

Friern Barnet *Newsletter*

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GOODBYE TO THE TOC H HUT

by David Berguer

During last July one of Whetstone's most notable buildings was demolished. The Toc H hut, slightly larger than a garden shed, was built next door to the Police Station by Barnet Water Company in 1890 and was used as a hose station, containing a hose cart, hydrant stand pipe, leather hoses, 3 canvas buckets, 2 hydrant keys, 2 copper lamps and a crow bar, spade and a pickaxe,. The Whetstone Fire Brigade then consisted of four part time firemen; messrs. J Howard, Marshal and E Tubb were led by the superintendent, Mr W Pemberton. In the period 1900-1906 they dealt with an average of 19 fires a year.

In 1902 alterations costing £29 15s 0d were made to the hut and by 1903 it housed a 40 foot hand curricle escape ladder and a Tozer pump. In 1904 the Whetstone firemen won first prize for smart turnout in a competition at Alexandra Palace. The Whetstone station was closed by 1933 when Finchley had begun planning their new station on the North Circular Road. Friern Barnet had opened a station next to the Town Hall in 1927. The hut remained in disuse until after the end of the War when it was used by Toc H.



The Toc H hut looks incongruous sandwiched between the neighbouring office buildings, Edelman House (number 1238, High Road) on the left and number 1230 (on the right) in this view from October 2006. The former public toilets are hidden behind the trees

(John Donovan)

THE STORY OF TOC H

by John Heathfield

The origins of Toc H go back to the First World War. During the first battle of Ypres in July 1915, the Germans had a temporary success with a new weapon, the *Flammenwerfer*, or flame-thrower. The Rifle Brigade and the 60th Rifles took the brunt of the casualties but they eventually recovered the lost ground. Amongst those killed was Lieut Geoffrey Talbot. A rest centre was opened in Poperinghe, some six and a half miles behind enemy lines and it was called Talbot House in his memory. It soon became name as Toc H, 'Toc' being the telephonists' phonetic spelling for the letter "T". The first warden was the Reverend Phillip Clayton, always known as "Tubby". At the top of the building was a room used as a chapel. Here a lamp was lit when services were to be held and the lamp was adopted as the symbol for Toc H. It was every man's club and the notice of the door read *Abandon Rank All Ye Who Enter Here*. It is reckoned that at least half a million soldiers used the club each year during the battles. The building is still there today and offers hospitality and sometimes accommodation to visitors.

The feelings of comradeship formed during the War were too valuable to be lost and in 1919 the Toc H movement spread all over the world. The hut in Whetstone was taken over in 1945 and meetings for ex-servicemen were held regularly. Membership gradually declined and the building went out of use. The Toc H movement no longer involves itself exclusively with service personnel; it currently concentrates on equipping people, particularly children, with key skills to become more involved in their school, family, neighbourhood and community.

FROM THE ARCHIVES

Friern Barnet UDC Minutes 26 Nov 1901

In accordance with the Notice of Motion Mr Councillor Shipley BA moved and Mr Elliott seconded and it was carried nem con:-

That application be made to His Majesty's Post Master General for a Telegraphic Office to be provided for the use of the residents in Friern Barnet District on the West side of the Great Northern Railway Bridge on the Friern Barnet Road and that the Parish of Friern Barnet be made a Postal District under the name Friern Barnet.

(The Chairman and Councillor Maxfield did not vote)

FRIERN BARNET PARISH MAGAZINE

by John Philpott

In January 1883, before there was a St John's Church in Friern Barnet Road, the first number of Friern Barnet Parish Magazine was published. It had four pages and was printed on green paper. The last page carried advertisements for local tradespeople, leaving the other pages to be filled by the then editor, Hugh Stott of 1 Carlton Villas. There was an extra-parochial publication *The Banner of Faith* as an insert. The Parish magazine was sold for 1d or half-a-crown for a year's subscription, including delivery.

The parish accounts show 45 subscriptions and a further £3 5s 10d from sales over the first year, giving an average circulation of around 89 magazines. Advertising raised £3 14s 6d but total costs were £14 12s 5d, exceeding income

by £1 19s 7d. The first issue includes the church calendar, parish news, information about the schools and amounts of donations and collections; with the same pattern followed in the subsequent months of 1883. Copies of *The Banner of Faith* were not preserved but its contents are listed in the Friern Barnet pages: A Pow-wow with the North American Indians", A Sailor's Death-bed", "Our mother Church", "Work for God at Home and Abroad", give the flavour.

For the parish schools, names of the staff and number of pupils are given. The Friern Lane Schools (next door to the Almshouses) include the Boys' School with three masters and 127 children, and the Girls' School with one mistress, a pupil teacher and 63 children. The Infants' School (further up the Lane) had one mistress with 49 children. Cromwell Road Mixed School (in the southern end of Friern Barnet, the part today across the North Circular Road and forming St Peter-le-Poer's Parish) had two mistresses, one pupil teacher and 150 children. In August there is a report of the annual school treat. Four hundred children meet in the Parish Church for a shortened evensong, with sermon from the Revd Henry Miles (Vicar of All Saints), "*which spoke for itself riveting the attention of the youthful congregation*". They then proceed with banners to a field nearby made available by John Miles "*of the Manor House*". There are races and singing, with tea served over the Lane in the school. Mr Ward has given prizes, tankard for the best boy, workbox for the best girl, selected by the teachers, and also a lucky dip with toys for all the younger children. George Knights Smith provided a "*roomy wagon*" to save the children of the Cromwell Road School a long walk.

Each month, money given in the previous month is recorded: in January donations total £60, collections at services £16. (£1 in 1883 is equivalent to over £70 today, based on retail prices). All are allocated to specific causes: the parish schools, the poor, the almshouses, the organist fund, the Cromwell Road Mission and assistant clergy fund. Prominent among the donors are two local landowners, John Miles and George Knights Smith, who were later also to support generously the new St John's Church. We see no provision for routine church maintenance; this is covered by the Voluntary Church Rate, set by the Vestry meeting and paid by property owners, which raised £37 in 1883. Nor is there a diocesan quota; the Rector's income came from the tithes, in Friern Barnet amounting to £280, together with income from 8 acres of glebe land.

There are requests for practical assistance. The first issue appeals for a few more altos and tenors to strengthen the choir, and for ladies to offer their help in undertaking District Visiting, superintending Mothers' Meetings or teaching at the Sunday School. Newspapers and magazines, pictures for the walls, flowers and shrubs are wanted for the Almshouses, together with gravel for the paths and labour to help spread it and to fix seats. The Revd Henry Hawkins, its chaplain, writes about the County Asylum and appeals for visits and letters to patients, a connection which was maintained until Friern Hospital closed.

Some news items throw an interesting light on the social conditions and parish concerns of the time. The February issue gives information about the Provident Clubs (Blanket, Clothing and Shoe, Penny Bank and Coal clubs). The District Visitor will call and collect sums that depositors wish to pay. If left to the end of the year, deposits are returned for the purchase of goods with interest of 2d in the shilling added, this rate of nearly 17% made possible by the donations of wealthier members of the parish to the Provident Fund. In May the inauguration

of the Friern Barnet Provident Medical Institute is announced. Payments for adults is to be one shilling per quarter (about £3.50 in today's prices), half that for children, to provide medical attention and medicines (except for cod liver oil) when required. There are limitations: no treatment for those in arrears (with some possibility of discretion by the committee); nobody in ill health can be accepted as a new member; a chronic invalid may be removed from membership. The committee of twelve includes the Rector, the two doctors and – an interesting touch of democracy – two elected from among the subscribing members. The burden placed by funerals on the poor is also recognised: it is announced that Mr Miles has provided a bier on wheels to save those living at a distance from the churchyard the extra expense of a funeral with a hearse. The only charge for its use is one shilling for cleansing and disinfecting.

The news that still affects us most today is reported in the June magazine. The Friern Barnet Church Extension Association Committee, chaired by the Rector, meets to consider the appeal from the Bishop of London to provide for *“the population of the new habitations covering the fields and market gardens of Middlesex....consisting mainly of the labouring classes, and the class immediately above.”* The meeting is particularly concerned about the Holly Park area, where there are plans to build 700 houses, bringing the population to around 4,000. The Parish Church is *“stranded at the north end of the parish”* and *“provides accommodation for 410 only.”* It is resolved that a site must be acquired in the area and a brick building built to serve as church and parish room. It also resolves that a Rectory should be built close by (rectors had previously lived at various addresses; Rector Hall's address was in Torrington Park). Donations are appealed for; over £2000 has already been promised.

Things moved fast: the foundation stone was laid on 25 August 1883 and the November issue gives notice that it is proposed to open the temporary Church of St John on the 24th of that month with a dedication service followed by evensong, at which the sermon will be preached by the Revd Henry Miles. The following day was a Sunday, with Holy Communion at 8am, Matins at 11am and Evensong at 6.30pm, in parallel with the services at the Parish church.. A choir of 14 boys had been trained. For the dedication service they were supported by the Parish Church choir; but on the Sunday, the December magazine reports, they had to *“rely on themselves”* and *“the assistance of choirmen would be welcome.”* This temporary church was on the opposite side of Friern Barnet Road from the present church. It also housed Fredrick Hall's “Middle Class School” (later Friern Barnet Grammar School); now much enlarged and altered, the building is part of North London International School. It continued in use as St John's Church for eight years until the chancel of the new church was completed, with a temporary iron nave attached, and worship moved to the site used today.

In the wider world in 1883 Gladstone was Prime Minister and planning his Reform Bill of the following year; Edison installed a pioneer electric lighting system in New Jersey; Richard Wagner and Karl Marx died; Clement Attlee was born; Krakatoa erupted and Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche published *“Thus Spake Zarathustra”* which was strongly anti-Christian.

PIANO MAKERS IN NEW SOUTHGATE

by Alan Lanstein

In 1855 some of my ancestors arrived in East London from Germany and between 1861 and 1891 the father, his sons and grandsons were classified as

cabinet makers and lived in Hackney, with their factory and home in Regents Row, adjacent to the Regents Canal. In 1895 described his occupation as cabinet maker and piano maker but by 1901 he was just a piano maker, with no mention of cabinet making. At some time between 1903 (the birth of my aunt) and 1905 (the birth of my uncle), the family moved to New Southgate, with my father being born in South Road in 1907. My grandfather was by then classified as a Pianoforte maker (master); I have been unable to discover where their factory and workshop was situated at this period but I am fairly certain that it was in Springfield Road, and sublet from Knight & Co (Engineers).

The family were living at 55 Upper Park Road, New Southgate (now demolished) and all the children attended the local Garfield Road School. One of my uncles enlisted in the Army Cadets at the age of 16 in August 1914 and gave his occupation as Pianoforte maker employed by Cramer Co at Kentish Town (I would guess that at this he was an apprentice and was gaining experience under another master piano maker.

In 1934 the address of 1 Springfield Road, New Southgate was described as a Pianoforte Factory under the name of Grotrian Steinweg Ltd and remained as such until 1951. Part of these buildings are still in existence and it looks as if it was originally the rear part of the shop at the corner of High Road and Springfield Road. The main access to the building is via a passage between the property and number 3 Springfield Road. Between 1935 and 1946 my grandfather moved from Upper Park Road to The Limes Avenue and on one occasion (about 1947) I took a message from Limes Avenue to the factory where I was given a guided tour. I was told that the main metal frame for the strings was made in Germany and how they made and polished the woodwork and assembled and made the keys and inside workings. In the course of production I saw a baby grand piano as well as various sizes of uprights. My father started work in the piano trade but left during the 1930s recession which seriously affected sales.

Derek Peacock who is a retired piano tuner has told me that as a boy he also visited the factory and saw the grand pianos as well as smaller pianos being constructed and refurbished. His grandmother's house was at 9 Springfield Road and from their back garden he could hear the pianos being tuned in part of the factory behind numbers 3,5 and 7 Springfield Road. He also recalled that on several occasions he watched the completed pianos being taken from the factory by lorry.

At my grandparents in Limes Avenue they had a piano with the name Lanstein on the fall (keyboard cover) and I was told that it was made in Springfield Road, but unfortunately I do not know when it was made. Somewhere I have a couple of the transfers with the piano makers name of Landstein. When my grandfather retired the piano making was continued by my uncle Paul Landstein who was also a Councillor for the Borough of Southgate.

A LIFE OF DANCING

by Patricia Berguer

After the War I think everyone was more than ready to lead a normal life again and part of this intention was to send their children to activities outside the home, to Brownies, Guides, Scouts and, in my case, to dance classes. This latter activity was mainly or almost exclusively for girls – I do not remember one single boy ever turning up at the many classes I attended over the years. My first

memory of a dance class was when I was three years old and appeared in a show as a little chick and I jumped through a paper hoop as if popping out of an egg.

The first classes I attended were held in the hall behind Christ Church in Friern Barnet Road and the teacher was Vivienne Barker. Unfortunately I cannot remember what Vivienne looked like and I have not seen any photographs of her, but without doubt it was she who started me on a lifetime of loving dance of all types. Vivienne held her shows in the Springfield Hall in Springfield Road, New Southgate in aid of the Prisoners of War Fund and I still have one of the typewritten programmes, with an admission price of 1/6d.

The next class I went to was held in Prince George Avenue in Oakwood where I took both ballet and tap classes and the teacher, Kathleen Ford, was very professional and pupils were expected to take ballet examinations and medal exams for tap dancing. Once a year we would hold a show at the Church Hall in Southgate and my mother made my costumes; I still have a photograph of me dressed as a Christmas cracker. The pianist there was a lady called Mrs Kemp and she lived in Park View Crescent, New Southgate. She seemed to me to be quite an elderly lady with thick woollen stockings and sensible shoes. She started her own dance class in St Michael's Church Hall on the corner of Brunswick Grove and Oakleigh Road South. The church and hall are no longer there; they have been replaced by a block of flats. Mrs Kemp wasn't actually a dance teacher but she played piano for other dance classes and she obviously had a good memory and imagination as she was able to run classes and put on shows. She also taught piano and I went to her for lessons but I was a poor pupil as our front room with the piano was too freezing for me to practice!

I stayed with Mrs Kemp, helping her with classes, until I felt too grown up to continue and decided to leave and try ballroom dancing at the Maurice Jay School of Dance in Wood Green. Somewhere in between I went to the Foster Miller School of Dance that was held along Bounds Green Road. It was a wonderful place with senior girls helping with the classes and we had to have our legs forced up over our heads in the style only Darcy Bussell could achieve. As well as ballet and tap we had acrobatics classes – very exciting and if only our bodies had stayed as supple as they were then. The highlight of the Foster Miller School was the shows that took place on the stage of the Wood Green Empire. I remember a colourful finale to one show where we were dressed in rainbow colours and the routine was to *We'll All Go Riding on a Rainbow, to a New Land Over There*.

One year I was on holiday in Jaywick Sands with my aunts and cousins and on the seafront every week there was a talent show. My aunts were determined that I take part and they sent a postcard to my mother asking her to send my tap shoes. They duly arrived and I entered the contest, sang and danced and won. Isn't it amazing how fast the postal system was then that such a request was possible?

As an adult I have continued to attend tap classes and take part in shows (the latest one was at the Artsdepot in North Finchley) and the great friendships and sheer enjoyment I have experienced are all down to what I have always called my mother's hobby – sending me to dance classes after the War.

LOCAL DANCING SCHOOLS

While we are on the subject of dance, here is a piece written by our late President John Donovan, back in 2003:

“My daughters, like many others, attended schools for ballet and tap dancing in the ‘60s and ‘70s, indeed my granddaughter still does so.

Linda started in the late 1960s at Miss Fryzell’s School (somewhat low-key), which was held in the hall in Oakleigh Road North, adjacent to Christ Church, at the junction with Oakleigh Park North. She was there for a few months, then changed to the Audrey Joyce School, a superior school, which took the girls through the various grades, and of whose pupils at least one went on to the Royal Ballet. Miss Joyce, who was assisted by her mother (they lived in Temple Avenue, half way down on the left), would organise a grand show every year, comprising little dances and *scenas*, in which the children would be beautifully clothed in bright costumes, most of which were made by the mothers (my wife Sheila was a dab hand at it). One year the show was actually held in the old Gaumont State cinema in Edgware Road, Kilburn, a cinema so splendid and famous in its day that even I, in the slums of North Kensington, knew of it.

Miss Joyce’s school was held in the St John’s church hall (where we hold our meetings) to the immediate west of the Police Station at the western end of Friern Barnet Lane. By this time, my other daughter, Nicki, had joined Linda, and other pupils including Jessica Martin (who lived in Manor Drive went on to achieve fame as a TV comic) and the daughter of a Tory politician, Brian Mawhinney, who would occasionally wait with me in the foyer for the kids to come out. Audrey held classes there all week, which must have been a ‘nice little earner’ for the church. Sadly, relations between her and the church became strained and, eventually, she left and took her school to Woodside Park Club (a sporting club) in Southover. It was quite a drive from Holly Park Road, where we lived, and I wasn’t sorry when Nicki stopped attending the school. She then took to horse riding, which was held at Lullington Garth stable (probably even *further* away from H P Road!)”

OUR UPDATED WEBSITE

We have recently made some improvements to our website so that we are able to include many more photographs than previously. When you open our “Photo Gallery” page you are invited to click on a link: www.friern-barnet.com which will direct you to the home page of the photographic section. There you will find various options whereby you can search items by *Albums* (containing various headings such as “*Pubs*” or “*Churches*”, “*Schools*” etc), by *Groups*, or by *Dates*. By clicking on the thumbnail photographs therein you are able to obtain a full screen version, together with a written description of the photograph. An additional feature is that you can add photographs yourselves or post your own comments which can be added to the site, providing they are in good taste!

LEST WE FORGET

by Percy Reboul

The recent 70th anniversary of the outbreak of World War II is a reminder that to many people of my generation the war was the most important historical event of their lifetime. Although we won the war, we need to remember that in its earlier days it was a desperately close run thing with most of the news bad. One of the most momentous of the ‘lows’ occurred on 10 December 1941 when two of our

finest battleships, *The Prince of Wales* and *Repulse* were sunk in Malayan waters by a force of 84 Japanese torpedo and bomber aircraft. Churchill himself recorded: “on receiving the news I was thankful to be alone. In all the war, I never received a more direct shock.”

So, what has this got to do with Friern Barnet? Well, one of the sailors on *The Prince of Wales*, Gerald Cooper, lived in Queens Avenue near to All Saints Church in Oakleigh Road North and he survived to tell his tale to me in February 1993. This is an edited version of a section of that tape recording:

“We left Singapore with the *Repulse* and three destroyers to deal with reported Japanese landings on the east side of Malaya. We saw nothing and it was decided to return to Singapore. We were spotted by a Japanese plane and we guessed there would soon be fireworks – and there were! My action station was in the Cordite Handling Room in the bottom of the ship. Torpedo bombers attacked us but we believed we were unsinkable because the ship had so many watertight compartments. Being below deck I could hear but not see the action. Then someone shouted: “*send up someone.*” Part of our main guns had been damaged and needed to be repaired. I was the one sent up and had I stayed down I don’t think I would be talking to you today.

It was a long climb up to the upper deck and on the way up we were hit by a torpedo which struck the stern of the ship and we started to list. What had defeated the stability of the ship was that the torpedo hit one of the propeller screws and bent the driving shaft which ran about one-third of the way along the ship. Still running, and being bent, the shaft opened up the watertight compartments and it was not long before we began to list quite heavily. We were hit by six or seven more torpedoes. Someone then said “*Look! The Repulse is sinking!*” We were awash on one side and the electricity had completely failed.

I was too busy to be frightened and later I always insisted that I would never say a word about training because we all grouse about dawn and dusk ‘actions’ where you were raked out of bed. Everybody *knew* what to do automatically and it speaks a lot for the training. A destroyer came alongside and we managed to get quite a lot of wounded aboard but the ship was sinking and the destroyer had to leave. We had to throw overboard anything that would float as the bombs had destroyed most of our boats. We heaved over a large wooden boom, like a telegraph pole, and I went overboard and swam away from the sinking ship as fast as I could. The ship turned turtle and I could see people running along its bottom. I saw a number of people clinging to the boom we had thrown over and I joined them. The bow of the ship came up (and there was a hole in it that you could drive a horse and cart through) and down she went.

It was quite nice in the water and although we watched out for sharks we thought the noise would scare them away. We didn’t know much about sharks! Almost half an hour later we were picked up by *HMS Electra*, one of the destroyers. They picked up a huge number of people (about 2000 officers and men from the 3000 involved). So many, in fact, that once on board we were told not to move because the ship could tip over if everyone moved at the same time.

Someone came round and said “Is there anyone with a knowledge of First Aid?” I had, and I went below. There were loads of people down in various stages of dying. I saw my first dead person and I was to see many more. We did what we

could and I was so busy that I had no time to worry. We got back to Singapore about midnight.”

OUR TENTH ANNIVERSARY

by David Berguer

It all began in 1966 when John Donovan moved with his family to Holly Park Road from Newcastle-upon-Tyne where he had worked at The Oxford Galleries Ballroom as a guitarist/vocalist in a quartet. Having been involved in Industrial Archaeology in Newcastle and having spent many a happy hour exploring Hadrian’s Wall, he found Friern Barnet intellectually un-stimulating to say the least but, as the years went by he started taking ‘local history’ photographs of such sites as the Campe Almshouses etc, plus anything that looked in danger of demolition.

After several years of taking photographs John thought it would be nice to start a local history society but, having no experience of such things, nor the spare time to learn, nothing happened.

In January 1995 John and family moved to Potters Bar where, after a couple of years, he became Hon Secretary of Potters Bar Historical Society and Newsletter Editor (and, later, acting Treasurer). He was, however, still visiting his daughters in Friern Barnet and could see how rapidly Friern Barnet was changing, especially with the conversion of Friern Hospital grounds into a retail park and small town.

In what might be termed a Damascene revelation, he realised that, if a local history society were not formed soon, there would be nobody left who would remember the history. Armed with his experiences at Potters Bar he decided he must form a society for Friern Barnet. He added “*and District*” to the title in order to encompass areas which had always had an influence on the lives of Friern Barnet folk – North Finchley and New Southgate being the most obvious. The epithet “*Past, Present, Future*” would encompass the basic philosophy of the new Society – recording the past (of course), but also recording the present for future historians, whose past will be our present.

On 10 October 1999 John wrote a letter to *Barnet Times* asking anyone who was interested to contact him. The first meeting of the Society took place on 1 December 1999 at Pat Cleland’s house and there were five people present. They produced a draft poster advertising the Society which was subsequently displayed at local churches and schools, the Town Hall and on the notice board in Friary Park.

The second meeting took place on 18 January 2000, and the number had shrunk by one but, not disheartened, a third meeting was arranged on 22 February and a fourth on 11 April. By now John had made contact with Andrew Mussell, the archivist at Barnet Local Studies and Archives and had received some advice from a colleague at Potters Bar Historical Society: “*Of course, you won’t need to entertain them (the proposed members) for a couple of years: no lectures or walks or that sort of thing. You’ll just be a working committee, gathering information, ready for when you get sufficient members to make the lectures worthwhile.*”

Fortunately, John decided to ignore this advice and at the eighth meeting on 20 June 2000, when Janet Liversidge and David Berguer had joined the Society, it was decided to book the Town Hall for four meetings. A table was also booked at the Friern Barnet Summer Show in August 2000, where Mel and Helen Hooper joined the Society.

The very first public meeting took place in the Town Hall on 6 September 2000 and was attended by 52 people. A programme of monthly lectures was prepared for 2001 and by the end of March 2001 the membership had grown to 105. The rest, as they say, is history.

STC RECORDS

As can be imagined, a company the size of Standard Telephones & Cables must have accumulated a vast amount of paperwork in its over seventy years at New Southgate. Not surprisingly, most of this will have been disposed of, but for those interested in the history of the company and its site in Brunswick Park Road there are two places where records relating to New Southgate have been lodged.

Barnet Local Studies and Archives in Daws Lane, Mill Hill (020 8959 6657) has around 60 items, including copies of *STC News*, while The Institute of Engineering & Technology in Savoy Place, WC2 (020 7344 8436) has a collection of over 37 boxes of photographs as well as press cuttings and technical and publicity material.

Anyone wishing to investigate the history of STC will find these items of great interest and they are welcome to contact these two sources.

NEXT YEAR'S PROGRAMME

With this Newsletter you will find our Calendar for 2010; please keep this safe and enter the dates in your diaries, as we would hate for you to miss what seems to be an exciting series of talks arranged, as usual, by our indefatigable Programme Secretary, Janet Liversidge who, with husband Colin, will be dispensing tea and biscuits at each meeting.

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

**Friern Barnet & District
Local History Society** ©

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