



## KALASHNIKOV KULTUR

# The other view!

by Ricky Savage

**I came, I saw, I got soaked...**

It wasn't raining when I dragged myself into Cherry Tree Woods for the Festival, but that was just a slight hiccup in a typical summer's day in unsunny N2. Most of the time it pissed it down and me, the only place I want to be when it is doing that is inside. Not just inside anywhere, but inside a pub putting beer inside me. Mostly I managed it, although it weren't no pub, just a tent that didn't seem to want to try too hard at resisting the rain.

The madmen and women who try to run this rag spent the day making papier mache out of the latest issue and wearing those forced "hello we're having a wonderful time really" smiles as the field turned into a swamp and the best prepared make ups began to slide down faces like avalanches down mountains.

The Archers "guess the weight of the cake" competition was a bit moveable and I reckon that the fruit cake plus to gallons of water weighs more than a fruit that hasn't had a decades supply of rain tipped over it. What else sticks in the mind? The beer, mostly London Pride, in fact all London Pride in my case. Well, what else was I expected to do? Get wet? No way, as I said.

**Stage Struck**

The other neat thing about the beer tent was that it was close enough to the stage to watch the effect of horizontal rain on performers, electrical equipment, and the stage, which had two goes at blowing itself towards Muswell Hill.

The worst thing about being

close to the stage was that you had to listen to everything that went on up there. This meant trying to find something redeeming in some brass band slaughtering "a Whiter Shade of Pale" in the rain. Then there were the couple of jazz playing bozos, some bunch of rock'n'roll has beens, or never weres to be accurate and lastly, the Finchley Kiddie choir.

Now I like children, especially if they are cooked properly and served with new potatoes and a side salad, but I did not like the unearthly racket the choir made. Thanks to the P.A. system every bum note and flat squawk was amplified across the field like aural torture. It was almost enough to make me leave. But I didn't, I had another pint and after that it started raining again so I had another pint and after that I started to enjoy myself. It wasn't that Glastonbury of North London that The Archer's git of a Features Editor had claimed, but what the hell, it was better than staying at home watching the rained off cricket.



John Scott of GLH (left) and competition winner Gary Warne.

## "Surprise" £50 winner

**"A surprise birthday present" was the way a delighted Gary Warne described his £50 prize for winning the recent Archer/GLH competition.**

For Mr Warne, who beat 32 other entrants, received his prize on the very day of his fiftieth birthday.

Mr Warne was presented his prize by John Scott, managing director of Greater London Hire, East Finchley's car hire, mini cab and courier company. GLH also donated the prize.

Mr Warne decided to use the money to treat his 80-year-old mother and himself to a restaurant dinner.

This is something of a rare treat nowadays for Mr Warne since he was laid off by British Gas after 20 years and is now part time security work.

**Local Knowledge**

Mr Warne and his mother live in Hertford Road. He was born in East Finchley and has

lived here all his life.

This accounts for his knowledge of the area which carried him through the competition. Of all the entrants only three got all five questions right.

The question which threw most was: Which is the odd one out and why - Lincoln, Durham, Hertford, Taunton, Leicester? Answer: Taunton because it is not a road in East Finchley.

# Woodland Walks

By Len Willcocks

**Highgate woods near the south end of East Finchley, 70 acres of peaceful woodland on our doorstep. Once there it is a world away from our congested roads and their pollution and endless traffic problems.**

For pleasant Summer's walk away from it all, let's start off from East Finchley underground, cross over the High Road and you are in Cherry Tree wood, with it's sports field and woodland setting backdrop.

Let us continue on out to Woodside Avenue then you turn right into Holt Close

and turn into Highgate Woods.

Highgate woods was once part of the old Forrest of Middlesex and it was known as Brewhouse woods or Gravel pit wood.

There was concern for the wood's future when Highgate station was opened at the end of the nineteenth century. It was thought that the Ecclesiastical Commission who then owned the wood would want to build on the land because of it's proximity to the new railway. The woods were saved for the future generations by a



Photo: David Tupman

Mr Henry Williams, chairman of the Hornsey local board at the time, assisted by the Times newspaper.

**Wood Win**

Their campaign was successful, Highgate Woods were saved for the future generations to enjoy and were declared an open woodland for all time on October 30<sup>th</sup> 1886.

The wood now houses about 53 species of trees and shrubs. Whatever time of the year it is always a delight. In summer, when it is a cool oasis from the humidity of nearby

streets. In the Autumn, the leaves of the tress provide a coloured carpet to walk on. In the snow and frost of winter, it becomes a white winter wonderland and in the springtime, creation is starting a new.

**Walk on**

There is a refreshment pavilion near the sportfield and first class children's playground. The woods are open everyday from 7.30am. till 30mins after sunset.

If you want a longer walk or jog, continue on out of Highgate woods by the Cranley garden entrance, cross Muswell Hill Road, down the steps by the Garden Centre along the nature the trail where once the railway used to run to Muswell Hill continue along under the Muswell Hill and up into Grove Parkland and Alexandra Palace.

## Early to bed?

By Anthony Tuck

**As the Government considers imposing a curfew on the young they might consider the experience in Delevan Wisconsin...**

World War II bomber pilot, Major Hubert 'Nick' Knilans USAF, who won the British DSO and DFC flying with 617 Dambusters Squadron and took part in the bombing raid and destruction of the German Battleship Tirpitz, wrote to me about the curfew imposed on teenagers in his home town.

President Clinton has suggested that today's U.S. teenagers be penned up by 8 pm using a curfew law. The present curfew in Delevan is midnight every night. Suburbs of Elkhorn, Lake Geneva and Delevan Township have a 10.30 pm curfew on weeknights and 11.30 pm on weekends.

Delevan teenagers are not allowed to legally smoke until the age of 18 or to have a beer until 21. They cannot hold a driving license until 16 along with triple insurance cost.

In contrast, their generally law-abiding, hard working grandparents could buy beer and cigarettes at 16 and get their drivers license at 14 - this often because of their having to drive from outlying rural areas to school and to work.

What Delevan parents have learned from this curfew is that the more time their teenagers

spend indoors the more hours they will watch television and videos.

A recent study by the American psychological Association shows that the average teenager will thus have watched 8,000 made-for-television murders and 10,000 acts of violence by the end of their eighth grade in school.

So, they ask, who is to blame for the increase in teenage delinquency, crime, drug taking and violence, them or us?

In Delevan, to counteract these anti-social activities, local taxpayers are supporting a city recreation programme and excellent schools.

Parents and churches are trying their best to pass on family and moral values and they call on all parents and grown-ups to volunteer to help teenagers with recreational, occupational and creative programmes and activities to counter boredom and detrimental effects of the curfew.

If such a curfew is imposed on the teenage youth in the UK, we will need to follow the example being set in Delevan and other cities and towns in the United States.