



Photo: Simon Marks

In memory of Dora and Bernard Marks

True Suburb devotees

SIMON & ROBIN MARKS

Two long Suburb lives ended in December 2020 and October 2021 respectively. Our parents, Dora and Bernard Marks, lived on Brookland Hill continuously since August 1962 and were committed devotees of London's loveliest neighbourhood.

They met at a party hosted by a mutual friend in Hampstead in 1961. Our father was a salesman for Max Factor. His bride moved to London from her native Johannesburg in 1958 and worked at an advertising company while also studying singing.

After marrying in August 1962, they moved into the Suburb and never left. To be honest, they couldn't quite believe their luck: finding an affordable house and a supportive community in a rural idyll on the cusp of central London.

The Suburb was redolent of Dame Henrietta Barnett's determination that it should serve as a home to people from all socio-economic backgrounds. Brookland Hill residents in the 1970s included an optician and his wife who worked as a sales assistant at

Dickins and Jones, the Unitarian Church's vicar, the receptionist at the Heathfield surgery and a journalist with the Sunday Times.

At the top of the street you could find Noel Edmonds. In the house opposite, you might hear the childhood laughter of a youngster called Sacha Baron Cohen.

Our parents loved it, and sent both of us to Brookland School where they threw themselves into fund-raising activities and made lifelong friends with other parents.

Our father, by then, had his own business: a sandwich bar in Charing Cross. Tiring of the hours and the commute, he opened a business closer to home. For a decade 'Marks Delicatessen' took its place alongside thriving businesses on Market Place.

Residents of a certain vintage still marvel that the Suburb boasted two fishmongers, three greengrocers, and multiple supermarkets including Tesco's, Walton Hassell and Port and the Express Dairy. Dad's shop stood between the House of Holland furniture outlet, and a wonderful chemist by the name of Mr. Virjee. The parade was also home to the

legendary hardware shop J. A. Pinder & Son where indeed the son presided! (You can find some wonderful earlier images of The Market Place photographed by the late Alec Hasenson, another long-time Suburb resident, here: <https://bit.ly/3tOgxwF>.)

Our parents never thought about leaving. The Suburb was residential perfection, although they vigorously opposed the widening of Falloden Way that created a rat-run Dame Henrietta Barnett would have loathed. (The HGS Heritage Virtual Museum includes a remarkable image of Falloden Way protests occurring in early 1937: <https://bit.ly/3GZn77a>).

The opening of Brent Cross and Temple Fortune's development would soon largely eclipse Market Place. After shutting the delicatessen in 1983, our father became a wholesaler. Mum studied Italian at The Institute and regularly attended concerts at The Wigmore Hall.

Dad was a wit and raconteur who had a secret life as the most successful entrant in the history of The Ham & High's crossword competition. Numerous Suburb friends received bottles of champagne from the paper celebrating success in a contest they had never entered. He'd used their names, fearing that if Bernard Marks won too often the paper would scrap a competition with apparently very few entrants. (Read the full story in the Ham & High itself: <https://bit.ly/3tSKhbt>).

Our mother was insistent that when the time came, she wanted to die at home in the Suburb. With huge support from the NHS and local carers they passed away, 10 months apart, in their bedroom overlooking their Suburb garden.

They knew how lucky they were to live in such a bucolic environment. And we too know how lucky we are to have grown up there.

A Vicar's farewell

ALAN WALKER

As the new year began my 27-year term as vicar of St Jude's came to an end. My friend and colleague at the Free Church, Ian Tutton, observed, retirement at midnight on New Year's Eve would ordinarily have been accompanied by fireworks on Central Square and a large gathering in the church. But this year I entered the empty church on my own and rang the bell for the final time. The Residents Association's New Year's Eve parties, which began for the millennium when I was still relatively new on the Suburb, will be prominent among the events I will long remember. Casting my mind back beyond the past strange two years I recall others I have enjoyed, and which make the Suburb such a simulating and pleasant place to live (and to which I hope I have made a small contribution): the weekly talks at Fellowship House, the monthly Historical Association meetings, the annual Proms at St Jude's.

Looking back a bit further, I appreciated and was privileged to be a student and teacher at the Institute and to take part in the Henrietta Barnett School Literary Societies interviewing at the first meeting in the school hall former Suburb resident Will Self, and subsequently writers including Nick Hornby, Julian Fellowes, Lord Archer, Deborah Moggach, Tracy Chevalier and Ann Widdicombe. I even once took to the boards for

the Garden Suburb Theatre's production of The Hollow Crown. And then there was that Omnibus film. I have been very touched by messages and kind words from many residents and (from our new base in Marylebone) hope to keep in touch with the Suburb through continuing links with the Archives and Heritage virtual museum.



Photo: Michael Eleftheriades

And a fond farewell to Revd Dr Ian Tutton too

Revd Dr Ian Tutton, Minister of the Free Church, will be retiring in March 2022 after 17 years in post. Over the years he has supported many people who live in the Suburb and has become a well-known and popular community figure.

His last service as Minister of the Free Church will be on Sunday March 13th at 11am followed by a Bring and Share lunch.

Do come and say goodbye and wish him well in his retirement.



Photo: Michael Eleftheriades

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