

A MESSAGE FROM THE CHAIRMAN

A LOSS TO THE FELLOWSHIP

It is especially sad to report that Ron Hilliar, Regional Organiser Region 5 died on October 3 after a long and painful illness. Ron has been Organiser since the Fellowship was first established and made a significant contribution towards getting the Fellowship up and going. Although, because of his illness, he has not been able to attend our recent meetings, he has still maintained considerable interest in all our activities both local and countrywide. His courage and sense of humour never deserted him and we all appreciate his contribution to the Fellowship. We are certainly going to miss his lively personality.

Harry Redington

HARRY REDINGTON

*Christmas and
New Year
greetings to
you all*

PENSIONER'S PROFILE

One man's life in NCR
by J. BATTERSBY



I joined NCR as Branch Office Clerk in Manchester Office on the 24th of February 1930 at a wage of 12/6d a week, after spending 9 months at Pitmans College, learning shorthand and typing. I found shorthand difficult, finally getting up to about 50 words a minute, but I enjoyed typing and was at least as fast as shorthand.

I was engaged by S.R. Franklin at the office at 8, City Road, but soon afterwards moved to larger premises in John Dalton Street. The District Manager was Tom Copley who later retired and was succeeded by Peter Skinner. Another one there at the time was Jim Wallace, AMD Mechanic, who later became Service Manager in London. The office hours were 8.45am to 6pm and 8.45am to 1pm on Saturdays.

I spent 4 years in Manchester by which time my wages had risen to £1.5s per week. Then in January we received a visit from G.A. Marshall who had been Manager of GB, but had just been appointed Vice-President Overseas Operations,

which included the whole world except US and Canada. I was asked to type some letters for Mr. Marshall (GAM) which must have given satisfaction because a few days later I was offered a position in GAM's newly formed Overseas Dept in London. The next morning I was on the train on my first ever visit to London, green to city life with a slight stammer and colour blind, both of which I tried to conceal in case they affected my future. I was interviewed on arrival by Mr. D.A.F. Donald, Managing Director, who confirmed the offer of the job in Overseas Dept at £2.10.0 a week. I said I thought I could not live in London on that, to which he replied "Others do" and that was that.

After working for maybe one year at the Company's offices in Tottenham Court Road the Overseas Dept moved to offices in Victoria House, Southampton Row temporarily until NCR's new building in Marylebone Road was completed. The Secretary to GAM was W.A. Harrison, and W.O. Robilliaru worked for E.F. Jones, Overseas Controller. In 1936 Mr. Harrison left to join the AMD selling force and the position as Secretary to GAM became vacant. He advertised within NCR and let it be known that he would like someone at least 25. Although I had worked in his dept for over 2 years I was only 21 and didn't apply. I was surprised and pleased, therefore, when, after interviewing people, GAM offered me the position. Although he was a most demanding boss he was respected and even revered around the NCR world and he didn't spare himself in his devotion to the job. Once when a salesman was "on the carpet" for some reason, he came out of the office, I said "How did you get on", he replied "He fired me, but I would rather be fired by him than anyone I know".

GAM travelled extensively around the world visiting NCR offices and one of my duties was to arrange his travel and make reservations. In those early years of air travel it was difficult as flights could be so infrequent. A long tour could take weeks or months. He once flew by Graf Zeppelin from Friedrichshafen to Pernambuco in Brazil. On another occasion, he went from Moscow to Vladivostok by the Trans-Siberian Rail. He was an early passenger to fly over the Andes to Santiago. I recall going with him to the old Croydon Airport to catch a plane. He flew from UK to Cairo by flying boat, spending a night en route, I think at Brindisi.

In those early days I met many Overseas Managers who came to London to see GAM, and also the various Presidents from Dayton — Frederick Patterson (son of the founder of NCR), Col. E.A. Deeds, S.C. Allyn, R.S. Oelman and R.S. Laing.

During the Winter of 1937, GAM paid a visit to Madrid. The Spanish civil war was raging and on arrival he found there was no heat in the hotel and it was miserable and cold. Most of the men were serving in the army, and their dependents were in a desperate plight, cold and hungry. He decided to do something about it so he arranged to rent a chateau in France and to move about 130 of the dependents to the chateau and to keep them there until the end of the hostilities. He placed in charge of running it, a young Englishman, Albert Moth, who had been working as Secretary to the Manager of NCR Spain, Pedro Delfino. When the war ended in Spain and the Second World War began, Moth came home and joined the RAF as a trainee pilot, but was killed in Rhodesia during training.

In a letter GAM wrote to the President in Dayton, reporting what he had done on behalf of the Company, he offered to resign if the President did not agree to the expense to which he had committed the Company as he could not see people suffer without doing something to help.

At the outbreak of war in September 1939 GAM went to work

for Lord Beaverbrook at the Ministry of Aircraft Production, and on my call up I was accepted as a trainee pilot in the RAF. After waiting some time for my pilot's course I was posted to the Elementary Flying School on Tiger Moths at North Luffenham. I eventually went solo after 5 hours of dual instruction, then after about 100 on Tigers I was posted to Brize Norton for Service training. When I was a good way to getting my "wings" I was sent for a medical and of course they found I was colour blind. I was immediately grounded. I wrote to GAM to say how disappointed I was. He wrote back saying if I was interested, he might get me a job in the Ministry of Aircraft Production. I told my C.O. but he said there was no way I could be demobbed but he agreed I could continue flying daylight only non-operational classified A2B. Upon getting my Wings and completing the course I passed out as a Sgt. Pilot and was posted to Jurby, IOM which was a bombing, Gunnery & Navigational School flying Blenheims. I spent four years in the IOM, a good place to be during a war, as there were many 100's of German internees and prisoners, including Rudolf Hess, and we were never bombed. I experienced that in London on leave. I was demobbed in December 1945 with about 1700 flying hours which included some hairy moments and one crashed aircraft, a Wellington.

I returned to my old job as Secretary to GAM, but in 1950 he decided to retire as Vice President after 22 years and returned to his native Canada as Chairman of the Canadian NCR. He was succeeded by Mr. J.S. Scott who made his H.Q. in Dayton. At the same time I decided to try my hand at selling and was accepted by Mr. S.J. Conway as an adding machine salesman. I was on territory about 18 months in part of the city of London and made CPC during the only complete year I was selling. In 1952 I received a letter from Mr. Scott offering me the position as Manager of the London Overseas Dept and as the previous 18 years had been spent on the Overseas side of the business, I was glad to accept. Apart from the normal day to day matters, I was made a member of the committee organizing the annual CPC convention under

the Chairmanship of Mr. W.E. Kaegi, Manager of NCR Switzerland, and attended every one until I retired.

In 1960, Mr. D.A.F. Donald retired as Chairman and Managing Director and he was succeeded by Mr. S.A. Conway who appointed me as his Executive Assistant. For some years Mr. Donald had rented a grouse moor in Scotland and the lease had some years to run when Mr. Conway took over. It has been used to entertain important customers. Mr. Conway had no experience or knowledge of the protocol or traditions of grouse shooting. Nor had I of course, but he roped me in to learn about it, to learn to shoot a double barreled shot gun, to help him organize the parties, and to accompany him to Scotland every year, and participate. We were also given tremendous help by the Head gamekeeper. We went to Scotland each year in August for the next ten years.

I had been having some recurring health problems, so I decided to retire in February 1972 after 42 years with NCR. Looking back, I have been extremely lucky, always seeming to be in the right place at the right time.

When I retired my wife and I moved to the peace of Sussex. It is now May 1989 and we have just celebrated our Golden Wedding.

J. BATTERSBY

"HANDY HINTS" FROM YOUR ED

- Don't throw out an old ironing board. It's very useful as a table for jobs in the greenhouse and shed. You can adjust it to suit your own height and it can also be stored easily when not in use.
- If you are having trouble removing a tight rawplug put an over-size screw about halfway in. Then pull the screw and plug out with a pair of pliers.
- To make a handy garden cane holder, take two empty tins, one with both ends off, the other with only one off. Fasten them onto your garage or shed wall sideways, a few feet apart. You can then feed the stakes through the tin with both ends off and into the open end of the one-ended tin.

NACARECO HERE I COME

by TED WAY

August 1938 – one short month before the waving of that dove-like piece of paper stating that Herr Hitler had concluded a peace treaty with Great Britain. Have to believe him.

Dad just died, have to support Mum – so, seek another job with more money and less travelling expenses. Mmmm – “Daily Telegraph”, male clerks 18-21 knowledge of shorthand and typing essential. Box No. so and so.

Oh well, perhaps they're suited, so as I've written to one or two others besides I'll put on my leisure clothes this Monday morning and take myself off some-where. Just as leaving the house, postman arrives; letter from who? The National Cash Register Co., Ltd., Marylebone Road. Never heard of them, although born in East Street (now Chiltern Street). Hold on – what's this? please come for an interview but that's today, in fact half an hour ago. Letter dated three days ago – could this be Miss Rouart giving Frank Pryke mail so late that actual despatch delayed? – never. Well, rapid change into business clothes and mad dash by bus to Baker Street; through hallowed portals; present letter to showroom porter. Scrutiny of my *laissez-passer* elicits the comment that Mr. Scott's in convention just now – you'll have to wait.

Strange – convention – what's that? To me it signified only a stylised activity, a grammatical rule or something in the game of bridge. I was soon to learn that this was a morning meeting of salesmen and selected managers at which the previous day's business successes were called out and written up on a large blackboard by Mr. Thomsett perched precariously at the top of a wooden ladder.

At the conclusion of “convention” I was duly interviewed by Mr. John Scott, then Secretary of the Company, who finally told me, I would be engaged at the salary I had

requested, namely £2.0.0d. per week. I later learned that one of my colleagues, one Jack Tavener, only six months my senior, had requested and obtained £2.5.0d. per week; so I felt I had sold myself somewhat cheaply.

The sixteen of us, all recruited within a month of each other, became a branch of the Sales Promotion Department known as the Follow-Up Section, whose function was to send out successive mailing “shots” to retailers recommended by the Cash Register sales agent as being open to persuasion of the desirability of purchasing a machine for retail business.

It required only the notation on an agent's daily report that this man is a prospect (or p.p. viz ‘prospective purchaser’) for the F.U. Section's wheels to be set in motion. I well remember one of my agents writing on his report “This man is *not* a prospect; he is not even a suspect”.

Ah, halcyon days; when the men were required to be at work by 8.45am until 6pm, whereas the girls came in at 9 o'clock and left at 5.30pm – why? sssh, – so that the sexes shouldn't meet. In fact in those days NCR was very much a male chauvinistic bastion, the only females being, top managers' secretaries and the typing pool of some twenty or so girls under the eagle eye of an elderly supervisor. In spite of all these precautions, one of our number, who used to run off the Sales Bulletin on a duplicator, managed to beat the system and marry one of Miss Savidge's most delectable damsels.

Life in those days was very strict, signing on at the back door under the beady eye of Danson who could not be persuaded in any way from ruling the red line across the list at precisely 9 o'clock. Furthermore, in order to leave the building during working hours required departmental head authorization. Once or twice, one or the other of our members managed to get out unofficially, then a phone would ring and an anguished voice would say “I'm just in Balcome Street, can someone go down and divert Danson's attention while I slip back in”.

Another clandestine activity was the lowering of a large manilla envelope containing money and an order list to a co-operative Walls Ice Cream man who loaded our envelope which then disappeared skyward to the first floor. Unfortunately, this activity was witnessed one day by Miss Wiblin, the Managing Director's secretary on her way back from lunch; followed by a discreet message that this wasn't the most sensible thing to be doing.

Then there was the occasional overtime: the princely sum of one shilling and sixpence being granted in the form of a voucher encashable at Lyons teashop in Baker Street, providing one worked a minimum of one and a half hours overtime. Most of us were so hungry that we were only too eager to convert our voucher into the poached egg on toast and cup of tea the voucher just covered. The budding business tycoons among us scorned this easy option, however, exchanging their voucher for nine ‘Kitcats’ at tuppence each, then selling them to eager buyers the next morning at tea break, thus recouping the eighteen pence which could be used to much better advantage than being wasted on poached eggs.

Dress in those days was, by dictate, lounge suits and white shirts, except on Saturday mornings, when one was allowed to come in informal clothes. It was, however, quite a stomach-knotting experience to go down the centre staircase (in itself somewhat daring) and pass the Secretary who, whilst making no comment, gave one a searching look – the louder the sports jacket, the more gimlet-like the managerial look.

Although Saturday was generally normal throughout the country it was naturally irksome, but we of the F.U. Section were sometimes fortunate. Being so closely associated with the sales force and the frequent sales drives, we were occasionally called into the sales atmosphere. One such was the original Blue Vase Sales Contest of Oct-Nov 1938. Based on the book “The Go-getter” this was a universal success, being applicable to all countries regardless of language and to all people regardless of

ability, since the original "go-getter" was a man with a physical handicap. Being set the task of having to procure a certain blue vase from a certain store in a certain town, by a certain time, in order to win the hand of a certain lady, was tailor-made to the analogy of overcoming difficulties in the sales of cash register equipment by a specified deadling, viz: between the 1st October and the 30th November.

We "Follow-uppers" were told we had to be available that Saturday to hand out sales information at the inaugural convention for the Blue Vase Contest. Imagine our delight at being escorted to the News Theatre Cinema at the approach to Baker Street underground station (District Line) which had been hired for the morning in order to screen the film of the "Go-getter", following sales talks by P.A. Brown, Sales Manager; Bill Harris, London District Manager and sundry sales personnel. Could any other 19/20 year olds be so lucky as to have joined a company offering such Saturday morning delights – and get paid for it. The next Monday found miniature blue vases on all desks – pocket editions of the "Go-getter" pored over by enthralled clerks and mutterings of "It shall be done" at every suitable opportunity.

Work hard and play hard seemed to be the creed of those far-off days. I can recall the time we discovered a mouse in the desk drawer of one of our chums (Howard Kensett) attracted by his sandwiches no doubt. This developed into a full scale hunt with sorting needles (fearsome weapons used for differ-entiating from clipped and unclipped record cards in a suspension file system). Just as all the desks had been moved to one end of the office and the poor wee sleekit cowering, timorous beastie cornered at the other, who should come through the door but Mr. Cusack, the big boss. Mass sackings on the spot? No (PAB must have been in a good mood) "Hello" he said "What are you up to?" Upon being told by one brave person the true intent of our activities, he grinned and hoped we would catch the mouse.

We also found time for cruelty, always lurking just beneath the surface in that school-like environment. The particular case I have in mind was that of a member of the shipping Department, who wore his hair very long for those days when a "short back and sides" was literally just that. Somehow it was found out that a particular day was his birthday and through the internal mail he

should have received a birthday card, a shampoo and a pack of hairpins . . . we never heard for sure whether they reached their destination.

Humour? Lots. Such as when a length of cotton was fixed to the letter "X" on the typewriter of one such luckless soul, which led to the chap sitting in front of him. When he was in full typo-graphical flight, the cotton was tweaked, to be followed by muttered imprecations by the typist and ill-concealed chuckles from the others. However, over-zealousness always ruins such situations and the sudden movement of the "X" key without the assistance of any human agency and in the middle of a session of non-typing by anyone, resulted in the hoax being revealed. Poor Custance – I wonder what happened to him?

Ah well – Happy Days and very Happy Memories.

Note from "The Ed."

After the nostalgic article, what better than to show that "Follow-up Section" of the Sales Promotion Department as they were in 1938.



Personnel: Reading left to right

Seated: D. Barnett, A.W. Arnall

Standing: M. Isow, R.G. Watts, S. Scorer, H. Hills, E.A. Turner, L.E. Way, J.L. Lane, R.J. Tavener, R.D. Thomas, R. Cooke, A.G. Eckel.

On Desks: W.F. Jared, E.S.J. Farmer, H.W. Kensett, E. Gimson, B. Henderson, R.S. Butcher, D.F. Taylor

REGIONAL NEWS

From the Editor

REGION 1

Lunches in Scotland this year were held on 26-27 April and were again very successful.

I invited Rex Fleet but he could not come due to being out of the country at this period. I read this letter out to our people.

Our Guest Speaker was Mike Tavner, Manager Regional Support (Glasgow FED).

REGIONS 4, 5 & 8

We had a very good afternoon tea and despite the transport strike there was a good turnout - 102.

Ian Black came over and gave a nice little speech but, unfortunately, due to traffic problems caused by the transport strike Rex Fleet arrived a little later only to find that the majority of members had left earlier than usual because of getting home.

NORTH-EAST REGION

Just a short note with a group photograph of the members from the North-East region after their luncheon at the Downay Arms in May.

Membership is growing and they are a very, very happy bunch.

The £30 Theatre Vouchers went to the following:

Pauline Flynn	Nonnie Newman
Dorothy Martin	Bob Mottram
George Cass	Bill Doe

The ten bottles of wine were won by the following members:

Brian Booker	John Spinks
Keith Rossiter	Maureen Coe
Margaret Totton	Henry Broomfield
Anne Riches	Harry Redington
Betty Shorter	Johny Newman

We also had a guest - Frank Share - he used to work for NCR London and he emigrated to New Zealand when he retired and was here on a visit, and many people were delighted to see him.

ATTENDEES AT AFTERNOON TEA ON THURSDAY 20 APRIL 1989:

Arthur Attryde	Sam Foster
Maurice Billyard	Basil Garsed
Brian Booker	Joyce Grabban
Don Boyton	Elsie Granger
Harry Brien	Dudley Hayley
Henry Broomfield	Eunice Hall
Reg Burt	Margaret Hanley
Jim Burton	Arthur Harris
Betty Campbell	Phyllis Harrison
Kathleen Carter	Doris Hatfield
Peter Casemore	Kath Hill
Alf Cawfield	Jim Hill
George Cass	May Hill
Ernie Channon	Derrick Holt
Hilda Child	Adrian Hubbard
Ken Clarke	Joan Hunter
Maureen Coe	Margaret Hyams
John Crosson	Doreen Jarman
Jack Crownshaw	Maurice Jessett
Frank Cunningham	Rene Jones
Hilda Davey	Pat Keane
Paul De Carle	Don Ladd
Cliff Dobbins	Dorothy Martin
Bill Doe	Gladys Moore
Cis Downes	Steve Moore
Dick Downey	Reg Sedgwick
Brian Driscoll	Joy Service
Pauline Flynn	Betty Shorter

Bob Mottram	Sid Sidoli
Bert Newman	Mary Simmonds
Johnny Newman	Bill Smith
Nonnie Newman	Dennis Smith
Bob Payne	Florrie Smith
Ray Pearce	John Smithson
David Pelly	Vera Smithson
Tony Poil	John Spinks
Wilf Preston	Harold Stevens
George Price	Sid Stroud
John Price	Ron Tarling
Ernie Pye	Charlie Thompson
Betty Ranson	Peter Timlett
Joyce Ranson	Margaret Totton
Harry Redington	Tom Treadwell
Anne Riches	Majorie Vigus
Keith Rossiter	Barbara Walker
Andre Rossi	Ted Way
Doris Rowley	Fred Whybrow
Emily Sanderson	David Douglas-Withers
Stan Scorer	Des Woodall
Ernie Scott	George Wright

Total Attendees: 102

plus guests:

Frank Share - from New Zealand
Lorna McMillan - Pensions
Kanon Desai - Pensions

REGION 9

On Monday 16 June 1989, members of Region 9 met for lunch at our usual venue, the Great Western Hotel in Exeter. It was a glorious summer day, too hot for some perhaps, but it was a most enjoyable get-together and we were delighted to have with us again George Haynes. The names of those who attended, including spouses, were:

George Haynes	Pete & Peggy Swannell
Betty Wassink	Maureen & Bob Webber
Rose Nicholls	Harry & Vera Rowbottom
Gladys Jarman	Jack & Pat Woodburne
Wally & Cherry Crump	Harry Crown
Ken & Hazel Thorne	Joan Gardner
Ida & Ken Haynes	Val & Tom Farmer
Iris & Bill Moss	Eric & Frances Willsmer
John Claydon	



LETTERS

Dear Betty

Found the enclosed among my souvenirs. Thought you or some of the pensioners might be interested to see it. It was a Sports & Social Club outing but I cannot remember where to.

I hope you are well and are coping with the heatwave. Personally I find it a bit too much of a good thing.

All good wishes,

Your sincerely,
Mary Simmonds



P.S. from Editor Do you recognise anybody? Write and let me know.

MARYLEBONE MEMORIES

by CATHY DENNISON

"What was it like to live in Marylebone 50 or 60 years ago?"

I put this question to a group of pensioners in Broadley Gardens the other day, and the memories came back – lots of them.

First, they recalled the shops and stalls around Church Street – many of the stalls have been run by the same families for several generations: the Sewells, the Cooks, the Woods; Hughes's fish shop; Murray's the butchers – all still thriving business in the eighties.

Also remembered were the shops and stalls that had disappeared: Fortune's Pie and Mash shop (near where Kennett House is now), where you could get 2d worth of pie and pennyworth of mash... Rose's Coffee Shop, where Meat & Two Veg sold for one and threepence... Rocco's Ice Cream Stall where ice cream could be taken home in a cup for Sunday dinner, 1d or 2d worth.

Milk could be obtained from a

device known as 'The Iron Cow', at the Salisbury Street Dairy: for 1d in the slot of the machine, milk would be supplied at the pull of a handle. The dairy kept a herd of cows round the back, whose milk supplied the needs of the neighbourhood.

Eggs were 1/- in those days, a shilling, that is, for 16 eggs; quite a difference from the £1 or more the same amount would cost today.

At Aunt Nell's Bungalow in Salisbury Street, cups of pickle and jam at a penny each were sold to go with Monday lunchtime's bubble and squeak and cold leftovers from the Sunday joint... Often the houses in those days did not have proper ovens in their old-fashioned ranges, so families would carry a dish of raw meat and potatoes to Rings the bakers, on the corner of Salisbury Street, to put in their ovens for 6d on a Sunday, to collect at 2'o clock for lunch. All the family cook had to do was boil the greens to go with the roast.

The houses then were all small – no high or medium-rise flats. A house cost a family about 11/- a week. Sometimes two families would share a house – one family on the first floor, the other downstairs. One lady remembered how two rooms in Wilco Place (on the site of Whitfield

House) cost her family 6/6d – 33p in new money – a week.

Often the houses had no bath. People would go down to the Marylebone Baths in Seymour Place on a Friday night, where a warm bath came to 2d. Also in Seymour Baths, mothers brought their family washing, and had the use of rubbing board, soap and drying facilities, all week round. On a Saturday afternoon, a mangle was available in a Lisson Street basement for 2d.

The local schools were Rutherford and St. Edwards. There were no uniforms in those days, and school outings were few and far between – perhaps to a museum or to a local green space such as Bricket Wood. The pensioners did not recall having holidays when they were children.

In those early days the cinema were already in evidence; the local theatre was called the Royal West London Theatre and Picture House, and it has a reputation of having the largest auditorium in London, with a revolving stage. The public used to go there four times a week for a shilling: tickets were 3d in the pit, 2d in the gallery and 6d in the circle. Films such as "Pearl White" and "Pennies from Heaven" were shown, and actors like Charlie Chaplin, Laurel & Hardy, cowboys

Tom Mix, Buck Jones and Tom Tyler would perform on the screen while a woman played the piano, with special "Baddie" music each time the villain appeared.

At the Old Met Theatre in the Edgware Road you could see Phyllis Dixie and G.H. Elliot. Other cinemas, since gone, were the Kinema Theatre (where the flyover is today) and the Blue Hall Picture House.

..... So in a brief conversation with a group of pensioners enjoying the early autumn sunshine, I caught a glimpse of a vanished world. Church Street will be rather different to me next time I walk down there ..

CATHY DENNISON

REGIONAL NEWS

From the Editor

We are pleased to welcome two new Regional Organisers who have kindly offered their services to the Fellowship:

TED YOUNG who recently retired from Personnel Department after 45 years with NCR has agreed to look after Region 5.

TONY POIL retired recently as Product Marketing Manager after 40 years with NCR has agreed to liaise with Basil Garsed in the reorganisation of the rapidly growing Region 4, which we propose to divide into two Regions; 4 and 4A

OBITUARY

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

James Allan. Died 29.6.89 Aged 79. Systemedia, Gourrock. Retired December 1974 after 39 years service.

John Anderson. Died 9.6.89 Aged 73. Chief Clerk, Office Services, Edinburgh. Retired May 1981 46 years service.

Ron Anderson. Died 25.2.89 Aged 68. Overseer, Systemedia, Borehamwood. Retired November 1975 after 22 years service.

Roy Bedford. Died 8.11.89 Aged 74. Director and Company Secretary, H/O. Retired April 1977 after 40 years service.

Mrs. M.A. Brand. Died January 1989 Aged 86. Cook at Glamis House, Dundee. Retired January 1966 after 6 years service.

L.F. Easton. Died 11.4.89 Aged 76. Section Head, Fin. Services, Systemedia, Borehamwood. Retired August 1977 after 10 years service.

John Gardner. Died 29.9.89 Aged 73. International Head Office. Retired November 1975 after 26 years service.

Ron Hilliar. Died 3.10.89 Aged 70. Area Mng. Systemedia Sales, Bonhill Street. Retired January 1982 after 26 years service.

Stan Hurley. Died 1.2.89 Aged 66. Clerk, Systemedia, Borehamwood. Retired January 1984 after 19 years service.

William James. Died 6.3.89 Aged 71. Overseas Despatch, Systemedia, Borehamwood. Retired April 1980 after 26 years service.

Bob Judges. Died 13.6.89 Aged 67. Bank Operations, St. Alphage House. Retired June 1984 after 45 years service.

Albert Kirby. Died 15.6.89 Aged 69. FED, Luton. Retired March 1976 after 42 years service.

Eva Malcolm. Died 21.10.89 Aged 74. Systemedia, Borehamwood, Control Clerk. Retired June 1973 after 14 years service.

Francis O'Neill. Died 10.7.89 Aged 77. Night Security NCR 1000. Retired January 1976 after 12 years service.

Albert Saward. Died 24.8.89 Aged 88. FED Depot Manager, Canterbury. Retired May 1966 after 36 years service.

Cyril Stafford. Died 17.10.89 Aged 71. Depot Mng T.S.D., Belfast. Retired June 1973 after 39 years service.

Fred Townsend. Died 22.2.89 Aged 80. AMD, Leeds, Sales Representative Retired August 1971 after 34 years service.

Charles Roy Zaiger. Died 25.8.89 Aged 77. Sales Representative, SSD & Retail Mkg, Head Office. Retired April 1973 after 28 years service.

**CHAIRMAN OF THE
ORGANISING COMMITTEE**

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

REGIONAL ORGANISERS

REGION 1

Mr J E Sale

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

REGION 2

Mr E J Giles

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

REGION 3

Mrs M D Wood

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

REGION 4

Mr E B Garsed

Mr T Poil

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

REGION 5

E J 'Ted' Young

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

REGION 6

Mr J Gorman

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

REGION 7

Mr G J Kembery

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

REGION 8 & 8A

Mr D Woodall

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

REGION 9

Mr T Farmer

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

SECRETARY

Ms Betty Campbell

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

PENSIONS DEPARTMENT LIAISON

NCR — Head Office
01-725 8102



NCR

POSTSCRIPT is the newsletter of the
NCR Pensioner's Fellowship and is
published by Personnel Resources
NCR Limited.

Editor: Mr O.A. Ellis
29 Kensington Drive
Great Holm
Milton Keynes MK8 9AR
Tel: 0908 563896