

THE PLYMOUTH WEDDING OF 1908,

A contemporary account by Katharine E. Serpell,

edited and annotated by her son, Christopher H. Serpell, in 1986.

THE PLYMOUTH WEDDING.

Towards the end of July, 1908, the Serpell and Friend families were first linked by marriage. Charles R. Serpell married Elsie L. Friend. Charles was the eldest son of Mrs. Emily Serpell, née Watt, widow of Samuel Nicholson Serpell (1845-79). He had a sister, Ida, and three brothers, Harold, Hamilton, and Douglas. Elsie was the second daughter of Frederick William Friend and his wife Leila, née Bonwick. She had three sisters, Lilian, Marjorie, and Katie (Katharine). Katie, as Elsie's youngest sister, was invited to be one of the two bridesmaids at the wedding. Afterwards she went to stay with her father's eldest sister, her "Aunt Lily", whose real name was Elizabeth Radford Friend. She was unmarried and at that time lived at Chaldon in Surrey. From her address Katie wrote to her sister Marjorie, in Melbourne, Australia, what she herself described as "as full & circumstantial account of the wedding as I can make it."

That letter has survived and is now among the family papers held by Sir David Serpell who has very kindly made it available to the writer, Katie's eldest son. In editing it with notes for private circulation among members of the family, I have had the valuable assistance of Roger C.F. Serpell, Elsie's eldest son, whose knowledge of family matters is much fuller than my own and who is responsible for most of the material in the notes following the text of the letter. Where I have quoted directly from him, I have indicated it with his initials, "R.C.F.S."

TEXT OF KATIE'S LETTER

Rosecroft, Chaldon, August 3rd, 1908.

Dear Marjorie,⁽¹⁾ This letter is to contain as full & circumstantial account of the wedding as I can make it, be there nothing else therein. It was the longest day I think I have ever spent, & yet, much to my own surprise I did manage to enjoy it, and that was greatly due to the excellent behaviour of Elsie herself. For three days before she had been looking wretchedly pale and had had a sore throat, all due to nervousness and excitement, I am sure, but neither Aunt Bessie⁽²⁾ nor Charles could be at ease until a doctor had been & sarcastically pronounced it "not fatal". However the night before the wedding she slept splendidly & woke up as jolly as anything.

We all sat on her head & refused to let her come downstairs until she was ready to start. Aunt Bessie mercifully kept me and herself busy all the morning, unpacking & rearranging fruit & flowers for the reception. About 12 o'clock Mamma⁽³⁾ and I got dressed so as she could help Elsie later. Mamma & Aunt Bessie divided the honours of

The Plymouth Wedding.

dressing the bride, the former tacking on the Honiton lace berthas which had to be fixed after the dress was done up behind, and the latter arranging the veil and a wreath. I robed her for going away though, so was not left out in the cold.

There was no proper lunch because everyone was too busy, & anyway we should have been too excited to eat it. Pasties & sandwiches were set out in Elsie's sitting-room though, and we each regaled ourselves as we had time. Geoff⁽⁴⁾ was there by that time. He has grown such a tall lanky youth & would be rather good-looking were it not for his cross eyes, poor fellow. I liked what I saw of him but he is painfully shy & I did not have much chance to talk to him long. Then my co-bridesmaid arrived looking so sweet. I do like Lily⁽⁵⁾ Shellabear & so does Mamma, she is such a sweet girl in the proper sense of the term. It was rather jolly seeing someone dressed exactly as you, because you can see then how very pretty your own things are. After the bride we were very much admired too, & at the reception the two groomsmen came up & solemnly remarked that they had never seen such charming hats before.

At ¼ past 1, Mamma & Aunt Bessie & Lily & I set off in a carriage together. Mamma did look so nice in the silvery grey dress that Aunt Annie⁽⁶⁾ gave her, most beautifully made at Pophams⁽⁷⁾ & trimmed with her own Honiton lace, & with a little black crinoline hat with black & white feathers drooping over the side, right down to her shoulder. Fancy my forgetting to say that the day was perfect, brilliant, hot sunshine, bright blue sky & a pleasant breeze.

When we got to Old Church⁽⁸⁾, Lily & I had to wait in the porch for Uncle Carl⁽⁹⁾ and Elsie to arrive, & it was rather an awful ordeal for all the back of the church turned round & stared, but Hamilton Serpell⁽¹⁰⁾ who was acting as usher was very nice & talked to us. In about 5 minutes Elsie's carriage fought its way thro' the big crowd outside the doors & she came up the steps on Uncle Carl's arm. Truly and really, I have never seen her look so sweetly pretty. Her dress was a perfect dream as I have told you before & the long tulle veil which she wore off her face suited her to perfection, but best of all she had a little colour & looked so happy, but not so much so as she did later on, coming down the aisle on Charles' arm. The nave of the church was full right to the doors & you know how big it is, but as Lily and I followed them up the aisle I was much too excited to notice

The Plymouth Wedding.

anyone individually except the noble form of Cousin Emma⁽¹¹⁾ whose presence overwhelmed all the front pews.

Elsie said she felt dreadful until she saw Charles waiting for her at the Chancel steps, (the poor dear had been kept waiting there for 7 or 8 minutes by Harold⁽¹²⁾, & he received her with the nicest eyes I ever saw), & then she felt all right. I did feel just horrible all thro' the service, and it isn't a bit an easy thing to be bridesmaid to anyone you are very fond of, it makes you feel sort of responsible & horribly jealous, of Charles I mean. When they had been declared man & wife, they went up to the altar rails arm in [arm] alone, & we waited for them. Then as they came down again, I delivered up her bouquet to Elsie again, and we followed them to the vestry on our groomsmen's arms. Charles, of course, kissed Elsie first, but I did second, & before all the mob of relations found their way in too. I forgot to say that Uncle Carl did his part beautifully, even though it was not a speaking one, of which he had been complaining all along. He did not rush Elsie up the aisle as Aunt Bessie had been afraid he would, & he bowed most gracefully as he gave her away. Uncle Harry⁽¹³⁾ came into the Vestry at Mamma's request to Uncle Carl, but he riled Uncle Carl very much by loudly stating his desire to sign the Register "in loco parentis". Like his cheek, wasn't it?

After six or seven minutes in the Vestry we formed up again and processed round the front and down the main aisle once more. It was the jolliest happiest congregation I have ever seen, & the Wedding March sounded fine. As we turned into the main aisle Ida Watkins⁽¹⁴⁾ twins, dear little kiddies of 4, were standing up on the seat waving their hands to Elsie, and she just stopped short & kissed them both. Wasn't it jolly of her? [When] we got back to the door again the crowd was bigger than ever & stretched half-way across the Guildhall Square, and didn't they admire neither(sic) as Elsie & Charles went down to their carriage! Mamma, Uncle Carl & Aunt Bessie went off next as they wanted to be there before the guests began to arrive. Then we & our groomsmen packed into the next. It was such fun, for the crowd was surging round the carriage all the time & one little boy was nearly pressed thro' the window. Walter Weeks⁽¹⁵⁾ and Harold were so tall too that they had the greatest difficulty in squeezing in, top hats & all. In fact the former had to take his off. We had the jolliest drive back, the sunshine was brighter than ever, & all the shop people seemed to have turned out on the pavement to watch us pass.

The Plymouth Wedding.

The reception which followed was the biggest crush I think I've ever been in, close on 200 people. Elsie and Charles received on the landing halfway up the stairs. The drawing-room was chock-full of wedding presents, the dining-room of tea & coffee & cakes & ices, the study of wedding cake, peaches & champagne, and every one of them, including stairs and passages were full to overflowing of a beaming congratulatory crowd. Our groomsmen were awfully good & looked after Lily and me splendidly and piloted us about. In spite of all their care though, we fought our way to the study too late to see the cake cut, but Harold & I solemnly drunk her health together in champagne afterwards. Then we parted & made our way upstairs to dress our respective charges, the bride & bridegroom. There was not much peace for either of them though, for telegrams came in shoals, & stern as I tried to be I could not keep them out, for they seemed to send a fresh messenger every time. Before they went upstairs to change tho', I had a second or two in Elsie's sitting-room alone with them both, & then I think, Charles did the very nicest thing. He told me very seriously how very much he loved Elsie, & how I could safely trust her to his care. Then he kissed her, & we two shook hands.

You would have laughed if you had seen them going off together. Both looked charming in their going-away clothes, Charles in chocolate brown, & Elsie in her beautiful green Shantung silk coat & skirt & white chip hat trimmed with brown net & a lovely plume of marabout feathers tipped with pale brown. The poor dears though had to pass down the stairs between a double row of guests, each provided with a handfull of silver confetti. It was such pretty stuff but it must have stuck like anything, especially the little silver horse-shoes of which there were heaps.

After they had driven off people began to leave & soon all were gone but a select circle of immediate relations. Then we all congregated in the Study & began to eat & drink in real earnest & I had some nice talks with Charles' relations. They are all so awfully nice to me. Then it was that Mrs. Serpell⁽¹⁶⁾ asked me to come up & visit her in the evening & see some of the new furniture which had just arrived & the lovely carpet Harold Serpell had given them as his present. Was it not kind of her because she was naturally very tired? I was glad enough to accept though, because I was simply dreading the idea of the evening alone with Uncle Carl & Aunt Bessie. It would have been such a dismal aftermath. Harold said he would come down & fetch

The Plymouth Wedding.

me after dinner, which he did. We had a would-be cheerful *dîner-à-quatre* at the Duke of Cornwall Hotel to give the servants a rest, & Uncle Carl insisted on our having champagne again & drinking "All Absent Friends", and we had another toast especially for Papa.

I enjoyed the evening very much. Harold was most awfully nice & I never felt a bit shy of him for a moment. That whole family has a knack of making you feel comfortable & at home with them, that is, of course, if they want you to be so. We went up to Mannamead & came back again about 10 o'clock on the top of a tramcar & talked about all sorts of things, & I had felt so inclined to melancholy that I was most glad to have someone to keep off my thoughts. Mrs. Serpell was so very nice to me too & said she liked to have me there because I reminded her of Elsie. I think it was really noble of her to say & think that just on the very evening when she might have been feeling a little bitter about her taking away Charles & upsetting all her home & way of life. The carpet is a beauty, a Wilton of such a lovely shade of blue & with dear little blue flowers all over it in a paler shade.

I forgot to say that our bridesmaids' pendants are the daintiest, loveliest little things. They consist of a big moonstone set in silver, with quaint silver tracery all round it & dear little 5silver chains. I really think it is prettier than the moonstone necklace Aunt Bessie sent me. I am coming on in the way of jewellery for Aunt Lily has given me my 21st birthday brooch, such a lovely thing - a beautiful big true-lovers knot of rose-garnets set in silver. It glistens like a live thing.

I shall write a letter to Papa either this week or next about my visit here. I am enjoying it very much, the weather is beautiful and it is so quiet and peaceful, besides Aunt Lily is being most awfully nice to me. Lizzie⁽¹⁷⁾ loves you to distraction & is always talking about your visit. I fancy Mamma is writing to Lilian, but if you think she would like my account of the wedding too, you might send her on this. I find it so difficult to get time for writing even here.

Lots of love to you and Papa from Katie.

P.S. I kept on wishing so all the wedding day that you & Lilian & Papa could have been there, Papa especially would have liked it all so.

P.S. Aunt Lily would not send her love before because she said there was not room, but I have induced her to let me put it in a P.S.

The Plymouth Wedding.

NOTES ON KATIE'S LETTER

(1) MARJORIE was the third of the Friend daughters. She was by profession a school-teacher and died unmarried. Katie, as the youngest of the family, had a special affection for her. Although she remained in Australia and did not attend the wedding, she had been back to the U.K. before this date (See Note 17) and was to revisit her sisters there both before World War I and after it. When the writer of these notes, whose godmother she was, was about two years old, she appears from photographs to have accompanied her parents, "Papa" and "Mamma", on a visit to both daughters and their husbands in the U.K. The writer remembers her both for the socks she knitted him during World War I (all of which arrived with an Australian sixpence in their toes), and during post-war visits in the 1920s for the mordant sense of humour which salted her conversation.

(2) AUNT BESSIE was the way the Friend sisters referred to Lady Radford, wife of Sir Charles Radford (or "Uncle Carl"). There was a close connection between the Friends and the Radfords resulting from the marriage between John Friend, (d.1893), coal merchant, of 24, Chapel Street, Stonehouse, Plymouth, and Jemima Radford (sister, or perhaps cousin, of Sir Charles). By his wife, John Friend had nine children, the oldest being Elizabeth Radford Friend, the "Aunt Lily" referred to in Katie's letter. The second child was Frederick William Friend, the father (or "Papa") of the Friend sisters. Sir Charles and Lady Radford seem to have offered the Friend sisters a 'home from home' in Plymouth when they were old enough to travel there from Australia. Lilian and Elsie, the two oldest, had been staying with the Radfords when Elsie met and became engaged to Charles Serpell. Lilian went back to Australia, apparently feeling it incumbent on her to help to support her parents by her earnings as a governess. Elsie stayed on and, as Katie's letter shows, was married from the Radfords' house in the Crescent, Plymouth. Of Aunt Bessie, R.C.F.S. writes:

"She had the maiden name of May. Her father was a surveyor. She was a blue-stockings and wrote a novel, 'Jennie of the Villa', published by Edward Arnold in 1900, which earned the personal commendation, in one of his famous post-cards, of George Bernard Shaw."

(3) MAMMA (with the accent always on the second syllable) was the Friend sisters' name for their mother, Leila née Bonwick. She had been born in Australia, a daughter of the wellknown Australian pioneer and prolific writer, James Bonwick (1817-1906). She married Frederick William Friend and had her four daughters in Colchester, Essex, where her husband ran a successful haberdashery business. Unfortunately he was financially ruined by going guarantor for a friend who let him down. Possibly influenced by his wife's background he decided to migrate.

R.C.F.S. writes:

"With considerable courage he emigrated to Australia in 1896 with his invalid wife. They left Southampton on April 13, 1896, travelling on the S.S. OLDENBURG, and arrived in Melbourne on May 27, 1896. With them went their four young daughters. Leila Friend, who died in 1916, travelled better than her father who journeyed with his wife, Esther, née Beddow to Tasmania in 1841 in a brig of 229 tons, the WILLIAM WISE. The skipper had bouts of delirium tremens, they were chased by pirates off Cape Verde, they spent three days driven helplessly before a cyclone, and their journey to Hobart took 120 days. 6

The Plymouth Wedding.

(4) GEOFF Friend was one of the three children of Edward Phillip Friend, himself son of John F., the coal merchant.

R.C.F.S. writes:

"E.P.F. carried on the coal business in succession to his father. Mother (i.e. Elsie) was, as a girl, staying with him at one time. He was lachrimose and self-pitying and frequently threatened to commit suicide. Mother eventually suggested that instead of talking so much about it, he really did it. The subject of suicide was never mentioned again.

"Geoff was an amiable, weak sort of person whom I vaguely remember, for having emigrated to farm in Australia, he patriotically returned to the U.K. to join in the War despite a certificate (which I hold) signed by an M.O. on the 'Australian Imperial (Expeditionary) Force' that his defective vision made him permanently unfit. He joined the Army Veterinary Corps in April, 1917, and in a few months died of pneumonia. I did once come on some correspondence of Charles Radford which revealed that Geoff had at some time 'got a girl into trouble' and that C.R. had done his best to help in distressing circumstances."

(5) LILY SHELLABEAR: R.C.F.S. writes:

"She was a dear friend and coeval of Mother's. She died pathetically young and unmarried."

(6) AUNT ANNIE Beddow was a sister of Leila Friend and therefore aunt to the Friend sisters. She married her cousin, Josiah Beddow, ('Uncle Josh') on her mother's side of the family.

R.C.F.S. writes:

"Aunt Annie married her cousin, Josiah, *en deuxième nocces*. She had had an unsuccessful first marriage to a Mr. Taylor in Australia, by whom she had one daughter, Ella Blomfield (as she subsequently became). He died of drink in India. Uncle Josh's parents were dead against the marriage with Annie 'on the ground of the inexpediency of cousins marrying. However he took medical advice and much prejudice was overcome on this score'. This quotation I take from a 20-page foolscap typed MS 'The Story of my Life' by E.A. Beddow, sent to Mother shortly after Aunt Annie's death, aged 91, in April, 1938. I can recall Uncle Josh as rather handsome: he was 'Proper's Shoe Polish'. By Aunt Anne he had five children: Percival, Edith, Mabel, Lucy and Harold."

The writer remembers Aunt Annie in the early 1930s when she and Uncle Josh were living in a large detached house in Upper Norwood. Both house (velvet curtains, canopied love-seat, and ceramic negro page holding tray for visiting-cards) and garden (parterres of red geraniums, yellow calceolarias and blue lobelias) were in the high Victorian style. Aunt Annie was a dominating lady resting on her laurels as President of the British Women's Temperance Association (shades of the late Mr. Taylor). I remember her husband as a gentle, silver-haired little man, one of whose duties was to get out of bed on summer nights and fan his wife's feet when they got too hot.

(7) POPHAM'S was Plymouth's premier store. R.C.F.S. writes:

"It was originally Popham and Radford. It was founded by a female Radford ancestor. Charles Radford, who was twice Mayor of Plymouth, retired early from the firm, having presumably made his pile. Hugh Popham, Keeper of the Prints at the British Museum, was of this Popham family but I do not know the connexion. It's more than likely that the Pophams and the Radfords inter-married." ?

The Plymouth Wedding.

This likelihood is increased by the fact that the writer's parents used to refer to 'Cousin' Hugh Popham.

(8) OLD CHURCH: The traditional name for Plymouth's original parish church, - St. Andrew's - standing in the heart of the old city. During World War II. it was blitzed and severely damaged but has since been rebuilt.

(9) UNCLE CARL i.e. Sir Charles Radford (See Note 7 above).

R.C.F.S. writes:

"He was always known as 'Uncle Carl' though we children called him 'Gruncle'. He was short and rotund, and I find it difficult to believe that, as Aunt Katie claims, 'he bowed most gracefully'. He was kind-hearted and generous, devoted to his nieces, and died suddenly at Mullion in Cornwall in 1915 or 1916. He took Lilian and Elsie to Paris, when Lilian shocked him to the core by on one occasion watering down her champagne."

(10) HAMILTON SERPELL was the third of the Serpell brothers. He became a doctor and ran a country practice in Devon and Cornwall, but died in middle age. He had two sons, John who died young, and Hugh who left public school to emigrate to Australia under the 'Big Brother' scheme in the 1920s. He became a highly successful farmer in Victoria where he still lives on retirement, at the time of writing. Curiously Katie does not mention in this letter the fourth and youngest brother, Douglas Serpell, who took up civil engineering as his career.

(11) COUSIN EMMA (so-called by Katie although she belonged to the earlier generation of 'aunts') was the wife of George Radford, Charles R's brother, who practiced as a solicitor in Chancery Lane.

R.C.F.S. writes:

"She was an able antiquarian, a member of the Devon Association, and, I think, an F.S.A. She did not easily forgive the fact that Charles was knighted before her husband, George, who was also an M.P. She had beautiful taste, the most exquisite and aromatic china tea, was learned and could write with authority on local history. She also had two horrible, snuffling pugs, one of which I helped through a doorway with my foot when Leila and I making a formal call at her beautiful house in Pennsylvania Park, Exeter, were left alone in her drawing-room. I shall never forget Leila's agonized convulsions of suppressed laughter as our hostess arrived. She had no heart: she would do a 'Lady Bountiful' visit on country cottages, admire the one treasure (eg a piece of lustre) the owners had, and ruthlessly accept it as a gift and bring it home. Two of her daughters, Cicely and Ursula, lived long unmarried in a lovely Georgian house at Topsham, and from them I received many kindnesses.

(12) HAROLD Wilson Serpell was the second, after Charles, of the four Serpell brothers and was a year later to become Katie's husband. This letter records what appears to have been their first encounter and the beginning of a love-match which lasted all their lives. Harold had taken a degree in Classics at Exeter College, Oxford, and had a short spell teaching at Yarmouth before going abroad to France and Germany on the proceeds of a legacy to specialize in modern languages. On return to this country he obtained a teaching post at Leeds Grammar School where where he remained for the rest of his professional life. His Third Class degree may have hindered him from obtaining a headmastership but his

The Plymouth Wedding.

deep and abiding interest in teaching and the affectionate and enthusiastic response of the boys whom he taught reconciled him to becoming the 'Mr. Chips' of Leeds Grammar School where he rose to be Senior Master.

(13) UNCLE HARRY was another son of the prolific marriage between John Friend, the coal merchant, and Jemima Radford. So it was as a brother of the Friend girls' 'Papa' that he made his claim to be 'in loco parentis'. R.C.F.S. writes:

"He was, I believe, in a bank at one time. By his second wife, Catherine, he had three children, two daughters and a son called Roderick whose father helped him not at all. Roderick was not very bright. I remember him coming to Mother's house occasionally. He was an A.B. on H.M.S. RENOWN, was permanently injured falling down a hatchway, and was invalided out. He became a park attendant somewhere. He never married, and died long ago. Although always known as 'Roderick', he told me he had found that his birth certificate shewed him simply as 'John'. The one romantic thing about him was taken away."

(14) IDA WATKINS was the only daughter of the Serpell family and second child after Charles. She married a naval officer, Ben Watkins, whom the writer remembers as an irascible retired Captain, living in Ealing. Ida had four children - Jim, Tom, and the twins, Margaret and Arthur, who are mentioned in the letter.

(15) WALTER WEEKES, who, with Harold, was one of the two 'groomsmen', was a cousin of the Serpell brothers. Their mother, Emily, née Watt, had a sister, Sarah, who married Samuel Weekes, musician, and had by him two sons, Walter and Reg. (Under this note it is worth calling attention to the fact that the term 'best man' is nowhere used in Katie's letter. Instead there are two 'groomsmen' to correspond with the two 'bridesmaids', even though Harold seems to have performed the duties of what is now called a 'best man', such as dragging the bridegroom with time to spare to the chancel steps to await his bride.

(16) Mrs. SERPELL, mother of Charles, Ida, Harold, Hamilton and Douglas, had brought up her family through a long widowhood. Herself a Watt (see previous note) she had married Samuel Nicholson Serpell, biscuit manufacturer, eldest son of Robert Coad Serpell. There was a strong Baptist tradition in the family: he was called after a Baptist minister, Samuel Nicholson who was his father's friend. (In the writer's possession is a silver-plated trowel bearing the inscription: "Presented to R.C. Serpell Esq., of the Baptist Church of Ottery St. Mary on the occasion of his laying the memorial stones of the New Chapel, July 3rd, 1878.") Samuel N. Serpell died young, at the age of 34, in 1879, leaving his widow with five children to bring up. R.C.F.S. writes:

"Tony (son of Douglas Serpell) recently sent me an old Baedeker of Switzerland containing an account of a nearly mortal adventure S.N.S. had in 1878. A mountaineer of Chamonix happened, while working, to see S.N.S. walking all alone across a glacier, and then missed him. He went to search for him and finally found him: he had slipped into a rocky pit from which he could not get out. He was up to his knees in water and frozen with cold. The mountaineer fortunately had his ice-axe with him and cut steps enabling him to escape. One wonders whether this accident may have contributed to his early death the following year."

The Plymouth Wedding.

The writer has a clear recollection of Grannie, or Grannie Serpell as she was sometimes called, to distinguish her from Grandmamma Friend in Australia. She was a gentle, loving old lady, always dressed in black, wearing a lace cap on her head indoors and a bonnet when going out. She was interested in homœopathy and would minister to my childish indispositions with minute pills of belladonna or aconite.

(17) LIZZIE Vann was the faithful cook and companion of 'Aunt Lily', the eldest and unmarried daughter of the Friend-Radford marriage referred to above (See Note 2). Elizabeth Radford Friend (as her real name was) was living at the time when Katie was staying with her at Chaldon near Caterham in Surrey. Later she seems to have moved.

R.C.F.S. writes

"She seems to have been affluent by the rather poverty-stricken Friend standard. She died aged 73, 'a spinster of independent means' (according to her death certificate) in 1919 at Little Crofton, Titchfield, in the County of Southampton."

This passage offers evidence that Marjorie had visited 'Aunt Lily' and endeared herself to Lizzie Vann.

The above notes are offered only as a rough guide to the various personalities mentioned in Katie's letter and not in any way as an exhaustive account of the ramifications of the Serpell-Friend connection. The outcome of the Plymouth wedding was eventually to be the happy marriages of two brothers to two sisters. Charles (d.1949) and Elsie (d.1958) had four children, Roger, David, Barbara and Leila (d.1986). Harold (d.1948) and Katie (d.1949) had five children, Christopher (the writer of this document), Anne (d.1919), Joyce, Michael (d.1983) and Rosemary (d.1969). After his retirement, Harold and Katie left Leeds and bought a cottage in Wiltshire in the village of Donhead St. Mary where their graves are in the churchyard. Their daughter, Joyce, inherited their cottage.