

AYLSHAM LOCAL HISTORY SOCIETY



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SOCIETY

JOURNAL & NEWSLETTER

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THE HISTORY OF 27 BURE WAY, AYLSHAM Elizabeth Gale

We know from Dr. Sapwell's History of Aylsham that No. 27 Bure Way is the building which once housed William Wright's school; a Day and Boarding school for boys. Now, through the kindness of Dr. P. H. Sutton, the current owner of the building, who has made the house deeds accessible to Elizabeth Gale, we know substantially more about the history of the building itself. What follows below is a chronological history of the changing ownership and function of a particular group of Aylsham buildings as revealed from a study of the house deeds.

19th. May 1741

Ralph Spurrell made a will bearing the date 19th. May 1741 and wrote in the following words:-

"In the name of God, Amen. I, Ralph Spurrell and so forth item all my messuages, houses, lands, tenements and hereditaments whatsoever situated, lying and being in Aylsham in the said county. I give and bequeath unto Thomas my son, and to his heirs and assigns for ever."

4th. October 1743

At a Court, Aylsham on the part of Lancaster, on 4th. October 1743, Thomas Spurrell, miller, maltster and farmer presented the will of his father, Ralph Spurrell, and was admitted to the following properties:-

One messuage with appurtenances in Aylsham, formerly in the occupation of John Barker and Thomas Lockwood with a pightle to the same adjoining, containing by estimation two acres, the same more or less abutting upon Brooks Lane toward the south, and upon another pightle towards the east.

And also to all that cottage or tenement called Blofields containing by estimation one acre with the appurtenances in Aylsham.

And also to one piece of land containing in breadth ten feet with an house thereupon built in Aylsham.

And also to the moiety of a well to the same belonging.

And also to one messuage containing one acre, late John Shorts.

And also to one close of land containing six acres with the appurtenances.

And also to one piece of land containing by estimation one acre and an half, upon which an house was formerly built and was then wasted, lying inclosed in Aylsham aforesaid, with half an acre of land of the fee of the Vicarage, between a common way leading from Church Gate Street to the old market on the south part and a close, formerly of John Berry on the north part, and abutting upon the lands formerly of the said John towards the east, and upon the lands formerly of divers men towards the west, which premises were then commonly called or known by the name of Betts Orchard.

21st. November 1752

Thomas Spurrell sold all the properties and lands that he had inherited from his father to the Reverend Jonathan Wrench on the 21st. November 1752

3rd. January 1769

Mary Wrench (widow of Reverend Jonathan Wrench) produced the will of her late husband at a Court on 3rd. January 1769. The will dated 5th. August 1758 was as follows:-

“Item, I give and bequeath to Mary my present wife, for life, that estate in Aylsham, late Thomas Spurrell’s, with all its messuages, lands and tenements. After her decease, my will is that it shall be sold for the best price.”

30th. October 1778

At a special court, Aylsham on the part of Lancaster on 30th. October 1778, Robert Francis, grocer and draper produced a certain indenture of bargain and Sale of three parts bearing the date 15th. June 1777. This was made between Peter Elwin of the first part, Jonathan Fountain Wrench, Surgeon Ellis Wrench and Joseph Hammont of the second part, and Robert Francis of the third part. Peter Elwin being the only surviving executor of the will of Jonathan Wrench sold the messuages, lands and tenements of the late Jonathan Wrench to Robert Francis. The properties and lands in Aylsham are listed as follows:-

Message or tenement with orchard and garden.

One barn converted into a soap office, with an adjoining yard measuring in all one rood and thirty nine perches.

One Close or inclosure of land measuring six acres and three perches.

One Close or inclosure of land measuring one acre, three roods and twenty seven perches.

Two cottages with yards measuring in all twelve perches.

26th. August 1796

In his will made 26th. August 1796, Robert Francis left all his properties and land to his wife Elizabeth for her to sell or keep for her lifetime. After her death the estate was to be divided between their four children in equal shares as tenants in common and not as joint tenants. Elizabeth Francis died soon after her husband and the estate remained intact

18th. October 1808

Sarah, Anne and Thomas Clement, the children of Elizabeth and Robert Francis, produced the probate of the last Will and Testament of their father. The youngest son, also named Robert, had died without issue after his father and before his mother. His quarter share of the estate passed to his brother Thomas Clement Francis. Sarah was the wife of Robert Parmeter of Aylsham, and Anne was the wife of Samuel Bircham of Booton Hall near Reepham.

20th. February 1811

At a court on 20th. February 1811, Sarah and Robert Parmeter, Anne and Samuel Bircham and Thomas Clement Francis consented to Jonas Marden of Aylsham, a schoolmaster, paying them £180 for the property in which he lived. This was a messuage with a yard, gardens and outhouses. The property adjoined a barn belonging to Sarah and Robert Parmeter, Anne and Samuel Bircham and Thomas Clement Francis. The property is given as on the King's Highway leading from Aylsham Market to Ingworth in part, on the east, and the King's Highway leading from Tuttington to Blickling on the south [later Commercial Road] and the land of Benjamin Peterson on the west. The vendors ensured that they would be able to maintain the wall of the barn abutting the property which they were selling. They were granted the right of passing at all times with horses from the south door of the barn to the first mentioned highway, and the right to erect scaffolds or ladders in the yard or gardens of Jonas Marden's property, for repairing the barn.

19th. June 1816

Robert Parmeter produced in court, on 19th. June 1816, an extract of the last will and testament of Sarah, his late wife, bearing the date 10th. July 1810. In this will Sarah left all her messuages, lands, tenements and hereditaments in part and share parts to her husband. Robert, therefore, inherited one quarter of the property left to Sarah by her father Robert Francis.

4th. June 1821

Anne and Samuel Bircham, Robert Parmeter and Thomas Clement Francis received a payment of £285 purchase money from Thomas Tipple, yeoman, for the following properties and land:-

Close or inclosure of land in Aylsham containing 1 acre, 3 roods and 27 perches.

Two cottages and yards containing by measurement 12 perches.

[All these properties and land were in the later-named Commercial Road. Map ref: 290-295]

1822

Thomas Tipple sold part of an inclosure of land in 1822 to Mary Mayston, a widow. (Map ref: 295)

23rd. January 1822

Thomas Tipple and his wife, Elizabeth, sold a piece of land measuring one rood to Thomas Peachman, waterman, (Map Ref: 294)

6th. July 1822

Thomas Tipple sold to James Stearman, gardener of Aylsham, a piece or parcel of land containing by survey one rood and ten perches on which a messuage had been lately erected by James Stearman (Map Ref: 293)

1830

William Wright is listed in the Norfolk directories from 1830 to 1869 as having a Day and Boarding School for boys in Aylsham. The site of this school is listed as Commercial Road, and it has been established that this site is the present 27 Bure Way.

12th. October 1831

On this date, William Wright, schoolmaster purchased the property belonging to Thomas Peachman and his wife, Mary, who were copyhold tenants of the manor of Aylsham Lancaster. The property contained one messuage with outhouses, yard, garden and land.

1839

The James Wright Survey map of Aylsham compiled in 1839, lists the following properties in Commercial Road:-

	OCCUPIER	OWNER	DESCRIPTION
290	John Thaxter	Thomas Tipple	Cottage & garden
290.01	Henry Wells	Thomas Tipple	Cottage & garden
291	William Gidney	Thomas Tipple	Cottage & garden
291.01	Samuel Wells	Thomas Tipple	Cottage & garden
291.02	Benjamin Turner	Thomas Tipple	Cottage & garden
291.03	John Clear Waller	Thomas Tipple	Cottage

292	Unoccupied	Thomas Tipple	House, building, garden
292.01	Richard Atkins	Thomas Tipple	House & garden
293	James Stearman	James Stearman	House & garden
294	William Wright	William Wright	House, school buildings playground and gardens.
295	Mary Mayston	Mary Mayston	House & garden
295.01	William Mileham	Mary Mayston	House & garden
296	William Hill	William Hill	House, building and garden

27th. April 1848

At a court, Aylsham on the part of Lancaster, Anne Stearman produced the will of her late husband, James, bearing the date 25th. February 1847. He left to Anne a messuage, outhouses, yard, gardens and land containing 1 rood, ten perches, where she lived.

13th. October 1851

Margaret Anne Stearman, spinster, [daughter of Anne and James] presents to court the will of Anne Stearman, dated 29th. May 1848. From this will Margaret Anne inherits the property of her late parents in Commercial Road.

21st. April 1852

On this date Margaret Anne Stearman sold her inherited property to William Wright, schoolmaster. In order to pay for the two adjacent properties in Commercial Road (Map. Ref: 293 & 294) William Wright received money loans from William Blyth, a farmer, and Thomas Porrett, gentleman.

24th. April 1874

William Wright died on this date and left all his properties to be divided between his two sons, Edwin Graham, who was born 15th. July 1833, and Henry George who was born 3rd. January 1837. William Wright's will stipulated that his widow, Mary, should receive an annuity for life from his estate. The properties left to his sons by William Wright in Aylsham were as follows:-

A messuage with outbuildings and garden in the occupation of Miss

Gunton at a yearly rental of £25.

A messuage with outbuildings and garden now in the occupation of Mrs. Wright at a yearly rental of £18.

Four cottages owned by William Wright were sold on 12th. May 1875 to Lewis Ingate the younger. These cottages were occupied by Bloomfield, Coe, Spink and Ducker.

27th. December 1875

The son of William Wright, Edwin Graham Wright, shopkeeper of Stalham, died without issue on this date, and by the terms of his father's will his brother, Henry George, inherited Edwin's share. At the time of his brother's death, Henry George, a farmer, was living with his mother in the house which had formerly been a boys' day and boarding school. At this time, Kelly's directories refer to it as *Waterford House*.

9th. May 1905

Henry George Wright died without issue and in his will dated 19th. August 1904 he left all his property to his cousin, Thomas Frederick Wright, Land Surveyor of 2 Bank Plain, Norwich. Following the death of Henry George Wright, Waterford House [27 Commercial Road] had been occupied by Albert Frederick Aldous, then by William Robb, and subsequently by Thomas Edward Lomax, a butcher. When Thomas Frederick Wright inherited the property from his cousin, he purchased the freehold, which until that time, had been partly freehold and partly copyhold of the Manor of Aylsham Lancaster.

21st. August 1914

Thomas Frederick Wright, who lived at 24 Pakefield Road. Lowestoft, died and by his will made on 2nd. February 1914 he appointed his son-in-law, Lewis Marks Biden, a solicitor of 20 Bucklersbury, London, and Thomas Henry Gordon Wright, a surveyor and his eldest son, as the executors to his will. At this time, the properties formerly owned by Henry George Wright were - one house occupied by a tenant called Robb, another house tenanted by Sayer and one other person, and two adjoining cottages occupied by the widows Moore and Gladman.

5th. January 1916

The executors of Thomas Frederick Wright sold the house [27 Commercial Road] to Mrs. Jennie Jemimah Lomax of 55 Notte St. Plymouth and the wife of Thomas Edward Lomax, for £290. Mrs Lomax took out a mortgage with the Provident Association of London in order to purchase the property.

4th. August 1916

Mrs. J.J. Lomax sold the house to William Benjamin Thomas Pert of Aylsham, painter and plumber, for £375

4th. May 1922

William Benjamin Thomas Pert, now known as a farmer, sold the house to Alexander Herbert Brook, gentleman of 47 Ringwood Rd. Eastbourne for £650. Alexander Herbert Brook borrowed £300 from the Loyal Marquis of Lothian Lodge of the Independent Order of Oddfellows, to complete the purchase. At this time a Miss M. Brooks shared this property and may have been the sister of Alexander Herbert Brook.

26th. May 1923

Alexander Herbert Brook died and in his will left his house [27 Commercial Road] to Annie Keeler, his housekeeper.

1st. January 1925

Annie Keeler, spinster, died and by her will made on 3rd. December 1924 appointed her sister, Mary Keeler, as the guardian of her children, Margaret Annie and Beatrice, who were minors at this time. In her will Annie Keeler stated that after her funeral expenses and any debts owing were paid, the money from the sale of her property was to be divided between her two children. The executors of her will were her sister Mary Keeler and Walter Edward Tuttle, a market gardener of Aylsham. The property of Annie Keeler was sold to Edwin Alderson Day, Commander R.N. (retired) of the Elms, Colkirk and he named the house *The Anchorage*.

15th. March 1940

Edwin Alderson Day died and in his will made 11th. November 1938,

he left his property to his brother, Francis Reginald Day D.S.O., a Lt. Col.(retired) in the Army, who lived at the Woodcote Hotel, Dulverton, Somerset. After the death of Edwin Alderson Day, the house was occupied by the War Department, and was subsequently occupied by John Hackett who vacated it before the 25th. June 1945 when Lt. Col. Day put the property up for auction.

25th. June 1945

At 3.15, the 'Anchorage' Commercial Rd, was auctioned at the Town Hall, Aylsham. The property consisted of the following:-

GROUND FLOOR

Front Entrance Hall

Drawing Room 14' x 13'6" with low brick fire and marble mantel.

Sitting Room 14' x 12' with fire and anthracite stove.

Breakfast Room 17'6" x 10'6" with low fire and cupboard.

Large Pantry with fitted shelves, cupboards and drawers.

Kitchen with "Eagle" range, new domestic No.5D *Ideal* independent boiler, gas cooker, copper, sink (H & C)

W.C.

Good dry cellarage.

FIRST FLOOR

2 Bedrooms, 14' x 11'6" both fitted with stove and cupboard.

Bedroom 12'6" x 10'.

Bedroom 11' x 11'6".

Maid's bedroom.

2 Dressing rooms, one with basin (H & C)

Bathroom with bath and basin (both H & C) and hot airing cupboard.

Separate WC

Back staircase from Kitchen.

Small front garden with iron paling fence to road. The property is fitted throughout with gas, electricity and main water. Drainage to septic tanks. Large yard at rear of property with a range of brick and tiled buildings forming large garage or workshop 40' x 15'. Coal, wood and store sheds. Range of brick and tiled buildings 22' x 11' comprising workshop and store shed with large loft over. Range of buildings comprising small garage and two stables.

Large dog kennel with iron paling run.

Walled in kitchen garden, with young apple, pear and cherry trees. Small vinery, 12' x 9'

11th. August 1945

At the auction the house known as the "Anchorage" 27 Commercial Rd

was bought by John Baden Postle, radio engineer, of Gothic House, Hungate St. for £1500

25th. October 1952

J.B. Postle sold 27 Commercial Rd to David Davies, bank official, of Pump Corner, Marsham for £1675

21st. June 1957

David Davies, now a farmer, sold the house to Muriel Hilda King, spinster, of 4 Eleanor Rd. Norwich for £1775. She had a mortgage from the Norwich Building Society for £1200

23rd. February 1960

Raymond Joseph Green, senior planning officer of 11 Rock Rd. Maidstone, Kent, purchased 27 Commercial Rd for £3200 from Muriel Hilda King.

30th. July 1962

St. Faiths & Aylsham R.D.C. sent a letter, dated 30th. July 1962 to all the residents of Commercial Rd. informing them that the road had been re-named *Bure Way*.

11th. October 1968

Raymond Joseph Green sells the house to A.J.H.W. Adam and Mrs. J.M. Adam.

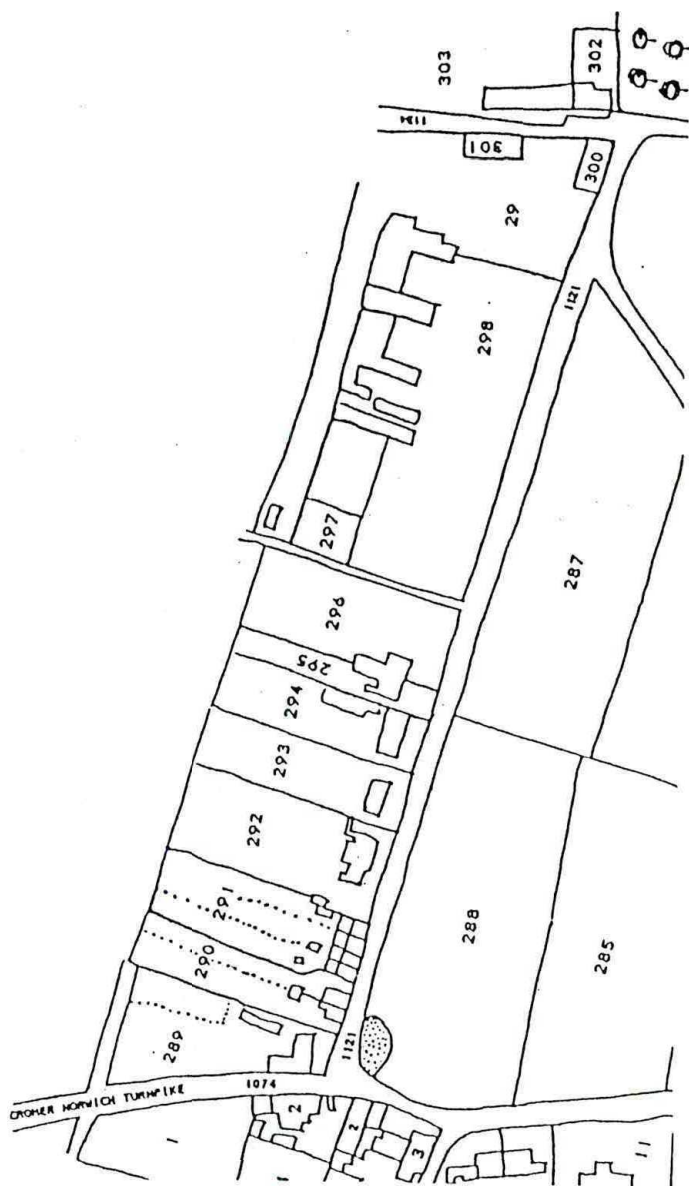
4th. November 1976

Mr & Mrs. A.J.H.W. Adam sell 27 Bure Way to the present owners Dr. & Mrs. P.H. Sutton.

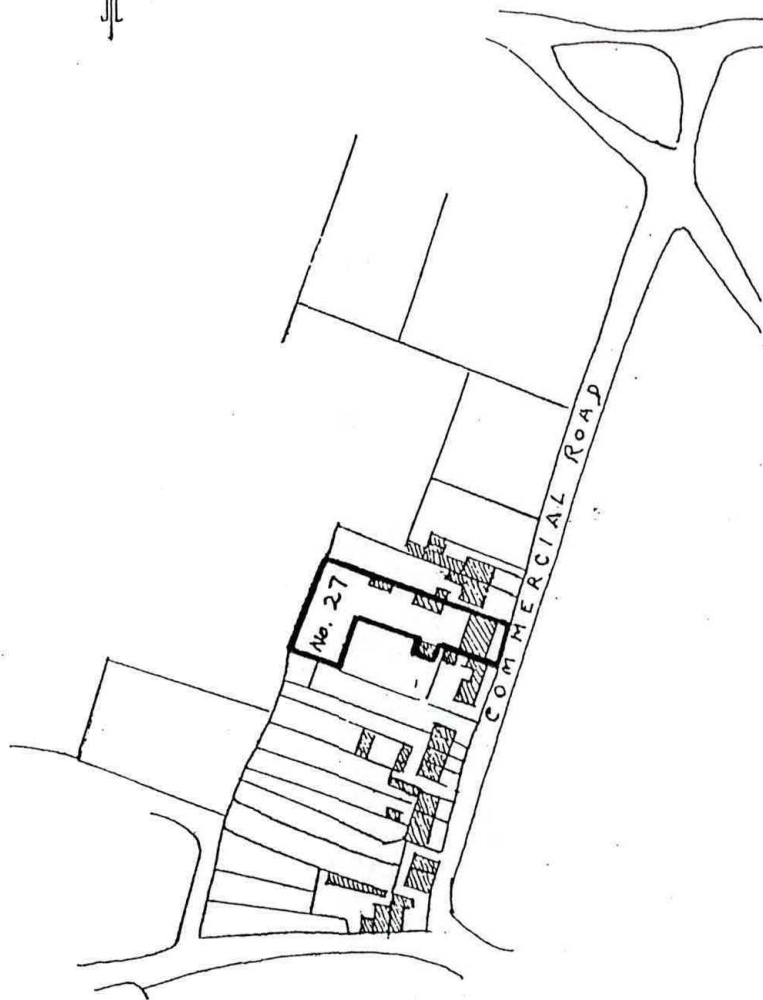
The author is grateful to Dr. P.H.Sutton for the loan of documents from which this research has been compiled.

—ooOoo—

JAMES WRIGHT MAP 1839



MAP 1945



NOTES & QUERIES

Information is sought on a John Case, who was born in 1616 in Aylsham, and who later married a Sarah Spencer. He is supposed to have left England in September 1635, from Gravesend together with his father and four of his brothers. They supposedly sailed on the "*Dorset*" with a John Flower as master, bound for Bormodos. The information is sought by:-

WILLIAM A. CASE
12253 EAST, 2000 NORTH RD.
DANVILLE ILL.
61834 - 5166 U.S.A.

—ooOoo—

SOCIETY NEWS

Annual General Meeting: will take place on Thursday, October 10th. at 7pm in the Friendship Club. After the business part of the meeting is concluded there will be showing of archive film from the film unit at UEA. Full details of the AGM should be circulated together with this copy of the *Journal* and also the new membership card for 1996-97. As no nominations have been received for committee membership and the retiring members are willing to be re-elected there should be no changes in the list of Officers & Committee from last year. One change that should be noted, however, is that the Hon. Membership Secretary, Alan Shaw, who has carried out the duties of the post nobly for some time, is unable to continue, and will not stand for re-election. Sheila Mollard has offered her services to replace Alan in this post.

Subscriptions will also be considered at the AGM, and an increase, which it is felt is necessary, will be proposed. The proposed rates will be £7 for individuals, with a joint subscription for married couples of £12. This is all subject to members' approval at the AGM.

Sadly, there are two deaths to record of members of the Society. Both, in their separate ways were keen supporters of the Society's activities, and both will be missed.

Reginald Birkby Dennis

Known as 'Bob', died on April 18th. He and his wife Joan had moved to Aylsham on his retirement as an architect, 12 years ago. He was a loyal supporter of the Society which he joined soon after coming here, and although latterly he was not able to attend meetings, he maintained his interest in the affairs of the Society, and enjoyed reading the *Journal & Newsletter* J.N.

Keith Pike

Keith died in August after a long fight against leukemia. Even after the effects of his illness grew increasingly hard to cope with, he still kept up his interest in the society's activities for as long as he was able. He will be remembered particularly by all those in the Archives group who worked with him, exploring the Town's archives. T.W.M.

Diary dates:

All the dates for next year's programme are listed in the membership card, but are also listed below for convenience:-

1996

Tuesday. 24th. September. Extra Mural Studies Course starts:
at 2pm at Peggs Yard. Subject: *East Anglian Churches*. Tutor is Gerald Randall. Group meets on alternate Tuesdays.

Thursday. Oct. 10th. **AGM** 7pm followed by Archive film on Norfolk.

Thursday. Oct. 24th. at 7.30pm *The Norfolk Wherry*, by Roy Elson.

Thursday. Nov. 28th. at 7.30pm. *Cawston in the 16th. & 17th. centuries*, by Christopher Barringer

1997

Friday. January 31st. 7 for 7.30 NEW YEAR PARTY

Thursday. Feb. 27th. at 7.30pm. *Norfolk England and Norfolk
America - Emigration/Connection* by Michael Barrett

Thursday. March 20th. at 7.30pm. *Landscape Archaeology* by
David Gurney

Thursday. April 24th. at 7.30pm. *J.E.Smith - Botanist
extraordinary*, by Barbara Miller.

The Aylsham Archive Group will continue to meet informally
in the Muniment Room in the Town Hall on dates agreed
among themselves.

Oral History Group- Seven audio tapes of recordings of Aylsham
people have been passed to UEA for the sound archive. Liz Gale is to
be congratulated on her achievement.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE ORIENTATION OF SOME NORFOLK CHURCHES

John Sapwell

*[I have pleasure in including another contribution from the
articles by Dr. John Sapwell, which are held in the Aylsham
Archives. As far as I can tell this has not previously been
published. The subject matter still continues to be of great
interest. Ed.]*

Some years ago I came across the following extract from,
"The history and antiquities of Foulsham in Norfolk." by the Revd.
Thomas Quarles: [p.29]

'The degree of deviation from due east of some ancient
churches is explained by the fact that their alignment was
orientated to that point on the horizon at which the sun rose on
the feast day of the saint to whom the church was dedicated'

I have since gathered that this idea is fairly generally believed. As it was clearly susceptible of scientific proof, I decided to put it to the test by taking compass bearings of the alignment of a number of churches in North Norfolk. The results are shown in the following table which appears at the end of this article:

The average error is $+22^{\circ}$, and it is obvious from these figures that there is no foundation for the theory. The bearing of the long axis of churches differs from the bearing of sunrise on their Saint's day by very considerable amounts varying from $+74^{\circ}$ to -11° with a mean error of 22°

In the case of two churches with the same dedication [St. Botolph] the difference in their orientation was 45°

PARISH	DEDICATION	DATE	SUN'S BEARING AT SUNRISE	TRUE BEARING OF CHURCH	DIFFERENCE error
Cawston	St. Agnes	21st. Jan	110°	115°	$+5^{\circ}$
Banningham	St. Botolph	17th. June	66°	140°	$+74^{\circ}$
Hevingham	St. Botolph	17th. June	66°	95°	$+29^{\circ}$
Spixworth	St. Peter	29th. June	66°	88°	$+22^{\circ}$
Ingworth	St. Lawrence	10th. Aug.	74°	105°	$+31^{\circ}$
Aylsham	St. Michael	29th. Sept.	87°	119°	$+32^{\circ}$
Marsham	All Saints	1st. Nov.	106°	125°	$+19^{\circ}$
Bawdeswell	All Saints	1st. Nov.	106°	120°	$+14^{\circ}$
Blickling	St. Andrew	30th. Nov.	111°	120°	$+9^{\circ}$
Buxton	St. Andrew	30th. Nov	111°	100°	-11°
Foxley	St. Thomas	21st. Dec	113°	123°	$+10^{\circ}$

SUMMARY:

Compass bearings of the long axis of 11 churches in North Norfolk show that there is no substance in the theory that they were orientated on sunrise on their patronal festivals.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS: I am indebted to Captain Richard Beard, Master mariner, for obtaining from azimuth tables, the true bearing of sunrise on the relevant dates; to Mr. Bryan Hall for the date of St. Botolph's day; to Mr. Charles Bizley for the loan of an army prismatic compass, and the Ordnance Survey Office in Norwich for the present magnetic declination from which the churches' true bearings were calculated.

7.2.65

—ooOoo—

NESTROQUE!

The Norfolk Heraldry Society is holding a symposium in Norwich Cathedral on October 26th. devoted to Sir Thomas Erpingham, our own local Norfolk hero. The leaflet advertising it carries the single word *Nestroque* on the front with no explanations offered as to its meaning.

It was not long before I was presented with an enquiry - What does it mean? I had no idea, but brimming with confidence, I replied "It must be Latin, I will check it out." I soon discovered it was not Latin! Intrigued and chastened, I tried to dig deeper. "It must be Norman/French" was the next suggestion. Of course, that must be the answer, but no - it isn't Norman/French - another blank; what could it mean?

Only later when the enquiry had reached the ears of Elizabeth Armstrong, organiser of the symposium, did an answer work its way back to me. The word comes from a contemporary account of the Battle of Agincourt. The account was written by a

Flemish speaking historian who quotes the command given by Sir Thomas to his archers to open fire on the approaching French. It could only be Erpingham's command - "*Now strike*" which unleashed thousands of arrows at the hapless French, and to Flemish ears, *Nestroque* was the nearest he could get to the sound.

Is it a true story? Who knows after all this time, but it makes a good story, and there is no reason why it should not be true. Say the word in your mind, and you can hear the Norfolk accent coming across the centuries, unchanged. It is claimed that our other local hero, Horatio Nelson, spoke with a pronounced Norfolk accent. There is no reason why Sir Thomas should not have done also.

—ooOoo—

KING OF CLUBS

The illustration on the cover of this issue, is a not very good copy of a playing card, made c.1700. The original is in colour and much clearer, and comes courtesy of David Walker to whom it belongs.

It has an interesting history. The back of the card had been used as a label which had been pasted on to the lid of a wooden deed box. For years the deed box had lain in the strong room of David's office, then later in the cellar. After many years, the damper atmosphere of the cellar loosened the label, and when it eventually fell off the playing card was revealed. The label was dated 1745 which makes the playing card much older. It appears to be printed and probably hand coloured.

The label reads; -Mr. James Harris [?] his writings. In smaller writing is the inscription "This box contains the deeds of that part of Roughton estate called *Scottows* and was formerly Thos. Ruggs Esq. then Wentworth's by Pernell(?), then Marsters,

these in Heath's interest for Harris, and by his devisees convey'd to Robt. Doughty. Esq. [?] 1745.

Unfortunately, I cannot be certain of all the text as part is faded now.

—ooOoo—

CUPID'S HERALD

Tom Mollard

I am also indebted to David Walker for the opportunity to read a delightful little paperback book entitled "*Cupid's Herald*" It describes itself as a "choice collection of original valentines and answers, adapted for different trades, professions etc". There is no date given, but it could be late 18th.C. or very early 19th.C.

I realise we are some way off Valentine's Day, but I will print one or two specimens in the *Journal*. You can always store them away for future use!

Valentine (from a sailor)

Dear Miss, I'm a tar, just arrived from afar
And cruising about for a wife;
You are young - I am able, let's instant slip cable
And sail through the ocean of life

There is no suggested reply to that one but this valentine for use by a hairdresser, gets an answer:-

From a hairdresser

O, Fanny, if you'll think of me
Ah! then how happy I shall be
I sweet pomatum will prepare
And try my skill to dress your hair;
In highest taste your curls shall flow
If you to me your kindness show;

Cupid's Herald,
BEING A CHOICE COLLECTION OF
ORIGINAL
VALENTINES
AND
ANSWERS,

ADAPTED FOR DIFFERENT
PROFESSIONS, TRADES, &c.

FOR THE PRESENT YEAR.

Embellished with a beautiful Colored Valentine.

LONDON:

Printed for J. Scales, No. 26, Green-Walk,
Holland Street, Blackfriars Road.

Sold by Champante and Co. Aldgate; Wilmot
and Hill, Borough; and all other
Booksellers.

McGowen, Printer, Church Street, Blackfriars Road.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

Then to my wish some heart incline
And take me for your Valentine.

For this the recommended answer is:-

Good Mr. Puff, you've said enough
But faith, I can't incline
I'll not agree, for you to be
This day, my valentine.

More to come! We cater for everyone in the *Journal*.

MY MEMORIES Mrs.

Ivy Edwards

[FINAL INSTALMENT]

When I left school, as I have previously recalled, I worked in a small office for a time, typing and to my mind doing all the odd jobs like making tea etc. I stayed there for a time but decided this was not for me. Eventually I was employed in the building on the corner of Norwich Market Place which was then the Gas Office and showroom. They occupied these premises for many years; at the present time it is a bookshop. That is where I was to spend the rest of my working days, and to eventually meet my husband, Percy Edwards.

It was so interesting overlooking the Market Place with so many buildings in sight. If one entered by the back door, it led from Weavers' Lane, so called as in the Middle Ages these old buildings were used by the weavers when that industry flourished in Norwich. Then there was the City Hall, built where the old municipal buildings were demolished, the Guild Hall and St. Peter Mancroft Church. One could write a book about all that. I enjoyed my work and made many friends, and at that time life drifted along at a steady pace. I usually walked down Gas Hill, treacherous on a slippery morning, along Bishopgate past the Great Hospital which has been, since the Middle Ages, a refuge for the infirm and elderly. In later years my parents spent their last years there. I would walk along Gooseberry path and along Hook's Walk towards the Cathedral Close; I felt I was walking through the pages of history. I can

fully understand R.H.Mottram writing in his book *"If walls could speak"* - this applies to so many walls and buildings in the city, as they have been there for so long they could truly tell a tale if they could speak.

On September 3rd. 1939 all that peacefulness was to change when on that Sunday morning Mr. Chamberlain announced that war had been declared between England and Germany. We had already been issued with gas masks as a precautionary measure, some time before, but we all hoped that they would never have to be used. We were supposed to carry them with us everywhere we went. I remember the sirens sounded on the very first night, but that was a false alarm. Every household got busy making blackout curtains and Anderson shelters were delivered to be erected in our gardens. Some people had Morrison shelters which they had inside the house. They were more like a large table and the occupants of the house would crawl underneath, almost like being under a table. One of our friends had one, and it was rather funny really, although no joke at the time. Once when the siren sounded and I was at their house, we all dived under this shelter, our heads were inside and the rest of us was sticking out.

Men were gradually called up into the forces, and as there were quite a number of men working in our office they were gradually replaced by female staff, mostly married women who were past the age of being called up into the forces. A very varied assortment they were too. I could almost write a book about their various goings-on as most of their husbands were away at war. Gas and electricity were classed as public utilities, so I was not called upon to go. One or two volunteered, no doubt thinking they would have a more exciting life style. One girl who did was killed soon after she went, her camp received a direct hit.

The produce on the market stalls changed, local fruits and vegetables could be bought as they came into season, but of course foreign fruits such as oranges, bananas and grapefruit were almost non-existent. There was occasionally the odd allocation, but of course news soon spread and people queued to get them. One fortunate thing was that we were able to see them from our windows and would hurry out to try to get some. I remember getting caught by our head clerk, coming in the back door with a bag of fruit. He said, and I know it was only meant as a joke, that I did not get paid to queue up for fruit. I think he

had a share of it. With meat being rationed, people queued up at the fish stalls for whatever was to be had.

As the war dragged on and more and more men were called up to service, women were once again doing men's work, this time more mechanised than in the First World War. During the war years we had quite a variety of entertainers and actors come to Norwich. I suppose many of the London theatres and picture houses were closed or had been bombed. I well remember going with a friend to a concert in St. Andrew's Hall to hear Alvar Liddell sing. He was a news reader on the radio at the time. Many people will remember him; he sang everything in German and he had a wonderful tenor voice.

At home we had an Anderson shelter in the lower part of our garden, and as I have already mentioned, we had a flight of stairs which led to it. When the air raid sirens sounded on dark nights we had to find our way as best we could without showing a light. We lived at the top of Gas Hill, quite near to a large gas holder, and one night when the air raids were over Norwich an incendiary bomb landed in the centre of it. We were in the shelter, but we could feel the heat, and when the 'all clear' sounded we never expected to see our house standing, but fortunately the only damage was a few broken window panes and all the Virginia creeper which covered the front of the house was scorched and burnt. There were many people, whom we knew, killed that night, many in their shelters and some were never found.

St. Leonard's Priory, now converted into flats, was originally built in the Middle Ages by the monks. It is said that there is a tunnel running underground from somewhere in the grounds of the house right through to the Cathedral so that the monks could safely make their way to and fro. Also, in the grounds of the house where we lived stands a ruin which is said are the ruins of St. Michael's Mount - this was either a monastery or a church, again built by the monks - all very steeped in history.

Meeting Percy

Both of the grandparents at Aylsham died in 1942, grandmother Ellen in the April at 76 and grandfather Daniel peacefully in his sleep the following July aged 82. It left at home Aunt Margery who never

married. The family had retired from the gate house to a small bungalow, opposite the farm house just at the bottom of one of the lanes.

When at last the war had ended, as in the First World War, the men who had gone into the forces and were lucky enough to come home, came back gradually, and where I worked they resumed the occupations they had left. I may add it took them a long time to settle down back into civilian life, and some never did. One of the men who took up employment with us was to become my husband, Percy. As I grew to know him, he told me he had been born at Beetley, about four miles through East Dereham. It was a village I had never heard of, although my uncle Harold Richardson lived and worked at Dereham where I occasionally went to stay.

Percy was born in 1910 so he was a bit older than me. His father was a farm worker, looking after the horses and Percy's school days started at the village school. When he was about six years old, the family moved, with the farmer by whom his father was employed to Kimberley, and they lived in one of those picturesque thatched cottages on the green. He often spoke of having to walk all the way along by the woods to Wicklewood school every day, whatever the weather. Years later, we had to retrace those steps as he wanted me to know how far it was. Of course he went with other children as there was no school at Kimberley. He often spoke of a Mrs. Tolliday who lived in a house opposite their cottage, and how kind she was to them in those First World War days.

The family returned to Beetley when Percy was about 10 years old. He then started once again at the local school. He had two cousins, Walter and Reginald Burton, who lived with their widowed mother in a house just opposite to them. Their father had been killed in the First World War. They all attended Sunday School in the Methodist Chapel, and as they grew older, would go to the service at Beetley Chapel in the morning, then perhaps walk to Gressenhall or Dereham for an evening service at the church. In those days people walked for miles and thought nothing of it. Most young people of today have to be transported by some means or other. I know my own grandchildren do; they seem amazed when I tell them all this.

In the country villages it was not at all easy to find employment

when leaving school. There was farm work and gardening for the larger houses. I think Percy worked in the garden of the local clergyman, the Revd. Wells, but after a time he wanted a different occupation so he applied for a situation as butler to a family in the Cathedral Close in Norwich, with Mrs. Barham Johnson and her daughter, Miss Mary, who taught music at the Norwich Training College, then in College Road. Many is the story I have had recalled to me about life in the Close and the inhabitants of that time. There was Dr. Heathcote Statham, the Cathedral organist at that time, who was also conductor of the Philharmonic Orchestra. Miss Mary played the harp in the orchestra, and would only allow Percy to transport it by taxi to St. Andrew's Hall. Then there was Mrs. Cowper Johnson who lived in the Lower Close leading towards Pull's Ferry. There was a connection in that family with William Cowper, the hymn writer and poet who at times had fits of melancholy. The Cowper church at Dereham was named after him, and he is buried in Dereham churchyard.

Percy learned to drive a car and felt he wanted to try to better himself, so he acquired the situation as butler and chauffeur to Major Beaumont Thomas at Hethersett. He came into contact with a number of important people. I often had recalled to me the various people he had waited on at table. Of course this was all before I met him. When the Second World War was declared he was called up into the forces, so he had to leave his employment at Hethersett. He had only been in the forces for quite a short time before he developed peptic ulcers, and after one or two quite long spells in Doncaster hospital he was eventually discharged, as in the army there are no special diets, so to discharge him was the only solution. The family at Hethersett was broken up as the major and also his son, Nigel, had both been killed in action, so Percy was left to find other employment, and that was how he came to work at the Gas Office, and where I met him.

I will just add at this point that Percy had married when quite young to a girl he had met in service. This was not to last, as they had not been married long, when it was discovered that she suffered from that incurable disease, Huntingtons Chorea. This is a dreadful progressive illness which affects the whole of the nervous system and is hereditary and as far as I can gather is more prevalent in Norfolk than in some other parts of the country. This illness is genetic and is passed

down from one member of the family to another. Percy did not know of this at the time he married, but while it lasted he had a very bad time. Up to the present, no one has found a cure for this.

Later, when we married, we were able to help and give quite a lot of information about this complaint. When I read Cecily McCaul's book, *'Looking back on the nineties'* I wondered what connection she had with Norfolk, but in a later chapter she mentioned Dr. McCulley with whom she had worked at St. Andrew's Hospital. This doctor wrote to us in later years asking for as much information as we could give about that awful disease, as in later life, one of that girl's sisters had been admitted to the hospital, suffering from it. We were able to supply him with as much knowledge as we knew. He wrote back to us thanking us for our help. Investigations are still going on to try to find a cure, as yet none has been found. I have seen a television programme on this subject which was very interesting, at least to me. It was my task to try to obliterate this from Percy's mind as he had been through such a dreadful time, not all men would have stood up to it. It affected him nervously for quite a long time.

Percy and I were married at Calvert St. Methodist church on July 31st. 1951. He had already bought a bungalow quite the opposite side of the city from Gas Hill, at Hellesdon. In September 1953 our only daughter, Anne, was born. It is with her encouragement that I am endeavouring to write my story.

In the early 1950s rationing of quite a lot of goods was still in force. Not many people had a television set or even a refrigerator. If one of our friends possessed a television set we would go to one another's house to "look in", as in the early days of wireless, we would go to "listen in". It was also quite an exciting event for the family when such items were purchased. Things were not taken so much for granted as today.

I settled down to being a housewife and mother. Cooking did not come as a hardship, as when at home, I always helped and took an interest as my mother had a number of recipes handed down from her days as cook. Not everyone had a washing machine, and I had been married some years before I acquired one; again, the delivery was quite an event, and was looked forward to for some days to come. We were not at all well off, but I felt it my duty to be at home when both Anne

and Percy came home for their meals. Also, at that time, part-time work was not so easy to come by as it is these days when a large part of the work in shops and offices is made up with part time labour.

When my parents were no longer able to live at the top of that steep hill, they moved with the help of our very dear friend and doctor at that time, Dr. Basil Tracey, into a little bungalow in the grounds of the Great Hospital. By that time most of the buildings there had been modernised. Their bungalow overlooked the bowling green, where those old gentlemen who were able, enjoyed a game. The back of the bungalow faced what was the swan pit, as it was until the last war when enough grain could no longer be obtained to feed them. The swans have now been replaced by ducks. In years gone by it was the custom to have swans roasted for the inhabitants for their Christmas dinner and other special occasions. Many of the Great Hospital swans have been sent to Royal tables, and there is a record of one being fattened up for the Duke of Norfolk and sent to the Pope.

It was hoped that after the war the keeping of swans might be revived. This was not possible, but a start had been made in 1966 to introduce pinioned ducks to the pit, under the auspices of the Trustees. In modern times, the residents, at least those who are able to cater for themselves, live a much more independent life, but about 100 years ago, the main meals as set out by the Master were:-

Sunday	½lb. boiled mutton & ½ pint broth
Monday	Boiled suet pudding
Tuesday	½lb. boiled beef & 1 pint broth
Wednesday	¼lb. boiled beef & 1 pint broth
Thursday	½lb. boiled mutton and 1 pint broth <i>but in winter from November to Easter ½lb boiled pork instead.</i>
Friday	Light dumplings, <i>or in winter 1 pint pea soup</i>
Saturday	Boiled suet pudding.

My parents were very happy in their little bungalow, and as rules and times have changed so much that all these premises are rented, it is now on a level with many other types of sheltered housing and accommodation. When they made this move, I moved back to the house

in which I was born. Our daughter, Anne, as a child, loved to visit her grandparents and playing in the grounds of the Great Hospital. Bishopgate St. was, in the Middle Ages, called Holme St and was only a narrow lane. Like myself, Anne loves to wander the old streets of Norwich, and was later to be married in St. Helen's church, and Percy was once again near the Cathedral Close. Once we had moved nearer to the city we would occasionally go to the Philharmonic Concerts held in St. Andrew's Hall, up to that time conducted by Dr. Heathcote Statham, and he would once more see Miss Mary playing her harp. Mrs Barham Johnson lived to be 105 although she became almost blind and very deaf. On one occasion Percy and I went to afternoon tea with them and we had to speak to her through an ear trumpet. As far as I know Miss Mary is still alive and living in Sheringham although well over ninety.

Our family doctor in later years, and also to my parents, was Dr. Basil Tracey - very well known in the city and also in yachting circles. He was a family friend as well as doctor, so we were very pleased when we heard that he was having a new house built on St. Leonard's Road, just above where we lived. He named his house "Mount St. Helen". For many years Dr. Tracey was medical officer for Norwich prison for which he was later to receive the O.B.E. for his services. Many were the tales he could tell of prison life. He was very fair and just to all the prisoners. Sadly, when Percy was in his middle fifties he suffered a very severe illness which left him with a weak heart, so that meant he had to take early retirement from his work at the Gas Office. This was where my Red Cross training in home nursing came in useful as I had to nurse him back to health.

As I have already mentioned, Anne was married at St. Helen's church, Bishopgate, and I now have four grandchildren - Lucy, Christopher, Alexander and Daniel, all now almost grown up. I often wonder what they would have thought of our way of life, when we were young, with their computer games and videos.

It was good for Percy to have the doctor living close by as he was able to do little jobs for him, and I from time to time, helped in the house, and when Mrs. Kitty Tracey died I did most of his housekeeping until he re-married. We would live in his house when he went on holiday, often to Africa, for several weeks at a time as he had quite a

number of relations living out there. In summer we would go and pick the various fruits as they came into season. The doctor took us whilst he was able to drive, but sadly his eyesight became very bad so he had to give up driving.

Eventually the hills became too much for Percy and we moved to a little bungalow on the outskirts of the city, where I live today. Sadly, we had only made this move for quite a short time when Percy died very suddenly. It was a great shock for me although I had looked after him for so many years. My dear friend the doctor wrote me a most comforting letter and came to Percy's funeral service. Life has to go on and I have made many friends, although I do miss being able to look across our lovely city, especially at night, when so many buildings are floodlit. However, I can always carry these scenes in my mind.

Dr. Basil Tracey died at the grand old age of 92. This left another gap as I had known him for most of my life. His memorial service was held in Norwich Cathedral where he worshipped most Sundays. At this service, members of his family sang Sidney Carter's "*Bells of Norwich*" which I will quote at the end of my story, as I feel this is a fine tribute to our lovely city.

What the future holds we none of us can tell, but when I met 'Maggie' at that Women's Institute meeting, to which I went as a guest with my daughter Anne, I felt encouraged to jot down my memories. I sincerely trust they will be of interest to the reader.

The Bells of Norwich, by Sidney Carter.

Loud are the bells of Norwich
and the people come and go
Here by the tower of Julian
I tell them what I know.

Chorus:

Ring out bells of Norwich
and let the winter come and go
All shall be well again, I know

Love like the yellow daffodil
is coming through the snow
Love like the yellow daffodil
Is Lord of all I know

Chorus

Ring out the yellow daffodil
the flower in the snow
Ring for the yellow daffodil
And tell them what I know

Chorus

All shall be well, I'm telling you
Let the winter come and go
All shall be well again I know.

[Mrs. Edward's story, now completed as a series of instalments in our Journal has also been published and is available as a complete work. Details from the editor]

And finally...

with apologies for the religious slant on most of these stories, but they have all been stolen from the *Newsletter* of the Ipswich Road United Reformed Church. Beggars can't be choosers, neither can thieves!

One small boy in a nearby village was most annoyed during the school Nativity play at being made the innkeeper, when he had wanted to be a Wise Man and wear a crown. When Joseph knocked at his door, he said, "*Come in, there's plenty of room.*" He might have wrecked the whole show, but a quick-witted Joseph looked inside and said, "*I'm not taking my wife into a place like that. Come on, Mary. We'll sleep in the stable.*"

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A minister, on seeing a small boy trying to reach a door bell, said, "*Let me help you sonny.*" The minister gave a good ring. The boy looked at him and said "*Now, mister, run like hell*"