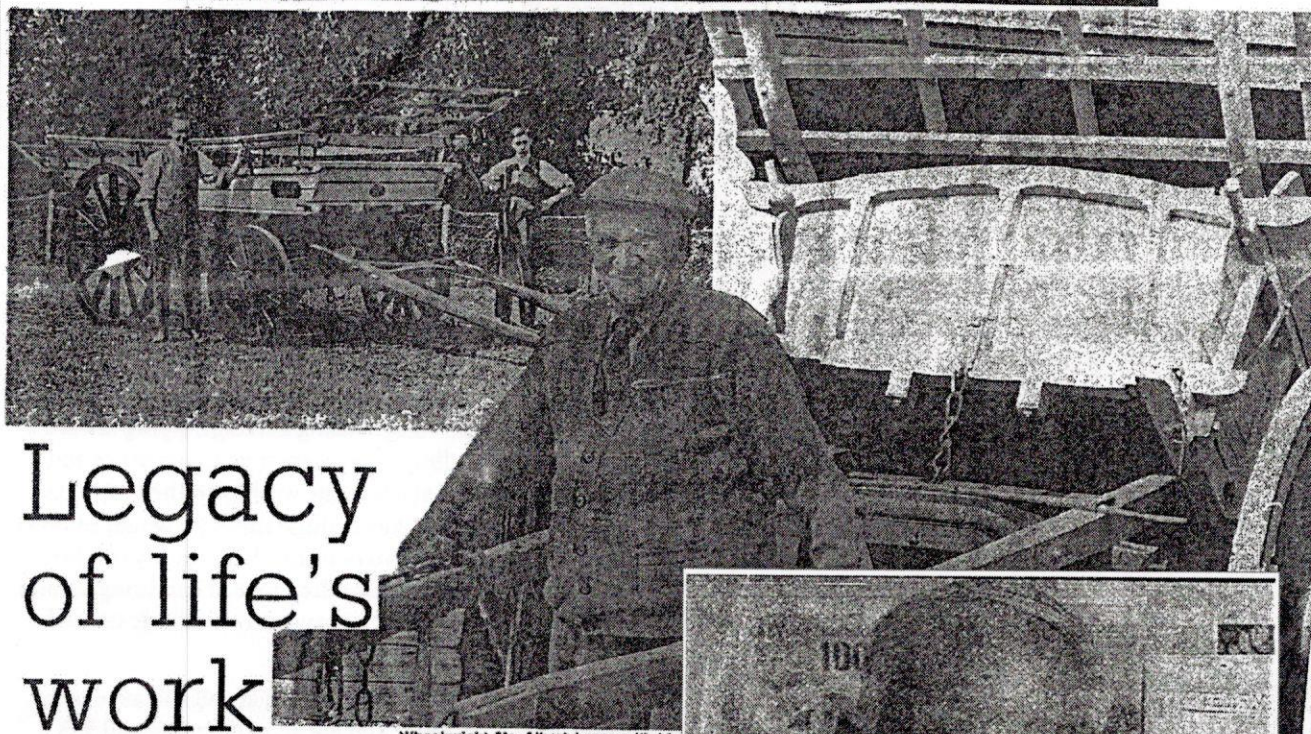


Personal Histories & Recollections

Dereham and Fakenham Times, Friday, May 9, 1986

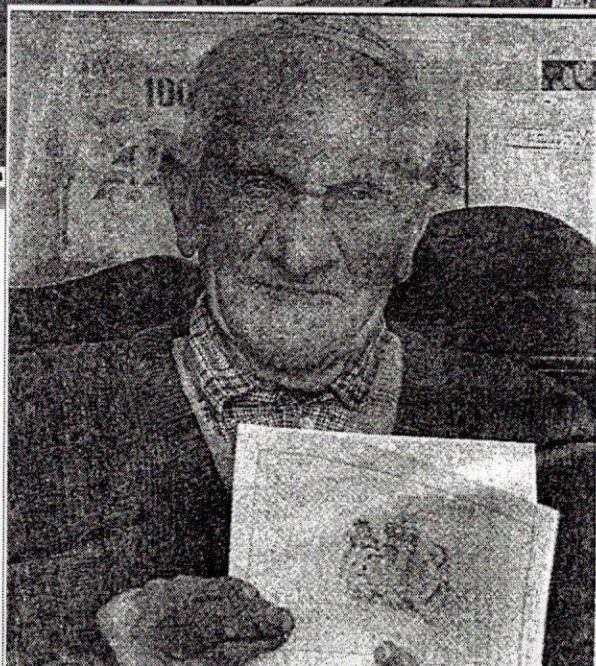
Albert recalls a farming age gone by



Legacy
of life's
work

Wheelwright Mr. Albert Large with his

Albert Large, whose recollections are printed below, was born in a world powered by horses yet lived to see men on the moon. An astonishing period full of change. The recollections here illuminate many of these changes.



Then and Now

Written in 1987 by Albert Large

Typed from his own words by Pat Pierce

From leaving school at the age of thirteen years, by making 350 regular attendances in five successive years, and this I did very well, I was given permission by the Headmaster to check the register. This I did myself and he signed them as correct.

My first job of employment was with Mr J. F. Bambridge, a builder. I was an apprentice to the trade at one shilling per week for six months, and then as agreed to an increase of one shilling a week, but Mr Bambridge did not agree to this so I left.

My next short stay of employment was with Major Copeman as a Valet Groom, looking after his horse and dogs. The first thing in the morning I had to do was to knock on his door and wait for his word to proceed, collect all his clothes, brush them and lay them up in style. In fact it taught me how to keep my own clothes in good style. His boots and shoes he was very particular about.

The Major was a real military gentleman, sometime we had walks out in the park and now and then he would shout left, right, double trot and so on and when he felt like it he would call me into his study to do map reading of the different parts of the world he had been to. I really did not settle down to all this and then one day he told me he was going abroad again and would I like to go with him, I politely said no, so this was the end of being employed by the Major.

I can also remember as a boy going round the village selling herrings, trying to earn a shilling. They were nine for sixpence and I sold them to the wealthy in the parish. I can remember in those times we would sit down to tea, two of us to a herring. My mother had eight children to feed and bring up and she found it very hard to manage on such small money.

These eight children are all still alive today in 1987, and are all in their 80's and 90's. I can remember my mother used to have to go to the jumble sales to buy us clothes to wear because she could not always afford new.

Now I had to make a another start in my young days. My mother and father asked me what I wanted to do. I said I would like to be taught something in the woodworking trade and my father said there is no firm nearer than W. Crane of Fransham, so he decided we should both walk down to the works and see if I could get fixed up. We met Mr Crane and at first he said no, as the boys in the past had not settled in too good, but in the end

FORM 146 a (1).

NORFOLK EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

LABOUR CERTIFICATE.

PERMISSION to LEAVE SCHOOL.

UNDER BYE-LAW 5 (b).

I Certify that Albert Large
residing at Great Dunham
is not less than **THIRTEEN** years of age, having been born on
the 20th day of December, 1892, as
appears by the Registrar's Certificate [or the Statutory Declaration]
now produced to me, and has been shewn to the satisfaction
of the local Education Authority for this district to be
beneficially employed, and has made **350** attendances after 5
years of age in not more than two Schools during each year
for five years, whether consecutive or not, as shown by the
Certificate furnished by the Principal Teacher of the
Great Dunham School.
Dated this 28th day of Dec 1905.
Edward Pillow
Agent Secretary to the above named Committee.

The Child named in this Certificate may now leave School, and is qualified for full-time employment.

and after this Mr Crane agreed to take me on for a four year apprenticeship to learn the trade or business of Wheelwright and Carpenter.

I started in the year 1907 and the wage fixed was 3/6d for the first year, 4/6d for the second year, 5/6d for the third year and the fourth and last year was 6/6d and after that you had to prove to the firm whether you would be further employed as an improver.

I was called into the office one day to discuss about being further employed and they agreed to pay me 12/- per week as an improver in the trade. I was not very happy about this small wage but they informed me this was the usual wage after an apprenticeship. So I started at 12/- a week, but it was not long before I asked for an advance in my weekly wage to 15/- and I well remember that Mr Crane said, well if you think you are capable of the work you are asked to do you must have it, and it was not long before I received the full wage of £1 per week, which was the qualified wage for a tradesman in the Art Trade as a Wheelwright and Carpenter.

I have stated my wages as an apprentice and improver and for a skilled tradesman for a sixty hour working week, no holidays with pay and also walking to work in the morning, starting at 6 o'clock and leaving off work at night at 6 o'clock, ten and half hours for a days work and then walk three miles home.

I stayed with Cranes about twelve years mostly working piecework building carts, wagons, trailers and so on, mostly earning about 25/- to 30/- weekly. In the last four years I was there we were employed in government work building light and heavy artillery, which during the first world war was sometimes working fourteen hours a day coming home very tired at times. As wheelwright work is very heavy work and nothing else can be said about it. I well remember the change of working at Cranes. It happened one night on arriving home from work, my mother said to me would I like a new bicycle. I said you know I can't have that and then mother explained to me how I could have one. A Mr Mills who inquired about me and asked how I was getting to and from work. Mother told him I was walking. He said it was too much and tell the boy the governor has a new cycle in his shop and he can have it by paying 10/- per month. I accepted the offer and I very soon paid for my new cycle, by luck I was moved from one part of the work

to another which was all piecework. I had now passed that dreaded time of walking to and from work for nearly 2000 miles a year, riding a cycle in less than a third of the time. I was like the gentlemen with his first new motor car, he thought it wonderful and I thought my cycle was such a great uplift in my life that my mind was relieved of that burden and I could now settle to learn all I could to be a qualified wheelwright and carpenter.

Now as I have stated before I worked for Cranes for twelve years, and a farmer in the village who my father worked for said to him one day would I like to open up a wheelwright and carpenters business in the village, as the farmer said he would like to let the place to me, would I consider it and let him know.

But I took time to consider it as there was no business to follow on with as I knew I had to try and build it gradually if the farmers and other business people would like to offer me their work.

So I made an offer to the farmer that I would hire the place only on the condition that he let the six acres of land go with it. So after a bit more thinking he agreed to let the land go with it. I thought the land would help a bit if no work came along at my trade. So I started off in a small way of farming, keeping breeding sows and building up a small dairy herd and later on horses of my own to work the land as I could see that the Glebe land that my father was a tenant on was not ploughed and cultivated at the right time of year for his benefit. And it was not long before the repair work in the wheelwright and carpenter business soon began to build up and at times I did work very long hours to oblige the people for their support. This was great for a start. But as I went along trying build up the business my landlord, after two years as a tenant, always kept on sending me notices to quit and each time I went to see him about it he said it was only to increase the rent. So you see this does not help you to build up a business on other peoples property.

In the end I got so fed up that I purchased the place where I have now been living for 54 years. It was in 1924 that I moved to where I am now but with the consent of a friend who was a tenant of the property I purchased before I moved. He allowed me to build a new shop so the business did not get held up and so by hard work and sweat, by myself, and my father, things

wanted freely from repair work in the trade, to building new farm carts, wagons, fowls houses etc., and all repair work in the farming industry. A friend started up a blacksmiths business, and I met him one day on the road with nothing to do so I said look I have a forge, anvil and block, blacksmiths tools and drilling machines. And I said go round and see the farmers and ask them about the work you would be pleased to do for them and he started off by shoeing their horses and other work. Well, as you know its always capital to start off with as he was worried a bit about it, so I said I will see you through the first six months.

Now I have stated I was a tenant of the property when I first began to build up a wheelwright and carpenters business, but it was the year 1924 when I made the move to by my own property to develop it in a larger way, but it was hard going for a time and there were no buildings to house my stock, such as pigs etc. I worked hard and soon had some buildings erected such as a cow house for four cows and a building for my breeding sows and rearing calves. I was lucky to have a stable for my horses which joined the house. Now it was not very long before the business began to move along very well and also I was asked if I would take on some more of the Glebe Land which I agreed to. So you see the farming side increased its acreage. Now, your tenancy is under different management as everything in farming has greatly changed. In the year

1927 I got married and bought the property where I was working as a wheelwright and carpenter and moved into the house.

I have done much to my property, as both properties are modernised. I had the cottage modernised first and this was done for my retirement, but so sorry a state, that my dear wife did not live long enough to enjoy the retirement in the property.

My dear wife saw it completed in the year 1962 and she died a few months later. I was one of the fortunate men to have a good wife and we had our ups and downs in business., but we always pulled together through the good and bad. There is one thing I can well remember. It was in the early days of our marriage, it was that no amount of work came along in the wheelwright business for about six months, but I had some big estimate out for big work but they would not come to hand to make me feel happy in my undertaking of married life. So I said to my wife I will put an advert in the E.D.P. for such a job. It was in the press for the Friday and a Mr Rix from Dereham came to see me on the following Sunday evening. We were both going to church. He noticed where we were going so he said he did not wish to detain us but he asked about two charecters. I gave him Cranes where I served my apprenticeship. Another one was enough as I could have went to both places and now I will explain why I did not accept.

The reason I did not accept was because

Photo taken by J. Melton of Litcham:

The young girl was to become Mrs Large.



after six months of married life, and rather unhappy about it, I thought it best to let my dear wife decide which way was best to go and work for an employer or to stay at home and carry out two big contracts which I had estimates for. New implements such as new carts and farm wagons, fowls houses etc., orders for such came along at the same time as I had thought of working for an employer. But I left it to the wife to decide and of course it was stay at home (with her) and without any hesitation I said yes. So here I was in 1927 in full employment on my own working very hard and trying at all times to please my customers. I can say this through one large farmer in the village came and asked me if I would undertake to repair an old farm cart for him. I said I would if at all possible and from that repair he asked me to build him a new farm cart. When I built it he was so pleased about it that he put it on show at different places and from that I received orders from a farmer friend of Mr Everington to build this farmer three new harvest wagons and one farm cart and after all that with plenty of work and working very hard and long hours.

I farmed the Glebe Land for over forty years and under eight Rectors and the wheelwright and carpentry business thrived.

The business gradually improved and I started to sell petrol in cans and later I put down three petrol pumps and so the business increased. Petrol was then 1/3d a gallon and now it is £1.75p per gallon.

Then one day a traveller called for some petrol and oil and he said have you a little shop there and I said no. He said do you

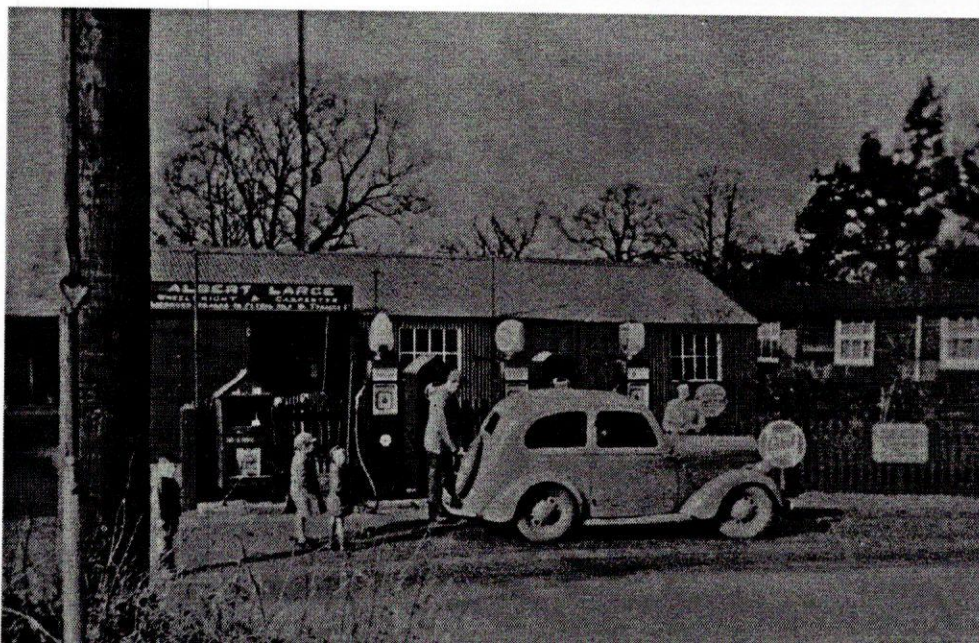
mind if go in a and have a word with your wife. I said no I don't mind in the least. We were selling cigarettes only and when he came out of the house he said he had got a small order, and so the traveller called every quarter and every time he got an order for an increase in goods. And so my wife opened a little shop selling sweets and cigarettes.

In the year 1929 my son Roland was born and then in the year 1934 my daughter Margaret was born. They are now both grown up and are both living with me still.

Neither my son or my daughter was interested in the little shop as they thought it would be too much of a tie, so my wife ran it for some years until she became ill.



Jack Murton delivering newspapers.



The Filling Station with the old Village Hall on the right.

The Filling Station now closed.
The new Village Hall on the
right. During a survey of the
village done by the school
children.



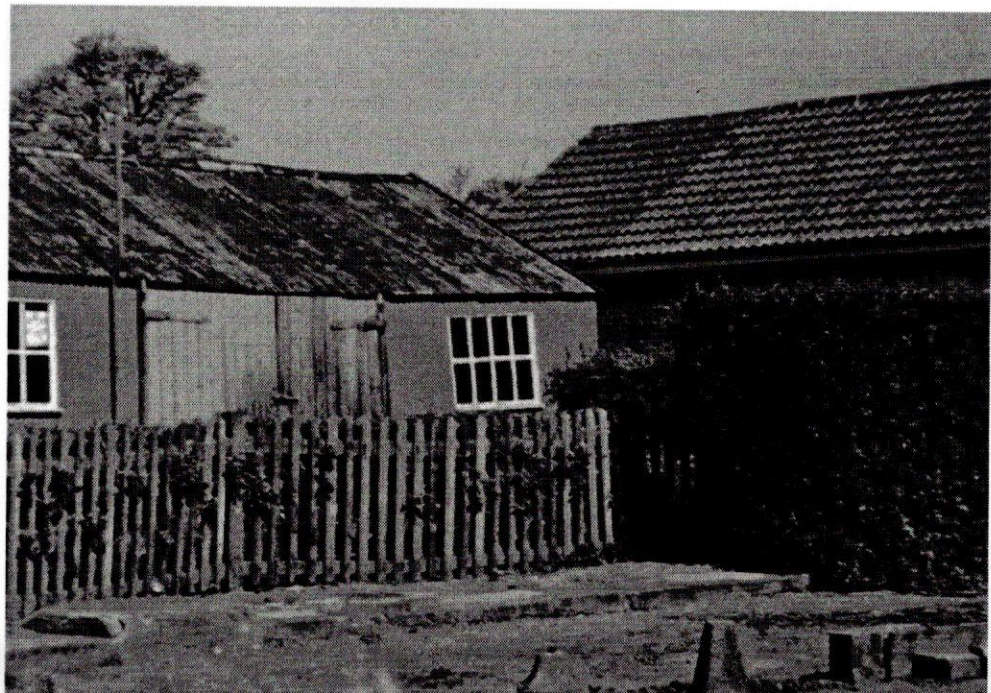
The petrol business was still thriving and the land, but as tractors and combines came into farming the old wheelwright and carpentry business faded out.

My father and mother lived quietly in the cottage next door and they both died in their nineties. After my father and mother died I had the cottage modernised as my wife said she would like to live there in her retirement, but I am sad to say in the year 1962 she died of a very serious illness and so she did not live to enjoy the cottage. My son and daughter both did well at school and my daughter especially qualified as a musician. She still plays the organ for church services today. Unfortunately her marriage did not work out satisfactorily and

so after a time she came back to live with us. She had a son by her marriage and he is today 23 years old and is a clerk in Barclays Bank in London.

I was now getting to retirement age and I took the pension at the Age of 70. As of course the years went by, prices kept rising and so the price of petrol kept going up and today is £1.75p a gallon.

After my wife died I had to close the little shop and everybody in the village said what a pity it is going to be closed. I had to give up a lot of the land because it became too expensive to buy machinery etc. and so my son became unemployed for several years. He has only now just started to pick himself





Albert Large with some schoolchildren in the garden of the filling station.

up again and is working in Swaffham in the carpentry line. He is hoping to progress from there.

As I said the petrol became so dear that I could not afford to buy it and so I had to close the petrol pumps down eventually.

I am now 94 years of age and living with my son and daughter and my daughter is looking after me.

My wife and I were regular church attenders and we used to go to church every Sunday evening when there was a service. There used to be several attended the church then

and at one time when I was in my teens I used to be in the church choir. But now there are not many go to church and there is only a service in the morning.

During my lifetime I have served as a Parish Counsellor, Secretary and Treasurer to the Village Hall and also I have been a school manager. I have also been a sidesman at the church.

There is a bus service in the village today to Swaffham and Kings Lynn and to Dereham on a Friday.

The Filling Station

by Mrs Margaret Brewster

Between the years 1930 and 1933 the Filling Station was opened and this was how it got its name. My father, Albert Large, used to sell petrol and oils. Some years later a little shop was opened and it sold sweets and cigarettes. When I was a school girl I used to help my mother sell the sweets and cigarettes from the shop. This went on for several years until my mother became ill. She became very

ill and eventually died. After her death the shop was closed and so we only sold petrol and oils.

My father also farmed some land which was the Church Glebe land. This all took place about 1964. As the years went by petrol going up and it became too dear to buy a load in and so the pumps were closed. This was the end of the Filling Station and it is known today as The Late Filling Station.

Village Memories

by Norman and Eileen Large – January 1999

Earliest memories of what the village was like before most of the houses were built and before the ones that were in the village were modernised.

Going to school during the Second World War, you never knew when the air raid sirens would sound. When they did go off, the children were taken across the road, after they had collected their gas masks and coats, to the Old Rectory, where there was a large cellar which they used as an air raid shelter. It was very cold.

Most of the men in the village were farm workers, and because there were not many tractors most of the agricultural land work was done by horses.

Now for a tour of the village before it was built up. We will start at Church Farm, which was one of the main dairy farms and was owned by Mr Robinson, whose wife later became the infant teacher at the school. Opposite Church Farm was the school bungalow which is still there but has had changes. Next to that is the Old rectory. Both the church and the school have been where they are for along time, as have both the cottages up the school yard.

Next to the school it was all apple orchards, no houses or bungalows, until you come to the house where Mrs Pierce now lives (Shrublands). The bee keeper used to live there.

Along the main road there was an old wooden village hall, next to that there was a Filling Station, shop and bakery. As well as there being a wheelwright and carpenter, there was also a blacksmiths.

Carrying on down the main road, then turning left to go down the Fransham Road, you came to Rookery Farm and the wood which have always been there. Next comes Croft Farm, which had some changes made to it. Turning left again for Beeston Road, there were no houses until you come to Tucks Farm, which is the last farm and

Back along the main road to where Mrs Spencer now lives and which has always been there. There were no more houses until you came to Meadow House.

Up Brocks Yard, Mr Thompson, the shoemaker used to live and most of those cottages have all been changed.

Coming round the corner into Castle Acre Road there was yet another shop which is now one end of Point House. The blacksmith (Jack Comny) lived opposite in The Old Smithy which is still there.

Another blacksmith lived and had a workshop in a house at the junction of Palgrave Road and Castle Acre Road. Next to Point House stood a row of four cottages, one of which still stands (3 Now replaced by Warren House). At Keswick, where Mrs Gathercole now lives there lived a watch maker.

Palgrave Road has not changed much apart from two bungalows being built later and the barns near Wood Farm, being made into homes.

A contractor lived at Wood Farm, who did a lot of ploughing for the farms as he was one of the first people to have tractors in Great Dunham. Wood Farm Cottage and Echo Farm have always been there, then no more houses until you got to Little Dunham.

Coming back up Palgrave Road and round the corner down Castle Acre Road, the cottage opposite Mrs Gathercole's was where the chimney sweep lived, and this was one of the last houses to be modernised. From there up to a row of flint cottages known as Briar Row, of which there were four, but now two, there were no other houses until later.

Carrying on down the road and over the crossroads, you come to Canister Farm owned by Mr Ellison, then Hill House (Now Field Barn Cottage) where Mr Gower lives and finally up to Hill Farm which is the last one in Great Dunham in that direction.

Coming back to the crossroads and turning left you come to Rix Farm and going round the corner into Lexham Road, there are two cottages, both of which have always been there. One has had a lot of changes. Going a little beyond them is another cottage (Dunham Farmhouse) which again has seen many changes and is believed to be haunted.

Walking back towards North Street, you came to Spring Cottage Farm which has always been there and been owned by the Warnes' family for some time.

Daffodil House and a row of cottages on the other side of the road have always been there. Then you come to the old pub which was called The Three Horseshoes and Spring Cottage and a little way past that there is or was a well, then nothing but land until you came to a row of four cottages which now have been made into two. A little further are two more cottages, then just before you get to the Chapel, two more cottages standing back. Then the Chapel and two council houses. There is nothing more until you come to East House, then lastly Dunham Hall and back to Church Farm.

As well as having shops in the village there were always various delivery people coming into the village. For example there was Mr Say, who would sell anything from a cup of sugar to a can of paraffin from his caravan. Mr Walthyew sold mainly groceries, fruit and vegetables. Mr Lakey, the Baker, who like Mr Say, both came from Little Dunham. Mr Murton, who delivered newspapers, no matter what the weather, even if it took him all day. And he always seemed happy and would always talk to anyone, even if the weather was really miserable. Also a knife grinder would come on his bicycle to sharpen anything that needed it.

There were not many buses, but there were regular trains and you either had to walk or cycle to the station. No pavement along the main road until much later.

Not many people had flush toilets or bathrooms. You just had an outside toilet which would be emptied once a week by the council and a bath was had in a tin bath in front of the fire.

Mr Rowe, the roads man, would be seen out everyday doing something along the roads which needed doing, but he used to walk with a handcart - no lorry or van.

Clothes washing and bed linen was done by hand in a wash house with a copper and mangle. This was usually in a shed outside

and you had to rely on the weather to get it dry. Ironing was done by heating a cold iron on the fire. No washing machines, tumble dryers or electric irons to make it easy.

Not many in the village had fridges, television or central heating.

There was a football and cricket team in the village. Most people would for a walk on a Sunday afternoon after they had attended either church or chapel.

What Eileen Large remembers

I can remember that we had to get water from the well at Rookery Farm as we did not have mains water until I was about 4 or 5 years old, although most did in the village. We had our own well but were not allowed to use it.

Most of the houses had now been built in the village. There were 2 people who delivered milk in the village, Mr Edge, who I think came from Beeston and Mrs Bambridge. Mr Walthyew was still delivering up to the early 70's, but Mr Say, Mr Lakey and Mr Murton went on into the 80's and a butcher delivered. Most of the shops and other industries had gone in the village.

You could still collect your milk straight from the dairy at Church Farm.

The school cloakroom was up one end and the heating was a coal fire in each classroom. No radiators until later.

Every pupil in the school had a bottle of milk, and if the milk had frozen when it had been standing outside, the milk crate was brought in and stood before the fire to thaw, consequently by the time you got it, it would taste sour. Then you had to wash your bottle out until it was clean.

Also in assembly in the mornings you had to stand in line and show the headmistress, Miss Irvine, that you had remembered to bring a handkerchief, and woe betide anybody who hadn't.

The playground was still small, which at that time was about 18 inches past the boys toilets. It wasn't extended until about 1971-72. No big playing field until later.

Schools Sports days still took place, but we had to go across the road to the Old Rectory to use their big lawns for races. At the end of the day each child received an ice cream for their efforts.

I cannot remember the school closing

through bad weather, although I can remember being told not to go back to school after lunch one day as the snow drifts down the Castle Acre Road were too dangerous for me to walk through. It was very icy underfoot and the snowdrifts were hedge high on both sides. As there was no local radio and not many people had telephones, you had to walk to school first and then wait for the teachers to make the decision. Of course the children from Little Dunham didn't come anyway because they couldn't get through, and the teachers either lived in the village or managed to walk from where they lived.

Most of the village children either attended church or chapel Sunday school every week. On Sunday school anniversaries at the chapel you went three times in the morning, afternoon and evening. I attended Chapel Sunday School from the age of 5 to 14.

I think the highlight of every child's year the village was their birthday as Mr and Mrs Bambridge, who owned the shop, seemed to know when your birthday was, and along one wall of the shop stood a glass fronted cupboard in which the sweets were kept, and they would treat you to anything from that cupboard on the day.

About the only things that have changed in the village since are that there are no more shops, not many delivery people, a few more houses have been built, more traffic and of course the people have changed.

One thing you might like to know is that an old pupil of the school has been a teacher for sometime, but now teaches in America. I still see her and talk with her when she comes back to Norfolk to visit her mother and she still asks about the school and how many pupils now attend

Dunham Farmhouse

Dunham Farmhouse was until 1984 (when it was sold to the previous owners) part of the Lexham Hall estate.

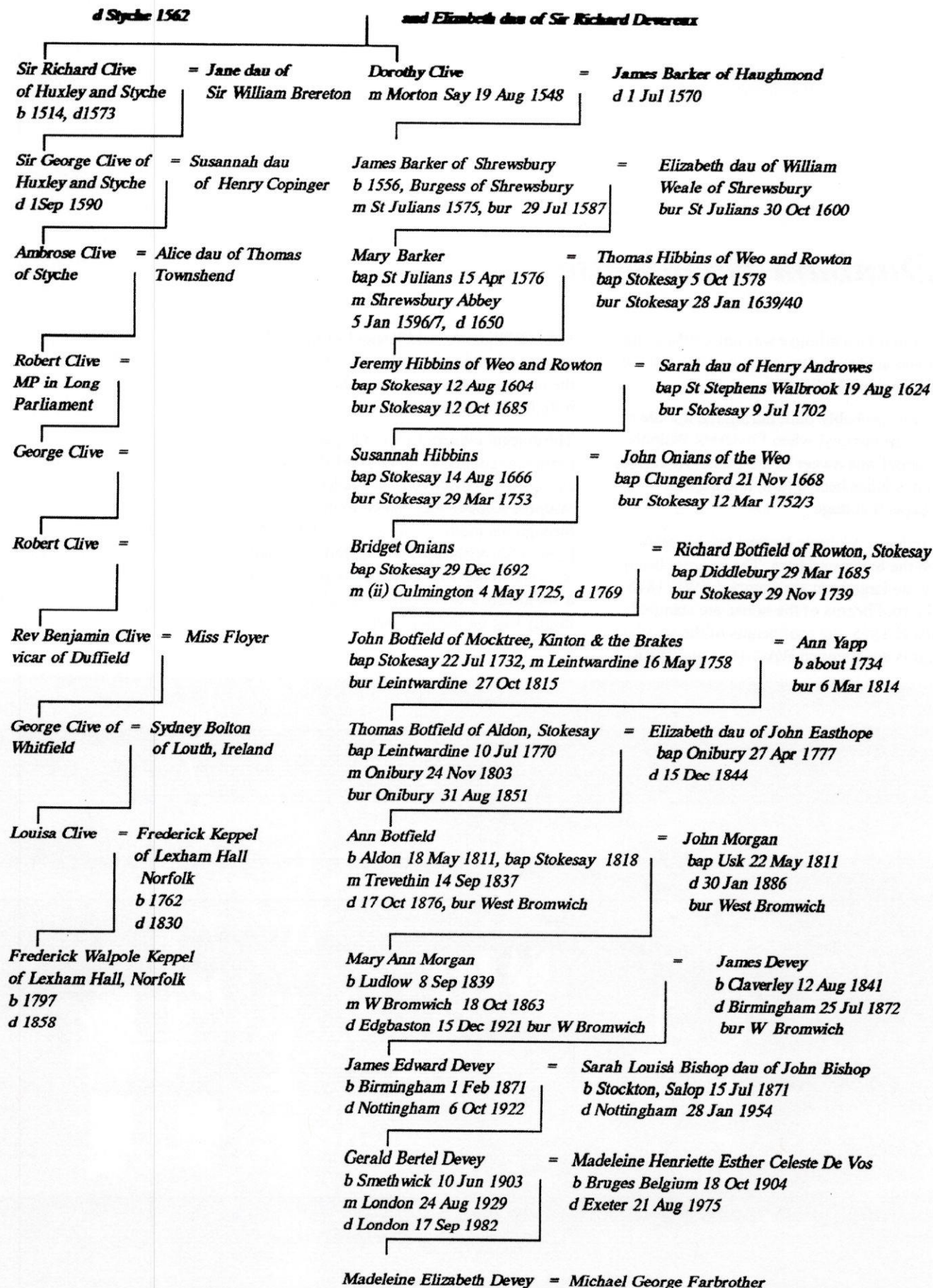
It was probably built during the middle of the last century, when Frederick Walpole Keppel was owner of the estate. At various times it has been a farm and a game keeper's cottage.

Frederick Walpole Keppel left his mark on the house and barn. The internal beams of the large barn are stamped FWK 1848, the roof beams of the house are stamped FWK 1855, the roof beams of the smaller barns are stamped WAK 1861 and WAK

1862 (William Arnold Keppel - Frederick's brother who died in 1888). On either end of the outside of the large barn, the large metal initials FK can be seen.

The current owners (not having any particular connection with Norfolk) were astonished to discover that Frederick Walpole Keppel was related to them through his mother Louise Clive (who was born in Shropshire). They shared a common ancestor in the 16th century - making FWK a 9th cousin 3 times removed!! (See the family tree on the next page.)





Does the Village Lie Fallow?

**An article from a newspaper called *The Journal* dated
15th December 1950**

You will meet no witches at great Dunham. Once, of course, witchcraft was practised there. But fashion, in an age which intellectualises its hocus-pocus, has veered towards the medium and the Sunday newspaper astrologer. Time has pushed the witch out of business since the day when two BeHarmine pots were buried under the floor at Church Farm, Great Dunham, where Mrs A. W. Roberson recently discovered them. Time has also thrust council houses in the centre of the village, brought tractors to sadden the horsemen, and filled farming with methods that make the greybeards shake their heads. But time has not taken away the beauty of the late Saxon church nor laid too heavy a hand on the farmland around it.

"There is something in the village I fare as if I cling to," said old Mrs Large as she sat beside the fire at her cottage in Station Road. She and her husband have clung to the village for a good many years. Mr Robert J. Large, Great Dunham's oldest inhabitant, was born there 92 years ago, and Mrs Large was born there eleven years later. They have clung to the village through infancy, childhood, adolescence and more than sixty years of married life. What is it that endears Great Dunham to them and many more?

The casual visitor could never know. To him Great Dunham is just another Norfolk village, not so charming as many and quite as sleepy as most. round it the everlasting cycle of sowing and reaping goes on, and the visitor guesses that its hold over its sons and daughters lies in the memories of toil and pleasure they have stored away year by year.

Mr Large does little now but dreams of those years. He will tell you that the Bible makes mention of old men who dream dreams and that he is content to do likewise. "Dunham is about the same as it always was", he says "except that the labourer's a lot better off. I used fill muck

carts at a penny a load. If I had the money they get I should have been a gentleman by now." Mrs Large agrees. "Young men of today could be nicely fixed if they were careful," is her view. "And so they ought to be compared with what we were years ago. We have seen some hard times - it doesn't do to talk about it".

Mr Large's story is the story of every old Norfolk farm worker. A little schooling ("I went to school the fore part of my time, when I didn't truant"), crowscaring at eleven, then a lifetime on the land: bringing up two boys and six girls, and sometimes putting on the table less than ten shillings for the family's keep. Off on Sunday to the Methodist chapel, which in Norfolk was a close ally of the fight to better the labourer's lot. At the end of it, a chair by the cottage fire; and in Mr Large's case, sixteen grandchildren and a great-granddaughter to sweeten old age.

One Treasure

The village to which they cling possesses one treasure which the outside world comes to see, the Parish Church of St. Andrew. It is one of the few churches in the country with a late Saxon west door. The tower save for the battlements is of Saxon workmanship; the nave of its original shape, with interesting Saxon arcading; and one of the first windows is still in use. The step at the entrance, worn by the feet of at least a 1000 years, is thought by some to have been taken from Roman house. Perhaps the newest thing in the church is its east window, installed in memory of her husband by the late Mrs L.A. Warnes, whose recent death robbed the district of one its most valued public workers.

Time was when Great Dunham had two churches. The vanished church of St. Mary was opposite and its foundations lie beneath the Rectory lawns. Probably those stones which grace many a building in the villages round about came from its fabric. There

were even two rectors during one period, but this ecclesiastical glory faded when Castle Acre Priory was dissolved. Today, the one Rector, the Rev. S. J. N. Henderson, carries on their work in an age when the glory faded even more, for he has to serve two distant churches as well, those of East and West Lexham.

It cannot be said that Great Dunham bustles with activity. True there is the village hall, with its indoor games. Like many others, it came into being just After the 1914-18 war, as Mrs F. Whales can tell. She has lived in the village for 57 years, and is now 83. She is one of the original trustees, and will tell you how she and others went to Thetford and bought the army hut which has been the Village Hall ever since. Then there are the usual church and chapel affairs, such as the Mothers Union but wonder of wonders - no Women's Institute. Youngsters are well provided for by St. Mary's Youth Club, named after the vanished church, and open to all denominations. Next spring, if it can be arranged, they are going to London to see the Houses of Parliament. The women are proud of their Dunham detachment of the British Red Cross Society, recently formed under Mrs Henderson. Sport appears to be at a standstill.

Why is it that some villages of about 300 people have almost every kind of social activity, while others like Great Dunham lie fallow? There is not one answer but many. It is easier to say what the answer is not - and it is not that the inhabitants of Great Dunham are any less sociable or the less energetic than other country folk. In some ways they are more sociable. For instance the ancient feud between church and chapel just does not exist. When there was no church Sunday school, the children were sent to the chapel, and the feeling that somehow both belonged to all the village has persisted. This Christian unity will manifest itself on the Sunday before Christmas, when church and chapel are joining in a nine-lesson carol service at the church. The spirit of the villagers suggests that Great Dunham could easily give birth to many enterprising organisations, as the young Rector and his wife have proved in their short residence there.

The Flowerpot

Great Dunham has not been without its excitements. Passing back beyond the recent war, when the sound of land-mine and flying bomb burst upon its rural peace,

we reach a night about 40 years ago when the Post Office was struck by lightning and burnt down. They say it was quite a blaze, for the oil store was an important part of the post office in those days. This explains why the present post office looks very much like someone's front room. Indeed, it was. It was Mr & Mrs J. F. Bambridge's front room, and before that their house had been an inn with the engaging name of 'The Flowerpot'. After the fire they gave the Post Office a home, and in 1916, Mr Bambridge became sub-postmaster himself.

Mrs Bambridge carries on the post office and village store while her husband devotes himself to his building business. He is a craftsman, in the line of those who laboured with such skill in our villages to produce the woodwork which has been a lasting glory of Norfolk churches. He is proudest of the oak door he made in 1918 for East Lexham Church, a solid Gothic-style door of 25 panels. The wood of which he made it had first been worked on by one of his own calling some two or three centuries before. It came from beams which he took from barns at South Acre when he re-roofed them.

Carrying the mail is a rather more streamlined affair than when Mr William Edwards did the job many years ago. Mr Edwards, who lives near the school, has always loved horses. "I used to follow my father's plough when I was a lad", he says, "and I was proud as a peacock". Yet Mr Edwards, now 67, comes home from Hill Farm after a day of tractor driving.

I Love Horses

It was really a Turk who made Mr Edwards forsake horses for tractors. The Turk found Mr Edwards advancing towards him at Gallipoli, and threw a grenade. The grenade shattered Mr Edward's thigh, and though he was back as a teamman soon after the war, the old wound broke out again in 1928. For nearly ten years Mr Edwards could not work, but when he eventually got back to Hill Farm, the leg would not let him follow the team. Mr W. D. Everington, his employer, had the bright idea of teaching him to drive a tractor, and today Mr Edwards is one of the oldest tractor-drivers in Norfolk. "Still" he argues, "if I was a young man I would not be a tractor-driver. I love horses, and always did. Young men today don't know horses, and they don't know that thing that goes behind the tractor - the plough. You can soon teach a man

to be a tractor driver, but it takes a terrible long time to make a ploughman of him". There are other innovations besides tractors which seem all wrong to Mr Edwards. Artificial manure, for instance. He feels that modern use of it is bound to have the same effect on the land as malt whiskey has on a man's stomach; it will burn it up. "What the land misses today," he declares, "is those gentlemen who used to carry muck on a Sunday - sheep". For all that, he intends to go on tractor-driving till he is 70. His father worked on the land till he was 75.

In a cottage at the other end of the village you will find Mrs M Cox. She and the Methodist chapel grew up together. "It was not quite ready when I was born", she says, and since she was born in 1866, it helps her to remember that the chapel was opened in 1867. Even so, she is not quite the oldest

member of the congregation. That honour falls to Mr Large, and he still goes when the weather is good. Mr Isaac Cox, who died 18 years ago, was a local preacher for many years. Today his daughter and son-in-law, Mr and Mrs A. J. Barrett, are prominent workers for Methodism.

They have their principles, the Rector has his. Both rejoice at the bond which unites their two communities. The village has its own contentions, of course; It will be a dull village that has none. It has needs too, but they are needs that can be met if the same spirit of unity is fostered. And the background against which Great Dunham leads its life is the one which has fathered both unity and strife in all ages, the land. Even that most urban excrescence on the face of the countryside, the petrol pump, feeds the tractor that tills the soil.

My story

By Dorothy Rout of Little Dunham

I was born to Anna and Thomas Wright on December 27th 1919. I already had a sister Annie, a brother Tom and a sister Mary. We lived in a little cottage with two bedrooms, two down stair rooms and a toilet down the bottom of the garden. We were not very well off, but like most cottage dwellers in the village my father was an agricultural worker. None of the families were very well off, but we were all happy. Working on the land in the early twenties wages were very low. My mother use to say to us, being poor is no disgrace as long as you are truthful and honest, I have often thought of her words.

When I can first remember farm workers wages were 30/- per week (that was £1-10 shillings) 150 pence today not much when one thinks about it.

Well this is Little Dunham as far back as I can remember and the way of life for myself, my family, grand parents and many friends, such as school friends etc.

When I was a young girl I knew everyone who lived in the village. Although we were not very well off mother fed us well and we had a happy home, but most families were the same. Our clothes were hand me downs but tidy, we had clothes given to us by the Buxton family who lived at Dunham Lodge and mother use to alter them to fit us and with quite a lot of families doing the same thing as they bought things from jumble sales for a few pence, this of course was in the days of the early twenties. When I think about it all now I wonder how we managed in that little cottage, as there were six of us at one time.

There were four cottages in our row, the water came from a well in the middle of the yard and had to serve all four cottages and what a worry it was in the summer when we had several dry weeks of hot weather and the well got rather low, I remember one year Mr Pickering who was a farmer living at Manor Farm, well he sent his men round the village with a water cart, the

water was from one of his ponds called clay pits and the men with buckets filled up our water tanks and we were glad of it as it was a risk drawing so much from the well as I remember our well never did dry up, although some did in the village.

The folks next door to us were a large family by the name of Clarke, three of the sons were very good cricket players. Their sister use to whiten their cricket boots and stand them on the top of the well in the sun to dry, I can visualise them now in my minds eye. At the far end of our row lived a couple that had both married before so there was a mixed family. I didn't like the old woman at all she was wicked, evil and told lies and used disgusting language. When I was very young I was frightened of her, by the way I should have mentioned that the father of the family next-door use to clip sheep or should I say shear sheep with sheep clippers. Now a days its all done by electric clippers and doesn't take very long, but this man Mr Clarke and his brothers would go on to a farm, clip all the sheep and roll up all the fleece, they would be three or four days on one farm depending on the size of the flock and then move on to another farm. They had a great old closed in cart, as they use to dip the sheep after they had been sheared, alas those days are gone. My grandfather use to tell me that he use to shear a score hogetts (male sheep) for a florin and he could do a hundred a day and earn him self ten shillings, that was of course was a lot of money seventy years ago. How I use to watch him shearing sheep, it gave me a lot of pleasure as I use to marvel at the way he held on to the sheep and keep it still for him to work on. Oh happy days, what fun we had.

Dunham has changed so much over the years, the swan was kept by Mrs Dawson who use to keep pigs at the bottom of her garden from which she would sell pork, the pigs would be killed on the premises. My granddad use to keep pigs down the bottom



talking about 1920 to 1940 and long before I can remember, but with the changes and various regulations that sort of thing is not allowed today, but to get back to the keeping of pigs, if Mrs Dawson was short of pork for selling perhaps my granddad had a pig big enough to kill or Mr Jim Clarke would have one, that's how they did helping each other, alas there is not much of that sort of help going on today. The village post office stores have changed a lot since I was a girl, there use to be two cottages at the side of the shop and some very large families were brought up in them, they had to sleep three to a bed, no water on tap it all had to be pulled up in a bucket from a well, oil lamps for lighting, all the cooking had to be done on an open fire a loo (toilet) down the bottom of the garden. On Fridays one could take cakes and joints of meat to the Bakery and Mr Carl Register who worked for Mr Bayfield who owned the Bakery, well he would bake things people took there for 2d each, sometimes the cakes were a bit over done but no one complained, "oh happy days". I well remember on one occasion being sent to the bakery to fetch a cake for Mrs High (I use to run her errands), well this cake the old lady had put into a round tin, I picked the cake up and the tin was still a little bit too hot, but I thought I could manage, got outside the bakery, tripped up on the very unlevel step, away went the cake and rolled down the road for some distance, I managed to pick up the cake which had now parted with the tin, I was very pleased that no damage had been done. Do you think I could find that tin? So I took the old lady her cake minus tin, needless to say I didn't

say it had been rolling down the road, I just told her I had taken it out of the tin for her so she didn't burn her fingers, the tin turned up later, a bit of luck!!

Near the side of these cottages next to the post office was a wide path and it would lead you on to the Necton road, we use to call it the yards, walking through there you would pass eight cottages two rooms up & two rooms down with a loo down the bottom of the garden. There were some very large gardens that went with the cottages, all had lovely fruit trees, some very large families were brought up in these cottages, all happy families as I recall. These cottages are all gone now and new dwellings built on the gardens. The 8 council houses that were built at the far end of the village nearer toward Necton were built to house the families that were in the old cottages round the "yards". They were the first council houses to be built in the villages & the families moved in in 1938, but they were not modernised until 1974 when mains water was brought in the village. Since then there had been more council houses and bungalows built.

Some of the old houses have been pulled down on the Necton road along with the Methodist chapel, shame about the chapel, we've had some good old sing songs in there two services on a Sunday and a service Wednesday nights.

There use to be some cottages behind the chapel, a boot maker lived in one with the name of George Steggles, he was one of a family of thirteen, he would make boots to measure and also repair boots and shoes, he

always smoked a pipe and there always seem to be a drip on the end of it where George use to slaver. George Steggles was born a cripple, so he did well really to learn his boot and shoe trade.

There were cottages on what was known as the common, these cottages went with Canister Farm and were lived in by the men and their families who worked on the farm. There was one family who had four girls and I use to like going down to the common to play with these girls, their name was Robinson. To get to the common one

had to walk down school lane and under the railway bridge, turn right and past a orchard on the left and there were the cottages, I use to think I would have like to live down there, the train ran very close by and very frequently. These cottages have gone long since. There was also a very flourishing railway station when I was a girl, trains ran very frequently to Norwich and Kings Lynn, stopping at the village stations on the way.

Little Dunham station use to cater for Necton, Great Dunham, Litcham, East & West Lexham and Sporle. Quite a lot went on there as the cattle use to be moved by rail and also sheep, sugar beet and horses some times. I remember the Duke of Windsor travelling on the train "he had a special carriage" bringing his horse so that he could hunt with the West Norfolk Fox Hounds, he would wait in the Crown public house which was just at the top of the station yard and have coffee with Mr & Mrs Ted Newman + their daughter Flo. I mentioned the Crown public house it was a Steward and Patterson pub, but after the Newman family all died off it was sold as a private house. The Newman family were Quakers and a very nice kind family, they were always ready to help those in need and a great help to the village. Mr Ted Newman was a coal merchant and use to deliver coal round the village with a horse and cart, he kept two ponies and two donkeys, one of the donkeys was trained to pull a little whicker cart and on a nice sunny day one would come across Miss Flo Newman and her mother out in the cart. There was also 2 other coal merchants their names were Smith and Co and also a Mr Marshall. The coal was brought to Dunham by rail by the truckload. The farmers and the well-to-do bought it by the truckload through the merchant. Mr Newman had to give up as he got older and he sold his business to Knock of Litcham. The Railway was closed in 1968, the village people did try hard to keep it

open, but as more people were getting cars & less people travelled on the train, we were very all sad when it closed.

Now there was a very good blacksmith shop in the village, how I use to stand and watch the blacksmith Mr Charlie Southgate shoe horses, of course there were a lot of cart horses used on the farms in those days and they all had to have shoes and also the horses that were kept for hunting. The forge use to fascinate me, I can still recall seeing the blacksmith pumping up the forge and the coal dust and cinders glowing red hot and Charlie would pull out some red hot metal and form it into a horse shoe and would fit it to the horse's hoof red hot and then he would nail it on the horse and shape the hoof I use to like the smell of the horses hoofs as the hot shoe was placed on, it use to make a sizzling noise.

Also at the blacksmith's I've seen the great metal wheel being fixed to the wooden wheel frame, the metal would be heated up on the forge and then brought out and fixed round the wooden frame, there would be three men beating it on to fix it firm, it was placed on a round Iron ring about eight feet across it with a dip in the centre to let the hub of the wheel rest in. The men would beat it and turn it at the same time until the metal was cold. Great big hammers were used, This smithy was closed for a number of years, but now another blacksmith have bought the place and I understand he is making some beautiful things, ornamental gates, fire guards and various other things.

I've seen a good many changes there, some good, some bad. Now along what was known as the Barrow Holes Lane, well this lane ran from the centre of the village and finished up on the Necton road, when I was a little girl there was only a farmhouse, three cottages and a bungalow at the far end. The farmyard had various sheds and buildings to house implements and a stockyard and on the road side a five-barred gate. The house has been altered a lot as well, when I was a small child I use to visit there a lot with my mother as she was related to Mr & Mrs James Clarke who lived there, the toilets and coal sheds were along the side of the house and another little out house had inside a coal copper, where the water had to be heated for washing and baths. Now all this has gone long since, the farmhouse is now two dwellings all modernised. Where the stockyard was there are three quite large houses. In what was the orchard now there are two houses and a bungalow. And further

along the lane more houses and bungalows, I'm afraid as far as I am concerned all that building has spoilt the village, to some folks its called progress but to me and the real village folks ugly! Ugly!

To get back to Barrow Holes Lane walking from the village end one would see turning off to the right a lane, well its really a public foot path, and it runs between two fields, years ago when I was a very young girl I recall it, to walk this lane was a real treat any time of the year, It was an avenue of trees mostly Oak trees, but there were also Ash, Elm, Elder and Beech, about three quarters of a mile along this foot path and looking across to ones left was a little wood, about two & half acres, during the spring and summer it was a haven for wild life and it was a mass of wild flowers too numerous to mention them all as some I still can't remember the names Blue Bells, White Bells, Wild Orchids, Pink and White Campion, Soldiers Buttons, Cows Foot and many many more. The scent from these flowers was absolutely out of this world and is something I shall never forget, no perfume has ever come out of a bottle like it. I always think of it as one of Gods creations and one of the few free pleasures of life. Well now we go further along the lane turning right this time on our left is another wood consisting of various lovely trees, and also a lot of pines. The wood was always known as Sporle Wood and is also full of the most beautiful wild flowers and shrubs covering 50 acres. During the summer holidays quite a few of us village children spent very many happy hours in this wood, the singing of the birds was absolutely lovely, there was a Tawny Owl in a hollow tree. We took a lot of pride in watching the habitat of the birds as we used to write essays about these things when we went back to school after the summer holidays, so of course the more we took notice the more we could write about these things and of course there were lots of birds nests in the woods, during March and April lots of Pheasants were nesting. To get back to our foot path, following it along brought us out near Sporle Bridge, a lovely walk at any time, but during Spring and Summer it was quite unforgettable, I can visualise it now in my mind but alas sad to say the avenue of trees are no longer there, the small wood I mentioned is no longer there and the footpath is a job to distinguish and walk on. Alas most has now gone I'm sorry to say, what has gone wrong with folks, must they destroy all our beautiful walks, there won't be anything left soon.

I did first mention the Swan but to go in to it in more detail, years ago during the 1920s up to say the 1940s or just after the last war, there use to be wood railings round the front of the Swan, with chains linking the wood post, to wood post were attached metal rings these were for folks who stop there with their horses and carts, the horses could be tied up to the metal rings, of course there were quite a lot of horses & carts when I'm talking about, some of the poor old horses were tied up a long while I can tell you, and when it was time to move off the driver would be so drunk and very often didn't know which way to go home, some of the horses would find their own way home. That was when Beer was 4d a pint.

To the side of the Swan, there use to be a cottage one room up and one room down, the stair case was just a ladder. There was an old lady lived there with the name of Miss or Mrs Coe, I always thought she was a witch, it was doubtful whether she ever had a wash, for her face was as brown as a berry and shone, she also had two or three very rotten teeth just in the front of her mouth which didn't improve her looks. Well this Miss or Mrs Coe use to make love potions up for the young men of the village, as she said it would make them more attractive to women, and also make them virile, she would get the water from the pond at the back of the Swan on Mr Clarke's field, (that's why the pond was always known as Coe's Pond) the water was put in a round cauldron that had three legs and hung on a hook attached to a chain that hung from the beam in the chimney, there was a rhyme, the old woman use to chant as she made this brew, I can't quite remember it now, but I'll try

The blood of a Nat.
The skin of a Bat.
The Bark off the Oak.
Altogether I'll soak.
The skin of a Flea.
The leg of a mouse.

They make a good stew and a very good brew, I've been told by the older folks who knew her better than I ever did, my mother knew her. There were some men from round about did buy her brew, it leaves a bit of doubt, but I should imagine some of her brew was the slops of beer from the pub, where the beer spilled over into bowls as the landlady was dishing up pints, there was always a few spills and old lady Coe didn't let much go spare.

Now School Lane has been built up quite a bit since the war, with houses and bungalows both sides, there were just four cottages when I was a young girl, my aunt use to live in one and I've spent many happy hours there with my cousins, just a bit further down the lane from them were the other two, well I think at one time they had been four but were very small, so two had been made into one to make a much bigger house. I well remember the families that lived in them, long since gone, well the grandchildren of one of the families I see now and again as they live near Dereham. We have a good old chat when we do meet. One man who lived there was Sam Steggles and I understand it was he who helped Build the railway station. Continue along School Lane and under the railway bridge bear left and across the meadow to Canister Farm, well that was where we used to walk to for milk when I was a girl, twice a day. Then there were changes, the farm was sold, I can remember three or four different families living there, Major Beasley, Mr Makins, Mr Carter then Geoffrey Mason brought the place & turned the farm house into two houses, now it is back into one again. Most of the land has been sold apart from the large meadow round the house, which has been made into a golf course & fishing lakes. Also the railway lines have been taken up between little Dunham and Fransham Stations and have been Dammed up each end and filled with water, and are now fishing lakes, they are used quite a lot, folks who are interested in fishing travel quite a distance to fish there. The banks each side of the railway track are quite high, so it was quite easy filling them up, I can also recall when I was a girl I have seen water spouting out of the sides of the railway banks. These railways banks were also very pretty during the spring and summer as they were covered with Primroses, Violets and Cowslips, always a beautiful sight, but the farm sprays have killed most of them off I'm sorry to say.

The village school has been made into a house, it was built in 1873. I've always been told that the school is on land given by Mr George Copeman who was the owner of Little Dunham Lodge at the time, the school consisted of an entrance porch, a cloakroom and two large classrooms. There has been some very clever people turned out from the teaching they received from attending this school. I myself started school there at the age of four, the infant teacher at the time was Miss Grethan. (Gretan) a very good

kind lady she was, all the youngsters were very fond of her and we were most upset when she left the school. If my memory serves me well Miss Gretan retired, to me she seemed very old, but then I was very young. Then there was Miss Doris Dixon who came to teach the infants, I didn't like her very much as she had her favourites and I was always getting the cane off her for things I hadn't done. Well she had a whistle that she would blow at play times to get us all back in school, this particular day the whistle was missing I know who had taken it as I saw this girl with it and kept on blowing it, Miss Dixson blamed me but I didn't give the other girl away, well two days later this whistle found its way back in the cupboard. I always did get the blame, but I never did split on the girl, her name was Milly. The Head Teacher at the school all the time I was there was Miss S Blamire, a very good strict teacher, there were never any children leaving school during her time that couldn't read or write, Miss Blamire concentrated on arithmetic, reading and good writing and spelling. Every morning we had assembly with prayers and a hymn. We always had a time for bible reading and every term we had a scripture exam. I always enjoyed this, I loved the bible reading as Miss Blamire always got me to read a whole chapter and then we had to discuss it, this way it gave us a good knowledge of the bible and it's stuck with me through the years.

I enjoyed my school days and was very upset when I had to leave school and of course we left school at 14 yrs old in those days. Looking back they were very happy times, our head mistress did her best to make our school a very happy place. Friday afternoons during the summer we played games on Miss Blamire's field. The girls played cricket and football as well as the boys. I got quite good at cricket. If the afternoon happen to be wet we had to stay in school of course, the girls did knitting and the boys did painting, some times we went for a nature study walk. It was a very sad day in the village when the school was closed, that was in 1935, there were several tears shed.

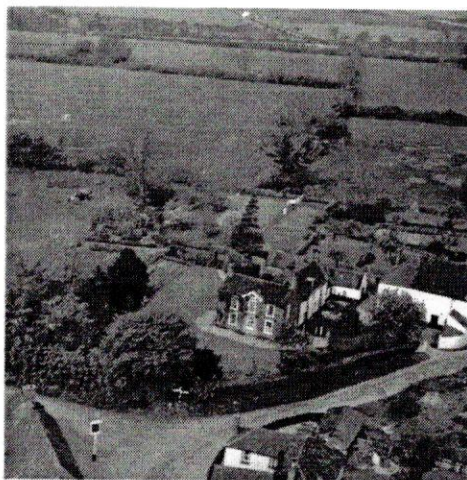
During my years at school and even before I was old enough to join in we had a sports day two or three days before we started our summer holiday. it was just a fun day amongst our selves. Mrs Ivor Buxton who lived at Dunham Lodge at the time would be there and bring her daughters Mary

her name, we called her Zuloo because she had a lot of fuzzy hair. Mrs Buxton would judge the games, how we all loved that day and then when Mr Copeman was alive and lived at the "Paddocks" only in his time and also while Miss Blamine & her sister lived there it was always Known as Dunham Cottage. It was renamed the Paddocks after Mrs Williams got there to live.

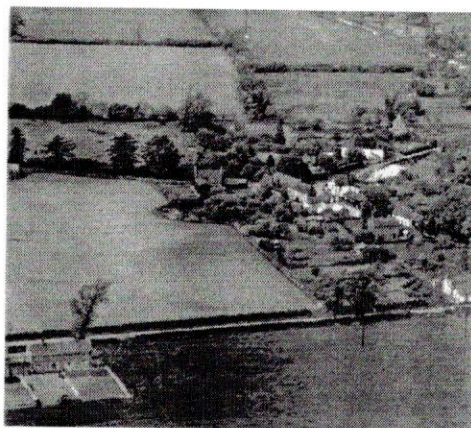
Well now – what I was saying are yes- we use to have a parents day and Mr Copeman let us all assemble on his lawn, us children would sing the songs we had been taught at school and also dance, we had a wind up Gramophone and records with the dance music on. The Gramophone and records belonged to our schoolmistress, we use to dance a sword dance and a stick dance, the swords were long and made of wood, the sticks were about an inch in diameter they were all proper dances. I have seen the same thing on television only recently and would have loved to have joined in as I can still remember the steps. I often wonder what happened to those sticks and swords, oh happy days, what fun we had, my dancing partner was a boy called George Carter. I wonder what happened to him! Each Christmas Mrs Buxton would have a party at Dunham Lodge for the school children, we always had a very nice tea, there were lots of jam sandwiches and cake, it was the first time I had ever tasted a doughnut, and as I bit in to it the jam shot out all over my face. After tea we all went in to the very large drawing room to be entertained by a Conjuror, on leaving for home each child received a present, we all use to look forward to those parties.

Also at Christmas, all the school children would get together with the schoolmistress and go all round the village carol singing, how we all enjoyed this. These were all most enjoyable times, we got such fun out of the simple things.

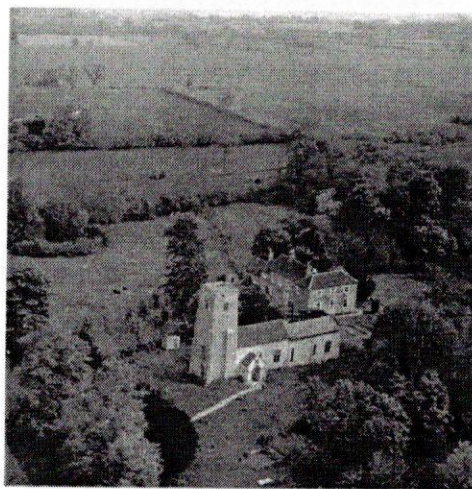
Major & Mrs Ivor Buxton moved from Dunham Lodge I think it was about 1934, it was a great loss to the village when they moved, they were such kind people and were very helpful, also they were kind and thoughtful towards the folk who worked for them. I'm thinking back about sixty-five years and more, at that time more than half the village was Dunham Lodge Estate. Now I'm sorry to say in 1991 there is hardly any estate at all, its all been sold off in bits and bobs, when I can think back now there use to be a whole lot of farm buildings and stabling for the farm horses, there were



Aerial view of Dunham Cottage, later 'The Paddock' Little Dunham.



Aerial view of Little Dunham Village showing the property known as 'The Paddock', with white stable block.



Aerial view of Little Dunham Church and the Rectory.

eight lovely big farm horses, Bob Gage was one of the team men as they were known in those days, I don't suppose the young men of today would know what a team man was if we were to ask them. I know a team man had to be at work at about 5-30 am in the morning to get the horses fed so they were ready for work at 7 am.

Major and Mrs Buxton moved to Dunham Lodge after Mr & Mrs George Copeman moved out that was in 1919. Mr Alfred Copeman one of the sons moved into the village, there was a Major Charles Copeman also another son, the rest of the family

have all died off now. But what I was going to say is this, Major Copeman would stay in the village now and again with his brother Alfred who moved to Dunham Cottage. Well this Major Copeman was a great friend of our school mistress Miss Blamire, as was his brother Alfred, so he was asked to come into school to give us school children a lecture on the places he had been too, the different countries, and what he had done with other soldiers. How I use to hate that. Well we use to have to write an essay on this lecture the next day, I'm afraid I didn't do very well as those old lectures of Copeman's got my back up.

Now about Alfred Copeman, well he was chairman of the Norfolk Education Committee for years, and would go to Norwich nearly every day to the Education office. I have been told by Miss Blamire our Head Mistress that Mr Copeman would not let any of the people who worked in the Education Offices smoke, if they did and he knew about it he would see that they lost their job. Well also as being chairman of the Education committee Mr Copeman was a barrister. Not many people in Dunham knew that.

I want to get back to when I was a young schoolgirl. Now I'm going back about seventy-one years, yes it is.

We were all in school and it was a Wednesday morning about 11 am, there was a knock on the door, I remember it well, it was Bob Clarke Mr Copeman's gardener, he called our Head Mistress (Miss Blamire) in to the porch to tell her the bad news, Mr Copeman had been hit by the train, it was the 9-45 am train for Norwich, this was the train Mr Copeman frequently used as he was in Norwich most school days. Well he thought the train would stop if he held his hand up, but it didn't and so there was a nasty accident, I remember it well as if it had just happened. Miss Blamire came back into school and told us all to be very quiet as there had been a serious accident and Mr Copeman was badly hurt, we were all to sit still and get on with our work until she came back. No playtime that day much to our dismay. Well our teacher came back to school just about 12noon and we went home for lunch, but we were told we must walk very quietly and not make any noise. Come the following Friday evening Mr Copeman died, and the funeral was the next Wednesday afternoon, the school was closed for the day, and most of the school children had to collect in the front of Mr Copeman's

house to walk in front of the funeral procession carrying a wreath (not the infant children). I don't think I have ever seen so many wreaths at a funeral. However I don't think I have ever seen so many smiling faces at a funeral as there was at this one, apart from our Head Mistress who shed tears, and Mr Copeman's brother Charles. The de-ceased was looked upon as the village squire, and tried to run every ones life for them, after the funeral the village was like a new place. Although I must say this for him he was willing to give advice to anyone if you made an appointment to see him, but one had to do exactly as he said, but with his experience as a Barrister he could give genuine advice.

The church, I must say something about our little church. I've been attending services there since I was a very small child, also I was a member of the Sunday school, Mrs Hunt the rectors wife took the older children for Sunday school & Miss Kathleen Hunt the younger ones, I did not much care for the Hunt family, Rev Hunt was not a very nice man (well I didn't think so) and Mrs Hunt and the three daughters were all powder and paint. More like actresses than a Rectors family, as I grew older I liked them even less, as I learned more about them, most of the village people felt the same, but now I have got away from what I was going to write about the church. Where was I? The church is known as St Margaret's, some of the pews on the north side of the church were taken out during 1945-1947 and a side alter made in the place. This was during the time Rev Williamson was rector at Dunham and also Sporle. There is a most beautiful coloured window above the alter, and also a smaller one on the south side of the church, this small window was inserted by the Rev Montague Hare in memory of a son of his who had died young, that was in 1868, (hope I've got the date right). When I was a child we had services in the evening on a Sunday, how I did enjoy going to church with my mother, and friends of mine with their parents, when I was in my teens I was asked to read a lesson in church, how I loved doing that, I've done this many times since.

Also it was delightful for me when I got involved with church flower arrangements. How I loved every minute of this delightful task. As I grew older I found myself cleaning the church and church brasses, I just about took over, later I became church secretary to the P.C.O this position I held for 25 years

a lot of changes in Little Dunham church some good some not so good! And there has been a few changes in clergy, but all in all I've had some very happy times, helping out at garden fetes, coffee mornings, cake stall on Swaffham market place, alas to say very few people attend services now. One or two at 11 o'clock, sometimes 4 at communion, very sad. I do hope things will improve. When I was a child there use to be a high hedge each side of the church drive, on the right side, walking down towards the church there were three large oak trees at intervals, on these were brackets about four feet up from the ground, and during the dark evenings (just Sundays) there were oil lamps lit and fitted into these brackets, they just gave off enough light so that one could see the drive, these lamps were put out by the sexton as he came up the church drive after the evening service. Mrs Hazlewood was the church organist, and Mr Hazlewood was church treasurer, Mr & Mrs Hazlewood kept the Post Office Stores when I was a girl, they had two daughters, Freda & Margaret.

Rev Hunt went a bit funny in the head and was sent away I think to a mental home, Mrs Hunt and Kathleen left the village and took over a boarding house at Runton near Cromer, they were not missed in the village, they were very unpopular. Old Charlie Barrett was sexton and grave digger at this time, when he gave up, George Cook took it on for a time, he was a very good grave digger, after him it was George Kenning, he didn't have the job long, he was frightened out of his life in case some one should get out of the grave and come after him. He was digging a grave on one occasion when he unearthed a set of dentures, well he down with his spade and ran home, that was the end of George Kenning and the sexton's job.

Yes! Dunham has changed a lot, several old houses have been pulled down, there used to be two on the crossways, that's were Great Dunham road go along to Necton and another road comes down through the village towards Sporle, well on the cross ways stood two cottages, they used to belong to the Lodge estate years ago, Tom Newell lived in one and Fred & Mrs Bidwell lived in the other, and there was a three cornered piece of grass in the centre of the roads, as children we use to sit there with our note book and pencil and take car numbers, we could sit all day and perhaps get two or three, as there were very few cars about in those days. I can remember when there was just one in our village and

that belonged to Major Buxton who lived at Dunham Lodge at the time. A horse and cart was the mode of transport in those days, a much slower pace of life, now in these days every house hold have a car or sometimes two, and life is one mad rush. Not so much fun as in days gone by. There is not much left of the Lodge estate now, bits and pieces have been sold off, pity but that's the way it is, and the Lodge itself is in a dreadful state, such a pity as it's a most beautiful house with a very unusual frontage. I just wonder what will happen to it eventually. I'm afraid I won't be around to see the changes, there is a lot of history attached to Dunham Lodge, Lord Nelson slept there, also William Cowper was living at the Lodge when he wrote some of his poems. There use to be (alas now gone) an avenue of trees from Dunham Lodge to Corbets Lodge and it is said Lord Nelson use to meet Lady Hamilton along the avenue and the Obelisk as a memorial to Lord Nelson was erected on the spot where the two met. It's good to keep these memories alive, I do hope they never die altogether, otherwise there will be no nice things for our grandchildren to talk about, after all this is part of the history of Little Dunham and should be kept alive.

My Grandad was a good mole catcher, he use to skin the moles he caught and pin the skins on his shed door, but before doing so he would treat the skins in a solution made up with 2 gallons boiling water so much salt Peta and so much salt prenalla and some thing else which I can't remember the name. Well the mixture had to get cold and the skins were soaked for a little while in it, and then taken out stretched out and pinned to the shed door. When the shed door was full, my grandad use to parcel up these skins and take them to Kings Lynn and meet someone at Kings Lynn Docks who would buy these skins for 15b1 [sic] each, now that was looked upon as a lot of money in the 1920 period, I have an idea that the person who bought the skins off my Grandad came from Holland. No one would bother to skin moles now, they have all got so much better off. Those days might have to come back.

When I was a child, my friends and I use to walk miles gathering primroses in the spring. Later on in the year it would be Bluebells, how I loved it all, and then we would play games with marbles, then hoops. Then there was a time for the skipping rope and also spinning our tops. When we use to spin our tops, we would use coloured chalks

each other, now we never see any of these nice games. I have spent hours spinning my top, marbles was fun. We use to play in the school playground during break. I can still remember how we use to play with a hole cut in the play ground. Three or four of us would play together, and if one of us lost all our marbles, then we would borrow some from a friend, and pay them back when we had better luck and had won some more.

Hop scotch was another good game we would play, the way we use to play hop scotch was to draw with white chalk an oblong about 10 feet by 8 feet, then mark it out in squares and number each square 1 to 10 or even 12, then with a flat stone, throw the stone into number one square and hop into it and so on into every square, until you had gone into every square without stopping or putting both feet down. Before the last war, and when I was a child, there was in Dunham a very good cricket team. The cricket green was on the middle park as you go up the Lodge drive on the right side. One of the members of the cricket team would see to the cutting of the cricket pitch, there was some very good cricket played there, I well remember one year the team winning the County Cup, there was always a cricket tea served in the village hall, and when the team were playing away there was always a bus load, a lot of very keen men and boys.

Also as one entered the Lodge drive just past the little Bungalow, on the left was the bowling green and on the right was the tennis court, the bowling green was kept beautiful, with flower beds all round the out side and seats for the spectators, and also quite a large lock up shed where the lawn mowers were left, and also the players would leave their bowls.

Tennis was just as active with tennis tournaments, etc. Alas the war came and men, boys and girls were called to serve their country. After the war things never got going again. The tennis court and Bowling Green was ploughed up.

Now to get back to what folks call "Back Lane", it is Barrow Holes Lane, well when I was a child it was always known as Barrow Holes Lane, and the pond, which is half way along the lane, was always known as Barrow Holes Pond. I don't know how the name came about, I've never heard anyone ever saying they knew either. But why is it when someone or other have to change the name, it will always be Barrow Holes Lane

to me. Well when I was a girl there were not many houses along Barrow Holes Lane, going from the black smith end, there was the farm house on the left a bit further on one would past Barrow Holes Pond on the right just past the pond and on the left the little cottage that Mr & Mrs Clarke lived in, a bit further on, and still on the left were two cottages and immediately after that a few out buildings, still on the left a little bungalow built in 1934 for Mr J Clarke to retire in to from Beech Farm, built by Burtons builders who lived at Fransham at the time, long since died, and at the end of the lane on the right a bungalow, this was built in 1910 for Mr & Mrs Walter Clarke, for when married, it has been altered a lot since, with various rooms added and a lot of sheds. Looks ugly now turn right on to the Necton road there is a bungalow named Four Winds, built 1958. Well it's an arcon or asbestos building with brick out side, not very substantial one would think. But it was erected for Mr & Mrs Walter Clarke when they retired from Beech Farm, they gave their nephew their good bungalow because he was getting married, and the arcon was all they could afford. The arcon was erected by Mr W C Littleproud of Bradenham, he was a most excellent builder, his finished work looked professional.

Well first past "Four Winds" is another bungalow, built in 1962 for two elderly ladies who had both been schoolmistresses, one was our Head Teacher in Little Dunham School Miss Blamire as she then was, but she married and was then Mrs Ball. Her sister Alice had not married, they left Little Dunham in January 1938 when Sarah got married, she was married in Swaffham Church. Alice was schoolteacher at Great Dunham for a good many years, and then she was at Swaffham School for a while, then when Little Dunham School was closed Miss S Blamire got a teachers place with Alice at Swaffham until the said Sarah got married, and they moved to Prospect house, Long ridge Lincs. Then of course when Sarah's husband died the two ladies returned to Dunham and that was how the bungalow Known as "Kemple End" came to be built by Mr W C Littleproud Bradenham, Kemple End has been built on too and Spoilt, I think the shape of it has been spoilt, it is a most beautiful bungalow with big spacious rooms. A bit further along the Necton road are eight council houses, the folks moved in those in March 1938. They were the first council houses to be built in Dunham. Well now we walk Barrow

Holes Lane again as it is now, starting from the Black Smiths, on the left are three large houses. They have been built on the field that was once the stack yard (I will come back to the stack yard). Then there is the farmhouse now made into two dwellings. My mothers cousin was Mrs J Clarke and we use to spend a lot of time there, little did I think then that I would live there after I was married, well my husband and I lived there 33yrs, there was a reason why we left, but never mind now! What use to be the barn and cart sheds has now turned in to a bungalow, before that it was a shoe shop for a few years, and before that a chicken plucking house with the cold store in the barn. When the barn was used for storing grain, there also was a little engine and mill, the wheat was ground up for cattle feed, and I would take my cooking bowl to get some ground wheat, and make some scones with it, "delicious" I can almost taste them now that I've mentioned them, - oh happy days. Also there was a wall on the side of the road and there were more farm buildings the other side of the wall, and a five barred gate on the side of the road. Oh dear I've side tracked myself again, I get so carried away, it's because I'm so home sick for Dunham, and my lanes and woods I love to walk through. If I live here for a thousand years, it will never be my home. No one will ever know how much I just yearn for my home village. There was a lovely big orchard that went with the farmhouse and when I did get to live in the farmhouse I loved wandering about in the orchard, especially under the lovely copper beech tree. Oh dear I've let myself get side tracked again. I must not do that otherwise this little lot will not make sense. I was saying about Barrow Holes Lane as it is now, at the bottom of the orchard is a bungalow, built in 1966 for Mr & Mrs Rutterford, since they left the village the bungalow has had various bits added, an extra kitchen and conservatory, and has had two more owners. Also a house had been erected at the far end of the said orchard, backing onto the playing field. Again on the left side is another new house, it was built on the same spot as Charlie Clarke's house, carry on a bit further along and there is another house, which has been two cottages earlier on, but were sold when the former owner died he was Mr Harry Clarke commonly known as sergeant, I don't know why as he was never in any of the services, and the said cottages were bought at an auction Mr John K M Adams and he had them made into one nice house.

is a bungalow named Ateraxia, it stands on the spot where a thatched house was at one time, I will come back to the thatched house after we get to the end of Barrow Holes Lane. Now opposite is a fairly large house, it was built in 1968 and is known as Westclife House and was built for Mr W J Wright. A bit further on, but on the left side is a new House, and it was built in 1989 on some of the garden which ajoin Sunnyside that is the bungalow which Mr J Clarke had built in 1934 for his retirement from Beech Farm just a bit further on are two large houses, built on what we called four acres, at one time the chicken factory was on this land, but it was sold to Colin Howlett in 1977, it didn't last long after that and so every thing was sold, hence the houses on the land, at the end of Barrow Holes Lane, (Necton Road end), on the right is a bungalow with building round it. Now to get back to the bungalow named Ateraxia, the gentleman who bought the site was Rev John Starham, well he and his wife Olive a lovely couple, we became great friends, I well remember the bungalow being built in 1969. John Starham told me the reason they named their bungalow Ateraxia (a Greek word) was because it means "peace be with you", alas the poor folks had very little of that. A very sad story, I shall always remember them, they were very kind to me. Lovely friends, I was asked to do the last for Rev Stathams dear mother who lived with them, I did and made her look lovely for the lord. Now Ateraxia was built on land where once stood an old thatch house, with building and cart sheds, various other wooden huts, on the side of the road and it was the entrance to this house & garden was a large wooden farm gate, well we call them five barred gates in Norfolk, just inside the gate on the left was a water well, you know what I mean, where one has to crank a pail with a chain on to get water. This well had a wooden top, and of course it has a big roller (a wooden roller) with the chain and a hook to attach the pail too, now Sergeant Clarke who lived there with his wife was one of the family of Clarke's who use to go round farms shearing and dipping sheep. Now to get back to old sergeant Clarke again, he had a twin brother, and they were exactly alike, when they were young in their teens, both of them courted the same girl, this went on for quite a while, the girl found out when they both turned up one night at the same time, the girl gave them both up.

Yes Dunham has changed a lot since I was a girl, there is no one living in Dunham now

who were born there, and who I call the village people. They haven't got the same feeling towards the village as I have, I like to think of it as my village, "my home".

Its funny how things stick in ones mind, well on December 27th 1934, I well remember the whole end falling out of the house and shop, the end from top to bottom, you could see all the furniture in the bed rooms, Mr Pickering lent Mr Hazelwood a stack cloth to hang over everything until he could get the builders in, as it was Christmas time, it hung things about, builders were on holiday, Bamdridge the builder built the wall up again, also the same day there was a fire at the Gardeners Cottage at Dunham Lodge, I remember the fire engine going through the village, and that was an unusual sight in those days. About the Gardeners Cottage, well I have been told by my mother and other elderly folks who knew the lodge Estate well, that the Gardeners Cottage was once a private chapel for the folks who owned Dunham Lodge, I must say it always gave me the impression that it looked like a chapel, I suppose if one took the trouble to check up on the past history of the building one could find out. It is a lovely little building, and as a child I use to visit it with my school friend, as there were children living there that came to our school, now of course it is in ruins, such a shame, I must add here it is a listed building.

I was always told that at one time there was a high hedge each side of the lodge drive, I can vaguely remember some of it being pulled out, I use to go up to Dunham Lodge quite a bit when I was young, and also to visit a friend who lived at Corbets lodge, that is just beyond Dunham Lodge, and I had school friends living there, so I did travel that way quite a bit. The children who lived in the cottages at Corbets lodge use to attend our school, there were thirteen in one family, their name was Cater. Now about Manor farm, there is a very nice farm house, it has had four owners since I can remember the first one who I can vaguely remember was Mr Bob Large, although his name was Large, he was a very short man and use to ride around his farm on a little Shetland pony. Now about the house well I know it very well, inside and out, it has four front attics and 2 back attics, and six main bedrooms, and there are two rooms with no windows. The Prats spoilt it down stairs, there were no bath or flush toilet at manor farm house until 1958 people with the

spacious rooms as well as a large kitchen and larder, and various other small rooms. The folk who have owned it at different times have spoilt it. But the folks who own it at the time of writing this have improved it. There were two thatched cottages that went with the farm, quite large cottages with large gardens and quite a number of fruit trees in the garden. What I wanted to say was that my granddad lived in one of these cottages he use to work for Mr Large, he was gamekeeper and shepherd as well. When Mr large wanted my granddad to give him a few orders, or to find out something about the sheep or game shooting, he would go to see him at lunch time, as he knew my granddad would be in at that time. Well Mr Large ride across the meadow riding on his little Shetland pony right up to my granddads front door. He would come still on the pony right up to my granddad sitting at the table eating his lunch, give his orders have a chat and then still on his pony walk out of his back door and down the path, things like that would never happen today. Folks just wouldn't put up with it! Just one little thing I remember about Manor Farm House, there was a chimney stack right in the centre of the roof, and attached to it was a cowl that would move as the wind blew, it was fairly large, well a tawny owl use to live in this cowl, and nested there year after year. I can well remember seeing two little baby owlets sitting on a branch of the walnut tree out side the back door of Manor Farm. Well the people who bought the farm off Mr John Pickering shot the owl as they said it would bring them bad luck, and I must also add they cut down the walnut tree down that stood in the back yard, Oh dear what vandals there are about, fancy shooting an owl, they are such graceful birds, so beautiful in flight, some folks don't know what beauty is. One more little item about Manor Farm House is this, there was a very good spacious cellar and in the very hot weather the food such as meat and dairy produce was kept down there as it was ideal for that, and it was very cool, well the folks who bought the farm off Mr Pickering knocked the garden wall down and filled in the cellar with the bricks from the wall, they really were vandals, they hadn't been used to living in a good house.

Well going back to my childhood days I'm afraid I do drift about so and get carried away. As I have said before there were not many cars in the village, Major Mrs Buxton at Dunham Lodge had one, I remember it well, it was navy blue with a canvas hood,

the next person in the village to have a car was Mr Jim Clarke he use to live at Beech Farm but he didn't buy his car until he retired into his bungalow, well his car was very small, it use to remind me of a square box and it was dark brown in colour. I can remember very well on one occasion there was an election and folks from Little Dunham had to go to Great Dunham to vote, Mr Clarke was using his car to take people from our village to vote. Well old Mrs Twite wanted to go to vote, she only wanted a ride in the car really. Actually she was as big as the car, Mr Clarke was a bit hesitant as to whether to take her, well she got in the car and the poor little car went down on it's springs, however Mr Clarke got her there and back, the little car was never the same again. Have I said it was a very nice little primitive Methodist chapel, we've had some very good times in there. I can remember when it was full every Sunday afternoon and again in the evening, the fruits and vegetables that people took there for the harvest thanks giving service were sold during the week following the Sunday service. The chapel was packed out, there were several bundles of carrots, onions, red beet, potatoes some in bags others in cardboard boxes. Mr Dennis came from Swaffham to take the service and act as auctioneer, apples and pears by the dozen, Mr Dennis would try one as he was auctioneering, "what fun it was". The money raised went towards the up keep of the chapel. I can remember it being a very good evening. One year in particular stands out in my mind, the people at the shop had given some tins of fruit for sale, and Bob Gage (long since dead) bought a tin of Peaches, well he cut the tin open with his Knife and he ate them standing out side the chapel door (Guts that he was). Yes we had some good old times in the little chapel, alas the whole front fell out of it one very wet winter and there was no money to have it repaired, very sad this was in 1966, houses have now been built on the site. The chapel pews, pulpit and communion table were stored in some ones out building at Litcham, goodness know where they are now.

Dairy Farm house is quite a nice building, I understand it to be a listed building, it has been in different peoples hands over the years, and there was a couple of rooms built on in 1935, that was when Mr & Mrs Michael Whales lived there.

Mr & Mrs Hazlewood kept the shop and Post office along with their two daughters,

in the morning till late at night and Sunday mornings, although his wife did not like the shop open on Sundays, Mrs Hazlewood was the church organist and a very good one she was, Mr Hazlewood was church treasurer. Their daughter Freda use to be organist at Sporle church. Well to get back to Mr Hazelwood he was a good man to have in a Post office, he liked to know every ones business, but he never ever spoke about it, you could trust him. But this I must tell you, Mr Hazelwood was not the essence of cleanliness in the shop, I would go there for my father's tobacco, which was hard twist and had to be cut off the roll with a knife. Well Mr Hazlewood used the same knife for cutting the butter and cheese, also the lard and if you went in the shop for butter, lard or cheese you would get a bit of tobacco as well, and the same went for the tobacco, father use to be cross, and Mr Hazelwood would wipe the knife across the seat of his trousers, goodness knows what else he used his knife for. However he got by, Mrs Hazelwood use to help in the shop sometimes and I have seen her halve a tomato to get the weight right she would not give you a tiny scrap over, a very mean woman, but still she was a very likeable woman.

On Saturdays mother gave me a half penny to buy sweets, well I always use to buy dolly mixtures because I thought we got more, and when I was a child one could buy one ounce of dolly mixtures for a half penny, these were small hard sweets about the size of a pea. Mother use to share them between the four of us my sister Annie, myself, my brother Tom, and my sister Mary, alas Mary died when she was young. I also had a brother George, he was knocked down by the mail van when he was 2 1/2 yrs old, a very sad affair, I went to his funeral, I can remember it very well as I was only eight years old at the time, the hymn we sung at the funeral was "There's a friend for little children". Funny how things like that stick in ones mind.

When I was just a youngster along with my brother Tom and a few more children of the same age group, we would go fishing for Sticklebacks, we knew all the ponds that had the most in, we would have a long piece of cotton or wool, and tie a worm on the end and dangle it in the pond. We would also have with us a jam jar and this we would fill with pond water and put our fish in that we had caught, I use to take mine home and put in a water tank, and of course they

mother would be cross about that.

I started off writing about the village but always get sidetracked, but I really must mention this little episode, you have heard me say early in my little bits of nostalgia that Mr Copeman was not a favourite with us children. We were always awe of him. His nickname was the "Walrus" as his moustache was so big and it stood out. It was naughty of us to call him names as I think he was a good man really. Many years later when I was looking after my old school governess, she told me she had been very much in love with him during the early years of teaching at Little Dunham, Mr Copeman was a wealthy man, and owned several farms round the Diss area.

Now I've been side tracked again, I get carried away I'm afraid. What I started off to say was that five of us children, we were all about twelve years old, I won't mention the others names, but I was one of them, it had been snowing quite a bit, and there was a layer of about six to eight inches. It was during the evening, we had been snowballing as children do, well we got our heads together, we also knew that Mr Copeman would be coming off the 7-50pm train from Norwich, as his man Mr Bob Clarke had gone up to the station to meet him, Mr Bob Clarke was Mr Copeman's gardener and handy man, and he always had to meet his boss off the train and carry his brief case. We did a naughty deed, with a length of string we tied one end to the bushes one side of the road and then the other end to the bushes the other side, about six inches from the ground, then we waited, we hid up behind the fence, we heard them coming along and of course both caught their feet in the string, and they hit the ground, Mr Copeman lost his walking stick, and of course they had to scrap about in the snow to find the brief case. The next day he came into school looking as mad as a hatter, but we never said a word nor did we give each other away, and so Mr Copeman never did know who did it, in the end he thought it might have been boys from the next village, so it died down, but we often had a little laugh about it between ourselves, to think we outwitted him, well it made our day. It was very naughty all the same but we didn't even tell our parents. Another naughty deed my friends did, I really must tell you about it. You know I have mentioned Miss Flo Newman who kept Crown public house with her elderly Parents. Well Miss Newman had two Donkeys, one of them she called

afternoon on some land belonging to the railway, and they saw Johny tethered out to graze, they took Johny and shut him up in one of the toilets on the railway station, but they had to get his front feet up onto the toilet seat to get him in so that they could shut the door, well as soon as the door was shut Johny put his feet on the floor and his back end was jammed up against the door so no way could they open the door again. Later when Flo went to get Johny in, she couldn't find him. She was calling Johny, oh Johny where are you, oh poor Johny, then of course she heard him "Hee-Haw Hee-Haw" poor Flo was in a state, and of course we were all hiding up. At the finish Flo had to get someone to come and take the door off the hinges so poor Johny could get out, Flo reported the matter to the police and also a railway inspector. They all thought it a great joke behind Flo's back. The five of us all kept quiet. Our parents heard about it, but never associated it with us. Looking back I now see it as a very naughty thing to do, we had a good laugh at the time, but we were not too bad as children really. As children we made our own fun out of little or nothing, and also we would walk miles, several of us together, but sad to say now it is very dangerous for children to wander far from home.

We made our own fireworks, and they didn't bang, this is how we made them, we would buy two penny worth of Carbide, "I don't think you can buy it now", it was used in gas lamps for bicycles, if the carbide got wet it would give off a gas and smell strong. We would have a tin, mostly it was a coco tin and pierce a hole in the bottom, put the carbide in and mostly spit on it put the lid on the tin, wait a second or two, and then strike a match near the hole in the tin, the lid would fly off & it would bang very loud, it made a bit of fun for us. Children of today are not half as happy as we were years ago. We made our own pleasures and enjoyment out of very little. It's strange how different things stick in ones mind, when I was very young sitting in chapel or church and if I was behind ladies with hatpins in their hats, I thought the pins went right through their heads as well, and I thought to myself it must really hurt them, ladies all wore hats in those days if they entered a place of worship. I well remember the Sunday school tea parties we had in the village hall, it was usually just before Christmas. We looked forward to that weeks before hand. We all sat down on these long forms and trestle tables, the food consisted of jam

sandwiches, meat paste sandwiches, red jelly, plain cake or fruit cake "it was bought cake", I have never liked shop cake since, we had to eat all the sandwiches up before we were allowed a piece of cake, after tea we played games, such as postman's knock, nuts in may, kissing in the ring, I'm afraid I have forgotten some. Before we came home we were presented with our Sunday school prizes, these were books of course, "happy days". I suppose who ever read this will find it a bit hop scotch as I get so carried away and dart about from one thing to another.

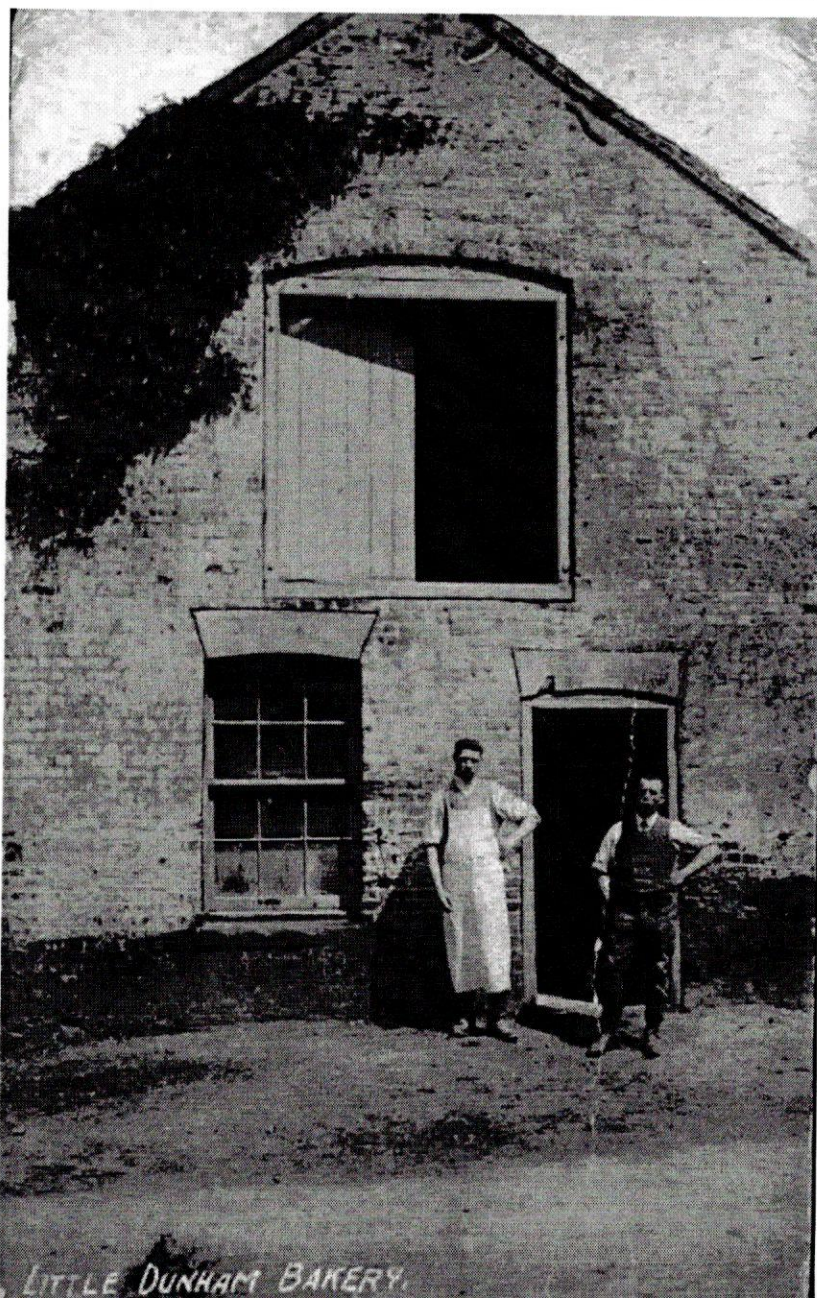
There use to be two cottages right opposite the school, they were quite nice dwellings with spacious rooms and very large gardens, one family who lived there was the name Bugdale, Chris Bugdale use to teach at the Sunday school, Mr Bugdale worked on the railway. They moved to Swaffham. The other family was Cook, the cottages have long since gone. I can remember electricity being brought in to the village, one could have two lights and one plug put in free, any others would be charge for, the year was 1929. As children we saw the men putting those great poles together with steel rods and girders and of course we were asking the men questions all the time, as I was great excitement having electric light in our homes especially after oil lamps. As children we would collect conkers in the autumn, and thread them on a piece of string. If I hadn't got a piece of string I would take the laces out of my fathers best boots, "I did get smack across the bottom for that, well it was naughty", those laces went missing at different times, my brother took them some times.

We also collected acorns to use in our pop gun, the pop gun was made out of a thick piece of elder, the pith in the middle was burnt out, and then we had a handle to push threw, mine use to crack off like blazes, in fact I have still got it. "All good fun, it would be too tame for the children today, they don't know what they are missing". The popgun was a cheap enough toy easy to make, and give a lot of pleasure. But to get back to the village it has been spoilt with the great houses that have been built along Barrow Holes Lane, and also where we use to live, and again down the school lane. When I was a child Little Dunham was a nice quiet little place, so unspoilt, now some of the dwellings that have been built are ugly, and not in keeping with the village at all. The village hall that was opposite the post office stores was closed in spring 1994, "happy days".

The village hall has been moved up to Necton road and a bungalow built in its place. The village hall was really two army huts and was given to the soldiers who came home from the 1914-1918 war. It was a good building, and was used for numerous functions. The village men folks formed a club, and used it for billiard, snooker, darts and whist drives. "No one seem to take any interest in those things any more, I suppose it's because of TV".

So, to get back to the old bakery Mr Register use to make the bread for Mr Bayfield who owned the bakery. I've stood and watched Mr Register knead the bread in a great wooden bin, he did it all by hand, well I say hand, he was in the dough past his elbows, the perspiration would be dropping off Mr Register into the Dough, sometimes

A postcard of Little Dunham Bakery before 1914. On the left is Mr 'Car' Regester who was apprenticed to the baker. He was later to lose some toes to trenchfoot in WWI. He would sleep at the bakery during the week and walk home to his cottage, which was where Warren House now stands in Great Dunham, each weekend.



one would come across a half sucked peppermint sweet in the bread. "That sort of thing would not be allowed today". Mr Bayfield delivered the bread using a horse and cart, those days are long since gone. One could buy a loaf of bread there at the bakery straight out of the oven, the smell of the newly baked bread was delicious and was really lovely when hot with butter and cheese. We've had that for lunch many times when I was a child. Sad to say the bakery has long since gone.

I wasn't a bad scholar at school, my head teacher wanted me to take the "eleven plus" as it was called in my school days, but my mother said if I passed, no way could she afford to send me to grammar school, and as there were four children in the family, it wasn't fair to do it for one and not the others, and she certainly couldn't afford to send four of us to grammar school, so we had to forget about it, how ever I haven't done too badly, I've worked hard and earned an honest living, and I've always enjoyed what I have done.

I well remember my mother teaching my sister Annie and my self to knit, for needles we had wood meat skewers and a ball of string to knit with, the wood meat skewers were scrubbed well and then smoothed down with emery paper. Mother said when you can knit properly you can have some proper needles and wool, well I might add it didn't take us long to knit and then we were bought a ball of rainbow wool each from the village shop and were happy with that. I became quite a good knitter and when I was about ten or eleven, the schoolteacher gave me quite a lot of knitting to do for her. Also I was good at knitting socks on four needles, alas very few people make socks these days, I always loved making socks.

Have I mentioned there was a hedge each side of the lodge drive, when I was young? We use to walk along side it gathering blackberries during September, it was pulled out about the end of 1928, the Copeman family would drive in to the village in their horse drawn carriage, I can't quite remember that, but my mother would tell us, although I can remember Mr Alfred Copeman very well, he moved into Dunham Cottage in 1919 (now called The Paddocks). There are two large dwellings in front of the Paddocks. I think they have spoilt the centre of the village. "Why is it if there is a tiny piece of land anywhere, it has to be built on". I do hope that the powers that be leave Little Dunham alone

now and NO MORE BUILDINGS PLEASE, it's quite a quite little place. There are some nice walks in Dunham, as children we walked miles through these old lanes, Public footpaths they are called. Gravel walk was a favourite with us children, that was usually where we found our first birds nest of the season, Wood Lane was another, to walk along Wood Lane on a sunny day especially, was like walking under an avenue of trees, alas the trees have all gone. The folks who bought the land of Mr John Pickering cut them down. Why! I ask myself the trees were beautiful, Oak, Elm, Chestnut and Beech, as children we spent hours under those trees during the summer holidays, they gave us a bit of shade, and we use to collect the acorns and conkers, the Beech nuts we would collect and thread them together and make a necklace, it gave us hours of fun and pleasure.

Now lets see, have I said anything about Canister farmhouse, as I remember it years ago, in the days of Mr Makins. It's a most beautiful house and I think I am correct in saying it is a listed building. I have been in some of the rooms in the days when the Carter family lived there, lovely large spacious rooms, the kitchen had a huge cooking range. It was at one time made into two homes, that was when Mr Mason owned it, but now it is back to normal, like it should be. There was a nice cottage in the garden where a couple lived, Mr & Mrs Gazely the man was gardener and his wife worked in the house, the gardens were always beautiful, there was well I think it is still there a moat that flowed along side the house and garden, and during the spring and summer the banks of the moat were full of lovely flowers, primroses, violets, cowslips, blue bells and many others. Also there was a meadow with a great number of walnut trees in, the Carter boys use to bring the walnuts to school and sell them.

The children in the village who attended the Methodist Sunday school had a sports day in the summer usually during the summer holidays. The sports were held on Jim Clarke's meadow. We had a great time, there were not any prizes for running but to finish the evening we were given jam sandwiches and lemon drink, and then our Sunday school prizes in the shape of books, Jim Clarke gave them out, he was standing in a farm wagon. It was all very good fun and we all enjoyed it very much, there was a big Sunday school in those days 30 or more.



Postcard of Primrose Cottage, Little Dunham, now called Middleton House. Judging by the children's clothes, this seems to be pre-WWI.

A man called Dick Mason used to live there,

Memories of Village Life in Great Dunham in the 1920s, and 1930s

by Joan Smith

Farms - 1920 to early 1930

All these farms were farmed separately

Dunham Farmhouse	Mr Cresswell
Rix Farm	Mr Worley Clarke
East Farm	Mr H. Jaggs followed by Mr George Curson
Church Farm	Mr George Jaggs
Rookery Farm	Mr Peter Whales
Croft Farm (Fransham Road)	Mrs G. Warnes
Tucks Farm (Beeston Road)	Mr Jenness
Dunham Hall	Mr Chamberlaine followed by Mr A. Warnes
Wood Farm	Mr Mitchell
Echo Farm	Mr Register followed by Mr Mayes in 1932
Canister Farm	Mr Roberts followed by Mr Myhill
Hill Farm	Mr W. Everington

Tradesmen living in the village

Mr Bambridge	Post Office, Shop, Carpenter Bricklayer and Undertaker
Mr A. Large	Wheelwright and Carpenter Mrs Chamberlayne (then Mrs Jaggs) Shop (near jubilee seat corner)
Mr J. Rawlings	Blacksmith (The Smithy)
Mr Marshall	Coal Merchant (Station Road)
Mr Thompson	Shoe Mender & Sweep (Brocks Yard)

Deliveries in the village

Oil and Hardware

Mr Dent from Litcham, delivered all hardware goods and paraffin oil in a horse drawn trolley with a half hood.

Groceries, Hardware and Drapery

Mr Spurgeon came from Litcham with these goods - he always had wonderful Sharps Toffee and Coconut Chips!

Baker

Mr Tuck from Litcham delivered bread and cakes three days a week. Also Mr Bayfield from Little Dunham delivered. Mr Register came on a horse and cart, three days a week. He collected goods for people and delivered for other people, whilst on his rounds - he helped everyone.

Grocer

Mr Yeomans from Swaffham came once a week and always brought 1lb pats of Dairy Butter from a farm in Holme Hale.

Grocers Kingston and Hurn from East Dereham took orders one week and delivered them the next week.

Grocer and Haberdashery

Mr Offord from Castle Acre also took orders one week and delivered them the following week.

Butchers

Fishers from Litcham, Anstey's from Litcham, Eastman's from Swaffham and Kerrison's from Dereham all had rounds. Matt Mobbs delivered for Fishers of Litcham.

Ice Creams

Mr Littleproud, from Little Fransham, came with a little pony and cart with a cover over the top delivering ice creams at 1/2p and 1d each.

Coal

Deliveries were undertaken by Mr Knock of Litcham, Mr Newman of Little Dunham and Mr Marshall from Great Dunham (later Smiths);

Orange Man

A very senior Mr Nobbs from Litcham carried two large baskets of oranges and offered small pieces to try.

The Jew from Swaffham

We did not know this man's name, but he pushed a handcart from Swaffham, selling laces, buttons, ribbons etc.. He always wore a bowler hat.

The scissor grinder

He came about every two months to the village.

Milk Delivery

Most farms had their own cows and people took their milk cans, made of either tin or enamel, with a lid, to fetch the milk. However, in the 1930's Church Farm did a milk delivery service, when a man on a cycle came with a gallon can on each side of his handlebars and he measured out 1/2 or 1 pint of milk with a long handled measure.

North Street Houses and the Green

North Street Green was fenced all round with wooden posts and wire. There were gates each side. The Green was not flat as it is now, there were very steep sloping banks into it with a very flat bottom. There were two large ponds at the Lexham end of the green. Children played on the green and people tethered goats and ponies. As there was no water supply at Rix Farm, the farmer sent his men with an oblong water cart and they backed the cart into the pond and filled the cart with water from big buckets, then took the water back to the cows etc on the farm. The green was filled in with rubble from houses and road alterations after the war and the trees were planted in 1974.

There were many more houses in North Street than there are now. I remember 10 or 12 houses that have since gone. There were 2 in Lexham Road - a lovely old thatched house on the Lexham Road corner, and a double house near Spring Cottage. There was a bungalow where the Cornwall family lived, a long double house ending near Mr Hubbards and a double house past it. There was a Workshop Chapel opposite St. Andrew's

Cottage.

Most of the houses in North Street which are now one family homes always had two or three families living in them.

There were two Parish wells - most of North Street people had to carry two pails of water with a wooden yolk on their shoulders. They even had to come to the well near Spring Cottage from Rix Farm for their water. The Three Horseshoes did have it's own well - Mr and Mrs Mills were the landlords there and then Mrs Adams.

Electricity was installed in North Street in 1948. Mains water did not come until 1964 - 65, although the church end of the village had it before this.

The back Lane, i.e. from Lexham Road up the hill to the village was the first road to have a tarred surface. As children we found it wonderful for spinning tops and running with hoops. The North Street road remained a very rough stony road for quite a while longer.

St. Andrews Church

St. Andrews Church is situated near Great Dunham school. Reverend Upcher was the Rector from 1919 until 1930, then there was the Reverend Briggs.

In those days the church was heated by coke stoves under the floor with the heat coming up from the gratings. This meant that the vergers had to go in the night before a service, and light the stoves to get the church warm. It was very efficient heating.

The church had large congregations with a very large Sunday School. There were two services each Sunday, but in those days the Rector only had one parish to minister to. The Sunday school party at Christmas was much looked forward to by the children.

The Old Rectory

The Old Rectory was much larger than it is now and Mr and Mrs Upcher had several maids and two gardeners. The kitchen gardens were situated on the opposite side of the road near the school completely covering the grounds where the two bungalows are now.

The old Rectory garden had a beautiful thatched summer house and greenhouses with beautiful fruit growing. There were also stables at the back of the Rectory and a coach house.

The Methodist Church

This is situated at the top of North Street. There used to be 2 services each Sunday with preachers walking or cycling many miles to be there. Mr Cox and the Barrett family had a large Sunday School. The chapel's anniversary took place on a summers day each year with pupils saying recitations etc. This was the day when all the children had pretty new clothes to wear. At Whitsuntide a small organ was put on a large farm wagon drawn by a quiet horse. The children and Sunday School teachers sat in the wagon and drove round the village singing. They would then finish at the meadow near Litcham road and have tea and games.

Girl's Friendly Society

Mrs Warnes at Great Dunham Hall ran the Girl's Friendly Society. This involved Mrs Warnes in many hours of work teaching the members various crafts.. We also entered many county competitions for essays and recitations etc., and were very successful. Each April we gathered primroses in the Hall Farm ditches and packed them in damp paper in boxes and sent them to various childrens missions in London. The older members played tennis on summer evenings on the court at the Hall. At Christmas we had a lovely party in the Big Kitchen. Mrs Warnes, Mrs Everington and Mrs Hunter organised childrens plays which were presented at the village hall.

Great Dunham School

In 1930 - 34 a pump and two wash basins were installed in the side hall area near the back door. This water was for washing hands. The toilets were outside earth closets - 2 girls and 1 boys. Drinking water was collected from the house next to the school which had a well. It was collected in a bucket once a day and put in the hall area and covered with a cloth. A large black kettle was filled from the bucket and put on the open fire in the classroom. There were two fires in the classroom, one in the middle of the junior end and one up the infant end. You could not sit against the back wall of the classroom because it was always running with water, from condensation. There has always been a wood block floor which was replaced about 1994.

Every Friday afternoon all the children went across the road to the field opposite Church Farm to play games. At playtime in school the boys came out of the front door

and went round the side to the playground, whilst the girls went out through the back door. The boys and girls had separate playgrounds.

When the dentist visited the school and the dreaded dentist's van stayed outside the front door of the school for three days!

When pupils became 11 years old the boys and girls went on a Thursday each week on the train from Dunham Station at about 8.30am to Swaff ham. The girls went for cookery classes and the boys for woodwork classes. The cookery classes were held in the old Workhouse down the Watton Road in Swaff ham. They came back by train to Dunham at about 4pm - the girls carefully carrying their cooking!

The Village Hall

When the Village Hall was not being used for village events, it was open each evening for the young men who belonged to the Village Hall Club for billiards etc.

Village Events

Cricket

A very good cricket team played on the Hall meadow opposite North Street. Mr and Mrs Warnes from Great Dunham Hall provided teas for everyone at home matches.

Whist Drives and Dances

These were held very often usually a whist drive followed by a dance. The dance alone would cost 1/-. The bands were either Gordon Gotts Band from Swaffham or Bowmans from Dereham and later on Gordon Carter from Litcham.

August Bank Holiday Fete and dance

This was an Annual event held at the Rectory when people came from miles around because there were so many different events taking place. In the evening a very popular dance took place at the old village hall. In the September 1929 magazine it states that there were 500 people in the afternoon and evening.

Bowls

There was a very good Bowls Club which was played on the Rectory lawn and the local villages competed with the Dunham Club.

Socials

A social evening was held at Great Dunham School every three weeks. Local and other village people did various items.

The Village Fair

In the 1920's a small fair was held on a little meadow near Briar Row - Mr. Spencer has a bungalow built on this land now. There were roundabouts, swinging boats, rock stall, coconut shies and a shooting galley. It was so nice to have a light area for a few nights. The large fair engine generated the power to run the lights and roundabouts.

Mothers Union

There was a very active Mothers Union. The members had sewing parties at Mrs P. Whales' s at Rookery Farm. They were often entertained by Mrs P. Whales and Miss B. Whales. They also put on various plays for overseas missions.

Sheep Dipping

Every year at the sheep dipping season the Clarke brothers from Little Dunham bought their horse and cart and the sheep tunnel and equipment to Rookery Farm. On the Fransham Road there was a lake that had a large pond near it and various people brought their sheep here to be dipped.

Michaelmas day - October 11th

Every year on October 11th it was a familiar sight to see two or three horse drawn wagons loaded with furniture going through the village with father driving and the mother and children on the back of the wagon. This was the date farm workers changed jobs - they called it 'Flitting'.

Drovers

Most weeks one would see cattle being driven on the road either straight to surrounding markets or to Dunham Station and put in the cattle pens which were there until the cattle trucks on the trains came to take them to Norwich Market. The people who did this job all the time were called drovers. They walked many miles - the local man was called Drover Burrell.

Allotments

The allotment field (land parcel 140) situated on castle Acre road (known in the

1920's as New Road). There was 14 ares which was divided into approximately 1/2 to 1 acre allotments for the village people. There were many from North Street who had these allotments. When the boys in the families came home from school they used to take their barrows (boxes on pram wheels) and go to work on allotments digging etc.

Harvest Time

This was a wonderful time of year. The weather always seemed warm all the time. We could spend our time going into the fields and were allowed in the wagons. When the horses had finished their days work at Dunham Hall they would go to the big pond near the stables and then have their feed, which amongst other food, consisted of Linseed cake with its unforgettable smell! As it was dusk by this time, the men who had to cycle home, lit their carbide lamps which gave a good light but smelled awful. This was also the time of year when the children packed food and drinks made from lemonade crystals and had wonderful times sliding down Dunham Sandhills.

Country Walks

On Sunday evenings, during the summer months, many people went walking down Station Road through Little Dunham and home by Norrels Plantation and Palgrave Road back to Great Dunham. The Little Dunham people would do the opposite direction, many meeting on the way to have their weekly chats!

Trains

There were plenty of trains from Dunham Station. During the summer evenings excursions were run on Saturday nights to Hunstanton for 1/6d, and in February a service was run to the Lynn Mart for 9d.

Bus Services (late 1930's)

Peelings buses from Tittleshall went to Swaffham on Saturday afternoons. Carters of Litcham went to Dereham on Fridays and Dereham pictures on Saturday nights, and Yarmouth on August Bank Holidays.

Mr Marshall covered his coal lorry with a tarpaulin and put seats in and took people to Wells on Saturdays.

Agriculture

An anonymous recollection

There were 12 farms in Dunham in the 20s; some having many more acres than others, this meant many more horses were kept on some farms than others. The men who were responsible for the complete care of the horses were called Teamsmen. Everything on the land was done with the horses. In the winter, plowmen would work from dawn until dark walking up and down the fields with two horses pulling the plow which was often doing only 1 furrow at a time.

All the farms grew mixed crops of cereal, and also mangoes and swedes which were cut up for the cattle by machine that had to have the handle turned manually.

At harvest time the corn was made into beautifully shaped stacks and thatched to keep out the rain. During the autumn and winter the threshing machine, complete with steam engine, drum and elevator came and threshed the corn which was filled into sacks, which held much more weight than is now allowed (approx. 2 cwts). The workmen found this very hard work to load onto the four wheeled wagons, some was stored in the barns, and most was sold to corn merchants and had to be taken to Dunham Station for goods trains to take it to granaries at Swaffham or maltings and granaries at Dereham. At this time of year, the roads were full of wagons coming from all the surrounding farms in the area to go to Dunham Station, so Dunham Station Yard and the large goods shed was very busy, and the teamsmen from the various farms made sure the horses were wearing various brasses and blinkers to look very smart, it was quite a competition between them.

Farms and working methods

Farm workers worked a six day week, very long hours each day. All land was worked with horses, a man would have to walk behind a horse and plough up and down a field, one furrow at a time all day long. The fields were much smaller than they are

now and in the 20s and 30s there were 12 different farmers in Dunham. Each farm had a Teamsman who was responsible for the care of the horses. The teamsman had to go to the farms an hour before the agricultural workers started and feed all the horses, mostly oats, bran and linseed cake and hay.

Nearly all the menfolk in Dunham worked on the land, wages were low, but some workers had free houses which were called tied houses and if you no longer worked on the farm you had to leave the house. When tractors started, less men worked on the farms, and after the 1939–1945 war agriculture altered very quickly as new farm machines took over manpower and people found a new employment.

Transport

Most people had bicycles in the 20s, but previously men walked miles to work, the first car I saw in Dunham was a Morris in 1925. A bus came once a week for Swaffham.

All food requirements were delivered by tradespeople from Swaffham, Dereham and Litcham several times a week. In the summer food was put outside on a north wall in a tin box with perforated holes, and people who had a well on their premises put butter down the well in the water pail to keep it cool. Milk was brought round in big cans and ladled out in half or one pint cans, it nearly always had to be boiled to keep it drinkable.

Two horses and long loads for milk churns went from West Lexham to Dunham Station each morning through the village.

Shepherds

The Hall Farm had a large flock of sheep and at the lambing season the shepherd had a shepherds hut on wheels which he lived in and slept in all the time of the lambing season. One night the shepherd had been

in North Street and going back to his hut he missed the path and walked into a large pond and was not found until next day dead

Refuse

All fruit and vegetable waste was put on a heap in the garden to make compost for the next year, the tins and jars and bottles were taken to this large pit in the field next to Briar Row Gardens, this was locally called the Fally Pit and everyone from the church end of the village brought their rubbish there, and North Street and Lexham road people brought theirs to a pit on Rise Farm land opposite North Street Green.

Travellers of the Road

In the 20s and 30s there were many tramps of the road. The ones that came through Dunham were on their way to Gressenhall Workhouse having come from Gayton Workhouse the day before and they would sleep in stacks, etc. and then call at houses in the morning with a tin can, asking for hot water for tea, hoping they would be given a can of tea, and hopefully some food. If they were lucky to get food and drink they would make a sign in the road near the house to let other tramps know they had been lucky.

After we had electricity in the 40s life became easier, electric stoves, electric coppers, spin driers, radios that plugged in instead of accumulators (which had to be charged by Mr. Sayer from Little Dunham who came weekly) and then television. .

Wartime 1939-45

People who worked on farms were not called up for service. Most men had to join the Home Guard and women the Forces and Womans Land Army.

A land mine dropped near Dunham Hall and also a landmine at Hill Farm but didn't explode. A doodle bug at Curds Hall Lane (Fransham) and an RAF plane from Raynham crashed at Hill Farm in Tulps field, no survivors.

Social Activities

Village people organised many events. Whist drives, Dances, Socials. A very large fete at the Old Rectory on August bank holiday. Mothers' Union, Girls Friendly Society, Cricket, Bowling.

Special Celebrations

George VI and Queen Mary, Jubilee 1935
Coronation George VI 1937

House and Garden

Every house in Dunham had a large garden where every sort of fruit and veg was grown to fully feed a family and people with large families had an allotment. There were 12 separate allotments of 1 acre each and the person who hired it had to dig it by hand, the family would all help, and most people had a few chickens, and quite a few had goats. People used to keep goats on North Street Green when it was in a big hollow with 2 ponds.

Many of the houses in Dunham had 3 families living in them, particularly in North Street, these are now mostly 1 family houses. They had wash-houses across the path from the main house in which was a copper which had to have a fire lit under it mostly on Mondays and all the weeks washing was done, no other washing was done during the week. There was a wooden copper stick to lift the clothes out of the copper, a washboard to scrub clothes up and down, baths of water for rinsing the clothes and Reckitts Blue bag to make clothes white and Robin Starch for stiffeners, soda, Sunlight Soap and Hudsons Washing Power, and the wooden mangle that had to be turned to squeeze all water out of linen. (no drip dry clothes in those days) Then hang them outside to dry. T

Then ironing A heater iron shaped like a V had to be put in a coal fire and then put in the ironing box to iron the clothes, or a flat iron which had to be heated and a cover clipped on when heated.

Cooking

Farm houses mostly had big black cooking stoves, they had an open fire in the middle and ovens at the side, they were in very large farm kitchens and were used all the time. In the cottages were wall ovens. They were about half a metre off the ground, a fire was lit in the grate under the oven and this was an excellent form of cooking, in those days there were not so many varieties of cakes made, mostly buns, jam tarts, apple tarts and current cakes.

Most people made all their own jams etc. and bottled fruit because there were no freezers. Other stoves for heating were all coal fires with hobs to stand saucepans on to cook and an iron trivet to fix on front of bars for the kettle.

