FRAM

The Journal of The Framlingham & District Local History & Preservation Society

Number 2 | 6th Series | October 2012

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Heir of Antiquity! - fair castle Town,
Rare spot of beauty, grandeur, and renown,
Seat of East-Anglian kings! - proud child of fame,
Hallowed by time, illustrious Framlinghame!

From: *Framlingham: a Narrative of the Castle,*
by James Bird (1831)

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FRAM

6TH Series Number 2
October 2012
Registered Charity no. 274201

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By definition the remit of the Framlingham and District Local History and Preservation Society is to address local history and local amenity issues in Framlingham, and this journal was created back in 1968 to support these core functions. Nevertheless, national and international trends and events self-evidently have significant, and at times major impact upon life in our town, and none more, perhaps, than what we still describe as The Great (rather than the First (World) War. This was explored in enthralling detail by our Society's former President, and active Society member, Richard Willcock with his lecture at a Society meeting in 2003, subsequently published in *Fram* [1] and reprinted later in this issue. Our individual understanding of our town's history and all the evidence feeding into that understanding can, and should, I feel, be informed by larger issues.

The Leeds International 1914-18 Commemoration Conference eighteen years ago particularly addressed the experience of all countries involved both as combatants and the people at home, as the Great War progressed.[2] Its proceedings were subsequently published, and one of its papers includes a prescient comment for any historian:

> ... we cannot understand the amazing staying power of the French soldier without knowing something of his frame of mind; knowledge of this is to be sought in (unpublished) accounts of personal experience written at the time, and not in accounts written long after the events they describe, for memory has distorted history to a considerable extent ...what did the men in the trenches say about what they were living through as they were experiencing it? [3]

The assertion above is endorsed (coincidentally) in Charles Ferrylough's neuroscience study, [4] subsequently reviewed earlier this year:

> ...his subsequent imagining of these places have irrevocably overwhelmed [his memories of] what he actually saw. [5]

This newspaper review has the prescient heading "Why our recall is never really total."[6]

All of this has a certain resonance with my musings in an earlier issue of *Fram* on the nature and reliability of historical evidence, when I noted that

> ...it can be all too easy to forget that that "primary source material" would itself have been created by an individual person - recorders, observers, etc. - and thus its contents and import might well have been coloured (corrupted?)[7]

What I am suggesting now is that, just as the written record may provide (intentionally or otherwise) a sanitised description of events, so actual memories of past occurrences may be distorted by nostalgia bravura or many other emotional reactions.

All of this gives an added value to the project currently in progress under the auspices of the Framlingham Photographic Society. As well as capturing images of life and events in the town, the project seeks

> ...to complement these with local people's written accounts of their personal experiences and understanding of life in our town in the year 2011 ... These need only be a paragraph or two, but would provide a valuable record for posterity.[8]

The up-to-the-minute record, verbal or written, has primacy as "primary evidence" for both the local and the national historian.

* * * * * * *

Note 1 to the article "Framlingham in the nineteenth century" in our last issue refers to

> A portrait painted on the internal wall of a ground floor room of a cottage in Castle Street ...an actual size photograph of the image is currently displayed in the Lanman Museum, Framlingham Castle.

The original image that was copied onto the wall of the cottage was in fact the painting "The Tired Soldier" by the Cornish artist John Opie. Standard reference works do not indicate that Opie ever had any association with Framlingham or, indeed, Suffolk. I am grateful to Society member Tony Martin for bringing this to my attention.

Notes:

1 R. Willcock, "Aspects of Framlingham in the First World War" in *Fram*, 4th series, no.12 (April 2005) pp.13-22
2 H. Cecil and P.H. Liddle, *Facing Armageddon: the First World War experienced* (1996)
3 S. Audoin-Rouzeau, "The French soldiers in the trenches", in Cecil, *Facing Armageddon, op.cit* p.221
4 C. Fernyhough, *Pieces of light: the new science of memory* (2012)
5 *Observer* 5.8.2012 p.38
6 Ibid.
7 *Fram*, 4th series, no.11 (December 2004) p.3
8 Ibid, 5th series, no.19 (August 2011) p.3

ASPECTS OF FRAMLINGHAM IN THE FIRST WORLD WAR

By Richard Willcock

War was declared on Tuesday 4th August 1914.[1] In John Bridges' pictorial history of Framlingham around the turn of the twentieth century, there is a splendid photograph taken the very next day, of the Framlingham Company of the 4th (Territorial) Battalion the Suffolk Regiment on parade at Framlingham station under the command of thirty-three year-old Captain E. P. Clarke.[2] Among the other officers present were Lieutenant Hubert Ling and Surgeon Lieutenant Jeaffreson. There was no obligation on Territorials to serve overseas: nearly all (90%) of the Framlingham Company had agreed to do so, nevertheless.

At that time, the Territorials were not taken seriously. They were known as Saturday-night soldiers, who liked nothing so much as impressing the girls with their uniforms. Now, smartly turned out, they marched to the station behind the Territorial Band, followed by a group of grown-ups and children. Perfectly drilled, the Territorials fired a salute with their Lee-Enfield rifles before departing, a rousing speech of Shakespearean proportions by Alfred Pretty of Framlingham College ringing in their ears. He had congratulated them on the privilege to be called forth in the hour of their country's need to defend all that they called most sacred – "their Country and their Homes" – and had urged them to quit themselves like men.[3] Their first taste of action was to come in the Spring of 1915 at the Battle of Neuve Chapelle in the coalfields of northern France.

What kind of town (and nation, even) were they leaving behind? Were we to be transported back nine decades to the Framlingham of 1914, we should find much to make us feel at home: the Market Hill and the Guild Hall, Well Close Square and Riverside; the town dominated by three buildings of considerable grandeur, two ancient, one modern – the Castle, the Parish Church of St. Michael, and, more recent, the College. And the people: the same family names as today; the Durrants, the Scotchmers, the Mayhews, the Manns, and so on. There are a few who have childhood memories of that time, and many more who have had stories handed down to them.

Amid familiar landmarks we would not get lost.[4] We would even be able to purchase our groceries at Carleys, same shop (more or less) on the same site. But the differences would manifest themselves immediately we took our purses out; bacon at 1s a pound and eggs 1d each. At the bakers a four pound loaf of bread cost 5d, and at the butchers a pound of meat between 6d and 8d. Against that, however, the average wage for the agricultural labourer was less than £75 per year. Mrs. E. Stopher of Dennington won a competition on how to keep a family comprising husband, wife and five children between one and twelve years old on 18s a week. Whether she actually put her proposals into practice, we are not told. If she did, then of the 11s and twopence-halfpenny budgeted for food, 4s went on flour alone.[5]

Framlingham as a place was set in a highly stratified society. Britain in 1914, claims Jay Winter, Professor of History at Yale, and formerly of Pembroke College, Cambridge, was the most inegalitarian society in Europe west of Russia. That takes some swallowing, but the inequalities of income were quite breathtaking. Leaving to one side for the moment the Duchess of Hamilton and her son-in-law and daughter, the Marquis and Marchioness of Graham (Easton was one of their smaller estates), Framlingham had no aristocratic associations. The Lords of the Manor and owners of the Castle, the Master and Fellows of Pembroke College, were of course non-resident, and visited infrequently. They appointed the Rector[6] who in 1914 had an income of £1,500 a year, making him the richest man in

Framlingham by some margin. His successor, the saintly Canon Lanchester, Rector from 1917 to 1947, who died in 1948, could afford at the Rectory two outdoor servants and two indoor servants. Even today in the largely unexplored territory which is the Rectory garden of two acres or so, occasionally in the undergrowth you come across vestiges of former terraces and plantations. The Rector in 1914, the Reverend James Hulme Pilkington, chaired (among other offices) the Parish Council (later to be known as the Town Council)[7] and had done so for years. His successor continued the tradition (not by automatic succession, but it seemed pretty much like it!).

The middle class – the doctors of Framlingham, like Jeaffreson[8], and lawyers like Ling, and merchants like Clarke – would earn about £340 a year on average (but I speculate: there is no knowing what they did actually earn; it could well have been much more), and have one or two servants. To this class belonged also the prosperous businessmen, and the shopkeepers like John Self and James Carley, and engineers like A. G. Potter, and brewers like John Page of Yew Tree House by the Castle Pond.

Farmers were an unclassifiable group ranging from working class in some instances through to gentry in others. The countryside was suffering from an agricultural depression which had begun in the 1870s, taking with it some of the most able of its people to the colonies and the Americas, and would last until the beginning of the Second World War. The population of the town had declined from 3,592 in the 1851 Census to 2,400 in 1914 (though the 1851 figure is undoubtedly inflated since the Census was taken on Mothering Sunday, when families were more likely to be back under the same roof at least for that day). Food production was poor. On the eve of war, the nation depended on imports for 80% of its wheat and 40% of its meat.

Routine Parish Council business in Framlingham meant, for example, having the wheeled bier at the cemetery painted and varnished on acceptance of a quotation of 35/- from Moores. It meant negotiating with the Gas Company over the cost of the town supply. It meant dealing with frequent complaints about the pump on College Road. Framlingham's water supply came from the pumps, from private wells and from ponds. The residents of College Road were convinced that they were being poisoned. They wanted to know from the public analyst if the bicarbonate of iron, present in large quantities, was attributable to the metal in the pump or to the water itself.[9] The result, which relieved the residents, but did not satisfy them, was that the iron content was natural to the water, and therefore harmless (?).

Concerns about health were high on everyone's agenda, and not just the Council's. It was only a few years since the Medical Officer of Health for Ipswich had stopped in its tracks the last attack of bubonic plague to be reported in Britain.[10] While the nation's housing was on the whole bad, the health of the population had improved over the last decade. Child and infant mortality rates had declined considerably, partly due no doubt to the innovation of free school meals and free school medical services.

Nurse Shepherd was a regular visitor to the Sir Robert Hitcham School, usually to deal with verminous heads. This seemed to have been a concern more of the Girls' Department than of the Boys' Department, whether because the girls with their longer hair were more likely to attract nits than the boys, or because the teacher in charge of the Girls' Department was more concerned about hygiene than her senior colleague in the Boys' Department, we shall never know. On September 29th 1914, Dr. Kerr, the local Medical Officer of Health, closed the school because of an outbreak of scarlet fever. It re-opened after two months. In 1915 it was closed for another two months; and again for nearly a month in 1917, all because of scarlet fever. The Junior Department's registers show that two pupils died during the War, one of

them in the 1915 scarlet fever outbreak, and two after the War, within days of each other, in May 1919.[11]

For the majority of children who did not go on to Framlingham College or Mills Grammar School, education finished at the age of fourteen, and very often earlier. Personal expectations were not high. The head teacher of the Sir Robert Hitcham School complained frequently about poor attendances, not always ascribable to winter weather. There was much absenteeism in the afternoons if the army was putting on a display, for instance, or if an entertainment was on offer at one of the churches. Choir boys from the Parish Church were routinely abstracted for special services. At other times the head teacher bowed to the inevitable and gave half-days for the children to pick blackberries, or to attend the Colt Show, or a Fete for Suffolk Prisoners of War.[12] Most contentious was absenteeism at harvest time. Each year the boys were used on the farms, the girls helping, too, by taking lunches out to the workers in the fields. The head teachers possessed neither the authority nor the social standing to oppose the farmers: children were cheap labour. Many children in effect finished their schooling well before they reached fourteen. The youngest school-leaver I have found in a random scan was Edward Cotton of Coles Green, who left school aged ten in 1912 for a labouring job.[13] During the War, Labour Certificates were issued officially allowing under-age pupils to finish their schooling early. The villains of the piece, it has been claimed, were the farmers, and also the clergy who wanted the girls as servants in the vicarage. Against such a background, it is hardly surprising that many Framlingham people regarded education as unimportant.

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Into this society war broke out in the late summer of 1914. It came almost as a relief from the domestic troubles of the nation. Ireland was in revolt with killings in Dublin and the threat of civil war between Ulstermen and Irish nationalists. Industrial unrest seemed endemic, with repeated outbreaks of serious strikes. The militant action of suffragettes caused bloodshed. Violence was very much in the air in rural areas, too, where the Union of Agricultural Workers flexed its muscles, especially at harvest time. If you add to all that, the popular culture of jingoistic music-hall songs and doggerel cries for more battleships ("We Want Eight and We Won't Wait"), you might conclude that the country consciously looked forward to war. That would be to say too much; but there can be no doubt that across the land moved a spirit which made war, when it came, intensely welcome. And to some depressed agricultural labourers, the chance to get off the land and enlist was even more welcome.

Immediate and necessary activity turned upside down the routine of country life. On the day after the Territorials left, an emergency meeting was held in the Corn Hall under the chairmanship of the Rector.[14] The matter to be considered was the needs of families in Framlingham. With no social services to speak of, and the breadwinners away at the war, how were families to survive? There was an almost spontaneous drawing together of the social classes in the town. Mr. Stocks, the Headmaster of the College, offered rooms there for families if needed; that brought applause all round the hall. That remarkable scholar and agriculturalist, Canon Abbay of Earl Soham, encouraged the use of allotments to produce cash crops, for which he would supply seeds. (This was the man who in the course of a long ministry planted apple trees in as many gardens as he could in Earl Soham, a Johnny Appleseed of East Suffolk).

Some of these charitable efforts were overtaken only two days later by the unprecedented but vital intrusion of the State. This took the form of the Defence of the Realm Act (DORA), which aimed to secure the safety of the nation from people communicating with the enemy

and to ensure the safety of all methods of communication as well. Under the Act, the railways and the docks were nationalised immediately. The Act unleashed unwittingly a flurry of spy scares. In Framlingham the Volunteers (the Great War equivalent of the Home Guard) searched the railway line for spies without success. Others, too, scented a quarry, but here, too, their hopes were dashed. Mr. A. R. Staniforth recalls being told as a child that a light flashing in the night in the vicinity of Oaks Farm had raised the suspicions of the night watchers on the tower of the Parish Church. The signals, it turned out, were caused by the opening and shutting of a back door.[15]

Under the terms of DORA, a constant stream of orders and regulations flowed from many different ministries, especially in the later stages of the War. These covered lighting, the introduction of what we now call British Summer Time, early closing, food control, censorship of the press, and the requisition of private property for military purposes. Once war had broken out, Army officers went quickly around the farms requisitioning horses in return for good money. The farmers of "Akenfield", according to Ronald Blythe, hid their best ones even so.[16]

Those of us dating from the Second World War will find nothing unusual in the sudden imposition of emergency regulations. In 1914, however, placing such power in the hands of the State was unique, the only remote precedent being the apparatus of Tudor government. In normal times the State was expected to interfere with individual liberties very little indeed. Now the Headmaster of the College could be up before the magistrates and fined (as indeed he was) because lights were showing at the College (as indeed they were).[17]

In short, DORA catapulted the Parish Council into uncharted territory. The Government, having taken draconian measures, seemed wary of using its new powers and delegated many of them to local councils. This could cause confusion, because the rules might be applied more severely in one area than in another. Street lighting had to be reduced, for instance, but specific details were left to the Parish Council under the supervision of the police. There was much disagreement in Framlingham, especially over whether the Market Hill should be lit or not. There was never a black-out by the standards of World War Two, but from the start the regulations were rigorously enforced. The Crown Hotel, for instance, was given an exemplary fine of £1 for not sufficiently shading or obscuring certain windows: the blinds had not been drawn by the required length of at least eighteen inches.[18]

For a while the quarter-hour chimes were taken off the church clock with the striking of the hour kept on.[19] To many this was a blessed relief! The carillon, in effect a giant musical box, played Home, Sweet Home, which was not only wearing out, but also getting on the nerves of a lot of people. Later the procedure was reversed, with the chimes back on, to the dismay of some, and the hour strike off. It was all something of a muddle.

Behind these regulations concerning lighting and public clocks was the fear that they might serve as navigational aids to enemy fliers. No air-raid on Framlingham was reported in the First World War, and so far as we know none occurred, though on June 22nd 1917 on the warning of an aircraft approaching, the children at the Sir Robert Hitcham School evacuated the building and went to scattered positions.[20] For some time Garrards advertised Pyrene fire extinguishers under a drawing of a Zeppelin, with the words "Be Prepared For Air Raids".

Such precautions were wise. At various times in the War, there were attacks by sea and air on towns down the East Coast, most of which went unreported in detail in the press, no doubt through censorship. Lambert mentions in retrospect that a Zeppelin had been seen over Saxmundham in April 1915, and another later in the month over Melton.[21] The authorities feared an invasion along the East Coast, the kind of thing prophesied by Erskine Childers in

Riddle of the Sands a few years earlier. John Booth has written that secret plans were drawn up by the civil and military authorities for the evacuation of the whole area, including Framlingham.[22] One of the earliest indications of danger had been the severe (and unreported) raid by German ships on the naval base at Harwich very early in the War. The dead of both sides are buried in the churchyard at Shotley.

The fear of invasion helps to explain why the Volunteers, under the command of Captain Stocks of the College, were inspected at regular intervals by very senior officers indeed, including General Sir Horace Smith Dorrien and Field Marshal Sir John French (both, it should be said, after they had been relieved of their commands in France). There was even talk of the Volunteers being paid, or at least given compensation, for loss of pay from work, and throughout these years an occasional background noise of rumbling reminded the citizens of Framlingham that there was a war on. The dull, distant thudding was not firing practice along the coast but the real thing; the sound of the artillery in Flanders and on the Somme. At times the War seemed very close.

So far as enlistment into the services was concerned, the issue arose should that be voluntary, as tradition had it, or should it be by conscription? It was a question which went to the heart of a liberal society: John Bull was a free man. While both France and Germany had large conscripted armies, the British had depended on a small regular army, the very existence of which had to be voted on annually by Parliament, such was the fear of standing armies after the experience of Cromwell's Republic more than 250 years earlier. The Liberal Government of Asquith relied on volunteers to respond to the pointing finger of Lord Kitchener at every street corner and his unequivocal message that "Your Country Needs You", and hoped that would do the trick. It did not. No-one could have foreseen the appetite of the monster of war. From Framlingham, the regulars went into action immediately with their regiments or their ships; the reservists rejoined the colours; the Territorials quickly moved they knew not where. A month after the declaration of war, a thousand people attended a recruitment meeting in the Corn Hall. Sergeant Finch of the Constabulary was put in charge of recruitment. In four months fifty volunteers had come forward, with the names of those who had volunteered listed each week in the newspaper. The Harveys had four sons serving, the Girlings in College Road six. Speakers at recruitment meetings deployed the carrot and stick: Framlingham had responded magnificently; and yet it had not done enough.[23] The pressure to volunteer was immense; recruitment meetings, reports of the sacrifices of those at the Front, the return of those on leave, the sight of the mutilated, the insistence of public opinion. Down in Essex, the Vicar of Great Leighs reported resentment among farm labourers at the young ladies from the big houses urging them to volunteer. Their response was "We'll go when we like or when we are ordered".[24] It would have been the same in Framlingham. Conscription, when it finally arrived, was a relief: you knew where you stood then.

The clergy of the town were present at that recruiting meeting attended by a thousand, which was chaired by the Rector. The Bishop of the Diocese addressed a similar meeting in Framlingham in July 1915, when the 4th Suffolks were home on leave after their baptism of fire at Neuve Chapelle. John Self, probably the most influential man in Framlingham and a pillar of the United Methodist Church, appealed for recruits at a service at the Parish Church, using the occasion to emphasise the unanimity between the Established Church and the Free Church on this issue.

Once the Government had finally decided on full conscription in May 1916, the other side of that coin, conscientious objection, was revealed. It was a most unpopular cause, and those who espoused it attracted considerable odium. Even so, some in Framlingham defended the right to conscientious objection. In 1917 the United Methodist Circuit in Framlingham, John Self's Circuit, passed a unanimous resolution calling for the immediate release of all

"absolutists" from prison. Absolutists were conscientious objectors who refused to take part in any project which might be seen as furthering the war effort, like service in a non-combatant corps, for instance, or ambulance work. Whatever your views on conscientious objection, the Methodists took a brave stand. I am indebted to Elizabeth Watthews of the Ipswich Methodist Circuit for this information.[25] Miss Lucy Tagart of Bedfield and Framlingham Unitarians was an active supporter of conscientious objectors, and after the War gave protection to them in the cottages of her property in Bedfield: they needed it![26] (One, Alan Snowling, was the father of Beatrice "Nobby" Snowling, who as Beatrice Williams became a teacher at the High School).

I have uncovered disappointingly little material from the churches of Framlingham for this period. They were on good terms and worked together and held united services, which included the Unitarians. Throughout the War they offered prayers for those who were serving (the Rector expressed his sadness that not more people attended these services at the Parish Church), bewailed the dreadfulness of war, offered solace to the bereaved, and maintained the right to fight evil and pursue good. The churches undertook good works in playing host to detachments of the Royal Field Artillery and the Bedfordshire Yeomanry, which were based in the town for periods. The United Methodist Church gave the YMCA a room in Albert Place, where soldiers could relax with notepaper, envelopes, literature and refreshments twenty-four hours a day.[27]

The town benefited from the presence of the soldiers. There were military displays, dances at the Assembly Hall and St. Michael's Rooms, concerts, a boxing tournament, and even a Pierrot Show. The soldiers were very popular. Romance was in the air, and at least one marriage was solemnised (there may well have been more). None of this goodwill prevented the Council from charging the RFA encamped in Gun Park for repairs to Jeaffreson's Well after they had sensibly attached a steam engine to it to make the drawing of water rather easier; Baldrys got the work. The popularity of the soldiers was a problem to Miss Fisher, Headmistress of Mills Grammar School. She was sufficiently concerned to draft a letter to parents about the conduct of their daughters with soldiers in public places.[28]

By the end of 1915 Framlingham had its first woman postman. It is still a moot point whether the employment of women in men's jobs brought about votes for women and the opening of wider opportunities in employment, or merely accelerated a process which was happening already. Until conscription came in, there were few opportunities for women to take over men's jobs. And, as far as one can gather, the demand for female labour in agriculture was not very great until later in the War. In these parts, farmers preferred to hire the cheap labour of schoolchildren rather than pay adult wages to women workers. Nevertheless, one cannot overestimate the desire of women to contribute to the war effort with an enthusiasm equal to that of their menfolk. On the domestic front, this manifested itself at first in two traditional responses: bandaging and knitting. Girls bandaged and unbandaged their reluctant brothers. Women knitted socks, mitts and balaclavas at every opportunity.[29]

One former pupil of Mills Grammar School wrote in the school magazine about her work on the land. Though a farmer's daughter, she found her parents shocked that she should make such a decision. The farmer she worked for set her to digging up docks, cheerfully explaining that unless she got the whole root out, she was wasting her time. It was hard work. At harvest by trial and error she learned how to work with horses, how to "drive away", and how to get a wagon through a gateway without touching the posts. Her sense of achievement was palpable.[30]

The War also saw the flowering of private charity. Foremost in Framlingham was the work of the Red Cross, its local flagship being the Hospital at Easton, with the Duchess of Hamilton its Commandant. In 1916 the annual Red Cross Sale took over from the abandoned Whit Week Gala. It began with a farmers' sale, and continued over several days with a concert in the Assembly Hall, a house-to-house collection, the Duchess's own stall on the Market Hill, a Sports Day, and a film show.[31]

From the Red Cross Hospital issued a regular stream of information. One wounded soldier reported that when he heard that he was to convalesce at Easton, his mates told him what a lucky beggar he was. It was, he said, "a haven of rest". New arrivals were welcomed by the Duchess in person. The nurses spent much of their time scrubbing the place clean. Our wounded soldier was incredulous. These were the daughters of the country gentry, he exclaimed, and would never have done anything like that in their lives before.[32]

A Red Cross nurse from the Mills Grammar School, identified by John Hibberd as Kathleen Moakson, wrote from a hospital in Oxford. She spoke of her terror at being left on night duty on her own on a ward of sixty-four beds. She was convinced the men would play her up. And sure enough, when she put the lights out at 9 p.m. they started whistling and talking. "Boys", she pleaded, "be sports", and they stopped at once, apart from one ribald spirit who started whistling again, but his mates quickly shut him up. She never had any trouble again. Much of her duty comprised sweeping and dusting, scrubbing, boiling instruments and doing dressings. One is struck by the absolute priority in nursing given to defeating infection by constant scrubbing and cleaning. However, work had its sad side, especially when a patient they think is going to recover "slips through our fingers", as she puts it. "They speak very little of what they have gone through", she reports, "and if they do they joke about it. Whether this cheerfulness is assumed or natural I have not yet been able to discover, but I have noticed it again and again".[33] A young lady wise beyond her years.

Any detailed description of the War at the Front lies beyond the scope of this paper. I wish we had the time to examine the contribution of former pupils of Framlingham College. The names are recorded of 950 old boys who served. Of those, 138 and four masters perished.[33A] Three old boys won the Victoria Cross, a truly heroic achievement. The College Register itself gives a tantalising snapshot of a public school in the colonial tradition, sending its sons to all corners of the Empire, and drawing them back, as it were, in 1914. During the War, Framlingham people would know only of those College pupils who came from the town, such as Robert Brunger.

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We left the Framlingham Territorials on their way to France in 1914. To speak of them undergoing a baptism of fire is not to overstate the case. Neuve Chapelle was a botched enterprise, relieved only by conspicuous gallantry. Even so, the experiences of the battalion in the Somme battlefield were far, far worse. After the middle of 1916 there was scarcely a family untouched by death or mutilation. While the newspapers were prevented from carrying details of the horror of the fighting at the Front, they did publish casualty figures which induced a sorrow of their own. So there was relief at seeing familiar faces returned on leave from the fighting: Herbert Bonney from the bakery in Well Close Square looking well; Robert Brunger, robust; anxiety when it was reported that he was suffering from pneumonia; joy that he recovered. Brunger, aged twenty-one when the War started, was a local hero. Another was Private Scoggins. His career was followed up to Company Sergeant Major and an award of the Military Medal. He was the son of Mrs. Jarvis Scoggins of Well Close Square. Sergeant Major Tom Packard, brother of Mrs. Kerridge of Fairfield Road, was

promoted into the commissioned ranks, which was taken as evidence of upward social movement.[34]

A dinner was held at the Crown in late October 1916 to celebrate Robert Brunger's award of the DSO. It was a grand affair. Thirty guests assembled with Robert Nesling, farmer and East Suffolk County Councillor, in the chair. In presenting Brunger with a pair of binoculars, he confessed that he knew little of how he had won his DSO, because Robert in his modesty had not told anyone. In reply, Brunger declared briefly that if he could break his medal into a million pieces he would, and give one to each British soldier fighting in the War, so gallant were they all. The Rector, James Hulme Pilkington, proposing the toast of the Armed Forces, began by making the point that it was difficult to be brief on such a topic. It was a difficulty he was unable, or unwilling, to overcome, as he settled into a eulogy on the Army and Navy, first quoting from Homer and Livy before moving on to Alfred the Great, Shakespeare, Grenville of the Revenge, Nelson at Trafalgar, Hearts of Oak, Rule Britannia, and even W. S. Gilbert. The evening ended with songs from F. W. Stocks, Aubrey Wicks, Robert Brunger's father, A. G. Potter, and others.[35] It was an occasion of charm with the older generation of Framlingham saluting one of its sons.

Such jollification was much needed. It is not easy to judge the mood of a nation or a town. But as the war ground on relentlessly, one can sense a cloud of weariness and numbness descended on Framlingham. Soldiers on leave brought home stories of narrow escapes. It must have been hard to go back: there was at least one instance of a man (unnamed) having to be returned to his unit under military escort. In John Bridges' pictorial history, next to the photograph of the Territorials firing their salute before departing, is another of later volunteers (or perhaps conscripts, or perhaps of men returning to their units) being seen off from the station. It reveals an altogether more sombre scene: a crowd jostling on the platform, heads leaning out of the carriage windows, but no smiling.[36]

Messages arrived from the wounded: from Private Herbert Etheridge, now in Norwich Hospital, that though injured in his hands and legs he looked forward to being home soon.[37] Word came of those who had suffered nervous breakdowns: the term shell-shock entered the language. After the major battles of the Western Front the trickle of news of casualties and losses became a stream. Often there was uncertainty about whether someone was dead or alive. Private William Warner of Station Terrace was reported over a period of six months to be wounded, dead, and finally (and correctly) a prisoner of war.[38] One can hardly begin to imagine the anxiety, grief, and eventual relief of his family; already one son had been killed.

News accumulated of more and more men killed in action. Such information was received not with outrage but with muted resignation: yet another one gone. Bonney, Mann, Carley, Brunger, they all fell, along with the others whose names are on the War Memorial, and more. Each death was poignant, though none more than that of Edward Stannard. By craft a cabinet-maker for Dan Scase, he was for twenty-two years first a member of the Volunteers, then a Territorial. He had offered to serve in the South African War, but had been turned down on medical grounds. He fell on the Somme at the age of 41.[39] The stunned population could not find words to express what was happening to its sons. The *Framlingham Weekly News* strained after words: "sorrow has entered the home of Mr and Mrs Bloomfield of Saxtead", "this week has again brought sorrow to our town", "the decree of relentless fate".

The winter months of 1917 and 1918 were dark and hard. The Parish Council paused to remember the losses to the families of its own members or servants, and then went on to consider ever more plans for public health, street lighting, the growing of food, and so on, into 1919. Advice from Whitehall and the County Council stiffened into directives: to make land available for allotment holders in order to increase the supply of home-grown produce,

and to supply them with Scotch seed potatoes at wholesale prices. The formidable Lady Rendlesham pressed the Council to appoint a Village Food Production Committee. The intervention by Lady Rendlesham was the last straw. In a desperate response, the Councillors attempted the unconvincing diversionary tactic of claiming that food production was a matter for the War Savings Committee. It failed; they were made to take action.[40] To these burdens was added the pain of rationing. At first this was voluntary, the clergy being asked to preach self-restraint from the pulpit. When that did not work, it became compulsory; with much confusion because no-one knew how to fill in the forms. The whole thing seemed never-ending.

Prosecutions for breaking the lighting regulations seemed to increase. Standing by the Sale Yard, poor Private Charles Henlen made the mistake of striking a match to light up a cigarette right under the nose of Sergeant Mann. He was arrested immediately.[41] There seemed to be more arrests, too, for poaching and for egg thieving. Squire Chevallier of Aspall Hall, for instance, apprehended four men poaching conies. The magistrates fined them 7/3 each. How hungry were people becoming? It is not easy to know. On the one hand, in February 1917 the Government declared open season on pheasants, hares, game, even foxes: on the other, in Framlingham there were vacant allotments.

One bright feature, at least, was the achievement of the Egg Co-operative. At the Annual General Meeting in 1916 under the chairmanship of Canon Abbay, it was reported that 45,750,000 eggs had been despatched from Framlingham Station in the past year, and nearly 2,000 turkeys. The next year the Egg Co-op took over the running of all egg co-operatives in East Anglia. Thereby the most businesslike and efficient egg company in East Anglia was empowered to run the whole region using for transport the nationalised railways. Station-masters were even given good breeding strains for sale to travellers and the public at large.[42] Articles appeared in the *Framlingham Weekly News* about poultry-keeping and a course was put on at the Sir Robert Hitcham School. These are good examples of initiatives being taken by Government and County agencies under the Defence of the Realm Act.

The end of the War came almost as unexpectedly as it had begun, a revolution back in Germany precipitating the surrender of the Axis forces. In Framlingham many had been reconciled to the view that it might well go on for another year or more, so when the Armistice was announced, rejoicing was mixed with mild surprise and weary relief. It was greeted by a celebratory meet of the Hunt, which had managed to keep going throughout the War (as had the Bowls Club), a united Victory service in the Parish Church, and a worsening of the 'flu' epidemic, which was beginning to take hold.

I don't suppose we shall ever know what was going through people's minds here in those four years. We need to approach that time with humility. The past, said L. P. Hartley, is a foreign country. We are handicapped by the gift of hindsight. We know what happened, and it clouds our judgement. It was all new to them. Some have criticised, for instance, Alfred Pretty's stirring speech to the Territorials as they left Framlingham to "quit themselves like men"[43] and the part which the clergy took in recruitment meetings. We may find something distasteful about old men from the comfort of their armchairs sending young men to their deaths. Yet they could not have foreseen what lay ahead. Framlingham between 1914 and 1918 should be viewed, if we can manage it, from as near to the perspective of its own time as we can get, not through the accumulated debris of the following ninety years of brutal history.

What strikes me about those days is that you have here ordinary people thrust into most extraordinary circumstances. And as they went about their daily lives, both at home and at the Front, they coped, these ordinary people whom everyone knew – from home, from

school, from work – not with resignation, for that is too negative a word, but with quiet, stoical determination, and sometimes with spectacular heroism, all of which was a triumph of the human spirit over adversity.

Notes:

1. [This article is an edited version of the paper given by the Society's Past President at the Society's meeting on 19th November 2003. Additional notes by the Editor are enclosed in square brackets].
2. [J. Bridges, *Framlingham: portrait of a Suffolk town* (1975) [p. 26] no. 38].
3. *Framlingham Weekly News (FWN)* 8 August 1914.
4. [For a detailed evocation of the town of Framlingham a few years earlier, see A. A. Lovejoy, "Framlingham in 1900", in *Fram*, 3rd series, no. 8 (December 1999) pp. 5-26].
5. *FWN* [5 April] 1913 [quoted by W. Woodland in *Fram*, 3rd series, no. 2 (December 1997) p. 17].
6. [The Reverend James Hulme Pilkington; see also Lovejoy, *art. cit.* p. 16].
7. [B. Whitehead, "Framlingham Town Council .." in *Fram*, 4th series, no. 4 (August 2002) p. 24].
8. [See also A. A. Lovejoy, "William Jeaffreson of Framlingham 1790-1865 .." in *Fram*, 4th series, no. 8 (December 2003) pp. 8 – 15].
9. Framlingham Parish Council Minutes, 30 July 1915.
10. [See also J. and D. Black, "Plague in east Suffolk 1906-1918" in *Fram*, 3rd series, no. 10 (August 2000) pp. 7-12].
11. Sir Robert Hitcham School. Boys Department log-book; Girls Department log-book, *passim.*
12. *Ibid. passim.*
13. Sir Robert Hitcham School. Boys Department admissions register.
14. *FWN*, 8 August 1914.
15. [A. R. Staniforth, "A Country upbringing .." in *Fram*, 4th series, no. 7 (August 2003) p. 9].
16. R. Blythe, *Akenfield* .. (1972) p. 62.
17. *FWN*, 21 August 1915.
18. *Ibid.*, 4 September 1915.
19. *Ibid.*, 27 March 1915.
20. Sir Robert Hitcham School. Boys Department log-book; Girls Department log-book.
21. *Lambert's Almanac*, 1916.
22. J. Booth, *Framlingham College, the first sixty years* (1925) p. 146.
23. *FWN*, 1 May 1916 (for example).
24. A. Clark, *Echoes of the Great War* .. (1985) p. 59.
25. E. Watthews, *Methodism at War* (2003).
26. From notes by the Reverend Clifford Reed attached to a transcript of Bedfield Unitarian School Record Book, August 1916 to October 1920.
27. *FWN*, 15 September 1915.
28. J. Hibberd, *Think on these things* (2002)
29. A. Marwick, *The Deluge* (1965) p. 78.
30. *Magpie*, June 1917.
31. *FWN*, 3 June 1916.
32. *Ibid.*, 25 March 1916.
33. *Magpie*, January 1917.

33a [Booth, *op. cit.* p. 141]

34. *FWN, passim.*
35. *Ibid.*, 4 November 1916.
36. Bridges, *op. cit.* [p. 27] no. 39.
37. *FWN*, 20 March 1915.
38. *Ibid.* , 11 May 1918.
39. *Lambert's Almanac*, 1917.
40. Framlingham Parish Council, Minutes. *passim.*
41. *FWN*, 2 October 1916.
42. D. Pitcher, *All Change for Framlingham* (2002) p. 21.
43. Page 13 above.

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[Specific page references, where applicable, are given *passim* in *Notes* above].

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This is the sixth in our series of extracts from the ***Framlingham Weekly News*** *1893-1894, made available to us by John Bridges. Further parts will be appearing in subsequent issues.*

FRAMLINGHAM SIXTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

No. XI
THE WORKHOUSE

Prior to the New Poor Laws coming into force in 1836, every parish had to find its workhouse; and we learn that 65 years ago MR. WILLIAM GIRLING was the keeper or Governor of Framlingham Workhouse (succeeding MR. MARSHALL in that position) who was a weaver, and uncle to the present Mr. Mathew Girling. The Framlingham workhouse was erected under Sir Robert Hitcham's will, and was located within the Castle Walls: in fact the present Castle hall is the remains of the workhouse, which is supposed to have been built on the site of the Grand Dining hall in which royal Dukes and others once held high festive seasons. The workhouse then had two floors and was approached by a large staircase in the centre, the one turning to the right and the other to the left. The present house occupied by Mr. O'Neill was the Governor's house; and the women were located at the end nearest to this house, the men being located at the other end. The women and girls were mainly employed with spinning wheels; and the men used to be let out to the farmers of the parish. At that time there was great distress among the poor, and they had to parade at the workhouse at 10 in the morning and 2 in the afternoon to entitle them to parish relief. These parades were adopted so as to prevent their imposing on the rates; but many of them, notwithstanding they put in their double appearance, were in almost regular employment by the farmers, who took advantage of this by paying lower wages to such men. When the new Poor Law came into force (Mr. George Edwards being then Guardian) the aged poor were removed to Parham Workhouse on the North Green, and Mr. Girling, the master, was removed thither with them. Only the younger portion remained at the workhouse; but then the paupers of the newly formed Plomesgate Union all came to Framlingham during the time of the erection of the present Union House at Wickham Market. The late Mr. D. Waller carried out the alterations at the workhouse which were then found necessary under the New Act. The Castle Yard was also partitioned off with a boarded fence giving one part for the men and the other for the women, at a cost of £114. Mr. Jas. Smith , an Irishman, was then appointed the Governor. Mr Waller had all materials arising from the alterations; and the stone cottages now standing on the Sand-pit field, near the Gashouse,[1] were partially built with the old stone work, &c., pulled down. Our readers already know that large quantities of the materials arising from the pulling down the interior of the Castle under Sir Robert Hitcham's Will were carried to Southwold and houses were there erected. The old Castle stones are thus scattered far and wide. The porch of the Castle hall was erected by the late Rev. G. Attwood, rector, in 1841.

An old Framlinghamian writes:-

DEAR SIR, -I should just like to add to your interesting reminiscences of Old Framlingham, but hardly know where to begin:- In old times MR. DANIEL HART kept the Countess Wells Farm, and I well remember that we boys used to get up early to go and fetch the milk, though greatly scared by the old dreaded dog "Boxer" belonging to Mr. Miller, a farmer at Brabling Green. And I have never forgotten one wintry morning when the stars shot down with slanting light over the old Castle, and the towers seemed to nod to the moon. We had reached the Castle hills just near the ponds, when, from amongst the bushes under the window of the Castle hall, dreadful noises were heard like those which might be supposed to be made by unhappy spirits struggling to get free; and an indistinct vision appeared which could be hardly less than "Old Nick" himself. We felt our caps rise from our heads, our hair stood like bristled stakes, and we took to our heels 'till an awful groan and a bellow betrayed that it was only one of MR. FRANK BILNEY'S cows.

Many will remember the old drinking corner near the "Ash Grove," and the strict rule which we maintained amongst ourselves, that at that corner we would all drink the milk, and nowhere else.

Outside the Castle gate used to be our resort in the summer evenings, when eight or nine of us would take possession of the two niches, and some stood round, and while sitting on these would amuse ourselves by telling ghosts stories 'till in the twilight we were almost afraid to go home; several of us went round by the Market Hill sooner than pass through the Church yard, for fear of being caught up by the body snatchers.

The two ponds on the Castle hills opposite the window to the Hall were very deep, and known, the one as "the Evil" and the other as "the Itch", and we most carefully avoided them, refusing either to go on them when frozen or to wet our feet in them, being sure if we did we should catch these complaints. We were thus fortunately preserved from much muck and mischief.

We must not forget our illustrious townsman Sir H. Thompson. I well remember the old shop on the Market Hill which his father used to keep: one side for grocery and the other for drapery; and a curious looking old place it was, 'till it came out with all the glory of plate glass windows, a marvel in the neighbourhood. There I have been served by Sir Henry, and little thought how great the honour, and to what eminence he would rise. It was a great treat on melting days to go round to the back and watch the candles grow in size as they ascended slowly from, and decended into, the dipping trough.

THE MILK DOOR

When I was a boy old MR. JONATHAN WIGHTMAN used to be tenant of the Trust Farm, I think it was called the Home Farm, and, so the talk went, he was required to keep a certain number of cows, 40 to 50 it was said, to supply the poor with genuine milk at 1/2d. per pint. And well do I remember the scene which took place daily at the "old milk door", which was situate nearly opposite to where the Free Methodist Chapel is now. There were complaints even then of one law for the rich and another for the poor, for there was a side entrance to which all the influential people would send their servants, to leave their pails with the money in them on shelves all round the inside of the building. Thus the best families (if I may use the term best) were served first, whilst the poor had to take their chance of what was left, and a rare

scramble it made, for many a time we had to wait for half-an-hour in front of the old sliding door which served as a window and had to reach up four feet or more from the ground. The opening was protected by a wood railing all round, outside which the grown-up people had to stand and reach over the heads of the children who alone were allowed inside. If the old gentleman saw anyone he thought too big inside the rail he would take away his pail and make him go outside the rail before he would serve him. We used to carry small pails like house-painters use at the present. Sometimes we youngsters, being rather impatient to be served first, would push our pails right over the old man's tub of milk; he would make us pay the penalty of our indiscretion by serving all the outside customers first and then make us go outside the rail, reach as far as we could, he stretched as far as he could to take the pail, to the spilling of much milk. Our dread was that the milk would not hold out and we should be sent home without any, a not infrequent occurrence.

The remarks which were frequently made by the poorer class when they were sent away empty after the upper class had been served were strong rather than polite.

At the time I am speaking of there was a large barn standing in an enclosure on the spot where the Free Methodist Chapel now is, and the old spring pump was represented by a square bricked building."

(Published 3 March 1894)

No. XII
CARRIERS, COACHES, &C.

An inhabitant of Framlingham can now get an early breakfast, walk down to the Railway Station, take his ticket for London for 7/8, step into a comfortably cushioned carriage, and reach that city by 10.30. He can spend nearly eight hours in pleasure or business there, seeing all sorts of men and things, and at 5 p.m. he can leave the metropolis of the world and reach Framlingham again about 8.10 p.m. This experience completed in about twelve hours and a half; and then leaving ample time for an early supper or to attend a lecture or an evening's entertainment! The late GEO. EDWARDS, ESQ. used to run up to London in the morning and do his business there, returning in time for a game of bowls on the Bowling Green in the evening. It used to be his boast that he got his breakfast in Framlingham, went to London and did his business, and returned home in time to get his dinner!

There is not probably anything very striking or sensational to the minds of the present rising generation in all this. But there are older heads in Framlingham who remember a period when these facts would have been considered next to impossible and utopian! The methods and manner of travelling have undergone marvellous changes during 65 years in the history of Framlingham, and nearly all other towns as well. Even in railway travelling the comfort to-day a third class passenger can enjoy by the Great Eastern Railway was only a few decades since almost a matter beyond conception. In the early days of railway travelling open trucks were the only accommodation afforded third class passengers, and no seating provided neither: if you sat down it was upon your own box or bag. This was followed by a seated ... and covered carriage with open sides, which was considered to be a great improvement upon the "truck". But there are many who can remember the torrents of wind, rain, and dust, with feelings

even now akin to pain! Often there would be quite a scramble with the passengers for the "engine end" of these open carriages, as that portion afforded some kind of protection from the weather and dust. Then followed closed-in carriages with latticed sides; then glazed doors; and then glazed side windows! And improvements have been gradually introduced in the shape of cushioned seats, gas, foot warmers, hat racks, curtains, pictures, ventilators, &c., so that travelling by the G.E.R. is now a real comfort to the third class man and woman; and as luxurious as anyone can reasonably desire. We dare not say perfection is reached as yet. Really our discoveries and improvements in the present day are so astounding that we are led to be almost over-credulous as to what can be obtained for us in the way of comfort and speed; and nothing is therefore considered to be among the impossibilities.

Mr. Cockett, the present Guard on our Branch Line, can remember the time when tickets at Stratford, near London, had to be written out by the clerk or station-master for each passenger to his place of destination. This was the method at most stations; but the line did not then extend further than Romford. He also was one of the guards who used in the early history of railways to ride outside on the top of the break[*sic*] carriage, the "break" being then worked from the top by means of a turn screw.

Contrasting the present Liverpool Street Station with what the old station was at Bishopsgate [2] one is led to stand in awe and wonder (Suffolk people say "wholly stammed") at the great achievements of this remarkable energetic and enterprising Railway company. Liverpool St. Station now occupies over 15 acres, is lighted up with electricity, closely laid and threaded with rails, and always alive with bustling passengers on the many platforms, having over 1,000 trains in and out daily, to serve its suburban and district passengers. It may now be said to be the largest railway station in the Kingdom, and the most punctual of all lines.

The inhabitants of Framlingham of course 65 years ago took journies, although they were not a travelling people like we are to-day. They now and then paid London a visit; and this journey was then considered, well, almost equal to a visit to America of the present day in importance, and occupied nearly as long a period. There were such "good-byes", and "God bless you's", and hosts of messages and packages one had entrusted to him, which rendered a passenger a veritable *Santa Claus* in packed away valuables and missiles. And when in London he had to make it answer a hundred-and-one purposes.

Referring again to *Pigot's Directory* we learn that the following were enrolled as "Carriers". There were no coaches in Framlingham of that date! SAMUEL NOLLER lived at Debenham, and sent a wagon weekly to London, through Framlingham *via* Ashfield Swan, Debenham, Woodbridge and Ipswich. His loads were often so heavy that he had as many as six horses attached to his waggon. His freight used to be dead meat and passengers. Persons going to London would be two nights and a day on the road (think of that, young people!) Leaving Framlingham on Thursday night the passenger would be from that time on the road in the waggon until early on Saturday morning before he reached London! This meant carrying your own provisions with you and sleeping in your clothes for two nights, journey about 4 miles an hour with no end of stoppages into the bargain. However were the hours beguiled away? There are people in the town who have been such passengers. What a change they have witnessed! In the winter time the male passengers would prepare themselves for the dreary journey and cold by binding hay-bands around their legs and bodies, and the journey occupied a day and a night longer than in summer.

The journey to London in those days may be said to have been a remarkable event in more ways than one. His charge was 7/- the journey. The Bull Inn, Aldgate, used to be the place of destination. If it became known in the town (and of course it would be matter of town talk, as you had to book your place a week ahead) that an inhabitant was going to London, there were no end of messages, letters, and little parcels entrusted to such to deliver to friends in the big city; and these commissions necessitated many miles trudging about in London to execute them!

A letter by post to London in those days, under an envelope, cost 1/8. The drivers of Noller's waggon were John Gooderham and John Harvey: the latter's son lived and traded at Earl Soham as a master bricklayer. The Waggoners were both big men. There used to be quite a trade with London in packed meat such as veal, pork, beef, and mutton. In fact London was dependent on its supplies very largely by such carriers. A gang of calves' feet (four) could then be purchased for 4d., but now butchers want three times the money. The late Mr. F. Bilney, butcher, used to do a large trade with London through Noller's waggon. The waggon used to stop at the White Hart inn (now Crown and Anchor).

JOSEPH SAWYER was another carrier, and lived at Halesworth, coming through Framlingham every Tuesday, and on to Ipswich, returning every Saturday night, calling at the Queen's Head inn.

HENRY TAYLOR also hailed from Halesworth, coming through Framlingham to Ipswich every Wednesday afternoon, calling at the White Hart inn.

ROGER HART and WILLIAM SMITH were also two Halesworth carriers. - What a place Halesworth was for carriers! They came through the town every Tuesday morning for Ipswich and London. Roger Hart also proceeded to Norwich by Framlingham every Friday morning from the White Horse inn.

SAMUEL WIGHTMAN was a Framlingham man, and purchased the carrying business of one Stammers. Mr. Wightman lived in Fore Street where the late Mrs. W.D. Freeman recently lived and died. He kept on the road constantly two waggons plying between Framlingham, Woodbridge and Ipswich. He was a general carrier and conveyed most of the stocks of groceries and other commodities the traders of the town required. Most of the goods into Framlingham came by water to Woodbridge and Ipswich, thence per carrier. His son MR. ROBERT WIGHTMAN succeeded to the busines; but he ultimately gave it up and emigrated to Australia, returning again to his native town as a well-to-do man from the gold diggings. He lived and died at the house now owned by Mr. J. Fairweather, coal merchant.

WILLIAM MEEN used also to pass through the town from Stradbroke to Ipswich and back to Norwich. His son William is now carrier along the same route, and is the only one who is representative of all the foregoing carriers.

NICHOLAS HOLMES, lived up "Horn Hill" [3] (it was then called), and he used to drive a pair of splendid black horses and van to London twice a week. His stopping place was at Mrs. Nelson's, in Aldersgate Street; and his charge per full-grown passenger was 6s. each way, including luggage. He did a lot of business in parcels, packages, and passengers, and continued the trade for several years; but it ultimately proved unremunerative, and he gave it up after the railway communication between London and Ipswich. Charles English was his man and driver.

HOLGATE HILL [4] was always a bad spot in the journey for all carriers and others; and oftentimes horses would completely knock up on the return journey at this hill. It has been know that men have had to resort to the extremity of holding a lighted piece of paper or stick to a horse, to get it up this bad hill! The hill was taken down in 1845,

during the Surveyorship of the late Mr. Jesse Wightman. Many heavily laden carriages had to be helped up this hill by borrowing horses of fellow travellers. It was one of the grand sights of Wombell's Menagerie to witness them fetch the carriages up this hill by harnessing on sometimes twelve to fourteen horses to a single carriage.
[ADDENDUM. - Our readers will learn that whatever house might have borne in later years the sign of "The Griffin Inn", there can be no room for doubt that the house and premises now owned by Mr. S.G. Carley were, in 1701 "The Griffin Inn", for according to *Green's History of Framlingham*, it is stated that "Richard Porter gave eighteen two penny loaves to be weekly delivered", &c., to be paid by the tenant of the Griffin Inn, belonging to him. Mr. S.G. Carley knows to his weekly cost that the said Griffin Inn was originally the very premises now owned by him. Undoubtedly in later years, when the old Griffin Inn was converted into a business house, then the sign and license of the Griffin Inn was transferred to the premises now held by Mr. Geo. Jude. So both contentions are right as to fact, but not as to time.]
[In reference to the "Milk Door", we are informed that one of the milk maids who used to milk old Jonathan Wightman's cows - some 20 in number - was a Mrs. Newson, mother of the present Mrs. James Hammond, in College Road. She started on her work at 5 o'clock in the morning, walking through snow and wet to the barn standing at the foot of the College grounds, for which duty she received the munificent reward of three-halfpenny worth of milk! At night the same duties were performed, for the same extraordinary reward! In summer time the cows used to be milked night and morning in the Pightle (now Mr. Preston's Sale Yard) then called the milking pightle. The race of dairymaids may well have disappeared if such was their general treatment. She had Mr. Wightman's maid to help her - giving 10 cows a-piece if the work was equally divided. The milk was then taken to the "Milk Door", and sold as described last week. It used to be one of the pastimes of mischievous boys to secrete themselves and throw stones at the cows being milked, in order to see them turn the milk over.]
[It has been intimated to us that the flint cottages, now owned by Mrs. Marjoram, situate in College Road, were 65 years ago used as a beer-house, which was owned and kept by Mr. Nicholas Holmes, carrier. It was not, however, for many years so used.]

(Published 10 March 1894)

No. XIII
THE UNION COACHES

In continuing the subject of travelling, commenced in our last, we would state that the "Union Coaches" were put on the road at a later period - about 1838-9, by Mr. SAMUEL BLOSS, landlord of the Crown and Anchor Inn. Till then, those who wanted to get to London quicker than the waggons and vans would afford, were under the necessity of going early in the morning to Wickham Market, to catch the Yarmouth to London Coaches, reaching London at night. Thus to visit London even by this quick means, the journey thither, the time occupied in business, and time of return home, would at least occupy *three days*! An old inhabitant told us the other day that, when a youth, he had to walk to Wickham Market to "book" his sister as a passenger to London, and pay a sovereign down for the fare, at the White Hart Inn.

This had to be done some two or three days previously to the required journey. Then when the day arrived he again walked with his sister to Wickham Market, and saw her off amid wind and snow, an outside passenger, the coachman the while expecting another shilling as his fee for looking after her luggage! Surely these were days of travelling under difficulties and hardships, and costly journies too! But Mr. S. FRUER of this town, threw his energies into working up a Company, to guarantee a connecting link between Framlingham, Ipswich, Halesworth, and Norwich. And Mr. S. BLOSS undertook to horse the coaches as far as Wickham Market on the one side, and Peasenhall on the other. ROBERT KEEN was one of the first drivers, with JOHN PUNCHARD, and CHARLES ROPER. These coaches ran for some ten or twelve years; but did not prove a paying speculation. We remember on one occasion the horses starting off with the coach without a driver from the Crown and Anchor Lane (the father of Mr. Oliver Watson then being ostler), where they had just been re-horsed. Two or three lady passengers were on the top outside, and their shrieks so startled the horses that to catch up to them was next to impossible. When near the Stone Cottages at Broadwater, a man named Henry Fuller, realising the dangerous predicament the winding bridge close at hand presented, jumped at one of the horse's heads and succeeded in stopping them. He was dangerously injured by being dragged some distance on the ground, and one of the horses had to be killed from the injuries sustained. His widow is still living in the town; and he who outlived this accident died by the stab of a thorn in the hand! Such are the uncertainties of life!

The next order of travelling was by JOHN BARTHROPP driving a pair-horse carriage to Wickham Market and back; but this regime was of short-lived duration.

JOHN PUNCHARD in after years retired to Framlingham, living with his sister, the late Mrs. Lee, in Double Street (then Mrs. Aldous), whose first husband (Geo. Lee) was a whitesmith, carrying on business in the warehouse now occupied by Mr. Wm. Barker, in the Crown and Anchor Lane. There George Lee shot himself in the mouth during the night, and was found dead the next morning. Poor old Punchard also ended his life by cutting his throat.

PRINTERS, BOOKSELLERS, &c.

The inhabitants of Framlingham 85 years ago had only one newspaper - *The Ipswich Journal* - to enlighten them on public matters; and even in later years when *The Suffolk Chronicle*, and *Ipswich Express* were published, the neighbourhood was largely dependent upon Mr. Booth (father of the present Mr. G. Booth), driving over from Woodbridge with the copies early on Saturday morning.

We have learned that Mr. JOHN LUDBROOK was the first man to dabble in printing in the town. We have a specimen of Mr. Ludbrook's printing lent to us, which will be exhibited in Mr. Lambert's shop window for a few days. It is dated 1821, and is therefore 73 years old. (It is a good study in spelling, and also from a printer's stand point.) John was a ringer; and composed the following:-

The 21st instant was the birth of the King,
At six in the morning they began for to ring;
By ten o' the clock old *Tommy got drunk,
When from the ales foot he cunningly slunk.
CHORUS - The next ringing job five shillings I lay,
The parish 'll think fit to lessen our pay. *Tom Bolton

We have previously stated the John did not live with his wife, but had Maria Copping for his house-keeper. When 'Ria wanted money and John had none to give, he always resorted to his bass fiddle, and drawing his bow across the strings sang the following verse of Watts:-

> Far from my thoughts vain world begone,
> Let my religious hours alone.

'Ria always knew what that meant, and, like a sensible woman, kept quiet: for he always gave her cash when he had it.

Mr. WM. KING bought over his type, &c.; but this was on a very small scale. He was quickly followed by Mr. RICHARD GREEN setting up the printing, bookselling, and stationery business, in a portion of the premises now held by Mr. G. Jude, which has been part of the Griffin Inn, and adjoined the shop held by Mr. Hy. Thompson. The Printing Office was located in the shoemaker's shop, now held by Mr. Hy. Coleman. Mr. Green had been in the office of Mr. Clubbe, solicitor, as his principal clerk, and his clear and well-defined calligraphy, as seen in many documents of that date, is admired to this day. He afterwards removed (1833), to the premises now occupied by Mrs. Robins, in Church Street, and which had been a butcher's shop. Mr. Green sprang from Islington, London, and married Miss Howlett, of this town, who then lived at the shop now occupied by Mr. G. Fisk. There were two daughters and a son born to them, the son dying in his young days. Miss L. M. Green (daughter), is still living (retired) in the town. Mr. Green was quite an antiquarian in tastes; and in 1833 he published by subscription "The History of Framlingham", a volume of 272 pages, showing great researches, and collecting together much local information, which a work of reference and highly valued to-day. The copyright was purchased and is held by Mr. R. Lambert, printer, who has still on sale about half-a-dozen copies of the original issue of this valuable history. In later years Mr. Green also published *The Stranger's Guide to Framlingham*, which is of less pretentions than the previously named work. This has run into several editions, and Mr. Lambert also purchased the copyright of the above work. Mr. Green was a staunch Liberal in politics, a very conscientious man of business, of very slender physical build, and he died at the good age of 84 years. His nightly visits to the Crown Hotel were greatly appreciated by his compeers, for his lucid and liberal conversations and contentions. For many years there was affixed in his shop a quaintly carved coat-of-arms, painted in colours, probably executed in commemoration of the marriage of John Mowbray (Duke of Norfolk), with Elizabeth, daughter of John Talbot, first Earl of Shrewsbury; but this was sold in recent years to the Duke of Norfolk. Lady Manners had also tried to purchase it previously, but the owner (Miss Green) at that time did not care to part with it. This printing plant was purchased by Mr. R. Lambert, who served his apprenticeship with the late Mr. Green, which, together with a portion of the following plant referred to, is the only printing plant in the town.

WILLIAM DOVE FREEMAN very shortly after added a second plant, and carried on the business of a printer, stationer, and bookseller, for many years, until his death, in Double Street. The widow carried it on for a short time, then her nephew took it; but he also dying, the plant was dispersed by auction. Mr. Freeman left no issue, was a Liberal in politics, a member of the Unitarian Chapel, Secretary of the Gas Company, Secretary of the Framlingham Provident Society, Parish Clerk, and Secretary of the

Framlingham Savings' Bank. Subsequently Mr. R. Lambert carried on his printing business on the premises of some years.
About fifty years ago Mr. J. A. GARLETT started as a bookseller, on the Market Hill, in Mr. Green's old shop, and printed on commission. Later still, Mr. R. LAY (late in the employ of Mr. W.D. Freeman), purchased a small printing plant, and commenced business at the rear of the shop now occupied by Mr. D. Scase. This proved a failure; and was sold to go into Wales. There was therefore at one time three printing plants in the town.

FISHMONGERS

HENRY SMITH, better known as "Noller" Smith, carried on business in the house next to Mr. Gibbs, confectioner, in Fore Street. He moved into the house now occupied by Mrs. Warne, in Castle Street, from whence he moved again into Fore Street to the premises now occupied by Mr. John Fisk, coal merchant. He did in his way a large business, and served all the gentry round this neighbourhood as far as Debenham with fish. He got his supplies from Aldeburgh, whither he drove several times in the week. At his death the business dropped. His son Henry Smith carried on a similar business in Woodbridge. Later his other son, George Smith, commenced the same business in the house now occupied by Mr. Thurston, hairdresser, on the Market Hill, from whence he moved to Woodbridge, and took his brother's business.
SUSAN SHIP did a fish trade in a house which stood on the site of Mr. E. Middleton's warehouse, Market Hill. She hawked her fish about the town and so picked up a living. Her name over her door had the painting of a fish on it, being a remnant of the old trade signs which had been so long in vogue.

FEMALE INDUSTRIES

ANN DOUGHT LEEK, straw hat maker, carried on her business in the house now occupied by Mr. Herbert Miller by the Mill Bridge. Her's was a business of limited connexion; and she was sister to Spencer Leek, confectioner. Her father - Stephen Leek - was head constable of the town.
SARAH NEWSON, stay maker, lived and carried on business in the house now occupied by Mr. Merritt, in Double Street. She had several apprentices pass under her tuition, and she did a fair trade in these instruments of bodily torture.
MARY ELIZABETH WHAYMAN, milliner, &c., conducted her business at the first end of the premises occupied by Mr. Balls, tobacconist, in Bridge Street. She shortly after married "Major" Wright, schoolmaster, who was conductor of the old Volunteer band. No issue is left behind in the town.
RIVERS, ELIZA, milliner and dressmaker, lived in Double Street in the house next door to Mr. Drane, fruiterer, and employed several apprentices, doing a good trade. She was sister to the present John Rivers, late of Pitman's Grove.
We have previously noticed Miss Elizabeth Barker, and the schoolmistresses. These comprise the total businesses carried on by females.

(Published 17 March 1894)

Editor's Notes

1. The "Gashouse" was in College Road, on the left going out of town. The site itself remains undeveloped.

2. The "old station" at Bishopsgate became Bishopsgate Goods Station on Shoreditch High Street.

3. "Horn Hill" *ie* College Road

4. "Holgate Hill" *ie* Mount Pleasant.

"History is five minutes ago"

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