LOUGHTON AND DISTRICT HISTORICAL SOCIETY

NEWSLETTER 193

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Connaught Waters, when it was still used as a boating lake. Found at a boot sale – probable date, around 1910. The message reads: To Miss Robbins, c/o Mrs Williams, Sea-wall, Pilring, Nr Bristol: 'Dearest Jess, to make sure that you receive one card, I am sending two. With tons + tons + tons + tons of love and kisses. Yours sincerely, Kathleen.'
Clearly Jess was very popular!

VCH Essex – update

RICHARD MORRIS

We have reported in previous Newsletters that the funding arrangements for the VCH Essex were at risk. Essex County Council made the decision last year to withdraw completely from its funding commitments to the VCH Essex after nearly 60 years of support.

The VCH Essex Appeal Fund, a registered charity, to which the L & DHS makes an annual donation, will now revert to its original role as custodian of the most valuable historical project in the county. The Appeal Fund has reached agreement with the Institute of Historical Research (London University) for the forward development and management of the VCH Essex, but the loss of the annual grant will have a considerable effect on the progress of the writing of new volumes.

It has been calculated that the Appeal Fund needs £100,000 over the next four years to enable it to bring volume XII to completion (volume XI which covers the North-East Essex Seaside Resorts was published in February), and to meet other costs including managing the work by volunteers whom the fund intend to rely on increasingly for research in their locations for future volumes.

The Fund currently has £50,000 in its reserves and therefore needs to raise another £50,000 in order to provide the necessary income flow over the next four years. An appeal was launched in October 2011, which coincided with the Diamond Jubilee of the VCH Essex.

At a recent Committee Meeting it was agreed that the Society should make a donation of £250 this year to the Jubilee Appeal Fund. However, members may also wish to make individual donations to the Fund in the light of the serious effect of the withdrawal of the ECC annual grant. Donations should be sent to the Appeal Fund Treasurer:

Mr H Martin Stuchfield, JP, FSA, FRHistS
Lowe Hill House
Stratford St Mary
Suffolk, CO7 6JX

Cheques should be made payable to *VCH Essex (Appeal)*. As the Appeal Fund is a registered charity, tax can be recovered on donations, and a gift aid form

is available from the L & DHS Secretary, and should be sent with donations.

We are very fortunate that earlier volumes of the VCH Essex cover south-west Essex. The well-known large 'red books' are an invaluable resource for students and any person interested in the local history of this area. It is important that the work of the VCH Essex should continue to include those parts of the county not yet covered by the existing volumes, and the project has the full support of the L & DHS. If you would like any more information about the VCH Essex project or the Appeal Fund please contact me.

West Lodge

LYNN HASELDINE-JONES

West Lodge is a fine building on Palmerston Road, clearly dated 1881 in terracotta panelling on the front. It is now a nursing home, but it has a history of private occupation, with some interesting stories.

It was for sale by auction on 3 June 1918 'by order of the surviving executor of the late Dr C E Adams'. At that time it was described as a modern detached double-fronted freehold residence. The ground floor, in addition to a hall, dining room, drawing room and morning room (all with marble chimney pieces and tiled hearths) and various kitchen rooms, also contained a heated waiting room, consulting room and dispensary. Upstairs were four principal bedrooms, a half-landing bedroom and bathroom, and on the top floor were four attic bedrooms and in the meantime the house was let to a tenant for £85 per annum. The property in those days not only had a frontage to Palmerston Road, but also to Westbury Lane.

Dr Adams had died some time before the auction. Dr Charles Edward Adams, MB, MSc, MRCS, was at West Lodge by 1898 but prior to this (as shown in local directories of 1895 and 1896) his surgery was at 4 St John's Villas, further up Palmerston Road. He was born on the Isle of Wight in 1861 and undertook some of his training with Francis Humphreys, a member of the Royal College of Physicians, at 11 Wyndham Place, London, W1. He died at the young age of 49 on 20 October 1910 and was buried in the churchyard of St John the Baptist, Buckhurst Hill, under the inscription 'for twenty-five years physician and surgeon in this parish'. He was active in the church, writing a hymn for use at St John's, and is believed to have been the founder of the Buckhurst Hill Choral Society.

His wife Frances, known as Fanny (née Joyce) died on 20 May 1917 aged 56.[1]

Dr Adams's name may be familiar to those visiting the Church of St John the Baptist, Buckhurst Hill, as he is mentioned on the wall plaque commemorating Elizabeth Oliver, whose residuary legatee he was. The carillon was given in her memory. Not a straightforward story, however, as there was some dispute on her death.

Mrs Oliver, the widow of a bank clerk,[2] died on 1 December 1905, aged 63. Dr Adams signed the death certificate and she was buried in the churchyard of St John the Baptist, Buckhurst Hill. Her brother was not satisfied with the cause of death and asked for an inquest. The Coroner ordered the body exhumed and the inquest took place on 24 September 1906. The brother John Clark (or Clarke, both spellings appear in the newspaper report) stated that his sister had been a 'healthy and robust woman' and that the doctor had 'confined her diet to barley water and sterilized milk though she asked for nourishing delicacies'. He also claimed that the burial was conducted in something of a hurry. Clark's wife, who claimed to have nursed Mrs Oliver in her last days, stated that the doctor constantly changed the medicine, and would not take her into his confidence and resented her asking anything. Clark was asked by the court why he did not complain until he found out that he received less in his sister's will than he had anticipated!

A Home Office analyst, Dr W H Willcox, examined the remains of Mrs Oliver and found no evidence of poison. Dr Frederick John Smith, professor of forensic medicine at the London Hospital, conducted the post-mortem and found evidence of long-standing heart disease.

In summing up, the Coroner said the evidence showed that none of the charges against Dr Adams could stand. The jury unanimously found that the evidence they had heard proved the correctness of the certificate of death given by Dr Adams, and that there was 'no ground for unprofessional conduct being attributed to him'.

Whilst it is known that the house was sold in 1918 by Dr Adams's executor, and that Mrs Adams did not die until 1917, she must have given up living in the property, which was of course a doctor's surgery, before her death as the occupant in 1914 is given as P W Moore. Percy William Moore was also a doctor, MB London, MRCS. By 1914 he had a telephone (number Woodford 235).

In the directories of 1923 and 1929 the occupant is shown as Arthur Ernest Cooper.

The eldest son of Mr and Mrs Cooper was Arthur Gabbetis Cooper, born 14 September 1898. He received an award from the Italian Government for his services on the Italian front during the First World War. He died on 29 May 1928 whilst giving a demonstration of stunt flying in Weymouth, and is buried in the

churchyard of St John the Baptist, Buckhurst Hill. Also commemorated there is his brother Ernest Frederick Cooper, 1893–1921, who died in Nigeria.

These days the building, now numbered 32 Palmerston Road, is in use as a care home for the elderly and those with dementia. There have of course been alterations but it is still an attractive building which I am sure Dr Adams would recognise as his former home.

Notes

1. In the same grave is their son Percy Joyce Adams, 'beloved husband of Vera Adams', who died 31 March 1937. At the age of 26 Percy, an architect, tried to join up at the start of the First World War, but he was quickly discharged on health grounds, having a 'defective lung'. The Adams had two other children, Charles Hubert, born in 1891, and Beatrice Mary, born in 1901. All three children were born in Buckhurst Hill.

2. Edward Oliver died, aged 67, on 24 September 1902.

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Sale document 1918 (A 347), courtesy of the Essex Record Office.

Unattributed, *A Guide to the Parish Church of St John the Baptist, Buckhurst Hill, Essex*, undated.

www.carehome.co.uk

Another Loughton writer and artist

CHRIS POND

In the autumn, I gave a talk to the Woodford Historical Society, 'A Blue Plaque Guide to Loughton'. Among the questions was one from Jean Wyber, who asked if I knew a house called 'The Nook' in Loughton. As it happens, I did, No 29 York Hill, a nice Victorian redbrick detached whose garden fronts Queens Road. For some years, she had owned a book *The Art and Craft of Home-Making* (dated 1913) and signed by its author, Edward William Gregory, from there.

I had heard of Gregory, but knew no more than the name, and that he had written on furniture and design. When Jean lent me the book, I could see it was of great Loughton interest; another product of the Loughton literary/aesthetic/scientific set of pre-First World War times. 'The Nook' was situated in a part of town where artistic/scientific people lived, including George Pearson, Gladys Unger, Frank Baines, Arthur Bacot, all within a 100 or so yards of one another. Like Frank Baines, Gregory was an exponent of the arts and crafts tradition in design and architecture.

One of Gregory's principal collaborators was Horace White, the Loughton architect, and two of the plates illustrate an adaptation of cottages by White, which I think may be Woodbury Knoll, and a floor plan, which may be Horace's own house, in Station Road. There are illustrations of Baillie Scott, who built Woodbury Hollow, as well, and a quotation from Leonard Erskine Hill, FRS, who lived at Nafferton Lodge, High Road (then called Osborne House).

I then did a bit of research on Edward Gregory, who lived at 'The Nook' approximately from 1910 to 1929. He was born in Derby in 1871, and married Amy Constance Elliott at Lambeth in 1901. In the 1911 Census he describes himself as journalist, writer on art, and artist, which is borne out by his obituary in *The Times* in 1935, which states he was trained as an interior designer, and was a capable draughtsman and a painter of some merit in watercolours.

He was on the staff of the *Gentlewoman* from 1901, and from 1920 edited the *Furniture Trades Organiser* and *The Cabinetmaker*. He also wrote for newspapers such as *The Times*, *Daily News*, and *Daily Mail*, and wrote three other books besides the one Jean Wyber told me about. One, *Old Country Inns*, illustrates two Loughton pubs (the Wheatsheaf and King's Head – both designed by White) as worthy successors to the old country inn tradition.

Gregory served in the Army as a captain 1915–19, though he was well over age, and was stationed in Egypt and Palestine.

He died at Sevenoaks, to where he had moved after his health broke down, on 25 June 1935.

Margaret Joyce Bowman, MBE, OStJ (1922–2012)

TERRY CARTER

L & DHS members may recall that *Newsletter 176*, January/February, 2008, carried an article 'On a wing and a prayer: The St John Ambulance Air Wing and Margaret (Betty) Bowman'. If anybody wishes, the full article can be read on our website.

Sadly, Betty, a close family friend, died in January, aged 89, after an eventful and remarkable life, which included years of service both to the St John Ambulance Brigade itself, and to its Air Wing. Betty, as a controller, was responsible between 1972 and 1993, for co-ordinating full transport of organs and complete surgical transplant teams, plus in-flight intensive care. In its 21 years the Wing flew over 2,500 successful missions, totalling over 1 million miles, 9,000 flying hours and 185,000 ground control hours.

Betty stayed in the Air Wing right to the end, in 1993, when the NHS assumed responsibility for transplant organ distribution. Almost the longest serving controller, she handled by far the most missions, 939, out of the 2,500 flights, control of which was mainly from her office within her house in Hillcrest Road, Loughton.

She was very passionate about this voluntary work, and once said to me, 'Even on occasions when we had problems, or things hadn't gone smoothly, at the end of the day all we thought about was that somebody had been given a new lease of life'.

Betty was awarded the MBE and the Order of St. John for her work.

Betty's husband, Clifford Theophilus Frederick

Bowman died in 2002. He fully supported Betty, in all her volunteer work, sometimes assisting in Air Wing missions. We knew Cliff well, and perhaps members would care to know a little about him.

Britain declared war on Germany on 3 September 1939. At Romford, on 4 September Clifford volunteered to serve in the Royal Air Force and was immediately accepted. Throughout the war he was involved in the vital technical preparations for many bombing and glider missions.

On 8 September 1940 he married Margaret Joyce Battey at St Edmund's Church, Chingford, and during the service there was an air-raid. Later, at the wedding supper, he received a telegram recalling him to his unit, and that night was passed in a shelter, while yet another raid was going on – he always said: 'Hitler had a lot to answer for!'

Six weeks after his wedding, he was returning with an RAF friend to RAF Upwood, when the sirens sounded over East London. It was 11 October, and he had spent a weekend leave with Betty at her parents in Leyton. With the warning still sounding off, they decided to phone Upwood to say they would be late returning, as they would have to take cover in one of the shelters. The phone kiosk they used was one of two situated on the island at the junction of Lea Bridge Road and Church Road, near to the old Savoy Cinema in Leyton. It was at this moment that a bomb exploded nearby, blowing the two airmen out of the phone box. They were both found wandering around and covered in blood. Cliff was taken to the Sybourn Street first-aid centre, and was admitted to Whipps Cross Hospital on 12 October, with shrapnel wounds in his legs and head. The RAF decreed, however, that it couldn't have one of its airmen operated on by civilians, and he was plastered up, awaiting transfer to the RAF hospital in Halton, Buckinghamshire. So it was four weeks later that he was operated on for the removal of the shrapnel, with the exception of a piece in the lower leg that was too difficult to extract.

Among others, the bomb blast killed the crews and several passengers of two trolleybuses. Another had flashed a breaker and, it was claimed, the light established a target for the bombers. There were many other casualties, and Betty recalled that, apart from what happened to Cliff, 'I have sad memories of that night, because of the people killed and injured . . . some were friends'.

In this incident Cliff achieved the unwanted distinction of being the first serviceman casualty of the War admitted to Whipps Cross Hospital. Furthermore, following one of her visits to him at RAF Halton Hospital, Betty was offered a lift in a staff car, while undertaking the fairly lengthy walk from the hospital to Wendover railway station. This gesture came from none other than the Royal Air Force Chief of Fighter Command, Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Dowding. Another small claim to fame!

Cliff was discharged from the RAF in October 1945, and from Class G of the Reserve in June 1959.

Do you remember … ?

It's still not too late for more snow! Do you remember scenes like these?

A Central Line train entering Epping Station during heavy snow in the severe winter of 1962–63.

A London bus stuck in a snowdrift in February 1947.

Motoring through the 1930s – some personal memories

MIKE ALSTON

During the 1930s ownership of a car was seen as a bit of a luxury. Our family didn't possess one until 1946, but that didn't stop my father learning to drive – on holiday in Bognor with his brother-in-law, who simply taught him the rudiments in a large coach park. As there was no official driving test, all he then needed to do was to apply for a driving licence and keep renewing it; and that was that. To all intents and purposes he was a qualified driver, although he never actually drove again until over 10 years later. Young drivers were also a rarity, as few (like most of their parents!) could afford a car.

Loughton had two main garages – Patmore's, which was next to the Crown Hotel, and Chiswell's, which was at the Brooklyn Road end of what became the Brooklyn Parade. There was also a vehicle repairer in Old Station Road, behind the old Ambrose building, and with a solitary petrol pump at its entrance. In

those days there were no exclusive petrol stations, and so each major garage had a range of pumps, all hand-operated, from a variety of petrol companies; each pump with its own distinctive and internally illuminated glass globe. As well as Shell, BP and Esso, there were NBM (National Benzole Mixture), Cleveland Discol, Power, Pratts and ROP (Russian Oil Products). Motorists thus had a large selection from which to choose – but one wonders how often the suppliers filled the wrong underground tank!

Probably the most popular supporting oil was Wakefield Castrol (a contraction of 'castor oil' from which it was made, and first introduced in 1909, and supplied by the jug). As well as petrol and oil, water was readily available, as cars were far more prone than today to boiling over. To give warning of a temperature increase, many car radiators were fitted with a small circular temperature gauge, which gave a driver early awareness of danger.

Chiswell's was the bigger site, and always had a long line of cars for sale, facing the High Road. There were many names, some now long-forgotten: Alvis, Armstrong-Siddeley, Bean, Clyno, Jowett, Lagonda, Lanchester, Railton, Singer, Wolseley . . . while the Morgans of the 1930s were small three-wheeler 'runabouts', halfway between a motor-bike and a car. Also remembered were those Jowett cars and little narrow vans with engines which made an unusual 'popping' sound. Prices must have looked low compared to today, as it wasn't until 1961 that I bought my own first car – a 1936 Wolseley Super Six, for £37.50!

Foreign cars were virtually unheard of, and the nearest 'speciality' sales room for a specific car make was, as far as I can recall, at Gates Corner in South Woodford. A neighbour in Traps Hill proudly boasted an American de Soto saloon. This compared favourably with his son's 'baby' Austin 7 which he had been given for his 21st birthday.

In the early 1930s there was no speed limit for cars and motorcycles, until 1935, when a 30mph limit was introduced in 'built-up' areas. Bearing this in mind, there was perhaps nothing unusual when the said neighbour once demonstrated his car's performance to me when he drove his car up Alderton Hill at around 60mph. What a thrill for a 9 or 10 year old, but what a dangerous risk.

On these pre-war cars the front design provided plenty of room for various badges. The most common were for the AA and RAC, and virtually every driver was a member of one or the other. Their patrolmen were a common sight on their distinctive motorcycles and sidecars. It was popularly said that the AA men were expected to salute every car carrying their badge; and failure to do so indicated a fault with the car! AA and RAC huts were also a feature, and members had a key to enter in case of emergency, and thus make a phone call to bring assistance. Another popular badge was the 'V' for veterans, with a small circular disc showing the number of years the owner had been driving. I think this would be less desirable today, with most drivers preferring not to give a sign of advancing years.

Many local companies had yet to possess petrol-driven vehicles, and so items such as milk and coal were delivered by horse and cart. Thinking back, the stabling and feeding of these animals must have meant far more work than simply putting a van in the garage for the night! While any sort of road accident was luckily rare – particularly as seat belts and crash helmets were unheard of – there was the occasional frightening sight of a horse bolting out of Gould's dairy building and careering up the High Road.

And, finally, to the roads themselves: resurfacing was a complex operation with boiling hot tar being hand-sprayed, followed by a sprinkling of grit, which was pressed down by a hefty steamroller. It was a messy business and took weeks to settle down. For schoolboys, it was a fascinating sight, although we could expect parental wrath if we arrived home with tar on our boots.

Lawrence of Arabia in Epping Forest

TERRY CARTER

The role that Colonel Thomas Edward Lawrence – better known as 'Lawrence of Arabia' – played in the First World War has become an essential part of twentieth century history in the decades since the conflict.

As members will know, during that War, Lawrence volunteered to use his knowledge and expertise of the Middle East for the British war effort in the region, and became famous for fighting alongside bands of irregular soldiers as part of the Arab Revolt against the Ottoman Empire. Peter O'Toole's portrayal of Lawrence of Arabia in the 1962 film is one of the greatest in cinema history.

But less well-known even, apparently, to Chingford residents is his involvement with one of the most beautiful vantage points in Chingford at Pole Hill, the highest spot in Epping Forest.

His links to the area pre-date his fame as an adventurer and war hero. Lawrence became close friends with Vyvyan Richards while an undergraduate at Jesus College, Oxford. Richards went on to teach history at Bancroft's School in Woodford Green.

The pair spent time camping in the forest on Pole Hill with Scouts and Cadets, as far as Lawrence's foreign travel would permit, for almost 10 years. Lawrence became so fond of the area that he bought several acres of land on the day he left the British Army in September 1919.

Over the next few years, he built a hut and small swimming pool there, and one idea the pair had would be to use the hut to publish editions of Lawrence's books, including his famous *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom* (which chronicled his travels through Arabia) but this never happened.

His structures were pulled down in 1930 by the Chingford Urban District Council, when it purchased the land (which has since passed into the ownership of the Corporation of London, which looks after the

whole of Epping Forest). Shortly after, however, Lawrence re-erected the hut in the grounds of The Warren in Loughton. The hut still sits there today, but over the last 80 years or so it has fallen into disrepair.

In 1938 a local road near Mansfield Park was named Lawrence Hill and in 1965 a cul-de-sac much closer to Pole Hill was named Arabia Close after him.

In 2008, a plaque commemorating Lawrence of Arabia was placed on the Greenwich Obelisk that stands on the top of Pole Hill in Chingford. It is almost parallel to the three remaining trees, of the seven originally planted by Lawrence to coincide with his book the *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*.

The manorial system in Loughton

PERCY THOMPSON

The lord of a medieval manor was not an absolute ruler; he was himself subject to the custom of his own manor and could be compelled by a jury of his tenants, assembled at the manor court, to fulfil his obligations towards the community. There are many instances of a lord being censured, or amerced in a fine, by his homage for some dereliction of his duty as lord.

An instance of this occurred at Loughton in 1582, when, at a court held on 18 September, the jury presented that no tumbrell or cucking-stool existed within the manor and it was ordered that one should be made before the next court, under penalty of 40s. Now, the statute required that the lord of the leet [yearly or half-yearly court] should provide this instrument, and Mr W C Waller [Loughton's Victorian historian] remarks that the Queen's Majesty, as Lady of the Manor, was in default. But the Crown had leased the profits of the Loughton manor to one Henry Warley for a term of 21 years from 18 May 1576, so that he was presumably the person called upon to furnish the cucking-stool, and so the temerity of the homage in, apparently, threatening the great Queen Elizabeth is explained.

The 'parish' or 'township' was not synonymous with the manor: often a township included several manors; for instance, Loughton parish, with its church, comprised the three manors of Lucton [Loughton], Alwarton [Alderton] and Tipedene [Debden].

The manor house was often a quite unpretentious building: Alderton Hall is an example.

As the population of the manor increased, cottages were built on the waste, grants of land being made by the lord for the requisite enclosures: sometimes enclosures were made surreptitiously, without licence, and if no quit rent was demanded, these became small freeholders in the course of time. Such squatters' holdings, having grown up on the waste without any definite plan, are often some distance from a road, approached only by a track. The cluster of cottages, intersected by narrow paths, at Baldwin's Hill is an illustration; possibly the site of the Warren may have originated in this manner; both were, until well into the 19th century, unconnected with any road and were more or less isolated areas surrounded by the waste of the Forest.

Percy Thompson's Notes 2:
The Manorial System in Loughton

A lament for our village

What Happened To Our Village?

We had a pretty little stream in our village once, a little winding stream, not very large in summer, but quite cheerful in winter. Oak, ash and thorn made a green arch over her. An old wooden house with a pretty garden stood on her banks. Our village is now a town. A cheap stores stands on the site of the wooden house, the stream is thrust away between concrete banks behind shops and houses. When the little ravaged thing emerges, it is to become the receptacle for tins, bottles and old tyres.

But isn't beauty an asset to a town? Wouldn't it have been worthwhile to cherish our little stream, to save a field for her to play in?

But when our village became a town, the value of the land went up so much that only the speculative builder could afford to pay the price, and having bought the land he could do what he liked, and as all he wished was to make a profit our little stream was destroyed. Will this state of things continue in our New Britain?

MARY REYNOLDS, 'PEMBERLEY', TYCEHURST HILL, LOUGHTON

Chris Pond found this letter in *Picture Post* (the weekly illustrated magazine) for 8 February 1941. It is a lament for the suburbanisation of Loughton, but needs a bit of explanation:

The writer is annoyed by the culverting of the Loughton Brook under the High Road. Before the 1930s, it ran in a long loop, under the High Road in front of what is now Brooklyn Parade and where until recently there were flowering cherry trees. After Brook Cottage – at the corner of The Drive and the High Road, which is the old wooden house mentioned in the letter – was demolished, to build the parade of shops and the 'cheap stores' (Woolworth's, now Dyas's), the Brook was diverted to run a straighter course to behind what is now Vision Express. The southern flank wall of Woolworth's was left unfinished, as there was a belt of trees to its south, and it never has been finished properly.

Pemberley is the large 1930s Moderne house in Tycehurst Hill built by the well-known architect Philip Hepworth and of course it is mildly ironic that the occupant of such a house, built on a greenfield site, should complain about the urbanisation of Loughton. Not, of course, that the inhabitants of Tycehurst Hill habitually used Woolworth's!

Stanley Morison 1889–1967: a different Essex man – Part 2

TED MARTIN

Cambridge University Press and others

In 1923 Cambridge University Press appointed Walter Lewis as University Printer. Lewis had worked with Morison at the Cloister Press and appreciated good typography. He suggested that Morison would be the best man to improve the Press's work and Morison was appointed as typographic adviser from 1 January 1925. This was a long and happy association.

Stanley Morison in 1923

Morison visited America for the first time in 1924 where he met Daniel Updike[1] who was instrumental in improving typography in the US. They met many times thereafter. Beatrice Warde was introduced to him on this visit. She was Acting Curator of the American Type Founders Company's library. She came to Europe in 1925 and later became the editor of the *'Monotype' Recorder* and Publicity Manager for the Corporation.

Morison's circle of friends and acquaintances widened and in 1925 he became an adviser to the newly launched Fanfare Press, formed to produce high quality printing.

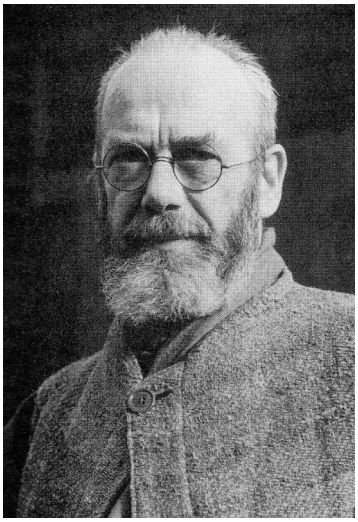
In 1927 the New York publisher Doubleday, Page and Co took over Heinemann, the London publisher. Morison's design work had been seen by F H Doubleday, who was president of that firm, and he invited Morison to work at his press on Long Island. Morison ended up designing some of the firm's bookjackets but did preach his gospel of standardisation in production which made savings that could then be used for advertising. He did not take kindly to American customs and would not allow anyone to use his first name.

Gill Sans

In his work for 'Monotype' Morison intended that there should be a good selection of classical typefaces before introducing modern designs. He felt that these modern faces would best come from someone who was a practical engraver, and this, of course, was Eric Gill.[2] One of the first typefaces commissioned by Morison was Perpetua in 1926 and it was used commercially for the first time in 1929. In 1930 Gill designed Joanna for the Caslon Foundry and this was bought by the publishers J M Dent and later produced by 'Monotype' only for Dent's use. The trade did not get it until 1958.

Gill Sans[3] came about through the friendship of Morison and Gill with a young bookseller, Douglas Cleverdon. Morison had designed catalogue covers for Cleverdon and Gill sketched out some lettering for his shopfront. It was as a result of Morison seeing this lettering that Gill was commissioned to produce Gill Sans. But perhaps an earlier influence on Gill had been Edward Johnston. In 1899 the pioneering evening class in lettering was held at the Central School of Arts and Crafts in London by Johnston and was very successful: and Eric Gill was among Johnston's early students. Johnston designed the famous sans-serif typeface which was adopted by the London Underground Railways and later by London Transport and is still used today.[4] Gill's sans-serif was adopted by the LNER and was a staple of the British printing industry for over 40 years. In his *Autobiography* Gill writes:

'I went to Edward Johnston's class of writing and lettering at the Central School . . . I won't say that I owe everything I know about lettering to him . . . but I owe everything to the foundation which he laid. And his influence was much more than a teacher of lettering. He profoundly altered the whole course of my life and all my ways of thinking.'



Eric Gill in 1938

Johnston and Gill shared an office for a while and Eric Gill often said that Johnston's design was the precursor of his own, more famous, Gill Sans typeface.

More modern designs

After the success of Gill Sans, when 90 printers under contract to the LNER had to install it, Morison looked around for more modern designs and found the work of Frederick Goudy in the US, Goudy Modern being cut in 1928, and Bruce Rogers for Centaur in 1930. Centaur was based on a type from 1470. The folio Oxford Lectern Bible was set in 22pt Centaur.

Another American typographer, Joseph Blumenthal, agreed that his Emerson type originally cut for the Bauer foundry in Frankfurt could be recut by 'Monotype' and this was available in 1935.

The revivals of the classic designs continued to appear and Bembo in 1929 is perhaps the most popular, based on a book printed in Venice in 1495. Morison thought that its worldwide success was due to its being derived not from writing but from sculpture.

Morison was friendly with Victor Gollancz, the publisher. When Gollancz was working at Ernest Benn, that firm published three of Morison's books on printing, so when Gollancz founded his own firm Morison became a director for 10 years and advised on design and production and was the instigator of the firm's famous bookjackets: black and red printing on bright yellow paper and eye-catching designs.

The Times

In 1929 *The Times* planned to publish another printing supplement and asked 'Monotype' if they would like to advertise. When asked his advice, Morison said he would pay *not* to have an advertisement set by *The Times* because of their bad printing and out-of-date typography. This opinion was reported to the manager of the paper, who asked Morison what could be done to improve its appearance. Morison was then appointed the paper's typographical adviser.

He wrote an article on newspaper types for the printing supplement, conducted experiments setting trial pages in different typefaces and prepared a report on the historical background of the paper's typography for the proprietor, Major Astor. The trials found that a completely new typeface was needed that could cope with printing from a curved stereo plate at fast speeds onto poor paper. Although a committee was set up by *The Times* to consider the changes, one member recalled that Morison went ahead with hardly any reference to it. The committee saw specimens in November 1930 and Morison prepared a detailed memorandum on the proposal which laid down the principles on which the new typeface, Times New Roman, was based.

There are many theories as to the genesis of this typeface but the one which seems most logical is that Morison based it on a type used in a book printed by Christopher Plantin[5] and adjusted it until he got the result he wanted. It was put into production by 'Monotype' and, after many tests, it appeared in the paper on 3 October 1932.

Times New Roman has become almost too popular throughout the world and has been used for many other publications besides newspapers. It is the lay person's idea of 'print' and it could be said that, in spite of its qualities, it is now overused and has overshadowed Morison's classical revivals, which are much better typefaces.

Morison kept close control of typography at *The Times* and only allowed two other display types, one of which was Eric Gill's Perpetua, to be used in addition to Times New Roman.

As another service to the newspaper, Morison planned and edited the five volume *History of The Times* and became the editor of *The Times Literary Supplement* for three years from 1945. During his time the publication had its highest ever sales.

Morison was now into newspaper design and wrote a short typographical history for the *Jewish Chronicle* and persuaded *The Times* to abandon their gothic title line for a plain roman design and also produced designs for the *Daily Herald*, *Continental Daily Mail*, *Financial Times*, *Reynolds News* and *Daily Express*.

The Bell types

Morison next researched and wrote about John Bell an eighteenth-century type designer and newspaper proprietor whose main claim to fame is that he was the first to discard the long 's' (similar to 'f'), then used in the middle of words, for the short or curly 's', then used only at the end of words. Bell was a pioneer of the English 'Modern' face, but at the end of the 18th century his types were forgotten until they were rediscovered in 1864 and used in America at the Riverside Press. Research in France found a printed pamphlet by Bell which gave the origin of the type and it was recut by 'Monotype' and used for Morison's book, *The English Newspaper*, published in 1932.

Continental designs

Morison's contacts with the Dutch designer Jan van Krimpen[6] enabled him to add Lutetia to the 'Monotype' range in 1927 and Romulus in 1936. Berthold Wolpe's Albertus followed in 1937. A new script design, Ashley Script, appeared after the War at Morison's suggestion and was based on the Ashley Crawford type, designed for the Crawford advertising agency by Ashley Havinden.

In 1938 Morison's researches led to the introduction of Ehrhardt based on a font cut in 1689 in Leipzig which has since been heavily used by book designers. The recutting of Walbaum, based on a German design of Justus Erich Walbaum from the turn of the 18th century, gave Oliver Simon at the Curwen Press a suite of types which he helped to make popular.

Wartime printing exhibition and post-war

In 1940 Morison contributed to the catalogue for an exhibition celebrating 500 years of printing at the Fitzwilliam Museum in Cambridge. The exhibition closed prematurely because of the invasion of Belgium and Holland but the catalogue had to be reprinted, such was the demand.

After the war Morison continued with his programme of introducing new typefaces with Spectrum from Jan van Krimpen in Holland and Dante from Giovanni Mardersteig[7] in Verona. However, 'Monotype' could not produce as many roman text faces as before because of the demand for oriental designs to help literacy in developing countries and Morison was involved in obtaining the best advice to produce those fonts.

There was much work being done on display type for advertising in England and on the Continent and Morison recognised the quality of Adrian Frutiger's[8] Univers fonts and their issue to the printing trade was very successful. In 1957 Morison became the first Pres-

ident of the Association Typographique Internationale founded by Charles Peignot, a distinguished French typefounder.

Morison made repeated visits to the US and travelled widely in Europe. He continued to write, producing *Printing The Times since 1785* and, for Cambridge University Press, *A Tally of Types*, containing Morison's notes on the 'Monotype' types introduced at the University Press. He delivered the Lyell lectures at Oxford in 1957.

Morison met Lord Beaverbrook in 1948 and they became close friends. In 1952 Beaverbrook used Morison's *Times* history for two TV talks explaining that

'the responsible writer is Mr Stanley Morison. He is 63 years of age . . . He was converted to the Roman Catholic faith at the age of 22. He likes to be called a papist. He dresses like a Jesuit; always in black and wears a black clerical hat half a size too small for his head. You would like Morison. His laugh is infectious. Ringing out loudly at his neighbour's jokes and also his own . . . Morison's fame will grow.'

The advent of new methods of composition did not dampen Morison's enthusiasm and he became involved in preparing work for composition by the Rotofoto machine.

The Fell types

By his 70th birthday, in 1959, Morison was preparing his last and one of his greatest works: *John Fell: The University Press and the 'Fell' Types*, which were held at the Oxford University Press. He had been interested in them since 1912 and had agreed to investigate their origins in 1925, producing some material in 1930, but it was not until he visited the Plantin Museum in Antwerp in 1953 that he thought that their origin could be found in Plantin's material. The whole book of 278 pages was set by hand in the Fell types and Morison had some assistance in completing what was a work of art.

Printing and the Mind of Man exhibition

In 1963 Morison was instrumental in setting up the Printing and the Mind of Man exhibition run in conjunction with International Printing Exhibition at Olympia. I visited it and it made a great impression on me at the time, showing how far the industry in which I was employed had come in 500 years and its contribution to learning and civilisation. I still have the elegant and erudite catalogue of the exhibition, originally paperback but now carefully hard-bound, as a source of reference and also delight.

Last years

Morison lived his declining years in an apartment in Westminster, where he enjoyed fine food and wine. It was said that he enjoyed walking the corridors of power, especially if there was a good meal at the end of them. By 1967 he had taken to a wheelchair because of spinal weakness, and was nearly blind.

Stanley Morison died on 11 October 1967 at the age of 78. His desire for accuracy could entail very heavy corrections and cost and his use of English reflected the precision and probing of his mind. Morison respected learning and had a difficult time acquiring his own knowledge and experience due to his humble origins. His *First Principles of Typography* is still the starting point for anyone wishing to produce anything that has a semblance of elegance and in these days, when almost any sort of design is possible on a computer, his methods are a benchmark for typographical purity. In a postscript to the 1967 edition he argued that experience and reason were the only traditional factors in *First Principles*: 'Tradition is another word for unanimity about fundamentals which has been brought into being by the trials, errors and corrections of many centuries.'

Stanley Morison in old age

Morison achieved distinction as an historian, scholar and typographer and it is perhaps sad that his creation of Times New Roman unintentionally pushed his elegant, more worthy revivals slightly into the shadows – except for those discerning people who use them in preference to Times.

References

1. Daniel Berkeley Updike (1860–1941), an eminent American printer and publisher the founder of the Merrymount Press in Boston in 1893, the author of *Printing Types – Their History Forms and Use* (2 vols, 1922).

2. Eric Gill (1882–1940), carver, engraver and typographer, was born in Brighton and trained as an architect but then started letter cutting, masonry and engraving, maintaining a steady output of engravings and type designs.

3. Gill Sans was produced for 'Monotype' in the 1930s. Several variations of the design were commissioned, and it quickly became the typeface of government and railways in the 1930s and 1940s. It was adopted by the LNER for that railway's use and was carried forward into the early days of British Railways. It was in regular use in the printing industry until the 1960s when it was supplanted by Univers and Helvetica. (Helvetica is now the standard used for the signage of most railways in Britain.) Government printing in the 1940s was invariably in Gill Sans and it is often used to give a 'wartime' feel to any piece of printing or TV title or caption. In recent years Gill has been revived as the BBC's house typeface, which is appropriate for Gill carved the Prospero and Ariel figures over the entrance to Broadcasting House in Langham Place.

4. Edward Johnston (1872–1944), calligrapher. See *The Loughton Railway 150 Years On* (LDHS, 2006), pp 89–95: ' "Underground" Typographer: Edward Johnston (1872–1944)'.

5. Christopher Plantin (1520–1589), printer and publisher based in Antwerp. His 16th century printing works became the Musée Plantin in Antwerp and is well worth a visit.

6. Jan van Krimpen (1892–1958) was a Dutch typographer and type designer who worked for the printing house Koninklijke Joh Enschedé. Van Krimpen's type designs are elegant book faces, for letterpress printing and the 'Monotype' machine.

7. Giovanni Mardersteig (1892–1977) was an influential typographer, designer, and printer, best known for his work at the Officina Bodoni in Verona. His typefaces include Dante, Fontana, Griffo, Pacioli, and Zeno. Dante is considered one of the most beautiful text faces available. Mardersteig had been known to

Morison since the 1930s when he designed Fontana specially for the use of Collins Clear Type Press during a stay in Glasgow.

8. Adrian Frutiger (born 24 May 1928 in Unterseen, Bern, the son of a weaver. He experimented with invented scripts and stylised handwriting, reacting to the formal, cursive penmanship then required by Swiss schools. Like Eric Gill he had a love of sculpture which influenced his letter forms. At 16 he was apprenticed as a compositor for four years, and between 1949 and 1951 he studied at the Kunstgewerbeschule: Frutiger concentrated primarily on calligraphy. Charles Peignot, of the Paris foundry Deberny et Peignot, recruited Frutiger based upon the quality of his illustrated essay *Schrift/Écriture/Lettering: The Development of European Letter Types Carved in Wood*. At the Deberny & Peignot foundry, Frutiger designed Président, Méridien and Ondine and also worked on converting existing types for new Linotype phototypesetting equipment. Egyptienne, was based on the Clarendon model and, after Univers, it was the second text face to be commissioned for photocomposition. The response to Univers, a new sanserif typeface, was immediate and positive and he claimed it became the model for future typefaces: Serifa (1967) and Glypha (1977). In the early 1970s, he redesigned Paris Metro signage, using a variation of a Univers font. This led to the French airport authority commissioning a signage alphabet for the new Charles de Gaulle International Airport at Roissy near Paris. He thought of adapting Univers, but decided it was dated and too 1960s. The resulting Frutiger typeface is an amalgamation of Univers with influences from Gill Sans, Edward Johnston's type for London Transport and Roger Excoffon's Antique Olive. Originally called Roissy, the typeface was renamed Frutiger when the Mergenthaler Linotype Company released it for public use in 1976.

Sources and further reading

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Olympic Games 1948: Forest Road style!

PETER COOK

1948 and London is hosting the Olympic Games for the second time, the first being 1908. Having originally been pencilled in as the venue for 1944, the intervention of the Second World War meant the Games were cancelled, and when the war ended the Olympic Committee gave London a second opportunity to act as host nation in 1948. At this point it may be worth providing a few facts and figures to set the scene which greeted the incoming teams.

With the country only slowly recovering from the aftermath of the war, and London a city of rubble and bomb sites, there were no new venues built for events outside Wembley Stadium – existing sites being used such as Henley for the rowing, Herne Hill for cycling and Harringay Arena for basketball and wrestling – and there was no Olympic Village. Male competitors were housed at RAF camps at Uxbridge, West Drayton and Richmond, whilst the women were in dormitories in London colleges – a number had brought chaperones – and it had been requested that all competitors bring their own towels.

A record 59 nations were represented by some 4,000 plus participants, Germany and Japan as recent aggressors were not invited and Russia, although invited, chose not to participate. Rationing was still in place with British competitors training on 13oz of meat, 6oz of butter, 8oz of sugar and 1 egg per week! To ease the pressure on the catering needs it was agreed that competitors be asked to bring their own food; some countries donated items including eggs from Denmark and meat from Mexico, the USA flew daily into Uxbridge with supplies for their team, and France sent a refrigerated train from Paris loaded with, amongst other things, steak and wine, so much wine in fact that British Customs impounded it on the grounds that it could not all have been for personal consumption!

Although there had been some very limited TV coverage of the 1936 Berlin Games, and the first televised international football match was between England and Scotland in 1938, transmissions terminated in 1939 with the outbreak of war, so 1948 brought the first virtually full TV coverage of such a major sporting event. It should be remembered that at this time approximately 25% of UK homes were still without electricity, and TV reception only extended to the south of the country. Also there were only an estimated 14,500 television sets in the country, but, conveniently for this story, at least one of those sets belonged to a Forest Road household.

As far as I recall, although I cannot be sure, the kind lady who invited the children in off the street on that memorable morning, to come and sit quietly on her living room floor to watch was Mrs Rattee. For many, if not all, it was our first taste of television, and so we sat, glued to the tiny screen, watching people with strange names like Fanny Blankers-Koen, the Dutch housewife who was to take home four gold medals, and cheering on any British competitor whatever the event. We emerged from the house at lunchtime, the usual games of Cowboys and Indians, Robin Hood, Dick Barton or whatever was the latest swashbuckling film to be re-enacted, all forgotten. We could run races, we were good at throwing things, and we could have jumping events – after all we had had enough practice jumping Loughton Brook – and so the Forest Road Olympics, although I can't imagine we ever called them that, came to be.

The races were fairly easy to organise as we had a gas lamp at the top of the road and another, opposite the Royal Oak, approximately 100 yards apart, which we decided could also be metres. Thus a piece of string tied to the post provided a finishing tape, or, if it was a 200-metre race you ran round the post and back to the top. Longer races just meant more laps. Field events took place on 'the Stubbles' where a sandy pit near the hedge around Fairhead's Nursery allowed the Long Jump and High Jump to be held, while the open space allowed javelins to be thrown with the only danger likely to be to the other competitors! An additional plus was the endless availability of holly bushes from which 'javelins' could be cut with our trusty penknives, holly growing the straightest and thereby also suitable for swords and bows and arrows: although archery was not included in our programme probably due to the lack of targets.

As several of the boys had boxing gloves, these were produced and a tournament which, for some unknown reason, took place on the Stubbles in the small group of trees which stood in the centre –

possibly because four of the trees could be deemed to form a square. The action had scarcely begun when up rode the local Forest Keeper, Mr Mansfield as I recall, obviously wondering what new mischief we had found to get up to. When we explained he propped his cycle against a tree and proceeded to act as both coach and referee, a somewhat different role to the usual one of chasing us for some misdemeanour or other. Boxing was followed by wrestling but by now we were beginning to run out of events that it was feasible to copy. Water sports such as diving, swimming, sailing and rowing were obviously out of the question as were gymnastics and weightlifting due to lack of equipment.

There was, however, one final athletic challenge that we could organise: The Marathon. Forget 26 miles, 385 yards, ours had to be a shorter course arranged to run through the village, so after some discussion the route was determined as follows: starting at the Staples Road reservoir we would run up Staples Road then down to the War Memorial and into the High Road, along the High Road to Forest Road, and then back up to the reservoir. And so we all set out on this grand finale which terminated with a bunch of hot, breathless children somewhat exhausted and sprawled on the green at the top of Forest Road.

I think we were invited in for further TV viewing to watch other events, but by then possibly felt that we had done justice to the Olympics. For a brief period we had been top athletes in competitive events, but now it was time to revert to expending our energy on the endless games of football and cricket, tree-climbing, tearing through the forest on our bikes (we were the early mountain bikers often pursued by Mr Mansfield!) and all the other activities that prevented us from becoming obese. The green at the top of Forest Road is now completely overgrown with trees and bushes, with nothing to indicate to a passerby that it once supported various ball games every evening and all weekend, and briefly played its part as our Games Headquarters. And so the Forest Road Olympics came and went, passing into history, and unlikely I feel to be re-enacted in a similar manner anywhere in 2012.

Sporting days – memories from a Theydon Bois resident

JULIA EDMUNDS

I was lucky enough to be at the 1948 Olympic Games, both for the athletics and some of the rowing.

My Dad, back from army war service in 1945, had been a very successful athlete, a runner, in the 1920s: that era recreated so well in the film *Chariots of Fire.* He was part of that scene, and those famous names, as his books of cuttings show. So it was inevitable he would go to the 1948 Olympic Games, and I went too!

In early 1939, the Games had been provisionally awarded to London for 1944, but war came, stopping such plans. Happily, in 1946, after discussions and committees, London was allocated the first post-war games, to be held in 1948 – only two years to get ready.

In a time of post-war austerity there was still rationing, affecting not only food but building. There could be no new stadium, nor specially built accommodation for the competitors coming from 59 nations. Wembley Stadium would be the main venue for the athletics, with many other existing sporting venues being earmarked and sometimes adapted for the variety of events. Housing would be in military camps and colleges.

The very first part of our involvement with the Games was seeing the Olympic Flame arrive in England, at Dover. We were part of a big crowd welcoming the bearer. I'm not sure how it travelled to Wembley, where eventually John Mark circuited the track, before placing the Flame on the cauldron.

The Opening Ceremony was on 29 July. London '48 had no great razzamatazz, no massed dancing or movement displays, flashing lights, ultra-loud music or fireworks such as seems the modern pattern (perhaps aiming to top the previous host-nation's showbiz!). There were army bands, 2,500 pigeons to free, a 21-gun salute, and a procession of 4,104 competitors. We did, of course, have our King and Queen, Queen Mary and other Royal Family members present!

It was very special being at Wembley for the athletics. There was the excitement of the events, the sunshine, the men coming round selling fresh peaches (no other refreshments) and being with Dad, who had been away from us from 1939–1945. Thinking of the food aspect, apparently the athletes were given increased rations, 5,467 calories a day, instead of 2,600!

What stands out strongly in memory is how we, the spectators, were not nationalistic. We were involved in the personalities, endeavours and achievements of all the competitors. I remember our rhythmic shouts of 'Za-to-pek!' to encourage or applaud the Czech who won gold and silver. We loved the 30-year-old, mother of three, Fanny Blankers-Koen from The Netherlands, who won four gold medals. There was the almost heart-breaking finish to the Marathon, when Gailly, the Belgian, obviously exhausted, seemed unable to finalise his lead to win. As one, we all urged him on and he eventually reached the finishing line, but not before two other runners passed him, to gain gold and silver. That was an occasion when Britain won silver and we were concerned elsewhere!

It really didn't matter that this host nation came bottom of the medal table, with only three golds, while the USA had 38. I quote an athlete remembering the Games then: 'We had much more fun and a greater sense of achievement than modern athletes do.'

The relaxed general enjoyment of all was typical of that post-war time. There was so much to watch – field events were as entertaining as track – I loved the steeplechase! The Rowing took place at the Henley Royal Regatta Course. I was offered the chance to see

some of this by a current boyfriend. His family lived in style nearby at Nettlebed (father was a well-known sculptor). I cherish photos of me lounging in the family punt as the boats skim by. It was at Henley that we won two golds, the third being a sailing triumph – it seems being a maritime nation can be a bonus.

Will I go to the 2012 games? Who knows, but Dad went on to be at three more Games: Rome, Helsinki and Belgrade. In the 1920s the Army would not release him to train as a likely Olympic competitor, but I'm sure his memories of four Games were some compensation. I certainly will never forget my 1948 experiences.

Motor-houses

CHRIS POND

The transition from horse to mechanical motive power faced Victorian architects with the need to innovate – new kinds of buildings were needed for a new purpose. The railway station developed from the mere sheds of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway to grand, and then futuristic, structures such as St Pancras Station hotel and train shed.

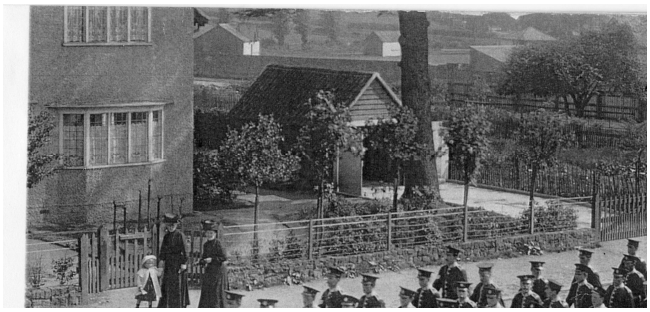
On the domestic front, the question arose after 1900: what to do with your motor-car? Early cars were delicate, temperamental beasts, which needed as much or more attention and shelter as their equine predecessors. They needed cover from the rain, snow and freezing winds. You had to have somewhere to wash them down and grease their numerous nipples, and even to get down under them to adjust, repair and tinker, and (preferably in a separate lean-to shed outside) to store your petrol in two-gallon jerry cans, as you ordered it in bulk from the supplier, there being few filling stations. You did not have the option of leaving the car on your drive, let alone the street. 'You', of course, if you were rich, would mean 'your chauffeur'.

At first, stables or coach-houses were adapted for car use, especially if the car-owner was renting his house. By 1900, owner-occupier motorists were specifying a different structure. They were not wide – early cars had a track of about 4ft-odd only, and did not have to be high – no need for a hayloft. But they needed a pit, a covered but unenclosed area for washing, and racking for tools, perhaps a work-bench, and somewhere to keep gallons of fuel and oil. Steam cars needed facilities for boiler washouts and ash disposal. So motor-houses came to differ as much from coach-houses as did railway stations from coaching inns. The first purpose-built motor garage I can trace in Loughton was at Aberffraw in Nursery Road, authorised in March 1903, for the Boakes.

The most elaborate kind of motor-house (as they were called) was a two-storey affair, with the upper rooms as accommodation for the chauffeur. A closed stove on the outside (not the inside – all that petrol?) might provide heat for the car (so its coolant didn't freeze up) and (no doubt a secondary consideration) its flue might heat the chauffeur's garret. A motor-house of this de-luxe sort was erected by Godfrey Lomer at Loughton Lodge and survives, adapted into a house in Woodbury Hill. Others of this type existed at Loughton Hall, Beechlands, Monkchester, Tyne House, The Summit, Longcroft, Warren Hill House and Hazlewood.

Motor houses generally had double wooden doors – each leaf 3′ or 3′ 6″ wide – which might or might not be half-glazed. A rear door was usually provided to allow a draught for drying the car and evaporating petrol fumes. A side pedestrian door was often fitted as well.

The cheaper and more common version omitted the chauffeur's accommodation, and was in effect a free-standing shed, often of brick, but sometimes of timber or asbestos or metal sheeting. From about 1903, these could be purchased in kit form for self-assembly, or erected by the suppliers. Few Edwardian houses were built with a motor-house, and even fewer designed with them integral to the house, no doubt because of fire risk. But they were not just utilitarian – in keeping with Edwardian ideas, if visible from the house or street, they aimed to be decorous and even decorative.



An early Loughton motor-house, pictured incidentally to a military procession outside Nos 3 and 7 Church Hill in 1908. This timber example looks to be about 15ft by 7ft, with unglazed double ledge and brace doors, and neat gate to the road, no more than 6ft wide. The garage does not survive, having been replaced by an infill house (No 5, built 1971), but all the other buildings, and the cedar tree, happily do.

The former motor-house and chauffeur's accommodation at Loughton Lodge was built to the designs of Horace White after LUDC approval in January 1909. In 1956, approval was given for its conversion and extension to form a house, now 25 Woodbury Hill. This was the building that featured in the WW1 Zeppelin Spy case (*Newsletter 157*).

The word 'garage', or shelter, in French, used sparingly at first, gradually replaced *motor-house* about the time of the First World War, and, in the 1920s, new dwelling-houses began to be advertised with garage, sometimes attached and often lean-to in design, or, in the case of larger properties, detached. The link-detached houses in Mayfair and Stanhope Gardens (The Avenue – Spring Grove end) erected in 1922 at a cost of £1,150 apiece were early examples in Loughton. By 1929, there were 326 private garages in Loughton, and we may surmise this was also about the total of private cars in the town. Although cars were more robust in the 20s, and more often had saloon rather than open bodies, it was still the thing to do to garage them, and garage design and size developed with the car. In the 50s, the up-and-over door evolved, and buildings of concrete panels were marketed. Few required a pit, and fewer had more than a single car. The LCC, in building the Debden Estate, did not generally provide garages save in blocks, and some of these rather ugly accretions of now seldom used garages still exist, e.g., in Burton Road.

Not many early motor-houses survive. Drivers came to resent the time and fiddle of opening gates and doors; many were too narrow for later cars, especially those made in the 70s or later, so the structures were replaced. That is probably the reason that the modern garage is so seldom used for its intended purpose; instead throughout Loughton and indeed the UK becoming a repository for all sorts of junk and lumber, home to the ubiquitous garage sale.

L & DHS members on rambles or drives could try to identify early motor-houses in the town or surrounding area – or you may be fortunate enough to own one. Let me know if you find one. It may be possible to put them forward for local or statutory listing, especially if they are relatively unaltered, as so few survive.

The Manor of Loughton in Stuart times

PERCY THOMPSON

The freehold of the manor of Loughton (subject to a reserved rentcharge of £58 8s 4d) was purchased of the Crown by Sir Robert Wroth on 15 June 1613.

According to a Deed in the possession of Mrs Stephen Barns of Woodford, dated 19 December 1671, this annual rent was at that time part of the jointure of Katherine, queen of Charles II, and the King sold the Crown's reversionary interest in it (subject, that is, to the Queen's life interest) in 1671 to Mr Henry Gardiner, of Lambeth, together with other reversionary interests.

In this document, which is signed and sealed by the Trustees representing the Crown, the estate at Loughton is described in the following terms:

> 'All that ffee ffarme rent of ffifty eight pounds eight shillings and four pence reserved out of or for the Manor of Loughton als [also] Lucton in the County of Essex with their rights messuages and appurtenances whatsoever And all that Mancon [Mansion] house of Loughton als Lucton aforesaid with all other Edifices Buildings Barnes yards Stables Gardens Lands Meadowes steedings Pastures woods and underwoods And of the Moyety of the messuage called Hatfields pcell [part] of the said Mannor. All and singular which said premises are parcel of the Mannor of Loughton als Lucton aforesaid and parcel of the lands and possessions of the Duchy of Lancaster in the County aforesaid soe granted to Sir Robert Wroth Knight his heires and assignes by Letters patents of our late Sovereigne Lord King James bearing date the ffifteenth day of June in the Eleventh yeare of his Raigne over England. To have and to hold the aforesaid Mannor of Loughton with all and singular their appurtenances aforesaid unto the said Sir Robert Wroth his heires and assignes in fee ffarme for ever payable yearly at the ffeasts of the Annunciason of the Blessed Virgin Mary, St Michaell the Archangell by equall portions.

Percy Thompson Notes 2:
The Manor of Loughton in Stuart Times

Epping Forest by Connaught Water – sent to Holland in 1924

Brutal murder at Chigwell Row

Compiled from contemporary press accounts and submitted by TERRY CARTER

'Early on Tuesday morning, October 11, 1887, at Barking-side, Chigwell Row, a horrible murder was committed, the victim being a young married woman, well known and much respected in the neighbourhood.'

The Echo, Monday, 16 October 1887.

'The remains of Martha Bodger, the young married woman who was murdered at Chigwell Row on Tuesday last, were interred at Chigwell Cemetery yesterday afternoon.'

The Echo, Tuesday, 17 October 1887.

'At the Old Hainault Oak tavern, Chigwell-Row, on Tuesday, Mr C C Lewis resumed the inquiry into the circumstances of the death of Martha Bodger, aged 24, a married woman, the wife of James Mears Bodger, an under-gardener in the employ of Mr Frank Green, JP, of Hainault Lodge, Dagenham. Yesterday the prisoner, Joseph Morley, 17, a blacksmith, was again brought up on remand charged with the wilful murder of Martha Bodger, by cutting her throat with a razor, on the morning of the 11th inst, at Beale's-cottages, Romford-road, Chigwell Row, Barking-side. – It will be remembered that the prisoner lodged at the house of the deceased's husband. The prisoner was

employed close by the cottage, and on the morning of the 11th inst Mr Bodger left his wife in bed to go to his work. The prisoner was then in the house, and apparently about to go to business. A short time after the husband's departure screams were heard by the neighbours, and the prisoner was seen to leave the house and go to his work. The front door was fastened, and the neighbours then sent for the husband, who, on entering the house and proceeding upstairs, found his wife lying across the bed in a pool of blood. There was a fearful gash in her throat, and her hands were also cut. There was blood all over the room, and on the walls; also in the prisoner's bedroom and downstairs. On the floor near the deceased was found the broken handle of a razor, and the blade was afterwards discovered under the carpet. The prisoner was at once detained at the place of his employment, and, the police arriving, blood was found on the prisoner's hands and clothing. There was also a cut on his hand, but he accounted for that by saying that he had fallen from his tricycle. In addition to the evidence which has already appeared in the papers, the husband of the deceased was yesterday cross-examined at considerable length. He said that the prisoner knew where he kept his razor, and on Sunday he shaved himself with the one found in the bedroom. The prisoner saw him put this away. A stranger would not be able to find the razor unless shown where it was placed. The razor when put away on the Sunday was quite whole, and not broken. – Mr Messent, the prisoner's employer, said that prisoner went to his work that morning in the ordinary way. He did not notice anything particular about him, neither did he see any cut on his hand the day before. After his being accused of the murder prisoner went down to the closet, and remained there three minutes. On the following day a portion of a neckerchief was taken from the soil, which had blood on it. The remaining portion was found in prisoner's pocket. – The Bench committed the prisoner for trial.'

Lloyd's Weekly London Newspaper, 23 October 1887.

'At Chelmsford lately a youth, only seventeen years of age, called Morley, was condemned to death by Mr Justice Field for the murder of Mrs Bodger, a young married woman, the wife of a gardener, at Chigwell Row. Morley, who lodged in their house, had in the husband's absence cut her throat with a razor. In a confession of his guilt, Morley states that the crime was not premeditated, but in cutting Mrs Bodger's throat he yielded to an uncontrollable impulse. He further states that he was led to commit the crime in consequence of his reading an account of a recent clerical murder in Suffolk, and that he had long taken a morbid interest in perusing narratives of murders and crimes.'

The Guardian, 16 November 1887.

' . . . the youth, Joseph Morley, aged 17, who stood exactly 5ft, weighing barely 8 stone, was executed on Monday morning in Springfield Prison, Chelmsford. The prisoner lodged with a married man named Bodger at Chigwell Row, and shortly after Bodger had left his home early on the morning of Aug 11 Morley went into Mrs Bodger's bedroom and cut her throat with a razor, death being almost instantaneous. In an interview with his father on the day following his conviction, the culprit admitted his guilt, and afterwards wrote a full confession, which, however, has not been made public. The chaplain, the Rev W F Lumley, stated that the lad died extremely penitent, and his last request was that the letters received by him in prison might be buried in his coffin with him – a request with which Mr Lumley complied.'

Lloyd's Weekly London Newspaper, 27 November 1887.

The Chigwell stationmaster's wife: the notorious Debden rape case of 1867

CHRIS POND

Some decades ago, at the railway exhibition at Loughton Hall, I heard sung the 'Ballad of the Stationmaster's wife from Chigwell Road', and our late member, Harry Paar, printed a version of it in his *Life and Times of the GER*. Chigwell Road station, later Chigwell Lane, became Debden, and the scene of the alleged crime is extant today as the 1865 station house remains. As sung, the ballad omitted some lines but included the refrain:

Now all ye jovial fellows, if you will have a free
And not so troubled life, remember all the lies she told
The Chigwell stationmaster's wife, the Chigwell
stationmaster's wife.

Harry knew there was a doctor in Chigwell called Saunders, but could not find any basis for this strange episode in Loughton history. However, an extract from the *Essex County Standard* of 10 April 1867 has now come to light:

'The charge against Mr Saunders, surgeon, of Chigwell, of criminally assaulting Mrs Elizabeth Harrison, wife of the station-master of Chigwell-lane, in her bedroom during a professional visit, was further investigated by the Epping bench on Thursday . . . During cross-examination by Mr Ribston, the prosecutrix refused to answer several questions respecting her credit and character. Mr Sleigh eventually withdrew the case.'

Mr Saunders was discharged, completely exonerated.

The Ballad of the Stationmaster's Wife from Chigwell Road

Come one and all and listen to this funny little song
Concerning Mrs Harrison, I will not keep you long;
She in Chigwell Road resided, with her husband, so it's said,
She swore that Saunders on the 12th of March assaulted her in
bed.

So listen to this funny tale, she tried to cause much strife
Did this false screaming woman, the Chigwell stationmaster's
wife.

At Epping Sessions, there this case occurred, and she said, now
only think
That the doctor Mr Saunders with her played at tiddly-wink:
Then he went into her chamber when her husband left the room,
How far the story there was true, I'll let you know full soon.

She refused to say one word about her former course of life;
Oh, is she not a beauty, the Chigwell stationmaster's wife.
Then the council [*sic*] for the doctor soon put this lady down,
By asking her the manner she lived in Peterborough town.

Now a witness he was called, and when he did pop in;
Pray do you know this gentleman? She cried, yes, all serene;
But whether it is true or not, at least the folks do say
That he with this famed Mrs Harrison some funny games did
play.

Round Ilford and round Epping, and Romford too, it seems,
That she was very fond of pork and dearly loved her greens,
But to swear that Dr Saunders assaulted her, 'twixt me and you',

She must tell it to the devil, for with us that tale won't do.

One word for Dr Saunders, that kind and skilful man,
She ought to be well bonneted, and put in the prison van,
Such disgraceful dirty conduct, it really was too bad,
And when the Doctor was discharged, the people were right glad.

All's well that ends well! – Ed.

A Loughton terrier

PERCY THOMPSON

A true Terrier[1] of all the buildings, Glebe lands, tythes and other profits and rights belonging to the Rectory of Loughton in the County of Essex and Diocese of London taken this 29th day of June pursuant to notice given for that purpose on Sunday the 10th day of June 1810 and exhibited at the primary Visitation of John Bishop of London.

Imprimis,[2] a brick house, stable, barn, shed in farm yard, brew house and cellar one quarter of a mile from the church, all the outhouses with the exception of the shed in farm yard of wood: with tile roof, the barn thatched, the gardens and yards about 2 acres.

An account of the glebe lands:

	Acres	R	P
Little meadow commonly called round meadow	3	1	0
Pittfield	11	1	2
Home meadow	8	1	12
Hither riding	6	1	20
Middle riding	5	3	22
Farther riding	6	2	5
Total	41	2	21

In the Church Yard a few Elm Trees.

Item: Tythes of part of the Parish. Modus upon the Demesne lands formally belonging to Waltham Abbey.

Item: unlimited right of pasturage and of cutting wood on Epping Forest.

One silver cup and salver belonging to the Communion Table. The Church to be repaired at the expense of the Parish and also the Church Yard Fence. The Chancel to be repaired by the Rector.

Signed	Inhabitants
Anthony Hamilton, Rector	David Powell

Notes

1. *Terrier*, English law: a roll, catalogue or survey of lands, belonging either to a single person or a town, in which are stated the quantity of acres, the names of the tenants, and the like. By ecclesiastical law an inquiry is directed to be made from time to time of the temporal rights of the clergyman of every parish, and to be returned into the registry of the bishop: this return is denominated a terrier.

2. *Imprimis* – literally: in the first place.

'An Essex County Councillor fined for drunkenness'

At the Stratford Petty Sessions on Saturday, before Burnett Tabrum, Esq, and other justices, Mr John Chilton, CC, 67, landlord of the Robin Hood Inn, Loughton, was accused of being drunk while in charge of a pony and chaise at High Road, Woodford, on May 5.

Mr GEORGE defended.

Patrol Jonathan Crowe, 222 J, said that about 10.5 pm on Friday, he saw the defendant in a trap, sitting in a doubled up position. When asked what was the matter he made a rambling statement which could not be understood. He was asked to get out of the trap and in doing so he fell into the arms of Constable Tyler. He was seen to be drunk and was taken into custody.

P-c Burt Tyler, 204 J, and Sergeant 55 J, who took the charge, corroborated as to the defendant's condition. After being in a cell a short time defendant rang the bell and said to the sergeant, 'My legs are very bad, and I am suffering very much from rheumatism. This is not a fit place to keep me in'. Dr Dring came an hour after the defendant was charged, and he certified that the defendant was in an excitable condition and that evidently the effects of drink were wearing off. Sergt 55 J added that the defendant was not very drunk, but he was not in a fit state to take a charge of a horse and cart.

Mr Chilton gave evidence on his own behalf. He said he had been out on business, and was not the worse for drink. He had been unable to stand without sticks for three months, on account of rheumatic gout, and he dare not drink to excess.

The CHAIRMAN said the Bench must believe the evidence of the three police officers, and a fine of 40s and costs would be imposed.

Essex County Standard, 13 May 1899.

PS – The same paper reported on 20 May that Chilton would provide the refreshments at the Essex Agricultural Show, 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th class tents – and the Temperance Tent!

Mr Chilton seems to have been a bit of a rogue. On 4 December 1877 at Waltham Abbey Petty Sessions, he was charged with damaging 23 notice boards the Corporation of London had just erected. He claimed this was interfering with Forest rights. He was fined 35s with 4 guineas costs or 14 days in prison.

(Submitted by CHRIS POND)

Rue Jean Jaurès

CHRIS POND

On your holidays in France, have you ever walked along a street called rue Jean Jaurès? I bet you have, and you may even have wondered who M Jaurès was.

He was in fact a great French socialist leader, who, being pacifist in his views of the First World War, was assassinated on 31 July 1914 in a Paris café in the rue Montmartre.

And what is the Loughton connection?

His assassin, the 'patriot', Raoul Villain, had lived in Loughton, lodging with Annie Francis, the widow of architect H H Francis, at Rose Cottage in the High Road (now demolished and under the southern end of Grange Court). Villain was an architecture enthusiast, and no doubt got to know Mrs Francis through that interest. He had stayed there for some months in 1912 and 1913 and, after the assassination, fled to England. It was at Epping Police Court that extradition proceedings against him started in June 1915, Mrs Francis testifying to his 'gentle and very kindly' character.

Villain was deported, but acquitted at his trial after

the war; the proceedings, in the eyes of socialists, being suspect.

He was shot as a spy in the Spanish Civil War, following self-imposed exile in Ibiza.

Read all about it!! Invasion of Epping Forest by German troops

The Essex Newsman, 11 July 1891 . . . A party of soldiers belonging to the escort of the German Emperor paid a visit to **Loughton** on Sunday, arriving by train. They picnicked in the Forest, a large number of people gathering at the station.

(*Submitted by* CHRIS POND)

Loughton Camp

Loughton Camp in the Autumn

This is the name given to a 'hill fort' that in late Victorian times was called the 'Ancient Camp' or 'Roman Camp'. When it was first discovered in 1872 it was difficult to trace its outline due to dense thickets. It is protected now as a scheduled Ancient Monument. Its archaeology has been investigated some three times, first in 1882. Considered to be an Iron Age British hill-fort it has been tentatively dated by a few pottery remains found under the embankment as c 300–200 BC, or possibly slightly earlier. It is thought to be contemporary with Ambresbury Banks, the other hill-fort some two miles farther north in the Forest. The precise nature of its use is not known, although there is a general belief it may have been a refuge in times of tribal conflict. Caesar writes of the 'British strongholds hidden in densely wooded spots fortified by a rampart and a ditch, to which they retire in order to escape the attacks of invaders'. No hut post-holes, etc, have been found, only pottery shards, charcoal, some worked flint flakes and an arrow head which could be earlier than the pottery. At the northeast corner, evidence was found of the entrance in the form of a substantial double set of gatepost holes and some foundation stones. A considerable labour force must have been involved for a long time to construct the ramparts with primitive tools and enclose over 11 acres. Its position nearly 30m (100 feet) above the valley of 'Kate's Cellar' is considered to be excellent from the point of view of military strategy. A spring in the centre provided a water supply. By 1885, the 'camp' was more heather covered than today and from the ramparts a fine view could be obtained southwards to the Kentish Hills . . .

From *Getting to Know Epping Forest* by Ken Hoy, MBE (Friends of Epping Forest, 2002).

Fun and games in Epping Forest

From *The Car Illustrated* magazine of 17 June 1908

PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT EPPING FOREST

A very kindly act was performed by the Prince and Princess of Wales* by their visit last week to Epping Forest in connection with the Fresh Air Fund. Their Royal Highnesses watched and talked to the children who had for the day been transported from the lanes and alleys of the East End to the forest. The Fresh Air Fund, which was founded by Mr C Arthur Pearson sixteen years ago, has provided a holiday in the country air for 1,840,565 of the very poorest children of the metropolis and some forty other large towns of the United Kingdom. The public subscribes the funds, and the organisation of the outings is in the efficient charge of the Ragged School Union. Ninepence pays for a holiday for each child, this including railway fare and plenty of wholesome food. This year the aim of the organisers is to give 200,000 children a day in the country, and in addition to provide a fortnight's holiday for 2,000 of the most deserving cases. For this a sum of over £9,000 is needed and the Fund managers rely on the charity of the public to afford them the necessary support. The Epping Forest outing, which was rendered so memorable for the children by the royal visit, was the first of the year. One thousand children from Stepney, Limehouse, Shadwell, and Wapping were taken on this excursion.

(*Submitted by* JOHN HARRISON)

*Later King George V and Queen Mary.

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