LOUGHTON AND DISTRICT HISTORICAL SOCIETY

NEWSLETTER 200

JANUARY/MARCH 2014 Price 40p, free to members

www.loughtonhistoricalsociety.org.uk

51st Season

The Crown Hotel forecourt, August, 1939 (see article below, 'Loughton in colour')

The *Newsletter* reaches 200 – a red letter day

This issue has a red masthead to celebrate a significant landmark: 200 issues and still going strong. Issue 194, in gold lettering, saw the celebration of our first 50 years, beginning, on 16 October, 1962, as the Chigwell Local History Society.

From a typewritten and duplicated sheet the *Newsletter* has moved in 50 years to a publication which could not have been contemplated in the early days when typesetting was the preserve of compositors and metal type, and when to print in colour would have needed four process blocks for each colour for each picture and then four passes through the press and would have been prohibitively expensive

We have been the beneficiaries of a revolution in printing technology and we still move onward and upward – already issue 201 is being compiled. We are grateful to our past and current contributors and editors and are sure that, with members' help, the Society, and the *Newsletter*, will reach new milestones.

Emily Buckner

At the October meeting, Chris Pond made the sad announcement of the death of Emily Buckner, who was very well known locally. This was the result of a tragic traffic accident in Oakwood Hill, Loughton.

Emily, a good friend to many, was a past Membership Secretary of the LDHS, and a contributor to the *Newsletter*. She was widely respected locally, not least through her leadership of various U3A groups in Epping Forest and Roding Valley. She was also a proficient linguist, a published writer and poet.

Loughton in colour – 1939

Roger Gibbs' old school friend, Philip Shaw, with whom he recently renewed contact, lived in Loughton in the 1940s and 50s. He sent Roger the photograph on the cover, with several very evocative reminiscences.

My family moved to Loughton in 1943 and I have many memories of the High Road as it was in the 1940s and 50s.

This photograph (above), which I discovered recently, was taken in August 1939, and is the oldest colour image that I have seen of Loughton. The position is the Crown Hotel yard, where two LT-type buses, destined for Victoria on the 38A route, are waiting to depart. When they were finally withdrawn in 1947, these vehicles were still with open rear staircases and amongst the oldest buses still in service with London Transport. They had petrol engines and

often had difficulty in climbing Buckhurst Hill! The terminus of the route was extended from beyond the Crown to Loughton Station in November 1940, following completion of the station rebuilding the previous April. A canteen was provided for the crews in the station forecourt and also cans for topping up the bus radiators, which frequently over-heated! W H Smith had a bookstall and lending library immediately to the left of the station entrance and Finlay's, the tobacconist was immediately opposite.

Adjacent to the Crown, G & M E Charlton had a small newsagents' shop, but this probably became unprofitable when the bus terminus moved, and had closed down by the end of the War. Mr Charlton had another shop adjacent to Loughton Cinema at the other end of the High Road. To the left of the picture is Heyward's greengrocery shop and to the left of that, alongside the Camp Coffee signs, was Heyward's land, where they stored (and I believe grew) fruit and vegetables. The period lamp-post seen in the photograph was, with all the others in the High Road, replaced by hideous concrete structures in the 1950s. These gave out an obnoxious green light, which made everybody look ill!

To the left of the yard, although not visible here, were the Jubilee Tea Rooms, a transport café which the bus crews no doubt patronised. To the right of Heyward's, and just visible, is Frank Giblett's dairy shop later to become Radbourne's. His milk floats were kept to the rear of the shop. In the 1940s the horse-drawn drays were replaced with battery-powered trolleys, with the driver holding a long handle and walking ahead of the float. In the 1950s, Radbourne's purchased and converted the adjacent cottages to the shop into Loughton's first self-service grocery store. I remember that it attracted a good deal of comment at the time. To the right of these cottages was the Park Café, but after the War this became a florists' shop known as Charles Wools. Adjacent to this was Harrison's the grocers, who had a rotating coffee grinding machine in the window, which provided a gorgeous aroma for passing shoppers.

To the right of the picture can be seen the sign of Cockett, Henderson & Gillow, land agents (later William Worthy) and beyond that a protruding sign for Gould's, who were dairy and seedsmen, later to become Cramphorn's and then Francis Lloyd, a florist. Between William Worthy and Gould's were three shops, slightly set back from Gould's. Certainly by the late 1940s these were occupied by the offices of the *Express & Independent* (a long-gone local newspaper), Addison's Bookshop and the renowned Ford's china shop, which had a following for miles around. William (later Sir William) Addison was a well-known local historian, and his first (of many) books on Essex, which came out in 1945 or 46, entitled *Epping Forest* received much acclaim. PHILIP SHAW

A chance find

A chance find of some photographs in a Woodford house clearance set me on a detective trail. They were labelled 'Pictures of Woodford and district'. One was a splendid Edwardian picture of a branch of International Stores with the smartly dressed staff 'on parade'. The Woodford Historical Society had appealed for help to identify it on their website and so I took up the challenge.

I was certain it was not on Woodford Broadway or High Road. The slope was a clue and this led possibly to George Lane. A trawl of *Kelly's Directories* proved that there was not a branch of International Stores in the area. So where was it? I did not give up and then one day I thought of Queens Road, Buckhurst Hill. Sure enough, they had a branch at 24 Queens Road in 1914. Off I went and there, at 24, was the site. Today it is Legends Café but there still remains evidence of the original cornice above the modern sign and some decorative plasterwork is still there.

I am not sure when the shop closed but I am told it was not there in 1960.

With thanks to Chris Pond for kindly supplying information from *Kelly's Directory* to assist my research. NIGEL PITT

Murder of a woman and child at Waltham

'The bodies of a young woman and infant, unknown, were discovered on Sunday morning, the 5th instant, by a labourer named Samuel Willingale,* in a pond, by the side of the new road leading from Loughton to Waltham. At the first inquiry before the coroner it was ascertained that the woman had arrived at the Loughton station on the previous Thursday, in company with another woman, with whom she seemed to be on intimate terms. A labourer named William Parish accompanied the woman in the same carriage, and in the course of the journey he happened to overhear a portion of the conversation of the parties, from which it appeared that the deceased, with her child, had

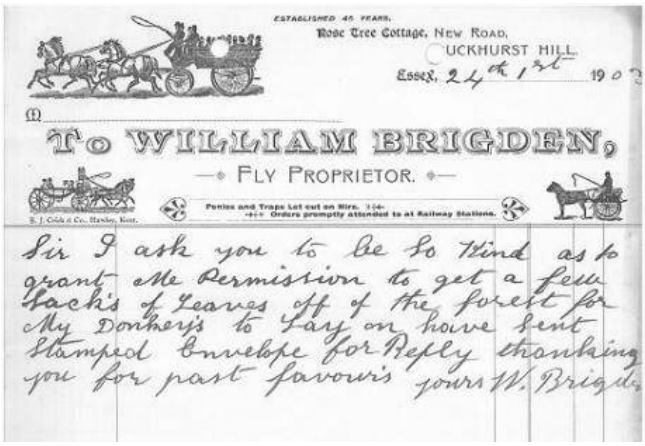
recently left an infirmary, and was then about to meet the father, who had refused to support it. The supposition then was that the unfortunate woman, in a fit of desperation, murdered the infant and then committed suicide; but, at the inquiry on Monday 7th, it became apparent that both the deceased had been murdered, and afterwards thrown in the water merely to avoid suspicion. This mysterious affair is under investigation.'

From the *British Banner*, 16 December 1858.

* Samuel Willingale, 1840–1911, was one of the sons of Tom, the lopper. The 'new road' is, of course, the Epping New Road.

Submitted by CHRIS POND

A polite request from 1908



This reads:

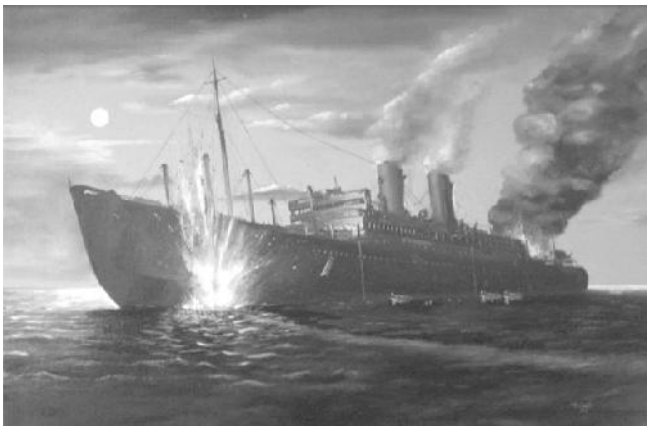
'Sir I ask you to be so kind as to grant me permission to get a few sacks of leaves off the forest for my donkeys to lay on have sent Stamped Envelope for Reply thanking you for past favours yours W Brigden'

The punctuation, or lack of, is exactly as written by Mr Brigden, in what could be a request to the Epping Forest Superintendent. – *Ed*

Will Francies' Diaries
The Andalucia Star: part 1

Will Francies, (7 July 1902–30 November 1985) from 56 Smarts Lane, one of the oldest roads in Loughton, became a very well-known and respected local historian. For many years he contributed articles to Essex magazines, including Essex Countryside, *as well writing regular columns for various local newspapers.*

On 26 September 1942, the 15,000 tons Blue Star liner *Andalucia Star*, commanded by Captain James Bennett Hall, sailed from Buenos Aires for the United Kingdom by way of Freetown. She carried the usual large cargo of refrigerated meat and other foodstuffs, and had on board a crew of 170 and 83 passengers, mainly British volunteers coming home to take part in the war, and including 22 women and three children. All went well until about 10 pm on the night of 6 October when, steaming at her full speed of 16 knots without lights, in a position about 180 miles south-west of Freetown and within a few hundred miles of where the *Viking Star* and *Tuscan Star* had been sent to the bottom on 2 August and 6 September, the *Andalucia Star* was torpedoed twice almost simultaneously abreast of Numbers 5 and 6 holds. Passengers and crew at once mustered at their boat stations, and on discovering that the main engine room was flooding fast and there was no hope of saving the ship, Captain Hall gave the order for her to be abandoned. Without the least signs of panic, all the boats manned by their crews and passengers, lowered, and, with one exception, got safely away. The exception was lifeboat Number 2, the forward fall, which took charge during lowering, left her suspended by the after fall, and precipitated most of the occupants and her gear into the sea. All but two of her people, Mrs L A Green, a stewardess, and a steward, were rescued. About 20 minutes after the first attack the *Andalucia Star* was torpedoed a third time. The torpedo struck on the port side abreast Number 1 hold, the detonation being so violent that it also blew out the starboard side of the ship. Two boats filled with people that were alongside the starboard side had providential escapes from being destroyed; but were able to cast off and get clear.



The *Andalucia Star* torpedoed for the third time
(painting © Wallace Trickett)

The Diary which follows was written by Will Francies, as a substitute for the daily contact of loved ones and for the recording of impressions for the diarist's edification. It was made available to the Editor by his niece, Joan Francies, and is reproduced by permission of the family.

'6 October 1942 – Tuesday. TSS *Andalucia Star*

Have enjoyed a good sleep in my new and much more comfortable bunk, and go below for watch duties in clean white boiler suit, underclothes, hanky and sweat rag. The boiler room deck plates get cleaner as we proceed and my two firemen work hard and cheerfully to this end – although it really is convict's work! The forward end of the boiler room is unbearably hot, and, needless to say, the burners that end are the most troublesome. All over except the meal relief, then lie me down for an hour, put the finishing touches to my room and go up on deck for a while.

Another ship is sighted (understand it is the *Pacific Star* – strange coincidence) and I feel the worst part of the run is almost completed. I understand we are about 500 miles from Freetown, W Africa. There is to be a Concert this evening and I long to be asked to play, but no-one asks me, so enjoy the sunshine on deck a little longer before returning to my room, donning boiler suit and usual sweat rag etc and, at 7.55 pm making my way below to the engine room as usual.

Smoke complaints are numerous and I have to rush in and out of boiler room to assist Boswell. The burners settle down eventually and I return to the cool cleanliness of the

engine room. At 9.15 pm 4th Engr orders me to blow the evaporator – a job I hate and dread – 4th is an impatient difficult bloke. Anyhow I am determined to do my best and get this unpleasant job finished before my nightly walk through shaft tunnel, but I have eventually to ask 4th to put me right on the vap blowing job, which he does, in his usual damned awkward way. Left alone with the accursed Evaporator I try again.

Suddenly a fearful explosion nearly splits my brain and, with numbed senses I am madly stumbling in pitchy darkness, choked with smoke and explosive fumes, scalded with steam – I somehow find the engine room stairs, climb, scrambling for the light of someone's torch who ascends ahead of me – I have no torch – how foolish. The alleyway – I am safe so far. The ship shudders as a second torpedo finds its mark. The tiny light is Boswell's and I despairingly follow him, carrying with terror to our room – imploring him to wait, oh, just a minute whilst I snatch life-jacket and bag. The awful sudden darkness is terrifying and I feel mad with fright, but thankful to be alive. But where are the others from below? Or are they still below. God knows, and who cares.

Up thousands of stairs (it seems) to the boat deck. It is very dark tonight, but there is no panic. I fumble with the string of my lifejacket, but cannot untie it. Cannot sort out my little red safety light. I shall assuredly drown if the ship sinks just now. Fourth Officer orders me into No 7 lifeboat – into the bows to cut away the fall rope when she is loaded and launched. The *Andalucia Star* settles silently into the sea like a stricken monster – only a question of time before the last plunge – how much time? Hours? Minutes? God! May be only SECONDS! It is a long way from this lofty boat deck to the sea. No 7 is loaded and lowered carefully, and, oh God, so slowly, to the Games Deck, where passengers scramble hastily aboard – and then, the sickening horror of that slow drop down the steep sides of the listing ship. Tricky work for the brave men on the davits above who have yet to make the long descent down the fall ropes themselves. No 7 reaches the water and tosses and smashes against the ship's side on the heaving Atlantic swell.

I cannot cut away the block – cannot see, cannot feel, in the pitchy darkness. I find the axe, blade sheathed in leather. I foolishly try to remove the sheath so as to cut away the lashing across the block hook. If the ship sinks now we go as well. Oh! ghastly nightmare. My hand is nearly crushed in the hook. Passenger has a knife and the lashing is severed. I push the block from its ring on our boat, and we are free of the ship – free to heave and toss in sickening fashion. Our boat is crowded but the coolness of our 4th Officer and "Lampy" enable oars to be shipped and we laboriously pull away from the stricken ship – a desperate pull, for *Andalucia* settles fast by the stern with a heavy list to port. Red lights are bobbing in the water and agonizing cries for help reach us. No 7 lifeboat heaves and pitches its way to these poor souls in the sea – there are sharks, and it is a question of time – these bobbing lights in the inky darkness – men – women. We haul three men aboard, saved by their life-jackets and red lights. I shout out for silence – surely that was a child's cry over the dark waters – "Daddy, Daddy, Oh! My Daddy". Christ Almighty, a little child and no red light to guide us – how to find her – how to save her precious life. Shout my little sweetheart, we are coming. "Daddy, Daddy" – much fainter now . . . but "Lampy" has seen her – he swears he saw her. We pull desperately in the inky night, "Lampy" shouts and dives from the bows and from the heaving waters, by God's guidance surely, snatches this fragile child from death. Her doll is clasped tightly to her half-drowned little body and she calls weakly for her Daddy who, unfortunately is not with us.

Carefully we lift her out of the cruel sea – our heaving boat and oars have not injured her and she is passed tenderly forward to Miss Ferrier, the ship's shop manageress – the only woman passenger in No 7 lifeboat. God surely arranged her presence here to look after the girl child through the long miserable hours ahead. We have drifted half a mile or so from the ship, have rescued six survivors. No 7 is crowded miserably. We see other lifeboats and lights, and a third explosion is heard. God help any poor souls still aboard. There comes the noise of deck structures tearing loose as *Andalucia* lists to port. She sinks rapidly by the stern, and, silhouetted against the starry sky, her sharp bows slip rapidly into the depths – the last of the *Andalucia Star* – the last of my precious fiddle, my valued personal belongings, stores for home – everything – but I am alive – one of the few ships' engineers to escape from the engine room after a torpedo attack. The dark shape to starboard. It's probably the attacking submarine and we wonder what may happen next. The Germans (or Italians) may take our Captain or Chief Engineer prisoner and render us what assistance they can, which, I understand, is usual.

How many are lost – who is saved? No 7 heaves and rocks in the tremendous swell in alarming fashion. I am terribly sick and manage to struggle to the gunwale to vomit painfully all night together with most others. The motion of the boat terrifies me. I have never liked small boats. Our little girl is sick, but Miss Ferrier in her own misery cares for the child and tries vainly to dry and warm her.

The night is bitterly cold and we, huddled together and vomiting continually are miserable indeed. But there is cheerfulness, and especially from those who are not so ill. My dentures are a problem – removed, I know not where to stow them safely, and in my misery, still cling to them – am glad I did. All now is silent and we drift all night keeping head-on to the swell in an endeavour to keep the pitching boat steady. I lend my jersey to a daft steward who is almost naked and am thankful I snatched my lifeboat bag with its warm clothes, all dry, likewise my precious wallet and this diary. The long cold night passes slowly and miserably. Cold is now intense, and with no space to stretch one's limbs painful cramp is prevalent. The child sleeps fitfully and awakes occasionally to vomit. The five men rescued from out of the sea are soaked and cold and continually vomit the salt water from their stomachs. The night is now bright with stars, and with the coming of the dawn I feel a little better. [*To be concluded in* Newsletter 201]

Charles E Skinner

Advertisement (approx 1890) for Charles E Skinner's shop

The shop was approximately on the site of Papa John's in Bower Parade, north of the Methodist Church. Skinner was a prominent citizen, freemason,

Lopping Hall trustee, and is the subject of one of O D Deacon's cartoons, published in *The Life and Art of Octavius Dixie Deacon* (LDHS 2010). CHRIS POND

Great fire at Loughton

The report below appeared in the *Woodford Times* of 11 August 1893 telling of the terrible fire at Sadler's stables in Loughton in which 11 horses were burned to death. This tragedy prompted the formation of a fire brigade in the town.

GREAT FIRE AT LOUGHTON.

ELEVEN HORSES BURNT TO DEATH.

On Friday evening a serious fire occurred at Mr. William Sadler's livery and bait stables, adjoining the Crown Hotel, Loughton. The outbreak was discovered a few minutes before midnight by Arthur May, cab driver, of Smart's Lane, who noticed smoke issuing from the building, which was nearly new, constructed of wood, and provided with thirteen stalls. May at once gave the alarm, and the Buckhurst Hill Fire Brigade was summoned. In the meantime attention was turned to the question of saving some of the contents of the stable, but unfortunately a delay occurred owing to the key of the door having been mislaid. Ultimately the police broke open the door, which was no sooner down than the flames burst out with a violence which rendered it dangerous for anybody to approach the entrance. The cries and screams of the unfortunate horses inside were extremely distressing. An adventurous constable at length made his way into the building and succeeded in rescuing one animal, which was scorched on the back. The remaining eleven were heard falling one after another, suffocated by the blinding smoke. The Buckhurst Hill firemen arrived on the scene a quarter of an hour after receiving the call, and found the roof had fallen in before their arrival. They succeeded, however, in extinguishing the fire. The traps and harness in the coach-house adjoining were saved, efficient assistance being rendered on the occasion by the police under Inspector Pearman. The fire is supposed to have originated in the explosion of a paraffin lamp, which was usually left burning till the last horse was in. The damage is estimated at £625, which is more or less covered by insurance.—Early on Saturday several hundreds of people visited the scene of the conflagration for the purpose of viewing the carcases, which were cleared away during the day.

Council School for Girls, Loughton , c.1910

Lord Justice Scrutton (1856–1934): part 1

In the 1950s, when I started work in the proofreading department of The Eastern Press Ltd,[1] the printers who did all the printing for Sweet & Maxwell, the law publishers, there was one judge's name that kept cropping up. Whether it was because the name was slightly unusual or subliminally suggested a tight legal screwing down of options, I don't know.

We also printed the *Law Reports* and *The Weekly Law Reports* and, inevitably, Scrutton LJ's[2] name appeared as an authority in the sometimes very long judgments that we proofread. Later there came an edition of *Scrutton on Charterparties and Bills of Lading* which we also read and this book was also referred to on numerous occasions in other publications.

Imagine my surprise, to find over 50 years later that a name I had known all my working life had connections with Buckhurst Hill. This was due to Lynn Haseldine Jones and was mentioned in her book, *Grand Commuters*, published by the Society earlier this year. Lynn has very generously passed on to me her research on the Scrutton family and their home, known as Copsefield, later Fairlands, on the Epping New Road, and for which I am very grateful. Lynn's research forms the first part of this article.

Parents

Lynn found that Thomas Urquhart Scrutton,[3] Scrutton LJ's father, a prosperous shipowner, 'was born on 12 October 1828, as a twin with his sister Mary. He had two brothers, James,[4] born on 2 July 1830 (died 1887), and Alexander[5] (1834–1902). His other sisters were Lydia, born 1838, Anne, and Susannah, born on 17 November 1835, and wife of Samuel Linder of Oakfield, Buckhurst Hill.'

Thomas, together with his brothers and Samuel Linder, were partners in Scrutton & Sons & Co,[6] a shipping firm with offices at Corbet Court, Gracechurch Street. The firm was in the Scrutton family for several generations, originally under sail, and the main trading interests were in the West Indies.

Coubro and Scrutton, the firm Samuel, Charles and Leslie Linder were associated with, was founded in 1848 and became a private company in 1919. The Head Office in 1917 was 18 Billiter Street, EC3. By 1961 it was described as ships' stores, export merchants, and manufacturers of radio masts and aerial systems, riggers, oar, flag, sail and tarpaulin makers, and communication engineers, employing 250 people. It was still in existence in 2011 specialising in cranes and lifting gear.

Thomas was married to Mary, born on 16 November 1827 in Denton, Norfolk; she was the daughter of the Reverend Edward Hickman. At the time of the 1881 census they were shown as living at 73 East India Dock Road, with their younger son Frederick,[7] aged 21, a shipbroker's clerk, and three servants. However, a local directory shows they were living in Buckhurst Hill by 1878 so, as Lynn says, they may have regarded the Buckhurst Hill property as the

'country house' and the East India Road premises as the town property, as it was close to the docks where the sailmaking and other activities were carried out.

Thomas Urquhart Scrutton (1828–1896), Lord Justice Scrutton's father.

The historian of the Scrutton firm clarified the status of the Scrutton houses as follows:

'Thomas Scrutton . . . lived in a large Georgian house at the western end of the East India Dock Road, and the house was surrounded by large gardens and an orchard. In those days the district was a country suburb where many shipowners and shippers lived in order to be near their business and also within a carriage drive of the City. He also had a country house[8] in the Isle of Wight called Copsefield,[9] a name which was given subsequently to the Scrutton home at Buckhurst Hill in Essex.'

Copsefield, later Fairlands

This property on the Epping New Road was probably renamed after the Scrutton family left. However, in view of the description, below, of the other properties occupied by the Scruttons, it would most likely have been a large house with a substantial garden. For this reason Lynn guesses that it was possibly Fairlands. The Scruttons are listed as living at Copsefield in 1878 and 1882, although not in the intervening census.

Rupert House, shown in the 1871 census, was the house which later became Copsefield and then Fairlands (confirmed by the 1873 Ordnance Survey map). The occupant was Augustus Smith, a manufacturer of brushes.

Fairlands, on the west side of the Epping New Road, next to Stagsdene, was described as an old-fashioned, ivy-clad residence, approached by a long carriage drive, and surrounded by delightful gardens of almost 12 acres, including tennis or croquet lawn, pergola, kitchen garden and stabling. On the ground floor of the house there was an entrance hall, dining room, and a drawing room leading to a large lounge or music room, with a dance floor. There was a conservatory, billiard room and verandah, morning room and domestic offices. Upstairs were six bedrooms, bathroom and dressing room. The house was for sale with Hampton and Sons of 20 St James Square, SW1, at some point during the early 1920s.

A directory of 1890 and the 1891 census show the occupant as Joseph Kemball, a widower, with his family. He was a manufacturing chemist, from Suffolk. Directories of 1895, 1896, and 1923 show the occupant as Joseph senior's son Joseph William Kemball as Joseph senior died aged 73 in 1894. It is assumed that the house was demolished on the sale in the 1920s and was replaced by Fairlands Avenue.

Lynn relates that Thomas Urquhart Scrutton was a devoted Congregationalist and a dedicated supporter of Mill Hill School. The school encountered various difficulties during the 1860s and in 1869 he was responsible for gathering a body of supporters to give the school a new Foundation.

Thomas Scrutton was also for a while the manager of the St Paul's Industrial School, in Burdett Road, Limehouse. An industrial school was a combination of workhouse, school and boarding house, set up to prevent juvenile crime. Board Visitors, Mrs Elizabeth Surr and Miss Helen Taylor, alleged that Scrutton was giving too small an allowance to the governor, who actually ran the school, and as a result, the building was dilapidated and the boys were not given enough food. However, the medical officer, James Horton, of 23 High Street, Stepney (a personal friend of Scrutton's), said the boys were treated kindly. The school closed in 1881 amidst great disputes, political and legal,[10] and Thomas Scrutton lost his post as chairman of the Industrial Schools Committee. However he sued Miss Helen Taylor for libel and won his case.

It would appear that the Scruttons were in Buckhurst Hill until at least 1888 as, according to papers in the Powell scrapbooks, they made a contribution to the collection to mark Nathanael Powell's Golden Wedding of that year.

Thomas Urquhart Scrutton died on 12 March 1896 and his wife Mary died on 1 October 1892. They are buried at Chingford Mount cemetery, together with his twin sister Mary, in the grave next to that of Samuel and Susannah Linder.

Sir Thomas Edward Scrutton, Lord Justice Scrutton

Thomas and Mary's elder son who was to become Sir Thomas Edward Scrutton, the Rt Hon Lord Justice Scrutton, was born on 28 August 1856 at 73 East India Dock Road, Poplar.

Sir Thomas Edward Scrutton, Lord Justice Scrutton, would have spent much of his boyhood in Buckhurst Hill (image courtesy of www.antiquemapsandprints.com)

He became a celebrated legal author whose major work on shipping law, *Scrutton on Charterparties and*

Bills of Lading, is now in its 22nd edition, published in 2011. He was known as a difficult judge, who 'did not suffer fools gladly and often refused to suffer them at all'.

Early years

As noted above his father was a supporter of Mill Hill School and a Congregationalist at a time when the Society for the Liberation of Religion from State Patronage and Control was a political force. Therefore, Thomas Edward Scrutton was sent to Mill Hill School for his early education.

He was hard working industrious and at London University took the degrees of BA, MA, and LLB (1882), with honours. He won a scholarship to Trinity College, Cambridge, and obtained a first class in the moral sciences tripos, was awarded the senior Whewell scholarship for international law in 1879, and placed first in the first class of the law tripos of 1880. He won the Barstow scholarship of the Inns of Court in 1882 and the University of Cambridge Yorke Prize for a legal essay in 1882, 1884, 1885, and 1886, the first student to win the distinction more than three times.

He had hoped to be elected to a fellowship at Trinity College, but Scrutton was thought to be intelligent and hard-working, but not 'original'. He was very tall and rather uncouth and thought to be the only Englishman of his time who had never shaved in his life. One his few diversions was to ride an old-fashioned high bicycle, a daredevil sport contested between rival cyclists from Oxford and Cambridge.

He became engaged to Mary, the daughter of Samuel Crickmer Burton, JP, a solicitor from Great Yarmouth while still an undergraduate. In 1884 they married, and moved to Westcombe Park, near Blackheath. They had four sons and a daughter; their youngest son was killed in the First World War.

Called to the Bar

Scrutton was called to the Bar by the Middle Temple in 1882, and joined the South-Eastern Circuit, but he never went on it. He became a KC in 1901 and a bencher of his Inn in 1908, after which the family moved to a flat at 134 Piccadilly. Scrutton never took much part in the social life, or in the business, of the Inn, and did not hold office.

He read in the chambers of Sir A L Smith and was at the same time Professor of Constitutional Law and Legal History at University College, London. After leaving Smith, he had chambers in Essex Court, and, when his practice grew, moved to a larger chambers at 3 Temple Gardens. His commercial practice was helped by the publication in 1886 of his book *The Contract of Affreightment as Expressed in Charter Parties and Bills of Lading*, which became the leading textbook on the subject, now in its 22nd edition (2011). His essay on the laws of copyright, with which he won the Yorke prize in 1882, was expanded into a textbook, *The Laws of Copyright* (1883), and his writing became a lucrative sideline to his practice.

In 1892 a highly technical case concerning general average[11] came before Mr Justice J C Lawrence in the list for cases heard without a jury. Lawrence was not a learned judge and had been a political appointment by Lord Halsbury. He was unfit for the case and this led to the establishment of the Commercial Court in 1895. For 15 years Scrutton and his great rival, J A Hamilton (afterwards Viscount Sumner), were among the Court's busiest barristers.

Scrutton worked very hard, either in the courts, or in the

'hideous room which he occupied in the hideous block called Temple Gardens, and in which a Spartan rigour reigned. Scrutton sat on a Windsor chair, without a cushion, at a battered writing-table, to the side of which was a table, loaded with papers, [made of wood] that had come out of one of his father's ships; a rough piece of wood filled the hole that had enclosed the mast. When darkness set in, the only source of light was a Victorian chandelier with fishtail gas burners. The other two rooms were filled with 'devils' and pupils, including, at various times, the future Lord Atkin, Lord Wright, Lord Justice MacKinnon, Mr Justice Fraser, and Mr Justice Henn Collins. At 4.15 pm the group met together for some repulsive tea and dry Bath Oliver biscuits. Scrutton, silently absorbed in thinking about his work, would stride about the room until, almost daily, the top of his head crashed into the knob of the chandelier that hung from the ceiling.'

Becomes a judge

Hamilton, Scrutton's rival, was promoted to the Bench in February 1909. Shortly after this Scrutton went as special commissioner on the north-eastern circuit. He was appointed a judge of the King's Bench Division, on the resignation of Mr Justice Sutton, in April 1910, on the recommendation of Lord Loreburn. He received a knighthood in the same year.

He soon proved to be an efficient judge, but he was not popular because of his bad manners, indulging in rudeness to counsel and to solicitors' clerks on summonses. Senior City solicitors (his former clients!) jointly retained Alfred Chaytor, a leading junior barrister who became a KC in 1914, to protest to Scrutton in court, which Chaytor did, firmly. Scrutton listened without comment, but proved that he had understood by the way he subsequently behaved.

Then, for six years Scrutton was a successful judge in London (often in the Commercial Court), and on circuit. He was a very good judge in criminal trials, although he had had no previous criminal law experience at the Bar. In 1915, at the Old Bailey, he had to try the notorious murderer, George Joseph Smith, in the sensational 'Brides in the Bath' case, and after this the public and the legal profession agreed that he was a great judge. [*To be concluded in* Newsletter 201.]

Acknowledgement

The material in the first part of this article (and the notes) concerning the Scrutton family, their ancestors, their homes, the other occupiers of those houses and the shipping business was very generously supplied to me by Lynn Haseldine Jones to whom I am very grateful. It has been reproduced here mainly in her own words.

Notes

1. The Eastern Press had a colourful early history. Founded in 1894 as a commercial wire service connecting Japan with the City of London it found it had need of printing facilities so took over a

printing company based in Brighton run by a Mr Sergeant. The printing facility was relocated to Reading, Mr Sergeant became the Works Manager, and Japanese compositors were recruited, whilst retaining the office in the City. Print was produced in both Japanese and English: commercial information, knitting patterns and, later, a book of 20,000 Chinese and Japanese characters printed in black and red. The Russo-Japanese war of 1905 caused problems in the Japanese commercial market and in 1913 Eastern Press produced its first law books for Sweet and Maxwell, reputed to be the *English Reports Annotated*. Book after book followed, most of them major legal works, and the company established a proofreading department in London to work closely with Sweets' editorial department. After the Second World War, Eastern obtained the contract to produce the official series of law reports for the Council of Law Reporting. The Japanese characters book was set by Mr Nakagawa, probably in the 1920s, who damaged his eyesight by cutting the special type characters needed and the work was completed in Leiden, Holland. It transpired later that, according to a Russian TV company which contacted me in the 1980s, Nakagawa might have been a Russian spy on the run from the Japanese authorities. After the Second World War, the Japanese type was sold to the British Museum. Eastern was a family company run by three families during my time and inevitably, with the changes in printing techniques in the 70s and 80s, capital was required for re-equipment so the company was taken over by the Causton Group, which itself was later taken over. Eastern Press lasted past its 100th birthday but was eventually sold off and absorbed into another firm in Chippenham and the freehold site in Reading sold for housing.

2. This is the convention used in legal materials such as reports and textbooks to refer to judges: Mr Justice Brown would referred to as Brown J; Lord Justice Brown is Brown LJ; Chief Justice Brown is Brown CJ or, as Lord Chief Justice, Brown LCJ or Lord Brown CJ. If he were Master of the Rolls he would be Brown MR or as Vice-Chancellor, Brown V-C. When we had a Lord Chancellor who occasionally appeared on the Bench he would have been Brown LC.

3. Thomas Urquhart Scrutton's parents were Thomas Scrutton, born 24 March 1799, and Mary Davis. This Thomas Scrutton's parents were Thomas Scrutton and Susannah Urquhart (who married in 1793).

4. Sons of James Scrutton were James Herbert Scrutton (1858–1938) and Claud Alexander Scrutton (1869–1940), both of Scrutton Sons and Co and Scruttons Ltd.

5. Sons of Alexander Scrutton were Norman Alexander Scrutton (1865–1921) and William James Campbell Scrutton (1866–1949). Their sons in turn were involved in the firm.

6. www.gracesguide.co.uk

7. Frederick Scrutton (1859–1937) was involved in Scrutton Sons and Co and Scruttons Ltd. His son was Furse Fairfax Vidal Scrutton (1893–1938) of Scruttons Ltd and in turn his son was Philip Furse Scrutton (1923–1958) of Scruttons Ltd.

8. Later occupied by a Mr W E Ratcliffe, whose death on 25 June 1908 was announced in the *Isle of Wight Observer* on 4 July 1908 (www.rydecemetery.org.uk)

9. Copsefield was also the name of one of the Scrutton ships.

10. C J Lloyd writes: 'Within the Board's membership itself political and personal rivalry was deep. Mrs Fenwick Miller . . . observed there was an "official" party and an "independent" party. In the former party, Thomas Scrutton and Edward North Buxton had respectively Non-Conformist and Anglican electoral support in the Tower Hamlets Division. They formed a clique with others on the Board. Scrutton, who had long been identified with philanthropic and educational work locally, was an original member of the Board since 1870 and Chairman of the Local Marine Board. He was also very active in ensuring that Liberal MPs were elected for Tower Hamlets. Scrutton was vehemently opposed by Mrs Elizabeth Surr, the member for Finsbury, with support from Mrs Fenwick Miller (Hackney) and the Radical Miss Helen Taylor (Southwark). Mrs Surr was regarded as an "amiable but credulous person", an adversary of Mr Scrutton since the Upton House School for Truants, Homerton, scandal in the 1870s, and was eager for a new chance, which St Paul's Industrial School provided, for revenge.'

11. General average is any loss or damage voluntarily incurred for the general safety of the ship and cargo, as where goods are thrown overboard in a storm to save the ship and the rest of the cargo. The persons who have interests in the ship must contribute to reimburse the person whose goods have been lost.

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TED MARTIN

Loughton ticket fraud

RAILWAY PILLORY PRAISED.

The Great Eastern Railway's system of advertising convictions, which has so often been strongly condemned by magistrates, was commended at Stratford yesterday, when George Morgan, a checker, of 347, Fore-street, Lower Edmonton, was summoned for travelling on the Great Eastern Railway without paying his fare, with intent to defraud. He admitted the facts.

Mr. R. Scott, for the company, said on Nov. 9 Inspectors Buck and Payne saw defendant and his wife at Edmonton. He took tickets for Silver-street (the next station), and travelled to Bethnal-green. Here they changed, went by another train to Stratford, and again changed. Then they joined a third train, and travelled to Loughton, where they gave up the return halves of tickets to Buckhurst-hill, also the next station. Defendant was spoken to, and he produced the tickets he had taken at Edmonton. Examination showed that the Buckhurst-hill to Loughton tickets were taken by a relative at Loughton, and posted to defendant in order that he and his wife might get to Loughton

Mr. Andrew Johnston said this was about as bad a case as they had ever had before them. They would fine him the maximum penalty (40s. and costs), and if he got posted up at the stations they thought he richly deserved it. As to that being an addition to their punishment, the Bench were glad of it, because the punishment was not enough; and as to the publicity, they might as well try to muzzle those gentlemen (the reporters) who were taking notes. Supposing the Bench tried to persuade them not to report every case of a conviction for felony, they would not pay any attention to the request; and quite right, too.

Lloyds Weekly News, 24 November 1907
Submitted by CHRIS POND

The Stag Restaurant

Review by 'Trencherman'

I saw this piece in a copy of *Essex Countryside* for April 1965. When I was at work it was a favourite place for 'business lunches' and the MD of a Manchester packaging company would come down because he reckoned their *crêpes suzettes* were the best he'd tasted – cooked at the table of course! PETER COOK

'EATING PLACES OF ESSEX (21): THE STAG RESTAURANT, BUCKHURST HILL
By "Trencherman"

Sited in the midst of highwayman Dick Turpin's lucrative hunting ground, the Bald Faced Stag is now in the centre of a populous and prosperous area. That it can expect to be patronised by clients who do not have to count every penny

is evidenced by the menu, for the Stag Restaurant is not an inexpensive eating place.

It is an excellent eating place though, as my wife and I can confidently vouchsafe after a recent evening spent there. A spur-of-the-moment decision, we did not trouble to book our table before leaving home, but foolishly hoped to find one free on a busy Saturday night. Our optimism was not justified. For on arrival every table was found to be taken. However, the head waiter speedily came to our rescue and promised to have a table ready for us in half an hour.

It was then that we discovered the only drawback to the Stag Restaurant – there was no cocktail bar. As a result we had a chilly walk out of the restaurant to pass the time in the public bar.

Retracing our steps half an hour later we were ushered to our table, and were at once delighted to notice a waiter changing the cloth. Although it was in the middle of winter, a small vase of fresh carnations decorated the table, a touch much appreciated by my wife.

1888 print of the Bald Faced Stag

After looking at the ample menu on which there was a choice of no fewer than twenty-one hors d'oeuvres and six soups, my wife selected whitebait (5/6) and I chose paté maison (3/6).

The whitebait arrived at the table looking deliciously crisp – my wife assured me that it was indeed in perfect condition. My paté, out of an individual mould, was full of flavour.

Bald Faced Stag Hotel - 1910

Avoiding the top-priced dishes such as lobster thermidor (24/6), double entrecôte steak (23/6), steak tartare (23/6) and boeuf strogonoff (20/6), my wife selected a mixed grill (12/6) and I ordered grilled gammon and egg (9/6). With her mixed grill my wife chose braised celery (1/6) and sauté potatoes (2s), while I just had grilled mushrooms (3s) with my gammon When the mixed grill arrived it turned out to be one of the most complete we had ever seen. It had a full complement of all the usual meats – steak, chop, kidney, sausages, etc – and was of more than ample size. My gammon, over an inch thick, was grilled to perfection. We were both more than satisfied with the dishes we had chosen.

For a sweet my wife chose pears in jelly (3/6) and fresh cream (1s) from the sweet trolley. I declined. Our Cona coffee we took at the table.

Our bill for the meal came to £2 5s 6d exclusive of wine, not an exorbitant price to pay for a well-cooked meal in extremely pleasant surroundings, with courteously efficient service.

While chatting to Mr Ernest Saunders, who manages the restaurant for his father, the proprietor, Mr Stan Saunders, we learned that originally the Bald Faced Stag, of which the Stag Restaurant forms only a part, was a hunting lodge in the time of Charles II. The present building was constructed in 1937 after a disastrous fire in 1936 destroyed the old fabric.

The restaurant was opened in November 1959, and many are the notable people who have eaten there since that date. Ranging from Lady Churchill and Sophia Loren, they cover all trades and professions. The head waiter from the opening day has been Norman Watkins, whom some connoisseurs rate fourth or fifth in the country at dishes cooked at the table on a spirit lamp.

The restaurant has a maximum capacity of sixty-four diners, and, from personal experience, prior booking is necessary. Between Monday and Saturday lunch is served from 12.15 to 2 p.m. and dinner from 7 to 10 p.m.

On Sundays the luncheon sitting is reduced to the hour between 12.30 and 1.30 p.m. and no dinners are served in the evening. Telephone: BUChurst 8425.'

100 years later - The Bald Face Stag, May 2010
incorporating the Toby Carvery

Reminiscences of a Loughton childhood

[This short article appeared in Newsletter 143 *– February/March 2000 – Miss Westall and Miss Pask, mentioned in it, were there when I started at Staples Road in September, 1945. Ed.]*

Perhaps my most vivid memories of Loughton and my life there before the War are of Staples Road Junior School in the 1930s. Do any other older Loughtonians remember the teachers: Miss Pride, Miss Jones (who, I think, married a missionary and left us for foreign parts); Miss Pasc (or was it Pask?), whose brother taught in the boys' school, and last, but most definitely not least, Miss Westall, the head-mistress.

Miss Westall was about 4ft 11ins in height but 6ft 11ins in stature! She only had to walk through the door for a deep hush to descend over the whole class, and she ruled us all (teachers as well) with a rod of velvet. I still recall with a shudder the deep, deep

indignity of her of her ultimate punishment – a 'smacking'. The miscreant had to go to the front of the assembled class, roll up a sleeve and receive, horror of horrors, a tap: just one, or two at the most, and hardly felt, but the shame lasted for days.

One day Miss Westall called out to the front of the class a girl who came bottom in all our lessons. Putting an arm round her she told us that, in talking to the girl's mother about her school work, the mother had said: 'but she can cook a dinner fit for a king'. 'Now girls', said Miss Westall, 'what finer tribute can be paid to any girl, that she can cook a good meal, for to be a good wife and mother is the finest vocation for any woman and . . . is an inspiration to us all.'

She also had a great fetish for fresh air – I recall with delight the whole school abandoning lessons on snowy days and being led by the teachers to Drummer Maids for snowball fights; and, on sunny days, taking chairs across the road for lessons under the trees. Happy, happy days!

I remember so vividly the names of so many girls I went to school with. Where are you now Joan Marsh, Ada Reynolds, Gladys Hyde, Joan Slater, Eileen Hughes, Peggy Kidman, etc, etc? I would love to know.

Does anyone else remember the fétes which took place in the grounds of Goldings Manor? We used to stay behind afterwards 'to help clear up' and the leftover goodies were cleared up most efficiently of all!

We walked to and from school. I lived in Harwater Drive (we were the first occupants of that estate) and had to make the journey four times a day (most of us went home to lunch), sometimes up Church Hill, sometimes dawdling through Epping Forest – which of course would not be allowed today. I remember being in disgrace with my mother for being late for lunch because we had stopped at Bosworth's on Church Hill to see Mr Bosworth's daughter leave the house as a bride.

Loughton has now changed almost beyond recognition, but sometimes, especially on York Hill and Baldwins Hill or in Staples Road and the Forest, one can, for a fleeting moment, recapture it as it used to be. It is still a lovely place and will always be home to me, although I have not lived there for many a long day.

PAMELA SOUTHAM (née CRUIKS)

The customer is always right! – Really?

Do you remember when Loughton (and district) shopkeepers knew your name, when a chair was provided for the footsore, perhaps even when your cash and the change were sent flying through the air via little metal cylinders on overhead wires? Well I'm not asking for a return to those old days, although a little civility would not go amiss sometimes.

What I do object to is the 'do-it-yourself' mentality of everyday shopping in the supermarkets. OK, so I like being able to choose the freshest fruit and vegetables, and pick the better dated items on perishable foodstuffs. However, when it comes to paying the final bill, the choice seems to be limited. Either queue behind others with vast quantities of coupons cut from magazines, credit cards that refuse to co-operate and decisions to be made on whether cash-back is needed, or, as I said, you can 'do-it-yourself'.

Loughton shopping of yesteryear

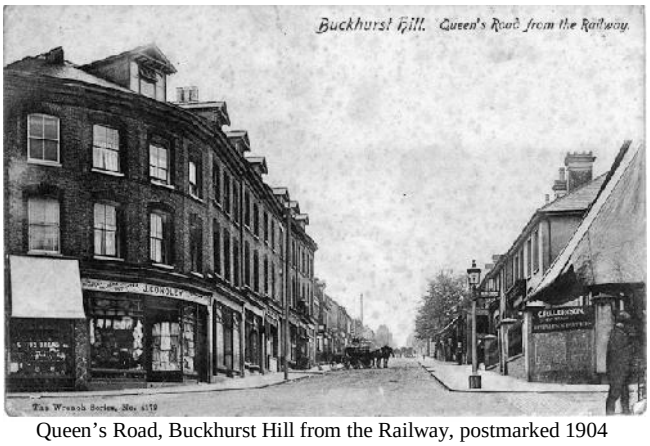
Now, if I'm going to have to serve myself, that's all right, but if I also have to play the part of the cashier then perhaps I should expect a little discount? (Besides which am I depriving another person of a job?)

We use the quick tills in the misguided belief that they will indeed be 'quick', whereas the opposite is the case. Have you heard other shoppers (probably me) arguing with the annoying mechanical voice coming from the tills? Unexpected item in the bagging area – NO THERE ISN'T; quantity needed – I'VE ALREADY TOLD YOU; are you using your own bags? – NOT YET AS I'VE NOT FINISHED; verification needed – OH, COME ON, DO I LOOK UNDER 18! And at every other item scanned the voice tells me smugly to wait for assistance.

The assistants have always mysteriously disappeared when needed – perhaps they may not know my name, but they certainly know I'm trouble when it comes to checking out my own shopping.

Then, finally, I can 'insert my card'. Well I am still enough of a lady not to say where I'd like to.

Sad Shopper of Loughton.



Queen's Road, Buckhurst Hill from the Railway, postmarked 1904

Theydon Bois as I knew it – part 2

Up the top of Coppice Row we had 'The Wheatsheaf' (now the Sixteen String Jack) and, coming down the hill a bit, Mr Cottee, who traded as a cobbler. On the corner of what is now Orchard Drive there was the

Theydon Service Station and on the same side, just before The Avenue, a small grocers and then the British Restaurant. This was a long, low wooden building that I think was used by the government to provide meals. One organisation that took advantage of this was the local school and we were marched down in long crocodiles from the school to have our lunch. We were each given a circular coloured plastic disc with which we 'bought' our lunch and another of a different colour for 'afters'.

Then, of course, we had the 'Queen Victoria'. I don't know how old the 'Queen Vic' actually is but I suspect it predates the Queen. It has beams that apparently are genuine ship's timbers and one attribute of ship's timbers is that, by the combination of oak with salt water, the wood becomes very hard. I was told that an electrician had tried to fix a cable to a beam using standard wiring cleats and the masonry nails were breaking in the wood. Eventually he was reduced to making a hole with a masonry drill for each nail.

Coppice Row, Theydon Bois, showing the sign for The Queen Victoria (left), c 1910

Alongside the 'Vic' there was a small bakery run by the Barnes brothers at one end of a terrace of 'clapboard' cottages. They had an Old English side flue oven and used to make some wonderful bread. The next shop at the other end of the cottages was later taken over by Frank Surridge as a greengrocer's and then we had Ada Waters the drapers, run by Doris Joslin. Following them was the butchers, with Wood and Krailing's garage adjoining and finally the Cabin run by the Misses Whitlow and New.

To this base were later added three shops adjoining Mr Jackman's shop although by then it was being run by Mr Stiles. The shop nearest the butchers was taken over by Bill Gill as an ironmongers, then Tiffin and Parker took the next shop and sold shoes and the last one became a television rental business run by Mr Ager.

Many people used to come some distance to go to The Bull and some of them were not too fussy where they parked their cars, and used our (Wood and Krailing's garage) forecourt. This was a potential problem as on occasions our entrance could be blocked and it needed to be clear so that we could get the 'Breakdown' out. Many times we have been called out to accidents and the facilities that we could provide have been necessary to extricate some poor soul from a wreck. One of these I recall quite vividly. We were asked to go to North Weald where it was thought that a motor-cyclist was under a coach. We went the usual way up Piercing Hill and when we got to the Bell at Epping, a police car was broadside across the road stopping all traffic and a second car was waiting in the lay-by just on the Epping side. As we approached the second police car pulled out in front of us and the other tucked in behind and provided an escort through Epping. We arrived at North Weald to find a coach across the road, which we lifted, and there sure enough underneath was a motor-cycle but no sign of a rider. He was found propping up the bar of the 'King's Head' quite oblivious to the panic going on outside. What had happened was the coach had been backing out of the King's Head car park when the motor cyclist came round the corner. He realised that he could not stop but he was a speedway rider so he laid the bike down and got off it. The bike continued under the bus and the rider continued into the 'King's Head'.

One particular customer of The Bull used to park on our forecourt despite being requested by us (via the publican!) not to do it. One night he left it very much in the way so we decided to take action. The action was to get a trolley jack from the workshop and we jacked it up and pushed it into the workshop. When 'Sunny Jim' came out at 11pm or so, he, of course, could not find his car and reported it stolen and had to find his own way back to Romford. The next morning we were contacted by the police to ask if we had seen it and of course we told them that it was in our workshop. I don't know what 'cover story' Dad told them and, on the face of it, they accepted it but I bet they could 'read' between the lines. We never saw Sunny Jim's car again.

Accident recovery was something I was involved in a lot from the late 50s to the middle 60s and at times it could be tragic and at other times funny. We were called out to a lot of accidents by the local police and we developed a good working relationship with them. We always tried to help, even if it was not strictly our job to do so. Little things like carrying a broom and shovel on board so that we could sweep a road clear of glass or spread dirt over an oil spillage and bigger things like when we were asked to take one vehicle from a multiple collision, we would pull the other vehicles as far as we could out of the way before we took our accident away. These were well before the days when the police would have to close a road in order to investigate an accident!

One involved an A40 Austin Devon at Nazeing. Nazeing is one of those low lying areas where you are likely to have a drainage ditch on one or both sides of the road and householders had arranged their own bridges for access to their property. This A40 had run off the road into a ditch and hit such a bridge which was some 8 feet wide by 4 feet deep made of concrete and which crossed a ditch about 4 feet deep. The A40 had moved it, as you could see that the grass had parted company with the bridge. They got the man out of the car and rushed him to St Margaret's with suspected heavy internal bleeding as he was vomiting dark red stuff all over the place. They did their tests and could find nothing wrong and what is more the man did not seem to be suffering very much. So they

made some enquiry and found that the man had had a salad for tea which had included a lot of beetroot. Going off the road he had got the bottom of the steering wheel in his middriff, causing him to be sick and strew beetroot juice all over the place. He was otherwise none the worse for his accident.

The first accident I ever attended on my own was a 'fatal', although I never saw the body. A man was in the habit of driving through Lambourne End in his open top sports car on a regular basis and knew just how fast he could take any particular corner. However, between making his journey through the village one way and coming back later that day, the road had been top-dressed leaving the road covered with fine pebbles. Warning signs had been set up but they were either missed or ignored. He came through the village as usual but the pebbles on one corner acted like ball bearings and the car went into a ditch at high speed, threw his girlfriend out who landed head first in a field breaking her neck and the car had sufficient momentum to regain the road.

One event that took place just after the war was the great Guy Fawkes' bonfire. The major site for our bonfires was on the Green near the bottom of Woburn Avenue. I do not recall what year it was, but one year we had a bonfire to beat all bonfires. I suspect that it was 1945. The bonfire was started by parking a wooden gypsy caravan on the Green as a nucleus and piling anything burnable on it. (I bet that caravan would be worth a few bob today!) I think any potential source of flammable material was investigated and anything found went on the bonfire. Epping Forest contributed, as you might expect, and when the bonfire was finished my memory is that it was about 20ft high and about 20ft in diameter, but remember I was 7 years old so everything looked big. Access to the caravan had been arranged via a tunnel and eventually it was lit, and it was still burning a week later although it was down to the ember stage by then. But it made a wonderful barbecue and most of the local kids had at least one baked potato done in the fire.

Another event was the Victory celebrations. One part of this was when a unit from the Essex Regiment came to the village and marched from the station to St Mary's, took part in a service in the church and marched back again. My Mum and I sat on the wall outside the Theydon Service Station to watch them go by, led by their band which was playing the first march I can ever remember called 'Great Little Army', although it was many years before I found out its title.

For those who were not around at the time, a householder was often provided with a DIY shelter. One sort (the Morrison) went inside the house and was two pieces of heavy gauge steel about 8 feet square, one of which formed the roof and one the floor which were held about 3 feet apart by some heavy corner braces and three sides were covered by heavy gauge wire grids. The other variety (the Anderson) was made of corrugated steel sheets, bent at one end and these could be bolted together to form an upturned 'U'. These you put in the garden, the right way up, and you covered it as far as you could with earth. Neither variety would withstand a direct hit but there are many people around today who owe their lives to the protection that one or the other provided. Some lucky people had a brick-built shelter provided and there was one for a long time between Nos 18 and 19 Buxton Road.

At one time Buxton Road had a most curious numbering system. The council houses were numbered from 1 to 10 and then at the top of the road there was a group of houses numbered in the 300 range and coming back down the other side we had 11 to 20. I was told that it had been intended that the houses at the top of the road were to be included in another road but it never happened and Buxton Road was left with its curious numbering system. I understand it is now renumbered.

One thing that we enjoyed which is often denied to children today was freedom to do very much what we wanted. Like my father as he relates in his book *Woodford as I knew it*, we largely made our own fun, but, in fairness to him, I will acknowledge that we did have a bit more 'raw material'. Most of us had a bike of some sort and we would spend hours in the Forest riding along the many trails. The Forest provided a wonderful playground and it was right on our doorstep and we would walk through it to Epping, High Beach or Loughton.

The water that enters the village centre is collected and drains through a culvert that starts at a collection point outside what was Mr Standon's shop. It then flows under Slade End and the railway, coming out just the other side of the railway to form the brook which meanders down to Hobbs Cross. Where it comes out of the culvert, the bank at one time had been cut back to allow cattle to come down and drink and they had churned the clay into a gooey mess. It was the stuff that dams are made of and on one occasion we spent some time throwing a dam across the brook. We utilised a fallen willow on the other bank as our weir and managed to get the water about 3ft deep until it flowed across the trunk of the willow. I don't recall ever dismantling the dam but the cattle in their haste to drink would have put their feet in it which would weaken it and the first decent storm would have washed a lot of it away.

BOB FARMER

[To be concluded in Newsletter 201]

Tramcar No 28, Woodford Road, c 1905.

William Morris visits Loughton

[By the late John Howes, reprinted from Newsletter 138, *December, 1997]*

Just over a hundred years ago on the morning of 7 May 1895 a group of well dressed Victorian gentlemen alighted at Loughton station and headed at once towards Epping Forest. The group included two of the finest nineteenth century English architects, Philip Webb and William Lethaby as well as a rather rotund gentleman who was addressed from time to time as 'Topsy'. He was in fact William Morris returning to the forest he knew so well as a child.

The reason for the visit was a locally well-known letter he had written to the *Daily Chronicle* published on 22 April 1895 addressed to 'The Experts of Epping Forest'. In this letter he castigated the members of the Corporation of London for the way they were treating Epping Forest since they had become responsible for it under the 1878 Act.

What is not widely known is that his letter brought a sharp reply from Professor Fisher (author of the standard work on the Forest of Essex) in the same paper on the following day. The heading was 'IS EPPING FOREST BEING DESTROYED . . . NO!'. Fisher pointed out all the fine work the Corporation had already undertaken and drew attention to the fact that the forest they had been given the task of conserving was very different from the one Morris knew as a boy.

In particular the activities of the lord of the manor (and lesser Loughton residents) had caused the loss of many hornbeams which Morris was especially concerned about. The long letter ended asking pointedly 'when did you [Morris] last visit Epping Forest?'.

It is interesting that such was the reputation of Morris in his later years that the Court of Common Council of the Corporation met under the chairmanship of the Lord Mayor to discuss the points Morris raised. The next letter from Morris was published on 27 April and contained the confession that he had not visited the Forest for at least 10 years and that he would try to make amends as soon as he could. It was for that reason with a group of friends he walked from Loughton via Monk Wood to Theydon Bois (where I am sure they refreshed themselves in a local pub) and then returned via Fairmead to Chingford station – quite a walk by any standard. It would be pleasing to record that Morris withdrew most of his critical remarks. He at least agreed that the action of the lord of the manor in felling trees along the Clay Road prior to selling building plots had caused an 'ugly scar' in one of the loveliest parts of the Forest. Interestingly, Morris singles out Edward North Buxton as the one verderer who would most like to destroy the special character of the Forest!

In October of the next year Morris died having never visited this area again. Who was right it is difficult for us to decide today. As our President is well aware the way Epping Forest is managed at present can still arouse strong feelings, which perhaps shows just how much local people care for this precious survival of the once great Forest of Essex.

We should however bear in mind that for Morris (and Edward North Buxton) Epping Forest was primarily a place where those living in poor housing in the East End could enjoy a day in the countryside. They never envisaged either horse, let alone mountain bike, riding in the Forest and could have had no idea that much of it would become what today we call a Site of Special Scientific Interest (SSSI) and envisage all the conflicting opinions about the role of the Conservators that this would raise.

Personally I think if he could return today, Morris would be delighted with Epping Forest and the care the Conservators take of it. The scars of the Clay Road have long been covered, the lord of the manor was not in the event able to build houses along Earl's Path, the Hunting Lodge has been excellently restored, and because of the Corporation's purchase of 'Buffer Land' Epping Forest is now larger than the Forest Morris visited on 7 May 1895. JOHN HOWES

Waltham Abbey – c.1900

War in the air comes to Epping

A number of incidents reported during the Second World War affected Epping and the surrounding area:

Road Blockage: On Sunday, 5 May 1940, Hawker Hurricane N2522 belonging to 56 Squadron overshot the runway at North Weald Airfield and completely blocked the main Epping to Ongar road for several hours.

German captured at Cross Keys: On Tuesday, 3 September 1940, a Messerschmitt Bf110 of 2/ZG2 was

engaged on bomber escort duty, when it was intercepted by Hurricanes of 310 Squadron over North Weald. Attempting to take evasive action, the plane collided with another Messerschmitt 110. The impact smashed the rudder and the port wingtip, and the plane crashed and burnt out at Rye Hill. The pilot, Oberleutnant K Müller, managed to bale out and was captured by the patron of the Cross Keys Café at Thornwood. The other occupant of the Messerschmitt, Unteroffizier J Korn, died in the crash.

Crash of an unidentified aircraft at Theydon: Four days later an unidentified aircraft plummeted into a field off Theydon Park Road, Theydon Bois. The impact left the aircraft buried 18ft below ground. No remains were found at the time, and the incident was all but forgotten. In 1976 members of the London Air Museum learned of the crash, while excavating another site at the Wake Arms, and decided to investigate. They discovered a number of items which proved to come from a Hawker Hurricane, including a Rolls-Royce Merlin engine. Human remains were also found, which were handed over to the police for investigation. A Coroner's inquest was held in Epping, but this proved inconclusive, as it was not possible to identify either the pilot or the plane. The remains were interred at Brookwood Military Cemetery, in a grave marked 'Unknown RAF Pilot'.

In 1981 the site was re-excavated in an effort to find some evidence as to the identity of the pilot, but unfortunately nothing more conclusive came to light. Altogether the RAF lost 17 aircraft on 7 September, of which five were unaccounted for and listed as 'Missing in Action'. By a process of elimination, it is believed by a number of aviation historians that the aircraft concerned was Hurricane P2962 of 242 Squadron (commanded at the time by Douglas Bader), piloted by Pilot Officer John Benzie, a Canadian, although this has never been confirmed.

Stonards Hill Mine: Later that year, on Wednesday, 16 October, an unexploded parachute mine was recovered from the railway embankment at Stonards Hill.

Tragedy at Theydon Bois: On Monday, 18 November 1940, 60 men of the King's Own Scottish Borders were billeted at Yates Retreat, a huge pre-war tea room and playground in Coppice Row, Theydon Bois. A sentry on duty outside saw an object descending by parachute. He had heard an aircraft circling earlier, and assumed that it must be an airman who had been forced to bale out. The object was in fact a mine, one of two dropped. One landed in Piercing Hill, but the other brushed the roof of the Retreat before hitting the helter-skelter and exploding. The Retreat was completely blown apart, and 26 soldiers were killed. Over the next few days two more died of their wounds. All the deaths were recorded at Epping Registry Office.

Wake Arms Junkers: At 12.45am on Sunday, 8 December 1940, an attacking German Junkers 88A was hit by anti-aircraft fire and crashed near the 'Wake Arms' public-house in Epping Forest. The crew, Unteroffizier M Jappsen, Gefreiter A Dornauer, Feldwebel E Leipold and Gefreiter F Weber all died in the crash. Epping funeral directors D C Poulton & Sons were called to the scene to collect the remains, which were subsequently buried in a single grave at Chingford Mount Cemetery.

In 1976 several items were recovered from the crash site by members of the London Air Museum, including both engines, an undercarriage leg, a propeller blade, parachutes, oxygen bottles, and bomb fins. The site was again excavated in 1979, by No 49 Explosive Ordnance Disposal Squadron from Chattendon in Kent, under the command of Major Barry Birch. The area cordoned off during this time was clearly visible from the main road between Epping and the Wake Arms Roundabout. Two bombs were found and defused.

The second rocket: The first V2 rocket to land on British soil hit Chiswick, West London, at 6.43pm on Tuesday, 8 September 1944. Just 16 seconds later another landed in Parndon Wood, near Epping. It was fired from Holland, and aimed at a point just south of Southwark Bridge. It landed 18 miles short of its target. The sound of the explosion was heard for miles around, and was immediately investigated by Ted Carter, Chief Warden for the Urban District of Waltham Holy Cross. In his report, written the next day, he says: 'Ellis took Mick and I out through Epping and Thornwood Common to a lane off to the west, and after crossing a ploughed field, found the crater in a small wood. It was 8ft deep and 20ft across. Trees and shrubs all around were just wiped out.' At the time it was not known what had caused the explosion.

And, on a lighter note: In February 1941 RAF recruit Vic Hester completed his training with the Initial Training Wing at Cambridge. After several weeks posted in Scotland and later on Gloucestershire, he was eventually posted to 25 Squadron at North Weald, flying Blenheim night fighters. His father had been a member of 25 Squadron's ground crew during the First World War, so Vic was pleased to follow in his father's footsteps.

After arriving and reporting to his Squadron Commander, he was asked if he had a car and some petrol. On answering yes, he was ordered to go into Epping and buy 400 French letters! Vic takes up the story:

'I had been sensibly reared as a church-going boy and at the age of twenty had not progressed beyond kissing and cuddling girls. The idea of going into a chemist to buy French letters required more courage than doing battle in the air. I entered the main chemist shop and being in RAF uniform caused several delightful lady assistants to offer their services. With a very red face I asked for the manager. When he appeared I very quietly asked for French letters. "Yes" he said equally quietly, "How many?"; "400, please". The quantity seemed to shatter him, but he said he would see what he could do. Whilst waiting, the word seemed to get around for I got lots of appraising smiles from the female staff. They must have thought that I was quite a rake. I hate to tell you that we required these contraceptives to fit over the gun barrels of our aircraft to stop moisture and rain going down the barrels, which had been causing stoppages. Not far off from the prime purpose really!'

With thanks to JOHN DUFFELL, *The Royal British Legion, Epping & District Branch (2001).*

The bandstand opened

THE BANDSTAND OPENED.

The bandstand, which has been erected on the small triangular piece of land opposite the cricket ground, was opened on Saturday afternoon by Mrs. Gellatly in the presence of a numerous company. Amongst those present were: Mr. P. Gellatly, J.P., Col. Howard, C.B., J.P., the Rev. W. Allen, Mr. John Chilton, E.C.C., Messrs. S. Mayor, S. Wilks, G. P. Clarke, and Mr. Harris.—Mr. Gellatly read letters of apology for absence from Dr. Astin (treasurer of the fund) and the Rector.—Mrs. Gellatly, in declaring the bandstand open, expressed a hope that it would be a source of great enjoyment to all the inhabitants of Loughton.—Mr. Gellatly said they were all very much interested in the Loughton Military Band, and they were very much struck with the improvement that had taken place in it from time to time. It was a great gratification to have in Loughton such a band as they had, and he hoped the time would come when every village would have its own band. The band might congratulate itself upon its efficiency. The time would soon come when it would enter into competition with other bands, and he hoped would carry off some prizes. There was a further sum needed to meet the expenses of erecting that stand, and if all present would do their part, they would make the venture a complete success.—Mr. G. P. Clarke proposed a hearty vote of thanks to Mrs. Gellatly for her kindness in opening the stand. Speaking from a knowledge of Mr. and Mrs. Gellatley for over 30 years, he said he knew they would do anything they could to enhance the happiness of the inhabitants of that village.—The motion was carried by acclamation.—Col. Howard, C.B., J.P., said he felt happy to do what he could in the matter, because for forty years he had taken a great interest in military bands. It was a great pleasure to him to see the Loughton military band so efficient as it was, and he felt quite sure that if they went on improving as they had done from year to year, they would be one of the best bands in the neighbourhood of London. He should be very glad to give his sovereign towards the expense of erecting the stand, and he hoped others would do the same.—Mr. R. Caten then said a few words, and the band played several selections under the direction of Mr. W. Pavlour (late of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers). At the commencement of the meeting, when the Loughton Military Band marched up to the stand, they played "The Duke of Connaught march." It is proposed that the band should give weekly entertainments during the summer.

Ups and downs of travel

The growth of Loughton and Buckhurst Hill, and to some extent of Chigwell, too, can be ascribed to their proximity to London with good communication by road and railway.

The road through Loughton to Woodford was placed in the care of the Epping Highway Trust by Act of Parliament in 1769, which empowered the Trustees to levy tolls to pay for repairs to the existing road. Between Loughton and Buckhurst Hill the gradient was a problem, and work began in 1781 to alleviate this. By 1784 the line and gradient had been altered to that which substantially exists today by making a cutting at the top and embanking the bottom. In 1834 the New Road from Epping to Woodford was completed, but the old road through Loughton remained with the Trust until it was wound up in 1870 (see *Newsletters 198* and *199*).

The coming of the railway, to Loughton in 1856 and Epping in 1865, no doubt contributed to the Trust's demise but the road remained an important link and it had to be maintained by the local authorities. Although a 'lay' of 1883 runs:

'Villa-covered Loughton,
Scene of Whitechapel larks,
Whence early trains run every day,
Heavy with city clerks'

There would still have been many for whom the railway was too expensive a means of travel, and the carrier's cart provided conveyance. The condition of the road varied according to the weather, but the following description is appropriate to the season:

'Just such a day as Johnny's London memories always brought, cold and dry and brisk, found him perched on the cart that was to take him to London again. Besides himself, the cart held his mother and his sister, and the household furniture from the cottage; while Banks, the carrier, sat on the shaft. Bessy was made comfortable in the arm-chair; her mother sat on a bundle of bedding, whence it was convenient to descend when steep hills were encountered; and Johnny sat on the tail-board, and jumped off and on as the humour took him.

All through long Loughton village there was something of a triumphal progress, for people knew them, and turned to look. Bessy alone remained in the cart for the long pull up Buckhurst Hill, while Johnny, tramping beside and making many excursions into the thicket, flung up into her lap sprigs of holly with berries. Already they had plenty, packed close in a box, but it is better to have too much than too little, so any promising head was added to the store. For it was December, and Christmas would come in three weeks or so. And ere that Nan May was to open shop in London.

The cart crowned the hill-top, and still Nan May regarded not the show that lay behind, whereof Bessy took her fill for the moments still left. There Loughton tumbled about its green hills, beset with dusky trees, like a split box-ful of toys, with the sad-coloured forest making the horizon line behind it. Away to the left, seen between the boughs of the near pines, High Beech steeple lifted from the velvety edge, and as far to the right, on its own hill, rose the square church tower that stood at Loughton. And where the bold curve of Staples Hill lost itself among the woods, some tall brown trees uprose above the rest and gave good-bye. For invisible beyond them lay the empty cottage in its patch of garden, grown dank and waste. The roadside trees shut it out, and the cart stopped on the level to take up Nan May.

And now the old mare jogged faster along to Woodford Wells and through the Green, fringed with a wonder of big houses, and many broad miles of country seen between them; then, farther, down the easy slope of Rising Sun Road, with thick woods at the way's edge on each side, their winter austerity softened by the sunlight among the brown twigs. And so on and on, till they emerged on bushy Leyton Flats, and turned off for Leytonstone.'

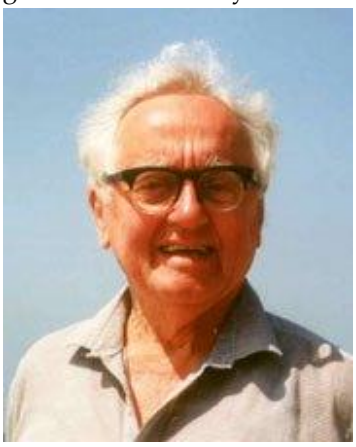
Extract from: To London Town *by Arthur Morrison (1899)*

Professor Ralph Russell blue plaque

The life of an eminent scholar who dedicated his life to literature written in Urdu has been commemorated by a blue plaque.

Professor Ralph Russell (born 21 May 1918, died 14 September 2008) was a British scholar of Urdu literature, widely considered to be its leading western scholar and translator. Russell was born in Hammerton in North Yorkshire, and grew up in Loughton, Essex, where he attended Staples Road School. He later studied at St John's College, Cambridge. He taught Urdu and Urdu literature at the School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London, and also in universities in India and Pakistan. He wrote articles and essays in Urdu and English, and attended literary seminars and workshops on the subject of his specialisation.

For much of his life he was a member of the Communist Party of Great Britain. He was awarded the *Sitara-e-Imtiaz* in recognition of his services to Urdu language and literature by the Government of Pakistan.

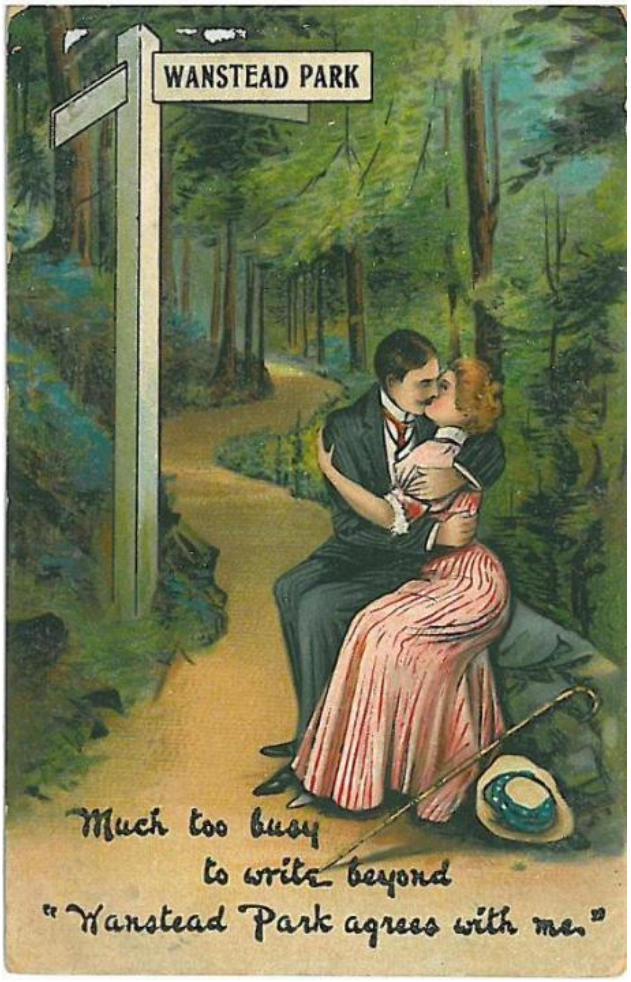


Loughton Town Council installed a blue plaque to Russell on his boyhood home at 6 Queen's Road. It was inaugurated with a reception given by the present owners for family, friends and colleagues, on 15 July 2013.

Most members know that, since 1999, Loughton Town Council has placed a series of Blue Heritage Plaques around the town. If you have access to a computer, to see the full list, numbering over 30, use the link below

http://www.loughton-tc.gov.uk/2bhpl.htm

Baldwin's Hill pond



Dedicated to all Epping Forest walkers . . .

Rain
It rained and it rained and rained
The average fall was well maintained
And when the tracks were simply bogs
It started raining cats and dogs.
After a drought of half an hour
We had a most refreshing shower
And then the most curious thing of all
A gentle rain began to fall.
Next day was also fairly dry
Save for the deluge from the sky
Which wetted the party to the skin
And after that the rain set in.

With thanks to an anonymous Epping Forest U3A member

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