

## THE WHITECHAPEL MISSION

FOUNDED 1896

### Centres of Christian Activity

*Church:* Brunswick Hall, 210 Whitechapel Road, E.1.

*Working Lads' Institute:* Youth Centre, 279 Whitechapel Road, E.1.

*Windyridge Farm Home:* Horkesley Park, Nayland, Nr. Colchester. Tel.: Nayland 332.

*Whitechapel House Hostel:* 153 Tulse Hill, S.W.2. Tel.: TULse Hill 1391.

**The General Office is at 279 Whitechapel Road, E.1.**

**ALL GIFTS GRATEFULLY RECEIVED AND ACKNOWLEDGED**

*Superintendent:* Rev. A. E. D. Clipson. Tel.: BISHopsgate 8280.

*Assistant:* Mr. John B. Gadd.

*Superintendent's Secretary:* Mrs. G. Wilson.

*Deaconess:* Sister Mavis Rock.

*Solicitors:* Messrs. Butt & Bowyer, 14 National House, Moorgate, E.C.2.

*Auditors:* Newport Nelson & Co., 79 Bishopsgate, E.C.2.

*Bankers:* Barclays Bank Ltd., Mile End Branch, 234 Whitechapel Road, E.1.

### Executive Committee for Whitechapel Mission and Working Lads' Institute and Homes

Revs. Percy D. Beckwith, James E. Thorp, William Upright, C. Leonard Tudor, Messrs. John Lloyd, OBE, John P. Everitt, Henry J. Bolton, FACCA, Frank A. Butt, William H. Pruce, Sydney Walton, Alec R. Clark, FVI, Mesdames N. Doreen Clipson, Dora Buck, Hilda M. Clark and Florence Yelland.

*Hon. Treasurers:* Messrs. Fred C. Yelland, FACCA, and Leonard G. Freeman, ARCS. *Superintendent and Secretary:* Rev. A. E. D. Clipson.

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### Whitechapel House Hostel Management Committee

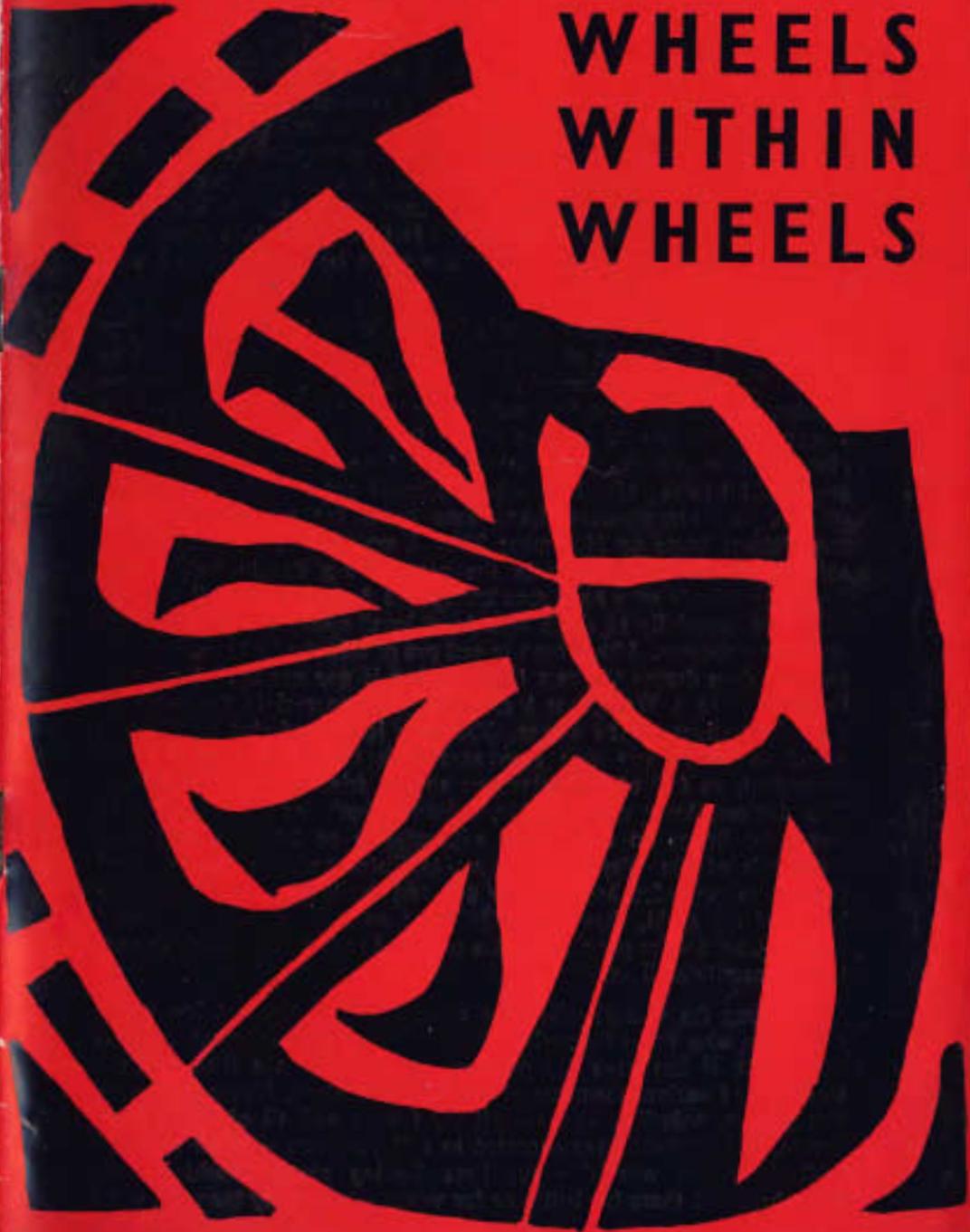
Messrs. J. C. Erskine Hill, DSC, BA, H. J. Bolton, FACCA, C. A. Baker, J. C. Baker, Mesdames A. E. D. Clipson, F. C. Yelland, J. C. Baker. *Chairman:* Mr. Fred C. Yelland, FACCA. *Secretary:* Rev. A. E. D. Clipson.

HARVEY AND SONS LTD WATTON NORFOLK

## THE WHITECHAPEL MISSION

FOUNDED BY REV. THOMAS JACKSON, 1896

# WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS



BEING THE ANNUAL REPORT DECEMBER 1961

## WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS

DOUBTLESS the popular phrase has its origin in the vision described in the first chapter of the book of the prophet Ezekiel, and in all probability, the vision itself arose from data gathered centuries before when thoughtful men first grappled with the conception of the "circle of the earth", and entertained suspicions that it was part of the surrounding firmament. Much later there came the revolutionary theories of Galileo and Copernicus, and in these latter days discoveries which leave these two great astronomers far behind. It is all very interesting.

This Report is being written on a hospital bed (which may account for the haziness of the previous paragraph). I was brought in late on October 18th suffering from a coronary thrombosis, and to my dismay, learned that the first part of the treatment would be at least a month's complete rest. None of the friends whose Churches I had planned to visit were more disappointed than I myself. However, I am thankful to say that I have been allowed out of bed for a minute or two, and arrangements have been made for my removal to a convalescent home on November 20th. I am hoping, therefore, to be able to resume work early in the year. I am deeply indebted to the many friends who have sent letters and flowers to myself and my wife, and especially to those who have loyally helped with the work during my absence. I have been in and out of this, the London Hospital, on most days during the past 14 years, but is was not until I came to lie helpless in a Ward that I came fully to appreciate the value of the ministrations of the nurses. They are just wonderful, and one is proud to be in any way associated with them. So kind and so competent; so full of understanding and so friendly to one's visitors. The doctors, keen and capable, efficient, both individually and in teams (or firms) do their work without fuss or faltering, and then move out of the Ward, leaving us to Sister and the nurses. And through the crowded hours of the day and the long, weary, distressing hours of the night, they devotedly carry on their work. We should ever be thankful for people who are prepared to live such unselfish and, indeed, sacrificial lives.

Among the visitors who have come to me in the last few weeks are some who have themselves been patients in this great hospital and whom it has been my privilege to attend in the time of their trouble, and various members of the Staff - Matron, House Governor, hall porters, orderlies, nurses - all my friends and all of whom have agreed, "who would have expected to find you here - of *all* people!" "Wheels within wheels" - our lives flowing along, touching each other here and there for better or for worse - our every thought, word

and action setting in motion forces beyond our control and infinite in their potentiality.

As one surveys the year's work of this Mission, with its wide ramifications, one realises with something akin to awe that no one of us is capable of estimating its farthest reach nor of assessing its real value in the light of Eternity. Some years ago we advertised for two women who could together take charge of our little Eventide Home. Among the applicants was a letter from a widowed lady who had served us well, but as others had applied in pairs, and one pair was deemed suitable, she was not engaged. I went to see her shortly afterwards, and she told me of her desire to help us in some way. Thus, Mrs. Walker came to join our staff in a voluntary capacity, and after helping for some years in the office she was able to take over "Bethany" after all, and there, along with Mrs. Waite, another voluntary worker, Mrs. Walker did a wonderful piece of work.

Several cases of prolonged and painful illness among the elderly residents, together with the difficulty of getting them into hospital where they could have proper treatment, lay very great stress upon both our valued helpers, and by the time the last of the women had been safely transferred, Mrs. Walker's own health broke and it became necessary for us to get her away from the Home. Mrs. Waite meanwhile, bravely held on, and we were able to send some of our people over for holidays at "Bethany". Eventually, it was decided to close the Home as Mrs. Waite was needed elsewhere. Since 1952 a very fine purpose has been served by "Bethany" and we will always be deeply grateful to those who made this particular work possible, and especially to Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Waite.

Over a quarter of a century ago a group of lads from this Mission - all of them on probation and placed in the Mission's care - went to camp in the little village of Thorington, near the Essex coast. So impressed were the people on whose land they encamped that they decided they would give their property to the Mission. This was done, and the great venture, begun through the generosity of the late Mr. and Mrs. Atterton, grew until in 1953 we were compelled to seek larger premises. Today, Windyridge is known, not only throughout the country, but people have come literally from the ends of the earth to



Rev. and Mrs. A. E. D. Clipson

see our Farm Home with its complement of thirty young men, its fine buildings - put up by the residents, and its pedigree stock. The Home was opened by the Duke of Edinburgh in May 1955. An article by the Warden (Mr. Ivan Elliott) appears elsewhere in the Report.

It seems a long time, and indeed, is turned thirteen years since the then Home Secretary, the Rt. Hon. Chuter Ede, opened another of our properties - "Whitechapel House" on Tulse Hill. We decided in 1956 to change this from a probation hostel into a hostel for homeless lads. Since that time under the surveillance of Mr. and Mrs. J. Ernest Caukill, several hundreds of boys have been given food, shelter, comfort and employment. Mr. Caukill's account of the work is to be found in the Report.

At the centre we are continuing to cope with the changing but ever-difficult conditions around us. Mr. Gadd, who for three years served us so ably as Assistant Warden at Whitechapel House, has for the last six months given equally valuable service here - particularly among the young people. Sister Mavis Rock came to us from College in September. There are many people now far advanced in years who have been faithful in attendance but can no longer be present at our meetings. These are faithfully visited and their wants attended to. This side of the work, together with the distribution of clothing and oversight of children's activities is in the capable hands of Mrs. Clipson who has been asked to contribute to this Report. May I say here how very grateful I am to my wife for her unflinching patience and courage and her tremendous output of work! No arguments about "more money" or "time off", but a consuming love for the needy and the helpless around her coupled with an industry that never flags. Mrs. Wilson in the office, Mrs. Brown about the place, and Mr. Allport, M.A., M.Sc., who helps in various ways, all make their valuable contribution, and their loyalty to our cause is greatly appreciated.

As for the future "all unknown", our Committee has in mind all that is being done and all that is being planned, and I am confident that despite my own inability to engage in full activity for at least a few more weeks, my good friends, both ministerial and lay, will see to it that the work does not suffer. Meanwhile, may I again say how very grateful I am to the very many friends who by their prayers, their letters, their flowers, their visits, their supplying for me in the pulpit and at various meetings, have done much to alleviate my anxiety and minimise my suffering in this severe trial.

Yours in the Service.

*A. D. Clipson*



## Whitechapel House . . .



### A friendly welcome . . .

AS we look back over another year it is gratifying to note that there has been an increasing tendency for lads to stay with us longer, and the hostel has been more fully occupied during 1961 than in the previous four years.

There is little change in the pattern, and lads coming from far and wide find a welcome at Whitechapel House. With an admission from Australia we can now say that we have had them from every Continent, and we hear from time to time some pathetic stories of human need and suffering.

There was Husrev from Cyprus; Colin from Capetown; Barry from Bootle and Bill from Bradford; the homeless Hungarian; the wandering West Indian. From Kenya, Kerry and Kirkcudbright, the lure of London attracts these wayfarers, but it is not easy to get work unless one has a place to live; moreover danger lurks in London's streets for the wandering youth, and Whitechapel House provides a haven.

"What made you come to London, Geordie?"

"Me? Oh, my dad was a bit of a professional boxer, but he used me as a punch-bag, so I cleared out, and I shall get on better down here."

\* \* \*

"Have you written home, Charlie, since you came to Whitechapel House?"

"Write 'ome! What for?"

"Well, to let your mother know you're all right."

"What's the good o' writing to 'er, she won't care!"

\* \* \*

"Thanks for all you've done, Guv. I don't know what I should have done if I hadn't come here; but I'll be O.K. now. Cheerio!"

J. Ernest Caukill.



## The Work at "Windyridge"

FROM the number of applications received during the last twelve months for vacancies, it does appear that the Courts and Probation Officers throughout the country are increasingly faced with problems which they consider in their wisdom and experience can only be suitably dealt with in a Probation Home.

We are indeed fortunate at Windyridge to be in a position to offer so much to the lads who make up our family, for in the past years, there have been built up training departments comprising a model farm with a pedigree herd of Friesian cattle, a pedigree herd of Large White pigs, poultry and general farming equipment including tractor; a market garden with glass houses and acreage sufficient to meet most of the needs of the Home in vegetables, etc., and workshop equipped with tools and machinery to enable some first-class joinery work and building to be carried out by the lads.

All of the Departments are staffed with instructors who not only know their jobs academically, but who have also a sense of vocation for their work and use the training they give to their boys as not some thing which is an end in itself but rather the means to an end which is the reforming of the boy in every way. Although, of course, one cannot hope to fully teach a boy a trade in twelve months, it has been gratifying to find so many of our lads have been able to leave Windyridge

so well equipped that they have been able to obtain good employment on farms, parks and gardens departments, and in the building and civil engineering industry.

It is always our aim to keep raising the standards of the Home and it is surprising how well the boys meet this challenge, and after a period become able to accept the responsibilities of living as members of one family, sharing both the ups and downs of family life and learning to "give" as well as "take".

Old boys continue to come back to see us and one old boy who left us some nine months ago to work on a farm, asked to be allowed to come back to spend his holiday with us. It was a pleasure to have him, and also to know that he felt, as have many others, that Windyridge was "home". It is also pleasing to report that so many of the old boys not only write to us but write to each other and look forward to a re-union at the Windyridge Garden Fete, to which so many of them came this year, often with their friends and parents from all over the country and great distances.

It would be ungracious of me to end this report without paying tribute to members of my Management Committee who are at all times so helpful, and to the Liaison Probation Officers who have become members of "the family". It is always a wonderful thing for me to be able to explain to a new boy that "a team" will be working in his interests for his eventual good and to know that at all times I have their help and consideration in all the problems which arise. Little, of course, could be achieved without a staff who fundamentally are Christian people trying to do Christian work and it is by their efforts and devotion that I am able to finish this report by saying, "Windyridge" continues to help lads who are very well worth helping.

J. Ivan Elliott.



Mr. & Mrs. J. Ivan Elliott  
(Warden and Matron)

Now he is happy!

(Note: Windyridge Garden Party is held each year on the last Saturday in June. All welcome).





No sad faces here!

## WEEKEND IN THE COUNTRY

"Can we pick some *more* blackberries?"

These questions were often chorused during our weekend camp with our boys last September. What a change it was for them to be able to get away from the dirt and noise of the "buildings," and be let loose in Epping Forest. Instead of dodging the busy traffic we were dodging wasps!

We took ten boys from our Junior Club, setting off one Saturday morning in a borrowed Mini-bus, the roof being piled high with blankets. It was the local Scouts and Toc H who provided the camp for us, and organised a grand programme of games, woodcraft - and eating. One afternoon was spent making bridges of rope and timber over the river Ching, much to the amusement and amazement of the local folk, who had the pleasure of seeing one bridge collapse - although it was not the Whitechapel boys who got their feet wet!

In between the organised activities the boys were continually dashing away to pick blackberries "for Mum", or climbing trees, but

"Can we pick the blackberries, Sir?"

"Can we climb that oak tree?"

"Can we pick some more blackberries?"

"Do we have to get washed?"

how many blackberries finally reached Mum does not bear thinking about. However, despite the energetic running and climbing, all the boys were able to return to Mum, even if the blackberries did not. It is difficult to say who had enjoyed the camp most, the boys or their leader, but on the way home the one question was "When is the next camp?"

With these youngsters things are quite promising, for they attend Sunday School regularly as well as their weekly Club, so that we feel we are having some success with them, influencing their lives in the right way.

Yet with the teenagers in the Youth Club things are more difficult, perhaps it is true to say this is the hardest part of our work. From time to time we have a rowdy element which has to be checked continually, and one often makes the mistake of judging the club by their behaviour, for they make themselves the most obvious.

There are some thirty members, and recently a few of them have taken a responsible part in the running of the club, one of them in particular, a young Irish lad trains the Junior football team.

When we re-opened the Club this September we made it quite clear why it existed and drew up the following Aim: 'This is a Christian Club which aims at developing body, mind and spirit, through Devotion, Discipline and Recreation'. We look upon the epilogue as the most important part of our programme; even if it is not well received it is never missed, and we relate our Christian teaching to their lives.

Attempts to interest them in crafts or sports have not yet been successful, apart from an occasional football match. Recently we have got together a good team of helpers and will carry on trying to provide a better 'diet' than indoor games and jiving. The decorations which have just been completed in the Club rooms have made a vast improvement, one room is being made into a comfortable canteen. The young folk will do some of the work themselves.

It is a challenge that so many of these teenagers feel at home in their club here, although they are not Christians nor have any Church connections. We have a great responsibility towards them, for they are 'as sheep having no shepherd'.

John B. Gadd.

\* \* \*

### PRESENTATIONS

On the occasion of the 65th Anniversary, a painting of the Christ by Dr. Frackleton of Lakewood, Ohio, who was our host in 1958, and a portrait of the Superintendent by Miss Anne Griffith, were presented for the new building which we hope soon to erect.

## OBITUARY

REV. GEORGE KENDALL, O.B.E.



Rev. and Mrs. G. Kendall

The Rev. George Kendall, who died on July 22nd 1961, had been closely connected with this Mission from its earliest days. A personal friend of the Rev. Thomas Jackson and the Rev. J. E. Thorp, who succeeded him, Mr. Kendall became my own warm-hearted friend when I took up the appointment in 1947 and remained so through the ensuing years.

As a preacher, speaker, committee member and general stand-by, Mr. Kendall endeared himself to us all, and it was sad to part with him. Our sympathy is with Mrs. Kendall, Jack, David, Raymond and Rosemary, but with them we rejoice in the memory of one so beloved and the sure and certain hope of Eternal Life through our Lord Jesus Christ.

MR. W. W. GRIMSEY

It was the Rev. George Kendall who introduced us to Mr. Grimsey, a faithful member and official through many years of the Caledonian Road Methodist Church. Mr. Grimsey joined our Executive Committee a few years ago, since when he has been a regular attender, a generous helper, and a great encourager. My last brief word with him was on the occasion of our Mission Anniversary on October 16th, and the knowledge of his sudden death a few days later came as a shock to us all. We are grateful for every remembrance of Mr. Grimsey and extend our sympathy to those from whose closer circle he has been called.

### COVER DESIGN

Once more we are indebted to Miss Gerda D. Clipson for the design which appears on the cover of the Report

## NOTES FROM THE TREASURER—

A number of good friends have covenanted their gifts with no extra cost to themselves, but with great advantage to the Mission.

For the benefit of those many others who have not yet adopted this painless way of claiming back from the Inland Revenue some of the tax which has been collected from them, I stress again that your annual gift, say, of £1 gives £1 12s. 8d., or £10 becomes £16 16s. 6d.

Anyone paying income tax can make a covenant, and adverse circumstances need be no deterrent. Further, have you considered how your good work can be continued by remembering the Mission in your Will?

For fuller information on these matters please write to the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. Fred C. Yelland.

## FORM OF BEQUEST BY WILL

For the guidance of friends who may desire to make bequests for the general work of the Whitechapel Mission, we append the following form of bequest.

*I GIVE AND BEQUEATH to the Superintendent for the time being of the Whitechapel Methodist Mission, 279 Whitechapel Road, London, E.1., for the use of the said Mission, the legacy or sum of £ (free of duty), and direct the said last mentioned legacy or sum to be paid within twelve months after my decease from the proceeds of my real and personal estate, but primarily out of my personal estate, and the receipt of the Superintendent shall be sufficient discharge to my executors.*

NOTE—The Mortmain and Charitable Uses Act, 1891, enables Testators to give by Will for the benefit of any charitable use not only pecuniary Legacies, but also tenements and hereditaments of any tenure. The Will must be signed by the Testator at the foot or end thereof in the presence of two independent witnesses, who must sign their names, and addresses, and occupations, at the same time, in his presence and the presence of each other.

If you have already made your Will, kindly add a Codicil directing a legacy to the Whitechapel Mission.

*Toys, books, clothing, are always welcome, and should be addressed to us at 279 Whitechapel Road, London, E.1. Early despatch is a great help, as the Christmas rush is then avoided, and we have the opportunity to sort and pack the parcels in good time. Thank you!*

# The Silent Fellowship

AS I write this my thoughts go out to the many dear old folk to whom we minister who, through advancing years, sickness and affliction, are unable to come to their meetings which they have attended so loyally through the years. We regard these old folk with great affection and they are visited regularly, even though some live quite a distance away. There are so many lonely ones and they always welcome any of our visitors who may call upon them.

I think now of our grand old lady of Whitechapel who is 93½. She is very tiny and quite a cheery old soul, and lives all alone in two rooms which are reached by a bare wooden staircase. She has very little comfort, but it is 'her home', and a sacred place to her. Indeed, on the old-fashioned black-leaded fender are the words cut out 'Home Sweet Home'. Visitors always receive a welcome, and not one is allowed to go away without having a word of prayer with her, and often a few familiar verses from the Bible. Her own Bible is very tattered now, and she apologises for it, but it shows that it has been well used.

One recalls a visit made some time ago to three of our old ladies in hospital who were all in the same Ward. One of them was in bed on the verandah, and our dear old friend previously mentioned was sitting in her dressing gown at the foot of the bed talking to her. She was feeling homesick and rather downhearted, and I said, "Now, my dear, you know what you sing at your meetings - 'Count your blessings'." and immediately she struck up singing it, and the other lady in bed joined in. I felt like sinking through the floor, thinking I had started something I could not stop as they went from the chorus to the verse:—

*"Are you ever burdened with a load of care?  
Does the Cross seem heavy you are called  
to bear?"*

... and then on to another chorus. It seemed to cheer them up, and to me was most impressive. On visiting the third lady who was right at the other end of the Ward, she, too, seemed to be feeling 'a bit down', so was told of the incident, and said she had heard some distant singing, but thought it was a record.

My thoughts turn now to another dear old lady of 84 who lives in some dingy old buildings in very undesirable surroundings. Her front door opens into



a very dark living room, which means she must always have the light on. Her health is failing quickly as she is the victim of a dreadful disease, of which she is aware, but nothing can be done for her. She, too, loves to have some of the old familiar passages of scripture read to her, and often joins in herself. During a recent visit she was recalling some of the favourite hymns she knew so well, and had sung so often at the meetings, and also some of the choruses our women delight in singing such as 'Trust in the Lord and don't despair', etc., and it seemed to lift her out of herself, and her face shone. I said to her, "Why, Mrs. H... you look perfectly happy!" and she said, "I am!" Then she was reminded of the hymn 'In loving kindness Jesus came', and the chorus 'He lifted me'.



Such an experience is not easily forgotten, and I came away feeling I, too, had been 'lifted'.

Many stories of such visits could be related as we pass in and out of these humble homes, and even in these days we find numerous cases of real need and distress.

There are many such folk who would dearly love to be able to come to their meetings, but one feels that they are with us in spirit, and our thoughts and prayers go out to them in their affliction and loneliness.

Not one of these old folk will be forgotten this Christmas time, and all who cannot come to the Mission to enjoy their Christmas dinner will be visited and receive a parcel.

Gladys Wilson.

One of our Women's Meetings





Photograph by Halifax Photos

## THE LITTLE ONES

*"It seems as if in His embrace  
For every child there was a place,  
Methinks He taught them many a game  
Where no one quarrelled or gave blame,  
And told them tales so thrilling sweet  
They loved to cluster round His feet,  
And glad or sorry, clean or wild,  
He looks with love on every child."*

What a joyful time Christmas is! It seems to be a time especially for children. At the Mission perhaps we are able to teach our children more about Jesus than at any other season. He is the Babe in the manger to them. Just as the wise men so long ago brought their gifts to the Christ Child, so we, in His Name today would give out our gifts to the children around us. Many of them will be awaiting the coming of the 'Santa Claus' from the Mission. A mother said to me a few days ago, "Mrs. Clipson, I had not a thing for my children last Christmas." Their father had been out of work. How thrilled they were when, in answering a knock on the door, there was a parcel of toys from the Mission. "How did you know?" "We've got a new baby Miss - a girl, Miss!"

Or - "How many brothers and sisters have you now, Edward?"

"Eight, Miss, and a dog, Miss!" While the twelfth child of one of our families was being born in hospital, an oil stove set alight in the home where the eldest girl 13 years old was being 'mother' to the family. A special visit will be made on Christmas Eve to this home.

"My husband has left me with four children, and I have been told that perhaps you can help me. I have not enough woollies for the baby and I have no winter coat!" Our cupboard, unlike Old Mother Hubbard's, soon produced the things most needed, and a promise that the children would not be forgotten at Christmas.

I could go on and on. Our children's parties at the Mission are an unforgettable occasion. "He's had to undo his trousers, Miss, he's eaten too much, Miss!" Our Father Christmas house will have to be built again, and excitement will reach its height when Santa's head pops out of the chimney to wish us a 'Merry Christmas'. We are already planning, and I know our many friends, both young and old will not fail us.

God give you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Doreen Clipson.

## 8 WAYS BY WHICH YOU CAN HELP OUR WORK TO PROGRESS—

1. PRAY FOR OUR WORK AND OUR WORKERS.
2. SEND A DONATION NOW.
3. HAVE A COLLECTING BOX IN YOUR HOME.
4. BECOME A COVENANTED SUBSCRIBER.
5. MAKE A LEGACY IN YOUR WILL.
6. ARRANGE A GIFT SERVICE or a CAROL PARTY IN YOUR CHURCH.
7. SEND CLOTHING PARCELS AND SHOES.
8. ASK FOR A MISSION SPEAKER.



ABOVE: Some of our children

BELOW: One of our families



### 'WHITECHAPEL STORY'

A 16 mm Sound Film—2 reels—  
is available on application.