

# Lexden History Group

## Coronation Day 1952



- Coronation Day Memories
- Memories of Living and Working in Crouch Street
- Plaque Tales from the Avenue of Remembrance  
- The Munson Boys

**Newsletter No 49 – June 2018**  
**Website [www.lexdenhistory.org.uk](http://www.lexdenhistory.org.uk)**

**Meetings are held on the 2<sup>nd</sup> Wednesday of each month at 7.45pm in St Leonard's Church Hall, Lexden, except August when there is no meeting.  
Entry £1 for members, £3 for non-members, refreshments included.  
Annual membership £15 for single person; £20 for a family living at the same address.**

# Coronation Day Memories

## Kerry Harris

In 1953 I was a 14 year old Senior Scout and, as a Queen's Scout, I was lucky enough to be chosen to sell programmes (*right*) at the Queen's Coronation.

Early on the morning of 2<sup>nd</sup> June dressed in my smartly pressed scout uniform, complete with shorts, shirt, scarf, woggle and 'mounty' style hat, I travelled from Leytonstone on the Central Line to Westminster where we were to meet to be allocated our positions on the route.

I was fortunate to be allocated a position outside the West Door of Westminster Abbey opposite which a whole bank of elevated seats had been erected for those visitors lucky enough to acquire tickets for this prime position.

I, complete with my stock of programmes, was allowed to move up and down the stairs and along the rows to sell programmes to visitors from all over the world ... and they all wanted to buy one. I had to return to base many times to replenish my stock as they were selling out so fast.



As an accredited programme seller (*badge left*) I had police permission to move anywhere in front of the barriers and had a 'front row position' to see all the royalty and aristocracy making their way through the West Door to their seats inside.

As one might imagine, it was one of the most memorable experiences of my young life, and all thanks to the Boy Scouts.

## Carol Holding

In February 1952 my class at primary school was just coming in from the playing fields when we were met by the headmaster to say that the king was dead. It was the first time we had seen a teacher cry and realised it should be a solemnity but it seemed a bit unreal nevertheless.

The following year Tim and I were at a Quaker boarding school in Sidcot, Somerset and there was much talk everywhere of the new Elizabethan Age. The School planned to celebrate by giving the staff and pupils a day off from regular work and a sports day was arranged between us and the village, followed by a special tea.

We were allowed to have a half hour lie in and then breakfasted on fried eggs. At 10am we had our usual break except we had cocoa, 'Penguin' biscuits, crisps or sandwiches and a slice of special Coronation cake. Fifteen minutes later the entire school (more than 200 of us) watched the first part of the celebrations on two tiny hired televisions; the seniors in the School Hall and the juniors in the Common Rooms. We saw the drive to Westminster Abbey and the ceremonies and sacred rituals of the Coronation service. I don't know how much detail we took in but it was





## Coronation Day - continued

all very exciting. When this ended at 2pm we had a picnic lunch in our form rooms.

From 2.20pm we watched the Military processions through London, followed by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh in the State Coach and at 4.30pm we had tea and were told what we were going to do for the rest of the day. At 5.40pm we watched the Queen and members of the Royal Family on the balcony of Buckingham Palace when she took the RAF salute. When television had finished we joined the village celebrations, including sports, on the recreation ground. The school won many souvenir prizes. It was cold and drizzly but we enjoyed the community singing and then listened to speeches by Sir Winston Churchill and the Queen. In the evening we had a dance and a walk up the hill above the school for a torch light procession.

At 9.45pm everyone, including the masters' families and domestic staff, met in the boys' shed for a delicious supper when we toasted the Queen in various cordials. Then we gathered on the girls' playground, which had been lit for the occasion, and square danced until 11pm when we went into the play-room to escape the rain. There we enjoyed ballroom dancing with many prizes - mostly sweets and chocolate - and during different dances we were showered with toffees, balloons, streamers and whistles, which caused chaos until midnight (unheard of at a school dance) when we all sang "Auld Lang Syne" and cheered.

We made our way to the school dining room and enjoyed tomato soup before we went to bed. I remember our long suffering matron the next day showing us how to remove spilled wax from our clothes by putting brown paper over the splashes and ironing them. (very effective)

What a memorable day!

PS Both Carol and Tim Holding were at the same school. It was also noted in their school magazine at that time that "Timothy Holding, perhaps because he is young, paints with no other influence except his own good taste and lively observation."

### **Stan Kordys**

It was a damp, overcast day in Gateshead but there were street parties in most of the area in which I lived. Tables were covered with cakes, blancmange and jellies (mostly red or orange) and there were lots of red, white and blue flags and bunting. The local Saltwell Park had built a large Maypole, around which the children danced. I was encouraged by grandparents to listen to the Coronation on the wireless - we did not have a TV. This was very boring for a nine year old but eventually I managed to escape from the house for a game of marbles in the front street with my best friend, Gordon. Apart from the jelly and cakes, this was the best part of the day.

### **Dick Barton**

I spent my Coronation Day on National Service as a Sergeant Instructor at Colchester's No. 18 Army Education Centre in Le Cateau Barracks. Most Colchester troops were helping in London so Colchester Garrison was almost empty and I found myself on duty as Garrison Sergeant Major with a driver and a Land Rover, but no phone. Mobile phones did not exist!! I spent the day driving round checking certain installations, finishing up at the Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Club at 10 pm to make certain that the bar closed promptly. No one had thought of obtaining permission to extend the opening hours and I used their phone to contact the Duty Garrison Officer to get permission for the bar to stay open for a further hour. That saved the day!!

### **Sonia Lewis**

Coronation Day started for me at 6 am; I was in the cow shed by 6.10 am, milking 24 Red Poll cows. I took them up Horkesley Road to the meadow, bottled the milk, harnessed the horse and delivered milk round the village - it was raining. I went home to Elmstead just after 10am and watched the Coronation on TV. In the evening I went to the Coronation Dance at Elmstead School, where my sister Diane was Coronation Princess, wearing a bridesmaid's dress. Then home and in bed by midnight.

## Coronation Day - continued

### Bernard Polley

In June 1953, when I was living in Audley Road, some residents formed a 'Coronation Street Tea Party Committee'. We planned an afternoon of events for the Monday preceding Coronation Day, June 2<sup>nd</sup>. I still have a copy of the notice which was delivered to every house in the road (*below*).

As it turned out the weather was against us and the tea party had to be transferred to Candor Motors



showroom in Maldon Road. The games had to be cancelled but I did give my marionette show, which consisted of string puppets - a country yokel leaning on a garden gate, a female ballet dancer and, especially for the coronation, a coach and horse parade. Music came from a 78rpm record player. Next day like many other people, father had bought our first television set - screen not much larger than postcard size, producing flickering images in black and white, but we sat spellbound for several hours watching the Queen being crowned in Westminster Abbey - the wonder of new technology. *Above: 49 Audley Road decorated for the occasion and left: sister Jeannie with the Scotsman puppet.*



#### CORONATION STREET PARTY

-----  
AUDLEY ROAD and CAPEL ROAD

MONDAY JUNE 1st 1953

#### P R O G R A M M E

4.00pm                      TEA PARTY                      (west end of Audley Road)

Organised by Mrs. Chilman, Mrs. Darkin  
Mrs. Bishop, Mrs. Brooks, Mrs. Free and Mrs. Nunn.

(Bring your own cutlery)

Grace to be said by Mr. H. Woods

Followed by GAMES                      (Mr. Nunn)  
and Marionette Show                      (Bernard Polley)  
to be held in Brooks Garage in Capel Rd.

M.C. Mr. B. Brooks

Mr. F. Farrington will be making a voluntary collection  
to help off-set costs.

Any food donated will be gratefully received.

## Coronation Day - continued

### Liz White

I was in my second year at Avenue Road Infant School in Norwich, when we celebrated the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II. I think we learnt to sing, to the best of our ability, "Here's a health unto her Majesty" but the only words I knew were "with a tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la"! The playground between the infant and junior schools had been decked with red, white and blue bunting – a sight which still evokes the excitement of that day. It had been decided that whilst the older classes went off and did more thrilling things, the Infants would have a fancy dress parade and parents were exhorted to make the most wonderful outfits. I was for some reason the "Old Lady who lived in a Shoe". I cannot remember too much except that over a hundred of us paraded round the playground in our fancy dress for the winners to be chosen. I thought I had a very good chance as I was carrying a size 15 shoe belonging to a policeman that my father knew. However, Robert Collins won, dressed also as the Old Lady, but his enterprising parents had made a huge shoe that he carried around on his back!

We were encouraged to be monarchists at school in those days and when the new young Queen visited Norwich, probably in the summer of 1954, we all trooped down to the south side of Earlham Road in front of the wooded area nearly opposite the shops by Heigham Street. We waited for ages, we little ones not really sure what it was all about, and in a flash we were told to wave our flags and cheer as the smart black car went by. I *think* I saw the Queen, but it really could have been anyone!

### Trish Terry

6<sup>th</sup> February 1952 This was the day King George VI died and the Queen came to the throne. My late husband, Denis Terry DSM, served in the Navy during the Second World War and following the war he was on reserve and had been called up when the Korean War started. He had been a Telegraphist and gunner and flew so he was helping to train men down on the south coast. This particular day they were on board a carrier preparing to fly on a training exercise when they were told to stand down as there would be no flying that day. It was a while before it was announced that the reason for this was that the King had died.

On the day of the King's funeral on 15th February 1952 I can remember being asked to keep a 2 minute silence and, as a primary school child, my classmates and I were going to find this difficult. Our class teacher suggested that we put our heads down on our arms on our desks. This was good but 2 minutes seemed an awful long time! The Queen Mother also requested that "The Lord's My Shepherd" should be sung to the melody "Crimond" which was apparently the late King's favourite

2<sup>nd</sup> June 1953 My father was deputy head of a London primary school and I can recall him getting up and leaving the house in the early morning to collect a party of children who were to line the route of the Queen's journey to be crowned in Westminster Abbey. I think they must have left before her return journey to Buckingham Palace as I feel sure he joined my mother and me at a friend's house where we were watching on television to see the end of the ceremony. In those days, of course, it was a very small set that we crowded round and black and white pictures only! I think we all dressed in our "Sunday Best" even though we couldn't possibly be seen by anyone!



The weather was not good for June - cold and damp and I can remember we were all particularly captivated with Queen Salote of Tonga (*above*)



## Coronation Day - continued

who, despite the weather and the fact she came from a hot country, insisted in driving in an open carriage and smiled and waved through the whole journey to and from the Abbey. She was a very large lady with a personality to match and made a huge impression on everybody that day as virtually everyone else in the procession had covers over their carriages!

Not long after I was taken in a school party to see a film of Coronation Day and this was in colour.

Also around the same time I went to see a film of the conquest of Everest. Mount Everest had been conquered on 29th May, a few days prior to the coronation, and possibly the news was withheld to be announced on Coronation Day itself. Edmund Hillary and Sherpa Tensing Norgay reached the summit of Everest in a party led by John Hunt.

### Souvenirs of the Coronation



Miniature Coronation Chair (*above*) and Coach (*below*)



### Coronation Stamps



## Coronation Day - continued



The week following the coronation the newly crowned Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh toured various parts of London in an open top car and I was taken with all the children from my primary school to a nearby road in Brockley South East London to wave and cheer as they drove past (left).

### **Alan White**

My father was in the Army and at the time of the Coronation we were living in Elgin in northern Scotland. My mother decided that she would take my sister, (aged 5) and me (aged 7) down to Southend by the overnight

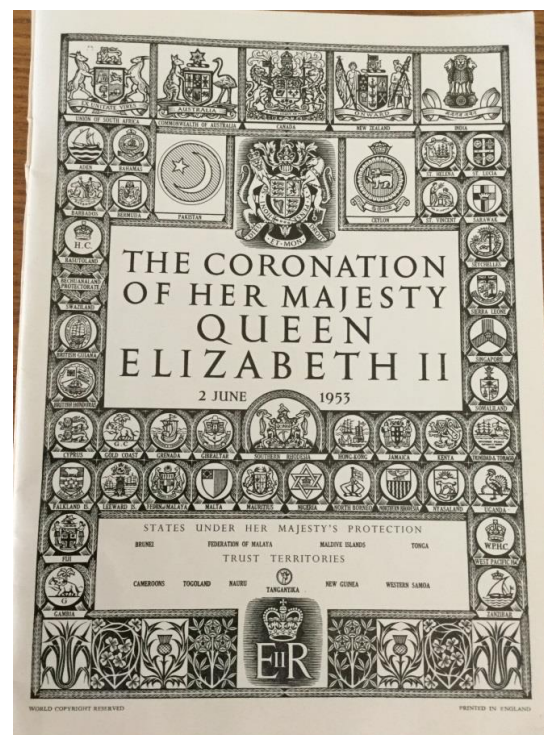
train to visit my great aunt and uncle. More specifically they had a television and we could watch the events there and I would miss school! The television was in the back room - the best room - that we were not normally allowed to go in apart from special occasions. Also we traditionally had lunch at 1pm sitting altogether at the table where we had to stay until everyone had finished. To our delight, because of the Coronation being on television, we ate our lunch in a series of courses and in between we would go in to see the next stage according to what auntie and uncle said was happening. The television was brown Bakelite about 20 inches wide and 12 inches high and had a 10 inch screen. Uncle was constantly adjusting the quality of the picture by moving one of the several vertical sliding controls which were to the right of the screen.

I remember seeing the Queen being crowned and her walking down the aisle of the cathedral with her long train and the ladies behind her. I thought that the coach looked very big and heavy and also the horses. We could, of course, only see it in black and white and so the commentator had to describe the colours. It was a completely different day from the normal routine but I was old enough to be interested in what was going on. The main attractions, however, were being able to watch television and not having to sit at the lunch table all the time!

### **Nick White**

When the appeal went out for recollections of the 1953 Coronation I remembered that I was just six years old and more interested in my wooden train set and Dinky toys. But I do remember a story my mother told me more than once about my father who was in the police force. He later became quite well known in Colchester as the Road Safety Officer, Sergeant White. He would travel round the local schools checking the children's bicycles, brakes (if they had any!) and tyres, etc.

On the day of the Coronation my father, along with many other policemen, was drafted up to London to line the streets on the route our future queen would take. It turned out to be very wet - raining for most of the day - and he duly donned his police issue navy cape. When he finally got home and stripped off his sodden clothing the dye had run out of his cape and he had turned blue. Sitting in a warm bath, and with my bemused mother scrubbing, my father slowly returned to his normal colour but leaving the bathwater very blue! I, of course, was oblivious to all of this being much more interested in my wooden train and Dinky toys.





# Memories of Living and Working in Crouch Street – Grahame Page

My father, Percy Page, was born in Lowestoft but came to Colchester at an early age and in 1912, together with his two cousins, Alfred and William Scott, started a motor garage business in Military Road, trading under the name Page & Scott. From here they sold and serviced various makes of cars and motor bikes, as well as running a taxi service. During World War One the business was kept ticking over by Alfred whilst the other Scott brother went to the war and my father joined the Royal Flying Corps.

After the war new cars were in short supply and other manufacturers started to launch their own models. I don't know how much this influenced father but, when he met Mr George Rose who ran a local calendar printing works in Kendal Road, Mr Rose told him about when he called on his customers in Oxford. One of these was a young man who just carried on working with his hands covered in oil, he just said, "Go to my desk and write out an order, and I'll sign it". The calendar man knew he was dealing with a man who would go far, in fact it was William Morris who became Sir William and then Lord Nuffield. William Morris built his first car in 1912 and by the late 1930s became the largest car manufacturer in the UK.

In 1922 Percy Page was offered the main dealership for Morris in North East Essex providing he could operate from a large building. So in 1923 he purchased No 38 Crouch Street where he built



a new garage. The Scotts were not keen to move but preferred to stay in Military Road, so the partnership was amicably dissolved and my father commenced trading as P G Page at 38 Crouch Street in 1923 - the two-storey showroom was added in 1929 (left). This building is now the Dulux Decorating Centre.

In the early twenties William Morris took a gamble when overnight he reduced the price of his cars by £100, a huge amount in those days. From then on

orders for cars came flooding in and other car makers had to reduce their prices to compete - the whole car industry took off. In the late twenties Morris introduced a range of commercial vehicles as "Morris Commercial". As father was fully occupied with Morris cars when the dealership for Morris Commercial came about, the franchise was offered to the Scotts provided they too would build a larger garage, so they moved and built new premises at 42 Crouch Street when they were given the Morris Commercial dealership.

In 1928 my family moved into "the Limes" at 36 Crouch Street adjoining the garage. One of my early memories at this time was riding with my mother on a Colchester tram from Crouch Street to the terminus at Straight Road, Lexden. Trams were noisy and constantly rattled. I remember from the top deck looking ahead how the rails did not seem to lie in a straight line, so this might account for the constant side-to-side swaying of the vehicle.



## Memories of Living and Working in Crouch Street – continued

(right - c1920 L-R Alfred Scott,  
William Scott, Percy Page

In 1955 Page's Garage caught fire. I was playing a round of golf at Braiswick when the club steward came up to me on the 7<sup>th</sup> hole and said he had just received a call saying that Page's Garage was on fire. Quickly I abandoned the golf and hastened back to Crouch Street to see a crowd of people looking to see what was going on. One of the spectators was Mrs Rolfe who lived on the opposite side of the road to the garage and was standing there with a suitcase.



She was worried in case the petrol pumps on the pavement might catch fire and she would have to evacuate in a hurry! The first person I saw when I entered the garage was the manager of the Essex & Suffolk Insurance Society from the Fire Office in High Street and I wondered how he managed to get there so quickly. He told me when he heard about the fire and knew that his company was our insurer he instantly went to Page's Garage to see what the risk was going to be! What fast service. I wonder if he'd be so quick if one of his policy holders had a fire in 2018?

It transpired that a policeman on patrol duty passing along Crouch Street noticed smoke coming from a ventilator over the front door. At the time an army officer was passing on foot and offered to telephone for the fire brigade. He did this but contacted the Army Fire Brigade which caused much confusion. It happened that firemen at Colchester Fire Station on the Bypass Road had seen smoke coming from Crouch Street and realised they were needed so set to with their appliance and rushed to the scene of the fire. The firemen put their high pressure hoses on to the roof which brought down the heavy glass roof panels and it was this falling glass that had caused damage to a number of cars, including a new Bentley on display in the showroom.

After the fire it was necessary to renew some of the large roof girders so we got on to the suppliers (Cocksedge of Ipswich) and they said, "Just tell us which girders you want as we have still got all the drawings of girders we supplied originally in 1922. Then we can put new ones into production right away". I wonder if today's response from your steel provider would be so quick! One or two amusing instances are remembered from the days when I was managing the company.

In 1938 a certain elderly village parson, Rev Benton, came to us to buy a new Morris Eight car (right). He did not drive but left this responsibility to his wife. In fact she was a very short person and had to sit on several cushions to see above the windscreen. Quite frequently Mrs Benton would bring the car to us and ask "Would you please check the



## Memories of Living and Working in Crouch Street – Grahame Page

water in the radiator, the engine oil, pump up the tyres and put two gallons of petrol into the tank while I go shopping?"

Sometimes when the workshop was busy and the lady had not returned for the car, our people would leave the car outside with the bonnet facing towards Lexden for when Mrs Benton came back for the car she had been known to go all the way to the roundabout at Lexden and double back to Crouch Street because she did not know how to reverse the car! (I think she could actually engage the reverse gear but in reverse she would get in an awful muddle about which way she should turn the steering wheel to carry out the operation.)

When the same car was about twenty years old the couple asked for a full report on its condition. The owners always kept the little Morris car in a clean condition and it was usually nicely polished. I reported that basically the car was still in a quite good condition, but advised that the car would need either a factory reconditioned exchange engine or alternatively the car's own engine could be overhauled, but this would take longer. I remember our parson usually walked with a rolled-up umbrella and that morning he pointed with his umbrella to the dynamo and said, "Mr Page, which is the engine?" After twenty years the owner still did not know where the engine was and his wife could never reverse the car.

When Southway was being built in the 1960s drivers could drive into Maldon Road from Crouch Street, but not the reverse way. Entry into Crouch Street had to be made via Wellesley Road. On the morning the new regulations came into operation the lady with the Morris car, in spite of the new signs that had been put up, drove along Maldon Road ready to turn right into Crouch Street but she was stopped by a policeman on duty. He said to her, "Sorry madam, you will have to turn round and go back into Wellesley Road for Crouch Street." The top end of Maldon Road at that time was narrow and had a nasty incline at the top. Mrs Benton said she was in a hurry so to save time would the policeman kindly turn to car round in the right direction for her. Little did he know that she still could not manage the reverse operation with her car. Mrs Benton told me afterwards, "The policeman was such a nice young man. He got in my car and did the manoeuvre for me". I shall always remember those encounters with that driverless clerical gentleman and his wife.

Once Southway was built part of Page's Garage and "The Limes" was demolished to make way for the new road, so I left Crouch street and moved to a quieter residence in Lexden.

## Plaque Tales from the Avenue of Remembrance The Munson Boys

### Trooper Ernest Percival Munson, Royal Horse Guards and Private Robert Bertie Munson, 5<sup>th</sup> Battalion Canadian Infantry (Manitoba Regt)

Eight children were born in Lexden to William Robert Munson and Frances (nee Sargent). The first and second children were Ernest Percival (usually known as Percy), born in the spring of 1891, and Robert Bertie born on 26<sup>th</sup> July 1892. In 1901 the family of Ernest, Bertie, Frederick and Winifred were living Brick House, Colne Engaine, where William was a farmer. Percy at this time was living with his grandparents, Robert and Eliza Munson, at Roverstye Farm in Ipswich Road where Bertie went later. By 1911 William was an insurance agent with the Wesleyan General and they lived at 35 London Road, Lexden, but Percy was already in Windsor as a soldier.

**Percy** enlisted in The Household Cavalry, Royal Horse Guards (The Blues) on 2<sup>nd</sup> February 1911 and became part of 'C' Squadron. His records show that he worked as a farmer and had previously been a member of the Essex Yeomanry. He had blue eyes and brown hair and was a big man measuring 6ft tall and weighing 150 lbs and even his pulse of 80 is recorded. He started



## Plaque Tales from the Avenue of Remembrance - continued



his Army career in Windsor, moving to London in May 1911 and soon after arriving in London he spent ten days in hospital with tonsillitis. Two years later the unit returned to Windsor for further training and on 5<sup>th</sup> October 1914 they embarked on SS *Cardiganshire* at Southampton landing at Zeebrugge, Belgium, on 8<sup>th</sup> October 1914 as part of 7<sup>th</sup> Cavalry Brigade, 3<sup>rd</sup> Cavalry Division. The unit was concentrated at Bruges for a short while but during next week they saw their first action.

On 13<sup>th</sup> October they marched to Ypres and were involved in bringing down a Taube monoplane with another being brought down the next day.

In November of that year they were transferred to 8<sup>th</sup> Cavalry Brigade 3<sup>rd</sup> Cavalry Division and together with 7<sup>th</sup> Division they were engaged in the withdrawal of the Belgian Army from Antwerp, later moving to the east of Ypres early in 1915. Fierce fighting continued during the following weeks and on 22<sup>nd</sup> April 1915, at the start of what is now known as the 2<sup>nd</sup> Battle of Ypres, a new dimension to warfare was added by the Germans - gas.

Percy Munson (*left*) was posted as missing on 13<sup>th</sup> May 1915, one of 59,000 British casualties during that battle. The War Diaries for the Royal Horse Guards were meticulous in recording in an appendix at the

end of each month all casualties, by rank, name and date - one of the few units to do so. Percy is commemorated on the Ypres (Menin Gate) and was awarded the Victory and British War medals. These records state he was also entitled to a clasp.

**Bertie** (*right*) emigrated to Petrel, Manitoba in Canada in August 1913 and three years later, on 12<sup>th</sup> July 1916, he enlisted with the Canadian Overseas Expeditionary Force and joined 5<sup>th</sup> Battalion Canadian Infantry (Manitoba Regiment). He is recorded as being 5ft 8in tall with brown hair and blue eyes. 5<sup>th</sup> Battalion was recruited in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and British Columbia and was mobilized at Camp Valcartier in Quebec. It was part of the 2nd Infantry Brigade, 1<sup>st</sup> Canadian Division and remained at the Western Front until the end of the war.

Bertie would probably have arrived in France in September 1916 towards the end of the bitter Battle of the Somme. He would have seen action at Pozieres and it was during the following fierce battles that the red patch (*below*), two inches by three inches was first worn on both sleeves and painted on the steel helmets in order to identify the soldier as a member of the Canadian 1<sup>st</sup> Division. Other shapes of different colours also helped to identify the battery, brigade and battalion.



In 1917 the 1<sup>st</sup> Canadian Division fought with many other units to win at Vimy Ridge and they also participated in the Battle of Hill 70 in August of that year. This was followed in mid-October by the fierce and bloody Battle of Passchendaele and towards the end of the month it became important to gain a suitable base for the battle ahead.

Advances were made and, with three dry days at the beginning of November, preparations could continue for the final assault on the village of Passchendaele. On the morning of 6<sup>th</sup> November the 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> Canadian Divisions attacked and the village was quickly captured.

The fighting continued for a few days and although the major battle was over heavy shelling continued at Ypres and on 12<sup>th</sup> November 1917 Bertie Munson died and was buried at Vlamertinghe New Military Cemetery with 153 other Canadians amongst the 1,800 burials.



# Your Committee

## Chairman

Stan Kordys 01206 502282 [s.kordys@ntlworld.com](mailto:s.kordys@ntlworld.com)

## Secretary

Liz White 01206 522713  
[alangwhite187444@hotmail.com](mailto:alangwhite187444@hotmail.com)

## Membership Secretary

Jackie Bowis 01206 561528  
[jbowis@hotmail.com](mailto:jbowis@hotmail.com)

## Magazine Joint Editors

Liz White / Jackie Bowis  
[alangwhite187444@hotmail.com](mailto:alangwhite187444@hotmail.com)  
[jbowis@hotmail.com](mailto:jbowis@hotmail.com)

## Treasurer

Melvin White 01206 575351  
[melvin.s.white@btinternet.com](mailto:melvin.s.white@btinternet.com)

## Refreshments

Susan McCarthy 01206 366865  
[susan.mccarthy@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:susan.mccarthy@yahoo.co.uk)

## Archivist

Bernard Polley 01206 572460  
[heath86end@aol.com](mailto:heath86end@aol.com)

## General Members

Sonia Lewis 01206 579950 [sonialewis@waitrose.com](mailto:sonialewis@waitrose.com), Peter McCarthy 01206 366865, Ian Bowis 01206 561528 [jbowis@hotmail.com](mailto:jbowis@hotmail.com), Carol and Tim Holding 01206 576149, Dick Barton 01206 573999 [dickbartonlex@gmail.com](mailto:dickbartonlex@gmail.com)

## FORTHCOMING EVENTS/SPEAKERS

### Melford Hall (A National Trust property), Long Melford, Sudbury

A visit to Melford Hall will be organised for **Thursday 12th July 2018**. Melford Hall has had its fair share of trials and tribulations from being ransacked during the Civil War to being devastated by fire in 1942. A guided tour will also be arranged.

### Wednesday 11<sup>th</sup> July

**Peter Jones - The History of the Jumbo Water Tower**

### Saturday 18<sup>th</sup> August

**SUMMER 2018 BBQ , 12.30pm – 3.00pm**

£5 per member, £7 non-members

Tickets will be available at our June & July Meetings

### Wednesday 12<sup>th</sup> September

**David Whittle - How the Victorians developed Dovercourt**