



**OBITUARY**

**Arthur Bell, 1910 - 2005**

By Daphne Chamberlain

**Arthur Bell, who died in September, lived all his 95 years in Church Lane. His East Finchley connections extended even further back, as his father ran a timber yard at the end of Lankaster Gardens.**

A pupil at Alder School, Arthur later became a landscape gardener, which is how he met Anni, his German-born wife. Unable to speak a word of English, she had come over to work for a year as an au pair in Hampstead Garden Suburb, at a house where Arthur was employed. Undeterred when she refused his first marriage proposal, he said he would wait for her all his life. They eventually married in 1954, and Anni has shared some of her happy memories with us.



Arthur Bell. Photo courtesy of Anni Bell.

"You couldn't have a row with him," she says. "He would make a joke out of anything. I didn't know anyone who didn't like him." Very young for his age, Arthur kept his natural hair colour all his life, and never used a walking stick. A non-smoker and non-drinker, he indulged himself with Anni's cakes and puddings.

Like his father and brothers, he had kept an allotment on the Fuel Lands in the past, and maintained his own large garden until just before he died.

Anni and Arthur had recently

visited relations in Germany and Canada, and visits here from Anni's brother and his accordion guaranteed musical evenings for Church Lane neighbours. "Arthur joined in with his guitar," Anni told us. "He was a wonderful whistler too." For a time, he played guitar in a group based at All Saints, Durham Road, which entertained senior citizens.

Our sympathies go to Anni, their daughter Annette, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, and close friends.

**Letters to the editor**

Letters without verifiable contact addresses will not be reviewed or printed. Contact details can be withheld, however, at publication.

**Post Office is no substitute for bank**

Dear Editor,

In your November issue you reported on the front page about the closure of the East Finchley branch of Barclays Bank. I have been banking there for the last 23 years.

I feel that other customers should know that letters sent out to customers from Barclays' head office saying that most of their day-to-day banking could be done in the Post Office is misleading customers into thinking they are getting the same counter service as the bank offers.

What they fail to tell customers using this service is that if customers pay in monies/cheques through this service it takes FIVE DAYS to reach their account and seven days for their cheques to clear.

Your paying-in book from Barclays is not stamped and only a receipt is given to say that the Post Office has taken the deposit but no acknowledgement of how much you have paid in.

**Tina Harrison  
Great North Road, N6**

**Twinning decision was divisive**

Dear Editor,

In the October issue of *THE ARCHER* there was an article entitled "A twin town with a difference." Why is it different? Barnet's mayor is going to Cyprus but not to Morphou (Guzelyurt) yet the object of twinning is to bring goodwill between people of those towns.

In fact, Barnet Council has twinned with a town council in exile. How divisive is that?

Morphou, known as Guzelyurt to the Turkish Cypriots, is in the Turkish Republic of Northern Cyprus. The island has been separated since the Turkish Intervention in 1974. Whatever caused one of the Guarantor Powers to behave in this way? Its compatriots had been pushed into enclaves, and genocide was a definite possibility. After all, it had happened before.

I saw some of the evidence of this in Maratha when visiting a memorial with the names of all the villagers on it who had been massacred. Even an 11-day-old baby had not been spared the slaughter. On another trip I saw a huge refugee camp where some peasants were living in cardboard boxes with their animals tethered alongside after they fled in terror from their villages. Never in my life had I witnessed such poverty. I was shocked.

Clearly Cyprus has a big problem. It is not helped by ethnocentric articles. How insensitive too is just the use of the word "Morphou" and

ignoring the Turkish Cypriot name for the town, Guzelyurt. Discrimination does not solve problems, it adds to them.

The two communities need to talk. Both have lost homes in the other's sector. Both have lost relatives. We all have the capacity to feel pain but imagine rebuilding your lives after such devastating experiences. That is why only the people who live on the island can solve these problems as they have lived through them or it is built into their culture. They then have to live with the outcome of the decisions they make. If outside agencies endeavour to impose a solution it will fail. They can put forward ideas but the inhabitants must decide their destiny.

After Barnet Council made such a divisive twinning decision it should now be seen to be fair to those of its electorate with both Greek and Turkish Cypriot roots. If it is incapable of doing that it should stick to local politics.

**Sheila Ertugrul  
Leopold Road, N2**

**Your food waste can kill**

Dear Editor,

I should like to make a special appeal through *THE ARCHER*. Recently our beloved dog found and swiftly devoured a chicken bone that had been discarded on the pavement. This punctured his intestines and stomach.

Despite extensive surgery, he haemorrhaged internally, developed peritonitis and we finally made the agonizing decision to relieve him of his distress. His last week was horrendously painful and traumatic for us all. Similarly, a while ago a piece of chewing gum on the pavement was embedded in between his paw-pads which became septic, causing pain and distress.

While Barnet Council increasingly gives planning and change-of-use consent for food take-aways, and despite the plenitude of garbage cans in the vicinity, I must sadly assume that more pets will be killed by reckless customers.

Yours truly,  
**Carmen Stevens  
Baronsmere Road, N2**

**Thanks for making my Halloween**

Dear Editor,

On Saturday 29 October, I was given permission to raise funds for Lupus UK, a charity with the vision of raising awareness of this debilitating illness, at Budgens in the High Road, East Finchley.

Thanks to store manager Rosie and everyone who lent a hand. We

Send your correspondence to: "Letters Page", The Archer, PO Box 3699, London N2 8JA or e-mail the-archer@lineone.net.

ran a raffle and lucky dip and there was a selection of homemade food. The final total was £180.

A huge thank you to the managers of Amy's, The Five Bells pub and Dolce Italia for donating the fantastic raffle prizes. Budgens also donated Gift vouchers and Sony Discmans among other treats for the lucky dip. Thanks also go to Tu Destino, the flower and balloon specialists, for the loan of my witch's hat and twiggy broom.

And last but not least, thanks go to you, the residents of East Finchley, who have all shown interest in and supported my cause by filling the collection boxes so kindly.

**Sippy Azizollah,  
East End Road, N2**

**Don't leave our leaves**

Dear Editor,

Do all your readers know that every autumn part of the High Road's pavement disappears? Opposite Oak Lane, where the pavement is very narrow, we have no option at this time of year but to wade through a thick mass of wet leaves over puddles. It's inconvenient, and could be dangerous.

Your paper took this up with the council a couple of years ago, and I remember you were told that Barnet had special problems because it was a very leafy borough. Apparently the Council employs a temporary "leaf clearing force" to work their way round.

Those of us at the forgotten end of East Finchley would like to know why this task force always takes so long to reach us. Isn't it time for Barnet to turn over a new leaf - and clear away the old ones?

Yours sincerely,  
**Valerie Leslie,  
High Road, N2**

**KALASHNIKOV KULTUR**

By Ricky Savage, the voice of social irresponsibility

**Boys named Sue**

Welcome to the post-secular, post-modern, post-thermonuclear family world, where no child is named from the bible or history or because we always liked granddad, but because it sounds nice. Yes, folks, welcome to the world of weirdness.

Who knows where it started, but according to some survey, children are getting given ever-weirder names. I'm not talking about hippies deciding that Dandelion is a good name for a boy, I'm talking about calling your children after pieces of fruit. St. Bob Geldof started it with Peaches and Gwyneth Paltrow has kept the flame alive with Apple. So what's next for Mr and Mrs Martin? A second child called Banana, a third called Cranberry?

Fruit have nothing on the drinks cabinet when it comes to name-calling. I'm sure that the folks who gave us 'Footballers' Wives' were only joking when they called one of the characters Chardonnay, but the world is now full of little wines. What next, a quick stroll down the wine racks of the supermarket thinking that Frascati would be a good name for a girl, or Merlot, or Champagne?

But heaven help the poor child saddled with a name like Gewurtstraminer. I'd pity that kid as much as I'd pity one called Special Brew or Carling. That said, calling your son and daughter Artois and Stella just sounds pretentious.

There are so many ways to give your child a strange start in life. What about Bambi and calling your child after a cartoon deer? Or just do some serious misspelling mixed with alcohol and go with Brandi. For the seriously cruel, there is still Bacardi, ensuring that the jokes will move from soft drinks to white powders as she moves through her teens.

At the end of the day there are few better ways to humiliate your child than calling it after a place. The Beckhams called their first-born after a suburb of New York and their second after the back seat of a car. Now someone has gone several better and called their child Ikea. Does this mean it was conceived in a car park just off the North Circular or in a bed of that make? And what about the child called Finchley? Does he have a brother called Whetstone and is Barnet far behind? Anyway, I don't see the problem, I've always thought Ricky is a good name for a boy.

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