



# The HACKNEY TERRIER

THE FRIENDS OF HACKNEY ARCHIVES NEWSLETTER

No. 30

Spring 1993

---

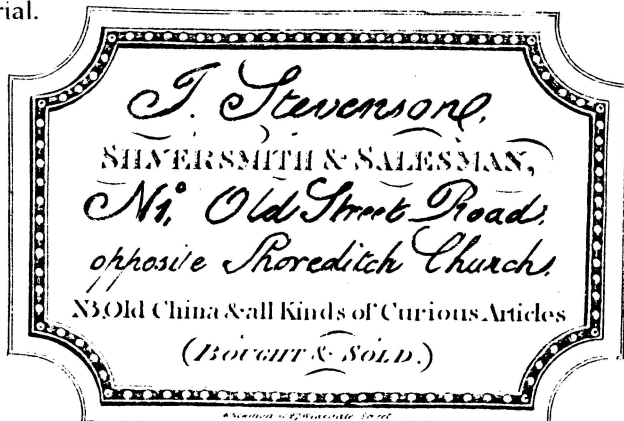
## NEWS FROM HACKNEY ARCHIVES

---

The good news is that Jean Chaudhuri has returned to the Archives, to provide cover during the latter part of Sue McKenzie's maternity leave (Sue's baby is a boy, George, weighing a healthy 7lb 14 ounces). Unforeseen budgetary problems meant that Jean did not start work until the beginning of April.

Investigations are under way to plan a replacement for the elderly microprinter reader, which is staggering towards the end of its useful life. A feasibility study will be looking at the problem of low humidity caused by the searchroom air conditioning system. And there are plans for improving the telephone system. Watch this space.

There have been changes to the photographic service. Reproduction fees go up in April. The charges for photography have also been revised, and payment is now made direct to the photographer, Godfrey New. Godfrey has also introduced a new service: he will undertake photography on site in the borough, for the same price as making new negatives of archive material.



---

## THE SUTTON HOUSE FIRE

---

Readers who saw the dramatic television coverage of the fire at Sutton House on 12th February have expressed their concern to know more. We understand that, though smoke has made an almighty mess, the damage is not as great or as serious as was at first feared; and insurance will take care of the financial consequences. Damage is confined to one of the rooms on the first floor of the east wing. Some 18th century panelling and joist-work has been lost, but nothing has gone that is considered to have irreplaceable architectural value. Expert reports on the cause of the fire are awaited.

---

## DATES FOR YOUR DIARY

---

**Annual general meeting and Stanley Tongue memorial lecture:** *Thursday 10th June, in the Little Chamber at Sutton House, 2-4 Homerton High Street E9, at 7.30 p.m.*

The annual general meeting will be followed by this year's lecture: **Victor Belcher on *The Highways and Byways of Historical Research***. Victor, who is a Hackney resident and a member of the National Trust's local committee for Sutton House, was formerly assistant editor of the Survey of London, and until lately was head of historical research for English Heritage's London division. Whether you are an experienced researcher or new to the game, or merely curious as to how to go about it, you are bound to find his words entertaining and instructive. We hope to meet you there.

**Shoreditch walk, led by John Paton:** *Sunday 11th July at 2.30 p.m.* Meet at the gate of St Leonard's Church, Shoreditch High Street.

## A CLAPTON FAMILY IN THE 1850s

*The author of this memoir, written in the 1920s, was Ernest Mason Satow (1843-1929), one of the eleven children of Hans Satow, a merchant of German birth and descent, and Margaret Mason, of London.*

### *Beginnings*

My father having made the acquaintance of the Masons became attached to their elder daughter Margaret. It was feigned that his frequent visits were for the purpose of giving her instruction in the German language; this was to throw dust in the eyes of her younger sister Selina, a girl of twelve or thirteen. They were married on September 8th, 1832, and after going to Brighton by coach for one night, they set up housekeeping in Jewry Street, London, the lower part of the building being occupied by my father as what was then called a "counting house". Here their two eldest children were born. It was probably in the summer of 1835 that they took up their abode at No. 4, Hadlow Cottages, Upper Clapton,<sup>1</sup> but this speedily proving too small for their increasing family, they moved to No. 10, Buccleuch Terrace<sup>2</sup> where the remainder of the children, except the youngest, were born. In 1847 my father bought a house a little nearer towards the city, of which he heightened the upper storey, which till then had consisted of attics. Here we moved in about June of that year, and my brother Sam was born in October. We lived in this house till the spring of 1860, when we moved over to no. 4, Lower Terrace<sup>3</sup> and the house was let to a Mr Evans, who eventually bought it of my father in 1871.

My grandfather Mason, his second wife Sarah Oddy and her brothers (whose house in Finsbury Square, next to their publishing business at "The Temple of the Muses", had been destroyed by fire in 1841) went to live in Islington. When I was quite little they were at Duncan Terrace and afterwards at Compton Terrace, where I can recollect dining on Christmas Days, roast and boiled turkey top and bottom of the table, a tongue and a ham on opposite sides, plum-pudding and such mince pies as one never sees nowadays. It was long before I learnt that grandmamma was not really our grandmother. She could not have been kinder to us if we had been her own grandchildren.

After the marriage of my aunt Selina to Jonathan Gray, the two brothers Oddy being already dead, the grandparents moved to Finchley Road, St John's Wood. Grandmamma used to drive over to Clapton once a week, bringing us a plentiful supply of gingerbread nuts and sweet biscuits, and she used to tip us schoolboys generously whenever we went to visit her. She died February 25th, 1858, aged 77, and was buried in Abney Park cemetery, Stoke Newington. My grandfather Mason always wore a black tail-coat. He too was buried in Abney Park. I well remember his funeral, in the pompous old style, mourners with "weepers" and black cloaks.

None of the women folk were present.

### *Hans and Margaret Satow*

Up to the year 1844, at least, our father was clean shaven. A portrait taken at Stuttgart in 1853 shows him with close-cut whiskers and beard. When it was that he first grew a beard I do not remember. He began to wear a moustache, as did so many civilians, after the army came home from the Crimea in 1856. His dress in our early days was a frock-coat, and when he went out he put on another, a looser one, over the coat he wore in the house. Going to the City he of course wore what was then called a beaver hat, which the modern silk hat replaced later. When he went out for a walk at Clapton he wore a wide-awake.<sup>4</sup>

My father was a strict disciplinarian, and we were brought up in habits of obedience. Any serious deviation in conduct was punished by a horse-whipping administered by a whip he called "the black friend". It stood behind his armchair in a corner of the dining-room. We all experienced the attentions of "the black friend", but not very often.

My mother was an excellent mistress of a household. All bills were discharged weekly. Often did I accompany her to Stoke Newington, when she went to pay the butcher's bill. In a large family like ours it may be imagined that this represented no small item of expenditure. The dressmaker of my sisters lived in Stoke Newington, and the clothing of the "four little boys" was procured from the Misses Cow, in Bishopsgate Street.



*Hans Satow, 1844*

(by permission of the British Library)

Straw hats for the summer came from someone in Hanger lane. Our mother's best bonnet was made of what was called chip<sup>5</sup>, and decorated with velvet or satin ribbons. It was large enough to come so far forward on the head as to hide the face entirely when looked at in profile, and there was a curtain at the back that hid the neck. When the fashion came in of wearing the bonnet pushed back so that the nose and front of the hair were visible, I remember that it was condemned as immodest. About 1855 when the Empress Eugenie was expecting the birth of her child, her dressmaker invented the crinoline, a huge petticoat woven of horsehair, which was speedily adopted by the whole female part of "society". It was so large that my row of sisters entirely filled up the pew in the chapel, and a drawing-room chair had to be contrived so as to allow its spreading on all sides of the wearer. The number of petticoats worn at that period was very great, flannel, linen and coloured woollen ones, and outside a white petticoat with an embroidered fringe. I don't think any grown-up woman, married or unmarried, ever wore a hat in the street instead of a bonnet.

#### *Port and champagne*

In his early married life my father smoked cigars, but at the time of my earliest remembrance of him he had given up the habit. At one time he used to drink a good deal of port, but in later years I found that his usual beverage at lunch and dinner was champagne. I do not remember him touching either beer or spirits. The wine cellar up to the time I have just mentioned contained little but port and sherry, but on his first visit to Neuenahr he made the discovery of an excellent wine called Walportzheimer, of which he imported a large stock; and that he used to drink mixed with Apollinaris water, which he was perhaps the first to introduce into England. People of my age will remember that fifty or sixty years ago it was still the custom to offer morning callers, mostly ladies of course, the choice of white or red wine, i.e. sherry or port, which were brought into the drawing room on a tray with a plate of sweet biscuits. The introduction of five o'clock tea led to the abandonment of this practice. We all know that the drinking habit has greatly diminished among all classes in the last half-century.

#### *The reason for being Ernest*

My aunt Selina died in 1852 of tuberculosis, or, as we used to call it in those days, consumption. She had suffered from glandular swellings in the neck which were lanced from time to time without effect. She was always very kind to the "four little boys", as we were called. One winter she spent at Seaford in the house of a local doctor hoping that sea air would be beneficial. I can see now the pink cotton bags of seashells she brought back for us. She had as a little girl a doll named Ernest Augustus, after the King of Hanover. It was shortly after my birth that my mother was sitting with me on her lap and trying to find a name for me that she heard Selina going upstairs and talking to her doll. It struck her that

Ernest would do nicely for the infant, and that was how I came to be called Ernest.

My sister Lucy died of the same complaint in her nineteenth year, having broken a blood vessel on a visit to the old Mason couple at St John's Wood. My brother Edward, a very good draughtsman and with the making of a scholar of languages, died of cholera in his 25th year. Mary, born in 1841, was the best loved of all the sisters. Her pet name was Puss, given to her, I think, by Edward. Theodore, born in 1844, died of pneumonia in December 1893. He had married in November 1874 Jessie Martha Giltro, beneath him in station. Theodore was not successful in business, but perhaps the less said about his career the better.

Augusta Henrietta, named after the Oddy brothers, was nicknamed Tom. One account was that our nurse called her a tomboy. Another was that she resembled Thompson, the dispensing chemist at Upper Clapton.

#### *Sunday at Clapton*

My parents were genuinely religious people, and my mother had been brought up as a Congregationalist. It was grief to her that none of her children, as they grew up, could be persuaded to share her views. My father, educated as a Lutheran, was not so earnest an adherent of Congregationalism. Family prayers both morning and evening were a necessary feature of our home life, a chapter of the Bible was read, and then a prayer - a whole page out of a big quarto volume. In later years a less burdensome set of prayers was substituted. Sunday was a solemn day. All toys were put away, and all week-day literature. Repetition of the Ten Commandments and the titles of the books of the Bible followed after breakfast. In the morning the whole family went to chapel. My earliest recollection is of a very plain building of brick and stucco, with ordinary glass windows, where the Rev. Algernon Wells preached to us sermons of at least an hour's length. The hymns were taken from the Congregational hymn book and Dr Watts's metrical psalms, and the tunes were started by the clerk, with the aid of a pitch-pipe. They were sung without accompaniment. But the new chapel was provided with a very plain organ. When the old chapel was pulled down and the present building<sup>6</sup> was in course of erection, we used to troop over to Abney Park Chapel in Stoke Newington, where the service was even duller than at Clapton. In the afternoon, when we were old enough we assembled in the "parlour" (the old-fashioned term for a dining-room) to sing hymns. In the evening the elder members of the family went again to chapel, and my parents attended a prayer meeting there about the middle of the week.

#### *Leisure pursuits*

Of toys we had not many. Mary was the owner of a fine big doll's house. There was a big Noah's ark and a small model of a railway train that ran down an inclined plane,

the usual wooden dolls, humming tops, skittles, skipping ropes, marbles and models of sailing boats. We were not allowed to fish, I suppose because it was held to involve cruelty to both worm and fish, but we were early initiated into the art of rowing by my father. At the bottom of Springhill, where there was a wooden bridge over the river Lea, lived three brothers named Solomon, who let out boats and added to their resources by netting fish. They used to supply fish for the domestic cat, and we used to hire their boats. The oars or sculls were marked L or S, for starboard and larboard, a word long since discarded in favour of port. I was almost nine years old before I ever had on a pair of skates, and I recollect that on the first day I fell 32 times on the ice. We used to skate on two ponds in Craven Park, on one behind the Wilsons' house at the top of Stamford Hill, and one year on the New River reservoirs. In the winter of 1852-3 the river Lea was frozen over for six weeks, and we skated on it up to Tottenham locks, and down far beyond Lea bridge. We were never very good cricketers, though we liked the game, and played at it a good deal with our schoolfellows on Clapton Common. We all learned to dance, and notwithstanding the religious opinions in which we were brought up not being really favourable to that form of amusement, a dance was once given at our house. The theatre was strictly prohibited.

#### *The governesses*

The education of the girls and boys of the family up to a certain age was carried on by means of governesses. The first of these was Miss Sarah Wells, eldest daughter of the minister of the Clapton Congregational chapel. Miss Wells was succeeded, about 1846, by Miss Anne Harris, the daughter of Dr Harris of the Highbury Independent College. Miss Harris many years later married an old man named Starling, and survived him up to January 1880. After her we had Miss Agnes Dyer, sister-in-law of Mr Joseph Payne, who had a private school at Leatherhead. She was our governess when I went into the schoolroom at the age of six. My sister Mary had taught me to read, out of *Papa's Own Book*.

Miss Dyer was a quiet person, with a high forehead, indicative of intellect. She gave me my first lessons in Latin, and taught me to write. I think I see her as she sat at the end of a school room table, with a quill which she was cutting and pointing for the purpose, for steel pens had not then come into use. Our schoolbooks and slates were kept in a piece of furniture called a chiffoniere, which the family transformed into cheffoneer. In one corner was a clock with weights and under it a backboard on which Augusta and Mary had to spend hours lying down to straighten their spines, and it was fitted with a wooden reading-desk so that they could pursue their studies while lying down. Opposite the window hung two lithographed charts, on one of which was reproduced the first book of Euclid, on the other drawings representing different styles of architecture. These had been introduced by Miss Dyer, I think.

#### *Teeth and tables*

It was also in Miss Dyer's day that the practice of having our teeth attended to by a Gower Street dentist, named James Underwood, was begun. He used to spend a day with us, every six months, dining with us in the middle of the day. He had a pleasant face, with large whiskers meeting nearly under the chin. But for all that, we dreaded his visits, and the torture of tooth-stopping with the primitive instruments then in vogue. Before his time our teeth used to be extracted by a surgeon, Mr Frederick Toulmin, who lived at Upper Clapton and was the family doctor. I think Miss Dyer also taught music to my sisters, all of whom learned to play the piano with considerable skill. She taught me my notes and I recollect how much difficulty I experienced at first in getting my two hands to play bass and treble.

On Saturdays we were exercised in repeating tables of weights and measures, in mental arithmetic, and a horrid sort of viva voce called an "object lesson". History of England we learnt from Mrs Markham's delightful work, and from *Little Arthur's History of England*.<sup>6</sup> I do not recollect that she taught us any French, but she gave us lessons in German. After Miss Dyer left us there came Fraulein Elise Brunswick, daughter of the English consul at Cuxhaven. She afterwards married a man called Boldemann, who at the time of his self-inflicted death was connected with an Anglo-Egyptian bank.

Lucy, Emma and Augusta were sent successively to school at Neuwied in Germany for a while, and Agneta spent some months in the family of a Parisian Protestant parson. David and Edward went to Joseph Payne's school at Leatherhead, from which they were transferred to Neuwied. David left there in 1853 to go into the "counting house"; Edward, too, went straight into the business, at the early age of fourteen.

#### *Priory House School*

We "four little boys" began school life at Samuel Prout Newcombe's day school at Lower Clapton, opposite to the London Orphan Asylum. It was called Priory House.<sup>7</sup> We used to walk there and back, except on very rainy days, when we went by omnibus, carrying with us our lunch, generally in the shape of sandwiches, but if there was no cold meat which could be utilised for the purpose, we received a penny to buy something at the baker's. I confess that this penny was often spent on lollipops. From the time I went to school in January 1852, the home dinner hour was postponed to 3 o'clock, and we younger ones had tea before going to bed.

Newcombe was a tiny little man with a big head, a nephew of Samuel Prout, the celebrated artist. I think he previously had a school of the same name at Islington. The second master's name was Howard Anderton. He took over the school when Newcombe, who had started a photographer's business in Newgate Street, after-





*Lower Clapton road in 1894: the Windsor Castle pub, the gates to Priory House School and the Servants' Registry*

wards removed to Cheapside, under the title of the London School of Photography, retired from its management. Newcombe was a teacher of originality, on what was known as the Pestalozzian system. That partly consisted in making use of the elder boys under the name of 'monitors' to teach the younger ones. Besides the usual subjects - classics, French, mathematics, and the history of England, Greece and Rome - he found time to impart some notions of the history of France and Germany. Other subjects taught were chemistry, astronomy, botany on the system of Linnaeus, and Jussieu and zoology. For the illustration of the latter he produced admirable large-scale drawings. I particularly remember one of the various stomachs of a ruminating animal. Corporal punishment consisted of striking a boy (the girls seldom incurred it) with a brass-bound flat ruler on the palm of the hand, or in the administration of a box on the ear. As I was a cheeky youngster I often experienced such punishment, especially the latter.

No prizes were given, but at the end of the half year each boy and girl received a volume of *Pleasant Pages*, a child's magazine written by Newcombe and the other masters and mistresses. The results of teaching were tested in the usual way by written examinations, and certificates of relative excellence were awarded. One of the undermasters was Ebenezer Prout, who later in life was a well-known musician and composer. He started a music band among the boys, which was a great success. We were taught dancing, singing and drawing, but instrumental music was an extra. We were required to take

very abbreviated notes of Newcombe's lectures, and to bring next day a written account of what we had heard, which was called a "reproduction". What we learnt at Newcombe's we learnt very thoroughly.

#### *Seaside summers*

In those days it was not thought absolutely necessary for families to go to the seaside during the summer holidays. The grandparents were in the habit of going to Tunbridge Wells from time to time, and some of the elder girls were invited to stay with them there. But the first occasion of our going to the seaside as a family was in 1850, when a house was taken for two months on the East Cliff in Brighton. We were driven to the London and Brighton terminus in an omnibus. As everyone knows, the first railway carriages were constructed as if three or four mail-coaches were joined together; the luggage was piled on top, and covered with tarpaulin. On our return from Brighton we travelled in a saloon carriage very comfortably. It was in 1852 that the family spent some weeks at Dover, on a terrace that looked out on to the harbour.

In 1856 we took a house belonging to Sir Thomas Maryon Wilson at Southend, which was then a little-known watering place of no great size. The principal feature was a long wooden pier, about a mile and a quarter in length. The following summer was spent at Folkestone. In 1859 we went to Hastings, and passed a couple of months in lodgings on Robertson Terrace. I do not think we went to a watering place in either of the two follow-

ing years, and in 1861 I left home for Japan. But some members of the family went in the spring to Ventnor in the Isle of Wight, partly for the sake of David and Augusta, whose health was somewhat delicate. In the summer of 1866 most of the unmarried part of the family occupied Peak Cottage at Sidmouth. My father was induced to take it by the statement in a newspaper advertisement that it was "close to the sea", and so it was in a sense. For the little garden abutted on a loft cliff overhanging the shore. But when my father and mother and Augusta were deposited on the esplanade by the coach that had conveyed them from Honiton station their indignation knew no bounds. They had to toil up a very steep hill to their destination, while their luggage was trundled after them on wheelbarrows. It was while at Sidmouth in that year that my father bought Myrtle Lodge, and after he got possession the family used to spend the summers there. My father retired from business in 1865 or 1866, and his chief amusement when at Sidmouth was to buy up and reconstruct or repair old houses that came into the market.

Ernest Satow

---

## BROWNSWOOD: ON THE EDGE OF THINGS

---

Continuing our four-part series on the history of the Brownswood area in north west Hackney. The boundary of the area is defined by Seven Sisters Road on the north, Green Lanes on the east, Mountgrove Road on the south and Blackstock Road on the west.

### Part 2 TICKET TO BROWNSWOOD

For centuries only three proper roads led to Brownswood. Church Street came from Stoke Newington, parallel to the New River in Newington (now Clissold) Park. Green Lanes, which was turnpiked in 1789 despite the opposition of Hornsey parish, ran from Newington Green to Wood Green. The third road followed the course of present-day Mountgrove, Blackstock and Stroud Green roads to the main part of Hornsey, but declined in relative importance after Brownswood separated from that parish. There was also a lane down the hill from Highbury Barn.

1833 saw the opening of the first new road in the area since medieval times. Seven Sisters Road was designed to provide the carriages of Tottenham's wealthy merchants with easy access to the West End, and is said to have taken its name from a group of elm trees surrounding a walnut tree at its Tottenham end. Both Seven Sisters Road and Green Lanes were suit-

## Notes

Ernest Satow, after a successful scholastic career, was awarded a Foreign Office scholarship, and spent most of his diplomatic career in Japan; this was the subject of the two-part film *A Diplomat in Japan* shown on Channel 4 in autumn 1992 (Antelope Films Ltd). Having become Sir Ernest, and a Privy Councillor, he retired to Devon. Thanks to the eagle eyes of David Mander, who saw part of the film and spotted "Clapton" on a shot of Sir Ernest's tombstone, we were able to track down his *Family memoir of the English Satows*, from which this extract is adapted. It is now available for consultation on microfilm at Hackney Archives Department.

1. Hadlow Cottages faced Clapton Common on the west side, near the present site of Forburg Road.
2. Buccleuch Terrace (one of Hackney's great architectural losses) stood on the east side of the Common, facing the White Swan.
3. Lower Terrace stood on the east side, a short way south of Spring Hill.
4. 'A soft felt hat with broad brim and low crown; said to have been punningly so named as not having a "nap": c. 1841-91. (OED)
5. 'Wood or woody fibre... split into strips for making hats and bonnets'. (OED)
6. The second chapel has been replaced by the existing, modern building.
7. Newcombe's first school was in Barnsbury Street, Islington, moving to the Priory, Upper Street, from which it took its name. Newcombe sold this school and reopened at Clapton under the same name. The premises are described in Bagust, vol. 8, p 86 ff. The move to Clapton Common took place in 1899; the school closed in 1909.

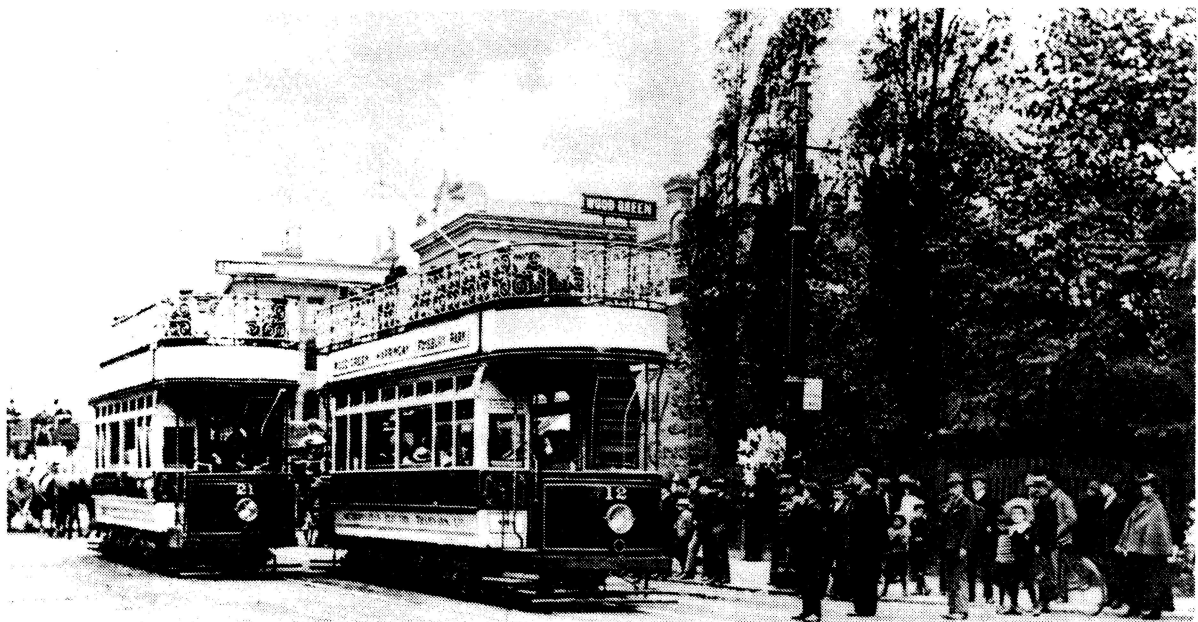
able for a more democratic mode of transport: in 1872 the North Metropolitan Tramways Company began to operate along both roads from Moorgate, and from 1887 extended their line in the opposite direction to Wood Green and Edmonton.<sup>1</sup> Heavy steam locomotives proved a drawback and services ran mostly with light horse-drawn trams.<sup>2</sup>

An observant resident called Walter Macqueen-Pope commented that 'the working classes used the horse transport - the better class suburban travelled to work by train'.<sup>3</sup> The most significant change came in 1861 when a two platform wooden station called Seven Sisters Road was built in the countryside. It is no coincidence that the development of Brownswood can be dated from the same year: fast trains to London featured prominently in the builders' advertisements. When Finsbury Park opened in 1869 the little wooden station took the same name and five years later doubled its size to cope with the increasing demand from the prosperous new residents.<sup>4</sup>

The new underground opened from this station in October 1905 and soon extended to Hammersmith with the splendid title of the Great Northern, Piccadilly & Brompton Railway.<sup>5</sup> But Macqueen-Pope saw it as beginning a process of decay in the Brownswood district:

One of the earliest tubes linked the suburb with the City [via King's Cross] and later still with the West End. From that moment, the neighbourhood declined. There is something in the burrowing nature of tubes which undermines residential values.<sup>6</sup>

As London expanded the more prosperous moved to the



*Electric Trams at Finsbury Park.*

*Trams at Finsbury Park, about 1910*

suburbs, only to be overtaken by further expansion. By 1912 a total of 550 trains passed daily through Finsbury Park station, which was 'the key-point of the suburban system'.<sup>4</sup> If Macqueen-Pope was right, then Brownswood must have declined further after 1932, when Manor House station on the Piccadilly Line opened to serve the north of the area.

Turning back to the roads, the Royal Commission on London Traffic reported in 1904 that 'facilities do not meet the needs of this part of the metropolis', and that motor traffic was already becoming a severe nuisance.<sup>5</sup> Until 1912 all tramcars in both directions along Seven Sisters Road had to turn around by the depot near the junction with Blackstock Road. Through running greatly relieved the resultant congestion.<sup>7</sup> A further improvement came in 1935 when a set of the newly invented traffic lights was installed at this busy crossroads.<sup>8</sup> The Ministry of Transport proposed another set at Alexandra Road but Stoke Newington Borough Council preferred Queen's Road; a satisfactory compromise was achieved by leaving both junctions without lights.<sup>9</sup> In 1937 electric trolleybuses were introduced along Seven Sisters Road and Green Lanes. The experiment proved successful: two years later the old tram lines were taken up and the road resurfaced.<sup>10</sup> After the Second World War trolleybuses in turn gave way to diesel buses, and in 1967 the Victoria Line brought the West End even closer than had the Piccadilly. But the biggest change was the growth of personal car ownership — a mixed blessing in an area built up long before private garages were thought of.

David Pracy

## Notes

1. Victoria County History, Middlesex volume 6, 1980, pp. 105-106.
2. T.C. Barker and Michael Robbins, *A history of London transport*, vol. 1, the nineteenth century, 1975, p. 294.
3. Walter Macqueen-Pope, *Back numbers*, 1954.
4. H.P. White, *A regional history of the railways of Great Britain*, vol. 3, Greater London, (DATE), p. 159.
5. T.C. Barker and Michael Robbins, *A history of London transport*, vol. 2, the twentieth century, 1975, p. 109.
6. Quoted in Stoke Newington Borough Council annual report 1903/04, p.7a (HAD SN/C/68).
7. SBNC annual report 1912/13, pp. 26, 28. (HAD SN/C/77).
8. SBNC annual report 1935/36, p. 37. (HAD SN/CA/7).
9. SBNC annual report 1936/37, p. 45. (HAD SN/CA/8).
10. HAD SN/E/B 6/43-4.

---

## MOONLIGHT AND BROWNSWOOD

---

Following the first instalment of *Brownswood* in *Terrier* 29, Roy Hidson has told us about a visit made to the church of St John the Evangelist, Brownswood Road with the Hornsey Historical Society in 1987. "I was particularly interested in the remains of the forest in the church gardens. The vicar, the Rev. F. Gresley Summers, showed us the remains of the ancient woodland behind the Vicarage. Sadly the church has now been demolished, but the trees still remain. The church was an interesting late Victorian church with one lasting claim to fame. One of its organists, Edwin Henry Lemare, emigrated to the United States, where he became the composer of the popular tune *Moonlight and Roses*."

---

## IN MEMORIAM

---

### *Raymond Wheatley-Hubbard*

Raymond, elected an honorary member of the Friends for his long-standing support of the Archives, died, suddenly and peacefully, in January, aged 72. Raymond was an enthusiastic phillumenist - collector of match-boxes - and a historian of the British match-making industry. In 1984, when David Mander approached him through Bryant and May, he offered to help with the touring exhibition being prepared on the history of the company. Raymond had regularly helped the firm with specialist label enquiries, and he gave invaluable assistance, vital to the exhibition, lending labels for copying which had long gone from the company's own collection. He also looked through the company records, and described enthusiastically how the tiny map of Europe intended for agents parachuted behind enemy lines during the Second World War folded up into a B & M box with a false bottom. (The map survived, but not the box!)

Raymond's B & M collection was loaned to the Department, and key labels were copied for reference purposes, as well as for decorative use in the exhibition 'A Striking Success'. He also responded more than generously to Friends' appeals. Indeed, it was his contribution that bridged the final gap and enabled the Department to acquire the fine collection of posters from the Grecian theatre.

### *Bill Manley*

In January we also lost Bill, another stalwart supporter of the Archives, and a long-standing enthusiast for Islington and Hackney history. Bill, who died suddenly from an unsuspected heart condition, was a well-known student of theatre and music hall history, and will be known to *Terrier* readers not only for his articles about Fred Wilton of the Britannia, but for his excellent work on *Islington Entertained*. Through Bill's good offices much useful material has found its way into the collection. At the time of his death, he was in the process of cataloguing the Department's collection of material from the Hackney Empire, and was working on the text for another book, this time on Stoke Newington. Bill's towering frame and genial presence will be missed as much at social gatherings as his work will be in the records. The Friends' Committee have decided to mark his contribution by identifying an appropriate acquisition, with a theatrical connection, when one becomes available, to commit to the collection in Bill's memory.

### *Stan Piesse*

Finally, this sad season, we mark the death of Stan Piesse. Churchman, churchwarden, chairman of the governors of the Free and Parochial Schools, chairman of the parochial charities, scout leader... we can only be grateful that Stan found the time to take an interest, as he

most assuredly did, in Hackney's history and archives. And his interest was of the most thoughtful, practical and self-effacing kind. It was Stan's inquiring mind that asked what was in an old locked cupboard in the church, made sure that it was opened, discovering among other wonderful things the 1821 parish census, now in the archives. He was a reliable broker of practical assistance for worthy projects coming financially unstuck - the Victoria County History of Hackney, now at last approaching completion, has been but one of them. And Stan was a prime mover in kindling the campaign which saved Sutton House. There is a terrible irony in the fact that Stan died, unexpectedly, in hospital, on the night when fire broke out at Sutton House, which he had known since its days as St John's Church Institute, and which he so patently relished in its reincarnation under the National Trust, on whose local committee he served. We will greatly miss his breadth of experience, his imagination, his attention to detail, and the wit and shrewdness of this keen observer of human beings in general and Hackney beings in particular. With him has died a valuable link with Hackney past, and a vital part of Hackney present.

---

## NEW IN THE ARCHIVES

---

The most unusual acquisition in recent months (as readers of the *Hackney Gazette* will already know) is a gem to enhance the Department's growing collection of diaries. The diary was kept by T. E. Browne, who was an air raid warden in Upper Clapton during the last war. Mr Browne also trained volunteers, and the models he used, which formed part of the purchase, have gone to Hackney Museum. Through the good offices and generosity of Lilian Gibbens and the North London and Middlesex Family History Society, the census return microfilms for South Hornsey from 1840 to 1891 have been acquired. This will be a great boon to all researching the "Hornsey detached" portion of Stoke Newington. Other deposits include a complete set of posters for the Hackney Empire since its reopening as a theatre, and a batch of programmes for 1945-56. The video collection is augmented by tapes made by the Hackney Pensioners' Project. There have also been deposits of survey documentation from the Save the Reservoirs Campaign, the records of the Hackney Under Fives, deeds for Weymouth Terrace and Hoxton Square, and further Hackney Trades Council and NALGO records. Listing continues on the Stock Page and Stock papers, which cover two Shoreditch estates, and the Sturt papers, which include many plans concerning the construction of the Regent's Canal.

---

The *Hackney Terrier* is produced for the Friends of Hackney Archives, Rose Lipman Library, De Beauvoir Road N1 5SQ (071 241 2886) by Wednesbury Wordsetters, London E1. Special thanks to Keith Sugden for editorial assistance with this issue.

© The Friends of Hackney Archives and contributors, 1993