

PALACE MEWS, E. 17

by Barry Ryder [[email](#)], May 2015

More than half-a-century after it was demolished, there still remains a tiny structural reminder of the Palace Theatre. Running along the theatre's west side, there was once an alleyway which linked the High Street with Erskine Road. This 1913 street map shows its location.



This little walk-way still exists. The map (above) doesn't give the cut-through a name, though. We know it today as Palace Mews, E.17.



Approaching the Mews from the East - that's the top, Hoe Street end of the High Street - the Mews is almost hidden between Mega Bite and Greggs (above).



Moving closer, the passageway becomes more conspicuous.



Having walked the short length of the Mews, this is the view from the far End looking back toward the High Street



Turning west, Erskine Road is visible in the distance - where the blue car is parked.



This view was taken standing at the rear of the car in the previous photo. It shows the alleyway from which we've just emerged.



And now, with our short trip almost over, we head-off toward the High Street.

Palace Mews isn't very long. For most Walthamstow folks who use it these days, it's probably little more than a convenient little short-cut to and from the High Street, But knowing of its past it's very easy to imagine the thousands of theatre-goers who would have passed along it on their way home after a night at the 'Aunt Sally'. It would have once echoed to the sound of laughter from the ribald jokes just heard. It would have rung to the sound of singing as the patrons reprised the glorious finale which featured the entire company, the orchestra and, chiefly, themselves.

All together now..

*Come, come, come and make eyes at me
Down at the Old Bull and Bush,
Da, da, da, da, da,
Come, come, drink some port wine with me,
Down at the Old Bull and Bush,
Hear the little German Band,
Da, da, da, da, da, da, da
Just let me hold your hand dear,
Do, do come and have a drink or two
Down at the Old Bull and Bush.
Do, do, come and have a drink or two
down at the Old Bull and Bush,
Bush, Bush!*



Barry Ryder, May, 2015