LOUGHTON AND DISTRICT HISTORICAL SOCIETY

NEWSLETTER 198

SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 2013 Price 40p, free to members

www.loughtonhistoricalsociety.org.uk

51st Season

A R Quinton, postcard '*Epping Forest from Baldwins Hill*'
Alfred Robert Quinton (1853–1934), was an English watercolour artist, known for his paintings of British villages and landscapes, many of which were published as postcards, which are popular with today's collectors.

William D'Oyley1812–1890

The Society has published *William D'Oyley 1812–1890: Loughton Surveyor and Superintendent of Epping Forest 1876–1879* by Richard Morris. It now available, price £4.50 to members, £5 to others**.**

In the fight to save Epping Forest from enclosure, the City of London Corporation had by 1876 purchased 2,750 acres of forest from the local lords of the manor. The Corporation decided to appoint a Superintendent to take charge of the land, and appointed William D'Oyley, a land surveyor who had lived in Loughton since 1854.

William D'Oyley was Superintendent for only three years but he used his professional skills to create new paths through the Forest and to drain swampy areas so that, by the time of the Epping Forest Act of 1878, the obligation to conserve the Forest for the recreation and enjoyment of the people was beginning to be realised.

D'Oyley came from a family of land surveyors, who were all known for the many detailed maps and plans of the Forest and south-west Essex that they compiled, and which are today in the collection of the London Metropolitan Archives. The book has 56 pages of text and 8 pages in colour, showing some of D'Oyley's maps.

Buckhurst Hill and the British Empire

Many people who lived in Buckhurst Hill in the Victorian and Edwardian eras were involved, directly or indirectly, in the service of the British Empire.

Shipping

Various families were involved in different aspects of shipping. The Linders of Oakfield, and their relations by marriage, the Scruttons of Epping New Road, were both owners of ships and providers of shipping services. Sharpe Ridgers, who lived at Moorabbin, Roebuck Lane (itself an Australian name) belonged to a shipping family; his father is said to have captained

the clippers providing the service between Britain and Australia. Montague Sanders, of the Cedars, Brook Road, was a boat builder; his son Thomas was a naval architect. Another very important resident of Buckhurst Hill was Arnold Francis Hills of Devon House – he was Managing Director of the Thames Ironworks which built many ships for the Royal Navy. One of the houses along the High Road known as Knighton Villas was for a while the home of Sunderland shipowner William Gourley. The churchwarden of the Church of St John the Baptist, Buckhurst Hill, William R Hodge, was a manufacturing engineer at the Union Iron Works, Millwall, and his son Edward became a marine engineer. He died of yellow fever in a US quarantine station in 1899.

India

In 1881 the occupant of number 6 St John's Terrace (later 95 High Road, and since replaced) was William Barwell, a 45-year-old captain in the Bengal Company. He had been born in Calcutta in 1836 and may have been related to the William Barwell who served as President of Bengal in the eighteenth century; there are records of a number of men called Barwell involved in the history of Bengal throughout the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. William was married to Mary Ann, who had also been born in India in 1841. They had three daughters, Helen, Jeneta and Dorothy, all born in England, in places like Eastbourne and Ilfracombe, perhaps indicating that whilst her husband was in India, Mary Ann returned to England to give birth in comparative safety.

Major Walter Gilbert of Clarendon, Palmerston Road, served in India; his daughter Isabelle was born there in 1870. Archibald Fullerton Richmond, of Glenlee, Powell Road, was born in Fyzabad, India in 1872; his father was a surgeon with the Indian Army.

At number 4 St John's Terrace for a while lived John Hooper, who worked for HM Indian Civil Service; his four children were all born in India. And at the Laurels (72 High Road) lived in 1881 Kate Lyon, with her eight-month-old daughter. Her husband was a civil engineer stationed in India.

In addition to inhabitants of Buckhurst Hill being for at least a time based in India, others living here provided services for those who were working in the colonies – in particular, providing schooling for their children. There were several small private schools which cared for and educated these children while their parents were far away – High Clere (on the High Road, now replaced by flats) was a school for a while, with pupils from Malta and India. Across the road in Knighton Villas, two premises were used as schools in the 1880s, and pupils came from Lucknow and Sicily, and the head teacher of one of the schools was herself born in India.

The Colonies

Buckhurst Hill residents involved in the colonies included Henry Garwood Watel, of Rayleigh, Palmerston Road, who was a civil engineer and who died in Ghana in 1910. Nathaniel William Brenton Collier was born on the island of St Helena in 1818 as his father was stationed there as a naval storekeeper. Nathaniel as a small boy may have met the Emperor Napoleon who died there in 1821; Nathaniel went on to name his house in Queen's Road St Helena Villa. Frederick Ricks, bandmaster of the 72nd Highlanders, served at the Cape of Good Hope; he lived at Talbot House, Queen's Road (later known as Taunton House) and died in 1863. Oswell Robert Borradaile, who lived at Deloraine, Westbury Road, was the nephew of a wealthy East India merchant. Augustus Cecil Elphinstone, who lived at what is now 54 High Road as a boy in the 1880s, went to Queensland, Australia, for tobacco farming; he later became a politician and died there in 1964.

Not all lived blameless lives whilst away from the shores of Britain. Hubert Silberrad was one of the many children of Arthur Pouchin Silberrad of Sunnycroft, which was a large house situated on the High Road, approximately where Chandos Close is now. He was born in Buckhurst Hill on 11 October 1879 and was educated at Chigwell School. He joined the Colonial Service and became the Assistant District Commissioner in Nyeri, Kenya. He became famous, even notorious, for the concubine scandal, which is discussed in some detail in a recent book by Jeremy Paxman.[1] In 1905 Silberrad bought two girls (for 40 goats each) from a colleague who had been promoted. One of them, who was only 12, did not like to be passed on, but the other agreed, for a monthly wage. Three years later in 1908 Hubert tried to buy a third mistress, but one of his own policemen objected, so Hubert locked him up for the night for insubordination. Two white neighbours, the Routledges, objected, and Mr Scoresby Routledge rode four days through the rain to complain to the Governor in Nairobi. Routledge (1859–1939) was regarded as an interfering nuisance by the officials in the area, but he made his name as an anthropologist and enthnographer, studying the Kikuyu of East Africa (and later, the inhabitants of Easter Island). The Governor ordered a private investigation, and Hubert lost a year's seniority for having brought the administration into disrepute by 'poaching'. Mr Routledge would not let the matter rest and wrote to *The Times*, which brought about a debate in Parliament. As a result the Colonial Secretary, Lord Crewe, issued what later became known as the 'Concubine Circular' of 1909 which stated that 'taking native mistresses' was 'injurious and dangerous' and 'disgrace and ruin' awaited those who made the mistake of entering into 'arrangements of concubinage with girls or women belonging to the native populations'. This must all have been very shocking for the respectable people of Buckhurst Hill.

Emigration

Some families had members who left these shores for a better life, or job opportunities abroad. Frederick, the son of John Saunders Breeze of Queenborough, High Road, died in New Zealand in 1907, and William Norman of Dunbeath House, Queen's Road, survived a shipwreck on an emigrant ship in 1887. One of the sons of Augustus Challis of the Chestnuts, High Road, Arthur James, died in Kalgoorlie, Australia, in 1902

and Thomas Shorter's daughter Frances died in Nigeria in 1903 (the Shorters lived at Holly House). Frederick Edwards of Holmehurst made his fortune in Australia, where six of his children were born. One of these, his daughter Florence, married Charles Linder of St Just.

Note and references

1. The Silberrad scandal was quoted in the *Daily Telegraph* Review Section, Saturday, 1 October 2011 from the newly published book by Jeremy Paxman, *Empire: What Ruling the World did to the British* (Viking 2011).
www.london-gazette.co.uk
www.freebmd.co.uk
www.familysearch.org

LYNN HASELDINE JONES

Was this the ultimate folly?

It is interesting sometimes to peruse our old Newsletters, *helped by Ted Martin's assiduous indexing of every one since Issue 130 (January 1996). In that issue there was an article by one of our most distinguished members, the late John Howes. Here it is, very slightly adapted, and with the addition of photographs.*

Close by the elegant 18th-century home of MP Paul Channon and deep inside one of the few large hills in the vicinity, a large underground bunker was built in 1952 to serve as a control centre for the RAF. The site was 'top secret' but being surrounded by a high fence covered with KEEP OUT notices and crowned by a prominent radio mast, its location was soon well-known to local residents – TQ 561995, to be exact.

After about 15 years serving the RAF, and a short period being used to house a Civil Defence unit, it was converted at a cost of several million pounds into a Nuclear Command Bunker able to house up to 600 people with supplies to last three months.

Finally, in 1992 the bunker was put up for sale by the Ministry of Defence and purchased at a minute fraction of its total cost by a member of the family who originally owned and farmed the land where it was built. Now, for an entrance fee anyone can enter what could be considered the greatest 'folly' in this area!

The bungalow that serves as the entrance to the Kelvedon Hatch Nuclear Bunker.

The entrance to this labyrinth sunk some one hundred feet below ground and surrounded by 10-feet thick concrete walls is through what is intended to be a 'decoy' modern bungalow, now festooned with closed circuit television cameras and the exhaust pipes of a huge power plant, it would hardly have deceived any would-be attacker. The 'Texas-style' wooden front door is covered on the inside with 2-inch thick steel plating and leads visitors into the 'decontamination area'. There, after a nuclear attack, anyone admitted would have been required to deposit all their clothing into a lead-lined box and then pass through a shower, reminiscent of a visit to Loughton Pool, before entering the Guard Room fitted somewhat incongruously with a tiled fireplace.

From here the real bunker begins. It is entered through huge doors made from tank armour plate four to six inches thick. Ahead is a long featureless passage leading deep into the hill, so designed that it would be of use to fight off any misguided civilians who tried to enter the building knowing the conditions outside and hoping to convince the PM and military locked inside that surrender was the wisest course of action.

The excellent guided tour then takes visitors through rooms designed for various purposes such as a BBC studio, a radar room, telephone exchange and teleprinter room, medical centre and laboratory, as well as a well-equipped canteen and male and female dormitories. Finally, in the bowels of the structure is a huge refrigeration plant needed to keep down the heat generated by 600 human beings and machinery. Strangely, in the same room there is equipment to pump sewage to the top of the site rather than simply draining it away at the base.

Kelvedon Hatch emergency broadcast tower.

My own reaction to this 20th-century fortress was to wonder whether any sane person could have envisaged keeping 600 human beings entombed in a great cellar for up to three months fully aware of the destruction above, the deaths of their own loved ones and knowledge of the nightmare world into which they would eventually have to emerge.

JOHN HOWES

Doodlebug strikes Woodford Green

It was the summer of 1944. I was two months away from my eighth birthday and enjoying the school

holidays. We lived in a typical 1930s suburban road in Woodford Green on the Essex/London border, 12 miles from the City of London.

We had come through the blitz and subsequent bombing raids relatively unscathed although one or two of our neighbours were not so lucky. This particular morning was warm and sunny with a cloudless blue sky and I was enjoying playing with friends in a front garden, three doors from my house. The houses in our road were mainly semi-detached having small front gardens hedged by privet and accessed through latticed wooden gates.

The V1 Flying Bomb or 'Doodlebug', as we called it, appeared from nowhere and my friends had disappeared. It was flying low and fast and the noise it made was deafening to a small lad. The V1's jet engine, sited above the fuselage, cut out over my head. Too scared to look up I felt its draught and saw the shadow cast on the ground. When the engine cuts the V1 would usually glide a further short distance before crashing to the ground but sometimes it was known to drop like a stone, particularly if the wings, which had a sixteen foot span, had been damaged by gunfire.

I ran the short distance to my house, although it didn't seem short at the time, and to my astonishment jumped the gate, a feat I have since been unable to repeat. The V1 crashed on to six houses at the top of the road and the blast threw me in through the front door, which my mother, who was more distressed than me, had opened. V1 attacks were followed by V2s and although the explosive warhead of the V2s was twice that of the V1s – i.e., 2,000lb against 1,000lb, they were less terrifying than the 'Doodle Bugs'. After all, if you heard the explosion of a V2 you were alive, if you didn't, you were dead. ALAN STOKES

Britain at war: harvesting wheat under fire

I am now over 80, but at the outbreak of the Second World War, I was an 11-year-old schoolboy living, as I still do,[1] in Woodford Green, a part of Churchill's old constituency of Wanstead and Woodford.

Although several miles from the centre of London, we were liberally showered with explosive and incendiary bombs and the deadly parachute mines, and we had our windows broken on several occasions.

Later, there were the 1943 'Baedeker Raids'[2] and, finally, the horrific V1s and V2s which we experienced both at home and on a school harvest camp near Rye in 1944 where, for two weeks, we worked under the flight path of the V1s coming in from the sea which were engaged, and often destroyed, by AA guns and fighters.

For two days we harvested a wheat field with a battery of 3.7-inch AA guns firing away in the next field. I was at school when a Spitfire crashed just outside the school boundary in 1940, and apart from my experiences of V1s near Rye, I also had a grandstand view of a V1 exploding nearby in a field near Lambourne End. R W H BONSALL

Notes

1. Sadly, the writer of this piece is now deceased, but his family is aware of its being printed.

2. Nazi propagandist Baron Gustav Braun von Sturm claimed that the Luftwaffe would work its way through the UK, bombing the major cities in the Baedeker tourist guide.

The turnpike age – Part 1

Engineered roads are as old as the wheel itself, and roads of some form existed in the ancient Empires of the Assyrians, Persians and Egyptians, thousands of years before the greatest road builders of all, the Romans, came on the scene.

A hard metalled surface is, however, not essential for wheeled traffic, so long as the ground is firm, but some kind of engineering is essential for traffic to pass over natural obstacles, such as rivers, marshes and mountains.

Dirt roads are suitable so long as the number of vehicles using them is few, but as populations increase so does the volume of traffic. In wet weather the action of an iron-rimmed wheel bearing a heavy load, is to plough the softened earth, and a rut is formed which is widened and deepened by the next vehicle. On level ground it soon becomes a quagmire, and on a gradient the rut is washed even deeper by the rain running off, exposing large stones in the subsoil and depositing soft silt further down.

In 18th-century England, a great many roads were in such poor condition that Blind Jack Metcalf, a great road builder of that century, recalled in his biography, that, in 1731, he was able to walk from London to Harrogate quicker than the coach of a Colonel Liddel, who had kindly offered him a seat for the journey.

It is true that many of our roads at that time still followed the efficient routes laid by Roman engineers, but in 1,200 years, without skilful maintenance, it is expecting a little too much of the best engineer's work – yet incredible as it may seem, many miles of their roads did survive to serve as the foundation of our present road system.

The general poor condition of roads in England had been the cause of public concern during the 16th century, and in 1555 Parliament introduced legislation which under the 'Act for the Mending of Hywayes' made it obligatory for the roads in every parish to be maintained by the parishioners themselves. Every able-bodied man was obliged to turn out for four days (later six days) a year to mend and repair roads within the parish, and those with horses and carts were also required to put their animals and vehicles to this service.

In a predominantly rural community, such a measure would appear to be reasonable and effective, but the Act did not take into account the volume of traffic on some roads, and the sparse population of some parishes through which they passed. This state of affairs was probably responsible for further legislation which was undoubtedly the forerunner of the Turnpike Acts. In 1621 'An Acte for the repare of the great Roade and Highway to London from the Northe parts of England between Biggleswade and Baldocke' was passed by the Lords which enabled tolls

to be levied for the repairs. The tolls would be maintained as long as repairs required an income.

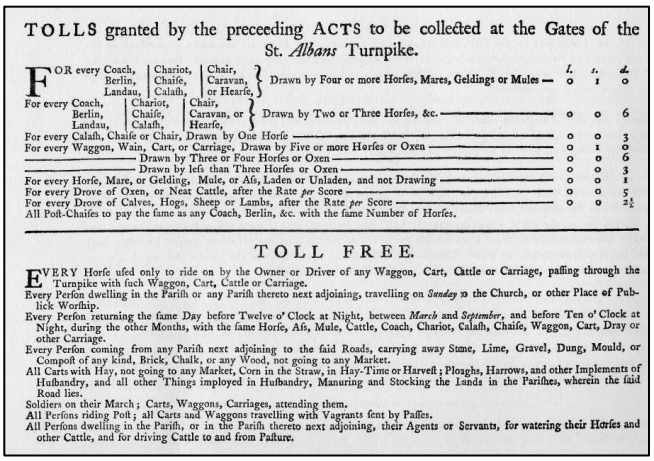
Paying the toll.

In 1663 the first Turnpike Act was passed enabling the courts of Quarter Sessions for the counties of Hertfordshire, Cambridge and Huntingdonshire to erect a toll gate on the Great North Road and levy charges which were used for the maintenance of the road.

In 1706 Parliament created the first turnpike trust, a scheme by which local business people could charge a toll for using a road, using the money received to maintain the road. After 1750 there was a 'mania' for turnpikes: 870 Acts were passed in the 20 years after 1751, and by 1830 there were some 1,100 trusts, created by around 4,000 separate Acts, administering more than 56,000 miles (35,000km) of road. The first turnpikes were in the counties close to London, but after 1750 trusts were set up mainly in the Midlands, and after 1790 were concentrated in the north of England, reflecting the pattern of economic growth during the Industrial Revolution. Many of the trusts were fraudulently administered, and the Turnpike Act of 1822 required trusts to keep accounts. It has been estimated that, by the 1830s, the turnpikes were investing about £1.5 million a year in the UK road system. The improved roads allowed a significant increase of haulage traffic, passenger coaches, and a national postal service. By the end of the 18th century nearly all the main roads in Britain were covered by over 1,100 separate Turnpike Trusts, but roads not covered by trusts were still the responsibility of the parishes.

Turnpikes were an effective measure but tolls and fees were always regarded as an imposition, and on a long journey could be expensive. Most trusts had exemptions for local traffic and for the encouragement of local trades and industries. Pedestrians rarely paid, and the military went free. Soon, however, merchants discovered the advantages of large wagons, and no doubt many experiments were made to increase the wagon size, and reduce the size of the horse team. Narrow wheeled wagons carrying heavy loads were soon found to be destructive to the surface of the turnpikes, and by the middle of the 18th century the broad-wheeled wagon had been introduced. The wheels were specially constructed to make the passage over gravel road surfaces easier.

The actual construction of the turnpikes in the first half of the 18th century was, by all accounts, dependent on the skill and knowledge of the local surveyor and engineer, the cost of the scheme and the projected income. However, before the advent of Metcalf, Macadam and Telford in the second half of the century, there was no one who had made a serious study of road construction, and the quality of the roads varied considerably.



TOLLS granted by the preceeding ACTS to be collected at the Gates of the St. *Albans* Turnpike.

FOR every Coach, Berlin, Landau, Chariot, Chaiſe, Calaſh, Chair, Caravan, or Hearſe,	Drawn by Four or more Horſes, Mares, Geldings or Mules —	0	1	0
For every Coach, Berlin, Landau, Chariot, Chaiſe, Calaſh, Chair, Caravan, or Hearſe,	Drawn by Two or Three Horſes, &c. —	0	0	6
For every Calaſh, Chaiſe or Chair, Drawn by One Horſe		0	0	3
For every Waggon, Wain, Cart, or Carriage, Drawn by Five or more Horſes or Oxen		0	1	0
Drawn by Three or Four Horſes or Oxen		0	0	6
Drawn by leſs than Three Horſes or Oxen		0	0	3
For every Horſe, Mare, or Gelding, Mule, or Aſs, Laden or Unladen, and not Drawing		0	0	1
For every Drove of Oxen, or Neat Cattle, after the Rate *per* Score		0	0	5
For every Drove of Calves, Hogs, Sheep or Lambs, after the Rate *per* Score		0	0	2½

All Poſt-Chaiſes to pay the ſame as any Coach, Berlin, &c. with the ſame Number of Horſes.

TOLL FREE.

EVERY Horſe uſed only to ride on by the Owner or Driver of any Waggon, Cart, Cattle or Carriage, paſſing through the Turnpike with ſuch Waggon, Cart, Cattle or Carriage.
Every Perſon dwelling in the Pariſh or any Pariſh thereto next adjoining, travelling on *Sunday* to the Church, or other Place of Publick Worſhip.
Every Perſon returning the ſame Day before Twelve o' Clock at Night, between *March* and *September*, and before Ten o' Clock at Night, during the other Months, with the ſame Horſe, Aſs, Mule, Cattle, Coach, Chariot, Calaſh, Chaiſe, Waggon, Cart, Dray or other Carriage.
Every Perſon coming from any Pariſh next adjoining to the ſaid Roads, carrying away Stone, Lime, Gravel, Dung, Mould, or Compoſt of any kind, Brick, Chalk, or any Wood, not going to any Market.
All Carts with Hay, not going to any Market, Corn in the Straw, in Hay-Time or Harveſt; Ploughs, Harrows, and other Implements of Huſbandry, and all other Things imployed in Huſbandry, Manuring and Stocking the Lands in the Pariſhes, wherein the ſaid Road lies.
Soldiers on their March; Carts, Waggons, Carriages, attending them.
All Perſons riding Poſt; all Carts and Waggons travelling with Vagrants ſent by Paſſes.
All Perſons dwelling in the Pariſh, or in the Pariſh thereto next adjoining, their Agents or Servants, for watering their Horſes and other Cattle, and for driving Cattle to and from Paſture.

Toll charges collected at the gate of St Albans Turnpike.

Despite their shortcomings, the new turnpikes were a tremendous leap forward, and their growth, and development was related very much to the increased domestic and commercial traffic at the beginning of the Industrial Revolution. The new age demanded better communications and the Turnpikes were to be part of the answer.

The turnpike builders

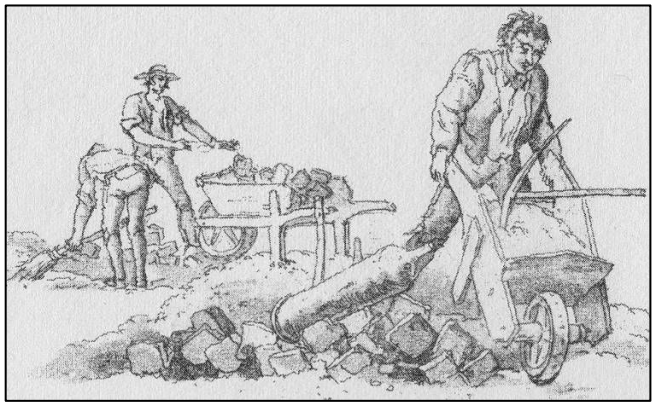
JOHN METCALF. Born in Knaresborough, Yorkshire, in 1717, the son of working folk, he was blinded by smallpox at the age of 6. In spite of this terrible handicap he learned to live a normal life, and became an expert swimmer.

In later years he travelled widely, and was at some time a soldier, entertainer, merchant and businessman. In 1765 he contracted to build his first road, and from then he went on to both build and survey 150 miles of roads in Lancashire, Yorkshire, Derbyshire and Cheshire. After a lifetime of incredible accomplishment he died in 1810 at the age of 93.

THOMAS TELFORD. Born in Westerkirk, Eskdale, Dumfriesshire, in 1757, the son of a shepherd. As a child he received no special education, more often than not he helped his father herd the sheep. When he was 15 he was apprenticed to a stone mason and thereafter he improved himself by further study. At 23 he went to Edinburgh where he was employed on building. His skill as a mason and structural engineer rapidly increased and, before he was 40, he was established as a leading civil engineer. Perhaps Telford is better known for his bridges and canal works, but he held a lifetime interest in the scientific construction of roads, and did much to establish that branch of civil engineering. He died in London in 1834, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

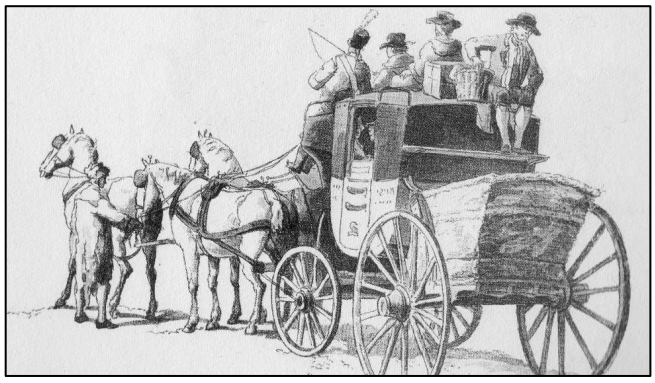
JOHN L MACADAM. Born in Ayr in 1756 he appears to have been a member of a well-to-do family. At 16 he went to New York to work for an uncle. He returned 13 years later having made a considerable fortune.[1] He took a great practical interest in road construction, and using his own capital invented the Macadam system of road building. His principles were

that, if the ground foundations of the road were kept dry and drained, the road would support any weight of traffic. The top dressing of the road would be selected and laid to form as near as possible a watertight surface on a broken stone core. His experience earned him the post of Government General Surveyor of Roads in 1827 and he laid down the route of the Epping New Road together with his son James (later Sir James) Macadam. He died at Moffatt in 1836 on his way home from a holiday in Scotland to his home at Hoddesdon, Herts.



Building the turnpikes.

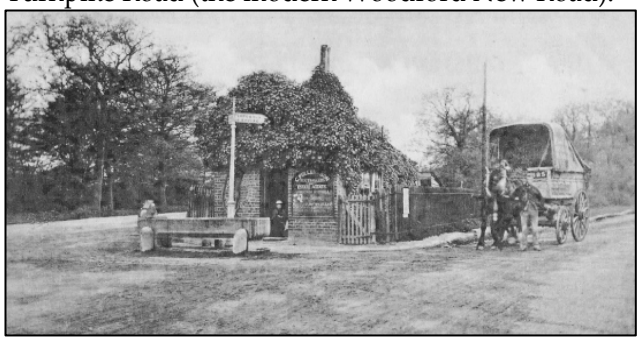
In coastal areas packet boats were still used for passenger journeys between the main centres of population, and barges around the coasts and on navigable rivers were still the cheapest form of transport for goods. The cost of road transport was high, and increased the price of commodities accordingly.



Stage coach from the turnpike age.

The Duke of Bridgewater calculated that, if he could convey coal from his Worsley Colliery to Manchester by barge, the resale price would be exactly half. The colliery was a mere 10 miles from the city and the cost of transport by road must have amounted to more than double the price of coal at the pithead. James Brindley built the Bridgewater canal, and the canal boom was underway by 1760. Though it was never a serious competitor to the roads, the canal system must have had a local effect on turnpike income in the Midlands, Potteries and the North of England.

In 1829 Metropolitan Turnpikes Act, was passed to place the London Metropolitan Turnpike Commissioners (also known as the Metropolitan Turnpike Trust) on a statutory basis and to give them increased powers. They were empowered to construct three new roads, of which one was the road from Lea Bridge Road in Walthamstow to the main London–Epping Turnpike Road (the modern Woodford New Road).



The Woodford Turnpike, 1903.

In 1835 the General Highway Act was introduced, which was the first step in bringing about proper local administration and maintenance of roads, and the Act abolished at last the requirement for statute labour from the parishes. Gradually, with the Public Health Acts of 1848 and 1875, and the Local Government Acts of 1888 and 1894, the administration and maintenance of our roads passed into the hands of local government councils. In 1831, 100 years after Metcalf's six-day journey to Harrogate, the 'Peveril of the Peak' coach was running from London to Edinburgh in 44 hours. Coach and horse were still to last another 70 years, and the merchant's dray another 100, but Mr Stephenson's steam engines plying between Stockton and Darlington were the heralds of a new age of transport.

Turnpike facts

The name turnpike comes from the description of the type of gate used to regulate the traffic past the toll houses, and they were single-arm barriers turning on a pivot. The first gates were fitted with spikes (pikes) to prevent drivers from forcing them.

It is not unusual for newly constructed turnpikes to bear the name 'new', such as the Epping New Road, the 'old' road usually not being very far away, but often wandering about the countryside from hamlet to village.

Essex turnpikes

Essex turnpike history began with an Act of 1695 (7 & 8 Will 3, cap 9, Roads, London to Harwich) which allowed the county justices to establish turnpikes on parts of the London to Harwich road. The entire road was managed under the turnpike system after an Act of 1725 (12 Geo.1, cap 23 (Essex roads)), which also covered the road between Colchester and Langham. The next century and a half saw a huge increase in the number of turnpike roads across the county, but the advent of the Eastern Counties Railway, which had joined London to Colchester by 1843, caused a significant drop in the revenue collected from tolls and many turnpike trusts became insolvent. The Colchester trust was wound up by 1870, and by 1888 all Essex roads were maintained entirely out of the county rate.

Some of the turnpike trusts in Essex were: Barking and Tilbury Fort Road Turnpike Trust; Chelmsford Turnpike Trust; Coggeshall and Bocking Turnpike Trust; Colchester Turnpike Trust; Dunmow Turnpike Trust; Epping and Ongar Turnpike Trust; Essex Second District Turnpike Trust; Halstead Turnpike Trust; Hockerill Turnpike Trust; Middlesex and Essex

Turnpike Trust; Notley Turnpike Trust; Rochford Hundred Turnpike Trust; Shenfield to Harwich Turnpike Trust; Thundersley to Horndon Turnpike Trust.

BOB CLARIDGE AND TED MARTIN*

* Most of this first (general) part of the article is reprinted from the Harlington Heritage Trust (Bedfordshire) *Newsletter*, No 124, March 2012, by kind permission of the Trust and the Editor. It was composed from documents held in the Trust Archive and edited by Bob Claridge, Cataloguer and Librarian for the Trust. In this part, the material dealing with Essex was compiled by Ted Martin from online sources and books in his possession and thanks are due to Chris Pond who helped greatly in checking facts and providing additions and improvements to the original draft.

Copped Hall – A horror story?

'Suddenly the once peaceful woods of Epping Forest echo with piercing screams and a chilling reign of terror has begun.'

Last season's LDHS programme opened in January with 'Progress at Copped Hall' presented by Alan Cox, Chairman of the Copped Hall Trust, which proved to be an informative update explained with the help of numerous photographs.

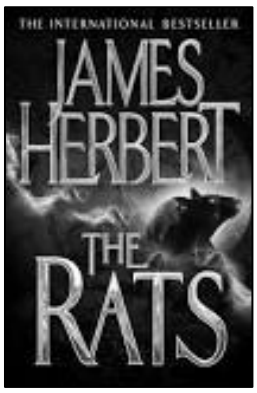
During the course of the evening, passing mention was made that down the years Copped Hall had appeared in a number of novels, both directly and 'in disguise'. Few people, however – other than those with an addiction to a particular literary genre – will be aware that the Hall, together with the Epping Forest area, became the scenario for a 1979 best-selling novel.

On 8 April 1943, James Herbert was born. His parents, Herbert and Kitty, owned a fruit stall in Bethnal Green Road, and it was in the East End with its bomb sites for playgrounds that James spent his early years, his first home being a flat in a Guinness Trust building. He was seven when his parents moved to Tyne Street behind Petticoat Lane, and it was there, in the stables where traders kept their stalls and in the derelict houses, that he found the place running alive with giant rats, a discovery that, by his own admission, left an impression of horror that lasted into adulthood.

A career in advertising saw him rise to Group Head/Associate Director of an advertising agency, but he began to look for a challenge in other fields, and says he never really knew what prompted him to pick up a pen and start writing a novel. *The Rats*, a story of a mutant strain of the creatures who carried a virus whereby even a nip meant death, was published in 1974 and the first printing of 100,000 sold out in three weeks. The last line of the book: 'Patiently, they waited for the people to return' gave a hint to a possible sequel, but it was 1979, by which time he had established himself as the UK's No 1 horror writer, that he returned to the subject with *Lair.*

The Rats had been set in London in the squalid inner city, and his idea was to move the scenario out into the green belt to show that no one was safe, wealthy or not. At the time he was living in Woodford and, as he writes in James Herbert's *Dark Places*: 'Epping Forest, the green belt so close to London, provided an ideal analogy, as well as a superb battle-ground, for my premise, and it was a wonderful – and healthy – place to research. On one of my excursions into the forest I came upon that fire-gutted shell of a huge mansion.' He had found a set of large, rusted iron gates with lodge houses on either side, pushed them open and made his way up the long pitted road to the ruin, knowing at first sight that he had indeed found his 'lair'. The lower windows were closed with corrugated iron but one section was sufficiently loose to be pulled aside far enough to allow him access:

'Once inside the atmosphere of abandonment, decay and the ghosts of a greater past sent my mind reeling with possibilities. I climbed down into its rubble-strewn cellars (reminiscent of those childhood bomb-sites) and in the darkness there I found my perfect nesting place for the mutant rats and their Mother Creature. I spent a happy hour there in the gloom and wreckage, and when I left I came across a quagmire of a yard where corrugated iron sheets had been used to fashion rough sheds. I peeked inside one of the sheds and discovered pigs lying there in the darkness, a whole nest of them, pink and bloated, resembling the more gross members of my own invented species. It was these animals that had churned the earth outside as they rooted for anything edible, reducing the area to a desolate and naked battlefield and further feeding my imagination so that pages and pages of my notebook were soon filled with ideas for the story.'



In the novel, Copped Hall becomes Seymour Hall, but other places such as the Epping Forest Conservation Centre, the Suntrap Field Study Centre and The Warren all gain a mention along with other local places which, although not always named, are recognisable from their description. Four years have passed since the Outbreak when the rats brought terror to London, a time spent adapting to the open woodland, and now, led by a grotesquely deformed monster rat they are ready to take on man once more. Epping Forest becomes a battleground, and the story, inevitably, reaches its climax at the Hall. As in its predecessor, the final lines in *Lair* are: 'It moved forward, down the hill, heading for the lights, back to the city. The others followed.' This again intimated that maybe there was more to come, and in 1984 *Domain*, followed in 1993 by *The City*, a graphic novel, completed the saga.

James Herbert is the author of 23 novels with

translations into over 30 languages and sales exceeding 54 million worldwide. Several have been transferred to the big screen, others dramatised for radio, and *The Secret of Crickley Hall*, published in 2006, was screened as a three-part drama on BBC 1 just prior to Christmas 2012. In 2010 he was awarded an OBE for Services to Literature and, during the presentation by Prince Charles, surprised him by saying: 'You're in my next book.' That book is *Ash*, published in 2012, his latest, and now final, bestseller.

Postscript

I completed this article in February, and mentioned to our editor that I was awaiting a reply – hopefully – to a letter I had written to the author regarding a photo I would like to include. Little did I know that a week later I would be reading of James Herbert's death at the age of 69.

I met him several times at book signings and at one, having learned that I lived in Loughton, he said he knew it well as he'd lived in Buckhurst Hill briefly before moving 'upmarket' to Woodford. The last time we met I mentioned that Copped Hall was undergoing renovation, to which he replied that he hoped they had cleaned up the cellars since he was there last!

Among the many tributes paid to him was one from Jeremy Trevathan, his editor at Pan Macmillan who said 'Jim Herbert was one of the keystone authors in a genre that had its heyday in the 1970s and 1980s. It's a true testament to his writing and his enduring creativity that his books continued to be huge bestsellers right up until his death.'

References

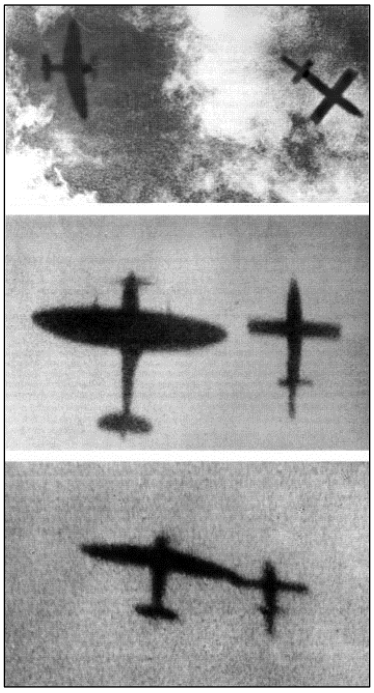
Herbert, James: *The Rats* (New English Library, 1974); *Lair* (New English Library, 1979); *James Herbert's Dark Places*, (Harper Collins, 1993); *Ash* (Macmillan, 2012).

PETER COOK

V1s and V2s: menace from the skies

Those of us who were born in the mid 1930s or earlier will remember the menace from the skies that occurred during the Second World War in 1943/44.

The V1s were Vengeance weapon 1 or doodle-bugs, as we called them. These were unmanned pulse-jet powered flying bombs, packed with 1,000kg of explosive, and very fast at 393mph. Only the latest fighter aircraft were fast enough to catch them.



Spitfire 'tipping-off' a V1. If you've never heard of this insane tactic, read on. At first some V1's were shot down by gunfire. With the high risk of being blown up themselves if they shot them down; pilots started tipping the V1's wing; this damaged their own wing tips so they disrupted the air flow by placing their wing very close to the V1's wing, causing it to topple. Some Mosquito pilots flew closely in front of the V1, again causing it to topple. The thought of doing this at 400mph, 3,000 feet above the ground at night, gives me the willies!

Many V1s were brought down in the Channel, others fell in the countryside especially in Kent. 9,521 V1s were fired at England of which 4,621 were destroyed before they reached their target. 2,419 reached London. 21, V1s and 13, V2s fell in the Chigwell area.

The V1's engine noise was very distinctive, like that of a motorcycle, so you could hear them coming. One night I was awakened by the sound of an approaching doodlebug; it came down terribly loud on full engine power. The noise stopped abruptly and a second or two later came the huge explosion. I was showered with bits of ceiling plaster; my heart was pounding, phew, that was close! It came down 200 yards from us close to Clare Hall, an early 19th century villa in Manor Road. The owner and the staff were not injured, but the house was left barely standing. With its roof, windows and doors gone it looked a sorry sight. It had dropped next to an evergreen Holm oak in the front garden, near to the road; the tree survived but for the first time ever it didn't have a single leaf left on it!

Another came down on to a bungalow in the grounds of Old Farm in Green Lane, Chigwell, killing the two occupants. Their young daughter survived because she had injured herself by falling on to a harrow and was in hospital; what a terrible shock for her, losing both parents.

Another time at school we were working on our allotments when a V1 came over. Our headmaster told us all to jump in the nearby ditch and we watched as it passed almost overhead when the engine cut out, another heart-stopping moment, but it carried on and disappeared over the houses in Meadow Way. It eventually came down and exploded near the Buckhurst Hill Boys High School. Another came down close to Grange Hill Station badly damaging it. The station was rebuilt in a more modern style. Previously it had been identical to the late Victorian station at Chigwell.

V1 doodlebugs did one of three things: when the engine cut out they would either plunge to the ground and explode or carry on gliding before hitting the ground; the later ones came down on full engine power. They were very effective exploding immediately on impact without causing much of a crater, so a lot of damage was done by the blast.

PETER COMBER

My memories of V1s and V2s

In 1944, aged 5, I was living in Wood Green, North London, with my parents on the Noel Park Estate. The war had disrupted our lives in the Blitz when we were evacuated to relatives in Lancashire. Dad, who was a telephone engineer, stayed on in London but was quite often moved to the country to wire-up new airfields.

After the Blitz we returned to London and in 1941 my brother was born and the two of us shared a bedroom where my sibling occupied his nights by shouting that the 'guns [he said 'duns'] were going', even though I could hear the anti-aircraft barrage quite well for myself!

When the V1s started we took refuge under the stairs and, as Dad was quite often away, my unmarried Aunt, who was in the Auxiliary Fire Service, stayed with us. It did wonders for my standing with the other boys when she was dropped off at our house from a gleaming red Dennis fire tender!

We were under the stairs when the V1s came over and, too young to realise the implications, I would give a commentary and get very excited when the engine stopped, much to the annoyance of Mum and Aunt.

I have a recollection of standing in the street at night watching the fires burning at the next cross-roads and the fire tenders rushing to the scene and doing their best to quench them.

My V2 was a more dangerous incident. I was playing with two other boys in the street on a sunny afternoon. We had a metal milk crate and some rope and were taking it in turns to ride on the crate and to be pulled to the top of Moselle Avenue and then back to my house which was halfway down the avenue.

We had been to the top of the road at the junction with Gladstone Avenue and were on our way back when there was an enormous explosion. We turned round to look and the sky had turned black. I rushed in to tell Mum only to discover that the blast, rushing down the gardens between the houses had blown the living room window in on top of her. She had been sitting by the window sewing. I ran out and found someone to help get the window off her and mercifully she had only cuts and bruises and shock.

Two blocks of houses in Gladstone Avenue and Pelham Road were demolished and some people (mainly women at home) were killed. After this we returned to Lancashire until the V weapons ceased.

Quite the worst experience of my life and it could have been the end of it had we turned the crate round later than we did. But we had our revenge on Mr Hitler: six years later we moved into a brand new house – part of a new development on the V2 site.

TED MARTIN

V1s and V2s: more details

Peter Comber, in his interesting piece about 'doodlebugs', referred to the one that fell at Buckhurst Hill County High School on 11 July 1944. For some reason that I don't think anyone has yet satisfactorily explained, the Head, Mr Taylor, had closed the school for the Summer Holidays a day early – the day before it fell! Had that not been so the casualties would have been far greater.

It exploded in front of the caretaker's house and destroyed a great part of it. Mr Beresford, the caretaker, was blinded and his wife injured and it was said (unconfirmed) that one of his children was killed. That small house protected the school from significant structural damage except for much of the glass in the windows of the two wings closest to the road.

Between those two wings, on the first floor, was the Solarium, quite newly built for the science 6th Form, where they performed dissections as part of their course.

I was on my own at home (dad, mum and big brother all at work, of course) and heard the explosion and wandered into the road to see what I could see when a local kid shouted to me 'Willie, they've bombed your school' so I grabbed my bike and went to see if there was anything I could do. I think I was the first boy to arrive there because, after picking my way through into the building, Mr Taylor saw me and said: 'If you've come to help, Willis, get a bucket and broom and get the mess cleared up in the Solarium.' The sight that greeted me has always remained with me. All the bottles of stain used for staining the dissection were smashed on the floor causing rainbow-coloured puddles mixed with shards of glass, the lot sparkling in the sun. Beautiful – but a heck of a mess to clear up!

Peter mentioned the V2s as well. One of those shed its warhead as it passed over the school while we were all on the school field at break. Bits of the rocket fell onto the field without managing to hit anyone. One piece, which fell in fairly good condition was a set of gears used to control the vanes on the rocket. This was given to our ingenious science master, Fred Scott, who used it to demonstrate to us the force that can be generated by appropriate use of gearing. Nothing was wasted in war-time.

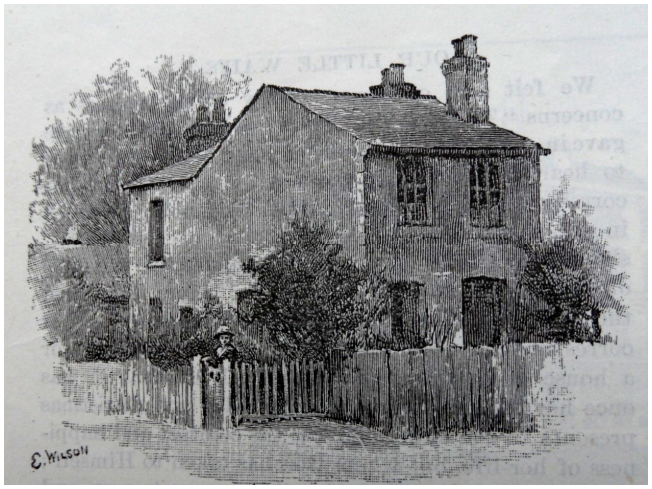
The warhead fell near to what had been Oaklea School in Whitehall Lane which at the time housed some offices for John Knights, the soap people. The explosion smashed windows throughout the building. My mother worked there in the Accounts Department and was said by one of her colleagues to have got onto her chair amidst all the broken glass and shouted at the top of her (always quite powerful) voice: 'Shut up screaming and bawling you silly women and get this mess cleared up – there's work to do!' Quite a girl, my mum, and never averse to taking charge in a crisis!

NORMAN WILLIS

Quiz question

Andy Imms (formerly of Station Road) kindly sent this photo of the Loughton Union Church cricket team c1955. He believes the man first left on the top row might be the minister of LUC 1950–59, George McKelvie, and that the man third from the left in the bottom row, next to the wicket keeper is Richard Mountford. Can anyone confirm this, and name any of the other players? (The Editor can confirm the George McElvie 'belief' as being correct.)

Clark's Cottage – on the borders of the Forest



Clark's Cottage – c1888.

'Close to Epping Forest there is a Home provided by Christian sympathy for the young workwomen who toil in the great city. It is only a little cottage; but in five years it has helped six hundred inmates to rest and change. "Clark's Cottage, Tuttlebee Lane Buckhurst Hill" is kept open all year round, and no charge whatever is made to the young women, the work depending on the offerings of those who would fain benefit in soul and body some of the 20,000 girls employed in the City workrooms. "It would be little rest of mind", say the managers, "if girls earning from six to ten shillings a week had to pay for their holiday, besides keeping on their London lodging while they are resting, and no money is coming in." Last summer as many applications have been received at this little Home as would have filled the beds three times over. Miss Helen Reynolds, Epping New Road, Buckhurst Hill, undertakes the correspondence connected with this practical effort of Christian charity; and we may add that an old wicker Bath chair would be a gift much valued at the Cottage, some girls being able to walk but little. Among those who have been benefited at this Home we may mention a young tailoress, white-faced and weary-looking, almost the sole support of her parents. When she could get work she had to keep at it from five in the morning till eleven or twelve at night, to pay up arrears of rent. She stayed two weeks at the Cottage, and left, with fresh strength and hope, to take her part in the battle of life. Another girl, a boot-finisher, had lost her voice for months through weakness, for which many things had been tried. The fresh country air and nourishing food were the remedies that restored her voice; and she now writes thankfully, from a new and happy home in service, of her five or six weeks' visit to this woodland retreat.'

Source - *The Quiver* (Cassell and Company Ltd, 1888).

Clark's Cottage, 2013.

Submitted by LYNN HASELDINE-JONES

The earlier history of Clark's Cottage, and Tuttlebee Lane is also fascinating.

In the 1861 Census, John Tuttlebee, a hay binder, born 6 November 1809, is listed as living in 'Clark Cottage, Old Road, Buckhurst Hill' (from Epping to Woodford). Also in the house were his wife Ruth, daughter Agnes, and sons John and Albert, plus a lodger, Henry Upson.

In 1871 John was listed as being a cow keeper – by 1881 he had died.

By the time of the 1891 Census the lane was given as Tuttlebee Lane – as seen in the article above, dated 1888, it had been renamed before that.

The Editor and his wife are friends of the former owner of Clark's Cottage. She informs us that it was originally built as one dwelling, then converted into two. When she and her architect husband bought it, some 40 years ago, it was still two separate cottages, which they then converted, renovated and extended into one again, as shown in the above photograph. The owner, now widowed, sold Clark's Cottage in 2009.

Various Tuttlebee family members are buried in St John's churchyard, Buckhurst Hill. – *Ed.*

Rabbits in Buckhurst Hill and Loughton during the Second World War

'COATS OFF TO BEAT HITLER

Mr E B Cadman, Hon Secretary of the newly-formed Buckhurst Hill Poultry and Rabbit Club, writes to us in connection with the club, the members of which, he says, are now taking off their coats to beat Hitler.

He draws attention to a statement, which was made by Mr Rhys, of the Domestic Poultry Keepers Council, when he addressed the inaugural meeting on September 19:

> "I doubt very much whether many of you realise how large a part poultry and rabbits, the latter in particular, enabled Germany in the last war to keep going. Hitler has realised the importance of rabbit production. He had taken before the outbreak of war a census of rabbits. He found he had five million tame rabbits, and orders were given that this must be doubled within the year. He achieved this and has laid down that Germany must finish this year with 20 million tame breeding rabbits. The Germans are given no feeding stuff, as we are in England, and have to maintain this colossal increase, despite the RAF, by collecting and using only waste vegetables. Surely we British people are not going to be beaten."

The club is keen to welcome all interested people and will help all beginners. It is primarily a club to produce food for Buckhurst Hill, not to breed fancy birds and rabbits.

Councillor Mrs G V Cross is the President and the following are the club's officers: Messrs G P Guyatt (Chairman), E B Cadman (Hon Secretary), L B Wright (Hon Treasurer), J L Cox (Vice-Chairman), R S Skelton (Assistant Hon Sec), H J Drew (Assistant Hon Treasurer). Committee: Mesdames E T Coggins, O P Skerry, Messrs H A Bruce, H W Boatman, E T Coggins and W T Wood.

It has just been decided that the club shall hold its first Poultry and Rabbit Show early in November and entries will be welcomed. Also a series of lectures will be held through the winter, commencing in October.'

Meanwhile in Loughton:

DIFFICULTIES FOR LOCAL POULTRY AND RABBIT KEEPERS

'Shortage of materials are [*sic.*] threatening to hold up patriotic would-be poultry and rabbit keepers locally, it was complained at Tuesday evening's meeting of the Loughton Poultry and Rabbit Club at Loughton Methodist Church Hall, Loughton. Members reported that they were unable to get wood and had applied for salvage wood and were unable to get it.

The Secretary was asked to write to the Chigwell Council on the subject.

The Secretary also reported writing to Writtle to get a permit for small quantities of wire netting and felt, and was told that she should write to the area organiser, who replied that full consideration would be given. An agreement had been reached with Messrs Goulds for the supply of necessities at reduced rates. By taking advantage of this, members saved subscriptions five to ten times over every year.

Mrs King of 30 The Crescent was elected Secretary of the Rabbit Section.

Miss Craddock's offer of her services free for advice and reduced fees for veterinary duties was gratefully accepted.

It was reported that membership was now 122.'

From the *Buckhurst Hill and Chingford Advertiser*, Saturday, 4 October 1941.

Submitted by LYNN HASELDINE JONES

As a follow-on from Lynn, members may recall an article in our previous *Newsletter 197*, 'Counting our Chickens', which also contained references to local breeding of rabbits for meat. The Loughton Poultry and Rabbit Club, mentioned above, was one of the main focal points for augmenting local food supplies during and after the Second World War. After the war a group of Loughton poultry keepers, including my father, rejoined the non-profit-making Loughton Poultry and Rabbit Club, which had been active since the 30s, and which survived into the 50s, using the very large hut that used to stand between 39 Smarts Lane, the end-terraced house of Street's milk roundsman, George Hockley, and the wide gravel path at the back of the High Road police station, which still runs alongside number 31, the next house. Even now, Smarts Lane has no numbers 33 to 37. The hut is no longer there, having stood empty for some years after the club closed down. It was demolished some time before the old mid-19th century police station was scrapped in 1963, making way for what is still the rear entrance to the car park of the current one, a truly unpleasant building which opened in 1964.

The hut was a cosy place with a comfortable agricultural smell, and on a table in the middle were past copies of *Poultry World* and *Farmers' Weekly*, and around it a few old kitchen chairs. Only club members could buy supplies, but subscriptions were minimal, and you could join and purchase on the same evening. Orders would be scooped into strong paper bags or sometimes into small sacks members had brought along, then weighed and the price written on a ticket to be given to one of the wives stationed behind a small cash register.

Times changed, and The Poultry and Rabbit Club's membership dropped away sharply and it was wound up around 1954. By the time people in and around Loughton stopped keeping chickens, recovery from the war was well under way and, looking back, I like to think that the end of our domestic poultry keeping meant that a very tough period in the town's life was behind us. So I still think of the little club if we drive past the big rear gates of the police station and the high brick wall bearing the sad prominent notice warning everybody that the area is covered by CCTV cameras. Gone are the days when you could leave your bike outside the Poultry Club, as we used to call it, for the whole evening and it would still be there when you came out.

As well as domestic home breeding, some residents also augmented their larders by netting wild rabbits in Epping Forest. Although it helped fill understocked Loughton larders in ways that may have been unauthorised, many residents, especially from the poorer part of the town, accepted that as entirely justified. For several years after demobilisation, my father and his brother certainly took advantage of the fact that, less than five minutes from our house, they were in the forest, and 10 minutes later could be setting up to catch a rabbit for the pot. They, like several others I knew, kept ferrets and nets and their way of thinking was simple – why keep a ferret or a polecat unless you intended to use it?

Their usual hunting ground was behind the Gravels, or Strawberry Hill Pond, as it is shown on forest maps. Behind the Gravels and down to the Epping New Road were numerous rabbit warrens, maybe not as large as some at the end of Nursery Road near The Warren itself, on which City of London management of the forest is based, or those bordering

the nearby Fairmead Bottom – the Bottoms, as we called it.

Their technique needed to be different to the organised methods of much earlier times, when barking dogs would be used to scare feeding rabbits into lines or enclosures of nets. My uncle would take his spaniel, and my father had our fox terrier/Jack Russell with him, normally before first light on Sunday, prior to the rabbits coming out to graze. With the dogs made to stay completely silent, one of the brothers would set the green nets at the exits of the warren. The ferrets would be slipped into the entrance tunnels to flush out the rabbits, which would then rush headlong into the nets for a quick dispatch. The dogs would guard un-netted holes, and force the rabbits back if they tried to escape.

The system worked well, they normally came home with six or so between them and, as far as I remember, they never lost a ferret. They let many rabbits go as they only set out to catch what was needed, not to be greedy, nor to make any profit, and would regularly give some to neighbours who were either elderly or hard-up.

As the rationing situation improved, rabbiting gradually declined, but what finally ended it completely was the onset in the early fifties of that awful affliction, myxomatosis, the virus which swept through and almost eliminated the rabbit population, more so in Epping Forest than many other woodlands. I remember the first time I encountered the disease, and it is still one of my most distressing memories of the forest. TERRY CARTER

Blake Hall Station

[We received the following pleasant letter just after we had put Newsletter 197 *to bed – Ed.]*

Stimulated by the article in Newsletter 196, you may be interested in the following personal reminiscence:

From youngest childhood my parents and I used, from time to time, to take walks in the country, most often from Hainault Forest or Chingford, at the end of convenient bus routes (we lived at Barkingside, Ilford, in those days).

Slightly more adventurously, we sometimes started at Epping. I well remember a particular occasion, during my early teenage years, when my mother and I undertook a walk, publicised by 'Fieldfare', who wrote a regular column in the *Evening News*, from Epping to Toot Hill and back to Epping. (I still have the text, under the title 'Follow the Arrow', transcribed from the original article.)

Somehow, after Toot Hill, we must have lost the route, or perhaps have attempted, more foolhardily, given the absence of public footpath information on Ordnance Survey maps in those days, to push on to Chipping Ongar (we had, on an earlier occasion, together with my father, walked the whole route from Chipping Ongar to Epping, which featured in another of Fieldfare's walks, the text of which I also have).

Anyway, the point is that, on the occasion that I am remembering, we eventually found ourselves at Blake Hall station and decided that it was time to return home. You can imagine my surprise and delight (I was at that time an avid train and bus 'spotter') when, in this rural tube station(!), a steam locomotive and train arrived to take us to Epping.

I have recently looked in my old diaries and found what is almost certainly the reference to this occasion. It was 28 August 1953, (three days before my 15th birthday), and the entry reads: 'Mum and I went for a walk in the afternoon from Epping to Toothill [*sic*] and came home on the Ongar-Epping branch then Underground' – not entirely grammatical!.

My diary also records that it was a fair day, with a maximum temperature (in our garden in Ilford) of 72F, and a minimum of 57F. ROGER GIBBS

Their Majesties at Whipps Cross Hospital

Last March, while visiting a sick relative in Whipps Cross Hospital, my wife and I noticed a brass plaque illustrated below. It is self-explanatory. Also mounted were diary extracts from the Royal Archives, along with some Press accounts of the visit. I hope these are of interest to members, who, like ourselves, had no idea they were there.

THIS TABLET WAS ERECTED TO
Commemorate the visit of Their Majesties
KING GEORGE V & QUEEN MARY
WITH H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY,
to this Infirmary and War Hospital
ON SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17TH 1917,
WHEN THEIR MAJESTIES VISITED THE WOUNDED SOLDIERS AND
THE QUEEN PRESENTED THE MEDALS AND CERTIFICATES OF TRAINING
TO THE NURSES

From:*The Morning Post*, 19 November 1917:

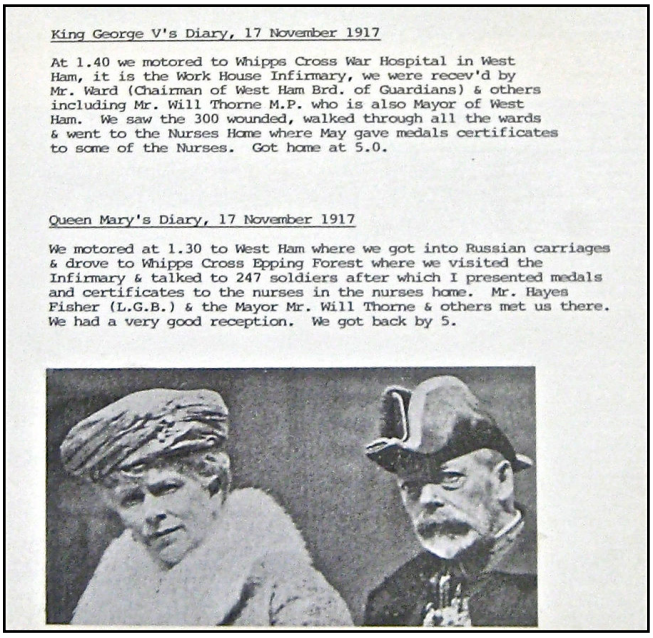
THE KING AND QUEEN:
VISIT TO WHIPPS CROSS WAR HOSPITAL

The King and Queen visited the Whipps Cross War Hospital on Saturday afternoon. The buildings were formerly the West Ham Infirmary, but the Guardians gave up a considerable part of it for hospital use. The surroundings are ideal. Their Majesties were accompanied by Princess Mary, and attended by Countess Fortescue, Lord Stamfordham, and Commander Sir Charles Cust. They motored down as far as Stratford Town Hall, and then drove in an open carriage to Whipps Cross. Great crowds collected in the neighbourhood, and hundreds of boys climbed into the Epping Forest trees to get a better view of the Royal visitors. The route from Whipps Cross road to the hospital was lined by Boy Scouts, and a guard of honour supplied by the Essex Volunteers was posted outside the main entrance . . .

Inspection of the wards occupied a considerable time, and the King, Queen, and the Princess talked freely with all the patients. Two of the inmates of one ward had won the Military Medal, and his Majesty took the opportunity of bestowing their decorations in person . . .

In the Nurses' Home the Royal visitors sat for a time as part of a great audience, and listened while sweet-voiced nurse sang 'Caller Herrin'. Afterwards the Queen presented the medals and certificates to the nurses who had been successful in their training examination.

This finished the Royal programme. It had been intended to make the return journey in open carriages, but as night was rapidly drawing in, motorcars were substituted in order that Buckingham Palace might be reached as rapidly as possible. *[These are extracts from a much longer article, mounted on the wall in the hospital.]*



King George V's Diary, 17 November 1917

At 1.40 we motored to Whipps Cross War Hospital in West Ham, it is the Work House Infirmary, we were recev'd by Mr. Ward (Chairman of West Ham Brd. of Guardians) & others including Mr. Will Thorne M.P. who is also Mayor of West Ham. We saw the 300 wounded, walked through all the wards & went to the Nurses Home where May gave medals certificates to some of the Nurses. Got home at 5.0.

Queen Mary's Diary, 17 November 1917

We motored at 1.30 to West Ham where we got into Russian carriages & drove to Whipps Cross Epping Forest where we visited the Infirmary & talked to 247 soldiers after which I presented medals and certificates to the nurses in the nurses home. Mr. Hayes Fisher (L.G.B.) & the Mayor Mr. Will Thorne & others met us there. We had a very good reception. We got back by 5.

Whipps Cross University Hospital (adapted from *Wikipedia*)

This is an NHS-run University Hospital in Whipps Cross, Waltham Forest, London. The hospital, has one of the largest and busiest A & E departments in the UK and serves a diverse community from Chigwell to Leyton. The hospital also has the lowest MRSA rates in London for three years running as of 2008.

Whipps Cross is part of Barts Health NHS Trust.

In 1889 the West Ham Board of Guardians purchased Forest House with 44 acres of grounds at Whipps Cross in Leytonstone, with the intention of building a workhouse.

Construction of an infirmary started in 1900 and was completed in 1903. When it opened, the infirmary provided 672 beds in 24 wards in four awe-inspiring symmetrical blocks with tiered covered walkways and two massive towers. The buildings cost £186,000 to construct, which was criticised as extravagant.

During World War I, the infirmary was used to treat wounded troops; a brass plaque in the main corridor has this inscription: 'This tablet was erected to commemorate the visit of Their Majesties King George V & Queen Mary with HRH Princess Mary, to this Infirmary and War Hospital on Saturday, November 17th 1917, when Their Majesties visited the wounded soldiers and the Queen presented the medals and certificates of training to the nurses.'

By the end of the war, the infirmary had started to become a general hospital and the name was changed to Whipps Cross Hospital. Management passed from the Board of Guardians to the County Borough of West Ham Council in 1930 as a result of the Local Government Act 1929. In 1936 the hospital had 741 acute medical and surgical beds. A major extension to the east of the old Infirmary block was planned and was opened in July 1940. The Hospital transferred to the new National Health Service in 1946.

TERRY CARTER

Lost hospitals of London

Catherine Gladstone Free Convalescent Home
Woodford Hall, South Woodford
Medical dates: 1869–1900;
Medical Character: Convalescent

In 1866 Mrs Catherine Gladstone (1812–1900), the wife of the then Chancellor of the Exchequer William Gladstone (1809–1898), was involved daily in caring for the sick admitted to the London Hospital during a cholera outbreak. The numbers were such that patients had to be laid on the floor until a bed was vacated by death.

A plaque to William Morris. He lived at Woodford Hall from 1840–1847.

In 1866 Woodford Hall on the edge of Epping Forest was acquired to house the orphans. The huge Georgian house with two wings was set in large grounds and had once been the childhood home of William Morris (1834–1896) from 1840 to 1848.

Woodford Hall (now demolished) was located at the back of the Woodford Memorial Hall.

The outbreak proved to be the last such in London and provision for cholera orphans was no longer necessary. In 1869 Woodford Hall became the Catherine Gladstone Free Convalescent Home for the Poor, with 30 beds. It was the only free institution for convalescents in England. The Home offered places to non-contagious and non-infectious women and children of the East End who were well enough to be discharged from the London Hospital, but were still weak and likely to benefit from fresh air and a nourishing country diet. All applicants underwent a medical examination at the Hospital, with Mrs Gladstone selecting the patients.

In 1900 the Home moved to Ravensbury Park House in Mitcham.

Present status
Woodford Hall may have become severely dilapidated by the end of the 19th century as it was demolished shortly after the Home moved. Its site is now occupied by the Woodford Memorial Hall and housing. The chapel still exists and is now a listed building and private residence known as Chapel le Frith.

The Roding – one of London's lesser known rivers

[Many LDHS members will have seen the River Roding in flood, after heavy rain falling on already saturated ground. Some facts might interest members.
The Roding rises near Dunmow, flows through Essex and forms Barking Creek as it reaches the River Thames in London. It leaves Dunmow and passes through a group of villages in Essex, known collectively as the Rodings, as they all end with the suffix 'Roding'. However, some are a mile or more from the river itself. After Chipping Ongar, the river flows under the M25 motorway by Passingford Bridge and Abridge.

The River Roding bursts its banks at Abridge.

The river then runs past Loughton and between Chigwell and Woodford Green where the Roding Valley Meadows make up the largest surviving area of traditionally managed river-valley habitat in Essex. This nature reserve consists of unimproved wet and dry hay meadows, rich with flora and fauna and bounded by thick hedgerows, scrubland, secondary woodland and trees. The meadows stretch down to the M11 motorway and Roding Valley tube station is situated close to the area, although Debden, Loughton, or Buckhurst Hill are better placed to visit the reserve.

Redbridge takes its name from a crossing of the river which then passes through Ilford and Barking. The River Roding through Ilford project is a government-backed scheme to improve amenities along this stretch. After Barking the tidal section is known as Barking Creek, which flows into the Thames at Creekmouth.

In Essex the river forms part of the boundary between the district of Epping Forest and the Borough of Brentwood. It marks much of the boundary between the London Borough of Newham and the London Borough of Barking and Dagenham.

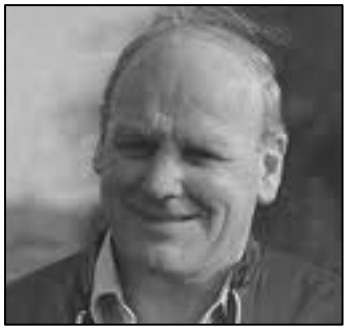
The Roding has a long history of flooding. The Environment Agency says more than 1,500 residential and commercial properties close to the river are at risk, mostly in the southern part of the catchment, in areas like Woodford and South Redbridge.

Johnnie Mann memorial
correction/further information

In May this year we published a Supplement to *Newsletter 197* which concerned the rediscovery of the Eric Gill memorial to the young child, Johnnie Mann, in St John's Church, Buckhurst Hill. We were informed after publication that the memorial had originally been a gravestone, and that its deterioration, 1973 restoration and relocation within the church, had already been very well known to some older members of the church.

Ron Greenwood, CBE, 1921–2006: 'The thinking man's manager'

Ronald Greenwood, footballer and football manager was born in Worsthorne, Lancashire, on 11 November 1921. Played for Chelsea 1940–45, Bradford Park Avenue 1945–49, Brentford 1949–52, Chelsea 1952–55, Fulham 1955, Walthamstow Avenue 1955–57. Manager, Eastbourne United 1957, Arsenal (assistant) 1958–61, West Ham United 1961–74 (general manager 1974–77), England 1977–82. CBE 1981; married (one son, one daughter); died Sudbury, Suffolk, 8 February 2006.



Ron Greenwood, local celebrity and resident, was the man who dragged England back into the international scene during his spell as team manager and oversaw the development of West Ham's World Cup winning stars.

After taking his first steps in the football world as an amateur at Chelsea during the war he embarked on a modest career that, despite never being capped for his country, saw him pick up a First Division winners' medal on his return to Chelsea when they won their first title in 1956.

Greenwood then moved into coaching where he soon caught the eye of influential figure, Sir Harold Thompson, who would later become Chairman of the FA. This gave him the potential link to the England scene, where he would coach the England Youth and Under-23 teams and would later combine this post with that of Arsenal assistant manager.

In 1961 Greenwood was appointed manager of West Ham United, where he really began to make a name for himself. Soon after his arrival, a trio of youth players that would make up the backbone of England's World Cup winning side emerged under his tutelage.

Bobby Moore, Geoff Hurst and Martin Peters are as a good a batch of youngsters this country has seen this side of Manchester United's early '90s generation and helped the Hammers win the 1964 FA Cup and

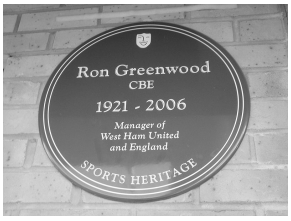
European Cup Winners' Cup the season after, their first ever trophies.

After 13 successful years he moved upstairs to become the club's general manager, but soon got a call from his friends at the FA.

When Ron took over as England manager in 1977 the England team was in a poor state. Leeds legend Don Revie had failed to lead them into Euro 1976. Revie, forever vilified thereafter, saw the writing on the wall, took the money and ran to the wealthy Middle East, taking over the United Arab Emirates international team.

England had not played in a major tournament since bowing out to West Germany in Mexico in the 1970 World Cup and although Greenwood was too late to get England involved into the finals in Argentina, he soon got the team back on the big stage at Euro 1980 in Italy.

A narrow group-stage exit was disappointing, but certainly an improvement on the past 10 years. Further progress was made in the 1982 World Cup as England topped their group, but went out in the second group phase despite not having lost a game.



Plaques at 22 Brooklyn Avenue and at Boleyn Ground.

Ron Greenwood decided to call it a day after the tournament in Spain, leaving Bobby Robson to take over the reins, having left the national side in a much better state than when he found it. Following his retirement he was a regular pundit on the BBC, local celebrity and resident.

He would finally struggle with Alzheimer's, which eventually took his life, aged 84. He died in Sudbury, Suffolk, but had lived for many years at 22 Brooklyn Avenue, Loughton, on which site there is a commemorative Blue Plaque. There is also one at the Boleyn Ground, the home of West Ham United Football Club.

' "I wanted to see pleasure on the pitch and pleasure on the terraces . . . football is a battle of wits or nothing at all." The words are those of Ron Greenwood and they sum up, with characteristic simplicity, the sporting creed of one of the most imaginative, idealistic and downright decent men to have made their living as a manager in English soccer since the Second World War.

Ron Greenwood had been a strong and positive influence on English football. An impeccable sportsman, he deplored the greed and hostility, the cynicism and win-at-all-costs attitude which had become pervasive. He was a deep thinker and skilled communicator who painted pictures with words on the training ground, believing simplicity was beauty. He was no shouter of odds, no conventional hard man, treating players as adults and expecting them to impose their own self-discipline. He was a noble servant to football: with more men like him, the game would be much the richer".

Ivan Ponting – *The Independent*, February 2006.

Horsemeat fit for human consumption

This memory from my childhood was evoked by the controversy, earlier this year, following the discovery of horsemeat within processed 'beef' products.

In 1934. I was seven years old and my mother and I were on our way to visit my Grandmother, who lived in Bow, in London's East End.

As we entered Grandma's house, a pot of tea was made and set down on the kitchen table. Mother and Grandma sat down to enjoy their tea and have a good gossip.

Grandma had a cat, mainly kept to catch mice, should they invade her home. I played (or teased?) the cat, whilst the grown-ups talked.

At that time canned pet foods were unknown and Grandma's cat lived mainly on food scraps, bowls of milk plus cooked sliced horsemeat. This latter delicacy, which was a welcome addition to Kitty's diet, was delivered two or three times each week by 'the cats' meat man'. Three to four slices of cooked horsemeat would be skewered onto a wooden stick and wedged beneath the knocker on Grandma's front door.

Kitty heard the knocker raised and we both ran to the front door to collect her 'extra'. I managed to lift the wooden skewer down and noted how delicious it looked, just like my mother's roast beef.

To my young eyes the meat looked so attractive . . . delicate pink in the middle gradually changing to light brown towards the edges. I gave Kitty a small piece and then decided to try it myself. It tasted so good, juicy and tender, that I had soon consumed a whole slice!

Taking the remaining two slices into the kitchen, I blamed the cat for eating half the delivery. I have never forgotten how good that cold, cooked horsemeat tasted. CONNIE LYE

Take it from him

Frank Muir, with Denis Norden, is remembered by the postwar generation as one of the writers of one of the most popular radio shows of that era: 'Take it from Here' and it can still be heard on Radio 4 Extra today – and is still as funny now as it was then.

Frank Herbert Muir, CBE, was born on 5 February 1920 and brought up in his grandmother's pub, The Derby Arms, in Ramsgate, but also lived for a while in Broadstairs. He was a pupil at Chatham House Grammar School, in Ramsgate, at the same time as the former Conservative Prime Minister Edward Heath.

But it is not generally known that he spent part of his childhood in Leyton, E10. His father, an engineer, had looked after a Belliss & Morcom engine and when they equipped an engine room for Caribonum, famous for typewriter ribbons and carbon paper, it was giving trouble and Muir's father was recommended to sort it out. He was successful and became Caribonum's engineer, so they went to Leyton.

Later, when his plummy voice caused listeners to assume that he had been to public-school, Muir would say: 'I was educated in E10, not Eton.' He attended Leyton County High School for Boys, which was not a grammar school, but Muir rated his education there very highly under the tutelage of the Head, a nephew of Sir Arthur Quiller Couch. Other alumni are: John Dankworth, Sir Derek Jacobi and Muir's contemporary, actor John Hewer (Captain Bird's Eye). Muir grew to 6 feet 4inches (1.93m.) tall.

Frank joined the RAF in the Second World War, became a photographic technician, and was posted to Iceland, becoming involved with the forces radio station there. After the war, he began to write scripts for Jimmy Edwards and, when Edwards teamed up with Dick Bentley on BBC Radio, Muir formed a partnership with Denis Norden, Bentley's writer, which lasted for most of his career. 'Take It From Here', was written by Muir and Norden from 1948 to 1959. They created 'The Glums', an awful family, the show's most popular segment.

In 1949, Frank married Polly McIrvine. They had two children, Jamie (born 1952), and Sally (born 1954).

Muir and Norden continued to write for Edwards when he began to work on BBC TV with the school comedy series 'Whack-O', and in the anthology series 'Faces of Jim'. With Norden, in 1962, he wrote the television adaptation of Henry Cecil's comic novel *Brothers in Law*, which starred a young Richard Briers. They were invited to appear on a new humorous literary radio quiz, 'My Word!' and later compiled several books containing the 'My Word!' stories. Frank Muir was also, like Norden, a contestant on the 'My Word!' spinoff, 'My Music', his trademark was a crisply knotted pink bow tie.

He was a writer and presenter on many shows, including the 1960s satire programmes 'That Was The Week That Was' and 'The Frost Report'. He was well known to TV audiences as a team captain on the long-running BBC2 series 'Call My Bluff', and did voice-overs for ads, including Cadbury's Fruit & Nut.

In the 1960s Muir was Assistant Head of Light Entertainment at the BBC and in 1969 joined London Weekend TV as Head of Entertainment.

In 1976 he wrote *The Frank Muir Book: An Irreverent Companion to Social History*, a collection of anecdotes and quotations under various subjects. A similar format was used in his BBC radio series 'Frank Muir Goes Into . . .' Muir published books based on these series. His *magnum opus*, *The Oxford Book of Humorous Prose*, again using a similar format with more scholarly aspirations, was published in 1990.

Muir died in Surrey, on 2 January 1998, aged 77. In November 1998, 10 months after his death, he and Denis Norden were joint recipients of the Writers' Guild of Great Britain Writer of the Year Award.

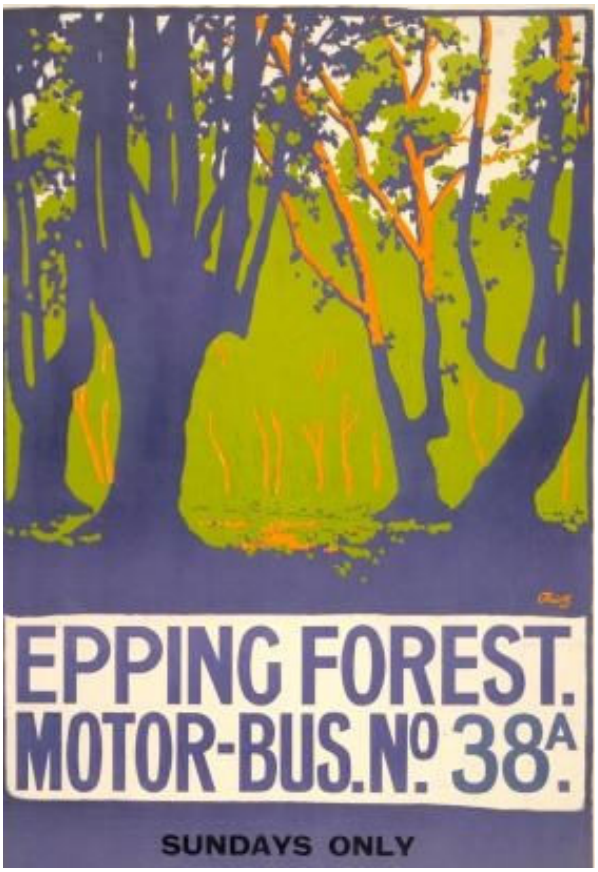
Reference

Muir, Frank, *A Kentish Lad* (Bantam Press, 1997). Chapter 3 deals with his time in Leyton.

TED MARTIN (with thanks to *Wikipedia*)

The King's Oak, High Beech.
Postcard dated 1 June, 1909, and addressed to a Mrs Yardley.

A trip down Memory Lane?



Epping Forest, by Paul Rieth, 1914. Published by Underground Electric Railways Company Ltd 1914 (London Transport Museum).

LOUGHTON & DISTRICT HISTORICAL SOCIETY
(Registered Charity 287274)
www.loughtonhistoricalsociety.org.uk
President: Heather, Lady Murray of Epping Forest
Chairman: Dr Chris Pond, Forest Villa, Staples Road, Loughton IG10 1HP (020 8508 2361)
Secretary: Linda Parish, 17 Highland Avenue, Loughton IG10 3AJ (020 8508 5014)
Treasurer: Paul Webster, 63 Goldings Road, Loughton IG10 2QR (020 8508 8700)
Membership Secretary: Ian Strugnell, 22 Hatfields, Loughton IG10 1TJ
Newsletter Editor: Terry Carter, 43 Hillcrest Road, Loughton IG10 4QH (020 8508 0867)
Newsletter Production: Ted Martin