



Give it a go!

By Helen Drake

Give breastfeeding a go! That's the message to new mums and mums-to-be of this year's National Breastfeeding Awareness Week (9-15 May). It's the healthiest option. You regain your figure sooner, it helps the womb return to normal and you have a lower risk of pre-menopausal breast cancer and ovarian cancer.

It is also the healthiest option for your baby. Breastmilk provides everything your baby needs for the first six months of its life.

Confidence and support

According to the latest statistics, 90% of mothers who stop breastfeeding in the first six weeks would have liked to breastfeed for longer, and with the right support and help many might have continued. Alison Shaloe, National Childbirth Trust (NCT) Breastfeeding Counsellor for the East Finchley area comments, "Support was a key factor in whether women chose and continued to breastfeed. We encourage partners, family and friends, as well as health professionals, to support breastfeeding mums." She continues, "Confidence is crucial in breastfeeding. Mothers need to believe that the process can work

and that their body is capable of producing what their baby needs. If women contact a breastfeeding counsellor early on they may overcome their difficulties and have a positive breastfeeding experience."

Local Mum

Barbara Herberg, NCT member and local mum of Katya, aged two, and Caspar, five months, says, "I breastfed both my children and I'm still breastfeeding Caspar at the moment. Although I found it difficult to start with I was determined to succeed because I knew it was the best thing for my children, and the most convenient. It was worth persevering in those early days."

Breastfeeding Advice

Alison will be running a



Barbara Herberg with Caspar.

Photo by Helen Drake

special breastfeeding advice session during the NCTea Party, a fundraising event organised by the local group on Tuesday 18 May, 2.30-4.00pm at the CUFOS centre, Muswell Hill (end of The Avenue N10). All are welcome. You don't have to be a member of the NCT.

Contact the NCT breastfeeding line on 0870 444 8708. For details of the NCTea Party, contact Helen Drake on 020 8444 9576.

KALASHNIKOV KULTUR

By Ricky Savage, the voice of social irresponsibility

The wrong kind of trains

In this modern high-speed world of cars and boats and planes it's hard to remember that trains are 200 years old. Yes folks, back in 1804 some bloke in Cornwall called Richard Trevithick first came up with the idea of an engine hauling wagons on a track. And what have we got now? Not high speed, efficient transport, but courtesy of what was once British Rail, a whole new world of high-speed excuses.

We've had the wrong kind of snow, not in Alaska or some other part of Eskimo country where they have 149 different words for snow, but in Surrey where they have 149 different kinds of Range Rover. Then there is the wrong kind of rain, as it is wet rain, not dry rain. Not forgetting the wrong kind of leaves falling from the wrong kind of trees and the wrong kind of wind blowing them the wrong kind of way.

The latest manifestation of high-speed excuses is the wrong kind of air. Apparently the latest trains don't like certain kinds of air and get so sensitive that they have to have a lie down and cry. But let's not stop there, there are so many other excuses that your average, incompetent rail company can use, that I feel it is my job to let you know just what you are going to be hearing as your train creaks to a halt somewhere outside Milton Keynes.

Firstly, there is the wrong kind of buffet car, an excuse used when they tell you that due to a hold up at Biggleswade you can only get coffee as the tea was on an earlier train and forgot to change at Watford. Of course you could be told that the train has stopped because the wrong kind of sun is shining and the train forgot to buy any sunblock before leaving Glasgow.

Of course it could be worse, they could be about to tell you that the delay is caused by the wrong kind of commuter, you know, one of those who thought that buying a ticket gave them the right to travel quickly to their destination, not via a siding outside Swindon. But all is not lost; apparently some university is about to set up a project to study suburbia, so some train company somewhere is preparing to announce that your train has been delayed due to the wrong kind of suburb. Or, as my grandmother said, if God had meant us to use the railways he'd never have given us the motorway.

OBITUARIES

Joyce Koimur

7 June 1959 - 18 March 2004

By Ralph Goldswain (East Finchley Writers Group)

We were saddened to hear of the death of Joyce Koimur, whose writing was showcased in the June 2002 edition of THE ARCHER. She lost her long battle against cancer, although with great courage and fortitude. Her death has left her friends stunned even though they were all aware of the steady decline of her health. She was greatly loved and admired by all who had the good fortune to know her.



Joyce Koimur

Photo by Ralph Goldswain

Joyce came to England from Kenya in 1992, keen to take advantage of the land of opportunity. Making the most of that opportunity she turned her nursing career into a model of success but tragically, with further promotion in the offing, she was forced to retire from her post as ward manager at St Joseph's Hospice in Hackney 18 months ago, owing to the relentless advance of her cancer.

Apart from her great qualities of strength, a loving disposition, huge courage and unfailing good humour and optimism, Joyce was able to face up to her approaching death, recording the history of her illness, cataloguing her developing feelings, writing daily until a few months ago. Never having written anything other than reports connected with her work before that, she revealed a real talent for written communication and an astonishing ability to write about her life, her illness, and her inevitable early death with stark honesty

and humour. Her friends in the East Finchley Writers group are among the members of the many different groups who will never forget Joyce's unique contribution to their activities.

We extend our sympathy to Joyce's nine-year-old daughter Olivia, a pupil at the Martin School, and all of her family, on their sad loss. Typical of Joyce is that in her final days she was smiling optimistically and trying to comfort the visitors who shed tears at her bedside.

Peggy Darvill

4 February 1920 - 25 March 2004

THE ARCHER is saddened to report the death of Peggy Darvill, who had lived in East Finchley for 57 of her 84 years. Born in the Elephant and Castle area, Peggy spent the war years working in a parachute factory in Tring, Hertfordshire. Her husband Bill, whom she met at a post-war dance, came from a long-established East Finchley family and they moved into Huntingdon Road after their marriage in 1947.

For the next few years Peggy was kept busy with their children, Peggy, Patsy, Billy and, after a few more years, Keith. Before Keith's arrival, Peggy had already begun working in the business that was to make her so well known in the area. In 1956 her mother-in-law started a pet shop on part of the site which Koko's shoe shop now occupies, sharing it with a cobbler's. Peggy and her husband helped out and when, four years later, the pet shop moved to Lincoln Road, she took on more of the work.

When she left the pet shop forty years later, Peggy certainly didn't take it easy. She devoted six days of the week to working in the North London Hospice Shop on the

High Road, where her circle of friends grew even larger. Her colleagues there, who particularly remember how she was always ready to make a cup of tea for them and described her as "a lovely, wonderful person", will sorely miss her. Peggy will be remembered by many for her ready smile and friendly personality. She never passed you in the street without a greeting!

Peggy's popularity was reflected in the number of people who attended her funeral at Marylebone Crematorium on East End Road, followed by a



Peggy Darvill in her pet shop

wake at the Clissold Arms, Fortis Green. Her ashes will be scattered on the graves of her husband and their son Billy. Daughter Peggy was unable to speak to everybody at the funeral, but she wishes to thank all those who came to say goodbye to her mum and to express her gratitude for the floral tributes.

Peggy leaves behind three children, ten grandchildren and three great grandchildren.

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