

**ENTRIES  
&  
RECORDS**

She had the inestimable advantage in  
childhood of being brought up among  
highly cultivated people.

England is a wonderful place for its  
women's organisations...



...a practical contribution to the solution  
of the problems of slumdom.

and a mender of hearts.

I was all the time taught about 'community spirit' and 'battling on' and 'doing the best for the country'.

Her intellectual energy was never abstracted from her reading of a world in need of change, and it is easy to trace her determination to see her ideas translated into action.

She did not pursue the conventional avenues to personal recognition but consistently sought to initiate and participate in collective action... to establish avenues through which peoples and cultures could speak to each other and realise the ideal of collaborative effort and mutual education that underpins many of her projects.

The result was that I found myself cold  
shouldered, and those who had been warmly  
cordial to me as a Theist looked askance  
at me after I had avowed that my scepticism  
had advanced beyond their "limits of  
religious thought".

She has been shunted into the social  
background to be a childbearer.



She was, at the time, suffering from another severe episode of depression and was eager to return to the West Indies.

During the summer I used to work sewing Letts diaries.

In those days women were not allowed to stay on.

Masses of people walking there, hardly a motor car in sight. Happy people laughing and chatting on street corners. Pretty summer dresses with a sunshade or two instead of the dark sombre trousers suits of today. Ladies always wore hats. Bare heads were unknown. Rye Lane Peckham would be awash with people walking right across the narrow main road.

My grandmother's brother died from Pneumonia  
after catching a chill standing on a soap  
box preaching on cold winter's day.

I love to be of service to those who need a  
woman's help.



His wife had a new baby every year.

Hokey pokey  
penny a lump

We used to go into the woods to collect  
firewood.

In her last memories she reflected upon  
the changes she had witnessed in her  
lifetime. Among many items she specifically  
mentioned: buses that dip to allow prams  
on, television, video recorders, all manner  
of electronic innovations, microwave ovens,  
computers, bar codes in shopping, the  
disappearance of corner shops, men in  
space, men on the moon, aeroplanes (she  
was a fan of Concord that flew over Bracknell  
every day), modern medicines.



Mum died on 10 November 2006 after falling  
in her flat two days before.

Their much loved home at 9 Haslam Place  
Peckham was demolished. The move was not  
favourable for many reasons. The close knit  
Peckham community had been broken up and my  
family missed friends they had known all  
their lives. My mother used to tell me,  
"It was awful there. The walls were so thin  
that we could hear people rowing with each  
other in the next flat; we could hear what  
they were saying. Some of our neighbours  
never had baths and saw little use for  
them except as places to store the coal."

We slept in a wonderful down feather bed,  
which I have never forgotten. You climbed  
up high and then sunk right down into it,  
with enormous great pillows, sheets and  
pillowslips all hand embroidered. The  
next day we travelled by train to Vimy.

cow heel stew with carrots



roly poly, custard-tartoo ntlw wete leed wop.

The double bed, the wardrobe, the chest of drawers and the dressing table had all been bought at Holdrons in Peckham. They were not the ones mum had originally chosen. She 'lost' those as a result of a serious motoring accident that Dad had sustained soon after their marriage and payments could not be kept up. The disappointment and the furniture stayed with mum until the end of her life.

When I was seven years old, my little brother who was six, and my sister, four, died from Scarletina, brought to England by the Boer War.

Mummy would bake two enamel plates in the oven they would be red hot. She would dish up his dinner and wrap it in a clean towel and then in a large sheet of brown paper. I had to walk through Tabard Street to Borough High Street, and get the tram to Addington Square, walk around the square, cross Camberwell Road into Southampton Street, where my dad would be waiting for me. He would say "Come on Love, I can just do with that".... I do not know how they could have trusted me to go that distance with a boiling hot dinner.



My mum and aunt Rose used to box in the booth when they were little girls they were billed up as the midgets, Mum and Rose used to wear spangled dresses with high top boots and red white and blue laces.

I would say to my mum - may I go and see the lambs? She would say - Yes, if you take the little ones - that would mean I would take three little ones with me. We would all sit on the kerb in Great Dover Street and wait for the shepherds to come along. As they got near we would all shout - baa baa - and the lambs would do it back to us. After they had all gone we would all make for a little house next to the off licence, a family of dwarfs lived there...

Our mum was a tall blond woman with beautiful teeth, she would stand for what seemed to me hours in front of the mirror brushing them. At one time she had trouble with a front tooth so she went to Leicester Square dental hospital. After so many visits they put a gold crown on her tooth, it looked lovely. I am sure it was the first gold tooth in our neighbourhood. Everyone knew her as the woman with the gold tooth. She was very tough and strong and was not afraid of anyone. I always felt safe with her.

She knew that he loved her, needed her, yet she harboured some reservations. True he was a skilled craftsman and a dedicated worker, but he could be remote and moody.



She went to work as personal secretary  
to Haile Selassie, with whom she travelled  
to Geneva.

To my delight I found that someone else  
had passed through the same difficulties as  
I about Hell and the Bible and the atonement  
and the character of God, and had given up  
all the old dogmas, while still clinging  
to belief in God.

The two months after my mother's death  
were the dreariest my life had known.

It will be a good thing for the world  
when a friendship between a man and a woman  
no longer means protective condescension  
on one side and helpless dependence on  
the other.



When a visit to the dentist is made, and  
one stands on the steps outside, desiring  
to run away...

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