

A MESSAGE FROM THE EDITOR

The Editorial Committee and I would like to thank all the Fellowship Members who wrote or telephoned regarding the last issue of Postscript. We are always glad to receive your comments whether they be favourable or not; the last were favourable thank goodness.

This issue contains a number of articles written by members and I hope that you will find them interesting and amusing. In order to keep up the standard of Postscript, we do need interesting articles, useful hints, hobbies, etc., from you out there, our readers. So please, get out your pens and papers, get writing and send the results to me.

By the time that you receive this issue, the holiday season will be over; I hope that you had a good holiday and if yours is yet to come, have a good time.

Best wishes to you all.

from PADDY ELLIS (Editor)

PENSIONER'S PROFILE

BILL SMITH PROFILE IN CAMEO

After 6 years in the Royal Corps of signals attached to the Brigade of Guards, spent largely in North Africa and Italy including the Anzio landing Bill thought that return to civilian life would be dull and without excitement. He was wrong about that because having joined the NCR 'Service Division' he found that there was

excitement in plenty (albeit of a rather different sort!) and a very close form of support and companionship which he had not expected.

Bill worked in the records section of Administration and moved up to be Office Manager. He looks back on those times mostly to recall the level of 'excellence' of the Staff who supported him, and his grateful thanks to them all, some still at work and some in the retirement fellowship.

For the last 17 years at work Bill served with Multiple and Department Stores Operations (taking over from Mr Cashman, an old friend of his), then in Retail House Accounts. He looks back with pleasure to those years of working with the late Mr W G Poil and with Mr R F MacKenzie (Ronnie).

An 'Experience', one of many... "We were due to install a Class 51 system at the Customs Desks. The machines were late in arriving, the Customs Officials had complained about the delay and we were all at the Customs desks ready to 'go' when the NCR Technician came up to us and said 'sorry sir, but the electric cables have not been installed so we have nowhere to plug in the C51's!! A month later when the flooring had been ripped up, cables laid, flooring made good, plugs fixed, new arrangements made for Customs staff and ourselves, the new system was installed". This sounds like 'Quits' Bill, or, 'All's well that ends well'.

'Retirement' A long garden, an allotment beyond it with trees and a golf course beyond that, provide Bill with the exercise which (as Dr. Peter Whitehead keeps reminding us) is an essential part of healthy life.

Bill and his Wife have travelled a great deal. They have been to most countries in Europe, including Russia, Australia, New Zealand, U.S.A., Canada, Singapore, Malaysia,

Indonesia. 1987 saw them in China and Japan. Close to home they have found the holidays based on staying in various Universities (via SAGA Holidays) very enjoyable, interesting and with good food and value.

In travelling round the world, Bill has visited NCR branches just about everywhere and has felt at home and welcomed in all of them.

As a complete contrast, Bill collects Book Matches (all contributions welcome!). [Presumably to keep the 'spark' going?... 'Ed']

Like so many of us, Bill greatly enjoys the Fellowship functions and the opportunity they provide for meeting old (and new) friends. He also looks forward very much to each edition of 'POSTSCRIPT'.

A PUZZLE FOR THOSE WHO REMEMBER £. s. d.

This puzzle was submitted by Mike Register. Each answer has a monetary value expressed in pre-decimal coinage - i.e., pound, shillings, pence, halfpence and farthings. Have a go, but if you cannot solve it the solution can be found elsewhere in this issue.

Thanks Mike - Ed.

Question	£. s. d.
1. Sun/Moon/Stars	
2. Type of pig	
3. A thief	
4. Type of transport	
5. Leather worker	
6. A stone	
7. A singer	
8. A monarch's headgear	
9. A girl's name	
10. A boy's name	
11. A young horse	
TOTAL	£51 7s 9d

“HANDY HINTS”

FROM YOUR ED

- For car owners who have to reverse into their drive-ways or garages at night, it can be very useful to attach bicycle reflectors to your gate-posts or garage entrance.
- To put a screw in an awkward place, stick a small piece of Blu-Tack on the screw head. The screwdriver will stick to it and should help make the task much easier.
- Before replacing the lid of a paint tin, put a layer of Cling Film over the top. This will keep the paint like new until the next time you use it.
- When a bathroom and kitchen tile grouting becomes discoloured, paint it with white emulsion. Wipe the tiles with a damp cloth. The result is brilliant, just like new.

A KIND OF RETIREMENT

I knew when I married Bert, during the second World War, that he was very interested in competitive sport, so it did not come as a surprise when I learned that he had bought a stop-watch in order to learn all about timing track and cross-country running; this was just after the war ended. In due course, Bert became an official timekeeper for the Amateur Athletic Association, now referred to as “The Three ‘A’s”.

When the time came for him to retire, in the mid sixties, I naturally thought that Bert would find another hobby, as we had moved from Wembley to a small village on Sedgemoor near Taunton. I had forgotten about the grape-vine. In no time at all a letter arrived asking him to join the Taunton Athletic Club as time-keeper. Bert accepted, but later joined the Yeovil Olympiads Club, where he still times. In recognition of his lengthy contribution to sport in general and running in particular, he was recently awarded two trophies. About five years ago, marathons and half-marathons became very popular with most athletic clubs, so Bert had to diversify to meet this need. When Bert is invited to officiate at these events, he travels to places like Minehead, Weston-Super-Mare, Wells,

Wincanton and Taunton, arriving about an hour before the start, giving him time to make sure that all is at the ready and the recorders standing by. His day is a long one, with a packed lunch and clothing for all weathers. It is often windy and very cold, but the friendliness and wonderful team spirit causes any discomfort to be short lived.

His other interest is with the National Trust – Quantock Centre; a social group of N.T. members in the area, which organises lectures and coach trips varying from one day to ten days, visiting other N.T. properties further afield. We were both National Trust members when we retired, so when an advertisement appeared in the local newspaper inviting Trust members to attend an inaugural meeting in a local hotel, we went along. Little did we guess that 17 years later we would still be involved in the same centre, having recently been made Honorary Members in recognition of our work with the Trust. For eight years we handled the sales side, buying and selling their fancy goods and books, transporting it all to various events such as the Taunton Flower Show, Dunster Horse Show, Yesterdays Farming and many church halls. Our catering efforts for their wine and cheese evenings, for members, and the birthday cake we made to celebrate the Trust’s 80th birthday were the cause of our being presented to the Queen Mother when she attended this event held at Montacute House near Yeovil. So interested did Bert become in baking that he attended classes – Man in Kitchen – at the Somerset Technical College for four years; when Bert makes his cakes and biscuits he literally takes over my kitchen.

One other place you will sometimes find us, is on the Quantock Hills at Fyne Court owned by the National Trust and leased to the Somerset Trust for nature conservation. It is a wonderful nature reserve and many school parties visit it. Bert and I work in the gardens with other volunteers when required and also in the shop, which sells plants and tea towels etc., we love it there without a doubt – far from the madding crowd.

In the village, Bert is always willing to transport the handicapped to the medical centre, hospital or station

when needed and in the time that is left to us we do the gardening and household chores. Bert is the Mobile Library’s best customer; he loves walking; sleeps well and knows how to relax. In fact he is the best example I know of how to be happy in retirement – I am proud of him.

Recently two members of our family were staying with us during their school holidays. Ben aged 9 and Anna aged 11. Ben asked his sister “What is retirement?” Anna said “When you don’t do anything” – this made us think.

GLADYS KING

A MEMORY OF JOHN “WILLIE” MAYBE

It was with great regret that I read of the passing of John “Willie” Maybe in a recent issue of Postscript. I had the good fortune to have worked with John as a junior AAMD salesman for a short period of about fifteen months and during that time he taught me to appreciate the importance of humour as an aid to achieve one’s ends in whatever pursuit.

Those of us who knew John well regarded him with much affection and many anecdotes could be penned to illustrate just how unique a personality he was and I would like to take this opportunity to recall just one of them. A few of those who knew him well, will be able to testify to the authenticity of this particular incident which occurred when John worked in the district managed by Bob McCullagh.

At that time, John was failing to submit daily reports and despite several memos from Bob ordering John to rectify the omission, nothing transpired. It was inevitable, given the not too tolerant nature of Bob McCullagh, that some immediate action was called for and as a result, a somewhat furious Bob drove out to the Luton Office to confront John with the problem. It appears that he had decided, in view of John’s mature years and standing within the District, to use a little psychology and appeal to John’s sympathetic nature. The line Bob took, was to point out that John was regarded as something in the order of being an elder statesman in the district sales team and

consequently his example and influence carried considerable weight. He opined that John could make a valuable contribution to the next District Sales Convention by giving a ten minute talk on "Daily reports".

John was invited to state candidly regarding the format of the current form and to make suggestions as to how it could be improved and finally to express his view as to the usefulness or otherwise of completing them. Having left the ball in John's court, Bob then drove back to Greenford, no doubt happy in the knowledge that he found a solution.

About three weeks later, all were seated in the Convention Hall at Head Office awaiting the commencement of the meeting; all that is, with the exception of John.

The convention got under way and midway through item 2 on the agenda, John arrived and was greeted with an outburst of ironic applause as he took his seat in the audience. I should point out that the printed agenda for this meeting did not include any item referring to daily reports. The convention progressed and item number 2 was concluded with ten minutes to spare before the break for coffee. This seemed to take McCullagh by surprise and for a moment or two, he appeared to be nonplussed now that he was presented with the problem of having to fill in the time before the break. However, within a moment or two, Bob had a sudden flash of inspiration and reminded John of their talk of some weeks ago concerning daily reports and invited John to take the stage and say a few words.

John, upon receiving this invitation, appeared to be genuinely stunned and he reluctantly left his seat and proceeded to the stage. Once there he looked lost and seemed to be speechless. He fumbled in his jacket pocket and one wondered whether he was hoping to find either a tranquiliser or handkerchief. Eventually he produced a small cardboard box at which he gazed thoughtfully before tipping out its contents into the palm of his hand. A second or two passed and then without a word, he suddenly threw a handful of .303 rifle range bullets into his audience and waited for them to be gathered up. John then

spoke for the first time and asked whether in the opinion of his colleagues the bullets could kill a man. McCullagh looked on with an expression of sheer disbelief written all over his face, but said nothing.

In response to his enquiry, John was assured that the bullets could be lethal. He then asked what did each of them cost and the answers ranged between 3 and 10 old pence. At this point John asked for the bullets to be returned, he placed them back in the box and put them in his pocket. Walking over to the pedestal pad he then wrote 7d on a fresh sheet, explaining that he had ascertained that the cost was in fact 7d. By this time everybody appeared to be thoroughly enjoying this extraordinary performance and were not unduly surprised when John then asked whether anyone had read any of the memoirs of the Second War generals. On being informed that one had read Montgomery's and another had read Alexander's, he then asked if anyone knew what it averaged out to kill a single German during the last war. Several figures were mentioned and then John told his bemused audience that he had enquired at the War Office and was informed that the figure was about £1,200. Then walking over to the pedestal pad, John wrote £1,200 under the 7d and then summarised by reminding those present that a bullet which could kill, cost 7d; but that it, in fact, cost £1,200 to kill a German. He concluded his talk by saying that he thought that the difference was caused by paperwork.

In fairness to Bob McCullagh, it should be stated that he took John's talk in the spirit in which it was hoped that he would take it.

MIKE McKENNA

C.P.C.s I HAVE LOVED

I have been privileged, on two occasions, to be a member of the CPC Organising Committee as an assistant to Bob McCullagh. Once in 1970 when CPC was held on that beautiful island of Malta and once in 1974 when it was held in London. Both were unique occasions.

Firstly, as the facilities on Malta

were not large enough to take the whole European delegation at the same time, the CPC was held twice in the space of eight days. Two "Get-togethers" at the Malta Hilton; two Business Conventions at the Catholic Institute Florianna and two Farewell Dinners at the Phoenicia Hotel.

It was the two Business Conventions that provided me with my special memories of that CPC. They were held at the Catholic Institute; this place was really a theatre that had been designed by an Italian architect, based on La Scala Milan, but I must say that it fell far short of that magnificent edifice. It was administered by a lovable cleric, Father Orr, who regarded the invasion of his beloved Institute by hordes of NCR organisers with bemused tolerance, but who never-the-less kept a well stocked hospitality cupboard in his office. The Business Convention demanded a large amount of stage lights and these were sent out from the U.K. However when we got to the Institute, there were no places to put the lights, so we hired a firm of scaffolders to build a cage, suspended from the front balustrade of the circle and we put the lights on this.

When Father Orr and his minions saw this, they were horrified. All this weight would bring down the circle and most likely cause the whole theatre to collapse; but after an hours discussion in Father Orr's office, during which time his hospitality cupboard was depleted somewhat, the problem was smoothed over and the theatre is still standing in Florianna today.

The second memory is of the Electronic Scoreboard used at the Business Convention. One of the highlights of the Convention was the 'Calling of Points' when each country's Points Score for the year was announced from the stage. We had designed a gigantic scoreboard, which took up the whole width of the back of the stage and as each country's points were called, the country's name and points total would automatically light up on the scoreboard, giving an overall picture of the total points achieved.

This electronic wizardry was carried out by Michael Croneen and myself sitting behind the scoreboard with

rows of old fashioned electric switches, suitably labelled, and when each score was called we would depress the appropriate switches. It worked marvellously at the first convention, but the second time it was a disaster. Just before the points were due to be called, someone took a short cut behind the scoreboard, tripped over a wire and accidentally pulled out the main power plug; but nobody noticed this.

When the points were called, Michael and I went gaily ahead pushing down the appropriate switches, but unbeknown to us, nothing happened. Frantic messages from the front of the house; "It's not working", but Michael and I continued with our task. Just as the points calling came to an end, someone found the disconnected power plug and put it back. At once, the scoreboard sprang into light, just like switching on the illuminations at Blackpool; the whole display was greeted with sustained applause. A disaster turned into a triumph – so much for Malta.

The second unique occasion was in London in 1974. That year it was decided that London would play host to a delegation from the United States. Delegates from the Western half of the U.S.A. would attend the CPC in Hawaii and those from the Eastern half would attend the CPC in London, so we had to be really on our toes.

The "Get-together" was held at the Park Lane Hilton; the Business Convention at the Queen Elizabeth Hall and the Farewell Dinner at Grosvenor House.

My memory of this CPC is once again centered on the Business Convention. As there was a public function held at the Queen Elizabeth Hall the evening before our Convention, we could not move into the Hall until 11 pm in order to set the stage and rehearse for the convention.

I attended the "Get-together" at the Hilton and when it was over went directly to the Queen Elizabeth Hall where work was just starting. I left at about 6 o'clock the next morning when everything had been completed and we were ready for the Convention. Thanks to Michael Croneen, Alan Holman and all their willing slaves putting in a really "Blue Vase" effort

the meeting was a tremendous success. The only laughter point came when one of the performers taking part in the stage presentation missed the exit door when coming off stage and walked right into a piece of scenery, just because she did not have her contact lenses in. But like a good trouser, she danced around a bit until she found the exit.

For me, two CPCs, two occasions filled with precious memories and for those of you who were at those CPCs, a little look into what goes on behind the scenes.

PADDY ELLIS

MOVING

There are various forms of self inflicted pain, you may consider that watching Terry Wogan three times weekly on television is a good example or perhaps having to read The Sun daily would be even more painful to some. Moving house could be just as painful.

I had lived in the same house for over 20 years; retirement was imminent, time for a change of scenery and life style. Selling the house was traumatic but the actual move was an experience only surpassed by being informed of your new NCR sales quota each year.

The weekend before the move 'Bert' arrived to pack the china and glass. The quotation said "All glass and breakables would be wrapped in clean soft white paper". Bert would have none of this, the News of the World was his choice, which slowed things down considerably as he frequently lingered over a particularly juicy piece of scandal. I asked him if he liked this weekend work and he replied "Yes, it makes a change from emptying dustbins during the week". It was at this point that I sensed that all would not go well.

On the day of the move, enter 'Alf' the foreman, the D.M. of the removal business. A huge man who could carry an armchair in each arm without dropping them; funny how wrong you can be. Alf always carried a saw so that he could cut your six foot sideboard in half to enable him to fit it into what he called affectionately "his van", then he could magically put it together again when required – wrong

again. Never, never offer the removal men alcohol, so say the experts. But Alf scorned tea and coffee, he preferred my store of duty free beer, thus reducing my stock which left more room in his van. Pictures and paintings were to be put into special protective boxes; imagine my amazement to find that they were used as wedges to prevent damage to other articles, e.g. a cycle with its handlebars turned sideways, a complaint I would add from which it has not completely recovered.

All clothing was to be hung in transportable wardrobes, actually all garments were thrown into plastic sacks and only put into wardrobes when being wheeled into our new abode. So it went on, damage and chaos, too many instances to relate here.

All household effects were put into store for 6 weeks, so I was apprehensive regarding the chest freezer's contents. "Don't worry, do not empty it, we plug it into the van and then immediately into a special socket in the storehouse" I was told. In due course it was delivered to my new home, triumphantly carried in and plugged into a socket. "It works" said Alf. I cautiously opened the lid – it was empty. "Must have gone off and they emptied it out" said Alf. I re-opened the lid, this time I nearly heeled over, imagine 6 weeks of non frozen Pheasant, fish fingers and brussel sprouts etc., this had left an odour faintly resembling a release of calor gas on a pig farm. After advice from the local Environmental Health Officer I decided to bury the freezer at the bottom of the garden, thereby enhancing the bracing air that Seaford is noted for.

Some other examples – a model Spanish Galleon was so badly damaged that even Sir Francis Drake would have to admit that they had done a better job of destruction on a vessel of the Armada than he. A garden seat with broken struts, which made it only suitable for people with one cheek to their backside to sit on it. If you have a friend who is made this way, I will let him or her have it cheaply.

If you think my story is exaggerated I do advise you that if you are considering moving and currently live within say 50 miles radius of Chesham

Bucks, that you contact me, as choosing the same removal firm could seriously damage your health.

I would just add that it took well over a year to settle the insurance claim, but I did get something back to slightly ease the pain.

R. E. JUDGES

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE ART AND CULTURE OF BONSAI

Bonsai means a tree or plant or group of trees or plants cultivated in a container. The meaning of the word is "Plant in a Pot".

The growing of Bonsai began long ago in China and for perhaps a 1000 years it has been practised and perfected as an art form in Japan. The first authenticated record is a Japanese picture scroll of 1309 A.D. when originally naturally dwarfed trees were collected and potted. In the U.K. the art has increased greatly in popularity over the last 30 years.

The art is in choosing a tree which has the potential of becoming a good bonsai and then growing it with normal horticultural techniques and artistic expression so that it blends with its container to form an impression of nature in miniature. The beauty of bonsai lies in the balance and harmony of the tree and pot. Bonsai may be only a few inches to about 4 feet tall, but still give the impression of a towering tree on a hillside or a pine clinging to a cliff edge.

A collection of bonsai can be started by growing from seeds or cuttings which can be a slow process, but to achieve quicker results one may purchase suitable material from nurseries and garden centres. All the normal horticultural techniques are used, including pruning of branches and roots, feeding, watering and repotting at regular intervals.

Bonsai should be repotted at carefully chosen times so that the tree never becomes potbound. With young trees, repotting will normally need to be every year and reducing to two or three year intervals as the tree gets

older.

Repotting includes pruning the roots back by about one third all round, and repotting in the same pot or one slightly larger, filling the space left by pruning with fresh compost. A good compost for most bonsai is equal parts moss peat, potting grit and leaf mould, sieved to leave particles between $\frac{1}{16}$ and $\frac{1}{4}$ inch. New roots will then grow into the new compost which will mean new, vigorous growth in the upper part of the tree.

The branches, twigs, new shoots and leaves are all pruned or pinched out as necessary to maintain the overall balance and beauty of the tree. Also needed to achieve vitality in the tree is regular feeding, using proprietary brands of liquid or granular fertilizers or for more advanced techniques, specialised feeding programmes can be used.

OBITUARY

All who knew them will be sad to learn of the passing of the following:-

Irene Biggs. Died 28.3.88 Aged 75. Secretary to Director UK International Office. Retired May 1972 after 36 years service.

James Brierley. Died 18.4.88 Aged 77. Technician F.E.D. Brent. Retired 6.2.76 after 5 years service.

Harold Bristow. Died 31.3.88 Aged 71. Mgr. UK Data Centres, St. Alphage House. Retired August 1976 after 19 years service.

Alfred Bruce. Died 18.1.88 Aged 77. CRD Sales Rep. Newcastle. Retired February 1971 after 25 years service.

Brian Hitchens. Died 6.7.88 Aged 74. Admin Manager. Marketing HO. Retired January 1976 after 38 years service.

Stan Holderness. Died 7.3.88 Aged 77. Spec. Representative, Leeds. Retired December 1973 after 28 years service.

Cyril Hoyland. Died 1.2.88 Aged 72. Field Engineer, Norwich Retired December 1980 after 43 years service.

Bonsai can be trained in many different styles and grown in suitable pots, (mostly Japanese) which vary in size, colour and texture, and which are frost proof as most bonsai are normal forest trees and are left outdoors in all but the most severe winter weather. Most broadleaf and conifer species are suitable for bonsai culture but if indoor trees are required, tropical species should be used.

GEOFF JACKSON

Note from Ed:

The above is a welcomed contribution from our pioneer Editor Geoff Jackson. Geoff has a good collection of bonsai trees in his cottage garden. We would be interested to hear from any member who has an interest in this very rewarding passtime.

John Hughes. Died 19.3.88 Aged 72. Field Engineer, Liverpool. Retired April 1975 after 36 years service.

Peter Hull. Died 1.2.88 Aged 65. Sales Executive, Systemedia, Sheldon. Retired April 1981 after 16 years service.

Martin Kenny. Died 30.6.88 Aged 69. Painter Brent. Retired November 1982 after 19 years service.

Arthur Mensing. Died 16.1.88 Aged 80. Director/Secretary Express Travel. Retired October 1972 after 43 years service.

Arthur Morris. Died 13.2.88 Aged 74. FED Area Supervisor, Manchester. Retired June 1977 after 40 years service.

Philip Toledo. Died May 88 Aged 67. Mng. NCR Malta. Retired 1.12.76 after 30 years service.

George Young. Died 23.6.88 Aged 86. Produce Sales Admin. HO. Retired September 1970 after 47 years service.

I know who they



are ...do you? Ed.



I know who they are.../continued



I know who they are.../continued





LETTERS



From Your Chairman, Harry Redington

It always seems that the news these days centre on the unpleasant side of human nature, the muggings, robberies, attacks etc., yet all day long there must be acts of kindness and consideration going on which are accepted as commonplace and do not make news. I had such an experience early last summer.

I was driving an elderly lady aged 87 from my home town, Kingston, to stay for a few days with her daughter at Chichester. The weather was not particularly pleasant and in fact most of the journey there was a slight drizzle, which does not make the best conditions for driving. However the journey was uneventful until we were about 4 to 5 miles out of Midhurst on the road to Chichester. The drizzle continued and although the traffic was light, about four vehicles passed me in the opposite direction, travelling some speed. Imagine my surprise when the windscreen shattered and three small stones settled in my lap. It had never happened to me before and I did not find it a very pleasant experience. When I looked around, I found myself in a part of the road bereft of any kind of habitation, with the odd vehicle passing in both directions. As I warily began to remove some of the pieces of glass, I had to think what I could do with my elderly passenger, who fortunately did not seem to be over concerned. A car then passed by, stopped and reversed; an attractive young lady came to explain that she only lived two miles up the road and offered me a dust pan and brush, also the haven of the front drive of her house to clear up some of the glass. I thankfully followed her at a slow pace.

On arrival, she welcomed my passenger into her home, made her some tea and generally made her house and telephone available to us. She then explained that she had to go shopping and that we were to make ourselves comfortable until our problem had been sorted out; "Just close the front door when you leave" she said. I was able to telephone for my passenger's daughter to come and pick her up and also for a windscreen

repair service to come to my rescue. In just over an hour, we had been refreshed, my passenger taken to her destination and my windscreen repaired.

This was kindness indeed, especially as she had with her, three children under the age of four, the youngest nearly 18 months who was quite irritable and required her mother's attention constantly. But that was not all; they were in fact, moving into the house that very day, having just arrived back after a long stay in Saudi Arabia. That young lady had quite enough to contend with, but yet found it possible to offer help. A Good Samaritan indeed and it turned my unpleasant experience into one of renewed faith in human nature.

Signed

Harry Redington
Kingston
Surrey.



From: Miss J. Hunter

Dear Betty,

I was very disappointed to have to stay away from the tea in April but I felt rough when I telephoned and got progressively worse. Anyhow, I am now on the mend.

As I mentioned, I enclose two Private View (or other days) tickets for the society of Woman's Artists Exhibition. I have been hung before, but this year I have two accepted, so I am very pleased. I do hope that you will have an enjoyable summer and look forward to seeing you in the autumn.

With every good wishes to you and the Fellowship.

Sincerely,
Joan
Surbiton

From: R. Sedgwick

Dear Betty

I hope that it is not too late to say thank you to Mr. Fleet and all concerned for the wonderful present that I received at Christmas. Such gifts, however welcome are not needed to remind me that I have been fortunate to have been in the employ of a Company which has the interests of its employees at heart. Having served for 20 years or more with NCR it is true to say, at heart I am a company man and will always be so. You will be interested to know that I have been able to play a small part in maintaining the reputation of the company here in Tunbridge Wells. In the town a charity shop (Mencap) has an old style NCR Cash Register. It had jammed and the good ladies in the shop did not know what to do. However I was able to come to the rescue and set it right. So you see, one can always play a small part in company affairs, even when retired. I was sorry to read in Postscript that Mr. J. Stamps had passed away and I do hope that Mr. Ron Hilliar is on the mend.

I trust that all is well with you and I look forward to seeing you and other members of the Fellowship in the near future.

Regards,
R. Sedgwick
Tunbridge Wells

From: R. Downey and M. Totton.

Dear Mr. Garsed, Betty and Committee

This is to thank you once again for a lovely meeting and also again very much appreciated is all the work you all put into making our gatherings another big entry for our memory book.

Hoping you are all well and are not too tired caring for us all. May you have very much good luck and many blessings.

Yours very sincerely,
R. Downey and
M. Totton

REGIONAL NEWS

From the Editor

A very enjoyable afternoon was held at Head Office when the London Regions (4, 5 & 8) met for their annual tea on 21st, April 1988. A total of 140 Fellowship Members were present:

Cyril Ashworth
George Attle
Arthur Attryde
James Barber
Pip Barbour
Cliff Benson
Janet Bown
Henry Broomfeld
Reg Burt
Frank Bushell
Pat Caldecourt
Betty Campbell
Kathleen Carter
Peter Casemore
Alf Cawfield
Ernie Channon
Hilda Child
Derrick Coleman
Ken Clarke
John Crosson
Jack Crownshaw
Gerald Cutler
Nellie Day
Paul De Carle
Cliff Dobbins
Rosa Dodd
Harry Doe
Dick Downey
Margaret Totton
Paddy Ellis

Michael McHugh
Fred Main
Margaret Mardlin
Ron Mason
Joan May
Charlie Morgan
Len Morgan
Micky Myers
Nonnie Newman
Joyce Newman
Lucy O'Dunoghue
Ray Pearce
Charlie Pegg
David Pelly
Wilf Preston
John Price
George Price
Wally Prince
Edith Pritchard
Ernie Pye
Betty Ranson
Joyce Ranson
Wally Rawlins
Harry Redington
Mike Register
Anne Riches
Lee Robinson
Andre Rossi
Doris Rowley
Emily Sanderson

Elsie Ferry
Sam Foster
Alf Froud
David Fulleman
Basil Garsed
Irene Gee
Eric Gimson
Alex Guy
Ted Grundy
Eunice Hall
Ray Hall
Margaret Hanley
Arthur Harris
Phyllis Harrison
Doris Hatfield
George Hawkins
May Hill
James Hill
Brian Hitchins
Olive Holloway
Adrian Hubbard
Win Hudson
Len Hurst
Margaret Hyams
Vivian Hyde
Bill Ide
Gladys James
Doreen Jarman
Alf Jeffries
Maurice Jessett
Irene Jones
Des Jones
Bob Judges
Pat Keane
Eileen Kent
Rom Knubley
Jim Lane
Charles Lee
John Light
Bob McCullagh

Joy Service
Stan Scorer
Ernie Scott
Reg Sedgwick
Betty Shorter
Mary Simmonds
Lillian Skinner
Flo Smith
Dennis Smith
Bill Smith
Walter Smith
Vera Smithson
John Smithson
John Spinks
Len Stanhope
Sid Stroud
Sylvia Stubbs
Bert Tarling
Ron Tarling
Eileen Taylor
Frank Taylor
Bob Thomson
Peter Timlett
Tom Treadwell
Tudor Tudor-Hall
Harry Turner
Marjorie Vigus
Bob Wadsworth
Barbara Walker
Jim Walpole
Alan Watson
Ted Way
Renee Welham
Fred Whybrow
Phyllis Wickens
Sidney Williams
Nina Wiltshire
Des Woodall
Jack Wooff
George Wright

As each member arrived they were given a free draw ticket and then ushered into the meeting room where they could chatter away with old friends until the function started.

Our Chairman Harry Redington opened the proceedings and outlined the programme for the afternoon. This was followed by Basil Garsed giving a short but humorous account of how he looked back on his life during the past year.

Tea was served and once again thanks must be given to Ken Phillips and his staff for providing such an enjoyable meal.

After tea, the Grand Draw was made – six £30 vouchers for theatre tickets were won by: Jim Hill, Alf Jeffries, Wally Prince, Arthur Attryde, Vivian Hyde and Des Jones, and in addition, 10 bottles of wine were won by 10 more lucky people (please note I did not win a thing, neither did any of the Regional Organisers)

At the end of the afternoon a very nice vote of thanks to the Company and the organisers of the Fellowship was given by Marjorie Vigus (Thanks Marjorie – District 3 lives again).

A PUZZLE FOR THOSE WHO REMEMBER £. s. d. Solution

Hope you solved the puzzle and are looking at the solution to check your answer.

Answer	£.	s.	d.
1. Three farthings	1.	1.	0
2. Guinea	1.	0.	0
3. A nicker	1.	0.	0
4. Penny farthing	1/4		
5. Tanner	6		
6. Fourteen pounds	14.	0.	0
(14lbs)	14.	0.	0
7. A tenor (tenner)	10.	0.	0
8. A crown	5.	0.	0
9. Penny	1		
10. Bob	1.	0.	0
11. A pony	25.	0.	0
TOTAL	53	1	6

CHAIRMAN OF THE ORGANISING COMMITTEE

Mr H J Redington

[Redacted]

REGIONAL ORGANISERS

REGION 1

Mr J E Sale

[Redacted]

REGION 2

Mr E J Giles

[Redacted]

REGION 3

Mrs M D Wood

[Redacted]

REGION 4

Mr E B Garsed

[Redacted]

REGION 5

Mr R Hilliar

[Redacted]

REGION 6

Mr J Gorman

[Redacted]

REGION 7

Mr N Cole

[Redacted]

REGION 8 & 8A

Mr D Woodall

[Redacted]

REGION 9

Mr T Farmer

[Redacted]

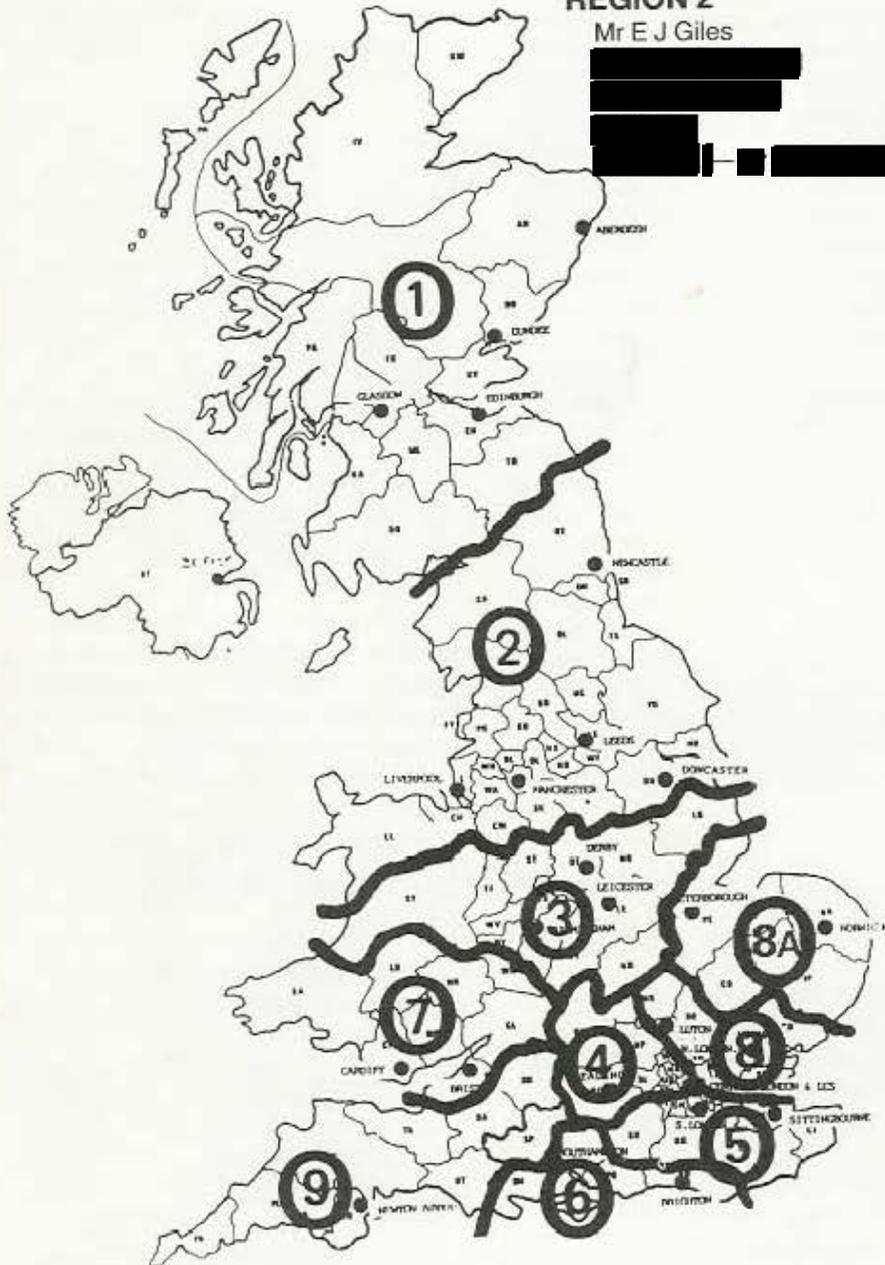
SECRETARY

Ms Betty Campbell

[Redacted]

PENSIONS DEPARTMENT LIAISON

NCR — Head Office
☎ 01-725 8102



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Editor: Paddy Ellis
Material should be submitted to Betty Campbell, NCR Limited, 206 Marylebone Road, London NW1 6LY