLE

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE,

CHANDELIERS, LAMPS,

BRILLIANT PIER AND CHIMNEY GLASSES,

Measuring 90 Inches by 44, 82 by 54, 82 by 32, 69 by 33, and others of smaller dimensions,

AND ALSO

SUNDRY VALUABLE EFFECTS,

From his late Residence, HYDE PARK;

AND 300 DOZEN OF OLD PORT,

Of the favorite Vintages 1796, 1802, and 1806, supplied by the late *Francis Chalie*,—and 63 Dozen of Burgundy, Claret, Madeira, Hock, Sherry, &c.

CAPITAL PAINTINGS, by esteemed Masters.

A Sideboard of Superb Ancient and Modern Plate,

Made by RUNDELL and Co.—composed of 3000 Ounces.

A Gold Musical Box, a Gold Repeater, by Vulliamy, and other Jewels.

A HARP by ERAT; a GRAND PIANO-FORTE by BROADWOOD;

A rich-toned ORGAN, with SEVEN BARRELS, in a Mahogany Case;

A capital BILLIARD TABLE by EAWOOD; a Wrought Iron Strong Closet;

A LIBRARY OF BOOKS, IN RUSSIA AND MOROCCO;

Ornamental and Useful French and British Porcelane;

TWO PAIR OF CARRIAGE HORSES, AND A CURRICLE.

Live and Dead Farming Stock,

Cows, Sheep, Pigs, and Poultry, a Rick of Hay, an Aviary, and Miscellaneous Effects.

Which will be Sold by Auction,

BY MR. H. PHILLIPS,

ON THE PREMISES,

On Thursday, November 17, 1814, & Six following Days,

Precisely at TWELVE o'Clock each Day.

May now be Viewed by Catalogues, at ONE SHILLING each, to be had of the Printers of the Bury, Ipswich, Norwich, Chelmsford, and Cambridge Papers; at the Rose and Crown, Sudbury; Angel, Bury; Bull, Long Milford, and Half-moon, Clare, in Suffolk; and Angel, Watlington, in Norfolk; at the Horns, Bocking; Ram, Newmarket; of Mr. WAGSTAFF, Cambridge; at Cavendish Hall; of F. ARKINSTALL, Esq. Shire Lane, Carey Street, and of Mr. H. PHILLIPS, New Bond Street, London.

Cavendish Hall: its inhabitants

By 1814 the Hallifaxes were no longer in evidence and a Captain William Lambert Ogden had bought Cavendish Hall, for he died in that year. On 17th November, H. Phillips of Bond Street, London held a 7 day sale of the contents of Cavendish Hall, which included 363 dozen bottles of wines and port from his cellar. William White claims that Cavendish Hall was still owned by the Ogdens in 1844, although in the 1830s a Sir Digby Mackworth, 2nd Baronet, (1766-1838) was in residence. The Record Office in Bury St Edmunds has a couple of letters written in 1833 and 4 by Sir Digby from Cavendish Hall, about inconsequential doings and people there – unpaid duty on a legacy, his own improving health. No doubt they were 'posted' in the little wooden letterbox tucked in an angle of the entrance hall. Sir Digby died in 1838. As we know the house looked as it does today by the time the engraving was done in 1820, in the absence of evidence of any other owners between 1814 and the 1830s, Sir Digby seems the most likely to have been responsible for these early changes and additions. Sadly, it has not been possible to date to discover anything about him. His son and namesake was a field officer in the cavalry who wrote *Diary of a Journey through Southern India, Egypt and Palestine* after his travels in those countries in 1820-1.

After the Mackworths, Cavendish Hall was bought by Dr. John Yelloly (1774-1842), who moved in with his wife and family in July 1840. Born in Alnwick and benefiting from a sizeable legacy from his mother, Yelloly qualified as a doctor at Edinburgh University and moved to London in 1800 where he was admitted to the Royal College of Physicians. In 1805 he was a founding member and Secretary of the Medical & Chirugical Society of London and was elected to the Royal Society in May 1814. From 1807 -1818 he was physician to the London Hospital, specialising in the central nervous system. According to White's *Directory* of 1844, Dr Yelloly was former physician to George IV, although his entry in the *Dictionary of National Biography* makes no mention of this. Dr

Yelloly had ten children with his wife Sarah, née Tyssen of Narborough Hall in Norfolk. In 1818 the family left London for the sake of the children's health and moved to Carrow Hall in Norfolk. From 1821-32, Dr Yelloly was physician at the Norfolk & Norwich Hospital where he acquired a new specialty in the pathology of bladder stones, of which there was a particularly high incidence in Norfolk. He retired in 1832 and the family moved to Woodron Hall in Norfolk, but then a series of misfortunes struck. Between 1836 and 1840, four of the Yelloly offspring died. In April 1840, 3 days after another daughter's marriage, Dr Yelloly was thrown from a phaeton (horse drawn carriage) and sustained a serious injury to his forehead, which led to paralysis of his right side. In July 1840, he moved to Cavendish Hall, where he gradually regained strength. In January 1842, however, he was seized by paralysis on his left side which left him speechless. He died at Cavendish Hall on 31st Jan 1842, aged 65. Sarah Yelloly died in 1865.

The Yelloly family owned the house for longer than any other owner, from the late 1830s until the late 1940s. In 1864 a Miss Yelloly was in occupation, although by 1875 the house was unoccupied. From then until its sale by the Yellolys after 1948, it was let to a succession of tenants, though Yellolys continued to live in the area.

Little is known of most of these tenants, but a few left traces. One literary account of the house in the late nineteenth century is to be found in *A Book with Seven Seals: A Victorian Childhood* by Agnes Maud Davies, whose autobiographical experiences are thinly disguised as fiction. 'Davenport Hall' doubles as Cavendish Hall, where two little girls are despatched to await the birth of their new brother. The author appears as one of these girls, according to Dr Dido Davies, her great niece, who wrote to Pamela Matthews in 1998. Dr Davies went on, '"Mrs Jackson" in the book is actually Mrs Johnson, widow of the Rector of Lavenham. She was a Miss Cubitt of Honing Hall in Norfolk (the Cubitts still live there).' A copy of the book is in the Landmark bookcase.

William Hume Trapmann, an American from South Carolina, took a lease for most of the 1880s and his daughter Leila published her memoirs, *Gathered Yesterdays.*

Leila Trapmann was born in 1871 to parents who were members of the large European cotton plantation community in South Carolina. They left for their honeymoon in Europe just as the American Civil War broke out and never returned to America. Around 1880, the Trapmanns, in search of a healthier environment for their children left London and became tenants at Cavendish Hall. Leila evoked their life there in her memoirs:

> *Cavendish, the village from which the house took its name, was a really lovely spot, such as can be found only in the rural countryside in England, whose charm like some strain of a sweet melody haunts one's memory throughout life....The happiest recollections of my childhood centre around Cavendish, which was the "happy-hunting-ground" of my youth...I became the Nimrod of the family and spent all my free time astride a donkey or pony, ferreting out the rabbits which infested the park and woods, or fishing in the stream that flowed nearby. I never caught anything but the modest, muddy perch, but the charm of this pastime cast its spell on me in those early days beside the River Stour, and led me in later years to attempt the more complicated art of inducing the wily trout to believe a dry fly is the real article.*
>
> *...my grandmother's dubbing me a 'Yahoo' was not totally uncalled for in those days, but... my mother turned a deaf ear to her suggestions...and calmly went on her own way...We adored our mother and her word was law. Yet we were brought up in an atmosphere of great individual liberty; oppressive parental authority, so irksome to young people, never clouded our youth.*
>
> *Our parents made a point of our learning both French and German. My very first studies were in French and later a succession of German governesses came and departed! Few were able to cope with us when we were in full force. The summer holidays, when the two elder brothers came home to aid and abet us in our revolts against discipline, usually proved too much for the kindly but inefficient Teuton ladies who were supposed to control us.*

> *When my [maternal] grandfather [Mr] Rose died, my mother felt she couldn't let grandmother live alone, and educational advantages for my sister and I weighing in the balance, the parents decided to give up Cavendish and join grandmother in London. Leaving Cavendish, with all that it meant to me, was the first real sorrow in my life. It came in conjunction with my being promoted to my first longer 'young lady's frock', a garment I hated with passionate violence, feeling instinctively that it was a symbol of the closing of the chapter of my free childhood. I flatly refused to put it on and, retiring to my favourite haunt in the branches of an ancient apple tree, I cried my heart out while I absent mindedly munched endless green apples, with dire results.'*

Leila went on to marry Wilhelm von Meister, a rising Prussian official and lived a varied and sometimes turbulent life in high European diplomatic circles until her death in the US in 1957. She was clearly quite a character; in the early 1920s Winston Churchill sat next to her at dinner, a woman clearly brought up in Britain but with a foreign name, and commented 'Britain can ill afford to export women like that.'

Mrs Adeline Ramsay L'Amy, widow of Major John Ramsay L'Amy of Dunkenny in Angus, another long term tenant, lived at Cavendish Hall from 1896 until her death in 1914. A report in the *Haverhill Echo* on May 31st 1902 provides another snapshot of life at the Hall:

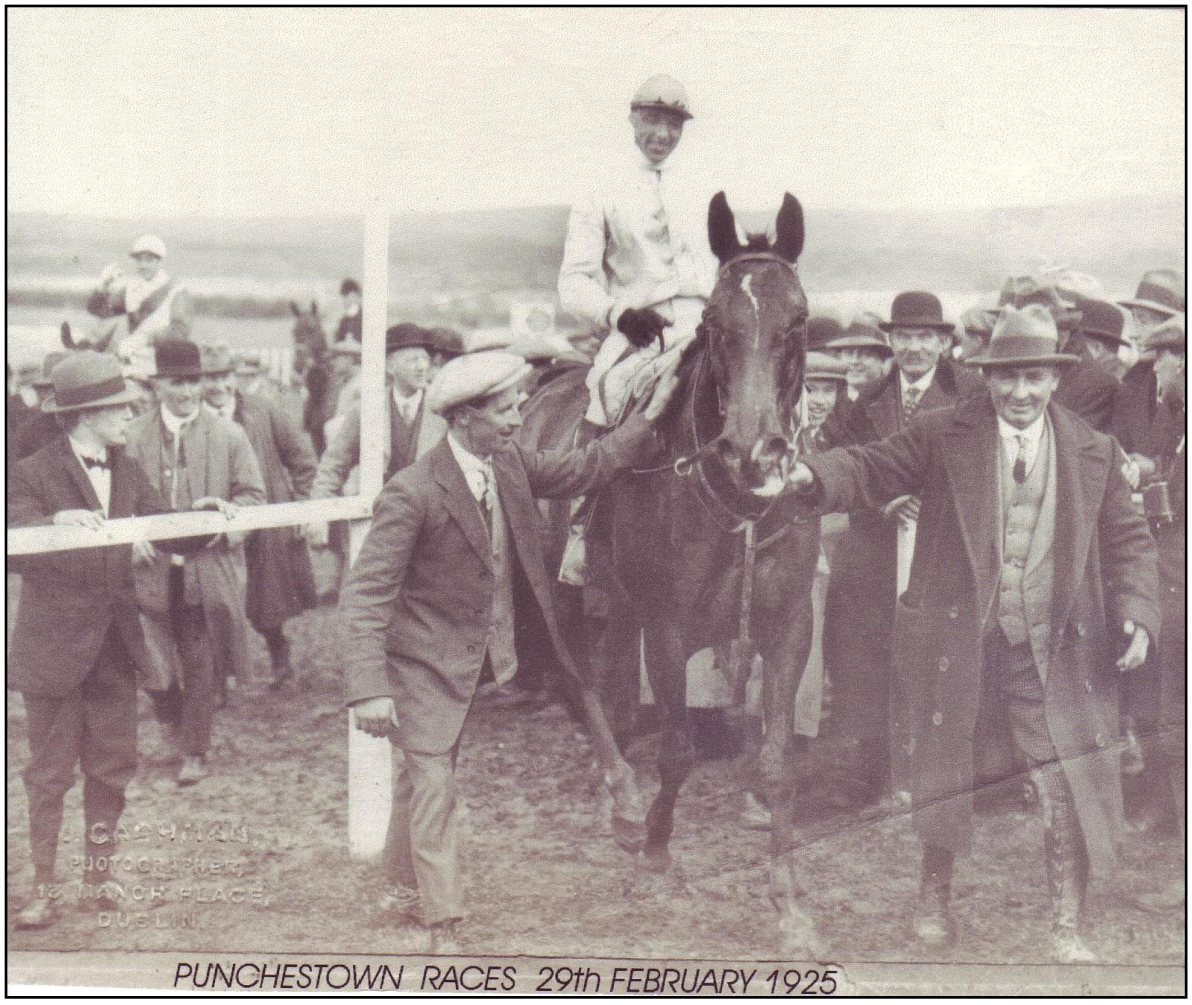
> *An interesting wedding took place at Cavendish on the 22nd between Mr Archibald Vaughan Campbell Lambert and the niece of Mrs Ramsay L'Amy of Cavendish Hall. The ceremony attracted a large and influential congregation. The bride was given away by her brother Mr Welby Robert Atty, she was attired in a costume of white satin skirt with tucked chiffon and finished with two Brussels lace flounces looped with bunches of orange blossom. Mr Laurence Parker was best man. The reception was held at Cavendish Hall which was gaily decorated. Amid cheers the happy couple left Cavendish station for their honeymoon on the Channel Islands.*

Mrs Adeline Ramsay L'Amy at Cavendish Hall in 1908.
(Note the cedar which Landmark replanted in 2009).

Mrs Agnes Maclean,
housekeeper to Mrs Ramsay
L'Amy, in 1908.

This photo was used by Mrs Ramsay L' Amy as a Christmas card in 1901.
Note the conservatory on the SW corner: the Matthews created a pergola on the same spot.

After Mrs Ramsay L'Amy's death, Cavendish Hall stood empty for a number of years, until, in 1922, it was leased to Leslie Loxley Firth (1888-1955) and his wife Maud. L. L. Firth was born in Derbyshire and served as a cavalry officer in the Great War. A renowned horseman, after the war he became an amateur rider and owned horses in Ireland, where he met his wife, Maud Burdett, who came from a wealthy Irish family. Firth was an official starter for the Jockey Club for some 30 years and in his time was Starter at Newmarket racecourse and Clerk of the Course and Manager at York.



L.L. Firth (right) leads in a winner, during the years he was living at Cavendish Hall.

The Firths brought with them to Cavendish Hall a four-year old daughter, Pamela. Twin sons, Bryan and Patrick, were born there in 1925. By 1933, the family had moved on from Cavendish to Wixoe Hall near Sudbury, where L. L. Firth farmed 80 acres in addition to his racecourse duties. He died while walking his fields in 1955. The happy years that Pamela spent at Cavendish Hall as a little girl in the 1920s prompted her desire that others too should enjoy the house and led to it passing into Landmark's care.

Little is known about the 1930s and wartime years at Cavendish Hall, but in 1948 the Yellolys finally sold the house to the then tenant, Mrs Morwena Brocklebank. Mr Brocklebank was 'one of the Cunard Line' according to Mary Turquentine. Mrs Turquentine knew both Mrs Brocklebank and the Matthews, for whom she worked many years, and lived for many years with her husband Fred in the lodge at the entrance to the estate. She retold that Pamela Matthews (née Firth) was having her hair done in a London hairdresser's when she heard that Mrs Brocklebank had put Cavendish Hall on the market. By then, Pamela had been married for four years to T. S. (Tom) Matthews, a wealthy American journalist and writer and past managing director of *Time* magazine. Tom Matthews was only too happy to buy his wife's childhood home for her, and they lived there from 1969. Mrs Brocklebank retained the Coach House down the drive and lived there for the rest of her life. In 1978 the Matthews bought the Coach House from her partner, Amos Staton, making it part of the estate again.

Tom Matthews died in 1991 and Pamela in 2005. The estate passed to the Pamela Matthews Trust, which offered Cavendish Hall to the Landmark Trust 'on the basis of a partnership with you rather than a commercial transaction, so that Mrs Matthews' wishes can be respected and Cavendish Hall can …be restored and then enjoyed by members of the public who wish to stay there.' The Pamela Matthews Trust also provided a very generous capital sum for the refurbishment works required before the house and its grounds could open to Landmarkers.

Harvest time – idyllic images of Pamela Firth's childhood at Cavendish.

Pamela Matthews

Pamela Hope Firth was born in 1917 at Kilcullen, Co. Kildare in Eire. The artist Francis Bacon was her cousin, and facts surface coincidentally about her own childhood in Andrew Sinclair's biography of Bacon (1909-1992). Francis Bacon's mother was Winifred Firth, L. L. Firth's sister. As a child, Bacon spent time the Firths at their home in Kilcullen, Canalway Lodge. According to Sinclair, in 1923[1] Sinn Fein gave the Firths three days to quit Canalway Lodge and then burnt it. The Firths fled to Dublin Castle, where an uncle was in command of the troops, and from there to Cavendish Hall as tenants.

Pamela Firth with her mother Maudie and a young friend.

[1] This date does not quite fit with the evidence of residency from the trade directories, which have the Firths living at Cavendish Hall by 1922.

An anecdote that could only have come from Pamela tells how once, on a visit to Cavendish Hall as a seventeen year old with his parents, Bacon dressed up as a flapper, the name given to the girls who sported the racy bobbed hair and dropwaisted dresses of the 1920s. He was very distinctive,' Pamela Firth remembered, 'he never copied anyone.' 'This time, he had his hair cut in an Eton crop, wore a beaded dress dropping straight down to his heels, put on hanging earrings and lipstick and high heels, and rolled his eyes while flourishing a cigarette holder a foot long.'[2]

After the outbreak of World War II, in 1941 Pamela (then twenty four) joined the newly-formed Auxiliary Territorial Service and served in it for five years. She rose to the rank of Junior Commander. Pamela was a member of the Royal Army Women's Corps, a reserve force, until 1967 when she reached the age limit.

Pamela Firth during her wartime service in the Women's Auxiliary Service.

[2] Andrew Sinclair, *Francis Bacon* (1993), p. 39. Although Pamela Matthews clearly spoke with Sinclair when he was gathering material for the biography, correspondence after its publication shows that she considered his account of her recollections inaccurate and was particularly unhappy with how he recounted Bacon's visits to Cavendish Hall in the 1980s. She also disputed that Bacon had moved back to Suffolk to be near her. Bacon bought The Croft just outside Long Melford and a studio behind the old village school there, where his partner John Edwards' brothers and friends also came and became landowners. Pamela was proud of and loyal towards her cousin, collecting press cuttings of his successes.

.

After the war she was organizing the care of displaced persons in Vienna when she met and then married a legendary figure of the conflict, Lieutenant-Colonel Vladimir Peniakoff, better known as Popski. His remarkable story is worth recounting briefly, even if he has no connection with Cavendish Hall other than through this marriage.

Lieut.-Col. Vladimir Peniakoff,
aka Popski (1897-1951)

Vladimir Peniakoff was born in Belgium, the son of Russian immigrants. He was brought up speaking English as his first language (he spoke five others) and went up to St John's Cambridge before enlisting for the Great War as an artillery private in the French Army a year later. He was badly wounded on the Western Front and invalided out. In civilian life, he trained as an engineer and in 1924 he settled in Egypt where he married and had two children. He became a successful businessman manufacturing sugar, but was bored by his trade and spent his ample free time exploring the Western Desert. When war broke out again, he was forty six and tried to join the British Army as a volunteer but was initially rejected as he was a Belgian citizen and his country was still neutral. After the German invasion of Belgium, however, he was accepted and offered a post as a staff officer - but he had set his heart on working in the desert.

Late in 1941, he joined Long Range Desert Group (LRDG) and eventually founded a more or less independent subsection called 'No.1 Demolition Squadron', whose purpose was to assist LRDG on sabotage missions.

'Colonel Popski', who lost his left hand fighting in Italy but refused to accept a medical discharge.

This concept was not initially promising (the LRDG's success was chiefly achieved through stealth – their motto was 'Non vi sed arte' [Not by force but by guile] and it was thought that blowing things up would give away the whereabouts of patrols). So, in March 1942, Popski was authorized to form an independent strike force, using Jeeps armed with Browning .30cal and .50cal machine guns. The unit's name, 'Popski's Private Army', started out as a joke ('Popski' was the nickname given to Peniakoff by LRDG's radio operators who struggled to spell and pronounce his name) but since nobody could come up with a better name, it stuck.

The unit subsequently operated in the Fezzan area, where Peniakoff's's main duty was to keep the Senussi tribes from starting a revolt against their colonial masters, the Italians (which would have provoked reprisal and so attractd Italian troops to the LRDG's operational area). Popski's Private Army later worked its way up through Tunisia and served as an intelligence-gathering and surveillance unit behind German lines in Italy, freeing prisoners, destroying installations and generally causing havoc – highly dangerous work.

One typical incident of daring-do occurred when Peniakoff and his Jeep patrol got stuck somewhere in Southern Italy on a mission to find out the troop strengths of several German camps. Not wanting to return to base without the required information, Peniakoff discovered that the phone lines in the area were still working, and (being able to speak German) simply called up all the German camps and asked them for their troop strengths.

Another daring episode took place in Ravenna in November 1944. As the 8th Army approached, it was strongly rumoured that a German artillery observation post and snipers had been sited in the campanile of the 6th-century basilica San Apollinare in Classe, a Byzantine masterpiece dating from the period of the brief reconquest of Italy under the Emperor Justinian. To eliminate this threat, it was proposed to shell the belltower. Appalled at this prospect, Peniakoff volunteered to slip through enemy lines and see whether or not it was true. This he succeeded in doing under cover of darkness and found that the basilica was sheltering only refugees. He got back safely to make his report and the fire order was cancelled. A tablet in the right-hand porch of the basilica commemorates this act of bravery.

In April 1948 Popski married 'the beautiful and intelligent Suffolk girl he had met in Vienna.' They moved back to London and lived in a flat at Cliveden Place where Popski worked on his memoirs, which he published in 1950 as *Popski's Private Army* (a copy is in the Landmark bookcase). Pamela meanwhile was working at MI6, the British Secret Intelligence Service, as personal assistant to Colonel Tom Grimson of 'Y' section. Popski died in 1951. Pamela Matthews continued to attend dedicatory reunions of Popski's Private Army veterans and partisans in Ravenna until the year before she died.

In the early 1960s, Pamela met the man who would become her second husband, T. S. Matthews, known as Tom, and who would bring her back to the home she had loved as a child.

Thomas Stanley Matthews

T. S. Matthews was a journalist and writer who became Managing Editor of *Time* magazine. He was born in 1901 in Cincinnati, the son of a future Epsicopal Bishop of New Jersey and grandson on his mother's side of one of the founders of Proctor & Gamble. He graduated from Princeton in 1922 (where according to his obituary in the *Times* 'he downed a great deal of prohibition liquor and succumbed to the charms of his future wife and poetry') and from New College, Oxford in 1925. In 1925, he married Juliana Cuyler with whom he who had four sons. Before joining *Time* magazine, Matthews served on the editorial staff of *The New Republic* under critic Edmund Wilson in New York from 1925 to 1929, when he moved to *Time* magazine as books editor, just six years after it had been founded by Henry Luce.

At *Time*, the 'lean, athletic editor,' whose clipped, quiet speech was filled with obscure literary references, took it as his mission to rid the magazine of its double-barreled adjectives, puns and backward sentences. He once ordered that there would be no more adjectives preceding names - 'hen-shaped Fiorello LaGuardia' (then New York's mayor) was a *Time* favorite - unless writers could improve upon the British historian Thomas Carlyle's 'sea-green, incorruptible' Robespierre.

'On the bottom of your story, he would write in a tiny, finicky hand: "This bores the hell out of me," which could be quite wounding,' recalled fellow journalist Tom Griffiths. 'But a "not bad" from him meant more than great praise from someone else….His major role in *Time's* history was to civilize it. Tom Matthews emerges from his writings as a humourous, cultured man, taking great interest in his fellow human beings. He was a keen tennis player and a sociable man, who liked to give and to go to parties.

During these years, Tom Matthews knew and corresponded with many of the best known British and American authors, journalists and public figures of the day, including philosopher and social historian Sir Isaiah Berlin; journalist and broadcaster Alistair Cooke; poet and dramatist T.S. Eliot; poet and novelist Robert Graves; publisher and poet Desmond Harmsworth; poet and writer Laura Riding. Many of these were also close friends and the subject of Tom's own writing.

When he was named editor at *Time* in 1943, Matthews succeeded the magazine's founder, Henry Luce, with whom his relations were sometimes tense. Matthews believed that journalism was 'a crude but fairly effective means of keeping a democracy awake and self-conscious' and he is credited with having improved the level and impartiality of writing at *Time* and with cultivating good writers. He was appointed managing editor in 1949. His wife, Juliana, died in the same year.

Tom Matthews when editor of *Time* magazine.

During the 1952 U.S. presidential election campaign, Matthews took leave of absence to write speeches for the Democratic candidate, Adlai Stevenson, a Princeton classmate. Luce and the rest of the senior management of *Time* supported the Republican candidate, Dwight Eisenhower. Following Eisenhower's victory in 1953, Tom Matthews left *Time* and moved to London to

concentrate on writing and to investigate the possibility of a British edition of the magazine.

Soon after he arrived, he encountered the American war correspondent, Martha Gelhorn, who had been Ernest Hemingway's third wife from 1940 -1945. Tom Matthews had first met Gelhorn twenty five years earlier when she was a cub reporter at *The New Republic* and he the rising star of its editorial department. She was now 45, he 52 and, rather deaf, wore a hearing aid. Tom fell very much in love with Martha, sending her flowers and taking her dancing. Within a few months, he asked her to marry him, which they did in the spring of 1954.

Tom Matthews with Martha Gelhorn in 1954.

The marriage lasted more or less happily for almost ten years – the longest Gelhorn spent with any of her partners - but they had different tastes and different attitudes in life. Gelhorn's biographer says 'It is impossible not to feel sorry for Matthews,' whose occasional tendency to be melancholy could irritate Martha's independent spirit. They travelled a lot, both together and separately and served as active step parents to each other's offspring.

However, in the spring of 1963 Martha discovered that Tom had been having a longstanding affair with Pamela Peniakoff. Martha was often away through her work, but it seems Tom and Pamela had been meeting regularly even when Martha was in London. Martha was furious and divorce followed in the autumn.

In 1964, Tom and Pamela married, and five years later he bought her Cavendish Hall and they moved permanently to Suffolk.

Aerial view of Cavendish Hall in the late 1990s.

Pamela & Tom Matthews at Cavendish Hall

When Pamela and Tom Matthews moved into Cavendish Hall, he was approaching seventy, and Pamela was just into her fifties. For Pamela, house and garden were projects to tackle with love and enthusiasm.

Pamela wrote on the back of this snap 'Planning Session.'
Pamela & Tom Matthews sit on the far side of the table.

The house was furnished in a cheerful, eclectically elegant style. The garden was a riot of well established flowerbeds in the English country style, to planting detailed schemes drawn up by a friend in 1970. Friends often came to stay, although Mrs Turquentine (who lived in Cavendish all her life, whose mother worked for Mrs Brocklebank and who herself worked for Pamela for many years) remembered that Tom, older and hard of hearing, often retired early leaving the others to it. Fred Turquentine, who worked on the gardens, remembered Mr Matthews, 'a marvellous old gentleman,' liking to pick the runner beans – but having to be discouraged from picking them before they were ready.

The gardens under Pamela Matthews, who would open them once a year to the village. The kitchen garden was designed by Neil MacFadyen of Carden & Godfrey in 1992. Unfortunately, maintaining such elaborate planting schemes is not feasible under use as a Landmark and the landscaping has been simplified to evoke how it might have been in the early nineteenth century.

55 EGERTON GARDENS,
LONDON, S.W.3
TELEPHONE: 01-589 5507

17th December 1970.

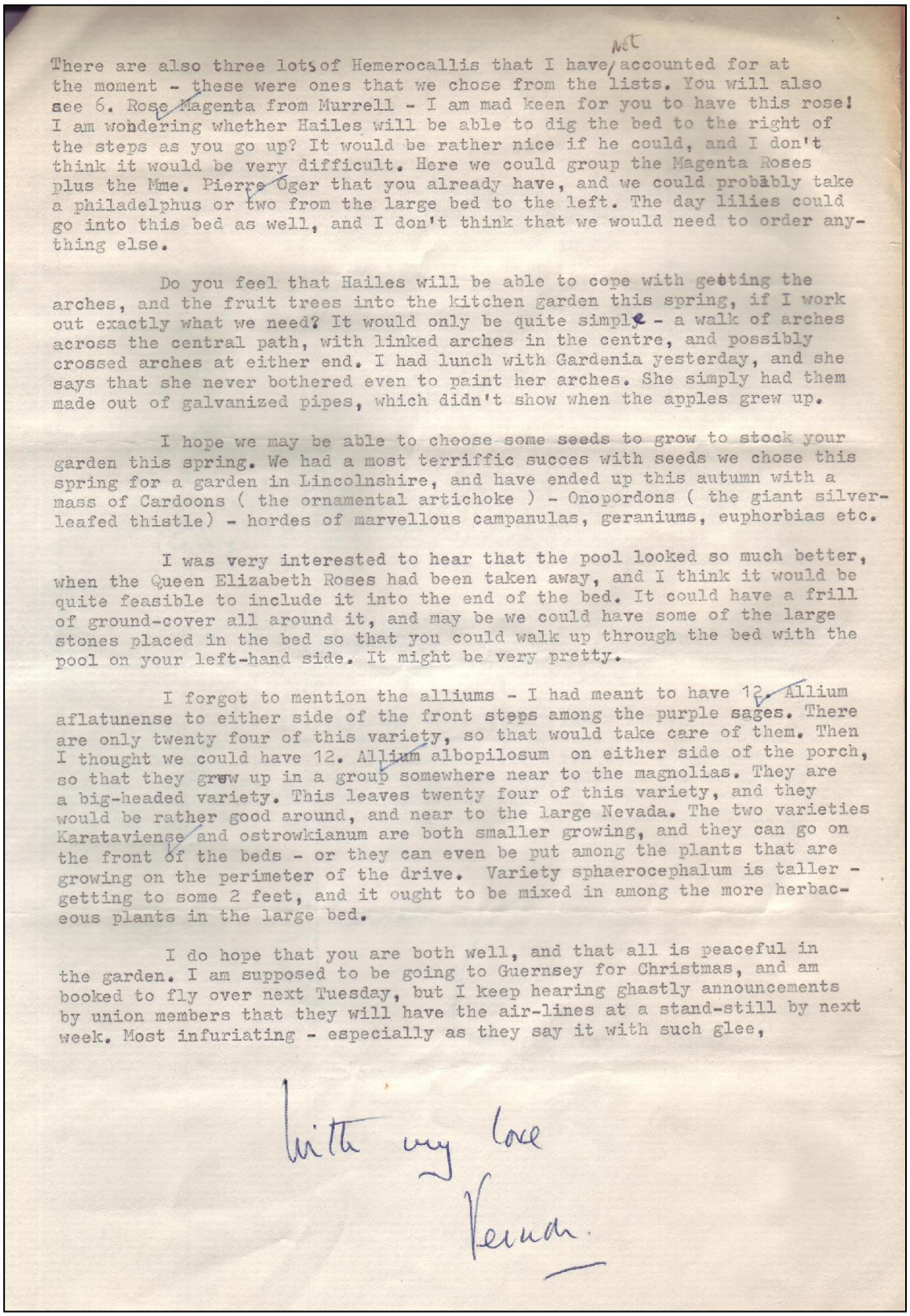
Dear Pam —

I am enclosing the lists of plants that I have put on order for you - these are the ones that we discussed on my last visit. Things that we wanted to use as replacments, and also new shrubby subjects to go up at the top of the lawn. I can't get the whole lot from one nursery, so have had to write to Sunningdale, Murrell of Shrewsbury, and also the Albrighton Nurseries, which used to be known as David Austin. Sunningdale will hold the things until we need them - we may want to add a little to the order later on, depending on whether we plant the fruit trees in the kitchen garden this coming spring. Albrighton and Murrell will probably send as soon as they are ready, but there won't be any difficulties here, as they can go straight into their positions.

Let me just take you through the lists of plants. The purple Phlox Excelsior near the terrace comes out, and we replace with 5. Rose The Wife of Bath (from Albrighton). Rose Violet Carson goes, and you put in 5. Rose Chaucer (from Albrighton). By the steps we are taking out the Rose Escapade and the Golden Rod below the steps, and here you are going to put 5. Rose Ma Perkins (from Murrell). Above the steps we take out the rest of Escapade, and in go 5. Rose Dame Prudence (from Albrighton). Going along the large bed - just past the large Nevada there is a group of Perle des Panachees, which you didn't much like. They will go to the cutting beds, and the replacment is 5.Rose Gruss am Aachen (from Sunningdale). These were the only alterations in the main beds except that one group of day-lilies were to come out - the Golden Chimes, and here we will put 3. Hemerocallis Marion Vaughan, which is pale lemon yellow with a green throat.

Now for the rest of the plants that are on order. There will be a group of 5. Rose Roseraie de L'Hay below the house - as you come up the drive. They go near to the syringas. I have also ordered one more rose for this area - it is Violetta (from Murrell), which is a purple rambler, and I thought that it might look rather super growing into the Purple Prunus. We have got the rubrifolias by that prunus, and the whole group would look good. On the Sunningdale list the remaining plants go up at the top of the garden to make groups on the edge of the wood, and running down the fence, where the clearing out was done. They are as follows - 3. Rose rugose alba, tall growing with tissue paper white flowers, and very good heps. 3. Rose Sarah van Fleet which is a big bushy, rugosa hybrid with a bright candy pink flower, and a good strong smell. 3. Rose Penelope which is a very pretty, creamy Hybrid Musk that flowers continuously. Kathleen Harrop is a tall growing shrub rose with soft, shell pink flowers. Then there will be three white buddleias - White Bouquet, which is a variety that has green in the flower heads. 3. Viburnum opulus sterile which is the guelder rose, and 3. Viburnum tomentosum Lanarth which make spreading bushes with flowers rather like white lace-cap hydrangeas. I have also put in three of the tall Spiraea arborea that has big creamy plumes of flower. You wanted to have Cornus kousa, which grows very prettily, and makes good autumn colour, and I suggested the golden leafed Robinia frisia. It is a very pretty tree indeed, and would light up that top corner.

The gypsohilas were plants that you wanted to fill in along the edge of the beds, and also to go on the top of the wall by the terrace.



There are also three lots of Hemerocallis that I have not accounted for at the moment - these were ones that we chose from the lists. You will also see 6. Rose Magenta from Murrell - I am mad keen for you to have this rose! I am wondering whether Hailes will be able to dig the bed to the right of the steps as you go up? It would be rather nice if he could, and I don't think it would be very difficult. Here we could group the Magenta Roses plus the Mme. Pierre Oger that you already have, and we could probably take a philadelphus or two from the large bed to the left. The day lilies could go into this bed as well, and I don't think that we would need to order anything else.

Do you feel that Hailes will be able to cope with getting the arches, and the fruit trees into the kitchen garden this spring, if I work out exactly what we need? It would only be quite simple - a walk of arches across the central path, with linked arches in the centre, and possibly crossed arches at either end. I had lunch with Gardenia yesterday, and she says that she never bothered even to paint her arches. She simply had them made out of galvanized pipes, which didn't show when the apples grew up.

I hope we may be able to choose some seeds to grow to stock your garden this spring. We had a most terriffic succes with seeds we chose this spring for a garden in Lincolnshire, and have ended up this autumn with a mass of Cardoons (the ornamental artichoke) - Onopordons (the giant silver-leafed thistle) - hordes of marvellous campanulas, geraniums, euphorbias etc.

I was very interested to hear that the pool looked so much better, when the Queen Elizabeth Roses had been taken away, and I think it would be quite feasible to include it into the end of the bed. It could have a frill of ground-cover all around it, and may be we could have some of the large stones placed in the bed so that you could walk up through the bed with the pool on your left-hand side. It might be very pretty.

I forgot to mention the alliums - I had meant to have 12. Allium aflatunense to either side of the front steps among the purple sages. There are only twenty four of this variety, so that would take care of them. Then I thought we could have 12. Allium albopilosum on either side of the porch, so that they grew up in a group somewhere near to the magnolias. They are a big-headed variety. This leaves twenty four of this variety, and they would be rather good around, and near to the large Nevada. The two varieties Karataviense and ostrowkianum are both smaller growing, and they can go on the front of the beds - or they can even be put among the plants that are growing on the perimeter of the drive. Variety sphaerocephalum is taller - getting to some 2 feet, and it ought to be mixed in among the more herbaceous plants in the large bed.

I do hope that you are both well, and that all is peaceful in the garden. I am supposed to be going to Guernsey for Christmas, and am booked to fly over next Tuesday, but I keep hearing ghastly announcements by union members that they will have the air-lines at a stand-still by next week. Most infuriating - especially as they say it with such glee,

With my love

Vernon.

One of the detailed plant lists drawn up by a friend for Cavendish Hall.

Pamela Matthews arranging flowers on the terrace outside the flower room. This little room was probably originally used as a heated antechamber to the entrance hall.

Both Pamela and Tom Matthews adored Jack Russell terriers and Tom wrote several affectionate essays on them. Here, Pamela is just in from a wet walk.

In 1985 Tom Matthews called in architect Neil MacFadyen of Carden & Godfrey for 'Operation Make Good.' 'My prime aim,' he wrote, 'is to have the structure, the fabric of Cavendish Hall examined, restored and repaired (and secondly if it is financially possible the other three houses on the property) so that the house (or houses) will be in good condition for Pam's lifetime (i.e. thirty years from now – 2015). It is thanks to such foresight that the house came to Landmark in such good condition.

In late 1990 Tom was diagnosed with lung cancer and died six weeks later.
In the *Independent's* obituary of Tom Matthews, Richard Perceval Graves wrote:

> *Recall him in his study*, surrounded by books, many of them written by that extraordinary circle of friends, Laura Riding, Robert Graves, Norman Cameron and the rest, whose deeds he chronicled so vividly in* Under the Influence. *There, at the top of the house, one would find him reading, pencil-in-hand, some new work; scoring out extraneous lines; jotting down some pointed observations in the margin; preserving always his sharply-observed yet wonderfully good-humoured view of life.*

*today the northerly of the two second storey bedrooms.

Pamela Matthews lived at Cavendish Hall for another fourteen years, with housekeeper and companion Katie Johnson. Her portrait, with characteristic headscarf, hangs in the entrance hall and many of the pictures in the house today formerly belonged to her and her husband.

The house in 2008, shortly before it passed into Landmark's care.

THE TIMES SATURDAY JANUARY 12 1991

THOMAS STANLEY MATTHEWS

Thomas Stanley Matthews, former managing editor of Time *magazine, writer and biographer, died on January 4, aged 89. He was born on January 16, 1901.*

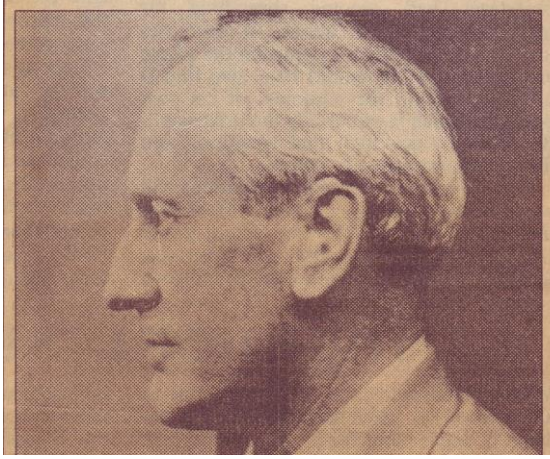
BORN in Cincinnati, Ohio, T. S. Matthews endured a wealthy but repressive episcopalian upbringing. From privileged but inauspicious beginnings grew a man who was full of life and full of fury. His boisterous college days at Princeton University were his making. He downed a great deal of prohibition liquor and succumbed to the charms of his future wife and to poetry. At Princeton he met Schuyler Jackson, a promising poet who dealt severely with Tom's humble efforts. They became fast friends, and it was Tom who introduced Jackson to the poet, Laura Riding, whom he eventually married.

Having missed the first world war by a hair's breadth, Matthews embarked on a war of words, his heroic intention being the improvement of America's cultural scene. He enjoyed working for Edmund Wilson on the leftist *New Republic* until leaving it for the challenge of editorship at *Time* magazine, then in its infancy. He had an undoubted effect on *Time*, harnessing its clichés, asserting rules of grammar and raising the intellectual tone. But it was an uphill struggle and eventually a political one, when Henry Luce's preference for Eisenhower in the presidential election race finally exposed the magazine's firm Republican sympathies. Matthews left in disgust.

As an editor he developed a sharp eye and wit, but it was subsequently, as a writer, that he bloomed. His biography of T. S. Eliot took a firm line on that poet's political and literary aspirations, but softened the blow with a richness of anecdote. In his autobiographical writing, Tom Matthews was equally critical of his own performance, and wonderfully cynical about life in general. His account of the tremendous upheaval suffered by all who came into contact with Laura Riding, in his movingly honest *Under The Influence*, conveyed an era and the power of a personality better than a novel could, without sacrificing style or subjectivity. He claimed in his old age that he could not help writing but his last works will perhaps be his best remembered. His combination of vivid recollections, irony and good humour is totally beguiling. The books cannot be put down.

Nor can Tom. His intellectual powers, his keen sense of the world's defects and his remarkable tolerance of them, his friendship, his charm, and his ready overwhelming kindness, were there to the end and will be much missed. Determinedly energetic, he died as he started research on a book about his experiences at *Time*, to be called *Time When It Was Very Young*. Would that the magazine had aged as gracefully as its some-time editor. He once wrote "I am too old now to use the word 'love' in the active mood, the present tense. Nevertheless I still have the noun in my pocket."

He leaves his wife, Pamela, and four sons from a previous marriage.



T. S. MATTHEWS had a longer influence on the American news magazine *Time* than the six years he spent as its managing editor. It was he who civilised it. He was an odd but happy choice for the job, an example of Henry Luce's gift for surprising editorial appointments that turned out well.

Matthews never intended to be a journalist; politics eluded him, economics bored him. His interests were cultural and literary. And so, when in 1943 Luce appointed him, Matthews replied (as *Time* in its obituary cheerfully reports) "1) I am married, and *Time* is not the name of my wife. 2) I am not completely licked as a writer. 3) I hate the Republican Party. 4) As a reader and as a writer, I consider *Time* badly written." He abominated *Time*'s original attention-getting style, the rude judgements, smart-alecky characterisations and backward-running sentences. People were snaggle-toothed or balding; New York's mayor Fiorello LaGuardia was invariably labelled as hen-shaped. It is a style that survives, though long since deprived of its freshness, in Fleet Street gossip columns. Matthews would later call it a "ludicrous, exhibitionist but arresting dialect of journalese".

As an editor, Matthews was fussy about grammar, irritated by genteelisms, intolerant of sloth and adamant against journalese. He had a headmaster's severity about him and could be merciless in marginal comments ("Sounds funny in Choctaw; try it in English"). But his rare praise was treasured. He had a deft talent for lifting the quality of a piece of writing without seeming to have changed it. As exacting of himself as he was of others, he was shy of manner, but from reserve, not timidity; he was growing hard of hearing; he seemed unapproachable. Yet many on *Time*, myself included, thought him the best editor they had ever worked for.

He often wondered whether journalism did more harm than good, and whether he really belonged in it, but he had a lively talent for it. His background was privileged. He was thin, handsome and athletic, with an intense enthusiasm for tennis. His father was the Episcopal bishop of New Jersey; his mother, a Procter, was an heiress of the Procter and Gamble fortune. After Princeton and Oxford, aiming to become a poet and novelist, he reviewed books for *The New Republic* under the legendary Edmund Wilson, whom he admired greatly. When Matthews in 1929 left *The New Republic* for *Time*, Wilson, who despised the brashly successful young *Time* for its "jeering rancour", thought that Matthews was lowering himself.

For many of his 24 years on *Time*, Matthews thought so too; he learned to write in *Time* style only by deliberately parodying it. But in the darkening 1930s, an era of depression and approaching world war, *Time*, like the *New Yorker* (born in the same year, 1923) tried to become more serious without losing sparkle. Tom Matthews, who had done so much to elevate *Time*'s cultural coverage – the news that mattered most, in his view – was the right

choice to cure *Time* of its sophomoric barbarisms.

Luce and Matthews had a wary respect for one another. Matthews once characterised Luce as not a likeable man, but in some ways a lovable one. A journalistic genius, Luce gradually developed a press lord's mannerisms, and a willingness to distort news coverage to promote his favourite causes, including the Republican Party and an imperialistic American Century. Matthews, a dilettante in public affairs, had a preference for what has since been called a kinder, gentler America.

Once, when Luce sent Matthews a rude note, Matthews answered "You have written it as if to dogs, not to human beings . . . If you're really degenerating into a barking boss, you'll soon have behind you only the anxious, stupid, dishonest subservience that kind of boss can command. But you will no longer command my respect or my services." Luce apologised; but in his autobiography Matthews noted "I can see now that Luce must have put up with a good deal from me."

They were bound to clash, and did so irretrievably in 1952 when Luce abandoned all pretence of journalistic fairness in his eagerness to elect Eisenhower president. That year Matthews, normally indifferent to politics, found his Princeton classmate, Adlai Stevenson, running against Ike. Soon after this bitter election, Matthews quit, and departed for England, where he would spend the rest of his life.

There he wrote his autobiography, a biography of his fellow expatriate T.S. Eliot, and other books. He liked the civility of life in England, but remained stubbornly American. He alternated between affection and exasperation with both countries. In October he celebrated his twenty-fifth wedding anniversary with his Anglo-Irish wife, Pamela. Then in November he journeyed to the United States to research a light memoir on *When Time was Young*, a subject he could not seem to escape. He was not to finish it: he took ill and returned to England to die on 4 January, 12 days short of his ninetieth birthday.

Thomas Griffith

WHY should it be appropriate to celebrate an anglophile American with a kind of Irish wake? As I did on Tuesday night, **writes Richard Perceval Graves.** Because Tom Matthews, author of *The Moon's No Fool*, was himself nobody's fool. Because his eyes sparkled over an anecdote. Because, with his slight American drawl, and his honesty which some mistook for bluntness, and his largeness of spirit which some mistook for *naïveté*, his heart beat as true as life.

Recall him in his study, surrounded by books, many of them written by that extraordinary circle of friends, Laura Riding, Robert Graves, Norman Cameron and the rest, whose deeds he chronicled so vividly in *Under the Influence*. There, at the top of the house, one would find him reading, pencil-in-hand, some new work; scoring out extraneous lines; jotting down pointed observations in the margin; preserving always his sharply-observed yet wonderfully good-humoured view of life.

Visiting him last summer in the occasionally cantankerous but usually genial and essentially patrician twilight of his days, I found him fortunate in the care of his devoted wife Pam, yet his own man to the last. Despite my various biographical deprecations, he had come to treat me as a friend, and the sense of loss is acute. Never to see again, except in memory, that characteristic nod of the head, followed by a slow smile and then some pithy remark which cut cleanly through whatever vague nonsense had been uttered, and arrived at the truth of the matter; never again to have the benefit of that utterly professional editorial eye.

With Tom's departure from the scene those of us who still care about the language have suffered a considerable loss. With his shrewd judgement, he taught us honesty, directness, simplicity. And he was a great teller of tales.

Thomas Stanley Matthews, journalist, born Cincinnati Ohio 16 January 1901, editorial staff The New Republic *1925-29,* Time *1929-53, Executive Editor* Time *1942, Managing Editor 1943-50, Editor 1950-53, books include* To the Gallows I Must Go *1931,* The Moon's No Fool *1934,* The Sugar Pill *1957,* Name and Address *1960,* Great Tom: notes towards the definition of T.S. Eliot *1974,* Under the Influence *1979,* Journal to the End of the Day *1979,* Angels Unawares *1985, married 1925 Juliana Cuyler (died 1949; four sons), 1954 Martha Gellhorn (marriage dissolved), 1964 Mrs Pamela Peniakoff, died Cavendish Suffolk 4 January 1991.*

Landmark's Refurbishment of Cavendish Hall

Cavendish Hall was in no way at risk when it came to Landmark, largely thanks to Tom Matthew's pragmatism in foreseeing 'Operation Make Good.' However, it had reached the stage of needing a thorough overhaul as it began its new life as a Landmark, and this was made possible through a very sizeable donation from the Pamela Matthews Trust. This enabled us to carry out essential major works such as complete re-wiring and burying of the external electrical cables; asbestos removal; complete renewal of the central heating system; re-roofing, including the repair and replacement where necessary of lead flashings, hips and ridges, gutters and downpipes, and fire protection and detection improvements.

The front portico and its pediment were found to be in a poor state and so both portico and its footings were carefully dismantled and reconstructed on new footings. It is possible that the portico was added soon after the house's construction, although it was in situ by the time the 1820 engraving was made. The glazed front door is typical of the Regency period. The fenestration of the ground floor front elevation and the bay windows are all of the same date, although we did speculate that the bays could have been added at some point. In the west bedroom, the drawn curtains behind the bed replicate the original Regency disposition of windows.

Some areas of external brickwork and some window and door lintels also needed repair, as did various external joinery.

Internally, although the building is remarkably little altered from its original form, we decided to remove certain modern partition walls and fitted cupboards and close or re-open openings to bring certain rooms closer to their original early 19th-century configuration – for example, the bedrooms no longer connect directly with the bathrooms as they did in

the Matthews' day. One alteration that we did not reverse is the enlarged dining room: as described above, originally a corridor ran along the room's inner edge but this was removed at an early point in the house's history to enable the fine *faux* marbled columns to be introduced.

Pamela Matthews' flower room off the entrance hall was originally just a corridor leading to the garden. The chimneypiece was added in the early 20th century, presumably to heat the hall which had no other source of heat at the time. Stylistically, the other chimneypieces on the ground floor were also almost certainly installed at a date later than primary construction (in the dining room, the shadow of an earlier chimneypiece can be made out). Note too the little letter box in the hallway, once for the day's outgoing post.

We have kept the firm division of the green baize door, between the servants' areas and their masters' and mistresses.' The only exceptions to this are the easy access bedroom (a room which was the Matthews' kitchen) and bathroom, which by definition needed to be on the ground floor. The Landmark kitchen was newly installed and during the work we found that there had formerly been a range in the same room, suggesting that it was indeed the original kitchen to the house. There was also evidence in the walls that this corner of the house may be the remains of an earlier house on the same site.

The breakfast room was almost certainly the housekeeper's room formerly, as indicated by the safe in the corner.

All the cornices and door cases throughout the house are c 1810 and all were still in good condition; even, so all the internal joinery was overhauled, including windows and shutters. The unusual curved doors on the first floor landing, with their rise and fall hinges so that they self

close, are all primary. In the library, morning room and three bedrooms, dado panelling and rails were reinstated to their original patterns, retrieved from shadows where they had been cut away in the past. Damaged bedroom cornices were repaired using haired lime mortar. The whole house was redecorated in colours and papers appropriate to its period.

We are most grateful to the Pamela Matthews Trust for funding this thorough refurbishment.

Cavendish Hall and the Culture Recovery Fund 2020-21

Landmarks that benefitted from the Cultural Recovery Fund 2020-21

2020-21 was the year when the COVID-19 pandemic hit the UK, and for nine months out of twelve, Landmark had to close all its buildings, with a resulting cessation of the holiday income that funds our buildings' maintenance. Vital projects across Britain were put on hold because of the pandemic, because of uncertainty about when contracts could be agreed or when specialist builders and craftspeople would be allowed to work onsite again. The closure of Landmarks for holiday bookings from March to October 2020 and again from December to April 2021 was a devastating blow to our finances and directly impacted Landmark's maintenance budget.

However, in autumn 2020 we were delighted to receive a grant of £1.2 million from the government's Culture Recovery Fund, allowing us to reignite our planned maintenance programme and ensure that none of our buildings fell into disrepair. Under the auspices of the Department for Digital, Culture, Media and Sport (DCMS), the Culture Recovery Fund was designed to secure the future of Britain's museums, galleries, theatres, independent cinemas, heritage sites and

music venues with emergency grants and loans. One strand of the Fund was the Heritage Stimulus Fund administered by Historic England, which included the Major Works Programme, source of the grant to Landmark. This transformative grant allowed a group of 15 critical maintenance projects at 17 Landmarks across England to go ahead.

The projects directly provided employment and training for more than 130 craftspeople, including many multi-generation family-run businesses local to our buildings. Masons, carpenters, architects, engineers and many more skilled specialists were involved across these sites, fuelling the recovery of the heritage sector and contributing to local economies on a national scale. Several sites hosted students and apprentices, providing vital opportunities at a time of great uncertainty.

At Cavendish Hall, a significant slate re-roofing project was already underway when the pandemic hit in spring 2020, and it seemed the second phase of the project would have to be put on hold.

Thanks to the grant, the team were able to pick up their tools again. Conservation architect Philip Orchard of the Whitworth Co-Partnership and Ipswich-based roofing contractors 3A Roofing Ltd completed the milestone project, ensuring the house once again stands fully protected from wind and rain for several generations to come.

Second phase of re-roofing works underway in 2020-21. Outdoor work ensured that social distancing could be strictly observed.

The village of Cavendish: a sketch of its history

The village on whose outskirts Cavendish Hall stands is an ancient one. It was named in Saxon times after Cafa's pasture (or 'edisc'). By the fourteenth century, West Suffolk was benefiting from enormous growth in the wool trade. By 1330 nearby Clare was selling 3,000 fleeces a year from its fields and dependent manors. Before this period foreign merchants, especially from the Low Countries, had travelled to Yorkshire and the Welsh Marches for the better wool there.

However, Edward III imposed stringent taxes on wool exports, essentially a commodity trade, in the hope of encouraging in England the higher-value finishing stages that turned the raw material to cloth. These new taxes as well as transportation costs meant that merchants from Europe moved their trade to ports closer to home, from which Suffolk was well placed to benefit. England's total wool exports halved between 1350 and 1380; Suffolk's multiplied eightfold. Edward's policy achieved its desired result, however and over the next 150 years, Suffolk became the largest exporter of finished cloth in Europe, with the upper Stour at its centre. Wealth dispersed the length of the valley, and this explains the many fine, late-medieval timber-framed houses and the magnificent 'wool' churches at Clare, Sudbury, Lavenham and Long Melford. It is an area particularly rich in good medieval houses and in Cavendish alone the names of ancient manors and their halls bear witness to this prosperity: Overhall Manor, Nether Hall, Colts Hall, Houghton Hall. The village history published in 2002, *Cavendish: Its People and Its Heritage* is a good gazetteer to the buildings in the village and a copy is on the Landmark bookshelves.

The fourteenth century was not without upheaval,l however. Cavendish must have weathered the Black Death in the late 1340s and in 1381 became swept up in Wat Tyler's Peasants Revolt. Tyler, from Kent, became the figurehead for a mass revolt in the South and East against increased taxes, imposed in the name

of fourteen year-old Richard II. The priest, John Wraw, was sent to raise the men of Suffolk and 'The House of Sir John Cavendish, Lord Chief Justice, at that village had been burned to the ground. The abbey of St Edmund had been spoiled of many of its jewels and structurally injured, and the heads of Cavendish, of Abbott Cambridge and of Sir John Lakenhythe, keeper of the barony, had been set up in the abbey tower.'[3] The rebels marched on London, wreaking havoc as they went. In London, they were met by the King, first at Mile End and then a day later at Smithfield.

Richard II meets the rebels as depicted in Jean Froissart's *Chronicles* (15th century)

Here, despite being unarmed, Tyler was cut down by Sir William Walworth, Mayor of London. Some accounts add that one of the King's squires then also stabbed the prostrate Tyler – one John Cavendish, perhaps in revenge for his kinsman's death and the destruction of his house.

[3] J. J. Raven, *History of Suffolk* (1895), p. 118.

Sir William Walworth strikes at Wat Tyler and, in sequence, John Cavendish adds his own blow while the young king looks on. Perhaps surprisingly, Tyler survived this assault, only to be beheaded later. (Froissart's *Chronicles*)

In the sixteenth century the village of Cavendish gave its name to one of the most illustrious families in the land. In 1547 courtier Sir William Cavendish, who owned its manor, became the second of Bess of Hardwick's four husbands. After Elizabeth I herself, Elizabeth Hardwick (as she was born) was perhaps the most redoubtable English woman of the sixteenth century. She bore eight children during their ten year marriage, although in 1549 Sir William was persuaded to sell his lands in the south of England in order to buy the Chatsworth estates in Bess's home county of Derbyshire. Although the Cavendishes retained no further connection with the village that gave them their name, descendants of Bess and William Cavendish became Dukes of Devonshire, Portland and Newcastle, great builders at Chatsworth House, Welbeck Abbey and Bolsover Castle.

As part of its association with the wool trade, through all these centuries South West Suffolk was particularly known for the weaving of say, a hard wearing twill cloth made from combed wool. In the eighteenth century, however, the cloth trade went into rapid decline as lighter fabrics and cottons became more fashionable. A curious anecdote is given in G. A. Thornton's *History of Clare* (1928). The last saymaker in Clare was a Thomas Barnard, still alive in 1714. In about 1720, Mr Poulter, 'an eminent attorney of considerable importance in the town' acquired Clare Priory when its previous owner was ruined by the South Sea Bubble. Mr Poulter 'took every method possible to eradicate the manufactory [of says], which he effectually completed by threat and persuasion; tradition says, he would not permit the manufacturers to take an apprentice, knowing that when they died or declined business, the trade must emigrate, which in a short time it did to the neighbouring towns of Cavendish and Glemsford…'

Daniel Defoe was rather damning of the area in 1724, when he wrote of Sudbury

> *'I know nothing for which this town is remarkable, except for being very populous and very poor. They have a great manufacture of says and perpetuanas, and multitudes of poor people employed in working them, but the number of the poor is almost ready to eat up the rich.'*

One weaver's son born in Sudbury in 1727 became a renowned artist -Thomas Gainsborough. As a young man, Gainsborough tried his hand at painting the landscapes he grew up in before moving on to the portraiture for which he is best remembered.

By the nineteenth century weaving was dying out in the county. Although Thornton records a say manufacturer at Cavendish as having eight or nine looms as late as 1840, it seems to have become more a prosperous farming village. This is the archetypal English landscape captured by John Constable (1736-1837), born at East Bergholt, where the River Stour comes close to joining the sea. He drew inspiration from the Stour landscape all his life, writing of

'the sound of water escaping from Mill dams,...Willows, Old rotten Banks, slimy posts and brickwork. I love such things... As long as I do paint I shall never cease to paint such Places...Painting is but another word for feeling. I associate my 'careless boyhood' to all that lies on the banks of the Stour. They made me a painter (& I am grateful).'

Mr & Mrs Andrews **by Thomas Gainsborough, painted 1748-9 while he was living in Sudbury and combining an early foray into portraiture with the countryside he grew up in.**
Below: ***Stour Valley and Dedham Church*** **by John Constable,** ***c.*** **1815.**

Cavendish's prosperity in these years brought its population to a peak of 1,394 inhabitants in 1851, before it declined to around 900 in the following fifty years, and today still stands at around 1,000. Harrod's *Directory of Suffolk* for 1864 records the village at its height. The trades listed include a tailor, two wheelwrights, a watchmaker, a horse hair manufacturer, two cabinet makers, a bunting manufacturer, a brickmaker, a hairdresser and ironmonger (the same man!), three shoemakers, a surgeon and a harnessmaker – as well as the usual grocers, miller, bakers etc.

Where Cavendish surfaces in the records, it consistently emerges as a village utterly typical of English village life, as in this extract from a Victorian vicar's wife, sister to the Cavendish rector's wife and who visited Cavendish periodically. She writes here of a May procession in the village:

> *May, 1875 'On Thursday last 600 of the villagers spent the afternoon up here. They are a poor, worn race, but with easy, unsuspicious manners and quick tongues. We processioned from the school to the church, Agnes leading the way and bearing the great banner; tall, grave and meek, and steady as a rock under the weight. Behind her walked the little girls, then the village band and choir, then the boys, then the mass of women and babies, and the very old men and women, half laughing and half crying, and blessing the Lord, and the weather, and themselves, and Mr and Mrs Petre. Among these I walked, and felt for the moment the burden of the poor man's life, which is only bearable because it is so simple. Towards the close of the evening, while the young people were dancing and the children swinging and running races, I proposed to a company of elderly village matrons a game in the meadow. We played "hen and chickens", "drop the handkerchief", and other well-known games, and with extraordinary spirit. Our wit, agility, and good humour were surprising, and our laughter rent the air. "Rin, Loiza, rin, lor! The poor ouddare's legs fare stiff, and the lady's more nor a match for she. Save us! That's the best play a'se seen yet. Fare round the ring, stiddy Myra, and give we widders a turn. Mussy-a-be, a'm fully o'pine, what with the cake and stuff and leffing" and more and more laughter. In short, we had a very good day of it...*[4]

[4] Bernard Holland, ed. *Letters of Mary Sibylla Holland* (1907)

On 11th June a hiring fair was held, and 'for pleasure on the two following days', according to an 1844 Directory. From 1865, Cavendish even had its rail halt, being on a line linking the London-Cambridge and London-Bury St Edmunds lines. (this closed in 1967). There has been an active cricket club since at least 1867, when Cavendish beat Sudbury 331-26, batting on as was the custom then.

Electricity arrived in the village in 1931, mains water not until the 1950s. It is the inhabitants that provide the glue that bind such communities. From 1969 to 2005, Pamela and Tom Matthews were very much part of that glue at Cavendish Hall. Another such lady through the first half of the twentieth century was Henrietta Garrett. In 1901 Miss Garrett bought Western House, which dates from 1670 and was a former staging post on the Western Stagecoach run. Here, Miss Garrett ran a very small and select school – which Pamela Matthews attended as a young girl. It must have contributed to her happy memories of the village. Miss Garrett was a lifelong and active member of the village Congregationalist Chapel and its organist; she also founded and ran a coal club, a penny bank and a library. She died in 1944 aged 92.

Until the Second World War, the Brocklebanks of Cavendish Hall were one of the largest landowners in the village, owning most of the farms and, among other buildings, the Red House, where lived Charles and Hilda Finch, their butler and chambermaid.

The war prompted the creation of a now internationally known charity in Cavendish. Sue Ryder grew up at Thurlow in 1920s where her father had an estate. She was educated at home and paid regular visits to workhouses and Elizabethan almshouses on the estate. After working for the secret service during the war and affected by what she had seen in the ravaged areas of Eastern Europe, she set up the Sue Ryder Foundation in her mother's house in Cavendish in 1951. The house became the first Sue Ryder Home, a refuge for thirty physically disabled or psychologically disturbed people, known

affectionately as ‘the bods.’ Today, there are fourteen Sue Ryder care centres in Britain, providing hospice care for the terminally ill.

So ripples spread from an ancient settlement, whose own patterns of life and community gently evolve with the centuries even if the scene around the village green has changed remarkably little. Compared with this long established village, Cavendish Hall almost seems a *parvenu.*

CAVENDISH HALL BIBLIOGAPHY

Baynard, J D	*Bygone Cavendish* (1951)
Davies, Agnes Maud	*A Book with Seven Seals* (1928)
Freeth, Rosemary	*Cavendish Its People and Its Heritage* (2002)
Galloway, Bruce	*Walks in East Anglia* Vol I Norfolk & Suffolk (1981)
Jebb, Miles	*Suffolk* (1995)
Meister, Leila von	*Gathered Yesterdays* (1963)
Moorhead, Caroline	*Martha Gelhorn: A Life* (2003)
Raven, J. J.	*History of Suffolk* (1895)
Sinclair, Andrew	*Francis Bacon* (1993)
Suckling, Alfred	*History & Antiquities of Suffolk*
Thornton, G. A.	*History of Clare* (1928)
White, William	*History, Gazetteer & Directory of Suffolk* (1844)
Walford, Thomas	*Tourist through England etc* (1818)

DONATED PORTRAITS

All the portraits in the dining room are unknown save the two either side of the fireplace which are as follows:

William Carlisle
Modern label (probably put on by Marjorie Thynne) says:

'Revd William Carlisle and his wife Prudence (companion portrait) who were parents of Harriet Emma Carlisle. She married Revd Edward Lane Sayer in 1834. They were parents of 12 children, the youngest being Florence Sayer, born 1848, who married the Revd Canon A.B. Thynne in 1869. They were the parents of Herbert Sayer Thynne (and 6 others) and grandparents of Marjorie, Brian and Denis Thynee!'

Old label says:
'...Road, Brighton. Revd William Carlisle...? rector of....., perpetual curate....'

Prudence Carlisle
Old label says:
'Now (1893) the property of Katherine Sayer of 5 College Road, Brighton. Prudence Carlisle.....[several words missing]...Sutton, Derbyshire.'

Both donated to the Landmark Trust by:
Mrs G Thynne
Little Chantry, Chandos Street, Winchcombe, Gloucestershire GL54 5HX
26 September 2008