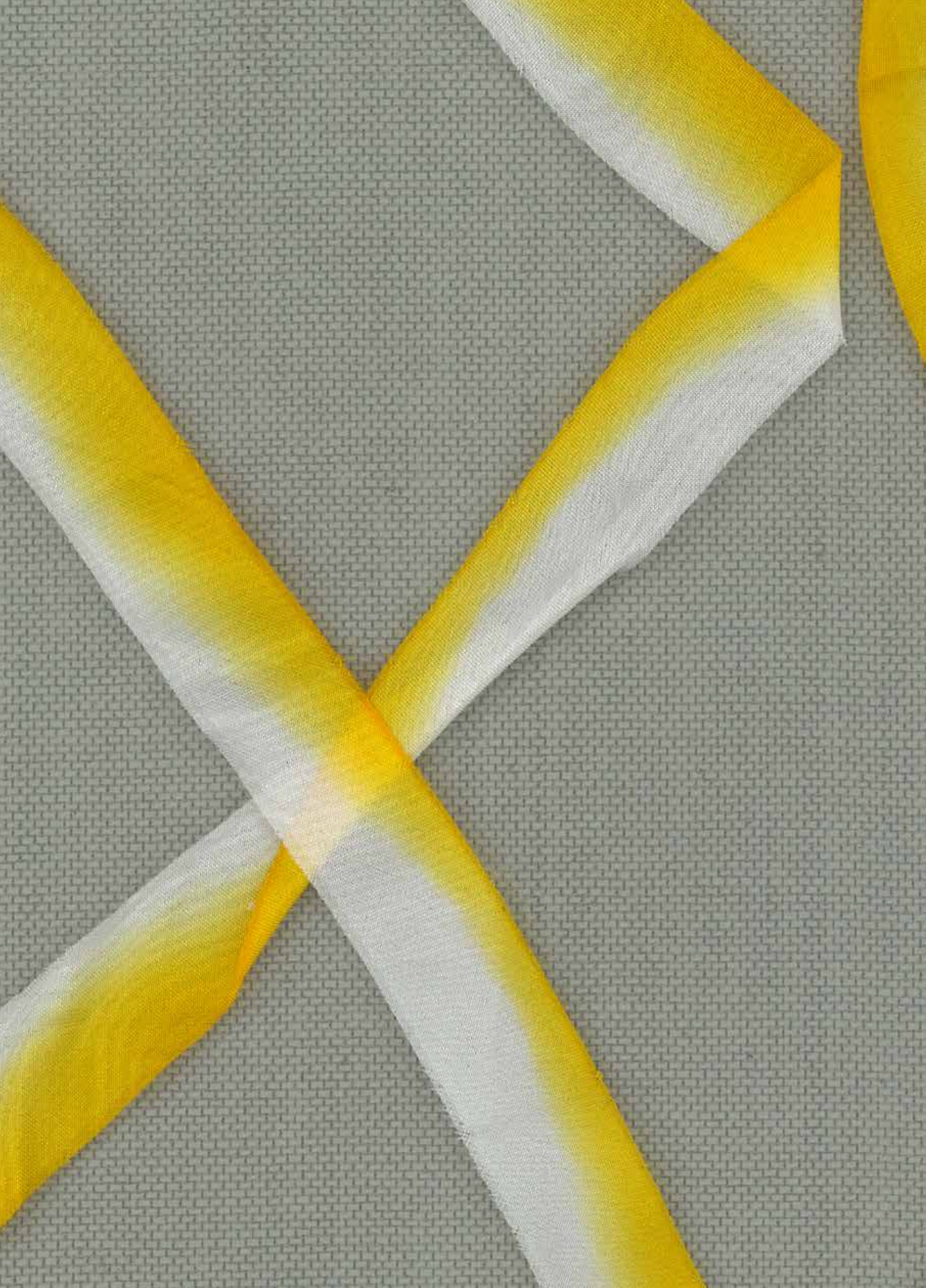


XX
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HERE'S
TO 20
YEARS
OF SHOP
KEEPING



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TO 20
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KEEPING

‘Our original intention to sell beautiful and unusual things to lovely people in an inspiring space remains resolutely unaltered.’

VICTORIA SUFFIELD
FOUNDER



Here's to 20 flippin' years of shopkeeping. Who'd have thought it? I know it to be true because I was pregnant with Mercy when we opened and she is a full grown 19 year old now. I know it to be true because Lucy has been here for almost the entire time and she came as a 20 something in 2001 and has just celebrated a significant birthday of her own. I know it to be true because the 5 year painting clause in the lease has come round a fair few times.

But still, 20 years is something of a milestone. It is particularly something of a milestone in 2019 when the ground on which the world of shops is built has been shifting and the foundations of the industry are looking a little shaky. When we opened in 1999 we could not have imagined how the landscape would change.

Our original intention to sell beautiful and unusual things to lovely people in an inspiring space remains resolutely unaltered but modern retail has definitely made us reflect on the role of traditional shopkeeping in general and the meaning of The Hambleton in particular.

For us a shop has always been about three significant things. Whilst it is necessarily about making sure the numbers add up so that we can pay the rent, keep the lights on and continue to trade, it seems to me it is about something more profound, meaningful and fun: selling great things, feeling very firmly rooted in a place and making friends.

We do love to buy a lovely product. I am not by nature particularly acquisitive (I'm not sure whether this is ironic, given my line of work) but I do love the hyper-ventilaty feeling I get when we happen upon something new and exciting to sell; when we conjure a story or a theme which perfectly encapsulates a season; when we have to flatter, woo and convince a brand that we are the ideal outpost for their vision and they succumb to our charm.

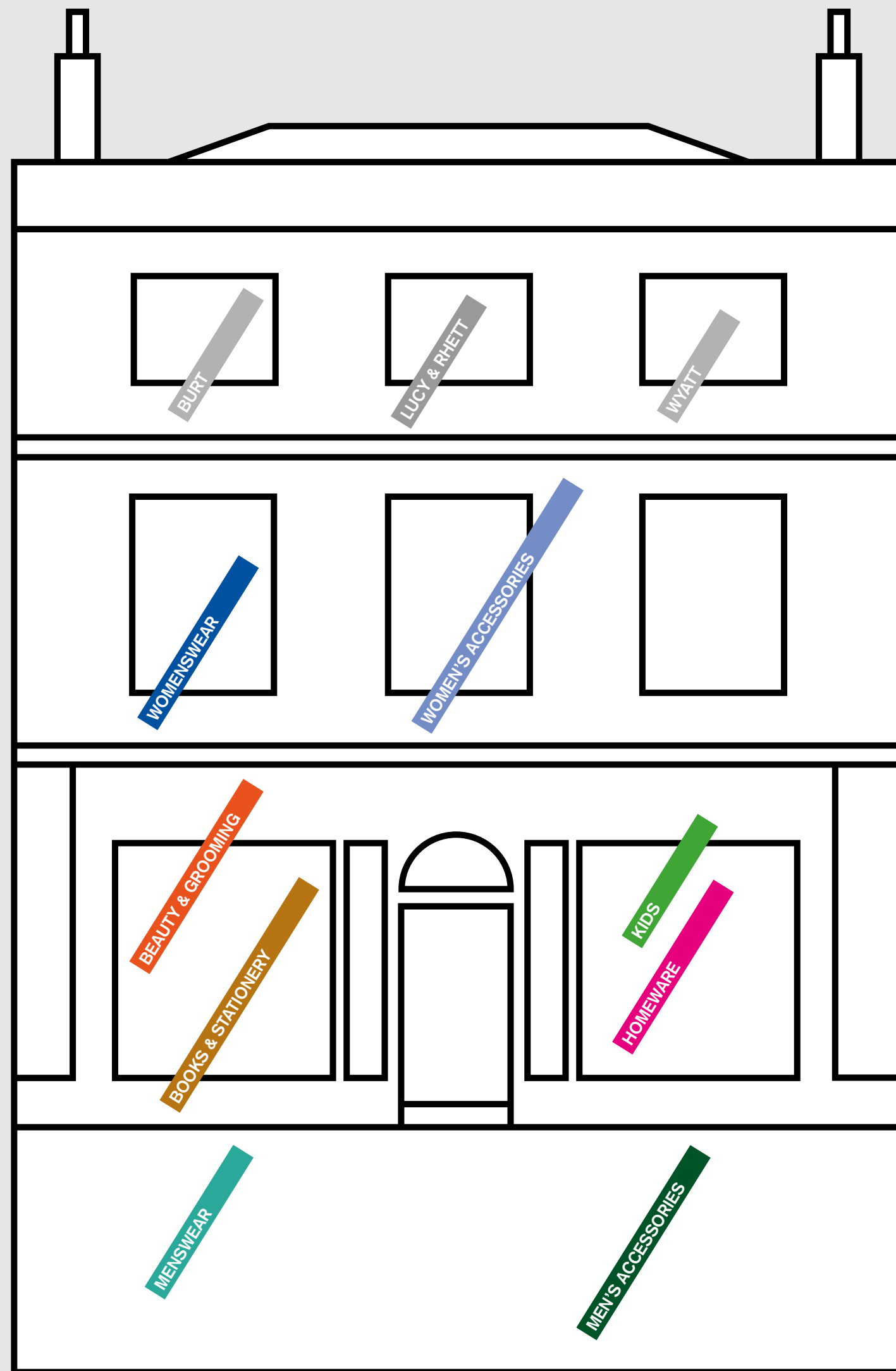
Our location has been defining for us. Not just Winchester, which has been the perfect balance of rural and urban, traditional and modern and has felt large enough to be dynamic but reassuringly small enough for us to carve out our own niche. But the building itself. Don't tell my landlord but I think it would be hard for us to do what we do in another location. 10 The Square has given us the space to be expansive and the scale to be authoritative but, I hope, feels warm and welcoming. Even the poltergeist in the basement is friendly.

And how unbelievably lucky are we? Retail is a business which is predicated on people and we have been incredibly fortunate to be awash with lovely, lovely ones. Customers, suppliers and brilliant staff have kept us here for 20 years and lots of the stories in this publication were inspired by the contribution of all sorts of individuals over this time.

So here's to 20 years of shopkeeping. And here's to you all for making it happen. It has been an absolute joy and privilege.



Photography: Aaron Tilley



**20 years
ago**
TODAY

**WORLD AWAITS OUTCOME
OF Y2K BUG**

**NOTTING HILL HIGHEST
GROSSING BRITISH FILM**

**DAVID BOWIE BECOMES FIRST
MAJOR MUSICIAN TO RELEASE
ALBUM ON THE INTERNET**

EURO CURRENCY LAUNCHED

TOTAL SOLAR ECLIPSE

**SENATE ACQUITS PRESIDENT
BILL CLINTON OF PERJURY AND
OBSTRUCTION OF JUSTICE**

**JULIA DONALDSON'S BOOK,
THE GRUFFALO, PUBLISHED**

**ROBBIE, LAST COLLIERY
HORSE TO WORK IN UK
COALMINE, RETIRES**

**MINIMUM WAGE INTRODUCED
AT £3.60 PER HOUR**

**SERENA WILLIAMS WINS
HER FIRST GRAND SLAM
AT US OPEN**



UNSUNG HEROES

It's time for all those people who have helped out backstage over the years to take their very well deserved curtain call.

Photographs by Matthew Andrews

Mark Ball, MS Ball

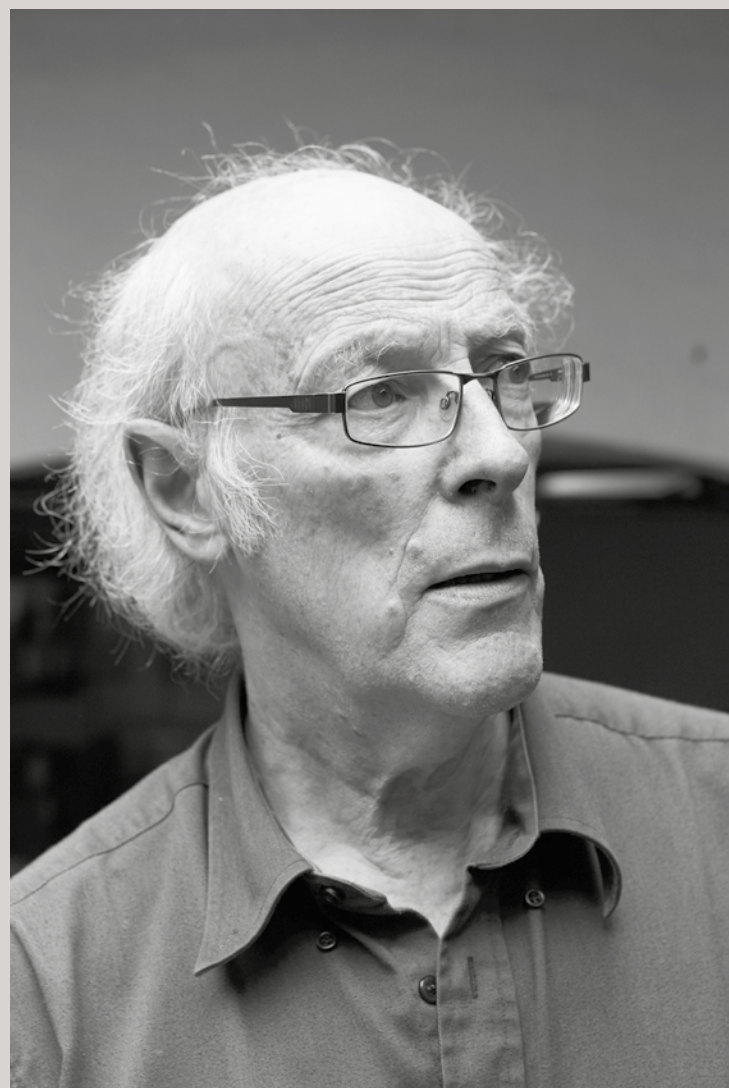


Dave Langridge, The Original Flower Stall





Billy and Vicky Lao, The Oriental Tailor





Rosie Freshwater, Leapfrog (digital strategist)

The Couriers, clockwise from top left: Tim Haig, Hermes; Dave Brown, DPD; Rob Paddington, Royal Mail; Chris Wimble, Federal Express





Laura Swaffield, Coffee Lab

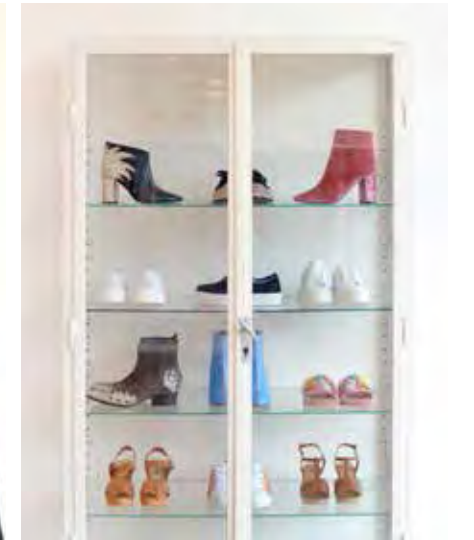
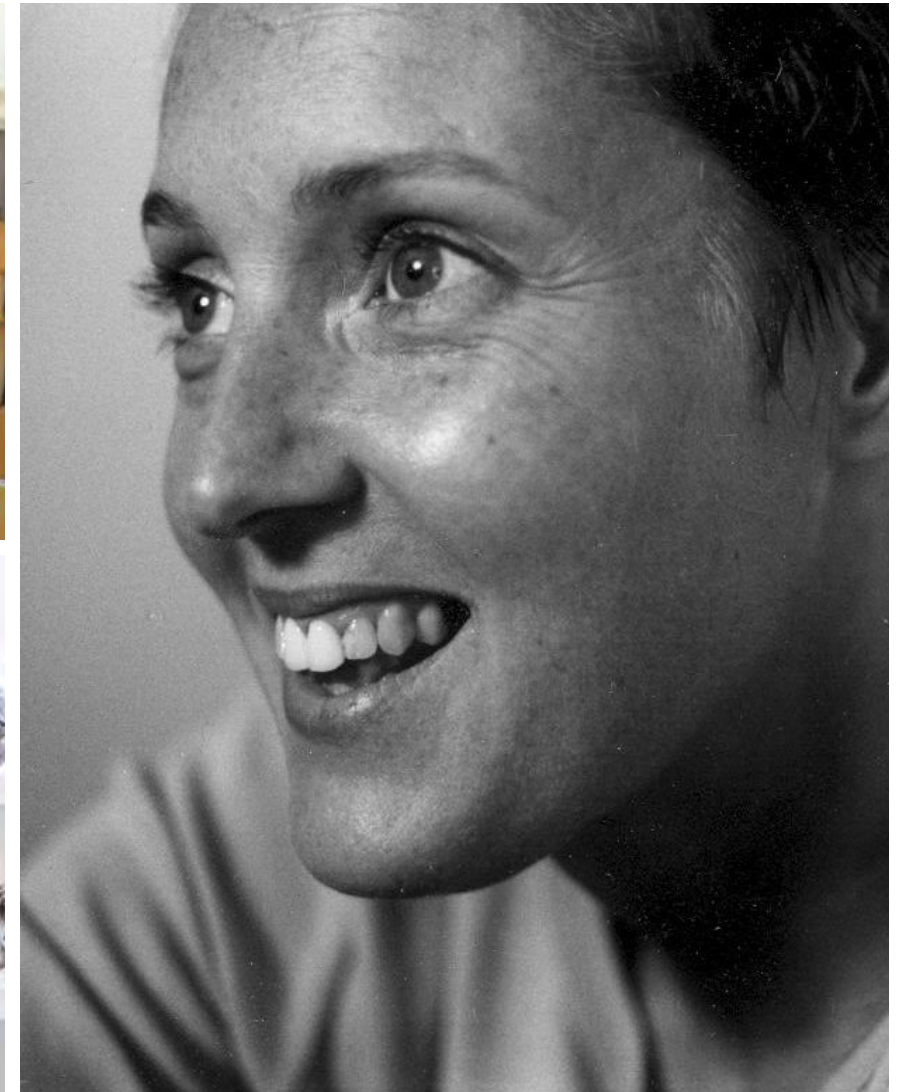


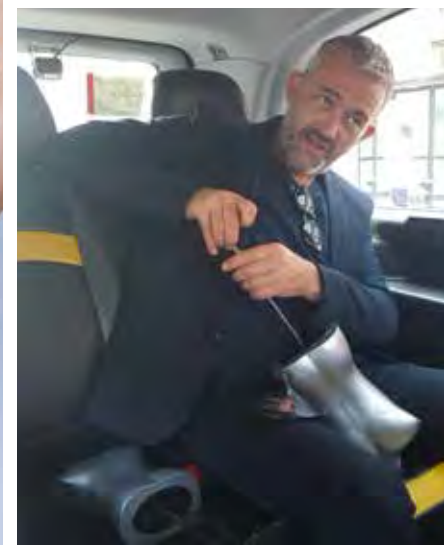


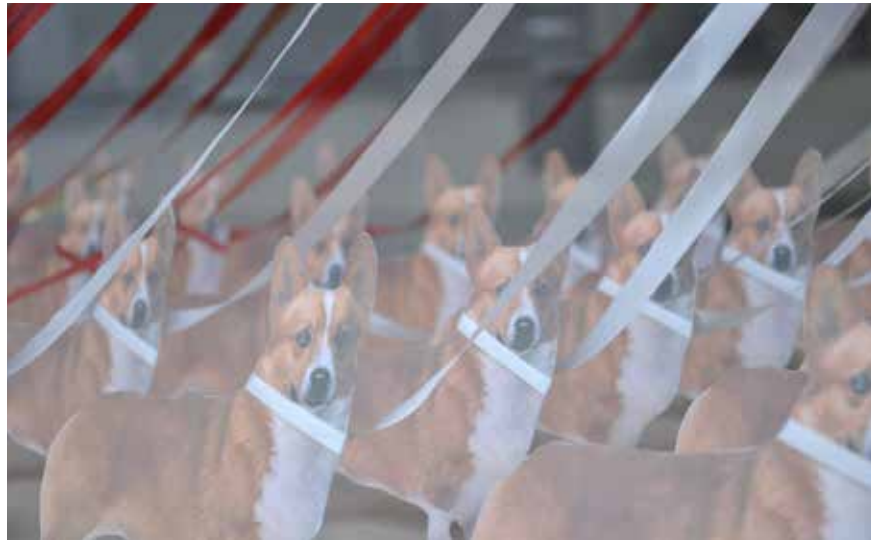
Phil Kendall, TJ Waste and Recycling

We are Family

Well, we're not actually but it really feels like it. Here's to the best job in the World with the best people in the World. To all The Hambletoners, past, present and future.









Nº 10

AT TWENTY

Photography by Phil Dunlop, styling by Lune Kuipers

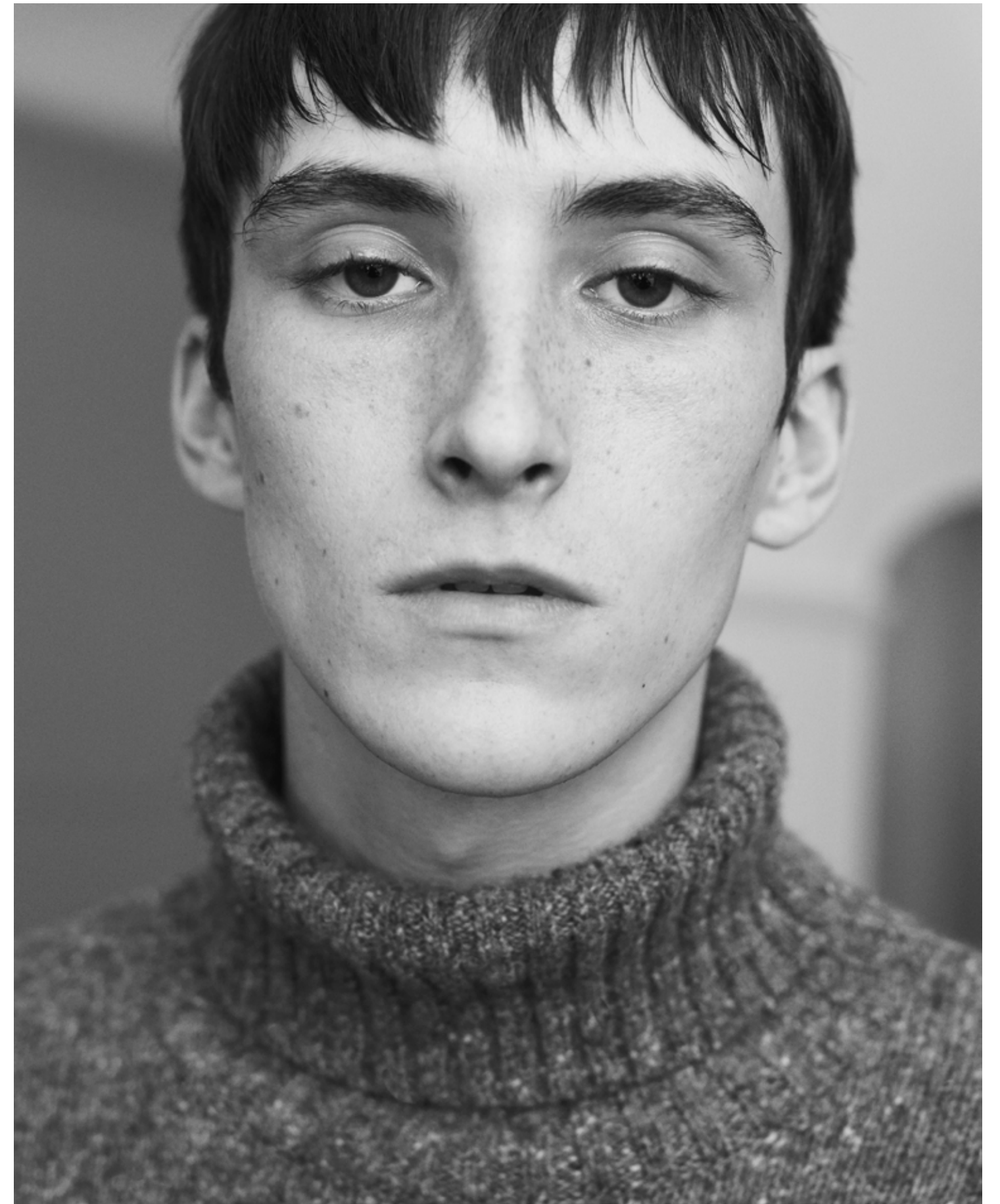


Page 30
Demetria Coat by Baum und Pferdgarten, £399

Autumn Forest Jumpsuit by ByTi.Mo, £325

Right
Jasmine Dress by Stine Goya, £280, Laila Skirt by Stine Goya, £210





*Left: Emilio Tank by Soeur, £95
Tiger's Eye Maxi Skirt by Ganni, £200
Shoes, Model's Own*

*Charcoal lambswool Rollneck by Universal Works, £130
Charcoal Kyoto work pant by Universal Works, £199*



Right
Sand Lancaster jacket by Universal Works, £125
Olive Garow Cord Overshirt by Bellerose, £140
Military Moleskin Chino by Universal Works, £135
Wilson Boot by Sanders, £299

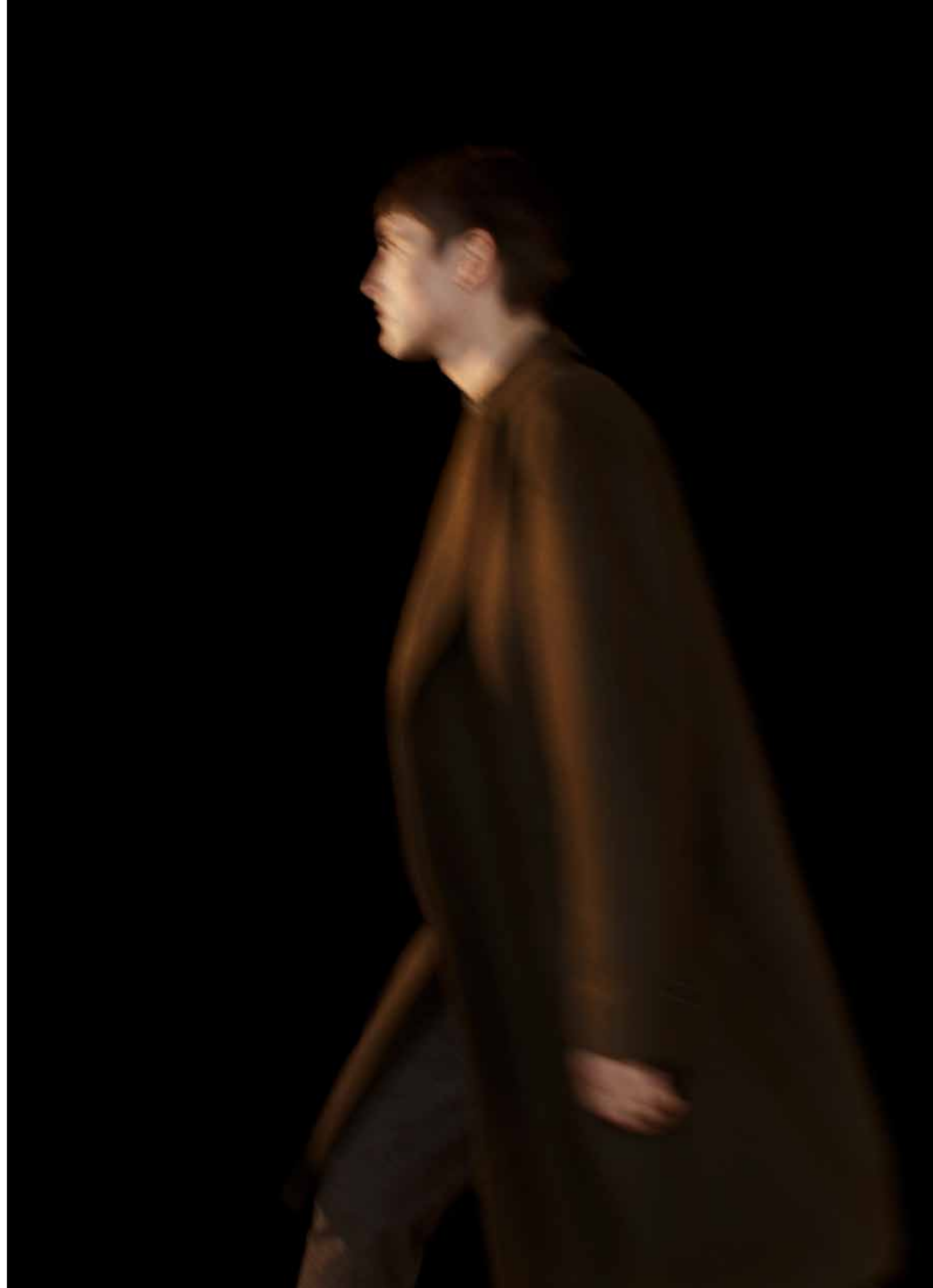




Left
Orange Fleece Cardigan by Universal Works, £130
Coney Cord Pant by Saturdays NYC, £190
Fusion 2 Sneakers by Karhu, £120



Right
Olive Kawano Coat by Saturdays NYC, £430
Charcoal Montano Knit by YMC, £160
Check Porths Pant by Bellerose, £149





Hair: Yoshitaka Miyazaki, Make up: Martina Lattanzi, First assistant: Tom Skinner, Digital operator: Frankie Leong, Models: Agostina and Dexter



Left
Nebraska Manor Jacket by Universal Works, £225
Malibu T-shirt by Knickerbocker, £69
Nebraska Pant by Universal Works, £135

Hambleton Exclusive Navy Fisherman's Rib Sweater
by GRP Firenze, £275

HOMEWARE

Antoinette Poisson
 Bitossi
 The Braided Rug
 Company
 Bungalow
 By Mutti
 Costa Nova
 Falcon Enamelware
 Ib Laursen
 Imogen Owen
 La Cerise sur
 le gateau
 La Soufflerie
 London Borough
 of Jam
 Maison Bengal
 The Marshmallowist
 McNutt
 Meri Meri
 Olli Ella
 Pearl Glassware
 Redecker
 Rose in April
 The Vintage List

MEN

Adsum
 Bellerose
 Carhartt WIP
 Colourful
 Standard
 Danton
 Edwin
 Gramicci
 GRP Firenze
 Hartford
 Knickerbocker
 Norse Projects

Patagonia
 Portuguese
 Flannel
 Sunray
 Saturdays NYC
 Universal Works
 YMC

Coming soon
 Nanamica
 Satta
 Stussy

**MEN'S
ACCESSORIES**

American Trench
 Converse
 Hestra
 Karhu
 Moscot
 RoToTo
 Sanders
 Spring Court
 Wigwam

Coming soon
 Stepney Workers
 Club

WOMEN

American Vintage
 arch4
 Baum und
 Pferdgarten
 Bellerose
 By TiMo
 Custommade
 Des Petits Hauts
 Ganni
 Hartford

Hod
 Jumper 1234
 Leon and Harper
 Levete Room
 Lollys Laundry
 Pyrus
 Rag and Bone
 Reiko
 Sacrécoeur
 Sessun
 Sibin Linnebjerg
 Soeur
 Stella Nova
 Stine Goya
 Un-Nye

Coming soon
 Meadows
 Ateliers Francais
 Confection
 Dream
 Louise Misha

**WOMEN'S
ACCESSORIES**

Alex Monroe
 Beck Sondergaard
 Bonne Maison
 Epice
 Hestra
 Karhu
 Louise Hendricks
 Monk & Anna
 Pernille Corydon
 Shashi
 Shoe The Bear
 Spring Court
 Tinne + Mia

**BOOKS &
STATIONERY**

Ashkahn
 Egg Press
 Imogen Owen
 Lucky Horse Press
 Mean Mail
 Meri Meri
 Nineteen Seventy Three
 Noi Publishing
 Petra Boase
 Rico
 Typoretum
 Wrap
 Yellow Owl Workshop

**BEAUTY &
GROOMING**

Austin Austin
 Bachca
 Bastide
 Bon Parfumeur
 Inuwet
 Jao Brand
 La Cerise sur
 le gateau
 Maison Louis Marie
 Mermaid Perfume
 Miller Harris
 Minois
 Molly Mahon
 Nailmatic
 Priddy Essentials
 Ren Skincare
 SA.AL&CO



20th Birthday Exclusives

In honour of our very special relationship with suppliers from near and far, we've commissioned a series of Hambleton exclusives to celebrate 20 years. Here's a collection of some of our favourite favourites.

Photography by Sara Morris, art direction and styling by Sandy Suffield



London Borough of Jam Chuckleberry Jam £5.50



La Soufflerie Café Ronde avec Anse £35.95, Levigoureux Vase £14.95



The Marshmallow Fizz Gin and Elderflower Fizz Marshmallows £7.50



Edwin Regular Tapered Rainbow Selvage Jean £160



Maison Bengal Two-Tone Basket £39



Molly Mahon Block Print Luma Washbag £24



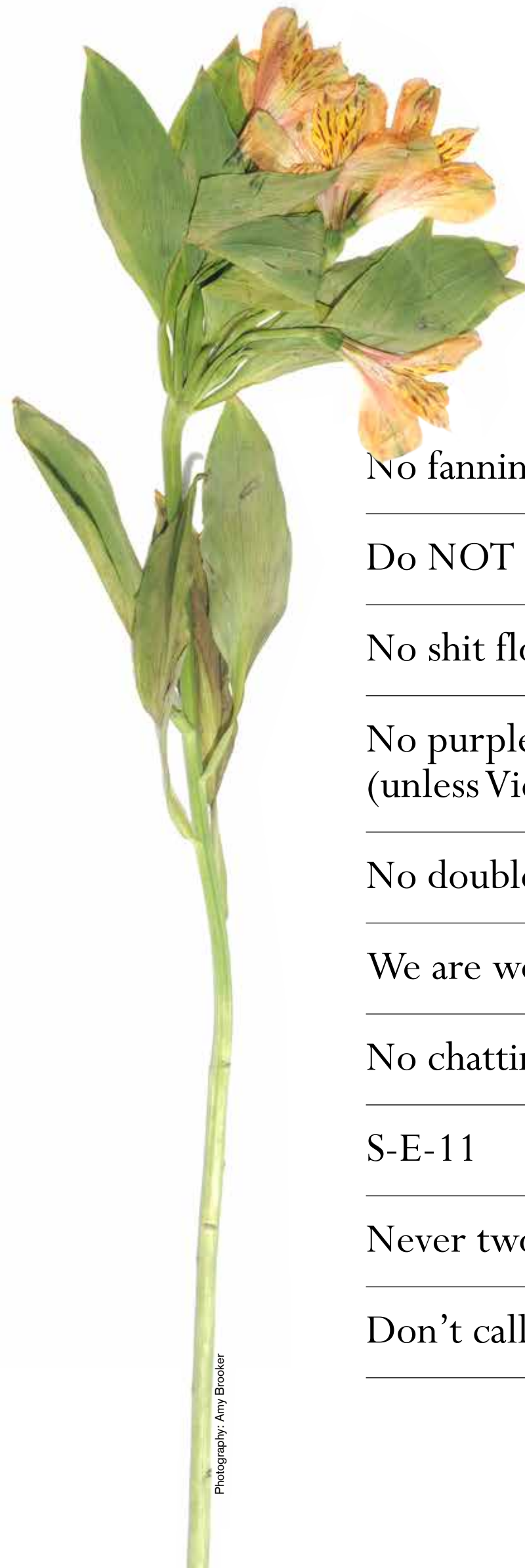
Revolver Haleiwa Grey Marl Tee £60



Falcon Enamelware Bake Tray, Jug and Spoon Set £64

Victoria's rules

It's always a good idea to obey our queen and leader.



Photography: Amy Brooker

No fanning product for displays or photos

Do NOT steal the Muji pen

No shit flowers

No purple or brown
(unless Victoria buys purple or brown)

No double exclamation marks!!

We are women NOT ladies

No chatting unless it involves customers

S-E-11

Never two staff behind the counter

Don't call me Vicky

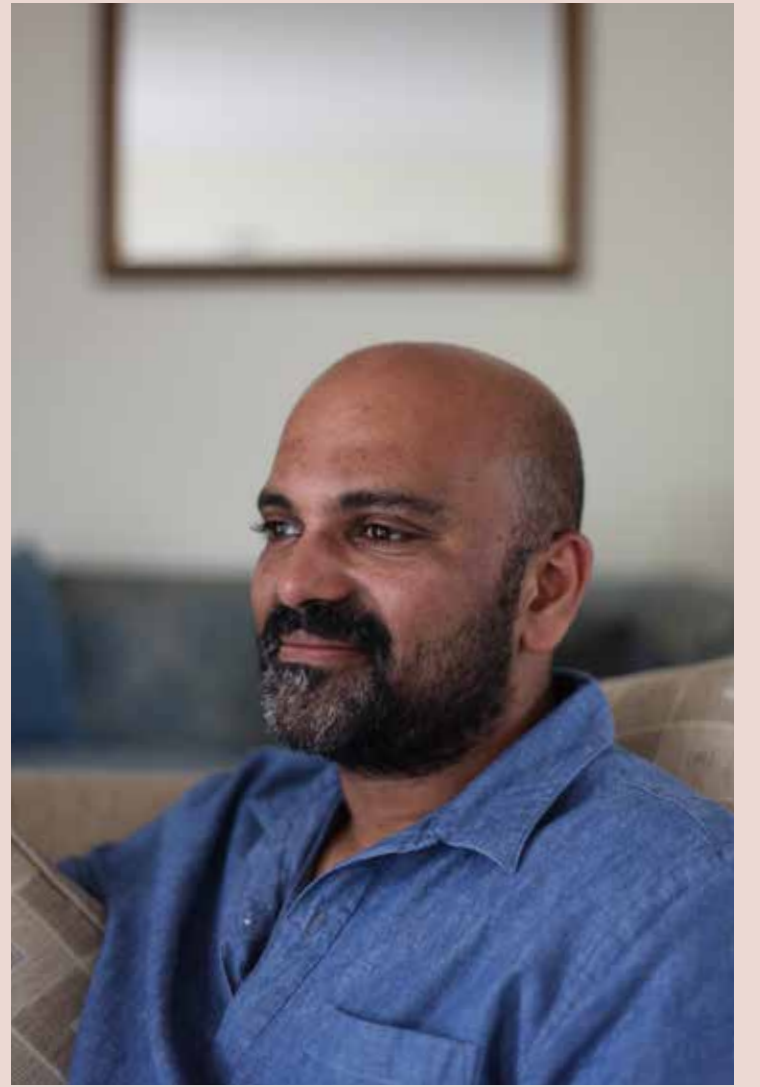
One of the great joys of retail is our customers. Here we honour an iconic 20 with their 20 purchases bought over 20 years. It is very good to see two decades' worth of Hambledon things in their new and happy homes. ¹ **Jane & Repetto Shoes** Dancer, Feldenkrais teacher and peerless party giver. ² **Wendy & Thing** One of our longest serving customers. She's a former shopkeeper so that is high praise indeed. ³ **Ari & Moscot Glasses** Ari is a sports medic, all round good man and one of Rob's regulars. ⁴ **Mabel & Meri Meri Letters** Apparently Mabel has moved on from channelling her mum's beautiful Garçonne style and now favours pink and purple. Really? ⁵ **The Sonder Boys & Converse** We've known Oscar, Joel and Ozzy since primary school. They've grown up into a film company. ⁶ **Savannah & Inuwet Lip Gloss** Savannah is the original wild child. ⁷ **Emma & Vintage Poster** Emma is a London refugee who has fully, fully signed up to all things Hambledon. We love her. ⁸ **Phillip & Woolrich Coat** Phillip is an authority on all sports and European weekend breaks. ⁹ **Rebecca & Mosser Jug** Affectionately known to the shop as 'Little Rebecca' a former, and sorely missed, Hambledoner. ¹⁰ **Simon &**

Engineered Garments Jacket Which is fitting as Simon is an engineer. He can give you the low down on all manner of hi fi. ¹¹ **Freddie & Corby Tindersticks Wall Hanging** Freddie is going to play for Arsenal. ¹² **Sarah & Ib Laursen Cushions** If ever you need someone gracious and charming to comment on your Insta posts, this gracious and charming woman is all over it. ¹³ **Alice & Alex Monroe Necklace** Saving the world, one library at a time. ¹⁴ **Lola & Bungalow Cushion** We can only aspire to Lola's poise and self possession. And she's 4 for goodness sake. ¹⁵ **Jack & Danton Vest** Jack has a tale or three to tell. This is a man with a very interesting past. ¹⁶ **Cecilia & Stine Goya Dress** This is exactly who you want to be heading up a Fashion Degree. Clever, super nice. And Danish. And cool. ¹⁷ **Abigail & Converse** Historian, archaeologist and all round very lovely clever clogs. ¹⁸ **Gemma & Odd Molly Cardigan** Gemma is a gem. Yoga teacher, mum and committed Hambledon devotee. We thank you. ¹⁹ **Paddy & By Mutti China** Pater Familias to one of our all time favourite families. ²⁰ **Amelia & Vintage Leather Chair** This woman is fierce. And we mean that in a very good way. Whip smart and super funny.

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Photography: Sandy Suffield



In conversation with Wendy Suffield *or Talking to Mum*

Words by Victoria Suffield

Meet Wendy. She is my brilliant Mum. She is also the founder of one of the original lifestyle stores in the UK, The Hambledon Gallery, and the inspiration behind The Hambledon.

I spent my childhood in retail. For longer than I can remember my Mum has had a shop. The story is that, at 6 weeks old, I was taken to work with her in a basket and left to sleep under the counter. When we (I'm one of three sisters) were a little older we went on buying trips with her and, a little older again, we'd work for her during school holidays. As a grown up, when I left London when our kids were little and moved to Dorset, I went to work more properly for her. The Hambledon Gallery is where I learnt my trade. So it seems fitting, as we celebrate our 20th birthday at The Hambledon, to find out how Wendy came to the business of shopkeeping.

It's 1962 and my dad, Mike, has been offered a job as an art teacher at Blandford Secondary Modern. Every weekend for a couple of months, my parents ride their scooter (this is the Sixties after all) from their caravan in a Nissen hut in Epsom (this caravan is the stuff of family legend) to Dorset and start househunting. The Hambledon Gallery at this time is owned and run by the painter Katherine Church (known as Kitty). "We walked up the hill one Saturday morning and to our amazement the window of this shop was full of Keith Vaughans. We couldn't believe it and so we went in. You could buy a Keith Vaughan but also, for a shilling, a cup of coffee and a digestive biscuit. So we always started our day house hunting after a cup of coffee and Kitty and Dad would talk exhibitions."

The Gallery was an introduction to a different kind of life for Wendy. She and Dad had long been interested in art, Modern British painting in particular (Dad is a really lovely painter himself) and their growing friendship with Kitty brought them into contact with the fringes of Kitty's real life Bloomsbury set. Kitty had been married to Antony West, the son of H.G. Wells and Rebecca West; she was close friends with Julian Trevelyan, Mary Fedden, John Piper and Frances Partridge; her sister, married to the architect, Berthold Lubetkin, was the first woman to be elected to the RIBA; and Gallery customers included Molly Debenham (whose knickers, Mum hilariously remembers, fell down as she was walking up the street and, arguably less interestingly, whose husband Tory MP Sir Piers Debenham may have been the cause of the election of Dorset's only ever Labour MP. He famously said that he would rather see a Labour Government than Britain in the EEC, plus ça change!) and Cecil Beaton (the photographer from Salisbury, as Mum puts it, a charming but rather spoilt child).

Wendy is resolutely working class. We call her 'Jumped up working' but she maintains that she has always worked, has always needed to work and therefore remains, in spite of circumstances, working class. The daughter of an electrician and a nurse, she grew up in the Medway Towns in Kent and went to Warmwell Hall School in Gravesend where she excelled at anything practical: cooking, sewing, drawing and any, and all, sports (she remains a fiercely competitive and very handy tennis player). And during our conversation all her recollections of childhood and early adulthood involve her running: running for the bus to get to school; running for the train to get to London; running to her Sunday tennis matches straight after a Sunday lunch; running to get the last tube home and much later, in Dorset, doing her daily dozen by running home in her lunch hour to do the chores. She is a woman in a hurry to get things done.

What were her aspirations as a child? "Because I'd been in hospital (Wendy spent a year in GOSH as a young child) and I thought, when I was really quite little, that I ought to be a nurse as I'd been so well looked after in Great Ormond Street. And then later I always thought I'd go to art school." My grandfather was not an enthusiast for an art school education for his daughter and wanted her to find paid work when she finished school at 17. It's 1957 and Mum has found a job working for Berketex (subsequently a bridal specialist but in the Fifties a manufacturer of mid priced clothing) in their sample room, quickly impressing her employers with her skill and meticulous attention to detail. When Berketex relocated to Plymouth, Mum had to find new work. "I went into the job agency again and they said 'Well, there's something that needs someone who can draw'. And I thought I could probably do that so I went for an interview at Style Patterns." So she began illustrating dressmaking patterns from an office in the West End.

Mum and Dad married in 1962. They moved into their 'stuff of family legend' caravan in Epsom and started to save to buy a house. Dad began his job in Dorset, living with a colleague and the house hunting began in earnest. By day, during the week, Wendy continued at Style Patterns. By night she worked as a pot washer at a friend's restaurant in Hampstead. The pot wash money paid for the conveyancing on their new house: a Victorian villa, far beyond their means, with rotten floors and a decaying roof (to this day Dad has a morbid fear of high winds). Wendy had obviously made a very positive impression on Kitty because she received a letter while she was still working in London, which she keeps to this day: 'When you eventually find a house, I would like you to work for me because it's very hard to find like-minded people. The pay isn't very good but I would really, really like you to start working.' So the shopkeeping came out of nowhere? "It was simply Kitty saying she needed a like minded person, which



She is a pragmatist.
And a worker. And
wears her inordinate
capabilities very lightly.



was very flattering. And we got on like a house on fire. I mean we were huge friends, really huge friends.”

As a child I remember Kitty being quite difficult and rather stern. As young as 8 or 10 I felt quite protective of Mum because I could see how it was sometimes difficult for her to navigate Kitty’s moods but Mum remains incredibly loyal: “I was her punch bag. She had nobody else. She was on her own. She built that house on her own. She had to organise the garden and everything in it and she ran the Gallery and she still desperately wanted to paint.” And so Mum started working full time for Kitty, including Saturdays (such is the joy of retail). On her Wednesdays off, she travelled back up to London and collected the next week’s work of dressmaking illustrations, which she did in the evenings. She is nothing if not industrious. I ask her what the Gallery was like in those early days: “Unbelievably sparse. No shelving. Just wall space for pictures. And downstairs we sold postcards and Batterham pottery.”

So the Wendy Suffield era of The Hambleton Gallery was born. Mum could see that selling the occasional painting wasn’t going to keep the business going. She began to introduce what Kitty disparagingly referred to as ‘Wendy’s Trash’: homeware and subsequently womenswear which initially propped up the turnover and then, after Kitty’s retirement, became the core business. In her London lunch hour on a Wednesday she raced around trying to source things to sell. Early suppliers included Christine Smith who had a warehouse in Covent Garden selling imported furniture and accessories from the Far East (she went on to found Neal Street East, Smith’s Galleries and The Tea House and was instrumental in protecting the Market at Covent Garden from the developers in the ‘70s); Laura Ashley, who was then screen printing tea towels and oven gloves from her kitchen table; and Terence Conran, in the days before his Habitat empire. Mum used to go to the Conran offices in Rathbone Place and pay retail and then add a little mark up to sell at the Gallery. I ask what she bought. “These brightly coloured little teeny flowers. Bunches of them. Glixia.” It’s a weird moment. I spent several days this Summer mistakenly Googling ‘Star Flowers’ (which is Glixia’s American name) in an attempt to find them for The Hambleton. And Wendy had been there, much more successfully, 57 years before me.

Photography: Sandy Suffield, Eleanor Leith Hill

I was in my Moses basket under the shop counter in ‘66, my middle sister, Sandy, arrived in ‘70 and in 1971 the growing Suffield family take a sabbatical year in Northern California. Dad was teaching High School and I think this time in the States marked something of a turning point. Mum and Dad had left England as a broadly traditional couple. A year in Marin County introduced them to all

kinds of new ideas, not least the burgeoning of feminism, although Mum will be cross if you think she’s an easy adopter of political labels. She is a pragmatist. And a worker. And wears her inordinate capabilities very lightly. But I think Mum returned to the UK emboldened (she also returned pregnant with my little sister, Lotty, who now runs The Hambleton Gallery). Kitty invited her to become a partner in the business and in this new position Mum was liberated to make changes to the shop: “Kitty used to go to the pub for lunch. But it occurred to me that so many people were working in the town and if we’re shut they can’t come shopping. So we didn’t close at lunchtime. Kitty opened the Gallery at 10 but I soon changed that to 9.” The building next door came up for sale for £11,000. Wendy, ever cheeky, offered £6000 and got it for £7000. She let most of the building as a residential flat but used the ground floor as her Womenswear department. She sold very early Laura Ashley clothing and gradually expanded the offer. I ask who her favourite designers are, expecting her to list classic luminaries like Chanel or Yves Saint Laurent but she lists those designers she worked with over her years of buying at the Gallery: Clutch Cargo, Virginia, Ally Capellino, Sarah Sturgeon, Anne Storey, Nicole Farhi, Eskandar.

Later, when Kitty wanted to retire from the business entirely, Mum bought her out. And later again, she bought the butcher’s shop on the other side of the Gallery. It was hopeless as a retail space but provided a very nice street frontage for window displays. As sales of womenswear grew, and sales of paintings declined, Wendy commissioned an extension at the back of the building to house the exhibitions. As sales of paintings continued to decline and sales of fashion continued to grow, she moved womenswear again to take over the whole First Floor (sound familiar?) and closed the gallery element of the business. From ‘Wendy’s Trash’ she had created a thriving lifestyle retailer.

When customers ask if we’re anything to do with The Hambleton Gallery, I always say we are very close relatives: different people but you can see a very clear family resemblance. The launch of The Hambleton in 1999 was hardly a leap in the dark. At its heart, the premise of The Hambleton as an independent almost department store is a straight steal from Wendy. In very practical terms I’ve learnt about buying, merchandising and basic shopkeeping from Mum. She retired in 2016 and I ask what she liked best about having a shop. “It’s that constant customer relationship. People are lovely. They come to buy what they like. They trust you.” And more fundamentally, although I’ve never managed her impressive work rate, I’ve learnt that it’s good to be gainfully employed. If only I had paid closer attention to her lesson about always buying the freehold. So thank you Wendy and thank you Mum, for a lifetime of instruction.

The one where...

We tried the Ren anti-ageing eye lift on Rob and a customer thought he was having a stroke

Finn had to buy an extra wardrobe, just to house her Silly Sale purchases

A menswear agent cold-called Rob and tried to sell him a range of espadrilles based on a pair that had been found on the Icelandic equivalent of the Tollund man

Eddie Jones made a fuss of Lucy's two bulldogs

We had a ghost hunter talking to one of the walls in our menswear basement

Rob turned up for his interview in 2009 on crutches

A customer came to the counter and asked for a cappuccino

The work experience girl spent the whole week wearing her coat (it was June)

Lucy and a heavily sedated Rob quantified Mens AW11 from The Bartlett ward at Winchester hospital

We were asked 'What exactly are you? Are you an American style thrift store?'

The delivery driver who insisted on calling Lucy 'Sir'

Lucy had her bag scanned at Copenhagen airport because it contained a substance with the same density as Semtex (it was a cake for her dad)

Lucy was stopped at security at Eurostar in Paris for a suspected weapon. It was a ketchup gun

In the early days, Lucy managed the entire shop alone when Victoria's car broke down

Theo, at the age of 8, offered Lucy a lifetime of job security (seriously Theo, thank you. I hope she signed something binding)

Michael Barrymore turned up on a Tuesday morning to try and sell Rob a menswear collection (we politely declined)

Ari and Gemma, sports medic and yoga teacher, fixed Rob and Lucy's knees on a busy sale day

Victoria tackled a shoplifter to the ground outside the shop, and was watched by an audience of coffee drinkers in The Square

After picking up our two Drapers awards Rob managed to break one within 5 minutes in the taxi from the venue

Richard E Grant came in to the shop and Victoria had to hide in the attic because she was so star struck

Shortly after we opened in 1999 two women were standing outside the building: "Extraordinary shop. It'll never last"

Enormous thanks to everyone who has made this book possible but very special and particular thanks to these brilliant people –

Sandy Suffield for being an exemplary designer (and a not too shabby sister)

Lucy, Rob, Finn, Amy, Harriett, Annie, Lottie, Chandler, Bella and Izzy. You are the dream team and I'm not even lying

My ever tolerant and lovely family, without whom I'm rubbish

All our amazing customers and suppliers who have made The Hambleton what it is. We are nothing without you

Thank you, thank you, thank you all

Designed by Sandy Suffield
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