

The Finchley Society Newsletter

APRIL 1992 No.4/92 SUPPLEMENT

FINCHLEY TREE SURVEY Oliver Natelson

Please join us in a survey which has probably never before been undertaken in this country - or for that matter perhaps - anywhere else in the world. Put Finchley on the map with the very first ever "residents' survey" of street trees.

All you need is a pencil and paper and walk down your street. What you write down - is as simple as A, B, C....

A. The name of the tree - ash or oak, elm or hawthorn, lime or acacia, or 'unknown'.

B. Its address - please write the address carefully like this:

ols 34 Anthill Avenue - this means on the pavement or verge outside number 34.

o/s 36/38 Beehive Lane - this means that the tree is on the pavement or verge outside and just between houses numbered 36 and 38.

0/p 34 Caterpillar Crescent - this means that the tree is on the pavement or verge opposite number 34 - i.e. on the other side of the road to number 34 In Cat Mews - but alongside the rear garden of 17 Dog's Drive - this means that the tree is in Cat Mews, near the corner with Dog's Drive. The tree is not outside the front of any house - but on the pavement along the side of a garden belonging to 17 Dog's Drive.

In Rogue's Road between telegraph posts 17 and 18 - This applies only to trees that are not outside or opposite any house. Then we shall have to locate the tree between telegraph posts, all of which are numbered - did you know that?

C. Status of the tree. Mature indicates that the tree has been here for many years. Young indicates that the tree has been planted recently.

What's the point of all this? The Borough does not have an up-to-date list of trees provide such a service!

When the survey has been compiled, then we can request that more trees be planted in streets that seem to be deficient.

What use are trees anyway? Possibly the six main benefits are:

1. Trees beautify streets; architects' plans for houses often include an attractive arrangement of trees. As you can imagine people moving into a new area look for a pleasant street to move to. This can only mean one thing:

2. Street trees increase the value of your property.

3. Street trees reduce wind speed at tree-top level. This means less dust blown about (to the relief of those wearing contact lenses) and reduce the incidence of eye infections often caused by dust. A reduced wind speed will certainly be less damaging to your property when a storm comes along.

4. Trees clean the air we breathe: Leaves not only trap dust and oily particles from car-exhaust fumes, but also absorb carbon dioxide and return fresh oxygen for us to breathe.

5. Native trees encourage wildlife. Birds and bees ... not only birds seeking shelter and berries, but also bees thrive on nectar and pollen.

6. Greenery reduces criminal activity. Recent investigations from the USA reveal that the introduction of greenery into city streets improves residents' care for their street environment and, surprisingly enough, crime rate falls.

When summer is a-comin' in, and trees are decked in green, dear FinSoc members, please write down this information:

- A. Name of tree,
- B. Address of tree,
- C. status of tree

and post it to me at 17 Hollickwood Avenue, N12 OLS. The information will then be collated into a report and passed onto the Council which we hope will result in a greener future for Finchley!!

N.B. It is important that you record an entire street of trees, not merely half a streetful.

As there are in Finchley some 800 roads (one for each member of the FinSoc), it would be most helpful if we all record three streets each, then we can be sure of

I look forward to hearing from you.

TANKS IN CHURCH END Ron Willson

Tanks in Church End? Yes, indeed. During the 1939-45 war and for a year or two after, the REME workshops in the Ordnance Depot at the foot of Bittacy Hill undertook repairs to tanks and smaller armoured vehicles. There were not many tank units in the London area, but occasionally a tank needing repair made the journey by rail to Finchley Central Station en route for Mill Hill. At that time, although Underground trains were already running to London via

Archway, the line was also still linked to the Great Northern main line at Finsbury Park via Highgate Woods and Crouch End, and steam-hauled trains brought the tanks on flat wagons to Finchley Central.

At the side of the London end of platform 3, where there is now a garden, there was a short loading bay at the same level as the "flats", so that the tanks could drive off on to the roadway. They then climbed up the station approach, across Ballards Lane and slithered down Nether Street and Dollis Road. Having had personal experience of the behaviour of tanks on a steep hill with a smooth surface, I was glad I was not driving a car up Dollis Road in 1946 when one of these monsters was coming down!

Of course, in those days the whole area of today's station car park was made up of goods sidings to which steam (and later diesel) trains brought coal, building materials and other freight. At the top end of Nether Street where numbers 294-296 are now, was the railway goods office, at which parcels travelling by rail could be handed in or collected. Before we had a car we used this office to send on our luggage in advance when going on holiday, and two or three days after our return it was delivered to our door by railway van.

The last goods train ran in June 1964, after which the sidings and the tracks from Highgate Woods to Finsbury Park and from Mill Hill East to Edgware were taken up.

A BREEZY DAY Muriel Large

If ever you want a "breath of fresh air" try Peterborough in March, and if you want a fascinating day out, go there for the Shire Horse Show as recently did a coachload from The Finchley Society, College Farm Gallery, and other 'workers' associated with the farm.

College Farm's own shires Nick Nack and Paddy Wack, were competing against formidable opposition in the pairs contest, and there were many other classes which included yearlings, geldings, mares and stallions - the latter two kept discreetly apart - and as well as the individual classes, there were pairs in harness (turn-outs) and then teams of four and six.

These gentle giants of all colours - greys, blacks, bays and browns - were undoubtedly the stars of the show although their drivers and handlers had obviously put many hours of work first of all into selecting or breeding, then schooling and presentation. Harness glistened like gold or silver in the fitful sun, leather gleamed as did the silky skins of the horses themselves, manes and tails were braided in a variety of bright colours. Drivers and turn-outs were immaculate.

That this was a flourishing interest was proved both by the "young handlers" class for teenagers between 13 and 18, and also by the competitions in horseshoeing which had many entries.

There was also the fun of the fair in the trade stalls - I can recommend the brandy snaps - and in observing the good-natured crowds who had come from all over the country to support, observe, learn about and enjoy a very English occasion.

But how, I wonder, did a coachload of 41 people become so swallowed up in the milling throng that none of us met in the course of the day? We must really have played second fiddle to the horses.

If you do go, don't bother to apply for seats in the grandstand. These were available without charge; what a civilised way to run a horse show.

It was wonderful to have Jean Scott with us on her birthday and there could hardly be a more original way to celebrate it, thanks to her dedicated attendant, Michael Randall

FULL HOUSE FOR BRAHMS

The Barbican Concert Hall, if not exactly full on the evening of Wednesday 19th against February was certainly very well patronised - and that included the attendance of 30 members of The Finchley Society. Our participation had been well organised by Betty and Norman Burgess, keen for us to enjoy the skills of the Hallé Orchestra, down from their Manchester home, and piano soloist Peter Frankl, between them presenting a masterly all-Brahms evening - the Piano Concerto No.1 in D Minor and his Symphony No.1 in C Minor, both works conducted by the Hallé's new principal conductor Stanislaw Skrowaczewski.

Betty and Norman took particular care to arrange a special place for Jean Scott to be seated and Jean was most amused to find herself between two M.P.s, themselves given special places, so as to be able to leave early with the minimum of fuss, to vote in a parliamentary division. Having established that these two were from the two principal parliamentary parties, Conservative and Labour and thus would probably have cancelled one another out, Jean was amazed that they hadn't organised things in a more sensible manner and simply stayed together to enjoy the entire concert!!

By the way, should anyone from Barbican management get to read this, or indeed anyone else in the audience that evening, the persistent tapping heard during the second movement of the Symphony was definitely not the responsibility of The Finchley Society party! - but what on earth was it? - is there already a resident ghost somewhere under the Barbican concert platform and the place no older than 10 years?!

THE JANUARY MEETING

Margaret Smith, of the Open Spaces Society, surely one of the most commanding speakers we have enjoyed at a monthly meeting, held the audience of around 60 members in rapt attention as she charted the recent history in England and

Wales of "Common Land" (no such description exists in Scotland) and explained the different status of 'Village Greens'.

Perhaps not unexpectedly we learned that William the Conqueror had a hand in the matter. He made grants of land to his right-hand men after the conquest - his Barons - and, living around each Baron were of course the serfs who in many cases were allowed to make use of their master's spare land. This practice was formalised in 1235 in the Act of Common Rights.

Those rights included - Pasturage (embracing geese as well as cattle) Pannage (the collection of nuts for pigs, etc.) Estover (collection of wood) Turbery (the cutting of peat) Piscary (to take fish) Right in Soil (to extract sand and gravel)

Village Greens are apparently of quite different intent - they are expressly for "games and pastimes".

These benefits-in-kind appear to have continued to general satisfaction until the onset of the Industrial Revolution at the turn of the 18th/19th century. Then, as Margaret explained, began the pressure for 'enclosure', returning land solely to the Lords of Manor, as land became potentially more valuable for that term we know so well today - Development.

Classic common enclosures close home to us here were Clapham Common, Epping Forest and Finchley Common. Clapham was greatly threatened (by development) in 1865 and was a cause célèbre. The Metropolitan Commons Act of 1866 saved it and preserved too the remaining London Commons.

Epping shrank from 18,000 acres to about 6,000 and further surrounding landlords managed to secure half of that! - but to the rescue came the Corporation of the City of London which after 14 years endeavour managed to return 3,000 acres to "common" status, bringing the forest to roughly 6,000 acres as we know it today. All rights except those to "Lopp" have been restored to Epping Commoners (thus cattle grids exist and have a real purpose even now on many roads in that area) and in compensation to some commoners a meeting place was built and given, in Loughton. It is named - yes - Lopping Hall!

Wryly, Margaret mentioned how Queen Victoria was involved in re-dedicating the restored common land at Epping Forest and of all people chosen to lead the prayers at a certain ceremony was the Rector of London - one of the principal landlord-villains who had been involved in the scramble to enclose! (The birth of The National Trust occurred around the time of the Epping Forest epic. It now

An Act of Parliament, as recently as 1965, "registered" old commons. Landowners across the country attempted to obtain de-registration, ever hopeful for development or forestry. Finchley Common, as most of us realise, has all but gone and is un-registered. Only 40 acres (Coppetts Wood and Glebelands) remain.

Margaret revealed some common oddities -Saffron Walden's has a maze, the walk through of which measures one mile. Harpenden's common is two miles long, (but thin with it) on which it remains illegal to bleach sheets and carpets!

Colney Heath has Coal Duty Stones dating from 1851, marking the points at which a coal-tax was applied on loads of fuel en route to London. The town of Tunbridge Wells, which abruptly abuts its common, sprang from just two huts (changing rooms for the two sexes) serving the spa. The town began to develop on the common but growth was stopped, due to protest - hence the sharp division we know today. Our speaker also drew attention to some really large areas which, interestingly are also "commons" - Dartmoor, the Lake District Uplands, the Brecon Beacons, and Conway (N. Wales) Mountain!

Her audience was also fascinated to learn that Margaret's husband Ronald is a Lord of the Manor - of Plardiwick in Staffordshire, where there is just one commoner! Roland is anxious to ensure that even that solitary person's rights are maintained - the land is apparently under pressure from would-be developers - that word was bound to crop up again, wasn't it?!

FEBRUARY'S MEETING Eileen Cox

This meeting, during which members revealed and shared their specialised interests proved to be a delightful and very humorous evening. There was much laughter and quite a few gasps of surprise as previously unknown details were revealed by speakers on their own individual subjects.

John Halls expounded on 'Light Bulbs'. Could one ever imagine anything less interesting than electric light bulbs? How very wrong it would be to draw this conclusion. He revealed with just a dozen examples the wide range of varieties and their complexities which are to be found in everyday use all around us from the new high pressure sodium streetlights to the absolutely minute but powerful bulbs used on aerodrome landing strips and the arc lights of television productions etc., etc. A very amusing and enlightening talk indeed!

Kurt Weinberg's story about how and when he, out of his usual kindness of heart, offered to give a couple of dear souls in Holland with whom he had stayed, a break from running their modest hotel by volunteering to run it for them during what was meant to be a quiet fortnight in January, was amusingly recounted. It was an experience which obviously remains deeply rooted in Kurt's memory, judged by the wealth of detail with which he regaled us. The first day brought a realisation that he would be running it single-handed and unbeknown to him there would be an unexpected influx of Canadian airmen to add extra challenge to his situation of tidying rooms, making beds and preparing food. The experience did not spoil the good relationship but when Kurt appreciated how his hosts themselves had quietly always carried out everything themselves, such was his admiration that he has kept close contact with them throughout their lives.

The merits of metrication were unfolded by our new member Anne Attlee. The system confounds many of us because we stubbornly refer to inappropriate scales - 800mm where 0.80 metres would be more conceptual! Such adjustments could be an answer to all DIY enthusiasts and a reassurance to those who when having taken the time and trouble to arrive at metric measurements are unable to feel easy with them. The same adjustments would also rescue shop assistants who have to revert to feet and inches because they are not able to work on the metric system - we all know, for example, that £13.15 makes more sense than 1315 pence. Oh if only all our current economic problems could be resolved with such simple and 'dotty' ease.

Next, Timothy Johnson, always with a bottomless source of humour, gave us the "History of College Farm in Ten Minutes" flat. He took us back to Sheep House Farm in the 14th Century and gave us a wealth of detail and information and whizzed us through the years to 1868 when George Barham bought it and founded Express Dairies. For those of our members who have not heard the complete History of College Farm, a full address, at some time would be an occasion to look forward to!

Then Esther Johnson read from some correspondence exchanged in early FinSoc newsletters from certain somewhat idiosyncratic members. We will be forever in their debt for giving us all a highly amusing twenty minutes. The gales of laughter were a joy to hear and I saw several members rocking on their chairs with mirth. I will not disclose the contents of the letters but express the hope that another disclosure of these gems will be allowed us by Esther in her own inimical way on another occasion.

Carol Halls read a presentation on behalf of member Leslie Martin who left Finchley and now lives in Lancing. He wrote telling us that there is life after moving from Finchley and to prove it he recounted all of his activities and the societies which he has joined. It would seem that there is no end to the variety of interests that one may follow and indeed if one has an enquiring mind there is no excuse for anyone every to be bored or to vegetate!

Finally from another member, Karl Ruge, came a subject very close to him. That is, Victim Support. This is a service given to anyone who has gone through a traumatic experience as a result of another's criminal act. The range of tragedies is wide and the support needed to victims very necessary, not only at the time but afterwards. He runs the North London Centre and his disclosure that in the early days the calls for help started from about 150 per month and have now risen to 700 speaks volumes for the need for it to continue.

Starting as it did from a home base it has had to move to a more public location. More people, both supportive and competent, are required to assist in keeping up the good work. He offers the telephone number 449 0103 for

anyone interested in giving their time to the unit which works closely, day by day, with the Borough's three main police stations.

How varied our speakers and their subjects and without exception how superbly they were delivered and thus held our interest!!

THE MARCH MEETING

Introducing Dr. Miller and his subject "Hampstead Garden Suburb - Henrietta Barnett's Dream", Kurt Weinberg, who is himself a resident there, mentioned that Henrietta (née Rowland) was inspired in her youth by Octavia Hill who thus can also be said to have had an influence in the Garden Suburb.

Dr. Miller began 'at the beginning', charting Henrietta's life, 1850 - 1936, picking it up when as a social worker in Whitechapel (St. Jude's church in the suburb is named after St. Jude's in Whitechapel) she worked with Octavia and came to realise that slums and poverty degraded the human soul. Later it appears that with her husband they were co-founders of Toynbee Hall and the Whitechapel Art Gallery. In the 1880s they bought for their own residence, Heath End House with its tranquil view over the Wilds Estate, then owned by Eton College.

Dr. Miller then explained that, with the advent of the Northern Line to Golders Green, the Barnetts saw that this rurality was threatened and the backers of the rail service simultaneously were examining the possibilities for 'development' (Eds. -that word again!) on the Wilds farmland. Alarmed, Henrietta supported by a very strong committee negotiated with Eton, for a 'development with a conscience'. Interested in the style of Letchworth in 1888 they obtained an option on 80 acres for a garden village and conceived for Hampstead a classless suburb - the larger plots to subsidise those smaller ones. The celebrated architectural commentator Nicholas Pevsner later described the scheme as 'nearly the best example of English Garden Villages'.

The whole of Dr. Miller's talk was interspersed with slide projections and at the point of describing the beginning of Hampstead Garden Suburb planning in 1905 and the commencement of work in 1907, he illustrated very clearly the respective influences of the principal architects Unwin (a socialist) and Parker (the artist) and their several famous collaborators, including Edward Lutyens. Among the styles that Dr. Miller's slides revealed were several from the Arts and Crafts Movement, clever use of varied building lines, the provision of cul de sacs and off-road squares and, in those parts of the Suburb completed in the inter-war years (work went on into the 1920s), Georgian styles were employed.

The audience learned that the propaganda value of Hampstead Garden Suburb was one of the 'levers' that led to the Housing and Town Planning Act of 1919 and of course it was the mainspring of architect Parker's book, "Nothing gained by overcrowding". Dr. Miller expressed the hope that today's residents there will revere and be proud of their outstanding conservation area and the high

quality of its rural appearance, with such strong and attractive garden-scapes.

Proposing a vote of thanks to the speaker, Vice President Bill Tyler recalled that as a young post-2nd World War architect himself, the Suburb gradually impinged itself upon him and his colleagues and, that it was through that growing appreciation of it, that he also came to value Edward Lutyens. Bill declared that Dr. Miller in turn had opened all our eyes that evening and suggested that, with summer coming, we should walk around the area, seek out, remember and enjoy the many features that he and his slides had pointed out. He specifically thanked Dr. Miller for his work in maintaining Hampstead Garden Suburb as we know it. (Dr. Miller is appointed to the New Hampstead Garden Suburb Trust).

HEIGH-HO! COME TO THE FAIR! Timothy Johnson

One meets all sorts of interesting people at the Country Fair (and they can hardly be a true cross section of the public because when they go home they leave virtually no litter behind them!) On the First Sunday of the month they converge on College Farm from all over the London Region and surrounding counties.

Chance conversations with them can cast new light on familiar things One sometimes catches a glimpse of Finchley as outsiders see it.

I remember the lady who came from generations of farming stock and who still lived in the country - right out on the edge of what people called the commuter belt. During her time she had seen the countryside revolutionized and some things had changed for the better. Things like plumbing, electricity, motor cars and television had made life more comfortable, but it had also become less interesting, especially for the children. They couldn't be allowed to enjoy the freedom of the countryside as past generations of children had done; it just wasn't safe. Instead of making their own important little discoveries in the fields and hedgerows they spent a lot of their time being bundled in and out of the family car. So her grandchildren were often bored. Life in the country had been turned upside-down and she believed that many country children today were as ignorant of country matters as the poor little evacuees from London who hadn't known that milk came from cows. Some farmers had cashed in on this by opening their farms to the public, encouraged by E.C. fanning policy to diversify, but many really had very little to show - and wasn't it odd to think of people paying to see what had once been seen, free of charge, by any child sent to the farm for an extra pint of milk?

In view of all this it had been a delightful surprise for the lady to discover such a very interesting farm in Finchley - of all places! Fancy having to come right into town to show the children a proper range of farm animals! One would never see such a splendid variety of animals and poultry on a country farm nowadays!!!!

On the other side of the coin was the young man from Westminster who had brought his little boy by tube "to get some country air". He said the air was always fresher here and wondered whether Finchley was very high above sea level. They had been several times before and it was always a great day out for them. (he was right about the quality of the air - it was a really Finchley-fresh February day - the wind seemed to be coming straight from the frozen Russian Steppes).

Another time two ladies had come from inner London because one of them had seen a publicity leaflet. It had caught her fancy and awakened an old memory. She was intrigued by the farm buildings and wanted to know about their history. When her grandfather was alive he had often spoken of being taken, years and years ago as a child, to a dairy farm in Finchley. According to him it was a famous place. Was this it by any chance? (It must have been. Family parties have been coming here for over 100 years). This was the first farm in England ever to be regularly open to the public. The present buildings were purpose-built in 1883 and for 90 years, College Farm was the showplace of the dairy industry. The fascinating story is told in "Milk for the Millions", on sale at The Finchley Society bookstall (50p). The ladies bought copies to take home.

This year's Country Fair Season opened on the bitterly cold First Sunday of February in a fog so thick that the surrounding landscape disappeared. To get the full social flavour of these occasions you need to see the stage being set during the morning. By 10 a.m. stallholders were arriving, greeting one-another happily after the Christmas break and swapping their getting-lost-in-the-fog stories. Then came the roundabout operators, looking a bit dazed. They seemed surprised to have reached journey's end and didn't expect to do much business because the customers would never find the place - "You can't even see the farm from the main road". (This sounded logical because neither could you see the main road from the farm!) "Don't worry" said Farmer Christopher who happened to be passing on a fork-lift truck. "They all know where College Farm is.... they'll come". He was right. They did come. In better weather there would have been more of them, but the one thousand or so who braved the elements were determined to enjoy themselves. They were a very happy bunch on that cold afternoon and the season got off to a good start.

Have you noticed how the drought has made rain respectable? What was once a bit of a bore now comes as a blessing, but you can't please everyone all the time and rain is not the ideal climate for outdoor events. A goodly portion of our water ration dropped out of a dark sky throughout the Country Fair on Sunday 1st March. It was not a catastrophic cloudburst. It was not even a dramatic downpour. It was just a continuous and generous supply of wind-blown raindrops and the customers arrived suitably dressed for it. A queue of little pixie-hoods arrived at the Fitzalan Road Gate while a crocodile of sensible weatherproofs advanced up the carriage drive from Regents Park Road. They had all come to enjoy themselves and were not going to be put off by "a bit of weather", as one of them put it. Whatever the weather one never seems to spot any empty seats on the blue roundabout and little pixie-hoods went round and round on it all the afternoon. Most other attractions were taking place under cover. Young Master Robert Ower was directing donkey rides in the

Big Barn. Big audiences of little people could be heard laughing and cheering at the Pex Puppet Theatre and Barney's Magic Show. Their elders and betters patronized the Picture Gallery, Exhibition Hall and Crafts Market.

A new attraction, making its first appearance at College Farm, revived old memories for some, but must have seemed very novel to those of more tender years. It was the Verbeeck Belgian Street Organ, playing the traditional music that was once heard on every fairground in the land. The operators, Peter Craig and Wendy Fereday, seemed pleased to answer questions and make explanations with scarcely time to draw breath all the afternoon. It attracted enormous interest. At about 3.30 p.m. one of the payboxes had sprung a leak. Water was trickling into the till, but the tills suffered surprisingly little financial damage and members of the Events Committee could scarcely believe the good news contained in the day's balance sheet. Perhaps never before have so many people come to the fair in such unsuitable weather, nor in better spirit. An elderly lady tried to explain this to someone making jottings on a damp note pad: "You see dear", she said "...you'd be too young to remember of course, but we all kept our peckers up in the London Blitz with the bombs coming down.., it's only rain coming down today... and that's God's gift to the Earth". A subsequent press report featured the phrase "Spirit of the Blitz at College Farm Fair".

But oh! it was very different indeed when the bright sun shone beautifully on the Country Fair of Sunday 5th April. It brought lightly-clad queues to all the payboxes and both tea rooms. The music of April came from the Borehamwood Band, making its first appearance of 1992. There was more music too in the tambourines, drums and accordions of The Whitethorn Morris, performing the traditional clog dances of Lancashire and Cheshire. Their show is beautifully dressed and presented with great panache by smiling lasses who certainly know how to captivate an audience. They were applauded and cheered to the echo. "You do have lovely audiences here", said their secretary, "May we come again?" but ~ of course! Younger audiences were very happy at The Pex Puppet Theatre, presented by Anne and Mike Barclay, and now appearing here for the 12th successive year, David Barnes, much better known as Barney the Clown, presented Barney's Magic Show and also entertained the children walkabout. (Somehow or other, Barney manages to sandwich his visits to Finchley between appearances in Holland, France, Belgium, Blackpool, Monte Carlo and goodness knows where else). The sun finally brought the resident attractions out of their winter wraps and the Bouncing Castle was inflated to join the Crackerjack Ballpool, the donkey rides and the College Farm passenger brake, drawn by Shire Horses, Nicknack and Paddiwack. And all the time the blue carousel went round and round ... and round again. It was one of those magic English afternoons which only happen when the weather is just right. May we all enjoy many more!

Country Fairs continue on the first Sunday afternoon of every month right up to December (except that in December it is an all-day event).

HOGARTH'S "MARCH TO FINCHLEY"

Cyril Pentecost, our unofficial archivist and fund of much Finchley history, recently sent through for the newsletter a copy of The Penny Magazine, dated 23rd May, 1835, with the line reproduction below of Hogarth's famous engraving on its front cover.

Inside was a two-page article about the scene that Hogarth drew, including quite detailed analysis of the identities and intentions of many of the characters depicted, written by his friend and contemporary, Saunders Welch, a Westminster magistrate of the time.

The subject of the engraving is the march of the Foot Guards to a rendezvous on Finchley Common in 1745, en route to Scotland to take part in subduing the '45 Jacobite Rebellion. The scene, quoting Mr. Welch, is at Tottenham Court Turnpike, the Kings Head, Adam and Eve and the Turnpike House, being in full view; beyond which appear parties of guards, with baggage, etc., marching towards Highgate, with a distant prospect of the open country. The picture, considered as a whole, affords a view of the military march, and the disorders and humours connected with it".

It is also interesting to learn from Saunders Welch's article that the original picture was sold by lottery and won by, or perhaps then presented to, The Foundling Hospital. First, however, a limited run of prints of the engraving were offered in 1750, by advertisement in The General Advertiser at 7 shillings and 6 pence each - the subscription open for one month only. Another clever piece of 18th century art-marketing is revealed in the subscription offer - anyone subscribing 3 shillings over and above the 7/6d. (i.e. a total of half a guinea) was entitled to a "chance" in the lottery for the original picture. The lottery, it is said, rased £300.

Are there any FinSoc members, knowledgeable about art, who can indicate where Hogarth's "March to Finchley" is today and, if it still exists, how much that original might now be worth?

The front of Friern Barnet Town Hall, by Timothy Johnson

For The Finchley Society

John and Carol Halls (Editors) Finchley Park, N12