



**Letters to the Editor**

**Send your correspondence to: "Letters Page", The Archer, PO Box 3699, London N2 8JA or e-mail [the-archer@lineone.net](mailto:the-archer@lineone.net). Letters without verifiable contact addresses will not be reviewed or printed. Contact details can be withheld, however, on request at publication.**

**Beware the Church Lane rat run**  
Dear Editor,

Parents concerned about the traffic in Church Lane, N2, should consider the fact that the new fast traffic in Church Lane is on a rat run, drivers having found a way from Ossulton Way to the High Road.

Amongst other things, this rat run is why the traffic has been trying to get south, in the opposite direction, against the one-way signs. The new traffic is a direct consequence of the otherwise desirable stopping-up of access from the North Circular Road to East End Road at Manor Cottage.

I myself was nearly knocked off my feet by a number of vehicles sweeping, apparently on autopilot, into Church Lane from East End Road in the middle of the morning one day last week.

I think we must accept the rat-run in Ossulton Way, but the situation in Church Lane seems to need a new traffic management scheme to succeed the one-way system, which was introduced many years ago but is surely no longer viable in present-day conditions.

**Yours faithfully,  
Robert Morris,  
Heath View Close, N2.**

**Craftsmanship to be proud of**  
Dear Editor,

In reply to Ewan Roberts who considers Robertsons Memorials "degrading to our High Street" (*THE ARCHER*, Letters, December 2011), I personally welcome them on many levels, and none of them six foot under. Firstly, carved headstones are a craft, studied, practised and deeply appreciated by those who choose them. I often take my children for a walk around cemeteries in respectful awe of the work involved

and the messages conveyed. To have craftspeople like this on our High Street is a welcome addition. Secondly, what is wrong with a funeral home one side and memorials on the other? Unless Mr Roberts intends to live forever, at least one of their services will be required in the not-too-distant future. They are a part of the community as much as are our doctors, dentists, grocers and the like and shouldn't be hidden or somehow taboo. So I welcome them, a little further from the cemetery perhaps, a little closer to home.

**Yours faithfully,  
Gareth Brown,  
Address supplied**

**The bus that didn't stop**  
Dear Editor,

On Friday 4 November 2011, my friend and I were waiting at the bus stop outside Costa in High Road, East Finchley, for the 143 bus, along with another gentleman. It was 2.20pm, which gave me half an hour to get to my appointment in Highgate Village, easy-peasy you might think. Well, you would be wrong.

At approx 2.30pm, a 102 pulled up at the bus stop with a 263 close behind. Then the 143 turned into the High Road, slowed down but did not bother to stop, despite all three of us jumping up and down on the spot and waving like mad. Whatever happened to the policy of buses queueing behind one another? As one bus collects its passengers and pulls away, it used to be that the bus behind would then pull up to the bus stop allowing passengers on. Not now; it seems to be the policy that it is up to the passenger to risk life and limb, to run into the road to flag the required bus down. Where's the Health & Safety in that?

The 143 is not the only bus to do this. I have had the same problem with the 134 at Archway and my friend

with the 263 at North Finchley. I think it is time Boris Johnson got his finger out and reviewed safety policies on ALL London buses!

**Yours faithfully,  
Sandra Turner,  
By email.**

**Library SOS**  
Dear Editor,

The Friends of Hampstead Garden Suburb are trying to save our local library. Barnet Council wants a low-cost solution and by cutting overheads and remarketing as a fresh clean space we hope to succeed.

The library needs to be relaunched and made into an attractive, bright and interesting community space. We intend to have a better choice of books, more activities for children and younger families and a welcoming atmosphere (and seats) for older patrons.

New volunteers are always needed but especially a librarian or customer service person to front the 20 hours or so that we will be open. We are looking to recruit an excellent part-time person to become a familiar face for customers and a mentor to younger volunteers. We have nothing to do with the HGS Residents Association. We represent younger families and children locally. All support is appreciated and I can be contacted on 020 8458 5313.

**Yours faithfully,  
Brian Ingram,  
Brookland Rise, NW11.**

**Odeon sing-along**  
Dear Editor,

I am always interested in reading copies of *THE ARCHER*, even though I don't receive them straightaway, as they are handed around to ex East Finchley-ites here Down Under! I was interested to see that the Odeon Cinema in Muswell Hill celebrated its 75th birthday.

When I was about 11 or 12 (in the early 1950s) I used to catch the bus along Fortis Green, to go to the Saturday morning pictures. There was always a long queue of youngsters waiting to go in, and after paying our 6d entrance fee, we sat through cartoons and short films. There was always a serial that ended in a dramatic fashion, so you had to go the next week to see what happened.

We also had a song to sing before the show started. It went like this: "We come along on Saturday morning, Greeting everybody with a smile, We come along on Saturday morning, Making life worthwhile (can't remember this line, probably someone will know) We're members of the Odeon Club, We all intend to be Good citizens when we grow up, And Champions of the free, We come along on Saturday morning, Greeting everybody with a smile, smile, SMILE, Greeting everybody with a smile!"

Maybe this will evoke memories of Saturday morning pictures at the Odeon!  
**Yours faithfully,  
Hazel Astley, nee Spooner,  
Leopold Road, N2, until 1958  
Now Melbourne, Australia.**

**In October, we published an account of Muswell Hill Odeon's 75th anniversary and some memories of the Odeon from Denise Kennedy, whose father was the cinema manager from 1945 until 1952. Afterwards he ran the Palace Café, where his cook was the mother of The Kinks.**

**Happy memories of Grandma Davies**  
Dear Editor,

I have been sent a copy of *THE ARCHER* by Lisbet Davies, my aunt by marriage. She had highlighted the article concerning the Odeon Cinema, but what interested me the most were Denise Kennedy's memories of Mrs Davies, who worked for her father at the Palace Cafe as his cook. I married Mrs Davies's grandson, Bobby, who well remembers his Grandma working there.

Thank you, Denise, for your lovely comments about Grandma. She was truly a special lady, a wonderful Mum and Grandma to her eight children and we've lost count of how many grandchildren and great grandchildren. She was a fantastic cook, and I have many happy memories of arriving at Denmark Terrace to open the door to the smell of a huge tray of bread pudding on the table and a steaming jug of hot custard. Her first words when I arrived were "What can I get you to eat, gal?" The kettle was always on and a welcome assured.

Grandma Davies was truly a remarkable lady, who always wanted to be the centre of her family. She passed away 24 years ago in November, and for me Fortis Green seems so empty knowing Grandma now longer lives there. So it was lovely to hear someone say such lovely things about her and to realise people other than her family still remember her. All the family were delighted.

As it happened, that very weekend the family had a get together. I was talking to Dolly (formerly Davies) who used to babysit Denise and worked at the Odeon

for Mr Kennedy. Joyce (Davies) also worked there and met her husband Ken who worked in the projection room, and I believe Dolly's husband Joe also worked there for a short time after the war. Gwen (Davies) also remembers the Kennedys, as they lived near them when they lived at Woodside Cottages. So did two of Gwen's daughters, Karen and Linda. The family is scattered about the country now. Dolly's husband Joe sadly passed away at the beginning of the year. It is lovely when we all get together. The happy times at Denmark Terrace come flooding back.

**Yours faithfully,  
Angela Whitbread,  
By email.**

**The Odeon, my wife and Mrs Davies**  
Dear Editor,

Around 1944, I was 15 years old and working as a projectionist at the Odeon Cinema and the Ritz Cinema, which was situated at the top of Muswell Hill. During the war years, film was in short supply so it was common practice to share the newsreel between the Odeon and The Ritz.

During one of my visits with the newsreel to The Ritz I was halfway up to the projection room when an almighty explosion occurred. I discovered that the entire screen and stage area had received a direct hit by a V2 rocket bomb.

Mr Kennedy was the manager of the Odeon cinema and was indeed a character of charm, and he and his wife had showbusiness written all over them. I do not wish this to sound derogatory as this is furthest from my mind, but they were indeed a memorable couple.

Like the manager, his staff of usherettes were impeccably turned out with uniforms made by sisters of The Kinks, before they became famous.

Honestly, the girls in those days were like film stars themselves. One in particular, Joyce, was my favourite and she became my wife in 1949, after I dated her for a few years before doing my national service in the Royal Navy. I first saw Joyce as an usherette and I noticed her beauty decked out in her uniform, in the entrance to the circle seating, which is another story.

Joyce belonged to a large family of girls and two boys who became The Kinks. The mother of this family was a fabulous lady, very hard working and an excellent cook who used to run a café in Muswell Hill owned by the Kennedys. A very firm relationship was formed by all concerned in both families.

In later years I tried various jobs before becoming a police officer, serving in Muswell Hill Police Station, and later a seasoned traffic officer stationed at Hendon Traffic Unit Met police. That's all, folks. Happy memories.

**Yours faithfully,  
Ken Palmer,  
By email.**

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