



**Refurbished reading room at Bancroft Road**

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## **Editorial Note:**

The Committee members are as follows: Philip Mernick, Chairman, Doreen Kendall, Secretary, Harold Mernick, Membership, David Behr, Programme, Ann Sansom, Doreen Osborne, Howard Isenberg and Rosemary Taylor.

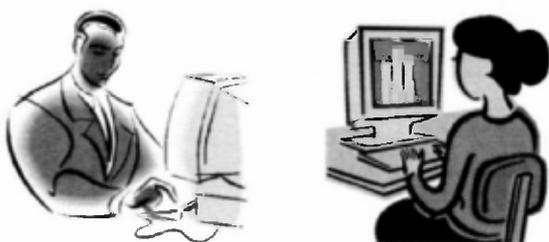
All queries regarding membership should be addressed to Harold Mernick, 42 Campbell Road, Bow, London E3 4DT.

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](mailto:phil@mernicks.com). Check out the History Society's website at [www.eastlondonhistory.org.uk](http://www.eastlondonhistory.org.uk).

As always we are indebted to the contributors of this edition of the newsletter. Letters and articles on East End history and reminiscences are always welcome and we make every effort to publish suitable material. Items of interest, and any queries can be emailed to Philip Mernick, who has provided us with a very interesting and varied selection from his mailbox.

David Behr, our Programme Organiser, has finalised the lectures for 2011. We are appreciative of the time and effort David puts into contacting potential lecturers, and arranging the programme.

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



## **A Date for your Diary:**

**The London Maze  
on 16 April 2011  
Time: 10.00 am to 4.00 pm**

**A free local history fair devoted to London and its past. It is organised by the Department of Libraries, Archives and Guildhall Art Gallery, and takes place in Guildhall Art Gallery and the Guildhall complex located in the historic heart of the City of London.**

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## **Sporting Trail**

With the Olympics in mind, Doreen and Diane are hoping to put together a walk around Tower Hamlets Cemetery Park highlighting graves or memorials with a sporting connection. To date they have come up with six, but they need a lot more to make this a viable project.

If any members have information on anyone with a sporting connection buried or connected to the cemetery, please email them at [amyod03-thcp@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:amyod03-thcp@yahoo.co.uk) or write to Doreen Kendall, address at the front of the newsletter.

If you would like to join Doreen and Diane, and other volunteers of the East London History Society in the Tower Hamlets Cemetery Park, on the second Sunday of every month, recording memorials off gravestones, you would be most welcome, but be warned – it can become addictive! The thrill of discovering another fascinating nugget of information and uncovering yet another facet of history hidden within the walls of the cemetery keeps our members working away.

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## **East London History Society Programme 2010 - 2011**

**Thursday 31 March 2011**

### **LIMEHOUSE, KING ALFRED AND THE OLYMPICS**

**Speaker: Jeremy Batch**

**Thursday 28 April 2011**

**Please note change of date for April!**

### **EIGHTEENTH CENTURY WHITECHAPEL**

**Speaker: Derek Morris**

**Thursday 12 May 2011**

### **OPEN EVENING**

**Ray Newton & John Tarby showing films  
about East London.**

**Saturday 14 May 2011**

### **Spring Coach Trip to KNEBORTH HOUSE, GARDENS & PARK**

**See back page for details of the trip and  
booking form.**

**The lectures are usually 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 No.  
25.**

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 get in touch with David Behr, our Programme co-ordinator, either at one of our lectures or, alternatively, email our Chairman Philip Mernick with your comments and suggestions. Email: [phil@mernicks.com](mailto:phil@mernicks.com)

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### **The London Metropolitan Archives**

quarterly electronic newsletter covers the whole of the City of London archive service (comprising the collections of London Metropolitan Archives, and the former Corporation of London Records Office, and Guildhall Library Manuscripts and Prints and Maps Sections relaunched under the name London Metropolitan Archives otherwise known as LMA).

The newsletter contains articles on new collections, recently catalogued material, forthcoming events and service improvements. It is edited by Philippa Smith, Principal Archivist to whom comments and contributions should be sent via [Ask.lma@cityoflondon.gov.uk](mailto:Ask.lma@cityoflondon.gov.uk).

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### **Cover picture**

Interior of the newly restored and reopened reading room at Tower Hamlets Local History Library & Archives in Bancroft Road. This was first opened in April 1906 as the reference library of the Carnegie funded extension of the Mile End Public Library in what was originally Mile End Old Town Vestry Hall.

The new opening hours are:

Tuesday	9.00 to 5.00
Wednesday	9.00 to 5.00
Thursday	9.00 to 8.00
Saturday	9.00 to 5.00 (fortnightly)

## Letters, Queries, Requests, etc.

### Brass Bands in your area

Did your village, town or community once have its own brass or silver band?

I am carrying out research in the history of brass bands in local communities, and would like to ask if you know of any information about any such extinct bands in your area.

The late 19th and early 20th centuries were the "golden age" for these bands numbering, it is said, up to 40,000 distinct bands at their peak. Many of these bands were associated with local industries, often being a "works" band. Others provided a musical focus for many small towns and villages in the days before the gramophone and the wireless. Today, in contrast, only some 1,500 or so are left active in the UK.

Sadly many of the bands left little in the way of information about their existence, and what does exist is widely scattered with individuals, local archives and national collections.

Part of my research is to identify these lost bands, to collect together material to provide a central database of information – containing a mixture of primary information as well as references to material held elsewhere (e.g. in local archives).

Any information you can provide would be gratefully received. Whether actual information or pictures of any bands, or pointers to resources, or sources for further investigation. Even knowing that a particular band existed is significant!

Currently much of the information I have collected is available online, as a freely available resource, at <http://www.ibew.co.uk> - in various locations, for example, in the Reference section under "Extinct Bands" or "Vintage Pictures".

With best wishes for your continuing research in local history,

**Gavin Holman**

IBEW

<http://www.ibew.co.uk>

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**Joan Higgs, from Hadleigh, Benfleet, Essex, writes:**

Finding the Wickham's picture on the front of the latest Newsletter brought back many happy memories for me as a child.

I lived in Burdett Road, almost opposite the Fire Station, and from there my Mother often took me to Wickham's. I vividly remember on one occasion in the early 1930s we had just entered the shop when suddenly we saw a man coming up the basement stairs leading a live bear. I cannot remember whether it was black or white, but we were very surprised and I have never forgotten it to this day!

I believe there was a shop called 'Summercorns' in that area and my first bed came from there when we moved, and most of the family visited the little jewellers shop of course. We were frequent visitors to 'The Waste' for many, many years and I was always there when I worked in the City – ah what happy memories!

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**Ms L. S. Kirby, East Grinstead writes:**

I've looked on a number of maps, both present and contemporary, for a public house (name not known) in Westferry Road, Poplar. It is listed, but not by any name, in the 1880 census when the manager/publican was named Hjalmar P. Wetterlund, a Swede who had married a widowed publican named Mary Smith (presumably she'd owned the pub) in 1877. The pub is listed last on the census, after the address 291 Westferry Road, which is the last dwelling with a numbered address.

Old contemporary maps unfortunately don't list public houses, but based on the address of 291 Westferry Road, I assume the pub may have been very near the entrance to Millwall Dock. Can you enlighten me on this?

**Philip replied:**

The 1882 Post Office Directory lists him at The Millwall Dock Hotel, 233 West Ferry Road.

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**Brenda Brazier writes:**

I wonder if you could please help me find anything about River Lee Rowing club my grandfather belonged to about 1910? His name was William John Hales born 1891, lived in Northwold Rd Upper Clapton. I know he had a medal for it – maybe some pictures.

**Philip replied:**

The club, or at least a successor to the original is still going. Their web site is <http://learc.org.uk/the-club/> hope this helps.

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**R.I. Turner writes:**

I am trying to do some research into my family history. My Great Grandfather - John Turner was born on 19th April, 1803 in Stepney. His father, Robert Turner, was appointed a Deputy Lieutenant of Tower Hamlets on 2nd April, 1805. Robert Turner married Charlotte Williams at St. Dionis Backchurch on 28th August, 1801.

I should be grateful to receive any information you may have about Robert Turner.

**Philip says:**

Unfortunately I could only point Mr Turner in the direction of Bancroft Road. If any member has any thoughts on the subject, I can pass it on.

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**K. Sugimoto writes from Japan:**

I am working on places, buildings and anything in London associated with Shakespeare and his works. And I understand that you have a statue of Shakespeare. I am visiting UK next month, and I'd like to know if it is possible to take a couple of photographs of it for my book.

**Philip says:**

I knew ELHS doesn't have any statues but sent Mr Sugimoto details of the one in Water lane, Stratford outside West Ham College!

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**Robert Owen Hughes, Victoria BC Canada writes:**

My Mother was born in 1889 at 22 Oxford Street. She came to Canada in her teens as a "Home Child". I plan to visit the area in August, travelling from Victoria, British Columbia.

Would one of your knowledgeable members be able to tell me where that address would be in today's numbering? I believe the street is now called Stepney Way.

**Philip's Reply:**

108 Oxford Street became 108 Stepney Way in 1938. It was on the south side by the junction with Sidney Street. In the 1880s and 1890s 108 was a shop (grocer in 1882 and Chandler in 1895) so the family may have lived in rooms above.

**Robert:**

Many thanks for your prompt reply. It would appear by my Google search that there is a parking lot at that site today. If my mother did indeed live above a Chandler, it would be appropriate as her father James Thomas' trade shown on her birth certificate is "Journeyman Barge Builder".

She came to Canada as a "Home Child" prior to WWI with a younger sister and a brother who is buried at Vimy. An older brother remained in England. I suspect that her mother passed away and her father was not able to care for his children, so they joined the thousands that were sent to Canada (most, but not all, were orphans).

**Philip:**

Were they treated well in Canada? I have read of children being used as unpaid labour on remote farms and very harshly treated.

**Robert:**

My mother and her siblings were fortunate to be employed by considerate people. They were treated as members of the family. There are numerous stories of children who were mistreated.

The attached picture\*: "British immigrant children from Dr. Barnardo's Homes at landing stage, St. John, New Brunswick."

**Wikipedia has this to say:**

Home Children is a common term used to refer to the child migration scheme founded by Annie Macpherson in 1869, under which more than 100,000 children were sent to Australia, Canada, New Zealand, and South Africa from the United Kingdom.

According to the British House of Commons Child Migrant's Trust Report, "it is estimated that some 150,000 children were dispatched over a period of 350 years—the earliest recorded child migrants left Britain for the Virginia Colony in 1618, and the process did not finally end until the late 1960s." Though it was widely believed that all of these children were orphans, it is now known that most had living parents, some of whom had no idea what had happened to their children after they were left in care homes, with some led to believe that their children had been adopted somewhere in Britain.

**Our member and dedicated inquirer George Donovan, asks:**

In my youth, my father used to talk of a dentist's in Mile End named Moss and Roberts. I got the impression that they were sort of 'working-man's' dentists meaning that you paid your money and got a no fuss treatment for a minimal cost - immediate. A reputation I understand that was fairly well known. I had a vision of it being something of a conveyer type practice that you could just walk in during your dinner hour, have your problem solved and be back at work not having lost any time. Are you yourself aware of them and do you know if there is any history of them.

**Philip says:**

I referred George's enquiry to Malcolm at Bancroft Road who replied: Dear Mr Donovan, I picked a trade directory at random, that for 1943 and found: Moss, A E and Partners had half a dozen surgeries in London including one at 391a Mile End Road. However we do not appear to have anything specifically relating to or about the practice.

Do any of our members remember them?

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**Letter from Mr E(ric) R. Percival:**

My sister, Evelyn Jacobs, nee Percival was a member of your Society & encouraged me to submit articles on life in West Ham 1928-1945 for your journal. Sadly, she has passed away (03.02.11) & this has broken the link with your organisation. I would like to receive a regular copy of your journal so could you advise me if this is possible within your membership rules.

*Editor: On behalf of our members, we offer our deepest sympathies and condolences to Mr Percival.*

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From J Henry Foster:

Like most oldies, some take opportunity to write their memoirs of early days, and I have found your publication always very rewarding. I recall a back copy of the E.L.H.S referring to Grottoes so am taking a copy of pulls from my MS which may be of use. I lived directly opposite Clara Grants Settlement as a child and have written in length of her great service to the community, all part of my project. The work includes the nostalgic songs of the period for I believe they were indeed the backbone entertainment of the times. The project has already taken a few years and hopefully will be soon completed. It also includes many snippets of poetic bits taken from my earlier writings which are included in a separate anthology. I hope you may find them of interest.

#### WHEN I WAS EIGHT

Four farthings made a  
Penny.  
A joey was a 'Frupney bit'  
A sprazzi was a 'Tanner'  
Two 'Sprazzi's made a 'Bob'  
Two ape'neys' made a 'Penny'  
Twelve pence made a 'Bob'.  
Twenty bob made a 'Quid'  
Two bob made a 'Florin'

One and a tanner made 'One'n'six'  
A dollar was 'five Bob'  
Six pence made a 'Tanner'  
Twenty one bob ,made a 'Guinea'  
Two'n'six made 'Half a crown'  
A Quid was a 'Wouncer'  
A tanner was 'Six pence'  
A penny was a 'Copper'  
A nicker was a 'Pound'  
Half a sheet was 'Ten bob'  
A Pony was 'a lot of money'  
But we were never confused!

## Extract from manuscript 'I'm always chasing Rainbows'

When one considers that we were blessed with living in one of the most deprived areas of the country with employment at its lowest level, one can admire our parents for the provisions we had. Not a scrap of food was ever wasted for we all realised how hard it was to get. Any leftovers especially cabbage, potatoes, carrots or parsnips were fried as 'bubble and squeak', a great favourite. Pets were mainly budgerigars and cats, as these were cheaper to keep, but very rarely did we know anyone as rich as keeping other than a mongrel dog.

This was the era when men were the main bread winners; it was they who were desperate for any kind of work, those who took mind to learn a trade stood better ground than the labourer, who took whatever he could to earn a few shillings. Those who had learnt a trade and were in employment were desperate to get their offspring sons into the same trade which was the tradition. Fewer women were employed, those who had skills like machining or secretarial work were the minority, and many just existed day by day on whatever menial assistance they could get. Modern factories gave the most employment to unskilled workers.

It was accepted, that following marriage, wives, who soon became mothers, were domiciled to a lifetime at home, truly stuck to the stove and the sink. The bringing up of children was solely a mother's role in life, and she did this entirely without state contribution or assistance from any official social worker, it was not unnatural for many wives to have ten children in their lifetime. It was a period when nothing was discarded. Even the bones from stews would be saved for the rag and bone man along with empty bottles. Families who had many children simply handed down the clothing and footwear from father to son, mother to daughter, child to child, until things were worn out: even then, the rags would be

used for cleaning, then eventually placed into a sack ready for the rag and bone man; at least he would give you a few pence for the electric or gas meter, nothing was wasted.

Clara Grant's monthly second hand bazaar was a Mecca for mothers who would queue outside the Fern Street settlement for the opportunity to find that desperately wanted article for one of the family. Many is the time when mother would return home with a bag of interesting goodies all carefully chosen to ensure that with a stitch or patch they would eventually be washed and ironed to give further service. It was no sin or embarrassment to those who lived in the locality. Following the monthly Bazaar, it was not unusual to see boys wearing a different pullover or trousers, girls had a different dress, and father, if lucky, had been able to replace his Sunday best trousers with another pair, the old ones now being used for work.

On hot summer days we would play 'Grottoes', this was one of my favourite street events and caused great competition amongst the children for preparations were made well in advance. Each window of the Fern Street Settlement was always decorated, according to the season of historical events. Pots filled with simple flowers and shrub cuttings, enhanced by a simple cross and the Union Jack were mingled with nostalgic photographs of those soldiers from the street who had not returned from the Great War; on the 24th May, it was Empire day. This was the day when the entire country remembered the death of Queen Victoria and the building of the immense Empire of Great Britain: we were so proud to be British it was part of our traditions.

Flags of all our colonies were flown giving a plethora of colour amongst the children who would gather round against the background to sing Rule Britannia. It was a most welcome event for we had a day off from school, it gave opportunity for street party games and for the girls to attend in their very best frocks and show off their long curls. On this day the

frontage of the settlement would be covered with flags and bunting. Our Grottoes were made by interesting snippets from the Farthing Bundles. Firstly we would jamb a tatty Union Flag to the bottom sash of Aunt Kate's ground floor window, then, drape it fan like, against the short brick wall in front of the pavement. We would search around for a little 'builder's sand, which could always be found in the bin against the wall of the Tenterden Arms Pub, which was provided to throw on the outside pavement in winter. We would make a bedding of sand then cover it with all sorts of bric-a-brac. Simple cardboard cut-outs of people, flags or toy soldiers, glarnies, marbles, even mussel and oyster shells, cadged from the fish lady. When the display was completed we would walk along and gaze at our competitors, often stealing their ideas, we would then await the passing stranger with 'Don't forget the Grotto Mister'. People would stop, gaze, and comment. Generally you were rewarded with a farthing, or, if 'well-orf... a penny.

During these formative days of my early education, school, to me, was memorable, for I truly looked forward to my first day of term. It seemed to have a magnetic attraction for every day something new was discussed, or explained. Clara Grant was my headmistress of my school in Devon's Road and she held the position for many years, the time I spent under her jurisdiction was very rewarding. Miss Grant had a wonderful approach to her 'little mates', that education became to me, a great wonder; she was a master of persuasion and could make even the most uninteresting subject appealing. Miss Grant taught me my first little poems and introduced me to books it was to spark my further enthusiasm, more so, because they were both humorous educational and very thought provoking.

Clara Grant's supporting staff were well known to follow her example, and school, to me, was just one extension to the great family of the locality. Mothers who were very poor, still had their pride, and cleanliness and good manners were paramount. Each morning

children would have to show their hands and neck to prove that they had washed, whether they had fathers cut down trousers or cardboard inserts in the soles of their worn shoes, or big brothers cut down shirt; it was the norm. Likewise, girls whose parents were struggling, obviously dressed in what was mother's home made efforts: were always very pretty, especially the style of having long curls and pretty coloured bows.

Each class held about thirty children, all sitting in pairs on hard wooden forms and attention was always on the huge blackboard and easel that was propped in the corner alongside the background of the photographs of the King and Queen. I cannot recall ever seeing a cane at Devon's Road School, but there were very stern rules, which, if broken, could result in threats of a 'sit down and stay'; basically, when the school bell went for the end of session, the culprit had to sit down until the teacher gave permission to leave, and of course you had the threat of having to tell your parents. There were of course the isolated case of a child disliking school and doing a hop! But woe betide if they had the stupidity to return anywhere near their home during the school hours. Neighbours would invariably be chatting at the doorstep or gazing from a window and if out of school would want to know the reason, parents would very soon be informed, after all, they had a pride in their street, more so in their kids who lived there. Playing hooky could result in serious trouble, not just at school but at home, for fear of a thick ear from father, or being caught by the dreaded school board man!

Such possessiveness was inherent in older lads who formed gangs, obviously headed by the biggest boy in the street. These gangs were a protective element to all of the other kids in the street who defended the meagre play provisions that may be available, like the space at the side of the Tenterden Arms, which was ideal for cricket, or the lamp post with a Lighter man bar ladder support, which was used by the girls as a swing, any strange kid

would be seen off unless they had moved in, it was 'our' street, they had theirs. Any confrontation would result in the two leaders of the gangs sorting the issues out between them which usually ended in either a black eye for the loser or a shake of hands, never was it heard of to use any sort of implement, it wasn't 'playing the game'. We would never dream of stealing anything, it never entered our head and never heard of burglars, I guess we had nothing to steal.

The walk from Aunt Kate's to school took only a few minutes. Each morning, after we had eaten our plate of porridge mother would pack us off to school; Gracie and me would walk the few doors down from number 69 and call on the doorstep of Mrs Reagan. I would open the iron letter box and shout up the passage to let them know that we were there and within a few minutes the door would either open or we would hear the shout of 'pull the key!', it was then OK to put my fingers through the letter box and pull the string which held a key on the other end.

The Reagan family had two Jewish lodgers, Solly and Maurice, it would seem that they were both very popular as they worked a market stall which sold fresh bagels soused herrings and similar delicacies, so the Reagan's always had decent fare. The door was never actually locked, they had a right to come and go as they pleased. Betty Reagan was a very big lady with enormous breasts, huge arms and a number of chins, always full of laughter and fun. Nothing seemed to sway her from her normal greeting of 'Hello my darlings come in and make yourself at home'. Betty had two children, one attending Devon's Road School and the other at Knapp Road School, just another street away, where we had joint classes. Beryl Reagan was, like her mother, plump, with a small round face, but her brother Eric was as thin as a rake, and with a clubbed foot. Folk said he was the milkman's, but he was a good friend and a good scholar. Eric was also interested in making anything from wood, so we spent

many happy hours playing in Dad's shed carving boats and cricket bats. Eric seemed to have inherited his father's cap for it was always too big for his head. In those days every man wore a cap, as was the fashion. I was fortunate to have a school cap that fitted. Gracie and Beryl were confirmed friends and would wander off alone, leaving Eric and myself at the Boys entrance to Devon's Road School until we met again on leaving.

The narrow space at the side and rear of the Tenterden Arms was really the walk - way to the gents, it was therefore a regular occurrence to 'stop play' when a customer needed to go. The term lavatory was an understatement; for it was nothing more than a tarred black wall with a small cubicle set in the corner which housed the outdoor privy, nothing more than a disused barrel topped with a wooden lid; it stank to high heaven, especially after the publican had tried to kill the stench with chloride of lime and us kids never ventured to use the place: as it was to us, full of fever!. This however, on one occasion was broken, when Eric Reagan one late summer evening decided that it was necessary to pop in to relieve an urgent need, so naturally I joined him. Like all little boys, it was fun and competitive to see how far we could reach up the wall. Eric was blessed with having a far better squirt than me which he directed with great precision higher and higher. Not content in winning, he continued his waspish jet over the half moon door. The sounds that emanated from behind soon enlightened us to the fact that someone was in 'situ'. We scarpered! From our sanctuary at our hideout across the road we witnessed none other than the huge frame of 'Billy - the belly' - notorious drayman, staggering back to the public bar cursing and obviously in a very foul mood. It was my one and only visit.

The most important memory of these early days is that I was happy and content with my home, my school, my environment. I appreciated that we were not rich in money or material things, but we were blessed with love,

affection, and care from those who lived at Aunt Kate's and with those surrounding me.

But, hard times could be entertaining times for the streets of Bow Common, for they were an ideal platform for those who were obviously worse off than we were. Many were highly talented, whilst others were just desperate to earn a few pennies to survive. Sadly, many had served in the Great War; the prime minister had promised 'Homes fit for heroes', and now they had nothing.

I recall vividly, the experience of being spellbound to see two huge Scotsman in full military regalia of the Black Watch playing the bewitchingly and beautiful lament 'The Flowers of the forest' on their bagpipes, outside the Tenterden Arms. Uncle Bill had often told me about these wonderful soldiers who, when Germans heard these pipes, fear struck their hearts of these 'fairies from hell'. Having served their country they had no other means to survive, but to play for pittance in the street. Street singers were numerous but the saddest was to witness the lonely down and out, plodding the centre of Fern Street in obvious rags and wearing his war medals proudly on his breast on a bleak winter's morn singing pitifully a song that seared the hearts of everyone.

*She is watching by the poplars,  
Collinette with the sea blue eyes,  
she is watching and longing and waiting  
where the long white roadway lies,  
And a song stirs in the silence,  
as the wind in the boughs above,  
She listens and starts and trembles,  
'Tis the first little song of love...*

*Roses are blooming in Picardy,  
in the hush of the silvery dew.  
Roses are flow 'ring in Picardy,  
but there's never a rose like you!  
And the roses will die with the summertime,  
and our roads may be far apart,  
but there's one rose that died not in Picardy.  
'Tis the rose that I keep in my heart.*

Uncle Bill immediately collected the odd penny from Aunt Kate and each of his brothers who were at home, and took it out to the old chap; he had witnessed many poppies in the trenches of Picardy. Street clowns, Singers, Barrel Organs; and the messianic preacher of the 'sins of drink' could often be followed by the most wonderful trio of accordionists, but many, sadly slipped into the whirlpool of poverty and oblivion.

### **J Henry Foster**

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Message from Dean Evans, sent on Saturday, January 29, 2011

#### **Passmore Edwards Centennial Programme**

Details of the developing programme may be found on our new web site, launched this week. You can find this at [www.pe-c.info](http://www.pe-c.info)

If you have events that could be included in the centenary programme, please let me know about them so that they can be placed on the website and receive greater publicity. Please include me in the distribution list for press releases so that your news can be uploaded on to the web site.

I know that there are lots of things being developed that I haven't got firm dates for so please do update me on your plans.

The centennial kicks off this weekend with the opening of an exhibition at the Newlyn Art Gallery, so if you represent a group that has links to the Passmore Edwards Legacy, or think that there is a connection between your work and the Centennial project, then come on board.

If you have not received this directly but would like to be added to further circulation lists, then please let me know.

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## **EAST END PHOTOGRAPHERS NO. 10 - A day with an East End photographer.**

The Strand Magazine (1891 - 1950) rocketed to super stardom with its publication of the first Sherlock Holmes stories in 1891; thereafter, Holmes and his creator, Arthur Conan Doyle, would keep the Strand Magazine afloat for the next forty years. But the Strand was never solely about Holmes; it contained an eclectic mix of fact and fiction, as befitted a journal founded by the Victorian newspaper magnate, Sir George Newnes from the profits of his first venture, Titbits.

The issue of April 1891 contained a rather unlikely feature - an account of a day in the life of an East End studio. Though anonymous, it was almost certainly written by Harry How, a tabloid journalist, who would go on to contribute almost one hundred articles under the heading of 'Illustrated Interviews' in the years before the First World War. (A selection of these was published in book form in 1905).

How is careful not to identify the studio too closely - this would have smacked too much of a commercial advertisement. But there are sufficient clues to make identification reasonably certain. 'It was somewhere near the docks ... somewhere close bordering upon that broad highway that runs 'twixt Aldgate and the Dock Gates. While daylight lasted, there was generally a customer waiting in his little back parlour, enticed thither by the blandishments of the tout'

A few paragraphs further on, he comments on the "buxom woman behind the counter. She was mourning the loss of the partner who had inaugurated the shop". The details point clearly to Curran's, which operated at 678 Commercial Road from 1867 until the end of the century. The studio had been founded by James Cornelius Curran at what was then called Providence Place, Commercial Road. Curran looked after the studio, while his wife

Jane kept the books. Sadly, Curran died prematurely in the winter of 1872, and his widow Jane decided to continue the studio with the help of a young clerk whose family lived nearby - James Goldie. Goldie became, in effect, Jane Curran's live-in lover, though somehow the two of them never quite made it to the altar. In May 1874 Providence Place was abolished, and integrated into Commercial Road; from then on, it was renumbered as 678 Commercial Road. Over the years, Jane Curran added to the business by diversifying into coal, firewood, potatoes, soda pop and milk.

The business flourished. "What was more natural than that 'Arry, having indulged in the luxury of a photograph, should pursue his day's dissipation by treating his 'Arriet to a bottle of the exhilarating "pop", to say nothing of a bag of sweets to eat on their holiday journey". Problems arose at times which needed a certain ingenuity to overcome. 'The photographer had posed his worthy neighbour, who had arrayed himself in all the glory of his Sunday best suit "Now, look pleasant".



Everything would have gone well at this point but the dog which it was intended should form an important adjunct to the picture . . . set up a mournful howl, and made desperate efforts to get away from the range of that uncanny instrument in front of him". 'The tout has a special method of alluring the women folk within the studio. He has a piece of mirror let into one of the tinsel frames (in the outdoor showcase). He holds this up before the woman's face, and asks her to observe what a picture she would make. This little artifice seldom fails to attract the women'. But even a tout could be out-foxed in a clever dodge - an attempt to entice in some of the local Chinese population by offering one of them a free photograph, in the hope that word would spread of this "generosity", only resulted in a succession of Chinese entering the studio, and then pleading poverty after the photograph had been taken.



"There has so far been a good many passers-by today for every likely customer, and the tout is almost in despair. 'Rotters', he mutters, 'not a blessed tanner among 'em'. Ah! here's his man though, and he is on the alert for his prey, as he sees a dapper little figure with unmistakable Japanese features come

sauntering down the street. He is dressed in the most approved style of the East End tailor, who no doubt has assured him that he is a "reg'lar MASHER". The tout rubs his hands with a business-like satisfaction as he sees the victim safely handed over to the tender mercies of the operator within. "safe for five bobs' worth that 'un", he soliloquises, winking at no one in particular".

The day is rounded out by the arrival of a costermonger, complete with barrow, with a new baby to be photographed, and quite possibly coloured and enlarged. The problem here is in keeping baby quiet with a succession of toys and toffee sticks, all of which will have to be subtracted from the total profit. In short, it has been a day of mixed blessings, with the overall turnover between £2 & £3.

The photographer had thought of going to Hampstead if business did not pick up, but in the event, pitched his camera near the walls of the Docks and takes a never-ending number of cheap 'tintypes' "Me, and Mary Ann, and little Mickey, all for thrup-pence". The photographer invariably agrees, knowing that, though there can be little profit, the photo will create a feeling of envy in the minds of other children who will decide on having a "real tip-topper" At sixpence.

Jane Curran's studio was dealt a considerable blow in June 1897 when it was raided by the police after a tip-off that the premises were being used for an illegal betting shop. According to the evidence given at the Thames Police Court, the shop had taken £258 in five days, and received £1684 for bets in the previous three months. Jane Curran was fined £250, and cautioned. The resultant publicity, however, caused the closure of the studio only 18 months later, in the summer of 1899. By the turn of the century, Jane Curran, with boy friend Goldie still in tow, had moved to new accommodation in Clemence Street, off Burdett Road; Goldie was making a living as a commission agent. It is not known what

happened to him; Jane Curran died in West Ham in 1905.

The Strand Magazine's view of East End photography can be supplemented by a number of similarly cynical accounts of the profession. For instance, the daily newspaper, the Morning Leader of November 18 1892. Again, the tout gets all the best lines. "Now, do come and 'ave your portrait taken, miss. It's ten to one as yer won't be in the National Gallery, so you'd better come into mine. Lor', what a picter she'd make, with them feathers and them eyes. . . . Young man, it'll be rough on that Roman nose of yourn if future generations don't admire it. What ! Ain't that bonnet of yourn, miss, worth sixpence to be 'anded down. Ah ! that's the style. You'll be himmortal in a jiffey, miss. Now for posterity!"

The Photographic News had dispatched a reporter to investigate conditions some years earlier. In its issue of September 14 1888, "A queer lesson in photography", it commented "It was in the East End that I met him. He was terribly shabby, he was unshaved, and his nose was red. He commenced the conversation while I was looking in the showcase, and marvelling at the wondrous works of art I saw therein by remarking that I "was just in time if I'd like to have my photo taken, for the operator was disengaged, and the light was beautiful. He did not make these statements in a loud voice, but insinuated them, as it were, in my ear. I politely declined the invitation to enter, but went on talking to the doorsman, who, having nothing to do, was inclined to be communicative.

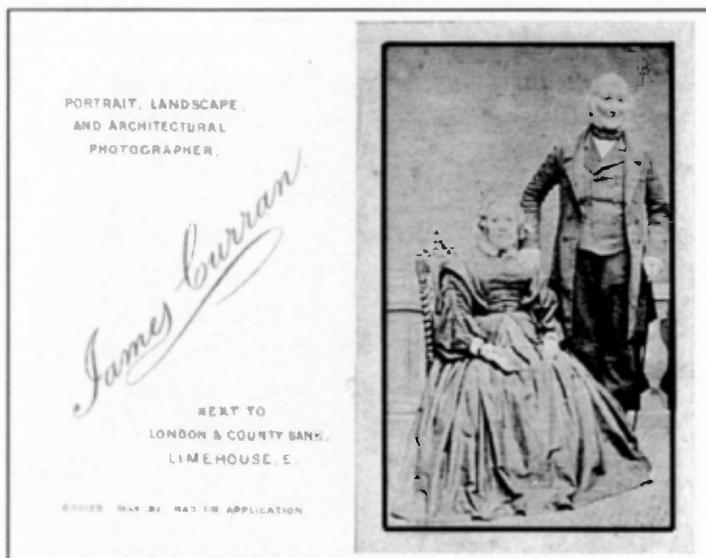
"How's business ?"

"Well, it couldn't be wuss. What with the clubs on one side, and the amatoors on the other, we ain't got a chance. The doorsman's occupation's gone, as the Bard says.

But photography's played out, and that's my opinion, Well, thank you sir, I will just have another drop of gin".

Nor had things improved by time the Daily Telegraph reported on "An impression of the Cheapest Photography", in the East End, as late as April 1 1908. "Whatever the cause there is no doubt that getting photographed ranks high among the holiday amusements of the East End. Not only within the studios, but out in the open gallant parties went under a fire. Turn out of the main roads, in into those exceedingly respectable streets which surprise those who only know the legendary East End, and behold an amateur directing the battery of a cheap camera upon restive friends and relations. Some there were who tried more elaborate studies. In one secluded square an interesting family mounted in a pony cart were the tremulous victims of a young man with a hysterical manner and a ponderous camera that was probably the oldest member of the party. It was unnecessary and unkind that a ribald person should revive for their benefit the classic melody of "Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road".

### David Webb



### AN EAST-END FAMILY?

'Grandfather came from the north'; that was a saying in the Watson family, but how far north, or when, nobody knew, nor, I began to suspect, were they sure whose grandfather came south to Bethnal Green and Mile End Old Town. So I set myself to find out. It seemed to be a family well settled in East London. Born in St George's in the East, born at Aldgate, my initial searches in census records told me of the generation living in the first half of the nineteenth century. People were flooding to London then, coming from all parts of the country first to build, and then to work in, the docks and the factories which grew up around them.

Working back to the date when I supposed 'grandfather' to have come from the north, I guessed the move occurred in the 1840s, when there was widespread unrest and hunger in England. The first branch of the family I traced which had origins beyond the bounds of East London came from villages in Kent near Canterbury, among the hop-fields. Joseph Folwell was born in or about 1796 in Littlebourne and his wife Jane in Bekesbourne. Their son, another Joseph Folwell, got married to another Jane, Jane Bass, in 1843, in Stepney.

Joseph the younger was a carpenter, but the occupation of both the groom's and the bride's father was recorded as maltmaster. Their daughter, Elizabeth Ann, was born in 1846. In 1867 she married a stoker who worked in a brewery, called Henry Alexander Watson. They brought up their family in Allas Road, off Portman Place, so Henry most probably worked for a local brewer. The area had three large breweries at that time: The Black Eagle Works in Brick Lane was owned by Truman's. By the 1870s Truman, Hanbury and Buxton was the biggest brewing firm in the world. In the Whitechapel Road there was the Albion Brewery, owned by Mann, Crossman and Paulin, which brewed the first bottled brown ale in England. Thirdly there was the Anchor

**Brewery in Mile End Road.** Farmcarts bringing hops and barley in from Kent and Essex must have been a familiar sight. The Folwells, whenever they came, may well have hitched a lift on one of these carts when they moved to London. The breweries must have drawn on the hop-growing districts of Kent for their expanding workforce. We all know of the close link between Kent and the East End; many women experienced their only change of scene when they went to work fruit-picking or 'down hopping' in Kent. The 1861 census suggests that by the time he was in his sixties Joseph from Littlebourne was working in the docks, but that Jane was still a hop-worker.

Just as I was about to give up on family history, I traced the ancestor 'from the north'. He was William Watson, born in Hull in 1803. He reappears in the records in 1835, getting married to a widow called Catherine Elizabeth Oliver in St Matthews Church, Bethnal Green. So my early guesses dating the move to the 1840s were incorrect. William, a shoemaker, came to London before the north and south of England were joined by the railway. We do not know how old he was when he made the journey. He may have been brought by his parents, although since shoemaking was a trade taught to paupers, possible he was orphaned young. Either way, it is unlikely that there was the fare for a stage-coach. He, or they, would have tramped. Men in search of work often used a network of contacts to travel the country on foot; this was especially true of early trades unionists.

By 1851 William and his wife, Catherine Elizabeth, were living in Bancroft Place, at no. 22. Bancroft Place consisted of two rows of terraced houses opposite the old almshouses. William and Catherine had children, one being Henry Alexander, who became the brewery furnaceman; another son was called William, after his father. The younger William's son, John Edward, became my paternal grandfather, whereas Henry Alexander became my grandfather on my mother's side, my parents being second

cousins, as was common at the time. So William Watson from Hull was my great-great-grandfather twice over. It was a moving moment for me when I saw a photocopy of William the shoemaker's signature on the 1835 record of his marriage. His handwriting bears a close resemblance to that of my brother, and, I believe, of my niece and nephew. In fact, I can myself with little effort make a passable forgery of his signature.

On several certificates I have obtained, members of my family made their mark instead of signing their names, but this does not necessarily mean they could not write at all. People could feel awkward wielding a pen in front of strangers, they could be afraid of spoiling a clean-looking page, especially an official one. As they used a pen rarely, they could lose the confidence to write. Elizabeth Watson, nee Folwell, for example, signed the register at her own wedding, as did her father, Joseph Folwell, and her new husband, Henry Alexander, although her mother made her mark. But eight years later, when my grandmother was born, Elizabeth signed the birth register with a mark. And although the old shoemaker could sign a neat and legible signature in 1835, his son William, a labourer, made his mark when he got married in 1864.

Shoemaking sounds as if it might have been a fairly steady trade – even the poorest, as adults, wore shoes of some kind. But the Victoria County History tells a different story. By the time William arrived there, the old silk-weaving district of Bethnal Green was declining, with the decay of that industry only one of its prevailing problems. A modern analysis, according to the County History, places Bethnal Green as the second poorest London parish in 1841, and the poorest by 1871. By the end of the 1820s there were at least 26 bootmakers there, with women and children performing simple tasks for the industry, often as outworkers. 'In 1860 Hackney Road and Bethnal Green Road were the centres of the trade', 'the Victoria History tells us, 'although there were bootmakers in the

east, notably around Globe Road and Green Street.' The chapter draws attention to the effects of mechanisation, which promoted further sweating, as processes were contracted out to homeworkers.

Poverty was all around. Mile End Old Town became a separate Poor Law 'hamlet' in 1857, although still in Stepney Union. A new workhouse was built in 1858-9, and a new road, Bancroft Road, provided to give access to it. At the end of 1867 there were 3,151 people receiving outdoor relief, in addition to those who had nowhere to go but the workhouse. In 1841, the workhouse had 800 inmates; by 1871 there were 2,200. William Watson the shoemaker was one of them. So poor William, who must have travelled hopefully to London from Hull, could not have found life any easier when he got there.

The minutes of Mile End Old Town Workhouse in Bancroft Road for 8 December 1870 record that inmates were to be given the usual Christmas treats. These were specified as toys, apples, oranges and nuts for the children; women and imbeciles were also to receive apples and oranges. No mention was made of anything for the men. Only two 'treats' for inmates were regularly recorded each year. In June 1871, for example, there was a dinner of bacon and cabbage; this was the annual summer treat. We have details of the special Christmas dinner given in 1876. It consisted of half a pound of meat, a pound of baked potatoes, a pound of plum pudding and a pint of porter – surely an indigestible meal for frail elderly inmates used to more frugal dishes.

We do not know precisely when William entered Mile End Workhouse, only that he was there on census day in 1871, when he was aged about 68, and there he stayed until he died, in June 1876, aged 73. The cause of death is given as 'debilitas exhaustio' - that is, in effect, worn out.

During the course of my search for one ancestor from the north, I traced other men and women from Kent, from Southampton, and from Yorkshire; doubtless there were more places to be found if I had persisted, but it was already clear that the people who had given me the impression of having clustered for ever around Globe Road in truth had been drawn together in the first half of the nineteenth century. Among the occupations followed by the men I found a malster, a tunman, a brewery furnaceman, a horsehair curler (a common occupation in the furniture trade), a coffee roaster, a tobacco-batter, a butcher, a labourer, a wool-broker's assistant, and a cork-sorter. The women took in washing and sewing. My great-grandmother and two of her daughters are recorded in the 1891 census as being tailoresses, but in fact they were sweated home-workers, sewing tiny buttons on the long gloves ladies then wore. London needed workers, men and women needed work, and so they streamed in from farms and villages all over Europe. Wherever our forebears came from, we could all claim to be typical East-Enders.

Sources: Victoria County History, Vol. 11; London Metropolitan Archives, minutes of Stepney Board of Guardians; censuses on line (Ancestry.co.uk); certificates from the GRO. With thanks to Philip Mernick for information about Bancroft Place.

**Pat Francis**

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## Book Reviews etc.

**Cinemas and Theatres of Tower Hamlets.**  
Gavin McGrath, 2010, A5, card covers, 96 pages.

Available from Eastside Books and the Broadway Bookshop at £6.99 or from the Cinema Theatre Association.

As it says on the back cover "At last, the cinemas and theatres of Tower Hamlets all under one roof in a compact guidebook ..."  
I certainly had no idea that there were so many in Tower Hamlets: the index lists 145 different names. Lavishly illustrated and with detailed histories, this book will bring back lots of memories. I personally learned a lot from it - the Jehovah's Witnesses Kingdom Hall in Grove Road was once (1912-1940) the Victoria Picture Theatre, the last film at my "local", the Regal, Bow Road was "The Sun Also Rises" (1958) and the Texaco/Co-op on Bow Road (next to The Little Driver) is on the site of Bow Electric Theatre (1911-1930). Even though those dates span the most popular time for post cards, I have never seen a view of Bow Road showing it. Maybe you have!

Gavin's earlier work "Cinemas and Theatres of Hackney may still be available (£6.50) from the sources given above.

**Philip Mernick**

**A Roman Settlement and Bath House at Shadwell:** Excavations at Tobacco Dock and Babe Ruth Restaurant, the Highway, London by Alistair Douglas, James Gerrard and Berni Sudds, Pre-construct Archaeology, 2011.  
Available from Oxbow Books. ISBN-13: 978-0-9563054-2-8

Excavations in 2002 by Pre-Construct Archaeology on two adjacent sites in Shadwell revealed an extensive late Romano-British settlement over a kilometre beyond the walls

of *Londinium* on an escarpment overlooking the north bank of the Thames. The area's importance became apparent in the 1970s through the discovery of monumental masonry and 3rd-century settlement and burial practice. This volume presents the evidence for Roman Shadwell as revealed by these excavations and considers its place within the broader context of *Londinium* and its hinterland. 225p, 29 col & 94 b/w illus, 41 tables

**Publishers information.**

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### **The Cable - Jewish East End Celebration Society.**

JEECS has published a special edition of their publication *The Cable* commemorating the 100<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the siege of Sidney Street to coincide with the exhibition on the same subject currently on at The Museum in Docklands (until 30<sup>th</sup> April). £4.50 including post from Jewish East End Celebration Society, P.O. Box 57317, London E1 3WG

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### **Advance Notice:**

History of Wapping Trust will shortly be publishing a new book on the history of Wapping. More details when available.

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### **Mile End Old Town 1740 – 1780, A Social History of an Early-modern London**

**Suburb** by Derek Morris. This was first published by ELHS in 2002 with a second edition in 2007. We have no stock but still receive requests for copies. If you have an unwanted copy of the second edition, we would be pleased to buy it back from you!

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**Nipper: The Amazing Story of Boxing's Wonderboy** by Alex Daley. Hardback, 330 pages. ISBN: 978-0956749406  
£15.99 (online price) + £3 p&p to a UK address or + £5 p&p to an Overseas (non-UK) address. Available exclusively from:  
<http://nipperpatdaly.co.uk/> Email:

[orders@nipperpatdaly.co.uk](mailto:orders@nipperpatdaly.co.uk) UK phone:  
07982 713 112

A biography of boxing Wonderboy Nipper Pat Daly, exploring his ring career and life, as well as the times in which he boxed. With rare photos, detailed fight analysis, and extracts from Nipper Pat's personal (previously unpublished) memoirs, the book resurrects the extraordinary times of an extraordinary boxer, and offers a great insight into the boxing world of the 1920s and '30s.

Alex Daley is a grandson of Nipper Pat Daly. This, his first book, is the result of eight years of research into the Nipper's life and career and the times in which he boxed.

They called him brilliant – the greatest since Driscoll and Wilde; an assured future world champion and a potential all-time great.

Nipper Pat Daly, who made his professional debut aged just nine, was a boxing prodigy so precociously gifted that he beat the cream of Europe's boxing talent while still in his mid-teens.

Fans across Britain clamoured to see him fight and sat agog at his uncanny skill, dazzling speed and boundless courage. He topped bills nationwide week-in and week-out, conceding age and strength to full-grown men yet outclassing everyone put before him. By 16 he had beaten several champions, was ranked in the world's top 10 and seemed on the brink of a world title. But incredibly, at 17 he reluctantly retired from the sport he loved, leaving sportswriters and fans to ponder just how great he would have been if he had reached his full potential.

Diligently researched and retold in vivid style, this book resurrects the career and life of one of boxing's most amazing performers, piecing together his unique career in order to understand how such a great talent could vanish so suddenly. Taking us on a journey through a lost world of smoky fight halls, colourful characters and courageous men, this

is the story of an incredible boxer and his incredible times.

#### **Publishers information**

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**Sylvia Pankhurst –**

**Everything is Possible. DVD, Documentary. A WORLDwrite Production. Running Time 1 hour & 20 minutes.**

**Email:**[world.write@btconnect.com](mailto:world.write@btconnect.com)

**Websites:** [www.worldwrite.org.uk](http://www.worldwrite.org.uk) and [www.worldbytes.org](http://www.worldbytes.org)

This year, on 8 March, women all over the world will be celebrating the 100<sup>th</sup> anniversary of International Women's Day, so the release of this DVD comes at an opportune moment. The DVD is coupled with a booklet which gives a brief outline of the work of Sylvia Pankhurst, making a valuable source of information for those who are unfamiliar with the political life and campaigns of an inimitable woman

The documentary charts the rise of suffragism and Sylvia's campaign for working women's right. It provides an historical overview of the growth of women's suffrage societies, detailing the sociological and ideological background which gave this movement its impetus. Sylvia's art is examined in great detail, a feast of imagery for the artist.

The film offers measured and balanced arguments in support of Sylvia, outlining her hopes and aspirations. Through the clever use of archive footage, interspersed with interviews with historians and archivists, as well as the testimony of Sylvia's son Richard Pankhurst and his wife Rita, the researchers have left no stone unturned in their quest for fresh and compelling evidence. The film only serves to reinforce what so many of us already know – Sylvia Pankhurst truly was an extraordinary figure who succeeded against all odds in changing the course of history.

The editors are to be congratulated for having produced a well-balanced, thoughtful and

historically accurate portrayal of Sylvia Pankhurst and the East London Federation of the Suffragettes.

WORLDwrite is an education charity based in London which specialises in producing educational documentaries and programmes. Apart from this work, they have a series of short documentaries on other aspects of East London history. They are available to view on their website. The Battle of Cable Street, Brick Lane, Docks and Dockers, are some of the themes explored.

Rosemary Taylor

## T Venables & Sons Ltd, Whitechapel Road

We have mentioned Wickams and Bearman's in recent issues but there were several other large drapery establishments in East London.

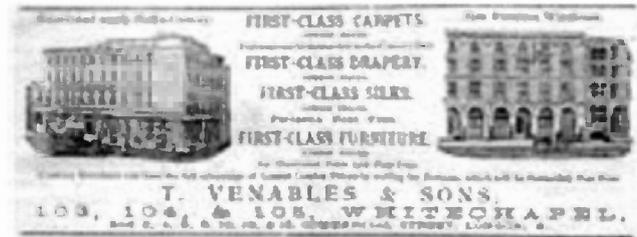
Venables were created by a W. Venables who in 1831 opened as draper, silk mercer, haberdasher & carpet warehouse in Lambs Conduit Street. In 1835 it reopened as Thomas & John Venables (sons?) at 103 Whitechapel High Street (east side of its junction with Commercial Street). Like Wickams they gradually expanded and by 1890 their store included 102 to 105 Whitechapel High Street and 2 to 12 Commercial Street. In 1895 they also took 115 Whitechapel High Street which was just the other side of Commercial Street.

John must have retired in 1854 because it then became Thomas Venables & Sons (later Ltd.), which it remained until 1929, when they finally closed down. Their former premises reopened as F.W. Woolworth in 1930.

They advertised widely in illustrated magazines and their advertisements showed little wood block pictures of the main store. From these we can see that unlike their

opposite rivals Gardiners the building remains seemingly unaltered.

I show below an advertisement from 1873 and a photograph taken a few days ago.



Philip Mernick

## Stop Press...

This enquiry just received from Megan Westley: [meganwestley@gmail.com](mailto:meganwestley@gmail.com) I came across your society while researching the Blitz and am wondering if you might be able to help me. I'm writing a book on the Second World War home front, and am looking out for interesting or useful stories and images to include. I am wondering if any of your members might be able to help me with memories or images of the area during wartime? Perhaps they were living on the 'home front' themselves, were evacuated away from London or worked in a voluntary capacity to help the war effort?



## SPRING COACH TRIP

14<sup>TH</sup> MAY 2011

### KNEBWORTH HOUSE, GARDENS & PARK

Knebworth is still privately owned by the Lytton family, who have lived there for over 500 years. It is one of the many places visited by Elizabeth I.

The house is basically Tudor, but with later alterations which make it look Victorian from the outside. Inside its true age is revealed. The contents span the centuries during which it has been lived in. We shall have a conducted tour included in our ticket price. For this we will have to split into two groups of about equal size. The tours will be at either 2 pm or 2.15 pm.

The house will not be open when we first arrive, but there is plenty to see in the formal gardens & there is a model railway you can ride on if you like (included in the ticket). There is also a deer park. Coffee or tea will be available too.

Lunch is available there, either a cooked meal at £13.00 for 2 courses or a lighter one. Picnicking is possible. Later on you could have tea. There is an exhibition on the British ?? in the house.

The party rate entrance is £9.50 full rate or £9 concessions. Please state if you are concession on the booking form. The coach fare will be £11.40 a person & the pick up at Mile End bus pull in, in Grove Road 9.30. Please send the full amount of coach fare & entrance if you can when booking or if inconvenient, at least send the coach fare first & the entrance to arrive before the actual visit

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

&

AUTUMN COACH TRIP  
14<sup>TH</sup> MAY 2011

I/We would like \_\_\_\_\_ Tickets/s for the coach trip.

NAME/S \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

TEL. NO. \_\_\_\_\_ I enclose a cheque for £ \_\_\_\_\_

(Cheques to be made payable to East London History Society)