

Ten go mad in France By Jane Hankin

One week. One lousy week in the south of France. Wait .If the south of France is fillng your head with images of open topped sports cars skirting the hairpins of Monte Carlo over a shimmering sea, ha ha ha, forget it. I am talking about the Dordogne; that Mecca for the worn out English middle class. That's me: three children ranging from 11 to 18, a friend for the youngest, a girlfriend for the 17-year-old, and my partner and his three boys who will be joining us from another part of France. That's right, a blended family. If you haven't yet come across this faintly upsetting phrase, watch out for it.

Middle of nowhere

We are all going to stay in a rambling house in the middle of nowhere, that's the hamlet of Nowhere in the county of Nowhere. We have seen some grainy pictures of the house snapped from a distance. Worryingly there are no interior shots, so in reality we have absolutely no idea what to expect.

When we booked this last autumn it seemed like the perfect solution. I had returned from a holiday in Spain feeling distinctly frazzled and deflated. I wanted to find a holiday that I could actually have an outside chance of enjoying. After all, holidays are supposed to be relaxing, rejuvenating. We look forward to them on freezing mornings in February getting dressed in the dark.

Then why oh why do I find holidays so desperately difficult? Why in the weeks approaching them do I wake each morning in a rictus of tension. Why, when I get there, is my sole preoccupation the needs and happiness of however many disparate holiday goers I have brought with me? How do I accommodate at a sweep the needs of three 11-year-olds, one 18-year-old whose girlfriend won't be

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accompanying him and who will therefore feel like a spare wheel, a 14-year-old, a nineyear-old, and my long suffering partner?

Just let it go

Men don't seem to have this problem. My partner is perfectly content to sit and read a book in the certain knowledge that all about him little fires are going off, someone is sulking, someone is isolated, someone is angry. He says: "Just let it go. Let them sort it out for themselves. It's not your responsibility to make everyone happy." What I want to know is how to do it? How to stop feeling like I'm taking Class 4F on a school trip, or working as a wrangler on a cat farm?

This holiday represents a week of my life. It starts as I wake at 4am, wash, dress, carry heavy bags down two flights of stairs and pack the car in torchlight. Then, when everything is ready, I will wake my sleeping charges, and coax them gently into the car. What do you mean food? Of course I thought of that, what do you take me for? That was the previous morning at 1.18am when I awoke with a pounding headache and scribbled down: "Buy croissants for

journey'

We will leave East Finchley and I will drive eight hours through France in a 15-yearold Volvo whilst mediating about music, food, drink, stopping and whose turn it is to sit in the front.. You know the story. What will be occupying the dark recesses of my mind as I do this? Why next year's holiday plans, of course, and seeing my doctor for a course of Valium to get me through it.

planted since then.

Their Great Centenary Apple

Hunt will take place at the Free

Church Hall, Northway, NW11,

on Saturday 12 September as

part of the Centenary Autumn

Flower Show. They hope as many

Suburb residents as possible will

bring apples for identification by

a team of experts from the East

of England Apple and Orchard

Project.

The great apple hunt is on By Marjorie Harris

Members of Hampstead Garden Suburb Horticultural

Society have an intriguing hunt on their hands. They want

to find out how many of the original apple trees donated

by Dame Henrietta Barnett to early Suburb householders

over 100 years ago are still alive and producing fruit, as

well as establishing which modern varieties have been

People should bring their

apples to the hall between 9am

- 11am, with special arrange-

ments being made for those who

will be celebrating Shabbat. More

details can be found on the soci-

ety's website www.hortsoc.co.uk,

by emailing hgs@hortsoc.co.uk

or phoning 020 8455 6507. The

named apples will be on display at

the show from 3pm - 5.30pm.



Mummy spider takes the kids for a walk

This wolf spider was photographed by Patsy and Paul Joseph walking along the fence post at their home in Elm Gardens. The amazing close-up clearly shows the silk ball full of eggs that she is carrying attached to her

> spinnerets. Patsy and Paul have opened their garden for the National Garden Scheme and try to create a habitat that attracts a variety of wildlife.

Healing hands

By Kathryn Scorza

If you have ever fancied experiencing healing, it will once again be on offer at the Muswell Hill Festival on Sunday 13 September, courtesy of the Muswell Hill-based Soul Therapy Centre, which will be setting up a free drop-in healing clinic in Cherry Tree Wood for the day.

Practitioners and students will be giving spiritual healing to all comers, in exchange for donations to the London Centre for Children with Cerebral Palsy.

Spiritual healing is an ancient, non-invasive therapy whereby healing energy is channelled by the healer through his or her hands to the recipient. This enables self-healing, selfbalancing mechanisms to be stimulated and blocks to health and happiness to be dissolved. You don't need to be ill to benefit from healing: while it can help with a wide range of specific issues, it can also help to bring general balance, calming those who feel stressed or energising those who feel drained. The Soul Therapy Centre staff, all of whom are registered healers, include psychology, psychotherapy, hypnotherapy and Feng Shui among their professional qualifications, and aim to provide healing at every level of existence, mind, body and soul. For more information, go to www.soul-therapy.co.uk, or contact Ingrid Collins on 020 8883 8562.



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