

COLCHESTER RECALLED

Published by Colchester Recalled Oral History Society Price £1.50 Issue No 25

Welcome to another issue of COLCHESTER RECALLED.

We try to include something of interest for everyone, this issue seeing the continuation of three articles, one held over from issue No. 23, one about the Buckle family and the other continuing the story of the old Repertory Theatre.

We have received several letters and emails see page 16. Thank you for these, keep them coming.

We are always delighted to receive your articles and photographs. These should be sent to Jim Robinson, Editorial Director, 36 Mersea Road, Colchester CO2 7QS.

In this issue:

Playing Away continued

The Buckle Children Go to School
Colchester Repertory Theatre continued

The Great English Earthquake of 1884

The Old Swimming Pool Kiosk

The Wandering Obelisk

Gilberd School Staff

Where On Earth Are These?

Who Do You Think They Are?

and much more!



PLAYING AWAY

Readers of issue No. 23 may recall this article which should have been continued in issue No. 24. Due to an oversight this did not happen, so with my apologies, it is continued here. *The Editor*

On going on board the 'Onslaught' I was told I was cox'n of the motor boat which I found hanging in the davits in two bits, a foretaste of what was to come. Going up the Minch one pitch black February night, Bobbie, a wartime Subbie with gunnery on the brain and officer of the watch, was so intent on giving us a star shell drill, that he forgot to look at the radar scan and ran us head first into a fleet oiler, the 'Mapleleaf'. We didn't do her much damage but our poor old girl had her nose put back thirty feet which didn't do the crockery in the mess deck much good and rather shook up the lads below. Making water forrard she wouldn't bear going ahead into the seas, so it was back down the Minch stern first, passed Paddies Hump (Ailsa Craig) into Belfast and dry dock where they chopped off her head, prefabricated a new one and put her back as good as new.

Over to Oslo for their victory celebrations, a gig-do; a lovely summer's day; all the services of all the Allies involved; Air Chief Marshal Harris, Marshal Ratov and tons of brass hats attending on King Haakon, a big march through the city, so wonderfully clean and neat,

bands playing, bayonets fixed, crowds cheering and little children dressed in their best, loading us with flowers as we marched past up to the parade where the King accompanied by Crown Prince Olaf addressed us and thanked us for all we had done for his people.

We opened the ship every afternoon and the people of Norway, men, women and kids swarmed aboard and what a happy bunch they were. We gave everyone the simple things they had missed during the German occupation, a cup of tea, a slice of bread and butter and a piece of chocolate. The kids had rides in hammocks slung to gun barrels and for the first time in their lives, laughed and played without fear. It is usual in harbour that some light fingered soul will take a fancy to anything not welded to the deck, but in Norway, despite the shortages they had endured, nothing went missing.

Next, to Kiel, as guard ship in a harbour littered with bombed out wrecks, the only things ashore left undamaged were the lock gates and thankfully the brewery supplying drinkable beer at eighty pints for £1 sterling. No building had four walls intact, the whole town wrecked.

A short trip from Kiel to Flensburg on the German/Danish border involving passing through the German minefields. Unlike ours there was no gateway; mines lying

spread on the seabed and rendered inoperative for a short period by "Sperebrecher" boats which preceded ships on passage through. The electronic technology was not perfect for sure enough one of the contraptions tried to blow a hole in the bottom of the Baltic between us and the Sperebrecher. Sand, mud and stunned fish everywhere with a pall of acrid smoke filling the air.

On arrival at Flensburg we lay adjacent to one of the Leirtz Flying 'P' Barques (possibly the 'Passart'), took the whaler away and against all orders headed for the Danish shore where in idyllic summer weather we took the kids for a sail and fraternised with the Danes enjoying the seaside after five years under the jackboot.

Home and a spot of leave while the ship was in the dockyard. V.J. Day, the sun shone on Heybridge Basin, the war over and in the evening Dicky Doddler, skipper of Francis and Gilder's 'Kitty', organised the bonfire on the high heap. We were all there playing *Ring a Ring a Roses* with the kids then my cousin Dilbury Clark said to me, "let's have a look at Maldon", so the pair of us took Shank's Pony up the road, over the Fullbridge and across the downs to the 'Ship and Anchor' where a huge bonfire had been built in the road outside. The drinks flowed and then at closing time Strippy Claydon, announced

that the 'Jolly Sailor' on the quay was giving away free beer for an hour. After that word came that the 'Ship and Anchor' was reopening for an hour's free beer, so back up the hill we all went. Full to the brim at last we all repaired to the bonfire for a last sing-song. The crowd slowly drifted off leaving us two Basiners beside the glowing embers which Dilbury refused to leave until the fire was out.

Back to Portsmouth, another new skipper and off we went with a Marine Band to do the Freshwater Bay Thanksgiving Parade, followed by a trip to the nearest pub where we met the local Vicar, an old boy whose hand was made to hold a pint mug and raise it in benediction to his lips. We got on very well especially when I found he had been Vicar at Goldhanger, the church lying handy alongside 'The Chequers', where Jack Spitty the old Bradwell barge skipper was the landlord.

We were there for a week lying to a buoy off Yarmouth IOW supposedly to welcome parties of boy scouts, girl guides, school kids and the like on board, but it blew up rough, a nasty northeaster and it was too dangerous for the ferry to get them off to us. Instead we were plagued with mines breaking adrift and coming at us especially on the ebb tide, helped by the strong wind, so it was off in the motor boat armed with rifles to sink them before they hit us.

Back to Portsmouth and

trouble. A destroyer flotilla had been formed and we, being the only Devonport ship among the Pompey crowd, got lined up for the dirty jobs although life did have its lighter moments, when we escorted the 'Aquitainia' and the two Queens up channel on their round trips to the States repatriating the GI's. Then we would line up with the ship, belt up to full speed and watch the liner disappear effortlessly out of sight, she being tied up at Southampton before we sighted the Isle of Wight. It was interesting to watch them change over the weeks from wartime grey to their Cunard livery, first the funnels to red with black tops, then the upper decks to white and finally the sides to black.

Things really turned nasty when the flotilla organised a big gala, the top dance band, the Blue Mariners were to do the music and the Commander in Chief and his lady were to be the principal guests. A contribution from our mess fund was demanded and then we found that instead of being included in the jollifications our little Devonport ship was to be stationed in mid Atlantic as a rescue boat, should the plane carrying the Prime Minister to and from a summit meeting in the States be forced to ditch. We mutinied, the mess funds stayed intact but we suffered for it. Lumbered with the job as firing ship for Whale Island Gunnery School - out all day with candidates - continuous firing with all four guns at battle practice targets - ears ringing and sore with the constant battering - next day

taking in ammunition for a further assault on the eardrums whilst sitting by the guns recording the shots.

Winter came, firing stopped until the spring and our next job was "Operation Deadlight." All the surrendered U-Boats had congregated at Stranrere in Loch Ryan awaiting their fate and the powers that be had decreed that in order to avoid handing over one third of them to our ally Uncle Joe Stalin of the USSR, they all had to be sunk in deep water. We were to shepherd one of the two teams of six corvettes and Polish destroyers which were to do the towing. Starting at the beginning of November and with a break of only a few days at Christmas we went on all through the winter until the end of February.

The German crews brought them out to the mouth of the Loch in the morning where the tows were taken up generally in the teeth of a strong bitter westerly and head seas. It was dark before we reached the Mull of Kintyre and as dawn broke we were between Inistrahul and the Foyle with a further day and night's steaming north west to take us over the edge of the Continental Shelf to the killing ground where the U-Boats that had survived the passage were despatched by gunfire, bombs and aerial torpedoes.

Many broke their tow on the way, usually at night and it was our job to search for the bodies only to find that they had foundered. The fortunate ships

losing their U-Boats returned to harbour and rest and it was strange how the Polish Boat, the 'Bliskewyska', was usually the first to return. Meanwhile, as shepherd we had to do the full trip, our only break being a couple of days alongside Gouroch Quay for Christmas. Then the cork came out of the bottle, clandestine rum was illegally consumed and in a state of semi inebriation I and a Petty Officer mate, nicknamed for some reason 'The Beast of Belsen' proceeded aloft and, protected by St Nicholas, our Patron Saint, put holly wreaths at the masthead and out on the yardarms.

Then ashore; invited to the Police Social Club where the beer was cheap and plentiful, with my case full of illegal tins of corned beef and a couple of pounds of tea, acquired by low cunning before taking the train to the house of the Heybridge Basin branch of the family on the outskirts of Glasgow, where my aunt greeted me with, "Boy you look dry, come and have a beer".

Back to work and another two months of winter North Atlantic to finish off the subs before resuming our job of firing ship at Portsmouth, where the constant gunfire

finally wrecked my hearing.

The pace of demobilisation quickened; we went into the dockyard where the ship virtually died, but on the day before they let me go, I had to pass a swimming test, never previously having been asked if I could swim.

My pal Tanky McCleod, demobbed with me, just had time to get home to the Outer Hebrides, drop his kitbag and jump on a whaler bound for the South Atlantic, while I proceeded to the 'Jolly Sailor', Heybridge Basin - home.

Frank Thompson

BUILDINGS OF COLCHESTER THROUGH TIME

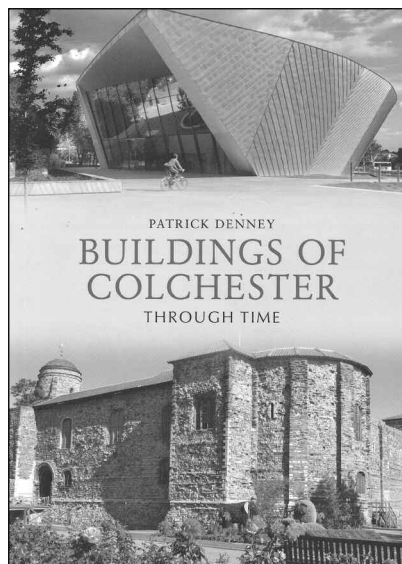
by Patrick Denney

Patrick's new book is a welcome addition to his previous histories of the town and in it he takes a detailed look at many of Colchester's buildings. In the process he tells us who owned them together with their present use and where possible relates their appearance today with old photos of how they were in days gone by.

A helpful map at the beginning identifying the buildings illustrated, allows one to take ones time in exploring our heritage and would be invaluable when walking round the town on ones own, perhaps following the tour described in

his earlier book 'Colchester' or the tourist trail.

The beautiful photographs not only show the whole building but pick out small



details, showing different porticos, varying finishes and embellishments, and explain the differences in the classical columns, types of pointing in brickwork and help identifying the age of Georgian buildings through window positions. The glossary at the end further clarifies the technical terms.

This is a valuable addition to our knowledge of the buildings in Colchester, by not only describing the way they now appear, but developing the story of how people through the ages lived and worked and adapted their buildings to their own time, status or the fashion of the day.

Book review by Janet Fulford

THE BUCKLE CHILDREN GO TO SCHOOL

We continue the story of the Buckle family residing at 8 North Station Road and this installment features the children going to the Roman Catholic school in Priory Street.

The Editor

The Convent was a small school of only 100-150 pupils, staffed by the nuns of the Order of the Sisters of Mercy. Get took the children to school on their first day, to be shown the classes they would join, their cloakroom pegs, and pigeon holes. The school day started with 'assembly' where prayers were said, and class notices given to pupils. It ended with a hymn, usually accompanied by piano. It was not long before Mary's talent on the piano came to the notice of the nuns, and she had to accompany the school hymn every morning. Mary by this time was old enough to cycle to school, while Eileen, Angela and Bill walked.

Their route to school took them along North Station Road to the bridge over the river, where they took steps down to the towpath. They followed the towpath, past the weir, and into Lower Castle Park, passing the boating lake and following the path beside the Roman Wall into Land Lane. At the end of Land Lane they crossed East Hill into Priory Street and so to the Convent.

I have looked for Land Lane on some modern Colchester street maps, but from letters in

the local press it appears to have been closed off during development. Locals objected strongly as it was a short cut to the town centre. It has now been restored.

Jenny was an accomplished dressmaker, a great help with the never-ending mending. She excelled at making party dresses for her younger sisters, and costumes for performances in school plays and concerts. She made a 'country yokel' costume for Bill's one and only stage appearance in *Sleeping Beauty*. Get would not allow



Jenny made other costumes too, as shown by in this photo with Angela (left), Jenny (centre) and Eileen (right).

the children to eat school meals and as it was too far for them to return home Jenny had to take their lunches to school in a large basket on her bicycle.

In the Convent there were some steps down to the wall-

enclosed playground at one end of the main school building. This wall provided great scope for ball games, which were popular with the girls. There were no organised games as such, except those introduced into PT classes taken by Mr Collier, who was probably a retired army man. The Convent garden lay at the opposite end of the school, and was a real oasis of quiet. The pupils did not have access to the garden except when passing through to the tuck shop at the far end. Had they not been so immersed in their tuck shop goodies they may have been aware of the tranquillity of the place and possibly even the strains of *Fleur de Lys* from the music room, where Sister Anthony was giving piano lessons.

At school the girls quickly made friends with a family called Durand who lived close by, in North Station Road. There were four daughters, three of whom, Stella, Joan and Betty, attended the convent, while the eldest, Maisie, helped her father in the family fish-and-chip shop. Angela became firm friends with Betty, and the two were inseparable. Eileen was friendly with Joan, although they did not spend as much time together as Angela and Betty.

The Buckles became immersed in school life, and were particularly good at sports. Not altogether

surprising when your father is a good all round sportsman and keen to coach and encourage serious play! Sports day would always be attended by both Jack and Get, to witness their children win an embarrassing number of medals, including Angela's *Victor Ludorum*.

Open day followed sports day, and also highlighted the girls' talents in embroidery, needlework and the arts. This was followed by a concert in which the girls performed either by dancing or singing, and Eileen, who had opted for violin rather than piano, performed a rendition of *In a Monastery Garden*, accompanied by Sister Anthony, hidden behind a screen in order to provide the required bird-song.

Prize-giving followed, the prizes presented by Canon Bloomfield, who was heard to remark that the Buckles would need a pantehnicon to take home their prizes. There is no doubt that the education was good, examinations were passed, and character developed, yet memories of the actual teaching remain non-existent, perhaps a sign that the learning had been painless, and easily assimilated.

Eileen had to perform once more in public, but on a slightly more memorable occasion. She, Angela and Sonny were coming home from school one day when they came across a tramp lying with his back against a willow tree with his feet across the tow-path, completely blocking their way.

They hesitated, wondering what they should do, and the tramp spotting Eileen's violin case, demanded that she play him a tune. They were all too terrified to contemplate refusal, and so Eileen took out her violin and gave of her best. Having had his love of music satisfied, or possibly soured, the tramp moved his legs and allowed them to hurry on their way without a backward glance. Apart from this one scary moment, the walks home from school differed according to the season.

In winter, the temptation to slide on the frozen boating lake would be immense, and in spring there would be a gathering of children in the Lower Castle Park for skipping. Of course, one could always skip individually, but nothing could beat the group skipping games, sometimes with ropes of 20 feet or more. All this activity, punctuated by excited screams and laughter, proved a great fascination.

Every Sunday, the family went to mass at the church of St. James the Less and St. Helen, in Priory Street, and therefore took the same route as the children did to school each day. There would normally be a relay, starting with Get and Eileen as the early starters, with the others arriving at intervals. Lastly, more often than not, were Mary and Angela, completing the family pew.

Early on Sunday evening, the family would attend Benediction, the girls always in

their best grey tailored coats. When they walked in the May 'procession', they would carry their veils in a case. Jenny and Mary would also be walking in the procession as 'Children of Mary'.

For a Catholic family of that time, this degree of religious observance was considered quite normal, and it gave them a strong bond of love, and mutual support, not to mention an abiding belief in fair play.

Jack gave the children weekly pocket money of 6d (approximately 2.5 pence today). They were encouraged to save, and being used to making their own amusements, had little use for it. Get gave them a Friday penny each, usually spent on sweets, either at Martin's sweet shop nearby, or in the tuck shop at school. Martin's displayed a wide range of temptations: jelly babies, sherbet dabs, liquorice pipes and laces, aniseed balls, tiger nuts, and a strange black sweet-tasting root (probably Spanish liquorice). With some skill it was possible to buy a mixture of two or three of these for a penny.

During Lent the younger children would buy the usual amounts of sweets and store them in jam jars, which were hidden in a secret place. On Holy Saturday they would open their jars and a glorious binge would follow.

Brian Wright

THE GREAT ENGLISH EARTHQUAKE

22nd April 1884

The earthquake on that spring morning, 22nd April 1884, was centred just to the south east of Colchester. From there it spread with enormous speed and disturbance over an area of some 53,000 square miles. To the north as far as Cheshire, to the south as far as Freshwater on the Isle of Wight, to the east reaching Ostend in Belgium, and Boulogne in France, while to the west the shock was felt in Somerset. Near the epicentre of the earthquake was Wivenhoe, and I would like to give some eyewitness accounts of the tragedy which devastated the town.

The river was high, full tide had just passed at 9 o'clock, and a small dinghy carrying three men was being rowed towards a large steam yacht – 'The Santa Cecilia'. She had only been berthed about half an hour, on her return from America, where she had been cruising along the Eastern Seaboard. Sitting in the stern of the dinghy was Lord Paget, owner of the 300 ton yacht. He stepped up the gangway, followed smartly by the other two men to the deck. When Lord Alfred glanced back at the quay he had just left – it was at that moment, precisely 09.18, that it happened. "As I looked towards the village there was this terrible loud rumbling noise. Immediately the vessel began to shake and the people around me fell like ninepins. I was

flung against the rigging and clutching on for dear life, wondering if the boiler of the yacht had burst. The whole village seemed to rise up, the slate roofs moving up and down as if they were waves of the sea, and as I fell I saw part of the church steeple which towers over the village, sway and then topple into the mass of devastation. The rumbling sound was almost immediately superseded by the dreadful sound of crashing masonry and the terrible cries of the people. Their shrieks rang out across the water even through all the din. The cries made us fear for a dreadful loss of life."

At the 'Anchor Inn', Mrs Dick Ham had been watching Lord Paget being rowed to his yacht. She turned back into the bar. "Then there was this rumbling like the sound of a traction engine under the floorboards; I was flung back against the counter before I could open my mouth; glasses began to tumble around me, the beer casks rolled over with a terrible crash and the doors and windows buckled and broke out. Plaster began to fall from the ceiling all over me, followed by debris and then something struck me from behind which knocked me out."

Captain William Ham reported, "I was on a brig in the river and the first indication of anything amiss was that the vessel rose a foot. I knew at once that the shock was an

earthquake, having experienced similar visitations many times in the Atlantic and in the western isles of the Azores. Recognizing immediately the sensation under my feet, I glanced at the shore and saw Rusk's and Dick Ham's chimneys at the eastern extremity come down. As the wave rolled on I saw every chimney topple over, until the work of destruction reached the line of the church tower and then the crashing masonry raised such clouds of dust that I could see no more."

Mr George Stebbing kept a high class grocery shop in West Street and was busy dressing his window with a pyramid of tins. "When the earthquake came I did not know what it was, but I heard the house rattling and the tins of lobster and salmon rolled about the shop and things were tumbling down in all directions. I felt myself reeling and caught hold of one of the iron pillars, thinking I was going to be buried alive where I stood."

Young Herbert Johnson lived in Lion Walk, Colchester, immediately opposite the Congregational Church. He was standing at the door of his home when the quake struck. "Everything shook and bounced about and there was a great rumbling noise. The spire on the church seemed to shake apart and came crashing down all over the place." Masonry tumbled down, pieces flew

around Herbert missing him only by inches, one large section actually coming to rest by his feet. The illustration on the front cover depicts this scene.

The tower of St Leonard at the Hythe on Hythe Hill was badly damaged - somewhat a blessing in disguise! In 1820, the top of the tower had collapsed and was replaced in red brick, just like the tower of St Mary at the Wall today. However, the well known local firm of stone masons, L.J.Watts Ltd, in 1887 rebuilt the tower in the original medieval style.

Mr W. C. Aberdien who kept the Commercial Cafe in Short Wyre Street was obviously an ex-sailor, as he compared the sound accompanying the shock to "the discharge of a 68 pound gun on the upper deck as felt in the lower deck of a ship." He continued, "a gentleman having his breakfast served in the dining room laid hold of a waitress, dragged her some distance exclaiming, 'we shall all be killed,' rushed out of the house and we have not seen him since".

At North Station the 9.20 express was just about to start and the Station Master, Mr W. Blatch, remarked; "Just as I was going to start the train there was a rumbling noise resembling distant thunder and directly the platform seemed to give a gentle heave like the motion of a wave. For an instant I thought I had a slight dizziness in the head." It was at first thought that the

'Dynamiters' had succeeded in destroying the Garrison Ammunition Magazines and that the explosions had produced the wreckage. Crowds flocked to the gas works on the strength of a rumour that the gasometers had been blown up. In various schools of the town the scholars had just assembled and the shock was so terrible, the alarm and panic it produced among them, that they were at once permitted to go to their respective homes and the schools were closed for the day. On the evening of the quake large numbers of people were in the streets, dreading a second shock which rumour had predicted would follow within twelve hours of the first.

The water tower, known as Jumbo, a structure, about 140 feet high, supporting a tank capable of holding a quarter of a million gallons, visibly rose and sank and swayed from side to side. After the first moments of alarm had passed all eyes in Colchester were turned to the water tower, but the edifice withstood the shock and justified the verdict passed upon its stability by Sir Henry Rawlinson.

The next day, Lord Alfred Paget wrote to *The Times* that a child was killed at Rowhedge. *The Illustrated London News* reported a child was killed by falling debris at Newtown Fields, Colchester; a man at Rowhedge died after being struck by falling bricks; whilst at Fingringhoe a bricklayer named Potter fell from his ladder and was killed. At

Wivenhoe a sick patient confined to a room adjoining one in which a chimney fell, received such a shock that he died in the course of the afternoon.

At Coggeshall, quite a panic in the National School caused several girls to fall and tumble down the stairs, suffering severe injuries. Nevertheless, many of the reports, both in National and local sources emphasized that no deaths or injuries occurred.

However, I know of one death directly caused by the earthquake. A school friend at Wivenhoe, Commodore Richard Husk RN, told me his father was six years old when the earthquake occurred. Sadly, Richard's grandmother was struck on the head by a chimney pot and died of her injuries a month or two later. Richard is probably the only living person to have heard a first hand account of the quake.

In the April 1884 edition of the Brightlingsea Parish Magazine, the Reverend Arthur Pertwee wrote, The history of the recent convulsion is by this time known to all the world, nevertheless, we will place on record a few particulars as experienced here. It was about 9.20 am that a peculiar and alarming noise was suddenly heard; immediately afterwards one was conscious of the heaving of the ground or floor beneath ones' feet and of the swaying to and fro of walls and houses. Doors opened and shut, bells rang, articles tumbled

from their shelves and, outdoors, bricks, tiles began to clatter down and yet more alarming, they could see the solid earth, in scripture's phrase 'Opened her mouth'. It seems marvellous that Brightlingsea, though within 4 or 5 miles from the main line of disturbance, should have escaped with so little damage.

Graphic reports were also received from other areas. As Mr Pertwee indicated, many local places had suffered: St Andrew's church, Langenhoe was destroyed; the Wigboroughs and the three Layer villages all suffered much devastation. Peldon was considered the epicenter of the earthquake and the church and most of the houses were severely damaged, including the still well-known inn, 'The Peldon Rose'.

At West Mersea, Mr Thorpe the schoolmaster, had about 130 children of various ages in the school at the time and they were having a scripture lesson, when falling chimneys smashed through the roof and the centre wall separating the school room from the class room tumbled down, causing great consternation among the youngsters, who at once made a rush for the door. Mr Thorpe, with great presence of mind, got to the door first, kept the children in check and prevented them from going out into danger. Of course, there was a great crush at the door and one little child of three years was forced down, but Mr Thorpe picked it up and held

it under one arm and with the other, succeeded in keeping the children back till all danger seemed past and then allowed them to leave. In Peldon, a large modern, strongly-built house was shattered and rent in all directions.

Within days of the earthquake, a deputation of prominent Colchester and County gentlemen petitioned the Lord Mayor of London to open a Mansion House Fund, for the relief of sufferers of the catastrophe and for the restoration of the churches, chapels and schools. The Mayor of Colchester, Councillor Alfred Francis, presented a number of photographs of wrecked churches and other buildings, taken by Mr F. Damant of Colchester. Mr James Jackson of Wyvenhoe Hall and Mr A. Ruggles Brise were invited to visit the various parishes affected and provide a survey of the extent of the damage. Mr Jackson worked very hard on behalf of the victims of the earthquake, although he was not entirely satisfied with the success of the Mansion House Appeal. At a meeting held in Colchester he declared, "I hope the facts I have stated when they go forth to the public will remove the apathy in the people of England. The subscription list is not such as I would like to see. It is not such as it would have been if this calamity had taken place in Kamstchatka or Timbuctoo – but the calamity being very much nearer home, no romantic interest attaches to it. Nevertheless, the Lord

Mayor's Appeal realized £10,535 12s 2d. Colchester and 25 local parishes received help from the fund. 1,213 buildings were repaired, including 14 schools, 20 churches and 11 chapels.

The large block of buildings at Headgate, known as the Auction Rooms, was so shaken as to cause a slight niche or fissure between that building and the adjacent one, 'The Elephant and Castle Inn', now called 'The Fox and Fiddler'. Fortunately, it was only the View Day and the sale was able to take place the following day, just as it did every Wednesday for the next 120 years.

This report is not strictly accurate as the Sale Room premises do not join up to the pub. However, the crack was still very evident and for over fifty years I used to see it every day as I climbed the stairs from the Sale Room to the General Office. It has been said that, to the Englishman on his Island, earthquakes are disasters that happen to others, while the ground is liable to open up at any moment beneath the feet of foreigners, the English are safe because it can't happen here. On average about 200 earthquakes are recorded annually in this country, of which 30 are felt by people and every 10 years or so a quake larger than magnitude 5 on the Richter Scale hits Britain. It might even be said that in a gentle way, England is one of the most active earthquake regions in Europe.

Len Drinkell

THE OLD SWIMMING POOL KIOSK

Many readers will remember the open air swimming pool that was situated at the eastern end of the Avenue of Remembrance. It had a wooden kiosk that was used to sell ice creams, confectionery, drinks etc. When the pool was closed the kiosk was a frequent target for burglars.

I was a beat policeman in Colchester at this time and one warm summer night at around 2am the intruder alarm that protected the kiosk went off in the police station at Queen Street. There was a full compliment of officers in the station at this moment, as it was a 'change over time' for mid-shift breaks, and every man ran to the yard and crammed into the two available vehicles which set off en route to the pool.

Amongst the men was a very unpopular sergeant, a stickler for discipline and a tyrant as far as some of the young bobbies were concerned. On arrival at the pool it was surrounded as much as possible and several officers climbed over the fence to search for the villains. There were only our torches for illumination and it was very dark. During the search of the area the sergeant tripped and fell into the deep end, much to the delight of those present. He was pulled out looking like the proverbial drowned rat and taken home to change. It was found that the alarm had been triggered by a fault.

Area car drivers had to keep a log of all incidents attended and any action taken, so that following shifts were aware of happenings earlier.

The driver's log for this incident went something like this:

'0200 hours. Attended with other officers alarm at open air swimming pool.

Thorough search of area made and alarm found to be faulty.

Underwater search made by Ps.-----'.

The driver's sense of humour was not shared by the Station Superintendent, who severely reprimanded the driver for making facetious remarks on official forms. However, he was a hero to the rest of the shift!

David Austin

David has some other amusing anecdotes about his time in the force which he will be sharing with us in future issues.

The Editor

COLCHESTER

We moved to Colchester in '71
Planned roadworks then had just begun.
Roundabouts were such a mess
The end result no-one could guess.
Car Parks lost, and roads were closed,
Places daily all bull-dozed.
Crouch Street then was cut in two.
No entry then to get you through.
Demolished buildings, diversions set,
To find your way was hard to get.
Maldon Road was firstly done,
St Botolphs Circus next begun.
Chaos and waiting became a chore,
Confusion, hold-ups, more and more.
As years went by it all took shape,

And at the changes one would gape.
Next they altered Balkerne Hill,
Bringing chaos there until
At last the roads were all quite clear,
But memories of the past were dear.
As they dug into the ground
Many Roman things were found.
Not a site was left unturned
As diggers worked and earth was churned.
Under-passes caused alarm,
As vandals, water, then did harm.
Now driving routes were re-arranged
And Roman Colchester has so much changed.

D. P. Day

THE 'WANDERING OBELISK'

Your article re the Lion Walk Church Cemetery reminded me of the 'Wandering Obelisk' of Dr Samuel Philbrick, who died in 1841, dedicated to him, his wife and daughter.

When redevelopment of the Lion Walk site occurred, John Bensusan-Butt contacted Dr John Penfold on what to do regarding a Colchester Medical Society President's memorial, which was destined to the scrap heap.

With the help of the then Hospital Administrators, it was transferred to Severalls Hospital and placed near its church. When Severalls was sold (and yet to be developed), it had to be moved to the new General Hospital, where it now sits in all its glory, among the trees near the pond. If you are there, please go and pay him your respects.



He was a GP/surgeon apprenticed to Dr Joseph Stapleton in 1792 for £145 for 4 years and whose practice in Head Street he took over. His son, Samuel Adolphus Philbrick joined him in that practice, another son Dr Thomas P. emigrated to Canada and the other son, Frederick Blomfield Philbrick became a lawyer and a star in the Colchester Corporation firmament.

F F Casale

The inscription reads -
Samuel Philbrick Surgeon
Born September 17 1775
Died September 19 1841

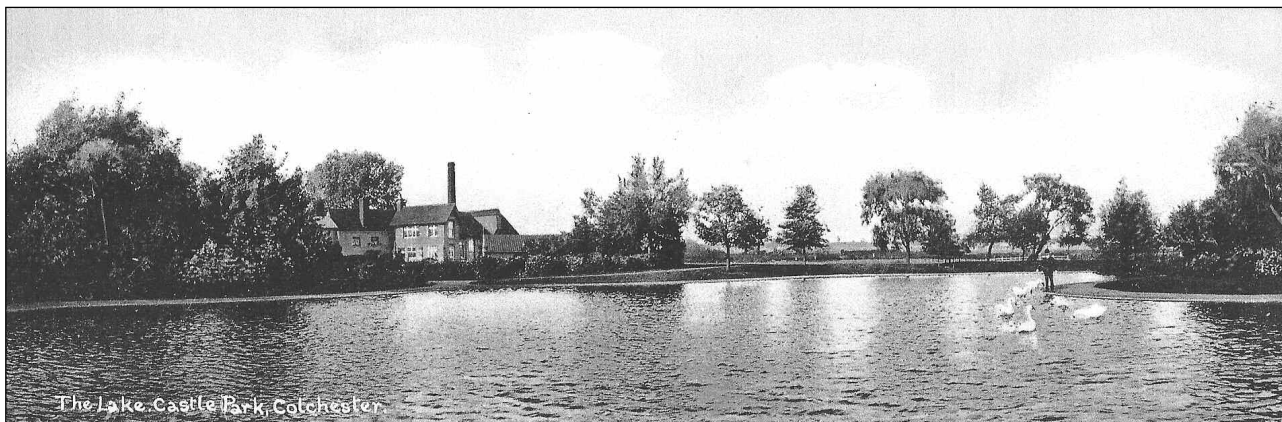
also of
Mary his wife
Born September 5 1776
Died December 21 1854

and of
Susannah Tabor their daughter
Born November 5 1811
Died May 10 1835

We are pleased to feature below another of Ray Allan's excellent panoramic postcards. This one, which is really lovely in its

original full colour version, is of the Boating Lake in Colchester's Castle Park. Middle Mill can be clearly seen and the chimney at

Truslove's in St Peter's Street. Note the horizon between the trees and the absence of development, quite unlike the view today!



GILBERD SCHOOL STAFF

The article about the staff at the Gilbert School made me look at my school photo of 1963. (See the section of it, right). All the lower school staff were there and I can remember all but one or 2 of them. I think Eddie Ross was there at the end of my time, but he did not teach me.



My first form teacher, Mrs Joan Gurney, was there. She was involved with the swimming club and she loaned some old costumes to an exhibition recently. Also featured was Mrs Hilda Hockney who ran the school's St John's Ambulance brigade. I met her again several years later when she was on duty at a blood donor session. She had always been popular and Mr Hockney said that there was a number of tall, bearded and even balding ex-pupils who asked if she remembered them. Often she could not remember the faces, but was very good at names. She taught history and I cannot think of Canterbury without remembering that King Ethelbert of Kent introduced Christianity to England. She told us to think Auntie Ethel and Uncle Bert.

Our French teacher in the first year was Mr Yearley (who later joined the Friends of

Colchester Museums). He too was popular and I still have, and use, a class prize of a French phrase book he gave me.

The Head of French was Mrs Abbott. When I failed my French 'O' level at the end of the 5th year, she said she thought that I should have passed and that if I wanted to re-sit it, she would set me some exercises and revision even though I was leaving. (It was not done to challenge grades at that time), I took her up on her kind offer and passed.

Mr Denham, mentioned in Eddie Ross's article, taught me but though we liked him, we could not get on with Advanced Maths. There was Mrs Smith, the English teacher, who broke her string of pearls whilst teaching us - they went everywhere. Miss Hickford had failing eyesight but taught oral English well and knew poetry and Shakespeare off by heart. She kept discipline by saying

that her problems with her eyes meant that when she was not looking at us, she could probably see us best of all. After she left, she brought her guide dog to the school. I think my favourite English teacher was Mrs Brittle, usually head of needlework. Her class room was full of sewing machines and we enjoyed the text book *My Family and Other Animals* by Gerald Durrell, though we did not expect to.

We had some good teachers but some had habits that you could not get away with now. Many old Gilbertdians will remember which teacher was inclined to throw a chalk-loaded blackboard rubber at you. The Headmistress, Alice Twyman, however, was special and could control the entire school at assemblies and speech days with just a look. Whilst nicknamed 'Twanger', she never needed help to keep discipline and was rather well liked.

Peter Evans

MORE OF THE SAME

When I passed my 11plus back in 1964 there were

two options, the Technical School (boys and girls) or the Grammar School (boys only).

For me there was only one option!

When I started at the 'Tech' it had become The Gilberd. On the first day we were all seen in full uniform including caps, but the rest of the school had no caps. On the second day nor did we, and I have never seen a Gilberd cap since.

The Headmaster Mr Sprason (Sprunt) had a Riley 1.5 that he parked in a prime position near the boys entrance. The Deputy Head, Miss Twyman (Twanger), ran the School and when Mr Sprason used to hand out the rules in assembly we all knew the rules had been made by Miss Twyman. Once he stipulated that tiger tails were not to be worn as pendants (given away by Esso petrol, 'Put a tiger in your tank'.) Days later he saw me with one and instead of reprimanding me he asked me what it was.

Mr Howells (Beaky), was my maths teacher in the 1st year. He had his lessons in The Old Tin Can (The old canteen). He was an incredible maths teacher and he used to give a lot of homework. If you got any wrong you had to do it again. Thirty questions like £14 16s 7d x 27 was the only time I ever cried over homework. In the second year my maths teacher was a woman whose name I forget and she would only give us 3 or 4 questions for homework. How I missed Beaky!

Norman Curd was my Engineering and Mechanical Drawing teacher. He had a grey Morris Oxford Estate. We were given wooden T squares and

compasses to use and we would doodle on the T squares with our compasses. Poor Mr Curd would have to clean all the T squares every year thus seeing all the doodles. Years later I saw Mr Curd wearing his overalls and dark glasses at a Carnival one of my lorries was in.

Mr Denham, unfortunately had a stroke, but could still be seen slowly inching step by step around the classes in the basement of the school.

Roy Butcher was my Art Teacher and I still remember that our first art lesson was how to draw a face. Mr Butcher's wife was Mr Sprason's secretary. Mr Askew (Erg) was our form teacher in the 3rd or 4th year. In the 3rd year we had a charity walk to Clacton and the main song we sang as we walked was "Hello, hello, we are the Askew boys, Hello, hello, you tell us by our noise, So to all you Mick Rouse fans surrender or die. We all follow the Erg".

Unfortunately, Mr Askew hurt his foot in an accident which left him with a limp from which he never seemed to recover.

Mick Rouse was never my teacher, but as can be seen from the above song, he was the form teacher of another set in our year.

Mr Jones (Killer Jones), was a man to be wary of and it was said that he had worked in a remand home and consequently

treated his pupils as though they were on remand! Fortunately, he was never my teacher.

Mrs Went's husband was a driving test examiner, and the day after I passed my driving test she stopped me outside her Art room to tell me that her husband had heard from my examiner, that I was the best person he had ever passed, which puffed me up with pride. My sister had refused to accompany me as a learner because she had a policy to keep death off the roads!

The School only had ONE television which was kept in a room on the top corridor, our form room in the lower sixth, and in the lunch hour we would surreptitiously put it on to watch Bill and Ben the Flowerpot Men!

In the Fifth year a girl came from London to our school. Her father had a red mark II 1600 Cortina estate. My father's car was only a mark I 1500 Cortina Super, so I looked at her with admiration. Little did we both know that some 35 years later we would become husband and wife. When I told my old school friend Neil (Nellie) that Judi and I were to be married and mentioned the mark II Cortina he came straight out with the registration number.

So yes, Eddie Ross's article bought back many memories of which these are just a few.

Mark Colyer

COLCHESTER REPERTORY THEATRE

Colchester Recalled is very fortunate that Dorian Kelly, whose father Bernard was Artistic Director, has agreed to supply a series of items about the old Rep. This is the second installment. If you have memories of this wonderful company, we would be very pleased to hear from you.

The Editor

The caveat of the Corporation's agreement to letting The Albert Hall to the fledgling company, for use in alternate weeks at a peppercorn rent, was that all pictures that hung on the wall were to remain as an art gallery, open to the public on demand. I can recall two vast pictures high up on each wall, they must have been fifteen feet by ten each. One was a panorama of Dutch refugees fleeing from something or other. There was also a couple of pictures of the Bluecoat Boy and the Bluecoat Girl. I also heard that there was a Gainsborough and possibly a small Constable, along with many other scenes of a local nature in the theatre and in the Balcony Bar. I wish I knew what had become of all these pictures, but I believe they may be in storage somewhere. If anyone has any knowledge of them I would be glad to hear about it...

The building inside was a little bare. With a simple platform at one end and a balcony at the other, a flat floor and a few hard seats. They fitted the theatre out with tie-on cushions, a proscenium

and stage extension borrowed from the Colchester Players and very basic lighting. The stage was 15 feet deep and 22 feet wide and boasted a platform stage left to hold the rudimentary and almost certainly lethal lighting controller operated by the two Herberts - not a variety act but Messrs Thompson and Woodhurst. The theatre seated 363 people, pretty well one for every day of the year. Later a raked floor was added and the seating increased to 499.

Players and producers were hired at a flat rate of £3 per week, three hundred borrowed cushions were tied to the hard chairs, six thousand duplicated letters, addressed by hand brought in some financial support and the season opened with *The Late Christopher Bean*. The *Colchester Gazette* wrote 'it is clear that the town has taken the company to its heart and if the present standards are to be maintained, good houses are a certainty!'

Each Saturday night the stage scenery was taken down and the company would move to wherever they could find a hall, Maldon, Felixstowe, Witham, Braintree and perform there.

Bob was commuting back and forth each day to London where he worked in a solicitors' office. But he was dismissed for divided loyalties and took to running the theatre full time. The initial investment of

£1,500 soon ran out but they soldiered on and eventually turned the corner.

During the war the company kept going somehow with whatever actors they could find who had not been called up, and, uniquely - and this caused some raised eyebrows in some quarters - they admitted officers and other ranks on an equal footing.

After the war, in 1947 during the run of *Hamlet*, the company gave a special matinee for prisoners of war. A few weeks later a prisoner came to the theatre and presented Bob Digby with a picture he had made from a sketch made of one of the scenes. He had no paintbrush; only a toothbrush, no paints, only wetting the bricks; no canvas but that which he tore off a nissen hut. Again, this must be in store somewhere...

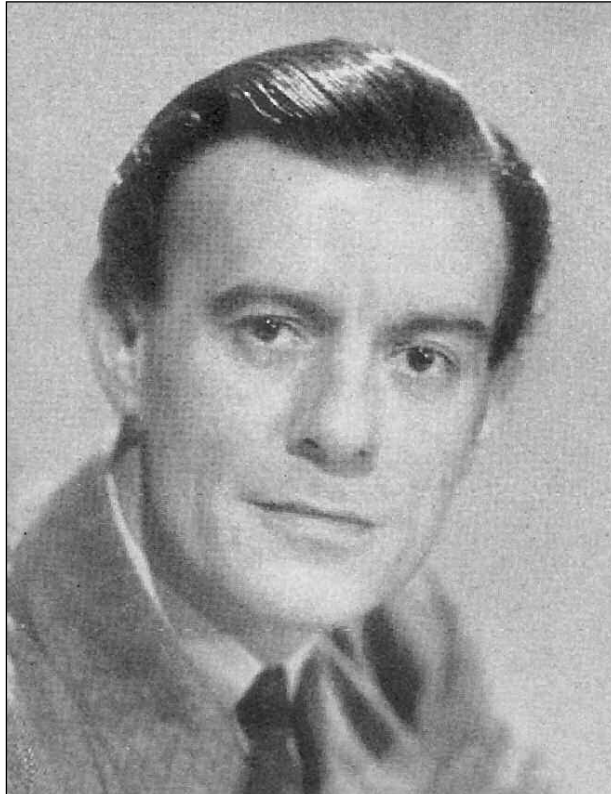
Some of you may recall a novel written in 1938 by a star-struck young Colchester girl who lived in Maldon Road, her name was Pamela Brown and the book *The Swish of the Curtain* tells the story of seven children who form a theatre company in a town called Fenchester, Brown's made-up name for her home town Colchester.

Behind the theatre and approached by a passage through Cullingford's stationery shop next door, was the St George's Hall, built as a

public hall. The theatre was allowed to use part of this to store its scenery. I spent some time in there over the years fascinated by the dusty, flapping, scenic flats and cut out trees. There was a basement approached via a trapdoor: 'The Glory Hole' where all the furniture not in use that week was stored. A door was cut into the side wall of the stage which led straight into this passage, but it was impossible to get scenery through there. Instead it had to be carried into the street and back in through the front door. When the wind got up, unless you held on very tightly, you stood more than a fighting chance of finishing at the other end of the street. This was made ten times worse when the workshop had to move to Trinity Street and everything had to be carried from there.

The actors were housed in a row of tiny rabbit hutches, formed literally from cardboard sheets bought as a job lot from a company which packed fuel cans. Later the walls were made permanent with breeze blocks and metal half doors. The actors' toilets, (which were used by all the bus crews in Colchester), were separated from the public ones by a thin wall, and most intervals the actors would listen for comments good or bad through the wall. Most days the actors could be found in Neal and Robarts, later known as Purdys.

There were two 'actors pubs' at that time, The Waggon and Horses and The Fleece. There was also The Headgate, now known as The Fox and Fiddler, that was the gay pub at the time and the magnificent Cups Hotel, with one of the best and largest bars in England. It was demolished by the Council - the vandals! - along with the



Bernard Kelly

glazed and iron Corn Exchange, which were re-developed into offices and the Job Centre. Further afield was also The Cross Keys - which was one of Bob's favourite haunts.

The Theatre Bar was run by Joan from the Box Office. It was upstairs in the corridor behind the Circle. There was a story about a man who came for a drink. Joan said that he gave her icy fingers up and down her spine, which she didn't like at all. It turned out later that he

had murdered his wife!

Audiences were presided over by the House Manager (and goodness knows what other jobs besides), Mary Rawlings, a lady of 'a certain age'. Dressed in a slightly faded and dusty green velvet evening gown, she would stand at the front door and greet each and every member of the audience by

name and said 'good-night' personally to everyone at the end. She always seemed a little worse for wear, which was evidenced by the small pile of empty Johnny Walker bottles in her office.

She, like Bob, drank a great deal - I can certainly remember her swaying over me with knockout breath fumes! She was very kind to us Kelly children though; always a huge tin of sweets at Christmas. She had two of our kittens at home in Constantine Road. She

called one of them Whiskey and the other Brandy. I had visions of what the neighbours must have thought about standing on the doorstep last thing at night calling them in by name.

During each interval she would sweep majestically to the front of the stage and stand there in splendid glory, gently swaying and occasionally hiccupping, ready to receive the compliments and (rarely) the complaints.

Dorian Kelly

WHO DO YOU THINK THEY ARE?

The subject of our first article of this series in our previous issue featured Jim Robinson, our Editorial Director.

In this issue we feature another Committee member, but who is this mystery man?

His name will be revealed in the next Issue - Number 26.

1. What is your earliest memory?

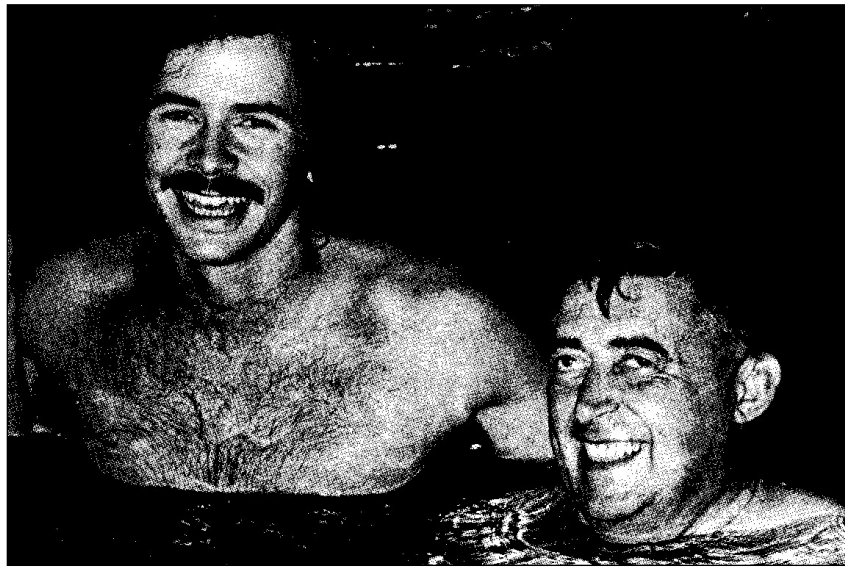
Sitting on the draining board beside an old cast-iron sink, playing with the water coming out of a swan-necked cold water taps. My mother picked me up and put me on a visitor's lap to put me out of the way.

2. Give us an unusual school memory.

A bad-tempered teacher threw the board rubber at anyone talking. One day he was up a ladder sorting books and turned and threw a book at a child. He overbalanced, crashed to the floor, and the class burst out laughing. He left the room.

3. How did you arrive in Colchester?

When I became blind, I qualified as a physiotherapist and applied for my first job here. I brought my stuff from



Our mystery man with Olympic Gold Medalist David Wilkie in 1980. But who is he?

The answer will be provided in COLCHESTER RECALLED issue No. 26

London in a great cabin trunk and the handle came off as I was carrying it down the stairs at Liverpool Street Station.

4. What was your main job in Colchester?

I was employed by the NHS at St Mary's Hospital, the old Workhouse. Once a week I came to the Essex County Hospital where I was the only physiotherapist for all eight wards. Later I transferred to Black Notley Hospital.

5. What is your favourite bit of Colchester?

Castle Park: not only is there a Castle, but beautiful floral displays and a cafe where you can sit outside and enjoy the sun in the summer.

6. What is the most famous event you were at?

I went to a royal garden party and was introduced to the Queen; later, I literally bumped into the Duke of Edinburgh and had a chat. Finally an ex-patient introduced me to the Queen Mother who said, 'Oh I remember you; we met at St Paul's Cathedral at a special service'.

CONSULTANTS' HOUSES

The death of Mr Neil Orr FRCS, Consultant Surgeon, of 45 Lexden Road, brings to a close the long tradition of doctors living in St. Mary's Terrace West, (popularly known as the Consultants' Houses).

Built in 1830, soon after the Essex County Hospital, it proved convenient for them, especially as 1Beverley Road and then 'The Oaks' (at 19 Lexden Road) then Oaks Drive Private Nursing Homes were built nearby.

In recent memory the following lived there: Doctors Propert, Lavender, Dunn, Learmont, Steeds and Wodd-Walker.

Dr F F Casale

WHERE ON EARTH ARE THESE?



Picture 1

Answers to 'Where On Earth Are These?' featured in Number 24.

1. Above the left-hand entrance to Lloyds TSB Bank in High Street.
2. Carved figure beside the entranceway to the Red Lion Hotel.
3. Keystone in the shape of a human head over the entrance to After Office Hours Public House in High Street.



Picture 4



Picture 2

4. Statue of a lamp high up on the front of After Office Hours Public House (formerly known as The Lamb Inn).
5. Carved sculpture and Borough Coat of Arms above the entrance to the Town Hall.



Picture 5



Picture 3

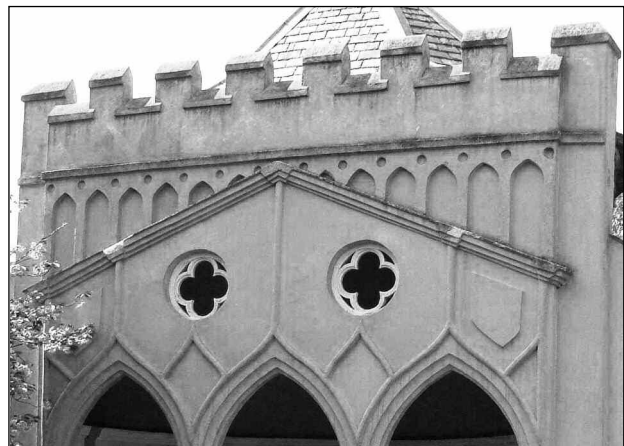
For this current issue, we feature below three more photographs by Patrick Denney, featuring interesting architectural sights to be seen around the town.

Do you know where they are?

The answers will be featured in issue No. 26 due for publication in 2013.



New Picture 1



New Picture 2



New Picture 3

HAVING YOUR SAY...

The following is a selection of the letters which we have received following the publication of Issue No. 24. Many thanks to all those who have written.

The Editor

Mr Ellis, aged 85 from Lexden has phoned thanking me for solving problem of some 75 years standing. When he was about 10 and lived in Birch, he and several of his young friends were often given sweets by a man wearing a bowler hat, 'From down the North', who drove a van to deliver groceries to customers in the village.

Mr Ellis never knew this man's name until he read my article about North Station Road. It was, of course, Mr Hunwicke.

The Editor

From Brenda Wright

Many thanks for sending the two copies of issue No.24.

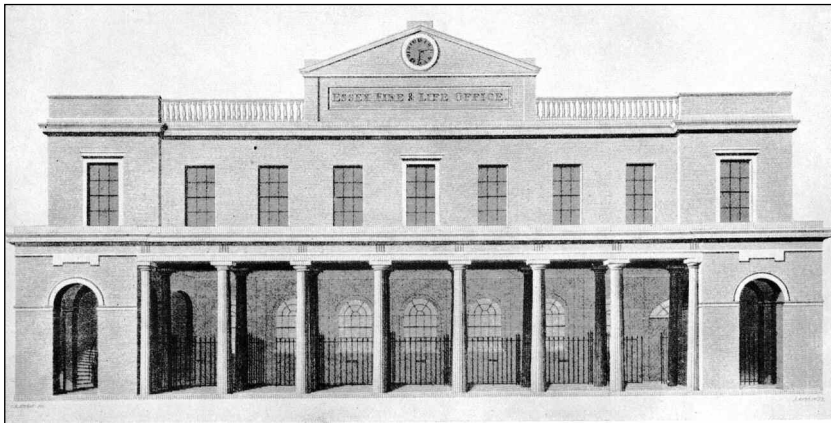
One of the copies is for my Aunt who born and lived in Colchester until about 30 years ago. She is now a very lively 82 year old and living Newmarket.

She particularly enjoyed reading the article about The Essex and Suffolk Fire Office where she worked from 1944-1954. Her name was then Peggie Shepherd, she later married my uncle and became Peggie Russell.

She remembers Mr

Bultitude, the office manager, and working from his house at Braiswick incase the offices were bombed during the war, then walking across the fields to Woods for lunch. Miss Elsie Nicholson was my Aunt's boss, she also remembers Mr Gould.

Sheila Lamberth also worked at the Essex and Suffolk Fire Office at that time and became my Aunt's long time fiend, Sheila still lives in Colchester. You may remember I wrote an article about The Hythe 1948-1964 for Issue No. 8, and following that an article about Freddie the Shrimpman.



The Essex and Suffolk Fire Office in High Street

I always enjoy reading *Colchester Recalled* and hope your readers continue to send you articles of interest. Thank you for all your hard work as Editor of the magazine.

From Mrs Turner

Many thanks. We enjoy reading all items and stories, bringing back happy memories of our old town.

From John Rogers

What a lovely clear mag and

interesting too! Well done.

From Mrs J Mead

Thank you for sending me your re-designed *Colchester Recalled*, which I always look forward to.

From Dr F F Casale

Congratulations on the new look magazine. As I suggested before, the articles ideally should not be more than 2 sides, and not serialised.

From C Mary Shippey

I had never seen *Colchester Recalled* until a friend gave me a copy of No. 24.

I believe it contains some information that is incorrect. We moved to Beech Hill in 1928 and I lived there until 2009.

When we moved to Beech Hill there was grass growing in the road where it joined Church

Lane, as there was not enough traffic to clear it away.

The Tweed boys used to bring our milk in little cans but I feel the mistake is saying that they lived in Church Lane. If you go to Heath Road you will find some new flats and a pair of semi detached houses, which was where the Tweed's family home was situated.

I do not go into the town very often but from what I have seen I can hardly believe that it is Colchester.

OUR OFFICERS 2012-2013

President: SIR BOB RUSSELL M.P.
 Chairman: ANDREW MILLAR 578706
 Secretary: PATRICK DENNEY 796822
 Assistant: ANDREW PHILLIPS 546775
 Treasurer: PETER EVANS 540990
 Assistant: DAVID WALTON 07796 592296
 Archives: PETER GRAHAM 548684
 Magazine: JIM ROBINSON 540655
 Assistant: PETER CONSTABLE 517788
 Technical: MARCEL GLOVER 826342
 Equipment: NORA DRINKELL 573816
 All telephone numbers except David Walton's
 have a 01206 prefix

The Colchester Recalled Oral History Society
 was set up in 1988 to record for future
 generations the memories of the people of
 Colchester and the surrounding area.
 The Archive Group meets daily at the
 Museum Resource Centre, 14 Ryegate Road
 to access and index all new tapes.
 Computer literate volunteers are needed
 to help with this work.

For further details please contact
 Andrew Phillips on 01206 546775.

You are most welcome to join us.
 The Annual Subscription
 is £7 per person or £12 for a couple.

OUR NEXT ISSUE

Please look out for issue No.26 which will
 be published in early 2013.

Letters should be addressed to
 Peter Constable, Colchester Recalled
 12 Claremont Heights, Colchester CO1 1ZU
 Email: design.constables@btinternet.com



2012-2013 LECTURES

Thursday September 20th CIARA CANNING:
Making History At The Museum. Since she came to
 Colchester Museum Ciara has explored the
 Colchester world of disadvantage and disability
 with remarkable consequences.

Thursday October 18th JOHN MORGAN:
Medieval Arms And Armour. An illustrated talk –
 literally: he will be wearing it and using it!
 A Very Special Evening.

Thursday November 22nd Members Evening.
 A second time for this popular event:
 RAY ALLAN: *My Titanic Story*; MICHAEL SHERMAN:
The Severalls I Knew; PETER EVANS: *Tales From
 The Borough Treasury.*

Thursday December 13th *Our Seasonal Special:*
 Wine, Mince Pies, Quiz and a Special Video.

Thursday January 17th 2013
 ROSALIND WATLING: *Upstreet, Downstreet:*
Rowhedge Recalled. Exploring the oral history of
 this riverside community.

Thursday February 21st SONIA LEWIS:
My Year As Mayor. Sonia was Mayor of Colchester
 2010-11. She has had time to digest and can now
 tell us what it was like.

Thursday March 14th PHILIP CRUMMY:
Living With A Roman Circus. Our popular
 archaeologist brings the big archaeology story
 up to date.

Thursday April 18th ANDREW PHILLIPS:
24 Hours In Colchester – 5,000 Pictures. A big
 picture show from the archive collected on
 October 21st 2011.

Thursday May 16th *Members Evening 2.*
 Three more speakers from our own members
 recount an extraordinary story from their life.

Thursday June 20th AGM and
 JIM LAWRENCE: *My Early Days In Barging.*
 The almost legendary Jim, who sailed the
 brown sailed barges. A Very Special Evening.

All in the Board Room, Colchester Institute,
 Sheepen Road at 7pm. Admission £1 per person
 per meeting including refreshments.

H. GUNTON LTD



Established 1936

Colchester's Specialist Grocer

Hand roasted coffee and specially selected loose teas
Over 100 British and European cheeses
Our 'Home Cooked' gammon ham
Fresh bread daily and artisan bread Friday and Saturday
Locally sourced products where possible
Bespoke and 'Off the Shelf' hampers available all year
Wilkins of Tiptree range stockist
Hard to find ingredients a speciality
Large range of basketware

81-83 Crouch St Colchester Essex

CO3 3EZ

(01206) 572200

info@guntons.co.uk

Shop online at www.guntons.co.uk