



Farewell to friend and family man Francis Coulson

It is with great sadness that we report the passing of Francis Coulson, the renowned kilt wearer of East Finchley and a former member of *The Archer* newspaper team.



Francis on a family holiday.

Francis met his wife Carole at the Coolhurst Squash Club in Crouch End and the couple lived in the area for 34 years with their two children, Tilda and Ollie.

Francis loved the East Finchley community and could often be found striding the county roads, admiring stained glass windows and greeting the various feline locals or watching the world pass by from a bench



Kilt wearer: Francis as he was often seen around East Finchley.

on the High Road. You could also often spot him reading a book or doing the crossword in Gertie Browne's, or enjoying lunch in a local restaurant.

As a younger man, Francis was an accomplished fencer, captaining the school team at Westminster and going on to fence for Cambridge, where he studied Modern Languages and Law at St John's College.

Francis had an incredible gift for languages and could converse in French, Italian, Spanish, German and Scottish Gaelic. He would often engage with waiters and others around East Finchley in any of these.

He loved reading, especially historical fiction and the work of Terry Pratchett, and also bird-watching, particularly watching keenly each summer for the arrival of the first swifts..

For four years from 2003, Francis volunteered as legal advisor to *The Archer* and provided the team with much valuable guidance thanks to his own training in law. He was always generous with his time and unfailingly good company.

In his later years Francis suffered from a balance disorder called Ménière's Disease, which restricted his movement and caused him to require a walking stick. His family would be happy for anyone so inclined to donate to the Ménière's Society charity in his memory to support research into this little understood condition. More details at www.menieres.org.uk/support-us/research-supporter.

We'll miss you, Francis.

All that's missing is the sea



Seaside special: John Mehmet and assistant Jan Pekozkay
Photo Mike Coles

Shoppers strolling down Long Lane, N2, this summer could easily imagine themselves beside the seaside after trader John Mehmet made over his mini-supermarket with rubber rings, water pistols... and even a palm tree.

He wanted to give his grocery the look of a seaside store in a traditional English resort like Southend so there were also water wings, hula hoops and a row of ice cream signs on display.

Happy look

John, whose family have owned the Long Lane Supermarket store on the corner of Trinity Road since 1952, said: "It's summer, it's a happy look and it puts a smile on everyone's face. I just wanted to make people feel good and show them why it's fun to support local shops."

RICKY SAVAGE ...

"The voice of social irresponsibility"

Poop, poop

This is my kind of climate change world. I'm not talking about some eco-festival in a field in Wales complete with free car parking. I'm not talking about polar bears being forced to hibernate in Iceland, somewhere between the frozen peas and the alligator steaks. No, I'm talking cars, that's where the real weirdness starts.

The Great Khan is extending his ultra-low emission zone to East Finchley in two years, which means no old cars, no diesels more than two years old and lots of silent eco-buses, electric family saloons and scooters.

At least in the old days when Routemasters sounded like pigeons with lung disease, you could hear them long before you saw them. Same with cars: the rumble of a V8 would disturb the neighbours long before it roared into view.

In the new hush-hush electric world of the Pious and eco-buses, you'll need a sixth sense and a telescope because the creeping death, in all its bright red glory, will have totalled you long before you heard it coming.

But there is a solution: Mayor Khan wants buses to make a noise, maybe something like a 1990s' ring tone. And guess what, the Maybot's legacy is making electric cars go 'poop, poop' like Toad from Toad Hall. Now that sounds a bit more like fun.

Never mind the ring tone, buses should be made to sound like tanks, and cars should sound like cars. If your new eco beast is quieter than a hairdryer, you should be able to download an app to give it a real sound. How about a Ford Mustang? Maybe a Ferrari V12? Or Lewis Hamilton's Grand Prix car? And if it's an app, then why not hack it so that the flash git's Porsche sounds like a 40-year-old VW Beetle heading for the scrap yard.

But let's not stop there, how about music instead? You could have Led Zep's *Rock'n'Roll* or Steppenwolf's *Born to be Wild* blasting out from an electric scooter heading down the Holloway Road. Either way, get the sound right and, as the Beatles used to say, "Baby you can drive my car".

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