

The Steward Chronicles



Being a History of the
Steward Family

Top—George Steward,
Vera Steward.

Middle—Doris Stew-
ard, Arthur Steward.

Bottom—Peter Stew-
ard

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If All The World's a Stage

THE next time someone makes a bold statement that every human being is related to every other human being, you really need to listen to them and take them seriously.

Ultimately it all comes down to mathematics and what I call the grain of sand on a chess board scenario. It is said that if you put a grain of sand on the first square of a chessboard and then double it on each subsequent square i.e two grains on the second, four on the third, eight on the fourth etc by the time you get to square 64 you will need all the sand on earth to fill it.

It's a similar thing with genealogy. Each one of us has two parents, four grandparents, eight great grandparents, 16 great great grandparents and so it doubles up through each subsequent generation. On my tree by the time I traced ancestors back to my 9xgrandparents I already had 256 possibilities and had got back to 1700. Assuming three generations per 100 years and the table becomes little short of amazing

By 1600 the number would be approx. 2048

By 1500 the number would be approx. 16,384

By 1400 we would be over 129,000

By 1300 it would be over one million

By 1200 it would be over eight million

By the time of the Norman Conquest in 1066 it would be over 125 million people which would be a good proportion of the population.

The following table of ancestors shows the enormity of the task just going back to my 18x great grandparents

Generation	Number of Relatives
Parents	2
Grandparents	4
Great Grandparents	8
2x Great Grandparents	16
3x Great Grandparents	32
4x Great Grandparents	64
5x Great Grandparents	128
6x Great Grandparents	256
7x Great Grandparents	512
8x Great Grandparents	1024
9x Great Grandparents	2048
10x Great Grandparents	4096
11x Great Grandparents	8192
12x Great Grandparents	16,384
13x Great Grandparents	32,768
14x Great Grandparents	65,536
15x Great Grandparents	131,072
16x Great Grandparents	262,144
17xGreat Grandparents	524,288
18xGreat Grandparents	1,048,576

Part One - Direct Ancestors

Using the calculations from page three I have tried to find as many ancestors as possible going back from my parents to my 8x grandparents. This amounts to a list of 2,046 names and a considerable task. To date at the time of publishing this account I had only tracked down less than 100 or 5% of these names.

Parents (2)

DEW Phyllis

STEWARD Arthur William

Grandparents (4)

DEW Frank Owen

PAYNE Florence

SANDALL Selina Maud

STEWARD Arthur

Great Grandparents (8)

BARRETT Elizabeth

DEW Francis James

EDMONDS Margaret Annie

ENGLEDOW Sarah

PAYNE George

SANDALL Henry Ward

STEWARD George

STONE Maria Harriet

Great Great Grandparents (16)

BARRETT John

DEW William

DRAKE Eliza

EDMONDS John William

ELLIS Eliza

ENGLEDOW ???? X 2

MASTERSON Elizabeth Gunton

PAYNE James

SANDALL Charles Ward

SMITH Mary

STEWARD Henry

STONE ????? X 2

VINCENT Mary Ann

YAXLEY Susannah

GREAT GREAT GREAT GRANDPARENTS (32)

AUGUST Catherine

BARRETT William

BOND Rebecca
CAPPS Elizabeth
DEW James
DRAKE
EDMONDS John
ELLIS Thomas
ENGLEDOW
GAGE Elizabeth
LEECH Christiana
MASTERSON James Butcher
PAYNE
SANDALL John Nightingale
SMITH David
SPRINGALL Elizabeth
STEWARD George
STONE
VINCENT James
WARD Elizabeth
YAXLEY

GREAT GREAT GREAT GREAT GRANDPARENTS (64)

BOND John
BUTCHER Mary
EDMONDS John
GAGE William
HUNN Jane
MASTERSON John
NIGHTINGALE Sarah
SANDALL William
STEWARD William
TURNER Abigail

GREAT GREAT GREAT GREAT GREAT GRANDPARENTS (128)

BUTCHER Matthew
CHURCH Elizabeth
DISTON Susanna
EDMONDS Samuel
MAGUS Elizabeth
MASTERSON Thomas
SANDALL William

GREAT GREAT GREAT GREAT GREAT GREAT GRANDFATHER (256)

BUTCHER William (1706-1787)

STANNARD Mary (1710-1780)

GREAT GREAT GREAT GREAT GREAT GREAT GRANDPARENTS (512)

BATE Hannah (1680)

STANNARD John (1684-1763)

GREAT GREAT GREAT GREAT GREAT GREAT GRANDPARENTS (1024)

HEUE Anne or Anna (1650)

STANNARD John (1650)

DESCENDANTS

CHILDREN (2)

STEWARD Christopher Owen

STEWARD Matthew David

GRANDCHILDREN (3)

STEWARD Oliver David

STEWARD Elliot Oliver

STEWARD Poppy Rose

Wife

BURTON Anne (see Yorkshire section)

DIRECT DESCENDANTS

PART A - Parents

Mother—Phyllis Steward (nee Dew) 1921 - 1981

PHYLLIS Margaret Steward was born Phyllis Margaret Dew in Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, on June 10th, 1921.

She was the second daughter of Selina Maud Dew (nee Sandall) and Frank Owen Dew. Their first daughter died shortly after birth.

Phyllis married Arthur William Steward and had one son - Peter Owen Steward (myself) who was born on October 9th, 1952.

Phyllis is therefore the grandmother of Christopher Owen Steward (born February 24th, 1982) and Matthew David Steward (born January 10th, 1984) and the great grandmother of Elliot Oliver Steward (born September 1st, 2012), Poppy Rose Steward (born February 6th, 2015) and Oliver David Steward who was stillborn on September 1st, 2011.

The picture opposite is of Phyllis Margaret Steward, probably on her wedding day on December 26th, 1945, just after the end of the Second World War when she was aged 24. She was married for just under 36 years.

Phyllis Margaret Steward died from cancer on 25th November, 1981. For many years she was joint owner and proprietor of Northgate Fruit and

Vegetable Shop at 157 Reepham Road, Hellesdon, where I was born and lived until about 1964 when we moved to 31 Middleton's Lane, Hellesdon.

After leaving the greengrocers' shop my mother worked as a cleaner at Kinsale Avenue School - the place where I had been educated from 1957 until 1963.

In the 1939 survey Phyllis Margaret Steward is living at a fish shop at 59, Woodcock Road, Norwich with her father Frank Owen Dew and mother Selina Maud Dew. The name Dew is crossed out and replaced with her married surname of Steward. Her occupation is given as a telephonist and typist.. Her father is down as a fish fryer and her mother as domestic and shop duties. Phyllis Margaret would have been 18 as the register was taken at the end of September 1939. Eighty years later (2019) the Woodcock Road fish bar is still in existence and is pictured below along with a reproduction of the 1939 form.

59	Fish Shop	189	1	Dew Frank O.	—	M	11 Feb 90	M	Fish Fryer - own account
59	"	189	2	Dew Selina M.	—	F	5 Dec 91	PM	Domestic & shop duties
59	"	189	3	Dew Phyllis M.	—	F	10 June 41	PS	Telephonist & Typist





Photographs of Phyllis Margaret Steward (nee Dew). Top - With Arthur William Steward on the seafront at Great Yarmouth. Above left Phyllis and Arthur Steward at Great Yarmouth and above right Phyllis and Peter Owen Steward at Great Yarmouth in either the late 1950s or early 1960s. On the right is Phyllis and Peter Owen Steward in Trafalgar Square, London. This picture is likely to have been taken in the late 1950s.

Father—Arthur William Steward - 1920 - 2013

Arthur William Steward was born in Norwich on November 9th, 1920.

In the 1939 national register Arthur Steward was 18 years of age and living with his father Arthur Steward and mother Florence Steward (nee Payne) at 161 Reepham Road, Hellesdon, Norwich. His occupation was given as "grocer's assistant." This would have been in his parents' shop which was a grocery business and previously had been a dairy.

He married Phyllis Margaret Dew on December 26th, 1945, and they were married for 35 years before Phyllis' death in 1982. He served as an engineer in the RAF in the Second World War.

Arthur William Steward died on 23rd October, 2013, in Cromwell Care Home in Norwich at the age of 92, 18 days short of his 93rd birthday.



16	1826	182	1.	STEWART Arthur	M	JAN. 14	94	M	Grocer Shopkeeper
			2	STEWART Florence M	F	JUNE 29	98	M	Assisting husband
			3	STEWART Arthur (JUN. 2)	M	NOV. 20	20	S	Grocer's Assistant

For many years Arthur William worked as a television engineer and later became a security guard after being made redundant. Up to his retirement he worked as a storeman for Lamberts of Whiffler Road in Hellesdon, Norwich.

The Steward family lived at 157 Reepham Road, Hellesdon, Norwich - a greengrocers' shop which was run by his wife Phyllis Margaret Steward (nee Dew). The business, which was previously owned by Arthur William's father Arthur Steward, was sold to Dixons of Hellesdon, around 1964/1965.

At this point the Steward family moved about half a mile from Reepham Road to a bungalow at 31 Middleton's Lane where Arthur William lived until moving into a nursing home in Norwich (Cromwell House) in the latter years of his life, dying there in November 2013.

PART B - GRANDPARENTS

Frank Owen Dew (maternal grandfather)

FRANK Owen Dew was born in Great Yarmouth on 11th February, 1890, and baptised on 26th October, 1890 in St Nicholas Church, Great Yarmouth. He was the son of Francis James Dew and Maria Harriet Dew (nee Stone).

He married Selina Maud Sandall in the last quarter of 1914 in Great Yarmouth. Before that he was a pupil at Great Yarmouth Grammar School.

In the 1891 census his age was given as one and he was living with his father and mother and sister Laura in the famous Yarmouth Rows Building 2 in Row 93. His father's occupation was given as a fruiterer. Great Yarmouth Row 93 was also known as Rivett the Baker, King the Baker or Goddard the Whitesmith's Row.

Until the Second World War most Great Yarmouth residents lived in houses in the narrow passages known as The

214	2	Row 93	1	Francis Jas Dew	Head.	M.	38	Frank Owen Dew		X	20	20
				Maria Harriet D.	Wife	M.	36				20	20
				Frank Owen	Son	B.	11				20	20
				Laura Ethel	Daughter	17					20	20

Rows that ran East to West between the river and the sea. The few main streets ran North/South. The Rows date from medieval times and recorded numbers of them have varied over time up to as many as 156.

At one time they were known by names such as after a resident or a business and therefore some had more than one name. A numbering system was introduced.. Some had overhanging buildings and were therefore tunnel-like.

Many of them were destroyed in the Second World War and many that are left these days are passageways used as short cuts, although Market Row and Broad Row are lined with shops.

Row 93, King the Baker's Row, links Middlegate Street to King Street. It is named after the King's Head Pub and Rivett the Baker's Shop, which stood on the corner.

The Rows were so narrow that a special 'Troll Cart' was developed to transport goods along them. There's a pub named after this unusually shaped cart, and you can see the real thing at the Time and Tide Museum.

Charles Dickens (1812-1870) said of them: "A Row is a long, narrow lane or alley quite straight, or as nearly as maybe, with houses on each side, both of which you can sometimes touch at once with the finger tips of each hand, by stretching out your arms to their full extent."

The Rows took up most of the land inside the town walls. At first both rich and poor people lived there together. The wealthier people gradually moved out and their houses were divided up into smaller properties. This left a fantastic range of architecture. Grand merchant houses stood next to tiny dwellings which were built back-to-back with the houses in the next row.

The number of rows changed as some were blocked up and new ones created. 'Kitty Witches Row' ran from King Street to Middlegate Street and was the narrowest row at just 27 inches (68.5cm) wide in some parts. Some rows had more than three names. In 1804 it was decided to make things easier and give each row a number.

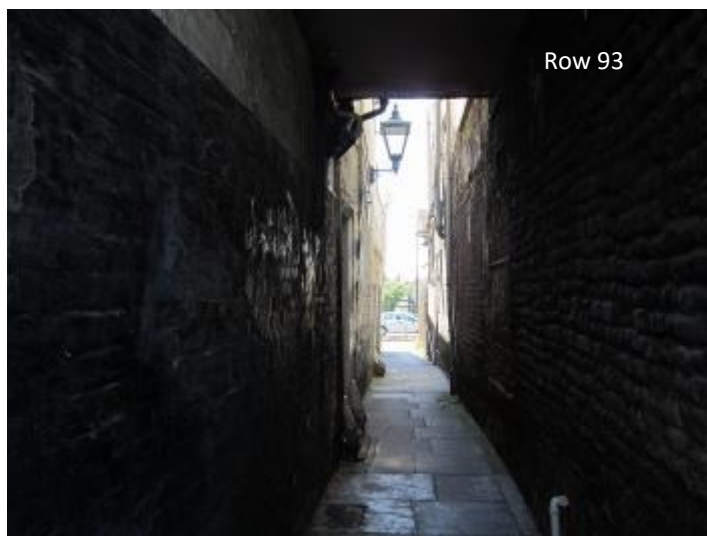
Going back to Frank Owen. In the National School Admission Registers and Log Books Frank's birthdate is given as 11th February, 1890.

In the 1901 census he was living at 118, King Street, Great Yarmouth with his mother and father and sister Laura.

In 1911 he is 21 years of age and a shop assistant at the King Street address. He is living with his parents and also his father-in-law William Stone who is described as a retired mariner and 81 years of age. He was a widower. William Stone's birthplace is given as Gorleston.

In the 1919 electoral register, Frank's address is given as 4, Well Street, Great Yarmouth, the same address as Ernest Henry Sandall (more about him later).

In the 1939 register his address was 59 Fish Shop, Woodcock Road, Norwich. He was 49 years of age and living with Selina Maud Dew (born 5th December, 1891) and Phyllis Margaret Dew (born June 10th, 1921). His occupation was fish fryer. Selina's occupation was domestic and shop duties and Phyllis' as telephonist and typist. The fish



shop is still there in 2019.

He died on 1st December 1947 at the age of 57. I believe it was following a heart attack.

In the Second World War Frank Owen Dew served as a private in the Duke of Edinburgh's Wiltshire Regiment (to verify).

At the time of his death he was living at 63 Swansea Road, Norwich. He left £100 7s 9d in his will to his wife Selena Maud Dew (nee Sandall). This is the equivalent today of approximately £3,500.

Florence May PAYNE

1893-1993—Paternal Grandmother

FLORENCE May Payne was born in Norwich on 29th June, 1893, and died in a nursing home in Links Avenue, Hellesdon, Norwich on 16th January, 1993, at the age of 99.

She was the daughter of George Payne and Elizabeth Payne (nee Barrett).

In 1915 at the age of 22 she married Arthur Steward. Her daughter Vera was born on June 5th, 1916, and her son Arthur William Steward was born on November 9th, 1920.

Florence May had four siblings - all girls: Kate born 1885, Ethel born 1887, Annie born 1890 and Ellen (Nellie) born 1890.

In the 1891 census the Payne family (before Florence's birth) were living at 86 Northumberland Street, Norwich. By 1901 they had moved a few houses down the street to 66 Northumberland Street and Florence was seven years of age and living with her mother and father and three sisters. Her father's occupation is described as "labourer - scavenger."

In the 1911 census Florence was 17-years-of age and employed as a laundress at the Swan Laundry in Heigham Street, Norwich. She was living with her father and mother at 11 Little Armes Street, Norwich.

Swan Laundry served Norwich and Norfolk for over 100 years from 1878 until its closure in 1979 and was the largest laundry facility in the county. For most of its existence it used steam-powered machinery. It shut in the 1970s, being affected by the increase in small local dry cleaning shops and companies and the increase in the number of people doing their laundry at home.

Florence May Payne married Arthur Steward in summer/autumn 1915 during the First World War.

In the 1939 register Arthur and Florence are living at 159 Reepham Road, Hellesdon, Norwich. Arthur is described as a grocer/shopkeeper. Florence is described as assisting her husband. Their son Arthur William (my father) was aged 18

Addresses of interest/relevance for Florence May Steward (nee Payne)

66 Northumberland Street, Norwich

11 Little Armes Street, Norwich

Swan Laundry, Heigham Street, Norwich (Now Old Laundry Court).

159 Reepham Road, Norwich

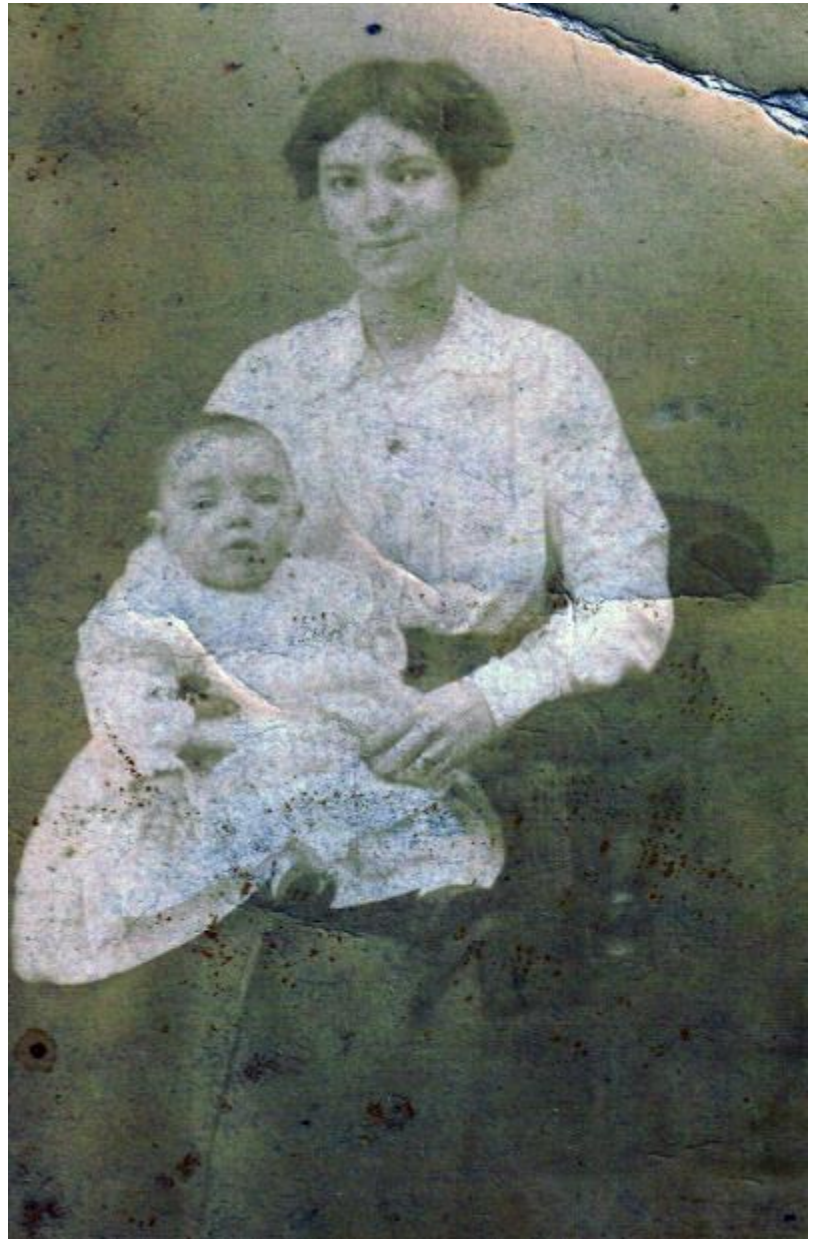
122 Reepham Road, Norwich



Florence May Steward (nee Payne) pictured above with her great grandson Matthew David Steward. The picture will have been taken in 1984 when Florence was 90 years of age. Below Florence receives a bouquet at Hellesdon Community Centre, probably to mark her 90th birthday.



Florence Steward (nee Payne) with her oldest child—Vera. This photograph will have been taken in 1916 during the First World War.



Selina Maud SANDALL— Maternal Grandmother

Selina Maud Dew (nee Sandall) was born in Great Yarmouth on December 5th, 1891, and baptised on 14th January, 1892, in St Peter's Church, Great Yarmouth.

She was the daughter of Henry Ward Sandall and Margaret Annie Sandall (nee Edmonds).

At the time of her birth the family were living in Well Street, Great Yarmouth.



Above left - Phyllis Margaret Steward (nee Dew) and Selina Maud Dew (nee Sandall) in the garden of 157 Reephram Road, Hellesdon, Norwich. Centre - Selina Dew with grandson Peter Owen Steward in the same garden and on the right Phyllis Margaret Steward, Selina Maud Dew and Arthur William Steward on a day out at Great Yarmouth.

Selina Maud was baptised along with her brother John William Sandall who was born on 20th May, 1890. Her father's occupation was given as painter.

In the 1901 census she was nine years old and living at 4, Well Street, Great Yarmouth with her parents Henry (36), Margaret (34), John (10), Ernest (7), Henry (3).

In the 1911 census she was 19 years old and still living at 4 Well Street, Great Yarmouth and her occupation was given as dressmaker. She was living with Henry (46), Margaret (44), Ernest (17) and Henry (13).

She married Frank Owen Dew in October 1914. They had a daughter Phyllis Margaret Dew who was born on 10th June, 1921. Frank Owen died on 1st December 1947,

In the 1939 register Selina Maud Dew was living at The Fish Shop, 59 Woodcock Road, Norwich, and was described as doing domestic and shoe duties. Also living at the shop was her husband Frank Owen Dew and daughter Phyllis Margaret Dew.

Selina died in July 1979. Other addresses where she lived included Swansea Street and Rupert Street, both in Norwich.

Arthur STEWARD—Paternal Grandfather

My paternal grandfather, Arthur Steward, was born in Norwich in 1896 and died in 1974.

This would make him 58 or 59 when I was born in 1952. My father was born in 1920 when my grandfather would have been 25. At the outbreak of the Great War he would have been just 17 or 18. My grandfather was a painter and decorator by trade, but at one time also owned a dairy and a considerable parcel of land at the back of his bungalow at 122, Reephram Road, Hellesdon. He later sold this land to a builder by the name of Southgate who developed a number of properties on the land off Meadow Way, including a chapel.

I remember my grandfather with great affection and as a very kind man with whom I spent plenty of time as I was growing up as he lived directly opposite in Reephram Road, Hellesdon, which is about three miles from the centre of Norwich.

My grandfather met and married Florence Payne in 1915. Today Hellesdon is a thriving suburb of Norwich, but in the early days of their marriage it would have been a much quieter place. At the time they met Florence was a laundress in Norwich Waterworks. At one time my grandfather was employed by Caley's Chocolate Factory.

He was made redundant and moved to Hellesdon where he rented a bungalow from the local squire. Presumably this was 122 Reephram Road. He also rented a grocery store opposite and this is likely to be 157 Reephram Road where I was born. During the First World War my grandfather served with the Red Cross in the medical corps and was stationed in Holland where, presumably, he treated injured soldiers returning from battle. He was also in the force's band. I believe that either during or after the war he suffered a nervous breakdown, possibly due to his experiences in the war. He was also invalided out of the services suffering from Nephritis—inflammation of the kidneys.

After the war my grandfather delivered goods around Hellesdon and as far afield as Horsford on his bike. His nervous breakdown necessitated my father returning from the Second World War to look after the shop. Later my grandfather also ran a dairy in Reephram Road. Today this is a travel agency.

Florence and Arthur had two children - Vera (my aunt) and Arthur (my father) who was born in 1920. My father died in 2014, but my aunt has just had her 104th birthday, having been born in 1916. Her husband John "Jack" Nobbs also lived to be over 100.

In the 1901 census Arthur was living with his family at 32, Cowgate Street, Norwich. His father George was 44 and mother Sarah 37. His siblings were George (20), William (18), Sarah (17), Alice (13), Arthur (7) and Horace (1).. The family were living at





the same address 10 years later.

In the 1939 register Arthur and Florence are living at 159 Reepham Road, Hellesdon. Arthur is described as a grocer/shopkeeper. Florence is described as assisting her husband. Their son Arthur William (my father) was aged 18.

The pictures on the previous page show Arthur Steward with one of the many cups he won at Hellesdon and District Horticultural Association. He was a very keen gardener and grower of vegetables and fruit. This one is the May and Baker Perpetual Challenge Cup which the company donated for competition in 1961.

The Hellesdon Horticultural Association was formed in 1953 and was originally called the Hellesdon Horticultural and Allotment Association and in 1959 split from the allotments to become Hellesdon Horticultural Association. I believe my grandfather was a founder member and both he and my father continued to be members for many years.

The photograph next to it is of my grandfather and grandmother's wedding with my Great Grandfather George Steward in the background.

The picture above is my grandfather in his First World War uniform and next to that a picture taken many years after the war.





Arthur Steward pictured in his army uniform. More details of his service are included on the following pages.



TERRITORIAL FORCE

4 years' Service in the United Kingdom.

ATTESTATION OF

No. _____ Name Arthur Steward Corps _____

Questions to be put to the Recruit before Enlistment

1. What is your Name? Arthur Steward
2. In the Parish of St. Paul in or near the Town of Northwich in the County of Cheshire
3. Are you a British Subject? Yes
4. What is your Age? 19 Years 10 Months
5. What is your Trade or Calling? Warehouseman
6. In whose employ are you? W. & A. L. Wright
7. Where do you now reside? 32 Long St.
8. Are you now an Apprentice? if so, please state particulars No.
9. Are you married? No.
10. Do you now belong to the Army, the Marines, the Militia, the Militia Reserve, the Territorial Force, the Royal Navy, the Army Reserve (Regular or Special), or any Naval Reserve Force? If so, to what Corps? No.
11. Have you ever served in the Army, the Marines, the Militia, the Militia Reserve, the Imperial Yeomanry, the Territorial Force, the Royal Navy, the Volunteers, the Army Reserve (Regular or Special), or any Naval Reserve Force? If so, please state Corps and cause of discharge No.
12. Do you belong, or have you belonged, to any Cadet Corps or Battalion? No.
13. Have you ever been rejected as unfit for the Military or Naval Forces of the Crown? If so, on what grounds? No.
14. Did you receive a Notice, and do you understand its meaning? Yes
15. Are you willing to be attested for the term of 4 years (provided His Majesty shall so long require your services) for service in the Territorial Force of the County of Cheshire? Yes

Amendment for question 16.—Army Forms E. 501 and E. 501A (9/London County/323).

16. Do you understand—

- (a) That during the first year of your original enlistment you will be required to attend the number of drills and fulfil the other conditions prescribed for a recruit of the arm or branch of the service which you have elected to join?
- (b) That you will be required to complete such preliminary training by the 31st October next following your original enlistment, unless before that date you obtain permission from your Commanding Officer to complete it afterwards, but that in any case you must complete it within 12 months of your original enlistment?
- (c) That in addition to such preliminary training you will be liable to attend the number of drills and fulfil the other conditions relating to training prescribed for the arm or branch of the service which you have elected to join, and be liable to be trained for not less than 8, or more than 15 days altogether, in every year, or, if belonging to a mounted branch for not less than 8, or more than 18 days altogether, in every year, as may be prescribed, and may for that purpose be called out, once or oftener, in every year?
- (d) That if you, without leave or reasonable excuse, fail to attend the number of drills required to fulfil the conditions relating to preliminary or annual training prescribed for your arm or branch of the service, you render yourself liable to a fine not exceeding £5?
- (e) That when a proclamation has been issued, in case of imminent national danger or great emergency, calling out the first class Army Reserve you will become liable to be embodied?
- (f) That, if your term of 4 years' service expires when a proclamation ordering the Army Reserve to be called out on permanent service is in force, you may be required to prolong your service for a further period not exceeding 12 months?
- (g) That you will be liable to serve in any place in the United Kingdom, without further agreement, but not in any place outside the United Kingdom unless you voluntarily undertake to do so?
- (h) That you will be required to deliver up in good order, fair wear and tear only excepted, at such time and place as may be ordered by the Commanding Officer, all arms, clothing and appointments issued to you, being public property (including the property of the County Association)?

A further period of preliminary training may be prescribed during the first year of original enlistment by an Order in Council, the number of days being specified, and the period of annual training in any year may be extended by an Order in Council, due notice thereof having been given, and provided that neither House of Parliament has dissented, but the whole period of annual training shall not exceed 30 days in any year.

Under the provisions of Section 99 of the Army Act, if a person knowingly makes a false answer to any question contained in the attestation paper, he renders himself liable to punishment.

I, Arthur Steward, do solemnly declare that the above answers made by me to the above questions are true, and that I am willing to fulfil the engagements made.

Arthur Steward SIGNATURE OF RECRUIT.

James Bonnell Signature of Witness.

OATH TO BE TAKEN BY RECRUIT ON ATTESTATION.

I, Arthur Steward, do make Oath, that I will be faithful and bear true Allegiance to His Majesty King Edward the Seventh, His Heirs, and Successors, and that I will, as in duty bound, honestly and faithfully defend His Majesty, His Heirs, and Successors, in Person, Crown, and Dignity against all enemies, according to the conditions of my service.

CERTIFICATE OF MAGISTRATE OR ATTESTING OFFICER.

I, Edward Edwards, do hereby certify, that, in my presence, all the foregoing Questions were put to the Recruit, above named, that the Answers written opposite to them are those which he gave to me, and that he has made and signed the Declaration, and taken the oath at Northwich on this 1st day of April 1913.

Edward Edwards Signature of Justice of the Peace, Officer, or other person authorised to attest Recruits.

If any alteration is required on this page of the Attestation, a Justice of the Peace should be requested to make it and initial the alteration under Section 80 (6), Army Act.

The Recruit should, if he require it, receive a copy of the Declaration on Army Form E. 501A.

If so, the Recruit is to be asked the particulars of his former Service, and to produce, if possible, his Parchment Certificate of Discharge and Certificate of Character, which should be returned to him upon completion of the form. If so, the Recruit is to be asked the particulars of his former Service, and to produce, if possible, his Parchment Certificate of Discharge and Certificate of Character, which should be returned to him upon completion of the form.

Description of A. Steward on Enlistment.

MEDICAL INSPECTION REPORT.

(Applicable to all ranks.)

Name Arthur Steward

Apparent age 19 years ✓ months.

Height _____ feet _____ inches.

* Chest measurement

Girth when fully expanded _____ inches.

Range of expansion _____ inches.

Vision Good

Physical development Good

* Chest measurement will be obtained by adjusting the tape so that its posterior upper edge touches the inferior angles of the shoulder blades, and its anterior lower edge the upper part of the nipples, while the arms hang loosely by the side.

Certificate of Medical Examination.

I have examined the above-named recruit and find that he does not present any of the causes of rejection specified in the Regulations. He can see at the required distance with either eye; his heart and lungs are healthy; he has the free use of his joints and limbs; he does not suffer from hernia; and declares that he is not subject to fits of any description.

I consider him * fit for the Territorial Force.

Date 19

Place Norwich

LIEUT.-COLONEL COMMANDING
2nd EAST ANGLIAN FIELD AMBULANCE

* Insert here "fit" or "unfit."

NOTE.—Should the Medical Officer consider the recruit unfit, he will fill in the foregoing certificate only in the case of those who have been attested and will briefly state below the cause of unfitness.

Certificate of Primary Military Examination.

I hereby certify that the above-named recruit was inspected by me, and I consider him * fit for service in the 1st Bn. 1st Regt. Norfolk and that due care has been exercised in his enlistment.

Date 2-4-1913

Place Norwich

* Insert here "fit" or "unfit."

LIEUT.-COLONEL COMMANDING
2nd EAST ANGLIAN FIELD AMBULANCE

Recruiting Officer.

* Certificate of Approving Officer.

I certify that this Attestation of the above-named recruit is correct, and properly filled up, and that the required forms appear to have been complied with. I accordingly approve, and appoint him to the 1st Bn. 1st Regt. Norfolk

If enlisted by special authority, Army Form B. 203 (or other authority for the enlistment) will be attached to the original attestation.

Date 2-4-1913

Place Norwich

LIEUT.-COLONEL COMMANDING
2nd EAST ANGLIAN FIELD AMBULANCE

Approving Officer.

* The signature of the Approving Officer is to be affixed in the presence of the Recruit.
† Here insert the "Corps" for which the Recruit has been enlisted.

Reference No. 2/PAMC/23172.

MINISTRY OF PENSIONS,
BURTON COURT,
KING'S ROAD,
LONDON, S.W. 3
12 MAY 1919

Sir,

I am directed by the Minister of Pensions to inform you of the undermentioned decision in the case of a man whose discharge documents have been recently received with the view to having the claim to pension considered.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

William Sanger

Controller,
Soldiers' Awards Branch.

To the Officer Commanding

Regiment.

Rank (for pension) *Pte* Regimental No. *73437*
Name (Surname first) *Steward Arthur*
Regiment or Corps *Regt PAMC*
Date of Discharge *14.4.19* Age on Discharge *25* Marital Status *Married*
Address on Discharge *11 Little Arms St. Norwich*
Disabilities { 1. *Nephritis* State whether 1. *Attributable*
2. *Aggravated* 2. *Attributable*
3. *Non-attributable* 3. *Non-attributable*
Degree of Disablement *20% Act 1 (1) RW 1918 (100%)*
Weekly Pension *8/3 from 15.4.19* to be reviewed in *39 weeks*
or Allowance *the child 2/6 from 15.4.19*
Allowances for

A. $\frac{19}{2}$

JMB

11038 3258/1708 1m pds (4) 12/15 J.P. Op 100
11039 4186/1875 5m pds (4) 1/19

PART C - Great Grandparents

Francis James Dew (maternal great grandfather)

Francis Dew was born in either May or June 1857. He was the son of William Dew and Susannah Dew (nee Yaxley).

He was married twice. His first marriage was to Caroline Elizabeth Harper Bowles on 21st January, 1879. At the time of his marriage he was living in Albion Road, Great Yarmouth and was 21 years of age. Caroline was 21 and lived in Havelock Road. The bride's father was Benjamin Harper Bowles. Caroline Elizabeth Harper Dew (nee Bowles) died between January and March, 1888, aged 29.

On 28th April, 1889, Francis married Maria Harriet Stone in St Nicholas' Church, Great Yarmouth. He was described as a widower and 30 years of age. Banns were read on March 17th, 1889, and on subsequent dates.

In the 1871 census, Francis was living in St Peter Square, Great Yarmouth, with parents William and Susannah and brother Britiffe. He was aged 14.

In the 1899/1900 register of electors his address was 118 King Street, Great Yarmouth

In the 1901 census he was living at 118, King Street, Great Yarmouth with Maria Harriet. His age is given as 43 and Maria's as 40. His occupation is fruiterer and shopkeeper. They have two children - Frank Owen Dew aged 11 and Laura Dew aged 21.

Francis died on 29th September, 1925 and his address was given as St Peter's Road, Great Yarmouth. Reports state that he died in either Clarence Road or Havelock Road, Great Yarmouth. In his will he left effects valued at £632 11/7d to his son Frank Owen Dew who is described as a ironmonger's Assistant. He was buried on 2nd October, 1925, in Caister Cemetery.

George William Steward (paternal great grandfather)



George Steward was known as "Sixer" or "Little Sixer." He was married twice and was born and lived all his life in Norwich. His nickname may have come from the fact that he was relatively small in stature and also because he had six children. I am a descendant of his second marriage to Sarah Engledow.

George was born in 1858 in Norwich and died on May 7th, 1931, in Peacock Street, Norwich. He was the son of Henry and Mary Ann Steward (nee Vincent).

He was married firstly to Hannah Durrant and they had one son. He re-married to Sarah Engledow after Hannah's death (presumably in childbirth). Hannah was only 20 when she died. George and Sarah had five children, one of which was my grandfather Arthur Steward.

George was employed on a freelance basis as a shoemaker in Norwich.

In the 1881 census George Steward was living with Hannah and their one year old son George in what is documented as Paddock and which was probably Paddock Street.

Hannah died in the same year as the census was taken (probably in September). In the census George is described as a shoemaker and Hannah as a fitter.

George married Sarah Ann Engledow in 1864. It has been said in some quarters that the marriage took place in order to provide a mother for the young George, but the couple went on to have five other children which rather dispels this theory.

In the 1871 census George is 13 years of age and living with his parents Henry (41), Mary Ann (nee Vincent - aged 40), Their address is Bull Close and also at the address are Henry (21), Ann (15), Caroline (12), Sarah (11), Elizabeth (9), Alfred (4) and Mary (2). Elizabeth Vincent (presumably George's mother-in-law was also living there aged 61).

In the 1901 census George is 44 years of age and living in Cowgate Street, Norwich, with Sarah Ann and six children. Sarah is 37-years-of-age and also living with them is George (20 years - son from first marriage, William (18), Sarah (17), Alice (13), Arthur (my grandfather 7) and Horace (1).

In the 1911 census George is 54 and still living with Sarah at 32 Cowgate Street. Also at the address is Alice Elizabeth (aged 24), Arthur (aged 17) and Horace (aged 12).

By all accounts Great Grandfather George "Sixer" Steward made Japanese style shoes from his own home and drank considerable amounts. His family were often forced to go begging for soup in order to survive. I have been told that it was common for him to finish an assignment and then "disappear" drinking for days, only to return home when the next job became available.

Strangely his long suffering wife (pictured above) was a member of the Salvation Army and this in itself would have been a great source of domestic strife due to her abstinence. One comment I have received surrounds one of his disappearances and a report back that he was "caught one night entertaining the old trollops in the Magdalen Street area of Norwich."



George Steward at the wedding of his son Arthur Steward to Florence Payne in 1915. Arthur is wearing his services uniform.

Elizabeth BARRETT

EDMONDS Margaret Annie

ENGLEDOW Sarah—Paternal great grandmother

Sarah Ann Engledow was born in 1849 and in the 1861 census she is living in the Timberhill area of Norwich (Prospect Square) with her father Benjamin Engledow (28) and mother Susan Engledow (nee Smith) aged 29. Also at the same address is Benjamin aged five, William Engledow (two months) and Mary Anne Smith (aged 66). Sarah is described as a scholar.

Sarah Ann Engledow married widower George Steward in 1864. It has been said in some quarters that the marriage took place in order to provide a mother for the young George, but the couple went on to have five other children which rather dispels this theory.

In the 1871 census George is 13 years of age and living with his parents Henry (41), Mary Ann (nee Vincent - aged 40), Their address is Bull Close and also at the address are Henry (21), Ann (15), Caroline (12), Sarah (11), Elizabeth (9), Alfred (4) and Mary (2). Elizabeth Vincent (presumably George's mother-in-law was also living there aged 61).

In the 1901 census George is 44 years of age and living in Cowgate Street, Norwich, with Sarah Ann and six children. Sarah is 37-years-of-age and also living with them is George (20 years - son from first marriage, William (18), Sarah (17), Alice (13), Arthur (my grandfather 7) and Horace (1).

In the 1911 census George is 54 and still living with Sarah at 32 Cowgate Street. Also at the address is Alice Elizabeth (aged 24), Arthur (aged 17) and Horace (aged 12).



PAYNE George

SANDALL Henry Ward

George Steward 1808-1866

George Steward was my great great great grandfather He was born in 1808 and was the brother of Henry Steward and son of William Steward and Ann Coe.

George was a baker by trade and became a freeman of Norwich on 10th July, 1830. On June 6th, 1841, he was living in Ber Street and also had the profession of Inspector of Police. In the 1851 census his address is given as Creak's Buildings and his date of death is given as November 11th, 1866, in Bull Close Road. He died from kidney disease.

George was 18 when he married Catherine Hannah August on either 1st or 14th December, 1826, in St Augustine's, Norwich. Catherine's date of birth is given as 1808 and it is likely she was born in Strumpshaw just outside Norwich. Catherine was my Great Great Great Grandmother. George and Catherine had seven children - George (born 1827), Henry (born 1830, died 1906), Margaret (born 1832), Ann (born 1835), Donald John (born 1839), Jessie Catherine (born 1843, died 1909) and Charles (born 1846).

In the 1841 census George Steward was 30 years of age and his birth date was given as 1811. Catherine was also listed as 30 years of age with a birth date of 1811. Their children are listed as George (14), Henry (12), Margaret (9), Ann (6) and Donald (2). Two others are listed as living with the Steward Family. They are Thomas Lee (25) and Sarah Lee (20).

In the 1851 census George Steward was 42 years of age and an Inspector of Police. Catherine's birth date here is given as 1804. Their children are listed as Margaret (19), a Glover, Ann (15), also a Glover, Donald (10), a scholar, and Jessie (8), also a scholar.

Maria Harriet STONE

PART D - GREAT GREAT GRANDPARENTS (16)

John BARRETT

William DEW

William Dew was my 2x great grandfather and was born on 16th February 1812 and died in 1893?. He married Susannah Yaxley who was born in 1814. They had seven children - William Dew born 1836, Henry Dew born 1840, Susanna Dew born 1843, Louisa Dew born 1845, Britiffe Dew born 1850, Caroline Sophie Dew born 1853, Francis Dew born 1856

William was the son of James Dew and Rebecca Bond and came from Great Yarmouth. He was baptised on 19th February, 1812. He married Susannah (or Susan) Yaxley on 5th February, 1835. Banns were read for the wedding on 18th January, 25th January and 1st February.

In the 1841 census he was living in the Great Yarmouth Rows aged 30. He was married to Susannah whose age was given as 25. They had two sons living with them - William (aged five, born 1836) and Harry (Henry) born 1841.

In 1871 William was living at St Peter Square, Great Yarmouth, aged 59 with Susannah aged 55, Britiffe (shown as Blitiffe) who was aged 20 and Francis who was aged 14 (born 1857)

In the 1881 census he was living at Row 60, 13, Great Yarmouth and was 69. His occupation was given as a coal carter. Susan was 64. There were no children living at home.

In the 1891 census he was living at Havelock Place, Great Yarmouth, aged 79 with Susannah, aged 75. Again he was described as a coal carter.

Eliza DRAKE

John William EDMONDS

Eliza ELLIS

ENGLEDOW ???? X 2

Elizabeth Gunton MASTERSON

James PAYNE

Charles Ward SANDALL

Mary SMITH

Henry STEWARD

STONE ????? X 2

Susannah YAXLEY

Mary Ann VINCENT

Henry Steward 1830-1906

Henry Steward was my great great grandfather and the eldest child of George and Catherine Steward (nee August). He was born in 1830 and died in 1906 and married Mary Ann Vincent on September 16th, 1850, in St Augustine's Church, Norwich.

Henry's trade was given as tailor/journeymen and we know that he lived in various areas of Norwich including Ber Street, Philidelphia (which I presume is Philidelphia Road), Bull Close Road and Cowgate Street. He died on October 19th, 1906 aged about 78 - a reasonable age for those times. Mary Ann's work is given variously as cotton reeler, "assistant in business", weaver and silk filler.

Henry and Mary Ann Steward had 12 children - six sons and six daughters. They were Henry (born 1850), James (1851), Ann (1856), George (1858), Caroline (1859), Sarah (1860), Elizabeth (1862), Alfred (1866), Mary Anne (1869), Donald (1872), Arthur (1873) and Maria (1876). This means that Mary Ann was producing offspring from the age of 20 to about 46.

James Dew

James Dew was my 3x great grandfather and was born in 1771. He married Rebecca Bond in Briston on October 9th, 1791 and they had eight children between 1793 and 1813

Britiffe Dew was born in 1793 in Salthouse and died in 1876. John Dew was born 1800 in Great Yarmouth and died in 1803, Maria Dew was born in 1802 in Great Yarmouth, James Dew was born in 1803 in Great Yarmouth, John Dew was born in 1805 in Great Yarmouth, Charlotte Dew was born in 1808 in Great Yarmouth, William Dew born 16th February 1812 in Great Yarmouth.

George Dew was born in 1813 in Great Yarmouth.

James died in 1829 at the age of 58.

GREAT GREAT GREAT GRANDPARENTS (32)

AUGUST Catherine

BARRETT William

BOND Rebecca

CAPPS Elizabeth

DEW James

DRAKE

EDMONDS John

ELLIS Thomas

ENGLEDOW

GAGE Elizabeth

LEECH Christiana

MASTERSON James Butcher

PAYNE

SANDALL John Nightingale

SMITH David

SPRINGALL Elizabeth

STEWARD George

STONE

VINCENT James

WARD Elizabeth

YAXLEY

FURTHER BACK

GREAT GREAT GREAT GREAT GRANDPARENTS (64)

BOND John

BUTCHER Mary

EDMONDS John

GAGE William

HUNN Jane

MASTERSON John

NIGHTINGALE Sarah

SANDALL William

STEWARD William

TURNER Abigail

GREAT GREAT GREAT GREAT GREAT GRANDPARENTS (128)

BUTCHER Mattew

CHURCH Elizabeth

DISTON Susanna

EDMONDS Samuel

MAGUS Elizabeth

MASTERSON Thomas

SANDALL William

GREAT GREAT GREAT GREAT GREAT GREAT GRANDFATHER (256)

BUTCHER William (1706-1787)

STANNARD Mary (1710-1780)

GREAT GREAT GREAT GREAT GREAT GREAT GRANDPARENTS (512)

BATE Hannah (1680)

STANNARD John (1684-1763)

William Steward (born between 1770 and 1780)

William Steward was my Great Great Great Great Grandfather and was born sometime between 1770 and 1780. He was a baker by trade and was made a freeman of the City of Norwich on 30th October 1793.

William married Ann Coe and they had at least two children. I have been able to trace them as Henry and George but at the present time have no further details of the oldest person in my Steward line.

ROBERT STANNARD

Robert was born in Lowestoft, Suffolk, in 1630 and died in Denham, Suffolk. His wife

JOHN STANNARD

Robert's son John was my 8x great grandfather

MARY STANNARD (1710-1780)

Mary Stannard was my 6xGrandmother. Her parents were John Stannard (1684-1763) and Hannah

Descendants

Anne Steward born 1951



Anne Steward (nee Burton) was born in Knottingley, West Yorkshire on October 3rd, 1951. She is the eighth child and third daughter of Tom Burton and Dortohy Burton (nee Tomlinson). Brothers and sisters are: Tom (deceased), George, Mary Barton (deceased), Harry, John, Joan Harris (deceased) and Arthur.

Anne was educated at Pontefract Girls High School and holds a BA degree from the University of East Anglia. She is a retired primary school teacher.

She married Peter Owen Steward in Knottingley Parish Church, West Yorkshire, on July 24th, 1972 and the couple have two children - Christopher Owen Steward (born 24th February, 1982) and Matthew David Steward (born 10th January, 1984). They also have a grandson - Elliot Oliver Steward (born 1st September, 2012) and a granddaughter - Poppy Rose Steward (born 6th February 2015).

Christopher Owen Steward born 1982

Christopher Owen Steward is the eldest son of Peter Owen Steward and Anne Steward (nee Burton).

He was born in the Norfolk and Norwich University Hospital on February 24th, 1982, and was educated at Woodside Infants School, Hethersett; Hethersett Middle School; Hethersett High School and the Hewitt School, Norwich. He has a degree in PE from Brighton University and is currently Head of PE at Bexhill High School in Sussex. He currently lives in Eastbourne.

Christopher was married to Lynne Steward (nee Phillips) but they are divorced

Matthew David Steward - born 1984

Matthew David Steward was born on January 10th, 1984, and is the second son of Peter Owen Steward and Anne Steward (nee Burton).

He was born in the Norfolk and Norwich University Hospital. He was educated at Woodisde Infants School, Hethersett; Hethersett Middle School; Hethersett High School and the Hewitt School, Norwich. He has a degree in physical education from Leeds Carnegie University and is currently a police officer serving at Earlham, which is a suburb of Norwich.

Matthew is the father of Oliver David Steward (deceased), Elliot Oliver Steward who was born on September 1st, 2012 and Poppy Rose Steward who was born on February 6th, 2015. He was married to Emma Frost in St Remigius Church, Hethersett, in May 2013.

Poppy Rose Steward

Poppy Rose Steward was born in the Norfolk and Norwich University Hospital on February 6th, 2015. She is the daughter of Matthew David Steward and Emma Steward (nee Frost) and the granddaughter of Peter Owen Steward and Anne Steward (nee Burton). Poppy currently lives in Wymondham, which is a market town about 10 miles from the city of Norwich

Elliot Oliver Steward born 2012

Elliot Oliver Steward was born in the Norfolk and Norwich University Hospital on September 1st, 2012. He is the son of Matthew David Steward and Emma Steward (nee Frost) and the grandson of Peter Owen Steward and Anne Steward (nee Burton). Elliot currently lives in Wymondham, which is a market town about 10 miles from the city of Norwich.

PART THREE - THE SUPPORTING CAST

Here we look at ancestors who were indirect relations.

Henry Steward (1817-1881)

Henry was the son of William Steward. Like his father he was also a baker, but is also described as a journeyman.

He lived at a number of addresses in Norwich including Ber Street (1861 census), Woods Yard off Ber Street (1871 census), and 6, Cannells Court, Timberhill (1881 census). Like his father he was a freeman of Norwich, being awarded this honour on 4th June, 1841.

He married Susan (or Susanna) Larkman.

Arthur Steward (1872-1900)



The name Arthur Steward features regularly in my family tree over the generations. Opposite is a photograph of Arthur Steward who had a tragically short life. He was born in 1872 and died at the age of 28 in 1900 as the result of a road accident.

Arthur Steward married Elizabeth Kelf (pictured with him opposite) and they had four children - Arthur William Steward (1893-1961), Donald John Steward (1895-1973), Alfred (born 1896) and Wilfred Charles (born 1898).

At the time of his death his children would have been aged nine, seven, six and four.

Elizabeth subsequently married George Lambert in 1901. At the time of his death Arthur was living at No 2 White's Entry in Bull Close Road, Norwich. He had been to Yarmouth races and was riding in a wagonette on Thorpe Road, Norwich, when he fell from the vehicle. He was taken to hospital but died on the way.

Arthur was a shoemaker by trade and had been one of the organisers of the trip to the races.

John William Sandall—Great Uncle

John William "Jack" Sandall was born on 20th May, 1890, in Great Yarmouth, son of Henry Ward Sandall (born 1865) and Margaret Annie Sandall nee Edmonds (1866-1947). He was baptised on 14th January, 1892. At that time the family were living in Wells Street, Great Yarmouth. He died in Tunbridge Wells, Kent, in September 1969.

He married Daisy Wilson Malcolm (1890-1941) in 1946 and they had two children - Ronald Alfred Sandall (1918-1994) and Gladys Margaret Sandall (Gladys Margaret Poore) (1911-1999).

After the death of Daisy, Jack married Myrtle Mary Heasman (1911-1999).

In the 1911 census Jack had moved to Tunbridge Wells and was described as a shop assistant boarding at 13, Sutherland Road with a number of other residents - Henriette Austin (aged 85), Hellen Brown a widow and head of the household (57), George Hughes (35), Mary Ann Brown (34), Charles Scott (22) and John Sandall (20).

Jack and Daisy are pictured in the family group opposite. I don't know who the other family members are. The photograph of Jack above was taken by my parents at his home in Tunbridge Wells. I believe that Jack was an accountant by trade and for many years was involved in the running of Tunbridge Wells Rangers Football Club



Daisy Wilson Malcolm—Great Aunt

Daisy Wilson Malcolm was born on 16th May, 1890, in either Ticehurst or Frant, Sussex. Her father was Alexander Malcolm and her mother Sara Ann Malcolm (nee Wright). She died on 24th April, 1941. She was buried on 29th April, 1941 in Tunbridge Wells.



CENSUS OF ENGLAND AND WALES, 1911.														
Before writing on this Schedule please read the Examples and the Instructions given on the other side of the paper, as well as the headings of the Columns. The entries should be written in ink.														
The contents of the Schedule will be treated as confidential. Strict care will be taken that no information is disclosed with regard to individual persons. The returns are not to be used for proof of age, or in connection with Old Age Pensions, or for any other purpose than the preparation of Statistical Tables.														
NAME AND BIRTHDAY	RELATIONSHIP to Head of Family	AGE last birthday and Sex	PARTICULARS as to MARRIAGE				PROFESSION or OCCUPATION of every person				RESIDENCE of every person	NATIONALITY of every person	IDENTITY	
<p>of every Person, whether Member of Family, Visitor, Boarder, or Servant, who—</p> <p>(1) passed the night of Tuesday, April 2nd, 1911, in this dwelling, and was alive at midnight; or</p> <p>(2) arrived in this dwelling on the morning of Monday, April 2nd, not having been registered elsewhere.</p> <p>Persons who need not be included.</p> <p>(The order of entries must be Examples on last of Schedule.)</p>														
<p>Write in each column the name of the person, and in the column of Relationship, the relationship of each person to the head of the family.</p> <p>Write in the column of Age, the age of each person last birthday, and in the column of Sex, the sex of each person.</p> <p>Write in the column of Particulars as to Marriage, the date of marriage, and in the column of Profession or Occupation, the profession or occupation of each person.</p> <p>Write in the column of Residence, the name of the street, and in the column of Nationality, the nationality of each person.</p> <p>Write in the column of Identity, the name of each person, and in the column of I.D. No., the number of each person.</p>														
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
1. Alexander Malcolm	Head	58	Married	34	£	8	1	Cabinet Maker	75	1	Can. Busnet	Midhurst, Sussex	290	
2. Sarah Ann Malcolm	Wife	52	Married									Exmouth, Devon	140	
3. Sarah Malcolm	Son	24	Single					Apprentice	75	3	Can. Busnet	Tunbridge Wells	230	
4. Daisy Wilson Malcolm	Daughter	20	Single					Shop assistant, assistant	9	36	Wicks	Frant, Sussex	230	
5. William Barclay Malcolm	Son	16						Personal Writer Building	9	32	Wicks	Tunbridge Wells		
6. Alfred Livingston Malcolm	Son	15									Wicks	Tunbridge Wells		

(To be filled up by the Enumerator.)

Write below the Number of House in this Building (House, Cottage, or Apartment), and the Address as a street, and in the column of Signature, the signature of the Enumerator, and in the column of Date, the date of the enumeration.

House No. 426

Date 24/4/11

(To be filled up by, or on behalf of, the Head of Family or other person in possession, or in charge, of this dwelling.)

Write below the Number of House in this Building (House, Cottage, or Apartment), and the Address as a street, and in the column of Signature, the signature of the Head of Family or other person in possession, or in charge, of this dwelling, and in the column of Date, the date of the enumeration.

House No. 426

Date 24/4/11

I declare that this Schedule is correctly filled up to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Signature Alexander Malcolm

Printed Address 13 Sutherland Road, Tunbridge Wells

In the 1911 census Daisy was 20 years of age and living at 166, Silverdale Road, Tunbridge Wells with her parents - Alexander Malcolm (58) and Sara Ann Malcolm (52) along with siblings Frank (24), Willard Berkley (16) and Alfred Livingstone (15). Her job was "assistant tobacconist."

She married John William Sandall in 1946 and they had two children - Ronald Alfred Sandall (1918-1994) and Gladys Margaret Sandall (Gladys Margaret Poore) (1911-1999).

Myrtle May Heasman-Step Great Aunt

Myrtle May Heasman was the second wife of John William Sandall. She was born on 15th June, 1911, to Ernest G. Heasman and Mabel E. Heasman (nee Rogers).

In the 1939 census she was 28 years of age and living in Tunbridge Wells. She was employed as a stockroom assistant in a department store and was living with her parents (both aged 52) and siblings Douglas E (aged 23) and Keith V (17).

Myrtle died in 1999.

Ancestors of Myrtle Heasman include the following:

William Heasman 1515-18th December, 1615 (10th x great grandfather)

John Heasman 1540 (9th x great grandfather)

John Heasman 1565-1616 (8th x great grandfather)

Francis Heasman 1590-1690 (7th x great grandfather)

John Heasman 1619-1696 (6th x great grandfather)

Edward Heasman 1666-1737 (5th x great grandfather)

William Heasman 1689-1772 (4th x great grandfather)

Samuel Heasman 1736-1815 (3rd x great grandfather)

Jonah Heasman 1816-1880 (great grandfather)

George Henry Heasman 1854-1933 (grandfather)

Ernest George Heasman 1887-1968 (Father)

Ronald Alfred Sandall

Ronald Alfred Sandall was the eldest child of John William Sandall and Daisy Wilson Malcolm.



Arthur Dew

(born 1833 and who married Mary Ann Betts)

Edgar William Dew (July 11th, 1834-April 19th, 1864)

Edgar William Dew was the son of Britiffe and Mary Anne Dew (nee McKellar). He was born in Norwich and died in Bombay, India, from cholera at the age of 29.

At the time of his death he was a sergeant in the 3rd Dragoon Guards and also a member of the European Mounted Police.

He was baptised on 10th August, 1834 in Norwich.

In the 1851 census he was living in Rosary Cemetery Lodge with father Britiffe (58) and mother Mary Ann (55) and brothers Arthur (18), Edgar (17) and Edward (14). His occupation was described as "assistant gardener."

Edward Dew (born 1837 and who married Elizabeth)

Possible link to Salthouse

Britiffe Edmund Dew

Britiffe Dew was born in 1850 in Great Yarmouth and died in 1907? He married Rosina Sayer in 1876 in Great Yarmouth.

In the 1891 census he was living in Middlegate Street, Great Yarmouth, aged 41. His occupation was given as a greengrocer. He was married to Rosina Dew (aged 34. Born 1857). Also at the address were

Rosina Dew (aged 13. Born 1878, a scholar)

Britiffe Edmund (aged 10, born 1881, a scholar)

Charles H (aged seven, born 1884, a scholar)

Florence E (aged one, born 1890)

Britiffe Edmund Dew

Britiffe Edmund Dew was born in 1861 and died in 1868 at the age of seven. He was baptised on 24th February, 1861 in Cambridge and was the son of Arthur and Mary Ann Dew

Britiffe Edmund Dew

Britiffe Edmund Dew was born in either 1868 or 1869 in Great Yarmouth and died in 1930 in Lambeth, London at the age of 62.

In the 1871 census he is 12-years-old and living in Brazen Doors Road, All Saints, Norwich, with his parents Arthur Dew (aged 38 born 1833) and Mary Ann Dew (aged 30 born 1841 in Cambridgeshire). He also has two sisters - Mary Ann Dew (aged six born 1865 in Surrey) and Susan Dew (aged four born 1867).

In the 1911 census he is living at 26, Deerdale Road, Herne Hill, London and is aged 42. He is single and his occupation is given as barman and cellarman. He is living with his mother Mary Ann (aged 70, born 1841) and sister Ida May Dew a barmaid (aged 37 born 1874 in Norwich.)

Britiffe Dew

Britiffe Dew was born in 1873.

In the 1901 census he was living at 230, Earls Court Road, Earls Court South West, Lodnon, and was aged 28 with his occupation given as a domestic barman. His birthplace is given as Great Yarmouth and there are 17 people listed as living at the address none of whom are related to Britiffe.

Britiffe Dew

Britiffe Dew was born on 14th August, 1880 and died aged 85 in 1966.

In the 1891 census he was living in Middlegate Street, Great Yarmouth, with his father Britiffe Edmund and his mother Rosina Dew and siblings Rosina, Charles H and Florence E.

In the 1911 census he was living at 24, Arundel Road, Great Yarmouth and was 29 years of age. His occupation was given as carman and birthplace Great Yarmouth. Living at the same address were Mildred Dew (aged 24 born 1887 in Beccles, Suffolk) and Jack (aged four. Born 1907 in Beccles).

In the 1939 register he was living at 20 Arundel Road, Great Yarmouth, aged 59, with Louise Mildred who was born on 31st March, 1887. Again his occupation is given as carman

Britiffe Dew

Britiffe Edmund Dew was born on 31st May, 1914 in Great Yarmouth. His mother's maiden name was Spalding.

In the 1939 register he was living at 6, Beechfield Road, Lewisham, London, and was married to Lilian A Dew (born 26th January 1908). His occupation is given as "gentleman hairdresser."

On October 7th, 1949, he departed from Liverpool for Melbourne, Australia, on SS Georgic a ship of the Cunard White Star line. He took his wife with him.

Frederick Duncan Dew-(July 4th 1830-January 5th 1898)

Frederick Duncan Dew was a freeman of London, landlord and a freemason. He was the son of Britiffe Dew.and Mary Ann McKeller.

In the 1841 census Frederick is 11 years of age and living with his family in Thorpe Road, Norwich. This will be in the lodge at the Rosary cemetery. His family at this time consisted of his father Britiffe (48), his mother Mary Ann (43), Henry James (18), Maria (12), Arthur (8), Edgar (6) and Edward (4).

In the census of 1851 Frederick's age is given as 22 and he was a servant at Hillington Hall in Norfolk.

	John Dew	Son	15 1/2		Jamrachy	Tuffe W. De la...
	William Dew	Brother	10		Baronet Lord Popin...	Norfolk Hillington
54 Hillington Hall	Charlotte Folkes	Wife	32	52	Baronets Wife	Wiltshire
	Thomas Folkes	Servant	35		Servant	Norfolk Thorpe
	Frederick Dew	Servant	22		Servant	Looking
	Robert Henry	Servant	18		Servant	...
	James Moore	Servant	19		Servant	...
	Total of Persons...			15	7	

In the 1871 census Frederick's age is given as 44 and he was lodging at 38 Warwick Street in London.

Newspaper cuttings show that the licence of the Britannia Public House in Frederick Street, London was transferred from John Jones to Frederick Dew in August 1871.

In the 1881 census Frederick's age is given as 50 and his occupation is victualler. He is living at 48 Fish Street Hill as head of household. The members of staff listed included his niece Alice Mayer and his sister Lydia Dew. There were also barmaids, a cook and a potman. The public house would have been The Monument.

In the 1891 census he was living at 138, King's Road, Chelsea, which was the Markham Arms Public House. Also living at the same address was Sarah Field who was 45 years of age.

Frederick Duncan Dew appears to have been a benefactor and a rich man who for a number of years was licensee of the Markham Arms at 138/140 King's Road, London SW3. The Markham Arms became a public house in the mid 19th century and is a Grade II listed building, although it closed as a drinking place in March 2009 (early 1990s) and is now a branch of Santander Bank.

The first licensee was William Marshall in 1856. Frederick Dew took over the licence from Thomas Hockley in 1892 when he would have been 62 years of age. He remained licensee until his death in 1898 when he left the pub to his "housekeeper" Sarah Field who kept the licence until it passed to Herbert Thomas Stow in 1899.

It is known that Frederick Dew he turned down the chairmanship of the Board of Management of the Licensed Victualler Asylum in November 1887 when he was a senior trustee. So maybe his fortune all came from pubs? Despite a considerable amount of research I have been unable to track him down in the 1861 Census, did he follow his brother to India, where he made his fortune?



Curden

Mayor.

A Common Council holden in the Chamber
of the Guildhall of the City of *London*,
on *Thursday* - the *17th* day
of *October* 187*8*

THIS COURT doth hereby assent to the Admission of

*Frederick Duncan Dew of N^o 48
Fish Street Hill, Licensed Victualler*

to the Freedom of this City by Redemption, upon the terms and in the manner
mentioned in the Resolutions of this Court of the 17th day of *March*, 1835,
13th day of *July*, 1848, 6th day of *October*, 1856, and 22nd day of *January*, 1857,
and 16th day of *December*, 1858; and it is ORDERED that Mr. Chamberlain do
admit him to his Freedom accordingly.

Monckton

Frederick Duncan Dew was made a Freeman of the City of London in October 1878. Over the page is details of his will.

DEATH ON OR AFTER 1st JANUARY, 1898.

BE IT KNOWN, that at the date hereunder written, the last Will and Testament *with a Codicil*

of *Frederick Duncan Dew*
of *The Markham Arms* No 138 Kings Road
Chelsea in the County of Middlesex

deceased, who died on the *5th* day of *January* 1898
at *No 138 Kings Road aforesaid*

was proved and registered in the Principal
Probate Registry of Her Majesty's High Court of Justice, and that administration
of all the estate which by law devolves to and vests in the personal representative of
the said deceased was granted by the aforesaid Court to

Richard William Padell of the City of Norwich
Solicitor Matthew Miles of No 55 Chancery Lane
in the County of Middlesex Public House Broker and
Auctioneer and Sarah Field of No 138 Kings Road Chelsea
in the said County of Middlesex widow the Executors

named in the said will *they* having been first sworn
to administer the same according to law.

Dated the *4th* day of *February* 1898

due of Estate .. £ 27717 " 15 " 0
ue of Personal Estate £ 27286 " 8 " 10

EP

F R E D E R I C K
D U N C A N

D E W

14

of me FREDERICK DUNCAN DEW of "The Markham Arms" 138 Kings Road Chelsea in the County of Middlesex Licensed Victualler First I appoint my friends Richard William Ladell of the City of Norwich Solicitor and Matthew Miles of 55 Chancery Lane London Public House Broker and Auctioneer and my housekeeper Sarah Field EXECUTORS and EXECUTRIX of this my Will and I give and bequeath to each of them the said Richard William Ladell and Matthew Miles the legacy or sum of One hundred pounds free of duty on their respectively proving this my Will I desire that my body shall be buried in one of the squares belonging to me in the family inclosures at the Rosary Cemetery in the Hamlet of Thorpe in the County of the said City of Norwich I give and bequeath to my brother Arthur Michael Dew all my wearing apparel I give and bequeath unto the said Richard William Ladell the watch and chain daily worn by me together with the large seal on the ring attached thereto for his own absolute use And as to all other my watches jewels trinkets and personal ornaments I give and bequeath the same unto my two brothers Arthur Michael Dew and Edward Donald Dew to be equally divided between them in case they shall both be living at my decease but in case only one of them my said brothers shall be living at my decease then I give and bequeath the same to such one I also give and bequeath the following legacies To my brother the said Arthur Michael Dew the sum of One thousand pounds To my brother the said Edward Donald Dew the like sum of One thousand pounds To my niece Alice the wife of John Mullins formerly Alice Mayes Spinster the sum of Two hundred pounds To my niece Rebecca Mayes a sister of the said Alice Mullins the sum of One hundred pounds To my niece Mary Ann Row (a daughter of my late brother Alfred) the sum of Two hundred pounds To my niece Eliza Dew of Norwich the sum of One hundred pounds To each of my servants who may be in my service at the time of my decease and who shall have been in such service for a period of twelve months previous to my decease the amount of one years wages and as to those who shall have been in my service for a period of six months previous to my decease the sum of half a years wages such legacies to be calculated at the rate that may be payable to them at the time of my decease To the Licensed Victuallers School Kennington Lane Surrey the sum of

One hundred and five pounds and To the Licensed Victuallers Asylum Asylum Road Old Kent Road Surrey the like sum of One hundred and five pounds and I direct that such legacies shall be paid to the Governor or Secretary as the case may be of such Institutions respectively to be applied by them towards the Charitable Funds of such Institutions respectively To Miss Hannah Higgins of No 148 Piccadilly London the sum of Six hundred pounds in return for her past kindness to me and To Miss Laura Denbery of "The Royal Standard" Piccadilly the sum of Two hundred pounds And I do desire that all the foregoing legacies shall be paid to the several legatees free of duty and all the respective duties thereon shall be paid out of my residuary personal estate And as to all other my personal estate including the unexpired term in my Lease of "The Markham Arms" in which I now reside together with all my stock in trade and bond book and other debts belonging to me and connected with such business my household furniture and effects and all other my money securities for money and other my personal estate and effects whatsoever and where-soever after paying thereout all my just debts funeral and testamentary expenses and the several legacies hereinbefore bequeathed together with the duties payable thereon I give and bequeath the same unto my housekeeper the said Sarah Field for her own absolute use and benefit And I direct that my said Executors shall charge and be paid out of my said estate for all business to be done by them in their professional capacity in and about the execution of the trusts of this my Will notwithstanding their being appointed Executors thereof And I hereby revoke all former Wills by me made and declare this writing alone contained in two sheets of paper to be my last Will and Testament IN WITNESS whereof I the said Frederick Duncan Dew the testator have hereunto set my hand this eleventh day of August One thousand eight hundred and ninety seven - FREDK D. DEW - Signed and declared by the said Frederick Duncan Dew the Testator as and for his last Will and Testament in the presence of us present at the same time who in his presence at his request and in the presence of each other have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses - W. N. LADELL Solicitor Norwich - GEORGE D. ELWIN Clerk to Messrs Copeman & Ladell Solicitors Norwich

THIS IS A CODICIL to the last will and Testament of me FREDERICK DUNCAN DEW of "The Markham Arms" 138 Kings Road Chelsea in the County of Middlesex Licensed Victualler which will bears date the eleventh day of August One thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven Whereas I have in and by my said Will given and bequeathed to my brother Arthur Michael Dew all my wearing apparel and also a half share of my watches jewels trinkets and personal ornaments as therein mentioned together with the legacy of One thousand pounds And whereas since the making of my said Will my said brother Arthur Michael Dew has died Now it is my desire that the widow and children of my said brother Arthur Michael Dew shall take the several legacies to which he would have been entitled under my said

Will had he been living at my decease and I therefore give and bequeath such legacies unto and to be equally divided between the widow and children of my said brother Arthur Michael Dew or such of them as shall be living at my decease share and share alike In all other respects I confirm my said Will and declare this to be a Codicil thereto IN WITNESS whereof I the said Frederick Duncan Dew the Testator have hereunto set my hand this fourth day of January One thousand eight hundred and ninety eight. - The mark of the said

X FREDERICK DUNCAN DEW - Signed and declared by the said Frederick Duncan Dew the Testator as and for a Codicil to his last Will and Testament in the presence of us present at the same time in his presence at his request and in the presence of each other have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses the same having been first read over and explained to him and he appearing to understand the same made his mark thereto in our presence - J. PRIME BARTLETT M.R.C.S.E. 12 Sumner Place Onslow Square - ELLEN BARTHOLOMEW 118 Walton Street S.W. Nurse

ON the 4th day of February 1898 Probate of this Will and codicil was granted to Richard William Ladell, Matthew Miles and Sarah Field widow the Executors

Maria Dew

Maria Dew was born in 1827 and baptised on 14th December, 1828, in the St Julian area of Norwich and married a man with the surname Mayes in October 1865.

Alfred Edwin Dew

Alfred Edwin Dew was born April 1826 and baptised May 21st, 1826. In the 1881 census Alfred is married to Mary Ann Dew who was born in Paddington with their two children Alfred William Dew aged 19 born 1862 in St Georges , Middlesex, and working as a surveyor's clerk and his daughter Nancy Dew who was aged 17 born about 1864.

Her occupation is listed as blind maker . Alfred is a butler. In 1871 he is a butler but unemployed living at St George Hanover Square, Belgrave. He has Mary Ann his wife, daughter Mary Ann a pupil teacher and son Alfred a scholar and Henrietta Dew a daughter of seven who was also born in Middlesex and his also a scholar. In 1881 census they are still living at Kinnerton Street. Nancy Dew

Matilda Dew

Matilda Dew (born March 27th, 1824. She was baptised 9th May, 1824 and who married William Bewicke).

Henry James Dew

Henry James Dew was (born August 22nd 1822) and baptised on October 6th, 1822 in the St Julian parish of Norwich. Later became superintendent of the Rosary.

Rebecca Dew

Rebecca Dew (born October 3rd, 1818 and baptised on October 4th at St Martin at Palace in Norwich and who married Thomas Mayes). She was the daughter of Britiffe Edmund Dew and Mary Anne Dew (nee McKellar).

Rebecca's story appears to be a sad one. She moved to London and married Thomas Mayes.

The next mention is from the Poor Law Removal and Settlement Records on 15th July, 1857 Rebecca is given two grants - one of £2 and one of £7. She has moved from St Saviours, Norwich in April 1842 to Shoreditch with Thomas Mayes in a workhouse with six children - Victoria (8), Rebecca (7), Alice (5), Ella (3), Melinda (1). Melinda Mayes of Kingsland Road (Edith Place) was buried on 29th November 1858 aged three years. She was buried in Hackney Victoria Park Cemetery Middlesex.

Today the cemetery is known as Meath Gardens. Meath Gardens was formerly the privately-owned Victoria Park Cemetery established in 1842. It closed to burials in 1876 having fallen into disuse, but its Gothic entrance arch remains.

By 1885 it was in a very poor state and the MPGA approached the owner for permission to lay it out as a public garden. After much protracted negotiation and fund-raising this was finally achieved and the new gardens were opened in 1894 by the Duke of York, renamed Meath Gardens after the MPGA's Chairman, the Earl of Meath.

Children's play equipment was provided and a few gravestones remained. In June 1988, a tree was planted and a plaque set into the ground by the Aboriginal Cricket Association inscribed 'In memory of King Cole, Aboriginal cricketer, who died on the 24th June 1868. Your Aboriginal dreamtime home. Wish you peace'

Britiffe Edmund Dew

Britiffe Edmund Dew was born in 1816 and died at the age of 55 in 1872. He was the son of Britiffe Edmund and Mary Ann Dew. He married Eliza Ladell on October 17th, 1837 in Blofield, Norfolk. Eliza was born in 1816 and died in 1886.

He was baptised on 30th June, 1816 in Norwich. The banns for his marriage lists his residence as Thorpe Hamlet and that of Eliza as St Peter Per Mountergate in Norwich. The banns were read on September 17th, September 24th and October 1st by the Reverend James Maxwell of Thorpe St Andrew.

Britiffe was made a freeman of the city of Norwich on 14th August, 1838, being an apprentice hairdresser.

In the 1841 census he was aged 25 and living in King Street, St Peter Per Mountergate with wife Eliza who was also 25. They had a son and daughter living with them - Edmond Dew

(aged three) and Eliza Dew (aged one born 1840). They also had Elizabeth Ladell or Ladle living with them and she was presumably Eliza Dew's mother and Britiffe's mother-in-law who was born in 1776.

In the 1851 census he was 34 and living in King Street, Norwich. His wife Eliza was 35 and they had living with them - Edmond Britiffe (12, born 1839), Eliza (11 born 1840) and Elizabeth Ladell who was a widow aged 76 and described as a "pauper." Britiffe's occupation was given as hairdresser.

In the 1871 census he was living at Graham's Cottage, St Peter Mancroft, Norwich, aged 54. His wife Eliz was 55 and his daughter Eliza 31. The census was taken just a year before he died.



Britiffe Dew's grave in the cemetery where his father was superintendent for over 55 years and where he grew up in

Mary Ann Dew

Mary Ann Dew (born 15th July, 1814 Baptised 16th July 1814 in St Martin at Palace and married in 1830 to)

She was the daughter of Britiffe and Mary Ann Dew (nee McKellar

Britiffe Edmund Dew - 3rd great uncle

Britiffe Edmund Dew was born in 1793 in Salthouse on the North Norfolk coast. He died in 1876 at the age of 83. He was the son of James and Rebecca Dew (nee Bond).

Britiffe was baptised on 24th June, 1792, at St Martin at Palace in Norwich

He married Mary Ann McKellar who was born on 17th January, 1796. The marriage took place in St Andrew's, Holborn, on 22nd June, 1813. Mary-Ann originally came from Glassary in Argyll, Scotland. She died on 26th October, 1864, in Thorpe, Norwich.

They had 11 children:

Mary Ann Dew (born 15th July, 1814 Baptised 16th July 1814 in St Martin at Palace and married in 1830 to)

Britiffe Edmund Dew (born 30th June, 1816, baptised the same day at St Martin at Palace. He died 1872: married Eliza Ladell who was born in 1816 and died in 1886)

Rebecca Dew (born October 3rd, 1818 and baptised on October 4th at St Martin at Palace in Norwich and who married Thomas Mayes).

Henry James Dew (born August 22nd 1822) and baptised on October 6th, 1822 in the St Julian parish of Norwich. Later became superintendent of the Rosary.

Matilda Dew (born March 27th, 1824. She was baptised 9th May, 1824 and who married William Bewicke).

Alfred Edwin Dew (born April 1826 and baptised May 21st, 1826).

Maria Dew (born 1827, baptised 14th December 1828 St Julian Norwich.

Frederick Duncan Dew (born 1830)

Arthur Dew (born 1833 and who married Mary Ann Betts)

Edgar William Dew (born July 11th, 1834. Baptised 10th August, 1834 at Norwich St Julian)

Edward Dew (born 1837 and who married Elizabeth)

In 1816 his occupation was given as schoolmaster. On October 3rd, 1818, his occupation was listed as silk weaver at the baptism of his daughter Rebecca and his address was given as the St Martin at Palace area of Norwich. In 1826 his occupation was given as a grocer.

In the 1841 census Britiffe was 48 and living with his wife Mary Ann (45), Henry James (18)?, Maria (12), Frederick (11), Arthur (8), Edgar William (6), Edward Donald (4) and Ann Miles (79, born 1762).

In the 1851 census Britiffe's occupation was given as porter and gardener to Rosary Cemetery. He was 58 and married to Mary Ann who was 55. They were living at Cemetery Lodge, Thorpe Road, Norwich, with sons Arthur (18), an assistant gardener, Edgar (17), an assistant gardener, and Edward (14), a scholar.

In the 1861 census his occupation was given as superintendent at the cemetery. He was 68 and Mary Ann was 64 and their address was given as Rosary Burial Grounds, Thorpe Road, Norwich. Living with them was Maria (aged 32, a dressmaker, unmarried) and Victoria Mayes (aged 11, a granddaughter and daughter of Rebecca). Victoria was the daughter of Thomas Mayes and was born in 1850.

In the 1871 census he is described as superintendent of Cemetery aged 78. Also living with him



*Britiffe Edmund Dew's grave in
Norwich Rosary Cemetery*

was Elizabeth Ladell who could have been his daughter-in-law's mother. She is described as housekeeper.

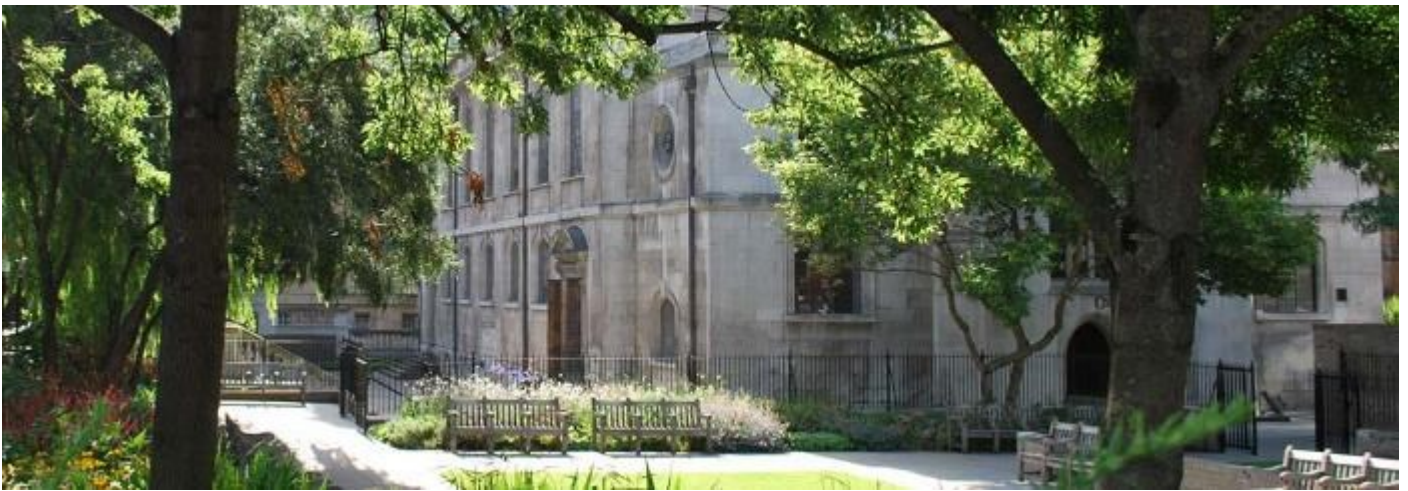
On January 17th, 1860, he was declared insolvent.

Britiffe Dew was the first superintendent of the Rosary Cemetery, a position he held from its inception until his death.

In the 1876 28th July the will with a codicil of Britiffe Edmund Dew late of Hamlet of Thorpe in the county of the City of Norwich superintendent of the Rosary Cemetery who died 12th July, 1876 at Thorpe was proved at Norwich by Henry James Dew of Thorpe, superintendent of the Rosary Cemetery, Thorpe Hamlet and Lawrence Thomas Dew of the Hamlet of Lakenham, Norwich Stationer, the sons the executors.

Below is St Andrew Church, Holborn in London where Britiffe Edmund Dew and Mary Ann McKellar were married by the Curate the Rev Charles Pryce on 22nd June, 1813.

The church



The Family Story

The Steward Line

WE start the story of our direct Steward family line with William Steward who was a baker by trade and became a freeman of the city of Norwich on 30th October, 1793. He was born somewhere between 1770 and 1780 and married Ann Coe. They had at least two children including Henry Steward and George Steward.

Henry was born about 1817 and died in 1881. He was also a baker, but is also described as a journeyman. He lived at a number of addresses in Norwich including Ber Street (1861 census), Woods Yard off Ber Street (1871 census), and 6, Cannells Court, Timberhill (1881 census). Like his father he was a freeman of Norwich, being awarded this honour on 4th June, 1841. He married Susan (or Susanna) Larkman.

* * *

The year 1808 saw George III on the British throne with William Cavendish-Bentinck, the Third Duke of Portland, prime minister. It was also the year that the original Covent Garden Theatre in London was destroyed by fire. The United States prohibited the importation of slaves from Africa, the Peninsula war was being fought and travel entrepreneur Thomas Cook was born. It was the year that Beethoven wrote his famous fifth and sixth (the Pastoral) symphonies.

It was also the birth year of our direct ancestor George Steward (brother of Henry) who was born in Norwich. George was a baker by trade and became a freeman of Norwich on 10th July, 1830. On June 6th, 1841, he was living in



Ber Street and also had the profession of Inspector of Police. In the 1851 census his address is given as Creak's Buildings and his date of death is given as November 11th, 1866, in Bull Close Road. He died from kidney disease.

Brian David Butcher's history of policing in Norfolk "A Movable Rambling Police" gives a flavour of law and order in the middle of the 19th century when George would have been involved in policing.

The County Police Act of 1839 allowed the establishment of a paid police force. In 1836 to be sworn in as a policeman applicants had to be aged between 25 and 50 and at least 5ft 6in tall. Regular officers at the time were paid 14 shillings (70p) a week and received a coat, greatcoat, hat, cape, belt, truncheon, rattle and handcuffs. The men had to supply their own trousers and five pence a week was taken to cover the cost of clothing.

Policing was divided into three shifts. Officers on the first shift started duty at 6 am and patrolled in pairs until 8 am, covering only the suburbs. From 8 am until finishing duty at 2 pm they would work alone throughout the city. Those starting at 2 pm patrolled separately until 11 pm when they finished duty. Those starting at 11 pm returned to the suburbs to patrol in pairs until 6 am. A police station was established in Norwich Guildhall.

Members of the Force received fees for a wide range of activities such as arrests, finding stolen property and attending court as a witness, giving rise to claims of payment through results.

Whilst there was greater enthusiasm for appointment as an ordinary officer, life was to prove extremely difficult. Heavy drinking and its effects constantly affected officers of all ranks. Long hours had to be worked under conditions of strict discipline. Something of that life can be gathered from a number of rules, dated 1840, which applied to officers at Norwich.

They had to attend the station house at 10 minutes before duty time. If they were not there when the clock struck then there was a fine of 2 1/2p. If they were not there 15 minutes later there was an automatic suspension until the next watch committee meeting.

The whole time of officers, even off duty, was at the disposal of the watch committee. A sergeant had the specific duty to see that the men were perfectly sober. Officers were expected to be civil and attentive; to act with coolness and at the same time with firmness and promptitude.

George was probably about 18 when he married Catherine August. Her date of birth is given as 1808 and it is likely she was born in Strumpshaw just outside Norwich. George and Catherine had seven children - George (born 1837), Henry (born 1830, died 1906), Margaret (born 1832), Ann (born 1835), Donald John (born 1839), Jessie Catherine (born 1843, died 1909) and Charles (born 1846).

Henry was my great great grandfather and on September 16th, 1850, he married Mary Ann Vincent in St Augustine's Church, Norwich. Henry's trade was given as tailor/journeymen and it is known that he lived in various areas of Norwich including Ber Street, Philidelphia (presumably Philidelphia Road), Bull Close Road and Cowgate Street. He died on October 19th, 1906, aged about 78 - a reasonable age for those times. Mary Ann's work is given variously as cotton reeler, assistant in business, weaver and silk filler.

Henry and Mary Ann Steward had 12 children - six sons and six daughters. They were Henry (born 1850), James (1851), Ann (1856), George (1858), Caroline (1859), Sarah (1860), Elizabeth (1862), Alfred (1866), Mary Anne (1869), Donald (1872), Arthur (1873) and Maria (1876). This means that Mary Ann was producing offspring from the age of 20 to about 46. Of these children George became my great grandfather and that's where things begin to get interesting.



George was in many ways a rather notorious character. In 1877, aged 18 or 19, he married Hannah Durrant and they had one son - George who was born in 1880. Hannah died, probably in childbirth and George re-married in June 1882 to Sarah Engledow. Together they had five children - William (born in either 1881 or 1883), Sarah (1884), Alice (1888), Arthur (1894) and Horace (1900).

George and Hannah's child George became well known in Norwich as licensee of the Old Music House Public House at 167 King Street. There are two pictures of the building on this and the previous page taken over 80 years apart. The one on the previous page comes from the collection of renowned Norwich photographer George Plunkett and was taken in 1931. I am very appreciative of being given permission to reproduce this photograph by George's family. The picture on the right was taken a few years ago, illustrating that the building hasn't changed that much.

The building is now part of Wensum Lodge education centre. Previously, Wensum Lodge had been known as Jurnet's House at 167 King Street. It is the oldest surviving house in the city, built in about 1175. It belonged to the Jurnet family until King John seized it. In the 18th century the house was known as the Music House and it was used by The City Waits who were the five official musicians for the city. In 1790, the building was divided into three tenements and was then bought by the brewing family of John Youngs who built a maltings there in 1851.

It was sold to brewers Bullard and Sons in 1958 and converted to an adult education centre in 1997. In 1487, the house was owned by Sir John Paston and from 1584 by Sir Edward Coke. In the early 1900s it housed the architectural offices of Youngs, Crawshaw and Youngs.

The first licensee of the Old Music House Public House was Samuel Pallant who ran it from 1760 to 1763. There were 17 licensees before George Steward who had the licence from 6th May 1902 until 9th February 1926 when it was taken over by his wife Emily Fanny Steward. The pub was closed on 12th November, 1932. Emily took over the licence after the death of her husband on 11th January, 1926 in the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital. A search of the records shows that George died on the Ber Street Ward from empithelioma of the oesophagus and carditis heart failure. This could possibly have been brought on by being gassed in the war.

It is likely that other members of the Steward family helped out with the pub as George Steward obviously saw action in the First World War. He was medically discharged from the Duke of Cornwall Light Infantry on 26th November, 1917, when he would have been about 36 years of age. He had shrapnel wounds and injuries to both wrists and was awarded £25 for each wrist and £10 for his service.

He had three children with Emily, who died in 1967. The children were Eva Emily who died in 1981, Ernest George who died in 1991 and George who died in 1976. In his will George left effects to the value of £248 9s 6d to his wife Emily. Emily's maiden name was Porter.

In July 2006, journalist Derek James wrote about the numerous pubs in King Street in his column in the Norwich Evening News. At one time almost 60 pubs were in operation. Sailors from around the world mingled with the locals when they stopped off at the port of Norwich and headed off into King Street for a night on the town. Derek tells us that many intended going into town but never got any further than King Street.

Norwich pub historian and author Derek McDonald says it is difficult to imagine what life must have been like in the extraordinary King Street. In his article Derek lists the Music House as being in business from 1760 until 1932.

A guided tour of King Street under the Norwich Heritage Programme in 2011 underlined the huge number of public houses with, at one point, 26 pubs and two breweries.

A chance meeting at Norwich Archive centre with Peter Wilson led to him sending me details of a 1925 publication "Inns and Taverns of Old Norwich" by Walter Wicks which had the following to say about the Music House Public House.

"The old "Music House," rich in historical associations, the home in bygone times of the Pastons, Chief Justice Coke, and other eminent people, deserves more than a passing reference. The basement cellar is reputed to be the only Norman domestic cellar in Norwich. Its earliest record shows that the house was standing in the remote days of William Rufus, and that it was the property of wealthy Jews, and was known as "Isaac's Hall" from a member of that body who, from time to time, was mulcted in heavy fines by avaricious monarchs. The first Jew magnate who resided there was named Moses, followed by his son Abraham, the property descending to the son of Abraham, when the house was known as "Isaac's Hall." It is said (we do not vouch for the accuracy of the statement) that this offspring of Abraham was the unfortunate wight who was condemned by King John to pay a forfeit of 10,000 marks, with which demand the Jew did not easily comply; so the king commanded a tooth to be drawn daily until the uttermost mark was paid. We are not told what method of torture was devised to secure payment of any balance which may have been outstanding at the time the Jew surrendered his final molar. The house was entreated to King John, whose son, Henry III, granted it to Sir William Valoynes. Amongst other notabilities it became the property of Lady Katherine Felbrigge. The Paston family lived there in 1488, as is well known, and in 1633 it was the city residence of Lord Chief Justice Coke, who, at the time of his residence there, was Recorder of Norwich. It is difficult to say at what date the house became

a tavern but it was called the Music House when the city waits used to meet there and rehearse their nocturnal performances for the benefit of the music loving citizens. The waits - five in number - had each a residence in King Street, and were presented with their instruments by Queen Elizabeth, in whose reign they were constituted. The waits were dissolved by an order of the Corporation, whether to the regret or relief of the King Street residents we are unable to record."

Ernest A Kent's Norfolk Archaeology Volume 28 of 1945 had the following to say about the Old Music House "

... At Bury St Edmunds is still to be found the strong Jew's House known as Moyse's Hall, and correspondingly the Jew's House in Norwich is still to be found although greatly disguised by reason of subsequent additions. It is in the parish of St Etheldred, and has been known both as "Paston House " and "The Music House". ... a conjectural drawing of the original Jew's House ... exhibits the usual method of entrance to a Norman building which was by a covered staircase leading to a door on the first floor. ... the Norman groined cellaring (has) the only remaining portion of one side of the entrance door of the Isaac's Hall, all the rest of the door, porch and staircase having been destroyed when the Jacobean portion of the Music House was erected on the south side. The bases (of this entrance door) have vertical "nicks" about 10 inches apart inside the concave moulding ... similar to the three transitional pillars of the old Infirmary of the Norwich Priory ... the date of these is believed to be between 1175 and 1190. It appears then that the house was built by Isaac the Jew temp. Henry II. On his death it was escheated by King John and alienated in favour of Sir William de Valoines by Henry III. After passing through many hands it was in 1474 the city house of William Yelverton Esq who sold it to Sir John Paston Knt. In 1613, it was purchased by Sir Edward Coke, Recorder of Norwich and Lord Chief Justice. He it was who probably built the 17th century addition to the south, calling it Paston House in memory of his first wife. Finding the old porch in the way, he destroyed all except the fragment shown. The "Music House" was first mentioned in the "Norwich Gazette" of 19th January 1723, the City Waits being accustomed to meet and practice there."

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My great grandfather George was known as Little Sixer - presumably because of his short stature and the fact he had six children. The photograph opposite is of a property in Cowgate just down the road from number 32 and I would suggest similar to the home of my great grandparents, great uncles, aunts and indeed my grandfather.

George (who is pictured opposite) was a self-employed shoe maker which is not surprising in a city which was renowned for this trade. The census has him down as "Worker working at home." A history of Norwich in the 19th century gives some idea of the world that the Stewards would have inhabited:

In 1801, Norwich had a population of 36,000. It was still one of the largest cities in Britain but it soon fell behind as towns and cities in the North and the Midlands mushroomed. Nevertheless Norwich grew during the 19th century and by 1900 had a population of over 100,000.

In the early and mid 19th century, skilled workers built houses at Heigham and around Vauxhall Street. The middle classes built houses along Thorpe Road. However, like all 19th century towns, Norwich was dirty, overcrowded and unsanitary. There were outbreaks of smallpox, typhoid, cholera and diptheria during the century. In 1819 there were 530 deaths from smallpox. Nevertheless there were many improvements to Norwich in the 19th century.

In 1804 a dispensary was opened where the poor could obtain free medicines. In 1806 an act of parliament formed a body of men called the Improvement Commissioners who had powers to pave, clean and light the streets.

The first police force in Norwich was formed in 1836. As early as the 18th century there was a piped water supply in Norwich - for those who could afford it but the water was



impure. In the 1850s the council built a pure water supply. In the 1870s they built a network of sewers. After 1877 they began slum clearance. The first public library opened in 1857. Chapelfield was opened as a public park in 1852. Mousehold Heath opened as a park in 1886. The Castle Museum opened in 1894. The Royal Arcade was built in 1899. In 1844 Norwich was connected to Yarmouth by train. From 1849 it was connected to London. The Roman Catholic Cathedral in Norwich was built in 1884.

During the 19th century, wool weaving and silk weaving rapidly declined. However, leather working boomed. So did brewing (In the 1901 census William Steward was listed as a brewer's labourer). Norwich became famous for boot and shoe making. In the late 19th century an engineering industry grew up in Norwich and flourished. There was also a mustard making industry.

George married Sarah Engledow, who was six years his junior, in June 1882 when Sarah would have been just 18 years old. They went on to have five children - three boys and two girls. I have



no birth date for William, but Sarah was born in 1884 and died in 1973, Alice was born in 1888 and Horace in 1900. My grandfather Arthur Steward was born in 1894.

There has been a suggestion that George's second marriage was undertaken to give him a wife to look after his children. Certainly his behaviour might suggest this, but the fact he had additional children might suggest otherwise. Perhaps it was a marriage of convenience.

In the 1901 census, George's wife is listed as Sarah Steward who was aged 37 (and therefore seven years younger than her husband). Like George, her birthplace is given as Norwich, Norfolk, but her employment status is "undefined" although it is likely that she was a tailoress.

The eldest son George by his first wife was aged 20 in the census and his employment is given simply as "worker."

Next in line was William, aged 18, who is noted as a Brewer's Labourer. Sarah D. Steward was 17 and described as a "Boot Twiner." Next comes 13-year-old Alice, followed by Arthur, aged seven and finally Horace, aged one. Alice married Elijah Ribbons who was head

gardener at a holiday camp at Hemsby. They had one son. Horace married Hilda Watling who was born in 1896. They had twin daughters named Betty and Barbara. Horace subsequently died of Bright's Disease.

I have been given a great amount of help in this area by Steven Dann of Norwich who is Betty's son. Steven contacted me through the Genes Re-united web site to say that his mother married Bramwell Dann and he was born in 1954. He subsequently married Judith Atterton and had two children - Nicholas Dann (born 1978) and Eleanor Dann (born 1980). Eleanor married Ian Neave and they have a son Jamie Neave (born in 2000).

My understanding is also that Betty's twin sister Barbara had two daughters - Roz and Patricia. Patricia is now Patricia Cameron and I believe that she is undertaking her own family research.

By all accounts Great Grandfather George "Sixer" Steward made Japanese style shoes from his own home and drank considerable amounts. His family were often forced to go begging for soup in order to survive. I have been told that it was common for him to finish an assignment and then "disappear" drinking for days, only to return home when the next job became available.

Strangely his long suffering wife (pictured above) was a member of the Salvation Army and this in itself would have been a great source of domestic strife due to her abstinence. One comment I have received surrounds one of his disappearances and a report back that he was "caught one night entertaining the old trollops in the Magdalen Street area of Norwich."

Magdalen Street would only be a few minutes' walk from the area in which he lived. When Sixer got drunk he would be abusive to his wife who has been described as a "wonderful woman." Every Christmas Eve, Sixer would take off for the local hostelrys whilst Sarah entertained her Salvation Army friends with a sausage and onion supper. Goodness knows what happened when Great Grandfather Steward arrived home rolling drunk in the midst of a party of people who were in all probability tee-total.

Through the ages, boot and shoemaking became ever more important to Norwich. Modern day excavations at Whitefriars Bridge revealed fragments of soles, uppers and triangular off-cuts of leather, clearly the waste from shoemaking, dating from the 10th and 11th century. By the mid 18th century, Norwich was a prosperous textile manufacturing city providing footwear for a large surrounding area.

As the textile industry dropped off, footwear took over. The streets around Whitefriars and Cowgate would have been constantly busy with people, often children, carrying boots and shoes in various states of completion back and forth.

Machines for sewing uppers were introduced into Norwich in about 1856 and stouter machines for sewing the uppers to the soles were introduced about 1870. The National Union of Boot and Shoe Operatives was established in 1874 to cater for workers in the new industry and in 1897 there was a strike to gain the minimum wage, a 54 hour week and constraint on the part of the employers in the employment of cheap boy labour. The strike lasted for 34 weeks and resulted in the workers returning to work for very little gain.

The use of outworkers (and I believe my ancestors to be in this area) provided the manufacturers with an infinitely variable workforce. The workers were not employed permanently and could be taken on or laid off at will. As more machinery was introduced and the need for direct quality control increased, manufacturers employed outworkers less and less and this caused great distress. By 1910 the balance of shoemaking was undertaken in factories rather than from outsourcing.



On looking at a map of Norwich I notice that Cowgate adjoins a small back street that is named Steward Street. At first I thought this might have been named after Sixer as he was a well-known tradesman in the area. But there were many people with the surname Steward working in this area. Further research has shown that there are a number of places in Norwich named after either a Steward or a Stewardson.

Steward's Court and Yard ran from number 130-132 George's Street but went out of existence sometime between 1935 and 1941. An 1877 directory lists it as the works of G. F. Steward, boot and shoe manufacturer. Below is a photograph of 130-132 St George Street, Norwich, taken in March, 1936. Again it is taken from the George Plunkett collection and reproduced with permission.

here was a Steward's Yard on the south side of Bull Close which was lost between 1883 and 1890. The directory lists it being used by George Steward, a baker.

To put the time of my great-grandfather's birth into some kind of national and international context, the year before his birth, 1857, was the year Afghanistan became independent, James Buchanan was inaugurated as the 15th President of the United States of America, Garibaldi was attempting to unify Italy. George Borrow wrote *Romany Rye*, Joseph Conrad was born, Thomas Hughes wrote *Tom Brown's Schooldays* and Anthony Trollope wrote *Barchester Towers*. In London, the National Portrait Gallery was opened, the Victoria and Albert Museum was opened as the Museum of Ornamental Art and the Science Museum in South Kensington started its life. Edward Elgar and Robert Baden-Powell were born and Louis Pasteur proved that fermentation was caused by living organisms. There was a financial and economic crisis throughout Europe caused by speculation in United States railroad shares.

The year of George's birth, 1858, saw Lord Derby become Prime Minister and Britain proclaim peace in India. It was the year that Theodore Roosevelt was born and Saint Bernadette is reputed to have seen her vision of the Virgin Mary at Lourdes. Puccini was born and Ottawa became the capital of Canada.

I should imagine that the young George Steward would have been blissfully unaware of any of these world developments which were helping to modernise the world, although there is some suggestion at the time that revolution was a topic of conversation as will be shown in an excerpt from a book below.

A visit to my local library uncovered a volume entitled "One Journey" by Bert Steward. Written in 1981, it details his life growing up in the Cowgate area of Norwich and his subsequent survival of the trenches of the First World War and his success as a farmer on the Norfolk-Suffolk border. The watercolour opposite shows Cowgate, Norwich, in 1867 and was painted by renowned local artist Henry Ninham (1793-1874) The original is on display in Norwich Castle Museum.

I have at present been unable to ascertain whether Bert is a direct relative of mine, but it would seem quite likely as he grew up in the same area of Norwich which today boasts the Puppet Theatre amongst other things.

The book does have an interesting few paragraphs about growing up in that area of the city.

Bert was born in 1897. He lists his great grandfather as James Steward, a weaver. "Like many 19th-century Norwich citizens he worked in his own home, using an upstairs room, sitting on a stool pedalling away at his loom."

"The talk was of revolution. He (James Steward) was a Chartist. Near his loom hung a big picture of Feargus O'Connor, the Chartist leader. The Chartists believed that elections for parliament should not be decided as they were then, by a limited franchise and beer and bribery, but by a secret ballot and one man one vote."

Bert Steward goes on to talk about the life of his father, Arthur (another close name link with my own family here), and his two brothers - George and John, and their school days at the Norman School in Cowgate Street. They were entitled to attend this establishment under the terms of the will of an ancestor Alderman John Norman who was Mayor of Norwich in 1714.

"Joseph Benjamin Brown was the headmaster, and the first errand my father was given was to shop to buy a big bundle of canes. These Mr Brown used generously, particularly on his two

sons, but also on the Steward brothers. They benefited, learning more than the three Rs, the eldest becoming a headmaster himself, brother John being apprenticed to a Norwich carpenter, and my father, when 14, leaving according to the school records to help his father."

"His own father needed some help. The making of boots and shoes was taking the place of weaving in Norwich industry, and George Feargus Steward was one of the first of the small manufacturers round about 1860.

"In Colegate Street, where the 14-year-old was helping his father, there was also Tillyard and Howlett, later Howlett and White and then the Norvic Shoe Company, so there was competition right on the doorstep."

* * *

Before moving on to my grandfather and his marriage I must return a few generations to see what happened to the Steward line. At the present time I have no information on what happened to the seven children of George Steward and Catharine August apart from Henry Steward and Mary Ann Vincent.

As I have already said they had 12 children. My direct line is through George Steward and Sarah Engledow. Of the other 11 children I have only been able to trace two strands. Henry Vincent married Maria (I have no surname) and they had five children - Maria (born 1877), Henry (1878), Elizabeth (1880), Alice (1883) and James H (1888).

Arthur Steward married Elizabeth Kelf and they had four children - Arthur William (1893-1961), Donald John (1895-1973), Alfred (born 1896) and Wilfred Charles (born 1898). Arthur's turned out to be a tragically short life as he was killed in a road accident in September 1900 at the age of just 26. Elizabeth re-married to George Lambert in 1901.

Arthur's death was recorded in the Norwich Mercury Newspaper under the heading "Norwich Man's Shocking Death - Killed on the road at Thorpe Returning from Yarmouth Races" in the following terms.

A very sad affair took place in Norwich on Tuesday night. A man named Arthur Steward, who resided in Bull Close Road, was riding in a wagonette on Thorpe Road, when he fell from the vehicle to the ground. The man was immediately picked up and appeared to be very seriously injured. He was conveyed with all speed to the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital, but on the way he expired. The Coroner's inquiry was held yesterday afternoon at the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital by Mr R. W. Lidell.

The Coroner, in detailing the facts of the case, said the deceased with thirteen or fourteen others attended Yarmouth races on Tuesday, and at eleven o'clock at night the party were returning, and when driving through Thorpe St Andrew the deceased fell from the vehicle, and the wheel passed over him. So far as he could judge, he believed the affair was purely accidental. Anyhow, it did not arise from any violence used on the wagonette. At the same time they wanted to consider the circumstances that took place during the day. The deceased had been acting as secretary for the day's outing. It was a question whether at the time of this accident the deceased was capable of taking



care of himself or not.

Henry Steward, tailor, of 11 Bull Close, identified the body as that of his son who lived at No 2 White's Entry, Bull Close. He was a shoemaker by occupation and 28 years of age. He had heard the deceased complain recently of pains in the body. Deceased had been collecting money for the outing, and early on Tuesday morning he was in the best of spirits. About 12.30 last night he heard that the deceased had fallen off the front part of the wagonette and had been taken to hospital. His son was a quiet, steady and sober man.

Charles Hubbard, a shoemaker, living at St Augustine's Street, said he accompanied a party of fourteen persons from St Paul's Tavern Cowgate Street and proceeded to Yarmouth for the purpose of going to the races. Deceased was one of the party, and acted as secretary to the outing. They travelled in a pair-horse wagonette, and a man named Fitt was the driver.

Did you stop on the way? - Yes. At the Queen's Hotel, Acle.

Witness continuing, said they took their food with them. They arrived in Yarmouth about 11.15 and had their dinner on the wagonette which was on the racecourse. The next meal was on the journey home. While at Yarmouth, each man was left to use his own discretion and do as he pleased. The party left Yarmouth at 7.30.

What was the state and condition of the party at the time? - We were all sober, and that is the candid truth.

The Coroner - Jovial and merry? - Yes we were.

On the homeward journey nothing occurred until after they had passed the King's Head. Deceased was sitting on the near side of the front seat. There were three persons on that seat including the driver and witness. Deceased had been blowing the post horn, and had hardly got the horn from his mouth when he fell from his seat. They were singing, but at that time the deceased was not turning round. He was the first to notice the deceased fall, and he immediately told the driver, who pulled up within ten yards. He spoke to the deceased, but could get no answer. He felt the wheel pass over the deceased. Witness said it was a singular thing that a few minutes previous to that the wagonette passed over an overcoat. Witness saw something in the roadway, and told the driver they had driven over someone, but upon getting down they found an overcoat lying in the roadway. Deceased was a very sober man.

Henry Fitt said he lived at the Swan public house, Cowgate Street. He supplied a pair-horse wagonette that morning for Yarmouth races. There were fourteen persons altogether, including witness and his boy. They left Yarmouth shortly after seven o'clock and all went well till they reached Thorpe St Andrew. Deceased had been blowing the posthorn from time to time. Witness boy called out "Look out!" and witness found that the deceased had fallen from his seat. He pulled the horses up, but the vehicle passed over him. They were all sober.

How many public houses did you stop at on the way home? - The Stracey Arms and the Blofield Globe.

At what pace were you driving? - Four or five miles an hour. We were going slowly at the time. in answer to the foreman - The deceased did not fall to the side of the vehicle, but over the foot-board.

Dr Everard Dodson, house surgeon, deposed to the deceased having been admitted to the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital about 11.20 on Tuesday evening. Life was then extinct. He had since made a post mortem examination of the body, and found that the deceased's left arm was broken. Three ribs were broken on the same side, and the lungs were ruptured. There was a mark across the deceased's coat. He had no reason to believe that the deceased died from any act of violence.

Detective Sergeant Goldsmith deposed to searching the body, and finding a card containing a list of subscriptions received, amounting to £1 1s. There were figures showing that 14s 6d had been spent.

The witness Hubbard, recalled, said Sergeant Speight, came to the scene and accompanied the deceased to the Hospital.

The jury recorded a verdict of "Accidental Death."

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With regards to the four children of Arthur Steward and Elizabeth Kelf, I have the following facts. Donald John Steward married Florence Alice Smith and they had three daughters - Kathleen (born 1921), Edna (1925) and Joyce (1926). Alfred Steward married Harriet Eleanor Harper but I don't have any details of children. Wilfred Charles died when he was just four months old.

The line from Arthur William is extremely interesting. He was born in 1893 and died in 1961. In May 1918 he married Alice Harriet Tuttle and they had three children - Doris Evelyne (born 1920), Elsie May (1921) and Marjorie Beatrice (1922).

Doris Evelyne (see more about Doris under the heading "The American Connection") married John Cyril Durrant on May 17th, 1945, in Park Lane, Norwich (possibly in the Methodist Church). They had four children - Christine who was born in Norwich in 1947, Maralyn (1948), JoAnne (1950) and John Marvin (1957). Maralyn, JoAnne and John were born after Doris and John moved to the Salt Lake City area of Utah in the USA. John died on May 3rd, 1985, and Doris died in Utah when in her 90s.

Christine has been married three times and has a total of seven children of which three are triplets. They are James Daniel Alva (born 17th January 1967 in Salt Lake City), Deanna Christine Brklacich (nee Alva born 9th April 1968 in Salt Lake City), Margaret Anne Cook (nee Alva born 4th April 1978 in Salt Lake City), Matthew Vincent Alva (born 28th December, 1979 in Salt Lake City), Alisyn Joy Thompson (nee Alva born 28th December 1979 in Salt Lake City), Jonathan David Alva (born 28th December 1979 in Salt Lake City) and Christian Lee Herman (born 10th February 1987 in Murray, Utah). In turn these people have a number of children of their own and these are featured in the family tree section of this book.

Elsie May Steward married Alfred Shailer and they have a son - David. Marjorie Beatrice married Edgar Ernest Fraser and they had three children.

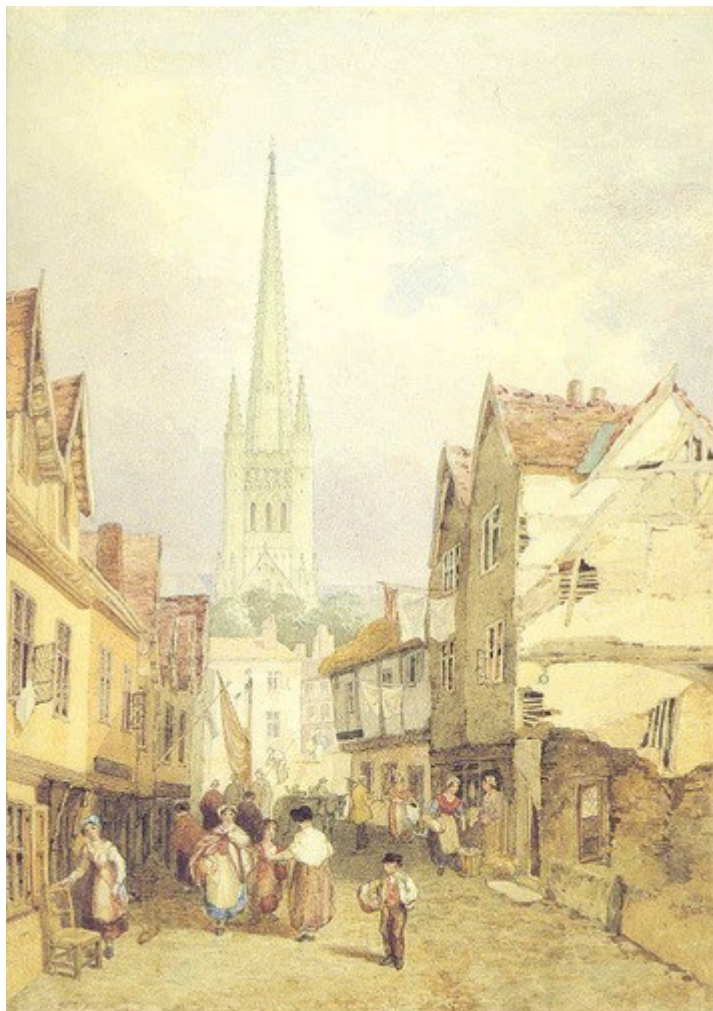
The American Connection

I had the pleasure in August 2010 of travelling to Utah to meet many of the family members. The American line is due to the emigration of the Durrant family from Norwich.

Doris Durrant (nee Steward) is photographed opposite and was my second cousin and lived in Provo, Utah, until her death in December 2011 at the age of 91. She was born and brought up in Norwich and as a young girl attended both the Calvert Street Methodist Church and the Mormon Church in Park Lane.

Doris admits that of the two she enjoyed the Mormon Church the best and that had far reaching repercussions for the rest of her life. The church in Park Lane has an interesting history. A tiny brick built chapel it was designed by Augustus Scott and built at the expense of James Spillings who was editor of the Eastern Daily Press newspaper. This brings another co-incidence as I worked as a journalist on the EDP for many years.

Spillings was a follower of Emmanuel Swedenborg, the 18th century Swedish theological philoso-



pher, who had a considerable following in Norwich which eventually declined and within 20 years the chapel was sold to the Mormons who worshipped there until moving to a larger building in Eaton. Today the building is a private house, but the current owner hires it out for concerts and other events.

Doris married Cyril in Norwich and set off for the USA on the US vessel Washington in 1948. A list of passengers shows that Doris and Cyril who were aged 28 and 30 travelled with their daughter Christine who was one and Cyril's mother Emma who was 61.

Their point of entry was New York and the remainder of the journey to Utah was taken by train.

In 1961 Doris wrote her own life story up to that point and I reproduce it below with the permission of her children. It gives an insight into the Mormon religion.

Doris Steward - My Own Life Story

My name is Doris Evelyn Steward. I was born 5th February, 1920, at my grandparents' home (my mother's parents) where my parents lived in the early part of their marriage, in Norwich, Norfolk, England.

My father's name is Arthur William Steward. He was born 28th December, 1893, in Norwich, Norfolk, England. His father's name was Arthur Steward, and he also was born in Norwich, Norfolk, England. His mother's maiden name was Eliza Rosy Kelf.

My mother's maiden name was Alice Harriet Tuttle. She was born 18th January, 1893, in Norwich, Norfolk, England. Her father's name was Frederick Tuttle and her mother's maiden name was Jeanette Elizabeth Fountain.

I was a convert to the church, so I was not blessed in our LDS (Church of Jesus Christ and the Latter Day Saints) Church, but was christened in the Methodist church.

When we were very little girls, my two little sisters and I started Sunday School at the Methodist Church close by our home. It was held in the afternoon. We also attended evening services. At this time, my grandfather, Frederick Tuttle, was superintendent of the Sunday School of the little Branch in Norwich, of the LDS Church. As soon as my sisters and I were big enough to walk there, a lady who lived close by and who was a Latter-Day Saint, started to take us to Sunday School. It must have been two or three miles each way and a very long way for us to walk. We called the lady Auntie Mabel, and I recall that every few minutes we would say, "Are we half way there yet, Auntie Mabel?"

As I have mentioned, my grandfather was Sunday school superintendent, and I was very proud of him and enjoyed immensely attending Sunday school, (there in the morning and Methodist Sunday School in the afternoon). As I grew older, I began to realise there was a great difference in the two Sunday Schools I was attending. After much thought, study and prayer, I became a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.

I was eighteen years old and was baptised on the 17th December, 1938, in our little chapel in the Norwich Branch in the British Mission. I was baptised by a missionary by the name of Francis Patterson and was confirmed by my grandfather, Frederick Tuttle. What a wonderfully happy day that was.

There were very few members of the Church in Norwich, and I wanted everyone to know that I had become a member of the true church. I wanted them all to be as happy as I was. Of course, I knew there would be much criticism. People had many strange ideas and beliefs of our church and could not understand my joining the Mormon Church. At that time, I was working mostly with ladies much older than myself. I was very shy. I did not talk of my religion as I felt I had so much to learn and understand. I knew I would be asked many questions. When a lady who I worked with learned I was a Latter-Day Saint, she could hardly believe it. I recall so well how she bounded into the room and said, in a very loud voice, "are you a Mormon? It seemed as though you



could hear a pin drop as everyone turned to me. I told her I was, and she was truly astounded and said she didn't know how I dared. She told how when she was a little girl, her mother threatened them that the Mormons would take them away if they were naughty. She said even then, and at this time she was middle aged, she wouldn't dare walk by our chapel for fear someone would pull her in. In time, I was able to convince her that it was not like that and our church was very special and wonderful.

Here's one very happy experience I had.

Another lady who worked with us, who belonged to the Salvation Army, said to me one Monday morning, "I came by your chapel last night and the congregation were singing. It was such a beautiful hymn that I had to stop until they had finished singing. That hymn was "Oh My Father," a hymn that has always been very special to me. This lady was a very quiet person, conversing with us very little. She was very staunch in her own religion. But she had stopped outside our little chapel to listen to our hymn and had told me of the pleasure it had given her. I was filled with joy and gratitude. There was so much criticism that this little instance was very uplifting and encouraging.

When I was in my early twenties, I was conscripted into the service, it being war time. I was in the A.T.S. which was attached to the British Army. I did my training in Leicester, then moved on to Derby. There were about five hundred girls in our platoon. We lived in a huge old building, which had once been an orphanage. I was the only Latter-Day Saint there. We worked in an ordnance depot and worked long, hard hours. I had never been away from home before and was very homesick. One great blessing, we never had to work on a Sunday and were free to attend the church of our choice. Both in Leicester and Derby, I met wonderful saints. I will never forget their kindness to me. Nor will I ever forget the wonderful spirit in those little branches. It was a great comfort to me then and is still an inspiration to me now.

During this time, I was writing to Cyril John Durrant. He was a member of our Latter-Day Saint Church and of our little Branch in Norwich. He was in the Medical Corps of the British Army at this time. We had been out together when he was stationed fairly close to home and before I went into the services. Now we were writing to each other often. In fact, John (since going into the Army, he was called by his second name) wrote to me every day. By this time, he was overseas, stationed in many places, amongst which were Ceylon, Iraq, India, etc. After about nine months of service, I was released, as I had developed rheumatoid arthritis. This had settled in one foot and I had great difficulty walking for quite a while. After returning home, and with warmth, rest and care, the trouble gradually cleared up and I was able to work. I had a nice job in a large audit office, which I enjoyed immensely.

In 1945, John came home from overseas. He arrived in Norwich on V.E. Day. We started wedding arrangements at once, and were married in our little Norwich Branch by our Branch President, Brother Alfred Woodhouse, the following week, just nine days after John's return, on the 17th May, 1945. After his leave, John had to return to his Unit, but this time in England. I lived with his mother whilst he was away. Finally he had his release from the Army and returned home. The City of Norwich had been badly bombed and many, many homes were destroyed. Young people getting married lived with relatives, as no houses were available. Names of those needing homes were put on enormous lists at the City Hall.

So it took years to get a house. We, however, were more fortunate. My grandfather owned some houses and when some tenants moved out, he offered us a nice little house and helped us paint it. It was a great joy to us to move into our own little home and greater joy when our first little daughter was born on 7th February, 1947. We named her Christine Dianne.

In October of that same year, we knew there would soon be another baby. We had planned on coming to America at some future date, and now decided we should go soon and while I could still travel. So many arrangements had to be made. Our furniture etc., all of which we had had such a little time, had to be sold. Finally all arrangements were made and we moved into my parents' home to stay until our departure for America. They were happy yet sad weeks in my parents' home. It was a happy home and lovely being with my parents. Sad, because we knew we soon would be leaving them.

We left Norwich the 12th February, 1948 by train with our family and friends to see us off. We went to Southampton and onto the boat the S.S. Washington. Everything on the boat was very nice, comfortable rooms and good food, little of which I could enjoy. I was very glad when we reached New York on the 21st of February. John had enjoyed the voyage immensely, also his mother, who had come with us, and of course baby Christine, just past her first birthday, had a happy time wherever she was. We journeyed by train from New York to Salt Lake. The journey had been very tiring for me, but I felt much better on the train. A crowd of friends were at Salt Lake to meet us and took us to one of their homes where we had a wonderful meal and visit with old friends, some of whom had preceded us to America. Some had known us in our little Branch of the Church in Norwich.

Then we came with friends to Orem. We lived with Delo and Alta Rowley. We had met Delo whilst he was in the American Service in England. He had been an ardent worker in our little branch. He and his wife were wonderful to us. They then had one little son, Keith. They insisted on John and I and Christine living with them until our baby was born. John's mother was living in Springville taking care of her elderly Aunt and Uncle, who also had come from England many years before.

John worked on a church building for a while, then onto Firmages in Provo. On 28th May, 1948, our little daughter was born and we named her Marilyn Joy. We had been to the Salt Lake Temple, so she was born under the covenant. What a wonderful experience that was, to be sealed to each other for time and all eternity and to have our baby daughter, Christine, sealed to us.

When Christine was 16 months old and our new baby two weeks, we moved to Provo into the home where, at this time, 9th October 1961, we are still living.

On 18th May, 1950, our third little daughter was born. We named her Jo-Anne.

In May of 1951, John changed his work from Firmages, where he worked in the shoe department, to Geneva Steel Plant.

Early May of 1954, I took my three little girls home to England to see our family. What an experience this was, travelling with three small children. By train from Provo to New York, then by boat, and again, train. Our family met us in London, and we went the rest of the way to Norwich by car. We stayed until September and it was wonderful to be with my family again. Again that long trip across the ocean. Then train and at long last back to Provo with John. His mother and a group of dear friends to welcome us at the train depot. It was good to be home again in America.

In 1957, 13th April, our little son was born, John Marvin, and what a joy it was to us. Our girls, Christine, Marilyn and Jo-Anne were so delighted. Indeed we were a very grateful and happy family.

So we continued on, happy with our family and in our church. I have enjoyed and still do, working in the Relief Society as organist, teachers' topic leader, etc. and still as a visiting teacher and visiting teacher supervisor.

Soon after coming to America, I received my Patriarchal Blessing. It was given me by Patriarch Amos Newlove Merrill on the 26th September, 1948, in Provo, Utah. It was a wonderfully inspirational experience to me and has always continued to inspire and give me joy.

Christine and Marilyn are now both in junior high school, attend and love MIA, also, Sunday School and Sacrament meetings. Jo-Anne is in her last year of elementary school and Primary, attends other meetings and loves them. Little John loves his Sunday School and Primary. How grateful we are for the Gospel, for the Priesthood in our home and all of our Heavenly Father's blessings.

The following obituary appeared in Utah following Doris' death:

Doris Evelyne Steward Durrant, age 91, of Provo, passed away December 8, 2011. Funeral services will be held at 11:00 am., Thursday, December 15, 2011 at the Bonneville 13th Ward Chapel, 1498 East 800 South, Provo. Friends may call at the Berg Mortuary of Provo, 185 East Center, Wednesday evening from 6 until 8 and at the church Thursday one hour prior to services. Interment, Provo City Cemetery.

Doris obituary also appeared in the local newspaper in the following format:

Doris Evelyn Steward Durrant

1920-2011

Doris was born in Norwich, Norfolk, England on February 5, 1920 and raised with two sisters, Elsie and Marjorie. She completed her education in Norwich. During World War II she served in the British Army. She joined the LDS Church during her teen years and enjoyed playing the pump organ during services.

She married C. John Durrant on May 17, 1945 in England. They relocated to America and were sealed in the Salt Lake Temple in 1948. She resided in Provo until the time of her death. Doris was blessed with four children - Christine Hamilton (Ron) of Logan, Utah, Marilyn Mortensen (Jay) of Springville, Utah; Jo Anne Christensen of Orem, Utah and John M Durrant of Orem, Utah.

Throughout her life she enjoyed family and friends, playing the piano and reading. She was always active in the LDS Church and loved to serve.

She is survived by her children, one sister, Elsie Shailer, 18 grandchildren and 50 great grandchildren. She was preceded in death by her parents, one sister and her husband.

Now it's time to move on to my paternal grandfather, Arthur Steward. He is photographed opposite in his First World War uniform. He was born in Norwich in 1896 and died in 1974.

This would make him 58 or 59 when I was born in 1952. My father was born in 1920 when my grandfather would have been 25. At the outbreak of the Great War he would have been just 17 or 18. My grandfather was a painter and decorator by trade, but at one time also owned a dairy and a considerable parcel of land at the back of his bungalow at 122, Reepham Road, Hellesdon. He later sold this land to a builder by the name of Southgate who developed a number of properties on the land off Meadow Way, including a chapel.

Opposite is another photograph of my grandfather in his First World War uniform. I remember my grandfather with great affection and as a very kind man with whom I spent plenty of time as I was growing up as he lived directly opposite in Reepham Road, Hellesdon, which is about three miles from the centre of Norwich.

My grandfather met and married Florence Payne. Today Hellesdon is a thriving suburb of Norwich, but in the early days of their marriage it would have been a much quieter place. At the time they met Florence was a laundress in Norwich Waterworks. At one time my grandfather was employed by Caleys Chocolate Factory. He was made redundant and moved to Hellesdon where he rented a bungalow from the local squire. Presumably this was 122 Reepham Road. He also rented a grocery store opposite and this is likely to be 154 Reepham Road where I was born. During the First World War my grandfather served with the Red Cross in the medical corps and was stationed in Holland where, presumably, he treated injured soldiers returning from battle. He was also in a force's band. I believe that either during or after the war he suffered a nervous breakdown, possibly due to his experiences in the war.

My grandfather would deliver goods around Hellesdon and as far afield as Horsford on his bike. His nervous breakdown necessitated my father returning from the second world war to look after the shop. Later my grandfather also ran a dairy in Reepham Road. Today this is a travel agency.

My paternal grandmother's maiden name was Payne and I am greatly indebted to Ian Baker who has provided me with much of what follows on this side of my family.

THE PAYNE Line

George H Payne was born about 1860, probably to Henry Payne and Eliza Charlotte Drake who had married in 1852. Henry Payne died in 1864 and in the 1871 census Eliza is living in Northumberland Street in the Heigham area of Norwich. She is a 49-year-old widowed Laundress and has five unmarried children living with her. Elizabeth is an 18-year-old Laundress, Mary Ann a 16

-year-old Laundress with Honor, 14, Eliza, 12, and George, 9, all scholars and all born in Norwich. Eliza Payne is pictured opposite.

In 1881 the same family group is living at 118, Northumberland Street. Eliza Payne is described as a 59-year-old widow and Laundress, George, 20, is a Labourer at Heigham Lime Works and probably a lime burner, Elizabeth, 28, and Eliza, 22, are Laundresses and Mary Ann, 25, and Honor, 24, are Willow Box Makers.

George Payne was later to marry Elizabeth Barrett. Elizabeth was born in Mulbarton in about 1854. In the 1871 census she is a 17-year-old general servant to Ann L. Palmer, a widow, in the village of Mulbarton. Early in 1879, Elizabeth married Zachariah Gowing who also lived in Mulbarton. Zachariah was a shoemaker and the son of Samuel Gowing, a shoemaker, and his wife Mary.

Zachariah died, aged 25, towards the end of 1879 after less than a year of marriage, leaving Elizabeth a pregnant widow. By the time of the 1881 census, Elizabeth Gowing (nee Barrett) has a one year old daughter, Mary E. Gowing, and is living with her parents John and Eliza Barrett on Norwich Road, Mulbarton. Next door is the family of Samuel and Mary Gowing, the parents of her deceased husband Zachariah. By now Samuel Gowing, 51, is an established figure in the village, being a Master Shoemaker and the Parish Clerk. It is likely that the homes were somewhere around the village pond.

In 1884 the widowed Elizabeth Gowing married Lime Burner George Payne, who was some five years her junior. They set up home in the Heigham area of Norwich and by the time of the 1891 census they were living at 86, Northumberland Street and had three children - Kate H, 6, Ethel, 3, and Ellen M (Nellie), 16 months. All had been born in Norwich.

Mary E. Gowing, Elizabeth's daughter from her first marriage, stayed in Mulbarton with her grandmother Eliza Barrett and was there in 1891. She has not been found in the 1901 census, but appears to have married late in 1901 (possibly either to Sidney Bellchambers or Ernest George Brighton).

George's mother Eliza in 1891 was living at 59, Northumberland Street, aged 69, with daughters Elizabeth, Mary A, Honor and Eliza. All five of them are shown as Laundresses. Eliza died in 1895, aged 73.

In the 1901 census, George Payne and Elizabeth are living at 66, Northumberland Street, Heigham, and have four daughters at home - Ethel, 13, Ellen M, 11, Florence M (my grandmother), 7, and Anna E, 5. George, aged 40, is now a Labourer-Scavenger. Kate Payne, aged 16, was a domestic servant in the household of Richard Burrow at 130, Queen's Road, Norwich. Northumberland Street still exists as a narrow street just off the main Dereham Road in Norwich and about 15 minutes' walk from the city centre.

The term Labourer-Scavenger has intrigued me and I have been able to find out very little about it. At first I thought it would be the equivalent of a modern day refuse collector, but now have the feeling that it may have been less grand. A scavenger may well have had something to do with the collection of excrement from the road! Again as with the Steward side of the family, it seemed that George Payne more than enjoyed his drink and also frittered his money away on booze. He apparently kept some ducks and one Christmas asked his family to look after them whilst he went out on a bender. When he returned he found the family had lost the birds and so went into a drunken rage which included throwing his entire family out onto the streets in the pouring rain. George's nickname was Camster. I still have to ascertain why! Apparently Great Grandfather Payne felt women had only two functions in life - sex and providing food!

It is difficult to ascertain information on my grandmother's sisters, but I have gained one or two snippets which still need verification. It is thought that Kate Payne married a man by the name of Barner who worked with horses and they had three daughters. Ethel married a man by the name of Bob Wilkes who worked on the estate of Lord Roberts at Cockley Cley in West Norfolk.

Looking back I can still remember my grandmothers sisters Ethel, Nellie and Annie. I particularly remember Ethel who lived in a converted railway carriage in the west of Norfolk, which I always thought to be great fun.

Indeed in my own personal diary entry for Monday, January 1st, 1973 I note:

"Got up at 10.15 a.m, had breakfast and checked the car ready to take Ethel back to Boughton. Set off at about 11 a.m and after a slow journey reached the destination at 12.30 p.m. Had dinner and set off for home at about 2 p.m. The return journey was much faster and took just over an hour."

Unfortunately I didn't record anything about the conversations or anything else that took place on that day. I also remember coming across the sisters at the wedding of my cousin Jennifer Nobbs to Raymond Ollason a number of years previous to this. I can also remember that one of the sisters (and I can't remember which one) died in my grandmother's house whilst staying there.

The records would put my grandmother's date of birth at about 1894 and she lived to be just a few months short of what would have been her 100th birthday. Towards the end of her life she lived in a home in Links Close in Hellesdon and refused to admit to being nearly 100, taking a few years off her age whenever possible.

Florence and Arthur had two children - Vera (my aunt) and Arthur (my father) who was born in 1920. My father died in 2014, but my aunt is approaching her 102nd birthday, having been born in 1916. Her husband John "Jack" Nobbs lived to be over 100. Vera and Jack had one daughter—my cousin Jennifer Ollason (nee Nobbs).



The picture above is a very valuable one from our family's point of view and was taken at the wedding of my cousin Jennifer Nobbs to Raymond Ollason in Lower Hellesdon Parish Church. Pictured on the back row are: Myself, my grandfather Arthur Steward, my father Arthur William Steward, Raymond Ollason, Jennifer Nobbs, my uncle Jack Nobbs, my mother Phyllis Steward, my uncle's brother (name not known). Front Row - My grandmother Florence Steward, grandmother's sister, grandmother's sister, my aunt Vera Nobbs, grandmother's sister, grandmother's sister. The wedding took place in March 1969 when I was 16 years of age.

Peter Owen Steward's Story

I was born in Hellesdon in 1952. Hellesdon today is a suburb of Norwich and is about three miles from the city centre. Originally the settlement was a village as the following short history illustrates.

A village settlement was set up in Hellesdon by the Anglo Saxons and flint tools have been found that date back at least 4,000 years. Most early settlements were by the river in Lower Hellesdon. It is not known where the name Hellesdon comes from but it could have Scandinavian extractions.

The first full picture of the village comes via the Domesday Book which estimated a population of between 120 and 150 in 1086. The river drove two mills and was a fishery and many other villagers cultivated the land.

Later Hellesdon became well known for rabbits and fish. By the 15th century, 6,000 rabbits a year were produced with their skins being used for hats. As trade increased, roads began to be cut out from Norwich and turnpikes collected fees. Farms grew larger and smallholdings smaller. Poverty began to strike and a poor house was set up.

A route was set up to take the increasing number of cattle coming into the area from Scotland. Up to 50,000 cattle a year tramped over the lanes of Hellesdon before sale and fattening on the farms of Norfolk.

In the 19th century Norwich expanded beyond its ancient walls and Hellesdon was within walking distance of the city. Hellesdon Mill developed into a large oil and corn mill. There were market gardeners and a bombazine manufacturer. Bombazine is a twilled dress material of worsted much used for mourning. In addition there were cabinet makers, agricultural seedsman, a grocer and a blacksmith and brickmaking was carried out in Upper Hellesdon.

By 1841 the population of Hellesdon was 400. Cottages and more substantial residences were built along the main roads out of Norwich. In 1880 the Norwich Pauper Lunatic Asylum was set-up and later became Hellesdon Hospital.

Then the railway came to Hellesdon. The Eastern and Midlands Line opened Hellesdon Station in December 1882 linking the old City station in Norwich to King's Lynn and the Midlands as well as Sheringham and Cromer. A golf course was built and substantial houses were built fronting onto the river in the 1890s.

Humbler developments began to spring up in other parts of the parish and tram routes cut into the area.

In the early years of the 20th century movement out of the city of Norwich gathered pace and the First World War brought further growth to Hellesdon along the Cromer Road. In 1915 the coachmaker and car firm of Mann Egerton took up residence and successfully bid for aircraft contracts during the war.

After the war buses started to run along Drayton High Road and Cromer Road. The boundary between the city and the county was gradually built into a ring road as part of the improvement relief projects of the 1920s.

Trams along Aylsham Road stopped in 1925 and the improved bus route led to more housing being built along Cromer and Reepham Roads. Heather Avenue School was built in the 1920s and Edward Bush Builders put up numerous inexpensive houses. Between 1921 and 1931 the population of Hellesdon rose from 922 to 2,237 and in the 1930 avenues and side roads were developed off the main routes.

Hellesdon High School was built in Middleton's Lane to take the place of the original 1930s secondary school which became Firside Infants and Junior School. By 1941 the population was about 5,000 with many of the homes being occupied by young families.

During the Second World War the new RAF base in St Faiths was used for the United States AirForce's B24 bombers. For a short time further development was cut short by the war, but after the war many local groups such as the Royal British Legion Branch (1947), Old Folks Club (1948), Hellesdon Players Drama Group (1952) and the Youth Club (1953) grew up and the population by 1951 was 6,359. Bush started building houses again and the parish church was built in 1950. Kinsale Avenue Junior School followed in 1951 and I attended here from about 1956 until 1962. The playing field off Middleton's Lane was opened in 1954 and was followed by the community centre in 1959 and library in 1960.

Middleton's Lane (where I lived from about 1964, having moved from Reepham Road) became the centre of the parish. It was named after Charles Middleton, a farmer and brickmaker at the end of the 19th century. He owned 450 acres of land in the north of the parish and a brickyard off what became Middleton's Lane.

The railway station closed in 1953 - six years ahead of the closure of the line which served it. The RAF left St Faiths in 1962 and a large industrial development sprang up around the airport which itself began to expand after being opened in 1969 towards its place of today as a major provincial airport.

For many years the Firs Stadium in Hellesdon was home to the Norwich Stars speedway team which met with great national success and included in its ranks the Swedish multi world champion Ove Fundin. The stadium closed in 1960s and was built on between 1966 and 1969.



Life in 1952 - the year when I was born - was a quieter and much simpler time, although the end of the Second World War was just a handful of years in the past and rationing was still a thing of present day memory.

I was (am) an only child born to Arthur and Phyllis Steward in Hellesdon which is about three miles from the centre of Norwich. At the time of my birth and during my first 10 years, my parents owned a greengrocer's shop on Reepham Road. Many is the happy hours I spent chatting with customers and helping myself to sweets from the numerous jars on the shelves. My grandparents on my father's side lived directly opposite.

Legend has it that my grandfather was one of the first residents in Hellesdon when it was a village and before it grew out of all recognition. I don't know how true this was but I do know the family also owned a dairy. By trade my grandfather - also named Arthur - was a painter and decorator. He was a jovial extrovert who had a great influence on my early years and I loved him dearly.

My father was a television engineer in those days being unable to make a good enough living through the shop which was run by my mother. I believe that the business failed to flourish because of her kindness and insistence on charging fair prices not to undercut any other businesses but because she wanted her customers to have good value. I hope that this trait of generosity and kindness has been with me all my life and will continue to be so in the future.

Greengate Groceries was not only a place where local people came for their vegetables, sweets and cigarettes but also a place where people came for a chat and to unload their problems. My mother was always a willing listener. Again I hope that I have inherited this aspect of her.

The shop struggled along for many years and was a focal point for my pre-school years. I still vividly remember Friday afternoons when my mother would divide the week's housekeeping money into various tins to help meet the bills. I still have the small brown case she used with the initials P.M.D on the top (these represented her maiden name of Phyllis Margaret Dew). Friday was also the afternoon when local deliveries came and I happily spent time sorting through oranges and apples. Looking back it was an immensely happy time and I suppose at that time I thought it would go on for ever. A number of particular memories flow from those times - all very ordinary in the great scheme of things but all of which left their imprint on a toddler and young boy.

Those memories include stand up washes in a tin bath by the fire because it was too cold to go upstairs for a real bath, having measles and being made to take disgusting medicine, kind Doctor Cowan who came to see me and remarked on my model soldiers on the mantelpiece. Isn't it strange how such a small thing can bring such a lasting memory. Dr Cowan probably thought nothing of it, but I remember it over 50 years later.

I also remember being in a cot, being in a playpen, going to visit friends at the age of four when I thought I was really grown up and also regular bus trips into town on Wednesday afternoons when the shop was closed. From the city we went to visit my maternal grandmother who was a widow and lived in a terrace house at 97 Rupert Street. Selina Maud Dew was another kind woman who I was very close to.

My maternal grandfather died before I was born. He was apparently an accomplished musician and I am sure that is from where I inherited my love of music. I also inherited the middle name of Owen from him. I have in turn passed this on as the middle name of my eldest son. For many years it led me to believe that I had Welsh blood and that this Christian name had been handed down to underline Welsh ancestors. Research established this not to be the case, however, as Owen was the maiden surname of one of my distant ancestors. This in itself is intriguing as this ancestor must have been dearly loved and respected to have her surname turned into a Christian name and handed down through the generations.

The greengrocer's shop was next to a large ironmongers store called Dixons. They always had a line of dustbins and other items outside on the forecourt. These effectively cut the forecourt in two. I used these to make a racing circuit for my pedal car and subsequently my small four wheeled bikes. Years later Dixons turned into a number of individual franchise stores and the forecourt was turned into a car park. It still exists to this day and the house and bedroom where I was born attracts my attention everytime I drive down Reepham Road in Hellesdon.

I vividly remember my first day at school. The infants' school was about 10 to 15 minutes walk away although in later years 10 minutes turned into an hour as my friends and I played games on the way home. It is amazing how the imagination can extend time. In those days nobody told us to hurry home. We were free to take our time unworried about being attacked or anything macabre happening to us. In addition there was a lot less traffic on the roads and my way home was through quiet areas.

At this point I must apologise if I get anybody's names wrong in what follows. Memory can play tricks - particularly 50 years on.

I believe that my first teacher was Mrs Thaxten - a kindly lady as I recall. I seem to remember a beehive style hair style. My first reaction to school was one of confusion similar to that of generations of children both before and after me. Of course like all children I believed I only had to go for the one day and that when I returned home in the afternoon it was a part of my life that had finished. It was a part of my life that wouldn't finish for another 15 years. I couldn't understand what I was doing in this large brick building with other children in a room dominated by a complete stranger who was neither my mother nor that of any of the others there. The tears flowed - it was a difficult time and I can't remember anyone preparing me for the shock of it all. Today there is a serious build-up to starting school, thanks to the existence of playgroups, mum and toddler groups, playschools and nurseries.

It took at least two days for me to realise that things were not as black as they seemed at first. I settled in quickly and soon those early days at home themselves became a memory.

I only vaguely remember learning to read and write. I suppose that suggests that both came reasonably easy to me. I suppose these basic things become shrouded in the mists of time. You always believe that you have been able to read and write for ever.

I must have made good progress as by the age of 10 I was starring as Dick Whittington in the school Christmas play. I still remember the luxury of being able to eat a buttered crust of bread on stage (another one of those minuscule events that stand out in the mind). I also remember the school Christmas parties with the sandwiches with that awful salad dressing spread which seemed to be full of bits of peas and other rubbish.

I came home for lunch. My father did the same and gave me a lift back to school in his works' van. I must have been picked up from school in those early days but I cannot remember.

I progressed through school very nicely thank you (I forgot to say it was Kinsale Avenue Infants and Junior School in Hellesdon) until I came across a gorgon of a teacher Miss Q. I believe this brought me my first personality clash. For some reason we did not get on, although I know not why. Other teachers had been kind and supportive. I worked hard but continually got shouted at for no apparent reason. My work suffered and on at least two occasions I was accused of something I did not do.

At that early age I realised how frustrating life could be. I was accused of knocking a balsa wood model over. I never touched it, but my protestations of innocence were wasted on Miss Q who had decided I did it. This all seemed unfair and unreasonable. I knew I had done nothing wrong but was being punished for it.

I began to understand that teachers could be unreasonable and not the wise and fair people I had thought. The matter was sorted out when my parents went to school to complain, although I still believe Miss Q thought me guilty.

The next year couldn't have brought a bigger contrast. I idolised Mrs Sloane (I believe this was her name). She treated me like an adult and helped me to understand throughout my life that if you treat people with respect and understanding they usually respond. I remember the pride I felt at coming top of the class. Mrs Sloane told the class that there was a surprise over top place. I couldn't understand that as I expected to be top. That was not arrogance but just a culmination of the effort and work I had put in over the year.

My confidence had returned and I beat my arch rival Malcolm Stokes to top place. Malcolm and I were best friends - thus proving that rivals can be mates as well. We saw our friendship as part of the rivalry between us.

Another of those irrelevant memories comes from those days when I went out collecting census forms with Malcolm and his father. We drove some considerable distance in their car and at the end I felt extremely travel sick. I suppose that must have been the 1961 census.

Midway through the next year Malcolm and his family moved away. I can't remember where but I did manage to track down his sister a few years ago, but never heard from Malcolm.

Returning to Mrs Sloane. She really was one of the kindest people I had ever met. It mortified me the one time when she raised her voice to me. That was when I was caught red handed spraying water around the boys' cloakroom by placing fingers over the holes of the water fountain. I do not know what made me do it. It upset me that I felt I had let the teacher down. I still hate letting people down and feel guilty when I do.

I think at the time that Mrs Sloane was not really Mrs Sloane but got married during the year. I remember her coming to our shop to show my mother her wedding photos. I think she must have liked me and my family as much as I liked her.

I have other vivid memories of these times - memories of playing conkers and marbles in the playground and of moving into the junior school where I was thought to be intelligent and able enough to move up a year with older children.

As a consequence my handwriting suffered as I went from a class which printed its letters into one which had already learned to join them up. I never learned this art and even today my writing is disjointed and uneven and at times resembles a spider's scrawl.

Happy years were spent in the classes of Mr Spinks, the wonderful Mr Potter and then my second Bette Noir Miss W.

By the time I made it to her class, it was the top one at the school and I was probably struggling to keep up with students a year older than myself. At this point we were approaching the dreaded 11 plus exam which would decide which senior school we would go to. A pass meant grammar school, a fail meant secondary modern. It was as much a class thing as an academic. Secondary schoolers were losers consigned to the scrap heap of life.

To say Miss W didn't like me was an understatement. Why does success in life come down so much to people's opinions of you? I consider that I have been the same person throughout my life with the same values and beliefs. At times I have forged ahead and at others have been completely stuck depending on what people thought of me at any one time.

As far as Miss W was concerned I couldn't do anything right although I was the same person who came top of the class and was promoted ahead a year. The class was lined up in columns of desks according to perceived ability. There were five lines with the "brightest" pupils in line one and the "stupidest" in line five.

I started off somewhere in line three which probably was a fair reflection of my ability. I then dropped down to line 5



after once again being wrongly blamed for something inconsequential.

This time I was accused of writing a rude message in my homework book. My parents were summoned and apparently the dreadful sentence turned out to be totally harmless. It read "This is Miss W's writing" - scarcely a hanging offence. The teacher was obviously paranoid about something or other. I did not write that message and to this day do not know who did. Once again I felt the hurt that young children can of being wrongly accused.

So I sank without trace until the day when fate took a hand. Miss W moved house. She didn't just move house, she moved next to my grandfather and opposite our home.

When I heard about this I was appalled and unhappy to say the least. It turned out to be sunshine on a cold day, however. Miss W took immediately to my grandfather who helped her in many ways, particularly with the garden and odd jobs. Suddenly my success at school began to increase in direct proportion to the help he was giving her.

Messages in books were forgotten. I was on the way up through lines five, four, three and two and yes into the top line. I don't remember how this was justified but practically overnight I turned from a bad pupil into one of the tip-top elite. This inconsistency was almost numbing. It was certainly something I would experience again in later life. It was a case of on Monday morning being incompetent and useless but by Friday being a shining beacon. And of course I claim that all the while I had not changed.

Suddenly teachers were talking about what would be in my best interests. It was decided that I shouldn't take the 11 plus a year ahead and that I should stay another year in junior school and go back to my right age group. This brought more disruption, but I enjoyed the extra year under the teaching of Mr London who, despite sarcastic outbursts at times, was a reasonably solid teacher. I notice that on the friends re-united web site there are many reminiscences regarding Jack London.

I eventually breezed through the 11 plus. I found it very easy. The result is that I won one of only a handful of free places available in the county for what was regarded as the top school in Norwich. At King Edward VI (The Norwich School) I found things very different.

Note added (July 31st, 2008)

I still think of myself as primarily a child of the 60s as those were my formative years. Indeed it wasn't until I began reading books on the fifties that I realised how austere the times were. I was born at a time when rationing was still in place - although of course I had no concept of this as I never went hungry. I was also born at a time when the Second World War still played a large part in the lives and memories of those who served in it. Just seven years after the war, the country was full of current or ex servicemen who had survived along with their stores. Today of course these people will be in their lateneighties or older and there will be fewer and fewer of them and soon the memories will be consigned to books and documents.

Memories of the first decade of life are probably more confused than at any other period. I have vague recollections as I have already said of the years from about 1955 but they are certainly not vivid and I certainly wasn't aware of what year it was anyway. So I have to learn about the decade of my birth primarily from books - something that is now opening up a whole new world to me. It is all too easy to look at the past through the eyes of the present and

this is wrong. To genuinely go back to the fifties you have to blot out memories of everything that went on after the decade. That includes all the technological advances, along with all the advances in science and the arts, in literature and music and all the world events that have helped us to be what we are today. That is the only way I can genuinely rekindle what it was like growing up in a decade that seemed to bring the transition from the ancient to the modern.



I started the Norwich School as a boy with well above average intelligence and a bright future. Over the next few years I put that in jeopardy with a refusal to put in much effort. Whether it was something inside of me or the appalling standards of teaching at the school I have never been sure. Certainly there was very little motivation from within the teaching staff.

Today I view the school with some affection, but must say that it did little for me and I must be critical of the teaching staff. Senility and being out of date seemed to be the only criteria. It was a culture shock to me of the greatest magnitude. The school in the early to mid 1960s was still desperately living in the past with its out-moded ideas of discipline and ridiculous antiquated rules regarding dress code, school buildings and many other areas. The head, Andrew Stephenson, was a tyrant who most people were afraid of and the teaching was without enthusiasm and repetitive. I slumped.

After initial effort, I slumped into a despondency that often turned into physical hypochondria. I hated so many lessons it wasn't true. Every three weeks they had what was quaintly called the three weekly order. All the test and marks from the three week period were entered into a book, totalled up and each pupil was then given a position in the class. On merit I should probably have come in the top 10 - indeed once when I made an effort I finished sixth. In general I was down in the twenties out of 30 pupils. This was not good. I suddenly realised that I had little interest in learning, the school was too daunting and I was rapidly losing my way.

Indeed I found the school somehow held me back until I reached the sixth form and again became interested in learning. I remember a number of teachers with great affection and have no hesitation in naming them here. I will gloss over the ones I disliked or the robot teachers who thought the way to learn something was to write notes on the board which we copied and then took home to learn parrot fashion.

My two great loves, however, do have their roots from the Norwich School. My love of music and literature both began at the school and are due to four very good teachers.

My love of music (and it is the over-riding passion of my life), was nurtured by the wonderful Bernard Burrell. I have referred to him on other pages of my web site but I cannot thank him enough. Sadly he died a number of years ago.

Bernard was like a breath of fresh air to a school which always seemed to suggest that music stopped with Beethoven. Suddenly here was a man who had an open mind to music. He traded his classical for our rock. He allowed us to teach him about the Who, Jethro Tull, Black Sabbath and Procol Harum. He insisted that we didn't just play this music but we studied it deeply and told him what we liked about it. In exchange he described the music of Dvorak and Smetana and told us what he saw in it. And of course we listened to him because he listened to us. I still love those composers and somewhere, some place Bernard is looking down on us and I owe him a debt of gratitude. A couple of years ago I visited the graves of Dvorak and Smetana in the same cemetery in Prague. It was a poignant moment and as I walked by the banks of the River Vltava I hummed that wonderful section from Ma Vlast which describes the river as it meanders its way through one of the world's great cities. I have Bernard Burrell to thank for introducing me to that music.

In the English department we had the new headmaster Stuart Andrews and he instilled in me a love of the classics. Peter Clayton gave me a love of poetry (and in particular W.B. Yates) and Peter MacIntosh, well he was just one of the nicest people I have ever met.

Yes good teachers do leave their mark. Almost 50 years after leaving the school I still remember them all. Sadly Mac died a number of years ago but "Duffy" Clayton is still around and I had the pleasure of meeting him a few years ago at a reunion after I had written an article for the school's magazine for former pupils, celebrating the influence that a number of teachers had on me. I also saw them at a local pub in September 2007. I missed the opportunity to say thank you to them. Also in 2007 I attended a school open day and lunch which I enjoyed immensely. At first the school looked very much the same. The science labs had scarcely changed. Then I tried to find the gymnasium, but couldn't. They've developed the old building into an arts block. Further investigation around the buildings showed just how much development has gone on with new areas bringing the place to life. I never thought the limited space could be used so effectively.

Today the displays are bright and vibrant and the teaching standards are obviously high - this is in stark contrast to the school I remember. As if to bear out my thoughts a few years ago I came across another former pupil. He was interested in my comments and penned some of his own memories. This is what he had to say.

"Rugby on frozen fields by Cow Tower with winter darkness falling. Changing in the Stables block - bare muddy concrete and wooden benches.

Cross-country runs over Mousehold. Member of the school scouts - 8th Norwich Sea Scouts - best holidays of my life, camping with the Scouts.

Bee Wee very irritable when his leg, missing since the Great War? caused him pain. Tweedy dictating four years of history notes. Double maths with B - last two periods on a Saturday - terror and misery! followed by one and a half days of freedom. I still get the Sunday night blues that started then.

Beaten with a cane by T in the office. Dinners in the crypt at Bishop's Palace - flicking mashed potato onto the roof. Morning prayers in the Cathedral. Such a privilege, mostly unappreciated. One special afternoon around later 67/early 68 JB of my year, clever mathematician, playing Whiter Shade of Pale on the chapel organ.

Woodwork in the chapel crypt, glue from the glue pot that had to be heated, solidified on one of the pillars where it spilled off the stove. Boys playing "throwing knives" with chisels when Wally wasn't around.

Reading lots of novels in sixth form "free periods" when should have been studying. Running for the No 89 (or 84 or 85) bus back to Unthank Road - great jumping on and off the platform.

Self consciously wearing straw boater in the summer - especially walking through the streets of terraced houses in Essex Street, Rupert Street and Union Street before crossing Chapelfield Park.

Loved the splendid isolation of the Victorian Khasi at the top of the creaking spiral staircase between the Chapel and School house.

Queuing for five boys chocolate at the tuck shop window."

I eventually managed to pull myself up by the boot laces and gain three A levels which was good enough to give me entry to a journalism course at Harlow Technical College. I was employed by Eastern Counties Newspapers who paid for my tuition on the course and also paid me a wage at the same time.

So in 1971 I left home and spent nine great months at college in Essex. It was the first time I had left home for any length of time and I loved the freedom and all the friends I made on the course. The rock concerts, the parties, the pubs - it was all new to me.

I remember journeying down with the Anthonys. Peter Anthony was on the same course. After lunch at a Harlow restaurant we went to the college. The first afternoon was spent acclimatising, talking about Harlow and taking us round on a coach tour.

Two would be students dropped out after the coach trip and returned home. I don't think it had anything to do with bad driving.

Harlow was a rather confusing, rather imposing place. The kind of town you either love or hate. I loved it. In many ways my nine months there were the happiest of my life.

It was just something about the new town set-up. The smell of autumn nights on the open grassland areas but above all to be in a town where I had total freedom to go out when I wanted, to arrive home when I wanted, to study when I wanted.

And home was remarkable. Once we had enjoyed the guided tour we were dropped off at our lodgings. Many people signed up for rooms at the YWCA (included men as well as women). I opted for lodgings where meals would be provided.

It was a smart move. I remember being one of the last to be dropped off which meant I lived the furthest away from the college. This proved a problem in the early days when I had to walk over 30 minutes to college and over 30 minutes back. That was all sorted out, however, when I later bought a mini car which made the journey easy.

I still remember that walking journey from college, along one of the main avenues, down the full length of Abercrombie Way and along a couple more roads before getting to 123, The Maples.

Two of us were staying at the Maples address. It opened up a whole new lifestyle for me. Living at home with my parents had been rather a sheltered existence. Suddenly I was thrust into the world of the Turners. Sonia was a lovely lady in her late 20s whom I looked upon as a big sister rather than a landlady. I would love to meet her again. She had two children - Samantha who was about six and Jamie who I believe was about four. Sonia was divorced but had boyfriends.

I soon found myself on the same wavelength as the kids and used to enjoy reading to them at bedtime. They were real characters.

As well as myself and Tom Carver (also on the journalism course), the house played host to a number of other inmates during their stay there. There was Marcia Davis who was a reporter with another newspaper group and another female whom I believe was called Veronica. She made quite an impression on me due to the fact that she insisted on walking round the house in a see through blouse (well it was the early 70s and a time of freedom of expression). She worked on the lighting at Harlow Playhouse and used to meet many of the stars appearing there.

She was rather blasé about meeting the stars, telling us that David Bowie had been rather boring. I remember that she was going out with a Hungarian chap whom I never did meet because on the only occasion he came round I was in bed with a rampant headache.

I remember periods of sleeping through what seemed to be whole weekends due to the pace of social life which saw us out night after night after night. Sometimes we got home at 2 a.m only to have to get up a few hours later to get to college and somehow get through the day on coffee, adrenalin and fun.

Sonia had excellent parties, served good food and was tremendously good fun. In addition she liked my Richard Harris records which I thought was unique until one of my fellow students (Andrew McClardy) quietly admitted one day that he was a fan too. Andrew married one of the other students - Pippa Birchall - and I understand they have now celebrated their silver wedding anniversary and I believe have three children.

At 123 The Maples, it was open house for us and I loved the freedom. As for my fellow course students, I remember all their names because I have a copy of the student newspaper with all the photos in (one day soon I will place them all on the internet). So who do I remember and for what.

I remember Carolyn Burns very well. We became firm friends throughout the course and she later visited me in Lowestoft and also Norwich and had tea with my parents and my mother thought she was wonderful. When I originally wrote this article, I had a great wish to meet Carolyn again and find out what has happened in her life. My wishes

were realised thanks to the already mentioned friends reunited web site. I was able to contact Carolyn again and meet up with her in London. She is a top cooker writer and has something like 37 books in print under her married name of Carolyn Humphries.

Bob Mee was a belligerent Midlander from Oadby in Leicestershire whose first love in life was boxing. He is now one of the foremost boxing journalists/writers in the country. Bob, despite at times seeming aggressive, was at heart a very gentle person. I remember one weekend staying at the home of one of the lecturers. There were about 10 of us there and Bob went to the pub to get some drinks and was picked on by one of the local yobs. He laid him out with a perfect right hook but felt upset and guilty about it for some time. He didn't feel guilty, however, the day he asked me to teach him how to play table tennis and let me go through all the rules before wiping the floor with me and admitting he had played for Leicestershire. Bob was also a very proficient footballer and on a number of occasions we went to White Hart Lane to see Spurs play. When on my own I preferred to go to Highbury to see Arsenal. Bob had periods of depression and it was alleged that he spent one Christmas wrapped up in his Leicester City scarf without any heat, very little food and listened throughout the day to Leonard Cohen.

Again through Friends Re-united I have been able to get in touch with Bob and met up with him as well as Carolyn.

Others I remember less vividly and for different reasons - Celia Merrell because she fitted perfectly in a waste paper bin and was often placed in the men's toilets at college; Christine Barrett because she was sweet; and some of the others I remember with less than fondness. I remember one guy who insisted on reading us the entire sleeve notes and record label of every Pink Floyd LP.

Of the staff I remember Joe Barrett (strangely there were two journalism lecturers by that name). This Joe was a garrulous Scotsman who used to insist that we should all be "operators" without really ever explaining what he meant. You didn't joke with this guy. Apart from his size, he would call everyone's bluff. I remember him asking once for a subject for a survey in the town. Somebody jokingly said "birth control." We spent the next two hours on the streets of the town asking people about contraception! Joe lusted after a female lecturer called Cherry who was a lovely lady.

I recently came across an unauthorised biography of Mark Knopfler the Dire Straits guitarist and leader who was on the journalism course a few years before me. There is a specific chapter about his time on the course which is more a chapter about Joe Barrett than Mark. Barrett gave me a pretty luke warm report I seem to remember, but he did say that I had put in more effort and time to my studies than anyone else on the course (not true).

Bill Hicks was a former sports editor on the Express and had a holiday home in Cromer and so I got on reasonably well with him. He died a few years ago after enjoying a long retirement. Brian Downie was the British Constitution lecturer (I think) and introduced us to T groups which involved sitting around and chatting about ourselves and our problems (very seventies). There was also a politics lecturer who we called Red Mole and a former policeman by the name of Wilf Graham who, behind a very gruff exterior, had a heart of gold. On Friday afternoons he used to tell us: "If those of you who are going home for the weekend and have a long drive ahead were to ask me if they could go to the toilet and then not return, well come Monday I will have forgotten all about it." There was also dear Ted Mawdesley who would often take pity on us and give us lifts home and a shorthand teacher by the name of Ted Ware who had a humped back but who was a very keen cyclist. Sadly I am sure many of these will have passed on by now. Another I remember is Frank Warner who had a west country accent and who was at heart a very gentle person.

I was only at Harlow for nine months but it probably affected my life more than any other period. I have so many memories - concerts in the main hall organised by Steve Clarke who later went on to become a well known rock music writer. He booked the likes of Medicine Head and America and on one autumnal evening I went to see a band I had never heard of. In those days the main group came on late with three or four support bands preceding them. I had never heard of Barclay James Harvest let alone know what their music was like. But being at a loose end I decided to go along.

That night had a profound affect on my musical taste. I thought they were brilliant and have been a fan ever since. Mockingbird remains my favourite ever track and I was left speechless when they concluded with the Poet/After the Day with its apocalyptic overtones.

My other great musical memory was going to the playhouse to see David Bowie. The support band were Cochise and they cleared the auditorium. Bowie was sensational. He played a one hour acoustic set featuring material from Hunky Dory. He then introduced his new band The Spiders for Mars and returned as Ziggy Stardust and played an entire electric set. I think it was only his second or third appearance as Ziggy. I have seen Bowie many times since, but he has never eclipsed that evening.

As you will gather, Harlow and music go together. I can still be reduced to tears driving along the M11 in the vicinity with Barclay James Harvest's Once Again on the CD player. All the memories, all the smells come flooding back.

Other memories include being introduced to Chinese food by Sonia; regular visits to the cinema to see the likes of Straw Dogs, French Connection, the Devils, Clockwork Orange, Love Story and nights spent in the Hare, the Painted Lady and other pubs.

It all had to end, however, and after just nine months I returned to Norfolk and my first job in journalism which was actually in Suffolk at Lowestoft. As always it is the personalities and characters that I remember. The editor Cecil Argar who seemed never to speak to anyone and is the basis for the editor figure in one of my novels which I am busy putting on the Internet. Cecil occasionally held up a teapot and pointed at somebody; chief reporter George Smallman a larger than life Londoner who was kindness itself; sub editor Glynne Gwilliam who was not surprisingly

Welsh. Many people didn't like Glynne but I got on wonderfully well with him as we shared a love of football and Lowestoft Town and shared the reporting duties on the Blues.

The reporters included Tony Slinn, a giant of a man who went on to edit a sex magazine; Andy Lemon and Steve Hardy who were two of the younger reporters, Lynn Turton, Sally Allen, Peter Cherry, Trevor Westgate and my mate John Andrews with whom I shared digs and who is now working in Plymouth and whom I am also still in touch with.

Along with sport, I specialised in arts reporting at Lowestoft. This often meant covering the shows at one of the pier theatres and doing profiles of the "stars." I use the word "stars" carefully as mostly these people were either those on the slippery slope from the top or those who hadn't established themselves.

I remember Tommy Bruce. Dear old Tom had one hit "Aint Misbehavin" but he was a likeable cockney who was always welcoming and friendly. I saw him at Norwich Theatre Royal a couple of decades later when he was compering a solid gold 60s revival concert and he was still telling the same jokes. I can imagine him telling the same ones every night for 20 years.

Then there was Kim Cordell - a large lady with a larger voice. Brassy is the best description. There were many lesser lights whom I got to know during my time at Lowestoft. Brian Solomon was the borough's head of entertainment. I met him again about a year ago and he hadn't changed one bit.

I lodged in St Margaret's Road with a rather mad elderly lady by the name of Christine (again she appears in my novel). A number of us stayed there - the rooms were very comfortable. I made extremely solid pancakes as a speciality.

During my time at Lowestoft I covered the Blues (Lowestoft Town Football Club) who played in the Eastern Counties League (later to become the Jewson League). I remember going on many away coach trips with the team which at that time was managed by a former Norwich City footballer by the name of Jim Oliver. Lowestoft had a number of extremely talented footballers.

My time there was just a few seasons after Mick Tooley and Nigel Cassidy scored goals for fun as Lowestoft ran away with the league title season after season. The team I reported on fell rather short of this standard but were always entertaining.

One young player - Steve Wright - stood out in my memory although I think his lifestyle left much to be desired. The youngest player in the first team was a chap named Richard Money who I believe lived in Oulton Broad. I never rated Richard that highly but he was soon picked up by a league club. I believe it was Scunthorpe. I went to see him the day he signed and I have to say I didn't give much for his chances of making the grade.

That was a mistake on my part as he later signed for Liverpool and had quite a long career as a coach and manager. So my apologies Richard if you ever read this.

On the whole my time at Lowestoft was a happy one and so I was a little disappointed when I was called to see the news editor who used his usual phrase "I think you've got everything you can from Lowestoft and we would like you to work on the Eastern Evening News in Norwich."

So for a while I returned to live at home whilst working firstly as a features writer in Norwich and then on the Whiffler column. Today the Evening News is an over-reactive tabloid styled newspaper. In those times it was a much gentler publication - more in tune with the local people and certainly, in those days, the circulation was much healthier than now and that must say something.

Whiffler was a pleasant undemanding column featuring stories about characters from the area. It was a pleasant job which was very comfortable. My boss at that time was Neville Miller who also wrote very good arts reviews for the paper and allowed me the chance to cover concerts, plays and other events at Norwich Theatre Royal. Neville was from the old school of journalism where reporters told the truth and reflected their character in articles.

He became a firm friend and today is godfather to one of my sons. he still writes arts reviews as well as being an accomplished actor himself.

During my few months on the Evening News I got to know one of Norwich's great characters - Dick Condon. Dick was general manager at the Theatre Royal and a legend in Norwich. An Irishman, he had what we call the gift of the gab. He was a tremendous character, a man of great charisma who was totally dedicated to the Theatre. He loved publicity, looked after us like royalty and today is still greatly missed following an early death.

Every time I go to the theatre I feel that Dick's spirit and his catchphrase "Good seats still available" are still there. I expect him to be there announcing the names of people he knew as they entered the foyer. Isn't it sad when such days disappear. We must hang onto them while they exist.

After a relatively short time on the Evening News I was given the opportunity to move to the North Norfolk News at Cromer and jumped at the chance. There I was part of a four staff team which include Peter Anderson who was chief reporter and who I still see around Norwich. The second in charge was Norman Hicks who again became a friend and who subsequently went on to work as a press officer for Essex Police whilst I was working for Norfolk Constabulary. I understand he now edits and writes magazines for the Ministry of Defence Police.

Also amongst the reporting staff was Malcolm Robertson who passed himself off as a Scotsman despite having been born in East Runton, just two miles outside Cromer (I promised him I would never let on). Malcolm went on to work for Norwich City Football Club and is now a reporter with Anglia TV.

I have to say my time at Cromer and that which followed at Beccles were the happiest of my working career. At Cromer I had a flat which I shared with Clive Whitaker who was a leisure officer with North Norfolk District Council

and who came from Morecambe in Lancashire and John Scott who had a variety of jobs whilst we shared a flat.

John and I shared a love of sport and played squash, table tennis and tennis together. It took me ages to work out that he played tennis equally well with either hand which rather confused me as he often changed midway through a match. John was county standard at many sports and a very charismatic character. Certainly the three of us had some good times and shared some laughs.

It was whilst at Cromer that my life changed forever. I was asked by a fellow journalist who had been on the same course at Harlow - Peter Anthony - to join him on a youth exchange visit to Russia. There was also a third person - Jenny Jepson - interested and so the plan was for the three of us to go on the third of that summer's trips.

When we got confirmation of the trip Peter and Jenny found themselves on the third trip and I was offered the first. My initial thought was to turn the offer down but, after a lot of thought, I decided to go on my own and as they say "fate took a hand."

I met up with the party at the West London air terminal and during the two week trip made a number of friends. I roomed with Peter and Dave (I'm terrible on surnames) and we had a great time. Fate, however, came in the form of two young ladies from Knottingley in West Yorkshire - Anne Burton and Kathryn Blackburn.

Anne had noticed my name on the list. She was a graduate from the University of East Anglia in Norwich and had worked in the library of the Yorkshire Post in Leeds. She noticed that I came from Norwich and also worked for a newspaper and so the connection was made.

During that holiday I got to know her reasonably well and she did me the honour of drinking my unwanted vodka during a social evening. The holiday was excellent and I was loathe to return to the reality of work in North Norfolk when I got back.

At the time Anne was studying to become a careers officer and was undertaking a course at Swanley in Kent. When she was seconded to a careers office at North Walsham in Norfolk she got in touch. With North Walsham only about 10 miles from Cromer we went out on a number of occasions and the rest as they say is history.

I still remember vividly taking her to a restaurant in West Runton and seeing a couple of young cyclists behaving in a rather dangerous way. "I won't be letting my children ride bikes" she said to me. Both our boys subsequently had bikes from a young age. I'm sure she forgot saying this! I do remember thinking at that time as she spoke those words that maybe her children would be mine as well.

From Cromer I moved to Beccles in Suffolk, felt very homesick from Cromer for about a week but then settled down and fell in love with the Suffolk market town. I believe I was still at Cromer, however, when I went to visit an aunt and uncle in Tumbidge Wells in Kent and arranged to meet Anne in the town centre.

It was whilst on the common that she told me she had been offered a careers officer's job in Chester. I must have known at the time that I was being moved to Beccles. I suddenly had a mental picture of myself on the eastern coast of England with Anne virtually as far west as you could go without being in Wales.

Suddenly there seemed only two options open. I think my words were something along the lines of "Well it's a hell of a distance from Beccles to Chester. I suppose we'll either have to break up or get married". Now obviously I was one of the last true romantics. I think her response was a simple "Yes." which left me wondering which question she had agreed to.

Well the fact that we celebrated in a rather expensive tea rooms in the historic Pantiles will tell you which question was answered yes.

To cut a long story short we became engaged and I spent many weekends commuting between Beccles and Chester - something like a 500 mile round trip. Anne eventually gave up her job in Chester and on Saturday July 24th, 1976, we were married at Knottingley Parish Church in West Yorkshire and honeymooned in Scotland. We are still together almost 30 years later.

I had three very happy years in Beccles and could well have stayed there, becoming stuck in a rut. Eventually the point came when we decided that I should move on.

But that wasn't before arguably the happiest times of my working life. Much of the credit for that must go to the Chief Reporter - Tony Clarke. Tone, who still lives in Beccles and still writes despite being retired, is probably one of the only two genuinely and thoroughly "nice" people I have ever met - Neville Miller being the other.

As well as being kind, considerate and jovial, Tony was another old fashioned journalist who got to the heart of the community. He had a wonderful sense of humour and was a larger than life extrovert character who was often known to dress up in a smock and tell Norfolk/Suffolk jokes. He made me so welcome in Beccles, there was never a day when I didn't want to go into work.

It was whilst in Beccles that myself and Anne bought our first property - a very pleasant three bedroomed bungalow in the small village of Kirby Cane which is midway between Beccles and Bungay. It backed onto the open grounds of a rectory. The mortgage was arranged for us by Norman Burtenshaw who at the time was a football league referee and one of the best known in the country. Norman was also manager of the Gateway Building Society (later to become part of the Woolwich). He sponsored many of the local papers sports initiatives and so I got to know him quite well.

Eventually I suppose working at Beccles became a little too "cosy" and I had to face the decision of whether to stay there or move on and chose the latter. And so opened one of the less satisfactory periods of my life.

I am now working on putting my diaries from these years on-line. This will be a very lengthy project as I have covered the period from 1972 until the present day - 32 years worth. The Lowestoft and Beccles Years cover the period from 1972 through to May 1978 and can be accessed through the diary section of the internet which is available by clicking here.

From the cosiness of Beccles I moved into the aggressive world of Press Agency journalism in the Midlands - something I was neither prepared for nor suited to. It took me a long time afterwards to realise that hard-faced journalism was not for me and indeed there are many times that I have questioned whether it was the right career at all.

I suppose I entered it because I wanted to write but after a mixture of small town life and large city life I soon became disillusioned.

Living in Derbyshire and working in Nottinghamshire made me homesick for Norfolk and Suffolk and I don't think it took me too long to realise that I had made a bad mistake.

We eventually sold our bungalow in Kirby Cane and bought a house by the canal in Long Eaton. I tried desperately to enjoy living there and might have made a success of it if it had been at a different time in my life and a different job. You never do realise just what you have until it is gone.

It was quite some time before Anne joined me and we tried to settle down in the Midlands. I have to admit looking back that if there is a particular part of England I am just not suited to, the Midlands would come high on the list. I often wonder what would have happened if I had moved abroad on the scholarship being offered by Beccles Rotary Club. Sadly that is something I will never know the answer to. Instead of sitting writing this back in Norfolk I could have been living in say South Africa or Australia or America. My sons would have dual nationality and my life would have been very different.

But it is no good pondering on what might have been as that in itself may have been less satisfactory than the course my life actually took.

Raymonds News Agency had its headquarters in Derby and branches at Nottingham, Stoke, Norwich and Ipswich. I could have been forgiven at times for wondering what would have happened if I had been employed at the Norwich or Ipswich branches. But there were no vacancies. The main reporter at the Norwich branch was Julian Smith who went on to become news editor of Radio Broadland in Norwich and tragically died at an early age from motor neurone disease.

My work at Nottingham was a strange mixture of news and sport that I never became comfortable with. It was all very hit and miss and an aggressive world where stories were the financial bread and butter. At times it mattered not where I found them as long as they were saleable.

The operation was run from Derby. Once I had picked up a story, and it was often a matter of lifting it from the Nottingham paper, I would phone it over to the news desk in Derby and that would be the last I would see of it. From there it would be sold to national newspapers, radio, television etc. I found it very unsatisfactory and very very stressful.

There was no personal contact with the organisation other than through stories related to the newsdesk. I worked with a photographer by the name of Bob Mason who was good enough to give me a home whilst I looked for a house in the area. Bob used to do yoga, but I enjoyed my stay with him and his wife Liz. I know that after I left the agency I asked him why he stayed in such a "dead end" job. The result was shortly afterwards he got a job on a newspaper in Hull. I guess he agreed with my point of view.

The news editor at the Derby office was somebody I got on with very well. His name was Terry Lloyd and a few months after I left the company, he got himself a job with ITV and worked his way up to become one of their top national and international reporters. Tragically Terry was killed reporting in Iraq during the war there.

Apart from the news side of the agency, my main function was to report football matches. I mainly covered Chesterfield, although I also remember reporting on Nottingham Forest. This side of the business I found more to my liking. Covering lower league football in those far off days was difficult.

For a start I often had to climb over turnstiles with heavy radio equipment to get into the ground before it was open to do pre-match pieces for the radio stations. The reporters' area was a few roped off seats without any facilities and at the end of the game you had to stand outside the dressing rooms to try to catch managers and players for interviews before they left. I often compared this to the ease of later reporting on top class soccer with Norwich City where a specially set aside press room was available and where top managers came for after match press conferences.

At Chesterfield I was often left sending over copy long after the crowds (all 3,000 of them on a good day) had gone. It meant having an angry groundsman waiting to close up before you had finished. Nevertheless this aspect of my work was the most enjoyable. There would be a band of us reporters, including Andy Knowles who had previously worked for Eastern Counties Newspapers and subsequently joined Radio Derby, working at Chesterfield week after week. We looked out for each other, described goals to each other, agreed on man of the match and a whole host of these matters.

Another old mate from my ECN days was also working for Radio Derby. John Andrews had shared lodgings with me in Lowestoft. Myself and Anne often went out into the Derbyshire countryside where John and Andy had a flat. We also had some enjoyable evenings in Derby itself - including seeing Chris Rea, who became a musical superstar, as support act to Lindisfarne at Derby.

John had a very good evening rock programme on Radio Derby which I believe was called Solid Air. Those were in

the days when DJs had say over what they played and play lists were left to amateur drama groups!

After a relatively short period of time which seemed to me like a very long period of time, I realised that staying with the Press Agency would seriously damage my health. I was tired of the diet of foot in the door journalism and having to beat other Media outlets to stories. Being a generous person I was also tired of having to charge other reporters if they wanted even the smallest piece of information from me - such as the name of a barrister at Nottingham Crown Court.

Nottingham Crown Court was certainly somewhere that life got completely out of perspective. It was normal to see numerous people sentenced to life imprisonment in a single morning after pleading guilty of battering old ladies to death etc. It seemed to have no more gravity than a morning of motoring offences back in dear old Beccles.

I think it was whilst in the Midlands that I realised that if I had any skill in the world of journalism it was as a small town reporter on a weekly newspaper in a rural area - and that's somewhere I ventured next, but again without any great success.

I remember whilst working for the press agency being asked by the company's owner to visit the parent of a teenager who had died as the result of drugs.

I seem to remember getting a very rude response from him and being threatened with a shotgun. On reporting this back to the newsdesk I was told to visit some of the neighbours in order to get a story. This I declined to do because of the dangers, but the obvious inference was - no story no money! Press Agencies rely on what they can sell. No product and they receive no pay. So stories get distorted to justify themselves.

And that was something I certainly didn't want professionally to be any part of. Luckily (or it seemed luckily at the time) I saw an advert in the UK Press Gazette magazine for an editor of a small weekly paper in Belper, Derbyshire which I felt would be right up my street.

I applied, had an interview which was more like a chat and was offered the job. It certainly turned out to be a case of out of the frying pan and into the fire. As I began to learn more and more about the Belper News I began to realise just what a strange set-up it was. Today some of the history of the newspaper is available through an Internet search. Needless to say my name doesn't feature in that history, although the name of the paper's owner in those days does.

It soon became obvious to me that things at the Belper News were far from right. Originally a weekly paper owned by the Derby Telegraph group, it had been sold off to a Belper businessman who had little or no experience of journalism or what a weekly newspaper should be.

The editorial set-up before I joined was one rather ancient sub-editor (Tim Healey) and a reporter by the name of John who was a bachelor and had no formal journalism experience or qualifications. Somehow this motley crew got a newspaper out each week. Sadly it was totally biased towards the Tory party. Now to my mind a good weekly newspaper should have no political leanings, but be an amalgam of all political and social views. This was certainly not the case with the Belper News which was totally steeped in the political colour blue.

I suppose in those days I would have slightly social leanings, but at least I can claim no political bias by stating that over the years I have voted Labour, Conservative, Liberal Democrats and even Liberal. Basically I go where the fancy takes me at election time.

Tim Healey wrote a weekly comment column under a pen name which I believe was Sandy Shaw (or maybe I'm just getting that mixed up with the Puppet on a String lady). This column was politically biased to such an outrageous extent that at times it bordered on the libelous.

There were other strange things about the newspaper. It sold out every week and people were unable to get copies from the local newsagents. I thought the answer to this was simple - order more copies from the printers. That got me into trouble as I was told forcibly "it does people good not to be able to find copies - makes things good for us." I never followed that logic at all.

Then there was the fact that the public weren't encouraged to come into the front office - never did understand that one. And the fact that there was no relationship with the local police. The latter I tried to do something about and had an excellent working relationship with the local Sergeant - Adrian Evans. This again was far from encouraged.

I later found out that Adrian had risen to the rank of Chief Superintendent with Derbyshire Police - a well deserved series of promotions.

I don't remember the reason but eventually the sub resigned or went off sick, leaving me with the entire paper to look after. Sadly at that time I didn't have any sub editing skills - those I would learn later. It meant that I struggled and the final straw came when I tried to put a story about the labour MP (the political colour of Belper had changed at an election from blue to red) on the front page after a visit from an MP from India. It was far and away the best story we had that particular week, but the owner didn't see it that way.

To cut a long story short my contract wasn't renewed after the initial three month trial period (it seemed much longer than that) and I was left without a job. My mate John Andrews had been watching what was happening at the paper very closely and asked me to do an interview for Radio Derby. This I agreed to do providing he ran what I said through his lawyers before broadcasting it. As far as I know there was never any comeback from that interview.

Belper was a lovely town at the entrance to the Derbyshire Peak District. I had plans to move there from Long Eaton and was really looking forward to the challenge of building up the weekly and making it a respectable reflection of

the area. But it wasn't to be. I believe our freelance photographer of the time tried to buy the paper. Had he have succeeded my life once again may have taken a different turn.

All I was left with was a feeling of emptiness and, for the first and only time in my life, no job. Luckily there were no financial worries as Anne was working in Derby as a careers' officer. I became depressed, however, and soon realised that I didn't want to stay in the Midlands. So, after talking it over at length, I wrote to Eastern Counties Newspapers to see if they had any work going, expecting to return to reporting with them if a vacancy existed.

I was surprised and very pleased to be offered a post as a sub editor with the Norwich Mercury Series of weekly papers and travelled back to Norfolk for an informal interview with the extremely pleasant deputy editor Barry Hartley. I was offered the post and so a return to Norfolk was ready and waiting.

Postscript - Barry died in 2011. I met him a number of times in his last few years as our paths crossed through my work for a Media and Crisis Management company and his involvement with a radio station on the Norfolk/Suffolk coastal border. He was always keen to have a chat and a top man.

The transition back to Norfolk was a fairly comfortable one. I started work as a sub editor on the Norwich Mercury Series of newspapers and we began to house hunt yet again.

My first editor there was certainly from the old school. His name was Cliff Butler and I found his methods to be rather old fashioned to say the least. My immediate bosses were, however, very skilled and professional. When Clifford Butler retired he was succeeded by Barry Hartley who was a real gentleman. The chief sub editor Marjorie taught me all I know about sub editing and was immensely helpful and her assistant was Geoff Bullock whom I had known with my previous spell as a reporter.

Geoff and I had never really got on whilst he was a sub and myself a reporter. I thought his methods to be caustic and unhelpful. Working closely with him, however, was another matter. We got on famously and became friends and I soon came to see where some of the caustic wit came from.

Being a sub editor in those days consisted of correcting typed copy, writing headlines on the same scraps of paper and then sending them to another department to be type set. We would then rough out page designs by hand and work with the compositors to make the pages look roughly as we wanted them to do.

The standard of writing of some of the reporters was shockingly poor. Some very well known local journalists seemed to have an inability to use punctuations or sentences that made sense. This was particularly true of a certain chief reporter whose skills obviously lay in getting stories from the local community where he was a local celebrity. This guy just couldn't write and very often most of what appeared in his paper was the work of a sub editor cleaning up or significantly re-writing his prose.

Young reporters seemed to have the same inability to express themselves in the English language. I vividly remember one Wednesday evening (we worked late on Wednesdays and had Friday afternoons off) during the tea break reading some of William Styron's "Sophies Choice" a stunning book full of poetic passages that almost left me speechless. I returned from this to deal with a dreadfully written piece on a Women's Institute birthday from a young and inexperienced reporter!

During this spell as a sub editor I worked closely on page lay-out and design with a rather fiery group of compositors whose job was to paste the type into pages (the days of hot metal printing had at last moved on). The language on a Thursday night was often blue as the pressure told, but somehow I managed to have a reasonably good relationship with these people who certainly didn't suffer fools gladly.

There was plenty of industrial unrest during my time there. The compositors and type-setters felt under threat from new technology which would eventually revolutionise the newspaper industry. So they were holding on to the past, and of course their jobs, in a very aggressive way which often seemed to lead to industrial action.

At times that meant virtually a week's work being thrown in the bin or being returned to us as the type setters either refused or didn't have time to set the copy. This was very demoralising as we were sending out second rate papers filled with anything we could lay our hands on.

I do remember feeling insulted when the management, during a particularly bad patch, put up a poster in one of the corridors depicting a lion and with the words something like "in the jungle the customer is king." Yet we were showing such obvious contempt for our customers in giving them a third rate product.

During my time as a sub editor I stood in for the then sports editor Norman Hicks when he went on holiday or was absent. I knew Norman had no intentions of staying in the job for ever and so worked myself into a position where I assumed I would take his place when he left.

But as so often in life, politics (with a small p) intervened. Norman duly moved on, but I wasn't offered the job which went to a man named Geoff Parkin who had been a features writer on the Eastern Evening News. Nobody told me at the time that there was an ulterior motive in this. I just felt I was being given a kick in the teeth and my work wasn't considered good enough and that my passion and interest in sport just wasn't enough.

So I made a few comments and was taken aside by Geoff who told me just to keep quiet, get on with my job and "see what happens." I took this to be a sign and so worked with Geoff on the sports side as his assistant. He was a very experienced journalist who had been a sports reporter with the Daily Express in Italy. He spoke fluent Italian and was married to an Italian woman.

After a few months I saw just what had happened. Geoff was appointed deputy editor of the weekly series of news-

papers and I became sports editor. It had all been a cunning plan from the start and I was just grateful to Geoff for warning me to calm down and let things happen.

I spent a happy number of years as sports editor of the Norwich Mercury Series working the content up and becoming involved once again in local football. Around this time I wrote a weekly column on the fortunes of Norwich City Football Club entitled Eye on City. It usually meant popping down to the club's training ground which at that time was at Trowse just outside Norwich and interviewing players.

Being a weekly paper I couldn't compete with the coverage of the dailies and so tried to do more feature style reporting. Initially I got on well with the then manager Ken Brown but our relationship soured when I criticised Norwich's away form - something that seems to have always been a problem to the club. Ken thought that being a weekly paper we shouldn't criticise the club but should just be a promotional tool. Our editor in chief felt differently.

I suppose in those days there was much less criticism of teams and indeed one of the things that made me angry about Norwich City reports in the sixties and early seventies were the way the team could never do anything wrong. Today its open house for reporters and correspondent to stick the knives in at virtually every opportunity.

I did meet some friendly people at the club, however. Some of my favourites were the physio Tim Shepherd who was a fellow round tabler, players like Mick Maguire, Dave Watson, John Deehan, the irascible (in the nicest possible way) Duncan Forbes and my particular favourite Joe Royal.

As I write this Joe is manager of arch rivals Ipswich Town, but I forgive him even that. An interview with Joe would consist of sitting chatting over a cup of coffee where he would talk about his life, the sport in general in a very entertaining way and there was always a twinkle in his eye. I later saw him in the players tunnel long after he had left the club and he mentioned a joke that we had shared some time previously. I have always had great admiration for people with the skills to file away details of other people's lives to bring out on any chance meetings.

Apart from the sport side of things I continued my love of the arts and took over the writing of the weekly Here and Now rock column in the Eastern Evening News. This was a well established weekly column covering both the local and national rock scene. It was expanded to twice weekly during my sojourn and I was paid the princely sum of £12 a week on top of my wages for wiring and compiling the column along with a number of co-collaborators, the longest of which was John Miles (the journalist not pop singer).

Writing the rock column meant free access to rock gigs at the University of East Anglia as well as access to copious numbers of LPs to review. That's primarily how my record collection grew. I also got to interview some interesting people (usually via the telephone). This included members of the Stranglers and the Pogues and chats with people that I actually admired such as the Scouse singer songwriter Ian McNabb (a very under-rated talent). Norwich at the time had an emerging rock scene with a number of groups such as the Farmer's Boys threatening to make national breakthrough. Sadly I don't think any of them ever made the big time although the Farmer's Boys did release a few albums for EMI.

Personally these were good years. On deciding to move back to Norfolk we really had no idea of where to live. Initially we thought of returning to Beccles, but a couple of properties we looked at fell through. Hellesdon, where I was born, was another considered area but access to Norwich was very clogged and difficult.

I can't remember how we came to settle for Hethersett. I think it was probably just a matter of obtaining some property details from estate agents and liking the look of the village. We eventually had an offer for a chalet bungalow in Buckingham Drive, Hethersett, accepted and the sale went through smoothly and we moved in and gradually over the years became ensconced in village life and having a family. Which takes me to the next chapter.

Moving to Hethersett proved to be a master stroke. We couldn't have found anywhere better. And when we outgrew our relatively small chalet we only discussed one option - buying a bigger property in the same village.

I continued to largely enjoy my job on the newspaper - although at times got frustrated that my attempts to increase the coverage of local sport were thwarted by some negative thinking. I did, however, seem to manage a decent balance between writing and sub editing and also covered Norwich City for the News of the World who seemed to pay well for weekly match reports.

Two of the most important days of my life were February 24th, 1982 and January 10th, 1984 when my sons Christopher and Matthew were born. There was never any doubt in our minds that we would have a family and we were both delighted when Anne announced on three separate occasions that she was pregnant. Unfortunately first time around she had a miscarriage, but the second and third pregnancies went well apart from some low blood pressure that saw her pass out on a couple of occasions when she ate food too late. One of these occasions was in a restaurant in Greenwich. The owners were really concerned but we had got used to the situation: "Don't worry, it's not you food, she's always doing this."

Another occasion was in a Norwich restaurant in the middle of a snow storm when we had to have the windows open. I don't think summer pudding was on the menu that night!

I vividly remember the birth of Chris. I was training at the time to run the Bungay Black Dog Marathon. Running a marathon was one of two things I really wanted to achieve - the other being appearing in a drama on stage. I had achieved the latter whilst working at Cromer. Now I was trying the former.

So virtually every night I ran round the village. I tried to go the opposite way to other joggers who tended to run in a clockwise route. I went anti clockwise as passing them and exchanging a few quick words gave me something to look forward to (how sad was that). It also gave me an aim as I could look forward to passing a certain person in say

another 25 minutes. You can imagine the disappointment when I didn't pass them again as they had gone home.

My circuit of the village was 2.4 miles (its' quite a long village) and so a training run could consist of anything from a light jog (one circuit) to a full blown training run (something like seven or eight circuits).

The idea was to step up training as the race approached with the aim of reaching something like 21 miles. The problem was some nights long distances came easy, but on others I suffered problems (both mental and physical) and tied up after a few miles. Then there was the fact that I passed two pubs on my route and it was all too easy to go in "for a rest."

On 23rd February, 1982, I planned a long run. I was nice and safe as the baby's arrival wasn't due for a few days and my view was if I get the long runs out of the way now I will be able to have a break for the birth (big of me I know).

So on this evening I was planning 17 or more miles. So I ran and ran and ran and must have been out for well over two hours and felt good at what I had achieved. I went home, had a long soak in the bath to stop my joints seizing up and then had a drink and went to bed. In the early hours of the morning Anne announced that she had "rotten indigestion." Now why is it that when women go into labour they announce that they have indigestion? Isn't it just a smidge of a co-incidence that they have terrific pains around the time they are due to give birth?

Anyway after a time the pains (contractions) calmed down, only to build up again. Being intelligent people we soon decided that it might be a good idea to contact the hospital. So we did and they told us to take our time but to go in when we were ready - cue panic!!!

Of course there was no need for panic as first births do tend to take a long time. But to us this was an emergency. I envisaged having to deliver the baby in the car. Thankfully being the middle of the night we had no traffic or parking problems at the hospital in Norwich.

This was the old hospital before they built a brand spanking new one in Colney outside Norwich. The maternity unit of the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital was on floor 9 of a tower block just a minutes walk from where my grandmother had lived in Rupert Street.

I never could work out what possessed the authorities to have the birthing rooms on the ninth floor. What happened if the lifts stuck and you had to drag a heavily pregnant woman up nine flights of stairs or even worse if the lift stuck with the heavily pregnant woman inside. And what if it was the middle of the day and the lift kept stopping at every floor for people to get in and out. For a start the size of the pregnant woman would severely restrict the number of occupants and secondly what about all that moaning and groaning and pain. Three of them and the lift would be full. But I digress.

There were no such problems and it wasn't until 18 hours later that Chris made his bow into the world. The staff were kind and professional. They said I had been one of the most laid back fathers to be they had ever seen. It's quite easy to be laid back after running 17 miles and then getting up in the middle of the night. Comatose would probably be a better word.

"Would you like a nice cup of tea and slice of toast" asked the midwife.

"Yes please," I replied.

"Not you. I meant your wife!"

So I left Anne to the tea and toast and drove home to make a number of very happy phone calls. I felt elated and an emotional wreck as I drove home. Short of food and sleep and unbelievably happy that two of us were now three.

Two years later we did it all again. Again it started during the night, but this time the birth was quicker and I remember much less about it. I know I hadn't been on a marathon run and I remember Anne going into hospital the previous day, but it turning out to be false alarm. This time Matthew was born to complete our family.

As for the marathon. Well after Chris' birth my training regime went to pot and I struggled to keep going and took an awfully long time to complete the course. But complete it I did despite the efforts of an ambulance to pick me up when they thought I was one of the stragglers. The pint of milk I drank at the end was the best pint ever. For all the effort I received a small medal. It may have been cheap and worthless but the sweat and tears that had been put into gaining it made it feel like the crown jewels.

I continued working as sports editor for the Norwich Mercury Series until February 1989 by which time the boys were five and seven and both at school. It was at that point that my working life took another twist as technically I left journalism to become "poacher turned gamekeeper" to become Norfolk Constabulary's first ever civilian press and public relations officer.

I still enjoyed the sports editor role but realised at the age of 36 that if I was going to make a change I needed to do it sooner or later or risk being stuck in a rut. I could have stayed there for the rest of my working life but the job had become rather repetitious and I felt I needed a new challenge. The person who succeeded me is still doing the job some 17 years later.

So when I saw Norfolk Constabulary advertising for a press and public relations officer I decided to apply - particularly as I knew that my boss would be Superintendent Brian Butcher who lived in Hethersett and whom I knew socially from church and other events.

During my time as sports editor and writing Eye on City I had got to know a few senior police officers through a short

series of articles on policing football at Carrow Road. I still remember a comment which I used from Superintendent Colin Bunn. These were the days of football hooligans and many more problems at games than there are today.

I asked Colin how he felt at the end of a match expecting an answer along the lines of "pleased that everything had gone according to plan". Instead he gave a wry smile and said "Happy that it's one match nearer the end of the season."

During my work on that I teamed up with Inspector Roger Sandall who looked after me during the matches. Roger later turned up on the interview panel for the police job and went on to reach the rank of Chief Superintendent. He is now retired but someone I had the utmost respect for as both a first class police officer and a first class human being.

So with Roger and Brian involved in the appointment you might be forgiven for thinking the whole thing would have been a breeze. Not so. I think six candidates were shortlisted for interview. Those that weren't included a former MP who felt that he would be good at pr!!!!

All six candidates had journalistic backgrounds. I felt I had a good chance, but initially heard nothing for some time (usually an indication that you haven't got a job). I then found out that the job had been offered to a young lady who had turned it down through illness. I'm not really sure why she applied but possibly this could have been before she realised what the job entailed.

The second choice definitely turned it down on the grounds that he felt it would be too much work. So on a morning on a month late in 1988 or early in 1989 I received a phone call from the personnel department of Norfolk Constabulary offering me the job and inviting me to attend a medical. I think I accepted there and then and, after talking it over with Anne that evening, put my resignation in the following day. I started work with the police on February 9th, 1989.

In the meantime family life continued. The boys grew as boys do, Anne trained at the UEA to become a teacher. Chris and then Matt started school at Woodside First School and I continued my association with local football by becoming a committee member of Wymondham Town Football Club.

Every other Saturday I took the boys to matches with me and they enjoyed a drink in the clubhouse and then kicked a football about whilst I watched the match and sent over reports to the Pink-Un - the Saturday sports paper in Norwich.

I well remember promising the boys that "one day if you are good enough you will be able to play for Wymondham Town." That was probably the day Matt went and sat in the goalmouth during the game and I had to rush onto the pitch to haul him off.

Needless to say threats or promises sometimes come true. At the time of writing Matt has almost completed a season with Wymondham Town and is close to completing 50 appearances for the club. He is now an established first team regular and I am back watching them on Saturdays. Chris never did play for them. He moved to the South of England and has played at a relatively high level (but that's for another chapter).

Both boys went on to get degrees in physical education (again this will be covered later) and I take the blame/ plaudits (delete as necessary) for standing in the road outside our house in Buckingham Drive teaching them to kick a football. It soon became obvious that Matt was left handed and left footed but Chris was right - so that gave a good balance.

For many years I was obviously bigger and faster than the boys, but then we came to that period when they were about the same size and the same speed and then to the point where I slowed down, they speeded up and the rest, as they say, is history.

Just before joining the police we moved house. There was never any discussion of leaving the village. Anne was very much involved with the Methodist Church and we had numerous friends locally. I was in round table in Wymondham, although I eventually left this thanks to disillusionment with an organisation that prided itself on its caring nature but then threatened to throw me out as I had missed three consecutive meetings. The problem for me is they never bothered to ask why I had missed the meetings - they were simply following the rules. Following the rules is something that I think blights modern day life, it has taken all the spontaneity out of our society. I accept that there have to be rules, but there also has to be an element of initiative built in.

When I told them that the reason I had missed three meetings was because 1/ I had been in hospital to have a hernia repaired 2/ My mother had died and 3/ My wife had suffered a miscarriage they tried to apologise and invited me back. But it was just too late.

It often annoys me in life that the people who make the most noise get on because somebody somewhere believes their boasts and claims. Quiet people who get on with things in a professional and competent way are often ignored. It's all wrong. In various roles I have adopted since those times I have always looked for the quiet competent ones - very often they are the people that are the true leaders and gain respect.

So we made the decision to go for a larger property and increase our mortgage. W looked at numerous properties, a number of which were in the St David's Road area. This is a sought after part of the village and at the time properties went very quickly.

We managed to sell our chalet in Buckingham Drive virtually for the asking price which I think was about £47,000. We had had alterations to it including a new dining room and a fourth bedroom. We sold to Angela and Bill Farrington. Angela eventually began work at Hethersett Middle School - a place that I was to have a long and fruitful association with at a later date.

Eventually we found a new property. Anne thought it ideal with plenty of potential. I thought it was old fashioned and didn't give it a real inspection. But in the end I bowed to her superior judgment (as always) and I think we paid something like £87,000 for the four bed roomed house and eventually moved in. I have to say we have been extremely happy with the property and still live here today although we have made numerous improvements which have included turning the car port into a large second lounge, building on a conservatory and completely re-fitting the kitchen and landscaping the garden.

Two doors away from us in Buckingham Drive lived the Haversons. Neil worked for Eastern Counties Newspapers on the advertising side. I think he was a frustrated writer - as well as being a very amusing one. Whilst I was sports editor of the Norwich Mercury Series Neil wrote a weekly light-hearted sports column which exuded charm.

This was the pre-cursor to the launch in the Eastern Daily Press of the Fortress H column which has chronicled the trials and tribulation of his family over many years. A number of Fortress H compilation books have been printed and they really are very amusing. I don't know how he keeps the humour up week after week after week. All I can say is that from my experience of his family, everything he says is true (now sue me).

I used to make guest appearances in Neil's columns. I remember one in particular where he laid into me for not being able to repair a radiator. For a time I became the character Radiator Man. When we sold our chalet and Angela went to live there she became GBH (as in Grievous Bodily Harm - don't ask why). When I moved a mile or so down the road I instantly became and still am Posh End for obvious reasons. The only problem is nowadays I'm not featured very much and practically have to plead with Neil to put me in the column. For a number of years Mrs H worked at the Middle School where I became chair of governors. A threat to sack her often got me into the column for a couple of weeks or so.

So to sum up at this point I am now employed by Norfolk Constabulary and have moved house. The boys are growing up and Anne is back to work. Please read on

The heart of a village such as Hethersett is its people - they make it what it is.

Hethersett is looked upon by many as a dormitory village for commuters to Norwich, but this is ignoring the fact that at its heart it is still a village with a village mentality and outlook. It may have grown to a population of virtually 6,000 and there may have been significant building on the Steepletower development opposite the church, but this cannot take away the rural nature of the place.

It's close enough to Norwich and the market town of Wymondham but has a green belt between both. A few years ago I was in the garden when I was approached by a man with a clip board from South Norfolk District Council's Environmental Health Department.

"We have had a complaint about the noise made by a cockerel in this neighbourhood. Do you hear it in the early morning and does the noise bother you?" I was asked.

Now I thought this to be a ridiculous question.

"But this is the country. I live here so that I can hear the cockerel in the early mornings, so that I can hear birdsong at dawn, so that I can smell the manure on the fields and the freshly cut grass. If somebody has complained about the cockerel I would like to make a counter complaint against them. This is the country," I replied.

It strikes me as strange when people complain about things they know are likely to happen. If you move to a rural area you expect rural sounds. If you don't want them live in the concrete urbanity of the city. It's like the people who live around the Memorial Playing Field in the village and complain when balls go into their gardens or when there's too much noise from the organised football on a Sunday. What do they expect? Nobody made them live where they do.

But still the heart of a village is all those people who work selflessly organising events, sitting on committees. Hethersett has always had a very strong community spirit - occasionally this has been misplaced, but it has always been there.

From our early days in the village Anne was very involved in church life being Chair of the fund-raising committee when the Methodist Church wanted to expand. She has also been a Methodist Church steward and chair of the Hethersett Churches Together group.

Much of our early social life in the village was based around the church. There was the young wives group and then the young mothers' group and we even started a social group which was called Candlelight purely and simply because the inaugural meeting was subjected to a power cut and had to use candles.

The massive extension to the Methodist Church cost a considerable amount of money and transformed the building from an ancient chapel into a vibrant modern building.

One thing that stands out in my mind from the church is the names of the Ministers since we have lived here. This started with the quiet confidence of Brian Dann who was a great comfort to me when my mother died in 1981. Brian was followed by John Dean who we are still in touch with and then came William Booker who was quite a character and very youthful at the time. William returned to the church a couple of years ago and could still remember everybody's name. He was followed by the immensely likeable Gerald Cole who had come out of semi-retirement to take on the post. Gerald was just a wonderfully warm human being with a wicked sense of humour. Sadly he died a few years ago whilst playing golf (an irony he would have made a joke about). When Gerald left his place was taken by David Hart who moved on promotion and gave way to the present incumbent Derek Grimshaw.

Many of the people of the church have enriched our lives over the years. Sadly many have passed on as we take their places as something of the elder statesmen - tempus fugit as they say. I well remember such luminaries as Bob Richardson, Donald and Reenie Boore, Marjorie and Tom Lord and many more who are no longer with us.

But back to the family. The boys continued to grow and thrive as boys do. They passed through the first school and onto Hethersett Middle School. Chris would have started there in about 1990 and Matt in 1992. They both went through Beavers, Cubs and Scouts and Matt won the scout of the year award.

It was whilst in Hethersett Cubs that both had their first taste of competitive football and I got involved in coaching. The cubs team was organised by Mel Perkins and he was looking for somebody to help with a view of taking over when his sons moved on. I didn't volunteer immediately and have only a sketchy memory of how my involvement started. I do remember Chris first match. He came on as a second half substitute and in a typical goalmouth scramble which seems to be beloved by eight year olds who all chase the ball, managed to score with the ball going in off his knee. His first goal and a proud moment for us all.

The years spent at the bottom of Buckingham Drive kicking a ball back and forth had begun to pay off. My boys were going to be champion goalscorers. Both had the pace and skill to score again and again. Well that was the plan and for a time it worked with them hitting the back of the net regularly. In one particular season Matt hit 47 for the cubs. But then various coaches decided enough was enough and they were both turned into central defenders. I don't know who saw their potential in that role but suspect it was the tough talking Graham Wren when they went to the Hewett Secondary School in Norwich.

As I say I cannot remember how or when I got involved in organising the Cubs but I believe it was in conjunction with two other coaches - Andy Newstead and Ian Harrison - who both had sons playing for the team.

There were a lot of talented players in those early sides. Most went on to play for the Middle School and when Matt became old enough he played for the cubs as well. I remember his first ever competitive game. Hethersett Cubs were playing another pack in Norwich and the opposition were a player short. He volunteered to play for them just to get a game and, despite losing something like 8-0, smiled his way through the whole match and also nearly scored against a team that included his brother. He still plays the game with a smile and has the wonderful record of being booked just once in almost 600 games and then he claims with some justification that the player dived. Chris is a different kettle of fish. Gentle off the pitch, he can sometimes snap on it and has been booked for kicking the ball away. Both share a love of the game and both are born leaders with Chris captaining a number of teams as will be mentioned later.

In 1991 Mel Perkins founded Hethersett Athletic Football Club. At the time it was part of the Jubilee Youth Club set up and so the team was known as Hethersett Jubilee. It had very humble beginnings. One of Mel's sons wanted to play competitive football. He and a number of his mates got together and Mel formed them into a team. Success was not a word in their vocabulary. They simply played for the enjoyment and didn't worry about the results - and there were some heavy defeats!

But a start had been made. Meanwhile Andy Newstead and Ian Harrison were taking the older players who had grown out of cubs and turned them into a very successful Hethersett Youth side that won a number of trophies over the next few years.

Alongside the Cubs team I decided to run an Under-10s side and we joined forces as part of the Hethersett Jubilee Club and began playing in the Sculthorpe and District League which meant long journeys around Norfolk and even into North Suffolk.

Eventually Hethersett broke away from the youth club set-up and the current Hethersett Athletic Club was born. It has grown and prospered ever since. When Andy and Ian decided to call a halt to Hethersett Youth, many of the players along with Ian joined Hethersett Athletic. Gradually club sides became competitive whilst still keeping the ethos of providing football for local youngsters irrespective of their ability.

Today the club continues to thrive and in the current season has provided football for 15 teams including women, girls, men and youths from the age of eight to adult. I became club chairman many years ago and am proud of what we have been able to achieve. Hethersett Athletic teams have picked up numerous trophies over the years and the men's side have reached the final of the Norfolk Senior Sunday Cup when Matt and Chris both had the distinction of playing on Norwich City's ground at Carrow Road.

The day didn't quite go as planned as we lost 5-0 to a team from King's Lynn and Chris had to be carried off with a leg injury. My overriding memory of the game came in the last few minutes when Matt hit a rising left foot shot from 25 yards which was arrowing its way into the top corner of the net. He had already turned round with his arms in the air to celebrate a goal at Carrow Road. When he turned round to accept the congratulations of his team-mates he was confused to see one of them taking the ball to the corner flag. Somehow the goalkeeper, who had been limping for most of the match, threw himself at the ball and managed to tip it over the bar. And to add insult to injury Matt's header from the corner hit the post! It was just one of those days.

I coached youth teams from Under-10 level through to Under-16s and then took the side into adult soccer before stepping down to take a more administrative role for the club, although by 2004 I was back in a tracksuit on Sunday morning helping out with our very successful men's first team. Helping out usually means clearing the dog mess off the pitch, opening up the changing rooms, cleaning them out at the end of the match and helping with physio duties during the game. I used to put the nets up as well but, due to my lack of inches, found this to be a difficult task. On occasions I even have to run the line or referee a match if the nominated official fails to turn up - that's what local football is all about. I may be club chairman but on Sunday mornings I am crap collector as well.

I have a wealth of memories from my years of coaching. I saw the players grow and blossom, reaching cup finals, challenging for league titles and turning into good members of society. That's why I believe in organised football. It teaches discipline (if done in the right way) and team spirit. The boys I coached are all a credit to the club and many are still playing for the adult sides. Above all, however, I remember the freezing cold Sunday mornings changing in old prefabs and having to clear the cow pats off the pitch before play can start. The long journeys and the returns after being soundly beaten and the match inquests that follow.

I could write a book on the fun and the heartache enjoyed, suffered and endured over the years in our great sport. Two incidents spring readily to mind.

Now I'm going to make somebody blush if they ever read this. Step forward Chris Colwell. Chris is one of my favourite players. He had no great outstanding football ability, but he gave 100% plus in every match. Chris needed encouragement and could only play in one position -left back. Anywhere else he panicked. On a number of occasions I had to substitute Chris for his own good as he had given so much that he was utterly exhausted. He was the kind of guy you wish you had 11 of. What he lacked in skill he more than made up for in ability, even when he had to do a little circular dance around the ball to get it on his left foot.

One of the standing jokes with Chris was that he had never scored a goal for the club. In fact he held the record for the most number of games without scoring by a player other than a goalkeeper. Indeed some of the keepers often played outside and many had scored.

We encouraged Chris to go forward and, being a big lad, he had the power to go on surging runs. We also encouraged him to shoot if he got the opportunity. In training he had more than a decent shot. So there was no reason that he shouldn't score. But the barren run went on and on and on and on.

One day we travelled to Wells and played on their pitch overlooking the sea. It was bitterly cold and we were cruising to victory - 4-0 up with about five minutes to play. One of our strikers was taken out in the penalty area. The referee had no option but to award a penalty. Sometimes in youth football is a team is winning comfortably the referee (usually one of the dads of the opposing team) will turn down appeals. On other occasions they will give the team that's losing a "dubious" penalty near the end just to encourage them.

On this occasion the foul was so obvious, the situation couldn't possibly be played on. So a penalty it was and what a chance. There was no way we were going to draw or lose the game so I told Chris to take it. Here was his first ever goal for the club. He placed the ball, took a massive run up and promptly smacked it wide.

Then came the day of triumph. I can't remember at what age level we were playing but I do remember the game was against Brandon. Brandon had tried to call the game off as they only had eight players but we had insisted on playing it and, to their credit, they turned up. It was a very sporting match and we soon got the scoreline into double figures.

I think we were about 15-0 up when Chris picked up the ball around the halfway line, drove forward against eight very tired players and let forth a veritable ripper from the edge of the penalty area. The ball hit the back of the net before anybody could move (sorry about the cliches).

Now bearing in mind that made the score 16-0 the opposition probably expected the same muted celebrations that had met every goal from about six onwards - the quick clap and touch of the hand for the scorer. But no this was Chris with his first ever goal after a number of appearances that was well into three figures. This was Chris "they won't be able to take the piss out of me anymore" Colwell. So he promptly took over his shirt and did a lap of honour around the next pitch accompanied by much whooping and hollering.

We had to apologise to the opposition manager and explain that this was one of our players rites of passage. Thankfully he understood and realised we weren't merely rubbing things in.

The second memorable match took place on my birthday and featured I believe an Under-12s match between Hethersett Athletic and Bircham Newton. Bircham Newton is a long way from Hethersett for youngsters to travel (over 40 miles). Some youngsters don't travel well, but on this day we started like an express train.

In the first half everything we touched turned to gold and by half-time we were 6-0 up and I was looking to bring on substitutes to give them a game but decided to wait a while. Straight from the kick off we attacked again and scored to make it 7-0. At half time the boys had talked about a double figure score and I had warned them not to be "too cocky."

Now they say that football is a strange game and being young players this game would probably have lasted for 70 minutes rather than the usual 90. For some unknown reason things started to go wrong - 7-0 became 7-1 and then 7-2, 7-3, 7-4, 7-5 and panic began setting in. From a bright attacking force we had been turned into a stuttering wreck of a side.

I took two attackers off and replaced them with two defenders in an attempt to shore things up. But Bircham continued to attack and with two minutes left made it 7-6. Somehow, and I don't know how, we managed to hold on although I can't remember us having a single attack after we scored our seventh goal.

Days like that are the joys of local youth soccer, however, because they give you the anecdotes of the future and things like that still happen. In the current season for when this is being written, the men's team are challenging for the Norwich Sunday League Premier Division title. We are also still in the League Cup, so have the chance of "doing the double". This is a top standard of local football and we have some very talented players including former Norwich Academy of Excellence players. So how can you explain a 7-1 league defeat at the hands of the league's bot-

tom club, particularly when a few weeks later we beat them 7-0 in the league? One of life's great mysteries.

So Hethersett Athletic set me on a long journey of football coaching and administration and the boys on their sporting journey. I will take up that part of the story in a later chapter.

Back to the "people making a village what it is" scenario. I have often contemplated making a list of the people I have known in the village over the years. It would run into hundreds but would certainly bring the memories back.

As my life progresses the things that become important change. Friends become vital, but I find myself becoming calmer and unable to rant and rave at things that would have annoyed me years ago.

Similarly you watch your family grow up and realise that the old phrase "enjoy them while they are young, they grow up all too soon" is absolutely correct.

As the family grows up and moves away - there is a peace and tranquility that descends on the home once again reminiscent of pre-children days. The main difference is we are 25 years older and possibly 25 years wiser.

The world has become modernised and more cynical with every twist and turn and with it comes the realisation that, whilst I can make a small difference, I am never going to change the world. This inevitably leads to a feeling of *Que Sera Sera* (what will be will be). There is a section of the population known as "grumpy old men" which comes from a television series which sees well known middle aged men moaning about the state of the world, the state of this country and anything else which takes their fancy.

Of course in their youth if they had done this they would have been known as "angry young men" and that term wasn't a bad thing. It was a term used to describe people who railed against society, who were passionate about their beliefs (some misfounded admittedly) but people who cared. Now as grumpy old men they are just moaners.

So at what point in life do "angry young men" turn into "grumpy old men" or women of course? It seems to happen to all of us, although I do feel that the majority of grumpy old men come to appreciate the beauties of life more.

Certainly as I get older I appreciate the countryside more along with art, music, poetry, good food and all the good things of life. I do think the cross over from angry to grumpy comes on gradually. It is a gradual build up of experiences, of fighting beauraucracy until one day you realise that the anger is futile, but the grump is okay.

But enough of that one with my story and that of my family.

When the boys started at Hethersett Middle School I began to get involved myself. I liked the place and felt very much at home there and a group of us joined the PTA which was hard work but tremendous fun.

It was probably as strong a band of people as the school has ever had, under the chairmanship of Liz Hovey. I eventually became vice-chair but declined to take over as chair when Liz left on the grounds that I could never keep up her work rate. So I left at the same time. I can't speak highly enough of some of those people. Our meetings usually took place in the King's Head and mainly involved insulting each other for two hours. That was because we were all friends, got on with the various jobs and enjoyed each other's company (it's a strangely Norfolk sense of humour that you insult people you really like).

Together we organised the annual May fete, the November pre-Christmas craft fair and numerous social fund-raisers in between. And at sometime I decided I would like to become a school governor as well. So I stood as a parent governor. I think there were two places available and six applicants. At that point I seemed to know most of the parents at the school, thanks to having two boys there. This must have helped as I topped the poll and started as a governor.

That must have been about 1991 or 1992 and I have been there ever since. I have been chair of governors for the last eight years and feel that during that time I have helped to achieve a considerable amount at the school.

Educational standards have improved considerably, an old and dangerous design and technology block has been demolished and replaced with a custom built modern unit. In addition security has been enhanced the front of the school has been moved from the side of the school (try working that one out). In addition new classes have been taken on and the school has been turned into a colourful and welcoming place with an open policy. It wasn't always like that. I can remember in my early days as a governor when meetings would go on until late in the night, often break up in acrimonious argument and when the governors seemed to be divided into two groups - those in the know and those not.

Hopefully all that has been changed. Meetings are now held in a professional manner and last just for two hours - which gives members the chance to make decisions without feeling worn out. I never know why any meeting has to go on longer than two hours.

When the boys moved on from the Middle School I was appointed a Local Education Authority Governor. I was approached to join the Friends of Hethersett High School but never had the same affinity with that level of education. I prefer the middle school age range where the pupils are old enough to be able to look after themselves in the basics but not too old to have become over aggressive or anti everything. It is the age range when teaches and others can make a real difference in their lives.

Meanwhile Chris and subsequently Matt moved on to Hethersett High School. They both did very well getting armfuls of GCSEs and enjoying playing football, badminton etc. Matt was pupil of the year at Hethersett Middle and PE Achiever of the year at the high school. The former provided me with a great highlight in my life when as a governor I was asked to present the trophy and then it was announced that my own son had won it. It was a hot and sunny day so luckily I was wearing sunglasses at the time!!!!

On the people theme again I remember five head teachers at the school - two of whom I have worked closely with. Before the boys went there Bernard Jones was the head and had been for many years. On his retirement the post was taken by David Osborne. When David moved to take over at a Gorleston school he was replaced by the deputy head Trevor Atkins. It was during this time that I became a governor. Trevor moved to teach in Malaysia and was replaced for one term by Ralph Cross as a stand-in head and then by Tim Strugnell and subsequently the current head Andy Whittle.

The boys were at Hethersett High for four years before moving on to the Hewett School in Norwich for the sixth form. We looked round both the Hewett and the Eaton (CNS) School. The boys wanted to go to the former as it had the best school soccer team in Norfolk.

Chris grew and shone at the Hewett, being appointed captain of the football team in his second year and helping them to win a prestigious youth international tournament in the USA. Matt later took part in the same competition two years later and also played for the team.

It was another cause for celebration as first Chris and then Matt passed their A levels and moved on to University - Chris to study physical education at the University of Brighton in Eastbourne and Matt to study the same subject at Leeds Metropolitan University.

Both achieved their degrees and the relevant ceremonies stand out in our memory. Chris' was on a hot day in the picturesque Brighton Pavilion followed by a celebration evening meal with him and his girlfriend Lynne and Lynne's parents in Brighton.

Matt's graduation was a magnificent affair at the Beckett's Park Campus in Leeds. The welcome speech was by former international runner Brendan Foster and double Olympic gold medallist Kelly Holmes was given an honorary degree. Again it was a very hot day indeed and afterwards we drove into the Yorkshire Dales to find food.

June 2015 update - Chris married girlfriend Lynne, but unfortunately they were subsequently divorced. He now has his own flat in Eastbourne which he shares with his partner Victoria. He is currently Director of Sport and Well Being at Bexhill High Academy. Matt is a police officer with Norfolk Constabulary. He married Emma Frost in May 2013 and they have two children - Elliot Oliver (born September 1st 2012) and Poppy Rose (born February 6th 2015). Their first son - Oliver David - was stillborn on September 1st 2011.

Myself and Anne have just celebrated our 40th wedding anniversary.

I was born in Hellesdon, Norwich, Norfolk, on October 9th, 1952, and below are some of the major dates in my life. Some of the dates are added through a slightly hazy memory, whilst others are correct following consultation with my records and diary.

October 9th 1952 Born at Hellesdon near Norwich

September 1957- July 1963 Kinsale Avenue Junior School, Hellesdon

September 1963- July 1971 The Norwich School, gaining six O' Levels and three A' Levels

Sept 1971-May 1972 Harlow Technical College, Essex, to study Journalism

June 1972-July 1973 Reporter on Lowestoft Journal

Aug 1973 - Mar 1974 Reporter and Feature Writer Eastern Evening News, Norwich

Mar 1974-Aug 1975 Reporter North Norfolk News based at Cromer: Passed National Council for Training of Journalists' Proficiency Certificate

Sept 1975-May 1978 Assistant Chief Reporter Beccles and Bungay Journal, Beccles, Suffolk

July 24th 1976 Married Anne Burton in Knottingley West Yorkshire

May 1978-Sept 1978 District Reporter for Raymonds News Service, Nottingham

Oct 1978-Dec 1978 Editor Belper News, Derbyshire

Jan 1979-1984 Sub Editor Norwich Mercury Series

February 24th, 1982 Son Christopher Owen born

January 10th, 1984 Son Matthew David born

1984-February 1989 Sports Editor Norwich Mercury Series

Feb 1989 to April 1999 Press and Public Relations Officer for Norfolk Constabulary

March 1997 Advanced Certificate of Education at University of East Anglia, Norwich

April 1999 Awarded Master of Arts degree in Professional Development by the University of East Anglia

April 1999 to Jan 2001 Head of Media and Public Relations for Norfolk Constabulary

July 2001 Diploma in Sports Psychology from Newcastle University

Jan 2002 Public Relations Manager for Norfolk Constabulary

2003-2005 Head of E-Communications for Norfolk Constabulary

2004 Certificate in Life Coaching from Newcastle University

2005-2006 Head of Marketing Operations for Norfolk Constabulary

November 2006 Took Early retirement from Norfolk Constabulary to concentrate on other business interests

January 2007 PostScript Media launched

2007 to March 2013 Crisis Response Manager for Media and Crisis Management Ltd

September 1st, 2011 - Grandson Oliver David stillborn

September 1st, 2012 - Grandson Elliot Oliver born

February 6th, 2015 - Granddaughter Poppy Rose born

Where I Have Lived

1952 to 1964 157, Reepham Road, Hellesdon, Norwich, Norfolk

1964 to 1971 31, Middleton's Lane, Hellesdon, Norwich, Norfolk

1971-1972 123, The Maples, Harlow, Essex

1972-1973 211, St Margaret's Road, Lowestoft, Suffolk

1973-1974 31, Middleton's Lane, Hellesdon, Norwich, Norfolk

1974-1975 7, Corner Street, Cromer, Norfolk

1975 Upper Grange Road, Beccles, Suffolk

1976 Waveney House, Ravensmeor, Beccles, Suffolk

1976 The Flat, Eastern Counties Newspapers, Blyburgate, Beccles, Suffolk

1977 23, Nursey Close, Ellingham, Norfolk

1978-1979 95, Lodge Road, Long Eaton, Derbyshire

30th August 1979-13th July, 1988 36, Buckingham Drive, Hethersett, Norfolk

14th July, 1988 to present Hethersett, Norfolk

December 2016 to present Hethersett, Norfolk and Cromer, Norfolk.

In February 1974 I was working on the local newspaper in Norwich and wrote a feature article on Norwich astrologer Pete Green.

Pete was pleased with the article and offered to produce my birth sign and life pattern analysis which I have decided to print here.

I have always felt that Pete's analysis was very close to the mark in a number of areas and send greetings to him as I know he still lives in Wymondham which is just up the road from Hethersett. I have included in brackets some of my interpretations of where Pete is particularly correct or particularly incorrect. Please remember, however, that this is my own interpretation of my character and I may be miles out

Pete started off with the following message: "It should be noted that this section is merely an interpretation of the life-pattern and is in no way meant as a prediction for the future. It simply shows the forces at work on this life unit which may of course be successfully resisted or be altered by other factors."

The initial effect is of a well integrated personality and one with the tendency to act at all times under a consideration of opposing views, through a sensitiveness to contrasting possibilities. (I like this section as I always endeavour to weigh up all sides of an argument before making a decision. Sometimes I believe I do this too much and it can become a weakness).

There is strength of will (downright bloody-mindedness some might say), frankness and independence (I would rather say a wish for independence which is at times thwarted), but tempered with caution (how right). There is an addiction to mental and rational interests which strangely contrast with moods of dreaminess and inattention when the mind becomes lost in the world of the imagination. (This is spot on. I daydream a lot, I engender the other man's grass is always greener syndrome and sometimes long for the open road and a farewell to care, but then realise it's probably cold and unpleasant out there anyway).

Despite the outward appearance, there is an underneath deep discontent (covered by my comments above). Personal responsibilities will be heavy and loneliness and depression will arise from lack of reciprocity from others (I have always wanted to please people, be accepted and loved).

However this can be overcome by the natural desire of the mind to realise self. Personal affairs are approached rationally and coolly and there is a keenness to work at educational or literary pursuits. (This is scarcely a difficult conclusion to make as Pete knew that I was a journalist. Over the years, however, I have become more and more interested in education as is shown by my study for an MA degree at university and also my involvement as a school governor).

Money is best made by ways to do with art, beauty etc but prosperity will come from a close association i.e marriage

or business partnership. Legacies can probably be expected. (I feel this is one of the areas that may not as yet have unfolded. My wages come from anything but matters of beauty). There is a danger in the desire to become grand through money and possessions and a leaning towards extravagance. (I would question this. I love a nice home and pleasant surroundings but would call myself anything but extravagant).

There is a gentle charm in speech and manner and the mind tends to enjoy friendly discussion, but this can lead to being easily deceived (yes and no here. I am a reasonably out front person who at times tends to be too open).

There is vision and readiness to change old ways but an unwillingness to submit to routine (spot on).

Love tends to be intense, secretive and passionate and is one of the ruling factors of this life (not after 30 years of marriage it doesn't!), but this can be a cause of domestic upsets. There may be some helpful changes in involvement (This report was written about a year before I met my wife).

There is a strong interest in travel (I have been to many countries) but it does not play a major role in the formation of this particular life pattern (This is very true as nearly all my travelling has been on holiday and not business).

Eccentricity is shown in ways of taking care of anybody and some success in psychic or occult investigation (still waiting for the latter).

Pete sums me up as follows:

A gentle, imaginative life, but with deep inner discontent Deep, intense love affairs Ability in the literary arts. Perhaps somebody who knows me might like to comment!

Anne was born in Knottingley, West Yorkshire, on October 3rd, 1951 and was educated at Pontefract Girls High School and the University of East Anglia where she gained a BA degree. She is the youngest of a family of eight (five brothers and two sisters)

After leaving university Anne trained to become a careers officer and worked in Chester before moving to Norfolk when she married Peter on July 24th, 1976 in Knottingley Parish Church.

Christopher Owen was born on February 24th, 1982 and Matthew David on January 10th, 1984. After staying at home to raise the boys, Anne trained as a teacher and taught at Woodside School in Hethersett and Cringleford School before taking early retirement. She still does supply teaching on a regular basis at Cringleford.

Like her husband, Anne is very involved in the local community and has fulfilled a number of functions at Hethersett Methodist Church including chair of a fundraising committee, steward and member of the church council. She has also been chair of Hethersett Churches Together and raised funds for NCH (Action for Children). She is currently chair of Hethersett and Tas Valley Cricket Club's social committee and has a number of hobbies including reading and walking.

The Sandall Line

We now move to Great Yarmouth to look at the Sandall line starting with my 3x great grandfather and grandmother - William Sandall and Sarah Nightingale. William was born in 1777 and I have to date a record of six of their children - William Thomas Sandall (born 1797), John Nightingale Sandall (born 1799), Sarah Sandall (born 1801), Edward Thomas Sandall (born 1803) and Sarah Francis Sandall (born 1804).

John Nightingale Sandall was my great great great grandfather and he married Elizabeth Ward and I have a record for them of six children - Charles Ward Sandall (born 1824), John William Sandall (born 1822), James Sandall (born 1826), Elizabeth Sandall (born 1829) and Joseph Sandall (born 1833), Edward James Sandall (born 1826). Charles Ward Sandall was my great great grandfather and he married Elizabeth Masterson. They had at least five children - Elizabeth Sandall (born 1853), Alice Sandall (born 1855), Charles Sandall (born 1860), Selina Eliza Sandall (born 1862), Henry Ward Sandall (born 1865).

Henry Ward was my great grandfather. He married Margaret Annie Edmonds and I have a record of them having four children - Selina Maud Sandall (born 1891), Ernest Sandall (born 1894), Henry Sandall (born 1898) and John William Sandall (b 1890). This is where my own personal memory can take over to some extent. Selina Maud Sandall was my maternal grandmother. Henry Sandall was always known as Harry and he lived at various times in Bells Road, Gorleston and I believe Cardiff Road, Norwich. I used to visit him and his wife Gladys who was born Eveline Gladys Withers. They had no children.

John William Sandall was always known as Jack and lived for much of his life in St Luke's Road, Tunbridge Wells in Kent. His first marriage was to Daisy Malcolm and I believe that she died and he married Myrtle Heasman who I remember as being a lovely white haired and quite statuesque lady. I also remember that Jack was secretary of Tunbridge Wells Football Club for many years. Jack and Daisy had two children - a boy Ron who I remember living in East Grinstead and Gladys who married Tom Poore and lived in Newlands Road in Tunbridge Wells. I visited Tom and Gladys on a regular basis.

Using the 1901 census I tracked my grandmother down to an address at 4, Wells Street, Great Yarmouth. At the time of the census she was three years old. My great grandfather Henry Ward Sandall was aged 36 and described as a "house painter." His wife Margaret is listed as 34 years of age. She and Henry were married in St Nicholas Church at Great Yarmouth on July 8th, 1888. Margaret Edmonds' home in the 1881 census is given as 105 George Street and her father is named as John Edmonds who was born in 1837 and whose occupation is given as a fisherman.

The remainder of the household consisted of John (aged 10), Selina (aged 9), Earnest (aged 7) and Henry (aged 3). All were born at Great Yarmouth.

To date I have a total of 124 people on my Sandall line and have also established a relationship with a former boss of mine when I was employed by Norfolk Constabulary. I was aware that Roger Sandall, who was a Chief Superintendent whilst I was Head of Media, originally came from Great Yarmouth and we were able to track down my Sandalls and his family living in close proximity to each other. Further research established that Roger is in fact my third cousin - a fact that gives me great joy as he was a fine police officer, a fine boss and now a personal friend who I still see regularly.

The Dew Line

My maternal grandfather was Frank Owen Dew. His name is interesting in that the Owen was passed to me as my middle name and subsequently to my eldest son as his middle name.

In the 1901 census Frank Dew lived at 118, King Street, Great Yarmouth and was 11 years of age. I was having considerable problems tracking down this side of the family until a chance contact via the Genes Re-united site which introduced me to another distant relative.

Denise Burton listed amongst her relatives a Frank Dew who was born in Great Yarmouth in 1890. This co-incided with the name and birth date of my own grandfather and it soon became obvious that myself and Denise shared the same family tree. Closer investigation establishes that we have the same great great grandfather William Dew who married Suzanna Yaxley. They had seven children, the youngest of whom was my great grandfather Francis Dew.

Francis was born in Great Yarmouth in 1856 and was married twice. The first was to Caroline Harper Bowles and together they had a daughter - Laura Dew. It is believed that Caroline died and Francis married Maria Stone and they had a son Frank who became my grandfather. Francis' occupation was greengrocer and a number of descendants along the Dew family line seem to have followed this profession.

With the help of Art Mitchell from Virginia (another branch of the Sandall dynasty), I have been able to establish that my Great Grandfather Henry had a brother and three sisters. Elizabeth, a dressmaker, was born in 1853, Alice, a waiter in a tap room, was born in 1855, Charles, a gas fitter's labourer, was born in 1860, and Selina Eliza was born in 1861. It is interesting to note that Henry and Margaret went on to name one of their children (my grandmother) Selina. This Charles married Sarah Jane Davey in St Nicholas Church, Great Yarmouth on 25th February, 1882. Henry is also likely to have had another sister Selina who died as an infant in 1858. It is likely that Selina Eliza was named after this dead infant.

Selina is not a common name, but it is one that seems to run through many generations of the Great Yarmouth Sandall family. Elizabeth, Alice, Charles, Selina and Henry appear to have been the children of Charles and Elizabeth

Sandall who were both born in 1825. Charles appears to have been the licensee at the Sir John Franklin Tavern at 56, Nelson Road, Great Yarmouth.

Further research shows that this tavern closed in 1904 when the "licence was given up in consideration of a new licence being granted for the Salisbury Arms in Cobholm." Cobholm is another area of Great Yarmouth. In the 1901 census there is a Charles Sandall listed for Great Yarmouth, aged 76, and described as a retired mariner. It is likely that on relinquishing the pub, Charles went to sea. It is also quite likely that the sea was his original vocation. A document listing ships in ports in County Durham in 1881 lists a Charles Sandall, aged 56, as a mate on the vessel Flora.

I recently visited Great Yarmouth and found that the former Sir John Franklin Tavern has now been split into two houses or flats. The outside of the building has been painted in what can only be described as burnt orange. Interestingly you can still see the bolts where the tavern sign would have hung.

The Present Day

I was born in Hellesdon just outside Norwich on October 9th, 1952. My full CV is available on this site.

I worked for many years as a journalist before spending 15 years working in public relations with Norfolk Constabulary. I married Anne Burton in Knottingley Parish Church on July 24th, 1976 at the age of 23.

Christopher Owen Steward was born on February 24th, 1982 and Matthew David Steward was born on January 10th, 1984. He now lives in Eastbourne.

Chris married Lynne Phillips in East Sussex, but was divorced. Matt married Emma Louise Frost in Hethersett Parish Church and they have had three children. Oliver David Steward was stillborn on September 1st, 2011, Elliot Oliver Steward was born on September 1st, 2012 and Poppy Rose Steward was born on February 6th, 2015.

I am beginning to put together individual pages for many of my ancestors and you can follow the links below:

- [William Steward 1770?](#)
- [George Steward 1808-1866](#)
- [Henry Steward 1817-1881](#)
- [Henry Steward 1830-1906](#)
- [Arthur Steward 1872-1900](#)
- [Phyllis Steward 1921-1982](#)
- [Anne Steward 1951](#)
- [Peter Steward 1952](#)
- [Christopher Owen Steward 1982](#)
- [Matthew David Steward 1984](#)
- [Elliot Oliver Steward 2012](#)
- [Poppy Rose Steward 2015](#)
- [The Sandall Line](#)
- [The Dew Line](#)
- [Other Notable Stewards](#)
- [History of Hellesdon](#)

The Rosary Cemetery, Norwich

The Rosary Cemetery was laid out in 1819 and was the first Nonconformist municipal cemetery in England. It was established by Presbyterian Minister the Reverend Thomas Drummond.

A board of trustees was set-up in 1819 and shareholders were collected in 1824.

Rev Drummond's wife was the first person to be buried there with her remains being re-interred from the Octagon Chapel in Colegate, Norwich). Between 1824 and 1884, 18,000 burials took place.

A lodge designed by Norwich architect J. S. Benest was built in 1860 and the mortuary chapel was re-designed by Edward Boardman of Norwich in 1879. Boardman is buried in the cemetery.

The cemetery was extended in 1903 with the purchase of additional land which was laid out in 1924. In 1954 the cemetery became the responsibility of Norwich City Council. The Friends of Rosary Cemetery was established in 1983.

The following members of the Dew family are buried in the Rosary Cemetery:

Ann Eliza Dew born 1844 buried 1893

Britiffe Edmund born 1817 buried 1872.

Britiffe Edmund born 1792 buried 1876.

Edmund Britiffe

Eliza born 1838 buried 1903.

Ella Elizabeth Born 1816 buried 1886.

Emily born 1810 buried 1894.

Frederick Duncan born 1830 buried 1898.

Henry James born 1822 buried 1885.

James born 1837 buried 1906.

Lawrence Thomas born 1820 buried 1884

Mary Ann born 1819 buried 1851

Rebecca Mayes (nee Dew)

Caroline

Sarah buried 1895

Sophie Ann born 1840 buried 1871



Above and below are two views of the chapel in the grounds of the Rosary Cemetery





More on the Dews buried in the Rosary Cemetery in Norwich

Ann Eliza Dew, died 12th November, 1893, aged 49 [B 5/178] Living in Blofield.

Sophia Ann Dew, died October 20th, 1871, wife of James Dew aged 31 Ann Eliza his wife died Nov 12 1893 aged 49 [abode Blofield]

Britiffe Edmund Dew died 12th July, 1876 aged 84 [B 174] Britiffe Edmund Dew died Feb 25 1872 aged 55 His wife Ella Elizabeth died Dec 13 1886 aged 70 Britiffe Edmund Dew died 12 Jul 1876 aged 84 He was for 55 years superintendant of this cemetery from its foundation in the year 1821

25.02.1872 DEW Britiffe Edmund 55 [B 174] Britiffe Edmund Dew died Feb 25 1872 aged 55 His wife Ella Elizabeth died Dec 13 1886 aged 70 Britiffe Edmund Dew died 12 Jul 1876 aged 84 He was for 55 years superintendant of this cemetery from its foundation in the year 1821

21.01.1929 DEW Caroline 89 [B 1/180] James husband of Caroline Dew died Sep 21 1906 aged 69 Caroline died Jan 21 1929 aged 89

19.07.1872 DEW Edmund Britiffe 33 [B 173] Edmund Britiffe Dew died at Stratford / Essex July 19 1872 aged 33 Rebecca Mayes [...] daughter of Britiffe Edmund & Mary Ann Dew died 1 Jun 1894 aged 75

24.07.1903 DEW Eliza 65 [B 1/176] Lawrence Thomas Dew died Nov 27 1884 in his 64th year Emily his wife died Dec 17 1894 aged 84 Eliza daughter of the late Britiffe Edmund Dew died Jul 24 1903 aged 65

13.12.1886 DEW Ella Elizabeth 70 [B 174] Britiffe Edmund Dew died Feb 25 1872 aged 55 His wife Ella Elizabeth died Dec 13 1886 aged 70 Britiffe Edmund Dew died 12 Jul 1876 aged 84 He was for 55 years superintendant of this cemetery from its foundation in the year 1821

17.12.1894 DEW Emily 84 [B 1/176] Lawrence Thomas Dew died Nov 27 1884 in his 64th year Emily his wife died Dec 17 1894 aged 84 Eliza daughter of the late Britiffe Edmund Dew died Jul 24 1903 aged 65

05.01.1898 DEW Frederick Duncan 67 [B 3/176] Frederick Duncan Dew died Jan 5 1898 in his 68th year [abode Chelsea]

13.12.1885 DEW Henry James 63 [B 172 Sq] Mary Ann wife of Henry James Dew died May 13 1851 aged 32 Henry James Dew died Dec 13 1885 aged 63 His wife Sarah died Oct [...] 1895 [abode Southtown / Gt Yarmouth]

21.09.1906 DEW James 69 [B 1/180] James husband of Caroline Dew died Sep 21 1906 aged 69 Caroline died Jan 21 1929 aged 89

27.11.1884 DEW Lawrence Thomas 63 [B 1/176] Lawrence Thomas Dew died Nov 27 1884 in his 64th year Emily his wife died Dec 17 1894 aged 84 Eliza daughter of the late Britiffe Edmund Dew died Jul 24 1903 aged 65

13.05.1851 DEW Mary Ann 32 [B 172 Sq] Mary Ann wife of Henry James Dew died May 13 1851 aged 32 Henry James Dew died Dec 13 1885 aged 63 His wife Sarah died Oct [...] 1895 [abode Southtown / Gt Yarmouth]

??10.1895 DEW Sarah ? [B 172 Sq] Mary Ann wife of Henry James Dew died May 13 1851 aged 32 Henry James Dew died Dec 13 1885 aged 63 His wife Sarah died Oct [...] 1895 [abode Southtown / Gt Yarmouth]

20.10.1871 DEW Sophia Ann 31 [B 5/178] Sophia Ann Wife of James Dew died Oct 20 1871 aged 31 Ann Eliza his wife died Nov 12 1893 aged 49 [abode Blofield]

Cunard White Star Ltd and SS Georgic

THE Cunard White Star Line operated between 1934 and 1949 and was the result of a merger between the Cunard Steam Ship Company and the White Star Line. Ships with names ending in ia were part of Cunard Line and those ending ic were part of the White Star Line.

SS Georgic II was built at the Belfast yard of Harland and Wolff and launched on 12th November, 1931. She was the last ship to be constructed by the White Star Line. She underwent sea trials on 4th June, 1932 and arrived in Liverpool on 12th June. Her maiden voyage was on June 25th between Liverpool and New York.

She became part of the Cunard White Star Line on 10th May, 1934.

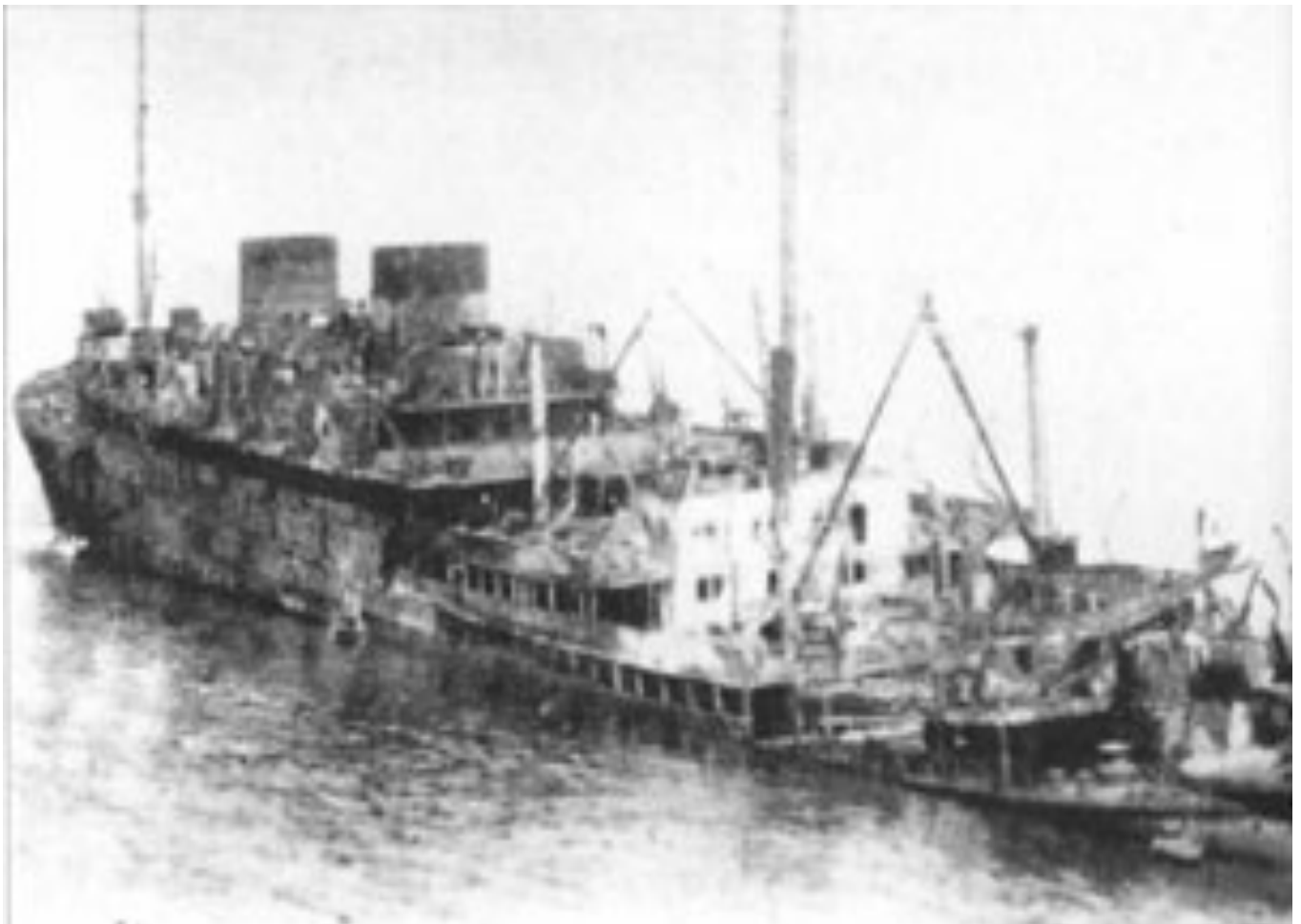


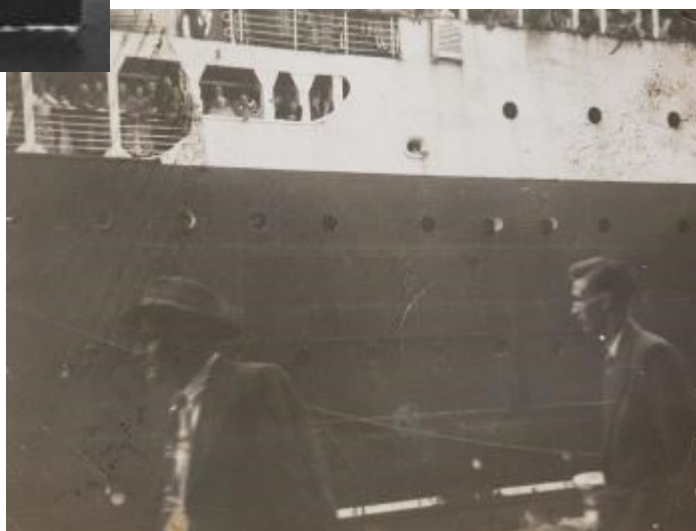
In May, 1940, the Georgic became a troopship capable of carrying 3000 troops. She evacuated British troops from Andesfjord and Narvik in Norway and later from Brest and St Nazir in France.

The vessel was bombed by German planes while anchored in the Gulf of Suez. She was set on fire and suffered severe damage and was beached, half submerged and burnt out.

It was decided to salvage the vessel and in 1942 she became a freight carrier. The vessel eventually returned to Liverpool and Belfast for more repairs before returning to war duties in Italy, the Middle East and India. In 1946 she repatriated over 5000 Italian prisoners-of-war. In 1948 she was refitted for the Australian and New Zealand emigrant service with White Star livery. She could carry 1,962 single class passengers.

In January, 1949, Georgic made her first sailing from Liverpool to Freemantle, Melbourne and Sydney with 1200 assisted passengers. In 1950 she returned to the Liverpool to New York route. She was scrapped in 1956.





Freemen of Norwich

The following members of the Dew family were made freemen of the city of Norwich:

Britiffe Edmund Dew - Hairdresser - admitted to the freemanship through being an apprentice on 14th August, 1848.

Edmund Britiffe Dew - Railway Clerk - admitted to the freemanship on 7th October, 1859.



The Dews of Salthouse

1841 Census

Parson's Corner

Thomas Dew	40	Agricultural Labourer
Susanna Dew	30	
Thomas Dew	11	
George Dew	8	
William Dew	1	

Purdy's Street

Eliza Dew	25	Wife of sailor
Edward Dew	4	
John Dew	2	
George Dew	6 months	

Cross Street

Thomas Dew	60	Agricultural Labourer
Ann Dew	60	

1851 Census

Marsh Street

Thomas Dew	49	Shepherd
Susan Dew	44	

George Dew	18	Agricul-
tural Labourer		
William Dew	10	Scholar
John Dew	8	Scholar
George Dew	44	Mariner
Eliza Dew	36	Char-
woman		
Edward Dew	14	Agricul-
tural Labourer		
John Dew	11	Cattle
Keeper		
George Dew	9	Bird
Keeper		
Elizabeth Dew	7	Scholar
William Dew	6	Scholar
Thomas Dew	4	
Charles Dew	2	

Cross Street

William Dew	48	Grocer
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1861

Cross Street

William Dew	General Shopkeeper
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Cley Road

George Dew	28	Agricultural Labourer
Martha Dew	26	Agricultural Labourer
John W. Dew	6	

Holt Road

Thomas Dew	59	
Agricultural Labourer		
Susanna Dew	56	
William Dew	20	
Sailor in the Merchant Ser-		
vice		
John Dew	18	
Shepherd		

1871

Cley Road

Thomas Dew	70	
Agricultural Labourer		
Susanna Dew	64	
George Dew	38	



Agricultural Labourer

Martha Dew	34
John Dew	10
Thomas Dew	6
Edward Dew	5
William Dew	3
James Dew	2 months

Cross Street

William Dew	67	Carpenter
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1881

Cley Road

George Dew	46	Agricultural Labourer
Ann Dew	40	
John Dew	20	Agricultural Labourer
Thomas Dew	16	Agricultural Labourer
Edward Dew	15	Agricultural Labourer
William Dew	12	Agricultural Labourer
James Dew	10	Scholar
Anne S. Dew	6	Scholar

Church Lane

William Dew	41
Elizabeth Dew	30
William Dew	5
Hannah Sar M	2 months

1891

Church Lane

William Dew	51
Carter	
Elizabeth Dew	40
William Dew	15
Agricultural Labourer	
Hannah S. M. Dew	10
Scholar	
Richard L. Dew	4
Cley Road	
John W. Dew	30
Agricultural Labourer	
Sarah Dew	30



Rebecca Dew	61	Tailoress
Ida R. Dew	1	
1901		
Kelling Road		
John Dew	40	Farmer
Sarah A Dew	39	
Ida Dew	11	
Annie Dew	9	
Olive Dew	7	
Harry Dew	6	
George Dew	3	
Sybil Dew	1	
William Dew	60	
General Labourer		



1/ Augustine Steward 1491-1571

Augustine Steward was born in 1491 in the Tombland house opposite the Erpingham Gate of Norwich Cathedral. His father, Geoffrey, was a Norwich mercer and alderman. Shortly after Augustine's birth the family moved from Tombland to a prestigious, stone-built house (Suckling House) in St. Andrews. Augustine was apprenticed to his father, who died in 1504. Augustine's mother then married John Clerk, a rich merchant and grocer. John was mayor of Norwich in 1505 and in 1510. Augustine's mother traded as Cecily Clerk with her own registered merchant's mark.

Augustine, known as Austen, became a highly successful Norwich mercer, who signed himself Awstyn Styward. He married twice and lived in the Tombland house where he was born. His first wife was Elizabeth Read of Beccles with whom he had a family of two sons and six daughters. His second wife, Alice Repps, from West Walton gave him a son and two daughters. Augustine was a Norwich councillor from 1522 to 1525, an alderman from 1526 to 1570 and Sheriff in 1526. He was Mayor in 1534, 1546 and 1556, a record that was only equalled by two other men within the sixteenth century. Augustine was also M.P for Norwich in 1542 and a Burgess in Parliament in 1547. During the sixteenth century, the office of mayor meant undertaking a demanding, full-time task for a year. A mayor's own business had to be successful and so arranged that it could run without him. The mayor was expected to use his personal funds for some civic hospitality. However, the Corporation did stage a three-part show to mark Steward's third term in office. It was recognised that Augustine had 'allwayes ben a good and modest man, hee was beloved of poore and rich'.

Steward's influence was prominent in the 1534 rebuilding of the Council Chamber of Norwich Guildhall. He was involved with purchasing Black Friars Church, (St. Andrew's Hall), from the Crown, for Norwich. A 1540 charter conveyed the Black Friar's Monastery to the city for £81, paid by 'our beloved Augustine Steward, of our city of Norwich, merchant.' A portrait of Augustine in his mayoral robes can be seen in the Blackfriars' Hall.

During Kett's Rebellion in 1549, Augustine played a leading part in negotiations between the King's army. Mayor Thomas was taken prisoner on Mousehold, appointed Steward his deputy. The ampton, representing the King, was in Steward's house. A plaque on the cathedral wall marks the spot, not far from Augustine's house, where the rebels killed Lord Sheffield and Sir Thomas. Some of Kett's followers ransacked but did not harm him. The Earl of Warwick used the house as his headquarters when he put down the rebellion.

Steward's home, opposite the cathedral, is a fine, surviving example of a successful Tudor merchant's trading-house with goods stored in the stone undercroft and a shop or workshop at street level. The family lived in the upper storeys. Augustine's house is jettied, and the timbers have warped over time giving the house a crooked appearance. An upper wing of brick, timber and plaster is built across Tombland Alley. Here you can see Augustine's merchant mark and that of the mercer's guild embossed on a corner stone, together with the date, 1549. Through the arch, the old house timbers are exposed and the carpenters' marks can be seen denoting the order in which the timbers were assembled on-site after being pre-cut in a timber yard. After Steward's death in 1571, the house became in turn, a butcher's, a broker's, an antique dealer's, a bookshop and a coffee house. At present it houses several antique dealers. Allegedly, there are underground passages leading from the crypt to the Cathedral and



Augustine Steward's house, between the rebels and the King's army. Heath by the rebellion. Steward's house used the down the rebellion.

is a fine, surviving

also to St. Gregory's church. The ghost of a 'Lady in Grey,' a 1578 plague victim, is said to haunt the house.

Augustine Steward owned Norfolk manors at Gowthorpe and at Welborne. His estate around Tombland extended along the north and west sides of St. George's churchyard into Prince's Street and included the site of an ancient inn. In later life he resided in a large, quadrangle house that he had built on Elm Hill, on the site of Paston Place originally owned by the Paston family. In 1507 all the houses on Elm Hill, except the modern Briton's Arms, had been destroyed by fire. Augustine's new house occupied the area now sub-divided into numbers 20, 22, 24 and 26. The carved beam over the archway of Crown Court bears Augustine Steward's merchant mark on the right and the arms of the mercer's guild on the left. Augustine Steward was buried in the church of St Peter Hungate.

The house on Tombland where Augustine Steward was born still exists and has been called Augustine Steward House. It is generally reputed to date to 1530, however Marion Hardy, in an unpublished biography of Steward, discloses an earlier date for the house in the 1504 will of Augustine's father, in which the house was mentioned as the location of Steward's birth in 1491. Perhaps the 1491 house was damaged in the 1507 fires of Norwich and Augustine Steward rebuilt in 1530.



2/ William Steward (1761-1841)

The history of Great Yarmouth includes details of a man by the name of William Steward. It refers to a house owned by the Spurgeon family being bought by William Steward, eldest son of Timothy Steward.

William married a daughter of Mr James Brown of Halvergate. He practised as a solicitor in conjunction with Nathaniel Palmer under the name Steward and Palmer. He then left the law after becoming possessed of an ample fortune and devoted much of his time and abilities to promote whatever tended to advance the interests of his native town. For many years he was a leading member of the Paving Commission before that body became the Local Board of Health. He promoted the establishment of the Town Hospital and for several years was chairman of the management committee.

He was the first chairman of the Victoria Building Company. He was a Norfolk magistrate and described as of upright and consistent conduct and great benevolence. He died in 1841, aged 80.

Sir William Arthur Steward (20th April 1901- May 1987)

Sir William Steward was born in 1901 and ironically was an owner of Hethersett Hall before it became a care home. I say ironically because I live in the village of Hethersett. Hethersett Hall was built by John Luke Iselin who was born in Basel. A stone on the floor in the nave of Hethersett Church bears the inscription – in memory of John Luke Iselin.

The Hall's first occupier was Thomas Back, a Norwich solicitor. Sir William Steward owned Hethersett Hall some time after 1976. An undated newspaper cutting describes Hethersett Hall as an outstanding country house standing in one of the most beautiful parks in the area, overlooking open countryside and grazing land to its private lake. At the time of the cutting Hethersett Hall was being offered for sale through Temples Estate Agents for a price in the region of £200,000 It was further described as "a grand Georgian house, standing about six miles from the city (Norwich) off the London A11 road (now the B1172) in about 43 acres of land.

The Eastern Evening News of 3rd April, 1979 had an article entitled "King Curry sells his Norfolk home." There was a picture of Sir William Steward standing in front of the hall.

Sir William Steward was the son of Mr and Mrs W. A Steward. His father was head gardener in Norwich Cathedral Close. He was educated at the Norwich Model School and privately and during the Second World War served as a senior catering officer with the Royal Air Force, reaching the rank of Squadron Leader.

Sir William was an expert in the field of curry foods and became the owner of the famous Veeraswamys Indian Restaurant in London. Later he became owner of a company manufacturing canned curry products.

His story is a classic rags to riches tale. Born in Norwich, he rose from an office boy earning five shillings a week to become the owner of the internationally renowned restaurant. He became an expert on curries by travelling over 200,000 miles to research the subject and his expertise in the field led to him being nicknamed "King Curry."

Sir William sold the restaurant around 1967 and launched a company manufacturing canned curried products using the Veeraswamy name. After working as an office boy, Sir William sought his fortune in London at the age of 19. He was articled to a firm of chartered accountants, was secretary of three restaurant companies by the age of 22, and at 28 became a managing director and at 30 chairman of those companies. In 1935 he became chairman of Veeraswamys. He had taken over the restaurant in 1930 and was married to one of the top singers of the time - Greta Gaye of whom I haven't been able to find anything about. Throughout the 1930s trade was very difficult but the couple used great resourcefulness and came through the challenging times. In the 1940s and 1950s the restaurant became a great success. The first ever curry in a can was introduced under Veeraswamy Food Products brand in the early 1950s. The restaurant was sold by Sir William in 1967. The food products business under the Veeraswamy name continued in to be owned by the couple until his death.

He was subsequently made a freeman of the City of London and was a member of London County Council from 1949 to 1952 and a Master of the Worshipful Company of Distillers from 1953 to 1959. He was also a member of the Council of the Caterers' Association. He became a Member of Parliament when he won Woolwich West for the Conservative Party in 1950, holding the seat until he retired nine years later. He had previously stood for the parliamentary seat of Southwark Central in the 1945 election but had failed to gain election. He was elected chairman of the London Conservative Union in 1953.

While an MP, Sir William was chairman of the Kitchens' Committee in the House of Commons and was the first Chairman for 100 years to make the department profitable. He was knighted in 1955 at the age of 54. He maintained close links with Norwich and was a keen supporter of Norwich City Football Club. When Norwich City were promoted to the Second Division in 1933, he gave a dinner at Romano's, the restaurant he then owned, for the directors, manager and players.

Sir William was also a trustee of the Great Hospital in Norwich.

In the 1911 census William Steward was aged nine and described as a schoolboy. His address was given as 49 Cathedral Close and the remainder of his family consisted of father William Steward (37), mother Clara Steward (37) and brother George Steward (11).

More About The Veeraswamy Restaurant

This is located at 99-101 Regent Street and was opened in 1926 by Edward Palmer, the great grandson of an English soldier and an Indian Princess. In its early years it served Anglo-Indian cuisine but now serves more regionalised Indian dishes. Sir William Steward took over the restaurant in 1930. The first ever curry in a can was introduced under the Veeraswamy brand in the early 1950s. The restaurant was sold by Sir William in 1967 but the food products business under the Veeraswamy name continued to be owned by the couple into the 1990s. Now the restaurant is preparing to celebrate its 90th birthday in 2016.

Fred Steward

The book "Norwich Blitz" by Martin W. Bowman, includes a photograph of the home of the Steward Family at 80 Bull Close Road, Norwich. Fred Steward is perched on one of the bottom floor windows. They had a lucky escape on 19th July 1940 when a lone bomber dropped seven bombs in the Botolph Street, St George Street and Magdalen Street areas of Norwich. Nos. 20,22 and 24 Bull Close and the rear of the Cat and Fiddle pub were hit.

Stewards in America

According to records, the Stewards of New Jersey were descended from the Stewards of Norfolk, Suffolk and Cambridgeshire where they were quite numerous in the 16th century. WALTER(1) STEWARD, third hereditary High Steward of Scotland (pictured opposite), was the first to assume the surname. He was the son of Alan, who died in 1204. Alan was son of Walter, who died in 1177, and was the first high steward. This Walter, known as Walter Fitzalan, went to Scotland as one of the military aides of King David I: he was the second son of Alan Fitzlaad, a Norman chieftain who came into England with William, the Conqueror, in 1066 and was given land in Shropshire.

Walter(1) died in 1246, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Alexander. ALEXANDER(2) STEWARD, Fourth High Steward of Scotland, died in 1283. He had three sons—James, Fifth High Steward and progenitor of the royal line of Stewarts; John, ancestor of many noble families of Stewarts, including the earls of Lennox, and Andrew. ANDREW(3) STEWARD, third son of the fourth high steward, had a son Alexander. {The position of this Andrew in the pedigree was formerly a matter of dispute among historians, but his place is now generally accepted.}

ALEXANDER(4) STEWARD, called "the fierce," is said to have killed a lion with a club, and on that account he received an addition to his arms. He had a son, Sir John. JOHN(5) STEWARD, son of Alexander, the fierce, was a second cousin to King Robert(5) II, and was one of the attendants of James(7) Stewart, prince of Scotland, when the boy was to be sent to France in 1402 for safety. The ship carrying the prince was taken by the English, and James was kept a prisoner for many years. John Steward remained in England, and in 1408 he was knighted by

King Henry IV. He was called the Scot-Angle. He fought in the English army in France and is believed to have perished in the battle of Agincourt, 1415. JOHN(6) STEWARD, son of the first Sir John, was knighted in 1420 by King Henry V, and was given a gilt cup by Queen Catherine at her coronation.

THOMAS(7) STEWARD, son of the second Sir John, settled at Swaffham Market, Norfolk, and became a famous mariner. He died in 1470. RICHARD(8) STEWARD, son of Thomas, married a daughter of John Boreley. NICHOLAS(9) STEWARD, son of Richard, married Cecilia, daughter of John Baskerville, and died in 1520. He is referred to variously as Nicholas Steward of Wells, of Outwell, and of Upwell. His third son, Robert, became a monk at Ely; he was a graduate of Cambridge, 1520, and was made prior of Ely about 1522: he surrendered the monastery of King Henry VIII and was granted a pension of 120 Pounds; In 1541, when the see of Ely was refounded, he was made its first dean, and he is said to have obtained a confirmation of the Steward pedigree: he died in 1557 and was buried in Ely Cathedral.

Nicholas's(9) second son, Nicholas(10), received in 1548 a lease of the rectory of Ely from his brother, the dean: his son William(11) had the lease renewed to him in 1665; he was also buried in Ely Cathedral. William(11) Steward, son of Nicholas(10), was the father of Sir Thomas(12) of Cambridge, who married Bridget, daughter of John Poole of Cheshire, and was knighted by King James VI in 1604; Elizabeth(12) Steward, sister of Sir Thomas, was the mother of Oliver Cromwell.

SIMON(10) STEWARD, fourth son of the first Nicholas, lived at Stuntney, Cambridge, which he received for Knight's service from King Edward VI, and died in 1568. His third son, Mark, was knighted in 1603, when 79 years old, by King James VI: he died the following November and was buried in Ely Cathedral. Sir Mark(11) Steward was the father of Sir Simon (or Simeon), who wrote a graceful poem called THE FAEREY KING, and was knighted with his father in 1603.

HOMAS (11) STEWARD, fifth son of the first Simon, settled at Mildenhall, Suffolk. He was the father of Thomas Steward of Barton Mills, Suffolk, and Simon. SIMON(12) STEWARD, son of Thomas of Mildenhall, settled at Mobberley, Cheshire. He was a second cousin of Oliver Cromwell's mother. He died in 1651 at Mobberley, leaving a widow Margery and children Simon, James, John, Henry, Margaret, and Elizabeth and Mary. Simon, the younger, died at Mobberley in 1664; James went to London and became an educator; John remained at Mobberley, and Henry died at that place in 1682.

JOHN(13) STEWARD, third son of Simon, the elder, became a Quaker. He died at Mobberley in 1695, and Ellen, his widow, died at Macclesfield, Cheshire, in 1710, at the age of 74 years. The births of their nine children were given on page 105, tome A of the STEWART CLAN MAGAZINE.. JOSEPH(14) STEWARD, fourth son of John and Ellen, came to America at the age of 18 in 1682, sailing from Liverpool in the ship SUBMISSION with James Harrison, agent of William Penn. . . (Edson, STEWART CLAN MAGAZINE, January, 1936, Tome C, pp. 161-2)

Name Meanings

The meaning and derivation of some of the surnames used in this family history.

his is an Anglo-Saxon occupational surname of both Scottish and English origin. It derives from the Olde English pre 7th Century "stigward", the Middle English (1200 - 1500) "stiward", being a compound of "stig", household, and "ward" guardian; the term was generally used to mean "an officer controlling the domestic affairs of a household", used especially of the Royal Household. After the Norman Conquest of 1066 it was adopted as the native equivalent of the French "seneschal", for the steward or manager of an estate or manor. The Scottish office of Lord High Steward fell to the Crown on the accession of Robert the Steward as Robert 11, whence the name of the Royal House of Stuart. The christening of Alice Steward was recorded at St. Mary's, Whitechapel, Stepney, in London, on October 10th 1568. One William Steward was an early emigrant to the New World colonies, leaving London on the "Expedition" in November 1635, bound for the Barbadoes. The first recorded spelling of the family name is shown to be that of Roger Stiwerd, which was dated 1130, in the "Pipe Rolls of Derbyshire", during the reign of King Henry 1, known as "The Lion of Justice", 1100 - 1135. Surnames became necessary when governments introduced personal taxation. In England this was known as Poll Tax. Throughout the centuries, surnames in every country have continued to "develop" often leading to astonishing variants of the original spelling.

Read more: <https://www.surnamedb.com/Surname/Steward#ixzz6CpNZFjgN>

his unusual name, with the variants Dow, Dove and Dew, is of Scottish (and sometimes Irish) Gaelic Origin, and is the Anglicized form of the Gaelic word "dubh", dark, black, in Old Gaelic "dub". This word was frequently used as a personal name, by itself or as a shortened form of a longer double-stemmed name, and as a nickname or byname for a swarthy man, or perhaps for someone of a "dark" temperament. The patronymic form of the name is "MacDuff" or "McDuff", meaning "Son of Duff". In 1341 Brokynus Duff was one of an inquisition on lands in Aberdeen, and in the following year Machabeus Duff is on record as burgess of Cullen in 1342. The marriage of James Duff and Margaret Still was recorded at St. Margaret's, Westminster, in London, on March 16th, 1645. The first recorded spelling of the family name is shown to be that of Duncan Duff (witness), which was dated 1275, in the "Charters of the Priory of Beaulieu", during the reign of King Alexander 111, King of Scotland, 1249 - 1286. Surnames became necessary when governments introduced personal taxation. In England this was known as Poll Tax. Throughout the centuries, surnames in every country have continued to "develop" often leading to astonishing variants of the original spelling.

Read more: <https://www.surnamedb.com/Surname/Dew#ixzz6CpOYNQb2>

his intriguing name is of English origin and is locational from places so called in the West Riding of Yorkshire, e.g. Kirk and Long, Sandall, and Sandal Magna. The former is recorded in the Domesday Book of 1086 as 'Sandala' with a subsequent recording in the early Yorkshire Charters of 1148 as 'Sandhala', while the latter, although identical in the Domesday Book has a later recording as 'Le Sandehale' in the 'Inquisitions Miscellaneous' of 1318. The derivations of all of these places are the same and are from the Olde English pre 7th Century 'sand', meaning a sandbank or sandy soil, with the Olde English 'hall', land in a corner formed by a bend in the river. During the Middle Ages it became common for people to migrate from their birth place to seek work, and they would often adopt the village name as a means of identification, thus resulting in the wide dispersal of the name. One Johannes Sandall is recorded in the Pipe Rolls of Yorkshire in 1379. The first recorded spelling of the family name is shown to be that of Peter de Sandal, which was dated 1188, in the Chartulary of Whalley Abbey, Lancashire, during the reign of King Henry 11, known as the Builder of Churches, 1154 - 1189. Surnames became necessary when governments introduced personal taxation. In England this was known as Poll Tax. Throughout the centuries, surnames in every country have continued to "develop" often leading to astonishing variants of the original spelling.

Read more: <https://www.surnamedb.com/Surname/Sandall#ixzz6CpPSl5rY>

his famous surname spelt in many forms including Pain, Payn, Payne, Paine, Paines, Paynes, Pagan, Pagon and Fitzpayn, is medieval English but of French and ultimately Roman origins. It derives from the pre 7th century personal name "Pagen", itself from the word "paien" and the earlier Latin "paganus". The original meaning was a villager or rustic, and later a heathen! Curiously this unusual background does not seem to have proved a bar to its popularity as a Christian name. In England it is first recorded in the famous Domesday Book of 1086, with that of Edmund filius Pagen of Somerset, whilst Reginoldus filius Pain appears in the Knight Templars (Crusader) register of Lincolnshire in 1185. Other recordings taken from early surviving rolls and charters include Jone Pane of Worcester in 1190, Stephen Paynes of London, in the Patent Rolls of 1230, John Pagan of Worcester, in the Hundred Rolls of 1275, and Roberd le Fitzpayn of Lancashire in 1305. Amongst the earliest recordings of colonists in the New World is that of Susanna Pain, the daughter of Robert and Elisabeth Pain. She was baptised in the parish of St.

Michael's, Barbados, on August 5th 1678. A coat of arms associated with the family name was granted on January 12th 1586 by Queen Elizabeth 1st (1558 - 1603). It has the blazon of a gold shield, charged with three golden heraldic roses on a bend engrailed between two cotises. Surnames became necessary when governments introduced personal taxation. In England this was sometimes known as the Poll Tax. Throughout the centuries, surnames in every country have continued to "develop" often leading to astonishing variants of the original spelling.

Read more: <https://www.surnamedb.com/Surname/Payne#ixzz6CpQ2Yosd>

his interesting name is one of the many patronymic forms of Edmond, which is derived from the Middle English (1200 - 1500) given name "Edmund" from the Old English pre 7th Century "Eadmund", composed of the elements "ead", prosperity, fortune, and "mund, protection. In medieval England and France the name was often bestowed in honour of the East Anglian King, St. Edmund the martyr, who was killed by pagan Danish invaders in 869. The name development since 1210 (see below) includes the following: John Edmond (1275, Worcestershire), Sibil Edmund (1275, Worcestershire), William Admond (1349, Cambridgeshire), Robert Edmondson (1379, Yorkshire) and John Edmundson (1414, Yorkshire). The modern surname can be found as Edmond(s), Edmons, Edmund(s), Edmondson and Edmundson. An interesting namebearer was Sir William Edmonds, who was a Scottish colonel in the Dutch service; he was killed during the defence of Rhineberg in 1606. Henry, son of Henry and Jane Edmonds, was christened on September 10th 1749 at All Hallows, London Wall, London. The first recorded spelling of the family name is shown to be that of Nicholaus Edmundus, which was dated 1210, Curia Regis Rolls, Cambridgeshire, during the reign of King John, known as "Lackland", 1199 - 1216. Surnames became necessary when governments introduced personal taxation. In England this was known as Poll Tax. Throughout the centuries, surnames in every country have continued to "develop" often leading to astonishing variants of the original spelling.

Read more: <https://www.surnamedb.com/Surname/Edmonds#ixzz6CplpkDNg>

his most interesting and unusual surname, with variant spellings Engeldow, Ingledow, Engledew, Yngoldewe etc., first appearing in its semi-Latinized form "Angel-Dei" in the latter part of the 13th Century, (see below), is ultimately believed to derive from any of the various Anglo-Scandinavian personal names such as Ingledew, from the old Scandinavian Ingialdr. Ing was the name of a minor Norse god of fertility and the element "ing" means "swelling" or "protuberance", plus "gialdr", tribute; hence, "Ing's tribute". One, John Angel-Dei, translating as "John, the Messenger (Angel) of God", was recorded in the 1274 "Hundred Rolls of Lincolnshire". On August 11th 1549 William Yngoldewe and Alys Bate were married in St. Margarets, Westminster, London. John Ingledewe and Elinor Stanney were married in London in 1588, and on October 16th 1698 the christening of Mary, daughter of John Engledew, took place in St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Westminster. Mary Engledow an infant was christened in St. Luke's, Old Street, Finsbury on May 25th 1766. The first recorded spelling of the family name is shown to be that of Henry Angel-Dei, which was dated 1273, "The Hundred Rolls of Lincolnshire", during the reign of King Edward 1st, "The Hammer of the Scots", 1272 - 1307. Surnames became necessary when governments introduced personal taxation. In England this was known as Poll Tax. Throughout the centuries, surnames in every country have continued to "develop" often leading to astonishing variants of the original spelling.

Read more: <https://www.surnamedb.com/Surname/Engledow#ixzz6CpQjcrbF>

The Royal Connection

William Edmonds (1712-1781) was my 6 x great grandfather and married Mary.

Their son Samuel was my 5 x great grandfather and was born in 1760. He married Elizabeth Church who was born in 1761. They had five children including my 4 x great grandfather John Edmonds who was born in 1790 and married Abigail Turner who was born in 1792.

John Edmonds' sisters included Keziah Edmonds (1782-1849) who married Ormond Smith (1782-1862)

Smith was the illegitimate son of Richard Colley Wellesley (1760-1842) and Hyacinthe Gabrielle Roland (1760-1816). Adopted by a Mr Smith and a Mrs Howard. Smith's sister was Anne Wellesley. She married Willem Cavendish-Bentinck and their children included Charles Cavendish-Bentinck.

He married Caroline Burnaby and their offspring included Cecilia Cavendish-Bentinck who married Claude Bowes-Lyon. Their daughter Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon married King George VI and their daughter is our current Queen Elizabeth II.

That makes the Queen the third great niece of the husband of my fifth great aunt.

Relationship between Elizabeth Windsor & peter steward.



Richard Wellesley

Father in law of my fifth great aunt

Richard Colley Wellesley, 1st Marquess Wellesley, KG, PC, PC (Ire) (20 June 1760 – 26 September 1842) was an Irish and British politician and colonial administrator. He was styled as Viscount Wellesley until 1781, when he succeeded his father as 2nd Earl of Mornington.

In 1799, he was granted the Irish peerage title of Marquess Wellesley. He first made his name as Governor-General of Bengal between 1798 and 1805, and he later served as Foreign Secretary in the British Cabinet and as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

He was the eldest son of The 1st Earl of Mornington, an Irish peer, and Anne, the eldest daughter of The 1st Viscount Dungannon. His younger brother, Arthur, was Field Marshal The 1st Duke of Wellington.

Wellesley was born in 1760 in Dangan Castle in County Meath, Ireland, where his family was part of the Ascendancy, the old Anglo-Irish aristocracy. He was educated at the Royal School, Armagh, Harrow School and Eton College, where he distinguished himself as a classical scholar, and at Christ Church, Oxford. He is one of the few men known to have attended both Harrow and Eton.

In 1780, he entered the Irish House of Commons as the member for Trim until the following year when, at his father's death, he became 2nd Earl of Mornington, taking his seat in the Irish House of Lords. He was elected Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Ireland in 1782, a post he held for the following year. Due to the extravagance of his father and grandfather, he found himself so indebted that he was ultimately forced to sell all the Irish estates. However, in 1781, he was appointed to the coveted position of Custos Rotulorum of Meath.

In 1784, he joined the British House of Commons as member for the rotten borough of Bere Alston in Devon. Soon afterwards he was appointed a Lord of the Treasury by William Pitt the Younger.

In 1793, he became a member of the Board of Control over Indian affairs; and, although he was best known for his speeches in defence of Pitt's foreign policy, he was gaining the acquaintance with Oriental affairs which made his rule over India so effective from the moment when, in 1797, he accepted the office of Governor-General.

Wellesley's rule in India saw enormous and rapid extension of British power. He was an excellent administrator and founded Fort William College, a training centre intended for those who would be involved in governing India. In connection with this college, he established the governor-general's office, to which civilians who had shown talent at the college were transferred, in order that they might learn something of the highest statesmanship in the immediate service of their chief. A free-trader like Pitt, he endeavoured to remove some of the restrictions on the trade between Britain and India

Both the commercial policy of Wellesley and his educational projects brought him into hostility with the court of directors, and he more than once tendered his resignation, which, however, public necessities led him to postpone till the autumn of 1805. He reached England just in time to see Pitt before his death. He had been created a Peer of Great Britain in 1797 as Baron Wellesley, and in 1799 became Marquess Wellesley in the Peerage of Ireland.

It must also be mentioned, perhaps ironically in light of his own marriages, that the then Earl of Mornington, strongly disapproved of British-Indian liaisons and was in large measure personally responsible for the change of attitude from the early days of the East India Company where the number of British-Indian liaisons was quite high, and the later attitudes of the Raj.[8]

On the fall of the coalition ministry in 1807 Wellesley was invited by George III to join the Duke of Portland's cabinet, but he declined, pending the discussion in parliament of certain charges brought against him in respect of his Indian administration. Resolutions condemning him for the abuse of power were moved in both the Lords and Commons, but defeated by large majorities.

In 1809, Wellesley was appointed ambassador to Spain. A few months later, after the duel between George Canning and Robert Stewart, Viscount Castlereagh, and the resignation of both, Wellesley accepted the post of Foreign Secretary in Spencer Perceval's cabinet. Unlike his brother Arthur, he was an eloquent speaker, but was subject to inexplicable "black-outs" when he was apparently unaware of his surroundings.

He held this office until February 1812, when he retired, partly from dissatisfaction at the inadequate support given to Wellington by the ministry, but also because he had become convinced that the question of Catholic emancipation



could no longer be kept in the background. From early life Wellesley had, like his brother Arthur, been an advocate of Catholic emancipation, and with the claim of the Irish Catholics to justice he henceforward identified himself. On Perceval's assassination he, along with Canning, refused to join Lord Liverpool's administration, and he remained out of office till 1821. He was one of the peers who signed the protest against the enactment of the Corn Laws in 1815. His reputation never fully recovered from a fiasco in 1812 when he was expected to make a crucial speech denouncing the new Government, but suffered one of his notorious "black-outs" and sat motionless in his place.

For many years Wellesley lived with Hyacinthe-Gabrielle Roland, an actress at the Palais Royal. She had three sons and two daughters by Wellesley before he married her on 29th November 1794. He moved her to London, where Hyacinthe was generally miserable, as she never learned English and she was scorned by high society:

Their children included:

Richard Wellesley (1787–1831), a member of parliament

Anne Wellesley (1788–1875), who married firstly Sir William Abdy, 7th Baronet, and secondly Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Charles Bentinck.

Hyacinthe Mary Wellesley (1789–1849), who married Edward Littleton, 1st Baron Hatherton

Gerald Wellesley (1792–1833), who served as the East India Company's resident at Indore.

The Rev. Henry Wellesley (1794–1866), Principal of New Inn Hall, Oxford.

Edward John Johnstone (1795-1877)

Through his eldest daughter Lady Charles Bentinck (Anne Wellesley), Richard Wellesley is a great-great-great grandfather to Queen Elizabeth II.

Wellesley also had at least two other illegitimate sons by his teenage mistress, Elizabeth Johnston, including Edward (later his father's secretary), born in Middlesex in 1796. Wellesley's children were seen by Richard's other relatives, including his brother Arthur, as greedy, unattractive and cunning, and as exercising an unhealthy influence over their father; in the family circle they were nicknamed "The Parasites".

Following his first wife's death in 1816, he married, on 29th October 1825, the widowed Marianne (Caton) Patterson (died 1853), whose mother Mary was the daughter of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the last surviving signatory of the United States Declaration of Independence; her former sister-in-law was Elizabeth Patterson Bonaparte. They had no children. If not as unhappy as his first marriage, it was generally regarded as a failure. Wellington, who was very fond of Marianne (rumour had it that they were lovers) and was then on rather bad terms with his brother, pleaded with her not to marry him, warning her in particular that "The Parasites", (Richard's children by Hyacinthe) would see her as an enemy.[

In 1821, he was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Catholic emancipation had now become an open question in the cabinet, and Wellesley's acceptance of the viceroyalty was believed in Ireland to herald the immediate settlement of the Catholic claims but they would remain unfulfilled. Some efforts were made to placate Catholic opinion, notably the dismissal of the long-serving Attorney-General for Ireland, William Saurin, whose anti-Catholic views had made him bitterly unpopular. Lord Liverpool died without having grappled with the problem. His successor Canning died only a few months after taking up office as Prime Minister, to be succeeded briefly by Lord Goderich.

On the assumption of office by Wellington, his brother resigned the lord-lieutenancy. He is said to have been deeply hurt by his brother's failure to find a Cabinet position for him (Arthur made the usual excuse that one cannot give a Cabinet seat to everyone who wants one). He had, however, the satisfaction of seeing the Catholic claims settled in the next year by the very statesmen who had declared against them. In 1833, he resumed the office of Lord



Lieutenant under Earl Grey, but the ministry soon fell, and, with one short exception, Wellesley did not take any further part in official life.

On his death, he had no successor in the marquessate, but the earldom of Mornington and minor honours devolved on his brother William, Lord Maryborough, on the failure of whose issue in 1863 they fell to the 2nd Duke of Wellington.

He and Arthur, after a long estrangement, had been once more on friendly terms for some years: Arthur wept at the funeral, and said that he knew of no honour greater than being Lord Wellesley's brother.

Wellesley was buried in Eton College Chapel, at his old school..

The Township of Wellesley, in Ontario, Canada, was named in Richard Wellesley's honour, despite the many references (e.g.: Waterloo, Wellington County) to his brother, Arthur Wellesley in the surrounding area, as was Wellesley Island, located in the St. Lawrence river at Alexandria Bay. Wellesley Island also serves as the last point exiting the United States before crossing to Hill Island, in Canada.

Province Wellesley, in the state of Penang, Malaysia; was named after Richard Wellesley. It was originally part of the state of Kedah. It was ceded to the British East India Company by the Sultan of Kedah in 1798, and has been part of the settlement and state of Penang ever since. Now it has been renamed Seberang Perai in the Malay language.

The Wellesley Islands off the north coast of Queensland, Australia, were named by Matthew Flinders in honour of Richard Wellesley. The largest island in the group is Mornington Island.

Mornington Peninsula, south of Melbourne, was named after him.



Hyacinthe Wellesley (nee Roland)

Mother in law of fifth great aunt.

Hyacinthe-Gabrielle Wellesley, Marchioness Wellesley (1766 – 7 November 1816), formerly Hyacinthe Gabrielle Fagan and also known as Hyacinthe Gabrielle Roland was a French actress who became the mistress, and later the wife, of Richard Wellesley, 1st Marquess Wellesley of Norragh.

She was born as Hyacinthe-Gabrielle Roland in Paris, the daughter of Pierre Roland and Hyacinthe Gabrielle Varis.

Wellesley, the son of Garret Wesley, 1st Earl of Mornington, met Roland at the Palais Royal where she was an actress. She spoke no English, and they lived together for some years without marrying. He succeeded as 2nd Earl of Mornington in 1781.

They married on 29th November 1794 at St George's, Hanover Square, London. Following their marriage, she became Countess of Mornington, but remained a social outcast. Prior to their marriage, they had three sons and two daughters:

Richard Wellesley (1787–1831), a member of parliament

Anne Wellesley (1788–1875), who married firstly Sir William Abdy, 7th Baronet, and secondly Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Charles Bentinck

Hyacinthe Mary Wellesley (1789–1849), who married Edward Littleton, 1st Baron Hatherton

Gerald Wellesley (1792–1833), who served as the East India Company's resident at Indore.[3]

Rev. Henry Wellesley (1794–1866), Principal of New Inn Hall, Oxford.[4]

Through their daughter Anne, Wellesley and his wife are great-great-great grandparents to Queen Elizabeth II.

By 1801, her letters to Wellesley were accusing him both of infidelity with another Frenchwoman, Madame de Cocrement, and of neglect of his family. On the earl's return to Britain, he purchased Apsley House as a family home, but the couple quickly became estranged and he took another mistress. They formally separated in 1810, and she left the house, to live first in Grosvenor Square and then in Great Cumberland Place.

She died at Teddesley Hall, Staffordshire, a house belonging to the local MP, Edward Littleton, who had married her daughter Hyacinthe in 1812.



Ormond H Smith

Husband of fifth great aunt



William Howard Smith

First cousin 5x removed

William Howard Smith (1814-1890), master mariner and ship-owner, was born in Great Yarmouth, the son of Ormond Smith, mariner, ship-owner and mail contractor for Amsterdam and Rotterdam, Holland, and his wife Kesier, née Edmonds. At 10 Howard Smith went on his first voyage; he later studied navigation and qualified as a master. He became a partner of his father at 21 and was given command of the steamship Adonis. For some years he was employed by Malcolmson Bros, ship-owners, and sailed to Dutch, Spanish and Latin American ports. His first wife Anna Geil, née Hansen, died without issue; in 1854 he brought his second wife Agnes Rosa née Allen, and their five children to Australia.



With S. P. O. Skinner, a marine engineer, Smith had bought the Express, a 136-ton schooner-rigged steamer, and entered the Port Phillip Bay trade between Melbourne and Geelong. After eight good years Smith sold out to his Geelong agent, T. J. Parker, later a founding partner of Huddart, Parker & Co., and entered the intercolonial trade. In 1862 he and his family revisited Europe. He bought the steamer Kief, renamed it You Yangs, and from mid-1864 commanded it in competition with the powerful Australasian Steam Navigation Co. between Melbourne, Sydney and Newcastle. The venture was successful and two years later he bought another steamship in England, the Dandenong. It was his last command and he remained ashore after 1870.

Establishing himself in the Newcastle coal trade, Howard Smith formed a limited partnership with L. J. L. Burke, who had a large coal business in Melbourne in the mid-1860s; he acquired the firm afterwards and it became one of Melbourne's largest and most efficient coal importers, constantly acquiring vessels because of the growing demand for passenger and general cargo services from Melbourne to all the eastern coast ports. In the late 1870s he had three of his sons in the partnership and they took charge of the Melbourne, Sydney and Brisbane offices. The firm became a limited liability company in September 1883, William Howard Smith and Sons Ltd, with a nominal capital of £1 million, paid up to £500,000: all the £10 shares issued were taken up by the family. He became managing director at Melbourne and his second son, Edmund, at Sydney. Howard Smith retired from active management in 1884 and his sons Walter S. and Arthur Bruce succeeded him. He continued as chairman until 1887.

Smith was a justice of the peace, a director of many commercial companies, a commissioner of the Melbourne Harbor Trust in 1884 and a member of the Marine Board of Victoria in the late 1880s. He was also a committee-man of the Melbourne Sailors' Home in 1874-80 and chairman next year, and a committee-man of the Victorian Shipwreck Relief Society in 1877-80. Aged 76, he died on 22 March 1890 in Melbourne, survived by his wife and seven sons and two daughters of their twelve children. His estate was sworn for probate at £137,153. The business was reorganized under the control of four sons, Edmund (Melbourne), Walter (Geelong), Harold (Sydney), and Ormond (Brisbane) who later acquired extensive pastoral properties near Kilcoy, Queensland. Howard Smith's great entrepreneurial ability had ensured the firm's prosperity in the 1890s.

Anne Wellesley

Lady Charles Cavendish-Bentinck (born Anne Wellesley; 29 February 1788 – 19 March 1875), [1] known between 1806 and 1816 as Lady Abdy, was a British aristocrat and a great-great-grandmother of Queen Elizabeth II.

Her parents, the Marquess Wellesley and Hyacinthe-Gabrielle Roland.

She was a daughter of Richard Wellesley, 1st Marquess Wellesley, and his mistress, Hyacinthe-Gabrielle Roland, an actress at the Palais Royal. Her paternal grandparents were Garret Wesley, 1st Earl of Mornington, and Anne Hill, daughter of Arthur Hill-Trevor, 1st Viscount Dungannon.

Her paternal uncles included Arthur Wellesley, 1st Duke of Wellington, William Wellesley-Pole, 3rd Earl of Mornington, and Henry Wellesley, 1st Baron Cowley. Her parents were married six years after her birth, on 29 March 1794, at which point she was legitimized.

Marriages and children

On 3rd July 1806, she married her first husband, Sir William Abdy, 7th Baronet. Their marriage lasted nine years, but remained childless.

Abdy had introduced her to his friend Lord Charles Cavendish-Bentinck, a younger son of former British Prime Minister William Cavendish-Bentinck, 3rd Duke of Portland. At some point during her first marriage, Anne and Lord Charles became lovers. They eloped on 5 September 1815, following which Abdy brought a suit for criminal conversation ("crim. con.", in Regency parlance) for 30,000 pounds, but won only 7,000 pounds in damages. During the discussion of the divorce bill, the customary provision against remarriage was struck out in the House of Lords. Sir William Abdy was granted a divorce by royal consent to a special Act of Parliament on 25 June 1816.

Anne and Lord William were married on 23 July 1816, enabling their first child (which she was expecting) to be born legitimate three weeks later. They had four children:

Anne Hyacinthe Cavendish-Bentinck (1 September 1816 – 7 June 1888)

Emily Cavendish-Bentinck (died 6 June 1850), who married the Rev. Henry Hopwood and had children.

The Reverend Charles William Frederick Cavendish-Bentinck (8 November 1817 – 17 August 1865):

Father to Cecilia Nina Cavendish-Bentinck, maternal grandfather to Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon and great-grandfather to Queen Elizabeth II.

Lt.-Gen. Arthur Cavendish-Bentinck (10 May 1819 – 11 December 1877):

He married firstly Elizabeth Sophia Hawkins-Whitshed; they were parents of William Cavendish-Bentinck, 6th Duke of Portland.

He married secondly Augusta Browne, 1st Baroness Bolsover; they were parents of Lady Ottoline Morrell.



Robert Brightiffe or **Britiffe** (c. 1666 – 22 September 1749) was an English lawyer and politician who sat in the [House of Commons](#) from 1715 to 1734.

Brightiffe was born at Baconsthorpe, Norfolk, the son of Edmund Brightiffe, gentleman, and was educated at Baconsthorpe, at Holt School and in Norwich. He was admitted to the lists of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge on 24 March 1680, at the age of sixteen.[1] He subsequently entered the Middle Temple on 29 May 1682.[2]

Political career[edit]

Brightiffe was returned as Member of Parliament for Norwich at the 1715 general election. He was returned again at the elections of 1722 and 1727.[3] He was recorder of Norwich from 1737 to 1743.

Personal life[edit]

Brightiffe married Judith, daughter of Henry Edgar of Eye, Suffolk. He died on 22 September 1749, leaving his fortune to John Hobart, 1st Earl of Buckinghamshire.[

b. ?1663, 1st s. of Edmund Britiffe of Baconsthorpe by Mary, da. of Robert Longe of Spixworth, Norf. educ. Baconsthorpe, Holt and Norwich schools, Caius, Camb. 24 May 1680, aged 16; M. Temple 1682, called 1688. m. (1) Judith (d. 1705), da. of Henry Edgar of Eye, Suff., 1da.; (2) Elizabeth (d. 1712), da. of Sir William Rant of Thorpe Market, Norf., 1 da.; (3) Elizabeth, da. of Thomas Strotton of Little Melton, Norf. wid. of Dr. Thomas Tanner, bp. of St. Asaph, s.p.

Recorder of Lynn 1704-30, of Norwich 1737-43 Biography

Britiffe was a Norwich lawyer, who acted as legal adviser to the Townshend and Walpole families, handling Walpole's purchases of land in 1720.¹ Returned for Norwich as a Whig in 1715, he followed his patrons into opposition from 1717 to 1720, subsequently voting with the Government till he retired in favour of 'old' Horace Walpole in 1734. He died 22 Sept. 1749, leaving his property to his daughters, one of whom married Sir John Hobart, 1st Earl of Buckinghamshire, and the other, Sir William Mor-den Harbord, 1st Bt.