

The Cory Family

The East View houses in Paddock Walk were built by William John Cory, who married Annie Fudge (of Fudge's Bakery) in 1908. William was an adventurer and was often away in different parts of the world to make his fortune; this is how he had money to build these houses and my grandparents moved into one of the brand-new houses when they married in 1907.

Before he married Annie, there was one time when William was in South Africa for the 'gold rush' and he caulked the decks of the ship 'Discovery'¹ which was going to the Antarctic. A carpenter by trade, he also made the coffin for Mary Kingsley, daughter of Charles Kingsley (the writer, poet, university professor, social reformer and historian) who was, at her request, buried at sea after dying from typhoid on June 3rd 1900; she had been treating Boer prisoners in Simonstown, South Africa.²



Each time William came home, there was another baby... All the children had names from the countries he had visited: Carl, Fridtjof and Rudolf (twins), Edward Hjalmar, Wanda and Theodore, the first four pictured here in c1913 outside one of the East View houses in Paddock Walk. My mother later married Rudy, and his twin, Fritz,

married Margaret Coombs (an aunt of Richard Duckworth). After the birth of Wanda, Mrs Cory put her foot down and said she needed her husband at home to help, so no more 'gold rush' and the extended row of houses envisaged was never completed.

Edward H was always known as Hjalmar (Scandinavian name), and the twins were known as Fritz and Rudy. At the start of World War Two, the Cory boys used their other names to avoid the Germanic connection, so Fritz became John and Rudy became Reg; Hjalmar became Ted. Theodore was always known as Boy Cory all his life; he had a taxi service here in Milborne Port and he later became landlord of the Mermaid Hotel in Sherborne until he died.

² A touch of comedy, which would 'have amused' Kingsley herself, was added when the coffin refused to sink and had to be hauled back on board then thrown over again weighed down this time with an anchor. She had died serving her country, however she had opposed its imperial policy. She asked to be buried in the sea, at the bottom of the Continent she loved, so that 'the heart-shaped continent that had governed her life would ... claim her as one of its own'!

As you can well imagine, Annie sometimes found looking after such a large family overwhelming, especially as her husband was abroad much of the time. She owned land in Coldharbour and one time while William was away, she ran out of money so she sold the land to the Dykes, at a very low price.

My grandmother told me that one day a relative of Annie advised her to 'never look married', in other words, always take pride in yourself and in your appearance to make yourself feel good. Ever after that, Annie always dressed up, wearing a pretty dress and a necklace even to hang out the washing. The last time I saw Annie was when she was in her nineties, and she was beautifully dressed even then.



Mum's wedding to Rudy in 1984

Mary Clothier
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