



## YOUR NEW CHAIRMAN

*"Tony Poil (left) congratulates John Burchfield upon becoming the new chairman of your organising committee".*

Dear Colleagues

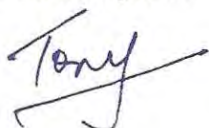
After seven years as Chairman of your Organising Committee, it is time for me to give way to younger and more energetic hands. It has been a most enjoyable time for me and, thanks to the wonderful efforts of the Regional Organisers, the Fellowship has continued to thrive. The size and structure of the present-day NCR means that we do not get so many new members as in the past, but it is good to see that most retirees choose to join us. With a total membership of nearly 900 we can claim to represent the majority of NCR pensioners, and although the Fellowship was never intended nor has ever attempted to act as a Pressure group, nevertheless the Company - and especially the Trustees - do listen seriously to our views. I am sure that this excellent relationship will continue.

The most pleasant duty of the Chairman is to visit some meetings around the country each year. I have tried to visit you all at least once - though I must apologise for missing out Dundee, and I cheated a little by attending the joint Irish meeting instead of the separate Dublin and Belfast gatherings. Thank you all for welcoming me so warmly. It has been truly delightful to see so many old friends.

Now, **John Burchfield** is taking over. In the time-honoured phrase, he needs no introduction from me. He is well known to all, especially the ex FED/Customer Services people who make up a very large part of our membership. John's wife **Pam** is also known to many of you, and you can be confident that together they will ensure the on-going health of the Fellowship. May they have as happy a time as I have had.

With my very best wishes to you all.

Yours sincerely



You will have read in a previous article of **Tony Poil's** decision to step down from the Chairmanship of the Organising committee. Through the medium of **PostScript** I believe it appropriate that we take this opportunity on behalf of all members of the Fellowship to offer our sincere thanks and appreciation for the dedicated manner in which Tony has fulfilled his duties during the past seven years. We are all aware that he has made himself available to attend as many Regional Meetings as possible, so that he could meet fellow pensioners, many being friends of long standing, where he informed us of the numerous changes and progress in both the Company and Pension Fund; Tony has told me personally that he enjoyed immensely this aspect of the Chairman's function.

As Tony will continue to represent Region 4, we shall still be able to enjoy his company at the London meetings. Many thanks again Tony for the immense contribution and support that you have provided for us and we trust that you will continue to enjoy your retirement.

As the cliché goes 'he will be a hard act to follow' and I look forward to meeting with many of you over the forthcoming months where I will endeavour to continue the honourable position of Chairman of the Organising Committee that Tony has already established.



John Burchfield.



# ... CAN SPRING BE FAR BEHIND?



*The Queen Mother's garden at Walmer Castle Deal, which is her official residence as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports.*

## NCR NEWS

There have been some interesting developments in recent months. The old motto "We Progress Through Change" is obviously still alive and kicking!

Following NCR's release from the clutches of AT&T, the Dayton management made a dramatic change to the worldwide organisation. The individual country managements were eliminated, and no longer was each country manager/chairman/managing director responsible for the sales and revenue results of his country. Instead, the various sales and support divisions in each country became part of world-wide "business units" reporting directly to vice-presidents in Dayton. So now NCR UK has a managing director purely for legal reasons, and the present holder of the title, **Andy Morss**, holds a senior position in the Financial Systems group. However, another change is now taking place. All but one of the sales and support groups - Financial Systems, Retail Systems, Customer Services and Systemedia - are being combined into a single business unit. The odd one out is Teradata (Computer Systems) which is now a separate unit. Teradata, you will remember, is responsible for selling and supporting massive data warehousing systems, and is a highly profitable part of NCR.

NCR has just obtained an important new revenue source through winning a contract from Nortel Networks for the maintenance of their optical communications equipment and network carrier products in Europe, Africa and the Middle East. The five-year contract is currently estimated to be worth \$80 million, but with the expected growth in optical networks the value could grow to more than \$175 million. The speed and capacity of optical networks is attracting more and more telecommunications service providers to move to this technology.

The third recent development is the purchase by NCR of **4Front Technologies**. This company, headquartered in the UK, is a fast growing provider of information technology (IT) services, including outsourcing (running IT systems for other companies), hardware maintenance, help desk support (problem solving over the telephone) and e-business services (business transactions over the internet). 4Front's activities are primarily across Europe, and fit very well indeed with NCR's business. They will enable the company to provide top class services to our customers. 4Front employs around 800 people, and there will be some redundancies where functions overlap, but the end result is expected to produce a modest increase in NCR revenue in 2001, and significant growth thereafter.

These developments show that our company remains very prominent in several important sectors of the IT market, and is actively working for increased future profitability.

*Tony Poil*

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## THE JUMP

By Mike Hughes

The whole thing was my fault. If I had thought it through, I wouldn't have said a word, but that's not the way it was.

We were on holiday in New Zealand and leaving Rotorua for Taupo. We stopped at a café for morning tea and there on the counter was a stand displaying tourist brochures. One was Taupo Bunjy and encouraged tourists to try a bunjy jump. Like an idiot, I picked it up and said to my son that that seemed a great idea. That was the mistake. My son is a sportsman and loves new challenges. I don't really know where he gets it. It's certainly not from me. "What a brilliant idea, we'll do that" and I was hoist on my own petard.

We stayed the night in Taupo and the next morning, we went to the Bunjy Jump platform. I was now totally committed and if I had decided not to do the jump, I would have lost much face.

We paid our money and were weighed. Then we were shepherded onto the platform and for the first time I realised how high I was above the surface of the Waikato River.

It was a huge drop and I was about to jump off the platform trusting my life to a piece of elastic.

The official measurement was 147 metres or about 480 feet. It was the second highest jump in New Zealand. We decided that **Simon** would go first and we sat down while the Jumpmaster put the tethers round our ankles, attached the bunjy cord and gave us the final briefing. The Jumpmaster and his assistant checked and rechecked the arrangements and led Simon to the edge of the platform.

"Three, two, one, Bunjy" and Simon leapt into space. He fell about half of the way down to the river and then the bunjy cord stopped him gently and he bounced up and then down. This happened three times and then he was lowered into the rescue boat.

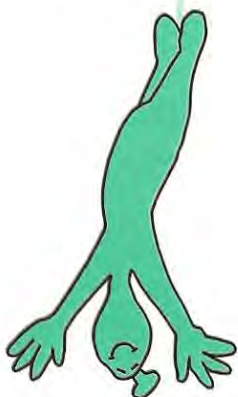
Now it was my turn and I stood on the edge of the platform.

I have always suffered from vertigo and dislike heights. There have only been two situations where I have overcome this. One was when I spent two years as an RAF pilot and amazingly the second was now, standing on the edge of the platform. There must have been something deeply psychological about this. I could see the Jumpmaster preparing to encourage me to launch myself into space. I have always had an analytical turn of mind and thoughts were flowing through my head. Free fall parachutists generally achieve a terminal velocity of about 100mph. The word "terminal" worried me more than somewhat.

I reckoned that I would only achieve about a third of that, but hitting the water at 30mph would be akin to landing on concrete and equally destructive. The timing of this would be about 2 to 3 seconds. That was probably how long I had left of my life and to be honest, I didn't think that was enough time. Still maybe the tether would hold and I would be able to breathe again. I glanced down at the bunjy cord and the tether. They seemed OK but I could only trust in fate.

"Three, two, one, Bunjy"

I had no choice. I had an audience and I certainly wasn't about to allow them to see how diffident I was. I leapt out and performed the best swallow dive I have ever done. I fell and it seemed a huge amount of time. Then I felt the bunjy cord take up my vertical



speed and thankfully, I came to a halt about three feet above the surface of the water. I bounced back up and down about three times until I was retrieved by the boat crew.

I have never had an adrenalin rush quite like it. I could even be a little proud that I had actually made the jump. I wasn't quite the oldest person to have done it but I was quite a bit older than most jumpers. I felt terrific and quite prepared to do it again - sometime in the future!

**Ed:-** There is video evidence that Mike actually did the jump - you can question the veracity of this story with Mike at: **A4 Crofton Road, Ngaio, Wellington NZ or: johnmhughes@extra.co.nz**

An email from **Jim Monahan** proved to be interesting reading:

Hi - Just received your Autumn 2000 Newsletter. We (my wife **Ruth** and I) are both NCR retirees living here in Oz. We love to scan the newsletter for old names and faces from the 60/70's and wonder if through this medium we can find traces of some of our bygone friends in NCR. To start with re - p9 there's a pic of "Region 8a at Newmarket". Is that **Denis Burchett** at the end of the line? and who are the others? What happened to **Vera Duckworth, Angela Marjoram, Roger Holmes, John Hill** and all the others?

Most of our time in NCR was spent in Norwich/Ipswich/Chelmsford and Cambridge Offices. If you could publish our email address **jmonahan@wn.com.au** we would like to hear from any friends interested in catching up on the news since the sweet sorrowful partings of yesteryear. May we take this opportunity to say how sorry we were to read of the passing of **Harvey Rhodes**.

Hi to all our old pals in Ireland, Dublin, Cork and Belfast.

Best Wishes from Ruth and Jim Monahan Downunder.

**Ed:-** Well, plenty there for you all to get your teeth into. Their snailmail address for those who cannot email is:- **Box 547, Bridgetown, Western Australia, WA6255.**

## Directory enquiries

The following are real conversations operators had with callers, as revealed in interviews with staff at the Cardiff Telecoms Directory Enquiries Centre.

C= Caller and O= Operator.

C: I'd like the number of the Argoed Fish Bar in Cardiff, please.  
O: I'm sorry, there's no listing. Is the spelling correct?  
C: Well, it used to be called the Bargoed Fish Bar but the B fell off.

C: I'd like the RSPCA, please.  
O: Where are you calling from?  
C: The living room.

C: The Union of Shopkeepers and Alligators please.  
O: You mean the Amalgamated Union of Shopkeepers?  
C: Er, yes.

C: I'd like the number for a reverend in Cardiff, please.  
O: Do you have his name?  
C: No, but he has a dog named Ben.

C: I'd like the number of the Scottish knitwear company in Woven.  
O: I can't find a town called "Woven". Are you sure?  
C: Yes. That's what it says on the label - Woven in Scotland.

C: The Water Board please.  
O: Which department?  
C: Tap water.

O: How are you spelling that?  
C: With letters.



## GOING AHEAD WITH THE FORCES

This piece in the last issue of **PS** has created a lot of interest and we are indebted to **George Cass** for bringing it to our attention in the first place. The Editor was only known by the initials **AEF** and we asked if anyone knew more about him. In response to this request came a letter from **Cecil Staite** who has revealed all:

Before the War he was Head of Advertising Department which covered all the Company advertising with their own Design, Copy and Layout staff. His department handled Newspapers, Magazines and Advertising Literature. Also his responsibilities included the Printing and Photographic Departments, the latter using the most advanced colour processes in the UK at the time. Supply of window and display materials for HO and branches which had been built by his department were undertaken as were those for large exhibitions and CPC's.

Cecil worked in the department as a junior clerk from 1937 until the outbreak of war so he remembers it all well. He says that, at the outbreak of war all these departments were depleted or broken up, everyone doing a bit of everything, the numbers appearing in "**GOING AHEAD**" shows that most staff were called up.

During the war AEF could we seen handling all sorts of jobs, his knowledge of NCR being invaluable.

So who was AEF? He was **A E FARMER**.

*Thanks Cecil!*

**Mrs E McGee** has written, following receipt of a piece from the above publication:

"I am very grateful indeed to you for finding my husband's youthful contribution to "**GOING AHEAD**". I had no idea of its existence, but it came as a breath of fresh air from the past. All our family (middle-aged now!) were thrilled too - they idolised their Dad, and your efforts provided them with a little unexpected bonus. Thank you again from the McGee clan"

Thank you too, Mrs McGee, letters like this make all the research worth while. **Ed.**

**Cpl C McGee's** (Sales Service & REME Heavy AckAck) letter read as follows:

### A 16,000 Mile Tour

Here's an interesting letter from **Cpl. C. McGee** (Sales Service) R.E.M.E., with Heavy A.A. He has had a wonderful tour of the Middle East and has set down some of his experiences. Sand seems to be off the ration over there, but it must take some getting used to.

"Recently I had the pleasure of receiving 'GOING AHEAD.' Each time I have scrutinised these for news of N.C.R. fellows I know, and so far I have always been fortunate.

This issue mentions A.M.D. friend **Reggie Parr**, whom I met frequently at the Sheffield Depot. Also I read of **C. O'Keefe**, who is in the M.E., attached to H.A.A. O'Keefe and I were in the same school together on cash register training in 1937. Our talents must coincide for I am attached to H.A.A. in the M.E., and have been so for the past 18 months.

So far my experiences have been spread over 16,000 miles of land and sea. The ship was of fair tonnage that carried such a valuable cargo. We left Britain with the summer sun bearing down on the grassy hills At that time I had little thought for that homeland of mine for my mind was engrossed in anticipating great things. Someone should have told me!

During our lengthy sea voyage we visited West Africa, South Africa and India. No expression of mine would be sufficient to depict the appreciation and gratitude we felt towards the South Africans for their generosity. We finally disembarked in Iraq at their seaport of Basra. There we spent a couple of weeks getting used to sand, bully beef, and dates.

We left Basra. Nothing like being in a well sprung truck to be bounced over a desert. I'm not quite sure whether we bounced over or under this desert, but we sure bounced!

One of our stopping places was near to Babylon, with its hanging gardens and fallen stones. It would be useless to open a depot there!

We spent a damp inside and outside Christmas in Northern Iraq, and suffered under canvas a cold winter with 20 deg. of frost thrown in occasionally. Then came the news to move, and we moved as far as Baghdad. No doubt you saw the picture "The Thief of Baghdad" and its wonderful colours. I have seen Baghdad and I don't kid myself - The place of a thousand smells! Maybe more. Sanitation and hygiene are useless pastimes to the Iraqi.

Finally we crossed the desert which is called Iraq. Passing through Transjordan and Palestine, and then into Lebanon, where we bedded down in that picturesque city of Beirut.

When we arrived in Beirut winter was still present, but the Med. was too inviting to be overlooked, so bathing began.

Our stay in Lebanon was fairly lengthy and from here I had leave to Palestine. Palestine is a wonderful spot with its history and ultramodern cities, to give all my experiences and wanderings in Palestine would fill a book.

Lebanon has everything - bathing in winter, skiing in the mountains, and cool breezes in the summer, and other entertainments which almost invariably come with modern ideas. One of the first places I visited was the American University at Beirut. In their buffet I noticed a 1000 Class being used. I saw this cash register many times, not for itself alone, but because ice-cream, cold drinks and my favourite bottled food was sold there. At the University I also endeavoured to polish up my French, but associating with the natives improved my French and my nights out. Before leaving Lebanon and Syria I visited Damascus, Sidon, Baalbeck, Aleppo and the Cedars. Baalbeck was most interesting. This old Roman and Greek city is well preserved. This is the place where the Greeks built a temple to Bacchus, the god of wine. The Greeks certainly had some good ideas and ideals concerning life! The army couldn't let us rest. A few months ago we moved into Egypt and then on to the Western Desert A short while ago I was in Cairo, and as I looked up at those Pyramids, I thought of the Paterson simile towards the company having been built like a pyramid with its solid foundations consisting of service men and mechanics.

I wish here to offer a warning - don't go to the M.E. unless you can appreciate sand in your food. A fresh mouthful of sand is part of our daily diet, not used sand, but fresh."

Glad to hear from you, McGee, you're certainly seeing the world. Keep cheerful and good luck to you.

**AEF**

### George Hartley Hill

We have recently received a letter from a **Mr Michael Hill** who is **George Hill's** son. He reminds us that his Father joined the Company in 1930 as **Mr Lupton's** PA. After the war he returned as Showroom Manager before joining Sales where he achieved CPC on many occasions.

Before the War he was instrumental in setting up the NCR Swimming Club and was Club Secretary for a while; after the War still competing in Veteran Races.

Michael Hill has now retired and, like many of us, is compiling a record of his Father's life. He was seeking Company archives/records but we had to tell him that these have all been destroyed. In lieu of this he would welcome contact from anyone who knew his Father well and can be contacted as follows:

**22 Bishops Avenue Northwood Middx HA6 3DG**  
**01923-823380 email: mdhhl@lineone.net**

Upon looking through our "**GOING AHEAD WITH THE FORCES**" records I have found a long contribution from **Hartley Hill** which I append overleaf, it makes interesting reading and will provide an invaluable addition to Michael Hill's records:



## From Loch Lomond to North Africa

**Lt. G. Hartley Hill** (Accountants' Dept.), Royal Artillery, sends a very interesting letter from North Africa. He reviews his army life from the start, and seems to be doing well among the oranges and lemons.

"To begin at the beginning, I was called up in August, 1941, and posted to a training regiment, R.A., near Loch Lomond. The country was lovely in summer, but 'not so hot' in winter. I qualified as a specialist in gunnery, was accepted as a potential officer and given a stripe as a lance-bombardier in December of that year when I had my first leave and visited the 'old firm.' I played for the regimental rugby XV and one of our matches was against the local Commando unit. Before the match, we discussed the advisability of reserving up to half-a-dozen beds in the nearest hospital, and if we should take a few stretchers with us. However, we beat them by 22-5 which shows what the Gunners can do!

After a couple of months as a specialist instructor, I was posted to the 123rd O.C.T.U. at Catterick, Yorks., and commenced twenty-four weeks 'hard labour.' In addition to gunnery, military law, O.&A., etc., we used to do cross-country runs of five and six miles in battle dress and boots, finishing up finally with a full infantry assault course. Eventually most of the troop 'passed out' and were commissioned at the end of August. Incidentally one of the Battery Majors told me that he had had an N.C.R. Salesman in his battery a few months previously, but I was unable to find out his name.

I was posted to a Field Regiment stationed in Dorset, and got a lot of valuable experience with the guns on a battle-course on the South Coast and on the ranges on Salisbury Plain. After about four months here, I was put on draft with several other officers, and sailed from an English port on a large and very crowded troop-ship. When we got clear of land, we found that by a coincidence a large number of other ships were going our way, so we all steamed along together with various parts of the Royal Navy in the background to see that we didn't lose ourselves. The voyage was perfectly uneventful, and we ultimately landed at a certain port in North Africa. After a week or so at a Base Depot we had a three days' train journey eastwards to the camp somewhere in the forward area where I am now sitting in my tent, which is hidden (I hope) with many others in a huge grove of olive trees.

While I was further back, I looked up **Georges Darnois**, the son of our late agent, whom I met when he put in several months at Marylebone Road before the war. He made me very welcome and invited me to his flat where I had lunch with him and his wife. Although both he and his father have left the N.C.R., the latter retiring after thirty-three years with the Company. They both asked after the people they knew at the London office, and were interested to hear how they were.

Darnois fils told me that **C. Starling**, A.M.D. Salesman, was out here, and on one visit to town I met him. He told me that **Steve Conway** was also out here, and we both went out to find him. He is in the R.A.F. Air-Sea Rescue Service and we finally ran him to earth fiddling with the innards of one of the high-speed launches. It was quite a 'convention' on board when we got together and started swapping news about all the people we knew at H.O., and where they were now. Steve invited us to come out for a trip on one of the launches at a later date but I had to explain that I was moving up the next day, and would be unable to accept his kind invitation.

Perhaps you would tell **Mr. Briscoe** that I met two of his men out here, I am sure he would be interested.

The country out here is quite interesting. We have seen oranges and lemons actually growing on their respective trees and have been able to buy good supplies of tangerines at 5 or 6 frs. per kilo, and oranges at 9 or 10 frs. per kilo. It seemed strange at first to

finish off both lunch and dinner with two or three tangerines when we had not seen oranges of any kind in England for so long. Unfortunately that is all we are allowed to buy from civilian sources, because the German and Italian 'Armistice Commissions' between them have just about bled the country white. They took all the wheat, scrap iron, including most of the railway lines, sheep, cattle, and even the milch cows so that there is no milk for babies and young children. As a result, the meat ration is very small, I think 100 grammes per person per week, which means one small mutton chop between two people once a week. I have had a number of opportunities of speaking both to French and Arab people out here and they all confirm that the country has just about been stripped of everything useful. Yet, officially, the Germans and Italians were never in occupation here so heaven only knows what conditions are like in the occupied countries!"

Hartley Hill sends his best wishes to all old colleagues and in particular to the Accountants Dept., with which he was associated.

We are all glad to have heard from him and wish him "all the best."

AEF

## Relief Duty

**Norman Cole** was the Technical Field Supervisor for 14 Depots in the West Country. His responsibility was for technical support, the training programme for technicians (as we were then) and holiday relief. One of his depots was the Channel Isles, at that time the company staff was **Leslie Hunt**, Depot Manager and **Pauline Ahier**, office clerk based on Jersey. On Guernsey was **Harold Wadingham** and an office clerk Margaret; the C.R.D. representative was **Ken Silcocks** based on Jersey. A.M.D. / A.D.D. representation was from Southampton by **O.D. Hill**. Both Leslie and Harold were 'line trained' a requirement to cover the variety of N.C.R. machines on each Island plus a small number of cash registers on Sark and Alderney.

In 1958 Norman had arranged training for Leslie which was followed by some holiday, a total of three months. I was line trained and also Assistant Depot Manager at Bristol, as such I was able to take over Leslie's job for the three months of his absence. On Easter Tuesday 1958 I was at Bristol Airport with my wife and daughter waiting for the DC3. to take us to Jersey. It was **Maidie's** first flight and did not know what to expect; **Susan** was not quite two years of age and was delighted with the constant supply of sweets from the air stewardess. At Jersey Airport we were met by **Ken Silcocks**, Ken I knew, he had been Office Clerk at Bristol. Arrangements had been made for us to stay with **Kathleen** and **Harry Brown** who ran a guest house in Great Union Road almost opposite the company office. We were to become friends and stayed with them on many occasions.

With the family settled Ken gave me a run around the territory and showed me where the Ford Thames van was garaged. Of my time in Jersey there are three jobs for our users which I still recall. At Barclays Bank, Hill Road I really came to grips with the class 3000 F section clearances, at a Wholesale Grocers my first field coil and armature change on a Class 158. But the best was servicing the cash registers for the start of the season in the night clubs. Whilst at the bar on the CI 100 and 21 machines I could watch the rehearsals of the evening floor show. There was another perk being on Jersey, May the 9th was a Public Holiday to mark their Liberation Day.

So ended my first visit to the Islands, the time to return to Bristol came and I learnt that I had won the Depot Managers award for the May / June Assisted Sales points contest. The prize of a Harrods tea set was sent to me, some of which we still have today.

**Jim Kembery**

**P.S.** Do you think I could ask John, our president to add the Channel Isles to Region 7?. I could then go over and take those Pensioners out to a lunch!



Name	Year of Retirement	Service	Age	Date of Death	Position / Location on retirement
Mr CG Balmer	1983	33yrs 9mths	76	20/01/01	Field Engineer, Liverpool
Mr SE Bartlett	1989	15yrs 1mth	76	24/01/01	Field Engineer, Birmingham
Mr JH Clarke	1975	24yrs 1mth	77	13/01/01	Borehamwood
Mrs DJ Cooper	1988	34yrs 1mth	72	09/12/00	Express Boyd
Mr DEW Fraser	1985	3yrs 8mths	71	28/10/00	Director, Personnel, Marylebone
Mr GM Guild	1972	36yrs 2mths	90	22/12/00	*
Mr K Hughes	1988	11yrs 4mths	71	02/02/01	Driver
Mr LT Hurst	1973	43yrs 6mths	91	05/11/00	Depot Manager, FED, Croydon
Mr EP Jones	1980	35yrs 3mths	70	11/11/00	Field Engineer, Leeds
Mrs EM Lamb	1974	17yrs 10mths	79	10/01/01	Typist, Marylebone
Mr G Miller	1994	24yrs 7mths	63	08/02/01	Divisional Director, Marylebone
Mr RC Pearse	1977	29yrs 10mths	80	31/01/01	Foreman, Brent
Mr W Penn	1993	21yrs 11mths	71	21/02/01	F&A, Estates, Marylebone
Mrs LDE Robinson	1983	20yrs 10mths	77	30/12/00	*
Mr J Smith	1988	48yrs 3mths	74	23/12/00	Regional Support Specialist, Birmingham
Mr FTR Trigwell	1988	37yrs 6mths	75	13/02/01	Field Engineer, Brighton
Mr LC Tudor-Hall	1975	46yrs 5mths	86	14/09/00	Divisional Director, Marylebone
Mr A van den Hurk	1991	20yrs	74	25/10/00	Express Boyd, Bonhill St
Mr LAM Wall	1975	37yrs 6mths	85	24/10/00	Field Engineer, Southampton
* R Watson	1999	15yrs 3mths	55	06/11/00	Clerk, FED, Aberdeen
Mrs EM Wood	1966	*	94	15/01/01	*

\* Information required - please contact the editor if you can fill in the gap.

### The Obituary

We had several gaps in the obituary published in the last issue; so as to accord the respect which they deserve we can now supply additional details which were missing as follows:

**F A Weston.** - Fred was a very long serving member of the Service Division, he was around in the 40's. He was an Instructor at Brent for many years and finished his service at Peterborough - most people will remember him from Brent.

**Andy Ewart** was a Carlisle Field Engineer.

Region I Report (**Scott Caldow**) Winter 1999/2000 Issue containing a report that **Bella Copland** had passed on evoked many memories for **Ian Sutherland** (NCR 1957-79). He writes:

I took over Aberdeen AMD operation in 1958, initially working on half a technicians bench. Bella at this time ran the CRD Office and the first visual impression was of this formidable, noisy, always busy lady with hair in a tight bun and a pencil stuck in it. Her prime concern was protection of the local God - CRD Agent **Murdo McFarquar** (they were gods in those days). They looked upon me as an intruder - from the "New Toys" Division.

However, I had been brainwashed in 1957 in the 2nd Floor operation under **Dennis Triggs** and I saw us as the future. We therefore began an "Israeli/Palestine" standoff which lasted until 1965 by which time AMD had grown from half a bench to two rooms and 5 staff. NCR then emigrated me to Leicester where I still live.

Anyone attending my house parties will remember that leaving time was when I sat down at the piano (if I got there before **Sid Flanagan**) With diligent practice and the benefits of digital pianos I have improved and now play 3 times a week in a local restaurant (not affecting my golf). Establish contact and I'll tell you which days to avoid! Tel 0116 2792570

### Joy Maskall (nee Cutler ) writes:

I was so very sorry to read of the death of **Dave Sherrey** and my condolences go to his wife **Diane**, who was a fellow demonstrator of mine during our time at Broad Street - I have very fond memories of a great team during my time there in the 50's and early 60's. My best wishes to all out there who remember them.

### CYRIL BALMER

It is with great regret that I have to inform you of the death of **Cyril** on Saturday the 20th January. I worked with him in the Liverpool Service Dept., from 1974 when I went to Liverpool, until he retired due to illness.

He joined the company around 1951 after being in the Royal Navy during the war and working for BICC later. He trained on Class 3000, 31, and later Adding machines. He became an accepted expert on the Wired 160 machine spending a great deal of his time troubleshooting this very specialist piece of equipment. He spent the later years working in the National Giro Centre in Bootle servicing Class 775 Encoder Sorters.

Cyril was never happier than when he was involved in repairing something or other and I know that he was very unhappy when he became so ill that he was in the end unable to continue and was forced to retire.

I would like to offer our sincere condolences to **Mrs Balmer** and her family from his many friends and NCR colleagues in the fellowship.

*Charles Southall*

### Leslie R Brailey

Readers may remember that, in the last issue we published a small piece about **Leslie**, who died at the early age of 36 back in 1957. **Mrs Joan Utas** of California was seeking information about him. We thought the chances were slim that anyone could help, then we had a call from **Stan Scorer**, yes, he had known him, indeed had worked with him! We put Joan Utas into touch with Stan and, over a period of time there has been a great interchange of information and the feeling is that Stan and **Lillian** have become firm friends. So pleased that **PostScript** could help and, to complete the story I have been asked by Joan to include the following in this issue:

Please permit me to express my grateful thanks to **Stan Scorer** for responding to my request for information about **Leslie Brailey**. Stan and Les worked together for two or three years in the late 40's and were good friends. I have been in touch with Stan and his wife **Lillian**, and look forward to meeting this delightful couple on my next visit to England. -  
*Joan Utas*



## REGION 1 - Scott Caldow

Now that we are about to embark on the next round of lunches I thought I had better update you on what has been happening during the latter part of 2000. In the last issue I reported on the lunch we had in Glasgow. Since then we have been to Edinburgh; this was in September and we almost had a full turn out to our lunch in the Murrayfield Hotel. **Moir Lang** was back to full strength after her hip replacement. She came across to Edinburgh with me in the car. Moira worked in the Edinburgh office for a number of years and enjoyed meeting up with her colleagues from the East.

I have asked **Wallace Hay** if he would stand in and organise the lunches for me some time in the future, just in case I'm on holiday or for some reason I am unable to do it myself. So Wallace was also in Edinburgh with us and although he knows most of the members, it was a good opportunity for him to renew old acquaintances and meet some of the people he didn't know.

I had a letter from **Honor** and **John Seatter**. They're still enjoying their new life in New Zealand. They send their best wishes to everyone and enclosed a photograph of themselves and their grand children. (Unfortunately the quality did not allow reproduction. - Ed.)

During November we held our last meeting for 2000. We met together in the Hilton Hotel (the old Stakis Riverside Hotel). **Ron Fraser** sent his apologies as he was in Spain on holiday, and I'm pleased to tell you that he remarried in May earlier in the year. Congratulations from us all, maybe we'll meet the new Mrs Fraser this year at one of the lunches.

**Mr and Mrs George Brown** joined us for their first lunch. George retired earlier in the year. We all had a nice time and I would like to thank **Helen Simpson** for sending me the photographs. I was just thinking while writing this report just how far people had travelled to be together for the lunch. We had **Big Don MacFadyen** and **Isabel** from Aberdeen, **Wallace** and **Margaret Hay** from Ayr, **George and Elizabeth Brown** from Prestwick, **Bob McCarthy** from Renfrewshire, **Margaret** and myself from Glasgow, 21 of us in all. It was worth the trip, as we all had such a nice day together with the Dundee Members.

All of our lunches have been well attended this year, it is very encouraging and for me it makes it all worth while.

Best regards to all,

Scott Caldow.



"The Dundee Lunch"

## The Scottish Region

It was at my first meeting of the Fellowship that I realised just how difficult it was for all of the members in Scotland to come to Glasgow or Edinburgh to attend the Fellowship lunches. In the past they had always been held in one of those two places. Up until this time **Jack Sales** had always made the arrangements for Scotland and I knew he was getting a bit fed up with the travelling that this involved. You may know that Jack also arranged the Lunches for Ireland, so when I took early retirement Jack saw this as an opportunity to lighten his load and let's face it who would blame him? I was very fortunate in a way that I had **Margaret Gilmour** an old hand at Fellowship Lunches, to discuss things with. Margaret had given me lots of assistance in the past, when we were both working for the company, so she and I had a bit of

discussion about the lunches and we decided that we should hold Lunches in Edinburgh, Dundee, Aberdeen, and Glasgow. That way it would give everyone a reasonable chance of being able to attend at least one of the lunches and this has been the format that we have used ever since. Aberdeen is the exception, with reduced numbers in that area the Aberdeen folks now come down to Dundee.

Since that time three stalwarts have faithfully come through from Edinburgh to the Glasgow Lunches. **Brian Strathdee**, **Ginger Gray** and **David Graham**. I know I have mentioned them in some of my previous reports but I thought you might like to know more about their activities and the things they get up to in their spare time since they have retired. I was lucky enough to meet up with them in Edinburgh around December time and we had an enjoyable pub lunch and a couple of beers while we chatted.

**Brian** volunteered to start:-



Brian Strathdee - Brian's profile will be in the next issue

## Region 2N - Jo Leighton

Two meetings were held in the Millennium year. The first, in May at our Newcastle on Tyne venue - more about this venue/hotel later - where we all enjoyed the meal, the company and hospitality. Except for **Jim Brown** who lives far away from Newcastle on the west coast, at Grange over Sands and **Sister Ann Gate**, who lives on the Solway coast. Long distance travel is a no no for her and Jim.

The November meeting at the Plaza Hotel, Carlisle attracted most of the Newcastle contingent. **Eddie Tuck** and **Eddie Rose** couldn't make it this time, and **Dot Turnbull** was unable to attend. At this meeting I had to announce the passing of oldest member, **Gladys Foulner**, wife of **Alec**, ex CRD salesman Carlisle & Lancaster. Gladys had spent her last few months in a nursing home at Hest Bank on Morecambe Bay. Her daughter, when she telephoned, said how much Gladys had enjoyed her visits to Carlisle, meeting old friends and talking about NCR times long gone. - Gladys had friends living in Carlisle where she could stay, enabling her to make a leisurely visit.

Our next meeting - Tuesday 22 May - was originally booked at the Thistle Hotel Newcastle. Readers of issue 23 of *PostScript* may recall that this hotel, formerly called the County, got 'lost' between the booking date and the date of the meeting in 1999. This was the day when we enjoyed **Tony's** company. When I rang the hotel recently to confirm price and menu details, it was to discover that the place had been modernised with a new restaurant and new prices. Sadly, totally out of our league. So we are looking for a new venue in the North East or maybe a return to Carlisle where food and drink are good and cheap.

This piece is being written on Tuesday 27 February. The countryside in Cumbria is besieged by the ravages of Foot & Mouth Disease controls and "Keep Out" Notices. I am a member of the Lake District Area of the Ramblers Association and The Lake District fells are out of bounds. Our walks programme is now no more and it is blowing a blizzard outside with all traffic between England and Scotland at a standstill. Transport drivers are being accommodated in the local sports centre and train services are cancelled. Here I am, wondering if I will get to London tomorrow. And still I wouldn't swap where I live for anywhere on earth.



## REGION 2E - Maureen Burdis

We were very lucky with the weather for our second meeting of the year at The Buckles on 18th October; usually our early holidaymakers are at home at this time and so are able to attend. However, this year due to the petrol scare a few weeks earlier, some members had plumped for this particular week instead of later. This was a shame as we had two guests - **Charles Southall** and **Graham Schofield** (the latter CRD Leeds). Again, one of our stalwarts, **Jim Batchelor** (and chauffeur **Maurice Rhodes**) had to give us a miss due to the exhibition in Harrogate switching this year from Thursday to Wednesday. Now Jim, we have decided to have a change in May from a Wednesday to a Tuesday. It will be on the 8th May 2001 - no exhibitions on Tuesdays we hope Jim!

Although reduced in numbers our meeting went with quite a swing and, once the air conditioning was turned off, we were able to hear "a few words" from Charles. It was a pity that **Dave Collins** only managed to make The Buckles as the meeting was breaking up but, however brief your visit Dave, it was nice to see you and I do hope that you felt that you were given a real NCR sendoff. It was a pity that the drinking time was reduced somewhat. Every good wish for the future for you and your family. (**Kathy**, you did remember to get their address in Espana?)

As mentioned earlier, we have moved to Tuesday 8th May for our next meeting, let's hope that it does not conflict with too many other arrangements. Looking forward to seeing you all.

Maureen



**Charles Southall - Regional Organiser 2W**

## REGION 2W - Charles Southall

Our meeting this Autumn was held on October 3rd at the Grange Country Club at Heswall. The attendance was very good indeed, as there were 56 present for lunch.

There were one or two new faces, one being **Geoff Smith**, originally from Burnley (I'm going back a long way of course), who is now retired and not looking a scrap different. Also **Derek Hill** from Manchester who I remember working at Leyland Motors on a very complicated piece of NCR kit, the name of which escapes me at the moment.

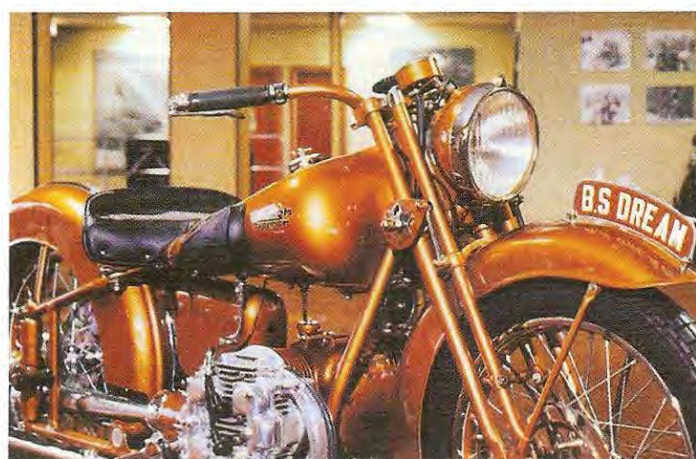
**Mike Heaslip** too arrived, looking very well and pleased to see everyone. You must try to get over again Mike. We had not seen **Stan Otter** and his wife, **Jean** for a little while. Everyone was made very welcome and had a great deal to talk about.

There were some faces missing of course, one of these being Eileen Hull, who I know enjoys seeing her husband **George's** old workmates. I do hope you are well Eileen. How are you keeping, **Robbie Wilson**? We didn't see you in October. You must make more of an effort this year! Best wishes to you. **Tom Wallbank** and his wife **Audrey** had been very welcome attendees at the Spring

meeting, but had not been able to attend this time. **George Daniels** was on holiday, as, I gather, were **Frank Ellison** and **Elsie**. **Tom Mills** too wrote to say that he and his wife were unable to attend. It is difficult to get the date right for everyone; better luck this May. I hope **George Riley** does not mind if I mention that **Mrs Riley** has been very poorly recently. Could I send best wishes and support on behalf of all your "fellowship" friends and ex colleagues. I have recently been told too that **Sid Gauterin**, who has not been so well for some time, is now living in a nursing home, in Wrexham. If there is anyone who would like to contact him, I will gladly let you have his address. Thank you **Denise** for letting me know.

It gave me very great pleasure, **Dennis** and **Ursula** to see you both again. I know how much you enjoy these lunches. They are too few and far between.

Our next meeting is arranged for the 1st May. I look forward to seeing you all there.



**The National Motorcycle Museum**

## REGION 3 - Harry Hardacre

On the 9th October last year we returned to The National Motorcycle Museum for our lunch and, once again, 50 of our members had a sumptuous meal in pleasant surroundings. We were very pleased to welcome our Chairman, **Tony Poil**, to dine with us and to hear him address us after the meal.

Later in the afternoon members visited the museum and saw many of the bikes which had been "old friends" in their youth. One or two felt that they could (in their minds that is!) have taken their favourite steed out for a spin that very afternoon.

We look forward to our next lunch and, in the interim, wish both Region 3 and all the other regions the best of health during the year.

## REGION 4 - Tony Poil

Following our long awaited return to Head Office for our Spring meetings, we met there again in November. As I mentioned in my last report, the capacity of the Auditorium obliges us to split the Region into separate meetings for 4A and 4B. This is a great disappointment to many members and we are investigating to see if there is any way in which we could cram everybody into one meeting. But with around 50 members at each of the two meetings, it is quite a problem.

At the 4A meeting, we were delighted to welcome **Brian Sanderson**, Human Resources Director, who brought us up to date on the Corporate results for the third quarter of 2000, and told us of some very interesting new developments (described elsewhere in this issue). For the 4B meeting we were joined by **Stephen Swinbank** and **Theresa McLagan**, trustees of our Pension Fund. Theresa had just been appointed, so we took the opportunity of both welcoming her and expressing our hope for



her support for our pleas for rather more generosity from the Fund.

Several regular attendees at our meetings were absent on this occasion due to health problems. **Jack Crownshaw** was recovering from a fall following a hip replacement. **Ted Way** was under medication and confined to home. **Kathleen Hill**, **Jean Agates**, **Dick Downey** and Dick's sister **Margaret Totton** were all unwell. **Sylvia Stubbs** was having a second hip operation. We hope they are all now fully recovered and will be able to join us at our next meetings in April.

May I conclude by expressing one small area of disappointment. Whilst nearly 100 members attended the meetings, and 42 sent apologies, 74 members did not respond to the invitation. We do want to keep in touch with you all, even if you are unable to attend, so please do try to respond and let us know how you are.

Best wishes to all.

### REGION 5 - Ted Young

**Unfortunately, I haven't been able to raise Ted to write a piece so I am pinching his slot!**

*Geoff Jackson*

I know that Ted has been concerned by the lack of support from Region 5. A few statistics would make the point; there are some 90 members in Region 5 and at the last meeting only 27 turned up. 46 could not be bothered to send back the lunch invitation, in spite of the fact that the reply was prepaid by way of FREEPOST; all that was needed was an envelope and a little ink! Even worse, 16 who said they were coming didn't turn up! This meant that we could not inform the caterers and had to pay for these wasted meals.

It is accepted that, at our age, we cannot always predict our mobility in advance but it is galling to note that most of those Regions in the frozen north have an almost 100% takeup for their lunches. I am a Region 5 man myself, living in East Kent and would be pleased to help some of you to make a lunch without having to travel to London by organising something in mid-Kent. By the time you read this I may have been able to canvass your reactions.

For the rest of the Region could I ask you all to make **Ted's** day by at least letting him know if you are coming to the next lunch. Sorry to have a bit of a grouse but this is the way organisations start to die.

*Geoff Jackson*



**John Atkins & Harry Redington**



**The Queens Hotel Southsea**

### REGION 6 - Alan Hutchins

We held our lunch this year at the Queens Hotel Southsea on October 4th. This is the fifth year we have been to the Queens. It is a popular venue with us and they look after us very well. Being in the centre of the region (East to West) it is the easiest place for the majority of the members to get to although for some it is quite a journey. **John Laurie** travels 94 miles each way to join us. Mrs. **Connie Lowe** joined us for the first this year. Connie's husband **Sid**, a regular at our lunches passed away last year and it was very nice to see Connie in his place. Of course some of our friends found it difficult to attend, **Howard Kensett**, **Doug Meadows**, **George Pickard** and **Joan Hunter** found the distance too far. A few had previous engagements, but are all well as far as I know so we hope to see them all next year. As it was we had an attendance of 53 members and 10 partners, by some strange coincidence the same number as last year. **Geoff Jackson** our 'PostScript' editor joined us and spoke about his recent contact with the American Fellowship and the 'new look' magazine, very interesting, many thanks Geoff.



**From left to right - Colin Chard, John Jones, Lillian & Roger Whelan at the Aztec, Bristol**

### REGION 7 Report - Jim Kembery

The Region lunch was held on the 27th of September at our usual location, The Aztec Hotel Bristol.

22 of my membership sat down to another pleasant occasion, again the hotel were kind to me and there was no charge for the private room. These days to ask for a private room usually doubles the budget cost of the function.

This year my fellowship list has increased by 3, all were from the Computer operations of the Company. **Roy Back** and **John Cooper** joined us for the first time and met up with some old colleagues from the Bristol Office days. The third new member, **Maurice Chivers** rang me to cancel out. Maurice had been on holiday in Italy and whilst there suffered a heart attack. After a few



days in hospital he was well enough to return home : the day of our lunch was the same day as an appointment to see a specialist. A good reason to cancel, I understand he is progressing well and looks forward to our next lunch date.

The guests at table this year were **Tony Poil** and **Stephen Swinbank** both were able to give some information on the Company together with progress on the Pension increase routine. Stephen is a Company Representative in the Financial Sales operation and gave us an interesting insight into his working day. When we were in the 'job' sales reps visited their customers in perhaps the City of London or Glasgow etc. Not these days, as a Global Company Stephens Major Account is a World Bank and he travels to their Head Office in New York for discussions. How things have changed in the last few years!

As was said at our lunch at least the Company is still in business and with the N.C.R. logo. Our lunch next time will be either the 19th or 26th of September.



*Theresa McLagan, our new pension fund trustee was a guest at the Region 4 lunch.*



*Barry Marcus was also a guest at the London lunches.*

### Region 8 and 8a - Des Woodall

Since the last issue of *PostScript* a further successful lunch was held for Region 8 at Head Office on 31st October. We were very concerned when one of our number, **Jim Whitfield**, collapsed, and we had to call an ambulance which took him to hospital. I am glad to say that Jim recovered and was home again late the next day. Head Office staff acted very promptly to our request for assistance.

We anticipate holding the usual lunches at Head Office and Newmarket during the coming months, and look forward to the good fellowship on such occasions.



*Three 50 year service men; Ron Gosney, Jack Abbott and Dennis Cash at one of our London Lunches.*



Region 9's lunch meeting in Exeter on 11th December was a success. The attendance was greater than it has been for the past year or so at 36 including wives, partners or whatever. The weather was favourable and that probably encouraged a few more adventurous members to take to the road and sup a glass or two with old friends (correction - long time friends) and enjoy the splendid meal prepared by the staff and management of the Great Western Hotel. Sadly **Ernie Brown** and **Harry Crown** are not at all well and we all signed a card to each to let them know that they were missed and in our thoughts.

Christmas greetings were received from a number of former colleagues now living overseas including **Dave Rees** in Portugal, **Jim and Ella Houston** who spend their time between their two homes - one in the South of France and the other in Durban. Also **Marc Birger** who's father was NCR's agent in Mauritius for many years. Marc is a graduate of Dundee University and during the three years he was there he would visit the factory from time to time.

Our next get together is scheduled for the 4th of June at the Great Western Hotel (where else?) and we look forward to seeing an even larger attendance than the last time.

#### The North/South Get Together - Fun at the Fairways.

No it wasn't a golf outing but an all Ireland Assembly of the Fellowship, the first of the Century. It was held on the 5th September at the Fairways Hotel in Dundalk which is halfway between Belfast and Dublin. Not everybody could attend the gathering; some are waiting to go into hospital, having had to have an op last year myself, I can guarantee that they will be at next years do hale and hearty!

It was great to see all our Northern colleagues again, stories were swapped and there were a lot of laughs. We had a very nice card from **Sally English** who sent her best wishes as she was unable to attend. **Tony Poil** was unable to come and we missed him.

A good meal was enjoyed and both **John Martin** and **John Nash** were thanked for all their help.

*Alison Perry - Dublin*

Now for a sad bit! **Alison** has decided that the time has come to hand over the reins to someone else - Alison, you will be a hard act to follow.

But then every cloud has a silver lining - with Alison's approval **Jimmy Flood** will be taking over matters in the South and, we hope, be involved in the joint meetings with the North. Welcome aboard Jimmy!

#### Christmas Lunches

Jack Martin tells us that their lunch was attended by **Ronnie Magowan**, **Colum Hughes**, **John Bates** and himself. "Unfortunately **Sally English** and **John Moth** were unwell and **Muriel Mahon** and **Victor Frizzell** could not come so we only had four of us. We did however have an excellent lunch remembering old times with NCR."

**Jimmy Flood** reported an excellent lunch held in Wynnes Hotel, Abbey Street, Dublin. We had a good turnout and everyone had an enjoyable day. "Sorry no photos because the official photographer forgot his camera!"

**Jimmy** adds that he would, on behalf of the group, like to thank **Alison Perry** for all her work during the past years and also to wish her a speedy recovery from her present indisposition. He also hopes that he can live up to her expectations!

## The NCR Retirement Fellowship



**PRESIDENT:** Harry Redington

**ORGANISING COMMITTEE**

**CHAIRMAN:** John Burchfield

**SECRETARY:** John Nash

**EDITOR "POSTSCRIPT":** Geoff Jackson

**REGIONAL ORGANISERS**

**Region 1:** Scott Caldwell

**Region 2E:** Maureen Burdis

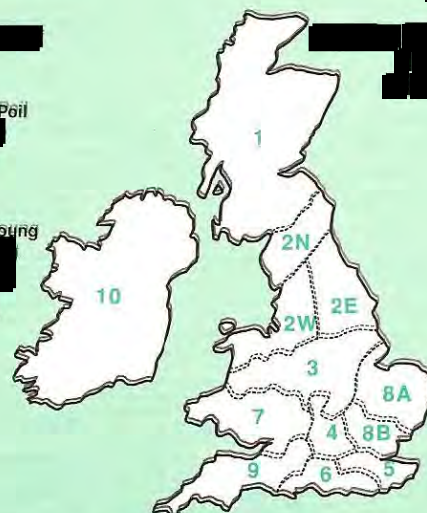
**Region 2N:** Jo Leighton

**Region 2W:** Charles Southhall

**Region 3:** Harry Hardacre

**Region 4:** Tony Poil

**Region 5:** Ted Young



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## Angela Maxwell's Benefits Update

### 1. State Benefits

**1i.** Do you know of anyone who should be claiming **Invalid Care Allowance, (ICA)**? This can be claimed if you are under 65, earn less than £50 per week after certain expenses have been deducted and the person you are caring for receives **Attendance Allowance** or the middle or higher rate of the care component of **Disability Living Allowance**. You must also be caring for them for at least 35 hours per week. Contact your local Benefits Agency for more details

**1ii.** Thanks to pressure from the **Carers National Association, (CNA)**, in April, the carer's premium paid with income support will be increased by £2 per week and carers over 65 will be able to apply for ICA. However, this will overlap with any state benefits that you are already receiving. The weekly earnings limit will rise to £67. ICA will also continue to be paid for 8 weeks after the death of the person being cared for.

**1iii.** Until recently, most people wanting or needing "meals on wheels" had to be referred by Social Services. Now, the **WRVS** offers an independent service to help carers, such as those who do not live very close to those they are caring for or who go out to work. You can order up to 2 weeks of meals to be delivered to the cared for. No referral is needed for this service and the charge is from £2.50 for a main course and dessert. Contact your local WRVS, (their details will be in your local telephone book), to see if the service operates in your area.

### 2. Finance

**2i.** The charity **TaxAid** is leading a campaign to try to ensure widowers receive the same allowances as widows. Up until April 2000, a widow was able to receive an additional tax allowance in the year her husband died and the following year. However, there was no equivalent allowance for men. A Mr Christopher Crossland, whose wife died in 1995, challenged this and took his case to the European Court of Human Rights. However, the government settled the case before it came to court by paying the money he would have received. Despite this, other men in a similar position have been refused the allowance. TaxAid is urging **men widowed between 6th April 1994 and 5th April 2000** to write a short letter to the **Inland Revenue** claiming a **widower's bereavement allowance** in view of the settlement in the Crossland case. TaxAid is keeping a register of claims so would like to hear from people who have done this. It is possible there may be further action. TaxAid can be contacted at **Linburn House, 342 Kilburn High street, London NW6 2QJ** or through its website at **www.taxaid.org.uk**.

### 3. General

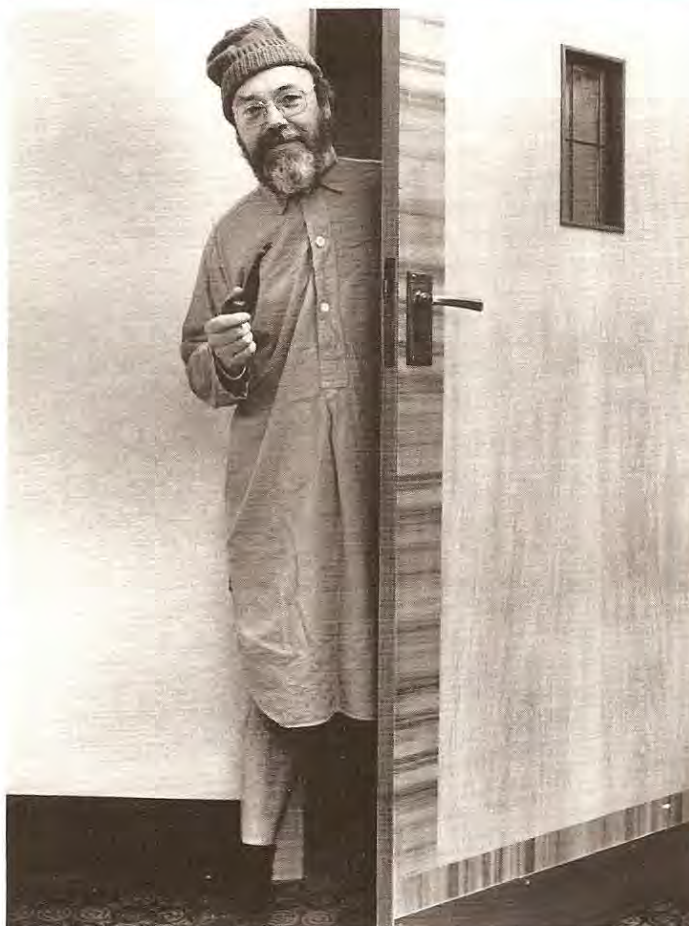
**3i.** I know how many of my readers object to unsolicited sales calls and faxes coming in at all hours of the day and night! Until recently, despite the existence of various registers such as the **Telephone Preference Service, (TPS)**, and the **Facsimile Preference Service, (FPS)**, companies could still contact those who had registered not to receive such calls, with impunity! However, it has now been made unlawful for businesses - including charities and other voluntary organisations, to contact anyone on the TPS or FPS unless they have specifically given permission for the company to do so. Companies are obliged to screen telephone numbers against the registers **every 28 days**. It is therefore now much more worthwhile registering with these organisations. For the **TPS** call **0845 070 0707** or for the **FPS** call **0845 070 0702**.

**3ii.** If callers to my "helpline" tell me they are experiencing unacceptably long delays or unsatisfactory service when dealing

with the **Benefits Agency**, I advise them as follows: Put your query in writing marked for the personal attention of the **Manager of the local office** and state that you will refer the matter to your MP if you don't receive a speedy response, (say 7 days). For your information, the easiest way to find your **MP's name** is through the **House of Commons information office (tel. 0207 219 4272)**. when you know his/her name you can then ring the **House of Commons switchboard on 0207 219 3000** to be put directly through to your MP's office, or alternatively you can write directly to your MP at **The House of Commons, London SW1A 2PW**.

**3iii.** From 1st December, **BT** launched their **"Talk Together"** service where for an extra £5 per month you get free, all local evening and weekend calls lasting no more than 60 minutes. You only pay for time over 60 minutes. Ring **0800 783 8888** to find out more.

**4.** I have been asked if I know of any national group offering help to those suffering from constant back pain. **BackCare**, the National Organisation for Healthy Backs, has a free helpline and a range of helpful leaflets including safe back exercises! There are also self-help groups operating all over the country. You can get details of all these benefits by writing to: **BackCare, 16 Elmtree Road, Teddington, TW11 8ST, or by telephoning 0208 977 5474**.



*"Who is this, why is he dressed like this and what was the occasion?"  
(Answers to the Editor - Solution next issue)"*

### Links with other NCR Retirement Organisations

We are currently liaising with both **France** and the **U.S.** so as to strengthen our links. Currently we are discussing the setting up of contacts so that we can meet NCR folk if we visit their countries. **Germany** and **Italy** are also possibilities.



## NCR Iran - Don Weaver

**Donal (Don) Weaver** joined NCR in 1961 having served in the regular army since 1948. During this period he saw service in Korea, Cyprus, and East Africa. From 1957 until 1961 he served with the Army "Electronic Accounting Development Unit" - which was using IBM 705 and 1401 equipment at that time - and was 'coaxed' from that unit to join NCR's newly created EDP division at Marylebone Road. A very short time later saw him at St. Alphage House with the NCR 315 Service Centre but in October of the same year he was seconded to NCR Dundee prior to the establishment there of another NCR 315 Service Bureau. He remained as Chief Programmer in Dundee until early 1966 when he was further seconded to NCR Middle East to take up the position of 'Head, EDP' for Lebanon and Other Territories (including Syria, Jordan, Kuwait, Gulf States, Saudi Arabia, etc).

In 1968 Don was transferred to Iran to head up EDP operations there and later that year was appointed MD of the newly established NCR Iran. He resigned that position in late 1974 but stayed in Iran - taking up dairy farming "Due to NCR's direct relationship with the **Shah of Iran**, and Don's previous position within NCR Iran", he was not allowed to leave Iran at the time of the revolution and remained there, as a guest of the Revolutionary Guards, until December 1980. He now lives in secluded retirement in Co. Cork - breeding Highland Cattle. His wife, **Grace**, well known in Iran for her charitable work with earthquake victims, died in Cork on Christmas morning 1991.

## NCR Iran

Originally 'The National Cash Register Company' was represented in Persia (Iran) by an agent named **Ahbolhassan Diba**. Ahbolhassan was the head of a rich and powerful family - and significantly - the uncle of **Farah Diba** who became the wife of The Shah and mother of the heir to the Peacock Throne.

Through their connections, and by an astute marketing policy which limited competition, the Persian (Iranian) Branch prospered to the degree that all Banks, Hotels, and Industrial businesses were exclusively using 'National Cash' equipment and 'Other Lines', supplies. This happy situation existed for many years until two events occurred that changed the status quo.

The first of these was that in the early 1960's IBM appeared on the scene. The Banks and the National Iranian Oil Company saw the potential to fully automate. **Diba and Co.** were more than content with their business and not prepared at that time to invest in "EDI". IBM, using another influential Iranian family as backer, opened a Branch and quickly signed up Bank Melli (the national bank) as their first and most prestigious customer. Other Banks and the Oil Co. would surely follow but still Diba and Co., (the NCR Branch), were not prepared to invest in "EDP".

In 1965 a decision was taken at the Middle East Regional office to create a data processing organisation and, with the assistance of the Iranian Branch, attempt to compete with IBM for the Banking and Industrial business in Iran. This meant that two 'National Cash' organisations were now operating in the same territory - not directly in competition - but certainly not in great harmony. IBM in the meantime had established a firm base having secured the NIOC and a second banking business almost as large as the National Bank.

The formation of the Data Processing Organisation (MEDPES) coincided with the introduction to the Middle East of the NCR 315 computer. IBM's participation in Bank Melli was not particularly successful (due in part to infighting between the bank's management and IBM's Iranian backer) and so NCR, through MEDPES, placed two NCR 315 systems in the bank and the IBM equipment was taken out. MEDPES was also making progress in the Industrial market although IBM was by now fully established in the NIOC and Bank Saderate.

Then came the second event of note. In 1968 the RVP for the Middle East was changed and with this change came new thinking. Why have two organisations in the same territory? A. Diba and Co. were still not prepared to invest in EDP so why not buy the Agency back from them and establish an NCR subsidiary combining the original Branch with the EDP organisation. Firstly though an Iranian backer, prepared to hold 49% of the investment, had to be found. This did not prove to be a difficult task for already Bank Omran, the Shah of Iran's personal bank, could see the potential and was showing an active interest. They too had by now an NCR 315 system.

In November 1968 NCR Iran was formed. Many of the former Agent's employees were taken over by NCR Iran - giving continuity of service and confidence to existing customers - and to NCR Iran a sales and service base which had taken many years to establish. With the contacts and influence of Bank Omran the fledgling subsidiary was soon highly successful in both conventional NCR equipment sales and with EDP. Within six months the work force had risen to over two hundred (90 of these in TSD/EDP support) and small Sales/Service branches had been opened in Isfahan, Shiraz, Tabriz, and Mashad. With the land mass of Iran being a third that of the whole of Europe this became a huge logistical problem for Technical Service support with Technicians being away for days on end visiting remote townships where the former Agent had sold equipment. Sales though were booming. The Augsburg and Dundee factories were kept busy with orders that sometimes ran to several hundred machines at a time, while EDP 315 and later "Century" installations really began to become established. NCR Iran became the "Jewel in the Crown" of the Middle East Region - at least with sales if not with profit - and Banner months followed each other in succession - six in a row on one occasion.

The prestige of having the Shah's Bank as its 'running partner' was proving very successful; but at a price! The Banking partner was becoming concerned with the 'cost of sales' being remitted to factories and thought that the 'profit margin' could be enhanced within Iran if certain products could be produced locally. In particular Bank Omran, in reality the Shah, began to agitate for NCR banking equipment to be assembled in Iran - with manufacture as an option for the future. This was a policy decision to be considered in Dayton, and in 1972 **Stan Laing** (at that time President of NCR) and **George Haynes** (long time Executive VP International), together with the RVP for the Middle East, Karl T. Striebel, came to Iran for an audience with the Shah.

....to be continued in our next issue.

## Rules for the Boss

- 1 Never give me work in the morning. Always wait until 4pm. The challenge of a deadline is refreshing.
- 2 If it's a rush job' interrupt me every ten minutes to inquire how I am doing. That helps.
- 3 Always leave without telling anyone where you're going. It gives me a chance to be creative when someone asks where you are.
- 4 If my arms are full of papers, boxes, books or supplies, don't open the door for me.
- 5 If you give me more than one job to do, don't tell me which is the priority. I am psychic.
- 6 Do your best to keep me late. I adore this office and really have no life beyond work.
- 7 If a job I do pleases you, keep it a secret. If it gets out, it could mean a promotion.
- 8 If you don't like my work, tell everyone.
- 9 If you have special instructions for a job, don't write them down. No use confusing me with useful information.
- 10 Never introduce me to people you are with.
- 11 Be nice to me only when the job I am doing for you could really change your life.
- 12 Tell me all your little problems. No else has any, and it's nice to know someone is less fortunate.
- 13 For my yearly review, give me a mediocre performance rating with a cost-of-living increase. I'm not here for the money anyway.



## My First Ski Holiday

**I retired from FED in 1996 and decided that at the age of 63 I was still fit enough to fulfil an ambition to learn to ski. It was suggested to me that my experiences might encourage other retiring colleagues to also give it a try, then maybe not! Arthur Southall, FED Chester Liverpool Leeds.**

### THURSDAY.

A rude awakening, it was 6.45am, breakfast was to be in one hour, then my first day on snow on skis.

I was in Banff in the Canadian Rockies on my very first ski holiday, persuaded to join friends on their annual trip on the slopes of wherever it took their fancy. I have been preparing for the holiday for what seems forever. I am now having misgivings about the whole idea of coming down a mountain at what is going to seem far too fast at anything greater than walking pace when the only skiing I have done is on a dry slope at Llandudno, too late now, I am here and committed.

By the time we had all met and collected our skis and boots, it was later than we anticipated, so we had to settle for the 10.00am bus to the chosen ski resort, no hurry we are on holiday after all.

A quick run down on how the skiing routine from Banff was organised. There were three main resorts within easy reach of the town. There is Mount Norquay, Lake Louise and Sunshine Village, all with their special appeals to different skiers.

We had what is known as a Tri Pass, which gave us access to the ski lifts at any of the resorts, and transport there and back. Each day you decide where you want to ski, wait for the appropriate bus at the stop just a few minutes from the hotel, and enjoy the drive through some of the most beautiful mountains in the world. Our first day was to be at Mount Norquay, which was the nearest to Banff and did seem the sensible choice due to our late start. As far as I was concerned it was as good a place as any, I was proved to be wrong. The mountain slopes swept down into the resort without a gentle gradient in sight so as I arranged my first ski lesson on snow I did wonder where I was going to start.

It turned out that my group lesson at 12.30pm was in fact a one on one, no one else wanted to start at Mount Norquay, I wasn't surprised. I had an hour or so before my lesson to see how much I had learned on the dry slopes, the immediately obvious was "not a lot". The first thing you notice having put on skis, is how slippery snow is. Now I know that must seem like a ridiculous statement to make but there just didn't seem to be anywhere to put on skis that didn't slope down. There is supposed to be a line called "across the fall", where it is possible to stand on skis without moving, no one had bothered to mention this to Mount Norquay. Eventually I managed to get going in the general direction I wanted to go and by 12.30pm I was feeling just a little more confident. I met my instructor for the afternoon, introductions over we established my level of competence and headed for the tow bar or T Bar as they are known, to take us to the top of the most gentle slope on the mountain. It looked a lot worse from the top than it did from down below and getting steeper as it descended. I had my doubts as to my ability to stop when required on such a steep incline, I need not have worried. I set off down that slope like the clappers of hell, everything I had ever been taught went right out of my head, so I panicked, as you do and headed for what looked like the softest snow on the mountain and crash landed into it, skis all over the place but with my body all in one piece.

Having got to my feet with my instructor in attendance I put on my skis again and proceeded down the mountain at the most acute angle possible to obtain some forward motion, until it was time to change direction, where I simply crashed again, regained my feet, then set off in the opposite direction. It wasn't pretty, but it did get me down to the bottom, very hot and very exhausted and would you believe it, I did that a second time with only just a little more success. I was now convinced it was the wrong holiday for me and that I was not designed for skiing. It was time for a rest and a long drink, so we went into the restaurant and did just that. It was enough for one day I needed to collect my thoughts and reflect on how I was going to make progress, if at all.

### FRIDAY.

I had a good night's sleep and was up and about at 7.00 am. The temperature was just below freezing again, I certainly hadn't felt the cold at all, I am now refreshed and ready for my second day, Sunshine Village was the popular choice. The bus journey was enjoyable, the scenery really was something to behold. We drove up the valley to a cable car station, the Canadians call it a Gondola. This took us up to the resort proper about 5 kilometres further up the valley, more spectacular views. Who needs the

skiing.

There was a reasonable slope at the base of the ski lifts where I could try and get things under control. Warren, one of the younger members of the party kindly offered me some lessons to help get me started, I didn't like to take up his valuable skiing time but he insisted and I did need all the help I could get. After half an hour I seemed to be getting a little better.

The problem was, without using those horrendous T Bars to get some height, it was very hard work walking back up the slope after what was a comparatively short run down, I did not feel confident enough to jump onto a chair lift so the tow bar it had to be and the only available one was very very steep.

I had managed at Llandudno on the dry slope and Mount Norquay so off I went, I got onto the T Bar all right and seemed to be doing fine until just before the top, then for some reason my skis decided to go in the opposite direction to the way I was being pulled. Now as I was securely attached to them, via boots feet and legs I had to make a decision, either let go, or be dragged the rest of the way up the mountain just hanging on. I had watched someone trying to hang on in the same situation, it wasn't a pretty sight. As I was quite accomplished at taking a nose dive into the snow, I just let go of the bar and lay there watching Warren and everyone else go by, all of them making some comment at my expense, while thanking their lucky stars it wasn't them lying about in distress. Now how to get down again when the snow at the side of the track was thigh deep. There was only one way, walk, slide and fall, so that is what I did, all the way to where I had started from, more determined than ever to get the better of this stupid sport. Looking around me, everyone else seemed to be finding it so easy, I couldn't understand why I was finding it so difficult, very frustrating.

I met Warren later when he had come to the conclusion I was not going to arrive at the top in anything like the near future. He suggested we go on the T Bar together, I couldn't believe what I was hearing but if that was what he wanted to try who was I to dissuade him. Are you ready for this. We got onto the T Bar side by side without any trouble and were going along quite nicely, it really was very steep and he admitted afterwards that he didn't like T Bars either. The first sign of trouble was at about the same spot as my last disaster, when our skis got very close together, then proceeded to set off in the opposite direction to the last time. Do I have to paint a picture; down we went! We got ourselves untangled, Warren got down the mountain more efficiently than I did but I did get down eventually, the same way as the previous time. I thought that I had earned some lunch and a drink. This is a holiday?

There is a four and a half kilometre trail down from the resort to where the Gondola starts. A lot of the skiers use it at the end of the day to get down the mountain to the bus stop, rather than use the cable car, it twists and turns through the forest and looked a bit hairy to me. Needless to say I took the easy way down and left the lads to it. We caught our bus home, I was tired and a bit disappointed at my lack of success even though everyone was very encouraging and supportive and seemed to think my progress was as good as could be expected, I think they were just being kind.

Hard work this enjoying yourself. Roll on tomorrow and the next mountain to beat me up.

### SATURDAY.

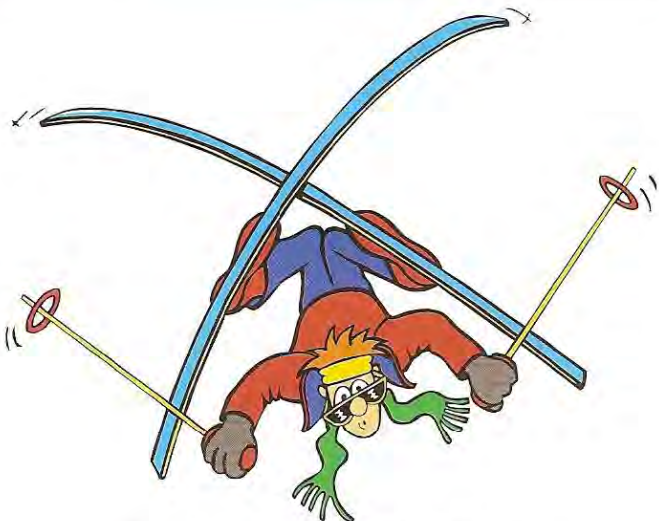
We caught the appropriate bus for Lake Louise and as usual I enjoyed the views on the way.

Yes we were right, there were a lot of people there but I liked the look of the place, Ennis, one of our group said that Lake Louise was where he made most progress when he first started skiing, a good omen perhaps.

I booked a lesson for the afternoon and headed for the T Bar, where the slope looked long but nowhere near as steep as at Sunshine Village. I waited my turn, took hold and sailed up to the top without any trouble, skied off down the ramp safely and faced the slope feeling quite confident considering all my previous disasters. The slope had a good gradient but had the advantage of being quite wide, which gave me plenty of room for turns. I set off down with a certain amount of control only to find I was almost enjoying it. Looking down at the base of the run as I approached it, I could see there were dozens of youngsters spread from side to side having group lessons. Now there is nothing that concentrates the mind and body more than approaching a group of ankle snappers at a rate of knots wondering how much control over your speed and direction you really have.

For the first time on skis I took control of both my speed and direction, slowed enough to steer between everyone and came to





*"..... where I simply crashed again!"*

a stop where I wanted to, that was a great feeling and one that I enjoyed for the rest of the day. I felt I might have cracked it at Lake Louise.

#### SUNDAY.

A beautiful morning again, -26°C. I had yet to feel cold though, must have been those thermal long johns and of course a good beard to keep my face warm. Sunshine Village again, as I mentioned earlier had a lot going for it, there were some reasonable 'green' runs, (and I don't mean grass) to get going on, without using T Bars to get to the top, but of course I had to negotiate a chair lift. I was about to be introduced to getting on, and more important, getting off.

I must admit to being apprehensive yet again at this new experience, which was not helped by a documentary film I once saw. It was of skiers being assisted off such a contraption by a guy who had to work harder than anyone I had ever seen, helping people to their feet, all tangled up in their skis and trying to do so before the next trio arrived to get tangled up with their predecessors. He was not altogether successful, no matter how hard he worked. I remember it being very funny at the time, I wonder if it will seem quite as funny today.

I stood side by side with David, Ski poles under one arm, trying to keep my balance while waiting for the next chair lift to scoop us up and transport us to the top of the run which had been decided for me by my so called friends. You don't have to wait long, wallop, scoop, get one arm on the back rest get your feet, complete with boots and skis off the ground and get the guard rail down. Don't get tangled up with your ski poles, and you are on the way up the mountain. That was the easy bit, now all I had to do was to get off when I reached the top. Once I was sitting comfortably, all thoughts of what may happen next were forgotten. It was quiet, very quiet, just the noise of the lifting gear which seemed to blow away in the vast beautiful snow covered mountains, which to my amazement continued to get even more beautiful as we gained height. I will never forget that first ride to the top of that slope, the space, the quiet and those little dots which were people skiing across the mountain slopes. Whatever happens at the top I was coming back.

Nothing did happen to me at the top. I lifted my legs as instructed by David, as we approached what looked like a small railway platform, we got onto the flat bit, lifted the guard-rail, pushed ourselves out of our seat and skied gently down the slope at the other end. I never did see the chair disappear over our heads, what a lot of fuss about nothing.

There were definite signs of progress during the morning. I was becoming more confident the more often I did the run down. After lunch David left me to it while he went on to some of the bigger slopes. I was doing all right until in a moment of indecision, when I wasn't too happy about the gradient I encountered, I skied up the slope until I came to a stop. I then started to slip backwards, I fell, unfortunately it was also backwards. With ski boots supporting up to mid calf and allowing no movement at the ankle, it was the calf muscle where I felt the pain, it was quite a strain. I skied down the mountain with some difficulty but sadly, that was the end of my afternoon's skiing, very disappointing, particularly as the afternoon had been such a success. After a hot drink I made my way down from the resort on the Gondola, while

the rest of the party came down the trail on skis. A lot of the trail can be seen from the Gondola, it is over four kilometres long and it looks damned dangerous, it was fine from where I was, secure in my chair.

Overall a very good day, it was a pity about my crash, the way I felt on my way down I thought that I may not be on the slopes the next day, we would have to see how I was feeling the next morning.

Another early night was on the cards, and that is what happened. I don't know what has happened to all this "Apres Ski" that people go on about. Everyone seems ready for their beds early after a full day skiing.

#### MONDAY.

I was up and about for breakfast with the lads, just in case I was feeling fit enough for skiing but unfortunately the calf muscle felt very tender. I decided to have a rest day and do some shopping. Banff is a very nice town.

#### TUESDAY. (Last day)

We were up and about at our usual time, the night had been a little uncomfortable but nothing to be concerned about.

It was to be Sunshine Village again for our last day, at least I knew the bits of mountain to avoid. The ride up in the Gondola was just as spectacular and had lost nothing because I had done it before. It is over 4.5Km long and takes about fifteen minutes from bottom to top, a lot quicker going down if you care to go down the trail on skis, but not as safe I was thinking as I looked down on it, meandering through the trees.

I had a good morning's skiing, David had left me to it, and my confidence grew with every run I made. I felt little or nothing from my injury but then when your feet are flat on skis and your boots are half way to your knee, your calf muscle doesn't seem to do a lot. The answer of course is just to be careful not to fall over backwards. We all met for lunch about midday, it had been a successful day so far and I was feeling quite pleased with myself. That was until we were ready for the afternoon session and David said, "come on then Arthur, its time to give the trail down the mountain a go, before it gets busy". I bet my face was a picture. There was no way I was going down that trail on skis, or any other way for that matter. David's final argument was, that it would really make his holiday complete if I could be persuaded to join him. Against my better judgement I gave in.

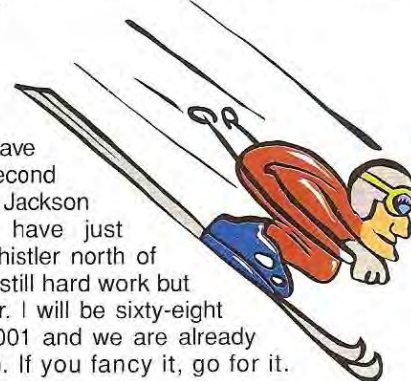
The run started off fairly gently with no difficult drops or turns, then we arrived at a T Bar station where we were towed to the top of quite a steep incline, I managed to stay on my feet to the top. Then the fun started. Ahead lay the steepest incline I had ever tackled but it was the only way to go with people arriving behind waiting to start down. So down I went, toe's in as tight as possible to keep my speed down and surprisingly enough I kept control, down I went and onto the run proper. Drops, bends, wide trail and narrow trail, I managed it all until eventually I was looking for more and more speed.

It has got to be the most exhilarating experience I have ever had. The thing that surprised me most was that I was able to keep control of the speed of the descent. Eventually I arrived at the end of the run where David was waiting, I came around the last bend with the flourish only to hit some frozen ridges. Get my skis crossed, took a tumble at his feet grinning all over my face. Twice more I did that run during the afternoon, travelling up on the cable car and then racing to the base again. It made the holiday worth while and gave me the most enormous satisfaction to have succeeded to that extent and on the very last day. I was beginning to think that at the age of sixty-three there were some things I might not be able to do, but now I am not so sure.

Who knows perhaps next year I will be able to carry on where I left off, I would like to think so.

#### P.S.

Since I started skiing I have been back to Banff for a second time and also skied at Jackson Hole in Wyoming and have just returned from a trip to Whistler north of Vancouver in Canada. Its still hard work but more enjoyable every year. I will be sixty-eight years of age in August 2001 and we are already planning next year's trip. If you fancy it, go for it.





# London - November 2000



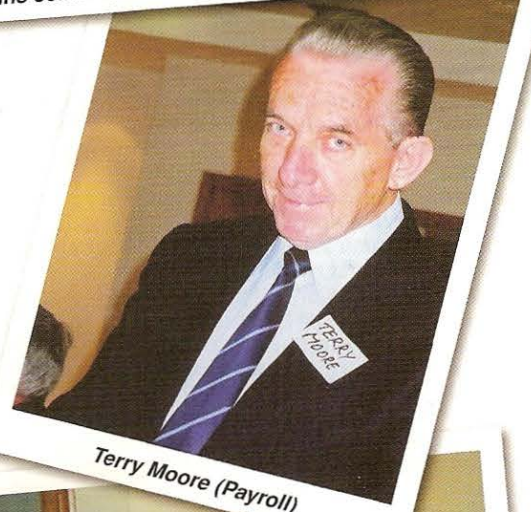
Brian Sanderson (Personnel) with Niall Andrew & Ernie Brewer



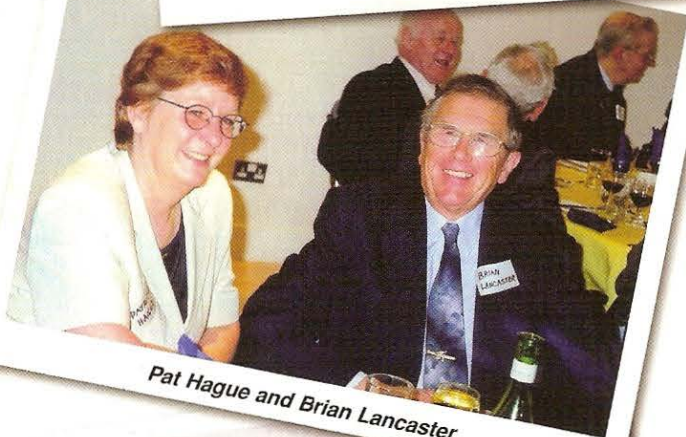
Pauline Jenkins, Connie Welford & Joan O'Farrell



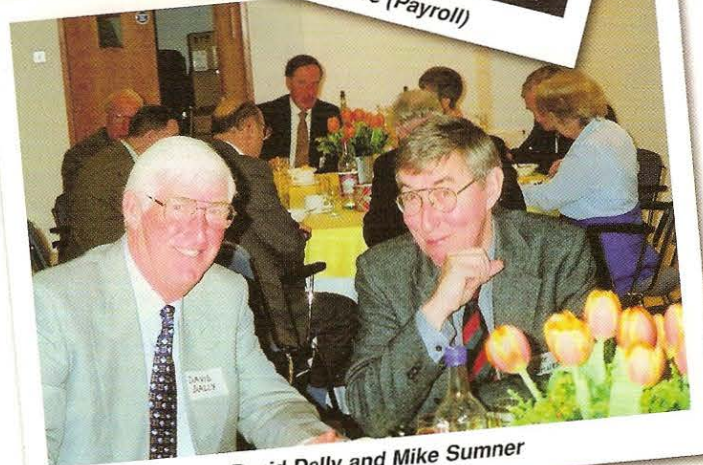
Rhubarb!



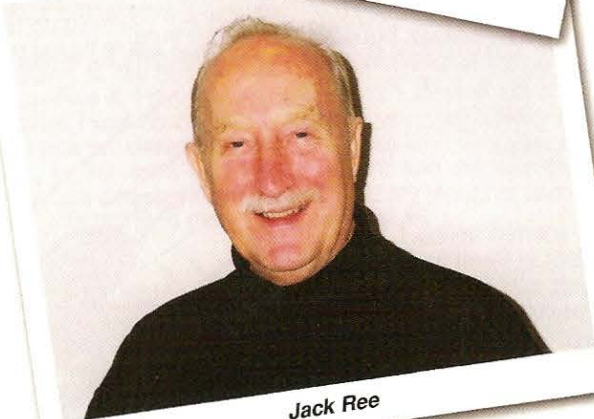
Terry Moore (Payroll)



Pat Hague and Brian Lancaster



David Dally and Mike Sumner



Jack Ree



The Express Boyd team of yesteryear