

NEWSLETTER 179

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This edition of the *Newsletter*, although, by virtue of printers' deadlines, compiled at the end of October, carries us right through the Christmas period and into 2009. We all know there has been an end-2008 period marked by unease about living costs and our security in general. Let us hope we see an improvement soon, so that the annual good wishes for the festive season, and for a Happy New Year indeed come to pass. Whatever the background, we can look forward with anticipation to the excellent Loughton and District Historical Society programme running through to May.

Dr Fred Stoker and the Lost Garden of Loughton

Loughton's most famous gardener was Dr Fred Stoker, who created a unique garden in the inter-war period at The Summit in Goldings Hill. The Society published in September a small book recording the life and achievements of Dr Stoker which follows on from an article by Richard Morris in *Newsletter 176*.

Fred Stoker was a surgeon, who came to live in Loughton about 1920. He first lived at Oak Lodge (later No 56) Baldwins Hill, but subsequently purchased an adjoining plot of land of almost five acres in the apex between Baldwins Hill and Goldings Hill, with the Potato Ground allotments as the southern boundary. Here he built a house which he called The Summit, and over the following 15-20 years he and his wife, Mary, developed a garden that became known nationally and internationally.

The book tells of Dr Stoker's medical and horticultural achievements and contains illustrations in both monochrome and colour, the latter illustrating the varieties of lily which were one of Dr Stoker's specialities.

Fred Stoker died in July 1943, but his wife continued to live at The Summit until her death in 1964. The land was sold in 1971 and an estate of 41 houses built. However, tree preservation orders were imposed on many of the large trees in the garden and it is still possible to identify some of them.

Dr Fred Stoker and the Lost Garden of Loughton by Richard Morris and Chris Pond is available to members at £2.50 and to the general public at £3.00.

The 'mysteries' of Baldwins Hill

REG WILFORD

Living in Shropshire meant that the mysteries of Baldwins Hill (or was it *Baldwyn's Hill*?) were totally unknown to me.

My grandmother used to talk about visiting her grandmother at Loughton and running down a grassy slope to a lake. She also told me how her grandmother, Susan Hicks, ensured that children were quiet at the table. The cane by the side of her chair meant that any out-of-order child had their leg whipped underneath the table. It probably only happened once but discipline was clearly the order of the day in the 1890s for my grandmother (born in 1886).

It was the search for the house where this all happened that caught my imagination. The 1891 and 1901 census simply showed Susan Hicks as a widow living alone 'on her own means' in Baldwins Hill. On our first visit, several years ago, we found it impossible to get any sense of where the house might be on a road which stretched from Goldings Hill to St John's Place.

It was on a visit to the Essex Record Office that our understanding of Baldwins Hill changed. We found a tithe map dated 1850 and we suddenly realised that Baldwins Hill wasn't a road at all; it was a community of houses which sat on the top of the hill by which passed a grassy track *later* to be called Baldwins Road and then Hill.

The tithe map also provided us with an unexpected bonus; George Hicks, my grandmother's grandfather, was shown as the owner of plot 70.¹

We thought this very strange since George was living in London, working as a turncock (water company employee) and thus far from Loughton.

Thomas Hicks
m.Elizabeth
(Widow Hicks !)
|
George Hicks m. Susan
|
Elizabeth
|
my grandmother

However, living in the house was 'Widow Hicks', clearly George's mother. So George's father was dead and he had inherited. Simple, except that the father,

Thomas, turned out to be an agricultural labourer. What was he doing owning a plot of land?

It was here that Dr Pond and the Loughton & District Historical Society came to my rescue. I learned how in 1815, at the Manorial Court,² Thomas Hicks was granted a quit rent on 8 poles (a square pole is about 26 square metres) of land due to the generosity of Ann Whitaker, the Lady of the Manor. This meant that he became a leaseholder of the land and, for just one shilling per year, bought out the historic requirement that tenants should undertake a day's work for the Manor. This led me back to the ERO and the Manorial Records. The originals had been destroyed but someone had lovingly copied them out in a beautiful hand and information poured out of them.

As far back as 1796, Thomas Hicks had been fined 5 shillings for lopping trees on Bye Days (that is, when lopping was in its close season) and cutting withe (green shoots). However, he was clearly back in favour by 1815 when a condition of his being given ownership of some of the 'waste land' of the manor was that he built a cottage within 12 months. Obviously a go-ahead labourer, but so much so that in 1828 and again in the 1830s he was ordered to withdraw from the extra land he had enclosed beyond his official boundary! This, the rolling fence, was quite a Loughton custom.

Nevertheless, in 1865, George's land was officially extended in the Manorial Court from 'the premises of George Hicks and bounded on or towards the west by a proposed new road', the new Baldwins Road.

However, when the freehold was sold by the Lord of the Manor, J W Maitland, to George in 1866 for £10–10s there were some repercussions, as discovered by Dr Pond when he consulted a submission by the Epping Forest Commissioners to the House of Commons.

It appears that the Commissioners viewed the enclosure (alongside many other similar enclosures) as trespassing onto the 'Crown's Forestal Rights'. It was an illegal enclosure but it appears to have been allowed to stand.

However, I still had to find the house my grandmother visited. The final clue came in the will of George Hicks. His death had taken place at 2 Albion Place. This was the only time an address appeared anywhere. And so it happened that we visited plot 70 (plus the extra land!), on the corner of Whitakers Way and there inscribed on the house was Albion Place, built 1878.

This clearly was not the cottage or shack lived in by Thomas and 'widow Hicks' back in the 1830s and 40s but truly the house where my grandmother had visited her granny.

[Note by Chris Pond – If you have the deeds of your house, or any Loughton property (mostly now redundant for ownership purposes) please let me know and see them so I can record the details.]

Notes

1. Not to be confused with plot 70 encompassing most of Baldwins Hill in a map circa 1875.

2. Quoted from Wallers's *Loughton in Essex* (1900).

Robert Finlaison

'Unearthed' by CHRIS POND

It would be well for those who are vain with superabundant health and unskidded pleasures, to go unto the old churchyard (St Nicholas) at Loughton in Essex, and read the following epitaph which I there copied from the tomb of:

ROBERT FINLAISON
Ob. August 30th, 1849. aet. 40.

Boast not fond men, when ye draw hither,
Of manly beauty, soon to wither;
Of courage, fortitude, and strength,
Profusely given to fleet at length.
Those attributes all joined to swell,
His heart, who tenants this poor cell:
Who wept by kindred, mourn'd by friends,
His half trod path of life, here ends.
Reader, prepare from hence to pass;
Time ebbs and lo! Eternity!
Tho' now thou art as once he was,
Such as he is, thou soon shall be.'

Quoted in Roffe, *Walks in the Way of old Weever*.

Robert Finlaison was the brother of John Finlaison, founder of the actuarial profession, who lived at Algers House.

The first Blitz

RICHARD MORRIS

To most of us 'The Blitz' refers to the period between the autumn of 1940 and spring of 1941, when the German Luftwaffe attacked England with such ferocity, that the outcome of the war was on a knife-edge. Thousands of civilians were killed and whole areas of London and other towns and cities flattened. However, many of our parents and grandparents had memories of an earlier 'Blitz' during the First World War, 1914–1918, when German airships and, later, Gotha bombers mounted raids on London and other towns as a result of which total civilian losses were 1,414 killed and 3,416 injured.

The potential threat from airships and aeroplanes had been recognised before the start of the war in August 1914, but the politicians had been slow to develop any system of air defences. On Christmas Eve 1914, a German seaplane had dropped two bombs in the sea near the Admiralty Pier at Dover and went on to unload more inland, but little damage had been done. On the next day London may have been the target but the German pilot only reached Erith on the Thames before a sole Home Defence aircraft appeared, and the German plane quickly turned for home.

The next attack was by airship when, on the night of 20 January 1915, two German Zeppelins dropped high explosive bombs and incendiaries on Great Yarmouth, Kings Lynn and several villages in Norfolk. More attacks followed, mainly along the East coast, and it was not until the end of May that a Zeppelin reached London, when 30 explosive bombs and 90 incendiaries were dropped over an area from

Leytonstone to Stepney, killing seven people and injuring another 35. Another raid in the middle of August caused damage at Leyton where bombs fell on the Master Bakers' Almshouses. One or two streets had been practically blown to pieces. General Sir Francis Lloyd, the GOC London District, and the owner of Rolls Park at Chigwell, visited Leyton to see the damage and then went on to the West Ham Infirmary to see the injured.

London was again the target on the successive nights of 7 and 8 September when 44 people were killed. Most of the damage was done on the second night when a newly developed 660lb bomb was used by the Germans, which fell near St Bartholomew's Hospital. There were many fires, including two very serious ones in the City. In Wood Street and Silver Street, behind Cheapside, and quite close to Guildhall, warehouses were gutted and there were deep holes in the roadway. A bus full of passengers was blown to pieces near Liverpool Street.

The Zeppelins reached the West End of London in October when two airships dropped bombs in Wellington Street near the Strand, killing eight people. A second bomb dropped just outside the pit entrance to the Strand Theatre, which was crowded for *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, killing one woman. A third bomb fell near the Aldwych Theatre, full for Hall Caine's play *The Prodigal Son*. Had the bombs fallen on the Lyceum, the Strand and the Aldwych Theatres – and each was missed by only a few yards – frightful massacres would have occurred.

There was considerable disquiet about the air-raids. People were asking why the defences of London were so poor; why there was no early warning system; and why the official reports of raids gave so little information.

The raids on London continued unabated throughout 1915 and the early part of 1916. Zeppelins were effectively invulnerable to the British air defences. They flew at 10,000 feet, out of range of artillery and near the ceiling of most Home Defence fighters at the time. However, the balance of air power shifted in 1916 with the British development of aircraft capable of operating at greater altitude and speed.



The wreck of SL11: Leefe-Robinson, inset

The heaviest raid yet on London, with 13 to 15 airships, took place on 2 September, but one of the Zeppelins (SL 11, a smaller, nearly new, Army airship piloted by Wilhelm Schramm) was shot down over Cuffley by Lieutenant Leefe Robinson of No 39

Squadron based at North Weald. Within 48 hours Leefe Robinson was awarded the VC. His achievement was repeated twice, once on the night of 23 September when Navy airship L32 was destroyed over Billericay by 2nd Lieutenant F Sowrey (who received the DSO), and again on 1 October when airship L31 (a Navy Zeppelin, piloted by Kapitän Leutnant Heinrich Mathy, a veteran of many raids) was sighted over Potters Bar and shot down in flames by 2nd lieutenant W J Tempest (awarded the DSO), also of 39 Squadron at North Weald.



The wreck of L31

Michael MacDonagh, a reporter on *The Times*, was sent to Billericay to see the remains of Zeppelin L32:

'The train from Liverpool Street was packed. As we approached Billericay we saw from the windows that the roads were congested with vehicles and pedestrians, making their way slowly and tediously, so thick was the throng. Vendors of minerals waters, fruit and cake who put up stalls in the fields did a roaring trade. In the distance I could see the large aluminium framework of the wrecked airship gleaming brightly in the sunshine.'



Lieutenant W Leefe-Robinson, VC (left)
2nd Lieutenants W J Tempest, DSO and F Sowrey, DSO

The day of the Zeppelin was probably over, but by the summer of 1917, a larger menace was to appear in the skies above London. The Germans had for some time been working on the design and construction of a large bomber aircraft, and the firm Gothaer Waggonfabrik AG had won the contract to build the aircraft, which they named the 'Gotha'.

By the middle of May 1917, both the aircraft and crews were ready. A special squadron had been formed called the Englandgeschwader, or England Squadron, and was based at four airfields in occupied Belgium. On 25 May the first attack with Gothas was mounted when 23 bombers left two airfields in Belgium. Their target was London and they crossed

the Essex coast just north of the River Crouch and then swung south-westerly making for the Thames. As the raiders overflowed Tilbury, dense cloud was filling the western skies and shrouding London, still 20 miles distant, from view.

The decision was taken to abort London as the target, and instead to attack towns along the Kent coast. London had escaped but at the expense of Folkestone, a town surrounded by army camps with troops embarking for and returning from the front in France. The raid on Folkestone produced the highest casualty figures of the war so far: 95 dead and 195 injured.

At 10 am on 13 June, 22 Gothas left their two airfields in Belgium to attack London. Two aircraft shortly returned to their bases with engine trouble, and later another four left the main group to attack Margate and Shoeburyness as a diversionary tactic. By 10.30 the remaining aircraft were flying along the north bank of the Thames, unchallenged by any British aircraft. On the morning of the air raid General Sir Francis Lloyd had gone down to Liverpool Street Station, and soon after his arrival he was forewarned of the approaching aeroplanes. He immediately returned to Horse Guards and was met by the information that aircraft action had been ordered.

The first bombs were dropped by the Gothas at Barking and West Ham, killing four people. By now the anti-aircraft defences of London had opened up, but with little effect on the Gothas flying at 15,000 feet. A prime target was Liverpool Street Station which was reached at 11.40, when in two minutes 72 bombs were dropped on the station and the surrounding streets. The attackers then split into two flights, with one going to attack the docks south of the river.

The flight to the north unloaded the rest of its bombs on Poplar where the worst incident of the raid occurred. The Upper North Street School in East India Dock Road had a roll of 600 and 18 young children were killed and many injured when bombs destroyed their school. During the raid 170 people were killed and 432 injured. Shock at the attack was soon replaced by outrage with demands for an early warning system to be introduced, and local anti-German feeling resulted in property owned by people with German names being attacked. On 20 June Sir Francis Lloyd attended the funeral of 16 of the young children killed at Poplar:

'We went down to Poplar to the Town Hall, where a procession formed and we went to the Parish Church of Poplar. The 16 coffins [2 children were buried in private graves] of the little school children (victims of the air raid) were arranged in the Chancel of the Church just in front of us. The Bishop of London preached, and the whole thing was exceedingly affecting. There was an enormous crowd. I followed the Procession to the [East London] Cemetery, which was a considerable distance, and then returned to the Horse Guards, getting there at four o'clock. It was a most affecting sight.'

The next attack on London came on a Saturday morning three weeks later, when most of the bombs fell in the City and East End, with the Central Telegraph Office in St Martin's-le-Grand badly

damaged. On this occasion 37 people were killed and 141 injured.

After a short hiatus the raids resumed in October with damage at Camberwell estimated to have left 1,000 people homeless. On 28 January 1918, a prolonged attack on London left 47 dead and 169 injured, many of those killed had taken refuge at Odhams Press in Long Acre, where a bomb exploded right in the heart of the works, bringing down the roof, ceilings and machinery on the unfortunate people in the basement. More raids followed in February with people taking refuge whenever possible on the platforms of the Tube stations.

The final Gotha raid on London took place on Whit Monday, 19 May, when between 30 and 40 bombers attacked the City. The anti-aircraft barrage was deafening with, it was estimated, 11,000 rounds fired and seven Gothas shot down. Lewisham and the Old Kent Road took the brunt of the attack with 37 deaths and about 161 injured. The 'All-Clear' sounded at 2 am. The Gothas were now required to support the new German offensive on the Western Front and by July the Allies' counter-offensives were producing results from which they never looked back.

Sources

Diaries of General Sir Francis Lloyd, RHQ Grenadier Guards, Archives.

M MacDonagh, *In London During the Great War* (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 1935).

A P Hyde, *The First Blitz* (Leo Cooper, 2002).

N Hanson, *First Blitz* (Doubleday, 2008).

Another Loughton eccentric, but not 'The Colonel'

RICHARD TAYLOR

I can remember an eccentric bald-headed cyclist, who used to cycle through Loughton High Road to his work, I believe, in London. At about the time of one of the Kennedy assassinations I was told that he attended a political public meeting in Lopping Hall, sat down in the front row and placed a gun, probably a toy one, on the seat next to him. It was reported that one of the politicians 'bravely' snatched the gun away from him. I think that it may have been reported in the *Gazette* at the time.

[Well, the gun could have been loaded! Does anybody recall this? How many more 'unconventional' Loughtonians were there?]

A photographic memory of WWII

TERRY CARTER

Below is the scene of devastation at Buckhurst Hill County High School on 11 July 1944. An enemy flying bomb landed adjacent to the caretaker's house. The caretaker, Mr Beresford, was blinded, and several other family members suffered serious injuries. The

bomb fell at lunchtime on a day that would normally have been a school day. But the Headmaster, Mr Taylor, had made the life-saving decision that the summer term should end a few days early because of the threat of bombs. This photograph shows the remains of the caretaker's house. Had 'Spud' – as Jack Taylor was affectionately known – not made his inspired judgement, the probable scale of dreadful loss of young lives doesn't bear thinking about.



This photograph appeared in *Old Buckwellians News* – November 2002

As a matter of interest, 'Spud's' father, John Henry Taylor (1871–1963) was one of 'The Great Triumvirate' of JHT senior, Harry Vardon and James Braid, who monopolised British golf in the early 20th century. Taylor won the Open Championship five times, plus numerous other open championships. Spud inherited a lesser but very enthusiastic golfing talent, and often, after school hours, practised on the BHCHS playing fields – he retired in 1966, and died in Devon, his home county, and his father's, aged 95.

Mayfield School, Algiers Road– 1920s and 30s

MIKE ALSTON

[The following piece is all from Mike, for now at least, although there are some photos and graphics in reserve, maybe for the next edition. Many members have told me how much they liked his articles, so I hope this relaxing vignette of his school life nearly 80 years ago meets with the same approval.]



Mayfield School, Class 1 – approx 1930 (Mike Alston is in the white shirt, standing facing the camera)

Mayfield School, for children up to the age of

about 8 or 9, was established at No 37 Algiers Road, a few houses up from the junction with The Avenue. It flourished during the 1920s and 30s, and maybe longer,¹ and was run by tall, thin and softly spoken Miss O M Colman, ably assisted by a delightful French lady whom we all knew, simply, as Mademoiselle – and not forgetting her shaggy black dog, Jimmy. Miss Colman also ran a Brownie pack, and, as a Brownie leader, often dressed in the traditional uniform, which gave her the appearance of an older caricature of her younger brood. The school uniform was brown with pale blue trim, and we were divided into 'houses' – Squirrels, Foxes, Rabbits and Field Mice. I was there from 1929 to 1933 and so all my memories are of that period.

The school originally consisted of a semi-detached house (No 37) where those who stayed for lunch had their meals, and a large black wooden hut at the end of the long garden, containing two classrooms separated by a movable partition, and cloakrooms. Alongside the hut was a concrete playground, beyond which was a large grassed area stretching along the backs of several adjacent gardens. Later, in about 1931, Miss Colman had a house built near the hut (now No 35 Algiers Road) and this incorporated an additional, kindergarten, class.

As well as the usual reading, writing and 'sums' there was plenty of handicraft activity using raffia, wool, modelling clay . . . the latter could be a bit messy but I am proud to say that, one week, my toadstool was considered the best, and stood on the top of a cupboard for all to admire! I still have two items I made at Mayfield. One, a small embroidered cloth bag, served as a 'hussif' for my sewing gear throughout my service in the Royal Navy in World War II. Another favourite weekly lesson was 'Picture Study', when each of us would be given a sepia-coloured picture – I recall one of Sir Galahad – and then had it explained before we discussed it. For me the most enjoyable subject was the reading by Miss Colman from Andrew Lang's *Tales of Troy*. There was something utterly fascinating about these legendary stories and I even bought a copy for my own use.

Once a week, Mademoiselle took us on a 'Nature Walk', along Upper Park and into Epping Forest. We were then allowed to break from our 'crocodile' and seek items from the woods which we eagerly took back to Mademoiselle (and Jimmy) for identification. Every Christmas the school put on a play at St Mary's Church Hall, before an enraptured audience. At these public performances parents often had hysterics when a luckless child's stockings fell down, whose beard had come off or, on one occasion, bore an 'excitement patch' on his pants. I never aspired to stardom and was invariably an elf or gnome; and my mother, like so many other mums, had to make me a costume in, over the years, red, green and brown satin, with newspaper stuffed into the pointed cap to make it stand up.

Another activity was the cultivation of small personal garden patches in which we raised fast-growing vegetables such as radishes. Attention was also given to the musical side with, inevitably, a percussion band of drums, dulcimers, tambourines

and triangles. Under the tuition of grey-haired Miss Tanner at the piano, and glamorous black-haired Elsie Smith, we sang, with gusto, such jolly hymns as *All Things Bright and Beautiful* and *We Plough the Fields and Scatter*. For those of us lucky enough to stay for lunch the cook, Nellie, produced super meals. I particularly remember a glorious milk pudding made from barley kernels. In spite of much searching I have never found it anywhere. [Reader – any ideas?]

On my first day I was introduced to the class of about 12 seated at tables for two. My companion was Josephine Ford who welcomed me with the friendly remark that I could borrow her rubber eraser at any time. In front of each of us was a cardboard box, complete with one's name, and which contained our personal stationery. Up to that time most of my outings had been to children's parties, at the end of which, carefully trained by my mother, I would thank the hostess for having me. Using the same words to Mademoiselle, I was surprised to learn that I was expected back the next day . . . and the next!

Towards the end of my time at Mayfield I was joined by my sister, Diana, 2½ years younger. This gave rise to an awful occasion. I was then in the top class, taught by Miss Colman, and had misbehaved in some way. 'You obviously aren't grown up enough to be in this class today and so you must go and join the kindergarten for the rest of the lesson.' So I had to explain to the teacher, as quietly as possible, why I was there. She sent me to the back, where I attempted to look inconspicuous; but my sister was of course present and couldn't believe her eyes when her brother joined her! She kept turning round to look at me in disbelief while I, in my turn, tried to indicate that I was there in some sort of supervisory capacity! I had to give this impression because I knew that, as soon as we got home, Diana would tell our mother that I had joined her class and she would instantly ask me, 'Why?'. I cannot remember the outcome but perhaps I was able to think up a plausible explanation!

Pupils came from all over Loughton but I can remember only Peggy Cade and her brother, Peter, coming regularly by car. The rest of us presumably walked and, as many of us didn't stay for lunch (shame!), this meant four journeys a day. As I lived on Traps Hill, nearly a mile away, it is difficult to believe one trudged so far. My morning trip was usually with my father who took me as far as the station (in its original location) before catching his train to the City. I would then slowly, very slowly, walk across the footbridge over the goods sidings and watch the shunting of trucks. On one occasion, as was mentioned in an earlier *Newsletter*, this led to my undoing. I often waited on the bridge for a friend, Joan Hubbard, before continuing to Mayfield together. One morning I waited and waited . . . but no Joan. However, the shunting was an irresistible attraction and time meant nothing. Eventually I got to school, to find, to my horror, that much of the morning was gone! My explanation was unacceptable and a sharp note was sent to my parents. I think it was at this point that I gave up the idea of becoming an engine driver.

I was sorry to leave Mayfield at Easter 1933 when I moved to my prep school, St Aubyns at Woodford. I wonder if any former Mayfield pupils, or their descendants, still live in Loughton. In case this article brings back memories, this is a list of some fellow alumni.

Boys

Aldworth, Michael (Connaught Ave)
 Barratt, Jimmy (Algers Road)*
 Brown, Donald (Carroll Hill)
 Chilvers, John (Algers Road)
 Churchill, Dennis (Station Road)
 Copeman, John (Alderton Hill)
 Day, Gilfrid (Alderton Hill)
 Giblett, Tony (Algers Road)
 Nickoll, Kenneth (Alderton Hill)**
 Poulter, Ralph (Station Road)
 Quartermain, Alan (The Avenue)
 Sykes, Peter (??)
 Walmsley, Bobby (Baldwins Hill)

* Jimmy Barratt's father was, I think, the local Registrar,

** Kenneth Nickol became a doctor and I recently got in touch with him, over 60 years since our last meeting.

Girls

Allen, Anne (Hillcrest Road)
 Cade, Peggy (Goldings Hill Area)
 Dennis, Joan (Church Hill)
 Ford, Josephine (??)
 Giblett, Pat (Algers Road)
 Hubbard, Joan (York Hill)
 Jefferies, Eileen (Alderton Hill)
 Nairn, Valerie (Connaught Avenue?)
 Pratt, June (The Uplands)
 White Barbara (The Uplands)

[Does anybody else recall any of Mike's school friends? As chance would have it, I can make a start, as Gilfrid Day, from the above list, and I (despite the age difference!) were partners for several years in the same City firm. I'm certain he never mentioned Mayfield School, a name that, until Mike came along, I must admit had passed me by – Ed.]

Note

1. I imagine that after No 35 was built, Miss Colman probably sold No 37. So far as I can estimate, I think Mayfield must have closed in the early 1940s – but perhaps long-term residents of Algers Road could solve this point

Cast in Stone and Mapped Out – by Imogen Gray

JOHN HARRISON

As someone who does a lot of writing I attended the 'Getting Published' session at the Literary Festival where one of the speakers was Imogen Gray. She explained how she had used the self-publishing facility available at www.lulu.com and using it produced a novel, a book of photos of Epping Forest and this book which traces the origins of the road names on the Debden Estate. I bought a copy of the book.

Obviously this book will be of interest to many Society members. Any original documentation explaining the London County Council's reasons for

choosing Debden's street names has presumably long been lost. Imogen, a librarian by training, has, however, researched them. The names chosen for road names are from local field names, prominent people associated with the area and other historical references. Interestingly, those roads named after fields are frequently not in the vicinity of 'their' fields. Inevitably, the first road I looked up was my own, Hillyfields. Since moving here 20 years ago, I had always presumed this name had been chosen as it sounded nice. In fact it is a local field name.

In some cases more than one possible explanation could exist for a name and alternatives are therefore given. Clearly it is useful to have this research available both for those interested in local history or those just wanting to find the derivation of the name of their own street. The book is available through the "lulu" website.

[We do not normally review non-member publications, but I will pass enquiries on to John. 28 pages. Price £3.49.]

A Loughton snippet

PAUL BARTON

[This piece takes the form of an e-mail from Paul to Chris Pond earlier this year. It appears exactly as it was received – readers of a sensitive disposition should be warned.]

'Hi Chris: Hope you're enjoying your retirement.

You were extremely helpful to me a couple of years ago in helping me to kick start my family history. Since then I've found out plenty on the Hutt family of Loughton and one little story I found may well interest you – you're welcome to publish it if you wish. It relates to Sarah Hutt, my ancestor who lived on York Hill facing the Gardener's Arms.

At 10am on 7 February 1854 two girls came knocking at Sarah Hutt's door. One was a neighbour, the daughter of a local gardener. She had brought with her an attractive 16-year-old girl called Ellen Welch.

Ellen had been badly beaten and appeared as if she had been dragged about by the hair. There was a wound in her left cheek, her face was bloody, her left ear was quite discoloured, her face was bruised, there was a whip mark round her neck, and Sarah thought her left shoulder was bleeding. There was a large bruise on her knee, her teeth seemed to be loose, and she could not eat anything. Sarah allowed her to stay until the following evening, when her mother arrived. Ellen's ankles still had whip marks, and her night clothes were saturated with blood. On the doctor's advice she remained in bed for a fortnight, in much pain.

It transpired that Ellen had been a prostitute in a Leicester Square brothel. A wealthy young Army captain called John Hatton Keane had persuaded her to move in with him at his Loughton home. Confronted by Ellen's mother, he did not deny assaulting her daughter, but accused her of being unfaithful and said he would "do for her yet".

Keane was ordered to pay damages of £5 for the assault plus a shilling for some clothes he had retained.

This first-hand experience of justice at work would have a profound effect upon Sarah's son William who within a year joined the police force and spent his life upholding the rule of law.

I condensed the above from newspaper reports of the time.

I understand 109 York Hill now has new owners, so I wonder if you know who the new occupants are – they may

be interested to see the history of their home that I have uncovered.

Regards, Paul Barton.'

[When I was in the Union Church Cubs and Scouts, there was a leader called John Hutt, and I am fairly certain he came from York Hill, then The Drive. He was quite a stout lad, but, more to the point, being a Hutt, he had acquired the nickname 'Shed.' – Ed.]

Before your time?

TERRY CARTER

Almost a year ago Mike Alston kindly sent me a package of old newspaper cuttings, some black and white postcards and other photographs that had been handed down to him by his mother. Many of the items are undated, but they appeared to be from the mid-sixties, into the early seventies. Some of the scenes were of places and people taken 60 to 100 years before, so, adding roughly an extra 40 years since they appeared in the then local papers, we have views about 100 years old, some about 140. There are some interesting little stories, too. I hope to dip into the items, which I have not seen in the LDHS collections, from time to time. Some of you may well remember them when they were published, and may enjoy being reminded of them.

The first is not the oldest, probably, working back from the death of the horse, about 1919, but as the Gardener's Arms is our favourite pub, I have used this one first, especially as names can be put to the stars of the photo.



'An early faded photograph of The Gardener's Arms public house in York Hill, Loughton. The horse in the picture is the famous *Noble* who belonged to Caroline Hughes, who once had the pub. *Noble* died as a 20-year-old about 1931. The little girl in the trap is Cissie Frazer, Caroline Hughes' granddaughter, who was later a licensee with her husband Frank. The horse went into the pub every day and drank the beer leavings from a special bowl!'

Memories of the 1987 Hurricane

JOAN FRIEND

[Much has been recorded about the large-scale effects of the Hurricane, but this little piece goes right to the other end of the spectrum. Perhaps, apart from the fallen trees and other chaos, readers have their own slighter memories of that day.]

The day of the hurricane was our daughter's 6th birthday. Her nanny had made some cakes to take to school for her classmates and she was very excited! We woke up in the night to experience the storm – both children slept right through. In the morning, my husband has his doubts as to whether or not she should go to school – we live in Waltham Abbey and had to travel to Loughton through Epping Forest – but Amanda begged him to take her: she so desperately wanted to be at school for her birthday and to take all these cakes! So off they went. My husband had to stop several times to move trees out of the road (at one time it took four men to move one which was particularly huge). Eventually they made it to the school gates: to a notice saying that school was closed for the day – oh dear! So they came all the way back home. We ate as many of the cakes as we could (my husband's comment that the cakes probably wouldn't last until the next day didn't go down too well with his mother-in-law!)

[All's well that ends well. No one was blaming climate change 20 years ago when England was hit by the great storm in October 1987. They were blaming Michael Fish!]

From BBC London 94.9: 'Memoryshare'.

David Johnson

CHRIS POND

David Johnson, OBE, scholarly archivist, Clerk of the Records in the House of Lords, 1991–99, was born on 3 June 1934. He died on 17 April 2008, aged 73.

With his appointment as Clerk of the Records in the House of Lords in 1991, David Johnson reached the pinnacle of his professional life. Like many fine archivists of his generation he came to the profession as an historian with a strong background in research. By the end of his career scholarly preoccupations had increasingly to be shared with the managerial and technological demands of a profession rising to new challenges. But he drew on both in his work at the Record Office and as Chairman of the British Records Association with great success.

David John Johnson was educated at Buckhurst Hill County High School (1945–52) and University College London where he graduated in 1955 in history. In 1957 he was awarded the Goldsmiths' Company's postgraduate studentship in London history and commenced work on a PhD thesis with the title of 'The Lands and Estates of St Paul's Cathedral, London, in the Seventeenth Century'.

He was commissioned by the Corporation of London to write a book on the jurisdiction which the City exercised in the Borough of Southwark from Roman times to the present day. *Southwark and the City* was published by Oxford University Press in 1969, tracing the relations between London and its oldest suburb.

He worked for a short time as assistant editor of the *Victoria County History of Essex* before his appointment in 1966 as assistant Clerk of the Records in the House of Lords. Johnson came to an office

which knew the value of its official records but which needed to exploit their use by historians. His research skills and considerable experience of using documentary sources made him ideally suited for the compilation of a calendar of *The Manuscripts of the House of Lords 1714–1718*, a work of considerable scholarship, which was published by order of the House in 1977.

When Johnson became Deputy Clerk of the Records in 1981, important parliamentary anniversaries obliged a shift in focus away from publication to planning exhibitions. He provided dedicated support in delivering the major exhibition 'Parliament and the Glorious Revolution 1688' at the Banqueting House in the summer of 1988. Later he planned the '500 Years of Record Keeping in Parliament' exhibition which was mounted in Westminster Hall in 1997, and collaborated in designing 'Parliament Past and Present', a permanent exhibition in the Jewel Tower.

In 1991 Johnson succeeded Harry Cobb as Clerk of the Records. As such his most notable achievements were initiation of a survey of current record-keeping in both Houses and completion of a significant conservation programme for about 20,000 of Acts of Parliament, which involved the treatment of 304 miles of vellum. He will be remembered as an extremely agreeable and unfailingly courteous colleague.

He was an active member of his profession, serving for several years as a member of the Society of Archivists' Legislation Panel, and as chairman of its group on the application of data protection legislation. After his retirement in 1999 professional interests were maintained through his chairmanship of the Council of the British Records Association from 2000 until 2004, where he made a notable contribution to maintaining and enhancing its work, and he also found time to return to researching the history of St Paul's.

He was appointed OBE in 1999. David Johnson is survived by his wife, from whom he was separated, and two sons.

[Halfway through the 2008/09 Newsletter season, thanks go to all contributors that make an Editor's task so pleasurable. Although there are some newly arrived fresh pieces for the New Year, the more the merrier, so please keep them coming.]

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