
East London History Society Newsletter

Volume 1 Issue 14

Spring 1998



Contents:

Programme 1998 and Membership	2
Titanic Disaster	3
Letters Etc	5
Civilian War Dead	7
Reminiscences of a Box Maker	9
Victoria Park Update	10
When I was a Child	12
My Pictures of War	14
Heritage Buildings at Risk	15
Coach Outing in April	16

How the news of the Titanic disaster was depicted

**EAST LONDON HISTORY SOCIETY
LECTURE PROGRAMME
MARCH TO MAY 1998**

Thursdays at 7.30 pm

19th March 1998:

The Mass and the Masses: Church of England Anglo-catholic Slum Priests in the East End, 1840-1900
Speaker Paul Hullyer

26th April 1998:

Spring Coach Trip to Chiddingstone - see back of newsletter for details.

23rd April 1998:

Will Crooks of Poplar and Woolwich: Labour Pioneer and Servant of the People
Speaker Paul Tyler

21st May 1998:

East London Then and Now - Open Evening, bring your photographs and memories.

Note:

Lectures are held on Thursday evenings at 7.30 pm in the Latimer Congregational Church Hall, Ernest Street, E1. Ernest Street is between Harford Street and White Horse Lane, off Mile End Road (opposite Queen Mary and Westfield College). The nearest Underground Stations are Mile End and Stepney Green.

Note:

All enquiries concerning membership should be addressed to the Membership Secretary, John Harris, 13 Three Crowns Road, Colchester, CO4 5AD. (Please note John Harris's change of address - he has moved next door to his previous residence!)

The membership year runs from October to September. Please make sure you fill in your membership renewal forms and return them to John Harris, so that you can keep abreast of events and news.

We occasionally get calls from members, concerned that they haven't received a newsletter, only to discover that they have forgotten to renew their membership.

Letters and enquiries may be sent to Doreen Kendall, 20 Puteaux House, Bethnal Green, London E2 0RF, or to Rosemary Taylor, 5 Pusey House, Saracen Street, Poplar, London E14 6HG.

The East London History Society Newsletter is published twice yearly, and is free to members of the Society.

The Newsletter is edited, typeset and produced by Rosemary Taylor. The editorial team comprises John Harris, Doreen Kendall, David Behr, Philip Mernick and Rosemary Taylor.

Letters and articles on East End history and reminiscences are welcomed and we make every effort to publish suitable material.

*For further information, contact Rosemary Taylor
Tele: 0171 515 2960 or
e-mail rfaylor@aol.com*

TITANIC DISASTER EAST END CONNECTIONS

With the release of the blockbuster movie based on the Titanic disaster, there has been renewed interest in the tragedy, which touched the lives of many people in the East End of London who lost friends and family, some wellknown, others relatives unknown, but whose loss was felt as keenly by members of their families. In view of yet another distortion of history by Hollywood moghuls, when historical facts are in danger of being submerged and supplanted by sentimental fiction, we thought these snippets of information might interest our members. If anyone can add to our store of information we would be pleased to hear from them.

Newspaper reports refer to a dozen or so Eastenders who lost their lives on that fateful night. Among them were the **Revd. Ernest and Mrs Lilian Carter**, 2nd class passengers. Ernest Carter was the vicar at St Jude's Whitechapel, where he had served his congregation faithfully for 14 years. In order to serve the community of Whitechapel better, Ernest and Lilian Carter studied Yiddish and started the first policemen's Yiddish class. Lilian also studied Hebrew and Greek and was soon in great demand as a lecturer all over England.

After toiling ceaselessly for fourteen years, the Carters decided they needed a holiday, and booked as 2nd Class

passengers on the wonderful new liner, the *Titanic*.

The 14th April, being a Sunday, the Revd. Carter organised a Hymn Service, which was accompanied by the band. At 10 pm the service was halted so that tea and biscuits could be served. Then the passengers retired to their cabins, only to be woken two hours later by the terrible crash. Ernest Carter and his wife were seen comforting the passengers, and it is known that they refused to take their places in the lifeboats, so that others could be saved.

A memorial window to the Revd and Mrs Carter was placed in St Jude's Church, but following its closure in 1925, the memorial was removed and sent to the church of Longcot, Berkshire, where Lilian often worshipped as a girl. John Hughes, the vicar, was her uncle.

Lilian Carter was the sister of Mary Hughes, who was staying with them in Whitechapel at the time. They were the daughters of Thomas Hughes, author of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*. Mary Hughes never recovered from the loss of her sister and brother-in-law. She stayed in Whitechapel, dedicating her life to the homeless and needy in the area. The site of the Dewdrop Inn in Vallance Road has a plaque to her.

The tragedy of the *Titanic* touched the lives of many families in the East End of London. Mr and Mrs R J Rogers of Southchurch Gardens, East Ham, lost a son and nephew in the ill-fated ship. The son was one of 8 storekeepers, and the nephew was a bedroom steward.

Amongst the other East Enders who died that night were:

Mrs Pritchard of Masterman Road, a stewardess.

Mr J E Cartwright, aged 32 of Mornington Road, Bow, a steward.

P W Conway, aged 25, of 131 Bentham Road, South Hackney, a steward.

W G Dashwood, aged 19, Sailor's Home, a steward.

G Allen, aged 26, 32 Grove Street, scullion.

C Smith, aged 38, 35 Grove Street, scullion.

F Reeves, aged 31, 22 Cable Street, fireman.

A Mayzes, aged 24, 3 Commercial Road, steward.

J Taylor, aged 23, 94 Manor Road, fireman.

J H Stage, aged 34, 66 Commercial Road, steward.

A E Lane, aged 34, 207 Victoria Road, steward.

George Lefevre aged 32, 25 Orchard place, steward.

J T Wood, aged 40, 9 Moxford Road, Upper Clapton, steward.

Three Catholic priests were also among those who drowned. Father Biles, from Ongar, Essex, who was going to America to attend the marriage of his brother, a Lithuanian priest from Whitechapel and an Austrian Benedictine.

Mr Benjamin Hart, a builder from Ilford, also lost his life on the Titanic. His wife Esther Hart and daughter Eva Hart, aged 8, survived. They too, were 2nd class passengers. Eva Hart later became an industrial welfare officer and a Justice of the Peace, and was awarded the MBE for political and public service. She lived at Japan Road, Chadwell Heath, and died in January 1996.

The crusading journalist **W T Stead**, who was instrumental in highlighting child prostitution in the East End of London, and later assisted Annie Besant in organising the Match Girls Strike at Bryant and May, also lost his life that dreadful night.

The Titanic subscription list issued in the Daily Telegraph the next week, included £2.15 from 'a few diners at the Eastern Hotel, Limehouse.'

**Research by John Harris
Compiled by Rosemary Taylor**

J Crouch, Parkview, 131 Hill crest Road, Hornchurch, RM11 1EE, writes:

Just by the Beckton flyover which forms part of the A13 there is the Church of St Mary Magdalene. The church which is over 800 years old is one of 3 churches in the Parish of East Ham. The other 2 are St Albans in Wakefield Street and St Bartholomew in Barking Road. The history of the church is fairly well chronicled from its origin in 1130 right up to date.

Throughout the life of the church there have been several architectural changes but even with these changes, the church has still managed to maintain its

original appearance and composure.

Taking into account that as well as withstanding the ravages of time the church has also withstood the threat of damage by aircraft in the two World Wars. In particular, the 2nd World War when the church which was positioned not just by the Beckton Gas Works but also in Dockland. Both of these particular targets were objectives of the Luftwaffe.

However, the object of this small piece of writing is not to further extol the virtues of this grand old lady but to draw your attention to the actual churchyard. This is accessed via Norman Road and is reputed to be one of the largest churchyards in England, consisting of some 10 acres. The ground has now been changed into a nature reserve and provides a home for several species of wildlife and in the summer it is a haven for birds and butterflies.

However, when you wander along the manmade trails in the nature reserve it is hard not to have your attention drawn to the large headstones marking individual graves and family graves, and the graves of paupers. There are also large tombs some of which have been covered by undergrowth and other types of climbing plants which camouflage the existing of the memorials. Unfortunately some of the memorials have not withstood the ravages of time and the names and inscriptions have been worn away. And so they stand as anonymous reminders to persons who may have been instrumental in influencing the course of the history of the British Empire or our own local area. There is a reference on a large headstone to the British

East India Company. There is another memorial in the shape of a cross inscribed to Tom Fletcher, reputed to be a relative of Christian Fletcher of Mutiny on the Bounty fame.

At the beginning of the nature trail there is a family grave to the Rogers family and inscribed on one of the headstones are the names of Edward James Bagley and Edward Henry Bagley, who lost their lives in the Titanic disaster on April 15th 1912.

There is also a liberal sprinkling of headstones recording the deaths of members of the armed forces who made the ultimate sacrifice in both world wars. However, these headstones which were once regularly maintained by the War Graves Commission do not look as well cared for as they used to. The reason for this is that a new memorial has been erected in the churchyard bearing the names of these servicemen and women. So I wonder how long it will be before these headstones disappear into the undergrowth.

The churchyard is well worth a visit, and it is surprising that even with its close proximity to the A13, just how peaceful and serene it remains.

Editor's Note:

Doreen Kendall followed up Jim Crouch's letter with a visit to the churchyard. She found the following:

Edward James William Bagley
aged 31 years

Edward Henry Bagley aged 33
years

Lost their lives on Titanic
Disaster 15th April 1912. As
their names were not of the
passenger list, Doreen thinks they
may have been crew members.

LETTERS ETC.

**R P Dawson, "Woodridge"
Priors Court Road, Hermitage,
Thatcham RG18 9TG:**

As a schoolboy in Leytonstone during the last war I invested some of my scanty pocket money in a magazine, possibly called 'The story of the war in pictures.' Although poetry was far from being among my favourite subjects, one item in that magazine seemed so appropriate that I memorised it and can still remember it now. As I recall it was written by a member of the AFS who had experienced the Blitz and I am sending it to you in the hope that your members may find it to be of interest.

*When, in the after years the
tale is told
Of these strange days while
Britain stands at bay
Holding the pass, as at
Thermopylae, Leonidas,
Then write the names in gold,
Along with Dunkirk, Narvik
and the rest
Of Bermondsey, Whitechapel,
Shoreditch, Bow,
East End and Rotherhithe,
who stood the test
Of total war, nor flinched
beneath the blow
The people of the little streets
stood firm
Remember this Whitehall and
City,
When at last the term is set to
total war,
Think then of the share, so
bravely borne,
By 'frontline folk' of Borough
and East End.*

**Mr Leonard Sullivan, 25
Banstead Road, Purley, Surrey
CR8 3EB,** has asked us to help him solve the mystery of his great grandfather's death:

The Times of Monday September 28th 1829 has a 7 inch column headed "Coroner's Inquest". The basic facts are that James Bartholomew O'Sullivan drowned in a hole in the road in Sydney Street opposite the Canning Head public house at about 9 pm on Friday 26th September. Mention was made that he was a magistrate in Cork, Limerick and Kerry, but my enquiries on this point have found nothing to confirm the claim. A paper found on him, evidently a draft for publication stated that he intended to re-establish his paper mills at Dripsey and Blarney in Co. Cork. A gentleman present intimated to the Coroner that he knew who and what the deceased was. The verdict was accidental death.

My immediate inquiry is where and when was he buried. One or two Cork newspapers gave reports of the Inquest evidently copied from the Times article above, and I found no reports about the body being taken to Ireland for burial. Some years ago I enquired with the Roman Catholic clergy and they had no trace of his burial in the Sydney Street area. At the present time I do not know the financial position of James Bartholomew at the time of his death, and so I cannot say that he even had enough money to pay for a grave and a funeral or if he was buried as a pauper.

There seems to be two lines of enquiry. The first is to find out which burial grounds within a mile of Sydney Street were in use

in September 1829, and where today are the records of the burials, for preference in date order. The second is local newspapers of the time which may give more information than the Times article about the death, inquest and burial. Names of the newspapers and where copies may be seen locally, will be welcome.

I am also interested to learn the identity of the 'gentleman present at the inquest' mentioned in the Times article as this may give a lead as to where James Bartholomew was living prior to his death. I have some thin information that for some of the time between 1813 and 1829 he was living with (and possibly off) a member of the English aristocracy. From the paper found on the body and assuming he was in a financial position to do so, he may have been in the Whitechapel area to buy machinery for his intended paper mills in Co. Cork.

I am also hoping that any facts on the points mentioned in items 2 and 3 above may cast light on the lady to whom James Bartholomew was married, where and when, and perhaps even details of the birth of his children; he had one son William Kirby who, when he died in 1890 was President of Queen's College, Cork and I have heard that there was a daughter who died young and single. Various articles in academic journals on the life of William Kirby give dates of birth between 1820 and 1826 and the places range from Dripsey in County Cork, to Cork city and to Dublin. I hope that you may be able to tell me of possible areas where I can pursue my enquiries further.

Chris Dixon, Heaton, Newcastle upon Tyne, who is such a faithful correspondent, visited Bethnal Green last August, and wrote a lovely letter to Doreen Kendall, which we reproduce here:

My family and I actually made our long-threatened trip to the East End last August. We spent a few days with a friend in Wandsworth and had a very enjoyable day wandering around my old haunts. We took the train from Wandsworth to Waterloo, then tube to Oxford Circus, and then the Number 8 bus to the Salmon and Ball (I can't remember what it's called now). We then went into the Bethnal Green library, where I used to work, and I was delighted to see that it hasn't changed one bit. My husband John was very impressed with the building and understands now why I am always complaining about our little local library. We then walked along Green Street to Bonner Street and then around in Hartley Street where I showed my two daughters the exact position of my old house, and we had our photo taken where the old front door used to be. We also had a good look at the school before walking along to Old Ford Road and then down onto the canal towpath. It was a very pleasant walk along the canal, something I had never done before as I am sure you only used to be allowed on the towpath if it was your business to be there (or is that just what my Mum used to tell me to keep me away?) We emerged into the new park, which was also very pleasant, and I was intrigued to see that the Palm pub is still standing. Unfortunately, it was closed (it was about 100 degrees by now and we were all gasping for a drink) although a park

worker told us that if we banged on the door they would open up for us! We eventually found some refreshment in the Railway on Grove Road, and had a nice chat with the regulars - I can't describe how good it was to hear some real cockney accents, and there was a lovely relaxed feeling about the place. Anyway after a couple of lagers we were ready for the next stage of our day out which was to take the tube from Mile End to Stratford and then the Docklands Light Railway to Canary Wharf. It was the first time I had been on the DLR or seen Canary Wharf 'in the flesh'. I must say it was very impressive, and I bought a good book in the information centre there.

Well so much for my nostalgia trip. As you can probably tell I really enjoyed seeing all the old sites and showing my daughters where I grew up. I suppose that will have to keep me going until my next visit, probably in another 24 years time (although my daughters have decided that they are going to work in London and are going to get a flat in Bethnal Green, so I will be able to land myself on them in a few years time.)

Ed. Note: This is truly a saga of the return of the native! I am sure that many of our members scattered around the country have gone all nostalgic and misty-eyed. Thank you for your reminiscences, Chris.

Dr. R J Adams, Chychoose, Larch Avenue, Sunninghill, Ascot, Berks SL5 0AW writes:

Firstly, my family was deeply involved in the affairs and development of East London during the 19th century, and I

have a very substantial amount of information which may be of interest to your members, much of which relates to the development of railways and the docks. My x Gt. grandfather John Samuel Adams (1795-1855) was Clerk of Works, West India Dock Company; his son was John Henry Adams (1820-77), Engineer and goods manager of the North London Railway. Among John Henry's sons were Prof. Henry Adams (1840-1935), 1st President of the Institute of Structural Engineers, William Adams (1823-1904), locomotive designer; and Robert Adams, (1850-97), my grandfather, who was Superintendent of Tilbury Docks at the time of the 1889 dock strike, an event which later was to have a profound effect on the subsequent history of the family, particularly concerning Robert's wife and two youngest children and their offspring - which latter includes me. Both John H and William are referred to in Howard Finch's "Tower Hamlets Connection". I have extensive contemporary biographies of each of the above characters, with many related snippets on what was going on around them in the community. If any of your members have particular interests in these areas I would be delighted for them to get in touch with me when we can explore matters further.

Mr L G Perry, Hayes, Middx, found the last newsletter of special interest:

I found the contents most interesting, particularly the long contribution from Allan Hunt regarding Upper North Street School. I went to the same school, and being only 2 years older than him, found myself re-

living my own experiences through him. It would be nice to get in touch with him about some of the reminiscences he mentions, and I wonder if you would be kind enough to give me his address - if available (Ed. - happy to oblige!)

It was a coincidence that Allan talks at some length about Rev. J V Pixell from the nearby St Stephen's Church (bombed 1940), since Rosemary Taylor mention that vicar in her talk last weekend.

He was a lovely man, and a real character: they don't seem to make 'em like that anymore!

Mr Norman Bishop, 22 Grove Road, Deepcar, Sheffield, S Yorks S30 5QA is looking for a friend:

In 1947 I joined the Royal Marines to do my National Service. There were 36 of us lads in the 972 Squad at Deal, Kent when we did our square bashing. Although we came from all over, from the very north of Scotland down to Cornwall we got on very well. On 1st November 1997, 50 years on, we had a reunion in Birmingham and had a wonderful time recounting old escapades. We had managed to find 16 out of about 36, sadly a few had died. We are now trying to trace the missing chaps.

One I would like to find is **Norman Flanagan**, who I think came from the Stoke Newington area. He more than likely could have moved right away as I did when I left Charlton and moved up her in 1953, but then again he might still be somewhere in the area.

CIVILIAN WAR DEAD

During the 1939-1945 war, civilians killed by enemy action in the United Kingdom numbered 60,000: 19,000 of these were in the London area alone, and the ages of the victims ranged from a Chelsea Pensioner over 100 years old to an infant 11 hours old.

The Society holds the lists of civilian war dead for the following districts:

Bethnal Green
Shoreditch
Hackney
Stepney
Poplar
West Ham/Forest Gate
East Ham/Manor park
Ilford/barking
Leyton/Leytonstone

In most cases the lists include name, age, address, next of kin, place of death. The victim's remains could be claimed for private burial or they could be buried in a mass grave, the funeral being paid for by the local council.

For example, Tower Hamlets Cemetery has two mass graves containing 169 bodies which were identified, and 71 bodies which were unidentified (including 'pieces'). The City of London Cemetery has a memorial to the civilian war dead of West Ham, in the shape of a large cross with panels recording the names of all those interred in a mass grave. The civilian war dead of Hackney, also in a mass grave in the same cemetery, have their names recorded on a large slab

Members of the Civil Defence Services such as Air Raid Wardens, Heavy Rescue Service, Ambulance Crews, and Fire Brigade Personnel who were killed on duty were buried in individual graves with headstone provided by the Commonwealth War Graves Commission, this type of grave is always kept in good condition by the Commissions staff. Some of these graves can be found in the City of London Manor Park Cemetery, Military Plot.

If any members require information about the above lists, they should contact John Harris or Doreen Kendall.

The Society will be adding to the above lists to include:

City of London
Islington
North Woolwich
Greenwich/Deptford
Bermondsey/Rotherhithe

John Harris

Violet Howlett, Gidea Park, Romford, writes:

I was pleased to see my letter in print, but once again the name of my school was mis-spelt. As far as my memory goes the name was Howrah House, yet there are those who insist it is Hawrah. I would be interested to have the views and memories of any past pupils on the subject.

Some of my other memories include my mother mixing together sugar and warm water to set my hair in curls. She would have strips of rags, wet my hair then wind it carefully around the rag, one ringlet at a time. Each one was securely tied in a knot at the end and I would sleep all night with the rags in looking a

bit like Topsy. The next morning she would unwind all the rags and comb each long curl around her finger and pull down into sausage-like ringlets. What a palaver!

And I had to take the 'bagwash' to the shop in Roman Road like Miss Monckton did, but I wouldn't date kick it there and back. I had to wheel it both ways on a broken down squeaky old pram. It was a bit of a chore but I loved the fresh clean laundry smell all the way back home. Most of the children in our street had a little wooden cart that their Dads made from a short plank of wood with three ball-bearing wheels, two at the back and one in front. The steering mechanism was a piece of rope attached to the wood supporting the front wheel which swivelled left or right as you tugged on either side of the rope. Along with our hoops and sticks, and a game of 'gobs', we were rich indeed when it came to fun and amusement. Also, at the end of World War Two the spivs hung around the gates of Victoria Park selling slices of pineapples and our eyes were wide with excitement for we had never seen or tasted anything like it in our young lives. It was the same when bananas started to arrive. Pregnant women were pushed to the front of the phenomenal queues snaking down the streets from barrows laden high with bunches of green unripe bananas. My mother always got the best pick with a cushion shoved up the front of her dress, and we used to laugh all the way home.

Ed. Note: Howrah/Hawrah - I have with me the original typed manuscript from Miss Eileen Youles, who started her schooling at Wade Street, then went on to Howrah House

Convent, and continued teaching in Poplar until she retired as Deputy Head of Cardinal Griffin School in Upper North Street. She consistently spells the name as Hawrah, and one of the nuns I interviewed also corrected my pronunciation (HOWrah) to HAWrah). I know that the Howrah House was originally built and named as such by Duncan Dunbar after his ship-building yards in Howrah, Bengal. I am now completely confused by this - why do the Sisters of the Companion of Jesus refer to it as Hawrah House, and why did Miss Youles spell it Hawrah?

Geoffrey Deller, 29 Kenilworth Road, London E3 5RH, writes:

I am interested in the history of Mile End Old Town Workhouse and write to enquire whether you are aware of any research which has been done, or may be in progress, on the subject, before I commence any detailed research of my own into the records at the GLRO.

Mr Stephen Carr is seeking information about a family plaque:

I am enquiring for information concerning my mother's plaque. I have written in the past to Tower Hamlets Local History Library and I did have a response from Mr C J Lloyd. He suggested I scan the local newspapers i.e. East London Advertiser and others, but because I live and work in Oxford, it would be time consuming. I did enquire if this information could be passed on to my local library, but so far have had no response.

My mother's name is Rosina Alexandra Carr (nee Wilkinson) and the plaque or stone was in honour of her father, George Alfred Wilkinson, who was honoured for bravery in 1935. They lived in Fairfoot Road in Bow in the East End of London and he worked for a carriers (I think they were called Union Cartage, or Wiseman) which transported fruit and vegetables and other goods using shire horses. I think there was a fire and he saved the horses, I don't know if he was honoured for this.

I think the plaque or stone was put up outside a market. I have written to various markets, but so far with no luck.

Jeffrey Green, 11 Turret Court, Buckhurst Way, East Grinstead, RH19 1QA, is researching Harley House, Bow and the Grattan Guinness family:

My research into the presence of people of African birth or descent in late 19th century and early 20th century Britain has led to publication in numerous journals including the revised Dictionary of National Biography. Black Christian missionaries in Africa included ex-slaves from the USA and from Jamaica. I traced several links to the Baptists and Spurgeon's College in south London in the 1870s and 1880s.

My specific interest is in two South Africans who were connected to Guinness and Harley House before early 1879, when they are known to have got back to Africa. One had worked in a circus-menagerie act as 'King Koffee' for nine months. I wonder where Harley House records are? I have used back copies of Regions Beyond at the mission's Kennington offices -

that publication started in 1878. I have read Mrs GG's 1890 book, own a biography of their friend F B Meyer, and have a working knowledge of British missions in the Congo (which started after Stanley emerged from 'darkest Africa' in late 1877.

PS The Jamaican doctor J J Brown (1882-1953) had a practice in Lauriston Road, Hackney, from 1919, having trained at the London Hospital from 1906.

Harry Willmott, 59 Bushfields, Loughton, Essex, IG10 3JR:

I have just read "Every Stone Tells a Story". When I started to read it I just had to carry on to the end, I think it is a great read and well worth the money.

I was born and bred near the cemetery park and I can well remember a young chap named MARTIN who joined the army as a messenger sometime in the 1930s. He was killed in a motor cycle accident. He was given a military funeral, I remember the shots being fired across his grave. This would be around 1935 to 1937.

When I was about 12 years old I was coming home with two of my pals from a long walk. When we reached the path at the back of the cemetery (about 10 pm) we all saw a white figure which appeared to be a woman gliding from left to right across the graves. I am now turned 74 years and remember this incident as if it was yesterday. I have often wondered if other people have seen anything over the years. I was very interested in the bounty grave. I am a member of the Hampshire Genealogical Society as my ancestors came from

Portsmouth to the Isle of Dogs about the 1850s. I would like permission to mention the bounty grave to the editor of our quarterly magazine as I know there are members researching the name PURCELL.

Ed. Note: Thank you for your kind words re: Every Stone Tells a Story. (Copies are still available, price 3.50).

This is the first admission we have had from anybody that they have seen 'something' in the cemetery. If anyone else has a story to tell, I'd love to hear from you.

Enquiries re. burials, records, etc may be sent to Doreen Kendall.

**25TH MAY
BANK HOLIDAY MONDAY
OPEN DAY IN
TOWER HAMLETS
CEMETERY PARK**

Note:

Doreen Kendall would like to remind everyone that we will continue to be available in the cemetery on every second Sunday of the month i.e. 8th March, 12th April and 10th May, to assist those who are researching ancestors' graves, or who would like some general information about the cemetery.

Guided walks around Tower Hamlets Cemetery can be arranged for groups or clubs. Please contact Rosemary Taylor 0171 515 1960 for details.

REMINISCENCES OF A BOX-MAKER

I began working at Coopers Box-makers-cum-printers-cum-engineering at 13 Mandeville Street E5 in March 1940, at the age of fourteen. Outside there was a painted sign stating that the firm had been established in 1860, before that it had been a vinegar factory. I suppose it gave employment to fifty or sixty people from the neighbourhood. My wage was 14/- (60p) a week, with a few pence stopped for National Health. I gave my mother, who was soon to be widowed, 10/- (50p) the rest was for myself, which I used to visit the various cinemas round about in Clapton.

I began in the printing room, beginning at 8 am, finishing at 6pm, with one hour lunch break. After a while I decided that the work was too dirty for me, especially washing the ink off the rollers, before going home in the evening. I got a transfer to the cutting room of the cardboard box dept. which was more to my liking, much cleaner. The only disadvantage there was that being an old building, plus having a wooden floor, there were a number of rats to be seen. A cat was in attendance at night, and we found a rat minus its head one morning before we began work. Sometimes traps would be set, and if a rat was inside the cage, a barrel of water stood in the yard and it would be put into the water in the trap until it drowned. Once I went to look to see what was happening, and blow me if the rat wasn't clambering over the side of the barrel, shaking its head free of water. I was the only one to see

it, so I turned and walked back to my machine thinking that if it could survive everything, trap and water, it deserved to live. I never said a word to anyone - consternation all round as to where it could have got to! Also being young, I was up to various tricks to make it seem as though a rat was scuttling through the department as large as life during the day. I'd put a piece of rag, bundle it to make it look about the size of a rat, throw it as though something like a rodent was scuttling along the floor. More consternation, but taken in good part!

As the war progressed, (W.W.II) I found that by 1943, I was the only one left in the cutting room. One day I'd used a match to light a gas ring under a machine that had to have heat to perform a certain task. I thought I'd extinguished the match and threw it into a box with waste cutting. I had to go to the toilet outside in the yard, and when I came back the whole room was full of smoke. At that moment the box of waste burst into flames. What to do, too much heat to throw water on it, so I spilled the box plus flaming contents outside into the yard, then tried to douse the flames. Luckily, it wasn't yet time to go home. If it had continued smouldering another half hour, there would have been no one there. The boss didn't blow his top, but said, "You kept your head, but don't throw any more unextinguished matches away, they can smoulder for hours!"

About late 1943 the boxmaking side had to close down - cardboard and paper were in short supply, but the engineering kept going. There were only three of us remaining, plus an older man to keep his eye on the boys.

He was also the caretaker and lived on the premises. Sometimes when he'd got fed up on his machine, I suppose, he'd go upstairs to his flat and play the piano. He played by ear really well, and we'd open the doors to hear this wonderful music floating down to us. I don't know how he did it, but he got the harmony spot on - a superb ear for music, I presume.

In 1944, I was called up at eighteen for the army. I was earning at this time about £2 10 sh. (2.50) a week! On being released from military service in 1948, I went back to the same firm. My wage was now £5.00 a week. It was much different after the war. Other small firms from round about had been amalgamated with Coopers - they'd been bombed out, etc. We were very busy and all day and everyday, the machines running non-stop, doing hundreds of grosses of boxes, very different to the old orders of perhaps twenty gross. I stayed there until 1951, then left to go to another firm Spencer Press in Stoke Newington. Again, it was different there, being a branch of Godfrey Phillips, the cigarette people. My wage was about £7 a week. The factory had a canteen which for me was an unknown luxury, the meals being quite good. I stayed there until 1958, by now I was on £10 a week., when the firm closed down. Over the years the working hours remained pretty constant at box-making. Perhaps from 1960 onwards, one and a half hours had been knocked off the 8-6 routine and we'd go home on a Friday at 4.30 pm.

I was able to get another job from the Labour Exchange at the London Fancy Box Co, in Shacklewell Road, Stoke

Newington. It was a very clean place to work at, well organised, so I stayed there until 1964, when having had enough of factory work, I decided to leave, earning £13 a week by now. I'd saved some money, and took some time off to have a look round for something quite different, which I found after much searching, about a year later, and worked for this firm for the next 25 years, and now, at 71 I can look back at a life of work mostly working for other people. I don't seem to have mentioned actual work very often, but I never had to do heavy back-breaking work, perhaps that's how I survived on a low wage.

Patrick Dunn

VICTORIA PARK UPDATE

A lot of interest has been shown in two postcards of churches in the Victoria Park book. Most members agree that the picture on page 34 must be a view of flowerbeds near St Agnes Gate and the church in the background Christchurch, the Anglican Church in Gore Road, South Hackney, which was consecrated on 7th July 1871. The church was designed by W Wigginton in the gothic style and had seating for 850, of which 425 was free. In 1882 its yearly income was £500. The registers run from January 1872 to May 1952, for baptisms and marriages, and were then transferred to St John of Jerusalem, when the church was closed.

One of our members Josephine Boyles' great uncle was married there in 1897. A drawing of the church in the Crown Estate Office shows a spire, this was probably one of the submitted

designs for the building of the church. A search through the archives at Rose Lipman library have revealed an exterior view showing a plain building with no spire, with a large ornate window at the east end, and 7 windows along the balcony high aisle.

Page 331 of the Victoria Park book features St Augustine's Church, consecrated on 1st June 1867. This had seating for 1000, with 740 free. The income, not surprisingly was £130. The architecture style was early English, and the church was designed by Edward Charles Hakewill. A descendent has accepted that we have spelt the name wrong, he has over 150 versions of the name over 35 years, and that the church as described by Mrs Yates would be as seen at the end of 1945, when registers closed. It must have been a very poor church when it fell into disrepair.

Robert Hakewill has worked out that £130 a year for a parish of 10,000 with seating for 1,000, a vicar and 3 curates conducting 5 Sunday services, 6 daily services, 1 midweek morning service would work out at 525 services annually, giving an income per service of 4s. 11d, or 59 pence in today's money. However, only four and a half families on average attended, therefore the 1,000 seats probably did shrink to the 50 mentioned - 4.5 families of 6 members each would need only 27 chairs.

Mrs Ann P Crisp, Wroughton, Swindon, has sent in some information on her gt grandfather and his connection with **Victoria Park**:

Mr Andrew Gottlieb Wentzell was born 16th January 1812 and died 25th July 1887 at 1 Gore

Road, South Hackney. He was a boatbuilder, licensed Victualler, Pleasure Boat Proprietor and a Gentleman.

His obituary state: Mr Wentzell was born on the 16th January 1812 at Stepney, and was apprenticed early in life to a firm of boatbuilders at Millbank. He afterwards set up in business on his own accord, in the same line, at Lambeth where he gained much fame as a builder for racing craft, and became very popular amongst boating men. For many years he supplied the pleasure boats for the Crystal Palace and Victoria Park lakes, and with regard to the latter, he continued to do up to the time of his death. (He was a) member of the Bethnal Green Vestry, the Hackney Board of Guardians, the Hackney Board of Works, the Hackney Trustees and the Hackney Vestry, as well as the Metropolitan Asylums Board..... his kindly genial character had secured for him the respect and esteem of his colleagues on the Board of Guardians.

His will states: And whereas I am possessed of the right or privilege granted to me by the First Commissioner of Her Majestys Works and Public Buildings of letting boats for hire on the ornamental water in Victoria Park Middlesex and I am possessed of a Refreshment Saloon in connection therewith in the same park I now direct my Executors hereinafter named in the event of the said First Commissioner after my decease continuing such right to them to carry on to the best of their ability the business of letting boats an providing refreshments as I have hitherto or shall continue to carry on the same during my life and to divide the profits and proceeds of the said

business equally between my said wife and my daughters Alice Brookson and Kate Browne and my grandson William Wentzell Rowell half yearly or at such other times as they shall deem expedient.

Andrew Wentzell's son-in-law also had connections with Victoria Park. The Hackney and Kingsland Gazette dated January 1882 states : Mr James Newell, of South Hackney, has died very suddenly in his 39th year. He was a son-in-law of Mr Andrew Wentzell and the manager of his business, and was highly respected. The Hackney Guardians have forwarded a letter of sympathy to Mr Wentzell on his sad bereavement. The deceased gentleman was well known to the numerous visitors to the Victoria Park and Crystal Palace lakes, where he had the management of the boating and skating arrangements, and amongst whom his courteous and kindly manner gained for him many friends.

Mr F Hay, 17 Poplar Close, Uppingham, Rutland, sent us an article written by his wife of her childhood. He says:

Some years ago my wife wrote a short account of her very early life in Bethnal Green. I wonder if it might be of use to you for a future ELHS publication, bearing in mind it contains a small reference to the old craft of clay pipe manufacture. We believe her family operating from Haverfield Road (off Grove Road) were one of the few remaining makers in London when WW2 started. Incidentally, my wife's family (HAWLEY) were in fact those named as HAWKEY in Children of the Green (page 26) by Doris Bailey who lived next door to them!

When I was a Child

I was born in 1927 during hard times in the East End of London. My father suffered painfully from athlete's foot (although never an athlete) and had to give up working in the Dyeworks where it was constantly wet underfoot, so he was unemployed and in poor health. However, I soon came into 'property' - a beautiful doll's house full of hand-crafted furniture on which Dad had lavished many long hours when convalescent.

Mother's family were 'loosely' in trade - the loose items were fragile clay pipes such as Church-wardens, claws, negro heads etc. It was hard, sweated labour, many more than 144 were made to the gross to allow for breakages during the stages of rolling, moulding, drying, trimming and firing, then packing.

The family rented two houses side by side, the ground floor of one being the workshops. Two hundred or so pounds would have bought both properties but they didn't intend staying, so paid rent for over 60 years! Floor boards of the house-workshop were white after delivery of tons of Cornish clay in heavy blocks, and black again when tons of coke was taken through from front door to the kiln in the back yard. In the other backyard chickens were cooped to provide the daily egg and Christmas Dinner! Customers for pipes varied from a Jewish gentleman in a big showy car - the only car ever seen in our street - his wife swathed in furs, to a gentleman of the road who took a box of pipes on his back to walk miles selling to pubs en-route. It was the first customer who often

could not pay and would leave some item as collateral to be redeemed later. I still have in my possession a pair of pretty porcelain candlesticks which tradition has it, were left with my great-grandmother.

Families in living quarters changed with generations but for us children there were adults always around to keep an eye on us, and as the Regent canal ran over by the yard wall, much time was spent watching the people on the barges and narrow boats, and giving tit-bits to horses on the tow-path, watching lads swim in summer, and the dredger bringing up drowned cats and all sorts of unmentionables at other times!

Grandma was a big old lady, at least she always seemed old, though only 63 when she died, and rather a tartar. Because she couldn't get about easily everyone did errands for her and she was very particular. Potatoes were sent back if not large enough and anything else that didn't come up to scratch. My biggest humiliation was being sent to the local draper for a selection of wraparound overalls which were duly supplied. Grandma had them all out of pins and wrappings, then tried them on, rejected them and bundled them up to send back. I spent ages on my knees in the passage way trying to put the garments back to rights before returning to the shop and requesting another lot. Then it would be to the off-licence with a bottle for some ale as making pipes was thirsty work - the bottle had to be hidden in a shopping bag but the seller seemed to have no objection about serving children. My mother objected though, so that chore was given to someone older. Often I was sent to the local post office with something

in an envelope which I was to hand over, bring straight back, and never to mention getting 2d to keep quiet. After Grandma died it was discovered she'd a nice little nest egg in a Post Office savings book and no-one could make out how it got there as she never went out! The 2d would buy me a packet of figs at the potato shop or a big Meredith & Drew Arrowroot biscuit at the beer shop.

Once a year, in the last few years of her life, Grandma would hire a chauffeur driven car for the day to take her to Brighton or Strood in Kent, it took some organising, cooking of ham, making of sandwiches and cake, and of course drinks, and to get full value two or three others of the family would be invited. Once the driver took his wife, much to Grandma's disgust because that lost one seat - somehow I always managed to go - after all I was the eldest grandchild and anyway I didn't seem to find it so fraught as the others! The driver always seemed to cut it a bit fine with petrol, and when one Sunday night the car ran dry in the middle of Blackwall Tunnel, he thumbed a lift with a can, we sat in uproar amongst the fumes for ages and thought he'd gone forever - that was the end of those high days.

Trams and buses made me travel sick but about the furthest we went on them was to Wanstead flats for the Whitsun Fair with my sister and we wore our new summer dress and organdie filled hats. Christmas time usually got us a new coat and matching had from the Houndsditch Warehouse. Usually things had to be bought in quarter-dozens but there were only two of us for coats - a quarter dozen aprons though

provided Christmas presents for the Aunts.

Working hours were so long that on Saturdays my mother and aunts didn't have money to shop with until eight at night but the later it got the better the bargains. The flare-lamps flamed above the stalls and coster entertained with repartee. All would get 'tasters' of oranges, bananas and pineapple slices. Savaloys boiled, candy was twisted, live eels wriggled and women chose the twelve biggest brown eggs for 1 shilling. If it was cold I might get a hunk of boiled roly-poly pudding and at 3d a pound, dabs made a fine fish and chip supper when back home, though many a time I fell asleep before they were cooked.

I started school at the aged of three and as far as I can remember, mornings were spent happily in the Hall with music and dancing. Miss MacClean, the headmistress, led us in a lively rendering of "Bobby Shafto" - with her Scots brogue and the silver buckles on her shoes, I considered she knew Bobby Shafto well. Afternoons we slept on little camp beds under cover outside if fine. At the age of seven I moved to a junior school in a much larger building of three floors, infants on the lowest floor, girls on the middle floor and boys above. Gifted teachers encouraged us to embroider, sew and paint and I had completed a large tablecloth of golden lazy daisies for my mother before I was ten. One year I was kindly given a place on the school journey to the Isle of Wight at short notice, if the clothes and little pocket money could be got together. Such was the excitement that I was laid low with a bilious attack for the first two days but afterwards joined

the country walks when we sketched all the hedgerow flowers and passed the time after tea colouring in the sketches. Examples of best work were displayed in a large glass cabinet in the school hall and every child was encouraged to have some talent developed.

Granddad and I had a special affinity - twelve hours a day, six days a week he toiled away in a collarless Oxford shirt and clay white apron, but come Sunday evening he looked grand in his bespoke dark suit, heavy melton overcoat and bowler hat when he would take me walking up the Mile End Road to a fine confectionery shop where I could choose something sweet and a box of chocolates was purchased for Mum. He was most proud when I 'passed the scholarship' to go to Central School and on hearing the news gave me a golden half-sovereign. Never having seen one before I thought it was a farthing and was most disappointed. Later, however, when the obligatory uniform of gymslip, blazer and panama, overcoat and velour with badges and hatbands had somehow all managed to be purchased, Granddad bought me a real leather music-case to carry the school books in. Most children of my acquaintance only had canvas satchels and often the difficulty of a family being able to bear the cost of kitting out a child meant the place won at such a school had to be turned down.

Within a year everything changed - before September 1939, the chickens had to make way for the Anderson shelter and we children were evacuated to other homes and schools. Blackout restrictions meant the kiln could no longer be fired to bake the pipes because it needed to burn for days and

nights on end, and that was the finish of a dying craft. It did mean that my father got a regular job on war-work after years of walking miles to deliver boxes of pipes held on some sort of shoulder harness of rope, for 6d, or papering a room out for 2/6d, which was good for his morale.

The ceilings and windows of the old houses were down and out many times and the whole street was so badly war-damaged that it had to be completely demolished. It is now an open grassed area and the canal towpath is a leisure walk, and my memories are of a completely different world.

Iris Hay (nee Parker)

**BOOKS
FOR THE LOCAL HISTORY
ENTHUSIAST**

A Pictorial History of Victoria Park - Price 6.99. If you have not yet got a copy, get one right away! Details from Doreen Kendall, 0181 981 7680

The Changing East End - Stepney, Bethnal Green and Poplar in old photographs 1860-1960. Price 9.99. This is the sequel to the volume **Stepney, Bethnal Green and Poplar in old photographs**, price 7.99. Details from Rosemary Taylor Tele: 0171 515 2960.
E-mail: RFTAYLOR@AOL.COM

The East End Then and Now, edited by **Winston G Ramsey**, (After the Battle publications) **Price 40.00.** This hard back is the definitive book on the East End of London, covering a wide range of topics. Well worth the price. **Reminiscences of Cyril Demarne, the Blitz, disasters and much more is covered in this hefty tome.** There is also a section on **the East End Suffragettes** by **Rosemary Taylor.**

MY PICTURES OF WAR IN EAST LONDON

My war comes back in a series of flashbacks as seen through the eyes of a youth. Now as a senior citizen, when those memories persist in returning I get a sensation of scanning a few faded old photos that one finds at the bottom of a drawer. Here are a few random snapshots:

Peace and War

I left Mowlem Street School at 14 and began my working life Easter 1938. Shortly after, we, the Sadler family, moved from Sewardstone Road to 6 St James's Avenue, Bethnal Green. This fine Victorian house had been built for the gentry. Fittings included elaborate bell pulls alongside marble fire surrounds. They connected to a row of bells in what had been the servants basement kitchen. Our house stood next to the church. In those far off 1938 days not a parked car could be seen in that pleasant tree line St James's Avenue. The Sadler family consisted of Stephen and Lily, my parents, May, Walter, Edwin, Steve jnr (me) and Irene, who was still at school. For the first time we had a proper kitchen, a parlour and even a garden. The house was wired for electricity, decorated, we bought a new radio and an upright piano. After a lifetime in rooms we all felt a glow in our new social stature. That glow did not survive for long. There had been ominous signs of an impending war but one such sign came uncomfortably close to our small world. When a crew of men began working in St James the Less their foreman approached my mother and asked her to supply them with jugs of tea.

From that modest involvement we learned the purpose of their grim prospect: like a number of other churches its crypt was quietly being converted into a mortuary for the civilian dead of a future holocaust. Came September 1939. Edwin, an electrician, was already working in the west country on army camp construction, Irene was evacuated to Bucks and shortly after Walter was called up into the RAF.

Ablutions Blitz Style

At the height of the Blitz I had not undressed for several days, consequently my Saturday visit to York Hall Public Baths for a tub became a greatly anticipated pleasure. In my cubicle I stripped, laid in the bath and began enjoying the luxury of hot water. Then air raid sirens wailed. From the baths passage doors were thumped and a sergeant major voice shouted 'everyone out'. There had been many false alarms so I, and most other bathers, bawled back obscenities and stayed put. The sergeant major would not be thwarted. He unlocked doors whilst continuing to bellow. Reluctantly I stepped from the bath. I was partially towelled, clothes awry and putting on my shoes when the all clear sounded. Knowing I could go through that charade a second time I abandoned thoughts of completing my ablutions, left York Hall and marched off down Cambridge Heath Road in a state of damp disgust.

All in a Day's Work

For many people their daily journey to and from work was fraught with Blitz problems. My morning bike ride from Bethnal Green to Shoreditch could be

tough going after a bad night of air raids. One of my most hazardous proved to be when the school in Falkirk Street, Shoreditch, took a direct hit (the site is now the new Hackney Community College). the front of the brick building had collapsed in one piece, blocking the entire road leading into Hoxton. A crew of tired workmen tried to bring some order to the chaos, whilst others, like me, attempted to get by. I recall placing the bike over my shoulder and clambering cautiously over the dangerous mountain of rubble.

My working day began when I arrived at my factory, a printers, to find the glass roof had been blasted causing considerable damage. Vicious spear shaped shards of thick glass descending with great force from the high roof had gouged deep into metal and wooden equipment. Smaller fragments were everywhere. It took days to reorganise, but the worst long term problem was sorting type from minute glass chips in the type cases.

A War Time Wedding

Our family pride and joy, 6 St James's Avenue, lost its metal railings early in the war. Like many others they were cut down and used for scrap. In the Blitz that followed our windows were often blasted. Gaping holes were replaced with black paper and opaque canvas. We were lucky. Other houses in the avenue became war torn heaps of rubble. For 1941 air raids became sporadic but savage in their intensity. On 10 May of that year my brother Walter, on leave from the RAF, married Alice Bushnell, a Land Army girl, at her parish church, Holy Trinity Mile End. My mother, who had been scrounging food for weeks, put

on a splendid reception for over 30 people at our home. That evening a traditional knees-up was in progress when the air raid sirens wailed their never to be forgotten sound. As bombs began to explode many guests left and Alice, still in her bridal gown, went to our nearby surface air raid shelter where she spent most of her first night. I recall, in vivid detail, the main event of the evening. About midnight, I was seated alone in the basement kitchen having a quiet puff at a woodbine. It is said you do not hear the bomb that gets you. On this occasion no bang, just a horrendous red flash that smashed through the papered window. The ceiling crashed to the floor and bits of the home were blasted about the room. Amid a fog of soot and plaster dust I smelt the stink of high explosives and hear anguished screams from above. I crunched over the rubble, and ran up the stairs yelling, fearful of what I would see. Mercifully none of us in the house were hurt. A landmine exploding 200 yards away by the main entrance to Victoria Park had caused our agony. In the dawn our dear old house looked a sad, dirty wreck. Some ceilings and walls were in a mess, doors and windows damaged and once again all the windows destroyed.

The Bandon Road Incident

Those four words make up the official ARP name given to death and destruction that came just after 2 am Monday 26 June 1944, when a VI rocket crashed into Bandon Road near where it intersected with St James's Avenue. The massive explosion killed 27 people, 28 were badly injured (ARP records Bancroft Library). St James the Less was reduced to a shell. Many houses,

including the Sadler home, were destroyed and others badly damaged. My mother was among the injured. My father, May, Irene and Edwin narrowly escaped death. At that time Walter was in the Middle East with the RAF and I was in France with the Royal Marines, having taken part in the D Day landing. Later, back home on leave, I stood and sobbed at the sight of that brick strewn battlefield in a part of Bethnal Green that I had known since a child. The area so savagely devastated is not Park View Estate. Bandon Road, which stretched from Sewardstone Road to St James's Avenue, was never rebuilt. Its remains are buried beneath Pomeroy House. Some corners of London where a group of civilians died in war have had a plaque or a tablet erected to their memory, but the victims of the Bandon Road Incident appear to be forgotten. Even St James the Less has nothing that will tell future generations what befell its parishioners on 26 June 1944.

Stephen Sadler

HERITAGE BUILDINGS AT RISK

**TWIG FOLLY WHARF,
REGENT'S CANAL** - William Tomlin & Nephew Barge Builders Building c. 1850.

The building is all that remains of William Tomlin & Nephew's Barge Building Works. It is one of only 8 major mid-Victorian industrial buildings still standing on the six miles of waterway in Tower Hamlets. It is believed to be the only barge builder's premises left on the inland waterways in Tower Hamlets and it may well be the only one on the entire Regent's Canal system. If

it is to contribute to the canalscape and the educational, recreational and tourist potential of East End waterways it requires urgent statutory protection.

The building is now under threat from developers, despite all assurances that it would be preserved. At no time during the initial stages of consultation did the developers suggest or propose that the building was not suitable for the plans of a warden's flat on the first floor and a community dining area on the ground floor. Now however, it appears that the developers, having succeeded with their planning permission, are seeking to demolish the building on the grounds of it being structurally unsound. To add insult to injury, they have proposed that it will be replaced with a replica building!

If Tower Hamlets are serious about promoting tourism, this building is a perfect example of our industrial heritage. The building is used as a focal point by guided tours along the canal as a prime example of the use companies made of the canals, in transporting goods by barges. The Waterways guided tours by canal boat from Camden to Three Mills during the summer months also point out the historical significance of this delightful Victorian building.

Imagine the reaction if these and future potential tourists, schoolchildren and students of industrial architecture were told: "Before you stands a replica of an original canal barge builders' building, which was pulled down with planning permission granted by Tower Hamlets Council in 1998."

Tom Ridge

SPRING COACH TRIP 1998

Sunday 26th April 1998

Chiddingstone

The Spring coach trip will be to Chiddingstone castle and village, Kent. There will also be a stop at Edenbridge or Tonbridge for lunch (own arrangements) and a look around.

Chiddingstone village is described in the A A book of British villages: "A row of 16th and 17th century timber framed cottages, so unspoiled that they have been used as background for films of the Tudor age, line the north side of the village main street. The south side is take up entirely by the churchyard ... dominated by a large sandstone church, rebuilt in the 17th century ... but retaining some medieval traces."

The castle is a 17th century house, originally the home of the Streatfield family, local ironmasters. In the early 19th century it was made into a mock castle.

It contains a very varied collection put together by Denys Eyre Bower, from Ancient Egyptian and Buddhist images to oriental lacquer, and mementoes and pictures of the Stuarts. There are attractive grounds, with a lake and woodland. Teas are available.

Admission to the Castle is £3.50 and the coach fare £6.50. Please send the fare with your booking, and pay the admission on the coach.

The pick-up will be at Mile End, opposite the station, at 10.00 am. (please note the late time as it is a short journey).

Please send your bookings to Ann Sansom, 18 Hawkdene, London E4 7PF (Tel: 0181 524 4506)

✂

SPRING COACH TRIP TO CHIDDINGSTONE
SUNDAY 26TH APRIL 1998

I/We would like _____ seat/s for the coach trip.

NAME/S _____

ADDRESS _____

TEL. NO. _____ I enclose a cheque/PO for £ _____

(Cheque made payable to the East London History Society.)

Post this form to Ann Sansom, 18 Hawkdene, London E4 7PF