



Ferries across the River Yare 1958

My father was a civil servant working in Uganda. I came to England in my early teens and to Saxlingham Thorpe, south of Norwich, where we had been evacuated to a house because of the war. We did move to West Norfolk for a time where I met my husband and after we had married we came back to Brundall on 15th August 1958 into a house in East Avenue.

We had been living at Surlingham [on the opposite side of the River Yare] with my parents, and we walked down to Coldham Hall, my father, husband and I. We rang the bell for the ferry and the ferryman rowed us across to Brundall...we walked up to the village along a little marshy path with a few funny little houses on the river side and nothing except marsh on the other side, past the pub, The Yare... up to our house in East Avenue which cost us £1500.

The Coldham Hall ferry was a small ferry, although you could get motor bikes into it, the big ferry of course was the one at Surlingham, where cars and lorries went across.

I think I remember Dr Gray telling me that he went across on the ferry because he had some patients on the other side of the river. I used to go across on the Coldham Hall ferry every week with my children to visit my mother who lived in Surlingham, it was a great treat for us all. It was quite a wide flat bottomed rowing boat operated from the boat yard at Coldham Hall.

The railway was steam operated, you bought your ticket from a lady sitting in an office through a window, and could get through trains to London."

***The words of Audrey Emblem who lived in East Avenue, Brundall from 1958.
This is a transcript of her spoken memories, recorded on 7th February 2006.***





Mary Last being ferried to Brundall from Coldham Hall by her father Harry to catch the train to Norwich, where she attended Notre Dame school. 1950s.

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Surlingham Ferry, early 20th century

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