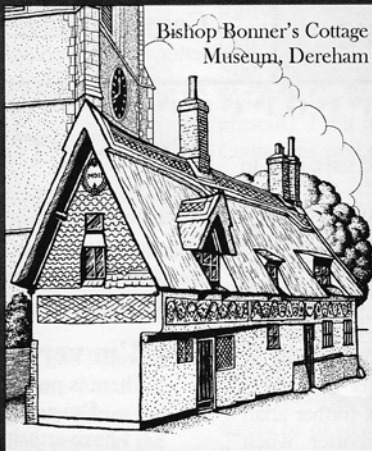


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WINTER 2008

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Dereham Antiquarian

Newsletter Editors—
Cliff Allwright
& Kitty Lynn

Society

Helping Local History
To
Thrive & Survive.



P

The Gardens at Eltham Park —more details of this year's outings on pages 4 & 5.



Letters

Copy deadline—Any articles for the next newsletter to be received by 12th February 2009 please.

Well Hi for the last time.

Actually although I thought I'd have a lot to say I've hardly anything.

However I would like to thank Liz Russell for getting all the Museum Helpers (Marshalls & Stewards) together for a wonderful afternoon tea. And I mean it was a real afternoon tea with home-made scones, jam and cream. It was a good turn-out as well—nice to see the majority of helpers again—each year seems to get further apart when seeing friends but shorter when rushing about trying to get everything done on time. Perhaps my age is now catching up with me—but not too quickly I hope.

I shall still be helping in the museum in the summertime and in the archives during the winter. But I hope and plan to be concentrating on my research into Dereham's history in my spare time. As well as that I'll be continuing to record the Dereham and Fakenham Times and I also have a few booklets in the pipeline. On second thoughts perhaps I'm not slowing down that much yet; it will just appear to be so if you don't know where I am or what I'm doing—if anyone ever did? I never do! But that's me. Before I go and drink a bottle of wine I'll say—

Wish you a Happy Yule
(my celebrations begin on the 12th Dec—it's one of the perks of being Pagan—long celebrations.)

Kitty

And from the Newsletter editors

WE WISH YOU
A VERY
MERRY CHRISTMAS
&
A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Comedy Corner

from Kitty Lynn



This is for anyone feeling old because of the weather, what with it's coldness bringing on aches and pains....

I'm very well Thank-you

There is nothing the matter with me,

I'm as healthy as I can be,

I have arthritis in both my knees,

And when I talk—I talk with a wheeze.

My pulse is weak, and my blood is thin,

But—I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.

Arch supports I have for my feet,

Or I wouldn't be able to be out on the street,

Sleep is denied me night after night,

But every morning I find I'm alright.

My memory is failing, my head's in a spin,

But—I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.

The moral is this—as my tale I unfold,

That for you and me who are getting old,

It's better to say "I'm fine" with a grin,

That to let folks know the shape we are in.

How do I know that my youth is all spent?

Well, my "get up and go" has got up and went.

But I really don't mind when I think with a grin,

Of all the grand places my "got up" has bin.

Old age is golden I've heard it said,

But sometimes I wonder as I get into bed,

With my ears in a drawer, my teeth in a cup,

My specs on a table until I get up.

Ere sleep overtakes me I say to myself,
Is there anything else I could lay on the shelf?

When I was young my slippers were red,

I could kick my heels right over my head,

When I was older my slippers were blue,

But I still could dance the whole night through.

Now I am old my slippers are black,

I walk to the shop and puff my way back,

I get up each morning and dust off my wits,

And pick up the paper to read the 'obits',

If my name is still missing I know I'm not dead;

And so I have breakfast and—go back to bed.

Kitty



Chairman's Corner

by Tony Jones

Among the events taking place since our last newsletter was, of course, the annual dinner held at the King's Head, North Elmham.

I was pleased that so many members attended and I think there was general agreement that both the food and service were very good. And not forgetting the company—first class as always!

Talking of events, there's another one I should like to mention. Geoff Hayton of the Windmill Trust and I have had several meetings to discuss the possibility of creating a better link between the various groups in the town. Tony Needham, the town Clerk, has given the idea his full support so much so that he suggested that the first meeting should be held at the Assembly Rooms and this duly took place on 14th November.

There were some thirty people in attendance representing the Dereham Society, the Windmill Trust, Dereham Operatic Society, Mid-Norfolk

Railway, Dereham Tourist Association, Dereham Lions, Dereham Festival Committee, Mid-Norfolk Mencap and ourselves (Margaret and Bob Davies, Tony Bailes and myself were present). I felt it very important that Breckland Council as well as the Town Council were there and, indeed, they were. I might add that the deputy mayor, Linda Monument was also present.

I have always thought that there is much potential advantage from working together more closely and certain areas recently come to mind; publicity; funding; effectively relating to both local councils and sharing information and expertise. All these factors and more must surely be of advantage to the groups themselves, the Town and the wider community. And simply having closer social contacts can hardly be a bad thing.

There was local agreement at the meeting. The plan is to use the Town Council as a hub for information and for us all to get together again in the Spring.

Last, but not least, I should like to express thanks, on behalf of us all, to both Kitty and Cliff for their unstinting work as co-editors of our newsletter. You will know that they are both standing down after this issue. I wish them well. Peter Bradbury has kindly agreed to take over the reins and I thank him for that.

I wish you all the very best for Christmas and the New Year.

Programme Guide

by Sheila Jones



Wednesday— January 14th

Event—	DAS Meeting
Place—	Trinity Church Rooms, Dereham
Time—	7.30pm
Speaker—	Steve Pope
Talk—	The Airfields of Norfolk
Price—	Members £1, Non-members £2

Wednesday— February 11th

Event—	DAS - Annual General Meeting
Place—	Trinity Church Rooms, Dereham
Time—	7.30pm.
	Annual General Meeting

Wednesday— March 11th

Event—	DAS Meeting
Place—	Trinity Church Rooms, Dereham
Time—	7.30pm
Speaker—	Simon Partridge
Details—	The History of the Herring Fishing Industry
Price—	Members £1, Non-members £2

DAS Activities by Peter Bradbury

Wednesday Outing 13th August 2008 Boston. Lincs.

The town of Boston in Lincolnshire was the destination for this month's daytrip. The town is sited on the banks of the River Witham which changes its name to the Haven before discharging into the Wash a few miles further on. In medieval times the port was important for the wool trade and paid a levy only a little less than London, and along with Kings Lynn was a member of the Hanseatic League. The wealth generated through the maritime trade created a town with four Priors, a large weekly market, an annual fair and a wealth of grand buildings including the 14th century church of St Botolph known as "The Boston Stump". In the 17th century Boston was a hotbed of religious nonconformists inspired by John Foxe, the local author of "Foxe's Book of Martyrs", and John Cotton the rector of St Botolph. In 1630 over four hundred Bostonians set sail for the American colony of Massachusetts Bay beginning the Puritan infiltration of the America Colonies that continued till 1640. The capital of the colony, Boston, was named after their home town in Lincolnshire. During the morning we all had a chance to visit the very large weekly market, the Haven museum, the late 15th century Guildhall. A few of us took a twenty minute

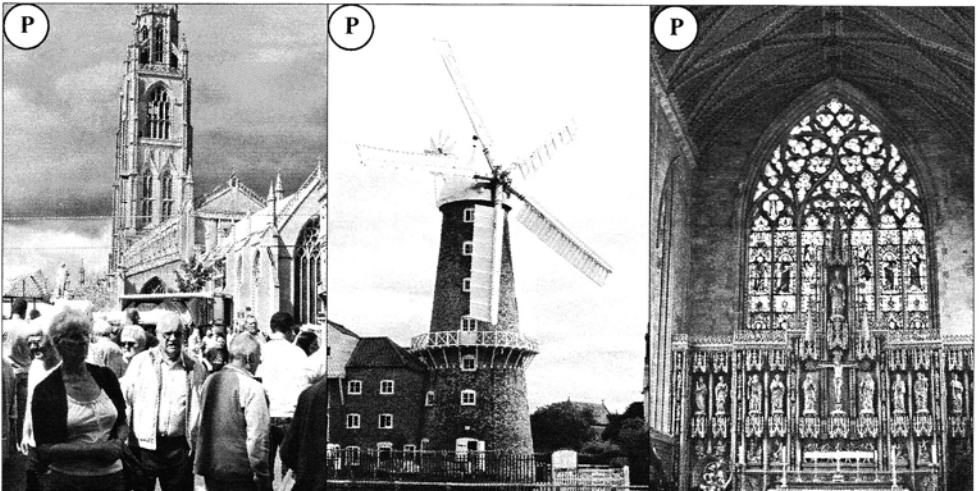
walk to see the Maud Foster Mill; this tall 1819 windmill has five sails and is in full working order. After lunch we gathered at the lovely St Botolph's church with its famous 272 feet high steeple or Stump for a guided tour followed by refreshments provided by the church. Our thanks go to Sheila, who was unfortunately unable to attend due to illness, for arranging the trip and to Liz Russell for taking over in Sheila's absence.

Wednesday Outing

10th September 2008

Eltham Palace & Ranger's House.

The last of our daytrips for this season was to Ranger's House which houses the Wernher Collection, and Eltham Palace, once the boyhood home of Henry VIII. First we visited Ranger's House, which is just inside Greenwich Park. This elegant Georgian villa was once lived in by the diamond magnate Sir Julius Wernher (1850 - 1912) who collected nearly 700 works of art. The collection is a sumptuous spectacle of silver, ivories, fine jewels and paintings. It was only a short distance to Eltham Palace where we had lunch before exploring the former home of the millionaire Courtauld family. This unique house combines the finest Art Deco home in England with the remains of the Hall of a Tudor royal palace, and is built inside the original site of the medieval palace. The 1930's Courtauld home incorporating the fabulous Great Hall built by Edward IV in 1480 is surrounded by a moat and 19 acres of gardens, all open to



the public. There is a connection between the Palace and Norfolk in the shape of a letter written by Sir John Paston in 1467 to his brother saying "my hand was hurt in a tourney at Eltham on Wednesday last." he was on the King's side (Edward IV). The Paston Family of Oxnead Hall are famous for their 1000 + letters written during the War of the Roses, the last of the male line William Paston 2nd Earl of Yarmouth died 1732.

At the conclusion of the 2008 summer programme our excursions, that ranged from Suffolk to Lincolnshire and included the above visit to South London, have again proved to be successful in spite of the increase of the costs of coach hire. This is due to Sheila's efforts and the continuing support of our Members and their friends.

Wednesday Evening Lecture
12th November 2008
Bletchley Park.

The speaker for the first of the winter programme Wednesday Evening Lectures was Gwendoline Page and her subject was Bletchley Park and its Communications. During WW2 she served as a Communications Officer in the WRENS at Bletchley Park which was a



top secret station known as Station X. Their job consisted of de-coding enemy transmissions and supplying the information to the Allied Forces. It was here that the German Enigma code was broken, an event that was purported to have shortened the war by two years. The personnel that grew from 200 to 12,000 by the end of 1945 consisted mainly of service women, to a ratio of 8: 1. On average 3,000 coded messages a day arrived at Bletchley from Y Stations (radio receiving units) scattered throughout Britain; three were on the Norfolk coast at Trimmingham, Gorleston, and Winterton. Nothing was known of the existence of Station X, or its role in shortening the war, until 30 years after the war because of the Official Secrets Act. An absorbing talk which was at times tinged with sadness, but at other times hilarious, as Gwendoline related her personal experiences of wartime Britain to a very appreciative audience.

This page, from top to bottom—
 Eltham Park from the front and the back, Ranger's House
 from the front and back.

Opposite page, left to right—Boston Market Place,
 Boston Windmill & St Botolph Church, East Window

Old News

by Kitty Lynn



Saturday, 15th May 1880

MARKETS—

THE ACCIDENT TO MR RIX.

The Surveyor reported to the Market Committee that he had received application for standings from the proprietors of steam horses, swings, &c., for Whit-Tuesday, but that not having any scale of tolls for other than market days, the Surveyor respectfully asked the committee to fix a price for the standing of such exhibitions. The Committee recommended that the following charges be made for Whit-Tuesday: - Shooting galleries, 5s.; steam horses, 20s. A letter had been received from Mr Girling calling attention to the obstruction caused to his property in the Market Place by the exhibition of shows and stalls there on market days. The committee instructed the Clerk to acknowledge the receipt of Mr Girling's letter, and to state that means will be taken so far as possible to remedy the unnecessary inconvenience. The report of the committee was adopted. Mr BRETT enquired if any reply had been sent to the letter of Mr Rix's complaining of having been knocked down by a horse being exhibited in Church Street. The Clerk said from an oversight he had not. In answer to the CHAIRMAN the Clerk stated that the Board let a certain place for horses to stand, but if any person trotted his horses beyond the limits of that piece of land, that person was liable for any personal injury which might be sustained by the public, and not the Board. Mr. BRETT said he might state that the Board had not yet heard the last of this matter. If the Clerk had written to Mr Rix, probably it would have softened him down. The CHAIRMAN said he was sure that it was from an oversight. Mr GIBBS said it



would be greatly to the advantage of the town if the horse dealers had some place to show their horses. If dealers were only allowed standing room, it would be of no use to bring them to the market. Some place where the horses could be shown ought to be provided; perhaps a railed in place in the market. Mr STEBBINGS—Every Friday a child or two, or some person was knocked down in Church Street by these horses being exhibited. The animals came rushing up the street apparently at the rate of 50 miles and hour, and then suddenly pulled up, and this should not be allowed. He moved "That the attention of the Superintendent of the Police should be called to the practice of showing horses in the public streets on market days to the public danger." Mr BRETT seconded, and said that if the Board did not take up the matter the Postmaster General would be written to, to interfere in the matter, because this was the principle thoroughfare leading to the post office, and the matter would likewise be brought to the notice of the Local Government Board. He gave notice that at a future meeting he would bring up the question of providing a proper place for the exhibition of horses. The resolution was carried.

Saturday, 15th May 1880

ACCIDENT.

On Friday morning, a lad in the employ of Mr George Willins, of Gorgate Hall, was riding a horse through the Market Place, and had stopped at a stall to take up a basket. The horse being frightened, started off, and ran against a cart, thereby throwing the lad off. The horse proceeded down Church Street, but was very soon stopped before any further damage was done. The lad's head was cut, but he was able, with the assistance of another



person, to go through the town, and then proceed home without receiving any further injury.

Saturday 29th May 1880

LOCAL NOTES

The Vicar of Dereham was "*nearly knocked down*" in Church Street on a recent market day. Horses and asses are exhibited for sale in Church Street, as that is the least frequent thoroughfare near the Market Place. It is a very wide street, and so long as the market is conducted in the streets, and in the centre of the town, no better place can be appropriated to the exhibition for the sale of horses. It was once proposed to repave Church Street, to set the pavements back where, for the comfort of foot passengers, they are required, namely, to the line of the house fronts; and by the fixed iron railings to protect the pavements, and guard foot passengers, from all possible danger. But in the general muddle such improvements cannot be entertained, and so the Vicar has been exposed to danger! "A short time since" to quote his own affecting words, "he was nearly knocked down!" What the consequences might have been had the Vicar been actually knocked down, it is altogether too dreadful to contemplate. It was indeed a fortunate escape! Everybody is to be congratulated upon the fact the Vicar was only *nearly*, not quite, knocked down. Permission was graciously granted to ring the bells of the Parish Church on the Queen's birthday, and the felicity of the country on the continued life of so good and noble a sovereign, and the happy escape of the Vicar, were thus celebrated together on the same day. Besides the appalling danger to the sacred person of the Vicar, it is reported and confidently affirmed that three or four or more persons who go to morning payers on Market days, who have to pass along Church Street to the Parish Church, have been flurried, not to say frightened by the horses, ponies, and asses. Now upon this state of facts, it is manifestly the duty of the Local Board, without delay, to remove the exhibition of horses from Church Street. Mr. Brett, who was already engaged to



revise the bye-laws in the interest of the speculation builders, and to buy up the Gas Works, and to demolish the Gas Company, has heroically placed himself between danger and the Vicar. He has undertaken to remove the horses and asses from Church Street. This is not the first time Mr. Brett has saved the Vicar, and the Church and the State. But to return to the exhibition of horses and asses. For the purpose, the most crowded part of the Market Place, the junction of the main roads into the town, where sheep and cattle, and dealers, and poor, and infirm people going to receive the weekly allowance from the relieving-officer, and Magistrates, and police-officers, and naughty people, and all who have business at the Magistrates' Court, and quiet readers at the Athenaeum reading room, all congregate, and often crowd—that is the proper place, beyond all question to "trot out" restive horses, and kicking ponies. There the operations necessary to make the donkeys go, and the sportive movements of the lively dealers in horse-flesh can be seen to advantage. It has been said that if a bishop were killed in a railway accident, or were his precious life only endangered, which, Heaven forbid! The limbs and lives of all common people might possibly be all the more safe for such a calamity. Whether so happy a result will follow in East Dereham upon the fact that the worthy Vicar was *nearly*, not quite, knocked down, remains to be proved.

With this exciting and truly alarming event, all hope of finding topics for local notes is exhausted. No other interest survives! It caused every person in the parish to hold the breath in a dread panic of fear, till fully reassured that no serious accident had happened to the Vicar, and that no danger could possibly occur to any of Her Majesty's loyal subjects (Dissenters excepted) from horses or asses (*one wonders what type*) in Church Street. It has, for the present, overshadowed every other concern, and covered as with the deepest shades of night, all national, political, social, and religious affairs. "Res est sacra miser" - a person in danger is a sacred object.

Saturday, 9th February 1889.

MEDICAL REPORT

The CHAIRMAN said the well at the Water Works was yielding a less quantity than hitherto, and if the Board did not stir themselves the quantity would get less and less, and at last stop. This was a question which required to be seriously considered.

The Medical Officer (Dr. H. B. Vincent) read his annual report, which contained valuable information. The population of the town was estimated at 6,040. The birth rate during the year was - Legitimate, 92 males and 63 females, illegitimate, 4 males and 12 females. Total, 171.

The CHAIRMAN - Excuse me interrupting, but is not the number of male births exceptionally heavy as compared with other years.

Dr. Vincent - Yes; we are turning over a new leaf, I hope. (Laughter). The death rate was 50 males and 55 females, total 114. Increase of births over deaths, 53. The death rate was, he was sorry to say, the highest he had ever known in the town. The doctor gave the causes of death, and other statistics.

On the motion of Mr VINCENT, seconded by Mr ELVIN, the report was ordered to be printed and distributed.

(Is this why so many Dereham men enlisted in the First World War?)

Saturday, 25th May 1889

FATAL ACCIDENT

An accident, which unfortunately terminated fatally, happened on Wednesday evening in London Road just opposite to the Board School. For some time past a traction engine has been used by Messrs. Skinner and Lyth to cart some large timbers from Houghton to their timber yard. Much trouble has been caused by children hanging on to the underbars of the timber drags. On the above evening the engine was drawing two drags, very heavily laden, and on the hindmost one a number of children were, as usual, hanging. One of them, a child called Cecil, aged 3½ years, son of Frederick Pease, in endeavouring to catch hold of the bar, fell, and the wheel of the drag passed over his body, causing dreadful injuries. He was taken home, but expired very shortly afterwards. On Friday evening, at the Bull Inn,

an inquest was held by Mr H. R. Culley, Deputy Coroner.

Sarah, wife of Frederick Pease, labourer, of East Dereham, stated that the body viewed by the jury was that of her son Cecil, who was three years old last February. When witness went to work that morning she left her children, six in number, under the charge of the eldest, a girl of over 14. At about 5.30pm she was sent for, and found deceased just alive, but he died shortly after she got home.

Mrs Robert Hudson, said that on the above evening, at about 5.30pm. she was standing against her gate, just opposite to where the accident occurred. She saw the engine go by, drawing two large drags, heavily laden with timber. A lot of children were running about, trying to get on to the under bars or poles of the drags. Deceased was amongst them, and did not seem big enough to reach, and in trying to so do fell, and the wheel of the drag passed over him. There was no time to warn the driver of the engine. Deceased seemed to fall under the wheel, which passed over him immediately. The engine was drawing the load very slowly, and in her opinion there was no blame attached to anyone. A lad named Frederick Bales picked up the deceased, and witness ran out and took the child, and seeing that it was badly injured gave it to Mr Luck, who lived close by. He took it to Dr Vincent, and then took it home by his direction.

Robert Youngs, of Shipdham, owner of the engine and drags, said that he knew nothing of the accident until sometime after it happened. Witness had had a deal of trouble with the children, and had done his best to keep them off. Only about 10 yards before they got to



Yull the Bakers

Robert Yull began as a baker with a shop in the High Street from 1879—1892—he is then listed in 1896 as a Private resident on Toftwood common.

Albert Yull (maybe his son) had a shop at 17 Church Street from 1896—1933, listed as baker & confectioner

The only other Yull I've found is a **John Yull** in Kelly's 1937, listed as a private resident at The Beeches, Norwich Road but there are no bakers listed in Church Street until 1947 when F. Cross another baker moved in.



Above & left are views of Yull's Bakery in Church Street.

Saturday, 3rd August 1889.

ACCIDENT

On Saturday last a child of about six years of age, one of the sons of Mr W. Wells. Superintendent of Messrs. Smith's maltings, whilst playing upon the steps of the malthouse near the railway station, slipped and fell, fracturing his skull so severely that no hopes are entertained of his recovery.

Enough doom and gloom; on to a happier note.

Saturday, January 3rd 1914

A CHRISTMAS GOLDEN WEDDING

Mr and Mrs Robert Yull, of East Dereham, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding on Christmas Day, and for the first time for a number of years they spent Christmas quietly at home. Mrs Yull said that one of their few visitors on Christmas Day, who came in for a chat, was their doctor, but they did not trouble him very much in his professional capacity, as they enjoyed good health.

Mr and Mrs Robert Yull were married on Christmas Day, 1863, at the Congregational Church, and had lived in Dereham ever since. Mr Yull, who is 76 years of age, has been a master man in the town as a baker and gardener. For 49 years he has been a member of the "Feeling Heart" Lodge, Independent Order of Oddfellows, and for many years has been a trustee. He was born at East Bilney. Mrs Yull, who is a native of Dereham, is in her 72nd year.

Oh look

TRAGEDY IN BILLINGFORD CHURCH

Suicide of the Clerk and Sexton

Solemn Service of Cleansing

Oh no—no room left—sorry, I've got to read on ... bye 'body hanging from a ladder' ...

where the accident happened he asked a man to warn children off. They would get on to the drugs.

Sergt. M. Barnard bore out the last witness's statement, and said that the driver had even been to the police to ask them to caution children. Witness had himself driven children away from the timber drugs.

The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death, with no blame attached to anyone."

The Foreman (Mr Thomas Wm. Bates) said it was the wish of the jury that their fees, &c., should be handed over to the mother of deceased, and Mr Hurn, the landlord of the inn, handed his money for the room over for the same purpose.

It was stated on behalf of Messrs Skinner and Lyth, for whom the carting was being done, that they much regretted the accident, and they wished to pay the funeral expenses.

Saturday, 20th July 1889

RAILWAY ACCIDENT

On Friday the 12th inst., an accident occurred at the crossing near Moorgate House. During the absence of the gatekeeper, who works upon the line, his wife did not notice the signal of the 3.20 passenger train from Lynn leaving Wendling Station, and neglected to open the gates. The driver being unable to draw up, the train smashed through the gates, fortunately doing no further damage. It is reported that this is the third accident of a similar nature which has occurred at this crossing. Generally there is a great deal of traffic upon the road, and the locality had a very juvenile population, and it was by a lucky providence that the road was clear of traffic and no children were playing about near the gates at the time, or a most serious catastrophe could not have been averted.

A NUTSHELL OF HISTORY

....researched by Kitty Lynn.

With modern plumbing, washing has become a daily routine and bathing a relaxing pastime. But our medieval ancestors took a bath perhaps once a month, or even once a year!

KEEPING CLEAN

'Take two pounds of Barley or Bran-meal, eight pounds of Bran, and a few handfuls of Borage Leaves. Boil these ingredients in a sufficient quantity of spring water.' Although this sounds like instructions for making animal feed, it is, in fact, a cosmetic bath recipe from the 18th century. Similar recipes featured other unlikely materials such as seaweed, oak bark, spinach, egg-yolk, wine lees, and even veal broth! But Britain hasn't always washed so extravagantly—or even well.

Predictably, bathing like countless other social habits, was a Latin import. For the Romans, cleanliness—equated with strength and vigour—was a social duty and traditional to their lifestyle. In an urban setting this meant a daily visit to the public baths—a centrally-located complex incorporating gymnasium, tavern, library, walkways, rest areas and, of course, pools. Women (mornings) men (afternoons) went there to bathe and then to exercise, relax, write letters, do business, gamble ... and gossip. Outside towns and cities, the Romans incorporated bathing suites—often opulent with decoration—into their country villas; more importantly, they always attached baths to garrisons and forts since a fit, healthy army was crucial to the Empire's fortunes.

The bathing routine itself had several stages,

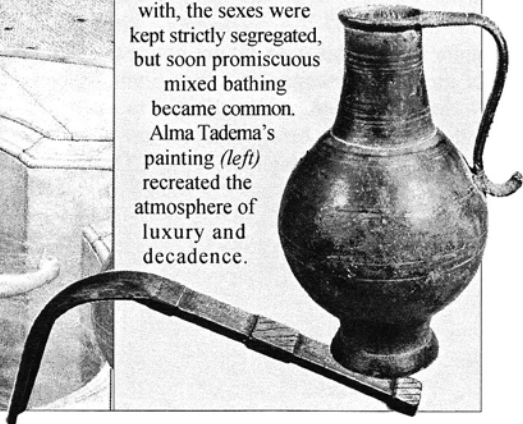
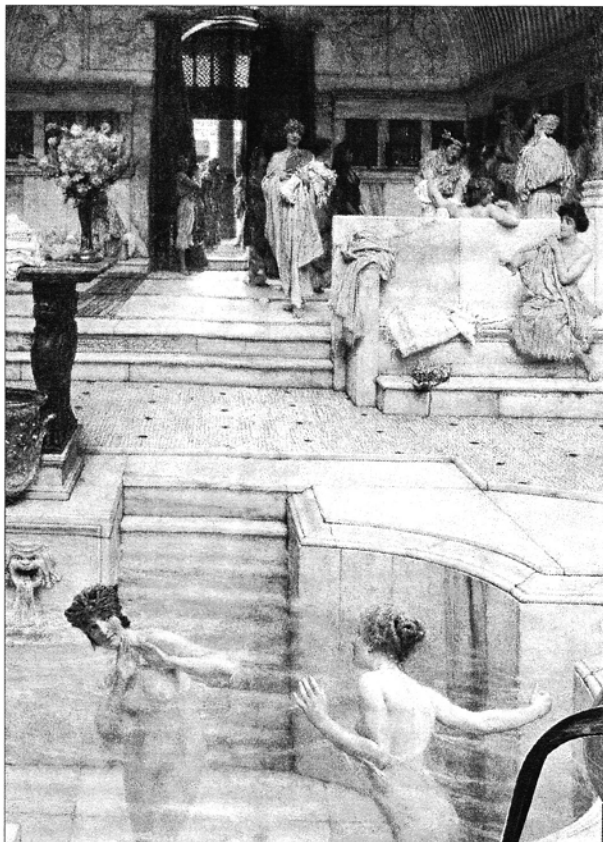
ROMAN BATHS

In Roman times, bathing was an institution, designed to promote a state of well-being and relaxation. Public baths were built in huge numbers and on a colossal scale, exploiting sites with natural hot springs—such as Aquae Sulis at Bath (right). The bathtime drill entailed hot and cold water plunges, massages, cleansing and anointing with special oils.

The bronze amphora (below right) probably contained perfumed oil which was massaged into the skin instead of soap.

An instrument called a 'strigil' (below) was used to scrape off the dirt and oil, and then the body was re-anointed before a final cold plunge. To begin with, the sexes were kept strictly segregated, but soon promiscuous mixed bathing became common.

Alma Tadema's painting (left) recreated the atmosphere of luxury and decadence.



SHARING BATH WATER

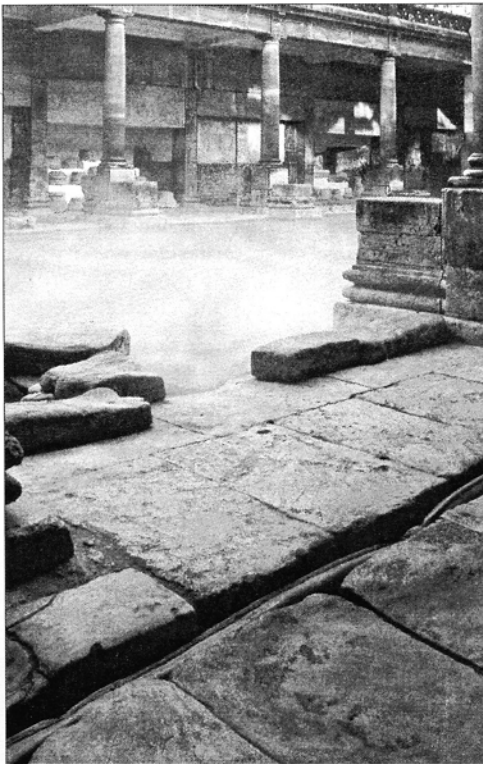
The medieval bath tub was made of wood and resembled a sawn-off barrel. People usually bathed together, not only to make the most of the hot water (which had to be heated and fetched), but also as a prelude to a night of merriment and love-making.

involving a series of rooms heated at different temperatures. The bather, having undressed, plunged into a cold pool then entered the tepidarium (tepid room). There, his body was rubbed with oil—plus sand for stubborn dirt—and, responding to the warm atmosphere, his pores gradually opened. Next came a choice of hot rooms; superheated steam in the caldarium or stifling dry heat in the laconium. In one or other, he sweated profusely before using a curved bronze blade called a strigil to scrape the skin clean. To conclude, another plunge and a second anointing; rich olive oils and ointments fragrant with rose, almond, quince, narcissus or saffron—an imperial favourite. Soap from Mattium in Gaul—composed of goat's fat and ashes—was used only as a hair dye.



Wherever the Romans settled, baths became a hallmark of their occupation, and as such were later vandalized by invading Saxons and Norsemen. Fragments of mosaic flooring are often all that remains. A few retain more substantial ruins like the exercise hall (an impressive 220 feet long and 65 feet wide) belonging to Wroxeter baths; the garrison changing rooms at Chester; and the villa bath house at Welwyn—now enshrined in a concrete vault under the A1.

Inevitably, hygiene standards declined when Rome abandoned its westernmost province, yet the middle ages—damned by subsequent eras as ‘a thousand years without a bath’ - were not as dirty as is often believed. Medieval cleanliness owed much to the monasteries, custodians of culture and civilization in post-Roman Britain. As part of their rigorous regime, monks had to wash face and hands before breakfast—hands only before dinner and supper—in a stone trough, or laver, sited near the refectory. Two or three times a year they were allowed the luxury of a bath, with warm water and soap; more frequently, if troubled by temptation, they were prescribed a penitential cold soak to ward off ‘world, flesh and devil’. Secular society imitated the religious communities. Stone lavabos were installed in castle and manor house for daily ablutions while baths were taken, perhaps once a month, in a wooden tub. The latter, made by a cooper, resembled a topless barrel, but was generally



FRAGRANT DELIGHTS

The notion of perfumes was introduced by Crusaders returning from the east, and soon bath-waters were being scented with rose-water, lavender and orange blossom. By the 19th century, perfume making had become a hugely successful industry.

elongated to accommodate several bodies together. Medieval bathing outside the cloister could be a gregarious event—if only to make the most of all the effort involved in fetching and heating the water, pouring it into the tub and then bailing it out. At most, a whole family and their guests might share the occasion; at the very least, two lovers.

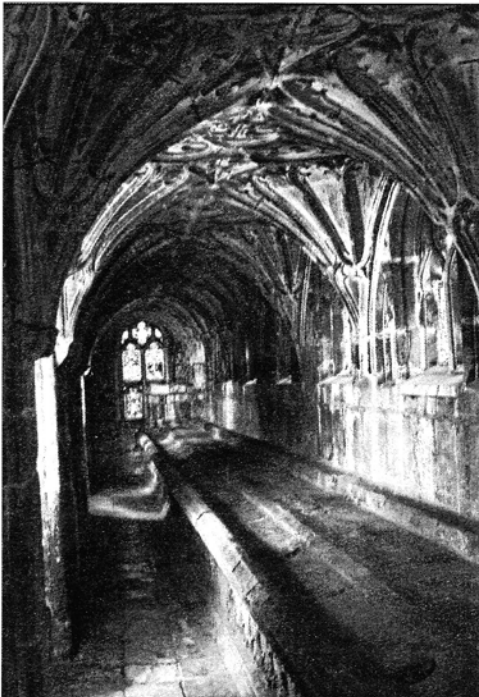
Bathing and hand-washing became more refined in the 1200s when knights, returning from the Crusades, brought back notions of perfumes and other fragrant delights. Soap—a home-made blend of meat fat, wood ash and soda—now included sweet-smelling herbs as well. Flower petals were scattered into baths while jugs and finger bowls for use at table were filled with scented waters of lavender, rose or orange which were prepared by infusing the blossoms. Hand-washing before and after meals—essential in an age without plates and forks—



had developed into a ritual: water was poured from a jug on to the hands which were held over the bowl; etiquette required you to share the bowl with your neighbour and so often provided a convenient excuse for flirting.

Returning Crusaders were also responsible for the re-introduction of public-baths, extinct since Roman times. However, the resulting Hot- or Sweating Houses, offering communal tubs, had little in common with their Turkish Bath inspiration—unless located near a friendly baker's, in which case they could pipe in surplus steam from the bread oven to create an authentic atmosphere. The 'stews', as they were known, (until quite recently there was a Stew Lane in the City of London) lasted less than two hundred years: shortage of wood to heat the water was one problem, shortage of clients for fear of catching the plague was another. But it was their reputation as brothels, frequented by 'strumpets or women of evil name or fame' that finally provoked their closure, by law, in the early 1500s.

Overcrowding in towns and cities turned the 16th and 17th centuries into an unsanitary epoch. The situation was further aggravated by the dissolution of the monasteries which deprived the populace of its 'cleanliness is next to godliness' examples. Yet, away from the stinking filth of gutter and alley, the rich—secure in their country mansions and town



RELIGIOUS HABITS

In the Middle Ages, the monks set the standards of cleanliness. Monasteries were equipped with long stone troughs, or 'lavers', where the monks could wash their hands before meals. A recess was often provided for towels and, at one monastery, the brethren were graciously requested 'not to blow their noses' on them.

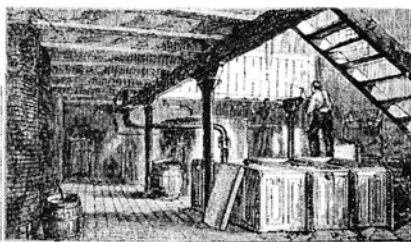
SOAP MAKING

Soap used to be made by the housewife, using animal fat, wood ash and soda. In the early 17th century, a Soapmakers' Guild was established, and since then the manufacturers have never looked back.

houses—continued to indulge the bath habit and made it ever more pleasurable, in his play *Volpone* (1606), Ben Jonson describes what must be the ultimate in bath time luxury: 'Thy baths shall be the juice of July-flowers, Spirit of roses, and of violets, The milk of unicorns, and panthers' breath Gathered in bags and mixed with Cretan wines.'

By now, all large establishments had a still-room where sweet-scented garden flowers and herbs were metamorphosed into medicinal remedies, cosmetics and perfumes—including perfumed soap, bath powders and the very popular washballs. Although soap had been manufactured commercially in England since the 1300s and a Soapmakers' Guild was set up in the early 1600s, the best toilet soap came from Castile, and the most coveted washballs from Bologna. This Italian speciality, prized throughout Europe, was created by fermenting unslaked lime and top-quality soap shavings in brandy, grinding the mixture into a thick paste with aromatic powders such as sandalwood, marjoram, orris, and cedarwood, adding rose-water and essential oils and then moulding it into small balls which, when hard, were burnished on a lathe. Given the high cost of both Bolognese originals and English imitations, however, most households preferred to make their own, simpler version.

Throughout the 18th century, most citizens still did not bathe regularly. Poor people occasionally washed at street pumps, while the aristocracy turned bathing into an eccentric vogue. Eschewing water—unless it were pure raindrops—they



SOAP MAKING



SOAP MAKING



SOAP MAKING



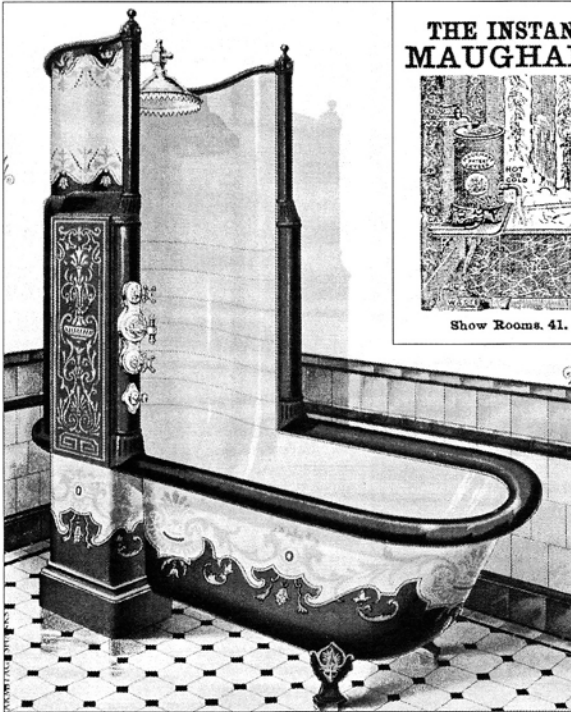
SOAP MAKING



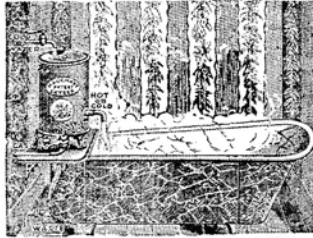
SOAP MAKING

bathed in all kinds of exotic liquids: melon juice, linseed water, strawberry juice (from a mere 20lbs of fruit). Green barley water, wine (white for fair and red for dark complexions) and, following the example of Cleopatra and Poppaea (Nero's wife), in milk—which caused 'an almost universal prejudice against drinking milk in the metropolis' since people believed that 'this common necessary of life' had been recycled from the aristocracy's tubs.'

The 17th and 18th centuries also witnessed a revival in public bathing thanks to the spa boom. By the mid-1700s, there were some 60 watering places in England—although most claimed cures from drinking the spa waters, not bathing in them. By far the most famous



THE INSTANTANEOUS WATER HEATER, or MAUGHAN'S PATENT 'GEYSER.'



BATHS and LAVATORIES of various kinds.
 BATH ROOMS fitted throughout.
 MAUGHAN'S PATENT ABSOLUTE GAS REGULATOR, for Gas Cooking and Heating Stoves, preventing the deposit of Carbon, &c.
 THE NEW AMERICAN RETORT and other Gas Cooking and Heating Stoves, in great variety.
 THE NEW and EXTRAORDINARY ANTI-FROST EXPANSION SOCKET (Lyon's Patent), for preventing Water Pipes bursting during frost.

Show Rooms, 41, Cheapside, E.C.; Factory, Cambridge Heath, E.

on the market—especially after 1853 when Gladstone repealed an 80-year-old soap tax.

Despite Victorian practicality, and prudery, baths could still be fun—for some. One weekend at a house party, Lillie Langtry was asked by her host—an earl—to take a bath in vintage hock for the entertainment of her fellow guests. To everyone's delight, Miss Langtry obliged; then, after the divertissement, the Earl had the bath wine re-bottled and served at luncheon.

and most fashionable was Bath: the waters of its five pools were guaranteed to cure virtually anything, including 'the Longing of Maids to eat Chalk, Coals and the Like'.

Bath time as we know it today dates from the 19th century. On the one hand, technology—piped water, piped gas (to heat it) plus drains and sewers—made having a bath much easier. On the other, the Victorian obsession with cleanliness which 'brings us a step nearer to the angels of light' turned into the habits of all classes of society'. The writer, a certain Baroness Staffe, went on to list various arguments in favour of a daily bath, including the fact that 'it has even been recognized that well-washed pigs yield superior meat to those that are allowed to indulge their propensities for wallowing in the mire'. Her suggestions for bath salts and essences were equally down-to-earth: one for 'rendering the skin fresh and delicate' consisted of one part glycerine to two parts rosewater; another 'both strengthening and soothing' contained 'half a pound of crystals of carbonate of soda, two handfuls of powdered starch and a teaspoon of essence of rosemary'. There were also an increasing number of bath preparations

Bath tubs themselves had come a long way since the medieval wooden half-barrel. Marble, flaunted by the rich during the Age of Elegancy, was rejected in later years as costly and chill—providing rather too cool a reception; more plebeian materials took its place: tin, copper, cast-iron, and, now pressed steel and acrylic. Shapes, too, had evolved and by the mid-1800s



TURKISH STEW

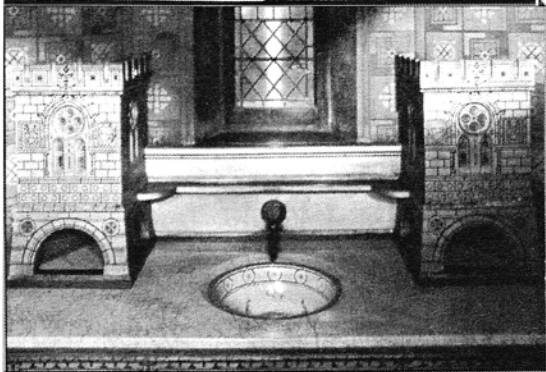
Turkish baths, modelled on eastern bathing establishments, enjoyed a vogue in the 19th century. Their medieval counterparts—the 'stew' - had been condemned by Henry VIII as 'hot-houses' of ill repute and had been closed by ordinance.

WASH ROOMS

Before the advent of plumbing, people bathed in front of the fire. This enamelled hip-bath (left)—complete with foot-bowl—at Saltram, was filled with water carried in gleaming hot-water cans from the kitchen.

In late Victorian times, 'keeping clean' became an altogether more elaborate affair.

Lady Bute had a washstand in her bedroom with castellated water tanks.



accommodated a range of bathing styles. In addition to the full or lounge bath—forerunner of the modern tub, there were the sponge bath, a shallow spouted basin for stand-up washes; the hip bath, for sitting-upright baths; and the slipper bath, especially up to shoulder level for maximum modesty and warmth.

In country areas—where water still had to be brought in from a pump and heated over the kitchen range—bathing became a weekly, rather than a daily ritual (unless you opted for cold baths, described by Mrs Beeton as 'invaluable aids in promoting and preserving health'). Seemingly, the Reverend Francis Kilvert, of diary fame, would have agreed with her. On Christmas morning 1870, he noted in his diary: 'I sat down in my bath upon a sheet of thick ice which broke in the middle into large pieces whilst sharp points and jagged edges stuck all round the sides of the tub like

chevaux de frise, not particularly comforting to the naked thighs and loins, for the keen ice cut like broken glass. The ice water stung and scorched like fire ... the morning was most brilliant.'

And on that chilly if not scary note, I'll finish and go and have a pleasant warm shower, which in our household seems to be preferred to baths. The only exception being if somebody's been working harder than they are used to and thus are full of aches and pains.

Happy splashing.

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Doctor Jessopp, Scarning Vicar

If you were a member at the beginning of this year then you will remember the article on Manor Courts which I said I had split into two sections as it was rather a long one and actually covered two of the subjects being covered in our themed newsletters of this year. Well here is the second half – which has been saved until now as it deals mainly with the Black Death.

Thus the Court Rolls of a manor of the fourteenth century are practically registers of the deaths of all occupiers of the land within the manor.

Dr. Jessopp goes on to give examples taken from these Court Rolls: -

‘The Jurors do present that Simon Must died seized (occupying) of a Messuage and 4 acres of land in Stradset, and that he has no heir. Therefore it is fitting that the aforesaid land be taken into the hands of the lord.

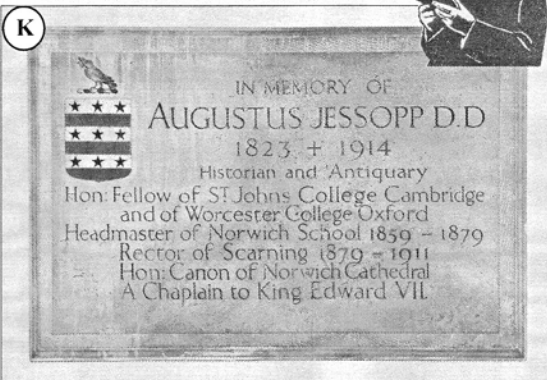
Also that Matilda Stile ...was she married, or single, widow or mother or maid? What cared the precise man of business on that 24th of July, 1349, as his pen moved over the parchment? ... Matilda Stile died seized of one acre and one rod of land held in Vilenage. Therefore it is fitting that the aforesaid land be taken into the hands of the lord until such time as the heir may appear in court.

He never did appear! Next year her little estate was handed over to another. She was the last of her line.

Such entries as these swarm in the Court Rolls of this year 1349 and throw light on the dreadful plague that occurred then. Dr. Jessopp says that ‘on the 1st January 1349, the King wrote to the Bishop of Winchester, informing him that although the Parliament had been summoned to meet on the 19th of the month, yet because a sudden visitation of deadly pestilence had broken out at Westminster and the neighbourhood, which was increasing daily ... it had been determined to prorogue the Parliament to Monday, the 27th April.

Dr Jessopp states that the pestilence rages fiercely and reached East Anglia in Sudbury. Lord Walsingham had two manors, one of which was called Cornad Parva. A manor

K



court was held there on the 31st March—the number of tenants of the manor can at no time have exceeded fifty—yet at this court six women and three men are registered as having died since the last court was held two months before.

On the 1st May another court was held, fifteen more deaths are recorded, seven of them without heirs. Six months later, thirty-six deaths occurred and thirteen more households had been left without a living soul to represent them.

At Heacham, a dispute was set down for hearing between a husband and wife on the question of a dower, to be heard by the steward and a jury. The man's name was Reginald Goscelin, and his wife's named was Emma. The dispute was never settled. Before the day of hearing came on, everyone of Emma Goscelin's witnesses was dead and her husband was dead too, four other landowners had died. One of these latter had a son and heir to succeed, but two months later the both had gone, and the sole representation of the family was a little girl, who became straightway the ward of the lord of the Manor. In Hunstanton, it is recorded in the manor rolls, that, in two months sixty-three men and fifteen women had been carried off. Upwards of eight hundred parishes lost their parsons, eighty-three of them twice, and ten of them three times in a few months.'

One can imagine the fascination that Dr. Jessopp had for the Court Manor Rolls as story after story became revealed, not only reports of the Black Death but also of the many disputes that arose in earlier times.

I give a selection of them, as related by Dr Jessopp, for your consideration and would

remind you as we delve into the past that, although these people had hard lives, they also must have had the same human passions and emotions as we, their successors.

'Thomas Porter had a neighbour, one John Stone, a man of small substance: he owned a couple of acres under the lord; poor land it was, hardly paying for the tillage, and I supposed the cottage upon it was his own, so far as any man's copyhold dwelling was his own in those days.

The Black Death came to that cottage among the rest, and John Stone and his wife and children, all were swept away. Nay! Not all: little Margery Stone was spared; but she had not a kinsman upon earth. Poor little maid, she was barely nine years old and absolutely alone! Who cared? Thomas Potter and his weeping wife cared, and they took little Margery to their home, and they comforted themselves for all that they had lost (their sons and daughters had died of the plague), and the little maid became unto them as a daughter.

Henceforth life was less dreary for the old couple. But five years passed, and Margery had grown up to be a sturdy damsel and very near the marriageable age.

Oh ho! friend Porter, what is it we have heard men tell? That when the Black Death came upon us, your house was left unto you desolate and there neither chick nor child. Who is this? Then some one told the steward, or told the lord, and thereupon ensued enquiry.

What right had Thomas Porter to adopt the child?

She belonged to the lord, and he had the right of guardianship. Aye! And the right of disposing of her in marriage too. Thomas Porter, with a heavy heart, was summoned to appear. He pleaded that the marriage of the girl did not belong to the lord by right, and that on some ground or other, which is not set down, she was not his

property at all.

That might have been very true or it might not, but one thing was certain. Thomas Porter had no right to her and so the invariable result followed—he had to pay a fine. What else ensued we shall never know.'

All these accounts and many more appear in Dr Jessopp's book 'The Coming of the Friars' and I hope I have stimulated your interest.

*Fred Hoskins,
(editor of the Arcadian Newsletter)*

As this is the last Jessopp page I'll probably write I thought I'd put in the newspaper article I came across when researching Wartime in Dereham—that of Jessopp's death on 12th February 1914.
Kitty

Dereham & Fakenham Times 4th April 1914

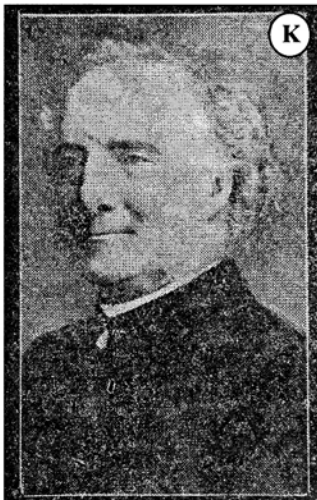
Death of Rec. Dr. Jessopp

A Noted Norfolk Author

The death of the Rev. Canon Augustus Jessop, D.D., Rector of Scarning until 1911, occurred at Windsor on Thursday morning at the age of 90, after an affliction extending over several years.

The late Dr. Jessopp was born on December 20th, 1831, at Cheshunt, Herts, being the son of the late John Sympson Jessopp, while his mother's maiden name was Elizabeth Goodrich. He married Mary Ann Margaret, daughter of Charles Cotesworth, R.N., Liverpool, who died in 1905. Dr Jessopp was educated at St John's College, Camb., and was an Hon. Fellow of that College and of Worcester College, Oxford. He was curate of Papworth St Agnes, Cambridgeshire, 1848-1854; Headmaster of Helston Grammar School, Cornwall, 1855-59; Headmaster of King Edward VI. School, Norwich, 1850-79; Rector of Scarning, 1879-1911.

He was a distinguished literateur, his books being characterised not only by the soundest scholarship, but by a popular method of presentation, broad human sympathies, and a charming sense of humour which made his writings beloved by men and women of high and low degree. He was editor of *Essays in Divinity* by John Donne, D.D., with *Life*; *One Generation of a Norfolk House*, a



The picture above comes from the D & F Times beneath which is the following:

Dr. August Jessopp

For many years rector of Scarning, and a well known Norfolk antiquary and literary man, whose death occurred at Windsor, on Thursday morning, at the age of 90.



Left: Jessopp's grave in Scarning Church's graveyard
Above: Scarning Church—post stamp on the back dates this as 1904—so this shows the type of clothing that Jessopp's parishioners would have worn.

contribution to Elizabethan History; History of the Diocese of Norwich; Arcady for Better for Worse; The Coming of the Friars; The Autobiography of Roger North; Trials of a Country Parson; Studies by Recluse; Random Roaming; Frivola; Before the Great Pillage. He was select preacher of the University of Oxford in 1896, an Hon. Canon of Norwich Cathedral, and Chaplain-in-Ordinary to King Edward VII.

As a parish priest he was greatly beloved notwithstanding the fact that he made close character studies of many of his parishioners, especially those of the older generation incorporating them in that wonderful picture of rural Norfolk life, "Arcady, for Better for Worse." This book is a revelation of the man himself, broad-minded, tolerant, learned, yet strongly appreciative of the virtues and wisdom of his poorer brethren. Though a convinced believer in the mission of the Church of England, he was highly appreciative of the good work done in rural Norfolk by the Nonconformists, and his tributes to Primitive Methodism were quoted by the writer of the official guide to the connection as the opinions of an impartial critic. He was a man of fine presence, and in the prime of his manhood was a forceful speaker, whose views carried great weight at the Diocesan Conference and other church gatherings. As a lecturer he was almost perfection, particularly if the subject allowed him to indulge in his penchant for

random reminiscence, for as a raconteur he had few equals. He was one of the leading Norfolk antiquarians, and for many years took a prominent part in the proceedings of the Norfolk and Norwich Archaeological Society. One of the most remarkably circumstantial ghost stories ever published was the personal experience of Dr Jessopp at Mannington Hall, the seat of the Earl of Orford. He was working alone in the library late one night, examining some manuscripts, when he saw at his elbow a gentleman in mediaeval costume, whom he carefully examined, and subsequently recognised as the original of one of the portraits in the library. The publication of this story, authenticated by a man of so high a reputation as Dr. Jessopp, naturally aroused a great amount of interest in the country.

As the result of one of his practical suggestions for the improvement of village life, an anonymous donor provided a village hall for Scarning in 1902 at a cost of £3,000, to seat 200 people, and similar ones were subsequently erected at Long Stratton and Wicklewood.

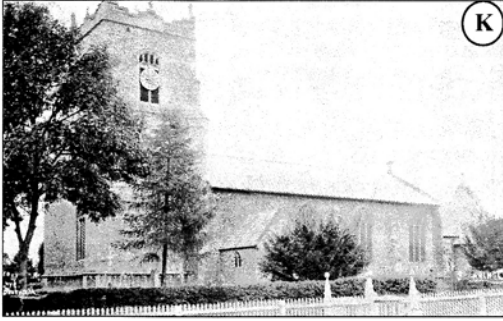
The funeral will take place at Scarning on Saturday afternoon at 2.30.

Dereham & Fakenham Times 4th April 1914

The Late Dr. Jessopp.

Brother Cleric's Appreciation.

The late Dr Augustus Jessopp is the subject of a short appreciative memoir in the "Diocesan Gazette," from the pen of H.I.W.



K

Left: Scarning Church—postmarked 24th Dec 1913 from a W & B to a Mr Walpole in Bungay.
Below: Scarning Church—postmarked 21st Aug 1913 from George to Miss Capping in London.

“The doctor,” says the writer, “was a typical parish priest. Planted down in that quiet Norfolk village—than which a deanery would have better befitted his talents—he set himself steadily to know and care for his people, and the quaint title of ‘The Shepherd and Shepherdess,’ by which he and his wife were known among the cultured guests they entertained at the Rectory, was equally well deserved among his humbler parishioners. Everyone of them was known and cared for; their temporal wants were seen to; and, to some extent at least, their need for recreation was provided for in the parish hall. The building of this and the comfortable cottages adjoining it was a source of keen delight to him. It is hard, indeed, to see how the doctor—preaching from the wealth of knowledge literary, historical, and archaeological that was in him—could have made himself always comprehensible to the ordinary, village intellect; but his heart was, at any rate, in the effort to do so, and, after all, what can the wisest of us do but try? That his sympathies were with the poorest of the flock is shown by the arrangement he made with the authorities respecting the administration of outdoor relief. Large hearted people in our cities, who have often deplored the bare and inhospitable aspect of the room in which that relief is given, would have rejoiced in the way in which things were done in Scarning. In the first place, the old pensioners, many of whom had a long stretch of country road to traverse, met in the church for a sort service, where the sermon struck a note of something brighter than the sorrows and limitations of this life. Then they retired to the room behind the church, and there seated comfortably with mugs of steaming coca before them, they received their weekly allowance, and then wended their way homeward, each comprehending, though

dimly, the real significance of the word ‘Charity.’

“The loss of his wife in 1905 was a terrible blow to him, and he never completely recovered his power of work after it. He kept a fair measure of health and vigour till 1911, when failing powers induced him to resign the living. Two years more brought the end of a long life and he passed away peacefully on February 12th.”

Well I hope that gave the Jessopp researchers something different to add to their collections. I shall continue to enjoy reading my lowly collection of Jessopp books, all eight of them.

However if anyone can enlighten me with more information on some of Jessopp's articles from the Scarning Parish Magazine I'd be most grateful. The following ones I have some details of but there are large parts missing

I've got part one of Wendling Abbey in Aug 1904. But part two in Nov 1904—the bottom third of the front fly is missing and so is the story finale.

Then the other story I'm interested in is the Early History of the Church in East Anglia. I've got his Penny History of the Church of England but it is East Anglia that I am most interested in as it mentions amongst others both Anna's period and Bishop Felix.

So can anyone help with the first two chapters?

—I've nothing of these, I don't even know what issues they were in. I've got part three (June 1905), the front leaf part of chapter four (Oct 1905—back leaf missing) and the back leaf of part five (Nov 1905). Yes the front fly is missing this time. Thanks

Kitty.



K

Old Dereham

By Kitty Lynn

I've decided to change my mind for this section as most of the history of the Red Cross Military Hospital was covered by Cliff in the special pull out section of September 2005 issue. I have uncovered a few new pictures and articles about it but I'm saving them for my new picture shows that will be available for booking from next September onwards. Of course

there is the history of the newer hospital but that will be included (when I've finished researching it) in a show on Health & Medicine in Dereham.

Instead I'm going to correct two pictorial errors that have occurred in Terry Davy's Dereham in the Great War.

It is very easy to make mistakes and I only hope that if somebody sees one I've made then they will correct it for me. Nowadays it is far easier than in the 1980's to find out information. More has been released under the 50—75 year ruling of secrecy and we have facilities that one could only dream of then—I know and speak from personal experiences of a history student in the '70s. Now we have the internet with sites such as Ancestry for family historians, as well as many censuses and directories on line and in C.D. ROM formats. There are special Heritage & Local History Sections in Universities & Libraries. Many Churches & Cathedrals have opened their doors to researchers, not to mention the wonderful Archive Centre we have in Norwich—Terry would have had a field day.

So

The following pictures show a funeral procession coming from the Parish Church on its way to the Cemetery. The first picture, according to Terry is "the funeral cortege of Sergeant Robert Bowers making it's way along Church Street from the Parish Church to the Cemetery." The great-grandson of Robert Bowers, David Cross, having supplied information for a War Memorial Project, asked if we had the original photo of the funeral and whether he could have a better copy than the one in Terry's book.



Terry Davy's postcard photo of the funeral.

The second photo, unavailable to Terry at the time, is more detailed and it becomes obvious to a military expert (in this case Neil Storey, a friend of mine) that the funeral is one of a trooper. Why? Because at their funerals they were always followed by a led horse with jackboots facing backwards in the stirrups.

A search through the Dereham and Fakenham Times produced the following:

Dereham & Fakenham Times

7th August 1915

Cavalryman's Funeral at Dereham

Death of a Fine Rider at Early Age.

Trooper Jack Ketteringham, of the Norfolk Yeomanry, son of Mr Harry Ketteringham, East Dereham, died on Monday morning after a painful illness.

Jack Ketteringham was only eighteen years of age, and he had been a trooper in the Norfolk Yeomanry. He was a skilful and daring rider, who had sat a horse's back from infancy, and his jockeyship had often been seen at Norfolk point-to-point races. He had a licence to ride in Belgium before he was sixteen years of age. He won three prizes at a meeting held the day before his regiment was mobilised, and the last time he rode was at military point-to-point races at Tittleshall. He was a good and keen soldier, as the following extract from a letter written by Major J. F. Barclay, commanding "C" Squadron, Norfolk Yeomanry, to Mr Harry Ketteringham shows: - "He was a good yeoman, and always did well while he was with me. In fact, I cannot remember ever having had the slightest complaint against him. This is higher praise than, perhaps, the ordinary civilian understands. It meant that he stuck to

his job and did it well throughout a long and disappointing time, when many others got fed up and sick of it because they could not get out to the Front when they liked." The Trooper met with an accident at the end of the year, a horse rolling on him, and this was followed by a painful illness after he had tried to rejoin his regiment.

The funeral took place on Thursday, and the body was buried in Dereham Cemetery with full military honours. The service, the first part of which was in the Parish Church, was conducted by the Vicar of Dereham. The firing party and escort were drawn from the Rough-riders and the coffin was carried on a military carriage lent by the R.A.M.C. The coffin was covered with a Union Jack and on it rested Ketteringham's cap and sword. Behind the carriage was led a horse with jack boots reversed in the stirrups. At the graveside

Among the mourners were: Mr Harry Ketteringham (father) Mr Arthur Ketteringham (grandfather), Mrs Farrow (grandmother).

Etc.etc. —you'll see the relevance of this as you read on—oh what a web I weave....

So I had found it! The funeral was not of Sgt. Bowers but of Trooper Ketteringham. David Cross was informed that regretfully it was not a picture of his great-grandfather's funeral after all.

Meanwhile Neil Storey was re-examining the photos. He phones me: Hallo my friendly witch, both you and Terry are wrong. I have a genuine annotated copy of the second photo saying it is 'Funeral of Sheriff—1915'. Anyway the uniforms are of the City of London Yeomanry, not the Norfolk Yeomanry.

I can't find anything about a Sheriff's funeral in the Dereham and Fakenham Times—surely it would have been reported? Two days later and after twenty sorrys to Neil—you're right I know him as the one who had a cycle accident on the way to Norwich.

There it is on 24th July 1915—yes, only one week earlier than Ketteringham's funeral there was another, that of Trooper C. A. Sheriff. Here is the newspaper report:

**Dereham & Fakenham Times
24th July 1915**

**A Tragedy of the Road.
Trooper Killed whilst Cycling
from Dereham to Norwich.**

The 2/2 City of London Yeomanry received with the greatest regret on Sunday night the news that one of their number, Trooper C. A. Sheriff, had died from injuries received whilst cycling from Dereham to Norwich. He was accompanied by a comrade, Trooper W. J. Leggett. Sheriff left Dereham on a motor cycle on Sunday afternoon to ride to Norwich. At Easton the bicycle skidded and whilst Leggett escaped with slight injuries, Sheriff sustained a fracture at the base of the skull. At the inquest (reported in another column) a verdict of "accidental death" was returned.

The body of Trooper Charles Sheriff was conveyed from Norwich to Dereham on Wednesday afternoon, and was buried in the Cemetery with military honours. As the coffin passed through the streets the greatest respect was shown by the military and the civilian population. The officers of the Rough Riders were lined up and in the Market Place the 3rd Line Depot, 5th Norfolk Regiment, rendered an impressive tribute of respect.

The firing party and escort was provided by A Squadron of the Rough Riders, and all the officers of the squadron were present. The coffin was met at the railway station. It was placed in a carriage belonging to the R.A.M.C., drawn by



My postcard photo of the same funeral but further along the cortege. When this is enlarged on a computer you can see the horse but not the jackboots reversed unfortunately. However they are both definitely the same funeral. You'll be looking very closely at this soon.

six horses. The coffin was covered with a Union Jack, and on it was placed the deceased's hat and sword. A charger carrying jack boots reversed in the stirrups was led by two troopers. The firing party preceded the gun carriage, and behind it walker Mr A. A. Sheriff (deceased's father) and Mr Gerald Sheriff (brother), the latter in naval uniform. They were followed by the officers, N.C.O.'s and men of A Squadron

The service was conducted by the Rev. W. H. Macnaughton-Jones

Now you see how all the pieces have fallen in to place. The crucial evidence is the brother in naval uniform following the coffin—it can only be Sheriff's funeral. However it did take a week of research to find the answers and getting my researching connect web activated. The moral of the story—never think you know all the answers, cross check, cross reference and eventually the answers are disclosed, but you have to be patient; in history it really is a virtue.

The second photo that I've found to be incorrectly labelled is the one of the ambulance blessing—this I'm assured because of the Vicar doing the blessing—it being Rev Baumer and not Rev Macnaughton-Jones must be the Second World War and not the First.

However in this day and age it would be easy to say Terry rushed it—but he was working on some of the earliest computers, there was no internet and the printers were appalling compared with today's. Not to mention the price back in the 1980's for electronic equipment. It is now cheaper and easier for me to run a few copies of photographs off and thus get them identified amongst older members

I've still got to locate the article in the DF Times but the Vicar is the Rev. Baumer, Vicar of Dereham 1937—1945.



PS

of Dereham's public than it ever was for Terry to do.

I expect in another 20 years time someone will say "What on earth was she talking about that's all wrong"—once again as the tables turn there'll be more information available, more than I can ever dream of and wish for now.



K

The Vault

Wording from
Looking Back, by Milly Cook & Terry Davy.

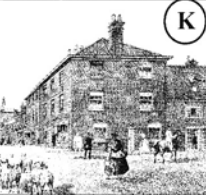


WATER SUPPLIES

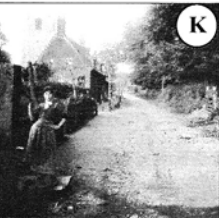
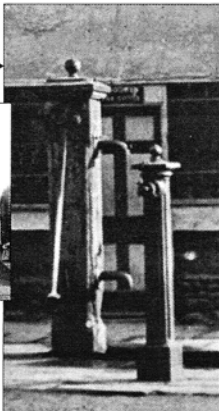
The Waterworks were built in Cemetery Road in 1881. Before this date water was obtained from wells and pumps. Most properties had their own but there were three public pumps. One was situated in the Market Place, near the Assembly Rooms, another at the junction of London Road and Baxter's Row and the third was situated in Washbridge.



Market Place—1867



Baxter's Row—1865



Washbridge—1890

Well I Never

by Kitty Lynn



PRIVATE BROTHELS

The aristocratic mansions of the Elizabethan era were so large that they often had a brothel operating inside them. There was one run by a Mrs Higgens in the London establishment of the Earl of Worcester. When the constables closed it, the earl, far from being grateful, sued the officers at the King's Bench.

In the mid 1570s, a Holborn brothel keeper named John Hollingbrig wore a livery of Lord Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick. His brother Lord Robert Dudley and other privy councillors intervened to oppose indictments when the authorities attempted to crack down on prostitution.

It is thought that a male brothel in Hoxton was owned by Lord Hundson. And there are references to a male stew at Aldersgate-Cock Lane—called Madame Caesar's, where aristocratic women would repair to eat 'apricots ungel't'.

By the beginning of the seventeenth century, there were prostitutes all over London and the city aldermen made an attempt to arrest girls who solicited in taverns. They fined the owners of the bagnios that had now spread way beyond Southwark £20 if they allowed girls to work there, or allowed young men and other reprobated into baths normally reserved for women. The Puritans enforced these laws rigorously. But even under the Commonwealth there was a need to keep clean. In 1649 Peter Chamberlen, a physician, petitioned Parliament to establish baths right across England. His petition was turned down on the grounds that baths would be a threat to public morality.

With the Restoration, bathhouses reverted to their former use as brothels. In the eighteenth century Covent Garden became the centre of the bagnio business. The most fashionable bagnio there belonged to a Molly King, and it heaved with libertines and prostitutes of all ranks. She earned a fortune and retired. Mother Douglas—also known as Mother Cole—ran an establishment that catered only for the crème de la crème. It was said that princes and peers frequented it, along with women of rank who visited incognito.

continued on the back page

Aristocratic ladies also visited Mrs Gould's in Covent Garden, though anyone who carried on an indecent conversation or swore was thrown out. The men who visited were usually rich merchants who pretended that they were spending the weekend in the country but actually turned up at Mrs Gould's bagnio on a Saturday evening and stayed until Monday morning. They were provided with 'the most excellent liquors, very refined courtesans, the most elegant beds and furniture'. She steered clear of the law because her lover was a public notary.

After the Hanoverian succession, the gulf between the aristocracy and ordinary people widened. Courtiers no longer frequented common brothels and bagnios, but maintained houses of their own. So much went on in the Georgian period it would be impossible to mention it here and so I'll finish here with this brief history of prostitutes and brothels.

But was there ever one in Dereham—well yes, of a sort—down Baxter Row there is a house in the 1841 census where most of the inhabitants are listed as prostitute or lady of the eve, as one has obviously said to the enumerator.

Below is a photograph of the house, near to the Standard and Rose Pubs, Baxter's row—however it is at least 70 years on from 1841.

Don't forget the Devil's Whore (English Civil War Period Drama) is on Wednesday nights at present—although it finishes next week—repeats are shown on Channel 4 on Saturdays.



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