

A MESSAGE FROM THE CHAIRMAN

HARRY REDINGTON

THE EDITOR CHANGES

Unfortunately, Paddy Ellis tells us that he is no longer able to edit Postscript for us. We were all very grateful to Paddy when he took over the task of Editor at a time of great need. Thanks for all your efforts on our behalf Paddy, we are well aware that it has not been an easy and straightforward task. We sincerely hope that you will maintain contact with us and that we shall be seeing you at our forthcoming meetings.

Geoff Jackson has now retired and joined the Fellowship and has kindly agreed to take over the task of Editor

Postscript again. Many of you will remember that Geoff was very much involved in the organisation of the NCR Retirement Fellowship and did in fact edit the first issues of Postscript. Welcome aboard Geoff and sincere thanks for taking on this time consuming job.

This seems a good time to remind all members that Postscript can only be published if members provide the material. So let Geoff have some of those interesting, amusing and nostalgic events in your lifetime with NCR. Or indeed, what is happening to you now!



● Your new Editor — come and tell him your news when next you see him at a function.

NEWS OF NCR COLLEAGUES WE HAVE KNOWN

We are hoping to set up a column in each future issue of Postscript giving news of past employees of the company as it comes our way. It does not necessarily have to be members of the Fellowship or indeed retired from NCR. So if you get news of NCR colleagues please let the Editor have details to publish in this column.

This is the sort of thing we are looking for:—

Many HO based members will remember Eric Jones who worked in various Accounts Depts and left the company in 1965. Eric has now retired and living in a flat in Hampstead. He is suffering from Arthritis but is still in possession of his infectious sense of humour.

To introduce myself, I am Peter Fowler and I am a Field Engineer with NCR Australia.

I originally joined NCR in Bristol in January 1943. And I was there until 1960 when I transferred to Exeter where I remained until I emigrated to Australia in 1973.

I was a pupil in the first trainee school to be held at 'The Vache' Chalfont-St-Giles in 1945 run by Alec Manson who I believe was later a Director in Africa.

Can you tell me if any of my contemporaries

are still employed by NCR.

If I manage to last that long I will complete 50 years in February 1993 and I would like to contact any of the class of 1945.

The only three names I am sure of are:
William Campbell of Maidstone office
Ted Brake of Portsmouth office
Ralph Ivens of Reading office

If you can help please write to: Peter Fowler,
71 Cross Keys Road, Salisbury 5108, South
Australia

● Your
Chairman
receiving a
raffle prize
from Ted
Young to
concerted
cries of
"fiddle!" at
a recent
Region
Five
Fellowship
Function.



REMINISCENCES

Keep them coming! The latest below is from George Muggleton who recently retired as Managing Director, Express Boyd acquiring that even more illustrious title of NCR Pensioner:—

Jim Battersby's and Ted Way's personal experiences made wonderful reading and added to my store of NCR lore gained over many years contact with such NCR stalwarts as Frank Fowler, Bill Goddard, George Price, George Danson, Ernie Singer, Tom Farmer, etc, etc. Having joined NCR in 1947 at Marylebone Road, I was always intrigued by accounts of pre-war NCR. Stories of Tottenham Court Road days involving such famous names as Scott and Banham were legion and helped one understand the excellent esprit de corps I found when I joined.

The most memorable time for me was during the "swinging sixties" when we enjoyed the unrepeatable experience of "decimalisation," "The Cash" (Dundee lingo) being probably more involved in this historic event than any other UK company.

My sojourn as NCR Distribution Manager coincided with the period of decimalisation. The tremendous increase in demand for NCR products with decimal keyboards built up to a fantastic crescendo giving a unique opportunity for initiative and improvisation. Time-honoured practises had to be modified or abandoned; we even did away with the use of elaborate packing cases and actually transported Dundee's production almost naked by means of specially designed pallets and road/rail containers. Such short cuts were heresy to Dundee's Quality Control people but despite their reservations we stuck to our guns and, thank goodness, were vindicated by events. At one stage we were delivering Dundee production in London within forty eight hours of completion without one case of damage in transit.

One morning I discovered the Bristol Van, loaded to the gunwhales with much wanted decimal machines, unable to leave due to the sickness of its crew. As it happened I had been taking van driving lessons from Basil (patience of Job) Swatton and immediately volunteered my services.

This offer was viewed through jaundiced eyes and could not be accepted as no drivers' mate was available. It so happened that Fred Heath (he of the memorable telephone greeting "'eath 'ere!") was passing the Traffic Office and I countered this obstacle by immediately appointing him a temporary drivers' mate. Fred greeted this promotion with alacrity and within minutes we were bowling down the A40 en route for NCR Bristol. All went well until a diversion caused by the collapse of a "Bailey" bridge directed us through Devizes, an ancient town with notoriously narrow streets. We eventually emerged unscathed but it had been a desperately tight squeeze for an inexperienced driver with an eight foot wide vehicle! I was bathed in sweat and wouldn't want to repeat the experience. The load was delivered successfully and we arrived back at Neasden late that night having considerably increased our experience of the sharp end of distribution.

Yes, they were marvellous times, full of exciting incidents and I for one would not have missed them.

G. F. MUGGLETON

And from Mrs. M. Proctor of Hull, a marvellously economic writing style which evokes a very busy 30 years:—

RECOLLECTIONS OF A VERY PROVINCIAL OFFICE CLERK FROM 1945-1975

The war is over and in two weeks the Royal Ordnance factory at Thorpe Arch is kaput. Three months later after a short spell at the Min of Labour in Leeds and a marriage, I looked for something to do in my home town.

National Cash Register — who are they? Town centre office or nearly — bit sharp my dear, said my shopkeeper father, they are always wanting to sell you something. So 30 years began.

Somewhat under-employed for many months; one charming technician AMD/CRD and general dogsbody with a two cylinder Jowett van, a clean and oil girl and a weekly visit from a very fat office cleaner. Variable attendance from the Sales force but I began to get the hang of things. Hated the empty case return — how could a 3000 class empty escape me?

Gradually the Sales, Service and 100 class cash register began to change things. Change being the operative word, change of personnel, change to districts from Newcastle to Leeds and back and forth with a few constants like Window Display and Maintenance/Premises and the inevitable face of Jack Sale and his quarterly audits.

Came decimalisation and our staff escalated, and quiet reasonable users became autocratic bullying miseries.

New premises at last, four office staff, printing, supplies systems CRD, AMD, ADD, MSD & DSD, but no HUMBERS — it was never anyone's job to off load unpack and stack all those machines — and the trade-ins Whow! Then enter the gobbledegook Computer people.

I met many people, some at the local round the corner, life was vivid, varied and entertaining. bonus times and the Friday nights bash — Christmas parties. The bush telegraph worked and I survived not least due to the forbearance of my fun loving husband — who secretly thought we were all brain washed.

The 30 years flew by and still it continues with the Fellowship get together at the Dawnay Arms (psst! he is still there that Jack Sale and his camera).

Thank you NCR.

LEISURE PURSUITS

I still run pre-retirement courses for the company and, having now retired myself, reckon I do a better job for it. A film I use on the course contains a memorable piece of advice from a wife to her newly retired husband "for heavens sake get off your bottom and do something!"

Here are two of our pensioners answers to that entreaty:

From Derrick Holt

I've noticed that, from time to time, correspondents to *Postscript* write about their particular interests, so I've taken the liberty of writing about one of mine.

When NCR members attending the pre-retirement course were asked about their particular hobbies, quite a few mentioned gardening. Not surprising really, since most of those present were probably living in a house with a garden, and getting a great deal of pleasure from the yearly results. I came into gardening, in an unfortunate way, when my Father was killed in a road accident, in 1948, leaving me 'lumbered' with two 10 pole allotment plots and a home garden to tend. I can't say that I was greatly overjoyed at the thought of the labour involved, but, having been thrown into this activity, I discovered that gardening can become addictive and that, in the end, I looked forward in anticipation to seeing the results of my efforts.

Besides the vegetables, flowers were grown for the home, and I recall that, when I got married, the church and reception hall were awash with flowers gathered from one of the plots. In due course my wife and I moved into a house of our own, complete with its quarter acre of land, on which we could try out some of our ideas and indulge our fancies.

One group of plants, the hardy perennials, are a particular favourite of mine, probably because I used to wonder at the sight of those huge double sided borders in many of the large gardens of famous houses. Such borders, unfortunately, require a great deal of room and lot of maintenance, so that, in these days, most gardeners follow the modern practice of the mixed border, where annuals,

perennials and shrubs are all planted cheek by jowl.

As a result of my special interest in perennials, I joined The Hardy Plant Society which not only specialises in subjects with names you know, like Iris, Phlox, Delphinium and Lily, others, with names you may not, like Achillia, Anthemis and Zantedeschia, but also the Grasses and Ferns and a good many plants which few have ever heard of. Amongst its many activities, the society issues 2 bulletins a year with articles written, as in *Postscript*, by society members. Publishes a best selling paperback called *The Plant Finder*. Also arranges trips to gardens in various parts of this country, and occasionally overseas, to see what other people are doing. Most parts of the UK have a local group which organises winter lectures, summer visits to gardens and places of interest, coffee mornings, plant sales and much else besides where, if you wish, you can meet people of like interest to exchange ideas, and perhaps plants, and generally make friends.

All this writing seems like a long ramble as an introduction to the particular interest I had in mind — if you can call hard work an interest — but here goes.

There are many specialist societies for plants, and most run what is known as a seed exchange, where seed is received from all over the world, collected mostly from members gardens, and redistributed to other members for a small fee to cover expenses. Organising the Hardy Plant Society's seed exchange has been my job for a number of years now.

On the face of it, redistributing seed may seem to be a relatively simple job, but a check on the time involved during a season two years ago, which did not include incidentals like phone calls, letter writing etc, totted up to well over 800 hours.

Each packet of seed received has to be checked to see that it is reasonably clean, looks as though it contains viable seed, corresponds, in appearance, to a typical example of that seed and is correctly named. Descriptions, such as "Has pink flowers and looks something like a daisy," obviously mean very little, but,

in some cases, a bit of detective work and time spent wading through the many specialist books can put a name to an odd description. Nomenclature is also a problem, since many plants have one or more synonyms. It would hardly be satisfactory to have the same plant offered, more than once, under different names. As a result, I keep an up to date 'work book' where I can amend names or make changes when fresh information comes to light and also provide all the necessary cross references. Over the passage of time, experience has helped me to reduce the number of hours required in checking, but, to offset some of the gain, we invariably seem to have an increase in the number of varieties being donated each year; last years list had about 2,000 items.

When all the bulking of seed has been completed, with all the bulk packets named and numbered, an introductory letter has to be written and a previous list updated on an NCR DMV ready for a 'print out' to go to the printers. After the final proof reading and the printing of the lists we have the job of labelling and filling about 4,000 copies for distribution to members worldwide. All done to a very tight timetable.

While all this seed handling is going on, envelope fillers have to be recruited, a rough estimate of the likely demand for each item has to be made and enough labelled envelopes prepared ready for the filling — some 50,000 in all. (I wish I could find a programme to print the labels on the DMV but, so far, without success). After that, it's up to the fillers and distributors and, hopefully, a chance for me to get back to some of my other hobbies.

Life seems to be an eternal rush and I do sometimes wonder how, in the past, I ever found time to go to work. However, if anyone is passing through Oxford and would like to have a natter over a cup of coffee, or whatever takes your fancy, and look over the garden, I'm sure that we'll find plenty of time for that.

D G Holt - Tel: (0865) 62738
2 Fortnam Close, Headington,
Oxford OX3 7TH

For membership details:
Simon Wills Esq, The Hardy Plant Society
The Manor House, Walton-in-Gordland,
Clevedon, Avon BS21 7AN

Writing verse is a good exercise for the mind — the bit that often gets overlooked in retirement with all that activity! Its infinitely better than crosswords or other word puzzles and one doesn't have to stop what one is doing to work on it. Patting or Putting or just peeling spuds, lines go tossing around in your head until rhyme and rhythm get together to your satisfaction. It's the old "Homeward the weary ploughman plods" syndrome! —

RETIREMENT

*Golden years to spend in quiet harmony
When the hearth, that sanctuary of
your working days
no longer holds as the freedom of
retirement unfolds.*

*That sporting skill, long dormant
Stirs again with some resolution
Though more sedate in execution.*

*Gardening, walking, talking, clubs
Fishing, golfing, bowling, pubs
Restricted in your yesterdays no
longer suffer such delays.*

*Learning, teaching, outward
reaching
Knees bend, arms fling, fitness
preaching
The potter and the potterer have
time, time, time.*

*Untapped resources spring bubbling
to life
Now rise artists and writers from
obscurity
Yes, you can score in maturity!
A Pandoras Box of new delights —
and old and
now our story's told
Of work, war and love and married
bliss
Tell me this —
Was it all just marking time?*

Here is another effort, written to impress my grandson when he wanted to know about life in the Thirties for a school project, in the hope that it would register better than the bare facts: —

THE THIRTIES

*Those were the days when I was
young
When televisions weren't for
everyone*

*Nor washing machines or motor cars
No punk rock or soul then, nor
electric guitars.*

*No semi-det for Mister Everyman
With three up two down and a
garbage can
Just a room or two and an outside loo
And a built-in habit of making do.*

*No welfare state to soften the blows
(No big bruvver to wipe your nose!)
Legless war heroes still begged in the
street
and mums took in washing to make
ends meet.*

Here's a starter kit for those who'd like to have a go. (Off the cuff as I write; must have been something I did this morning — cleaning day too!)

*I wonder why
Mens feet bring
Mud from the garden
Whilst womens don't
And why men dare
Not interrupt
As is a woman's wont.*

I'll bet you've all got a pet line or two you could add (but don't let the missus see it). Active or chairbound I can thoroughly recommend trying verse and remember
POETS DO IT ALL THE TIME!

NCR PREHISTORY?

Wally of Barnet (sic) sends us this previously unpublished and unrecorded snippet of NCR history — it has now been forwarded to Dayton for inclusion in the company annals, but it is felt that you should be among the first to share it:

"Do you remember George DeDeney who, in the immediate post war years ran a group of representatives specialising in Government Sales. He had taken on a chap — Peter someone — can't just remember his name, in the war spent a lot of his life in Cairo. As a salesman he got in touch with the Egyptian Embassy — at that time the Egyptians were anxious to keep on good terms with Great Britain. He was very successful and obtained an order for six 2000 Class Accounting Machines and two 3000 Class, one I remember was a six Register model with subtraction in two Registers — 30611(120-2X)18, for payroll.

The Egyptians were delighted with the installation and Peter's work and, as a reward, gave him a large ornamental document which gave him mineral rights on a few square yards of desert — a fine gesture which they never expected anyone to take up.

Peter was different (he had just read the 'Blue Vase' book that NCR gave all it's employees). He persuaded his friend Joe in Commercial Sales to join him — they resigned from the Company, gathered together all their cash, and invested in a drilling rig, and set off to Egypt.

They identified the plot with the reluctant help of the local officials and set off to work. However, disaster; after only one day's drilling they hit a solid object and the bit of the drill was broken — the most expensive piece of the equipment — they just could not afford a replacement. However,

with local labour they dug down to see the cause of the tragedy and found a large sarcophagus (stone coffin) complete with mummy. To cut their losses and to get the fare home they sold the mummy to the British Museum telling them that the mummified person died in 1058 BC of a heart attack. Obviously the Egyptologists at the British Museum did not accept this story, but to their amazement after all the experts had carried out tests etc. they found that the date and cause of death were substantially correct. They asked Peter, as a pure amateur, how he arrived at these facts. He told them that when he opened the sarcophagus he found a piece of papyrus firmly clutched in the mummy's hand. He got the hieroglyphics translated and it read "Two Hundred shekels at hundred to one on David against Goliath."

TELL US ABOUT IT!



Recently unearthed from the archives was the photo above; on this, the 50th anniversary of the Battle of Britain, it would seem to be an appropriate time to find out more about it.

The location will be obvious to many of us but:

- (a) Why a bomber hanging from the ceiling?
(Is it a Wellington or a Lancaster?)
- (b) The pad says 'Marshall Bomber' — why?

- (c) Who is the lady sitting in the front of the stage?
- (d) What is happening?

Reports please, the best to be published.

ALBERT MOTH

When Jim Battersby related his experiences with NCR in 'Postscript' recently he referred to Albert Moth. Jack Sale picked this up and has forwarded a little book 'Honouring the memory of Albert Moth' published in Dayton in 1948.

It epitomises the NCR spirit which we have all experienced. Further, it tells us that Albert's demise was even more heroic and dramatic than that recounted by Jim.

The story of Albert Moth is serialised in Postscript — we hope you find it as interesting and moving as we did.

ALBERT MOTH



He just couldn't be kept down. On his first NCR job as a stenographer to the British Sales Manager, he asked for a territory as a Salesman. He had a slight, very slight, impediment in his speech and was only eighteen years of age. He grew respectfully indignant when told that perhaps he was a little too young for a Salesman.

His first chance, and he seized it, came when the Spanish NCR wanted an English correspondent. He went to Madrid and remained there from 1930 to 1936. He carried on after the outbreak of the Civil War. The city was bombarded and several families of our people whose homes had been destroyed were living in the basement of the office. It was decided to evacuate to France all dependants of employees who could and would go. Moth organised their journey in three parties — what they should carry, the road journey to Barcelona and thence by train to the frontier, food for the two days — and accompanied the last of them.



To house them a small hotel in Manosque, Provence was taken over by the Company. The refugees arrived. Inevitably there were difficulties. The women had separated from their husbands who had persuaded them to leave for safety by promises of a happy holiday sort of life. They were crowded together; their food was not Spanish; they had the work of the chateau to share. Worst of all, it was bitterly cold and the families billeted on the second floor discovered that the central heating did not rise to their level.



Moth came with the last party and took command. Looking absurdly boyish, he listened gravely and sympathetically to the complaints of worried mothers of large families, to helpless old people, about each other and their conditions generally. He organised, straightened things out, smoothed them over. A school for the children relieved the mothers; a Spanish flavour improved the food. Order was so well established that though the colony of refugees remained for three years, no serious trouble arose.

Moth, however, was not content. His heart was in Spain. He pointed out that we had heard nothing of and done nothing for our agents in what was known as the Franco Area, and suggested he should visit them and see what could be done. For a man to get a visa with a British Passport which showed he had been in Madrid for the first six months of the war proved difficult, but Moth managed it, and started for Spain with £250 advance salary and £250 expense money in his pocket. He found three agents only remaining out of the ten who had been there before the war.



In Bilbao he and one of these agents canvassed till they found someone willing to sell his register. Moth bought it and telegraphed the other two agents: the first order for cash would get that machine. It was sold next day, then another and another bought and sold. Moth was in the Cash Register business.

The building of a new operation that followed, without stock, without capital, without even experience in selling or management, in a country torn by a savage civil war, is one of the great NCR romances and will live long as an incentive and an example of what can be achieved when indomitable determination sets and keeps the course.

Some thirty Dayton registers had arrived at Santander just before the war broke out and remained in the Customs there. As they belonged to our Spanish Company with head office in Madrid, they were nominally enemy property and were confiscated. Moth got them back.

This was his only windfall. All registers purchased needed overhaul. Moth started a service department, which made them saleable and serviceable. Supplies were a serious problem, as all had previously come from Madrid, but Moth found a firm which could make rolls and solved the problem.



Despite all this, getting machines to sell was still the main difficulty. At intervals all selling was shut down until they could be found. To get them, the normal operations of the Company were sometimes unduly distended.

For instance, the whole equipment of a bar in Valladolid was offered for sale, but the owner would not sell the cash register, his most valuable asset, alone. So Moth bought everything — chairs, tables, glasses, Espresso coffee machine — got the register, sold it and ultimately made a profit on the sale of the other stuff.

Before a year was out he had twelve agents, all of whom were making a living, most of them something better. Two made the CPC. In 1938 his organisation reached its quota month after month, and Moth with two agents attended as members the meeting of the European CPC Club.



After two years' operation, Moth had a stock of seventy-six machines, accounts receivable of two hundred thousand pesetas and a bank account of nearly one hundred thousand. He had fourteen agencies, three service depots with a total of ten mechanics, and during this period almost the only help the Company had been able to give was their moral support.

All this was done in the midst of a bitter civil war, where for the first time in Europe, air-raid shelters were used; where, in this part of Spain, though food was plentiful, textiles and most manufactured articles were unobtainable; where travel by train was a nightmare and by road almost impossible — and the credit for the achievement goes entirely to a stranger in a strange land, whose previous work had been almost entirely clerical, but who won and held the affectionate loyalty of every man in the organisation he had created.

In the midst of all this, Moth married at Segovia on February 12th, 1938, and set up his first home at Valladolid, where, on January 5th, 1939, his elder son was born.

(To be continued in our next issue).



• Another picture from the past to jog your memories — let us know who they all are and tell us about "know your community" — the caption in the background.

NINA WILTSHIRE made a brave attempt at identifying those in last issue's mystery photo — Mike McKenna, Doris Fulford, P W Smith, Mary Waller, Pam Wild, May Duckett and Mary Simmonds. Like most of us, faces stick but names go and she stuck there. Incidentally, Nina spends much of her time now handicrafting for charity and she is pictured below surrounded by some of her work. Not content with that, she also spends time each week running sewing classes for the local Brownies!



CONTACTS

The Fellowship Secretariat (how about that for a splendid title Betty?) has had contact over the last few months with the following — listed here to jog memories:—

Eddie Sawyer — Welling, Kent
A Hardy — Kings Heath, Birmingham
S De Carle — St Albans, Herts
Mary Simmonds — North Harrow
Len Stanhope — Hendon
Betty Colmer — Hertford, Herts
John Price — Gerrards Cross, Bucks

Margaret Hyams
— Bournemouth, Dorset
Jim Lane — Chesham, Bucks
Arther Turner — Lake, Isle of Wight
Monica Bedford
— Burnham on Crouch, Essex

NEWS FROM THE REGIONS

REGION 1 — Jack Sale

This year plans were made for our meetings at Glasgow and Dundee to be held in early June.

As Glasgow proved to be very difficult — in fact almost impossible to obtain a suitable venue (this is a special year for activity in the city) it was kindly suggested by local NCR Management that we could use one of our Conference Rooms at their new premises in Cumbernauld. Outside caterers could be provided and transport for those without cars would be possible from a central point in Glasgow.

This suggestion was gratefully accepted and in fact would have two highlights:

1. Our two retired colleagues would be able to view the new premises.
2. Would be able to tour the building and see old and new friends.

With the considerable help of FED Management and support of their staff and also my liaison with Con Dailly (Area Admin Manager, Scotland and Ireland) everything went to plan, the day of Wednesday 6 June.

Following a very good lunch, Barry Harrison Regional Manager FED welcomed our guests and afterwards we saw a video outlining progress made from the very early years to the present in handling repair calls. Scott Caldow, always most helpful on these occasions arranged a tour of the premises with the kind support of Jack Whyte Manager, System's Services Division — we also had a special guest — Ramsey McCord, ex NCR Canada (retired), who was with NCR Glasgow FED until his emigration during the early 1950's. I am sure he enjoyed this get-together which he will remember — being on holiday in Scotland at the time. We remembered absent friends and conveyed Rex Fleet's good wishes and his apologies for his absence owing to commitments in Dayton.

Our meeting this year for those on the east and north of Scotland was again held at The Queens Hotel, Dundee on Thursday 7 June when friends from Aberdeen Dundee and in one case Edinburgh had a very good 'natter' and I have to thank Don McFayden for his considerable help

with transport for the Aberdeen area contingent. Absent friends were remembered.

Both meetings proved very successful with good attendance and it was suggested next year's proposed

plans should centre around these dates.

I close with my thanks for the considerable support I always receive from Con Dailly, Margaret Gilmour and Scott Caldow and his staff.



● NCR Cumbernauld



● At the NCR offices — Cumbernauld.



● At the Queens Hotel, Dundee.



• York

Ernie Giles writes:— On the 15th May, I went to Carlisle to lunch with Jo Leighton and his motley crew — all present and correct including Sister Ann Gate and (wait for it!) a contingent of Geordies from Newcastle so we were about 14 strong.

Distance wise — from Newcastle it is nearer than from York, so those who desired came over from Carlisle — as usual it was a great day out for everyone.

Then on the 17th May the meeting of the NW Candidates — Liverpool, Manchester, Chester and Blackpool took place at a very special country club — 34 strong including our NONAGENARIAN — Evelyn Groom present.



• Wirral



• Carlisle

Finally on the 7th June we motored to a venue outside York for a meeting of the N.E. — 24 attending. Like the previous meeting on 17th May this was also a new venue — both more pleasant than those previously used.

Finally, for your diaries, bookings have been made as follows:—

October 2nd — Carlisle

October 4th — Wirral

October 25th — York

REGION 3 — Harry Hardacre

Region 3 started their year with a luncheon held at the NCR Office in Sheldon on May 9 1990. 26 members attended and enjoyed a buffet provided by Paul Harvey and his staff.

After the luncheon we enjoyed being brought up to date on NCR activities with the aid of video presentations. It was a pleasure for us all to meet again and we are looking forward to the next luncheon to be held on October 24 1990 where, we hope more members will attend.

Fellowship members who attended the May lunch were as follows:

S R Gater
L S Williams
G L Nation-Tellery
F White
J Smith
G W Carter
P J Hillon
J Cahdush
C Staite
J Morris
F W Wooldruge
Mrs C Taylor
H Hardacre
A L B Macphail
J B Dickinson
A B Cox
B A Floyd
R Cullen
K Liston-Brown
W Daniel
C Martin
W Ahyon
A Thomas
D Teasdale
A Taylor
Mrs P McCaron (Guest)

REGION 4 — Tony Poil

The last issue of Postscript mentioned that the growth in membership of Region 4 has made it necessary to re-organise into two sections, 4A and 4B, since the full membership could not be accommodated for lunch in the Waterside room at Marylebone Road. We hope that this causes no disappointments, but if anyone has problems, please contact the Regional Organiser, Tony Poil, or Betty Campbell.

However, for our tea meeting on May 2nd it was possible to invite the whole Region for a most enjoyable get-together in the staff restaurant. A superb tea was provided by the catering staff, and we held a raffle for theatre ticket vouchers and bottles of wine. There was a good attendance although, (due perhaps to the attractions of gardens on a very hot day!) several expected members did not arrive. Our next meetings are for lunch at Marylebone Road, on Wednesday October 17th for 4A and Wednesday October 24th for 4B. Tony Poil will just have returned (he hopes!) from a three week visit to Russia and will try to pass on some of his experiences.

Finally Region 4 members will be concerned to know that earlier this year Basil Garsed, Region Organiser since formation of the fellowship, had a spell of ill health. It is good to know that Basil is now very much better, but is under doctor's orders to take things easy for the time being. Tony Poil has therefore taken over as regional organiser, covering both 4A and 4B. We look forward to seeing Basil back "in harness" in the not too distant future.

REGION 6 — Jim Gorman

I am afraid Region 6 has very little to offer in the way of material, because we have suffered a setback with the closure of Southampton and Brighton offices. Since the inception of Region 6 by using Southampton and Brighton Offices we have been able to arrange at least three meetings a year, but now our budget does not allow us to arrange other venues for a

meeting other than our yearly lunch, so you will see it is more difficult to keep up-to-date with our membership.

We had a very interesting speaker at our 1989 lunch — our own Howard Kehsett relating his experience's on his trip to Nepal.

I shall draw members attention to the need for contributions to make Postscript a success.

REGION 7 — Jim Kembery

In Region 7 we have not been inactive in the last six months. You will no doubt recall since setting up the region it has been our practice to get together in the springtime. At that time of the year the weather has usually improved and I have found a good response from my members.

Our Spring Lunch this year was held on April 25th at The Almondsbury Interchange Hotel. This was a new venue for us, all previous lunches were at the Crest Hotel, Hambrook, Bristol. Costs at the Crest had increased so I sought for a new location near where the motorways meet North of Bristol, with the use of a private room. The 16 members who, came to the function all endorsed the choice as more suitable for our needs than the Crest. Our Head Office Guest, our Fellowship Secretary Betty Campbell joined us and enjoyed her day. As on previous visits Betty brought the sunshine with her, much time was spent talking over working days at Head Office with Lilian Whelan. Lilian moved to the West Country sometime ago to enjoy retirement days and has joined our lunch occasions. Betty and Lilian were a little short on feminine company at the lunch, unfortunately some of our retired ladies found the date not suitable. We were pleased to see Jack Cann and Norman Cole again, Jack is our oldest member attending the lunch, although he is not the oldest member of my region. S F Franklin is the senior member, Franks tells me that he regrets he is unable to come to the lunches, he is needed at home. His wife needs daily assistance.

Before leaving the lunch tables we had a discussion on arrangements for a Christmas Lunch this year. An occasion which would include wives. With so much positive interest I have booked the same hotel with private room for Wednesday December 5th.

Through the medium of 'Postscript' I would like to remind the members of Region 7 of the date and that I will be writing to seek firm bookings nearer the date.

REGION 8 and 8A — Des Woodall

Our main activity so far this year has been the tea we held in the Head Office staff restaurant on 10 May, in conjunction with Region 5. We used also to meet with Region 4, but our numbers have grown to such an extent that there is no longer room for us on the one occasion! This is a very encouraging sign for the Fellowship, but means that we cannot meet with our friends from North West London like we used to. Nevertheless, we had a great time at the tea judging by the hubbub of chatter. Much talk about years worked at NCR and what is now happening in retirement were the main topics.

Although he has not been able to attend a function so far, we were delighted to hear from Norman Bowen, past manager of the FSD branch at Brent — do keep in touch Norman, and our best wishes to you. (The problems Norman solved with my class 34 installations would make a story in themselves!).

We are now looking forward to our lunch and get-together at the Waterside Room, on Thursday 1 November.

None of our activities would be possible without the endeavours of Jim Hinshalwood and his restaurant staff, and, of course Betty Campbell, our extremely hard working Secretary.

We are now in the holiday season, and I sincerely hope all of our members are enjoying the really fabulous weather we are having. (This was written in July).

REGION 9 — Tom Farmer

Numerically Region 9 is very small — just 30 members spread over a very large area of the South-West so we are pretty thin on the ground. For that reason we meet just twice a year at a central point, Exeter which offers the best communications. More than a few of our members travel to our meetings by train and/or bus.

At June's Lunch we were 31 in number including 13 spouses. By consensus we do not have guest speakers and are content to spend the time reminiscing about the 'good old days.' I always advise Rex Fleet of our meetings and he has attended a pre Christmas luncheon with his wife Pat. By tradition George Haynes invariably comes along as on this occasion and this is made possible by the fact that some of his family live in Somerset and Devon.

You ask not to have a list of attendees but I believe such lists are studied with interest (certainly by me) as it is an excellent means of keeping track of who is where. While in service many of us moved around the organisation in different locations and made friends in many parts of the country.

I am leading up to the point that I would have difficulty in putting together a report of anything like 250 words. Beyond giving the date, venue and those present what else is there to say? For our mid-year get togethers I have tried in the past to combine it with an outing but it simply isn't practical for this region with people travelling from Cornwall and as far north as Bridgewater and Blandford Forum in the East. There is also the question of health as some are fitter than others.

I am going to list those present on Monday at the Great Western Hotel in Exeter where we shall be meeting again in December for a Christmas Lunch:

John Claydon
Tom and Yvonne Wood
Pat and Derek Lock
Frances and Eric Willsmer
Wally and Cherry Crump
Rose Nicholls
Jack and Pat Woodburne
Brian and Eileen Storer

Bill and Iris Moss
Bob & Maureen Webber
Peggy and Pete Swannell
Harry and Vera Rowbottom
Gordon and Dorothy Newberry
Gladys Jarman
Harry Crown
Percy and Ann Davis
George Haynes
Val and Tom Farmer

At the lunch we were pleased to welcome a new member viz. Tom Wood who recently retired from Express Boyd and who was accompanied by his wife Yvonne and now living on the coast in Dawlish in Devon.

A final word, I think Region 9 is alone in inviting spouses to attend, who incidentally, pay for their own lunch and I only mention this to put you in the picture. One thing is certain, our older members wouldn't attempt the journey to Exeter without their partner — especially in the winter months.

Tom's comments on lists of names has been noted. Inclusions of long lists will of course mean exclusion of other copy.

COMMENTS PLEASE ... Editor

OBITUARY

W J Ashwell

Died 11/12/89 aged 77.
Security Officer H/O.
Retired 1977 after 13 years service.

A Dickeson

Died 9/12/89 aged 90.
Service foreman, FED, Brent.
Retired 1964 after 49 years service.

W E Farnham

Died 23/11/89 aged 77.
Foreman, FED, Brent.
Retired February 1975 after 41 years service.

F M Fowler

Died 21/3/90 aged 88.
Mng product liaison, CRD.
Retired July 1966 after 45 years service.

John Gordon

Died 17/11/89 aged 57.
FEC, Southampton.
Retired July 1988 after 33 years service.

E F Latham

Died 16/2/90 aged 79.
Service depot Manager,
FED, Taunton.
Retired June 1973 after 39 years service.

Alan Renshaw

Died 12/3/90 aged 67. FED, Derby.
Retired December 1984 after 46 years service.

Mrs E M Rooks

Died 24/2/90 aged 81.
Asst staff restaurant, H/O.
Retired December 1968 after 6 years service.

Albert Shillingford

Died 10/11/89 aged 74.
Porter, Estates Dept,
Borehamwood.
Retired September 1980 after 17 years service.

CHAIRMAN OF ORGANISING COMMITTEE

Harry Redington

[REDACTED]

REGIONAL ORGANISERS

REGION 1

[REDACTED]

REGION 2

[REDACTED]

REGION 3

Harry Hardacre

[REDACTED]

REGIONS 4A & 4B

Tony Poil

[REDACTED]

REGION 5

Ted Young

[REDACTED]

REGION 6

Jim Gorman

[REDACTED]

REGION 7

Jim Kembery

[REDACTED]

REGION 8

Des Woodall

[REDACTED]

REGION 9

Tom Farmer

[REDACTED]

SECRETARY

Betty Campbell

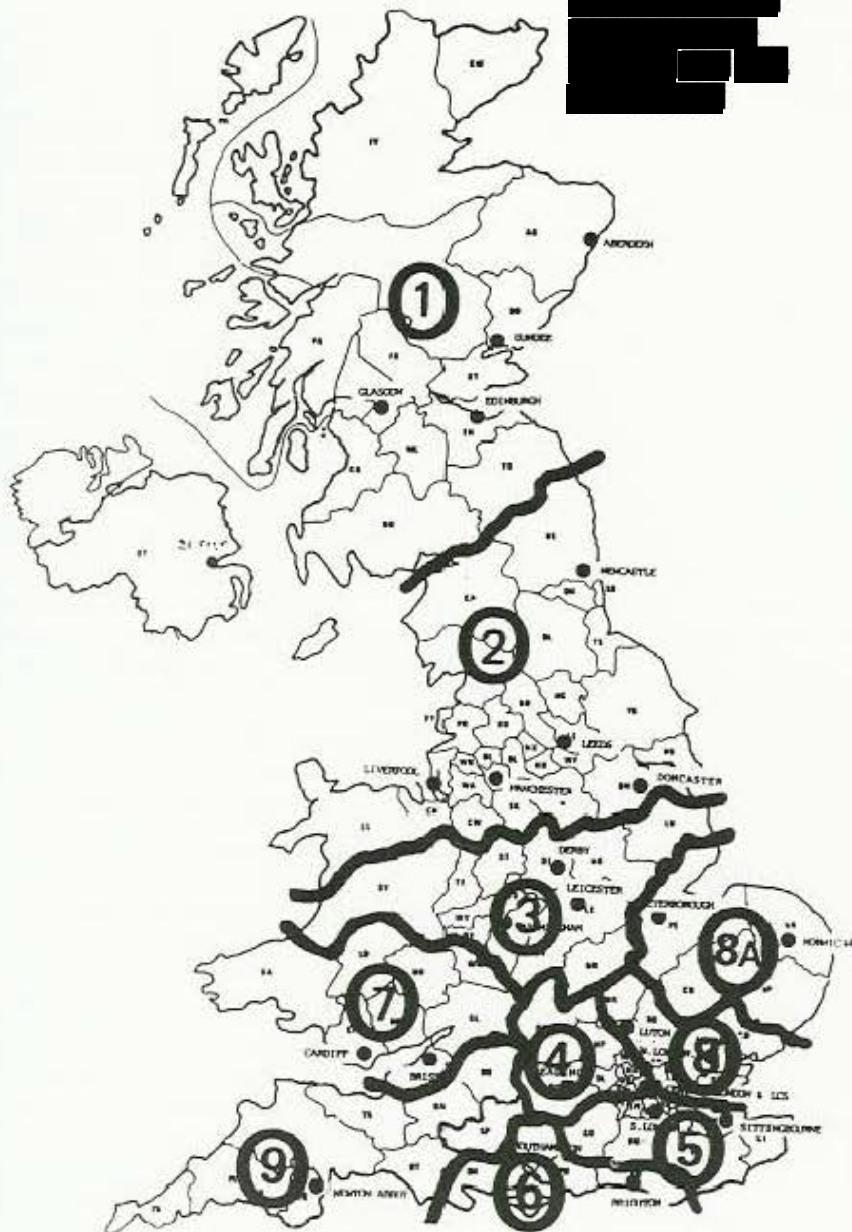
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PENSIONS DEPARTMENT

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