

Friern Barnet *Newsletter*

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LORDS OF THE MANOR

by John Philpott

The parish of Friern Barnet contained two manors: Friern Barnet Manor, whose manor house was the predecessor of the house in Friary Park, and Halliwick Manor, with a manor house by the crossroads at Colney Hatch, situated on the corner between Colney Hatch Lane and Woodhouse Road. After the Norman Conquest, Friern Barnet Manor was held by the Bishop of London as part of the manor of Fulham. In the 12th century it was given by the bishop to the priory of the Knights Hospitallers at Clerkenwell. At the suppression of the order in 1540 it was given by Henry VIII to the Dean and Chapter of St Paul's. In the 19th century churchwardens' accounts, there are still annual payments of 4s 2d "common fine" to the agent of the Dean and Chapter, presumably in their role as lords of the manor.

Halliwick Manor was first mentioned in 1280. A number of its owners, from the 18th century onwards, have memorials in St James's Church or are buried in the churchyard. On the south wall of the nave, near to the font, is the memorial to



Halliwick Manor in 1887

(photograph courtesy of Barnet Local Studies and Archives)

John Cleeve, his wife Ann and two of his children. John Cleeve, soap maker of the City of London, bought Halliwick Manor in 1694. On his death in 1725 it passed to his son, also John, whose memorial is on the south wall of the aisle. Perhaps this John was unmarried – his sister Sarah shares his memorial but there is no mention of a wife – for on his death in 1748 the manor was inherited by a nephew, Henry Neale, who lost it when he became bankrupt twenty-four years later.

In 1772, Henry's eighteen year old daughter Rose was married in St James's Church to Richard Down from Tiverton in Devon, banker in the City of London. Richard bought back Halliwick Manor and so returned it to the family. There are three Down memorials in the church. Richard's memorial is at the east end of the aisle, inside the choir vestry. At the other end of the aisle is a memorial to six of their children, two of whom died at 17 years, one aged 11 and three in their infancy. Rose, who died in 1832 in her 78th year, surviving her husband by eighteen years, is also commemorated on this memorial. There were eleven other children; there is a memorial to their second daughter, Sarah, who married Thomas Sheppard of Sussex in St James's Church in 1800, on the east wall of the aisle, above her father's memorial Richard and Rose's second son, Edward, inherited the estate and the partnership in the bank, but a banking crash in 1825 led to the sale of Halliwick.

In the 1840s, Halliwick Manor was owned by George Smith, who was a churchwarden of Friern Barnet when the Rev Abel Landon was rector. In 1847 the estate was inherited by his son Henry, but a younger son, George Knights Smith, who also had extensive landholdings in the neighbourhood, appear to have the greater impact on the parish. With Rector Robert Morris and John Miles, he was one of the most generous contributors to the cost of rebuilding St James's Church in 1853 and the building of St James's School, with a donation of £250 (the total cost of church and school was a little under £4000). He gave the land and was a leading subscriber when Robert Morris had built the school/church to serve the growing population at the eastern end of the parish – the forerunner of St Paul's School, New Southgate. The vestry minutes of 1870 express thanks for his "kind and generous gift" of ground rents from one of his properties to the trustees of the almshouses. Shortly before his death in 1886, George Knights Smith gave the land and money for the building of St John's Church in Friern Barnet Road, but did not live to see the foundation stone laid by his son Charles in 1890. George, Henry and George Knights Smith are buried, with sixteen other family members in the large railed grave to the right of the path to St James's Church from the churchyard gate at the junction of Friern Barnet Lane and Friary Road.

Cleeves, Downs and Smiths would not recognise the Colney Hatch crossroads today. Their house was demolished in the 1930s. On the site are the shops and flats of Halliwick Court, and on its gardens the Lyndhurst Avenue estate. The *Orange Tree* still stands on the opposite corner, but rebuilt; and all else has changes. Yet if Cleeves and Downs were to walk north along Friern Barnet Lane they would find their family memorials still there in the parish church, although a larger church than the tiny building they knew, and if George Knights Smith walked along Friern Barnet Road he would find, long completed and still flourishing, the church he had helped to establish.

MY STORY – PART 4

by Ray Lewis

Murray and I both went to St Margaret's Presbyterian Church in Redbourne Avenue, Finchley Central and we joined the 14th Finchley Scouts that had been set up in the adjoining hall. I remember when we went on a trip to Denmark and we were stuck in the middle of the countryside, cooking beside a lake with a million jelly fish floating nearby. In the distance we saw this man cycling down a pathway, shouting at the top of his voice in Danish and waving a stick. He suddenly shot over his handlebars and all we could see was this stick, still waving in the long grass. It turned out that he was a nearby farmer and was castigating us for lighting a fire in the area. We assured him that we had taken all the precautions and when he realised we were English he told us that his wife was English and he invited us back to his farm to meet "the wife". It turned out that she was from Finchley and, guess what, she had lived in Redbourne Avenue. We had a smashing night sleeping in the barn; new mown hay, Danish pastries and a Danish breakfast. Great! We later got our comeuppance when we borrowed some of the Danish boys' bikes which had back-peddling brakes. Some of us naughtily went down to a pub and drank some Tuborg Export lager which none of us had been used to. Coming home in the pitch black, after two or three bottles, someone mentioned about turning left and we turned into a ditch, damaging some of the bikes' front wheels. At the time it was funny, like you are when you have had a few. Sadly, I can't remember how it was sorted out afterwards.

Murray and I were both lucky enough to pass our 11 plus exams and we went to Woodhouse Grammar School. I followed Murray one year later. Mum had worked for this couple in Christchurch Avenue early on and the husband was a master at Haberdashers Askes School, Cricklewood. He suggested that I sat an entrance exam to see whether I could get in; apparently, I would be able to get some sort of grant. Little did I realise how humiliated I would feel when it was obvious that most of the youngsters there were from private schools. I had to sit a French exam with about three weeks of French under my belt that I had just started at Woodhouse. The odd *le* and *la* looked ridiculous on the page! Still, I was very happy at my school in North Finchley and, although not a major success academically, I still did my A levels and joined the Eastern Electricity Board as a Student Engineer in 1959. Not my first choice – I would have liked to have done something in the film or TV world. I had also been offered a missile design traineeship at de Havilland, something that dad was quite keen for me to go into. I turned it down, thinking it was a fair way to travel to Hatfield every day. It turned out to be the right decision as many of the Trainee Engineers on the Blue Streak project lost their jobs. The whole organisation became British Aerospace several years later.

We were both athletic and I followed Murray as year group Athletics champion through junior, middle and senior age groups. We both became Athletics Captains of our house, Scott. We also ran outside of school as well as representing North Middlesex Schools at White City and Hillingdon stadiums. Murray had left school at sixteen and gone into banking where he met Jenny at the Hampstead Garden Suburb branch of Barclay's. Later he went on to become manager at Barclay's Hampstead and Highgate branches.

My best friend at school was Steve Sumpter until Gordon Smith joined us in the sixth form. His father was a diplomat in the Foreign Office and the family had just

come back from a number of years working in Canberra, Australia. Occasionally we managed to get into trouble with Mr King, Head of School. I landed up getting caned twice for absolutely trivial misdemeanours. Today these would be seen as nothing to comment on. Goodness knows how many times Steve got the cane. In those days, even our shoes were inspected as we went out of assembly and not coming up to standard was seen as a detention prospect. All three of us were quite musical; Gordon could play piano and guitar whilst Steve and I used to sing, harmonising in the boy's showers. The echo effect made us sound very professional and, even though I say it myself, we did sound good. I sang tenor solos for the school on several occasions for *The Messiah* and *Easter Passion* with Charles Procter as our music teacher. It was always a sold out success at Christ Church. On one occasion he introduced a new piece of music in *The Messiah* that we hadn't previously sung *Thou Shall Break Them*, which is quite an up tempo number, I thought! During rehearsals I took a stance in front of the pews and started to tap my toe at a slight angle and gave the music a bit of gusto in time to the rhythm of the music. Mr Procter tapped his baton, looked me straight in the eye and said: "You're not Elvis Presley, Lewis" and gave me a wry smile. At least it gave the rest of the school a good laugh. The day on which we performed was fine and obviously a lot more in keeping with the atmosphere of the moment. In years one and two I was in the alpha class – talk about distinguishing the elite from the rest. The A stream and the alpha stream, not even called B. I was fortunate to come top in year two on three occasions and got promoted to the A group. Initially it was quite a struggle. One of my friends in those early years was John Cordell. His dad was gatekeeper at Colney Hatch Hospital and I frequently went to play cricket and golf on the fields. In those days patients walked around the grounds with gentian violet painted on parts of their heads, where they had hurt themselves. We often stopped and spoke to them and didn't think anything of it.

At school the boys stood in lines to the left of the hall and the girls sat on the left hand side. I believe there were roughly 350 segregated students in total. Between the two sexes was a gap where we would go down when we used to parade into the hall or back to our classrooms after assembly. This also applied to the playground. Occasionally, the whole school had to stay in detention when someone had made a minor/major misdemeanour and hadn't owned up to it. Classically, Mr King was quite the disciplinarian and used to tell us, in assembly, that he never forgot things. Alistair Bennett, who was in Murray's year said quite loudly "No, elephants never do!" At least half of the upper school burst out laughing and I think practically everyone had heard it, except Mr King. I think that was one of the times when we all got it in the neck. On another occasion, a certain group of us had been told off in no uncertain terms. One of the guys was so incensed by the accusations that over the weekend he hung a sign and a dummy by a noose from the flagpole in the front of the school. The sign read *HMS Prison*. As you can imagine, Mr King was not amused. It was all over the local papers. The culprit went on to become a Secondary School teacher. Great times were had by all!

To be continued.....

MEMORIES OF NEW SOUTHGATE

by Doug Smith

My sister-in-law's mother, Mrs Green, lived at number 14 Garfield Road and was a piano teacher. When the V1 "doodlebug" landed near the church in Woodland

Road their house suffered some damage, including her piano. She went to the piano factory and the owner visited her and took the piano with him and promised to “do what he could”. Fearful of the likely cost, she asked him how much she would owe, to which he replied “My late countrymen did that to your piano, so take the repair as a token of repayment”.

During the latter part of the war when most of the other children in the street had been evacuated to avoid the V1s and V2s, Ron Hembrow and I were the only two of our gang left and were pretty much inseparable for a few months. We were always up to mischief, him the daredevil and me tagging on for the ride. We often played about in the pillbox which was built early in the war at the bottom of the line path where it met the North Circular Road. On one occasion I remember we went scrumping for apples and focussed on the back garden of a house in Cross Road (between Springfield and Limes). He climbed over the fence whilst I kept watch (ever the coward me). The next thing I heard was a very loud crash caused by Ron falling out of the apple tree and partially through the roof of the owner’s garden shed. We were off double quick and never went near the place. I had lost touch with Ron and only learned that he had died a few years ago when I came upon his memorial stone in New Southgate Cemetery.

One of Ron’s brothers, Richard (Dickie) Hembrow, was a good footballer who played for Palmers Green Athletic and I remember on one occasion with him when we went shooting at birds in the fields that adjoined the main road up from Arnos Grove Station; all built up now, of course, but in those days they were a favourite haunt of ours. We had made up some bows and arrows which were canes tipped with the brass points of some darts that Dickie had ‘acquired’. Absolutely shocking, when I stop to think about it!

Tony Hembrow was much younger and I didn’t have much contact with him, but I do know that he was friendly with another younger resident of South Road – Bobby Edwards. Norman Nosworthy also lived in South Road, next door to the Hembrows; he was an only child and a great friend of mine. We would go out regularly to collect engine numbers and when we left school we both joined the London & North Eastern Railway (LNER), just before the four railway companies were formed into British Railways. He became a van boy at King’s Cross goods yard (where my father and brother worked) and later he took to driving. I believe he eventually became a private chauffeur. I would travel to work to the City (Moorgate) from New Southgate Station – I was employed in Bishopsgate goods yard. I clearly remember that Nossie and I would often sneak through the gates in Station Road (opposite South Road) down onto the tracks to take a short cut to the platform (especially if we were late). As railwaymen, we had free passes for travel to work and had got to know the men in the nearby signal box, so we were rarely ticked off. These same gates in Station Road were often left open and I recall that during the war ‘special’ trains were brought into the quay there. It was normally used for goods traffic, but I remember that evacuees were gathered on the quay to await the train to who knows where. Also it was used to bring in wounded servicemen who were then bussed to Friern Hospital for recuperation. I clearly remember seeing them walking around New Southgate in their bright blue uniforms, white shirts and red ties.

The suburban trains out of New Southgate were formed out of two sets of four-car articulated rolling stock (carriages) and were hauled by wonderful little class



French Troops returning from Dunkirk at New Southgate Station

N2 0-6-2 tank engines. One such engine still exists, having been rebuilt for the preserved Great Central Railway in Leicestershire and one set of 4 articulated coaches have been preserved at the North Norfolk Railway at Sheringham.

I do remember quite clearly the three bombing raids on New Southgate. Although I was only eight or nine years old and living in Trinity Road, Bounds Green at the time in 1940 or 41, during the blitz. A parachute or 'land mine' fell on the houses at the corner of Limes Avenue and Cross Road. It was an almighty bang and I spent that particular air raid under the dining room table with my sister Joan who was of an extremely nervous disposition. The V1 flying bomb which fell on Woodland Road was another memorable occasion. I was sleeping downstairs with my sister and her baby boy (my nephew) in our Morrison shelter -virtually a cage with a steel top which serves as a table during the day. Again a huge blast and a vivid blue flash sticks in my mind. We didn't suffer too badly although the chimney which ran from our kitchen grate into the chimney breast was shattered, spreading soot and dust everywhere. My Southgate County School uniform was covered and had to be washed and cleaned which meant that I missed school for a day or two. Then there was a V2, which I seem to remember fell on a Saturday morning and I recall looking out at the column of smoke lifting into the sky. Shrapnel collection was one of our favourite pastimes and I used to have a shoe box full of it.

THE WHETSTONE POORHOUSE

by John Heathfield

There is some confusion over the site of Whetstone's poorhouse, as the dividing line between Friern Barnet and Finchley runs roughly along Whetstone High Road. Both parishes used a mixture of outdoor and indoor relief. Indoor relief was when paupers were housed in a poorhouse, while outdoor relief involved paying sums of money to paupers, some of whom stayed in other people's houses – the exact equivalent of today's bed and breakfast.

Most of Friern Barnet's paupers were on outdoor relief. Finchley had a poorhouse in East End Road near the Five Bells pub and there were also a number of short-lived poorhouses in Whetstone paid for by Finchley. One was tithe plot number 326, a building about 50 metres down Totteridge Lane on the south side and which is now covered by Ridgemont House. The building had a variety of uses. In 1830 it was a "*timber building formerly the Poor house and now a chapel or meeting house.*" At that time it was likely that there was some kind of input from the Baxendale family. I believe without any evidence that the poorhouse there may have been started by Rev Neate who was curate of Finchley and owned the Woodside Estate in the 1780s. The building was used as a non-conformist chapel until a new building was opened in Oakleigh Road in 1843. A rented house about where Waitrose now stands was used later. In 1841 the inhabitants included Margaret Williams, aged about 80 a pauper; Harriet Miller, aged about 60 and William Smith, aged 14 pauper and idiot.

Examples of Friern Barnet pensioners in 1787 included:

William Footman senior	4s 6d per week
Widow Fotherby	2s 0d
Widow Ellis	2s 0d
Potter's two children	2s 0d each
Martha Eillis	2s 0d
Mrs Heady for Parker's children	6s 0d

The total payments for the year came to nearly £90. The accounts for the year 1744 included details of the help given to one family:

Pair of breeches for William Turner	6d
Mending Sarah Turner's shoes	6d
Thread and yarn for Turner's girls' clothes	3d
Treacle, brimstone, copper and hogstar for Sarah Turner	1s 0d
To bind Ann Turner apprentice	£5. 0s.0d

The Finchley accounts are similar and it is impossible to separate out the Whetstone residents. The Finchley accounts included:

One months butcher's bill for the poorhouse	8s 2d
Plat's bill for milk	6s 7d
Ann Pinnet for nursing 4 weeks	£1. 1s 0d
Widow Mawl allowed a pair of shoes for the child that wants most	
Widow Ballon allowed a pair of shoes for each of her children	
Morow's girl allowed a pair of stockings, a petty coat and a shift	

The *Barnet Press* for 20 August 1878 has another example of outdoor relief: “Mrs Mary O’Brien, who has lived in Whetstone High Road for over 40 years, has reached her 105th birthday. Her husband was an employee of Messrs Bracey and was killed in the construction of the GNR. She has a pension from them of 8s per week and has 3s 6d per week from the parish.”

THOSE BAD OLD DAYS

by Sylvia Stilts

A hundred years ago a housewife’s lot was very hard and so different from today. During my childhood I heard many tales and anecdotes from my mother and her mother and a picture formed in my mind which remains with me.

My maternal grandmother lived in Friern Barnet, in a terrace house with a small front garden and at the back, a larger one with a patio, referred to as “the strip” and two large cupboards housing the coal shed and a cobwebby loo respectively.

My grandparents married in 1897 on Christmas Day. This was a popular date for weddings at the time because it was a guaranteed day off for the happy couple, their witnesses and the relations invited to attend. Big receptions and photograph albums were the exception in those days.

Housework must have been very time-consuming and hard on the hands. Imagine washing up in water swished frothy with the soap saver (a small wire mesh box containing bits of soap and with a long handle), a piece of soda and no rubber gloves. The flagstone floor in the scullery was scrubbed with carbolic soap and the range was black leaded. A fire was lit under the copper on washing day, which was always a Monday, and signified that dinner would be cold meat and bubble and squeak which would require the minimum of preparation on such a busy day for the housewife. Clothes were rubbed on the wash board – an item which was later adopted by skiffle groups. Flat irons were heated on the range and the wooden table was scrubbed with fine sand. Mousetraps were essential and Grandma also owned a long line of black cats, all named “Nigger”. Racism and politically correctness were unknown in those days.

There was little in the way of kitchen equipment just a mangle, a meat safe on the wall by the kitchen door to the garden to catch the draught, and muslin circles with a bead edging to drape over food. Jugs of milk and pots of dripping stood in the larder in earthenware bowls of water, the ends of their muslin covers dipping in the water. A sticky flypaper dangled from the ceiling in summer and a wire flyswatter hung from a nail on the wall.

The living room fire had a hob on which a kettle simmered and was removed when a saucepan of stew or vegetables took its place. At teatime the toasting fork came into use. Lighting was by oil lamps, though after a few years gas lighting was introduced but candles still lit the way to bed.

Grandma had a live-in maid who helped with everything. Wages for servants were so low that many people could afford to employ one. I am sure that grandma looked forward to reading her weekly copy of *People’s Friend* which had first appeared in 1869, so her mother had probably subscribed to it too. There were few illustrations, but many lovely stories and it cost one penny.

In March 1899 my mother was born, and her brother a year later, so they were the last Victorian babies in the family. When Queen Victoria died, the first my grandmother knew of it was when her maid appeared, dressed in deep mourning. "I'm so sorry" said grandma "has there been a death in the family?" "No, ma'am. I'm in mourning for our dear Queen." Even grandma thought that went a little too far, though she did not object when the maid insisted on wearing a black apron instead of the usual white. In those days when there was a family death it was common practice for women to wear black aprons.

Sundays must have been boring for the whole family. The adults went to church and the children to Sunday school. Toys had been put away the previous night and no sewing was permitted, or books read, other than the Bible. Visiting and staying for tea was allowed however, and grandpa carried the baby's clean nappy under his top hat. I wish I had asked how the soiled one was carried home! Apparently, when grandma was pregnant she never went out in daylight, but took a sedate walk for exercise at night when she would not be seen. Accompanied by grandpa, of course. I suspect that her mother's life was very much the same, though I do remember being told that after she gave birth to her second child, her husband gently suggested that it was unbecoming for a married lady with two children to wear her fair curls loose. So she put them up, under a lace cap, which was the fashion. What a shame!

WARTIME REGULATIONS

The following is an extract from the minutes of Friern Barnet Council dated 14 November 1940:

"Shelter Policy and Public Health

A comprehensive report by the ARP Medical Officer was submitted to the Emergency Committee in connection with this matter and arising out of such report the Emergency Committee recommend as follows:

i) That notices be displayed in all public shelters in the District to the following effect:

You must expect this Shelter to be damp and cold during the winter months – every new building is.

If you have a bad cold, influenza, a sore throat or other illness it is more dangerous to your health and life to stay at night in a public shelter than to stay at home.

If you have a bad cold, influenza, sore throat there is more definite danger of it turning to pneumonia or bronchitis if you spend the night in damp clothes, in a cold and damp shelter.

If you have influenza or any other infectious illness you may be responsible for the death of more people than would be caused by enemy action, if you spend the night in a crowded shelter and infect other persons.

If you observe that any person preparing to spend the night in the shelter appears to be ill, report the fact to the Shelter Marshall.

ii) That representations be made to the Minister of Home Security in connection with the Bye-laws it is understood are under consideration for regulating the use of shelters and trenches, with a view to the following points being incorporated:

Powers to the Shelter Marshall to send home cases of minor illness.

Authority for the Shelter Marshall to summon a Doctor in any case where a person refuses to go home and authority for the Doctor to order the case home or to Hospital as the case may be.

To authorise the use of ARP ambulances on call, by the Shelter Marshall for the removal of a patient requiring Hospital treatment.

Powers to the Police to assist in requiring the removal of any person refusing to go home on the Doctor's advice that the illness is likely to prove dangerous to other persons using the shelter.

iii) Medical Attention. The Emergency Committee feel that it is unnecessary to have a Medical Practitioner stationed at any of the shelters but that arrangements should be made for the Shelter Marshall to call on specified Practitioners to report on cases of illness and make arrangements for removal and treatment as may be necessary, the Council to undertake to pay an agreed fee for each such visit to the shelter. The Medical Officer was directed to make enquiries as to forming a panel and make recommendations as to the appropriate fee for such a service.

iv) Sick Bays. The Emergency Committee do not feel that definite sick bays should be provided in the shelters, as this might encourage sick people to feel there was a special reservation for them. They do, however, feel that there should be an appropriate space reserved in the larger shelters to enable urgent cases of illness to be segregated prior to removal for treatment."

It is interesting to speculate whether anyone who was sent home from a shelter because of illness was subsequently killed during an air raid on their home. Does anyone remember seeing these notices in shelters?

SHOPS SURVEY

by David Berguer

Here are the results of our annual survey of the local shops which was conducted last year: Figures for 2009 are shown as a comparison:

	2009	2010
Restaurants/ Take Aways	106	107
Food shops	30	33
Estate Agents	24	25
Ladies Hairdressers	24	25
Furnishing/Carpets	17	14
Electrical	16	15
Ladies Wear	16	15
Pubs	15	15
CTNs *	15	16
Beauty Salons	15	17
Dry Cleaners/Laundrettes	14	13
DIY/Hardware	13	14

Bookmakers	12	11
Chemists	11	11
Garages/Car Accessories	10	8
Opticians	11	10
Banking/Insurance	8	8
Charity Shops	7	8
Gents Hairdressers	7	8
Mens Wear	7	7
Footwear	6	6
Health Foods	5	5
Jewellers	5	5
Building Societies	5	5
Children's Wear/Toys	5	5
Wines	5	5
Chain Stores/Discount Stores	5	5
Mobile Phones	4	4
Photography	4	4
Florists	3	3
Post Offices	3	4
Books	3	2
Travel Agents	2	2
Antiques	2	1
Others	60	68
Shops Vacant	45	43
	545	547

"= Confectioners, Tobacconists, Newsagents

The breakdown by area is as follows:

	2009	2010
Ballards Lane	33	33
Colney Hatch Lane	41	41
Cromwell Road	2	2
Friern Barnet Road	62	66
Friern Bridge Retail Park	11	11
Nether Street	3	2
North Finchley	152	151
Oakleigh Road North	43	43
Oakleigh Road South	9	10
Russell Lane	19	19
Sydney Road	2	2
Whetstone	103	102
Wilton Road	1	1
Woodhouse Road	64	65
	545	547

The most recent development in the area is the acquisition of the former *Rising Sun* pub in Oakleigh Road North by Tesco who are converting it into a Tesco Express store. There has been some local opposition to this on the grounds of the likely increase in traffic flows in an already busy area and, more importantly, the loss of revenue to small local traders. Because planning permission was not required for this transformation, local people have not had the opportunity to

voice an opinion to Barnet Council who are themselves powerless to oppose the development.

At the time of writing the former *Triumph* pub in Summers Lane lies empty although there is a planning application for conversion of the ground floor to a shop with two bedists on the first floor.

NORTH MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL CENTENARY

The new, rebuilt, North Middlesex Hospital opened in June 2010 and on 14 December 2010 a Centenary Carol Service was held to celebrate 100 years of the hospital providing care to the people of Enfield and Haringey. The service was held at All Saints Church in Church Street, Edmonton, which has existed since the 12th century.

Nursing staff served refreshments to over 100 people who had each been given a candle which was lit as the lights were dimmed and the service began. Carols were sung and prayers offered and at the end the reverend Stuart Owen was heard to say: "I don't have this many on a Sunday, let alone a Tuesday evening!"

Footnote: Doubtless many of you will have been to the North Mid over the years, either as a patient or a visitor, but did you know that the hospital was the setting for the ATV series *Emergency Ward 10* which ran twice weekly for ten years until 1967? Many of the location shots were filmed in the admin block and the Matron's Scottie dog even appeared in several episodes. Amongst the many stars of the show over the years were John Alderton, Desmond Carrington, Albert Finney, Ian Hendry, Joanna Lumley, Dandy Nicholls and Bill Owen. The part of nurse Carole Young was played by Jill Browne who was popular amongst many members of the male population at the time!

PROGRAMME FOR 2011

We have had to make changes to our May and June lectures so we have issued a revised Programme. Please destroy the lemon yellow one you already have and replace it with the newer, brighter, orange version!

SUBSCRIPTION RENEWALS

A reminder that your subscription expires on 31 March 2011. If you wish to renew for another year (April 2011 - March 2012), and we sincerely that hope you do, please complete the Membership Form with this Newsletter. The subscription rates remain at £7 for a single person and £12 for a couple.

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