

EAST LONDON HISTORY SOCIETY

PROGRAMME 1992 - 1993

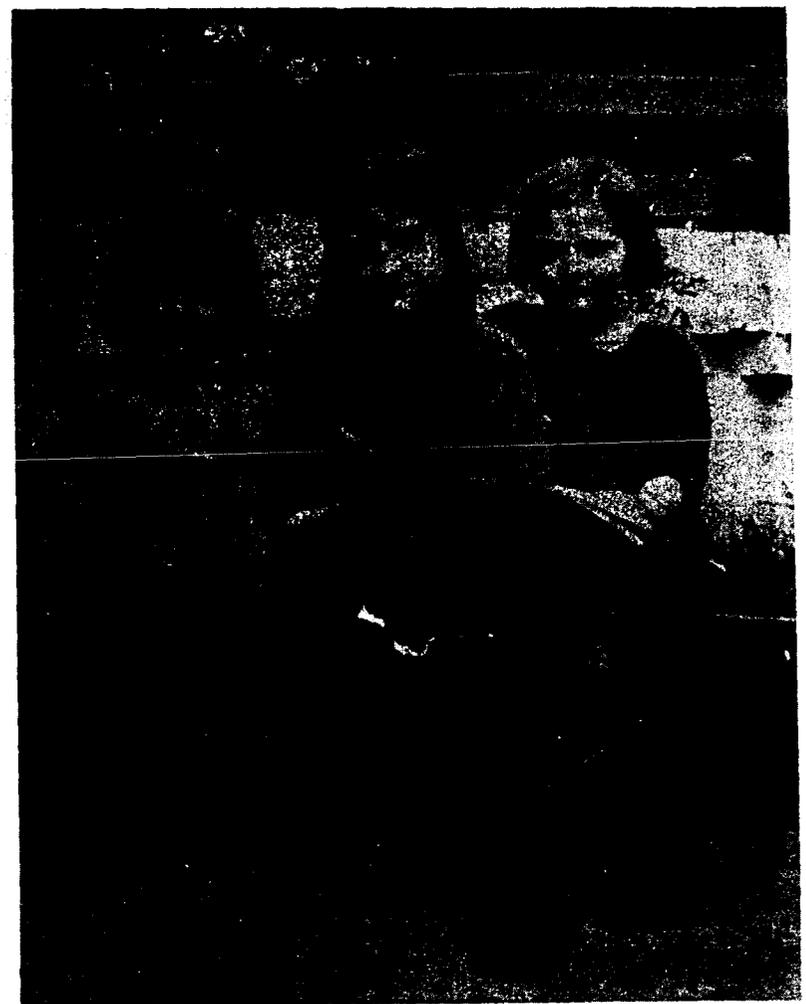
Thurs. 24 Sept.	Pull no more bines -memories of hop-picking Gilda O'Neil	Latimer - Congregational Church	7.30pm
Thurs. 22 Oct.	London's early docks (1800 - 1855) Bob Aspinall (preceding by A.G.M. at 7.15pm)	Latimer Congregational Church	7.45pm
Thurs. 19 Nov.	Ethnicity, religion and health Care: the experience of Jewish mothers and their infants in east London 1870-1939 Laura Marks	Latimer Congregational Church	7.30pm
Thurs. 3 Dec.	River Lea Margaret Ashby	Latimer Congregational Church	7.30pm
Thurs. 11 Jan.	Poplar and the councillors who went to jail in 1921 Gillian Rose	Latimer Congregational Church	7.30pm
Thurs 11 March	Paper and printing in East London Alfred French	Latimer Congregational Church	7.30pm
Thurs, 22 April	The rebuilding of docklands and the remaking of its 'history' Durrel Crilley	Latimer Congregational Church	7.30pm
Thurs. 6 May	Life and times of Victoria Park in pictures	Latimer Congregational Church	7.30pm

Latimer Congregational Church is in Ernest Street E.1. Ernest Street is between Harford Street and White Horse Lane off Mile End Road (opposite Queen Mary and Westfield College). The nearest stations are Stepney Green and Mile End.

The East London History Society, now in its fortieth year, exists to further interest in the history of East London, namely the London boroughs of Tower Hamlets, Hackney and Newham. Besides the **East London Record** we publish two newsletters a year and organise a programme of talks (details above); we also arrange local walks and two coach outings a year are organised. Details of membership are available from John Harris (Membership Secretary) 15 Three Crowns Road, Colchester, Essex C04 5AD.

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EAST LONDON RECORD

No 15

1992

EAST LONDON RECORD

Editor: Colm Kerrigan

The East London History Society publishes The East London Record once a year. We welcome articles on any aspect of the history of the area that forms the London boroughs of Hackney, Tower Hamlets and Newham. Articles, which need not be in their final form, should be sent to the editor at 13 Abbotsbury Close, Stratford, E15 2RR.

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These, and further copies of the present issue (£2.25 plus post and packing) are available from the circulation manager, Mrs Doreen Kendall, 20 Puteaux House, Cranbrook Estate, Bethnal Green, E2 ORF. Cheques should be made payable to the East London History Society.

We are grateful to Tower Hamlets Libraries and the Bishopsgate Institute for permission to reproduce photographs and to the following people for their help in producing the magazine: Mr H.D Behr, Mr H. Bloch, Mr B. Canavan, Mrs D. Kendall, Mr C. Lloyd, Mr P. Mernick, Mrs J. Page, Mrs R. Taylor, Mr H. Watton and Mr D. Webb.

Cover illustration: Iris, Lily and Vi Short did not have time to dress up for this photograph, taken by their father with a borrowed camera: see the article written by Vi Short on page two.

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A CHILDHOOD IN BOW

Violet Short

'Oi'm goin' up Roman fer me mum, cumin wiv us?'

It is more than fifty years since I first issued that invitation to my pals in Lacey Street, Bow. The Roman (no one ever called it Roman Road) was our Mecca: there was always something to see, to hear and to do in the road with its market that stretched westward from Lefevre Road towards Bethnal Green.

My father and mother married in 1905; previously they had enquired about a flat to let upstairs at 29, Lacey Street. A soot-covered figure confronted them: she had been sitting toasting her knees - you can guess the rest! After helping her clear up, they met her sea-captain husband and were accepted as tenants. They also became good friends. We grew up in that happy little house until July 1925, when we moved a stone's throw away to a larger terrace house in Mostyn Road, where, to our delight, we had a proper garden! The family stayed there until 1938.

The area had the atmosphere of a village. Life was relaxed and quiet on the whole, neighbours had time to stop for a chat and our mothers liked a break from their day's labours with a five minute gossip with 'her next door'. Those far-off happy days seem to have been always sunny, with a hazy sunshine laden with scents from Stratford if the wind was from the east: the gas works, soap factory, the Northern Outfall Sewer, the glue from Yardley's box factory and the one I hated most, the sickly smell from Charrington's Brewery that was carried on the warm west wind.

There was little traffic: we played in the middle of the road, mostly, with games like hopscotch, skipping, marbles, pegtops or hoops as the seasons came round. There were many grazed knees and elbows as the surface was made of small angular bits of granite rolled in with tar. I loved the smell of the tar and the beauty of the Puffing Billie! Tredegar Road nearby was smoother: we used it as a skating rink, with youngsters on roller skates gathering there every evening.

Our local, the Carlisle Tavern, was a small, quiet pub. One little chap, Harry, aged about five, used to sit on the steps every night waiting for his parents; everyone used to take pity on him and gave him sweets. His little overcoat came down to his ankles and he had long golden curls. The hoarding above the door advertised 'Sparkling Ales and Genuine Porter' in gold letters and a high brick wall skirted the yard, which we found very useful for playing donkey. There were 'Commit No Nuisance' notices at each end, painted in black on white, and it took me all of seven years to discover what they meant - a sign of the times in the East End. There was an old parrot behind the wall and though we never saw him, when long summer evenings had come to an end and we'd been 'called in to bed' he did his best to get us back, squawking 'Ernie', 'Jessie', 'Vi' and 'Iris'.



Mostyn Road; although this photograph was taken in 1905, the actual street looked the same thirty years later.

Our perpetual plea was 'Can we go out in the street to play, mum?' My mother was tiny but made up for it in character. She set her sights very high for her three daughters, determined to give us the opportunities she never had. Her own schooling had been interrupted for two reasons. Being half way down the family she had to care for the young ones while granny worked: there were no day nurseries or child allowances. Another reason for her missing school was that the penny fee that had to be taken was often not available.

As a small girl of five my mother decided to visit her mother who was in the London Hospital with rheumatic fever. In her mother's bonnet she walked all the way to Whitechapel. You can imagine how desperately anxious her mother was about the return journey for, in spite of her cares, she loved her children dearly. My mother was christened Lilian Amelia Daniels. She was a happy, courageous, kind and generous woman and, despite the gaps in her formal education, she was endowed with intelligence and wisdom. She was a great reader, considering the little spare time at her disposal. She was a great friend of my father's only sister, who lived with us and was like a second mother.

My grandfather managed a large shop 'up Roman'. He possessed a certificate declaring him to be the third oldest oil and colourman in the British Isles. He had left school at eight, but his handwriting resembled the copper plate of legal documents. There was a speaking tube in the shop and it was considered a great treat to be lifted up to blow down it and whistle him up for a conversation. Although he had been manager for forty five years he was not paid one penny after the day he had to give up work because of his illness.

My father and his sister and brother qualified to go on to a teacher training college but their father was afraid it would overtax them and did not allow them to go. They had to leave Roman Road school at the age of twelve. It was a very good school: the teachers were dedicated and seemed to have been years ahead of their time. There was a school orchestra and every one of the family learnt a different instrument without paying any fees.

It is a pity my aunt could not have gone to college as she would have been a good teacher. She helped to get us through the Junior County Scholarship. She and my father later ran the store at 323 Roman Road.

Bow, once a pleasant rural retreat on the east side of London, had been built over in the course of the nineteenth century. Many of the large dwellings built for wealthy businessmen still remained in my childhood, though they were often shabby and overcrowded by then. Coborn Road, Addington Road and Tredegar Square had such dwellings; our music teacher lived in one in Tredegar Square that was beautifully maintained. They had a maid dressed in black, with a white cap and erasmic soap in the cloakroom. I thought that was the epitome of grandeur! Although much of Bow at this time might have appeared a sordid area of bricks and mortar to an outsider, to us it had a rural air. Beauty, in any case, is in the eye of the beholder.

On sunny afternoons the brewers' drays, two of them, stood outside the Carlisle Tavern, while the draymen had their dinners inside. The magnificent Suffolk Punches fed also, tossing their nosebags to get the last mouthfuls of grain and chaff. A good deal scattered on the road and the pigeons came down to feed. It was a pastoral scene, backed by the trees surrounding St. Stephen's church, with the clinking of the harness chains and the crooning pigeons. One day we prevented a blind man from walking into the side of one of these giants. At the time we thought we had saved the man an injury but since living in Suffolk I have learned how gentle and good these noble creatures are.

Opposite the pub was a chemists, kept by Mr. and Mrs. Butler. We thought they were a sour old couple but maybe this was because we annoyed them by playing 'knocking down ginger'. They both had white hair and he sported a black patch over one eye. He was the registrar for births and deaths.

We had a loving secure home. Our household consisted of Mum, Dad, Auntie and we three - Lily, Violet and Iris - and always a cat or dog. There were four years between Lily and myself and Iris was two years younger than me. The other

two loved pretty clothes but never got dirty, were always obedient and never answered back. I was outsize from birth, the doctor having said 'Good heavens, Mrs. Short, the baby is bigger than you are!' As I was born on St. Patrick's day the doctor suggested I should be called 'Patricia' but my father chose 'Violet' after the flower he gave Mum on their first date. Very romantic, but how I've suffered from it! We were teased mercilessly about our names and were referred to as 'the flower garden' in our teens.

Although I was only four when the First World War ended, there are isolated incidents I can remember. There was a sense of uneasiness at night. Being one of those tiresome youngsters who listen to grown-ups' conversations, I heard whispered remarks like 'Can you hear machinery?' which I later learnt meant the distinctive hum of Zeppelin engines. The first night that maroons were used as air raid warnings Mum and Auntie had gone 'up Roman' for something at the chemist and Dad was playing with Lil and me. We were climbing on to a stool, then on to a chair, then on to a table, and with Dad holding our hands, we jumped off over and over again. As no lights were on, the curtains were open. Suddenly there was a blinding reddish-purple flash, a shower of stars in the sky and seconds later an ear-splitting boom. We were petrified. I don't know if the grown-ups had been warned, but we certainly hadn't.

Dad lit a giant candle and took us down to the cellar which he had reinforced with sandbags, rushed up for the baby (Iris) and put her, still asleep, in Lil's arms. He opened the front door to look out for Mum and Auntie. Then a terrible thing happened. The giant candle toppled over, spilling wax all over the baby's head. In the darkness I rescued the candle but we didn't know what to do for Iris, who by this time was crying. Hearing her, Dad came back with Mum and Auntie, who had returned. Fortunately, thick curls had insulated her scalp, and the only damage done was that her hair had to be cut off. I learned when I was older that everyone 'up Roman' thought the maroons were bombs and they scattered in all directions, sending each other flying.

Iris' hair had just grown beautifully again when she was admitted to the London Hospital with a rupturing appendix, the youngest case of this they'd ever had - she was only three. Mothers were not allowed to stay in with the children in those days and it seems quite barbaric to us now that when the grown-ups left and the poor wee scrap was crying long and bitterly, the sister said it would be better for her not to see her family at all for four or five weeks! So they used to go every night just to look at her through the glass door for five minutes. One night when Dad was there alone a Scottish sister on duty told him how she longed to see her little sister way up in the Hebrides and let him into the ward to sit beside Iris' cot for a while. I can remember the joy when she was brought home and how we cherished her from then on. She was quite bald again on the back, from fretting and rubbing her head on the pillow!

There were lots of soldiers about in blue suits, white shirts and red ties. When I asked why they looked different from the others I was told they had been wounded and were getting better. The shell-shocked men were a frightening

sight. The boys in the street showed me how to put my ear against the pub wall to hear the guns from France. It was a continuous rumble.

In 1917 we three got measles, brought home from school by Lil. My oldest cousin, who was seventeen, was home on his first leave, and before he went back he came to say goodbye to his favourite aunt, my mother. He was a handsome boy. We three looked on him as knight in shining armour, though he was in fact a private. Before Mum went downstairs with him he leaned over and kissed us all lovingly.

'Be careful, Albert,' Mum said, 'you'll catch measles.'

'That's what I'm hoping for,' he said, as he waved and went out laughing. We never saw him again. Mum fainted the day the telegram came.

Lily had nearly recovered from the measles and was sitting at the dressing table playing with beads. We were all there, including Granny who used to come to help us. Suddenly a lucid glare filled the sky in the direction of the Thames, then a brilliant white flash and seconds later a mighty explosion which rocked the house. The beaded shade on the gas swung from side to side and the mantle

showered all over Granny, who was standing underneath. She clutched the mantlepiece and said 'My God'. It was the Silvertown Explosion. Nobody knew what was happening. With no radio and few telephones, news travelled slowly in those days. Father came home to see if we were safe. He told me long after that as he came across Old Ford Road Bridge he saw the white hot plates of the metal gas holder flying through the air. Lily was so shocked by seeing the burning sky that she developed jaundice. A Baptist minister we knew, whose church was near, harnessed his horse to the trap and drove towards Silvertown to help. Suddenly, when they were getting close, the horse stopped and could not be persuaded to go on. The minister got out to lead him and found an enormous crater in the road in front of them.

When the Armistice was celebrated in 1919 Lily was taken to Trafalgar Square. I was thought too young to take so I stayed with Aunty who taught me how to make paper chrysanthemums. They brought back a silk Union Jack and a lead tank. At night there were bonfires in every street and fireworks, and I was taken to see the lamplighter cleaning the black paint off the street lamps.

In the early 'twenties there were many funerals: black horses with nodding plumes, often accompanied by military bands playing solemn music with muffled drums. These told their own story. During the Spanish 'Flu epidemic the death toll was alarming. People feared the infection like the plague. My aunt had it. My father took me with him one evening when he heard that the Italian fruiterers up near the Aberdeen had eggs for sale. He procured *one*, for which he paid *half-a-crown*. Next morning I developed 'flu. Fortunately no one else in my family did.

Food was desperately short, particularly in the poorer areas and the situation often seemed hopeless. I learnt later that Sylvia Pankhurst slackened her efforts towards women's suffrage to organise help for starving mothers and children. She took up many cases of hardship and lived among us. She pleaded the case of the poor with her friends in high places and, though often heard, was often also ignored, as she was by Lloyd George, for instance, when she was trying to protect Germans attacked by hungry mobs. A true socialist, I feel her contribution, especially to the East End, has never been fully acknowledged.

While we three sisters loved each other, sometimes, like most youngsters, we fought to kill. One day in a rage I pushed Lily's head through the front parlour window. My mother was just dealing with me when an earnest young neighbour from over the road came to the front door to ask if Mum knew her window had 'just broke'. I marvelled at my mother's charge of voice and grateful thanks for the information. I, meanwhile, had beaten a hasty retreat, waiting for things to cool off. I regret I was so naughty and tried her patience so much.

Our domestic routine was like that of any other household of the same social standing at the time. A weekly bath in front of the kitchen fire, with lovely warmed towels to keep out the draughts in the days before central heating, was followed by cocoa and bed. One evening after dark as the ritual was beginning the boy from father's shop called for the jug of tea and the sandwiches. When



The Shop in Roman Road.

she had finished dealing with this mother noticed that little Iris had disappeared. We searched high and low and were beginning to panic when a knock came to the front door. There was the postman in his flower pot hat, his cape enveloping a little naked cherub; we could just see her curly knob poking out at the top. He'd found her toddling along at the very end of Lacey Street. She explained to mother in her own language that she was going 'up the shop' to see Dad and Auntie!

The houses in Lacey Street had front and back parlours with folding doors between. Ours were always open, but often the houses were full and the doors had to be closed, one room being a bedroom. Sunday was a day of rest from the shop. We always had sweets to eat early in bed - that must have been a ploy to give the grown-ups a chance to lie in bed for a bit. They deserved a rest. Then we all had breakfast in bed, toast and marmalade made by my father. Later he took us out in his 'side-car', as we called it. He had a thing like a large wicker bathchair attached to his pushbike. Lil sat on the seat with Iris on her lap and I sat at her feet. It must have been hard work for him with such a load. We loved it. We went to Temple Mills, Hackney Marshes and Wanstead Flats.

On bank holidays we all went to Theydon Bois, Hainault, Greenwich Park or Bostal Woods, often with our cousins and their parents. We delighted in picking wild flowers. Buttercups were a particular joy: put in water the gold cups lasted for days (I feel sad for children today who are not allowed to pick them). When we got to the grammar school age we often met the grown-ups on Thursday afternoon (when shopkeepers had a half day) and walked down to Coborn Station to get a steam train to Theydon. It was a lovely village in those days. We had new laid eggs for tea at one of the cottages and then had a long walk in the forest. We usually came back with a bunch of cottage garden flowers which were always on sale.

Mum had green fingers. In the flower beds round our little concrete yard she grew pansies, nasturtiums, snap dragons and larkspur. There were sycamore trees, one in each far corner. The poor things had to be massacred in such a tiny yard. I loved them and every spring waited anxiously for the new buds to swell.

Along the back of the yard was a stable. If we climbed up to look through the trellis we could see the horses, which normally we could only hear stamping about, snorting or munching. The smell of stables brings those days back so vividly. We had swarms of flies - everything in the pantry had to be covered with muslin tents. There were no windows - it was just a cupboard, whitewashed, with perforated zinc panels in the door. That was all we had to store food in, but it was always beautifully fresh, smelling of cucumber and homemade lemonade in summer. My mother and aunt must have slaved in that little house to feed us all and keep it bright and shining.

Our beloved dapple gray rocking horse lived in the garden. We used to pile on his back, all three of us together. One day we drove him so hard and fast that we toppled. I landed first, with Dobbin next and Lil and Iris on top of him. Our



The stained glass window of St. Stephen's head (in the possession of the author): the only part of the glass that survived the bombing of St. Stephen's Church, Mostyn Grove, in 1940.

yells brought our kind old builder, who happened to be on the roof at the time, down his ladder like a flash of lightning, but we were none the worse.

One sultry afternoon Mum had popped 'up Roman', which meant no playing in the street. For a bit we played the forbidden game of milkshops with jugs and buckets of water, which always ended up with sodden clothes. After a while I got bored and climbed over next door to play with the boys. This was forbidden but I feigned deafness when Lil reminded me. I'd taken Iris' coloured ball with me, which unfortunately I had punctured playing netball with a garden fork in the past. We filled it with dirty water from an old paint tin and then squirted it through the fence at the other two. At that moment there was a totally unexpected deafening clap of thunder. I was back over the fence in a trice, thinking it was the wrath of God - but it was nothing compared with the wrath of my mother, at whose feet I fell!

This article is based on a talk given to Stepney Historical Trust last year.

FREDERICK ROGERS (1846-1915): BOOKBINDER AND JOURNALIST

Harold Finch

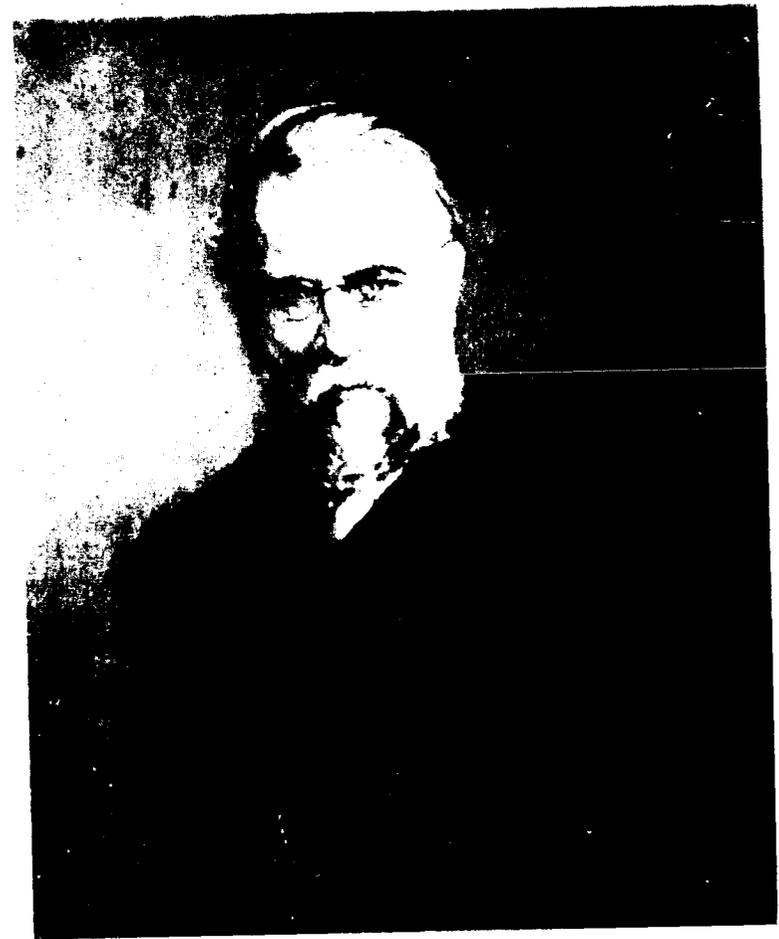
The state Old Age and Retirement Pension is now taken for granted in our society, but this was only achieved in 1908 after a long and arduous struggle. On 1 January 1909 a weekly payment of five shillings (25p) was made to a single person over seventy years of age, and seven shillings and sixpence for a married couple. At the time, the Conservative member of Parliament, F.E. Smith, commented 'Note the piety of our Government - they give you 7/6d for living with your wife, but 10/- for living with someone else's.' Even so, the pension was received gladly as it enabled many people to stay out of the workhouse.

The story of how the pension was won is told in the little book by Dave Goodman, *No thanks to Lloyd George*, written to celebrate the eightieth year of the pension. The qualifying age was reduced to sixty-five for men in 1928 and for women to sixty in 1940. Charles Booth, shipowner and social reformer, had first proposed pensions for people over seventy in 1891, in a paper to the Royal Statistical Society, following the actions of the governments of Germany and New Zealand. It took two Royal Commissions and further delay by the Boer War, before a Bill was brought in by Asquith's Liberal Government of 1908.

In the preceding years there had been a vigorous campaign in the country and in Parliament by the National Committee of Organised Labour formed to press for pensions. The Rev. Francis Herbert Stead, warden of the Browning Settlement in Walworth, South East London and Frederick Rogers, appointed its organising secretary, were the leaders of the campaign. Stead was a Congregational minister of the church where Browning had been baptised in 1812. Stead and Rogers had met through Tom Bryan, who claimed to be one of the founders of the Independent Labour Party: they took to each other immediately and the first meetings of the Committee in 1898 were held at Browning Hall. Their association enabled them to achieve success by a combination of organised labour and organised religion.

In 1988, Southwark Council erected a plaque in memory of these pioneers of the pensions campaign, outside what is left of the Browning Settlement (now Herbert Morrison House) in the presence of Neil Kinnock, Jack Jones and other Labour leaders.

Frederick Rogers was born at 11, Gowers Walk, Whitechapel, the eldest of five children of Frederick Rogers and Susan Bartrup or Barltrop. Frederick senior was at times a dock labourer, a sailor and linen draper's assistant, while Susan worked as a laundress. When he was ten, Frederick took a job as an ironmonger's boy, twelve hours a day for two shillings a week. Later he obtained a job in a stationer's warehouse where he began to learn bookbinding. He became a skilled vellum bookbinder, specialising in the binding of account books. He was associated with this craft for nearly forty years, joining the Vellum



Frederick Rogers, from the painting by Ernest Stafford Carlos.

Binders' Trade Society, of which he later became President.

In his young days he had to overcome spinal trouble and received treatment from a doctor between 5 am and 7.30 am; although troubled by ill-health in later life, Rogers was always proud that he had been able to overcome two obstacles, those of physical weakness and lack of education. In his youth and middle age, he was concerned with four main activities outside his work: working class education, journalism, religion and trade unionism.

Rogers joined the Vellum (Account Book) Trade Society in the early 1870s and had an active career as a trade unionist during the 1890s. The union, formed in 1823, had a tiny membership and conditions of work and pay were worse than those of the letterpress binders. During the binders' strike for an eight-hour day in 1891-2, Rogers was a foreman in the Binding Department of the Co-operative

Printing Society; while not on strike himself, he was able to give effective leadership without fear of dismissal. The strike failed, but it had its repercussions in the Union's life and on Rogers himself. The Union almost foundered, its membership falling by nearly half, and its funds were almost wiped out. In 1911, the Vellum Binders amalgamated with the Letterpress binders' union to form the National Union of Bookbinders and Machine Rulers.

The consequences of the strike for Rogers himself were happier. In 1892 he became President of the Vellum Binders, holding office until 1898, and represented the Union at the Trades Union Congress in 1892. He became well known in trade union circles as an able and informed speaker on a variety of topics. It was his trade union activity which caused him to be chosen as the organising secretary of the National Committee of Organised Labour for the achievement of old age pensions. He was also a member of the London Trades Council between 1901 and 1903.

When the University Extension Movement began in 1877, Rogers was the movement's secretary, his colleague being Alfred Milner (later Viscount Milner). He was also involved with the London School Board (formed 1870) as a school manager, and also took part in the activities of the working men's clubs in East London.

Rogers believed in an educated democracy giving equal opportunities for full self-development and that class jealousy and hatred were to be opposed. This led to his early involvement in the settlement movement. In the autumn of 1883 he spoke at a series of lectures organised by students at Oxford, his subject being artisan life in East London. The talk was enthusiastically received and without doubt helped in the foundation of Toynbee Hall, the first settlement, in 1884. Rogers became active in its life and remained so for thirty years. In 1886 he was elected one of the first forty non-resident associates of Toynbee Hall, serving on its education committee from 1890-1898. He was also concerned with developments leading to the foundation of the People's Palace in Mile End Road.

Rogers was a highly educated man, deeply read in many periods of English literature, being particularly interested in the Elizabethans and the poetry of Robert Browning. For many years he was active in the Elizabethan Literary Society which met at Toynbee Hall until 1913, having been founded in 1884. Rogers became its Vice-President and effective leader in 1886 and retained this position until his death. It enabled him to meet many of the leading literary figures of the day. In most of his writing Rogers made a point of quoting classic English writers. An anonymous writer in the *Railway Review* (12 November 1909) called him the 'most scholarly man I know in the Labour movement'.

Rogers was an active journalist, his first printed work being a competition entry published in the *Paper and Printing Trades Journal* on the influence of cheap literature on the working classes. He wrote for a variety of journals; by the end of his life his occupation had become that of journalist and he was so described on his death certificate. His most effective writing was in the 1880s when he published regular articles in the *Weekly Dispatch* under the pseudonym of 'Artisan'. He later claimed that in articles in the *Dispatch* in 1885 and in 1886

he had been the first to advocate the idea of a separate Labour Party; while this may not be entirely true, he was certainly a pioneer in the field.

The National Committee of Organised Labour was established in 1899 and in July of that year Rogers was elected as its organising secretary at a salary of £4 a week. The choice was unexpected but not surprising. He was a capable writer, a fine speaker, a good organiser, with a middle-of-the-road Labour background. He was also a religious person and had access to clerical support. Agitation for pensions lasted nearly ten years and the National Committee kept up the pressure by publishing pamphlets, lobbying members of Parliament, and religious leaders. They also held large numbers of meetings. Herbert Stead said of Rogers; 'He was indefatigable. He passed to and fro throughout the country like a flame of fire, kindling everywhere an enthusiasm responsive to his own. Wherever men asked to hear about pensions, there Mr Rogers went, eloquent, stimulating, conclusive.'

Trade Union support for pensions and the National Committee was not as great as had been hoped, and opposition came from people who already had pensions. Policemen, soldiers, civil servants always spoke of the 'thrifless poor'. One self-made man said they ought to think of the three 'B's, buy no bikes, take little beer and tobacco and go oftener to the bank, then they would not have to ask for old age pensions. Some thought the old age pension agitation was the greatest mistake of the day.

In 1904 Rogers went without salary for a year, being paid for work connected with Joseph Rowntree's and Arthur Sherwell's publications on temperance. He continued his travels and speaking engagements on pensions at the same time.

At the founding conference of the Labour Representation Committee (the forerunner of the Labour Party) in February 1900, Rogers represented the Vellum Binders. Due perhaps to his work for pensions he was sufficiently prominent to be elected to the Trades Union section of the Committee's executive. He was chosen as the Committee's first chairman, and although his period of office was short he remained a member of the executive committee and in its third year became treasurer. It is from this period alone that his manuscripts survive. These consist of sixty-three letters and postcards, most of them addressed to J. Ramsay MacDonald, the Committee's secretary.

In later life Rogers gradually drifted away from Party politics. An important cause of his break with the party system was the education struggle of 1901-6 in which he found himself opposed to most Liberals and Socialists. Without abandoning his faith in Labour representation, he came to believe that party politics were simply sectarianism applied to politics. He accepted a Conservative nomination as an Alderman on the London County Council during 1910-11, when he described himself as a non-party figure, but normally he voted with the Conservative Municipal Reformers.

Rogers was a deeply religious man greatly influenced by the writings of Frederick Denison Maurice and was converted to Anglo-Catholicism in the 1890s. He tended to take a somewhat gloomy view of tendencies in faith and morals; young men he thought were growing pleasure-loving, unbelieving and frivolous. But when war broke out in 1914, he felt England had become herself

In Fondest memory
 Of our dear Brother
FREDERICK ROGERS
 Who passed away 16 November 1915 aged 69
 Pioneer of Education and of Co-operation
 Labour Leader
 Elizabethan
 Orator
 To whom the Nation owes Old Aged Pensions
 He lived and died for England
 He givith his beloved sleep



Rogers' Tombstone in Nunhead Cemetery. Photo Rex Batten

again, and went anywhere to give support to recruiting agencies with recitals of poetry in music halls and theatres.

Rogers never married, and lived with his parents until their deaths in 1907 and 1908. At the time of his own death he was living with his sister Susan. On his retirement he was awarded a Civil List pension of £50 a year. At the successful conclusion of the pensions campaign there was a dinner in his honour and he was presented with a cheque for £161. He retired to Bousfield Road, New Cross and died there on 16 November 1915. His funeral service was held at the Church of St John-the-Divine, Kennington where he was friendly with the Vicar, Charles Edward Brooke, and he was buried in Nunhead Cemetery. His small estate was left mainly to his sister Susan and his literary remains to his friend Arthur Hayward, a civil servant and fellow member of the Elizabethan Literary Society. His papers, with those of Hayward, were almost certainly destroyed by fire in the Second World War.

His obituary notices were generous. Canon Henry Scott Holland, an old friend, wrote as follows in the *Commonwealth*: 'No-one could have guessed from the outside the kind of man who lay behind the face and form of Frederick Rogers. Those suggested something strange and blurred. But the man himself was all sound-hearted, sound-tempered, straight, clear, simple, good. He was the most companionable of fellow workers, so reliable, so steady, so right.'

THE INGLES OF LIMEHOUSE

Fred Wright

My father, in his lighthearted leisure moments, was a singer of comic songs. One in particular I remember still. Though it is over seventy years ago since last I heard my father sing it I can still sing it right through. It was called 'The Inquisitive Kiddie' and was all about a young boy who was always asking forthright questions that put his father in the most embarrassing situations. The opening lines were:

My youngest son is of an enquiring turn of mind
 The answers to his questions it puzzles me to find.

I remember it so well since I was my father's youngest son and have always been of 'an enquiring turn of mind'. This characteristic was given full rein when the genealogy bug bit me. I chose first to research my wife's family. She was born in Dagleish Street, Limehouse in 1912 and I worked back from there.

What struck me during my research was the comparative emptiness of the area east of the city before the Industrial Revolution had people surging into that emptiness and rapidly filling it in. Before that there appears no intrusion into the green fields, market gardens and orchards beyond the eastern boundary except the villages of Stepney and Stratford Langthorne and the riverside hamlets of Wapping, Shadwell, Ratcliffe and Limehouse. Describing the area in 1504, Sir Thomas More wrote that 'Wheresoever you look the earth yeildeth you a pleasant prospect.'

Even by 1819, before Dagleish Street was built, the map of that time indicated some uncovered areas. Stepney Fields, Bow Common, Bethnal Green, Sun Tavern Fields were areas indicating the last vestiges of a once rural area.

By 1817 a map of the same area shows the complete disappearance of patches of green except for little bits around parish churches. By that time 275,000 people were crowded into Stepney alone. Where had they all come from? Why and how did they come? True, a large proportion of them were immigrants from Europe driven from their homelands by pogroms and religious persecution plus large numbers of Irish escaping the rigours of famine. What of those who had deserted rural areas and come to London seeking work? East London was their best bet. The opening of the docks, the coming of the railways, the expansion of the riverside, shipyards and industrial undertakings of every kind provided the opportunity to sell their labour. Better to live and have food on the table even among those 'dark, satanic mills' than starve in the fresh air of the countryside.

So what about the people I was concerned with? My own people, who I once thought of as East Enders back to when Adam was a lad, I discovered came from rural Essex around the Billericay area. That was my father's side. My mother's

family had an Irish ancestry with one branch coming from Broseley in Shropshire. My wife's father's family, the Ingles, came from Willingham in Cambridgeshire and her mother's family, the Canes, from Landport, Portsmouth.

The Ingles I successfully traced back to 1590, being helped to a large degree because, as people did in the past, they stayed in the same village, except for one branch who emigrated to America and settled in Indiana. The last Ingle of my wife's line left Willingham in 1904. She was Mary Alice Ingle (1835-1926) who was the daughter of William Ingle (1805-1880), the village baker. She was also the elder sister of James, born in Willingham in 1840 and who was to die in Mile End in 1903. By trade James was a farrier and moved around a good deal following that occupation. It was he who was instrumental in the settlement of the Ingles in Limehouse. I found large gaps in his personal history that I have not been able to fill (a) because of his vocational movement and (b) because he was a man who apparently thought nothing of family loyalty and, if found and written to, seldom replied. By great good fortune some Ingle letters have survived written by his sister and daughter appealing to him to get in touch, or else I would have found out nothing about him. I find that he was in Richmond, Surrey at one time and married Elizabeth Annal there, in 1865. She was the daughter of a Gravesend fisherman (that in itself could produce a dissertation on fishing from that Thameside town at that time).

James and Elizabeth had two children, both born in Richmond, Elizabeth Helen Ingle, born 1866, and William Garner Ingle, born 1869. William's second name comes from his grandmother, Rebecca Garner, who married his grandfather in 1830 and whose surname has been handed down as a christian name from then on. A descendent living in Ilford today also has Garner as his second name.

In 1871 Elizabeth, wife of James, died, leaving him with the two children, Elizabeth, 5 and William, 4. This was an occasion when James thought it expedient to get in touch with his family. His father was then living with his daughter Mary in the baker's shop in Willingham. He agreed that Mary, who was unmarried, should take care of the girl but he refused to take the boy. They say no son knows his own father, but in this instance the father certainly knew his own son and he refused to take the boy on the assumption that the boy would grow up like the father who he reckoned to be too fond of the bottle, unreliable and altogether profligate.

So James went on his way with the infant William. Sometimes he left him in other people's care, in children's homes, in orphanages and like institutions. Throughout this time he was constantly pursued by these erstwhile minders for money for the child's upkeep. A few years of this treatment determined young William to strike out for himself. He left whatever would be called home at that particular time and took to the road. He finally came to East London where he became one of hundreds of homeless children then inhabiting the streets. They

lived rough and slept rough in derelict properties, in homemade shelters, in doorways, under railway arches - anywhere they could doss down for the night.

That children could exist under these circumstances was the inevitable concern of the charitably minded. One man who was determined to do something about it was a young student from London Hospital who was there training for a medical post in the China Inland Mission. His name was Thomas John Barnardo, later to become famous as the founder of the internationally known Doctor Barnardo's Homes. He would go round the slums of Stepney during the night and bring hope and succour to the homeless children and, what seemed more important to William and his mates, he brought food. He tried to convince William's group that it would be better if they gave up their street arab existence and took advantage of shelter in his home in Stepney Causeway.

While appreciating his help they could not take the step of passing through the door over which the legend 'No destitute child ever refused admission'. They thought that if they did that their liberty to roam the streets would be over and their independence gone. This was certainly true but acceptance of Barnardo's offer would have changed their lives. Like thousands of other children he helped they would have been fed and clothed, trained to take up a trade and given the opportunity to begin new lives in Australia or Canada.

William had his own ideas of self improvement. His association with his father, wretched though it might have been, made him familiar with the handling of horses and the haulage business. He began to hang around stables and earn himself a few pence doing odd jobs and sometimes acting as a van boy - and occupation slightly called, in those days, a 'tailboard monkey'. Out of the money thus acquired he put aside tuppence a week to go to school and learn to read. His ambition went no further at that time than to get himself a regular job and a place to stay that would be more or less permanent.

Among the larger users of horse power in the district was one of the country's leading biscuit manufacturer - Meredith and Drew. All their transport was horse drawn, even their commercial travellers did their rounds in light two wheeled vans drawn by beautifully groomed and caparisoned horses. William got himself a job going round with these travellers. Beside generally assisting the traveller he had the job of looking after the horse while the traveller did his business and grooming and stabling it when they got back to base.

Eventually he progressed to driving his own cart and achieved a more settled and secure form of living. When in his twenties he met Mary Ann Cane, one of six children of Richard Cane, noted in the 1871 Census as 'Blacksmith's Labr' place of birth - Landport, Hants. She lived in East Field Street not so very far from Dalglish Street, her future home.

The marriage took place at St Thomas, Stepney, on April 6th 1890 and the addresses given were William, 90 Maroon Street and Mary Ann, 26 in the same

street. William, then described as a carman, was able to sign the register but his bride only made her mark.

The Census for 1891 places them in 90 Maroon Street, sharing a house with Alfred Pearce, a dock labourer and Ellen his wife. With them is their first child William Richard, then three months old. When they moved into Dalglish Street cannot be said for certain. It would require a look into the Census for 1901 which will not be possible until the year 2002 (I should live so long!). The Ingles when they did move went into No. 18 probably influenced by the fact that Mary Anne's father and her brother Richard Cane Jnr. were already established at No. 26 and No. 3 respectively. The move took place certainly after 1891. A photograph shows the family assembled in the back yard in 1904.

It is interesting to note the occupants of No. 18 as recorded in the 1891 Census:

**Limehouse
Dalglish Street**

No. 18				Born
	Margaret Coggan Hd. Wdw.		Barmaid	Limehouse
	Charles Fairs Boarder Md. 34		Stoker on Steamship	Colchester Liverpool
	Kate Wife	35		
	Sarah Daughter	2		
	Louise Bentley Boarder	20	Jam Boiler	Stepney
	Agnes Lynch	69	Living on her means	Scotland
	George Tansby Visitor	25	Gas Fitter	Scotland

ditto	George Sherriff Hd. Md.	51	Able Seaman	Hay, Breconshire
	Emily wife	30		
	George son	11	Scholar	Walworth

They appear to be a very mixed bag: ten people of two families, of all ages, of different occupations and from different parts of the British Isles - an Irishman was all that was needed for a full house! A full house just about describes it. Ten people of varying relationships in this two up-two down small terraced house. This gives a fair idea of what was earlier mentioned of people crowding into an already overcrowded district looking for somewhere to earn a living.

Nor was this untypical of the street as a whole. Most of the houses in the street had more than one family in them plus lodgers and the overcrowded conditions in Dalglish Street were repeated in other streets of Limehouse and Tower Hamlets generally. The tendency towards large families, and frequent pregnancies complicated by poor sanitation, bad hygiene, frequent epidemics of contagious diseases and vermin infestation, contributed in no small measure to the high rate of infant mortality.



The Ingles hop picking in Kent. Hop picking up to about 1950 was the East Enders customary working holiday. Whole families were involved, from the tiniest tot to Grandma and all were expected to pick their share. Mechanisation put an end to it all. Since the camera had not yet become available to the working class the photograph taken in September 1901 was almost certainly taken by a travelling photographer or 'smudger' as they were called. It shows Mary Ann Ingle (nee Cane), born 1870, with her children and others in the hop field at West Malling. The young man is a member of the Cane family, a nephew of Mary Ann. He is shown in the role of the pole puller. These were men employed to pull the bine off the poles to enable the pickers to get at them. The child standing between him Mary Ann is Elizabeth Ingle, born 1894, and the child on her lap is Louisa, born 1900, died in 1906 during a later spell in the hop fields and is buried at West Malling. The boy standing by his mother's side is William, eldest son of William and Mary Ann, born 1891 and killed on the Somme is 1916. The girl next to him is Louise, surname not known, but thought to be the daughter of Mary Ingles sister Louisa, born in 1860.

In No, 18, apart from William Richard, born in Maroon Street, Mary Ann Ingle brought into this environment another fifteen children. One other exception was Florrie born in Joseph Street, Mile End Old Town in 1909 when the Ingles had a temporary home there while 18 Dalglish Street was being repaired. Of her sixteen children, only ten were to survive long enough to be registered.

After William Richard, 1891, came Elizabeth, 1895, Louisa, 1900, Ada, 1902, Ann, 1904, John, 1905 (died the same year), Florrie, 1909, James, 1910, Dorothy, 1912, a second John 1914 (died 1920). After the first John, Mary Ann was taken ill and was taken into hospital and had a kidney removed. Before she was discharged the doctors told her: 'No more children!' It would have been better if he had addressed himself to the father, since she was to bear four more children after that.

It is small wonder that in 1919 at the age of 49 Mary Ann succumbed to the influenza that occurred after the 1914-18 war. There was a world-wide epidemic of a type that is reputed to have killed more people than even that horrendous conflict had done. Three other deaths in the family took place while the Ingles were in Dalgleish Street. The eldest son, swept along by the hysteria that followed the declaration of war in 1914, joined up and within six months was mown down like the 1,054,000 other young men of the British, French and German armies in that holocaust that was labelled the Battle of the Somme. To remember his contribution to 'the war to end wars' one must visit Limehouse churchyard where his name appears on the War Memorial.

The other death occurred during the Ingles annual visit to the hop fields. The summer of 1906 was exceptionally warm. The Ingles were at their usual farm at West Malling, Kent. Louisa, then aged six, was taken ill. It was thought she had sunstroke, but it was more likely to have been meningitis. She died in the Workhouse in West Malling on September 5th. This was not because the Ingles were paupers but because Workhouses did duty for hospitals as well in those days.

After Mary Ann died the youngest son John also died. He was aged six and grieved so much after his mother that although the death certificate states meningitis it is thought that this contributed to his death.

The elder girls in the meantime had married and left home, but Lizzie even with her own household to attend to and a full time job, took on her mother's role and saw that the younger ones were properly clothed and fed and that they attended school, which fortunately was in the same street. This was a responsibility that lasted only two more years, since William died in 1929. A fall downstairs and injuries sustained after a motor-cyclist had run into him all helped towards his demise. He was taken into hospital and died while being operated on. The post-mortem disclosed that he had a perforated liver which was, no doubt, in bad condition due to his fondness for spirituous liquor and especially for rum that came via a mate who smuggled it out of the docks. Unfortunately this was potent stuff, being overproofed, and would not have done a regular drinker's liver any good at all.

Now Florrie, James and Dorothy were entirely alone but were of an age when they could look after themselves up to a point. This was 1929 when unemployment was rampant and, while the trio pooled whatever cash the week provided, it was often difficult to raise the rent which at that time was 16 shillings and eight pence (83p) per week. Florrie, who had long spells of ill-health, received only

six shillings (30p) per week sick benefits. Jimmy was not able to find regular work and picked up an occasional day's work on the river. Dorothy, at the time, was the only wage-earner and, juvenile labour being cheap, did not bring home more than a few shillings. Her wages at that time were seventeen shillings (85p) a week, which, with overtime, she sometimes increased to twenty-five shillings (135p).

Florrie married in 1933, leaving Jimmy and Dorothy on their own. The Ingle connection with Dalgleish Street was then ended. Lizzie had rather a large house in Morant Street, near where the Poplar Hippodrome once stood. She had room and Jimmy and Dorothy moved in there. Thus ended the Dalgleish Street connection which had lasted about fifty years.

Today there is little sign that Dalgleish Street ever existed. The school is still there but redevelopment and the German Blitz makes the rest of it almost unrecognisable. In its heyday, if a street can have such a thing, it was home to a couple of hundred people, hardly anyone of them born in the district.

It was a community within a community, by necessity rather than choice looking after themselves and each other. In the struggle for survival there is nothing like adversity to bring people together. Whatever situation arose there was someone in the street to turn to. Ailments were treated by Mother or some neighbour with greater knowledge of remedies handed down through generations. Only in extreme cases was a doctor sent for. Doctors cost money and even the half-crown he charged for a visit was hard to spare. From birth to death there was someone in the street to handle it. Mrs. Jones at No. 10 handled childbirth, Mrs. Brown at the bottom end would lay out and wash the corpse when someone died. When children were orphaned relatives and friends shared them out then brought them up as their own. When money was tight there was the money lender to tap for the odd shilling. Returnable with interest of course. If you couldn't bring yourself to take your own stuff round the pawn shop there was someone to do it for you for a small fee. Someone to mend a window and a kid to break it. Someone to kill a chicken put a bet on, stop a fight or start one - they were all there when wanted.

They were in a battleground situation, a battle for survival, where without the bulwark of the Welfare State, the wounded went under.

This article is based on part of Fred Wright's book, *The Book of Ingles and Associated Families*, privately printed, 1989.

SATAN, SUFFRAGETTES AND SALVATION - THE EDINBURGH CASTLE, RHODESWELL ROAD.

Valerie Given

Family history frequently leads to local history, and often the two are inseparable. This proved to be the case with the discovery of a stiff-covered notebook containing family history details which also included the following information:

At the turn of the 19C a James Mullet (a stonemason) ... took on a contract to construct a tunnel in London, and with the money he earned from this, leased some land in Bow, London E., and built on this a public house called 'The Edinburgh Castle'. He also had a tea garden there, where later on he built some cottages called 'Georgiana Place'.

James Mullett (as the name is usually spelt), was born in Dorset. He seems to have been a bricklayer or builder living in Coburn Road before 1837, after which entries in Commercial Directories confirm he was the publican of The Edinburgh Castle, a substantial gin palace once situated on the corner of Rhodeswell Road and Johns Terrace. The contract for building a tunnel is another story in the life of this colourful character. As well as a tea garden and public house, The Edinburgh Castle provided Public Music and Dancing. Licences and renewals were granted to James Mullett in 1840, 1844, 1849, 1852 and 1856.(1)

James and his wife Mary had one daughter, also called Mary, born in 1820. She married Thomas Heald Wells, the son of local solicitor George Wells, in 1843, and they lived at The Edinburgh Castle with their three children, Thomas, Mary Ann and Georgiana Eliza. The marriage seems not to have been happy, and the couple later split up. Mary then married a Mr Netting, whose mother was said to have lived at the Castle, although she does not appear in the Census Returns.

Land around the Castle was sold in 1852. A bundle of lease documents relating to the sale of plots in Edinburo Road, Dunstans Road, Thomas's Road and Rhodeswell Road includes a Plan of the Edinburgh Castle Tea Garden.(2) The plots were sold by auction at Mart Bartholomew Lane, on Thursday, 9th September. Possibly one of these was the site for Georgiana Place Cottages, built by James Mullett and perhaps named after one of his granddaughters. The family history relates:

Georgiana Place Cottages. The cottages remained in the family until the lease ran out in about 1905 or 6. They were still standing in 1980 but the E. Castle has been demolished.

James Mullett died in 1863, and left a long, detailed Will relating to a trust fund for his wife and daughter and his wishes for the continued running of The



The Edinburgh Castle (reproduced by permission of Barnado's).

Edinburgh Castle. However, his daughter's family left the East End for the leafy sanctuary of genteel Upper Norwood, but the notebook continues:

After the Mullets and Wells moved, (The Edinburgh Castle) was taken over by Dr Barnado for his Home and offices.

In fact nearly 10 years elapsed between James Mullett's death and Dr Barnado, and during this period the Castle was run by several landlords. These were Henry Evans in 1867, Robert Atkins in 1868 and 1869, and William Richard Bundock, from 1870-1872. Bundock introduced a music-hall, called The Royal Castle Music Hall, as an added attraction, and we are told this featured dancing girls and 'lewd variety entertainment'.

Strong public feelings about the demon drink had prompted the introduction of a Licensing Act in August 1872, restricting opening hours and introducing fines for drunkenness and licensing offences. However, this proved insufficient for stalwarts of the Temperance movement, and Dr Thomas Barnardo, amongst others, made positive moves to effect the closure of certain over-popular public houses without recourse to law. The so-called Tent Mission was underway in the East End.

The Edinburgh Castle was one of those besieged in the interests of religious improvement. By this time, the notoriety of the Castle had become a byword to evangelists in the East End, and a Gospel Tent was put up near the so-called 'Citadel of Satan'. Here the combined efforts of evangelists Mary Poole and her husband 'Fiddler Jos' with his magic violin music succeeded in tempting customers away from 'mother's ruin' to embrace the Christian faith.(4) Loss of business compelled Bundock to offer the lease for sale, though not before advertising his Music Hall in the local press in an effort to attract new customers.

In an inspired public relations exercise, Thomas Barnado managed to buy the Castle by raising funds in a very short space of time. He had described the Castle as 'a powerful agency of evil', and went on to supply such details as the presence of indecent statues sited in niches in the walls and unspecified 'evil practices' taking place in the Tea Garden.(5) Even houses overlooking the Castle were condemned as having 'evil character', though the 1871 Census for Johns Terrace reveals that the occupants followed such innocuous callings as Dock Labourer, Gardener, Rope Maker, Boilermaker, Seamstress, Pensioner, etc.

Under new ownership, the gin palace was promptly converted into a Working Men's Club, Coffee Palace and Gospel Hall. An important landmark in the East End, it continued to promote religious improvement until 1959, when the building was acquired for demolition by the L.C.C.

During its history, The Edinburgh Castle also provided an occasional forum for political meetings. Perhaps the most well-known of these was held on 30th July 1909, when David Lloyd George, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, addressed a capacity crowd in the large Hall with an overflow in the small Hall. Despite competition from a gathering of suffragettes outside, and disturbances involving suffragists inside, with the support of fellow Liberal MPs and the audience, he managed to deliver the famous speech known as the Limehouse Manifesto on the controversial subject of his Liberal Budget.

However, outside the packed Halls, the police and suffragettes provided 'lively proceedings' of their own, which were described in detail by a local newspaper. Under the general headline 'Great Liberal Demonstration. Exciting Meeting at The Edinburgh Castle', *The East London Observer* reported that some spectators felt the suffragettes had been 'roughly handled' by the police, but their own representative had talked to an official of the Women's Social and Political Union, who thought police treatment of agitators was of the usual character, and no complaint is made of the conduct of police officers. The paper also established that the League (and not the police) had directed their campaign on that day from an empty house in St Thomas's Road. Protestors inside the Hall (males) were less gently handled, one man having a broken shoulder while being ejected by stewards.

Both sides and sexes seem to have 'had a go', and a number of females were charged at Thames Police court afterwards. One of these, Lucy Burns, was charged as having 'smacked Chief Inspector Fraser in the face and knocked his

cap off'. She also 'wrenched his whistle away' and 'gave considerable trouble' so that it took 'two constables several minutes to keep her quiet.' Less dramatically, Kathleen Jarvis was charged with 'damaging a serge jacket'.

In its long report of this tumultuous event at The Edinburgh Castle, the *Observer* also records that Dr Roberts of Harford Street had 'a busy time on the night of the meeting' tending broken bones, concussion and sprains, but suggests that although all these men had been thrown out of the meeting, some asserted the injuries had been caused by an organised gang waiting for them outside. Whatever the truth, there can be no doubt of the volatile situation at this political meeting.

The lease on the Castle had expired in 1907, but was renewed at a higher rental for 21 years. In 1927 it was transferred to the Rev. G.W. Chudleigh and the Castle continued as the East London Mission, with seating for 3,000 in the large Hall, 500 in the 'iron hall', and 100 each in two smaller halls.(7)

Shortly before the building was demolished, a newspaper report relates that the last service was held on 14th June, after which it was pulled down 'to make way for the L.C.C.'s improvement scheme in Rhodeswell Road, Limehouse'. The area became part of Mile End Park and the home of the East London Stadium, continuing a tradition of entertaining East Enders in this part of Tower Hamlets.

Dr. Barnardo.



After some 120 years as a famous landmark in the East End, James Mullett's pride and joy finally succumbed to municipal improvement, having survived the religious variety.

Once part of the fabric of East end life, the old gin palace has gone, as has its founder's family. However, the family history notebook relates that one of James Mullett's great-grandchildren worked at the Castle in the offices for Barnados, and James's widow, Mary, died at 38 Clemence Road in 1879, at the age of 86. She is buried in Tower Hamlets Cemetery. Her Death Certificate records the cause as 'Sudden failure of the hearts action' - perhaps due to remembering all that 'utter degradation' at the old Edinburgh Castle, before improvers spoilt the fun!

NOTES

1. Licences for Music & Dancing M/D7/25, etc. Greater London Record Office (GLRO).
2. Plan C/93/110-126, GLRO.
3. N.Wymer, *Father of Nobody's Children*, Hutchinson, 1957, p. 76.
4. A.E. Williams, *Barnardo of Stepney*, Allen & Unwin, 1966, p.81.
5. N. Wymer Ibid p.76. See also Tom Ridge, 'Copperfield Road Ragged School' in *East London Record*, No. 9 (1986), pp.30-39.
6. *East London Observer* 7 August 1909.
7. Ibid 21 May 1927.
8. Undated cutting, East London Diary, (Tower Hamlets Library).

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With thanks to Mr David Potter, Librarian of Barnados, and the librarians at the Tower Hamlets Library Local Collection.

THE BETHNAL GREEN TUBE DISASTER

Doreen Kendall

At the beginning of the blitz the government had tried to prevent the use of the London Underground stations as air raid shelters, as it was feared that people terrified by raids would go down the tube stations and refuse to come up - a hypothetical state of mind known as deep shelter mentality. Londoners response was to buy a ticket just before a raid was due to start and stay down. No one could turn them out during an air raid. The practice became more widespread, as there was no way of preventing it.

The Government chained their policy. Tube stations in daily use were organised as shelters in the evenings, and incomplete or disused stations were opened up and often furnished with bunks and toilets. Bethnal Green Station was under construction from Liverpool Street to Loughton and because of the worsening war condition work stopped on 24th May 1940. The local council then opened it as a shelter in the following October, with bunks for 5,000 people and extra space for another 5,000 if needed. At the height of the Blitz it was usually full. Numbers then declined to hundreds, to those who just felt safe with other people, or had been bombed out, or had no other place to go. The shelter had only entrance with an emergency exit half a mile away in another borough, There were no hand rails, no crush barrier, no white lines, and it was lit only by a single 25 watt bulb. From the entrance there were nineteen steps down to a landing, measuring 15 ft by 12 ft. A right hand turn followed by seven ore steps, led into the ticket hall.

In Victoria Park, Hackney, a Z rocket batter had recently been installed. This fired 3 inch solid fuelled rockets similar the 3-7 inch AA shell, in salvos of over 100 rockets a time, which accelerated to 1,000 mph in one and a half seconds. The noise was described as 'rather like an express train roaring through your living room' and was considered a great morale booster.

Early in 1943 the RAF commenced bombing Berlin. The Germans threatened reprisals, and people started to use the shelters again. On 28 February, 500 people used Bethnal Green Tube Shelter; on 1 and 2 March the numbers were 587 and 850 respectively. The RAF raids on Berlin were particularly heavy on those nights.

On the fateful night of 3 March, between 500 and 600 were in the shelter within ten minutes of the alert. By 8.17pm 1,000 people had poured down the staircase, amongst them people from two cinemas and three buses. Ten minutes later a salvo of rockets from the newly opened gun battery in Victoria Park half a mile away opened up, with a terrifying screech which had never

been heard before. Rumour went round that bombs were falling, and approximately 120-200 people around the entrance surged forward down the stairs.

Two witnesses saw a woman holding a child stumble and within ninety seconds of the woman tripping 173 people were dead, sixty two of them children. At 8.40pm a message reached the Chief Warden, who contacted control, and by 9.00pm, 31 ambulances, 6 light rescue, and 2 heavy rescue vehicles had begun to arrive. Officers were placed at the entrance to keep order, and the Civil Defence started their harrowing task, assisted by Dr Sullivan, the Home Guard, and Servicemen. At 9.15pm an All Clear was sounded, and their task was finished by midnight.

When the casualties were later examined, the sole cause of death was found to have been suffocation, with only one broken bone, The survivors suffered bruising, shock, and minor cuts. They had mostly been at the bottom of the stairway, kept alive by air pockets.

On Thursday, 4 March an Inquiry into the tragedy was opened at the Town Hall. Presiding was Sir Ernest Gowers (London Regional Commissioner), Alderman C W Key MP and the Council. They decided that the burial of the victims of the accident would be private, and not in a common grave. Then on Thursday evening an official statement from the Ministry of Home Security was issued for the following morning papers (5 March) as follows:

On Wednesday evening a serious accident took place near the entrance to a London Tube Shelter, causing the death of a number of people by suffocation. According to accounts so far received, shortly after the Air Raid Alert sounded substantial numbers of people were making their way as usual towards the shelter entrance. There were nearly 2,000 people in the shelter including several hundred who had arrived after the alert, when a middle aged woman burdened with a baby and a bundle tripped near the foot of a flight of 19 steps, which lead down from the street. The flight of steps terminates on a landing. Her fall tripped an elderly man behind her and he fell similarly. Their bodies again tripped up those behind them, and within a few seconds a large number of people were lying on the lower step[s] and the landing, completely blocking the stairway. Those coming in from the street could not see exactly what had taken place, and continued to press down the steps, so that within a minute there were hundreds of people crushed together, and laying on top of one another, and the lower steps.

By the time it was possible to extricate the bodies. it was found that a total of 173 had died. A further 60 were in need of hospital treatment. Statements from a large number of eye witnesses, members of the police and civil defence services, made it clear that there was no panic before the accident on the stairs, no bombs fell anywhere else in the district during the evening. Preliminary reports received by the Home Secretary and the Minister of Home and Security indicate that police, wardens, soldiers, WVS and civilians worked hard and well to rescue the victims. Mr Morrison has instituted the fullest enquiries to establish in greater detail what took place, and to see whether any structural of administration weakness has been brought to light.

At the Inquest a verdict of accidental death was recorded by the Coroner, who after hearing many moving description by witnesses stated: 'There is nothing to suggest any stampede, and panic, or anything of that kind.'

The woman who first tripped was found alive, her baby dead. Mr Dick Corbett the boxer, home from training in Bristol for his next fight was one of the victims. PC Thomas was recommended by the Coroner for an award, but he never received it. The Official report was held in camera by Mr Lawrence Dunne, a Bow Street Magistrate, and was not published until January 1945, for security reasons.

It was discovered that less than half of the 173 killed were regular users of the shelter. 51 were registered for bunks, and another 30 odd were known users. The rest just went to the shelter that night. Mr Dunne found no truth in the rumour that the disaster had been caused by dips (pickpockets). It was impossible to have been started by the Jews (as rumoured), and there was only a small Jewish community living in the area. Mr Dunne could find no evidence that it was a Fascist plot. The new rockets were blamed for starting off the panic. Mr Dunne concluded that the disaster was caused by a number of people losing their self control at a particular unfortunate time and place, and no forethought in structural design of practicable police supervision can be of any real safe-guard against the effects of a loss of self control by a crowd.

In April 1944 Mrs Annie Baker of Braintree Street, Bethnal Green sued the Bethnal Green Council for negligence, after her husband and daughter were killed. The council admitted their responsibility, but denied negligence. Mr Justice Singleton said: They were responsible for making provision for the safety of people using the shelter. In awarding Mrs Baker £1,200 for her husband and £250 for her daughter, plus costs, he added: 'The dangerous condition of the steps made the entrance a death trap.' After this the Ministry of Pensions awarded widows and children a pension of fifty shillings a week.

The Bethnal Green Tube disaster was the largest civilian accident recorded during the war, and caused a third of all wartime deaths in Bethnal Green. There is no memorial plaque to the victims at the scene of the accident.

The total number of the dead were, 27 men, 84 women and 62 children. According to medical evidence all died within 90 seconds.

The Central Line from Bethnal Green to Stratford opened to the public on 4 December 1946.

SOURCES:

The Daily Telegraph, East London Advertiser, The Star, all 5 March 1943.
News Chronicle, 8 March 1943.
News Chronicle, Daily Express, 20 January 1945.
Hackney Express, 20 January 1945.
Hackney Express, 26th February 1945.
Official Report held by Mr L. Dunne, Coroners Official list of Victims, held at Bancroft Local History Library.



Note 1 Casualties:

**METROPOLITAN BOROUGH OF BETHNAL GREEN
RETURN OF IDENTIFIED CIVILIAN WAR DEAD
BETHNAL GREEN TUBE STATION SHELTER - 3 MARCH 1943
173 PEOPLE KILLED 62 INJURED AND DETAINED IN HOSPITAL**

NAME	ADDRESS	AGE	SEX	SMW or D
AARONS Betty	10 Gretton Houses E2	14	F	
ASSER Jessie	44 Newcourt House E2	33	F	
BAKER George	43 Braintree Street E2	38	M	
BAKER Minnie	42 Braintree Street E2	14	F	
BAILEY Mary	27 Whitman House E2	72	F	
BAILEY Rose	27 Whitman House E2	41	F	
BARS Eileen	39 Portman Place E2	7	F	

BEAKEN Ethel Louisa	29 Morris House E2	53	F	M
BEAKEN Eileen Louisa	29 Morris House E2	17	F	
BEAKEN Mathilda Jane	70 Hanley Road E9	40	F	
BERGER Emily Jemima	12 Stainsbury Street E2	57	F	M
BENDON Elizabeth	73 Cyprus Street E2	38	F	
BENNETT E M	15 Moore House E2	48	F	
BOSWORTH Irene Patricia	10 Burnham Estate E2	17	F	S
BOSWORTH Edith P	10 Burnham Estate E2	50	F	
BOXER Annie	20 Hunslett Street E2	24	F	
BROOKS Henry Norman	11 Swinburne House E2	10	M	
BROOKS Jessie	11 Swinburne House E2	46	F	
BROOKSTONE Israel	41 Teesdale Street E2	67	M	
BOWLING Bessie	1 Milton House E2	59	F	M
BOWLING Eliza	1 Milton House E2	31	F	
BUTTERFIELD Allen	149 Corfield Street E2	3	M	
BUTTERFIELD George	149 Corfield Street E2	28	M	
BUTTERFIELD Lottie	149 Corfield Street E2	28	F	
CHANDLER D M	21 Burnham Estate E2	14	F	
CHANDLER Lilian Mary	21 Burnham Estate E2	35	F	M
CHAPMAN Charlotte Elizabeth	21 Hersee Place E2	25	F	
CHAPMAN George James	17 Swinburne House E2	23	M	
CLATSWORTHY Iris	156 Bancroft Road E1	2	F	
CLATSWORTHY Joan	156 Bancroft Road E1	9 1/2	F	
COLEMAN Maud Louisa	236 Globe Road E2	54	F	
COLLETT Doreen	92 Stainsbury Street E2	11	F	
COLLETT Rose	92 Stainsbury Street E2	50	F	M
COLLETT Ronald	92 Stainsbury Street E2	8	M	
COLMAN R T				
(otherwise CORBETT)	12 Whitman House E2	34	M	
COURT Patricia Marie	6 Electric House Bow E3	24	F	
DAY John Lewis	6 Gawber Street E2	69		M
DONGREY Annie	33 Bandon Road E2	22	F	
ELLAM Rosina Ellen	32 Wessex Street E1	17	F	
ELLAM Annie Eva	31 Wessex Street E1	44	F	M
ELLAM Francis Lilian	31 Wessex Street E1	20	F	
ELLAM Pauline Patricia	31 Wessex Street E1	21 1/2	F	
EMERY Clara	41 Hollybush Gardens E2	78	F	
EWETT Ivy	1 Digby Street E2	28	F	
FLETCHER Alexander	334 Corfield Street E2	3	M	
FLETCHER Elizabeth	334 Corsfield Street E2	28	F	
FORBES Leonora	27 Bishop's Way E2	57	F	
FORBES Irene Catherine	27 Bishop's Way E2	17	F	M
FOWLER Mary Ann	42 Gawber Street E2	45	F	
FRENCH Lilian	73 Cyprus Street E2	29	F	
GEARY Carole Ann	9 Peary Place E2	5Mths	F	
GEARY Sylvia Sadie	9 Peary Place E2	6	F	
GROVER Ethel	302 Globe Road E2	48	F	M
HALL Edna Phebe	148 Mansford Street E2	13	F	
HALL Annie Jessie	148 Mansford Street E2	52	F	
HALL Irene	17 Burnham Estate E2	8	F	
HALL Mary Ann	17 Burnham Estate E2	47	F	M
HALES Joe	2 Crossland Square E2	53	M	
HAMMOND Rhoda	18 Approach Road E2	44	F	
HARRIS Olive Margaret	86 Royston Street E2	17	F	
HAWLEY Leonard Joseph	143 Anthill Road E3	64	M	
HAYMAN Mary A	26 Burnham Estate E2	19	F	
HIGGINSON Emily	10 Seabright Street E2	62	F	M
HILLIER Mary Ann	3 Kirkwall Place E2	61	F	W
HISCOCKE Ivy	65 Gretton House	22	F	

HOYE Lilian	106 Roman Road E2	13	F	
HOYE Majorie	106 Roman Road E2	7	M	
HOYE Louisa	106 Roman Road E2	44	F	M
HOYE Rose	106 Roman Road E2	19	F	
HUTCHINSON Joan Peggy	16 Bonwell Street E2	10	F	
HUTCHINSON William George	16 Bonwell Street E2	6	M	
INGLE Agnes Maud	King's Laundry, 247 Globe Road E2	28	F	
JOHNSON Caroline Ivy	11 Holly Mansions E2	14	F	
JOHNSON Helen Emma	11 Holly Mansions E2	6	F	
JOLLY Sarah	41 Burnham Estate E2	6	F	
JOHNS Peter	18 Mulberry House E2	7 1/2	M	
JONES Estella	33 Old Ford Road E2	57	F	
JUILIER Henry	91 Bishop's Way E2	18	M	
KOROBENIC Eliza	66 Newcourt House E2	33	F	
LAND Barbara	1 Bullards Place E2	7	F	
LAND Martha Elizabeth	43 Monteith Road E3	56	F	
LABHAM Ronald	10 Approach Road E2	15	M	
LAWSON Anthony William	172 Roman Road E2	7	M	
LAWSON Patricia Eileen	172 Roman Road E2	3	F	
LAZARUS M	157 Bethnal Green Rd E2	42	M	M
LECHMERE Florence Rosetta	3 Entick Street E2	66	M	
LECHMERE Thomas Allen	19 Entick Street E2	48	M	
LECHMERE Thomas	3 Entick Street E2	66	M	
LEGGETT Benjamin George	20 Bandon Road E2	31	M	
LEGGETT Rose Maud	20 Bandon Road E2	31	F	
LEGGETT Roy Benjamin	20 Bandon Road E2	7	M	
LEWIS George Ronald	10 Moore House E2	10	M	
LEWIS Lilie Elizabeth	10 Moore House E2	14	F	
LOFTUS Louisa Ellen	32 Grendon House Well St E9 15		F	
LOFTUS Joh Samuel	32 Grendon House Well St E9 13		M	
MAGUIRE Jean Mary	28 Butler Estate E2	9	F	
MASON Charles	20 Russia Lane E2	50	M	
MATHERS Ruby	16 Beale Road E3	18	F	
MEAD Eliza	66 Newcourt House E2	67	F	M
MEAD Florence	7 Peary Place E2	35	F	
MEAD George	7 Peary Place E2	40	M	
MEAD George	7 Peary Place E2	12	M	
MEAD Maureen	7 Peary Place E2	4	F	
MEAD Kenneth	7 Peary Place E2	10	M	
MORRIS Derek	25 Montfort House E2	6	M	
MORRIS Florence Maud	25 Montfort House	30	F	
MYERS Jeffrey	55 Cleveland Way E1	6	M	
MYERS Sophie	55 Cleveland Way E1	41	F	
NEVILLE Alfred	42 Gawber Street E2	45	M	
NEWMAN Doris	24 Tagg Street E2	9	F	
NEWMAN George	24 Tagg Street E2	45	M	
NEWTON Sarah Ann	25 Wessex Street E2	28	F	
NIXON William Henry	7 Burns House E2	14	M	
PAPWORTH Rosina	80 Morpeth Street E2	27	F	
PATTERSON Mary	8 Brierley Street E2	44	F	
PERRYMENT Iris	74 Morpeth Street E2	17	F	
POOLE Sarah	87 Mansford Street E2	54	F	
PRICE Rose Elizabeth	37 Viaduct Street E2	27	F	
PUSEY Emily	7 Shelley House E2	48	F	M
PUSEY Henry	7 Shelley House E2	50	M	
QUORN Emily Elizabeth	5 Peel Grove E2	43	F	
QUORN Gwendoline M	5 Peel Grove E2	5	F	

QUORN William Fredrick	5 Peel grove E2	14	M	
RAULINATTIS Joseph	9 Hammonds Gardens E2	32	M	
REDWIN Eileen Margaret	236 Globe Road E2	7	F	
RELF Rose Lilian (Junr)	192 Wilmot Street E2	13	F	S
RELF Rose Lilian	192 Wilmot Street E2	41	F	M
REYNOLDS George Francis	239 Cambridge Heath Rd E2	72	M	
RIDELL Stella	51 Burnham Estate E2	13	F	
RIDGEWAY Ellen	24 Brierley Street E2	28	F	
ROCHE Bessie	123 Canrobert Street E2	42	F	
ROCHE Eddie	123 Canrobert Street E2	8	M	
ROCHE, Joan	123 Canrobert Street E2	9	F	
ROCHE Ted	123 Canrobert Street E2	40	M	
SEABROOK Sarah Florence	163 Gretton Houses E2	62	F	M
SEABROOK Barry James	163 Gretton Houses E2	3	M	
SEARS William Herbert	15 Patriot Square E2	50	M	
SHARPE Irene	5 King Street Flats Maidstone - now staying at 20 Kerbela Street	16 mths	F	
SHARPE Kenneth		4		M
SHEPHERD Arthur Theodore	19 Model Buildings Kings X	42	M	
SMITH Dorothy Ann	9 Roman Road E2	12	F	
SCEATS Lilian Doris	31 Whitman House E2	15	F	
SPEIGHT Edith Margaret	9 Horwood House E2	47	F	M
SINNOCK L	6 Morpeth Street E2	62	F	M
SPICER Joan Pamela	10 Bonwell Street E2	5	F	
SPICER Tony Anthony Edwin	10 Bonwell Street E2	9	M	
STEVENS Mary Anne Elizabeth	36a Waterloo Gardens E2	55	F	
STRETCH Rose	159 Wilmot Street E2	39	F	
STRETCH William	159 Wilmot Street E2	9	M	
STRETCH William	159 Wilmot Street E2	49	M	
TARBUCK George	63 Newcourt House E2	45	M	
TARBUCK Louisa	63 Newcourt House E2	44	F	
TAYLOR Sarah	27 Wessex Street E1	54	F	
TAYLOR James William	10 Lansdell Place E2	12	M	
THOMPSON Kate	83 Quinn Square E2	53	F	
THORPE Barbara	20 Kerbela Street E2	2	F	
THORPE Marie	20 Kerbela Street E2	11	F	
THORPE Olive	20 Kerbela Street E2	36	F	M
TILBURY Clara Selina	31 Burnham Estate E2	49	F	
TRAYLING Irene Lilian	9 Kirkwall Place	20	F	M
TRICE Isabella Rose	42 Wessex Street E1	39	F	M
TROTTER Lilian Maud	26 Morpeth Street E2	36	F	
TROTTER Vera Lilian	26 Morpeth Street E2	7	F	
VANN Maud	74 Hadrian Estate E2	23	F	
VANNER Florence Eliza	68 Burnham Estate E2	49	F	
WARRINGTON Doris Beatrice	62 Blythe Street E2	16	F	
WELSH James	37 Digby Estate E2	52	M	
WHITEHEAD James Henry	6 Viaduct Street E2	69	M	
WILSON Edna Rosina	37 Butler Estate E2	15	F	
WOOD Alfred William	5 Kenilworth Road E3	60	M	
WOOLNOUGH Elsie Hilda	35 Mansford Buildings E2	37	F	M
WOOLNOUGH Alice Elsie	35 Mansford Building E2	12		
YEWMAN John Robert Charles	5 Peel Grove E2	1	M	

Note 2: The following obituary of Dr Baldev Kaushal appeared on 18 July 1992, as **The Record** was being prepared for the printer. Because of its relevance we reproduce it in full, with the kind permission of **The Daily Telegraph**.

Dr Baldev Kaushal, a Punjabi-born general practitioner, who has died aged 85, devoted his life to the people of Bethnal Green in the East End of London, where he became something of a folk hero during the Blitz.

Bombs began to fall on Bethnal Green on the night of Aug 24 1940. In March 1941 the London Chest Hospital, a few minutes walk from Dr Kaushal's practice in Cambridge Heath Road, became the third hospital to be hit.

Dr Kaushal was active in Civil Defence through this period. On one occasion he crawled beneath some debris to reach a woman who clearly could not be saved, but who asked for a cup of tea. The only practical way it could be got to was by an enema tube, which she duly used. London Civil Defence subsequently recommended this as standard equipment.

The most serious incident in which Dr Kaushal was involved was the Bethnal Green Underground station disaster of 1943.

The Central Underground line from Liverpool Street to Bethnal Green had been built but not used before the war, so it made an ideal shelter from enemy bombing and had been opened as such in October 1940.

It could accommodate up to 10,000 people, and at one time more than 7,000 were sleeping there every night.

On March 3 1943, after an air raid warning at 8.17pm people made for the shelter from all directions; 1,500 people were said to have been admitted in the first 10 minutes.

At 8.27pm salvo of rockets was discharged from a nearby battery in Victoria Park, creating a noise which many mistook for the sound of exploding bombs, and several hundred more people rushed to the shelter.

Then, according to the official report, "a woman, said to have been holding or leading a child, fell on the third step from the bottom. A man fell on her left."

Those impeded on the bodies were forced down on top. In seconds there was an "immovable and interlaced mass of bodies five or six deep" against which the people above and on the stairs continued to be pressed.

Although Dr Kaushal tried to descend into the shelter, he found it impossible to make headway. His task rather became to certify the corpses as they came up: 161 people were dead when extracted and 12 more died later in hospital.

Dr Kausal found no fractures, just soft crushing injuries: he recorded the cause of death as suffocation. It was 11.40 before the last causality was cleared from the stairway.

The next year the newspapers reported how the young Indian doctor, having been injured by a flying bomb, refused to go to hospital until he had administered morphine to a mortally wounded firewatcher.

A fellow rescue worker described how they had "got him into an ambulance, but he forced his way out, and helped other injured people for eight hours". Baldev Sahai Kaushal was born at Partoke on Aug 2 1906, the son of a physician to the household of the Governor of the Punjab. He was educated at King Edward Medical College, Lahore, and the Middlesex Hospital in London.

Dr Kaushal was appointed MBE in 1945. After the war he acquired a practice at Bow, where he worked until his retirement 20 years later.

Frugal in his habits, shrewd with his investments and a bachelor, Dr Kaushal donated large sums of money to hospitals and schools in his native Punjab, especially to the Ludhiana Medical College. He never lost sight of his homeland: he spoke Hindi and Punjabi and was president of the Hindi Association of Europe

Note 3 (by John Harris)

Visitors to Bethnal Green Station will still use the same stairway, except for the addition of handrails at the side and centre of the stairs. Nothing much has changed. Readers should bear in mind that it had been built as an underground railway station and was only 'converted' into

an air raid shelter, that was its shortcoming. Many purpose built deep shelters in the East End had as many as six entrances, all of them with wider stairways than that at Bethnal Green.

Two shelters come to mind, (and some of our readers may remember them): Grove Hall Park, Fairfield Road (under the football pitches) and the recreation ground in Violet Road, Bow. These shelters are still there, although all the entrances and exits have been sealed off and concreted over.



John Dudley, second Lord of the Manor of Stoke Newington: one of the many illustrations in David Solman's short but informative book, *Clissold Park*, published by Abney Park Cemetery Trust, 109 Winston Road, N16.

THEY CARRIED THE BANNER

Ron Montague

Poverty and hunger stalked the East End of London in the early 1800s. Children ran barefoot through the streets, and whole families were condemned to a miserable existence in overcrowded tenement blocks. Those suffering in the awful slums were often neglected by the great dignified churches, forgotten by the State, and ignored by society. But in the mid-1800s a number of caring Christian campaigners moved in. They set up Ragged Schools, alerted respectable society to what was happening, and appealed for donations.

Among those Ragged School campaigners was Charles Montague, and following in his footsteps was Henry, his son. They lived and worked in London's East End and were appalled at the squalor they saw in the streets. The plight of the children moved them most. They decided to carry the banner and arouse concern for the needs of the poor.

Between 1855 and 1920 they led teams of dedicated workers whose efforts vastly improved the lot of thousands of poor families. Their centre of operations was the King Edward Ragged School Youths' Institute and Christian Mission,



Charles Montague.

in Albert Street, Spitalfields. This started out in a rented shed in 1845 under the guidance of Henry Reader Williams, a Justice of the Peace. He carried out valiant work, and Charles Montague's energy built on this. Soon the shed gave way to a two-storey building with school rooms and a workshop.

As a child, Charles, who was born in Mile End New Town in 1839, had been a pupil at the school. Then, as a teenager, he qualified to teach. Within a few more years he had become Superintendent. His motivation was a strongly-held belief that God was directing him to advance the welfare of the poor. He ensured that Sunday School classes and religious instruction were central to the work. He also ensured that youngsters were encouraged to use their skills in the sphere of carpentry and home craft. From 1868, a series of Industrial Exhibitions were held at the Institute where youngsters' work went on show.

In 1880 the overall venture extended into King Edward Street. The new building was opened by Princess Mary Adelaide, who became patron of the Institute. By 1896 the premises included a handsome gymnasium, and sufficient funds became available to purchase a holiday home at Sandon in Essex. Here families could be taken for brief spells to enjoy the fresh country air and to admire the rural scene. Charles was now honorary director as well as superintendent, and the total value of properties under his supervision was £20,000, a tidy sum in those days. The sum was to rise still higher in ensuing years.

Charles died in 1905, but not before he had published a book, *Sixty Years In Waifdom*, which was to make a profound impact on a wide readership. It is still regarded as an authoritative work to-day. His son, Henry, took over where father had left off. He too was motivated by deeply-held religious principles.

Soon there were departments galore at the Spitalfields Institute. They included a carpentry workshop, boot-repairing centre, mothercraft centre, Christian Band, and a workroom for unemployed girls. A Branch Mission, where further welfare work went forward, was started up in Tent Street, Bethnal Green.

How were such advances achieved?

Charles Montague had begun by writing to members of the gentry. He gave graphic accounts of how the poor lived. And he had a letter published in *The Times*. His son, Henry, followed up by publishing small illustrated booklets depicting pathetic slum scenes. Soon money was rolling in from conscience-stricken readers. Several members of the nobility rallied to the cause, addressing meetings and giving donations. Among them were the Marquis of Aberdeen, the Marquis of Northampton, Earl Shaftesbury and, of course, Princess Mary Adelaide.

By 1914, both King George V and Queen Mary were Patrons. The Marquis of Aberdeen was President, and no fewer than 20 members of the nobility were Vice-Presidents. These included the Lord Mayor of London, the Duke of

The Children of our care.



The Children of Tent Street.

A page from the King Edward Institution's 1914-5 Annual report.

Grafton, Lord Almerston, Lord Kinniard, Viscount Clifden, Lord Radstock, Sir Melvill Beachcroft and Sir Thomas Skinner.

The branches of work now totalled 42 and included a free library, savings bank, millinery class, soup kitchen, cookery class, ambulance class, musical drill, gymnasium, Christian Band, Boy Scouts, Hostel for Working Girls, and a Home for Aged Women.

A roll count showed more than 3,000 children, young people and adults were receiving instruction and benefit. An annual report ran to 66 pages and named more than 120 teachers and workers. Henry Montague was the Honorary Superintendent, and among the teachers was his own son, William Montague, and future daughter-in-law, Maud Agombar (they married in 1921).

The Great War, 1914-18, meant even greater hardships for the people of Spitalfields, but the Institute battled through, providing help for those in greatest need, and parcels for the boys at the front. There was recovery in 1919, and with the Institute back on its feet in 1920, Henry Montague retired. A special meeting to say farewell was presided over by Sir C.J.O. Sanders. Lady Sanders made the presentations and among the many gifts was a grandfather clock bearing an inscription stating it was, 'a simple token of affection and regard' from pupils, workers and friends. The clock remains in the possession of a member of the Montague family, namely myself, Henry's grandson. It is, in truth, grandfather's clock, and it keeps good time to this day.

After retirement, Henry Montague continued to liaise with organisers at Spitalfields and continued his work with the Shaftesbury Society. He became its Chairman for a spell in the 1930s.

Following the end of World War Two, in 1945, there were extensive changes to the pattern of inner city life, and the Spitalfields Institute moved its centre of operations to Barking, where Greatfields Hall, another Mission-type institute, had started in 1938. Henry helped stimulate work there, which was along similar lines to that at Spitalfields.

He died in 1952, just two years before the enlarged Greatfields Hall Mission was officially opened. In recognition of his lifetime's endeavour, a Summer Lodge in the Sunshine garden was dedicated to his memory, and his name was welded on the wrought-iron gates. A tribute in a booklet published for the opening ceremony ran as follows:

'When we see young and old folk using this pleasant corner of the Sunshine Garden we may fitly pause for a moment, and thank God for the life and work of Henry Edmund Montague.'

This article has been guided by the intention to remember his work and that of his father for the welfare of the poor of East London.

NOTES AND NEWS

We have received the following from Dr. Brooks, a regular reader in Israel (He contributed an article on the Agapemonites in **Record** No. 11 (1988)

I found the article by Clifford Tully about Dick Turpin in **Record** No. 13 (1990) most interesting. It led me to look up my Hackney paper cuttings about Highwaymen and Robberies. As a result I have started to computerize my cuttings up to 1900.

Between the years 1721 and 1739 (Turpin's active "professional" life) I have three entries on Robberies. Two of the cuttings concern Samuel Vevers, a master builder from Shoreditch. In September 1726 he was tried for robbery "on the highway at Dalston" and after a trial lasting five hours the jury found him Not Guilty. In February 1727 he was not so lucky and was committed to Newgate. he seems to have picked the wrong victim, Justice Hull, from whom he stole a gold watch and some silver. The *Craftsman* (7th March 1729) reports on the sessions at the Old Bailey. Ferdinando Shrimpton and Robert Drummond both received death sentences for highway robbery and for the murder of "Mr. Tyson's coachman of Hackney." This probably refers to either Samuel or John Tyssen, members of the family of the Lord of the Manor of Hackney.

A small cutting from the *General Evening Post* (18th August 1747), after Turpin's demise, reads, "Last Night, Mr Charlton, a Peruke Maker at Hoxton, on his return to Clapton, was attack'd near Dalston, by 2 fellows, who robbed him of 2 Guineas and some Silver, the Fellows afterwards made off over the Fields towards Newington." A peruke was a wig with a bob at the back. In the illustration of Turpin clearing Hornsey Toll Gate this kind of wig is easily seen on our hero. I wonder if Turpin had acquired his peruke from Mr. Charlton at Hoxton!

In 1742 three footpads attacked Mr. Clarke, a pattern-drawer from Spitalfields in the Shoulder of Mutton Field (now London Fields). They got away with his watch and two guineas. The tide was turned in 1781 when the *Morning Chronicle* reports the foiling of an attempted robbery in the Shoulder of Mutton and Cat Fields when some passengers gave chase to villains before they were able to commit a crime.

A cutting from *St. James's Chronicle* of 26th September 1775 is worth quoting in full:

On Tuesday Night a Highwayman was pursued from Lee Bridge by some of Justice Wilmott's Men, on an Information of his robbing, for those several Nights past, all the Post-Chaises that he could meet with on that Road, and was taken about Nine O'Clock, near the Nag's Head, Hackney. On his being searched, they found on him two Watches, several loose Seals, a Purse, which, it is said, contained five Guineas and some Silver, and a Pair of Pistols. He proves to be a Tradesman in Spitalfields'.

Recent reports of local interest are Joseph Jacobs' *Out of the Ghetto* on his political life in the East End from 1913 to 1939 (Phoenix Press) and Ian Sinclair's *Downriver* (Paladin). I haven't seen the fifth in Peter Marcan's East End Reprint Series, *An East End Album*, but assume it will be of the same high standard as the other four.

Ted 'Kid' Lewis - His Life and Times (Robson Books) is the work of his son Morton. The East End boxer's first fight in 1909 earned him a purse of sixpence (21/2p).

We have received copies of *Mitteilungsblatt*, the quarterly of the Anglo-German Family History Society (Sept. and Dec. 199 and March 1992). From a local point of view the article of most interest is that by Sally Thompson on St. Boniface's R. C. Church, Alder Street, Whitechapel (Sept. 91). The magazine is edited by Roy Bernard, 39 Longlane, Cookham, Berks. Issue No.23 (1992) of the *Romford Record* contains an article by Ken Frost on the rebuilding of Romford Station in 1931 and the memories of Mrs. Endersby, born in 1888 in Arbour Square, Stepney, who recalls among other things, the horse-drawn trams on Commercial Road. Interesting articles in recent issues of *Local History Magazine* (3 Devonshire Promenade, Lenton, Notts, NG7 2DS) include Simon Fowler's 'Labour from Below: Labour History and the Local Historian' (No. 32) and Alan

Godfrey's fascinating article on his ten years adventure reproducing historical maps, more than 500 of them to date (No. 33). *East of London Old and New: Pictures 1900-1991* is the latest in a well known series and includes an excellent photograph of Llanover Lodge, Victoria Park, in 1906, with a busy stall on Grove Road in the foreground.

The London Borough of Hackney in Old Photographs (Alan Sutton Publishing, Phoenix Mill Stroud, Gloucestershire) and **Jewish East Enders** (Springboard Education Trust, 32 Foscoote Road, NW4 3SD) resemble each other in that they both reproduce large numbers of photographs - 250 and 80 respectively. Both also have captions to the pictures (and highly informative ones in the case of the Hackney book) but I would have liked some kind of linking commentary. Carrie Lumsden's **My Poplar Eastenders** (Stepney Books, 19 Tomlins Grove, E3 4NX) is also illustrated with photographs of her beloved Poplar (she grew up in Arcadia Street) and though they are a bit dark they generally go well with the text.

If you are not interested in football, read no further! In connection with the centenary of the London Schools' Football Association (founded 1892) I am doing some research on East End schoolboy players who went on to play professional or top level amateur football. I am particularly interested in the period before 1939, and would be pleased to hear from readers who may know anybody who fits into the picture. David Sullivan has been working on the biographical details of Millwall players for many years and I continue to come up with more information. If any reader knows the whereabouts of former Millwall players or their relatives, David would like to hear from them on the following telephone numbers: 071 638 9044 (day) of 081 981 0567 (evening).



Nettlewell House, Bethnal Green, is one of Robert Philpotts' drawings used to illustrate *On Foot in the East End*, his book of five walks (Victoria Park and Bow, Spitalfields, Aldgate to Whitechapel, Whitechapel to Mile End, and finally the Tobacco Dock area); details from 45 Approach Rd. E2.

BOOK REVIEWS

Wendy Neal. **With Disastrous Consequences: London Disasters 1830 1917**. Histack Press (4 Catisfield Road, Enfield Lock, EN3 6BD), 1992 £14.95

Wendy Neal chronicles disasters which have happened all over London. Yet so many were in East London that there is space to outline only the major ones.

On 3 September 1878 the pleasure boat the 'Princess Alice' was returning to Woolwich. Her passengers were day trippers who had visited the pleasure grounds around Sheerness. May of them were children. Near Wolwich at Tripcocks Point the 'Princess Alice' turned to starboard. The collier followed the latest recommendations and turned to port. It hit the 'Princess Alice' and cut her in two. For the 750 passengers aboard there were only twelve lifebuoy and two lifeboats. In the panic one lifeboat drifted away without a single passenger on it. The collier and the few boats in the area tried to save passengers but six hundred and thirty people died in the worst disaster in Britain.

On 21 June 1898 for the first time a member of the Royal Family, the Dutchess of York, was to launch a ship at the Thames Iron Works. Thousands of people gathered in the yard to celebrate. Viewing points became scarce for the eager public so the Police allowed them to use a workers slipway on a neighbouring ship, even though it was marked 'Dangerous'. Two hundred people crowded onto the insubstantial structure. At the third attempt the Dutchess named the cruiser 'The Albion'. It slipped into Bow Creek at such a speed that it caused a massive wave. The wave smashed the slipway. The people who had been on it struggled in the water among the timbers of the slipway while spectators were still cheering the launching. Other spectators watching the people in the water prevented at least one would-be-rescuer diving into the water. The Dutchess went home unaware of the tragedy. 38 people died.

Disasters could also reveal scandals. Forest Gate School was the boarding school of the Whitechapel, Poplar and Hackney Poor Law Unions. Two disasters occurred there. On 31 December 1889 soot from a faulty chimney started a fire in the buildings where the boys slept. Many were rescued but twenty six boys aged from 6 to 12 died. The school staff could only identify fourteen of them. The inquest was told how they slept in large light-less dormitories, with both of the escape staircases locked.

In June 1893 a boy and girl died and 143 children were seriously ill after consuming meat soup. An expert confirmed that the soup must have contained unwholesome meat. At the inquest Henry Elliot, a memory of the staff stated that he had seen maggots in the meat which was served to the children. Nevertheless, the coroner and the jury recorded their confidence in the way the school was run. However, Elliot's statement led to further enquiries. It was revealed that no one was with the sick boy when he died. Many of the other sick children had only been given cursory examinations by the doctor. The children had been given the meat left over by the school officials. In additions the accounts listed forty pounds of meat as being served to the children which they never ate. Yet no one was prosecuted about the management of the school.

The final disaster occurred in 1917 in the First World War. The Government, desperate for ammunition, had put the T.N.T. purifying plant in a factory in the highly industrial and densely populated area of Silvertown. On the evening of 19 January 1917 a small fire in the factory caused an explosion. Debris and molten parts of the T.N.T. factory rained down on Silvertown. Adjoining factories and properties were set alight, even a gas holder across the river in Greenwich exploded. Moreover, electricity line were cut so only the glare of the fires lit up the January evening. A water main was broken so that only half the supply of water was available to fight the fires. For half an hour all communications was cut off with the rest of London. 73 people died and 98 were seriously injured. It was London's worst ever explosion and was heard in Cambridge.

Wendy Neal only uses newspaper accounts (and their illustrations) together with official reports to provide detailed reconstructions of these disasters. Other incidents involve railway accidents, a fire at a Jewish theatre in Spitalfields, and Poor Law in Poplar. The book throws light on many aspects of East End life in the period.

There is also a forward by Dr Ken Hines, comparing Victorian and modern methods of dealing with disasters. The author is donating her royalties to BASICS LONDON, a voluntary team of doctors who give on the spot medical care to victims of disasters. My only criticism is that such a wide ranging and fascinating book does not have an index.

H.David Behr

Margaret Ashby. **The Book of the River Lea**, Barracuda Books, 1991 £15.95

The cover notes tell us that this book joins some forty Barracuda Group local and natural history titles on Herts, Essex and London subjects. It makes fascinating reading, because the author is obviously both enthusiastic and highly knowledgeable about her subject. The 148 page hard covered book is far more than a series of guided walks. With over 100 photographs and drawings, we are shown many illustrations of life along the river. From its sources at Leagrave (to the north of Luton) to its junctions with the Thames at Leamouth, Margaret Ashby gives a very readable and detailed account of the history of people and places. The 17 hand drawn maps covering the entire courses of the Lea could be supplemented by Ordinance Survey Maps, but indicate very clearly the proposed route, together with landmarks such as railway stations and major roads. My only regret is that the books is slightly too wide to fit in a jacket pocket: I prefer to have my hands free when walking!

Phillip Mernick

Anne Taylor. **Annie Besant, A Biography**. Oxford University Press, 1992. £25.00

This is the first full length biography of Annie Besant for thirty years, and it is a book long overdue. Extensively researched and using previously unpublished letters it reveals a wealth of information about a woman who was, in the words of Beatrice Webb, the most outstanding Englishwomen of the years between 1875 and 1885.

Anne Taylor's lucid style and the straightforward narrative approach, albeit with the inevitable footnotes, grips the reader's interest from the first paragraph, and it is not just my deep interest in the subject that made me want to read it through at one sitting. As a work of fiction, it would have made incredible reading for its heroine Annie Besant achieved fame, notoriety and near deity in a life that spanned eighty-six years. It was life that took her from a sheltered girlhood, through a loveless marriage with a country clergyman in Lincolnshire into the controversial politics of secularism and socialism and a sensational court case where she upheld her right to publish a pamphlet on birth control. She spread the message of socialism and freethought through lectures and writings which projected her into the national stage. Among her friends were numbered Charles Bradlaugh, George Bernard Shaw, W T Stead, Herbert Burrows and Edward Aveling, all of whom were no strangers to scandal and notoriety. It was claimed that she was in love with each of these men in turn and that at least two of them became her lovers, but although her letters are couched in terms of endearment, no other proof has as yet been uncovered, for in her lifestyle, she observed all the social niceties of her day.

The part she played in the Matchgirls' Strike of 1888 is well known, and she has been deservedly recognised for that achievement. Indeed it has been rightly pointed out that had she been a man, it would have been almost a certainty that Annie Besant would have played a leading role in founding the Labour Party and gone on to a successful political career, for it must be remembered that women were not then entitled to parliamentary franchise. Her driving ambition and self-assurance brought her the attention she craved, but she paid the ultimate price as a woman - she was deprived of her two children, being deemed an unfit mother. She successfully broke the bonds that constrained the women of her day, and society never forgave her for it.

Relentlessly searching for the true meaning of life, she found in Theosophy the answer to her quest. Alternatively ridiculed and reviled for her steadfast beliefs, she nevertheless succeeded in spreading the message of Theosophy in India, where it was used to arouse the Indian nation to awareness of its true destiny. Annie formed the Home Rule League in India, and her fight for the right to self determination for the Indian people alarmed and enraged the British government, and she was eventually interned in 1917. She was rewarded for her work by being elected President of the Indian National Congress in 1923. In time her beliefs grew more eccentric but no one ever doubted her sincerity. She was revered in India, and honoured for her work there, but misunder-

standings and impatience with her eccentricities inevitably diminished her contribution to affairs of state. She died in 1933, in her beloved adopted country India, where she was accorded a state funeral and where her memory is still honoured.

This is a publication I would earnestly recommend, well worth the price (better still if it appears in paperback!) A few more books of this nature, and hopefully we can see women like Annie Besant finding a place in history that is deserving of their achievements.

Rosemary Taylor

Queen Elizabeth Hospital for Children 125 Years of achievement. The Hospital, 1991

This book, edited by Jules Kosky, the hospital archivist, marks the 125th anniversary of the Queen Elizabeth Hospital for Children in Hackney Road E.2 and is the first on its work and history. In 1866 Ellen Phillips at the age of twenty volunteered to work at the London Hospital and was placed in charge of the wards for the Asiatic cholera epidemic which claimed four thousand lives in the East End. In July of the following year with her sister Mary and Quaker friends they opened twice a week, a dispensary for deprived children at No 13 Virginian Row, Bethnal Green. Within a year 11,205 patients had been treated and the dispensary moved to 125 Hackney Road with twelve cots. In 1902 this much loved local hospital moved to 327 Hackney Road changing its name from the North Eastern Hospital to Queens Hospital for Children in 1908. Its sister hospital in Shadwell started by Nathaniel Heckford and Sarah Goff, who met at the emergency cholera out-station at Wapping Workhouse, also started as a dispensary in 1867. The two hospital amalgamated in 1942 as the Queen Elizabeth Hospital for Children. This well researched book with its variety of chapters will appeal to all researchers and medical historians as well as former patients and staff.

Doreen Kendall

Skeet, a house in the country: an anthology. New Cavendish Books, 1991

What did an old house near Lullingstone in Kent have to do with East London? This book gives the answer: in 1944 it was bought by the Jewish Youth Fund for use by the Brady Boys' and Girls' Clubs.

The Brady Club for Jewish boys was founded in 1896 and met in Durward Street, near Brady Street, hence the name. In the 1930s it was run with great enthusiasm by Sam Ansell, and he started country weekends for members at 'the huts' near Shoreham in Kent. Then he got the loan of a cottage nearby from Oliver Lyle of Tate and Lyle. Unfortunately, the cottage was lent out one weekend to some rabbinical students who manged carelessly to burn it down! Looking for a replacement they found Skeet Hill House. It was neglected and dilapidated, but full of character and ghosts, so it was said.

Most of the book consists of short contributions, largely by 'Old Bradians'. The first few describe the history of Skeet, and how it was acquired. Most are personal reminiscences of their youth, of Skeet and the Brady Clubs' other activities. Perhaps nostalgia colours the memories but good things prevail over the hardships of early days, when there was no electricity, no hot water and very little heating. The cold damp bedrooms, despite piles of scratchy army blankets - and having to wash at a stand pipe in a field - what were these to the freedom of getting away from their parents, the friendships made, the many activities? Concert parties, plays, festivals, walks, visits, games, deep discussions till the small hours in the kitchen, even rather naughtily smoking at their window and spying on the girls' bedrooms! All this, in 1950, for 12/6 per weekend, including full board and as many kippers as you could eat for breakfast (the record was 14, held by a Brady boy now a headmaster). Travel was extra, train from Whitechapel to Knockholt was how most went then. 1/9 return, and a 3 to 4 mile walk from the station.

As the East End Jewish community dispersed, the Brady Clubs moved to Edgware and used Skeet less. In 1980 its future was in doubt. However the Bradians Trust was formed by former Bradians and raised a large sum to renovate it. They took on the lease in 1981 and it is now very

well used by nearly 50 organisations from all parts of London and even beyond. The facilities are now modern and comfortable and a weekend in 1990 cost £23.

Besides the individual contributions, the book includes two photo albums - in black and white from the older days, and in colour more recently and a series of excerpts from the Brady Club magazine. There is a list of contributors with personal details - some are well known, like Greville Janner, M.F., who writes about the 'Brady Ramblers', a concert party he used to run. The book is well produced on good paper, and is published in aid of Skeet.

Ann Sansom

Julia Hunt. From Whitby to Wapping .The Story of the early years of Captain James Cook. Stepney Historical Trust, 1991

Julia Hunt has looked into the early life of James Cook with fascinating results. The Quaker shipowners of Wapping and Whitby used the Friends' Meeting House in Blackmoor Alley and James Cook served his seaman apprenticeship on their timber boats between Norway and London. The Bell alehouse opposite Executing Dock was owned by Elizabeth Batts' father and step-father, who traded with the Whitby shippowers. This is where Cook could have met her. They married in St Margaret's Church, Barking, and the newly wedded couple settled in Shadwell for the next 17 years until Cook's violent death.

Doreen Kendall

D.H.Leaback. Perkin in the East End of London. Authentica Publications, 1991. £3.99

This 40 page card covered, stapled publication is expansion of the author's article in **East London Record** No. 12 (1989). It tells the story of the early life of W.H. Perkin from childhood in Shadwell until the building of his Greenford factory in 1857. Where this publication primarily differs from the earlier version is the inclusion of many more illustrations, both photographs and drawings (the latter by the author's brother, S.I. Leaback). The coloured reconstructions of Perkin's home laboratory and the King David Fort are particularly effective, but the map intended to illustrate the movements of London chemical companies is confusing and has little relationship to the rest of the book. The author's system of using reference numbers for both map references and appendix notes is similarly confusing, also the occasional missing line of text. This reviewer would have liked to have seen more of Perkin's later history, which Mr Leaback has covered in lectures. Although Perkin's discovery of Mauveine, the first commercially produced Aniline dye was the foundation of the organic chemical industry, Mauveine itself was soon overtaken by cheaper and more popular products. His synthesis of Alizarin and Coumarin are more long-lasting, although less well known, monuments to his abilities and enthusiasm.

Phillip Mernick

Walter Jones. Tender Grace. Wapping Letters and Diaries. Volumes I and II, edited by Madge Darby. History of Wapping Trust, 1992. £1.50 (vol.I) and £3.50 (vol.II)

Mrs Annette Darby kept a collection of letters and diaries written by her father, Walter Henry Jones, who lived most of his life in Wapping. These were found by Mrs Darby's daughter, Madge. Well known to us all for her books about Wapping and its famous (and infamous) characters, Madge Darby has done local historians a great service in editing and publishing her grandfather's diaries.

Volume I contains two diaries, the first the 'Diary of a Honeymoon 1886', gives us a day by day account of Walter Jones and his bride Tet on holiday in Ventnor, Isle of Wight. Part 2 a 'Diary of a Holiday 1887', is a record of another holiday a year later. The background and scene have been set with the addition of letters and biographical detail. Although containing a record of family trivia, it provides valuable information for those seeking details on the lifestyle, behavioural patterns and social conventions of an East End working class family.

Vol II is the Diary of Walter Jones' year as Mayor of Stepney 1912-1913. As one of the first councillors to be elected to the Metropolitan Borough of Stepney when it was set up in 1900, Walter was to remain on the council for twenty-one eventful years. A deal more substantial than the previous volume, it contains the day-by-day account of the whole year, with a wealth of information

on the public face of the turn of the century East End. Issues such as votes for women, the white slave trade, medical services for the poor and the awareness of an impending war, are all faithfully recorded. Again a valuable source of information for anyone wanting to 'set the scene' of early twentieth century East London.

Rosemary Taylor

Robert Linsay Millwall. A Complete Record 1885-1991. Breedon Books, 1991. £16.95

This is the latest in a series of statistical works on football clubs that has already covered Fulham, West Ham, Tottenham, Leyton Orient and Chelsea. It includes the team lists for every Millwall senior game, a short history of the club and its grounds, reports on famous matches and brief biographies and brief portraits of more than a hundred players and managers.

Although the association with East London continued when Millwall moved to New Cross in 1910 and many East Enders support the team to-day, the main local interest in the book will be in the early years, when the grounds were located at various sites in the Isle of Dogs. Linsay traces the moves around the Island with care and the narrative of those days, which included the adoption of professionalism and the foundation of the Southern League, is never less than interesting. I would have liked the biographies to have been much longer but the format of the series is to be blamed for that, and I am delighted to hear that another work is in hand (see last paragraph of 'Notes and News') which will include biographical details for every Millwall player. Meanwhile, **Millwall** is essential reading for everyone interested in the development of professional football in the south of England or in the history of the Isle of Dogs.

Colm Kerrigan

SOME RECENT ITEMS RELATING TO EAST LONDON

Books and Booklets (excluding those reviewed)

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| Al Naib, Selem | Discover London Docklands. A to Z illustrated guide. The author, 1991. |
| Aptroot, Marion (ed) | Jewish Books in Whitechapel. A Bibliography of Narodiczky's Press Duckworth, 1991. |
| Bank, Leslie, and Christopher Stanley | The Thames, a History from the Air. O.U.P., 1990. |
| Bates, L.M. | Thames Cavalcade. Terence Dalton, 1991. |
| Darby, Madge. | The Royal Foundation of Saint Katherine. The Foundation, 1991. |
| Fish, S. Francis | The Dental School of London Hospital Medical College. The College, 1991. |
| Gray, Michael L. | Sutton House Interim Guide. The National Trust, 1991. |
| Jones, Lincoln J. | Colonel Rainsborough: Wapping's Most Famous Soldier. History of Wapping Trust, 1991. |
| Kushner, Tony, and Kenneth Lunn (eds.) | The Politics of Marginality: race, the radical right and minorities in twentieth century Britain (F. Cass, 1990). |
| Leapman, Michael. | London's River: A History of the Thames. Pavilion Books, 1991. |
| Marriot, John | The Culture of Labourism: the East End between the Wars. Edinburgh U.P., 1991. |
| Morton, Jane | 'Cheaper than Peabody': local authority housing from 1890 to 1919. Joseph Rowntree Foundation, 1991 |
| Panayi, Panikos | The Enemy in our Midst: Germans in Britain during the First World War. Berg, 1991 |
| Schweitzer, Pam with Diana Hancock | Our Lovely Hops. Memories of Hop-picking in Kent. Age Exchange, 1991 |
| Tsuzuki, Chuschicki | Tom Mann 1856-1941 The Challenge of Labour. Clarendon Press, 1991. |
| Tzelnicker, Anna | Three for the Price of One (on Yiddish Theatre). The Spiro Institute, 1991. |
| Webb, David, and Alan Carpenter. | Bishopsgate Foundation. Centenary History. Bishopsgate Institute, 1991. |
| Articles | |
| Adams, Caroline | 'Across Seven Seas and Thirteen Rivers' in Oral History Vol. 19, No 1, Spring 1991. |

- Paley, Ruth 'Justice in Eighteenth Century Hackney' in **The Terrier** (Friends of Hackney Archives Newsletter), Spring, 1992.
- Royall, Preb, Arthur 'Church Buildings and Demolition in Tower Hamlets' in **Cockney Ancestor**, No. 55, Summer, 1992.
- Schneer, Jonathan 'Politics and feminism in 'Outcast London': George Lansbury and Jane Cobden's Campaign for the first London County Council' in **Journal of British Studies**, Vol 30, No 1, 1991.
- Solman, David, and Graham Douglas 'Loddiges Nursery: Part 2: the Leyday of the nursery' in **The Terrier**, Spring, 1992.
- Young, David 'East End Street Names and British imperialism' in **Local Historian**, Vol 22, No 2, 1992.
- Unpublished Works**
- Andrews, Joannie A 'The Oxford House in Bethnal Green: From Settlement to Community Centre'.
- Eblana, E. A. 'The Mean Streets': a study of Arthur Morrison's slum fiction' (Ph.D., Univ. of Indiana).
- Marks, L.V. 'Immigrant Women's Health in East London, 1870-1979, in particular Irish and Jewish women's experiences of childbirth' (D. Phil., Oxford).
- Wayne, H. Larry 'History of the London Jewish Bakers Union 1888 - 1969'

Some recent additions to the Archives at Bancroft Road

Cambridge and Bethnal Green Boys' Club records 1937-87 (TH 8458)

St. Dunstan's: abstract of the Vestry minutes 1579-1854 (TH 8461)

Morpeth School: photocopies of records and research on 1944 air raid (TH 8458, TH 8472)

John Soans, Son and Co. (rope manufactures in Broad Street and Bow Common Lane): business ledger 1873-86 (TH 8486)

Thanks to H. David Behr, Howard Bloch, C. J. Lloyd, Harry Watton and David Webb for help in compiling this list.

CONTRIBUTORS

Violet Short, a retired teacher, now lives in Suffolk; Harold Finch has already written about George Howell and Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton in previous issues of the **Record**; Valerie Given is a part-time Company Archivist and a member of the East London History Society; Fred Wright wrote about F.C. Mills in **Record** No 13 (1990); Doreen Kendall is the circulation manager for the magazine; Ron Montague is a semi-retired journalist doing research on his family history. Among our reviewers, Rosemary Taylor is the Society's chairperson, David Behr organises the programme of talks (details on back page), Ann Sansom was secretary of the Society for many years and Phillip Mernick is the Treasurer.