

Lexden History Group



Past winters in Lexden

- Phillip Cardy - Part 2 WW1 In Lexden
 - Heath Road, Lexden
- Tales From The Churchyard - Five Generations of One Family

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TIM HOLDING



Tim sadly died in the early hours of Saturday 3rd November after being ill for some time. He was born in Birmingham in September 1940, one of twins with two other brothers. All four boys went to Sidcot, a Quaker boarding school in Somerset, and Tim excelled in music, rugby, cricket, art, drama, caving and dormitory wine making! He returned every Easter for the school reunion. At school, aged twelve, he met Carol Catchpool who became his wife in 1964 after they were both fine art students at Durham University. Tim found his lifetime job at Colchester School of Art inspiring several generations in drawing, painting and sculpture. He loved to paint water mills, machinery and moving water. His bold sculptures often incorporated wood, metal and stone and he had many public sculpture commissions into retirement which will be enjoyed by generations to come. He also had many successful solo exhibitions of his paintings and sculpture.

Tim used his creative building skills and unlimited ambition at Little Glebe, Spring Lane, and built his oak-framed art school in the late 80s where he hosted several summer sculpture workshops. His love of vintage cars included the restoration of several Citroens (*right*), model T-Fords and many others.



Tim was beloved in the community at large and was a life-long Quaker. He was a founder member of Lexden History Group in 2006 which was born in the sitting room of Little Glebe with a few sitting around a real fire, drinking wine and eating nibbles. Lexden History Group was made that evening and has gone from strength to strength. Tim was a very active in the Group, full of drive and energy. With others he

designed our Village Sign (*left*) and many members were able to attend a most enjoyable event in his garden and watch him cast the final design in his workshop. The sign was unveiled in April 2008. He also designed and made the geese in Lexden Park (*above*). Tim and Carol were hosts at their Spring Lane home to many happy social events, including the Group annual barbecue at which Tim was a memorable chef!



Tim and Carol had two sons, Nat and David, and five grandchildren. Tim was a "what you see is what you get" person. He was a Teddy Bear of a man who knew when to give a comforting hug. He was dearly loved and will be sadly missed but remembered as a man of many interests and achievements whose great works and personality will not be easily forgotten.

Phillip Cardy - Part 2 WW1 In Lexden

Phillip Cardy was born in 1906 and lived in Lexden all his life. He recorded his memories but gave strict instructions that they should not be published until after his death which is understandable as he talked frankly about the people he knew from an early age.

He continues By this time (the summer of 1914) the first rumours that we were heading for a war were beginning to make themselves heard and we knew Mother was worried about it. That year we had a heavy crop of plums and Mrs Bird (Lizzie born 1851) asked Mother (Eliza born 1864) to send her some to make jam. Alice (sister born 1900) and I took a big basketful down to Malting Farm that night. When we got back we met Mother in the back yard and I clearly remember her saying, "Children, a dreadful thing has happened. We have declared war on Germany. I don't know whatever we shall do."

Well, it did not mean much to us kids then, but it was not long before it did. The country was not ready and, as all imports were stopped, the shops soon began to empty - helped by those who could afford it grabbing everything they could lay their hands on. As it was August and we were on holiday we had to get up early, get breakfast and then set off to town so as to be there about half past seven to get into the queue. I used to go to the Maypole (possibly near Pelham's Lane in Colchester High Street). Sometimes they did not open as they had no butter or margarine to sell. Other times you might get half a pound of margarine and that was a prize; or you might just get to the counter and the shutter would go down - that was the lot and we had had an hour's wait and got nothing. Then I went round the queues to see if I could find the other two. Sometimes Mother was in luck and had managed to get a little bit of meat. Nobody was allowed to kill a pig in the back yard, so that put paid to that source of meat. If you killed a cockerel you had to report it and the ration from the butcher was stopped for that week.

The Government sent army officers round to commandeer all the horses. At my tender age I knew the difference between mares and entire horses - but it was more than they did. (Certain criteria had been laid down before the war for buying horses for the services. They were to be between 4 and 7 years old and serve until 15 years; between 14 and 16 hands depending on their proposed use, eg, light draught, cavalry or yeomanry work; capable of carrying 15 stones in weight. The demand for horses meant that these restrictions were relaxed during the war and many mules were also used, especially for carrying ammunition. The Army Act meant that horses could be commandeered on payment of a fair price.)

We had to take all the horses up to Copford where they were inspected by Mr Taylor, the vet, (Rowland Charles Tayer of 19 Queen Street, Colchester -Veterinary Surgeon and Veterinary Inspector for the borough and the Lexden and Winstree and Tendring divisions of Essex and for the Board of Agriculture - from Kelly's Directory 1914) and he sent most of them back home because most of the mares were in foal. My Father (Frederick born 1866) tried to tell the young



officer so, but he looked at Dad and said, "When I want you to tell me anything about this job I will ask you. In the meantime you are wasting your master's time." There was another who was going round buying stacks of what was supposed to be hay. The farmers soon summed him up and he bought quite a lot of stacks of barley straw, thinking it was hay. The farmers waited until they came to cut the stacks up and then said, "I never sold him any hay. He pointed to these three stacks, asked how much I wanted for them and gave me the cheque. He never asked what they were and I thought a man sent on a job like that would have known what he

was doing." (above - horses being unloaded at Gallipoli 1915)

There was a big strong chap working with Walter Miller as a cowman. One day a very high ranking officer came into the yard. After a few minutes he spotted this man and he got on to him because he was not in the army. Dad tried to tell him that the man he was talking to was dumb, but Dummy just grinned at him. He still kept on at Dummy to go and get tested for the army and grabbed him by the arm. That settled it. Dummy hit him and floored him and it was some time before he got up. Then he got on to Dad because he had not told him. Dad said, "I tried to, but you would not listen. Perhaps you will be a little more careful before you start bullying countrymen again."

Well the war was getting on and things were getting a bit easier. By that time we had ration books so the queuing was finished and you knew when you drew your rations that you would get no more for that week.

We kids had a fresh interest. At Lexden Church they had one of Billy Bird's wagons (from Home Farm in Lexden) in charge of a lot of soldiers. Everything went on as normal unless a motor car was seen. Then the soldiers ran the wagon across the main road. The car was stopped and the people searched. They never caught any spies. We thought they might catch one or two and they would line them up against the Park wall and deal with them. But nothing like that happened so we gave that up and went to look for something more interesting. The big ditch in the Cross Path meadow was dammed so that the Germans would find it harder to get across. The only person who fell in was me. That same night my Aunt Emma died suddenly in the back yard. And then Lord Kitchener was going to France on board the destroyer *Gipsy*, she struck a mine and Lord Kitchener (*right*) was drowned - altogether you could say a rough twenty-four hours. (This was 5th June 1916 and the ship was HMS *Hampshire*. Lord Kitchener was on his way to Russia for negotiations when it was struck by a German mine 1.5 miles west of Orkney. Kitchener was among the 737 who were lost.)



My Father was, I think, the most honest man I have ever known. With a large orchard just outside the gate he would not allow us children to pick one fruit, although he knew the cattle would eat them all. That was different - "They are Mr Bird's cattle and Mr Bird's apples and pears, not yours, so leave them alone." It was the same with rabbits. There were swarms of them running about the fields. We were not allowed to catch one. Mother put up with it for some time and then she told Dad she was going to tell me to catch a rabbit now and then as she could not make the meat ration go round. Dad said, "You have still got some pork." Mother replied, "After this lot we will not be allowed to keep pigs and if you kill a cockerel you have to report it and your meat ration is stopped for a week. We have got to take care of what we have got and I am going to tell Phil to get a rabbit whether you like it or not." It was with a bad grace that he gave way, stating that she was only going to teach me to be a poacher. Well, she didn't have to teach me. Although still at school I knew how to catch a rabbit, and a pheasant, too, if needs must. So Dad had the butcher's meat ration to himself and we had rabbit, pheasant, pigeon and sometimes a wild duck from the river. Dad knew it was so, but he never asked any questions.

Well, the war was going on and the barracks at Stanway were nearly finished and soldiers were beginning to come in. Also we were beginning to get used to seeing women tram conductresses and also women on the milk, bread and oil rounds and in grocers and boot shops. The men got fewer about the streets. I think it was at Christmas 1915 that Mrs Keeping, Mrs Ruck-Keene and Mrs Mann all got the dreaded black-edged envelope - that was a bad Christmas for the village.

(Phillip Cardy's memories were not quite accurate here as Gunner Cecil G Keeping, the Lexden Postmaster, was killed at Cambrai on 21st October 1917. He was buried at Quiévy Communal Cemetery. He had been born in 1880 and lived with his wife, Emily, at 31 Lexden Street - Lexden Post Office. Lt Ernest L Ruck-Keene, RN, was 26 years old serving on HMS *Egmont* and was accidentally drowned on 24th December 1918 during the occupation of Constantinople. His

widowed mother, Jesse, lived at Church House, 197 Lexden Road (*right*). He was buried at Portsmouth Naval Memorial Cemetery. LSgt Charles W Mann, aged 22, was a professional soldier serving with the 1st Bn Grenadier Guards when he was killed at the Battle of Morval on the Somme on 25th September 1916. He was the son of Frederick and Maria Mann of 12 Lexden Street, and is commemorated on the Thiepval Memorial in France.)



Then I think it was the next winter (1916) that the 'flu started (thought to be an earlier version of Spanish 'flu). It was simply terrible. All the schools were closed and I was on my own for nearly 6 weeks as Mother would not allow me to go out on the road.

Years later, when I was on ambulance service, my Driver told me that he was in Mesopotamia, as it was then, when he got a letter from his Father, written on Christmas Day, to tell him that his mother and two sisters had passed away and would be buried 2 days after Boxing Day. His father never allowed Christmas celebrations in the house and none took place till after he died. (This later story is possibly confused with the 1918 Spanish flu epidemic.)

After the disease quietened down the soldiers began to arrive fast and the policeman was kept busy finding people with empty rooms. There was only me at home then. Sidney was in the army and the girls were all at work. So Mother had 2 empty rooms and we had 6 lodgers. It was a bitterly cold winter, freezing sharp and plenty of ice and snow. Father sawed up plenty of wood and kept the fire stoked and told the boys they need not go out unless they wanted to. They took him at his word. One of them was musical and had a fiddle and we had some good sing-songs. It was very quiet when they left. The next Christmas 1917, was different. All the men were abroad and our party consisted of Dad, Mother and myself and 15 ladies. One was Mrs Hoyle, a Lancashire girl. She came down here to be with her husband and, when he went abroad, she got a job in Wright's Oak Hall restaurant in High Street. She stayed there and lived with us for just over 2 years.



On 8th February 1916 Fred (brother born 1893) and Ada got married and on the 9th Gertrude (sister born 1887) and Fred Johnson. Two or three days later, one by one, the bridesmaids and one bride took to their beds with 'flu and very bad colds. Mother had four of them down at the same time and that kept her and me busy.

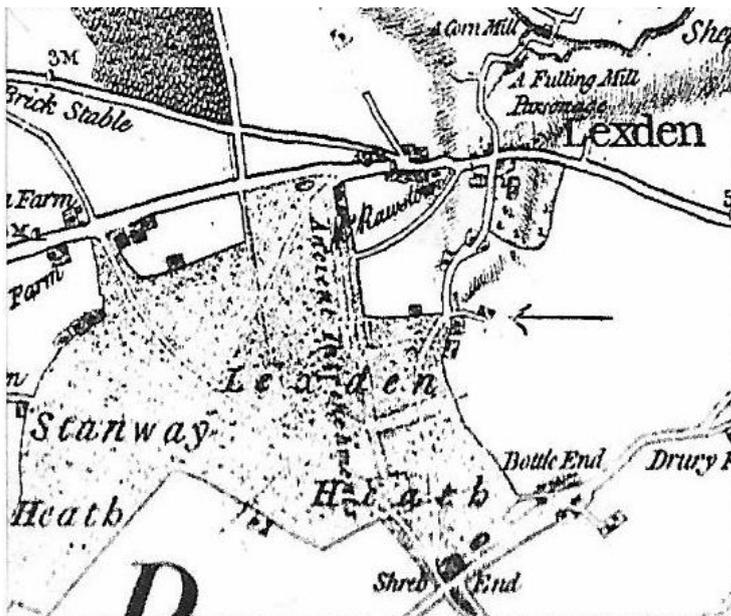
The blackout was complete, not a light was showing anywhere. Prams were quite different to what they are today (*left*) - they were quite huge and most of them were black and not easy to see in the dark. So the Government made an order that prams were to have a front and rear light fixed to them. I can still remember helping Arthur (brother born 1890) fit them on his.

The barracks at Stanway were finished and filled with soldiers. They held a full Division. (No other reference to these barracks has been found.) The meadows at the Glen were an ideal training ground, particularly for the Signallers. At that time you could stand on what is now Elianore Road and look straight across the valley to the back of the houses in Braiswick Road. The soldiers signalled with flags, using semaphore (*right*) and morse code. They had a glass and, when the sun was shining, you could see the spot on the black fence at the back of Bardsley's shop at Braiswick. When there were quite a lot of Infantry training on the



ramparts I don't suppose they gave it a thought that the trenches that some of them practised in were made at the time of the siege of Colchester. I got on very well with the soldiers learning to signal on what is now Elianore Road; also with the Cavalry learning to charge on the Loop. I used to go to the shop and get cigarettes for them. As a result my stock of cigarette cards was the envy of the school. All the training they had was no use as the Cavalry had to be dismounted and go into the trenches the same as the Infantry. The Hussars did charge once against the Turks in Mesopotamia, as it was then, and until 1930 there was a man living in Spring Lane who took part in the battle.

Time wore on and we at last got to November 1918, and not before time. There began to be rumours that this beastly war was coming to an end. November 11th was a horrible day - not cold, but misty and wet. Everybody was waiting for the news and, at 11 o'clock or just after, a soldier galloped along Lexden Road telling everybody it was over. There was no such thing as wireless or anything like that. If you wanted the latest news you had to go down the town and wait outside the Standard office. When there was anything like a small victory of a ship sunk they would put a notice in the window. By the mid-morning High Street was completely blocked and there must have been thousands of people there. The notice came in the window about eleven twenty and I should think the roar that went up could be heard for miles. That, of course, ended my cigarette card business as the soldiers refused to train, the war was now over and they were going home. I don't know how it was settled, but before long Stanway barracks were empty and the farms began to get back to normal, although some of the young men did not return.

Heath Road, Lexden**Bernard Polley**

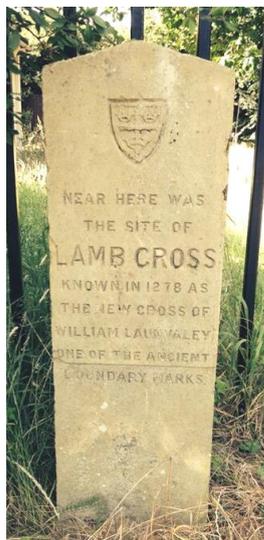
Heath Road, formerly Cross Road, is about one quarter of a mile long, situated between Lexden Road and Straight Road - it has become a useful diversion for vehicles wanting to avoid the traffic lights on London Road. Heath Road has several interesting properties to look at, some having stood for over 100 years.

The Chapman and Andre map of 1777 (left) shows a lane or footpath running between Church Lane and Straight Road on to Lexden Heath, where once military camps were stationed during the 19th and early 20th

centuries, also the Colchester races were run on the Heath in 1797.

There is one group of buildings identified - Home Farm Cottages (right) on the north side towards Church Lane. There were six cottages for workers at Home Farm, but there is no record of the date when they were built. Eventually they were reduced to four residences and one was occupied by Sidney Cardy (brother of Phillip) who ran a small convenience shop nearest to the road. The cottages were demolished in 1955 in preparation for the development of the Home Farm Estate.



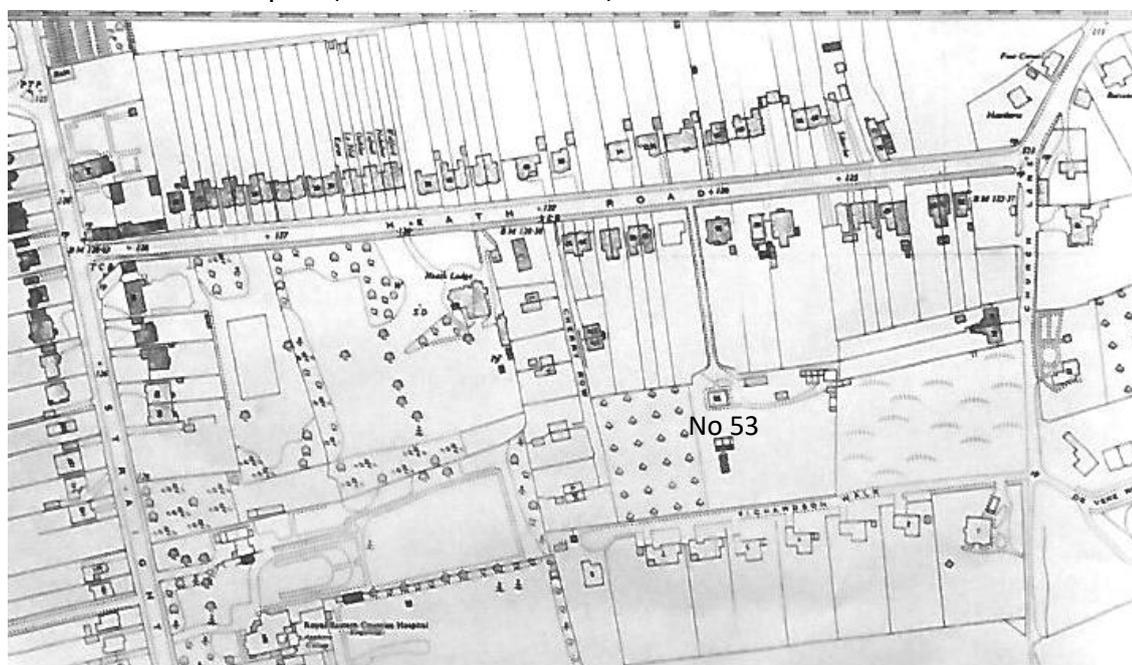


It is not known when the lane was named Cross Road, after a cross that once stood on the heath. There were three crosses in Lexden, one was located at the north end of King Coel Road (it is still there) and known as Lamb's Cross (*left*); a second built of brick and stone was erected at the top of Lexden Hill. This was demolished but a small marker was noted by Philip Morant in his History of Essex (1748). This is still opposite Glen Avenue outside No 100 Lexden Road. A third, Pedder's Cross, was on the fringe of Lexden Heath at the junction of Gosbecks Road and Shrub End Road and marking this site is a red slate plaque on the cottage opposite the Leather Bottle public house.

The Ordnance Survey map for 1952 (*below*) shows Heath Road with the cottages in more detail, as well as Heath Lodge, Cherry Row and No 53 Cross Road. Heath Lodge was built in 1851/2 by Henry W Haywood who had purchased the common land owned by Rev John Papillon. From 1852 to 1871 Heath Lodge was run as "The Dog and Pheasant" beer house enjoying the custom of the occupants of the nearby cottages and any troops serving on

Lexden Heath. It had the nickname "Diamond" because of the brickwork which still makes the building stand out and in 1861 the occupant, Robert Lawrence, was recorded as a carter and beer

seller. The original building was much smaller than now and successive owners have made additions. After the days as a pub it became a private residence, known as Heath Lodge (*below left*). From the early days of the 20th century the Morton and Beattie families took up residence until 2014 when Mary Beattie, died. Mr Morton, Mary's grandfather,



built a two storey extension to the right of the front door but continued the diamond motive in the brickwork. The house had extensive grounds and for many years after WW2 a familiar sight in front of the lodge was Mr Morton's horse-drawn caravan.

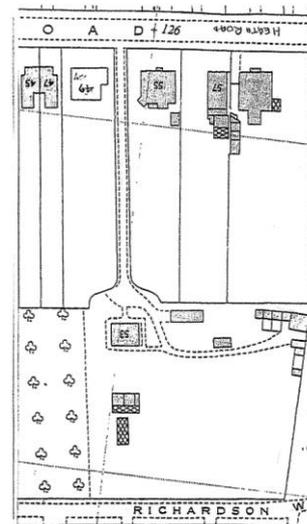


Cherry Row is a cul-de-sac lane on the left side of the Lodge, named because of the cherry trees growing nearby. In the 1820s ten cottages, joined in pairs, were built in the Row. They were very basic, two up, two down, outside toilets and water drawn from wells in the grounds of Heath Lodge. Occupants of the cottages over the years have included William John Knight, the dairyman at Home Farm; Mary Stork, parlourmaid to Mrs Corse-Scott at the Glebe House in Spring Lane, and for a number of years Phillip Cardy, greengrocer, who travelled round Lexden with his horse-drawn cart selling vegetables grown on his allotment. Lexden resident all his life

Mr Cardy wrote an account of his memories of the village and people he knew throughout his life.



Number 53 Cross Road (*left*) on the south side was owned by the Lexden Park Estate. It had a long drive up to the house (*right*) which was originally built as the estate carpenter's residence with a workshop of the rear of the property and was leased to the tenant for animal grazing. The site was approximately two acres; apart from the house there were cart sheds, washhouse, earth privy and greenhouse. Also a vegetable garden and small orchard for eating apples and damson trees, hence the site was known as a small holding.



In later years the property was sold and one owner, Frederick Clarke, ran a business for 45 years producing varieties of fruit and vegetables, eggs and assorted plants, which he sold from his mobile van delivering to customers around Lexden. Owners following Clarke continued the greengrocery business until it finally closed in the late 1960s and in 1971 the site became Wren House housing for elderly folk.



Once into the 20th century several houses were built on the south side of Cross Road by Lexden builder, Beaumont & Son. Two semi-detached houses (*left*) were erected for the Prince Christian Victor Charity giving rented accommodation to retired non-commissioned personnel of the Royal Artillery. This is still the case. There is a crest on the front wall between the two houses.

Prince Christian Victor Schleswig-Holstein (1867-1900) was the eldest son of Princess Helena, third daughter of Queen Victoria. After leaving Sandhurst in 1888 he had an extensive army career and obtained the rank of Major, serving under Lord Kitchener in campaigns during the South African Boer Wars. Sadly at the age of 33 he died of malaria and was buried in the Pretoria cemetery.



Number 13 Cross Road (*left* later numbered 67 Heath Road) was built by Beaumont for Harold Tweed together with adjoining workshop for his shopfitting, showcase and toy making business. Harold and his wife, Maria Emily, brought up 13 children at their home. Tweed obtained permission to dump sawdust from his works on open land on the corner of the road, which was an old pit full of brambles, shrubs and weeds. After WW2 Harold Tweed bought the site, cleared the rubbish and started a car hire business (*right*), which he rented



out vehicles at 25 shillings per day (£1.25). In 1960 Murco company acquired the site and opened a petrol filling station, under a franchise letting arrangement. It lasted until 1999 when it closed down. A block of five flats known as Lexden View is now on that corner.

It was in 1927 when Cross Road was renamed Heath Road, and houses were starting to be built on the north side of the road, which had been arable land for Home Farm. The first house to be built was "White Lodge" (now No 48) built by W A Hills & Sons for Mr Ernest Wilson. In 1939 an air raid shelter was dug out in the front garden. It is still there today.

TALES FROM THE CHURCHYARD

Five Generations of One Family - Chris Graves and Liz White



In the middle of the left hand side of the churchyard is a splendid headstone to Ann Kemp who died on 19th June 1870. The trefoil topped headstone records "Their works do follow them" and continues with some unusual inscriptions - "poor woman of the parish" and that the "stone was erected by some parishioners in lasting memorial of her life of good and charitable offices amongst the sick and poor of her neighbours". It also records that her remains "lie here interred with those of her husband."

It is sad to think that the family could not afford to give Thomas a headstone when he died in 1869 but although Ann was recorded as a poor woman she was constantly helping others as poor as herself. The Victorians liked to have clearly defined social classes and even the working class was divided into three graduated ranks, ie, 'working men' or labourers, 'intelligent artisans' and 'educated working men'.

This fabricated definition did not acknowledge that, regardless of these apparent ranks, wages barely covered the rent and a meagre diet for the family. In 1841 Thomas would have been classed as the lowest rank as he was working as an agricultural labourer but he and Ann were supporting not only their son, Jehosaphat (in all other records Joshua) but also Ann's sister, Elizabeth Bartram, a spinster later was recorded as a pauper. By 1851 Thomas would have moved up a rank as he was then recorded as a maltster but they would have struggled to keep Elizabeth (or Betsy as she was known), out of the workhouse. To be in the workhouse was a dreadful stigma and sometimes as hard a life as struggling outside. A poor woman like Elizabeth could have been employed in the 'slop trade' making cheap clothing or uniforms for the army or prisoners but she was fortunate to remain with her family.

Ann Bartram's actual birth date is somewhat vague as is the spelling of her surname recorded in different records as Batrum, Bartrum, Bartram, Batterham, Buttrum and even Ba-trum so you can only guess what it sounded like! Bartram was the spelling most used in the Registers but it is wise to be aware of the variations even in just one parish. Ann's parents, Joshua Batrum and Sarah Pettit, were married at Lexden Parish Church on 15th October 1780. An interesting detail is that Joshua signed by his mark but that his bride signed her name. The Parish Registers contain very little information in this period other than bare statistics so there is nothing to indicate Joshua's occupation nor where the family lived but they do provide dates of baptisms of Joshua and Sarah's children between 1781 and 1798. They had eight children, six sons and two daughters. Ann was baptised on 10th July 1791 and her sister, Elizabeth, on 11th July 1784. Two brothers died in infancy.

Ann's mother, Sarah Batram, was buried at Lexden on 5th July 1813 at the age of 56 but Joshua lived on much longer and was buried at Lexden on 13 July 1831 aged 84, although there is no record of their graves.

On 26th December 1821 Ann Batram married Thomas Kemp, a Braintree man. This was significant not only for Ann and Thomas, but that it was the first marriage conducted by Rev George Preston in the newly built church - a note proudly recorded by the rector in the parish records. The church had been opened only a few weeks before on 2nd December. Two daughters and a son were baptised at Lexden Church, Hannah in 1822, Sarah in 1827 and Joshua in 1832. The family lived in Lexden Street (now Lexden Road), about four houses from what is now the Crown (*right*),



and in 1851 Thomas and Ann's son, Joshua, was a 19 year old gardener. In 1861 their grandson, Charles Cheek, was also with them. He had been born in Kelvedon in August 1853. Ann had given birth on 20th September 1814 to an illegitimate daughter, Mary, who married James Cheek in Colchester in 1839. By the 1841 Census they had moved to The Street in Kelvedon and in due course had several children, including Charles born in 1854.

Ann and Thomas's older daughter, Sarah, died aged 12 in 1839 and Hannah married a widowed blacksmith, Thomas Underwood, in June 1859 and lived in Boxford, Suffolk. She died there in 1881. Ann's gravestone in Lexden Churchyard gives her age as 79 years but the death registration gives it as 84 years and against her burial record is the note "Died in Colchester Union Poor House". Despite the work she did for other poor people in the parish, it is sad that she was forced to end her days there.

Joshua William Kemp, was born in Lexden in 1832 and lived with his parents, Ann and Thomas, until he was married to Sarah Ann Scotcher in Lexden on 8th October 1857 by the rector, Rev John Papillon. Witnesses at the marriage included several Batterham and Kemp cousins. Sarah's address was recorded as Lexden Street, for since before 1851 she had been working as a servant in the household of Samuel Green Cooke, a magistrate, at Hill House.

Sarah Scotcher had been born in the East Indies and her father, Joseph, had an interesting history. He had married a local Sible Hedingham girl, Sarah, in July 1812 and enlisted with the 1st Battalion 16th (Bedfordshire) Regiment of Foot in September 1812. At that time the regiment was based in Ireland but sailed for Canada in 1814 and on their return in August 1815 they immediately became part of the army of occupation in Paris after the defeat of Napoleon. The following year they moved again to Ireland and in 1820 the regiment started their colonial service in Ceylon. In 1828 they moved to the Bengal Presidency (Province) with its centre at Calcutta and this is where the growing family remained until Joseph was discharged in 1836 and returned to Sible Hedingham, where he worked as a blacksmith.



Joshua and Sarah Kemp moved to a cottage in Spring Lane, Lexden (*left*), and he continued to work as a gardener. By 1861 they had two children, Agnes Fannie born in 1858, and George in 1860. Also living with them was Sarah's sister, Frances, a house servant. In the autumn of 1864 their third child, Henry, was born, only a few months after Joshua died on 11th June.

Widowed Sarah continued to live in the cottage but was forced to work as a laundress to make ends meet, helped by young Agnes, working as a dressmaker, while the boys were at school. She had also taken in an 18 year old lodger, William Eldred, who was employed as a groom.

Sarah died on 11th February 1881 and is buried with Joshua in Lexden Churchyard with a splendid grave and headstone now partly hidden under the laurel bushes along Church Lane. Their three children continued to live in Spring Lane and by this time George was a solicitor's general clerk and Henry, a carpenter. By 1891 Henry had married Florence Booth and they were living at 8 Morton Road with their young daughter, also called Florence. They moved to No 25 and later had another daughter, Olive May born on 1st March 1893, and a son, Reginald born in 1909.

At some point Agnes Fannie went to London and on 11th August 1885 in St Mary's Church in Kilburn she married a Colchester man, Frederick Peck, a schoolmaster. On the marriage record her address was given as 15 Balcerne Hill and her brother, Henry, was a witness. Frederick's family lived at 25 Long Wyre Street where his father, Richard, was a basket maker and later a clothiers warehouseman, living at 17 Roman Road.

In 1881 Frederick was a student at St Mark's College, Chelsea, (right) which was the National Training Institution for Schoolmasters from 1841-1923. (It merged with St John's College in Battersea in 1923 and in 1973 the College of St Mark and St John moved to Plymouth, becoming a university in 2007.)



By 1891 Frederick and Agnes were living in one of the teachers' residences at the National Girls' School in Kensington with their two sons, Frederick aged 2 and Sidney 11 months. Their

daughter, Frances Margaret, was born later that year. The school became St Mary Abbots School where he continued to teach for some years. This is now a well-known primary school. Frederick then became head of a school in Hammersmith and on retirement he and Agnes moved back to Colchester. They lived at Hartswood (now 88) Lexden Road where Agnes died on 18th April 1928.

Frederick continued to live at Hartswood with his unmarried daughter, Frances, and they are recorded there in the 1939 Register with Frances described as "housekeeper for father". Also living with them was Frederick's widowed younger sister, Susannah Pell. Frederick died on 17th December 1950. Both he and Agnes are buried in Lexden Churchyard but this grave is now

hidden under many years of neglect and cannot be clearly or safely identified. It is not known how long Frances stayed in the house but by 1969 it had been sold to Mr Ernest A Hills, a builder. However, she moved to Wren House (left), Christine Chase (off Heath Road), probably when it was first built in 1971, living in Flat 15, where she died on 13th March 1976. (See Heath Road article on page 8)



However, the family story does not end here. Also on Joshua and Sarah's gravestone is recorded the death of their great grandson, Terence Ronald Monaghan, who was born in 1920 in Steyning, Sussex, the son of Olive May (née Kemp) who had married Patrick Monaghan in late 1916. In the 1939 Register Olive was living at "Florida" 69 Drury Road with her daughter Doris and son, Donald. Patrick, a gas retort tester, was working in Gravesend. Terence by this time may have enlisted for the Second World War but he died on 2nd October 1954 aged only 34. He had married Joan Nevard in 1948 and they lived at 6 De Vere Road in Prettygate. Patrick died in 1960 and later Olive May moved to 1 Clapgate Drive, Little Clacton, where she died on 16 March 1977.

This was a family with varied skills although many of them died comparatively young. Ann Kemp must have inspired people with her kindness and help given to those as poor as herself. It would be interesting to know who had contributed to her gravestone and were thoughtful enough to include Thomas, although unnamed, in the inscription.

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FORTHCOMING SPEAKERS

Wednesday 9th January 2019

**Geoff Pettit Memorial Lecture
'Fenwick Jewels'**

Wednesday 13th February 2019

**'History of Warner Textiles'
Charlotte Harding**

Wednesday 13th March 2019

**'We will remember them - North Primary School'
Claire Driver and Laura Davison**

Meetings are held on the 2nd 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.