The Bulleid Family

Memories

Amicis Sanguine Tauricipitum Juneti
Hatherleigh, Devon, England
# Preface

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Memories

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When we die our memories die with us if they have not been recorded. This is a collection of memories and stories about the Bulleid family for the benefit of future generations. We are fortunate to have had a succession of family historians who have searched parish and other records, as well as strong interest amongst the family in its history. Publications exist about members of the family and this book draws heavily on them. It also includes contributions from members of the current generation, some from personal memory and some pieced together from various documents.

The book is a living document on the family website, from which it can be downloaded, and members of the family are encouraged to submit their own contributions to Geoff Ledden (email: gtl.tree@yahoo.com) for inclusion.

The origins of the Bulleid family have been traced back as far as John Bulhead, who died in 1598. Firmly rooted in the Winkleigh area of mid-Devon until the mid 19th century, the Bulleids were almost exclusively involved in agriculture: yeoman farmers, agricultural workers and butchers. The Concise Oxford Dictionary defines yeoman as a ‘man holding and cultivating small landed estate; (Hist.) person qualified by possessing free land of annual value 40 shillings to serve on juries, vote for knight of shire, etc.’

They seem to have left the land during the great farming depression of the 19th century, which ‘wiped out tens of thousands of farms in Britain and drove hundreds of thousands of farmers and their labourers overseas’ (John Cornwell). Some moved to the towns and cities and others emigrated to Canada, the USA, Australia and New Zealand.

Cornwell tells us that the background to the agricultural depression was the influx of cheap food from the United States, Russia, Argentina, Australia and New Zealand. The development of railways and steam navigation provided faster and cheaper transport, whilst the Americans had pioneered the mechanisation of crop farming to open up the vast and fertile prairies. ‘Throughout the 1870s North American grain pushed prices down to levels unknown since before the year 1700. The populations of the manufacturing towns were being fed on Argentine beef, Australian mutton and bread made with American wheat.’

One cousin has claimed that the family fled to England following the Huguenot rising and settled in Winkleigh. He must have good reason to believe this, but it seems unlikely. The Huguenots were French Protestants, who were denied the freedom to worship until the Edict of Nantes in 1598. This was revoked in 1685, following which many Huguenots fled to Protestant countries, especially England and America, to escape persecution. If the family originated in France, they left well before the Huguenot uprising. The earliest known reference to the family is in the 13th century, when Bullhead farm was occupied by John de'Bullhead. In 1332, William de Boleshead was living there and in 1352 there were proceedings before Justices regarding the Milltown farms at Northlew and Mariansleigh, also occupied by Bullleids. In1358, the Sheriff was ordered to bring Adam Bolehead and others before the Justices at Exeter. A Grant exists dated 25 November 1525 ‘by John Bolehead to Richard Bean, William Bound and William Rachebrook of all his messuages, lands etc in Northcott in Wynkleghe to the intent that they shall pay to his wife Thomasine during her life an annuity of 13s 4d by way of dower and jointure.’

The Devon Subsidy Rolls of 1524-7 record:
  John Bulhedde, tanner, Mariansleigh
  John Bulhedde, tanner, Winkleigh
  John Bulled, helyer, Bylstone
William Bulhed, brewer, Okehampton Manor
Thomas Bulhedde, brewer, East Stonehouse

The Devon Muster Roll of 1569 includes:
Walter Bulhead, billman, Hatherleigh
Henry Bulhead, archer, Winckley
John Bulhead, harquebusier, Marionsleigh

In a Trust Deed dated 24 April 1574, Henry Bulhead (son of Nicholas) put Narracott, as well as Overdensham, Wadland and Rudland, all in Ashreigny, in trust for his son Arckenwall. Narracott was located in Hollocombe, a few miles north of Winkleigh. Carry on northwards a few more miles and you will come to Ashreigny.

A second theory is from John Field ‘Jack’ Bulleid, the former family historian of Taunton, Somerset, who thought that the family was almost certainly Saxon, but may well have occupied a farm that had much older occupants, from the Iron Age. He claimed that the family worldwide derives from one source, Bullhead Farm, Iddesleigh, North Devon, about 4 miles west of Winkleigh, which still exists. In the Devon Family History Society Journal, he wrote ‘I am fortunate in being able to establish Bullhead from Iddesleigh as the name source and to confirm its occupation by one William de Boleshead in 1332.’

A glance at the IGI shows that in the late 17th and 18th centuries the main branch of the family was at Winkleigh, and other branches were well established at nearby Hatherleigh, Romansleigh and Marionsleigh. In his book ‘Devon Villages’ S. H. Burton tells us something of the history of Winkleigh:

‘Wineca cleared the woodland from the hilltop and Winkleigh was a Saxon plantation, part agricultural settlement and part fortified centre. Later the Normans built a very small castle here. Study of the map shows that this was a commanding situation. For centuries it was an important local centre for goods and services and had both a market and a fair. Decline was rapid after the mid-nineteenth century and its population halved in 90 years. It’s the same old story: flight from the land accompanied necessarily by the impoverishment and finally the extinction of butchers and bakers, candlemakers and brewers, tailors and cobblers, coopers and smiths, ropemakers and saddlers, wheelwrights...’

The ‘Topographical Dictionary of England’ by Samuel Lewis, first published in 1831, records Winkleigh as “A parish in the union of Torrington, hundred of Winkley, South Molton division...6 ½ miles from Chulmleigh; containing 1650 inhabitants. The parish forms a distinct hundred, to which it gives its name; the new road from Torrington to Exeter passes through it and the scenery is agreeably enlivened with the grounds of Winkle Court. A fair for cattle is held on the Monday after July 7th; and courts leet and baron annually. The living is a vicarage valued at £21.8.9; net income £215; patrons and appropriators, the Dean and Chapter of Exeter. There is an endowed almshouse, called Gidley’s, for widows.”
Parish Map of Winkleigh prior to 1850 with Bulleid farms highlighted
All Saints Parish Church, Winkleigh, 2001
The Trials of Adam Bolehead, 1358 and 1359
By Geoff Ledden

The documents that provide the source for this article were discovered by a researcher employed by two Bulleid family historians: Violet Bridson and Jack Bulleid. Jack arranged for the first document to be transcribed, an exceedingly difficult task as many parts were badly worn. Odd words are missing from the transcription because they either defy recognition, or else they no longer fit the text in a way we can understand.

The final outcome of the case was revealed in the Calendar of Patent Rolls, Edward III, 1358 – 1361, page 228, membrane 28 dated 7 June 1359 at Westminster.

In 1358, the Sheriff was ordered to take Adam Bolehead and several other people, including clerics and women, to appear before “William of Shareshull and his colleagues, Justices of our Sovereign Lord the King at Exeter on Monday in the first week of Quadragesima to answer to the King about various crimes for which they are indicted.”

Adam was accused of having caused the death of Nicholas Lampray and it is perhaps not surprising that he failed to appear. Adam and others who had stayed away were duly summoned once more to appear before the Court in February 1359, but again did not do so. “Therefore, by the consideration of all the court in the presence of Richard Duraunt and Richard Okebeare, Coroners of the King for the said County who delivered thence their judgement, they were outlawed; by which decision the Sheriff was ordered to make enquiries about their lands and their chattels.” And so, Adam risked having his property confiscated and being made an outlaw.

The Seneschal of Gascony, John de Chevereston, appealed on Adam’s behalf on the grounds that Adam had given long service in Gascony to the King and on 7 June 1359, at Westminster, Adam was granted the King’s Pardon.
John Bulleid’s Farms
By Geoff Ledden

John Bulleid died in August 1650. He lived in Romansleigh, Devon, England, and his will provides a very good idea of how he and his family lived. It is not known which farm they lived at, but they also had two other farms nearby: Whitehowse and Odam.

The farmhouse had four or five bedrooms. One was above the entry and had two beds, probably four-posters as John left them to his wife Elizabeth “with their furniture.” Another bedroom was above the hall and had one four-poster. A third bedroom used to be occupied by their daughters and contained another four-poster; and it seems that at the time of John’s death Elizabeth was sleeping in another room, which contained a small table bord. Table bords stood on trestles and could easily be dismantled to save space.

The living room was the hall, which probably took up much of the ground floor. It contained several items of furniture, which John bequeathed to Elizabeth: three chests (she was to receive two of the best and one of the worst); seven coffers; nine frame stools; and two table bords and two forms (benches). There was another table bord in the milk house. The family used brass vessels; pewter items, probably cups and dishes; and wooden vessels. Elizabeth received half of the brass and pewter items and all the wooden vessels. She also inherited two spits, which would have been used to roast meat in front of the fire.

Elizabeth rode a red nag and also received an old mare and a little mare; four oxen, which would have been used for ploughing; six cows and four calves; forty ewes and thirty lambs; and pigs. There were three acres of wheat; two acres of rye; four acres of barley; as well as oats growing in the “wester gratton.” The barn contained corn which had already been threshed; livery for three horses; two yokes and four oxbows.

The cupboard in the hall at Whitehowse contained earthenware vessels, timber dishes, trenchers and spoons; and in the court stood a “reek” of wood, presumably timber for the fires. John had hay at Odam. John left Elizabeth all his butter and cheese; all his “lyning furniture” and half of his cushions.

The remainder of John’s possessions were left in trust to his brothers Richard and Nicholas, and his brother-in-law Amyos Nott, to pay his debts and for the “raiseing of, maintenance and pensions for all my children.” We know that John had three boys and three girls: Amos and Robert were aged about eight and three respectively when John died. They seem to have prospered and had their names stamped on the bells at the local parish church in 1680. Amos was a warden of the church. Their sister Susanna married Henry Thorne who, in 1690, commenced litigation against Amos and Robert. They had seized Henry’s property when he failed to repay his debts to them.
Henry Thorne v Amos and Robert Bulled 1699

By Geoff Ledden

A court case in 1699 provides a fascinating insight into family life three hundred years ago. The prosecutor was one Henry Thorne and the principal defendants were the Bulled brother Amos and Robert. The original document is tedious to read and proves the point that a lawyer will not use one word when ten will do. No doubt even then they charged by the hour.

Henry Thorne is the Bulleds' brother-in-law. Amos and Robert are about 48 and 43 respectively when the story starts in 1690. Thorne owns a half-share ("moiety") in a farm called "Pixyweeke" in Kings Nympton, two or three miles from Romansleigh where the Bulleds live. He has leased the other half from three people who are living, but the lease will expire on their deaths. He has also leased a farm called "Hobbyhouse" in Mariansleigh. He lives in Pixyweeke with his wife and daughter, both called Susanna, and other children.

On 22 March 1690, Thorne had acquired from William Webber of Chulmleigh the moiety of Pixyweeke for a term of 99 years to commence on Thorne's death and end on the deaths of his wife and daughter. He owed £36 to Webber and another £3.16s.0p to various other people for repairing the premises, maintaining his children etc. He assigned this moiety for a period of 40 years from the date of his death to the Bulleds and George Tossell in exchange for settlement of the debts.

By 1 September "in the second year of the reign of William and Mary" (1690), Thorne is again in financial difficulty, owing a total of £184 to ten people including a miller and the Vicar of Burrington. He has failed to honour his bonds and we can imagine the pressure he is under. The Bulleds and Tossell agree to settle and/or take over these debts and the parties sign a Deed of Trust transferring the two properties to the Bulleds and Tossell for 40 years, or as long as Thorne shall live. They have the right to sell his goods and possessions as well as sell or rent the properties. They can recover their payments to Thorne's creditors from the rents etc., or sale proceeds:

"And likewise by the same deed and for the same consideration and purpose did grant bargaine and sell to the said George Tossell, Robert and this defendant Amos Bulled, their Executors and Administrators, all these his the complainant's good therein mentioned (viz.) two tableboards, two forms, seaven framed stools, eleaven pewter dishes, one Tinn Tankard, two brass pots, two brass pans and skilet, three brandirons, three pairs of pottcrooks, two pothangings, two chairs, three standing bedsteads, three feather beds, five feather bolsters, two little feather pillows and the Ruggs, coverlets, Blanketts and sheets commonly used with the said beds, two sheets, two Bedds and the coverletts and Blanketts therewith commonly used, one hogshead, eight Barrells, a parcell of vessell staves, a parcell of hoops, three mare, one Milch cow, three young bullocks, thirty sheep, six pigs, and the corne and hay in the Barne and Pallett att Pixyweeke aforesaid, one syder press or apple wring, and a pounding trough with a covenant for enjoyment therof, under a proviso nevertheless that if the said complainant, his executors and Administrators, should in a month's tyme next after the date of the same deed procure all the said Bonds to be lawfully cancelled and delivered upp, and in the meantime should defend and indemnifie the said George Tossell, Robert Bulled and Amos Bulled this defendant, that then the same deed was to be void."
Three weeks later, on 27 September, Thorne has failed to repay the Bulleds and Tossell, whereupon he signs over to them all the apples he has harvested and all his other goods and chattels not included in the original deed "except only two dry cows, a small sow pig, which the complainant had from his motherlaw, the corne in Hobbyhouse barne, beare and syder and all his and his familyes apparell and his bookes and ready money." So he was all right for bread and a glass of beer or cider but otherwise they had him by his apples!

But his troubles were not over. More debts were due, including 15/- for corn and malt, so on 18 October he signed another deed authorising the Bulleds and Tossell to fell and keep or sell his trees on Pixyweeke.

Hobbyhouse and various goods were eventually sold to Richard Bawdon for £76, giving us an idea of the scale of Thorne's indebtedness.

On 25 March 1694, Pixyweeke, with the exception of four parcels of land, is rented to Peter Rule for 7 years at £15 per annum. Unfortunately, Rule cannot keep up with the rent and in November 1698 Amos Bulled goes to demand what is due:

"Hee this defendant Amos in pursuance to a power to him referred in the Lease or Covenants made to the said Rule as aforesaid on the twentieth day after Lady Day last past, did repaire to the premises demised to the said Rule as aforesaid and then and there did demand the rent then due and in arrears from the said Rule. And the same being not then paid theo this defendant tarryed there untill sun sett and there being then noe sufficient distresse whereby to levy the said rent in arrear, this defendant Amos did then cutt up a turfe in the premises demised to the said Rule and entered thereon and claymed the same."

He sends in the bailiffs, later claiming that there were two bailiffs and a servant and that the distraint was peaceable, whereas in Thorne's version there were 12 or 13 bailiffs and it was violent. Amos says that Rule didn't have much and all he got was one little cow, eight . . .and one small . . .(both illegible). These animals were driven to the pound at Witheridge where their sale, with Rule's other goods, made a profit of £6.0s.9p, the costs having been £1.12s.4p. Thorne complains that they were sold for well under market value and that there was no need to drive the cattle to Witheridge, six or seven miles away, when there were other pounds nearby.

The Bulleds (Tossell having died soon after signing the 1690 deed) then let part of Pixyweeke to Thomas Nott for a year for £3, another part to John Furse, for a year at £.. 10s.. 0p and the remainder to Robert Tirkell for a year for £6.. 10s.. 0p.

In May 1699, claiming to have been unable to recoup the costs of settling Thorne's debts and to have been forced to borrow £40 from Richard Stevens of Buckland Brewer and £20 from Thomas Nott, the Bulleds assigned Pixyweeke to Stevens and Nott for 10 years, if Thorne should live that long. The deed provides that Stevens should receive 2/3rds of the profits and Nott 1/3rd and that they were "not to molest the said Robert and this defendant Amos Bulled on the bonds given for securing the same money." On 13 June Nott assigns his 1/3rd share to Stevens.

This is all too much for Thorne and in July he issues a Bill of Complaint addressed to the Right Hon. John, Lord Somers, Baron of Evesham, Lord High Chancellor of England. The substance of his complaint is that the Bulleds, Tossell's son and heir, Rule, Nott, Furse, Tirkell and others whose names are unknown to him, have formed a "confederacy" to defraud him of Pixyweeke, leaving him and his family destitute. He claims that the Bulleds, having become insolvent, abused the original trust, taking
profits out of Pixyweke to settle their own debts rather than those they had taken over from him etc. etc.

The outcome is unknown, but it is interesting to have this insight into financial matters before banking was widely established in England. Goldsmiths used to lend against gold and silver in the 17th century, but it is patently obvious that Thorne and Rule were more at the pewter and tin level. The Bank of England was founded in 1694 but there was no Barclays or NatWest in Kings Nympton to lend against property. Interesting also to note how property was divided into shares, leased and so on.

Hobby House Farm, Alswear, in the Parish of Mariansleigh - 2007
The only approach to the farm is via a steep, unmade track leading down from the escarpment just glimpsed above the buildings.

© Richard J. Brine

Mary Field’s Prayer Book
By John Field ‘Jack’ Bulleid
February 1988

This is a précis of Jack’s 18 page document, which can be found in full on the family website. I have had to interpret some of the information contained in the original as it appears, in parts, to be inconsistent.

I was seven or eight when I first became aware of the significance of the name Field. My parents told me that “I had the same name as my grandfather.” I was known as Jack as I was John, the son of John, the son of John.

I was about eighteen when, following the death of my grandmother, I was shown the glass-fronted, much faded document reading: -

“John Bulleid, bachelor of this parish, and Mary Field, spinster of the same, were married in this church by banns 28th September 1766.
Extract from the register book of marriages belonging to the parish of St John, Hackney, Middlesex, 29th September 1766 by me, Thos Cornthwaite, Vicar.”

The war years intervened; I was married with a daughter, but always aware of my father’s strong ties with Devon and his pleasure at showing me the town of Hatherleigh, where my grandfather had been born. On my first visit I remember feeling a definite sense of belonging from seeing the family name on tombstones in the churchyard. I recorded a lot of information from the parish registers and, with great difficulty, transcribed information from 1558.

In 1946, my father had retired to Seaton and arranged for us to visit a namesake, a solicitor, at Street near Glastonbury. Avalon St George Bulleid possessed a number of family documents, including a prayer book known to have belonged to Mary Field. It was in the possession of his two sisters who ran a confectioners’ shop opposite the Crown Inn in Glastonbury. Little did I know at that time the significance of the Crown Inn, my attention being directed principally to handling a prayer book printed in 1752 by Thomas Baskett, price six pence (a day’s wage for an agricultural worker) and inscribed:

“Mary Bulleid, her book

God give her grace therein to look
And not to look, but understand
Learning is better than house or land
When house and land is gone and spent
Then learning is most excellent

Scriptum W Friend May 1764”

The prayer book contained scribblings and a loose sheet of paper detailing:

Children of John and Mary Bulleid (née Field) of Winkleigh, Devon, as stated in a letter from Mary Bulleid to her brother Capt Thomas Field at Dock Street, Hull ‘as my husband set them down in his prayer book’. No date.

John born Feb 9th 1765
Samuel born Oct 3rd 1771
Mary born Jan 16th 1774
William born Sept 19th 1776
Thomas born Sept 23rd 1781
I have buried two girls.”

Progress with my family research was slow, but by 1952 I was seeking an interview with Dr Arthur Bulleid at Midsomer Norton. Unfortunately, he died before it could be arranged. He belonged to the Glastonbury Bulleids and his father had been mayor of that town seven times. Arthur had been a much respected family doctor in Midsomer Norton, as well as no mean amateur archaeologist with his outstanding discovery of the Meare Lake Village. He also spent much time and effort on the Bulleid genealogy.

Some time later, I was offered all his documents and researches into the Bulleid family history, including an extensive family tree. My own research was intermittent; I was relinquishing my job with the Forestry Commission to become sub-agent to the
Marquis of Salisbury on the Cranborne estate in Dorset and started to study for professional examinations.

Dr Arthur’s widow only survived her husband by a few years and shortly thereafter the large family home, ‘Dymboro’ at Midsomer Norton was sold and the contents distributed amongst the family. To my joy, I was offered the Field family portraits, which Dr Arthur had acquired from the Clifford family.

About this time, my wife and I were invited to dine with Canon and Mrs Goodall at St Edmund’s rectory, Salisbury, just 14 miles from our home at Alderholt. Armynell Goodall was the third of Dr Arthur’s four daughters and had undertaken to convey the Field portraits to me. Ann Mary Clifford had married Mary Field’s younger brother, Capt Thomas Field (1746-1814) and the portraits of Thomas and his older brother William had been in the possession of the Clifford family. They show Thomas in double breasted waistcoat, top hat, cravat and wig (sailor fashion), with headland and sailing vessel in the background. His brother has black top coat, white shirt and bow tie, and his own dark hair going grey at the edges. Thomas is broad faced and bluff; William is very serious.

In 1961, I moved to the Ministry of Agriculture in Exeter and, in 1966, was transferred to Somerset, where my duties included writing letters of agricultural appraisal at the request of the planning authorities.

In December 1970, I was surprised to receive a letter from Avalon St George Bulleid, the solicitor in Street, who had received an appraisal letter signed by me. He referred to the Field prayer book and suggested that “you are the proper person to hold it and pass it on to your family.” He subsequently delivered it himself!

It was now time to amalgamate Dr Arthur’s family tree with my own material. Armynell was anxious to see progress and enlisted the aid of a professional genealogist friend of hers in London. After several months, a more detailed family tree appeared, complete with all references down one side and measuring 64” by 38”. Regrettably, it was written in a small and indistinct hand and, without the 103 documents to which it referred, could not be checked. However, we set about a wide distribution.

I had Dr Arthur’s collection of the entire Bulleid baptismal, marriage and burial details of Winkleigh parish from 1510 to 1836, including transcripts of eleven wills. My gt gt grandfather’s will of 1820 was one of these and included the provision for the disposal of Pearces tenement, Hatherleigh, “if my son John should die having no children.” John was then 52 and a bachelor.

Winkleigh’s parish clerks were not exceptional in assuming that there was no need to distinguish between one John Bulleid and another; and anyway children belonged to their respective fathers and therefore there was no need to record the mother’s name. I had a card index system of 95 John Bulleids from first records to the end of the 19th century, and another of 143 marriages where neither bride nor groom could be precisely identified. The permutations for error were, therefore, considerable. One outstanding occasion arose when five John Bulleids, in adjoining parishes, were producing children in the same years and using both parish churches to baptise members of individual families. Two of the wives were called Mary and, although we had some idea as to which parish they came from (because firstborns were traditionally baptised in the parish where their mother was married), in this particular instance there were five Marys of the same surname, of eligible age, to be the wife of individual John Bulleids.

Further complications arise where a wife dies young, frequently in childbirth, and the husband remarries. Families of nine or ten by two wives were not uncommon with
no means of relating individual children to particular wives, especially if it was not possible to date the first or second marriage, which could be several parishes distant and for which no banns book had survived.

Additionally, in many parts of Devon and elsewhere prior to 1755, the exchange of vows before relatives was regarded as a legal marriage and many families were too poor to be able to afford the festivities traditional to a church wedding. However, Land Tax details from about 1780 to 1832 helped identification for those families who were farming and from 1841 the Census gave the place of birth.

My Uncle Sidney had died in 1955 and, as the senior member of his generation, numerous family papers had been entrusted to him. He was somewhat eccentric and, when I was going through his papers, I came across a letter to his sister Lilian dated 27 March 1948: “On the 13th of this month I destroyed a number of old family letters and other papers, some of them dated 1820 and earlier years. One or two dated 1798. He listed each letter and gave a brief resumé of its contents commencing with the following: -

“From E Bulleid of Okehampton 5th October 1832 to Farmer John Bulleid, Weekhouse Farm, Winkley – John Bulleid’s wife mentioned? named Sally (But Sally might have been another of the family).”

For me there were three points of impelling interest in this statement: -

1. What was the significance of retaining these letters set against the unresolved question of the marriage certificate that the Field branch seemed to regard as vital evidence?
2. If the Writer E Bulleid really was my gt gt grandfather’s widow and second wife, was there any possibility that John Bulleid, his eldest son, had married after the age of 52?
3. Set against the two previous questions, what was the significance of the Glastonbury branch clinging so tenaciously to Mary Field’s prayer book and how had it come into their possession?

The definitive family tree in 1982 showed the Glastonbury branch descended from my gt gt grandfather’s eldest son John (baptised 27 May 1766, four months before church marriage) and the Field branch descended from the second son Samuel. We retained the name Field; they retained Marty Field’s prayer book (albeit gifted to us in 1971). According to Dr Arthur, John had married a girl called Grace – so who was Sally? The only Sally in the Bulleid genealogy had been born in North Molton on 1st November 1818 to William and Grace Bulhead. John had an untraced brother William, known from wills to have had two daughters – could Sally have been his niece? In 1832, she would have been 14 – too young for a bride or a housekeeper. John would then have been 64! Apart from these minor mysteries here, once again, was a second incident revealing the possibility that John had remained unmarried.

Then in 1983 my worst fears were confirmed by receiving a transcript of his will, which I thought had been destroyed during the war. What slowly and somewhat forcibly dawned upon both Armynell and me was that, if John Bulleid (bp. 27 May 1766) had died a bachelor (as his will confirmed), then the whole of the Glastonbury branch was completely adrift from the family tree, in limbo, almost excommunicated!

Armynell said little, but I sensed her concern and, having uncovered this error, I was greatly embarrassed. She was anxious to publish her recollections of the Bulleids of Glastonbury and it was desirable that this should include an outline of Bulleid
genealogy, and it was taken for granted that I would supply the most up to date version. On the point of going to press, there was need for accuracy to reconnect the Glastonbury branch. It all revolved around the age old conundrum – which John Bulleid? In this instance there were only about ten from which to choose and I am sure that posterity will understand why we chose to keep this unhappy secret to ourselves.

I began to give serious thought to the relationship between the Glastonbury branch and my Field branch. The firstborn to John and Mary Bulleid (née Field) appeared to have been baptised some four months before their marriage. Nothing very significant there, as betrothal marriage (i.e. exchange of vows before both sets of relatives) was regarded as legal marriage and a church ceremony merely ratification. But why did they choose to go all the way from Devon to Hackney, London, to undertake the church ceremony – quite an undertaking in 1766? The only logical reason seemed to be that Lord Hardwick’s Marriage Act of 1758 had at last reached Devon and that condemnation was feared at the hands of the local priest.

It also left the mystery of how and why Mary Field from Howden, near Hull in Yorkshire came to marry a Devonian yeoman farmer. And why did the Glastonbury branch set such value on the possession of Mary Field’s prayer book? Clearly there had been, at some time in the past, the need to establish which was the senior branch of the family. Social status was not unknown, even in Victorian times. The only solution I could put forward was that they believed they had originated from the firstborn supposedly illegitimate son (largely a technicality) and we had descended from the second son and therefore carried the Field name to signify our legitimacy. With the finding that the firstborn was a bachelor, that had gone completely out of the window.

The Glastonbury branch was complete and seemingly accurate in detail commencing with the marriage of John Bulleid and Grace Hopkins at Bondleigh (the next parish to Winkleigh) on 7th February 1793. To re-attach this branch to the main tree, we just needed to identify this John. There were twelve to choose from; what easier than to work through them eliminating each one in turn until the correct connection was found. There must be a connection, otherwise why would they have Mary Field’s prayer book?

Nine were eliminated for various reasons and we were left with three, any of which would have fitted. However, we could not trace Grace Hopkins’ birth within a ten mile radius and therefore could not even guess what age the bridegroom might be. She might even have been a widow! Five years passed before we traced her baptism. Her father, William Hopkins, who had some sixteen children by two wives, had managed to get the baptism of some thirteen of them registered correctly using three churches in three adjoining parishes. Incredibly, twin boys were baptised, one as Edward Hopkins in Nymet Rowland and the other as Jonas Hawkins in the adjoining parish of Coldridge on the same day! Poor Grace suffered a similar fate – baptised in Winkleigh as Hawkins!

It was known that the only son of Grace’s marriage, baptised at Bondleigh, had turned up some 80 miles away in Bristol at the age of 22, where he married a Glastonbury girl.

In November 1985, out of the blue, Armynell and I received a letter from one of the Clifford family in Penzance saying that they had original letters from Mary Field to her brother Thomas. I went to Penzance and returned with copies of five letters, including one detailing the names and birth dates of her five children, thus authenticating the slip of paper found in her prayer book. We could now positively
identify the children baptised in Winkleigh and Wembworthy between 1766 and 1781 and born to the two wives named Mary, both married to John Bulleids of almost identical age and from longstanding Winkleigh families.

However, the firstborn in each case was named John, one baptised 25 May 1766 and the other born 9 February 1768; one baptised in Wembworthy and the other in Winkleigh; one seemingly born five months before marriage and the other the first registered birth after twelve years of marriage.

It was known that Mary Field and John had occupied Heckpen farm, Winkleigh, (John’s family home), whereas Mary Radmore (spouse to the other John) had married an agricultural labourer, whose accommodation and work might change from hiring day to hiring day, normally annually, and take the family into any parish. Of the eight children in the two families one, baptised at Wemborthy, and two baptised at Winkleigh, were all described as children of ‘John and Mary Bulleid of Wembworthy’.

There had been an unconfirmed, but persistent legend that the James Bulleid, who arrived in Glastonbury in 1794 and married the daughter of the Crown Inn (Priscilla Sallisbury), had been the uncle of the founder of the Glastonbury branch. Eventually, it proved possible, through the witnesses to various marriages, to identify the Glastonbury founder’s father as a member of the large family of Samuel Bulleid, the butcher in Winkleigh and his wife Martha Radmore. This confirmed that James was John’s uncle, despite being a contemporary and that the Glastonbury branch was not illegitimate.

Nevertheless, this did not solve the mystery of Mary Field and her prayer book. Why had the latter assumed such importance to the Glastonbury branch? I checked the copies of Mary’s letters to her brother and discovered that Dr Arthur had mistaken the year of birth of her firstborn. He had recorded 9th February 1765 instead of 1768.

I had copied parts of her letters and quotations from her prayer book to John Chapman. He studied her writing very carefully and noticed that what we had taken to be the figure in 9th February 1768 – the date of birth of her firstborn – had a slight kink in the tail and was, in fact, a three. So John had been born on 3rd February and baptised on 7th February 1768.

However, I could not dismiss lightly that on another sheet of her prayer book was the entry, “John, son of John and Mary Bulleid, was born on May the third and baptised on the twenty fifth 1766.” John Chapman now suggested that we had allocated the two firstborn children to the wrong marriages and, indeed, it eventually transpired that this was the case.

It will be remembered that the prayer book was marked “Mary Bulleid, her book.” Because of the loose sheet of paper in it detailing the children of Mary Field, it had been assumed that it was Mary Field’s prayer book. In fact, it had belonged to Mary Radmore!

**Samuel Bulleid of Dolton (1771-1848) and Family**

*By John Field Bulleid*

*7th January 1991*

Like several of my Devon ancestors, Samuel Bulleid was born of a farming family, but later diversified as a butcher. His parents were John Bulleid and Mary Field of Hull, Yorkshire, whose name I still carry, and they farmed first at Heckpen Farm, Winkleigh, about 1771 to 1807 and later at West Coulson Farm on the
Broadwoodkelly boundary from 1808 until 1820, when John died there on 10th August.

Of the five surviving children of this family, only John, the firstborn, was baptised at Wembworthy on 7 February 1768, some four days after he was born and Samuel, the fourth child and his subsequent siblings, were baptised at Winkleigh; his birth date being the 3rd October 1771 as recorded in Mary Field’s letters, which we still possess. The second and third children were both daughters, but only Mary (baptised 26.2.1770, buried 27.9.1770) was recorded at Winkleigh and Mary Field’s only reference was, “I have buried two girls.”

Poor Mary Field was buried on 19th April 1800, leaving the only daughter Mary (three years younger than Samuel) to run the farmhouse [at the age of sixteen – Ed]. Perhaps Samuel had long since turned his back on farming; certainly it is known from the North Devon Militia lists that his younger brother William was already a butcher by December 1798.

Samuel’s marriage to Eleanor Paddon Bissett at Dowland on 22nd December 1801 suggests that he had already been earning his living as a butcher for some time – possibly as an assistant to a butcher in Dolton.

The Bissetts were wide ranging and well established butchers; One of Samuel’s daughters, Eliza, also married a Bissett, butcher, from Petrockstowe at Dolton on 6th April 1836. The marriage was witnessed by his father John Bissett, butcher, who may have been the same John Bissett whose family occupied Higher Upcott farm, Dowland, from 1789 to 1815.

Samuel Bulleid and his bride are known from the Land Tax records to have occupied Arscott farm, Dolton, owned by John Clevland Esq., from 1804 to 1830, relinquishing the tenancy for the years 1808 and 1809. It was only nine acres, but presumably was convenient for a butcher’s shop in Dolton; more so than the West Upcott farm, Dowland, owned by High Mallet Esq., of Ash farm, Idesleigh, which they rented from 1807 to 1816 and where they may have lived in the two years that Arscott farm was not available. That it was his bride’s family that occupied Higher Upcott farm through to 1815, seems to be borne out by the tenant being named as William Paddon Bissett (?the bride’s brother) from 1807 to 1815. This Dowland farm was in the ownership of Thomas Harding from 1780, when the Land Tax records commenced, through to 1830, when records ceased.

That Samuel Bulleid married well would appear to be confirmed by his wife’s family occupying, at various times, Lower Stenteford, Dolton; and Higher Upcott, Corrindons Upcott, Lower Upcott, Staple and Headons farms at Dowland.

Times, however, were not easy. There had been bread riots in Exeter in 1796 and the Napoleonic War years up to 1815 had increased the price of all agricultural commodities, Butchers, such as these, must have bred their own supplies of beef and mutton (lamb was unknown then), doubtless prospering as they often do from such a situation.

In the meantime, the Bulleid family was growing; Samuel 19th January 1803, twins Eleanor and Eliza 8th April 1806, John 24th November 1807 were all baptised at Dolton. Mary Field 19th June 1809, Kezia 29th October 1810, William Paddon 7th January 1812, Thomas 19th June 1815, and Ann 25th October 1819 were baptised at Dowland. In Thomas’ case, it records that his parents were resident at Upcott farm, Dowland, and that his mother had been a Bissett.

As these children grew up in the first two decades of the 19th century, their horizons and opportunities for occupations were expanding considerably, mainly as the result
of improved roads and adequate and regular stage coach travel. Indeed, this period was known as the Golden Age of stage coach travel.

Son Samuel went to Hatherleigh, where he married on 24th April 1826 the daughter of a prosperous farmer from Inwardleigh and became, once again, a thriving butcher and farmer. In due course, Eleanor and Eliza married a Luxton of Hatherleigh and a Bissett of Petrockstowe respectively, the former on 11th January 1831 and the latter on 6th April 1836, both at Dolton church. Mary Field Bulleid seems to have married twice, first to Thomas Smith, a cooper, at Dolton on 28th October 1834, and subsequently to somebody of the name of [William] Halls as indicated in her Uncle John’s will (Winkleigh 3rd March 1849). From the first marriage were born two boys, both baptised at Dolton, Henry on 18th February 1835 and Thomas Field on 1st January 1841.
By 1837, we know that brother John, now a carpenter, was in Christina Balkwill and marry her there on 26th January 1837. In the 1841 Census they already had a daughter Elizabeth, who tragically died at the age of thirteen.

Nearly seven years later, Thomas was also married in Hatherleigh to Elizabeth Heale Bolt, the daughter of a carpenter, which was also Thomas’ trade, and his father and sister Kezia were witnesses. By the 1841 Census, he was employing four men and his wife was a dressmaker.

By contrast the 1841 Census for Dolton indicated that Samuel Bulleid, Senior, had retired from both butchering and farming. His address was Chapple Cottage, Dolton, about one and a half miles south west of Dolton village and obviously the farm cottage of Chapple farm. If it was as comfortable and picturesque as it would appear to be today, I am sure that the family was very happy there. He was recorded as 65 years of age (as was his wife Eleanor) and accompanied by his daughters Kezia (recorded as 25, but actually 30) and Ann aged 20, both of whom earned their keep as straw hat manufacturers. On Census night, their granddaughter Eleanor Luxton aged 3 was staying with them.

Alas, by the 1851 Census both Samuel, Senior, and his wife were dead - she in April 1843 and he in December 1848. Both were buried at Dolton, Eleanor’s service being taken by Joseph Ruse, Rector of Monkokehampton.
Two pieces of information suggest that William Paddon Bulleid took over his father’s business. The 1841 Census shows him living at Dolton Cottage, an unmarried butcher aged 38, accompanied by his sister (now called Alice, aged 31), who claimed to have been born in Dolton. An 1857 directory compiled by M. Billing designates him as the butcher of Dolton.

The mystery girl is Kezia. As yet, no trace has been found of her anywhere but in the 1851 Census. Chapple farm itself (only 100 yards distant from the cottage her parents occupied) is occupied by James and Kezia Cudemore. Did she eventually marry the farmer’s son from next door?

The greatest revelation came in the 1861 Census for Dolton. William Paddon Bulleid, at the age of 43, had found a wife about the same age. There is uncertainty since, as always, his census age is recorded as 48 years when we know positively that he was baptised 7th January 1812.

Of the age of his wife, Fanny Walters, we are equally uncertain since only the record of her death is, at present, available; the parish records at Langtree, where the census says she was born, commencing in 1837 are still in use within the parish and need a personal visit for enlightenment. Nevertheless, from her death registration in the second quarter of 1896, aged 83, can suppose that at marriage she was also 43, although the 1861 Census still insists she was 45. As yet we can find no children, which seems understandable, and the 1861 and 1871 Censuses record none.

The marriage itself has not, as yet, been found, but the Banns read in Dolton church were dated 25th March, 1st and 7th April 1855 so that we are entitled to expect that the actual ceremony followed soon after.

We do have insights into William’s professional career from the North Devon Journal newspaper. The entry for 8th September 1859 records his success in having a tender accepted for supplying the Poor Law Institution at Torrington with meat. Little did he know that one of his distant relatives, and grandfather of the entire Canadian branch of the family, had died in that establishment on 3rd April 1840, having previously married a girl at Dolton called Thomasine Mitchell on 3rd April 1784.

In the 1861 Census, he was still a butcher in Dolton, now 48 years of age, but by the 9th March 1865 the North Devon Journal advertises the sale of property, which may well have foreshadowed preparations for retirement: -

“To be sold by auction by Mr Lee at the Union Inn, Dolton, on Thursday, 23rd March 1865, a house and various fields known as Court, with barn and convenient outbuildings together with three cottages, walled garden, meadows, pond and orchards, about 1 acre 2 perches with further watered meadow of 5 acres 3 rods 2 perches in occupation of Messrs Bulleid and others.”

One wonders if he rented the whole, living perhaps in the big house (if such it was), while making an additional income to butchering from sub-letting the remainder of the property. The sale included seven other fields totalling about 17½ acres, but in the occupation of others. It is interestingly described as good building land!

The 1871 Census is brief: -

“William Bulleid, head of house, 58 years, farmer of 20 acres born Dowland Fanny Bulleid, wife, 55 years, born Langtree.”

In Dolton parish register for 30th January 1888, the entry is equally brief: -

“William Bulleid aged 74, buried. Certified Fanny Bulleid.”
The Mystery of the Late Mrs Bulleid

By Bernard Everett

This account of the mysterious life of John Bulleid (1795-1829) and his ‘partner’ Diana Davey was pieced together by his descendant, Bernard Everett, from documents discovered by his cousin, Pam Copson, to whom it is dedicated.

The life of John Bulleid (1795-1829) was a relatively short, but eventful one. The son of James Bulleid, owner of the Crown Inn in Glastonbury, he left behind him a sheaf of legal documents and some mysterious, unanswered questions. Who was the mother of his sons William Henry and James John Bulleid? Was John, gentleman of Glastonbury and gunsmith of Bristol, ever formally married? It is an unusual situation for the family historian, for whom absentee fathers are likely to be more of a problem than phantom mothers!

No evidence of a Bulleid marriage has been found. The obvious place to look is in the register of St Thomas in Bristol, the parish church of John and of his patrons, the Wilkinsons, over a period of at least thirty years. It was here that the funeral of John’s benefactor, Joanna Wilkinson, took place in 1818, and it was to be John’s own, final resting place eleven years later. As late as 1844, John’s son William Henry brought his infant daughter here for burial. Joanna’s daughter Diana had been baptised in the church as an adult in 1814 (ten days before her marriage there to John Davey) but of William’s and James John’s baptisms there is no trace.

It is not even entirely clear when the two boys were born. Jack Bulleid thought that James John was baptised in March 1818, but William appears to have been the elder and is always mentioned first in legal documents. Subsequent censuses gave varying ages for William that would place his birth in any year between 1816 and 1821. What is striking, however, is that, when growing up, the brothers seemed to do things together. They were both apprenticed at the same time, both to cabinet makers. They were married within three months of each other. Perhaps they were twins!

One reason for the lack of documentary evidence may be that John was never legally married and that the boys were born out of wedlock.

There is also a persistent family legend about the shooting of a “Mrs Bulleid.” A child is said to have entered John’s gunshop one day, picked up a gun and said “I’m going to shoot you, Mrs Bulleid!” whereupon he did so, with fatal consequences.

The key to the mystery may lie in the relationship of John and the Wilkinson family. Joanna Wilkinson was the second wife of Matthias Wilkinson, gunsmith, and some 27 years younger than her husband. Matthias was alive in 1812, when he settled a sum of £3,000 on his wife. But a local directory published in 1814 listed the business as “J Wilkinson.” Ownership may have been passed to his wife, Joanna, or to James, Matthias's son by his first marriage. James Wilkinson was also a gunsmith, but appears, from Joanna’s Will, to have settled in London, with a prime site premises in Ludgate Hill.

John Bulleid had been apprenticed to a Taunton chemist and druggist for a period of seven years from 1809. It seems unlikely that he completed this apprenticeship, for he next appears in Bristol in 1815, where he is described in Joanna Wilkinson’s Will as “my young friend” and is named as one of her Trustees, together with her stepson James. How long had she known John and what had brought him to Bristol? He was barely twenty at the time, but had clearly impressed her with his abilities. A degree of
affection seems likely.

Joanna had a daughter, Diana, who was about a year older than John. As noted above, she married John Davey, victualler, in February 1814. Quite possibly, Joanna was in a hurry to find a good husband for her daughter since the indications are that Matthias had died recently and there might accordingly have been a question mark over the future prosperity of the gunsmith business.

According to Mathews Bristol Directory, the gunshop was taken over by John Bulleid at some time between 1819 and 1822. 1819 was an important year in John’s fortunes, as it was the year in which administration of Joanna’s Will was passed to him and also when he sold the Crown Inn in Glastonbury, his father having died in 1811 and his mother having re-married in 1818.

But in order to operate as a gunsmith, John would have had to learn the trade. Typically an apprenticeship lasted seven years. If John was ready to run the business by 1820-22, it suggests that he may have begun to work with the Wilkinsons as early as 1813/4.

Meanwhile, Diana Davey’s marriage appears to have struck the rocks. In 1818, shortly after the time when it is thought that the birth of John’s son(s) took place, Articles of Separation between Diana and her husband were drawn up by a lawyer, Henry Kater (who conducted other items of legal business for John Bulleid over the years) and witnessed by John. The couple continued to be married, however. John Davey retained his rights as a husband over Diana and forced her to renounce probate of her mother’s will in 1819.

Diana Davey was still alive in February 1825 when she appointed all real and personal estate to the said John Bulleid for his absolute use and benefit. Arthur Bulleid thought this might have been in order to prevent her property falling into the hands of her estranged husband. Maybe so. It is evident that Diana, like her late mother, reposed considerable confidence in John Bulleid. But quite possibly the relationship was closer than that of vulnerable heiress and trusted family friend. Diana may have been dying and wanting to pass her estate to the man with whom she lived but who, as a common law husband, would otherwise have no rights of inheritance.

When John made his own Will in 1828, there was no mention of Diana Davey or of a wife. We must therefore assume that by this time the mother of John’s sons and principal heirs, William Henry and James John, was already dead. The residual legatees under the Will were John’s mother, Priscilla Watts (whom he had been protecting from her second husband, Richard Watts and the latter’s daughters) and two children, Diana Frances Hammett and Nathaniel Rodmore Hammett, who were apparently living in John Bulleid’s house, together with their father, John Hammett. Diana is probably not a common name among trades people of the period. It is Greek in origin and associated with classical mythology, whereas most working folk chose Biblical or Anglo-Saxon names for their children. It may accordingly be significant that William H’s first two children were girls whom he named Martha Diana (the first one dying in infancy before the birth of the second one who became my Great-Grandmother). Martha was the name of his wife, Martha Moss, daughter of a Somerset shoemaker. What could be more natural than that he should also have named his daughters after the mother who had died before his tenth birthday?

The Hammett’s were long time associates of the Bulleids. Richard Hammett was a witness at the wedding of John’s father James in 1794 to Priscilla Sallisbury. In the 1841 census, John’s daughter in law Martha, was in the house of a 65 year old land agent called Richard Hammett (possibly the 1794 witness, or a son) while her
husband, William H, was away on business as a journeyman. Frances and Nathaniel were there too, but their relationship to the head of the household was not stated. It is of interest that the Hammett girl, born in 1826 was another Diana and that, as a young child, she lived with her baby brother under the same roof as John Bulleid and his family. The middle name of Nathaniel Rodmore Hammett, is also one that appears elsewhere in the history of the Bulleids: Samuel Bulleid 1698-1741 (a cousin who was the great grandson of Thomas and Pascowe, just as was John’s grandfather, the Christopher Bulleid who married Elizabeth Ellis) married a Martha Radmore. This may be coincidence. Otherwise it would suggest that the branches of the family that eventually moved to Bristol/Glastonbury were in touch with their Winkleigh origins for much of the 18th century and that the association with the Hammetts may have gone back at least that far.

The following account fits most of what we know about the facts: -

John Bulleid comes to Bristol on errands for his master, George Bruford, Chemist and Druggist of Taunton in 1812/3, to buy or sell medicines and chemicals. He makes the acquaintance of the Wilkinson family (Matthias is in poor health and takes advantage of the opportunity for a free consultation with the young apothecary. As a gunsmith, supplying powder and shot, he also knows some of the dealers in chemicals with whom John has to do business). John is an attractive and intelligent young man and impresses Joanna and her daughter Diana.

When Matthias dies, Joanna is anxious to get Diana settled (and in any case wants John for herself) and arranges what appears to be an advantageous marriage for her daughter to innkeeper Davey. At this stage John is too newly acquainted with Diana, too young and his prospects still too uncertain, for him to be a serious suitor. However, after Diana’s marriage their relationship blossoms while, at the same time, Joanna’s health declines (by November 1815 she describes herself as “afflicted in body”).

This is the Regency period, a sort of early 19th century version of the 20th century’s Swinging Sixties. Diana gives birth to John’s son(s) in 1818 and shortly afterwards separates from her husband.

For over seven years, Diana and John live together as closely as convention allows. It is natural that she should participate in the running of the business that once belonged to her father and she is often to be found in the shop at 3, Thomas Street (or in the apartments above it). She bears John other children who perhaps do not survive.

All this becomes too much for the cuckolded John Davey. Some time between 1825 and 1828 he can no longer endure the sight of the woman to whom he is still legally married, sharing with her lover the inheritance that he had hoped to control and being addressed or referred to as “Mrs Bulleid.” He pays a street urchin to go into the shop and shoot her.

The least convincing part of this tale is the ending. Do gunsmiths really leave loaded weapons lying on display in their shops? Would such a crime not have been attended by a major public outcry, a trial and subsequent public execution?

An alternative, but less dramatic finale would have been Diana’s death from natural causes, possibly in childbirth, as was common in those days. The story of the shooting might have been concocted for children of a later, more moralistic age, as a rather colourful device to explain the absence of a mother and/or grandmother whose unconventional love life had now become an embarrassment to the Victorian family.

Can this ever be proved or disproved? We would need to know more about the Daveys. Does Diana just disappear after 1825? When did she die, where was she
buried? Did John Davey leave a Will? Are there any baptismal records for William Henry and James John? These ought to mention the mother's name. What newspapers were there in Bristol that might have reported a shooting in a gunshop? If records are not present in the most obvious places (such as St Thomas parish in Bristol), if the boys were never baptised, if John Davey left no testament and if there was no shooting, the search could be indefinite or a matter of looking for needles in haystacks!

Painted from a miniature, this is possibly a portrait of Diana Davey

Post-Scriptum: The Mystery (Partly) Solved
By Bernard Everett

Only a few weeks after I wrote “The Mystery of the Late Mrs Bulleid”, Geoff Ledden uncovered conclusive evidence of her identity. But it was not found in the records of any of the parish churches of Bristol, nor indeed within 17,000 miles of the city where she lived and died.

Geoff had been in touch with Bulleid cousins in Australia and was trying to trace their line back to England. His predecessor, Jack Bulleid, had discovered that James John Bulleid went as an immigrant to Australia in 1849. At that time, JJ was married to Grace Adams of Henbury, Gloucestershire. His marriage certificate, dated April 1841, like that of his brother William Henry (my great great grandfather) who had
tied the knot to Martha Moss only three months earlier, showed that he was the son of John, the gunsmith of Bristol. But, as with all British marriage certificates, there was no mention of his mother.

Within two years of arriving in the Antipodes, however, James John was widowed. He was to marry twice more, to Emma Toe (also from Henbury) in 1854 and eighteen months later to Johanna Gleeson who eventually outlived him. Geoff looked up the various records on line at the Department of Justice of the State of Victoria, hoping to be able to trace JJ’s descendants and see if there was a link to our present day cousins. Imagine his delight when he downloaded the images and saw, not only the greater wealth of information that the Australian records contained, including the names of both parents, but that JJ had both in 1854 and 1856 given the name of his mother as Diana Wilkinson.

We accordingly had proof positive that our suppositions about his mother’s identity were correct! The two boys were the fruit of the enduring but illicit love affair between John Bulleid and the daughter of his patrons, Joanna and Matthias Wilkinson.

Many years later, in 1909 when JJ died at the ripe old age of 91, his mother’s name had become “Dinah Bullied (sic), formerly Wilkinson”. This may have been the result of his children’s or widow’s imperfect recollection of stories that he had told them (there are many other inaccuracies on the certificate, including the conversion of John the gunsmith into a farmer and the renaming of JJ himself as “John Thomas”). Or it may have reflected an attempt to provide the union that produced JJ and his brother with a cloak of respectability. Documents of the period (1825 – seven years after the birth of her sons) refer to Diana by the name of her estranged husband, Davey, and it seems fairly clear that she and John were never formally married.

Mysteries still remain. We do not know for certain what became of Diana and whether there is any truth in the legend of the fatal shooting in the gunshop. But we know a lot more than we did a month or two ago. It illustrates the importance of investigating all branches of a family tree, because you never know on which twig the best fruit is dangling!

Thought to be William Henry Bulleid
The Life and Loves of James John Bulleid

By Geoff Ledden

James was baptised on the 9th March 1818, probably in the church of St. Thomas in Bristol, England, close to the family home. His father, John, had a gunsmith’s shop at No. 2/3, Thomas Street, which he had taken over from Joanna Wilkinson, widow of Matthias Wilkinson, although it still bore the name of ‘J. Wilkinson’. James had a brother, William Henry, who was either about a year older, or possibly his twin. Their mother was the Wilkinson’s daughter, Diana, who had married John Davey in 1814. The story of John’s relationship with Diana has been told elsewhere by Bernard Everett under the title “The Mystery of the late Mrs Bulleid,” although there is no evidence that she did marry John.

Diana appears to have died between 1825 and 1828 when William and James were aged somewhere between seven and eleven. In 1829, their father died and the boys appear to have been taken in by John Crocome, one of the Executors and Trustees of their father’s Will. He was their Guardian between the time of the sale of the property at 2, Thomas Street and their apprenticeship in 1831. William was apprenticed to John Lane, a cabinet maker and upholsterer of Bristol, for a period of seven years, almost certainly until he was twenty-one, when he was due to inherit under his father’s Will. James was apprenticed to Mr Rd. Westaway, but we do not have the details.

The next we know of James is in 1841 when he appears in the Census as a cabinet maker living in Second Lane, near the Church, in Bristol with Grace Bulleid. He married Grace on 12 April 1841 and their daughter, Grace Ann, was born the following year. Sadly, Grace Ann died in 1843 at less than a year old. In 1849, James and Grace decide to leave England and seek their fortune in Australia. William remains in England with his wife and three children, eventually moving to London where he died in Shoreditch in 1878.

We do not know on which ship William and Grace sailed, or the date of their arrival in Australia, but we do know that on 14th December 1854, James married Emma Toe in St Peter’s Church, Melbourne. The entry in the Marriage Register records that James was a carpenter, living in Collingwood, a suburb of Melbourne, and a widower whose wife had died in August 1851. He gave his age as 33 (he was 36 or 37), whereas Emma was a twenty-one year old spinster from Henbury in Berkshire, England.

A mere eighteen months later, James marries for the third time. The Register records that his new wife is Johanna Gleeson, a twenty-two year old spinster from County Limerick in Ireland. This time James describes himself as a 34 year-old bachelor and publican living in Beechworth, Victoria. In the space of eighteen months he has lost his second wife, moved about 150 miles, and given up carpentry to run a pub with his new wife. James and Johanna were ‘married’ on the 18th June 1856 in the Wesleyan Minister’s residence in Beechworth. But what happened to Emma? There is no record of her death, so perhaps she went off with someone else. Why did he say that he was a bachelor when only eighteen months earlier he had declared that he was a widower? On the face of it, this marriage was bigamous.

However, it was to be his last and between 1857 and 1873 he and Johanna had five children, two girls and three boys. The eldest son, James Henry David, became a
farmer; the second, George Thomas, a grain merchant; and the third, William Henry, a State school teacher.

James died on 1st April 1909 in Springs Road, Rutherglen, not far from Beechworth, and was buried in Carlyle Cemetery, Rutherglen. He was ninety one and his death was registered by his son, George Thomas, in the name of James Thomas Bullied (rather than James John Bulleid), who said that he had been a farmer. Johanna survived him until 1920 when she died in Wangaratta and was buried in the cemetery at Rutherglen.

James’ eldest son, who was known as Henry, had eleven children, five of them boys; William Henry had two boys and a girl; and George Thomas had three girls, two of whom did not marry and are buried together in Carlyle cemetery.

Possibly Johanna Gleeson

This carte de visite was produced by a photographer in Melbourne, Australia. It was found in a collection that belonged to James John Bulleid's niece and seems to date from the late 1850s/early 1860s. It may therefore portray his third wife, Johanna Gleeson and may have been sent to England to introduce her to his brother and family back home. [Bernard Everett]
A Short Story of the Bullieds of Western Australia
By Lynette de Beer

According to the 1851 census John Bullied was born in ~ 1821 in Chawleigh, Devon, England, he was married to Ann Webber and had a 6 month old son James and a stepson William Webber. By trade he was a shoemaker. John and Ann married on the 27th February 1850 in Winkleigh.

James Bullied was born in 1850 in Chawleigh, Devon, England. The 1861 census names James Bullied, age 13 years (though he would only have been 10 or 11), as a boy of all work at Kitchadon farm, Eggesford, Devon. The farm was run by George Rudall a farmer of 150 acres employing 4 men and 3 boys.

Also in the 1861 census I found in Wembworthy Ann Bullied as the Head of the family who was married aged 36 years with two boys George (7 years) and Henry (4 years) and a girl Maria Ellen (1 year). No mention of John.

I can find no mention of James or his father John in the 1871 census. Perhaps this is when James became a member of the Royal Marine Light Infantry.

James married Mary Jane Scott on the 13th February 1876 at St Thomas Exeter. He was a private in the R.M.L.I. at this stage and his father John is employed as a labourer. James and Mary Jane are both living in Cowick St.

James and Mary Jane (1881 census) had a son William John who was then 4 years old.

William John also entered the Royal Marines as the census of 1891 places him in the County of Kent, Parish of Walmer, in the Royal Marine Depot South Barracks. He is 14 years old and a bugler in the Royal Marines stating he was born in Stonehouse, Devon.

William John married Rosina Boyne Moss on the fifth of June 1897 in the Trinity Church in the Parish of Holy Trinity in the County of Plymouth. His father James is employed as a gardener.

In the 1901 census James is an army pensioner living at 100 Cowick St, St Thomas with his wife Mary Jane. William and Rosina (now calling herself Rosalia) are living at 17 Cecil St, Plymouth with son William (3 years) and daughter Rosalia aged 5 months (though her birth certificate shows her as Rosina Jane).

My grandfather Reginald Bullied was born on the 4th of July 1902, Louise was born 1904 dying in 1907, Leonard in 1906 and Ivy in 1910.

In 1909 William John had a bet (so the family story goes) on how many mussels he could eat in one sitting. He died of typhoid fever on the 8th March 1909 in the Royal Naval hospital after 28 days.

Mary Jane died in St Thomas in 1916.

On the 31st day of July 1916 at the age of 14 years and 27 days Reginald Bullied enlisted in the Royal Marine Light Infantry as a bugler. He was discharged on compassionate grounds (his stepfather having died and he was to look after his mother and 5 siblings) on the 3rd June 1920. He had sailed on the “HMS Cassandra” and on the “HMS Marlborough” (which evacuated surviving members of the Russian Royal family, the Romanovs, from the Crimea during the Russian civil war.)

James died in St Thomas in 1920.

Reginald married Mary Ann (Dolly) Menhenitt on the 25th April 1923 in Plymouth. Reg was a painter.

Reginald William Bullied (Reggie) was born at the Alexandra Maternity Nursing Home in the subdistrict of Devonport South in the County of Plymouth on the 9th of March 1928 weighing 5 pounds.
Reg & Dolly decided to emigrate to Australia and with Reggie they departed England on the SS Barrabool from England to arrive in Fremantle, Western Australia on the 3rd October 1929.

They journeyed to Denmark, Western Australia, ∼ 320 kilometres, by train, from Denmark to the 11 Mile peg by horse and cart to Dolly’s sister and brother in-law’s property. After a short time Reg Senior had his own place and was growing potatoes and other vegetables. This was not very profitable so they left Denmark for Albany where work was very difficult to find due to the Great Depression. Reg found work on the roads, living in a tent but going home on weekends.

They then moved to Beverley where Reg returned to his trade as a Painter and Decorator. After a brief stay in Beverley they moved to Fremantle and then West Perth. Reggie was now 5½ years old.

Reggie learned to play the banjo-mandolin at the age of 9.

He joined the Boy Scout movement in 1939. He and two of his mates entertained the troops playing the banjo-mandolin, Spanish guitar and accordion.

He became a Master Painter, Decorator and Signwriter.

Reginald William married Valma Shirley Kerrigan on the 6th May 1950 in North Perth, Western Australia.

They have four children, Reginald Stephen (26th March 1951), Dennis William (18th Dec 1952), Lynette Gail (7th September 1956) and Geoffrey Ronald (24th February 1959).

Stephen married Laurie Mundy, Dennis married Sandy Ayres (children Katie, Jesse & Spencer), Lynette married Hans de Beer (children Brett & Matthew, grandchild Jordan plus one on the way), and Geoffrey is unmarried.
HMS Marlborough
Prince of Russia
Reginald Bullied aged 14 years

The Bullieds of Western Australia 2000
Art Bullied’s Canadian Research

_These three letters were written by Arthur Bullied when he started to research the family history in Canada following his retirement. The last letter was to Donald Bulleid in Plymouth, Devon, England._

30 Old Mill Road
Oakville, Ontario
LJ6 2J8

Near the end of March 1979

While attending a conference at Torquay, England, I remembered that my grandfather had embarked (in 1852) from Torquay to come to Canada. I had had no previous inclination to shake the family tree – but it was snowing. Yes! It does snow in “the Florida of England”. So, to put in time I checked the telephone directory for Bullieds. There were half a dozen, but most of them put the “e” before the “i”. My first call resulted in seeing a copy of the family tree – not a very good or decipherable one, but one that traces the name back to “John Bulhedde 1522”.

Since then I have met several namesakes – one the daughter of Arthur Bulleid who discovered the sunken villages near Glastonbury. Another, John Field Bulleid, was a descendant of Oliver Bulleid [erroneous – Ed.], who was put in charge of the nationalisation of the British Railway system. John is now the family historian and has a more legible family chart in the making. He has also obtained verification of the whereabouts of our ancestors in Devon at the time of the Domesday Book – 1084. There is also a branch of the family in Australia.

I have spent innumerable hours in St Catherine House in London, tracing records to determine the identity of my great grandfather Thomas Bulleid with any of the lines of Bulleids on the chart. No luck there!

I have located my grandfather Thomas Bulleid’s grave at Welcome Cemetery (Ontario) and was surprised to find that one of his brothers (William Reginald) is buried beside him. However, copies of their death certificates have produced no data as to where they originated in England.

When in England a year ago, visiting with John, I agreed to obtain as much information as possible about the namesakes in Canada, with the hope that we can identify the line and add the Canadian data to his chart. I would sincerely appreciate your help with this project, by completing as much information as you can on the attached chart, and returning it to me. Later, when I receive the new chart from England, I hope to be able to make copies available to those interested.

You may wonder how I obtained your address. Until I retired in July, I was an association manager and travelled extensively across Canada. A year or so ago I started jotting down names and addresses from the telephone books in the various cities I visited. I hope the address I have used is still current.

Naturally I will welcome any opportunity to correspond – though I cannot guarantee to reply ‘by return of post’.
Thank you for your patience in reading this letter, and for the time and effort you may wish to expend in preparing and returning the enclosed chart to me.

Sincerely,

Arthur Bullied.

A PROGRESS REPORT ON MY RETIREMENT PROJECT
“SHAKING THE BULLIED FAMILY TREE”

January 25th 1980

Approximately 5 months have gone by since I sent a letter to 49 Bullied namesakes across Canada. Two letters were returned undelivered by the post office, twelve “Bullieds” and two who are descendants with other surnames replied – better than 25%. I extend my sincere appreciation and thanks to them and provide the following information obtained collectively.

Within three days of mailing the letters I had a call from Doug in Ottawa (who I had met about 10 years ago) to tell me that he had my grandfather’s bible, with valuable dates noted. The same evening I received a phone call from Ken in Moose Jaw. Both calls have interesting connotations.

A few years ago Doug was at an auction in Oshawa. He had met the mayor who told him he should be interested in one of the books up for auction, because it had information in it about the Bullied family. Doug won the bid and put it away for posterity. When my letter arrived he realised the information in the bible referred to my grandfather. When I went to see him he gave me the book. I was so enthused with my good fortune that, although I thanked him sincerely, I neglected to find out from him his family background – and I hope he will send the information along.

Ken told me that he had been interested in tracing the Bullied connection and mentioned that his grandfather’s name was also Thomas – but his grandmother’s first and surname did not coincide. When we talked again on the phone I realised that the marriage information I obtained from London after one of my researches (thinking it referred to my grandfather’s marriage) was that of his grandmother and grandfather. So I sent the certificate to him, confirming the wedding in Meeth parish, Okehampton, Devon, on 20th April 1846. As yet, I haven’t heard further from Ken and look forward to having the data he has been able to accumulate.

Because the first information I obtained about my grandfather came from the Durham and Northumberland County atlas (though the name was spelled wrong – Bullerd), I decided to obtain the Peterborough County atlas, because of the number around Peterborough and Apsley (in Chandos township). It would appear that the line in Canada started with 4 Bullieds.

Thomas – born at Winkleigh in Devon, 18th November 1825, died 6th May 1898 and buried in Welcome cemetery near Port Hope, Ontario. He married Mary Ann Coad who was born in Cornwall 15th November 1832. They were married at Port Hope 20th November 1856

Richard – who, according to the Peterborough atlas, came to Canada from Devon in 1847 and to Chandos township in 1869

Thomas – Reported in the Peterborough atlas as owning land in Chandos township in 1869, coming from England
John – reported in the Peterborough atlas as owning land in Anstruther (the adjoining) township in 1869 – also from England

The lines I have received information on, in addition to my own, are: -

Thomas (William?), born in 1854 at Pontypool, Ontario, married Anne Elizabeth Maynard (born 1858). Thomas died 1st June 1916 and is buried in Prospect Cemetery, Toronto. His wife died 4th August 1945

Silas born 19th June 1869 (in England) married Permilla Hubble (b. 22nd October 1866). They were married 23rd September 1885

Samuel (William) born in Devon 1834. He died at Holland, Manitoba, in March 1905 aged 71 years. Married Harriet Ashby. Went to Manitoba probably 1880

There are, of course, later generations on which I have received some data.

The revised chart has arrived from England. I have sent the information regarding my grandfather (and Ken’s grandfather) to the historian John Field Bulleid in England for his research to establish, if possible, the relationships. It is interesting that Ken’s grandfather’s marriage certificate shows “Richard Bulleid” as the father of Thomas. That may be the connection to Richard of Chandos township. But there is no mention of a Richard in that or the two previous generations on the chart. John has a great deal of information about the Bulleids (of Winkleigh and Hatherleigh) up to 1812, when a new form of records was adopted. National registration in England began in 1838.

Many of the parishes kept their records locked in the vestry safe and were inaccessible. However, the Archbishop of Canterbury has decreed that all parish records were to be deposited in the respective County archives by December 1979. So, until John has an opportunity to spend some time in Exeter to search the newly received data, we are in suspense.

When the Canadian connection is established factually with the English line, I will put together the data I have, relate it to the English chart and make it available to those who have provided information.

Some of the data I have referred to above MAY be INCORRECT. If you have some means of providing confirmation such as certificates, entries in a family bible, notes on the back of photographs etc., I would be most appreciative of the correcting information.

When I sent out the form for information, I neglected to ask about the supplier’s brothers and sisters. In a few cases I have obtained this information, some with dates (births, marriages, deaths) and the wife or husband’s name. Generally, however, this necessary data is missing because of my error. So, if you can, please fill in these gaps.

This letter is being sent to all who received the first one, hoping they can add valuable data that is needed. Also, they may wish to know about the plan to make the English and Canadian charts available when the connection has been established. So I have hopes of hearing from some who have not yet replied. I have been amazed at the number of respondents who have tried to pull information together before, or are sincerely interested in its compilation.

A couple of curious trends I have noted. In the early cases, only one Christian name appears, although they were not generally known by that name. Twins occur quite often. I was born a twin, so was Doug in Oshawa (in both cases our twins did not live). Bulleids have a record of longevity – if they survived to retirement, they lived to a ripe old age. Oh yes, as a result of my endeavours I have re-located a nephew in Toronto, through his son who lives just west of Toronto. So, if nothing else, it has been worthwhile. I do hope this finds you and yours well, and that 1980 will be an enjoyable year for each and every one of you.
30 Old Mill Road
Oakville, Ontario
L6J 2J8
28th February 1980

Many thanks, Donald, for your letter of February 22nd, though you may be as amazed
as I am at the outcome of your request that I try to locate your nephew John Graham
Bulleid. I talked with him on the phone last night. When I received your letter, I
recalled that there were Bulleids in Oakville and the telephone directory provided the
names of three – John Bulleid, J G and J, the latter two at the same address. So I
phoned John – who is the son, as it turned out, of John Graham – your brother’s son.
What is more amazing is that I met your nephew just over ten years ago. John senior
was not aware that you did not have his address, although he felt it quite probable as
his father died (I believe he said) in the last year. His address is 124 Westminster
Drive, Oakville, Ontario and phone number (416) 827 1672.

After our discussion last evening we realised that we could be classed as what I
refer to as “shirt tail relatives.” We talked for some time and I would agree that your
statement “he has succeeded in life” is most applicable. As a matter of fact, tomorrow
he is leaving for Florida for a vacation.

This turn of events somewhat parallels another that came about after I started top
“shake the family tree” in earnest after retiring mid-summer. I wrote to 49 people with
the name Bulleid in various phone books I had obtained their addresses from while
travelling across Canada the past ten years. Within 72 hours I had phone calls from
two – one (whom I had met over 10 years ago) had my grandfather’s bible – he
bought it at an auction sale – and the other, as it turned out to be, was the grandson of
a Thomas Bulleid whose certificate of marriage (copy) I obtained after extensive
searching the records office in London. So that went to him. I have heard from about
20 who received the letters and I sent a progress report just after the first year.

My next endeavour will be to get into cemeteries in Peterborough and Apsley,
Ontario, and record offices. Without the encouragement I received from John Field
Bulleid, and the fact that he supplied me with the family chart, I doubt that I would
have developed the interest I have. It just may be that you might have information
useful to Jack in trying to tie in our mutual great grandfather James (Elizabeth
Crocker). Jack recently supplied me with the results of a full day he spent delving into
records regarding the Winkleigh Bulleids. Identifying the fact that it would appear
James and Elizabeth tied in with the line that came to Canada in the 1840-1850 years,
But, he did not have information as to where the tied in with the present ancestors of
record on the family chart. If you can supply any information related thereto, I’m sure
he and I would be most grateful.

I am sending you a copy of each of the letters I sent out, which will bring you up-to-
date on my endeavours.

After John returns from Florida we plan to meet. He has a Bulleid family crest that I
am interested in seeing. I am pleased indeed that Jack provided my address. Hopefully
my wife and I will return to England in the next couple of years and if so, I will try to
look you up. Incidentally, Jack has a family photo album that I left with him. In it is a
picture of (I believe) James (Elizabeth Crocker). All I knew was that my great
grandfather “died in London at the age of 98 – and his name was also Thomas (as was my grandfather).” However, with this information as to his name being James, it adds a new dimension to data I found in London. There is a James whose death in 1879 at the age of 94 is registered in Newton Abbott. If it is correct, he would have been born about 1785 – which is about right for marriage to Elizabeth in 1815.

From what you said about “I can just remember” great grandfather John, he is the one whose death was registered in Plymouth in 1918 at the age of 96, which could place his birth around 1822 – three years before my grandfather was born.

One of the interesting aspects of this project, Donald, is the enthusiasm reflected by the people who have replied by letter or telephone. I was talking to one last night who is visiting her daughter in Ottawa; she is from Holland. We have more invitations “to stop in and have dinner” than the clergy receive. If Eve and I decide to go to Vancouver in 1981 we will have to drive, because there are so many Bulleids we should drop in and see.

Incidentally, you may wonder about the change of the “e” and “i” in the spelling. In the early 60s my sister was in Torquay and saw a business sign bearing the name Bullied. So she phoned the person – a Frank Bullied – and learned that his father had changed the spelling – as did all those who came to Canada that I have been able to find out about.

As a matter of fact, the first inkling I had of grandfather Thomas, the name was spelled “Bullerd” in an atlas. I just assumed that the original had been handwritten and could be wrong – as it turned out.

Well, Donald, I think I have gone on long enough. I’m taking the liberty of sending a copy of this letter to Jack Field Bulleid and to John Graham because I feel they will also be interested in some of its content. I look forward to hearing from you again as our mutual progress goes along.

Sincerely

Arthur Bullied.
Richard Bullied and Family Emigrate to Canada
By Geoff Ledden

Richard was born in Winkleigh, Devon, in 1793 and baptised on Boxing Day. His family were poor and at the tender age of eight he was apprenticed to Richard Davie, probably to learn husbandry until the age of twenty one. He was twenty or twenty one when he married Elizabeth Ware in Winkleigh in 1814. They had eleven children over the next 26 years. Richard was a labourer in the 1841 Census and life must have been very tough. His eldest daughter Tammy had married Mathew Palmer the previous year and in 1843 or 1844 Tammy and Mathew set sail for Canada.

They must have sent back good reports of the prospects there for, in 1847, Richard and Elizabeth followed with other members of their family. They settled in Port Hope, Ontario, where Elizabeth died aged 81. Richard died nine years later in 1883, aged almost 90, in Cartwright Township, Ontario.

Their son Samuel married Harriet Ashby in 1851, probably in Port Hope, and they had three boys, Samuel (b. 1859), James (1865) and Charles (1868). At the age of seventeen, Samuel Jr travelled with four companions, Joe and Ed Palmer, Andy Douglas and Joe Hinton, up the Assiniboine River on the old paddle wheel steamer “Manitoba” with Captain Sheets, to Treherne, Manitoba. They worked on the railroad and at whatever other jobs they could find. Sam also helped build the first sidewalks in Treherne. They used to walk to Portage La Prairie for their supplies and it was there that Sam met his future wife, Emma Woodcock, who had also emigrated with her family from England. They married in 1885 and settled on a homestead west of Treherne where they raised eight children.
Samuel Bullied 1859-1931 and Emma Woodcock

Two years earlier, in 1883, Sam’s parents and his two brothers, Jim and Charlie, had moved to Manitoba from Port Hope. Jim and Charlie took up homesteads in Holland, Manitoba. Sam and Emma moved with their family to Treherne in 1897, where he worked for Jack Adair in the Farmers Elevator until it burned down. Sam passed away in 1831 and Emma went to live with her daughter Verna and husband Walter (‘Watt’) Brooking until her death in 1945.

In the fall of 1927, when Verna was 24, she and Watt went to Delta, Manitoba, where they fished and hauled fish all winter. They returned to Treherne in the spring when Watt drayed. In 1932, he bought J D Scott’s transfer, which he ran until he sold it in 1946. He then bought S W ¼ of 12-8-10 from his father, which he and Verna farmed for twenty one years until they sold it in the spring of 1967 and moved to Treherne. Watt died the same year.
When Jim arrived in Holland, Manitoba, with his parents Sam and Harriet and brother Charlie in 1883, he helped to build the railroad. Five years later, he married Minnie Brock and they raised nine children. He farmed several farms and owned a steam threshing machine, which his boys helped to operate. The family of nine were:

- Fred, who farmed in Holland district and was living in Portage La Prairie in 2002
- Bill, who farmed in the Rural Municipality of Victoria, Manitoba, for most of his life
- Earle, who farmed there until 1945
- Merrill, also a farmer
- Sophia, who married William Carnohan and farmed in the district until 1928
- Nellie, who married Fred Ingle of Brandon
- Cynthia, who was living in Vancouver in 2002
- Sidney, also a farmer. He married Ethel Knibbs in 1925 and, as well as farming, did a lot of work with his engine building roads between Cypress River and Holland. He died in 1950 and his widow carried on farming with her son Jack until 1961, when she moved to Treherne. Jack continued to farm the home farm, married in 1959 and had four children.

The Demise of Mathew Palmer

By Geoff Ledden
Thomazine ‘Tammy’ Bulleid was a servant in Barnstable, Devon when she married Mathew Palmer in the local Register Office on 14 April 1840. She was twenty four, but he was a minor and worked as a labourer. In 1841, he and Tammy were living in Loxhore, Devon, with their eight month-old daughter, Elizabeth; Richard Bulleid aged about 45, (probably Tammy’s father, although her mother is not included in the Census); and her eleven year-old sister Ann, who was destined to die in jail in Canada aged 59. Mathew and Richard were both agricultural labourers.

Three or four years later Mathew, Tammy, Elizabeth and possibly their son Elias, set sail for a new life in Canada. It is not clear whether they blazed the trail, but certainly her parents and several siblings followed within the next few years.

Tammy and Matthew settled in Hope Township, Ontario, and had a total of eleven children. Tammy died there in 1861, aged about 45. Little is known about their life in Canada, but on 24 May 1879, Mathew’s body was found in the woods in Port Hope. It seems that he had gone on a hunting expedition weeks, or even months earlier and had frozen to death.

Ann Bullied 1829-1889

The following article won first prize in an essay contest organised by the Ontario Genealogical Society:

The Black Sheep in Our Family
By Alan E. Richards

Are you ready for a story of bastardy, bigamy, larceny, and insanity?

It is the story of my grandmother's grandmother, and most of it happened in the Port Hope-Lindsay area of Ontario, back in the days when Port Hope was a wild lakeport with at least 17 taverns and hundreds of sailors, lumberjacks and immigrants drinking in them. Lindsay was not quite as rough, perhaps, lacking only the sailors.

It is the story of Ann Bullied, who came to Canada in the 1840s with her parents, Richard Bullied and Elizabeth Ware, from the parish of Winkleigh in Devonshire, England. Ann was the second youngest in a family of 10 children, some of whom emigrated before the parents, and some of whom stayed in England. They were all poor but respectable people.

Ann's troubles seem to have begun after she met William Parkin, a mysterious figure whose name appears on very few documents, and who seems to have vanished into thin air in the 1850s. Ann and William were married in 1850 in St. John's Anglican Church, Port Hope, on 8 April 1850, but for some unknown reason, Ann's maiden name was recorded as Palmer; Ann's older sister was the wife of Matthew Palmer of Hope Township.

Within a year, their first son, Albert (my ancestor) was born. The 1851 census of Port Hope is not extant, so William, Ann and Albert are not recorded in that year. Ann's parents and the Palmers are living in Hope Township, just outside the town.

In 1852, the first incident involving police and the courts is recorded in a return of convictions in the Port Hope Guide: William Parkin, prosecutor, Samuel Bullied (Ann's younger brother, who would have been about 21 at the time), defendant; the
charge, assault. Samuel was convicted, and ordered to pay a fine of two shillings and sixpence or go to jail for 15 days.

The question, of course, is why did William and Samuel get into a fight? Did it have something to do with the troubles Ann would find herself in over the next few years?

Ann had three more children, all girls, over the next 12 years, and family gossip said they had three different fathers. When each girl married, however, she listed William Parkin as her father in the marriage record.

It was the family gossip that led me to the Affidavits Of Bastardy, Northumberland and Durham, at the Ontario Archives. Bingo! On one such document, Ann Parkin of Port Hope swore that she had given birth to a female child on 27 May, 1859, and the father was Charles George Fox of Hope Township.

When I reported my discovery to a distant cousin who had passed on the family rumors to me, she checked the birthdate and exclaimed: "Oh dear, my very own grandmother." She then clammed up about the family history, and did not answer my next letter.

But the facts were beginning to emerge, and a check of census records indicated some interesting events. In 1861, I found Ann listed as a widow, age 27, tailoress, living with her parents in Port Hope. Also in the house were Albert, age 10, and Mary, age 3. Another daughter, Cecilia Victoria, who was about 7, was missing.

Ten years later, the 1871 census recorded Ann, age 38, still listed as Ann Parkin, living with her parents just outside Port Hope. This time, however, she is listed as married, occupation washerwoman. Also in the house are Albert, now 20, Mary, 12, and Matilda, age 7, all shown (with ditto marks) as Parkin. Right next door are Thomas Goheen, 28, laborer, and his wife, Anne, 30. Here's where the plot thickens: Ann Parkin and Anne Goheen are the same person.

On 4 September 1866, Thomas Goheen, 22, son of John and Ophia, married Ann Perkins (a common misspelling of Parkin), 26, daughter of Richard and Elizabeth (no surname given), in a Bible Christian ceremony in Hope Township. The witnesses were Daniel Zufelt and Ann Goheen, Thomas Goheen's half brother (probably) and his sister-in-law, Mrs. Nelson Goheen (née Ann Lytle or Little). Thomas also had a sister named Ann, but she would have been only 16 at the time of the wedding.

Marrying Thomas Goheen proved to be an even worse move than marrying William Parkin. However, they were still together at the time of the 1881 census, living in Cartwright Township near Blackstock with the youngest girl, Alice Matilda, 17, and Elizabeth, 8, all listed under the name Goheen. Elizabeth is something of a mystery, but recent research indicates she was a half-sister or foster-sister of Ann's other daughters; she went by the name Lizzie Day, so she was neither a Parkin nor a Goheen.

Thomas Goheen, by the way, was a black sheep in his own right; his ancestors were United Empire Loyalists, and his many cousins and brothers in the area were unlikely to disgrace the honorable name. Not so, Thomas.

In 1885, for instance, he was arrested at Mount Horeb south of Lindsay and taken to jail in Cobourg on a charge of stealing grain. In 1888, he was in jail again on a charge of larceny.

But this is Ann's story. In 1882, Ann's name appeared in the Bowmanville Statesman, in the Cartwright news: "CADMUS - Mrs. Goheen, the Cadmus fortune-teller, has removed from Robinson's Hill Cottage to the house lately occupied by Mrs. Bigelow. She says it gives her pleasure to make 'a great removal' but still she made 'money in abundance' while at Cadmus." It's too bad Ann could not have foretold her own fortune.
Family tradition, whispered from generation to generation, came to me as this story: one September, the daughter with whom Ann had been living near Pontypool "dumped her off" at the Lindsay Fair. Ann got drunk and was thrown in jail. She died the next day and was buried in a pauper's grave outside the jail walls.

The story has some elements of truth, but not many. For one thing, it does not mention the bigamy trial that seems to have been the key to Ann's strange behavior. Here is the story that emerges from official records:

On 12 December 1888, a bill of indictment was brought against Thomas Goheen for bigamy. Jail records show that Thomas, age 55, went to jail on 10 December and was released 14 June 1889.

On 13 December 1888, Ann Goheen was convicted in the Lindsay courthouse on a charge of vagrancy. She may indeed have been arrested for being drunk, but the Lindsay Fair is not in December, and the arrest of her husband - whether or not she preferred the charge against him - probably had something to do with it. Ann was sentenced to four months at hard labour. She was released only to be charged again and sentenced to 10 weeks hard labour the following April.

Both Ann and Thomas were released from jail 14 June 1889. However, that same day, Ann was arrested again on a charge of lunacy and returned to the jail.

The bigamy trial came up a month later, on 14 July.

Thomas pleaded not guilty. The jury was called and sworn. An official account of the trial states the witnesses for the Crown were Ann's four children, Mrs. R. J. McLaughlin, Mrs. C. Bowins, Mrs. M. Martin and Albert Parkin. Witnesses for Thomas were "Mrs. Goheen" and Rev. James Greener, a retired Methodist minister. No account of the evidence or circumstances exists, but Thomas was found not guilty. A newspaper account gives this explanation: -

QUEEN VS. GOHEEN - Bigamy. There were grave doubts from the evidence whether or not the prisoner had ever been married to the woman alleged to have been his first wife, or if he went through a marriage ceremony with her, whether a man to whom she had previously been married was then living. The jury after a brief consultation gave the prisoner the benefit of the doubt.

It appears Ann's daughter had not "dumped her off" in Lindsay, for she was with her mother at the bigamy trial. But who was the "Mrs. Goheen" who testified for Thomas? Was she his new wife? Was Rev. Greener the clergyman who married them? If so, no record of the marriage has been found.

However, it seems Thomas had hired a clever lawyer, for the record of the marriage of Ann and Thomas does exist. But whether William Parkin was alive or dead, we may never know.

Thomas, it seems, went free and vanished from the Lindsay area. He does not appear in the 1891 census.

Ann went back to jail, where the final chapter of her tragic life was recorded in a Lindsay Watchman article on 5 September 1889: -

DIED IN JAIL - An inquest was held in the jail on Tuesday morning, by Dr. Pool, on the body of the late Ann Goheen who died there the preceding day. The fact of her death was telegraphed to her friends near Pontypool, by the coroner, but they sent a reply that they could not come, and so she was buried the same afternoon at the expense of the county. The jury besides finding a verdict of "died from natural diseases" added a rider, in which they stated that, while believing the jailor does
everything possible for those sick under his care a special nurse should be provided for cases of fatal sickness and death. The immediate cause of death, as showed by Dr. Kempt, acting as jail surgeon, was paralysis, which for some time rendered her completely helpless and, as a consequence, a most loathsome object.

Ann was buried in Riverside Cemetery in Lindsay, not outside the jail walls. However, the cemetery register records only her name and the plot number - no home address, no next of kin, no funeral home. Just Ann Goheen. Not even her maiden name, Bullied. Not even her age. So history records my great-great-grandmother as an adulteress, a lunatic, and a "most loathsome object." I still think history can be wrong.

Bullieds USA
By Cathy Bullied Young

The first large wave of early immigrants that settled and populated the United States intensified through the 1800s and the latter half of the 19th century. Political instability, restrictive religious laws and deteriorating economic conditions in Europe began the largest mass of migration in history.

"Ellis Island was known as 'The Island of Tears'. Immigrants traveled either in third class or steerage near the bottom of the ship. Conditions were crowded and unsanitary. Passengers would often spend up to two weeks in their bunks. Upon arrival in New York City, ships would dock at the Hudson or East River piers. First and second class passengers would disembark, pass through customs at the piers and were free to enter the United States. The steerage and third class passengers were transported from the pier by ferry or barge to Ellis Island where everyone would undergo a medical and legal inspection." Ellis Island History Pages

New York City, 1897
William George Bullied (William), born in Devon, England (1882), immigrated to the USA in 1897 from Devon, England at the age of 15 with his parents, Samuel Bulleid (b. 1859, Torquay, Devon, England) and Hannah. They arrived at Ellis Island on the St. Louis on April 10, 1897. Samuel and Hannah at some point were divorced. Samuel returned to England and lived with daughter, Elizabeth. Hannah was a seamstress. William was left as head of the family. This was a chance for a better life. They would rise above the poverty the family had seen for many generations. William was an ambitious man, a hard worker. He is shown in 1900 Census report, Manhattan. His motto was "an honest day, an honest dollar"; this is what they lived by. His dream was to invest in real estate. He met Lilla Woods. She lived in the city with her family. They had recently moved from South Carolina. She was a seamstress. They were married September 1903 in Manhattan, NY. They shared a
dream! They heard from there was land to be bought in Bergen, New Jersey for a
good price, they would have their farm.

**Harrington Park, Bergen, New Jersey, 1910**
With the help of his uncle, Tom Bullied, William built the homestead. They raised pigs, chickens, vegetables. A son, William George Bullied, Jr. (Bill) was born in 1910. Land, they wanted more! It is 1917, World War 1 had broken out and William was drafted. Lilla is left to care for the family.

**1919 Hopewell Junction, Dutchess County, NY**
The war is over and William and Lilla have saved enough to by a bigger farm. Another son, Ralph is born. Times are tough but they are survivors! Hannah becomes blind and comes to live with them. There is no work to be found but the land is rich the crops are good. They raise their pigs and chickens; they have everything they need. February 19, 1922, daughter, Dorothy is born. William has a dream to own his own business, but they must move to where there is more opportunity.

**1928 West Dover Road, Pawling, Dutchess County, New York**
William and Lilla have built their own house in the village. It is a Cape Cod style house; William has built his own mill at the back of their property. The railroad is in town, William works for the railroad when his carpentry business is slow. They have not lived here long and the world is in turmoil. It is 1929, 'The Great Depression" has hit the US. The stock market crashes. Times are tough! William and Lilla and their family will be ok, since they are survivors. Son Bill, who is 18, works along with his Dad, William; the business is thriving. Siblings, Ralph and Dorothy go to school. They must be educated. Bill has other ideas. He wants to be a pilot and run a delivery service for their business. My dad, Bill, used to tell me "now don't tell anyone this but we also made cider in the mill, hard cider!" They ran a delivery business between Pawling and White Plains, NY. I guess we'll leave that to the imagination! Bill has some wild oats to sow. He takes up stunt flying! His mom, Lilla is fit to be tied. August 20, 1936, Bill marries Phyllis Edna King at the Harlem Valley Chapel in Wingdale, NY. In October 1936 tragedy hits the family; Ralph, age 19 goes out riding his motorcycle in the rain and catches pneumonia. There is no penicillin developed yet. Ralph dies. The family is devastated.

**Wingdale, New York, Township of Dover, County of Dutchess, March 27, 1939**
Bill and Phyllis purchase land which is to become the family homestead for the next 55 years. Bill and his dad, William, build the homestead. It is a Cape Cod style house. It has two bedrooms downstairs and one up. 1940, Bill is anxious to join up and become a fighter pilot. Mother, Lilla begs him not to go; she does not want to lose her only remaining son. So Bill goes to work at Pratt and Whitney Aircraft in East Hartford, CT. during the war years. He builds planes. In 1940 a first son is born. They live at Lake Pockatepau, in East Hampton, CT during the work week. They return to the homestead in Wingdale for some weekends. In 1941, a second son is born, Thomas Ralph. 1945 the war ends and the family returns to the homestead in Wingdale. Bill returns to carpentry work at Hunt Country Furniture in Wingdale. Phyllis remains at home with her sons. It is now 1947, William dies of tuberculosis. Lilla, goes to live with her daughter, Dorothy, after the homestead in Pawling is sold.
1948, Cathy Phyllis Bullied was born. Bill becomes a union carpenter and a member of the Masonic Lodge. My Mom, Phyllis returned to work at the hospital when I was a young age. She worked nights, so Grandma, Lilla, watched me during the day. I could never wait till Sunday dinner, when Gram always made her hot yeast buns, crumb cake and those wonderful cream puffs. A lot of times we would have roast beef, potatoes, vegetables and during these years, Yorkshire pudding. We would swim in the brook along side the house in the summer; my brothers would take me to the river to fish. Sometimes we would go to Lake Candlewood for family picnics and a vacation would be usually at Hammanaset Beach at the Connecticut seashore. We always had cats and dogs. I would dress my cats in doll clothes and push them in my doll carriage and play under the willows next to the house. My brother Tom gave me a ride on the handlebars of his bicycle. I was dressed in my new dress and patent leather shoes. I flew off the handlebars and caught my foot in the spokes. My shoes were ruined. My brothers would make maple syrup in the spring and Mom always yelled they were using all the sugar. We had a big vegetable garden and mom did a lot of canning. In my teen years my brothers were always working on cars. I liked to listen to Elvis on my record player and wear my saddle shoes and poodle skirt. They liked their convertibles. My oldest brother left home at 17, joined the Navy and then college. My brother Phillip was born February 20, 1960. We were the only two left at home now with Mom and Dad. Phil had a pony; I went to proms. Phil liked to fish and hunt with Dad. Then Dad had a heart attack and couldn't work. Phil liked motorcycles and was always working on a car. Phil went to technical school and became a machinist. I completed business school, went to work, got married. I raised my family, became a medical assistant, retired, relocated and became an artist. Phil became the computer genius, got married and has his own family. I started working on our ancestry. Cousin, Geoff Ledden found me. Geoff is the author of our website and has brought the Bulleid family together again, with plans to go back to our roots in Devon, England for the Bulleid Family Festa, September 2008.
Ten Mile River, Wingdale, New York

Winter on Ten Mile River
Cabin by the Ten Mile River built by William George Bullied, Jr. (Bill)

Bulls Bridge a few miles from the Bullied Family Property, Wingdale, NY
A Life of William Bulleid Lyne

By Peter Lyne

It does seem a little strange for me to embark on a biography of my grandfather, William Bulleid Lyne, without knowing much about his character or achievements. However, as this is a contribution to a family history website perhaps I can justify it by showing how much I have discovered about him in my own family history research.

WB, as I shall call him, was born on April 8\textsuperscript{th} 1859 and died on Feb. 27\textsuperscript{th} 1944. His father, William Lyne, was the last of several generations of blacksmiths in Dolton, a small village in North Devon. William was also a lay Baptist preacher, and I know more about his character than about WB’s because he is mentioned in “A Short History of the Baptist Churches of North Devon (1885)”: “Another preacher was Mr William Lyne. We think of him as full of sacred impulsion. Having a powerful voice, and accustomed to wield the hammer on the anvil, he in prayer and speaking would use his right hand and arm with great force; and not unfrequently startle by the sound of the blow. A truly good man, by life and work he sought to bring sinners to the Saviour. His addresses turned to Jesus as the needle to the pole.” I was still a schoolboy when WB died, and remember little of him; he may well have followed his father’s example as a good man, but I certainly did not notice any “sacred impulsion” about him, nor did he try to convert me!

WB’s mother, Ann, was the daughter of Samuel Bulleid, a prosperous butcher in Dolton, and must have brought some wealth into the family; at any rate, when his father died two years after her, in 1892, WB inherited two dwelling houses in Chapel Street, Dolton, and £100. His elder sister, Ellen, inherited £35 (having no doubt been provided for when she married in 1884), and the younger sister, Rosa Bulleid Lyne, received Rose Cottage (the family home), a shop, storehouses and garden, and also the smith’s shop. Rose Cottage, now called Little Garth and the smithy can still be seen in Dolton, though the latter has been converted into a cottage.
Little Garth, formerly Rose Cottage, is the right hand end of the terrace of three. This photograph shows Chapel Street, with the Baptist Chapel of 1876 halfway down on the left, and the smithy just beyond it. No doubt WB as a child bowled his hoop down the hill to his home opposite the smithy.

![Chapel Street, Dolton in 2003](image)

Dolton Village in mid-Victorian times had a National School, i.e. one sponsored by the National Society for Promoting Religious Education (as interpreted by the Church of England), and perhaps WB went there at first. But by the 1871 Census, when he was 12, he was boarding with a farmer Thomas Bray in Ashwater, some 20 miles away, and attending the Hampden House Academy there. This school was owned and run by a Baptist lay preacher, Charles Veysey, nephew of a well known Torrington Baptist preacher of the same name, who had spread the Gospel widely in the neighbourhood. Thomas Bray was another uncle of Charles, also a Baptist preacher. There were about 30 boys and 30 girls boarding in the school or living in accommodation not far away, with an age range of about 8 to 15.

Hampden House Academy probably gave a good general education, in addition to indoctrination with Baptist principles, and attracted pupils from as far afield as Leeds, Tunbridge Wells and Ireland. But in 1878 it received attention in the local and national press when the father of one of the girls sued the headmaster and his wife for negligence in their treatment of his daughter, who had contracted scabies and head lice at the school. Reports of the case in the North Devon Journal at the time revealed that there was poor hygiene and overcrowding, particularly in the dormitories and earth closets, and the judge found in favour of the plaintiff and awarded £20 in damages. About a month later the Veyseys brought a case before magistrates alleging perjury on the part of the schoolgirl, but she was exonerated. After all this adverse publicity the school numbers declined, and it closed in the 1880s.
WB had left the Academy two or three years before these events, while the school was still prospering. His father must have thought the advantages of a private education and a Baptist ambience worth paying for, and as a blacksmith he probably relied on financial help from his wife or other members of the Bulleid family. So far as the three surviving grandchildren can remember, WB could write and speak English well, without a noticeable Devon accent. His education evidently helped him when he left Dolton to seek his fortune in London.

It is interesting to speculate on why and how a young man should stray from his ancestral village – Lynes had been in Dolton since the late 17th century, according to the parish registers. I suppose that in about 1875, when WB was 16 and had left Hampden House Academy, the prospects in his father’s occupation of blacksmith were related to the state of agriculture at the time, which was not good. If an opportunity beckoned in London he would have been well advised to take it. But how could such an opportunity arise?

I think the answer may lie with his elder sister, Ellen, or Nellie as she was known. In the late 1870s Nellie had a job as a shop assistant with a draper in Wolborough, near Newton Abbott; in 1884 she married William Biddle, grandson of another draper in Wolborough called James Davy, who had been in business in London. WB might well have been introduced by James Davy to the Fore Street Warehouse, Cripplegate, London, where in the 1881 Census he was described as a warehouseman in wholesale drapery, living with about 100 other young men, presumably learning the trade.

On Sept. 6th 1890 WB married Alice Doyle at the Maze Pond Baptist Chapel, which had been moved in 1877 from its original site near Guy’s Hospital to the Old Kent Road, Camberwell. On the marriage certificate WB was said still to be a warehouseman at 104 Fore Street; he could have attended the chapel before its translocation to Camberwell, and followed it out to the Old Kent Road. His father, the blacksmith and local Baptist preacher in Devon, was now described as “formerly a draper”. WB had spent at least ten years learning the trade, so with Nellie marrying a draper, the family had moved up the social scale somewhat.

Alice was the eldest daughter of Charles Francis Doyle, a successful engineer living in Glengall Road, about ¼ mile from the Maze Pond Chapel. The Doyles were non-conformists, coming from Protestant antecedents in Co. Wexford, Ireland, and Alice’s parents had been married in a Baptist ceremony. I suppose WB met her through the Maze Pond Chapel.
It is not clear where Alice and WB lived soon after their marriage. When their first son, Howard, was born in November 1892 the birth took place at 18 Avondale Square, Old Kent Road, about 250 yards from the Doyle residence at 27 Glengall Road; but this did not necessarily mean that their home was in Avondale Square. Alice’s mother died in 1894, and she probably moved with her family into the Glengall Road house to look after her father; this may explain how my father, Leslie, was born there the next year. When her father died in 1899 he left estate valued at £9377-9-6d (about £700,000 in today’s money), which included his engineering business and one or two freehold houses; also four leasehold houses for every one of his four daughters. Property in those days was relatively cheap, but he was still a rich man.

By the time of the 1901 Census WB and family were living at 291 Old Kent Road, only ¼ mile away from the Doyle residence, and he was established as a self-employed draper and milliner; they had probably been there for a year or two, perhaps with the help of his inheritance from his father, who had died in 1892, as well as his father-in-law. The accommodation was large enough for WB’s unmarried sister, Rosa, and his brother-in-law, Howard Doyle, to be staying with them. His shop extended to no.293, and this double-fronted business was sandwiched between two single-fronted shops, Boots Cash Chemists and Home and Colonial Stores. All have now been demolished to make way for a large supermarket (see map). The trades directories indicate that at least since 1899 he had been running another “fancy drapery” shop at 83 London Road, Southwark, near the Elephant and Castle.

I cannot imagine that WB could have prospered so much without the help of the Doyle money: like his blacksmith father he had married well. He sent his two sons to St Olave’s Grammar School, then situated in Bermondsey. About this time the family
moved to 81 Clapham Common South Side, now part of the Dudley Hotel. No doubt the boys played cricket on the common, rather than bowling hoops as their father had done in the streets of Dolton Village. Another reason for thinking that Doyle wealth helped them was that Alice’s youngest sister, Rhoda, also married a draper, and they also moved to Clapham Common South Side, while running two drapery shops in Southwark. The houses that Alice and Rhoda now ran were substantial Edwardian buildings, in a more select area than the Old Kent Road, where they had been brought up. Rhoda lived there till about 1911, and Alice until she died there in 1914.

Alice’s death in December 1914, when she had not quite reached her 49th birthday, followed an illness of a month or so: she had a particularly virulent form of tuberculosis, affecting her lungs and brain. It must have been quite shattering for her family. Her elder son Howard was at home at the time, but he may have been on leave from the army, as he served throughout the First World War; the other son, my father Leslie, was a medical student at Guy’s Hospital, and I sometimes wonder if he had had a mild form of TB himself, and inadvertently passed it on to his mother.

The London directories show the two drapery businesses in 1915, but not later: perhaps Alice was the brains behind them and WB could not manage without her. He was then aged 56, and may have earned enough to retire. Another possibility is that he was defrauded by a business associate, but I have no evidence for this. Indeed my knowledge of his life from this time onwards is limited to my own scant memories of him, and some old family photographs. Search as I might, I could not find his name in trade or residential directories, telephone directories or electoral registers. It is ironic that I have been able to trace his ancestry back to the late sixteenth century, but have no records of his life from 1915 till his death in 1944. I know that WB was close to his unmarried sister, Rosa, and may well have lived with her in the decade from 1915. She was recorded as “living on her own means” in her brother’s household in the Old Kent Road in the 1901 Census, and before this had been looking after her elderly parents in Dolton until her father had died in 1892. She may have moved with her brother’s family to Clapham Common South about 1902, but the next indication of her whereabouts comes from her death certificate: she died in East Preston in 1925, and was buried in Worthing; her brother is not mentioned on the
certificate, and she may have died at home or in a nursing home. The family had connections with this part of West Sussex, probably from the time when WB’s two sons went there on school holidays before the First World War.

The next positive evidence of WB’s whereabouts is from a photograph taken in May 1928, when I was about a week old. I have been able to identify the window in the background as belonging to Green Meadows, Ascot, the house where I was born. WB looks proudly down on his son Leslie and grandson Peter. He was aged 69 at the time, and may or may not have been living with us. So far as I know he had no occupation from the time of his wife’s death till the end of his days.

Not long after this my father rented a bungalow on a farm at East Preston, Sussex, for use at week-ends and holidays. The family went there frequently from Ascot, and still kept on the lease after moving to Hove in 1934.

At some time between the two world wars WB was living in Edenbridge, Kent with his elder sister, Nellie. She had married a draper and moved to Co Durham; but it seems likely that they retired to the south in the 1920s, where WB joined them. After her husband’s death in 1937 she moved back to the north, and WB took up residence in the bungalow at East Preston.

During the second World War WB moved to Hassocks, not far from Hove, no doubt to be within easy reach of his doctor son; he was aged 80 at the outbreak of the war, but in robust physical health. He was a keen walker, and must have enjoyed the country walks in the neighbourhood and perhaps on the South Downs. He was probably a lodger in a household in Hassocks, but there came a time in 1943 when his memory deteriorated so much that he could not find his way home from his walks and once or twice slept rough. He was taken into the family home in Hove, and looked after there until his final illness; he died in a nursing home in Hove in February 1944, aged 83. So far as I know his estate was very small; there was no will.
I saw little of my grandfather WB in my childhood, and was 15 when he died. I picture him as a little man with white hair and moustaches, a thick tweed suit and waistcoat, and inclined to say “Capital, capital!” when he approved of something. He was always good for a five shilling postal order at Christmas!

I cannot claim that this biography of my grandfather is more than a history of an insignificant country boy from Devon who managed to make the transition from the working class to middle class after moving to London as a young man. But his two sons went to an old grammar school with a fine reputation, and one prospered as a solicitor, the other as a doctor. Their descendants for three more generations remain firmly established in the middle class. I doubt if my father knew anything like as much as I do about the family’s origins, but he never spoke about it and died in middle age before I became interested in researching the Lynes. Until I looked into the Lyne family history I did not even know that my father had been brought up in a Baptist household, let alone that he came from Devon blacksmith stock. In retrospect I wonder if he was ashamed of this: when I was young, people were class-conscious, judging others by the way they spoke, behaved or dressed and where they came from, unlike the more enlightened times today. My few recollections of WB I ascribe to the fact that I hardly ever saw my grandfather; maybe as a young and self-centred schoolboy I was not interested in him, far less in his background. Or could it have been that WB in old age was suffering from senile dementia and my father preferred that I should not see much of him? I shall never know.

Magdalen House, Glastonbury, Somerset

By Molly Laxton

Magdalen House in Glastonbury, England, was the home of John George Lawrence Bulleid (1826-1902) and his wife Christiana. JGL was a solicitor and seven times Mayor of Glastonbury. They had three sons: Howard, also a solicitor; George Lawrence, who gave up Law and became a well-known painter in watercolour and oil; and Arthur, a medical GP, famous as the discoverer of the Glastonbury Lake Village, an important archaeological site.

Their daughter Annie married Warren George Laxton, whose daughter Molly wrote this account. It first appeared in “Bulleids of Glastonbury” by Armynell Goodall, published in 1984.

Magdalen House, Magdalen Street, was the Bulleid stronghold when I knew it in my childhood. To look at it was the sort of house which a child draws - door in the middle with a window on each side, and three windows across on two floors above. From the street it was a dull looking house and both dining and drawing room faced this way and were dark rooms - it was, however, much brighter at the back - a large, old-fashioned kitchen with joints still cooked in a 'jack' in front of the fire. An enormous back kitchen had over it by separate stair a big conservatory (which uncles used as a studio and was filled with canvasses rather than plants) and Grandfather's study to which no one entered unless specially asked - it was his sanctuary!

Both grandparents were small in stature. At the age of about twelve I was the same height. Grannie was a bit eccentric - she seldom ate the same food that we did but had 'snacks' on her own. She 'wore the trousers' and nagged at Grandfather, but he ran his own life and gave the impression that Grannie's remarks did not stick, but rolled off him like water from a duck's back! He had his own interests, chiefly archaeological
and his study was full of books. He also had a rain gauge on the lawn and kept details of the rainfall in that part of the country.

Just around the corner from Magdalen House was a cul-de-sac with almshouses for (I think) six old men and six old women. On Sunday midday the dining table was covered with little blue and white bowls and they had their dinner from the Bulleid sirloin. They (the bowls) were all filled and despatched before the family had their share. An old custom, but we now know it as 'Meals on Wheels!'

In memory the weather was always hot and fine and we spent all our time out of doors, only coming in for meals. Looking back it seems that these meals were dull - the Sunday sirloin standing out on its own! In between meals there were snacks - 'Grannie I'm so hungry' would mean a visit to the huge larder where one received a slab of bread and ditto of cheese - did it taste good?! I wish modern cheddar had the same flavour! While on the subject of food, one of the chief delicacies was 'Lardy Cake' only obtainable by special order - very rich and very indigestible but very good!

The garden was the happy hunting ground for grandchildren - it was surrounded by mellow old brick walls, covered with fruit trees, but picking fruit was forbidden and only Grandfather could pick. However no one told you you must not 'bump' the trunks and fruit on the ground was 'free for all.'

There was a huge copper beech tree on the edge of the lawn which provided climbs for older children.

The vegetable and soft fruit garden was away from the house and behind Grandfather's office, the 'Tribunal' in High Street. On Sundays children came out of church before the sermon and gorged themselves with fruit in that prolific garden until fetched by grown-ups when church was over.

Uncle Arthur spent all his time at the Lake Village - starting off each morning with food and bottles of cold tea. Sometimes we had picnics at the Village, when we children were given places to dig and where we found not ancient remains but modern coins of the realm!

Magdalen Street was used weekly for cattle market - a very dirty business, and on that day we were not allowed out. It was really rather frightening with beasts roaming about freely and sometimes running amok - I never remember wanting to go out - much too frightened.

My clearest recollection is that of smell - to me it was of roses, peat-reek and yellow soap!

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**Dr Arthur Bulleid - Early Life**

*By Armynell Goodall*

Arthur Bulleid was born in Glastonbury in 1862, the youngest child of J G L Bulleid and his wife Christiana (née Wooff). Arthur and his two brothers Howard and Lawrence were educated at St John's College, Hurstpierpoint, commonly known as 'Hurst'. Founded by Nathaniel Woodard, an Anglican clergyman with High Church leanings, the school catered for 'middle class boys' with a wide curriculum; this was in contrast to many public schools where Classics predominated. The fees at Hurst were £20 a year.

My father was not happy at school; he said the boys were half starved during Lent and during the winter they were cold. He won a prize for drawing, he was a prefect in
his last year (1879), played football for the First XI and obtained his Swimming Certificate, and finally he was the Chamberlain in a production of Henry IV part I. Perhaps Bulleid had been conditioned to the cold of school by his adventures as a very small boy. When he was 4, he was found one cold winter's day walking purposefully along Magdalene Street in Glastonbury; an elderly gentleman said to him, 'Well young Bulleid where are you going?' He replied 'I am going to test the ice.'

After leaving Hurst, Bulleid went to the Potteries to learn the trade as an apprentice, returning to Glastonbury to work with patterns and glazes in a local company. He found little to encourage him in his efforts to experiment and develop the craft, and he abandoned the work and turned to medicine. He entered the Bristol Medical School from where he could visit his parents in Glastonbury whenever possible. Bulleid had a slight hesitation in his speech which worried him all through his life and he found oral examinations difficult. Nonetheless his career as a doctor seemed assured and he pursued his studies vigorously. Yet there was always another interest, instilled by his father, in antiquarian matters, and in his spare time he read of the excavations and discoveries then being made in Britain and abroad.

Annie Austin and Dymboro

By Armynell Goodall

Arthur Bulleid (1862-1951) was the youngest son of John George Lawrence Bulleid and Christiana Wooff. He was a practising GP and famed amateur archaeologist, who discovered the Glastonbury Lake Village. Armynell was his daughter and married to Geoffrey Goodall, Canon of Salisbury Cathedral in Wiltshire, England.

In the mid 1890s, Arthur Bulleid had become acquainted with the Austin family from Australia who had come to Glastonbury for an extended visit. The Abbey House in Glastonbury was inhabited by James and Rebecca Austin. James had had an adventurous life in Australia, made his fortune (along with other Austins he held over 200,000 acres in various sheep stations) and returned to England to retire to his native Somerset. At the time, Albert Austin and his wife Catherine with two daughters Annie and Kitty came from Australia to Glastonbury to visit their cousins. Albert and James were first cousins. The Bulleids and the Abbey House Austins were good friends. Arthur Bulleid’s discovery [of the Glastonbury Lake Village] and the excavations were the talk of the town and the Albert Austins were soon acquainted with the Bulleids and my father’s work in the field. My mother and father became friends. My father had a very sweet tenor voice and he visited the Abbey House frequently; my mother played the piano, my father sang. Friendship developed into love and they became engaged. Grandfather Austin did not approve of his daughter marrying a penniless archaeologist and he took her back to Australia. My father returned to his medical studies and after several years he sent a cable ‘Qualified’. My mother crossed the seas once again and they were married on 27th September 1900 at All Souls, Langham Place, London. After qualifying, my father took several locums.

Dr Alexander Waugh was a Physician of Midsomer Norton in north Somerset. Dr Waugh retired and my father acquired his practice. My mother and father started their married life in a small house in North Road, Midsomer Norton, then they moved to The Old Vicarage which was larger and central, opposite the Church and Post Office. All the while a permanent home was being built, Grandfather Austin’s wedding present to my mother and father. Dymboro was designed by Rupert Austin an
architect and a cousin of my mother’s, the builders were Longs of Bath; Mr Stamp was the foreman and local men were used for the work. My mother disagreed with some of the layout of the house proposed by the architect; she wanted the stairs to be out of sight of the front door. The architect said this was impossible, given the shape of the building. My mother said ‘I will make it possible’ and did so. It was a very beautiful house and home.

Midsomer Norton was then a dull unattractive place, a mining community. The miners were underpaid and badly housed, and there was much poverty. The local community accepted my parents and family and I personally was told that ‘the big house was a greatly appreciated and admired addition to the village and my parents much loved’. One example of the last was only revealed in 1951.

‘Dear Sirs,
About 40 years ago you attended my wife at the confinement of her second child. We were in very poor circumstances as I never had a regular wage, being dependant on the weather. You never sent us the bill for same and we both put it down that you knew our poor financial position. I believe your fee at that time was £1. I am enclosing £2 to settle this account and may God Almighty bless you the remainder of your days.

Yours very respectfully
An OAP’

A close friend of Armynell Bulleid was Mary Flower, who has described Dymboro.
‘Coming from my London home, I was thrilled by this spacious house. The floors and doors were of golden, polished hardwood. The wide corridor, in which the children had played hockey, was brightened by several woven rugs brought back from Yugoslavia, the embrasures of the windows contained handsome oriental ginger jars and baskets full of flowers. The whitewashed walls, which had never been papered, were hung with Mrs Bulleid’s beautiful flower paintings, mostly in watercolour; large, fresh and vivid. One could smell the wallflowers, primroses and velvety roses, and feel the sharp, vigorous thorns. Indeed, the scent of flowers filled the whole house, coming in through the big windows from the beautiful great garden, burgeoning with blossom and bees, and offset by the wide view across the valley. How lovely it all was.’ [Annie exhibited her works six times at the Royal Academy and four times at the Royal Institute under the name Anna Eleanor Bulleid. They still come up at auction].

Arthur and Annie Bulleid settled into their life at Dymboro, the doctor combining his medical practice with his archaeological interests, and Mrs Bulleid managing the house and raising a large family.

“We were an odd family, six of us divided into two groups of three with a five-year gap. The three eldest were born 1902-4-6 and the next three 1910-12-15. In fact it was sometimes thought my mother had been married twice. I believe the three eldest knew our father better than the second trio. Life was easier then, no shortage of money from Australia, there were family connections to visit in and near Glastonbury and there were outings with our father, long nature walks, catching butterflies. Nevertheless, my father did have long bouts of depression; he worried about money and thought my mother’s lifestyle too pretentious. My father must have had his father’s bankruptcy on his mind at times.’
There is a wonderful recording on the family website of Dr Arthur Bulleid recounting his discovery of the Glastonbury Lake Village archaeological site in 1892.

Life at Dymboro revolved around my father – his doctoring and excavating on the Somerset Levels. His was a busy life. We did not have family holidays but went down to Meare when the excavation was in progress. We stayed with the Misses Burnett one fat, one thin. We were not allowed to drink local water; to our delight we drank quantities of ginger beer, a great treat. We went to the excavation nearly every day and found it rather boring. My mother sketched and talked to visitors. We were not at all interested or impressed by the well known people who visited the field and we soon tired of washing pottery.

When my father felt relaxed and had the time he was amusing and original – he could stand on his head and one evening when we were play acting and dressing up he appeared as ‘Mr Back to Front’; how he contrived the transformation I do not know, I was very young; someone must have helped him dress up, but I remember a mask drawn on paper and of course coat, waistcoat, collar and tie back to front. I believe my father and his peers in Glastonbury did enjoy themselves – they acted and had picnics and sang in Gilbert and Sullivan productions. My father had a very sweet voice and I remember lying in bed as a child and listening to him singing in the drawing room below. Our governess played the piano. He sang old ballads. He was athletic and played a good game of tennis. I remember him playing on the court at Dymboro but unfortunately he strained a ligament in his leg and that was the end of playing tennis – he was small and sprightly and got around the court at great speed. There were happy Sunday evenings in winter round the study fire roasting chestnuts and playing pencil and paper games – ‘Heads, bodies and legs’ was a favourite and also ‘Consequences’. We were often joined by Evelyn Waugh, grandson of Dr Alexander Waugh. Evelyn came to stay with his three maiden aunts in Midsomer Norton. He was the same age as my elder brother Hilary, he was witty, he and the family could draw and there was much merriment. Evelyn was not pleasant; he teased me and actively disliked my younger brother Humfrey, but my sister Bettrys (Betty) was his girlfriend.

My mother and father must have had their ‘ups and downs’ but we were not aware of quarrels and they did not lose their tempers ‘in front of the children’. We had lunch at 1.00 pm. My father would come in from his ‘round’; if all was well he would go quickly into his cloakroom and then join us in the dining room. If he was upset and had had a bad morning the front door would slam and he would go straight into the surgery and that door would slam. Perhaps he would go to the study to use the telephone and would not come into lunch at all. On these occasions we children would keep quiet. On one occasion a servant spoke of the ‘piercing eye of the doctor’ and this piercing eye kept the six of us in order most of the time and I never knew my father to chastise any member of the family.

As well as ‘the study’ my father had a bedroom upstairs which was known as ‘the pottery room’. There he would work away reconstructing pots from the excavations. There were bags and bags of pottery all carefully numbered with the mound they came from, tins of plaster of Paris, and a glue pot. No one ever tidied ‘the pottery room’. There was a climbing rose outside the window in which the fly catchers nested every year, the tennis net a favourite perch.
He did most of his writing at night sitting up till 2.00 and 3.00 am. He had a peat fire and smoked his pipe – Smiths Glasgow Mixture. He said he could hear spiders walking! The polished oak floors were not carpeted and I expect the boards creaked! In old age he suffered from the cold and cold feet and said to me he wished he was in a little almshouse where he could keep warm.

My father had a delightful sense of humour and from time to time he would have a funny story to tell. He would start off and then burst out laughing before he had reached the point; he would calm down and continue to the end, but later on he would burst out laughing again; we the family would laugh at him laughing, more than laughing at his joke. He dreamt one night he was playing football; he was kicking goals, and kicking my mother. Mother was not amused; it was not done to talk about people in bed together!

One day he was driving his bull-nosed Morris and he hit a man on a bicycle – the man fortunately was not hurt and landed sitting astride the bonnet of the car – my father found this very amusing, my mother was shocked!

My father was always nervous when he lectured or spoke in public. I went with him when he gave the Long Fox Memorial Lecture – he took my hand when walking from the car park to the lecture hall clutching at me spasmodically, his hands damp with sweat. He started his lecture very hesitantly, but as he warmed to his subject and his audience the words flowed easily and he was loathe to stop – eventually the Chairman had to bring the meeting to a close.

I was at home for weekends from school and I often went with my father over Mendip to the Somerset Levels. He introduced me to coffee with lots of sugar. One outing I remember particularly we went to the Burtle Beds. We were armed with cocoa tins on long strings and we sat on the edge of the quarry, dangled our tins over the edge and pulled them up scraping against the quarry face. It was in that manner that a rare shell was discovered much to the delight of Dr Wilfred Jackson. Although I was shy with my father, other people were not and he was constantly consulted on all kinds of topics and folks would call with objects and items for his opinion.

My parents were public spirited. They started a local Nursing Association. My mother sat on the Board of Guardians. My father ran a Chess Club once a fortnight – twelve tables – we children would arrange the tables and chairs in the drawing room and would serve tea and coffee and buns half way through the evening. I remember the thick atmosphere of pipe and cigarette smoke, the fishy smell of the fishmonger and the raw, meaty smell of the butcher and how thankful we were to open the windows when everyone had gone.

At some stage wasps became a real pest and my father let it be known that he would pay a certain amount for every queen wasp brought to him. I don’t know how much – a penny, perhaps three pence? This had wonderful results and the wasp nuisance was much reduced. The trades people were very grateful. My mother had a Fête in the garden annually for the Nursing Association and she had a stall at the Church Bazaar for missions.

My father was known and respected for his diagnoses. He once diagnosed a case of smallpox and with quick action on his part I believe there was only one isolated case. Consultants came from Bristol to advise my father if he was worried about a particular patient. On one occasion a gentleman stayed for an evening meal, my mother consistently called Mr X. Afterwards, my father said to her “My dear Annie, you know our guest was Mr Y and Mr X and Mr Y do not like each other at all!” This was one of my father’s funny stories at my mother’s expense.
My father was very germ conscious – we as children had to wear gloves when travelling and we were seldom allowed to go to the local Fair for fear of infection. He rebuked my mother when she took out her handkerchief and dusted an ornament or a bit of furniture as she passed!

My father had strong dislikes: blood sports, ladies wearing earrings (he said they were barbaric), cats, pit owners and crooners. He was very interested in ‘the wireless’ and would ‘listen in’ for long periods, twiddling the cat’s whisker – it was then that he heard the crooners and popular dance bands; he would grumble but he still went on listening. Although against blood sports he had a shotgun and would shoot bullfinches because they ate the buds from the fruit trees. He once opened up a little bird to show us the crop full of gooseberry buds.

A constant visitor was Father Ethelbert Horne, titular Abbot of Glastonbury, who lived at Downside Abbey, Stratton-on-the-Fosse. He was particularly fond of grapefruit and when he came the meal always began with grapefruit. My mother once addressed him as Father Grapefruit. The family found it very difficult to keep straight faces, but I believe ever afterwards Father Horne was known as Father Grapefruit. Another visitor much loved was Dr Wilfred Jackson – my mother loved his North Country accent.

Later in life when I was married to Geoffrey Goodall, Canon of Salisbury Cathedral, my father and he had discussions about the Lord’s Prayer and the Creed; various points had worried my father from his schooldays. My father could not accept the service of the Holy Communion; the idea of taking the Body and Blood of Christ was unacceptable. At home underdone meat was refused and should a joint show blood out it would go back to the kitchen. Only once do I remember my father going to Church; he came to Matins with us when we were on a family holiday at Looe after the 1914-18 War and this is in fact the only family holiday I remember.

My father loved the garden, but he did not have enough time to do much gardening. He pruned fruit trees and picked apples and pears. He grew Lilium Regali from seed with great success. He kept the yew hedges trimmed during the 1914-18 War, which was a hard and trying task – the lawns went to hay. My father set up a little distillery in the surgery each year and distilled lavender water; this was an annual event and much appreciated by my mother. He was very fond of asparagus and it was considered a treat. The grown ups would have it for their evening meal, my father would bring me up a few spears with melted butter and I would sit up in bed and eat it, a very special treat!

All my life my father was teetotal, but had not always been so. A patient was an alcoholic and killing himself; this gentleman said to my father, “If you will give up drinking, I will.” They shook hands. The patient lived a long and happy life; I remember him. My mother and father, my sister Christine and I went to Australia for six months. We were in Marseilles for my 21st birthday – we had a lovely meal on shore and my father ordered a bottle of wine and he drank my health – the one and only time I saw him take a drink.
The Bulleids in New Zealand
By Victor Bulleid

JOHN BULLEID (My Grandfather)

John Bulleid of Pen-y-bryn, Oamaru (1851-1910), was the third son of Samuel and Elizabeth Bulleid, sister of Samuel Lee, and was born at The Square, North Tawton on 14th. October 1851. Samuel Bulleid was a brewer in the Square and came from a long line of yeoman farmers. Sam’s father George had a farm not far out of the town, called Staddon and although there seems to be some difficulty in documenting some of the information, great-great grandfather George Bulleid’s silver watch came into my brother George’s possession some years ago through Aunt Winnie Cane who was John’s second daughter.

Having lost his wife when John was eleven years of age, Sam allowed John (the middle boy having died in a vat at the age of six and William having gone to his Uncle Sam Lee’s in Teignmouth) to be brought up by his sister-in-law Mrs Jane Durant (née Lee) also of North Tawton. (She lived at “Cottle’s Barton” about a kilometre out of the town but the name “Sender Hills” has also occurred somewhere in the records and I am not sure about this. There was a Miss Durant whom Geo. met in Auckland who said she had lived at Cottie’s Barton). In 1976 when Marion and I were in North Tawton, there was a room in the hotel named “The Durant Room”. This was because the hotel had incorporated the Durants’ seed-merchant’s shop into their premises. Later John joined William and went to their mother’s brother who was a draper in Teignmouth and they were taken into his business. When he was in his teens, John went to sea, Teignmouth being quite an active port in those days, but I have no details. However, he must have returned to the business, as both boys developed very effective business sense under the tutelage of their uncle.

In 1874 both men sailed to New Zealand. William went into business in Invercargill as an importing draper and formed a partnership with a Mr. Price, becoming Price and Bulleid. (After his death, that business became H. and J. Smith). Unfortunately he died from pleurisy on 16th. August 1889 aged 42 and is buried in St. John’s Cemetery at Waikiwi, Invercargill, in the same plot as his daughter Beatrice who had died two days after birth. His wife took her two little boys back to her home in Wales, having first gone to John’s “Pen-y-bryn” in Oamaru, which must have been very new at that time. There is mention in the sale advertisement at the time of William’s death of branches of his business in Dunedin and Winton as well as Invercargill. They must have been lively times for a businessman.

For his part, John went to Dunedin and was appointed Oamaru manager of an English owned Dunedin firm called A. and T. Ingles. In 1878 after about three years, he bought the branch and set up in business on his own account, possibly looking to the family in England for finance. He prospered and in 1881 his cousin Fanny, the oldest daughter of his uncle Samuel Lee, came out to Melbourne chaperoned by her brothers Lewis and Herbert and they were married there, John having sailed over to meet her. The marriage took place in what is now known as “The Old Cathedral” in Bateman St, as, having proved subsequently too small for the growing city of Melbourne, it was moved stone by stone complete with its lovely windows and its records to the new site. When I was in this church in 1976, someone approached me and was able to show me the record of their marriage in less time than it has taken to write about it. About that time, he took Herbert into partnership with him, and this
apparently continued until Herbert moved to Christchurch as a solicitor. In 1881 he and his bride set up home out of Oamaru in a little stone cottage below the Thousand Acre Road which is now called White Rocks Road, just south of the Weston railway crossing. It was roughly level with the back of “Brookfield”. My father, John Maurice pointed it out to me as the place where he was born. In my youthful ignorance, I did not stop the car and have a closer look at it. It has since been pulled down. Youth lives to regret errors of omission. As Dad was the baby of the family, his two sisters must also have been born there. The place was obviously too small and remote and they moved to a larger house immediately to the south of the Basilica in Reed St. Oamaru.

John must have had an unusual fund of knowledge, as he recognised the presence of diatomaceous earth from nearby Cormacks and sent some to London. When I was a younger, we had his microscope and several slides of mounted diatoms which the Londoner had mounted and sent to him in appreciation. Each tiny diatom was positioned by moving it onto adhesive with a cat’s whisker using a microscope to do it. There must have been dozens of these tiny fossils stuck within a dot having a diameter of about three millimetres.

The time had come to build their own house and they did. The result was Pen-y-bryn. It was a single storey wooden Elizabethan 9000 square feet place with a whole town block of garden, less a quarter acre area which had a house on it on the south-east corner of the block. About that time, he had some sort of breakdown through overwork and as the house was complete, he left the business in the hands of his brother-in-law, Herbert Lee whose son Croydon was much later to become a solicitor in Christchurch. The family left for England early in 1892, and while there purchased furniture and pictures for their new home, so that on their return they would have a fine house with plaster ceilings from Florence, made to measure oak panelling all ready to assemble, from England, antique furniture, sets of beautifully bound books, dozens of lovely water colours to remind them of their homeland and all the other things necessary to furnish a fine home. Late in 1895 they had about four months in Italy and added to their purchases with some good watercolours of the area around Naples, Herculanum and Pompeii. He also made a very complete collection of ancient Roman coins which my father later presented to Waitaki Boys’ High School. The family arrived home in New Zealand four years to the day from their departure date.

Both John and Fanny Bulleid appear to have been very able and discerning, with a wide knowledge as was borne out by the home they built and the shop they owned. Fanny’’s mother was a very able helpmeet to her husband, Sam Lee, and ran the fashion side of their business in Teignmouth where John received his training. It was quite usual for her to go to Paris to buy women’s wear and it was a well off environment for a young man to form his tastes.

When in England he arranged for John Foden of Finsbury Square to act as his agent, and later when Foden’s son Ernest joined his father, he in his turn performed the same service for the business. In fact Fodens were still our agents until Bulleid and Co. Ltd., as it became, was bought out in 1960 by Hay’s Ltd. Christchurch.

John became very wealthy and at his peak made more than 5000 pounds sterling p.a. in an era when income tax was two and half % and a tradesman was lucky to get 150 pounds p.a. Unfortunately in his middle fifties, he had another breakdown, again through overwork, and what with hypertension and a feeling of persecution, he sadly took his own life at 59 years of age.
Next was my father, John Maurice Bulleid, who was born just out of Oamaru in 1885. A healthy boy living in the country, and adored by his mother he must have been happy. When he was six years of age, the family left for Europe whence they did not return for four years. They spent about four months in Italy and travelled widely, although as John Senior was very interested in the excavations at Pompeii, a significant period of this time was spent in Naples. The other three years or so seem to have been spent mainly in London. Here on one occasion the line almost ended as both father and son were caught in a hotel fire and having left their bedroom door open were overlooked when the other guests were evacuated.

The family seems to have been quite settled at home, as large folios of pressed wild flowers, small watercolours of the surrounding country, collections of Roman coins and a large library of fine books were collected during that period. The education of the children was never discussed as far as I can remember, but must have received adequate attention, as on their return to New Zealand, they seem to have been at least as learned as their peers, since they all finished their education in the normal time and to a better than usual standard. Winifred married a professor of English at the university in Christchurch, Leah graduated as a B.A. and my father went into his Uncle Ernest’s law firm and was admitted to the Bar in his middle twenties.

Just after that, he married Eleanor Jones youngest daughter of the Honourable George Jones M. P. (The Hon. was a title bestowed on Members of Parliament who became Ministers of the Crown like Uncle Ernest Lee, or who were chosen by the Government to go into the Upper House. Similar to going to the House of Lords in England, as in those days we had a bicameral system of government which is now discontinued).

The Italian servants used to call Dad, Bambino, which was shortened within the family to Bim and became his nickname to all and sundry. Bim did not like the Law, and having inherited some of his father’s wealth, took an interest in the retail business which had merged with the business immediately to the south. As that move had necessitated a change in the capital structure of the two businesses involved, a public company was formed. Before giving up the Law, Bim had become junior partner to an extremely able barrister who later became Mr. Justice Ongley of the Water Front Commission. There is a tale about Bim, who was extremely well-read, but probably a bit obtuse in some routine legal matters, that he had a Deed to draw up for the following day, and having found it too difficult or too boring, put it on his partner’s desk with a note quoting Macbeth Act 111 Scene 1V Queen: . When Ongley looked it up, it quenched his anger, as he found the quote was “Oh, what a rash and bloody deed is this!”

Having left the law practice, he had too much uncommitted time, and spent a lot of money on his property. He had moved to the big house, Pen-y-bryn, about 1919, having spent the previous seven years in a very nice house which he had built for his new family on the corner of Towey and Perth Sts. This had been subdivided from the main block. His mother had moved into a large semi detached two-storey house in Wansbeck Street, which she had built some time before as an investment. Now with money, time and imagination, Bim started to reorganise his property. By 1922, he had re-contoured some areas, had low walls built, lily ponds of significant size, shrubberies smartened up, pergolas with roses on them by the chain, a new lay-out for the drive which he moved from the north east corner of the property to the north west. It now swept through new wrought iron gates up to a nice gravelled area in front of
the house. About this time the most westerly room was built as a bedroom for the three boys and the floors in the drawing room, dining room and front hall were laid in parquet.

The triangle across the road, which was bounded by Towey St, Perth St and the Awamoa Road, had been leased from the Council for many years and as it lay between the house and our view it was planted and a hose was run across the road to augment the natural flow of water, and the low area where the Awamoa Tennis Club is now situated, was flooded to form a willow rimmed pond. John kept his pony there. Inside the house, the major work was expensive and times were less buoyant, and his mother, Fanny, decided that the business could not stand the spending, the situation having been exacerbated by the withdrawal of funds by Bim’s elder sisters. They apparently wanted some or all their inheritance out of the business. The writer is under the impression that they didn’t care very much to be involved in trade, even to the extent that they used to cut the “John Bulleid and Co.” labels out of their clothing to remove the stigma. I am sure that they outgrew that nonsense, but it is one of the vignettes that colour a family tale. Incidentally, an elderly relative of mine who was a contemporary of theirs told me that when she was a young woman she was in the largest and most fashionable restaurant in Dunedin when the buzz of conversation stopped and heads were turned. She looked up to see the cause, and there were the two Bulleid girls, Leah and Winifred. She said they were absolutely beautiful women.

There was a disagreement between Bim and his mother (my Granny) with the result that Bim sold up lock, stock and barrel, even wedding presents, and sailed off to England. The family included four children by this time John, Eleanor, George and Victor. He did not return until after his mother’s death which was very sad for all concerned. As an octogenarian, I can picture the poor old lady, the victim of two strokes, living on her own except for a companion, with all her children and grandchildren away from her.

On his return from England in 1925, we went to Uncle George Jones’ home for a few weeks until a house was bought in Oamaru where the family lived for about a year. Meanwhile a farm of 157 acres about three miles out in the country at Deborah was bought and after the farmhouse had been refurbished, it was occupied by the family, and the serious business of being a farmer was entered into. Bim took his wife’s nephew who had been working for a number of years on a sheep farm, into partnership, and together they decided to convert the farm so that pigs could be bred there. It was a fine effort. The pigs were very well housed, each sow having her own sty which could be opened to the sun on fine days, her own water trough, food trough and about a thousand square feet of enclosure. A herd of cows provided milk, grain was bought and the farm was progressively put down in lucerne. As rainfall averaged only about 22 inches a year, a dam was built across a creek which flowed through the property, and some of the fields were reticulated for irrigation. There were no fewer than 500 pigs, all healthy, all presumably happy, and bred from whatever cross was most suitable for the type of meat they were to become.

Then the big slump occurred. The pigs had to go. Although the city butchers said they were the best they had ever had, there was little money to be realised from them. The herd of dairy cows was increased and milk was supplied to town. Bim used to rise at four a.m. to do the milking. His partner delivered the previous evening’s milk to the townspeople. He would then return for the morning’s milk. The conversation at table changed from “porkers, baconners, farrowing and boars” to “butter fat, ensilage, milk production, bulls and such technicalities”. It was a lot of work. It was a living. The junior partner was seeing life passing him by and the partnership was dissolved.
The work was still heavy and although John Junior had left school and with the help of a neighbour was doing the milking and general farm work, the end of the herd was approaching. John went to work in the drapery business, the herd was sold and the farm made over to sheep.

Bim was now in his late fifties, the sheep did not occupy a great deal of his attention, so having been offered a race horse colt, he accepted it and fed it vitamins and minerals in addition to the other things that horses eat. It did run third at Arrowtown, but was a sorry waste of time and money. At that time he reverted to an early interest in watercolour painting. He seemed to like experimenting, and could lay on watercolours beautifully, but did not produce pictures. His preoccupation was to get to the standard of Russell Flint.

He had suffered a lot of undeserved setbacks, and the time had come for him to hand over the farm to John. This was done. George had meanwhile gone into the family business and lived at Grandma Jones’ in Nen St in Oamaru. Victor although living at home, also worked in town for the Bank of N.Z. Eleanor had lived with her Aunt Annie in Wellington for about two years. When John married in 1940, it seemed sense for the family to move to the town house which had been let since we vacated it in 1926 to go to the farm.

This occurred and Bim retired and spent his time reading, painting and holidaying at a cottage at Kakanui during the warm months of the year. He and my mother seemed to settle into retirement very gracefully. After the entry of the Japanese into the war, so many men and women were drafted into the forces, that civilians were directed into whatever occupations the Manpower Officer decided they could fill. I think this applied only to those under 65 years of age. Both my parents were directed to night shift at the Oamaru Woollen Mills and were there almost until the end of the war. They then reverted to their old modus vivendi until Bim was 68. At that time he had once more to become involved in the business. There was trouble with one of the directors and he was unable to overcome it. Although it was not suspected at the time, he was hypertensive, and while some sort of warfarin treatment was being tried, it was decided that his heart was not strong enough to treat him. He was put into a home, and after two years of loneliness and frustration, he had two cerebral haemorrhages and died sadly at the age of 70.

It was a sad ending for a very nice man who was cultured and artistic. In his younger days he had a very fine lyric tenor voice, perhaps inherited from his Welsh grandmother. When in England he had taken lessons from Charles Tree who had been the recipient of the Melba Prize in his day. Not content with only one teacher, he also took lessons from a second one. As a young man I well remember musical evenings with friends and family, during which most people presented an item. Dad always sang several songs accompanied by my mother. He was very fond of oratorio (Handel) and sentimental Victorian Ballads.

FANNY LAURA SNELL BULLEID (my Granny),
She was the oldest daughter of Samuel Lee of Teignmouth, Devon and it was she who sailed to Melbourne to marry my grandfather John Bulleid in 1881. I have but the vaguest memories of her, as we left Oamaru when I was only four years of age and she had died before our return. To allow our family to live in Pen-y-bryn, she moved into the west half of the semi-detached houses she had built as an investment with money she had been given by her father when he married his housekeeper. It seems that the older members of his family regarded such an act with considerable displeasure and that this gift may have been something of a sop. That house is still in
good condition, and is next but one to Columba Church in Wansbeck St. When she moved, she took enough furniture and pictures to be very comfortable. It was just as well she did, as when Pen-y-bryn was sold with all its contents, there was nothing left except what she had. When we returned from England, there seemed to be enough of everything to set up our house in Wharfe St and later on, the farm at Deborah. There was little bought for a number of years. After she moved out she had a stroke, and I suppose that was why I saw little of her. John mentioned that he could remember her sitting in a chair crocheting string with her fingers, and then undoing it in an endeavour to improve her dexterity after that first stroke. She was also becoming deaf at that time.

After the death of Grandfather, she had been very involved with the business, and so had Dad’s partner Fred Ongley. Many years later, when I had joined the firm, he mentioned to me that in his opinion she had the best brain he had ever encountered in a woman. I am afraid I cannot be more informative than that, and the only other information is from the family Bible.

ENTRIES FROM THE FAMILY BIBLE

JOHN BULLEID born 14/10/1851 died 17/9/1910 aged 59 years.
FANNY LEE born 30/5/1853 died 8/12/1924 aged 71 years.
Were married 5/4/1881 in Melbourne.
St James Church
Melbourne.
By the Rev. M.H.Becker.
(This church is now known as the Old Cathedral having been moved stone by stone to Batman St, Melbourne).


JOHN MAURICE BULLEID born Oamaru 23/7/1885. Died from C.V.A. 4/12/55 aged 70.


ELEANOR DORA BULLEID born Oamaru 24/11/1914 daughter of John Maurice and Eleanor Eva Bulleid. Died 19/10/05 pneumonia.


VICTOR FREDERICK BULLEID born Oamaru 13/11/1917 Son of John Maurice and Eleanor Eva Bulleid.

MARRIAGES

JOHN BIRKBECK BULLEID married Brenda Bruton Hole of Timaru at St Mary’s Timaru 20/11/1940.
GEORGE LAWRENCE BULLEID married Lorna May Clark at Pleasant Point 29/5/1948.

COPIES FROM HEADSTONES IN THE CHURCHYARD AT NORTH TAWTON

SAMUEL BULLEID died Feb 23 1886 aged 73 years.
The above was father of John Bulleid of Oamaru and William Bulleid of Invercargill.
ELIZABETH BULLEID died Jan 22 1862 aged 44 years
Wife of the above and mother of John and William Bulleid.
Also Samuel 12/11/1826 and Fanny 31/5/1819.
They were the children of John and Maria Lee.
(Compiler’s note, she was christened Eliz. Lee 4/ 3/1817 at Zeal Monachorum Devon),

MARIA LEE died July 17 1858 aged 70 years
Mother of Elizabeth Bulleid formerly of Zeal Monachorum Devonshire.

SAMUEL LEE BULLEID died June 27 1855 aged 6 years
Second son of the above Samuel and Elizabeth Bulleid.
Farewell sweet child a long farewell to thee
From sin’s pollution thou art ever free
Thy pilgrimage was not too brief to show
How every stage of life is mixed with woe.

JOHN DURANT died June 19 1887 aged 67.
LEAH LEE died aged 2 years.
Daughter of Samuel and Leah Lee.
Why weepest thou fond mother
A few more setting suns or rolling years
Will bring thee if in Jesus to that shore
Where thou shall meet thy child to part no more.

GEORGE BULLEID died June 25 1869 aged 88 years.
WILLIAM BULLEID son of the above G.B. died May 6 1882.
AMELIA daughter of the above G.B. died May 19 18.. aged 59.

(The above George Bulleid is father of Samuel Bulleid mentioned above, who died Feb 1886.)

EVENTS FROM THE FAMILY BIBLE

JOHN BULLEID left London for New Zealand Sunday morning April 12 arriving Port Chalmers, Sunday afternoon July 12 1874 by the ship Devana.
FANNY LEE left Plymouth for New Zealand Monday morning Feb 21 arriving at Melbourne Sunday morning April 3 1881 by the S.S.Lusitania.

JOHN and FANNY BULLEID landed at the Bluff Monday morning April 25 by the Rotorua arrived at Oamaru Thursday April 28 1881.

JOHN and FANNY BULLEID arrived at Plymouth from N.Z. with their children Leah, Winnie and Jack by the Valetta May 1892, a very good voyage, settled in London September 1892 at 103 Fordwyth Rd Brondesbury N.W. Left London by the S.S.Himalaya Oct 11 1895 arrived at Brindisi Sunday morning Oct 21, crossed to Castellammare by train stayed there a fortnight then to Naples where they stayed at Villa Capella Posillipo for three months visiting Rome, Capri, Lucana, Nocera, Paestrum, Pompeii and Herculanum. Left Brindisi for Melbourne on Jan 26 1896 by the S.S.Rome, arrived in Oamaru in good health in March arriving back on the same date as they left four years before.

JOHN and FANNY BULLEID’S Bulleid grandchildren: -

FIRST
Married on 20/11/1940 to Brenda Bruton Hole born 6/12/1919, of Timaru at Timaru.
They had three children

Their children are
(Deborah) Jane Bulleid born 4/7/1978

PETER WILLIAM BULLEID born 28/8/1959 at Oamaru

SECOND
ELEANOR DORA BULLEID born 24/11/1914 at Oamaru. Married William Ronald Easton of Oamaru at Oamaru ….. no issue. Ron died 15/2/2004. Eleanor Dora died 19/10/2005 in a rest home in Oamaru and the family held a Memorial Service at St. Luke’s on 25/10/05 Her ashes were buried in the family plot in the presence of a large gathering of the family.

THIRD
GEORGE LAWRENCE BULLEID born 9/4/1916 at Oamaru. He married Lorna May Clark at Pleasant Point, Canterbury 29/5/1948. They had 2 children


FOURTH
VICTOR FREDERICK BULLEID born 13/11/1917 at Oamaru Married on 3/4/1948 to Marion Jean Muldrew born 21/12/1918 of Maheno at Maheno by Rev. Rothwell. They had four children.

GILLIAN AGNES BULLEID born at Oamaru on 2/5/1950
Married 14/2/1971 at Oamaru, to Graham Alexander Salt of Auckland
30/5/1948. They had two children.
Louise Jacqueline Salt born 12/10/1977 at Christchurch.

DEBORAH ANNE BULLEID born at Oamaru 13/7/1953
They had two children.

Married 19/12/1979 to Jill Elizabeth Alexander born 19/10/1959, at Weston before
Rev. Ballantyne.
They had one child.
Divorced 20/10/1982.
Remarried at Oamaru 17/1/87 in our courtyard at 17 Hull St Oamaru by C.F.Jones J.P.
to Dianne Elizabeth Cochrane of Hakataramea born at Oamaru 8/3/1960.
They had three children.

A Short History of Pen-y-bryn
By Roy and Bernice Vannini

John Bulleid (1857-1910) emigrated to New Zealand with his first cousin, Fanny
Laura Snell Lee, his brother William (1846-1889) and William’s wife Marianne
Vaughan Pugh. John established a large department store and importing business in
Oamaru on the South Island. He built Pen-y-bryn as his private residence, reputedly
the largest single-storey house on the South Island.
William died in Invercargill and his widow and four young children stayed with
John and Fanny in Oamaru on their way back to England. The eldest child was Oliver
Vaughan Snell Bulleid, who became one of the most famous Chief Mechanical
Engineers of steam railways in England.
The Bulleid Society was established in England to preserve one of Oliver’s Pacific
steam locomotives, which now runs on the Bluebell line in Sussex. John Fry is
Chairman of the Society and Editor of its magazine, “Bulleid Express” in which he
included the following article, written by the present owners of Pen-y-bryn, Roy and
Bernice Vannini, based largely on information supplied by Victor Bulleid, grandson
of John, who still lives in New Zealand. The article is reproduced by kind permission
of John Fry: -
"The editor’s holiday in New Zealand earlier this year allowed a visit to Oamaru in South Island. New Zealand, or more correctly Invercargill, is synonymous with OVS Bulleid. Born in Invercargill on 19 September 1882, at the age of seven, after the death of his father, the family moved to Oamaru, a coastal town 200 miles north of Invercargill to a house named Pen-y-Bryn, being built by his uncle, John Bulleid, where the Bulleid family resided until they returned to London and eventually Llanfyllin in Wales in 1891. I had the pleasure of conducted tour of the house - a magnificent building where Bulleid ingenuity is still on display.

Pen-y-bryn is Welsh for “top of the hill” and family legend gives credence to the tale that John Bulleid’s brother William’s wife who had come out from Wales as a bride to live in Invercargill, suggested the name. As some of John Bulleid’s forebears also were Welsh, it seems likely. The Oamaru hilltop setting provides excellent mountain, country and ocean views and its site alone is a statement, realising the careful use of the trajectory of the sun as it led its residents through the house during the day. The original property incorporated not only almost the whole of the block on which the house stood, but also the whole block to the west reaching as far as the park. This area was used to run the carriage horses and children’s ponies and was leased from the Town Council. The bottom of this area which is now the site of the tennis courts was flooded and planted with willows to make a charming little lake.

Designed by the firm of Forrester and Lemon and built in 1889 for John Bulleid (1851-1910), Pen-y-bryn is purportedly the largest single storey home in the South Island with the main building being over nine thousand square feet. John Bulleid was the owner of a large department store and importing business in Oamaru. He and his wife Fanny had had access to nice surroundings before leaving England and wished to replace and improve on, their conditions. Photos on the library wall show John & Fanny Bulleid on their wedding day and the interior of his shop at the turn of the century as well as some views of the house at that time. As some of the trees were quite mature when moved into position after the house was built, they are significantly older than the residence.

John Bulleid and his family owned the property for thirty four years and his mark was clear in the design and function of the building. In 1892 he left New Zealand with his wife and three children for a tour of Europe, and to visit family in England. They were to be away for four years. During that time, in addition to engaging a buying representative in London, he and his wife purchased fine furniture and fittings for their house, and a large number of lovely watercolours, etchings and ornaments with which to adorn their home. Some months were spent in central Italy, and pictures and relics from Pompeii and its environs were also acquired.

A few years after his death, John Bulleid’s widow Fanny moved out, and John Bulleid’s son, John Maurice Bulleid, took over the property in 1919/20. He redesigned the gardens, built walls and pergolas, moved the entry from the north east to the north west corner of the garden and having opened the rear wall of the hall with leaded glass doors, enclosed part of the backyard forming a pleasant courtyard between what was the kitchen wing and the bathroom. As it had been the site of rain-water tanks, it was a considerable improvement. He also built the westernmost wing as a bedroom for his three sons. This early addition to the house is constructed of heart rimu.

John Maurice also replaced some of the floors with parquet and extended the oak paneling into the side halls. The bathroom was also renovated at that time, the bath being made of hollow section porcelain and the shower having three vertical sprays in
In 1922 the property was sold at auction to James McDiarmid, the Mayor of Oamaru, who followed by his family, were in residence for the next seventy three years. It was then sold and refurbished as a Lodge, with the present owners Roy and Bernice Vannini purchasing it in 1997.

An east to west tour of the house begins in what are now the owner’s quarters. In that area, the tin ceilings are original, but what are now a bedroom and an office, were once a large single breakfast room, capturing the morning sun as it cleared the Pacific. The McDiarmid family divided this into two rooms becoming a breakfast room and a bedroom. The family kitchen was once the only kitchen, with a scullery and storerooms opening off it to the south. Cooking was performed on a large coal range. The drapes in the hall at the entrance to the owner’s quarters are original, and are the only drapes remaining from the 1880’s. The headlight etched glass panes at the end of the hall are unique with their origin unknown. At the east end of the hall there is a door which does not open and cannot be seen from the outside. It is believed that this was to be an entrance, but after it was built it was realized that the unfavourable weather came from the ocean and the door was deemed unnecessary.

In the Drawing Room, most of the furniture is of recent vintage; however the china cabinet next to the table is an original piece from 1888. The backing of this cabinet is the same material that lines the lower walls in the dining room (lyncrusta). The smaller dining table in the Dining Room and the recovered chairs in the Drawing Room are original to the house and date from the late 1880’s. And the side table is also original to the house. The chandelier was also purchased by the Bulleid’s during their time in Italy.

The Drawing Room was used by the McDiarmid family as their Dining room, with meals prepared in the kitchen being carried to a large sideboard in the hall. The sideboard that is a feature of the Drawing Room is a recent purchase by the Vannini’s from Eleanor Bulleid, granddaughter of John Bulleid, but is not original to the property. However, the ceiling detail and the woodwork are. The large picture window was modified is 1967 to eliminate the vertical wooden columns, which remain in the other windows. This modification required the permission of the New Zealand Historic Places Trust, as the building is a Category One Historic Building, and is of national significance.

As the sun moves to the north, it warms the front sun room, enclosed in the 1950s and used by Mrs. McDiarmid Snr. The sun and the fireplaces were the only source of heat, and thus during the day the residents would move from room to room to take advantage of the warmth. The Entrance Hall is completely original, except for the rear lead light doors and the grandfather dock, a recent albeit antique, addition. The pictures, light fittings and ornately carved furniture are all original.

The Dining Room displays a number of John Bulleid’s European purchases, and was originally used as the Drawing Room. The plaster ceiling was commissioned in Florence and shipped to Oamaru in wooden crates. It is a suspended plaster ceiling and is held up by a large number of wires and stays. Reports are that the crates were six months at sea, yet they arrived complete and intact. The round French card table (c.1800) and the “Lady Lamp” were purchased and shipped from France and the holes in the foot of each table leg were used to peg the piece to its crate for the voyage!

As the sun moves to the west, the windows of the Dining Room provide warmth and light for the afternoon and early evening. The stained glass windows above the west windows are copies of the windows in the English home of Alfred Lord Tennyson. While the drapes are a recent addition, the brass rod is original. The
bookcase lining the opposite wall was constructed in London of English white oak to
the measurements John Bulleid took from the drawings of the house, and when the
pieces were assembled, they were a perfect fit and required no trimming. The
bookcase contains some magnificent books from the Bulleid era and the McDiarmid’s
and Vannini’s have added some of their collection to their display. The fireplace was
carved in Italy and the light fittings are all original, though now converted to
electricity. The piano, a recent addition to the property, is an 1866 Collard & Collard.

The Lodge kitchen in the Bulleid’s time was the master bedroom, and the Victoria
Guest Room was the adjoining nursery. The McDiarmid’s changed these to
accommodate their growing family needs. Hence what is now the Lodge kitchen
became a sitting room with an adjoining kitchen in what is now the en-suite for the
Victoria Room.

Across the hall the Elizabeth Guest Room was originally the maid’s room with
access directly to the outside. The bathroom was entered from the hall and was
originally made up of what is now the pantry/store room, office and en-suite. The
McDiarmid’s modified the bathroom, enclosing the office which was used as a TV
room. The McDiarmid children were taught to swim in the bath which gives an
indication of its size. The lady visitors’ toilet was originally a large linen press and
the gentlemen’s one, a small water closet. There was no external access, the walnut
door being a recent addition.

The Library became an anteroom when the west bedroom was built in 1920, and
although it was a bedroom for a time in the 1930’s, leads to the Billiard Room. The
Library was well stocked with beautifully bound books and was furnished with a table
and chair for serious reading. The Billiard Room was originally a bedroom for the
three Bulleid boys, John, George and Victor, with the lights on the walls indicating
the location of their beds. The fireplace is a magnificent structure of immense
proportions matching the size of the room.

Built in 1915, the Billiard Table was built originally for the New Zealand
Government for Parliament Buildings, but on receipt of the three tables ordered, only
two would fit comfortably into Parliament, thus the third table was purchased by
James McDiarmid and later installed in Pen-y-bryn. An Oamaru stone pile supports
each leg and Italian slate is used in the construction of the playing surface. The leaded
doors at the end of the Billiard Room are the original wardrobe in which there is an
external window to allow light to shine into the wardrobe as well as to show the
features of the glass. The bay window at the end of the room captures the afternoon
sun.

The Oamaru stone loft consisted of the garden shed, photographic darkroom, gun-
room, water closet for workmen and gardeners, as well as the laundry and boiler
room. At the east end it accommodated the coach and later the family car. There was
also a room for the generation of electricity, as there was no town supply until early in
the 1920s.

A water-driven turbine, known as a Pelton Wheel, generated the power for the
property. One of these was also installed in the cellar of the Bulleid’s shop and was
driven by water from the street main. It required a 3 inch (75mm) pipe to supply
enough water and the discharge went into a well like hole in the cellar whence it ran
through shingle out into the sea.

The Loft was gutted by fire in 1925, the conflagration starting in the laundry.
Upstairs, the Loft has been converted to three guest rooms with en-suites, with
downstairs garages, storeroom, wine cellar and another bedroom used by the family.
As a result of the fire and subsequent rebuilding, some of the internal Oamaru stone
displays the painted Tudor effect that the building once displayed to match the main building.

The gardens now cover 1.5 acres, much reduced from its original size. In the hallway of the Oamaru stone loft, there are photographs of some parts of the once extensive gardens. The pergolas that are shown in the photographs still remain today in some of the neighbouring gardens. Our grateful thanks to Victor Bulleid (grandson of the original owner), who proof read and supplied much of the information.”

Pen-y-bryn in 2002

Step through the crisp leadlighted doors of the Main Entrance into the vestibule to be met by your hosts Roy and Bernice. A glance around the entrance shows a selection of prints and furniture original to the property from the 1880's including a marvellous example of a carved antique settle with a table and chair.

A matching set of leaded glass doors opposite the main ones, lead to an internal courtyard with restful formal garden.
The spacious Drawing Room with its welcoming fireplace where guests gather to settle into one of the comfortable sofas to relax. Pre-dinner drinks served from impressive mahogany sideboard can be enjoyed while viewing the Pacific Ocean through the large picture window.

Dining at Pen-y-bryn resembles a private dinner party, with guests seated at a large antique table. The blend of nationalities, ages and interests ensures convivial dining. However, honeymooning couples and other guests who prefer a more intimate setting for their meals are welcome to request a private dining room. The Dining Room contains some beautiful architectural elements acquired when the house was commissioned. The suspended plaster ceiling was imported from Florence, the bookcase carved in London, the fireplace carved in Italy. A French round table circa 1800 and stunning stained leadlighted windows, replicas of Alfred Lord Tennyson’s, add to the ambience of the room.

A separate guest Library houses a large selection of books, all of which are available to guests during their stay. Guests interested in watching television or a video are also catered for. Along with the conservatory, Drawing Room, gracious Dining room - all of which are aesthetically decorated and furnished - as well as extensive verandahs, outdoor terraces and restful gardens, makes Pen-y-bryn Lodge the perfect place to relax, unwind and indulge.

The Lodge has a large Billiard Room complete with a full sized competition table with all the necessary accoutrements. The ceiling and the ornate wooden fireplace are solid Rimu (a NZ native timber). An impressive open fire adds warmth on cooler evenings. A Victorian chaise lounge and two chairs at the far end of the room catch the afternoon sun and make a perfect place to relax with a good book. An external door from this area leads out to the Oamaru stone terrace and formal rose gardens.

From the website of Pen-y-bryn, 2002
William Field Bulleid

By Geoff Ledden

William Field Bulleid was born in Hornsey, Middlesex, England in 1878, one of nine children of John Field Bulleid and his wife Margaret née Gliddon. (John Field is not to be confused with his namesake, who was known as ‘Jack’ and was the former Bulleid family historian).

The father was born in Hatherleigh, Devon, but moved to London where he married in 1868. He made his career as a Cashier in a Ship Brokers’ office and it seems likely that this connection with the sea pointed William in the direction his life was to take. Little is known of his early life, but he acquired his Master Mariner's certificate in Swansea in 1906. He was master or mate on the ships Cobequid, Chaudiere, Tagus, Pardo, Arzila and Mogileff between 1913 and 1918 for voyages to the West Indies, South America, the United States, and the Mediterranean. He emigrated to Australia in 1927, where he died in April 1960.

A Summary of Information on file at the National Archives of Australia after his death states that:

"Bulleid, whilst a resident of Perth during 1940, was described by police as a communist sympathiser. In the same year, his premises were searched and a quantity of 'Leftish' literature found. In December 1941, a report emanating from Military Police Intelligence Section, Police Headquarters, Sydney, recorded Bulleid's address as of that time as 30 High Street, North Sydney, and mentioned that he had made 'subversive utterances' of a pro-Nazi sentiment."

William was a Watchman on the Waterfront in Sydney and a member of the Kirribilli Ex-Servicemen’s Club. He moved to Brisbane after 1950 where he continued to be closely watched himself, as there are several reports in the Archives that he had attended meetings of the Realist Writers Group and Queensland Peace Council during the 1950s. A report was filed in 1954 in the name of “Bill Bullyard, probably William Field Bulleid,” who attended a meeting of the South Brisbane branch of the C. P. of A. (Communist Party of Australia): -

“He is alleged to be an old Party member and is described as between 65 and 70 years of age, about 6’, medium build, well proportioned for his age, fair complexion, grey hair, bald on top of head with small tufts of hair on each side.”

Other records note that he had blue eyes, but he was clearly not a blue-eyed boy with the Authorities!

94, Treville Street, Plymouth, Devon

By Violet Bridson

Marcus James ‘Jim’ Bulleid (1867-1941) and his wife Margaret lived at 94, Treville Street, Plymouth, Devon, England. These are the reminiscences of his granddaughter, Violet Bridson.
I was born at 94, Treville Street. Our Bulleid grandparents owned and also lived in the house, which was a large, dark, Victorian house on three floors – as well as having a cellar and an attic. Grandfather was a builder and undertaker and he had a sign to that effect hanging in front of the house which squeaked in the wind. His funeral parlour was on the ground floor and Gran had her secondhand furniture shop adjoining. There was a side lane that ran past the entrance to No. 94, which led to a warehouse. We children used to play with a ball against the warehouse door and one of the men would come out and tell us to go away.

There was an old piano in the house, which had to be sold to pay the fee for my father to take his Sanitary Inspector’s exam. I cried when it went, but was promised that we would have another one day. I remember Dad coming home one day with the news that he had passed the exam. He was so thrilled (and relieved, because he had been out-of-work for some time owing to the Depression) that he threw his hat across the room and shouted, “I’ve passed; I’ve passed!”

Grandfather was something of a character. He attended the Baptist Church regularly and liked someone to accompany him. It fell to my lot to go with him when we were in Plymouth on holiday. I believe that this made me quite popular with my cousins since this let them off. Grandfather liked his sons and sons-in-law to play dominoes with him. However, he also liked to win and my parents told me that one evening, when he lost the game, he threw the dominoes on the fire. Perhaps he had drunk a little too much on that occasion.

One of my childhood memories was of sitting next to him while he cut and shredded his tobacco and then sitting back smoking his pipe and looking very wise. He was a good father and always helped his children in any way he could. Grandma Margaret was a loving and cuddly Gran. I can remember being on her lap when I was small and she would cover my face with her apron to try to get me to sleep. She died of gallstones when only 66; her heart was too weak to withstand an operation.

When I was small in Plymouth, my cousins took me to Sunday School with them. One day, they persuaded me to put only a halfpenny in the collection and, like them, buy an ice cream with the other halfpenny. Naturally, I got some on my best dress and then had to explain to Mum how it got there. I believe the cousins got a ticking off.

Gran died before the war started in 1939, but grandfather was still alive when the German bombers started their Blitz of Plymouth, a major naval dockyard. There was a jeweller’s next door to the house; a greengrocer’s and ships’ chandlers opposite; a fish and chip shop nearby; also a dairy and ice cream shop; a cinema; and the Salvation Army further down. The whole of Treville Street was demolished the nights of 20 and 21 March 1941 and I believe that the loss of his house hastened grandfather’s death a few months later. We went down to Plymouth for the funeral and my cousin, Violet, was married later the same day. It couldn’t be put off as she was on special leave from the WRNS (Women’s Royal Naval Service). Many years later, my parents were able to laugh about how grandfather had predicted that we would dance on his grave!
The German Blitz of Plymouth in World War 2
Treville Street marked in red.

Extract from a report of the bombing: -
“In the two intensive attacks on the successive nights of 20th and 21st March 1941, the number of civilians killed was 336; in the five fearful attacks in April the outright deaths totalled 590.

With such a rain of destruction on the city – the number of high explosive bombs ran into thousands with the heaviest about a ton and a quarter – it was inevitable that there should be wholesale loss of property by blast and fire.”
There was not a single part of the city, industrial, business or residential, which was not touched to a greater or lesser degree. In general terms both Plymouth and Devonport had their shopping centres completely wiped out.

At the Plymouth end, Union Street from the Octagon, George Street, Bedford Street, Old Town Street, Cornwall Street, Frankfort Street, Courtenay Street, Treville Street, Whimple Street, Westwell Street, together with the Guildhall, Municipal buildings, St. Andrew’s Church, Charles Church, the old Guildhall, Law Courts, County Court, General Post Office, banks, insurance offices, were wiped out save for a few instances where premises survived in the most miraculous fashion.”

The Voice of the Past: Oral History

SUBJECT: IVY WILLIAMS (NÉE:BULLIED)
BORN 17-2-1910
PLYMOUTH, DEVON

INTERVIEWER: KEN WILLIAMS

Could you tell me where you were born?
In Plymouth, 4 Ashleigh Terrace, in the centre of Plymouth near Victoria Park and from there, I was only a baby; we shifted further back into the town in the bottom. We was there for … the house we lived in there, let me see I was about eight when we moved there and then we was there for about seven years, growing away, as you can imagine.

What year was this?
That would be 1917. I was born in 1910, that would be right. Then of course, there was a big family of us.

How many?
Ten. My mother had ten children and two husbands. Five by each, which was a big family in they days. Most people had them and well, a normal child’s life I s’pose. Went to school and enjoyed it.

What sort of school was that?
Wolsden St. Just an ordinary school you know. Of course there was several catholic schools there see, but being as I was a protestant I went what they call Wolsden St. Girls School. Had a pretty good reputation there, the school, and I passed my Grammar school test but as you know in days gone by; long families, short of money and you had to buy everything to go to these schools, specially Grammar schools. Buy your own books and your clothes and not coming from a very rich family I missed that out because mother couldn’t afford to pay for none of it because there was
seven boys and three girls. Well the boys were pretty good, they were able to go to any school they passed for. One, Claude, he passed for a good exam, the Corporation Grammar School, Plymouth and well, they all done pretty well really, all but me of course.

**Why could the boys go and not you?**
Well there wasn’t so much commitment you see. The clothes for a start, which were expensive at the best of times. Mother wasn’t able to afford it. She had to go to work to keep us. She lost her two husbands you see and it was more for the boys to be educated in they days than what there was for girls. So that went by, but work, I had to leave school when I was fourteen, which was the age at that time. If you weren’t going to the higher schools we had to leave at fourteen. So anyway, regardless of that, you had to go to work. Mother was always anxious for us all to go out to work as soon as we got of age and I’m afraid I didn’t have a very good start in life, having to out to work …hard work.

**What work did you do? You left school at fourteen.**
I had to go where I was put. Actually the first time was in a pub, cleaning. Of course then I looked older than what I was because I was tall. Course, the first time they took me up to Mrs. Watts who kept a wallpaper and paint shop and I was sent there for a day to see if she would like me and she showed me around what I would have to do. Well, you can imagine, fourteen, being taken to a house, four flights of stairs. First of all I had to go to … she took in lodgers, teachers. And first of all I had to polish bare boards, no mats just a strip of carpet in front of a bed. They were very sparse in their furnishings. I had to polish all that, dust down all the stairs, with a hand brush, and right down through the house, all the carpet, such as it was in they days. Then she said ”Ivy, when you’ve finished, come down into the kitchen and there’s something else for you to do”. And I goes down into the kitchen and she had all her cutlery laid out on the table on newspaper, all laid out and she said ”I want you to polish that. Wash it and polish it and see how you get on with that”. I finished that and there was something else I had to do, clean the kitchen, clean the sink as they days it was. And I thought I’d had enough really. In fact my whole system thought it had enough because I fainted.

**This was the first day?**
The first day of trying. Well I should think so, and I come home and told mother what had happened. ”Right” she said, “that’s that. You won’t go no more”. So I didn’t go any more. But then somebody came and asked her and said that I was looking for a small job and they recommended me to a woman in Stonehouse that had a pub, the ‘Jolly Tar’. She told me what I had to do there. I was there for a week and I was so forward in doing the work that she took a hair mattress off a bed, which was very fashionable in they days, having hair mattress, and laid it out in the back yard because it was such a lovely day, and I had to pick that over, to get all the knots and tangles that was in it, with a needle. It was a very bad job it was, my poor hands were cut to pieces. So anyway, I carried on with it. She said she was very pleased with me, would I carry on. So of course, I had to carry on. Mother’s words, I had to. This was for five shillings a week. Eight in the morning till four in the afternoon. On the go all the time. Not only indoors in the private property but in the bar itself. Had to be cleaned; sawdust, spittoons cleared out, all the brass cleaned and any other things that was about, and then, if there was any odd jobs to do, ‘twas to wash down the painted
walls from the top of the house to the bottom. Wash it down and what was left had to be carried on the day after in case I was too quick. Well I was there a while. They had two daughters and of course they rather fancied themselves a bit because, of course, I was only a ‘skivvy’, as they called ‘em. The little one, she was a good little girl, but the other one was what I called ‘hikey’. She was a swine. Anyway, I kept it on so long as I could but then mother had a friend who recommended to somebody that I would help them in the bar and clean the place and she thinks that I would suit the job that she wanted me to do. 

So, well, she recommended me to these people that had a pub in Union Street there. They thought that I’d done very well. The only thing was, I told them I was older than I was to get that job but money was better. Mother was pleased. I was pleased.

**What did you do in the evenings for entertainment?**

Wait a minute. When I was working in the pub I used to work in another pub, evenings. After I finished working by day, six o’clock till ten night times, I used to have to go to work to make up more money. Until one day a friend of mother’s said that her daughter was leaving a brewery, would I like the chance of taking the job because it was such good money compared to what I’d been having, which was 25 shillings a week compared to 5 shillings, you see it was a nice jump. So I took that. Well, of course time passed, And I was there for fourteen years, but it was a job I appreciated and I liked it. We all got on well, the girls and that. The men were very nice to us. In those days it was horses and carts, not any motor cars, and of course it was one of my failures, I didn’t like the horses. I was afraid of the horses, but I conquered that and of course, in they days things weren’t made easy for you, I had to …. It was hard work really; carrying cases, wooden cases full of bottles, full bottles.

**You had to do that yourself?**

Yes. Done that for years. Wooden cases and black bottles. Then you had to wash them and dry ‘em and then when you’d filled ‘em they had to be taken downstairs on a lift. And various other jobs. Then it come to cleaning where we kept all the other stuff, the racks and all that. One day somebody had a brilliant idea for us to scrub the floors. So anyway, it was something to do instead of being stood off work because at the time beer in they days was very cheap. Well, it came to time when we had a stock take. Course there’s such things that happen, you see, that it’s got its funny points, because we went upstairs and they had had to sort out all the straw that had been about the floors up there for years and years and years, for to stock take and see what was there. So one day one of the foremen, he said he was going up to sort the straw to see if there was anything under the straw, you know, like they would find, like bottles. At times like that they have all these celebrations, like they used to have Victoria’s whatsaname, and the King and Queen, and everybody else. Always have celebrations of some sort. They used to have bottles for celebrations. Of course several of them had been laid down and forgot all about. So this foreman, he was a clever bloke as he thought, and he picked up one bottle there. “Oh, that was lovely”, he said. He said “I think we’ll try this”. Not to us girls of course, it was the men that was there. We didn’t try it. My God, it would’ve blewed our heads off. He come down. He had this bottle. He put some in a glass. “Oh”, he said, “that’s beautiful!”. Yes it was beautiful. He drank it, and in about ten minutes he dropped down flat. ’Twas so strong. I can see him now, walking down the street. He walked out and he didn’t know where he was going. He walked down through Union Street, wagging from one side to the other. It
was really funny to us. It’s incidents like that, that make life really something different.

Well, then we had the General Strike. Nobody was working and they had to deliver all the beer.... As it happens we had one lorry. Of course that was something really, for a brewery. They come from Tiverton by road, which was a decent trip in they days, and well, they got through all that. We got through it all.

Then I was getting older;courting, working, which we all had to do of course, and that would be about when I was eighteen. I had a brother that went to Australia, and I got engaged when he went.

What year was that?
I was eighteen. That would be 1928. Then of course he went, and my intended husband was a sailor. Someone I’d picked up in my travels. But I had a good time; got married when I was 21. Went to work because my husband went away because in those days, as you know, money was not so good. I had my family allowance, which was 25 shillings a week, from the navy. He went away on a trip to Australia. In those days, of course, they went for three years, not three months like they have now, and don’t know that they’re doing it. You took it all in your stride if you was a sailors wife. So when he come back he said us would get married when he come back. Get some money, save it up and get married. But during the meantime, my sister, she got married. She married a marine. He was aboard the “Berwick”, and he used to go away for three years at a time. China mostly, and Japan. Very happy. She was in a gentleman’s service. ’Cos of course, service in they days, if you got a good service job, you were well in. He was an Admiral. She worked for an Admiral Wilson in Plymouth. Mother and I used to visit her on her days off and, of course, there was always footmen and all the lot; all the aristocrats like, all the stuff, butlers and all that. She was a beautiful crocheter I remember. Before that when I was young, the 1914 war came on. My stepfather… it was a stepfather I had then.

What did he do?
He was a painter and decorator. He was a lovely man. He was a lovely man, I’ve got nothing but happy memories of that man, beautiful. He was good to us all although my mother married him with five children. I glorified in his pluck, but he was worth it, dear old chap. But he went to war. He was out in India during the 1914-18 war and when he came home, they had been drinking tainted water in India which had left him with TB. Whole crowds of them had TB. He came home with TB and Oh! he was really ill. They took him to hospital. They put him out on Yelverton Moors there. There was a sanatorium there called Yudel Tor. It was like a great big rock, and there was a big place there that used to take all these different TB people. We used to go out and visit him, but he got so bad they had to send him home. He died----I was there.

Can you remember what year that was?
Yes, now, wait a minute. I was…. let me see now. I expect you know that those sort of things in they days was different to what they are now. I was about sixteen, something like that. But he died. ’Course mother was left again then.

This was actually during the war?
He came home from the war. He came home and he died. He died home. I can visualize him now really, dear old chap. There’s some nice memories. But then of course, after getting married…. I still carried on at Starkey, Knight and Fords, working. I carried on and lost the first baby I had, and then every thing went on until hostilities happened again, the Second World War.

**Before we go on, could we just go back a little bit again?---- The house where you lived when you were little.**

Oh, that was in Cecil Street. Yes, we lived there for years. Of course it wasn’t so bad there, living in that house because the rooms were big, but of course there’s lots of things I wouldn’t like to say about, what the place was like, but we did have a decent toilet, which had to be well scrubbed. And then there was a wash-house. One, two, three, about five tenants in the house. Mother had to do the washing for the people in the shop. It was above a shop that we lived. A grocer’s shop, all sorts, where people used to go in and ’strap’ from one end of the week to the other.

As you know, in those days, that’s all people lived like, and as you were paid Fridays you had to pay out the money what you’d earned in the week, and then start again with no more money, which was not very nice. Still, we come through it all. We always made the most of ourselves. We had to, being children, like we had to find our own entertainment, which is what they’ve not got to do now, isn’t it?

We used to make our carts with the four wheels, going from the top of the hill to the bottom, beside the railway where I lived. There was a railway there, and there was also garages, workshops, where all us children used to amalgamate and watch the men working.

That was entertainment for us of course. Or else mother had to pack us up with lemonade and bread and butter, or bread and jam, and we had to go to the park. Stay there for certain hours while mother got on with the work, and then went to work, which she did for years.

**What did your mother do?**

She used to sort potatoes from Ireland at Millbay Docks. And then Vallator Mills she worked, which was a flour mill. They used to bring in the flour and empty the sacks, the flour sacks. This is another thing that a lot of people didn’t realize what we had to do in those days,-----Mother, and her sister used to work there as well; they was allowed to keep the flour sacks and take ’em home because they were all printed with flour markings and all that, you know. They was allowed to take ’em home. Mother used to always bring ’em home, scrub ’em, boil ’em, and bleach ’em until they were white. There’s one thing about it, and I remember it now, my mother always had pillow-slips on our pillows.

I was rather shocked when I came here, years ago, when I was little girl, and had to be put up at a relations house for sleeping accommodation, and the first night went to bed, and I was rather shocked, there wasn’t a pillow-case on the beds. There was mattress that wasn’t covered by a mattress cover, like my mother always had; and we were poor, very poor. It shocked us to think that we had to go to bed like that because mother was so particular in having white pillow-cases on our pillows. She always was too, it’s marvellous really, when you think about what they don’t have to put up with, nothing like that now. In fact, they wouldn’t even think of doing it. That stands to reason, but that was very shocking, I think. To think that you had to go to bed without a pillow-case, you know.
But we got over that, didn’t we. We got over that--------It was coming up for the Second World War. My husband was on convoy.

**Do you know where?**
From here to Canada they was on convoy--------Going from there they was moved to other places, and then we were blitzed. I was in the blitz with my mother.

**This was in Plymouth?**
I was in Plymouth, you see. I lived in Plymouth in the ……oh, a long time, in the bombing and that. Some dreadful sights I saw. People didn’t realize it really, what you’ve been through, but you’re getting older, you realize it yourself, in fact you go back more, don’t you really, when you think about these things..
There’s so many incidents that you could relate. I remember walking through Union Street, not realizing that I was on ‘forbidden’ ground, wondering why the men were shouting at me while I was walking along, until at last it hit me;-- I was walking across a minefield!
They’d dropped mines the night before, you see.
There was …..the army was there like, and they was on top of the building where I worked, throwing the incendiaries off the roof to stop them from catching the house. It was right beside of a railway, so you can imagine. Before they started throwing them, there was the horses belonging to the railway. The fires frightened them. They stampeded down over the hill from where the stables were. They stampeded right down through, frightened, the poor things. They went everywhere where they shouldn’t have gone, but of course, mad. It was a dreadful sight that was. To think that the poor things had to go through that----.
I happened to work in the pub on the corner, where they came down over the hill. ’Course, I kept in out of the way.
The boss there was a very good boss. He was a very good man. He said, ”No matter who comes in, leave the doors open. No matter who comes in, give them a drink or whatever they want”. There was a young boy come in and he didn’t know what to do. I said to him, “What’s the matter son?”. He wasn’t much older than me. He said, “Oh, could I have a drink please?”. So I said, “Yes, whatever would you like luvvy?”. He said, “Oh, anything”. He’d just seen a girl with her head blown off down the street and it upset him so much, he didn’t know what he was doing or what he was saying. I often wonder what happened to that poor boy. Such things like that happen. I saw some dreadful things happen. When mother and I walked home on glass, night after night, where it’d been blasted with the bombs dropping. You didn’t know if you was going home to your home or not.
The police used to tell you to hurry up to wherever you was going, but they were very nice people at they times. You met your friends in those times you know, they were very good.
Especially when there was a boat, a Polish boat, laid off Plymouth Hoe there. He used to come in every night at seven o’clock when the Jerries used to come across. ’Cos they had a pathway that they could see right through to come right through to Plymouth you see. They Polish boys, they was very good. They used to always come in to see if you were alright and lots of things.
Then the submarine crews used to come in. They would come in to drink, with their wages, and spend the lot, and then go out again and go back to the boat and go out. Course they never knew if they was going to come back or if they wasn’t going to
come back----To us girls they was always very good, which was a nice feeling, to think that you could trust them.

And of course time went on and it was getting hotter and hotter. There was a nice crew of cockney chaps come down from London because they’d been through the blitz up there before they come down to Plymouth. One of them come in one night and said to me, “Ivy, have you got anywhere you can go this weekend?, you and your mother, get out of Plymouth this weekend”. So I said, “Yes, I’ve got a brother in Barnstaple that I could say, ‘could we come up for the weekend?’”. And he said, “You do that. See if you can get away for this weekend. We’ve got a slight idea they’re gonna blitz Plymouth”. So we done that. Me and mother, us went. Got the train and went right off to Barnstaple. Took the dog and that. Poor cat was left there…….He’d said, “Don’t be in a hurry to come back”.

Of course he seemed to know everything, you see, because he had already been through the blitz in London, and they knew…. Anyway, that went off and that’s what we done. It was a good thing too, he knew something, that fella. Well, he saved our lives, because if my mother and I had been there we would’ve went up, because a land-mine had dropped right beside our house. There was a mission kind of place, ‘The Sisters of Mercy’ and things, and they were blown up, the place was blown to pieces. That was right next door to me, and every window was blowed out of my house where we were living at the time. All the mats and everything. The piano had been blown from one part of the room to the other and was splintered with splinters of glass, like diamonds shining, where the impact of the bomb had blown it all to pieces. Anyhow, the police sent and told me about it. They sent to say would I go to Plymouth to see what damage had been done. And of course when we got down there, I’d been robbed of everything. They’d ransacked the meters, they took everything they could, including the carpets. They left the big bits of furniture that they couldn’t get out; I s’pose that they were disturbed, and things like that. Well that was the first one. Anyhow, I happened to get Mr. Lewis that had a furniture removers in Barnstaple. He, with the help of the police, came down to Plymouth and took all that was capable of being taken, and brought it back to Barnstaple. There was an old gent that lived over in Queen Street that had a bakers shop there. He had a couple of empty garages, and he was good enough to put my furniture in store for me until such time I could get it all sorted out, what there was. Concrete blocks was on top of the wardrobe, oh, it was really bad, but actually like I said, we were lucky to be alive. That was it wasn’t it.

So anyway, at this time my husband was away on convoy, but I didn’t know at the time that they’d gone to Singapore, out that way. The ’Repulse’ had been sunk.

He was on the ’Repulse‘?

Yeah. Of course, the war with Japan, they was all in there, and I didn’t know if he was alive or dead. They’d wrote and told me that they couldn’t find half of the complement of the boats, didn’t know who was who, or what was what, which was a very trying time for me. But what could you do; nothing, sit tight. You didn’t get much help, not really, because I’d applied. I’d had a little boy and I applied for a pair of sheets because I’d got short of stuff. Not having no money put through because they didn’t know what was what. They told me I could, so I went to a certain person in Barnstaple and she kindly brought me a nightdress that must’ve been made in the year 80; told me to go and get a pair of sheets at Lake’s in Boutport Street, not too dear, unbleached, and bring the bill back to them, and that was that. But I went to claim for what I’d lost and they told me, which was disheartening for me, that I
Couldn’t claim anything because all I had lost was luxuries. People that I knew had hundreds of pounds for bare tables, bare chairs, and that was all I had; nothing. So I can’t thank them for nothing. Anyway, I didn’t hear nothing then for a long time, to know if my husband was living or no…….

**You had now moved up to Barnstaple with your brother?**
Yes, Bill. He was in the army. He was out in Libya, he was. He was in the First World War, he joined up and said he was younger than what he was, and went in the Second World War, and went out there. He was great friends with some Italian people, and they used to come to my mother to interpret the letters they used to get because they couldn’t speak English. Tony always wrote to Bill, and Bill used to pass it on to his mother to see if they understood anything about it, and the old lady used to be very pleased with them. “Come in and have an ice cream anytime you want one”, that kind of thing. But they were very nice people, all of them.

All my brothers were in the war. There was one in the navy, one in the army, two in the army, and three in the army, wasn’t it; Len, Sid, Roy, and one in the navy, that was it. They were all in the services.

Anyway, about my husband. I was able to have a letter to say that he was missing, presumed killed, but they weren’t sure.

**What year was this, can you remember?**
Well, when was the war finished...45...I had notification after that to say that he was a prisoner-of-war with the Japs in Borneo. He was there a long time with ’em. Very badly treated, he came home a broken man actually, but the Australians happened to pick him up.

He was on a ’Death March’, that’s how near he got, he was on a ’Death March’, he was one of the last lot that the Australians found. They was on this ‘Death March’ going through it all there, in Borneo, which was a horrible place. He came home. When he come home he was looking the picture of health, the Australians had looked after them well, they’d fed them up and blew them up, but he was never the same man after. He had all these operations. He had a very bad complaint, very bad. Something that they found, this was at Taunton Hospital when he went there. The doctor found what he called a ‘blue worm’. He couldn’t figure out where it come from. It come from abroad see. It was like kids’ worms, similar thing, only very small they reckoned they was. Course a Polish doctor then looked after him, he was very good to him….I’m afraid it didn’t last all that long, although he did. He done a lot of work, he licked work for years until he died.

I can’t go on from there ‘cos I’m a bit old now, but I’ve been through it and I can’t say no more, can I?

No, that’s lovely. Thank you very much.

**COMMENTARY.**

Although the interview was conducted using my own mother as the subject, I felt it went quite well. She was fairly well relaxed and was only too keen to relate stories that she knew I had already heard, and refrained from using any references to me as her son.
I occasionally found it difficult to interpose with a question when she mentioned something that I considered could have included a little more detail, but very often she would elaborate on points without any prompting on my part. There was one occasion in particular, when the tape recorder was turned off, when she gave a detailed account of the living conditions inside her house when she was a little girl, which I considered could have been useful, but when I tried to ask her about it on tape she refused to elaborate.

Her memories were very lucid and clear but she did have some trouble in getting them in any strict chronological order, which must be expected considering her age.

She seemed to enjoy talking about her experiences in the Second World War even though some of the memories must have been extremely painful to her. This was one of the two periods of her life which I had hoped to concentrate on, the other being her memories of life in the 1920’s.

The interview does give us a fairly useful idea of what the working-class woman’s life was like after the First World War, the type of work they were forced to do, and the social attitudes that prevailed at the time. She does emphasize the harshness of her working life but this’ of course, in hindsight, much of the work at the time may not have been considered hard, it is only now, with all the labour saving devices that are available, that she can look back and say that this was so. However, I do consider that this would be a very useful source for supporting other historical evidence of social conditions in a naval port at the time.

Musc has been said of the camaraderie that existed among the civilian population during the Second World War, a lot of which is supported by the interview, but there is another aspect which is brought to light, that of the looting of bombed-out houses; something that is not often revealed. Again, the latter part of the interview would make good supporting evidence for what life was like during a blitz on a city and the traumas endured by the wives left at home, not knowing if their husbands were alive, and the lack of support given to these women by those in government.

Towards the end of the interview I could sense that she was getting a little upset recalling some of the events, so I drew the interview to a close. I certainly feel that there are at least two aspects which could be worth further investigation, these being; the looting that occurred during the war, and the lack of support given to those women whose husbands were ‘lost in action’.

KEN WILLIAMS.

Migration
By Violet Bridson

The story of the Bulleid family, in a nutshell, is that for at least three centuries they lived off the land in mid-Devon. Then came the agricultural depression of the late 18th and 19th centuries. The influx of cheap food from the United States, Russia, Argentina, Australia and New Zealand hit British farming badly. The development of railways and steam navigation provided faster and cheaper transport, whilst the Americans had pioneered the mechanisation of crop farming to open up the vast and fertile
prairies. Throughout the 1870s North American grain pushed prices down to levels unknown since before the year 1700. The populations of the manufacturing towns in England were being fed on Argentine beef, Australian mutton and bread made with American wheat. The Bulleids left the land and moved to the towns and cities, or emigrated to Canada, the USA, Australia and New Zealand. This article traces the migration of one such family and the enormous changes that it caused over three generations.

John Bulleid was born in Tawbridge Cottage, Winkleigh in 1822. We know little of his early life, but the family later lived at Clapper Cottage. His father James had been apprenticed at the age of eight to learn husbandry until he was twenty one. As soon as he achieved his majority, James married Elizabeth Crocker and they got on with the business of raising a family. James was still a husbandman when his son, John, married on Valentine’s Day, 1851. John, however, had moved on. He was a carpenter when he married Jane Helson in the Registry Office in Plymouth. By 1861, he was a Master Carpenter. During the next eighteen years, he set up as a joiner and builder and, curiously, as an undertaker. He prospered by his own efforts despite his impoverished youth. His twin sons Harry and Jim carried on the undertaking business in Plymouth and the family was a close-knit one, several of them sharing Jim’s house at 94 Treville Street.

John’s brother Thomas emigrated to Canada where he became a farmer in Ontario. It seems that John visited him some time in the 1860s with a view possibly to moving his young family there, but decided against it. His brother Anthony moved to Bromley in Kent, where he was a builder. The third brother, Samuel, moved to Torquay in Devon where he became a carter.

Jim’s youngest daughter Alice Louise, known to the family as ‘Lou’, grew up in this environment. She met and married Aubrey Ledden, a shipwright in Devonport Dockyard, in 1920. They continued to live with her family in Treville Street, where I was born five years later. Then came another life-changing upset; the Great Depression. The dockyard laid off a large number of workers, including my father, who now had to find a different way of supporting his wife and daughter. He studied to become a Public Health Inspector, passed the examinations and applied for the Assistant Chief’s post in Billericay, Essex, two hundred and fifty miles away. At that point in his life, I doubt that he had been further afield than Cornwall! Anyway, he got the job and, at the age of thirty, mother faced the prospect of leaving her close family behind and moving from the bustling city and major naval dockyard that she knew and loved so well, for a small, quiet, country town where they knew no-one. Moreover, the job was still relatively new to my father and he must have had to learn a great deal as he went along. There were not many farm animals in Plymouth centre, but in rural Essex he was required to attend slaughterings and pass the meat as fit for human consumption.
We arrived in Billericay in December 1930, thereby reversing the journey that some of the Pilgrim Fathers had made in 1620, when they left Billericay for Plymouth in order to sail to America on the *Mayflower*. Their purpose was to gain religious freedom. Mother already enjoyed this with her West Country Wesleyan faith. She soon joined the Methodist Church in Billericay and this provided the basis for many friendships. It was close to Christmas when we moved into our new home and she must have been dismayed that, not only was there nothing like the array of shops to which she had been accustomed in Plymouth, but those that there were closed at 5pm, a full six hours before they closed in Plymouth. Still, the five Pilgrim Fathers from Billericay – including Christopher Martin, his wife Marie, Solomon Prower, and John Langerman – provided a tenuous link with Plymouth. The village hall in Billericay was named the *Mayflower Hall* in honour of the pilgrims and for a while we lived close to it. Sadly, these four failed to survive the first winter in America, although the fifth pilgrim, believed to be Peter Browne, did survive. This did not deter other Billericay inhabitants from setting sail for the New World and the town of Billerica, Massachusetts, was established in 1655 to commemorate the origins of some of the first settlers. This began a relationship between the two towns which still exists today. In 1970 a party from Billerica came to Billericay to celebrate the 350th anniversary of the sailing of the *Mayflower* from the Mayflower Steps on Plymouth’s Barbican. My husband and I were hosts to a very pleasant couple who stayed nine days with us. We took them to see the most attractive Essex villages. They also enjoyed watching a carnival procession, especially when they saw a very smart group of US soldiers in the parade, with a military band playing popular tunes.

Our guest Richard had served in the US Air Force in England during WW2. The war had a huge impact on Billericay when it was crowded with soldiers. We had some billeted with us for a time until my brother was born in 1943. Geoff was the first in his direct Bulleid line of ancestry back to about 1550 to be born outside Devon. At the time of his conception, my father was responsible for billeting soldiers and nurses, as well as Decontamination Officer in case of poison gas attack, and Incident Officer. It is fair to say that the war probably had a huge impact on my mother as well who, at the age of forty three, might not have intended to add to her family!

Father had been promoted to Chief Health Inspector for Billericay Urban District Council in 1934, only the third incumbent of that post. The first, who retired in 1902 after 27 years’ service, was succeeded by his son, who held the post for the next 32 years. Dad retired in 1963; thus the three of them covered 88 years.

In 1937, our relatives in Plymouth read of an event in Billericay which hit the headlines nationwide. This was when the daughter of a locally based circus family was carried down the High Street on the way to her wedding by an elephant, which held her head in its mouth! Let us hope that she managed to wash her face before kissing her bridegroom. I was twelve at the time and watched this scene. My parents never lost their love of Plymouth, or the close links with the Bulleid family. They would visit us in Billericay and came to my wedding and Geoff’s. We went to their special occasions and most years our summer holiday was spent in Plymouth. The house we had for many years in Billericay was called *Jennycliffe* after the place across Plymouth Sound.

The war years, especially the Blitz of 1941, placed a great strain on the family, partly because German bombers and fighter planes flew over the Essex countryside on their way to hit London, Coventry and other targets; but mainly because Plymouth, being a major naval dockyard, was largely destroyed. Communication with Plymouth was well nigh impossible as the city was hit night after night and telephone lines
decimated. The whole of Treville Street was demolished on the nights of 20 and 21 March 1941. The loss of the family home there almost certainly caused the massive heart attack that Jim suffered in August of that year. Despite the difficulties of travel at that time, we went to Plymouth for the funeral on 30 August and witnessed the terrible scenes of destruction in the city that my parents so loved. Curiously, Geoff was born on 30 August two years later.
Below Christopher Martin's House (also known as the Chantry House)
Christopher Martin, master of the Mayflower, is believed to have lived in this house. In 1926 it was reported that an American oil tycoon had purchased the house with the intention of having it removed and rebuilt in America. After a public outcry the house was eventually sold to a Chelmsford solicitor and still stands today.
A jumbo start to married life

A faded cutting from a 1937 paper sent to us by former Billericay resident Reg Youngman, Holland on Sea recalls part of Billericay’s colourful past, the 1937 wedding when Cicely Rosario, daughter of the Billericay based circus married Walter Shufflebottom — ‘Young Texas Bill’ who would spend early years of married life throwing knives and fanning torches at his wife in the circus ring.

Cecily, a trapeze artist, was an elephant trainer and one trick was to let an elephant carry her with her head in its mouth. She did so on her wedding day for the benefit of photographers (inset picture left). But since the arrival of Mr Youngman’s cutting, one of the original prints of the newspaper picture was lent to us by . . . . Cicely Rosario’s daughter who still lives in Billericay and is reproduced above.

Reg Youngman recalls “The couple were surrounded by crowds of people, given photographers and film newsreel cameramen who had earlier erected special viewing platforms.”
A magnificent replica of the Mayflower built at Brixham, Devon in 1956. It now forms part of the permanent exhibition Plimouth Plantation at Plymouth, Massachusetts.
Commemorative plaque by the *Mayflower Steps* on the Barbican in Plymouth, Devon

The Death of Marcus James Bulleid 1867-1941

By Bob Teasdale

Marcus James and his twin Lucas Henry were born on 29 December 1867, the sons of John Bulleid and Jane née Helson. Marcus James (known affectionately as Jim) married Margaret Gould on 19 June 1886. They had seven children, six of whom survived, only Violet Florence Daisy dying at the age of nine months. The family lived most of their Plymouth years at 94 Treville Street. The house was owned by Jim and also served as offices for his funeral business.

Alas, one night early in 1941, 94 Treville Street, together with all the other shops and houses in Treville Street, was destroyed by enemy action. This was a great shock to Jim and all his family. Jim’s eldest daughter, Maud, looked after Jim when he was made homeless. They lived at 8 Eton Place, Plymouth. Maud’s own family had, due to WW2, been dispersed for various reasons. The eldest daughter, Joy, was still at home, but she saw little of her husband Wally (Walter Sherburn), who was a regular in the Royal Navy. Maud’s second daughter, Peggy (Margaret), and her daughter, June, were away from Plymouth for long periods; Peggy’s husband Fred (Frederick Whitford) had been ‘called-up’ for service in the Army and during training had contracted pneumonia and pleurisy and was extremely ill in a Military Hospital. The third daughter, Violet, had voluntarily joined the WRNS (Women’s Royal Naval Service) and Barbara, the youngest daughter, had been conscripted to work in a munitions factory in Bristol. Maud’s only son Bob (known as ‘young Bob’ to
distinguish him from his father) was still at school awaiting the result of an examination he had taken for entry into the Royal Navy as an Artificer Apprentice.

The evening of Monday, 25 August 1941, was very much the same as any other August evening in war torn England. As darkness approached the Air Raid sirens would sound and most people would make their way to the Air Raid shelters. Some would have made their way as a matter of routine, after having had their supper and prepared a vacuum flask of tea. Jim never went to the shelter. On the evening of the 25th, only Joy, Wally and their daughter Ann (aged three) were in the house with Jim. Bob had gone to the ARP (Air Raid Precautions) Post because he was a Civil Defence Messenger. Although he was officially too young to be a Messenger, the authorities turned a blind eye because Bob had become custodian of his Dad’s bicycle. The main function of a Civil Defence Messenger was to take messages from the local ARP Post (in this case 3F3) to the main control centre some mile and a half away. Telephones seldom worked after the first salvo of bombs had been dropped.

There were no bombs dropped on Plymouth that night. Although the drone of the German bombers could be heard, it was assumed that some other city was their target. The next day it was realised that Coventry had taken the brunt of the German air attack.

Joy, Ann and Wally had returned to 8 Eton Place as soon as the ‘All Clear’ had sounded. Bob had met up with them as he wheeled his bicycle back after the evening’s activity. As they entered, the house was in complete darkness; there was nothing unusual about that. Joy had made a speedy dash for the toilet only to shout out, “I can’t open the door.” Wally and Bob followed and managed to get the door open enough for Bob to squeeze through. What he saw was Jim slumped on the floor between the pedestal and the door. Wally and Bob managed to get Jim out of the toilet and back to his bed, his bedroom being adjacent to the bathroom. It was obvious that Jim had suffered a severe heart attack. The only person with any medical experience was a midwife who lived across the road and was known to Joy. She would not touch the body as she was expecting to attend a birth, so she instructed Wally to hold a mirror close to Jim’s nose and mouth. No mist appeared and, as she left, she said, “Yes, I reckon he’s dead.”

There was nothing more that could be done until the following day. As Bob and Wally were about to leave Jim’s bedroom, which was lit by a solitary candle, Wally noticed a jar of coins o the mantelpiece. As he went to remove the jar, the mantelpiece and jar crashed to the floor. Wally’s comment was, “I knew the old b*gger never liked me!”

When we finally returned to Joy, it was obvious that the failure to get to the toilet had led to a quick change of underwear.

The funeral arrangements were made for 30 August, the day of Violet’s marriage to Len Avery. Violet could not postpone her marriage because she had been granted special leave by the Admiralty, so Jim was buried in the forenoon and Violet was married in the afternoon.
14 Eton Place, Plymouth, Devon

By Geoff Ledden and Jennifer Kirk

Geoff was the first in his direct line of ancestry to be born outside Devon, but the family often returned to Plymouth for a holiday, staying with Bulleid relatives.

We would leave Billericay early in my father’s Austin 7 saloon car, with me squashed in the back with luggage, homemade Cornish pasties and a Thermos or two of coffee. Plymouth was too far for my father to drive in one day (mother never learned to drive), so we would head for Aunt Meg’s bungalow in Upton, near Poole, Dorset. Meg was mother’s sister (Margaret Selvey née Bulleid) and conveniently located for an overnight stop; catch up with the gossip and enjoy an evening meal - if Meg had remembered to go to the shops, which was not always the case. Rested and refreshed, we would set off again next morning with fresh coffee and sandwiches, arriving in Plymouth by late afternoon. Often the destination was 14 Eton Place, not far from North Road railway station and an easy walk to Plymouth city centre with its shops. This was a two-storey terraced house owned by my aunt Maud (Sophia Maud Bulleid) and her husband, Bob Teasdale. Bob was in the Royal Navy and usually abroad on one of HM’s ships when we visited. He and Maud lived on the first floor, whilst their
daughter Peggy and her family lived on the ground floor. We would stay upstairs with Maud, who had a sitting cum dining room, three bedrooms and kitchen. A wartime air raid shelter took up most of the back yard, where Bob had a workbench and tools, and did carpentry when he was home from the sea. The back gate led onto a lane and a bombsite, where the kids used to play. Down some steps and turn left out of the front door and you came to a large stone-built church, the inside of which had been destroyed by a German bomb.

Maud was mother’s eldest sister and a very easy-going person, with yellow hair. She was always very welcoming and spent a great deal of time knitting for one or other of her granddaughters, when she was not in the kitchen. She had four daughters living in Plymouth, each married with a family, as well as two brothers and their families. It seems that there was almost a procession of cousins coming to visit and I recall a large teapot being in almost constant use. On a good day, there would be a bright yellow saffron cake at teatime, with a large helping of clotted cream to spread on it. Even better was when there were potatoes left over from an earlier meal and these would go into the frying pan with slices of West Country pudding. There were two varieties: ‘meaty’ and ‘gerty’. Meaty was flavoursome and similar to the French boudin blanc, whereas ‘gerty’ (the local pronunciation) was coarser and made of groats. This fry-up, with an egg or two, was a firm favourite with everyone.

Saturday evening would often see a gathering of the clans and I would be sent off to Ivor Dewdney’s just down the road to queue up for hot pasties. They came in two sizes: medium and large. They burned the fingers through the paper bags as I carried them home but, boy, was it worth it! No-one is fonder of a tiddyoggy than me. On another evening, there would be fish and chips, the fish fresh that morning from the Barbican. This, of course, was before the invention of cholesterol! When Cousin Barbara and her husband Eric (pronounced ‘Aric’) turned up in their Salvation Army uniforms at the weekend, they would bring with them a steaming bowl of faggots and peas. We knew when cousin Vi and husband Len were coming, as Len could be heard stomping up the lino-covered stairs with his gammy leg, and announce his presence with a loud “’Ow be ‘ee, Uncle Aub?” to my father, his bright blue eyes twinkling. Maud’s eldest daughter, Joy, would arrive quietly with her husband, Wally, who was also in the Navy; both always elegantly dressed.

We would go to visit my uncles, Norman and Stanley, during the holiday. Stan had taken over the management of the family funeral business, the third generation Bulleid to have it, and Norman was a carpenter, who made the coffins. I recall Stan’s house as perhaps twenty years out-of-date, with aspidistras and antimacassars, but I was very young. Nor(man) was a jolly fellow, usually with a roll-up ciggie dangling from his mouth, and he and his wife Bessie always made us most welcome. In fact, I remember staying with them on at least one holiday and they used to stay with us in Billericay.

A favourite spot for my parents was the shingle beach at Devil’s Point. The Hoe and seafront lay on the other side of the centre from Eton Place, too far for my parents to walk, so we would drive there and I would ramble about, admiring the statue of Sir Francis Drake, little knowing that he was a cousin. Smeaton Tower, the former lighthouse, was another favourite and I would sprint up the circular stone staircase to the light and gaze out across the Sound to Drake’s Island. Every so often, a warship would pass on its way to or from Devonport dockyard. Some years, our visit would coincide with Navy Days, when the dockyard was open to the public and you could go aboard some of the ships. My father started work in the dockyard after he left
school, so going back was nostalgic for him. I recall going aboard the aircraft carrier, ‘Ark Royal’, and a submarine.

Outside 14 Eton Place
From left clockwise: Jennifer Avery; ‘Young’ Peggy Whitford; June Whitford; Geoff; Lorraine Whitford

I mentioned that Maud’s daughter, Peggy, lived downstairs with her family: husband Fred drove Royal Blue coaches to London and was often away. Two of their three daughters were five and three years older than me and the third about six years younger. It would have been about 1956 when I was thirteen and just discovering girls that the Dansette in the front living room seemed constantly to be playing “Rock Around The Clock”, “See You Later Alligator”, “Green Door”, “Houndog”, and “Singin’ the Blues”. Boyfriends were coming and going, there was partying in the parlour, and it all adds up to a very rosy memory of fifty years ago!

Jennifer Kirk née Avery has added the following account of 14 Eton Place and our visits there. What memories after more than 50 years!

Home of Sofia Maud Teasdale (née Bulleid). Maud (Ma, Gran and Aunt Maud) was a true Matriarch and a focal point for visits by all ‘the family’ and everyone came to see her.

Her brothers Stan, Sam and Norman (with wife Bessie and young daughter Valerie) were frequent visitors. Gwen and Arthur came down from London, and Maud’s sister Meg with husband Arnold came down from Bournemouth. Arnold had a finger missing and I was always fascinated when he played card games with us. Meg was very formal and quite dramatic – prone to fainting – but Gran was always ready with
the ‘smelling salts’ on such occasions. I remember on one occasion being sent to the 
chemist ‘Condy Urens’ to have the bottle recharged.

During the school holidays, Gran’s sister Lou with husband Aubrey and son 
Geoffrey used to visit from Billericay. Where they all slept I do not know. Gran Maud 
only had a one bedroom flat on the first floor. However she had a large sitting room 
which also had a single bed up against one wall, and primarily for the use of her son 
Bob, whenever he was home on leave from the Royal Navy. The flat had a small 
kitchen with a bathtub on one wall, a kitchen table next to the sink, and a gas cooker 
tucked in the corner. Outside the kitchen and on te landing Gran had a tall kitchen 
cabinet. She was a very good cook and her ‘top and bottom’ pies were legendary, as 
were her trifles.

Gran always knew when Lou and family had arrived because Geoffrey always 
called out ‘What’s cooking Aunt Maud?’ Gran always used to say ‘Here’s that boy 
again’, but we knew she loved having him to stay, because he used to appreciate her 
cooking. Also I think Gran treated Geoffrey as special because at that time she only 
had granddaughters – no grandsons.

As I was the granddaughter nearest in age to Geoffrey, I was the one who went on 
day trips with Aunt Lou. Swimming on Plymouth Hoe featured most frequently, 
although sometimes we went from the Barbican by ferry to Turnchapel racing up the 
hill to the fort to be the first to get an ‘echo’ back from its confines. Then we would 
go down to the beach at Jennycliff. Whilst there we would pick winkles and when we 
came home Gran Maud would cook them and we would have them for tea with bread 
and butter.

As Uncle Aubrey had a car we were able to visit Bigbury beach. Once on the way 
home we stopped at Modbury for a tea consisting of Bread and Butter followed by 
fruitcake. Aunt Lou was not happy with the butter and told the waitress it tasted of 
margarine. As we left the café Aunt Lou told Uncle Aubrey to leave one of his 
Business cards. (He was an Environmental Health Officer).

Sometimes after swimming we were allowed an ice cream, or a game of ‘mini golf’. 
On one occasion the afternoon was spoilt because when we arrived home Geoffrey’s 
swimmers and towel had been left somewhere. Probably put down and not picked up 
after we had both had a go at the telescope? Uncle Aubrey got the blame [he usually 
did! – Ed]. I was told off by Gran because I said it was only an old towel. We were 
always given old, thin towels to take swimming and they never dried you properly. I 
ever recall being smacked by Gran Maud but she could fell a giant with one of her 
‘looks’.

Gran Maud’s grandchildren all grew up, married, had children and now have their 
own grandchildren> I don’t think I am like Gran Maud but apparently in common 
with my cousins I can give a withering Bulleid look.

As seen through the eyes of her granddaughter Jennifer.
I sincerely believe that prying into Family History is a natural desire, particularly if one of that person’s parents was the only member known to the spouse and siblings. That was how I found myself when I eventually retired from work. My father Robert Teasdale was the only Teasdale I knew, except for a short visit to my father’s part of the world in 1937.

My father had joined the Royal Navy in 1906 at the age of 16 years; his home was a farm, known as Gatebeck Farm, which is close to Preston Patrick in Westmorland (now Cumbria), England. After his training at HMS Ganges, my dad was allocated to the Devonport Division. He met my mother, Sophia Maud Bulleid, and in due course they married. As far as I can establish, my father only returned to Westmorland twice, the first time being in 1930 on the occasion of his mother’s death, and the second time was in 1937, which I remember as this narrative will explain.

On completion of his 22 years man’s time (Boy’s time 16-18 in the Royal Navy does not count for engagement or pension purposes), the only employment he could get was as a coastguard and the only vacancy at that time was at Johnshaven in the northeast of Scotland. However, the family duly followed and lived there until 1933 when my maternal grandmother [Margaret Bulleid] was taken ill and my mother, rightly so, thought it was her duty to be with her sick mother. The family returned to Plymouth and my dad followed when he had arranged retirement from the coastguard service. Employment was scarce in the West Country during the thirties, but my dad received a letter from the Admiralty inviting him to rejoin the RN for a period of three years, known in those days as ‘non-continuous service’.

Prior to leaving the Navy in 1928, his main job was as the Petty Officer of the RN Patrol Service, which marched up and down the notorious Union Street in Plymouth, making sure that the sailors were all behaving themselves. On receipt of the invitation to rejoin, my mother said that the Admiralty probably wanted my dad to return because of the excellent way he carried out the duties of ‘Petty Officer of the Patrol’. So my dad agreed to sign on for another three years. My mother’s forecast of the Patrol job came to nothing and dad was sent to HMS Tamar, which is in Hong Kong and he was out in China for two and a half years.

I remember, albeit vaguely, my father returning from Hong Kong. The year was 1937 and part of my father’s homecoming celebrations was to visit his close relatives
who still lived in Westmorland. We made our way north from Plymouth by train and bus and eventually arrived at a place called Garstang, which is in Lancashire. Here at Holly Cottage lived my father’s sister Phoebe.

My greatest memory of this part of the visit was the uncanny likeness between one of my cousins (most likely Margaret Walkden, my Aunt Phoebe’s youngest daughter) and my sister Violet. In fact, I almost said to my mum, “I didn’t know that Violet was up here.” After a while, we made our way to Kendal and Keswick. It was here that we met some of my dad’s brothers, half brothers and one half sister, my Aunt Becky. My grandfather had married twice; his first wife had died at a young age leaving him with two boys and twins Isaac and Rebekah. Isaac had been killed at Gallipoli and Rebekah we met during our visit. My grandfather later married Isabella Mary Brown and they had five children. In the farmhouse at Gatebeck Farm, there would have been Isabella, Granddad Bob, four children from his first marriage and five by Isabella – maybe this is why my dad left at the age of 16 and joined the Navy.

When I retired from work, I was a widower; my son was away in the Royal Navy, so I decided I would endeavour to trace my paternal ancestry. My first step into genealogy was to purchase a book on Family History; the initial paragraph stated, “Should you become upset at finding a few skeletons in the cupboard, then do not proceed any further.” Throwing caution to the wind, I continued my search and happily very few skeletons appeared in the Teasdale Cupboard, perhaps indicating what a boring lot we Teasdales are. Not so! There had been many good fortunes and an abundance of bad fortunes in the Teasdale dynasty. For myself, I regard my greatest misfortune was the premature death of my father at the age of 62.

The first of the good fortunes I was to encounter was when I had travelled to Scotland to visit some of my late wife’s relations. As it happened, my son Mark was in Edinburgh meeting some of his University friends. We met up, attended the Edinburgh Tattoo and the following day made our way back to Plymouth in Mark’s car. We had arranged to spend a couple of nights at the Crooklands Hotel, which is in the Lake District and close to the villages of Preston Patrick, Endmoor and Gatebeck – all names which were to become very familiar to me in the ensuing years.

After getting settled in the hotel, Mark and I went for a stroll and within a distance of, say, 200 yards we were to discover Preston Patrick Parish Church, the very church where my grandparents were married. Inside the church, on the Roll of Honour, were the names of my two uncles who fell during WWI: Isaac Teasdale at Gallipoli and George Wilkinson Teasdale at the Battle of the Somme. The following day, we found Gatebeck Farm and two concrete cottages, where my grandmother Isabella lived for many years. This amazing piece of good fortune obviously helped to make me a ‘family history addict’.
Robert Teasdale 1890-1952

Service in the Royal Navy

By Robert Teasdale Jr.

I expect this account will be read by people with little or no knowledge of the Royal Navy and its own terminology. I feel therefore obliged to print matelot lingo into its nearest English translation.

Battle Class destroyers were introduced into the Royal Navy in the 1940s and considered by many as the finest destroyers ever designed. I was privileged to have served in three of these magnificent warships. They were:

- **Feb 1951 – 31 July 1952**: HMS Sluys (according to the BBC, Sluys rhymes with choice). Named after a battle with the French in 1340
- **1 August 1952 - end October 1953**: HMS Cadiz. Named after a battle with the French after cousin Francis Drake had “singed the King of Spain’s beard.”
- **15 May 1954 – 15 August 1955**: HMS Barfleur (a rather shorter than normal commission. I had been recommended to qualify as a Charge Chief Artificer and had a year-long succession of lectures etc. to complete). I hope this preamble will help the reader understand some of the navalese. I shall add a suitable description on some items.

Sunrise in Gibraltar is magical; but then, sunrise in the Moray Firth, Cape Town, Rome, Singapore, Hong Kong, Mevagissey, Tokyo – wherever you are, sunrise is
magical. This particular sunrise sticks in my mind for several reasons. I was perched on top of a Mk 6 Gun Director on board HMS Sluys. A Gun Director is a housing situated as high above sea level as possible. It contains binoculars and a radar set. It is from the Director that the target is sighted and its position transmitted to the TS (transmitting station), where adjustments are made, such as target speed, wind direction etc. The final answer is then transmitted to the Guns.

Getting back to the introduction, I was perched on top of this Mk 6 Director and feeling very pleased with myself.

The previous day, we had been at sea with four other Battle Class destroyers, firing what was known as a “through-off” shoot. (I was always a little cagey about through-off shoots. In plain words, although we pointed our director at the target, the guns were programmed to fire 10 degrees ahead of the target). It is at this time that I should explain that just days before the Gunnery Officer had said to me, “Petty Officer, the only thing I know about Directors is that they are situated aloft, free from smoke and spray.” To continue, in the words of Jethro, “what happened was a shell from one of the Battle Class destroyers had bounced off the roof of B Turret of the target ship.” As fate would have it, the target ship was a cruiser and the Flagship of the Commander-in-Chief, Mediterranean Fleet. To add insult to injury, the C-in-C was on the bridge at the time (very close to B Turret). Speaking to the Chief Yeoman of Signals, who was escorting the C-in-C, the admiral actually messed his trousers, but in fairness this was probably due to a severe case of “Gippo tummy” (severe diarrhoea), rather than the unannounced arrival of a 4.5” shell just feet away from him.

All ships in the Squadron were ordered back to Gibraltar, where teams from the home of Naval Gunnery – Whale Island (C.WT – Captain, Weapons Trials) would be waiting to carry out PAT – Position Accuracy Tests. On arrival back in Gibraltar, the Gunnery Officer had been giving me a rough time, with comments like, “I hope you’re in the clear, Petty Officer.” One of the ships that was not included in the inspection was the one that sent a signal to the C-in-C saying, “It could not have been us – we were firing HEs (heavy explosives), not practice shells. I think the Commanding Officer of that ship was later Court Martialed. This is where the sunrise comes in - Sluys passed with flying colours, obviously. This may sound a little like overconfidence, but I should explain that, prior to joining HMS Sluys, I was an instructor at the Devonport Gunnery School and one of the subjects I taught was Positional Accuracy Tests.

After being given a clean bill of health, the Charge Chief Ordnance Artificer (my boss, whose absence during the investigation did not go unnoticed!), said I could get my head down (sleep), but he wanted the weapons systems returned to normal before the afternoon watch (mid-day). I had just managed to find somewhere to stretch my 5’4” body, when an important message came over the Tannoy system. “This is the Captain speaking; a signal has just arrived from Westminster: ‘The King is dead – Long live the Queen’.” The date was 6 February 1952.

The mood in the Mess (living quarters aboard ship) was sombre to say the least. We were a new breed of Tiffs (artificers having served a four-year apprenticeship, capable of making almost anything out of lumps of metal). We were all in our early 20s, all volunteers and, above all, had a loyalty to the Crown that would have shamed the “Hitler Youth”. At this point, I would like to discontinue my narrative and give a little background information. I have quoted my own experiences, but many of my mess mates had similar experiences.

We had lived through an era where our home towns had been ravished by enemy action. We were, in the main, sons of ex-navy men and lived in one of the three naval
ports: Portsmouth, Plymouth and Chatham – all of which took a battering from German aircraft. When we joined in 1944, some of us had no permanent address; we were living in accommodation that had been abandoned by the rightful owners, who could not be traced. I still had vivid memories of walking round in a daze, searching through bomb debris for scorched coins, which I cleaned with Brasso and then spent. My biggest and friendliest mentor was my brother-in-law, Len. He had not been called up because he had a withered left leg and wore a large surgical boot. Not only was he my adviser, we became very firm friends and I miss him to this day. Len’s parents had a fruit and veg round, which Len carried on after his Mum and Dad evacuated to Princetown (Dartmoor). After his round, Len unloaded his merchandise into his backyard and the van became the Teasdales’ mobile home, mostly under the trees at Shaugh Bridge.

Going back to the Sluys, as I was saying, we were a new breed of weapons Tiffs (probably the forerunners of the present day “Weapons Electrical Division”). We were introduced to new-fangled things like electrical computation, tape recorders, Dictaphones, CCTV etc. We youngsters worked hard and played hard together, consequently, we managed to contribute to the ship’s sporting activities.

The day 6 February 1952 passed very much in a sombre mood; we didn’t even dispatch someone to the Flying Angel for a couple of bottles of contraband sherry. The Flying Angel is a Christian Charity aimed at the welfare of seafarers – a mission to seamen. The one in Gibraltar was situated at the Destroyer Pens. The zealous patron was not averse to a little black marketing. Most of the manual workers in Gibraltar dockyard came over daily from Spain – La Linea and Algeciras. They would smuggle bottles of well known sherry to our friend at the Flying Angel, who in turn would sell it to us at a modest profit. I’m sure the authorities were aware of what was going on, but provided no trouble was caused, turned a blind eye. It must be stated that, in those days, British men-of-war were “dry” ships and the Flying Angel had the support of the ships’ Padres.

Going back to the EA’s and OA’s Mess, it was frequently the case of a couple of bottles of this illegal sherry and a few rubbers of bridge – no cribbage, or Euchre, in the Tiffs’ mess; oh no, nothing so common!

The following day, the Captain “cleared lower deck” - every member of the ship’s complement except those on watch had to muster either on the quarter deck or on the focsu (forecastle) - and informed us that for the time being ships in the Mediterranean Fleet were to keep their original programmes. The usual commands were to follow: - Special sea dutymen close up. Hands muster for “leaving harbour”. Once clear of Gibraltar came the command, “Hands to Action Stations”. My action station was on the bridge below the Mk 6 Director and close to the Gunnery Officer. All went well, very well in fact. The close range crews had all reported well before the expected time and the two 4.5” Gun Turrets acted similarly. The Captain said to the First Lieutenant (second in command), “Stand down now No. 1” and as he was leaving the bridge, he looked at me, winked and said, “Well done, Petty Officer”. Why he said that still baffles me; gun drill is the responsibility of the Gunnery Officer.

Without dwelling on this, it did occur to me that I might get my first VG Sup. (Every year, a naval rating’s conduct and performance is assessed. The VG (very good) is for conduct; the only alternative is G (good). I don’t remember anyone getting a G. Sup is for Superior, the other category being Sat (Satisfactory).

Without contemplating the matter too seriously, I should explain the system in the RN. Every year, from the age of 18, assessment of efficiency at work and general behaviour is determined. As a 4th class artificer, I had the equivalent rank of Petty
Officer. As soon as I got made an Artificer 3rd Class, I would obtain the rank equivalent to Chief Petty Officer. The only other rank was Charge Chief Artificer, which corresponds to Warrant Officer.

I was due to be promoted to Artificer 3rd Class. The difference in uniform is that a petty officer wears crossed anchors on his arm, whereas a chief petty officer has three buttons on each sleeve at a distance of four inches from the cuff and wears no other insignia. Going back to the business of the Captain’s wink, I wondered if I would be promoted before I had put the time in for my first good conduct stripe. As it happened, I did make Artificer 3rd Class before my first good conduct stripe was due.

As time passed, we finally broke away from the squadron. This movement always struck me as one of the best sea exercises ever devised. As Sluys was the departing ship, the remainder of the squadron steamed ‘line ahead’ and Sluys steamed past their port side and saluted each of our chummy ships in turn. Rumour was rife: why was Sluys being sent on a flag waving trip to a classy French resort, something normally enjoyed by the senior captain? Was the senior captain’s ship the one that bounced a shell off the roof of B turret on the C-in-C’s ship?

We were despatched to a place called St Raphael in the South of France. It may be that the report on the mishap during the ‘throw off shoot’ indicated that Captain D was at fault, or it may have been that Sluys had the best rugby team.

Our team did have men doing their National Service: Instructor Lieutenant Kirby, a full English international (completing his National Service); our Doc Surgeon Lt. (can’t think of his name), who was an Oxford Blue serving a short term commission; “Clubs”, the Chief Physical Trainer, had to play – he was the only one with a ball! There were two very welcome national servicemen who were professional Rugby League players. The rest of the team was made up of ex-artificer apprentices who at some time had played together in the same team. My friend, Tosh Store, was 6’5” and was never bothered during the line outs. We did not look very impressive during the two minutes silence; clubs had difficulty getting 15 shirts of the same colour, but this local French village team were pretty awful.

It was all good fun, played in a friendly manner, and we were all rather surprised that there were no refreshments after the match. However, having had a shower and some food, we settled down to a game of cards when there was a knock on our door curtain (there was no door). It was Rip the “Schoolie” saying that the Officers and Chief Petty Officers had been invited to the local night club by the French rugby team. There was still class distinction in the services as late as the mid 1950s – not so much now! This stupid class distinction backfired somewhat on this occasion. Officers were allowed to wear civilian clothing, but lower deckers had to wear uniforms. And when we went to the nightclub, the old saying became true, “All the nice girls love a sailor”. The lady I teamed up with spoke excellent English and she seemed to have some influence in the nightclub. As we left, we were invited to use the club whilst our ship was in port. It was not until the last evening – four days that we were in – that my “lady” friend told me the truth. She was not a lady, but he was the proprietor of the club! We then did a tour of the photographs on the club walls; this gent was one of France’s top female impressionists. Fortunately, I was not the only one to make this mistake so there was no leg pulling back on board!
Louise Dowell’s Family History

_Thomas Edward Bulleid_

(My great grandfather)

Thomas Edward Bulleid was born on 21st April 1878. He worked for T L Hardings in Market Street [Torquay, Devon] as a whitesmith (a man who works with tin or galvanises iron). T L Hardings was an iron monger and iron founder. They made manhole covers, tin tacks, tram lines etc. They also made their own iron. He played the violin and double bass.

In 1914 he volunteered to join the army; he joined the army service corps and went to France, where his job was to repair lorries and engines; he rose to the rank of corporal. This was a very important job as the lorries supplied food and medical supplies to the front line. Often these lorries were hindered by thick mud and enemy artillery. He gained three medals. Many men volunteered to go to war: in 1914 1,186,357 men volunteered; in 1915 1,280,000; in 1916 1,190,000; in 1917 820,646; and in 1918 493,562.

In the Second World War he went to Bristol to work in a aircraft factory. This was prompted by the fact that he was unable to carry on trading in his St. Marychurch iron mongers shop as a bomb dropped at the top of the road shattering the shop windows.

After the war, he returned home and worked for the Prudential Insurance company until he retired.

During his life he was also a cricket umpire, a vice president of Torquay Athletic Rugby Football Club and Torquay Cricket Club. He had a Bullnose Morris motor car and a big Morris tourer with a square radiator.

His father Robert Bulleid was a toolmaker in Rock Road for a firm called Starkey and his mother Sarah was a housewife.
Leonard Thomas Bulleid was born on the 6th July 1905 at 2 Lower Thurlow Road, Torquay [Devon]. He attended St James Infant School, Homelands Junior School and finally Torquay Boys Grammar School. To attend the grammar school you had to pass a scholarship. He did not pass his scholarship, but his brother did, and because his parents wanted both boys to be the same they paid for him to attend the grammar school.

After leaving school he went to work at a dentists called Mayne; here he began to learn the trade of a dental mechanic, he did this for three months, he became fed up and left. He then worked for a builder called Samuel Blatchford and trained to be a carpenter, but he did not like this as he thought the work was too hard. He kept it up for six months, but after that he left. He then went to James Graham of Wellswood to learn his actual trade as a plumber. After learning the basics of plumbing he went to work for Unity Builders of Paignton and whilst working here he helped to build several toilets around Torquay and Paignton. When he left here he went to work at Devonport dockyard for two years, where he helped to convert HMS Glorious into an aircraft carrier. After leaving here he returned to work for his father, who had just opened a family business. The business sold all sorts of hardware and did various plumbing jobs. Whilst working here he went to night school and passed his Registered Plumbers Certificate. After twelve months work became slack and as he was planning to get married he went to work for Torquay and Paignton gas company as a fitter. Soon after this in 1935 he was married to Vera Brand.

When war broke out he had to choose between working at the dockyard or the Gas works, as both of these were reserved occupations and therefore he did not have to go to war. During the war he worked as a general fitter. Whilst in the gasworks he joined the homeguard. The gasworks had their own special company; it was ‘H’ company. They had to guard the railway line between Preston and Paignton.

‘H’ company was said to have done more important and varied work than any other company. The company was responsible for the defence of the Hollacombe gas manufacturing company and railway sidings of Torquay and Paignton Gas Company. For the first month or two the company was armed with one shotgun of private ownership, and pick shafts loaded with lead at the base. But in later days the were armed with grenades, several kinds of guns and a rocket launcher. For four and a half years without a break patrols kept watch from the embankment from which they had an uninterrupted view of Torbay.

On Friday, September 4th 1942, the gasworks was fired at by enemy planes and a 1½ million cubic feet gas cylinder was set alight by cannon and machine gun fire. The homeguard had to climb up the blazing cylinder to block the holes through which the gas was escaping. They were supposed to block these holes with round corks, but as the holes were not exactly round the corks did not fit, so they had the bright idea of blocking the holes with clay. The cylinders, if the fire had not been put out, would have acted as an excellent target indicator to other enemy aircraft operating at that time against a convoy of shipping passing up the Channel.

At 10.12am on December 3oth 1942, three enemy planes approached Hollacombe gasworks from Landward. Ten rounds of ammunition were fired at the planes and this led to the leading plane being shot down and the unit proudly painted a swastika on the gun.
After the war Leonard Thomas Bulleid went back to the Gas Company to work as a fitter. He became fed up with the gas company as he had been working there for fourteen years. He then went to work for Vanstones for twenty years until they had voluntary liquidation. He then went to work for Spencers, Alsops and Haydons until he retired.

Leonard Thomas and Vera Bulleid outside his father’s shop in Plainmoor

Janet Bulleid
(My mother)

When she was only 6 months old there was a bomb raid on Torquay. A shell hit the garage and splinters of shrapnel flew everywhere, one piece went through the window and hit her in the chest. Luckily she was wearing a thick knitted vest; this prevented the shrapnel from penetrating and stopped her from being seriously injured.
She attended Westhill Primary school and Homelands Technical High School. She left school at 15 and went to work at Phil Read & Co. Ltd., who were dealers for Morris, MG and Wolsey motor cars. She continued her education at night school and gained secretarial qualifications. After three years she left and went to work for Gartrell & Co. Ltd. builders merchants. Whilst working here she met William Dowell who was later to be her husband. They were married at St. Marychurch Church on May 30th 1964. She then worked for Eric Lloyd & Co. and Ted Dickenson & Co. both estate agents. She left work to have her first child and did not work officially again until November 1980 when she was employed by Devon County Council as a clerk to the organiser of the hospital discharge home help service.

Henrietta Annie Bulleid b. 1866
By Carol Ventura

I remember being taken to see Henrietta when I was little. I remember being told that she always laid the table for three, her husband, Reginald and herself (no mention of Margaret), although she was on her own. I'd always been led to believe that Evan had been killed in the Great War as well, but we've been able to find no record of this, and he would probably have been too old to fight. We thought it more likely that he died in the 'flu' pandemic in 1918-ish. (Apparently, Henrietta used to knit me little white ankle socks!) My impression of her is kind, dressed in long black skirts with a white apron and her hair scraped back, in a bun, I suppose. She also had an enormous (well, to me) brass bed.

The Strange Background to the Bulleid Family Website
By Geoff Ledden

The pursuit of family history opens up several paths, often with interesting destinations and curious coincidences. This is the story of the path on my father’s side of the family that led eventually to the creation of the website for my mother’s side.

In 2000, following retirement, I had time to devote to our family history and started by putting on the computer the records amassed over many years by my sister, Violet Bridson. It was known that our gt gt grandparents, James and Mary Hosking, were buried in the churchyard of St Edward King and Martyr, parish church of Egg Buckland, which is now a suburb of Plymouth, Devon.

In the 1980s, Vi made contact with a third cousin in Connecticut, Bill Hosking. Bill had pursued his family history throughout his life from the time when he wrote an essay in High School. Bill had inherited several acres, which his grandfather Samuel had bought about 1881. Samuel had immigrated from Egg Buckland in 1873. The old barn and stables had been converted into a garden centre and gift shop, which Bill ran. He visited Devon two or three times and spent decades trying to find James’ ancestry. My sister had also tried to no avail.

The correspondence between them fizzled out until I renewed it in 2004. Bill sent me copies of his large store of records, amongst them a Hosking tree that he had received from an English historian, who specialises in medieval castles in the UK and
France. Bill had studied and discounted this tree as there was no obvious connection with his own records, which indicated that James and Mary were from Devon, whereas the tree listed Hoskings in Cornwall. I decided to research this tree and hit the jackpot when I discovered the marriage of James Hosking to Mary Stuttaford in St Erney, Cornwall, in 1786. This provided the link to the Hosking ancestry in Cornwall back to about 1560. Bill and Vi had searched the Devon records for years, but the answers lay in Cornwall.

St Erney lies just twelve miles to the west of Egg Buckland, the other side of the river Tamar. After the marriage, James and Mary settled in Egg Buckland, where the Stuttafords were as numerous as the Bulleids were in Winkleigh. James was probably employed by Mary’s family. I emailed the news of the discovery to Bill, who was then aged 80, and who replied by return:

“Geoff, What a glorious day!! I never thought I would see the day when I would have this information. I have been hunting for names, genealogically speaking, for nearly 40 years. This is GREAT!”

My wife and I visited Bill and Shirley in Connecticut later in 2004 when he was still just as excited. Sadly, he died two years later, but I have preserved his family history on ancestry.com.
The next step was to research the Stuttaford family and try to locate Mary on their tree. This has not yet proved possible, but I did find www.stentiford.org, which encompasses the Stuttaford family and contacted the website’s owners, Muriel and Richard Brine. Their website is most impressive with regular newsletters, numerous articles about Stentifords/Stuttafords and other variants of the family name, photos and information about Devon villages etc.

By this time I had amassed a great deal of information about the Bulleid family and was corresponding with several cousins. It was starting to get difficult remembering what I had sent to whom, as well as time-consuming. In 2006, I decided the time had come to put this information at the disposal of the family on a website. I contacted three people with experience in this area and Muriel immediately replied, offering me space on her new website, www.devonheritage.org. I started sending her articles for the new Bulleid pages: where they lived; how they lived; apprenticeships; migration to the towns, cities, and overseas; and so on. However, the new website did not easily lend itself to the family tree of more than 800 names.

At the same time, I got in touch with Cathy Bullied Young in South Carolina, via ancestry.com and told her about devonheritage. She introduced me to her brother Phil Bullied in Vermont who just happens to design and host websites for a living! Phil and Cathy thought their English heritage had been lost, but suddenly there it was back to 1550. Phil was very keen to offer the family its own private website, which he created in a matter of weeks. It went live early in February 2007 and is proving a great success.

So there we have it. The path from my paternal great-great-grandfather’s grave in Egg Buckland led eventually to Vermont and a website for my maternal family.