



Nicky (left) and Nurse Lee Green with Kieran and Margaret Madden. Photo by Sue Holliday.

## Helping with London's Midwife Crisis

On the evening of Saturday 27 September lots of people gathered at Maddens. Many had mixed feelings of sadness and good wishes for Nicky, who was leaving her job as a barmaid after 10 years. Everybody will miss her feisty devil-may-care attitude. She told me that she has always enjoyed working at Maddens & Welch Brothers (as it was previously called), as there was very little, if any, trouble in the pub.

Nicky is moving on to what some may say are better things: she is studying to be a midwife. She told me that the studies are hard work (and she will miss the money) but she is really enjoying it and knows the sacrifices will be worth it in the end. Nicky and her partner Mark have two children – some may say that that in itself is enough work. Anyway, having completed a one-year access course she now has a further three years of study.

### The best of luck

Early in the evening Nicky sat in the rear of the pub having a good gossip with friends Angie and Siobhan. Later they joined the others in the main bar, where her presentation was made to her by an unusual nurse. This was not a real nurse but one of the regulars, Lee Green, who, with a great sense of fun, dressed up in a nurse's uniform. There were lots of unmentionable comments on Lee's legs.

All in all everybody had fun and wished Nicky the best of luck, and hoped to see her soon on the other side of the bar.



Cartoon by Maddens regular, Carole Gouge

## Dilemma of Lost Youth

By Samuel Grove

Every new generation of 13–16-year-olds are seemingly accompanied by a new supposed crisis surrounding their behaviour. Given the potential imminent closure of the Herbert Wilmot and Drama Centre, the issues surrounding their activities could become even more apparent.

By this age it has become inconceivable to remain at home on a Friday or Saturday night (unless it is free). For mature looking 15-year-olds (usually girls) there is a world of pubs, clubs and grown up misdemeanours. For the rest, according to one resident, there is not much to do short of hiding in parks, smoking soft drugs.

### Identity crisis

There is the option of purchasing a fake ID and taking it to the pub. A friend of the resident (who looked a young 14-year-old) tried this at his local and promptly got laughed at by the whole bar staff – luckily he had prepared for this contingency and announced that his appearance was due to a medical condition. For this he received a formal apology and a drink on the house. However not all can rely on such quick thinking.

### On the fringes

This leaves them little option but to loiter on street corners, thereby entrenching their position on the fringes of our community.

## Love in a Cold Climate

By Samuel Grove

Last month *THE ARCHER* looked at courses and careers for 18–24-year-olds, this month we look at their love lives.

My first objective was to get an insight into relationships, so I approached a local couple who are friends of mine. After six years I was confident that they could provide me with some light and amusing anecdotes or observations about long-term relationships. This, however, was ruled out by Michael's very first contribution; "Me and Emily are not going to get married." Apparently this was the first time he had dropped this bombshell. As the interview fast descended into a warzone I turned my attention to single life.

Having just come out of a 2½-year relationship I'm particularly aware of the significance of being single. The major change is that you begin

to see yourself as a commodity, a product that you must promote to the female market. This had come as a bit of a shock to the system, particularly as my sales skills are limited. My hypothesis seems to be born out by the fact that blokes that are successful with girls usually buy FHM, have *only* a passing interest in football, listen to trance and get their haircut at Toni & Guy. Player hating? Perhaps. I suppose plugging for a populist approach widens your net. Certainly, admitting that you are unemployed, live with your parents and have an unsavoury (and somewhat degrading) curiosity in the wilder outreaches of human sexuality – limits your appeal.

## KALASHNIKOV KULTUR

By Ricky Savage, the voice of social irresponsibility

### The Grumps

Welcome to the wild and wonderful world of television where everyone has the attention span of a gnat and last week's 'old hat' becomes next week's 'new sensation'. Welcome to the delights of teenage shagging on TV. Welcome to BBC2's new Friday night sensation, 'Old Farts Moaning'. Welcome to surreality TV.

Let's start with the teen shag show or 'Teen Big Brother' as those trendy young things at Channel 4, desperate for new thrills, have called it. Eight under-20s in the Big Brother house, one bedroom, free condoms, high hormones and the only surprise is that it took longer than 24 hours for anything to happen. Naturally, your average parent is probably pausing to panic and lecture their son or daughter about the perils of sex, television and transitory fame. Naturally, they have forgotten that everyone under 20 is, and always has been, interested in sex; they've probably even forgotten that they heard the same warning/lecture/total rubbish from their own parents. But there is nothing more sanctimonious than the one-time wild hippy-punk-beat who's discovered mortgages, gardening, the school run and Ikea. Which brings me neatly to 'Old Farts Moaning'...

Some trendy young thing in television has just discovered the obvious. Men of 'a certain age' moan. So, what's new? When I was growing up there was always a forty-something git in tweeds complaining that he 'hadn't fought in the war' for me to lounge around getting stoned. Now it's a forty-something git in chinos moaning that he didn't get stoned at Woodstock so that kids today can send text messages and shag on TV.

Wrong! The grumps who complain about texting, ecstasy, music and fashion, did get stoned, chant "Hey, Hey LBJ, how many kids did you kill today?" and grow their hair just so that their kids can text, listen to Eminem and do enough drugs to make me jealous. Every rebellion raises the stakes so that the next teen rebels start from where the last lot left off.

I've got a few moans of my own. To those forty-something gits in their huge SUVs (stupid ugly vehicles) double-parking outside Budgens and moaning about 'kids today'. Get a life, please!

PS If you don't know what "Hey, Hey LBJ, how many kids did you kill today?" is all about, ask the grumpy old git in chinos – just don't expect to escape without a lecture.

## When the Landmine Fell

By Daphne Chamberlain

Dorothy Jerrome, 98, has given us permission to reproduce this letter which she received from her mother, Mrs Ditcham, during World War II. In it, Mrs Ditcham describes the landmine explosion in the High Road which changed the face of East Finchley. We will continue our History of the High Road series shortly, with a look at 1926.

November 16<sup>th</sup>, 1940

My dear Dorothy,

After some really quiet nights, it was awful last night. The guns were very heavy, and there were lots of white lights in the sky. When I looked out of the back door, before going to bed, I was just shutting the door when a tremendous crash came. I saw what looked like an enormous display of fireworks, which seemed to be at the top of Leicester Road.

It was a landmine, which hit a whole block of shops and houses opposite Bradshaws\*. All gone as far back as one can see. Every shop window on the other side is smashed, Finchley Press ruined, Gibbs, Co-op Stores, United Dairies. Both sides of the road as far as the corner of Fortis Green Road. Such a mess. I felt quite upset and shaky when I saw all that devastation this morning.

I do not know yet how many people were killed. I have heard it may be as many as 30. Another bomb fell near Ossulton Road, and that smashed shop windows right down to the station.

We had a quiet night last night! I slept well and so did the cats.

Your loving mother,

\* Bradshaws, a small department store, was on the site now occupied by Mulberry Court, the newly built retirement flats. The landmine fell where Chapel Court stands today.