



YOUNG ARCHER

Lucky for Some

By Diana Cormack

If you think about the nursery rhymes and stories you heard when you were little, you may notice that many of them contain the number three. There were the **Three Blind Mice, Three Little Pigs, Goldilocks and the Three Bears** and even **Baa Baa Black Sheep** had three bags full of wool.

Often the subject of the story is given three wishes or three chances, like the princess having three guesses to find out Rumpelstiltskin's name. Maybe that's why we can have three tries at something or say "Best out of three" and "Third time lucky." Some people really do believe that three is a lucky number and it has had a special place for hundreds of years.

It was used a lot in Greek and Scandinavian mythology and is important in many religions, including the Holy Trinity of the Christian church. An Ancient Greek mathematician called Pythagoras thought that three was the perfect number because it has a beginning, a middle and an end. This year

ends with the number three, so let's hope that there will be some luck in it for all of us.

What's your lucky number?

But would you like to know what your lucky number really is? Some people believe that you can work it out by using your birth date, which can never be changed, so your lucky number should always be the same too. This how you do it.

Use your birth date numbers by adding together all the digits, for example if you were born on 27 March 1993 (27.3.1993) you set it out as: 2+7+3+1+9+9+3=34; then you continue to add and you get 3+4=7

So your lucky number is 7!

Happy Birthday to Us!

THE ARCHER is ten years old this month and we are having a special party to celebrate. All the people who help with the paper have been invited. I don't know if there will be a cake with candles or if we will sing "Happy Birthday to You," which is supposed to be the most sung song in the world.

It was originally written a hundred and ten years ago by an American teacher Patty Smith Hall and was called "Good Morning to All." Her sister Mildred J. Hill wrote the music. In 1935 Clayton F. Summy put in the words we sing today and the copyright for the song is presently owned by singer Michael Jackson.

Birthdays

This old rhyme says that the sort of person you are depends on which day of the week you were born. Is it true for you or your friends?

Monday's child is fair of face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace,
Wednesday's child is full of woe,
Thursday's child has far to go,
Friday's child is loving and giving,
Saturday's child works hard for a living,
And the child that is born on the Sabbath day
Is bonny and blithe and good and gay.

Diary Of A Princess

Daphne Chamberlain reviews Heather Maisner's book

She was 17 years old when she set out to meet her bridegroom, with an escort numbering about 3,400. The journey lasted two years, and at its end only 18 of the travellers survived.

One of the survivors was Marco Polo, who would certainly win a few votes in any poll to name the greatest ever explorers.

We do not know whether Kokachin, a 13th century Chinese princess, kept any record of her experiences, but her terrible sea journey to marry the Khan of Persia is included in Marco Polo's journals. For him, his escort of the princess, who was in his charge, was also his release from the service of Kublai Khan, Emperor of China. After 17 years he was on his way home to Venice.

The writer's craft

Heather Maisner, an author whose mother lives in East Finchley, was so intrigued by the story that she has written a book about it. *Diary of a Princess*, written for 7-11 year-olds, is in picture-book format, beautifully illustrated by Sheila Moxley.

Heather says that the idea lay dormant for three or four years. She had discovered the reference in Marco Polo's diary while researching for her award-winning book, *The*



Heather Maisner

Magic Hourglass, but always knew she would return to it. Such dramatic material could obviously have been given very different treatment for an older audience, but author and artist have concentrated on Kokachin's childlike naivety. Monsters real and imaginary are experienced through her eyes.

"You need to find the right voice. The text for this type of book is so brief, each word has to work - almost like writing a poem. The length of the finished article doesn't indicate the amount of research put into it."

The fact that writing is actu-

ally work is something that schools are interested in teaching. Heather spends a lot of time talking to school classes about the process of producing a book. Once, her publisher produced a book almost as big as she is to help get the point across.

Heather herself was 16 when she won The Daily Mirror Children's Literary Competition out of 35,000 entries. She has worked as an editor, translator and teacher, as well as writing many books 'for children of all ages'.

Diary of a Princess - ISBN 0-7112-1854-4 - is published by Frances Lincoln.

Hokey Cokey

By Daphne Chamberlain

Stephen Woolley ("May I Have This Dance?", January issue) must have known the Hokey Cokey backwards. Or was it really the Hokey Pokey, or the Okey Cokey, or even the Hinkum-Booby? Furthermore, was it British or American?

We all know what it means. In the words of one of its professed inventors, "Everyone is in a circle, and it gets them all involved". In 1956, it got him and another composer, involved in an acrimonious lawsuit - settled out of court.

Both had copyrighted the song - one in 1944 and one in 1950. By that time, starting in the 1940s, the Hokey Pokey had been recorded all over the US, in all kinds of versions.

Shake it all about

Preceding them all, though, in 1940 it was reported that Kentucky Shakers had a traditional song called the Hinkum-Booby. This began, "I put my right hand in, I put

my right hand out. I give my right hand a shake, And I turn it all about".

Just a minute, though. A 1945 edition of *Dance* magazine described an English novelty song called the Okey Cokey, which American GIs had learned in England.

I have certainly been told that it was danced here as early as the 1920s.

Whatever its origins, it's one of the very few aspects of Stephen Woolley's dance world which are still going strong today.

How long ago did you first dance the Hokey Cokey, and do you have memories of Finchley dance halls?

The 143 Bus

By Mal Jacobs

The 143, the 143!
It's a bus, not a train, used by you and me.
The minutes go by as you wait at the stop,
And an hour or two later you may blow your top.

Just remember the timetable tells you how late
The 143 bus is, as you wait, wait, wait.
The countdown system can bring you to tears,
As you watch the screen for what seems like years.

We've heard most excuses that one can create.
The one they can't cover is why it's so late.
When waiting for one, sometimes two may arrive.
It's a "two for one" offer to make sure you're alive.

Don't give up hope. Be patient like us.
It may take a day to wait for a bus.
The 143 would seem the most cursed.
It deserves a gold medal for being the worst.

The answer may be to replace the bus
With a horse - run on time, and named 143 plus!

143 bus in East End Road
Photo by Tony Roberts

