



Now we are seven

By David Hobbs

They say a week is a long time in politics, but a year is a very long time at *THE ARCHER* and it is only now that I can stop, stand back and look at what we have done in the last twelve months.

This paper's seventh year started with a campaign against the cuts at Finchley Fire Station and ended with us backing Lawrie Chivers' efforts to light up the High Road for Christmas.

On the way we campaigned for a pedestrian crossing on Fortis Green and against genetically modified foods. Sometimes we scooped the national papers, but more often we found that being a monthly publication meant that we could not cover everything we wanted to cover. After all, no one wants to read old news.

Dream team

As editor I know I could not have done it without the other members of the team, all of whom have given up their time to ensure that *THE ARCHER* appears every month. In particular Diana Cormack has made Young Archer essential reading in the local schools, Daphne Chamberlain has unearthed East Finchley's hidden history and former editor Paul Savill ended the last millennium

giving us our first nude!

At the other end of the scale Ricky Savage managed to hit a whole new low with his article for January 2000. It was in such poor taste that the sub-editor destroyed it!

Sub standards

Mentioning the sub-editors leads neatly on to the other unsung heroes and heroines without whom there would be no *ARCHER*. The sub-editors, Frances Loveday and John Dacam, have managed to keep us out of the libel courts. Alison Roberts and Paul Northam have spent numerous coffee fueled late nights producing the paper and getting it to the printers.

Sue Holliday has curbed our extravagant tendencies and ensured we have the money to print the paper. A small army of distributors have delivered it every month. Without them and all the people who have written for us or helped in numerous other ways there would have been no seventh birthday issue.

The bitch at No. 20

Seven years after the launch of *THE ARCHER*, a lament from an *ARCHER* distributor, Paul Savill

She waits for me every month, the bitch in number 20. However softly I slip an *ARCHER* through the letterbox, she hits the door with the thud of a Rottweiler, tears it to bits with the growls of a wolf, and all she is is a little Jack Russell terrier...

Every month for seven years I have plied the streets of East Finchley delivering copies of *THE ARCHER*, the only community paper of its type in London.

In seven years I calculate that I have pushed 26,000 copies of the paper through letterboxes.

Paper chase

I am one of 55 distributors, all volunteers, who monthly hump 7,397 copies of the paper around East Finchley. We receive not a penny, occasional insults, but every so often some praise, which makes the whole exercise worthwhile.

The biggest distributor is Mike Bassett who delivers 435 copies every month to streets near and including Ossulton Way and Brim Hill. This is two hours' work.

Round trip

"Once you've got into it, it's, well, sort of fun", he says hesitantly. He has done it for five years. That makes 26,100 copies.

During my time I have deliv-

ered to most streets in the area but now have settled for those up my way: the streets near the police station, a total of 250 papers.

I have encountered all sorts of hazards. Dangerous steps and broken paths are common, so are stuck gates and stuck gate catches and letterboxes that seem to be locked shut or, if they open, repel entry.

Postscript

Now, I have enormous sympathy for our postal workers and urge everyone to ensure their letterboxes are user friendly.

They should be oiled occasionally, widened if possible and draught excluders outlawed!

One house on my round appears not to have a letterbox at all. The slit is deliberately hidden in the doorframe behind some beading, so you have to know where it is. Now that I know, I ensure he receives his *ARCHER* every month. He has not thanked me yet, but I am sure he will in time.

Sun, sand and cycling

By Diana Cormack



Jane Revell

increase your vitality, revitalise your life. Feel good...look good, glow on the inside...sparkle on the outside." People often ask Jane how she has so much en-

Jane Revell of Park Hall Road, East Finchley, is spending part of February on the island of Cuba but she won't be relaxing on the beach. She has set herself the task of cycling. Over 215 hilly miles in a temperature of 23degrees C. Why on earth would a woman rapidly approaching 50 this March decide to saddle herself with such an undertaking?

It is all for a good cause. Jane is trying to raise money for the Guide Dogs for the Blind Association and she is looking for sponsors. Any amount - large or small - will be gratefully received. Please send or drop in contributions to - 34, Park Hall Road, East Finchley, London N2 9PU.

If you're happy to be named, sponsors will be thanked in any follow-up articles Jane writes and she has promised to do one for *THE ARCHER*.

In fact, Jane is already an accomplished writer in the field of education and personal development and she is just about to have another book published. At £9.99 "Success Over Stress" provides seven strategies for radiant living. It is "the INSIDE OUT approach to help you reduce your stress,

ergo and how she manages to look so good for her age. So she decided to find out for herself and this book is the result. She certainly does sparkle and glow,

but I want to see her after she's done the bike ride!

(Contact Saffire Press, 34 Park Hall Road, London, N2 9PU for more information.)

Seven Quiz

By Daphne Chamberlain
All the answers have a connection with seven. Take the first letter of each answer, re-arrange them - and what you end up with brings you back to East Finchley and needs no introduction to *THE ARCHER* team!

1. A world's wonder survives near its bank. (4 letters)
2. Is it turning you green? It could be deadly. (4 letters)
3. Persecuted stepdaughter's little friends. (6 letters)
4. This sound-alike is a longer runner than the Thames. (6 letters)
5. If you survive long enough, every man (and woman) may go through seven. (4 letters)
6. In Japan they were samurai, but Hollywood called them ... (11 letters)
7. One of the stepdaughter's little friends wasn't too clear in the head. (5 letters)

- Answers
1. Nile (The Great Pyramid was one of the Seven Wonders of the World.)
 2. Envy (One of the Seven Deadly Sins)
 3. Dwarfs (Snow White)
 4. Severn (River)
 5. Ages (Seven Ages of Man)
 6. Magnificent ("Magnificent Seven" - based on "Seven Samurai")
 7. Dopey (One of the Seven Dwarfs)

KALASHNIKOV KULTUR

By Ricky Savage, the voice of social irresponsibility

White elephants

These are weird and wonderful times, but not so weird that the spin doctoring doesn't have to stop sometime and reveal that the emperor's new clothes are nothing more than a pair of grubby Y-fronts. Now that the emperor is revealed to all we can all see that the Millennium Dome is nothing more than a tatty and tacky tent full of the kind of junk that no self respecting jumble sale wants anything to do with.

This heap of junk cost £758 million pounds and now needs an extra £60 million so that it doesn't go bust within a fortnight and a megabuck advertising campaign to try and con 12 million of us into forking out £20 for the 'experience'. What an experience! The thing looks like an upturned wok, the gizmos don't work, the queues are long and the body's boring. It sure as hell ain't no match for previous national celebrations.

The Great Exhibition of 1851 was truly great and gave us that marvel that was the Crystal Palace, the 1951 Festival of Britain was the perfect antidote to war and austerity and was in the right place, London, whereas the millennium tent is stuck out on a limb.

Remember the first night? That was when the incompetents who run the show managed to strand several thousand guests at Stratford East tube station. That was also when Mr Tony, his eyes rotating wildly, grabbed the Queen's hand for the traditional out of tune singing and left her flapping like a turkey that didn't really want to vote early for Christmas but didn't have a choice. The look on the Queen's face was priceless. She had that thunderous look of a nun in a Robert Mapplethorpe exhibit and was probably thinking that if she had been the first Elizabeth, not the second, she could have had Mr Tony's entrails broiled in front of his eyes before sticking his head on a pike over London Bridge.

It is unfair to blame New Labour's monstrous ego for everything, after all it wasn't their idea. So it is my duty to point the finger at the guilty men, or more to the point, man. Yes, the whole Millennium Dome farce was another bright idea from the man who gave us the cones hotline. Come on down John "the Y-fronts Kid" Major. Yes, this is another left over from the dead end days of the Tories and no amount of spin doctoring can transform one of little Johnny Major's naff ideas into something worthwhile.

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