

Chapter 35

August 1963 - July 1979

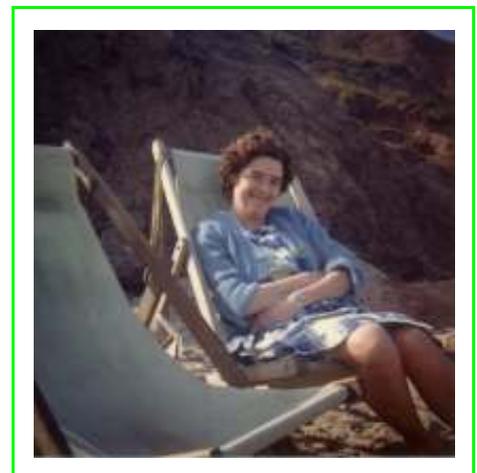
I invited Doreen out the following Saturday and we went to somewhere like Knaresborough. In the glove compartment I left a lovely big peach for her. The next Saturday again a trip out and I put in a box of dark chocolates. It was a long time before I found out that she didn't like peaches or dark chocolate. The third Saturday I left her



Doreen and Me at Southport

two pairs of nylons. As it happened, it was her birthday. From then on we started to go out every day. As well as places such as Southport and Ilkley, we called in at the Scotts Arms at Sicklinghall where no-one would be likely to see us as, at that time, we had decided to keep it quiet at work. We succeeded in that until Christmas when we announced our engagement. It really was a case of love at first sight. Sometime before Christmas, however, I had been

pulling the leg of one of my friends whilst sat in the Management Dining Room. He looked at me and quietly, without saying anything, passed me a card of the Scotts Arms! So someone did know but he never let on. That was Dr John Carr, our Works doctor. Our trips out also included Filey when we would also take Michael. I was careful to tell him about our caring for each other so I hope that he always felt a part. I also told Mo and Geoff Bryson who took to Doreen straight away and gave us their backing. It was on one trip to Filey that, sitting on the beach and Michael conveniently paddling, I told her that I loved her and asked her to marry me. She was momentarily stunned but realised that I was serious and so it was agreed. Another of our favourite places was the Red Café on the Harrogate road where we had some very good lunches.



Doreen at Filey on the day I proposed

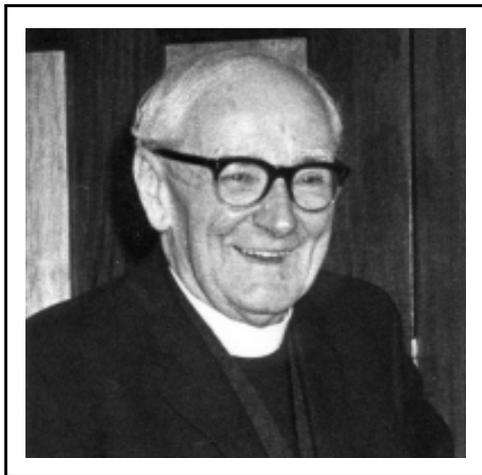
About October we went to Petersfield for the weekend, taking Michael with us, to see her cousin Bill Carbine and his wife Margaret. At the time he was very ill with some form of cancer. They were both very nice people and before we left Bill said to me "Look after her". He died before we were married and we drove down to his funeral. I hope that he knows that I carried out his request as best as I could.



Bill & Margaret Carbine at Petersfield

Doreen was a bit unsure when one day I took her to Leysholme Crescent to meet my Mother, Betty and George. She had no need to worry; they all greeted her and took to her at once. My Mum said quietly to me "She will really do for you". How right she was. We were also pleased to get support from John and Michael and felt very happy about that.

After Betty died, I started to take Michael to church on Sunday. One day, walking in the castle grounds at Knaresborough, I asked Doreen if she was a Catholic. The answer, of course, was yes so I finally decided on something that I had thought about for a long time; that was, to join the Catholic Church. This I did after six weeks instruction from Father Moverley. To say the least, the instruction was typical Father Moverley and unique. He was telling me to adopt a simple faith and not to worry about the complexities of the theories that confused so many people.



Father Moverley

Christmas came and with the engagement ring on her finger everyone knew. We were given tremendous support by all except Brooksbank who thought that he knew better. I believe he was quite sincere in this and one day he got me in his office and expressed the view that I was on some sort of rebound and asked me to rethink. He even dragged me into John Mercer's office and asked him why he didn't knock some sense into me. John said: "Why should I, she seems very nice?". I broke into that conversation and made it quite clear that I loved her and was happy with the arrangements. Nothing more was said.

The Banns were read out by Father Moverley who said to the congregation "You know them, they go to the Bingo"! He had made Doreen blink when, on the first occasion that she had heard him preach at Christmas, he said: "They say it was a starlit night, how do they know it was a starlit night?" John and Maria were there and they were both looking at her reactions. Father Moverley was certainly different but he was a lovely priest. He would have loved the marriage to be conducted at the Sacred Heart but it was right that it was held at St. Mary's where Doreen had been christened and confirmed, and where her Mother and Father were married.

We married on 30th March, 1964 which was Easter Monday. George Walker represented



Our Wedding Day

her father who had died many years before and John was my best man. I was proud that he accepted that job. Maria, John's girlfriend, was Doreen's bridesmaid. A lot of people attended the service, mostly Doreen's friends who had previously given her a presentation at the St. Mary's Union of Catholic Mothers. It was a very happy day and the start of a very happy marriage. Photographs were

taken by George Walker's son Richard. Father Cronin took the service; we saw quite a lot of him when he was transferred to Ripon. After church we went to the Stansfield Arms with the invited guests. After drinks we sat down to a very nice meal. Finally we drove home in a Rolls Royce that unfortunately developed a water leak such that steam was much in evidence. I believe that John and Maria took Mum, Betty and George home to Leeds in my Consul, which they then proceeded to pinch for the rest of the day. Afterwards, a friend of Doreen's, Mary Backhouse said to me: "I know she is happy now". We had arranged to go to Margaret's at Petersfield for our honeymoon, taking Michael with us. We had a pleasant holiday and it was lovely to have someone to cuddle up to at night. During the holiday, I changed the Consul for a Zephyr 6. While Doreen was looking at a Morris 1100, Michael and I were making arrangements for a test drive in the Ford. We did the test run and bought it on the spot, part exchanged for the Consul. We heard later that the Consul was stolen later that night. We went home to start our new life at "Oakroyd" which Doreen, like Betty before her, loved.

Back at work, things had sorted themselves out somewhat. Brooksbank had got rid of all

the people he didn't want, leaving me on the production side concentrating on control, buying and control records etc. John Mercer was the Chief Planner and Jig and Tool Designer. Brooksbank leant very heavily on him for technical matters although that didn't always prove wise. I knew that dealing with Brooksbank was difficult so stood my ground on anything I felt was right (shades of Sheffield and Hurton), but he learned to trust me. It wasn't easy though as in each Department he had an informant. I sacked the one I had for staying off sick when in fact he was exercising his greyhounds. As it happened, I had gone to the Carr Lane factory, which came under us for the manufacture of actuators, when I saw the man and his dogs! He was supposed to be in bed with 'flu. Instead of calling Brooksbank, Mr, I called him CB! He liked that as it made him feel important. This situation continued until 1969 when CB fell ill with throat cancer. While he was off, he was replaced by a man from outside named Alan Howland which changed everything. It was also the time when our Works were taken over by Lucas.

Reverting to Doreen and home life, early on we had hoped to have a child but this was not to be. I can remember being outside the Sacred Heart Church one Sunday when Edna, Maria's Mum, said: "No baby yet then"? My reply embarrassed her because I said: "No, but it's not for the want of trying"!

In the summer of 1964 I took Doreen and Michael to Petersfield to stay at Margaret's, however, after a week she had to move so we moved into a hotel in Southsea. On the way back, the Zephyr started making noises in the transmission so we called in at a Main Ford Dealer in Leighton Buzzard. The foreman put it on a lift but couldn't see anything. He was deaf so he decided to take it for a test drive, not with me but with Doreen. He couldn't hear anything and she didn't know what she was supposed to be listening to so nothing was found. Michael had been saying all along that it was the Prop Shaft bearing but no-one took any notice of a young lad. We got home alright but, of course, if we had listened to Michael we would have found out that he was right all along.



Zephyr 6 - 690 BHO

On 14th November, 1964, John and Maria were married at the Sacred Heart Church. That was a very happy occasion which unfortunately was soon overshadowed by the fact that John was posted to Aden in December.



John & Maria's Wedding Day

In the Summer of 1965, with John away in Aden, Maria came with us to Southsea. It wasn't Fawlty Towers but it did its best. We had a nice time but Doreen had to see the chap who ran the place about upsetting Maria with remarks about the food. After that, if she received a letter, he personally brought it to her.

For two years we rented a caravan at Primrose Valley, Filey from a cousin of Doreen's. We were there when England won the World Cup against West Germany in 1966. In 1968/69 we booked a flat in Brooklands, Filey.

During the sixties and seventies Doreen took little jobs in the village. One was helping in the Friendly Café. It was there that she got friendly with Margaret, the girl who took over from Mrs Allwright. We went every week with her and her husband to ten pin bowling. We even bought shoes and considered buying a ball each, however, the place closed down so that stopped. Good fun while it lasted. None of us could beat Margaret. Her husband later died and she remarried to Brian Tingle.

For the moment, back to work. When Alan Howland took over, the first thing he did was to alter my working hours so that I reverted to starting at 8.30 am. He also encouraged the use of Christian Names. On top of that, resisting pressure from outside, he promoted me to Supplies Manager and gave me a decent increase in pay. This was in 1970. Based on his ideas we completely altered all the control systems. To get this started he got a number of people together and gave a paper which took about two hours to present. Two further sessions were given to more of the personnel by me. They were quite successful. I was responsible for all operations except where John Mercer held sway. Production improved in a much better atmosphere until 1974 when he was taken on by GEC as General Manager. He tried to have me transferred but, once again, they couldn't match

my pension rights. The new man was a Lucas man from Burnley, Jim Ramsey. He and I got on very well indeed, as I had with Alan Howland, and he made me his deputy in his absence. This suited me and the unions, who trusted me to be fair and impartial; they would only accept my word concerning priorities during overtime bans etc.

Doreen's cousin Doris died in 1970. During her later years, Doreen had helped her and we went out with her and her man friend several times. She was Managing Director of an export firm so was fairly well off. She was from the rich side of Doreen's family and in her Will she left Doreen £2000. With this Doreen bought me a new car, a gold Vauxhall Viva, and equipped our



Vauxhall Viva OKY 675

bedroom with all the fitted cupboards and tallboys. The rest she put into our joint account, buying nothing for herself, which was just typical.



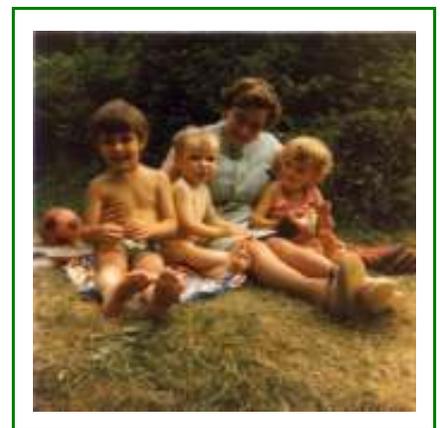
**Michael & Sue's
Wedding Day**

On 22nd August 1970, Michael married Susan James at the Sacred Heart Church Thornton. As with Maria and John, they had a reception at "Oakroyd". They came on honeymoon with us to Brooklands, Filey where we all had a good time. At that time Michael was in the RAF but after the birth of his son, Paul, he bought himself out.

I think that here I ought to stop and record the births of my first three grandchildren, born to Maria and John:

- Andrew John - 23rd January 1967
- Annette Marie - 13 June 1968
- Nicholas Anthony - 24 November 1969

They were often here at "Oakroyd" and both Doreen and I enjoyed their visits. Being born so close together, they were great friends and still are.



**1971 - Doreen with Andrew,
Annette & Nicholas at Louth**

One holiday in Filey, Doreen and I were talking to a waitress in the "Corner Café" and telling her that the flat in Brooklands was getting rather noisy so she introduced us to Mr & Mrs Brian Simms who had a house in Hope Street and a flat at No 1 Raincliffe Avenue. Over many years we stayed in both but after they sold the property in Hope



The "Rollins" at work.

Street, always at Raincliffe Avenue. We would book it for three or four weeks each year and became great friends. Brian's wife, Grace, died early on and in the Fisherman's Church at Filey, Brian had a lovely stained glass window dedicated to her. It is worth recording the fact that not all people are greedy. The first year that we stayed at Raincliffe Avenue, the cost was

£43 per week and in 1993, the last time we stayed, it was exactly the same! It catered for four people so we had many happy holidays there with George and Betty. Later on, after I retired, we also stayed in a flat run by a couple called Rollins. They used to have a lovely show of potted flowers in their yard and they used this show to collect money for charity.

Betty and I used to play a lot of tennis at Filey and Doreen played in the earlier days. In addition, we were all keen on putting and spent many happy hours playing.

Another grandson arrived, born to Michael and Sue, followed by a granddaughter:

- *Paul Michael - 29th March 1973*
- *Sarah Jane - 2nd November 1977*

By the time Sarah was born, Michael was working for Geoff Bryson.



Paul & Sarah

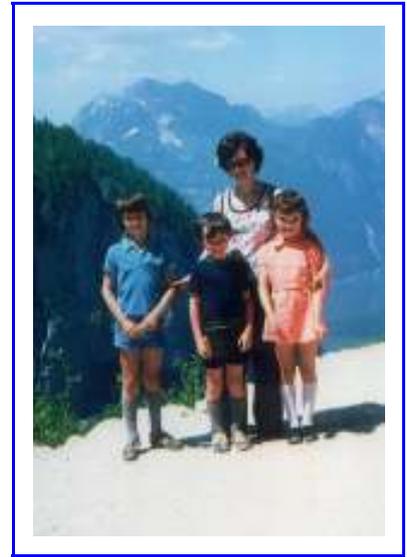
In 1974, John was posted to Germany and, for a while, Maria and the children lived at "Oakroyd" and the children went to school in Thornton. Eventually, early in 1975, they got word to join up with John. I seem to remember that Doreen and Edna went to London to see them off.

John was posted to No 3(F) Squadron (Harriers) stationed at Wildenrath, a large camp with every facility. In 1975, we had the opportunity to stay with them under arrangements made by the RAF. We took a train down to Gatwick, staying at a Post House Hotel for a night. The next day we trooped on board a BAC 111 along with other service related families. Doreen was very excited as it had been one of her dreams to fly and now she had the opportunity. She wasn't a bit nervous. I was because I wasn't used to aircraft without airscrews. At one point she asked when we were taking off - in fact we were already airborne! She loved it and I was so pleased for her. John and Maria met us at Wildenrath when we landed. At the time he had an oldish BMW 2000 (HU 789B) in which he transported us to Erkelenz where they lived in a very nice flat. We thoroughly enjoyed that holiday, meeting their friends and sitting round the swimming pool when on camp. We went to Mass on camp. John took us on various trips including some into Holland. One trip we made was to Cochem on the River Mosel, during which time we stayed in a German Hotel on the River Rhein. The hotel was fine except for the trains shunting nearby and the barges going up and down the river. We also had trouble with the bill as they wouldn't take a cheque and pretended not to understand English. The situation did get sorted eventually. In Cochem, I bought coffee and what a price it was; never mind, it was nice. Later we bought three bottles of wine and chips - much cheaper. I also bought a corkscrew made from the root of a grapevine; I still have it.

In 1976 we again went out to Germany, this time landing at RAF Bruggen although I cannot remember why. This time, John and Maria met us in the new Ford Cortina which, earlier in the year, they had come back to England to buy. They were still living at Erkelenz at the time. They had made arrangements to have a holiday in Austria at Mondsee. This meant a journey of approximately 550 miles each way. The luggage was in a small trailer and the seven of us fitted into the car (Doreen, me and the three children in the back).

The holiday in Austria was lovely and we were taken to various places, mostly places adjacent to huge lakes or "sees". Our favourite place was, I think, Hallstadt. It was there

that John Maria and children went off on a cable car to some Ice Caves while Doreen and I looked around the small town. We had a nice cool lager at a roadside beer place. When we met up with the family by the lake, Doreen felt faint due to the heat. I soaked a handkerchief in water and splashed it all over her face and head. This brought her round and we then moved into the shade. Another time, going through a tunnel into Hallstadt, we came across a car park in a gap and found some Germans who had locked themselves out of their car. Andrew was just able to get his arm through one window and, while we pulled hard he managed to unlock the door.



1976 - Hallstadt

Andrew, Nick, Maria &
Annette

Another place we visited was Gosausee. We did a dangerous thing there by walking right round the lake beginning on a narrow ledge on the edge of a nasty drop. John managed to hold onto Doreen but really we should never have attempted it. To make matters worse, none of us had walking shoes. In fact I only had slipper type shoes as I had managed to take along two left footed "bumpers". There was also Wolfgangsee, which was bounded with a beach and meadows full of lovely wild flowers. This was a good lake for swimming. We went to Mondsee to go to Mass. This was the church used in "The Sound of Music". After Mass we joined the crowd in the square for a drink. We thought that Austria was lovely and thoroughly enjoyed our holiday there.

On the journey home, John was pulled up for speeding. Having a trailer, the speed limit was 50 mph. He was fined 20 marks on the spot. Another time he was fined for taking a short cut down an "Anlieger Free" road (effectively a road with access for authorised vehicles only).

On our return to Erkelenz, we found that the family had to move into Married Quarters. This made it easier for the children as they went to school there. What amazed me was that there was so little integration with the local German population.

Back at work, since 1970, the Bradford factory had been closely connected with Hemel Hempstead. Regular meetings were held at Nottingham which was a halfway point. We had to adopt several of their systems. I found a good friend in Bill Farmer who was the Company Supplies Manager. He had been a Spitfire pilot in the Battle of Britain. After I left, Bradford made Actuators at a new factory, the rest closed and moved to Hemel Hempstead. I had opted to work until I was 65. During the last six months I was given the job of Acting Works Manager of the Control Gear Department which, coincidentally, was my favourite department. This was arranged so that the new Supplies Manager could take over with me still available for advice, if required. This six months was the most enjoyable of my career. Pensions were based on the last two years salaries and Jim Ramsey saw to it that I was well looked after. Philip Simmons, the Personnel Manager, also gave me some good advice and was a great help. I was given a wonderful send off by all my friends and fellow workers at the Phoenix Park. Doreen was nicely included in the presentation and the Telegraph and Argus write-up included a photograph of Benny Lynch, the General Manager, presenting a television. A special cake was made and Doreen was presented with a bouquet of flowers.



Norman Naylor, Doreen, Me & Benny Lynch

Unfortunately my secretary, Gladys Rider, was unable to attend due to illness but my ex secretary, Kathleen Nicholson, who had retired, was. Another present I received was a painting done by an old friend of mine, Frank Siddle, who was our Development Superintendent who had previously retired. A sort of poem was written by one John Dace. It is reproduced overleaf.

JACKS ALRIGHT

*It's wonderful to see all you good people gathered here
With the wine and the compliments flowing
Mostly wanting to join in FJW's retirement
But some making sure that he's actually going.*

*Tales have been told for thousands of years
But many give out that ring
So here is the saga of FJW Turner
Or how to get from Jack to King*

*He hails from the South but don't blame him for that
He'd never to put up with sweat, toil or grime
The lush fields of Kent have produced many great men
Though I can't think of any at this moment in time*

*He's a man of Kent born south of the Medway
And the further into this one delves
It's a place where men are men and poor women
Just never had a moment to themselves*

*Jack was having his bath as usual one Friday night
Thinking it's time I earned some money
As he felt for his loofah something struck him
And he said to himself "Isn't nature funny"*

*A call came to him to head up to Yorkshire
And he responded with a minimum of fuss
He thought of Yorkshire Pudding and Tetley's Bitter
And that they're better at cricket than us*

*It was the merry month of May 1946
Jack arrived up North with hardly a sou
And he introduced himself to Bradford Phoenix Works
So the English Electric met her Waterloo*

*He started as a common or garden draughtsman
But the tales he told filled people with awe
How he'd fought through hell and high water
And helped Errol Flynn win the war*

*From a 1930 RAF Apprentice
1943 saw him Commissioned for his rights
He never flew with the few, but stuck to groundcrew
'cause he'd vertigo and couldn't stand heights.*

*Jack saw service in France and then West Africa
Helping repel Rommel's desert campaign
Showing tenacity, cunning and persistence
The attributes of any Progress Man's brain.*

*When Rommel threw in the towel and gave up the fight
He wasn't beaten by Montgomery's attacks
He admitted surrendering was the only way he could find
Of getting Jack Turner off his back.*

*He'll be missed by Helen and Gladys
To them he's been their Adam, a real beauty
For pinching two apples to give them each day
The nearest he's got to being fruity.*

*He's seen Development, been Superintendent and Production Controller
Before Supplies Manager became his final call
You could say he's been a Jack of all trades
But at least he's mastered them all.*

*Jack is respected and admired by his colleagues
His affection you don't need to seek
In fact it became common knowledge
That Phil Simmons fell for him early this week.*

*He's hoping to spend more time on the Golf Course
For this game Jack's the scent of a beagle
But sadly the RSPCA want to interview him
For hitting two birdies and an eagle.*

*He'll be able to relax with his brush and his easel
At painting he's far from a dud
He ranks with LS Lowry and Constable
But with a name like Turner he ought to be good.*

*Jack's dear wife Doreen is in total agreement
She lets out a cry that comes from the heart
And said "Yes spend more time with your painting"
The hall and kitchen need doing for a start.*

*So as Doreen and Jack start a new phase in their life
Here's a wish from everyone here
To you both a happy and wonderful retirement
That will last for many a year.*

Signed: John C Dace

A further contribution was made from the Sacred Heart Church as follows:

<i>Pension or Allowance Book</i>	-	<i>Due on Sunday</i>
<i>Post Office of Payment</i>	-	<i>Sacred Heart Church Thornton</i>
<i>Payee's Name</i>	-	<i>Mr J Turner</i>
<i>Address</i>	-	<i>LENDAHANDDOREEN</i>
<i>* Your first orders:</i>	-	<i>I order you to help Doreen with the household chores.</i>

*And now the end is near as you face the final curtain
My friend I'll say it clear, I'll state your case of which I'm certain
You've lived a life that's full you've worked and toiled from Monday to Friday
And more, much more than this, you did it your way.*

*You've loved, you've laughed and cried but now you think it's all ending
Just think again 'cos I am sure the life ahead will be heart rending
Now you must plan your daily chores like washing up from Monday to Friday
And more, much more than this, you'll do it Doreen's way.*

*Regrets you've had a few but then again so have all here present
You did what you had to do like giving lifts to a local peasant
Please take heart, don't be forlorn just think of me up early morn
But I'll face it all and I'll stand tall (all 4" feet) and do it my way*

*Yes there'll be times I'm sure you'll find, when you think you'll lose your mind
But through it all when there is doubt, ring Father D. He'll sort you out
And if he can't then please remember, before the spring there comes December
So paint the hall and you'll stand tall up the step ladder.*

Author: Anon.

Thus ended my Working Career. The official date was 31 July 1979.