



# Woodford Times

Woodford Historical Society  
Founded 1932

**Newsletter Spring 2013**

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## Editorial

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Belated good wishes to you all for a happy and healthy New Year.

### **Snow and Ice**

January brought with it snow and ice, causing us to cancel our January meeting. We did our very best to let everyone know and can only apologise to anyone who turned up for the meeting only to find our notice on the gate and the school shut.

### **“Woodford – 80 Years of Memories 1932-2012” – back in stock!**

Our Anniversary Book “**Woodford – 80 Years of Memories 1932-2012**” was finally delivered on the day following our December meeting and, as promised, every order was fulfilled in time for Christmas and the first print-run quickly sold out as did the first reprint. Stocks of the second reprint are now available and will be at our next two meetings or can be ordered online by emailing [woodfordhistoricalsociety@hotmail.co.uk](mailto:woodfordhistoricalsociety@hotmail.co.uk)

### **In awe of Father Christmas**

Having personally delivered well over 200 books (I opted out of deliveries to Australia, USA, Somerset and North Norfolk!), I realise what a tremendous job Father Christmas does in delivering presents to every home in the world, particularly if he, like me, cannot read the house number from the kerb! I am, however, now qualified to apply for a licence as a ‘white van’ driver.

### **Keep the stories coming!**

In the course of delivering the books, I have heard all sorts of fascinating stories (or part stories which I would love to complete) ranging from the Circus in Woodford to the laundry in Forest Road. Please do let me have your stories (and photographs which will always be returned within a few days) and we will use them – maybe we will publish a further book!

John Lovell [woodfordhistoricalsociety@hotmail.co.uk](mailto:woodfordhistoricalsociety@hotmail.co.uk)

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### **Postcard from Norfolk: Bankers with Souls (?)** by Peter Lawrence

Perhaps 2012 will go down as a year to remember for our Queen’s Jubilee, an incredible period of sporting and Olympic success and yet another bundle of revelations regarding the behaviour of our banks, this time including the very British of banks – Barclays.

My thoughts immediately turned to the family that gave its name to this bank and especially Mr Henry Ford Barclay of Monkham, Woodford Green. At his death at the end of 1891, the Essex Review published a charming obituary from which I have used extracts together with other information gleaned from family records and the city press of the 19th century.

The Victorian period saw an incredible amalgamation through marriage of several Quaker families and a couple of Anglicans thrown in for good measure. Together, in several country house estates, they made south west Essex home. Their names include Hanbury, Buxton, Gurney, Fry, Barclay, Chapman, Johnston and Pelly.

Henry Ford Barclay was born in 1826 into a notable Quaker family. His father was Ford Barclay of Grove House, Walthamstow. Grove Road at the junction with Hoe Street marks the site of the estate. Henry was educated first at Forest School and then the Quaker School, Tottenham. Soon after his 21st birthday he married Richenda Gurney, daughter of Samuel Gurney of Ham House, Upton Park (now West Ham Park). The Gurneys of course were a Norfolk wool merchant family who had successfully turned their hands to discount banking in Norwich and had moved nearer to London to enhance their business. Samuel Gurney was known as the "Bankers' Banker" due to his ability to get them out of trouble through firm but fair business transactions. After his death in 1854 the huge Gurney memorial that stands in Stratford Broadway was erected by many grateful friends. His sister Elizabeth married Joseph Fry and set her sights on social and prison reform.

On leaving school, Henry's family placed him with a City of London merchant and subsequently a City broker but as the years passed his love of steam engines took him away from the money world to that of engineering where he made a fortune through his involvement with the Telegraph industry and underwater cabling. That gave Henry the finances to buy Monkham's, an estate he had long admired. This move caused some sadness to one of his young nieces, Ellen Buxton, who lived at Leytonstone House which survives today overlooking the "Green Man" roundabout. Her diary for 16th December 1863 reads "Uncle Barclay has actually bought a house and estate. We are all very pleased that they should have such a nice house, but excessively sorry that they are going to live so far away from us, I think it is about two and a half miles. It is Monkham's Estate at Woodford". Indeed two sections of the Barclay family had been almost "next door" in Walthamstow and Leyton for some time, including an estate that still bears their name today, being the collective name for all the Edwardian roads situated from the back of Whipps Cross Hospital, down to High Road, Leyton. Originally known as Knotts Green House, I can remember the house still standing up until the early 1960s but known then as Livingstone College.

However, back to Henry - he was invited to join the Board of Overend, Gurney & Co Ltd in 1865 but it appears he didn't take a very active part in the business. However his finances were to come crashing down around him as the bank was implicated in the "Black Friday" affair of 1866. The credit market, which had expanded without control from 1860, suddenly imploded along with discount banking and many went to the wall. It appears the secure banking regime that Samuel Gurney left on his death had been handed over to more reckless dealers. After much scrutiny the bank survived but in a different form, eventually changing its name to "Barclays". The words "lightning" and "twice" come to mind. Henry however decided it was safer to join the Gurney bank in Norwich and there he gradually recovered his losses. Locally he had always been heavily involved with the county's administration, qualifying as a County Judge at just thirty years of age. In 1888 he represented Woodford on the newly formed Essex County Council and had previously sat for three years on the Epping Forest Commission which gave us, through the Epping Forest Act, the open space we enjoy today. He often allowed the grounds at Monkham's to be used for social occasions and gifted the land on which All Saints church was built and contributed £1,000 to the building fund.

At Monkham's his life with Richenda brought forth a family of eight children. Richenda died in 1888 and two years later he married Hannah daughter of Abel Chapman of Woodford. The Chapman family tomb can be seen in St Mary's churchyard. At Henry's demise in 1891 the Vicar of All Saints, the Rev Fitzpatrick, a close companion, summed up by saying "He died a good old age, full of days, riches and honour". Henry's funeral carriage was followed by over fifty others in procession.

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### **The Great Smog** by John Lovell

In December 1952 London fell victim to the "Great Smog." "Smog" is a corruption of 'smoke' and 'fog'. From Friday 5 to Tuesday 9 December 1952, Greater London was enveloped in thick, yellow, choking smog which came about as the result of a combination of a period of cold weather, combined with an anticyclone and windless conditions and collected airborne pollutants, mostly from the use of coal. A thick layer of smog hung over London until a change of weather which dispersed the fog quickly.



London had experienced many smogs in the past and these were generally known as "pea soupers". The smog caused major disruption due to the effect on visibility, and even penetrated indoor areas. It was not thought to be a particularly unusual event at the time but, government medical reports in the following weeks estimated that up until 20th December 4,000 people had died prematurely and 100,000 more were made ill because of respiratory problems caused by the smog's effects.

The 1952 Great Smog is known to be the worst air pollution event in the history of the United Kingdom, and the most

significant in terms of its effect on environmental research, government regulation and legislation, and public awareness of the relationship between air quality and health. It led to several changes in practices and regulations, including the City of London (Various Powers) Act 1954 and the Clean Air Acts of 1956 and 1968. These led to a reduction in air pollution. Regulations were implemented, restricting the use of dirty fuels in industry and banning black smoke. Financial incentives were offered to householders to replace open coal fires with alternatives, (such as installing gas fires) or for those who preferred, to burn coke instead (a bi-product of town gas production) which produces minimal smoke. Central heating (using gas, electricity, oil or permitted solid fuel) was rare in most dwellings at that time, not finding favour until the late 1960s onwards.

Despite improvements, insufficient progress had been made to prevent one further smog event exactly ten years later in early December 1962 and various smogs that lasted for only a day or two, in the 1950s.

My wife and I remember walking home from school in a blanket of yellow smog.

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## **A Victorian Portrait Studio Relives** by Ken Bray

When I moved into my South Woodford (photographic) studio in 1964 we explored the new premises including climbing up through a hatch to gain access to the attic above. Amongst a lot of junk there was what appeared to be a pile of roofing slates. On closer examination they were found to be half plate glass negatives of portraits from the Victorian era. What a find! There had been a photographer operating in my new studio some sixty years previously.

In those days I had a half plate enlarger and so was able to print a few, two of which still adorn our dining room wall. Twenty or so we kept in an old Kodak box but there are probably a lot still in the attic. We soon realised that the top floor room which became our framing department had been a "North Light" studio. That is one that had a glass roof pointing North so that direct sunshine never fell on the area where the portraits were being taken, giving the soft lighting usually seen in Victorian portraits.

I often wondered who this previous owner of the premises had been, but it was not until long after my retirement that I visited the Ilford Central Library research department and searched the street guides for the turn of the century. There it was – an advertisement for William Henry Tucker, portrait photographer of Assam House, High Road, South Woodford.

Earlier this year (2012) I was contacted by a lady who asked me if I was the Ken Bray who had had the studio at Assam House. When I confirmed that it was indeed me, she told me that the great grandson of Henry Tucker was coming over from Australia in the summer and would love to see the place where his great grandfather worked.



**A young Ken Bray**



**William H Tucker  
with Gyp, his dog**

We established contact via e-mail with him sending me pictures of William and in June Mr Church and family called on us. After cups of tea and coffee and viewing the pictures on our wall, we drove to South Woodford and I was able to show him the room where William Henry had taken his portraits .



It was an amazing experience and Simon took back a couple of the old negatives to show people in Australia what his great grandfather had done.

By coincidence my own (Ken Bray) paternal great grandfather had been a professional photographer but, sadly, left no family portraits but did leave some beautiful landscapes of his home town, Sidmouth, in Devonshire two of which also hang on our dining room wall.

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### **A Boy's Memories of WWII** by Keith Wells

I was eight years old when war was declared and living with my parents and five year old sister Valerie in Gordon Road, South Woodford, E18. Our house was semi-detached and had three bedrooms together with an approx. 200 ft. rear garden. We overlooked the houses which backed onto Elmhurst Gardens Park through which one could walk to the Southend Road and eventually to George Lane shops and station.

My father was 46 years old and was able to carry on his work as an Estate Agent and Surveyor, which involved him in War Damage claims. However, apart from Air Raid Warden duties, he was also a driver in the Auxiliary Fire Brigade, a job which was mainly carried out at night.

I don't exactly remember being unduly worried at the prospect of war, but was slightly excited as to what was going to happen.

I clearly remember Dad and some neighbours installing an Anderson Air Raid Shelter behind part of a rockery and felling a tree, which was split with metal wedges into planks to afford added strength to the roof. The 'dog leg' entrance led to a thin steel door. My sister and I slept on bunks, whilst light and heat were provided by paraffin.

We also had a Morrison shelter in our front room which doubled up as a table and somewhere to play ping-pong. I vividly remember sheltering in it with Mum and Valerie during air raids, surrounded by cushions and listening to the sounds of the bombs and Ack-Ack guns, which were mounted on rolling stock and which moved back and forth along what is now the Central Line, only a few hundred yards away from our house. It was awful.

The morning after an air raid, I used to go hunting for shrapnel, which was often still warm and which could be swapped with friends. A complete shell fuse was a special find.

One day, I was playing along the embankment above Southend Road and discovered a new-looking hole. After I reported it to the Police, bomb disposal personnel were called and they recovered the unexploded shell. I think I was given some sweets.

'Dig for Victory' resulted in a large part of our back garden being given over to growing vegetables and we already had quite a few fruit trees and bushes. My Mother was a

keen gardener and she also had a plot in the Park as, although an underground public shelter had been built there and the putting green and tennis courts preserved, the rest had been turned over to food production. She also had a couple of dozen chickens for which she received feed in exchange for eggs.

In December 1944, the vegetables looked wonderful in the Park, row upon row of cabbages and brussel sprouts and the like. This was until December 8<sup>th</sup> when a V2 rocket landed amongst them, slightly injuring four people. Then all that was left was row upon row of stalks standing there like soldiers. Apparently Mum received 10/6d (52½p) compensation from the War Damage Commission.

One afternoon in June 1944, I set out to catch a bus on the Southend Road to take me and some friends to Scouts near the Castle. As I walked through the Park, the air raid siren was sounded and shortly afterwards I heard the sound of a doodlebug (flying bomb) approaching. I then saw it flying fairly low in front of me and going from my left to right. As I had been taught, I threw myself on the ground and covered my ears with my hands. Eventually it disappeared from my sight and the engine cut out, followed by a huge explosion.

My friends and I caught the bus, which was stopped by the Police just past the entrance to Derby Road and opposite the shops. The bomb had fallen in Empress Avenue, killing five and wounding nine. The wide pavement in front of the shops was covered in debris, including the content of the shops. We were directed by the police to clear the area in front of the toy shop. What a job to give to 13 year olds!

After about 1½ hours, we were sent on our way and decided to walk to Scouts as the road was impassable. Parked in the curb opposite St Albans Road was a car with a dicky-seat open and covered with tarpaulin. Being inquisitive, I lifted the edge of the tarpaulin only to see two bodies with not a mark on them. The blast had killed them.

On one occasion, a crashed German plane was displayed in the car park of the Plaza Cinema, guarded by a Policeman, presumably to deter lads like me from collecting souvenirs. He did, however, appear to take great pleasure in showing us the blood-stained pilot's seat in the cockpit. Perspex from the aircraft windscreens was ideal for turning into rings, which were worn with pride.

I can remember climbing over bomb damaged houses although, if seen, we were soon turfed off.

Most traders delivered their goods to houses using horses and carts and horse manure was highly sought after for the garden. When a horse was heard in the road, it was my job to grab a bucket and spade and lurk in the front garden 'just in case'. I then had to race the other ladies to get to the prize first. My mother said that I tearfully told her that I didn't want to do it as my friends were calling me 'stinker'.

VE Day was celebrated by a street party in our road, followed at dusk by a bonfire held on a bomb site near the iron bridge leading to Churchfields. Lots of people had oil soaked rags around sticks and lit these. I'm sure there was a Hitler figure on top of the fire.

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### **Chapman's** by Susan Hall née Chapman

Chapman's Butchers has been situated on three sites in Woodford Green, the earliest being in the 1880s - 1890s at Woodford Wells where family photographs show the shop front



displaying carcasses of beef and lamb with signs on them referring to the animals being reared on local farms owned by the Knighton Buxton family.

The next premises were in Chingford Lane on the corner of Elm Grove (later to become Knight's Greengrocers). To the rear of the building was a small slaughterhouse. The time of this move is not known but the business has been at its current address, 45 High Road, since before World War II.

The Chapman family lived at 72-74 Chingford Lane, two Victorian cottages with various outbuildings and a slaughterhouse which was licenced until the outbreak of war and the introduction of rationing.

In 1907 William David Chapman was born, the only son who had followed the earlier birth of three surviving daughters, Cissie, Lily and Ivy. Always known as Dave and attending the little school on the forest by Sunset Avenue, he was a keen sports enthusiast playing football and cricket. Working for his father he learnt the trade of butchering while sister Ivy also worked in the shop as cashier for many years.

As a young man in his twenties, Dave was a goalie for a local football team playing in a Thursday afternoon league established for local shopkeepers as that was early closing day. It was there that Dave met his future wife Dora. They married in the 1930s, lived always in Woodford and had six children.

Local markets such as Waltham Abbey, Epping, Bishops Stortford and Hertford were always attended by Dave who enjoyed a fine reputation as a master butcher. His judgement of animals was so well respected that he was regularly asked to judge the classes of cattle sold as "suitable for the meat-trade" in Christmas and Easter markets.

First born, David spent some time working at the shop before leaving to have a career in the wholesale meat trade. He was a fine athlete and represented Great Britain at the Rome Olympics. Second son Graham worked at the shop full time until his premature death in a car crash in 1979 at the age of 39. This was a severe blow to the family as Dave senior had died of a heart attack in 1976. Third son Richard followed in the trade and works there today with youngest brother Peter as partners. Dora and Dave also had two daughters Pauline who has always lived locally and Susan who works as cashier for her brothers.

The business is still run very much along the same lines as years ago, sawdust on the floor and produce sourced locally as much as possible, mainly from farms in Essex and Hertfordshire via a Chelmsford wholesaler.

At one time there were four butchers shops in the High Road. Wheeler's in Johnston Road, Harris's opposite the pond and Edgeley's (later trading as Peck's) at the High Elms end of the parade.

Modern times and the booming influence of supermarkets have affected the appearance of Woodford High Road and many butchers have closed. Convenience and pricing take priority for many busy families. However, Chapman's still enjoy great support from local and some not-so-local customers.

Nowadays, television cookery programmes are very popular and the Chapmans believe they have proved to have had a positive effect on the survival of this little shop, promoting the use of locally sourced meat and other ingredients to the discerning customer who wants to know where the product has come from, how long it has hung and if it has been free range reared.

To date, Richard (72), Peter (68) and Susan continue to trade as the third generation of this very local business. It has to be said that there are no family to take this butchers into a fourth generation and the partners will have to consider retiring in the not too distant future.

Is there anyone out there who would like to enter the trade or have a career change?

It would be great to think that Chapman's might continue perhaps in a new shape or form.



**Chapman's shop in the High Road,  
Woodford Green  
Pictured L-R are Peter, Susan & Richard**

*Editor's comment: Having seen the queue outside the shop on Christmas eve, it is obvious that the shop continues to be VERY popular.*



**Chapman's original shop**

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### **William Henry Tucker**

Simon Church lives in Perth, Western Australia and when his mother died he inherited various family photographs and papers which have prompted him to start to trace his genealogy.



He discovered that his Great Grandfather on his mother's side, lived, worked and died in the Woodford Green area. The 1901 Census shows that William Henry Tucker was living at Assam House, High Road, Woodford and worked there as a photographer in the studio more recently occupied and used as a studio by one of our members, Ken Bray (See **A Victorian Portrait Studio Relives** elsewhere in this newsletter).

William Henry Tucker Snr lived and worked at the studio from around 1895 until 1903 (the time of his death).

- William Henry Tucker (Snr) – born 1868 Clapton Square, Hackney
- Married on 1 June 1898 at St John at Hackney
- Married to – Ms Mary Elizabeth Thorp (Calley) born c.1877 (24 on 1901 Census)
- 1901 Census – living at Assam House, Woodford as an artist / photographer
- Died – 21 Feb 1903 at Jubilee Hospital, Woodford, Essex (Aged 35 years)
- Funeral – Simon Church is especially interested to find out the location of the funeral (see photo) – can you help?



Simon is also trying to track down some of the models photographed by his Great Grandfather and these pictures will be posted on our website on the 'Can you help?' page.

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### **35<sup>th</sup> Epping Forest South Group** by Peter Clarke

In 1946 I joined the Boy Scouts. I enrolled at the 35<sup>th</sup> Epping Forest South Group, with headquarters at The White House, Woodford Green.

It was in the grounds of Colonel Mallinson's White House, up the bridle path towards Oak Hill, behind the then Kingfisher Swimming Pool. You entered past the lodge house, where the Forest Keeper lived, then down a long path through the forest. There was no scout hut at the time I joined, as the one that had been there was burnt down. I'm not sure how. I think it was an accident, or it could have been vandalised, or maybe due to the war effect.

We did have a large camp fire circle, where we met. Our Skipper left around this time and Geoff Fox took over. A very nice man who'd been in the war and been captured by the Japanese, I think in Burma. He'd been tortured and had a bad time, but did survive OK. He took us on many camps such as Stubbers and Upminster. We finally got a couple of ex-army huts put up, which made our meetings much better. Colonel Mallinson was behind organising this, as he did a lot to help the boy scouts and youth clubs etc. He had lost a son, I believe, during the War which I think prompted this. He would often take a walk and visit us and I remember one Saturday, when we were camping there, he invited us up to the White House to watch television. We had not seen television before, as this was 1948 and he brought us round an orange drink. I even remember the film we saw. It was called 'Mill on the Floss'. I also remember one weekend we had built a small wooden bridge over a small stream across the path we walked down. Colonel Mallinson walked his dog one Sunday morning and because we'd cheekily chalked a note on the bridge 'toll £5' he got out his cheque book and gave the group a cheque for £5. He was a lovely, kind man indeed!

I left the Scouts after becoming Troop Leader in 1950 to join a youth club. We had, by the way, become called the 25<sup>th</sup> Walthamstow Scout Group.

I do now wonder if any Scout Group exists at the White House anymore. It would be nice if there is.

#### **Editor's note**

*The Michael Mallinson Scout Centre is located in the area today. Born in 1920, Sir Stuart Mallinson's oldest son, Michael, won the Military Cross for his gallantry at Monte Cassino, Italy at the age of 24. By 1944, he was at Orsogna on the Adriatic Coast when he and six of his headquarters staff were killed by a shell which hit the company Headquarters. (Information from the Scouts' website)*

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#### **Young Conservatives** by Joe Branson

In Woodford Green, young people had to make an important decision. The choice was whether or not to become a Young Conservative. I do appreciate that this may seem to be 'political' but that is how it was. Winston Churchill was still our MP and our YC branch was the largest in the whole country and did have an influence on many hundreds of local youngsters. In Ongar though it would have been Young Farmers so it was not all political, in fact, far from it as it was more like a social club and well worth joining.

Our 'lot' met at "The White Hart" in South Woodford before proceeding to the meeting in The Memorial Hall where we held parties, dances, beetle drives, speeches, planning for all manner of social activities. In 1955 we were led by a brilliant committee of whom a number still live in Woodford. I was a minor member of the "Social" group.

After the meetings all those mobile i.e. the 'blokes with the cars' would take everybody else to the "Calypso" coffee bar at Woodford Wells, a very well-known establishment to all young people at that time!!

All this activity nightly filled the forecourt of that small parade of shops before Hills car showrooms, no doubt to the annoyance of the residents.

Everyone inside madly discussed 'the world', filled the sugar bowls with cold coffee and departed noisily into the night at 11.00 pm hoping to take one of the lovely girls home to an irate father.

We had a motoring section of the YCs of which I was a member, and we organised our own rallies, treasure hunts, pub meets etc. etc. For the 'petrol heads' like myself we had a wonderful selection of old and modern cars which included .....

Austin Sevens of all models including Nippy and Ulster types, Riley Specials including a 'Treen', and of course pre-war MGs of all types. We also had the new cars i.e. Triumph TR2s, MG TFs and also some cars " borrowed" from Dad cars. We also had two 1934 Lagonda 'Rapier' two seaters of which I was the proud owner of one, funded by my time in Nigeria.



**A restored 1934 Lagonda 'Rapier' two-seater**

I mention all of this because I feel that it is all part of the social history of Woodford which should be respected and remembered.

It would be wrong to leave Woodford Wells at this point without mention of Hill's Garage and, in my case, old Mr Hill himself as I remember him from the late 1930s as he was an unforgettable character, seemingly badly crippled and of great age.

He would hobble out from the old cottages at the back of the forecourt and enter an equally aged ' Top Hat' Austin Seven car. He would be accompanied by a truly enormous Great Dane type of dog plus at least three smaller terrier type ' yapping' dogs. He would leave the garage surrounded by a welter of barking and proceed down Knighton Drive, Monkams Lane to Knighton Woods to let all these dogs have a run before returning to the garage where, if I am correct, he had three sons including Norman who later became the Managing Director.

**Editor:** Joe Branson has sent several pieces of writing to me and, as a consequence, has been reconnected with his former neighbour, Gordon Brown.

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**Great Gardens, an exhibition running from 5 March - 22 June 2013 will tell the story of 500 years of Redbridge gardens, parks and open spaces.**

"This special exhibition is being mounted by Redbridge Museum and will allow you to follow a fascinating journey from medieval farmland to grand 18th century country estates to the growth of modern suburban gardens and discover an area where the city meets the country.

You will be able to explore the 'lost' grounds of Wanstead House, one of the grandest gardens in 18th century England; find out about the Woodford botanist who discovered many new plants; uncover the fight to preserve the ancient Hainault Forest; and see how local people have used their gardens, parks and allotments in the last 100 years. Through a range of objects, photographs, films and documents, visitors will view Redbridge in a new light."

The Museum is still looking for old garden or farm equipment to display. Can you help? If so, contact Gerard Greene at the Redbridge Museum in the Central Library by emailing him ( [gerard.greene@visionrcl.org.uk](mailto:gerard.greene@visionrcl.org.uk) ) or contacting him by phone ( 020 8708 2432 ). The Museum's website can be found at [www.redbridge.gov.uk/museum](http://www.redbridge.gov.uk/museum)

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### **The Village Bookshop** by John Lovell

Many members regularly visit the Village Bookshop. Alison Lawrence has moved from the shop and will now be living in Herefordshire. The bookshop is now being run by Tan Dillon who has kindly agreed to put details of our meetings in his window and is selling our books! We have a link to his site on our website.

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### **Publications** by John Lovell

We have copies of some of our previous publications which will be available to purchase at our meetings or through John Lovell:

**Woodford Village to Suburb** by Margery Smith was originally edited and published by Ernest Fulcher. Priced at £4.00 + £1.20 postage if required.

**Woodford in the 1930s** was compiled by Ernest Fulcher. Priced at £4.00 + £1.20 postage if required.

**A Pictorial Review of Old Woodford 1900 – 1930 (Volume 1)** was compiled by Graham Essl and Peter Lawrence. Priced at £3.00 + 90p postage if required.

**A Pictorial Review of Old Woodford 1900 – 1930 (Volume 2)** was compiled by Graham Essl, Reg Fowkes and Peter Lawrence. Priced at £3.00 + 90p postage if required

**A Pictorial Review of Old Wanstead** was compiled by Reg Fowkes and Peter Lawrence in association with Graham Essl. Priced at £3.00 + 90p postage.

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### **'E' Matters** by John Lovell

A big thank you to everyone who has signed up to receive 'Woodford Times' electronically – it really does save the Society money. If you would like to try the online version please contact John Lovell at one of our meetings or call/email him ( tel: 020 8505 3640 or email: [woodfordhistoricalsociety@hotmail.com](mailto:woodfordhistoricalsociety@hotmail.com) ). The newsletter is sent out (with colour pictures!!) in a way that maintains you anonymity and you can always ask to revert to the printed version. Another advantage of being an e-subscriber is that sometimes special opportunities arise between meetings and communication by email is very much easier.

The website is proving very popular and in its first two months it received over 2000 hits and 143 enquiries from all over the world. One page which is proving to be very popular is "Can you help?" in which a selection of questions from the readership are posted and you are invited to respond. Another popular page is "E-xtra" which is to be found beneath the "Publications" tab and includes items for which we did not have space in the main Newsletter.

If you have not already done so, take a look at our Website and let me have your comments. [www.woodfordhistoricalsociety.co.uk](http://www.woodfordhistoricalsociety.co.uk)