

TIMES PAST

When Joyce Pinnell called in at the Gallery, Mervyn Miller's Archive book of the Suburb sparked off memories of her childhood. We asked her to write something for our Times Past spot.

"I was ten or eleven years old. It was the early 1920s. We used to walk along Addison Way and Fallosen Way to the Market Place. Then adventure started - beyond were fields - no Lyttelton Road. There was a single narrow gauge track for builders' trucks which ran into East Finchley station. A path continued to the Wellington on the Archway Road. Freedom to roam and play.

Behind the flats in Addison Way ran the Mutton Brook - clean then - beyond were fields, no North Circular Road. We learned

were the best places where to jump the brook without getting our feet wet (woe betide if we did). We knew the easiest trees to climb. Oh, what freedom!

I lived in Hogarth Hill. Does anyone remember tobogganing down the Hill when it snowed? Some families had real good toboggans, others would make do with the flimsiest contraptions but no one was denied the thrill of that downhill ride because they hadn't got one. Everyone joined in. Does anyone remember the baker's van pulling a small cart round the roads?"

Does anyone remember? *Suburb News* would welcome your memories of the early days of the Suburb.

Richard Wakefield



The season of Lent in the Christian Church is the six weeks leading up to Easter. It offers an opportunity to remember the ministry and teaching of Jesus, and to understand his message in the context of his world.

The Christians together on the Suburb, comprising the Free Church, St Jude's, the Society of Friends and St Edward's Roman Catholic Church, arranged five meetings for Lent which explored the way that people are serving God in the world today, sometimes outside the normal constraints of church organisations.

Martin Eggleton spoke of his task as the ecumenical chaplain at Middlesex University, how he tries to serve the students and staff in a fast-changing environment of higher education. He gave a challenging picture of a community constrained by budgets and targets, with expansion and contraction annual themes for various departments, the student community being sometimes bewildered by the burgeoning choice of curricula presented to them, but with increasing financial pressures because of decreasing grants and

increasing loans. Martin also spoke of the emergence of new religious movements, a phenomenon which is focused in student communities.

David Holmwood serves as one of the chaplains at Heathrow Airport. The statistics of the airport are awesome, servicing over fifty-four million passengers per year and sustaining the work of over two hundred companies and fifty-six thousand employees. He works as a member of a team that operates throughout the airport, but with its worship life focused upon the Chapel of St George, strategically placed in the centre of the huge airport complex under the Control Tower.

Our third meeting was led by Justine Wyatt and Barry Gower, both of who had considerable experience of giving help and encouragement to people who had contracted the HIV/AIDS virus. They were able to give competent answers and authoritative explanations of the current knowledge of the disease. They invited us to consider the work of the London Ecumenical AIDS Trust, supported by both Jews and Christians, which sought to offer practical care and

emotional support to virus sufferers, so enabling them to continue to live their lives independently within the community.

Homelessness was the theme of the fourth meeting. Keith Claringbull works for CRISIS. The organisation originally operated at Christmas to offer shelter to the homeless, but now it supports shelter schemes throughout the year. Keith spoke vividly of the complete deprivation of things that we take for granted, suffered by people who sleep in shop doorways and on park benches.

Barry Wright now belongs to the team of clergy serving St Albans, Golders Green, but for many years he was a serving policeman. Currently, he is the senior chaplain to the Metropolitan Police, and spoke at the last Lenten meeting of the problems and responsibilities that face a modern police force.

Questions followed quickly after each presentation, and all were moved to a new admiration for those who worked at the "coal face" of human service in a perplexing, and often suffering, world.

Tony Spring

EVELYN SUMMERS

Many people on the Suburb will remember Evelyn and will be saddened to hear of her tragic death in a car accident near her home in Suffolk. She lived with her family in Hampstead Way for many years and was a keen country dancer. Many local children, now grown up, will remember the very popular country dancing group she started and ran during the 70s. And her

contemporaries will remember her resolute fight against cancer - a fight she convincingly won - enabling her to enjoy a full and productive life and to exploit her considerable artistic talents.

All her friends will regret her untimely passing, and their thoughts will be with Lynne, Kate and Jeremy at this time.

Gill Read

ELSIE DENSHAM

Elsie, who was 92 when she died, lived on or near the Suburb for most of her life: before moving to Queen's Court in 1960 she lived in East End Road, and considered that to be "almost" Suburb; her sister lived in Hilltop.

Elsie was a greatly respected teacher: she taught in a number of LEA schools and ended her career teaching general education at Clark's College in Finchley.

Her great friend, Muriel Grainger, writes:

"Elsie was surely one of Fellowship's most loyal and devoted members. She was really attached to the Club, and for a very long time visited it twice every Tuesday: in the morning to sing with Joy Richardson's choir and in the afternoon to be present at whatever the programme planning committee had provided. She came to some of the Friday music afternoons and attended coffee mornings and Keep Fit classes almost

to the end. She enjoyed the Xmas parties, year after year.

She was perhaps too modest to take part in Tuesday afternoon programmes (although she did take part in play-readings from time to time) but, rain or shine, she would be in the audience on Tuesday afternoons, her whole attention fixed on whatever was taking place.

Elsie - we shall miss your faithful presence; we are so glad that you were one of us for so many years."

Here is a poem which Elsie composed about Fellowship:

*"There's a beautiful house on the Green
Where the happiest faces are seen.
'Tis a Club of delight for when
youth takes its flight
That dear, loving House on the Green."*

Eileen Whelan

PHYLLIS MOORE

Phyllis Moore, who has died aged 94, lived on the Suburb for over sixty years before she returned to her native Ulster. As Phyllis McCutcheon she joined the Play and Pageant Union in the late twenties and became the wife of Billy Moore who was its Treasurer. They lived in Willifield Way, where she brought up Billy, two daughters of his first marriage and their own daughter Mary.

Phyllis and Billy were well loved members of the P.P.U. which subsequently became the HGSDS and finally, the Garden Suburb Theatre. Phyllis was a fine comedienne but could also play serious parts with great sincerity. Caravanning was one of the Moore family's chief joys.

After Billy died Phyllis moved to Bigwood Court where she spent many happy years, often providing a second home for her grand-daughters when they attended the Henrietta Barnett School, while their parents lived in Ireland.

Phyllis was a great traveller and gave many wonderful talks to Fellowship House Club, illustrating them with beautiful slides she had taken on her holidays. She was a faithful member of the Free Church and a prime mover on the Play Reading Committee of the HGSDS and GST. Latterly she had to move from her flat because of

decreasing mobility and she was greatly missed when she moved to a nursing home in Ulster in 1993.

Jean Dyson

Mary Hurley, Phyllis and Billy's daughter, writes:

With her unique personality, and enthusiasm for life, it was not long before she had collected another set of fervent admirers in Co. Donegal. She enjoyed two years in her new home before falling last December and fracturing her femur. Sadly her physical condition deteriorated from then on, although she remained alert and amused until the end of her life. She slipped away peacefully and elegantly on the morning of St Patrick's Day.

She loved music and became very interested in the restoration of the organ in the local Church of Ireland church. Strict instructions were left about her funeral, which was a big musical celebration, slightly hampered by the absence of working foot pedals on the instrument. Any donations in her memory should be sent to Mr William Carre, Treasurer, Parish of Clondevaddock, Tamney, Co. Donegal, marked Portsalon Church Organ Fund.

She will be greatly missed by her daughter, step-daughters, grandchildren and great grandchildren, and by her many friends around the world.

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