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Editorial Note

Committee Members:

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The Newsletter is edited and typeset by Rosemary Taylor with collaboration of Philip Mernick, and an editorial team comprising, Doreen Kendall, David Behr, and Doreen Osborne. Contributions are welcomed from our members, on all aspects of East End history, as well as reminiscences, which provide a valuable source of information. Please send your articles, preferably by email, to Philip Mernick, who is also on hand to deal with any enquiries. Whilst we accept handwritten manuscripts, computer generated documents which can be sent as attachments, would be appreciated, as it saves us considerable time and energy, and helps us to get the newsletters completed on time!



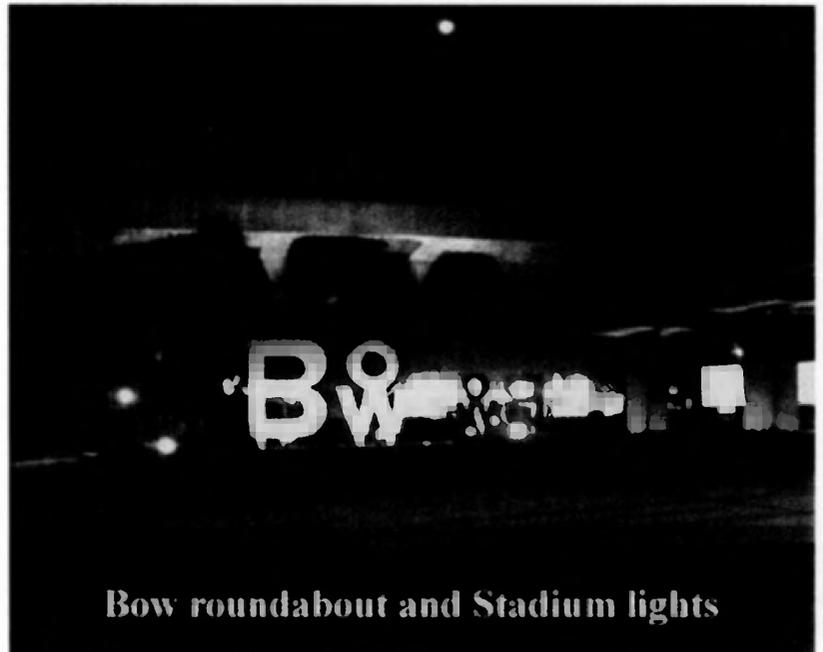
Cover Picture

No gold medal for recognising this! I write with the 2012 closing ceremony only two days away but the Paralympics yet to commence. It is too soon to assess the impact the Olympics has made on East London. Some changes are obvious: the massive buildings of the Olympic complex, Westfield, and the hotels and apartment blocks that crowd the immediate area. Also the almost manicured gardens and waterways that look so good on our TV screens.

The sporting event seems to have been a triumph although the pre-event hysteria over possible traffic chaos resulted in such herding of visitors down barriered off paths that the promised "trickle-down" effect on local businesses never materialised. Westfield has probably made a fortune, but for many small businesses in Brick Lane, Three Mills, Leyton, Custom House and Greenwich the whole period has been a financial disaster. Will the Olympic Park offer new vistas to East London or be built over with more huge apartment blocks, the fate Stratford's mixed height Carpenters Estate seems destined to suffer.

The efforts and enthusiasm of the thousands of "games makers" i.e. volunteers, was another triumph. Those distinctive purple and pink or red "uniforms" were everywhere. I have walked through Stratford every day since the event started and the atmosphere is incredible. I really hope that some of this can be carried over into the future.

Philip Mernick



Bow roundabout and Stadium lights

**East London History Society
Programme 2012 - 2013**

Thursday 20 September 2012

*Chinese reminiscences in East London-
past and present*

Speaker - Stephen Ng

Saturday 29 September 2012

*Visit to Kensington Palace using Public
Transport (See back page for details)*

Thursday 25 October 2012

Treasures and the Tower

Speaker - Garry Wykes

(preceded by A.G.M at 7.15)

Thursday 22 November 2012

Playground Rhymes

Speaker - Dan Jones

Thursday 13 December 2012

The history of shoemaking

Speaker - Thomas White

Thursday ²⁴ January 2013

*This unfortunate and ignored locality:
the lost squares of Stepney*

Speaker - William Palin

Thursday 21 February 2013

*Columbia Road-mangelwirzels
to des-res*

Speaker - Linda Wilkinson

Thursday 14 March 2013

*West Ham Allotments Society 1942-
2012*

Speaker - Colm Kerrigan

Thursday 18 April 2013

*St Clements Hospital, past, present and
future.*

Speaker - Calum Green

Thursday 9 May 2013

Film-Wapping Parent's Action Group

Introduced by Ray Newton and John Tarby

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

ELIZABETH FRY IN CROMER

It seems Doreen Kendall just cannot escape local
history connections! Whilst on holiday in Cromer
recently, she noticed a walk through the woods and
on to the cliff top and found it was called the
Elizabeth Fry Walk. There she found a plaque
recording Elizabeth's connection with Cromer. A
trip to the local museum revealed further facts
about the Gurney family and relations. She also
found that there was still a large house called The
Grove, and a block of flats called Barclays.

In 1793 John Gurney of Earlham Hall came to
Cromer on holiday with his ten children. They
occupied a house near the church, which is now
Lloyds pharmacy. John's sister Rachel, who was
married to Revd. Robert Barclay, lived in nearby
Northrepps Hall with their twelve children. Many
of the Gurney children were destined for fame and
fortune. Elizabeth, as Elizabeth Fry, became well
known for her work with prison reform, sister
Hannah married Thomas Fowell Buxton, MP,
Louisa married Samuel Hoare. Within a few years,
the families of the Gurneys, Barclays, Buxtons and
the Hoares became an established part of Cromer's
gentry.

Recent Publications

Tales from the Two Puddings, Stratford. Eddie Johnson, East London's Olympic City, in the 1960's. Fifty First State Press, 2012, 320 pages.

I was alerted to this by "The Gentle Author"'s ever interesting Spitalfields Life blog. The Two Puddings on Stratford Broadway was one of the East End's most popular music venues. The story is told by Eddie Johnson who was licensee from 1962 until 2000. The Two Puddings is no longer there, but I look forward to reading about it. Available from the publishers for £9.99 plus £3 postage or from Amazon.

I remember going there in the 1960s? 1970s? (too long ago!) and coming out unable to hear for hours after enduring the incredible volume of sound. I remembered listening, several times, to a group called Sean Buckley & the Breadcrumbs, so I looked them up and got this result from last.fm's web site. "Sean Buckley and The Breadcrumbs later to become The Sean Buckley Set came from Dagenham Essex and were very popular locally and in the London area especially in the east end in Stratford having a residency at the 'Two Puddings' pub. during the 1960's. They then performed in Europe with great success at the PN club in Munich and The Carousel club in Copenhagen." Some members of the group are apparently STILL performing.

Far from the East End, Iris Simantel, Penguin Books, 320 pages, 2012, ISBN 9780718198954, £6.99

Iris is a member of ELHS. Her story, winner of Saga magazine's "Life Story" competition tells of her life from playing in the rubble of bombed out buildings in Dagenham to evacuation to Wales and a new family life in the, then new, LCC South Oxhey Estate near Watford. She now lives in Devon.

Philip Mernick

Notes and News

COLUMBIA RD WAR MEMORIAL

I am writing on behalf of the Columbia Rd War memorial Group - see <https://www.facebook.com/#!/groups/251284558258620/> - for details.

I am writing to ask if you would support this group. We have contact with two or three survivors of the incident- involving a direct hit on the air raid shelter under the old Columbia Rd Market building (demolished in the 1960s) **ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE BLITZ**. It is the date and the fact that the bomb went directly down the air vent that gives this incident importance to me. A survivors account can be found at <http://www.bbc.co.uk/history/ww2peopleswar/stories/38/a8071238.shtml> - the incident was recently mentioned on another tv channel. Best regards
Geoff Twist

WOMEN'S LIBRARY, ALDGATE

More than 8,000 people have signed a petition calling on education secretary Michael Gove to save the Women's Library in Aldgate. Currently based in the old wash house in Old Castle Street, it is part of the London Metropolitan University and houses the largest collection of women's history in the UK. However, in March the university's board of governors announced they would be seeking a new home, or sponsor for the collections. If a new home is not found by the end of December, the library's opening hours will be reduced to one day a week.

The campaign to keep the library open is being backed by broadcaster Sandi Toksvig, who said, "The Women's Library is one of the most inspiring places in Britain. The collection is irreplaceable and having access to it should be a right for all."

An exhibition, 'All Work and Low Pay' – the story of Women and Work, is currently on display, and can be viewed, free of charge, until 25 August.

To support the petition, go to www.thepetitionsite.com or email moreinfo@thewomenslibrary.ac.uk

WHITECHAPEL GALLERY GETS A FACELIFT

As part of the London 2012 Festival, the facade of the Whitechapel Gallery was given a whole new look. Sculptor Rachel Whiteread's frieze was unveiled on June 14. The Whitechapel Gallery, built in 1901, was always meant to have a feature on the front of the building, but it remained blank for over one hundred years. The new frieze is a bronze cast, gold leaf sculpture of leaves and branches that represents the Tree of Life, an arts and crafts motif symbolising social renewal through the arts. I think Ashbee would have approved!

DEVELOPMENT OF ST CLEMENTS, MILE END

The Mayor of London, Boris Johnson, has confirmed that leading construction firm Galliford Try has been selected as the preferred developer to build more than 200 homes at the former St Clements hospital site in Mile End, Tower Hamlets. The development will see the freehold of the entire site being held in trust for the local community – which will preserve the value of the land for the community in the long-term. Some of the homes will be directly owned by the East London Community Land Trust and the residents will have direct involvement in the management of the whole neighbourhood once it is built. The development will also preserve a number of important historic buildings, including a nineteenth century, grade-II listed workhouse.

EAST END PHOTOGRAPHERS NO. 12. Theodore Waltenberg

If you walk down the Bethnal Green Road today, you will almost certainly pass by number 419 without a second glance. Since the Second World War it has had various uses, including a car showroom and a clothing dealer. But wind the clock back a century, and number 419 was one of the most popular photographic studios in the whole of the East End - Waltenberg's, a fixture on the site for more than four decades.

Most East End photographers would have reckoned themselves fortunate to find a studio site which would return a modest profit over 2 or 3 years - 5 years would be considered exceptional. The greater majority of firms either milked an area dry and moved on quickly, or ended up bankrupt after hopelessly overestimating the potential of a given locality. And then there was Theodore Waltenberg

The Waltenbergs were part of the enormous diaspora from Eastern Europe washed up in the East End in the last decades of the 19th century. Waltenberg senior, Karl Waltenberg, was a doctor from Vilnius, in Lithuania, then part of the Russian Empire, although his son, Theodore, had been born in the adjacent Austrian Empire (which also included Hungary) in 1857. The family arrived in London in the early 1880s, not long after Karl Waltenberg's death, and settled in the Bethnal Green Road. An advertisement in the Eastern Argus in July 1901 claims that Waltenberg had been established in 1878, but in fact his first mention in the local directories is in 1885, as the proprietor of a hairdressing salon at 259 Bethnal Green Road, which he maintained until 1889.

In the meantime, however, Waltenberg had spotted the potential of photography in one of the East End's prime shopping streets, with its perpetual passing trade. While still keeping an eye on the hairdressers, Waltenberg opened his first studio in 1886 at number 339, in direct

rivalry to the two established studios of Pitt and Wright, both of which he would easily outlast. His prices were somewhat cheaper than his rivals - 3s 6d for 12 cartes de visite, 6 cartes & 1 cabinet for 2s 6d and a dozen cabinets for 6s 6d. Those were the sort of sums which the locals could afford and on the profits, Waltenberg moved a hundred yards up the road in 1890 to his dream studio at 419 Bethnal Green Road. He no longer needed the hairdressers, and it was sold off.

In 1901, Waltenberg married a local girl from the same street, Janet Hart, who was 20 years his junior. It would seem, however, that their association antedated the marriage by many years, since of the Waltenbergs' nine children, six were born before 1901. These included Sirdar Kitchener Waltenberg, whom the patriotic Waltenbergs had named in honour of the victor of the battle of Omdurman in 1898.

In the early years at 419, Waltenberg had the help of an assistant, Herbert Cubitt, who stayed until the end of the century, at which time he was appointed to an important post in the trade's governing body. Curiously, however, Cubitt eventually gave up photography for hairdressing!



The success of the Bethnal green studio encouraged Waltenberg to look for additional premises outside the area. A second studio was opened on Stratford High Street in 1890, but never seems to have achieved the business of 419, and Waltenberg was probably relieved to sell it to a local firm in 1900. At the turn of the century, he gave up living over the shop, and

moved into a large house in Thoydon Road, off Grove Road, still within easy walking distance of the studio. There was, after all, a still growing family to accommodate.



By the First World War, Waltenberg had seen off all his competitors in the street. His children, unfortunately, were not interested in photography, and Waltenberg must have known that the studio would close on his retirement. But until then, he kept it going, decade in and decade out, through the years of the Depression and on into the run up to the Second World War. In all, Waltenberg ran the studio at 419 for 41 years, and was only forced to retire in the Spring of 1931 after his health had started to deteriorate- he was by then nearly 75.

Waltenberg died at his home in Thoydon Road on January 26 1933, some 18 months after the studio closed. It may be that the marriage, had had some difficult times, but there is no doubt that Janet Waltenberg shocked the neighbours when she suddenly remarried a local business man Albert King barely ten weeks after her husband's death. She left London soon after, and died in Thurrock in 1956.

Theodore Waltenberg's son, Sirdar Kitchener, eventually emigrated to New Zealand with his family in the 1960s. The Waltenberg family has long since left the area, but Theodore Waltenberg's legacy lives on, not in the anonymous site of his studio, but in the enormous number of portraits he took of ordinary East End inhabitants over a period of almost half a century.

I am, as so often, indebted to Malcolm Barr-Hamilton at Tower Hamlets Archives, for his help in-compiling this article.

David Webb

339 Bethnal Green Road has been demolished and rebuilt but 419 survives - just. It was the scene of a disastrous fire on the morning of 20th July 2004. Thirteen crews attended from east and southeast London fire stations. Two firemen Adam Meer and Billy Faust died when they were trapped in the basement after an explosion. The photograph below was taken a few days ago. Faded wreaths are still visible at first floor level. **Philip Mernick**

Letters, Queries, Requests etc.

From Alex Stratton:

John Dores Coppersmiths and Distillery Engineers

My father worked as an apprentice and a coppersmith in a Scottish Distillery. In 1920 having worked as a coppersmith in various places in England he came to Bow, East London. He worked as a coppersmith for John Dores up until 1950. John Dores premises was in Bromley High Street, where now stands Dorrington Point. In the 1960's the firm moved to Hainault in Essex. I can remember the names of some of the workers at John Dores and I also have a photo taken outside the Blue Anchor PH, just before they boarded their coach for a Beano trip to the seaside. I would like to hear from anyone who has information about John Dores.

A gin or whisky still stands in the restaurant of the Three Mills Studios, which was once Nicholsons Gin Distillery, Three Mills Lane.

From Angela Linnell,
angela.linnell@phonecoop.coop:

I've found your site on the internet and saw mention of ALFRED LINNELL. I wonder if you could help me with any further information. This Alfred Linnell is not a relation of my husband, but several people are and I wonder if you have any information on his grave.

He was killed after sustaining injuries during a demonstration in Trafalgar Square in 1887. His funeral was organised by William Morris and Annie Besant and the procession went to Bow Cemetery, according to newspaper reports. He was regarded by some as the first Socialist martyr, but when googling him, way down the list of items I found an article which sheds a very different light. I have been unable to copy the article, but if you google Alfred Linnell and Timaru Herald, you will find it.



Rosemary Taylor responds:

Doreen and Diane Kendall have done an intensive search for the grave of Alfred Linnell. They located the exact plot, but there is another person buried there. The plot itself was paid for by Annie Besant, and it is likely that it was also used for others. The article in Timaru Herald is interesting, although the newspaper quotes several sources, and uncorroborated evidence. It does show Alfred Linnell as a ne'er do well, who abandoned his two children. Whatever the man's character, however, he did not deserve to die an agonising death, and the newspaper's prediction that the socialists would turn their backs on him proved to be quite unfounded.

From Elaine English, Grazeley Green, Nr Reading, Berkshire:

I would like to order a copy of A Pictorial History of Victoria Park. It was while doing some family research that I came across the East London History Society website and found details of the book.

My father was born in the East End of London and my grandmother lived in Parnell Road, near to Victoria Park. Consequently I was trying to do some background research into the area. My great grandfather Frederick Payne, owned a boot shop in the Old Ford Road which my father remembered visiting.

Rosemary Taylor replies:

The Paynes who lived at 28 Ford Road were both close friends and supporters of Sylvia Pankhurst during her campaign for women's suffrage. They later moved to 400 Old Ford Road, and lived with Sylvia. You can find a chapter on them in my book In Letters of Gold. Is this the same family you are referring to?

From **Maggie Hewitt, TH Intergen Coordinator:**

Intergen - an intergenerational project which started up in the Bethnal Green area in the autumn - is now looking for volunteers to go into **Morpeth School**, a highly achieving comprehensive. We are looking for volunteers in general but also in particular areas, one of which is **local history**.

Intergen works by encouraging older people (50 plus) to get involved in the life of three schools in Bethnal Green- **Bonner** and **Bangabandhu** and **Morpeth**. We now have volunteers going into both primary schools (although more are always welcome), including someone who went to Bonner school sixty years ago, but would welcome some volunteers who would be happy to support the secondary school Morpeth.

If any of your group could give up a few hours a week, **Morpeth** would be delighted to welcome you. You would be making an important contribution to our schools and the community.

I am often in the Bethnal Green area and would be happy to meet with anyone who would like to discuss this further.

maggie.hewitt@intergen.org.uk or phone 07508 844 529(mob)

From Philip Mernick's Email Inbox:

From: Phil Draper

Subject: Mile End old and new

Would you have information on Mile End and on one trade particular shoe makers/boot makers repairs around 1891 up to 1901 or an area known as the golden boot

Philip Mernick replied:

I can sometimes answer specific questions but ELHS doesn't hold much in the way of records, for that you need Tower Hamlets Local History Library (Bancroft Road). For information on shoe makers you need Post Office Directories. Some information is available on-line but they are available in several locations such as Bancroft Road, Bishopsgate Institute, or Guildhall Library. I am afraid I have never heard of an area called "golden boot".

From: David K Clark

Subject: Can you help please?

I am researching a lady [Ann Robinson] who died in 1827 and need to trace her address at that time. The entry in the burial records for St Mary Magdalene Whitechapel show that her address listed as B Anchor Gd. I have attached the actual record. Can you tell me where that was as I cannot seem to locate it on Stanford's map of 1862. Would be very grateful for any help you might be able to extend.

Philip Mernick replied:

It actually reads B. Anchor Yd. which means Blue Anchor Yard. This ran south from Royal Mint Street between Cartwright Street and Glasshouse Street and lasted until 1977. It doesn't appear on all maps but you can see it on the Stepney 1882 map on our web site. <http://www.mernick.org.uk/elhs/maps/images/s1882.jpg>

From: Bob Vey-Cox

Subject: The Duke of Connaught.

I am compiling a family history and searching for information on an 'Off Licence' owned by my Grandfather George Henry Vey Cox between about 1900 and 1920. He is listed in Kelley's Directory as a Wine and Spirit Merchant at 146 Plashet Lane, East Ham. This address was where 'The Duke of Connaught Hotel' was situated; it was also his residence and the home of my Father and his siblings. The Duke of Connaught is also listed in the 1911 Census Enumerator's List as being at 146 Plashet Lane with my Grandfather as the owner. I believe that Plashet Lane became Grangewood Street Newham later. Would you be able to help me with any information on the hotel and my Grandfather, please? I know that it is a slight possibility that there might be in existence of photographs of the Hotel around this time, can you offer me some hope on this point?

Philip Mernick's response:

I regret I can't help you as it is outside my area of expertise. It isn't listed by "Dead Pubs" <http://deadpubs.co.uk/LondonPubs/LondonPubIndex.shtml> It probably didn't have a full licence meaning it wasn't listed under that name in the Post Office Directories. Newham Archives might have been able to help if they weren't closed for rebuilding! All I can suggest is you try Newham History Society, I have copied them in on this reply.

From Bob Vey-Cox

I am sorry to trouble you again, but, I have tried to contact the Newham History Society without luck. I have sent a couple of emails to the address Cc evetom2002@yahoo.ie without reply. Could you please help with a contact for this society? I believe (that) I may have found the location of "The Duke of Connaught" at the intersection of Katherine Street and Grangewood Street, Newham the building on the corner looks like it could have been a Hotel some time ago as I believe they were located on corners. I would be grateful if you could help me with a contact.

From: Catherine Tidman
Subject: Mansford Street/Avebury East Estate, North Bethnal Green

I'm doing some research into the history of the ex-Council estate I live on - Avebury East. It is sandwiched between St Peter's Close, Old Bethnal Green Road, Warner Place and Mansford St. I know it was built in 1970s but I wanted to find out in particular, why five of the blocks were named after fish - there is Mullet Gardens, Grayling Square, Zander Court etc. I also know from an old map that there was a pond on the area in the first part of the 19th century. Could you suggest where might be the best place to start looking?

Philip Mernick replied:

Mike Elliston's Topography of Tower Hamlets (unpublished) says of Elver Gardens, St Peters Close E2 [c1972-] The south west corner of the site generally occupied by the new Nelson Gardens housing was formerly a large fish pond associated with Coats's Farm and used in early times as a source of food, namely small edible fish. Thus the theme for the blocks and this footpath on this estate was small British fish (taken from "Fish of Rivers, Lakes and Ponds" by FJ Taylor.). An elver is a young eel, a grayling is a freshwater fish similar to a small salmon, a lampern is a river lamprey akin to an eel, a mullet is one of a variety of food fish, and a zander is a form of pike valued as a food fish also

For any other research I would recommend a visit to Tower Hamlets Local History Library and Archives which is very close to you in Bancroft Road.

From: Catherine Tidman

Hi Philip - thanks for responding so speedily. The information you have given me is fantastic news as I thought the names may

have been the result of the architect, developer or councillor responsible for building the estate, having an interest in fish or angling. Instead this shows there is a genuine historical connection. My research is part of an exciting project between the estate's Garden Club and students at our local secondary school, Oaklands. We are using the fish names as a starting point to explore the history of the estate and look at links between fish and gardening, in particular, which herbs you use to cook fish with. The project is culminating in an exhibition and Open Garden on 10th June. Zander Court Club House is taking part in this year's London Open Squares Weekend - <http://www.opensquares.org/> I would be delighted if you could join us and anyone else you know who is interested in local history.

From: Paul Corcelli, Exeter, Ontario, Canada

Subject: Great Grandfather's Birth Place

I was hoping that you may be able to help me solve some conflicting information regarding my Great Grandfather's Birth Place. Edward Martin was born on 13/09/1856 to John Martin and Louisa (nee Trott) Martin. Subsequent census forms indicate he was born on Mile End Road, Stepney however, some additional information I researched suggests he was born at 20 Leslie Street, Stepney, East London. I have reviewed map links attached to your web site and cannot seem to find Leslie Street. Can you confirm that this street did exist at this time? Is it possible he may have been born at Mile End Hospital? Since Mile End and Stepney are so closely connected, is it possible that his mother thought she was in Stepney but was however, in Mile End. I hope you understand my question?

I am planning a trip to London in 2013 and would like to look up his birthplace.

Thanking you in advance for your assistance.

From: Philip Mernick

Mile End was and still is part of Stepney. Mike Elliston's unpublished A Topography of Tower Hamlets states: Leslie Street ran north from

Lady Lake's Grove (Adelina Grove) to Mile End Road just west of Jubilee Street. It is shown by Stanford in 1862 as Lislle [sic] Street, which is almost correct for Lisle Street was built on the site of the former Fitzhugh House by William Sykes, a timber merchant from Osborn Street in the mid 1850s. The later name of Leslie Street did not appear until the OS survey of 1870 when it was probably assumed that both Leslie and Cecil were Sykes family forenames and the name Leslie stuck. The whole of Leslie Street was closed by order dated 14/09/1971 for the later construction of O'Leary Square.

From Rose Cini

Subject: Bethnal Green Workhouse

Thank you for your wonderful site, extremely helpful for people living in Australia. Could you please advise if it is possible to find out what was at the address 79a Bishop's Road, Bethnal Green, in about 1905? Also, what is at that address in 2012? I am of the opinion it could be the Bethnal Green Workhouse and if so I would love to know its history.

Philip Mernick responded:

Thank you for the kind words about our site. Yes 79A would have been the workhouse. Now called Bishop's Way, the site would appear (from Google Streets) to be a large block of flats: 1950s or 1960s possibly.

Graeme & Fay Collett (New Zealand)

Subject: CD Rom

We are currently researching our ancestors the Sevecke family (Frederick and Elizabeth) of Mile End Old Town. We know that they lived there sometime during the period 1780 - 1790. We have seen on the web that there is a CD Rom available entitled: ' Mile End Old Town Residents 1741 - 1790' collated by Derek Morris obtainable through the ELHS for the cost of £10 (which includes postage). Could you please confirm whether this CD Rom is still available and if so supply your postal address so we can order a copy by mail. Please advise whether the cost is sufficient for postage to Dunedin, New Zealand.

With thanks

Philip Mernick replied:

ELHS published Derek's book on Mile End but not the CD. That is available from East of London Family History Society.

http://www.genfair.co.uk/product_list.php?sid=224&page=69217

From: Roger Fullilove

Subject: Emmaline Fullilove nee Abbott

The above committed suicide in 1846 and a coroner's inquest was held at the Town of Ramsgate PH in Wapping High Street. I imagine this notorious case is well documented in local records, can you say were such might by held.

Philip Mernick replied:

Tower Hamlets Local History Library and Archives is the place to enquire. It has a very good collection of local newspapers <http://www.culture24.org.uk/am35932>

From: Oonagh Cousins (A Limehouse resident)

Subject: Wonderful Maps

I've had a look at some of your wonderful old maps of different areas in Tower Hamlets. I was wondering if there was a sort of THHOL hub which can be visited where I might view hard copies of the maps and perhaps talk to people more knowledgeable about the history of the Borough than I? I was also wondering if it's possible to buy copies of some of the maps?

Philip Mernick wrote:

THHOL is part of the East London History Society web site and we don't have a permanent base. However everything you describe can be found at Tower Hamlets Local History Library & Archives (Bancroft Road, Mile End). They have very knowledgeable staff, a tremendous collection of maps and can sell you a set of reproductions for a very reasonable price!

http://www.towerhamlets.gov.uk/lgs/1001-1050/1034_local_history_archives.aspx

If you need any more information feel free to ask.

AUDIO TOUR OF THE EAST END

Olympic visitors descending on the capital can explore the East End's colourful history with a new audio tour, with academic commentary from Queen Mary, University of London. www.qmul.ac.uk/eastendtour

TV historian Amanda Vickery is among the experts to lend their research, knowledge and voice to the free audio guide, which charts over 300 years of east London's fascinating past.

The route runs from Liverpool Street Station, on to Spitalfields, up Brick Lane, along Whitechapel Road to Stepney Green tube station. With 12 stops, it takes around one hour to complete.

Key points of interest include:

- Artillery Passage – the boundary between the wealthy City and East End poverty
- Petticoat Lane Market - the commercial hub of the Jewish East End
- The Jewish Soup Kitchen - built to offer basic help to refugees fleeing persecution in Russia
- Christ Church, Spitalfields - Nicholas Hawksmoor's architectural gem
- Spitalfields - the architectural legacy of French Huguenot silk weavers
- Brick Lane Mosque - a building that embodies the waves of immigration to the East End

· Fulbourne Street – where Jack the Ripper murdered one of his victims in 1888 and where Lenin and Trotsky met with other Russian radicals of the day

· Speakers' Corner of the East End (Mile End Waste) - where Salvation Army founder and social reformer William Booth campaigned to end poverty.

The guide aims to be a popular resource for Olympic tourists, local residents, school pupils, and new university students coming to the area. Listeners can download the audio tour from the Queen Mary website to their MP3 player or smartphone, as a series of MP3/M4a files www.qmul.ac.uk/eastendtour. Alternatively it can be watched on Youtube. A narrator guides visitors from stop to stop, while oral history recordings and illustrative readings add colour to the academic insight. A PDF route map and directions can be downloaded and printed out to accompany the audio experience.

Emma Lowry

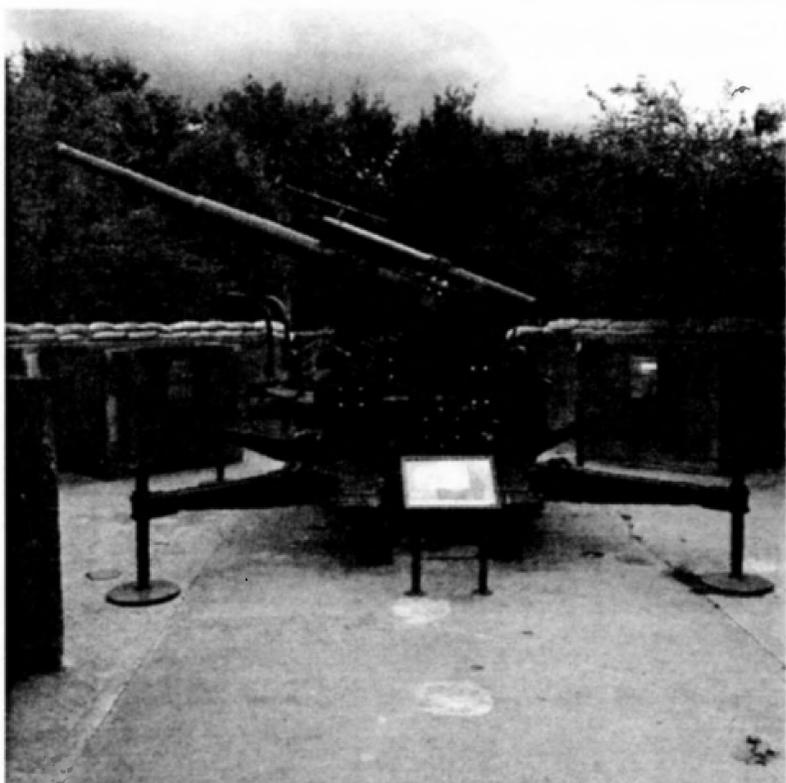
OLYMPICS AND KINGSLEY HALL 1948

In August 1948 I with many of my friends were enjoying our stay on a youth/scout camp in Sturry, near Canterbury. We were all from Bow, in east London and members of Kingsley Hall, a settlement started by two sisters Muriel and Doris Lester. One of their aims was to give east-end children the chance to sample and enjoy the countryside and we were all, most certainly, doing that. We were told that one evening we would be going into Canterbury to see the Olympic Flame. Being in our very early teens, I for one did not know what to expect and I'm sure neither did any of the other boys. The Olympics in 1948, was a very low key event for us. If it had been football, boxing or cricket we would have known all the star players. We would have known Sidney Wooderson, the mile record holder, because he had visited Kingsley Hall.

I can remember standing in the centre of Canterbury, amongst a very large crowd, waiting a very long time. It was quite late and dark, when all of a sudden the crowd opened up to allow a group of runners, all dressed in white shifts, with laurel leaf wreaths around their heads and one runner carrying the Olympic Torch to pass through. They were all gone within minutes. Was it worth the wait? Yes! Because I can still remember that historical event with pride. When I told my Dad that we had seen the Olympic Flame. He said: "You are unlikely to see a once in a lifetime event like that again."

In 1948, we would never have believed that one day in the distant future the Olympic Games would come to Stratford, Bow's nearest neighbour and we would be able to stand on Bow Bridge, which links the two places, and see the Olympic Stadium. Many of the boys and girls from Kingsley Hall emigrated to Australia in the early fifties, others have moved away from Bow. I wonder if they remember Kingsley Hall and the Olympic Flame passing through Canterbury.

Alex Stratton



3.7 inch anti-aircraft gun and new historical display in one of Mudchute's four gunsites. The officer in charge at the time of the London blitz, Captain W.J.S. Fletcher R.A., won the only Military Cross to be awarded for action on British soil. See page 19 for how the ack ack sites were used after the war.

A Walk Round My Childhood

Despite having been born in Poplar before the second world war, and having spent my childhood there, I seldom find the need to revisit now, firstly because there is no-one there that I know, and secondly, perhaps its because I find the inevitable nostalgia too painful.

Having grown up in Hind Grove, a rather ordinary road connecting Stainsby Road with Upper North Street, it's natural that whenever I visit I make my way towards what remains of Hind Grove. I say 'remains,' because half of it is now engulfed by the playground of the new Catholic school, and the rest is unrecognisable, because long gone are the three-up and three down terraced houses that I once knew, with their front doors opening into a front 'airy'. Now, on both sides of the road are high blank walls, with walkways high above connecting elevated flats. Indeed, the only things left in the road that I remember are the trees planted in the pavement on either side of the road. Only Hind Grove and Gough Grove were blessed with trees, hence their pre-war name-change from 'Street' to 'Grove'. The reason for that privilege is lost in the mists of time. Of course, the trees are much bigger now, with thick trunks, and towering some thirty or forty feet high. When I was a boy, the trunks measured a modest six inches in diameter, and the branches were about level with first floor windows.

At some time in the 1950's, Saracen Street was created, giving direct access to the main road. Before that it had been necessary to walk 'round the block' to reach the main road and catch a bus. Standing as I am on the corner of Saracen Street and Hind Grove, I wonder why I'm here, because the place is eerily silent; which is no surprise, because what's left of Hind Grove now, connects nowhere with nowhere! No-one walks along the street anymore, because there are no doors for anyone to emerge from! It's a road full of ghosts and blank walls!

To gain any purpose from my visit I will have to close my eyes, and allow my memory to 'fast rewind' back to the way it was. It's easy to do, because the images of what had once been are vividly etched into my memory. The corner I am now standing on was once the corner of a quaint little road called 'Paris Terrace', a single lane road connecting Hind Grove with Gough Grove. On one side of Paris Terrace were the blank side-walls of the houses facing onto Hind Grove and Gough Grove, but on the other side stood a row of terraced houses with basements. Around each basement area were black cast-iron railings separating the basement from the narrow pavement above; at pavement level, each house has a few steps leading up to the front door. In one of those basements lived a friend of mine called Kenny Walsh, and I remember calling to him through the railings, asking if he was coming out to play.

On the corner of Paris Terrace and Hind Grove is a little confectionery shop, run by two old ladies with the surname of 'Dent'. I believe they were sisters, and probably spinsters, because I can't recall seeing anyone else in the shop. They always wore long black dresses, and either bonnets on their heads, or hair tied in a bun, rather like someone from a Charles Dickens story.

I vaguely remember being in that shop once with my mother, whilst a lady customer bought some items. She then told Mrs Dent to put the items on her bill, and her husband would pay later. I apparently thought that was a great idea, because I later bought some sweets there, telling Mrs Dent to put it on the bill and mum would pay later! My mother wasn't best pleased when later confronted with the bill however.

Sadly, Paris Terrace was badly blasted early in the blitz, and both that shop and the row of terraced houses remained derelict for the remainder of the war. To add insult to injury, the Council then erected a long brick shelter the length of Paris Terrace, presumably in which passers-by could take refuge during raids. But the shelter was never once used!

On the other side of Hind Grove, opposite Paris Terrace is a public house called 'The Victoria'; a well-used establishment that managed to survive the war intact. That pub served as a meeting place for many local residents, offering companionship and comfort to those needing it throughout the war years.

If I listen carefully, I can hear the tinkling of the piano from the saloon bar, and the inharmonious voices of customers wailing 'Roll Out The Barrel'. Later in the evening, above the raucous sing song, would come the voice of the publican, Charlie Preston shouting, "Time gentlemen. . . . pleeze!" Soon afterwards customers would emerge and totter down the road arm in arm singing: "We'll all go the same way home. . . ."

About once per week local residents were treated to the magnificent sight of two beautiful Whitbreads' Shire horses clip-clopping down the road, pulling a dray laden with beer barrels. These would be rolled down a skid into the cellar of the pub. But The Victoria wasn't confined to beer of course, because on Sunday mornings a cockle and whelks stall would appear on the forecourt, supplying the locals with their favourite Sunday tea. I can still visualise old Mrs Brown shuffling along in her carpet slippers, clutching a jug to collect her 'usual,' before shuffling back to enjoy her meal in the privacy of her basement flat.

Like most streets in the area, Hind Grove had a choice of public houses, and further along the road was the rear entrance to 'The Waterloo Hero.' The front entrance of which was actually in Gough Grove, but the brewers had cleverly realised that by connecting the rear door to Hind Grove via a walk-way, they could poach customers from both streets. That pub was managed by a Mr and Mrs Collins. Mr and Mrs Collins had two boys and a very pretty daughter called Patsy, who made a few hearts flutter amongst the 'scruffs' of Hind Grove. But sadly, she wasn't allowed to mingle with the urchins of the street.

At the top of Hind Grove we find a rather complicated junction where Stainsby Road, Pelling Street and Piggot Street all merge together. Piggot Street forms a tight hair-pin bend into Stainsby Road, and amazingly the number 86 double-decker bus had to negotiate that bend before stopping beside the Poplar Hippodrome further along, where the crew took a respite before their return journey to Upminster.

Looming into the sky above Piggot Street is the imposing architecture of Farrance Street School, (much later to become 'Sir Humphrey Gilbert's) with its beautiful red brick walls and apexed roof over the central structure and a roof playground on either side. Standing proud, like two horns at each corner of the roof are what I assumed to be lightning conductors. That school was destined to be my first school as an infant, and my last school as a fifteen year old 'Secondary Modern' pupil. On the right hand corner of Pelling Street is the 'Connaught Public House' with its green tiled walls and brown painted doors. The publican must have endured years of fierce competition from both 'The Waterloo Hero' and 'The Stainsby' pub on the corner of East India Dock Road, though it has to be said that clientele usually remained loyal to their chosen pubs.

Opposite The Connaught on the corner of Hind Grove is 'Bert Moffats' pawn shop. Exactly who 'Bert Moffat' was; or had been, I never did find out, but it was a useful place for locals to 'pop' something to tide them over until pay day. Along the rear of Bert Moffat's in Hind Grove, we find an alleyway leading along the back of the Stainsby Road shops. The alley was always referred to as 'Jack's Alley'; but again, exactly who 'Jack' was or had been remains a mystery. Needless to say, during the early war years, Jack's alley was an attractive haunt for local urchins to explore, particularly as there was a stable at the end, where a horse patiently munched at a hay bag. I remember the alley always smelled strongly of fish, because Joe Lyon's (no relation) fish and chip shop also backed onto the alley. To the right of the alley are two very tall

imposing houses with basements. They are the only two houses in the road of that design. On reflection, I find it rather curious that whereas, at first glance all the houses of the road appear to be identical, closer study shows that many are of individual design! Many had basement areas, whereas others simply had cellars, and some had no cellar at all! It's rather sobering to think that those without cellars had to have their coal stored in a cupboard under the stairs! It's also rather sobering to recall that residents could only afford one fire in the house, invariably in the kitchen, where families spent most of their time. Front rooms (known sometimes as 'parlours') were regarded as 'the best room' in the house, and only opened on high days and holidays. On that occasion the fire would be lit as a 'special treat.'

It's another sobering fact that no house had a bathroom either, and had to make do with a simple 'scullery', where the ablutions of the whole family had to be carried out as best they could.

At the bottom end of Hind Grove is the Post Office; a corner shop run by a family for many years, and then by a lady, who became known as 'Joan down the Post Office.' On the other corner of Hind Grove is an electric sub station, with high railings around a corner enclosure. Through the grilled air-vents can be heard the humming of the transformers within, and kids would often be seen with their ears to the vents listening with fascination to the mysterious sound inside. Sadly, that Sub-Station and the trees in the pavement are the only original remaining items of the Hind Grove that I grew up with!

On the other side of Upper North Street are the brown painted double gates of 'Jennings Transport', with the name proudly painted across them in gold paint. Like most local businesses, Jennings was a family firm, and had started out with horses and carts, long before progressing to lorries. It's true to say that almost every street in the area had a small family business of some sort, from tailoring to laundering, and local work was plentiful.

Indeed, my first experience of work on leaving school, was to train as an upholsterer at a little factory in Cordelia Street, with the curious name of 'The Camel's Head', making three piece suites. How the firm acquired that curious name is still a mystery, but I do remember seeing the mummified head of a camel on a high shelf as one entered the factory. More established firms, such as Lustys in Upper North Street, also made furniture, including the now collectable 'Lloyd Loom wicker chairs.

True to say that work within walking distance was in abundance at that time, and to finish at one firm on a Friday afternoon and find another job on Monday was not uncommon! If work opportunities were in abundance, so too were small shops in the area. Both Stainsby Road, and Upper North Street were virtual High Streets, with rows of little shops on either side, selling everything the housewife might need. Many had been owned by the same family for generations, and proprietors were known by first names; such as 'Tommy Whites' newsagent in Piggot Street, 'Joe Lyons' fish shop in Stainsby Road, 'Bennie's' sweet shop in Upper North Street, and 'Johnnie Creighton's' newsagents on the corner of Ricardo Street. It was community life at its best.

This plethora of shops was augmented of course by Chrisp Street Market at the top of Grundy Street; (still in existence, though nothing like the original market which ran along Chrisp Street itself). The people of the whole area were an indigenous breed, most having lived there for generations. Along with my street pals, my grandparents and uncles and aunts lived locally and each emerging generation was watched over by those who had gone before.

As each generation reached marriageable age, so a couple of rooms were acquired by word of mouth, either in the street, or very nearby. Rooms were normally readily available, because people were anxious to top up their meagre incomes by renting any spare rooms they had! Rooms were a stepping-stone to

something better of course, and as a house became available, so newly weds moved on. There is absolutely no doubt that this social culture created a very disciplined and crime-free environment, because everyone was 'known' by everyone else; if not by name, then certainly by sight, and any wrong-doing was quickly dealt with! A quick retort, such as: "I'll have a word with your mother about you," was enough to subdue any wayward urchin from wrong doing, because a complaint from a neighbour was the last thing he needed!

People of the area were proud and basically honest, and what you saw is what you got! Another social factor was that every house normally had only one 'bread-winner'. This was invariably Dad, whilst mum stayed at home and 'managed' the home and the kids. I choose the word 'managed' advisedly, because when considering the responsibilities they carried on their shoulders, it was both an onerous and valuable task. Perhaps it was because of this dedicated commitment that children learned to do as they were told, because they knew that to answer back, or get into mischief brought swift retribution. Thus it was that the 'man' of the house was always regarded with respect, both for his character and the job that he did, however humble that job might be.

My paternal grandfather worked as a 'Collector' for the Gas Company, which meant cycling around the area with a huge Gladstone Bag on the carrier, with which to transport the large heavy pennies emptied from gas meters. It didn't take long for that bag to become full, so his journeys back and forth were numerous. I remember trying to lift that bag off the floor once as a small lad, and try as I might, couldn't budge it an inch! In the evenings and at weekends he augmented his meagre pay by working as Commissionaire at The Queens Theatre in Poplar High Street; a job that he was proud of, because he got to meet many old time music hall stars of the era.

War was declared when I was just five years old, and the ensuing blitz was to change much of what I knew, so my recall of the 'complete'

Hind Grove is a little hazy. By 'complete', I mean with every building in tact. I clearly remember terraced houses stretched the entire length of the road on both sides, complete with their front areas, (known locally as 'aries') Around every area were iron railings, with cast-iron gates; handy to park prams and bikes etc.

I lived at number 41, next to my grandparents at 39, and I remember the front area being a place my mother felt safe to leave me to play, so long as the gate was shut. Further along the road, on either side of the entrance to The Waterloo Hero public house were two shops; the left hand one being a Dairy, and the right hand one a Wool shop. Sometimes, if I could scrounge a penny, I was allowed to visit that Dairy for a penny bar of chocolate. Crossing the road was not considered a hazard at that time, because traffic was almost non-existent, with only the occasional horse and cart clapping by. But all of that was to change very quickly when the air-raids began. Being just five years old, I was too young to understand what was happening of course, but I remember the serious faces of adults as they talked earnestly about the war, and someone called 'Adolph Hitler'.

I remember too the arrival of a group of men who came to dig up our rear garden to install an Anderson Shelter; it also coincided with the day I had to go to a local clinic to have my tonsils removed. When I returned, the shelter was finished, and along side my mother, I gazed into the dark interior, at its four canvas bunks, where apparently we were destined to sleep.

"You won't get *me* down there! I'm not a bloody rabbit!" My mother muttered.

She was soon to eat her words however, because we were destined to spend many nights in that shelter in the near future. The next intrusion into our lives came when a lorry trundled down the road, and a group of workmen began ripping out the railings around everyone's 'airy'; everyone that is except basement areas, for obvious reasons. If

anyone protested at this rape of their property, they were met with:

"Don't you know there's a war on missus?"

Raids were soon to become a nightly occurrence, usually lasting until dawn, when the 'all-clear' siren wailed out a pause from hostilities. Everyone then crawled from their shelters and surveyed the damage around them. If their house was still there, it was a great relief, and if water came from the tap, it was a bonus, because now they could make a pot of tea.

The streets were smothered in broken glass, and I remember seeing curtains fluttering from windows where frames were missing. Four houses to the left of The Waterloo Hero were now a heap of rubble, and the smell of smoke pervaded the air for days afterwards. Soon after this, the beautiful church of St Mary and Joseph, on the corner of Canton Street was struck by a parachute mine. It completely destroyed the church, along with the Eastern end of Canton Street, while another stick of bombs straddled across Gough Grove, Canton Street, Peking Street and Swale Street, almost up to St Stephen's Church on the corner of Upper North Street and East India Dock Road. (Ironically, although that church avoided serious damage on that occasion, it was destined to be struck by a V2 rocket in 1945 completely destroying it!)

As houses were destroyed, so emergency repair teams arrived to clear away the rubble, leaving flat open spaces called 'debris', which local kids adopted as their 'playgrounds.' By the end of the blitz, there seemed to be as many open spaces as there were houses. That may not be an exaggeration, because I have read in later years that 50% of Poplar was destroyed by bombs!

Unfortunately, my own house was destined not to survive either, because on September 9th, 1941 (easy to remember because it was my dad's birthday) it was struck by incendiary bombs and gutted. As we were all huddled in the shelter at the time, and unaware of the

blaze, everything in the house was burned, and so we started the next day owning no more than what we were wearing.

For a time we were forced to spend our nights in the emergency underground shelter in Poplar Recreation ground in East India Dock Road. It was a rather bleak existence for a time, until my mother suggested we go to Ospringe in Kent and join the hop-pickers; where at least we would have a hut to sleep in, albeit on a straw mattress. It was a place we had been before with our maternal grandparents, so the idea was greeted with much enthusiasm.

My father meanwhile, had to stay with my grandparents in Poplar so that he could continue with his work. Every weekend he would cycle down to bring us an update of the news, and tell us which neighbours had currently succumbed to the bombing. Meanwhile, his search for a new home continued. Worryingly it was not until the final week of the season that he trudged up the field with a smile on his face to tell us he'd managed to rent a house almost opposite our old one! It was number 50; a house that was destined to be our home and survive the rest of the war; and many years after.

Although the blitz was brief and drastic, the lull in air-raids was not the conclusion of the war, because in 1944 we had to endure the latest brainchild of Adolph Hitler's mad scientists in the form of the V1 Flying bombs, and the V2 rockets, which took yet another terrible toll of life and property. I believe it no exaggeration to say that there were now as many spaces in Poplar as there were houses!

The Eastern ends of Gough Grove, Canton Street, Peking Street and Swale Street were now open sites, and it was possible to stand in Hind Grove with an uninterrupted view as far as East India Dock Road. With water mains smashed during raids, lack of water presented a serious problem for fire-fighters, and so many of the open spaces were utilised as emergency reservoirs. (EWS). Thus it was that a huge reservoir was excavated in Canton

Street, (In what is now the gardens of the new Catholic School) The earth removed being dumped on the other side of Canton Street, (where now stands the row of new terraced houses). The earth covered about the size of a football pitch, and at one end was almost as high as local houses. Thus the site became colloquially known as 'The Hills'; making an excellent playground for kids, and somewhere for people to walk their dogs.

The war for me ended as an anti-climax. As my pals and I played in the street one day, suddenly, the ships in the docks began blowing their horns loudly and persistently, making a cacophony of sound. This caused us to stare at each other in consternation, wondering what was happening? Had the Germans invaded after all? Then a neighbour came to his front door with a big grin on his face and shouted that the war was over! It had just been announced on the wireless! Soon, other neighbours appeared at their front doors, some laughing, some crying, and began hugging each other.

Wondering how we should react at this tremendous news, my pals and I began piling timber on the debris, torn from bombed houses, and soon a huge bonfire was roaring into the sky. Those celebrations were destined to continue through the night and following day. Mr Preston emerged from the Victoria Pub with crates of beer, which he placed on the forecourt and shouted: "It's on the house! Help yourselves". Those celebrations were to be repeated just a few months later when Japan also surrendered. Six years of brutality and destruction were now finally over.

In a way, the anti-climax of peace was to continue, because people now felt unsettled and confused; confused about the future and how things were going to develop. The home coming of thousands of demobbed troops placed a sudden heavy demand on accommodation. Many of the homes they had left behind had been wiped out by bombs, so what was there to return to?

A temporary solution came in the form of prefabricated houses. 'Temporary' bungalows constructed of timber and asbestos, began to appear on every debris and open space that could be found, and we kids watched in dismay as our 'playgrounds' started to disappear one by one. But 'Prefabs' as they became known, were only a sticking plaster on a huge problem, and soon there was talk of 'Slum Clearance'.

Local Councillors made impressive speeches about how the slums of the East End were to be bull-dozed away, to be replaced with modern accommodation: 'Fit for heroes'. The notion was greeted with excitement by the indigenous population, as thoughts of a home with an inside toilet, and a bathroom dominated their minds! It was a luxury beyond their wildest dreams! Only the very rich normally had those things! Few gave a thought to the implications of such a plan, or the price that would have to be paid in the loss of their community. One by one families moved away to places like Dagenham, Debden and Harlow, never to return. In the space of just a couple of years, a whole indigenous community, along with its history, was erased forever. The 'Planners' had achieved what Adolph Hitler failed to do. New high-rise buildings sprang up everywhere, followed by 'in-filling' as the desperation for building space took hold. In the ensuing years these new buildings were filled with a transfusion of immigrants; people who knew nothing of the area's history, nor did they need to! It was their new home after all, and for them, history started there!

It's time to open my eyes now and come back to reality. The tinkling of the piano in the Victoria pub fades away, along with the footsteps of passers-by and the familiar shout across the street of a neighbour making a ribald comment. The street is silent once more, and the blank walls stare down at me as though questioning my presence. Only the familiar trees rustle back at me in the breeze. Perhaps they are whispering that they too remember those days long ago, when people bustled up and down the street, and the

terraced houses echoed to the clip-clop of the Whitbread horses.

I realise that I don't belong here now; I'm trying to re-live a by-gone era. Only the trees and I remember the past. It's time to go home.

Bill Langworth

BYGONE TIMES

We are a new on-line History magazine based in South Wales. The name of the magazine is titled Bygone Times, www.bygonetimes.org.uk this is a free publication distributed every month to interested groups/people. If you have any members interested could you pass them my email and I will place them on our mailing list.

John Sutton



After the creation of Mudchute Farm, around 1977, the ack ack site bunkers were used to house animals. As you can see some still are.



AUTUMN VISIT

SATURDAY 29TH SEPTEMBER 2012

KENSINGTON PALACE USING PUBLIC TRANSPORT

Kensington Palace was built in the 17th century when William & Mary became joint monarchs. Building started then but there have been a number of alterations and additions since. Queen Anne, George I & George II all lived here. Then it ceased to be a main royal residence. Princess Victoria was at first not expected to become Queen, as the Prince Regent had a daughter. However she died and afterwards her uncle who succeeded to the throne had no legitimate children. However she continued to live here, where she had been born, and here in 1837, she was woken up at 6 in the morning, and received the distinguished people who came to pay her homage in her night dress and dressing gown.

Much more recent residents include Charles & Diana & now their eldest son Prince William & his wife.

The palace has now been beautifully restored & more than ever before is open to the public. There are four special tour routes and also this time a special exhibitions about Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee.

As there is a party rate I would like to book this for everyone, so please pay in advance. The concession rate is £10.80 and full rate £12.05. There is a booking form below. I think the best place to meet is High Street Kensington Station – District & Circle lines. I will be at the station from 10.30 to perhaps 10.45 and then go on with people who collect there. There is only 1 exit to the street, and cafes inside would be places to wait. However if this is not convenient there are other nearby stations. It is only a short walk from the High Street, but there is a bus service to the Park entrance. If you go another way, there are free rooms and a café in the Palace and we will all need to meet up to get the party rate. The Palace café would be a convenient place. It would be useful to me to know if you would intend to meet in Kensington Station or elsewhere and would save too much wasted time in waiting for possible latecomers

A cold but quite good lunch is available in the palace café, a hot meal in the Orangery restaurant – but it's not always open.

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 VISIT
29TH SEPTEMBER 2012

I/We would like _____ places for the visit.

NAME/S _____

ADDRESS _____

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

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