



# Jewish London at the Phoenix

On 25 March, local author Rachel Kolsky showcased her recently published guide book *Jewish London* at the Phoenix Cinema.

With co-author Roslyn Rawson she welcomed over 200 people for an afternoon of Jewish London on Film. Rachel's overview of the book was interspersed with a virtual tour of her favourite buildings and sites of Jewish interest ... and a full evacuation of the cinema following the smoke alarm going off! Once everyone was back in the auditorium, places and names came thick and fast. Some were familiar like Freud and Bernard Kops, but others were new to many in the audience including two Millies, Witcop and Lansbury, sculptor Oscar Nemon and anarchist Rudolph Rucker.

Film academic Searle Kochberg provided an insight into Jewish London portrayals on film and then it was time for London itself to take centre stage in two very different films.

The delightful short *The Tenth Man*, filmed on location in and around the Jewish East End, was followed by *It Always Rains on Sunday* from 1947 with its story of lost love set in post-war Bethnal Green.

For more information on the book, contact Rachel at [info@golondontours.com](mailto:info@golondontours.com) or visit [www.golondontours.com](http://www.golondontours.com)

## Back to the good old days

By Neville Robinson  
On 21 March, the Rotary Club of Golders Green took 20 pensioners courtesy of Age UK Barnet to Lauderdale House in Highgate for an evening of Old Tyme Music Hall. Several of the guests were in their 90s and one lady, Miss Jean Henry, is proud to be 103 years old.

The party were taken in individual cars by their Rotarian drivers to enjoy a show where they could join in the refrains of songs like *Let Me Call You Sweetheart* and *For Me and My Gal*.

The thrill of seeing the artistes of the Lissenden Players in their wonderful array of costumes, plus chocolate cake and drinks during the interval, gave the guests a lovely night out. This is the fourth time the Rotary Club has organised this visit in the last 15 months.

## Chill out with a chi ball

By Carolyn Pickles  
Come Thursday and I for one can feel like a coiled spring, and not in a good way. By then, some part of my body is crying out for attention after carrying too many shopping bags, or sprinting to stop the traffic warden leaving me a ticket.

That's why I love Thursdays. At 3pm at Holy Trinity Church, Church Lane, Penny Hill runs her wonderful Chi Ball classes and the healing effects on body and mind are palpable.

Penny's one hour class is roughly divided into five sections, each of which has a season, and the appropriate exercise for that season. When I joined the classes we were in the winter season, so the focus was on breathing, relaxation, stillness and meditation. In the summer season, we dip into some pilates and for autumn the exercise technique is Feldenkreis, which I know little about despite Penny very clearly describing why and how it's employed, because by then I feel like a happy toddler allowed to roll about on the floor following where the ball's path takes me.

Penny describes every move and what it does for us very clearly as she watches over us all. No one laughs or shouts at you, and you leave the church hall feeling you've had a mini break. And cheap at that. Contact Penny on 07788667716.



## Song for Tutu

By Sheila Armstrong  
Archbishop Desmond Tutu has agreed to become a global patron of The Kaos Signing Choir for Deaf & Hearing Children, a popular youth arts charity project based in Haringey, North London.

Kaos kept in touch with the Archbishop after he donated an autographed copy of his new book in 2011 to help with fundraising for The Celebrity Angel Artwork Appeal. Children from The Kaos Signing Choir thanked him by sending him their own original artwork.

The great man responded by agreeing to become a global patron. A letter from his office said: "The Archbishop... is cutting down on his many activities and demands. However he is willing to be a patron if it helps you in the work that you are doing for children." In celebration, the choir now plans to dedicate one of its new signed songs to Archbishop Tutu. *One Earth, One Sky* is a stunning expression of hope for human understanding and unity.

The Kaos Organisation aims to make its activities accessible

to anyone who wants to participate, with a 'no audition' policy and previous experience not necessary. Contact Ali Wood directly on 07950 359 209 or [office@thekaos.org](mailto:office@thekaos.org) for more information.

## Council legal teams merge

Barnet Council is to merge its in-house lawyers with Harrow Council in a move that it estimates will save £4.4 million over five years.

The shared legal service will be hosted by Harrow, with Barnet staff transferring to Harrow. Initially, legal staff will work on their own council's projects but, as the transfer becomes embedded, teams will take on work for both councils.

## KALASHNIKOV KULTUR

By Ricky Savage, the voice of social irresponsibility

### All hail, snail mail

Once upon a time when kings were kings and wives were worried, there was something called the Royal Mail. It was there for the use of the king and the king's post always got through, eventually. Then, in 1635, King Charles decided that everyone should be able to send letters and the rot set in.

By the time Jane Austen was describing the trials and tribulations of the upper middle class in early 19th-century England, everyone was sending letters. Well, everyone who could write, that is. And it was an expensive business. Every letter you got came complete with its own bill. None of this going down the post office and sticking a stamp on an envelope. Instead you went down the post office and handed it over for the poor sod at the other end to pick up the bill.

Parents who complain that their children never write would quickly change their tune if they had to pay the postage when they got the letter. Oh, and it was charged by the page: the longer the letter the higher the cost so you had to keep it short even if it wasn't sweet.

This all had to change and in 1840 it did as the all-new penny post arrived with a roll of thunder, a shrug and a comment about your letter being lost in the post or sent to Carlisle, which was probably the same thing. No longer did the arrival of the post, often as many as three times a day, mean having to shell out hard cash; now the writer had to pay.

Suddenly the British turned into a nation of letter writers. Out came the green ink, the ground glass and the vitriol as Disgusted of everywhere from here to eternity wrote to The Times to complain, usually about the post being late. Now lovers could send sweet missives to their beloved and everyone sent postcards, Christmas cards, Valentine's cards and offensive letters.

But now in the age of the email the post is fading away as the price rises ever higher to 144 times the original cost. It is sad, especially for generations of dogs who've acquired a taste for postmen and haven't yet learnt how to use the internet. Virtually biting a virtual leg is not the same, ask any dog.

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