



Sport returns to StanleyField

from page 1



Lads and dads went head to head in the Stanley Road Challenge Cup football match on Stanley Field. Our photos by John Dearing show the players in action. Great to see the field being used by the community once again.



Garden centre blossoms

When Finchley Manor Garden Centre in East End Road re-opened on the Easter weekend at the end of March, the bad weather conditions affected custom but there's now been a good response from local residents buying a wide variety of plants, shrubs, compost and terracotta pots and planters. Management at the centre told us they intend to stay open for as long as possible.

A friendly welcome awaits you

EAST FINCHLEY METHODIST CHURCH

197 High Road, London N2 (opp. Creighton Ave.)

tel: 0208 346 1700

www.eastfinchleymethodist.org.uk

**Family service and Junior Church
Every Sunday at 10.30 a.m.**

Worship Music Social events Youth Club Wheelchair friendly
e-mail: info@eastfinchleymethodist.org.uk Room hire tel: 0208 444 4453

All Saints' Church, Durham Road, East Finchley Church of England

Sunday masses at 8.00 a.m. and 10.00 a.m.
Weekday masses at 10.00 a.m.
Prayer requests are gladly accepted.

The Parish has a flourishing social life.
Contact the Vicar, Fr Christopher Hardy,
on 020 8883 9315.

All Saints' also has a strong musical tradition and an enthusiastic choir of both adults and children.

Experienced singers are always welcome.
Contact Geoffrey Hanson on 020 8444 9214.

<http://www.allsaints-eastfinchley.org.uk>

The night the earth moved (for some of us)

By Daphne Chamberlain

East Finchley was one of the places in London most affected by the February earthquake. The British Geological Survey told us: "Intensity varied a lot in London. The N2 district was certainly one of the areas that seem to have felt the earthquake most strongly."

Places with soft soil sediments, like clay, are more likely to notice a distant earthquake. Why, though, did some people feel the effects strongly while near neighbours felt nothing at all? The answer isn't just that the latter were all heavy sleepers.

People's sensitivity may be influenced by the building they are in, local ground conditions, and variation in the strength of shaking even over short distances. Generally, people at rest feel effects more than those standing or walking, and those on upper floors more than neighbours on lower floors or outside.

Here are some of your stories:

Thelma Kalyvides, Creighton Avenue: "I was watching television, and felt the tremor quite violently. It scared the living daylights out of me. As I have problems with my spine and legs, I thought it was something wrong with me. I heard rumbling, but thought, my goodness, that plane's flying low."

Janet Maitland, Trinity Road: "When your wardrobe starts to shudder in the early hours of the morning, the last explanation that occurs to you is an earthquake. I sleepily assumed it must be a large intruder, struggling to get out. So, on the count of three, I took a deep breath and flung the wardrobe doors open. Finding nothing, and not believing in ghosts, I went back to sleep, assuming that I'd experienced a brief, albeit exotic, mental health problem. I'd forgotten about it by the time I woke up. Even when I heard about the earthquake, I didn't make the connection for several days."

A reader, Howard Walk: "It was quite definite. I got out of bed to see why the glass in my bookcase was rattling."

A reader, Baronsmere Road: "The tremor lasted for about 30 seconds. Being near the High Road, I'm used to noise and vibration from traffic and the Tube, but that disturbs the whole house. This was underneath my sofa, as if I was being shaken off my perch. I heard rumbling, and the chandelier was swinging very gently. I did think it might be an earthquake."

Sue Warlow, Juliana Close: "I was awake at 1am but in bed. I heard a noise, and my bed shook. At first I thought it was someone slamming a door and running up or downstairs next door, but that wouldn't cause the house to shake so much. Then I thought maybe there was an explosion somewhere. I must have fallen asleep soon afterwards. I am wondering if I also felt the aftershock, as I woke suddenly about 4am. Of course, I didn't know it was an earthquake until I heard the news in the morning."

Find out more about earthquakes on the British Geological Survey website, www.bgs.ac.uk.

Strange tales of London life

By John Lawrence

Once you've had an article published in *THE ARCHER*, you could be forgiven for thinking you'd reached the summit of the publishing world. One of our contributors, however, had one more literary dream she wanted to come true.

Janet Maitland reports regularly for this paper but is also a long-time fan of *Smoke* magazine. For the uninitiated, *Smoke* describes itself as 'a London peculiar' and celebrates the quirkiness, drama and fun of life in the capital.

It is written largely by Londoners who enjoy revealing the underbelly of the city where they live. Articles have included the changing view from the windows of the C11 bus, the strange case of the Highgate vampire and a roundup of London's campest statues.

Capturing London's energy

Janet is a regular reader and was delighted when a story she submitted was accepted by the editorial team for the next issue.

Janet said: "I love London with a passion, so discovering *Smoke* was like joining a club of other fanatics. I love the way *Smoke* captures the energy of London. I love the way the editor rejoices in places like Dalston market, Penge and North Woolwich. The magazine shuns the obvious, the well-trodden, the cliché - and it's very funny sometimes.

"I've even said to friends that I would die happy if I could just be published by *Smoke*. It had become a mission."

The magazine appears in

selected bookshops roughly every four months, with the next issue due out in May. You can get a taster of past issues from the *Smoke* website: <http://home.btconnect.com/smoke/>.

In the meantime, here's an extract from Janet's story called *The Pret Run*. Set mainly in the City, but also in Borough Market and Spitalfields, it's about two people driving round London collecting left-over sandwiches from Pret a Manger outlets for a charity for homeless people. They form a bond, which gets broken. One survives, the other doesn't.

"As we wove through the myriad tiny alleyways, I shouted directions and looked out for places we could park. Then, with the engine running and Dave watching for traffic wardens, I banged on each cafe door, waving my clipboard. At the depot in Southwark, Dave had explained that the real task was to get to each Pret before the bin men did:

Sometimes, the sandwiches were already shoved into bin liners which I just had to grab and load into the back of the van. Sometimes, I had to sweep the sandwiches off the shelves myself. And sometimes we'd arrive at the same time as the bin men, so I'd wave my clipboard at them instead. Later, the evening shift would take the sandwiches to the night

shelters and soup kitchens.

It was a hyperactive version of Monopoly, played for sandwiches rather than property. I played it every Wednesday afternoon. Along with African drumming classes (Monday), jazz dancing (Tuesday), counselling sessions (Thursday) and a gardening job (Sunday), the game was helping me fight the depression that had suddenly crept over me a year after the car crash that had killed my partner. I almost preferred the initial trauma to that feeling of grey pointlessness."

