



Over 50 years of keeping fit

By Diana Cormack

Like The Kinks and the Saatchi brothers, who graced the corridors of the William Grimshaw School (now Fortismere) over 50 years ago, another group which was housed in the building then is still going strong.



Sheila Eyles has the ladies at full stretch. Photo by Diana Cormack

"I was an original member there 55 years ago," Susan Felix told THE ARCHER. "It was just after the birth of my second baby when I joined a keep fit club that met in the school". Now aged 84, Susan still belongs to that club but she is not the oldest by any means.

The Tetherdown Hall Ladies Over 50s Club has members ranging in age from 50 to 92, some of whom are East Finchley residents. They meet on Tuesday mornings in term time, including half terms, at Tetherdown Hall, Tetherdown Road, N10, where they are put through their keep fit paces by Sheila Eyles and Wendy Jones. These two ladies make sure that everyone can participate, despite the variety of physical conditions amongst the group.

Keeping mobile

"We have women with hip and knee replacements, as well as those with physical

disabilities or who've suffered a stroke," said Wendy, whose chair exercise work is very popular. Susan falls into that category as she has a walking disability, but she's certain it is the club that keeps her moving even if she can't join in all the activities. Many of these are done to a musical accompaniment provided by pianist Lawrence Estrey, a professional musician and local author.

Instructor Sheila emphasised how friendly and supportive of each other club members are, with newcomers always being introduced. The hour-long sessions cost £3 a time and are followed by a convivial coffee on the premises. Should you be interested in joining, just turn up on a Tuesday at Tetherdown Hall for a 10.30am start. If you wish, you can just sit and watch on your first visit for free. Whatever you decide to do, you can be sure of a warm welcome.

Ted Bagley: Arctic hero ... and demon bowler

By Daphne Chamberlain

THE ARCHER was very sorry to hear of the passing last month of Ted Bagley at the age of 90, following a hip replacement.

Featured in our pages last August in the white beret of the Arctic Convoys, he told us about the reality of existence in wartime Russia. In intense cold (minus 40C) and under heavy bombardment, the convoys brought vital supplies to people literally starving as they resisted German occupation.

It is something the Russians have never forgotten, but it was only in the last few months that our own Government announced that these veterans could apply for a medal. Learning the news in hospital, Ted said, "Jolly good. At long last!". Eve, his widow, has the relevant form, but has been told that, even if she does receive his medal, it may take some time.

Born in King Street, Ted lived in Church Lane from the age of five, and was a founder member of EFVRA (the East Finchley Village Residents' Association). Their Chair, Bob Owens, wrote, "Together with his wife, Eve, he was involved in many local organisations and charities. He expressed his views in our meetings with eloquence and humour, and always had something of interest to contribute. The little community of neighbours in Church Lane will miss him, and will remember him with great respect and affection."

Ted was always very active. A gym instructor in his youth, he played tennis and table-tennis, but bowling became one of his passions. He was President of both Glebelands Club and



Ted and Eve Bagley at home last year. Photo by Toni Morgan

Finchley Victoria, where he was a member for over 30 years. A qualified bowling instructor, he is remembered for his helpfulness to other players.

Ted and Eve spent many happy days, too, at East Finchley Allotments. Eve told us, "When

Ted's bad back and legs made it too difficult to continue, our very kind neighbour, Gavin, worked the plot for him".

We send our sympathy to Eve, who has received many cards of condolence "from all over the place".

KALASHNIKOV KULTUR

By Ricky Savage, the voice of social irresponsibility

Rust to rust

They say you shouldn't speak ill of the dead, but I'm going to make an exception. As half the country mourned and the rest either cheered or went online to find out who That Cher was and if she's on Facebook, I knew it was time for me to put the boot in.

No one ever divided the country quite like Margaret Thatcher. Either she saved the country or she destroyed everything that was great about Great Britain. You either cheered her on or wished to see her burn in the fires of hell. And me, I wanted to be one of the stokers, turning up the furnace.

When I heard she'd gone I managed a hint of sorrow before doing what I did when she fell from power: celebrating. I opened the champagne and went all retro, listening to The Jam's Town Called Malice and Ghost Town by the Specials to remind me of the harm she'd done.

So why do I have no sense of human feeling for the woman who was our MP for 33 years and transformed the country into a land fit for millionaires? Well, apart from the fact she would have had none for me, where should I start?

The country she inherited in 1979 was the most equal it had ever been and poverty was falling, but her mad-cap economic policies quickly destroyed industry and replaced factories with three million unemployed. Yes, we had no jobs, but did have the longest dole queues and the fastest rising poverty in Europe. Next, she happily sat back and watched the IRA hunger strikers die and couldn't understand why she was hated for it.

She didn't see unions as partners in the way forward, but as enemies and there was something creepy about the way she relished crushing the miners. The more she spoke about Victorian values, the more it seemed that she wanted to return to the days of the workhouse and put a rough sleeper in every doorway. Her oh-so-popular sell-off of council housing created today's housing crisis.

And her 'crowning glory' the Falklands War was the result of incompetent policies. If the Argentines had waited another six months the ships that made the task force possible would have been scrapped or sold and the Buenos Aires branch of the Boy Scouts would have been able to capture the place.

I could go on. I could ask how the ConDems can claim to have to take a chainsaw to society in the name of austerity, but I won't. Instead I'll just quote the words of her predecessor as Tory leader on hearing that she'd lost power. In one word, rejoice!



The Manor Fitness Centre crew get fit for Red Nose Day

Class-a-thon day at fitness centre

On Saturday 16 March a special day of classes to raise money for Comic Relief took place at The Manor Health and Leisure Centre, Fortis Green.

Marta Sterbakova, Schwinn indoor cycling coach, organised classes for five hours. These consisted of Step and Tone, Bosu, Latin Dance, Aquacise, Circuit, Studio Cycling and Ashtanga Yoga. At the end of the day members, staff and instructors at The Manor raised an amazing £1,054.40 for the Red Nose Day appeal.

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