LOUGHTON AND DISTRICT HISTORICAL SOCIETY

NEWSLETTER 201

APRIL/MAY 2014 Price 40p, free to members

www.loughtonhistoricalsociety.org.uk

51st Season

Train travel to Epping Forest: an LNER Poster

This year, we say goodbye to Paul Webster as Treasurer and Terry Carter as Newsletter Editor. I'd like to thank them both for all their work for the LDHS – both have added immeasurably to the Society's success. CCP

Will Francies' Diaries
The Andalucia Star: part 2

William (Will) Francies was a 40-year-old Assistant Engineer on that fateful voyage. Will had been running his own engineering business in Loughton before the war and volunteered, joining the Merchant Navy. He joined the Canadian Star *in October 1941, then sailed on the* Andalucia Star. *Back then he had a wife and two young daughters. His two daughters are still alive, along with his grand-daughter (Sue Golding) and they have kindly given permission to publish the Diaries.*

Day 2 – 7 October 1942

Nearly all of us are uncomfortable from inability to carry out natural functions and we do our best. Our little 4th Officer remains calm and efficient and when all have sorted themselves out, and stretched cramped limbs as much as possible, he orders the mast to be stepped and our huge red sail is unfurled and soon, under a grey sky, we are under sail. Biscuits are passed round and a ration of water (about 2oz each!).

The SS *Andalucia Star*

Poor old Doc has taken it badly. He is plucky, but not very cheerful and has lost his dentures in the bilges somewhere. A deck steward is the soul of wit and helpfulness and puts us all in a better mood. Visibility is poor and all around is – just sea. A murmur of excitement – yes! A ship, a destroyer bears down on us – I peer with thankful prayers in my heart – but, no! it is one of our own lifeboats, the lugger rigged sail somewhat resembling a ship's bows!

Now it begins to rain, soaking torrents. All are wet through in a few minutes. We bale and pump to keep the water down in the bilges. The wind and sea rise and it is all very frightening. We occasionally sight four of our lifeboats during short clear spells, and this cheers us. The child is plucky, and her guardian too – soaked with rain, and unable to catch the child's continuous vomit, she is in a pitiable condition. A male passenger nurses the child for a time, she asks continually for her Daddy.

At midday the sky clears and we bowl along at about 4 knots and try to dry things. Most of us feel better now, and a tot of rum and biscuits and pemmican revive us. We now learn that No 2 boat was capsized on launching, the unfortunate passengers, men, women and children, being pitched into the inky sea, some suffering injury, that the downcast passenger in our boat does not know where his wife survives, poor fellow, that the *Andalucia's* big Russian Carpenter (dear old 'Chippy') was seen floating on a raft, with terrible head injuries, from which he died and that his body was consigned to the sea he loved: he had sailed with the *Andalucia* since she was launched in 1927 and had often expressed a wish to sink with her. Now the air is heavy and our boat rocks in the swell with barely enough wind to give her way. Oars are shipped and we row – it is hard work and

most take a turn; nothing but sea and an occasional glimpse of the other lifeboats. One boat passes us and I note Ingle aboard. Ingle who had already survived 35 days adrift on a raft. They are travelling fine and spur us to greater efforts.

It appears we are about 250 miles from the West African coast, and I pray silently for rescue. Our boat seems pitifully small in this great ocean. A sudden squall would capsize us, overloaded as we are. God help us. The agony of mind is terrible, although I feel in my heart that we have a good chance of being picked up in the next few days. The day passes – with another ration less of our precious water and provisions (what a big job it is carefully filling a small water container about the size of a large egg-cup and solemnly passing it to each one of our 43 souls separately!).

The sun sets in a glory of pink and gold and we prepare for our second night adrift. Oars are unshipped and laid athwart the boat and all do their best to stretch out. I am still wet through and my limbs and behind ache terribly, but I help with the preparations and distribution of blankets. I still have my uniform cap, and a sorry sight it is after being laid on and generally flung about. Make myself as 'comfortable'(!) as possible, and half-lie, half-sit, watching the pitching mast under the now starry sky. God! how miserably cold I am in my wet clothes. I wonder how the fat Consul-General and his charming American wife are taking to danger and privation in one of the other lifeboats. Assuming they have survived.

Day 3 – 8 October 1942

I fall into a fitful sleep and awake with someone's boots in my face. The cold is awful and my behind is in agony from the wooden seats and iron brackets etc. The sky is bright with stars and we sail quietly through the tropical night – rather awesome and most impressive. The motionless forms in their white blankets resemble so many corpses. Later the sail is lowered, its flapping and swinging-over upsetting all near it. I sleep a little and find it is 3.30am. A few more miserable hours and another day of hope is ushered in with all the glory of a brilliant sunrise and promise of a scorching day. One after another the blanketed forms bestir themselves and we get the boat cleared up. The girl child has slept and asks for her Daddy – pray God he is saved.

Biscuits and pemmican are served and a mouthful of water swallowed by each of the 43. One lifeboat only is sighted some miles ahead – where are the others? The sun quickly gains power and the stench of drying clothes is not unpleasant. The boundless ocean heaves around us as far as the eye can see – a desolate waste with no ships in sight. With dried boiler suit and overcoat I feel better in health and spirits and strip for rowing – making myself a sun-hat from my handkerchief. The sails are hoisted and we shuffle round for rowing – for how long? Our commanding officer is dog-tired, having been continuously at the helm, but his quiet, cheerful calm are an inspiration to us all. Jokingly I say to him 'Sister Ann, Sister Ann, doth see anyone coming?' (Bluebeard) and turn to gaze aft. Another, taller bloke, does likewise – he stiffens – shouts: 'A ship, A ship!' Please God. Make very sure you tall bloke, we hardly dare look ourselves. Our little officer glares hard – 'Yes', 'Yes. Indeed it is a ship'. But 'friend' or enemy – who knows? All the same I cannot describe the feeling of thankfulness which I experience at this moment – it is like a divine fire.

The ship sighted is a corvette and it heads towards us. She comes alongside and we scramble aboard HM Corvette *Petunia*. Her tired officers and crew welcome us to their poor smelly quarters and a cup of coffee is like the nectar of the gods. The *Petunia* has already picked up three other lifeboats and I am happy to see the reunion of husband and wife and child and father. I meet Hubbard (the 4th Engineer on watch with me at the time of the attack), he sustained a broken leg and deserves full marks for pulling out the chocks which shut down turbines in an emergency. Boswell the other Engineer on watch is OK, in his dash for safety in the inky gloom and chaos of the engine room. Providence has also saved our watch's firemen and greasers, but some are missing from the passenger and other decks. One more lifeboat, the last, is picked up and the boats sunk by gunfire.

The pursers of the *Andalucia* take our names and check their lists – two, scruffy, dirty individuals now, very unlike their usual immaculate selves. The younger has a leg injury, but gamely does his job.

And so the poor little overcrowded *Petunia* sets course for Freetown, W Africa, more miles away than I care to think about. Pray God these dangerous waters do not hide a lurking submarine – although, of course the *Petunia*'s bearded young heroes think otherwise. After all, they were really hunting 'subs' when they ran across us! Our luck was indeed good. An interesting sight is a huge flock of birds attacking a fish, which seems unable to escape their vicious beaks, it swims rapidly in circles with the murderous flock always attacking. A whale blows nearby and his great tail-fin is often visible cleaving the water. The day passes, the sun sinks rapidly below the horizon, and, with the lights of Freetown a few miles ahead, and the darkening purple sky made brilliant with shafts of lightning, we steam into the great natural harbour of this outpost of Empire. Feeling ill, filthy and quite exhausted, I climb the gangway with nearly 200 other survivors of the *Andalucia Star* and we board the fine, modern French luxury liner, the *President Doumer*, ushered by immaculate Goanese stewards into a Dining Saloon resembling the Ritz – surely the only passenger ever to 'enjoy' such sumptuous grandeur in a dirty boiler suit, a pair of oily engine room boots, and with my only surviving spanner (a 10" adjustable wrench) in my hip pocket! After a 'meal' of two oatmeal biscuits and coffee, rooms are allotted and I drag myself to my truly palatial room – content to wash and sleep, but there is no hot water, I do my best with cold (ugh!) and turn in to sleep. God is very good.

A post-script from the *Andalucia Star*

by Sue Golding, grand-daughter of Will Francies

It was quite by chance that I was researching the ship that Will served on during 1942. The internet has a vast amount of information and there, to my disbelief, was an entry from Jill, the little girl who was saved from the wrecked ship by 'Lampy', and carried to safety in the same lifeboat as Will. Hence, his interest in writing about her rescue in his diary,

After making the initial contact with Jill and sharing our bond of relationships with the ship's crew, I was able to send her a copy of the diary which was able to fill a few gaps of her scant memory of the terrible experience. I, too, was curious about the circumstances of her being on such a ship in dangerous times. But it seems she and her father were returning from South America where he had been

working, to England. Jill's mother had died a year previously.

This extract from an early e-mail from Jill tells of her account of her memory of that fateful evening:

'Yes, I do remember the sinking of the *Andalucia Star* but it is the memory of a five-year-old child. I remember my father coming to my cabin to get me and he told me to hurry and put on my lifejacket. He said I could only take one doll because I wanted to take my doll and teddy bear. I took the doll. Later he told me that as we left the cabin he turned around and saw the bear sitting on my bunk and he said, 'Goodbye old chap'. I know he told me not to be afraid and to call for him if I had to. Really it was like a dream with bits and pieces floating by as I think of it. I remember calling for my father as I bobbed around in the waves as I tried to hold my doll up so that she would not get wet. Even then I was sure that Daddy would come and get me. Oh! the faith of a small child.'

After the survivors from the lifeboat had been rescued by HMS *Petunia* father and daughter were reunited.

Jill now lives in Texas, USA, and has a daughter and a son, and several grandchildren. I remain in contact with her, and will always 'toast' the brave crew of the *Andalucia Star* on 6 October each year with her!

White's *Directory of Essex 1848*

a follow-up letter to *Newsletter 199*

Dear Editor,

I was most interested to read on page 13 of *Newsletter 199* that Loughton Parish is still receiving 20 shillings per annum for the relief of the poor, from the estate of Robert Rampston, as I had long wondered which other parishes were party to his benefaction.

In the nave of St. Mary's Church, Chigwell, we have a brass plaque which reads:

'ROBERT RAMPSTON OF CHINGFORD IN THE COUNTY OF ESSEX, GENT, DECEASED, AS HE WAS CAREFULL IN HIS LIFETIME TO RELIEVE THE POORE, SOE AT HIS ENDE IN HIS TESTAMENT HE GAVE TWENTY POUNDS FOREVER TO THE POORE OF DIVERS PARISHES, WHEREOF TO THE POORE OF CHIGWELL HE HATH GIVEN FORTY SHILLINGS YEARLY FOREVER IN THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER. HE DEPARTED THIS MORTALL LYFE YE THIRD DAY OF AUGUST 1585.'

Rampston was a Yeoman of the Chamber to Edward VI, Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth I. The benefactions are based on a land charge on a farm near Great Dunmow which eventually became part of the Earl of Warwick's estate at Great Easton. Whoever owned the land took on the liabilities of the land charge as well as the assets of the farm. The current landowner is the great-grandson of Frances, Countess of Warwick (known to King Edward the Seventh as 'my darling Daisy') and we still receive, after 428 years, the two pounds annually from his land agents.

Yours sincerely, John R Redfern

(Hon Clerk and Trustee, Chigwell United Charities)

Lord Justice Scrutton (1856–1934): part 2

Sir Thomas Edward Scrutton, Lord Justice Scrutton, continued

Brides in the Bath case

George Joseph Smith (11 January 1872–13 August 1915),[12] was born in Bethnal Green. He was a serial killer and bigamist, convicted and hanged in 1915 for killing three women. The case is known as the 'Brides in the Bath Murders' and was widely reported. It was significant in the history of forensic pathology and detection as one of the first cases in which similarities between connected crimes were used to prove 'deliberation' or 'system', a technique used in later cases. Scrutton's contribution was to allow this evidence to be admitted.

George Joseph Smith

In January 1915, a letter from Joseph Crossley, a boarding house proprietor in Blackpool, dated 3 January was sent to Arthur Neil, a Divisional Detective Inspector. Two newspaper cuttings were enclosed: one from the *News of the World*, dated before Christmas 1914, relating the death in her bath of Margaret Elizabeth Lloyd (née Lofty), aged 38, at 14 Bismarck Road, Highgate (later renamed Waterlow Road). She was found by her husband, John Lloyd, and their landlady; the other cutting, dated 13 December 1913, in Blackpool, reported a coroner's inquest. Alice Smith (née Burnham), died suddenly in a boarding house while in the bath. She was found by her husband, George Smith. Crossley, Mr and Mrs Smith's landlord, wrote on behalf of his wife and Mr Charles Burnham. They expressed suspicions as to the similarity between the two incidents and urged the police to investigate.

Neil went to 14 Bismarck Road, where Mr and Mrs Lloyd had taken lodgings on 17 December. He did not believe an adult could drown in such a small bath, especially as it was three-quarters full when she was found. Dr Bates, the coroner, had signed the death certificate and said there were no signs of violence, except a tiny bruise above the left elbow. A will was made on 18 January, three hours before Margaret Lloyd died: the sole beneficiary was her husband. She had withdrawn all her savings on the same day.

On 12 January, Dr Bates told Neil that the Yorkshire Insurance Company had contacted him about Margaret Lloyd's policy. She had taken out life insurance for £700 three days before she married. John Lloyd was sole beneficiary. Neil asked the doctor to delay his reply and asked Blackpool Police for further information about the Smith case. Mrs Smith had also taken out a life insurance policy and made a will in her husband's favour. The lodgings in Blackpool were taken only after the bath was inspected by Mr Smith.

Neil asked the coroner to issue a favourable report to the insurance company, knowing Smith would contact his lawyer. The office was put under 24-hour

surveillance and on 1 February, a man fitting Lloyd/Smith's description appeared. Neil asked whether he was John Lloyd: he answered 'Yes'. Neil then asked whether he was George Smith, which was denied. Neil was sure that John Lloyd and George Smith were the same, and told him that he would be questioned on suspicion of bigamy. He admitted that he was George Smith.

Smith was arrested for bigamy and suspicion of murder and the Home office pathologist, Bernard Spilsbury, had to find the causes of death. Margaret Lloyd's body was exhumed and Spilsbury had to confirm drowning as the cause of death, whether by accident or violence. He confirmed the tiny bruise on the elbow, noted above, as well as two very small marks. Evidence of drowning was hardly apparent, there were no signs of heart or circulatory disease, but it seemed death was almost instant,. Spilsbury tested for poison. He then proposed to Neil that they run experiments in the same bath in which Margaret died.

Newspaper reports about the case began to appear, and, on 8 February, the chief police officer in Herne Bay saw them and sent Neil a report of another strikingly similar death. A year before Burnham's death in Blackpool, Henry Williams rented 80 High Street, Herne Bay, with no bath, for himself and his wife, Beatrice 'Bessie' Munday, whom he married in Weymouth in 1910. A bath was rented seven weeks later. He saw a doctor, Frank French, about his wife's supposed epileptic fits: she only complained of headaches, and was given medication. On 12 July 1912, Williams woke French, saying his wife was having a fit. French saw her and promised to come back the following afternoon. On 13 July, Williams told him that his wife had drowned in the bath. The doctor found Bessie Williams in the tub, her head underwater, legs stretched out straight and feet protruding from the water. There were no signs of violence, so French thought the drowning due to epilepsy. The inquest jury awarded Williams the amount of £2,579 13s 7d (£2,579.68p), as stipulated in Mrs Williams' will, made five days before she died.

Neil sent photographs of Smith to Herne Bay and then went to Blackpool, where Spilsbury was conducting an autopsy on Alice Smith. The results were the same as with Margaret Lloyd: no violence, every suggestion of instant death, and little evidence of drowning and there were no traces of poison. Baffled, Spilsbury measured the corpse and sent the bath to London.

In London, Neil received confirmation from Herne Bay: 'Henry Williams' was also 'John Lloyd' and 'George Smith'. When Spilsbury examined Bessie Williams, he found a sure sign of drowning: goose pimples on the skin. The bath in which Mrs Williams died was also sent to London.

Spilsbury considered the problem for weeks. An epileptic fit consists at first of stiffening and extension of the entire body. Considering Bessie Williams' height (5ft 7ins) and the length of the bath (5ft), at this stage the upper part of her body would have been pushed up the sloping head of the tub, far above water level. The second stage has violent spasms of the limbs, which are drawn up to the body and then flung outwards. Therefore, no one of her size could possibly get under water in the third stage, when her muscles were relaxed – the bath was too small.

Using French's description of Bessie Williams in her bath, Spilsbury decided Smith must have seized her feet and pulled them suddenly up toward himself, sliding the upper part of her body under water. Water suddenly flooding into her nose and throat caused shock and sudden loss of consciousness, explaining absence of injuries and minimal signs of drowning.

Female divers were hired of the same size and build as the victims. Neil tried to push them under water by force but there were inevitably struggles. Neil suddenly pulled up the feet of one of the divers, her head went under water before she realised what was happening. It took over half an hour to revive her. The only thing she remembered was the rush of water before losing consciousness – Spilsbury's theory was confirmed.

George Joseph Smith was charged with the murders of Bessie Williams, Alice Smith and Margaret Lloyd on 23 March 1915 and, on 22 June, the trial began at the Old Bailey.

In accordance with English law, Smith could only be tried for the murder of Bessie Williams, but the prosecution used the deaths of the other two ladies to establish Smith's method. Mr Justice Scrutton allowed this evidence against protests by Smith's counsel, Sir Edward Marshall Hall. Smith did not give evidence in his own defence.

On 1 July the jury took just 20 minutes to find Smith guilty; he was sentenced to death. Marshall Hall appealed on the grounds that the evidence of 'system' had been improperly admitted by Scrutton J, but Lord Reading CJ dismissed the appeal and Smith was hanged at Maidstone Prison on 13 August 1915.

Scrutton J's admission of evidence of 'system' – comparing other crimes to the one the accused is tried for, to prove guilt – set a precedent that was used later in other murder trials. For example, in the trial of the doctor and suspected serial killer, John Bodkin Adams. Smith's waxwork effigy was exhibited in the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussauds in London for some years.

The Court of Appeal

In October 1916, Scrutton was promoted to the Court of Appeal, and became a member of the Privy Council. For 18 years in that court his judicial powers increased, and for the last seven years he presided over one of its divisions. At the Bar, his great knowledge of case-law had restricted him, but towards the end of his career he 'came to see the wood rather than the trees', and developed a mastery of legal principles. He achieved a good deal of the originality said to be lacking at Cambridge and mellowed with age. Although he never shaved, in his later years he cut his beard in an Elizabethan style.

The McCardie dispute

In 1932 Scrutton behaved with great rudeness when hearing an appeal in an action for enticement[13] from Mr Justice McCardie,[14] a judge he probably despised intellectually and who was noted for his tendency to

rebel against opinions held by the rest of the judiciary and much of society. McCardie, however, was more injudicious, and not very judicial, in his protest in court in reply.

In his judgment in the court below, McCardie had reviewed changes in the status of women at length, arguing that this made parts of the law of enticement rather dubious and that a 200-year-old case that had been cited as an authority had lost any relevance it might have had.

Scrutton's response was incandescent: 'The less sociological knowledge brought into discussions of these questions the better . . . these things are best left out of legal questions . . . bachelor judges [i.e., McCardie] . . . should keep their opinions of married life to themselves.' He was also gratuitously critical of an earlier judgment of McCardie's concerning women's dress. McCardie replied fiercely, saying he would not co-operate with any appeal that was to be heard by Scrutton.

The *Daily Herald* reported that an astonishing letter marked 'Not private' had been sent by McCardie J to the President of the Court of Appeal before his public 'rebuke' of Scrutton LJ, recounting a conversation in which Sir Thomas is represented as telling McCardie that he intended to make certain remarks about him during an appeal. McCardie J then asked the President that Scrutton should not hear any further appeals from him.

The dispute caused a sensation and was reported in newspapers throughout Britain and the Empire.

The Lord Chancellor (Lord Sankey) endeavoured to reconcile the differences between them. It was significant that the Master of the Rolls (Baron Hanworth), Scrutton and McCardie were half an hour late in their respective courts that morning, each explaining that they had been detained by public business. The Master of the Rolls immediately read a statement in the Appeal Court reaffirming that it was the duty of judges to supply notes in cases for appeal. He said that he trusted that the long tradition would be maintained.

On resuming his seat on the Bench in the High Court after lunch, McCardie J said that, in deference to the Master of the Rolls, he deemed it to be his duty to follow his request loyally. Therefore, if an appeal were heard on this or any subsequent cases he would supply a copy of notes in accordance with existing practice. The interests of litigants must be considered apart from other matters.

Conclusion

An American professor, K N Llewellyn, praised Scrutton in an article in the *Columbia Law Review* (May 1936), saying he was 'a matchless commercial lawyer', 'among the noblest of the judicial bench', 'a greater commercial judge than Mansfield', and 'the greatest English-speaking judge of a century'. However, it is possible that his 'rudeness and intolerance and, perhaps, intellectual arrogance, precluded further advancement to the House of Lords' (then the final Court of Appeal in the land) to which his great knowledge of the law would have entitled him.

Scrutton's numerous publications included: *The Elements of Mercantile Law* (1891); an annotated version of *The Merchant Shipping Act, 1894* (1895); and an article entitled 'The Work of the Commercial Courts' (*Cambridge Law Journal*, 1, 1921). He also published his three remaining Yorke prize essays which appeared as *The Influence of the Roman Law on the Law of England* (1885), *Land in Fetters* (1886), and *Commons and Common Fields* (1887).

The Contract of Affreightment as Expressed in Charter-parties and Bills of Lading (1886) was probably his greatest work and nearly 130 years later this is still the standard text and is now in its 22nd edition (2011), as *Scrutton on Charterparties and Bills of Lading*, while several of his other legal books are still useful.

Scrutton was interested in poetry, travel, music and church architecture. He regularly attended orchestral concerts at Covent Garden, and in travels in Germany loved the music at Bayreuth and Munich. He was a member of the Reform Club and, while a judge, of the Athenaeum, but was hardly ever seen in either of them: he spent his spare time at home. He tried to take part in national politics in 1886 but was unsuccessful as a Liberal candidate for the Limehouse division.

He enjoyed cycling and was a keen watcher of rugby, cricket and athletics and a not very skilful, golfer. He presented the Scrutton Cup for an annual competition between the Inns of Court.

On a golfing holiday at Sheringham in the summer of 1934 he was found to have a hernia. He died in hospital at Norwich on 18 August and is buried in the Rosary Cemetery there. He left £105,180 4s 7d.

A new biography, *The Life of Thomas Edward Scrutton* by David Foxton (incidentally, one of the editors of the 22nd edition of *Charterparties*), was published in 2013 by Cambridge University Press.[15]

Notes

12. Smith was a petty criminal: aged nine he was sent to a reform school at Gravesend and later served a prison sentence for swindling and theft; in 1896, he served 12 months for making a woman steal from her employers and using the money to open a baker's shop in Leicester. In 1898, in Leicester, he married Caroline Beatrice Thornhill, using the alias, Oliver George Love – his only legal marriage (he bigamously married another woman in 1899). She worked as a maid in London for many employers, stealing from them for her husband but was caught in Worthing, and sentenced to 12 months. She incriminated Smith on her release and he was imprisoned in January 1901 for two years: she fled to Canada so Smith went back to his other wife, stole her savings, and left. In June 1908, Smith married Florence Wilson, a widow, leaving her on 3 July, with her savings of £30 and selling her belongings from their home in Camden. On 30 July, in Bristol, he married Edith Peglar, who had replied to his advertisement for a housekeeper. He disappeared for months, claiming he was travelling to sell antiques. In between his other marriages, he returned to Peglar with money. Sarah Freeman was married in October 1909, using the name George Rose Smith. He took her savings and sold her war bonds, a total of £400, and left. Bessie Munday and Alice Burnham were next and, in September 1914, Alice Reid, then using the alias Charles Oliver James. He had seven bigamous marriages between 1908 and 1914 and mostly stole the wives' possessions before disappearing.

13. An action for damages for inducing one spouse to leave the other.

14. Sir Henry Alfred McCardie (19 July 1869–26 April 1933) was a controversial British judge. Educated at King Edward's School, Birmingham; he left school at 16 and spent several years working for an auctioneer before qualifying as a barrister and being called to the Bar in 1894. McCardie did not have a university degree, but built up a successful practice in Birmingham and the Midland and Oxford Circuit using clear arguments, confident advocacy and hard

work. Moving to London in 1904 he became a popular, busy barrister. He earned £20,000 a year while still a junior barrister, a large amount at that time. He was appointed as a High Court judge in the King's Bench Division in 1916 on the personal recommendation of the Prime Minister, H H Asquith, despite only being a junior barrister and not a King's Counsel, this was a rare: most High Court judges were KCs. The other judges criticised his judgments because he used ordinary language to make them easier to understand, but they were also very long and detailed. He rebelled against opinions held by the rest of the judiciary: as early as 1931 he supported the legalisation of abortion, saying: 'I cannot think it right that a woman should be forced to bear a child against her will.' He made several judgments where previously there had been no case law. His decisions and his different opinions led to criticism from the Lord Chancellor and Lord Chief Justice, as well some judges of the Court of Appeal, particularly Scrutton, whose increasingly bitter attacks 'suggested personal antipathy, and became so extreme that the two men ended by shouting at each other in open court'. When on circuit in 1933 McCardie caught influenza, and illness and lack of sleep made him very depressed. He shot himself in his flat on 26 April 1933; the coroner ruled that it was suicide. It later became known that he had heavy gambling debts, and was being blackmailed.

15. ISBN 110703258X, 9781107032583, 368 pp., £65.

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TED MARTIN

The day I met . . .

Muhammad Ali: BBC Sportsman of the 20th Century

I have a small personal memory of Ali. In the final BBC Sports Review of the Year of the last millennium, the BBC announced the result of Sports Personality of the Century and Ali had more votes than all the other nominees put together. Since he came on the scene in the early 60s, Ali became possibly the best-known face on earth. In 1965 he renounced his 'slave' name, Cassius Marcellus Clay, for his Muslim one, and embraced Islam with deep sincerity. Muhammad Ali refused to be drafted into the Vietnam war, and was hounded for his immortal statement: 'I ain't got no quarrel with them Viet Cong. Not one of them ever called me a nigger.' That cost him his world title for three years. He won it back, still with the same unique style, 'float like a butterfly, sting like a bee'. The rest is history, and Ali remains, even in his present, very sad condition, the role model, particularly for blacks, young and old.

My personal memory? About 23 years ago I was in the Lounge Suite in Heathrow's Terminal 4, prior to leaving for Tokyo. My flight was called, and I opened the door to leave for boarding. As I stepped forward I stumbled into this mountain of a man who was clearly in some difficulty. Drunk, I thought. I apologised, but he said, very slowly, 'Sorry, man'. I looked up, and it was Ali – an Ali clearly suffering and hindered by Parkinson's. But he smiled, from a long way up – you don't realise how mountainous he is until you are close up – and, even in that brief moment, I felt how very pleasant the man was.

He had four, maybe five, huge men in his entourage, and one stepped forward and led Ali into the lounge. Then the same one came back. I said, 'It is him isn't it? ' 'Yes', he said, 'But you'll have to excuse him, sir, he can't move so quick no more. This is what he's like now.' Then the bodyguard shook my hand. I turned and watched Ali being settled reverently into an armchair, and then I left for my flight. I will always remember that moment. This was the man who 'switched off the light and got into bed before the room got dark'. The speed was long gone but thankfully, his mind was still sharp.

Local History? Ali is history – I am local. Put the two together, and QED. TERRY CARTER

Down to Southend by City Coach!

Background

Growing up in Wood Green in the immediate post-war period my brother and I, with much greater freedom than today's children, had to make our own amusements, especially during the long summer holidays and at weekends.

We were lucky to have bombed sites close at hand – the best ones still having the foundation walls of the destroyed buildings still standing to be part of our cowboys and indians or wartime games. There were also the rolling green acres of Alexandra Palace just a mile or so away to explore. On the way to the Palace we could cross the footbridge over the East Coast main line and thrill to Sir Nigel Gresley's express locomotives charging underneath and covering us with exhaust steam and smoke. Another diversion was to buy a platform ticket and then stow away at Noel Park station onto the empty little train that trundled up and down from North Woolwich to Palace Gates on the ex-GER branch that ran very close to where we lived. You had to lie on the floor of the ancient carriage when it arrived at Palace Gates to avoid being spotted by the porter and to be very patient in awaiting the return journey or scuttle off when he was not looking.

The City Coach station

A City Leyland PD2 at the Wood Green Coach Station with a Leyland Gnu in the background, c 1947, but I think it is about 1949. The young chap in the foreground could very well be me! I had a jacket just like that and khaki drill shorts were the order of the day, though, if it was me, I was not aware of a photographer. Notice the bus is loading but the crew have not arrived and the destination blind has not been altered.

A favourite place was the City Coach station fronting Lordship Lane and parallel with Redvers Road, which was also the turning point for the trolleybuses coming from Holborn via Stamford Hill and from Woodford (Napier Arms) via Forest Road, Walthamstow and Tottenham, so quite a vibrant spot in terms of bus and coach transport.

We spent many happy hours at the coach station watching City's brown and cream Leyland coaches arriving from Southend. During the war the coaches were painted all-over brown to make them less conspicuous from the air.

When a coach arrived it stopped in Lordship Lane and the passengers and the driver alighted. The garage's mechanic then climbed into the driver's seat and drove the coach a little way up Lordship Lane to turn left into Redvers Road to enter the side entrance of the garage, where it was swept out and refuelled for the return journey. We got to know the mechanic and quite often, if there was no-one about, he would signal to us to jump in at the passenger door and we would ride on the step round to the side entrance of the garage where he would slow right down to enable us to jump off before the coach got into the garage. In later years the coach turned into the front of the garage to unload the passengers and turned around inside the garage. This was probably to avoid causing traffic congestion in Lordship Lane.

On one memorable occasion, Grandad paid for us all to go to Southend for the day by City Coach. The first long stop on the journey was at Romford Market, where he duly disappeared into the Red Lion which made us worry that he wouldn't make it back before the coach left – but of course he did.

On the return trip the coach suffered a puncture at point where the old North Circular Road used to join Forest Road at Woodford Water Works. I have a memory of standing by the side of the road on that summer evening waiting for a relief vehicle to pick us up while the driver was organising the spare wheel and attacking the wheel nuts. We didn't see the end of the story and I've often wondered how they jacked that coach up to change the wheel.

City Coaches were then very much part of our lives and also of those of the people of Walthamstow, Chingford and Loughton and other points east. I have always wanted to know more about the history of this company and recent research on the internet and rediscovery of a Walthamstow Antiquarian Society booklet has made this possible.

Company history

On 27 May 1927 A H Young, of New Empress Saloons of Peckham, trading as 'The Empress Bus', started a service from Wood Green to Southend which terminated opposite the Kursaal. In July 1928 a limited company, 'New Empress Saloons Ltd', was formed, and later in that year the City Motor Omnibus Co Ltd bought a two-thirds share in it. The New Empress name was retained, but the coaches were painted in City's livery, and they bought the remaining shares in the company in 1932.

The route was extended by City to Camden Town and later Kentish Town, where a purpose-built garage and coach station opened at Leighton Road in December 1929.

Westcliff–on–Sea Motor Services began a service to Wood Green July 1928 as an extension to their Southend to Wickford service, so City operated an increased frequency to counter this. However, within a year, the two services were co-ordinated. City had been a London 'pirate' bus operator and, when its London bus operations were acquired by London Transport on 7 November 1934, City bought out Westcliff's share along with several coaches and this became route No 1, though no coach was ever seen with a route number. This gave City use of 725/727 Lordship Lane (the Wood Green depot), the company having previously bought a garage at Tylers Avenue, Southend in 1930. These were the termini of the route for many years.

The renamed City Coach Company built a new Head Office and depot at Brentwood in 1938, after taking over a number of operators in the area during 1936. Buses on the Southend to London service (route 1) worked through to Kentish Town until 1942. After the war some through workings were reinstated in February 1946 until the section beyond Wood Green was finally abandoned on 1 October 1947.

City Coach Co Leyland Lion in Romford Market, c 1935
(D W K Jones)

The route to Southend

The City Coach eschewed the arterial road (A127) for most of its journey and travelled on the old A12 and then A129 via Brentwood, Shenfield, Hutton, Billericay and Wickford thus giving a valuable through service from North and East London to the Essex towns and villages en route. In the 1970s, married and living in Billericay with our two small daughters, it was very much a ritual to meet our mothers and other family members arriving on the successor 251 service operated by Eastern National.

There were many changes over the years involving running buses via Crays Hill and Ramsden Heath, but perhaps one significant revision was caused by the Blue Brick Bridge in Shotgate. A large number of Leyland PD double-deckers were delivered to City from 1947 onwards, but, even though most of them had low bridge (sunken gangway) bodies, they could not get under the bridge. So the buses were rerouted to run non-stop via Rettendon Turnpike and did so until June 1961, when the road at Shotgate was lowered enabling double-deckers resume their original route. Single-deck buses linked Wickford

with Shotgate during this period, some working through to London in 1952–53 and these short workings, as the 251, continued until the introduction of service 250 in June 1965.

Westcliff-on-Sea Motor Services and Eastern National

In 1914 two Southend transport companies merged to become the Westcliff-on-Sea Motor Char-a-banc Company which just operated tours and excursions. In 1920 they started bus services with some secondhand London General B type buses and some Dennis and Daimler open-top double-deckers. A seafront service started in 1924 and expanded the bus network as far as Grays and Romford and limited stop services to Stratford and East Ham. The Tilling Group acquired Westcliff in 1934.

In March 1951 Westcliff acquired Benfleet & District and, in February 1952, City was also taken over by them. History had turned back to 1928!

In May 1952 the British Transport Commission, which now controlled Westcliff and Eastern National, decided to reorganise company operating areas. The Midland area of Eastern National went to United Counties and control over Westcliff passed to Eastern National.

City's vehicles gradually gained Westcliff livery (two were in fact painted red, the previous Westcliff colour, but the rest, with new deliveries to Westcliff, were painted in Tilling green and cream), the last vehicle was repainted from brown and cream in 1955.

A renumbering of all the vehicles in the merged Eastern National, City, Hicks Bros of Braintree and Westcliff fleets was carried out in July 1954 and on 2 January 1955 all of Westcliff's assets passed to Eastern National. The Westcliff-on-Sea name continued to be used for tours and excursions in the Southend area up to 1961, but the Westcliff company was finally dissolved in November 1977 and all of the original Westcliff premises have now been demolished.

When Eastern National absorbed Westcliff, the Wood Green to Southend (Tylers Avenue) service was given the route number 251. This never appeared on buses in the Westcliff era and from City days to the 1980s the route was known to its crews as the 'Main Road'.

Vehicles

City had several iconic vehicles, most of them Leylands. From July 1935 route No 1 was serviced by 30, six-wheel, single-deck Leyland Tigers and later seven of the famous and unusual twin front-axle-steering Leyland Gnus. Semi-automatic Daimler CVD6s and variously-bodied Leyland PD1s were joined in 1952 by FJN201–206, Leyland PD2s, ordered by City and delivered to the Westcliff company. After the take-over by Eastern National the City fleet was gradually replaced by 'Bristol' coaches (built in Bristol) with Eastern Coach Works bodies built in Lowestoft. A friend in Reading recalls seeing bus and coach chassis, with drivers in weather-proof gear and goggles, driven along the A4 en route from Bristol to Lowestoft to receive their bodies! Seventy-seat, front entrance Bristols took over the 251 route in December 1960.

City Leyland Tiger coach at Southend Victoria Station, 1939

A woman driving for City

This memoir by Alan M Watkins was found on the internet and part of it is reproduced below with his permission:

My mother, Margaret, passed her PSV test on a CYO registered Leyland Tiger but could never remember which one. This was in the late Autumn of 1942 when she returned six weeks after giving birth to me (an event which nearly cost both our lives). City by then were in crisis. There were about 20 or so conductresses at Brentwood by then but they were losing drivers to the war effort. Of the staff at Brentwood only three girls held a driving licence, of which one was my mother. They were offered the chance to train as drivers on better money and all three accepted. It was possible then with overtime to earn over £5 a week which was a considerable sum then, especially for a woman in a 'semi-skilled' job and way above anything the factories paid.

They were given priority and trained in a week, working from 8 in the morning till 8 at night. No dual controls – the window behind the driver was removed and the instructor passed his instructions that way. They trained on most of the City routes (which they already knew of course). The test was on Saturday and consisted of driving from the garage in Ongar Road to RAF North Weald where reversing, etc, was tested. They all passed and celebrated with a cup of tea in the RAF Mess.

City must have been pretty confident about this system because all three were rostered to drive that afternoon! My mother vividly remembered getting her 'badge' back at the garage. Her first duties as a fully fledged PSV driver were afternoon and early evening duplicates. She went to Billericay and back, to Blackmore and to East Horndon Halfway House and ended with a Wickford and back.

She also vividly remembered the reaction of passengers in those first few weeks – they were the first female City drivers at a time when female drivers of anything were comparatively rare, particularly in rural areas. She described these as falling into two categories: (a) a look of absolute disbelief merging into abject horror on occasions; (b) people in queues nudging each other and pointing at her and lots of little boys standing behind her window. One of the girls had a passenger who refused to get on when he saw it was a girl driving, saying he'd wait for the next one!

The two earliest duties in those days of war time when every factory/engineering works, however small, was in some way involved in the war effort were the BT1 and BT2 service and duplicate at 4.15am, Brentwood to Laindon Station via Great Burstead. Both these buses then worked the Laindon Circulars which were packed out because they

serviced all the workers trying to get to the Fortune of War to catch the Westcliff buses in either direction serving the many factories along the Arterial Road. If she was cycling my mum used to leave at 3 a.m. If the weather was really bad she would use our car but because of petrol restrictions this was for emergencies only and only in the very worst conditions.

By 1942 petrol was barred from virtually everybody except Registered Users. We got round this because my grandparents had a smallholding and needed petrol for our gigantic cultivators – also two trays of eggs (1 egg a week was allowed on the Ration Book) would get you a jerry can full of petrol from Captain Benington at Hutton Garage (opposite The Plough) under the barter system. He also owned the garage opposite Mountnessing Windmill. He was an archetypal RAF 'Biggles' (Wilko, over and out), cut glass accent and the traditional RAF handlebar moustache. Trays of eggs provided the capacity to do proper puddings without the disgusting powdered egg substitute.

There was some resentment from male drivers to the girls especially when City broke with convention and paid them the same money and some male conductors were none too happy either, so my mother said that, wherever possible, City tried to put out all female crews. My mother said the hardest part was driving in the dark with masked headlamps and she had several near misses with cyclists and pedestrians – no street lighting at all of course. There were some horror journeys in the fog as well and she was once driving to Wood Green when the air raid siren went off and they all had to decamp into Gants Hill underground station to await the all clear . . .

She looked very smart in her uniform (including black slacks, whatever next, women wearing TROUSERS!). . .

Although I love those unique twin-steer Leyland Gnus, she hated them because they were so physically hard to drive (or at least for her, like me, of fairly slight build). Of course having only blackout lights in the dark during the war probably did not endear them either. She once said: 'Bloody things . . . the clutch pedal was so large I could get both feet on it.'

City Leyland Gnu in all-over brown wartime livery.

She recalled a nightmare journey sometime during the War which involved a Gnu . . . driving from Laindon Station to Brentwood at night in very thick fog, a journey which apparently took the best part of four hours during which she almost ran over someone on a bicycle at Little Burstead . . .

In the dreadful winter of 1947 the City Coach Company used snow chains on those wonderful old Leyland TSs and my Mother told me that they did that during the war as well . . . I have a very vivid memory of 1947 when the main road at Hutton was around two feet deep in snow – we waited hopefully outside Hunters Chase. It was more or less 'virgin snow' because there was no traffic in those days and certainly not in those conditions – eventually the good old City Coach Company TS came trundling round the corner from the Hutton Plough heading for Billericay which was as far as we wanted to go. We put our hands out and the driver pointed to further down the road where, about 30 yards past the stop, it slid (fairly) gracefully to a halt and we scampered after it (as much as you can scamper in deep snow) and clambered on. And we got back home again, although on the return journey the driver stopped at an unofficial stop (the little bridge near the then Archers Fruit Farm which carries a Chelmer tributary beneath which ran through the foot of our home) probably so he could get a little 'run' at the tiny hill by Hunters Chase going to Brentwood.

In the savage Winter of 1963 (which went on a lot longer than 1947; in 1947 there was a massive initial dump, possibly bigger than the 1963 initial dump, but it didn't last as long), the 251 route was divided into two parts at the foot of Bell Hill, Billericay. Vehicles from Southend used the local Council estate entry and exit horseshoe as a 'turning circle'. Passengers then had to make their own way on foot up Bell Hill and, where the road levelled out, there was a vehicle waiting opposite Mill House (not an official stop) and that bus took them on towards Brentwood.

Service changes

On 19 April 1964 the 251 was split into two with every other journey operating via Basildon and Benfleet as a 151, giving a peak hour frequency of six buses an hour on the common section (later reduced to four an hour all day).

Eastern National Bristol LD5G No 2527 on route 251 in Forest Road, near the Bell in 1968 (W G S Tonkin)

At the end of July 1964, the former City Southend depot at Tyler's Avenue was closed and the terminus transferred to Seaway coach park until replaced by the Central Bus Station.

From 7 January 1968 the route in Tottenham was revised and at the same time the former 30 from Chelmsford to Bow (incorporating as it did part of Hillman's service) became the 351 to Wood Green, sharing a common section of road to Brentwood.

The service was intense during this era. In 1974 there were 25 vehicles diagrammed for the weekday 151/251 which had a 15-minute frequency over the Wood Green to Billericay section. The earliest buses out were at 05.47 simultaneously from Southend on the 251 and Wood Green on the 151; even on Sundays there was a 23.38 into Wood Green (251) and an 00.25 into Canvey (151). Very few of the vehicle workings returned the buses to their home depot the same day, most being part of a pool. One-man operated vehicles first appeared in 1977 and from then until 1981 it was

not unheard of to see both crew-operated and one-man buses.

The 351 was cut back to Romford in April 1971 but continued to work through to Wood Green on Sundays until February 1973, whilst the 151 was withdrawn beyond Romford in June 1976 and by 1981 was operating only from Basildon to Canvey.

Wood Green depot closed on 13 June 1981 and that year also introduced one-man operated VRTs on the reduced Walthamstow to Southend service.

The 251 survived for a further 10 years, operating from Walthamstow to Southend (by now Central Bus Station) via Brentwood until another major round of changes in 1991.

Eastern National Bristol FLF6G on the 251 route (Eastern National)

The 251 family had some other short-lived members, including the X51 Southend to Oxford Circus which operated from deregulation in 1986

Conclusion

Those childhood escapades at the coach station and the local railways gave me a life-long interest in transport of all descriptions – we were even fans of the British Road Services Scammell lorries heading north through Wood Green in the afternoon and evening, probably towards the A1.

The histories of City and Westcliff demonstrate the difficulties and changes of mind of various governments throughout the 20th century. From pirate buses to London Transport, from independent coach companies and municipal bus operators to the PTEs and National Bus Company and finally deregulation, one has to ask if state interference has ever been beneficial for the travelling public. We lost the much admired London Transport bus operations, Green Line and several well-known companies, such as Maidstone & District, East Kent, Southdown, not to mention Eastern National. All this to create almost monopoly conditions for firms like Stagecoach! If only governments had stopped interfering after 1934 . . .

Acknowledgments and sources

Photographs: where the source of the photo is known I have included it in the caption. All photos with the exception of the wartime Gnu are from the Walthamstow Antiquarian Society booklet by L A Thomson (below) and are reproduced with their kind permission. I have twice applied to the Leyland Club for permission for the wartime Gnu photo but have not so far received a reply.

Osborne, Alan: 'Wonderful Westcliff', *Classic Bus*, Dec 2011–Jan 2012, pp 24–29. An article previewing *Westcliff-on-Sea Motor Services Ltd, An Outline History*, by Alan Osborne and J R Young (Farley Publications, 2011, £25).

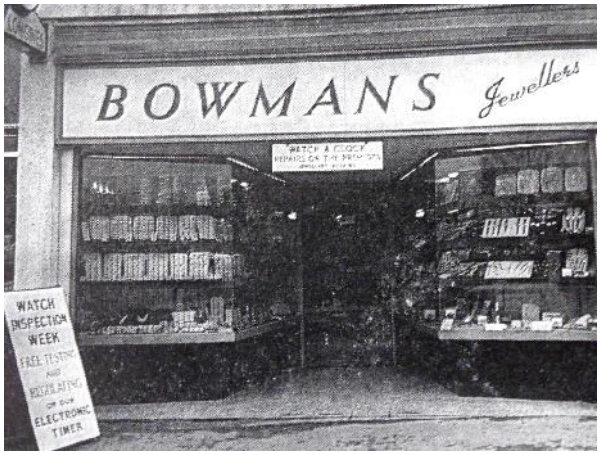
Stewart, Chris: 'Service 251 1927–2000' (Essex Bus Enthusiasts Group, internet). A very detailed history of the 251 service and its antecedents which has been very useful in confirming dates and history for this article.

Thomson, L A: *By Bus, Tram and Coach in Walthamstow* (Walthamstow Antiquarian Society, 1971). A useful WAS publication now overtaken by later events but sound in its history and sadly now out of print.

Watkins, Alan M: 'Driving for City Coach Company, Brentwood – A War-Time Tale' (internet, reproduced by kind permission of Alan Watkins).

TED MARTIN

Bowmans Jewellers



Situated in Loughton High Road, on the outskirts of Epping Forest, is the shop of Bowmans Jewellers. After twenty years of jewellery wholesaling, the owner, Mr David Bowman, turned his interest to the retail side of the trade. He opened his shop nearly five years ago and has been steadily upgrading his image ever since. Mr Bowman believes that personal service plays a great part in the success of his business. If the customers' requirements are not in stock Mr Bowman makes it his business to get exactly what is wanted. He goes to town twice a week and finds the contacts he made in his dealing days very useful. His pleasant, attractive wife, Muriel, has also played her part in the success of the venture.

Bowmans Jewellers is very much a family concern. The business is run by the three working directors, Mr and Mrs Bowman and their son-in-law. Every three months or so, a free watch inspection is held. A big double-sided bill-board, shown in the picture, is placed outside the shop. The response to these promotions is quite outstanding, and the customers remember the service provided and think of Bowmans when they want to buy from a jeweller.

Specialising in superb time-pieces, Bowmans have supplied watches from the world's leading watchmakers, including Vacheron et Constantin and Audemars Piguet, and are stockists of such outstanding watches as Bulova, Bueche-Girod and Longines, to name but a few.

You will find Bowmans ready to provide your every need, be it the brilliance of a blue-white diamond or the lustrous sheen of stainless-steel cutlery.

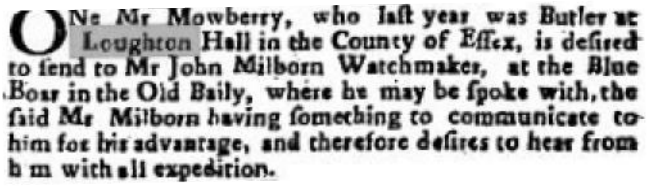
Worth remembering in this modern age are the excellent parking facilities near the shop. A car park is provided at the back of the premises, which helps to make shopping at Bowmans jewellers a pleasure.

From *Essex Countryside*,Volume 15, No 123, April 1967

Submitted by LYNN HASELDINE JONES

First mention of Loughton in newspapers?

Here are two snippets that I think are the first mentions of Loughton in newspapers:



One Mr Mowberry, who last year was Butler at Loughton Hall in the County of Essex, is desired to send to Mr John Milborn Watchmaker, at the Blue Boar in the Old Baily, where he may be spoke with, the said Mr Milborn having something to communicate to him for his advantage, and therefore desires to hear from him with all expedition.

From *The Postboy*, 27 August 1706

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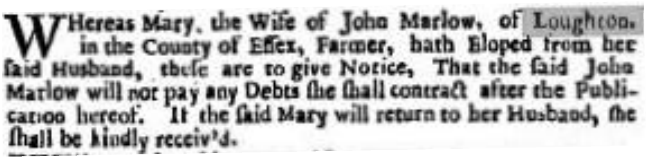


Whereas Mary, the Wife of John Marlow, of Loughton, in the County of Essex, Farmer, hath Eloped from her said Husband, these are to give Notice, That the said John Marlow will not pay any Debts she shall contract after the Publication hereof. If the said Mary will return to her husband, she shall be kindly receiv'd.

From the *London Gazette*, 1 December 1711

CHRIS POND

[What happened next? A pity that we shall never know – Ed]

Staples Road School

Miss Jenkins' class of 1949

Stuart Low, a regular contributor, even though he now lives in Oz, is back row, 5th from left. The Editor is front row, far right. Many others remain in the locality, but are not LDHS members.

Peter Haining –
author and anthologist

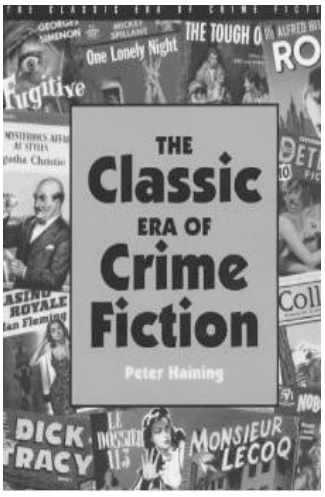
At various times our local area has been the home, or the place of work, of various literary figures, some much better known than others. Arthur Morrison, Winifred Darch, Una Lucy Silberrad, James Hilton, are names many residents in this district will know, but equally, many will not even be aware of them. However, almost everybody will know, and probably have read many of the books, of Ruth Rendell who, under her own name, and also as Barbara Vine, published well over 50 crime novels.

However, there is another local literary figure whose output has been even more abundant, namely, Peter Alexander Haining (1940–2007).

Peter, born in Enfield, was a near-contemporary of the Editor at Buckhurst Hill County High School, and I new him well. Although he was one year older, we both played for the same school football teams, and then for several years, for the Old Buckwellians, in both Essex and London Old Boys' leagues. He was an excellent player, a fast determined forward, both through the middle and on the wing, with a fierce shot that won us many matches. He was also very sociable.

Peter would never claim to be in the same literary league as Ruth Rendell, now Baroness Rendell of Babergh, but, like her, his writing career began with a stint on a local newspaper. In Baroness Rendell's case, it was with the *Chigwell Times*, whereas Peter started on the *West Essex Gazette*, before moving on to working for a number of metropolitan trade journals. In 1967 he became Editorial Director of the New English Library publishing house, before, in 1972, becoming a full-time free-lance writer.

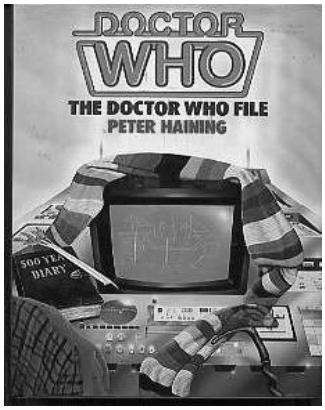
Over the next 40 years he became a prolific, award-winning writer, becoming the country's leading compiler of more than 130 anthologies on subjects ranging from cricket to crime, to horror, witchcraft and fantasy. He also successfully published several novels under his own name and various pen-names, plus a huge output of short stories and non-fiction. Peter became one of Britain's leading authorities on horror, particularly on early Gothic and the classic English ghost story. In all, he produced more than 200 books, including what one critic acclaimed as 'some of the best anthologies of fantasy and horror of our time'.

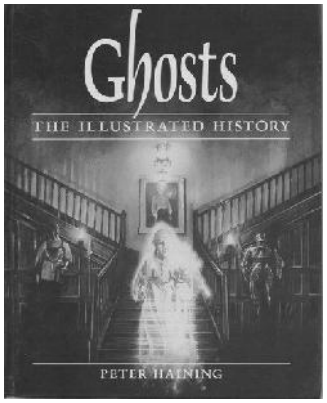


He published several reference books about the television series 'Doctor Who', and acclaimed works about Sherlock Holmes, a subject about which he had an encyclopedic knowledge. In fact, Holmes was partly responsible for his success, as Peter began writing while a schoolboy, having read the Sherlock Holmes books that inspired a lifelong interest in crime fiction.

His expertise prompted interest from Granada Television, which was making a series starring Jeremy Brett as Holmes, and Peter was invited to produce a

book on the making of it, *The Television Sherlock Holmes* (1991).





He was probably the only writer who, before he widened his horizons, made a successful career out of compiling and editing anthologies. Although thoroughly gifted, and able to write incisive prose, he did this by dint of sheer hard graft and the simple expedient of always having four or five volumes of stories on the boil for every one about to be issued. He had his own passions, but he was also very commercial, happy to write to order, or compile anthologies on commission. He would say 'Have pen, will travel. I'm a writer for hire – that's what I've been doing for 40 years and that's what I enjoy doing.'

In 1965, Peter married Philippa (Pippa) Waring, also a writer and editor.

He died very suddenly, from a heart attack, in Boxford, Suffolk, on 19 November 2007. Pippa survives him with their two sons and a daughter.

Loughton Military Band

The piece in *Newsletter 200* reminded me that I had photographed a couple of small programme cards (about 20 years ago).

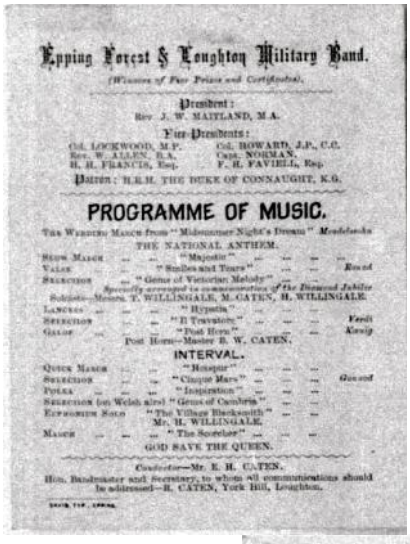
They are both headed 'Epping Forest and Loughton Military Band', naming Mr E H Caten as conductor, and Mr R Caten as Hon Sec and Bandmaster; printed by Davis of Epping (& Loughton on the first one).

One programme is for a performance at the Rev J W Maitland's on Tuesday 26 January 1897. He was their president, their patron being HRH The Duke of Connaught and Strathearn, KG. Vice-presidents were Col Lockwood, MP; Col Howard, CB, JP; Rev W Allen; F H Faviell, Esq, and Captain Norman.

After 'God Save The Queen', three pieces were followed by a cornet solo (Sullivan's 'The Lost Chord') performed by E H Caten, then a selection from 'Bohemian Girl' with soloists Messrs H and T Willingale; two more pieces and 'God Save The Queen' finished the programme.

The other card has no place or date named but was probably later in the same year as a selection 'Gems of Victorian Melody', with soloists Messrs H and T Willingale and M Caten, was 'specially arranged in commemoration of the Diamond Jubilee'. Other pieces included the 'Post Horn Galop' (with Master B W Caten playing the post-horn) and a euphonium solo 'The Village Blacksmith' (Mr H Willingale); a march 'The Scorcher' ended the two-part programme (except of course for 'God Save The Queen'). By this time the heading stated the band were winners of five prizes and certificates, and a sixth vice-president was H H Francis, Esq.

IAN STRUGNELL



Epping Forest & Loughton Military Band.

(Winners of Five Prizes and Certificates).

President:
Rev. J. W. MAITLAND, M.A.

Vice-Presidents:
Col. LOCKWOOD, M.P. Col. HOWARD, J.P., C.C.
Rev. W. ALLEN, B.A. Capt. NORMAN.
H. H. FRANCIS, Esq. F. H. FAVIELL, Esq.

Patron: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, K.G.

PROGRAMME OF MUSIC.

THE WEDDING MARCH from "Midsummer Night's Dream" *Mendelssohn*

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

Slow March	"Majestic"	
Valse	"Smiles and Tears"	*Rosse*
Selection	"Gems of Victorian Melody"	

Specially arranged to commemorate the *Diamond Jubilee*

Soloists—Messrs. T. WILLINGALE, M. CATEN, H. WILLINGALE.

Lancers	"Hyperion"	
Selection	"Il Trovatore"	*Verdi*
Galop	"Post Horn"	*Koenig*

Post Horn—Master B. W. CATEN.

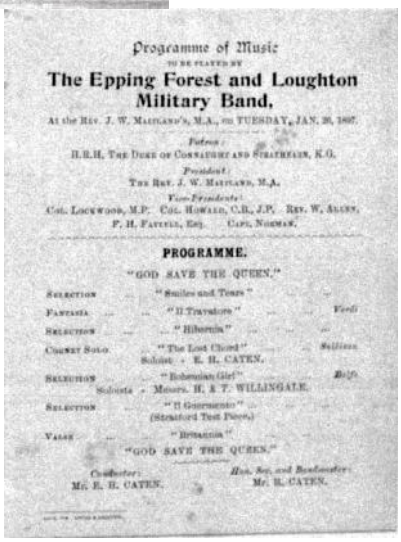
INTERVAL.

Quick March	"Hotspur"	
Selection	"Cinque Mars"	*Gounod*
Polka	"Inspiration"	
Selection (on Welsh airs)	"Gems of Cambria"	
Euphonium Solo	"The Village Blacksmith"	
	Mr. H. WILLINGALE.	
March	"The Scorcher"	

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Conductor—Mr. E. H. CATEN.

Hon. Bandmaster and Secretary, to whom all communications should be addressed—R. CATEN, York Hill, Loughton.



Programme of Music

TO BE PLAYED BY

The Epping Forest and Loughton Military Band,

At the Rev. J. W. Maitland's, M.A., on TUESDAY, JAN. 26, 1897.

Patron:
H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught and Strathearn, K.G.

President:
The Rev. J. W. Maitland, M.A.

Vice-Presidents:
Col. Lockwood, M.P. Col. Howard, C.B., J.P. Rev. W. Allen,
F. H. Faviell, Esq. Capt. Norman.

PROGRAMME.

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

Selection	"Smiles and Tears"	
Fantasia	"Il Trovatore"	Verdi
Selection	"Hibernia"	
Cornet Solo	"The Lost Chord"	Sullivan
	Soloist—E. H. CATEN.	
Selection	"Bohemian Girl"	Balfe
	Soloists—Messrs. H. & T. WILLINGALE.	
Selection	"Il Guarany"	
	(Standard Test Piece.)	
Valse	"Hesperia"	

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

Conductor: Mr. E. H. CATEN. Hon. Sec. and Bandmaster: Mr. R. CATEN.

Fireworks in Loughton in the 40s and 50s

Fireworks were an important annual feature from the mid-40s to the 60s, especially, in earlier years, for Loughton residents, especially in roads leading up to Epping Forest, such as Smarts Lane, Forest Road and High Beech Road. November the fifth was a very big thing for many others as well, and the ingenuity and effort that went into some of the magnificent guys that were wheeled around the town were generously appreciated, even when budgets were stretched.

In the late 40s, into the 50s there were few rules about buying or selling fireworks. You had to be thirteen to buy them but, if the retailer was fussed, it was easy to find a friend or relative to purchase them for you, so it was simple enough to buy bangers made by Brocks, Wells or Standard, which we would often let off in Epping Forest, well before the big day. Some of these, even the little 'penny bangers' were so powerful that the authorities soon restricted the amount of explosive they could contain but, apart from that, danger ruled the day. Many shops would do very well by selling loose or boxed fireworks, and trade in most of Loughton's newsagents, con-

fectioners and electrical shops, Woolworths as well, was given a useful boost by 'celebrating' the memory of Guido Fawkes.

At the corner of Nursery Road and Smarts Lane there is a clearing, still called The Green, bordered on two sides by those two roads and on the others by bushes and trees. There was much more grass in the 40s and 50s, before the bushes spread, so the actual Green was larger then. Continuing an old Smarts Lane tradition, for some years that was where the best 'non-organised' fireworks display I can remember was held and for that we had to thank Mr and Mrs Howes, the High Road greengrocers, who lived in High Beech Road with their sons, Bobby and Terry. They would provide a huge chest of fireworks and, to be fair, they made sure that these were treated with respect and only handed out to responsible people to be let off.

The bonfire, which I am sure was easily the biggest in the district, would be piled up in the week before Guy Fawkes night and it was huge, maybe 20 feet high, and I well remember my father climbing up Eatons' (then a well-known local builders) longest ladders to load wood and other materials ever higher. It would be topped just before the fire was lit by most of the guys made in the previous few months, although some were craftily kept back and were used more than once. Although many of us would go home afterwards for our own back-garden displays, others would bring their fireworks along, so sometimes there were a few unfortunate surprises. The one I remember best was when a rocket that had been placed in a bottle in the middle of Nursery Road toppled over at the very moment it ignited. That rocket screamed about 80 yards along the road straight towards a row of small cottages at the top of Smarts Lane, rising no more than a few feet along the way before thudding violently into the front door of number 199. The owner was probably on The Green anyway, as nobody came to the door, and no real harm had been done as it missed the glass.

Building the fire was very much a combined effort. So when, in what I believe was the final year, we held the celebration on The Green, some mean-minded individual deliberately lit the bonfire a few days before the 5th, we all, after the first shock, simply set to and built another one, which in about two days was even bigger and better than before. The downside was that the Corporation of London, which had hitherto given permission to hold our displays on the site, decided that they would have to cease which, although sad, was perhaps inevitable.

After I had completed this chapter [of *Post-War Loughton 1945–1970*] Chris Pond discovered an article in *The Times* of 1 November 1957, which states that the Forest keepers had been instructed by Alfred Qvist, then in charge, to set light to the Smarts Lane bonfire. It reads:

'The Epping Forest superintendent said yesterday that instructions were given for a forest keeper to put a match to a 15ft bonfire [nearer 20ft, I'm sure] which had taken a month to build on forest land at the top of Smarts Lane, Loughton, Essex. He was not satisfied with control of the fire and debris clearing last year, he said.

A protest has been sent to the Lord Mayor of London by a member of the Chigwell Council seeking an assurance that this is not the end of a centuries-old tradition.'

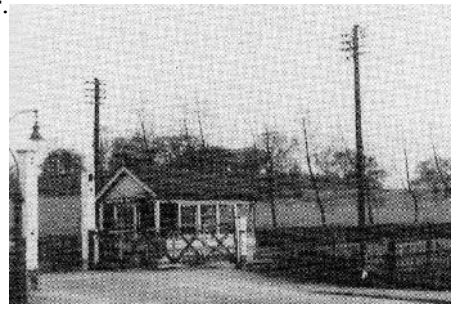
As stated above, we rebuilt it in two days and had our celebration, but although Qvist's complaint about clearing up was nonsense, the councillor's plea was to no avail, and the Smarts Lane bonfire was never lit again.

TERRY CARTER

Adapted from *Post-War Loughton 1945–1970*, published in 2006 by the LDHS

Theydon Bois as I knew it – part 3

As my father did before me, I went to Loughton School and, again like him, I travelled by train to Loughton. At times I think we might have been using the same coaches, as the description that Dad gives of the carriages in his day does seem to agree with my recollection of them. I would assume that schoolboys of any era, when faced with a similar set of conditions to schoolboys of another age, are liable to come up with similar answers. I don't recall that we had any first class carriages, which was probably fortuitous (they were larger and the exterior handles were further apart!) as we, too, spent some of the journey home on the running board outside the carriage as we moved from one compartment to another. The coaches we liked most were the ones with low backs and if we were lucky enough to get one to ourselves, you could have a grand game of 'carriage he'. This happened quite often, as travellers from Loughton on trains to Epping that left at about 4pm learned not to get in the carriage that a group of red-capped boys were heading for.



Theydon Station in LNER days

Our games on the old LNER stock were not to last long, due to the advent of the Central Line. When I started school in 1946 our trains went to Liverpool Street but by the end of that year the Central Line had reached Stratford, by mid-1947, Leytonstone, and by the end of that year, Woodford. It took most of the next year to reach Loughton, and finally got to Epping (and Ongar) in 1949.

When I started at school I 'enjoyed' school 'dinners', but for a short period I used to come home for lunch, and although the train which we caught to come home was fairly convenient, the trains back were not. I came home with another Theydon boy, Robert Slade, and we had a choice of bolting our dinner and catching a train that would get us back to school horribly early, or of having a leisurely lunch and then having to run from the station to get to school in time. But salvation was at hand. One day we had missed the 1.30 (the early one) and were resigned to catching the late one when an unscheduled train

came in at about 1.50. It transpired that London Transport had developed new stock and this one was engaged in test running. The guard saw us standing forlornly and invited us to use his train, which we gladly did. That became our usual train as it was ideally timed for us. Bob Slade moved to Devon after that year and, rather than come home on my own, I started to have lunch in a café in Loughton.

The first car I ever owned was a 1934 Austin 10 and, due to the resemblance to a certain Enid Blyton character's car, that particular model was always called a 'Noddy'. I brought it from the firm I was then working for, F G Smith (Motors) at Goodmayes. But I suppose I had better go back to the beginning. My father wanted me to follow in his footsteps in the motor trade, and arranged an apprenticeship for me at Smith Motors. Dad was of the opinion that no one should be in a managerial position unless they could do every job in the firm. This may not be practical in every case, but it has always struck me as a good rule of thumb. I used mostly to cycle the 10 miles each way each day, but one of the senior car salesmen, a Mr Birmingham (and 'yes' he was always referred to as 'Brum') lived in our village, about three or four doors from the Baptist Church, and if I was stuck I would get a lift with him. One day, while we were at work, I remember that it got foggy, and I do not mean the vague mist that is called fog today when the visibility is down to 100 metres or so, I mean fog when you could not see across the road. Brum and I felt it would be best to come home together. We did not do too badly up to Chigwell Row as we had street lights, but we went over the cross-roads at Chigwell Row and down the hill and at the bottom the main road curves to the right and a minor road goes straight on, and we got lost on that corner. We eventually got home about 8pm, having left Goodmayes at 5.

Eventually I graduated to an autocycle, but wanted my own car. One day Brum came to me and said that he had taken Noddy in part exchange from an elderly couple in Ilford, and I could have it as it stood if I would give him what he had allowed in part exchange. And I said 'yes'.

One fortunate thing (for me at any rate) in those days was that, due to the 'Suez crisis' any learner driver could drive on their own, provided they displayed 'L' plates, and so I could drive the car from the word 'go'. Driving to me was never a problem, I found that when I came to a hazard, I seemed instinctively to know what to do, and it was some time before I realised what had happened. I had been driven for many tens of thousands of miles by Dad who was one of the best drivers I knew. I had watched Dad as he handled roundabouts, road junctions, traffic lights and all the other impedimenta on the roads, and, in doing so, absorbed the techniques. Dad drove in what is now called the 'Proactive' method, which is widely advocated today as the best, and I naturally copied it. You could say that my driving is not so much taught as caught.

Not only is Dad, or perhaps I should say was (he can no longer drive due to defective eyesight), an expert at roadcraft, he was also a dab hand at driving a vehicle with a mechanical problem. We went to Harringay Arena one evening, only to find that it had turned foggy when we came out and then found that the car's clutch had failed. No problem, Dad drove it home as he usually did.

When I first took Noddy out, it was very sluggish and I came to the conclusion that it had rarely been asked to exceed the speed limit. As a result all the openings in the engine had become constricted and it needed a good run to 'blow the cobwebs away'. Our favourite road for this was the Southend Arterial Road and I took Noddy down there one night. Noddy did a maximum of 35 mph at the start of the evening but was doing far better on the return and eventually managed 60 mph. Funnily enough, 60 mph was as fast as Noddy ever wanted to go. Given favourable conditions Noddy would cruise quite happily at 60 mph but if I tried to exceed that speed even by 2 mph, it was obvious that Noddy did not like it.

Working at Smith Motors had its advantages. Any material changed on a guarantee claim was held in case the Austin Motor Company/BMC wanted to look at anything, but once the claim was accepted, the changed material could be disposed of. This included wiring looms which are preformed harnesses of all the wiring a car needs. And knowing where they were dumped gave me a source of wire to rewire Noddy. Noddy was duly rewired using all the correct wiring colours and fitted with double dipping headlamps, double tail lamps and flashers.

A modern car is designed to make the maximum use of the space available and fitting non-standard components and extras today is a bit of a work of art. Noddy on the other hand was built in the days when space was not at a premium and I could make a new loom and fit it to the car without disturbing anything else. Space obviously helps where the maintenance or replacement of a component is concerned but the vehicle I have owned that was in a class of its own to work on was the Morris Minor. Using no more than my kit of tools (which I will concede is more comprehensive than that of the average Do-it-Yourselfer) I have removed the engine to replace the clutch, replaced all the front suspension and even swapped the estate body from my own car with another.

The village has grown since my youth. What is now Orchard Drive finished at the ditch just before a field where the school is, and likewise Heath Drive finished at the bottom of The Weind. Dukes Avenue petered out soon after its junction with Heath Drive. I seem to recall about six houses on the left but more on the right, as they went to the bottom of the hill just before where the road now bears left. Woodland Way also finished at the ditch that drained the water from the forest. So there was no Baldocks Road, Purlieu Way, Elizabeth Drive or Harewood Hill and Dukes Avenue, Woodland Way and Orchard Drive were all shorter than they are today. This estate had actually been planned before the war and I have seen a pre-war London Transport map with the estate marked on it. Obviously the war caused the estate building to stop. Other roads that did not exist were Pakes Way, Green Glade, Hornbeam Road, Graylands and Thrift's Mead. One other road has been altered. Piercing Hill

was straightened out, not only on the hill itself but also the bit between Morgan Crescent and Coppice Row. If I remember correctly Orchard Drive had previously been named Little Heath Drive and Woodland Way was Little Dukes Avenue.

One accident we attended before the straightening was on that little bit between Morgan Crescent and Coppice Row. Someone had come down Piercing Hill, could not make the corner, and went straight on, leapt someone's lawn and came to rest in the far flower bed. It posed an interesting problem to us: how to get the car out without leaving ruts in the lawn. But time was on our side and with a little ingenuity and a couple of Morrison shelter sheets we got it out without any significant damage to the grass.

I got married in 1966 and since Dad wanted me on hand to help with breakdowns and accidents, I needed to be in the village and we found a house at No 18 Morgan Crescent. The water that runs off our part of Epping Forest crosses the road at the bottom of Piercing Hill, and eventually down the back of the even numbers in Morgan Crescent. Someone had planted a Bramley apple tree at the bottom of our garden and its roots had gone deep into this watercourse so much so that following a very dry summer nearly every apple tree in Theydon had no fruit. One of the few and possibly the only exception was that Bramley, and it was loaded.

Theydon Bois had, and still has, two churches, St Mary's Church of England and the Baptist Church. My mum and dad had sent me to St Mary's Sunday school, but in those days the well-meaning leaders had no idea of what children needed, and we used to get a scaled down version of the normal church services. I came home in tears when I was about six or so, and told my parents that I wasn't going back again. Their reply was that I was going somewhere, which didn't allow a lot of choice, so I finished up in the Baptist infants, whose leaders had far more idea of what kids wanted. And I stayed there and went through all the Sunday school, into Covenanters (a boys' nationwide Christian youth organisation) which used to meet in the old village hall in Loughton Lane and I eventually became a member of the Church.

I mentioned that I attended Loughton School, but I started my school career in the old local school which still stands in Coppice Row. It was taken over by the College of Preceptors and I notice their name has now changed to something trendier. I don't remember too much of my time there. I can remember going to a party when I was in what today would be year 1, a Mrs Smedley was my teacher in year 2 and a Mrs Male took me in year 3. I used to go to Mrs Male's house in the summer holidays, and feed her pets while she was on holiday. I finally made it to year 4 where the headmaster, Mr Fairchild, used to take all the remaining classes in one room. One small incident was that while I was in, I think, year 1, we were asked to bring a container to school and in it was deposited about half a pound of cocoa that had been specially sent over from Canada, to be given specifically to young children. And as you will gather, as this was at the tender age of five my memories are rather vague.

BOB FARMER [*Concluded*]

The Bald Faced Stag –
another memory from a letter to the Editor

Peter Cook's article 'The Stag Restaurant' in your *Newsletter 200*, and mention of the Saunders family took me back to 1959 when I was a paperboy delivering to their large family home.

This was located in Buckhurst Hill in the corner of Knighton Lane and the High Road. Cheekily knocking on the door on 24 December for a 'Christmas Box' I was greeted by the family maid, who handed me an envelope containing a special card addressed to 'The Paperboy'.

Its contents of a 10 shilling note (today's equivalent of £10) certainly gave me a present to be remembered and must have been as good a tip as left after the meals 'Trencherman' describes.

Best wishes, Andrew P Wiltshire

[Feedback is always appreciated – Ed]

Bus services in the Epping Forest area: a reflection from a member

I attended the meeting on 9 January 2014, and I just had to send in my comments on the above talk, given by Mr Nick Agnew.

As an ex-London Transport worker on buses and trains from 1979 to 1991, I found the talk very interesting, and it brought back many fond memories of those times.

In 1979, I started work for LT as a cover fitter on the buses running in the Leaside District. I was based at Muswell Hill, and this meant having to work at Loughton to cover sickness and holidays. As I worked for them, I was allowed to walk around the garage. Loughton was built with expansion in mind, and it had 12 maintenance pits, some with lifting pads fitted into the floor. This allowed you to lift the bus up at the front or rear, giving the maintenance team more access to do repairs. Just shows you that they must have intended to run a lot more buses from there.

At Edgware and Cricklewood garages we ran buses for private hire, so there were a variety of buses, which included an RMC [Routemaster Coach]. As explained by Nick Agnew, this bus had air suspension. It also had the benefit of extra thick padded seats, and netting fixed above head-height for holding luggage.

We maintained these buses, and when the RMC had problems with the suspension we had to strip it down. Once, when it was all dismantled we found the air bag to be split. So we thought, 'OK, let's order a new one'.

But this was easier said than done. We had forgotten the age of the vehicle. Next stop was to contact the makers of the air bag (Dunlops). They were extremely surprised to hear that the air bag had sur-vived so long. It was an original, by then some 35 years old.

So, in the true spirit of keeping the bus on the road, they agreed to come to the garage and see what could be done. They eventually made us a set of new air bags and pedestals to hold them.

That's not the type of service you would get now.

MICK STUBBINGS

Three blind horses:

they knew their way from Epping to Loughton

Over 100 years ago, three famous old Epping horses, with only one eye between them, proudly drew a coach driven by Joe Wilks, of Tidy's Lane, from the Cock Hotel to meet the trains at Loughton Station, when the railway first reached there in 1856.

This fine team consisted of a blind horse and a one-eyed horse as 'wheelers' (the horses closest to the coach) and a blind horse as leader. The blind horse knew the way to Loughton and, when returning, always stopped at the entrance to the Cock Hotel.

In those days Epping was not on the railway, and the service was started by Walter Tweed, a prominent townsman, and Mine Host of the Cock Hotel. The coach left the Cock at 8.15am, returning at 12.15pm.It started again for Loughton at 4.45pm, finally returning to Epping at 6.45pm. It also ran on Sundays.

After the Great Eastern Railway was extended to Epping in 1865, Walter Tweed ran a one-horse bus to and from Epping Station for the convenience of Cock Hotel guests. The driver of this coach was a Dickensian character named William Law, who wore a high top-hat decorated with a cockade, reminiscent of Sam Weller. His bus was fitted with a rear door and steps.

The Cock Hotel in the early 20th century

The Cock is [as at 1967 – it has since gone] one of Epping's oldest hostelries, and has held its licence since 1552. It is one of the few inns remaining of the 22 which once graced the High Street, and which earned Epping its former reputation as a town of inns and pubs. During the stage coach era, the Cock was the chief posting place after the renowned Epping Place inn, resort of royalty and celebrities, had ceased to function in 1844. The inn was the starting point for a daily coach to London.

The Cock Hotel in 1967

Adapted from an article by Sidney Hills, in *Essex Countryside*, January 1967. *Submitted by* PETER COOK

Tailpiece from the Editor

In the Autumn of 2006, Chris Pond surprised me by asking if I would be prepared to succeed Ted Martin as Newsletter Editor. After some thought, I agreed to take on the role, and I have enjoyed, with Ted's invaluable help, working on 31 issues over the past seven years or so. However, I have, after much consideration, decided it is time to make way for a successor.

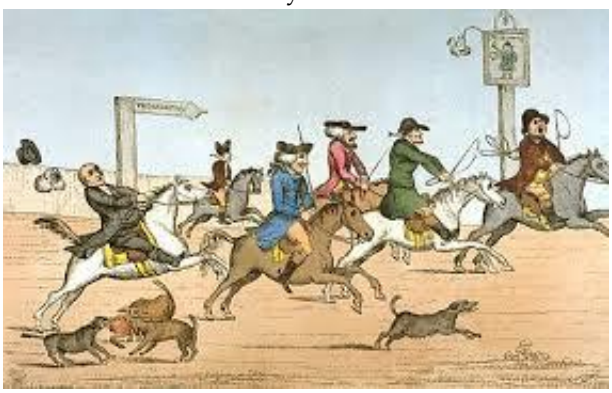
Lynn Haseldine Jones, a Committee Member, accomplished historian and already a regular contributor to the *Newsletter*, has agreed to take it forward. Ted has agreed to continue with Newsletter Production, thus forming what will surely be an excellent team.

I thank our Chairman and the Committee for their excellent support, and welcome articles, and also our many and varied contributors.

Once again, I cannot thank Ted enough for his help, production skills, the articles he has submitted, plus his wisdom and advice.

From Chris Pond: Terry rose to the challenge of writing *Post-War Loughton* for us in 2005 after reading Gertrude Green's book. From there it was a natural transition to editing the *Newsletter*, which he has done impeccably. Thank you, Terry!

From Ted Martin: Working with Terry on the *Newsletter* has been enjoyable and seamless and we made a very good team. Terry, with his very deep Loughton roots, has introduced greater variety to the *Newsletter* and made it the enjoyable read that it is today. I know that he will be supporting Lynn as she takes over and both of us will try to make the transition as easy as possible, but I don't think we have seen the last of his by-line!



The Easter Hunt at Epping Forest – 1807

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