

NEWTON HINTON SOCIETY

NEWSLETTER - August 1989

Society Meetings

MILE END IN THE 1750's Derek Morris, Wednesday 7 December 1988

We were told many delightful facts of the people who lived in our area when it was countryside and hamlets. We learned that in 1762, when Captain Cook was surveying Newfoundland, some fifty Sea Captains lived in this area of 406 houses. At that time there was a Jewish cemetery and there was an Annual Fair. Refreshment was adequately provided for, there being one ale house to every sixteen houses... and one gin house to every SIX houses!

Arthur Bailey of Mile End Green in 1710, traded to Virginia and asked Parliament for protection for his ships.

Richard Haddock, who lived opposite Queen Mary College, was Comptroller of the Navy and the most important person in the Victualler's Office. He had a salary of £400 per year and was responsible for feeding 1200 sailors.

Sir John Leek must have had one of the grandest funerals. It was organized by his son, Captain Martin Leek, and started at Greenwich, making its way to St Dunstons. The hearse was pulled by four horses, with four conductors, six servants, with his flags, trophies, including the Arms of Leek and Morton. There were sixteen "mourning coaches" following.

Stephen Martin Leek 1720-1771, spent £2.69 per week on housekeeping, and in 1756 cut down the trees around his estate. He replanted vines up the front of his house. We also heard about the Dissenting House in Redmans Road; about the London Hospital's troubles caused by Heart's Ammonia Factory - and the open ditch and turnpike by the hospital.

NB. East London Record No.9 has an interesting article on the inhabitants of Mile End Old Town and The East India Company, by our lecturer, Derek Morris. East London Records are available from Doreen Kendall, Tel: 01 - 981 7680

Doreen Kendall

EXCAVATIONS AT THE ROYAL MINT Ian Grainger, Wednesday 15 February

Ian Grainger was one of the supervisors of the London Museum's three-year excavation of the Royal Mint site in Wapping.

In his talk he used a series of slides of the finds to tell the history of three periods. We heard how the site was a cemetery for victims of the Black Death. A thousand people were buried there and the excavation uncovered three quarters of this number. The rows of standardly spaced graves demonstrated how many people had to be buried at the same time. As the plague began to abate, more earth could be allowed between graves.

Later, the Royal Mint was built on the site. The copper and other chemicals used there seeped into the earth. This resulted in parts of some skeletons turning green and some bones being replaced by copper and other salts.

In 1350 an Abbey was built there. Colour slides showed us the foundations of most of the buildings. Most of these would have been cold, so, we were told, a special warming room had to be provided. After the Abbey was destroyed in the time of Henry

VIII, the site was used as a naval supply yard. Remnants of barrels were found in the mess hall. When the supply yard moved to Deptford, the Mint moved to the site

David Behr

THE OLD DOCKLAND, PAST and PRESENT Bob Aspinall, Wednesday 12 April 1989

Bob Aspinall gave a fascinating talk on the past (and future) of Dockland. Firstly there was the engineering skill and sheer manual work needed to create such a series of enclosed docks. In their heyday, the docks were so vast that it was estimated they could be seen from six hundred miles above the earth. As a measure, the only other man-made work visible at that height would have been the Great Wall of China.

He then recalled some of the skills the dockers needed. For example, those handling wheat had to wear cloth around their feet. This spread their weight, otherwise they were liable to sink into the shifting wheat, resulting in a horrible death. These dockers became known as 'toe-rags'.

Finally, he outlined new developments, such as Canary Wharf, which are changing not only Docklands but views all over London.

Incidentally, Bob Aspinall is the Librarian of the Museum in Docklands Library and Archive in the Poplar Business Park, 10 Prestons Road, London, E14. The library specializes in collecting books, company records and pictures of docklands. If you need to consult the collection for reference or research, contact Bob on 515 1162 or 388 0209 to arrange your visit.

David Behr

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SOCIETY OUTING TO ELY on 6 May 1989.

Ann Sanson organized a fantastic day out to Ely for 43 members. The sun shone while we stopped at Soham to admire the stained-glass windows in St. Andrews Church; then across the fens, with Ely Cathedral dominating the scenery as we approached.

A super guided tour was arranged around the Cathedral and its precincts, with our guide determined we would see and enjoy everything possible. The Cathedral was going to celebrate an animal service at 3 o'clock, attended by the Bishop and the Mayor of Ely. Everyone enjoyed seeing all the animals brought for blessing.

Then a quick tour around a stained-glass exhibition, which was well worth the climb up some steep, winding steps. The colours and workmanship was wonderful, and all the time the choir and organ could be heard in the distance. Ann had then organised a cream tea, so we were all very, very tired when we made our way back to the coach.

Many members will wish to thank Ann for all the hard work involved in preparation and arrangement of coach outings. Everyone thoroughly enjoyed this one but are mystified as to how she also arranged the lovely, sunny day.

Doreen Kendall

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MEATH GARDENS, Roman Road, London E2

'Tower Hamlets Globe Town Neighbourhood' plan to build a Family Centre and Nursery on what was VICTORIA PARK CEMETERY.

Mr Alfred French, our President, has written a letter to the Council, asking for the redevelopment to be done in a sympathetic way. There were two main points in his letter. These were:-

- 1) Emphasise to the contractors the necessity for treating the grave-clearance of this Huguenot children's graveyard with the respect it deserves. It was only after witnessing the almost savage methods used in clearing St. Leonard's, Bromley for the Blackwall Tunnel Underpass, that the London County Council apologised and returned to a more normal graveyard clearance.

There are people alive whose families were involved in the sad events of the mid-19th century. Indeed, we are talking much of attracting tourists to East London. During my Chairmanship of the Society, I met several Australians and other overseas visitors who made a special visit to Meath Gardens, where members of the family were buried.

- 2) Perhaps a small plaque could be placed, above "graffiti-level", on the V.P.C. Gateway to mark its past importance to the people of Bethnal Green, particularly to the Huguenot Community. I attach a suggested wording

(Suggested wording - "This Plaque was erected by the Globe Town Neighbourhood Committee to commemorate the large number of children, mainly of Huguenot descent, who were interred here during the epidemics of the mid-19th century.")

HISTORY OF GARDENS - Victoria Park Cemetery was built on nine and a half acres of land known as Morpeth Fields, towards the new Regents Canal, which had formerly been a brickfield and market-gardens. The first interment was Francis Holland of Trinity Street, Islington, aged 70, in December 1845.

The HOUR NEWSPAPER of 1896 stated that funerals at the burial ground were then taking place at the rate of 200 per week.

Millicent Rose in THE EAST END OF LONDON (1951) writes "...the little coffins of children were interred in layers, in common graves which held about 20 bodies, and the number of funerals was estimated a hundred on an average day and one hundred and thirty on Sundays. Many of the bereaved parents were weavers of Huguenot descent, and a custom arose of commemorating the lost child and at the same time expressing a strongly felt personal grief... by decorating the graves in a touching manner that was perhaps more French than English".

"THE BUILDER" on 1st September 1860, describes the graves... "On many are large shells.. there are also chimneypiece ornaments of value which had probably been familiar playthings, mugs with names on them, china figures, dolls, little china basins and vases in which flowers were sown or planted".

On 28th May 1882, the cemetery closed with the interment of John Stoud. The place was then in a very neglected state; railings missing, memorial stones broken; and children using it as a playground. After a public outcry about rumours of building houses over the cemetery, public subscriptions and the help of Lord Meath, Chairman of the Metropolitan Gardens Association, laid out the gardens on what had been the cemetery.

On 20th July 1894, H.R.H. The Duke of York (later King George V) formally transferred the gardens to the County Council, presented the key to Sir John Hutton, Chairman of the L.C.C., and declared Meath Gardens "OPEN TO THE PUBLIC FOR EVER".

Doreen Kendall and Alfred French

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REMINISCENCES by Mr A L Hellicar

MRS GREEN'S RATION BOOK

During the second World War, libraries not only maintained the service but were used as food offices. Staff were engaged in the issue of ration books, clothing and sweet coupons, and the giving out of dried milk and cod liver oil for babies. They also dealt with the fitting of gas masks.

One of the things assistants were frequently having to deal with was residents needing replacement of lost or mislaid coupons and ration books, largely due to air-raid damage to houses, but often from carelessness.

One dear old lady (we'll call her Mrs Green) was always losing her ration book. She was rather hard of hearing, spoke very loud herself, and usually ended up almost screaming her demand for new documents. Mrs Green was often an embarrassment to us but the staff, feeling sorry for her, always sent her away satisfied.

In one heavy daylight raid, severe damage was caused to houses in the near vicinity of Bromley Library, Brunswick Road, and during a lull in the bombing, I left the building to watch a Heavy Rescue Squad digging for the occupant of a house in Venue Street, which was a hundred yards or so from the library. The house had received a more or less direct hit and the occupant, living upstairs, was presumed buried under the rubble. I understood that she had been seen standing at the top of the stairs when the bomb fell.

I watched the rescue efforts for a considerable time and was on my way back to the library when I saw a figure walking towards me. It was covered from head to foot in brick dust but as it got near I recognised the woman, for woman it was, as Mrs Green. I turned and followed her as she made her way round the corner.

As she reached the bombed house in Venue Street there were shouts of delight and amazement from onlookers. It was her the rescue squad were searching for!

The old lady refused to go to hospital and I was not able to stay and find out what happened to her, but there seemed little doubt that a bomb had blown her from the house.

A few days before this incident I had replaced her lost ration book. The same weekend the library received blast damage and most of its front windows were shattered. The area in front of the building needed cleaning of glass and debris and I took on the task. From the mess I picked up a ration book belonging to Mrs Green of Venue Street. It was not the last book given to her but the one she had declared lost.

The ration book had apparently been blown from the house, a distance of a hundred yards or so, back to the Food Office from whence it had originated!

BOMB SCARE

Saturday, 7th September 1940, was a fine day. George and I were the assistants on duty in the Bromley Library. It was a quiet day, with few borrowers visiting the library. Many had been evacuated away from Docklands and the fear of bombing.

As the afternoon wore on and thoughts of a tea-break were in my mind, the quietness was broken by the heavy drone of aircraft overhead. Looking skywards from the rear garden, we watched and admired a large formation of planes. British, I thought.

Suddenly puffs of smoke appeared among the aircraft, spreading like small white clouds in the blue sky. Then the "penny dropped" .. this was gunfire and I realised we were about to experience our first enemy air-raid. Within seconds, bombs began to fall and George and I hastily took shelter.

All library staff had undergone training in civil defence work and secretly I had been waiting to put my knowledge to the test; to use firefighting equipment stored in the building. Now the time had arrived but it seemed much wiser to remain in the shelter.

After the first moments of panic had passed, and collecting together tin-hat, stirrup-pump and water bucket, George and I left the library to see what was happening outside. The first thing I noticed was a bomb-shaped object lying on the entrance steps to the building! It looked dangerous but was it likely to explode? I realised then that I really should have paid more attention to the Civil Defence lectures.

Trained Air Raid Wardens, stationed in an underground shelter on the library forecourt, were visibly shaken. They also had no idea of the type of bomb it was, no real advice to offer but after some deliberation decided to rope off the area and keep passers-by away from the danger.

George and I "risked" our lives several times (so we thought) as we passed the object to refill our water buckets in nearby houses. As evening approached, a young warden strolling by, had a brief glance at our dangerous bomb. He then very casually picked it up and tucked it under his arm.

"I'll take this away for you", he said, "its only one of Jerry's dud incendiaries!"

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AUTUMN COACH TRIP -

HATCHLANDS and COMPTON CHURCH, Surrey

This trip will be on SUNDAY 8th OCTOBER 1989. We shall be visiting HATCHLANDS, a National Trust house at East Clandon, near Guildford. The house was built in 1758 for Admiral Boscawen and has splendid interiors by Robert Adams. It also contains the Cobbe collection of fine keyboard instruments, paintings and furniture, and has an attractive garden.

Before the afternoon visit to Hatchlands, we shall be going to the exceptionally attractive church at COMPTON (between Farnham and Guildford), which is partly Saxon. When visiting Losely not long ago, we stopped at Compton to see the Watts Gallery. However, distance and time prevented most of us visiting the church. As we are going to the same area we shall have a second chance to see it. We shall stop somewhere, perhaps in Guildford, to allow for lunch to be bought or picnics to be eaten. Home-made teas are available at Hatchlands.

The Pick-up point will be MILE END - opposite the station - at 9.30am.
The coach fare is £5.30. Entrance to Hatchlands is NOT included. This is £1.50 and will be collected on the coach. (National Trust members free).

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WILLIAM PERKIN - Pioneer of the Chemical Industry

William Henry Perkin was born in Shadwell in 1838. An article which will detail the East End aspects of Perkin's discovery will appear in the next issue of EAST LONDON RECORD, due out in October. The article, fully illustrated, is written by Dr David Leback. Members may recall that at an AGM a few years ago, he made a contribution on Perkin's work.

Meanwhile, to whet your appetite, we offer this article on the contribution of Perkin to science. Written by Gianni Fochi, the piece first appeared in the Turin newspaper La Stampa in January. Translated and abridged by Colm Kerrigan, it is reproduced by kind permission of La Stampa.

Chemistry is a science but also a practical activity with an economic purpose. As such it is very ancient and can be traced back to the use of fire, the most remarkable of all scientific phenomena. Carried on by artisans from early times, it was not until the middle of the last century that chemistry became an industry in the modern sense...

In particular, this is owing to the inventiveness and business sense of the young English chemist William Henry Perkin, who in 1857 began the industrial production of organic substances.

Perkin was born in 1838, the seventh child of a building contractor. Gifted with a precocious intelligence, he began at an early age to help with the technical plans of the civil engineers who worked for his father. At 13 he started doing chemical experiments and remained fascinated with the transparent form of products. He decided that he would become a chemist.

His father was not happy about this and decided on a more profitable career for him: he would have wanted him to become a civil engineer and take him into partnership in his own firm...

Nevertheless, Perkin's particular aptitude for chemistry came to be recognised and encouraged. Arthur Church, four years his senior, who attended the Royal College of Chemistry, became his close friend. As well as a passion for chemistry, they shared an interest in painting.... At the age of 17 Perkin also went to the Royal College.... He became so engrossed in his research that he rigged up a little laboratory in his home. It was there that a fundamental turn in his life occurred, during the Easter holidays of 1856, while he was looking for a synthetic method for artificially producing quinine.

The known antimalarial drug was extracted from the chincona bark, a plant from Central America in origin. By that time it was also cultivated in Europe but the price of quinine was still very high. Hoffman, Director of the Royal College, suggested to Perkin that he try to synthesize it, separating it from the substance contained in the tar of mineral coal.

The attempts of the young man did not produce quinine but rather, a brownish pulp. It was the custom at that time to reject that which did not crystallize.... but before doing so, Perkin tried to extract the pulp with alcohol and obtained a reddish-violet coloured solution.

It was easy to imagine that there would be a rich market for a synthetic mauve dye... The problem was to produce it at a price lower than that of the corresponding natural dyes... Perkin studied the method of translating, in industrial terms, the reactions capable of supplying aniline, the reagent that, through oxidation, gave the mauve product.. In August of 1856 the 18-year old Perkin had a patent. In October he announced to Hoffman his resignation from the College and his intention of devoting himself to industrial production.

In June 1857 the company, Perkin and Sons, consisting of William, with his brother, Thomas, and their father, had a small establishment for the production of 'Tyrian purple' as he liked to call it. At first the benzol was supplied by Miller's of Glasgow. The transformation into aniline took place in two stages: treating the benzol with nitric acid formed nitrobenzol and this was then converted to aniline through the Bechamp process. That is to say, with a mixture of iron dust and acetic acid. The technology for the production of nitrobenzol was interesting in itself because it had other applications, like its use in France as 'essence of verbena', fragrant of bitter almonds for soaps and perfumes.

The benzene was nitrated with a mixture of nitre of Chile and sulphuric acid and was much less expensive. The most serious problem was cooking the containers, because the reaction used to get very hot... If the temperature went above fifty degrees the

nitration went beyond what it should and it became possible that the reactor might explode.

The new factory would not have come into existence were it not for the increasing demands for dyed clothes by European society. For the spring of 1859 the French stylists launched the dye they called mauve (with refence to the colour of the flower of the mallow) and thus Perkin's dye, which was at the base of it, was given the name of mauveine.

The production of mauves from aniline was extended in those years to the rest of Europe, partly through the Perkin process, which they were able to copy in France because the patent presented there contained a procedural defect. At Lyons in 1859, Emmanuel Verguin prepared another mauve dye from aniline; The Verguin process was immediately adopted also at Basle.

Meanwhile the Perkin company had arranged an exclusive seven-year contract for the distribution of mauve in Germany, where, in the course of a few year, future giants like Hoecht, Bayer and BASF launched into the production of synthetic colours. To cope with rapid expansion Perkin and Sons, scarcely three years from its foundation, had to renovate and expand its premises.

Gianni Fochi.

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POINTS FROM MEMBERS

(All members are reminded that letters with queries, suggestions, etc., are welcome for publication. Member's addresses are not given unless they specifically ask for them to be included but if anyone has answers to any queries raised, please send them to you editor and I will be pleased to pass them on.)

Mrs Christiane Johnson, Purley, Surrey - I am currently researching my family tree and have found that my mother's family lived in the East End until the 1920/30's and at one time owned a chain of grocery shops in the area - ARTER BROS., in Cable Street, Old Ford Road, etc. Obviously I am very interested to discover if the Society has any information which would help me. Therefore, could you tell me if there is an index of any kind which covers previous Society publications.

Tomomasa Fukunaga, London, W1. - I am a postgraduate student of the Department of History, University College London, under Dr M.J. Daunt. As a theme of my Ph D thesis, I am studying the Council of Social Welfare movement in Edwardian London.

Mr C F Gilbert, St. Leonard's-on-Sea. - I am keenly interested in geneology and the history of east London. I was born in East Ham in 1922 and my parents and grandparents were born in Shandy Street, Mile End. My great-grandparents were married in St. James the Great Church, Bethnal Green, on Christmas Day 1866.

I am particularly interested in any details of the Mile End Brewery in the period 1867-1910. My grandfather, Thomas Gilbert, and my great-grandfather, John Gilbert, and his sister's husband, Thomas Rumball, all worked there. They had migrated from Thorley, Herts, in the mid-1860's, where my great-great-grandfather, Thomas Gilbert, was the landlord of the Coach and Horses (around 1847-1851). This large, fine old inn has a history dating back several hundred years to the 15/16th century, when it was a 'Hall House' according to the English Heritage folk, who tell me that Cecil Rhodes (of South Africa fame) once lived there, it being owned by his uncle.

As my earlier ancestors prior to 1841 came down from Scotland, I have reason to believe they came down to Hertfordshire with the early cattle drivers (drovers), who then fattened up the cattle on Hertforshire grass and grain for later transport to the London markets. As this area also supplied the beer for the London trade (shipped via the Stort canal-River Lea) I think that is how my ancestors came to settle in Bethnal Green around the 1860's.

I would be pleased to hear where I could obtain any literature or photos of St. James the Great Church in Bethnal Green (c.1850 onwards). Will refund postages/expenses, etc.

Mrs Pat Upchurch, Hampton Wick, Surrey. - My interest is seeking information of any connections with (Hall Arnold) and Elizabeth Murphy, born Ireland, who lived at Great Eastern Buildings, Winchester Street, Bethnal Green (now Dunbar Street). I was born in these buildings in 1916, adopted, and have lost trace of all relative. I would be grateful for any information. Could anyone who lived in Bethnal Green during 1914-16 tell me what happened to Great Eastern Buildings. Were they destroyed by war damage or just demolished and if so, when?

W J Bertrand, Chichester, West Sussex. - I was born in Bethnal Green in 1919 and moved, with my parents, to Dagenham in 1928. Since then I have lived in parts of Essex and Hertfordshire until I moved to my present address in 1988.

I have just qualified for an Open University B.A. Degree and before proceeding to further studies at Honours level, I am intending to give priority in my leisure time in 1989 to a subject which I hope will be the basis for a subsequent thesis, namely, the social history of Bethnal Green, particularly in the period 1745-1945.

I am sure that I am not going to get far in such work without consulting both your Society's literature, records and bibliography and the expert knowledge of your Society members and associates.

Mrs Patricia Whiteaway, Dawlish, Devon. - Many of my ancestors from the East End were corkcutters and I wonder if there has been any article written on this subject. I should be pleased with any information.

Dr Stuart Murray, Woodford Green, Essex. - ... We have started running a Diploma in Museum Studies at Waltham Forest College (Forest Road, E17) and further details can be gained from me by telephoning 01 527 2311, ext. 289.

Mark Saunders, London, SW8. - I recently had a talk with my Grandfather, now aged 86-ish. I say 86-ish as his early life is something of a mystery - he was in his 70's before he realised that he had a sister! His name is William Fred Mermod and his story is this:-

He was born in 1902 and lived in "Exford Street, Stepney Causeway, behind the hospital" - I suspect this is Oxford Street, E1 (Now Stepney Way) which would be 'behind' the London Hospital.

He only has a vague memory of this as both his parents were killed in a "Flu epidemic" in 1908 (maybe earlier). He was about 6 and had two brothers, Robert b.1900 and Fred William b.1904. He only remembers his mothers "pauper's funeral" but not his father, whom he only remembers as being drunk and violent, "a rag and bone man".

He often relates the story of how he was sent to an orphanage in Minehead, Dorset. On arrival, his elder brother asked where his sister was. The headmaster said there was no sister and when the young boy insisted, he beat him and told him not to argue!

These events clearly scarred the young William as he apparently accepted that he had no sister, (she was only a baby at the time of their mother's death and she traced him, by then the only surviving brother, in 1979), and he had always maintained the impression that he started his life in Dorset. In fact, it was only his sister's existence that shed any light on his true childhood. This Christmas was the first time I had managed to get him to talk about it.

Interestingly, Stepney Causeway is not near Exford Street but there was a Boys Home there, next to the railway track. Perhaps this was William Mermod's first port of call. The sister, it seems, was 'adopted' by friends of her parents. Perhaps ELHS members might be able to help me research further:

1. Was there an Exford Street?
2. Does anyone know anything about the Boys Home on Stepney Causeway? Where the records might be.. or why they sent children to Minehead?

Doreen Kendall, London, E2 - Nobody seemed to know Captain Cook's East End address. JULIA HUNT, of THE STEPNEY HISTORY TRUST, decided to find out. After extensive research in the Land Tax Registers she found that for a three-year period, while planning new expeditions to the South Seas, he lived at 126 Upper Shadwell.

JOSEPH WATERS, one of our members, after a long search, supplied Tower Hamlets Bow Neighbourhood with the facts and background of Edmond Lord Sheffield. He captained a ship that fought against the Spanish Armada. The information was needed to enable a plaque to be erected at 215-217 Bow Road. Unfortunately, they then omitted to invite Mr Waters to the ceremony.

Amends were later made when he was invited to unveil a similar plaque at 39 Bow Road. This was the site of the house where Labour Politician, George Lansbury lived for 23 years.

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THE OLD ANIMAL DEALERS BY LONDON DOCKS

By Alex Gander (written c.1981)

Now that the London and St. Katharine Docks have closed I would like to put on record some of the stories of the animal dealers of that district.

On the famous Ratcliff Highway were two famous families that bought and sold animals and birds. Both were there for over one hundred years. As a lad I remember John D Hamlyn's premises opposite 9 Gate of London Dock, and Chas. Jamrach's, farther along the Highway, which was then known as St. Georges Street. As lads on our Saturday walks to the Tower of London, we used to look at the wonderful variety of animals and exotic birds on show but we were very apprehensive when the lions began to roar.

Passing the Katharine Dock and opposite the Dock House, the Royal Mint remains, in front of which was a large goldfish pond which was filled in many years ago. We used to feed these fish with pieces of our lunch, which consisted mostly of bread and jam.

Going back to the dealers, in the Central Library at Stepney is a copy of 'Hamlyn's Menageries Magazine' of the year 1917. This contains a number of interesting advertisements. One is for an elephant for sale, eight years old, quiet, a bargain at £200. Another offered £16 for a pair of white swans, and Hamlyn was prepared to purchase a 100 or 'even a 1000 for spot cash'. I don't know where he expected to get a thousand swans unless it was slick advertising.

In this magazine Mr Hamlyn wrote that his menagerie was expecting Wanderoo Monkeys from Ceylon, Hamadryas Baboons from Aden, Indian Elephants from Ceylon, Zebras and Blassbocks from Africa, and 'all the usual consignment from Calcutta'. Hamlyn traded extensively in small birds and let it be known that he wanted to purchase 5000 Norwich Canaries and Yorkshires if possible. I seem to remember a Hamlyn flat-tailed Monkey, perhaps named after this dealer, who, like Jamrach, had collectors and agents all over the world.

According to my father, it was the Jamrach family business that was the larger of the two. The first Jamrach was on the Harbour Commission at Hamburg and used to board the vessels as they came into port. In those slow-moving days, captains and crews brought home many animals, birds and other curiosities. In this, Jamrach found that he could do good business in buying and selling, and so opened a shop in Hamburg. It prospered so well that he sent his son to London Dock in 1797 and there he opened the premises in St Georges-in-the-East.

For about 120 years, four generations of Jamrach ran the business. Zoos and menageries all over the world were supplied by a Jamrach. J.D's father was Charles, who died at Bow in 1891 and, like the rest of the family, he was a breeder of animals. He specialised in breeding long-haired Persian Greyhounds, Japanese Pugs, Madagascar Cats and other larger animals. In 1896 Jamrach was successful in breeding lions which he sold for £60 pounds each.

A pair of budgerigars was introduced into England in 1840 by Gould, the explorer and naturalist. One was exhibited at the Museum of the Linnaean Society. Some forty years later, Charles paid £26 for a pair, imported and sold them immediately to a Dr Butler of Woolwich for £27. The Jamrachs could not breed tigers in captivity and a client would have to pay £200 for one, but leopards were quite cheap at £30-£35.

In the latter part of the last century, when the 'Great Barnum's Circus' was destroyed by a terrible fire, the gap that was left in 'The Greatest Show on Earth' was entirely filled by Jamrachs from their St Georges-in-the-East warehouse. In the warehouse at that time were dwarf cattle from Burma, emus, lizards, snakes and golden-footed squirrels from Mexico, several varieties of apes and monkeys, and birds of all sorts, including parrots and cockatoos.

When Charles Jamrach died, his son Albert E. took over the business and carried on until his death in 1917. The Great War made things difficult for the business and those that followed dealt only in small mammals, monkeys and foreign birds. Jamrachs finally closed in 1920. A year or so after this, the firm of John D Hamlyn also closed but for all those years, the children and local residents of Wapping, St Georges-in-the-East and Shadwell had many exciting times with escaping animals, especially the monkeys and parrots.

Of these two dealers, it appears that Jamrachs were the more enterprising because when the Suez Canal opened in 1869, steamship lines increased and the wild animal trade became very lean for a considerable time. The reason was that more passengers were travelling to India and Far East. When returning, they did not like having lions and tigers as fellow passengers. Because of this, the directors of shipping lines gave special orders that captains or crew were not to bring their own private cargoes of animals to England. Jamrach overcame this ban by opening agencies in Antwerp and Hamburg, and then trans-shipping the animals to London in foreign vessels.

At times, Jamrach and Hamlyn helped each other out when one had a bird or animal that a client had ordered, so one or the other invariably helped to solve the problem.

I mentioned that the local people had many exciting times with the escapes from these two animal warehouses but we kids enjoyed the fun. There were always monkeys on the hop and some used to find their way to the trees in St George's Churchyard. I do not know what Hawksmoor, Sir Christopher Wren's pupil, who built the church, would have thought to see monkeys and parrots climbing and flying around his masterpiece.

One of the most exciting times was when a huge golden eagle escaped from Hamlyn's and roamed the district for many days. It landed on the steeple of nearby St Pauls, Dock Street, then across the dock to Nr. 6 Warehouse, just by the main gates. Men climbed up with food, ropes and nets, and away the bird would fly, landing on other buildings as well as on St George's Church. The main topic in schools of the district was the Eagle. Each day hundreds of us would go to the London Dock in the hope of seeing it. Tales got around that 'Goldie' had killed seven dogs and many cats and had even snatched a baby, which it had taken to the roof of the warehouse.

After school, children blocked the main roadway to the dock. The Port of London policemen, as well as the 'Met' police, had great difficulty in keeping the road clear. There was one day the police had no trouble in clearing us. 'Goldie' was on the low building of the Customs, just inside the dock gate. Suddenly, the great bird stretched its wings and swooped down towards us and there was panic. Every kid turned to run away, carmen pulled their horses up and the crowd scrambled away. Some fell down and were hurt. I, for one, kept running and didn't go to see the bird again!

I was speaking to the Dock Board Welfare Officer one day about this incident and Mr Kreamer remembered it very well. One day his mother was crossing Wapping Bridge, wearing a large hat with a highly coloured plume. 'Goldie' took a fancy to it and swooped down and snatched the hat from her head. Mrs Kreamer was not hurt but it was quite a shock for her and she never recovered her hat. After many days of freedom, exploring the district, 'Goldie' was eventually caught on the roof of a warehouse in London Dock.

There was another dealer on the Highway by the name of Abrahams. My father had mentioned his name and that he had dealt in small animals and fish of many varieties. Also, some years ago, I was corresponding with a Mr Phil Kay of Wembley. He turned out to be a Mr Kalisky, who for many years, from the turn of the century to the second World War, supplied sacks and gunny to the docks and other industries, as well as having contracts with the government.

Kalisky's factory was next door to St Paul's Church at Shadwell. During the First World War several women and girls were killed in a fire there. They could not escape as the windows were barred because of continual break-ins and this Mr Kalisky, the son the proprietor, was given a term of imprisonment. He was later granted the King's Free Pardon because it was found that in a consignment of sacks from the government, some had contained gunpowder which caused the fire.

In my correspondence with Mr Kay, he mentioned that he knew Abrahams very well and that he was a playboy and a friend of King Edward, who often visited his shop at 192 St George's Street, as it was then. Mr D Elliott, the Tower Hamlets Chief Librarian, looked up the trade directories and confirmed that Joseph Abrahams was a dealer in small animals and later he dealt in gold and silver fish. The Abrahams family were also 'bird and beast stuffers'.

I now recollect that my father told me about Abrahams' shop and how local dog-fanciers, especially publicans and businessmen, used to go to him to have their departed dogs stuffed and put in glass cases for all to see. The Abrahams name does not appear in any directory after 1905, and it can be presumed that the business ceased to exist soon after that. So the name of Joseph Abrahams can be added to those of the Hamlyn and Jamrach families, who for so many years dealt in wild animals on the Ratcliff Highway by London and St Katharine's Docks.

As you can imagine, over the years, from the London, Katharine Docks, many consignments of animals went to and fro, and in the district were many stables of the cartage contractors. These were used to house the animals that were awaiting shipment. Chas. Deppee was the best-known animal contractor and his premises were in Sage Street, not far from the Eastern Basin. On one occasion Deppee housed many crates of tortoises in his yard and somehow many of them got broken open. These creatures crawled under the gates and into Sage Street. Those lads who were on the spot did a very brisk trade in them. Nearly every house in Shadwell had one or more and I bought a large one for a penny and two comics!

I worked as a docker for over forty years in every dock, including the now closed Surrey and the Royals. Perhaps my own experiences with animals being trans-shipped from the docks will be of interest.

Before the war I was working on a Blue Funnel ship and helped to discharge the first giant panda which came from China. This beautiful creature attracted great crowds to the London Zoo and was popular for years. On another occasion, after the war, I spoke to Miss Pat Smythe, the famous horsewoman, who was on the quayside waiting for her three horses from South America.

There was an occasion when I was working at Hamburg Wharf in London Dock. We were shipping the whole of Hagenbeck's Circus animals off to Germany. They were all in huge crates except the elephants. These were led along the quay by their Indian keepers. One male elephant was very excited and was trumpeting loudly, so he was chained to the foot of a Portal crane. Suddenly, Jumbo began tugging on the chain and the crane-driver looked down with a smile on his face. The animal continued tugging and the anchor bolts of the crane snapped. Jumbo rocked the Portal crane from side to side. At that, George the driver got very panicky and lost the smile from his face. Of course, the dockers were all laughing as the crane swayed to and fro but poor George was thinking that he was going into the water with a huge crane on top of him. The situation was restored when Jumbo's mate was brought along and they walked onto the deck with no trouble at all.

Elephant harness was rarely used to hoist animals and hung about, deteriorating. When one poor chap was lifted by it, the harness broke on one side, and jumbo tipped head first and broke a tusk on deck. While speaking of elephants I remember helping to ship Sanger's Circus animals to Germany. These included six of these huge animals.

I read in a magazine that the London Zoo's famous 'Jumbo' suddenly went berserk. He was very dangerous and it was suggested that he should be put to sleep. However, there was a great public outcry, especially when he was sold and shipped from London to America.

Over the years, the London and St Katharine's Docks received and despatched animals to and from all parts of the world. Many famous racehorses travelled, as well as pedigree dogs. I recall that Spratts, the dog-biscuit people, used to supply beautiful kennels for these dogs, with an ample supply of food and straw.

I must tell you of one of the funniest incidents I witnessed. We had a fully-grown tapir on deck. This was in a very strong cage and the cage was covered by a very heavy tarpaulin which was rolled back on top. It was very quiet until a stupid chap banged his hand on the cage and startled this piglike animal, which then sprang from the back and crashed into the wire gate at the front of the cage. At that same moment, Freimuller's butcher-boy, who had just come aboard, peered down by the wire, just as a heavy wind blew. The covering was blown forward, all around the cage, with the poor lad underneath it, and the screams were awful as he tried to extricate himself. Two dockers pulled the sheet from him and he crawled out on all fours, his apron and white coat blackened by the dirty tarpaulin, and his face was deathly white. He was trembling violently. Picking up his basket of meat, he left the area as quickly as possible.

On another occasion there was a consignment of bees at No. 5 Quay, awaiting shipment to Spain on a MacAndrew boat. Hundreds escaped and many men got stung. The first-aid post was busy for several days. The hives were eventually shipped off. How the checker accounted for the loss I do not know but he was very experienced man and knew his B's and Q's.

The Danish vessel, the A.E.S., was a regular visitor to the Western Basin, trading between England and the Falkland Isles. Everything has to be imported into these islands and they ship back bales of wool. On each trip back to London there were usually animals of some kind. Sea-Elephants on deck in huge crates that had to be continually doused with water, and many penguins too. The last time I worked on this vessel there were several passengers, amongst them were some shepherds from Scotland and Wales. One was on his way to New Zealand where he had obtained a job as a shepherd. Who would have thought of shepherds in London Dock!

I was involved in an animal act in the Western Basin some years ago. I was working on a General Steam Navigation ship on West Quay, opposite the Clyde Quay, when I saw a dog swimming in the dock. Nobody appeared to be doing anything about the poor animal, so I left my ship and went onto the Clyde boat and got a throw-line.

The dog swam around the jetty and back for a long time, struggling to keep afloat. Meanwhile, a Clyde docker, Ruby by name, had stripped to his pants and dived in. The dog turned away from Ruby but nobody cared about him, they were more concerned about the dog. As the animal swam back I pushed a barge away from the quay and 'Fido' swam in between the barge and quay. With my first throw I lassooed the poor thing just as he appeared to be giving up the struggle. I hauled him aboard and then took him to the tackle shed but he was in a very shocked condition and bit several chaps who tried to comfort him.

The National Canine Defence League took the dog away, during which time, Ruby had climbed out of the dock. A Port of London policeman took my name and some months

later there was an article in the local paper saying that Ruby had been awarded a medal for 'Rescuing a dog from London Dock'. Ruby was a brave chap but the way he swam I thought I might have had to rescue him.

While on the subject of dogs, hundreds are abandoned each day in London and they usually finish up at the Battersea Dog's Home and other Societies. If these dogs cannot be found a new owner they are destroyed and their skins finish up in the Port of London. I had to work on them many times when vans brought them in for shipment to the Continent. What a filthy job it was! Harrison & Barber, the famous horse-slaughterers, used to destroy these dogs and the dirty wet skins from mangy dogs were placed in old sacks for us to ship. I did not like this job and men used to avoid it if possible.

I must tell you about the 'Ivory King'. Alf Yates, this great character, worked on elephant tusks for nearly fifty years. In this year of 1981, Alf, who is nearly ninety years old, used to be in charge of the ivory sales which took place six times a year. Always dressed immaculately, he would give us dockers a lecture on the uses, etc., of ivory. If any man laughed he would get very upset and abandon his talk. Many distinguished visitors, including Royalty and foreign notabilities, went to the Ivory Floor in St Katharine's Dock, where they would see the huge tusks. In the last decade or so I read that the Port Authority finally ceased to import the small amount coming in to the country.

Just a stones throw from St Katharine's Dock is the Tower of London. A couple of centuries ago the first Polar Bear to arrive in England was kept there. Each day, a long rope was attached to it so that he could swim in the river and catch fish for his dinner. Today, 'Teddy' would have starved, although the river is much cleaner and fish are coming back.

In 1836 the first giraffes arrived for the London Zoo, they landed at Blackwall. It took them three hours to walk to the Regent's Park. There were three males and one female. They were so timid that when they saw a cow grazing in Commercial Road, they would not pass. Cabbies were asked to keep to the side roads so as not to disturb them.

Being a sea-faring district many families had parrots, and a docker friend of mine, Stan Perry, had one over fifty years old. His father had bought it from a sailor. Most coffee-houses had one, where they picked up very bad language. I was offered one free but its vocabulary, though extensive, was very vulgar. My father made me return it.

There being stables everywhere in St Georges encouraged rats and mice, so nearly every family had a cat or dog. Many of these were abandoned and they multiplied. Old 'Muvver Plumb' ran a home in St Georges Street and she took hundreds in over many years. Mrs Plumb's shop was on the corner of Solander Street. The windows always had the shutters up. She was an agent for one of the animal welfare societies, who collect these dogs and cats each week. The dogs were kept in kennels in the small back yard and the cats were housed in the front.

When I was a lad I got many a halfpenny, or sometimes a penny, for taking an animal there; it was well worth it too because when she opened the front door the stench was terrible. If you were lucky 'Muvver Plumb' would give you a magazine issued by the Society on the care of animals. I often wonder what became of her.

My last story of the East End of London concerns goats. Every stable had one and it was said that if there was a disease about, the goat would catch it first and give the horse-keepers time to protect the horses.

Each Sunday or public holiday these goats would be harnessed up to miniature traps and paraded round the locality. The drivers were usually the youngest sons of the proprietors or foreman horse-keepers. The lad would be dressed in his Sunday best, with coloured ribbons attached to the whip, the goat would have coloured rosettes. How we boys envied these goat-drivers! On these Sundays, dozens of horses with paper labels stuck to their rumps would be led, having just left the horse-sales at the Elephant and Castle.

Like many working-class areas all over England, we in the dockside of London had our bird fanciers. In the Stepney district there were dozens of pigeon lofts and the men would meet in the local pubs and arrange races and shows against other federations. The heavy bombing during the war left very few lofts. On the bomb-sites, many shrubs and other vegetation grew and these attracted many wild birds. There were always wild pigeons and sparrows, with an occasion herring-gull, but to see thrushes and blackbirds, hedge-sparrows and starlings hopping about was something new to us in dockland.

Now back to the racing pigeons. When the birds returned from a race, most would go straight into the loft without losing a second. Others would perch nearby and lose

valuable time because their leg-rings had to be taken off and put into a clock which timed them.

Next door, my uncles had a loft and sometimes their birds would perch with the wild ones on St Mary's Church, Cable Street, and no amount of cooing and encouraging them with food would bring them in. These were usually got rid of by selling them in the Club Row market in Bethnal Green. My father's pals, the Malby brothers, had lofts and were well known in Stepney's pigeon world for many years. I used to go with one of the sons, Bill, and sell the unwanted pigeons.

In this market in Bethnal Green, many different kinds of animals, birds and fish are sold. One can buy a goat, horse, dog, cat, rabbits, mice and other small mammals. Unscrupulous men catch wild birds and sell them in the sidestreets. They usually have a black cover over the small cages but when the police or R.S.P.C.A. men are about they do their business in cafes or houses nearby.

Lately, there have been demonstrations in Club Row against the buying and selling of animals in the street and the dealers are not at all pleased. In fact, many of them have closed shop, so it now looks as if the Sunday demonstrators and the Societies' inspectors are winning.

I must tell you this story; My Uncle Jack, who lived in Spring Gardens by the old Shadwell Fish Market, had many pigeons and cagebirds, but his speciality was thrushes. These could be heard singing by the sailors on the ships waiting to go into the Shadwell entrance of the London Dock. The famous pub, the 'Prospect of Whitby', is nearby the entrance, and one of these sailors asked Bert Perou, the proprietor at that time, if he could obtain one of these birds for him. Jack was a regular customer of the 'Prospect' and after much persuasion he parted with one of his best songsters.

In strange surroundings the bird would not sing at all and Bert was upset because the sailor would be returning soon for his bird. So, without telling Bert, Uncle Jack went to Club Row and bought a thrush at less than a quarter of the price that he had received for his own bird. On the following day, Jack, who worked at Godwins rope factory on the other side of Shadwell Bridge, took the new bird to the 'Prospect' in a small box. He did a quick change with his bird, which was in a cage on the counter. Bert came from the saloon bar and served Jack his pint. He told Jack that not a note had come from the thrush. Jack told him to wait a little longer and it would sing. The next day, when Uncle Jack went over for his pint, there was the cheap bird, singing away for all it was worth! Jack was happy with the deal and so was Bert, who kept the bird for himself and got Jack to purchase another for the sailor.

In the Highway, backing on to St George's Church, is a new swimming pool. I was in the dock area recently and went in the pool for a swim. Looking out of the balcony I was pleasantly surprised to see a small building, rather dilapidated, but still standing in the Church Gardens. This brought back many memories of my childhood.

This small building was the morgue. It had not been used for its original purpose for many decades but for years it was a Nature Study haven for us youngsters. Run by Stepney Borough Council, it housed all kinds of small animals and birds. There were cases of butterflies and moths, small reptiles and aquariums with many kinds of fish. There were parrots and love-birds, rats and mice running round their tubular wheel. Seamen from the dock used to bring their pet monkeys and birds in when they got paid off their ships.

There was a small opening by the side-window where the bees used to go into their hive. In the church gardens were a few flowers and two large mulberry trees and I suppose the bees travelled there for their nectar. At the rear of the building was an aviary containing a large variety of British and foreign birds. Many old dockers and seamen used to sit on the benches and watch them, but this Nature Study building closed nearly fifty years ago. Over the many years that the museum was open, thousands of Shadwell, Wapping and St Georges' children enjoyed its pleasures.

Having heard these stories many times, my family told me to write them down so that other people who were interested in animals could read them. It was difficult to concentrate with television and 'Top of the Pops' and I hope the stories are not too disjointed. How these young people read and do their homework I do not know, and now we have music-sets to contend with. But I suppose us 'over-seventies' are not 'with it' and have to put up with it.

Jamrach and Hamlyn have gone forever and so have the London and St Katharine's Docks. The stables that kept hundreds of horses belonging to Fairclough, Chas. Poulter, Henry Evans, Potter Priestley, Henry Vile, Chas. Deppee, to name just a few, are just memories that I like to recall of my youth and working-life in the London Docks.

* * * * *

SCENES FROM A STEPNEY YOUTH

A recently published book by member Charles Poulsen (Author of "Victoria Park" and "The English Rebels")

(From the publisher's literature - by Professor William Fishman)

A fierce, funny, colourful account of life in and around Whitechapel - the heart of London's old East End in the 'twenties and 'thirties...

'Scenes...' is no less than a miniature in words, a portrait of the old East End in the era between the wars, painted with insight and perception by a gifted and knowledgeable writer.

These episodes convey with poignance, intimacy and good humour all the detail of lives lived at close quarters: of family, school and neighbourhood, work and unemployment, of courtship and religion, all seen through the sharp eyes of youth and early manhood.

But they also do something more. They show, as if in a tiny curved mirror, reflections of the great passing cavalcade of social and political changes which were to shape the fortune and destiny of so many 'ordinary' people in those turbulent years between the wars.

This is a moving story of the formative years of an immigrant's son, set against the backcloth of the East End during the nineteen-twenties and 'thirties. He brings to life vividly that world we have lost: the Jewish East End with all its nuances and picturesque characters - secular and religious, radical and apolitical.

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(..and from Jerry White -)

The author was born into a close-knit Jewish family of ordinary means. The family 'Polsky' before they anglicized their names like so many others - lived in Old Montague Street. 'Scenes from a Stepney Youth' begins in these tenement streets of that predominantly Jewish area of the East End which leads into the famous Brick Lane.....

He gives us the best available description of workshop life in the City and East End fur trade. The pictures he paints will stay in this reader's memory for many years to come!

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Illustrated with contemporary photographs and drawings by the artist, Min Tabor.. 128 pages. size 130x200mm. Paperback.

Available directly from the publishers,
East End Bookshop (THAP Books Ltd), 178 Whitechapel Road, Londonk E1 1BJ
(Tel: 247 0216) 3.95 (plus 40p per copy p&p).

* * * * *

WALTHAM FOREST IN FOCUS

... or WFIF in short... is a very active group, come together to photograph the contemporary scene for future historians and suchlike. They meet fortnightly at Vestry House Museum, Vestry Road, Walthamstow, E17, getting together from 7pm for a 7.30pm start to their meetings. They meet fortnightly and their next meeting, after a very short summer break, is on Thursday 21 September.

In the short period of their existence they have already taken over eight hundred photographs, many of them being of buildings and areas due for redevelopment. Film has very kindly been donated by Ilford Ltd and processing is taken care of by the Museum. Members of the group provide the enthusiasm, time and experience to take the necessary photographs.

Possible future activities could include exhibitions, talks, books, calendars, etc. As well as the obvious need for the group to have photographers, they also welcome others who may be interested in the project. These can include researchers, writers, computer workers, etc.

If it appeals to you, come along. You can telephone 527 5544, extension 4391 for current information.

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EAST LONDON HISTORY SOCIETY

* * * PROGRAMME 1989-90 * * *

1989

9 Sept. "SYLVIA and FRIENDS" a walk in the footsteps of Sylvia Pankhurst and the East London Suffragettes. led by Rosemary Taylor. Meet at Bow Road Station at 2pm

27 Sept. VISIT to TOWER HAMLETS HEALTH AUTHORITY ARCHIVES - Guide Jonathan Evans, District Archivist. Meet at Distric Archives, entrance to crypt of St. Augustine's Church, which is now London Hospital Medical College Library, Newark Street, E1. at 6.30pm

24 Oct. ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING Followed by Member's Evening. Queen Mary College Mile End Road, E1 at 7.30pm

22 Nov. JEWS AND THE EAST END HOSPITAL by Jerry Black. Queen Mary College Mile End Road, E1 at 7.30pm

6 Dec. THE ORIGINS OF LONDON, THE FOUNDING OF THE CITY AND ITS EARLY DEVELOPMENT by Charles Poulsen. Queen Mary College Mile End Road, E1 at 7.30pm

1990

24 Jan. GROWING UP BETWEEN THE WARS by Robert Barltrop. Queen Mary College Mile End Road, E1 at 7.30pm

21 Feb. WRITING A LOCAL HISTORY; STEPNEY AND THE VICTORIA COUNTY HISTORY by Patricia Croot. Queen Mary College Mile End Road, E1 at 7.30pm

7 Mar. FROM OVER THE SEAS; FOREIGN SAILORS ASHORE IN THE ROYAL DOCKS by Howard Bloch. Queen Mary College Mile End Road, E1 at 7.30pm

4 Apr. FREE FOR ALL: WOOLWICH FERRY SERVICES SINCE THE MIDDLE AGES by Julian Watson. Queen Mary College Mile End Road, E1 at 7.30pm

9 June VISIT TO CARDINAL POLE SCHOOL formerly the French Protestant Hospital. Guide - Joan Hardinges. Meet at Victoria Park Road, E9 at 3pm

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In addition to the above, there may be a TALK on ANGELA BURDETT-COUTTS in October or November. Nearer that date, interested members may contact David Behr, 16 Greenland House, Ernest Street, London E1 4SL (Tel: 790 7071) to confirm if, when and where it is taking place.

Members are again reminded that if they can suggest an item for the programme, or can provide one, please do not hesitate to let the committee know.

* * * * *

APOLOGY

Apologies are extended for the lateness of this newsletter. It should have been sent out in July; instead, it will not be produced and posted until the latter part of August. This is because certain items have not been to hand. These items of information have now arrived and the newsletter can be produced and distributed.

John Curtis.

* * * * *

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR 1989/90

Subscriptions become due from SEPTEMBER. This timely reminder will make sure you are paid for the year. Subs remain at £2 for full membership... We must be the cheapest and biggest bargain you'll get! Your subscription gives you entry to some dozen or so talks.. some walks.. and two newsletters per year. As well as these, a couple of coach outings (for which you have to pay) are also arranged.

Tear off and use the portion below - or send your sub with a covering note.
(Please note, to save postage and work, no receipt will be sent)

Name (Please PRINT)

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AND

--AUTUMN COACH TRIP - BOOKING FORM

HATCHLANDS and COMPTON CHURCH, Surrey

Please send booking on the the form BELOW to Ann Sansom, 18 Hawkdene, London E4 7PF.
Tel : 524 4506

Name Tel. No.

Address

.....

COACH TRIP: I would like seat(s) for the trip on Sunday 8th October.

I enclose cheque/P.O. for £..... made out to East London History Society.

SUNDAY 8th OCTOBER 1989.

The Pick-up point will be MILE END - opposite the station - at 9.30am.

The coach fare is £5.30. Entrance to Hatchlands is NOT included. This is £1.50 and will be collected on the coach. (National Trust members free).

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ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

This will be held on Tuesday, 24 October 1989. It is a very important meeting and as many members as possible should try to attend. This is the meeting where members elect representatives to run the Society. All officers and committee members are elected annually. To remind you, the officers of the Society are :- Chairman, Secretary, Treasurer, Membership Secretary, and Programme Secretary. In addition there are:- Editor of the East London Record, Outings Organiser, Publicity Officer, and Newsletter Editor.

Many of you may be aware that we have been without a Secretary for a considerable time and this very important office really should not be left vacant any longer. Someone MUST come forward to fill the vacant position. We have over two hundred members and for the Society to successfully continue we need members to help in running it.

It may well be that other officers may want to stand down and more volunteers may be needed. Two that will definitely be needed will be for the jobs of Membership Secretary and Newsletter Editor. Personal reasons make me give up both jobs but I can assure whoever takes them on that they will find a great amount of satisfaction in the work.

It should also be mentioned in connection with the Annual General Meeting that it is followed by a 'Member's Evening'. This is YOUR chance to shine. Bring along something in which you are interested or on which you are working. It can be a little talk or a display.

* * * * *

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Erected by Bryant and Mays - paid for by Match Girls - 1882
4. Gunmaker's Lane, Old Ford Road, Bow,
*Looking towards site of 'Mother's Arms',
Mother & Baby Clinic run by Sylvia Pankhurst - 1914*
5. Memorial in Poplar Recreation Park - Poplar,
*In memory of 18 children killed in an Air Raid at
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