LOUGHTON AND DISTRICT HISTORICAL SOCIETY

NEWSLETTER 188

JANUARY/FEBRUARY 2011 Price 40p, free to members

www.loughtonhistoricalsociety.org.uk

Loughton High Road 1952 (left), 2010 (right)

These two pictures of Loughton High Road, from Tracey Jacobs, are separated by almost 60 years, and were passed on by e-mail from Chris Pond, for which many thanks. The comments below are exactly as received.

'These are the pics of c 1952, with Dormobile and Standard Vanguard, and 30 Sept 2010 at 5.20pm. One thing I didn't know was that in 1952 the stream still emerged in its wooded glen by the side of Woolworth's – hence the rather grotty south wall of that store, never roughcast, as, when built, it was hidden by trees. The only real differences are the traffic lights, railings, and loss of the cinema.

They were sent by Tracey Jacobs of Durban. Her mother ran the Loughton Music Salon, 257 High Road, which was a record and music shop. It may have been selling the very first LPs when the photo was taken!'

For many people, 2010 was not the easiest of years, but we hope all our members and friends had a peaceful and enjoyable Christmas and New Year period. We hope you have also enjoyed the 2010/11 talks and the *Newsletters* so far, and that the remaining ones will offer something to suit everybody's tastes.

May we take this opportunity to wish everyone a Happy New Year.

Loughton and Epping Forest in 1866 – effect of the railway

From the *British Almanac 1866* – submitted by CHRIS POND

A stroll in EPPING FOREST will best show what has been doing there of late. Loughton is the favourite starting point for a forest ramble, because being a station of the Great Eastern Railway it is easily reached, whilst from it you plunge quickly into the thick of the woods. If you knew the place of old you would take, mechanically, the lane just beyond the station, which leads behind the village, because from it you might strike at once upwards towards York Hill, and, if the morning mists had sufficiently cleared, be rewarded by a prospect across Hainault and the Thames to the blue hills of Kent and Surrey, or in other directions over a sea of deep green foliage chequered by the swiftly-chasing cloud-shadows; or, guided by the long, winding, up-hill road, you might turn at once towards High Beech, choosing for pleasant shade and ever-shifting scenery – now moist dell, now broken upland with peeps of purple distance – the true forest way on either hand, thick with knee-deep ferns, and in spring or early summer carpeted with primroses, blue-bells and wind-flowers, loaded with the perfume of woodbines and May-blossoms, and alive with the call of cuckoos and wood-pigeons, and the myriad voices of loud-throated song birds.

A year or so back you might have taken either of these pleasant ways, but try for either of them now and you will find yourself blocked out by ugly fences, or stopped by deep trenches and sod walls. By Loughton itself, straight roads and formal inclosures and broad rectangular clearings show that a colony of spruce villas is about to occupy the place of the old oaks and hornbeams. Along the road beyond, the trees are yet standing, but fences line either side. I tried an old and pleasant forest road on the left towards Fairmead, and soon came upon a deep ditch and earthen rampart, but, instead of ancient camp, found beyond naked newly ploughed fields, and then wide plantations of seedling trees and shrubs. No, sir, these are not substitutes for the stubbed up antique trees, but choice plants belonging to Mr. Paul, who has formed a great nursery here supplementary to his establishment at Cheshunt. Huge piles of grotesque roots tell but too plainly of the thousands of rare old trees that have been removed for this improvement. Over much of the parts described I had wandered at will the previous summers. Now the whole of Loughton Manor – some hundreds of acres – is inclosed, as well as the forest on both sides of the road up to High Beech, and all the land between it and the Epping Road: not all disafforested yet, but a tract in parts of marvellous beauty lost to the visitor for ever.

If instead of Loughton you leave the railway at the Buckhurst Hill station and proceed that way towards High

Beech, you will witness a similar process completed or in progress. By the station the inclosures date from the opening of the railway. There and up the hill a good sized village has grown up, incomplete, ill-contrived, and ugly as railway villages usually are. But till lately, hastening away from it, you soon reached the open forest. Now fences line the road from the church best part of the way to High Beech. Where you used to find or make a charming woodland path from the Warren House to Chingford, you now encounter straight lines of sod and fence and naked fields. A little farther you may, however, take a forest road, and passing Fairmead Lodge, go through an exquisite bit of untouched forest to the King's Oak – goal of the cockney holiday maker.

High Beech itself – or the better portion of it – happily remains almost unencroached upon. High Beech Green has met the common fate; but High Beech Hill is as it was, though along the road small incisures have crept close up to it. Across Waltham and the valley of the Lea, and south-westward to where 'the city lies, beneath its drift of smoke', the view remains unobstructed, and you may stroll at pleasure about the broad platform and choose your own station for viewing it; or lie on the slopes and think of Tennyson and Locksley Hall and wonder how much of his inspiration the Laureate drew from it. Standing among these hollows, 'knee-deep in fern', and holding converse with some Talking Oak; or of poor John Clare in his wearisome confinement in Fairmead Asylum, down there by the little chapel, spinning half-coherent sonnets on distant 'Bucket's Hill, a place of furze and clouds', and the 'Forest and its airy bounds'; or, tired by your walk, and thinking more of appeasing the sacred rage of hunger than of poets past or present, you may turn aside and test the hospitality of the King's Oak – though, to say the truth, you are likely in these days (it was otherwise of old) to find it a hostelrie suited rather to van and railway excursionists than a quiet forest rambler. But though High Beech Hill is a little noisy on holidays, it is at other times a pleasant place. Not only have you the hill and the strip of forest just passed through, but running off from that the Beech Wood – a place for an artist and lover of nature to rejoice in; in spring and summer canopied with tenderest and brightest green flickering with broken sunlight and softened shadow, in autumn glorious with resplendent hues. Lying so near to London it is a marvel this beech wood is not more famous. The trunks of the trees may not be so large-though many are veritable giants – nor the roots so gnarled and variously intertwisted as those of Burnham, but then they have been allowed to grow unlopped, sending off wide-spreading branches far outwards and upwards – trees almost in themselves. And then onwards from King's Oak, leaving the high road to your right, you may go towards Epping along an undulating forest road, by ways as yet uninclosed, amidst lopped oak and hornbeam, with here and there a goodly unlopped beech, ash, or oak, and an endless undergrowth of hollies, thorns and tangled brambles, rose bushes, sweet briars and honeysuckles, with luxuriant banks of ferns and flowers of all hues, and come at every turn upon such sketchable spots as would have delighted the heart and tried the best skill of Ruysdael, Koninck, or Crome. There is still a mile and a half of this sort of scenery till you come close to Wake Arms, and there again is the high road, and there the inclosures; and so away to Epping or Copped Hall, or whichever way you turn, you find yourself kept from straying by sod banks and fences, where only the other day all was open and free. There is indeed one well-known spot still left open, though there are symptoms that it will not long remain so. Ambresbury Banks (a little off the road on the right, a bare mile beyond the Wake Arms) an ancient earth-work, with fosse and vallum in good part still traceable, but the inclosure overgrown with beech, which antiquaries of the Stukeley school persuaded themselves they had identified as the last stronghold of Cassivellaunus before his final retreat to his *oppidum* in the marshes below St Albans.

And if, instead of beginning here in the heart of the forest, we had made our approach more methodically by way of Wanstead Flats and Snaresbrook, and Woodford – whether we had kept by the road or diverged right or left – we should have found everywhere the scene marks of the improver's footsteps. One of the most characterised portions of the forest was that by the old forest lodge, afterwards half-farm, half-inn, now wholly farm-house, known as Queen Elizabeth's Lodge, lying between Chingford and Buckhurst Hill. By the village was a broad level space covered with very large and picturesque Oaks, and sloping away in all directions was open forest, chiefly as elsewhere of pollard, hornbeam, and tangled underwood. Queen Elizabeth's Lodge remains; a good piece of the oak-wood is left; but below on the south the land is all inclosed, roads have been laid out and villas built; whilst northwards a great encroachment has been effected of nearly the entire 300 acres of which the manor consists; the ground has been inclosed, the trees have been grubbed up, and the old ways stopped, so that, as a resident told the committee, 'we cannot get to the uninclosed common land without going a mile or two round'. So again we find it at Sewardstone, the boundary of the forest on this side, and equally over at Theydon, the extreme limit on the other.

And now, having seen how the woods have been, and are still being hacked to pieces, we may be the better prepared to take a rapid retrospect of the manner in which this bit-by-bit destruction of one 'Royal Forest' has been brought about, and afterwards glance at the swifter and more systematic demolition of another.

[A grim depiction of the Forest at that time.]

A quiet village called Loughton has grown up

WILL FRANCIES

[This is the fifth and final extract from Will's article in the Gazette and Guardian *of 25 April 1969.]*

The long and eagerly awaited cinema, opened in 1929 with a five-piece ladies' orchestra.

Loughton was 'with it' at last! The 'right' films attracted the top people who often appeared in evening dress for the occasion. Inevitably, the valuable site has now been developed.

So much in Loughton has changed. The quiet, rutted, muddy High Road depicted in the photographs has become a sophisticated thoroughfare, teeming with busy shoppers and snarling traffic.

The 'villager' now has his supermarkets, chain stores and multiple shops, the swinging boutiques, travel agencies, Chinese restaurants and a chip and steak house.

The forest brook, diverted by concrete channel, culvert and pipes, yet regains its meandering course to the Roding by way of Brooklyn Avenue.

New, spacious council office buildings in Old Station Road teem with the successors to those few dedicated part-time officials in Lopping Hall, and administer nowadays to the needs of a population increased ten-fold since the early 1900s and by Loughton's amalgamation with Chigwell in 1933.

Pianos, scientific instruments, bank notes and much else now provide the harvest from the cornfields of yesterday, and many another pleasant acre Chigwell-way has been swallowed by the vast sprawl of the Debden (GLC) and Roding Estates.

Loughton's mini-university, a clinic, library and other social service buildings, rub shoulders with Loughton Hall, the one-time seat of the Maitland family.

It was 'all change' too for the commuters in 1948. From the new Central Line station they sped to the capital in smart new electric trains. The homely old 'puffers had had their day.

The one-time Loughton headquarters of the Shaftesbury Society in Staples Road, after a grim last-war interlude as a mortuary for air raid victims, now serves industrial purposes. The poor children from London's East End remain but a sad memory.

Maybe the ghost of those early lamp-lighters, shouldering their long brass poles, stalk the High Road of a winter's night seeking the old gas lamps in the harsh night glare of neon and sodium?

But lovely Epping Forest still ushers the traveller from north or south in to the lengthy High Road, and holds the Western borders in its gentle embrace.

From Nursery Road and Baldwin's Hill, from Woodberrie Hill and Drummaids, forest dominates the scene. It is beautiful at all times, but in autumn presents a riot of colours which people travel miles to enjoy.

Loughton folk called it 'the village' a century ago . . . they still do . . . I think they always will!

Donkey shows in Epping Forest

The Theydon Bois Donkey Derby, one of the highlights of life in the village, has now been held for 23 years. However, even in much earlier years, donkey shows were already popular, as this brief account by Sidney Hills illustrates. It was published in *Essex Countryside* in December 1968. As you may know, this event took place only a few hundred yards from Theydon Bois Village Hall.

During the early years of the present [i.e. 20th] century the Epping Forest donkey shows aroused much interest. Held annually in the grounds of Birch Hall, Theydon Bois, the residence of Mr Gerald Buxton, JP, these popular events attracted large crowds.

Premiums were awarded for all animals showing signs of good treatment, and during the donkey races Mr Buxton was often to be seen running along the course, making sure that no competitor used whip or stick on the patient little beasts. He would not allow the use of these, or countenance any ill-treatment, one of his aims being to assist donkey owners and drivers plying for hire on forest land to extend kindness to their animals.

Pearly Kings and Queens from the East End of London often attended these shows, and Pearly Princes and Princesses too, as well as the inevitable costermongers – 'Arrys and 'Arriets as they were termed. Some of the donkey races caused much merriment – notably the forest keepers' pounding race, the ladies' race and the drivers' race.

After the show the donkey owners and their wives were entertained to tea in a marquee and the afternoon ended with the prize-giving.

A Pearly 'Prince' and 'Princess', with donkey and girl rider at a donkey show held at Birch Hall, Theydon Bois, the home of Mr Gerald Buxton, JP, in 1900. (*Essex Countryside*)

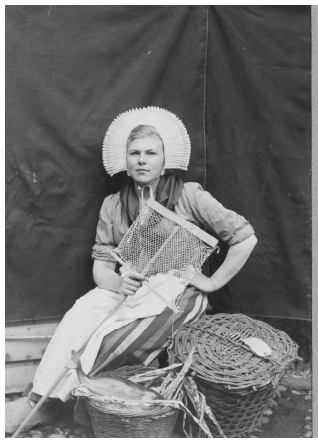
Lopping Hall in the news – 1938

From *Life* magazine, 17 January 1938.

AMATEUR ACTRESS PLAYS HENRY VIII

In England's rural districts 94,943 women and girls belong to the National Federation of Women's Institutes. Regularly they take part in amateur concerts, theatricals and various eleemosynary undertakings, thereby obtaining an escape from domestic monotony.

Typical of their activity is the production of *The Six Wives of Henry*, scheduled by Institute women of Loughton, Essex, for **Loughton's Lopping hall** late in February. Unique, however, is the histrionic talent of Loughton's premier actress, Miss Evelyn Waller (pictured). Cast as Henry VIII, Miss Waller studied Holbein's portrait in Warwick Castle, re-created the Tudor costume from odds and ends at a total cost of 7s 6d.



Above: Evelyn Waller as herself and as Henry VIII. *Below:* A younger, more svelte Evelyn, no doubt starring in some other role at the Lopping Hall, c 1908. Evelyn Waller (1885–1945) was the elder daughter of William Chapman Waller (1850–1917),

Loughton's historian. See Richard Morris, *William Chapman Waller (1850–1917): Loughton's Historian* (L & DHS, 2001).

Fleet Street 50 years ago Part 3

TED MARTIN

All too soon for me the general trade strike in 1959 was over and I was back to Eastern, though after the six weeks we had moved: to 11 New Fetter Lane. A brand new tower block – all of 10 storeys!

However, the strike had given me knowledge of the newspaper world and for the next few years I would apply for casual work at the weekends: we called it 'grassing'!

Among those grasses was a stint on the second ever issue of the *Sunday Telegraph*. I reported to the imposing grey granite offices of the *Daily Telegraph*, half-way down Fleet Street towards Ludgate Circus, on the left. I entered a marvellous, marble entrance hall with a mezzanine floor at the back. This was going to be something, I thought. But no: I was shown through another door into a grimy relic of the nineteenth century with grubby white-tiled walls and dirty paintwork. Having picked my way through this to the reading department, I was greeted by a wizened, gnome-like man called Nobby who was the Father of the assistants' Chapel.

He had a flat cap on his head with the peak over his right ear and in one hand he held an enormous yellow and green teapot. 'Let's see yer card and have you brought a mug?', he asked. I produced my union card and my mug. The card was checked carefully and then tea was poured into the mug. You're working over there he said, indicating a frame with a reader sitting at it. The important thing to note here is that the union man was organising the work and the man nominally in charge of the department, the head reader, was not!

I went to the *Sunday Times* on two or three occasions and each time I was there the head reader made his appearance after the shift had started, and it really was an 'appearance'. He would come in wearing a trilby and mackintosh and nod to the assembled company. The hat and mac were removed and then carefully hung on a peg. This revealed an immaculate 3-piece suit. Then the jacket came off onto a hanger, cufflinks were removed and the shirt sleeves carefully folded up in exact two-inch strips to the elbow. The waistcoat was unbuttoned and the tie loosened. He then took his seat, swung round and opened a drawer removing a pair of leather carpet slippers. His shoes were taken off and placed to one side and the slippers put on. The final act in this little drama was to turn up his trouser bottoms at least twice so that there were about three inches between the slippers and the trousers revealing dark red socks. He then regained his seat, nodded again and began work. This happened each time I went to the *Sunday Times*. I'd always known proofreaders could be a bit eccentric and this seemed to prove it.

Incidentally at our firm we had a reader who cycled up from south London on a tandem, parked it in the basement and put trousers over his shorts there. This caused a complaint from one of the editorial ladies that there was one of our men removing his trousers in the basement! This chap always wore short-sleeved Aertex shirts (with a tie), whatever the weather, and a beret.

New Fetter Lane was a new road put through the bombed sites to join up with old Fetter Lane before it ran into Fleet Street. On the day we started work there, the cement on the road was still wet and we had to cross on planks. All the buildings flanking the road were new, and immediately opposite they were building the new home of the *Daily Mirror*. Just down the road, on the island between old Fetter Lane and New Fetter Lane was the headquarters of the Monotype Corporation, makers of one of the composing machines used in the book printing industry. To the left of our building were the Post Office and the offices of the *Sporting Life* and to the right, Lintas House, Unilever's advertising department, was being built. This was a totally new environment.

Lintas House being built at the junction between old and New Fetter Lane. Opposite is the old *Daily Mirror* building and the old Public Record Office.

The *City Chronicle* did a piece on the new building which was Sweet & Maxwell's new headquarters and this featured The Eastern Press reading department. You might not have heard of Sweets but if you are a follower of Rumpole you will have heard of *Archbold on Criminal Pleading*, which was one of their main publications and on which I used to work.

Because type was very heavy and could not easily be switched from printer to printer, each book publisher had its own 'pet' printer. That printer could work for other publishers provided it kept a large amount of its capacity for its own publisher and always gave them priority in printing. Eastern had been working for Sweets since 1913, so the relationship was very close. We had the eighth floor in the new building and paid only a peppercorn rent because we were so essential to their business.

No expense had been spared and the new department was furnished with specially designed chairs and tables and the readers' frames were of polished wood topped with glass screens. What a change from the dark, musty Victorian room in which I had started work!

I moved on from reviser to assisting the manager with the office work while continuing with my training. I was now coming to the end of this and the next big hurdle was to be the readers' examination in early 1961. This was set by the trade union, the Association of Correctors of the Press. I had been attending evening classes at the London School of Printing on proofreading and typesetting and in my last year had taken first place on the course. Now was going to be the big test. We had to correct six proofs on various subjects, including geography, politics and literature with deliberate grammatical, spelling and factual mistakes inserted into them by experts.

I remember that I found it gruelling and convinced myself that I'd failed miserably. Although the ACP never disclosed pass marks, success was judged by how soon you were called for interview to discuss a job as a reader from the time the results were announced. I was informed that I'd passed within three days and was called for interview the next day. So I presumed I'd done fairly well.

When the results were announced one of the readers took me to the Printer's Devil pub in Fetter Lane at lunchtime. I don't remember much about that afternoon! The wife of the reader that I had worked with for the longest time came up from Surrey especially to congratulate me and gave me a very embarrassing kiss in front of all the staff!

Eastern offered me a job as a reader so I set off to see the Secretary of the ACP at their offices opposite Dr Johnson's house in Gough Square. He was rather an austere man and he gave me a talk on what was expected of me in my new career and presented me with my union card and a copy of the official history of the ACP, which I still have.

So that was it: into the 1960s and a journeyman. I didn't know it then but my career as a reader was to be only for three years. By 1963 we were saving to get married and I left Eastern for a job as the only reader at a general printers at Chingford, and for a lot more money. This was a bit of a madhouse but good experience. After 10 months Eastern invited me to come back as Assistant Manager and from then on proofreading was something I did occasionally, rather than full-time.

I took further courses in book production which 20 years later, after Eastern had been taken over, enabled me to go into publishing as a production manager. But I shall never forget that early experience in Fleet Street over 50 years ago and the excellent grounding it gave me.

You could not have bought a training as good as I had and this has made me a great believer in the apprenticeship system which recent governments have wantonly thrown away. There is a difference between a craftsman and a graduate and my experience has been that the graduate quite often relies quite heavily on the craftsman because the craftsman knows how it should be done.

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

Newspaper managements were as bad as the unions and they went on buying their way out of trouble until it was no longer possible to do so. Some years later I went as a guest to the *Mirror* executive dining room for lunch. The corridor was lined with couches on which senior executives were lying drunk at 2 in the afternoon! It had to stop!

Four houses in Englands Lane

IAN STRUGNELL

Numbers 50 to 56 Englands Lane are a distinct two pairs of semi-detached houses, pebble-dashed with quite steeply pitched hipped roofs. They were built for Mrs Jane Elizabeth Fox Howard in about 1925 and appeared as numbers 1 to 4 Howards Cottages in a Valuation List prepared by the Loughton Urban District Council in late 1928 (all the houses in Englands Lane were numbered in the conventional way shortly afterwards). One of them was occupied by a married couple who had moved from Smarts Lane, and another tenant had probably also moved from there.

Jane was the wife of Bernard Farmborough Howard, who was a Loughton Councillor for over 15 years, and their operatic activities at 'Pollards' in Albion Hill were described in this Society's *Newsletter 173*. She died on 23 November 1940, and in her will bequeathed these four houses to Chigwell Urban District Council. The Council was informed of this by a London firm of solicitors in March 1941, and the letter went on to say that Mrs Howard apparently built the cottages to relieve overcrowding, but paid little attention to whether rents were paid or not; it was hoped that the Council would deal sympathetically with any tenants who had difficulty paying rent. The Council accepted the bequest and asked the solicitors to prepare the necessary document.

In June that year the transfer had not yet been completed but one of the houses was about to become vacant, and the solicitors asked the Council to select a tenant, complying with the request that the cottages should be let to labourers at a rent they could reasonably pay, having regard to their wages and their capacity to pay. The Council named a prospective tenant (then living in Avondale Drive) and decided on a minimum rent of 11s 6d per week inclusive of Rates, comparable with the rents of the other three houses. This had been the rent in 1938, when the house was described as '3 bedrooms,

parlour' in a survey of rents in the District conducted by the Council in connection with setting rents for newly built Council houses including twenty in Englands Lane.

Sources (at the Essex Record Office): Loughton, and Chigwell, Urban District Council minute books; Electoral Registers for Loughton dated October 1925 and April 1926.

Fungi in local forests: a foray in Hainault Forest on 7 October 2010

PETER COMBER

[Like some others in the L & DHS, I am also a member of Epping Forest U3A, to which Peter, an authority on fungi, belongs. This year has seen a prolific crop and, with that, much illegal gathering for profit. I thought members would be interested in the variety of fungi in Hainault Forest, Epping Forest's smaller neighbour. No doubt Epping Forest is equally abundant.]

Just a few of the 48 species of mushroom and toadstools that we found on the foray are shown in the photograph. A key to identifying them is below.

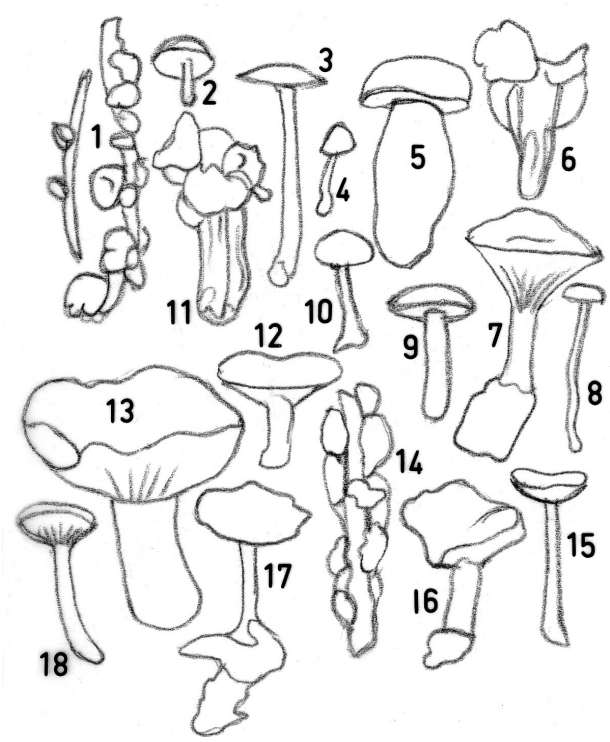


Diagram (right) © Peter Comber

Key

1. Common Oysterling: *Crepidotus variabilis*
2. *Psathyrella obdusata*
3. White Fibrecap: *Inocybe geophylla*
4. Bulbous Fibrecap: *Inocybe nappies*
5. Cep or Penny Bun: *Boletus edulis*
6. Elfin Saddle: *Hevella lacunose*
7. Common Funnel: *Clitocybe gibba*
8. The Deceiver: *Laccaria laccata*
9. Coral Brittlestem: *Russula velenovsky*
10. *Inocybe acuta*
11. White Saddle: *Hevella crispa*
12. Beech Milkcap: *Lactarius blennius*
13. Ochre Brittlestem: *Russula ochroleuca*
14. *Stereum rameale*
15. Poisonpie: *Hebeloma crustuliniforme*
16. Watery Milkcap: *Lactarius serifleus*
17. Birch Milkcap: *Lactarius tabidus*
18. Oakbug Milkcap: *Lactarius quietus*

A reminder, and a warning . . .

Following on from Peter Comber's excellent illustrations of fungi, and the pictorial key, it's worth reminding members, for various reasons, to be careful about picking mushrooms.

First, not all fungi are edible – some, as is well known, can be lethal. A senior Epping Forest keeper said recently: 'It is dangerous for the public to pick mushrooms from the wild as poisonous mushrooms can be commonly confused as edible ones. Mushroom picking also prevents other Forest users from enjoying the beauty of living fungi and threatens the trees directly, and therefore the survival of important insect populations.'

Also, this year's weather conditions have suited fungi very well, leading not only to prolific growth, but also to increased temptation. Well organised mushroom thieves have been out in force in Epping Forest, despite the ban on picking them. Licences are currently only granted for fungi research or organised

educational fungi courses. The City of London Corporation say licences to pick will not be issued for personal or private consumption. In effect, a total ban on plundering is now in place. Thieves reap indiscriminately, then get so-called experts to sort out the edible from the poisonous for sale to London and local restaurant owners. If caught, a £200 fine is possible, although actual prosecutions seem to have been very few.

It must be easy to make mistakes, as differing mycologists (fungus experts) claim that there are between 1,000 and 1,600 different species of fungi in the Forest.

Large-scale mushroom raiding seems to have gathered pace in the 1960s, as freely admitted by Italian restaurant chain founder, Antonio Carluccio, but many others climbed on the bandwagon. Numerous well-known restaurateurs and celebrity chefs are still, it is claimed, paying raiders to do it, or are promoting the practice. They seem oblivious to the fact that constant plundering will eventually upset the ecology of the Forest with disastrous consequences for all the trees.

Peter points out that, at present, mushroom picking is still allowed in the much smaller Hainault Forest, although a close eye is being kept on developments. If liberties are taken there, no doubt preventative measures would follow. – *Ed*

The story of Loughton Cricket Club as recorded in its minutes 1880–1926 – Part 2

[For the origin of, and background to Percy Thompson's recorded history, please refer to Newsletter 187 *where the story begins. Members should also read the introduction by Richard Morris, which sets it in context.*

The Minutes need fairly extensive editing, and I have made some use of underlining to highlight the events most likely to interest present day L & DHS members. Although the development of the Club over the 46-year period is clear, reading 'between the lines' it is easy to detect undertones of significant discord at certain times, often over financial matters. There were also disputes between Committee Members, players, adjacent and nearby residents, and occasionally with spectators at matches. Also, sometimes the intensely detailed and statistical nature of Thompson's work does become rather 'dry' as Richard put it last time. However, my suspicion is that it may be the apparent discord, with the parties in dispute sometimes clearly named, just as much as the mass of statistics and detail, that led to the Committee declining to publish the work, although citing 'lack of funds' as the reason.]

A new Pavilion

At the meeting on 1st March 1897, Horace White was elected vice-captain of the second eleven, and a plan was submitted by Mr Egan, architect, for a new Pavilion, tenders for which were opened, viz:- C S Foster £75, T Forster £87 15s. On March 5 1897 the Committee accepted Mr C S Foster's estimate, as amended at £70.

On 20 April, the Committee decided to insure the new Pavilion for £200, as follows: £100 on the building itself, £50 on the Club's material and £50 on members' effects.

On 31 March 1898 the Committee ordered a palisade fence to be erected in front of the Pavilion, 2ft 6ins high, at a cost of £4 5s.

It was decided to play two teams the next season, to be called 'Team A' and 'Team B'.

On 22 March 1899 the 'ground committee' was proposed.

At a Committee meeting on Dec. 14 1899 the 'ground committee' was formed. At the Meeting on 6 April, 1900, the Committee decided to form a small Ladies' Committee to undertake the tea duties.

John Whitaker Maitland elected President

At the next meeting, on Feb. 22, 1901, the Committee passed a vote of condolence in connection with the death of its president, Colonel Howard, and decided to invite the Rev. J W Maitland to accept the Presidency of the Club: which he did in due course.

It would seem that some feeling had been aroused about this time concerning the Accounts of the Club, for at a Committee meeting on Feb. 22, 1901, Horace White moved that all the accounts be laid before the Committee for its approval, and be signed by the Chairman at such meeting, before being paid, 'but no seconder being found the matter was allowed to drop after an animated discussion'; it will be seen, later, that White stuck to his point and brought the matter up again and again.

On March 27, 1901, twelve members resigned or were struck off the list of members 'in accordance with a resolution passed' (but not recorded in the Minute Book): they included several old committee members. It was decided that no prizes should be given out of the Club's funds that season. The need for further financial support of the Club is evidenced by the issue of a circular letter to likely new members.

It is evident from the names of the new members that the Club was well supported by local residents, many of whom were not likely to have had any active interest in the game.

At the Annual General Meeting held on Nov. 1st, 1901, the Rev. J W Maitland was duly elected President.

The 'ground committee' brought up a Report recommending extension, repairs and additions to the Pavilion, estimated to cost nearly £20 and it was decided to obtain estimates for the work proposed.

At this meeting, Roper resigned his position as joint secretary, after 3 months service!

At the next meeting, on April 3, the one tender which had been received for the proposed alterations to the Pavilion being considered to be beyond the Club's resources, the Committee decided that only necessary repairs should be carried out, at a cost not exceeding £6.

A proposal to sell intoxicating drinks on the ground on match days was lost on a division; only non-alcoholic drinks were to be provided.

The Annual Meeting, held on Nov. 4, 1902, re-elected Mr Maitland as President. Dr Pendred was elected hon. secretary. H White became captain of the first eleven. Dr Pendred was made captain of the second eleven.

The balance sheet this year showed only £70 received in subscriptions. There was a total deficit of £15 16s 11d. To meet this heavy deficit, the Committee, at its next meeting on Dec. 18, agreed to arrange a dramatic performance The dramatic performance was duly held and yielded the Club a profit of £23 8s 5d.

F S Foster took the Chair for the first time at the Committee meeting on July 10.

A new office, that of Hon. Financial Secretary, was created at its meeting on Dec. 18.

At its meeting on May 26 1904, the Committee discussed the advisability of having a professional coach from the County Ground; it was agreed that members wishing tuition

should bear the expense themselves and would be granted leave to use exclusively one of the practice nets for the purpose.

The uncontrolled behaviour of children on the field whilst matches were in progress led to a proposal that a twopenny gate should be imposed, this however was withdrawn, and it was agreed to provide a man to keep order on the ground.

In Nov. 1904, the Club Colours were changed to Dark Blue and Gold.

At the Committee Meeting held on Nov. 9, the Rev. J W Maitland again accepted the Presidency. At the December meeting it was decided to adopt a Club Crest, the design selected being an arm with a billhook.

At the meeting on Sept. 5 an application from the Loughton Hockey Club for the use of the field during the coming winter was granted, a rental of £6 being charged for the season.

A letter written by F S Foster, as hon. secretary, dated Oct. 24 1905, and addressed to Mr G S Gould, a copy of which is inserted in the Minute Book, confirms that until then the rent of the field had been only £10.

The Committee, at its meeting on Oct. 30, discussed an amended offer received from Mr Gould by which he offered to let the garden in the cricket field to the Club rent free for the first year and at £1 per year after. The offer was accepted. The inclusive rent paid by the Club for the entire field including the garden thus became £15 per annum.

At the same meeting, the Hon. Secretary (F S Foster) was called over the coals for exceeding his authority. He records the snub in the Minute thus:

> 'Mr H White reported that the Hockey Club had drained a portion of the ground and asked for permission for the Hockey Club to lay extra drains. After considerable discussion during which the Secretary's action in allowing the Hockey Club to proceed without the Committee's sanction was condemned it was decided to grant covering sanction for the work already done and give permission for it to be completed.'

At the meeting of May 1906, Mr White produced a plan for a proposed new Ladies Pavilion, estimated to cost £50. The Committee members forthwith subscribed £20 guineas amongst themselves; with this good start, it was decided to proceed with the building, and to appeal to all the playing members for contributions.

On Sept. 13, a 'Cricket Week' was announced for the next season.

On October 18, an application for the use of a portion of the field for hockey by the Loughton High School for Girls was granted for three days each week at a rental of £6 for the season.

At the Annual Meeting, F S Foster was made captain of the first eleven, the question of the proposed new Ladies' Pavilion was passed and it was decided to leave this matter to the Committee.

The nett deficit for the year 1906 was nearly £10. In November it was agreed to sublet the use of the ground for the remainder of the winter season, until 25 March, to the Loughton High School for hockey, at a rental of £4 4s. These were amended terms, apparently asked for by the School, and they were duly accepted.

A new 'Tea Pavilion'

By a majority vote (7 members for, the rest not voting), it was decided by the Committee 'that a new Tea Pavilion be built', and a sub-committee was appointed to take steps to organise a dramatic entertainment to defray the cost of same.

The Committee, at its meeting on Dec. 11 1906, formally resolved that committee meetings should be held at the houses of respective members. This had been the general practice for five years past. Notwithstanding the recent Resolution of the Committee, its meeting on Feb. 1 1907, was held at the Lopping Hall; indeed the minutes record that 'it was decided to hold all General Committee Meetings at the Lopping Hall'. It was reported that a profit of £15 9s 8d had been yielded by the recent Concert in aid of the new Tea Pavilion.

At the meeting on March 15 1907, plans for the new Tea Pavilion were approved and the work was ordered to be put in hand.

On April 8 1907 it was decided to insure the new Pavilion for £100. Mr Gould offered to provide and place a weathervane on the new Pavilion, and his offer was accepted.

The Committee meeting on May 15 1907, reported that periodically trouble had arisen through balls being hit over the stable yard occupied by Mr Wilson, adjoining the practice-nets; it was announced that Mr Wilson now held nine practice balls! It was accordingly decided to erect top nets to the practice-pitches to obviate any recurrence of this annoyance; it is satisfactory to learn that the hostage balls were returned by Mr Wilson, and an apology was sent to him.

At this point, we reach the end of both Minute Books – 'Annual Meetings' and 'Committee' – which affords opportunity to summarise.

During the period of 15½ years covered by the Minute Books, 124 Committee Meetings had been held – an average of 8 each year – but the number in any particular year varied from 4 (in 1899 and 1900) to 12 (in 1904) and 10 (in 1894, 1901, 1902, 1905 and 1906). Until 1901 the Meetings were invariably held at the Crown Hotel; but in May of that year the custom of holding them elsewhere (as already mentioned) superseded the earlier habit; only once afterwards was a Committee held at the Crown Hotel.

The Annual General Meetings were held at the Crown Hotel until the end of 1901, after which they were held at the Lopping Hall.

The Committee met again on Sept. 2 1907, when the Secretary was able to make the pleasing announcement that the Club was financially much stronger that it had been during the previous season; in addition to an increased membership they received £4 4s from the High School Hockey Club and over £9 as a result of the Cricket Week Concert.

At the meeting on Oct. 7, the Committee of the Loughton High School Hockey Club having written to announce that they would no longer require the Club's ground as they had acquired their own playing field, it was decided to accept the Loughton Ladies' Hockey Club as sub-tenants at £3 3s per season and on other terms as in the previous case.

Mr W G Wilson, the occupier of the neighbouring house on the Uplands again became cantankerous; he caused his solicitor, Messrs Wood, to write complaining of Club members playing hockey and other games at 9.30pm 'and also of disorderly and noisy conduct'.

At its meeting on Jan. 2 1908, the Committee had to meet a complaint from the Sanitary Inspector of the foulness of the pond in the Cricket Field; Messrs Gould, as landlords, repudiated liability in the matter, so the Committee decided to fill in the pond forthwith.

At its July 27 meeting, the Committee discussed the annoyance caused by the noisy criticisms of onlookers during the playing of matches and decided to appeal to the public, through the local press, to restrain such criticism; but

Mr Miller asked to be allowed personally to appeal to the crowd before this was done. The ground man was however instructed to keep closer control of children, who play on the field during matches and practices. The newspaper appeal was duly made.

An al fresco Concert on the ground during this summer proved a big success, yielding a profit of £11 18s 6d.

In May 1909, the Committee decided to have gas laid on to the Tea Pavilion at a cost of £1 2s 6d.

Mr Gould having offered to erect a gate in the hedge near the Tea Pavilion, his offer was accepted and it was decided to ask consent of the Epping Forest Committee both to this and to carrying a gas pipe across the roadside waste (in Trapp's Hill), it being Forest land. The consents were duly given.

A new President (1910)

At the Committee's meeting on March 2 1910, the hon. secretary reported that he had sent a wreath, with suitable inscription, on the occasion of the funeral of the President of the Club, the Rev. J W Maitland. A vote of condolence was passed to Mr W W Maitland and he was asked to accept the Presidentship [*sic*] in succession to his late father.

It was also reported that thieves had broken into the Tea Pavilion twice during February and also into the Cricket Pavilion, things having been stolen.

(To be continued.)

Memories of Loughton – Part 2

TOM GILBERT

After every air raid we would go out each morning and search for shrapnel from bombs, shell heads, burnt out incendiary bombs and silver foil strips which were dropped to attempt to spoil Radar signals. There was always competition between us children to see who had the best collection. We often used to swap with each other to improve our collections. Many bombs and mines landed in the forest and especially during the school holidays and at weekends we spent most of our time in gangs searching where they might have exploded so we could collect the remains. Quite often we would find shell caps and incendiary bombs, which had burned out, but the casing was partly intact.

Every now and then there would be a local fête raising money for the war effort. It might take the form of raising money to buy a Spitfire or towards a tank. There would be the usual sorts of sideshows and fancy dress parades. I remember once representing a popular song 'Don't fence me in'. I was dressed as a cowboy with the slats of a fence tied around me. Nevertheless I did not win a prize! The biggest occasion of its sort was to raise funds to support the Russians, whose country was being invaded by the Germans. Our navy was supplying food and weapons (Mum's brother, my Uncle Frank, was on HMS *Nelson*, a battleship on the Russian convoys). We had a fête and sports day with speeches about the brave Russian people. The prizes were books about Russia and their great leader, Stalin. This big event was held on the LNER sports field near Loughton station with civic dignitaries and the Home Guard with their weapons on display. I think it was on this occasion I had a ride in a Bren Gun Carrier. Another way of collecting money was to have what was called a mile of pennies. A long line of pennies was laid all the way down Station Road. Shortly after the end of the war we were in a cold war with Russia, and Stalin was seen as a brutal dictator who had imprisoned and murdered thousands upon thousands of fellow Russians. Not what we were told at the time! My Aunt Gwen also had a boyfriend in the Navy. He was an able seaman in a ship called the HMS *Curaçao* but he died at sea in 1942, when the troopship liner *Queen Mary* sliced through it when it was on escort duties off the coast of Donegal. It was not until the end of the war that the truth of what had happened was made public.

My best friend, Peter, lived just up the road (Habgood Road) in a house opposite. We went to the same school and spent all our spare time together. We were both nine years old nearing 10. We and other friends formed a gang and we used to go up to the forest and train ourselves as commandos. We would have sticks for guns and climb trees, swing from ropes suspended from branches and build hideouts in bushes or bracken where we thought we could hide if the Germans invaded. We would also set fire to piles of leaves and leap over them with our weapons as part of our training. The forest keepers frowned upon this activity and not infrequently we were chased. However we were more agile and athletic than the forest keepers and were never caught.

One month after the raid I have already mentioned there was another. Peter's Mum and Dad decided that they should go into the Anderson Shelter in their garden the next time because of the experience of the previous raid. This was a very heavy bombing raid and our town was again hit very badly with much damage. On this occasion a bomb made a direct hit on the shelter that Peter and his parents were in, killing them all. The gas main outside their house caught fire and lit up our road. I lay in the Morrison shelter and could hear German fighters diving down, with the cannon shells bouncing off the roof of the houses and the road. The next morning I walked up the road because my parents had told me Peter was dead and his house had been completely cut in half as if someone had chopped it from top to bottom. Wardrobes and other pieces of furniture hung over the edge where the house had been sliced in two and a huge bomb crater was all that remained of his back garden. When I got to school that morning I told my teacher what had happened and it was the first that any of the teachers and most of the school knew about it. (I sometimes visit his grave at St John's, Buckhurst Hill, when I go back to Loughton and think about him because had he lived he would have been the same age as me.)

A favourite hobby of us boys was to learn to spot enemy planes and you could buy books, which showed you how to distinguish them. Aircraft such as the Dornier bomber, and the ME 109 were frequent visitors!

Toward the latter end of the war talk began to circulate about a pilotless aircraft, which we called a buzz-bomb or doodlebug. It made a noise like a two stroke motorcycle and was in fact a bomb with an engine and it was known as a V1. When the engine ran out of fuel it nose-dived to the ground and exploded. They would go anywhere and hit anything. It was a scary experience to see them flying low over the town, listen to the noise of the engine, hear it stop, and wait for the silence to be shattered by a loud explosion.

If the V1 was scary, the V2 caused people greater concern. The V2 was a rocket, which travelled so high and so fast that it could not be seen or heard and you only knew it had arrived when it exploded causing massive damage and loss of life. Many people were disturbed by the danger of the V2 and my parents were no exception. When I took the 11+ exam we all assembled at the local grammar school. While we were working our way through the papers a V2 exploded some half a mile away causing damage to the windows and shaking the building. We were allowed to finish but our concentration had gone.

In order that the farmers could increase food production by working late, during the summer the government declared double summer time. This meant that it remained daylight until 11pm each night. Seeing that all children in those days were in bed by 8pm at the latest it was odd trying to sleep when it was not dark. However there was no fear of lying awake listening to all your friends playing outside as they were also at home in bed.

All children used to be involved in the war effort. School holidays were declared so that children could work in the fields, harvesting potatoes and wheat. Those of us who were not able to harvest collected rose hips to produce vitamin C syrup. Horse chestnuts (conkers) and acorns were for animal feed. It used to be said that the acorns were roasted and used for coffee. We picked them up in the forest and sold them to Goulds, the local corn merchant. It was a good way of earning a little pocket money.

I remember visiting my Grandad and Grandma Gilbert at Ongar on one occasion and collecting a 1cwt sack of conkers from Shelley churchyard, where in fact Grandad Gilbert is buried, and my father having to carry them all the way back home both on his shoulder and in the train for which I got 2s 6d, or 12.5p. Grandad died when he was 77 in October 1943. Although Mary and I did not go to his funeral we were in the back garden picking flowers and could see the cortege going down the long road to St Peter's Church across the fields. Across the road from Roselea towards the end of the war the United States Air Force had built an airfield and Liberator bombers loaded with bombs would take off seemingly just managing to heave themselves over the rooftop. At that time there were many American servicemen around especially in rural areas where many of the airfields were sited. It was clear that they had all sorts of goodies some of which we children had never seen, particularly chewing gum. It became a game for older children to ask for 'gum' with the now well-known expression 'have you got any gum chum?' My parents considered this was both rude and insulting behaviour and frowned upon it being used by either my sister or myself. Nevertheless the older girls were struck by Americans who had a Hollywood image and thousands married them becoming known as GI Brides. After the war they went back to the USA but many, like my Dad's niece, found that reality did not meet up to what they expected. She stayed and remarried but others returned home to the UK.

One of the things that I have not mentioned was rationing. As far as I was concerned, being five years old when it started, it made little difference. The older you were, then the comparison between what you used to have and what you got was clearer. For example, I did not miss sweets, which were rationed, and the family diet consisted of lots of vegetables. The Government had a Dig for Victory campaign and my father took this very seriously. He was Treasurer of the Loughton Horticultural and Allotments Society and had two allotments in Eleven Acre Rise near the tennis club, a kitchen garden, and grew loads of vegetables. My mother would preserve everything he grew, bottling fruit and storing vegetables all around the house, under beds, everywhere, as we did not have a refrigerator. Grandad and Grandma lived in the country and kept chickens, rabbits and other livestock so they supplied us with extra eggs and other supplies from time to time.

Because coal was in short supply we children would have to go to the forest and collect wood for the fire. Some items were not rationed but if they were available it would be a case of first come, first served. Should that happen, as my legs were younger, my Mum would send me running to the Co-op shop, near St Mary's Church, where we were registered, to get in the queue. Such items were liver, kidneys and sausages. There was always a queue and Mr Marrable, the butcher, would be careful to treat everyone as fairly as possible, but when the items ran out the people would be sent home empty-handed. Occasionally we would get a delivery of orange juice or dried egg from the USA, the latter made lovely 'eggy bread', as it needed to be reconstituted with water and stuck thickly to the bread.

The end of the war in Europe was declared on 8 May 1945. That evening a party was held in our road. Our fathers or those that were at home built a large bonfire in the road. A piano was brought out and music and dancing among the grown-ups took place. It was very exciting especially when a coffin made of blackout paper with Hitler RIP painted on the side was thrown on to the fire. What no one knew was that it had Thunderflashes (very large fireworks used by the Home Guard) inside. When it caught fire it blew up and made a crater in the road. The next day it had been cemented over with the Morse code for V for Victory printed in the patch. It remained there for 40 years. We had other street parties later on as the war against Japan was still being waged.

Having been five years old when the war began and 11 when it ended in many ways I found peace odd. I found it strange to go to bed and not having to

get up because of air raids and for life to be normal. However, apart from no war, life was far from normal. Rationing continued and life was harder for our parents for some years to come.

In 1947 we had a really severe winter with heavy snow, which lasted for a long time. The weather was cold and there was little fuel apart from the wood which we managed to find in the forest (there was not much of that either). Every day we children would struggle to school only to be told that the boilers had no coke and school was closed. This happened daily with no advanced warning! However it meant we spent a lot of time up at Drummaids with the toboggans. In the end, the melting snow flooded the sewage works and we had to collect water from tanker lorries as sewage had seeped into the water supply. Conditions seemed worse than the war and we still had rationing. In fact when I joined the RAF some five years later I had to take my ration book with me.

(To be concluded.)

The tragedy of Spriggs Oak

TERRY CARTER

The *Epping Forest Guardian* published two articles in October last year, one on the 7th, the other on the 14th, dealing with a German bomb that fell on Spriggs Oak in Palmers Hill, Epping. Eight expectant mothers died in the blast, as the building was then in use as a maternity home for East End women.

The bomb landed at 8 pm on the 8 October 1940, in the period soon after the Blitz on London began. As well as killing the eight mothers, 14 others were badly injured. The death toll would have been worse, but for the fact that some of the ladies staying there were in Epping watching a film in the Empire Cinema.

This bomb, apparently, caused the largest single loss of life in Epping during the Second World War. But for the resourcefulness of two leading members of the Epping and District British Legion, it seems the event would have remained largely forgotten.

Why, you may ask, am I merely repeating facts contained in a recent newspaper article? It is because for many years, until 2008, a writer's group to which I belong, met fortnightly in an apartment in Spriggs Oak, owned by the late Conifer Rowland, until her passing in that year. Conifer, married in 1938, to a French officer, was a gifted, fluent writer, who had lived a very full life. L & DHS members may recall our account in *Newsletter 178*, of her wartime experiences with the Free French, and of her throwing away in disgust, a drawing of herself done by none other that Pablo Picasso, whom she met and disliked intensely.

In all the years we met there, the tragedy of the women who died was never mentioned. Had Conifer, with many memories of her own and her husband's wartime experiences, known of it, she would have told us. The lack of both general and local knowledge about the incident seems to stem from the rigidly strict censorship of the time.

Although labelled an 'atrocity' in the newspaper, many would probably think of it as an unintended tragedy, as no pilot would have had any idea that the bomb would strike where it did, so far from a 'normal' East London target.

Nevertheless, it was immensely sad, but at least it is pleasing to know that in 2006, 66 years later, the event was commemorated by the placing of a plaque, in St John's Church, Epping.

A service of commemoration was held on 9 October 2010, at Spriggs Court, backing on to Spriggs Oak.

Strawberry jam: where was 'Robbers' Camp' in Loughton?

STEPHEN PEWSEY

An 11th century reference to a place called *Sateres Byrig* ('robbers' camp') is usually taken as the earliest written record of Loughton Camp, the Iron Age fort in Epping Forest.

Loughton Camp stands on the highest point of a ridge running north-east and south-west, and when it was built some time after 500 BC, there would have been spectacular views in all directions from its ramparts, extending as far as the Chiltern Hills to the west. However, although it clearly occupied a strategic position, and despite several excavations, its history and purpose remain poorly understood. Julius Caesar, in an oft-quoted remark in his *Commentaries on the Gallic War*, noted 'now what the Britons call a town (*oppidum*) is a thick wood, fortified with a vallum and foss, where they assemble together to avoid the incursions of the enemy', which is a good description of the present-day appearance of Loughton Camp. One theory has it that the fort defended the Trinovantes against attacks from the Catuvellauni (these being the Iron Age tribes living in what is now Essex and Hertfordshire). More recently it has been suggested that Loughton Camp and Ambresbury Banks were the strategic defences – rival ridge-top forts facing each other – of much smaller opposing chiefdoms occupying territories similar in size to medieval 'hundreds'.

More than a thousand years later, in AD 1062, Edward the Confessor issued a charter confirming grants of land to Waltham Abbey. One of the grants was the estate of *Ælwartone* (Alderton), and included in the charter were the estate boundaries, in Anglo-Saxon. One of the points defining the boundary was *Sateres Byrig*, or 'robbers' camp', and it seems likely that Loughton Camp was meant by this description. It is hard to imagine any other landscape feature in the vicinity which could have been described as a 'byrig', which means a walled or defended place. Dick Turpin certainly used Loughton Camp as his lair in the 1730s, although it was not until the Camp's rediscovery by

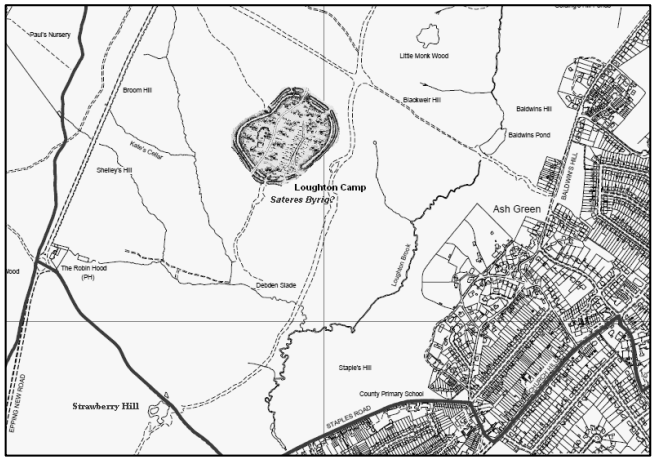
Benjamin Cowper in 1872 that its antiquity was recognised.

As the very existence of the camp had been forgotten, so apparently had its name: *Sateres Byrig*. However, I suggest that the name of the nearby beauty spot, Strawberry Hill, may be derived from *Sateres Byrig.*

Strawberry Hill is undoubtedly one of the loveliest spots in Epping Forest, with its tree-fringed idyllic lake and pleasant walks in every direction. Nonetheless, its name does not have anything to do with strawberries. There is no historical record indicating strawberries ever grew in the area, although in the 1890s it was noted for the fine potatoes grown there.

But how could *Sateres Byrig* evolve into Strawberry Hill? *Sateres Byrig* would have been pronounced something like 'satter-as-birry' in the late Anglo-Saxon period. Initial vowels are often subject to reduction, known as elision, the 'a' getting swallowed between the two consonants. This still happens in modern English, where potato tends to be pronounced 'p'tato'. Other examples include 'pr'peller' and 'S'mantha'. So *Sateres Byrig* soon became *S'teres Byrig*. The first interconsonantal 'e' and the word-ending 's' would also be softened and disappear over time. The name would soon be pronounced 's'ter-a-birry', which is close enough to *streaberige* (pronounced 'stray-a-berry'), the late Saxon word for strawberry, for the two words to become confused.

The present-day Strawberry Hill is some distance from Loughton Camp, separated by Debden Slade. However, the place-name seems to have migrated. William Waller noted that in the 1890s, locals disagreed as to its location. While most placed it on its present site, the oldest inhabitant, one Wilkinson, referred to it as 'not far from Monk Wood', which accurately describes the location of Loughton Camp.



A hidden treasure in Chigwell St Mary's Church

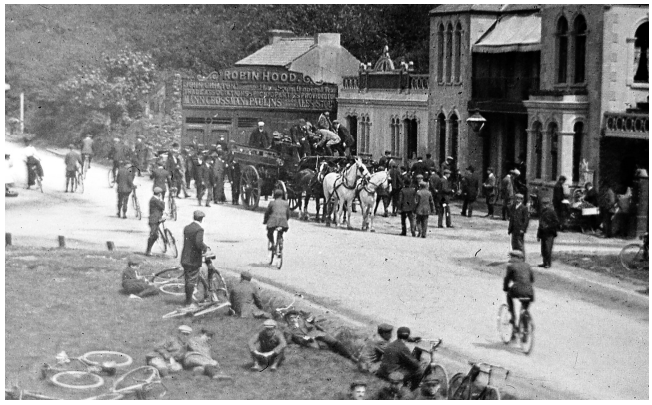
From the Chigwell *Parish Magazine* of August 1931, submitted by JOHN REDFERN

Archbishop Harsnett left by his will £10 to be given to the poor of Chigwell, in bread. He provided the Bread Cupboard introduced here. This charity cannot be traced. The Archbishop died in 1631.

This cupboard was originally near the door, but having fallen out of use, it was neglected, and it was removed for safety to the Vestry (where it is a fixture) as foreign collectors were discovered attempting to appropriate it.

The Inscription reads:

'Bread given by Samuel Harsnett, DD, Lord Archbishop of York, formerly Vicar of this Church, to poor persons attending upon Divine Service.'



The Robin Hood pub, c 1920. It can be seen how popular cycling was by the bikes abandoned on the verge and moving along the road. It looks like the horse-drawn wagonette is unloading hungry passengers to sample some of John Chilton's 'Suppers, Dinners and Teas' and with 'MANN, CROSSMAN & PAULIN'S ALES' as advertised on the sign. It also states: 'Trade Associations and Picnic Parties also Provided For'.

LOUGHTON & DISTRICT HISTORICAL SOCIETY (Registered Charity 287274) www.loughtonhistoricalsociety.org.uk
President: Heather, Lady Murray of Epping Forest
Chairman: Dr Chris Pond, Forest Villa, Staples Road, Loughton IG10 1HP (020 8508 2361)
Secretary: Richard Morris, 6 High Gables, Loughton IG10 4EZ (020 8508 4974)
Treasurer: Mrs Eve Lockington, 19 Spring Grove, Loughton IG10 4QB (020 8508 4995)
Membership Secretary: Ian Strugnell, 22 Hatfields, Loughton IG10 1TJ
Newsletter Editor: Terry Carter, 43 Hillcrest Road, Loughton IG10 4QH (020 8508 0867)
Newsletter Production: Ted Martin

Printed in Great Britain by Sudbury Print Group Ltd, Sudbury