

THE PENNY FARTHING

The Maldon District Museum Association Newsletter

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See story page 3

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or
ACCESS
FILE



CHAIRMAN'S CHAT

It is difficult to believe that we are approaching the end of the 2006 season, which has presented some old and some new problems. There have been times when only one steward has arrived despite Linda's best efforts. It is not possible for one person to run the museum as it is neither practical or safe, so we have had to remain closed. Please stewards make a careful note of your allotted duties and arrange for a substitute yourself, or via Linda, if the date is difficult for you to cover. Do not just ignore it as it causes so many problems, a loss of revenue being perhaps the least important, far greater is the sense of frustration in your colleague and indeed justifiable anger in our customers. On the last occasion this happened a gentleman had come all the way from Billericay specifically to see an object we had on show only to discover that we had not opened; it after having paid the not inconsiderable parking fee at the Promenade Park.

Other problems revolved around the expansion of the door fittings in the very hot weather and the unexpected closure of the Mill Road Bookshop due to the sudden illness of Kevin, the owner. It is not until a system that we have used for ten years goes wrong that we realise the debt that we owe to the shop, which is one of the jewels of Maldon. We wish Kevin a speedy and complete recovery.

Despite these tribulations most of our customers have thoroughly enjoyed their visit and written in glowing terms in the visitor's book making particular mention of the helpful, friendly welcome they have received from those on duty.

On a completely different subject, if you have not already done so, you must visit our new web site ably set up by our secretary, Jenny Sjollema, assisted by her husband. This has been very much appreciated by many. The only problem from the museum's point of view is that it has generated several enquiries that require answers. We are most happy to help where we can but are not prepared to do family history research that is more appropriately done by consulting census now available at public libraries as highlighted by our editor in the last Penny Farthing.

Finally it is with absolute pleasure that I can report that I have had offers of help from two members who wish to become more involved in the administration of the Museum in the past 24 hours. This is fantastic but we could do with even more help of a practical nature so come on! Remember it is not long before we reopen, to be exact on Saturday 31 March 2007!

Paddy Lacey

Penny Farthing is dependent upon your contribution.

All articles, items, photos, comments and letters are welcome:

Please send to Tony Mandara, 41 Abbotsmead, Heybridge, Maldon, Essex CM9 4PT.

Tel: (01621) 840056

Copy deadline for the Spring issue of *Penny Farthing* is 14 February

Orttewell & Son

Manufacturing, Furnishing and Builders' Ironmongers, and General Merchants.

Our front cover of this issue of *Penny Farthing* shows an advertisement published in the late 1800's or early 1900's, whilst the copy below is taken from an advertising feature in an undated guide to Maldon of the same period.

The largest and most important business in connection with the general ironmongery trade, and its various branches in the town and the district of Maldon is that of Messrs. Orttewell & Son at 53 High Street (*note advert on front page refers to 47 High Street. Ed.*). The founding of this well-known concern on the Market Hill dates back far into the last century (*i.e. 1800's ed.*). Messrs. Orttewell took it over nearly thirty years since, and from that time the trade of the house has steadily increased. At the present time the firm enjoy a reputation for supplying good, useful, and reliable articles at lowest consistent prices.

The present premises in the High Street have a capital shop frontage, three stories in height, of considerable width, and extending a long distance, with warehouses and workshops abutting on both sides of Bull Lane, in the rear. The shop and premises are arranged throughout most conveniently, and are admirably suited to the requirements of the business carried on.

The stock held is exceptionally large, valuable, and various, comprising every description of iron, copper, tin, and enamelled kitchen ware; open and close fire ranges, plain and tile register stoves, tile hearths; marble, slate, and iron mantelpieces; Wingfield's celebrated "Crown and Harp" cutlery, best Sheffield electro plate, teapots, cruet stands, spoons, forks, etc.; lamps in great variety, dairy utensils, washing, mangling, and wringing machinery; fenders, fire irons and brasses, coal vases etc.

Here also is a large assortment of tools suited for experienced or amateur engineers; joiners, carpenters, smiths, wheelwrights, gardeners, farmers, and farm labourers; agricultural and horticultural machinery of reliable manufacture; also sheet lead, and piping, paints and varnishes, oils, window glass, glass tiles, glass slates, corrugated and felt roofing; here also is a pottery warehouse filled with flower pots of all sizes, both plain and ornamental chimney pots, drain pipes, and sanitary appliances.

This firm is noted for obtaining their goods direct from the best centres of production, which puts them in a position to offer many advantages in quality and price both to wholesale and retail buyers. We must not omit to mention that Messrs. Orttewell are makers of wrought iron, copper, and tin work to any design, in addition to the usual routine of bell-hanging, gas fitting, and general repairs incident to an ironmonger's business. They employ a skilled staff of hands, and are prepared to execute all orders in the promptest and most satisfactory manner. The partners in the firm enjoy a high reputation in the commercial world.

We hope to publish advertising copy of yesteryear for other leading Maldon companies in future issues.

MALDON PUBS - PAST AND PRESENT



Based in part on the books about Essex Public House Signs by Rev Keith Lovell and we are grateful for his permission to use his research.

In 1586 a private house called "Wrenches" at Fullbridge was remodelled and by 1674 was licensed as a public house under the name of "The Angel".

Since the Middle Ages the representation of an angel has been frequently used as the name for a hostelry, reflecting the early connection between Christian religious establishments and refuges for weary travellers. The English 'angel' comes from 'angelos', the Greek word for 'messenger'. Angels find credibility as messengers in a number of faiths, being creatures superior to mankind, whilst remaining inferior to God, and are used to convey his message to humanity.

In the Jewish Old Testament, the angels Michael, Raphael and Gabriel are mentioned specifically, the latter appearing to the Virgin Mary, advising her of her motherhood of Jesus. Many houses which are now called the "Angel" were once known as the "Salutation" and depicted Mary's visitation. Angels' closeness to the Almighty led to beliefs that they also attend God's glory in heaven.

Poets and painters have imagined angels as a great choir surrounding God and depicted them in human form, but with a very different nature. In later art they are shown with wings. Christian belief also suggests that Satan was himself once an angel who was banished by God for rebelling against him. There are said to be nine ranks of angels - the highest being seraphim and cherubim.

The Fullbridge "Angel" changed its name to the "Welcome Sailor" sometime after 1824 and was closed towards the end of the 1800's and only re-opened again as a public house, under the name of "The Welcome" in 1980. It is reputed to be haunted.



In Memoriam Ray Brewster

It was with great sadness and shock that I learnt of Ray's death shortly before this edition of the *Penny Farthing* went to press. Ray had been through several major operations and a prolonged course of chemotherapy which he had faced with great bravery and good humour and appeared to be making good progress, although confined to a wheel chair.

He had recommenced the series of lectures on the history of Maldon and Heybidge that he gave at the Friary Adult Education Centre and had even recently joined an archery course for wheel chair users.

The phrase that comes to mind when thinking of Ray is a larger than life character. He certainly was, but much more he had the gift of enhancing life whether in his association with historical re-enactments or with a simple school visit. He made an immediate rapport with young people and enjoyed the challenge of dealing with youngsters who could be difficult. He had served on the museum committee for the past ten years, initially as membership secretary and in more recent times as school liaison officer for the museum. He has been instrumental in arranging many of the visits to the museum from both local schools and those further away in Essex.

He will be greatly missed for his enthusiasm in all that he did. Our thoughts are very much with his wife, Christine, and his mother, Rose.

PJL

MEDIAEVAL MALDON

Continued from our Autumn edition



A Medieval baker caught serving short weight is hauled to the pillory for punishment.

We know little of the industries to which Maldon owed its important position as a Borough. But one existed then that exists today, and that was the manufacture of salt. It is interesting to know that this has been carried on in Maldon since the Norman Conquest and nobody knows for how long before that. In the Middle Ages salt was a very valuable commodity. For five or six months each year all except the wealthy lived on salted meat and during Lent everybody lived on salted fish. Rock salt was not worked in England at that time, so all salt had to be obtained by evaporation from sea water.

If shops were scarce, markets and fairs were numerous and important. Maldon was a market town and the Corporation exacted dues for every article that was bought. In return the purchaser was protected against fraud by a system of inspection, bread being weighed, beer tasted, and cloth examined to see that it was up to standard of weight, quality and measure. Woe betide the baker who offered a loaf of short weight. No mere fine was considered a sufficient punishment - his loaf was tied around his neck and he was hauled off in a cart to the pillory, there to stand as a target for whatever filth the ingenuity of

the mediaeval small boy could suggest as a missile likely to add to his discomfort.

Fairs which were held annually at various places were even more important than the markets. Whether Maldon had a fair at that time is not known from direct evidence, (the fair which existed until the early 1900's was only established in 1791). However, there is some confirmation for a mediaeval fair in the fact that a Borough Charter granted by Queen Mary in 1554 conferred to Maldon the privilege of holding a "pie powder" court. A "pie powder" or pied poudre is the French for "dusty foot" and a Pie Powder Court was traditionally held at a fair, where the "dusty footed" stranger could receive summary and immediate justice. It arbitrated on bargains, kept the peace at the fair, and punished offenders. The evidence of such a court in Maldon would seem to imply the evidence of a fair. Furthermore the 1554 Charter probably did not confer a new right but simply acknowledged a much older customary right.

The landowner sold his wool at the fair, whither traders would come from all over Europe, and notably from Flanders, the great seat of the wool trade. There he

bought his store of salt for the pickling tub, of herrings for the Lenten fast, of tar for dressing his sheep, of cloth, leather, linen and fur for garments, and of iron to be doled out to the blacksmith for whatever ironwork he required.

Everybody went to the fair, noble and serf, churchman, soldier, merchant, peasant, monk. The great fair of Stourbridge, which covered half a square mile with its wooden booths, was frequented by even merchants from the east with silks and spices from the Orient. The tolls of the fair were the property of some great landowner, or of a monastery or a corporation.

The charter of King Henry II (1154 - 1189) conferred on the Freemen of Maldon the high privilege of being free of all tolls at Fairs throughout his dominions - and at that time his dominions reached from the Tweed to the Pyrenees. But this right was not always unquestioned. For when the merchants of London claimed it at the fair of St Edmunds on the strength of a charter of this same King, the sturdy abbot Samson replied that "Were it necessary he was well able to vouch the King to warrant that he had never granted them any charter to the prejudice of our Church,

or of the liberties of St. Edmund, to whom St. Edward had granted and confirmed tolls and all regalities before the conquest of England; and that King Henry had done no more than give to Londoners", and presumably to Maldonians, "an exemption from toll throughout his own Lordships, and in places where he was able to grant it."

No doubt Maldon salt merchants were present at this same St. Edmund's fair, and watched with a keen personal interest the dispute between London and the Abbot, for their rights in the matter would have stood or fallen with those of London. How it was finally settled is not known as the matter was deferred till the return of King Richard to England, and the chronicler forgot to allude to it again.

The three Maldon churches and the St Giles Hospital chapel were all standing in the XIII century. From the ruins of the latter you can gain an idea about the style of the others at that period. The tower of All Saints was already a hundred years old, but the nave was very different from what it is now. The south aisle had not been built, so that instead of the arches which now separate it from the nave there was a south wall, and the windows were either round topped or more probably narrow slits like those remaining in the Spital Barn, before it was demolished

in 1913 to reveal the original St Giles' chapel. But before long the passion for beautifying and enlarging Churches which was so universal in England in the XIII and XIV centuries, took hold of the people of Maldon, and to this we owe the beautiful south windows of the Church and the east window of its D'Arcy Chapel.



The interior ruins of St Giles Chapel (Leper Hospital), Spital Road, drawn in the early 1900's when it was still being used as a barn.

There must have been an incredible number of skilful stone masons available, as the amount of carved stone work of this period which has remained to us throughout the country, not to mention the vast quantity which has disappeared, is perfectly bewildering. Much interesting history may be read in this old stone work, for instance the carved canopied seats in the aisle of All Saints' tell us of the existence of the lineal ancestors of our modern

Friendly Societies. These were the seats of the officers of a Guild, whether of merchants or tradesmen - probably the former, which not only regulated trade and excluded interlopers from the town, but carried on religious services, often paying the salary of an assistant priest or curate, and acted as a burial society and friendly society for its members.

Mediaeval minds were not shocked that Guilds should meet for secular business in the church on "lodge nights", for indeed, when the Host had been removed, the edifice does not seem to have been regarded as especially sacred. The Church became not only the lodge room, but a theatre where miracle plays and farces might be acted and, where the piety of the builders had provided more room than was required for the worshippers, goods were often stored by merchants, and even buying and selling went on.

One feature of a Mediaeval Church would have looked strange to us. The walls were in almost all cases covered with paintings - sometimes of biblical subjects, sometimes of hunting or battle scenes. Some poor remains of such paintings still exist in the Church of Laver Marney., and the pillars and stonework were often painted in such gay and gaudy colours as to resemble sugar sticks.

to be continued

The tenth Anniversary, more or less, of Maldon Museum's move to the Promenade Park gives us reason to reprint the following article about the problems the Museum had to overcome in its earlier 'Prom' days of 1996/7 as reported at the time by one of our (then) Committee Members.

You won't believe it

but no finger is deliberately pointed at any one person although 'if the cap fits' then so be it. From these notes, written in retrospect with time to consider, it becomes apparent that about eighteen months passed as a series of endless problems, doubts, disbelief, and minor matters blown up out of all proportion due to a lack of communication and trust with those with whom we were dealing. Thankfully, with changes of staff and circumstances, coupled with much greater awareness, honesty and consultation, we seem to have now developed a refreshing atmosphere of mutual trust and co-operation.

The subject matter of this article is of course 'The Lodge' and this would appear an appropriate time to record for posterity, as briefly as possible, the events and frustrations which culminated in the completion of the new museum of which we can all now be justifiably proud, but not complacent, for there is always more to do before we can, if ever, say - 'finished'.

In 1994, following several meetings with Town Council representatives, our then Chairman, Mrs Cath Backus, repeatedly withheld a straight answer to the proposal that the museum association join forces with other organisations to take over the ex-library accommodation in the old St.

Peter's hall under the Plume Library. She listed a number of objections and, in hindsight, was proved right on almost all counts. We could not get the hall to ourselves or we would almost certainly have accepted it, nor could we find a suitable alternative. Our future in 'Spindles' (the small dwelling next to All Saint's) which is where we were housed at that time was in no way assured as it depended on the rent being paid largely by grants, which were not guaranteed and all we could offer was hope.

Our lease was due to expire on August 31st 1995 and a few weeks before the event Maldon District Council invited us to a meeting in the Promenade Lodge. With nowhere else in sight we were keen to take it over as our new premises and in view of what had been discussed we quite expected to be installed at the Lodge by April 1996. So when the 'Spindles' lease expired, and although we were under no pressure to do so, we moved most exhibits into a store provided by the District Council with a few larger items being placed temporarily into the Promenade Lodge, including display cases and three large cases of birds.

However the proposed move was not that easy. The gentleman with whom we had been dealing moved on without warning us of the rules and regulations which would now

come into play. Nor did he mention the considerable alterations which would of necessity have to be carried out if the place were to conform with Acts covering health and safety, fire, disabled persons and security. We learned the hard way, with a sad lack of communication coupled with a shortage of the necessary funds.

Early in '96 a working party cleared the gardens front and rear, and in a burst of enthusiasm a forbidding hedge bordering the path to the side entrance was close-cropped - for which we were sternly rebuked. The Police later recommended the removal of all exterior screening by way of fences and hedges, and the offending hedge was removed almost overnight. This area is now tastefully covered with lush grass, in the middle of which sits the impressive gear wheel and crank shaft from the old water pumping station, once situated off Wantz Road where 'Wantz Haven' now stands.

April '96 came and went and work on the interior finally began about July, the main house to be made ready first in order that we might open, whilst the wall through into the 'long hall' and the ex-disabled toilet to be opened up later when the museum closed over the winter period.

Meanwhile we were told to stay out, and did, having no access keys. The main house was

cleared of our cabinets by MDC staff to the 'Prom' nursery store and it was several weeks later when the items were returned to the Lodge that we discovered that the three cases of birds had gone missing. They are still missing, neither we nor the police having a clue as to their disappearance, though members of MDC staff and some of our own committee recall the cases being in "room 8".

It is possible that they were stolen at the same time as the break-in in July when an original iron fireplace and surround were torn from the wall in the front lounge, coupled with the disappearance of a tall free-standing iron fire basket which was stored in the same room.

Around this time the old disused toilet block situated in the rear corner of the Lodge back garden, and intended by us as a future store/workshop was 'torched by vandals who caused damage to the roof, sufficient to prevent us making good use of it until repaired many weeks later.

The work on the front path was something of a surprise, as was the wall alongside it which was designed to hold back the strip of garden beneath the front railings. Was the cost of this the reason that there were insufficient funds available to pay for decent interior security scrolled screens, instead of blacking-out the ground floor windows with heavy chipboard, unmanageable by most of the lady stewards and for that matter several of the men.

Much of the main interior work was completed by the end of November 1996. It included

replacement of wooden doors by fire-resisting doors with closers; removal of the bathroom furniture to leave only a kitchen sink and tea-making facilities; breaking through into the 'long hall' earlier than planned, and unexpectedly raising the floor level of the hall by something like eight inches, incorporating double doors to an external rear garden ramp with railings, leading to an exit pathway to comply with the latest rules and regulations.

We were now ready to think about moving in, but first came the town's Victorian Evenings when we invited members and friends to inspect our new home and for this the place had to be thoroughly cleaned and where desirable, carpeting had to be laid so we decided that after Christmas was the time to move in.

Meanwhile we ensured that the gas central heating was maintained and that the premises were secure, being visited by one or other of the committee every two or three days at least. But ... was lagging left off the roof tank or piping or ...? Early in the new Year two of our number began the task of moving in exhibits and, loaded with marine items, ventured in through the side door, stopped and listened to the unbelievable sound of running water as it poured through the ceiling into our spotlessly clean parlour from the room above! Our brand new, bright and shiny unused carpet was about half an inch deep in water which was pouring through the upper ceiling from the roof area. Even the paper on the walls

both up and down was sagging due to the weight of water absorbed by it.

Panic Stations! ... But in no time flat the MDC had cut off the water and within days repaired the damage to the supply in the roof, which had apparently frozen solid despite the warm air rising from the storage tank beneath. Of course the icy cold wind was exceptional, but having escaped a freeze-up for the previous three or four years, there was no rational explanation for this catastrophe other than lack of lagging. To make matters worse, the flood caused an electrical failure which in turn switched off the gas boiler, so it was many days before central heating could be restored, then to be run flat out to dry the rooms as no dehumidifier could be hired because of the demand from other properties.

Eventually we were dry, the interior decor was made good and again we cleaned up; then we learned that the exterior frontal area was to be renovated and some windows replaced. Almost immediately it was also suggested that work on the 'long hall' roof, the condition of which had been found to be serious, could be done at the same time "and both jobs will be finished by the end of April".

With little sensible alternative, we agreed and both jobs were finished as promised, leaving only 'niggling' work such as a loose sink tap, sticking emergency doors and a faulty

continued page 9

water heater, plus a few other minor jobs to be reworked.

Meanwhile a limited amount of unexpected electrical wiring was carried out, this time with little or no mess to clear up. However, it is hopefully all finished now, and with any luck we will have no further cause for complaint, which could have been avoided had we known from the start when and how each stage of the work was to be carried out. We would then have been able to make our own forward plans with some confidence.

We have, as is now well known, opened quietly on July 5th with an official opening to follow when we are fully organised and already our luck has changed with our aim to specialise in local industry and matters of local interest taking root. By way of supporting this statement consider that in the course of conversation with newish member Mike Bennett about John Sadd's marine models once displayed in the local office, Mike suggested "why not contact Robert Shanks, ex-M.D. of John Sadd and Sons?" So we did ... The result being a room full of exceptional exhibits which might otherwise have been lost to an uninterested holding company. How many other artefacts of local interest might be available if we knew who to call? Think about it!

LFB, July 1997



A Life on the Ocean Wave

Our article 'Murder Most Foul', 'Penny Farthing', Summer 2006, concerned William Seymour from Maldon who killed a man in revenge for being 'pressed' into the Royal Navy in the early 1800s. The visitor's leaflet to 'HMS Victory' at Portsmouth gives an insight into what life would have been like for him on board one of His Majesty's ships at that time and why he felt so aggrieved.

Seymour would have been packed together with hundreds of other men without the slightest privacy to live, eat, sleep and fight with little respite or shore leave for years on end. Many, such like him, had been torn from their homes and families and 'pressed' into service, never knowing when or if they would ever see them again.

Below decks it was dark and cramped, with headroom so low it was necessary to keep stoop-backed at all times. In addition clothing and quarters were often wet or damp for days on end. Sleeping arrangements consisted of hammocks slung in just 18 inches of space, each touching the next one.

Food consisted of a monotonous diet with no opportunity to vary it. At breakfast he would have eaten a type of porridge called *burgoo* washed down with 'Scolch coffee', a concoction made from charred crushed biscuits soaked in hot water. For dinner there was usually a stew of either salt beef or pork, or sometimes fish, together with oatmeal and dried peas. Supper comprised biscuits with butter or cheese. Lime juice was issued to prevent scurvy and fresh fruit and vegetables were procured whenever possible.

After long periods at sea the quality of the food naturally deteriorated: the biscuits became infested with weevils, the cheese turned mouldy, the butter rancid and the salt meat slimy and tainted. Furthermore the provisions would frequently have been nibbled and contaminated by the scores of rats which plagued every ship at that time.

Fresh water was often in short supply and unfit to drink. Consequently the men were issued up to 8 pints of beer or 2 pints of wine or half a pint of either rum or brandy daily! The alcohol was stored separately from other provisions and guarded by an armed marine at all times to prevent theft. The seamen also received 2lb of tobacco per month which they usually chewed.

Harsh discipline was enforced and Seymour would have been expected to obey all orders immediately without question. A length of tarred rope, called a 'starter' or 'persuader', would have been used to encourage him to work harder if he was thought to be slacking. The more recalcitrant seaman could expect far worse discipline. He would be placed in leg-irons until the time for his punishment when he would be bound to an upright grating and flogged with a 'cat of nine tails', a whip with nine knotted and tarred strands. The number of lashes would depend on the gravity of his offence and the pleasure of the ship's captain.

Little wonder that William Seymour sought revenge on the man he considered responsible for subjecting him to such torment.

*

Well what do you know?

THE SECOND BATTLE OF MALDON - WELL ALMOST

We have all heard of the Battle of Maldon in 991 A.D. when the Vikings defeated the Saxon forces under Byrhtnoth, but did you know that during the Seven Years War, serious plans were again made to invade England via Maldon! Our modest town was chosen by the French as their proposed invasion point in the belief that a French Army would meet little resistance here, so enabling it to march swiftly over relatively flat terrain to take London by surprise. At the same time, the French also planned to invade Scotland because the exiled Stuarts under Bonnie Prince Charlie had assured them large numbers of Jacobites there were ready to rise up against the English.

By mid-summer 1759, the French had assembled 325 transports and flat-bottomed boats at various ports along the Channel coast. These were designed to carry supplies, artillery and munitions and would no doubt have been ideal for use in the shallow waters of the Blackwater. A further 225 troopships were being prepared to take the cavalry and infantry, and an army of 43,000 men, complete with three months' supplies, was being gathered for the great adventure. These men were drilled and embarkation and disembarkation exercises were proceeding satisfactorily.

A large part of this proposed invasion army was stationed at Quiberon peninsula so it was essential that the French fleet sail from Brest to Morbihan to collect them prior to the attack on Maldon. However, they were hampered by the Royal Navy which was enforcing a highly effective blockade of Brest. The Royal Navy was an extremely proficient and well-trained organisation led by outstanding commanders and the country had the benefit of a very determined Prime Minister, William Pitt, supported by an able and united cabinet.

The French on the other hand were beset by competing opinions within its own government. The King, Louis XV, was weak, indecisive and highly influenced by Madame de la Pompadour in his choice of ministers and war commanders, regardless of their actual competence. The result was that the original September date chosen for the invasion had to be delayed and it was not until 14th November that the French fleet finally sailed from Brest to collect the army, taking advantage of the temporary absence of the Royal Navy which had been forced to return to Torbay due to severe gales during previous days. The Royal Navy however quickly caught up with the French fleet and on the 20th November at Quiberon Bay, despite the fact that gale force winds were blowing and a violent sea running, battle was given. The Royal Navy won a famous victory from which the French navy never recovered. As a result the Second Battle of Maldon was avoided and the town missed its place as a famous (or maybe infamous) page in British History!

The information for this article was provided by Ian Valentine

STREET TRADERS OF YESTERYEAR

The Long Gallery of Maldon Museum houses a hand-pushed milk float and a bread delivery tricycle, two fine examples of England's commercial transport system before the advent of motor vehicles. Horse-drawn wagons completed the main methods of delivering goods to private properties until well into the 1950's.

In an age before high street multiples and out of town shopping centres, most shops were owned and run by local businessmen operating from small premises. Unlike today, customers rarely had the means to carry all of their purchases home so, if a shopkeeper wanted to keep his customers or to expand his trade, he was obliged to make home deliveries of even the smallest items. Accordingly dozens of young boys would have been seen on the streets of Maldon pushing or riding a whole range of delivery bikes and carts, delivering such items as milk, bread, fruit and vegetables, meat, etc. Larger items such as furniture and furnishings would have been transported by horse and cart.

It was relatively easy to open a business in those days just so long as you could raise a little capital. There were few restrictions such as health and safety, public health or

trading standards to bother a new entrepreneur, so many people were encouraged to embark on a career in commerce.

Those unable to raise enough money to rent premises, and immigrants particularly, began trading from market stalls or with hand carts selling in the markets or on the streets. Many of today's most highly successful companies, such as Marks and Spencer and Tesco, started in this way.

Even the poor saw trade as a possible means of survival or a way out of their poverty. As there was no social security and the only assistance for the destitute was the dubious charity of the workhouse, it was not surprising that they should resort to desperate measures and try to start their own small businesses, no matter how slight and insignificant.

Would-be-traders with no product to sell, but only a skill to offer, travelled from village to village and door to door, mending chairs or umbrellas, grinding knives, sweeping chimneys or as tinkers mending pots and pans. Older readers will surely recall the visits of the knife-grinder or the chimney-sweep.



The very poorest without even a skill to sell would tender some small service or sell inexpensive items - hence the surname Chapman derived from the word 'cheapman' for an itinerant salesman. Their 'stall' consisted of a small box or tray hung around their neck from which they would offer such merchandise as ribbons and buttons, sticky toffee, home made ginger cakes, shoe-laces and even cure-all medicines.

Children also played their part in their families' fight for survival by becoming crossing sweepers, flower-girls, newsboys, match-sellers or boot-blacks. Frequently these trades were thinly disguised

pretexts for begging and the child would be hassled and moved on by the police. However philanthropic societies organised London boot-blacks and set up ragged schools to educate the children. By the 1880's the Shoeblack Brigade had four hundred members who were licensed to trade without hindrance by the authorities.

If business prospered these small tradesmen would move up the social scale and graduate to owning or renting a small hand-cart, then a market stall and eventually a retail shop or a workshop.

My own grandfather, on his arrival from Italy, was first employed to push a milk

cart around the streets of London measuring the milk from a churn into his customers' jugs. Later he graduated to selling 'hokey-pokey' (ice cream) from a tricycle cart, similar to the bread cart we have in the museum, before eventually raising enough capital to lease his first restaurant. When he died he owned six restaurants, a large house in London and a vineyard back in Italy - not bad from pushing a milk cart.

Other street sellers included rag and bone men, still operating well into the 1960's, barrel organs often with a dancing monkey, while-you-wait photographers, and, in the Midlands, even hand carts selling beer on tap to the workers as they came out of the factories at the end of their shift! In cold weather hot chestnuts or potatoes, cooked over a brazier mounted on a hand cart, found many ready customers.

But eventually motor-vans began to replace the horse-drawn carts, bikes and hand pushed barrows. The more enterprising street trader quickly took advantage of this new opportunity to serve a wider area and to carry more stock. Only the Second World War temporarily held back his

move to mechanisation and petrol shortages briefly gave a new lease of life to the horse and cart.

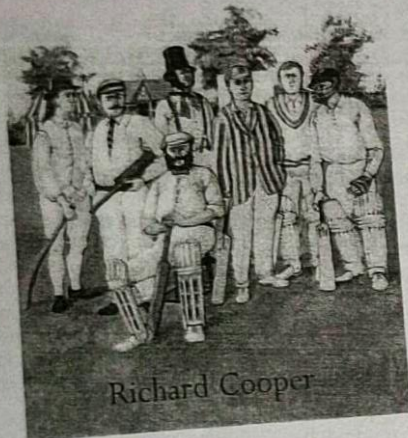
During the war organisations such as the WVS did use motor vans to deliver much needed refreshments to those who had been bombed out of their homes and to rescue workers or troops. Even Cadburys had their own cocoa van supplying hot drinks where required. Others supplied laundry services and hot baths to those areas where electricity, water or gas had been cut off by bombing raids, and fish and chip vans did a roaring trade.

For a time after the war the delivery boy on his bike, the horse and cart, or the hand pushed barrow might still be seen. Eventually however the horse and cart was replaced and the delivery bikes and carts could no longer be seen on our streets - the once familiar cries of the street traders were stilled for ever.

All that remains of this thriving commercial life are a few market stalls and even these are fast disappearing due to commercial competition and petty bye-laws - and with them goes another part of our history.

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Gentlemen Cricketers
of Maldon
TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS
OF CRICKET IN AN ESSEX TOWN



Gentlemen Cricketers of Maldon

A recent book by
Richard Cooper

Finding this book to be of considerable interest to many followers of the noble game of cricket to whom we spoke, we thought it quite within our own boundary if we were to commend it to cricket-minded members looking for facts and figures, ancient or modern. The author Richard Cooper is prominent amongst our local enthusiasts and is of my own generation having been involved in Maldon club cricket since 1957, and is now an honorary life member of Maldon Cricket Club.

His book has been widely and thoroughly researched, leaving few stones unturned over the two hundred and fifty years covered, with numerous players approached and consulted for their experiences and opinions. Familiar names are quoted, many still remembered, and others still alive to tell the tale, some no doubt embellished but mostly honest to goodness Maldon accounts.

Names from the past are perhaps of little interest to the younger generation but will be of interest to senior members amongst us, many of whom are unlikely to play the game but nevertheless wish they could still spin the odd ball or even just hit it.

The early days of cricket in Maldon are taken as 1755, since when the game has not only progressed but is now an established sport in the district, having experienced the usual ups and downs as is normal in country sports, even with the professionals, and let's face it, most sports are ultimately spoiled from time to time, by the introduction of that grubby little incentive - 'money'.

Richard begins his narrative with an introduction to the game centred, together with business and social affairs, on the King's Head opposite All Saints' Church in the High Street, and reports a particular event when Maldon Cricket Club issued a challenge to play any other town in Essex for a prize which today could be worth £1,500. The challenge consequently offended several influential persons in Maldon, with predictable results carefully monitored.

The account proceeds with carefully selected detail of matches and other matters from the mid-seventeen hundreds, including names of gentlemen involved, but of little interest to us nowadays when none of us is old enough to recall them? Names we are able to quote have been passed down either by word of mouth or written facts.

We reach the eighteen hundreds and the reign of Queen Victoria and the game appeared to come alive and three games have been chosen to illustrate the enthusiasm of the clubs; these are:- Maldon v Colchester; v Witham; and v Tillingham, with details of their clubs, pubs and grounds.

The book continues with a selection of Victorian players and teams which carries us into the nineteen hundreds, not of keen interest to most of our own generation other than the real stalwarts, but it makes for good reading, and not boring unless we happen to be within the range of the club bore, but we shall claim not to have one.

And so we arrive at the twentieth century and suddenly the reading becomes as we feel it should because now we read of gentlemen cricketers whose names we know, and not only that, know many of them personally before they passed away, whilst others are still alive and kicking, maybe not as actively as they once did but still actively. Names like Newman, Moss, Gaunt, (several) Gowers, Smart, Wade, Devenish, Clarke, Wager, Filby, Mott, Fenn and Hill, to name but a few. All earned the respect of Maldon members, their memberships being scattered between the Maldon Town Cricket Club, Maldon Strollers, Bentall C.C., the Old Maldonians, Sadds C.C., Heybridge C.C., plus others perhaps less well known.

There is a well-earned section detailing Geoff Newman's fifty years in Maldon cricket and deeply researched information on other individuals, clubs, games and grounds, and one can only guess at the number of hours spent resulting in a local book of local clubs and local players. An interesting and historic two hundred pages which could justifiably be added to our collection of books in the Museum. We congratulate Richard Cooper on his achievement.

Len Barrell

A WARTIME CHILDHOOD

The article "Poor But Happy" in the last issue of Penny Farthing certainly aroused many memories of my own childhood, though I was not born or raised in Maldon but rather the industrial Midlands and the London suburbs. My formative years were spent during and just after the Second World War and readers who were born in the late 1930's might be interested to compare their experiences of that period with mine. Like your previous correspondent I too would prefer to remain anonymous.

I was born in London, in September 1940, during an air raid. Just what I had done to incur the wrath of the German Luftwaffe I don't know but it must have been something pretty bad, because I am told that the night I was born one of their bombs hit part of the maternity hospital and, for the next five years, they continued to chuck bombs, Doodlebugs, rockets and other scrap iron in my direction!

My mother returned to work very soon after my birth because as a qualified nurse and midwife, her services were much in demand. She left me in a nursery during the day and at night we sheltered in a tube station where, with thousands of others, we slept on the platform. She took with her a small suitcase which became my cot for the night and the very crowded platform was my nursery - hardly a most auspicious start in life and

possibly why I've hated crowded tube trains ever since.

Eventually, due to having to look after me, work full time and live under constant bombing raids mother eventually decided to have me evacuated. So at about 18 months of age I was sent to my grandmother's home in the Midlands while she remained nursing in London - we were not properly reunited until I was six years old. She would visit me whenever she could get enough time off work, but travel in war-time was not easy and even the simplest journey often took many hours, especially if the railway had suffered bomb damage, so our meetings were few and far between.

Grandma owned a grocery / general store and my aunt and uncle, who lived with her, became my surrogate parents responsible for my formative years. Sometimes I stayed with other aunts and uncles in the locality (presumably to give Grandma a rest from me), and as I was the youngest member of the family, I was fussed over and greatly spoiled. However Grandma would let no one tell me off or smack me, indeed, had the opportunity arose, I think she would have taken her broom to Herr Hitler himself for daring to endanger her youngest grandson.

My mother was not so lenient and on her rare visits she would try to install some much needed discipline.

On one occasion when I was about five, I went with friends to Saturday morning pictures (in those days even very young children were allowed out without an escort) and in my eagerness to get there, stood in the open doorway at the front of the bus, with the result that as it went round a corner, I fell out and landed on my face in the road.

In spite of being covered in blood, I insisted on continuing to the cinema where an usherette took me into the projection room to bathe, under protest, some of my injuries before I watched the films. Later, when I returned to Grandma's, I found my Mother was paying a surprise visit. She took one look at me before giving me a good spanking for getting into such a mess and for not coming home immediately. I like to think her reaction was caused by anxiety and relief at seeing me still alive.

Although the greatest war of the 20th century was then being fought, I was too young to be aware of it and as Grandma's shop was in a residential area we missed most bombing raids. Although I do remember watching, from my bedroom window, the candle factory diagonally opposite Grandma's shop ablaze from a stray incendiary bomb - the burning grease created a memorable sight especially for a little boy who had never seen a bonfire or firework display before.

Sometimes when Mother came to visit she would be accompanied by a strange man in uniform (later to become my stepfather), who always brought me presents, often made by German prisoners of war at the camp where he was a guard. I particularly remember a scooter, some leather sandals and a wooden jigsaw puzzle of a train. Any new plaything was highly prized because all toys were very scarce during the war and most tended to be second or third-hand, or home-made.

By the side of the shop was a piece of waste ground where stood a public air raid shelter for communal use during air raids. I don't recall it ever being used for that purpose, but it did fulfil one very useful function at the war's end, following a very heavy snowfall. It happened to contain a number of narrow wooden-framed bunk beds which were just the right size and shape from which to make sledges. Soon a crowd of children, equipped with an old hammer and a rusty pair of pliers, were ripping the bunks out of the shelter. Younger children, myself included, were set to work by the older boys, straightening out bent nails for reuse. We did this by hitting them with half a house brick until they, or our fingers, were flattened - oh health and safety where were you when I needed you?

Instead of mattresses, each bunk had a mesh of one inch wide, flat steel straps. Two of the longest straps were removed and nailed to the underside of the wooden frame to create excellent runners, and soon every neighbourhood urchin was racing a new

toboggan down the small hillocks on the waste land. Sadly, as soon as the snow melted, our sledges along with any remaining bunks in the shelter, were commandeered by the adults for firewood and the metal straps used to reinforce their chicken coops etc.

War shortages made us a true recycling generation - we saved everything for possible reuse; a length of parcel string was never cut but carefully untied to be used again at some later date; elastic bands, used envelopes, even metal beer bottle caps were recycled. The caps were nailed, upside down, onto a piece of wood to make a very serviceable boot scraper for outside the door; old woollen garments were unravelled and re-knitted as socks, gloves, scarves etc.; while rags were made into rugs and all scrap metal collected to help the war effort.

Newspapers were either used to wrap fish and chips or cut and folded into long paper strips called spills used for lighting the gas oven, fire or cigarettes thus saving matches. Our spills were kept in a brass artillery shell case from the 1st World War which stood in the hearth. Alternatively newspaper was torn into six inch squares with a hole in one corner and threaded onto a piece of string - the resulting wad would then be hung in the outside lavatory for use as toilet paper - very scratchy and uncomfortable.

Plastic had not been invented so all bottles were made of glass, many of which were subject to a small money deposit to be reclaimed when the empty bottle was returned

to the shop. This combined with the fact there was no surplus packaging on groceries, products being sold loose and placed in brown paper bags, no fast food establishments (other than fish and chip shops) meant litter was rarely a problem.

I was more fortunate than most children because Grandma owned a grocery shop and, in spite of rationing, always tried to save me little luxuries such as a biscuit or the odd sweet from the shop's allowance. By modern standards I would probably have been considered deprived.

Our meat ration was so small that wild rabbits became a major supplement to our diet. Grandma sold hundreds of them - she used to skin and gut them herself and their naked and headless corpses would hang grotesquely from the kitchen ceiling. Rabbit was served so frequently that I grew to hate the taste and sight of it and have never eaten it since.

We also had a rather unpleasant tasting tinned fish called snoek, although what it was or where it came from I have no idea and have never seen it since those war years. Tinned spam was considered to be a real treat and much in demand, while tinned salmon was a luxury reserved for special occasions such as wedding breakfasts or wakes.

Because of the food shortages most of our neighbours grew vegetables or kept chickens, rabbits or pigs in their back gardens. At the corner of every street was a foul-smelling pig-bin in which people put potato peelings, stale and mildewed bread, cabbage

stalks or any other edible waste. These bins were emptied once a week and the contents fed to the pigs. The potent smell from these bins, added to that of the pigs and chickens, created quite an overpowering rural atmosphere in a very crowded residential area!

Petrol being restricted for essential use, most transport was of necessity, horse-drawn, (the by-product of which was recycled). As soon as a horse passed down the street there would be a rush for any droppings it might leave to be used as manure on the garden. I was frequently sent with a bucket and shovel to collect any fresh manure before anyone else could get it.

There was little imported fruit or vegetables, only home grown apples, pears, blackberries and cherries being available when in season

yet these seemed to have far more flavour than the fruits available today. In 1946 Grandma announced that her shop was to receive its first delivery of bananas since before the war. She waxed lyrical about this exotic fruit and promised I should have one on my return from school that afternoon. I was so excited I ran all the way home but the exertion had the effect of causing me to be promptly sick after my first bite. I never ate another banana for thirty years!

Sweets were rarely available and chocolate almost never seen. As a substitute we chewed "liquorice" wood, a fibrous twig, to extract the sap which tasted like liquorice.

In spite of the war, children were generally a lot safer. There was little danger from motor traffic and because people rarely moved house,

everyone tended to know each other and any stranger was subject to great scrutiny and interest, likewise every child was known and who its parents were. Accordingly we were given enormous freedom to play in the streets and wasteland with all the neighbours taking responsibility for our safety - stopping us if we were getting into mischief or reporting us to our guardians if stronger discipline was required. Even as a five year old child I was allowed to walk almost a mile to and from school with a group of friends, unaccompanied by any adult.

In 1946 my grandmother died and two weeks later my mother married my stepfather and brought me back to London to live.

to be continued

Bentall's Cricket Club



This photograph, which was recently sent to 'Penny Farthing', shows Bentall's Cricket Club in about 1951. The players are believed to be (from left to right) *back row*: Terry Grimwade, Pat Read, Dick Grey, John Nicholls, John Hymas, Geoff Gaunt, George Wombwell.

Front row: Mr Gill, Harry Armson, Charlie Freeman, George Batt (?), Tanny Colbear. The lady at the end is Betty Askew, probably better known to Museum members as our own Betty Chittenden.

Where are they now? If you know please let 'Penny Farthing' know.



ST. CEDD'S CHATLINE

By Judy Betteridge
Accessions Officer

Wrong again - no need to whine about the cold weather - we haven't had any yet - just this wonderful Indian Summer (an Amerind expression apparently, but just why it is attributed to them is not made clear in my dictionary). Earlier this week, on a beautifully clear and sunny afternoon, Auntie and I visited Heybridge Basin, mainly to partake of tea and chocolate cake, and whilst enjoying the view, were thrilled to see the Sailing Barge *Xylonite* making her way up river on a very high tide. She is fairly modern by barge standards, in that she was built with a steel hull in 1927 on the River Stour by the Horlocks family and remained with them in the trade until 1977. She now sails with the Cirdan Trust and is sponsored by "Suffolk Life", sporting a distinctive oyster catcher bird motif on her topsail. Watch out for her - like all barges under sail - she is guaranteed to put a lump in your throat at the sheer beauty of her. (P.S. the chocolate cake was great, too!).

At St. Cedds, more about barges, as we've recently been given a most charming pencil sketch of the Sailing Barge *Edith May*. This picture was drawn many years ago by a Mr Johnston, who lived at Heybridge Basin at that time. Liz Willshire has very kindly framed the picture for us, and we hope to have it on display next year.

Accession of new objects has been quiet through the summer, which has given us a chance to do some work on our conservation methods, and we're now about half way through filing our paper ephemera in acid free folders, which we were able to purchase with a grant earlier this year. The cost of these special conservation materials is horrendous, so we have to eke them out (like the boy does his table manners, as my mother used to say!). It is particularly important to store photographs in archival quality pockets, and again, these are very expensive.

Anyway we are soldiering on - Julia has given us a quick course on the new computer system on which we keep our database of artefacts. Not sure that I've quite taken it all in - Julia promises to write down instructions, step by step. I don't like to tell her that I find even my "idiot's guide" to my system at home quite unintelligible at times!

Finally, our Accreditation Application proceeds well, thanks mainly to Paddy's untiring enthusiasm and hard work - what would we do without him? Let's hope that we never have to find out ...

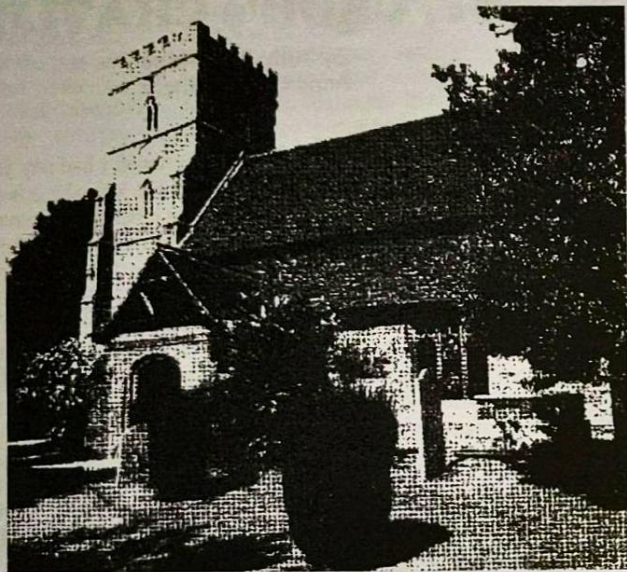
Hope you are impressed - no mention of the dreaded "C" word* - I'm determined to ignore the whole stressful business until the very last minute.

We'll talk again in the New Year - and where this one has gone I ask myself.

* Christmas for those wondering what the "C" word is. Ed

Maldon's Historic Churches

With due acknowledgement to Maldon District Council's leaflet "Historic Churches"



All Saints', Purleigh

Set on a hilltop overlooking the Blackwater estuary about five miles from Maldon, the earliest documentary evidence of this church dates from circa 1142 but the present church was completely rebuilt in 1320 / 1330 with subsequent additions and modifications. It stands on top of an ancient monument, although there are no traces left of the earlier Saxon building.

Both tower and chancel have bands of glazed bricks, rare examples of early Dutch brickwork, and the porch bricks are Tudor. The chancel appears extremely spacious as the choir stalls were removed some time ago. In the north wall is a recess which now houses a 17th century chest. Like all official Parish Chests it had three locks and the keys were distributed among the Rector and the two church wardens.

On the south wall is a 14th-century piscina (stone basin for carrying away water used in rinsing the chalice etc.) and a sedilia (stone seat) for use by the priest. The tower is about 60 ft high and houses eight bells, four of which were installed in 1646.

The Church's real claim to fame is that the great-great grandfather of American President George Washington, was Rector of All Saints' from 1632 to 1643. Laurence Washington was dismissed from his living by Parliamentary Commissioners who accused him of being a common frequenter of ale houses who was often drunk. As a Royalist he had supported the wrong side during the English Civil War and this was almost certainly a trumped up charge to punish him.

The earliest grave in the churchyard is of John Strange who died in 1658. He had two wives and 18 children. There is also a memorial to Sergeant Adam Eves, one of only five Essex police officers ever murdered whilst on duty. He died in 1893.

MURDER ON THE B1022

Sixty three years' ago, on the morning of 8 December, 1943, the body of Maldon taxi driver, Harry Hailstone, was discovered alongside the B1022 near the Birch Rectory - he had been murdered.

Before describing Harry's unfortunate fate and the subsequent arrest of his killers it is necessary to understand the local situation at that time. Prior to the Second World War, Maldon and the surrounding district was still very much a quiet agricultural area where little happened and crime was limited to the odd bit of poaching or petty theft, but the war had changed all that. Suddenly this whole region was filled with thousands of troops and airforce personnel, many of them from America, preparing for the invasion of Europe. These strangers brought with them different attitudes and values and although there were problems at times, on the whole relationships between locals and troops were harmonious. Sadly this was not the case for Harry Hailstone.

On the night of the 7 December two black soldiers from the U.S. 356 Engineer Regiment, 22 year old private George E Fowler and 21 year old J C

Leatherberry, had been drinking in London. On their return train journey to Colchester one of them came up with a plan to hire a taxi back to their camp at Birch airfield and rob the driver en-route.

On arrival at the station they hired the unfortunate cabby and he set out on his final journey. According to Fowler, somewhere near their camp, he asked Harry to stop in order that he might relieve himself. When he got out of the cab Leatherberry attacked and strangled Harry from behind as he sat at his wheel. He put up a violent struggle but to no avail. His body was dumped and the killers then drove the cab around the area before finally abandoning it in Hayes Green Lane, about two miles from the murder spot.

Harry was not immediately reported missing because he lived in lodgings in the Maldon Road and the landlady, Mrs Pearce, who knew he was working late assumed that he had picked up another fare, or running out of petrol had chosen to sleep in his cab. The following morning she left home early and did not report his absence.

The first intimation that something was amiss was

when a policeman discovered the abandoned vehicle and found papers, gloves and an empty wallet scattered on the floor. He also found signs of a fierce struggle. The car's upholstery was damaged and there was blood on the rear seat. There was also blood on the collar of a raincoat and a jacket with its sleeves turned inside out as if someone had pulled it off.

Fortunately, Harry's driving licence was still in the cab enabling the police to quickly locate and interview Mrs Pearce. She told them that the night before, Harry had called in to let her know that he was taking two black soldiers to the airfield and might therefore be late home. The police were now convinced that they had a murder on their hands even though there was as yet, no body. Soon a major search was being made by the police and men from the US base but the only thing they found was another raincoat several miles from where the cab had been found.

This in itself was suspicious for, in a time of strict rationing, no one could afford to throw away perfectly good clothing. The new mackintosh contained a label for one Captain J.J. Webber based in Sussex. However he was currently on a course at the 18th had

Canadian Hospital in Colchester, not far from the Birch Camp.

When interviewed Captain Webber identified the second raincoat and told how, two days before Harry's disappearance, he had met a black American army sergeant and invited him back to his room to share a bottle of whisky. At some point he left the room and on his return found the sergeant gone along with the bottle of whisky and his raincoat. He also pointed out that the coat's pockets had been emptied of £5, a torch, gloves and a Rolex watch.

Harry Hailstone's body was soon discovered and numerous clues found on and around the body led the police to the door of Fowler and Leatherberry at Birch airfield. They were taken to Colchester Police Station where Fowler quickly confessed to his part in the murder but claimed the plot was all Leatherberry's who had insisted that they had to stick together. He denied any part in the actual killing but did agree that he had helped get rid of the body by helping to carry it across the road and pushing it through the Birch Rectory fence.

He also said it was Leatherberry who had driven the cab to Maldon intending to get a train for London where they might hide, but the last one had gone so they then drove back to Birch where they dumped the cab near the camp.

Leatherberry, on the other hand, strenuously denied any involvement in the murder, claiming that he had spent the night in London. Finger-nail scrapings showed traces of blood under all of Leatherberry's nails but only one of Fowlers. In spite of this damning evidence Leatherberry continued to stick to his story even under severe questioning but to no avail and they were both charged with murder on 14 December and handed over to the US military.

Their courts-martial were held in Ipswich Town Hall on the same day, but unusually in separate rooms. Both denied the charges. After just 12 hours Fowler was found guilty but because he had given evidence against his co-accused he was sentenced to hard labour for life in a US penitentiary.

Leatherberry's trial lasted 14 hours and in spite of his defence pleading that he be given the benefit of the doubt because the only witness against him was Fowler, he too was found guilty. Surprisingly two other witnesses confirmed his story that he was in London but their evidence was ignored and he was sentenced to death.

Five months later, on 16 May 1944, Leatherberry was executed at Shepton Mallet, Somerset. His executioners were Alfred Pierrepoint and his Uncle Thomas and took place in front of eight military personnel and 12 witnesses. To the end he refused to

admit his guilt but did thank his gaolers and the Chaplain for being so nice to him and for all they had done for him.

Fowler served 16 years of his life sentence and was released from gaol in 1960.

A sad case of two young Americans who came to Britain to help fight a war and ended up killing an innocent cabbie for a few coins without ever firing a shot at the enemy.

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LONG DISTANCE PENNY FARTHING

In 1874 Sydney Isaac, a Maldon man, rode a Penny Farthing bicycle from Bristol to London, a distance of approximately 100 miles, in just 14 hours - on a bike without gears along poor quality roads!

Recently our own 'Penny Farthing' achieved its own long distance record by travelling to America and back, and back again! A copy of our museum magazine was sent to Terry Ruggles in Maine, but due to his moving house was returned to Maldon "addressee unknown". As soon as his new address was ascertained the magazine was promptly sent back to Maine and this time reached its destination having travelled more than fifteen thousand miles in the process!

Extracts from the Acquisitions, Accessions of Maldon Museum Minutes 1931-1933

Date	Item	From
28.5.31	1 A piece of old Roman Pot found in bed of the River Blackwater	C Wright of Wantz Rd
	2 Three Constables' Staves of the time of King William IV	Misses Freeman Wellington Rd
	3 Several old coins	Mr Sissons of North St.
17.9.31	1 Several pieces of samian ware (ordinary and decorated) and caistor ware from Roman excavations at Verulanium, St. Albans	A L Clarke
	2 Several picture postcards of the excavations	" "
	3 A copy of "History of the Holly Trees Mansion & its Grounds" Colchester.	" "
	4 Fossilised oyster found in the River Blackwater	Samuel Keeble of Tenterfield Rd
10.3.32	1 Bundle of volumes "Essex Review"	Dr. H Reynolds Brown
	2 Bundle of volumes "Essex Archaeological Society's Transactions" and other kindred books	" "
14.4.32	1 A framed photograph of the old Heybridge Bridge	Cllr Granger
9.6.32	1 An old coin of the Maldon Mint	Ald. A L Clarke
15.9.32	1 Mr H J Thomas, as beneficiary under the Will of the late Frank Wilding, was pleased to present to the Museum the waistcoat of the late Mr Edward Bright, loaned to the Museum some time ago.	
	2 A framed double picture of Mr Edward Bright	H J Thomas
	3 A scene portraying "The surprising bet decided" in regard to the enormous size of the waistcoat	" "
	4 A framed account of the "Balloon voyage across the Channel" on Saturday June 10th 1882, from Maldon to France	" "
	5 A stuffed heron	Mrs C Pulford of Queen St.
15.12.32	1 A letter from the Town Clerk enclosing a Programme of a Concert at the Public Hall, Maldon on March 3rd 1869 arranged by Mr Harry Clifton	Cllr Granger
	2 A number of spears, fencing sticks and a python's skin	Mr & Mrs H J Thomas (Mr Wildings' Executors)
9.3.33	1 A coin token inscribed "James Robjent in Maldon in Essex" with the arms of the Grocers' Company thereon	Mrs J W Tanner
	2 Two pairs of Persian Native Socks	
	3 The bowls of two Persian Opium Pipes	
	4 A Persian Cherry Wood Pipe	
	5 A Life Jacket worn by Mrs Tanner's daughter Molly whilst travelling by sea from Persia to England during the Great War.	

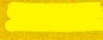







Maldon District Museum Association

Registered Charity 301362

President - Mr Derek Maldon Fitch

Vice President - Mr L. F. Barrell

Committee - to A. G. M. 2007

<i>Chairman</i>	<i>Paddy Lacey</i>	
<i>Vice-Chairman</i>	<i>to be advised</i>	
<i>Hon. Secretary</i>	<i>Jenny Sjollema</i>	
<i>Hon. Treasurer</i>	<i>Betty Chittenden</i>	
<i>Membership Sec.</i>	<i>Colin Barrell</i>	
<i>Committee</i>	<i>Lynda Barrell</i>	
<i>Committee</i>	<i>Judy Betteridge</i>	
<i>Committee</i>	<i>Molly Middleton</i>	
<i>Committee</i>	<i>Tony Mandara</i> ..	

Curatorial Adviser *Nick Wickenden Esq*

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Please note that the opinions expressed in this publication are those of the individual contributors, and not necessarily agreed by the Association.

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Articles, items or letters for inclusion in Penny Farthing should be sent to:
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