

Friern Barnet *Newsletter*

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UNEARTHING THE PAST

by David Berguer

A neighbour of ours, Vanessa Salter of 82 Raleigh Drive, was intending to build a pond in her back garden and she and her husband chose a site which consisted of a raised flowerbed. They started digging when suddenly the earth collapsed to reveal a large hole.



The site of the pond, carefully marked out



The mysterious hole

Further digging revealed a relic from the past – an Anderson air raid shelter! Our older readers will, of course, remember these. I can recall that my dad, who was in the Fire Service during the War, built one in our back garden, helped by his colleagues from the fire station in Oakleigh Park North where he was based. I must have been about five at the time, but I can dimly remember that the shelter was rendered unusable almost immediately due to the ingress of large amounts of water. In the end we opted for a Morrison shelter which was situated in our living room and I remember lying on my back under its roof and hearing the German bombers flying overhead.



Vanessa's shelter



An Anderson Shelter under construction

The Anderson shelter designed in 1938 and was named after Sir John Anderson who had been charged with preparing air raid precautions just before the war. Once war had been declared they were distributed to those households that needed them and by March 1940 Friern Barnet Council had supplied 2735 of them. Two months later they discontinued issuing them due to a shortage of steel, and brick-built shelters were used instead.

Vanessa looked at the deeds of her house and discovered that the occupier from 1938 (the house had been built in 1937 as part of the Church Farm Estate) to 1946 was a Leslie Baverstock who was an RAF pilot.

There are still a few brick shelters in people's back gardens and these were so solidly built that they have proved to be virtually indestructible, so they have been converted into tool sheds. The large public shelters such as the one in New Southgate Recreation Ground are a reminder of the dark days of the war.

EXAM QUESTIONS FOR 12 YEAR-OLDS

by Colin Barratt

John Heathfield's examples of old exam questions in the February *Newsletter* showed how different the syllabus was then, although the actual year of these examples wasn't given.

How many of us could draw an accurate map from memory of the counties listed, even after studying them first? I can't see the usefulness of knowing the shape of the counties, unless the question also asked for the major towns and cities to be marked. The arithmetic problem was interesting. The term "Find by practice" would now probably be written as "Work out". The question also shows how ancient measures were still being used and must have been taught to the children. The first step in solving this problem is to convert the quantity of wine into the same units, in this case gallons. I had never heard of the liquid measures "pipe" or "hogshead". When I checked in my dictionary it said a pipe was usually about 105 gallons and a hogshead usually 50 gallons. This casts some doubt on whether there is a definitive answer to the problem, but assuming these figures are right, and a quart being a quarter of a gallon, the total quantity of wine is 152.25 gallons. Dividing this by 50 gallons we get 3.045 hogsheads. The price per hogshead can be converted to metric, £28.875. So, multiplying 3.045 by 28.875 we get £87.924, or £87 18s 6d. (Has anyone got a different answer?). It's easy in metric, using a calculator, but laborious if you had to do it all by hand in old money!

Basing an English question on Latin grammar seems rather strange. How many ordinary 12-year-old schoolboys in the late 19th century would have been familiar with Latin, unless they went to a Public School - or am I underestimating them? Surely dissecting this sentence into its grammatical detail wouldn't help children write creatively, understand what they are reading or read better. Surprisingly, teaching history wasn't required. Maybe it wasn't thought to be necessary, so the pupils wouldn't even learn about the British Empire or any important events of the past. I wonder what skills children left school with that prepared them for life.

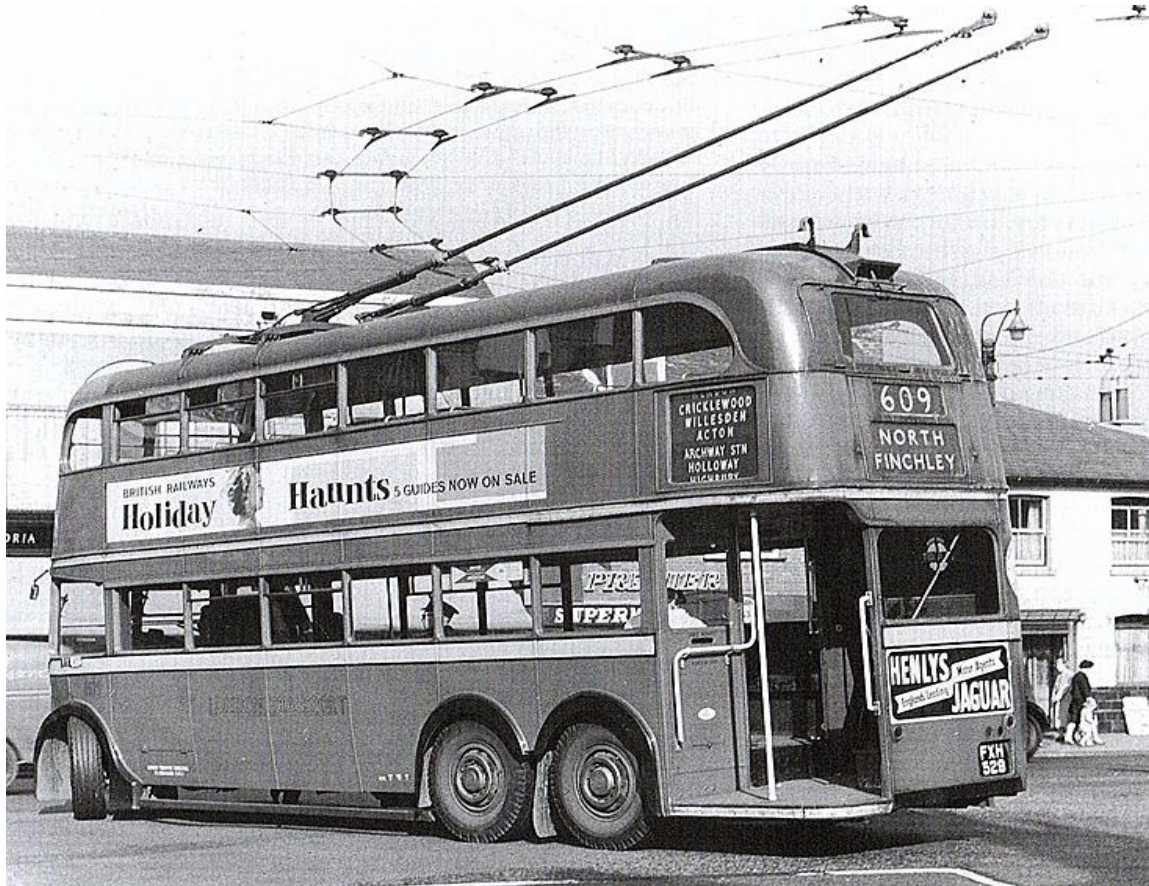
A TROLLEYBUS ACCIDENT

The following appeared in *Barnet Press & News* on 15 April 1950:

"A trolley-bus conductor was fined £3 at Highgate Court on Wednesday, as the sequel to an accident in High Road, North Finchley, on February 11th, in which

Mrs Teresa Main, of Manor Close, Barnet, road safety organiser for Barnet, was injured when she was dragged along the ground while attempting to board the vehicle.

Before the court was George Albert Hayes, of Tufnell Park, Holloway, who was summoned for alleged conduct that endangered the safety of his passengers. It was stated that Mrs Main and two companions, Mrs Ethel May Walters, of Hadley Ridge, Barnet and Mrs Rebecca Burton, of Hadley Highstone, had been boarding a 609 Barnet-bound trolleybus at a request stop. Mrs Walters and Mrs



Trolleybus platforms were larger than those of motor buses. Trolleybus 1529 at Barnet.

Burton had actually boarded the platform when it moved off. Mrs Main, who had one foot on the platform was dragged along the ground until a shout from the other two women stopped the bus. All three asserted that they had heard no signal to start, and that the bus had been stationary when they had attempted to board it. They agreed that they had at no time been at the stop itself and had come from behind the off side of the bus to board it.

Hayes stated that he had given the driver a signal on the buzzer, as distinct from the bell which is a starting signal. He was on the top deck, and the platform was clear of passengers.

The driver, Mr Alfred Mitchell, stated that he turned round, saw that the platform was clear, and as he had received no stop signal, accelerated. He then heard a shout and noticed two women on the platform, so he stopped. Both he and Hayes maintained that the bus had never actually come to a standstill.

Asked why he had slowed down if the stop was clear of passengers and he had received no signal to stop, the driver replied that the vehicle immediately in front of him was another trolley-bus, and he could not overtake it.

Mrs Main told the court that her injuries included a bruised eye and severe abrasions to her arm and leg.

The defence argued that Hayes had taken every reasonable precaution to ensure the safety of his passengers and that he could not be expected to see people approaching from behind the off side of the bus. He was ordered to pay £1 3s 2d costs in addition to the fine.”

It would appear rather unfair that the conductor had received a fine of £4 3s 2d (£138 in today's money) since the women clearly were at fault in approaching the bus from the rear offside, where the conductor would not have been able to see them. It is also ironic that Mrs Main was a road safety organiser!

MEMORIES OF HOLDEN ROAD

by Caroline Wright (née Cooper)

My name is Caroline. I was born Cooper in May 1949, a second child of Bill and Denise Cooper and only daughter; I have an older brother Anthony and a younger brother Christopher. I was born in a hospital in Hampstead – the Queen Mary Maternity Hospital. I am told that the blanket on my crib was crocheted by Mary herself. I was taken back to the family home, Denewood, 37 Holden Road, Woodside Park, which was home for the next 21 years.

My earliest memory was of being carried in a zipped holdall with Mum and Dad each side – no carry cots in those days. I think it was used later or originally as Dad's rugby kit bag. I also remember an old-fashioned pram with cream upholstery that could take two babies facing each other. There was a section in the middle that could lift out, presumably so that the two babies could sit up with their feet in the gap. I seem to remember walking by the pram down by Dollis Brook (it could have been Chris or Cousin Francis in the pram). I can also remember going with the pram up to the clinic in Nether Street to fetch our free orange juice that came in flattish glass bottles with blue screw top lids. There was a wooden ramp for the pram.

Granny Cooper lived next door but one at White Lodge (Dad's family home). Grandma and Grandpop Peverett lived at that time on the Hampstead Garden suburb at 32 Brookland Hill.

There was a flat above us at Holden Road where various people lived – I remember Auntie Joan and Tony Watson, the Macbeths, the Burnetts, the Retys and the Hastings family, and then Grandma and Grandpop Peverett. Also, the dining room was let out in the early days to a Mrs Fairfax who was the mother of a friend of Dad's who was in Germany, I think. She had her own gas meter and a lock on the door from the hall.

Built in 1904, Holden Road was a big house with three/four storeys and a cellar below. It was very cold in winter with high ceilings, wooden floors and with the cellar underneath the cold air blew through and up into the lounge and dining room. It would lift the carpet – there were no fitted carpets. The toilet was on a landing halfway up the stairs; the bathroom was downstairs next to the door that went down to the cellar.

The living room had a board with the bells above the door that was used to call the servants, but I don't think it ever worked in our time. There was a boiler in the living

room which was kept going with coke at all times as it provided the hot water and you could only have a bath if the pipes each side were both warm, however, I have many memories of having a bath and having it topped up with large kettles of boiling water and I had to scrunch up to one end to avoid getting scalded. The boiler had a huge fireguard that was used to help dry the clothes. There was a large built-in dresser on one wall with three cupboards underneath, one for each of us for our toys; mine was in the middle. The first drawer of the dresser held the cutlery and I used to play with the knives, forks and spoons and pretend they were a family.

We sat at the living room table to eat, do homework, make the Christmas pudding with silver sixpences etc. Mum used to make two Christmas cakes, one of which would be for Anthony's birthday in January. Three stirs to make a wish. Cigarette ash included. This was the room we would be in when our weekly comics and magazines arrived usually on a Monday or Tuesday. Anthony had *The Eagle*, I had *Girl* and Chris had *Robin*. Later on, we would have *The Topper* and/or *The Beezer*. Dad was always first in line to read the comics. I also subscribed to *Enid Blyton's Magazine* and later on a weekly/monthly magazine that was an encyclopaedia in many parts which cost 1/9d an issue, *Knowledge Magazine*, I think. We all went through a phase when we desperate to get our hands-on various superhero comics from America, mostly *Superman*, *Superboy* and *Superwoman*.

We knew things were going up in the world when dad had a brand-new chair for him to sit in by the boiler – the first piece of furniture I can remember them buying. A bit later on I think the lino in the room was replaced by blue and white vinyl tiles. The living room was the hub of the home and where we spent most of our time during the day as it was so much warmer than the rest of the house. When I came home from school Mum would often be ironing in the living room listening to *Mrs Dales' Diary* or *Woman's Hour*. In the very early days she used to have an iron plugged into the light socket which was quite normal for the time. That is the room where I remember seeing Mum having come back from the hairdressers, another first, with her hair all piled up on top of her head ready for some social occasion. The dresser in the living room was where Dad used to have a large brown envelope full of non-tipped cigarettes that he brought home from testing at the Government Chemist Laboratory where he worked in the 1950s. When Mum and Dad decided to give up cigarettes, Dad started smoking a pipe and Mum had small mini cigars.

Next to the living room there was a scullery/kitchen with red quarry tiles on the floor and a high window above the sink that you could not see out of. I am told that we used to be bathed in the sink when we were babies. Every Sunday Granny Cooper would drop in on her way from St Barnabas Church and would perch on a chair in the kitchen clutching her Bible while Mum or I beat up the mixture for the Yorkshire puddings. Granny used to wear a real fox stole, its head lolloping over her shoulder. We had no washing machine so Mum used to go to White Lodge to do the washing but we did have a mangle on the wooden draining board to squeeze out the water; later on we had a washing machine with a built-in mangle. Clothes would be washed in increasingly dirty water – whites then coloured then dark, but the same water. We later had a twin tub (washer and spin dryer) but again the same water which had to be pumped out at the end. Handkerchiefs used to be boiled up in a saucepan each week, but I am pretty sure that it was not used for anything else! I do not remember the kitchen door ever being shut. My job was very often to dry up the dishes and then as they were dried they would be put on a large wooden tray and taken into the living room where the dishes were put in the glazed part of the dresser and the cutlery would go in the drawer. I remember baking cakes in the kitchen but only when we had to do

some for Brownies or something similar. Little sponge cakes in paper cases, with butter icing sometimes (angel cakes?).

In the tiled corridor outside there was a large double-doored pantry where meat would be kept under a wire mesh and milk bottles on the floor as there was no fridge for many years (1965). The malt extract which we had regularly was kept in the tiled pantry along with the cod liver oil. On the floor of the pantry in later years was where the dog's horsemeat was kept in a saucepan after being cooked; it smelt awful and was coloured blue to stop it being mistaken for human food. There was a knife and fork kept specially for cutting this up which was referred to as the dog's knife and fork though Mum said that Anthony was confused as to how the dog could manage to use them. On the panelled wall next to the pantry was the place where we recorded our various heights over the years. This corridor also led to the back door which went to a side passage and then to the garden. Next to the back door was the outside toilet which was only ever used to store garden tools and was rather scary.

Next to the pantry was the bathroom which had a bath and basin and the door had a leaded stained-glass panel in the top half. There was also a pebbled window between the bathroom and the top of the cellar steps, so it was always dark and rather scary. We all had to be reminded to wash our face, hands and knees each night. Dirty knees were a consequence of me never wearing trousers and the boys having had short trousers until they were about 14. I remember sharing a bath with Chris but not Anthony. A new product came on the market for bubble baths, Mately it was called. We loved using that, but it was quite abrasive both on us and the bath. We had a party once and we had to play 'sardines' where we had to hide in the dark until discovered. I hid in the bath only to find there were lots of jellies setting there. Cousin Roger found me, I think. We also used to love playing Murder in the Dark.

The cellar steps were just outside the bathroom and led down to the large cellar where the coal and coke were kept in three 'stalls' – one for coke and two for coal (one for us and one for the people in the flats as I remember. The boys were always given the job of fetching up the coke and/or coal. I can remember the coal scuttle for the coke clearly. My job was to help with the drying up, but I always felt that was really unfair as it took much longer to do the washing or drying up than it did to scoot down into the cellar for some coke. The cellar had a very distinctive smell of earth, dust and coal. There were some assorted items of street furniture, including a belisha beacon, which had been collected by Dad and his rugby mates! This was where there would be a keg of beer at Christmas. As a teenager Anthony used the space for a shooting range. From the cellar was a door leading out into the garden. There was also a trapdoor from the dining room that led down into the cellar though it did involve some crawling.

As you left the cellar and turned left towards the hall there were two steps leading up into the hall. There was also wood panelling against the staircase and one triangular piece had gone missing and had to be replaced with a piece of cardboard which would regularly fall out. The hall I remember as having a red carpet and a fireplace plus a large mirror. I can only remember the fire being lit once. The mantelpiece was again rather ornate, and it had little square mouldings around it, like sweets. This is where the telephone was and was where Grandma and Grandpop spoke to Auntie Joan in New Zealand for the first time, on their Diamond Anniversary. You used to have to book the call ahead with the operator. There was a piece of wall between the dining room and the lounge that was just wide enough for me to use as a support for doing handstands. I would spend many hours practising handstands and could even go over into a crab and back at one time. The wallpaper in the hall was a dark red flowery paper which was later replaced in the sixties with lighter wallpaper with more red foliage but

with a white background. Off the hall were three reception rooms and the porch. The porch was used for coats and bicycles and had two glazed doors (again with leaded stained glass) into the hall. The floor was tiled. There was always a large wall mirror on the left as you came into the hall.

To be continued.....

GOODBYE TO THE OLD OAK TREE

A huge oak tree stood at the corner of Raleigh Drive and St James Avenue. Despite having a huge hole at its base, it managed to produce leaves every year. At the height of the coronavirus this year Barnet Council decided that it had to go so, On 6 May a team of tree surgeons arrived and, having spread a carpet of old car tyres in the road they set about with chainsaws. On 8 June contractors arrived to grind away the stump.

Having successfully cut it down, a number of local residents asked if they could have pieces of it to make cheese boards, bread boards or even tables. When we enquired about the age of the tree we were informed by Barnet's tree officer, that it was somewhere between 180 to 200 years old, so it would have been on Church Farm before roads were built on the site in the 1930s.



THE LOCAL LIST

by David Berguer

The borough of Barnet, in common with all local authorities, have a number of buildings of historical interest, some of which are considered important enough to be worth

preserving. The National Heritage List for England is compiled by the Secretary of State for Culture, Media and Sport following advice from Historic England. Buildings are rated in order of their importance – Grade I, Grade II* and Grade II, with Grade I comprising such buildings as Buckingham Palace and the Houses of Parliament. These Statutory Listed Buildings are protected from redevelopment and it is a criminal offence to demolish, alter or extend a listed building without first obtaining listed building consent. Local examples include St John the Evangelist church in Friern Barnet Road which is Grade II* listed and St Peter-le-Poer church in Colney Hatch Lane which has a Grade II listing.

Barnet Council has its own separate list of Buildings of Local Architectural or Historic Interest but unlike Statutory Listed Buildings, these are not protected from development. As an example, number 1064 High Road, Whetstone, ‘Coldharbour’, was locally listed but this did not prevent its demolition and replacement by a block of flats. Pressure from the Mayor of London on local authorities to build more homes means that inevitably more locally listed buildings will suffer the same fate

In 2017 the Council decided that its schedule of Locally Listed Buildings, which had not been updated for some 34 years, needed to be revised and they employed a specialist company, Urban Vision Enterprise, to organise this. Urban Vision contacted a number of local societies, including ourselves, and asked them to help in updating the list. We were each given an area to survey and asked to come up with recommendations for the inclusion of previously unlisted buildings and monuments and street furniture.

The society, along with The Finchley Society and other groups, set about photographing and recording buildings and structures which we thought should be included. These had to be rated by Age and Rarity; Aesthetic Merits; Landmark Qualities; Intactness (state of originality); Group Value; and Social and Communal Value.

London Borough of Barnet

Local List Review Form

To complete this form electronically, click in the text boxes below and type your comments.

Name of Local Heritage Asset	MONUMENT "QUEEN ELIZABTH'S WELL"
Address or Location <small>(If necessary draw a map on the next page)</small>	OUTSIDE NUMBER 139 FRIERN BARNET LANE, N20

Local Heritage Value - Architectural and Historic Interest
Please tick or click each relevant box below.




Architectural Interest
 Historical Interest

General Principles - Please tick or click in the relevant boxes below to indicate why the asset should be included in the Barnet Local List.

Age and Rarity
 Aesthetic Merits
Landmark Qualities
 Intactness (state of originality)
Group Value
 Social and Communal Value

Description - (Please refer to the Guidance on Selection Criteria and provide details of the asset's heritage interest and value in the box below.)

STONE MONUMENT WITH INSCRIPTION RECORDING THE SITE OF THE FORMER VILLAGE FOUND OPPOSITE ST JAMES CHURCH AND THE WIDENING OF FRIERN BARNET LANE IN 1926

Richard Testar, John Philpott and myself spent many hours walking the streets and we came up with previously unrecorded items such as seven boundary markers; the air raid shelter in New Southgate Recreation Ground; St Peter's Bourne at 40 Oakleigh Park South; 62-80 Woodside Avenue, 1105 High Road, Whetstone and Queen Elizabeth's Well in Friern Barnet Lane.

The Policy and Resources Committee of Barnet Council approved the suggestions made by the local amenity groups and a revised list which now comprised 1221 items was published. This can be found on the website www.barnet.gov.uk under the heading Home/Planning and Building/Conservation and Heritage where clicking on a link - Statutory List of Buildings of Special Architectural or Historic Interest will come up with a PDF of the list.

THE PEASANTS ARE REVOLTING

by John Heathfield

The peasants may have been revolting, but not in Whetstone – they were too tired and undernourished to cause trouble for their betters.

In 1864 Dr Ernest Smith made a survey for the Public Health Committee of the Privy Council of the food of the labouring classes. This was better in the country than in the towns because many country labourers had a garden and a pig. In Whetstone the agricultural labourers were paid day wages and lived in small cottages, often terraced with only a small garden and not enough room for a pig. In fact, the only mention in our area of anyone keeping a pig is in Rathbone Terrace where the gardens were originally one acre each. There was a pig sty in Oakleigh Road which disappeared about 1880 when they built a row of shops.

People depended on food bought from wages, which were typically 1s 6d a day or 10s 6d a week. Dr Smith found that the average diet in our district was 'bread, potatoes, rice, salt, tea and sugar'. Fresh milk was rare, and fish or meat was eaten about once a month. There is no mention of bacon nor of fresh fruit or vegetables in the diet. Some children went blackberrying on Finchley Common.

It is reckoned that an adult woman needs 2000 calories a day and a man 2500. Dr Smith estimated that the diet was "70g of protein, 54g of fat, 480mg of calcium and 15mg of iron". The calorific value of that is in the order of 1600 a day." This would have led to rickets and anemia. Anemia, of course, leads to premature fatigue.

Many people believe that we were healthier during the war simply because we had to eat a healthy diet. The contrast with today's obsession with expensive diets and health clubs, where we pay not to eat food, in fact return to the diet of our Victorian ancestors. This would have been viewed with astonishment by our forebears.

In June 1800 Totteridge parish decided that "The labouring poor could not possibly afford to buy sufficient food for their wives and children." A loaf then cost 1s 3d - quite prohibitively expensive. The parish bought food wholesale for selling on, so that bread was sold by the parish clerk at 11d per loaf. Two barrels of rice were sold at 2d per pound and a quantity of bacon and salt pork at 7d per pound. In 1800 tea, coffee and cocoa were upper class drinks, which gradually trickled down the social scale.

MEDICINE IN LITERATURE

by David Berguer

During the period of lockdown in March, April and May this year, I decided to read books that I had not touched for years, one of which was written in 1889 by a former resident of New Southgate. Jerome K Jerome lived in Upper Park Road between 1870 and 1871 and his most famous work was *Three Men in a Boat*. I was looking forward to a good laugh unconnected with anything to do with matters medicinal. Imagine my surprise when, on page 7, I came across this:

“I remember going to the British Museum one day to read up the treatment for some slight ailment of which I had a touch – hay fever, I fancy it was. I got down the book and read all I came to read; and then, in an unthinking moment, I idly turned the leaves, and began to indolently study diseases, generally. I forget which was the first distemper I plunged into – some fearful, devastating scourge, I know – and, before I had glanced half down the list of ‘premonitory symptoms’, it was borne in upon to me that I had fairly got it.

I sat for a while frozen with horror; and then in the listlessness of despair, I again turned over the pages. I came to typhoid fever – read the symptoms – discovered that I had typhoid fever, must have had it for months without knowing it – wondered what else I had got; turned up St Vitus’s Dance – found, as I expected, that I had that too - began to get interested in my case, and determined to sift it to the bottom, and so started alphabetically – read up ague, and learnt that I was sickening for it, and that the acute stage would commence in about another fortnight. Bright’s disease, I was relieved to find, I had only in a modified form, and, so far as that was concerned, I might live for years. Cholera I had, with severe complications; and diphtheria I seemed to have been born with. I plodded conscientiously through the twenty-six letters, and the only malady I could conclude I had not got was housemaid’s knee.

I felt rather hurt about this at first; it seemed somehow to be a sort of slight. Why hadn’t I got housemaid’s knee? Why this invidious reservation? After a while, however, less grasping feelings prevailed. I reflected that I had every other known malady in the pharmacology, and I grew less selfish, and determined to do without housemaid’s knee. Gout, in its most malignant stage, it would appear, had seized me without my being aware of it; and zymosis I had evidently been suffering with from boyhood. There were no more diseases after zymosis, so I concluded there was nothing else the matter with me.

I sat and pondered. I thought what an interesting case I must be from a medical point of view, what an acquisition I should be to a class! Students would have no need ‘to walk the hospitals’, if they had me. I was a hospital in myself. All they need do would walk around me, and, after that take their diploma.

Then I wondered how long I had to live. I tried to examine myself. I felt my pulse. I could not at first feel any pulse at all. Then, all of a sudden, it seemed to start off. I pulled out my watch and timed it. I made it a hundred and forty-seven to the minute. I tried to feel my heart. I could not feel my heart. It had stopped beating. I have since been induced to come to the opinion that it must have been there all the time, and must have been beating, but I cannot account for it. I patted myself all over my front, from what I call my waist up to my head, and I went a bit round each side, and a little way up the back. But I could not feel or

hear anything. I tried to look at my tongue. I stuck it out as far as ever it would go, and I shut one eye, and tried to examine it with the other. I could only see the tip, and the only thing that I could gain from that was to feel more certain than before that I had scarlet fever.

I walked into that reading room a happy healthy man. I crawled out a decrepit wreck.

I went to my medical man. He is an old chum of mine, and feels my pulse, and looks at my tongue, and talks about the weather, all for nothing, when I fancy I'm ill; so I thought I would do him a good turn by going to him now. 'What a doctor wants', I said, 'is practice. He shall have me. He will get more practice out of me than out of seventeen hundred of your ordinary, commonplace patients, with only one or two diseases each.' So I went straight up and saw him, And he said: 'Well, what's the matter with you?' I said: 'I will not take up your time, dear boy, with telling you what is the matter with me. I have not got housemaid's knee. Why I have not got housemaid's knee, I cannot tell you; but the fact remains that I have not got it. Everything else, however, I *have* got''

And I told him how I came to discover it all. Then he opened me and looked down me, and clutched hold of my wrist, and then he hit me over the chest when I wasn't expecting it – a cowardly thing to do, I call it - and immediately afterwards butted me with the side of his head. After that, he sat down and wrote out a prescription, and folded it up and gave it me, and I put it in my pocket and went out. I did not open it. I took it to the nearest chemist's and handed it in. The man read it, and then handed it back. He said he didn't keep it. I said: 'You are a chemist?' He said: 'I am a chemist. If I was a co-operative stores and family hotel combined, I might oblige you. Being only a chemist hampers me.' I read the prescription. It ran:

1lb beefsteak, with 1pt bitter beer every six hours.
1 ten mile walk every morning.
1 bed at 11 sharp every night.

And don't stuff up your head with things you don't understand."

Footnote

You can read more about Jerome in articles written by Colin Barratt in our Newsletters of October 2003, September 2004 and June 2006. Incidentally, the 'K' stood for 'Klapka'.

Please keep well - and don't read any medical textbooks.

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

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