

BRIDGET MALCOLM

Bridget Malcolm died at the Royal Free Hospital on Tuesday 20 June, after a protracted illness which she had determinedly and with much bravery hidden from most of us.

Together with her daughter Georgina and her son Neil, Bridget came to the Suburb in 1967, shortly after her husband Bryan had been killed in Aden whilst serving as a major in the Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders. She speedily became a pivotal member of our Suburb community, first as secretary at the Junior School and then for many years as School Secretary at the Henrietta Barnett School, where she was held in much respect and affection by many generations of girls and staff. Several times, when introduced to daughters of local friends and saying where I lived, their eyes lit up as they said with delight, 'Then you are lucky; you have our Mrs Malcolm as a neighbour'. And they were right! Her work, and ensuring that her own children also had a first-class foundation in life, were her main visible interests. To those

who were privileged to know her well, however, Bridget was a veritable Renaissance Woman, a polymath with wide and deep knowledge across many subjects; tapestry, philately, stately homes and gardens, cricket, Dr Who, history, tennis and Star Trek are just a few examples of topics on which she could pass on her excitement; she would have been a good contestant on 'Mastermind' or 'Brain of Britain'.

On her retirement Bridget was elected to the RA Council, bringing clear-eyed and robust commonsense to its deliberations, doing meticulous work for the Membership Committee, serving as a Ward Organiser, and giving valuable support to Peter Loyd in his role as Neighbourhood Watch Area Co-ordinator. Felicitously, Georgina Malcolm has recently been elected Secretary of the RA Trees & Open Spaces Committee, so achieving a happy family continuity.

Spencer Hudson



Left to right: Dennis Pinder, GLC Councillor Jean Scott, Jill Rutland, Roy Chapman, John Betjeman, Josephine Cashmore

DENNIS PINDER an appreciation

For many Suburb residents the Market Place will never be the same since the sad death of Dennis Pinder, our own Master Ironmonger, advisor and general trouble-shooter. His encyclopedic knowledge of ironmongery and hardware, allied to his training as a precision engineer and his lifelong hobbies of gardening and genealogy, combined to make him the most generous source of help and information on a host of topics.

To those fortunate enough to know him outside the Aladdin's cave of his shop, his interests were revealed as even wider-ranging and his highly analytical brain applied itself to subjects ranging from volcanoes and geology to traffic management.

We first came together outside shop hours in 1967 as founder

members of the Lorry Route Joint Action Committee, recruited and kept happily in line by its redoubtable secretary Jill Rutland. As the representative on the committee of the Market Place traders, Dennis worked diligently to convince the Suburb of the threat posed to its traditional shopping centre by the Ministry of Transport's plans to upgrade a purely residential street into a six-lane urban motorway.

With a thriving selection of shops, including Woolworths, Boots, International and Tesco, a choice of butchers and bakers, three greengrocers, two delicatessens, two fishmongers, two hardware shops, a haberdashery, two independent chemists, newsagents, a dairy, cafés and restaurants, all local

needs were catered for in a well-designed parade with wide boulevard-style pavements and ample parking, all shaded by tall mature trees whose branches almost met above the roadway.

This was where Dennis and his beloved Margaret, whom incidentally he always addressed as Faith, served the Suburb, first as partners in his father's shop, then later running the shop themselves after his father's retirement. And it is a testament to his fighting spirit that, although the Ministry succeeded in eroding the attractions, and the attractiveness, of the Market Place, they never dented his will to restore and preserve all that was best for the Suburb in our much-needed shopping centre. Indeed at the time of his death he was still deeply involved in

efforts through our MP John Marshall to frustrate the iniquitous Red Route proposals for Market Place and Falloeden Way.

The time-consuming committee work which Dennis embraced so conscientiously for some 28 years was undertaken with a sense of humour and lightness of spirit which quite belied the depth of careful and through research behind all his activities. I will remember our excitement at the end of a long Thursday (Dennis's half-closing day, of course!) in the Middlesex Records section at County Hall, discovering the document proving that Falloeden Way had never been officially adopted as "a road repairable at public cost" and was therefore still legally a private street. Even the knowledge that the public's use of it for more than the statutory period without restraint effectively negated the Suburb's original rights over it did nothing to dull our pleasure or diminish our sense of justification for the campaign.

There were many other pleasures, excitements and satisfactions in knowing and working with Dennis - too many to list or dwell on - but I have chosen as a photograph to remember him by, one taken on a visit to the Suburb by John Betjeman. The poet, another warm and true friend to the Suburb, had offered his help at our approaching Public Inquiry and we all spent a memorable sunny spring afternoon, walking around the Suburb rejoicing in its delights.

Sadly no-one in the photograph remains with us, but I like to think of them smiling together at the thought that they are unlikely now ever to encounter again the Ministry men they were so united in opposing.

Terry Rand

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JIMMY DYSON



When Bing Crosby died, he was playing golf and Jimmy, himself an ardent golfer, was heard to remark "that's the way I want to go". He had his wish. During the week of celebrations for VE Day, Jimmy had just won a hole at Hampstead Golf Club when he collapsed and later died at the age of 87.

A birthright Quaker Jimmy grew up in Sheffield where he attended the Ackworth and Bootham Schools. In his late teens work was scarce in the North and he came South to join Barclays Bank and had digs on the Suburb at 8 Asmunds Place.

He was a natural at ball games and joined the Friends Tennis Club, playing on courts where Bigwood House now stands. The club became Farm Walk when it moved to the open space behind Queens Court. Jimmy became club secretary and played in first team matches. He also joined the Play and Pageant Union, now the Garden Suburb Theatre, and there met Jean Barnard.

They were married in 1937 at the Friends Meeting House and moved in to the house in Hutchings Walk that has been their home ever since. The house has a large garden which Jimmy created from a field. This led to his interest in the HGS Horticultural Society of which he later became Chairman and then President and won prizes regularly in the Shows.

After his retirement as bank manager Jimmy took up golf which, with gardening, became his chief interest.

He was an Honorary Life Member of the Hampstead Golf Club; Garden Suburb Theatre and the Residents Association.

Jimmy was a devoted husband to Jean, father of Gill and Bridget and grandfather to Sarah, Phillipa, Mark and Kelsey.

He was a real friend of the Suburb, noted for his good humour - he always saw both sides in an argument and was a great peacemaker.

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