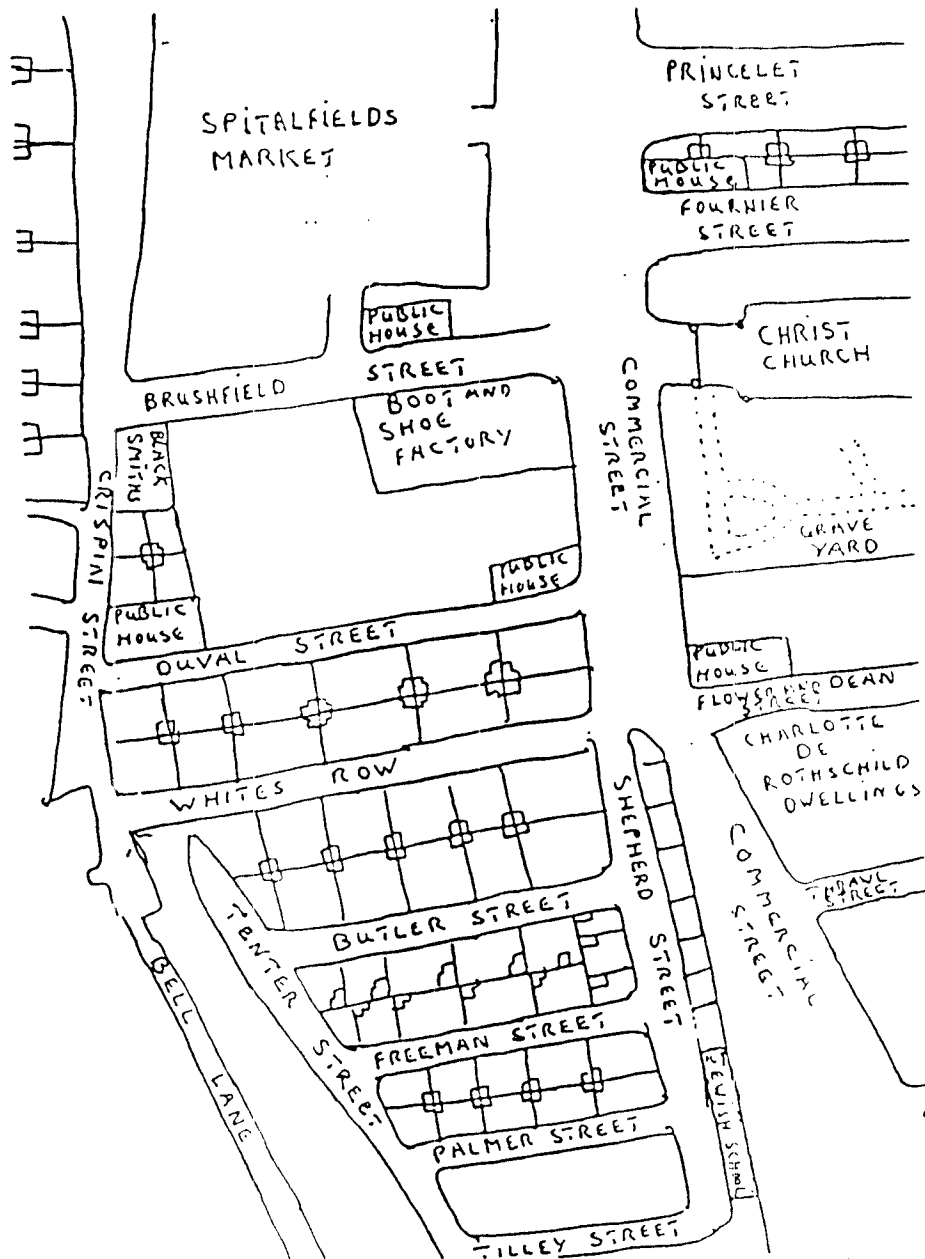


East London History Society

Newsletter

Christmas 1991



"IKEY" JACOBS NEIGHBOURHOOD IN THE 1920's

Season's Greetings to all our Members

A SMALL SELECTION OF EAST END ENTERTAINMENT IN 1941

QUEEN'S THEATRE

HIGH STREET, POPLAR, E.14 Phone East 2385

Commencing **MONDAY, DECEMBER 22nd.** **MONDAY to WEDNESDAY—**
 Continuous 5.30 to 9.30. **BOXING DAY & SATURDAY.** 2 Distinct Per-
 formances 5.30 & 7.30. Booking Office Open Monday to Wednesday, 11 till
 1.30. Boxing Day & Saturday, 11 till 7 o'clock.

The Famous B.B.C. Coster Comedian

Leon CORTEZ (ALF. 'AWKINS) XMAS P

With 'LIZ' DOREEN HARRISS

Supported by Stars of The Radio Feature

YOUTH TAKES A BOW

MARY NAYLOR ERNIE WISE
 DOROTHY DUVAL
 STANLEY AMBLER MORECAMBE


You've heard them on the Air now see them on the Stage

PARTY

SIDNEY
REVILLE
Lightformaker

CHARLES
Master of Balance,
 & PARTNER

DARITA
Delightfully Darn!



● **Monday, August 4th, for 6 days.** ●
 Doors Open 1 p.m. Commence 1.30 p.m.

SPENCER TRACY IN MICKEY ROONEY
MEN OF BOY'S TOWN ⓐ
 SHOWING AT 1.35, 4.45, 8.0.

RALPH BELLAMY MARGARET LINDSAY
 IN
ELLERY QUEEN MASTER DETECTIVE ⓐ
 SHOWING AT 3.30, 8.45

LESLIE BANKS
 LILLI PALMER ⓐ
 "DOOR WITH
 SEVEN LOCKS"
 Doors Open 3.30 p.m.

(SUNDAY)
 AUGUST
 3rd.

JANE WITHERS
 JOE BROWN, Jr. ⓐ
 "HIGH SCHOOL"

Programme Commences at 4.0 p.m.

Turpin and other Rogues

Dr Brooks writes in from Israel:

I found the article by Clifford Gully about Dick Turpin (ELR 1990 No. 13) most interesting. It led me to look up my Hackney paper cuttings about Highwaymen and Robberies. As a result I have started to computerize my cuttings up to 1900.

Between 1721 and 1739 (Turpin's active professional life) I have three entries on Robberies. Two of the cuttings concern Samuel Vevers, a master builder from Shoreditch. In September 1726 he was tried for robbery on "the highway at Dalston" and after a trial lasting five hours the jury found him Not Guilty. In February 1727 he was not so lucky and was committed to Newgate. He seems to have picked the wrong victim, Justice Hull, from whom he stole a gold watch and some silver.

The Craftsman (7th March 1729) reports on the sessions at the Old Bailey. Ferdinando Shrimpton and Robert Drummond both received death sentences for highway robbery and for the murder of Mr Tyson's coachman of Hackney. This probably refers to either Samuel or John Tyssen, members of the family of the Lord of the Manor of Hackney.

A small cutting from the General Evening Post (18th August 1747) after Turpin's demise, reads:

Last night, Mr Charlton, a Peruke Maker at Hoxton, on his return from Clapton, was attacked near Dalston, by two fellows, who robbed him of 2 guineas and some silver, the fellows afterwards made off over the fields towards Newington.

A peruke was a wig with a bob at the back. In the illustration of Turpin clearing Hornsey Toll Gate this kind of wig is easily seen on our hero. I wonder if Turpin had acquired his peruke from Mr Charlton at Hoxton!

In 1742 three footpads attacked Mr Clark, a pattern-drawer from Spitalfields in the Shoulder of Mutton field (now London Fields). They got away with his watch and two guineas. The tide was turned in 1781 when the Morning Chronicle reports the foiling of an attempted robbery in the Shoulder of Mutton and Cat Fields when some passengers gave chase to villains before they were able to commit a crime.

A cutting from St Jame's Chronicle of 26th September 1775 is worth quoting in full:

On Tuesday Night a Highwayman was pursued from Lee Bridge by some of Justice Wilmott's men on a information of his robbing, for these several nights past, all the Post-Chaises that he could meet with on that road, and was taken about nine o'clock near the Nag's Head, Hackney. On his being searched, they found on him two watches, several loose seals, a purse, which it is said contained five guineas and some silver, and a pair of pistols. He proves to be a tradesman in Spitalfields.

The Record No. 14 - Update

The East London History Record No. 14 is now on sale Price £2.10 + 30p p&p.

Get your copy in time for Christmas!

The contents make very interesting reading, with something for everyone. They are as follows:

1. 19th century East End children as Pavement Entertainers - by John Ramsland
2. On the Isle of Dogs - by Ellen Rae
3. East London and Elizabeth Fry - by Lella Raymond
4. Journeymen Bakers in mid 19th century East London - by Edwin Dare
5. The Knights Templar in Hackney - by Clifford Gully

Plus, the usual Book Reviews, news of new publications and additions to the history archives in our local libraries.

To order your Record, please send your cheque for £2.40 to:

Doreen Kendall
20 Puteaux House
Cranbrook Estate
London E2 ORF

Colm Kerrigan, Editor of the Record will be pleased to receive articles for consideration for future publication in the Record. Details may be found within the Record.

Letters from our Members

Professor John Gates from Farnham, Surrey writes:

I was most disappointed to see that I had missed the walk on 11 May, Up and down the Bow Road, since this is the region I came from.

I have been trying to pick up with the eventualities that have led to the changes in the look of the Bromley by Bow region, and made an excursion around some of my old haunts only a week ago.

Not much seems to be left, but it was interesting to see that No 18 Arrow Road appears to have been refurbished for conservation. The few houses in that terrace are almost alone in that respect. My parents lodged at that house when I was born, where I lived until we moved into my grandparents house, No 13 Edgar Road, after their death. My grandfather, and more especially his father before him, was the village blacksmith for Bromley by Bow.

By my time, of course, their work had progressed to more machine-aided forging and shaping of steel manufactures, and I helped out when the business was being run by my uncle (who lived next door at No 11 Edgar Road) with drawings and odd fetching and carrying, as far as school permitted. Their workshops were in Finch's Yard which used to be between Bow church and Bromley High Street, but were demolished before the war, with the Bromley Brewery, when the road was widened and the present blocks of flats were erected.

My upbringing was very much centred on Bromley High Street and Bow Road. When the war began in 1939 I had just passed General Schools and Matriculated at Coopers Company's School in Stepney, but in the greatly reduced facilities for higher education in London I was forced into part-time education, evening classes, and private study to proceed as best I might until the age of call-up.

My first school was the LCC High Street School at the junction of High Street and Devons Road. In 1931 or thereabouts the school moved to newly built premises in Botolph Road, where I stayed until I gained entry to Coopers in April 1934. In September 1939 I had a temporary job arranged by my father, with John Dore's the Coppersmiths situated in Bromley High Street next to the old High Steet School. Products from my father's firm were

frequently incorporated into structures supporting the softer copper fabrications such as whisky stills made by Dore's. Similar close cooperation with two other metal based manufacturing firms in Bromley High Street, Robinson's Non-ferrous Foundry and Lancaster's Boiler Works, made up a group of closely interlinked local industry.

This rather fell away when my father and uncle had to move their workshops to another site in Marshgate Lane on the other side of the River Lea in Stratford and eventually led to the failure of the firm, as my uncle and father aged well into their 60's.

In amongst those years there were several events that have become of much greater significance in the history of the area than I could possibly have foreseen as a child. George Lansbury frequently passed through Devons Road and always stopped to talk to the kids. I remember his buying us packets of chips at the fish and chip shop near the Rose and Crown (which is still there, though the chip shop has gone.)

At Coopers I was taught some English, Latin and Economics by W Michael Stewart, who later went into Parliament as Member for Lewisham and then Fulham. He was Foreign Secretary for a time and died last year, as Lord Stewart.

Another event of 1931 was the visit of Mahatma Gandhi. As the impressive film of a few years ago showed, Gandhi refused to stay in a hotel and chose to lodge with the Misses Lester who were then involved in the running of Kingsley Hall, in Powis Road. I remember being trailed round there in a bunch of other kids because Gandhi had expressed a wish to talk with the children of the neighbourhood. The episode is in the film, though no doubt bearing little resemblance to what actually passed. My only recollection is of complete bewilderment and apprehension at the spectacle of this strange shrunken being.

I continue to take what chance I can to visit the area and remind myself of those past days. One of the things I am hoping to do is to prepare a series of sketch maps of the Bromley High Street area and surroundings to reinforce and tie together my recollections. Probably large scale maps are available for many dates of the past, and I would be very glad to hear of any that are available.

Home and Away.

Peter Kraushaar (71) from Ilford, Essex writes:

My Great-great-grandfather Thomas Henry Kraushaar bought the lease of 42 Russel Street Stepney in 1836 and lived at 33 Jubilee Place 1842-46, a very large family. In the 1841 census he claimed to have been born (1791) in The same County. Started work as a Merchants clerk with John Frederick Schroder at 18 in 1809 and joined John Henry Schroder later, to head 3 generations of K's to work for these Merchant/bankers.

I have not yet connected T H K with Johan Conrad K who lived in Gun Street Spitalfields in the 1770's or any of the K's who lived in Tower Hamlets going abck to 1763 - nor yet established the place of origin or date of emigration of my German ancestors (I have no German I G I's).

J F R Totman from Penryn, Cornwall writes:

My grandfather Francis Totman emigrated from his home in Essex in the early 1860's and became involved with a Mr Antill, who allegedly, according to family stories, not only owned a brickfield in the Bow (then Bethnal Green) area but also was building a large housing estate in the area. One of the roads in the Grove Road/Coborn Road area is supposedly named Antill Road after him.

The story in the family was that my grandfather became Mr Antill's manager, subsequently setting up in business for himself, as F Totman & Sons, Estate Agents.

I can personally vouch for the latter event, since I have memories as an early teenager visiting my father and uncle at the firm's office at 83 Grove Road Bow, in the 1930's.

The office was badly damaged during the late war, and my father and uncle moved to smaller premises in Grove Road, subsequently ceasing to trade. My object in writing to you is to enquire:

Whether any of the books mentioned in the list given in the East London Record No 13 refers specifically to the area in which my grandfather worked and, if they are available from your Society, at what price. I should mention that I attended Coopers Company's School in the 1930's until leaving in 1935, and have many happy memories of that establishment, which after the war combined with Coborn School and moved to Upminster Essex.

David Weatherill, from Bundoora Australia:

My family came from the East London area and lived in a number of places in the 1800's. Some members of the family, including my great grandfather, Samuel Watkins Weatherill, came to Australia after 1850. I have been trying to track down information on the families, plus of the areas in which they lived.

I have found that they lived in a number of places - Poplar, Limehouse, Hackney, Homerton, Stepney. I have identified the following addresses from the various census: Frederick Street, Limehouse, South East Row, Upper North Street, Poplar, 22 Henry Street, Limehouse. My family and I were in London in December last year and we were able to spend some time at the Tower Hamlets Library, going through their records in the family history section. Unfortunately we did not have enough time to really be involved with the research. It is a pity that I did not find any record of your society while we were in London, as I would have appreciated the chance to get in touch with you.

Mr G Brown from Croydon, Surrey has asked for help:

Some friends in New Zealand that we have written to for many years turn out to have had an ancestor, a Charles Poore, who was the landlord of the Star and Garter public house in Whitechapel Road in 1837 and for about ten years thereafter. As you will know, this public house is the one opposite the front entrance of the London Hospital. Our correspondents have asked us to find out what we can of the history of this public house, and naturally our first step when was the Bancroft Library, but they did not have anything except a small and fairly modern photograph which we photocopied.

We also wrote to Charringtons, the owners, but they did not have anything either, as their records had been destroyed in WW2 except for a rather earlier photograph, which we also copied.

We wondered if any of your members might know something of the history of this public house, which has been there now for getting on for 150 years. If so we would be very grateful for anything they could tell us about it.

Letters contd.....

Richard Bowater of Sidcup Kent writes:

My Grandfather lived at 3 Brooks Terrace Limehouse at the end of the last century. Brooks Terrace was part of Lydbrook Street on the east side north end, in Limehouse. I have been totally unable to find in various archive sources any photographs. Would it be possible for the Society to find one?

G S Williams from Ashbourne, Derbyshire:

I read with interest the review of the book Blackwall, the Brunswick and Whitebait Dinners in the Friends of the Maritime Trust Newsletter. I should mention that my particular interest in the area stems from the fact that my great grandfather was master of two of the Blackwall Frigates that sailed to Australia: La Hoque (1863-65) and Parramatta (1866-73).

Bradley Snooks from Bow, E3 writes:

I thought some of our Society members would like to hear of how I started my hobby of researching the history of Bow.

I was born in the Mile End Hospital, 29 years ago, so you can see that I am at a great disadvantage to a good deal of our members in as much as I have no first hand experience of life in Bow before the sixties.

Most of my studying has been done in our local library, with the help of two very nice chaps, whom I'm sure you already know, Chris Lloyd and Harry Watton, always very obliging and helpful - and very overworked.

I lived with my parents in Coborn Road, and my interest in local history was sparked off one day when I began to wonder how this road got its name. I asked a few people and someone suggested I try the Bancroft Road Library - and from that moment on, I was hooked! I now have index cards on every road, past and present in Bow. There are about a third of the names still to be researched. The same goes for housing estates. I have also listed monuments of the War etc, and memorials to great people who have given something to our history - George Lansbury, Will Crooks and Edward McCullum to name a few.

I have also begun researching the graves in Tower Hamlets Cemetery and have uncovered those of Clara Grant, of the Fern Street Settlement, Will Crooks and also Harry Ordell, Dock Union leader. I hope to record the names of all those buried there until its closure in 1966 with a view to publishing it at a later date. My hobby also takes me with my camera and bike of a Sunday morning taking photos of houses, streets and road signs, boundary stones, street furniture etc.

Back to Coborn Road - it was named after Prisca Coborn a local philanthropist, the widow of a local brewer of the 17th Century, who also founded the local school which bears her name. She is buried under a slab at the entrance to St Mary's Church, Bow Road. Burdett Road is another named after a great lady philanthropist of the 19th Century, Baroness Angela Burdett Coutts, who also presented the Drinking Fountain in Victoria Park. This edifice cost over £6,000, a great deal of money in those days.

The fountain is well preserved and the rest of the Park is being refurbished over a ten year period, with new Victorian style street lights, refuse bins and benches already in place. A new deer enclosure is planned and the lakes are due to be cleaned for the first time. Victoria Park is well worth a visit, and with the Heritage Trail marked out with blue plaques all over Bow, thanks to the efforts of Joe Waters, a day's visit would prove worthwhile.

WAR MEMORIALS

THE SEARCH FOR WAR MEMORIALS IN THE EAST END GOES ON. IT HAS NOW BEEN EXTENDED TO COVER THE BOER WAR AND THE 1939-1945 WAR, PLEASE CONTACT US IF YOU KNOW OF ANY OF THESE MEMORIALS, THEY ARE NEVER DESTROYED, BUT ARE NEGLECTED, AND FORGOTTEN, AND SOME OF THEM REMOVED AND STORED IN SOME SHED SOMEWHERE. WE NEED TO RECORD THEM, THEY ARE AN IMPORTANT PART OF FAMILY HISTORY RESEARCH.

JOHN HARRIS.

Lost and Found - 50 Years on

Daphne Sherwood, of the Heritage Circle, sent in an Update:

I thought I would write to let you know that our Evacuee Reunion was a great success, with over 100 people attending, of this 45 were evacuees, and of course, their partners. They came from as far afield as Surrey, and some had settled here nearby. Dagenham seem to have been well represented.

I have received many letters of thanks for the lovely day. The weather behaved well, and generally it all went better than we had hoped. Many renewed acquaintance after 50 years; and a film show of Evacuees leaving London, as well as a tour of our district, proved popular.

I explained how the evacuation worked from the London Boroughs and one of my members researched and read a manuscript (brief) how they were billeted, treated and dealt with at this end. It left plenty of time for chat and their buffet lunch. All in all, a day to remember by everyone present.

I want to thank you (Doreen Kendall) for all the help you gave to us, with addresses of newspapers etc, which proved to be the introductory method most used. Otherwise we talked of the Reunion with John Ely (the Cooking Canon) on Suffolk Radio and that reached our locals.

We had an interesting display of memorabilia from the war years, with old photographs, and Evacuation details from local papers. That too was well examined.

Again, we thank you for your efforts in tracing those who came, though in fact, it was only a quarter of the children who were actually here. What a pity that was.

Visit to the London Hospital Archives - Thurs 14 May

The Royal London Hospital Archives are situated in the crypt of St Augustine with St Philip's Church, Newark Street E1.

Our visit will commence at 6.30 pm in the company of Jonathan Evans, District Archivist. The Archives contain an exhibition on the history of the hospital and also illustrate changes in medicine since the hospital was founded in 1740. There are special displays on Edith Cavell and Dr Barnardo. Items of special interest to Tower Hamlets will be pointed out.

Newark Street, which is off New Road, is behind the Royal London Hospital, which is opposite Whitechapel Station.

A Walk Around Tower Hill

Saturday 27 June 1992 - A date for your Diary

The Walk will be led by Ann Sansom, starting at 2.30 pm from Tower Hill District Line Station.

Walks on the Wild Side

Friends of Tower Hamlets Cemetery Park have organised a regular programme of walks through the Cemetery.

A series of walks have been arranged for both weekday lunchtimes, on Mondays at 1.10pm and Tuesdays at 2.00 pm, starting December 3rd. There are also walks on Saturdays, from 1.30 pm to 3.00 pm, on the following dates: 7 December, 11 January, 8 February and 7 March.

All walks commence at the main entrance to the Cemetery in Southern Grove.

Historic Hackney - A circular Walk from Hackney Central Station, published by Friends of Hackney Archives. A beautifully illustrated pamphlet available from F H A, c/o Isobel Watson, 29 Stepney Green London E1 3JX. Price £1.20 (£1.50 by post).

Penshurst and the Stepney Stove

THE COACH OUTING

Our coach outing to Kent on September 28th was a great success, despite the weather - it rained cats and dogs all day! However, this did not stop our pleasure in sampling the delights of Tunbridge Wells - tasting the water from the ancient spring in the Pantiles and hunting for bargains at the Parish Jumble Sale!

We then went on to Penshurst, where although it was the last day of the season, we were made very welcome. Opposite the main gate of the House is the third oldest cricket ground in England. In August 1728 Kent played Sussex there for 50 guineas a side, Kent winning by 7 runs. For non-sporting fans, the Parish Church was a delight, Parish Registers in two volumes which date from 1558; memorials in the church to Sir Stephen Penchester and the Sidney and Leicester families; a tiny shop over the entrance to the churchyard, where two lovely ladies sold an amazing assortment of bric-a-brac - and some more bargains for the eagle-eyed!

Anne had booked the party into the Quaintways Cafe for tea, where an earlier group from East London had discovered a Stepney Oven, researched and identified by Julie Hunt and Chris Lloyd as having been manufactured by Kemp and Sons Oven Builders of 127 Stepney Way in 1902 at their foundry in Limehouse. The oven had been discovered bricked up behind a wall by the present owners of the teashop, who have restored it, making it a feature of their back room. It is indeed a small world, for Margaret Brown, one of our members, grew up in her parents bakers shop called Chillingworths, Mile End Road, Stepney Green, where they had an oven similar to the Penshurst one, in use upto the 1950s. The shop has been re-developed, but fortunately the Ragged School Museum salvaged the oven, and Margaret's daughter managed to rescue the sign over the shop front, which is over nine feet long, and will have to be walked to Copperfield Road from Mile End Place.

Once again, a lovely Coach Outing, for which we must thank Anne Sansom, who takes so much trouble to ensure that it is successful. It would be even better if we could have a few more of our members taking advantage of an opportunity to meet others from the society and enjoy a day out together.

Doreen Kendall

* PENSURST .

Programme Highlights - 1992

David Behr, our Programme Organiser has excelled himself in arranging a highly entertaining series of talks for the coming year.

The first lecture on Wednesday 29 January by Gilda O'Neill on Hop-picking - Pull No More Bines, will certainly bring back memories to a lot of East End folk. Her talk is based on her own experiences as well as oral reminiscences of others, and highlights a facet of women's history in the East End.

Anglo Catholic Socialism in East London, our talk on Wednesday 19 February by Kenneth Leech recounts the lives of such notables as Stewart Headlam, St John Groser and Father Joe Williamson (who worked in the Cable Street area in the late 1950s).

On Wednesday 11 March we take a Riverside Journey in Picture Postcards in the company of Steve Kentfield and Ray Newton, a talk based on their highly successful book of the same name. A slide showing of Steve Kentfields collection of old postcards makes this a lecture not to be missed.

Our own vintage postcard collector Philip Mernick dons his other hat - that of Coin Collector to present to us a portrait of Billy and Charley, the Shadwell forgers who fooled Victorian Britain with their fake antiquities. Philip will illustrate his lecture with examples from his own collection.

Post War East London - Thursday 7 May. An Evening for members to share their memories of the years following the Second World War. Short talks on memories or research will be welcome, please bring your photos, bric-a-brac and souvenirs, anything that will recall the life and times of the East End in the late forties and early fifties.

We hope there will be an enthusiastic response to this, the first event of its kind to be held by the society.

Refreshments will be served.

All the above talks will begin at 7.30 pm and are held at the Queen Mary and Westfield College, Mile End Road E1.

The College is close to Mile End and Stepney Green Stations.

Obituary

ALAN SEARLE (October 1990)

Alan joined the Society in 1976 in view of his great interest in the history of East London. He was already a member of the Lewisham and Wanstead History societies. His particular interest in the latter was stimulated by excavations going on at that time under the direction of J Elsdon Tuffs, Chairman of the Wanstead History Society, and a friend of Alan. The Roman Villas being excavated was close to Alan's home. He considered that the richness of East London's historical past should be publicised much more and was particularly pleased when the Society published its first Record in 1978. He offered to help with the distribution and for a number of years tirelessly pursued every avenue of distribution he could find.

He was a literary man, somewhat reticent about his earlier life though he admitted to serving the Swiss Bank in a senior clerical capacity before retiring to live in Wanstead. He had a good grounding in the Classics and maintained a correspondence with Miss Lenham (late treasurer) and myself, often quoting from the Greek Philosophers and the Victorian poets. His extensive knowledge of ancient philosophy revealed itself in the frequent correspondence he maintained with the Times who often published his letters. He was frequently able to draw parallels between situations existing centuries ago and those facing us today.

Alan lived to a good age, senility finally claiming him, but he will be greatly missed. His generosity in making provision in his Will for the Society and for the Lewisham History Society is evidence of his keen regard for those involved in making it known. He would be delighted to know that his bequest will be used in making people more aware of their good fortune in inheriting a wealth of Local History made available to them over the centuries by scholars, researchers, historians and a countless number of ordinary people who have lived in East London since Tudor times.

A H FRENCH

DOREEN KENDALL, our Secretary, has fond memories of Alan Searle. She writes:

Alan Searle was distributor of our annual East London Record from the first issue in 1978, setting up the mailing list for our out of town readers, museums and other societies. In 1986, Alan was a rather frail elderly gentle-

man finding it very hard with his rheumatism to deliver the large quantities of Records on London Transport. So David Behr and myself took over, with Alan forwarding all the Societies mail to me, which was always enclosed with a humorous note. As any member will know who has noted my address, it is a very odd name for a block of flats. Below is the first letter I ever received from Alan, it still makes me laugh. This is how I will remember him, as a kind very learned gentleman, who loved London and its history.

I notice that your address is Puteaux House. This intrigues me. It sounds very French. I have sought an explanation in my Larousse encyclopedia and dictionary but to no avail.

I have written to the President of the French Republic, Francois Mitterand, a most friendly letter. No reply. Yet I called him Francois and my old mate etc. I have also written to the French PM, Monsieur Chirac, but again no reply. Anybody would think that they have more serious problems on their plates. I am now writing to Monsieur le President de la Societe d'Histoire Locale de Puteaux.

For there is a Puteaux in France, an outer suburb of Paris, something like Ilford or Romford in London. But it is a very ordinary suburb, like Ilford. But why should your house be called Puteaux? What is the connexion with France. I ask you? You, a great and devoted local historian. Please reply. There is danger that my whole Christmas will be ruined if I remain in ignorance of the truth.

I remain your perplexed and worried friend,

ALAN SEARLE

NOTE:

In the 1950's councils developed friendships for exchanges of sport and culture between other European Countries, called Twinning.

Cranbrook Estate E2 has six tall blocks or Houses - Puteaux, St Gilles, Offenbach, Alzettee, Modling, and Verlerta, all named after twinned towns in France and Germany.

The blocks of maisonettes are named after the streets that were cleared for the Estate to be built in the early 1960's. These Houses - Harold, Longman, Nolton, Doric and Ames recall the names of streets that were part of the Globe Town Estate built from 1840 onwards near the new Regents Canal for the growing population of Bethnal Green. There were many weavers cottages among them. Stubbs and Tate Houses are named after local councillors who chaired committees to build the Estate. Holman House with the shops below fronting Roman Road is named after Percy Holman MP who represented Bethnal Green as a Liberal MP for many years.

The Tenterground in the 1920's

When revisiting The Lane a few years back I was standing on the corner of Toynbee Street and Commercial Street when memories of a little boy, Ikey Jacobs, came flooding back to me. Suddenly Toynbee Street became Shepherd Street, Brune House gave way to the dingy cobbled streets I loved so well as a child. Seventy years started to evaporate and I, being that little boy, was back in my beloved Tenterground.

The Tenterground consisted of six streets in the form of a ladder, the two uprights being Shepherd Street and Tenter Street. Going across like four rungs, starting at the Commercial Street end, were Butler Street, Freeman Street, Palmer Street and Tilley Street. This complex was encircled by Whites Row, Bell Lane, Wentworth Street and finally Commercial Street.

Summertime would see the streets come alive with activity. Boys and girls vying with each other for the available space. Children steering hoops up and down the overloaded streets. For every shop-bought hoop, there would be a dozen improvised ones. Large pram or bicycle wheels were favourite, but many a smaller one would be pressed into service.

Peg tops were mainly for boys. They came in various woods and sizes. The best ones were called boxers because they were made from boxwood and therefore very tough. Wide at the top and tapering down to a metal peg they had a very close groove running all the way down to the peg. By winding a thin cord around the groove from the bottom to top you were ready to spin it. Holding the top and cord tightly in one hand, the arm would be raised above the shoulder and the top thrown to the ground leaving the thrower hold the cord. If all went well, as the top unwound itself from the cord it would start spinning and continue to do so at a very fast rate on hitting the ground. There was, of course, a knack in the way the top was thrown. Many a time it would hit the ground, bounce, and then lay still. When they were spinning fast we would put our hands under them and scoop them up. They would then continue spinning on our palms.

Whipping tops were popular too. There were a sort of mushroom shaped flat top with a wide straight stem made from common white wood and a small peg at the bottom. They were spun with the fingers to start them off

and then whipped to keep them going. A good exponent of this art could send the top yards up the street with just one good whip.

Various ball games were played by boys and girls. Hitting the wall via the pavement and catching it on its return, counting each time you caught it, was a popular one. A slightly harder version of the same game consisted of placing a flat object - preferably a coin, on the pavement and only counting a score if your ball hit that first.

Football and cricket were for the boys. The venue for these games was generally Shepherd Street, for two reasons. One, Palmer Street was too narrow and overcrowded, for as well as children playing, adults would sit outside their houses gossiping and eating monkey nuts. Secondly, Shepherd Street was longer. The wicket was anything you could find, a box was ideal. We only played one end, double wickets were for the professionals.

Football was played at the same venue. The opposition we were always up against were either a lot bigger than us, the people who lived in the Street or the local bobby.

The girls had their own ball games and always sang as they played them - One Two Three O'Leary, Aunt Sally Sells Fish etc. The latter song was also sung then skipping. All girls seemed to have a skipping rope, if not an official one with two wooden handles, then at least a large measure of cord. They would skip singly, in pairs or in groups. When they skipped in pairs, one girl would start on her own, singing of course, and during the song would invite another girl in. As soon as the girl saw her chance she would go in facing the girl who had called her in, picking up the step.

When a group played, two girls would take an end of the rope each, as they started to turn the rope the inevitable song would begin. A few well-remembered ones being On a Mountain Stands a Lady, In and Out the Windows and Rosie Apple Lemonade Tart. All the girls would be invited in to skip one by one till eventually they would all be in a long line skipping, if it went well.

Higher and Higher was a rope game enjoyed by boys and girls together, As in multiple skipping the rope would be held at each end then pulled taut. The rest of the participants would line up in front in single file. On the word Go they would all jump over the rope and return to when they had started. Anyone who couldn't jump the height was out. After each round the rope was lifted up higher. The winner was the last one left in.

The Tenterground

Marbles and gobs was a game for all, but girls seemed to be more adept at it. It consisted of five cube like stones ribbed down the sides and a large stone marble. It was never my cup of tea.

Hopscotch was another game girls excelled at. A chalk hopscotch would be drawn out on the pavement, the pattern was two squares at the bottom, one square next, two above then, then one and finally two in an arched top. Each square was numbered. The game was to kick a chipper into each box whilst hopping. This game was not for me either.

Diabolo was played by the older girls. Janie Simons was good at it. A diabolo looked like a very large cotton reel, tapered sharply from each side to the centre. It was spun around on a string held by two wooden handles. When it was considered to be spinning fast enough it was thrown in the air. On its return it was caught on the string and immediately launched skywards again. If you were an expert this could go on for quite a while.

The two main boys games were leapfrog up and down the street, getting in everyone's way, and cigarette cards, or Pitchers to us. There were quite a few different Pitcher games. Some of the more popular ones were:

Blowings - this was played by placing a set amount of cards, all picture side down, along a window sill, lengthways. Your opponent did the same. To see who went first a card was spun to the ground with one of you calling Picture or Back. If you were right when the card landed you had first go. The first blower bent down and blew under his pack with one clean blow. As many as turned over to the picture side he kept. The second blower then had his turn. The first blower then had another go with his remaining cards. The first to blow his pack over could then have a turn at blowing what was left of his opponent's pack over.

Waterfalls - a pitcher was placed at an agreed height against the wall, the hand removed and the pitcher allowed to flutter to the ground. This was done in turn until one card covered another, either fully or partially. The owner of the card then picked up all the cards that had accumulated in that round.

Flickings - There was a variety of ways to play this game: Flick an agreed amount of cards against the wall, the furthest one takes all; place a card against the wall, about an

inch out on the pavement. First one to flick it down takes all the others; flick in turn to the wall and, like waterfalls, the card that rests on any other takes all.

Snap - played in the conventional way using the last numeral on the card, i.e. 27 would be 7, 14 would be 4 etc. Single numbers were, of course, what they were. Turns were taken to put a card down, the second one to have a like number was the winner - no need to call snap.

Many itinerant vendors and tradesmen would visit the street during the day. The catsmeat man, with his basket of canine and feline goodies, on his arm, lean meat on a skewer for the cats, rough for the dogs, consisting of all the gristly bits - these were wrapped in newspaper.

The legendary muffin man of course, renowned in nursery rhyme for living down Drury Lane. Tray on head, always covered by a white cloth, bell proclaiming his presence to addicts of this toothsome delicacy.

The vendor of hearthstone, salt and vinegar used a barrow to cart his wares about. Hearthstone was used indoors for the hearth and would make a fine contrast to the stove and oven which would be black-leaded. Salt was always sawn off a large block to the amount required. I always remember it as triangular. For vinegar you handed him a bottle and he filled it from the keg.

The watercress man was patronised on Sunday. It went well with Dutch Herrings in a sandwich. If no Dutch Herrings, well, it made a nice sandwich without.

There was a man used to come round selling apples from a homemade handcart. A box, two wheels and a pair of wooden shafts nailed to the sides. He had a wooden leg, no doubt a victim of the War. Occasionally the lavender girls would appear, basket on arm, singing the centuries old song, Won't you buy my sweet lavender? and in it telling how many branches she was selling for one penny. The stuff always gave me a headache.

Travelling tinkers and chair menders were other Wheatley throwbacks. The latter repaired cane and raffia chairs. Scissors or knives to grind, had a three wheeled barrow. A can of water above the grindstone gave a steady drip as he plied his craft.

The flypaper bloke did a good trade in the summer months, especially the hot ones. His cry as he entered the street was Catch 'em alive. In those days flies in summertime were almost a plague, they were everywhere. Blue-

The Tenterground

bottles, greenbottles, big flies, little flies and many others. The flypaper was, in appearance, like a fat shotgun cartridge, a tab one side and a loop the other. When the tab was pulled it unfurled a long celluloid looking paper covered with a brown treacly-looking substance. When this was hung up in the room by the loop it attracted flies by the score - to a sticky end.

"All the latest songs," was another now and then visitor. It was like a six page tabloid. No music, just the lyrics - verse and refrain. I don't know how many songs it contained, but as for being all the latest depended on what you called the latest.

Occasionally the odd hawker or pedlar, selling bootlaces or matches, might put in an appearance, though they generally kept to the lane. These people had a tray in front supported by two shoulder straps. Many displayed signs to say they were unable to work and had wives and families to support. Heroes not doubt, but poor ones.

The vehicular merchants were N Laid Mineral Water, Marriage and Impey Sterilised Milk purveyors, and Reckitt Smith Coal Merchant. All their carts were horse drawn. N Laid sold his drinks in crates of a dozen or half dozen. We would occasionally avail ourselves of this service. The crate contained a variety of drinks: cola, lemonade, cream soda etc. To open a N Laid bottle a glass marble had to be pushed down into a recess just below the neck of the bottle. The recess being just narrow enough to stop it falling into the bottle. The sterilised milk van had a large sterilised milk bottle painted on each of its sides in the form of a gentleman with the caption: "Madam I am pure". These bottles had an unusual method of opening - a metal bar attached to each side of the stopper had to be pushed up to open it, and of course, pushed down to close it.

Reckitt Smith sold his coal in made up sacks of 1 cwt and 1/2 cwt. His call of Coalman was heard regularly in the winter.

Two ice cream vendors came round when the weather was favourable for that commodity. One had a nice posh barrow nicely painted. It contained two freezers, one for vanilla, the other for lemon ice. This was crushed ice with some lemon flavour added. Both were sold as wafers or cornets. This gentleman was called Johnny, but then weren't they all?! As soon as he appeared on the scene the cry would go up Give us a taster, Johnny. I got quite a few my

time always lemon ice, never vanilla.

The other purveyors of cold delicacies had an ordinary barrow with one freezer in the middle of it. Two large placards, one each side of the freezer, informed us all that this was The Original Joe Assenheims of 56 Stoney Lane. No tasters here, more likely a thick ear. This ice cream was sold in oblong shapes wrapped in plain white paper, half strawberry and half cream. They cost 2d and whole one and 1/2d a half. The half was always cut on the diagonal, so that you got strawberry and cream.

There were quite a variety of street entertainers knocking about, all trying to earn a crust, or enough for a pint. Street singers were by far the commonest, after all, anybody could sing, or nearly everybody. Mind you, there were some good ones about too. Like the peddlars, quite a few would have a sign fixed to their chest - the commonest being: disabled, unable to work, wife and children to support. People playing instruments were not uncommon - cornets, fiddles, mouthorgans, concertinas and Jews Harps to name a few.

There was a most unusual act came down the street one day, four or five people in, I suppose looking back at it now, 18 Century costume with knee breeches, stockings, yellowish wigs and silver buckles to their shoes. I believe they were all men but can't be sure. They were accompanied by a barrel organ, the organist dressed in the same style. The players would line up in front of the organ and when it commenced to play would do a sort of tap dance on the spot. When it stopped they would strike a pose like a sort of tableau holding it until the organ played again, once again commencing their tap dance till it stopped again, when they would do another scene. The tableau I still remember was one man about to stab another but having his arm held by a third man. I've often wondered since how they could have lived on the odd coppers they received. They need better pitches than Palmer Street.

Old Solomon Levi was a very well known character in the area. I don't think that was his name. We called him that because of the song he always sang - Old Solomon Levi keeps a clothes shop in the Lane. I have forgotten most of it because the rest was in Yiddish. He would march around the streets, followed by all us kids, singing and playing a Kazoo in turn. He was one of the sights of the Lane, especially Sunday morning.

Now to the two main entertainers: Harry Lawson and Percy the Hook. Harry Lawson was a frequent visitor despite the treatment meted out to him. He would come

The Tenterground

into the street strumming a banjo and singing his own compositions. The most famous being Bring the Night Poe - a sad song indeed about a man who did the inevitable in bed because he was too ill to get up and the poe arrived too late. Now every time he put in an appearance he copped out. Flour was poured over his head, an egg cracks onto it, and rubbed in. Another time soot instead of flour. The people doing this were not children, but men. Despite the treatment he received he'd still carry on strumming and singing, everybody laughing, including Harry. It would finally end when one of the women took him in and attempted to clean him up. The men would then have a whip round for him and off he'd go to pastures new.

Percy the Hook was a barrel organ operator. He wore very thick glasses. It was said he suffered from fits. He was getting on in years because my mum said she danced round his organ when she was a little girl.

As soon as he arrived we all gathered round his organ and as he started to play the chant would go up: Percy the Hook, Percy the Hook. When he'd had enough he would shout back. As the bating continued he'd start screaming at us. The more he screamed the louder we'd chant. Then taking the handle from the organ he'd chase us up the street.

These two stalwarts continued to entertain the Tenterground long after I left for Shoreditch Buildings. This was after we had been told that the Tenterground was to be pulled down. Until long after we left I would dream I was back in those dirty streets with their slum houses, only to wake up to the reality that the Tenterground had gone forever.

Not quite forever...There is still a little boy who haunts those long vanished streets by the name of Ikey Jacobs.

Isaac Jacobs

STOP PRESS STOP PRESS STOP

TO ALL OUR MEMBERS, THE 1891,
CENSUS RETURNS WILL BE
AVAILABLE THROUGHOUT THE
COUNTRY IN MID-JANUARY 1992.

Letters from our Members contd..

A letter from Debbie:

When I was younger I received endless jokes about my surname, CURLEY. I had never heard it used outside the family, so thought that we had a rare surname. I suppose it was partly this that began my interest in family history.

My ambition is to set up a one-name study group for the name CURLEY - all spellings, and time, anywhere. To this end I have begun extracting and collating all references to the Curleys. One of my most interesting finds began when I received from a great aunt a photograph of my great grandfather standing on an early form of scaffolding. Written on the photograph was a patent number, so I contacted the Dept of Trade & Industries Patent Office to find out more information. The helpful chap I spoke to told me that records are stored by the year they were patented, not by number. I did not have a year, but luck was with me, my grandfather was also in the photograph. I guessed that he must have been about 6 or 7 years old, and from his date of birth calculated the approximate year that the photograph was taken.

The helpful chap at the DTI said he would do a 15 year search covering the date I gave him, and he duly sent me his findings for the period 1890-1915. You could have knocked me down with a feather when I received the letter, listed inside were 8 patents submitted by Curleys and one was my great grandfather's. I applied for copies but only received 6, as the other 2 were never formally completed. Luckily, my great grandfather completed his and I now have a complete record of his invention, with drawings.

Having always thought the name Curley was rare, I was amazed at the number of "Inventors" in the family, but my amazement turned to shock when I began searching the records at St Catherines House, because I was turning up 20-30 Curleys (all spellings) each quarter, my task was greater than I had ever imagined.

For those of you out there interested to know whether you had any inventors in your family, you can conduct your own search at the Science Reference and Information Service, 25 Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London WC2A. When I get more spare time I will be there in case more "family" members were inventors. If anyone is interested in forming a one-name family group, CURLEY/CURLE/CURL/KURL (plus other variations of spelling) please contact Mrs D Brazier 107a Winchelsea Road, Rye, East Sussex TN31 7EL (SAE please)

Two Men from the East End

Geoffrey Harold Woolley was born on the 14th May 1892 at St Peter's Vicarage, Bethnal Green. He was the son of the Reverend George Woolley, who had spent all his ordained life working in the Tower Hamlets area.

When war was declared in August 1914, Woolley was an undergraduate at Queens College, Oxford, prior to taking Holy Orders. On the first day of the war he enlisted in the 1/5th Territorial Battalion of the Essex Regiment.

After training, he was posted to the 9th County of London (Queen Victoria's Rifles) as a Second Lieutenant. In November 1914 the Battalion crossed to France as part of the 5th Division. The first four months were spent on carrying parties or in reserve, but their time was about to come, and it would be an experience none of the survivors would ever forget.

Just to the west of the village of Zillebeke, there is an earth heap created by the digging of a railway cutting. It was 60 metres high, and was marked on all army maps as "Hill 60". From its summit the surrounding countryside could be seen for miles. It was an important position - and it was held by the Germans.

The British High Command decided it had to be taken "regardless of costs" and at 7.15 on the evening of the 17th April 1915, the British Infantry stormed the hill under a heavy covering fire. They reached the top and set up machine guns in the craters. The Germans counter-attacked, savage hand-to-hand fighting took place, and by next morning they had forced the British back from the summit. The British were now being fired upon from three sides and by dawn on the 19th all that was left alive out of 150 riflemen was 50, all their officers had been killed.

At this moment an officer was seen crawling towards them across no-mans-land while under heavy fire from the German trenches. It was Second Lieutenant Woolley who, on hearing there were no officers left on the hill, went over and took command without waiting for orders. For the rest of the day Woolley single handedly beat off a number of attacks by his accurate grenade throwing, fighting from a trench filled with wounded and dying. At nightfall they were relieved.

Out of 154 who held the hill only 4 including Woolley

George Joseph Smith was born at 92 Roman Road in 1872. He was executed at Maidstone Prison on Friday 13th August 1915.

Between 1912 and 1915, all three of Smith's bigamous wives died in the bath on the first night of their honeymoon, while he collected the insurance money.

Smith was arrested after the father of one of his earlier victims read a newspaper report of the death by misadventure of his latest wife "A Bride's Tragic Fate". It contained so many similarities to the death of his own daughter that it aroused his suspicions, and he wrote to the police.

The trial of George Smith took place at the Old Bailey, and became known as The Brides in the Bath case. Smith was defended by Sir Edward Marshall Hall, but even he could make no headway in this case. Smith was convicted of the murder of Constance Munday, at Herne Bay on July 13th 1912, where she had lived with her husband Smith. Evidence was also given in regard to the death of Alice Burnham at Blackpool on December 12th 1913, and Margaret Lofty at Highgate on December 13th 1914.

The jury took 20 minutes to find him guilty. The Judge then sentenced Smith to death.

Smith made no confession. He went to the scaffold protesting his innocence to the end.

answered the roll call. Woolley was awarded the Victoria Cross, the first Territorial Officer to win this decoration.

After the war he was ordained and lived in West Chiltington, Sussex. In the Second World War Woolley went back to the army, serving in North Africa and Italy. He died on 10th December 1968 at West Chiltington, and is buried there.

Many East Enders died in that battle, their bodies were never recovered, and they are still there today, defending "Hill 60".

John Harris

For Your Diary

Below are a selection of coming events which might be of interest to our members:

28 November - East of London Family History Society
Durning Hall, Forest Gate - 7.30 pm.

Up the Roman - Memories of a Bow Childhood, a talk by
Violet Short.

Saturday 7 December - Sutton House Craft Fair - held at
St John at Hackney Church, - 10 am to 5 pm

(A very successful event and worth a visit)

The East London History Society will be running a stall
and the 1991 Record will be on sale - See you there!

Saturday 15 February 1992 - Friends of Hackney Archives
pay a visit to the Salvation Army's International Heritage
Centre - 10 am to 12 noon. Ring 071 241 2886 for details.

Stanley Tongue Memorial Lecture - Saturday 9 May 1992
Hoxton Hall, 128 Hoxton Street N1. 3.00 pm

"Intruding to live as a parishioner": the migrant poor in
18th Century Hackney - Ruth Paley.

Calendar 1992

Postcard Calendar featuring four churches of Poplar and Limehouse - All Saints, Trinity Methodist, St Annes and SS Mary and Joseph in full colour. The pictures are perforated, serving a dual purpose as they can be used later as postcards.

This is a first ever calendar of Poplar's Churches and would make an ideal gift for Christmas.

Price £1.40 inc P & P. (Envelope available on request)

Please send your order with cheque to:

Rosemary Taylor

5 Pusey House

Saracen Street

Poplar

London E14 6HG

Cheques payable to Rosemary Taylor

Also Available:

Spiral-bound Notebooks with Postcard covers - views of Poplar and Bow - 50p only (+ 40p P & P) - Ideal Stocking Fillers. (Order as Above)

Society Update - the AGM

The East London History Society held its Annual General Meeting on the 31 October 1991, prior to the evening's scheduled talk on Stratford Market.

Our President Mr French welcomed the members and remarked on the good turnout. He congratulated the Committee for the work they had done over the past year, and noted that all the office-bearers, with the exception of Jennifer Page, the Treasurer, were willing to stand for re-election. Jennifer was prepared to continue as Minute Secretary, and this was agreed. Philip Mernick was proposed as Treasurer, and being the only nominee was duly elected. The rest of the committee were re-elected unopposed.

A report on the accounts was handed over by Jennifer Page to the Chair and may be found elsewhere in the newsletter.

Mr French invited other members to join the committee

The Committee

and suggested they could attend a committee meeting before making any commitment.

Chair - Rosemary Taylor

Secretary - Doreen Kendall

Treasurer - Phillip Mernick

Minute Secretary - Jennifer Page

Subscriptions Secretary - John Harris

Programme Organiser - David Behr

Editor - The Record - Colm Kerrigan

Coach Outings - Ann Sansom

Thomas Cook and the East End

In this 150th Anniversary year of travel agents Thomas Cook it is interesting to note the company's connection with the East End of London. When the American novelist Jack London was researching his searing indictment of East End poverty for "The Abyss" (1902), he found it almost impossible to obtain any guidance in the area, a factor which he expressed so memorably in his book: *"O Cook, O Thomas Cook & Son, pathfinders and trail-clearers living sign-posts to all the world, and bestowers of first aid to bewildered travellers - unhesitatingly and instantly, with ease and celebrity, could send me to darkest Africa or innermost Tibet, but to the East End of London, barely a stone's throw from Ludgate Circus, you know not the way."*

A decade later things had changed, if not necessarily for the better. In Cook's published list of recommended itineraries for 1913, there appears the evening drive shown below, a small masterpiece of carefully concealed patronising, and a very acute dramatisation of the average "outsider's" attitude to the East End at this time. Thomas Cook ceased to run this kind of tour in the 1920's - their successors are the commercial agencies who run "Jack the Ripper" walks, and try to give their clients a "delicious thrill" of East End sordidness.

David Webb (Librarian)
Bishopsgate Institute

EVENING DRIVE — IN THE — "EAST END."

On TUESDAYS, FRIDAYS, and SATURDAYS.

From	Ludgate Circus 7-50 p.m.	FARE: 5- \$1.25. 6.25 frs.
COOK'S	122, High Holborn	... 7-30 p.m.	
OFFICES:	378, Strand	... 7-40 p.m.	

On SATURDAYS from Ludgate Circus ONLY at 7-50 p.m.

The object of this drive is to enable visitors familiar only with the richer and brighter side of London to see something of the poorer districts, and what has been described as "the low life deeps." In this city of appalling vastness there are numerous slum districts, shoals of poverty and despair in the tide of prosperity; every fashionable or business centre having its poor but inconspicuous neighbour. It is in the "East End," however, that we come to several square miles of almost entirely unrelieved sordidness, whole areas of drab existence where the livelihood of the people is exacting, painfully industrious, precarious, or criminal. Densely populated throughout, its few broad main arteries have characteristic places of amusement, brightly lit shops, gutter markets, and the life is a trifle more animated.

Whitechapel is the most familiar example. With an undeservedly infamous repute, it is by comparison with the Bowery at New York, or the Rue de Belleville in Paris, quiet, even dull, and decidedly not dangerous. Good policing, the sweeping away of many vile alleys, and other reforming influences, will also perhaps occasion some disappointment.

Hoxton, Bethnal Green and Limehouse Causeway are not the tameless Alsatias that they were fifty years ago. At the same time it is not difficult to realise, even from the most superficial observations and the remarkable incidents that recently occurred at Sidney Street, etc., that the opposite extreme has not been attained.

The Itinerary followed is past the Metropolitan Meat Markets, St. John's Gate, Charterhouse, Old Street, and through some of the byways bordering Shoreditch, thence by Brick Lane, the London Ghetto, to Whitechapel and Mile End.

The People's Palace, the "Palace of Delight" depicted in Besant's novel "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," will be visited, and the drive continued eastward through the thronged market streets to Limehouse, where there is quite a colony of Chinamen. From here, following the gloomy and more deserted thoroughfares by the riverside, a district more destitute and forbidding than Whitechapel is seen. From some of the stairs leading to the water the successors to Rogue Rulerhood ("Our Mutual Friend") follow their strange calling. Passing Mediald Hall—a shelter for the destitute—

Rotherhithe Tunnel is reached, and the drive is continued by this mighty roadway under the River Thames to Rotherhithe and Bermondsey, recalling the mediæval Abbey and 18th century Spa. By the equally stupendous Tower Bridge, the north side is again reached. From thence the return journey to the starting point is through the old City, most picturesque when almost deserted. An assurance that clients on this unique evening drive incur no personal danger is hardly necessary. Except at the People's Palace, they do not alight. Ludgate Circus is reached at about 10.0 p.m.

Treasurer's Report - 1991

The balance on the General Fund increased from £1077 to £3583. This was mainly because of a legacy in Alan Searle's Will of £2000. There were also surpluses on coach outings (£88) and from the East London Festival £128. Expenses were exceptionally low.

For the first time since 1983, the Record Fund finished the year in surplus of £195. This compared with a deficit of £316 at the start of the year. The main factor was a high level of sales which were over £2000 for the first time. The cost of Record No. 13 also turned out to be cheaper than expected producing a saving against the £1600 shown in last year's accounts of £141.

BOOK CHOICE

My Poplar Eastenders by Carrie Lumsden is a new title from Stepney Books. In this delightfully evocative book, Carrie tells her story of life as a child in Poplar during the first world war. The book is illustrated and costs £4.95 + 55p p&p from Stepney Book Publications, 19 Tomlins Grove, London E3 4NX.

Marriage & Obituary Notices - Janice Simons
Those of you who recall my review of the first volume of *Marriage and Obituary Notices* from the Lynn Advertiser, Norfolk, will be pleased to hear that Janice has now produced **THREE MORE** volumes in the same vein - 1881, 1890 & 1900.

The first volume 1880 is now Sold Out! 1890 - a few copies still available. Just out are two more volumes, 1881 and 1900. All priced at £4.50 inc p&p, from Janice Simons, 17 Kingcup, Pandora Meadows, Kings Lynn, Norfolk PE30 3HF.

What's the secret of her success, I hear you cry? Well, the 1900 volume contains an index of over 1500 surnames and variants - a veritable goldmine for the family history researcher.

Rosemary Taylor

East End Family History Forum

Help for the millions whose ancestors come from Bow, Bethnal Green, Whitechapel, Wapping, Poplar, Ratcliff, Shadwell, Limehouse, the Isle of Dogs, Stepney and St Georges in the East.

Time: 3.00 pm, Saturday 7th December 1991.

In St Dunstons the mother church of Stepney.

Tea/Coffee and sympathetic professional advice from: Rosemary Hewlett, Archivist from the GLRO.

Lord Teviot, Professional Genealogist of many years experience,

Susan Lumas, Census Expert,

Stella Colwell, from the College of Arms,

Jane Cox, former Head of Search at the PRO Kew and author of *Tracing your Ancestors in the PRO*.

£1.50, free to members of the Trust and parishioners of St Dunstons.

St Dunstons church is near Stepney Green Tube Station. District Line. Buses 15 to Commercial Rd, Whitehorse Lane stop. Lots of parking near the church.

BOOKSHELF

Wapping Tales:

From Whitby to Wapping by Julia Hunt
The story of the early years of Captain Cook

Perkin in the East End of London by D H Leaback
The story of the early life of Sir W H Perkin

Colonel Thomas Rainsborough by Lincoln S Jones
Wapping's most famous Soldier

The above books are available from The History of Sailortown Bookshop at Tobacco Dock. All enquiries to Mrs Julia Hunt, 10 Ernest Street, Stepney London E1
Tele: 071 791 3078

Blackwall, the Brunswick & Whitebait Dinners by Rosemary Taylor.

Published in April 1991, the book is selling well, and has received favourable reviews in the *Island History Newsletter* and *Friends of the Maritime Trust Newsletter*. With the Docklands Light Railway extending its line eastwards, it will soon be possible to alight at Blackwall Station, after a lapse of 70 years! This up to date history of Blackwall, a name once heard in every corner of the globe, is essential reading for those who will want to explore this forgotten corner of East London.

RAGGED SCHOOL MUSEUM

The museum in the East End about the East End
and the History of Education and Youth Provision in London
in buildings which once housed the largest Ragged School in London

HISTORY CLUB 1991—1992 PROGRAMME

46-48 Copperfield Road, London E3 4RR (By the East London Stadium)
£1 ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP * RSMT MEMBERS FREE * UNWAGED FREE

THREE EAST END FOOTBALLERS

7.00pm 8th JANUARY

Colm Kerrigan talks about George Hilsdon, Danny Shea and Syd Puddefoot and their contribution to the development of professional football in the South of England. Colm is editor of the *East London Record*, the renowned annual journal of the East London History Society. His many publications include *A History of Tower Hamlets* and a forthcoming book on George Hilsdon's life story. Currently he is researching the history of schoolboy football in London from 1885 to 1914.

HOMEWORKING IN THE EAST END CLOTHING INDUSTRY

7.00pm 12th FEBRUARY

Alison Kaye is a postgraduate research student at Queen Mary & Westfield College. Her talk is based on her interviews with Bengali women homeworkers for her doctoral thesis. She examines the present organisation of this traditional East End industry and shows how little it has changed since the days of the Jewish "rag trade". Then as now, much of the clothing was made up or finished by women at home. Alison's talk will be illustrated by photographs and artefacts from the museum's growing collection on the East End clothing industry, many items of which have been donated by local people.

POPLAR & THE COUNCILLORS WHO WENT TO JAIL IN 1921

7.00pm 11th MARCH

Most people have heard of George Lansbury and the other Poplar councillors who went to jail in 1921 for spending all the Borough's rates on the relief of the local poor: but what was Poplar like in the Twenties, and why were its councillors angry enough to risk prison? These questions will be answered by Dr. Gillian Rose of the Geography Department at Queen Mary & Westfield College, who will illustrate her talk with slides.

EAST LONDON HISTORY SOCIETY

MEMBERSHIP FORM

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

MAKE CHEQUES PAYABLE TO EAST LONDON HISTORY SOCIETY
SUBSCRIPTION RATES £3.00. O.A.P.s AND STUDENTS £1.50.
SEND TO JOHN HARRIS 15, THREE CROWNS ROAD, COLCHESTER,
ESSEX. CO4 5AD.