

Lexden History Group



Sonia Lewis in Mayoral robes standing with husband, Keith, on the balcony of the Town Hall. Colchester Mayor-making May 2010

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Sonia says this is her last article, but we hope to convince her otherwise!



It is with great respect I share with you some of my personal memories during my Mayoral Year. I do so as the result of a request and thank everyone who has contacted me. I always have and always will observe the protocol of the Mayoral position. It is "Madam Mayor" or "Mr Mayor" when you first meet, and always "Mr" or "Madam" at Council meetings. In Colchester the position of Mayor is alternated between the political parties and the councillor is nominated by their political party in order of seniority. The position held first is deputy, supporting the mayor, and this is like a training session, when you enjoy the outings without the responsibilities. The business comes later!

Hat... I always wore a hat at church and for formal events. I had some nice ones - winter and summer, navy and black, straw and felt hats. I damaged two. The navy straw hat I sat on in the car, squashing it completely and the bow on the black felt one just fell apart. I had it repaired and it now hangs in my hall. It was tradition for each Mayor to have a new civic hat but I refused as I had worn the same hat "man and boy" (well, you can't say lady and girl, can you?) since 1988. I asked if it could have the gold trim attached and after long debates it was agreed. When I lost my seat in 1990 I hid my hat at the bottom of the storage unit. When I regained the seat I found it again. Sadly it is now well worn and out of shape due to the way I carried it, but having the gold braid sewn on it saved tax payers £400, and I wore my trusted hat with Colcestrian pride.



Mayor making started at the Town Hall with photographs, robed up as Mayor for the first time and enjoying the photo call on the Balcony (*cover photo*). I now wish I had chosen my balcony photograph for the official one displayed on the Town Hall stairs. In the official one I look so tired which I was after many months of mayoral duties. The ceremony is traditional and, in my case, the Town Sergeant first helped the outgoing Mayor, Henry Spyvee, to take off the robe, dressing him in an everyday councillor robe. Then I was dressed as Mayor. I made my first Mayoral speech, pointing out that Colchester was making history with a lady Mayor, a lady Deputy Mayor, a lady Leader of the Council and a lady Police Chief. I said "Look out Colchester, here come the girls!" That night on a social media site was: "Look out Darlin', (yes, they left the "g" off darling!), here come the girls. You must be joking, you're over 70 if you are a day." This was the first of many unpleasant messages and the only one for this story. After Mayor-making a full council meeting takes place where committee places are voted in, then lunch, and the speeches following lunch give an opportunity for new councillors to have their say and former councillors to settle some scores.

The Colchester based 16th Air Assault Brigade were deployed in Afghanistan and during my time six soldiers fell and many were left with life changing injuries. The Mercury theatre offered a complete pantomime performance for the military families. The Army Benevolent Fund organised the allocation of 400 tickets and Waitrose handed a goody bag to each child. The Garrison Commander and myself went on stage to a standing ovation and this was one of the few times I cried in public. Unfortunately the theatre did not receive the publicity they deserved.

In January I attended an evening at the Arts Centre when the cast of The Archers gave an evening of - I think it was Noel Coward - raising money for Help for Heroes. A lady came up and asked me if I was the mayor. (I resisted saying, "I think this chain is a dead giveaway"!!!). She explained that her son was serving in Afghanistan and she had come to Colchester just to see the cast of The Archers. When she told her son that she was visiting Colchester he said, "If you see the mayor please thank him for the pantomime." I asked if he was a Para and she said he was in the Welsh Guards and continued that the troops out there were so grateful that Colchester was looking after their families. I was able to pass this story on when attending a large meeting at the Theatre which, in my opinion, made up for the lack of press coverage.

Events I went in my car to an event in Castle Park and as Mayor I was allowed to park on site. I drove to the lower gate where an attendant informed me I could not enter the park. I was driving a small unmarked courtesy car and feeling a little bit naughty that if I had been in the Mayoral car I would have been swept in. When I replied "Oh, yes I can", the attendant looked a bit miffed so I decided I must come clean, took my chains out of the bag, waved them at her and said "these tell me I can enter". She laughed and I apologised for teasing her and the waiting crowd gave us both a round of applause. To me it was a bit of fun and accepted as such.

The Brownies and Rainbows held a sleep over in the Moot Hall and I was asked to read them a bedtime story. When I drove down High Street I could hear the noise from the Moot Hall. I changed into my PJs in the Mayor's Parlour and went upstairs. It was magic. They had a dancing competition and I gave a prize to the winner. Midnight and time for me to go home. I was hot and stayed in my PJs. Driving round St Botolph's a police car pulled me over, asked me if I was OK and what was my business. I just showed them my chains, explained where I had been but felt a bit odd as my clothes were not what you would expect a Lady Mayor to be wearing. They escorted me to Glen Avenue!



I was asked to support local man, Matt Cardle, and the town at Essex University in the final of 'X Factor' (*audience left*). It was a Sunday and my third event of the day. I arrived at 6pm from an earlier concert and was shown to a seat but I was not given any refreshments and no one looked after me - and I was there four hours. No respect. However, a group of young ladies from TOWIE (The Only Way Is Essex), and who had queued from 5am for places, sat with me. They gave me sweets, soft drinks, shared their sandwiches, called me Mrs Mayor and sat by me as they knew when the TV camera came to me they would be in the picture! The Host was Stacey Solomon and she never spoke to me except on camera when she interviewed me live. The producer explained that Stacey was rehearsing my interview with a stand in, what cheek! I just hope those dear TOWIE girls, who were beautiful in both looks and attitude, found the fame they were looking for. I telephoned Matt's PA and asked if he would autograph one of his baseball caps for auction and was told that if I purchased a cap from M&F in Colchester (£4.95), posted it to them, he would sign and send it back to me. This is what happened except that H & M donated the cap and it made £75. I had planned to send it back to the PA with apologies, saying there were no bids, but I thought £75 was too high a price!

Fun and Support It was once a tradition for the Town Crier to announce the start of Winter on December 1st from street corners. The Town Crier, Bob Needham (*right with Sonia in antlers!*), agreed to do this as December 1st was late night shopping and Liz White (yes, our Liz!) organised a choir and, together with the Town Crier and my committee, we walked the precinct, the Crier making the proclamation at every corner. The choir sang, we handed out sweets and gingerbread people; it was cold with snow and ice, but our collection raised £103 for charity. A cold but magic start to Christmas. The conclusion of my fund-raising year was a Ball held in the Moot Hall. I am sad to say that my New Year's Eve Ball for many reasons was disappointing, so I was pleased the May Ball took off. We had a meal prepared by the Talbooth, an auction including the Cardle cap, and dancing. The entertainment was organised by ... three guesses, our Liz. We both planned the songs, she organised her friends from different choirs to sing together and she played the piano. We all joined in the choruses of popular sentimental songs with some flag waving, of course.



VIP 's along the way. When Her Majesty visited Colchester, my day started at the Garrison. It was the day before the Oyster Feast and in the afternoon the Queen visited Wilkins Jam Factory (*left*) where it was my privilege to receive her and I was mentioned in the court circular. During the morning the Saturday girls launched the poppy appeal, but my car for Tiptree did not arrive so an army officer drove me. When we saw a lady fall my driver went to her and came back to say I would have to walk as he was a paramedic and as the lady had a broken arm, he must stay with her. I got out and started walking, then the

Mayoral car did come along and I jumped in, but I had committed a crime! I left my gloves in the car, so I greeted the Queen with a bare hand. I did not attend the tour of the production line but I did have tea with the Royal party. I was asked what were the production line making, and I explained that Wilkins now made marmalade ice cream. A lady (not Her Majesty) said, "I cannot think who would want ice cream on their breakfast toast!"

Madam Mayor Wootton Basset - Mary Champion (*right*), a speaker at the Oyster Feast (sister of Bob) was at the Town Hall when I returned from Tiptree. We walked to the poppy shop and then she went to her hotel. Later that evening in evening dress we were guests at the Garrison. The table with the regimental silver was wonderful. I sat next to the commander and when the starter was served I continued talking until the commander whispered, "Madam Mayor, please take up your cutlery so we may all eat!" Silly me! I was always concerned, and still am, that if the Mayor is present, then the Mayor is first at table.



Lauren Booth (sister of Cherie Blair). I attended an open day organised by Muslims. Lauren (*left*) had only just taken up the faith and was covered from head to toe in black with her face covered. I thought what a long afternoon it would be BUT she was remarkable, so calm so peaceful, and she generated a strange aura so I felt

relaxed and at peace in her company. If she was acting it was a very good performance and I benefitted from the vibes.

Simon Weston (*right*) delivered the Colchester Lecture organised by the Mercury Theatre and Mosaic publicity and before the lecture he planted the first rose bush in the Soldiers' Garden at the Cemetery. This was my main Mayoral project. He left early as he was driving to Kent to sit with a young soldier who was suffering severe stress. He is a very impressive person.



Whoops! I was at a reception talking to a gentleman dressed in tweeds but I could not place him so I said, "I think we have met before." He replied, "Madam Mayor, I am the Garrison Commander". I never made that mistake again. I was hosting a presentation event in The Mayor's Parlour. I went in to prepare and found a VIP man in his boxer shorts! After that the door was kept locked but this gentleman had been known to change his trousers in the Council car park. I went to Cudmore Grove, East Mersea, for an event and wanted change for the parking meter. I asked Dougal, the warden, where I could obtain cash and he said, "Just park there - I have your registration number." A lorry driver waiting to pay asked what did he have to do to have parking excused? I looked at him and said words I had wanted to say for ages, "Do you not know who I am?" and went on to explain that I was "An Alderman and former Mayor". We all laughed and I thanked the driver for the opportunity to say the words.

Questions from schools "How rich are you" reply - "very rich but I do not have a lot of money. I have a lovely home, warm bed at night, I am in good health and my two children are settled. I have rescue ponies. Yes, I am very rich but I do not have a lot of money." "How old are you?" - "old enough to know better, young enough to run for a bus and to drive my high-performance car, old enough to listen to other people's views and to enjoy life."

I hope you can see that during a Mayoral year there is more to opening fêtes and cutting ribbons than is obvious and a lot went on under my precious hat!

People in Spring Lane - Philip Cardy

Phillip Cardy was born on 21st July 1906 and lived in Lexden all his life. His memories span many years and it is often difficult to pin down the actual time being recalled! From earlier maps it appears that after the link road to the A12 was built Spring Lane roughly followed the route of an old footpath before joining the original lane. (Editor's additions in italics/brackets)



So we come to Spring Lane (*left in 1890*). At the start of the lane there were nine houses. The first one on the left was lived in by Mrs Cranmer - her husband was Horseman for Jimmy Hines (*Farmer at Lexden Lodge*). The thing she treasured most was her front doorstep that was kept in top condition and nobody was allowed to put a foot on it. This, of course, attracted us boys. So, on the way to school, we collected some mud on our shoes. We used to creep up the road and run past Mrs Cranmer's and give the step a good stamp with

the muddy boot. This went on for a day or two, then the door would fly open and down would come the stick – she didn't miss either. The only way to miss the stick was to take a flying leap, but that way you could not get a good stamp on the step - most unsatisfactory. I learnt in later years that it was the old lady on the other side of the road who used to signal her when we were starting our run. Mr Chamberlain lived next door to her. Both those cottages have gone now and there is a modern one in their place. Chamberlain worked for the Corporation and one of his jobs was to drive the horse round and water the roads to keep the dust down. One time he came round Lexden and so he thought he would give Spring Lane a wet. He started down the lane and out came Mrs Cranmer. "Now then, Chamberlain" she said "Don't you dirty my step." "All right, missus," he said, "pick it up and put it inside." Poor old dear, she could not find an answer to that one.

Emma Cranmer (1874-1940), husband, Robert James (1865-1939), lived at No 2 Spring Lane and retired to 350/352 Mersea Road. Arthur Chamberlain (1872-1950) also a horseman, lived with Lily his second wife and their 4 children at No 3 (Arthur and Lily, left). He later lived with his daughter Ruth and family at 18 King Cole Road. The old lady who signalled to Mrs Cranmer was probably Sarah Walton (1842-1919) at No 7 who had returned home to Colchester after her husband's death in 1911.)



The other houses were lived in by Uncle Bill in one, Aunt Polly next, Ike Garrett and Mr and Mrs Southgate. *(Right -Spring Lane l-r 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4) (Uncle Bill - William Cardy (1859-1939), horseman, and his wife, Emmeline (1868-1922), lived at No 5; Polly - Mary Cardy (b1863) was the wife of Elijah Claydon, bricklayer, at 6 Spring Lane where she was still living in the 1939 register; Ike - Isaac Beardwell Garrad (1868-1941) who in 1924 was living at 12 London Road; Isaac and Hosanna Southgate b1851 & 1857 Colchester lived at No 9 Spring Lane.)*



One summer's day Stanfords held a sale of properties round about and they came to the last two cottages on the right – they were weather board *(above left)*. There was no garden, just a path round them and that ended at the outdoor toilet. Mr Cadman, the Auctioneer, put them up for sale and there was no bid. He waited, then said, "Come, surely, gentlemen, there is somebody amongst you who wants a pair of cottages." There was an old man named Isaac Lot a general dealer who lived up the Avenue. *(Isaac Lott, 1861-1954, 10 The Avenue - left)*. He said, "I will give you what I've got in my wallet." Amidst a lot of banter the wallet was opened and it contained 30 shillings and the cottages were knocked down to him.



I know they have been modernised, but there is still no garden and they have sold several times. The last time, about two years ago *(early 1990s)*, the last one next to the passage up the Loop was in the window of the estate agent down on the London Road, I don't know if it made that price, but it was marked up at £36,000.



Further down the lane was Colonel Corse-Scott's house (left) which is now an Old People's Home. Before that it was at one time the Rectory. The old gentleman was very nice. You saw him every weekday morning dressed in plus-fours, hair and moustache as white as snow. He would catch the quarter to ten tram to the top of North Hill, go down High Street to the Conservative Club, have a couple of whiskies with his friends and then walk home

by the fields – and that was his day. Mrs Corse-Scott was somewhat different. All garden work in the front had to be completed before she got up so that her eye was not offended by the sight of a gardener working there. At 10am she could go to the kitchen and tell the housekeeper, Mrs Page, what she wanted for meals. The only other servant she spoke to was Miss Stock, the parlour maid. The house maid and the between maid she never spoke to. My sister, Grace, worked there as between maid and housemaid for three years but she never spoke to her. If she wanted the fire made up or her shoelaces tied she would ring the bell. Stock would answer and be told to send the between maid in to do it, but she never spoke to them. Many years later when my wife, Margaret, worked for Mrs Moffat (*sadly not traced*) and there were bridge parties, Margaret used to take the ladies' coats from them. But not from Mrs Corse-Scott, no! Mrs Moffat had to come and do that – a mere maid was not allowed to handle anything belonging to Mrs Corse-Scott.

The Colonel kept two gardeners and a garden boy. Mr Harris, the head gardener, was a Scotsman and a big man at that. The garden boy was one of the Currells (*possibly Arthur b1900 of 16 Lexden Street or Charlie b1909 of 31 Straight Road both from jobbing gardener families*). The second gardener-cum-car driver was a Mr Everett. He was a small man and always wore a gentleman's tail jacket turned green with age. My mother always told me that an old couple came home one day and heard this baby whimpering under a gooseberry bush, so they took him in and brought him up. I do know that the old boy had to work until he was 80. He had no birth certificate so could not claim a pension till he had passed 80.

Edward Henry Corse-Scott retired Royal Warwickshire Regt born in Punjab, India, 1850-1930 Wife Emily Sarah Henrica 1868-1950 after death of Edward moved to 5 Fitzwalter Road, Colchester. Clara Ada Stork (1878-1968) Aldershot, father Sgt farrier 1843-1882 with 18th Hussars died by 1891. Her mother was Mary Fisher born in Birch. Clara was living with her uncle Fisher in Shrub End and attending school. She then went into service locally. Alice Beatrice Page born 1867 Boxted 1911 census cook, apparently a widow but no marriage can be found and perhaps Mrs Corse-Scott preferred to employ a "widow".

The next large house was the one against the lake (*Mill House*). There lived Dr Cant and his wife, both over 80 years of age. He was a Knight of the Order of St John. His working life was spent as the doctor in charge of the St John's Eye Hospital in Jerusalem. He was a funny old boy. He had not been there long when we moved from the Glen down to Red Brick Cottage in Spring Lane (*now 2 Bakers Lane*). He saw me going on public duty in ambulance uniform. He pulled me up and said, "Just the man. Do you know who I am?" I said I did. "Well," he said, "I have to go to the Knights' service in Little Maplestead church in six weeks' time and I want a smart man to act as my Squire and look after my things." I told him that it was impossible as that job was done by ambulance officers, not privates. He said "Give me your

address. You will get a letter about it shortly.” So that ended up that for the next five years, once a year, I had to go to this service with him. His wife was a nice old dear and always wanted Dad and I to beat her carpets when she spring-cleaned. We knew what we were up to. She used to have them down on the lawn and sat in the window to watch. She always fell asleep and when I woke her up she told me there was still dust in them as she had been watching. So after that we always left one corner so she could watch the dust come out and that satisfied her.

(William Edmund Cant born in 1844 and educated at CRGS. After training and gaining experience travelled to Jerusalem in 1888 and, helped by wife, treated children and adults. Returned to England in December 1911 and was made Knight of the Order of St John of Jerusalem, later awarded the MBE. Both he and Mary died in 1936. During the Crusades, the manor and church of Little Maplestead – right - were given to the Order of the Knights of St John of Jerusalem, also known as the Knights Hospitaller. After the grant of the land in 1185 by Juliana Fitz-Audelin, the Hospital was founded by the Knights who then built a church for their own use in around 1186, although history does not relate whether or not that church was circular.)



Opposite them in Rose Cottage lived Mr Goodall and Mr Root. Mr Goodall was the village postman and before that he had been a tinsmith. So every time a saucepan or kettle had got worn out you took it to him and he would make you a new one. Mr Root was a railway signalman. He worked in the Lexden box which at that time was up near the one arch.

(Albert James Goodall b1875 in Birmingham was appointed postman to Lexden in April 1907 and then in September 1921 to Clacton where he retired. He initially worked as a "mathematical instrument maker", ie, scientific instruments, and then as a brass fitter. Rose Cottage was possibly demolished when the A12 slip road was constructed.)



Then we go down to the Red Bridge (*painted red at the time of photo left*). When you get over that you come to the mill that had a 12 horsepower oil engine in it, two sets of stones and an oat crusher. My father started work there the day I was born and finally finished

work in September 1953. He worked an average of five days a week all that time.

Further on, over the second bridge, were two cottages where Mrs Chinnery lived. (*13 Spring Lane*) She had one son and he was the apple of her eye. To us he was horrible. He was twice the size of the rest of us and when we were going to Billy Bird's for milk in the morning he would grab us by the ear and lead us up the road, twisting and pulling all the time; or else he would kick our cans and spill the milk.

However, he left school and went to work. After he had been working about four years he went to work one morning and neither his parents or anybody else ever saw him any more – but his mother did receive a visit from two very angry ladies with two very pregnant daughters. There was a rumour some years later that he had been

seen in Canada; everybody hoped he would stay there.

(Possibly Charles William Chinnery or Chinery b1903 in Elmstead. Father William 1870-1955 occasionally in gaol for larceny, mother Mary Jane b1871 died in 1957 at 310 London Road. A Charles Chinnery of exactly the same age was constantly before the courts in Kent in the early 1920s for stealing and was regularly gaoled. This coincides well with his leaving 2 pregnant ladies in Lexden! Chinery emigrated to Quebec Canada from Southampton on the Ascania in April 1928. Manifests give his occupation as horseman and last UK address at Clacton-on-Sea. Perhaps his mother was protective of him as his older brother Albert died aged 12 in 1909. There are no further records of him in England after 1928).



Next door was Mr and Mrs Moss. She had four daughters and one son. Mr Moss had an accident and lost a foot but there were a lovely family. I did not know who lived in those days

in the Red Brick Cottages further down, but the big house was lived in by a Mr Hallum, retired farmer and one time Master of the Essex Hunt. Beyond them was Westhouse Farm and Lodge Farm, but I did not know much about them.

(Samuel Moss 1866-1932 and his wife Elizabeth lived at 14 Spring Lane. Thomas George Hallum (1840-1917) wife Henrietta 1854-1940 and two daughters. He had retired from farming 400 acres in Wormingford and possibly lived in Oil Mill House now Bridge House.)

Colchester and Formula 1

- Nick White



The Geoff Pettit Memorial Lecture was the first talk of the year, the title being 'The History of Education in Lexden' delivered by our own Liz White with her usual aplomb. It immediately sparked memories of my childhood and especially Endsleigh private school *(left in about 1970 at Lexden Park)*. Now, I must say I did not go to Endsleigh - my parents could never have afforded the fees and I cannot give

you any details of the history of the school or the teachers or headmasters. I will have to leave that to Liz and her excellent research skills. So, my apologies, but mine is more of a collection of memories and happenings which set me on a course and a passion which has stayed with me all my life.

Mr Williams, as he was always known to me, was a squadron leader in the Second World War and when he retired settled in Colchester and bought Endsleigh school. My father at the time was a policeman in Colchester and struck up a friendship with Mr Williams which led my father to teach Jonathan *(right)*, his son, to drive. Jonathan, who had no interest in following his father in



running the school, wanted to race cars. It was something his father had wanted to do too but his plans were thwarted by the outbreak of the Second World War. A Mini was purchased (cutting-edge technology in the early '60s) and turned over to Wallace Rennie Roberts, better known as Rennie, who had started the Red Garage in Crouch Street after leaving the army in 1945.

Interestingly, Rennie had spent most of his war years behind enemy lines with David Sterling and Paddy Mayne blowing up railway lines and causing disruption to the German invasion plans. The unit was later to become the SAS and of which Rennie was one of the first members. He was also a highly skilled engineer with an interest in motorsport. My father was also very friendly with Rennie. Jonathan raced the



Mini until an altercation with an earth bank at Mallory Park race circuit put paid to his racing season.

The following year saw the Mini replaced by an Austin A40 Speedwell (*left*) built at the Red Garage. By this time Jonathan was at the Chelsea College of Aeronautical and Automobile engineering so my father would transport the A40 on a trailer towed by a VW pickup. I was about 15 at the time and would

accompany him to circuits around the country, one of the first being Brands Hatch which would play such a major role in my life in later years.

Jonathan went on to win nearly every race he entered in the black A40. The following year he purchased a single seater racing car from Selwyn Haward's fledgling business at Little Bentley called



Colchester Racing Developments, building cars called Merlyn (*right*). Jonathan had made friends at college with Piers Courage (*left*) who was born in Colchester and was heir to the Courage brewery dynasty. Piers was also mad keen to race and together they took their cars



off to Europe with a young spanner man to maintain their cars called Frank Williams, later to become team owner and winner of 9 constructors' championships and 7 drivers' championships. Piers went on to be Frank's first Formula One driver only to lose his life in a fiery accident at the Dutch Grand Prix in 1970. Jonathan was spotted by Enzo Ferrari in 1967



and went on to Formula One and sports cars for the Scuderia Ferrari. Jonathan would also do a lot of the stunt driving in the iconic 1971 film *Le Mans* starring Steve McQueen. So, what started out as Liz White's talk on 'The History of Education in Lexden' for me was a trip down memory lane and maybe should have been retitled 'The History of a Misspent Youth'. I have a lot to thank Endsleigh school for.

Footnote: After Rennie had retired one of his old customers left him his Austin A40 which languished in a lock up at Stanway. Rennie and I retrieved and restored it in a much modified form for road use. A nice memory as it was not long after then that Rennie sadly passed away.

Walking Longer Distances



Throughout history people without horses, camels, etc, have walked long distances, day after day usually to fight, trade or flee. No doubt some journeys were enjoyed more than others. When time for pleasurable purposes became available, some twentieth century folk decided to walk simply for pleasure. I am member 495 of the Long Distance Walkers' Association in United Kingdom (*logo left*) and have noted two forms of participation.

1. To walk far too fast using time as long as daylight lasts, plus a little bit more for those who slowed. Or...
2. To take a gentler holiday pursuing a long-distance trail on a daily piece-meal basis. For example, Jessie and I walked the Northumberland Coast from the Coquet to the Tweed, walking daily distances that suited us for five, not necessarily successive, days.

Part of that beach walk near Lindisfarne is designated as St Cuthbert's Way, a great name from our history. Nearby were The Reivers' Way and Hadrian's Wall Path both also harking back to yester-years with variable fondness. I took a peep into The UK Walkers's Handbook for more examples. One of our popular national trails is Offa's Dyke Way ringing Mercian bells perhaps. The Icknield Way is a route on our well-drained chalklands stretching from the Jurassic Coast to somewhere like Cromer just west of Doggerland. Later, Peddars' Way, also in Norfolk, has resonance with compelling days of pilgrimage. I mentioned fleeing above and the 615 miles long Monarch's Way is a reconstruction of King Charles II's flight from his 1651 defeat at the battle of Worcester. One way to learn an indelible history lesson perhaps.

Having a number for a title is the shorter 1066 Country Walk, a good eyeful near the Sussex Coast. Linked to that is the intriguing Saxon Shore Way reminding us that the Cinque coast of Kent is not over-permanent. Colchester's own Camu**plod**unum, an orbital marathon, refers to our Roman moniker Camulodunum. Also in Essex is St Peter's Way stretching 54 miles from Chipping Ongar to Othona at Bradwell-on-Sea in celebration of St Cedd's stading. And Byrhtnoth's Last Essex Visit highlights the noble Saxon defence overpowered by Vikings at Maldon (*right Byrhtnoth Monument at Maldon*). In more modern times a stretch of redundant railway-sleeper bedding between Braintree and Great Hallingbury is now host to the Flich Way, remembering the folksy Dunmow custom of rewarding good marriages with a supply of bacon.



Elsewhere in East Anglia we have the Angles' Way, Hereward's Way, Weavers' Way, Icenian Way, Boudica's Way, and St Edmund Way passing St Stephen's Chapel in Bures St Mary en route from Flatford Mill to Brandon. There are so many Trail titles that ring historical recalls that I cannot list them all (there are over 800 trails in UK). When Trails with names unfamiliar to me occur, I search for a meaning and so gain an extra surprise from our deep past.

Message from our Chairman, Stan Kordys

Afternoon meetings. Our second afternoon meeting of 2022 attracted an excellent turnout of members, along with several new faces, who remarked that the afternoon start time was a definite encouragement to attend. Hopefully, they will soon become LHG members. The presentation "The restoration of the 1902 Moot Hall Organ" by Nigel Chapman and Ian Ray was superb. The background and fund raising details were explained by Nigel, followed by Ian describing the Organ refurbishment information. He also displayed his musical skills on the Church Hall piano. Very entertaining.

Newsletter Contributions. We are always grateful to receive members' contributions for the Newsletter. Our March edition contains excellent items including Sonia Lewis "Under My Hat," memories of her Mayoral Year. Derek Keeble and his continuing story of "Beware first Impressions," also, Nick White and his racing car story. I am sure that many members will have lots of varied stories, which will be of interest to our members. So, let's hear from you! Please contact our Editor Liz White, who will be delighted to receive your contributions.

Your Committee

Chairman

Stan Kordys 01206 502282
s.kordys@ntlworld.com

Vice Chairman

Dick Barton 01206 573999
dickbartonlex@gmail.com

Treasurer

Melvin White 01206 575351
melvin.s.white@btinternet.com

Secretary

Liz White 01206 522713
alangwhite187444@hotmail.com

Membership Secretary

Jackie Bowis 01206 561528
jebowis50@gmail.com

Magazine Joint Editors

Liz White / Jackie Bowis
alangwhite187444@hotmail.com

Archivist

Bernard Polley 01206 572460
heath86end@aol.com

General Members

Ian Bowis 01206 561528
Sonia Lewis 01206 579950
sonialewis@waitrose.com

Refreshments

Vacant

Forthcoming Meetings now start at 2.30pm

March 9th – Liz White

Tales from the Churchyard

April 13th – Steve Mannix

Celebrating the Mercury's 50th Anniversary

AGM May 11th – Eve Regelous

Everything Stops for Tea