



THE CORY SOCIETY



NEWSLETTER



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In this Issue:	My First Deep Sea Voyage	1
	The Cory Society AGM	3
	Cory Victorian Miscreants (1830-90s)	4
	Them Bones, Them Bones, Them Dry Bones.	5
	Victorian Writers	6
	Cadet Papers	7
	Membership News; Executive Committee	8

MY FIRST DEEP SEA VOYAGE

by George Kenneth Burrell-Corey

After working for nearly two years on the Sunderland pilot cutter, I applied to join the Royal Navy as a boy rating. Unfortunately I failed the medical owing to my eyesight and I was told to reapply when I reached 18 years old, as my eyesight should be corrected by then! It is difficult to see how that could be, unless they looked for a lower standard when a person is older. The Merchant Navy had no such problems so I joined them. My mother and father were furious!

I signed onto my first ship just 9 days after my 16th birthday. The shipping office gave me a travel warrant and told me to report next day to the Thistle Glen berthed in Hull docks. At the same time they gave me an advance on my wages, in order to kit myself out with suitable seafaring clothing etc that I would need on board ship. I was told where these items could be obtained and the next day I was off to a great adventure in a Man's World.

I boarded the train at Sunderland station with some apprehension. Eventually, after two changes on crowded trains, I reached Hull's Paragon station. Not being used to taxis or able to afford one, I set off to walk along the docks, carrying my luggage, which grew heavier with every step. I passed the J. Arthur Rank flour mills which were still smoking after having been bombed the previous night. After walking for quite a while, I spotted, what to me was a big ship. Her name was the Thistle Glen. I paused to get my breath back, then with my heart in my mouth, I made my way up the gangway, to be met by a tall ginger haired man who talked with an American accent. He showed me along to the crew's quarters and told me to make myself at home in the mess room. He said the bosun would be along later to allocate cabins according to which watch I was in. As the rest of the crew arrived, I found that most of them were also from Sunderland, some of whom



*Merchant Seaman
George Kenneth Burrell-Corey*

didn't seem much older than myself, so I began to feel more at ease. The bosun soon arrived, and as the deck hands were at full complement, after advising who was in each watch, we were allocated cabins, each holding three men according to their rating and experience.

We had to follow the bosun along to his locker where he kept his stores. Each man was given a new galvanised bucket, a sweatcloth and a lump of rough soap, the sort my mother used to scrub the floor. He then gave each of us a long hessian bag and told us to go back along the quay to where there was a pile of hay. We were told to fill our bags with hay and make sure that we pushed it well down so they were full to overflowing and then take them back on board. I had heard the expression, "like a donkey's breakfast" but it was a surprise to find that the hessian bags of hay were really our mattresses. Of course they did give us two linen covers to go over them (big deal!)

So with a bucket to get washed in and a donkey's breakfast to lie on, it looked like being a sailor was going to be a hard life. There was no running water or showers, fresh water was at a premium and had to be hand pumped up for drinking. Hot water for washing was obtained by taking your bucket down below to the engine room where fresh water was condensed from salt water by a little donkey boiler. Being a steamship meant our boilers always needed a constant supply of fresh water. We did have a flush toilet- if you remembered to pump up the salt water tank on top of the deckhouse. There was a snag however, when in a heavy swell, if the ship was cambering from side to side, you could get your own back, most uncomfortable as well as unhygienic! Of course the *Thistle* was built way back in 1929 at Sunderland, just before the depression in shipbuilding, so she was quite an old lady. Over the years she must have travelled thousands of miles, tramping around the world picking up and dropping many sorts of cargo.

After taking on board a full load of bunkers, we sailed round the top of Scotland and down the coast to Oban, where we dropped anchor to await a convoy. Then the waiting game, while Captain Dobson went ashore to receive his sealed orders, which he would not open until after the convoy sailed, although it was a fair bet that we would be going to America. The convoys were the life-blood of our country, bringing back food and materials to keep old Britain going.

The outward voyage was fairly uneventful, although we did go to action stations several times when enemy aircraft were spotted. The Navy had evolved an early warning system, known to the Allies by the code name of ULTRA, which sometimes helped to re-route convoys away from danger and it worked for us that time. In due course we arrived in New York harbour and dropped anchor to await port health inspection. Imagine my surprise and embarrassment when the doctor turned out to be a woman. All members of the crew had to go along to the saloon and queue for your turn to drop your trousers so that the doctor could check whether you had any *infectious* complaints.

Now, what were my first impressions of New York? It was big and noisy, with all kinds of outlets serving food and drinks, most of which were new and different to a 16 year old from rationed Britain. I was very impressed with a kiosk in the shape and colour of an orange, where they cut and squeezed fresh oranges to serve pure orange juice drinks. Lovely! I was also amazed by the many drug stores that seemed to stay open all day and night, selling almost everything including medicines and ice cream. My favourite was a malted ice cream soda. There were also many hot dog and

hamburger stalls where you could help yourself to the most delicious fillings and sauces so we certainly weren't hungry. There was the added attraction of Times Square, with its cinemas and theatres and shows starting as late as midnight.

But of course we were in New York to collect cargo. The stevedores began loading by filling the bottom of the hold with steel ingots up to the top of the propeller shaft housing. These were levelled off and on top were placed blocks of steel which looked to weigh about a ton each. The blocks were boarded over with timber, and on this were loaded motor vehicles and tanks. In the tween decks there were a variety of cargoes, from 16-inch shells standing about a foot high, crates of Canadian apples and almost anything you can think of.

We sailed from New York to St John's in Newfoundland to await a UK bound convoy. Our convoy number was SC-42 and consisted of 64 ships which were escorted by the Canadian Destroyer HMCS *Skeena* and three Corvettes, known as Group EG-24. The escorts normally protected their charges for two days out from Canada and they were picked up again by escorts two days from the western approaches of the UK. Soon after sailing, the convoy ran into very bad weather, the seas were mountainous and it was as much as we could do just to stay afloat. This had one advantage, it kept the U-boats at bay, although as we later found out, the convoy was being shadowed by a U-boat wolf-pack of 14 submarines. The weather eased off on the second day, and on September 9th, the U-boats made their first attacks. The first victim was a straggler from the convoy, *Empire Springbuck* and she was sunk. The attacks continued during the night and despite terrific opposition from the escorts, *SS Muneric*, *SS Tachee*, *SS Sally Maersk* and *SS Empire Hudson* were sunk. The wolf-pack could take its pick of such a large convoy spread out over 18 square miles of ocean although the gallant Canadian ships made their presence felt despite being outnumbered 3 to 1.

With the coming of daylight the U-boats retired to lick their wounds and for a while an uneasy peace prevailed. I was on the 8-12 watch on deck and was 'Farmer', the man who collects the lunch for the next watch coming on, at seven bells (11-20). I was standing at the galley door when suddenly there was an almighty explosion just a few yards from where I was standing. We had been torpedoed! In one way we were lucky, as the torpedo hit the portside bunker and the coal there took most of the blast, but the staff in the engine room were not so lucky, six men were trapped and lost their lives. Captain Dobson and First Mate Williamson and some of the crew spent quite a while trying to reach the engine room, all to no avail. I remember that the fourth engineer was a young man from Sunderland who had married prior to the ship sailing from Hull. His new bride had travelled up to Oban by train to snatch a few extra moments of their short honeymoon. Those few hours of honeymoon were to be all the life they would spend together on earth. Tragic!

The ship was listing and beginning to settle in the water so the Captain ordered 'abandon ship'. We took our places in the boats and rowed clear, where we stood off to watch the death throes of our wonderful ship. The wind and swell slowly pushed the boats further away. The captain stood in the bow of his boat bareheaded and he had tears in his eyes as he looked at his ship dying. After what seemed an age, the stern of the *Thistle* slowly began to sink lower into the water and raise the bow in the air. We heard a rumbling roar as the heavy cargo began to shift and slide through the aft of the ship. Then she just slipped under the waves and with a big bubble of air on the surface, she was gone taking six men to their watery graves.

The convoy was long gone over the horizon by this time so we rowed together on the now still water. The sun was warm although small chunks of ice floated past from the icebergs out of sight in the far distance. After waiting impatiently for some time, a rusty old freighter flying the French flag arrived escorted by a Corvette. It was the convoy rescue ship and she certainly had her work cut out before the convoy reached the UK. Needless to say, none of the survivors were prepared to sleep below decks on this old ship; she rattled something terrible every time a depth-charge or torpedo exploded.

The U-boat that sank the Thistle Glen in broad daylight was U85. Although she had been shelled by the ships around the Thistle Glen and damaged during the night by the Canadian destroyer Skeena, she escaped to fight another day. Perhaps her luck would not have held if the merchant ships had been armed with modern guns on the stern housing rather than First World War 4 inch guns which were more of a danger to the gun crews than the enemy. Between the 9th and 10th September 15 ships were sunk or damaged (one of the damaged ships was towed back to port by the Corvette HMCS Orilla). The convoy escaped trouble for most of the 16th September until the Scania was sunk by one of the reinforcement U-boats which were just arriving to try to offset the increased escort reinforcement arriving from the UK. I will always remember the thrill of seeing the British Destroyer Squadron EG2 of 5 modern ships, Douglas, Veteran, Leamington, Saladin and Skate. To see them come up over the horizon in line ahead, with big bow waves. The EG2 Group was joined by the Canadian Corvettes, Wetaskiwin, Mimose and Gladiolus and an armed trawler, the Buttermere. We still had the Canadian Destroyer Skeena and the 2 Corvettes Kenogami and Alberni. We lost 2 more ships, the Jedmoor on the 16th and the Baron Pentland which had fallen well behind the convoy on the 19th. Our passage from Canada had taken 12 days to reach Belfast. The final score on Convoy SC42 was 18 ships sunk or damaged, 2 U-boats sunk and 3 damaged.

I saw an article in a magazine about the September 1941 Convoy SC42 on a return visit to America. This stated that 2 of the Canadian Corvette escorts, being coal burners, carried enough bunkers of coal for 2 days out and 2 days back plus an extra day's supply, but as they stayed with our convoy for 12 days they had stripped all burnable material from the ship. The help given by the Canadians in the Battle of the Atlantic will long be remembered in Britain.

All the merchant seamen survivors were landed in Belfast, where the Red Cross gave us such basics as toothbrushes and paste, and for those men who had been on watch below when their ships were torpedoed, an issue of clothing to travel home in. After a meal, our crew was taken to Larne, to board the railways ferry to Stranraer. There was a snack-bar saloon in the stern deckhouse. It had large portholes and above this deckhouse was a gun emplacement holding a 6-inch gun. The ferry had been under way for some time and the passengers, including a large number of seamen survivors, were relaxing with a pot of tea or something stronger, when there was an almighty bang. The cabin shook and looking round we were just able to grab a lascar seaman, who had been attempting to climb through a porthole. Understandable after what these men had been through in the last 12 days. The barman explained that it was only the stern gun firing a practice shell, which was done every so many trips for

gun crew practice!

Our captain had to report straightaway to London, no doubt to see if he could add anything to intelligence about the enemy action. First Mate Mr Williamson had to shepherd us all to Stranraer station, only to find that it would be several hours before we could get a train connection to the north east. After we spent some time wandering up and down the little platform, Mr Williamson invited us all into the station buffet for a cup of tea. This could have been tricky for him because he only had a few shillings left of the subsistence money he had been given. It was laughable to see him standing at the counter; he had a 3 inch tear in the seat of his uniform trousers. He was always so smart normally- still his white underpants looked nice and clean.

At last the Carlisle train pulled in and we were off. At Carlisle we changed for Durham, arriving in the early hours and then changed again and took the early milk train for Sunderland. As we came up from the platform at Sunderland, a man asked which ship we were from. I wondered why, until I looked at my mates and realised we were still wearing our life jackets. Someone told him, "Thistle Glen." Of course she was a Sunderland ship and most hands were local lads. He told us that rumour had it that she had sunk with all hands.

As we came out onto the station forecourt, the mate asked who wanted money for the fare home. Luckily I still had one penny in my trouser pocket, so I was able to pay my fare on the tramcar to my home 2 miles away in Fulwell. I lived in a terraced house with a back yard, so I went in that way. Just imagine my mother's joy seeing me coming up the back yard, still with my life jacket on. With tears in her eyes, she hugged and kissed me, overjoyed to have her first-born son home safe. I was treated like a hero.

After a wonderful breakfast, bath and change of clothes, it was back to the town for the shipping office where we were paid off. Then it was back home to start a whole month's survivor's leave and so ended my first deep sea voyage!

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*The Battle of the Atlantic has recently been featured on television and also in magazine articles. For those who enjoy searching the internet more facts and figures can be found at the website called Encyclopaedia of World War 2 Naval Battles, <http://users.swing.be/navbat/index.html> or one on U-boats at <http://uboat.net/ops/convoys/sc-42.htm>*

## THE CORY SOCIETY AGM 22nd JUNE 2002.

We met as usual on the top floor of the Institute of Archaeology in London. It was a fine summer's day and we gathered for refreshments, some of us going out on the balcony to enjoy the views across London.

We were pleased to welcome this year, Rosemary Holloway who has joined us on the committee, Tricia White, Rob and Ann Cory from the South African line but now living in East Preston, England and visiting whilst on holiday, Karen & Rob Hughes from Australia! Also present were newly weds David and Ann Bedford Groom, Bill and Eleanor Cory, Rosemary Gitsham, Margaret and Kingsley Goffin, and catering magnificently Jean Hayes expertly assisted by her husband David, Mark Hassall cutting the cake to mark the 10th anniversary of the founding of the Cory Society, with Ida Birch recording it all on camera.

Then, happily refreshed, we settled down for the speakers and the business of the AGM. A really enjoyable day!

## CORY VICTORIAN MISCREANTS (1830-90s)

Report of Matt Sears's talk at the AGM

by Margaret Goffin

Matt Sears was our speaker at the Cory Society AGM. He arrived as we gathered for coffee in the morning and talked with various members informally. I always enjoy this time of arrivals, it makes an exciting start to the AGM as old friends meet and new ones are introduced. During my conversation with Matt, he asked how family history researchers would take to finding out unpleasant disclosures about our ancestors. Having been surprised already about two of mine I felt very confident to reply that what ever turns up has happened and nothing changes that, and also nowadays with changing beliefs and outlook we would view it differently or be more understanding.

Matt began his research through his interest in social history and has created a web-site at [www.victorianlondoners.com](http://www.victorianlondoners.com) which genealogists will find interesting. He has been gathering information on Victorian Londoners from the rich fertile source on the Old Bailey Session Papers to be found in newspapers such as *The East London Observer* and *The Shoreditch Observer*. The dock area had so many ships arriving from all over the world and each of these could have on board an average of one hundred men ready for some "rest and relaxation". This inevitably led to drunkenness, fighting and 2 or 3 murders a week were reported in the papers of that period. Yet the parochial nature of the county of Hertfordshire at that time is apparent from articles found in *The Hertfordshire Gleaner* (1840-90) and *The Mercury* where Cockneys and even people from Manchester were described as foreigners. Gypsies also figure a lot in the reports for as strangers they were viewed with mistrust. *The Essex Times* covered metropolitan Essex, where the biggest fishing fleet in the country was at Barking which is 7-8 miles from London centre.

Through his work on DNA at the micro biology unit at the University College of London, Matt has become interested in the diverse regions of the world the British stock comes from. He is the only one tested so far, with Mongolian stock; a fact that he said would not have made his father very happy. So would anyone present mind what he had to tell us? Matt decided to take the bull by the horns and take the worst offence first. From the Old Bailey Papers of 1892 we discover the shocking crime of Henry Cory born in 1875. The 1881 census lists 3 Henrys of that birth date: Wellingborough, North Hants; Gresham, Norfolk; Tavistock, Devon. On 11<sup>th</sup> January 1892 Henry Cory aged 17 was indicted for carnally knowing Edith Menlove who was only 10 years old. For this shocking crime Henry Cory received a lighter sentence of 6 years without hard labour, as he was paralysed. Gulp! My family came from Gresham. I feel an urgent need to find out what became of Henry of Gresham. When I check my records later I find my great uncle Henry who married in Erpingham, Norfolk in 1902 was an engineer and nobody has said that *he* was paralysed. Does that let me off the hook?

In *The Times* Matt discovered another Henry Cory living in Woodstock Road, Poplar, in the East End during 1860 whose occupation was described as crimp. The dictionary explanation for this is "*One who decoys another into the naval or military service; one who decoys sailors by treating, advancing money, boarding and lodging, giving goods on credit &c., and then when he has them in his power, induces them to engage with a shipmaster whom it is the crimp's interest to serve*".

Henry Cory appeared at the Thames Police Court because he charged Rebecca Vining £42 for her son's introduction to the Captain of the Maid of Orleans. Cory met Mrs Vining and her son at the East India Dock and demanded £45 for a "*berth on the ship with the captain himself*" and this included £3 for an outfit that was never provided. Cory had been advertising such introductions in newspapers for the last 7 years and had been warned repeatedly. He was fined 5/-, which he paid instantly. I have copies of Cadet Papers for the East India Company which were accompanied by a declaration that "no money had been paid for an introduction to procure a place". Mark Hassall thought this Henry could be one of his, as his great uncle went to Australia in mysterious circumstances. Very generous of Mark considering that there were several possible Henrys around at the time.

In the year 1904, Samuel John Cory, farmer of Ashwater, Devon on the Cornish border was summoned for depositing a carcass of a very old ewe for sale at market. Samuel John Cory had taken the ewe to a butcher and asked him to blow it (*to swell by injecting air into it!*) The butcher said, "He had not known it was for human consumption and thought that it had been going for sale as pet food." For this attempt to improve the appearance of the ewe Cory was fined £25 with 4/- costs. The 1881 census shows the only person of that name was living at New Building in Bradford, Devon. Our secretary Jean Hayes good-naturedly owned up to having him in her family tree, saying that as his mother has been listed in a lunatic asylum in the same census she might as well accept another skeleton in her family cupboard.

William Henry Cory born in 1832 was connected with Wandsworth, Clapham and Croydon areas of London and Gravesend in Kent and had supposedly been in the Crimean War. He was the author of a letter concerning Lord Cardigan's action during the cavalry charge of the Light Brigade, and described himself as late of the 11<sup>th</sup> Hussars. He gave his address as Wandsworth Road. His name next occurs in *The Times* over his appearance at the Mansion House Court in 1859 for issuing 2 forged cheques. Mr William Baker, proprietor of the Wheatsheaf Inn, St Peter's near Margate, said that the accused had been lodging with him and owed him £35. Cory had promised to give a presentation for the Bluecoat School (Christ's Hospital) in Caxton Street, Westminster. Baker had been so impressed with Cory that he had given him a watch and ring, which Cory had returned after his arrest. Miss Elizabeth Child told the court that the defendant had been at school with her brother and Cory had called on her many times asking for money which he promised to return to her brother in Clapham. He had not done so. He was committed to the Criminal Court in January 1859 where the judge sentenced William Cory, occupation, clerk, to 4 years penal servitude. William obviously *bounced* back from this, for in 1875 his occupation was recorded as a Patent Fuel Manufacturer, unfortunately this was when he appeared in a bankruptcy court!

The coincidence of place and Crimean War made Bill Cory wonder if there was any connection to his family in Kent. Bill's great grandfather was Thomas William Cory who was born in 1832 and according to *The East Kent Mercury* buried in 1914 with full military honours in acknowledgement of his service in the Crimean War. We all had a good chuckle over our treasurer wondering if he was related to someone passing dud cheques. On

checking the 1881 census I find that whilst Bill's great grandfather Thomas, age 48, was living at 78 High Street in Deal a William Henry, age 47, was also living in Deal at 161 Middleton Street. Cory records have a William Henry born in 1834 who is connected to Bill's family tree- and Bill's grand-father who was born in 1868 was called *William Henry* Worthington Cory.

Finally, Robert Cory age 60, shopkeeper of Little Massingham (11 miles north of Swaffham) who appeared before the court charged with selling 50 large pheasant chicks at Swaffham. A great deal of time was spent on evidence given in the court by a specialist witness, who

described a pheasant chick's plumage in great detail. Presumably Robert Cory's pheasant chicks were not the genuine article - he was found guilty and received 6 years. Could this be Henry son of Robert and Sarah Chamberlain born in 1834 at Gt Dunham, which is about 6 miles north east of Swaffham in Norfolk?

We all enjoyed Matt's talk, it was well delivered, entertaining, and throughout it all, he made us laugh and think! Matt has promised to keep looking for the Cory name as he continues his search through the newspapers. If he finds enough, he might be back for next year's AGM with a new collection of Corys with records!

## THEM BONES, THEM BONES, THEM DRY BONES

by Mark Hassall

..The Lord..... set me down in the midst of the valley which was full of bones.....and behold there were very many in the open valley and lo they were very dry. And he came unto me and he said "Son of Man, can these bones live?" Ezekiel 37: 1-3.

Well, fellow family historians - can they? For if they can't - or to put it another way, if we can't write up our researches in an interesting and readable way - we might just as well not have bothered.

Now when it comes to 'writing up', family historians find themselves pretty much on their own - in fact while the literature on research is vast, there is very little written on how to pull it all together and the only things that I have personally come across are in Terrick FitzHugh's *How to Write a Family History* (A & C Black Ltd, 1988), Chapter 14, 'Writing the narrative', and John Titford's *Writing and Publishing Your Family History* (Federation of Family History Societies 1996). Actually, the whole thing gets a bit incestuous, if you will pardon the phrase, because, in 1983 John Titford won a competition organised by the Institute of Heraldic and Genealogical Studies at Canterbury for writing a family history with his *The Titford Family 1547-1947* (Phillimore & Co 1989), and Terrick FitzHugh devotes eight pages (Chapter 15) to quoting from John Titford's book. John Titford explains his method on pages 52-5 of *Writing and Publishing*. He concludes with the statement 'I sometimes think that writing fiction would be easy; much of the time you'd be in control of the facts. Writing history or family history is different: the facts must be in control of you'. Precisely.

Did *The Titford Family* become a best seller? No, but *Roots* did. This 'monumental saga' (as the blurb describes it) was written by Alex Haley, a black American, who 'traced his ancestry back to Africa, back to Kunta Kinte, the sixteen year old youth torn from his homeland and brought in torment and anguish to the slave markets of the New World'. Why is *Roots* gripping and *The Titford Family* basically (sorry John!) worthy but boring? Is it just the subject matter? I don't think so. I think it is because, as critics of *Roots* were not slow to point out, Haley sometimes took liberties with his 'facts'. Alex Haley was in effect writing a historical novel about his family - and a jolly good one too. And yes, folks, you too can be a budding Alex Haley - or at least a Barbara Cartland!! Let's get down to a concrete example. Ten years ago I wrote a family history of 'my Corys', *The Corys of Wembury*. At the end of chapter 3 'The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries', I discuss the long will, dated 17 June 1808, of Prudence Cory of the Barton of Plymwood in Jacobstowe, my great x 4

grandmother. Reading over what I wrote I find it boring, boring, boring and yet, that will, with its details of family and friends, of the house and contents, is the very stuff of the romantic historical novel! And sometimes in the still watches of the night the Spirit of Alex Haley, comes to me and whispers temptation in my ear.

So here is an extract from *Mistress of Plymwood* (Mills and Boon, 2004), short listed for the Best Romantic Novel of the Year by a New Author:

*Prudence! How she hated the name! For when had she ever been Prudent? Not when young Richard had ridden over from Pancras Week and they had sealed their love in the mowhay at Plymwood! Could she ever forget that first proof of his manhood? Or when he had slipped the ring on her finger in the old church at Jacobstowe and swept her into his arms and kissed her full on the mouth before her folk and his, Corys on this side and Frenches on that? But they were gone, all gone, the men so tall and bronzed by summer harvests with the strength of thew and sinew in back and arm, and the women, young and fair like may trees in spring or in the autumn of their years with rosy cheeks like cider apples. Three score years ago. Ah, Richard, Richard! Where are you now? Gone to your long home, and I left here to grieve alone, alone save for those dozen pledges of our love? Ah, the pain of child birth! Such pain and yet such pleasure - if dearly bought - here, here at Plymwood, in my father's house, ay in the Green Chamber.*

*A roaring filled her ears like the sound of the great Atlantic rollers breaking on Hartland Point. She would be mistress of Plymwood no more.....*

*Prudence Griffith gave a stifled cry while her little daughter clung to her hand. Richard lent forward and gently closed his mother's eyes. Nicholas looked at the dead woman and his fist clenched and, yes, perhaps - perhaps there was a look of triumph in those deep dark eyes.*

So that's what I mean. It may not really be family history but it's fun! Why not have a go?

Who knows, you may discover a Daphne du Maurier inside you just struggling to get out!

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From the Cory Archives:-

Richard Cory (1723-83) married Prudence French (1726-1809) in 1749. Their children were Henry French Cory, Prudence (who married William Griffith and had 3 daughters), Richard, Ann, Nicholas, Margaret, Joan (Jenny), John, William, Mary and Elizabeth.

I found a Cory reference in a biographical history *The Annie Horniman Papers* on the website repository of the John Rylands University Library at the University of Manchester. Annie Elizabeth Fredericka Horniman was the granddaughter of John Horniman, of the tea business, Horniman & Co. A wealthy and somewhat rebellious Victorian lady she developed a well-informed interest in alternative cults and beliefs. During 1880-90, she became deeply interested in the Order of the Golden Dawn, a secret occult society founded by Samuel Liddell Mathers in 1888, where she first met the Irish poet W B Yeats. She had a great interest in various theatres, including the Gaiety. She was involved for a time in the Abbey Theatre in Dublin with Yeats and one of his plays was produced there on the first night it opened. Although not resident in Ireland, Miss Horniman was in constant contact by post, and her frequent letters filled with criticism, complaints and advice grew in number. Matters came to a head over the level of control Miss Horniman wished to exercise and she ended up withdrawing her subsidy and her close friendship with Yeats never recovered.

Having set the stage (sorry couldn't resist it), the Cory reference was to one sheet of a letter from the playwright, Victoria Cross [pseudonym of Vivian Cory], dated 21 Feb 1915, "who has left her play with AEFH in the hope that she may be interested in it" and comments that "no one else has seen this present version, although in an earlier version it was rejected by several managers- regrets that when she once saw AEFH at a public dinner she did not get a chance to introduce herself". An omission Victoria/Vivian probably regretted as there is no record of a reply. However, Victoria Cross's correspondence is mentioned in a letter to Miss Horniman's cousin Marjorie Garrod. Marjorie was a keen autograph hunter and received letters passed on by Miss Horniman from playwrights and other well known individuals. In a letter to Marjorie dated 12 March 1915, Miss Horniman says "The Victoria Cross play was more impossible than even her unspeakable novels". There is no evidence of a play by Victoria Cross ever being performed at the Gaiety Theatre. I presume that the play was rejected once again and I was left wondering what was so unspeakable about her novels!

I started off not expecting to find much on this Victorian writer but much to my surprise discover through my searches on the internet that she is quite famous or perhaps infamous would be more exact. Born Annie Sophie Cory in 1868 in India, she was the youngest daughter of Arthur Cory and Elizabeth Fanny Griffin. Her

grandparents were Henry Cory and Caroline Frederick. (see page 8). The website said Annie lived her adult life in Europe with her 'uncle', who co-signed her book contracts. She didn't live publicly and it is unknown as to whether the uncle was a lover, collaborator, or victim! The address on her will was 8 via Cantanole Lugano, Switzerland and when she died on 2 August 1952 at the Clinica Capitanio in Milan, she left Paolo Tosi, an Italian diamond dealer, her 'universal heir'. From the wills index at First Avenue, Holborn we see that the effects amounted to £87,304 10s 8d.

Her sister Adela Florence was also a writer, who used the pseudonym "Lawrence Hope". Annie Sophie Cory also used the pen names of Vivian Cory and V.C. Griffin, so whilst reporting her work, I will refer to her as VC from here on to avoid confusion. Although VC is now nearly forgotten, in her lifetime she had a following - of opponents and supporters. She was published in *The Yellow Book* and knew many of her avant-garde contemporaries. Oscar Wilde said about her: "If one could only marry Thomas Hardy to Victoria Cross, he might have gained some inkling of real passion with which to animate his little keepsake pictures of starched ladies."

VC was part of the New Woman movement in women's fiction whose work reflected a more radical feminism than that of the 1860s. The New Woman writers embraced a different type of Victorian fiction than we would typically think of: new forms, and new representations of the female; she is often unabashedly sexual, and is able to express marital discontent and her aspirations. Now relatively unknown, VC produced important literature that promoted progressive ideas and helped prepare the world for the New Woman of the contemporary world: independent, intelligent, sceptical of inherited ideas of gender, sexuality, and propriety.

Amongst her titles were *Theodora: A Fragment*, *The Woman Who Didn't*, *Martha Brown, MP*, *Anna Lombard*, *Life of My Heart*, *Five Nights*, and *Six Chapters of a Man's Life*. I found that the novel, *Life of my Heart* published in London by Walter Scott in 1905, was listed in the The Launceston Reference Library of Tasmania! It is in the Victorian and Edwardian Collection of Popular Fiction which is the surviving part of a lending collection that flourished between 1842 and 1929. And by a strange co-incidence I found several books of another Cory writer

that I had been researching there too!

This was Matilda Winifred Muriel Cory who came to my attention through the web site of the Manuscript Index. Matilda was born in 1873 in London and was the wife of Theodore Cory of the South Wales Corys (*Tree D*) and she died in Hampton on Thames on 5th February 1950. She wrote under the name of Winifred Graham, (her name before marriage was Graham) and her letters 1920-50 to the Society of Authors are recorded in the Manuscript Index archive in Vol. XXII (ff.264) 1. ff 1-10. She was the author of at least 88 books, and a picture of Clifford Frost, the manager of Skeffington & Son Ltd sitting beside her bookcase shows 88 volumes all bound in red morocco. She was very anti-Mormon and keen on all things psychic; two of her books were 'letters' from her father Robert Graham after his death. Some of the other titles are; 1896 - *Ezra, the Mormon* (London: Everett, 1907); 1896 - *The Great House of Castleton: Patricia*. (London : C. Arthur Pearson; 1898); 1896 - *Mayfair* (London : George Bell, 1904); 1896 - *The Zionists* (London : Hutchinson, 1902). Ida Birch has used excerpts of one of three of Winifred's biographical works, *Observations and Reminiscences* in previous newsletter articles on Lady Cory. Searching the Internet again, I found that some copies of Winifred Graham's books are still available for sale and although she too had her critics she was considered to be quite a good writer and many of her books are listed in her entry in *Who was Who 1941-1950*.

The Needlewoman written in 1896, published in 1911, has a binding of red cloth, front and spine panels stamped in gold, with the publisher's monogram stamped in blind on the rear panel. Perhaps the publisher's monogram, Mills & Boon Ltd, gives an inkling of the story-line. It was a tale about "Cleopatra who emerges from the Needle to dazzle 1911 London Society. She sets her cap for Anthony's reincarnation but after various tedious complications and intrigues, the lovers remain star-crossed. He marries a simp, she gets the Needle." - Robert Knowlton. In 1978, Bleiler adds "Another dull sentimental romance, long on gab, short on the magic of Egypt. Laggard Haggard, in brief."

The Gods of the Dead was published in London by William Rider & Son Ltd in 1912 with a binding of decorated purple cloth and a front panel and spine stamped in gold.

Continued on the next page

This book was mentioned by Bleiler in 1978 in *Guide to the Supernatural Fiction*, and he says "A shop girl romance with a background supernaturalism; a woman of great beauty and intelligence, born a commoner at the very moment her father burned an Egyptian mummy, rises to power in English society."

Winifred was still writing in 1938 but her novel *Glen Virgin's Ghost* published by Hutchinson & Co of London gets equally short shrift from one Robert Knowlton. "Rambling sentimental romance with background supernaturalism; injured woman has out-of-body encounter with title character, a la Peter Ibbetson, they become spirit lovers. Pretty turgid stuff; latter third novel essentially a hobby horse for Graham's pro-euthanasia views." I can find no link between Winifred Graham and euthanasia except for the subject appearing in this book. This first edition presentation copy with signed inscription by Graham on the front free endpaper was selling for \$109 on the internet, despite "mild foxing to edges of text

block" it was described as "a near fine, bright copy in original red cloth, front and spine panels stamped in black". I say was, because next time I looked, all three books had gone- despite the words of the male critics above.

I found most of this on the internet, although not all in one go as is the way with internet searches! As I gathered several references from the Manuscript Index web pages on various Corys, I wondered if any of these brief references would ever be followed up. Now I have information on 2 of them without leaving my house! I obtained more information by e-mail links set up on some of the sites. Vanessa Hynes, Relief Librarian of Launceston Library in Tasmania was a great help and directed me to a literature site for university students. Thanks to Ida Birch too, for information on Winifred who is from her line.

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**Sources:** Launceston.Reference@education.tas.gov.au  
**Winifred Graham:** Manuscript Index  
<http://molcat.bl.uk/msscatt/INDEX.ASP> and Amazon.com.  
*South Wales Tree D*  
**Victoria Cross:** John Rylands University Library of Manchester. Reference:GB 0133 AEH Title: The Annie Horniman Papers Reference: AEH/4/2/18  
[http://courses.albion.edu/Archived\\_Fall2001/eng337diedrick/vcross.htm](http://courses.albion.edu/Archived_Fall2001/eng337diedrick/vcross.htm)  
*Norfolk Corys Tree A14/A23*  
**The Internet lists these interesting titles as sources on VC:** Knapp, Shoshanna Milgram. "Real Passion and the Reverence for Life: Sexuality and Antivivisection in the Fiction of Victoria Cross." *Rediscovering Forgotten Radicals: British Women Writers 1889-1939*. 156-171. Chapel Hill: U of North Carolina P, 1993.  
 "Revolutionary Androgyny in the Fiction of 'Victoria Cross.'" *Seeing Double: Revisioning Edwardian and Modernist Literature*. 3-19. New York: St. Martin's, 1996.  
 Showalter, Elaine, Ed. "Introduction." *Daughters of Decadence: Women Writers of the Fin de Siecle*. vii-xix. New Brunswick: Rutgers UP, 1993

**Strongly recommended:** *Fate Knows No Tears* by Mary Talbot Cross (Shalimar Press 1996) about the life of Adela Florence Cory (Lawrence Hope) "Quite fascinating" says Michael Cory.

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CADET PAPERS

by Margaret Goffin

I found two Cory names through the Library Catalogue pages at <http://www.a2a.pro.gov.uk>, under a reference to the India Office MD Records which are stored in the British Library. Listing them as Records of Military Department Cadet Papers 1789-1860 and Cadet Registers of 1775-1860 I discovered Richard Wymond Cory (Ref IOR/L/MIL/9/257/150v-51) and Henry Cory Harvey (Ref IOR/L/MIL/9/257/138v-39). There was no further information, so when I found myself in London with time to spare, I paid my first visit to the new British Library. I was impressed with the architecture; the magnificent entrance hall has marble stairs leading up to a central glass tower known as the King's Library. Behind the glass walls are rows of ancient books stacked from the first floor almost to the top of the building, their beautiful bindings so ornate that I wondered if they were just there for decoration. Yet as I passed by, a librarian entered, and moving a case away from the glass to remove a book, revealed that these marvellous tomes are available for research.

I filled in the application form, provided ID and had my photograph taken before I was issued with my reader's card which I needed to enter the reading rooms. There was no charge but I was anxious to get on with my research, so I would recommend anyone thinking of visiting to allow plenty of time for this. The British Library provides computers to help visitors locate the information they seek but I found it all very confusing – and I thought that I was computer literate!

There are 11 reading rooms and the records that I wanted to see were in the Oriental & India Office Collection. The library is very security conscious and on entering each room you must present your reader's card at the security desk and on the way out bags are checked so that you don't leave with any more than you took in. My next stop was the information desk. I spent a lot of time going back to this desk for assistance as it took me some time to get used to their system. I ordered the documents that I needed on the computer and whilst I waited for these to be delivered to my desk, I had time to look around. The lofty ceiling was decorated in a squared relief pattern, and hung on the walls high above the desks were large portraits of Indian maharajahs. Several Asian men and women amongst the library staff and researchers were wearing their national dress which seemed most fitting in that room.

The Records of the Military Department note that cadets wishing to enter the service of the East India Company were first proposed by someone of standing but appointed upon the nomination of members of the Court of Directors and of the Board of Control after 1784. Each

cadet had to provide an application form or petition, a birth/baptismal certificate produced to satisfy age regulations (between 15 and 21) and a testimonial, which all had to be presented at the port of embarkation. Not all of these documents have survived so I was pleased to find there was further information on Richard Wymond Cory and Henry Cory Harvey. I was surprised to come across another, for Arthur Cory. Soon my order consisting of microfilms, books and a box arrived. I opened the box to find a very old and spineless book. Resting inside the pristine white interior of the box, the book was surrounded by fragments of paper and card. I cautiously picked up the book which looked so fragile, and carefully turned the thin pages. The entries that I found are as follows:

Cadet Registers (1799-1802) ref.10R/L/MIL/9/257
 Page 210/370

It appears by the Register of Baptisms kept for the Parish of Pelynt in Cornwall that Richard Wymond son of Richard Cory, Clerk and Jane his wife was baptised on the seventh day of June in the Year, one thousand, seven hundred and eighty seven.

Dated, Pelynt
 April 25 1803

As Witness, Stephen Noble, Minister

John Vague and Geo Coath, Church Wardens

I hereby certify that the foregoing is a true and faithful extract from the Register of Births and Baptisms of the Parish of Pelynt in the County of Cornwall in the Dioces[s] of Exeter, and that it contains the Date of the Baptism of my son, Richard Wymond Cory, who is the bearer of this, and nominated a Cadet for the Bombay Infantry by Sir Hugh Inglis, Bart.

Witness my Hand this twenty- seventh day of April in the Year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty three.
 Richard Cory.

Another reference to Richard Wymond Cory (Page 257/10v-51) shows his appointment application dated April 27 1803, age 15, to the Bombay Infantry, Certificate No 210. Date of the proposal was 4 May 1803 and the Director in this case was Sir Inglis Bart with a recommendation by Mr Fortescue. He was to proceed on the Essex as Rank no.4. In the remarks column it was noted "Mr Cory produced Earl Fortescues Commend[ation] as Ensign in the North Devon Regiment of Militia dated 18th Jan 1801."

Page 35/120

These are to certify, that Henry Cory Harvey, son of Henry Harvey, Vicar and Joan Harvey his wife was baptised 24 February in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty six Faithfully extracted from the Parish Register of St Veep in the County of Cornwall, by me,

Henry Harvey, Minister

John Bunn and Henry Hill, Church Wardens

Dated at St Veep Vicarage Dec 14 1802

I do hereby certify, that the forgoing is a true and faithful Extract from the

Continued on the next page

Register of Births and Baptisms of the Parish of St Veep, in the County of Cornwall-
 that it contains the Date of the Birth or Baptism, of my son, Henry Cory Harvey who is the bearer of this and nominated a Cadet for the Service of the Honourable United East India Company in the Madras Establishment, by Sir William Bensley, Bart.
 Witness my Hand, this 14th Day of December in the Year of our Lord 1802
 - Signed Henry Harvey.

Latham
 Sheet 4 Guardian/Parent signed 6 July 1848 Henry Cory
 22 Inverness Road, Bayswater, Middlesex
 Medical Certificate dated 15 July 1848 signed Sam Barret,
 Surgeon and Geo Evans, Surgeon

By a strange co-incidence, Arthur was the father of Adela (the poet Lawrence Hope who wrote *The Indian Love Lyrics*) and Annie Sophie who feature on pages 6 and 7. Odd how some families keep appearing.

Cadet Papers 201-273 (1847-48) ref. L/MIL9/219 No 228 of 1847/48

Sheet 1 The humble petition of Arthur Cory desirous of entering the Military Service of the Company as a Cadet for the Bengal Infantry to which he has been nominated by George Lyall Esq at the recommendation by his uncle, Capt. Frederick RN
 Signed Arthur Cory

Sheet 2 Educated at Kensington Grammar School
 Education was Classical and Mathematical
 Father Henry Cory Esq Barrister
 Recommended to Mr Lyall by his Uncle Capt. Frederick RN
 Certificate signed by Charles Frederick RN
 11 Charles St, Westbourne Terrace, London.

Sheet 3 Extract from Register Book of All Saints Church in the Parish of St Mary le Bone Middlesex for the year 1831, baptised 27 December No 476 Arthur son of Henry & Caroline Cory of 81 Harley Street, Esq [sic] born 29 November 1831 by Rev. H

Sources:

Richard Wymond Cory 112/370 257/150v-51 10R NEG 19812 10R 1472

baptised 7 June 1787 Pelynt CON son of Rev. Richard Cory and Jane Boger. The English Corys Table F1 SN8.

Henry Cory Harvey 112/120 257/138v-39 10R 1472

baptised 24 Feb 1786 St. Veep CON son of Rev. Henry Harvey and Joan Cory. The English Corys Table F2 SN15. (Richard Wymond Cory and Henry Cory Harvey were 2nd cousins with common ancestors, Richard & Margaret.)

Arthur Cory 219/201-03 Tree A14/A23

Arthur Cory b 29 Nov 1831 bp 27 Dec 1831 All Saint's, Marylebone (Cory records show All Soul's), son of Henry Cory and Caroline Frederick. The Norfolk Corys Table 23 NQ The uncle was Capt. Charles Frederick RN 1797-1875 late Admiral Frederick.

MEMBERSHIP NEWS

NEW MEMBERS:

A warm welcome to-

Michael Earnshaw Myers of Snowhill, Walcott, Bath,
Jonathan Griggs of Northampton, *Descendant of John and Mary Ann Cory of Lostwithiel.*

A correction to the new member entry in the April Newsletter for **Dorothy Joyce and Eric Spencer JOHNS**, of Helston, Cornwall, Sincere apologies for renaming them Jones!

MARRIAGE:

Congratulations to Ann Tucker and David Bedford Groom who married on 24th May 2002 at the Worthing Tabernacle, Chapel Road, Worthing. Their new address is Rustington, W.Sussex,

CHANGE OF E-MAIL ADDRESS:

Please note that our secretary, Jean Hayes' e-mail address has changed.

COMMITTEE NEWS AND EVENTS:

With regret, Bill Cory is cancelling the Society's visit to Deal in Kent which he was arranging for this September. Bill 'retired' some time ago but has been kept very busy travelling abroad for his old firm and with family to visit overseas too, he has not been at home long enough to finalise arrangements. Bill hopes to arrange the visit when he really does retire!

West Country Event 2003

Friday 16 May - Monday 19 May

Hotel Penarvor, Crooklets,
 BUDE, CORNWALL

A weekend by the sea and organised trips through countryside with hedgerows in bloom - blue bells, red campions, buttercups - to Cory strongholds in Devon as well as Cornwall. What better way to spend a May weekend? Among the places we plan to visit: Padstow from which Poundstock born John Cory left for Cardiff in 1872; the picturesque ruins of Frithelstock Priory; Lake Chapel and Shebbear College at the heart of the Bible Christian movement; Hartland, the childhood home of Richard Cory who migrated to Cardiff in the 1830s; Week St Mary from which William Cory migrated to London; and many churches in delightful settings. Much for the Cory connoisseur and enough of general interest to keep spouses happy!

Sunday will be free with an opportunity to attend a church or chapel service in the morning and in the afternoon the Sealed Knot re-enactment of the 1643 Battle of Stamford Hill at nearby Stratton. Jean Hayes and I attended this year's event and discovered it was both informative and entertaining.

Accommodation has been arranged at the Hotel Penarvor, Crooklets, Bude overlooking the beach and Golf Course but early booking - by 30 September please - is essential. Leaflet with further details and cost enclosed.

Ida Birch

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Hon. Secretary

Treasurer and Kent Co-ordinator

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The Cory Society does not agree necessarily with the statements and opinions in this publication