



Letters to the Editor

**Bins are a pavement hazard**

Dear Editor,

I am a wheelchair user living in East Finchley. I have phoned Barnet Council numerous times to complain about the refuse collectors leaving wheelie bins front ways on. The little space left for me and my chair makes it extremely difficult for me to get to my destination. I have to physically move each bin from front facing to sideways on.

It is painful and totally exhausting having to do this every time on refuse collection days. Why can't the collectors put the bins back in the gateway?

Church Lane is a joke. I have to ride in the road being hooted by cars, shouted at by drivers because the pavement only takes one bin, leaving me no choice but to endanger my life every single week. I'm sick of it! My life is hard enough without having to contend with refuse collectors telling me they are not allowed to return the bins to the place they belong. Why not?

This problem has to be addressed, because if something isn't done I will be forced to take my case further. I'm not just speaking for myself here, mothers with buggies and people with visual difficulties are a couple more reasons why the bins need to be taken off the pavements.

I would like one council member to spend a day in a wheelchair for me to prove my point.

If this matter affects you, please stand up and be counted. Life needs to get easier the older you get, not harder.

Yours faithfully,  
Sippy Azizollah,  
Fairacres N2.

**Asphalt creep**

Dear Editor,

An area at the junction of Bedford Rd and the High Road at 176 High Road has been overlooked for as long as anyone can remember and remains an uneven eyesore. As a resident of Bedford Road, I brought this to the attention of the council when the main part of the

High Road paving was completely replaced some years ago. No action was taken at that time and I had no response.

There is a new business use at 176 (Robertson Memorials) who have requested a drop down of the kerb. Should and when this takes place could the council properly make up the pavement as it should be?

In addition, there seem to be incidents of what I call 'asphalt creep', where such is used instead of paving flags. For example between Nos 17 & 19 Bedford Road a tree was removed within the last year and a very uneven hazardous piece of asphalt was laid to replace. Similarly, some utility work was done outside No. 29 and asphalt was used instead of paving.

If this continues the whole character of the road will be affected. It also appears that if any utility work is done in the proximity of a tree, utilities regard this as a reason to use asphalt rather than paving.

Yours faithfully,  
Antony Edwards,  
Bedford Road, N2.

**Same house for 70 years**

Dear Editor,

Regarding the article by Lorna Roberts in the February issue of THE ARCHER, "Fifty years on in East End Road", I moved into our house in 1941 and apart from five years from 1958 to 1963 I have lived here all the time. I went to the Garden Suburb School which is 100 years old now. My husband also went to this school although we did not know each other then.

I wonder if Malcolm and Peggy Kemp mentioned in the article are the same Kemps that had a shop off Lytton Road in the Market Place. This shop sold everything from cups of tea to shoe repairs. I wonder what Health and Safety would say about this mixture today.

Yours faithfully,  
Frances Anthony,  
Greenhalgh Walk, N2.

**Memories of East End Road**

Dear Editor,

Firstly, I wish to thank you very much indeed for producing THE ARCHER every month. It's something to look forward to, always very interesting and very informative. Issues are passed on to ex-N2 residents.

In February's issue was Lorna Roberts' article "Fifty years on in East End Road", which I enjoyed reading very much and which sent me down Memory Lane to remember what it was all like in the early 1920s (I was born in 1920).

There were no shops, no flats and no paving on the southern side of East End Road between St Marylebone Cemetery and The Causeway; just a ditch all the way. I well remember the buildings on the way to the Bald Faced Stag and the Congregational Church with its outstanding steeple and clock on the other side at the junction with the High Road.

Yours faithfully,  
Maisie Williams,  
Manor Park Road, N2.

**A peek inside Park House**

Dear Editor,

In THE ARCHER in February, there was an article congratulating GLH on their 45 years of trading at 14 High Road, N2. There was a picture of the front of Park House as it is now but I remember this same house 68 years ago when, at the age of 14, I started work there as a trainee chairside dental nurse (wages 10 shillings per week).

Just inside the front door was the surgery, waiting room and the dental laboratory. The dental surgeon Mr Sidney Puckey lived above. At the back of the house were stables with accommodation for the grooms where, so I was told, passengers and horses stayed overnight before completing their journey into London.

There used to be a very well-kept garden both front and back of

the house and an attractive goldfish pond. This is now Tarmac for the car hire company - what a shame!

As I said, the frontage hasn't changed and I would love to see inside, expecting to find offices with modern technology, and not as I remember from 68 years ago. Not bad for a memory oh so long ago.

Yours faithfully,  
Evelyn Bagley  
Church Lane, N2

**Kewgardia and the kennels**

Dear Editor,

I lived in Hertford Road from 1957 to 1979, and was wondering if any of your readers remember Joyce's Kennels which used to be in the High Road at the bottom of Oak Lane on the other corner to the Red Lion Hill (Grange) estate, i.e. opposite the cemetery. I assume it was connected to the family who owned the timber yard in Church Lane, and I believe this site also had a garden nursery on it.

Also Pulhams the butchers had a field opposite where St Pancras Court is, which I believe had an abattoir. Does anyone also remember the name of the funeral directors in the High Road next to/on site of the Wimpy Bar on the corner of Lincoln Road?

Yours faithfully,  
Mark Littlefield,  
By email.

Daphne Chamberlain writes:

There was certainly a nursery called Kewgardia next to this spot, at 329 High Road (between Oak Lane and Sylvester Road). It was managed by the Chick family from 1956 till 1972, when it was demolished. Rita Palmer told us some years ago that her parents ran it originally as a greengrocer's and florist's, changing later to just floristry. They grew most of their own flowers in the nursery, building up a clientele including celebrities such as Cliff Richard. You can read Rita's article online in THE ARCHER archives for December 2004. The photo, taken by The Finchley Press in the 1960s, shows the Georgian house from which the Chicks ran Kewgardia. The family kept two Alsatisans, but we believe there was also a kennels on this site. Can anyone tell us more, or answer the other enquiries?

**Just in time**

Dear Editor,

A thank you to our very own local newspaper. Over the past couple of weeks I received several voting cards and with barely a glance set them aside until the May elections. Fortunately the April edition of THE ARCHER arrived in time to inform me that we had a local council election, within a few days, on 11 April, and thus I was able to participate in local democracy and cast my vote.

Yours faithfully,  
Harriet Copperman  
By email

Any reader who feels strongly about any matter is invited to use this "Soapbox" column. Please note that opinions expressed are those of the writer alone.



**Trackside trees get the chop**

By a tube-side resident

I am sitting at my desk hitting the laptop keys noisily so as to overpower the roaring of the chainsaws massacring their way along the tube line where it runs overground just beyond East Finchley station. My heart is beset with sadness, my mind with anger, and between them runs a rope twisting and turning its way around my neck, ever tighter with each new roar of the machines.

Two days ago we played our favourite lunchtime game of spotting two birds playing on your branches, hopping from lofty heights gradually down to below our first-floor window, around and up again, chasing each other.

You had not yet begun to bud again but we could feel that the fresh green was having its last moments of slumber inside you before bursting forth, turning you into the incarnation of innocence and freshness that conjured a smile onto my face and gave daily life a little jolt of hope and happiness every time I stopped and looked.

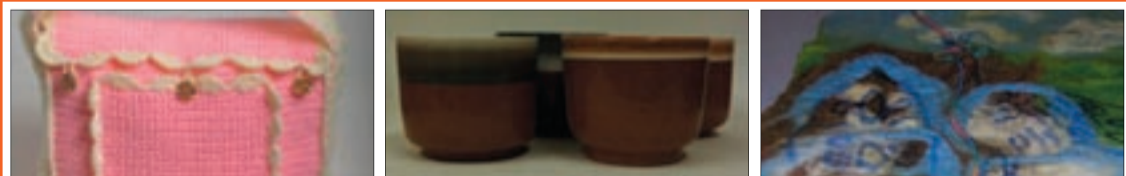
You let us smell the moist of spring and the sweet stick of summer, you let us hear the morning chorus of visitors to your branches and measure the wind's tides in the dance of your leaves, twigs and branches. Yet, the fall of your leaves is what brought you to fall.

All large trees need to be removed from the side of the line, they wrote in their letter, as falling leaves cause a hazard on the line. I wonder, how has the train managed to keep running for so long with all these hazardous trees nearby?

So there you lie, massacred and mutilated, spliced and sliced, wrecked and abandoned, by the side of the line along which a lonely tube now rattles. Instead of the lush green, the rich tapestry of branches and leaves interwoven with the myriad colours of the sky behind it, before me now lies a little piece of urban despair, a tiny new chunk in the desolation caused by the city's ever-increasing need for efficiency.

I surprise myself by the sadness I feel, but I am truly, deeply hurting in my longing for you. I stare at the spot of sky against which you were pitted; if I stare hard enough you re-emerge, branch by branch, leaf by leaf - yet it saddens me that only I can see you now.

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