

THE EAST LONDON HISTORY SOCIETY

SUMMER NEWSLETTER - 1985

1. OUT & ABOUT : The History Workshop - Seminars take place upstairs in the White Swan, 14 New Road, London, WC2, near Leicester Square Station. They start at 7pm and a collection is made to cover costs.

- 7-10-85 Stuart Hall The New Left (1956-68) Revisited.
4-11-85 Ruth Richardson Medicine, reform and the stigmatism of poverty in 1832.
2-12-85 Jon Halliday New consideration on the Korean Civil War 1945-54.

Jewish Historical Society of England - Meetings at Florence Michael's Hall, St. John's Wood Synagogue, Grove End Road, London, NW8 at 8.30pm. Application for membership to Dr. Davis Goldstein (Hon. Sec.) 33 Seymour Place, London W1.

Hackney - A Society of Friends of Hackney Archives Department is being formed under the 'umbrella' of The Hackney Society. It is intended that members will receive a quarterly newsletter and be invited to exhibition previews and other events at the Department. Further details will be available in Septemebr.

Hackney Archive Department's exhibition on Bryant and May, 'A STRIKING SUCCESS' will be on show at Valence House Museum, Dagenham, in September. It will then go to Plumstead Museum, Greerwich, in October, before travelling to Liverpool for four months.

Saturday Schools of the British Association for Local History will continue through the summer. On the 20th-22nd September there will be a residential school on 'Palaeography for Local and family historys' at Leicester. Further information (send SAE) from B.A.L.H. The Mill Manager's House, Cromford Mill, Matlock, Dertyshire, DE4 eRQ (Tel: 062 982 3768).

Labour History Society - Bob Little is asking for ideas, submissions and contacts for the Local History Oral History Conference to be held at the National Museum of Labour History, Commercial Road, London, E14, in the spring of 1986.

Petticoat Lane - Walks will take place throughout the summer, every Saturday, Sunday and Monday. No booking necessary - just turn up. Meet outside Aldgate Underground Station (Circle Line) at 2.30pm. Conducted and arranged by Adam Joseph, a Freeman of the City, and one-time stallholder of Petticoat Lane. Cost £2 (Concessions £1.50, children under 12 free if accompanied by an adult).... 1½ - 2 hours.

Whitechapel Art Gallery - Information on exhibitions ring 377 0107.

Geffrye Museum - Open 10am to 5pm, Sundays 2pm to 5pm. An interesting and absorbing display of room settings of various periods. Project work, especially for children, continue throughout the summer.

Ragged School Museum Trust - Details from Tom Ridge, Sir John Cass Foundation School, Stepney, London, E1 (Tel: 981 7361).

2. EAST LONDON RECORD - No. 8 (1985)

This is due out in late October as usual. Increasing costs have forced us to increase the price to £1.15 (£1.40 to include post and package) but it is still a very good bargain for 48 pages of local history.

The 1985 issue will include memories of childhoods in Stepney and Spitalfields; a brief but authentic account of 'hopping' in Kent; a substantial piece on Hackney Waterworks; and a short article on the Bow & Bromley Institute. There is also an article on the Poplar Pension Fund (based on records at India House) as well as about ten reviews of books of local relevance. Finally, there is the usual list of books, articles, etc., which relate to the East-London boroughs. There should be at least ten pictures, some of them published for the first time.

Over the last seven years many of our articles have been written by members of the Society, and we hope this will continue, although we also welcome contributions from outside. Financial considerations may, from 1986 onwards, compel us to produce the magazine in a less 'glossy' form but we hope to continue in some form, possibly without illustrations. If you know a philanthropist who would like to subsidise us, don't fail to put him in touch with us.

Colm Kerrigan.

E.L.H.S. COACH TRIP - The autumn coach trip will be on Saturday, October 12th, and will be an all-day trip to Norwich. This city has a wealth of ancient buildings, including a splendid cathedral, and many attractive old streets - many of those in the centre have been pedestrianised so that you can wander around without fear of traffic.

Museums include the Castle and the unique Mustard Museum - founded by Colmans of course! We are hoping to arrange a guided tour of the city for part of the afternoon, for which there is likely to be a small extra charge. There will also be some time to look around independently. Make your own arrangements for lunch - tea will be arranged for the party.

The coach fare will be £3.75 for adults, half-price for children. To book for the trip, please fill in the slip at the bottom. The pick-up point will be opposite Mile End Station at 9.30am.

4. E.L.H.S. ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING - This will be held on 9th October 1985.

5. CONTRIBUTIONS FROM MEMBERS -

From Davis Behr comes an extract from 'Street Names' by John Field in *Local Historian*, Nov. '84.

'Builders, understandably enough, have sometimes wished to affix their signatures to the streets they have constructed. When a builder named Barnes wished to use his surname for 'his' street in Stepney, the local Board of Health would not agree, but approved his next proposal - Senrab Street - without apparently noticing that it is merely the reversal of the surname.'

David Behr also submits the following from the *East London Observer* (12.3.27).

'Arnold Hills, who died in his 70th year at Hammersmith, his beautiful retreat at Penshurst in Kent, will always be associated with the great cause of Thames Shipbuilding, an industry which went north largely through outside causes... it paid the Liberal Party to subsidise the northern yards... After the war, Labour took revenge on the Party which was responsible for leaving the Thames slipways empty. Gallantly did Mr Hills struggle for years... All the facts and all the arguments were on his side. The Thames Ironworks had an incomparable record for warship building for all the navies in the world; for many years it held the leading position in shipbuilding and amalgamated with Pennis, the famous Marine Engineers for Greenwich. So well did everything fit that the 'Thunderer', the last battleship to be built on the Thames, ordered in 1910, was launched within nine months. She has been scrapped but

a few weeks ago under the Washington Agreement. The great effort was too much, and failing further orders there was nothing left but to close down.

The Debenture holders... sold the Works up for a paltry £40,000 and priceless irreplaceable machinery was wickedly got rid of at old iron prices. A few months later the Great War broke out ... he felt compelled to obey the dictates of his conscience on his right to re-employ the men he liked, whether they were in the union or not. He was a pioneer in profit-sharing when the idea was unknown.

By some he was regarded as an amiable crank, for he was a vegetarian, hater of alcohol and condemned tobacco. But he was not crank.... At school and university he was a notable athlete but in many ways he made too great a demand upon his strength and powers and so was overtaken in late middle life by a serious illness of rheumatic character, which left him a hopeless cripple, tied to his bedchair, unable to move a limb without help. Yet his intellect remained clear as crystal, and his iron will carried him on with stupendous courage and fortitude.....'

Mr A French submits a 'walk'

Poplar High Street - a few points of interest :-

Many streets of East London have a very interesting history and the Society has had walks down some of them. These few notes may encourage some to have their own walk at leisure.

John Oliver's map of 1696 shows the only inhabited part of Poplar as being the area of the High Street (in 1669 known as Poplar Street). A later report (undated) states Poplar High Street as being 'a quaint straggling length of gabled houses; many built of wood; many trees, every other house an Inn, beer-house or place of refreshment for seamen.

Soldiers on foreign service were billeted on local inhabitants. Men drunk would be encouraged to 'take the King's shilling' by the Recruiting Sergeant... "Come on my brave lads, who'll serve the King?"

Some early pubs in the High Street - 'Sun & Sawyers', 'Resolute', 'Arethusa', 'Horn of Plenty', 'Green Man', 'Green Dragon', 'White horse'. The 'Green Dragon' was on the corner of Dolphin Lane along which early last century a line of small tenements (East & West India Dock Cottages) were erected to assist with the large Irish immigration consequent upon the opening of the Docks.

Transport 1860 - Blue omnibus from Blackwall Stairs to Piccadilly via Poplar High Street. From Blackwall 8.30am to 10pm, at intervals of 12 minutes through the day. Fares 4d and 6d. Also the Shillibeer horse-drawn omnibus from West India Dock end of the High Street around the Isle of Dogs.

Slaughter Houses - In 1859 (Board of Works Report) there were eleven slaughter houses in the High Street.

Poplar Institution (No. 86) - This was, in 1860, the Workhouse, a large building occupying the site of the old Town Hall. Each room was lit by two-light gas pendants. There were rooms for oakum picking, workrooms and labour sheds. There was a pavillion for men and one for women, another for aged married couples. There were receiving wards and a lunatics ward. Stone-breaking (you can still see Stoneward Lane on the site today) and oakum picking were the main occupations. There was a lack of discipline. Food and clothing were poor.

On the north side, opposite the Polytechnic, is St. Matthias Church. Here the East India Company had 56 almshouses for disabled seamen and families, 18 being made more commodious and reserved for Commanders and Mates or their widows. Next to the Church (built 1640 as a Chapel for the East India Company) stood a quaint building known as the 'Poplar Hospital' - a home of refuge or hostel for aged seamen of the East India Company. The church itself, now derelict, held the Flaxman memorial stone of George Steevens, a famous Shakespearian scholar, who is buried in the churchyard. The marble stone, a masterpiece, is currently on permanent loan to the Fitzwilliam Museum in Cambridge.

Cotton Street - Where Cotton Street enters the High Street, opposite Prestons Road, was originally a maze of small courts and alleys - very congested and insanitary. Cotton Street was not opened until 1884.

Harrow Lane - leading to the Railway Bridge, originally ran through the Isle of Dogs; a mediaeval route to the Ferry opposite Greenwich. On John Oliver's map of 1696 it is shown as arrow Lane. An old print shows squat little houses with entrances below street level. There is a plaque on the wall adjoining the present block of flats which simply states KING STREET. A station adjoined the bridge when the 'penny puff-puff' railway to Millwall was opened last century. This used to be crowded with dockers at 7am, proceeding to the Surrey Commercial Docks in the early part of this century.

Oriental Street - Where this street led into the High Street could be seen some very old stone setts in the road. They are narrow ways, once alleys or courtways. The old Sophia Street and Wade's Place have gone but the lead-in to the High Street can still be seen showing how narrow these streets were. Oriental Street was named after the ships trading to the Docks and not after the subsequent Chinese population.

The Eagle Brewery - stood at No.151. Until recently the Eagle motif was still over the door of the main building. Under the Brewery entrance was an underground barrel-vaulted construction, thought to be a mediaeval chapel, but later proved to be a salt-petre chamber.

6. EAST LONDON - a reprint of a significant late 19th century account of East End Church and Missionary work. Published by Peter Marcan Publications, this book is a worthwhile purchase, containing many charming little line-drawings. It is available from 31 Rowliiff Road, High Wycombe, Bucks, at £5.45 post paid. If you are a bookshop, the cost is £4.20 for one copy, going down to £3.70 for more than one.
7. MORE POINTS FROM MEMBERS -

Mrs M Batchelor of 112 Little Gaynes Lane, Upminster, Essex (Tel: Upminster 29330) seeks descendents of MARGARET ROSE CHARLOTTE MARTIN, nee BARTLETT, last known address 45 Ivy Lane, Hoxton. She left home around 1900, leaving husband and two toddlers behind. She is believed to have died around 1911. She had family in the area so it is possible that some descendants are in or around the area, or are known.

Mrs Batchelor was interested in the query made by Mrs Burgess of Ilford. She wonders if Church Street, Shoreditch is the same as Church Street, Bethnal Green, in which she has a keen interest, her mother living at No.16 between 1905/1908. It was then a coffee rooms.

Amy de la Haye of 21a Vernon Terrace, Brighton, Sussex writes: "I am a postgraduate research student working to produce a written and oral history of the ready-made clothing trades in the East End of London and Leeds during the inter-war years. If you owned a clothing business, were engaged in designing, making (in a factory, workshop or at home), promoting or selling garments, and would be willing to share your experiences and recollections with me, I can be contacted at the Department of Cultural History, Royal College of Art, Kensington Gore, London, SW7 2EU. I would also be extremely grateful for any other information or guidance."

Mr A Leach, 8 Elizabeth Close, Grundy Street, London, E14 6DW, seeks the whereabouts, if any, of an East End folk museum, containing such things as household goods packaging of 40 or 50 years ago. He has some items himself that he would be willing to donate to a bene fide organisation. He asks if there is a nautical museum other than the one at Greenwich to which he can also pass on some items of interest.

Mrs S Lynn, 73 De Beauvoir Road, London N1 5AU, has special interests of the Jewish Community and would like to contact anyone willing to take part in an oral-history project.

8. MEMOIRS OF A MILKMAN - by Mr Jack Rubidge (E.L.H.S. Member)'THE HARD WAY - 1917/1968.

At the age of 17 I started work with a private milkman. He was about 60 years of age. I'd been very keen to do this kind of work since I left school. He was a good 'Governor' as we said in those days. I learnt very quickly and soon took over the round, which was quite big, and with horse and float covered street after street in all directions.

The 'Float' was something in those days, made completely of wood, a large wheel on each side, with wide mudguards. It was gaily painted in yellow and red, with A. LOW, my governor's name, in black and gold letters on the front. A huge brass churn which I had to polish daily, and it shone like gold, stood in the front and I stood beside it with the reins. I had a good horse, named POP, and we were pals and understood each other. I felt mighty proud too, driving along. I was then and still am, a great lover of horses.

My wages were £1 per week, my day began at 4.30am, and my first job was to feed the horse.

Then in the 'Can House' I'd light the fire under the big old-fashioned copper. This was the only means of hot water and heat in the winter. The brass churn was then filled from this as required, then the small cans, ½pt and 1pt, to be filled from these with measures as I served each house. All these had brass handles and hinges and had to be washed and polished after the round the day before. I'm still a proud possessor of a measure and a pint can, rare relics indeed.

Luckily, I managed to find a young lad to help in the early morning. He had a bike. Three large cans of milk were hooked on the handlebars, the small cans and measures in a wire basket in front. These cans he filled and left on doorsteps as required. Here too I must add my good fortune of having some younger brothers. I found their help in the early hours more than useful. A load of thanks too for my father who was the human 'alarm' for calling us all up.

I usually got home to breakfast about 9.30am. Hour house was situated in the midst of others, about two thirds down the road, facing another turning. My old horse was so used to this he would turn round here without any help from me and draw up facing the opposite way right outside the house. It was the same on the 'round'. He would walk along the turnings and stop at each house I served. He also had a great liking for people's hedges, such as evergreens. I had to keep a sharp eye on him. He'd come up on the pavement and have a good nibble.

Milkmen in those days did two rounds per day, they covered the same ground twice. As I worked for a private dairy I was the only roundsman. That meant 7 days a week and no holidays. I finished about 4.30 or 5pm, much later on Saturdays. After a meal and a rest I would try to do my round-book, the usual job on Saturday evenings. This would take two or three hours, often longer, as I was so tired and would often nod off at intervals.

My governor kept twelve cows. When it was time for these to be renewed the fresh ones were walked from Romford Cattle Market to our dairy in Balaam Street, Plaistow, which was then a small part of the Borough of West Ham.

We had one Cowman to do the milking, Jim by name. His job also entailed looking after the cows. He introduced me to milking just once. Maybe he should have introduced me to the cow first because my touch wasn't appreciated. The hoof was gently lifted and the bucket went one way and I the other.

The 'Can House' was situated well back on the left from the main road. This was where much of the hard work was done, washing bottles, etc., polishing, scrubbing and cooling. Everything had to be spotlessly clean. It was approached by an archway which joined the house on the other side. It was my job to keep this and the Can House regularly whitewashed. As one can imagine, it made a very clean approach to the very spacious yard which stabled the horse and provided sheds for the cows.

The house was long and quaint, the front joining the pavement. At the end, past the archway, was the 'Dairy'. Here people came with their jugs for milk, also to buy eggs and butter. It was a large room with a very long table, covered with blue and white squared lino which looked very clean and attractive. On here stood the huge white china milk containers with their highly polished

lids, also a massive white china swan, always filled with fresh eggs. This part of the business was run by Miss V Low, my governor's niece, and her companion, Miss Grace.

There was always quite a number of chickens strutting about the yard, including two or three bossy looking cockerels who seemed to stand and stare at anyone going to the Dairy, as much as to say "That's as far as you can come".

I married when I was twentyfour and somehow it was managed for me to have a few days off. This was really something. It was the only break we ever enjoyed. I was then earning £2.10.0d per week. We had two rooms and soon after found quite a nice flat.

Although this next bit hardly concerns my work I feel I must relate it as I had to ask if I could borrow my horse for moving. We had very little money to spare so I was lucky enough to borrow a van as well. Oddly enough it had a white covering. We hadn't a lot of furniture but it seemed to fill the van. We made good progress until about half-way, then it began to get dusk and I had to call at a Coal Merchant pal of mine to borrow two lamps to hook one on either side of the van. I left my wife sitting up on the front with our 'Mahogany Clock', a wedding gift, wrapped in a red plush tablecloth. As I returned, the horse, hearing my footsteps, made a slight movement. My wife had one leg over the side and called "Jack! Jack! Jack! He's starting to go". She always declares the whole episode, especially the white covered van, looked remarkably like one of those seen in the cowboy and indian films.

Winter was the hardest time. I can remember having chilblains on my ears, hands and feet. The horse too presented many a problem should there be any thick snow about. We had a man to come in and knock special nails in the hooves to grip the snow, but on one occasion this was overlooked and well I remember it. As the horse, the float and I came over a slight incline, he slid on his behind.. all the way.. and stopped against the wall of a front-garden. The shafts were broken, the horse slightly grazed, the float and I remained upright, and thankfully I was unhurt.

On very wet days my wife would somehow guess where I might be and manage to bring a dry overcoat, and in the bitter cold, a little drop of whisky, just enough to warm me. She also had an old-fashioned remedy of preparing a bowl of hot mustard-water to put my feet in. This, I'm shure, worked wonders and prevented many a cold. Yet despite all the hardships in those days, the milkman was a real person. He knew practically every family he served.

I can remember one rather elderly lady who would insist I had a cup of cocoa, winter and summer. The kindness of some folk was astounding. I served all sorts of people.. the cockney, to me the salt of the earth, the doctor's wife, the Convent, where once a week I would meet the Mother Superior to receive payment. Her quiet, calm voice and manner almost cast a spell over me. The Brothers too from the Catholic Church would often invite me into their quarters for a bowl of coffee.

I recall an incident here at Christmastime. I took some hay to the Church for the Crib. One of the Brothers asked if I would like to see the Christmas preparations. I was most interested and followed him in. I am not a Catholic myself but I was so impressed by the very sincere way he deeply bowed at every 'Saint' until he reached the High Altar, that I felt I had to do the same.

Sadly, my 'Governor', as I had always called him, became very ill and died at the age of 78. His niece, Miss V Low, as I previously mentioned, carried on the business. After the funeral, late afternoon, I was called into the 'Parlour' and to my great surprise was told he had left me £50. I can hardly remember getting home to my wife. We felt we had inherited a fortune.

When the milk bottles came into circulation many things changed. They were all filled first thing in the morning. I had to be certain too of having the correct quantity. It was breaking the law to fill a bottle in the street. Often I'd run short of bottles. I'd send my boy out very early and he'd pinch other milkmen's empties off the door-steps. There was some kind of an 'Official' and he would come round every so often and if he found we had anyone's bottles other than our own.. well!.. he'd just pinch them back again.

During the Second World-War it was difficult to get the cardboard tops for the bottles, as were used then. In the evenings my wife would cut out rings of white paper to help me. I fixed these on with rubber rings.

The air-raids diminished many parts of my round and things became so serious that my boss, Miss Low, was forced to sell what remained to what was then 'The United Dairies'. She very kindly offered me what was left of it before selling but there was much to be considered and I knew my wife would rather I worked for a big concern.

So the day came for me to say goodbye to Balaam Street and the hard yet happy days. Despite the war and air-raids I knew life was going to be different, maybe easier, certainly no bottles to wash and fill. It was early afternoon when I drove my float into the United Dairies Depot at Windmill Lane, E15. Quite a number of men were in the yard, their rounds finished. As soon as they spotted me a loud roar went up, as if I was just entering the 'arena', and somebody called out, "Here comes Ben Hur". I guess I did look rather quaint against their more up-to-date vans.

I settled in very well. Life was much improved. I had one day off each week, a weekend off every six weeks, and an annual holiday. I was very enthusiastic, a good salesman, and after a few days was given a round of my own, which I aimed to make something of. We often had competitions, such as who could sell the most of a particular line. It made us all very keen. I managed to win £20 on one occasion, a very special prize.

Yet the time had to come for me to leave this new-found life. I was called up to serve in the Army. I had to teach another man my round, and strange to say, since that time, this same man has made great strides and now holds a very important position with what is now called UNIGATE.

I was demobbed in 1945. My job was waiting for me when I returned and I was a roundsman once more. The old enthusiasm returned and keenness seemed stronger than ever. This lasted for a number of years, then I had a stroke of misfortune. I fell down an iron staircase whilst on the round and badly injured my ankle. I spent a whole year away from work. When I was ready to return I was told I wouldn't be able to do my round any more as my ankle was pinned on one side and wouldn't on any account stand any strain or walking. This was a tremendous blow. I felt lost, discouraged, yet I wanted to serve my remaining years with the U.D.

I had to accept the only job they could offer, to look after the horses. The previous man was retiring. It meant all night work, which was terribly hard to take. My wife was a great comfort and support and gave me encouragement to go on. Somehow I made the best of things and gradually used myself to become 'Keeper of the Horses'.

There were 40 in all, their stalls were over the depot and they had to climb a ramp. It was amazing to watch each horse, after being unharnessed by the roundsman, walk up the ramp on its own and make its way to its own stall. They were like children, very noisy, especially about 4.30am, when I would come along with the barrow containing their food. When all were served, peace returned and only the crunch, crunch of food could be heard.

There was much sadness when the motors were gradually introduced. Each week a few of the horses were reluctantly parted with. When a roundsman has driven a horse for a number of years they become partners. One can imagine the last pats and the sad goodbyes.

The motors meant a change of work again. I had to learn much about them as I had to take over the maintenance. Above all, I had to learn to drive. I had two attempts to pass my test, the first, I'm sure, was a case of nerves. On one instance I came out of a turning into the main road rather badly. There were some men down a hole in the road with a board up, 'MEN AT WORK'. I caught this, knocked it down the hole, and up popped a head. Then a voice said, "Steady on mate, you just missed my 'oad". The second time success all the way. I kept my head this time and returned to the yard feeling mighty proud of myself.

And so life continued. Then came the day of my first 'Long Service Dinner'. I had now served over 40 years and would receive my gold wrist watch. The 'Dinner' is held annually at the Connaught Rooms, Kingsway, London, during the early part of October. Need I say how much I looked forward to this special occasion! I enjoyed every moment and received my watch, which was engraved with my name and details, with great pride.

Almost nearing the end of my memoirs, the day came for my retirement. I was 65. Once again a new kind of life which I was determined to make as useful and

interesting as possible, providing I had good health. My wife was asked to come to the Depot on the special day. We were presented with a lovely gift and a marvellous bouquet, many, many handshakes and good wishes.

Now I'm on my way to 80. All being well, I will at that age have enjoyed 14 years of wonderfully happy retirement and fairly good health. Although, at the moment, like many others, I'm troubled with arthritis, but I thank God for bringing me so far so well.

One of the most satisfying things of these years is to feel I still belong. This is especially so when I receive my invitation every year to the 'Long Service Dinner'. Here I look forward and hope to meet my old colleagues.

Especially also when I receive my 'Birthday Card', also from the 'Long Service', my Christmas Parcel, my monthly magazine, enjoyed and read with enthusiasm.

I know the greater part of my life as a milk-roundsman was truly hard, yet I wouldn't have missed the years of experience with the public.

The understanding, knowing, feeling, taught me so much and has stayed with me all through the years.

My memories are deep, some perhaps sad, some extremely funny, yet all a very wonderful possession.

THE END.

9. The foregoing contribution from Mr Rubidge was very patiently and lovingly tape-recorded and typed by Mrs Rubidge. To both of them we extend our thanks. If any other member has any contribution to make to our newsletter, please send them to any officer of E.L.H.S. They may not all be used by there must be many items that are of interest to other members. We'll do our best to fit them in if we can.

10. SUBSCRIPTIONS - These are once again due, with the A.G.M. coming soon. A form has been included elsewhere in the newsletter and your co-operation would be appreciated in this matter. DO IT NOW... and you won't forget!

11. SOCIETY INFORMATION - Mr Alastair Ross has made a very good suggestion. This is that we should include details of ourselves in this newsletter, so that you or prospective members will know who to get in touch with. Here goes :-

"The aims are to foster interest in the study of the history of East London, to organise activities to further this interest and to compile and publish the results of any such work".

OFFICERS 1984/85 :- (abridged)

Hon. Secretary	Howard Bloch, 39 Eric Street, London, E3.
Chairman	Carolyn Merion, 55 Derbyshire Street, London E2.
Publicity	David Behr, 16 Greenland House, Ernest Street, E1.
Treasurer	Jenni Page, 1 Luctons Avenue, Buckhurst Hill, Essex.
Membership Secretary	John Curtis, 9 Avon Road, London, E17.
Coach Outings	Anne Sansom, 18 Hawkdene, Chingford, E4.
Editor of 'Record'	Colm Kerrigan, 38 Ridgdale Street, London, E3.

12. MORE FROM MEMBERS - Mr E W Kenton, 16 Parker Mews, London, W2B 5NT, is a City Guide and is very interested in the RIVERLINE area, including Isle of Dogs, particularly the visuals, sociology, etc.

Mr W B Wakefield, 7 The Spinneys, Hockley, Essex, is interested in E.L.H.S. says his interest springs from his family history. "My great-great-grandfather, James Wakefield died on 4 August 1837 at 5 Size Yard, Whitechapel. His widow was still living there at the time of the 1841 census, with three sons, the youngest being my great-grandfather, Gershom Wakefield. He had been baptised at St. Mary Whitechapel a few months earlier at the age of 8, together with his immediately older brother who was by that time nearly 12....." Mr Wakefield goes on to wonder if there was any link between the East End and Braintree in Essex, the link being the clothing/cap-making trade.