

Memories of Hadstock, 1938-1992

by Reg Wood



I'm Reg Wood. I came to Hadstock for the first time in 1938 and I married Miss Kate Irene Fordham in St. Botolph's Church on December 14th, 1940. Rene, as she was known, was daughter of Mrs. Sarah Rickett and the late Nathan Fordham, both of Hadstock, but her father died in the First World War and was buried on the left-hand side of the churchyard, and it has a military stone, and it is the only military stone in Hadstock churchyard. Her mother was the daughter of Mary and Jim Swann who lived in the bottom of Moules Lane, which is now known as Briar Cottage. Her father was the son of Lucy and Nathan Fordham, who lived in the centre of the village in the cottage which is now known as King's Cottage.

My first impressions of Hadstock, when I first came, were that it was a small, compact, very close-knitted village. Almost everyone was related by marriage in some form or way. It was rather primitive as there was no street lighting, as there isn't now, and no electricity, no main drainage and the only water supply was standpipes - about five different standpipes in the village and in the bigger houses - they had a water supply and there was a standpipe in the farmyard of the Hall Farm and Lower Farm and The Yews Farm. There was a bus service to Saffron Walden on Tuesdays and Saturdays, and to Cambridge on Fridays - two buses ran on Fridays, in the morning and in the afternoon.

Going back to my first impressions: coming on a Sunday, it was traditional to go to Church and the Church was, of course, lit by lamps and heated by just one enormous black Tortoise stove, just inside the door. The congregation was about 40 to 50 and those in front about 5 or 6 girls with white veils on

because they were the choir girls, but when the choir came, there was 6 or 7 schoolboys and 5 or 6 adult men. Quite a good choir for a village Church. It was a very strong Christian feeling in the village. What I can remember about it was the parson's sermon. He took as his sermon '*what you do in secret, will be rewarded openly.*' He said, "Sunday nights in the summertime, when I go outside the Church, all the young people have gone out," he said, "and I go up Walden Road and there's not a person in sight". He said, "They all go to Hadstock Wood so remember 'what is done in secret will be rewarded openly.' I thought to myself "Is that a message for me?" But that's by the by.

Going back to my in-laws, my mother-in-law was a widow in 1917 and she married again in 1926 to Ted Rickett and they lived in Moules Lane. Talking of my mother-in-law, she was brought up in the village and went to the school. It was quite a large number of children went, but they were kept very much separated. Boys had their playground, and the girls had their bit. Of course, there were the toilets which were buckets, and emptied on a Friday night by the caretaker's husband. There was very strong religious teaching and they all had to go to Sunday School on Sunday mornings. The schoolteacher was a Miss Salmon, who also kept the Post Office, which is now known as Pond House. My mother-in-law told me she left school at 13. In those days the Crawleys were the main farmers, and this particular morning Mr. Arthur Crawley went into the School, spoke to the teacher and spoke to mother-in-law and said, "Now, come along, my dear." he said, "You've finished your school now. Your sister Kate has been sent home ill and you've got to come and work for us." She lived in and had a room right at the top. She had to be up before 6 o'clock to light the fires, to get hot water for washing, and to help Mrs. Crawley with the babies.

She had Sunday afternoons off and worked there for about 2 or 3 years. Talking about when the girls left school, they mostly went into service because there was quite a few houses. Some went to London. I don't know how they got to know London in the first place, but my wife's aunt Emma. - she went to London and Kate joined her in London and quite a few of the girls eventually made their way and worked in service in London. A few went to Cambridge and a few went to Walden but London was quite an attraction in those days. Some married and so they never came back.

Most of the men, boys who left school, naturally went on the farms. You see, there was Yews Farm and Hall Farm, Lower Farm. There was Bartlow Estate as it now is, and some worked for Mr. Sam Taylor at Linton and some worked on the farm at the other side of the 'drome and also which is Mitchells Farm and so there was plenty of work for boys on leaving school. Conditions in the houses was rather - they were mostly two down and two up and vastly overcrowded because they had large families. You have perhaps read some letters that have been left by Mrs. Peck and a Miss Fordham who was about at that time of what conditions were and the school and the strictness. It was not uncommon to have a clip across the ears if you done anything wrong. The roads being all rough - there was no tarmac or anything on the roads then - shoes got very muddy and very dirty going to school.



Coming back from the early part of the century, things didn't alter very much. There was two pubs and Mrs. Lucy Fordham - they called her Grandma Lucy - kept a shop which is now King's Cottage; the two pubs was The Queen's Head and The King's Head. The King's Head still remains but the Queen's Head is where the house Goldacre is. That used to be The Queen's Head public house. There used to be a blacksmith's shop that stood where now stands Waylands bungalow. That was the position. Of course, there was a lot of horses in those days and there was quite a few ponds. There was a bit pond, still is, on Walden Road - and another pond down Bartlow Road, was the main watering place for horses. The railway had come in the middle of the 19th Century so the railway in those days was quite a good transport to Cambridge or to Saffron Walden, but the disadvantage of that was there was no trains to Saffron Walden on a Sunday. That was laid down - the railway bought some land from the Quakers, to run that line from Audley End to Bartlow and the condition was that they could have the land but there was to be no trains run over on a Sunday so that, though they had daily trains, they never had a Sunday train. You could get a Sunday train from Linton or Bartlow Station to go to Haverhill or Cambridge but you couldn't get to Saffron Walden on a Sunday. But you got a few people starting having bicycles. There was no motor cars, not before the war.

But going back to 1940 when I first came to the village, Linton College had been opened in 1929-30 so all children had to go to Linton College after 11 years old. So it was only juniors went to the village school and that was very much in the same primitive condition as it was in the 1900s. There was no main water. The water had to be brought from a standpipe which was the bottom of the Causeway. Well, the village always called it the Carsey - that is now known mainly as Church Path. That used to be called the Carsey. It was at the bottom of there, near those two cottages on the corner, the standpipe, and the caretaker used to have to carry the water up there in a bucket every morning, or if the children wanted any, they had to come down and fetch the water from there. There was just the two classrooms and there was two teachers, a Miss Parfitt, who lived in the bungalow on Cobblers Corner, which is now I think known as High Banks. The other teacher was a Miss Louie Day. Miss Louie Day, she taught Rene, my wife, and that was 1915 - right up to when Rene left school, I think in about 1923, but Miss Louie Day was the schoolteacher then and though they had a man schoolteacher (I have got a photograph of the class then) but Miss Parfitt came somewhere in the 1920-s and those two teachers ran that school till it was closed in 1947. So Miss Day taught my wife and my son. Also there was another schoolteacher in the village; I don't think she worked at this school at all but she was Miss Hymus, which was known to everyone now as the late Mrs. Connie Free. She worked at the school for some time but I think she worked most of her time at Linton.

Talking of Linton, there was always a bad feeling between the two villages. Children didn't get on and people didn't seem to get on and there wasn't a lot of marriages between Hadstock and Linton. That's why, I think, Hadstock is so compact.

Well, as I say, I came there in 1940, and of course, I was in the army so I only came home on leave. As I said before, I was married in 1940. There was no more weddings in Hadstock church after that till August, 1946. There was no weddings in Hadstock church all during the War. So, I would like to go back on the War period now. There was ten village men who served in the forces. The reason being that everyone was more or less employed in agriculture and were exempt. The others, there was a big campaign in 1939 for people to join the Territorials and the young men of Hadstock responded very well. They nearly all of them who was in the forces joined the Territorials. Otherwise, they wouldn't have been in the forces because they was nearly all agricultural workers. But they was in the Territorials so they was all called up. As you know by the records on the War Memorial, there was three who never came back, three all died as prisoners of war. During the early part of 1940, I was home on leave and, a most amusing thing, there was an air raid and the air raid warden was poor old Herbert Davey who lived in King's Cottage, which, of course, they always called Gable

Dene. Well, when the air raid warning came through, it came through to the Post Office. Connie Free used to have to run over the road to inform Herbert Davey. Herbert was in his 80s. Herbert would walk up to start up at the top of Walden Road, by Glebe Cottage, blowing his whistle, walk right through the village down Linton Road to the border, back again through the village, up the hill, Bartlow Road, and down as far as New Farm. Then he'd come back again and, of course, by the time he'd come back, the all-clear would have gone and so Herbert would go again ringing his hand bell right round the village. It was in the time of the blitz, so by the time he got back again there was possibly another air raid warning so it was rather a farce really to see this old boy walking through the village. If he wasn't ringing a bell, he was blowing a whistle.

The Home Guard was started in the 1940s and their headquarters was on top of an old, what we call transit van now, on the village green. That was the ARP and Home Guard headquarters. I really think they done quite a good job. Of course, not being called up, there was quite a lot of young men in the Home Guard and I think they had quite some amusing times. Then it was in 1941 was the start of the Hadstock aerodrome. Officially it was known as Little Walden airfield. This was being built in 1941 and, of course, there was a lot of Irishmen brought over to help build the aerodrome and, through 1942, my wife went as canteen cook for the Irishmen on the 'drome. After the boy was born in March, 1942, in about June time, she went because every woman had to register for war work. She lived with her mother and they couldn't allow two women in one house so my mother-in-law looked after our son while Rene went out to work on the aerodrome and by all accounts worked very hard. I think the Americans moved in in the spring of 1942. I left for overseas service in February 1942 and the Americans arrived just after I went. I understand that they went down very well with the village. They was quite friendly and there was no trouble. Actually, we only had one GI bride and I think one illegitimate child in Bowers and one in the village, which I think was very good - knowing the characters and what was said of the Americans - Hadstock had a very good record! There was bombs dropped just outside the boundary near Catley Park but there was no actual casualties. They had one or two nasty air crashes. In the early part there was one fighter plane came down in Moules Lane and I think there was one very nasty American crash, sorry not Moules Lane, Arnolds Lane, and later on a plane returning from a raid on Germany crashed at the bottom of Arnolds Lane. I think the Americans themselves suffered quite a number of casualties in their airmen. As I said before, in Hadstock there was three casualties.

Well, of course, there was no entertainment centre or anything. As I said before, the only centres were the Church and the School and before the war, they used to have Socials and the occasional Whist Drive in the school, but, of course, that used to have to be got ready after the schoolchildren went and cleaned up and put back in order for the children next morning. There was very little other activity but there was always good support for the Poppy Day Appeal.

Going back to Hadstock, which we know has a reputation for being musical, and had a Band. Well, I understand, its origin started when they had a Salvation Army cottage, which was burnt down later, but actually its position was where the house The Swallows is now. Some of the villagers got interested in music. Now I don't think many of the villagers actually joined the Salvation Army but they got interested in music. There was old Mr. Gillett in Linton who started a band and quite a few of Hadstock people joined the band and it was called the Excelsior Band. Well, after the war or just before the war, I am not certain, it was split and Mr. George Linsdell said he would run the Band if it could be called the Hadstock Band and therefore it was playing before the First World War because I have photographs of Rene's father in the Band before the First World War. The Band was then reformed after the War by Mr. Ernie Davey, round about 1920-22, and continued right up to 1939.



Most of the villagers were quite musical. Of course, the Band folded in 1939 and it was re-established again in 1950 under the leadership of Mr. Ernie Davey who then lived at Hadstock and there was quite a few village people in the Band and they got quite a big support from the village. I have a photograph of the Band on its first outing. The Band before the War, I understand, used to play quite often on a Saturday night on the village green, and also Hadstock had a well-known cricket team before the War that played cricket on the Recreation Ground. They had quite a good reputation; quite a good team, the Hadstock cricket team was well known. My wife said that [the children] always had to have had their baths and be dressed and go and sit on the Recreation Ground [to watch].

Going back to the Recreation Ground, you may know that piece of land was originally given by the Rev. Brocklebank, who owned Bartlow Estate [no, by Sam Crawley]. That was given on condition that it was not used for games or sport on a Sunday. It was mowed by grass cutters but it was not in the prime condition it is now. There was no children's swings. I understand in the summertime they used to fix a swing on the bough of the big oak tree.

In war time, of course as you know, food was rationed. There was one shop in Hadstock but Mrs. Free didn't do rationed goods - she didn't sell like butter, sugar or bacon or tea, or anything, but she sold other goods which was on coupons and she kept quite a good variety of food for what you get for the day. Of course, one of her main things was paraffin. She used to serve paraffin every day after four o'clock. You can imagine in Hadstock with no electricity, paraffin was a main commodity. The other supplier of paraffin was C. J. Brown's travelling salesman, who sold Summerlite Oil, commonly known as Tin Lizzie. It was a travelling van which sold paraffin and all hardware, candles, matches, kettles, pots, pans, whatever you can imagine, and he came round the village once a fortnight. Going back to Browns, it was quite a national firm in Cambridge and area; they covered nearly all Cambridgeshire right down East Anglia, southern part of East Anglia, with their Summerlite vans. Strangely enough, there is still a shop of Summerlite in Colchester that looks rather dilapidated but that was one of Summerlite's headquarters. Summerlite through Tin Lizzie was a main supplier. Holtum the grocers from Linton also sold paraffin so that was the main oil supply.

Talking of food and rationing, there was quite a few deliveries. Holttum's, which was where International Stores took over, since closed and is now flats, was quite a big store. Holttum's from Linton had three vans on the road and carried to all the villages round Sawston, Babraham, Hildersham, but Saturdays was their delivery day for Hadstock and it used to take all morning to deliver in Hadstock. Also delivering was Walkers Stores from Saffron Walden which is now extinct. Another firm from Saffron Walden, Hem-something, and of course the Co-op from Linton delivered. Now the Co-op did not deliver paraffin; they delivered all groceries and they delivered meat. And there was another shop at Backler's in Linton: Mr. Backler used to deliver groceries into the village. They had a really good supply, a good variety of grocery shops to choose from, to be registered with and also the International Stores from Saffron Walden, another shop which is now closed. Mr. Penning was the other shop that came round from Saffron Walden. So they had a good supply. Meat was supplied round the village by Norton from Linton, Fairey's from Linton and the Co-op from Linton, Markham's from Saffron Walden and Goddard's from Saffron Walden so the village was really well supplied with food. Milk was supplied; I think in wartime it came from Crawleys's farm and I think some was brought through from Ashdon. I'm not too certain on that point, but the latter part of the wartime, milk was delivered by a Mr. Griffiths, who lived in the village but got his supply from Abington. He supplied Abington. He was another milk supply. Fish used to be, and fresh fruit and vegetables, was delivered on Fridays by Bacon's of Saffron Walden. So it was well covered as far as that's concerned. I never heard of anyone being really hard up. The coal supply, the main one was Coote and Warren, who had their yard at Linton Station. Of course, Linton Station was in being in the wartime. They delivered every week. Naturally, people had to be registered for coal. Talking of food, I think Mrs. Free used to sell; you get from Mrs. Free meat pies. Meat pies had to be ordered on a Monday, and collected on the Wednesday, which was the name of Telford's meat pies, which also done a good supply of meat. Bakery - bread was brought in by the Co-op every other day and Mr. Sneezum of Linton delivered bread into the village. So there was quite a contest in between food suppliers.

Going from food to the water supply - the main water supply for the village for years was a well at the bottom of the churchyard. This was supposed to have originated from St. Botolph. That was the main supply in the village. Apart from various ponds which people used to use, but the main drinking water was there. The big houses like the Rectory had wells and there was wells at all the farm houses. From Moules Lane, my wife could remember as a girl going down to the churchyard and drawing a bucket of water and taking it right up that hill, the Bartlow Road! They dreaded Saturdays because they used to have to go and get it for Sunday's washing. In the wintertime it wasn't so bad because there was plenty of soft water. People had big barrels beside the house with pipes and gathered rainwater from the roof, which they used for washing and cleaning. Of course, in the summertime, for washing, water had to be brought from the well in the village. So that meant several journeys on a Saturday, carrying the water up the hill. That was the water supply right up to about the 1930s when the first water supply was brought up from Linton. I think I've stated before there was about six standpipes and every householder was given a key. If you didn't pay your water rate, your key was taken away. Average water rate was 3s.3d. a quarter, thirteen shillings a year was the general water rate. Of course, the farmhouses and the bigger houses like what is now known as The Chantry but was then Maddings or Morris's Farm. Of course, they had a water-pipe in the house. They always had to drink from their own wells.

Talking of the water, it was always said that the water of Hadstock was responsible for people living to a great age. I can remember one old lady, a Mrs. Mallows, reaching the age of 100, and there was quite a few people in the village in wartime in their 80s and 90s, quite agile people. As I said before, old Herbert Davey was well over 80 years old when he used to walk round the village as air raid warden, sometimes three and four times a day.

Of course, they were all very keen gardeners. There were several allotments. There was one down Arnold's Lane and then there was Bilberry, both of which are gone. I don't think there are any allotments now. Then there was one up Walden Road. I think it was called Fruits. Talking about the people and age, another thing that Hadstock was known for was home-made wines, and some people had quite a still in their house! You can be sure if you visited Mrs. Peck and was offered a glass of wine, and after a couple of glasses, well, you know you'd had enough! Alice Free, she was noted for her tea wine. Fred Mackay in the centre of the village, he was noted for his wheat wine, but quite a few like my in-laws, everybody made wine of almost everything. A common wine was dandelion wine; in the spring, they'd go round and collect the dandelions while they were in full flower, pick them while in full flower, then dry them out in the sun to start with. But you can just imagine how many dandelions it took to make a gallon of wine!

Going back to just before the War, quite a lot of the people were employed on the land, on the farms. There were some who worked at Engelmann's in Saffron Walden - they had big market gardens on the Ashdon Road. There were several people who worked there but there was no what are called commuters. The girls in the village, quite a few of them went to service, others worked locally in the farmhouses, and some worked in the shops in Saffron Walden and some worked at the old Castle Street Laundry. It was quite the occupation for a lot of the girls.

As for entertainment, as I've said before, there wasn't much in the village. Linton College was opened in 1936 and they had a nice assembly room which they opened for Saturday nights - they had dances, so there were dances. One night a week they had a cinema but before then this cinema was Shepherds Hall which later became Pye's Cathodeon Crystal Factory but is now a block of flats. There were two cinemas in Walden, which of course those who had cycles went to, and later, just after the War, there were buses that went into Walden at 6 o'clock and coming out at 9 so you could go to the pictures on a Saturday evening. I don't know if they ran during the wartime, I quite expect they did because when the Americans were there, the Americans had quite a lot of dances on the 'drome and used to come round with their jeeps and used to pick the girls up and take them for dances on the aerodrome.

There was not much money fund-raising. Of course there was the Poppy Day ones but there was not much money raised towards the church and during the war, old Mr. Rice retired to another parish in 1941 and we unfortunately had a rector Llewellyn Jenkins who really had no initiative whatsoever and there used to be about half a dozen people attend church. No fund-raising with the result that the church fell into disrepair and with the vibrations from the air force, by 1949 the church tower was split from top to bottom but that's another story.

After the war, when I returned home and settled down in Hadstock, I took quite an interest in the village and what was going on. Of course, it had changed. I really must go back to this beforehand. During the 1920s a lot of the land in Hadstock came under the Bartlow Estate, by the Rev. Brocklebank. When the Rev. Brocklebank sold the estate, he offered the tenants that they could buy their own houses at a very low price, with the result you got most of the Hadstock houses became their own privately owned houses. I will go into the story of that later on, how Hadstock developed up to its present day but now back to after the war.

With the road to Walden being closed through the aerodrome, the only way through to Saffron Walden was round by Ashdon, which made quite a long bicycle ride, but the road was actually opened round about 1947, when they started letting traffic through. Traffic was restricted to part of the runway and part of the old Walden Road. That was redesigned early in the 50s. Of course, there were no facilities for any entertainment, bar the village hall. The school was closed in July 1947, and the junior schoolchildren who weren't going to Linton had to go to Ashdon. At that time the children for Linton had to make their own way down to Linton College. When the change took over in

September, 1947, a bus came round and picked up Ashdon and Hadstock children and took them to Linton and on the return journey, took Hadstock children to Ashdon. It was in some respects, I don't think they had the good training at Ashdon as they did. They didn't have as much discipline but good training possibly, because several of these children - there hadn't been any 11 plus examinations passes at Hadstock but when it came up in the 1950s, the children who had gone to Ashdon from Hadstock School, quite a number of them secured places at Newport Grammar School and the Friends School at Saffron Walden. The thing was that the ideal treatment from the start must have made a big effect on them. So that's where the schoolchildren went and gradually Ashdon and Hadstock became quite united as far as education went. My wife told me when was talking of our schooldays, the connection was with Ashdon then. When all the children went to Hadstock school, the girls used to have to go to cookery class once a week and they used to have to walk to Bartlow Station, catch the train to Ashdon Halt and walk up to what [was] then the schoolroom - the old flint building up near the Church on the top of the hill on the right hand side. I think the bell still stands there: I think it is a small handcraft factory now but that used to be the school and the girls used to have to go up and catch the 8 o'clock train, walk to Bartlow and have their cooking lessons. They used to have to take the ingredients they were told to take and then they was allowed to bring them home. I think in most cases, from leaving Bartlow Station to arriving back in Hadstock, most of the food cooked was eaten! That was another sideline. Of course, the boys had gardening lessons on one of the allotments. When the college was started, all cookery classes and gardening classes stopped at Hadstock school after the children got to 11 because children did not go to cookery or gardening until they was 11.



I might be jumping about a bit but I'll go back to when I first come out of the forces. Of course, during the war, they had collected at various events, jumble sales etc., and raised money for the homecoming fund, for the soldiers from the village. In the spring of 1946, they gave a homecoming

supper, which was organised (I have got a photograph of it) by the ladies of the village with Major Lamb as chairman and Mr. Peck. We had a very nice supper and they decided to divide the money between real Hadstock (I was invited) but those who came under their own parishes and benefit financially - the money was only given to Hadstock men. With the result that there was three that didn't come back and the parents agreed that they didn't want the money but as it had been mooted, they would like to give their portion to the starting of a village hall and that's where the original fund-raising started for the village hall. That's when the village hall started and with draws and local organisations: coffee mornings weren't so much heard of then, but raffles were. Anyhow, the money gradually started coming in but where were we to have the village hall? This dragged on and on. Eventually, the old Rector moved to another parish in 1949, and we had another rector came, which really was a lively person and really got things on the move. Hadstock really began to look up. He formed a youth club, the football club; the band was reformed; the Mothers' Union and several years later the Women's Institute, but in the early 1950s.

The problem was where to have the hall? Some suggested that it be built on the land where now the house Duchy Barn stands. Some proposed the land where now the house Wych Elm stands. That land there. But it was rather expensive. Then it was decided to try to buy the village school from the Church Commissioners, which eventually they did, I think for £100, the school was bought for the parish. It was used for money-raising but eventually it was converted, I think, in the early 1950s. I'm afraid I can't remember the date. There is a plaque in the entrance of the hall which gives you all the details of how the village hall came into being. That has been improved quite a lot since then.

It is the same with the church. The money started being raised for the church and in 1950-51 the Rector badgered the BBC and the BBC made an appeal on a Sunday night for The Week's Good Cause, which raised over £700, which was a lot of money in those days. Well-known people contributed: as far as I can remember, we had a contribution from Ralph Vaughan Williams; Frances Day the actress sent a contribution and one or two politicians including R.A. Butler [our MP] and the Archbishop of Canterbury. It really was a lot of money in 1950 so we was able to get on with the repairing of the church. The tower was restored during the early 50s and, if you look on the tower, the contractors were Sparrow and Dove Brothers and I think it is inscribed in the lead work on the top of the tower "On this occasion Sparrows and Doves worked in perfect harmony" or words to that effect.

Of course, there was characters and one must be very careful in mentioning names, but there was some characters in Hadstock, the real Essex type. Their tales was really very amusing, of their days, but they was very much Hadstock if you know what I mean. They was village-bound. They was born in the village and nothing outside the village was of much importance, though they did take an interest in the village. As I say, it's best not to mention names because you can get into trouble! I will say here there's some stories told about Hadstock.

What I think will interest some people, who want to know the histories of their houses. I must confess I don't know the history of every house but I would like to tell the origins of how the houses became private houses. It was in the 1920s when the Rev. Brocklebank sold Bartlow Estate and he offered all the houses to his resident tenants, charged according to what they had been paying as rent. Therefore they were really quite cheap and you'll find quite a lot of the houses were bought by the residents. I'll try and go through Hadstock starting from New Farm - they always have belonged to the estate but if you'll notice there is a big resemblance of those to the old Rectory because they were designed by Butterfield, the man who designed the Rectory and the Chancel. Coming down to Lower Farm, that also belonged to the Brocklebanks but the Free family farmed it for quite a number of years. After the Free family finished, Professor Tillyard and his wife came into residence and the Professor later became Master of Jesus College and Tillyards moved to Jesus College. After that,

some people Professor and Mrs. Revans, who lived on the aerodrome had got to get out because they were demolishing part of the aerodrome and the big house they lived in at Bowsers, moved into Lower Farm. They was followed by Mr. Jasper and Mrs. Joan Rootham. After them, Mr. May bought it and still lives in Lower Farm. The cottage next to it was one of the original Brocklebank sales: the residents was Mr. and Mrs. Dick Mallion. Dick Mallyon and his wife lived there with his son, Bill, who afterwards took over the house from his father and lived there for a number of years till that was sold to the present owners.

Almost opposite Mallyons is Dormer Thatch. Now Dormer Thatch was two cottages, one resident was Martha King and the other was Mr. Stephen Mallyon. I don't know if they belonged to the Brocklebank estate or not, but they was sold and bought by a Mr. Pollock, retired army officer, at the end of the war. Mr. Pollock died and Mrs. Pollock later sold it to some people named Holmes. Then Mr. Edgar the dentist bought it. Then it was sold to Mr. and Mrs. Manning and then to the present owner.

Coming up on the other side from Dormer Thatch, is the Hadstock Cottage. That belonged to a Mrs. Mallows; she bought both cottages and Miss Harriet Fordham was one of the tenants, one of the last Fordhams to live in Hadstock. Mrs. Mallows died and they was bought by the Rector of Pampisford and, after Harriet Fordham died, Mr. Philip Swann lived in it. Then they were sold and Mrs. Pring's son bought the house. Since then, Mr. and Mrs. Lacey have bought it.

Coming up the hill, the new house in between is quite new and same as Plovers is quite new. On the opposite side is another house that belonged to Lower Farm and Mrs. Tillyard gave the house to the Cambridge Cottage Preservation Society, the same as she gave Bardsfield and also Hill Farm. Mrs. Kathy Swan lived there for a number of years. The Society still owns it.

Coming up on the left-hand side coming up from Bartlow, the next one is now one cottage, Hillcrest, was two cottages which Mr. Ernie Freeman bought from Mr. Brocklebank. One he lived in and in the other side was a Mr. and Mrs. Pearson. The nicknamed him "Tater" Pearson. They had quite a large family but they are no connection of the Pearson who lived in one side of Hill Farm. After Mr. Freeman had a bungalow built in the garden of what was the Pearson's house, he let the house for a time. Eventually Mr. and Mrs. Simons bought the cottages and built on and Dr. Hewlett bought it and made it into one.

Coming down the hill, was White House. That was a farm and I think it was one of the Frees held that. In the wartime there was a Mr. Powell lived there, then Professor Blackburn. Professor Blackburn moved to Canada and that was when the Dawsons bought it in 1947. Coming below that is the old Chapel. Originally that belonged to the Congregationalists, because Congregationalism was quite strong in the village at one time, but it weakened and the chapel was up for sale, but some people objected to selling and wanted it as a village hall but there were objections and it was finally bought by a Quaker group, the Friends Evangelistic Band of Kelvedon. They sent caravan missions out there. It was in the 30s and it was quite successful. During the wartime, they had several; they lived in the caravan - I think it was parked just on the Recreation Ground or some land round there - I couldn't say exactly. There was generally teams of 2 ladies and they revived the chapel and there was a couple came for a time and they moved in the cottage down just on Walden Road, where Mr. and Mrs. Nuttall live now. During the war, most people turned to the chapel and it was very successful. They had a very successful Sunday School and next door to that is Pond House. Pond House: there was three homes there. There was the bottom end lived in by a Mr. Stewart: nearest the chapel was Mr. and Mrs. Byatt with their daughter Ruby, and right round the back was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Chapman. Mr. Chapman's son was a photographer for the well-known Hulton's magazine in the wartime Picture Post. They are buried in the churchyard with an unusual

vase on it to Stanley Chapman, who was their son.



Coming back down to the Hall, during the war that was occupied by evacuees for quite a time and they were followed by Mr. Ernie Free who took the farm back for a time. Then they was followed by Custerson from Clavering who bought the farm. Mr. and Mrs. Wells and their family lived there for some time. They was followed by Mr. Robin Custerson, before Major Jackson bought it.

Going to the two cottages by the farm, which were the farm cottages originally, during the wartime, Mr. Walter Davey lived there with his wife and quite a large family. In the one nearest the road was Mr. and Mrs. Page. Towards the end of the war, the house nearest the barn was sold to a Nurse Morris and Mr. Davey moved down to Lordship Cottages. Mr. and Mrs. Page remained there until the 1960s. Going up to the churchyard, over to the right- hand side was the two cottages, now where Mr. Stewart lives. They was occupied by a Mr. and Mrs. Robinson and a child they brought up called Millie. This end was occupied by Mr. Den Mallows and his sister; his mother lived with them who lived to be 100 years old. Coming down on the right- hand side, there was a house which is now part of the garden of Waylands. There was a thatched cottage there which was owned by Miss Preston. That was burnt down in 1960s [1957] and where the village blacksmith's shop was is now where the bungalow Waylands is.

Coming round the corner up to Walden Road, was where there was three [four] houses at one time. Fred Fordham's family occupied them. They were sold just before the war and Mrs. Bruno moved in, but in the end cottage was Mrs. Mallyon who'd lived down in Dormer Thatch.

Coming up from there was Bentley Cottage, which the Bentley family once owned but they sold and a

Major Lamb come to live there in 1939. Farther up the hill is Glebe Cottage. Well, in my knowledge, Mr. Charlie Free lived there with his wife, and his sister. They got ill and that niece come out who worked in St. Joseph's Hospice in Hackney, came over to nurse them and lived with them for some time, till they both died and Miss Free - the Frees owned the cottages on Back Hill and Miss Alice Free moved into one of the cottages on Back Hill [No.2].

The Rectory: that was built about 1880 - I don't know the exact time but towards the end of the last century - by a very wealthy Rector the Reverend Smith, who had his initials carved everywhere, on the banisters and all over the place you could see his initials. By all accounts a very pompous man and very wealthy and it was him who had the present chancel built. I understand that Butterfield who designed the chancel designed the Rectory. The former rectory was just behind the wall where the village hall now is but just the Rectory side of that wall. The Rector, the Reverend J.R. Holmes moved from the Rectory into Glebe Cottage and let the Rectory. When the Rev. Holmes left Glebe Cottage, it was sold and Major and Mrs. Streatfeild bought it.

Crossing over the road to the house called Bardsfield. That also belonged to Mrs. Tillyard, who bought that and gave it to the Cambridge Trust. At the time little Joe Freeman (everyone called him little Joe) and his wife and daughter lived in one end and this end of it was, when I came to Hadstock, Mr. Fred Reader lived there. When Fred Reader moved out the Trust turned it into one house. Coming down you come to Sargents Lane and in the house there was Mr. Hedley Bentley: Mulberry Cottage used to belong to his father. Before Mr. Hedley Bentley, the Mackay family lived in there pre the war. Then the other side, Mr. George and Mrs. Mary Ann Swann lived in High Cottage - that was sold and a Miss Erskine bought it, if I remember rightly. When Miss Erskine died, Mrs. Dawson bought that.

The one which is called the Manor House belonged to the Rowlandson family: it was bought by Harry Rowlandson who claimed it was the Manor House. Coming down back on Walden Road again was Lilac Cottage. Now Lilac Cottage belonged to the Fordham family that was Mrs. Peck's father. When he died, Hilda Fordham married Harry Peck in the 1920s. Harry lived at Walden and he'd been married before and he moved there with his daughter Betty, and he lived there till he died. Well, next door to them was a small cottage where Mr. and Mrs. Will Swan lived. When Mrs. Swan died, Mr. Peck had that house joined into one. Now Pippin Cottage.

Coming down the hill, all that hill was agricultural land and that was owned and cultivated by Mr. Will Swan, who came from London. I don't know much of the history of that family Swan but they settled and one of his daughters married a Mr. Sid Swann, who lived in 1 The Cottages opposite the pub. Various members of his family lived in that after the war. Then we come down to what is now King's Cottage. That was owned by Herbert and Mrs. Louisa Davey. Louisa was a very proud woman and she claimed that the pavement round the house belonged to there and if anyone stood outside there, talking on the corner there, Mrs. Davey was soon out after them and moved them off her property! She was very particular and very domineering. Her husband Herbert, who she always called "Hubby" - it was him who was air raid warden in the war and she kept herself very exclusive, very much above the village!

Coming round the corner, there was two cottages where now the pub car park is, that belonged - first one was Mrs. Barker and the second one was a Mrs. James. Well, Mrs. James was originally a Turner and her family had lived in that house and I think that was where George Turner was born, so I understand. Mrs. Barker's daughter married Sidney Swan so Mr. George Swan, who lives in 2 Council Houses is a descendant. These houses were demolished and that is where the car park of the pub was made. Coming to the King's Head. It was owned by several families but the one who took it over moved from the Queen's Head, was Mrs. Annie Freeman and she married and moved in at the

end of the war. Allie Alliss ran the King's Head right up to 1945. Then Bill Murray took over and run the pub for several years but when they left, it changed hands as often as a woman changes her mind! Where the private entrance is now was where the garage used to be.

Then, of course, you come to what was the cartyard, where they used to store the carts of Yews Farm. That was sold and the two new houses built there. Coming to Yews Farm, the Crawley family moved into the village in the mid-1880s and they also took over Hall Farm - Sam Crawley in the Hall and Arthur Crawley in the Yews Farm. Before it was called Yews Farm, it was called Davey's Farm. I don't know when the Daveys moved but there is one interesting gravestone in the Chapel graveyard in Horn Lane, Linton, of a Mr. William Davey of Hadstock who died in 1810. Mr. Davey must have been very wealthy to afford a gravestone in those days and must have been Congregationalist, because Congregationalists in those days wasn't buried in the Churchyard. When they closed Linton chapel yard, you noticed one particular thing - the Crawley family was very strong Congregationalist but they was buried right in the bottom corner of Hadstock churchyard, right away from where people was being buried at that time, which was over the other side. For a long time, Crawleys graves were the only graves in that corner of the churchyard. The funeral never entered the church; they had the funeral service in the house.



Coming down the Penn, Penn Farm was - the shepherd lived there, a Mr. Barker and one of his daughters won the OBE for war service. Coming down there, there was no houses right the way down to Linton on the left. Coming up from Linton is Halfway Cottage. The only person I can remember living in there was a woman with a very loud voice. You could stand in the middle of the village and almost hear her shouting. The name was Alvini Coe and Alvini moved up to Rivey Tower - which was the last I knew of her. But then it was bought by Col. Jeffries at the end of the war. Then it changed hands. There was Mrs. Sheila Applegate: then Col. Harry McKechnie. Now Mr. and Mrs. Bob Newall.

Coming up to the corner known as Cobblers Corner, the bungalow was built by Mr. Jack Crawley when he first married. That was his first home. Later, they built the next house which is Cobblers. The bungalow was let and that was where Miss Parfitt the schoolteacher lived up to the wartime. After the war several people were there and then it was sold to Mr. Peter Camps and the name was changed to High Banks. Mr. Crawley lived in Cobblers for a number of years until his father and mother died and they moved into Yews Farm. Cobblers was sold, I think to Mr. Alan Walker. The two dormer bungalows was bought by the Crawley family - I think it was Mr. Frank Crawley - but I don't know much of the history of them, but at the end of the war, Miss Rogers and Miss Groves from London bought them and they let the other house to Mr. Griffiths who ran the milk round. But Miss Groves and Miss Rogers was wonderful characters. After Miss Groves died and then Miss Rogers, they were sold.

Then we come along to the Council Houses. The Council Houses was built, I understand, in 1923 and they were the only Council Houses built in Hadstock between the wars. You see, a lot of the farmers objected to Council Houses being built because it took away their workers. The workers who lived under them in the cottages was moving into Council Houses, and, if you notice going to Bartlow, there was never a council house built in Bartlow. Bartlow Estate wouldn't let them build a council house so as to keep its workers in its cottages. There was six and the original tenants were - Mr. Sid Davey, Lennie Davey's father moved in there. I think the next one was rented by Mr. Mackay, and next was Mr. and Mrs. Fred Davey in No.4. Number 3 was lived in by Mr. Dicks. No.4 was Fred and Ada Davey. No.5 was Mr. and Mrs. George Swan and Number 6 was Mr. Turner who was roadman once upon a time. Next to that is The Cottages where Crocky now lives. Well in number one was Sid Swann - I understand Mr. Crawley helped him to buy them. They also belonged to a Mr. Matthews. In the wartime, a Mr. and Mrs. Matthews lived in number 2 but they moved back to Clavering. Mrs. Matthews was a Bentley and she was related to Georgina Bentley.

Coming to the corner was Chestnut House. I think it was evacuees when I first came. Then a gentleman who worked on the blood transfusion - a Mr. Price-Smith and his family. When he moved out, a Mrs. - I can't remember her name [Mrs. Henderson] - but she was quite a clever woman. She used to be stage designer for Drury Lane Theatre. Several people lived in that house after that time - I can't remember. Then we come to the Gatehouse. That was lived in by Mr. Ernie Davey at one time, who took over the leadership of the Band and run the village shop there after Lucy Fordham closed the shop opposite at King's Cottage. Then a Mr. Dale bought it. Mr. Dale was a retired civil servant and he bought the house and he became a most interesting little chap; he was clerk to the Parish Council in the late 40s and early 50s and, if anyone likes to read the Parish Council Minutes of that period, you'll find it most amusing. He wrote the characters in perfectly!

Next we come to Goldacre; living there was a Mrs. Robinson and a Mrs. Richardson. I think it was mother and daughter but they moved out in the early 50s and a Mr. and Mrs. Hibbs moved in. Mrs. Hibbs was the adopted daughter of Mrs. Tilyard who used to live down at Lower Farm. Mr. Michael Hibbs, once the mayor of Saffron Walden, was born there. Then Mr. and Mrs. Amsden bought it.

Then we move on to Roundhill Cottage. That was the original shop during the war. That was owned by Mr. Ernie and Mrs. Connie Free which made a great success of it. Originally, I understand there was three cottages there. Mrs. Free was a Miss Hymus and they lived in Fairhill, where Mr. and Mrs. Cummings now live. Of course, on Back Hill there was Back Hill Cottages and I'm referring now to who was living there when I came. Mr. and Mrs. Dean were evacuees from London - they was bombed out in London and they were the only family who really settled in the village - their two sons now live in Bilberry End. In the middle was Mr. and Mrs. Ted Swann, father of Miss Jean Swan who recently lived in Bilberry End. In the end house were Mr. and Mrs. Tom Yarnell. Coming up to the

Hill Farm, that belonged to Mrs. Tilyard, but later became the Preservation Society's. The house nearest the village was lived in by Mr. and Mrs. Mo Pearson who had quite a large family. The next one, a Mr. Alliss lived in with his daughter. They moved out and various people moved and then Mr. Plumridge moved in and he bought the whole property from the Cambridge Trust.

Coming back now, I think it is Fairhill, where Mr. and Mrs. Cummings live, that belonged to Mr. Hymus, later Mrs. Free had the property. There was two families lived in that. It was one house, two families shared it. A Mrs. Ling in the far end and her sister, Mrs. Sullivan with her husband, son and daughter lived in this end of the house. Mrs. Free sold the house and Mrs. Sullivan's sister had moved away and the Sullivans moved down to the house where Crocky now lives (Mrs. Matthews had moved to Clavering).

There was no further houses down Moules Lane till you came to Briar Cottage. Now, Briar Cottage that was the house of old Jim Swann - it was two houses originally - old Jim Swann where Rene's mother was born, and next door was the Cutter family. Now Emmie Cutter, when her father died looked after the family but Emmie Cutter had six children which were illegitimate - that story has been bandied about but the truth is Emmie Cutter brought up a good church family of six children. Two emigrated to Canada, one daughter in Bristol, one married and went to Castle Camps and later Haverhill, and I think some was killed in the war. Her grandson still lives in Canada, and up till recently I had contact. The two Cutter boys, after the war, in early 1920s decided to emigrate, Charlie and Jack, with their families and I think if you ask Mrs. Mary Neale who lives in Briar Cottage now, Charlie Cutter once sent her a Photostat of the sale of the furniture what they sold before they went to Canada. By the way, Charlie has returned to Hadstock since the war and his son returned in 1978. As far as I know his son is still alive, he's in his 70s now - he's about 75. Going on to that, when the Cutter family left, Mr. Walter Swann moved in with his father and took over the whole house. Walter with Jesse and their family altered and made it into one house.

Coming back up the lane, you come to Pleasant View and Fairmead which used to be known as 1 and 2 Moules Lane, which was where my mother-in-law lived. Next door were her sister-in-law Jesse and sisters Emma and Kate - in 1947 Mrs. Freeman, who lived next door to my mother-in-law, who was then Mrs. Rickett, died and Ted Rickett bought that house. In 1937 when Walter Swann died, Mrs. Jessie Swann moved out and she bought No. 2 Moules Lane and moved in with her two sons and her sisters-in-law moved in. Briar Cottage was sold. It was the same as quite a few of the cottages which the people bought, when they died their children didn't want them and they were sold. Well, there was a man named Myers, a property dealer, and he jumped on the bandwagon and bought several of the old houses and modernised them to a degree. He gave Aunt Jess £75 for what is now Briar Cottage and he put in a bathroom and cesspit as there was no main drainage in Hadstock, and he sold it to the Miss Alexanders, two sisters there for a time, and then after a time they sold Briar Cottage to a London barrister, a Mr. Denny. Mr. Denny, seeing war was coming, bought that house as a bunk house from London, a country cottage, though he had a flat in St. Johns Wood, but used to come there weekends and spent a lot of his time there during the war. He had a housekeeper. I could tell some tales about Mr. Denny! Anyhow, after the end of the war, Mr. Denny married, much to everybody's surprise because he was in his 50s. He married a lady and she also had a country cottage so they decided they didn't want both and they put them both on the market and the one that sold first would go and they'd still keep the other one. Eventually, Briar Cottage was sold first and that was bought by a Col. Bogle. Now, Col. Bogle lived down there with his family and had more alterations done to it. Col. Bogle lived there till in the 50s and then he and his wife moved and it was bought by Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Dawson's mother, and after that Mr. and Mrs. Neale, John and Mary, bought Briar Cottage and are still there.

Now, going to this Mr. Myers, he bought up several cottages and this were just before the war and

they were Fred Fordham's. Fred Fordham lived in what is now known as Barn and there was two houses there. Mrs. Stephen Mallyon lived in the one nearest the corner and Myers had the rest modernised with a bathroom and cesspit and Mrs. Bruno came to live there. Mrs. Bruno, after a lot of "gentle" persuasion, as you know, had it converted into one house. Mrs. Mallyon went to live with her son. Mrs. Bruno also owned the big barn. She didn't have that converted until much later on. She moved in and sold Barn Cottage.

The next house that was sold was Bentley Cottage. I don't know how the Bentleys moved or quite how it happened but Myers bought Bentley Cottage. He modernised to a degree at the time and Major Lamb bought it, and after Major Lamb moved in the end of the 50s, a Mr. Leate bought it and after that Mr. and Mrs. Flitton bought it.

Gradually these houses came on the market and you got an influx. There was no council houses built for young people and so you got an influx of people buying these old properties. In other words, they were referred to by the old Hadstock people as the bloody foreigners - excuse my language - that was the actual words used. The only private houses built in between the wars was what is now known as High Banks, and Cobblers and the two dormer bungalows. They was the only houses to my knowledge built between the wartimes. After the war, building was difficult. It was a strange thing. They said they couldn't get enough material to build council houses but Mr. Hammond Jenkins built in his garden for a gardener and a housekeeper. That was the first house built in Hadstock after the war. The next was four council houses - they was built in Moules Lane. They was occupied in March, 1950. There used to be 2 or 3 cottages down Arnolds Lane but they was demolished before the war. The same as the house my wife was born in which stood where Duchy Barn now stands. So that was the first council houses after the war. That field was bought by compulsory purchase. Old Alderman Rooke was the builder at Saffron Walden. I don't know who he bought the field from but Alderman Rooke was the builder and he bought that field with the intention of building these mushroom bungalows as you know came up in quite a lot of places because there wasn't planning permission needed as there is now. But of course, the war come and he couldn't build so the Council bought that with the intention of building fourteen council houses. Four facing towards Linton and four houses facing up to the others and two houses at the end where the private houses are now. That was the original plan, fourteen houses. I don't know how the Council changed their plans but there was no more council houses built before the 1960s when four bungalows was built opposite, numbers 2-8 Bilberry End. We lived in 3 Bilberry End - we moved in the council houses at Christmas 1952 in the second lot of houses. The bungalows were occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Randerson, ourselves, Mr. Phil Swann and Mrs. May. The second was Mr. and Mrs. Page. They was occupied in May, 1965, but sadly Mr. Page died and Mrs. Page couldn't live there so we moved over from our council house, where the numbers had been changed to even numbers along that side, to the bungalows where our number became No. 3 again. We lived in the bungalow and there remained until I moved to Walden in March, 1993.



*Reg Wood's son, Hugh, has amplified Reg's story about the boot. It happened to Reg himself! During 1940, when he was a Corporal in the Army Catering Corps in charge of the cookhouse for the officer's mess in India, much of the cooking was done in large hoppers heated by solid fuel so that the flues needed cleaning daily. One day the Indian working boy had not cleaned them, so Reg jumped up onto the side of the hopper to do them himself. Unfortunately, he slipped and plunged his leg, up to his knee, into the pot of boiling Apricot jam. His shoe fell off and was never found! While recuperating in hospital, Reg learned to embroider as the therapy dept. had run out of basketwork materials. For many years Reg and Rene used a tablecloth that he had embroidered. After a time, Reg was sent back home on sick leave, and while here Reg (in civvies) and Rene took baby Hugh to visit Reg's sister in Grantchester, by bus from Linton to Cambridge and another bus out to Grantchester. On the second bus, they sat at the back facing across the aisle and two ladies opposite started talking in loud voices about a relative serving in the heat of India unlike some men staying at home with their families. Reg was getting angrier and angrier but Rene managed to keep him quite until they arrived. When the bus stopped, Reg stood up, looked directly at the ladies and said "Yes, ladies. It is B***dy hot in India" then lifting his trouser leg to show his bandages, "and this is what I got while I was there".*