

## FROM THE CHAIRMAN

### A FRIEND LOST A FRIEND GAINED



On 31st December 1988 Ken Phillips, Catering Manager at Head Office left NCR to enjoy a well-earned retirement. Those of us who have been present at the Fellowship meetings held at Head Office will have enjoyed on each occasion, an excellent meal that Ken and his very helpful staff have put before us. Every time we have held our meetings in the Staff Restaurant we have tried to give Ken a public "Thank You" for looking after us so well, but somehow he has

always managed to be missing at the appropriate moment. When we met on November 2nd, we were aware that this would be the last occasion that Ken would be looking after us, so that we used our persuasive powers to get him to make a public appearance, so that we could thank him and his staff for all their special efforts which have made our meetings so enjoyable. The above picture records his appearance together with Jim Hinschelwood, his Assistant Manager

and Ann Matthews his Supervisor. Very many thanks, Ken, for all your efforts towards making our meetings such happy occasions. All members of the Fellowship will want to join me in wishing you a long and happy retirement and hope that we shall have the pleasure of your company on all future Fellowship meetings.

Jim Hinschelwood will be Ken's successor and we wish him every success and assure him that we shall be his regular customers.



# PENSIONER'S PROFILE

By A. H. Barbour (Pip)

I started with NCR in October 1943 having been demobbed after losing my left arm in North Africa. The reason I applied for a job with NCR was that I had been employed in a bank in the branch where most of the NCR salesmen in the late 30's kept their accounts and I saw the very good incomes most of them made. I was poorly paid in 1943 and I was looking for a more remunerative job.

My first recollection was helping to implement PAYE in a Cumbrian company, adjusting the programme of a Class 3000.

Back in London, I remember in 1946 being asked to help two young men to understand the Class 3000 accounting machine. These two had just returned from being prisoners of war in Japanese hands and were very gaunt and undernourished. They were Bill Anderson and George Haynes!

In 1947, I was given a territory based in London. It comprised of Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Hertfordshire, Berkshire, about 20% of England! The Managers in London were Henry Lefridge, Jerry Marsh, Pat O'Hara and the director of AMD was Harold Briscoe.

The next milestone was the formation of the Adding Machine Division under Steve Conway. Like Joe Leighton, I also remember a sight of Sean Dixon-Child. He was leaving the side door of Head Office immaculately dressed with a bowler hat, carrying off an adding machine in his arms.

The years 1950 to 1960 were years of growth, my territory was cut each year as business developed until I was left with East Anglia. I also had spells in Nottingham and Sheffield, the latter being the worst period of my career.

Returning to London in 1959, I worked again under Henry Lefridge in Central London.

One of the turning points in NCR came in the 60's when the company decided to abandon mechanical machines and go over to electronics. We all had to take a course in programming (no major commands in those days). Technology was moving fast and NCR was determined to be in the front. I managed to just pass

out on the course and a year or so later, I made the best decision in my career. There was a vacancy in Bank Operations for a Territory Manager. I applied and was accepted by Sean Dixon-Child who by then had become the Manager. I moved to St. Alphage House.

My years in Bank Operations were very happy ones. I was reasonably successful, thoroughly enjoyed the negotiation of big orders and dealing with people who understood the technicalities of the 70's.

One of the highlights was the changeover to decimal currency in 1971. I was given the job to supervise the whole operation of the Bank's which included about 17000 conversations and 12000 new machine deliveries. All to be completed in one long weekend. During the previous year I made many visits to Dundee factory to check on progress of all the new machines to be ready in time and many visits to 1000 North Circular Road where we had a massive store of machines ready for D-Day. All Bank Operation staff were to be on duty for the whole weekend, to cope with what was expected to be a mass of queries. In the event, we waited and waited and over the whole period we had no more than a dozen phone calls (mostly to say their machines had not been converted) and these were quickly settled. Our field engineers did a marvelous job and NCR gained a wonderful reputation over that period.

Other highlights were trips to Dayton with major bank's staff. One amusing time was when I was meeting two bank employees in New York. We had a good day together including a boat trip round Manhattan Island. The next day we went to Kennedy Airport to fly to Dayton. When we got to the gate I suddenly found myself directed to the front of the plane and my friends went to the other end. I had flown to New York by tourist class but NCR, thinking the two from the bank would be travelling first class, booked me to accompany them to Dayton on first class. I managed to call out that I would join them as soon as we were airborne, which I did. But the first person I saw in the tourist class was one of our senior managers, Micky Myers. He looked at me in astonishment "How the hell did you manage to travel first class, Pip?" I explained the facts and then saw my two friends and had to explain all over again. I do not think Micky Myers ever forgot that episode.

The last wonderful trip was when we had CPC in Hong Kong. One of the multi-national banks had recently installed two New Century computers in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia and Singapore. The bank Head Office were rather worried about the competence of their local staff to cope and asked NCR that as I was going to the Far East, would it be possible for me to divert from Hong Kong to visit the installations and report back. This was agreed, so I left the CPC party at the end and flew to Kuala Lumpur for three days and then on to Singapore for another three days. Our local Managing Directors, with whom I had much contact during the order negotiation, were very kind and made me most welcome. Happily no real problems existed and I was able to pass on to the bank H.O. all the up to date news.

Altogether, I had a very happy career spanning 34 years with NCR. I had been able to see many parts of Europe with CPC trips and various other places in the world that very few companies would or could provide for their employees.

A.H. Barbour.

## A BIT OF A POSER

From the ED.

With one stroke of a pen, can you make the following equation make sense:-

$$101010 = 950$$



# VISITING A FRIEND - UP EVEREST

*The following is an extract from an article in the Eastbourne Herald written by Mollie Leach and as it concerns Howard Kensett I thought you would like to read it. My thanks to the Eastbourne Herald for their permission to use the article for Postscript. Ed.*

When they reach the age of 65 plus, most men reckon that a spell of gardening and a few rounds on the bowling green are about all the tribute they need to pay to the idea of an active life.

Eastbourne men John Pettigrew, 71, and Howard Kensett, 68, however, have quite other ideas.

They have recently returned from a journey through the high mountains of Nepal where they reached Namche Bazar, 11500 feet above sea level and the place where the Sherpas collect their porters for climbs up Everest.

Howard told the Herald "John is an athlete and keeps pretty fit. I'm not. My training programme was sporadic and I reckon I was a liability to John."

"Indeed, at one point after scrambling and slipping for two days the altitude really cracked down on me."

"I was assisted on the last sheer climb of about 2000 ft, in drizzle and dusk with my arms round two sturdy lady porters - one on each side. My humiliation was total"

The men's decision to go to Nepal arose, originally, from their work in the United Nations Association. John has been chairman of the Eastbourne branch for 12 years and Howard is an active committee member.

When a young sherpa called Lhakpa Sonam Sherpa suddenly became totally deaf, he came to Eastbourne to the LINK deaf centre to learn to lipread and to cope with his deafness.

The sherpas of Nepal all belong to one ethnic group. They originally came from Tibet and moved to Nepal centuries ago. Each man's name ends in "Sherpa".

While Lhakpa was here he became acquainted with John and Howard via UNA. They all met and became friendly with the Nepalese house

mother - and the Nepalese children - at the Pestalozzi village in Sedlescombe.

The Eastbourne LINK centre helped Lhakpa so much with his social rehabilitation plus the gift of a good camera, that he says now, "They did so much for me that I now feel almost not deaf."

John and Howard took a letter from the Mayor of Eastbourne, then Janet Grist, to the King of Nepal.

They gave it to the King's private secretary, but later when they visited a children's village for orphans and local children they met the King's sister, Princess Shanti Shah, who showed them around the school of which she is an administrator.

But the main purpose of the visit to Nepal was to see Lhakpa who had gone home to join his family in Namche Bazar. He was now earning his living with his camera and had become a photographer of considerable note in the Everest region. He illustrates books, gives lantern shows and sells his own postcards.

Howard had another reason for wanting to go to Nepal. He wanted to see a Nepalese doctor who, he says, saved his life in Eastbourne's District General Hospital.

"He gave me blood transfusions and sat with me through the whole of a long weary night," says Howard. The doctor returned to Nepal before Howard was well enough to thank him properly so he wrote to him at Kathmandu.

The doctor replied, saying "...there is always a place in my family for you." He thanked Howard for his work in UNA and said how grateful he was for all the people in England who helped his country. He then sent repeated donations to UNA.

So Howard and John did call on the doctor at Kathmandu and he and his family made them warmly welcome. The doctor put a car and chauffeur at the disposal of the two friends for as long as they wished.

Then the most thrilling part of the journey came when the two men boarded a small, twin engined plane to Lukla, en route to Namche Bazar.

The experience was absolutely without parallel, say John and Howard. Their little plane wove its way, like a tiny moth, in and out of the mountain passes and ranges. The enormous peaks of the mountains were all around, thrusting snow-covered summits into the sky. The valleys - gloriously beautiful - lay beneath.

The little plane, which of course, was not pressurised, could not go up very high, so it seemed just to skirt the house tops in the valleys.

All the lower flanks of the mountains blazed with glorious colour. Cascades of deep red rhododendrons flowed over the mountain faces and the mountain gentians and primulas in jewel colours were blazing from every point.

The aeroplane landed at Lukla, which is 9,500 feet above sea level, and the two men began to trek on foot with a lady porter carrying their rucksacks.

"Neither of us felt very happy about this", says Howard, "but this is the women's way of life, it's how they earn their living."

They also met up again with their friend Lhakpa. "He became our guide and indeed our guardian angel" they said.

The going was very rough. The pathways were covered with rocks and boulders and masses of slippery shale.

Howard did have two bad falls and these together with the encroaching mountain sickness, gave him a pretty hard time, particularly as the temperature was often in the eighties.

"It was the sparkling waters of the mountain streams that really kept me going," says Howard.

"I am tremendously glad I did this journey," Howard says "but I don't think I could ever tackle it again - certainly not in two days. I should want to take a week over it."

"The last 2000 feet seemed to me like an interminable climb up a dark chimney"

Actually all climbers are welcome to stay at any of the little houses which perch on the rims of the mountain sides. These are log cabins with no chimneys and no windows. Smoke from fires simply pours out of the doors and slits in the walls

"Howard was very brave," John says, "to tackle the climb in his weakened condition. I was luckier. I had a period of 24 hours mountain sickness but then I was all right."

When the climb was over the two men were warmly welcomed by the family of their Sherpa friend. They lived there for two days.

Lhakpa's father was away from home climbing Everest with an expedition team.

"The people of Nepal," say both men, "are the most gentle, kindly, courteous and courageous men and women one could ever hope to meet."

"Their standard of living is barely at



subsistence level; they have nothing, yet they will give you everything. They do not base their lives on material things; they are contented and happy - a very wonderful people."

During their stay John and Howard climbed further to the Lhotse and Nuptse mountain peaks to view Everest.

John went to a Sherpa dance where he was pulled in to take part. "I think I enjoyed it," he says cautiously.

On the way home the men visited the headquarters of the United Nations Association in Nepal and also saw some of the work of UNICEF.

They spent a few days in India and saw the Taj Mahal.

## PAVILIONS OF THE MIND

by C. TUDOR-HALL

Like so many of my old friends and colleagues, I find myself no less active in retirement than when working and, after one or two minor successes in the DIY field, I find myself planning new and ever more ambitious projects. The latest of these started with my grand daughter, aged just five, telling me that a friend of hers had a house of her very own and it was very obvious the pleasure they had playing in it.

My wife and I had already been talking about a part of our garden which we wanted to rearrange and we thought it would be a good idea to incorporate a leisure/play area complete with wooden Wendy House. As the idea germinated, we finally decided to invest in a reasonably sized summer house which would provide pleasure for both children and adults. We made some very pleasant jaunts looking at garden chalets, summer houses and the like but found nothing that exactly met our needs until we came across one manufacturer who said "You make a drawing of just what you require and we'll make the building".

Much in the same way as I was cornered into writing this article, I started making drawings of what we

had in mind in sufficient detail for construction purposes. You can probably guess the outcome. A standard product is one thing, but a "special" built to order put the price beyond what we wanted to spend and having gone so far, the decision to make it myself was no more than a step away.

Before anything could go much further a base had to be prepared. This was to be of concrete, six inches deep and nine feet by eight feet - quite modest proportions one would think, but which entailed what seemed like huge piles of sand and ballast (a cubic yard of each), nine bags of cement and the loan of a full-sized cement mixer.

It would be tiresome to relate in detail the various stages of construction such as: the logistics of determining the materials and quantities required; the order of making the individual parts and the erection, but each was a stimulating challenge and no little hard work. Suffice to say that some four months after the original idea, we now had a summer house complete with safety glass in the double doors, no less than six windows, shelves and fold-down tables complete with electricity - all freehold and fully booked for several summer seasons.

Of course, doing things like this is not everyone's idea of retirement but, providing one is reasonably active it does seem to help one remain that way and can prove most satisfying.

I hope this glimpse of what one old colleague gets up to is of some interest and I hope you all do those things you WANT to over many happy years.

## HANDY HINTS

From your ED.

For those suffering from arthritis who find things difficult to pick up, use a pair of barbecue tongs about 16 inches long. These can pick up almost anything without your having to bend.

If you have a cupboard door that refuses to stay shut. Press a drawing pin along the top edge of the door, this should solve the problem.

To make ladders or households steps safer, paint each step or rung, then sprinkle it with coarse sand while still wet. The sand should stick and make the surface non-slip.

When you are decorating, a paper plate stuck to the bottom of the paint tin will catch all the drips. It also provides a handy stand for the paint brush.

To make a good job of cleaning your steam iron, use cotton buds to clean the jets.





# IS ANYBODY THERE

by DERRICK HOLT

It was wartime and what with petrol rationing and it being Swindon's early closing day there was little to be heard, except for the steady drone of distant aircraft as I approached the front of British Home Stores.

I'd pressed the front door bell several times before, what seemed like an age, the enquiring face of an elderly gentleman peered out through a gap in the blind to query my identity and then, being satisfied, the door was quickly unlocked and just as quickly closed as I passed through.

The inside of the building was in utter darkness and, even had my eyes become used to this condition I doubt if it would have made much difference, since the blackout precautions were just as effective at keeping out light as keeping it in. Even when the caretaker switched on his torch the thin beam had little effect. "Follow me" he said as he moved off down the store to a point where his torch picked out a number of cash registers lined up against one of the counters; beside them a small table had been arranged as a work bench. A table lamp was now switched on to provide a weak pool of light under which I could work. "I'll be back later to see how you're getting on" said my escort as he left, his boots echoing through the building and the light from his torch flickering from side to side as he moved to the rear of the store, a door closed, then silence.

A start was made to repair the machines one by one. Occasionally I could hear the caretaker moving about in some distant part of the store; although he must have been too far away for me to pick out the light from his torch, there was the faint creak and slam of doors and the sound of echoing footsteps. After a while those footsteps could be heard moving towards me down one of the centre aisles - so the caretaker was making his promised return to check on progress - but where was he, I could neither see his torch nor pick out his outline: even as the footsteps passed in front of me and moved on up the store it became quite obvious that there was no-one there, then, there was the creak and slam of a

door, but what door? Certainly there was nothing in the direction from which he had come. I was becoming more than a little alarmed by something I couldn't explain. I called out more than once, in an attempt to attract someone's attention, but each time, after the echo had died away, there was silence. I stood listening for a while, but as there were no further sounds I picked up courage and continued working. Then suddenly, the footsteps again, this time coming straight towards me down the outside aisle, perhaps this time it was the caretaker, but again, where was that torch? The footsteps came nearer and nearer and then seemed to pass straight through me as they continued on up the store, again followed by that creaking slamming door. Under the circumstances I didn't feel much like concentrating on the work any more and it seemed only sensible to, once again, keep calling, but still no response, clearly the caretaker was ignoring me. I stood there riveted to the spot listening and wondering about the cause of even the slightest sound, when suddenly I spun round startled by footsteps, again in my aisle. This time, to my relief, there was the torch and the clear outline of the caretaker. All I could say was how pleased I was to see him. "The reason I came was to see how you were getting on. You've got a problem?" was his reply. I told him I'd been calling for ages but he hadn't answered. "I never heard you" he said, "Not that I could have heard anything anyway because I've been in the basement since you came." "But", I insisted, "I heard you moving about at the end of the store." "Not me" he said, looking slightly puzzled. "Anyway, what were you calling me for?" I explained about the footsteps and the doors being opened and closed and that there didn't seem to be any body there. "Well" he said, seeming quite unconcerned "There wouldn't be, would there, since there's only the two of us here". After a while I could hear those footsteps again. "Listen" I said, "there they are". The caretaker stood quite still as the clonk, clink moved nearer, a puzzled look on his face, and then, after the creaks and those strange doors slammed shut once again, he stood thinking for a moment, then looking up, he said with a smile "I know what those noises are, it's the floating floor, it makes noises as it moves across the joists. Being here every evening I didn't really notice

such sounds". There was a pause as he considered the situation. "Come on" he said, "Let's liven the place up a bit". A pile of records was then heaped onto the record player, and during the rest of that afternoon, the remaining cash registers were cheerfully dealt with to the strains of Bing Crosby and Vera Lynne.

## A BIT OF A POSER SOLUTION

101010 = 950

10T010 = 950

Ten to ten = nine fifty

*The following poem was submitted by Tom Glass: I think it sums up what we all feel at times, so thank you, Tom. Ed.*

## I'M FINE THANK YOU

There is nothing the matter with me  
I'm as healthy as healthy can be  
I have arthritis in both my knees  
And when I talk, I talk with a wheeze  
My pulse is weak, my blood is thin  
But I'm awfully well for the shape  
I'm in.

Arch supports I have to keep  
Or I shouldn't be able to stand on my feet  
Sleep is denied me night after night  
But every morning I find I'm all right  
My memory is failing, my head's in a spin  
But I'm awfully well for the shape  
I'm in.  
The moral is this as this tale unfolds  
That for you and me who are growing old  
It's better to say I'm fine with a grin  
Than to let folks know the shape  
I'm in.



How do I know my youth is all spent  
Well my get up and go has got up  
and went  
But I really don't mind when I think  
with a grin  
Of all the grand places my get up has  
been

Old age is golden, I've heard it said  
But sometimes I wonder as I get into  
bed  
With my ears in a drawer my teeth in  
a cup  
My eyes on the table till I wake up  
Ere sleep comes over me I say to  
myself  
Is there anything else I should lay on  
the shelf?

When I was young my slippers were  
red  
I could kick my heels right over my  
head  
When I grow older, my slippers were  
blue  
But still I could dance the whole night  
through  
Now I'm older my slippers are black  
I walk to the stores and puff my way  
back.

I get up in the mornings and dust off  
my wits  
Pick up the paper and read the odd  
bits  
If my name's still missing I know I'm  
not dead  
So I have a good breakfast and go  
back to bed.

## FURTHER MEMORIES OF 'JOHN WIL- LIE MABEY'

by G.COWIE.

As a further tribute to John Willie and  
in appreciation of the first class article  
on "John Willie" may I pen a few more  
tales of the remarkable character.

I was passing along a corridor in  
Head Office and overheard Bill Hart  
(Then Assistant Manager, AMD) ask  
John if he had obtained the order.  
John said that he had not and when

## HOW'S THIS FOR A BIT OF NOSTALGIA?

From the Ed.

My thanks to Bob Cleaver for sending me a copy of the letter below; can you  
recognise the cash registers and accounting machines pictured at the top of the  
letter? Also notice the fantastic wage increases given in those far distant days,  
work it out for yourself, but I make it a 12.5% increase every six months. WOW!

THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY, LTD.

206 216 MARYLEBONE ROAD,  
LONDON, N.W.1

*Telephone* *Telegrams*  
*Antoniam 1931 Lines* *National Cash Register*

ASL/LVJ

28th January 1938.

Mr. Robert Cleaver,  
10, Clarence Way,  
Kensish Town,  
N.W.1.

Dear Sir,

We wish to confirm the arrangement made by our Mr.  
Harber to give you a start in our Apprentices School on  
Monday, 31st January at 8.30, if your parents agree.


As explained to you the Apprenticeship Course  
extends over a period of two years. Payment will be made  
at the rate of £1.0s.0d. per week, with a half-yearly increase  
of 2s. 6d.

The course will be confined to training in repair and  
maintenance of cash registers and accounting machines for half  
of each day. The other half will be given to the making of tools  
and materials and exercises in Applied Mechanics.

At the end of the training period, a position will be  
offered in one of our workshops for the repair and maintenance of  
cash registers.

Yours very truly,  
THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY, LTD..

*A. S. Lupton*  
Repair Department.



OVER 80 SALES AND SERVICE DEPTS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

Bill Hart asked the reason, John  
Willie said that he did not want to  
purchase 30,000 galvanised buckets.

Always a past master in the art of  
verbal defence, John was taken to  
task by one of his customers for the  
mechanical failure of an accounting  
machine that John had sold him, but  
John soothed his ruffled feathers by  
saying that lightning never strikes in  
the same place twice. Some weeks  
later John approached his own desk  
and saw that it had been covered in a  
large notice that said that lightning  
had struck again.

Another John Willie classic hap-  
pened during a CPC convention in  
Spain. Names of leading UK sales-

men were drawn from a hat with a  
view to selecting delegates to attend  
the USA CPC Convention. The name  
of John Mabey was called and at our  
table W.B. Woods (then Manager  
AMD), who did not normally dabble in  
profanity, was heard to comment  
"C——, not Mabey". To cap the  
occasion, John had decided to go  
shopping and was not available to  
receive his award.

It is often said that there are not  
many real characters on the Sales  
Force these days. Whether this is  
true or not, I can honestly say that  
with the passing of John Willie  
Mabey, NCR has lost one of its most  
colourful personalities of all time.



# LETTERS

Dear Betty

I just had to put pen to paper to thank you for the "Get-together" and lunch provided for region 8 on the 19th October, which I thoroughly enjoyed.

It was so nice meeting my old colleagues and talking over our experiences of the past.

I look forward very much to other NCR Retirement Fellowship meetings in the future.

Once again, many thanks

Yours sincerely,

CHARLES THOMPSON.

Romford.

29.10.1988

Dear Betty

Just had to put pen to paper to say how much I enjoyed myself today.

Thank you for all your efforts together with Mr. Garsed and Mr. Redington.

Mr. Phillips and his staff excelled themselves with the buffet, as always.

The humour of the speeches and all the younger colleagues who have

joined us all helped to make the reunion a memorable one. Please

pass on my appreciation to all concerned. After the meeting I spent

some time in the customer lounge at Head Office and the two young ladies

at the reception desk were really charming and made me welcome

while I was waiting for my son.

Thanks for everything,

NINA WILTSHIRE

Northolt.

2.11.1988

Dear Betty

Please accept my sincere apologies for not writing earlier but I have had a bad spell healthwise, it is like a miracle to be recovering.

I feel in a great debt to NCR for the pay rises I have received; it is so nice not to worry so much about money, so would you pass all thanks to the Management and all staff.

I shall be celebrating my 86th birthday on the 22.10.1988, also my 21 years of retirement and 70 years of driving on four wheels. I started this on a special permit, taking produce to Covent Garden market when old Waterloo Bridge was like a switch-back, this was in 1918 when labour was scarce.

Would the following little story be suitable for Postscript?

I will call her Lady Helpus and a true lady she was. Rumour said she gave her weekly pay to the first girl she met, also she always washed her hands before even drinking a cup of tea. This was her war effort, answering the Retail Service phones and allocating jobs. The late Ted (Spud) Murphy said that it was her ladyship's birthday so a cake was made out of odd pieces of wood and passed to the Display department where the late Harry Sexton made an ice-like coating out of plaster of paris decorated with piping and colored with ink. The great day arrived and out she went to wash her hands and the masterpiece was placed on her desk. This delighted her so she tried to borrow a knife to cut it but we stopped her doing this by telling her how it was made. This cheered a lot of people up in those gloomy days. When this lady visited us well after the war was finished her first words were "I still have the cake".

I still do a bit of charity work and I am still the Auditor of Kent Subclubs Convalescent Homes Federation, an ancillary of Club Institute Union. This sort of thing keeps you going.

My best wishes to yourself and every one.

Yours feeling very old.

EDDIE SAWYER.

Kent.

17.10.1988

## OBITUARY

**Pearl Bloom.** Died 11/7/88 aged 75. Clerk, sales stock accs. NCR 1000. Retired March 1973 after 8 years service.

**Mabel Bonner** (née Fidler). Died 29/1/89 aged 78. Supplies Div. Brent. Retired November 1965 after 15 yrs service.

**Edgar Brooks.** Died 16/8/88/aged 74. Clerk, C.R. accs. Greenford. Retired Aug 1977 after 12 yrs service.

**Nelly Day.** Died 10/2/88 aged 74. Machinist Systemedia, Brent. Retired June 1973 after 8 yrs service.

**John Draper.** Died 1/10/88 aged 78. Garage H/O chauffeur. Retired Oct 1975 after 29 yrs service.

**Christine Hamilton.** Died 1/1/89 aged 66. FED, Office services, Glasgow. Retired Aug.1982 after 13 years service.

**Donald Hardy.** Died Nov.1988 aged 62. Area Admin Mng. F&A H/O. Retired June 1988 after 41 yrs service.

**Albert Hopkins.** Died 31/7/88 aged 79. Systemedia, Borehamwood. Retired Nov.1975 after 18 yrs service.

**Arthur Honeyball.** Died 27/12/88 aged 85. FED, Brent. Retired Mar.1968 after 30 yrs service.

**Gerald Mabey.** Died 12/9/88 aged 78. Customer support, Croydon. Retired Aug.1975 after 15 yrs service.

**Geoffrey Martin.** Died 10/1/88 aged 64. Import clerk, freight, express Boyd, Bonhill Street. Retired May.1984 after 19yrs service

**Angus McLeod.** Died 9/12/88 aged 79. Gardener, company guest houses. Retired Oct 1974 after 15 yrs service.

**Sydney Quinton.** Died 5/12/88 aged 76. Intertype operator, Systemedia, Borehamwood. Retired Nov 1975 after 38 yrs service.

**Ron Sewell.** Died 17/9/88 aged 57. Mng. Retail F&A, Finchley. Retired Sept 1988 after 37 yrs service.

**Dennis Shears.** Died 3/11/88 aged 67. Systems salesman C&I Head Office. Retired Aug 1977 after 26 yrs service.

**Norman Taplin.** Died 23/11/88 aged 68. Centre Manager, Southampton. Retired Oct 1978 after 43 yrs service.

**Ted Tilley.** Died 9/11/88 aged 93. Taunton Office. Retired June 1960 after 47yrs service.

**David Urquhart.** Died 5/8/88 aged 68. Offices services, Edinburgh. Retired Sept 1977 after 26 yrs service.

**Arthur Wilson.** Died 31/7/88 aged 79. FED Manchester. Retired June 1973 after 35yrs service.

**Alfred Woodcock.** Died 28/11/88 aged 76. Night Security Officer, Brent. Retired Jan 1976 after 10 yrs service.



# REGIONAL NEWS FROM THE EDITOR

*Regions 4, 5 and 8 held their Xmas luncheons at Head Office during October and November. Once again Ken Phillips and his staff excelled themselves and provided an excellent buffet meal on all three occasions; on behalf of all those attending may I say "Thanks Ken".*

*After the luncheons the guest speaker was Alan Chard of F.E.D. and a most informative and humorous talk was given by him. On the occasion that I heard him, not only was I surprised by the changes in F.E.D., that he told us about but I appreciated his sense of humour and the obvious enthusiasm which he must put into his everyday effort with the company. NCR need have no worries for the future while they have people like Alan working for them.*

*Fellowship members who attended these three functions were as follows:-*

## REGION 8 - 19th OCTOBER 1988

Arthur Attride  
James Barber  
Maurice Billyard  
Reg Burt  
Betty Campbell  
Kath Carter  
Alf Cawfield  
Hilda Child  
Edward Cseh  
Gerald Cutler  
Nellie Day  
Basil Garsed  
Eric Gimson  
Harold Goldner  
Ted Grundy  
Ray Hall  
Phyllis Harrison  
Doris Hatfield  
Vivian Hyde  
Bill Ide  
Doreen Jarman  
Irene Jones  
Pat Keane  
Ron Knubley  
Harry Ladd  
Fred Main  
Dorothy Martin  
Jean Minshull  
Charlie Morgan  
Joyce Newman  
Betty Ranson  
Wally Rawlins  
Harry Redington  
Lee Robinson  
Betty Ross

Doris Rowley  
Ernie Scott  
Flo Smith  
Walter Smith  
John Spinks  
Sylvia Stubbs  
Bert Tarling  
Eileen Taylor  
Charles Thompson  
Peter Timlett  
Renee Welham  
Des Woodall

## GUESTS:-

Alan Chard (F.E.D.)  
Vincent Gordon (Manager Pensions)  
Tim Lunn (Pensions)  
Lorna Macmillan (Pensions)

## REGION 5 - 26th OCTOBER 1988

Pip Barbour  
Albert Barden  
Brian Booker  
Don Boyton  
Harry Brien  
Frank Bushell  
Betty Campbell  
Cliff Dobbins  
Rosa Dodd  
Bill Doe  
Paddy Ellis  
Sam Foster  
Basil Garsed  
Alex Guy  
Joan Hunter  
Len Hurst  
Alf Jeffries  
Bob Judges  
Bert Newman  
Peter Peacock  
Edith Pritchard  
Ernie Pye  
Harry Redington  
George Roberts  
Andre Rossi  
Keith Rossiter  
Stan Scorer  
Reg Sedgewick  
Sid Sidoli  
Wilf Simpson  
Lillian Skinner  
Harold Stevens  
Ron Tarling  
Bill Thomas  
Irene Thurgood  
Tom Treadwell  
Tudor TodurHall  
Harry Turner  
Ian Vickers-Jones  
Marjorie Vigus  
Bob Wadsworth  
Des Woodall

## GUESTS:-

Alan Chard (F.E.D.)  
Paul Entwistle (Director F & A)  
Vincent Gordon (Manager Pensions)  
Lorna MacMillan (Pensions)  
Tim Lunn (Pensions)  
John Nash (Pensions)

## REGION 4 - 2nd NOVEMBER 1988

Harry Redington  
Pam Sewell  
Tom Smith  
Basil Swatton  
George Attle  
Ena Brister  
Betty Campbell  
Peter Casemore  
Bob Cleaver  
Harry Cole  
Derrick Coleman  
Betty Colmer  
Jack Crownshaw  
John Crosson  
Frank Cunningham  
Dick Downey  
David Douglas-Withers  
Gerry England  
Pauline Flynn  
Alf Froud  
Basil Garsed  
Irene Gee  
Fred Goodall  
Elsie Granger  
Dudley Haley  
Eunice Hall  
Margaret Hanley  
Arthur Harris  
George Hawkins  
Jim Hill  
May Hill  
Kathleen Hill  
Olive Holloway  
Derrick Holt  
Margaret Hyams  
Des Jones  
Gladys James  
Vera Keene  
Eileen Kent  
John Light  
Bob McCullagh  
Mike Hughes  
Mary Mardlin  
Ron Mason  
Gladys Moore  
Stephen Moore  
Bill Morgan  
Len Morgan  
Lucy O'Donoghue  
Ray Pearce  
Charlie Pegg  
Syd Perry  
Percy Pond  
John Price  
George Price  
Joyce Ranson



Harry Redington  
 Mike Regester  
 Emily Sanderson  
 Joy Service  
 Pam Sewell  
 Betty Shorter  
 Bill Smith  
 Denis Smith  
 Tom Smith  
 John Smithson  
 Vera Smithson  
 Sid Stroud  
 Basil Swatton  
 Margaret Totton  
 Frank Taylor  
 Barbara Walker  
 Phyllis Wickens  
 Alan Watson  
 Nina Wiltshire  
 Jack Wooff  
 Paul Wordsworth  
 George Wright

GUESTS:-

Alan Chard (F.E.D.)  
 Ian Black (Director Personnel)  
 Vincent Gordon (Manager Pensions)  
 Tim Lunn (Pensions)  
 John Nash (Pensions)

REGION 6 - 1988

During 1988 we had two meetings, both held at the "Crest" Hotel, Southsea. We find that the Southsea venue is convenient for most of our members as the Portsmouth/Southsea area is well served by public transport and M27 motorway. The "Crest" Hotel at Southsea has always been most punctillious in meeting our requirements.

On 8th May Tony Poil was the speaker at our Afternoon Buffet Tea. This was a most interesting and amusing occasion as Tony reminisced on his experiences - from the day he joined NCR until the present day. We very much appreciated Tony taking time out from his busy day to come down and join us, particularly as he had only just returned the previous afternoon from an arduous trip to the USA.

The Lunch held on the 26th October was a great success not only for the super lunch but the fun and laughter at the reception in the bar, soon had our new members at their ease. We all had a great time with many old friendships being renewed and new friendships made. We all look forward to 1989.

REGION 6 - 1988

The pre-Xmas luncheon was held at the Crest Hotel, Southsea and those attending were:-

Bates K.H.  
 Batterbury D.C.  
 Brown E.W.  
 Burton E.J.  
 Closier W.G.  
 Collingham A.  
 Collins T.  
 Fisher R.V.  
 Fowler F.H.  
 Gent J.W.  
 Gordon J.  
 Gorman J.W.  
 Gould I.  
 Greenaway E.  
 Hartshorn A.J.  
 Heelas (Ms) A.  
 Heslop A.  
 Kensett H.W.F.  
 Lawrie J.A.  
 Lee (Ms) M.A.  
 Levett C.A.  
 Maley (Ms) G.C.  
 McDonald J.C.  
 Meadows D.  
 Meek (Ms) D.  
 Nash B.  
 Ottaway H.  
 Phillpot G.  
 Pickard G.E.  
 Reeves L.J.  
 Reynolds J.H.  
 Rogers (Ms) M.J.  
 Sanders J.F.C.  
 Searle E.A.  
 Smith P.W.  
 Smith W.G.  
 Stirner F.K.  
 Trigwell F.T.  
 Turner A.G.  
 Walker (Ms) J.  
 Wall L.A.M.D.  
 Guest: Robinson F. (Mgr. Brighton)

REGION 9 SOUTH WEST - 12th  
 DECEMBER 1988

The pre-Xmas luncheon was held at the Great Western Hotel Exeter and those attending were:-

Pete and Peggy Swannell  
 Wally and Cherry Crump  
 Royal and Daphne Zaiger  
 Harry Crown  
 Harry and Vera Rowbottom  
 Bert and Gladys King  
 Bill and Iris Moss  
 Rose Nicholls  
 Percy and Ann Davis  
 Eric and Frances Willsmer  
 Betty Wassnik  
 Gordon and Dorothy Newberry  
 Joan Gardner

Derek and Pat Lock  
 Ken and Hazel Thorne  
 Gladys Jarman  
 Ken and Ida Haynes  
 Margaret Adlam  
 Bob Webber  
 Ton and Val Farmer  
 GUESTS:-

Betty Campbell and George Haynes.



REGION 2 NORTH EAST - 20th  
OCTOBER 1988

The pre-Xmas luncheon was held at the Dawnay Arms, Newton-on-Ouse and those attending were:-

James Batchelor  
Joy Brown  
Geoff Beaumont  
Frank Chambers  
Sheila Davidson  
Andy Ewart  
Henry Faber  
Ernie Giles  
Geo Gent  
Eric  
Cathie  
Jo Leighton  
Frank Murray  
Harry Pridham

Margaret Proctor  
Jack Sale  
Neville Smith

Eddie Tuck

GUESTS:-

Susan and Maureen from NCR  
Leeds.

All agreed that the meal was "par excellence" so much so that we shall be returning on May 18th 1989 when I am sure that we will be back to our normal numbers. My sincere thanks to Jack Sale and Susan and Maureen from Leeds for their tremendous help over the past year without which I would probably be nearing bankruptcy and especially to those who travelled so far to be with old colleagues.

REGION 2 NORTH WEST - CAR-  
LISLE - 29th NOVEMBER 1988

The pre-Xmas luncheon was held at the Central Hotel and those attending were:-

Andy Ewart  
Mary Hunter  
Jo Leighton  
V. McManus  
Ann Gate  
Dot Turnbull  
Gladys Foulner  
J. Mouncey  
Ernie Giles

This was the last function for the year 1988 and the attendance was 100 percent. Again Jo Leighton kindly assisted with the arrangements, and many thanks Jo. We had a new-comer at the luncheon: John Mouncey, who retired recently - welcome John. The meal was enjoyable and a good time was had by all.





REGION 2 NORTH WEST - 12th  
OCTOBER 1988

The pre-Xmas luncheon was held at The Nags Head and those attending were:-

Doug Ashworth  
Nancy Craighead  
George Daniels  
Freddie Duckworth  
Ernie Giles  
Evelyn Groom  
Charles Grout  
Jack Hale  
Rita Home  
Stan Horner  
Geo Hull  
Alice Hutchins  
Ted Latham  
Geo Lawrence  
Gerry O'Garr  
Eric Patten  
Geo Reilly

Henry Ross  
Denis Scales  
S. Walker  
E. Worsley  
Chris Christmas  
Ken Nugent  
Charles Southall  
Tom Taylor  
Cyril Ashworth  
Gordon Jenkins  
GUESTS:-

Harry Redington (Chairman NCR Retirement Fellowship)  
Susan and Maureen from NCR Leeds

This was our second visit to the Nags Head and once again the food and service were absolutely "spot on" hence we shall be re-visiting again in May 1989. The occasion was also an

important one being the first opportunity we had, as a membership to celebrate, belatedly but never the less with pride, the birthday of our oldest member. For it was on the 23rd September 1898 that Evelyn Groom was born. Evelyn received a lovely bouquet of flowers from Nancy Craighead and George Lawrence came in with a beautiful birthday cake made for the occasion by our hostess. Needless to say Evelyn shares great memories of the NCR of yesteryear, since her late husband George and even his father were part of our great company way back and before 1923. The North West choir rendered a birthday wish and we sincerely trust that Evelyn will continue to enjoy good health and gardening for yet another decade at least.





**CHAIRMAN OF ORGANISING  
COMMITTEE**

Mr H J Redington



**REGIONAL ORGANISERS**

**REGION 1**

Mr J E Sale



**REGION 2**

Mr E J Giles



**REGION 3**

Mrs M D Wood



**REGION 4**

Mr E B Garsed



**REGION 5**

Mr R Hilliar



**REGION 6**

Mr J Gorman



**REGION 7**

Mr G J Kembery



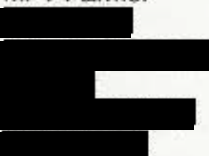
**REGION 8 & 8A**

Mr D Woodall



**REGION 9**

Mr T Farmer



**SECRETARY**

Ms Betty Campbell



**PENSIONS DEPARTMENT LIASON**

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**NCR**

POSTSCRIPT is the newsletter of the  
NCR Pensioner's fellowship and is  
published by Personal Resources  
NCR Limited.

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