

Memories of World War Two Harringay

By David Norman

Former resident of 105
Fairfax Road

Digitised by



Harringayonline.com[®]
Connecting the Residents of Harringay

PHOTO NO 1



THESE TWO PHOTOGRAPHS SHOW THE BACK GARDEN OF 105, FAIRFAX ROAD WHERE I WAS BORN IN MAY 1940

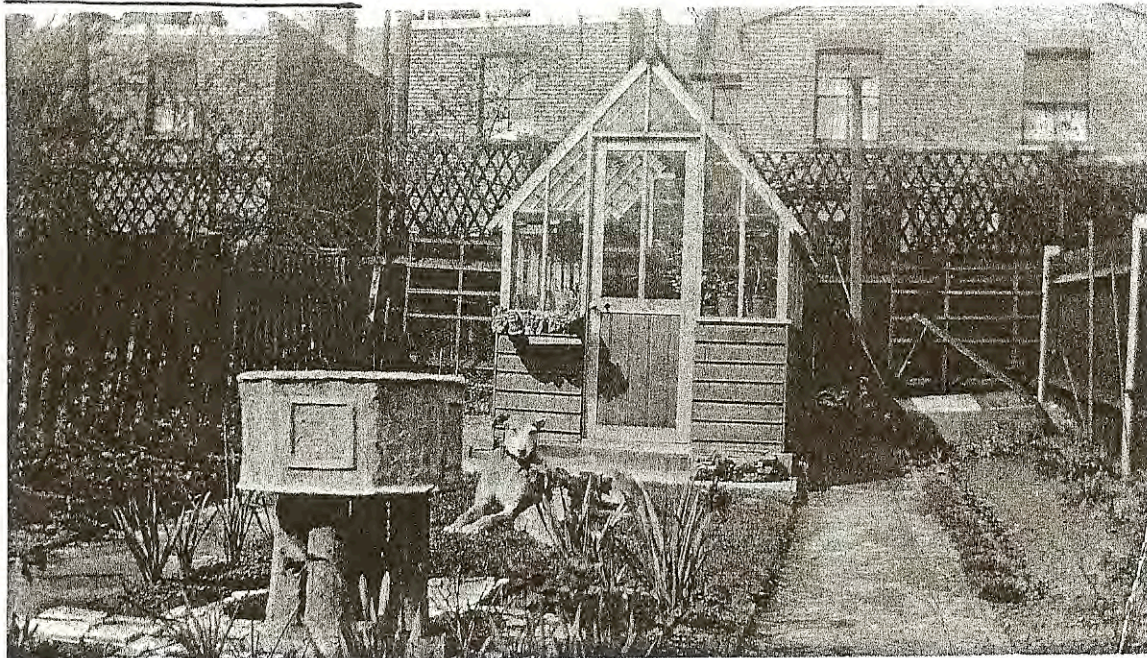
BOTH OF THESE PHOTOS WERE MOST CERTAINLY TAKEN IN THE SUMMER OF 1943

IN THE PHOTO NO 1 I WOULD HAVE BEEN 3 YEARS OLD. MY MOTHER IS SUPPORTING ME FROM BEHIND WHILST PERCHED ON THE BIRD BATH. ON THE RIGHT HAND SIDE IS MY GRANDMOTHER ELIZABETH AINSWORTH. A FEW HOURS LATER WITH MY FATHER WE WOULD ALL HAVE BEEN IN THE MORRISON INDOOR SHELTER, AS WE WERE EVERY NIGHT.

PHOTO NO 2 SHOWS THE GARDEN WHICH MY FATHER LOVED. THERE IS THE BIRD BATH AND SITTING BEHIND IS OUR GREYHOUND CALLED "BOY". EVENTUALLY HE HAD TO BE PUT TO SLEEP.

THE HOUSES BEHIND OUR GARDEN ARE THE BACKS OF THOSE IN FALKLAND ROAD.

PHOTO NO 2



AIR RAID PRECAUTIONS

THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS MY GRANDMOTHER ELIZABETH AINSWORTH WHO PASSED HER EXAMS IN ANTI-GAS TRAINING WITH THE BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY AND A FIRST AID QUALIFICATION WITH THE ST. JOHNS AMBULANCE ASSOCIATION IN JANUARY 1940, WHEN THIS PHOTO IN THE AMBULANCE STATION WAS TAKEN. SHE NOW CAME UNDER AIR RAID PRECAUTIONS(ARP) CASUALTY SERVICES. ELIZABETH AINSWORTH IS SEATED ON THE LEFT HAND SIDE OF THE PHOTOGRAPH.

THIS PHOTOGRAPH OF THE AMBULANCE SERVICE WAS TAKEN AT THEIR STATION PERMENANTLY ESTABLISHED IN THE PLAYGROUND OF FALKLAND ROAD SCHOOL, NOW CALLED NORTH HARRINGAY SCHOOL. THE SCHOOL BUILDINGS CAN BE SEEN AT THE BACK OF THE PHOTOGRAPH.

WORLD WAR 2

MAY 23RD 1940

105, FAIRFAX ROAD, HORNSEY, N.8.

MY MOTHER MARGARITA (KNOWN AS RITA) NORMAN TOLD ME IN LATER YEARS THAT IT WAS A BEUTIFUL SUNNY SUMMER MORNING WHEN SHE GOT UP AND WENT OUT INTO THE BACK GARDEN.

JUST A FEW HOURS LATER AT 11.50 P.M. ON THAT NIGHT I ARRIVED, BORN AT THIS MY FIRST HOME ADDRESS. THE FOLLOWING DAY, MAY 24TH WAS CELEBRATED AS EMPIRE DAY AND A COMMENT MADE TO MUM MANY YEARS LATER AS MY PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE AND POLITICAL DIRECTION DEVELOPED WAS THAT SHE HAD SAVED ME FROM CONSIDERABLE EMBARESSMENT BY MEETING THE MIDNIGHT DEADLINE BY TEN MINUTES AND AVOIDED I AM PLEASED TO SAY BECOMING KNOWN AS AN EMPIRE DAY BABY.

ALTHOUGH WORLD WAR 2 WAS DECLARED ON 3RD SEPTEMBER 1939 THE FIRST MONTHS IN BRITAIN WERE QUIET AND BECAME KNOWN AS THE "PHONEY WAR"

I AM HOWEVER PROUD TO HAVE BEEN DECLARED A "BATTLE OF BRITAIN BABY" AS I WAS BORN VIRTUALLY ON THE EVE OF THIS CRITICAL AND DECISIVE AERIAL BATTLE WHICH WOULD REACH A CLIMAX ON SEPTEMBER 15TH 1940. THIS WAS WHEN THE GREATEST NUMBER OF GERMAN LUFTWAFFE AIRCRAFT WERE SHOT DOWN AND THE PLANNED GERMAN NAVAL INVASION CANCELLED.

ON THIS IMPORTANT VICTORY I SPECIFICALLY RECALL TWO STATEMENTS BEING MADE.

THE FIRST WAS BY PRIME MINISTER WINSTON CHURCHILL WHO SAID "THIS IS NOT THE BEGINING OF THE END.

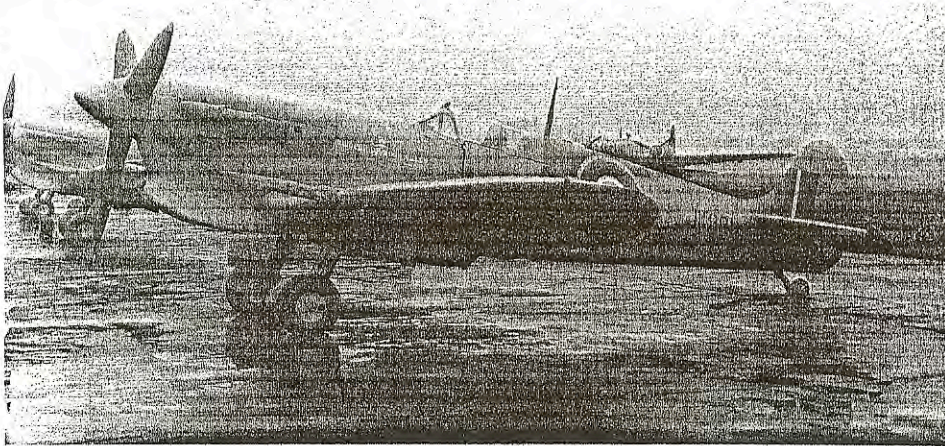
IT IS THE END OF THE BEGINING."

THE SECOND STATEMENT WAS MADE BY HERMAN

WORLD WAR 2

GORING THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF THE GERMAN AIR FORCE, THE LUFTWAFFE WHO ASKED ONE OF HIS SQUADRON LEADERS WHAT THEY NEEDED TO AVOID DEFEAT. THE REPLY BY THE GERMAN SQUADRON LEADER WAS "GIVE ME A SQUADRON OF SPITFIRES" HERMAN GORING WAS NOT PLEASED.

AFTER THE RESOUNDING DEFEAT WITH SO MANY AIRCRAFT SHOT DOWN ON SEPTEMBER 15TH THE GERMAN INVASION PREPERATIONS CEASED AND THEY RETURNED TO OCCUPIED FRANCE.



The Supermarine Spitfire sponsored by the Borough of Wood Green during the 'Wings for Victory' campaign. Synonymous with the Battle of Britain, the Spitfire remains the most potent symbol of Britain's finest hour. The Tottenham Savings Committee raised sufficient funds to cover the cost of twelve Lancaster bombers and forty-eight Spitfires. As a tribute to the people of each borough, the Ministry of Aircraft Production supplied a log-book in order that the operational activities of an adopted aircraft could be recorded.

I WOULD CERTAINLY HAVE PREFERRED TO BE BORN INTO A EUROPE AND WORLD AT PEACE, LIVING IN HARMONY, BUT YES I AM PROUD TO HAVE BEEN CALLED A "BATTLE OF BRITAIN" BABY EVEN THOUGH I HAD NO INPUT WHEN THOSE VERY BRAVE "FEW", MANY VERY YOUNG AND WITH MINIMUM FLIGHT TRAINING. MANY ALSO DIED VERY YOUNG.

THOSE "FEW" INCLUDED POLISH AND CZECHOSLOVAC PILOTS WHO MANAGED TO ESCAPE THEIR OCCUPIED HOMELANDS AND SOME SIKHS WHO HAD TRAINED IN

WHAT WAS THEN BRITISH INDIA.

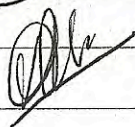
THEY ALL DEFENDED THE SHORES OF THIS BEAUTIFUL ISLAND TO WHICH I HAD BY CHANCE BEEN BORN.

THERE IS NOTHING BUT ETERNAL GRATITUDE FOR THEIR SACRIFICE WHICH HAS ALLOWED ME TO WRITE THIS ARTICLE AT 71 YEARS OF AGE.

THE TWO BRITISH FIGHTER AIRCRAFT THAT FOUGHT IN THE SKIES DIRECTLY ABOVE US INCLUDED THE HAWKER HURRICANE, SOMETIMES OVERLOOKED BUT LIKE THEIR PILOTS VITAL TO VICTORY. HOWEVER IT IS THE SUPERMARINE SPITFIRE THAT HOLDS THE SPOTLIGHT AND THAT IS UNDERSTANDABLE.

THROUGHOUT MY LIFE WHEN I HAVE HEARD THE UNIQUE SOUND OF THOSE ENGINES IT SENDS OUT WHEN FLYING IN "BATTLE OF BRITAIN" AIR DISPLAYS IT MAKES MY SPINE TINGLE AND IT WOULD STILL DO SO TOMORROW.

(26) DAVID RICHARD NORMAN



Boyhood memories of the night of the doodlebug . .

IF I MAY be permitted to contribute to your readers' recollections of their experiences in wartime Hornsey my memories are the vivid impressions of a very small child.

The night of December 11, 1944 was to be a fateful exhausting and long one for my family.

At about 6.30 pm that familiar banshee wail of the air raid siren on Ducketts Common carries across the chill evening air. At 4½ years of age fear was not an emotion that I had recognised and I must have been ushered into the rust-brown, flat topped indoor shelter, the Morrison, as I had been on so many occasions during the earlier years of the blitz.

Together with my brother, just six months old, a grandmother who devoted herself to the ambulance service, and my parents, we huddled like animals equipped with blankets and pillows.

How they must have been so frightened of this persistently recurring nightmare, a nightly ritual with its long sleepless hours. Talk interspersed by the monotone drone from a plague of Luftwaffe bombers and the answering gunfire of a local anti aircraft battery. Frightened yet, like so many millions more throughout the land, courageously defiant.

Waiting, cursing, hoping, praying — then an enormous pressure that engulfed us all. No loud explosion just intense pressure. Blackness.

The pungent smell of chimney soot and crumbling lime plaster falling from ceilings and walls.

Doors and windows blown out.

Stunned silence imposed by the immediate shock, punctuated only by choking and coughing as the swirling clouds of dust settle.

Soon the first trembling voice breaks that initial silence with words of concern for the safety of everyone as the full impact of the event sinks in.

Then after just a few minutes the voice of an ARP warden calls through the ruins of a home, asking for details of any casualties. My brother is carried from the shattered building in the arms of a policeman, myself by a warden.

Here in the street were to be witnessed more scenes that might have come straight out of Dante's "Inferno". Sheets of flame rising in the

middle of the road, flickering and dancing on the buildings of the blacked-out neighbourhood. The clanging bells of the London Fire Brigade, AFS hoses writhing like enormous snakes, shouting and noise of all descriptions.

Finally, into an ambulance and away. For the next six months we had temporary accommodation with an aunt in Edgware and then back again to Hornsey where I have lived ever since.

These then were my momentary impressions of the V1 "doodle bug" that, by all accounts, veered round after moving in the direction of Alexandra Palace and at 7 pm ploughed into the houses opposite to where I had lived, 105 Fairfax Road. A number of residents were killed and injured in the explosion.

Today, 35 years on young children of many nationalities live under peaceful skies, playing and learning together in our borough. This then is the answer to the Nazi ideology that delivered these bombs and also to the Hitler worshippers and their organisations that attempt to peddle their evil designs. **David R. Norman, 117 Trentville Road, N4**

MY RECOLLECTIONS OF DECEMBER 11TH 1944

FROM THE "HORNSEY JOURNAL" ON FRIDAY NOVEMBER 2ND 1979.

(26) DAVID RICHARD NORMAN.

RECOLLECTIONS BY BETTY AINSWORTH (MY GRANDMOTHER) OF DECEMBER 11TH 1944

WRITTEN ON THE INSIDE PAGE OF "FAERIE QUEEN"

INSCRIPTION NO 1

MY COPY OF FAERIE QUEEN WAS IN PERFECT CONDITION UNTIL A "BUZZ

BOMB DID ITS BEST TO WIPE US ALLOUT ON SUNDAY DECEMBER 11TH 1944,

BUT THANKS TO ALMIGHTY GOD AND A MORRISON SHELTER WE ALL ESCAPED

WITH SHOCK AND A FEW BRUISES. THOUGH OUR HOME WAS THOROUGHLY WRECKED

WE MANAGED TO SALVAGE A FEW THINGS AND AFTER CLEANING AND PATCHING THEM

UP A LITTLE THEY STILL GIVE ME PLEASURE AND I HOPE WHOEVER GETS MY

FAIRIE QUEEN WILL TREASURE IT. BETTY AINSWORTH.

INSCRIPTION NO 2

DIRTY BUT VALUABLE. I HOPE MY RITA WILL TAKE CARE OF IT.

I LOVED IT. MAM

Fairfax Road and Falkland Road, Hornsey, fell victim at 6.55pm on December 11, 1944. Special trained dogs were brought in to search for persons trapped beneath the debris. To add to the confusion a gas main burst.

Pathetic scenes were witnessed the following morning. A young woman was seen retrieving Christmas presents which she had bought for her children the previous day. The muddy roadway was littered with unused Christmas Cards and a child hugged a bedraggled doll which was to have topped her Christmas tree.

COMMENTS OF

ANOTHER

UNKNOWN

OBSERVER

ELIZABETH AINSWORTH COMMENTING ON
HER' EXPERIENCE OF FEAR ON 7TH AUGUST 1944

IN THE BELOVED COLLECTION OF BOOKS, SOME GIVEN TO HER AND OTHERS BOUGHT IN A SECOND HAND BOOKSHOP FIVE HAVE COMMENTS ON THE DESTRUCTIVE EFFECT THAT WAR HAD ON HER TREASURES. OF THESE THE MOST DESCRIPTIVE WORDS WERE RECORDED ON THE INSIDE OF "DEVEREUX" BY SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

AS AN ADULT BETTY (ELIZABETH) AINSWORTH REFLECTS ON THE CALMNESS OF HER EARLY LIFE WITH THE HORRORS OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR AND SHE EXPRESSES HER MOMENTS OF FEAR.

HER COMMENTS READ AS FOLLOWS:-

"LOOKING IN MY FAVOURITE BOOKSHOP ON A LOVELY AUGUST MORNING I DISCOVERED THIS BOOK, AND IT BROUGHT BACK MEMORIES OF "THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEI" BY THE SAME AUTHOR SO I BOUGHT IT FOR CHEAP.

IT'S NICE TO FORGET AND DREAM OF THE QUIET PAST - WITH IT'S LUMBER TANKS, IT'S AEROPLANES - AND AS I WRITE A PILOTLESS ROCKET THUNDERS OVERHEAD LIKE AN EXPRESS TRAIN AT 60 MILES A MINUTE - WITH THE POSSIBLE CHANCE OF IT CRASHING AND CRUMBLING ALL TO MATCHWOOD WITHIN A $\frac{1}{4}$ MILE RADIUS. AS IT PASSES ONE DIES A HUNDRED DEATHS THEN BREATHING A SIGH OF RELIEF AS YOU WIPE THE SWEAT FROM YOUR FOREHEAD.

OH TO BE BACK IN MY PEACEFUL BORDERLAND HOME WITH THE DREAMS OF CHILDHOOD - INSTEAD OF FACING A FUTURE FULL OF HORRORS. WHO SAYS HITLER IS NOT ANTICHRIST.

7/8/44 B.C.A.

THE NIGHT OF THE DOODLE BUG

CIRCA 6.30 - 7.PM. DECEMBER 11TH 1944

105, FAIRFAX ROAD, HORNSEY, LONDON, N.8

THOSE PRESENT IN THE MORRISON INDOOR SHELTER
AFTER THE SOUNDING OF THE AIR RAID SIREN
ON DUCKETS COMMON AT THE JUNCTION OF
GREEN LANES AND TURNPIKE LANE.

| <u>NAME</u> | <u>AGE</u> |
|-----------------------------------|------------|
| ⑪ LEWIS HAROLD NORMAN (FATHER) | 46 YEARS |
| MARGARITA NORMAN (MOTHER) | 36½ YEARS |
| ELIZABETH AINSWORTH (GRANDMOTHER) | 63½ YEARS |
| ⑫ DAVID RICHARD NORMAN (SON) | 4½ YEARS |
| ⑬ ANTHONY ROGER NORMAN (SON) | 9 MONTHS |

ALL SURVIVED.

THE HOUSE WAS SO BADLY DAMAGED THAT LIKE
OTHERS ON BOTH SIDES OF FAIRFAX ROAD IT HAD TO BE
DEMOLISHED.

ON 7TH AUGUST 1944 BETTY AINSWORTH WAS 4½ MONTHS
AWAY FROM THE V1 "DOODLE BUG" WHOSE ENGINE CUT OUT
SMASHED INTO FAIRFAX RD. AND NO 105 WAS INCLUDED
IN THE AREA OF DESTRUCTION ON 11TH DECEMBER

THE "DOODLE BUG" ALSO CALLED A V1 "FLYING BOMB"
WAS NOT THE FIRST ROCKET.

WITH THE V.1 "FLYING BOMB" THE ENGINE WOULD
SUDDENLY CUT OUT AND THEREFORE IF YOU WERE IN THE
OPEN YOU HAD A FEW SECONDS TO TRY AND FIND COVER.
THE V.2 WAS THE FIRST TRUE ROCKET AND GAVE NO
WARNING WHATSOEVER. IT WAS THE SILENT KILLER.
BOTH WEAPONS WERE LAUNCHED FROM MOBILE BASES
IN THE LOW COUNTRIES.

BETTY AINSWORTH WAS NATURALLY ALARMED BY HER

EXPERIENCE AND EXPRESSED HER FEAR IN THE REMARKS MADE IN HER BOOK "DEVEREUX". SHE, TOGETHER WITH MY MOTHER MARGARITA AND FATHER (11) LEWIS NORMAN WOULD HAVE BEEN EQUALLY FEARFUL OF A DIRECT HIT ON 105, FAIRFAX RD. ALSO IN THAT INDOOR MORRISON SHELTER WAS MY BROTHER (27) ANTHONY AND MYSELF (26) DAVID.

AT 9 MONTHS OF AGE ANTHONY WOULD NOT HAVE HAD ANY KNOWLEDGE OF EVENTS AND AT 4½ YEARS I HAD NO FEAR WHATSOEVER, ALTHOUGH I DID HOLD MEMORIES OF THE EVENTS (SEE LETTER PUBLISHED YEARS LATER IN THE "HORNSEY JOURNAL"). SOME RESULTS OF DESTRUCTION ALTHOUGH CAPTURED AND HELD BY THE BRAIN CANNOT BE REMEMBERED - THIS APPLIES TO SMELLS, I.E. SOOT AND CRUMBLING PLASTER RELEASED INTO THE ATMOSPHERE AND TO A LESSER EXTENT THIS ALSO APPLIES TO SOUNDS. THE VISUAL IS DIFFERENT. THAT IS WHY I COULD DESCRIBE THE SCENE IN FAIRFAX ROAD WHILST BEING CARRIED OUT BY A WARDEN. I ALSO KNEW THAT THE TOP OF THE MORRISON SHELTER CAME UP TO MY HEAD.

IN THE THE POST WAR YEARS AT 23, INDERWICK ROAD WHEN THE CHIMNEY SWEEP VISITED WITH HIS BRUSH THE SMELL OF SOOT WAS RELEASED FROM DEEP INSIDE THE BRAIN. A LITTLE LATER WHEN LOCAL BUILDERS WERE CARRYING OUT POST WAR REPAIRS TO LATHE AND PLASTER WALLS THE UNIQUELY DISTINCT SMELL OF LIME PLASTER WAS RECOGNISED BY THE BRAIN.

IN 2008, 64 YEARS AFTER FAIRFAX ROAD I TOOK MY GRANDSON LIAM TO AN EXHIBITION OF THE 1940'S HOUSE AT THE WAR MUSEUM. WHEN I SHOWED HIM THE MORRISON

SHELTER THE TOP ONLY CAME UP TO MY WAIST. I HAD GROWN IN HEIGHT. THIS WAS NOT A SMELL OR SOUND BUT A VISUAL RECORDING BY THE EYE. WHAT A SURPRISE!

THE SMELLS AND SOUNDS WOULD HAVE BEEN RECOGNISED BY THE THREE ADULTS PRESENT ON 11TH DECEMBER 1944.

FEAR DEVELOPS THROUGH EXPERIENCE OF LIFE AND THE ADULTS KNEW THAT A DIRECT HIT WOULD HAVE WIPE THE FAMILY OUT. BY NO MORE THAN CHANCE IT DID NOT.

WHEN WE REACH 281, CAMROSE AVENUE, EDGWARE TO STAY WITH CHRIS AND DOROTHY CHAPMAN (NEE NORMAN) I WILL MENTION HOW I RECOGNISED FEAR AND REALISED IT'S VALUE AS A CAUTIONARY WARNING SIGNAL.


I HAVE NO RECOLLECTION OF HOW LONG WE REMAINED IN THE SHELTER AT FAIRFAX RD. I DO RECALL MY FATHER (11) LEWIS STANDING OPENLY IN THE ROOM FOR A FEW MOMENTS JUST CHECKING THE IMMEDIATE AREA. LATER THE WARDENS WOULD HAVE CALLED THROUGH THE BUILDING FROM OUTSIDE TO CHECK FOR CASUALTIES. FORTUNATELY THEIR WERE NONE. MY MOTHER TOLD ME MUCH LATER THAT WE WERE NOT INSIDE FOR VERY LONG; PROBABLY UP TO AN HOUR.

WE WERE THEN TAKEN TO WHAT IS NOW NORTH HARRINGAY SCHOOL IN FALKLAND ROAD WHERE ON MANY DAYS ELIZABETH AINSWORTH WAS WORKING WITH AIR RAID PRECAUTIONS (A.R.P.). HER MAIN DUTIES WERE GIVING FIRST AID TO THE INJURED. (SEE PHOTOGRAPH OF HER WITH THE AUXILARY AMBULANCE IN THE SCHOOL PLAYGROUND. ON ARRIVAL EVERYONE WAS REGISTERED. ENQUIRIES COULD BE MADE AND QUESTIONS ASKED ABOUT VARIOUS ARRANGMENTS THAT HAD TO BE MADE TO SEE WHAT IT

WOULD BE POSSIBLE TO SALVAGE FROM THE HOUSE. APART FROM SOME ITEMS OF FURNITURE THE MOST IMMEDIATE NEED WOULD HAVE BEEN FOR CLOTHING SOME OF WHICH WOULD PROBABLY BEEN DESTROYED AND ANYTHING SAVED WOULD BE SMOTHERED WITH DUST AND DIRT. I HAVE NO IDEA HOW THEY OVERCAME THIS SORT OF PROBLEM.

LATER THAT EVENING WE ARRIVED AT 172, ST. JOHNS WAY, UPPER HOLLOWAY IN ISLINGTON WHERE ARRANGEMENTS WERE MADE FOR US TO STAY BUT IT COULD ONLY HAVE BEEN TEMPORARY BECAUSE OF THE LIMITED SPACE AVAILABLE. ANOTHER FAMILY LIVED ON THE GROUND FLOOR. UPSTAIRS THERE WAS MY GRANDFATHER (11) CHARLES AND HIS WIFE CLARA PLUS THE FIVE OF US FROM FAIRFAX RD. AS IT SO HAPPENS THERE WAS ONE OTHER PERSON WHO NORMALLY LIVED THERE PERMANENTLY, THOUGH HADN'T DONE SO FROM THE BEGINNING OF WORLD WAR 2.

MY BROTHER (27) EDDIE NORMAN WAS AT THIS PARTICULAR TIME ON LEAVE FROM SERVICE IN THE ROYAL NAVY AND I DISTINCTLY REMEMBER HIM MAKING ME UP A BED WITH TWO HIGH BACKED VICTORIAN CHAIRS. THIS IS THE ONLY NIGHT THAT I CAN RECALL MEMORY OF MY STAY HERE, THOUGH WITH THE NEED TO ORGANISE TEMPORARY ACCOMODATION AND STORE ANYTHING SAVABLE AT THE ALEXANDRA PALACE WE MUST HAVE STAYED PROBABLY FOR A WEEK. IT MUST HAVE BEEN A NIGHTMARE FOR US AS IT HAD ALSO BEEN FOR THOUSANDS OF OTHER FAMILIES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY OVER THE PREVIOUS FOUR YEARS FROM 1940.

(26)  DAVID RICHARD NORMAN

P 857904

The Statutory Fee for this Certificate is 2s. 7d.
If required subsequently to registration, a
Search Fee is payable in addition.

**CERTIFIED COPY of an
Pursuant to the Births and Deaths**



**ENTRY OF BIRTH
Registration Acts, 1836 to 1929.**

[Printed by Authority of the Registrar-General.]

B. Cert.**R.B.D.**

| Registration District Edmonton | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|------------------|-----|----------------------------|---|------------------------------|--|--------------------------------|-------------------------------------|---|
| 1940 Birth in the Sub-District of Hornsey in the County of Middlesex. | | | | | | | | | | |
| No. | When and Where Born | Name, if any | Sex | Name and Surname of Father | Name and Maiden Surname of Mother | Rank or Profession of Father | Signature, Description and Residence of Informant | When Registered | Signature of Registrar | Baptismal Name, if different from that of Birth |
| 238 | Twenty third May 1940 105 Trafalgar Road Hornsey U.K. | David Richard | Boy | Leavis Harold Norman | Marguerite Norman formerly Cousworth | House Painter Salesman | L. Norman Father 105 Trafalgar Road Hornsey | Twenty first May 1940 | <i>[Signature]</i> Registrar | |

Insert in this
Margin any
Notes which
appear in the
original entry.

I, **CHRISTOPHER GEORGE PARKIN**, Registrar of Births and Deaths for the Sub-District of **Hornsey**, in the **County of Middlesex**, do hereby certify that this is a true copy of the entry No. **238** in the Register Book of Births for the said Sub-District, and that such Register Book is now in my custody.

WITNESS MY HAND this

31st

day of

May

1940.

[Signature]
 Registrar of Births and Deaths

CAUTION.—Any person who (1) falsifies any of the particulars on this Certificate, or (2) uses it as true, knowing it to be falsified, is liable to Prosecution.

