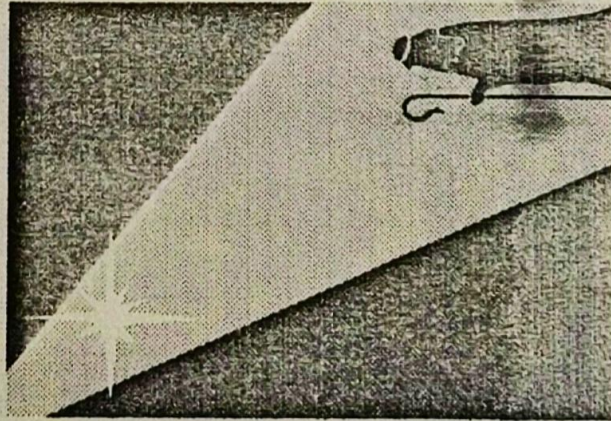
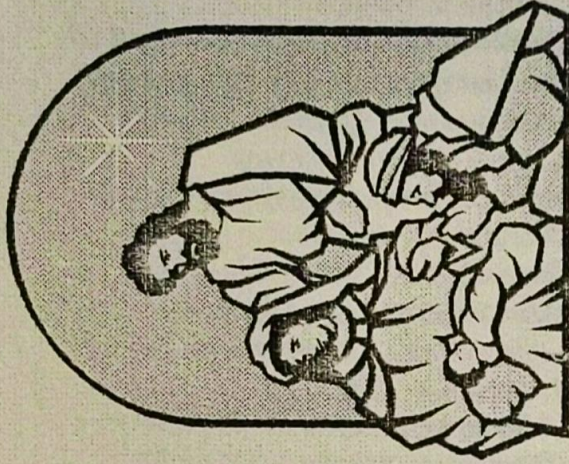
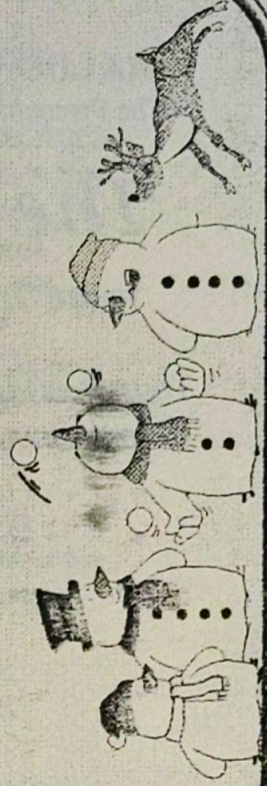


Season's Greetings



FROM
MALDON DISTRICT MUSEUM
ASSOCIATION



The Penny-Farthing

MALDON DISTRICT MUSEUM ASSOCIATION
 The Promenade Lodge 47 Mill Road Maldon Essex CM9 5HX
 -----Registered Charity 301362-----

The Penny-Farthing

Issue 7..... Winter 1996

Your President Arthur Simpson and Committee extend to all members and friends the Compliments of the Season.

- Paddy Lacey (Chairman).....
- Terry Chapman (Acting V-Chair).....
- Merle Pipe (Vice-Chair...Elect).....
- Len Barrell (Secretary).....
- Tony Tullett (Treasurer).....
- Sue Norrington (Membership).....
- Betty Chittenden (Stewarding).....
- Penny Cook (Accessions).....
- Tony Froom (Minutes).....
- Judy Tullett (Displays).....

....and what shall we cook up for 1997?



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 Stoves**

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 and four Burner Sizes.

Sold by all Ironmongers
 and Stores.

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 post free on application to*


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 OIL CO., LTD.,**
 (157) Stove and Heater Dept.,
 Queen Anne's Gate,
 London, S.W.1.

"Delicious and Dainty."

Under a headline 'Bringing you more for your leisure time' the Council has proclaimed leisure and sports facilities to be high on its list of priorities and of the new appointment in May of Mrs Averil Spencer as Leisure Services Manager who will be dealing with long-term leisure planning; they also announced that Mrs Sarah Burgess has more recently been appointed Events and Promotions Officer. Of course the Maldon District Museum Association has since welcomed the new Council officers as each has an important part to play in the successful start-up and continued progress of the volunteer-run museum.

Our last cover illustration of seven trumpeters supposedly playing a fanfare for opening was premature and among the continuing problems the Council's budgeting restrictions have complicated completion of the conversion works.

However, after something of a lull we have noted a determination to get things moving again, and as Sarah is also Press Officer and promoting tourism we expect the right publicity - never mind 'Fantasia' or 'Spectacular' - WE just want to OPEN!



E.D.S. does improve stews

Try this stew à la E.D.S. when you've eaten your joint cold and hashed. It makes a really good savoury dinner.

Recipe.—Cut any odd pieces off the bone. Put the bones into a covered pan; add about two pints of water and a packet of E.D.S. Brown. Cook for two or three hours. Remove the bones. Add the pieces of meat and potatoes, onions, carrots, haricot beans, and any cold scraps you may have by you. Simmer gently till the vegetables are thoroughly cooked without being pulpy.

E.D.S. is made in three varieties, Brown, White and Tomato.

Sold in Packets
 2d. each.

Also in Canisters,
 8½d., 1/4, and 2/6.

From the Chairman

Slowly but surely we are working towards our goal of providing a museum worthy of Maldon and we are getting there. Work has progressed at the Lodge thanks to the efforts of your committee and friends, the support of the District Council, and help from the Community Service workers.

A most exciting development has been the increasing help in the form of goods and kind given by local traders. Thanks to all firms involved will be recorded within the pages of the 'Penny Farthing' and, in due course, in more permanent form within the museum premises on a special Sponsors Board. We are very grateful for this backing and for the expression of confidence in our efforts that it represents.

We would like to invite all members and friends to inspect the progress that has been made at the Lodge on the two Victorian Evenings - Thursday December 5th and Thursday December 12th, both between 6.30 and 8.30 p.m. If not convenient please come instead on Sunday December 8th between 2.30 & 4.30 p.m.

We do hope to see you on one of these days, and tell you what is planned for next year. 1997 will mark the 75th anniversary of the inception of the original Borough Museum in 1922, and should prove an equally significant date in the Museum's history.

Best wishes for a happy Christmas and a successful New Year to all members and friends of the Museum.

Paddy Lacey

Membership Secretary Sue says...

In the normal course of events there is little for the Membership Secretary to report other than changes in total numbers, and these inevitably arise either from leaving this area or this life, usually compensated for by a gentle influx of new members.

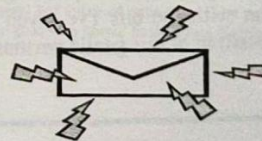
However, with our museum effectively closed for over twelve months instead of the six which we originally anticipated, offering little meanwhile other than conservation and administrative work, nobody could be blamed for thinking 'I will renew when there is something to renew for', and this we accept, but are left wondering exactly how many genuine members we can now claim.

In fact over forty have so far renewed their subscriptions in this calendar year, and to these we are most grateful as we rely heavily on voluntary subs in the absence of a reliable income. Bearing in mind that we are unlikely to open in the Lodge before the Spring we have not sent out many reminders, but we are sometimes asked ... 'when did I last pay?' , so enclosed is a modest slip showing the last date as recorded in the membership register; please do advise me if you have any query!

Thank you again to all who have already subscribed, and to those with good intent. We'll follow up the remainder when we have something more to offer, and will shortly put our planned Membership drive into operation.

Sue Norrington

p.s....Please note my new address -4, Lodge Road, Maldon, CM9 6HW



Garth Groombridge

Regrettably we record, in October this year, the loss of another old friend, albeit a relatively new member of the Museum Association. We refer of course to Garth Groombridge, widely known as an exceptionally knowledgeable, ageless member of Maldon Archaeological Group.

He was born on the 18th October 1919 in Sidcup, Kent, became an avid reader, and having studied much of our local history decided that Maldon was the place for his eventual retirement. He served as an electrical engineering inspector for 'Submarine Cables', later to become 'Northern Telecom U.K.' and taking early retirement, moved here in 1978.

Garth was a keen member of 'MAG', interested and involved in every event whether it be digging and washing dirty pots or preparing 'MAG's new home on the Poets' Estate. In fact the family interests extended to the Maldon Society and the Museum as well.

Our sympathies are with wife Anne and brother-in-law Bill.

and a personal note from Penny Cook.....

Garth was a source of inspiration to all who knew him. His quiet, gentle, modest manner gave confidence to the newest recruit into the world of archaeology. He had an enormous effect on many people within the world of history and was loved and respected by all who knew him. I still remember his quiet voice on the 'phone inquiring... 'Hello Ken/Penny, just 'phoning to ask how you are getting on with the bits I've given you to do?'. Such was the disposition of this gentle persuasive man.

Monica Bayley

continues her account of events following the declaration of war in 1914, and the link between Thaxted and Maldon, notably through the family 'Free', well known in the district at that time. continued from page 14 of 'Penny Farthing' Issue 5.....

August 4th 1914...

On the following morning the post brought a single word message to every Essex Yeoman. The word was 'Mobilise'.

The Yeomanry Regiments had been raised for home defence in time of war, when the standing regular Army would expect to be sent abroad, but in days of peace the Essex Yeomanry had been almost a social club for country gentlemen, their sons and dependants. There had been training camps once a year when, away from the womenfolk, the Yeomen had enjoyed fresh air, good food, healthy exercise and hearty companionship. The weekends had been a time for family visits... to make up to the relations for leaving them to fend for themselves for a week. There were terrific teas, music from the Regimental Band, and sports both on and off horseback, all attended by the County aristocracy.

Nobody seems to have been too strict about the age of entry, so young gentlemen still at school and probably in the school's OTC already, joined and were encouraged by the older Yeomen who largely treated them as equals... heady stuff for a 16-year old in possession of a rifle, a mount, and no doubt on occasions - a drink!

No Yeoman could be sent abroad unless he volunteered, and then the order was that he must be 19 years old, fully trained, and physically fit. It was however surprising when the time came, how many youngsters managed to avoid these regulations!

On August 5th the question of going abroad had not arisen. From all over Essex Yeomen gathered at their local railway stations to converge on Ipswich, the concentration centre of the Essex Mounted Brigade.

Martin Free, who is the connecting link with my Thaxted life and my Maldon life, knew men in the Yeomanry but did not himself belong to it. Between helping out at Jacob's Farm (Goldhanger Road) where his older brother George was farming, and helping out at Thaxted, where his father David was still in charge at Richmonds Farm, Martin's time was fully occupied, especially at harvest.

England had been at peace since the end of the Boer wars and few had appreciated how fully prepared for this war Germany had become. Consequently the cry went up from all sides 'It'll all be over by Christmas' and while many poor and unemployed men rushed to the colours, this was more true of the towns than the country, for in country areas country men had more on their minds than a rash adventure overseas.

It was the middle of the East Anglian harvest, oats were 'in' and wheat was being cut and carted, and barley, always the last crop to ripen, was still in the fields uncut. War or no war the harvest had to be got in before Essex men could think of heroics, but as the month wore on and the news from France became worse and worse and streams of Belgian refugees landed on the East Anglian coast, each with a tale of German atrocities, Martin and George talked... and the result of their talking was that it was their duty to answer Kitchener's call and serve their country in time of need.

George was married with a little daughter, Peggy, (older readers may remember Peggy, who became Mrs McMorland and lived in Woodham Mortimer many years after this date). Martin was unattached. Martin would go. By many such decisions the lives of countless British families were changed.

On the morning of September 15th 1914 Martin enlisted in the 1st/1st Essex Yeomanry at the Recruiting Office in Sir Isaac's Walk, Colchester. In the previous week's issue of the Essex Weekly News an advertisement had appeared stating that there were a few vacancies for 'men of good character who were good with horses' in the Essex Yeomanry. Those who placed this

historic advertisement were, even then, living in the past; only very special people could apply to be killed with the Essex Yeomanry. The strangest thing of all is that nobody of that generation appeared to see it like that

Martin was 'good with horses'. He had worked and ridden horses all his life and his father before him. He became Trooper Martin David Free, Number 1207 'C' Squadron Essex Yeomanry and his Commanding Officer was Major Andrew Roddick of Waltham Abbey. Major Roddick was a gentleman farmer who rode to hounds as MFH of the local hunt.

Martin joined 'C' Squadron at Melton, near Woodbridge where the Essex Yeomanry had been billeted soon after arriving at Ipswich. This Squadron was at Mountains Farm where they were well treated - although one trooper complained that he had to sleep in a pigeon house! - and where they were well liked. So the autumn passed in training and a visit from King George who, more of a sailor than a soldier, poked about with a machine gun mounted on a limber. The Regiment actually had two machine guns, seven 'motor cycles' and eight bicycles.

By the beginning of November it was plain that severe fighting near Ypres was destroying the old British Army and that reinforcements were needed urgently, and these would have to come from Territorial or Yeomanry Regiments. The Essex had a good reputation and were under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Edmund Deacon who had served with the 1st King's Dragoon Guards and a MFH in the Newmarket area. He also owned the winner of the Welsh Grand National... in fact a man 'good with horses'!

On November 12th the Germans were fiercely attacking Ypres... on November 12th the Essex Yeomanry were selected to 'proceed overseas'. On November 29th the Regiment gathered in Melton Street and rode down to Woodbridge station where they entrained for Southampton and France. They took 25 Officers, 468 Other Ranks, 433 riding horses, 74 draught horses, and 6 pack horses, besides wagons and of course the 2 machine guns. The night before Colonel Deacon had presented the owner of Mountains Farm with a beautiful silver salver in recognition of kindnesses received whilst the men were billeted at the farm.

That night they embarked on the 'Anglo Canadian' for Le Havre... and had a very rough crossing and a very miserable day to follow when a Q-Boat was reported to be in the vicinity and the 'Anglo Canadian' could not land. They landed on December 1st. Since horses are unable to be sick I have always wondered at the state of them after that terrible crossing. Although the English soldier always treated his horses better than his French counterpart no report is available on the state of them when they finally disembarked. However, the men marched to No. 1 Camp just outside Le Havre in a full gale, and rain and mud in abundance. They were housed in bell tents, 14 men and 14 saddles in each. Many tents collapsed on both men and saddles.

Within a few days the Yeomen were in their billeting area, the Foret de Nieppe, where they met up with the 10th Royal Hussars and the Royal Horse Guards with whom they were brigaded. The Yeomen again were fortunate in being billeted in the village of Grand Sec Bois. When they finally left the Cure was sad to see them go; they had behaved themselves!

It was a very bleak winter and those men in the trenches suffered great hardships; a Christmas when both English and German soldiers came out of their trenches and fraternised, exchanging cigarettes and walking about together. When this was reported back in Headquarters great anger was displayed. It was never to happen again!! Some Officers were demoted as punishment and as the typical 'example'. It never did happen again....

One wonders what might have happened if it had !!

Monica's narrative will be concluded in a later issue of 'Penny Farthing'

Also available from the Museum - a limited number of copies of

'Byrhtnoth's Last Journey'

-from Maldon to Ely. AD 991-

Alderman Fitch's Library

by George Ginn

On Tuesday 10th December 1912, in London, at Sotheby's auction rooms, Alderman Fitch's library was put up for sale in 237 lots. The catalogue makes interesting reading, reflecting as it does Fitch's many interests. By my reckoning it attracted bids totalling £282 which at just over £1 per lot doesn't seem to have been wildly productive, even allowing for inflation. The lowest bid was for just one shilling which seems extremely cheap for 7 volumes, though perhaps the "Entomologists' Weekly Intelligencer" was not everybody's idea of interesting reading. Some lots of books on entomology in German, perhaps not surprisingly, went unsold.

However, there were undoubtedly some bargains to be had. Five first editions of Dickens bound in leather went for a total of just 13/-; Marant's History of Essex in two volumes made £10; another copy £9.15.0; while two further copies made a total of only £4.18.0. Wright's History of Essex with engravings and in half calf made only a guinea, whilst another copy ("two vol., plates, in 48 parts as issued (wanting 7 parts)") made only 5/-. A copy of Salmon's History of Essex, "half bound, uncut, title in M.S.; this copy belonged to Phillip Morant and has extensive marginal notations etc. etc." made only a modest four guineas.

Lots 157 to 235 were headed "Collections relating to Essex" and to me were unquestionably the most interesting of the sale. Lot 157 is revealing as it runs - "Extensive & Interesting Collection of Pamphlets, Cuttings, Manuscripts, Old Vellum Deeds, Wills, Autograph Letters, Engravings, and other Papers relating to the County of Essex, and evidently gathered together with a view to the compilation of a History of Essex: In 2 boxes". It made £5.10.0 and I would willingly give twice that amount today if I could but find it !!

Most interest appears to have centred on Lot 160 which made £21. It was described as "An extensive & Scarce Collection of Tracts etc. relating to the County of Essex, contained in 51 solander cases". What a great mass of valuable material those fifty-one cases must have contained, and I wonder what happened to them? (A 'solander', incidentally, is a box in the form of a book to hold papers, etc.)

A volume of Essex Songs, "in half calf, printed in 1842 by the Private Press of the Totham printer Charles Clarke", together with a collection of Spiritual Hymns, made a respectable 18/-.

As might be expected, there were a few lots of The Essex Review, which Fitch edited, one of which, comprising volumes 1 - XX (1892 - 1912) made only £1.8.0. or 1/4d each.

There was surprisingly little specifically relating to Maldon, and the chief of these was Lot 229 "Maldon. Charles 1. A Printed Broadside Proclamation by the King, being a License to collect contributions in various Cities, Towns & Parishes for the Restoration of the Church of St. Mary, Maldon, in Essex, dated October 1628, 90 impressions with notes on the back of each signed by the Rectors.... of the sums collected in the different parishes". It made only £1.2.0.

There were seven Lots of a non-literary nature. A "Microscope in a mahogany case", two Lots of postage stamps, a "Collection of Old Pottery (etc)....gathered....in the locality of Maldon", and three of Stuffed Wild Birds, Birds' Eggs found in Essex, and Butterflies, Moths etc. The birds were "tastefully arranged in 19 cases" and made ten guineas; the eggs were in "two cases and a polished oak cabinet containing twenty drawers", and made only £1.2.0.; the butterflies etc. were contained in three cabinets and a case, and made the equal highest sum of the sale - £21. The pottery made £4, the stamps £7.2.0., and the microscope found no bidders.

Where are they all now ? They ought to be in the Maldon District Museum but I fear that after 80 years and more they are far out of our reach.

W. Geo. Ginn
1996

VISITORS TO MALDON

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CONFECTIONERY.

David Germain contacted us in February 1996 and offered to us his previously unpublished account of childhood days in pre-war Maldon which we are delighted to serialise

'MALDON - LIFE IN THE THIRTIES'

by David Germain

I was born in Limehouse in the East End of London in September 1929. Soon afterwards my Dad obtained work at John Sadd and Sons of Maldon, and we moved to Danbury and then to 98 Cross Road in Maldon, a town on the Blackwater estuary in Essex. I gather that I was only one year old when we arrived in Maldon, and we lived there until early in 1939 when we moved back to London - just in time for the war and the Blitz.

The only memory I have of Danbury is of an old photograph which has since been lost and which showed a very small boy and a Dalmatian dog in front of a french window. I cannot recall the dog being at Maldon, so either my parents could not bring it with them or perhaps it was not even our dog.

Recollections of my childhood in Maldon are many, and mainly happy, but the years that have since passed have made it difficult to place events in any chronological order, and I have also found that memories sometimes play tricks on one. For instance, I have always held a very distinct recollection that the house was finished in pebbledash but on a recent visit I find it is built in red brick. I can still remember levering the stones out of the pebbledash, so I suppose it must have been someone else's house that I was vandalising. I do have memories of the interior of the house but they too are now a little vague. The downstairs front I think we used as a dining room and the kitchen was behind it at the rear of the house. The stairs led up across the house between the two. I vaguely remember the toilet and a small outhouse and a garden of average length which was bounded by a wire strand fence with allotments beyond. The allotments are no longer there. A common rear entry led to the end house and out onto the road down their front path into Cross Road, by Farnbridge Road.

The first floor front was the lounge. It was a bright pleasant room, sunny in the day- time and decorated in orange wallpaper which gave it a cheery glow. My parents slept in the rear room on the first floor and my bedroom was in the attic. It was a nice room with a high dormer window which faced the front of the house and overlooked what was called the The Wycke. I don't remember the front garden but we probably used the back door most.

One of the few people I can remember clearly from those days was my friend Roy Murton (or Merton) who lived next door. We roamed all over the place together in the company, as I remember, of his older brothers. The field along the Fambridge Road and towards Hazeleigh Wood were our main playground. The trains were running then and we often waved to the driver and passengers, who mostly waved back.

There was a footpath from the gate of the first field on the right going towards Fambridge. It led along the right hand edge of the fields to a wood, and along a path just inside the edge of the wood to another field and a farm track under the railway. It then passed a stream which was full of water mint, cress, and other plants, and which always seemed full of water creatures with dragon flies and butterflies in abundance.

The path through the wood was a place in which a young lad didn't dawdle as there were elephants in the wood, or so the older boys led me to believe. One of the things which left an abiding memory, and which is still as clear in my mind as though it were yesterday, was of witnessing the birth of a calf in the field next to the path. I was on my own at the time and it filled me with a sense of the wonder of nature which has stayed with me ever since. Most of the footpath has now been covered by houses and the new ring-road.

My friend Roy died when he was very young of one of those diseases which were more common then, and more often fatal, and his death touched me very greatly. I can recall being at the graveside when he was buried. It was at the Cemetery in London Road, close to some trees, but on my last visit I could not find the grave. Perhaps his family were unable to afford a permanent memorial. It was a period of depression, which I did not understand then, but which I now realise caused great difficulties to many people who were out of work. I could never understand why such a young lad should have to die after so short a life-span, and I still can't. It seems so unfair. I think I played much more on my own after his death.

As a child I was no angel. One of my favourite pastimes was to play in the ditches, streams, and pools in the area. As I cannot remember it ever raining when I was young there was a surprising amount of water lying around for a young boy to find and to take home in his shoes and socks. One day my parents took me to buy some Wellington boots. I think they had admitted defeat in the attempt to keep me out of water and had decided that the only way to keep my feet and the lino dry was to fit me out with waterproof footwear. The very first day that I wore them I arrived home so proudly after a lovely day's play and sat in the chair to have the Wellingtons removed; but as I lifted my feet up so that my Dad could pull them off the water inside them poured out all over the floor. I can't remember the reaction but I think they finally gave up trying to keep me dry.

Opposite our house in Cross Road was a small building which I think may have been of wooden construction, and which contained a small shop. I am not sure what else they sold but I do recall that the window always contained cakes and that in the summer the window was also full of wasps, a plentiful hazard then, calling for frequent use of the 'blue-bag'.

As a very young child I was sent to the shop to get myself a marshmallow tart. I think that up to that time my parents had always bought me such things, and I was very proud to be going on my own; in the 1930's there was hardly any traffic in Cross Road. When I arrived back home the tart was taken from me and I remember being asked if I had eaten any, to which I replied that I had not. The tart was taken back to the shop and I think quite an argument developed. It seems that I had been given a tart from the window; it had been well and truly demolished by the wasps and it had been assumed I would eat it right away. I was a bit peeved to lose out on my treat and I don't remember being sent in there again. There is a red brick bungalow in the same place now, or has my memory played tricks again?

A short distance south of our house, along the Fambridge Road, was a farm which I think must have been Seely Farm. On the opposite side of the road to the farmhouse was a small field in which livestock such as chickens made a living, and next to the road just inside that field was a pigsty. It was a regular event on a fine Sunday afternoon for my parents and myself to walk down the road and past the farm. My Mum would dress in her Sunday best with her dark coat and a cloche hat, and I would be put into clothes in which I had to behave.

Sunday was a day to treat with respect. I think my Dad could be a bit of a dandy, as the phrase went, because on one of the walks I remember he was dressed up in a suit, with spats I believe, and carrying a cane with a silver knob to it. I can remember this walk so well because on the way home we stopped by the pigsty and he started to prod the pig with the cane. When Mum protested he said they had thick skins and it didn't hurt them, and then gave the pig a whack on its rump..... and his cane broke. Of course my Mum went into hysterical laughter which put him out somewhat, and it is her laughter which fixed that particular memory in my mind.

Occasionally we used to walk along the Fambridge Road for quite a long way to visit an old lady called Mrs Powling. I was very young then but I can remember sitting in the middle of the front garden among her fruit bushes and filling my mouth as fast as I could. The garden filled the space where a track or lane led off Fambridge Road to the left. The house, as I recall, was of weatherboard construction and tarred or painted black and I have always associated it in my mind with the name Purleigh, but could find nothing on my last visit which looked anything like it. We walked back one evening when the wind had got up and was whistling through the telephone lines. An owl was hooting and it was very eerie and a bit scary to a small boy, although it couldn't have been too scary because walking alone in the dark has never worried me.

A favourite place was the Promenade. There have been a few changes there but it is still much the same as I remember. The paddling pool had a white building at its eastern end, backing onto the sea wall, which contained changing rooms and a diving board, and an area of the pool by this building was separated from the rest by wooden barriers at the waterline.

Also, at weekends, the small fishing boats used to gather alongside the promenade and sell fish and shellfish from the decks. It was quite a popular place to buy the weekend meal. The fishing boats seem to have gone and private yachts have now taken their place. The Thames barges that are there now seem only to be used for pleasure whereas in my youth they were used to bring in timber and other commodities. Further up the river towards the town were some old concrete salt-pans by which we occasionally played; were these used to obtain Maldon Salt in the old days?

I have recollections of aeroplanes visiting the open area by the Prom and people having joyrides, but the memory is so vague that I think I must have been very young at the time. I can't believe that I could have dreamed it.

Something else recalled was of being taken to see a torchlight procession following a large model of a Viking boat, which I presume was to be burned to commemorate the Battle of Maldon. I think we watched from somewhere in London Road. The lady in the Information Office on my last visit had never heard of such an event but of this one I am quite confident.

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

We did in fact meet David Germain during the summer when he visited the area for a caravan holiday, and Len was able to associate himself with much of the content of this narrative, which must surely strike a chord with many older Maldonians.

NEW LOCAL BOOK

'Maldon and Heybridge', a collection of archival photographs was published by Chalford Press in September last. The book was compiled by Paddy Lacey and contains over 200 photographs, many drawn from the Museum's collection.

The publication led to Paddy appearing on BBC Radio Essex and the local Hospital Radio where the opportunities were taken to publicise the Museum. Articles on the book duly appeared in the 'Essex Chronicle' and 'Maldon and Burnham Standard'

If you have yet to obtain your copy please contact the Museum at 47 Mill Road, or any member of the committee, and for £9.99p a copy will be sent to you post free. All royalties from the sales of this book are to go to the Museum.

Peal Record

Guild Association Essex
 At Maldon St Mary's
 On Tuesday February 27
 A peal of Minor 720 Double Bount 1440 Plain Bob. 1440 Keel Table Bob. 1440 Oxford Table Bob. 1906
 Number of Changes 5040 Time 2 hrs. 53 minutes Weight of Tenor 13 cwt.
 Composer _____

Ringers:

<u>Treble W. George Mansfield</u>	<u>John D. Buckenham</u>
<u>Ernest C. Lambert</u>	<u>Alfred Goyzett</u>
<u>Harold J. Mansfield</u>	<u>Fred Chalk Lane</u>
_____	_____
_____	_____

Conductor C. C. Lambert

Foot Notes First peal for ringer of Treble

Peals for Assn. 2 Peals at Tower 2 Peals in Method _____ Peal Number 2

May the bells ring for the Museum in 1997

**FOUR FOUR EIGHT FOUR PRODUCTIONS
 FAMBIDGE ROAD OFFICES OF MUSEUM**

Views expressed are those of the individual contributors

E258.2002.2.1

