



### FROM THE EDITOR

The society has been very active over the last 6 months in organising various events including the North Chingford Freedom Walks with author, educator and historian Peter Ashan, a guided history tour of Gilwell Park, plus the very successful Chingford Train Line 150 at the hub, a celebration of the Liverpool Street to Chingford Train Line opening in 1873.

This has helped to raise the profile of CHS in the community and the resulting increase in membership to its highest levels in decades. Thank you for your continued support - Gary Stone

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### Forthcoming Talks

See a full list at [www.chingfordhistory.org.uk](http://www.chingfordhistory.org.uk)

**21<sup>st</sup> March** – **Copped Hall - a glimpse of those who made it work.** *Followed by AGM. Insights into the lives of some of the people who worked on the estate and the challenges faced when trying to research their stories. Speaker: Alan White*

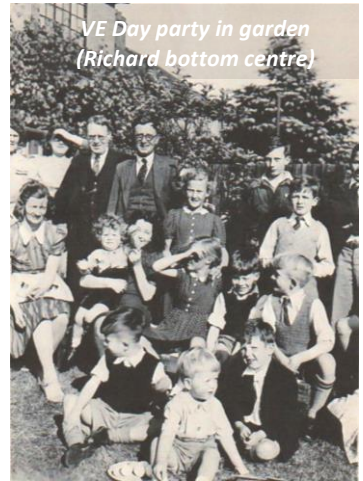
**18<sup>th</sup> April** – **The Rise, Fall & Rescue of Chingford Mount Cemetery - A history of the Cemetery and the lives of some of those buried there.** *Speaker: Tim Valder-Hogg*

**16th May** – **Spitalfields & Whitechapel – A virtual walk-** *Take a virtual stroll to explore east of the city - just outside the old walls. Speaker: Jill Finch*

## A Chingford Story - by Richard Ackland

Being born in 1942 this focusses mainly upon the period 1947 - 1960, probably with an emphasis on the early fifties. My address then was in Dale View Avenue.

The overriding memory is not so much of particular incidents, people or places, but rather of the general atmosphere of those years. The war was just over, but life was still difficult with shortages and rationing, compounded by a couple of particularly hard winters. Nonetheless the overriding impression was one of stability. People felt that things had settled down and that they could get on with their lives, lives which they imagined were likely to remain much the same for the foreseeable future. There was full employment and everybody expected to remain in the same job until retirement. Moving house was a rarity.



I can still name all the neighbours at least from No 14 to 50 and from No 17 - 41 in DVA. Not to mention plenty in nearby roads. And they were then (SAY 1954) mostly the same people as recorded on the 1939 register. Unlike today, whilst hoping for gradual and minor improvements in their lives, people were not expecting change. "Things were as they were and would always be so".

Of course, none of this was apparent to me as a child. I speak here with the benefit of hindsight; and in any case the phenomenon cannot have been confined to Chingford. It must have been pretty widespread.

So, let's be more specific. One thing I recall is meeting my father from the bus in the evening. I would go down to the 102 bus-stop in Larkshall Road in the absolute certainty that he would be on the same bus every day and that the bus would be on time. An example of the regularity by which everybody's life was run. Similarly, at precisely the same time each day we'd hear the peculiar noise made by the car belonging to No 23 (one of the few cars in the road) as it slowed down uphill preparing to turn into its driveway.

And then there was school. I went to King's Road, run at that time by Miss Reader (infants) and by Mr Swindell (juniors). Both had already been there for 20 or 30 years or more and both appeared to us as very fearsome. Miss Reader probably wasn't; Mr Swindell probably was. But just as they had been in their posts for so long, so, for us too, nothing much changed from day to day. King's Road was a CoE school which meant that we'd get regular visits from the Rector, the Rev Grant, who would lecture us, probably on the catechism, can't remember for sure. And from time to time, we'd be marched up to the Parish Church. Mind you, that had its advantages each year on Ascension Day, when we'd have normal school up to the mid-morning milk break, then go to Church for a service, but then be given the rest of the day off.



Similarly on St Peter and St Paul's Day we'd stop normal school midway through the morning and be sent home. BUT we'd then have to show up for Sports Day which was held on the Chingford Cricket Ground in Forest Side behind the Queen Elizabeth pub. This was quite arduous since it was a long way for most of us and, at first time of

asking, was quite hard to find. The long walk home was also very weary, especially if we were getting some hot June weather.

By the way I don't think Sports Day laid much emphasis on athletic prowess - it was mostly sack races, 3-legged races, egg & spoon races, tug o'wars and the like. Sport was for fun, not for excellence.

There was a further advantage of going to King's Road. It was used as a polling station so we always got a day off on election days.

In my first year in the juniors, 1950/51, we were 64 in the class sitting 3 to a 2-person desk. These days nobody believes me, but I still have the school reports to prove it. The teacher was Mrs Claydon who lived in Horsley Road.

In my second year we were taught by Mr Salter, also from Horsley Road. We spent most of that year reciting Hiawatha. And by chance I learned that 20 or 30 years later he was still getting his charges to do the same at a school in Leyton.

I recall the day the king died - simply because the school secretary, whom I can visualise, but whose name escapes me, forbade us from playing football in the playground.



One thing common to all small boys of the day (I don't know what the girls did) was that we were all avid collectors of anything and everything. Cigarette cards, stamps and marbles were the most common objects but there were also bus tickets, cigarette packets, bird eggs, tadpoles, gobs, dinky toys, bus numbers, train numbers,

comics etc etc etc. And we all carried knives, pen-knives for sharpening pencils, making bows and arrows and generally fiddling about with various bits and pieces of twigs etc. Makes me smile when I read of proposals today to make the carrying of knives illegal. We went carol-singing; we made guys for 5th November (strictly private enterprise in both cases).

And we had such freedom. During the holidays we were mostly banished from the house "to get some fresh air" and forbidden to return until the next mealtime, lunch or tea. With stern admonitions nonetheless "not to be late". Goodness knows how we knew the time for none of us would have a watch. I suppose we weren't shy of asking the time of any passing adult. But we probably wouldn't ask a policeman, for the only one we knew was P.C. Henderson on his double cross-bar bike, for fear of whom we lived in great dread. We had Ridgeway Park where we'd try to play cricket and football, but better than that we had total freedom of the forest, where we could roam all day.

In 1951 Tottenham Hotspur were English League champions. I have the autographs of every member of the team, for they used to train on Chingford Plain and we knew them all. They would behave much as we did, show up, throw their jackets down to act as goalposts and commence their training. Difficult to imagine an 8-year-old getting such casual access to the Championship-winning teams of today!

When playing football, or anything else, in the playground there were three ways in which we might divide ourselves up: Arsenal v Spurs, Oxford v Cambridge,

Labour v Conservative. For we all had strong loyalties in all three cases (and still do !!). Can't think these categories would excite much rivalry amongst today's 9-year-olds!

Like most of my contemporaries I was a cub. There was a large choice; those I recall easily were the yellow 27th, the black and red 37th and in my case the pale blue 40th attached to the methodist church under the control of Mr E Gathercole or "Skip", a notable local figure with his motor-bike. Proximity to Gilwell Park was another benefit and was probably a reason for the high take-up of cubs and scouts in Chingford.

Chingford was well served by buses: the 102 westwards across North London, the 145 southwards across the borders of Essex and East London and the 38 south-westwards into the heart of London. Perhaps the longest was the 35 which went to Clapham. The 205 connected us to Waltham Abbey and the very short-routed 121 to Ponders End, tho' I always wondered, and still do, why it never continued as far as Enfield. The 121 was notable since one of the buses was a unique experimental model - G436. The 38 was still served by pre-war buses with the stairs outside.

We also had trolleybuses to penetrate the outer East End en route for the docks. The jewel in the crown was perhaps the Harlow-Windsor 718 greenline - very useful to take me with my father to visit my grandmother in the Holloway Road.



I took piano lessons in Dale View Crescent with Miss Jackson, who had connections with music teachers in Walthamstow. Once a month they would hold concerts in Orford Road in which their various unwilling "students" would be required to perform. In retrospect it probably did us the world of good in terms of self-confidence in public.

But Miss Jackson wasn't the only music teacher in Chingford. Much better known were the Winter brothers, better known in part because they both wore beards, one bushy and unruly, the other short and neat - very unusual in the 1950s.

A year or two ago Radio 3's "Composer of the Week" featured Michael Nyman, slightly younger than me but also brought up in Chingford - he went to Yardley Lane school. He spoke very highly of his teacher, Leslie Winter. He also reminisced briefly about Connaught Waters and about the small boy collecting mania, upon which he based an opera.



The watchword in those post-war days was self-sufficiency. Plenty of people in Dale View kept chickens, one or two even kept pigs. My father kept bees and, like nearly everybody else, grew vegetables, both in the garden and on an allotment. My father would occasionally get a call from the police to fetch a swarm. Off

he'd go on his bike with his hat and veil and a large wicker basket.

Home delivery is nothing new. Apart from the milkman, the Co-op delivered, the Chingford Laundry would collect and deliver, and of course delivery was the only way to get your coal. The job of the child of the family was to count the number of sacks delivered so as not to be short-changed. There were also occasional itinerant soft-drink vans and greengrocers, not to mention rag and bone men and bicycle-riding knife grinders. And in addition to the dustmen, most roads were equipped with pig-bins - the nearest to us was right opposite. You knew where they were by the smell.



## Charles Frankland Moore - By John Conen

Frankland Road and Norton Close in South Chingford derive their names from Charles Frankland Moore who owned Norton Villa at 143 Chingford Mount Road (the old numbering which was to be changed in the 1930s). Norton Villa stood next to the congregational church site on the corner of Hampton Road.

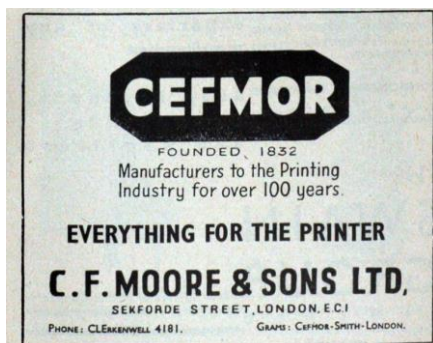


Born in Kensington in 1843, Charles Frankland Moore was apprenticed in 1858 to John Alfred Stanton, a tube maker of 73 Shoe Lane, for seven years. Moore's father Charles Stephen Moore was a baker of 1 Grove Terrace, Brompton, but was recorded as deceased.

Charles Frankland Moore married Harriett Esther Drakeford in Hampstead in 1874.

In 1881 he was a printers material manufacturer living with his family (four sons, one daughter) and his brother and his family plus servants at 24 Tysoe Street, Clerkenwell. In 1891 he was living at 11 Sekforde Street, Clerkenwell and there were two more children, but his brother no longer lived with him. In 1901 he is described as a printer's brass rule maker and his sons were later employed in this family business which was founded in 1832 and was later known as C F Moore & Sons Ltd.

Sometime in the 1890s Moore acquired Norton Villa – he may well have had it built as a country retreat - and initially did not use it as a permanent residence. Harriett died 11 September 1894 and her death was registered in Epping, the registration district that includes Chingford. In 1911 Moore was living on his own at Norton Villa, though in the same profession and not retired. Moore seems to have done some property development as a sideline and requested planning permission to lay out Frankland Road in 1908, but building in the road did not start until 1925. In 1921 his family is still in Sekforde Street, Clerkenwell. Charles Frankland Moore died 1 June 1926 and left £9,734 in his will. He is buried in the family grave at Chingford Mount cemetery.

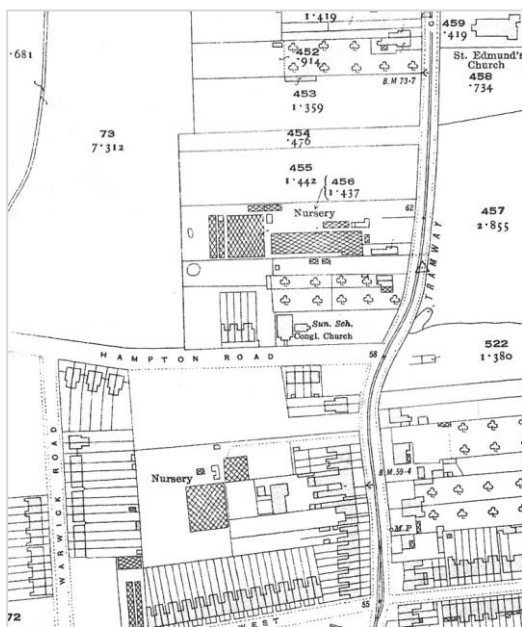


Norton Villa was to be auctioned in February 1927, the sale to include gardens, orchard, stabling and piggeries. The size of the property was 3 roods 15 perches i.e., about three quarters of an acre. What happened to Norton Villa in the auction afterwards is not known. In the 1927 electoral register, the Wallace family are living there. However, in the *East London Observer* (Saturday 7 July 1928), the

Walthamstow building firm A G Tufton (who had started building locally in 1925) was advertising houses nearing completion at £590 freehold. Tufton's estate office is given as 143 Chingford Mount Road. Possibly Tufton bought the property in the auction following Moore's death but it's more likely he may have rented it if the house had failed to sell at auction, or perhaps he just used part of the house as an office.

In March 1937 a man appeared before Waltham Abbey magistrates charged with stealing a number of fireplaces from an empty house in Chingford Mount Road. The fireplaces were said to belong to Lincoln & Lincoln (probably a property agent) and although the house is named as 'Morton Lodge' no property of that name can be traced and it is probably Norton Villa. Clearly Norton Villa was by then unoccupied and derelict. In the 1939 Kelly's and the 1939 Register nothing is listed between Hampton Road and the Hampton Garage (the church would not have been listed). It is not known when Norton Villa was demolished but the site wasn't redeveloped until the 1950s.

The Chingford Road nursery occupied a five-acre site to the north of Norton Villa, where Norton Close stands today, and two nurserymen – John and Robert Cooper - are listed in the 1911 census. Both had families and they probably occupied the house next to Norton Villa shown on the 1914 Ordnance Survey map. The nursery and the house do not seem to have existed for long after World War 1, although a Swede, Herman Persson was listed in the 1921 census as the employer so he was presumably then running the business. He employed two nurserymen - Edward Wright and his grandson Edward McGee who lived in Old Church Hill. Persson soon moved on and it is not known what if any use was made of the site until Norton Close was built. It is unclear if Charles Moore had any connection with the nursery.





Moore's son Charles Drakeford Moore born 1875 was described as a Master Mechanical Engineer in 1921 and as an engineering company chairman in the 1939 Register, when he lived at 43 Parkside Drive, Edgware. In 1921 C F Moore & Sons Ltd still operated out of the Sekforde Street premises. Clerkenwell was always a centre for precision industries, and C F Moore & Sons were there until at least 1953. There do not appear to be any further links with Chingford.

Charles Drakeford Moore married Jane Elizabeth Parsons in 1897. They had two children, Charles Frankland and Muriel Harriet Elizabeth Moore. The Charles Frankland Moore born 7 January 1899 had a distinguished military career and he and his second wife were active in charitable work in Hong Kong and in BLESMA (The Limbless Veterans). He was serving in the Royal Engineers in 1918 as a Second Lieutenant, and also served in World War 2, when it was said he was busy sabotaging enemy supply lines.

He was described as a secretary of a limited company when he married Gladys Rose Tremain in Barnes on 19 March 1921. They had a daughter Angela born in 1926. They later lived at Wyvelstoke, Chesham Bois, and Gladys was living there when she was granted a divorce in 1949.

Violet Elizabeth Frankland-Moore (1901-1998) was his second wife. They married in 1949 in Hendon, and later lived in Putney. Charles Frankland Moore junior died on 15 April 1982.

Unfortunately, I haven't been able to find a photograph of Charles Moore senior, or of Norton Villa. If anyone can help, please contact me (John Conen) via the society.

### Chingford's Haunted Hotel - by Jonathan Dwelley

I've been a regular visitor to the pub of the Royal Forest Hotel over the years... some may say a tad too often a visitor! I took a liking to their beer garden round the back, especially on summer afternoons – of which I have somewhat hazy recollections. The actual hotel building has always impressed me, with its commanding location on the summit of a hill on Rangers Road, it's like a sumptuous Tudor palace overlooking Chingford



Plain. For some reason I've always found the interior of the bar and restaurant area a bit tired looking and frayed round the edges, but the vestiges of things like the stained glass and staircase hint at previous splendour. One day I decided to photograph the outside of the hotel, and immediately took in the play of gables, and mock Tudor facade gleaming against a deep blue sky: it is located adjacent to the venerable Queen Elizabeth Hunting Lodge, and I couldn't help but think that the hotel is the more impressive structure compared to her older and smaller neighbour. With this in mind, I went home and delved into the history of the hotel, it didn't take me long to realise that the hotel has had quite an eventful life by any accounts.

The Hotel was built in 1880, and given the title Forest Hotel, however in 1882, with the visit to Epping Forest by a certain Queen Victoria, it was grandly renamed the 'Royal' Forest Hotel. Its primary role was to provide refreshments and accommodation for the hordes that came up from London, no doubt taking advantage of the newly opened train line. The hotel was a magnificent four storey structure, designed by the Irish born architect Edmond Egan in the mock Tudor style, probably to blend in with the Queen Elizabeth Hunting lodge (the Tudor style houses on the Drive in North Chingford were also designed by Egan. He was an active architect until his death in 1899). By



all accounts back then, the Royal Forest Hotel was impressive, it had dining rooms, a plush banqueting hall and a vast pavilion in the grounds.

Things seem to have been going well for the hotel – until disaster struck! In 1912 a fire ravaged the hotel, some people were trapped on the top floor and perished. The hotel was consequently rebuilt...And apparently has never been the same. Strange things have been going bump in the night, kind of thing. The main culprit is a ghost named 'Mary'...it has been reported that she has been seen on numerous occasions sitting on a bed on the top floor. Staff have witnessed a chilling presence...And horror film incidents like lights switching on and off on their own accord and unexplained noises. Some staff members have been so freaked out by these ghostly phenomena that they have refused to stay

there...especially overnight. I don't want to dwell on all this ghost stuff, but before I knew about ghosts there, I did have a strange sensation while visiting the Royal Forest Hotel, and when leaving – I certainly didn't see any ghosts, but I felt a certain creepy something. I wonder how many guests at the Premier inn have seen or heard anything of the paranormal in the early hours?



An intriguing fact about the Royal Forest Hotel is that for many years it was the terminus for buses until the 1960s when busses found a new terminus at Chingford bus station, which used to be the coal yard next to Chingford railway station. Another story about the hotel I found out chatting to a lady is that she remembers Teddy boys frequently

having punch ups in the car park outside the hotel...it shows the hotel attracted all types throughout the decades.

You may be aware that the bar and restaurant owned here by Brewers Fayre have now closed, and it seems likely that the hotel building will be turned into private accommodation units – this seems like an uncanny trend in Chingford, look at other historical buildings like Spicer Hall for example. Is this the nail in the coffin for the Royal Forest Hotel? What strikes me about the history of this building was that when built, it was a grand affair, and had an important role in Chingford life: it was a hotel to be proud of - named after the visit of our Queen no less; then over the years, after the fire, and perhaps, with the removal of the bus terminus, the hotel has suffered a decline in fortunes and assumed that tired look it has had in recent years, a neglected Tudor palace on its hill top away from the buzz of Chingford life – shame really. As I photographed the Royal Forest Hotel looking magnificent in the sunshine, I just felt something really special could be made of this building...is this a lost opportunity?



*STOP PRESS: Since writing this piece, we now understand that Heartwood Collection, backed by Alchemy Partners, have acquired The Royal Forest, adding to its growing portfolio of freehold 'pubs with rooms'. In their statement it says*

*“Originally opened to receive visitors from London who disembarked at the newly opened Chingford Station, The Royal Forest will once again welcome guests from far and wide after undergoing a multi-million-pound refurbishment that will restore original features including a feature window on the stairwell that references Elizabeth I and her connection to the area”.*

*Infused with Heartwood’s signature quirky style the refurbishment will transform the existing bar and dining space into a warm welcoming pub with 80 covers together with a dining room seating up to 142 guests plus 28 room hotel.*

## **The Ballams, the Hensons and the Jacksons –by Annie Jackson**

My Grandma (Emily Ballam) would say “if there’s anything you want to know about the family, ask now”. As a young adult, it either wasn’t on my radar or I felt there was plenty of time for all that. Unearthing photos and letters on the passing of our Mum earlier this year, I wish I had.

Although I now live in North Essex with my “Chingford boy” husband (Andy Warden), my parents (Peter & Frances [nee Henson] Jackson) were from Chingford, as were theirs. I have lived in various parts of Chingford and Loughton over the years and with family and friends still residing, there will always be attachment.



We recently had reason to revisit Pole Hill, a special place for our Mum. Her Grandparents lived in Woodberry Way and she would race up the hill from the Dominican Convent school in Forest View to have her lunch with them. Great



Grandpa (Ernest Ballam) was in the Royal Flying Corps during WW1 but his profession was as a carpenter/builder and he went on to build a great many of the houses in Chingford, including Woodberry Way. Despite many changes in that road, their house remains virtually the same with the coloured glass in the hall window. The building boom of the mid 30s ensured plenty of work and wealth for them; indeed, they prided themselves on owning the first car in the street.

He also built some of the houses in Chingford Avenue and offered two of these to his daughters. He'd purchased an old Victorian one for the land it sat upon (an orchard at the back of the cemetery) and built two newer ones next to it but my Grandma (Evelyn) was adamant she wanted the Victorian one - he told her it would be a money pit (and it was) although I'm pleased to say it's still standing despite the bomb damage all around. She moved in the 80s to be nearer us in Chelmsford but I remember her filling some of the cracks in order to sell it - delicately at first with a trowel but in the end slapping on the Polyfilla with her hands! Her sister opted for another large Victorian house further up the road on the left with yellow double doors and they were a great comfort to each other in their later lives.

As grandchildren, there are many memories of that Chingford house for us, watching the flickering lights and gas flame across the reservoir at night, playing in the woods at the top end of the cemetery, the awful waxy Azal toilet paper in the cold outside toilet. On the insistence of my brother, she adopted a cemetery cat abandoned by its



*Great Grandpa Ernest at 69 Woodberry Way*

previous owners. We called it Jaws; it was huge and pretty feral, preferring cheese sandwiches from the grave diggers and squirrels to normal cat food. I remember listening to Tom Jones belting out "What's New Pussycat" on her old gramophone in the drawing room and the best china being used for special teas in the dining room - tinned salmon (with the bones carefully taken out of course) and yucky tinned fruit with evaporated milk in coloured dessert glasses. We also loved spending time with our Great Aunt (Emily) up the road as she was far less strict, always had battenburg in her kitchen utility cupboard, loved gambling and shouting at the wrestlers on Saturday afternoons.

She would take us down the Mount, to Bishops, the supermarket, Pollards and occasionally, Rossi's to spend pocket money on dolls house furniture. She'd tell us how the men used to get out at the bottom of the Mount so that the buses could get up the hill, especially in Winter. Trips in her Vauxhall Avenger to Epping on

market day, in particular getting real lemonade from the WI ladies and beautifully packaged dripping from Church's. A visit to the butchers in North Chingford would mean getting a free sweet from the lady in the booth who took the money and for a real treat, Chasneys or The Chariot in Loughton for steak and pineapple fritters.



My Dad went to school in Wellington Avenue and his parents lived in South Chingford. His father was a window cleaner and could often be seen down the Mount up his ladder with a cigarette permanently fixed in his teeth doing more chatting than cleaning. They got married at the Catholic Church and subsequently moved to

Chelmsford where houses were cheaper and work more plentiful. They were lucky to have Chingford at their disposal during their youth and spent many an afternoon at Larkswood Swimming Pool or in the forest. My husband prides himself on being one of the last swimmers at the pool before it was closed to the public in 1987.

### **The Bartrip Family - By Len Davis with contributions from Gary Stone**

The Bartrip family were first recorded as living in Chingford from 1814 with the birth of George Bartrip. In 1837, his wife Sarah Bartrip was at St James's Palace when Queen Victoria was informed of her accession to the throne.

George Bartrip Senior was the last Parish Clerk serving from 1858-1894. He was then aged 80 and Chingford became an Urban District. He was Clerk to the Vestry which consisted of all the ratepayers in Chingford, not only Church members. The Vestry could levy Church Rates, administer local charities etc. In those days the Parish Clerk had to be an educated man capable of making a Will or writing a letter for any member of the Parish. He was also described as a Carrier to London, Mondays and Fridays.

In 1891, George Bartrip, Junior, aged 51, was a coal and coke agent and Rate Collector. His wife was Jessie and sons Frederick C. Bartrip, aged 22, a ships' steward, and Arthur E. Bartrip, aged 15.

By 1892, George Bartrip Junior was an Assistant Overseer and agent for the Great Eastern Railway.

In 1896, Mr Bartrip reported the earthquake which affected Chingford in December. He awoke at 5.30 a.m. to find his bed shaking and wares rattling. Some local residents who had experienced earthquakes in places like Japan recognised what it was, but others reported burglars.

The Village Shop known as 'Bartrips' was the property of Percy's father, a local historian and coal merchant. It was next door to the Bull & Crown. In an adjoining room villagers paid rates, income tax, published banns and made funeral arrangements. The shop sold grocery and hardware, confectionary and drapery. A carrier called twice a week on horseback for post before going on to London. Twice a week the village shop was used by a visiting Doctor who kept his medicine chest there.



Percy Bartrip, grandson of Sarah, fought in World War I. He was a Coal Merchant and a tall soldierly figure. He always wore his Officers' uniform on Armistice Day. He eventually took over the old Fire Station for his business when the Council built a new Fire Station in the Ridgeway.

Bartrip's house and farm buildings were demolished in the early 1920s to make way for the new Catholic Church.

In the 1940s, Arthur Edwin Bartrip wrote, 'Memories of Old Chingford'.

Percy died in 1960. He had looked after the Church Clock all his life.

His daughter became Mrs M.Behling.

In 1979, Reg. Bartrip died.



## FORTHCOMING EVENTS

The Chingford Village Festival- Saturday 15<sup>th</sup> June 2024 – The society will once again have a stall on The Green with a display of Chingford's past and its publications and postcards for sale.

<p><b>President</b> – Peter Uglow <b>Chairman</b> – Gary Stone <b>Vice Chairman</b> – Joanna Moncrieff <b>Secretary</b> – Lawrie Curtis <b>Treasurer</b> – Simon Goulter <b>Membership</b> – Frances Pick <b>Committee Member</b> – Alison Goulter <b>Committee Member</b> – David Boote <b>Committee Member</b> – Marion Fox <b>Committee Member</b> – Stephen Pick <b>Committee Member</b> – Alan White <b>Committee Member</b> – Patrick Smith</p>
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If you would like to contribute to the newsletter or have any historical material to donate or share, please contact Gary Stone on 07970 524553 or [enquiries@chingfordhistory.org.uk](mailto:enquiries@chingfordhistory.org.uk)

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