Lambeth Architecture 1965-99

Edmund Bird and Fiona Price
Photographs by John East

Life on Norwood Hill
Lambeth Architecture 1965 – 99
Memories of Upper Norwood
Woodbury Cottage
Norwood Society
Local History Meetings & Walks 2016

Local History Talks are held on the 3rd Thursday of the Month at 7.30 pm at the Upper Norwood Library, Westow Hill, SE19 1TJ. Free entry including refreshments but donations are appreciated.

September 15th  Dangerous Women of South London
In this talk about local suffragettes Ruth Miller will talk about the role of Emily Leaf from Norwood and Barbara Thomas will introduce further local campaigners including Leonora Tyson.

October 20th  Building Restoration, Conservation and Masonry
Nick Wilson from Stonewest, one of Britain’s major restorer of historic buildings which is based at Crystal Palace, describes the techniques and challenges of his company’s work.

November 17th  900 Children lie in All Saints’ Churchyard
Stephen Oxford will talk about these pauper children and their connection with Aubin, Dickens and Harden.

December 15th  Social evening with a local history flavour.

WALKS

July 21st  Crystal Palace to West Norwood via Gipsy Hill
Thursday evening walk of about 90 minutes with Alun Thomas 7.00 pm outside Sainsbury, Westow Street, SE19 3RW

August 18th  Church Road & The Triangle
Thursday evening walk of about 90 minutes with Richard Lines 7.00pm in front of All Saints Church, Beulah Hill, SE19 2QQ

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enquiries: norwoodshistory@btinternet.com
THE NORWOOD REVIEW
Official Journal of the Norwood Society

No. 213 SUMMER 2016

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FRONT COVER ILLUSTRATION
Book Cover of “Lambeth Architecture 1965 – 99”
Some of the book’s hundreds of illustrations

THE NORWOOD REVIEW
The Norwood Review is published quarterly: at the end of March, June, September and December. Copy should be submitted a month before publication.

Contributions should be sent to the Editorial Board, The Norwood Review,
47 Ross Road, London SE25 6SB or secretary@norwoodsociety.co.uk (020 8653 8768).

Would contributors please give their ‘phone number, address and e-mail address.
Looking back on the past year, we have held ten more successful local history meetings in Upper Norwood Library under the leadership of Barbara and Alan Thomas with a variety of speakers covering an array of topics ranging from the Impressionist painter Camille Pissarro to sport at the Crystal Palace, ballooning at the Crystal Palace, the business of funerals, the Salvation Army, and Wates post-war houses on the Dulwich estate. The most recent talk was on the film actress Margaret Lockwood (‘The Wicked Lady’ and ‘The Lady Vanishes’) who was born just off Gipsy Hill in 1916. Four issues of the Norwood Review were published and delivered by hand or posted to members, containing feature articles, book reviews, planning notes and ‘snippets’ of interest. Walks were led during the summer months by Alun Thomas, Stephen Oxford and Richard Lines. These included a long walk along the course of the river Effra on the last Sunday in September led by Alun. Alun and Barbara have attended meetings of the Lambeth Local History Forum, of which the Norwood Society is a member.

As in previous years, we attended the Crystal Palace Overground Festival in Westow Park at the end of June and the Lambeth Archives Day in the Longfield Hall just across the road from the Minet Library on the last Saturday in September. The Society had bookstalls at both these events. Bookseller Crow in Westow Street continued to order our books on a regular basis, particularly ‘The Phoenix Suburb’, ‘Emile Zola Photographer in Norwood’ and ‘The Story of Norwood’. We also receive individual book orders by phone or email. Stephen Oxford wrote a new book on local history, ‘Upper Norwood South of All Saints’ Church’, a spin-off from research he had done for his summer walk. It was printed in an attractive A 4 format with many illustrations and published by the Society in January. Sales so far have been successful.

We said goodbye to two old friends last year. Rosemary Comber was Secretary of the Society from 1989 to 1994 and for a number of years after that she was responsible for our publications. She began to lead guided tours of West Norwood Cemetery during the 1980s when these were first organised by the Norwood Society. Later she became one of the founders of the Friends of West Norwood Cemetery. The crematorium chapel at West Norwood was full for her funeral on 27th October. The chapel was packed three weeks later for the funeral of Brian Bloice, Chairman of the Streatham Society and Chairman of the Lambeth Local History Forum, a post he held until his death. Brian was a significant figure in the South London local history ‘scene’ and a good friend of the Norwood Society. A fine address at his funeral was given by John Brown.
Covering a wide area as it does, the Norwood Society has to be a ‘big tent’. We are lucky to have members living in all parts of Norwood, and on its borders, but we also have a number of members who live far from Norwood. These usually have family or personal connections with Norwood and give us encouragement through letters and emails, as well as financial support. The Norwood Society is concerned with the past, the present and the future. Our local history meetings, and now a family history group that meets in Upper Norwood Library, explore Norwood’s rich heritage. Our planning sub-committee chaired by Philip Goddard and including John Hickman, Rebecca Wheatley and Marian Girdler, considers Croydon planning applications in detail and comments on them. The Society also gets involved where there are major proposals affecting the future of the area, such as plans for Crystal Palace Park. Currently there are no such major plans, although Bromley has approved minor improvement works which are ongoing.

The committee purchased a projector and screen for use at talks and paid for the printing of Stephen Oxford’s book. The Society now has online banking with Lloyd’s. The closure of the Lloyd’s Bank branch in Westow Hill in April 2016 is to be regretted. Jerry Green, Vice-Chairman, has served the society well. We are especially grateful to our secretary Anna Lines who suffered a stroke immediately after last year’s AGM and spent nearly a month in hospital. Now well recovered, she has carried on with her duties throughout and her work in connection with membership and the bringing out of the Norwood Review did not suffer. Eric Kings has continued as overall editor of the Review and he is to be thanked for his work to which he brings long experience of life in the area.

The tragi-comedy of the future of Upper Norwood Library continued throughout the year. After 115 years as a unique joint library run by Croydon and Lambeth, Croydon has abdicated its responsibilities, although it remains a joint owner of the building. The library is now run by Lambeth, but an independent trust is taking over the running of the building from the beginning of July. It is understood that a professionally-staffed, although reduced, library service will continue and the Norwood Society has booked its local history meetings for the rest of this year.

The Norwood Society remains in good heart and in a sound financial state. We hope to be able to continue to serve the area for many years to come.

Richard Lines
Spring has been a busy time with the twice monthly research group at the Upper Norwood Library. A sense of uncertainty for the future of the local history collection has spurred us to copy and record all we can. We have also helped a number of people with their research including enquirers from Australia and Spain. The archivists from Croydon and Lambeth have visited the library. Having seen what is there, we are reassured that they recognise the importance of retaining the collection in the library to facilitate access for the local community.

Our meetings have continued with an interesting selection of topics. We enjoyed an entertaining evening in March when the film historian Lucie Dutton spoke about Margaret Lockwood who spent her childhood in Gipsy Hill and often used the Upper Norwood Library. In April Croydon Archivist, Lindsay Ould, introduced the archival material at the Croydon Museum. Many of us realised that we had neglected discovering the interesting records to be found at Croydon. May brought a special evening as our speaker came from Brussels to be with us. Helen McEwan has spent much time researching Winifred Gérin who was a major Brontë biographer. In the last edition of the Review Richard Lines gave a summary of the contents of the book on which the talk was based. Of particular interest was Helen’s account of her methods of research of this one time resident of South Norwood Hill. There was a good attendance for the June meeting, also of a local nature, when Alun Thomas gave a historical survey of the development of the Upper Norwood streets and shops around ‘The Triangle’.

Lambeth Borough Archives are being reviewed, and a consultation process is under way with the results to be made known in September. The council has engaged ‘Creative Cultures’, three independent consultants who are experienced archivists. At a recent meeting of the Lambeth Local History Forum the consultants’ brief was presented. From this it was apparent that there is no prescription as to the location of the archives other than that they should be easily accessible. Although the archives budget of £11,000 p.a. is protected for the coming financial year, part of the brief is to explore alternative revenue.
streams as the council’s funding will be reduced in future years. The consultants explained that outside funding bodies only give favourable consideration to applications that are targeted at groups that are not present users and for education. There was a lively discussion about the digitisation of archives during which one of the consultants pointed out that the accessibility of archives does not imply merely physical contact, but includes on-line facilities. It was reassuring that the consultants saw Lambeth Archives as one of the best in London, but it is apparent that however positive the outcome there will be changes that might not be welcome to all.

The Lambeth Archives’ Open Day will be on 3rd September 2016.

*Barbara Thomas*
*18th June 2016*

**GRACIE RANDALL**

Penny Dixon informs me that her mother Gracie, a longstanding member, died on 28th May aged 91.

Until the early 90’s she and her husband lived in Hermitage Road and they had many local friends.

They spent their retirement years in Marlborough. I have been asked by her daughter to put this notice in the Review so as to inform any old friends or their descendants of her mother’s death.
Local History News

What the Papers Said - Life on South Norwood Hill, Pt3

If you awoke to find several million speckled and Hungarian green leeches close to your back garden, I doubt you’d be best pleased! However this was the situation the wealthy Wigg family of the Grange, the mansion at the foot of Grange Hill, found themselves in shortly after James Teasdale bought Kelvedon, now Gayfere, the old farmer’s cottage part way up the hill in the 1850s. The Wiggs were importers of beef from Argentina at the very beginning of the trade. William had married Jannaria, an Argentinean from Buenos Aires and they had been amongst the earliest nouveau riche Victorians to move to Norwood’s attractive environs. It is possible that the large two-bayed basement under the lawn to the front of the Grange was used to store meat from Argentina, for otherwise its use remains a mystery.

James Teasdale, a Yorkshire man, describing himself in the 1851 census as a leech merchant, bought a small Georgian farmhouse on Grange Hill from William Day, a local yeoman in the early 1800s. Shortly afterwards he acquired a plot of land to the north and proceeded to have nine ponds dug with the aim of increasing his businesses profitability by breeding rather than importing leeches.

Leech therapy, or hirudotherapy, survived the fall of the Roman Empire and remained popular throughout the Middle Ages. Over the centuries it was an integral part of treating disease and illnesses all around the world. Bloodletting in its various forms was especially popular in the young United States of America. Dr. Benjamin Rush, a signatory of the Declaration of Independence, saw the state of the arteries as the key to disease, recommending higher than ever levels of bloodletting. Leech therapy was used to treat a wide range of conditions.

The popularity of the use of leeches in the 18th and 19th century in Europe caused them to become scarce. By the mid 1800s the demand for leeches was
so high that the French imported about forty million leeches a year for medical purposes, and in the next decade England imported six million leeches a year from France alone.

Teasdale ran his ‘medical’ business from Water Street, Blackfriars selling as well as leeches, other items we would see today as ‘Quack’ medicine, including an efficacious embrocation which he claimed could cure:- gout, rheumatism, lumbago, burns, scalds, Hooping cough (sic), cramps, spasms, sprains, bruises, cuts, punctures, contractions, chilblains etc. and all for the price of 2s 9d per bottle. Numerous adverts were to be found for Teasdale’s products throughout the local and national press during the 1860s.

The London Standard, May 1866, reported the serious fire which damaged the residence of Miss Mary Howard. The first floor rooms were destroyed and the roof had fallen in. The remaining eighteen rooms were much damaged by fire and water. Fortunately the Misses Howard, for there were four of them, were insured with the Phoenix. The Phoenix was established immediately after the Great Fire of London in 1666. One man involved in the rebuilding and property development was Nicholas Barbon. In 1667 he established a mutual society called ‘The Fire Office’ which offered fire insurance; this later became known as Phoenix Fire Office.

‘Major’ Ross of Kilravock House, Ross Road, off South Norwood Hill, found himself at the centre of a fraud trial, Marylebone Mercury August 1868. The fraud was committed against Major Ross and others by Henry Bedwell, who described himself as secretary to the ‘Foreign Girls Protection Society’. There was no such society and its name was being used as a front to obtain donations from a series of London philanthropists. Ross was taken in by the society’s prospectus which claimed that hundreds of girls were being decoyed from their homes and countries and inveigled into this for the vilest and most horrible of purposes! It went on to say that their sufferings could not be conceived, imagined or described.

Major Ross, along with a number of other London men of status, was thus persuaded to contribute sums of money to Mr Bedwell. The latter, who had a series of earlier convictions for obtaining money and goods under false pretences was found guilty by the jury and sentenced by the magistrate, Mr Cox, to five years’ penal servitude!
Animal cruelty was, of course, not uncommon during the Victorian period, as highlighted in the *Croydon Advertiser* February 1873. Local man Mr Sainsbury was charged by merchant Thomas West of Beulah Hill of cruelly beating and ill-treating a horse at the junction of South Norwood Hill and Whitehorse Lane. The defendant was seen to beat his two old horses with a whip handle to encourage them to pull their load up the hill. Police constable 52 corroborated the evidence stating that the horses had frequently been ill-treated. The Bench fined Sainsbury 40 shillings with 16 shillings costs.

The scandal of ‘illegal interment’ in All Saints’ churchyard was reported in May 1874 in numerous newspapers, including the *York Herald* and *The Illustrated Police News*. The Rev. James Watson and his sexton Mr W Thornton were brought before Croydon magistrates charged with illegally interring the body of Jannaria Wigg, the late wife of William Wigg of the Grange, Grange Hill, in the churchyard. It was stated that an order discontinuing all burials in the churchyard had been previously issued, with the exception of those in existing family vaults. It was claimed that having a son already buried there did not count as a family grave. However, commonsense prevailed, and the Bench, on hearing the evidence, took a contrary view and dismissed the summons with costs.

The grave is still to be seen and now contains not only Jannaria but her husband William and their children Henry, Celia and Elvia.

A ‘Wet Nurse Wanted’ stated the small add in the *Croydon Advertiser*, April 1875. Dr Alfred Cresswell, of Lester Villas, South Norwood Hill 37, born in France, a general Practitioner, placed the advert but it is unclear whether it was to assist his wife Mary or for a patient. Although often thought taboo today, it was very popular to help mothers who, for medical reasons, could not breast feed. It became less so with the invention of ‘formula’ milk.
Dr Cresswell was Educated at University College, London. He was for some time surgeon on board the P & OSN Co’s Calcutta, after which he practised at Sherstone, South Norwood, SE, and at the time of his death was Surgeon to the Foresters and Oddfellows there, and Hon Surgeon to the Volunteer Fire Brigade. He died at South Norwood on Dec 18th, 1876 and was buried in Beckenham cemetery.

Stephen Oxford
soxford@blueyonder.co.uk
This book completes the series of four volumes by Edmund Bird and Fiona Price which provide a comprehensive history of architecture in Lambeth throughout the 20th century. Like its predecessors, this volume is lavishly illustrated with photographs, many of them in colour. There is a foreword by Kate Hoey, Labour MP for Vauxhall (which includes Brixton and Stockwell). At just over 200 pages this is the longest of the four volumes and has a useful bibliography and an index. An introduction by the authors sets out the political, environmental and social contexts. The London Borough of Lambeth (enlarged to include Clapham and Streatham) was created in 1965, along with the 31 other boroughs, and the Greater London Council, abolished by Margaret Thatcher’s government in 1986. By the end of the century 34% of Lambeth’s population was from ethnic minority communities, compared with 29% for the rest of London and 9% for the country as a whole. The population of the borough, which had been 341,000 in 1961, declined to 220,000 in 1991, but rose to 266,000 in 2001 and to just over 300,000 in 2011.

This book has discrete chapters devoted to public and institutional buildings, health, education, culture (including entertainment and leisure), transport and ecclesiastical buildings. There is an interesting chapter on public art and
sculpture. But the longest chapter, about 100 pages, is about housing, of which the greater part is local authority housing built by Lambeth. An inspirational figure in the first period covered by this book was Ted Hollamby (1921-1999), Lambeth borough architect from 1963 and director of architecture, planning and development for the new London Borough of Lambeth from 1967 until 1981. Praised as an acknowledged leader in high density housing in low-rise buildings, one of Hollamby’s most famous achievements was the Cressingham Gardens Estate (between Tulse Hill and Brockwell Park), an attractive estate of 290 homes which took 15 years to complete. It was approved by the council’s housing deputy chair John Major in 1969 during a brief period of Tory control of the council. There is a picture of a very young John Major with Hollamby and other council officers at page 70. The estate was completed in 1978, having a village character with a circular community centre. Cars were banished to the edge of the estate to allow generous green spaces and pedestrian walks within. Visual impact on the park was minimised by the low-rise houses and the retention of mature trees. The estate is now (2016) the subject of huge controversy. The current council administration plans to demolish it and redevelop it and these plans are fiercely opposed. Another attractive low-rise estate is the Central Hill Estate in Norwood built by one of Hollamby’s disciples, Rosemary Stjernstedt, between 1967 and 1974. An estate of 162 flats and 212 houses, Bird and Price say that it ‘epitomised the cradle-to-grave welfare state ideology of the time’ and included a nurses’ hostel and a day centre for the elderly on Lunham Road. Over the years problems have arisen because of neglect by the council and now it is the subject of controversy with Lambeth’s redevelopment plans being fiercely opposed by residents. Attractive examples of low-rise development are Cherry Tree Drive, 40 flats consisting of sheltered housing for the elderly in Streatham, and Linton Grove in West Norwood, a ‘well-planned development of 207 new-build homes of two and three storeys grouped around village-style greens’. Comparatively few high-rise buildings were constructed.
during this period, but examples are the 22-storey Holland House in Clapham and the three towers of the Cotton Gardens Estate on Kennington Lane. Lambeth did not suddenly end its council housing programme when Margaret Thatcher’s government introduced the ‘right to buy’ scheme in the early 1980s and this programme continued into the 1990s under Hollamby’s successor SJ Campbell.

Private housing gets little space in the book, but worthy of note are Pymer’s Mead (200 hundred homes) on a grid between Croxted Road and Rosendale Road and built by Wates for the Dulwich College Estate in 1964-67 and Ling’s Coppice, 60 uniform flat-roofed two-storey homes completed in 1968, also for the Dulwich College Estate. Public art is not neglected. The most spectacular example is David McFall’s sculpture ‘Oedipus and Jocasta’ in West Norwood Library. In this context, one must not omit to mention the ceramic tiles on the platforms at Vauxhall, Stockwell and Brixton underground stations. The extension of the Victoria Line to Brixton was opened in 1971. King’s College Hospital was opened on its Denmark Hill site in 1913. It has been added to ever since. The 9-storey Ruskin Wing was built in 1965-68. Considered somewhat austere, it may be contrasted with the more colourful Arthur Levin Building (day surgery) on Bessemer and Caldecott Roads built in 1990-91.

On the South Bank of particular note is the ‘brutalist’ Hayward Gallery in reinforced concrete opened in 1968. This forms a complex with the Queen Elizabeth Hall and the Purcell Room opened a year earlier. But perhaps the most important building on the South Bank is the Royal National Theatre, designed by Sir Denis Lasdun and built between 1969 and 1976. In that latter year it was opened by HM the Queen. It was listed Grade II* in 1994. This short review cannot do justice to this book which contains an immense wealth of detail of everything built in Lambeth from 1965 to the end of the century, including
buildings now demolished, but I must mention the very last entry featured in this book, the London Eye or Millennium Wheel, which was opened by Prime Minister Tony Blair on 31st December 1999.

The four volumes of the series taken together are a magnificent archive of Lambeth architecture throughout the 20th century. They will be of interest to Lambethans, to Londoners generally and to all who are interested in the 20th century history and buildings of this borough. We reviewed the first volume, ‘Lambeth’s Edwardian Splendours’, in issue no. 203 Winter 2013, and ‘A Brave New World 1945-65’ in no. 208, Spring 2015. We hope to review the remaining volume, ‘Lambeth Architecture 1914-39’ in a future issue.

_Review by Richard Lines_
Memories of Upper Norwood

I was born in Salters Hill in May 1946, at my grandparents’ council house. The front garden faced Norwood Park and the rear sloped ever upward towards the top of the hill. One would have seen, before the estate was built, the grand mansion known as Bloomfield Hall somewhere at the end of the garden with its last residents, the Tritton family, one of whom at least was a Member of Parliament. Perhaps the Trittons are still remembered today by a road at the rear of West Norwood cemetery called Tritton Road. What beautiful woods and gardens there must have been at this time rising ever upward providing ever clearer views down the hill towards central London and the hills beyond.

Still today, from various local roads, there are views into central London; I can remember seeing the dome of St Paul’s cathedral from one of these streets near Westow Hill, and taking a photograph, which I still have somewhere among all the many other photos stored away.

I remember the garden at Salters Hill being very large, but then, I was very small, and we tend to remember everything, including our family members, as being very big and tall because we were so small when very young! I was surprised one day meeting one of my uncles whom I had not seen for many years: he seemed so short compared to how I remembered him.

In the garden there was a large cherry tree that I recall as giving great pleasure to us all when the fruit was ripe. I seem to remember falling into a very prickly bush that hung on the fence to an adjoining house, and having lots of little cuts where my skin had been pierced by the thorns; tears flowed freely as I was rescued from my predicament by my mother who dealt with my minor cuts and gave me a gentle hug. I had a large teddy-bear that comforted me as well; he went everywhere with me in my milk cart, which I pushed up and down the sidewalk of the house.

Opposite the front of the house was Norwood Park; although when I was very young the view of the park was blocked somewhat by prefabs, those temporary dwellings put up during the Second World War, which were meant to only last a while. Yet there are still some around even today, so I understand, although the ones in Salters Hill have long gone.

We used to walk across the park to my aunt and uncle’s house in Auckland Hill, West Norwood. The journey took us across the park, past a pond and down
an alleyway leading to Gypsy Road and its junction with Auckland Hill. My Down’s syndrome uncle George, the youngest son of my grandparents, who lived with us in Salters Hill, was a park keeper, but sadly local concerns and misunderstandings about him meant prejudice that lost him his job. My uncle was a gentle, harmless soul who was later taken to live in the Darenth Valley hospital in Kent after my grandparents died. We found him again, to my delight, living in care in the community, but we had only a short time for visits to our home before he died.

My grandfather was a local man, born in West Norwood in Waldeck Grove; later on, when first married, he lived in Royal Circus. He was a gardener and then a bus conductor and a survivor of the First World War where he served in the Royal Artillery. When he first began working on the buses they were horse drawn and later on he was a conductor on the number 2 route, which I believe ran between Crystal Palace Parade, Upper Norwood and Chalk Farm in North London.

My first memory of Grandad Lackford was when he dressed up as Father Christmas and came sneaking round my parents’ bedroom door one Christmas time; I looked right at him and said, ‘Hello Grandad!’ My next memory is sitting around the living room table playing with a wooden garage and cars that I must have had as a present for a birthday or for Christmas. Then there was the large scale wind-up train set with its level crossing, signal and station that we played with together.

Grandad used to take me for rides on the buses and to the bus garage in West Norwood. I remember clearly sitting with him one day upstairs on the front seats and gazing out of the window with great excitement. When we reached Crystal Palace Parade roundabout, with its sudden sharp drop to Anerley, I thought we had reached the seaside and expected to see the sea at any moment! Interestingly, others who have travelled in the area remember thinking the same things as children.

Of course the great Crystal Palace exhibition building had long gone by my day, but I remember looking over the wall of the Parade some years later and seeing the ruins of the High Level Station that once served the exhibition. My mother remembers clearly the night in 1936 when the exhibition building burnt down and how the fire lit up the sky so brightly for many hours. I have often thought that it’s a shame that it no longer stands majestic over the skyline on top of the
hill. Some years ago I visited the passageway beneath the Parade on a tour to view the beautiful tiled tunnels that linked the old station to the exhibition.

When you read the local history of Upper Norwood you discover the names of the greats that visited or lived there in Victorian and Edwardian times; those who visited the Great Exhibition and stayed at the Queen’s Hotel for instance, include Emile Zola the French writer, Florence Nightingale, Kaiser Wilhelm and Emperor Frederick III of Germany to name just a few. Those who lived for a while in the area include the artist Pissarro who painted many paintings of locations around Upper Norwood and lived at 77a Westow Hill.

As I have said, Grandad took me on many bus trips and on many other outings, so my mother tells me, and once, when I was three or four years old, I left my treasured panda teddy on the bus. Grandad, without complaining, went immediately all the way to the bus garage to see if it had been handed in, and it had! You can imagine my joy in having it back! My mother said he loved me dearly, but then he loved all his grandchildren. Sadly, he was only just past retirement age when he passed away. I remember going to see him; he was laid out on a couch in the back room on the ground floor of the house in Salters Hill, and, to me, only a child, he seemed to be just fast asleep. I must have missed him terribly!

I have not mentioned my grandmother. She was a tiny little thing, very sweet and hard working; she had been a cook in the Wrens in the First World War, but she never spoke to me about those days. With five children to bring up and one having Down’s syndrome, life had been far from easy. I remember her visits to us when we had moved to Streatham and how tired she sometimes looked. I remember being told off and feeling very guilty one day because I was swinging my bicycle pump around when the piece that slides in the top, and joins the pump and tyre, came out of the pump and hit Granny squarely centre forehead! She passed away in the Cottage Hospital in Hermitage Road just across the way from Salters Hill, but not, I hasten to say, because of my bicycle pump swinging! I had visited her just prior to her death and remember the hospital visit well.

In those first five years of my life, and indeed in my early youth on visits back to my grandparents’ home after we had moved to Streatham, I remember the long walks we took around the area, in particular the walks through to Gypsy Hill railway station where my father worked as a porter. In those days there was a road cutting through from Salters Hill to Gypsy Hill, but it’s now blocked by
a modern estate of houses. My father was also from the Norwood area having been born in Furneaux Avenue off Knights Hill. I remember going to his parents’ home as a boy to collect a suitcase full of a Hornby OO toy train set, which belonged to my father. I played for hours with it and particularly enjoyed watching the mail coach collect and throwing out a mail bag from the mail carriage. How I wish I still had the set now, but I sold it to buy my first, and as it happens my last, motorbike when I was about eighteen.

My father’s parents moved to a council maisonette on Knights Hill where I visited often. Granny Att was always nice to me providing cake and tea. Grandad Att was a gentle man as far as I remember; he too was always very nice to me and was always giving me a sixpenny piece. We played lots of games of dominoes, which I never once won, but I still enjoyed playing the game. I was especially fascinated with Grandad’s glass eye, which he often put in or took out; he had lost his own eye in an accident in his work place in a bicycle shop as a young man. It had prevented him from joining the army in the First World War. He also played the harmonica very well and I still have it today, but no matter how much I try, I can’t play it!

Grandad Att became a very sad figure as he got nearer to his last years and he was always crying; I never did find out why. Granny Att seemed to have no patience with him, yet within six months of his death, she was gone as well. Maybe Grandad just sat in his chair thinking about his past and lost opportunities - of a life that had been very hard, working as a porter in ‘The Home for Incurables’ at Crown Point and then as a porter at ‘Dulwich Hospital’. Whatever Grandad’s past was, or his memories were, they made him weep his way towards his final days; or maybe it was just the ageing process that was taking its toll on his mind. I feel the old grey cells fading myself these days, the memory not being as good as it once was! This is a good time to get the memories we have of our lives down on paper for those who will enjoy reading them now and in later years.

My mother had been born in Gibbs Avenue off Bloomhall Road at the back of Salters Hill, and as the family got bigger a larger home was required; it was obviously much easier in those days to get a council house or flat as they moved fairly quickly into the Salters Hill property. Education came for my mother at the school at the bottom of Salters Hill at the junction with Gypsy Road and she still remembers those school days and starting work locally. She also has vivid memories of the Second World War and the flying bombs falling around the
district. One early afternoon my grandfather and my mother were just leaving the house as one ‘Doodlebug’, as the V1 bombs were nicknamed, was going over; its engine stopped and Grandad pushed my mother to the ground and lay over her to protect her. Fortunately the bomb fell in a road behind Salters Hill. Unfortunately my later investigations revealed that the bomb had fallen at 12:38 on the 11th July 1944 killing three local residents and destroying six homes at the top of Hawkes Road at the junction of Alexandra Drive.

My mother remembers another occasion when she was on night duty in a factory making parts for radar equipment in Gypsy Road. It was about four in the morning when a V1 bomb fell in Gibbs Square just behind her home in Salters Hill sadly killing a whole family, I believe in their Anderson shelter, and totally destroying seven homes. It is sobering to think that had my grandparents not moved from that location to Salters Hill and my mother had not been on night duty that night, I might not have been here to the tell the story today!

There were, as I have indicated, many return trips to Salters Hill during my youth; I can still see vividly in my mind the internal layout of the house, which strangely enough I revisited whilst serving on the London Ambulance Service in the seventies; I had returned to collect an expectant mother. We always entered the house through the back door passing the outside toilet and through the old fashioned square kitchen into the parlour; from there was the hall and a small back room. Upstairs there were three bedrooms and a bathroom with no toilet. Even in my mother and father’s first flat in Streatham there was only an outside toilet; one did not stay long in there during the winter months and toilet paper was old torn up newspapers. We must have had very ink stained bottoms in those days! Bath night was Friday night in the tin bath in front of the fire. How times have changed!

I can recall sitting at the parlour window one day at my grandparents’ house, watching the most amazing storm over the park and central London. Lightning was flashing across the sky every few seconds; in fact I had just returned from the park where I had been playing and where a bolt of lightning had struck the ground behind me as I was running back to the house. It was a near miss that has always lingered in my memory. It was somewhere about that time that we lost my grandparents’ dog. I sat gazing out of the same window that day looking, and hoping, for his return home, but he never did return.
There are other stories I could tell of those early years of living in and around Upper Norwood; of visits to aunts’ and uncles’ homes that lived nearby and the family parties we all enjoyed especially at Christmas. Of memorable moments spent calling out the station stops on the tannoy system as trains pulled into my father’s then station at Tulse Hill; of the years lived in Green Lane at the foot of what was once the great North Wood and my pastoral training at Spurgeons College in South Norwood Hill, but they are for another day.

Rev Don Attenborough
Woodbury on Biggin Hill, Upper Norwood – a bygone place of art, literacy and scholarship

Frank-Thorsten Krell

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In the upper part of Norwood’s Biggin Hill, on the west side of what was called Biggin Lane, Biggin Road or Biggin Farm Road, is a forgotten place, long gone and replaced by Havisham Place, a yet pleasant and quiet 1990s development in mock Tudor style, but leaving no trace of its long and surprisingly significant past. The place was called Woodbury and had an intriguing history for an array of notable people lived or were born here.

Woodbury, situated south of Norbury Hill, was built around 1805, or even earlier as the enclosure map of 1800 already showed a structure on the western part of the property (in enclosure 333; reprinted in Coulter 1996: p. 34), being part of the old village of Cupgate. The lot was owned by James Wood, the nurseryman (born 1776), of the D. Wood & J. Copeland nursery. As shown in the Roberts Map of 1838 (reprinted in Griffin 2004), Woodbury soon consisted of two structures on about one acre, called 1 Woodbury and 2 Woodbury in the census of 1871, 4 and 2 Biggin Hill in later directories, and Woodbury and Woodbury Cottage in Betty Griffin’s local history of Biggin Wood and other sources, respectively. According to the Stanford map of 1862 and the Ordnance Survey map of 1894, the western property itself was composed of two adjacent structures (Griffin 2005). Pictorial documentation of the place is largely lacking. I could find only one photograph, of Woodbury Cottage from 1980, published in Betty Griffin’s
booklet and reproduced here from the original photograph. Descriptions of the place are likewise sparse. Hart (1927) calls Woodbury Cottage “a charming old-world cottage”, and the obituary of the owner, Mrs. Williams, describes Woodbury as “a quaint, wooden structure” (Anonymous 1905). We know that both houses had large gardens, and at least the Cottage provided views of the country. This is surprisingly little information given the illustrious residents of Woodbury and the Cottage throughout the 19th and 20th centuries.

Eliza Jane Williams

Mrs Williams was the steady rock of Woodbury. She was born there in 1806 as Eliza Jane Douglas, and died there more than 98 years later. She was the oldest inhabitant of Norwood, having lived in the same house for almost a century, excepting a very short time (when the Emerson-Tennents resided at Woodbury and Mrs Williams and her sister lived down at the coast, in Broadwater, Sussex). Her mother, Ann Douglas (born around 1773), owned Woodbury Cottage, her uncle James Wood the main house, Woodbury. Eliza married the Rev. James Williams of Lowestoft on 24 April 1834 in Chelsea (Bury & Norwich Post, 7 May 1834). He was the son of the Rev. W. Williams, who served from 1830 for a few years as the minister of the West Norwood Congregational Church on the south side of Chapel Road. The marriage did not last long. Rev. James Williams passed away the next year. The 1841 census shows Mrs. Williams living with her uncle James Wood and “Independent” Betsy Moxon in Woodbury, whereas her mother and her sister Ann lived together with servant David Jones in Woodbury Cottage. Ten years later, the census recorded the same situation, but without servants, whereas in 1861, Eliza’s sister, Mary Ann Douglas, was listed as the house servant; and two boarders lived in the house. Eliza Williams and her family had moved out of Norwood for some short time in the 1870s, but the
1880 Norwood Directory listed Mrs Williams again in Woodbury; and in the 1881 census, she, her sister Anne Douglas, and niece Gertrude Williams are back together in the main house. Eliza Jane Williams died at the age of 98 at Woodbury on 20 January 1905. Gertrude Ina Bell Williams, Eliza’s niece and later adopted daughter, was still living – on private means – at 2 Biggin Hill (Woodbury Cottage) in 1911. Even when the Douglas-Williams family lived in Woodbury and the Cottage, lodgers or tenants were commonly taken in.

**John Dickinson**

As the first notable personality apart from the centenarian owner, John Dickinson, probably with his family, moved into Woodbury Cottage at some point after the 1851 Census. He was the Controller-General of her Majesty’s Customs. He had moved to Norwood from Mitcham, Surrey, and first lived in Norwood Cottage, Norwood. After only a few years, he died at the age of 66 on 29 March 1855. On 12 October 1856, his widow, Maria or Mary Dickinson, followed her husband.

**Birth of Theodore Dru Allison Cockerell**

On 22 August 1866, Alice Elizabeth Cockerell gave birth to her first son, Theodore Dru Allison Cockerell, at Woodbury. She was the daughter of Sir John Bennet, watchmaker, later sheriff of London and probably close to what we nowadays would call a celebrity. Alice was married to Sydney John Cockerell, coal merchant and son of George Joseph Cockerell who was also sheriff of London and purveyor of coal to Her Majesty Queen Victoria. Theodore became a famous naturalist (Kings 2014b), working in Jamaica, New Mexico and Colorado, the longest time as professor of zoology at the University of Colorado Boulder. He became known because of his enormous productivity and broad interests, having published over 3,900 scientific papers on insects, mollusks, fossils, plants, fishes, and more. He also was one of the world experts on bees. A book on his early years in England and Colorado is in preparation, to be published by the Denver Museum of Nature & Science.
Henry Dru Drury

The street directory of 1869 notes Henry Dru Drury living in Woodbury Cottage; Mrs. Williams occupied Woodbury. Dru Drury was the best friend of Sydney John Cockerell who gave his firstborn son the middle name Dru. When Henry Dru Drury married Margaret Pelham Power on 23 April 1867, Sydney John was his best man. The Drurys’ residence at the time of marriage, however, was given as Blackheath, the residence of Henry’s parents, but a note in The Daily News of November 19, 1870, indicates that Drury lived at Woodbury Cottage for more than a year.

Henry Dru Drury was a wine merchant based in Madeira, head of Power, Drury & Company which is now a part of the Madeira Wine Company. He was the grand-grandson of the famous entomologist Dru Drury (1725–1803), one of the fathers of entomology in England as Theodore Cockerell acknowledged him in a biographical note. Every entomologist knows his spectacularly illustrated three-volume opus, Illustrations of Natural History, published between 1770 and 1787. When Theodore Cockerell was a teenager, Henry took him on a several months long sojourn to Madeira, resulting in Theodore’s first scientific papers and strengthening his interest in natural history.

The Emerson-Tennents

The 1871 census shows Sir William William Emerson-Tennent (*14 May 1835), 2nd Baronet, and Lady Emerson Tennent living at “1 Woodbury”, together with two servants, parlour maid Eliza Craig and cook Martha Tompkins. In “2 Woodbury”, domestic servant Caroline W. Wakefield was recorded. No. 1 was Woodbury, no. 2 Woodbury Cottage. Sir William was the son of Sir James Emerson-Tennent, friend of Charles Dickens, author, and Colonial Secretary of Ceylon under Queen Victoria (Boase 1898). His son William was a barrister-at-law, clerk in the board of trade and was involved in negotiations of a treaty of commerce in Vienna in 1865 and in the mixed commission to Paris (1866–7) for revising the fishery convention (Boase 1898). In 1870, he married Sara Armstrong of Eden Hall, Armagh, who was born in Madeira, making one wonder whether there was a connection to the previous resident. A year later, the year of the census, the Emerson-Tennents’ daughter, Ethel Sarah, later Lady Langham (1871–1951), was born at Woodbury on 26 October. Sir William died at the age of 41 at Tempo Manor, county of Farmanagh.
The handwriting of the census is not easy to decipher. Betty Griffin (2005) misread when she indicated Sir W. Turnbull and Lady Turnbull living at Woodbury that time. There was no Turnbull at Woodbury.

Sidney Colvin

From 1873 to 1876 Sidney Colvin (1845–1927) lived in Woodbury Cottage. Richard Lines summarized his life in the *Norwood Review* 153 (2001). Colvin was an art critic, Slade Professor of Fine Art at Cambridge, later Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum and finally Keeper of the Department of Prints and Drawings at the British Museum. He was knighted in 1911.

In his memories, Colvin (1921) talks about “a cottage I then inhabited in the southern hill-suburb of Norwood”, or simply the “Norwood cottage” as if it had no name. As a man of letters, persons seem to have been more important to him than places. Yet his time at Woodbury Cottage had a lasting influence on his future life as it was then when he befriended and was visited by Robert Louis Stevenson, a friendship that had long lasting consequences well beyond Stevenson’s premature death. Nowadays, Colvin is remembered mainly as friend of Stevenson and, above all, as editor of his letters.

When Colvin became Director of Fitzwilliam Museum in 1876, a post he held for eight years, he left Norwood. Years later he wrote “From within [London], it is but now and then, when some clear wind is blowing, in some chance street, or from some high attic.
window opening north or south, that the heights of Hampstead or Norwood catch one’s eye, and remind one, not without surprise, of the existence of a circumjacent world.” (Colvin 1921: p. 233), a world he had once lived in.

The Norwood Directory of 1880 notes Woodbury Cottage as unoccupied, which changed that very year.

**Henry Wallis and son Felix**

The notable Pre-Raphaelite painter and ceramic collector Henry Wallis (1830–1916) lived in Woodbury Cottage from 1880 to 1895 as a tenant. Wallis called his residence Woodbury, but both the 1881 and the 1891 census list him at Woodbury Cottage. He rose to fame through achievements in three different fields: as a painter and artist, as a collector and expert in ceramics (Van De Put 1917, Lessens 2014), and as a lover. At Woodbury Cottage, he lived together with his son Harold (Felix), and a servant (in 1881 Mary A. Ely, in 1891 Henrietta Stones). His son was the outcome of a tragic love affair with Mary Meredith, the wife of his friend, the celebrated novelist and poet George Meredith (see Kings 2014a, in *Norwood Review* 206). It ultimately led to an early and lonely death of Mary, a deep upset of her husband manifesting in some profoundly emotional poems, and possibly in Henry Wallis ultimately giving up painting. Felix joined the staff of the Bank of England at the age of twenty and retired after forty years as the Manager of the Dividend Department.

Henry Wallis is best known as a Pre-Raphaelite painter with masterpieces such as *Chatterton* (1856) (see Kings 2014a, *Norwood Review* 206) or the tragically impressive *The Stonebreaker* (1857), but he also created watercolours from his archaeological travels. By the time he moved to Woodbury Cottage, he had retired from painting, but still needed a studio that he had built, as he wrote to
Wilhelm Bode of the Berlin Museum: “The house is entirely in a garden with wide views of the country, and unfortunately I have had to build a studio, & of all trials in life the Builder is the greatest…” (Wilson 2002). He needed the studio for producing illustrations for his seven books on Persian pottery he published during his time in Woodbury Cottage.

In 1895, Wallis moved to 9, Beauchamp Road, Upper Norwood, about 1.5 km southeast of Woodbury, a Victorian mansion now converted into flats. He departed from Norwood in 1909 for Sutton because the place was “so built over as to be now intolerable” (Wilson 2002: 259). What would he think about the current state of affairs? He might agree with James Stevens Curl, Professor of Architecture at the University of Ulster, who wrote in *Spas, Wells & Pleasure Gardens of London:* “Biggin Hill was ruined in the twentieth century by chaotic, sprawling, speculative housing over the sides of a long valley: if one ventures further into Surrey, one can glean an inkling of ‘what glorious country this once was’.”

**David Recordon and family**

From at least 1896, the year after his marriage to Hilda Mary Pike, to his death on 15 May 1908, David Recordon lived with his family in Woodbury Cottage, 2 Biggin Hill (occasionally and erroneously spelled Recordan in directories). He was the Surrey-born son of the Swiss immigrant David Emile Recordon, a straw plait merchant from Vevey, and also was a commission merchant working in the City. At Woodbury Cottage, two sons were born to the Recordons, David Aubrey on 13 Feb. 1897 (died 1972), who became an attorney, and Dory K. on 1 Nov. 1899. The 1901 Census shows a sister in law, Mary K. Pike, and a domestic servant, Esther Thomas, living with the Recordons. It seems that the Recordons lived an unspectacular life leaving few traces behind, unlike the next resident of Woodbury who shaped towns and cities on both sides of the Atlantic.
Thomas Adams and family

In the 1911 Census of England and Wales, Caroline Adams with her two sons Frederick and Thomas, and domestic help Lily Fisher, are registered at Woodbury. The head of the household was missing, but it was Thomas Adams (1871–1940), pioneer of city planning, founder of the Royal Town Planning Institute, the American City Planning Institute and the Canadian Institute of Planners, “America’s best-known Scotchman – the most distinguished city-planner of our time” (Survey Graphic, New York, 1929). At the time of the Census, Adams was attending the Third National Conference on City Planning in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, this having been the first of a long series of almost annual visits to the United States.

Adams was born near Edinburgh where he spent his life as a farmer and writer until he moved to London at the age of thirty. In the capital he started out as a freelance journalist but soon became the first secretary of the Garden City Association which gave birth to Letchworth Garden City, with Adams being instrumental in its development and early success. Adams moved to Norwood sometime between 1908 and 1911. This was the time when statutory town planning became law in Britain. Adams was appointed the first Town Planning Assistant at the Local Government Board on 1910. Somewhat discontented with the slow and rigid government bureaucracy, he left England in October 1914 to become Town Planning Advisor to the Commission of Conservation in Canada. Later, in the 1920s, he directed the Regional Plan of New York and its Environs. His influence reached to the highest ranks, advising President Hoover’s Conference on Home Building and Home Ownership in 1932. Later that year, soon-to-be President Franklin D. Roosevelt wrote the foreword to Adams’s Outline of Town and City Planning (1935). The last decade of his
life Adams spent back in England at Yew Tree Cottage at Henleys Down near Battle. He guided King George VI’s Coronation Planting Committee as member of the Executive Committee and the Chairman of the Technical Advisory Sub-Committee. For the Committee he wrote a booklet on *Playparks*, in which he emphasized the necessity of safe outdoor play areas for children to strengthen their physical fitness and wellbeing. He died in spring 1940 (Simpson 1985).

His eldest sons followed in their father’s footsteps: Frederick Johnstone Adams became professor of city planning at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology from 1932 to 1964 and head of the Department of City and Regional Planning from 1944 to 1957. James, not mentioned in the 1911 Census, was the County Planning Officer for Kent. Thomas Neville Adams read engineering at the University of London.

**Madeleine and Charles Nightingale**

Around 1920 to 1925, Madeleine Emily Nightingale, née Thrift (1879/1880–17 March 1940), her husband, Charles Thrupp Nightingale (1878–29 Nov. 1939), married in 1908, and their daughter Domini Helen (*1910), lived in Woodbury Cottage “for some years” (Hart 1924). The building was then called “The Old Cottage”, under which address the Nightingales appeared in *The Literary Yearbook* and its successor, the *Who’s Who in Literature*, at least between 1921 and 1927. Madeleine was the daughter of Sir John Thrift, Chief Inspector of Inland Revenue from 1907 to 1910. She wrote and contributed to around 25 books of poems for children between 1918 and 1937. Those charming booklets are true works of art: Madeleine’s husband not only illustrated them with wonderful woodcut illustrations, but also provided the woodcut script. The British Museum owns a few woodcut borders and figure designs by Charles which were inspired by William Morris.
T.P.’s & Cassel’s Weekly called Madeleine “In the front rank of writers for children” and the Aberdeen Daily Journal attributed her “the gift of understanding the child mind with its vague but incessant quest after the imaginative”. In his autobiography, Richard Adams, the author of Watership Down, considered Nightingale’s Tony O’Dreams one of the most enjoyable and memorable childrens’ books he read.

The daughter, Domini Helen Nightingale, served as aircraftwomen 2nd class during World War II. Today, the Nightingales’ booklets are still available on the antiquarian book market, but not much is known about their authors apart from a blog post by antiques and art dealer Steven Bishop (2011).

James Robert Hart

The last resident of Woodbury Cottage who imprinted himself in the written record, to my awareness, was James Robert Hart (*6 July 1869) who lived at least from 1913 to his death on 22 May 1943 at 2 Biggin Hill which he called just Woodbury and which curiously appeared as 138 Biggin Hill in the 1939 Register and in Hart’s death notice. The road seems to have become renumbered.

On 4 March 1914 James married Elsie Minôt of Beulah Hill, the sister of aviator Capt. Laurence Minôt, later a World War I flying ace who shot down six enemy aircraft before he was killed in action at the age of 21 and was posthumously awarded the Military Cross.

J.R. Hart was a member of the Historical Association and the Aristotelian Society and drew our attention to the Nightingales. He was an actuary by profession, a business professional who analyses the financial consequences of risk, employed by the Pelican and British Empire Life Office, at 70 Lombard Street in the City of London. Hart also was in the council of the Institute of Actuaries. Before he moved to Woodbury Cottage, he had published several articles in the Journal of the Institute of Actuaries, e.g., on mortgages and registrations of title to land, and above all, a substantial paper on the “The English Land Registry” in the Transactions of the Faculty of Actuaries of 1905.

Here my trail of notable inhabitants of Woodbury ends. On 5 July 1944, a V1 bomb struck between Norbury Hill, Biggin Hill and Beulah Hill, apparently where the path to Woodbury and Woodbury Cottage branched off Biggin Hill.
One house was destroyed and three others severely damaged. It is not unlikely that Woodbury was the one destroyed. Woodbury Cottage survived the war and was demolished in 1996 (Griffin 2005).

Places can attract people of a certain kind, a certain mindset, or of creative nature. This might not only depend on financial actualities, such as the rate of the rent, but also on the setting and the history of a home. Woodbury and Woodbury Cottage certainly provided the environment that attracted literate, cultivated and creative minds. It is a pity that we cannot see and experience this place ourselves any more, as so many bygone places with a hidden yet remarkable history.

Postscript.

1. As much as I would like to add Thomas Attwood (1765–1838) to the significant early residents of Woodbury, as Betty Griffin (2005) had suggested in her *Biggin Wood* booklet, it is very unlikely that he ever lived there. Thomas Attwood, pupil of Mozart and long-time organist of St. Paul’s Cathedral who composed for the coronation of King George IV and King William IV, was famously visited by Mendelssohn in Norwood, but this was in his residence Roselawn, where Attwood lived from 1821 to 1834 (Edwards 1895; Anonymous 1925). Roselawn was 98 Beulah Hill, almost opposite to The Priory, and demolished in 1962 to make room for smaller houses on the site. Griffin certainly erred that he had resided at Woodbury “for a time” after he had left Roselawn. Attwood had lived at Roselawn till 1834 and moved to Chelsea in early 1835 when he was appointed organist at the Chapel Royal. His house in Chelsea at 17 Cheyne Walk was built in 1834 and stood empty that year with Attwood first appearing in the rate book for March 1835. This does not leave much time to intersperse a residence at Woodbury. He died less than two years later. When Eliza Williams, who had lived at Woodbury almost all her centenarian life, indicated where Attwood had lived (Edwards 1895), she mentioned that she had not known the Attwoods personally and she certainly would have if they had ever lived on the same or a neighbouring property as herself.

2. Some readers might know the engraving of Beulah Spa in its early years. This engraving was made by Henry Wallis, but this is not our Henry Wallis who lived in Woodbury Cottage and who was born in 1830. The engraving was published first in the *The Watering Places of Great Britain* and *Fashionable Directory* of 1837. The artist of the engraving was another Henry Wallis (1806–1890), who
worked as an engraver for book publications for a few years before becoming an art dealer in London, first managing and then owning the well known French Gallery at Pall Mall. He was the brother of the better known engraver Robert Wallis (1794–1878) who received an entry in the Dictionary of National Biography.

Acknowledgements.

Alun and Barbara Thomas and Richard Lines from the Norwood Society gave me some initial hints for starting my research. Tim Reid, Kensington and Chelsea Local Studies and Archives, checked the Chelsea rate books for Thomas Attwood. Jana Cameron from the Croydon Museum & Archive Service discovered that Henry Dru Drury was an occupant of Woodbury. Ronald Lessens from Belgium helped with facts about Henry Wallis he had found researching his own book project on the artist. Katherine Honda from our library swiftly obtained literature, far more than the list of references suggests, regardless how difficult to find.

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