

Friern Barnet *Newsletter*

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REMEMBER EVENING CLASSES?

by David Berguer

Once upon a time all local councils used to provide evening classes for adults at very cheap rates. I was an enthusiastic participant and spent several years learning calligraphy, Spanish and photography. I remember the enrolment nights when there would be huge queues for the more popular classes such as motor mechanics and yoga. I came across the following article in the *Friern Barnet Ratepayers Association Year Book* for 1962-63 which brought it all back to me:

“At four o'clock each afternoon of term-time, the children of the spacious and beautiful new Friern Barnet County School in Hemington Avenue begin to disperse and barely three hours later, the students of the Friern Barnet Evening Institute begin to gather at the school. In a simple way, this picture is an illustration of the function and aim of the Evening Institute: to provide further education of a cultural and recreational nature for all residents of the district who seek it, from school leavers to old-age pensioners.



Friern Barnet School, home of the Evening Institute

In recent years, there has been a steady increase in the demand for classes at the Institute in a wide variety of subjects. The reasons for this demand are simple to understand: people look to the Evening Institute to improve their proficiency at their jobs, thereby strengthening the prospect of greater contentment at work, or even promotion. Yet, far and away the greater number of adults expect the Evening Institute to meet a need that is not merely a vocational one namely, to help them develop a leisure-time pursuit, simply for its own sake. For example, in their daily lives, men and women find themselves, very often, unable to make use of a particular talent which they discover in themselves while at school – it may be in art, or needlework, or woodwork. Again, frequently as a relaxation from the cares of bread-winning or raising a family, people come to the Evening Institute in search of a purely recreational course. The desire for self-absorption is often satisfied in the study of a language, or in learning more of the delightful ways in which flowers can be arranged in the home or in the pleasures of working with clay or even learning new and exotic dishes to serve to the family. All this the Friern Barnet Evening Institute provides and one other important feature more – the companionship that one inevitably finds in the informal atmosphere of adult classes.

During the past five years the Evening Institute has developed enormously, firstly under the energetic direction of Mr P S Morrell, BA, when at the old Holly Park School in Bellevue Road, the number of students enrolling for classes was doubled. Since Easter 1960, the Head of the Institute has been Mr L Newman, BA, who reports that the increasing popularity of the Evening Institute as a centre for further education is very evident. Indeed, in the past year alone the number of students enrolling at the Institute has again almost doubled. This astonishing increase is assuredly due to the fact that the Evening Institute has been located for the past eighteen months in the bright and lovely atmosphere of the Friern Barnet School in Hemington Avenue. The attraction of the more congenial surroundings of the new school notwithstanding, the growing interest in the Institute's activities is even more surprising when one considers how disastrous to the Institute's attendance can be the lure of a warm home on a cold, foggy winter's evening; or more tempting than all, the hypnotic lure of that potential killer of all out-of-home attractions, television.

Each September, the main enrolment for the new sessions begins. For this purpose, the Institute will open this year on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings, September 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th, from 6.30pm to 8.30pm. Mr Newman and his staff will be present to answer questions about the courses and to give advice. Term will begin on Monday September 24th. Most classes start at 7.15pm and last for two hours. Classes are available in the following subjects:

- | | |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------|
| Art | German |
| Badminton | Hairdressing |
| Cake-making | Home Repairs & Decoration |
| Cine Photography | Home Entertaining |
| Cookery (Home & International) | Keep-fit (Ladies) |
| Dinghy Sailing | Lampshade Making |
| Dressmaking | Leatherwork |
| English for Foreign Students | Motor Maintenance |
| Flower Arrangement | Pottery |

Football Training
French
Furniture Making

Shorthand
Typewriting
Woodwork

Fees are 30/- for a 3-term course; 20/- for a 2-term course; and 10/- for a 1-term course. Each additional course costs 2/6d per term and students under 18 pay half fees

There is no doubt that the Friern Barnet Evening Institute has a vital role to play in our community and residents are urged not to hesitate to avail themselves of its many amenities.”

DELIVERING THE CHRISTMAS POST

by Pamela Ellis

Five a.m. on 16 December. The alarm shatters my sleep and I crawl out of my warm bed, dress in shivering haste, creep downstairs to snatch a bowl of cornflakes and a cup of tea, then leave the house, closing the door quietly behind me. It is 1964 and having just finished my first term at Manchester University I am now doing what thousands of students used to do in those far-off days – working on the Christmas post.

This is my first day ‘on the post’. I make my way up the dark road and catch a 221 Routemaster by the Hartland Garage on Friern Barnet Road. I am bound for the sorting office in Springfield Road, New Southgate. Once found, it turns out to be an old building, and I am shown into a room full of tall wooden racks of pigeon holes, where the sorting of the mail is done. This room is heated by a roaring coal fire, a very welcome sight on a pre-dawn December morning!

The postmen are very hard at work and I and the other students are initiated into the mysteries of the trade. We learn a new vocabulary: a postal round is a “walk”; the sorting of mail into streets and sections of streets is “throwing off”; a registered letter is a “reg” (pronounced ‘redge’). I am given Holly Park Walk, basically Holly Park Road and the streets off it. The first morning the load is fairly light: I do the first delivery, go home for breakfast and then go back for the second delivery, finishing for the day at 1pm.

The mornings fall into a pattern – the early start, the cosy sorting office, the jokes and teasing with the postmen, then off to work with our bags of cards and letters. As Christmas draws nearer the loads get heavier. On the 18th I have to take two bags out for the first delivery, leaving one at the house of a postman who lives on the walk. By the 20th I am taking out three bagsful, and a kind postman takes pity on me and gives me a lift to Holly Park Road. The working day is getting longer too, and on the 22nd I do not finish until 4.30pm. That turns out to be the heaviest day; after that the loads get lighter. I finish on Christmas Eve, and in total have earned £15 15s 4d, a useful addition to my grant.

Although I don’t know it at the time, this is my last Christmas in Friern Barnet. The following summer my family will move up north, and though I will spend two more Christmases ‘on the post’, in Harrogate, the sorting office there is big and impersonal and I will experience none of the camaraderie and warmth of that little sorting office at New Southgate.

GLADDINGS THE GREENGROCERS

by Dave Gladding

Our story starts on 8 June 1912. A son is born to Walter and Beatrice Gladding who are residing in the Wood Green area. They name their son Walter, after his father, who is working as a Master Greengrocer. A daughter Lililan is born 18 months later. A few days after young Walter's fourth birthday, his mother dies, probably from breast cancer. Because of this family tragedy, and as was usual in those days, the children are farmed out to live with relatives in Wood Green.

After a year or so, Walter Senior meets up with a Mrs Nunn and the family is reunited and they move to East Barnet, renting a substantial property for the princely sum of £1 per week. It consists of a cottage, coach house, stables and a meadow and is situated at the corner of Capel Road and Church Hill. Young Walter attends a local school and thrives and grows in the country environment. Buying and selling of horses and greengrocery are the main focus of the family's activities. Walter Senior is a healer of sick horses and is known as "the horse whisperer". Young Walter, who is a bright child and excels at mathematics, leaves school at 14 years old and starts his own business as a Master Greengrocer, selling produce he has purchased from Spitalfields Market from a horse and cart in the Muswell Hill area and renting stables and storage behind Woodings Greengrocers shop in Friern Barnet.

Walter Senior sees the potential of motorised transport and purchases one of the first T type Ford cars from Perry's of Finchley, converting it into an open truck to use in his own greengrocery business.

The years go by and young Walter's business is growing and he now has a number of people working for him. He marries Rosina in 1938 and they rent a flat in Sydney Road, Muswell Hill and a son, David, is born in 1939. In September 1939 Britain declares war on Germany and everyone's lives are affected. Walter is called up and serves in the Royal Air Force for the duration of the war, his business having been closed down. In 1943 Walter Senior dies, leaving very little in the way of assets, except for a pretty dilapidated 1930s Ford 8hp Y-type open truck which, like the earlier Ford, had started life as a saloon car. On his demob from the forces young Walter is virtually penniless and he manages to find part time employment working for a friend in the greengrocery trade. In his spare time he spends hours stripping down the chassis of the old Ford truck and rebuilding it in to a working condition. Having completed this, he again starts up a greengrocery business in the Muswell Hill area at 153 Sydney Road, renting garages in Sydney Road. Rosina is working with him and 12 and 14 hour days are the norm and in all weathers (the winter of 1947 was the worst in living memory).

Through their hard work the business thrives and Walter is once again employing people. They are still living in the flat in Sydney Road and in 1949 a daughter, Linda, is born. In 1954 some big changes take place; number 62 Sydney Road is put up for sale and Walter and Rosina buy the property for £2200 – it is a large house with lots of potential. David leaves secondary school and joins the family business but after a few years it becomes apparent that the merchandising of fresh food products is about to undergo a dramatic change and Tesco and Sainsbury's open up supermarkets in Muswell Hill. In 1959 is called up to do two years National Service. He joins the RAF and undergoes extensive training and

testing and passes out as a Casualty Air Evacuation Medic, having passed his examinations with distinction. David completes his National Service in 1961, having achieved the rank of Senior Aircraftsman.

On discharge from the RAF David rejoins the family business and Walter buys an existing greengrocery shop in Friern Barnet at 12 Halliwick Court Parade. A few more years go by, but because of ongoing adverse market conditions (the supermarkets are increasing their market share at an alarming rate), the business begins to retract with the consequential reduction in profit margins. By the time we get to 1968, David is under no illusions that the long term future for small food retailing businesses is far from certain and after much soul searching and sleepless nights decides to leave the family business and in March 1968 joins the Prudential Assurance Company Ltd as a District Agent in the Muswell Hill area. Walter carries on with the business alone, selling produce to small shops, cafes and pubs on a part-time basis. Walter eventually closes his business and retires at the age of 82.



Dave Gladding aged 20 with the firm's Bedford van

Footnote by David Berguer

The decline in the number of independent food retailers is quite amazing. In 1970 there were no less than 15 greengrocer's shops in Friern Barnet, North Finchley and Whetstone. Nowadays, of course, there are none, and there are no dairies and grocers shops, only a few bakers and just one butcher. These retailers were in the main family-run concerns which, like David's business, were handed down from father to son and their profits were spent in the local community, helping to keep it healthy.

“THE FIELDS OF FRIERN”

Our member Dr Pauline Ashbridge has written a fascinating book *The Fields of Friern* which traces the development of Friern Barnet from the late 15th to the late 19th century. At that time the area was entirely rural and the book examines in detail the changing ownership of land and disputes that arose between the various landowners. Pauline has done a huge amount of research and has unearthed some previously unknown facts. Anyone who is interested in British history will be fascinated by the work and it is highly recommended.

The book is A5 and runs to 181 pages. Extracts from old maps and documents supplement the text. The book (ISBN 9 780954-663230) is available from Waterstone's in North Finchley price £9.99, from Amazon.co.uk or from the publisher Kershaw Publishing, PO Box 55123, North Finchley, N12 9YH

“THE FRIERN HOSPITAL STORY”

by Richard Testar

Those of you who read David Berguer's first book, *Under the Wires at Tally Ho*, will remember how cleverly he interwove a history of local transport with an account of a changing social structure. David's second book, *The Friern Hospital Story*, is another enthralling voyage into our local history. Most of us who have lived in the area for many years will surely have been affected at some time by the presence of the Hospital which not only dominated the landscape but touched the lives of many of us or our past relatives in one way or another.

The picture on the front of the book is an invitation in itself to pass down Europe's longest corridor to discover an amazing story in its covers. This book covers every aspect of Friern Hospital's life, and is a real eye-opener to those of us who only knew the place from the deck of a passing bus.

The book opens with a history of mental illness and poverty and the many ways of dealing with them over the ages and it describes the reasons for selecting the new hospital's location and the choice of its design. Middlesex County Council already had an asylum at Hanwell and needed a second institution in the east of the county to cater for the growing population of so-called 'pauper lunatics' who were then being incarcerated in workhouses.

What is so fascinating is the development of the hospital after construction, such as the installation of utilities such as gas and water and the provision of a farm growing produce and producing livestock which made it a virtually self-sufficient community.

Over the years the care of patients developed significantly, not just medical care but recreational too: the hospital even had its own radio station. The high and low times are described, such as the difficulties for staff managing patients whose behaviour was often unpredictable. Reports of abuse in care homes is not a recent problem; as the book identifies, there were allegations of mistreatment against untrained or inexperienced nurses and Friern did not escape criticism in a scathing book published in 1967 that was highly critical of mental institutions.

David rounds off this excellent book by describing the gradual run-down of Friern Hospital with the move towards "care in the community" and its residual problems. It ends by illustrating the development of the new Princess Park Manor and the creation of thirty new roads and a retail park in the former grounds.

The book is in A4 format, runs to 180 pages and contains 140 photographs, illustrations and diagrams.

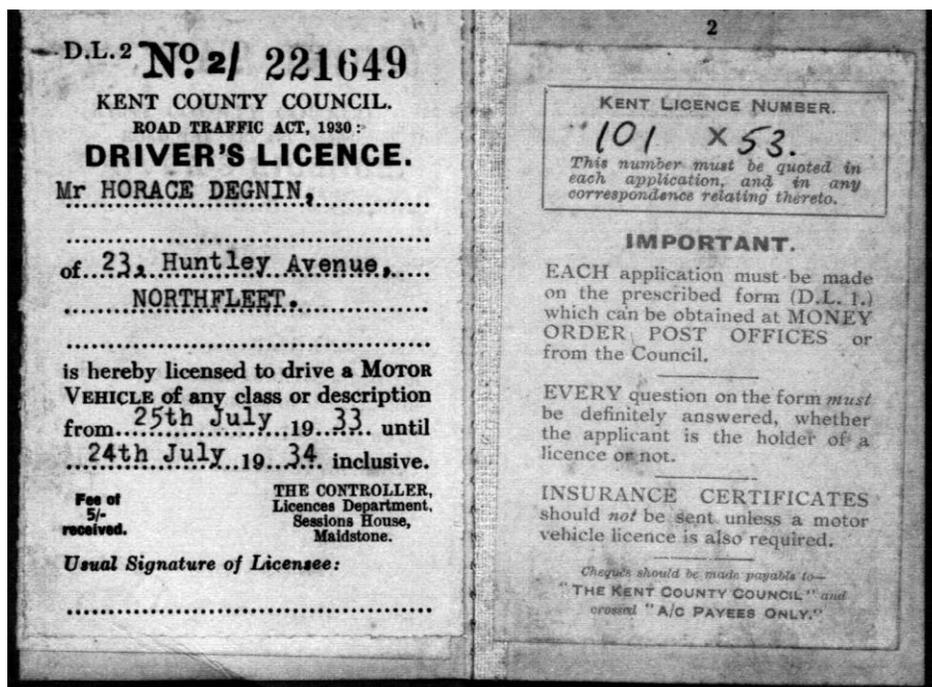
The book is available direct from the publishers Chaville Press, 148 Friern Park, London N12 9LU at £14.99 plus £3 postage and packing or from amazon.co.uk and booksellers. ISBN number 9 780956-934444

DRIVING BACK THEN

In our issue number 34 (Sept 2008) we carried an article about AA Pilots who back in 1936 used to meet people on the outskirts of London and conduct them to

their destination. Our member in Sidmouth, Joan Morrell, recently sent us the following:

“Yes, I do remember the AA Pilots and I believe there was a request for them in an early AA Annual. I could not understand why this was necessary as traffic in London was so sparse. About that time, or soon after, I was lucky to have a parking space in the courtyard of Somerset House when it was very different from now. It was possible to park at the kerbside for shopping anywhere as long as one avoided bus stops. On one occasion I parked outside Liberty’s in Regent Street to purchase a small cabinet I had seen in the window, and they came out and put it in my boot for me and there was no problem. I can remember buying my first driving licence over the counter at Whetstone Post Office. I believe it was 5s 0d which was a lot to save up for in those days. And, of course, there were no tests then, but I took one later and passed first time.”



A driving licence from 1933

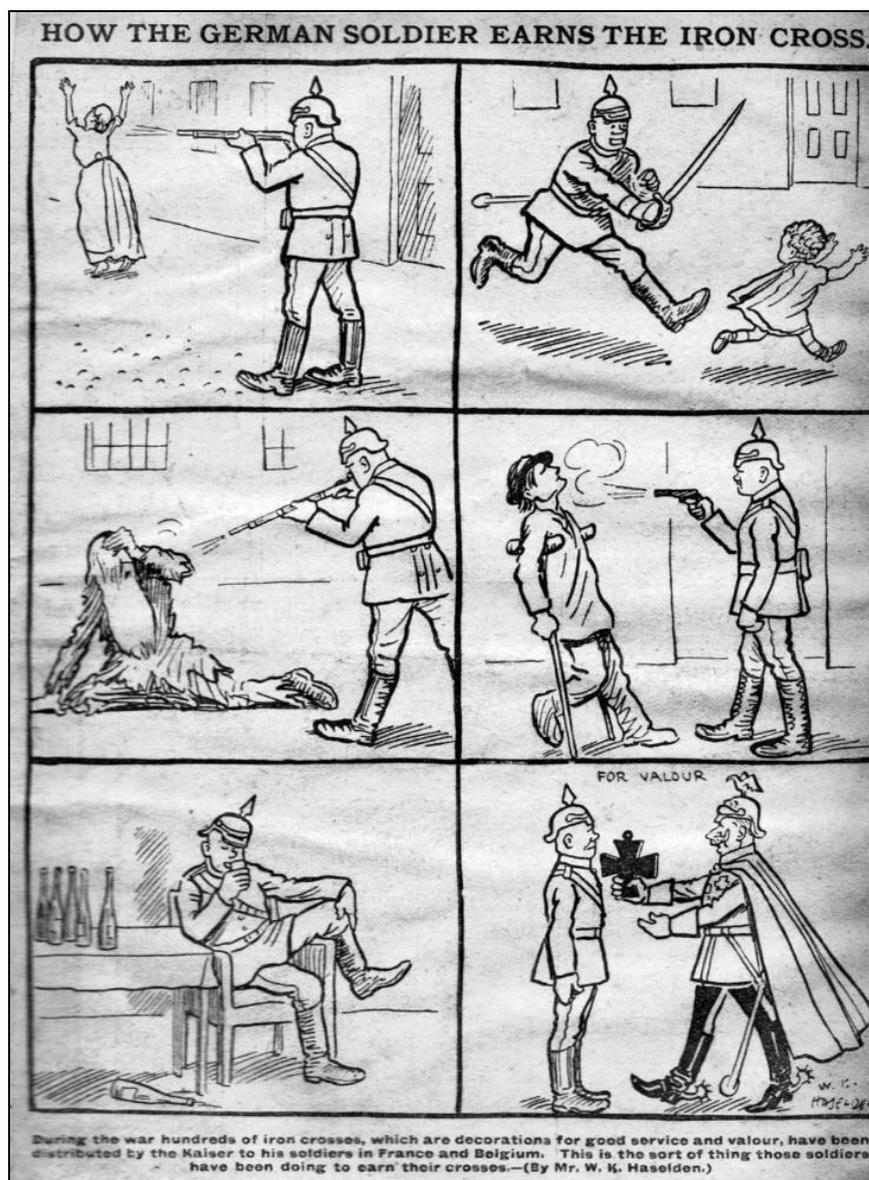
ANTI-GERMAN FEELING

by John Heathfield

At our meeting of 27 June we had an excellent talk from Maggie Butt on the *Ally Pally Prison Camp* where she related the moving story of German and Austrian internees in Alexandra Palace during the First World War. Her talk sent me scrabbling amongst my notes and I found that anti-German hysteria had spread as far as our district and was reported in *The Finchley Press*. In August 1914 a mob attacked the premises of Mr H Flack, a Russian Jew, in Park Parade, North Finchley. Using bricks from the site of the new Jelks' which was under construction, they practically demolished the premises. Inspector Wallis and a group of constables arrived by tram which had driven non-stop from Finchley police station, much to the consternation of the passengers, some of whom were carried past their stop. They (the police not the passengers) charged the mob and dispersed it. The mob also attacked the shop of Mr Ritsert, a hairdresser, because someone said he was German; he had lived in Finchley for over 40 years. On the next day, a Saturday, there was a rumour that food shops were

charging inflated prices and by 11.15pm a crowd of some 800 assembled at Tally Ho. Inspector Wallis had brought in some 200 constables and the crowd dispersed by 2.30am.

Charles Cooper, 31, and James Butcher were charged with damaging Mr Flack's windows, the damage amounting to £60 or £70. The Chairman of the bench said: "This is not the sort of behaviour we expect of an Englishman though no doubt it is common in other countries." Frederick Cox and his wife Thelma were charged with disorderly conduct. Sergeant Floyd said there was a crowd of about 800 and he asked the accused to move on and she knocked his helmet off. Cox said: "I can stand here as long as I like." John Cox of Grove Road was charged with trying to rescue the couple and PC210 said in his evidence that he had asked him to go away to which Cox replied: "Fifty policemen will not make me." The three were fined five shillings each. A Mrs Mardin of East Finchley was charged with insulting behaviour – she had abused her neighbour Mrs Mary Dick. In her defence she said she thought Mrs Dick was German. She was bound over to keep the peace.



An example of the kind of propaganda that the British public were exposed to during the Great War

SHOOTING PIGEONS

During the 1914-18 war a number of cases appeared before local courts, mainly concerned with people trying to gain exemption from military service. However, the 17 June 1916 issue of *Barnet Press* carried the following intriguing report:

“Before J F Gilling, Esq at Barnet Occasional Court on Tuesday, Christopher Linger, aged 59 of 4 St John’s Terrace, Friern Barnet, married, was charged under the Defence of the Realm Act with unlawfully shooting three homing pigeons, valued at £17, the property of Alfred Ogles, Carnarvon Road, Barnet, on the 2nd inst. Mr Ogles liberated from his loft some 80 pigeons which flew, as was their custom, straight to the sewage farm. The following day he was sending, for the Government, some of his birds to the East Coast, and found three of the most valuable ones missing. He gave information to the police – William Sibley, a workman on the farm, said he saw the pigeons and noticed on bird particularly on account of its colour. He heard the report of a gun, and saw smoke rising from a hedge. He saw also the prisoner pick up something from the ground, which he took to be dead pigeons, put his hand to his pocket and walk away. The pigeons flew away when the gun was fired. Detective Sergt. Warner said he made enquiries and on the 11th inst. saw the prisoner at Whetstone, and arrested him on suspicion of shooting the three missing pigeons.

Prisoner said: “I have never been to the sewage farm; I don’t know where it is. I have never shot any pigeons.” Subsequently witness went to prisoner’s house, and in the front room, on a sofa, found a gun, a powder flask and a tin of abet. He found also, on the inside pocket of a coat belonging to the prisoner, a pigeon’s feather, which he showed later to Mr Ogles, who said the colour was similar to the colour of one of the missing birds. It was similar also to the colour of the bird noticed particularly by Sibley. Prisoner said, pointing to the gun: “I have not fired that gun for a fortnight.” Prisoner, added witness, was placed with ten other men, and picked out by Sibley as the man he saw on the farm, and walk away.

The military were communicated with, and they advised that the case should be dealt with by the Magistrates. Prisoner, when charged, said: “Two wood pigeons I shot in an oak tree; I have never seen these pigeons on a tree before. I sold one the same day to Mr Harriott, the Workman’s Arms, Whetstone for 10s and one to a man in the street.” Mr Harriott said he knew the man as a casual customer, and denied having bought a pigeon from the prisoner on the day named or on any other day. Captain Osmond, officer in charge of the Home Force Pigeon Service, said that Mr Ogles lent pigeons to the Government without any payment and the Government trained them for certain work.

In summing up Mr Gilling said that a considerable number of complaints had come from this district in regard to the shooting of pigeons and it was very important in the interests of the country that the practice should be stopped. Christopher Linger was fined £10 or 2 months in prison.”

The size of the fine indicated how serious an offence it was - £10 is equivalent to £608 today!

Homing pigeons were even used extensively in the Second World War and particularly in the run up to D-Day when radio silence was being strictly observed.

Messages would be attached to the pigeons and on return to their home lofts, these would be removed and taken to the local police station where they were forwarded on to the authorities.

COAL AND FIREWOOD

by John Heathfield

Do you remember the smell of coal? When I was a boy we had a coal cupboard off the kitchen and opposite the back door and in one of my later houses we had a side passage leading to two bins, one for coal and one for coke, so I was brought up with the smell of it. Although we had a reflector type electric heater with a round bowl, there was a coal fire in the living room and the kitchen was kept warm by cooking. If a fire was lit in the bedroom, you knew there was something serious going on and the doctor would soon be called. Coal was delivered by horse and cart and it was my job as a lad to count the sacks as they were offloaded from the cart to ensure that we were not short-changed. Nutty slack was the favourite coal and if you had a boiler, anthracite or Phurnacite (egg shaped briquettes made from coal dust) would be burned. These were difficult to light but they burnt with an intense heat.

However, this article is not actually about coal, but about firewood. In Roman times London was surrounded by forest; there is a remnant of Roman forest in Highgate Woods and another at the rear of St James School in Friern Barnet Lane.

Wood was used not only for heating and cooking but also for building houses and vast numbers of oak trees were cut down to build ships for the Royal Navy. In this area once trees had been cut down, grazing animals would eat the young saplings and so the land round London was gradually converted to meadowland.

In Friern Barnet John de Agagate paid rent to the Abbot of St Albans in the form of four cartloads of timber per year while Alan Giles of the Hospitallers received each year *“for his chamber four wain loads of bush and seven quarters of charcoal plus one candle each day”*.

Sourcing firewood was a big problem, for the demand was insatiable and much firewood was salvaged from demolished buildings and a little came from old sailing boats. Making firewood was a source of income and prisoners at Pentonville had to cut baulks of timber into 6 inch lengths for chopping into firewood. Able bodied inmates of the Barnet workhouse had to work for their food by chopping firewood. Local tradesmen would send for a cartload of timber from London docks for cutting up and sometimes gipsies would come round with firewood, although they were more often selling clothes pegs made from scrap wood. Firewood came in bundles which were sold in shops. On one memorable occasion the Head Teacher of St James School, received 700 bundles and the boys helped to move them, although I never did find out where they ended up.

You needed kindling to light a fire at home. You scrumpled up newspapers into 3 inch balls, placed thin sticks of dry wood on top, put lumps of coal on top of them and set light to the paper. You got a face full of smoke and a decent fire after about twenty minutes. You could speed up the process by holding a sheet of newspaper over the fireplace, although you had to be careful not to hold it too near otherwise you could end up with a fire where you didn't want it.

My flat does not have a fireplace – the nearest open fire is in my local pub where it is advertised as a tourist attraction.

FIRE!

Nowadays we are used to seeing (and hearing) fire engines racing through the streets on their way to a conflagration (or perhaps a cat up a tree). But it was not always thus, as this article from *The Sentinel* in 1900 shows:

“The Friern Barnet Fire. The Barnet Water Company to Blame After All.

We fully reported last week the destruction by fire of Mr Price’s house and workshops in Beaconsfield-road. We stated then that the impossibility of getting water for over an hour was due to the fact that Friern Barnet Council has provided no fire hydrants. But, even as it was, water might have been quickly obtained had there been sufficient pressure in the mains or a resident turncock. Near the scene of the fire there is a “draw-off cock” which, we are told, would have been as serviceable as a hydrant had there been any pressure. But there wasn’t. And the nearest turncock lives at Whetstone!

When Cr. Barfield heard of the fire he went to New Southgate police-station and asked them to telegraph to Whetstone for the turncock. But this they had done already. Mr Reynolds, the surveyor, went over in a trap to fetch him, but by the time he had been brought and had turned the water on Mr Price’s house had been burned out, and the fire “stopped” with water from that sand-hole. This has been the case lately at half-a-dozen fires in the area of Barnet Water Co.’s supply – the Company’s water has been turned on too late to be of any use in stopping the fire.

Soon after he went on the Council years ago, Cr. Barfield suggested that the district should be supplied with fire hydrants. But he was successfully opposed by those who said “They would be of no use; by the time the water was turned on the fire would be out.” What happened last week in Beaconsfield –road, though there was a “draw-off cock” handy, goes to justify this view. Still it might be worth while to have some hydrants if only to put the responsibility on the water company more clearly and completely.

An incident recounted to *The Sentinel* by one of the firemen shows up the water company. He begged some water at a private house to feed the engine while it stood idle. When the good woman had given him a couple of pailsful she told him he could have no more or she herself would be without any. Such a meagre water supply as this indicates is likely to be a public danger in many ways – not only in the case of fire! The Barnet Gas and Water Company meets to-morrow, and *The Sentinel*, although refused admittance to last night’s secret meeting of the Colney Hatch Gas Co., will be there.”

Today the response time for the London Fire Brigade is 5 minutes 46 seconds!

MORE FIRE!

by John Heathfield

In the autumn of 1944 German air raids grew in frequency and German bombers were increasingly carrying baskets of incendiary bombs with the aim of swamping

London's fire defences. To try and prevent fire, fire watching duties were introduced and most schools were covered by street patrols but Woodhouse School was relatively isolated and so it had to provide its own cover. There were usually a teacher and three boys on duty which began at 6.00pm and went on until 8.00am the next day. In the mornings, we managed to get to school on time but staff did not arrive until about 8.30 or 9.00.

Fire watching was very popular amongst the boys as they were paid 1s 6d a night, although they had to provide their own sheets and pillow cases and provide their own supper. The boys slept on camp beds in the sixth form commercial room and the teachers slept in the staff room. I was usually on duty with Mike Darken and Don Hollins and the teachers with us were usually Miss Sams (History and straight from college) and Miss Epstein (Maths and ditto).

On one occasion we were on with Miss Shore (the redoubtable Shover) and she appeared at about 10.00pm to say goodnight, modelling a ginger full-length dressing gown over a white flannel nightie decorated with flowers. We were only on with her once and I made sure that she saw me doing my English homework, Similarly, when I was on with the formidable John Davie, I made sure he saw me doing my French.

The school had stirrup pumps strategically placed round the building together with sand buckets and scoops and we went on a three-hour fire fighting course to learn how to use them. The instructors showed us how to deal with a phosphorous bomb by covering it with sand (water causes phosphorous to explode), which was delivered by a small scoop on the end of a long handle. The instructors said: "If you do get a bomb, for Gawd's sake don't touch it – send for us!"

NEXT YEAR'S PROGRAMME

Janet Liversidge has once again prepared a varied and interesting programme of lectures for 2013 and we look forward to seeing you at one or all of them! A list of them is with this Newsletter – please keep it in a safe place and put the dates in your diary/calendar/ipad/smartphone/laptop or any other modern device!

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

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