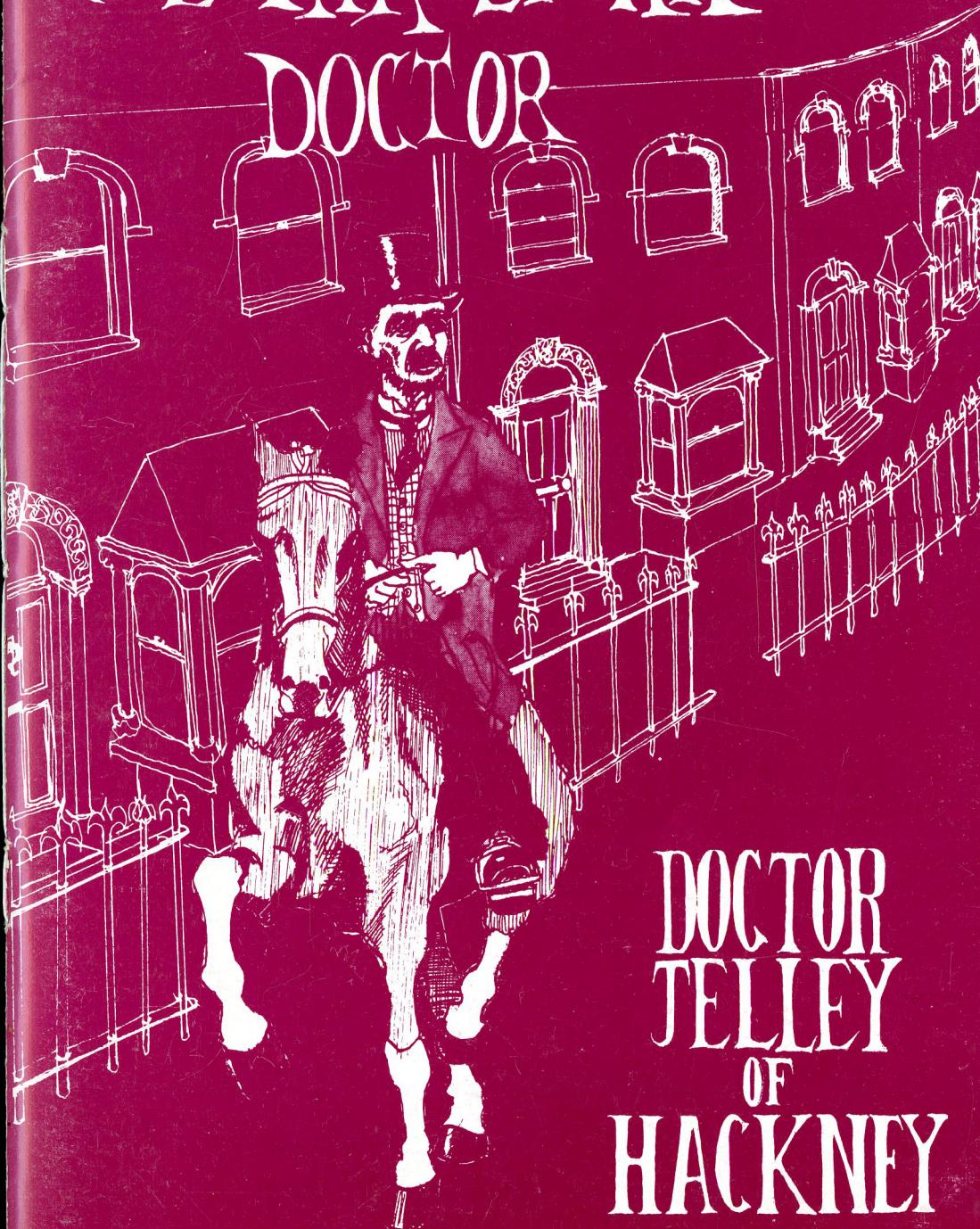


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TELLEY
OF
HACKNEY



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THE
THREEPENNY
DOCTOR

Doctor Jolley of Hackney

Hackney Workers'
Educational Association

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Henry Percy Jelley was born in 1866 in Totnes, Devon. He was certainly a medical student in Edinburgh during the 1880s and we know that he applied to take the Final Examinations of the Society of Apothecaries in 1910. In 1911 he opened a surgery at 172/174 High Street, Homerton. As to his activities from that date, we have allowed some of the elder residents of Hackney to describe these and his more general health work in the borough. Certainly no doctor in any other period of Hackney's history has caused so much comment, and perhaps inspired so much affection.

This short collection of anecdotes has been compiled by a group of local people working in a W.E.A. evening class, from tapes made with a number of long-standing residents of Hackney. We apologise beforehand for the many stories we have no doubt missed, and hope perhaps that this short pamphlet may inspire enough interest for many others to send us their recollections so that a more detailed pamphlet can be compiled in the future.

We would like to thank, apart from those named individuals whose reminiscences we have published, the many people who helped produce this pamphlet: Mr. Tongue, the Borough Archivist, whose detailed researches enabled us to provide the dates we have used, and Ron Barnes, Ian Bild, Barry and Barbara Burke, Christine Butler, Caroline Cox, Anna Davin, Sue Druce, Laurie Elks, Albert Cullington, Elaine Jones, Maureen Jones, Sue Fredericks, Richard Grey, Paul Luckie, Neil Martinson, Brian Simons and Ken Worpole.

Other related publications include:

'If it wasn't for the houses in between...' A collection of social and historical documents about Hackney, including maps and photographs. 60p.

'A Hoxton Childhood' A.S.Jaspar's famous auto-biographical account of a working class childhood in this area of the East End of London. 50p.

'Years of Change' The autobiography of a Hackney shoemaker, Arthur Newton, 1901 - 1966. 35p.

'A licence to live' The post-war autobiography of a local taxi-driver, from his memories of evacuation and early schooling through to a description of the many jobs he has done around Hackney. 35p.

All of the above books can be obtained from Centerprise Bookshop and other good bookshops in North London.

Introduction

Dr.Jelley qualified in 1910, before Lloyd George brought in national health insurance. In those years, and indeed even afterwards, the provision of medical attention for working people was not good. In a rich district a doctor could charge a guinea a visit and more, which would enable him to live in the style of his class; whereas in a poorer neighbourhood he would have harder work and smaller financial return for it.

So wealthy practices were sought after, while the poor were left to doctors handicapped in the competition, either by youth and inexperience and lack of influential or financial backing, or perhaps by incompetence, or by ideals about service. Charities and Friendly Societies, some paternalist employers, and the Parish Guardians, all retained doctors in their part or full time service; but such positions were not highly regarded and would often be held by a young doctor as his first job, or by an older one unable to get anything better, or as the second string of someone with his own practice or another post.

The doctor was not lightly summoned: two shillings or half a crown was a lot to a family whose weekly income might only be a pound. Some families managed to include in their budget a weekly payment - twopence or more - to a friendly society, a sort of insurance which entitled them to treatment by the society's doctor, or if it was a small society which didn't have its own doctor, to the payment of a doctor's fee. Hackney had branches of national 'sick and friendly' societies, like the '*Oddfellows*' (which Arthur Newton's grandfather helped to organise), and also smaller, local ones like the '*Gravel Pit*' which Mary Philo remembers her family paying into.

Hospitals were stern places, reminiscent of the workhouse; nor were they always free, although their support came not only from wealthy patrons (known as *subscribers*) but also from contributions collected locally. '*Hospital Saturday*' is still remembered by those who dressed up for its processions and performances, or rattled collecting boxes alongside the cavalcade, or simply watched the fun. But to get into hospital you needed a letter from one of the rich subscribers, which meant getting a list of their addresses from the hospital and then dragging round their often distant houses till you found someone who was at home, had a spare letter, and was prepared to give it to you. In George Moore's novel of the 1890s, *Esther Waters*, there is a moving account of the heroine's humiliations and difficulties in her search for a hospital letter. And Albert Cullington remembers an exhausting trek with his mother one winter's night round South Hackney, visiting the houses of '*carriage people*' in wealthy streets like King Edward's Road, trying to get a letter. He also remembers going to the *City of London Dispensary* when they couldn't afford the doctor, which meant a long walk to Wilson Street in Finsbury, and a long wait:

'There were rows and rows of forms and you would gradually shift up, shift up, till eventually, after a long wait, it was your turn and then you went in. The doctor of course would only spend a minute or so with each one as he had so many to deal with...'

On this occasion, as no doubt on so many others, treatment was inadequate and incomplete. Sometimes indeed, dispensaries were run only for profit. In Greville MacDonald's '*Reminiscences of a Specialist*' he describes how as a young doctor in the 1870s he applied for a job in one and found that its business-like Principal cleared £20 or £30 a week from it (and

the same from five more that he owned). The patients paid one shilling and were given the briefest of examinations and the cheapest of stock remedies. At the other extreme were dispensaries run with exclusively charitable intent, though sometimes without the services of a doctor. So for instance, many people in Haggerston used to go to the Sisters at the Priory, who for a penny would fill your bottle with the more or less appropriate medicine.

The poverty which caused so much of the ill-health also made it hard to cure; people's living conditions and low, irregular wages could not be improved by doctors' prescriptions. Dr. Jelley was presumably recognising this when he prescribed his patients steak rather than invalid preparations like *Liebig's Extract*. The generally low level of health must also have contributed to the reluctance to call in the doctor: if you called him in every time someone was sick he'd never be off your doorstep, and you'd never be out of debt, (to neighbours, that is, not to the doctor, who would expect immediate payment.)

Since trained medical advice could not always be obtained, people had their own ways of coping with illness. Some remedies were a matter of general knowledge and practice, like, for instance, taking children with whooping cough along to the Whiston Road gasworks to inhale the fumes which were supposed to help them. Onions and vinegar were commonly thought to be good for colds, and hot mustard or belladonna or resin plasters on the chest, or tallow. Many families had their own recipes for soothing drinks and cough mixtures; and sometimes too for herbal remedies, which they would concoct themselves or get the chemist to make up. The chemist would often be consulted in his own right too, not just given prescriptions. Such knowledge would be handed down from mother to daughter, and might go with a local reputation for being good with

5

the sick: almost every street would have some woman who would be called in to advise in illness or still more in childbirth.

Babies were always born at home, sometimes with the help of a doctor (or a student doctor doing his midwifery practice), mostly with a midwife, occasionally with neither. Neighbours would do what they could, feeding the rest of the family, popping in to tidy round and light the fires, taking in the other children, doing the washing and so on. The mother would be back on her feet as soon as she could, sometimes sooner: over-exertion, malnutrition during pregnancy, and too-frequent pregnancies undermined many women's health in what should have been their prime.

Contraception was not respectable, and doctors would give no help with it: such methods as were known were passed on through families (though often the subject was also taboo there), or through propagandist literature put out by freethinkers and socialists, and liable to prosecution. (The case brought against Annie Besant and Charles Bradlaugh in the 1870s however defeated its own ends, bringing great publicity to the idea of contraception). Probably some of the midwives also spread contraceptive information, and so might talk at work.

But devices cost money, and other methods were unreliable. Women often got pregnant unwillingly, knowing for instance that their health was already over-taxed, or that one more child would strain the family's resources beyond the limit. In such circumstances they would often attempt abortion, on their own or with help. Since it was illegal, and disapproved of by the medical profession, the only skilled help they might be able to obtain was that of some sympathetic midwife, and that was not always certain. Otherwise they would look for some local woman with the reputation of knowing about these

things, or try the suggestions of relations and neighbours, which might or might not work.

This context of inadequate or inaccessible medical treatment (and particularly the health and difficulties of overtaxed mothers), is important if we are to understand why Dr.Jelley was an important figure in Hackney. He was not just a colourful eccentric who provided everyone with a good laugh, he was 'the threepenny doctor' who had put his knowledge within everyone's reach, had 'taken pity on poor women', and in doing so had sacrificed his chance of a medical career. So people trusted him, even when his eccentricities and outbursts grew wilder, because of their original gratitude and respect for him, and still today their stories of him are told with affection and loyalty.

'Threepence for a home visit.....'

Doctor Jelley must have come on the scene about 1912, a couple of years before the 1914-18 war. It soon got around that he was very popular and the main reason for this was that he was only charging three-pence for a home visit or going to see him. In those days, it must be remembered, people paid their own doctor's bills - there were no health insurance schemes. It was soon after that that the national health insurance scheme came in, but then, of course, it only included certain classes. It wasn't comprehensive: under eighteens never paid and amongst the over eighteens there were many trades and occupations that weren't covered by the Act and these people had to pay their own bills.

Many people used to go to the chemist's for small ailments and many chemist's were dispensaries and could give a little advice. I remember the man himself. He always wore black clothes and a bowler hat and he was a very forthright man. He spoke in a monotone, all one long tone with no inflexions in his voice. He wasn't too fussy about his clothing and his trousers were always baggy - all over the place - and had no creases or anything like that. He had no 'bedside manner', but he was a practical man and knew his business.

When I was about seventeen I went to a chemist because I had a rash on my skin. The chemist examined it minutely and said, 'Well that's eczema. I will give you a nice tin of stuff for that.' Which he did: he gave me a penny tin of ointment. This lasted about two weeks and nothing improved so my mother said, 'You'd better go to see Doctor Jelley.' I discovered he'd taken over an old derelict slum shop at the corner of Sheep Lane and High Street, Homerton, the first turning past Church Road. In the

shop part the people sat round on all kinds of chairs and forms. Just inside was another small room with just a table in it. No desk like in an ordinary doctor's, he stood up all the time. He said to me, 'What have you been doing with it? Have you been treating it yourself?' I said yes. Well he told me off in a quiet way and said, 'Well you know, he who is his own lawyer has a fool for a client.' That was quietly threatened to give me the brush off. Behind him there was a little ante-room where there was a woman and his son making up the medicines and you could see all the bottles and pots there. He made me up this great big bottle of white stuff and said, 'Tear up an old sheet, soak it in this, make strips of it and bind it round you.'

While I was waiting for the mixture a woman came in with a little boy whose face was smothered in scabs and Doctor Jelley said straight away, 'You want to give him some more vegetables and meat, not so much of that muck and sweets and biscuits!' That was the way he used to talk - no bedside manner - but he was genuine. When I got home I said to my mother, 'If I put this soaking wet thing on I shall have rheumatism.' Anyway I continued with it and it was right in four days. That rash disappeared entirely and I never had any recurrence of it.

He got into quite a few scrapes and there were quite a few occurrences of him up at the courts. I remember once he had to pay a fine of seven shillings and sixpence and he paid it in the maximum number of farthings that were legal tender. On another occasion he had moved and was having trouble with the next door neighbours. The fences were broken and their fowls used to roam loose and into Jelley's place and he had a little gun and he shot one. He didn't stand on ceremony.

I lost sight of him for a bit then and some time after discovered that he owned a place between London Fields and Dalston, Marlborough Road I think it was. He had a corner house and the back wall was barricaded up with barbed wire, and all along the front of the house was barbed wire as well. This was because the boys used to play the devil with his lower windows and he wasn't long anywhere before every pane of glass was broken. Also people used to peer through his windows so he would black out the lower windows or else have the curtains drawn permanently and burn lights all through the day.

Apart from this, sometimes in the summer I've seen him painting his own house front - now you don't see doctors doing that today, do you? He would get up a ladder and have a go: paint the whole house front! He looked even more conspicuous in comparison with the other doctors in the area. They all had the same routine: the silk hat, walking cane, white gloves and a Gladstone bag in which they had their stethescope and other items. The usual formula when my father was ill was that the doctor would be shown into the parlour, the best room of the house, and the first thing he would do would be to take one glove off, then the other glove off, put them both on the table, then put the walking stick on the table, then the top hat and then go upstairs to see the patient. After that he'd come down and have a talk with the wife or whoever it was, don his gloves slowly and methodically, get his walking stick, put on his hat and say 'Good Morning.'

He didn't carry a Gladstone bag. He used to carry all kinds of implements hanging out of his pockets, I've seen him walking along with his stethescope hanging from one of his pockets. He wasn't like the ordinary doctor who would have a house in a very reasonable area; Jelley lived amongst the people and

this made him conspicuous. There was nothing wrong with the man in my opinion. With regard to that abortion case he broke the law, but he did it out of compassion, a genuine feeling, and then he got let down. He wasn't making any money out of it.

Mr. Churcher

'For the working class people.....'

About forty or fifty years ago, my father told me, Doctor Jelley used to have an old coach and horse. One day he pulled up outside a shop leaving the horse unattended. Because of this he had to appear at Old Street court. When he came out they took him in again, because he had left his horse unattended outside the court.

He wouldn't have anybody going into his shop dressed in a bowler hat and a walking stick; he was for the working class people. If you were in a conductor's uniform he would have you in straight away, but if somebody went in to see him dressed like a gentleman he'd say, 'Clear off out of it, I don't want you here!'

He looked like Neville Chamberlain. He had a black suit , stiff collar and a straw hat. He wore that straw hat for donkey's years. As long as I could ever remember, he never changed from one day to another.

Mr. Hobdell

'A man of terrific energy.....'

When he first started he had two or three different horses. He used to have this trap and we would change the horses over for him. We would take the horse out, give it a rub down and put a fresh horse in front of the trap. The stable was at the side of his surgery which was at the top of Ewlett Road near Roman Road. He used to give us kids a couple of coppers for looking after his horses. He told me once that he had been brought up to a very hard life: his father was a miller and Doctor Jelley had been one of a very large family. He said that as a child he had got 'more kicks than half-pence'.

Once when we were skylarking about in front of his shop, my pal got his head pushed through the window. Of course Doctor Jelley rushed out, examined his head, took him inside, gave him a sedative and said, 'Go on home and get to bed.' Anyway, later that night when he came home, we boys were waiting there to put his horse away and this boy was there as well. Jelley got hold of him and said, 'I told you to go home. I'll put my toe up your behind if you don't go!'

He was a man of terrific energy, always on the go. I used to be in bed awake and I'd hear him come home very late at night after visiting his patients. He used to like a drink, too. He said to my father once, 'Do you drink?' My father said, 'Yes, but not a lot.' Doctor Jelley says, 'You carry on. I enjoy a drink, don't stop it.'

Mr. Dennison

'Christmas puddings and patients.....'

When I was about seven, about 1911, he came to our house to see my mother. He came on a large bay horse. He was tall and upright, and absolutely the image of Mr Neville Chamberlain. There were several children outside watching his horse being held by my eldest brother. When the doctor came out he gave my brother a penny for looking after the horse. The next thing I remember was him riding about on a three-wheeled bike.

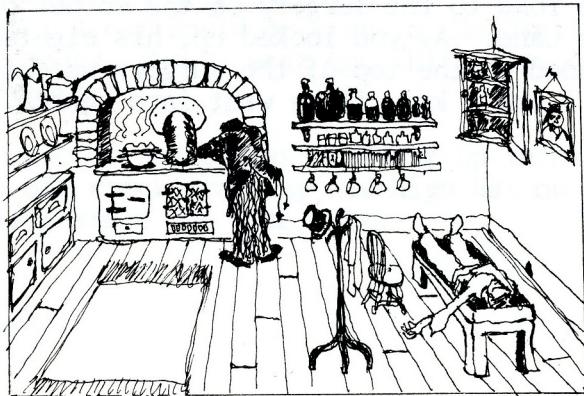
Later he opened a hospital in Mackintosh Lane, Homerton, and he painted it white. I can remember him and his son standing on the top of the building causing quite a stir with crowds down below watching them. I think one of them was waving a gun. He was a real character.

When he came out of prison he opened a shop, opposite where I live in Fenn Street, which sold bacon and meat. He also had several people working for him there, doing machining, making suits and clothes, and I had a nice suit made to measure by him. He still had the surgery going, all in the same place. I went to him one day with a swollen arm, very badly poisoned, I don't know what he did exactly, but he bandaged it up, gave me some lint and some ointment and in two or three days it was as right as ninepence. He was a marvellous doctor, there's no doubt about it.

I also remember him looking after his Christmas puddings boiling away on a coal stove up in the corner of his surgery, watching his puddings at the same time as he was seeing to his patients. He had plastered all over the front of his shop notices complaining about the police and he used to put certain words which he indicated by a long dash and left you

to fill the swear words in. He had a notice complaining about the next door neighbours chickens that were coming into his garden and what he would do with them with his shotgun.

Mr. Jacobs



'A wife for Dr.Jelley.....'

Then there came a surprise: an advert in the Hackney Gazette to say that he had been to visit a girl named Florrie and she was to be his wife. He was married in the middle of the day and I was working opposite St.Barnabas' Church where he was married. So some of us girls went to see the wedding. We were not allowed into the church because we weren't wearing hats, so we saw the wedding from outside. It was said that people were not only sitting on the seats but standing because it was so crowded.

When they came out of the church there was not a carriage or anything for them. She was in a beautiful white wedding dress with a large straw hat, I don't remember the colour, black and white I think. They walked across the church grounds to the gate and across the road to the surgery on the corner of Mackintosh Lane. As you looked up, his eighteen year old son stood on the top of the surgery watching the wedding. I don't know if he went into church.

Mrs.Clerke

'The Prince of Wales and Dr.Jelley.....'

Many stories can be told of Doctor Jelley during the years that he resided in Hackney. The following happened some time around 1928. I cannot be too certain of the exact date.

Some extra building had been done at the Hackney Hospital - I believe it may have been the Nurses' quarters in Kenworthy Road. It had been widely advertised that the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VIII who abdicated when he married Mrs Simpson, would open the new addition.

On the day in question, large numbers of people were lining the route along High Street, Homerton; there were hundreds of school children with flags and streamers. About the time the Prince of Wales was due to arrive, there was a shout, 'Here he is, he's coming!' A car could be seen in the distance and as it proceeded, cheers went up, which grew all along the High Street.

And Doctor Jelley was standing up in his own broken old crock, raising his high hat on either side. He fairly stole the limelight.

Mr. Newton

'Gloom over Homerton.....'

If he thought you were taking him on, or you were coming it, he was finished with you. He would just tell you to 'Bloody well go to your own Doctor!' If he visited a patient and they couldn't pay him , it didn't matter. He wasn't a wealthy man and needless to say he was despised by all the other medical profession in the district and everywhere else. They despised him naturally because he had a very good following.

When he came out of prison, his heart was still with the people of Homerton although he knew his ruin had been caused there. The people were very upset, there was a great gloom over Homerton and everybody was on about this woman and the authorities and what a terrible thing it all was, and how they missed him. He was sadly missed.

When he came home he bought a broken down old brake to take the women of Homerton to Southend as they needed a holiday. Now this brake was a tragedy to look at. It had two sides and it was a shambles. It was such a shambles that it gave the police a good excuse to still keep an eye on him. The police put a restriction on him that this coach could only take a certain weight before it went on any of his jaunts. Harold his son was the driver. The coach had to be weighed and this weight kept strictly in line. Now there was only one place for this to happen, for him to drive from Homerton after collecting his passengers and go to the weighbridge at the dust destructor in Millfields Road. And of course, living opposite, and my dad working in the works, we knew when he was coming. The sight of the coach coming down the road at about ten miles an hour to pull into the dust destructor and go on the weighbridge with the cream of Homerton in it - you can imagine - it was a sight that will live forever with me. It looked like a

a typical journey where they should be going. After getting his weight, if it was too much then someone had to drop out.

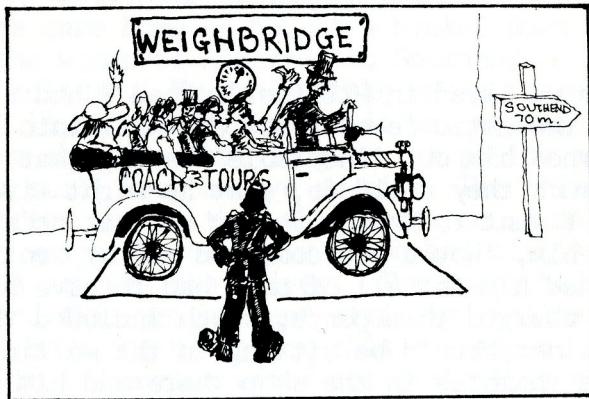
Now when he'd eventually got the weight, he'd come off the weighbridge, get his receipt, drive up Mill-fields Road, along Chatsworth Road, into Leabridge Road and then straight on to the journey to Southend. Well occasionally Doctor Jelley would go with them. On one occasion Harold took them down and his father was with them and the passengers kept taking the mickey all the way along. Doctor Jelley didn't like it, he was a bit emotional about that sort of thing. Of course they kept having to stop for breakdowns - they had dozens of them - and Harold was always out and under the car. When they got down there on one occasion, he gave them instructions to be back by six o'clock. But they'd all been out on the booze and they never came back, so he went home without them.

While we lived in Millfields Road I had a brother who had rheumatic fever twice and went into hospital. They turned him out 'incurable' saying that there wasn't much they could do, that he might live a few years. I went to Doctor Jelley on that occasion and said to him, 'Would you come and see my brother?' My mum had him for all of us - had to have him because he only charged threepence, which included the bottle of medicine. You'd be sitting in the waiting room with the shambles in the shop there and him behind the curtain. You could hear the bottles clinking and tinkling as he was making the medicine up.

My brother was going down rapidly and my mother was very upset, she hadn't lost one before, so I said I would get Doctor Jelley. So he came, tied

up his horse outside and walked into the bedroom. He felt my brother's pulse, he didn't say anything, but went to the bottom of the bed, lifted the blanket back, looked at my brother's feet and then came out of the room. He said, 'I can't do anything. The valves of his heart are gone and he'll be gone by this time tomorrow'. And he had. He died the next day on his fifteenth birthday.

Mr. Ansell



'Southend for half-a-crown.....'

A short time after Doctor Jelley came out of prison he decided to go into the motor coach industry and he bought one or two motor coaches. He put his son in charge of these coaches to run the poor people down to Southend for half-a-crown. Well, mother thought she'd go on a day's outing, so she took her mother, who wasn't young anymore, and my brother. I think my brother was charged half price. The coach was filled and when they got into it they realised that it wasn't the essence of luxury. They were hard wooden seats and mother said that when she looked through the floorboards of the coach she could see the road. Half way there the coach broke down and they had to go into a garage to have it seen to and by the time they got to Southend, owing to this delay, it was almost time to come back. Mother said that everybody enjoyed themselves, it was one scream, because people were singing and wanted to throw tomatoes but they dare not because of the return journey.

Anyway, coming back the same thing happened again, and when they looked at the tyres they were all peeling off like orange peel. So all the passengers started peeling the tyres because they thought it was a memento you see.

Mrs. Philo

I'm Jelley good ol' Doctor Jelley
No matter what complaint you've got
I can cure you on the spot.

If you've got a pain
down in your Derby Kelly
Just trot your tummy round to me
I'm good ol' Doctor Jelley.

Last night the night bell rang
As the clock was striking two
And there upon the doorstep
Sat a cock-a-doodle doo
He said Ho doctor come at once
The hen she's on her back
She's twisted her bazooker
And she cannot get it back.

Well I'm Jelley good ol' Doctor Jelley
I cured his wife in half a mo'
You should have heard that rooster crow.
? -----?
? -----?

This morn upon the telephone
Three doctors asked me round
They said they want a specialist
To share a thousand pounds
They think the case is quins
And they find they're in a hole
So come at once 'cos her old man
Is going up the pole.

Well I'm Jelley good ol' Doctor Jelley
When they saw me those doctors three
They took off their hats to me
I said if the case was quins
I'd eat my umbrella
Twins is what the lady got
I'm good ol' Doctor Jelley.

£50 to marry his son...

One time I was smothered in boils and I spent a lot of money, including Harley Street specialists, but to no avail. I went to Doctor Jelley and he said,

'You've got a female boil there that's got to be got rid of - the male boils are chasing it all round your body.'

In three weeks I was back to work, back to normal. He knew his job.

My wife took our son down there once, because he was a very poor eater. She took him down there, her own mother was with her, and the two of them sat in the back parlour while Dr Jelley looked at the boy. He took our son out in the garden - they were very long gardens then in Pembury Road - and they were playing tennis. He came back and said, 'There's nothing wrong with that kid. Take him home and give him a pound of steak.'

Another time he came to visit my brother - this was over sixty years ago. He tied his horse up to a tree and while he was inside visiting my brother, the horse fell down. So when he came out one of the kids next door said, 'Your horse fell down, Guv'nor'. 'Bah!' he said. 'Bloody thing's dead.'

He did a lot of good. He ran his own hospital. Opposite St. Barnabas' Church in High Street, Homerton, Berry's Boot Polish used to run a factory. They moved out and Doctor Jelley moved in and he had that as a 'lying-in' hospital. That cost 1/6d a week. He had staff in there, his wife, himself and one or two ward-maids. His wife was much younger and she was a Doctor; she qualified in Edinburgh. She was his second wife and the two sons were by his first wife.

He used to ride about in an old pony and trap with a big placard in the back offering £50 to anyone who

would marry his son. He had two sons, Dick and Harold, and this money was to marry Dick. Harold was a member of the *Institute of Mechanical Engineers*, a very clever bloke. Dick was training to be a Doctor but whatever happened to him nobody knew.

He bought a car off me, a seven-seater Renault, and he used to take the old girls in it to Southend. He used to charge them a shilling and give them a Guinness. This was about 1928. He always wore a beautiful bowler hat. If you wanted to comb your hair you could use his bowler ; you could see your face in it, it was that shiny. But before that, when he had the horse and trap, he used to have a high hat.

There was a chap who lived four doors from us in Glenarm Road, and he was a printer and he earned a lot of money - about £2.5.0d a week. He had something wrong with his feet - he had lost the use of them and couldn't stand up. Anyway, he went to Doctors all over the place until his wife said to him, 'I'll have Doctor Jelley home for you.'

'Don't you bring no threepenny doctor home to me,' he said, 'I shall throw him out the house.' Anyway, his family got this chap drunk and they got Doctor Jelley home while he was drunk. Doctor Jelley said, 'What's the matter with him? What have you been giving him?' His family told him all about it and he said, 'Get a bath of hot water.' He went outside, put some stuff in it and said, 'Put his feet in it and do that three times a day. I'll come and see you in a week.'

He came back in a week's time and the chap was still sitting in a chair and getting up on crutches. I remember this because I used to be friends with the eldest boy. Doctor Jelley walks in and gets

hold of the crutches: 'Don't want no bloody crutches,' he says, 'Get them out of it. Stand up on your feet!' A week afterwards the chap was playing football.

Mr. Smith

I wish he was alive today...

I worked in a boot blacking factory in Homerton. Doctor Jelley came over one day and said to us all as we were waiting to go in at eight o'clock to the factory, 'Won't one of you girls marry my son? I'll give you a hundred pounds but I want to get rid of him'. I said, 'You want to get rid of him? We don't want your trouble, we've got enough'.

Once my mother was ever so ill with bronchitis and the neighbours said, 'Why don't you have Dr. Jelley?' She said, 'Oh no, I've heard he ain't much good'. Her neighbours said, 'He is good'. So we had him and had to pay threepence a week. If my mother wasn't in he'd pull the string on the door, come down the passage and re-fill the empty bottle.. She would leave the empty bottle on the stairs and threepence.

I can see him now in his high hat, his frock coat, his turned back collar on his three-wheeled bike, and the kids would shout:

*Here comes Doctor Jelley,
Good old Doctor Jelley,
Pinch him in the belly,
For a penny.*

He was ever so good. I wish he was alive today. I'd go to him.

Mrs. Remmert





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