



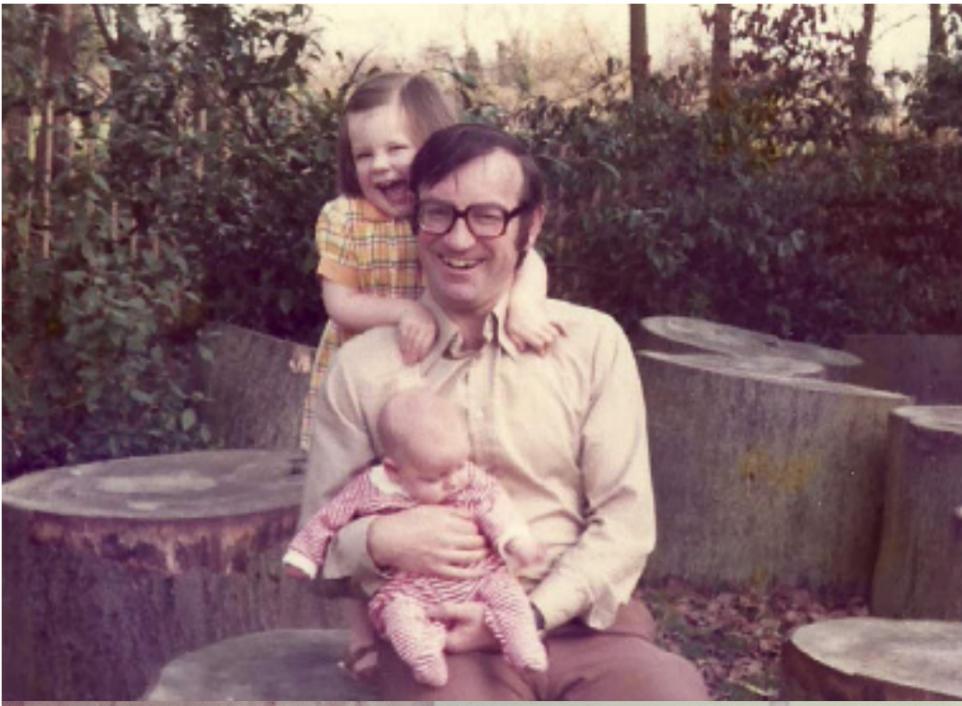


In 1966 we were living near Blackheath Span houses, so we knew about Eric Lyons, in south London. We decided it would be easier for Tony's commute to the BBC to move to a more convenient place, i.e. off the M4. So one Sunday morning we saw the Span advert in the Observer - for Taplow. We had never heard of Taplow but set off that afternoon to have a look at these houses.

We drove along Rectory Road; only the bottom row were built - 9 to 14, but immediately we were excited at the design and went to look at the show house at no. 9... We said "yes" immediately.

Rosemary Read, no.7, 1966 - present



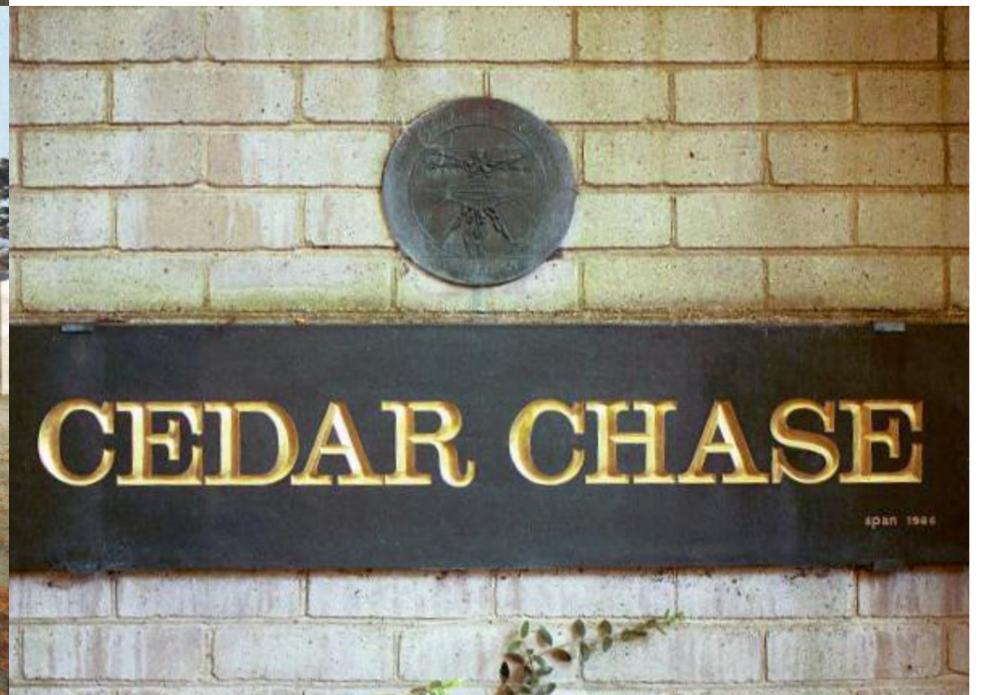
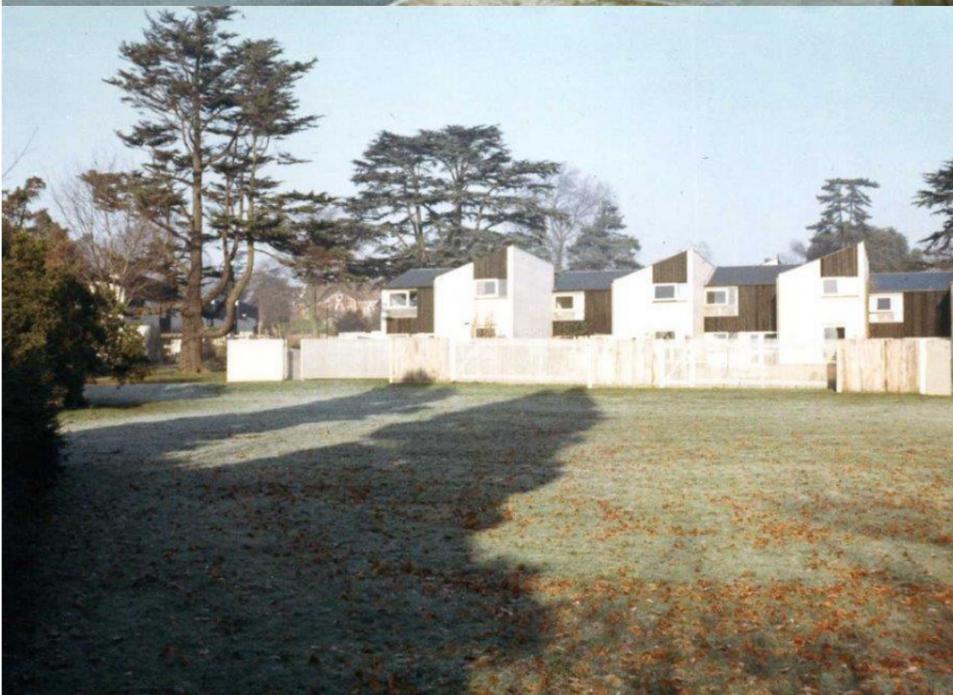


Cedar Chase was an idyllic location in which to grow up in the 60s and 70s. There were about fifty children, all roughly the same age, and we spent most of our time playing in the woods and in each other's houses.

The highlight of a cold winter would be "ice-skating", or rather skidding in our shoes, at the Gloekners at no. 21. They concreted over their garden, and in winter flooded it to make a temporary ice rink. All the children squeezed into the garden to have fun.

Looking back, I realise what freedom we all had living in Cedar Chase and how lucky we were to have so many children to share growing up with.

Amelia, no.7, 1966 - adulthood





There's an annual party for residents and their friends. It really started as a kids' thing, and was so large in the early years that the only way to feed everyone was to roast a complete leg of beef. The original spit was designed and made on the estate, and over the years has evolved into the one now used for the Village Green party. In fact, the Village Green event itself derives from the Cedar Chase Ox Roast - several people moved from Cedar Chase into other Taplow houses and they missed the event so they started one for the whole village!

Cath and Martin Knight, no. 19, 2004 - present





The first Ox Roast (1983). The man with the knife is Stuart McLean, who helped me to set up the ox roast. He was a local butcher and friend of mine and (inevitably) we got talking in the pub one evening. He supplied the ox and came along to help with the cooking and carving. I was wearing one of his aprons and taking lessons! I remember the first spit was slightly crude with only one shaft and, after a few hours, it was impossible to turn the ox, as it kept sliding round on the shaft. We went round the houses, begging for wire coat-hangers to bind it together.

Liz and Alistair Forsyth, no. 22, 1978 - 1984



I answered an advertisement in The Sunday Times, which read: "If you want to live in a conventional red brick house, don't come here! But if you like sunbathing in the nude on a secluded patio without a house in sight, this is the place for you..."

Sally Jobling, no. 14, 1988 - 2012



45 years ago at 9 o'clock on a Sunday morning, over breakfast in our flat above The Pillars of Hercules pub in Greek Street, Soho, an advertisement in The Sunday Times for a Span House in Taplow caught our eye. We arranged to drive out to view the house that morning. We arrived at 12 Cedar Chase at 11.30. The view of the garden and the lower grounds as we walked in the front door was a show stopper. A quick tour up and down stairs was the clincher. We bought it at 12.00 o'clock.

Karl & Rosaleen Lawrence, no. 12, 1971 - present



Cedar Chase was not appreciated by existing Taplow residents when it was first built.

“Hideous, appalling and entirely out of keeping with this attractive old village.”

“The futuristic design of these structures in what has been an attractive village is quite horrible” he said. “These blatant, modern ideas are not right for Taplow.”

Eileen Law said the houses looked like public conveniences – perhaps the origin of the “Taplow Toilets” label. “Everybody in the village is furiously indignant” she said. “Nothing can hide these blatant designs.”

