

## **EULOGY FOR EVELYN JOYCE MOYE – 1930 to 2014**

Evelyn Joyce, known to her family and friends as Joyce, was born on 9 March 1930, to George Thrower and Patricia Clarke. She was the elder of the two children born in Ipswich, to this couple in the early 1930s, and at this time the family were living in Avondale Road, but they did move around quite a bit during the war years and beyond, including Nightingale Road and Orwell Road.

Joyce was born into a very musical family. Her father was an amateur violinist who played in local orchestras in his spare time. Joyce loved to hear her father play Fritz Kreisler transcriptions, but unfortunately music in the house seemed to stop when her father was called up into the RAF during WW2 where he was a Leading Aircraftsman.

Joyce first attended Rosehill Primary School. Then at Copleston Secondary school she was very good at sport and was offered a place with the Amateur Athletics Association but her parents would not let her take up this offer. She also played hockey in the Outer Wing position. Away from sport she was also very artistic and had journalistic tendencies, both of which were to feature later in her life. She and recorded many recollections of her personal experiences and what life was like for those workers around her in her early years, for two local newspaper articles written in the early years of the 21<sup>st</sup> century, painting verbal pictures of life in the first half of the 20<sup>th</sup> century before photography became her visual hobby. Over and above these snap-shot verbal pictures (including factory workers queuing at lunchtime outside a nearby popular pie shop), she described in detail a period of a few months when what she and her younger brother were put through is hard to conceive in 21<sup>st</sup> century eyes.

In 1940, Joyce's mother had to go into hospital for an operation. Her father was away in the RAF at the time so was unable to look after the children when they were not at school. There was nothing in Joyce's written recollections to indicate why their doctor took the actions that he did, instead of first seeing if there were any adult extended family members who could take in the children during this time, so there is no way of knowing if he even tried this option first. All we know is that he arranged for them to go into St Johns Home – a children's home where new arrivals were stripped and bathed (including hair wash), put into Home Uniform, fed and dosed up with medicines including Malt, and kept in a "Receiving House" for two weeks. Then they were segregated into Girls and Boys buildings where they slept in long dormitories and were issued with School Clothes to wear when they were marched off to the local Primary School. After two weeks Joyce's father came to the Home to collect them as their mother was out of hospital. The children were happy to be home again. However the doctor turned up to see their mother and he sent the children straight back to St Johns. They had to go through the whole initial "Receiving House" procedure all over again even though they had only been out of St Johns for one day. It was another eight weeks before they were allowed to go home at last – a happy day for them.

Despite all this, Joyce recalled that they were well looked after and treated with kindness at St Johns, and they came home looking fit and well. Although it might have sounded horrendous to those of us born in the second half of the 20<sup>th</sup> century, if one views it in a wider historical context, had the family been living in a city at that time, the children may well have been evacuated and been living away from their families for several years, often forced to be billeted with couples who had no children of their own and who had no idea of the needs and upbringing of young children, and the emotional trauma of being parted from their parents. So perhaps Joyce and Patrick fared better than many of their city counterparts. Ironically, although St Johns Home was later demolished, flats were built on the site, and Joyce's mother lived in one, so there was a long lingering association with the place and its grounds.

The War was not quite over when it was time for Joyce to leave school. Prior to that she had worked at Marks & Spencer on a Saturday as her mother worked there, so it made sense for Joyce to continue there in full-time employment as she was already trained in the men's wear department, and she started there the very next day after finally leaving school, and enjoyed meeting people and relating to customers.

After a while she left, and following a very brief time at a Chemists, she took a job at Ransomes Simms & Jeffries, first in their Wages Office, then with her artistic talents she was put in the Drawing Office as a Tracer, and finally in their Photographic Department working with a Miss Gibbs who she often talked about at home, and alongside Don Chipperfield, a man renowned locally for his films showing street scenes around Ipswich over two decades. With her command of French, it was her job to convert the English labelling on MG Tractors and other machinery that was being exported, into French.

It was at Ransomes that she first met Stanley Moye. They became engaged in 1948, and married in 1951, celebrating 60 years of marriage before Stanley sadly passed away only a few months before their 61<sup>st</sup> Anniversary. Ransomes (like many large businesses before the Sex Discrimination Act put an end to out-moded attitudes) insisted that women employees had to resign when they married. Joyce might have been forced to leave that job, but there were other employers who were not still living in the past, and therefore she continued working for a while, reviving her first career in retail clothing, but this time working in the ladies' fashion department of Footman and Prettys (which later became Debenhams)

Once their only child Philip was well on the way, Joyce did what every other married lady of the age did – she became a housewife (or to be “politically correct” in today's parlance – a Homemaker) both at their first matrimonial home in Ashcroft Road in Ipswich, and then when they moved to Post mill Gardens in Grundisburgh in 1961. Joyce did keep herself occupied outside the home, by helping at the Village Hall, clearing up after activities for a short time. Then she worked in the lounge at The Dog on the village green during the Miners' Strike when the company that Stanley worked

for were forced onto short time. She did not however, totally abandon her artistic love, and once she had moved from the town to the countryside she was often to be seen pedalling around the country lanes on her bicycle, brandishing her camera to photograph the countryside in general and in particular churches and windmills.

Unfortunately Stanley was sustaining ill health and he was eventually obliged to take early retirement at the age of 57, so Joyce spent most of her time from thereon looking after him. Then in the early 1990s Joyce also started having health issues, surviving two major Strokes, but from then on both she and Stanley were in and out of hospital, but rarely both at the same time. In 2000 Philip moved back in with then and took over much of the home-nursing care.

Then Joyce's health issues intensified to such an extent that late in 2011 it became necessary for her to require full-time residential care in a Nursing Home. However within only a few months of her being there, Stanley's health deteriorated until he passed away only about 4 months after Joyce had gone into the Home. It was assumed that by this permanent separation she would not be parted from Stanley for very long. It was therefore a surprise to all who knew her, that she settled well and was happy in her "private world" at the Home, and that she outlived Stanley for as long as she did, content at last and at the end that after 14 years of dutiful yet selfless care of them both, that Philip had finally found personal fulfilment launching himself into marriage.

Died 31<sup>st</sup> March

