



YOUNG ARCHER

Who's That Guy?

By Diana Cormack

Can you guess who this well-known person is?

He was born in Yorkshire, became a soldier, fought in Spain and learned a lot about explosives in Holland, but it was because he wasn't well known that he was chosen to do a very dangerous deed.

We remember him as Guy Fawkes and, every year, we celebrate the fact that he failed to do that dangerous deed. There were other people involved, but we don't bother about them much, which is a little unfair, because it was they who planned what Guy Fawkes should do before they'd even picked him to do it!

Gunpowder, treason and plot

It happened in 1605. In those days people were expected to belong to the same church as the king. King James I was very cruel to Roman Catholics, so some of them got together and plotted to get rid of him. In fact, they planned to get rid of all the people in the building, which is now known as the Houses of Parliament. Then they hoped to put a Catholic king on the throne.

Their plan was to rent a cellar under the building to store barrels - barrels which contained gunpowder. Then, at the right time, they would set off the gunpowder and blow up the building. Whoever did this would have to be an expert in dealing with explosives, because he would have to light the fuse and give himself enough time to escape before the place blew up. He would also have to be a stranger so that he was not recognised and linked to the other conspirators. A Roman Catholic from Yorkshire who knew about explosives was selected to do the most dangerous part.

Losing the plot

For Guy Fawkes was discovered on the night of 4 November by a group of guards who had been ordered by the king to search the cellars. The king had been shown an anonymous letter written to one of his men. One of the conspirators was a good friend of this man and wanted to save his life. So the letter warned him to keep away from the king's opening of Parliament on 5 November.

Remember remember

The rest, as we say, is history! Guy Fawkes was found and was horribly tortured then hung, along with the rest of the gang, but it is he who still gets most of the blame.

In 1606 the government ruled that 5 November should be "a day of thanksgiving". Little did they know that the cellars would still be searched the night before the opening of Parliament and we would still be celebrating the discovery of the "Gunpowder Plot" nearly 400 years later!



Photo by John Larimer

Wedding Pictures

By Diana Cormack

Nursery children in Martin Infant School produced a very special display inspired by a very special person.

Angela Moraitou, a nursery nurse there for five years, got married to Gino Zambito at the Italian Church in Clerkenwell. Both the morning and afternoon nurseries held parties for her, where they sang suitable songs such as "Daisy, Daisy", "Congratulations" and "I'm Getting Married in the Morning" and she was presented with some crystal animals by the parents.

After the wedding and reception at the Café Royal came the inspiration to involve the children and their families in a multi-cultural marriage celebration. Parents from many cultures and religions sent in photographs of their own weddings. They were put up around the wedding dress of Lesley Smith, who has been a nursery nurse at Martin's for seven years, and a bridesmaid's dress belonging to the daughter of nursery teacher Karen Thomson. Helped by long-serving nursery teacher and much loved Sue Newberry, the children made colourful wedding horseshoes and produced some lovely blue colour mixes to go with the rhyme "Something old, something new Something borrowed, something blue". What a pity our photo isn't in colour!



Guy Fawkes by Paul Giannaros, aged 10, of Huntingdon Road

Penny for the guy

When I was a child I lived in many different places because my father was in the Royal Air Force. It was quite normal for RAF families to move from one end of the country to the other for a couple of years, then to pack up everything and go somewhere else. This included living abroad.

Our houses were on little estates linked to the main camp or base, so dads could walk to the offices or hangars where they worked. We could shop for sweets at the NAAFI (Navy, Army and Air Force Institute), go to Saturday morning pictures at the Astra cinema or play on the equipment provided for us. But that was never as exciting as escaping over hedges and ditches to play in the surrounding countryside!

The camps were often miles from anywhere and we had to be bussed to school, so most of our activities took place amongst our friends and neighbours, whom we might have known for only a short while. At the end of October we would make our guys, then take them round the houses to beg for "a penny for the guy".

When we moved to Germany our married quarters (houses where we lived) were unusual because they were part of the local town. The main road ran through the camp, which grew from the German homes at the edge of the town. Our fathers had to be bussed to work and the school was at the end of our road. The teachers were all British, except for a German man who came in to teach us the language. But there was one lesson that we had to learn for ourselves.

Spare a pfennig

Bonfire Night was on its way and, as usual, we made our guy and trundled him round the houses in my sister's pushchair. We did quite well collecting pennies and, as it wasn't yet time to go home, we decided to go to the German houses. Their smallest coin was called a pfennig, and we could use German money to buy fireworks in the NAAFI, so we set off demanding "ein pfennig fur die guy".

I have never forgotten the faces of some people as they opened their front doors! There we stood, a bunch of scruffy British kids, demanding money for an even scruffier stuffed effigy lolling back in a beaten up buggy! Our collection went so well that we were late home and

had to explain to our parents exactly what we had been doing. Their faces were a picture too.

Shared enjoyment

"Didn't you know", they asked "that Bonfire Night is a British custom? Foreigners don't celebrate discovering the plot to blow up the king and his parliament in London hundreds of years ago. They've never even heard of Guy Fawkes, so goodness knows what they thought you were doing. They probably gave you the money to get rid of you!"

Well, we felt really stupid, but not stupid enough to go back to the German houses and return the money!

When Bonfire Night came we felt better, but not because we'd been able to buy so many fireworks. Our garden was beside the main road and, as usual, we cheered when the guy fell apart into the flames. We "oohed" and "aahed" at the Roman Candles and rockets that my father set off. Gradually we realised that we weren't the only ones appreciating the scene. We turned around to see lots of local children hanging over our garden fence, backed up by their parents. They may not have known what it was all about, but they certainly got their money's worth of enjoyment out of a foreign festivity!

Clever Clogs Corner

1. Which saint gave her name to a circular firework?
2. Where was gunpowder invented?
3. In which lane did the fire of London start?
4. What are pyrotechnics?
5. Which Californian city was wrecked by an earthquake followed by a three-day fire in 1906?
6. Which Italian city was buried under ash from the volcano Vesuvius?
7. Which explosive did Alfred Nobel discover?
8. What is a Roman Candle?
9. Which emperor fiddled while Rome burned?
10. What is the memorial to the fire of London?

SCHOOL NEWS

By Diana Cormack

Fortismere

Naomi Burgess of Bedford Road, East Finchley and a contributor to *THE ARCHER*, is standing for election as parent governor at our neighbourhood secondary school.

Holy Trinity

After collecting food, toiletries and money for "Shelter" at Harvest celebrations, the children then raised money for the Marie Curie Cancer Research Fund by sponsored activities.

Holy Trinity is the first school in Barnet to benefit from the McDonalds Reading Volunteer Scheme. Twelve employees from McDonalds' Head Office will be helping with a new lunch-time reading club and in some literacy classes. Help will also be given in the nursery.

Martin Juniors

At the annual Harvest Festival celebration there was a wonderful display of gifts, which the children had brought in. They performed dances, poetry, songs and sketches about harvest to the many parents who came to watch.

Three Year 6 children and some staff took the gifts to Wilmot Close, where the warden helped them to go from door to door delivering bags of produce. The residents were very grateful and had some tales to tell of their own times at Martin Junior School in the 1920s and 1940s.

It was a lovely occasion and, as one child said, "It was great fun giving presents to the elderly people". Several residents thanked the children warmly.

The Iroko Theatre Company, from Stratford, East London, performed traditional African drama, music, dance and storytelling to the children in a programme of excitement, fun and education!

Martin Infants

Elderly people from the Friern Barnet Day Centre were invited to the Harvest Festival to enjoy the performance and to take the collected produce home. Each class showed their pictures and sang songs about harvest. Parents served tea and coffee along with cakes, which had been made by the nursery children.

The nursery children also helped to raise £624 for Barnados when they took part in a sponsored toddle. They can keep 25% of the money, which will buy new toys and equipment.

- CLEVER CLOGS ANSWERS**
1. Saint Catherine
 2. China
 3. Pudding Lane
 4. Fireworks
 5. San Francisco
 6. Pompeii
 7. Dynamite
 8. A firework which shoots out coloured balls.
 9. Nero
 10. The Monument