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Editors: Eddie Dell 01362 850293 and Cliff Allwright 01362 693357

Before beginning this issue I need to apologise on two fronts. Firstly that as I was on holiday in October when this edition should have been issued, with the result that it's so much later than I'd intended.

Secondly, you'll find that a great deal of space has been allotted to the Archive, and to the formation of Kitty's newly fledged "Muse Group", but apart from it being end-of-season at the Museum, with all its frenzied storing-away, I think they are the most newsworthy events that have taken place since our last issue, so I trust that you'll bear with me on both accounts.

DOES OUR MUSEUM HAVE ANY FUTURE? I ASK THIS QUITE SERIOUSLY.

Reverting back to all the additional bureaucratic intrusion that I've mentioned previously, there's one item of their legislation in particular that no-one seems to have thought through. I'm referring to their directive that stipulates that a Museum's collection should in future be restricted to two tiers. Tier 1 being articles directly associated with Dereham, and Tier 2 articles complementary to Tier 1. Anything else should presumably be turfed out.

If we were to abide by that ruling the Museum would lose at least 90% of its collection, and I wonder who's going to tell Elaine that she's got to get rid of about 98% of all the textile items on which she has spent so much time and loving care. It's not going to be me.

So I repeat, where do we go from here?

An interesting point to remember is that shortly before we lost Terry Davy in 1999, and before all this claptrap began spewing down on us, the Museum was awarded Grade Two Registration by the Museums Service, something that even Gressenhall hadn't achieved – I wonder if they have even now, after the multiple millions that have been spent on it – and in consequence, of course, the Museum itself was subjected to a strict scrutiny in the process. The Inspector carried out a thorough examination, both of the Cottage and of the infant Archive, and was quite satisfied with what he'd found, appreciative of the fact that we were a small local Museum which is managed and manned entirely by volunteers. In fact, he was particularly impressed by the way that the computer databases had been set up in the Archive, and considered that it was better than that of many far larger Museums.

So what has happened since then, and where is all this rigmarole getting us – or is going to get us? I fear the worst, and that if this and other similar directives are ever implemented many of our members will become disillusioned, and that we could lose many of our present stewards, who Kitty has moulded into such a fine keen, well -organised and enthusiastic group.

ARCHIVE NEWS

I'd started to write a bit about the Archive move, but of course we were on holiday during the actual move, and I was cobbling together odd bits and pieces that I'd gleaned from those who took part.

Fortunately, Brian Warwick-Smith, who was involved throughout the transaction, kindly offered to write up a blow-by-blow account of the operation, so I'll modestly step aside and leave it all to him.

THE GREAT MOVE

Dereham Leisure Centre Trust had granted us a substantial sum of money to improve the safety of the electrical system in our Archival store premises at No 4. Bertie Ward Way. An approach was made to Breckland District Council who is our landlord, for permission to commence the work.

"Sorry" said Trisha Bailey at Breckland, "but you must go! Your time is up! You are evicted! Hand in your keys!"

"Oh dear" we said.

"But", said she, "we can move you into Number 1, which has much better facilities; there are ready-built offices, there is an upstairs, giving you much more floor space, and we will re-erect your newly built conservation room in the new premises. We shall also do the painting, make the electrical system safe and move all the heavy stuff for you including the racking. This we shall do at absolutely no cost to your society.

"Does this also give us security of tenure? We asked.

"You must be joking" said Trisha, "you already get your premises rent free!"

A quorum of your Antiquarian Committee decided that we had no option but to agree to the move and, considering the terms, we could hardly refuse to co-operate.

On Monday the 15th. September 2003, supervised by Paul Walpole, Breckland commercial premises support officer, "Hamil Builders", "Breckland Electrical" and "Promove" removal experts, were on site to start the work. Your Chairman, Eddie Dell was helping most of the time during the move and saw to it that the work was done in accordance with our needs.

The move coincided well with the end of season closure of Bishop Bonner's Museum, where Kitty Lynn and her crew were working equally strenuously, and a lot of the artefacts were brought for storage, straight into the new premises, saving a lot of strenuous effort. A team led by our indefatigable Eddie Dell, comprising Elaine, John & Bentley Newton, and Brian & Ruth Warwick-Smith, have got the new premises up and running. New improvements are being added daily and with the help of financial grants from various sources things look bright for the future.

The new facilities have proven very popular with our researchers, some of whom, moved in to work almost "before the paint was dry". There is every indication that we now have room to welcome even more enthusiasts and conservationists to work in comfort, close to the archival material in our ever-expanding collection.

B.W.S

MY SUBSEQUENT VISITS

As I hadn't yet been given a key, Elaine ran me down to the Archive – despite increasing bureaucracy emanating from above, which tells us that we can no longer call it an Archive and it has to be referred to as be a "Storage Facility" now - but it was conceived as an Archive, and as far as I'm concerned that's what it will always be, - to see what they'd been up to, and I was amazed at the transformation that had taken place since my unofficial visit before we went away. There was – and is – still lots to be done of course, but the shelves were steadily filling up, and all the desks, etc were in their appropriate offices. However, we really do need some extra hands to catalogue what's in each of the boxes from the Museum so that their details can be amended on the computer; it's a simple but essential job, and you could help considerably.

I paid another visit on November 7th, hoping to get some pictures that I might use in this newsletter, and discovered Elaine, Brian, and Ruth hard at it. Brian was fitting a window into the computer room, Elaine was up a ladder fixing up a curtain rail over the back door and putting a small window into the door of the main office, and meantime Ruth was keeping them supplied with tea in between doing any odd jobs that cropped up. I managed to get a couple of pictures and then discovered that the disc in my digital camera was full – I'd omitted to delete the pictures that I'd previously taken on it – and I had to make another visit, to find that Kitty and the "Muse" group were in session, so I was able to include some pictures of them too.

Cliff



MEMBERS OF KITTY'S "MUSE GROUP", 10TH NOVEMBER 2003

THE "MUSE" GROUP

Where on earth does she find the time and energy? Not satisfied with all the work that she's been doing in, and with regard to, the Museum, Kitty has now introduced what she calls the "Muse Group".

Basically, what it comprises is a keen, well-organised group of members, each researching some item, or items, relating to the history of Dereham. It seems to have sprung forth fully grown from Kitty's ever-active mind, and emerged fully-fledged, with pages listing items relating to all aspects of Dereham life – buildings, individuals, trades, retailers, and other companies - from which the participants were invited to choose one or more subjects as his or her particular project.

At present the Group numbers about nine members, plus Kitty herself, with Cliff manning the computer in case anyone should want to check whether we have anything on file in the Archive database, and they get together in the "Committee Room" at the Archive on Monday mornings – although as I write they have just broken up for a break over the Christmas period, and their next meeting will be on 12th. January.

I'm sure they'll find room for a few more if anyone feels like participating in a most interesting and essential project – there are plenty of subjects that no-one has earmarked yet. Just turn up one morning to see what they're up to, and you'll be flabbergasted, as I am, at just how much they've already achieved, and what they're all planning for the future, and it's an on-going undertaking. Several of them have already visited the Records Office in Norwich, and have also been invited to the offices of the Eastern Daily Press to see what they can unearth there.

BRIAN THE GRANT – SEEKER

In addition to all the other bits and pieces that he does for the Society, Brian Warwick-Smith has been extremely active in his most important new career as "Chaser of Grants".

Once he becomes aware of some project or item in need of additional funding, he looks around to find anyone who might be a prospective Good Samaritan, then he contacts them to see whether they can help us.

His supplications must strike a chord in someone's heartstrings, with the result that to date he has received grants that will fill several needs, including those for the completion of conservation of the Samplers; items to improve the storing of our more vulnerable items, for further electrical work, and for a special ladder for use in the Archive to ensure that we will no longer need to balance on chairs and tables to reach some of the higher shelves in the Archive.

Here's hoping that he maintains this rate of successes, and in the meanwhile may I say "Thank you, Brian" for the work that you've already done.

Museum Matters



Hello

Well the place is closed for the winter period and the builders will begin work soon if they haven't already, hopefully, then the Thatcher, I only hope that they have finished by next year's opening time. Next year we are trying to have a totally new display on the History of Dereham. It was the ideal time to do it as the whole museum had to be emptied ready for the builders. So here is the rhyme of how the clearing went.

Museum's last day, Peter and myself, locked up, it's over for 2003

I head back home in my mini to cook the family's tea.

But it's not over for me – tomorrow starts a frantic week

Moving all the Museum to Stores, help is what I must seek

Sunday I arrive to see Elaine, Ruth and Brian already there

And there I was yesterday so full of gloom and despair

The pictures are packed and the Land Army all set to go

For today we have Brian's car and Elaine's massive Volvo

I have to leave Brian and Ruth still there as I really do have guests.

Elaine goes too and we arrange to arrive tomorrow, to do the rest

Elaine and Monday come, so do Barbara and David, more helping aid

Things are moving swiftly, cars loaded, they go before their energy fades.

David has gallantly volunteered to treat the woodworm we've found

So everything that ends up at our new Stores will be safe and sound.

I have my dinner alone and then to Stones and Bones, my favourite room,

June arrives on time a usual, climbs up the stairs, humming a little tune

We chatter and laugh, time flies by, before we know it, it's time for home

Happily I go and even do the housework, this night without a single a moan.

Tuesday, I'm not there I'm out to lunch, but in the afternoon

Three others from lunch I take down there and not too soon,

Eddie begins to pack the clocks, as we ascend the stairs to our doom

Rose's raring to go and Joya's there as we enter the dreaded room

The door's unlocked; a nasty smell hits the air, what's that, pooh?

We don't know and the mystery remains until about half past two.

Old stale margarine tubs hidden up since Terry Davy's day

That was the problem, so they're boxed up and shipped away.

Rose dons her pinny, Joya her basket, and the sorting begins

Crowded with boxes, I'm volunteered for transporting, the phone rings.

What do I do for tea, its hubby once more, I say I don't know

For into the other room, packing is where I must be, so I go.

Eddie leaves taking more stuff off to the Stores, and the serious work starts.

Funny things happen to females in a room that smells of old men's f...s

Rose has her apron off and then hatches her plan, begins using it as a hoist,

Sends down the shop display, just the dry this you must understand, not the moist

To Joya waiting at the bottom of the stairs and then it's on to me,
For they say I'm the quickest at packing, I'm used to it you see.
So as some would say, here I am at the tender young age of forty
Part of an OAP chain gang, so please send help, before it's too late.

Work finishes, and the room's too full to move; we need a man.
They heartily agree so we phone a few, but no luck all busy, damn
It starts getting late, time for them to go home,
Darcy Brown will want tea or else he'll moan.

We go, unashamedly leaving an organised mess behind,
Hoping that the old margarine is stolen by a burglar, kind.
Locking up, I give Rose a lift and we say to Joya goodnight
But I feel guilty and return later for a second go that night.
I pack a few more things and then decide they're right
Enough's enough, I'm tired, guilty or not I take flight.

Wednesday, a perfect excuse, W.E.A, but I'm there this afternoon
Despair, up them stairs to that room; a knock on the door it's June,
The cavalry has arrive full of vigour and ready for the fight
Where to Kitty, give me a little time, I'll get up there alright.

Bob has got my message about the lack of space, two trips it's gone
But June and I fill it once more before this day is gone and done.
We battle on and just gone four its finished, the end of my plight.
So with some relief its home, and to the Museum this time, goodnight.

Thursday arrives, once more into the my room; I'm so happy doing this
Then Bob arrives and takes that other stuff as well. Oh this is bliss,
Everything's going like clockwork now, nothing could go wrong.
I forget the time and before I know it, it's eight, I'm gone too long.

Getting home, hubby shouts and stamps about, no tomorrow for you.
Arguments between the males of my family then begin to ensure.
So Friday, I'm in the Museum again, just a little while, its best
Just for a look, no one there, but not that much left to do for the rest.

Someone came; they emptied the loft, Hobbies chest and the other space.
Next morning it seemed the fairies have been, and cleared most the place,
Later on at a Committee Meeting, I learn that it wasn't done on time
I tried my best as did the rest, but we needed more help - just like my rhyme.

Love and Carrots
Kitty.

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

I find that there is not much that I could write about that has not already been mentioned in this issue of the Newsletter, but I would like to thank all those who have participated in the moving of the Archive and the closing of the Museum on the Society's behalf.

The move from No.4 to No.1 Bertie Ward Way, and the Herculean job of dismantling all the displays in the Museum – even the Shop – before carting everything down for storage in the Archive, was carried out without a hitch.

Both those jobs were extremely hard work, and called for many hours of bending and lifting, and this small coterie of members worked wonders before the jobs were completed so successfully, and I believe the Society owes them all a heart-felt vote of thanks for their efforts.

Additionally I would like to bring to your attention two items that were raised at the last Committee Meeting. They will of course be included in the Agenda of the A.G.M. in February, but I thought you might like to be aware of them in advance so that you can give them some prior consideration.

They are:

- 1) That the Annual Subscription should be increased to help defray our recent heavy spending, and:
- 2) That a charge should be made for admission to the Museum, a measure that we have always avoided, but which must be seriously considered in future.

So, if you have any thoughts on the subjects raised here, please put them to the Committee members in the event that you feel the proposals as shown here might be amended.

AN INTERESTING TITBIT FROM THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE SOCIETY

I came across this old cutting in the dilapidated exercise book, crammed full with old newspaper cuttings, that I quoted from in the last issue. Once again there was no mention of the date, or in which publication it was printed

The print in this instance is also very faded, so I'll try to transcribe it, and to make it a bit more legible, as I did with the previous excerpt.

TRACING THE ROUTE of St. WITHBURGA'S BODY-SNATCHERS



Some of the members of Dereham Archaeological and Antiquarian Society embarking to follow the route taken by Ely monks who "stole" the body of St. Withburga from Dereham in A.D. 974. (See story on Page 10.)

"Last weekend members of Dereham Archaeological and Antiquarian Society followed the route taken by the Ely monks who "stole" the body of St. Withburga from Dereham in AD.974. Here the Vicar of Dereham, Canon Noel Boston, gives an account of what happened".

"It is 982 years since the monks of Ely transferred by stealth (the tablet at St. Withburga's Well says frankly "stole"), the body of St. Withburga, the Foundress of the great church of Dereham. The Dereham Archaeological and Antiquarian Society thought it would be rather fun to traverse the route taken by the marauding monks and, so to speak, follow the body to Ely".

"The shocking events in 974 are recorded in a chronicle written about 1169 called the "Liber Eliensis" and also in a most ancient Breviary and Missal in the Cambridge University Library (MS li 4 20). Briefly, they are these: St. Etheldreda, the Foundress of Ely, was buried in great state in the splendid shrine in front of the High Altar at Ely. The Abbot of Ely was also the Lord of the Manor of Dereham, and he thought that it would be a good thing if St. Withburga, the Foundress of Dereham, was buried at Ely beside the shrine of her sister Etheldreda".

"But Dereham, too, were proud of their Foundress and had erected a shrine over her body. The Abbot, who was called Brithnoth, knew that they would never consent to part with the body, even though he could obtain lawful authority for its translation. Hence, he formed a plan. He summoned his court at Dereham and, having held it, invited the entire town to a great feast, and while the town was recovering from the effects of their celebrations, the monks took the body by carriage and boat to Ely".

THREE LAUNCHES

A telephone call to a friendly boat builder in Ely elicited the fact that Wilton Bridge, Lakenheath, was, on account of weeds, just about as far as we could hope to get boats these days.

So 20 of us motored to the bridge, left our cars by Lakenheath Station, and were met by three launches. It had been made clear that they ought to be covered, for the 20-mile voyage was to take from 12.15 to 3.45.

When we arrived at the bridge it was raining, and when, after a few moments, the boats sailed up, the largest was found to be open. This was all rather damping, and to add to it the skipper of one boat, on endeavouring to tie up, fell into the river. However, he was fished out safely, but rather wet and muddy, and the Society held a hurried consultation. Volunteers were forthcoming for the open boat and just then, as if approving of this hardness, the rain ceased. Thus, all twenty of us embarked.

I was in the last boat, which one of our party skippered. All cast off, and set off down the river. Unfortunately all three boats proved to have different speeds. The open boat sped away, and we did not see it again until we got to Ely, the next was quite fast, but ours was quite slow. The scenery varied hardly at all, river, reeds, and the high banks, or "washes", forming the horizon on either side. Never had seven miles seemed so long as the stretch to Feltwell Anchor. There, the faster launch took us in tow, and we made better speed.

MERRY PARTY

We were a merry party in our boat, and all old friends, including a well-known woman novelist, and we did not mind the speed, but there was only one word for that journey: "interminable". At Brandon Creek we turned south for the last nine miles to Ely. Rain fell hard, and we pulled up our hoods, which promptly descended on the two members in the bow, but eventually we got them fixed and then, nearly two hours later, out of the mist loomed the mass of the cathedral, and we had arrived.

It was nearly six, and we had been on the water since one. But we had done this most unusual voyage and tea put us all in a good mood despite the rain. When we got to the Cathedral it was locked. One of our party, however, was an ex-chorister of the Cathedral, and having tried a residentiary Canon who was most anxious to help but had not a key, he found the Head Verger who had it all unlocked very quickly, entered into the spirit of the day, and took the party round the Cathedral, getting them out just in time to catch the train back to the waiting cars at Lakenheath.

What exquisite comfort it was to recline in that railway carriage and watch the rain on the windows and not having to do anything about it.

Our Society had followed the body: the pilgrimage nearly failed because of the timing, but not quite. At any rate, we had achieved what we set out to do, which was more than our Dereham predecessors 982 years ago had done, when they had chased the Ely monks and tried vainly to recover the body of their Foundress.

NOEL BOSTON

Transcribed 18th April 2003

MEETINGS AND OUTINGS

HOUGHTON HALL, 12th AUGUST

It was 12.30 on a beautiful sunny morning as Kevin drove the eye-catching Millennium coach out of the Cherry Tree car park with thirty-seven members and friends aboard, for a journey via the "pretty way" to the former home of the Walpoles, through Gressenhall and Litcham, and over the A.1065, escorted on our way by an American AWAC, (spy plane to the uninitiated) which was probably checking to make sure that this bunch of desperadoes wasn't up to anything subversive.

Through Gayton, past Sandringham, and on to arrive at Houghton Hall at 1.50. The house didn't open until 2 o'clock, which was obviously the reason for the late start and the scenic ride. A pause while Bob and Joan went in to sort out the tickets, and then we were cast loose until 4.30, which seemed long enough for everything, but which we later decided was not really long enough.

Inside the Hall, we learnt that it had been the home of the Walpole family until 1797, when it passed on to the Cholmondeleys, and that the present Lord Cholmondeley, who since he succeeded in 1990 has carried out extensive restoration to the building, now divides his time between Cholmondeley, the family estate in Cheshire, and here in Norfolk.

Although visitors are restricted to certain ground floor apartments, those were all spectacular, with vast moulded and painted ceilings, and with huge tapestries draped on their walls, while the canopies of the four-poster beds were higher than I have ever come across.

Fascinating though the house itself was, possibly one of its main attractions was the Soldiers Collection, started in earnest by the incumbent Lord Cholmondeley, in 1950. He had long been a collector of military history, and now he began ordering figures from various sources to make up the large tableaux showing the formations of the various participants in battles fought during the Napoleonic period. Each model was made to his own specifications and was painted with great attention to detail.

The number of models in their panoramas that are contained in these thirty-five cases is incalculable, but one layout alone had 2,000 figures, while the largest of all, portraying the Battle of Waterloo had a staggering 3,000. We spent the best part of an hour looking at those alone, checking details of each set-up from a free pamphlet that was given to us on entry.

In fact, we spent so much time there, and in the Hall itself, that we barely had time for an ice-cream and a quick foray into the gardens before it was time to make for the coach.

Everyone was on time, and once Joan and Bob had liberated us from our hard-earned cash we were away by 4.40 for a quick run home by the direct route, to arrive back in the Cherry Tree car park at 5.25. It had been a day without rain, although it had been a bit misty and far less hot than we'd been experiencing for the past few days, one of which was the hottest on record, and which had been far too hot for many of our members. Incidentally, Bob must have either forgotten, or had been too overcome by the heat, because he failed to give his usual reminder about another rain-free trip, so I'll say it for him. It was another good one, Bob, well up to your standard, and though I'm sure many of us had been to Houghton before, everyone has said how much they'd enjoyed it.

TRANSPORT MUSEUM, LOWESTOFT – 10th SEPTEMBER

We were still away, so we missed both this trip and the Annual Dinner in October, but from comments I've heard both were enjoyed by all participants. One item on which silence has been kept is the fact that this time Bob lost his long-standing record for his trips staying rain-free. However, as it was an indoor venue Bob insisted that it was only half-lost.

THE ANNUAL DINNER – 8th OCTOBER

I've managed to crib a report on this from the notes of a Committee Meeting held shortly after, so in default of any personal knowledge I'll use that, with apologies all round.

Forty-six members sat down at the Phoenix Hotel, and everyone, agreed that it was yet another of Bob's triumphs and thanked him (in his absence), for his hard work in arranging it all.

After the meal Martial Rose gave an excellent talk about his theatrical research work, and as usual, being the orator that he is, the telling was put over in his usual manner, both witty and well-informed.

Unfortunately there were (was) apparently a number of members who later complained that the vegetables were hard and that the food was "tired", so the Committee is looking into the question of our changing to another venue next year. The George is one possibility that has been suggested.

A COASTAL TOUR FROM BLAKENEY TO HOLT BY PETER BROOKS 12th NOVEMBER

This was the first meeting back in our winter quarters, and our speaker was a fellow member who we rarely get to see, but who himself lives in Blakeney, so was admirably qualified to conduct us on this extremely interesting tour by way of some of his collection of 1,000 photographs, many of which dated from the early days of photography.

In fact, some were prior to that, the first being a copy of a map from the 16th century, at which time Blakeney was one of the largest ports in the country, and Peter included many old black and white photos of the port when it was still teeming with shipping, while a view from the church tower portrayed a town very sparsely populated and devoid of any of the development that exists today.

Onward then to Cley, another major trading port in its time, and one of his pictures showed railings known as "Stan Groom's railings". Their name derives from a local gentleman (?) who always carried a pair of pliers in his pocket, and his "patients" were made to cling to the railings victims while he removed their teeth.

On to Saltmarsh, where one photo showed a windmill standing out toward the salt marshes. During the great flood of 1953 everything seen in the photo was completely demolished, and in many cases the floodwater came right up to the houses.

Because of its offering of deep waters, and its easy access from Germany, thousands of mines were laid in the area in case of invasion during the war.

Journeying onward, we were shown a slide of Weybourne Church, which was built in the 13th century on the site of an earlier church. There were several photos of Weybourne High Street, and a picture of the impressive Weybourne Hotel, which was built to cater for the influx of people who were expected to visit a proposed Marina, which was never built. Unfortunately the hotel was considered to be an easily recognisable landmark to enemy planes, and was demolished during the war

An early photo of the Weybourne Lifeboat Station depicted one of the old-time lifeboats, which had to be rowed by hand by its usually elderly crew, while another from 1887 showed the wreck of the "Eider", one of the many ships lost on this dangerous coastline. A photo dating from 1897 showed one such wreck that is frequently exposed by the rise and fall of the tides.

In winter, fishermen were unable to go to sea, which meant there was no money coming in, so many of them got hold of an old pram or barrow, and went collecting up the blue flints, which they were able to sell, to earn a crumb to help sustain them until the weather improved.

From an 1862 photo of Sheringham High Street, one lady of that era had been able to name everyone appearing in the picture.

When Sheringham's Grand Hotel was built in 1891 it was one of the finest hotels on the east coast, but servicemen who were billeted there ruined much of its furnishings.

Many of Peter's photos were of local characters, including "Crackpot" Craske, the man in charge of the "honey cart".

During the last war the station at Holt was always busy with troop movements, but in contrast a photo from the late 1800s showed the Market Place completely devoid of any vehicles – there were no cars at that time, of course.

The evening's show was rounded off with the slide of a postcard showing a week in Holt, where Monday to Saturday are shown as pouring with rain, and Sunday spent in bed.

A most entertaining evening, which concluded with a hearty vote of thanks to Peter, who I hope will excuse me for any errors, mainly resulting from either a lapse in my memory or my inability to read my own writing, both of which are highly probable.

THE QUESTION OF COLUMNS

In the last issue we asked members for their opinions as to whether they felt that the newsletter should be printed in columns similar to the example that Kitty had mocked up.

Having had only one reply, and that from a member who didn't mind either way, I've decided to carry on with the present book-style format that I can cope with, rather than trying to master a lot of new tricks, at least for the time being. After all, being realistic though maybe a little morbid, in view of my recent medical problems I may not be in a position to manage many more issues, (my computer has forgotten how to spell, and if I were to print a paragraph of my text without amendments it would be about as comprehensible to you as Simian Sanskrit), so whoever takes on the job then will have to do the choosing.

Cliff

Note from Secretary

Do YOU like watching TV's Fifteen to One or The Weakest Link?

Do YOU know which is Rupert Bear's hometown or in which English county is Stonehenge?

Do YOU like Pub Quizzes?

If the answers are yes, perhaps YOU would like to be a member of DAS's Town Quiz Team '**Bonner's Boffins**' for the 2004 Series?

We need fresh blood, even if you would only be available for a Quiz or two. Remember that one of the Town Quiz trophies played for is the one we donated – The Terry Davy Trophy – awarded to the team with the highest score in any round – we would love to win that again.

If YOU are interested, please contact either Anne Betts on 695518 or any member of the Committee and help us win a trophy.....

Answers: Nutwood and Wiltshire

This is an article copied from a hand-written note I found in a batch of papers donated by the late Bertram Harrison.

JOHN WENHAM, A DEREHAM CLOCKMAKER

"John Wenham flourished as a clock- and watch-maker in a shop in Dereham Market Place from the middle of the eighteenth century until about 1795. Instances of his work are included in many private and other collections.

A hanging clock is included in the collection of the Victoria and Albert Museum in London, and a Wenham grandfather clock is in Dereham's Bishop Bonner's Cottage Museum.

Very brief reference to this clock are given in G.H. Bailey's "Watchmakers and clockmakers of the World" and in F.J. Britten's "Index of Clockmakers"

COMPLETING THE MUSEUM / ARCHIVE LOANS BOOK – MOST ESSENTIAL

If members have occasion to borrow any item or items from the Museum or Archive, will they please ensure that it is booked out in the Loan Book, and authorised by another member, and that, when they bring it back to the Archive, the date of its return is also confirmed and witnessed.

Your Letters and Views

with
Your Chairman Eddie Dell

This is your chance to
write in best letter wins

a

Porridge

Porridge is a dish which has become associated with Scotland. It is made of oats stewed with either milk or water, and is served with salt or sugar and milk. The first evidence for dishes resembling porridge is prehistoric. Neolithic farmers cultivated oats along with other crops. Various types of grains and grain meals could be stewed in water to form a thick porridge-like dish. Anglo Saxon sources describe "briw" or "brewit" made from rye meal, barley meal or oats served plain or with vegetables in. There are also references to some types of porridges being fermented. Eighteenth Century cookbooks such as Hannah Glasse's "The Art of Cookery made Plain and Easy", 1747, give recipes for "Water Gruel" made of oatmeal and water, and flavoured with butter and pepper. It might be served with wine sauce, sherry and dried fruits by rich people,

whereas the poor ate the dish on its own. It could be served with any meal at any time of the day. Similar dishes included plumb porridge or barley gruel, made from barley and water, with dried fruit added. Burstin was made by roasting hulled barley grains and then grinding them, it could then be served with milk. Frumenty was hulled wheat cooked with milk, cream and eggs and flavoured with spices.

Porridges and gruels were an easy way to cook grains. The grain only had to be cracked, not completely ground into flour. It could be cooked very simply in a pot at the edge of a fire. Bread required an oven to cook in. It formed a basis for many dishes, both sweet and savoury. It was served with meat, stock or fat, as well as with vegetables, fruits, honey or spices. It could be allowed to cool and set in a "porridge drawer", and could then be sliced to be eaten cold or even fried. Sugar only became widely available in Britain in the Eighteenth Century, so it was probably not used on porridge before then.

by Nicky Saunders

Eddie's comments

History of England

While the French King grew more powerful, across the Channel the English monarchy was in difficulty. After the death of Elizabeth I, her cousin James VI of Scotland was crowned James I of Britain. The son of the ill-fated Mary Queen of Scots, James talked about divine right monarchy but backed away from real confrontation with parliament over the question. During his reign, a radical Protestant religious faction within the Church of England, called the Puritans, continued to grow. Appearing in England during the reign of Elizabeth I, the Puritans, imbued with John Calvin's teachings, wanted to "purify" the Church of England of the remnants of Roman catholic ritual and practice.

Eddie's comments: -

A Witty Ditty

This rhyme came from an incident in the archives when I accidentally knocked the magnifying glass on the floor. Kitty

Oops! Who did that says Bob, I said 't was me,
So I took it home, leave it on my bench says he,
This EMC he found the little job tricky,
A certain glue pot got rather sticky.
Much muttering was heard,
How this job was quite absurd.
Walking in with a glass viewer attached,
Cried for help for it to become dispatched.
Mishearing I replied, 27 years in your dreams,
I'm sure amongst the wailing I heard a scream.
Much hot water, rubbing and scrubbing, with disappear,
He shouts at me putting his sore finger in the air,
Take it back down there, use it for your viewing.
Here at Well House, there'll be no more gluing.

Lost

In the Museum last Tuesday
11th August 2002 a small
silver bracelet belonging to
my daughter, Enithed inside
is "To my darling daughter" if
any one finds it let
Mrs. Anyans
Purtoide Road, Detubam
Telephone 01382 005566

That's it for this time, and we hope you'll have found something of interest in it. Never forget that the Newsletters are for you all, and that if there are any aspects that you feel should be included or altered don't hesitate to tell us and we'll try to amend them.

The next issue should be in October, but Cliff will be away from 4th September till 13th October, so I'm afraid that, like this one, it will be late, but we'll aim for the November's meeting.

6th August 2003