



Sue and Kevin present Angie (centre) with a bouquet. Photo by Erini Rodis

A Decade of Fun

1 March saw *THE ARCHER* team celebrating ten years of publishing news in East Finchley with an open party at Maddens Ale House in the High Road. Contributors past and present gathered from early evening for drinks, music and good food, not to mention excellent company.

THE ARCHER's current Editor, Kevin Finn, took the opportunity publicly to thank everyone who has, over the years, contributed to the newspaper's success. He particularly singled out

distributors, who deliver the paper to homes and businesses in the area, advertisers who fund the newspaper and readers who have consistently supported *THE ARCHER* over the years.

The entertainment for the evening, courtesy of Maddens, was provided by local residents Jeremy and Eddie on piano and percussion respectively. Robin and Janet of Village Florists were generous in providing beautiful flowers for the occasion. *THE ARCHER* would like to thank everyone who came to the celebration, helping to make it such a joyous occasion.

Photos of the evening can be found on *THE ARCHER*'s website at www.the-archer.co.uk

Traditional Easter Biscuits

These biscuits used to be tied together in groups of three to represent the Holy Trinity – God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Spirit.

Ingredients (enough for 30 small biscuits)

225 g / 8 oz self raising flour
113 g / 4 oz margarine or butter
113 g / 4 oz sugar
56 g / 2 oz currants
Pinch of salt
One egg (beaten)
A little grated lemon peel

Method

Sift the flour and salt into a bowl, then rub in the margarine or butter with your fingers.
Add the sugar, lemon rind and currants.
Mix in the beaten egg.
Knead the mixture into a firm paste (leave it for about an hour to stiffen if necessary).
Roll out the mixture on a lightly floured board so that it is 6 mm / ¼ inch thick.
Use a biscuit cutter or small cup to cut the dough into biscuits.
Lightly grease an oven tray and cook biscuits at 375 F or gas Mark 4 until they are a light golden colour (for about 15 minutes).
Cool on a wire tray.

KALASHNIKOV KULTUR

By Ricky Savage, the voice of social irresponsibility

Open Season

Ho, ho ho, I mustn't laugh, but sometimes I just can't resist it when the rickety old House of Windsor displays itself in all its feudal glory. Haven't the last few weeks been wonderful for us republican vultures everywhere? After 'What the Butler Sold' we got 'What Everyone Else Flogged off Down the Market', a bright farce starring Fency Fawcett, a couple of blokes from down the pub and He who Talks to Plants. Now we've got the latest in that long line of feudal farces, 'Whoops What a Whitewash', by Sir Peat-Bog, the personal secretary (servant) of the plant-talker which naturally finds no evidence of wrong doing by his boss! Welcome to the thirteenth century? No, not quite, Fency only had to resign.

The incompetence and arrogance of Camilla's lover is mind-boggling. Here is a grown man who has to have toothpaste squeezed onto his brush for him and gets a flunkie to hold the specimen bottle for him when he has to give a urine sample. I bet most of his flunkies are pleased that the bottle is all they were expected to hold. Once upon a time the heir to the throne would have had help with performing almost all his bodily functions.

Floodgates

Of course once the floodgates open they stay open and the next little nasty waiting to crawl out of the cupboard is 'video diary of a princess'. Yes, the saintly Diana apparently made tapes to help her learn public speaking. On them she gave her opinion of her husband's bedroom performance compared to Major James Hewitt, Will Carling (allegedly) and Dr. Spock. And guess what, the tabloids will pay and pay and pay to get the chance to run that little story.

Home alone

So, where does that leave the man who was born to give republicans a good name? Quite clearly not riding on the crest of a wave of popularity nor resisting pressure to persuade his mum to quit while the going's good. Instead Charles is looking more ridiculous than he has looked since he confessed to adultery live on television or was last caught trying to chat up a daffodil. Yes, he's up the creek and now that Fency's gone there's no one left to paddle for him. Well, at least I hope so.

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