



The Cudes' Big Day

By Daphne Chamberlain

Bettie Cude is one of our long-time ARCHER deliverers, but our 100th edition won't be the most significant event for her this month.

Bettie and her husband, Norman, celebrate their ruby wedding on 30 September, and for 38 of those 40 years they have lived in the same house in Leopold Road.

Their Cupid was the Post Office. Bettie came up from Wales at 17 to work at the Muswell Hill branch, while staying with her auntie in Bounds Green. Norman was already established there. In fact, he has an anniversary of his own to celebrate, having started his 44 years in the Post Office a half-century ago.

"Peter Sellars used to call in", says Bettie. "So did the newsreaders Kenneth Kendal and Richard Baker, on their way back from Alexandra Palace."

Post modern

Post the Post Office, she has worked as a home help, and as a lunchtime supervisor at Holy Trinity School (old and new) and Oak Lodge School.

Their own children, Colin and Karon, went to the Martin, where Colin's two daughters will soon be starting: four-year-old Isabel this month and two-year-old Caitlin in the nursery next year. Colin and his family live in Lankaster Gardens, while Karon has settled in Southgate. She also has two children, Naomi, seven, and Nathan, four.

When Norman emphasises the friendliness of Leopold Road, he says, "We got



Above: Norman & Bettie Cude on their wedding day in 1961 and, below: today - photo by John Dearing



to know a lot of people here, mainly because of the children. Nowadays, we're two of the oldies!"

When you meet them, you take that as a bit of a joke, and they are certainly still well known. Bettie has been delivering *THE ARCHER* to the rest of the road for about the last five years. When she realised they were not receiving copies; she rang us and offered to take on the round herself. (That's the way to do it.)

Norman and Bettie will be marking their big day with a party for 50 friends and family. We wish them many more happy years.

New Name, New Home

Due to the sale of the Salvation Army Hall in Hertford Road, the Elim Pentecostal Church congregation has had to move to Holy Trinity Primary School in Eagans Close.

The Church which was pioneered in Finchley in 1937 has had its home in the Salvation Army Hall for about 10 years, but was unable to secure a further lease on the property or come up with the £500,000 being asked as a minimum offer on the building by 10 July.

The resident Minister of the Church is Rev Jim Patterson who has been at East Finchley for five years, having served prior to that for six years as a Missionary in Uganda, East Africa.

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Visitors always welcome

School air raid shelters

By Diana Cormack

In the July edition we asked if anyone knew whether the sheds at Martin School, which were decorated for the Barnet's Streets Ahead 2001 Festival, actually were air raid shelters.

Mrs Muriel Lowe of Homefield Place, contacted us about a piece written for *THE ARCHER* in the millennium year by her sister Jessie Tanner. As a schoolgirl, then called Jessie Crook, she was a pupil at the school during the war and she writes:

"I was nine years old when the war started and, in the beginning when the school air-raid shelters were not completed, a number of

pupils were told to meet for morning lessons in a particular house in their vicinity.

A teacher would then visit that house. The afternoon was spent doing homework in the pupil's own home. It was easy for me as I had to go to my friend's house at number 90 and I lived at number 94.

When the shelters were built it was back to school with gas masks and singsongs in the shelters when there was an air raid. I can still recall the smell of the damp cement in those shelters!"

Jessie now lives in Bishop's Stortford, Hertfordshire but she still looks forward to reading *THE ARCHER* every month.

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KALASHNIKOV KULTUR

No future?

Remember 1976? I do. It was a long, hot summer; it was the time of my life...

I was junior clerk in the Department of Paperclips and bored with just about everything. Rock'n'roll might not have been dead, but it certainly smelt funny. Music was dominated by dinosaurs like the Stones, Yes, Genesis and Led Zeppelin. Bands 'got it untogether in the country', grew beards and drivelled on and on about the significance of their last pretentious waxing.

By early '76 I knew what future I wanted and that night I strolled into The Nashville in West Kensington I knew I'd found it. The Sex Pistols were rock'n'roll in a very surreal sense of the word. They didn't drivel on about Tequila Sunsets; they deconstructed The Monkees, 'Stepping Stone' and sang about 'Anarchy in the UK'. They were the business.

Make my day

From there it was just a short step to throwing out the last of my flares, cutting my hair and forming a band. So what if we couldn't hack the long guitar solos, we didn't want guitar solos or drum solos or some geek never using one keyboard when twenty-seven would do. What we wanted was in your face, amphetamine fuelled excitement and we were going to make our own.

Come mid-September the mood was spreading and the Punk Festival at the 100 Club was like a gathering of the clans. Few of us had all the bondage gear from Sex in Kings Road, most of us just had ripped tee-shirts, but we all had attitude and we were all turning into the kind of people our parents had warned us against.

When the Sex Pistols swore at Bill Grundy and punk went national we knew our time had come. The next day I went into work, got attacked by middle-aged women for being a punk, told my boss where to shove his paperclips and said I was going to live my rock'n'roll dream. That night we played our first gig and got bottled off stage by a bunch of hippies. 'Cry Havoc', I yelled and let loose the dogs of war.

Dead ladies live

By Daphne Chamberlain

I've learned a new word - "villanelle"*. Never mind about the actual meaning; I love the sound of it. For me it rolls back silk, velvet and spices. I heard it by the side of Hampstead Heath, before a glass of wine and a stroll in John Keats's garden.

Poetry is the music of words. When I was eight, my father gave me Palgrave's Golden Treasury, and its poems I learned for pleasure have stayed with me for life.

Some of them were read in Keats House last month, by

Poesia's Maddy Telford and Richard Mabb in 19th century costume. They were probably all new to a little boy in the audience, who seemed as spellbound as I once was by The Lady of Shallott, and as horrendously fascinated by The Haystack in the Floods.

Revelations

The programme was varied enough for most of us to come to something fresh, and even old favourites can reveal a new meaning when another voice reads them. Billed as "La Belle Dame Sans Merci" (Pre-Raphaelite poetry of damozels and dead ladies), it included Keats, Yeats, Rossetti, Browning, Tennyson, William Morris, Ernest Dowson, Hardy, Stephen Phillips, Sara Teasdale - and three quite sharp and edgy poems by Elizabeth Siddal.

Poor Elizabeth, you may remember, was buried in Highgate Cemetery with a collection of poems by her husband, Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Some years later, regretting the disappearance of his "best work", he disinterred it, polished it up (in both senses, no doubt) and published it.

The evening was arranged by East Finchley's Diana Bishop, who is now well into her term as Poet-in-Residence at Keats House. For enquiries about Keats House, contact 020 7435 2062.

* A villanelle is a poem of 19 lines, based on two rhymes, with some lines repeated.