

Memory Café At Home



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Memory Café At Home



The Team

Welcome to Memory Café at Home,

Due to the Coronavirus the Memory Café has had to close its doors temporarily and we cannot unfortunately come out to see you at home.

We have been keeping in contact with you over the phone and many of you have said that you would love activities to do at home. That gave us the idea of making up Activities Packs to send out to you and to produce this booklet.

We hope you enjoy reading the Memory Café at Home booklet. Many of the articles have been produced by our members and include a range of topics from favourite recipes, tips on keeping well while staying at home, local history stories, and much more.

Our thanks to everyone who has contributed to this edition.

Enjoy!

From The Memory Team

Elizabeth Adi Vasi Rebecca & Mandy

Memory Café At Home

Dear Friend

I do hope that you are staying safe and well in this most unusual and difficult of times! I also hope that you enjoy the Activity Pack that the team has so carefully put together for you, as well as this Newsletter! The whole Age UK Kensington and Chelsea team has been working really hard as part of our Emergency Covid-19 Response. We are getting hundreds of food and basic essentials Care Packages out each week to Older People, as well as fresh meals for those who find cooking difficult. We've set up a check in and chat service, and put lots of our activities and groups online. As the Crisis passes, we will start to get back to our normal services and



groups, but we will continue to do some things differently where needed. And the most important thing to say is that we will always be here for you! We always love to hear from you, so please do continue to give us feedback on how we are doing! We use this feedback to make changes, or to do new things where we can. For example, we changed the contents of our Care Packages to include fresh fruit and vegetables as a result of feedback. The team also got the idea for the Activity Packs from feedback, so please do keep those ideas coming!

If you are feeling creative, have a look at the article on the new King Lear prizes. This has been launched to encourage people over 70 with no professional experience in the arts to create new works of writing, poetry, drama, music and arts during the time they are in Covid-19 quarantine.

There are prizes of £1,000 in each category: short stories, poetry, solo musical compositions, short plays and art. If you would like to enter, and need support, please do get in touch with the team. They would be delighted to come and collect entries and send them off for you. We know how talented you are, so why not give it a go? We can't wait to see what you come up with!

With all my very best wishes

Jess Millwood
CEO

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Maintaining wellbeing while staying at home



The Coronavirus (COVID-19) has meant that we have all had to change our daily routine and keep to the Government's advice to stay at home.

Understandably this is a worrying time for everyone. While it is important to keep informed about the Coronavirus it can be overwhelming. To reduce anxiety, try to limit the time you spend listening to the updates on the virus and Government advice.

Keeping active during this time is very important to help maintain health and wellbeing. There are a variety of activities you can do at home such as watching favourite films and musicals, listening to the radio, reading, doing puzzles, word search, knitting, sewing, and painting. To get you started we have included a cross word on song titles and for relaxation a page to colour in on the theme of fairies

Take time to sit and observe the world around you by looking out of a window with a favourite view, sitting out in the garden or on the balcony. Is there a tree that you enjoy looking at and watching the birds that visit it? Can you match bird song to the bird? If you overlook a street is there less traffic now? What sounds can you now hear that were previously drowned out by cars and lorries? What are the people like who pass by? You could try writing down your observations and make them into a poem or a story about what you hear and see.

We hope you find Memory Café at Home a stimulating read and enjoy doing the activities we have included in this edition.



Interviews

Interviews with our members...

We have been lucky enough to interview some of our members to listen to how they are getting on and hear their valuable opinions. These interviews reflect the different perspectives and experiences we are all having during this time. Thank you for the contribution of these members who have been anonymised, so the names have been changed in order to protect their confidentiality.

Tell me a bit about yourself and what you have been doing during this time.

Lucy: I am 85, originally a nurse and I became part of the civil service. Once I retired, I wanted to move from old Windsor which was in the middle of nowhere to London. I got in contact with the housing which I live in now. In terms of my interests I am a Christian and I did what I could within the Church, it was like a second home to me. I have also joined drama groups and when I retired when I was 60 I still loved theatre, I first went when I was 5 years old. I became a friend of the RADA after seeing a play there with my friend. I used to go to the production by final year students and would recommend anyone to join RADA.

I try to be sensible about it (*what I'm doing now*), I get up early about 7ish, I go downstairs where there is a couple of newspapers that come in, one is for a lady opposite me, I dress myself with my mask, coat, and gloves and go to the lift, I get her paper, bring it up and have a quick look for all sorts of things, sort of checking where we are at, then I put her paper through her letter box, I come back and take my mask and gloves off. Then I get my breakfast, cornflakes with milk and a cup of coffee, its round about 9oclock and I watch the television. The television is on from about 8am till 9 at night. For about the first half of the day I really am listening to what is happening.

I gave all my books to charity as I told a friend that I wanted to give them away, one or 2 I've kept. 1 set of 12 books about a village I kept and about every 6-7 month I read them starting at number 1 going through the end, that's what I am doing at the moment. I can't not read- I've always been like that, I used to hide in the house so nobody can stop me reading, I used to hear 'does anybody know where she is?!'.

So that's about it really it's a case of waiting.

Mary: I am 87 years old, and I live in a small flat facing a little courtyard, and a brick wall. To the side of the courtyard there is a distant view of an old church, where King Henry the 8th married

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one of his wives, and a glimpse of the river beyond. I was a journalist, but I also loved painting and still do, especially portraits. Although I live alone, I have a couple of good neighbours, also confined to barracks. We keep in touch with each other, drop things through each other's letter box or outside the door, and chat on the telephone.

Andrew: I am 84 years old and live with my sister who is bedbound in my house in North Kensington. Most of my family live in America and go to see them as often as I can. Since the lockdown started, I have always stayed at home, my son who lives abroad had brought when he visited a lot of antibacterial sprays and soaps, but that's all gone now. So I said all right, I tried to get a hand gel, you know a simple hand gel, but couldn't so now I am using a tablet, you know a bar of soap. That works well.

What do you think about how the government has dealt with the situation?

Lucy: I think the problem with the government was they didn't act soon enough, they were slow, they really really were, I know its not easy but they should have been quicker off the mark- its accepted they were slow. I think life would have been easier if the government had acted immediately. Every day they are there to answer questions and bring people up to date- I'm very impressed with that. Well they are trying to do their best now, obviously they are doing the best they can, and obviously they are helping. And now it is down to everybody else, the government just has to make sure they support people like those who own small shops. For example on the news this morning they were talking to a young woman who had her own shop for bridal gowns but no one is buying them at the moment.

Mary: I only been hearing from the radio and newspapers that leading politicians did not take the danger seriously enough, so they started avoidance preparation too slowly. Like everyone I know who has hit the age of 70, I don't feel at all old, but as fit and energetic as ever... So do most of my friends. Although I have some pain when walking due to a slipped disc, I expect that can be dealt with when this crisis is over. A generation ago, 70 was "old" but health standards and life expectancy have improved so much. Seventy isn't "old" anymore.

Andrew: They are doing wonderfully well, you can't do anything better, but the problem is with the resources, it's not there you see...not only its not there but it all costs a lot of money. They are lacking all this PPE for the Nurses....what the government should have done straight away, they should have thought of this long ago and get prepared for it! We need effective leadership to deal with this pandemic.. I think we need to think about it well and maybe send some ministers back to school!!

Does this situation remind you of anything the world faced in the past?

Lucy: I'm aware of things that have happened before like the Spanish flu- I wasn't born then but my mother told me about it, the Spanish flu came after the first world war, I don't know much about it, that may not have been as difficult, but an awful lot of people died, and then there was something else called SARS, I don't think it actually got to us but it was out there somewhere.

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I suppose the war also. I was born in the 1934- the war officially was 1939, I was just about 5 when the war started, I remember it was my 5th birthday, I was given a beautiful watch from my father, I must have heard my mother saying "it's a bit extravagant" and my father said "I want her to have it now..."

There have been other things that we at home haven't been involved in but if you think about it there has been things happening elsewhere in other places. You kind of wonder whether there has ever been something that's not going on, its mankind isn't it.

Mary: This epidemic is a new one but I heard my parents speak of the awful flu epidemic after the First World War which killed so many, old and young. Coming so soon after such a bloody combat it was terrible. In the area where I lived and my father was the local GP there was some potentially lethal epidemic (such as Diphtheria) and once, even smallpox. Our neighbouring doctor who perhaps did not take it seriously caught it and died. Being a journalist, my father inoculated me. I also remember Tuberculosis (TB). It was a big killer!

Andrew: This is happening for the very first time, we haven't seen something like this before! It's a major problem, people don't know how to deal with it....It never happened before. When I was young, it was out of the war we had rationing you know, and when I say we had rationing, I had my own ration book, I am going now back in the 50s, in my childhood, and I remember a grocer who was very friendly to our family, he used to bring us some extra sugar, we were so very grateful for that.

Have you got any tips you have been using to cope with the lockdown?

Lucy: I think I would recommend watching the news a lot but also watching the tv as there is a lot of things on, it's very exciting. I think today there is going to be detective stuff on the television, and films. I have watched things before, of old footage that hasn't been destroyed, it's absolutely fascinating...

...If they've got music or a radio. They could practice dancing, I don't have any control of my balance, but those that do should practice dancing. Husband and wife could dance. There is lots of daft things you could do. Use your imagination...

Mary: Well, one thing I do, my car is parked across the road and - when the sun shines I sit in it, and read my newspaper and watch people pass by. A friend sent me a wonderful bunch of flowers by post which brightens up the room. I would say for people is get some flowers – flowers can cheer people up!

Andrew: Well, what I hear from the carers (his sister's) is that the other people, some of them, live on their own and they don't have a computer or anything to communicate with the world. They have to be on their own at home, you see, and this plays a big part on their mental health...definitely! At this time people should calm down as there are no resources or people to visit them right now. I am very grateful to Age UK who deliver still food packages and hot meals. I am grateful I am able to eat this, the food is good and we should be grateful we got something. Another advice when people are alone they can always listen to the radio, but you see the other thing it's that the media

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keep showing all this violence, it affects people...the news is all about people dying, very scary! Anytime the radio is on I listen to classic FM, its quite nice...well if you have all the time classical music it can become a bit boring though!

How to cope better during the crisis

We want to thank one of our members for their contribution to this newsletter for writing these helpful tips:

- You might come across old letters, and that can make you sad thinking that these people are not here anymore...you should live for today and not in the past... Use this time to do some clearing out!
- In the morning put some make up as if it is an ordinary day and dress properly as much as you can!
- There so much miserable news on TV – Switch over to the radio! - But do keep up to date with the news!
- Keep in touch with friends and family over the phone.
- Do try something new, painting or drawing...you can sit in front of a mirror and you can draw yourself or your vas of flowers...its best to start with watercolours if its painting....have a go in other words!
- Television is only for the evenings with a glass of wine!
- Every morning stand up and stretch, and do some physical exercise...being stuck physically has an effect in your mental health.

If you feel alone, try not to think about the past, it's about today and not yesterday!

“I told the doctor I broke my leg in two places. He told me to quit going to those places.”

Henny Youngman

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King Lear Prizes

The *King Lear Prizes* has been launched to encourage ordinary people, who have never been published before and are not professional writers, musicians or artists, to create new works of literature, poetry, music, drama and art during the time they are quarantined. You can also go to <https://www.kinglearprizes.org.uk/> where you can also request an information pack.

Eligibility Rules

- The King Lear Prizes are open to any UK resident or British citizen overseas.
- Entrants must not have had their work published before in a 'paid for' book, magazine or other format, or be a professional in the category that they are entering. People who have self-published but have not been published as above are eligible to enter.
- Age categories (e.g. over 70s) are based on age of the entrant at the time of the submission deadline for that particular category.

Submission Rules

- The closing date of the competition is **midnight (UK time), Friday 29th May 2020**. Postal entries with a postmark on or before Wednesday 27th May 2020 will be accepted.
- There is no limit on the number of entries a single entrant can make.
- All entries must be the entrant's original work.
- Entries must not have been published, broadcast or featured among the winners in another competition before 31 July 2020.
- Postal entries will only be accepted when accompanied by an entry form (forms may be photocopied). One entry form is needed for each entry.
- Under no circumstances can alterations be made to submissions once entered.

- If you would like confirmation that your postal entry has been received, please include

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a stamped addressed envelope/postcard with your entry.

- Email entries made via the website will receive automatic confirmation at the time of submission.
- Telephone or email confirmation of receipt is not available. The King Lear Prize team are unable to confirm the content of documents submitted online, so please ensure you send the correct version.
- Entries will not be returned for the Short Story, Poetry and Solo Musical Composition categories, so please keep a copy. For the Art category, we will return original works of art which are submitted, if you provide a stamped self-addressed envelope or package. We cannot be held responsible for any damage to original works of art submitted.
- If due to exceptional circumstances you are unable to print the application form or to print your entry due to the current COVID-19 restrictions, we will accept legible handwritten entries. Please provide all the details which would have been provided on the application form.
- The copyright of each submission remains with the entrant. However, by entering the competition, entrants grant the King Lear Prize Committee the right in perpetuity to publish and/or broadcast their submitted work.

Judging Rules

- All entries are judged anonymously and the creator's name must not appear on the work itself.
- The competition organisers reserve the right to change the judging team without notice and not to award prizes if, in the judges' opinion, such an action is justified.
- The judging team will read all the entries; their decision is final. Neither the judging team nor the King Lear Prize team will enter into any correspondence.
- Shortlisted entries may be asked to provide their identification and date of birth. We reserve the right to disqualify entrants who cannot provide sufficient proof of identification.
- Prizewinners will be notified as soon as possible. All winners will be expected to provide a biography and photograph.
- All entrants who provide a valid email address will be notified about the outcome of their entry.

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Over 70s - Short Story

- All short stories must have a title, and must be between 2,000 and 10,000 words long (including the title). Entries can be on any subject.
- Postal entries should be typed and printed in black ink on A4 paper at a minimum type size of 12pt. Short stories may span multiple pages but pages must not be double sided. Entries can be double or single spaced. Please do not staple pages.
- Entries must be written in English.

Over 70s – Poetry

- All poems must have a title and must not exceed 40 lines in length (excluding title). Entries can be on any subject.
- Postal entries should be typed and printed in black ink on A4 paper at a minimum type size of 12pt. Poems may span multiple pages but pages must not be double sided. Entries can be double or single spaced. Please do not staple pages.
- Entries must be written in English.

Over 70s - Solo Musical Composition

- All musical compositions or songs must have a title and must not exceed 4 minutes in length.
- Compositions should be for a single player (i.e. with no accompaniment), and can be for any instrument or voice.
- Entrants should submit a musical manuscript and / or an audio recording of the composition. Entrants must submit one or the other, but do not need to submit both (though they can submit both if they wish).
- Postal entries: manuscript should be printed in black ink on A4 paper or handwritten on manuscript paper. Compositions may span multiple pages but pages must not be double sided. Please do not staple pages. Audio recordings should be submitted on a CD only.

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- Email entries: manuscript should be submitted as a PDF file, and audio recordings should be submitted as a commonly used audio or video file (e.g. MP3, MPEG-4, WAV, AVI, MP4, MOV)

Over 70s - Short Drama

- All plays or screenplays or other dramas must have a title and must not exceed 15 minutes in running time. (Which would typically be around 15 pages of script). Entries can be on any theme.
- Dramas must be able to be performed by four people or fewer.
- Postal entries should be typed and printed in black ink on A4 paper at a minimum type size of 12pt. Entries should be double spaced. Please do not staple pages.
- Entries must be written in English.

Over 70s - Art

- All submitted works of art must have a title.
- Entries can be in any artistic medium, so long as it can be photographed adequately in one or two photographs. Therefore entries can be painting, drawing, collage, photography, sculpture, pottery, prints, fabric, knitting, textiles, crafts or any other artistic medium.
- Please try to photograph your work of art against a neutral background, for example a painted wall or a curtain.
- Postal entries: **Do not** send your original work of art to us in the post. The originals will not be accepted as postal entries. Please send one or two photographs of your entry which will be accepted as postal entries.
- Email entries: works of art should be submitted as one or two high-definition photograph(s) of their submission as a commonly used image file (e.g. JPEG, GIF, PNG, TIFF, file size less than 20MB)

(With acknowledgement and thanks to the Poetry Society for the adaptation of their competition rules)

Poems

If....

“Courage is the first of human qualities because it is the quality which guarantees all others.”

By Rudyard Kipling

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream, and not make dreams your master;
If you can think, and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two imposters just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,

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And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings, nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And, which is more, you'll be a Man, my son!

Warning

By Jenny Joseph

When I am an old woman I shall wear purple
With a red hat which doesn't go, and doesn't suit me.
And I shall spend my pension on brandy and summer gloves
And satin sandals, and say we've no money for butter.
I shall sit down on the pavement when I'm tired
And gobble up samples in shops and press alarm bells
And run my stick along the public railings
And make up for the sobriety of my youth.
I shall go out in my slippers in the rain

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And pick flowers in other people's gardens

And learn to spit.

You can wear terrible shirts and grow more fat

And eat three pounds of sausages at a go

Or only bread and pickle for a week

And hoard pens and pencils and beer mats and things in boxes.

But now we must have clothes that keep us dry

And pay our rent and not swear in the street

And set a good example for the children.

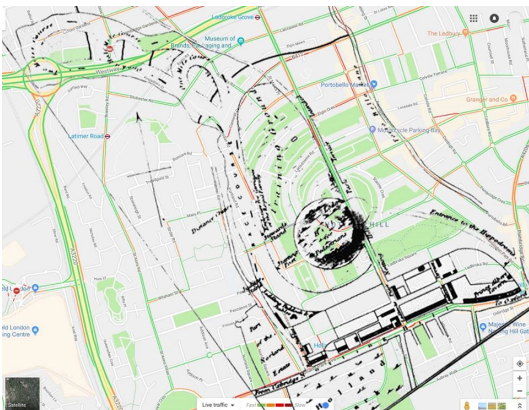
We must have friends to dinner and read the papers.

But maybe I ought to practise a little now?

Articles

Notting Hill in Bygone Days 2

by Florence Gladstone and Tom Vague (local historians)



The Hippodrome racecourse

'This is not the thing of today, but the foundation-stone of an undying ornament to our country, its proximity to the metropolis rendering it a boon of magnitude to Londoners never before contemplated; the working and poorer classes, particularly, are benefited by its establishment; it makes them even with the

aristocratic and wealthy; from the most distant part of the metropolis they can ride in the omnibus, for

sixpence, to the Hippodrome...'

"There was never yet an uninteresting life. Such a thing is an impossibility. Inside of the dullest exterior there is a drama, a comedy, and a tragedy."

Mark Twain

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'The great annoyance experienced by the respectable company at the Hippodrome, from the ingress of blackguards who enter by the 'right of way', ought, at once, to convince the Kensington people of the impolicy, as well as the injustice of the steps they have taken in reference to this ground. Nothing has occurred of late so disgusting as this petty botheration. The inhabitants of Kensington have sunk 99% in the public estimation, in consequence of it. The very urchins, who were made the instruments of this piece of contemptible parochial tyranny, will, in after life, blush for the action. We allude to the little boys who accompanied the beadles and 'old women', in beating the boundaries of the parish. The reckless injury occasioned to the property, perhaps, is a minor consideration, when compared with the inconvenience attendant now upon the impossibility of keeping out any ruffian or thief who may claim his 'right of way' on the footpath... We do think they must feel how utterly insignificant the exercise of such paltry dominion, to the prejudice of the public at large, has made them appear in the eyes of every class of society in the metropolis. We of the town, it is well known, may be clearly considered to echo the sentiments of every man in it, and we cry, shame upon the people of Kensington!' The Times 1837



As west London urbanisation was held up by the Hippodrome racecourse, the story of modern Notting Hill began, as it would go on, in media hype, social conflict and local protest. Having leased 200 acres of James Weller Ladbroke's land, the local entrepreneur John Whyte proceeded to enclose 'the slopes of Notting Hill and the meadows west of Westbourne Grove' with seven foot high wooden paling, and issued his

prospectus for the Hippodrome: 'An extensive range of land, in a secluded situation, has been taken and thrown into one great park, and is being fenced in all around by a strong, close, high paling. This park affords the facilities of a steeple chase course, intersected by banks and every description of fence; and also a racecourse distinct from the steeplechase course; and each capable of being suited to a four mile race for horses of the first class.'

The area, bounded by the Portobello and Pottery lanes to the east and west, the Notting Hill Terrace (Ladbroke Road) to the south, and the Portobello brook (along the route of Lancaster Road) to the north, was laid out with 3 tracks; the steeplechase utilising the existing hedges, the flat racecourse, and a pony and trap course; it was also to be used for training, 'shooting with bow and arrow at the popinjay, cricketing, revels and public amusements.' The 'Chief Entrance to the Hippodrome' was off Portobello Lane (now Pembridge Road), through an arch at the beginning of Kensington Park Road said to be on the site of the cab drivers' hut. The Notting Hill grassy knoll (now occupied by St John's

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church) was railed in as a 'natural grandstand', accessed via a gate on the site of the main entrance to Ladbroke Square Gardens. The stables and paddocks were situated alongside Pottery Lane. On the 1837 plans the course seems to follow the future route of Kensington Park Road down the hill, and back up the route of Portland Road/Clarendon Road. On the altered 1841 plan in the Sporting Magazine, 'the hill for pedestrians' and training ground were bounded to the west by the intended Notting Hill Park Terrace (Ladbroke Grove), and the course featured one, one and a half, and 2 mile turnings to the west of Notting Barns farm, back along the route of Portland/Clarendon Road to the dual start/finish.

In the welcome to the Hippodrome hype of the Sporting Magazine: 'Making the cours aristocratique of Routine (alias Rotten) Row, you pass out at Cumberland Gate and then trot on to Bayswater. Thence you arrive at Kensington Gravel Pits (Notting Hill Gate), and descending where on the left stands the terrace of Notting Hill, find opposite the large wooden gates of a recent structure. Entering these, I was by no means prepared for what opened upon me. Here, without figure of speech, was the most perfect race-course that I had ever seen. Conceive, almost within the bills of mortality, an enclosure some two miles and a half in circuit, commanding from its centre a view as spacious and enchanting as that from Richmond Hill, and where almost the only thing that you can not see is London. Around this, on the extreme circle, next to the lofty fence by which it is protected... is constructed, or rather laid out - for the leaps are natural fences - the steeplechase course of two miles and a quarter. Within this, divided by a slight trench, and from the space appropriated to carriages and equestrians by strong and handsome posts all the way round, is the race-course, less probably than a furlong in circuit. Then comes the enclosure for those who ride or drive as aforesaid; and lastly, the middle, occupied by a hill, from which every yard of the running is commanded, besides miles of country on every side beyond it, and exclusively reserved for foot people.



'I could hardly credit what I saw. Here was, almost at our doors, a racing emporium more extensive and attractive than Ascot or Epsom, with ten times the accommodation of either, and where the carriages are charged for admission at three quarters' less. This great national undertaking is the sole result of individual enterprise, being effected by the industry and liberality of a gentleman by the name of Whyte... This is an enterprise which must prosper; it is without

competitor, and it is open to the fertilisation of many sources of profit. As a site for horse exercise, can any riding-house compare with it? For females, it is without the danger or exposure of

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parks; as a training-ground for the turf or field it cannot be exceeded; and its character cannot be better summed up than by describing it as a necessity of London life, of the absolute need of which we were not aware until the possession of it taught us its permanent value.'

June 3 In spite of local opposition, the first Hippodrome meeting took place on Saturday June 3 1837. According to a contemporary report in 'Old and New London': 'On account of its vicinity to town every refreshment was provided at a rate for which those who had been used to the terrible extortions elsewhere would hardly have been prepared. Splendid equipages occupied the circle allotted to them, while gay marquees, with all their flaunting accompaniments, covered the hill, filled with all the good things of this life, and iced champagne, which can hardly be called a mortal beverage. The racing was for plates of 50 and 100 sovereigns, with moderate entrances, given by the proprietors. The £100 plate was won by Mr Wickham's Pincher, and the steeplechase by Mr Elmore's Lottery ridden by Mason.'

The Sporting Magazine reporter 'Juan' noted that, 'as a place of fashionable resort', the Notting Hill Hippodrome opened 'under promising auspices.' The stewards were the Earl of Chesterfield, a large racing stud owner, and Count D'Orsay, the 'Phoebus Apollo of dandyism, the sportsman, the exquisite, the artist', who lived with the scandalous salon queen Lady Blessington at Gore House (on the site of the Albert Hall, where William Wilberforce had previously lived). As 'splendid equipages' and 'gay marquees with all their flaunting accompaniments' covered Notting Hill, 'Juan' prophetically summed up the first meeting and the area's future: 'Another year, I cannot doubt, is destined to see it rank among the most favourite and favoured of all the metropolitan rendezvous, both for public and private recreation.' But other reviews were less favourable; in one the horses were described as 'animated dogs' meat', in another, 'save Hokey Pokey, there was nothing that could climb or hobble, much more leap over a hedge, and as to hurdle, it was absurd to attempt one.'

There was also a crowd invasion through a hole in the fence. On the morning of the first meeting locals cut the hole through the paling with hatchets and saws, where it blocked the path to Notting Barns farm (at the junction of Ladbroke Grove and Ladbroke Square). Of the 14,000 in attendance, it was estimated that 'some thousands thus obtained gratuitous admission.' The 'ancient public way' over the hill was apparently being used at the time as an alternative to Pottery Lane, which had become known as 'Cut Throat Lane', and was down as 'no thoroughfare' on the Hippodrome plan. Florence Gladstone added that 'it was possible, and sometimes advisable, to hide in the ditch beside the track', rather than encounter the inhabitants of the Potteries. According to Warwick Wroth in 'Cremorne and the Later London Gardens', the path protesters 'seem as a rule to have been orderly enough, but gipsies, prigs (thieves) and hawkers did not neglect the opportunity of mingling with the nobility and gentry.' John Whyte proceeded to block up the hole with clay and turf thus enflaming the situation.

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June 17 The historical tradition of Notting Hill community action began when 'local inhabitants and labourers, led by the parochial surveyor and accompanied by the police', maintained the footpath by reinstating the entrance hole and adding a northern exit. Once this was achieved, the first local community activists gathered on the Notting Hill Hippodrome grandstand on the site of St John's church to give 3 cheers for the parish of Kensington. Even the Vestry proto-Council supported the path protest.

June 19 The Times correspondent at the 2nd meeting railed against 'the contemptible conduct of the band of learned Thebans who rule the Kensington Vestry. This enlightened clique, directed in their counsels by a barber and a baker, assert a right of way across the Hippodrome, which opens a loophole to the admission of all the parish scum, and enables them in a great deal to mar the enjoyment of those who have honesty enough to feel that the man who provides a public entertainment has a right to be paid for it. The disputed path is one of no public utility whatever. It does not shorten the distance to any acknowledged highway - it affords only a circuitous route to a couple of farmhouses. It has rarely been used except by a few labourers.'

The local community were lumped in with the general mob as the reporter spluttered, with barely concealed aristocratic indignation, of 'all the idle and outcast population of the neighbourhood, and all the dirty and dissolute vagabonds of London, a more filthy and disgusting crew than that which entered yesterday we have seldom had the misfortune to encounter. It would be well enough if they would confine themselves to the narrow track, beyond which even their champion, the barber, does not pretend they have a right; but, relying on their numbers, they spread themselves over the whole of the ground, defiling the atmosphere as they go; and carrying into the neighbourhood of the stands and carriages, where the ladies are most assembled, a coarseness and obscenity of language as repulsive to every feeling of manhood as to every sense of common decency.

'If the majority of the parish of Kensington really believe that they have a right to the path, it would be well that some of the respectable parishioners should come forward to take the quarrel out of the hands of those who have adopted a mode of warfare exactly in keeping with the views which men in their situation in life are generally disposed to entertain with respect to everything that they think calculated to advance the pleasures of what they deem the upper classes - that is, of all who do not move exactly upon or below their own level. For the last month a course of the most petty annoyance has been persevered in, and will most likely be continued until the decision of a court of law has been pronounced upon the question. But as the delays of the law are proverbial, it is to be regretted that some of the gentlemen of the parish who cannot participate in the views of and feelings of the barber-and-baker brotherhood do not come forward to make such an arrangement as shall prevent this charming spot from becoming a place of resort only for the vilest and most degraded of the suburban population. If the proprietor be willing to take upon himself all the consequences of closing the fence, let

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him do so. If he be wrong the parish will have ample opportunity of fleecing him afterwards. Meanwhile, let the inhabitants of London have an opportunity of enjoying a few hours' healthful recreation without the contamination of the very dregs of the community.'



June 20 Then William IV died, causing the cancellation of the 3rd meeting, and the sale of the royal stud meant a bad time in general for horse racing. Over the next 2 years the path protest developed into the first great Notting Hill media controversy and only a handful of meetings took place. September The Times report on the 4th Hippodrome meeting continued the class conflict trend: 'It is true that a large portion of the assemblage consisted of the dirty and dissolute, to whom the disputed path affords a means of

ingress; but there was still a sufficient muster of the gay and fashionable to assure the proprietor that a purveyor of manly national sports will find no lack of powerful and flattering support from the largest and richest metropolis in the world... All that the most laborious and unceasing care could do towards the improvement of the course has been accomplished; all that the most watchful and solicitous attention to the increased convenience and comfort of the visitors could suggest has been achieved; but as long as the off-scourings of Kensington and its neighbourhood, backed by the redoubtable vestry of that parish, are allowed to intrude themselves into the grounds, it would seem that a much larger attendance of the police were absolutely indispensable.'

1838 The year of Queen Victoria's coronation and the opening of the Great Western Railway line, the Hippodrome controversy snowballed into lengthy petty sessions over the right of way, as well as alcohol and betting licensing. There were heated meetings, several violent incidents, and various petitions and summonses regarding the racecourse to Court of King's Bench and Parliament. The Hippodrome secretary was Edward Mayne, the brother of the police chief Richard. In one of the most disputed incidents a local man brought charges against a Hippodrome security guard, after it sounds like the former attacked the guard when he stopped him vandalising the fence. Nathaniel Britton, the landlord of the Duke of Clarence pub (at the end of Holland Park Avenue) was charged with selling beer without a license from a Hippodrome booth. Mr Drinkwater of the Coach and Horses, then 'still a small and primitive tavern' at 108 Notting Hill High Street (to the east of Ladbrooke Grove), was prosecuted for selling spirits on the racecourse. Florence Gladstone added in his defence, 'the tavern itself was reputed to be quiet and respectable, instead of being a refuge for highwaymen as of old.'

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John Whyte considered putting a subway under the course to resolve the path problem. He promised to curtail the betting and drinking around the entrance to the Hippodrome, and even offered to open the racecourse for free on Sundays but this only caused further protest from religious groups over desecration of the Sabbath. Following reports of local schoolchildren betting on caterpillar and snail races, in 'The Brownrigg Papers' Douglas Jerrold wrote of the influence of the Hippodrome on the 'scholastic establishments on Bayswater Road', 'gambling-houses, gin-shops, beerhouses' available for 'the scum and offal of London assembled in the peaceful hamlet of Notting Hill', and John Whyte's inability to 'prevent these evils in the purlieus.' In the end 'the Notting Hill Enclosure Bill' was quietly dropped and the footpath established with iron railings. The racecourse was then extended northwards and renamed, by the Earl of Chesterfield and Count D'Orsay after the new queen, the Victoria Park Hippodrome, Bayswater. But then, with the right of way dispute finally resolved, a more insurmountable hurdle emerged. The clay soil made the going heavy most of the time, causing leading jockeys to shun the course, and the training ground unusable for long periods.

In 1839 there were just 2 more meetings at the Hippodrome, one of which was attended by the Grand



Duke of Russia and other foreign dignitaries who 'condescended to visit the London Epsom.' The Hippodrome racecourse manager, Captain Martin Becher founded the Grand National at Aintree and was immortalised when he fell into a brook during the first one. As BR Davies' 'Entrance to Hipp' map was published in 1841, showing the extended racecourse and Notting Hill as Ladbroke Road, there were 2 more Hippodrome meetings. These featured the Hyde Park derby, the Notting Hill stakes, the Kensington free plate and the Notting Barns handicap. June 2-4 The last Hippodrome steeplechase on June 2-4 was immortalised in a series of sketches by Henry Alken Junior (who did 'The Hunted Tailor' sketch of the site before the racecourse), entitled 'In and Out' and 'The Brook The Last Grand Steeplechase at the Hippodrome racecourse Kensington 1841', one has a Great Western Railway train in

the background. In 1842, after 13 meetings in 5 years, John Whyte admitted defeat and relinquished the leasehold of the Ladbroke land.

The site of the racecourse briefly returned to open countryside, and then James Weller Ladbroke unleashed the builders. Edward Walford has 'the green sward, trees and hedges, all swept away' by the end of the 1840s, but the Hippodrome racecourse wasn't entirely wiped from the map.

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which dashing young ladies would ride their charges as lately as the year 1852.' Pam MacDonald's mother told her she used to watch ladies riding horses around the North Kensington Salter's Fields in the 1890s. Immediately after the Hippodrome, there seems to have been another short-lived racecourse of the same name in the Portobello Pleasure Gardens to the east; the track of which is thought to have been around the axis of Talbot Road. According to Walford, 'by the spot selected by the 'Di Vernons' and 'pretty horse-breakers' for their trial jumps now stands St Stephen's church.' There were horsebreakers' yards in St Luke's Mews off All Saints Road in the 1920s. Portobello Pleasure Gardens was the venue of 'Mr Gypson's 3rd and last balloon ascent, on which occasion the whole process of inflation may be witnessed by visitors, as it will be altogether inflated in the Gardens with pure hydrogen gas, having sufficient power for carrying up to 2 persons'; followed by a 'grand representation of the Roman Festa, with military music.' The London Illustrated News reported another balloon ascent from the Portobello Pleasure Gardens going wrong, with the balloon exploding overhead. In the early 1850s there was a 3rd Kensington Hippodrome, this time an equestrian extravaganza amphitheatre on the site of De Vere Gardens, south of Kensington Gardens.

As well as the 'fashionable resort' legacy of the Notting Hill Hippodrome, the racecourse effected the building development of the area. According to Florence Gladstone, 'it determined the future aspect of the whole district'; with the Ladbroke estate following the track layout and sometimes referred to as the Hippodrome estate. The steeplechase straight seems to have become Portland Road, incorporating the Hippodrome Lane to the stables, while the parallel main course straight turned into Park Street (now Clarendon Road). St John's church on Lansdowne Crescent was originally referred to as 'St John's on the Hill for pedestrians' or 'the Hippodrome church' when it opened in 1845. The influence of the racecourse lives on today in the street names, Hippodrome Place, at Clarendon Cross between Portland Road and Pottery Lane (which was known as 'the Postesses' because it was lined with posts and led to the Potteries and Piggeries), and Hippodrome Mews on the site of the stables which were still in use as late as the 1920s. The Hippodrome also made its mark on local pub history: The Prince Albert Tavern/ Arms and Hope Brewery by the course entrance at Notting Hill Gate, the Ladbroke Arms on Ladbroke Road and the North Pole (originally the Globe) on North Pole Road date back to the early 1840s.

The Kensington Potteries piggeries

After the Norland brickfield (also known as the Notting Hill bricklands) was established by Stephen Bird, the Norland pottery works were probably founded by William Adams along the 'public footpath' to Notting Barns (or Mr Greene's Lane) that consequently became Pottery Lane. A bottle brick kiln still remains on what is now Walmer Road as a memorial to these industrious early days of suburban growth, when the soft local clay was fired into tiles, drainpipes and pots. Simultaneously, another slum area began to emerge after one Samuel Lake came into possession of

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some land at the north end of the Norlands estate. 'The founder of the Potteries', described as a chimneysweep, scavenger and nightman (sewage collector/cesspit cleaner) previously of Tottenham Court Road, was first listed in the Second Rate at the time of the battle of Waterloo, 'in close proximity to a brickfield.' In 1819 Lake was joined by Stephens, a former bow-string maker who seems to have bought some land from Lake for £100. Stephens had given up his obsolete profession and become involved with a group of pigkeepers, who were in the process of being evicted from Tyburn by the Bishop of London. On the site of Connaught Square, the self-appointed 'Pigmasters to the West End establishment' had traditionally existed on scraps from Mayfair houses.

After Stephens invited the pigkeepers to join his and Lake's Norland Row colony in 1820, they either bought or rented small plots of land and moved their pigs in. In 'Ragged Homes and How to Mend Them', Mary Bayly portrayed Samuel Lake as a 19th century Rachman housing hero/villain, offering the pigkeepers squatters' rights with assurances that 'everybody should do as they liked and he'd see that nobody meddled with them.' The Potteries, the first street of Notting Hill, appeared as a cluster of shacks 'in no street in particular', beyond the pottery sheds halfway along 'the public way to Notting Barns', on the site of Thresher's Place (between Walmer Road and Avondale Park Road by the swimming pool).

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existed with the farmers and gypsies in rural harmony most of the time. Local crime reports subsequently included a John Lake who was transported in 1835 for stealing a cow belonging to John Salter of Notting Barns farm, and a case of child and dog stealing brought against Samuel Province, 'proprietor of the dog-pit at the Pottery' in 1831.

At the time of the Hippodrome racecourse at the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign, the area's genteel image was tarnished in the 4th annual report of the Poor Law Commissioners. According to which, 'some cottages at Notting Dale, inhabited by Irish families and called the Potteries are, as I was informed at the Kensington Board of Guardians, built over stagnant pools of water, which may be seen through the interstices of the floors. In some instances the floors have given way and rest at one end of the room in the stagnant pool while the other end, being still dry, contains the bed or straw mattress on which the family sleep.' Alongside the racecourse, up Counter's Creek between the Ladbrooke estate and the brickfield, the Potteries 'primaevial hamlet' evolved into a half rural, half urban rookery, as Samuel Lake and the pigkeepers established their independent colony along Pottery Lane without any building restrictions or sanitation measures. When the Potteries was first nicknamed 'the Piggeries' (reputedly by the vicar Charles Spurgeon), the pig population of 3,000 was said to be 3 times higher than the number of human inhabitants; with both species and a few others besides cohabiting in 250 hovels on 8 acres.

In 1849 the shanty-town consisted of 2 parallel rows of houses, James Street, formerly the 'public road', now Walmer Road, and Thomas Street, now Avondale Park Road after a spell as Tobin Street, Notting Dale. Thomas Mews or the Mews ran through the middle of the tightly packed warren, and there were 2 notorious pubs, the King's Arms and the Black Boy on James Street. (Black Boy pubs are thought to be named in honour of the swarthy Charles II.) The area was in the process of being boxed in by Thomas, Warwick and Mary Place. The latter was 'dedicated not to our lady but to a Mary who kept pigs.' As the worked-out brick field on the site of Avondale Park became marshland and allotments, William Street (now Kenley Walk), could only be accessed from the north by a footbridge over a ditch. At this stage William Street was a respectable outpost of city clerks, but by the late Victorian period, as Kenley Street, it had become the area's first notorious redlight district. The Potteries village was renowned for such rustic pursuits as rat-baiting, chicken, dog and bull fights.

In spite of some bad reviews over the years, the 1849 preliminary report on the Potteries by Thomas Lovick, the assistant surveyor to the Metropolitan Commission of Sewers, remains Notting Dale's worst: 'On the north, east and west sides this locality is skirted by open ditches of the most foul and pestilential character, filled with the accumulation from the extensive piggeries attached to most of the houses. Intersecting in various parts and discharging into the ditches, on the north and west, are many smaller but still more offensive ditches, some skirting houses, the bedroom

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windows of which are open over them; some in the rear and fronts of houses, others at the sides and through the middle of the streets and alleys, loading the atmosphere throughout their course with their pestilential exhalations. The streets are unpaved and full of ruts, the surface is strewn with refuse of almost every conceivable description; they are at all times wholly unpassable. At all seasons they are in the most offensive and disgusting condition, emitting effluvia of the most nauseous character. The majority of the houses are of the most wretched class, many being mere hovels in a ruinous condition, and are generally densely populated. They are filthy in the extreme and contain vast accumulations of garbage and offal, the small gardens attached to some being purposely raised by this to greater height.'

The ditches fed into the old clay pits which became stagnant lagoons; the most notorious of which was



known as 'The Ocean'. The sketch in the Builder magazine of the area on the site of the north end of Avondale Park alongside Mary Place, entitled 'The Water's Side at the Potteries', fails to capture the reputed acre of slime-covered toxic waste but nevertheless conveys a suitably sinister atmosphere. The water in the wells was black and the paintwork on the shacks discoloured by the effect of the sulphuretted hydrogen gas. The smell of the pig fat and offal being boiled down in open vats set back the western building

development for years. Florence Gladstone noted that 'the inhabitants all looked unhealthy, with sunken eyes and shrivelled skin, the women especially complaining of sickness and want of appetite.' The first attempt to evict the pigs was made by the Metropolitan Board of Guardians following the cholera epidemic of 1849. This prompted a local petition which revealed that 188 families, with 582 children, relied on pigs for their existence. The Board of Guardians countered with infectious disease figures showing an average life expectancy of 11 years and a child mortality rate (of 87%) worse than Manchester and Liverpool. Other fatal diseases of the time were diphtheria, scarlet fever, smallpox, typhoid and tuberculosis. After there were middle class cholera fatalities on Crafton or Crafter Terrace, off Latimer Road to the west, the state of the Kensington Potteries became Dickensian news and some road improvements were made. Then things got worse.

'In the new suburbs carved out by the middle classes to escape from the noise, smoke, dirt, and crowding of the central areas of Victorian London, poor and squalid enclaves could

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frequently be found. They were not there by accident. The comfortable suburb and the meaner suburb within it were mutually interdependent. The Potteries, Notting Dale, Jennings Buildings (Kensington High Street) and Kensal New Town were 4 substantial communities of poor people which served a definite economic function in west London; and between these slums and the neighbouring middle classes a sort of bi-lateral trade in goods and services sprang up. The poor communities provided a constant and convenient pool of labour to meet middle class demands for various services. Indeed, much of the character of these settlements was determined by the economic functions they performed. In effect, they were all economic satellites of affluent west London...

'The proximity of wealth and leisure probably accentuated the poverty and hardship. The rich and poor communities interacted on a daily basis and were to some extent interdependent. The presence of wealth had a marked effect on the way of life of the poorer residents: it undoubtedly increased their consciousness of their own poverty through a sense of relative deprivation and at the same time profoundly influenced the ways in which the poor earned their scanty bread. Most women's work was in the service sector, and for the men the proximity of wealth and an expanding middle class suburb increased the scale of employment opportunities within existing occupations. This suburban growth, which is often thought to have further divided England's '2 nations', here brought the opposite ends of the social spectrum into frequent and varied contact.' Patricia Malcolmson 'Getting a Living in the Slums of Victorian Kensington' 1975

Notting Dale first hit the headlines in the mid-19th century when the area was featured in the first issue of Charles Dickens's Household Words journal. The assistant editor WH Wills wrote in his 'Health by Act of Parliament' report: 'In a neighbourhood studded thickly with elegant mansions, viz Bayswater and Notting Hill, in the parish of Kensington, is a plague spot, scarcely equalled for its insalubrity by any other in London, it is called the Potteries. It comprises some 7 or 8 acres with about 260 houses, if the term can be applied to such hovels, and a population of 900 to 1,000. The occupation of the inhabitants is principally pig-fattening; many hundreds of pigs, ducks and fowls are kept in an incredible state of filth. Dogs abound for the purpose of guarding the swine. The atmosphere is still further polluted by the process of fat boiling.' At the time of the Irish famine WH Wills concluded, probably a bit sensationally, 'in these hovels discontent, dirt, filth and misery are unsurpassed by anything known even in Ireland. Water is supplied to only a small proportion of houses. There are foul ditches, open sewers, and defective drains, smelling most offensively and generating large quantities of poisonous gases; stagnant water is found at every turn, not a drop of clean water can be obtained - all is charged to saturation with putrescent matter.'

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As the Metropolitan Local Management Act established civic vestries, Kensington's population had shot up to 40,000 from less than 10,000 in 1801, and was about to quadruple again in the next 50 years. According to the Kensington Vestry sewer committee minutes, only 7% of the 4,500 total slum population admitted to keeping pigs, but it was estimated that around a quarter were casual pigkeepers; 11% were brickmakers and by far the majority were unskilled. In each 19th century census around 40% of the local slum inhabitants were labourers, the rest were shopkeepers, shoemakers, tailors, marine store dealers, beer-sellers, flower-sellers, hawkers, rag and bone men and street musicians. The first medical officer of health for Kensington, Dr Francis Godrich, found the Potteries to be 'one of the most deplorable spots not only in Kensington but in the whole Metropolis'; and set about evicting the pigs. But his attempts were thwarted by local resistance, ranging from physical obstruction to legal technicalities. At one point a lawyer argued that the pigkeeping 'islanders' were there first and the respectable area was a nuisance to them. The Vestry itself hampered the progress of Dr Godrich's inspection team to prevent the pigkeepers becoming a charge on the poor rate, in the historical parish tradition.



Then there was the legacy of Samuel Lake to contend with. According to Mary Bayly's 'Ragged Homes and How to Mend Them', 'great efforts were made to get rid of the swinish multitude altogether, but the shrewd chimney-sweep Lake seems to have foreseen this evil day, and 'for the purposes of pigkeeping' had been inserted in the very leases which the people were able to produce. Nothing but a special act of parliament could remedy the existing evil.' The 'Ragged Homes' sketch of 'Tucker's Cottage, the oldest house in Kensington Potteries' in 1855, depicts a quaint row of tumbledown shacks with rickety fences, a manure heap, a donkey, chickens and some pigs. In the accompanying account of life there, Mrs Tucker described a typical day, illustrating the socio-economic realities, community spirit and efficient recycling system of the time: "We most of us keep a horse, or a donkey and cart, and we go round early in the morning to

the gentlefolk's houses and collect the refuges from the kitchens. When we comes home we sorts it out, the best of it we eats ourselves, or gives it to a neighbour, the fat is boiled down, and the rest we give to the pigs... When they have lots of company they gets a deal of refuge... When the families goes out of town the servants is put on board wages, and they scrimps and saves everything, we ain't wanted to call then 'cause there's not a scrap left for us, oh no, we ain't no use then."

Mrs Swindler recalled the rural scene in the area more fondly: "On the outskirts of the Potteries village fields reached almost to the door. Allotments and small market gardens lay all around,

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and a narrow stream on the north side of St Katherine's Road (Wilsham Street) had to be crossed in order to reach the mothers' meeting." Florence Gladstone added: 'Mrs Swindler's little son used to take crusts to feed the baby pigs and the geese met with on the way.' As Mary Bayly began the first Mothers' Society meetings on Sirdar Road, she found the pigkeepers, though simple and uncouth, hard working, honest and, for the most part, sober. By then, however, the brickmakers were another matter. The Notting Dale brickmakers were down as 'chiefly Irish of a low type', and seem to have been distinguished by their drinking capacity. Another local woman said: "Now pigkeepers is respectable, but them brick people, some of them bean't no wiser than the clay they works on."

Dr Francis Godrich reported in 1870 that 'the Potteries are in a more cleanly and healthy condition, principally owing to the improved drainage afforded by the Metropolitan Board of Works.' The following year Godrich was succeeded as the Kensington medical officer by Dr Thomas Dudfield, the pigs' nemesis. Having found the Potteries' swinish multitude of 2,000 being overtaken by people, Dudfield's more robust 1870s campaign extinguished the last rural resistance to urbanisation; including a pigkeeper's pathetic plea to a journalist, "Pigs, sir? What harm can pigs do?" After 'the Great Pig Case' quarter sessions finally ruled the practise of pigkeeping a nuisance in a built up area, part of the Potteries was certified and demolished. As the last of the pigs were evicted from Notting Dale in the late 1870s, Dr Dudfield's sanitary inspection team went back into the area to root out the dealers in the noxious effluvia known as 'wash'. After that sporadic pigkeeping revivals died out by the end of the century.

Monkeys Loose

Wild Pranks in Notting Hill

Thirteen monkeys have played high jinks in Notting Hill W, since they embarked on their hours of glorious liberty. Thieves who broke into the premises of Mr T Murphy, of Latimer Road, made for a large hut which looked like a hen roost. Stealthily they forced the door open, and out rushed—not chickens, but the 13 monkeys, all members of a monkey jazz band, to perform at the World's Christmas Fair at Islington (says the London Daily Chronicle of [November 23](#)).

Since then the band has been playing a little game of its own—without music, but led by their bandmaster, Franko. They established themselves beneath the platforms of Latimer Road Metropolitan station, and, using this as a base, various members stole a porter's food, raided a

**"Keep your face to the sunshine
and you cannot see a shadow."**

Helen Keller

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confectioner's and corn chandler's shop, pelted children from the station yard, entered a woman's bedroom, slid down the chimney of a house, raided a horse's nosebag and ate corn sitting on the horse's back, converted the entire staff of the station into an amateur hunt.

Seven of the musicians have since returned home voluntarily because of hunger, two were captured, and one more, Isaacs, said to be "a smart little trumpeter", was seized, but there still remain at large Franko, the bandmaster, Bimbo, a drummer, Snookums, a cymbalist. Bimbo, Snookums, and Isaacs may, perhaps, be dispensed with, but Franko must be found at all costs. Otherwise the band may be conductorless. A reward of £25 has been offered for his capture.

Jennie was seen on top of a wood pile in Mr Murphy's yard. She rushed into a shed and was found and cornered there while sucking a tobacco pipe. According to the latest reports, Franko, who was undoubtedly the ringleader of most of the musicians' escapades, jumped on the top of a train at Latimer Road, and journeyed to Paddington, since when he has not been seen. He is a black monkey, about two feet in height, with a white neck and is valued by his owner at £100.

Some of the adventures of the jazz desperadoes are best told by interviews with their victims: Mr Clare, com chandler, Bramley Road: Five of them got into my store, and ate 28 lbs of biscuits. Eight of us, including two policemen, caught one, after three hours and after shifting two tons of oats. Then it escaped, and we spent three and a half hours recapturing it. A Confectioner: One monkey tore down the curtains of my shop window, threw packets of chocolates at two customers, who fled, and broke a pane of glass. He was captured by an old army man, who had been in Singapore, and understood monkeys. A Woman in Mersey Street: I was nursing my baby when the door of the room suddenly opened, and in jumped a monkey. Another Woman was taking tea when she saw a monkey sitting on the dresser. She fainted.

Latimer Road indeed has an endless supply of jungle tales, and Mr Murphy has received evidence of some of them in the shape of claims for damages, including 8/ for damaged crockery and 4/6 for stolen sweets. Bimbo, the drummer of the escaped Monkeys' Jazz Band, was captured at Rugby. He had obviously taken a train at Latimer Road Station (which the fugitives made their headquarters), changed at Paddington, and entrained for Rugby. Perhaps Bimbo proposed to go to Daventry and broadcast his experiences. First news was received in a telegram from a Rugby hotelkeeper, which read: 'Monkey captured here this morning after doing considerable damage, for which I expect you to pay. Am sending him passenger to Euston.'

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No one met Bimbo at Euston Station, so cold and crestfallen, but struggling vigorously, he was led on a chain to the Parcels Office 'to be called for'. Later the wife of the owner of the animals, Mrs Murphy hurried to Euston and recognised Bimbo. **The recognition was not mutual**, however, for Bimbo did not seem to know his mistress and turned his back on her. "Hello, Bimbo, my poor boy, where have you been?" said Mrs Murphy, attempting to take him from the arms of the porter. "Crrrrrr... ——— er", muttered Bimbo, fighting and screaming in a last desperate effort to regain his liberty. Finally he became friendly and went off in a taxi. Only two monkeys remain to be captured, Sandy, who is still in the Latimer Road neighbourhood, and Franko, the leader of the troop, who may be anywhere.

Illustration by Gill Bradley

Winner of the Serco Prize for Illustration 2014

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Winning illustration: Monkey Band at large in Notting Hill 1927 by Gill Bradley

In 1927 an escaped monkey jazz band embarked on days of high jinks and mayhem at Latimer Road station. Jumping aboard trains, one reached as far as Rugby before capture.

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“Success consists of going from failure to failure without loss of enthusiasm.”

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Colouring Page

Colouring helps improve wellbeing as it allows us to focus on a task and for a time forget about the stresses in our life...



Columbine

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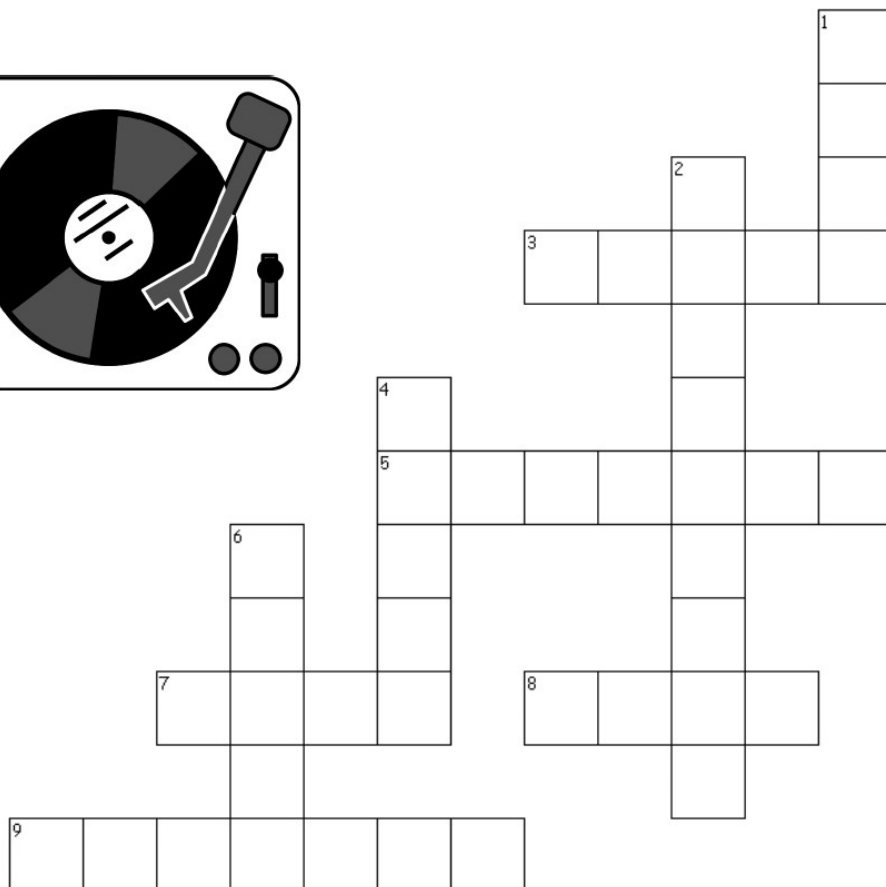
Fuchsia



Crossword

Activities to Share - free downloads

Song Title Crossword



Across

3. I'm sitting on top of the (5)

5. Love in the sand (7)

7. Walking to happiness (4)

8. I wanna hold your (4)

9. tons (7)

Down

1. You're just too to be true (4)

2. I heard it through the (9)

4. Rock around the (5)

6. I left my in San Francisco (5)

Answers:
Across: 3 = world 5 = letters 7 = back 8 = hand 9 = sixteen
Back: 1 = good 2 = grapevine 4 = clock 6 = heart

If you have enjoyed using this free download please like our page on [facebook.com/activitiestoshare](https://www.facebook.com/activitiestoshare)

Recipes

Chocolate balls

20-30 chocolate balls

Ingredients:

200 grams of biscuits

10 tablespoons of sugar

5 tablespoons of cocoa powder

7 tablespoons of milk

1 teaspoon of vanilla extract

100 grams of butter

Coconut or sprinkles



Instructions

1. Crumble cookies.
2. Put the crumbled cookies in a bowl
3. Add the sugar and cocoa powder and stir.
4. Add the milk, Vanilla extract and butter and stir.
5. Put the coconut or sprinkle in a small bowl
6. Once all the ingredients are mixed together turn them into balls and roll them in the Coconut or sprinkles.

“People who think they know everything are a great annoyance to those of us who do.”

Enjoy!

Memory Café At Home

Portuguese Orange Cake

We are very grateful to our valued member Lourdes who gave us this lovely Portuguese orange cake recipe.

Ingredients

300 grams brown sugar (Stevia can be used alternatively to sugar but in less quantity – 100 grams)

200 grams of self-raising flour

4 large eggs separated

2 large oranges - in juice and grated.

2 grated carrots

14 spoons of oats

2 teaspoons vanilla

6 spoons olive oil

2 teaspoons cinnamon

2 teaspoons ginger

2 teaspoons of cloves (can be less)

2 teaspoons of nutmeg

1 tsp baking powder

Vanilla extract

Confectioners' sugar for dusting (optional)

Instructions

Preheat oven to 350°F (180°C). Grease a baking dish or line with parchment paper and scrape the prepared baking pan with butter (so it doesn't stick).

Separate the white from the yolks, beat the yolks very well.



“would challenge you to a battle of wits, but I see you are unarmed!”

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Add the sugar.

Add the olive oil, carrots, grated orange and juice and mix all together (you can use an electric mixer or whisk by hand)

Add the oats and mix well.

Add the baking powder, flour and sugar, and then the spices.

Beat the whites till fluffy and add to the mix.

Add vanilla as final ingredient and mix well.

Add the mix to the baking tray and bake for about 30 minutes, until top feels springy when gently pressed and tester inserted in centre comes out clean or with just a few moist crumbs.

Before you remove from pan leave to cool down

Add dusting sugar on top (optional)

Thank you to our member Lourdes who provided us with this lovely recipe.

"I am so clever that sometimes I don't understand a single word of what I am saying."

Oscar Wilde, The Happy Prince and Other Stories

Important Information

Home library

For those who love books...

The home library are providing a service where they will deliver books to your door. They will call before to get to know your preferences. If you would like more information or to simply start the service call the Home Library at their direct number is **020 7341 0721**.

"You're braver than you believe, stronger than you seem, and smarter than you think."

A.A Milne

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Useful Contacts

Age UK Kensington and Chelsea

Phone: 020 8969 9105

Email: administration@aukc.org.uk

Website: <https://www.ageuk.org.uk/kensingtonandchelsea/>

Alzheimer's Society

Phone: 033 3150 3456

Website <https://www.alzheimers.org.uk/>

Dementia UK

Phone: 0800 888 6678

Website <https://www.dementiauk.org>

RBKC Council

Covid-19 Hub

Email: C19Hub@rkbkc.gov.uk

Phone number: 02073614326

RBKC Council Adult Social Services

If you or someone else need care and support

Phone number: 020 7361 3013 Monday to Friday
8:30 to 5:00

BAN – Black and Minority Ethnic Advice Network

Contains listing of all advice and information agencies across London

Website <https://www.bmeadvicenetwork.org.uk/ban-members/>

Opening Doors London

Website: <https://www.openingdoorslondon.org.uk>

Information and Advice for 50 plus LGBT+ people. Run a weekly telephone befriending service.

Opening Doors are currently taking referrals for those who would like a telephone friend, so if you are interested please get in touch by emailing befriending@openingdoorslondon.org.uk or calling 020 7239 0400.

“Man plans and God laughs”

Yiddish proverb

Music Listings on line resources

BBC Music Memories

<https://musicmemories.bbcrewind.co.uk/>

Play List for Life

<https://www.playlistforlife.org.uk/what-is-a-playlist/>

Radio Reminisce

<https://radioreminisce.com>

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Music for Dementia

<https://musicfordementia2020.com/2019/12/04/create-a-playlist-listen-to-recorded-music/>

“Creativity is intelligence having fun”

Museums

House of Memories

https://houseofmemories.co.uk/app?fbclid=IwAR1DmNSWPZen6WVsJc6VImXqpH5puZ8Q_PpGjUuAQSrSjlaFTPTYv16u0w

This magazine is made with the essential input of our lovely members. Please contact the memory support team for any recommendations to include next time such as, poems, stories, pictures, articles, recipes, advice... or anything else you would like to share with others! Also contact us for feedback on your activity pack if you like.

You can contact the Memory Support Team at:

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Mandy Andrews: 07508 341127

Adi Zeira: 074 6919 8504

Vasi Katsouri: 07508328011

Rebecca Lee: 07508340520



**Marietta loves crochet
and parties.**