

Friern Barnet *Newsletter*

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LOOKING BACK 1 – SUMMERS LANE

by Elsie Lawrence Mudd

My father's family, the Lawrences of Summers Lane, began when my grandmother, Lucy Matilda, married Harry Lawrence, a horse dealer. She had come from a large family and as a young woman had to go into service as most working-class girls did. Their hours were long and she often told me of the times she had scrubbed steps in freezing cold weather, gotten up at dawn to clean out fire grates, chopped wood, lain fires and made early morning tea for her employers. She only got a few days off, and taking a husband was the only way out of the grinding hard work.

Her family had been hard-up, and one of her sisters had been forced into adoption, travelling to a new family in Canada. When Lucy met Harry Lawrence she looked forward to getting married and settling down in a home of her own. The children kept coming along and soon there was not enough room in the house in Summers Row, a line of small properties down a short alleyway off Summers Lane.

The Triumph public house was at the top of the alley which was very handy for Harry as he enjoyed a pint or two. The children, including young Frank - my father - would play in the



Summers Row – the short alleyway off Summers Lane

alley, sometimes bare foot, but enjoying life. Harry was gradually selling off several acres of land he owned in North Finchley and spending more and more on drink and gambling. He was soon left with only one horse and cart which he used for a greengrocery round. My father would often help him and wait outside the pub while he would call in for a drink with his customers. When the council houses were built in Summers Lane, the Lawrences moved into number 179. It was built on a corner plot with a wide piece of land at the side and front, which was good for Grandma as she took much pride in the garden and soon had the family laying out a lawn, planting hedging and growing vegetables.

By now the family had grown. First there had been two girls, Maud and Lucy, followed by Jim, Harry, my father Frank, Len and Stanley Victor and the last son Phillip. Then, thinking that nine children were enough, another baby girl, Barbara, was born. The two eldest, Maud and Lucy, worked hard at home looking after the younger children, while my Grandma took in washing to make ends meet. Even so, she still found time to go to the Mothers' Meeting at the church hall. All the children had to attend Sunday school and the boys would play hooky, running off to play in Coppetts Wood, climbing trees, throwing stones and all the things that young boys get up to. As the children were growing up, Grandma's husband became less help to her and more of a liability. Often drunk, lying in bed, noisy and offensive, she became weary of it all. As the boys grew older and began looking for work, they became resentful of the way their father behaved. Harry was just not pulling his weight. Later on, there was to be an almighty row and I was told that the sons jointly and physical threw him out of the house. Harry packed his bags and left, leaving Grandma to bring up the two youngest – Phil and Barbara – on her own, but her sons' wages helped to make ends meet. Maud and Lucy left



179 Summers Lane as it is today

home to make a life for themselves, with Maud to later marry Fred Mantel and Lucy marrying Charlie Gould.

179 Summers Lane was a pleasant house to view from the road. A clipped box privet hedge surrounded a circle-shaped lawn on which there were rose beds and a bird bath. The house was whitewashed on the outside with small square windows of the casement variety. A trellis covered in white and yellow roses was around the front door, while to the side of the front garden was a splendid lilac tree, lupins and other herbaceous plants and then more trellises with roses. Down the side of the house ran a path which led to a greenhouse at the back. There was a chicken shed and by the door a place where logs were stacked ready for the fire. Over the chicken shed grew a lovely display of orange blossom which, along with the other flowers, scented the night air with a sweet aroma.

Dividing the garden from Summers Lane at the front was a high thorn hedge sheltering the house from the road. On entering through the garden gate there was a large vegetable plot, my father's piece of ground, where he grew vegetables for Grandma and the family. Grandma loved her garden and we were to enjoy it too as children, playing on the lawn, picking daisies and helping with the watering in summer. A second hedge enclosing the garden at the front of the house had been cut back to look like battlements.

This was the first house my mother saw as a young woman. Dad had first brought her home to tea to meet his mother and family, back when his father still lived in the house. Mum soon made friends with Frank's sisters Maud and Lucy, who were fond of cooking, embroidery, reading and arranging flowers, always working hard to help at home. The Lawrences had an African grey parrot, which would swear, whistle and mimic my Grandmother calling her sons to get up in the morning. It pecked Mum, but everyone else welcomed her. On February 27th Mum and Dad were married and Lucy made the wedding cake. Maud had left home by then to live with Fred Mantel at 3 Goldsmith Road, Friern Barnet, with whom she had a young son called Bobby. When the flat upstairs of number 3 became vacant, they helped Mum and Dad to secure the tenancy so they could have a home of their own. For their new home Mum chose a new bedroom suite and had curtains and a bedspread to match in an old gold colour. They acquired some second-hand pieces of furniture and soon the flat looked nice and homely.

To be continued

MATRIMONIAL PROBLEMS IN FRIERN BARNET

In the 16 October 1936 issue of *The Muswell Hill Record* were two reports side by side:

“HUSBAND ADMITS DESERTION

At Highgate Police-court on Wednesday, Iris Maud Bennett, of Glenthorne-road, Friern Barnet, summoned her husband, Walter James Bennett, for desertion. The defendant, whose address was given as Marine-parade, Southend, admitted desertion.

Mrs Bennett said she was married in 1930 and there was one child born in March that year. Her husband left her on August 29 after an argument. He was an engineer and earned £3 10s per week. He used to allow her 30s out of which she paid the rent and insurance. Since her husband left, she had been “on relief.”

The defendant said that he had nothing to say except that he was out of a job now and was drawing no “dole.”

The magistrate made an order for £1 a week for the wife and 10s for the child.

I hope you will reach a more reasonable frame of mind and be more helpful to those for whom you are responsible said the Chairman (Dr E Ebblewhite).

The defendant: I can't see how it is possible for me to pay if I haven't got a job.

Dr Ebblewhite: Get one.”

FRIERN BARNET WINDOW CLEANER

At Highgate Police-court on Wednesday, Richard Frostick, window cleaner, of Holly Park-road, Friern Barnet, applied for a reduction in the £1 a week maintenance order granted in November, 1928, in respect of his wife. Her address was given as Oak-lane, East Finchley.

Frostick told the magistrates he could only pay 5s a week, and that he had made various applications for the order to be reduced. He had been to prison twice for arrears, the last time from August 12 to September 11, and since then he agreed he had made only two payments, the last one at the beginning of this month.

His average earnings were about 35s weekly and in addition he received 5s for scrubbing out a café on Sundays.

He had four rooms at 9s 3d a week, lived alone and looked after himself, doing his own cooking and washing. In reply to his wife he said he still had his window cleaning equipment at Friern Barnet and Stoke Newington. “But, he said “I've lost the business through going ‘inside.’”

Mrs Frosdick declared that he could earn more money than he did, not only at window cleaning but as a baker and other jobs. The management reduced the order to 10s a week, the chairman (Col Abraham) remarking to Frosdick, “You can earn more money than you do, and we think you can pay your wife 10s out of your present money. If you don't pay, however, we shall send you to prison every time you get into arrears.”

FIVE YEARS IN NIGERIA 1966-1971 - PART 3 LEAVING FOR HOME

by John Philpott

The founder of the school was born in Freetown in 1826, the son of Yoruba parents who had been freed from a slave ship intercepted by the Royal Navy. He was called Thomas Babington Macaulay, named after the well-known British poet, historian and politician. The missionaries in Freetown of the Church Missionary Society must have seen his potential, for they sent him to England to study at the CMS college in Islington and at King's College, London. On his return to Freetown as an ordained priest, he was sent by CMS on a mission to Lagos, to the Yoruba people of his parents' origins. In June 1859 he founded the CMS Grammar School, Lagos, two years before a British colony was established there. He died in Lagos of smallpox

in 1872. The school continued on sites on Lagos Island until 1959, when under Canon B A Adelaja (principal 1950-1970) it moved north to a new site on open ground near the village of Bariga. This gave room for expansion. Classrooms were arranged, single-storey, on either side of a central grass area, each room having louvre windows on either side giving through ventilation.



The classroom block

The science block was the tallest building with Chemistry, Physics and Biology labs on successive floors. About half the pupils were boarders, the remainder day boys. The boarding house, with the adjoining senior boarding house master's house, were of two stories. There was a large school hall which served also as a chapel. Another one-storey block contained staffroom, principal's office and bursar's office. The principal's house was just outside the school compound.

Staff quarters were single-storey houses on either side of a road running downhill from the school. Each had two bedrooms, a living room and a kitchen detached a short distance from the house. As with the classrooms, louvre windows allowed through ventilation. Louvres, however, were easily slid from the clips holding them, giving ready access to intruders. Windows were therefore fitted with wrought iron bars of interesting pattern. Each house had a garden area. There were no fences. Garden boundaries were sometimes marked by rows of bushes, often hibiscus bushes with their scarlet flowers. Up near the school were sports fields and a running track would appear each year when the undergrowth covering it had been cleared by boys with machetes. Beyond there was still an untamed area of bush through which I would enjoy walking. This will have been built over by now. Shortly before I left in 1971, a new multi-storey addition to the school was built. I was there for its dedication but did not see it come into use.

In 1979 the Lagos State Government took over control of all the formerly independent schools within the state. Deterioration of school standards followed. Twenty-five years later

the State handed them back, in the case of the Anglican Boys' Grammar School, to the Diocese of Lagos.

The change from "CMS Boys' Grammar School" to "Lagos Anglican Boys' Grammar School" would have emphasised that the school was no longer run from overseas but by the Nigerian church. I have not been able to ascertain when the change of name took place. Many people continued to refer to it as "CMS Grammar School" and it seems now to have reverted to its original name.

Beyond the wall of the school compound on the western side was the village (euphemistically so called) of Bariga. Through it ran a narrow potholed road with, in the wet season, stagnant, polluted water on either side. There was also the hazard of the Kia-Kia (Quickly-Quickly) buses, minibuses which were the only form of public transport running beyond the town of Yaba as far as Bariga. On occasions when I used them the driver would have me sit in the seat next to him, though I would have felt safer in the back cushioned by crowded humanity. Yaba was our nearest town (really a suburb of Lagos). It had a bank, a post office and a market. Expatriate members of staff shared a PO box, the boxes being in the side wall of the post office. Yaba Co-op was a small supermarket. The University of Lagos was located nearby. On the eastern side of the school compound the "back road", a laterite road with smooth but undulating surface, provided an alternative route to Yaba, running past St Finbarr's College, a school run by the Roman Catholic White Fathers. In 1966 there were several expatriate members of staff, particularly in science subjects. Helen and Josh, from south London, both taught Biology. Billy, Irish, taught Chemistry. He was accompanied by his wife and their two small children. Roger was English and Kent and Monique were Canadian.

The school day started with morning assembly at in the school hall, then lessons until lunchtime and after lunch siesta. Wednesday afternoons were for recreational activities. I was involved with a voluntary service group. Some boys would go to a local children's home to play games with the children. I drove others to a blind school (for adults) to read books to the residents. Resident staff took turns in boarding house duties. These involved ensuring the boys were working when they should be and (much more difficult) resting when they should be. Patrolling after bedtime, you would find boys concealed in corners with their books, still working. On Sunday mornings, Canon Adelaja and the boarders would go to the church in Bariga, where the service was in Yoruba. I would go to Yaba, where priest and congregation were Nigerian, but the service was in English. On Sunday evenings Canon Adelaja would conduct a service of Evensong in the school hall.

Stringent measures were taken nationally to ensure the integrity of examinations regarding both security and maintenance of standards. Initially the Cambridge School Examination Board set the papers for Schools Certificate and Higher Schools Certificate {O and A level). This role was taken over by the West African Examinations Council, with external moderation. Papers were kept in the safe of the local bank to be collected on the day of the exam. The envelope containing them then had to be opened in the presence of the candidates. On one occasion, after distributing the papers, I found the first question started "With reference to the map provided". No map was provided, so I was off back to Yaba as fast as the undulations of the road and springs of my car would allow. The bank had no maps, but they were to be found at the West African Exams Council office, fortunately also in Yaba.



Yaba market

The school had a link with an English public school in the west Midlands. At any one time, there would be two boys sent from Bariga to be educated in the English school. The asymmetrical reciprocal arrangement was that pupils of the Midlands school who had just completed their sixth form studies would spend six months in Nigeria to make some practical contribution to the Bariga school.

During my first year at the school, Canon Adelaja asked me to provide accommodation in my house to Mike who was coming under this scheme. It was arranged that during my next home leave I should visit the English school. I went with some trepidation wondering what would be expected of me, knowing how much importance would be attached to a visit of a member of staff in the other direction. On arrival I introduced myself to the school secretary. There was no welcome, just "Take a seat. The head will see you when he's free". The head, when free, said "Mike will show you round." In the course of my tour, I met the two boys from Bariga, who seemed happier than had appeared from their letters, and also the two sixth formers from the Midlands school who would be coming to Bariga next year. (As it turned out, they did not come because of the civil war.)

At the end of 1971 I came to the end of the period of my contract (my second contract, for I had renewed it once) and it seemed to be the right time to return home. By this time Nigerians were graduating from the universities in sufficient numbers to make recruitment from overseas unnecessary; I was the only non-Nigerian remaining on the staff. I missed my family, seen only after long intervals. My sadness at leaving Nigeria was mitigated when the time of departure actually came by relief as the VC10 took off to have left behind the chaos of Ikeja airport.

A WORLD WAR DIARY

by David Berguer

Our member Ros McKenny contacted me and offered us a copy of the diaries of her husband 'Mac' who was 14 when war broke out. Mac kept a comprehensive diary from 1939 to 1943 and it is a fascinating record of what it was like to be a schoolboy in those days. The interesting thing is the huge number of air raids that took place and which he meticulously recorded. Here are some extracts from the first two years of the war:

- 1 Sept 1939 Germany invades Poland
- 2 Sep 1939 Made shutters all day
- 3 Sep 1939 War officially declared
- 4 Sep 1939 Filled sandbags all day at the church hall
- 5 Sep 1939 Filled sandbags a.m.
- 6 Sep 1939 Woken by an air raid warning. Gunfire heard from the coast
- 9 Sep 1939 Made shutters for bedroom
- 24 Sep 1939 Harvest Festival at All Saints'
- 8 Oct 1939 All Saints' 10.30 for 'black out' walk
- 17 Oct 1939 Yellow air raid warning
- 19 Oct 1939 Stuck papers on window pm
- 27 Oct 1939 Made up Daily Express war map
- 29 Oct 1939 School am. Went to Gaumont with mum to see Union Pacific
- 30 Oct 1939 Russia attacks Finland
- 4 Dec 1939 School attendance intermittent each day during first months
- 29 Dec 1939 Cleared path of snow
- 2 Jan 1940 Back to school again. Air raid shelter drill
- 9 Feb 1940 Bought an accumulator 5/-
- 20 Mar 1940 Repaired blackout shutters
- 27 Apr 1940 Bought bicycle £7. 9s 4d and bell 1s 10d
- 26 May 1940 Went to All Saints' church hall for gas mask
- 30 Jul 1940 Went for cycle ride for 14 miles pm
- 6 Aug 1940 Air raid alarm 12.20-1.5. 5.10-6.10pm
- 18 Aug 1940 Two air raid warnings 1.10-2.00, 5.40-6.10
- 23 Aug 1940 Air raid 3.30pm-4.00pm
- 24 Aug 1940 Air raid 8.25-9.5am, 3.40-5.10pm
- 26 Aug 1940 Air raid alarm 12.35-12.55, 3.30pm-4.00pm, 9.30pm-3.40am!
- 27 Aug 1940 On bicycle to see bomb damage. Air raid 9.30pm
- 28 Aug 1940 Air raid 12.30am-1.50pm, 9.00pm-4.00am
- 29 Aug 1940 Air raid 2.45pm-3.00am
- 30 Aug 1940 Air raid 11.45-12.30am, 3.00pm-3.20pm, 4.35pm-5.50pm. Air battle overhead,
- 31 Aug 1940 Air raid 8.25am-8.55am, 10.50-11.20am, 1.00-5.00pm, 5.50pm-7.15pm, 9.45-10.15pm, 11.25pm-11.55pm. Stayed in all day
- 1 Sep 1940 Air raid 12.55pm-3.55am
- 2 Sep 1940 Air raid 11.00am-11.30am, 2.00pm-2.50pm. Stayed in dining room evening
- 3 Sep 1940 Air raid 10.20-11.30am, 2.50pm-4.00pm, 11.35-11.50pm

- 4 Sep 1940 Air raid 9.15-9.30am, 1.25pm-1.50pm. 9.20pm-10.15pm
- 5 Sep 1940 Air raid 10.00am-11.55am, 3.15pm-4.30pm, 9.20pm-4.55am
- 6 Sep 1940 5.20am-5.55am, 8.45am-10.00am, 12.55am-1.30pm, 6.00pm-6.40pm, 8.55pm-11.15pm, 11.35pm-1.05am
- 7 Sep 1940 Air raid 5.00pm-6.50pm, 8.30pm-4.00am Went to the Orange Tree to see fire and big raid on London
- 8 Sep 1940 Air raid 12.30am-1.25pm, 8.00pm-5.40am
- 9 Sep 1940 Air raid 5.10pm-6.35pm, 8.40pm-5.45am
- 10 Sep 1940 Air raid 12.55am-1.30am, 4.00pm-4.20pm, 5.30pm-5.45pm, 5.55pm-6.20pm, 6.15pm-5.45am
- 11 Sep 1940 Air raid 11.50am-12.10pm, 3.20-4.45pm, 5.05pm-5.25pm, 8.35pm-5.25am
Terrific gunfire all night
- 16 Sep 1940 10.00am-10.35am, 12.15pm-12.55pm, 2.10pm-6.00pm, 8.10am-6.00am Bomb in Lewes Road
- 19 Sep 1940 Air raid 8.55am-9.15am Bombs dropped round about during the night raid. Queens Ave, Church Way etc.
- 24 Sep 1940 Air raid 8.35am-9.25am, 11.50am-12.20pm, 8.10pm-5.30pm. Stirrup pump practice in evening
- 29 Sep 1940 Air raid 8.40am-9.00am, 4.45pm-5.05pm 8.00pm-6.10am. Went to service at St James also evensong (Harvest Festival)
- 1 Nov 1940 12.05pm-12.45pm 7.10pm-3.30am Priors store North Finchley completely gutted
- 15 Nov 1940 10.50am-11.5am, 1.20pm-2.15am, 6.10pm-7.00pm Bombs all round, land mines etc. Station master killed by time bomb on railway

The last reference to air raids in Mac's diary was on 23 April 1941. The last Luftwaffe raid on London was on 11 May that year and there was a lull in attacks on the capital until 13 June 1944 when the first V1 (doodlebug) fell on Clapham and this was followed on 8 September by a V2 which killed 3 and wounded 22 in Chiswick. In all, 2340 V1s and 1400 V2z were launched on London.

FIRE AT NORTH FINCHLEY

by John Philpott

John Heathfield's article about fire brigades in the February *Newsletter* reminded me of this recollection of my mother's. From 1916 to the early 1930s my mother, Pat, lived with her parents and sister in a fat in High Road, North Finchley above the shop which many of us remember as Harris, the shoe repairer, but which was previously the Domestic Science Centre providing lessons for girls of Finchley schools. The young teacher who ran the Centre would often call upon Mrs Williams, my grandmother, in the flat above for advice. In the Centre there was a gas-heated dryer, in which damp items were hung above the flame. On one occasion it caught fire and the fire brigade was summoned. Two appliances attended: the Whetstone pump was the first to arrive, drawn by two part-time firemen, one large, the other small, who in their haste had swapped jackets; the regular brigade from Church End followed. They were too late; the teacher in her panic, had also called upstairs to Mrs Williams, who had quickly extinguished the fire by simply closing the dryer door and turning off the gas. Meanwhile, Pat had returned home from Woodhouse for lunch, which, in the circumstances,

was delayed. When she got back to school, news of the fire had preceded her, together with the rumour that she had died in the blaze.

GANGS IN NEW SOUTHGATE

by Doug Smith

I didn't belong to the Boys' Brigade but I do remember seeing them march around the streets playing their band music. I did join the Salvation Army in Garfield Road (I know, but it seemed a good idea at the time). However, despite going through what seemed an inordinately long initiation ceremony, I quickly left when it became apparent that I would have to wear their uniform.

We did have our street gang in South Road. It was led by Ron Hembrow and I was sort of number 2, at least for a while and in that capacity I had to fight Bobby Lewsley. Norman Nosworthy (Nossie,) Dickie Hembrow and Ken Sparks were in our gang and we also acquired guest members in Ron and Teddy Howard who live in Woodland Road, Billy Nodding (who lived in Station Road between South and Alexandra Roads and who we used to bully unmercifully – not physically, but scaring him with awful tales etc. There was also Tommy Cooper (no not that one) who lived in Station Road and who later, with his wife Mary and family, became our very best friends, sharing many events and holidays together. He became an electrician and his call to fame is that when he worked for Eastern Electricity he had David White (later David Jason) as his apprentice. David was very friendly with Mary's brother, Bob Bevil, and that is how Tom came to meet Mary. David was at both Mary's 21st and their wedding. Tom and Mary lived for years in Dale Green Road but later moved to Essex.

Our gang fights were mainly timid affairs compared with today, but we certainly had a period when we resorted to flinging stones at each other – mainly the Garfield Road gang led, I think, by either Jimmy Stainton or Bob Lewsley. There was one occasion when a huge fight took place one summer evening on the waste land that used to adjoin the main railway line where it crossed the arterial road. For some reason, obscure to me now, the area was known as 'the hills' – probably due to the fact that the terrain was somewhat uneven. Glad to say, I was not involved because, being a grammar school boy, I was at home doing homework. It must have been a really nasty fight because the police were involved and one of the participants, having been caught, gave his name as mine with my address. You can imagine my surprise when a policeman knocked at our door to take issue with my parents. Fortunately, my sister Pat was made of sterner stuff and sent the rather bemused bobby on his way. I don't think one of the Hembrows could have been a member of the gang mentioned - I don't remember the gentleman referred to, or his gang, but it is a fair assumption they would have been in the fracas mentioned above.

That same area, the hills, was a place we would play and, as it was adjacent to the railway, we would play what today people called 'chicken' – i.e. running across the tracks just as a train was coming. I am horrified at thought of that as I write this down!

I remember the Tates in Springfield Road, mainly Micky Tate. Whilst he was someone you didn't upset or get the wrong side of, I did find him to be reasonably friendly and approachable. Like Mr Hembrow senior, they were coalmen. Most of the streets in the area had their gangs.

Alexandra Road was led by a boy named Donald Cripps who must have been a scholar at Garfield. I wonder if anyone remembers him? There was a boy named Alan Muhley who lived in Limes Avenue In the late 1940s he used to knock around with me and Hembrow.



A typical coal lorry. It was always advisable to have someone counting the bags as they were unloaded and tipped into your cellar!

The three of us took a week's holiday at a holiday camp in Norfolk called Seacroft. I hope I haven't stretched your attention level but it has been some fun and a little challenging to cast my mind back all those years.

SERIOUS HEALTH WARNING

The December 1943 issue of *Friern Barnet Parish Paper* carried the following surprising article by the Rector, the Rev H E McLeod:

“Venereal Disease

Part of a statement issued by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York.

Since the outbreak of war there has been a large increase in venereal disease both among the civilian population and those serving in the Forces. This brings ruin and unhappiness to thousands of homes, and has become a grave danger to the health of the nation. The population is moral as well as medical. The chief cause of the spread of the disease is fornication – or as it is sometimes now called, promiscuity. On this the teaching of Christianity has always been clear and uncompromising. It fully recognises that the right use of sex contributes to the happiness as well as to the life of human beings, but it demands that it should be treated with reverence and respect as the means God has ordained for the creation of His children. It therefore condemns fornication as a sin, for it misuses for momentary pleasure what was intended both as an expression of abiding love and for the creation of new life. It thus degrades personality. We therefore call upon all who claim to be followers to be followers of

Christ to take their stand against this sin. In loyalty to their Master they must bear their witness against practices, amusements and conversation that assumes fornication is natural and is of slight significance, and must be loyal to the Christian standard, namely, all sexual intercourse except between man and wife is sin. But while we condemn the sin, we understand how great are the temptations to which many are now subject, and therefore we would remind them that God will give help to those who pray to Him; and to those who have yielded to temptation. He offers pardon if they are truly penitent.

We make our appeal also to men and women of goodwill who do not call themselves Christians to help in withstanding the present drift in the direction of moral laxity. Promiscuity threatens to destroy home life. It leads to great physical and mental agony. It may inflict on the innocent and on unborn children long years of terrible suffering. No mere physical precautions can give any guarantee of safety. Moral self-control is essential if the spread of this evil is to be checked. What can we do to help? Each one of us can use the Power of Prayer that God has given to us. We can remember before God every evening – 6pm would be a good time – all those who are near and dear to us praying that they may be delivered from the Evil of Impurity and may have grace and strength to beat down Satan under their feet. We must pray with faith, believing that we can bring great spiritual aid to those for whom we pray by lifting them up and their needs by our prayers into God's Presence. That is the greatest service we can render them."

NEW ONLINE HISTORY MAGAZINE

A new online, free and monthly magazine reports the news from 200 years ago as if it was happening now, and in today's language. **200 Magazine** makes use of contemporary newspapers, magazines, diaries and images from the 1820s. The front section contains news coverage from then, and the back pages link them to now, highlighting related visitor attractions, websites, books, magazines, organisations, and TV/film/radio output. News stories in the first three editions have included the deaths of the poet Shelley and Foreign Secretary, Lord Castlereagh, a famine in Ireland, and the crushing of a big slave revolt in the USA. From London, there has been coverage of the perilous future of Wanstead Hall (all editions), a cricket row at Lord's and the launch of London's first-ever music school (both July), the Royal Academy summer exhibition (June), and the scandal over a bishop discovered in the back room of a London pub with a soldier (August). This is a link to the August edition, and archived editions can be found at the magazine's website - www.200livinghistory.info/ - you can sign up to receive an alert when future editions are published.

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