



Letters

Don't get scammed

Dear Editor,

I was subject to a very similar incident to that of Valerie Teague ('The day I got caught in a motorcycle crash scam', The Archer, April 2025).

Last year, I was very slowly nosing out of Springcroft Avenue to turn right onto Southern Road when I spotted a delivery-type motorcycle seemingly stationary behind a parked car to my right. As I pulled out, it shot out and hit the front offside of my car.

The young guy, all masked up, 'fell off' and I immediately got out mainly concerned about him and any potential injury. Barely any damage to my old car, his plastic front mudguard slightly damaged. He was okay and I got his first name. I gave my mobile number.

He quickly took pictures, I thought, "What a good idea" so I did too, fortunately. I then, at his suggestion, moved my car to avoid blocking traffic. When I turned around he was riding away.

I immediately contacted my insurers and sent them the pics. I did say that I was a bit suspicious and they said I was right to be so. Subsequently, I got a few calls from some 'agency' investigating the 'accident', wanting to talk to me, to which, every time, I replied "Contact my insurers".

My insurance company said that there is a six-month time limit on making a claim and that they heard nothing, so it went away.

The lessons from all this are: Be aware; Stay calm; Note witnesses; Check for apparent injuries; Take pictures; If in doubt insist on an ambulance or police call; Tell your insurers immediately.

Robin Dunn,
Springcroft Avenue, N2.

Save our trees

Dear Editor,

I have written this poem in response to a question in your full-page article on the proposed Cherry Tree Quarter (The Archer, June 2025) about cutting down the silver birch trees on the site. I am hoping you will find it good enough to publish.

Sally Spiers
Address supplied

The Silver Birches of East Finchley

The day Archie was 'auled up the station roof, arrah poised like Progress to fly dahn the Norfern line, we was nuffin but free gangly tow-'ead striplin's, randy teenagers, root-toes reachin', limbs entanglin'.

Leanin' loose-curl'd afros in towards one anofer, flaun'ed skin-tight silver lame, grew wild in our forgotten corner of the 'igh Road and Cherry Tree, besides the We teach all hearts to break graffiti. Wot?

Did you fink we could not love? True, we was aloof from unwanted attentions of pissing drunks.

We kep' our caresses for pigeons and parakeets,

our comfort for beetles and borers who burrow in our fissures. Our skin's grown papery since, our trunks tattooed and scarred, but still we stand, an affectionate embrace, a magnificent menage-a-trois, whisperin' sweet endearments frough mycelia - now shoutin' urgently, We ain't dead yet, you know.

Assisted dyin'? No two doctors and a judge for us.

It'll be Archie's arrah let loose - a bulldozer

and a new 70-home 'Quar'er' wot breaks our 'earts.

Priced out

Dear Editor,

I just felt that it was worth pointing out that, of the proposed development of flats in Cherry Tree Quarter and Manor Park Road, N2, NONE will be 'affordable'. There doesn't seem much point in building 'luxury' flats if nobody can afford to buy them...

Harriet Connides,
Address supplied

Thieving Lane

Dear Editor,

Thanks for an interesting June edition. Frank Edwards asks where Thieving Lane used to be ('East Finchley A Century Ago', pg 9). Thieving Lane Field is shown as plot 896 on the Finchley tithe award map of 1841, pretty much on the line of The Bishops Avenue. What's in a name, eh?

Alan Ereira
Address Supplied

Editor's note: For more details, search 'Village into Borough' by G R P Lawrence, published online at barnet.gov.uk. The relevant pages are 38-42.

Send your letters to:

news@the-archer.co.uk

Letters without verifiable contact addresses will not be printed. Contact details can be withheld on request at publication. We reserve the right to abridge letters for reasons of space.

Enter the Fun Palace

The Grange Big Local team is hosting a Fun Palace at Tarling Road Community Centre in East Finchley on Saturday 6 September, marking the official end of the 10-year regeneration project with celebration and community spirit. There will be stalls and plenty of family-friendly activities to take part in for free. To run an activity, perform or help out on the day, contact info@grangebiglocal.org.

A legacy that will keep on giving

By George Outen

The generous legacy of an East Finchley resident of over 70 years is being put to good use in the search to find a new breakthrough in the battle against kidney disease.

Dr Irina Grigorieva from Cardiff University has recently received the Iris Bruton Award of £250,000 in partnership with Kidney Research UK to look at how a type of kidney cell could promote healing and repair to improve kidney function.

Iris Bruton died in 2022 at the amazing age of 106. She and her late husband Cyril moved into Cherry Tree Road, N2, in the 1950s where they remained for the rest of their lives.

Cyril was a local boy and as a child played amongst the foundations of the houses on Cherry Tree Road during their construction. Little did he know then that this would be his future home.

Born in Edmonton, Iris was brought up in the East End where her parents ran a pub. After the Second World War, the family moved to East Finchley to run the off-licence on the corner of the High Road and Leicester Road.

It was then that she met Cyril, who was living on Leicester Road with his mother having returned from serving in the war, which included a significant amount of time spent in a German POW camp.



Medical research funding: Iris Bruton on her 100th birthday

Iris was a keen gardener and her pride and joy were her 'girls', the two enormous hydrangea bushes that bloomed profusely in her front garden which she had cultivated from cuttings.

She lived a full life and had numerous careers including at a tailors on Savile Row, a munitions factory off Brick Lane and a cigarette factory. Cyril was

a postman and together they shared their lives with a number of cats and dogs over the years.

Whilst Iris was fit and healthy throughout her life, Cyril was touched by both heart and kidney conditions. Consequently, it was Iris's wish that her legacy be split between Kidney Research UK and the British Heart Foundation.

Diary of an allotment beginner: Part One... The spot of the plot



Starting out: Nadia had a choice of plots

By Nadia Savvopoulou

Four years ago, after visiting allotments during London's Festival of Architecture and being seduced by the serenity, I put my name on a waiting list for one, a list so long that one risks forgetting having entered it.

I built an imaginary world around my visit, complete with rustic shed and rusty tools and the sound of a rooster I'd last heard in my mother's agricultural village in the Peloponnese. And, having established a good track record of not killing plants in the meantime, the idea of an allotment took root.

So, when I was offered a plot in March at Fuel Land Allot-

ments in East Finchley with a rooster next door, it felt idyllic. But it didn't take long to work out that, when feelings turned to thoughts of working the plot, it was not a viable option for an allotment newbie like me.

Bordered on one side by a stream, the small, uncultivated plot was dominated by a tall and wide bramble patch. With no

rustic shed for rusty tools, and the shared greenhouse and most of the compost heap already commandeered by others, it met neither aesthetic nor practical demands for a beginner like me.

On the advice of more experienced gardeners that the plot would be a challenge even for them, I asked myself "Did I really wait four years only to reject this plot?" Yes... because another opportunity presented itself a split second before I actually conceded that I should not take this plot.

The new plot was in a sunnier spot, bigger, with a compost heap, a rustic shed in a restorable state (with A LOT of work required), and plenty of old rusty tools. Recently cultivated and covered in geotextile and plastic rather than hummocks of grass, this plot offered a more realistic chance of growing something in year one. Oh, and still a rooster next to it!

To cut a long story short, it took me an hour after having visited this new plot to accept it. My neighbours are mostly friendly people who have offered advice and help, and I feel at peace when I am there... much as I imagined. So, lesson one: trust your gut.