



NEWSLETTER

Volume 2 Issue 9

Summer 2004



CONTENTS:

Programme	3	School 1943-1950	8
Correspondence	4	Old Five Bells	14
Notes and News	6	Samuel Vevers - Highwayman	16
Book Reviews	7	Visit to Bromley Hall	18
Recollections of Hackney Downs	8	Coach Trip and Booking Slip	20

Editorial Note:

The Newsletter is edited, typeset and produced by Rosemary Taylor with the assistance of an editorial team comprising Philip Mernick, Doreen Kendall, David Behr, and Doreen Osborne.

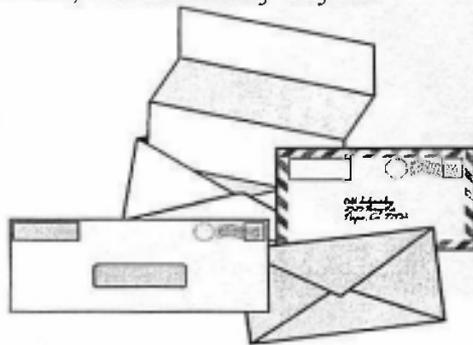
Letters and articles on East End history and reminiscences are always welcome and we make every effort to publish suitable material. Whilst hand-written articles are acceptable, items of interest that are typewritten or even better still, on disk will get priority!!

Enquiries to Doreen Kendall, 20 Puteaux House, Cranbrook Estate, Bethnal Green, London E2 0RF, Tel: 0208 981 7680, or Philip Mernick, email: phil@mernicks.com

All queries regarding membership should be addressed to Harold Mernick, 42 Campbell Road, Bow, London E3 4DT

Check out the History Society's website at www.eastlondonhistory.org.uk.

The present committee are: Philip Mernick, Chairman, Doreen Kendall, Secretary, Harold Mernick, Membership, David Behr, Programme, Ann Sansom, Doreen Osborne, Bob Dunn, and Rosemary Taylor.

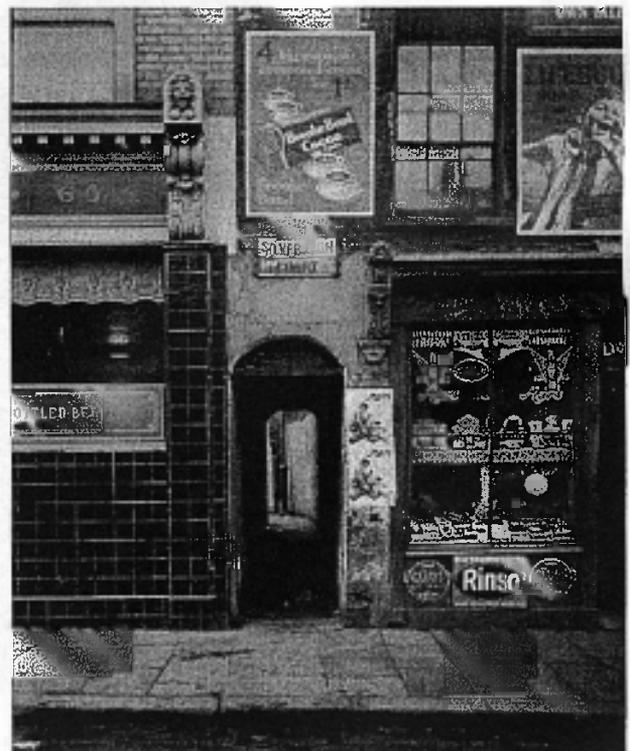


Cover Picture

Bromley Hall
Photograph taken 21 July 2004.

Editor's Note:

We have received some very interesting snippets of information within the last few months, and those who know of my interests would not have been surprised at my excitement on reading them. I refer to the emails from Paul Busby on the sad death of Gwyneth Morgan, which was linked to Chinatown in Limehouse, and the family information from Diane Savage, who found a link with the Old Five Bells, a pub in St Leonard's Road, Bromley by Bow. The third piece is an update on Bromley Hall. I am sure our members will find these pieces of news as interesting as I did, and I do hope that some of you may have something to offer these researchers.



Silver Lion Court Limehouse

**EAST LONDON
HISTORY SOCIETY
PROGRAMME 2004-05**

Thursday 9th September 2004

Frederick Treves and The Elephant Man

Speaker: Jonathan Evans

Saturday 2nd October 2004

Coach Trip to Wisbech & Peckover House

See back cover of newsletter for details

Thursday 14th October 2004

The War Story of the Port of London

Speaker: Bob Aspinall

Preceded by A.G.M. at 7.00

Thursday 11th November 2004

The Gas Industry in East London

Speaker: Mary Mills

Thursday 2nd December 2004

Work, Wait, Win: the Brothers Davis of Whitechapel and their London Buildings.

Speaker: Isobel Watson

Thursday 27th January 2005

Beneath the City Streets – London's Unseen History

Speaker: Peter Lawrence

Thursday 24th February 2005

Your Victorian Ancestors – Facts you may not know

Speaker: George Smith

Thursday 17th March 2005

Details of everyday life – a closer view of local postcards

Speaker: Philip Mernick

Thursday 14th April 2005

The Life and Legacy of George Peabody

Speaker: Christine Wagg

Thursday 12th May 2005

Open Evening – Where we went for days out and holidays

Note:

The 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 Whitehorse Lane, off Mile End Road (Opposite Queen Mary and Westfield College). The nearest Underground Stations are Mile End and Stepney Green. Bus 25.

The Programme

Suggestions and ideas for future topics and/or speakers for our Lecture Programme are always welcomed. If you can suggest someone or indeed if you would like to give a talk yourself, please do come along to the Open Evening in May, and meet David Behr, our Programme co-ordinator. Alternatively, email our Chairman Philip Mernick at phil@mernicks.com with your comments and suggestions.

CORRESPONDENCE

A Limehouse Mystery – The Death of Gwyneth Morgan

The text below has been compiled from several emails sent by Paul Busby:

I live in South Wales and am attempting to write a biography of Gwyneth Morgan's brother, an eccentric poet and aristocrat named Evan Morgan (1893-1949), who succeeded to the title of Lord Tredegar in 1934.

Gwyneth Erica Morgan was born in 1895, the only daughter of Courtenay Morgan (who became the 2nd Baron Tredegar in 1913) and Lady Katherine Carnegie (the artistic daughter of the 9th Earl of Southesk). Both Evan and Gwyneth were wildly unpredictable and gained a certain notoriety in society. Evan became a minor poet, whereas Gwyneth's interests lay in art, and sculpture in particular. (although I have yet to discover any surviving artistic work of hers.)

Brother and sister were very close. They stuck together when the rest of the family frowned at their antics. When Evan, to the horror of his family, converted to Catholicism in 1919, Gwyneth supported him by wearing a crucifix. Her brother returned the favour by giving his sister a turquoise pendant shaped like a bird (Evan had an incredible affinity with birds, and in later years he was often seen with his pet macaw perched on his shoulder) as a good luck charm.

On December 11 1924, Gwyneth Morgan disappeared from her home in Lancaster-avenue, Wimbledon. At first this did not cause any real surprise. Gwyneth was a very wealthy young woman, and would often head off to Europe, without informing her family. As weeks went by with no word of her, however, the situation seemed much more serious.

Scotland Yard became involved and Gwyneth's father, Lord Tredegar, ordered detectives to scour Europe for any trace of his daughter.

For months this search was in vain; then, on May 25 1925, Sgt Mathers of the Thames Police discovered a body under a barge near Wapping Reach. The body had been in the water a long time and was only identified by tag on the decaying clothing which read 'G.E. Morgan', and by the smashed bird-shaped pendant that hung around the neck. Gwyneth was 29 years old.

The coroner reported that Gwyneth had died from drowning, but that there was no evidence to show how she came into the water. He returned an open verdict.

It is interesting to note that Gwyneth's brother, Evan, claimed to have a 'very strong' bond with Limehouse from that day on. His sister's death devastated him. In 1929 when he decided to stand for parliament, he turned down several safe Conservative seats offered to him (no less than 22 members of his family had been MPs down the centuries!), and chose instead the extremely tough seat of Limehouse. He was comfortably defeated by Clement Attlee.

On September 16 1926, the Washington Post ran a feature about drugs in Limehouse in their magazine. The article was entitled: LONDON'S SHAME BARED BY DOPE KING'S WAR: APPALLING REVELATIONS OF THE CUNNINGLY ORGANIZED COMMERCE, IN COCAINE, HEROIN AND OTHER NARCOTIC DRUGS.

Chang was described as the "wildest oriental ever fattened on vice". The article goes on to say:

" The suicide of the Hon. Gwyneth Morgan was followed by startling disclosures showing that she had been a victim of the Chinaman's almost hypnotic powers and that he had been the evil genius of her life, transforming her

from a bright, happy society girl into that pitiable, broken thing, a drug fiend!

These revelations helped the police and a short-time afterward the snake-like Chinaman was arrested, charged with some of his many crimes, imprisoned and finally deported."

I would be very eager to learn more about these 'disclosures' and about Chang's links to Gwyneth Morgan. It is a very sad story. At Tredegar House (where my research is based) there is a very small photograph of Gwyneth but we do not have an awful lot of information on her life. She was originally buried at Putney Vale Cemetery, but when her brother, Evan, succeeded to the title and estate, he arranged for her body to be brought to South Wales, and re-buried it in the Tredegar Family Vault. On a note that, I think, the superstitious Gwyneth would have appreciated, the re-burial occurred at midnight and the grave was bricked up. A very elaborate memorial to Gwyneth (designed by her brother) can be seen in the church today.

Here are a few other snippets that I recently uncovered:

Gwyneth's suicide did not shock all of her contemporaries it seems. I recently found a letter from a friend of her brother's, who claimed "it was no surprise when I learnt that his sister killed herself. She was an unpredictable girl and always seemed to have an air of danger about her. The word was that she had become addicted to heroin."

Talking to an old servant last year, he told me that the 'gossip of the Servants Hall' at Tredegar House in 1925 was that Gwyneth had been pregnant at the time and that 'the baby would not have been white'. I'm not sure how much truth there is in such a wild rumour, but I should imagine that speculation was at fever pitch during Gwyneth's disappearance.

A few months before her body was recovered from the Thames, a cruel claim was made to

the police (which became public in the newspapers) that Gwyneth was alive and had been living in Copenhagen.

I have also found a letter from her brother, the Hon. Evan Morgan, written in December 1925, to the author CK Ogden, where he tells of the terrible strain placed on his father's health by the shocking events. The year after Gwyneth's death, Evan privately published a volume of poetry about his sister entitled 'In Pace'. A sometimes 'uneven' poet (to put it kindly!) Evan's best work can be found in that book, where, without a trace of his usual pretention, he reveals in verse his grief and anger about his sister's death.

Evan Morgan once claimed that he could have revived Gwyneth had he been allowed to perform a certain 'spell or ritual' over her body. This, of course, was said for effect. A great story teller, Evan often drifted into the realms of fantasy. He did have occult connections, however. He was a good friend of the notorious occultist Aleister Crowley, who wrote of how impressed he had been at seeing Evan's 'magick room' at Tredegar Park! The startling thing is, Evan was a Chamberlain to the Pope for over 15 years! Next time you read about Tredegar Square just reflect on how odd the Morgan family of Tredegar became in later years!

The artist Augustus John recalled bursting into Evan's rooms at the Pontifical Bede College in Rome to find: "Evan, in tears, bedecking a shrine to his unfortunate sister Gwyneth."

Gwyneth's mother, Lady Katherine, was not well enough to attend her daughter's funeral at Putney Vale Cemetery. She suffered from what was later diagnosed as 'a schizoid tendency'. She was acutely sensitive to noise and had the bizarre hobby of building birds nests (this is perfectly true!). She became something of a figure of fun in society, the diary of Marie Belloc Lowndes records hearing tales of Lady Tredegar 'building nests big enough to sit in, and of sitting on eggs and

getting broody at certain times of the year." Aldous Huxley laughed off this description claiming: "Well, if that's the case, the biggest thing she hatched was Evan!"

It is true that Evan Morgan looked strikingly avian, and could do anything with birds. He had his own private key to the bird enclosure at Regents Park zoo, and he would often travel with cages of exotic birds at his side. This helps explain the bird-shaped pendant (which Gwyneth would never be without) found around the neck of his sister's body.

Please feel free to use anything about Gwyneth Morgan, in your newsletter. I would be very eager to hear if any of your members have any light to shed on this whole affair. It has been fascinating adding more pieces to the jigsaw puzzle, so to speak.

(Paul Busby can be contacted by email at: busbypaul@hotmail.com)

(Ed. Note: I replied to Paul and gave him the information I had on Brilliant Bill Chang. In 1985, Bob and Pippa Little did a piece on Annie Li, Chinatown Annie, and in their study they mention Brilliant Bill Chang, who was charged in 1922 with manslaughter following the death of the dancer Freda Kempton from a cocaine overdose. However, I have not come across the story of Gwyneth Morgan. If any members have further information, we'd love to hear from you.)

**John Clarke, 1 Beresford Gdns.,
Christchurch, Dorset BH23 3QW,
writes:**

Recently I have been browsing your East London History Society website and I have found it most interesting simply because I lived in Hancock Rd., Bromley by Bow before the war and until September 1940 when we were bombed out by the land-mine that fell at the end of Priory Street.

I was most intrigued by Kingsley Royden's article 'A Friend in My Retreat' in which he refers to Priory Street because I had an aunt and many friends who lived in that street. Also I had many connections with the Bromley Church as a choirboy and the Cubs and the Scouts which were attached to the church. Later on I joined the youth Club at Kingsley Hall.

My school days started in the infants at Old Palace School, followed by Marnier St. School and then Bow Central School.

This is only a very brief description of my early years and I would like to hear from any of the ELHS members who can remember that part of East London at that time. I am enclosing a membership application and a cheque for £3.

Notes and News

Archive Awareness Campaign 2004

Guildhall Library Manuscripts Section is holding a series of free events from September to December as part of Archive Awareness Campaign 2004. The series aims to encourage the use of archives by family and local historians. The talks will include the opportunity for attendees to see examples of manuscripts, to combine a talk with a visit to a related City institution, or to tour behind the scenes at Guildhall Library. These free events commence in the Guildhall Library Lecture Theatre at 2 pm. on the following days:

14th September: "Estate maps at Guildhall Library", Stacey Gee, Assistant Archivist. (45 minutes)

12th October: "The records of St Paul's Cathedral and the Diocese of London", Stephen Freeth, Keeper of Manuscripts, followed by a visit to St Paul's Cathedral Library. (2hrs)

21st October: Behind the scenes tour of the Manuscripts Section store and Conservation workshop. (1hr)

2nd November: "Using archives to trace the history of a community: Stepney 1740-80", Derek Morris, Local Historian, (45 minutes)

25th November: Behind the scenes tour of the Manuscripts Section store and Conservation workshop. (1hr)

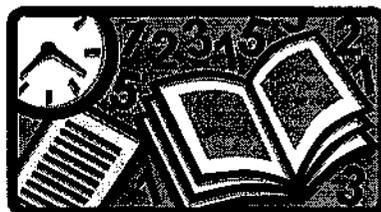
13th December: "Livery Company Records at Guildhall Library", Stephen Freeth, Keeper of Manuscripts, followed by a visit to Goldsmiths' Hall. (2hrs).

Numbers are limited. Please book in advance by telephoning 020 7332 1862/3. You are welcome to come on the day and see if there are any places available.

The Manuscripts Section of Guildhall Library is the local record office for the City of London (the "Square Mile"), apart from the records of the Corporation of London, which are separately administered. Its holdings date from the 11th century and include ecclesiastical and probate records, records of City wards and parishes, and of around 80 of its livery companies. It also holds considerable business and commercial archives, including the London Stock Exchange, Lloyd's of London and the London Chamber of Commerce.

For further information contact:
Guildhall Library Manuscripts Section
Aldermanbury
London EC2P 2EJ
Tel: 020 7332 1862/3
Textphone: 020 7332 3803
Email:
manuscripts.guildhall@corpoflondon.gov.uk
Website: www.cityoflondon.gov.uk/libraries

BOOK REVIEWS



A recent discovery in Eastside Book Shop is **"Watercress But No Sandwiches : 300 Years of the Columbia Road Area", by Linda Wilkinson. (£10)**

It was published by J.H.E.R.A. (which I assume to mean 'Jesus Hospital Estate Residents' Association) in 2001, but it was a new discovery to me.

As its title indicates, it outlines the history of the Jesus Hospital Estate, including Columbia Road, Ion Square and adjacent streets, using official Sources and also drawing heavily on memories and reflections of residents past and present.

The book's illustrations are excellent and some are from albums of local families. The layout is imaginative and although, at times, the typeset is somewhat eccentric and includes a few spelling mistakes etc., the book is attractively produced.

It was the winner of the 'Raymond Williams Award' and, according to the Chairman of the Arts Council's judging panel, is " an important, beautifully written and illustrated record of an East End area and its People at times funny and moving, but never self-indulgent."

Doreen Osborne

Shadows of the Workhouse

By Jennifer Worth, Merton Books, P0 Box 279, Twickenham TW1 4XQ. Tel. 020 8892 4949. Fax 020 8892 4950

e-mail merton.books@btinternet.com

(To be published in September 2004)

Exactly seventy-five years ago, in 1929, the Poor Law Act was repealed by Parliament and the workhouses of Britain closed forever. A century of degradation and systematic cruelty to the poor came to an end.

Jennifer Worth, author of "Call the Midwife", was a district nurse in the 1950s, working with an order of nuns in the war-torn London Docklands, going around some of the toughest areas of the East End on a bicycle.

Several people she nursed had been workhouse inmates at some point in their lives, and the scars had not healed. The stories of Frank, Peggy and Jane, whose childhood was spent in a workhouse, makes compulsive reading. The story of an old soldier, a Boer War veteran, who ends his life in 1959 in the relics of a workhouse, will make you weep. Mrs. Jenkins, whose five children died in a workhouse in the 1920s, is a tragic and memorable figure.

The nuns, who had served the poorest of the poor for seventy years in Poplar are the backbone of the book. The strength and wisdom of Sister Julianne is inspiring and runs like a golden thread throughout; whilst the eccentricities of aristocratic Sister Monica Joan leads to a real whodunit that will keep you guessing! Comedy is never far away with this unique author.

The atmosphere of the London Docks forms the background; the changing River; the great cargo boats; the dock labourers; the slum tenements; the bomb sites; and above all the irrepressible character of the Cockney people. With a rare power over words Jennifer Worth expresses with depth of feeling and understanding the lives of ordinary people. Thousands of readers who have loved "Call the Midwife" eagerly await this book, the second of a trilogy.

Recollections of Hackney Downs School 1943-1950

I was born in Homerton in 1931 and the early part of my schooling was at Chelmer Road School. Shortly after the outbreak of the War in September 1939, I was voluntarily and privately evacuated, along with two cousins, to Otford, Kent, where an aunt and uncle had a house, my mother and father staying in Homerton. There were thus children of three families living together in the house with two of their mothers, one of my uncles commuting to Sidcup, where he worked in an insurance office, and the other, an accountant, who remained in North London, being with the Auxiliary Fire Service.

After surviving the very cold winter of 1939/40, during which I can recall the presence in Otford of a few young children at the local primary school who were refugees from Europe, and whom, with the unknowing cruelty of children, were sometimes referred to as "sausage dogs", it was realised that Otford, being on the flight path of anticipated German bombers making for the capital, was not a good place to be in. This was the period of the "phoney war", when, while Belgium and France had been invaded by the Germans, nothing further in the nature of enemy action seemed to be happening and the Chamberlain Government seemed undecided as to what to do.

I was then taken to stay with a sister of my father's and her husband who lived at Pilgrims' Hatch near Brentwood in Essex, where I stayed from 1940 until 1943 before returning to London. Uncle Vic had been wounded in France in WW1 while with the Essex Regiment and was one of the "Old Contemptibles" but he was able to skilfully roll a cigarette with a hand missing two fingers and had retrained after the War as a painter and decorator. He was a typical old Essex countryman and had a night shift at the

Iford-Selo factory at Warley, the other side of Brentwood, to which he used to cycle on an old 28-inch wheel roadster. When at home, he cultivated a vegetable garden and fruit trees and kept over 100 chickens, their eggs being taken by an Egg Marketing Board, and he was only allowed to kill chickens which had stopped laying, which generally occurred around Christmas time.

While at Pilgrims Hatch, I attended a two-room village school at Bentley, and now, in the course of carrying out research into my family history, I keep coming across the surnames in the 18th and 19th century Essex parish registers of my young schoolmates. After about two years at Bentley, I moved on to Brentwood High School, which was staffed, like many schools at this time, by teachers who had been persuaded to stay on or to return from retirement since all the active younger ones had been called up or given more important duties elsewhere. Consequently, the standard of teaching was frequently rather poor and echoed teacher training methods of the 1920s and possibly even earlier. I do, however, owe a debt of gratitude to the Biology Mistress, Mrs Horner, who encouraged my interest in science and who unfortunately had to leave teaching when she became pregnant - but at least that indicated that our efforts to capture frogs in the school playing fields, which we were told were intended for pregnancy testing, had not been entirely in vain.

Early in 1943, when I would have been eleven years old, I was encouraged to sit for an examination which was called, I believe, a Major County Scholarship. This would have been the precursor of the "eleven-plus" exam which I think was introduced by the 1944 Education Act. I had really no idea at all what this was all about, and can recall going to the High School to sit examinations in English, Mathematics and General Knowledge. I was so naive that I was unsure whether, having read the text in the English paper on which questions had to be answered, I could go back

to the text and look at it while answering them!

Somehow or other I seem to have passed the exam, and was awarded a Special Place at Hackney Downs School and so had to return to London to attend the school, where I found myself in the Third Form, 3C, to be precise. The school, which was "formerly the Grocers' Company School" (*although I see that the website of the Worshipful Company of Grocers now only acknowledges Oundle School as one of its own*), was established in 1876 as a consequence of the Education Act of that year as a place for the education of the sons of tradespeople in London. From its appearance, I imagine that it was built at around that time and it was a formidable-looking brick pile with a squat central block with a tower and extended wings on either side, to which a gymnasium and a science block had been added at a later date.

Little of the august majesty of the Worshipful Company of Grocers of London was evident at the time of my arrival. After three years of wartime deprivation, restrictions and destruction, the front courtyard facing Hackney Downs was largely filled with roof tiles and other recoverable bomb debris stacked neatly in rows, while at the rear, near the fives courts, were deep ranks of tombstones which we were not allowed to clamber over, presumably because they were still felt to be "owned" by their dedicatees. The rest of the rear playground, in the triangle between the railway lines to Chingford and to Enfield, was mostly covered in rubble.

Like many other London schools, it was then being used as an emergency supply depot and the semicircular Assembly Theatre inside the school was filled with stacked emergency supplies, probably bedding and foodstuffs, but we were not allowed in it and could only peep inside, and below the Theatre and under cover were more emergency supplies. The swimming pool in the gymnasium had been boarded over (much to my relief) and filled

with water as an EWS (emergency water storage), so although we could do "gym" there under the watchful eye of Mr Spanton - ex-Navy and very fit for his age - much of the school was no longer available for teaching purposes.

Part of the school had earlier been evacuated to Kings Lynn under the Headmaster, Mr T O Balk, where they occupied the premises of what was, I think, St James School, not far from the Kings Lynn football ground. The remainder of the staff and pupils had remained in, (or returned to ?) Hackney under the Deputy Headmaster, Mr Barron, who had the unenviable task, which he successfully carried out, of maintaining the traditions and standing of the school in very difficult circumstances. Following the public school traditions of the 19th century, we were allotted to "Houses" for the purpose of competition if for no other that I can think of, which were named after former teachers. I was placed in Richards, which had the distinction of failing to be top in anything of note. The other Houses were Brittons, Greens, Hammonds, Lucases and Pickfords. I recollect that Lucases had the best runners in my time - Barry Supple is a name that comes to mind, and I believe Harold Pinter was also of this house, but two years ahead of me - I hope I may be forgiven for dropping his name, but everybody else does. One of his earliest stage appearances at this time was as Romeo in a co-production of "Romeo and Juliet" with the girls of Laura Place School from the other side of Lower Clapton Road.

My first Form Master was Mr Keyes, who probably came from the Midlands because I remember that he pronounced "soot" as "sut". Mr Barron, the Deputy Headmaster, was a friendly and approachable man, but a few of the masters were more to be dreaded, certainly by we Third Formers. Of particular note were the Maths master, who had a Hitlerian moustache, and who also took Religious Instruction. This consisted largely of getting members of the class to recite long lists of "begats", an exercise which served only to

confirm our irreligious beliefs in an unintended fashion. The Jewish members of the school, who probably amounted to about a third of its juvenile complement, had their own Hebrew teacher who used to come to the school to attend to their instruction in the Library.

The master who taught French and Spanish was a Mr De La Feld, baldish and built like Jan Sibelius, whose favourite approach to those who had erred was to grip the offender's hair above the ear and to twist it. In contrast, Mr Medcalfe was a kindly, mild-mannered man - as was the Arts teacher whose name escapes me - who taught English to the higher classes and was seldom seen to leave the comfort of the school library. Science teaching was in the hands of Mr Lyons and his wife and I recall him on one occasion attempting to demonstrate the conversion of red phosphorus into another allotrope by the application of heat to a flask, which exploded, showering his semicircle of ardent observers with pieces of burning phosphorus. These were the days before the advent of Hazchem and Hazmat and when the study of chemistry could be *really* exciting.

Because of the stringent wartime restrictions on the use of paper, school textbooks and writing materials were in very short supply. Our textbooks had seen many years of service and, apart from being out of date, were in short supply and often in a dismal condition. We frequently had to share them in class, and on several occasions had to take the better-looking ones home and copy out pages of declensions of Latin nouns and conjugations of French verbs, which my mother sometimes undertook while I got on with my homework, which was frequently three assignments per night. Copying out Euclid's Axioms was a rather more difficult task, almost as hard as remembering their proofs. At that date the only means of duplicating text was a closely-guarded and messy business involving the use of a silk screen, a blue ink pad and a roller: the

Xerox copier would not be available for more than another two decades.

To make matters even worse, and to add a little humour to the situation, many of our textbooks were in mixed incomplete sets. So it was that, when reading Shakespeare's "Lady Macbeth" in class - a sure way to destroy any appreciation of the beauty of his language - we would often come to a point during a stumbling reading of a passage such as Lady Macbeth's "*I have given suck, and know how tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me ...*", when one of the class would pipe up, "Please Sir, that's not in *my* book !" Yes, we had made the acquaintance of one of Dr Bowdler's attempts at improving upon the works of England's greatest playwright. (*Dr T Bowdler (1754-1825) published an expurgated Shakespeare in ten volumes in 1818.*)

The school attempted to maintain standards of dress while recognising the scarcity of materials and the need to conserve clothing coupons for more practical and necessary items of clothing. Boys were expected to wear a school cap, a school tie of blue and yellow diagonal stripes, grey shorts or trousers, and a jacket of either grey or blue material to which a school badge of the Grocer's Company crest was to be sewn. All of these items could be bought at an outfitter's somewhere on Stoke Newington High Street. Sportswear was another problem. Cricket "whites" were obviously beyond consideration in wartime and football boots were expensive and hard to come by, so many of us wore second-hand boots which were not always a comfortable fit and which had to be liberally dubbed to give them any flexibility at all.

The first flying bombs were launched by Germany on the night of 12/13 June 1944, shortly after the invasion of Europe by the Allies had begun, and on 15 June more than 200 were launched, 73 of which reached London. It was soon felt necessary to consider evacuating the school from London.

And so it was that the beginning of the next term saw the school reunited in Kings Lynn, an historic old west Norfolk seaport on the Wash. We had assembled at Liverpool Street Station during the annual school holiday in August 1944 and travelled by train the 100 miles (160km) to Lynn.

I was now in the Fourth Form, and our education perked up a bit with the new blood among staff and pupils. Mr Charles Adrian Gee was the Senior Science Master and was a good and enthusiastic teacher who welcomed anyone with an interest in science. His one weakness, if it can be called that, was that the introduction of any biological object, such as a butterfly pupa, by a boy would unfailingly divert him from the curriculum, supposing that there was one, to the study of the new object of interest for several weeks. We learned a lot about the Privet Hawk Moth in two weeks, including how to make a passable drawing of its caterpillar, and I doubt that any of us suffered through missing what we were supposed to be learning.

Our return to Hackney Downs for the start of the 1945/46 school year found the school playgrounds largely cleared of rubble, tombstones and roof tiles, and the Assembly Theatre was again open for business. In the basement, the former emergency kitchen was now prepared to serve school dinners to the pupils but with food rationing still in full swing it was not yet up to the standard of the average British Restaurant. Being a vegetarian at that time, I was faced with having a meal of frequently frost-blackened potatoes and boiled cabbage, so I soon persuaded my mother to let me cycle to school and to come home for lunch before risking severe indigestion by cycling back with a full stomach.

Probably about thirty percent of the boys came from Jewish families, and so when they had their festivals of Passover, Yom Kippur and Rosh Hashanah the rest of us had an easy time of it since our classes could not be continued

in absentia. For some of us a favourite occupation at these times was to take part in stocktaking in the science laboratories, where we became familiar with all the pieces of equipment which formed no part of our syllabus and we practised our typewriting skills on an old Imperial typewriter or helped to put the chemical stores in order.

At that time it was possible to buy small quantities of chemicals and pieces of glassware from the shop of A N Beck on Stoke Newington High Street. My first chemistry book was "*A Shilling Practical Chemistry*" by E J Holmyard, and I regretted being unable to buy the concentrated acids necessary for preparing and distilling nitric acid. Regrettably much of our acquired chemical skill went into the production of pyrotechnics, but I suppose it exercised our creative talents.

There were several school Societies supervised by masters at the school during my time. Among other events, the Theatre-Going Society organised attendances at the Old Vic Theatre, and Hammersmith Theatre. Through the Opera-Going Society we saw many performances given by the Sadler's Well Opera at Islington. Tickets to these events were heavily subsidised by the school and cost us little more than the bus fare to the theatre.

On a less professional plane, the more musically-talented members of the Music Society gave talks to the group members on the Great Composers which were illustrated with recorded performances of their works on 78rpm records borrowed from their father's record libraries.

I was now in the Upper Fourth class and formed friendships with a few like-minded boys with scientific interests. I also joined the School Army Cadet Corps, but cannot remember exactly why, perhaps because my father had been a sergeant in the Home Guard and we had kept a Lewis gun in one of our cupboards, plus the prospect of attending summer camps and firing .303 Lee-Enfield

rifles. Our company was affiliated with the Royal Berkshire Regiment, which was for some reason known as the "Hackney Gurkhas", possibly because of the small stature of the average East Ender.

The company was under the direction of RSM Parker, the school groundsman and janitor, an old soldier who stood no nonsense and who all the cadets held in great esteem. The nominal commanding officer was the Geography Master who held the rank of Major and was more often than not late for his classes. None of my friends joined the Cadets, and when the time came for National Service they somehow all managed to avoid it while I was swept into the Royal Signals for two years.

We paraded at school once a week and had training in which we were instructed in map-reading, drill, fieldcraft and how to take apart and put together a Bren gun in thirty seconds, and sat for examinations for the Army Certificate 'A' and later the Certificate 'B' for competence, which certainly helped when I was called up, although I did not let my skills be known, but just learned quickly, but not too quickly, remembering the old soldier's second maxim - "Never volunteer!".

In the Cadets we went on several weekend camps; once to Pirbright rifle ranges; to Sandhurst for a big Army Cadet parade where we were reviewed by the Minister of Defence (or War), Emmanuel Shinwell; and to Caterham Guards' Depôt where we heard the unmistakable voice of RSM Brittain bellowing across the parade ground and thought ourselves lucky that we were not in his training squad. There were also the fortnight summer camps, the first at Manston aerodrome, where we seemed to have spent the early hours making and remaking our beds under the guidance of those of us whose fathers had served in the Army and later sought the comforts of chilly Margate, which had been closed "for the duration" and was yet to lose the concrete tank traps and fencing along its front, and in later years, at Stanmer Park near

Brighton, and at Walton-on-the-Naze. We had yet to taste the delights of beer, but smoked ourselves silly on these occasions, probably taking years off our lives. Stupid, really.

Once a week we took the steam train from Hackney Downs Junction to Lower Edmonton, from where we walked along Station Road, pausing only to look at the covers of "*Health and Strength*" in the newsagent's window, until we reached the bleak fields near the Great Cambridge Road which were our sports ground. Here we played cricket or football according to the season, and I can think of nothing worse than trying to do up one's trouser buttons with frozen fingers in a draughty changing room after a scratch game of football on a snow-covered pitch.

I was never any good at sports and so always found myself in a scratch team with the other dregs of sporting society. The annual School Sports were also held here and parents, relatives and other interested parties were invited along to witness our triumphs and embarrassments.

The other annual sporting event was the cross-country run which took place in Epping Forest, near the Queen Elizabeth Hunting Lodge. We had the use of an adjacent timber shed, even more draughty than the one at Lower Edmonton, for a changing room, and although the route was supposed to have been marked out with bits of paper they often blew or were taken away and I suppose Epping Forest is as good a place as any in which to become lost. Mind you, some of the more knowing ones took short cuts, and thinking back after all these years, I should have had the *nous* to buy and study a map before taking part in such an event.

When I reached the Sixth Form after having sat for and passed the School Certificate examination in 1948, I was able to avoid these obligatory sports and instead played tennis on the public courts in Hackney Downs; this was much more to my liking. At that time a hard

court cost 2/- an hour to hire and there was a kiosk selling cold drinks nearby. Some of us were encouraged to compete in an Inter-School tennis tournament, but it was played on gravel courts which we were unused to and so naturally we lost every game.

After our first year in the Sixth Form, which was divided into Arts, Economics and Science streams, we were encouraged to sit for the University Exhibition Prizes Examination held at South Kensington, which many of us did. The awards were valued at £25 to £50, which would not have got us very far at Oxford or Cambridge, but it was felt that the experience of sitting the examination would prepare us for the Higher School Certificate the following year. None of us expected to win anything because of the intense competition with students sitting from all over the country, but occasionally someone from our school, usually from Economics, would get something.

Towards the end of the 1949/50 school year we Sixth Formers sat for the Higher School Certificate examination, which was held in the once more boarded-up gymnasium. I took the Pure Maths, Applied Maths and Physics-with-Chemistry papers and gained my HSC, my result being phoned to me while at the Cadet Camp at Walton-on-the-Naze. Shortly afterwards, I was advised by letter to report to an address at Wanstead for my Army medical, which I passed, and chose to go into the Royal Corps of Signals because of my interest in radio construction.

Postscript

Having lived in Australia since 1962, I was unaware of the bungled Government policies and the events which led to the closing of Hackney Downs School in the mid-1990s until I was advised of the fact by an aunt. It is rather sad to think that the school at which I spent my adolescence is no more. Despite the lack of further interest which often follows the end of one's schooldays, and the loss of contact with people who were once friends

and are now dispersed around the world, there is a thread which binds and bonds us to our place of origin.

Although I would never think of returning to Britain to live, there are many aspects of its history and society which continue to hold my interest, particularly in London, and magazines such as the *East London History Society Newsletter*, which I have only recently discovered, serve a valuable purpose in maintaining these lines of connection. Long may it continue to do so.

Ian Juniper

MEMORIAL RESEARCH



Doreen and Diane Kendall, with Doreen Osborne and a dedicated group of volunteers are

in the Tower Hamlets Cemetery Park on the second Sunday of every month at 2 pm, meticulously researching graves and recording memorial inscriptions. They have been doing this work with great perseverance and enthusiasm for several years now, and have assisted scores of people with their family records, whilst adding to our knowledge of local history.



STILL ON SALE:

Call the Midwife, by Jennifer Worth SRN. SCM. Published by Merton Books, Box 279, Twickenham, TW1 1QX. 0208 892 4949". 17 black and white photographs of the area in the 1950s. ISBN 1-872560-10-5. Price £14.95.

Jennifer Worth will be donating £2 from every sale of Call the Midwife, to the ELHS.

The Old Five Bells

I have become a Family History 'nut'. It started maybe 15 years ago trying to find out my Father's origins. By this time all relatives on his side that I knew about were dead so firstly I set about trailing up to St. Catherine's House to search all the BMD Indexes. That was the easy bit, as with a name like HARDES there weren't too many entries. Several years searching in church records and lots of certificates later I came to a full stop, stuck in 1802 not being able to find my gt. gt. grandfather's, Richard Hard(e)s, birth or death, two marriages and several children, but no birth or death.

My husband and I then moved from mid Bedfordshire to South Lincolnshire and Family History took a back seat for a while.

When I got going again I looked at all these names, but they didn't mean anything so I thought I would like to put some 'leaves' on the branches of the tree and learn more about the people who were on it. Dad was born Henry James HARDES on 23rd January 1913, I knew his father was James Whitehead HARDES and he died on Dad's 10th birthday, 23rd January 1923. I remember Dad saying he was born in a pub and the name Red Lion was in my mind, but that turned out to be wrong. As I didn't have a copy of his birth certificate I obtained one, and the address was given as 76 Victoria Dock Road, Canning Town, West Ham District. So that was another myth gone as he always said he was born within the sound of Bow Bells. On the back of Godfrey Map for Canning Town and Custom House 1914 there are extracts from Kelly's Directory of Essex 1912 giving HARDES James W. beer retailer, 76 Victoria Dock Road. On the front of the map is a picture of Victoria Dock Road c. 1904.

On obtaining James W.'s death certificate it gave his address as 152, St. Leonard's Street,

Bromley – Licensed Victualler. I then obtained another Godfrey map of Poplar with extracts from Post Office directory for 1914 and there it was, 152 St. Leonard's Street, Old Five Bells, James Whitehead HARDES. So sometime between 1912 and 1914 the family had moved from Victoria Dock Road to St. Leonard's Street.

Another of Dad's tales was that after his father's death his mother had a 'corner' shop, but I cannot remember anything else he may have said about it, but would imagine that it wouldn't have been too far away as his half sister on his mother's side lived at 55 Bromley Hall Road, Poplar. When Mum and Dad were married in 1937 they lived in Dagenham.

James Whitehead HARDES was born on 16th May 1873 at 2 Spring Street, Bow, when he married (1) in 1899, Louisa Price Mullard she lived at 5 Wharf Road and he at 206 Manchester Road, both Poplar, James is a labourer. In 1904 on his father Richard's death he was also at 5 Wharf Road. When he married (2) in May 1912 Elizabeth Louisa Watkins (nee Wells) they were both at 22 Beachy Road, Victoria Park, and he is shown as a Cellarman.

Richard HARDES, James' father moved around quite a bit James' siblings being born in Platina (?) Street, Tabernacle Walk, Finsbury; Autumn Street and Spring Street, Old Ford Road, Poplar; Camden Gardens, Bethnal Green; before that they were 'over the river' in Southwark.

This is all very well but I still really didn't know much more about my grandfather James, which is when I started looking on the internet for East London and found the East London History Society, and one of the articles listed was 'The story of the Old Five Bells'. Whilst this was really after my grandfather, it was still extremely interesting and what's more there was a photo of the pub itself. According to the article, The Old Five Bells license lapsed in 1922 and James died 23rd January 1923 from

cancer so presumably he wasn't able to renew his license being too ill. Prior to this I had made contact with a half cousin (Dad's half brother's son on his father's side) who had a photo of James which was wonderful as I had never seen a photo of him before. I have been trying to find out about the Old Five Bells through the brewery, but this has proved very impossible.

I have in my possession two gardening books Vol. I and II of 'One and All Garden Books' by Edward Owen Greening and in one there is written 'To Mr. J. Hardes, Cubitt Town with congratulations and compliments of the editor. Edw. Owen Greening Feb 27: 1911'. Dad never said what they were for, nor did I ask. There was also a silver cup that was presented to James, but that disappeared when Dad died in 1966. Another of Dad's stories was that James had 'played for Millwall before they crossed the river'. I did write to Millwall FC to see if they could enlighten me, but they never replied.

So I have found some, but I am still looking for more 'leaves'.

Diane Savage (nee Hardes)



Samuel Vevers – Highwayman (The One That Got Away)

Although only in the twenty-third year of his life when he was executed at Tyburn, on the 16th of November, 1724, Jack Sheppard (born in Spitalfields in 1702) had become so notorious as a housebreaker and prison-breaker that his exploits were the talk of all ranks of society. By 1726 although Sheppard was dead his fame was firmly established. It is a fame that has dominated perceptions of Newgate, crime and the criminal ever since.

However, in this year in the court records emerges an escape artist to rival Sheppard's exploits at Newgate. His name was Samuel Vevers. His method of escape was somewhat different. By examining this man one can see that not everyone who appeared at the Old Bailey accused of capital offences in fact went on to hang or be transported. You could make the courts work for you.

On 31 August 1726 Samuel Vevers appeared at the Old Bailey accused of assaulting a Benjamin Wyersdell, "putting him in fear" and taking from him 19 shillings on the 24 August 1726. The case against him on first reading seems substantial, Wyersdale outlines what took place,

A Man upon a black Horse (or Mare) rode up to the Coachman, and holding up a Pistol, cry'd Stand! G- D- ye Stand! Or I'll Shoot ye through the Head.... The Man came up to me, and Claping a Pistol to my Breast, he said, D- ye deliver. I desir'd him to be Civil, and he should have my Money. Come, Come, G- D- ye says he, wheres your Gold, and your Watch, I told him I had none. Why then by G- I'll kill ye says he, I assure ye Sir says I, that I have given you all, and therefore I beg you would not use me ill. — My Wife then gave me 6 or 8s. more. I gave it to him, he still cry 'd, D- ye wheres ye Gold! Your Gold! I must have it. I again told him that I had none upon which he

turn'd about Cock'd his Pistol, clapt it to my Breast, Swore he'd Shoot me, and then pull'd the Triger. The Flint struck Fire, but I believe the priming was blown away, so that it did not go off. Then he let the Coach pass, and we thought he was gone, but he quickly came up again and searched my Fob, he was going round to the other side of the Coach, and had like to have fallen in a Ditch, but recovering himself, he rode off towards Bednall Green, and we drove homeward, Shoreditch way. I believe the Prisoner to be the Man, I cannot swear positively .. several people said, that it must be the Prisoner who was a Bricklayer, and liv'd not far from the Black Day, in Shoreditch, and keeps his Mare in a Stable near my House. I have since seen that Mare, and believe her to be the same.

Benjamin Wyersdale's wife and the coachman also believe that the prisoner is the guilty party. Vevers however exploits elements of uncertainty to all its potential. Wyersdale when questioned again admits that when the "Prisoners boy was Examin'd about the Mare, he said that he rode her to Bartholomew Fair, and return'd about 7 at Night." After this Vevers calls witnesses who all swear that he was in a different place at the time of the robbery. A key piece of evidence comes from Mrs Barnet, a woman who owed Vevers a considerable sum of money, five Guineas. Mrs Barnet produces a receipt for payment which seemingly proves that Vevers was elsewhere on the evening of the crime. Indeed from the witnesses called Vevers appears to have been everywhere but where the robbery was committed including the Salmon and Ball public house. The jury acquit Vevers based on this evidence. The case of Vevers which emerges seems to be a simple one of mistaken identity and false accusation. So why is it an important case that deserves more study?

The importance can be found in the following year when once again we find Vevers on trial for robbery, not once but twice and both times he again escapes the thief's fate of taking part in the procession from Newgate to Tyburn.

These escapes are as worthy of discussion as Sheppard's escapades. On 22 February 1727 Samuel Vevers of St. Leonards, Shoreditch, again appeared at the Old Bailey. This time accused of stopping "the Chariot of Justice Hall, between Hackney and Dalston, taking from him a Watch and Chain, Value seven Pounds, and about twenty five shillings in Money." On this occasion the evidence against Vevers appears even more damning. Justice Hall some three days after Vevers was held, "distinguished him from among 16 or 18 People, though he did not know he had then ever seen him, but on the Night he was robbed..." The coach driver also confirms that Vevers was the person who robbed the coach and John Williams a fellow traveller with Justice Hall on the night of the robbery testified that,

he saw the Prisoner at the Bar in Newgate some Days after he was taken, and that he had then so perfect an Idea of the Person that robb'd them, that when he came in the Room where the Prisoner was though there was seven or eight persons in Company, he at once fix'd his Eyes on the Prisoner with Surprise; verily believing him to be the Person who committed the Fact at the Time and Place aforesaid.'

Thomas Mann, the footman to Justice Hall, testifies that after making enquiries about the horse the highwayman was riding was told by a Farrier in Shoreditch that the horse belonged to Vevers. When hearing Vevers voice and seeing him Mann, "was sure the Prisoner at the Bar was the person that robb'd his Master". Once again however Vevers is acquitted. The evidence in his favour is given by witnesses who swear he was in the King John's Head in Holloway at the time of the robbery. Less than two months later Vevers was once again in need of friends.

On 12 April 1727 Vevers was accused of theft. This time Robert Gun accused him of assault and robbing him of "a Silk Handkerchief, value 21d. 3 Peruk value 5s. a linen Bag 2d. a

Pigeon 6d. and 6 Shillings in Money". This crime took place on the 3 April 1727. Gun recalls the series of events,

I was emply'd on the 3d of April by one Thomas Weavers to carry a Pigeon to Too — waters, ... the Prisoner at the Bar and another person of lesser size, came up to me, and demanded my Money, which I gave to the Prisoner, after this, he asked me what I had in my Bag, I said, a Pigeon, he took it out and pulling off the Tail, let it fly, then taking my Wig from off my Head he put it in the Bag out of which he took the Pigeon, telling me, if I offer'd to resist, he would cut me cross the Face, - then he threw me in a Ditch, and pulling out a Pistol, said, if I offer'd to come out he would shoot me.

When asked how sure he was Vevers was the culprit he replied, "I have known him 7 or 8 years..." It is in this case that one begins to suspect that Vevers was a very powerful man indeed with a range of influential friends. It is revealed by Gun that when he went to the Justice (a Justice Harwood) to report Vevers the Justice at first appeared to agree with Gun. This changed as Gun recalls, "after examining his Witnesses and Friends, he withdrew, and after some Time called me aside, told me, if I swore against Mr. Vevers, he would make me stand in the Pillory if it Cost him 500 L.

The witnesses called for Vevers as in the other cases, "all depts'd (and several others was ready on the same Account) that the Prisoner Mr. Vevers was that Morning at his Business, and in his own Neighbourhood..." The final end to Gun's attempts to prosecute Vevers came in the shape of testimony from Robert Poll who stated that, "the Prosecutor had a very bad Character, associating with Moorfields Sharpers, and idly and extravagantly spending Time with Boys in tossing up for Half-pence." Gun was also accused of embezzling his Master's money. Vevers, once more thanks to his friends, walked away free.

The most remarkable aspect when discussing Vevers is not that he escaped hanging three times but that on the 1 May 1728 Vevers was the prosecutor. A year after Gun had brought his case against Vevers he is indicted "for wilful and corrupt perjury, in swearing he was robb'd on the Highway, some Time since, by Samuel Vevers..." After the trial of April 1727 it is reported that Robert Gun run off to Bristol where Vevers pursued him and brought him back to London and was then held at Newgate. Gun could be used by Vevers to clear his name and to serve as a warning to others. Evidence for this can be seen in the fact that when Vevers prosecution of Gun came to the Old Bailey Vevers, "generously dropp'd the Prosecution..." Gun, perhaps understandably, appears at the court "in a miserable Condition, dejected and confus'd..." Vevers' witnesses are willing to testify that they heard Robert Gun confess that he had stripped himself of clothing, flung himself in a ditch and self-inflicted a knife wound when Gun had prosecuted Vevers for the crime. Vevers no longer appears in the records of the Old Bailey after this date. One can surmise that his use of Gun as a warning to others worked. Vevers lived for another nine years dying around October 1737.

This examination of Vevers has shown that this one individual escaped the hangman's noose three times and indeed turned justice on its head. In my opinion a better escape artist than Sheppard, he never got caught.

Acknowledgements

Dr Chris Reid, of Queen Mary's College, whose superb MA course was the inspiration for this piece, Dr John Gardiner for his invaluable help, advice and friendship, Mr Alfred Gardner for his advice and friendship as always, and Mr Phillip Mernick for the editing of this item. The source for this piece was the excellent Old Bailey online website. www.oldbaileyonline.org.

Gary Haines

Visit to Bromley Hall

On the 21st of July Harold & I were privileged to be given a tour of this historic building now owned by Leaside Regeneration. Until it was bought by them in 2001 it had been lived in by the owners of the next door carpet warehouse. It has a long and chequered career being claimed to have been the residence of the father of one of Henry VIII's mistresses. It has also been used by missionaries, nurses and a garage. We were shown the building by Matthew Essex, the Senior Project Manager. This building, by far the oldest in Bromley (believed to have been built between 1482 and 1495 and reconstructed c1700), is now basically a shell, devoid of all the panelling mentioned in the 1930 Commission on Ancient Monuments report. I don't know if this was due to war damage (it received an indirect hit) or was done later. The Museum of London has done a detailed investigation of the structure involving pulling up most of the floorboards and have made a number of interesting discoveries. A previously unrecorded sixteenth century doorframe was discovered behind panelling on the ground floor. Interestingly this is directly beneath one on the first floor that was noted in 1930. Early moulded beams have been found split and reused under the floors. They have also found the remains of cellars that seem to predate the original structure but as they may run under the A12 Motorway they haven't proceeded any further!

Leaside estimate that it would cost about a million pounds to bring the structure back into use. They would like to make parts of the ground floor available for community use, with displays on the history of the building and the area and are hoping to get Heritage Lottery funding. To help their application they have approached as many local organisations as they can to try to gauge the level of support. The ELHS certainly hopes Leaside succeeds in its aim. Bromley is probably the least

known part of Tower Hamlets with virtually nothing older than Victorian (in case you say what about The Three Mills- they are in Newham!).

Philip Mernick

Appeal for Support

You may be aware of Leaside Regeneration's plans to refurbish the 15th Century, Grade II* listed Bromley Hall, which stands next to the recently restored Old Poplar Library fronting onto the A12 in Poplar, E14. It has been established by the Museum of London's Architectural Service that this incredible building, originally thought to be the gatehouse to Bromley Manor, was in fact the Main Hall itself, built between 1482 and 1495. It has been discovered that the building was a residence of John Blount, father of Elizabeth, known to have been one of Henry VIII's mistresses.

Leaside Regeneration purchased Bromley Hall in 2001 and has since been attempting to secure funding to enable works to begin on restoring the building into serviced office units for small businesses in the area. As part of this work Leaside recently approached the Heritage Lottery Fund for assistance and has been invited to put a bid together, it is in relation to this proposed funding bid that I write to you.

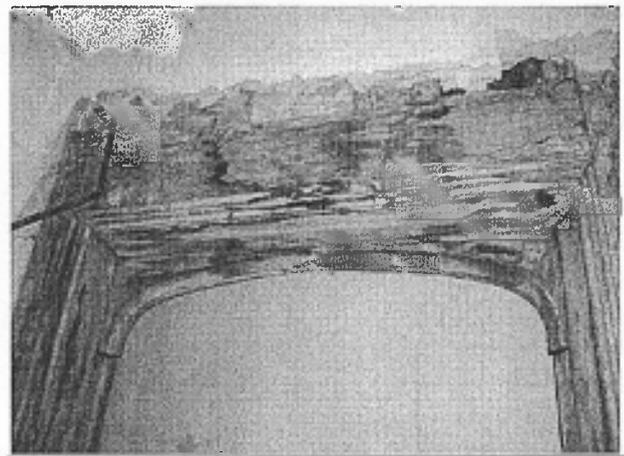
In order to make a successful bid to the Heritage Lottery Fund we need to explore the potential future heritage uses of the building. Being such an important historical feature of the area there is a great deal of heritage that can be drawn upon, but we need to gauge the level of support or demand for any facility that could be produced.

Leaside is proposing to turn part of the building over to a permanent exhibition of the history of Bromley Hall, Bromley Manor and the links between the estate and the Tudors.

This exhibition would be housed on the ground floor of the building and would offer a meeting room, presentation materials (information boards, handouts, pamphlets and teaching aids etc) as well as access to the most impressive elements of the internal structure - the staircase, an original Tudor-arched oak doorframe and the remains of the cellars of a structure pre-dating even Bromley Hall itself.

We would be very interested to hear from anyone who would be interested in making use of such a facility were it to be made available. Uses we have considered to date include a venue for open days, teaching sessions/courses, general meetings and visits, a destination on existing walks or establishing Bromley Hall together with Old Poplar Library as part of a wider Tower Hamlets Heritage Trail. However, at this early stage in the project we have the opportunity to make accommodation for any number of uses as long as there is sufficient local support.

Matthew Essex,
Project Manager, Leaside Regeneration Ltd,
Old Poplar Library, 45 Gillender Street,
London E14 6RN



Detail of previously unknown doorway



AUTUMN COACH TRIP

SATURDAY 2ND OCTOBER 2004

WISBECH AND PECKOVER HOUSE

Wisbech is an attractive town in N. Cambridgeshire. The main visit will be to Peckover House, the finest Georgian house in the town. It is a National Trust property. It has a fine interior, and a particularly large and attractive garden.

There will also be an opportunity to visit the nearby Wisbech and Fenland Museum. Admission is free.

Octavia Hill, one of the founders of the National Trust, was born in Wisbech, and her birthplace is also open from 2 to 5 in the afternoon. It is not NT, and the admission charge is £2.50, or £2.00 for senior citizens and NT members.

The admission to Peckover House, party rate, is £3.75. We need to get 15 non-members of the NT for this, otherwise it is £4.25.

When we arrive, we shall be setting people off near the Museum, allowing for a visit there and/or lunch (own arrangements). We will be visiting Peckover House in the afternoon, where tea will be available. I have not booked a visit to Octavia Hill's birthplace, leaving people free to visit it if they have time.

The pick-up will be at the bus pull-in in Grove Road, round the corner from Mile End Station, at 9.30 a.m. The coach fare will be £9.00. I will collect entrance fees, if any, on the coach.

Please fill in the booking slip below and send to me, Ann Sansom, 18 Hawkdene, London E4 7PF. Tel. 020 8524 4506. (Photocopy it if you don't wish to spoil your newsletter.)



AUTUMN TRIP Saturday 2nd October 2004	
I/We would like _____ Ticket/s for the coach trip to Wisbech.	
NAME/S _____	
ADDRESS _____	

TEL NO. _____	I enclose a cheque/PO for £ _____
(Cheques made payable to the East London History Society.)	
NATIONAL TRUST MEMBERSHIP (IMPORTANT)	
YES	NO
Some of us (please give number)	