

# Friern Barnet *Newsletter*

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Published by Friern Barnet & District Local History Society

Issue Number 43

November 2010

## **GOING TO THE LIBRARY**

*by Pamela Ellis*

In my Letts' Schoolgirls' Diary for 1960, the year I was 14, I record 55 separate visits to the library. Most of these were to Friern Barnet Library on Friern Barnet Road, only a short walk from my home in Hollyfield Avenue. Owning books was, for me, a luxury in those days: the best I could hope for was one or two for birthdays or Christmas. If I wanted to read (and I did, compulsively), then the public library was the only place to feed my habit!

When I was very young I was taken to the library by my father, and while he made his selection from the mysterious realm of adult fiction I was left to browse the children's shelves on the window wall of the main lending library. Here I progressed from picture books to story books to proper full-length novels, guided on occasion by kindly librarians but more often left to my own devices. The available selection was small but covered all the best authors writing for children in the 1950s and 60s, and I got to know most of them in the reassuringly familiar confines of this little library.

Later, on the strength of going to school in North Finchley, I was able to join the public library in Ravensdale Avenue. This was a much more imposing building



*Friern Barnet Library opened to the public on Friday 23 March 1934*

with a correspondingly larger selection of books – a whole room devoted to children’s books, though by this time, my early teens, I was borrowing more and more from the adult library. Where Finchley Library really scored over Friern Barnet was in its much more extensive range of non-fiction books. Friern Barnet did its best with the small space available to it, but its stock was inevitably limited. And for me there was another deterrent to making use of what they did have. The room that housed much of the non-fiction was also the reading room, and the reading desks were frequently occupied by patients from the nearby Friern Hospital, still known locally by its former name of Colney Hatch (and often referred to, in those politically incorrect days, as ‘the loony bin’). These patients, while harmless, were alarming to a timid child as they muttered to themselves and rustled their newspapers. On one occasion I was cornered next to the philosophy shelves by a man insisting that I should be reading Marx’s *Das Kapital*, a copy of which he was brandishing. It was along time before I plucked up courage to go into the reading room again!

Later again, and only a year or so before our family moved from Friern Barnet, the new South Friern Library opened. I used it occasionally and remember mainly the light, bright atmosphere created by its then ultra-modern architecture, and the lure of a whole new stock of books. But for me the phrase ‘going to the library’ still conjures up a picture of that quirky but homely building on Friern Barnet Road, with its warm red-brown brick and mullioned windows. Whenever I get the chance to visit old haunts I call in there: although much has changed internally the building still smells the same, as buildings do, and I am once again a book-mad child stepping out of the everyday world into the infinite possibilities of the printed word. It was in this building that I first discovered and explored those possibilities – thank you, Friern Barnet Library!

**Footnote:** Readers are reminded that Dorrell Dressekie has written an excellent history of the library. *Friern Barnet Library. A Brief History* costs £2.16 (£1.50 plus postage and packing). Please contact David Berguer on 020 8368 8314 or fill in the Publications Order Form on our website.

### **MY STORY – PART 3**

*by Ray Lewis*

Dad followed in his father’s footsteps and was very inventive. After the War, he started his own factory in Walthamstow. He patented a very clever needle threader and managed to get some into Selfridges and Woolworths, but they never really took off and he felt that he had wasted three years of his life. He said that he could have made a fortune if he had made cutlery instead. After this escapade he worked at various places including Handley Page in Cricklewood. He became an inspector on the Victor bombers and he always said that his stamp was all over many of the aircraft. When I was around fourteen, my school mate Steve Sumpter told me about his uncles, Lesley and Rodney Smith, starting up a factory in Tottenham, making Matchbox toys. That Christmas we were getting the original eight models for 10d each and selling them for 1/1d. Men at the factory were desperate for them for their children and we made enough money to buy a Claude Butler racing bike from Harringay for my Christmas present. Apparently everything was quite above board and dad used to take boxes on the buses all the way to Cricklewood on the bus. Anything was being sold in factories in those days as things were still in short supply.

In 1956 we won the football pools and dad's share was £450 which was enough to put a deposit on a semi-detached house in Brunswick Park Road, at the bottom of Russell Lane. In those days the area was a mix of suburbia and country – not like today's chaotic corner. At last we had our own house! The house needed a mountain of work but dad was good with his hands and I learned a lot of DIY skills from him. Dad and mum got jobs at Standard Telephones just up the road from where we lived. I had many factory Christmas parties in those days, until I thought that I was too grown up to go to any more. I used to walk to Woodhouse School every day, which was quite a trapeze during the winter months. Later on, I managed to get a bus pass and took the 125 to Tally Ho. Dad died at the age of 62 in 1976, the year after I got married. Because he had died before he could claim his pension my mum got the princely sum of an additional £6 a week as compensation. She retired a few years later after missing out on a scheme which would have enhanced her measly pension quite considerably. She still lives in the house today aged 96 and she looks after herself. She is still house proud but not quite as mobile as she used to be. She learned to swim at eighty and she also joined a group that went around entertaining pensioners up to a few years ago, even though many of the audience were younger than she was.

Going back a bit, when we were young Murray, Evan and I were involved with St Paul's Church choir, in Long Lane, and I remember we used to get paid around 1/6d to two shillings for attending a wedding. Afterwards we used to play on the swings in Victoria Park. One time I got hit in the mouth by a boy whirling round fast on the roundabout whilst leaning backwards. His head split my top lip in such a way that I looked as though I had three lips. Dad rushed me to the doctor and my mouth was stitched whilst I gripped a gent's hankie very tightly. Brave little soldier!

The hall next door to the church was the first place I attended, when I was nearly five, as the start of my schooling at the tail end of the war. After a short time I moved to St Mary's Primary School in Church End whilst Murray and Evan went to Manorside Primary School. I do remember the inter local primary schools sports day that we used to have at a school field in Summers Lane, near to where Finchley Football Club used to be. It was wonderful walking around the field in our age group blocks with the other schools. I also remember the wonderful times we used to have during the summer months at Finchley open air swimming pool. Picnics on the lawns, trying to stand under the waterfall (which wasn't really allowed) and daring to dive or jump off the high diving board.

Murray and I joined the 6th Finchley Cub Scouts in a hall near to the park at Avenue House when we were seven to eleven years old. We had many great experiences in that park with the games and activities; sometimes the cubs would fight each other with thick stems from the fig tree leaves – it could give you a stinging blow to the head. Boys, eh! Many years later, when I met my wife, and before we were married, I showed her this small but picturesque park and how we used to swing on the monkey puzzle trees. I jumped up to sit on a branch, flying completely over the top, and fell on my back. I had forgotten that I was much bigger than I used to be. Margaret could not stop laughing until I got home and recited this story for a few days to come.

To be continued.....

## **FRIERN HOSPITAL**

Percy Reboul and John Heathfield used to contribute articles on local history to *Barnet Times* under the heading *Times Remembered* and one of their pieces on Friern Hospital elicited this response from a reader in 2000:

*"In answer to your article The Corridor of Horror, I walked along that corridor every day for six months. Not as a patient, but I was sent there as a nurse. I trained at St George's in the East Hospital, Wapping which was a London County Council Hospital. During the War all these hospitals had to send their nurses to Colney Hatch to provide staff there for a few months.*

*I certainly remember the long corridor and I remember the mental patients who walked the corridor. Not only did they walk the corridor – they also worked there. They did all the cleaning and they worked on the wards and in the kitchens. They worked in the pharmacy and delivered food and drugs to the wards.*

*They were harmless and mild cases of mental illness and they were happy people walking and dancing along the corridor. One important thing missed in your article was that, while I was there we were told one day to get beds ready for German prisoners of war. 500 German prisoners arrived in the middle of the night, all having been badly injured. We nurses had to get sandwiches ready for them which we never had due to the rationing. We had to wash and feed them and nobody knew that the enemies were in the middle of London during the bombing – it was a State secret. This is my experience of Colney Hatch.*

*Yours sincerely*

*Sofie Carr  
SRN, SCM"*

## **HOUSEHOLD WRINKLES**

The May 1897 issue of *All Saints' Parish Magazine* contained an article on the care of gas lighting which we reprint below for those of you who have not yet converted to the new-fangled electric illumination:

"Incandescent gas lighting is now being so extensively used that some information on a few points concerning it may not be useless, and may save not a little trouble. Those who have used only glass chimneys will probably have suffered from breakages, especially when there are sudden changes of temperature; now such persons perhaps do not know that the company provide mica chimneys, which are equally transparent and serviceable, even for use in the "best" rooms. The mica tops, which fit conveniently on to these, are helpful in keeping the ceiling free from smoke; mica itself is easily and perfectly cleaned by the help of a little methylated spirit, which both removes the dirt and dust effectively, and restores the substance if it has become slightly crinkled by the heat. In replacing mantles, for which operation it is obviously not necessary to call in professional help, the globe, &c., should be removed and the top of the burner screwed off; the internal mechanism thus uncovered be well dusted, merely by blowing on it, and all the dirt must also be blown out of the unscrewed top before it is replaced. Then the mantle must be fixed with great care, in order that it may not be at all damaged during the process; replace the chimney and globe, turn on the gas without the by-pass, and burn the mantle – that is to say, set it alight with a match from below as if lighting an ordinary burner. Let it flame up (to season it, so to speak), and as

soon as it is going out, which will happen almost immediately, turn on the by-pass, and the mantle will light quite easily and burn remarkably well. Moreover it will last much longer, for the practice of lighting it from the top without any previous burning is apt to tear the delicate texture of the mantle. It is, of course, a great mistake to have the constant flame, kept up by the by-pass too high. It should only be allowed to burn just enough to be there for lighting purposes when the tap is turned. The remedy for a high flame lies in slightly tightening the upper one of the two screws to the left of the by-pass. If the operation is done whilst the light is on, it is quite easy to tighten the screw until the flame is just visible; nothing more is necessary.

When the cleansing operation is being performed, every now and again it is advisable to turn the gas on whilst the fitting is off. If a white light burns through the flame (and it will be distinctly seen as being quite different in colour to the rest of the light), it is proof that the pressure is too strong and, therefore, that a certain amount of gas is being wasted; to stop this, tighten the lower of the two above mentioned screws till the white flame disappears. The incandescent light is altogether a most satisfactory one, and very easy to manage if one understands it. The only drawback is the delicacy of the mantles; but unless one has a run of ill-luck, if they are properly managed, even these should last quite from four to six months without being damaged.

**Footnote:** Amongst our large collection of relics are a box of gas mantles and a gas bracket. Please ask to see them.

## **PASTORAL WHETSTONE**

*by John Heathfield*

Nobody knows the age of the old track from Totteridge to Edmonton via Whetstone. A personal guess is about a thousand years. Very few records remain from before about 1485. Early names for the old road include Avernstreet (1499), Blackhorse Lane, Hungerdown Lane, Station Road and, from about 1873, Oakleigh Road which gets its name from the nearby Oakleigh Park Estate.

In 1787 a pub called *The White Horse* existed on part of the land now occupied by Barclays Bank on the corner of Oakleigh Road and the High Road, Whetstone. The name of the pub had been changed to *The Black Horse* by 1827 (hence Blackhorse Lane) and to the *Hand & Flower* by 1868. The site had been built on since about 1600. Just east of The Black Horse and bordering on Oakleigh Road were Beldams Field, Hither Beldams and Further Beldams. They covered about eight acres and the first reference to these was in 1486, when they were owned by Thomas Doggett. This area was later to become Sweets Nursery and later the Sweets Way housing estate.

The field between Pollard Road and Raleigh Drive had the splendid name of Titramobs; can anyone explain the origin of this lovely word? The next fields bordering the road (about where York Way now stands) were Hungerdown Field, of about 6.3 acres, Barren Field and Upper Stoney Field of about 1.2 acres. The soil must have been pretty horrid to earn such names.

The land near what is now Rathbone Terrace was known as Little Park Wood or Little Friern Park Wood, and contained 4 acres. The land to the south, running towards Friern Barnet Lane, was Great Park Wood of about 37 acres. Another field with an unusual name was Little Weepers, later occupied by the Elf Garage

at 441 Oakleigh Road North and now a block of flats. This field was owned in 1560 by a Henry Bellamy. The name Little Weepers was still in use in 1857 when the land was sold by Sir Simon Haughton Clarke.

Russell Lane gets its name from Russell's Farm (first mentioned about 1500). It was at the east or bottom end of the lane, about where Middlesex College used to be. Gallants Farm was nearer to Hungerdown Lane, and was owned by the Sketchley family in 1891 and by Morley's in 1920. Other names have included Beldhams Lane (1485). The nearby Osidge Lane was once called Blind Lane. The fields around here were simply called by their size e.g. Seven Acres or Ten Acres.

Oakleigh Road North follows the route of an old footpath to East Barnet, starting at the corner of Pondfield (8 acres). The field between there and the High Road was Longcroft in 1486 and was a 9 acre field. Athenaeum Road follows another old road from "the corner of Whetstone Town to the Church at East Barnette".



*This illustration comes from "London City Suburbs" which was published in 1893. The picture is entitled "In the Meadows, Friern Barnet" and gives an idea of how rural the area once was.*

## **CHRISTMAS 1918**

*by John Heathfield*

The First World War ended at the eleventh hour on the eleventh day of the eleventh month of 1918. *"We have fought a war to end all wars and to ensure that the world will be free of tyranny for ever"* said David Lloyd George, the Prime Minister of the day. Some six weeks later it was Christmas, There was scarcely a home that had not known someone who had been killed or injured during the war. The mood was more sombre than celebratory.

At that remote period Christmas was still a religious festival. The local paper said *"It will be generally agreed that quality of carol singing is not what it was before the war. We do not refer to the juveniles who go round murdering old world carols or modern popular songs, but the properly organised singers. Where are the violins and cornets and portable harmoniums? Still it is pleasant once more to hear the familiar melodies warbled around the streets."*

Alderman Syrett of Finchley made an appeal for the Blind Soldiers' Children's Fund which raised over a thousand pounds. The Finchley Voluntary Nurses Fund also appealed for money because it was nearly bankrupt again; over a thousand pounds was raised.

The Middlesex Prisoners of War Fund helped those who had suffered financially. The relatives of Corporal James Weir of Etchingam Park of the Middlesex Regiment were told on Christmas morning that he had been killed on 16 October. Henry Holden of Lodge Lane, Finchley had been killed on 4 November, a week before the end of the war. William Laurie of Finchley Park was released from German prisoner of war camp; he said that he had been well treated and received Red Cross food parcels. Private Mantle and Private Broughton, captured on the Somme in 1916 were also returned.

Harvey & Shillingford, grocers, advertised *"ginger from China, figs from Turkey, Grapes from Spain, plums from France, nearly up to pre-war standards."* J Salmon & Son Ltd had British wines for 2s 3d a bottle, a large tin of biscuits for 11½d and 12oz tins of tongue for 2s 8d.

There was no TV of course, but the Grand Hall cinema advertised *Valley Moon*, the East Finchley Picturedrome had Charlie Chaplin in *The Immigrant* and there was a twice nightly variety programme at Finsbury Park Empire.

Messrs Hall & Co, drapers in Whetstone High Road were open until 7.00pm on Christmas Eve and they reopened at 9.00am on Boxing Day morning. The staff of Priors department store worked on Christmas Day preparing the Boxing Day sale. Symonds Pianos of Tally Ho Corner had a Broadwood short grand piano for 30 guineas and a cabinet upright for 11½ guineas.

William Crosby, a builder and decorator, said *"Released from the army, I have lost touch with several of my former employees and will be glad if they will get in touch with me."* S Green, jeweller of East Finchley, said that his business was being carried on by his wife and he hoped to return shortly.

## **LOOKING AFTER THE INFANTS**

The February 1898 issue of *All Saints Parish Magazine* carried this editorial:

## “Infant Life Protection Act

The following important Act has lately come into operation.

### NOTICE TO PERSONS RECEIVING INFANTS FOR HIRE OR REWARD

The above mentioned Statute requires that on and after the 1<sup>st</sup> January 1898:-

1. Every person (excluding hospitals and charitable institutions, and the parents, grandparents, uncles, aunts or guardians of an infant) receiving more than one infant under the age of five years for maintenance apart from their parents for hire or reward for a longer period than 48 hours, shall give notice thereof within 48 hours to the Board of Guardians.

This Notice shall truly state the names, ages, and sex of the infants and the names of the abode of the persons receiving and the persons from whom the infants were received.

2. If any such infant is transferred from the care of a person who has so received it, notice must forthwith be given of the name and address of the person to whom it has been transferred
3. Any person receiving an infant under two years for a lump sum, not exceeding £20, without any agreement for further payment, shall give notice within 48 hours. In default, any sum received is liable to be forfeited
4. All such notices shall be in writing, and shall either be delivered, or sent by registered letter to the Clerk of the Guardians
5. In the case of the death of any such infant notice must be given to the Coroner of the District within 24 hours by the person having care of the infant
6. All persons receiving such infants must admit without obstruction the Inspector or other person appointed by the Board of Guardians to inspect the infants and the premises in which they are retained
7. They must also obey the directions of the Board of Guardians with regard to the number of infants who may be received in any premises, and with regard to the removal of any child from their care to a Workhouse or place of safety
8. All persons whatsoever must admit to their premises and refrain from obstruction an Inspector or other person acting on the authority of a Search Warrant issued under this Act
9. No infant shall be received for hire by any person who has been deprived of the care of any child under this Act, or has been convicted of any offence under the protection of Children Acts, unless the Board of Guardians consent in writing
10. Every person who disobeys the foregoing provisions of the law is liable to be fined £5, or sent to prison for six months”

The care of infants, or lack of it, has, of course, been in the news a lot recently and it is interesting to see how the Victorians dealt with it. Presumably before this Act was passed, children had much less protection. However, despite the provisions of this Act, the mention of Workhouse reminds us of the harsh conditions of the times.



## MEMORIES OF A ST JOHN'S MIXED INFANT

*by David Philpott*

My career as a mixed infant at St John's began when I was 4 years old, in 1942. The initiative for this early enrolment first came from me. My brother, John, was already at school and I suppose I was a bit bored, so I kept saying I wanted to go too. Following the jersey incident, which was one of the ways I tried to alleviate my boredom, my mother probably thought that my dispatch to school might not be a bad thing and moved heaven and earth with Miss Courtenay, the head teacher, to satisfy my expressed desire and gain admittance for me.

Perhaps I'd better explain the jersey incident, as it might give some insight into my mother's motivation. It was wartime and clothing was difficult to come by. By some miracle she had managed to amass enough wool to knit me a new jersey. At last it was finished and she dressed me in it and stood me on the kitchen table so that all could admire. I don't know what distracted her but left to my own devices for a few moments I found that pulling the jersey away from my chest between thumb and forefinger and letting it go produced a very satisfying rebound effect. I looked for ways to enhance this. Health and safety wasn't what it is today (I suppose with a bomb likely to land in the front room, minor domestic hazards didn't seem worth worrying about) so the scissors were conveniently at my feet. I found that snipping the wool close to my thumb and forefinger enhanced the rebound effect wonderfully. Unfortunately, you could only do it once. On her return I was surprised to find that she didn't share my joy at this discovery but, unaccountably, thought I had been naughty.

So the day arrived. We made the two-minute journey from Goldsmith Road to the school, which was then situated on the opposite side of the path to the scout hut, between Glenthorne and Stanford roads. It was an old Victorian building and we were met by Miss Courtney and taken to a large room, tastefully decorated in an indeterminate brown, in which the reception class was already assembled under the supervision of Miss Howard. To me the place looked vast. The windows were much too high to see out of and I had already missed the start of term, so I knew nobody there. Easily remedied I thought. "I've realised I don't want to go to school," I announced firmly, believing that would end the matter. Thus I was not altogether prepared for the tug-of-war that followed and dissolved into tears as my mother left under the combined and well meant assurances of the Misses Courtney and Howard that I would quickly settle down and all would be fine. True, I did settle quickly into the class but it took much longer to recover from the affront to my view of the world.

Not only was Health and Safety not what it is today, the notion of induction programmes was somewhat lacking and only a process of careful observation revealed the location of such luxuries as the large roofless boy's toilet in the playground. The first lesson after I arrived was singing. Of course, I had no idea of either words or music, so I thought I'd better show willing and uttered a sort of indeterminate "Whaa, whaa" sound. This quickly attracted Miss Howard's attention but the noise was so indistinct that she was unable to locate its source. Discretion was the better part of valour, so I reduced my contribution to a series of totally unsynchronized lip movements.

In the next few days another delight manifested itself – air raid drill. We were marched across the path to the field where the scout hut is located and down some steps into one of a number of long, half buried shelters, equipped with long

benches and very inadequate lights. For some reason I loved air raid shelters. We had a corrugated iron Anderson shelter in our garden, there were rectangular brick built communal shelters down Goldsmith Road (one of these still exists in Brunswick Park) but being crammed into these tunnel-like shelters with the rest of the school was a new experience.

Everyday lessons were somewhat restricted by the wartime economy and teaching methods which probably hadn't changed much since the Romans arrived. We sat in our desks and chanted or wrote or drew. Paper and pencils were in short supply. The paper was made from pulped newspapers and you could read flecks of newsprint embedded in the surface. Occasionally rush mats would be produced and we would decamp to them for PE or similar activities. Every day after lunch, in view of our tender years, it was decreed that we should rest with our head on our arm on the desktop. This was torture. The last thing I needed was a rest. Just to be told you had to do nothing made sitting still impossible. In spite of the unpromising start, I quickly found that I liked Miss Howard and was glad to meet her many years later when Frances was teaching at the school and later in her retirement home in Hadley.

My second year as a mixed infant was spent in the care of the legendary School Dragon, Mrs Divers. You didn't mess with Miss Howard and you certainly didn't mess with Mrs Divers. To my recollection she was a geriatric Boadicea; swathed in innumerable layers of dull coloured woollies with a bewildering array of spectacles dangling around her neck. She shouted and she wielded a ruler to great effect. She did, however, succeed in producing a remarkable social cohesion in the class – a sort of instinctive defence mechanism. She was rather given to making us learn poetry. One of the poems was of a rather cloyingly sentimental sort about a squirrel. The class was chanting it in the usual way and, I don't know what came over us, but my best friend Max and I started to send it up something rotten. I thought she was going to have apoplexy.

Every Friday afternoon we used to have "choosing" when we could bring a toy of our choice into school. On one occasion I had been given a battered old watch that didn't work but you could still set the hands. Much to my amazement Mrs D patiently taught me how to tell the time, without losing it once.

When we came to the end of this year the boys had to move elsewhere. In those days only the infants were mixed. The juniors was girls only and most of the boys went to the Church boys' school, St James, just up the road from St James Church. I continued to be mixed and moved to Holly Park, which was considerably nearer to our house – but that's another story.

## **ENFIELD'S LOST TREASURES – THE OLD CORONATION CINEMA**

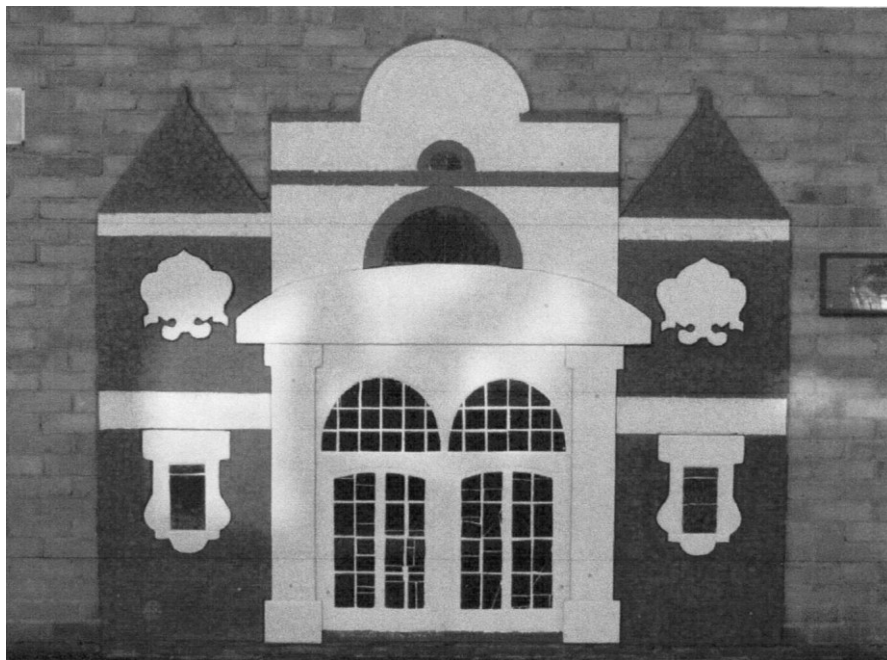
by Colin Barratt

Back in January it was announced that, thanks to a grant from the Heritage Lottery Fund, a number of large scale mosaic panels would be created, mainly by young people, depicting some of Enfield's lost and forgotten architectural gems. This was being led by Edmonton charity Art Start. The co-coordinator, Debbie Dean, said that the purpose of this was to enable young people to learn about their heritage and to do this through an accessible art medium. It would teach them practical skills and develop a sense of pride in their local communities. All the mosaics have now been completed, and are being installed as close to the location of the original buildings as possible. One of the lost buildings was in our

area, the old Coronation Cinema, in New Southgate. The block of flats now occupying the site of the former cinema was originally going to be used for mounting the work, but this block may now be demolished as part of the Ladderswood Estate redevelopment, so in early September the mosaic was fixed onto the side of flats at the top of the remnant of the High Road, near to Friern Barnet Road. The design of the mosaic was based on a photo taken shortly before the cinema was demolished in 1970. Although it's slightly simplified, the result retains most of the design features and colours of the original building, and has been carefully and skillfully constructed. It's a fitting reminder of this once



*Original Coronation Cinema in 1970*



*Mosaic of Coronation*

loved venue. However, I suspect that few of the current residents knew the building, so will there be a sense of pride in it? I hope so. Will it end up being trashed and graffiti covered? I hope not.

A brief description and dates are shown on a brass plaque alongside the mosaic, but a commemorative booklet and DVD of the project are being produced, giving more historical details of the buildings, plus memories of people who used them. This will go to all those who took part. Copies will also be held at Enfield Local Studies Unit.

### **THE STORY OF FRIARY PARK**

As we mentioned the last *Newsletter*, Mel Hooper has written an excellent book, *The Friary Park Story* which runs to 44 pages and contains 35 photographs, 13 of them in full colour. Copies of this are available at our meetings for £5 or by post for £5.81 (£5 plus postage and packing).

### **FRIERN HOSPITAL**

Next year the former Friern Hospital will be 160 years old and it is our intention to produce a comprehensive history of what started life as the Second Middlesex County Pauper Lunatic Asylum, and which helped to put Colney Hatch on the map, if maybe for the wrong reasons.

We hope to include personal reminiscences in the book and we would welcome any contributions from our members or their friends. We would particularly like to hear from anyone who worked at the hospital, but if you have any memories at all (even if it is of the patients visiting the local shops) or any memorabilia or photographs please do let David Berguer know.

### **NEXT YEAR'S PROGRAMME**

Janet Liversidge has assembled a varied and interesting programme of lectures for 2011 and a copy is enclosed so that you can plan your next year's activities around our lectures! We look forward to seeing you at the meetings.

**May we take this opportunity to wish everyone a  
Happy Christmas and a healthy and prosperous New Year.**

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