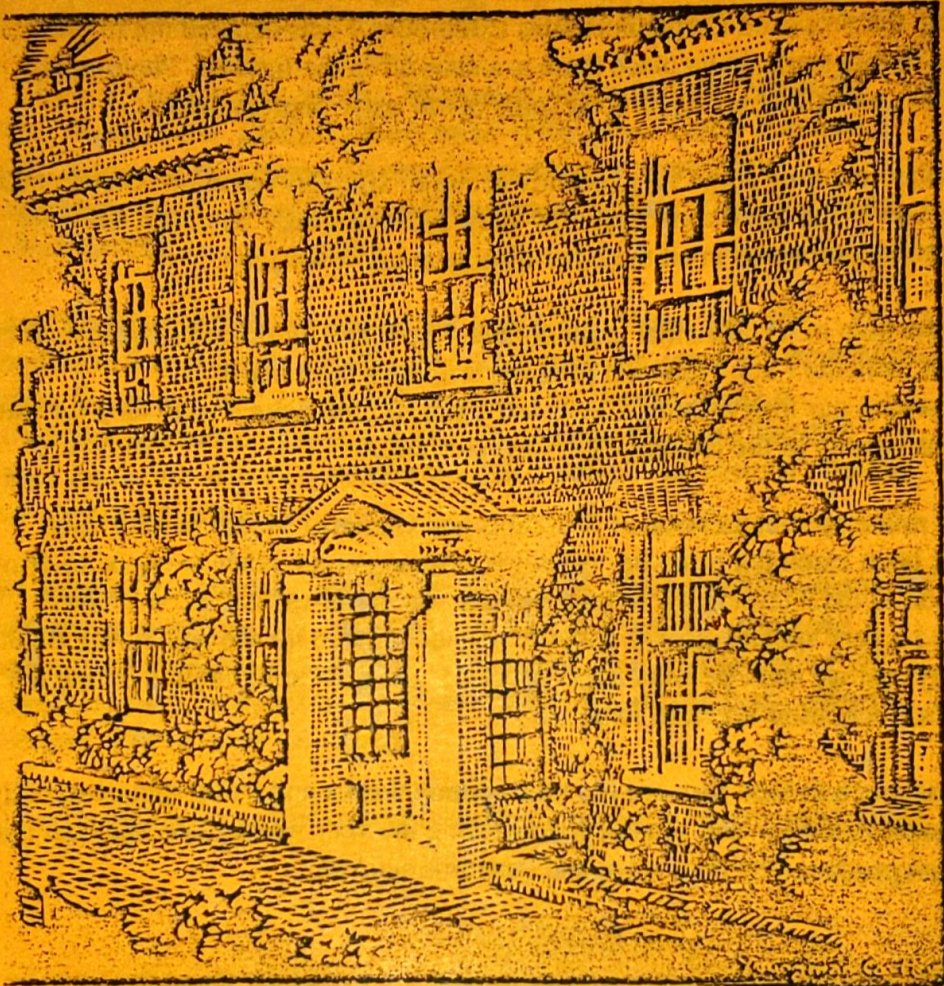


THE PENNY FARTHING

The Newsletter of Maldon District Museum Association



Our cover shows Margery Allingham's house, - D'Arcy House - as illustrated by her husband in 'The Oaken Heart' and we feature the talk to members by Roger and Jean last month.



Supported by the
Heritage Lottery Fund



museums & galleries
month 2000

Your Chairman's Column.....

Dear Friends,

We now look forward to the 2000 season when you will find many changes in our displays in the Museum. With an unsuccessful application having been made for funding the proposed Communications exhibition, it was decided not to proceed with it at this stage. In its place there is a spin-off in the form of 'Photography in Maldon', an exhibition celebrating some of our early photographers.

A display featuring some very recently acquired artefacts covering 'Bread making in the Town' has been constructed by Judy, Mike and their team and there are substantial alterations in all the other display areas downstairs.

With the help of a substantial grant obtained from the 'Heritage Lottery Awards For All' scheme I hope that real progress will have been made in achieving our long awaited Courtyard and also producing a workshop for future seasons worthy of the talents of our display team.

I must make special mention of Museums and Galleries Month in May, this having been extended from the 'week' of previous years; when we hope to draw attention to the Museum by inviting various dignitaries to visit us. We have planned a very special display in the Promenade Lodge for the late Spring Bank Holiday and we shall be mounting a special Photographic Exhibition during the Town's Recreation Week in June.

There is much to look forward to in the coming weeks and I trust that everybody will obtain much joy and satisfaction in seeing the very worthwhile Museum that has been produced by hard work and generous support.

WANTED! - HON. SECRETARY

Tony Froom has stepped down mid-term from his duties as Hon. Sec. as forthcoming family events have necessitated his immediate attention to his list of jobs required to be done at home and (shamefully) neglected whilst either down the river or in the secretarial office at No.44! He expresses special thanks to the Hon. Treasurer for filling in until the A.G.M. and is grateful for all the support received from his fellow members.

p.s. Tony's daughter is marrying at St. Mary's, Maldon in August on a Museum open-day which should prove to be fortuitous in the event of inclement weather?

ajf010300

A BACK SEAT FOR LEN

Len Barrell has decided to retire from active involvement in Museum matters, other than administrative assistance if needed, and which he can offer from home.

A strong supporter of the Museum Association, he was Hon. Treasurer under Chairman (the late) Cath Backus, Hon. Secretary under Terry Chapman (expat New Zealand), and latterly Vice-Chairman under Paddy Lacey (Chairman).

Len, having received an early warning, now has to consider his health, (and age) and has decided to practice what he preaches by making way for (hopefully) a younger member, (presuming of course that he would have been re-elected at the A.G.M., which he doesn't take for granted anyway!).

He wishes to thank, most sincerely, all those with whom he has been working in recent years and finding genuine enjoyment and satisfaction with very few differences of opinion, and hopes to continue those associations, albeit limited, from time to time.

~~~~~|fb270100



"The Fairfield Cricket Ground, Maldon, Essex, in 1848."

## What! - Already?

Yes, it soon comes round; the end of March marks the end of our year and reminds all but Life Members that subscription renewals will be very welcome. The accounts show a healthy balance, but most of it has come from grants which are earmarked for specific improvements of which, when completed, the vast majority of members will approve. (Running costs are mainly met from suscriptions and entry charges.)

You may send your renewal either to Ray Brewster, Membership Secretary, at 83 Wantz Road, Maldon, CM9 5DB, OR at 47, Mill Road, Maldon, CM9 5HX OR per any Committee Member.....and Thank You!

rb190300

*Anonymous letter recently received by mystified member who would be grateful for further information.....Please reply to 'C.H.Airman'...*

The Manse  
Waterloo Place

FROM The Very Rev. Paul W. Alvin, M.A.

My Dear

Perhaps you have heard of me and my nationwide campaign in the cause of temperance. Each year, for the past fourteen years, I have made a tour of New Zealand, and have delivered a series of lectures upon 'the evils of drinking'. On these tours I have been accompanied by my young friend Norman Jackson.

Norman was a pathetic case, a young man of good family and excellent background, whose life has been ruined by excessive indulgence in whisky, gin and other strong drink. How much better it would have been had he spent his time in a more normal way. Norman would appear with me at lectures, and sit on the platform with his mouth drooling and staring at the audience through bleary and bloodshot eyes, while I would point him out to the audience as an example of what strong drink can do to us. Unfortunately last year Norman died.

A mutual friend has given me your name, and has described your appearance to me, and I wondered if you would care to accompany me on my forthcoming tour and take Norman's place.

Yours sincerely

*This record of the passing of Ray Hallett and Ivy Ball, unfortunately missed our winter issue, other than for a brief note*

## OBITUARY - RAYMOND HALLETT

Ray Hallett had become an established part of the Maldon scene when he quietly departed this earth last October at the age of eighty-four. He was appointed Environmental Officer of Health to the Rural District Council when demobbed after the war, becoming a respected friend of the town generally, a regular member of All Saints' Church, and the Church Council, and for several years a Churchwarden, with an active interest in various other organisations including from time to time the Museum to whom he bequeathed a legacy for which the Association is most grateful.

lib

## OBITUARY - MRS. IVY BALL

Born Ivy Dorothy Collin in Wantz Road, Ivy passed away at the age of seventy six after a stroke followed by illness. She had been educated locally, worked at Bentalls and met husband-to-be Doug Ball, married in 1946 and again lived in Wantz Road where she had three daughters, and eventually five grandchildren of whom she was well proud.

Ivy and husband Doug (who died over three years earlier) had always taken part in traditional local past-times, being very well known in the community. Doug had taken over the local family fish business and both were popular members of other local organisations, in particular All Saints' Church. Ivy was also a keen supporter of the relocated Maldon District Museum of which she was an interested and reliable steward. A charming and contented person.

lib

MALDON DISTRICT MUSEUM ASSOCIATION

WINTER PROGRAMME 2000

**PLEASE NOTE CHANGES OF DATES !**

MUSEUM OPENS FOR MEMBERS AND STEWARDS ONLY  
2 P.M. THURSDAY 6TH APRIL 2000

MUSEUM OPENS TO THE PUBLIC FOR THE NEW SEASON  
2 P.M. FRIDAY 14 TH APRIL 2000

FOR ALL MEMBERS -



ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING  
7.30 p.m. TUESDAY 23RD MAY  
ROOM 20, ST. CEDD'S

fb 150200

=====Special Exhibitions for 2000=====

**"Flowers in the Museum"**

A flower festival in conjunction with Maldon Flower Club, Saturday May 27th to Monday May 29th inclusive, from 11 a.m. to 5.00 p.m. daily.  
(The Museum will be closed on Friday May 26th)

**"Photographs of Maldon Past"**

In conjunction with The Maldon Society, from Wednesday June 21st to Sunday June 25th inclusive. Normal museum hours apply.

The Museum regrets that due to lack of space we are unable to show the Maldon Swimming Club exhibit this year.

*The History of Breadmaking.....*

**"FROM THE GRAIN TO THE TABLE"**  
*is an exhibition at the Museum this season.*

Did you know.....?

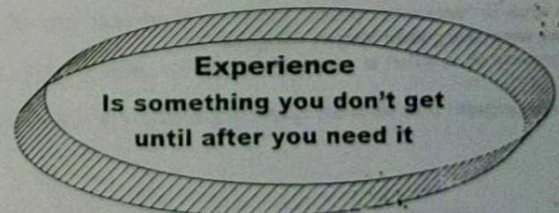
One of the most popular ways of eating bread is as a sandwich. The sandwich is named after John Montague, 4th Earl of Sandwich, who lived from 1718 - 1792. He had a distinguished political career and was First Lord of the Admiralty, but he also enjoyed gambling and the sandwich got its name in 1792, when he spent twenty-four hours at a gaming table, never stopping to take food other than pieces of meat which were brought to him between two slices of bread.

fb 1501700

**'George 2'**

On 14th/15th March we were pleased to welcome George Monger, as representative of the Museum and Galleries Commission for his second bite following our application for formal registration. George inspects, takes notes and reports back on all museum aspects including systems, records, preservation and conservation relating to our artefacts. The accessions team has worked hard to prepare for this event and to ensure that we follow as far as possible, the guidelines as laid down by the M & G.C. We look forward to a good report!!

fb 150300



Thanks MLSC News.....

INTO THE NEXT MILLENNIUM WITH MARGERY  
a talk to members of Maldon District Museum Association  
24th February 2000

by Roger Johnson & Jean Upton

I'm sure that you have all visited the Margery Allingham Collection at the Maldon District Museum, and so have some idea of who Margery Allingham was and why she's celebrated here.

To summarise briefly, though . . . She was born in Ealing in 1904 and spent the formative years of her childhood at Layer Breton, between Maldon and Colchester. The family later moved to west London, but maintained a house in West Mersea. After school in Colchester and Cambridge, Margery studied at the Polytechnic in Regent Street - now the University of Westminster - and in 1927 she married the artist and illustrator Philip (Pip) Youngman Carter. Their first home was a flat in Holborn, but in 1931 they rented a farmhouse at Chappel. Four years later they moved to Tolleshunt D'Arcy, near Maldon.

They could just afford to buy D'Arcy House, which was for many decades the home of Dr John Salter. He had been the family GP when Margery's family lived at Layer Breton and delivered her younger sister Joyce, but he was a good deal more than just a country doctor. Magistrate, sportsman, traveller, rose-grower, dog-breeder, Freemason - he was one of the great characters of Essex. In my childhood the exhibits at the Chelmsford & Essex Museum seemed to consist largely of dead animals brought back by Dr Salter from exotic reaches of the world. He was one of the first people on the scene when the German airship was brought down at Great Wigborough in 1916, and he delivered the child who was born that day and given the unfortunate name of Zeppelinina.

However, we were talking about Margery Allingham.

By the time she and Philip moved to Tolleshunt D'Arcy, she was well established as a writer of crime and detective stories. It wasn't really surprising that she became a writer, because that was what her family did. Margery was the fourth generation of professional writers, and she had her first novel published at the age of nineteen. This was a swashbuckler called *Blackkerchief Dick: A Tale of Mersea Island*, and it resulted, she said, from a seance at the house in West Mersea. Although the critics were kind to the book and it sold quite satisfactorily, Margery didn't immediately embark on another. Instead she served her apprenticeship by writing stories for ephemeral periodicals. For several years she adapted popular movies as romantic stories for the magazine *The Girl's Cinema and Picture Show* - of which her aunt Maud happened to be the founder and editor. But she progressed beyond that with a short novel called *The White Cottage Mystery*, which was serialised in the Daily Express and then published in book form.

She liked the restrictions of the detective story. She compared them to a box, within which she could do more or less as she pleased. The next novel was *The Crime at Black Dudley*, a much more colourful and exuberant affair, and one which proved particularly important because it introduced the character of Albert Campion.

Mr Campion began as a rather shady and rather crazy character, what they called in the twenties a *zany* or *goon*. But as his creator aged and matured so did he. As with Lord Peter Wimsey, you can follow his development through the chronicles, right through to the last book that Margery wrote, *Cargo of Eagles*, which was completed by her husband and published posthumously in 1968.

By then Mr Campion was a reflective, shrewd and gentle person - but still, recognisably, the same character as the oddball 'Deputy Adventurer' of early exploits like *Mystery Mile* and *Sweet Danger*. In the years between - in *Police at the Funeral*, *Coroner's Pidgin* and other cases - he'd established himself as one of the most engaging, trustworthy and

purely likeable characters in all detective literature. His wartime rôle in the intelligence service came back to haunt him later in his career, and at least two of his post-war investigations are among the best thrillers in the English language. I mean *More Work for the Undertaker* and *The Tiger in the Smoke*.

An odd part of his appeal is the fact that we never know his true identity. Albert Campion is not his real name. He's the younger son of a peer of the realm, though not as exalted as Lord Peter Wimsey, and for whatever reason he has been disowned by the family. We later learn that several members of the family do in fact appreciate him, and that his sister Val has also upset their parents and been cast out. It's ironic that after the war he actually succeeds to the family title - and still we don't learn what that title is, as he prefers to be known simply as Mr Albert Campion!

The Campion stories are Margery Allingham's great legacy to us - as far as fiction is concerned, at least. There are nineteen novels and a couple of dozen short stories about him, as well as two more novels written by Philip Youngman Carter after Margery's death. She herself did write half a dozen other novels, and the best of them, like the Campion stories, have remained in print.

Her other great achievement, though it wasn't fully appreciated at the time, is *The Oaken Heart*. In 1940, her American publisher, Malcolm Johnson of Doubleday, asked whether she would write about the war as it affected one small community in England. He was very impressed by the short accounts she gave in her letters of wartime life in the village and thought that Margery, more than anyone, could put it across to the average American reader, citizens of a country that had not yet entered the war.

The result was a diary. *The Oaken Heart* is not sensational, but it is strikingly honest. Some people have published diaries that are so personal that they're embarrassing. When you read them you feel like a peeping tom. *The Oaken Heart* is personal, but it is wise and

inspiring. It tells of things that were happening all the time in small communities all over the country. It's a universal story - only no-one else has told it so well. I think it's one of the great books to come out of the Second World War.

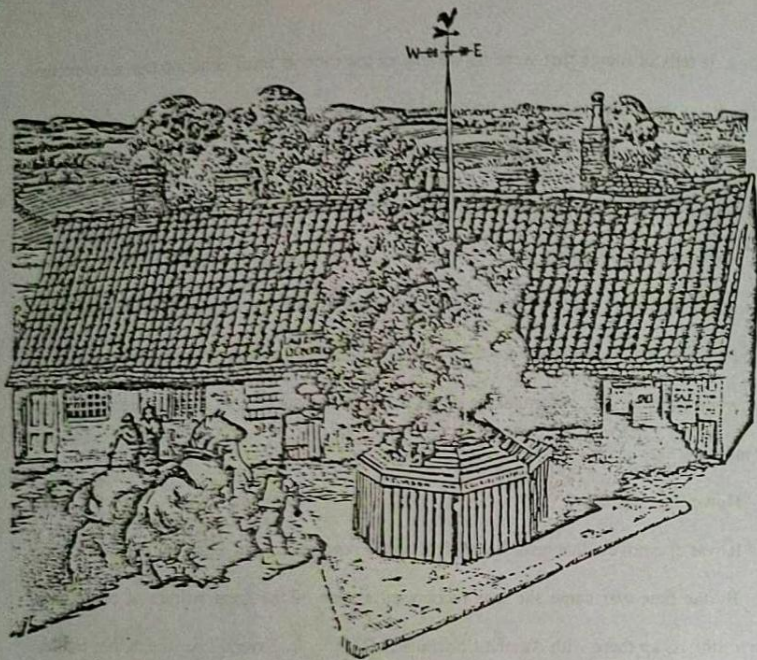
You'll remember that when the Museum was opened at Promenade Lodge some very telling passages from the book were recited for us by an actress named Sally Haig. She's one of a company who work for the Royal Armouries Museum, and the Master of the Armouries is Pip Youngman Carter's godson, Guy Wilson. His mother, Molly, was Margery's secretary for a short while after the war, before taking up teaching, where she became a colleague and friend of my mother.

However, I digress.

It was the novels that established Margery's reputation, and that reputation remains secure. By the time war came she was recognised as one of the great writers of crime and detective stories, up there with Agatha Christie and Dorothy L. Sayers. Like theirs, her books are still published, still read and enjoyed, even thirty-four years after her death.

Barry Pike has written a comprehensive study of the novels, *Campion's Career*, published in 1987. Richard Martin's *Ink in Her Blood* followed in 1988, and in 1991 came the definitive life, *Margery Allingham: A Biography* by the Essex writer Julia Thorogood. And by then the Margery Allingham Society was already three years old.

The Society was founded in January 1988, by Pat Watt and Barry Pike. There's at least one trip each year to explore the topography of the books, in Essex, Suffolk and London, and an Annual Dinner usually held in the autumn at a restaurant in London. It was because of the Society's campaigns that Essex County Council placed a commemorative blue plaque at D'Arcy House in 1992. And thanks to the kindness of this Association, the Margery Allingham Collection was opened at Maldon District Museum in 1997.



The Maypole

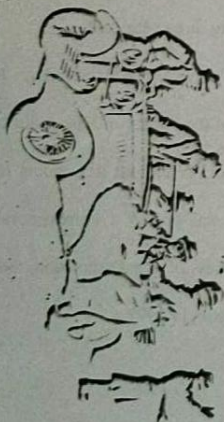
Margery was the eldest of three children. Her brother Philip - 'Phil', which conveniently distinguished him from 'Pip' - became a fortune teller, a huckster, a showman. He called himself a cheapjack, and that was the title of his only book, an account of his early years on the road. The book was mostly written by Margery, and it's well worth reading if you can find a copy. It would make a wonderful television series. You can see that it has a lovely dust-wraper, designed by Pip Youngman Carter, and this copy has a photo of the author in best cheapjack mode. Would you buy a used book from this man?

The youngest Allingham child, Joyce, hasn't led such an eventful life, except perhaps for her wartime service in the Wrens. Not that I think she'd complain. She'll be eighty-seven this year and she still lives in Tolleshunt D'Arcy, in the bungalow built on to her brother-in-law's studio.

Margery Allingham was known as a very amiable and generous person, but she was not #what you'd call a socialite. She would entertain fellow members of the Detection Club - John Dickson Carr remembered a somewhat drunken weekend at D'Arcy House during which Margery gave him one of her books, inscribed: 'For John Dickson Carr, the world's best detective-story writer EXCEPT ME - Margery Allingham.' - and she and Pip hosted an annual cricket match between the villages of Tolleshunt D'Arcy and Chappel. Those matches were great occasions, and there are still people in both places who remember them with great affection. But Margery's socialising was nearly all on a local level, unlike Pip's.

He was the really convivial one of the household, being something of an authority on drink - he edited and contributed to Gilbey's house-magazine *The Compleat Imbiber* in addition to his work for *The Tatler*, *Soldier* and others. He was a member of several London clubs, including the Thursday Club, a rather bohemian outfit that numbered some surprising people among its members - James Robertson Justice, Gilbert Harding and Peter Ustinov, for

MARGERY ALLINGHAM



CLASSIC

MYSTERY AND MURDER MAKE ANOTHER INTRIGUING CASE FOR ALBERT CAMPION TO SHARPEN HIS WITS ON

POLICE AT THE FUNERAL

CRIME

PENGUIN BOOKS

instance. In 1949 Tolleshunt D'Arcy hit the national press, and all because of the Thursday Club.

The Club staged a cricket match against the village team at D'Arcy that summer. It was a strictly private affair, and not publicised in any way - except - someone had leaked it to the News of the World, and the next day's paper had a good-sized photograph of the Duke of Edinburgh stepping out to bat in D'Arcy Meadow. Margery was happy enough to entertain her husband's friends and her own, but she was upset, especially in that time of post-war austerity, to be thought of as a society hostess. The annual matches with Chappel and the village fêtes - these were much more her style.

Margery Allingham died in 1966, not long past her 62nd birthday. Her husband Pip survived her by less than four years, and during that time, as Joyce Allingham says, he was but half himself.

Joyce takes a very keen interest in the Margery Allingham Society and the Margery Allingham Collection. Joyce's help, her kindness and her friendship have been quite essential to us. The same can be said of Gloria Greci, who succeeded Molly Wilson as Margery's secretary and is now Joyce's.

Barry Pike and the two of us put together the collection that's on display at the Museum, but I think it's true to say that without Joyce and Gloria we couldn't have done it all. Thanks to Joyce we had a new exhibit for 1999 - the figure of the Virgin and Child that was made for the movie version of the novel *The Tiger in the Smoke*. It was presented to Margery by the producers when filming was complete. She accepted it politely - there's a photograph of the occasion on the wall - but I can tell you that she didn't like it at all. It's quite a good imitation of a mediaeval carving, but it doesn't come close to her description of something so beautiful that people would weep at the sight of it.)

Thanks to Joyce we have a new exhibit for this year as well. This screen comes from Joyce's bungalow, or rather from the part of it that used to be Pip's studio, the part that she sold last year. After Margery died, Joyce made up this screen as a sort of scrapbook. Every piece of paper in this collage is either a page of typescript from her sister's last novel, *Cargo of Eagles*, or a review of one of the books. Like the statuette, this is something unique and irreplaceable. (I should add that everything on the screen is a duplicate copy. We're not taking material away from the archive that will eventually go to one of the great research libraries.)

And here's something we shall be adding in a future season. You can tell that it began life as a roulette wheel, but it's been altered to feature the names and days of the months. These discs aren't standard casino chips, either: they also have the names of the months painted on them, along with astrological symbols. These items are the main components of a game called *Orion*, which Margery and Pip devised. They must have had great fun doing it, and certainly they put a lot of work into it. Unfortunately no manufacturer would take it up - it was so complicated as to be pretty much unplayable! That being the case, it doesn't matter so much that both the board and the rules are missing.

The Margery Allingham Society has more plans for the year 2000. When Margery came to assign a birthday to her adventurous hero, she gave him her own, but made him a little older than herself. Four years, in fact. So on the 20th May 2000 Mr Albert Campion will be one hundred years old!

Conveniently, the 20th is a Saturday, and we shall hold a birthday lunch for him at the University Women's Club in London. Joyce Allingham and Gloria Greci will be honoured guests, of course, along with the famous crime novelist June Thomson. We also hope to welcome that fine actor Francis Matthews, who has played Mr Campion on the radio and has recorded nearly all the novels as talking books.



The Society will take part in an international crime fiction convention in London in July. Our input is still under discussion, but in any case the item of real interest will be the showing at the National Film Theatre of one of the BBC's *Campion* series with Peter Davison and Brian Glover, and the 1968 BBC film of *The Case of the Late Pig* from the second *Detective* series, starring Brian Smith as Campion and George Sewell as Lugg. I was an impoverished student when that series was shown in 1968, and neither Jean nor I have ever seen this particular film. In October we intend to spend a weekend in Cambridge, investigating Campion's old university and the places involved in the novel *Police at the Funeral*.

Luck has played a large part in all this, I think - not for Margery Allingham, I mean, but for us. While I was checking the Internet recently, it occurred to me to use 'Albert Campion' as a search term instead of 'Margery Allingham'. I was directed, unexpectedly, to a site largely devoted to *Doctor Who*, but referring to other rôles played by leading actors in the series - with pictures, among them two of Peter Davison as Albert Campion. They're good portraits too, as you can see. I was able to contact the artist, Elsa Frohman, who turns out to be a Margery Allingham fan. She very generously sent me these prints, all the way from Michigan, and is immensely tickled at the thought that they'll be on display in the Maldon District Museum.

All Margery Allingham's major novels and stories are still in print, in Britain, America and elsewhere. Most of them are available in large print, and nearly all have been recorded as talking books - including *The Oaken Heart*.

We hope to see a final volume published of Margery's uncollected stories and articles. Meanwhile the Society is definitely committed to a little book of essays and stories in honour of Mr Campion's centenary. It will be called - and I apologise for this - *The Albert Memorial*. We couldn't resist it!

The next millennium with Margery looks pretty good, don't you think?

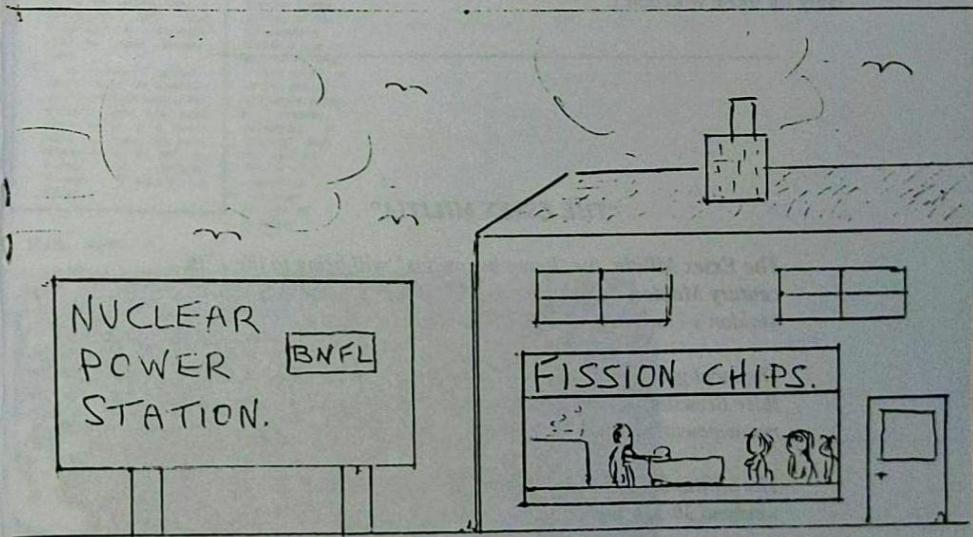


### Millennium?

*Our Editor believes he has until the end of this year to complete construction of his own "Millennium Dome" over his observatory - and most astronomers agree with him!*

\*\*\*\*\*

### NEW CAFE OPENS IN BRADWELL.



## GOSSIP GETS RESULTS !!!.....

.....and in support of that claim, consider the following which may remind some of our older readers of a family which departed from Maldon several years ago.....

Bob's older daughter Sally, who has a hairdressing business in Epping, was chatting with a customer, as hairdressers do, and mentioned in passing that her parents, Gay and Bob, lived in Maldon. Yes, 37 Tenterfield Road.

The client's family, it then transpired, originated from Maldon, in fact from No's 5 and 33 Tenterfield Road, name of Payne. Small world?! Anyone remember them? Son Frank was born in 1910. Payne snr. was a partner in the architectural firm which designed the Promenade and Lake.

Sally is now intent on more sleuthing in case there is more information yet to come, perhaps even historic drawings etc. which can be copied if not accessioned. Meanwhile she has been loaned for us two original postcards depicting the Lion Tree at Beeleigh, with an accompanying 'Maldon and Burnham' comment. Most will know all about the tree, but we include a copy for those who don't.

## "THE ESSEX MILITIA"

*The Essex Militia, the 'living historians', will bring to life 17th century Maldon in the grounds of St. Peter's, Market Hill, on Maldon's Town Day, June 24th from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.*

*The local group includes our Association members Ray, Chris, and Rose Brewster, who will be pleased to receive you in their encampment on Town Day.*

*The Militia will also be at Ingatestone Hall on Bank Holiday weekend 30/31 April and Monday 1st May.*

=====*lfb* 190300

MALDON AND BURN

## Curiosity

shot ...



NATURE plays some amazing tricks, and among its more impressive could certainly be counted this tree — "the lion tree" which could once be seen on the roadside between Beeleigh Abbey and the site of Beeleigh Mill, destroyed by fire in 1875. The tree, which finally had to be cut down, was a remarkable elm, and stood alone as a curiosity shot for many generations.

This old postcard picture, one of many we have received showing clearly the distinct shape, and even some detail, of a lion's head and mane, has been loaned to us by Mrs K. Favne, of Hillside Avenue, Woodford Green.

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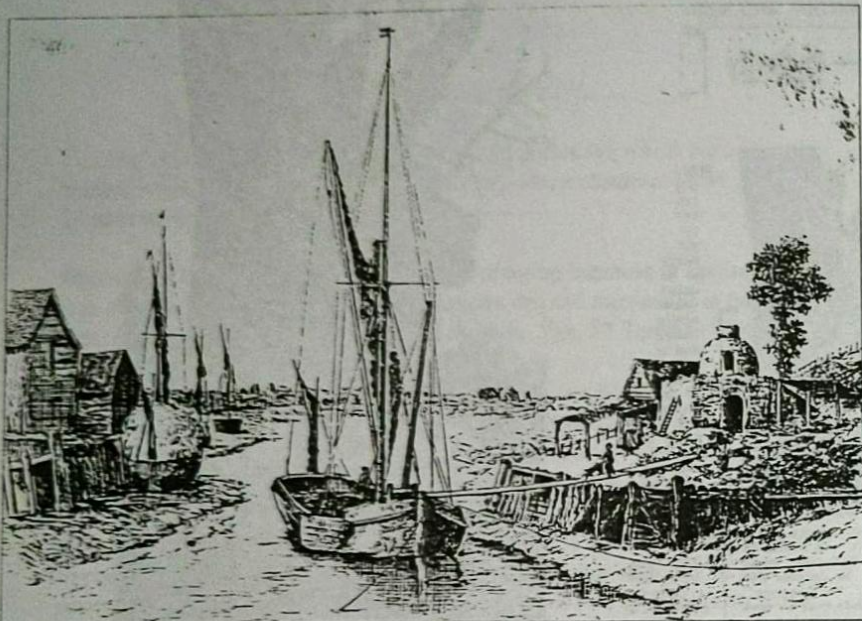


*The Lion Tree, Maldon.*

## Folk ...



*Lion Avenue, Beeleigh, Maldon.*



This engraving shows the River Blackwater downstream of Heybridge when it was still an independent port, c. 1800.

MESSAGE RECEIVED FROM 'DOWN UNDER'.....  
 TONY F. WAS SURPRISED AND DELIGHTED TO RECEIVE A 'PHONE CALL FROM TERRY (CHAPMAN) AND RUTH, FORMERLY CHAIRMAN AND SECRETARY RESPECTIVELY OF MALDON MUSEUM ASSOCIATION, WHO ARE NOW LIVING IN NEW ZEALAND. BOTH ARE WELL, AND THE DOGS ARE ENJOYING THEMSELVES BUT THE OLD ONE FEELS THE HEAT! (*THE DOG THAT IS!*) TERRY IS LOOKING FORWARD TO A CHANGE OF JOB, AND WE SEND OUR GOOD WISHES TO THEM BOTH (*TERRY AND RUTH THAT IS!*). UNFORTUNATELY COMMUNICATIONS WENT AWRY WHEN CHAIRMAN PADDY VISITED N.Z. BEFORE CHRISTMAS AND A MEETING DID NOT HAPPEN! WE ARE ENCLOSING A WWW ADDRESS THROUGH WHICH TERRY CAN COMMUNICATE. HE RECEIVED THE LAST TWO PENNY-FARTHINGS AT THE SAME TIME ALTHOUGH POSTED THREE MONTHS APART!



THE WHITE ENSIGN FLOWN ON MTB 796 DURING ITS WAR SERVICE HAS BEEN KINDLY DONATED BY GORDON MAYCOCK OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA WHO WAS A MEMBER OF HER CREW.

THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE ENSIGN PROUDLY ON DISPLAY ABOVE OUR MODEL OF MTB 796 IN THE JOHN SADD ROOM OF THE MUSEUM.

\*\*\*\*\*



MUSEUM MESSAGE -- THAT LAMP SHADE HAS GONE FROM WARTIME ROOM AND AS SO MANY OTHER ITEMS NOW ON DISPLAY STRONGLY RECOMMEND ALL MEMBERS VISIT INSPECT AND IDENTIFY!

\*\*\*\*\*

A friend was asked to give another's wife a present, so he wrapped up a length of carpet underlay. When asked "What is this?" replied "It's a long felt want."

#####

**'PLEASE' NOTICE TO STEWARDS  
(AND OTHERS IT MAY CONCERN)**

**THERE IS THE OCCASIONAL PROBLEM  
WITH THE IDENTIFICATION OF OBJECTS  
PASSED TO THE MUSEUM BY TRUSTING  
FRIENDS, SO TO AVOID ANY AGGRO.....**

**PLEASE  
DO NOT ACCEPT ANY ITEM, DONATED  
OR LOANED, WITHOUT FIRST ASKING  
FOR NAME, ADDRESS, AND 'PHONE  
NUMBER, TO BE CLEARLY WRITTEN ON  
A SIZEABLE SHEET OF PAPER  
and given the time, repeat it in the Diary.**

**PUT THIS INFORMATION WITH THE  
OBJECT(S) IN A BOX OR BAG, MARKED  
CLEARLY FOR THE ATTENTION OF  
MRS 'PENNY' COOK, (WHO, AS ACCESSIONS  
OFFICER, WILL 'TAKE IT FROM THERE!')**

**MANY THANKS!**

A theme tune for the new Hon. Sec? Good Luck!

# PATIENTLY SMILING

from

"THE LAND OF SMILES"

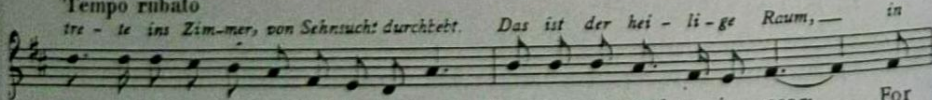
Words by HARRY GRAHAM

the German of VICTOR LÉON, LUDWIG HERZER and FRITZ LÖHNER

Music by

FRANZ LEHAR

Tempo rubato



en - ter this room with a thrill in my heart, Knowing my loved one is near; — For

## MALDON TOWN CLOCK

Acknowledgement is made to the unnamed author of this interesting article, found filed in the Museum archives as Item 1490, and used in an earlier exhibition in the days of our Chairman 'Cath' Backus. Bear in mind that this account is several years old and that some of the information is now out-dated, but recorded for posterity. We shall be pleased to receive any further contributions to ensure that our records are accurate for future generations!

The Town clock is one of the best in the Eastern Counties. In 1881 the Corporation decided to supply the long-felt want of a public clock and set about obtaining supplies and specifications when Mr. George Courtauld, then the sitting and, as it proved, the last M.P. for the Borough of Maldon, generously offered to present one to the town, subsequently supplementing his offer by the addition of chimes. The Corporation entrusted the work to Messrs Gillett, Bland & Co. (more recently Bland & Johnston) of Croydon, who supplied and fixed a fine example of horological science.

That part of the clock best known to the public - the drum - is fixed on the front of the Town Hall, having two dials, 4 ft. in diameter, facing respectively, up and down the High Street. It is illuminated with gas which is turned up at night and down in the morning by an automatic apparatus. The clock movement is fixed in a small room adjoining the muniment room at the back of the Council Chamber, forty feet from the dials; the weights which give the motive power to the clock weigh 13 cwt., and are suspended from three iron barrels by steel lines, 330 feet in length, carried down through the floor to the ground, a distance of 36 feet.

The bells are five in number; the largest chime or quarter bell (note A) weighs 6 cwt. 19 lbs; next (D) 3 cwt. 1 qr; the third (E) 2 cwt. 3 qrs. 7 lbs; and the smallest (F sharp) 2 cwt. 2 qrs. 10 lbs;. The hours are struck on the tenor bell (G) weighing 7 cwt. 2 qrs. 3 lbs;. The completion of the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd quarters is denoted by the first stroke of the chimes, and of the hour, by the first stroke of the hour bell.

The music of the chimes runs as in the first four staves of the illustration below, the actual tones being an octave lower. It was composed by Dr. Crotch, when he was at college, for St. Mary's of Cambridge, and consists of a phrase from the fifth bar in the opening symphony of Handel's air "I know that my redeemer liveth", and it is scarcely possible to get a greater variety of tune from four bells than the eminent musician contrived to obtain. The same chimes are played at Westminster Palace. The hour bell also serves (fortunately not often), the useful purpose of a fire alarm, when it is rung from the front of the Town Hall quickly, as in the music.

Pretty as the chimes are, the visitor unaccustomed to them might find his nocturnal slumbers disturbed by their constantly recurring melody, and to avoid this an automatic arrangement stops them from 11 p.m. to 5 a.m. .... cont'd

The clock was started with due ceremony on Thursday, October 20th, 1881, at a quarter to five p.m. by the Mayor (Mr. J. G. Sadd) in the presence of the donor and a large concourse of people, and the festivities concluded in the orthodox English manner with a dinner, which took place at the Public Hall and at which Mr. Courtauld was the principal guest, the arrangements being in the hands of a Committee with the Mayor as Chairman and Mr. Edmund Gowers (the principal of the firm publishing this guide) acting as Hon. Secretary.

The clock has always kept excellent time, and it is satisfactory to record that it continues to realise the anticipations of the donor, as expressed at the starting, that the hours marked by the clock "as they pass by will find this borough still in the enjoyment of its present prosperity and may find the inhabitants of this borough still in the enjoyment of the happiness, peace, and comfort which I am sure they all deserve".

*[p.s...Many Members will be aware that the clock has been serviced and up-dated and that several items of obsolete mechanism (less faces) are now held in our store, neither space nor facilities permitting an interesting display of them.....yet!]*

lib270100

#### UPDATE !!.....

*Having failed to find an accurate date of up-dating we wrote to the successors of Gillett & Bland, namely John Smith & Sons of Derby, with a regional office in Braintree, and received a reply from their Sales Engineer, Mr Eric Fairbrother. This is worth recording verbatim.....*

"Thank you for your letter dated 4 February 2000 and we note with interest your proposed article on the local Town Clock.

I am able to advise you that the Gillett and Bland Westminster Striking Clock was manufactured in 1881.

On 8 January 1971 the clock was converted to be run by our mains synchronous model T301 clock movement and has since operated successfully. (Your own estimate of 1972 is very close to being accurate).

Various other repairs have taken place since. In October 1980 it was necessary to replace the bell supports and hangers. In December 1994 we restored the clock drum and repaired the North dial. Following the clock conversion we have maintained the clock mechanism since 1971 and this we hope, together with other minor repairs has enabled the clock to run successfully."



lib100200

## Reminiscences of Richard Poole, Printer of Maldon

In issue 18 we published Part 1 of Richard Poole's reminiscences in 1902, and unintentionally duplicated it in issue 19. We now continue with another excerpt, beginning c.1825.....

### Part 2

*Among my earliest recollections of Ecclesiastical and Nonconformist matters, the Vicar of All Saints' was the Rev Charles Matthews: he was succeeded by the Rev. A. Pryor, who did not reside at the Vicarage but at "The Friary". My introduction to this gentleman was in this way; he called on my father early one Sunday morning asking if he would play the organ at All Saints' Church, as their organist had on the previous evening dined "not wisely but too well" and was not able to take the Morning Service. My father and Mr. Youngman respectively were honorary organists at the chapel, so on this occasion my father officiated at church in the morning and at chapel in the afternoon (no Evening Service). Mr. Pryor did not remain long in Maldon, and his successor was the Rev. E. R. Horwood, who held the living till recent date, known and respected by us all.*

*At the Congregational Chapel, the Minister was the Rev. Robert Burls, of whom it may be said:-*

*"He preached the joys of heaven, and pains of hell,  
And warned the sinner with becoming zeal;  
But, on eternal mercy loved to dwell.  
He taught the Gospel rather than the law;  
And forced himself to drive; but loved to draw."*

*He retired in 1857 and resided in Maldon until his death in 1866; he was succeeded, as most of you know, by the Rev. J. G. Hughes, under whose presidency the Maldon Christian Association was started, and from small beginnings it has increased and flourished (as our last Meeting fully testifies) till we now find ourselves a popular, attractive and useful Institution. The chapel was enlarged and renovated in 1877 at a cost of some £3,000, and now boasts of this Lecture Hall, the home of this Association. As these are memories of the past, it is not out of place here to record one or two incidents in the Matrimonial Services connected with the chapel.*

*My father was for many years Registrar of Marriages and I often accompanied him to these ceremonies. On one occasion a wedding party came from Totham, but at the appointed time the Minister had not arrived; I was despatched to find him, only to learn he had gone from home and forgotten the wedding! My father explained the law of Marriage in Nonconformist places of Worship, that it was not necessary for the Minister to attend, and he accordingly married the couple. Next day they all returned stating that a Clergyman had told them "they were not married at all". My father suggested the husband should leave the wife unprovided for and thus test the validity of the marriage! Nothing would satisfy them till Mr. Burls came and held a short service of advice and admonition on their respective duties and obligations - the legal ceremony of course was not repeated and the happy couple went away re-assured.*

.....cont'd

Another morning a wedding was fixed at 8 o'clock, the hours then being from 8 to 12, the company had assembled within the Communion rails and the ceremony had proceeded as far as that part where the ring is needed; the bridegroom after fumbling in his pocket said he had left it in his great-coat in the Vestry, whither he proceeded to fetch it; he was gone some time and the bride looked a little discomfited; as the time of his absence increased search was made but he could nowhere be found; it was afterwards ascertained he had departed across the fields at the back and left Maldon by the 9 o'clock train, verifying the old adage "there's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip".

The most annoying incident at a marriage was one in which the contracting parties came from Southminster, the hour fixed was 10 o'clock, and at the appointed time three carriages rolled up to the chapel doors; as the ceremony was about to commence my father made the usual demand for the Superintendent Registrar's certificate; the bridegroom with bated breath had to confess he had given it to his bride-elect, thinking it was her "marriage lines", and she had put it in safe custody in Southminster before leaving! What was to be done? No duplicate was obtainable, the Superintendent Registrar being from home, there was no alternative but to fetch the original from Southminster, a distance of ten miles. Most fervently did the bridegroom echo the sentiment of Shakspeare's Richard III when he exclaimed —

"A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!"

A horse was procured, the bridegroom flew as fast as horse could carry, but the wheels of time flew faster, and when he did return, armed with the necessary passport to join the army of Benedicts, the unsympathising clock of All Saints' church was striking the hour of twelve and the fiat went forth "Too late, too late!"; the marriage could not take place that day—

"For aught that ever I could read  
Could ever hear, by tale or history,  
The course of true love never did run smooth."

They were advised to return the next day, which they did at 20 minutes before 8 and again had to wait — I was stationed at the door to report the striking of the hour—"All's well that ends well" and I can only hope according to the stereotyped phrase "They lived happily ever after".

The Schools in Maldon at this period were numerous and varied. The National Schools were held in St Peter's church until the larger and more convenient buildings were erected in London Road, where under efficient teachers they now flourish. The British Schools were in a low weather-boarded and tarred building at the rear of the chapel. The new Schools adjacent to this building were erected in 1843, and, when a child, I laid one of the bricks in the S.W. corner; time has shewn its ravages more upon the child than on the brick, for my initials are still plainly visible thereon. This School also greatly progresses under excellent teachers and management.

.....cont'd

At the School Treats the rooms were most lavishly decorated, not with flags and banners and flimsy paper, but with natural flowers and evergreens throughout, the day previous teachers and friends of both Day and Sunday Schools gave themselves up to the decorative art, and garlands and festoons were made by willing hands. The children assembled next day at eleven, and regaled with beef sandwiches, buns, etc., then marched to the Shrubbery field in Farnbridge Road, where diverse amusements were provided; they then re-formed in procession and returned to the chapel, where after a short address they were dismissed each with a bun. In the evening the teachers and friends took tea in the schoolroom, after which School affairs were discussed and a pleasant evening spent. I have heard it whispered that at these gatherings many affectionate and life-long ties had their origin.

There were Ladies' Seminaries, the Grammar School, and so-called Dame Schools. Of Ladies' Seminaries that at Cromwell House was first and foremost, not only in Maldon but in Essex; and many now look back with pleasure to their educational days spent there. Its founder, Mrs. Morris, lies in the adjacent burial ground, and over her grave, erected by some of her grateful pupils a monument is placed setting forth her virtues; she was first consort of Rev. Simon Wilmhurst, a former pastor of the chapel, and to whose memory a tablet is placed in its porch. Mrs. Morris compiled, and had printed, many of the educational books used in her school, she also wrote that beautiful hymn commencing

"God of pity, God of grace,  
When we humbly seek Thy face,  
Bend from heaven, Thy dwelling place:  
Hear, forgive, and save."

This school was subsequently conducted by Miss Ann Wilmhurst aided by most able and skilled teachers, but Miss Wilmhurst and teachers alike gradually drifted into matrimony, and after some years the school was closed. I betray no secret when I say two of these ladies are resident amongst us.

Another Ladies' school was in Silver Street at the house now the "Bell Inn". Other minor schools existed and at one of the dame schools, on part of the site now occupied by Mr. Archer's shop, I received the elementary part of my education, and one of the good ladies who taught this troublesome pupil is still living in the town.

Mr. Wyatt's establishment in the London Road, now the Maldon Grammar School, but then Maldon School (I do not imply without grammar) was I believe really successive to Thomas Quinn's school on Market Hill, and upon his death carried on by Mr. Wilkinson on behalf of the family; he subsequently removed to Totteridge Park at which Academy several of Maldon's sons were educated. This and Mr. Spencer Carter's at the back of Mr. Turner's, facing St. Peter's church, were the principal Boys' private schools.

.....to be continued.....

## A Baltic Diary - 1919 - Part 2

### My Seven Months in the Baltic

After paying off HMS "Curlew" in Devonport the remaining crew commissioned the new Light Cruiser "Delhi" then in Messrs Armstrongs' Naval Works, Newcastle & awaiting her trials. At the beginning May we were ready for speed trials, so with the assistance of tugs we were towed to sea to undergo these; however after making 29 knots the engines broke down and we had to return to the Dockyard again, where part of the ship's company were given 10 days leave while the engines were being attended to. On our return from leave & our trials being satisfactory we left Newcastle en route for Rosyth, after taking in oil fuel, stores, ammunition, a Camel aeroplane & extra PV's we left Rosyth for Copenhagen at 8 p.m. June 21st. We arrived at Copenhagen early on June 23rd & sailed later for Reval the capital of Estonia.

After taking in oil at Reval Rear Admiral Cowan the SNO Baltic came onboard & his flag was hoisted on June 25th. This made the Delhi the flagship of the Baltic Fleet.

On our way from Reval to Biorke our base, the Delhi encountered what was thought to be two Bolshevik destroyers so we cleared for action. As the vessels did not understand our challenge they were not fired upon & upon us steaming towards them discovered they belonged to the friendly power of Estonia.

Our base was a small village called Biorke in the north of the Gulf of Finland at which place we arrived on June 25th. Biorke is in Finland & was only 20 miles from the Bolshevik Fortress of Kronstadt & in

sight of the Fortress of Krasnia Gorka. In fact the British men of war at one time nearly 30 being present were only just out of range of the guns of both places.

The Delhi was soon in action as at 9 a.m. on June 26th in company with HMS Cleopatra & two destroyers we proceeded to bombard the Glass factory of Kaporia Bay receiving however only a weak response from the Bolsheviks. For the next few weeks we were busy fortifying our base against surprise attacks. An aerodrome was built onshore the machines consisting chiefly of Camels & Strutters the former being used both for scouting & bombing & the latter only for bombing; a seaplane base was also built, at times we had about 12 aeroplanes & about 6 seaplanes.

We knew that the Bolsheviks had 3 submarines so to keep us from surprise attack Submarine Nets were laid at the entrance of the harbour. These nets were always closed and only opened by a secret letter made by the ship wishing to enter or leave harbour, the secret letter was "R" or in morse . . . When the crew members went ashore at Koivisic or Biorke they found that with cigarettes or tobacco nearly anything could be purchased, it was quite a common thing to exchange a packet of Woodbines for 12 eggs & for a 1 1/2 lb of tobacco 3 chickens could be purchased. Many signs of the destruction done by the Bolsheviks was visible and many of the girls show scars & wounds caused by them. In the small Churchyard of Koivisto is a grave which contains the remains of about 20 babies murdered by them during their occupation. The people themselves were very badly clothed & nearly starving for on our arrival old men & women & sometimes children would come out in their rough boats & flock round the ships for bread etc which might be floating round, this custom however was afterwards stopped owing to the many signs of Bolshevik sympathies onshore.

To return to our fortifications a lookout station was made at a lighthouse called Stors Pt & connected to Biorke by telephone afterwards a wireless station was made there. From this position which was manned by officers, signalmen and late W/T operators the movements of the ships in Kronstadt harbour were always visible & telephoned to Biorke. The weather at Biorke during our first few months was very hot and our only outfit being a pair of trousers, bathing was allowed 3 times a day & most of the crew made the best of that way of keeping cool. It was quite light enough to read a paper at 12 o'clock at night. There were about 8 Finnish TB's at Biorke but these were practically useless, there being only one gun - a small maxim. At the beginning of July the Delhi was out for firing & torpedoes running; it was in Kaporja Bay that we lost one of our torpedoes & the most careful search failed to find it. Small bombardments were carried out on the Glass factory but now the Bolsheviks return our fire, so far have managed to smash our searchlight, a piece of the glass giving me a nasty cut on my thumb during one of the engagements.

On July 5th the Delhi went across to Helsingfors & on the 7th to Reval where we found that the seaplane carrier "Vindictive" had run aground so with the assistance of the "Cleopatra" we tried unsuccessfully owing to the towing ropes parting to tow her off.

One of our minesweepers struck a mine on the 7th with considerable loss of life, however she managed to get to Libeau in safety. On July 9th we again returned to Biorke where we disembarked our "Camel" aeroplane. Owing to the intense heat several cases of sunstroke broke out & a ration of limejuice was served out daily in lieu of vegetables which were unobtainable. On July 12th the Delhi was out all night screening our mindayers who were laying mines near Kronstadt; a

heavy thunderstorm however drove us back to harbour in the early hours of the morning. During our absence we discovered that the aerodrome had blown down damaging 3 of the machines. On the 12th 3 of their destroyers left Kronstadt but a telephone message from Stors Pt & the ship in strict War routine we were able to intercept them & chase them back. Later in the day one of our submarines L11 was attacked by two Bolshevik airmen & only by quick diving did she manage to escape. On the night of July 12th our destroyers by bombardment caused terrible damage to the Bolshevik positions. Nothing much occurred until July 17th when the shore battery of Krasnia Gorka started firing on our patrols which owing to activity in Kronstadt harbour had been doubled also on July 16th & 17th 4 of our minesweepers were lost either by mines or submarines.

~~~~~to be continued

From 'The Maldon & Burnham Standard' 20th Jan 2000...

30 years ago

JANUARY 15, 1970

*Maldon's long awaited museum may soon have a home. The museum's steering committee has been loaned two rooms above an archway in Maldon High Street next to the Swan Hotel. Now it is waiting to see if the borough council will grant permission for the museum.

Maldon District Museum Association,
'The Museum in the Park'
47, Mill Road, Maldon, Essex. CM9 5HX.
Tel: 01621 842688 (& Answerphone)

TOLLESBURY

TO THE YEAR

2000



A 300pp illustrated, large format book has been produced by people of Tollesbury. The entire first edition (1,000 copies) were sold in the village in two weeks. A reprint, with additional material, will be launched in March 2000.

This much admired publication, printed at Owl printers, Tollesbury, portrays all aspects of life in this historic village and the surrounding landscape, over the centuries. Chapters include developments of farming, village infrastructure (and railway), fishing, dredging, yachting and boatbuilding and archaeology, with historical details. Rare photographs from family albums provide some surprises, including an early village-made motor car called the "Beatle"! Smuggling and piracy are included and Tollesbury family involvements in two world wars.

Offered to museum members at the introductory price of £9.95, early purchase is recommended.

Available from: the 'Lighthouse Bookshop', East Street, Tollesbury (Tel: 868088), cheques to The Lighthouse; or by order from: 109 Mell Road, Tollesbury, CM9 8SR (Tel: 868352), cheques to: T.M.P.G. Add £5.00 if ordering by post.

Jan Hill