

# Friern Barnet *Newsletter*

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## **FRIARY PARK CLOCK**

*by David Berguer*

In October 2010 the renovation of Friary House in Friary Park was complete and five local organisations moved in (Barnet Asian Women's Association; BAWA Jagruti Mental Health Project; Barnet Elderly Asians Group; Iranian Community Centre; Oshwal Association of the UK and Barnet Lone Parent Centre). The house was, however, lacking one important feature – the clock on the front of the building. This had been removed during the refurbishment and was in need of repair but, due to the economic situation, Barnet Council were unable to find the funding for this, so they asked us if we could talk to local organisations with a view to raising the necessary money. We approached the Friern Barnet & Whetstone Residents' Association, the Friends of Friary Park and the Whetstone Society and between us we managed to come up with the necessary £810. The clock was overhauled by Public Clocks Ltd, a firm recommended by Barnet Council, and they also installed a synchroniser which makes it possible for the clock to be altered remotely twice a year to coincide with GMT. The clock was reinstated on 15 February. So, when you are in the park next time and glance upwards at the house, please say a huge thank you to everyone concerned.



## **THE DEATH OF THE QUEEN**

The following article appeared in All Saints' Parish Magazine for February 1901:

### VICTORIA REGINA – EDVARDUS REX

In the death of our beloved Queen we have been visited with the greatest sorrow that has overtaken our nation in our time. Queen and country have been so inseparably connected that at first England can hardly seem to be England without her Queen. And the loss is so intensely personal; not one but feels as though he had lost a personal friend. Dear as she was before to us all, the events of the last fifteen months, and the gracious part which she has taken in them, have made her dearer still, and on all sides, in every part of society, the mourning is deep and real. Yet it would be ungracious and ungrateful to fail to see how much consolation there is in the circumstances of our Queen's death. Truly the Lord let her depart in peace, and gave a beautiful end to her beautiful life. Dying in her well-beloved island home, surrounded by her children and grandchildren, tended by the loving hands to whose devoted touch she was accustomed, with no weary waiting or suffering, retaining her active powers of mind and body almost to the end, enjoying as no monarch in history has ever enjoyed the affection and loyal devotion of all her people and the esteem and admiration of other nations, she has died dull of days and honour, and has passed from us to enjoy the rest she has so nobly earned. No easy task has fallen to the lot of her illustrious son in succeeding to her Throne; yet with the tremendous responsibility there is also bequeathed to him the matchless example of a noble life and a magnificent ideal of sovereignty, and we have every confidence that King Edward VII, supported by the prayers and the unfailing loyalty of his people, will fulfil his great vocation, and rule with wisdom and power and godly fear, and cause the Throne of England still to be established in righteousness. We pass, therefore, to a new epoch of English history, full of thankfulness for the life and reign which have just come to an end, and full of hope for God's blessing upon the reign that now begins.

May he defend our laws,  
And ever give us cause  
To sing with heart and voice  
God save the King.

### **THE CRAWSHAY FAMILY**

*by John Heathfield*

In last month's Newsletter John Philpott wrote about Halliwick Manor. I have been researching one of its most prominent residents, George Crawshay.

The scion of the family was Richard Crawshay who moved from Yorkshire to South Wales. His son, William, (1764-1834) was a South Wales ironmaster who expanded the Cyfartha iron works in Merthyr Tydfil which became the largest foundry in the country. William was more interested in selling than in the smelting side of the business and took charge of the London office about 1790.

George was the son of William and his wife Elizabeth. He was baptised on 13 April 1794 at St Mary Lambeth. In 1838 he bought shares in the East India Company, becoming a director in 1858. When his father died in 1834 he inherited about £1,500,000.

In 1820 George had moved to France where he met and married Louise Defaud whose family owned one of the largest iron works in France at Fourchambault. Louise was seventeen at the time and in 1825 they moved to London.

In 1859 George gave money to help fund the Royal Free Hospital. In 1860 he gave a mortgage of £6000 to pay for the building of the Coldbath Fields House of Correction. He owned Clissold Park, where he allowed access to the locals and which his son, also George, sold to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners in 1886 for £65,000.

The 1871 Census shows George Crawshay of Colney Hatch and 1 Montague Street, Russell Square, ironmaster, born Stockwell, aged 77 and his wife Louise aged 68. Other residents at Halliwick Manor on the day of the Census were:

George Crawshay, iron master aged 50. Born France.

Walter Crawshay, fund holder, aged 38 born France, baptised St Georges Bloomsbury.

Louise Graham (married) daughter aged 61 born France.

Florence Esdaile, granddaughter, aged 30 born Newcastle.

Florence Esdaile, great granddaughter, aged 3 born East Grinstead.

Arundell Esdaile, great grandson, aged 12 born London.

There were 15 servants.

The burial monument in St James Churchyard says *"Sacred to the memory of George Crawshay of Colney Hatch and 1 Montague Street, Russell Square who died November 27 1873 in his 80<sup>th</sup> year."*

Two other inscriptions read: *"And of Louise his wife who died April 30<sup>th</sup> 1883 in her 81<sup>st</sup> year."* and *"Here lies the body of Walter Crawshay their youngest son born Chasnay Fourchambault France who died April 12<sup>th</sup> 1898 aged 65 years."*

George's son, also George, (1821-1896) was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge and entered the Inner Temple but did not qualify, possibly because he was a Dissenter. Instead he took over his wife's family's ironworks in Gateshead. They were the largest employers in the town and had a large export business, especially to India. They specialised in chains and anchors and produced the iron for the Newcastle High Level Bridge. He was not interested in the factory and much more active in social and religious matters. He was a member of the Anti Corn Laws League and a Chartist.

After the Crimean War there was a strong feeling in England that the Turkish peasants had been badly treated and he helped the victims and as a result he was made the Turkish consul in Newcastle. He also introduced Turkish baths into England and founded the London & Provincial Turkish Bath Company. However, he was a poor businessman and the introduction of the Bessemer process for producing steel hastened the decline of the family ironworks. He retired to live with his daughter Florence in Sussex in 1889. At his death he was said to be worth just £25.

In 1860 George's cousin Robert took up photography as a hobby but to a professional standard. He made ambrotypes and later whole plate pictures using the wet colloidal process. He took a large number of studies of local life, animals and families and also some mildly salacious Turkish bath photographs!

The archive of the National Library of Wales says a series of family photographs was taken by Robert and some were purchased from Edmund Esdaile, grandson of Florence Esdaile of Hertford in 1993.

So, to clarify things, George lived at Hollickwood and is buried in St James' churchyard. His son, also George, didn't and isn't.

## WASTE NOT, WANT NOT

by Patricia Berguer

At the talk at our meeting on 23 February (Recycling and Waste Prevention) it was explained by Verity Jones of Barnet's Waste and Recycling team that the major problem of waste disposal in landfill sites was not the quantity of things like paper, cardboard, metal and even plastics - the problem was green waste and food waste which were the ones that biodegraded and in doing so, created gases such as methane which are so damaging to the environment. The message that she gave was that we should not produce so much food waste. Today, of course, we are all guilty of overbuying food, tempted by "Two for the Price of One" offers by supermarkets - after all, who can resist a bargain, even if we end up throwing most of it away. We have also been brainwashed into being governed by "Best By", "Sell By" and "Use By" dates. Verity suggested that: *"If it smells OK, eat it."*

The amount of packaging that is created is also a huge strain on the environment, even if some of it is biodegradable. The truth is that in order to biodegrade it needs oxygen, so it can't degrade if it is hidden from the air by tons of rubbish dumped on top of it.

The lecture got me thinking about how things were when I was growing up. All fruit and vegetables were bought loose (no shrink wrapping then) and then wrapped up in brown paper bags by the greengrocer. Milk was, of course, sold in bottles which were recycled over and over again and there were no large electrical appliances that needed big cardboard boxes and polystyrene foam to protect them.

We used to save every tiny bit of soap and mould the pieces into a ball that we put into a small wire cage which we would then swish in the washing-up bowl (remember those?) to create a lather. Socks were darned, shirt collars turned, jumpers mended, buttons cut off garments and saved for another day, clothes were altered and restyled, and boots and shoes re-soled and heeled many times over, sometimes with the addition of Blakeys which made a comforting sharp sound on the pavements. You could only be mugged from behind by someone walking on tiptoes, but then there weren't muggings because there weren't many criminals on the streets. Talking of crime, do you remember when murders were such rare events that the newspapers would carry huge headlines whenever one occurred?

Having been brought up in wartime, we didn't waste food, even if we didn't like it (*"You're not leaving the table until you finish that. There are people starving in Africa who would welcome it!"*). Any leftovers were put in pig food bins on the streets or fed to the neighbour's chickens, in exchange for the odd egg or two. A trip to Sainsbury's would see butter patted into blocks with wooden paddles then wrapped up in greaseproof paper, bacon, cheese and ham similarly wrapped and potatoes, complete with the earth, shot directly into your shopping basket along with peas (in the pods, which later went into that pig food bin), cabbages, turnips, cauliflowers and swedes (which nowadays are shrink wrapped, for goodness sake).

Dustbins were actually used for dust from the Hoover bag (or from the dustpan and brush) and ashes from the fire grate, and they were collected by bin men coming down an alleyway at the back of the house. There was nothing much else to put in the bins, certainly not masses of plastic packaging.

I can remember my father buying a sardine-can-like key which we used to wind on the end of the aluminium toothpaste tube to squeeze out every last bit. Oh, yes and there was a horrible thing called Eucryl dentifrice powder that you used to dip a wetted toothbrush into. I'm sure that it must have been highly abrasive, but probably dentists loved it. There was also a solid pink block paste (Odol) in a tin that all the family scrubbed with their wet toothbrushes; how unhygienic - but we survived.

Apparently these days the biggest contributor to land fill sites is disposable nappies but in those days we used terry towelling napkins and washed them until they fell apart. I had a Baby Burco boiler to wash the nappies in and it did a very good job - they came up a brilliant white even when the napkins were wearing very thin. When sorting out a tin of oddments I have sometimes come across an old large nappy pin and it brings back nostalgic memories of struggling with a wriggling baby and trying not to stab it.

So, we might not have been as affluent then as we are today, but at least we weren't helping to destroy the planet!

## **COMMON SENSE ON ALL MANNER OF MANORS**

*by John Heathfield*

If you want to delight medieval historians, ask them to define a manor or a common. They will then spend many happy hours in abstruse discussion while the rest of us get on with our lives.

After the withdrawal of the Romans, England lapsed in to a period of confusion and comparative lawlessness popularly known as the "Dark Ages". Gradually poor people gathered round a richer and more powerful neighbour seeking shelter. They had no money but exchanged their labour for land and protection. This is the beginning of the Manorial system.

Estate boundaries were sometimes based on Roman boundaries. The Manor became an administrative unit. The Lord of the Manor had certain duties for which he charged a fee. A Manor could indeed be a very valuable asset. The Lord kept records of land transactions and acted as a kind of local magistrate. The records of his manorial court were kept on rolls of parchment and so were known as the Court Rolls.

The Manor was a civil administrative unit. A Parish was an ecclesiastical unit. They were not always the same and their duties were quite separate. The boundaries of the Manor of Totteridge, for example, were always the same as those of the parish. Friern Barnet Parish, in contrast, had two manors within its boundaries, Halliwick and Whetstone.

To add to confusion, the Lord of the Manor was not always a lord or even a single person. For instance Queen Elizabeth I was Lord of the Manor of Totteridge and some 37 other manors. The Dean and Chapter of St Paul's Cathedral were Lord of the Manor of Whetstone in the Parish of Friern Barnet. Other multiple Lords of the Manor included various Oxford or Cambridge Colleges and Eton and Winchester schools. The richest or most important person in a district was often awarded the courtesy title of Squire. The term has no meaning in ancient property law. So the Lord of the Manor may or may not be a squire and the squire may or may not be the Lord of the Manor. Confusing isn't it?

The Lord kept some land for his own use. This was the “Demesne lands” which gives us our word “domain”. He would also allow others to have separate estates, sometimes bigger than his own. Frith Manor and Bibsworth Manor and the Friern Watch estate are examples in Finchley. Land not specifically granted in such ways was the Lord’s “waste”. This was granted to certain inhabitants in exchange for rent or for duties if they had no money. They shared this land and so it was held “in common” just as the drains in my block of flats are held in common. The Rights of Common were intended to provide subsistence for the inhabitants and were nearly always connected with grazing and fuel. Finchley did not have common fields and the associated crop rotation, probably because the soil was so poor. Sometimes the rights were laid out in the title to the property, hence the term “entitled to”. For example, Mathew Duck had the right to dig six carts of gravel annually from Barnet Common. One of the Hadley Commoners had the right to graze 20 sheep. More often the rights were not written down but assumed according to “custom and practice”. The landholder was then described as being a “customary tenant of the manor”. Sometimes the rights were simply assumed because they had always been there. The phrase “beyond the memory of man” was often used in such cases.

In order to help him decide such matters the Lord could call on the help of local landholders. They were a kind of jury called the Homage. Service on the Homage was compulsory and you could be fined for not serving.

It is a myth that “anyone can go on common land”. Rights of common were jealously guarded. Finchley Commoners even had a common keeper to prevent encroachment. Hadley Commoners erected gates to prevent naughty Barnet cows from eating Hadley grass. Both commons had a pound where improper beasts could be reclaimed on payment of a fine.

The pound at Friern Barnet was opposite the parish church of St James’s  
Examples of trespass include:-

In 1695 Robert Sanny of Totteridge was fined for “eating up the herbage of the parish of Finchley”. One trespasser was charged with “carrying off five hundred bundles of furzes”. In 1713, Mary Hickman, widow, was charged with “putting several parcels (sic) of distempered sheep on Finchley Common being troubled with a catching distemper called foot rot”.

Spike Milligan of blessed memory paid for the restoration of the Hadley pound, which stood outside what was then his house. It cost him a good deal more than a pound.

## **MY STORY – PART 5**

*by Ray Lewis*

Just as I was about to leave school to start as a trainee engineer with the Electricity Board, my sister Jackie started at the school. Like her brother she didn’t have it all plain sailing as the new Headmistress, Mrs Lawn, always seemed to have it in for her. She frequently lost her temper with a number of the girls, turning bright purple, most of the time about nothing at all. Mum had a run in with her later in the fourth year and a few years later we heard that she had been sacked.

When I joined the Eastern Electricity Board, Northmet as it had previously been called, Steve Sumpter and I both started at the Crouch End offices and spent six months work experience and six months at college, now part of Middlesex University. We got paid the princely sum of £6. 8s 0d even when we attended

college. When I qualified, after nearly five years of training, I started on a salary of £1040pa. I was suddenly well off! After the first year, Steve decided that he no longer wished to be in engineering and managed to get into the RAF as a trainee Navigator Officer. During his early years he would come and visit me at home and let me try on his flying suit and helmet. I used to wonder what it was like flying as at that time I had never flown. It was quite noticeable how his accent had changed to that well known Officer twang, like Leslie Phillips. He lived in one of the Council houses at the top of Russell Lane and there was quite a big change in his speech. I used to pull his leg about it but he took it all in good spirit. He met a lovely girl called Jill, got married, had a child and, just a year later, when he was flying in a Vulcan bomber, ironically with Alistair Bennett (who had become a pilot) the plane crashed. And they were both killed in their early twenties. My other friend Gordon had got married to a Spanish nurse and after a couple of years of qualifying as a mechanical engineer had a couple of children, went out to Australia to start a new life. We still keep in touch over forty years later and talk to each other on Skype.

Back in electrical engineering, during the practical training, we used to spend time with the various departments. My best experiences had unusually been with the electricians on the commercial side. I actually worked with David Jason along with two other electricians, when he was training as an electrician, working on rewiring St Mary's Church in Hendon Lane. I never understood that he said he was working for the London Electricity Board in his autobiography, unless he went there after he finished his training. This would be around the early sixties. At that time they were rewiring a section of the church, installing new plastic cable. The old lead cables were removed and, imagine my surprise when I was given a small token of cash for my part. The scrap value of the cable was shared between us all! I remember David Jason getting good write ups in the local Finchley papers during his amateur days.

On another occasion I took a phone call in the office at Crouch End from a man called Marks, Alfred Marks. He asked if we could go and quote for some wiring. A Scottish rep, who fancied himself, was always quick off the mark and took the opportunity to meet someone famous. He offered to take me with him. The house was in Oakleigh Park South and had previously been owned by Peter Sellers. We were met at the door by the man himself, who greeted us in his familiar rich deep voice. We went in, straight into the garden where we met his wife Paddy O'Neil. The sun was shining and sitting in this sun lounger was this gorgeous girl with the tiniest of covering over her top. She was about the same age as me and she stood up and shook hands with us both. I think my face must have turned bright red through embarrassment, at the time causing some comment by my Scottish colleague. He loved every moment. The girl was apparently a dancer in a show with Norman Wisdom that Alfred Marks was in. We were both offered drinks and were each given a large tumbler full of gin and tonic. The rest of the afternoon passed very pleasantly and we were later taken up to watch a cartoon in his cinema at the top of the house, sitting in old seats that had been removed from the London Palladium. After a great afternoon we finally got down to business. One little power point was to be moved about a foot to accommodate a new fridge!

I later found out that a number of celebrities were in that area, including Bernie Winters, Bernard Bresslaw, and I understand that Winifred Attwell lived in the house backing onto the house my auntie and uncle, who used to run a taxi, had moved into in Oakleigh Park South. My auntie was a carer and they had moved from a little flat over the shops in Ballards Lane to look after a wealthy

businessman, who was poorly. They never looked back, although the newfound wealth they were left on his death never brought happiness to any of their family. My cousin was sent to Clarks College and basically had little time for education. He was nurtured in business by this man and later made lots of money in property. He died last year, twenty years after having to flee the country, owing lots to the taxman.

To be continued.....

## **BALLARDS LANE**

*by John Heathfield*

Although I am not a Finchley historian, I have always been intrigued by Ballards Lane. During the War I travelled along it on my way to Woodhouse School on the 645 or 660 trolleybus. In the earliest days it was a track leading to a farm. It lead from, or to, Church End to, or from, Ballards Redding, which was near Granville Road; "redding" is an old word for grassy space. It was extended about 1765 to Moss Hall and then to Tally Ho about 1890. It is likely that it was an encroachment on to Finchley Common.

In 1323 Gilbert Pratt of Whetstone was found "not guilty" of robbing Henry Ballard of Finchley. This is the earliest record that I can find of the family name. In 1432 "The Lord is to scour four perches at the corner of Ballards Lane." A little later, a similar entry refers to "Ballards Reddynges Gate." It is possible that the gate was in a fence intended to prevent animals from straying onto Finchley Common.

In 1540 Ballards Redding was on lease to Thomas Sherle and Richard Lechmore as "all those meadows abutting Fayre Cross on the parte of the south and two parts abutting the Lords Common on the north and west late in the tenure of John Nele of Barnet." Later, Thomas Andrew of Moss Hall had a lease of "four old enclosures called Hither Reddings of 4 acres, the Middle Reddings of 5 acres, further Reddings of 4 acres, the Middle Reddings of 5 acres, Further Reddings of 4 acres and Hides Filed or Shepherds Field."

Ballards Redding was freehold of the Bishop of London and remained so during the nineteenth century, Samuel Joshua and Henry Wimbush of 315 Oxford Street, job masters. converted their estate from leasehold to freehold in 1853 by paying £2582. Job masters hired out horses and wagons by the day or job and would have needed grazing and hay for their horses.

The fact that Thomas Andrew of Moss Hall held the land suggests that it may have been somewhere near Moss Hall. My guess is that it was near what is now Granville Road and may have run as far as Fallow Corner. I believe that Ballards Lane originally ran from Church End to Ballards Redding where the north was blocked by the Moss Hall estate. The road then turned east about where Granville Road now stands.

The Moss Hall estate was sold in 1867 when the road was extended to Nether Street. It was further extended in 1904 to meet Tally Ho Corner. The location of the "Fayre Cross" is a mystery; it may have stood near Fallows Corner, and there was another "Fayre Cross" north of Whetstone. Fayre Crosses seem to have been used as boundary markers, possibly in this case between Finchley Common and enclosed land.

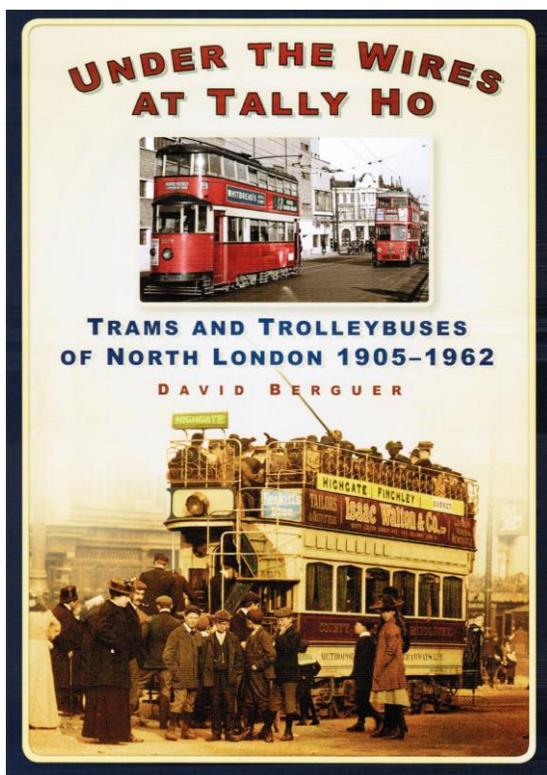
There is also a reference to Hornsey Great Park but the boundary between Finchley Common and Hornsey was not fixed until the 1800s. In 1674 John Oldbury held *“the herbage, pannage and pasture of a meadow called Oxlees laying within the Park, and a barn lying near the gate thereof and all those meadows called Ballards Redding abutting against the ffair cross on the south side”* i.e. the cross was on the south side of the land.

## A JOYFUL JOURNEY INTO THE PAST

by Richard Testar

For those of us who remember the rattle of the tram or the gentle whine of the trolleybus, David Berguer’s new book *Under the Wires at Tally Ho* captures the imagination from the start. Beginning with a poetic reflection by Ron Kingdon, one of the book’s main contributors, the scene is set for a trip into the past which formed such a large part of our daily lives when we were growing up.

Does anyone know that trams had to creep down Barnet Hill at 6mph, that New Southgate Bridge had to be widened to take the tracks, early morning workmen could travel from Finchley to Highgate for a halfpenny, or that you could catch a direct bus from Hadley Highstone to Hampton Court?



*The cover and an illustration from the book: a farewell to the last trolleybus ever to depart from Barnet on the night of 2 January 1962*

Read how motorists would follow the tram in a smog, only to find that they ended up in the depot; the dangers of being run over when crossing to the centre of the road to board a tram, or how women were dismissed from their jobs as conductresses after the First World War!

The title of David’s book was inspired by the network of overhead wires which were festooned across the road where the tram and trolleybus routes converged at North Finchley. Tally Ho was an important hub for transport connections from

the start of the twentieth century; in fact the terminus in Old Nether Street was only closed in the 1990s to make way for the building of the Arts depot.

For one who just about remembers being taken by my father to the Archway for a thrilling ride to Highbury Corner and back one Saturday afternoon when I was about six, David has for me, fascinatingly filled in the gaps in my knowledge of the early developments not only of our local transport system, but of our social history too. For example, he graphically illustrates the early battle for supremacy between the horse bus companies and those championing the introduction of trams, and similar struggles which ensued over the next sixty years with the arrival of trolleybuses, and finally their replacement by the Routemaster motor bus. The social and demographic changes, the growth of housing and businesses, the increasing competition from the railway and underground provide the context for a constantly evolving transport system. The book is generously stocked with stories by local people which enhances the feeling of the time.

He has skillfully interwoven fascinating anecdotes with political commentaries and press reports giving us an idea how the early decisions were made which formed the basis of the local transport system that we use today. Starting with the early horse bus, he has methodically described the evolution of trams and trolleybuses and at the same time illustrated how they adapted to the growth of the suburbs and population increase.

The book is filled with nostalgic photographs, not just illustrating the vehicles but set into the background of our local area which will be instantly recognisable to most of us. There are many books crammed with photos and there is often a temptation to just look at the pictures and scan their descriptions without bothering with the full text, but the fact is, David Berguer's book is undoubtedly a jolly good read. There is something for everyone. Whilst transport buffs are well catered for (there are comprehensive appendices at the back), this book is by no means aimed simply at enthusiasts. Curl up on the sofa and enjoy this enthralling journey back in time. The book (ISBN 978 0 7524 5875 5) is available from the publishers History Press Ltd, The Mill, Branscombe Port, Stroud, Gloucestershire, GL5 2QG ([www.thehistorypress.co.uk](http://www.thehistorypress.co.uk)) or from the Society at 46 Raleigh Drive, Whetstone, N20 0UU, price £12.99 post free.

## **THE BOYS' SCHOOL**

*by John Philpott*

St John's School was not the first school to be founded by the Rev Frederick Hall; in 1883, his first year after becoming Rector of Friern Barnet, he decided upon the building of a school-church in Friern Barnet Road to house his new church of St John the Evangelist until enough money had been collected for its permanent home, and his new Middle Class School for boys. This school's name was soon changed to the High School and, in later years, to Friern Barnet Grammar School.

Things moved fast in those days: in August of that year the foundation stone was laid; the opening service was held in November; the first pupils were enrolled in January 1884. The building was on the opposite side of the road to the present St John's Church, on the site now occupied by the North London International School. Although much enlarged, both horizontally and vertically, the original building can still be traced by the brickwork of the gabled wall facing the road, the circle around the opening for the bell, the old window arch. While St John's School, like those founded in the parish by his predecessor, was intended to provide elementary education for children of the poorer families, and was

supported by voluntary contributions from the parish and by government grants, Frederick Hall explicitly stated that he did not seek any assistance with the maintenance of his Middle Class School. In time, he hoped it would cover expenses; in the meantime, presumably, he bore the cost himself.

In 1885 the Rector reported that the school was “steadily though slowly increasing”, and engaged a second teacher to join the headmaster. During the first six years five headmasters came and went; it was not until 1890, with the appointment as head of Mr E H Pritchard (in later years head of the Sloane School, Chelsea and Mayor of Fulham), that marked progress was observed. In the year following his appointment the school was covering expenses for the first time and, another year on, the number of teachers had increased from two to five. Mr Pritchard stayed for five years, the next two heads for eleven and two years respectively; then in 1908 came Herbert Ames who remained as headmaster until his retirement in 1941.

During Mr Ames’s headship, in the 1920s and 1930s, a school magazine was published, with a master as editor and three boys as sub-editors; it shows the range of extra-curricular activities available to the pupils in the inter-war years. There were school football and cricket teams which played other north London schools (and also, in the earlier years, a Friary Park team) with some success: in 1933, for example, the football first XI won five and drew one of the eight games played; the cricket first XI won five and drew two of nine matches. There was an annual sports day and swimming gala. There was a school cadet corps, attached to the Middlesex Regiment, which took part in field days and an annual camp. There were outings: to the London Coliseum, to a travel exhibition at the Agricultural Hall, to the Science Museum and, further afield, to Canterbury. There were cycle rides: one to Welwyn Garden City for a visit to the Shredded Wheat factory where free samples were enjoyed; another to St Albans. In some years there was a school summer camp, in the Chilterns or on the coast.

We read of the impact of technological innovations. In 1927 there is excitement over the newly installed electric light, which will be the envy of other schools; it gives three times as much light as the gas and saves both time and matches: “someone had to climb upon the desk in order to light the gas, but now the master just switches it on”. Another innovation that year was the lantern lectures, from then on a regular feature. They are often given by outside speakers; some quite distinguished, and are open to parents and friends as well as pupils. Subjects included “Airways of the British Empire”, Beneath the British Flag on a Tour Through the Overseas Dominions “, Railways”, Oilfields” and “The Solar System” (which was “a bit beyond us”). One day in 1930 “the Rector bought his wireless set over to the school and so gave us the opportunity of listening to the opening speeches of the London Naval Conference”.

It is to the parish magazine of 1922, rather than to the school magazine, that we owe the preservation of the words of the school song. The refrain is:

Let our chorus be heard like the roll of a drum,  
Resounding afar through the ages to come;  
To recall how we loved in our school days of old  
The eagle surmounting the green and gold  
The Eagle! The Eagle!

The tune has not been preserved.

There was a flourishing Old Boys' Association, the Old Friars, which had monthly club nights (the Rector had presented a Ping-Pong table and set), monthly dances and an annual dinner in a Holborn restaurant (morning dress). The old boys had their own football and cricket teams. The annual subscription to the association was 5s (25p), a club tie cost 3s, a scarf 10s 6d and the annual dinner 7s 6d. Most former pupils seemed to go "into business", but there are references to doctors, bankers, a butcher, a merchant navy officer and a soldier. Some have gone far: an assistant on a rubber plantation; a framer in South Africa; two met by chance in Saskatchewan, both members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

Following Frederick Hall's death in 1902, Founder's Day was observed each year on 26 June, the anniversary of his birthday, when there would be a service in St John's Church and the school prefects would lay a wreath of roses on his grave in the churchyard, a custom that was maintained until the closure of the school. Edward Hall followed his father as Warden and in his commitment to the school. He would give a weekly address, teach a Saturday morning lesson and take confirmation classes; so keenly was he aware of his duty that he seized the opportunity of his speech at the prize giving on one sports day to exhort the parents to ensure that their sons did not neglect to observe Sunday appropriately during the summer holiday. He also enjoyed taking school groups to matches at Lords and on annual visits to Oxford and Cambridge. The close connection between the school and the parish was maintained until, in the 1990s, with it becoming increasingly difficult to maintain adequately a school of that size, it was leased in 1995 to Woodside Park School (now North London International School) as its senior department.

#### **ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING**

Our Annual General Meeting will take place on Wednesday 25 May 2011 prior to the talk by David Berguer on *The Festival of Britain*. With this Newsletter is the official invitation to attend, along with a Nomination Form and a copy of last year's minutes.

If you have any item that you wish to raise under Any Other Business please notify Patricia Berguer by Wednesday 8 May 2011.

#### **SUBSCRIPTION RENEWAL**

For those of you who have not renewed your subscriptions for the year commencing 1 April 2011, a further copy of the membership Renewal form is enclosed. Please complete this and return it to us if you wish to continue receiving the Newsletter.

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