



# **Friends of the Windsor & Royal Borough Museum**

Registered Charity No 1115540

## **NEWSLETTER 95**

**Summer 2020**

# **AGM Postponed**

Because of the Coronavirus Pandemic,  
the AGM scheduled for 18th June 2020 has  
been postponed.

At the moment we are hoping to hold it on  
17th September 2020, when our next meeting  
was scheduled. It will be followed by a talk on

Queen Victoria by Louisa Knight.

Members will be kept informed and information  
will be on our Facebook page as soon as it is  
available.

# CHAIR'S REPORT

When I wrote my report for the last issue none of us could have guessed that virtually the whole world would change so dramatically. Driving through Windsor town centre last week with no traffic, closed shops, and few people, it had the air of the apocalypse from some sci-fi movie. Apart from the wonderful community spirit that has arisen, the thing that has struck me most was the highlighting of the potential frailty of the human race! How something so microscopic can cause so much catastrophe is incredible.

Obviously the activities of the Museum and the Friends has been severely curtailed although the staff are doing sterling work keeping everything running and in touch by social media. If you're into all this electronic communication please browse the Museum's website and media pages. There's plenty to look at.

We have postponed the AGM until the September meeting so we will keep everyone informed as things progress. There should be another Newsletter before September.

In the meantime I hope that you are all well and keeping safe and, hopefully, it won't be too long before things are back to normal and we're back together again.

Len

Leslie Grout has sent in two extracts from the **Chapter Acts of St. George's Chapel** which are appropriate in these times of Plague and Pestilence.

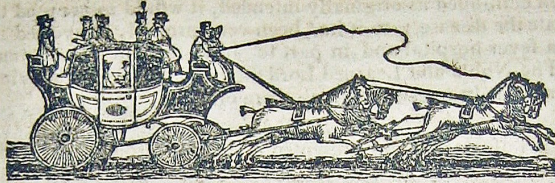
## **3rd November 1603**

It was decreed that because of the sickness in the town that sermons should be deferred until the first of December next and for longer if occasion required.

## **1st December 1603**

At this chapter it was with mutual consent and agreement that by reason the sickness was not yet fully ceased some being lately dead and diverse presently sick & visited therewith and because His Majesty's (James 1) coming with the whole court and was expected shortly to come to Windsor there to keep Christmas, the Sunday sermons should be omitted and forborne till Christmas Day next being the last Sunday in the month of December.

PATRONISED BY HIS MAJESTY.



ALL FOUR-HORSE AND FOUR-INSIDE COACHES  
FROM WINDSOR TO LONDON.

MESSRS.

MOODY, THUMWOOD, LILLEWHITE, AND  
GRAY,

**B**EG to return their best thanks to the Inhabitants  
of Windsor, and Eton, and the public in general, for the very  
liberal support which they have received for so many years, and at  
the same time beg to inform them that nothing shall be wanted on  
their part to merit a continuance of the same; and for their better  
accommodation they intend to **COMMENCE RUNNING**

**ON MONDAY NEXT,**

**THEIR SEVEN O'CLOCK COACH, EVERY MORNING,**  
(SUNDAYS EXCEPTED)

*The following is the order in which the above Proprietors' Coaches  
leave Windsor during the Summer Season, viz. :—*

**MORNING.**

SEVEN o'Clock through ETON and SLOUGH.  
QUARTER BEFORE NINE o'Clock Ditto.  
NINE o'Clock through DATCHET.

**AFTERNOON.**

THREE o'Clock through ETON and SLOUGH.  
FIVE o'Clock, ditto Ditto.

**\*\* Offices—**Blue Coach-office, Castle-street; Union-office,  
High-street; and Swan Inn, Thames-street, Windsor: also  
Christopher Inn, Eton.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.

Windsor Express

19th April 1834

## School Days are Happy Days (Sometimes)

I started my educational career at St. Stephens Infants. Our classroom was a corrugated steel hut in the corner of the playground. It was ruled over by an ancient, (to us) harridan known as Miss Bennet who governed us 5-year-olds with a heavy hand. We all lived in fear and trepidation of her. As the tallest in the class I was made coke monitor. Each morning, regardless of weather, armed with two large buckets and a small shovel I had to trudge to the juniors playground. Here I filled the buckets with coke from the pile and staggered back to the hut where the coke-fuelled large and ancient stove was our only source of heat.

To help with our arithmetic we were each issued with ten tiddly-wink counters. Unfortunately, I managed to lose one quite quickly and was so scared to tell Miss Bennett that for the duration of my stay in the hut I made do with nine whilst carefully concealing the fact that I was one short. This may account for my difficulty with 'sums' for several years!

We assembled each morning in the church, and I remember that on sighting a priest in his long cassock for the first time I was convinced that I had seen God!

As you may have gathered, I really hated school and tried to skive off at the least excuse. However, like most kids of that era, I did manage to contract chickenpox, mumps and measles at various times during my stay in the infants. In fact, the only nice thing I can recall is when all the class sent me 'get well' cards during my time off with measles.

The whole school had a vaguely Victorian atmosphere and a lot of unhappy pupils. Thus it was with great concern that I approached the time for my promotion to the Juniors. But a possible saviour was at hand. Having recently moved to Dedworth we came into the catchment for the newly opened Dedworth Junior School where I was duly enrolled.

Us new starters were welcomed by Mr. Andrew, the Headmaster, who immediately put me at ease. Things were obviously different here. The buildings were modern, light and airy and the pupils appeared to be much happier than those that I had left. Of course, there was discipline but nothing like the almost draconian regime of the infants. I soon settled in and quickly made many new friends, even some of the girls!

My first teacher was a lovely young lady that we knew as Miss Facey, (I think that's the spelling), who I immediately fell in love with and was determined to marry her as soon as I grew up. Imagine my horror when, upon returning from a holiday, I discovered that she had married. I was distraught!

In good weather we often had lessons under the small copse of trees in the large playing field, but if the weather was bad we were allowed to use the school hall as a play area at playtimes, either organised games or simply messing about.

Another teacher who I really liked was Mr. Parr who took us in our final year. I think he was also Deputy Head. Mr Parr was a short, stocky Welshman and ex-RAF pilot who I believe flew during the Battle of Britain. Initially he came over as rather stern but was actually very nice. I already had a big interest in aircraft, so I was well in! Our handicraft lessons were often happily spent building balsa wood aeroplane kits and test flying them on the playing field. We were also let loose with fretsaws, knives and chisels for various projects. He had a great way of controlling the class without the use of any harsh methods. I can always remember him glaring at some miscreant and saying in his strong Welsh accent, "I'll deal with you now, in a moment!" and that was all that was necessary.

He also tried to teach us the rudiments of Rugby, (being Welsh, I suppose he had to) but this developed into something that he called 'Hurly-Burly'. which was a mixture of football, rugby and all-in wrestling. The only rule was that you had to get the ball into the opponents goal.

School trips were another highlight. The most memorable, organised by Mr. Parr, was a flight from London Airport. In those days one could buy short trips in wonderful 12-15 seat De Havilland Dragon Rapides biplanes around the local area. He hired two of them for our class and we flew down to the school. In the meantime, the rest of the school had been formed into a large 'DG' on the playing field. We also did a trip on a boat from Chelsea Embankment to Greenwich for a tour of the newly opened Cutty Sark. A third trip was to see an episode of 'Crackerjack' at the BBC studios.

I really blossomed at Dedworth and this was reflected in my work. I so loved the place that I almost preferred schooldays to holidays.

Of course, at the end of my time at DGJ came the dreaded 11-plus which I apparently passed with flying colours. When the results were announced, I was off with a bad cold and Mr. Andrew came to the house to tell us. I can't say that I was happy with the outcome as I desperately wanted to go to the new senior school due to open at the start of the new school year rather than the Boys School. I unsuccessfully fought for some time, but it was not to be. I will always be grateful for my four years of happiness.

Len Nash

## Museum News—May 2020

The Museum closed on 18th March because of the Corona Virus Pandemic, but you can still take a [virtual tour](#) and explore the exhibitions as well as the splendour of Windsor Guildhall.



From the safety of your own home you can share objects you would like to put into a virtual museum and watch videos highlighting key objects from the collection.



If you would like to reminisce about times gone by you can listen to our [podcasts](#) which take you on a journey around the Royal Borough, sharing interviews from local residents from our oral history collection. You may recognise some familiar voices!



We have also created a Facebook Group called '[Royal Borough Memory Box](#)' for residents to share objects images and stories about this time for future generations. We would like our collection to reflect the history we are living, so if you are not on Facebook and have a creative response to share, you can contact us by email..



[museum@rbwm.gov.uk](mailto:museum@rbwm.gov.uk)

[www.windsormuseum.org.uk](http://www.windsormuseum.org.uk)

[Twitter: @Windsor Museum](https://twitter.com/WindsorMuseum)

[Facebook @ WindsorRoyalBoroughMuseum](https://www.facebook.com/WindsorRoyalBoroughMuseum)

# Victory in Europe Day

## 75th Anniversary

The Museum, Arts & Local Studies Team organised a virtual VE Day at home event on social media. Three videos to mark the event were put together to mirror the national programme, including the Nation's Toast and the Cry for Peace.

Find the videos on our You Tube channel "Windsor & Royal Borough Museum"

A special edition podcast was also launched which reflects on the varying ways in which individuals connected to the Royal Borough of Windsor and Maidenhead experienced the Second World War. It features interviews from local residents from our oral history collection and also an interview with the Director of Maidenhead Heritage Centre.





## Shots fired at Windsor Station



Despite significantly less numbers of visitors in Windsor at the beginning of March, over 200 people engaged with our pop-up exhibition and event at Royal Windsor Shopping. Staff dressed up as Victorians, with costumes courtesy of Windsor Theatre Guild. They performed a Broadsheet Ballard and engaged passers-by with dramatic readings from Queen Victoria's diary and Roderick Maclean's letters. The event marked 138 years since Roderick Maclean walked 57 miles to take revenge upon the 'bloated aristocrats' by shooting at Queen Victoria in her carriage. This shocking event changed the course of history for generations to come. You can watch the video all about the attempt which we produced as part of the Royal Holloway University's Citizen's 800 project.



The museum staff has been working hard while the museum is closed. They asked several questions about life during the War and how we spent VE day 1945. The topics they have investigated include milk bottles and clothes pegs.

I remembered making pom poms using milk bottle tops and apparently, so did someone else. Here are the memories of Geoffrey Goody which really interested me because I remember my mother coming home from Slough High Street saying that people were not being allowed into Woolworths because there had been a gas incident.—Pam

## Memories of World War 2

I spent the war years in Windsor, because my father was serving with the Household Cavalry in Combermere Barracks. We lived in Adelaide Square.

In 1939 we were issued with a cardboard box with a gas mask in it. I remember proudly carrying my gas mask over my shoulders as I went to school, but why did my mother forget to take them with us on a shopping trip to Slough? It was compulsory to carry a gas mask at all times, and this time we were caught out. As we came out of Suters, the department store, a siren went to indicate a gas attack. However, this one was not an enemy attack, but instigated by the local authorities, in order to remind people to carry their gas masks. Canisters of tear gas were let off, and mum and I ran for a bus back to Windsor with tears streaming down our cheeks.

Five years later, on VE day, I was 14, and part of a gang of youths who planned to go to London to celebrate, but my mother would not let me go. So I spent the day in solitude, thinking of my pals who were enjoying themselves in London.

Geoffrey Goody

## Windsor's Hymn and its Author

On the wall of Western Cottage above Bachelors Acre a plaque (now badly in need of restoration) proclaims that in this house S.J. Stone, then a curate at the Parish Church, wrote *The Church's One Foundation*. 'Endowed with such a beautiful gift,' the inscription continues, 'this man has perpetuated a light that forever should inspire and guide his fellow men.'

Samuel John Stone, son of Rev William Stone, was born in 1839, educated at Charterhouse and Oxford, and, after ordination in 1862 served as curate at St. John's until 1870.

Around this time, John Colenso, Bishop of Natal was causing a great deal of trouble with his controversial teachings which bordered on the heretical and in 1866 was excommunicated by Robert Gray, Bishop of Cape Town, though this sentence was later rescinded on appeal.

Stone said he was moved to write the hymn through his admiration of Bishop Gray's 'noble defence of the Catholic faith' and in the third verse the lines 'by schisms rent asunder, by heresies distrest' may have been written with Colenso in mind.

On 1870 Stone became curate at St Paul's Haggerstone, where in 1874 he became vicar, in succession to his father, until 1890 when he moved to the city church of All Hallows London Wall. He died in 1900 and has a memorial plaque in that church.

Leslie Grout

# **Proposed Dates to Remember**

**Thursday 17th September 2020**

**Postponed AGM followed by a talk on  
Queen Victoria**

**By Louisa Knight**

**7.30 pm at Dedworth Library Community Room**

19th November 2020 7.30pm

Paul Lacey on the History of the White Bus Co.

18th March 2021 7.30pm

Richard Snailham on Camel Trekking in North Kenya

17th June 2021 7.30pm

AGM and talk to be arranged

16th September 2021 7.30pm

Talk to be arranged

Friends meetings are held at the Community Room in Dedworth Library, Smiths Lane, Dedworth at 7.30pm on selected Thursday evenings. The Library is in the grounds of Dedworth Schools in Smiths Lane, Dedworth and there is ample free parking for those attending

**This Newsletter is published by  
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**Edited by Pamela Marson**

**Email: [pamela.marson@btinternet.com](mailto:pamela.marson@btinternet.com)**

**Follow us on Facebook:**

**Friends of the Windsor & Royal Borough Museum**

**Chairman: Len Nash email: [lnash2@sky.com](mailto:lnash2@sky.com)**

**To contact the Museum email: [museum@rbwm.gov.uk](mailto:museum@rbwm.gov.uk)**

**Phone 01628 685686**

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