

HOB-BITS

Official newsletter of
The Hadrian's Old Boys Association



Issue 2
January 2008

EDITORIAL

First, an apology – I had promised to publish this issue in late December 2007 but circumstances, not least my health, have conspired against me. I hope that what I've managed to produce meets with your approval and expectations, however, I might at this point add that contributions from the membership have been disappointing to say the least. A few of our number have been very productive for which I am very grateful. What we need for future issues, if indeed there are to be any, are as many varied, short stories as possible, this way we should achieve a depth of interest for all the membership to enjoy.

I can accept editorial contributions at anytime, holding the editorial privilege of deciding when and what to publish (not to be interpreted as being censorship!).

Well, that's my moan over, I'll leave you to judge the newsletter on its own merits – constructive criticism will always be welcome.

REUNION DINNER 2007

The reunion dinner took place on Saturday 29th September 2007, at the Lakes Court Hotel Carlisle, with the rehearsal on Friday night being well attended with members new and old. Saturday morning meant that some of us had to be up early to attend the wedding of Brian and Brenda Swaine, (63C), over the Anvil at the Old Blacksmiths in Gretna Green. It was a memorable morning, not just for the Bride and Groom but for all those that attended due to the highly professional manner in which the whole occasion was carried out by the staff at Gretna, with Brian and Brenda leaving with replica anvil, not to mention Brenda losing her eternity ring. It was then back to the

Lakes Court Hotel for lunch and catch up with more arrivals for the reunion.

The dinner and the whole evening went extremely well, especially with our Senior (50th Anniversary) Intakes performing to the Full Monty theme song "Hot Stuff" in a manner that only elderly gentlemen can???? The remainder of the evening was taken up with, drinking, chatting, raffles, dancing and a special presentation to Ray and Elizabeth Waring for all the work they have put into making the Association what it is today. After the meal had finished the population in the room was further swelled by the addition of approximately another 20/30 Hobs who had been

not been able to have a seat for dinner.

A few e-mails were read out from well-wishers who could not attend, also a fax was read out from DFC with a presentation to DC, who generously donated the gift to the raffle.

The last few stalwarts were seen still having the odd whisky at 0330 hours in the downstairs bar. So after a most enjoyable weekend we say thank you to all who attended and to those that did not we, thank you for all you best wishes.

It remains only to say that we look forward to the 2009 reunion and the 50th Anniversary of the 59 Intakes. (Lonk?)

Colin

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Special points of interest:

- The next HOB's Reunion Dinner is to be held at the Lakes Court Hotel, Carlisle in September 2009
- The next issue of HOB-Bits—June 2008

THE LAKES COURT HOTEL—A HISTORY



The Lakes Court Hotel (formerly the Cumbrian, County, and Station Hotels) is a stately railway hotel designed in 1852 by Anthony Salvin, a pupil of the eminent town planner John Nash.

After the citadel station opened 1847 It was believed that no one would travel from London to Glasgow in a single journey so the train station acquired additional land to build a hotel.

If you look closely at the facade of the hotel you can see the date 1852 and the entwined initials of GHH which stood for George Head Head who agreed to build the hotel ,at great expense, along with the architect Antony Salvin who designed parts and additions to Windsor castle for the Queen and was considered to be a leading architect of his day.

He designed the hotel with a suite of royal apartments so that queen Victoria on her journey from Windsor the north could stay over night, this never happened but she did occasional use the hotel as she did not like to eat on the train she would get off at Carlisle for refreshments on her long journey, last time she made use of the hotel was in the 1860's but from then she accepted that she would have to eat on the train

The hotel was built for the arrival of Queen Victoria in Carlisle in 1853 on the way to Balmoral in Scotland , A special entrance to provide privacy for her arrival and departure was commissioned to allow her Majesty to walk straight from her railway carriage to the hotel.

A special suite was incorporated in the hotel for the Queen and In 1890, William Gladstone addressed the people of Carlisle from a hotel window.

Local Historian—Dennis Perry

STATE-MANAGEMENT—A POTTED HISTORY

Carlisle - the State-Managed Liquor Trade

This unique experiment dates back to the First World War, with the construction of the country's largest munitions factory to the north of Carlisle on the Scottish Border between Longtown and Gretna.

Its construction took two years to complete and finally employed over 25,000 people, some of whom were housed in two new towns constructed in the area. Unfortunately, these townships could only accommodate a minority of the workers - the majority were forced to live in Carlisle, the only large town within 50 miles.

This influx of workers, free of family ties and with a large amount of disposable income had the obvious effect on the liquor trade throughout the town, with clear effects on munitions production and safety. The problem was evident when reviewing the statistics for drunkenness in the area. From 1914-15 these stood at approximately 250 convictions; this rose to nearly 1000 in 1916.

The Beginnings (1915)

A Central Control Board (Liquor Traffic)

was set up by the Government, under the *Defence of the Realm Act*, to control the nation's drinking habits in time of war.

One of the measures introduced was the limitation of opening hours to 11 am till 3pm and 6pm till 10:30pm. This was enforced until 1988 when the Government finally got round to repealing the law and allowing 'all-day' opening. However, the restrictions remained in force on Sundays well into the 1990s.

Emergency Measures (1916 - 1921)

In June 1916, in a decision involving both the Central Government and the local authorities the CCB (Central Control Board) took control of the licensed trade and possession of all licensed premises over an area of 320 square miles, including the city of Carlisle, 'for the duration of the war and 12 months thereafter'.

This decision was taken because the Government needed to be able to con-

trol the drinking habits of the workers, without resorting to restricting personal liberty.

The CCB acted quickly, closing nearly 40% of public houses by 1917 and revoking all off-sales licenses. All advertising referring to alcohol was illegal and a



ban was placed on the display of liquor bottles in windows.

Within the state-owned public houses, strict opening hours were en-

forced, the managers were effectively 'civil servants', employed on a fixed salary, with no personal interest in selling alcoholic beverages. In fact, this was discouraged by the simple measure of giving the manager a commission on all food sales (75%) and non-alcoholic drinks (25%). Drinks prices were fixed by the state, to avoid competition between

STATE-MANAGEMENT—A POTTED HISTORY (CONT'D)

the different pubs. The sale of 'chasers' - spirits accompanying beer - was banned, as well as buying rounds of drinks. No person under the age of 18 could be served spirits and could only be served beer with a meal (it should be noted at this point that it was quite normal for 13-year-old boys to be working in the munitions factories).

The only beer to be served was that brewed by the local, government-owned brewery. This was brewed at a reduced level of alcohol.

This wartime emergency system was extremely successful at reducing drunkenness, with convictions

Local Development (1921 - 1949)

In 1921, the responsibilities of the CCB were given over to the State Management System (SMS),

under the authority of the Secretary of State for Home Affairs and the Secretary of State for Scotland. Certain restrictions were lifted, including the unenforceable and unpopular 'no rounds' order.

The quality of the beer was greatly improved and in the 1930s a new public house

building project was launched, under the control of Harry Redfern FRIBA (Fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects) - chief architect for the SMS.

His task was both the restoration of existing public houses and the construction of new buildings.

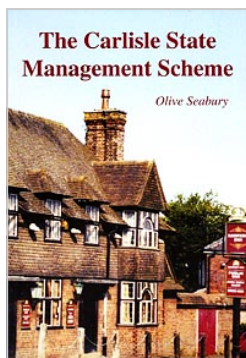
This assignment was extraordinary in that he was solely responsible for all architectural work, even down to fixtures and fittings such as door handles and light fittings, and as the SMS operated as a governmental department, he was not subjected to city ordinances and building restrictions.

His brief was to create light and airy pubs, easy to supervise, with comfortable surroundings and designed for food service and with excellent recreational facilities. Many were built with bowling greens and extensive gardens. Smaller bars were introduced to discourage customers from 'propping up the bar', plenty of comfortable chairs and tables were provided to encourage visitors to eat. Well equipped kitchens were also included and the managers always had luxurious and spacious accommodation for their families.

The pubs he built were both innovative and tasteful, with Carlisle rapidly becoming a model for aspiring pub architects to follow. His buildings greatly influenced future pub development, with his introduction of smoke extraction systems as early as 1927 and his

such an extent that in 1950, a Labour Government introduced a plan to extend state management to other towns throughout the country, but this was shelved in 1951 by the new Conservative Government. The system worked, the customers were happy, and the Government was earning money. The scheme was left very much to its own devices by Central Government until the late 1960s, when questions were posed, not as to the validity of the project, but rather on its profitability. It was decided that the system was not earning enough money for the government and it would be better if the whole thing was privatised. Eventually, an act of parliament in 1971 abolished the SMS and the properties had all been sold off by the end of 1973.

The End of an Era



Further reading:

The Carlisle State Management Scheme

Author: Olive Sudbury

Published by: Bookcase Carlisle

Publish Date: November 2007

Format: 168mm x 244mm Paperback

Illustrations: Black & White

ISBN: 9781904147305

use of natural building materials such as wood panelling as insulation and decor.

Unfortunately, as the buildings were state property, they could not be listed for preservation when finally sold off, so many of them have been taken over and greatly altered by modern brewery chains. At the end of this entry is a short list of some of the public houses which remain relatively unchanged to this day (at time of writing).

Why Fix it if it Ain't Broken? (1949 - 1971)

The scheme continued to flourish to

After 55 years of state monopoly, this unique experiment, started almost by accident during the First World War, was over. The system was eventually dismantled and passed into history. The pubs were sold off to other breweries and the Carlisle State Brewery itself was sold to a certain T and R Theakstons, who used it for brewing their Best Bitter until they

in turn were taken over by Scottish and Newcastle Breweries, who closed down the brewery. Nowadays, all that is left of the brewery itself is a group of expensive apartments.

Over the years, local people had come to love and respect their unique place in the country's licensed trade, with their high quality, cheap beer and excellent public houses, and considered it to be their own private property. It can be safely said that the majority of Carlisle drinkers who remember the State Management System deeply regret its passing.

REME BRASS CAP BADGE

I enjoy reading others 'inputs' as I very much like to see photos of how we were, especially when old bits of kit appear, just like the Knocker Scammel for instance on one photo I recently

saw. No brakes on the front wheels – the technology of the day. On the photo was Ray (ex 57A Arborfield) sporting the REME beret 'tanky' fashion c/w Kings Crown cap badge. Brass no

doubt. Did we all have one at some-time? I know I did and seeing Rays brought back the memory of how I lost mine. It had been buffed to perfection and when polished gleamed like the

BRASS CAP BADGE

blues in the night. To the story; I was ASM of 29 Commando in Plymouth and of course the only headdress was the coveted Green Beret. At the time the RQMS had been picked up on the RSM's board and was to take over a Territorial Regt. He needed to wear the SD cap for this post. As it happens I'd previously been the ASM of 49 Fd Regt RA (Abbots) in Hohne and the headdress there of course for Warrant Officers was the peaked cap. I had two, don't remember why, I offered one to the RQ to

save him a bob or two, they cost around 40 Quid back in '79. Anyway, I gave him the cap and thought no more of it, Later I realized my beloved Kings Crown badge was missing and realized it was in the peaked cap. I spoke with the RQ and to my amazement he told he had taken it to charge and put it in his clothing store. When I went to the stores to retrieve it, the civilian storeman told me the RQ was a prat and he had given it to Paddy Cummings (ex Hadrian's about 63 I think) one of my VM

Sgts. Thinking things had taken a turn for the better I got hold of Paddy but he informed me he had swopped it for a beer down on the Barbican in Plymouth. Such is life, the RQ went on to be a Major in the Royal Regiment though, good luck to him where ever he is.

Tony Watson—61C 'B' Company

A POEM TO JIM...

The following poem, submitted by Ian Carthcart, 62C 'A' Company is his response to the letter published in the first issue of The Hobbits, written by Padre Godfrey Farnworth. With Ian's permission, I've opened the piece with an extract from his covering letter:

"I must say it was with a great deal of guilt and sadness at reading the letter

from Padre Godfrey. Godfrey always called us, "62C", "His boys". He arrived with us and took us to his heart in our early "wet behind the ears" days.

As one of his "choir boys" we got out of Church Parades and even qualified for an extra days leave per term. I was certainly not an angel but Godfrey had a wonderful attitude to us all and the

quality of respect that he unwittingly gave us as we matured into "manhood".

It is with this background that I enclose the poem to remind us all that we should in our "maturity" make an effort to hold on to those fond memories."

Ian Cathcart—62C 'A' Company



Padre Godfrey in full voice!!

Jim

Around the corner, I have a friend
 In this great city, that has no end
 Yet days go by, and weeks rush on
 And, before I know it, a year is gone
 And I never see my old friend's face
 For life is a swift and terrible race
 He knows I like him, just as well
 As in the days when I rang his bell,
 And he rang mine. We were young then
 And now we are tired busy men
 Tired with trying to make a name
 "Tomorrow", I say, "I will call on Jim"
 Just to say I am thinking of him
 But tomorrow comes and tomorrow goes
 And the distance between us grows and grows
 He's just around the corner-----yet miles away
 ("There goes the bell. There's someone at the door. It's the postman!")
 "A telegram for you Sir!"
 — JIM DIED TODAY —
 That's what we get, and deserve in the end
 Around the corner a vanished Friend.

THE BORGIA'S KITCHEN (DFC)



Take advantage of this week's special offer and try this very tasty recipe. Ask the boys in the shop to butterfly the chicken breast for you.

Breast of Chicken with Yorkshire Ham & Stilton Cheese

4 Chicken Breasts butterflied.

8 Fresh Sage Leaves.

8 Thin Slices of Yorkshire Ham (any lean Ham will do)

8 oz of Stilton Cheese cut into 8 Slices.

8 Rashers of Rindless Streaky Bacon. (running the back of a knife along each rasher will lengthen them considerably.

Salt & Pepper.

Gently flatten the Chicken Breast with a tenderiser or rolling pin. Take care not to split the meat.

Put a Sage Leaf on either side of the Chicken Breast and season lightly.

Wrap a slice of Ham around each slice of Stilton.

Place 2 inside each Chicken Breast.

Fold over and wrap around two slices of Streaky Bacon covering as much of the breast as possible.

1 ¼ Pints of Chicken Stock.

2 Tbsp of Port.

24 Shallots or Small Onions. (you don't have to use this many if you don't want to).

Place the Chicken Breasts in an ovenproof casserole dish and pour over the Chicken Stock and Port.

Add the Shallots, cover with a lid or cooking foil and braise in a preheated oven at 190C/Gas Mark 5 for about 40 Minutes.

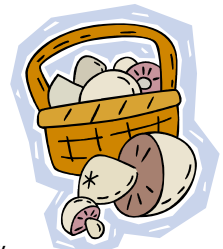
Carefully place each Breast on a cutting board and slice through them to create a fan effect. Serve on a warmed serving plate or dish.

1 Tbsp of Cornflour blended with a little Port.

Put the juices from the casserole into a pan and bring to the boil. Remove from the heat and stir in the Cornflour Paste. Gently simmer the sauce until it thickens and is heated through. Use as you would a gravy pouring over the Chicken and Shallots.

Serving Suggestions: This goes particularly well with cooked baby beetroot. It goes even better with your favourite choice of vegetables.

Tip: Chicken Breasts and in fact many other small cuts of meat, Chops for example, cook particularly well wrapped tightly in foil. The meat remains moist and it is 'almost' impossible to ruin. The foil parcels can also be placed in the same pan as boiling potatoes thus reducing even the cost of cooking.



HORSE RACING—BUT NOT AS WE KNOW IT

In 1966 I was in Woolwich for the 250 Anniversary Parade of the Royal Regiment of Artillery. There was Gunners of all ilks' and every different kind of Regiment was represented. 29th Commando, 7th Para. There were Cloud Punchers, SP's and Rocking Horse Artillery. Kings Troop out of St Johns Wood and the RA Motorcycle display team

plus Drone Operators and a Locating Battery with Green Archer, Thunderbirds were go (long before the master puppeteer, Gerry Anderson got his idea for Virgil, Scott & "Brains") & Honest John dominated the sky line plus god knows what else. 'Ubique' you might say was 'everywhere' At the time I was the Battery fitter in 79 Kirkee Com-

mando Lt Bty. I say 'in' because in those days in Commando Forces once you had completed Commando training you became an integral part of the Unit and you diversified your skills by learning other 'trades'. There was no LAD. I first trained on the 105 Pack How and on many occasions fired in anger in the Radfan, where as a VM with only 4 vehi-

HORSE RACING—BUT NOT AS WE KNOW IT (CONT'D)

cles to look had time to hone up my 'other' skills. I also take great pride in being a member of the HQ Bty 21 Gun Salute team that fired 25 pounders from the Cumberland Saluting Battery on the Royal Citadel Battlements over looking Plymouth Sound. It was partly due to this full integration that I fell foul of my troop Sgt one "Spud" Thompson. He was preparing the 'Kirkee' squad for the Parade and I was included. On the morning of the No 2 dress inspection he looked at me and told me to remove my Cap badge, Hammer & Tongs and buttons and to replace them with Royal Artillery accoutrements. I think he was surprised when I told him no. He insisted and was about to jail me as I continued to refuse when the RSM Pat O'Keefe (ex SAS) appeared and solved the problem. He chewed Spud out and said I would be on the parade as the Cfn I was. Spuds revenge was to keep me in the squad for all the training and take me to Woolwich for the event. On the day of the Parade he 'threw me out' of the squad but I was to remain on the side lines in Best Rig 'just in case'. Once the Parade was formed up I 'threw myself' out of the front gate of Woolwich Depot and shot down the street into the Queen Victoria pub for some light refreshment. One beverage followed another and as the day drew on I heard on the duke box Barry Sadler's the 'Ballad of the Green Berets'. It was while I was standing on the bar singing the song that the landlord 'threw me out of his pub' and this is how I ended up in the 'Bull' by the Woolwich Railway Station. By now my funds were dwindling somewhat but I had a ten shilling note and this would buy 4 pints of Red Barrel (Shite) with 8d change or 5 pints of rough Cider with memory loss. Not wanting to let down the Green 'lid' I started on the Cider so as to see me through till supertime. I was sat quietly in the corner at first but got into conversation with a "broken nose" sat at the next table who turned out to be the trainer in the local boys Boxing Club. We discussed boxing and I recanted my

stories of Tommy Slaven and the Hadrian's team so we got on like a house on fire. During my decision period when I was struggling with Red Barrel verses Cider I had forgotten that the pub would close at 1500 leaving me 'marooned' in Woolwich till 1800 when they re-opened once more. At this point the broken nose came to the rescue and suggested I come down the club where the boys would be pleased to meet a 'real' soldier. We did just that and after meeting the kids it turned out he was a café owner in Woolwich High street, so he invited back there for a meal, as I was low on cash, I was keen to take advantage of a free chip butty. When we were eating he brought up his passion for horse racing and while I told him I knew nothing about horses he advised me to back Charlottown in the Derby to be run on the following Wednesday. By now my head was beginning to clear and I started to realize my benefactor, perhaps wanted more than just to be altruistic, so I informed him that I had to be back in the Depot for evening muster. Eventually I got away after promising to meet him again at the Boxing club the next evening, safe in the knowledge that the Battery was returning to Plymouth the next morning early.

The following week I thought about Charlottown but didn't know how to place a bet so I approach a crusty old Bombardier storeman called 'Four Foot Three'. His real name was Bob Smith. He was known as 'Four Foot Three' because he was only about 5 foot tall and his last three numbers were 443, anyway he was a betting man and advised me to place an each way bet. So as I had a pound it was ten bob each way at 5 to 1. I watched the race and Charlottown threw a shoe in the build up but once re-shoed went on to win. Thank you kindly for that Mr Nose. It was my first win and it a led to a great night out in Union St that weekend. My next 'memorable' horse racing event took place the following year, again in

Plymouth, but this time it concerned a bet on the Grand National. It was 1967 and we were not long back off disembarkation leave, from the Aden tour, enjoying the English spring. It was bright clear day and the Barbican in Plymouth is a great place for a dinner time session. 'Alfie' Newman, one of my Landrover drivers, and I were enjoying a pint or two in the Three Crowns, money was getting short and there was a long Saturday night ahead. In those days pubs in Plymouth closed at 1430 (opening again at 1730) in the afternoon but if you were up for it you could cross town and go into the Royal Fleet Club where the bar opened at 1600 beating the town pub openings by one and half hours. Alfie had a pound left which was enough for 8 pints and a bag of chips or if we went to the United Services pub in Union St (half way to the Fleet Club) we could squeeze out 11 pints and we wouldn't need the chips as Rough Cider always has lumps in it! Anyway Alfie decided to place a bet on the horse with the biggest odds running in the National. At that time we didn't know what that horse was. Fionavon was SP on the Tote 444/1 and eventually ran out at 100/1. What a return on Alfies' pound, after all I think we were only on 8 quid-ish a week then. Fionavon was way back in the field when at the 23rd fence 2 horses pulled up unseating rider after rider. Though 17 remounted Fionavon trotted on by and took the Winners post ahead of the favourite, the fast approaching, Honey End. What should be a happy ending is not I'm afraid. I had persuaded Alfie that the Fleet Club and the United Services was the better option as 'No body ever wins on a long shot'. So no bet and no winnings to savor, although we were good friends it took some effort on his part not to punch me and some weeks to start talking again. The moral of the story is 'go with your instincts'.

Tony Watson—61C, 'B' Company

A PERSONAL JOURNEY

Of all the attributes I believe I either gained or were strengthened by the "Hadrian's experience" the one that comes first to mind is tenacity. In myself

I would list it as both my major attribute as well as my major failing!

Some times I just do not know when to

give up, and the outcome is a good one, at other times the cost of persevering is far more than the cost of quitting early.

A PERSONAL JOURNEY (CONT'D)

I entered Hadrian's as a cocky delinquent 15 year old. I had failed every year at high school, after sitting the "mock O levels" I realized that the price of years of inattention would have to be paid.

I also had major problems at home and some of my behaviors' had led to the local Bobbies making an appearance.

My first attempt at leaving, by joining the Merchant Navy was thwarted by my father's refusal to sign the necessary papers. My next attempt to leave, by joining the army was more successful. My father did two years National Service, mostly as an RP, and I am sure he thought the army would "sort me out"

With the exception of school excursions this was my first time away from home. It was quite a shock.

I would loosely place my fellow apprentices into three categories.;

The sons of army families, or ex army cadets.

Aspiring students from normal, stable families.

Boys from dysfunctional backgrounds.

Judged from today's standards what we endured was tantamount to child abuse. Compared to earlier accounts however we had it easy.

As with all "boot camp" experiences they are designed to change people and it certainly did. I have read a number of accounts from ex "brats" and nearly all whilst bemoaning the methods agree that the experience was beneficial.

My first choice as a trade was a Vehicle Mechanic; I became an apprentice Fitter Gun! The training was thorough and the general education helped fill in the missing gaps from my high school education.

Surprisingly enough I managed to spend nearly two years with out being placed on a single charge. Not that I was an angel, far from it. I did not get caught!

During fifth term I received a letter from my parents stating that they had been accepted as migrants by Australia. By this time things had improved somewhat with my father (I had gotten bigger and stronger) so I agreed to go with them. I purchased my discharge and

nearly two years to the day I joined the army, I arrived in Australia.

I took up an apprenticeship as a tool-maker with a large private company that manufactured steel wheel, earth-moving equipment, steel shelving and heavy industrial tools such as metal stamping and brake presses. For my two years in the army I was granted a years equivalence and started as a second year apprentice in a five year apprenticeship.

Nearly two years later at age twenty, I was married (this year Cathy and I celebrate our 38th anniversary) Fourteen months later our first daughter Georgina arrived and two years after that, our second daughter Jacqueline.

Things were tough in those early days, When Cathy became pregnant we moved in with her parents for two years to save the deposit for a house. We moved in three months before Jacqueline came along.

Unlike now, we moved into an empty shell on a bare building block. Every weekend for years was spent on the house, putting in driveways and paths, establishing the garden and growing our own veggies.

The apprentice ship program was very comprehensive. We were moved every three or six months to different divisions, from turning, grinding die maintenance, inspection and my favorite, maintenance.

As it happened the last six month stint was in the drawing office, where I was modifying overseas earthmoving buckets to suit local equipment. My draughtmanship has always been a bit suspect. I had however by then finished the required trade school qualifications and was in the first year of a post trade certificate (equivalent to an ONC) and surprisingly was offered a job as a detail draughtsman upon completion of my apprenticeship. After coming from maintenance, where I came home covered in grease every day, my wife was overjoyed at the change.

Taking up the draughting job was a small sacrifice as the basic pay was the same as a toolmaker but there were no "over award payments" and very little overtime, so in effect I was on about 25% less than my mates who stayed in the trade.

I enjoyed draughting, especially the problem solving side and made a rapid climb through the grades, attaining design draughtsman position in four years, not the normal twelve.

I had also progressed to designing mag wheels, the glory part of the business. The pay was also very good.

Two things occurred in 1974, Hurricane Tracy devastated Darwin resulting in a high number of people re-locating to Adelaide. There was also a severe shortage of Technical Studies teachers. The Education department recruited twenty teachers directly from industry. I was number twenty one on the selection process! Four weeks after the letter telling me I was unsuccessful, I received a phone call. One of the successful applicants was going back to Darwin. Was I still interested?

In July I started my first teaching job. It was fantastic timing, as Georgina was starting school in the February and Cathy was working as an office temp. I was available to look after the children during the holidays whilst Cathy worked. At this stage it was important that she work, as I had dropped a third of my wage by going teaching.

As a metal work "expert" I was posted to a school that only had a woodwork shop and a plastics shop. In light of our lack of teaching qualifications we were expected to work a four day week and attend College to gain the minimum "professional units".

After two weeks observing the Senior teacher I was on my own. A baptism of fire!

Teaching came relatively easy to me, the subject matter is one of the easiest to teach as few students disliked Tech.Studies. I specialized in the "special ed." kids. Probably because I enjoyed the challenge, and no one else wanted the job.

After five years and the addition to the school of a metalwork and photography shop, I had it easy. I could do the job with my eyes shut and I had obtained the three year diploma in four years of part time study, so my salary was now more than I would get as a draughtsman. But I was bored!

I swapped over to the private school system and increased my teaching repertoire to include textiles, ceramics,

A PERSONAL JOURNEY (CONT'D)

technical drawing and design, which was an expanded woodwork course.

The school was a ten minute walk from home, I had completed my degree and was doing a post grad diploma in of all things Theology!

Every thing was so good until I developed an allergy to wood dust. I managed to work on for three years. I took anti histamines every day. and wore a dust mask all the time. My health suffered to the point where my GP told me I must stop being exposed to wood dust.

I was devastated at this loss of career. The problem was exacerbated by having to go through the adversarial workman's compensation process. My side had to prove that the allergy was real and had been caused by workplace exposure and the insurers tried to prove that I was just a malingerer!

I was home on full pay! I asked how long the process would take. I was told up to two years! What an opportunity, two years holiday on full pay-I lasted two weeks!

I enrolled in a social work degree. I had completed that first year when my case was settled. I received the grand sum of \$14,000 a reduced amount as it was deemed I had re-trained myself..

During the summer break from University I helped my brother and his partners in his bottled water company, a seasonal business he was desperate for some help.

I worked as an overload driver. I have never worked so hard in my life, from seven in the morning 'till ten at night some days. Come the end of the summer break I enrolled for the new year, paid my fees and prepared for the new academic year.

I was offered a job at very good money to stay. At this stage with two teenagers at a private school we were strapped for cash so I said O.K. But only for a year!

Twenty years later I am still in the water industry!

Six months into the year my one of the partners wanted out. I mortgaged the house and purchased most of his share. Ten years later my brother and I bought out the other two share holders and seven years ago we got an offer we

could not refuse and sold the business.

I retained a small offshoot of the main business, a water vending business. Two years ago we split the business. My brother and I retained the Perth operation and sold the Adelaide operation to my son in-law who had been managing it for the past three years.

Scott took on the management of the business as I needed to stop work to look after my eldest daughter Georgina, who was about to have a stem cell transplant, to treat her Multiple Sclerosis.

Georgina, South Australia's Rhodes Scholar for 1964 was a gifted all rounder. She was studying for her D.Phil. at Oxford when she experienced the first symptoms of M.S.

She came home and just managed to complete her thesis. She was forced to give up medicine as the disease was very aggressive and unresponsive to the standard medications.

It looked like we were going to lose our daughter, as the disease was progressing quickly with no alternatives available.

I did say that the one attribute that was strengthened by my "Hadrian's experience" was tenacity.

Researching the disease on the web I discovered that there was an experimental procedure that seemed to be 70% successful in stopping M.S. The downside was it would have to be done in the U.S and there was a 12-15 % risk of death. It would also mean being in the states for six months and cost US\$500,000.

I determined that there was no other avenue available and started the process.

We started by moving Georgina into a unit two doors away from us.

Somehow in this Universe things happen. Georgina had her transplant. It was performed in a hospital no more than twenty minutes from home and it did not cost me a cent!

Immediately after the transplant Georgina was in a wheelchair, she could not feed, dress or shower herself, she was incontinent and found it difficult to hold a conversation due to cognitive damage. She was on anti-epileptic medication and anti-depressants

Today she walks without a stick. She does not take any medication (except for interferon as a prophylactic measure)

has a meeting lined up next week to enroll in a forensic science course (only one subject but it's a start) and she is playing chess again!

The progress has been slow but steady with a lot of input from my wife and me. Speech therapy, physiotherapy, hydrotherapy, we devoted a lot of time into making her better.

The risks time and effort have paid off, we have our daughter back.

Having retired from work I have begun taking up more activities as Georgina has improved. I now look after our Perth water vending company. I am planning some developments and I do some volunteer tutoring at my grand daughter's school.

My youngest daughter Jacqueline, her husband Scott and my three grandkids. Harriet six, Charlie four and Annabel nine months are currently holidaying on the Gold Coast. They live next door but one and we are a very close family.

My wife is also away in Thailand for a week.

I am looking after Scott's business whilst they are away and spending two days getting their garden into shape. I think they work on the old principle that "The devil makes work for idle hands"

My wife is the president of a small charity, it supports Thai children affected by HIV. She is with another committee member inspecting an orphanage and visiting children in their homes. The work is totally voluntary and her flight was paid for by frequent flyer points. They raise about A\$50,000 a year which goes a long way in Thailand.

I have come a long way since January 1965 when I started at Hadrians. I believe I am a good example for the proponents of National Service. Would I have achieved the success I now enjoy? I doubt it.

What are my measures of success, a loving wife, loving children and loving grandchildren? We also have a close circle of good friends.

Everything else is a bonus. I visited my mother in her nursing home last week. She is 79 and had just had a minor op-

A PERSONAL JOURNEY (CONT'D)

eration. She said " Jimmy, have probably got about twelve "good" years left, look around here" she said waving her hand

around to encompass the nursing home. "Enjoy them" she said. I intend to do so.

Jim Hurst—65A 'A' Company

BOXING—SCHOOL COLOURS

Inspired by a number of Apprentices in the team, that I admired and a collection of the Permanent Staff with whom I stood in awe I decided to join the boxing team and try me luck. Such is the start of a story which is designed to inspire those youngsters who wish to follow on in the Noble art.

The truth of the matter was the boxing team members were excused parades and got better breakfasts! One man stands out in my memory, not because he was instrumental in the team and its training, no, he was the sort of character who was a large as life and really did put the fear of god up people me included. Like so many people you come into contact with, in that vein, he had a streak of kindness about him. In 'B' Coy lines he was regularly the duty Warrant Office and it was at this time I would come across him. I was an A/T VM, he was an Artificer Guns, so we didn't meet for trade training. I'm sure many will remember AQMS Jerry Horscroft, a man with a love for the sport of boxing. He was tough and seemed to hurtle around the billets when he was on duty ensuring no 'goings on' were, in fact, 'going on'. At least, nothing, when he was in your area. His kindness was manifest, to me, one Saturday night when he rounded the billets, and in flurry of conversation gave, to all present, the choice of tying a towel on the end of the bed. Having done so, he would, as soon as the Liston/Clay Heavyweight Championship of the World bout was concluded, come around and wake each one up with the result. I did and he did and we all know what became of Clay after that.

Of course we know that CSM Tom Day 'C' Coy was the 'father' of Boxing for Hadrians in the early '60's. CSM Wally Ramsden of 'B' Coy also took an interest at Company level and he possessed a good right hook. He caught me with it one day after he sent for me and I marched into his office. Ostensibly there to discuss a matter fo bullying (it was not a deliberate act on my part but it was a stupid one, and led to one of the lads in my room getting hurt slightly because of it – another story, maybe, at



*Capt. P. A. Clow, R.A.E.C., Mr. T. Slaven
and members of the School Boxing team*

School Boxing Team Circa Autumn 1963

Names anyone?

other time) Presumably he didn't deem it a serious bullying matter as he metered out an appropriate punishment and that was the end of it. At the time I thought nothing of it, being relieved not to be charged. The two people, however, who had direct influence on my boxing, were Terry Pointing and Tommy Slavin.

Terry Pointing was my Platoon Sgt and had been since I left Junior Company on the back of a tractor and trailer. He came down on it to collect the 3 of us allocated to 12 Pln. He was also at the ring side as my second for most if not all my bouts. Tommy Slavin was the civilian PTI who specialized in boxing and did a lot of coaching with us all. I'm trying to remember the A/T's who set the level during in my time with the team. Vic Edgar 'C' Coy with whom I served with in Krefeld in 16 Lt Air Defence Rgt RA is always uppermost in mind for his

crouching style and swift punching capacity. Dusty Grey also 'C' Company, plus a lad from 'A' Coy I think called Bailey who had a similar style to Vic and boxed my weight Welter (10 stone – 10 stone 7lbs). I have to mention Ken 'Ben' Cartwright, another A/T who attended the ABA, of my own Div. Ben also served in 16 Lt with Vic & I and other HOBs luminaries such as Brian Fisher & Ray Finney, though not boxing team members themselves. Norman Winters 'B' Coy was in the team earlier and Cliff Spain from 'B' Coy too. Tony Whiteside 'C' Coy I think may have been in the team at that time and I recall admiration for Mick Spaul whose Company I can't remember. I wish I could remember some other names especially of the other companies, some reminders from other HOB's would be useful.

Anyway for me it all started at Inter Company level when I was finalist

BOXING—SCHOOL COLOURS (CONT'D)

against Rex Tryhorn the Canadian lad from 'C' Company. A bout which went eventually went 3 rounds. Refereed by the old Lt Col QM whose name escapes me, was it McCloud? The decision went Rex's way. I believe I made the boxing team because he chose not to continue above Company level, correct me if I wrong Rex.

My last bout was in when I was in 8 Div (1964), and in that season we'd taken on the Junior Tradesmen (scorn on the name) from Troon & the RA Jnr. Leaders from Nuneaton. I seem to remember beating the Jnr 'Bleeder' with aggression by constantly moving forward although he was a better boxer than I. Terry has spurred me on with his advice to keep on advancing and it worked, giving me the decision.

The final competition I was to take part in was against Newcastle-Upon-Tyne Royal Grammar School (RGS) and we travelled there by coach. RGS has a long and proud history receiving its charter from Queen Elizabeth the First, sadly it no longer supports boxing however it

has Judo & Karate on the curriculum. When we arrived we were greeted by the Head of Sport & the Head boy, a fine upstanding young man, who shook everybody by the hand as they got down from the bus. A useful looking lad I thought thank goodness (as you do) he's not a Welter weight. We were treated well and the facilities superb, and afterwards settled into the competition. I've always found waiting to get into the ring a stomach churning affair and got little pleasure out of the bouts that were going on before mine; afterwards of course it was different, watching then, was easy. Fortunately for me I was unaware of my opponent while waiting and it wasn't till we were in the ring I realized I drawn the head boy!

He took this 'headboy' appointment seriously and during the first round he battered me about the head with vicious repetitive monotony. His blows had the impact of a seven pound sledge driven by steam power! I was not a happy Jack. Normally when boxing you don't feel a lot of the blows, this lad was

different, I could count every one of his and mine seemed to have no effect when ever I caught him. I don't much remember the advice, in the corner at the end of round one, from Terry but was determined to go out in the second and go up a gear. He was a mind reader and had increased the 'steam power' keeping me in place with well landed punches, thankfully non to the 'point' and few to the 'mark'. The round was progressing, but I wasn't, and was clearly losing on points, when I accidentally employed a 'Cumbrian Combination' of a punch and forehead, delivered in concert, it stopped him hitting me but also caused the referee to call time and disqualify me on the spot. Afterwards Terry was little impressed. Did I deserve full colours having been disqualified? I like to think that they were awarded against all my bouts and for giving of my best not my worst. I took up a career of playing Rugby once I left Hadrian's camp."

Tony Watson—61C 'B' Company

HADRIAN'S GIFT SHOP

Can I remind members that we do run a gift shop to generate funds. These funds are used to cover such expenses as postage, website fees etc allowing us to run a subscription free organisation. All items currently displayed on the website are available from Colin or myself through the normal channels and prices include package and postage!! In addition, your gift donations are always welcome, again these can be sent to Colin or myself. Incidentally, Colin has looked into providing a 'PayPal' service but the costs involved make it uneconomical.

Your article or small-ad could have been published here!

Help to make this newsletter a success, submit your articles early—you have plenty of time to draft them—the next issue will be June 2008

