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56th Season

Buckhurst Hill some 60 years ago

I was born in Buckhurst Hill in the year 1905 and we moved to another part of the county in 1915. Since then I had passed through it or been to it briefly on occasion. But the other day, having finished some business in London earlier than I had expected, I took it into my head to go back to revive my memories and to see how much of 'my' Buckhurst Hill still remained.

Knowing how much building there had been because of the growth of population in this part of outer London I expected to be more lost and taken aback by change than I was. Once the structure of a place is firmly in your mind – the layout of the streets, the placing of the community buildings, the open spaces and the avenue of trees – it is not difficult to see the old setting within the new. The changes that strike one, whether pleasing or painful, are almost always changes of detail: an old house pulled down and a new one put in its place, new shops, more garages and many more cars, new names over familiar shops, new enclaves of habitation where there had been a field.

I did not expect to see the old cabs with their rather broken down horses in the station yard, but the yard itself, in spite of a bus, looked very much the same. At the top of the hill the Bald Faced Stag had been transmogrified but my ex-sergeant major grandfather would still have recognised the pub where he went for his pint when he stayed with us. Above all I was struck by the fact that when I had got up Queen's Road, puffing more than I used to, I could still turn round and see the fields and the country over the River Roding towards Chigwell where we so often used to go for a walk. To my surprise the new seemed to have been very lightly superimposed on the place I had known more than 60 years ago.

I had the impression as soon as I stepped off the train. The symbol and the wording might say I was on the Central Line but almost to a detail the station was the old Great Eastern station of an Essex suburban village that I remembered; not only the shape of it, the platforms, the bridge and the entrance hall, but the Victorian ironwork and the pleasing fretwork of the skirting to the platform roofs. When I looked back over the Roding Valley the skyline was much the same, still dominated by the tower that I thought I had been told as a child was the Claybury Asylum. (Was it? It looked more like a water tower to me now.) All I knew about the Claybury Asylum was that my father had to go there as one of the official visitors, and that he always came home from these visits rather thoughtful and depressed.

I turned up Queen's Road. Naturally enough there was not a single name that I had known on the shopfronts now. Names can be mere names. They induce nostalgia only in those who knew the people they stood for and the things they did. Let me indulge my nostalgia nevertheless.

Ireland's the chemists used to be low down on the left hand side going up. Mr Ireland was a stout, rather jovial man. His wife was more jovial still: indeed her laugh rather frightened me. Our patronage was divided between their shop and their rivals, the Bulls, a little higher up on the other side of the road. There probably wasn't room for two chemists so close to one another, and in due course the Bulls moved out.

Again, I missed the shop of Harris the butcher. I remember Mr Harris as a ruddy-faced, well-fleshed man, a butcher to the end of his vigorous hacking arm. His pony and trap were one of the sights and sounds of Buckhurst Hill. How dull a motor delivery van is today compared with the sound of a pony smartly trotting and ringing its hooves on the road! Webster's the barbers, near the bottom of the hill, had gone too. My mother would not let me have a haircut there till Mr Webster, a smiling, rather dapper man, had assured her that his scissors were thoroughly sterilised after every use, an eloquent comment on the state of the heads of some of his customers. Nearby had been a draper's shop – I forget its name – where you were handed a paper of neatly inserted pins instead of a farthing's change, where I bought brightly coloured rainbow wool for the knitting my mother insisted boys could learn just as well as girls, and where above all there was a system of overhead wires that took your money and your bill to the cashier when the assistant pulled a lever and brought you back the change and a receipt. I have not seen one of those for decades.

On the other side of the road was the small general store kept by Miss Wooding. I could see no sign of that any more. Higher up on the same side had been the main grocer's, Abraham's. I had noticed on a previous visit that his name had gone. Instead I had read, 'Enfield Co-op'. Enfield – what an alien intrusion on our trade! That had gone too now. Almost the last shop on this side had been Day's, the confectioner and tobacconist. Here you could get a considerable quantity of sweets for a penny, and also, if my memory is right, those large spiky peppermint rock sweets known variously among the young as humbugs, gob-stoppers or winter warmers. Here too I first discovered the pleasant aroma of cigarettes and tobacco on display which may have disposed me later to break away from the strict ban on nicotine in our household. I had a soft spot in my heart for Mrs Day, for once, when my parents had gone off for the day with a party of German trade unionists they had to entertain, I came rather disconsolate into her shop and she stood me a delicious ice-cream.

Two of the more or less public institutions were still there in Queen's Road. Half way up was Pelly's Club, which I had vaguely gathered, rightly or wrongly, was a social device for getting working men to vote Conservative. And near the top of the road was the hall (for many kinds of meeting) where on Sunday afternoons there was what was called a PSA. These letters (are they still known?) stood for Pleasant Sunday Afternoon and described a quasi-religious meeting for men, lest there might be any time on that day for real rest and pleasure between the morning and evening services. The children, like me, were safely in Sunday School at this hour. My father had been one of the 'passive

resisters' to the Education Act that gave public funds to sectarian, and particularly Roman Catholic schools. When for this reason the passive resisters would not pay their rates there could be a distraint upon their goods and when they were sold by auction the proceeds were put to the rates instead of the payment they had refused to make. It was in this hall that my father's violin was put up to auction. In fact it was bought back by friends and was in our house again almost as soon as it was taken out. There was some question as to whether this had blunted the point of my father's protest.

The original building of Pelly House; this is now commercial premises and the club is at the rear.

The second house we lived in was in Queen's Road. It was still there, but with its name gone and a mere number instead. For its size it had a long garden, going down at the back to Princes Road. It was a splendid garden for young boys, with room for croquet and less formal games, a swing from the branches of a fir tree, and great scope for hide-and-seek. In season we had delicious strawberries and other soft fruit and in winter King William pears that had been stored first in dark cupboards. We also had room to keep hens and were never short of fresh eggs.

I have one poignant memory associated with that house. One morning after breakfast I was standing with my father watching people going down the hill to catch their London trains. A young man named Squires was striding out with an eager air and a fine forward tread. 'Smart lad, Squires', I remember my father saying. Within a few months he was dead, killed in France. The symbol of a whole lost generation.

I remember the hysteria of those early weeks of the First World War. People told each other there were German spies everywhere. A rumour went round that one of them had tried to poison the Buckhurst Hill water supply. I think the water tank on a mound opposite the Bald Faced Stag was for the fire engine rather than for drinking, but it was most reassuring to see it guarded by a boy scout in shorts and a Boer War hat, ready with his broomstick to deal with any German who might appear.

Once in those early months of the 1914 war we were walking up to High Beach when we suddenly came upon what appeared to be a full dozen German soldiers, spiked helmets and all. None of my elders seemed perturbed and it was explained to me that they were only actors making a moving picture. I understood this for I had already been taken to see a moving picture in Woodford and someone put on a children's show in Buckhurst Hill itself, with the great comic Mr Bunny as a policeman, I remember.

It was in this neighbourhood, but nearer Connaught Water, that there was a place of entertainment called Riggs Retreat. I did not know who Mr Riggs was and I thought Retreat a funny name. Its publicity interested me. It offered to look after charabanc parties (the logically necessary final 's' had already been dropped in English). Charabancs were just coming in and replacing the much more exciting horse brakes from which you dismounted when the horses had to get up a steep hill and you saw them sweating and steaming if the air was at all cold when you clambered in again. (More exciting, yes; but I am not sure that horse dung on the roads was really better than our car fumes.) Riggs Retreat promised teas and the like, but what puzzled me was that they also advertised 'beanfeasts'. I had no idea what a beanfeast might be. Beans were all right as a vegetable, but a plate of beans was not at all my idea of what a feast should be. I did not mind not having been taken to Riggs Retreat.

But I am getting ahead of my itinerary. At the top of Queen's Road I had turned right, along the line of chestnuts that used to look so magnificent in May and in the autumn provided us with such ample stores of conkers to thread on a string and challenge others to smash, or be smashed. It was on the patch of green behind that I first played cricket properly, that is to say, with two wickets. But its state now would have defied even boys' enthusiasm. In the middle was bare earth where our pitch had been and the outfield was so thick and rough as to make any boundary but a skyer out of the question. I was one of the smaller boys who assembled to play there. I picked up a bit of lore about the Essex team of those days, led by J W H T (Johnie-won't-hit-today) Douglas and fortified by Peter Perrin, 'the best batsman who never played for England'. I saw the County side play later, of course, but not until after the war.

It was here that the Fire Brigade did its training. They brought along their fire engine from the Fire Station opposite the Bald Faced Stag and performed prodigies limbering up and getting it ready for action, to the admiration of the casual spectators. What I did not understand was how they would get the fire engine to a fire, for I saw no horses and it did not occur to me that it might be motor-driven. I supposed it must be man-hauled. When we did have a fire in our house in Queen's Road, started through a defective incubator for our domestic chicken raising, my father and friends and neighbours got it out before the firemen arrived, though it was downhill all the way. But I am sure they were gallant fellows and did good service.

Turning from these stirring memories I crossed the road to look at the house where I had been born, then 2 Laurel Villas, and now simply number 4 Hills Road. It looked across the green and the pond to the church. That pond! If it had ever been cleaned in 60 years it must have been just enough to bring it back to its state of pristine pollution. The same area exactly seemed to be choked up with rushes. A tribe of ducks had been imported, presumably to keep the rest of the surface clean; but to no avail. They were sitting on the bank anyway, instead of doing their duty.

In spite of the traffic on the High Road here I did have a slight sense of a deserted village. In my memory that green at the top of the hill had been a scene of animation. There were often donkeys there and a man who went round the houses calling out, 'Donkeys! A penny a ride!' Frequently the muffins and crumpets man would come up with his green baize tray precariously planted on his head, ringing his bell and calling, 'Muffins and crumpets, all hot!' and we would run out and get some for tea.

Then there was Mrs Weston who lived a few doors down and would come up to deliver her eggs, a cheerful bustling body who when she laughed seemed to cluck like a hen herself. Most romantic of all, as the evening came on, would be the lamplighter with his long pole, lighting the lamps along Hills Road. (Domestically we still had oil lamps there, though when we moved to Queen's Road we graduated to gas.)

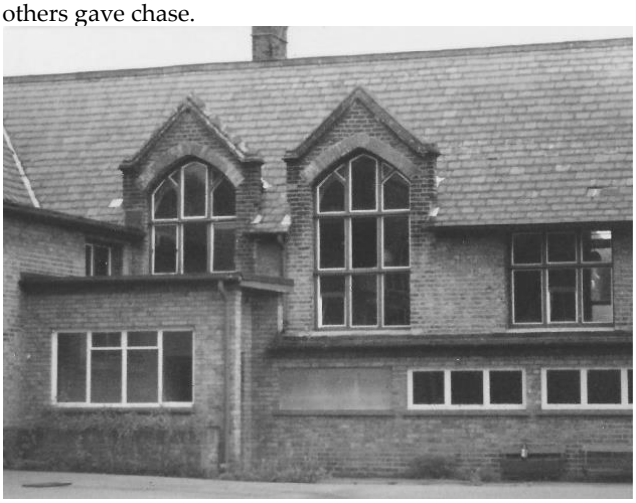
Such were the sights and sounds familiar to many of those whose names I read on the stones in the churchyard. I recognised some of the family names, but not so very many, for Buckhurst Hill has grown into a fairly large place. Even

60 years ago it was a good way along its transition from an Essex village to an outer dormitory for London.

From the church I went along the High Road to the cricket ground where I had often watched a match, and also seen lacrosse, a game in which Buckhurst Hill was something of a pioneer in this country. I passed the house of a well-known Quaker family, the Howards. I used to go there once a year for a tea or treat given for a body called The Young Helpers League which raised money for Dr Barnardo's Homes. It was very good of the Howards, but all I remember was that they gave us salted butter, and I did not like my butter salted. I was, however, well enough brought up not to say so ungraciously until I got back home. The additional minor sacrifice was all in a good cause, no doubt.

The Miss Howard[1] who was a member of the Epping Board of Guardians (the body responsible for administering the Poor Law then) was a public-spirited person. She stood, I believe, as an Independent. My father at that time was the only Socialist member. Since motions had to have a seconder before they could be considered each of them was therefore sometimes in need of a supporter and I gathered that an informal alliance was struck up. Certainly my father spoke warmly of Miss Howard's work. Years later I met Michael Howard, the distinguished military historian, and asked him if by chance he came from this Quaker family. 'Yes,' he said, 'they were my aunts.' 'What did they make', I asked, 'of your military career and interests?' 'Once', he told me', when one of my books came out, one of them said, "Oh dear, Michael has written another book about those awful generals".'

Coming back to Queen's Road I decided to go down to the station by way of Lords Bushes, an isolated part of the forest, but one I was often in since it was virtually at our back door. I walked along Knighton Lane intending to turn in at the clearing in front of the Cottage Hospital where too we had often stuck in our stumps. But the Cottage Hospital had gone and I could not find the clearing any more. I then looked for the delightful pond nearby that I once thought I had detected in one of Epstein's watercolours of the forest, a pond where on a summer's day you were certain to see a dragonfly giving a flash of brilliance to the scene. This, too, I could not find; only some swampy ground with some bits of water that must have been all that remained. Otherwise Lords Bushes was much the same, with its silver birches and beeches, its hornbeams and oaks, and above all, its holly. How I remember rushing up and down its earthen banks (whether the remains of some old fortification I do not know) that made the place perfect for quick ascents and sudden twists and turns when one boy was 'it' and the others gave chase.



Princes Road school

When I was a boy at the Council School this was our playground – and could there ever have been a better? Coming down through Lords Bushes I saw that the school building that I had known was still there. This is really rather scandalous for it must be 40 years ago at least that I heard it was blacklisted as not up to modern requirements. However that may be, I remember the school with affection, for there I first learned schoolboy codes and schoolboy games and schoolboy lore and how to get along with boys from every kind of home. Except, of course, those of the well-to-do. I was amused years later when I met Dick Crossman to find that he too had been born and passed his early years in Buckhurst Hill; but the future Labour Cabinet Minister had gone to his prep school and Westminster, and he had not rubbed shoulders with the likes of us.

One thing that moved me and in which I took what I hope was a proper pride was being told that when they heard in the school that a boy originally there had won a scholarship to Cambridge – and I think I was the first – they declared a half-holiday. I did at least that small turn for the boys who came after me.

The teaching we had would seem very old-fashioned now. We really were told to fold our arms and sit up straight. We did have to learn the rivers and capes of England and the cotton towns of Lancashire off by heart. But it was conscientious teaching by honest teachers. A thing that would surprise people now is that except for the odd temporary all our teachers but one were men. The one woman teacher was Miss (or, as we called her behind her back, 'Moggy') Mead, who had the lowest form. Form, I might also note, was a term we did not use. We still spoke of Standard One or Standard Five, a relic of the days when inspectors had to warrant that you had reached the appropriate standard in your work before you went up to the next form.

I remember Mr Hodge, a mild man given to stoutness who wore a large fob watch and chain across his ample waistcoat (suits were worn then, not the casual clothes of today). Then there was Tommy Steele, a dynamic teacher with bad teeth and tobacco stained fingers whom we all liked. And commonly held to be the most brainy, especially in mathematics, was 'Boney' Wragg, whose gravestone I think it must have been that I saw in the churchyard with the more decorous name of William.

The headmaster, running a school that then went up to the age of 13 or 14, not 11, was Jimmy Gratton, a senior member of a family that has contributed much to teachers and teaching in the forest area. He was much respected both in the school and in the community. Some years after I left he wrote to me saying that after a lifetime of service he had such a small pension that he was reduced to doing what was hardly more than an office-boy's job in London. Things are rather better now, but as a country we have never treated our teachers very well.

Methods of teaching, as I have said, were old-fashioned. But not everything in teaching is as new as supposed innovators sometimes think. In recent years we have heard a lot, and rightly, about teaching local history and geography and 'the environment', so that the young will know something of their own place. Well, all those years ago we had an excellent book on our own county, Essex. I forget the title and the name of the author, but I can still see its blue cloth cover. I think this started me on the pleasant path of interest in the county. Who was it who said that an Essex man had his feet on the good clay soil but his eyes raised to the sky? I can think of no better combination.

Going back to my train for London I realised that these memories of my native place were based on the no doubt inexact observations of childhood, and moreover, recalled after a lapse of more than 60 years. It would be surprising if in some matter of detail or other I were not mistaken, but what astonished me was that these impressions were still so

vivid in my mind. It really did seem, as the saying goes, as if it were only the other day.

And what, I asked myself, had meant most to me in living in Buckhurst Hill? The answer was immediate: the forest, Epping Forest. What the lakes and hills of his boyhood had meant to Wordsworth so in my small way the forest had meant to me. It was the natural place for the glad animal movements of boyhood, and at the same time, though I could not find words for it then, with it came delight and wonder and a complete release into universal feeling. As I grew up I realised that the forest was a very narrow tract and shrunken from the days when it covered almost half the county. But what was still there a hundred years ago is still there now, and we owe a great debt to the Buxtons and others who saved it and to the City of London that took responsibility for it. When we moved from Buckhurst Hill it was the forest I missed most, and I still do.

LIONEL ELVIN[2]

Essex Countryside, February 1978, Vol 26, No 253

Submitted by VALERIE THAME

Notes

1. For more about Miss Howard, see *Newsletter 196*, pp 2–4.

2. According to the obituary published in *The Independent* on 16 June 2005, Lionel Elvin enjoyed one of the most distinguished and varied careers in education of the 20th century, serving as Principal of Ruskin College, 1944–50, as Director of the Department of Education at Unesco in Paris, 1950–56, and then from 1958 until his retirement in 1973 as Director of the Institute of Education at London University. Herbert Lionel Elvin, educationist: born Buckhurst Hill, Essex, 7 August 1905; Fellow, Trinity Hall, Cambridge 1930–44, Honorary Fellow 1980; Professor of Education in Tropical Areas, Institute of Education, London University, 1956–58, Director 1958–73, Emeritus Professor of Education 1973–2005, Honorary Fellow 1993; married 1934, died Cambridge, 14 June 2005 (Ed).

My Hutt ancestors and life as a Victorian policeman, part 2

On 14 October 1860 William Hutt married Rachel Jones at St Bride's, Fleet Street, the church in which she had been christened along with her older sister Jane on 13 March 1836. Rachel was the daughter of Welsh dairyman Thomas Jones and his wife Rachel Williams, born 1798, who both came from Cardiganshire, a poor mountainous area of Wales.

When William Hutt married Rachel Jones, she was two months pregnant. According to the April 1861 census they were living at 12 East Harding Street, a few steps from her mother at Fleur de Lis Court, although the enumerator may have made a mistake here. Later documents give an address for William as 12 Great New Street, which is actually an extension of East Harding Street. William was listed as a Tea Dealer. Rachel was in her eighth month.

By the time William junior was born on 19 May 1861, the family was at 8 Church Terrace, Lambeth. Renamed Secker Street later in the century, it was a short street running behind the church of St John the Evangelist. It still exists, though all the buildings of William's era have long gone. The church faces Waterloo station on the busy Waterloo Road. Church Terrace would have comprised three-storey properties along one side and the wall of the church gardens on the other; not an unpleasant aspect by all accounts. On his son's birth certificate William is listed as a commercial traveller.

The next address for William and his family was 40 Francis Street, Newington Butts, just south of the Elephant and Castle (now Manor Street and Crampton Street).

In 1862 Annie was born and at her baptism on 17 September the family address was 1 Barton Street Lambeth (actually Westminster) and William's occupation was simply 'traveller'. Their next address was 22 Cedar Terrace, Spring Grove, Wandsworth Road, and street directories of the time list William as a grocer and cheesemonger. Comparison of a contemporary map to a modern one shows that the street layout has almost completely disappeared. The site is now in Hartington Road in an area which was redeveloped in the late 19th century. On 26 January 1864 Frederick was born, in Lambeth. By this time Rachel Roberts was again widowed but running the dairy business from 16 Fleur de Lis Court.

On 13 July 1864 William was declared bankrupt. Since his father-in-law's time the practice of jailing debtors had ceased. A meeting of creditors was held at 2pm on 3 August. At noon on 18 October he returned to court to be discharged and on 24 February 1865 he sold his business.

Younger brother Mark married Mary Ann Pegram in West Ham on 22 July 1865.

William applied to rejoin the City Police on 24 July. His application bore the endorsing signature of Inspector Duddy – clearly the two men had managed to bury their differences. By that time William's address was 22 Crompton Street, Hall Park, Paddington. A short street off the Edgware Road, just south of the Regent's Canal, it still exists in layout only. At the time it was newly built although by the time of Booth's survey later in the century, he was to write:

> The beginning of the Hall Park Estate, 'the noisiest part of the subdivision' – a block of streets shut off by themselves. Mixed poor, labourers, a few thieves, prostitutes and burglars living there but not enough to give the whole a line of black. Yellow brick houses, 3 storied, painted as far as the first story. Children well booted & clean. Crompton Street is mixed poor & fairly comfortable.

William rejoined the City Police on 4 August with warrant number 3762. His youngest brother Reuben married Rebecca Doughty on 24 September at St John's, Loughton. They never had any children.

William's police record carries a physical description which, in the absence of a photograph, gives us an impression of his appearance. Height 5ft 8.5 inches, he had fair skin, light brown hair, grey or hazel eyes and a mole on his back.

On 16 September 1866 George was born, followed in late 1867 by Ellen, known as Nell.

At 11.30pm on 10 January 1868 William and his sergeant were breaking up a fight between some drunken sailors in King William Street when he was struck a violent blow with an umbrella across the nose and mouth, which loosened two of his teeth.

Back in Loughton William's sister Ellen Eke suffered a similar injury as detailed in the *Essex Herald*, Tuesday, 25 February 1868:

A NICE SON-IN-LAW

Henry Heath [*sic*], a blacksmith, near the King's Head, Loughton, was summoned for assaulting Sarah Hutt on 11 February.

Complainant stated that defendant, who was her son-in-law, was in the constant habit of ill-using his wife, and on the day named she (complainant) was fetched to his house by one of his children in consequence of his beating his wife; on her entering the house defendant said, 'What the **** do you do here?' and knocked her down; her daughter was at that time lying on the floor, and defendant was standing over her; he had knocked one of his wife's teeth out and also pulled a quantity of hair out of her head.

A son of complainant stated that defendant had long been in the habit of ill-using his wife, and he should like him to be bound over to keep the peace.

Defendant denied the charge; he 'tried' to push complainant, when she fell down; complainant had come into his house to blind him with pepper. This complainant denied.

The bench told defendant that his conduct had been most disgraceful and cowardly; but as his wife did not appear against him they would let him off with a light fine. If, however, he were brought up again he would be sent to prison for six months.

Fined 5s and 18s 6d costs (including an allowance of 10s to complainant).

In 1869 William and Rachel's son Walter was born.

By November the family were living at 6 White Hart Court, Gracechurch Street; William was a Detective Officer. White Hart Court was an 'L' shaped thoroughfare with one entrance on the south side of Lombard Street (by No 41) and another on the west side of Gracechurch Street (by No 28), with a wrought iron sign arching over the entrance. Then as now it was an extremely busy part of the City of London.

The following spring was saddened by the death of 4-year old George.

Hutt hits the headlines

In the course of his career, William's actions as a police officer gained newspaper coverage and much of the reporting that follows is to be found in the pages of *The Times*. We start, however, with a verbatim report from *The Morning Post*, 21 January 1870, with William already working in a plain-clothes role:

Elizabeth Wood, a woman well known to the police, was brought before Alderman Sir B Phillips, charged with loitering and disorderly conduct in Lower Thames-Street yesterday morning.

The prisoner was apprehended by William Hutt, a City constable, about half past two o'clock. He saw her accost two or three men, who appeared to be the worse for liquor, and, knowing her character, he watched her, and stood in a doorway for that purpose. While so engaged the prisoner went up to him and made use of most disgusting language, and threatened to alarm the neighbourhood and say that there was a thief in the doorway. She at length became so violent that the officer laid hold of her, and, with the assistance of a constable on duty he took her to the police-station in Seething-lane.

There the prisoner charged Hutt with assaulting her and scratching her neck, but the inspector, upon examining the marks, saw that they were old ones, and he refused to entertain the charge. The prisoner then suddenly exclaimed that the officer had robbed her of her brooch and said that he had got it in his pocket. The constable at once asked to be searched, and in his left-hand coat pocket a brooch, which the prisoner said was hers was found. The constable was astonished at this discovery, and there was no doubt that the prisoner had adroitly slipped the brooch, which was a trumpery article, into his pocket while he was standing by her side giving his statement at the police-station.

Inspector Tilcock, who was on duty at the time, said that while the prisoner was in the station, he observed her place her hand to her neck, and she was in all probability at the time engaged in taking out the brooch which she afterwards placed in the constable's pocket . . . the station was very small, and the constable was standing close to her, and she might easily have done so without the act being observed.

In answer to a question put by Alderman Sir B Phillips, the inspector said that Hutt, the constable, had been five years in the force, and bore a very good character as a quiet, well-behaved, respectable officer. It was on this account that he was specially employed in plain clothes to look after women like the prisoner, who went about the City late at night for the purpose of picking up drunken men and robbing them.

The constable said that the prisoner was constantly about the neighbourhood of Thames street, and she was frequently accompanied by a man. Sir B Phillips, addressing the prisoner, said that it was a very serious thing to make such a charge as she had done against a constable, and he enquired whether she persisted in it. She muttered something to the effect that she had lost her brooch, and it was found on the constable, but she did not wish to say anything more about it. Sir B Phillips said she appeared to have made two false charges against the officer, and she was a very dangerous character. He should sentence her to 21 days hard labour.

The 1871 census shows that Jas Mountjoy, another policeman, was also living with the Hutts with his wife and child. Back home at Loughton Sarah Hutt was still a widow aged 66. Living with her were her daughter Rachel Green, 39; son in law Edward Green, 40; and grandchildren Leonard, 14; Alfred Edward, 11; Emily, 9; Laura, 7; Arthur, 5 and Albert, 3. Her son Mark, 34, a coal porter, was living with his family at Prospect Cottages, Baldwins Hill.

Right: A brass City of London Police identification badge as worn around the neck of all Victorian era CID officers.

By 1871 Rachel Roberts was an almswoman living at Sion College Almshouses, St Alphage, London Wall. With many older folk completely destitute, she was probably lucky to be one of the few to be given such accommodation. Built on the site of the Priory of Elsinge Spital, the college consisted of brick buildings, surrounding a square court; and under the library, almshouses for 20 poor persons.

On 19 April 1871, about 6.45 in the evening, acting on information William followed William Davis, 21, from Crutched Friars, to Chapel Street, Paddington, as he transported over 1cwt of sugar in a van. Davis picked up a couple of suspicious characters on the way and at Chapel Street another man brought up a low flat vehicle to unload it. After stopping off at a pub in Praed Street they separated and William followed William Broom and another man with the sugar as he went on to the corner of Three Colts Lane, Cambridge Heath Road, Bethnal Green, where they stopped at another public-house. William approached Broom and arrested him.

In late 1871 Rachel Hutt was born to Rachel and William, later to be known as Ray.

In a case brought against John Whaley, 22, William gave the following statement:

> On 13 November 1872 I received information, and found the prisoner in Pudding Lane. I knew him, and asked him what he was doing; he said 'I am waiting for a ride home'. I said 'You had better be off'. I noticed that he walked rather stiff, followed him, and found a whip inside his shirt and down the leg of his trousers. I pulled it out and said 'What do you do with this?' He said 'Give me a good hiding and let me go, I won't halloa.'

Whaley got seven years' penal servitude.

On the evening of 11 December 1872, a carman parked his one-horse van containing 13 cases of champagne, value £100, outside a railway booking office in Crutched-Friars, having collected it from Nicholsons Wharf, Thames Street. After only three minutes inside he came out to find it gone. 36-year-old William Hutt was sent to make enquiries in Notting Hill and Paddington where the van was expected to be found. Late that night, passing through Oxford Street on top of an omnibus, William spotted the van being driven rapidly.

On reaching Harrow Road, the horse stopped from fatigue, and he was able to catch up and obtain assistance in arresting them. The stolen goods were still on board. The passengers gave their names as William Smith, 21, who gave a false address, John Jones, 21, of no fixed abode, and Rose Pebbles, 23, who claimed to have simply accepted a ride from them. The men claimed they were acting under directions.

In early 1873 Sarah Hutt was born to William and Rachel, later known as Sadie. Later that year her grandmother, William's mother Sarah, died at Epping, so the naming of the child was particularly poignant.

On 24 July 1874, 13-year old William junior was in Holborn, when a man approached him and asked him to buy half an ounce of tobacco at the nearby pub. He gave the boy a florin and when the barmaid put it in a tester it broke. William and the landlord confronted the man outside and despite his denials he was arrested. At the police station a further seven counterfeit coins fell out of his sleeve. He was tried at the Old Bailey, where young William was called as a witness. The man was sentenced to five years.

PAUL BARTON

To be continued

Early motor cars in Loughton

As most Society members will be aware, I am particularly interested in vehicle registrations. Actor Nick Young has just published a book, *Car Number Classics* which generally gives details of the first eleven vehicles registered by the English and Welsh local authorities (and some Scottish and Irish ones) that issued numbers under the Motor Car Act of 1903, and mini biographies of their owners. As the motor car was at that time a rich man's toy, most of these owners would have been the movers and shakers in society. As they belonged to a Loughton resident, with Nick Young's permission, I am reproducing the entry for the cars F 2 and F 3. Some of the information included comes from an article in a previous *Newsletter* by our editor (see *Newsletters 204* and *208*). If anybody is researching an early motorist who they think might feature in the book, I am happy to be contacted.

Registration F 2

Full name of owner, and postal address of his usual residence: Henry Marshall Fletcher, 'Dragons', Loughton. Registered 1 January 1904 to a 10 HP Panhard-Levassor. Type E. Tonneau body bright walnut, wheels red. Weight unladen: 998 kilos. Intended use: private, trade and public conveyance. Cancelled 6 December 1915. Note in margin states: Mar 4 1916 altered to small lorry's body. New owner: William Charles Lucking, Exel Lodge, Church Hill, Loughton. The Weight is now expressed as 18 Cwt.

Present vehicle: not currently registered to a vehicle.

Henry Marshall Fletcher was born in 1849 in London's Tottenham. He was the eldest son of shipbuilder, Thomas Keddy Fletcher. One of three brothers, Henry was brought up in the High Street, Tottenham. As the family business became more successful, it moved to a shipyard in Poplar which bore its name: Fletcher's Yard. The family shipbuilding business had been founded by Joseph Fletcher in the late 1820s. He died in 1852 at which point Henry's father took over as sole trader. In 1872, Henry joined the Royal London Militia, and he reached the rank of captain before resigning his commission in 1876. This was so he could devote more attention to the family firm to which he had been admitted as a partner just nine months earlier. He had by now also been awarded his certificate of competency as a master mariner, but in respect of his own yacht only. Based at Union Dock, Limehouse, the firm was somewhat slow to adapt to iron and steel shipbuilding and so specialised in ship repairs. The firm traded as Henry Fletcher Son & Fearnall, shipwrights and engineers and continued to prosper throughout the Eighties.

Henry's father died in France in 1890 leaving over £40,000, and the business was taken over by Henry and his brother, Reginald. Later the same year, Henry married Emma ('Pets'), daughter of bank manager Richard Yeates of Staines. For a while the couple lived with Emma's family in Thames Street but before long Henry brought her back to live with him at Dragons, a large mansion in Loughton, which he had built from scratch in 1883 on a seven-acre plot. Henry enjoyed carving and was responsible for a number of interior

designs, many of which incorporated his favourite device – a dragon.

Henry could be a difficult personality and in 1893, he was charged with assaulting a passenger on the Great Eastern Railway. Henry, wanting the carriage to his wife and himself, locked the door thus denying another, legitimate, first class passenger access. The other man made a comment that Henry took to suggest there was improper activity going on in the carriage. A fight ensued during which Henry struck the other passenger. The magistrate said the violence used by Fletcher was inexcusable. He also stated that Mrs Fletcher's evidence was not only untrustworthy – and that the assault she alleged she suffered was supremely ridiculous – but that it was an afterthought. Henry was fined £2 with 23 shillings costs.

But there was worse to come. The following year, Henry, his wife and other guests were dining on board a newly fitted-out ship when he was called away from the table. Whatever the problem, Henry found himself walking along a catwalk near the unprotected engine. He slipped and fell into the machinery which mangled his right arm. He was rushed to the London Hospital where it soon became apparent that the arm was too badly crushed to save. It was removed above the elbow. Henry was a determined man and even whilst still in hospital requested pen and paper so he could start learning to write left-handed as soon as possible. Sadly, his carving days were largely over but even now he continued to attempt woodwork with his wife holding the chisel.

Henry became the first to own a car in Loughton and had a turntable fitted in his motor house so that the car did not need to be turned under its own power. Despite his injured arm, Henry appeared to handle a car well enough. So much so, that by the time compulsory registration was introduced Henry owned two vehicles registered F 2 and F 3, respectively. He drove these vehicles for many years without incident.

Unfortunately, in 1913 he was involved in a fatal accident at Tiptree for which he was entirely blameless. He was driving with his wife and chauffeur from Loughton to West Mersea. As he approached a school, he slowed down to 10 mph and instructed his chauffeur to continuously sound his horn, which as a one-armed driver, Henry was unable to do. Despite this, a young eight-year-old boy ran out of the school yard and into the road. A woman standing nearby shouted to him to get out of the way, 'or you will be run over'. Apparently he did not hear her. The boy saw Henry's car and attempted to beat the car by continuing to run across the road.

During the First World War, Dragons was bombed and many of the greenhouses were destroyed, but the house itself was largely undamaged. Henry died there in 1923 leaving £55,028. He left a number of legacies to various charities, and £100 to the London Hospital that had treated his injured arm all those years before. His wife survived him, dying at Dragons in 1953.

Registration F 3
Full name of owner and postal address of his usual residence: Henry Marshall Fletcher, 'Dragons' Loughton. Registered 1 January 1904 to a 7 HP Panhard-Levassor. Type A2. Tonneau body – red wheels primrose. Weight unladen: 720 kilos. Intended use: private. Cancelled 12 February 1906. Also owned F 2.

Present vehicle: 1986 Ferrari in red, 4,942 cc.

JOHN HARRISON

Another Greenaway connection

Following the publication of his grandmother's poem in Newsletter 220, *Robin Greenaway passed on more information about his family . . .*

This is just a comment from me relating to an article in *Newsletter 219*, page 14, which has a Greenaway connection. The photograph in column one on the left centre shows 'Workmen on alterations at Pollards'. I saw a copy of this photograph (about 10 years ago) reprinted in an historical item by the local *Guardian* Newspapers Group, of newspaper publications that originally appeared in the *Independent* dated 1901.

The article stated that the old boy in the flat cap and waistcoat (third from left) was Foreman Greenaway. I know this to be my Great Uncle John Greenaway of Loughton who lived on Ash Green at one time in the white clapboard house on the right-hand end nearest to the Foresters (opposite side of the road to the Foresters) before he built and lived in the property at the other end of this row, a polychrome brick double fronted house called Lea House (below). Both properties are still standing.

John Greenaway

Catherine Greenaway (neeTytherleigh)

This John Greenaway (brother of the Alfred Greenaway who lived on Stony Path) was born in 1837 at Lambourne. He moved to Loughton c1862 and married at St John's. He had two daughters, Bertha and Theresa; neither married and both later took up positions as schoolteachers at Ramsbury in Wiltshire.

John and his wife Catherine retired to Ramsbury in 1911 to be close to their daughters.

John died and was buried at Ramsbury (Holy Cross Church) in 1923. His wife Catherine had died three years earlier and was also buried at the same church in 1920. ROBIN GREENAWAY

Essex eccentrics

A solitary tramp who wandered from village to village in the Epping district at the beginning of this century was William Foster, better known as 'Torp-Torp'. Attired in full hunting regalia he would walk along muttering to himself and occasionally shouting out, 'Torp, torp, torpee', hence the nickname. Mr Foster had once worked as a tailor, living with his sisters in a house in Epping called Rookwood. When his sisters died, William took to the road and led a hand-to-mouth existence which unbalanced him. He ended his days in the workhouse . . .

In July 1880, a mysterious tramp-cum-hermit pitched his tent on the edge of Hainault Forest at Chigwell. He had a black beard and kind, grey eyes, and he told the local people that he would cure their ailments with his herbal remedies. He said that he was called Dido, but refused to give his real name, or talk about his past.

The tramp was neatly dressed, spoke in a cultured voice and appeared to be a man of great learning, and soon the whole Chigwell area was buzzing with rumours about his origin. Some folks had it that he belonged to a wealthy family and had been a medical student; others believed that he had once worked in a London shipping office, but all were agreed in thinking that he had an unhappy love affair and that, inconsolable as Queen Dido, he had adopted her name and sought refuge in the forest. [See also, *Newsletter 177*.]

Whatever the truth of these rumours, one thing was certain: the tramp's herbal medicines were extremely effective in curing such ills as measles, whooping cough, backache, liver troubles, bruises and sprains. His most famous remedy was a green ointment made from ferns. One winter the driver of the horse-drawn bus that ran daily from Lambourne to Woodford had such bad chilblains that he could not hold the reins. Dido applied the ointment to the man's fingers and bound each one separately. When the bandages were taken off a few days later the driver's hands were completely healed and he was able to return to work.

Dido had such confidence in the preventive qualities of his herbs that he would tend patients suffering from scarlet fever or diphtheria. Often he was the only person who would approach the stricken families, and his visits were a real comfort to them. As well as supplying medicines Dido would buy food for his patients, cook meals for them and tackle household chores.

When the London County Council took over Hainault Forest, Dido moved to Chigwell Row and camped for many years in a field in Vicarage Lane. He frequently left his tent to go foraging for herbs in the nearby countryside, and on those occasions he slept out in the open. When he returned he would brew his herbal mixtures over a low fire, cook them up in bottles and jars and set out again to sell his wares . . .

But no one goes tramping on for ever, and in 1902 the hermit died. It was then discovered that his real name was William Bell and that before he came to Hainault he had worked as a docker and part-time fishmonger in the East End. An aura of mystery still clings to him, however, and we shall probably never know exactly why he called himself Dido, or for what reason he decided to give up his job as a docker and lead a solitary life in the forest . . .

In the latter half of the 19th century haymaking time was much looked forward to by the children of Woodford, for it was at this season of the year that a glorious gathering known as the 'Hares' Egg Tea Party' took place. Mrs Richenda Barclay, wife of Alderman Henry Ford Barclay, who owned Monkhams House, Woodford, was the originator of this celebration, and to it she invited all the youngsters of the neighbourhood. They spent a wonderful afternoon hunting amongst the haycocks for 'hares' eggs', brightly coloured Easter eggs, that Mrs Barclay had hidden there. They were then entertained to a lavish tea, and afterwards there were games, pony rides and a display of conjuring.

Another annual summer treat given by Mrs Barclay was for poor foreigners in London. Hundreds of Italian organ-grinders, French onion sellers and penniless Spaniards and Germans were brought to Woodford in charabancs, and spent a peaceful day wandering about the grounds of Monkhams. A vast quantity of food and drink was laid out in a marquee on the lawn, and the foreigners just helped themselves. In the evening they were given gifts and money before being driven back to London.

Mrs Barclay's generosity extended to animals as well as humans. Her house was a refuge for stray cats and dogs, which were allowed to wander freely in all the rooms, as were her own pet guinea pigs and tame hares. Once when she was on her way to Tottenham hospital Mrs Barclay noticed a horse without food in the pound at Tottenham Hale, and, jumping out of her carriage, she waited by the roadside until a hay cart came by. She stopped the cart, bought a bale of hay, and only after she had seen the horse begin its meal did she continue her journey. Another time, at a formal dinner, she startled her sedate hostess by opening a window to admit a cat she had heard mewing outside and feeding the animal choice titbits from her plate.

From *Essex Eccentrics.* by Alison Barnes
(Boydell Press, 1975)
Submitted by PAUL WEBSTER

Reds in Buckhurst Hill beds:
An explanatory history of the former and temporary existence of a Communist Party branch in Buckhurst Hill

In those long-lost days in the 1960s the Left in general, particularly the Labour Party, was on the UP! A Wilson government was elected with notable socialist giants like Wedgwood Benn who had significant influence over events – to prove quite temporary. Benn was Minister of Power and the North Sea and its gas reserves were our state property for future public benefit. The policy of the Communist Party at the time was to give its qualified support to the Labour Government.

Norway, of course, always kept their North Sea gas reserves under state control and today still benefits from their accruing Sovereign Wealth Fund. But, unfortunately, we allowed the exploitation of our North Sea assets by greedy, profit-hungry, global corporate companies. The rest is history!

Meanwhile, the increasing number of Communists in Buckhurst Hill, then part of Chigwell Urban District, organised their own branch in the community and it was generally accepted but, to some few in the Labour Party and elsewhere, it was considered an anathema.

In those days a number of local youths – myself included – were attracted to the 'cause' in general terms but didn't have any ideas about how to actually contact or join in an organised way. We were a literary bunch and read John Steinbeck's books voraciously, including *The Grapes of Wrath* and *In Dubious Battle,* and other authors including Emile Zola, *Germinal* being one of the books we devoured. Buckhurst Hill library was second home to me and others and an important part of our self-education. Circa 2019: we MUST preserve this library for posterity. I understand some Buckhurst Hillians are furious with the proposal to close this library – we've lost so much of our communal values already. All power to your guns.

The single person who befriended our gang was Ken Hoy who latterly we all knew as the Chair of the Friends of Epping Forest (I am a life member). Ken then had 'Gabby', a Pyrenean Mountain Dog we all revered and made a fuss of. Sooner rather than later we were invited by Ken and his lovely wife Joan to their open house and before long there was a rapid youth presence in the membership of Buckhurst Hill Communist Party. Ken, as we know, only died recently. He chaired and nurtured the Friends of Epping Forest (now known as the Epping Forest Heritage Trust) over many decades. Thanks Ken, my friend and socialist to the last. You did a good job.

For serious business, discussion and planning we met in Len and Edith Dunstan's house in Palmerston Road. Len was the chair – very serious, very committed and no nonsense. Len stood for years as a candidate in Buckhurst Hill Council elections and received hundreds of votes but to no avail. The consensus was that the cold war initiated by Winston Churchill allied to the leaders of the 'Free Democratic World' (a misnomer) – pilloried the Soviet Union and Communism in general. Of course, we were 'close allies' in the war against Nazi-led Germany but, immediately after victory, many leading Nazis were recruited to the free west's secret services and for military research, especially in the USA.

As an example of Len's serious demeanour, when I moved to North Chingford and, having worked all day in inclement weather, didn't attend a committee meeting (it was still pouring with rain and my only transport was a Lambretta scooter), I received the following missive from Len: 'We will not be postponing the revolution just because it's raining!' I took it on the chin. I realised what a sterling person he was – he was, in fact, the manager of the main London offices of a European state bank, probably Czecho-slovakian. Of course, his bank was impeccably run and never allowed a situation that would create a 2008-type banking fiasco we've suffered and which still affects our austerity-ridden society. I fear a repeat performance quite soon.

The Buckhurst Hill branch of the Communist Party devised its own weekly football competition with cash prizes which raised money to produce leaflets (always slandered as mere propaganda), hold public meetings and for campaigning. Len also organised cultural coach trips to far off destinations in rural Essex (very popular). However, trouble loomed.

We were enthusiastic supporters of Buckhurst Hill Community Association which was, and still is, domiciled in Bedford House, thanks to volunteers. The Cold War was at its zenith. We were building up our nuclear arsenal along with the USA and our NATO allies. The potential enemy – the Soviet Union. Nothing much changes. The Communist Party (always known as The Party) of course supported CND in their popular campaign against nuclear rearmament and one important local ally was the well-known and beloved artist, Walter Spradbery, who lived in The Wilderness – now part of Epping Forest. It was proposed by local 'Cold War Warriors' that Buckhurst Hill Communist Party should be denied membership of the Community Association and not allowed to meet at Bedford House. Walter took up the cudgels on our behalf and won the fight. It allowed us to continue our membership of Buckhurst Hill Community Association. Thanks, Walter. A personal anecdote: on the historic, well-supported, CND-organised march to Aldermaston, I walked the whole distance with Walter – his sight was awful by then but he bravely managed the whole distance.

The Cold War continued and the Communist Party lost membership. Hard to believe we had two legally elected Members of Parliament in 1945 and a massive Labour majority. Times they were a-changing. Buckhurst Hill Communist Party closed and joined Chigwell Communist Party which covered Chigwell, Loughton and Buckhurst Hill. Such was the end of Buckhurst Hill's brief period of having its very own Party branch.

One final word – 2018 was a pretty awful year but an outstanding highlight was going to see 'Singing in the Wilderness', the special event to celebrate Walter Spradbery's life and works. Great.

So, Thanks, Ken; Thanks, Len; and Thanks, Walter – three 'giants' who never wavered. Salute!

PETE RELPH

Pete has asked me to say that he would welcome a positive critique of his article, and, of course, any other memories (Ed).

The Radmalls and the tea rooms

This is a photo of the tea rooms on the Epping New Road run by my grand-parents, Thomas Radmall and Kate Butler. It's slightly damaged, but does show some staff members.

My mother Kathleen, Tom's Radmall's only child, was born in July 1917 – just nine months before he was killed, on 4 April 1918. I'm not sure he managed

to see her before his death, although he did receive a photo. I believe, from some of his old letters, that he was first sent to Sussex to round up horses for the war before being shipped to France. I was not aware of the tribunal that my grandfather attended (see *Newsletter 205*, page 2) and found reading the outcome, and being aware of its consequences, tremendously poignant.

As well as being widowed with a little baby, my grandmother, Kate, was rendered stone deaf by an operation to take out her tonsils. What a dreadful war it was. It darkened so many people's lives.

Tom Radmall (arrowed)

Above is a picture of Tom in happier times and also, on the right, of him looking so fearful in his uniform:

Gunner Tom Radmall, service number 207573, D Battery 330th Brigade, Royal Field Artillery, is commemorated on the Ploegsteert memorial in Belgium, and locally on the war memorial at Chingford.

Alec and Gordon Butler, brothers of my grandmother, who was Kate Butler before her marriage, were also killed in France. David, another brother survived and took over Butler's Retreat. Some of his war escapades are mentioned in a book *War is War* by A M Burrage. A fourth brother, William, went to North America.

LESLEY COLE

Correction

Our member, David Wixley, has pointed out that the date in my piece in *Newsletter 219* ('Skateboarding and ferreting forbidden', page 4) is wrong. The Lytton Close-Kingsley Road estate was authorised in 1975 and built in the three years following. The houses and flats were intended as council properties, but, owing to a change of GLC policy, some were offered for sale instead. David bought his in 1979 at a cost of £14,500. He might get a garden shed for that now . . .

CHRIS POND

Kipling at Goldings Hill Farm

Concerning Kipling and Goldings Hill Farm – it occurs to me that perhaps members might like to read the memoir of Kipling's sister, Mrs Alice M Fleming, of their childhood holiday at the farm. It was published as an article titled 'Some Childhood Memories of Rudyard Kipling' in *Chambers's Journal* in March 1939. The first part of the article is not relevant to Loughton, but sections V–VII, pages 171–173, are a delightful record of their time on the farm. The family were obviously very fortunate in the landfolk they came into contact with, Mr and Mrs Dally, Patty the dairy-maid, etc.

Professor Jan Montefiore, editor of the *Kipling Journal*, has a copy of the article and it is likely that it will be published in the *Journal.*

One of the many delights that followed on our mother's return was going with her for a long holiday in the country, the real country, 'where rivers gushed and fruit-trees grew, and flowers put on a fairer hue', or, in other words, to a little farm on the edge of Epping Forest. The farmer and his wife were elderly, but very kind and understanding where children were concerned, and Patty, their adopted daughter, though older than Jane of beloved memory, was as good to us as she had been. We had the freedom of the farmyard from the beginning, and though they marvelled at our ignorance of such simple matters as the instant recognition of the right middlings, from half a dozen sacks all exactly alike, to make a fattening swill for the young pigs, or the only correct way to arrange keeping apples on shelves, they were very patient with us.

The first morning we asked Mr Dally, who was doing fascinating things with a pitchfork in the barn, where we might go, and he told us, with befitting gravity, there were only three things he didn't hold with, not on his farm: leaving gates open, throwing stones at the beasts, and breaking down orchard trees. We promised faithfully to do none of these things, and after he had sent me to my mother with the reassuring message that he only owned but half a bull, and Red Roger was twenty mile off at the present time of speaking, and all the cows on his farm had good natures, we filled our pockets with biscuits, and entered into Paradise.

It was either that evening or the next that we rode proudly home on the broad backs of Duke and Captain, the plough-horses, and thrilled to hear that Duke was short for Duke of Wellington, while Captain stood for Lord Nelson. The good-natured cows quickly responded to our shrill 'Coo-oop, coo-oop! coom along, then!' at milking-time; and the pigs (it was a dairy-farm, with a few choice porkers kept 'to use up the skim') became our chosen cronies. The two leading pig-ladies were charming creatures, elegant brunettes, with slender ankles and amazing eyelashes. They spent their blameless days with their young families in a green field, returning at night to spotlessly clean sties, for the good Mr Dally 'did not hold with muck, not on his farm, except in the right places'. We used to collect acorns and beech-mast in the farther fields and in the Forest for Black Beauty and her eight little Nigs, and for Cleopatra, whose name we had changed, Sally being obviously unworthy of her. They soon ran to our 'Tig, tig, chug, choug, then!' as readily as if we had been Jarge, the farm-boy, who was about Harry's age, but delightfully unlike him. He never teased or made fun of us, but answered our questions in a serious satisfactory way, and let us ride in the red-and-blue farm-wagon when he went to the mill for middlings. It was a windmill, straight out of a fairy-tale, and the miller instantly became one of Ruddy's great friends, and took him all over the mill, into lovely, rumbling, floury places, where little missy was not allowed to follow.

If a fairy had given me three wishes in those days, I should have squandered two of them on having short-cropped hair, and clothes just like my brother's. My long

pigtail always shed its ribbon at the first hedge, came undone, and blew about untidily, gathering burrs or catching in brambles; but though I explained to Mother that I could not even climb a tree comfortably with a yard or two of silly hair flapping about, she only laughed and advised me to stay on the ground till I had learnt how many feet there were in one yard.

It was Jarge who taught us how to cut the 'drinking straws that coom in handy, before milk pails goo to dairy', and showed us a nice little square door that let us into the barn even when the proper door was padlocked. We both disliked warm new milk—there was 'too much taste of cow' about it, as Ruddy said—but the private entrance to the barn was a very great joy. How I wish I could remember the stories he used to tell me there, on rainy afternoons, when we were tired of sliding down straw slopes and cajoling the half-wild barn cats, and rested in the hay till tea-time. His stories never began in Fairyland, or in a country so far away that it had a moon and stars of its own, as my attempts at romance did, but started from an old log in the duck-pond, or a ruined cottage half seen in the Forest, and then became wildly exciting. He had the gift, even then, of 'hanging with jewels a cabbage-stump'.

To crown all, by great good fortune, as we considered it, scarlet fever broke out at Wilden, and our cousin, Stanley Baldwin, whose age fitted in between ours, came on a delightfully long visit. He brought a cricket-bag, I remember, and tried to initiate us into the noble game, but we were running wild, by permission and wise intention on my mother's part, and he soon became the wildest of the three. I do not think we did any lessons at all: my brother had just been put into the glasses that were to be his lifelong wear (to the great puzzlement of Sprats, his pet kitten, who would sit on his shoulder and hook them off repeatedly with a soft paddy paw), books were fewer than usual, and reading was gently discouraged for the time. As Mother said afterwards, she wanted us to forget Aunty Harrison and her influence as soon as possible. Our Elysium must have been very trying for her, but she sacrificed herself nobly, and I hope and think our naughtiness was of an honest, open-air kind. Hoops as playthings were in fashion then, and the boys had large iron ones, with the 'sticks', which were really iron hooks, attached. Of course I, being only a girl, had to be content with a wooden hoop. Mine was named Kigber, Ruddy's Eclipse, and Stanley's Blair Atholl. There was a steep straight hill near, and in those happy pre-motor days we were able to arrange races down it (though I fear it was a main road) of 'hoops only'. Given a good start, they ran a surprisingly long way alone before wobbling into the hedge.

Twice a week we rode donkeys, for three blissful hours; and under the care of a half-gipsy called Saville, who tactfully explained that he was there not to look after us, only to see that the mokes came to no harm, we penetrated deeply into the Forest, found strange mosses and ferns, and gleaned much theoretical knowledge of snaring rabbits and pheasants.

'Doesn't a pheasant taste as good when it comes out of a poor man's pot, as when it's on one of milord's silver dishes, with a footman to pass it round?', he would ask, with a gipsy's glibness, and then, becoming colloquial, 'and if you could sample my old woman's rabbit pie, you'd never ask for a better'.

He had a large stud of sleek donkeys, which I think he farmed out to seaside places in summer, and unless we specially bespoke a favourite, we had the excitement of a new mount every time. I wasted a good deal of affection on a grey, velvet-coated, plush-nosed but black-hearted lady called Daisy, who was perfect in manner and paces—until she saw a pool, or smelt one from afar. Then, unless swiftly headed off, she bolted in, and, when saddle-deep or deeper, took her bath and wallowed. 'If she could be cured of that, Queen Victoria herself would be pleased to drive her, and I'd get gold money for her paid into my hand up at Windsor Castle to-morrow', Saville would pant indignantly after a brilliant rescue. I only suffered from partial immersion once, and as Daisy thoughtfully subsided on the off-side no harm was done, save that Saville was armed with new arguments as to the necessity of little ladies always riding like little ladies. No severe governess could have been more particular as to my manners and deportment on donkey-back; and it was an abiding grief to him that I had not a 'proper habit'. The unduly favoured boys might play circus or Indians, and sit face to tail in their shirt-sleeves, if they liked, but 'a little lady was different, and must behave pretty'. It was from Saville I first heard that excellent maxim for young riders, 'head and heart high, hands and heels low.'

I do not know how we contrived, in that joyful year, to make our celebration of All Hallows E'en extend as far as Guy Fawkes Day, but we certainly did, and our preparations gave us many hours of delightful employment, for we gathered hedge-clippings and fir-cones for the bonfire; the good Jarge supplied an amazing number of faggots that 'needed burning', and Mr Dally let us pick his largest wurzels to make turnip lanterns. He had not seen these primitive lights before, and luckily they appealed to his sense of fun, and he allowed us to fasten five on the big front gate and light them after dark for nearly a week. 'My poor farm will be known as Skull-Head Farm from now on', he said, rather proudly, as cyclists swept past shouting with sham terror.

Guy Fawkes night was fine for our fireworks, and though Jarge had never seen more than a squib before—'not to touch like, that is', he took complete charge, and seemed to have cast-iron fingers. The big bonfire was like a dream come true, but little missy had again to pay the penalty of being only a girl, for while the future Prime Minister and the future Bard of Empire pranced and capered like happy demons round and through the flames, she was only allowed to look on, with Patty, from a safe distance, and restrain Toby, the lurcher, amiable to the point of imbecility, and Wowsky, the shaggy watch-dog, from plunging to the rescue.

When the last rocket had been fired, and Patty prevented from throwing a bucket of water over Jarge because she was sure he was bound to be on fire somewhere after all that, and she had promised his granny to be kind to him, we roasted potatoes in what was left of the bonfire. Of course, we insisted on eating them when they had large raw centres, as hard as peach-stones, but no potatoes were ever so delicious.

Winter came all too quickly, for with winter we went back to London, feeling sure we could never be really happy again, without the farm, and the cows, and Black Beauty, who would follow us like a dog when she got the chance, and Saville and his troupe, and Patty, and the dairy, and the barn. But we did not how what a brave new world was waiting for us.

JANICE LINGLEY

Mathieu Louis Jules de la Chevalerie

Mathieu Louis Jules de la Chevalerie was born in Belgium. He died in Buckhurst Hill in 1919 and it has proved rather difficult to discover why he was in Buckhurst Hill or indeed very much about his life at all.

He was a commercial clerk, and at the time of his death, on 25 February 1919, he was living at Coburg Cottage, on North End, just off the High Road, near to what was then the Roebuck Inn. The cottage is still there. His death certificate, dated 26 February, says that he died, aged just 29, of influenza and pneumonia, one of the countless millions of people to suffer from the pandemic. The doctor who certified the death was George Norman, whose surgery was in the house called Brendon, towards the top of Palmerston Road (demolished).

The person who informed the registrar of the death was A J Irving, of Roebuck Lane, who was present at the death. Unfortunately, nothing is known of him; there is no-one of that name in the electoral register for 1918. Mathieu was buried at St John's on 1 March 1919, as confirmed by the burial index in the Essex Record Office.

'Ici Repose Mathieu Louis Jules Daufresne de la Chevalerie, Belge, décedé en exil le 25 Fevrier 1919' – the gravestone in the churchyard of St John the Baptist, Buckhurst Hill

I contacted the Belgian Embassy about Mathieu, but they were unable to help, apart from referring me to the University of Leeds, which is compiling a database of all known refugees from Belgium during the Great War; I have added our man to that database.

Mathieu may have been related to Baron Raoul Constantin Joseph Ghislain de la Chevalerie (1881–1967) who was a well-known sportsman, coaching football, and playing hockey and tennis at the 1920 Olympics. The Baron served in the Belgian Army in the Great War, to the rank of Captain. In 1941 he was appointed commander-in-chief of Belgian ground troops in Britain, and ended his career as the Belgian military attaché in Czechoslovakia. If Mathieu was related to this man, it seems strange that his body was not later repatriated.

Perhaps more information will come to light one day. In the meantime, he should not be forgotten in this year of the centenary of his death.

LYNN HASELDINE JONES

York Hill Stores

This photograph has just come to light. It shows York Hill Stores, on the corner of Queen's Road and is dated 1950.

Taunton House School

This fine image shows the pupils and teachers of Taunton House School, in the garden at the rear of the building in Queen's Road, Buckhurst Hill. It is undated, but, judging from the style of the footwear of the teachers, is likely to have been in the early 1930s. Written on the back of the photo is information on some of the individuals – Mrs Oscroft Mason (actual name Mrs Agnes Mary Ann Mason, née Bussell, wife of George Mason, 1880–1965), the owner of the school, is seated at the far right. Her daughters are on the left, Doris Eileen (born 1904) and Nancy Joyce (born 1908). The other teachers are listed as Miss Heard, elocution, and Miss Barnes, mathematics. The only pupil named is the third boy from the left on the top row – Ralph, who apparently did not stay long at the school as he had problems with dyslexia. The photo belonged to the unidentified girl fifth along from Ralph, who was his sister. More information about the school would be welcome.

With thanks to Jenn Page and Kitty for providing the photo.

LYNN HASELDINE JONES

Early 19th century clock and watchmaking in Chigwell

This article is written to celebrate the 250th anniversary of the birth of John Roger Arnold on 13 February 1769. He was the only son of John Arnold, master horologist of the late 18th century, and in stature equal to the most eminent horologists of the day, such as John Harrison, of longitude fame, and many others at home and abroad involved in the art and craft of precision timekeeping.

John Roger Arnold, when his father died in 1799, inherited his business making clocks, but mostly precision pocket watches and marine chronometers. But what is not common knowledge is that he set up a small manufactory in a large country house in Chigwell. This was called originally Martins, now Marchings, set in what at the time must have been a very rural Essex byway called Gravel Lane, which ran as it does now from the Abridge road to Chigwell Row. The house is still there though in the course of time must have gone through many alterations some of which Arnold did himself to accommodate his workshop.

Rear view of Martins (Marchings), Chigwell around 1970. Arnold's workshop was within the raised portion with 4 large sash windows.

The house and estate at that time comprised some 35 acres which was then expanded to about 70 acres taking in the land known as Little Londons which is still shown in Gravel Lane consisting of a few houses. Records show that John Roger let out the house for a few years after 1809 then returned in 1815 to resume living and working there, this being documented by, amongst other things, the death sentence imposed on a George Abney who was convicted of stealing a horse from him at that time.

It is unclear exactly how long his manufactory remained in Chigwell but many marine and pocket chronometers are recorded as being purchased during the 1820s by the Royal Observatory at Greenwich where they would be checked for accuracy before being sold commercially to shipping companies or to the Admiralty primarily for use in ships at sea.

As would have been the case for most prominent clock and watch businesses at the time, Arnold sold his timepieces from premises in the City of London, initially in Cornhill and then latterly the Strand up until his death in 1843. He did have partnerships with Dent, known for the Great Clock of Westminster popularly called Big Ben, and then latterly with the Frodshams who were a well-respected clock and watchmaking company and such was the esteem in which his name was held, both these companies continued to use it on their timepieces after his death. In fact, there are still many examples to be found today signed as 'Arnold and Dent' or 'Arnold and Frodsham'.

Although his death is recorded as being in Bath in 1843, his body was brought back to Chigwell for burial with his wife Jane who had died three years earlier; sadly he did not have an heir to continue the business though he did adopt a boy who, however, does not seem to have developed into a watchmaker.

Thomas Prest was born to a watchmaker in Lancashire in 1770 and was taken on as an apprentice with Arnold senior starting in 1784. He then progressed to become foreman in his workshop and as such in his own right would then have become an excellent watchmaker.

He would go on to have his own business, moving to Chigwell Row in the 1820s with money it is thought given to him by Arnold in respect of using a patented device of Prest's for keyless winding of watches, considered to be the forerunner of such mechanisms and which is still in use today. Unlike Arnold, who always signed his timepieces as 'Arnold' or 'J R Arnold London', Prest signed watches as 'Thomas Prest, Chigwell', yet for some reason (and considering he had a son, Thomas, who continued the trade until 1877), very few examples of these watches signed by him are known. One very rare and complicated watch that has survived, numbered 527, is signed 'Thomas Prest, Chigwell' and was sold at Christies in Geneva in 2007 for well over £10,000 (this would in today's market be worth at least twice that sum), see page 16.

In conclusion then, the horological expertise that the Arnolds developed in the late 18th and early 19th centuries is still considered to be some of the finest that this country has produced and it should come as no surprise that their timepieces command the highest prices whenever they come up for sale at auctions.

Note

According to Mr Osborne's research, Essex played some further key roles in horology for which examples are:

The Chamberlains of Chelmsford, c1580-1720, produced some of England's first watches.

The Reverend William Derham of Upminster wrote the world's first horological textbook as such (*The Artificial Clockmaker* in 1696).

The world's first electric-powered tower clock was installed in St John's Church in Loughton by Alexander Bain in 1848.

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ROBERT RUDKIN

The St Elisabeth's story

Health and safety had not been invented in the 1930s – St Elisabeth's Mission was built by the church members themselves!

When the Rev Stanley Thomas Smith MA arrived at Buckhurst Hill to become the Rector of St John's Church in 1931, I doubt whether he, or anyone else, realised it was to be largely through his efforts and determination that the red brick church of St Elisabeth's, now standing in Chestnut Avenue, was to be built.

St John's had a daughter church, named St Stephen's, which consisted of a church and mission house in Albert Road, and it had been opened on St Stephen's Day, 1876, in memory of the Rev W H Frend, the Rector of Buckhurst Hill from 1868 till 1874.

Albert Road was a cul-de-sac, blocked by a brick wall at its south-westerly end. Fields, the other side of the wall, led down to the end of Prospect Road, Woodford, except where the railway intercepted them. The line lay across the fields on an embankment, with an archway cut through a section of it to enable cows to be herded from one pasture to another. But such a pastoral scene was not to last long after Stanley Smith became Rector.

The area was sold for building purposes, and the contractor for this was the Buckhurst Hill firm of W & C French, then under the chairmanship of Mr Charles French, the grandson of its originator, Mrs Elizabeth French.

Mr French made the experiment of first building a concrete road, and then, having a firm base for his lorries to drive on, built houses. This development was named the Roding Valley Estate. The concrete road ran from Woodford station and was named Hillside Avenue. From the

Buckhurst Hill area, at the brow of the hill, it changed its name to Buckhurst Way. It continued through the railway arch and went on to the brick wall which was then taken down, so that Albert Road was a cul-de-sac no longer.

Stanley Smith now became interested. There was no sign of a church being built, and he approached Mr French about it. He had a plot of land to sell and gave Stanley Smith the offer to buy it for £100, adding that, if the Rector did not do so, he would offer the site to some other church. Stanley Smith thought it over and the following day gave Mr French a cheque for £100 out of his own banking account. So, therefore, with his plot of land safely in his pocket, he told the next Church Meeting what he had done, in their name – adding they now owed him £100! They paid it!

The site was in a new road named Chestnut Avenue, branching off Buckhurst Way, on the north side of the railway arch, and fairly central to the estate. This was in December 1935. Many well-wishers had given money to purchase it but £40 was still needed to complete the balance with a further £10 for fencing. By February 1936 the amount needed was down to £22 and by June the cost had been covered.

Stanley Smith approached members of the Church, finding those willing to give up their spare time erecting a building on the site, and then taking the services. Arthur and Margaret Ward, Mrs Gosling, the Headmistress of St John's School, her two sons, Eric, then aged about 20, and his brother Ronald, and her daughter, Joseph Spencer, Reginald Lattimer and his wife, were among the people who agreed to do so.

Early in June the little band of labourers started on the formidable task of clearing the field of long grass. The Rector opened the proceedings with a prayer for God's blessing on their endeavours. Confronting them was a pile of wooden sections, stacks of bricks, heaps of sand and ballast. Yet a few days later they had made 21 neat two-feet square holes, ready for the brick piers. The children helped, too, by forming a chain and passing the bricks along, and with a borrowed water carrier they commenced cementing. Timber, sand, cement, bricks, paint, were all freely given.

There was a corrugated iron hut behind St Stephen's Church which had been its choir vestry. This was taken down and re-erected on the site. The Rev John Anderson Burley, the Curate of St John's, was among those who helped to erect it. Vandals broke the windows and nature took a hand when severe gales threatened to lay the structure low but the Mission was erected at last. The amateur builders obtained water from a standpipe used by the builders of the estate with which to make themselves a cup of tea!

On Sunday 4 October 1936 the first service was held at 3.30pm, the Ven P Bayne, Archdeacon of Southend, dedicated the site. Everyone first assembled at St Stephen's at 3pm, and then, headed by a cornet player, choirs and banners, they marched to the site 'with joyous singing'. The children each carried a root of evergreen which they planted round the mission to form a hedge. Because the building was small and the congregation large the service was held in the open air. The Rector introduced all the voluntary workers to the Archdeacon and presented each with a token of remembrance which took the form of a card – 'in appreciation of labour gladly given in the erection of the Mission Room'. . .

The Mission Hall was given the name of The Mission of the Holy Child, and a small stained glass window was fixed to the side of the building, which shows a child standing with his mother and what appears to be a ladder behind them. The window was designed by Miss Eleanor Tyler of Queen's Road, who was educated at Taunton House Preparatory School, Loughton High School and the Slade School of Art…

The Mission Hall, which it seems was always considered temporary, was too small for the growing congregation…

Then, one night, Arthur Ward had a telephone call from Rector Smith telling him that Mr French was hoping to build a dual-purpose hall on the site, to be dedicated to his parents. It was his wish that the building should cater not only for the spiritual needs of the neighbourhood, but should be a social centre as well . . .

Apparently Mr French had told Rector Smith of his intentions one day and not long afterwards Smith went to see him and put on his desk an architect's estimated plan for a dual-purpose building costing £3000! Mr French agreed to the estimate . . .

Late in 1937 or early 1938 work was started on the new building which was to be dedicated to St Elisabeth, the mother of St John the Baptist. It was finished in the early summer of 1938, built of red brick, and set amid well laid-out lawns with gravel paths surrounding it. The interior was oak panelled, half way up, with the walls and inside of the roof including the beams, also of oak. The stage and sanctuary were at opposite ends of the hall and finely worked oak panels could be pulled across to enclose the sanctuary. The stained glass window was cemented into the wall above the altar, the floor was of oak blocks and it had a plain neat pulpit. It had an excellent kitchen. This lightness and simplicity of the building gave it a pleasant dignity of its own . . .

The oak plaque commemorating the opening is on the wall nearest Chestnut Avenue and states that

THIS CHURCH HALL WAS ERECTED IN MEMORY OF
WILLIAM AND ESTHER FRENCH
who were associated with this parish for over fifty years
THE BUILDING WAS THE GIFT OF THEIR SON
CHARLES SAMUEL FRENCH
and was dedicated by
THE LORD BISHOP OF CHELMSFORD
12 November 1938
Rev Stanley T Smith, Rector,
R C Foster FRIBA, Hon Architect.

GEORGE BREWSTER

From *The St Elisabeth Story* published by the church about 1980.Unfortunately the church has been closed for some years, the interior fittings sold off (in the photo above, the pieces of paper attached to the items of furniture showed the auction number). Plans to demolish it were defeated in 2013 and it has been sold for conversion to commercial use (Ed).

London Churches

We have been contacted by Glenys Smart about a new publication, the six volumes of *London Churches: An Architectural and Social History* covering the City, NE, NW, South, Suburbs North and Suburbs South

(average 350 pages each) by John Blythe Smart which are now live on Kindle. The idea was conceived to cover Victorian London in 2008, and two volumes *London Churches* & *Olde Celebrities* appeared in 2012, being sold at St Paul's Cathedral. Research then began on the suburbs starting at St Mary's, Richmond, and completed with Holy Trinity, Sidcup, by the aptly named Ewan Christian in January. There are 1,400 churches detailed with over 1,000 pictures in the six volumes, covering every important edifice within Greater London. The books are a valuable tool for the genealogist and local historian, and we were asked to publicise these with our members – especially now the suburbs are included. There are details on Amazon Kindle under the publisher name Blythe Smart Publications or on their website using the link https://jbsmart9.wixsite.com/blythesmartpubl

Some more Essex wills

Lancelot Ree of Chigwell, yeoman, 26 May 1582
I make Margery my wife executrix. To Ann Ree my eldest daughter £20, Ellen my youngest daughter £10, Nicholas my son £10, Nicholas Ree my brother £5, James Tonckes my nephew 10s, and Ralph Tonckes my nephew 1 black coat cloth. To the poor people 6s 8d. To Joan Mott my servant 1 sow 1 ewe and a lamb to be kept and bred up for her best behoof during the time that she dwelleth with my wife. The rest of my goods to my wife. I will that she have the bringing up of my children with their portions for 12 years after my decease, or until their marriages. If she die within the time, her brethren shall have their education and bringing up with their portions. My overseers are John Preston, and John Malpas yeomen of Chigwell. Witnesses William Ryche, John Evance, Thomas Clare, 27 July 1582.

Ralph Tunstall, of Chigwell, yeoman, 24 November 1586
To be buried in Chigwell churchyard near to my late wife deceased. To Agnes my daughter at 20, 100 marks and one great brass kettle. To Ralph my son a bed whereon I lie. To William Dauges my best black coat and a jerkin laid with lace. To my mother-in-law Katherine Cole a kirtle. The rest of my goods to be appraised and sold to pay my legacies and to what person soever shall have the bringing up of Agnes until 20, the same to have the use of her stock and to put in sufficient bond for payment to my said [*sic*] father (not named) whom I make executor. To the poor 20s. If my executor refuse to take bond, Robert Spackman of Chigwell shall have authority, whom I make overseer. Witnesses Ralph Bell, William Palmer, 17 October 1587.

John Tanner, of Chigwell, servant with Mistress Anne Stonarde, 31 July 29 Elizabeth (1587)
To my brother Geoffrey Tanner, £30. To my 4 sisters and brother-in-law (not named) 20s apiece. To my mistress my bay nag. To all my fellows and maids 5s apiece. To John Preston my bay mare. To Mistress Anne Correll, Mistress Mabel Wrath (corrected to Wroth), and Mistress Elizabeth Smith, each a ring of 8s. To my mother (not named) a gown ready made price £3. To my uncle Wenforde's 3 children 20s apiece. To the poor 20s. To Mr Grover 10s, Mr Hearne 10s, Mr Field 10s, and Mr Crane 10s. To Elizabeth Archer 40s. To Mr Beuley a ring of 10s. To Philip Faywoude 5s and Margaret Howgate 3s 4d. To my aunt Hales 1 vat price 8s. The rest of my goods to my brother Geoffrey Tanner and John Preston equally divided whom I make executors. Witnesses Simon Grover, Thomas Burton, 2 November 1587.

Joan Luter of Theydon Bois, widow, 18 February 1581
To be buried in Lambourne churchyard. To Roger Pickman my son a cauldron with 2 ears, and a pair of sheets. To Elizabeth Daynty, widow, my daughter, my best gown and best kirtle. To William Nocke a quart pewter pot. To Alice Warner my daughter a gown, a petticoat, a mattress and a pair of sheets. To Mary Warner my feather bed, 4 painted cloths, a bedstead, 3 cushions, a jointed table and form, a trough with a cover, a form, a cupboard, a great broad brass pan, an iron pot, a brass pot, a chest and all things therein at Abridge (in Lambourne), the least chest at Theydon Green and all therein, 3 pewter platters, 3 pewter dishes, 2 saucers, the best salt cellar, 2 candlesticks, a chafing dish, a spit, a pair of cobirons, a dripping pan, a gridiron, a kettle, a gown, a petticoat, a bowl, a tub and the black cow in the keeping of Elizabeth Daynty her aunt. To Jean Warner my goddaughter 2 pewter platters, 2 pewter dishes and a black chest. To Joan Pickman, Roger Pickman's daughter, a brass posnet. To Joan Warner my goddaughter all the goods that I have given to Mary Warner if she die before marriage. The rest of my goods to Mary Warner whom I make executrix. I make Roger Pickman overseer. Witnesses George Muffet, Thomas Haddowe, Ambrose Giett minister (not identified), 11 April 1584.

The Francies family and transport, part 3: Will and the solid gold medal

The Motor Cycling Club (MCC) Ltd was founded on 19 November 1901, with the intention to provide a sporting challenge for the owners of the 'new' form of transport called motorcycles and a very short time later cars were included, too. The trials put emphasis on long distance reliability, not speed. The trials were challenges set by the club, so a competitor was not racing against others, but attempting to meet the schedule and specific instructions set by the club. The three main trials, Edinburgh (1904), Land's End (1908) and Exeter (1910) were set up, and apart from the war years, have been run to this day.

W R Francies took part in the 22nd Edinburgh trial, 17–18 May 1929. The Edinburgh trial at that time was a road event starting at Wrotham Park, near Barnet, then heading north by the old A1 trunk road to mid-Yorkshire, then cross country to Penrith and Carlisle, then cross country again to Edinburgh. The route and standard times are given in the programme (page 16), and, as Will started at 07h 27.5m, on the Friday evening, it is necessary to add 27.5 minutes to the times listed to work out Will's time schedule. There was a one hour rest and food break at Grantham and further one hour breaks at Ilkley and Carlisle, plus a 24 minute break at Moffat. The route and schedule were tough; an average speed of 19.88 mph was required. All the main roads at that time went through town and village centres and on Saturdays it was often market day in some places; bypasses and motorways were all in the future.

I cannot identify the cloth-capped man in the sidecar, above, but I believe that the standing man is Henry, Will's brother. The trial was in May but they both appear to be well wrapped up.

Will won one of the top awards, a gold medal which in those days was 9 carat – from 1931 they were just gold plated. To gain a gold, a competitor would have to be not more than 10 minutes early or late at any of the check points on the route. He would also have to complete a non-stop run climbing the observed sections (steepish hills) at Stake Moss, Askrigg, West Stonesdale and Talla Linn.

I would like to thank Barrie Kirton, Archivist of the MCC Ltd, who kindly provided much of the information in this article and also Susan Golding, granddaughter of Will Francies. JOAN FRANCIES

The . . .

MOTOR CYCLING CLUB LTD.

(Founded 1901)

PROGRAMME

OF THE

TWENTY-SECOND

LONDON to EDINBURGH CLUB RUN

MAY 17th & 18th, 1929

(For Members of the Motor Cycling Club only)

On Motor Cycles, Sidecars, Three-wheeled Cyclecars & Cars

STARTING from **WROTHAM PARK, near Barnet** (by permission of the Earl of Strafford), **FRIDAY, MAY 17th, 1929, at 7.0 p.m.**

FINISHING at the **WAVERLEY MARKET HOUSE, Edinburgh, SATURDAY, MAY 18th, 1929, at 7.20 p.m.**

This event is not a race. Awards are made for standard performances, but no order of merit is assigned within those standards

Trials Secretary: F. T. BIDLAKE, 54 North End Road, Golders Green, London, N.W.11

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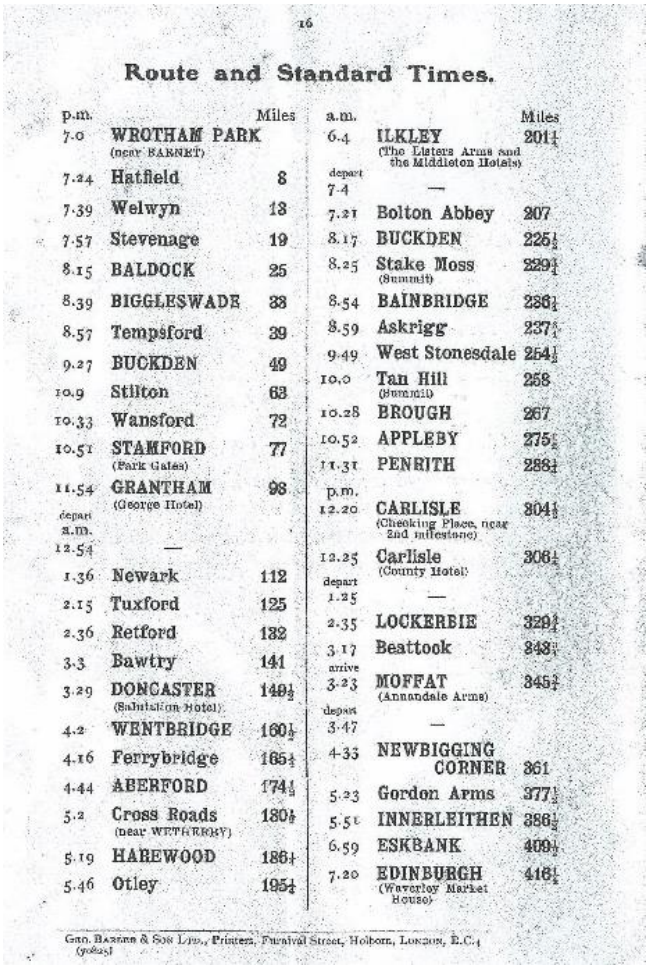

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Route and Standard Times.

p.m.		Miles	a.m.		Miles
7.0	WROTHAM PARK (near BARNET)		6.4	ILKLEY (The Listers Arms and the Middleton Hotels)	201½
7.24	Hatfield	8	depart 7.4	—	
7.39	Welwyn	18	7.21	Bolton Abbey	207
7.57	Stevenage	19	8.17	BUCKDEN	225½
8.15	BALDOCK	25	8.25	Stake Moss (Summit)	229½
8.39	BIGGLESWADE	33	8.54	BAINBRIDGE	236½
8.57	Tempsford	39	8.59	Askrigg	237½
9.27	BUCKDEN	49	9.49	West Stonesdale	254½
10.9	Stilton	63	10.0	Tan Hill (Summit)	258
10.33	Wansford	72	10.28	BROUGH	267
10.51	STAMFORD (Park Gates)	77	10.52	APPLEBY	275½
11.54	GRANTHAM (George Hotel)	98	11.31	PENRITH	288½
depart a.m. 12.54	—		p.m. 12.20	CARLISLE (Cheeking Place, near 2nd milestone)	304½
1.36	Newark	112	12.25	Carlisle (County Hotel)	306½
2.15	Tuxford	125	depart 1.25	—	
2.36	Retford	132	2.35	LOCKERBIE	329½
3.3	Bawtry	141	3.17	Beattock	343½
3.29	DONCASTER (Salvation Hotel)	149½	arrive 3.23	MOFFAT (Annandale Arms)	345½
4.2	WENTBRIDGE	160½	depart 3.47	—	
4.16	Ferrybridge	165½	4.33	NEWBIGGING CORNER	361
4.44	ABERFORD	174½	5.23	Gordon Arms	377½
5.2	Cross Roads (near WETHERBY)	180½	5.51	INNERLEITHEN	386½
5.19	HAREWOOD	186½	6.59	ESKBANK	409½
5.46	Otley	195½	7.20	EDINBURGH (Waverley Market House)	416½

Geo. Barrass & Son Ltd., Printers, Furnival Street, Holborn, London, E.C.4 (9625)

Thomas Prest, Chigwell, No 527, gold case, hallmark London 1840 (see page 13).

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