LOUGHTON AND DISTRICT HISTORICAL SOCIETY

NEWSLETTER 185

MARCH/APRIL 2010 Price 40p, free to members

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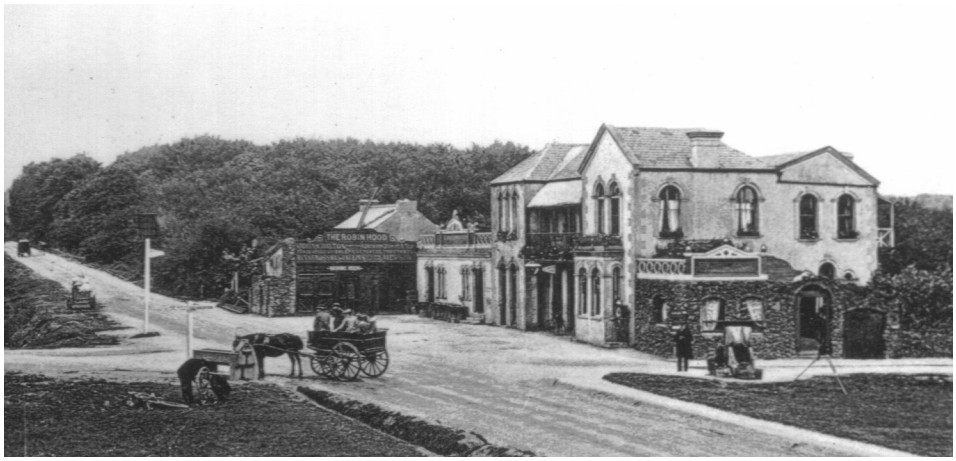


The Robin Hood, 1890 (Broadbridge Collection)

This edition of our *Newsletter*, No 185, March/April, was scheduled for distribution a month earlier. The dreadful weather which led to the cancellation of the January meeting, meant that No 184 was given out late, leading to the delay. At the time of writing, more of the same is being threatened.

This is the last Newsletter of the 2009/10 season, and we hope members and other readers have found something to interest them in the four editions. We also trust that the season's presentations and talks, so well compiled by Richard, have been stimulating, and that the 2010/11 season's programme will be equally as pleasing.

Loughton in 1848

[Found by RICHARD MORRIS. *Much of the following reads like an Estate Agent's brochure of today! – RM]*

'LOUGHTON is a large scattered village, on the eastern side of Epping Forest, and the western side of the picturesque vale of the river Roding, 12 miles NE by N of London, and 4 miles SSW of Epping; consisting chiefly of *Loughton Street*, which extends near two miles along the high road, and has many genteel houses, encompassed by beautiful and picturesque scenery; being in close proximity with the most woody and diversified part of the forest, in the most elevated part of which is seen High Beech, and its new district church. *Debden Green* and *Buckhurst Green* are surrounded by first-rate houses, and the prospects from Golden-hill-House are exceedingly rich and extensive, including most of London, and much of the intervening district of suburban villas in Chigwell, Woodford, Wanstead and Walthamstow, &c, where, as well as here, many of the residents are connected with the trade and commerce of the metropolis.

The parish of Loughton is all within the bounds of Epping Forest, and contains 3,508 acres of land, of which 947 acres are arable, 1,227 pasture and meadow land, and 1,309 open forest and woodland. Its population increased from 681 souls in 1801, to 1,333 in 1841. Wm Whitaker Maitland, Esq, is lord of the manor, and owner of the greater part of the soil; and the rest belongs to John Williams, Esq, J G Lynde, Esq, John Davison, Esq, and several smaller proprietors.

Loughton was one of the seventeen lordships given by Earl Harold to Waltham Abbey. In 1558 Queen Mary attached it to the Duchy of Lancaster, of which it has been held by the Darcy, Stonard, Wroth, and Nassau families. It was purchased in 1745 by Wm Whitaker Esq, from whom it is descended to its present owner.

The *Hall*, which was a large mansion near the church, was burnt down in 1836. The ancient parish *Church* (St Nicholas) being much decayed and inconveniently situated at the distance of a mile east of the village, was pulled down in 1847, except a small portion fitted up for the performance of the burial service. The *New Church*, built in 1846, is a handsome cruciform structure in the Norman style, standing on a commanding eminence in a central situation. It was built by subscription at the cost of about £6,000, and has a short tower rising from its centre. The *rectory*, valued [annual income to the Rector] in the King's Book of 1535 at £18 3s 9d, and in 1831 at £500 [including the parish glebe and tithe commutations], is in the patronage of W W Maitland, Esq, and incumbency of the Ven Anthony Hamilton, MA, who has 42 acres of glebe, and a large old residence, which has recently been much improved, and has handsome pleasure grounds. The tithes were commuted in 1848.'

Source: *History, Gazetteer, and Directory of County of Essex*, by William White, 1848.

The history of Ashley Grove

CHRIS POND

[Ashley Grove is nicely tucked inside the Forest, almost at the corner of Staples Road and York Hill. The following

'potted history', as Chris calls it, arose from an exchange of e-mail information between Chris and Diane Rhodes, including extracts from her deeds, plus other sources.]

1817	A grant of waste is made by the Manor to the Rector and Churchwardens for the purpose of setting up a National Schools Society school. This grant probably had a standard reverter clause (i.e., if the land was no longer needed for the school it was to revert to the Manor).
1888	The school passes to the Loughton School Board and is used for girls.
1902	The school passes to the Essex County Council.
1911	Building of a new girls' school (still there and now the Infant School) is started by ECC.
1913, Feb	Maitland sues the Rector and Churchwardens over the ownership of the land on which the old school stands, knowing it is to be shortly vacated. Chancery rules that Maitland, and not the Parish, own the land.
1914, July	Maitland sells to the Ragged School Union for £700. Old School used for week long outdoor holidays.
1937, May	RSU, having discontinued the use of the school, sell to Oscar Ivar Andren of Buckhurst Hill for £1,050. Andren was born in 1884.
1937 May	The Conservators grant Oscar Andren a wayleave for a pedestrian entrance.
1938	Andren builds the houses and rents them out. No 9's first occupant is Mrs Emma Brocklehurst.
1942	Oscar Andren gives the land to his wife, Grace.
1949	Grace Andren dies; will proved 1950. Copy of will not present but the land passes to Karin Anna Priscilla Penton Levett-Prinsep.
1959	Karin Levett-Prinsep dies intestate. Letters of Administration to her son, Thomas.
1965	No 9 is sold to the first owner-occupier. The house was sold to George Barker and his wife and young daughter three years before Diane bought it.

[*A request from Chris: if any member has old deeds to their house, please do let Chris have a look at them!]*

The legend of Epping Laundry

Maurice Day, a regular contributor, sent me a cutting from the *West Essex Gazette* of 27 August 2009, headed 'The legend of Epping Laundry dies aged 103'. It concerned George Lemon, thought to be the oldest man in Epping, who died in the house in which he was born. The article is interesting in several ways, but the point that is most relevant for our purposes was that George, from his early 20s, worked with his father at the Epping Laundry in Bower Hill, which he later ran with his son Mark, remaining Chairman until it closed earlier in 2009. During the Second World War, George was exempt from call-up because of his job running the laundry, washing clothes for the troops. However, he still played his part as an Epping air raid warden.

Maurice writes with this personal encounter with George: 'Regarding the recent death of Mr Lemon, of Epping Laundry fame: during the War an Epping Laundry van rolled onto its side by our cottage in Rectory Lane, opposite Dents House (the Acting School). The driver (I believe Mr Lemon himself) was brought to the house by Mr Ralph, our next door neighbour, to be patched up by our mother.'

The *West Essex Gazette* article includes these comments: 'In 2002, after the death of the Queen Mother, George became NatWest Bank's oldest customer. He was always very sociable, and an avid supporter and season ticket holder of Tottenham Hotspur for 35 years.'

The Silberrads

The Autumn 2009 issue of the *Essex Journal* has a five page illustrated article by Tony Fox on the author Una Lucy Silberrad. The redoubtable Miss Silberrad had a mother from a middle class London background and a German father who was the 38th Baron of Willigis and a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire. She was born in 1872 and spent most of her life in Buckhurst Hill before at the age of 60 renting a house at Burnham on Crouch, with her sister Phyllis, in 1932 to become a pillar of that community.

Tony Fox describes Una Silberrad as diminutive in stature, self-reliant and having an unusually independent attitude for an Edwardian female. Her nephew believed her ability to entertain her younger brothers and sisters by story-telling was her springboard to authorship, though her first novel was not published until she was 27. She wrote 41 novels and 1 non-fiction work, plus 8 short stories and essays. A book almost every year from 1899 to 1944! Tony Fox describes her literary output and provides a bibliography of her work. She died in 1955 and was buried in Burnham.

Una was particularly close to her younger brother, Dr Oswald John Silberrad. He (and his car) were the subject of an article by John Harrison in *Newsletter 174*, September/October 2007.

Dr Silberrad was born at Buckhurst Hill in 1878 and studied chemistry at Warzburg University in Germany. In his article John describes Dr Silberrad's work at Woolwich Arsenal. He founded Silberrad Research Laboratories in 1907, based at Dryad's Hall in Loughton from 1933. His inventions included the use of TNT to fire artillery shells and an alloy for warship propellers which avoided erosion.

These articles show what a talented family the Silberrads were and how many of Una's books contain scientific information supplied by her brother.

TED MARTIN

June's early war

JUNE BROWN

[A few L & DHS members who are also members of the Epping Forest U3A may recognise this piece. I included June's memories of the early part of the Second World War in the February 2010 issue of the EFU3A Newsletter, *which I also edit. I think it suits ours as well – Ed.]*

Shortly after the outbreak of war in 1939, the Godwin Road School, Forest Gate, was closed and I with others from my form went to a private house for lessons. I was not evacuated with the school, but privately with my family to Lancing in May 1940. I was admitted to a local school and one day went home in great excitement as it was announced that those children who wished could be 'evacuated to Australia', a country which had always fascinated me. I was bitterly disappointed when my parents said 'absolutely not'. With my friends I regularly visited the Lancing beach, until one day our world crashed, as we were denied the beach, which overnight had been festooned with barbed wire and other fearsome looking anti-invasion devices.

My parents, being true Londoners, found Lancing too quiet, and we returned to live in Marlands Road, Barkingside, perfect timing for the first night of the Battle of Britain. Barkingside received more than its fair share of bombs and most nights we slept in our Anderson shelter. Our immediate neighbour, being a builder, had built an extension to their shelter rendering it large enough to house their whole family. Unfortunately a bomb fell in the area between our two shelters; four people were killed and three injured in theirs, but since our shelter was buried it protected us, no one even being injured. My brother, being still in the house, was able to direct the ARP team to dig down to the escape hatch at the rear of the Anderson and we crawled out.

For a few days we slept on a platform at Redbridge Station but found this unattractive, as, while we were returning home in the mornings, the raids were still in progress. Shortly thereafter we had to leave our home and stay with cousins for a week, due to an unexploded bomb in nearby Chadacre Avenue. (Interestingly enough, around 20 years ago, another unexploded bomb was discovered in the same situation; this had been on my routine path to school.)

At this time there were no vacancies at the local schools, so I lost some nine months' regular tuition but eventually gained a place at Parkhill School. However, my parents had had enough and we moved house yet again, this time to Worthing, where I settled to full-time education in a classroom, whilst home during the raids we resorted to an under the table Morrison shelter. Worthing was not devoid of excitement, for I remember a German plane chasing us along the front with its machine guns firing. My friends and I jumped into a doorway for protection.

Our final wartime move was to Beaufort Gardens in Ilford, just in time for the start of the Doodlebug raids, so this time it was sleeping in the cellar . . . but they missed me yet again.

The old printing trade – Part 3

TED MARTIN

The trade in the 20th century

By the beginning of the 20th century the trade in England had become an industry demarcated into newspapers, books and commercial print or jobbing. A high degree of mechanisation had occurred and hand typesetting was mainly used for displayed setting, that is, for type sizes over 14 point in handbills, posters and headlines.

There were a few big printing firms in Essex (Curwen Press at Plaistow and Benhams of Colchester come to mind) but not many in the Loughton area apart from the Bank of England printing works which arrived in 1956. There were of course the many local 'jobbing' printers referred to in Part 1 of this article and the local newspapers.

On the newspapers, printing was by large rotary presses and at ordinary printers by cylinder machines of various sizes run by electricity. There were also platen machines for smaller work. In the bindery, folding machines and other equipment were beginning to replace mainly female labour.

Newspapers were public companies but general printing firms were usually private family companies – a structure that was to have serious implications from mid-century onwards.

The majority of printing works were trade-union organised and in London TU control was very strong, especially on the newspapers. I well remember reporting for casual work on the *Sunday Telegraph* where I was met by the Father of the Chapel who demanded my union card and, when that formality was out of the way, offered me a cup of tea before I reported to the head reader.

The Father (or Mother) of the Chapel was the shop steward and the union branch in the firm was the chapel – a usage said to have come from Caxton setting up his first press in a disused chapel at Westminster. Each union represented in the firm had its own chapel and in the bigger firms these sometimes combined to form an imperial chapel so that one FOC negotiated with management rather than, say, four or five FOCs.

The unions also controlled the supply of labour and when a worker was required a call was put in to the union HQ, generally called the 'House'. Because the unions saw no differences in the skills and backgrounds of individual workers, you had to take the person they sent. I remember taking a reader to task for poor work on law books only to be told that he'd been apprenticed in setting up and checking labels for tins of jam!

Terms were used which were peculiar to the industry and used right across it: the working shift was known as the 'line'. When you started work you 'lined on'; when you finished, the line was off. A person working to the side of you was your side page; somebody in front was your front page, etc. If somebody was on the coach they were ignored, and if you lost your temper you were 'getting the nail box out'. 'Picking' was taking type from a standing job to use in a new job and was an offence; 'dissing' (short for 'distribution') was melting down machine set type to use the metal again and also putting display type back into case. If you were told to 'NF' something you had to ignore it. A 'waysgoose' was the firm's outing.

In the book and jobbing firms there was a tangible sense of family because sometimes two or three

generations of the same family worked there and people quite often married people they met at work.

In my old firm the works manager had started as a 14-year-old composing apprentice and then became composing room overseer before becoming works manager. He worked there for 51 years. This was a weakness as well as a strength because, even though long-serving employees knew the firm and the work inside out, they would always do things their way which made them resistant to new ideas. A book for Oxford University Press had to be reset because they had applied their own setting rules rather than OUP's.

There were quite a few family connections on the newspapers as well, but as they were generally larger plants it was not quite the same.

General printers were usually paternalistic employers. They did not pay high wages but looked after employees in times of trouble and it was not unknown for people to spend the whole of their working lives with one firm, moving up from apprentice to journeyman and in some cases to management. I spent 30 years with my first employer, becoming a director before moving on to publishing as part of the upheaval of the 1980s.

But where were the women in this industry? Traditionally, apart from the office, they were only employed in the bindery where they did all sorts of hand work, such as collating the folded sheets of a book and, in the early days, folding the sheets and sewing them together. Many of these tasks were later done by machine, but even in my day ladies worked in the bindery. The female overseer was usually a force to be reckoned with and bindery girls sometimes married into senior management.

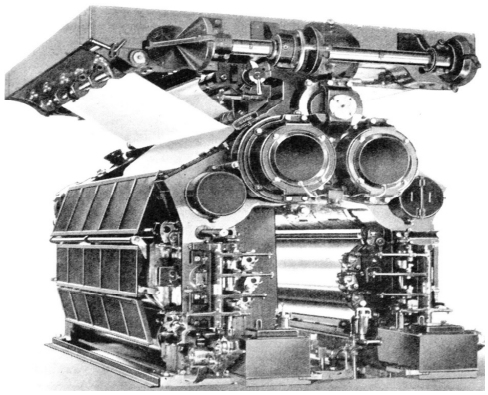
The relative scarcity of women in the industry was not prejudice. A galley of type weighed 25lbs. A forme could be so heavy that a special trolley was needed to move it to the printing machine and two men were needed to lift it onto the bed of the machine. That is why it was predominantly a male industry.

From the 1900s until the 1970s the technology established at the end of the 19th century changed very little. There were of course improvements in the machines employed, but they were basically the same types of machines.

The 'Monotype' was the best means of mechanical typesetting in England and was employed exclusively by the University presses and those book printers whose market was in fine book production. Some book printers, like my own firm, had both 'Monotype' and 'Linotype'. The newspapers were almost exclusively 'Linotype' or 'Intertype' (which was a similar sort of machine), though *The Times* and *Financial Times* had 'Monotype' installations. The FT used theirs for the excessively complicated stock prices page. Lloyd's insurance market had its own printing department for much of the 20th century, mainly to produce its own newspaper, *Lloyd's List*.

On the printing side, the early to middle part of the century saw the home manufactured Wharfedale cylinder printing machines used in the general trade, but from the 50s onwards German machines took over a large part of the market with firms using Miehle and Heidelberg presses.

Bookbinding had several improvements during the century with better folding machines and machines to help in the various processes of binding. This culminated in the Kolbus machine of the 1980s where a machine fed with book blocks and blocked binding cases delivered a stack of bound and jacketed books at the other end, shrink wrapped and ready for dispatch.



A printing unit (for 4 pages) of an old newspaper press, weighing 25 tons and able to print 50,000 copies per hour

On the newspapers stereotyping, which involved the creation of a curved plate to fit onto the cylinder of enormous rotary presses, was the preferred method of transferring type to print. These English presses, usually made by Hoe and Crabtree, filled the room and the noise they made when running had to be heard to be believed. When the *Daily Mirror* left Holborn Circus, after the change to offset printing, it was considered too expensive to remove the rotaries from the basement so it is said that they were concreted in. What a find for a future *Time Team*!

The design revolution

There was another movement in the 20th century which I must mention. It was felt towards the end of the nineteenth century that, because of the rapid expansion which had taken place in that era, type designs had become corrupted and the Victorians' love of excessive ornamentation had made books and other forms of print rather ugly. There was a desire to go back to the roots of printing and to bring more purity and simplicity into the work. This gave rise to the Private Press movement in the late 19th century when William Morris and other gifted amateurs strove to produce more beautiful books. On the commercial printing side, the challenge was taken up by Harold Curwen at the Curwen Press at Plaistow, assisted by Oliver Simon. Dents at the Aldine Press at Letchworth also tried to improve book design but they based theirs on a late 19th century model and mass production meant that the presswork was not as careful as Curwen's.

Oliver Simon shared an office in London with Stanley Morison who was typographical adviser to the Monotype Corporation and, incidentally, performed the same function for *The Times* and thus designed Times New Roman type in about 1932. Morison went back to the Italian and French pioneers of roman type and produced from the 1920s onwards revived classical designs such as Bembo and Garamond and added English types by Bell and

Baskerville. These were received with enthusiasm by book printers so Linotype and Intertype followed with their own versions of these designs. This spelt the end for the 19th century Modern typeface which from then on only appeared in maths books (because it had all the special characters required): Times later replaced it for this function also.

Later of course there came Allen Lane's popular Penguins and Puffins with their high typographical standards but limited life because of the degradation of the paper and sometimes the binding. An explosion in paperback publishing followed with the exploitation of newspaper techniques (rotary presses and metal or rubber plates) to produce books as essentially disposable products.

The end of letterpress

Now we come almost to the end of the story. From the 1960s efforts were being made to find a replacement for hot metal. At first it was thought that the answer would lie with photographic methods and machines such as the 'Rotofoto' were developed to bring a negative image of each character into a position where it could be printed as a positive onto photo paper and when complete could be output on a roll and be manually made up into pages. 'Monotype' had the 'Monophoto' which worked on roughly the same principle.

But then along came the digital computer in the 70s and 80s which could take the author's computer disks; assemble characters from dots or rasters under the bonnet and then make up pages automatically. It would then store the whole thing in its memory and only output when proofs or the finished job was required. Work on the text could be done on the screen.

This had several cataclysmic effects. In the general trade the compositor, stonehand and reader were no longer needed. There had to be some intervention between the author and the typesetting but this was now to be done by the publisher's editorial staff or the typesetter's copy-preparer or the newspaper's sub-editor.

Even worse, how do you print from a flat image on a printing machine that needs a raised surface to print from? You can't. Letterpress printing gave way to offset lithography. This meant that two-thirds of a traditional printer's plant – the composing department and the printing department were redundant.

The private family companies who owned the bulk of the book printers could not usually raise the capital required to re-equip themselves with sophisticated computer systems and then buy the new litho presses which also needed plate-making departments. They either went to the wall or were taken over into larger groups. Some of these groups were asset strippers which quickly sold off a century's carefully garnered assets and the freeholds of the plants. They then amalgamated the companies with other concerns. Many famous names, including Curwen Press, disappeared.

Another problem was the tons of standing type metal used for annual publications or regular editions. In my firm we had over 600 tons. If we put this out on the market all at once the price would collapse. We had to dribble it out under strict security for over a year.

The remaining book printers are generally printers and binders only, with no typesetting facilities. Typesetting is done either in-house by the publisher using the author's data or the data is sent to a specialist bureau, which is more of a computer specialist than a typesetter but has equipment which can produce many pages very quickly.

The Times reading room, c 1950

Newspapers

The actions of the trade unions on the national newspapers had almost become a national scandal but it has to be said that the managements were almost as bad: they were all living in a cloud-cuckoo land where economic reality did not exist.

Eddie Shah pointed the way with his *Today* newspaper which, using non-union labour, computers and litho printing, was produced at a fraction of the cost of the national papers. This was not lost on Rupert Murdoch who prepared a plant at Wapping which again produced a paper without using printing professionals. The journalists input the copy on their computers, the sub-editors made up the pages on a screen and the whole lot was transferred to a litho plate with colour if required and run on a press that was computer controlled and required very little skill from the operator.

Today most of the non-Murdoch newspapers are printed under contract at West Ferry Printers. Murdoch has just moved from Wapping to a new plant alongside the M25 at Enfield. The old fashioned hot metal newspaper is dead.

Finale

So, after 500 years the traditional printing industry has disappeared and the craftsmanship in many instances is in the equipment rather than in the operator and the unions now have little control.

One of the greatest losses is accuracy. The old printing industry had specialist proofreaders who checked not only the compositors' work but also the accuracy of the author and the subeditor. The stories are legion about the disasters averted by these skilled men. It is well known that the worst person to check any work is the person who wrote it: he or she sees what they want to see, not what is there! The effects of

this can be seen every day in newspapers and many other printed publications.

Some of the things that can now be achieved with design and colour are amazing but it is also dispiriting that there are people specifying and producing print today who do not have the first idea of how to design a page or who know nothing about typography. This is the other baby that went out with the bath water. One can only hope that a nucleus of professional typographical designers and well trained subeditors will be enough to protect us, otherwise 500 years of development will count for nothing.

Notes

1. Caxton's successor was Wynkyn de Worde from Alsace. Of other printers in London, John Lettou was probably a Lithuanian, William de Machlinea was from Belgium, and Richard Pynson was a Norman. In Cambridge John Siberch from Cologne arrived in 1520 and at Oxford Theodoric Rood was printing from 1478. With the exception of Richard Pynson, who imported a roman typeface in 1509, all these printers used Gothic or black letter type.

2. Previously, a wealthy aristocrat was needed to underwrite the cost of printing and publication of a new work, but now subscriptions could be invited and when there were enough, printing could begin.

3. A fount is a collection of all the characters necessary in one size of type.

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Internet

On the Curwen Press and printing generally see also my articles in *Newsletters 151, 154, 155, 174* and *175.*

This article is now concluded.

We reach to the other side of the planet!!

STUART LOW

[Stuart Low, a Staples Road and BHCHS contemporary, also a valued contributor to the Newsletter*, now living in Australia, used to work as a surveyor with W & C French. I have used these extracts from a recent e-mail letter from him, with his comments about* Newsletter 184.*]*

I loved the picture of the old police station – brings back memories of the old Loughton we knew and loved. Perhaps, though, memories are happier than the real thing.

I found Ted Martin's piece on printing most interesting as the first job I ever worked on with W & C French was the *Daily Mirror* printing works in High Holborn. Towards the end of the project the *Mirror* was in full operation from there and I recall walking through the press hall watching presses running at a million copies an hour and bundles of newsprint being carried up to the floor above on a system of crossed wires called Igranis conveyors. They were transported from the press to the dispatch hall without a human touching them until they were actually put on the delivery vans.

One of the floors was devoted to compositors sitting at benches preparing the pages which, if I recall, were then cast into curved plates which were attached to the presses.

We had been invited round the old printing works, where we were told of the trouble the *Mirror* had with the unions. Apparently the presses traditionally needed eight men to operate them but the new presses only needed four. However, eight men were still employed to work the presses. What would happen was that a row of chairs was set up by the presses and the men would sit on them and the first two would get up to lift the paper bundles from the press. Whilst they did this the other six would move along the row and the original two would sit on the vacated chairs at the end of the row. This eventually changed to four men clocking in for the eight and doing half a shift then the other four would come in and do the second half of the shift and clock off for all eight.

Another time it was decided that while the shift was in operation there should be a full time toilet attendant on duty. After a strike an attendant was employed. The first time he turned up he was sent home, after a quick check of the toilets, by the crew who said he wasn't needed so he was employed, paid and never did anything. This was my first introduction to unions!!!

I also have a two-page article from the W & C French magazine for the early 60's showing progress on the Harlow Hospital ward block.

W & C French also built hotels for the then Saxon Inns at Northampton, Harlow, Blackburn, Huddersfield and Peterborough all of which I worked on from a virgin site to occupation. Whilst I'm sure you are not too interested in photos of these I would be quite happy to write something on their construction as W & C F were a local company.

Regarding Mike Alston's 'Air Loughton' piece in the same *Newsletter*, I expect you remember the cross-country course going down the path by the side of the old RAF Chigwell balloon site. By the time we were at school [*1957*] the balloons had gone but there were still RAF guys there. I remember that on one school run the RAF were conducting an exercise and whilst Dave Wilkins [*our close friend – a superb sportsman, sadly killed in a road accident, aged 21*], in the lead of course, ran down the path, an airman let off a rifle shot right by him and Dave couldn't hear for a couple of days.

[I have accepted the offer of a W & C French article.]

David and Myra Davis's reminiscences

CHRIS POND

On 24 October, I was rung up by the Loughton Bookshop asking if I had any copies of Alison Whiting's book on the Roding Estate, as they had a customer who urgently wanted one. The customers were David and Myra Davis, who, it turns out, were paying a visit to Loughton, where they had lived as children, on their Golden Wedding day, the following day. I thought it was a very touching thing to do, and they were intending to attend the Methodist Church, where they were married, on the Sunday. We got chatting, and David and Myra promised to let me have some reminiscences. These are they:

Now we are home again we can catch up with our e-mails! We enjoyed our visit to you both on 24 October. The booklet on the church is very useful and has been added to our family files.

On the following day, the 25th, we visited the church – we were made very welcome. It was a *very* emotional day for us, having stood in the old church building exactly 50 years previously at almost the same time (married at 1 pm on the 25th) on a bright Sunday morning. Most of our guests at that time are now departed and only a few cousins surviving. We also visited the Roding fields, which was a favourite place for young couples, and of course the ramble through the forest including a visit to The Reservoir (Staples Road) where with our class teacher (Miss Washington [*I remember her well – Ed*]) took us to float our models of the Kon-Tiki raft. My father did not discover where his bean poles had disappeared to until many years later. Miss Washington was a great teacher, taking us to ballet and to hear classical music in London.

The Reservoir, Staples Road, pre First World War

As per our pleasant visit to yourselves some thoughts:

Re River Roding, in the booklet we remember *The Wrek* as actually being called The Wrecks. I remember seeing soldiers marching down Roding Road – single file on both sides of the road past my old home at 145. On the fields where the tennis courts now stand was a hut which was used for training for fire-fighting (smoke-filled). Adjacent to the hut was an allotment on which my father (Harold) was doing his bit for grow your own! If, on entering the fields, one turns right in front of the tennis courts and walks through the gap past the swings there lies Bomb Hole corner – a favourite fishing place where mums would sit talking to each other while the children fished for minnows and sticklebacks, using any old sack that could be found. It was also a great place to try to build a dam across the river. A pike was caught, as we remember by Sonia Rawlings (reported in the local paper), at Bomb Hole corner. I recall an Ack-Ack gun being located at the junction of Roding Road/Valley Hill.

If, on entering the fields from the bottom of Roding Road, you walk past the tennis courts through the gap past the cricket pitch on the right, then walk towards the end of that field, there was a fort used by soldiers for training. On days when soldiers were training, a guard was placed at the gaps in the hedge to keep us out. In the same area, closer to the river than the left hand tree-lined boundary, was a large hole which we understood to be a bomb hole. Also nearby was The Stepping Stones which allowed access to the other bank. At the top of Avondale Road, on the left hand side, was a large site: no building on it but the cellars were used by us children – great place for children.

We remember the Victory street party – with Mrs Mills on the doorstep (this was and still is up a few steps from the road). My father's claim to fame would have been that on that occasion he played a drum set to accompany her. The street from the corner of Valley Hill on the morning of the party was decorated with all the Xmas decorations that had been carefully saved throughout the war – we children helping, well, that's what we must have thought at the time!

One of the former members of the church, a Mr Lash, I knew as the manager in charge of Ongar Radio Station where I started work as a 'Youth in Training' straight from the South-West Essex Tech at Walthamstow. However, as I recall, the church organ had a problem which involved some new pipes. The antenna feeder system at Ongar Radio consisted of copper tube with a central feeder down the inside of the tube. I guess the copper tubes were about five inches in diameter: just the right size for organ pipes!

The traffic flow down Roding Road was, of course, totally different to modern days. We would play five stones on the edge of the road and kick a ball about safely. When we were out of an evening, about 6.45p.m, one of the parents would call out that 'Dick Barton' was about to start and there was a mass exodus indoors to listen to the BBC.

In the summer, the fields at the bottom of Roding Road would be cut and the hay was carried away on horse-drawn carts – great fun to jump on and drop off at the bridge.

At one time a Police Box (if we say a 'Dr Who' you'll know what we mean) was situated just past the frontage of St Michael's on the left-hand side of Roding Road walking towards the bridge. It was later moved

I (David) attended the church school at St Michael's (Miss Grimwood a tall lady in a long dress and a wide-brimmed hat). Lunches were provided from the British Restaurant which was located at the top of the driveway to the church. One of my jobs was to take the figures into the restaurant of the number of dinners needed for that day.

When the air raid sirens went off we all marched single file to the brick-built shelters which were nearby, located along the edge of what was the senior school field. The teachers led us in singing 'Ten Green Bottles' and many other songs to take our minds off what was happening. A Miss Warren was a teacher at St Michael's. St Michael's school used the main body of the church. (The altar was screened off.) Also, looking towards the back of the church, where the stage used to be, there was a small room which housed a piano; the room between the kitchen and the end of the building was also used as was another small room to the left of the altar – on one occasion for school medicals.

St Michael's had Cubs, Scouts, Brownies and Guides and Church Parades were well attended. It was many years after we were married that we discovered that we were both flag bearers for Guides and Scouts at church parade. The Scouts were run by two people – Skipper Mr Maitland but I cannot remember the name of the other. Always a waiting list to join! My patrol was Foxes – I still have the certificate

presented to me on the occasion I was made a Patrol Leader. The two Leaders who ran the Scouts were dedicated to running the group, taking us away to camp (on one occasion to Great Bardfield where we camped in a field adjacent to the church) and visits to Gilwell Park. I remember together with senior Scouts being dropped in Epping Forest with a compass and a bearing to find our way through the forest to Gilwell.

DAVID AND MYRA DAVIS

A quiet village called Loughton has grown up

More from Will Francies' memories of Loughton life in the first two decades of the 20th century.

Generations of Loughton folk referred to the sparse straggle of shops lying between Lopping Hall and St Mary's Church in the High Road, including a few in Forest Road beside the police station, as 'The Village', and in the early days of this [20th] century this was a fair description of a quiet, sleepy place.

These were the shops of Wickersham, the grocer; Harrison, the chemist (teeth extracted 1s 0d!); Penistan, the draper; the Misses Hubbard, confectioners; Ambrose, the auctioneer; Miss Ramsey in her toyshop; Harris, the harness-maker; King the blacksmith, 'Professor Keep – Hairdresser'; Horton, the butcher; and a few more worthies who served Loughton's sharply divided social stratas, often as councillors for the Urban District, school governors or officers of the church as well.

On summer days long ago the High Road drowsed, only the passing of the tradesmen's carts with the clip-clop of the horses' hooves on the rough dusty road, and an occasional honking motor-car broke the silence. The nearby forest seemed to cast a spell on the place.

There were times, especially near Christmas, when, for a short time, pandemonium reigned as a crazed beast broke away from the herd destined for Wilson the butcher's slaughterhouse, and charged its frenzied way up the High Road, scattering all in its path.

Many years have passed since the shrieks of dying beasts were heard from Loughton's two 'licensed slaughterhouses'.

Those who knew Loughton village during this period, will recollect the rutted High Road depicted in the photographs of the time (dusty or muddy according to season) and the pleasant houses and gardens adjoining St Mary's Church – 'Fircot', 'Brackenhurst' and 'Rosemount' and, on the opposite side, 'The Shrubberies'. And the tall bay-windowed Eaton Villas, where prim maids peeped from the basement kitchens.

Eaton Villas, High Road

At the junction of the High Road with The Drive stood charming 'Brook Cottage' with its pretty garden, and velvet lawns sloping down to the forest brook, which here passes under the High Road. A tablet on this cottage was inscribed '*Parva sed apta domini*' (Small, but sufficient unto a lord) – and indeed it was.

The brook emerged on the other side to meander through fields, in which Loughton's Coronation festivities of 1911 were held, on its way to the River Roding a mile distant.

Further along the High Road (towards Epping), there were more fine old houses, with maids and gardeners to keep them trim. Gould's Dairy supplied 'Milk – Hot or Cold 1d per Glass' while cows grazed in a meadow nearby, or stood knee-deep in a pond, shaded by a giant weeping willow tree.

Beyond the Methodist Church is King's Green where once stood the 'Cage', or lock-up, from which 'Cage Green Cottages' opposite, now demolished, derived their name. They stood on Loughton Cricket Ground and many a hearty 'sixer' landed on their ancient roofs.

At dusk the lamplighters, shouldering long brass poles, lit the flickering gas street lamps, and at dawn extinguished them.

In spite of its 'village' features Loughton was 'commuter country'. In toppers and morning suits the City gents made their way to the Great Eastern Railway's trains to Liverpool Street Station, mostly on foot. A few VIPs arrived in their horse-drawn equipages, a stern-faced groom wearing livery and a cockaded top hat, in attendance, to be escorted to their usual first-class compartment by the station master in person.

But Loughton's old-time City goers were no ordinary disinterested 'commuters', they lent their support to the operatic, orchestral, dramatic and debating societies, and dances and concerts held in Lopping Hall.

[Next season, further extracts from Will's article in the Gazette and Guardian *of 25 April 1969 describe some of Loughton's leisure activities and memories of the First World War, before leading us deeper into 20th century life in the town.*

I find these reflections of particular appeal as Will, like the Editor, was from Smarts Lane, and also because I knew his daughters many years later. I also played cricket for almost 10 years with their husbands – Ed.]

Stephen Skynner of Walthamstow and a collection of silver

RICHARD MORRIS

The Skynner family originally came from Newent in Gloucestershire, but before the end of the seventeenth century, Stephen Skynner (1657–1729) had come to London and established himself as a successful merchant trading with the Levant and Turkey. He lived at Wanstead, Essex, and, in 1690, married Elizabeth Walker, daughter of William Walker of Lambourne, Essex, another successful city merchant.

Stephen and Elizabeth had a son, Stephen (1693–1764) who, following his marriage to Mary Remington of Leyton, went to live in Walthamstow. The Skynner family had considerable wealth, and this was increased by marriages to members of the Walker and

Remington families. The result was that by 1730, Stephen Skynner, Junior, owned much property in London and Essex and had also inherited a fine collection of pictures from his uncle, Thomas Walker.

The firm of Garrard & Co, manufacturing and retail jewellers and silversmiths, was founded by George Wickes in 1722 in Panton Street, London. Wickes was appointed goldsmith to Frederick, Prince of Wales in 1730, and in the same year he entered into partnership with John Craig. Other partners joined Wickes, including Wakelin and Garrard.

The National Art Library at the V & A Museum in London holds the original 'Gentlemen's Ledgers' recording the items made by Wickes and his partners for their clients during various periods from 1735. The ledgers contain a considerable number of items made for Stephen Skynner, and for his son-in-law, William Harvey (1714–1763), who had married Stephen's daughter Emma (1731–1767) in 1750.

Many of the items made in silver were tableware and the ledgers show that in the month of April 1747 alone, Stephen Skynner placed orders for: a Bread Basket; a pair of sauceboats; two pairs of salts with spoons; 24 knives and 24 fork handles; four dozen blades and prongs; two knife cases; a cruet frame and pepper caster; 20 candlesticks; the engraving of 60 crests (with his Arms); a large Wainscott [*sic*] case, iron-bound.

The total cost for all these items was nearly £200, and only two months later Skynner placed an order for 'A Fine Pierced Table [Tray]', which cost £101 2s. The silversmith was required to engrave the border of the tray and to engrave Skynner's crest in the centre of the tray, which cost a further £10. A red leather case was also to be made for the tray.

Stephen Skynner was a regular customer for Wickes and Wakelin for about 15 years. In May 1750 he ordered 'A Large Nurl'd Table' [Tray] at a cost, including engraving, of £115. 'Nurl'd' refers to the thick rope-twist ornament of the border. It is possible that this piece was intended as a wedding gift for his daughter, Emma, who married William Harvey in August of that year. Orders continued throughout the 1750s and in July 1759, Stephen Skynner placed a very large order for 10 round and 14 oval dishes, together with five dozen plates (one dozen of which were for soup), at a cost of £568. The dishes and plates were to be engraved with his crest, and together with one or two other items this brought the total cost to £732 16s 6d.

The marriage of Emma Skynner to William Harvey in 1750, brought further custom to Wickes and Wakelin. The Harveys lived only a few miles from the Skynners, at Rolls Park, Chigwell. Several generations of the Harvey family had also made their fortune as merchants in the City of London and by the middle of the eighteenth century they owned much land in London, Essex and other counties spread across England.

The Gentlemen's Ledgers show that in 1750 William Harvey (1714–1763) opened an account with Wickes and Wakelin, and in January ordered a silver fluted tureen and cover at a cost of £53 9s 0d. It appears that they forgot to order the ladle and this was added in March at a cost of £2 18s 6d. The ledgers also show items for mending and repair, or 'doing up as new'. By 1759, Harvey's hearing seems to have been causing him some trouble, for the silversmith was required first to 'mend a hearing trumpet', and later to 'setting the trumpet to rights and making a new pipe'. Items purchased varied in value from the large dinner service to a small silver shoe buckle, which cost nine shillings!

Some of the items made by the silversmiths for the Skynner and Harvey families have now been acquired by museums and private collectors. They are, no doubt, identified by the family crest and can then be checked against the Gentlemen's Ledgers held at the National Art Library. Two years ago it was reported that the 'Large Nurl'd Table' made for Stephen Skynner in 1750, had been added to the Jerome Rita Gans Collection of English Silver at the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts.

Murky waters – true or false?

TERRY CARTER

There used to be talk of a 'suicide pool' in Epping Forest and a letter in the *Essex Countryside* in 1959 requested information on its whereabouts. In a subsequent edition of the journal, another correspondent suggested that she was sure the pond in question was the Wake Valley Pond, which may have acquired this reputation. However, a third letter writer derided this suggestion, claiming to know exactly where the pernicious waters were situated. The good lady refused point-blank to divulge the exact location, insisting that it was too wicked and dangerous a place to reveal the truth. Her letter includes:

'The suicide pool is deep in the heart of the forest, far from any road. Birds are never heard; squirrels and deer shun its vicinity; no one fishes there, for there are no fish. It is dank, evil and malignant, with an atmosphere unpleasant beyond description. I doubt if the sunshine ever penetrates through the surrounding trees; if it did it would never lighten the black waters. Those who visited the pool, however sceptical they may have been about the supernatural, always come running away after a short time, unless they end up dead in its waters, as many mysteriously do. These tragedies happened before the Second World War. Elliott O'Donnell's *Haunted Britain* (1948) gives further information, as he claims to have had first hand experience of it.'

It seems O'Donnell states:

'The pool, which is 10 feet deep and very weedy in places, has been the scene of many mysterious tragedies, whence it derives its name. People who have been thought by their most intimate friends to have had no inclination to commit suicide have been found drowned in the pool . . . I have done several nocturnal vigils by the pool, and, although I visualized no ghost, I more than once sensed a mixture of influences in the atmosphere, and the near proximity of unearthly presences, some very miserable, and others definitely evil.'

Unfortunately, even scouring the Internet, it has so far proved impossible to find any reference that would help pin down its exact location, or even add weight to any claims of the very existence of this evil pond. So scepticism is probably in order. However, I do remember my grandfather, who knew the forest almost 'like the back of his hand', warning my friends and myself at various times when we were children, to be careful wandering anywhere near the Wake Arms, especially when it was getting dark, as there were deep waters there, where horrible things sometimes happened. May be, like the correspondent mentioned earlier, he was passing on old myths and rumours. But may be not?

The Maplin Sands

RICHARD MORRIS

[Almost off our local map, we know, but if what is described here, or the proposed third airport, had come about, our lives could well have been affected.]

The Maplin Sands are mudflats on the northern bank of the Thames estuary, off Foulness Island, near Southend-on-Sea. Today they are valuable as a wildlife reserve, but readers may recall that a plan to build a third airport for London on the sands was approved in 1973, but abandoned in 1974 in the wake of the 1973–74 oil crisis.

A different development and use of the sands was, however, proposed in 1870, by Colonel William Hope, one of the first winners of the Victoria Cross, who was living at the old manor house of Parsloes in Dagenham. Hope had laid out near Parsloes a large sewage farm, and had for years carried out experiments demonstrating the fact that many agricultural crops could be grown on absolutely sterilised sand by the application of sewage in proper quantities. He had urged that the whole of the London sewage, instead of being emptied into the Thames near Barking, should be carried on to the Maplin sands, where about ten thousand acres of land could be reclaimed and fertilised so as to grow a large portion of the vegetable food for London.

This would have been the cheaper method in the end, saving the pollution of the whole tidal course of the Thames and the enormous annual cost of dredging to partially remedy that pollution. Instead of this wasteful expenditure, the rental of the reclaimed land, with the fertilising sewage, might have been so large as to fully repay the extra expenditure, and at the same time give us an unpolluted stream in our capital city. But the plan was too grand to be accepted and London continued to pay the penalty.

Source: Alfred Russel Wallace, *My Life, A Record of Events and Opinions*, 1905.

John Clare at Dr Allen's Asylum

Following on from the piece in Newsletter 182 *on the biography of John Clare by Jonathan Bate, the complete text of an earlier (1865) biography by Frederick Martin was found on the internet. Though Bate says that Martin's biography tends to exaggerate and is not reliable as to dates, the extract below does give an interesting picture of Clare's sojourn at Dr Allen's asylum at High Beach.*

TED MARTIN

Dr Matthew Allen, of Fair Mead House, into whose asylum Clare had been taken, was among the first reformers who adopted the mild system of treatment for the insane, both on medical and philanthropic grounds. He argued, in the teeth of a whole legion of irate professional brethren, that kindness would be more powerful than cruelty in curing human beings deranged in intellect, and that, even if incurable, the poor creatures whom God had afflicted did not deserve being laid in fetters and treated like savage animals. The doctor necessarily made a great many enemies by preaching this new doctrine; but he likewise was fortunate enough to gain a few friends, who advocated his cause and rendered active aid in carrying it into practice.

It was with the help of these friends that Dr Allen was enabled to set up a large private asylum in the centre of Epping Forest, the establishment consisting of half-a-dozen houses, connected together, and surrounded by large gardens. Here the unhappy sufferers from mental derangement were kept under no more restraint than was absolutely necessary for their own safety and that of others; and, while under the best medical care and attention, were allowed an abundant amount of indoor recreation as well as out-door exercise. When Clare arrived, there were about fifty inmates at Fair Mead House, all of them belonging to the middle and upper classes. Feeling deep sympathy with the unfortunate position of the poet, Dr. Allen admitted him at a mere nominal rate of payment, treating him nevertheless exactly on the same footing as the most favoured of his patients.

Fair Mead House: Dr Allen's Asylum at High Beach

The poet's existence at Fair Mead House for several years flowed on monotonous enough; even more so than that of the other inmates of the asylum. He longed to see his family, to meet familiar faces, and to read and write poetry; but neither wife, nor children, nor any friends ever came to visit him, and the supply of books was necessarily scant and not altogether to his taste.

Dr Allen's treatment of his patients was based on the principle of giving them as much physical labour and exercise as possible, so as to destroy all tendency to a morbid concentration of thought; and thus Clare was kept away from books and paper, and made to go into the garden, to plant, and dig, and water the flowers. He seemed

to fret at first on being deprived of the solace of his poetry, and eagerly seized every occasion to scribble verses upon odd slips of paper, or with chalk against the wall. But as the months passed on, his new forced habits grew upon him, and he left off writing to a great extent, and was foremost among the workers in the fields and garden. His mental state, however, did not improve, although his physical strength appeared to gain by this change. He got stout and robust, and able to go through a greater amount of physical labour than in former days. What seemed to contribute to sooth and quiet – or, perhaps, deaden – his mental energies, was the habit of smoking, which he acquired from his companions. He would smoke for whole days and weeks, either working in the garden, or sitting on the stump of a tree in Epping Forest, without uttering a word.

Yet notwithstanding the visible and increasing derangement of his mental faculties, Clare's poetical powers seemed to be nearly as great and as brilliant as ever. Rare as were the opportunities when he was allowed to indulge in the luxury of writing verses, whenever they offered, the stream of poetry came flowing on swiftly and sweetly. Some accidental visitors to Fair Mead House one day offered him a pencil and sheet of paper, when he sat down on a bench in the garden, and without further musing wrote the following lines:

> 'By a cottage near the wood
> Where lark and thrushes sing,
> In dreaming hours I stood,
> Through summer and through spring:
> There dwells a lovely maiden
> Whose name I sought in vain –
> Some call her pretty Lucy,
> And others honest Jane . . .

When Clare had been above a year at the asylum, and it was found that he was perfectly harmless and inoffensive, he was allowed to roam at his will all over the neighbourhood and through the whole of the forest. This freedom he greatly enjoyed, and not a day passed without his taking long excursions in all directions. In these wanderings he was mostly accompanied by T Campbell, the only son of the author of 'The Pleasures of Hope', with whom he had come to form an intimate acquaintance. Clare wrote a sketch of his forest promenades in a sonnet which he handed to Dr Allen. It ran:

> 'I love the forest and its airy bounds,
> Where friendly Campbell takes his daily rounds;
> I love the break-neck hills, that headlong go,
> And leave me high, and half the world below.
>
> I love to see the Beech Hill mounting high,
> The brook without a bridge, and nearly dry.
> There's Bucket's Hill, a place of furze and clouds,
> Which evening in a golden blaze enshrouds . . .

His acquaintance with young Thomas Campbell brought to Clare occasional presents, and now and then, the pleasant face of a visitor. Among them was Mr Cyrus Bedding, who left a record of his visit in the *English Journal*. Describing Dr. Allen's asylum, he says: 'The situation is lofty; and the patients inhabit several houses at some distance from each other. These houses stand in the midst of gardens, where the invalids may be seen walking about, or cultivating the flowers, just as they feel inclined.'

The visitor . . . found him working in a field,

> '. . . We found a little man, of muscular frame and firmly set, his complexion fresh and forehead high, a nose somewhat aquiline, and long full chin. The expression of his countenance was more pleasing but somewhat less intellectual than that in the engraved portrait prefixed to his works in the edition of *The Village Minstrel*, published in 1821. He was communicative, and answered every question put to him in a manner perfectly unembarrassed. He spoke of the quality of the ground which he was amusing himself by hoeing, and the probability of its giving an increased crop the present year, a continued smile playing upon his lips. He made some remarks illustrative of the difference between the aspect of the country at High Beech and that in the fens from whence he had come – alluded to Northborough and Peterborough – and spoke of his loneliness away from his wife, expressing a great desire to go home, and to have the society of women. He said his solace was his pipe – he had no other: he wanted books. On being asked what books, he said Byron; and we promised to send that poet's works to him.
>
> The principal token of his mental eccentricity was the introduction of prize-fighting, in which he seemed to imagine he was to engage; but the allusion to it was made in the way of interpolation in the middle of the subject on which he was discoursing, brought in abruptly, and abandoned with equal suddenness . . .This was the only symptom of aberration of mind we observed about Clare . . . To our seeming, his affliction was slight; and it is not at all improbable that a relief from mental anxiety might completely restore him . . .'

Mr Cyrus Bedding was mistaken in the anticipation that Clare's 'machinery of thought' would ever get again 'into the regular workings'. At the very time when the visit described here took place, the poet's mental state was worse than before . . . Clare was haunted now, wherever he went, by the vision of his first ideal love, his ever-sought 'Mary'. He fancied that she was his wife, torn from him by evil spirits, and that he was bound to seek her all over the earth. In his wild hallucinations, he confounded his real with his ideal spouse, addressing the latter in language wonderfully sweet, though exhibiting strange flights of imagination . . .

Dr Allen told his patient that he thought his verses very beautiful, at which Clare seemed pleased, and expressed his intention to take them home to his wife, his 'Mary'. The doctor paid little heed to this remark, which, however, was seriously meant. To see his beloved Mary again, now became the one all-absorbing thought of the poet's mind . . .

In the spring of 1841 – having been nearly four years at Fair Mead House – he made several attempts to escape, but was frustrated each time, being brought back by people who met him wandering at a distance. Dr Allen, notwithstanding these warnings, continued to allow full liberty to his patient, ascribing his occasional flights to a mere propensity for roaming about . . . One day, in the middle of July 1841, he stayed away unusually long. When the sun had set without his returning home, attendants were despatched in all directions; but after a long and minute search over the whole neighbourhood, . . . reporting that they had been unsuccessful . . . Some persons . . . had seen him passing through Enfield in a northerly direction; but beyond this fact nothing could be ascertained. Dr Allen felt very uneasy at this mysterious disappearance, and the next day despatched two horsemen in search of Clare. But even they could discover no trace of him beyond Enfield. John Clare was never seen again at Fair Mead House, Epping Forest.

[*Clare walked from Essex to his home at Narborough, in the Fens, but his freedom was brief, for he was committed to the Northampton General Lunatic Asylum in December 1841 and remained there until his death 23 years later.*}

England's Lane: before and after

1905

1931

Both pictures from the Broadbridge Collection

I remember: Staples Road, Goulds, Elevenacre Rise

MAURICE DAY

Reading *Newsletter 182* (September/October 2009) and, in particular, Barbara Harrison's 'A wartime memory of Loughton', brought to mind a few Staples Road School memories.

One morning we were told that we must keep as quiet as possible all day, as people had been bombed out, and were being housed at the far end of the school (West Wing), which was also the First Aid post, I think.

I'm not sure whether this was on the same day – probably not. Anyhow, I would come to school from the York Hill end, pass in front of the Infants, and then, between the two schools, were half submerged air-raid shelters. I can't remember going inside, but I was caught playing on top and got the cane for my trouble. Anyway, my classroom was the first one you came to on reaching the Junior School, on the top floor, a corner room. The form teacher was a Miss Stewart. We had no ceilings in those days, just open beams, with approximately half-a-dozen pen nib darts sticking out of them at odd angles. Of course, one could see the roof tiles, and on this particular morning there were at least two small elongated holes where shrapnel had come through.

Also, my attention was drawn to the cover of the same *Newsletter*, to the 1930 illustration of Gould's Albion Granaries. A few years ago, at one of our Christmas slide shows, presented by Richard Morris, there was a similar picture, but including a lorry, from a different angle. Richard said he couldn't imagine that the lorry could enter the narrow arch. Not being certain myself, I asked my father-in-law, who worked there until the War, whether it could be done. He assured me that, not only the lorry, but a double horse and cart, could enter and turn around in the yard at the rear.

Behind the clock there was quite a large storage room, and I can remember a hatch in the roof of the arch, and a sack of acorns being hoisted up by block and tackle. It would seem that the corn was hauled from the fields by horse and cart to be stored until the millers sent the lorries in to collect it.

We were paid for our acorns and conkers by the bushel, a bushel measure being 19½" diameter by 8½" deep. I seem to remember a container that looked like a cross between a horse's nose-bag and a bucket.

Carroll Hill Loughton, 1930 (Broadbridge Collection)

With reference to *Newsletter 181*, a footnote to Mike Alston's article on Elevenacre Rise. My parents had to move out of Carroll Hill Farm (backing on to St John's Church), in mid-November 1929, as the farm was closing for redevelopment. This seems to tie in with Mike.

We sign off with the usual thanks to those contributors, both regular and new, whose articles have made our job so much easier. The quality, and quantity, of input is very gratifying, making for a healthy mix and we look forward to more of the same next season. Although it helps a lot to receive copy by e-mail, we know not everybody has a PC, so hard copy is welcome as well.

I offer my usual thanks to Ted Martin, not only for his production help, but also his written contributions.

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Printed in Great Britain by Sudbury Print Group Ltd, Sudbury