

Dave's GEN

Titled in the memory of the late Dave Fairhurst, our former editor & compiler



**A link for members of the former London Test Section,
who were based on Studd Street**

Re-published & more on www.ltssac.org Plus, add your own input on <http://inspirebte.yuku.com/forums/65/LTSSAC>

February 2013

Well, amazingly the world didn't end on 21st December, so much for the Mayans and their unfinished calendar!

Christmas has been and gone, and we are nearly a quarter way through a new year, and although winter still has its icy grip, spring is almost here, and Summer is not far away, so it's time to get the tent ready for another year of fun in the fields - providing they are not flooded!!

Thank you for all your Christmas cards, good wishes and donations to keep DG in production.

Cards were received from: Ron Cooper; Geoff Wigley; Ian Bonniface; Les Knightson; John Neil; John & Jean Sutton; Cyril Seabrook; Gill & Terry Clements; Ron & Renee Tattum; Steve & Lorraine Dickens; Alan Williams; Jim Beard; Dave Eyre; Claire Towler; Keith & Janet Rich; Brian Bale; Joan & Michael Stanton.

Here are extracts of news gleaned from them:

Terry Clements: I did intend to come to the Christmas reunion, but chickend out at the last moment, due to the cold weather. It would have been good to see 'The Lads' again, so I hope you all had a good time (*we did!* JT)

I am now considering changing to the June meeting, as it will be a bit warmer & the beer not so cold.

Thanks for keeping the hard copy going, the electronic mail I still can't deal with – it never does what I want it to!

Best wishes for a Merry Christmas sitting round your pallet burner stove, & have a good time, but that's what you always do, don't you!! (*Thank you Terry – I do, don't I!* JT)

Brian Bale: Club Gen; always a good read, so look forward to February & October. Carry on the good work.

Claire Towler: Thanks for "Dave's Gen" So good to hear all the news.

Dave Eyre: Thanks for keeping Dave's Gen going. Great to see everybody at the White Swan, earlier this month

Jim Beard: Many thanks yet again for your fine efforts in keeping Dave's Gen afloat. Reading those familiar names brings back many memories, and of course much sadness of all those no longer with us. I have now been retired for over 27 years. Sadly, I lost my wife four years ago, but I am most fortunate in having a loving family keeping an eye on me.

Cyril Seabrook: I am still meeting monthly with Don, Philys and other ex-BT colleagues at Old Street. Used to be for Badminton and then the pub. Now it's just the pub. Members have dwindled anno domini! This Christmas we are going on a Christmas Markets cruise, via Dover through the tunnel to Calais, then coach to Cologne, pick up a boat, go down the Rhine to Koblenz & Rudesheim & back to Cologne. Should be interesting!

Michael Stanton: We hope you are well and not too wet or cold. We had a very hot summer, but guess what! We have now got a cold, wet winter so far. They extracted salt from the sea in this area and they seem to have vast stocks of it waiting to be put on the roads of Europe. It is now 20 years since I left BT, it seems such a different company now, more competitive and a lot leaner. They have just announced the end of BT Today – Pension Edition, my last link with BT, very sad! But we keep our chins up, still smiling, looking forward to the New Year.

At the White Swan Ctrl click- Photos here <http://inspirebte.yuku.com/topic/501/The-White-Swan-December-2012> As usual, the Christmas meet up was well attended



Phil Jones Colin Fitzpatrick Mick Mariani



Mel Ellis Roger Glover Alan Williams



Hedley Warner Ian Ransome Cliff Bourne



Richard Skidmore Steve Dickens



?? Paul Chance & Hedley Warner



Nick Jenner, Dave Eyre, Karl Easthorpe



Hill, Fitzpatrick, Jones, Vincent, Wigley, Ellis



Brian Shillum Ken Denny



Me, (John Tythe) & Glen Travell



Alan Williams & Pete Cleaver



Cliff Bourne, John Reynolds



Potter, Dickens, Hawkins & Neil



Paul Quinn & Ian Ransome



Ted Neye, Mel Ellis & Roger Glover



John Neil & Roger Glover



Ellis, Neye, Roy Clarke, Ransome, Williams Cleaver

At the Greyhound

The New Year meeting was cancelled due to lots of snow!

From Ron Tattum

Having reach the grand old age of 75, I thought I ought to contribute something to Daves Gen. I have read which nostalgia, the antic and adventures of former colleagues. Having failed to write about my own adventure in BTS in Liverpool and South Wales or holidays around the world, including the latest being a six weeks in Western Australia last Christmas, where we stayed with family in Perth, Albany and Kalgoorlie. But I have chosen to write about some of the very rewarding charity work I have been involved in for a number of years.



The main one being - TWAM Cymru.



Established in the mid-80s, Tools with a Mission (TWAM) seeks to alleviate problems faced by many in the developing world in terms of lack of skills, education and opportunities to earn their own living.

We do this by collecting and refurbishing (where necessary) tools and equipment that are no longer required here in the UK, and then sending them to projects abroad which seek to enable people to earn a living and support themselves and their community.

Once cleaned, refurbished and sorted, tools and other equipment (such as typewriters, sewing and knitting machines and haberdashery items) are packed into skill-based kits before being packed into a container at the Ipswich HQ and shipped to projects who have requested them – mostly, but not exclusively, in Africa.

We take tools of all sorts, both hand and electric (though not battery-powered) and often find the older tools that may be hidden in grandparents'/ parents' garage or garden shed (even loft) the best because they are of heavier-quality metal and therefore more easily refurbished. For a more detailed list of tools and equipment required, please see <http://www.twam.co.uk/donations.html>, which also has a link to the current tool list. In Wales, this is made possible by a small network of local volunteers of which I am one. Volunteers act as collectors in various locations around the Principality. We have regional workshop in Penarth which acts as both a staging post for donated goods from across the South and West of Wales and as such

as planes, drills etc. We have arranged with one or two local Household/Civic recycling sites to have a container for anybody to put any such tool donations into

The photo showing a car boot is typical of a donation from the public. In addition to donations in kind, TWAM is always looking for additional volunteers, refurbishment workshop and sorting depot, again run and staffed by volunteers. Here I can be found refurbishing hand tools such as planes, drills etc. We have arranged with one or two local Household Civic recycling sites to have a container for anybody to put any such tool donations into.



The photo showing a car boot is typical of a donation from the public. In addition to donations in kind, TWAM is always looking for additional volunteers, either, to collect tools locally or to help out in the workshops. Whilst a number of our volunteers are older, retired people, we also rely on an increasing number of younger people who may be unemployed, working part-time or who simply give up part of their spare time to help out. If you, or anyone you know, falls into any of these categories, and would like to help TWAM, please contact TWAM at the Ipswich HQ or TWAM Cymru on 07814 573 696 – or twamcymru@gmail.com – and they will be able to put you in touch with the appropriate people. I am sure there must be collector in your area as there about 300 across the UK.

For my sins I also act as liaison between TWAM Cymru and Vision 21 which is a charity providing vocational training, work experience and learning opportunities for people with learning needs. We supply refurbished tools to some of their facilities. These are mostly gardening tools which are not part of TWAM core business but I think is a worthwhile local charity to support.

On a personal level for those who are old enough to remember me in the LTS at Studd Street, Enfield Factory, Holloway Factory, STC New Southgate, and recovered stores depot at Kidbrooke, plus other various outpost of the empire. I now live on the outskirts of Cardiff with my Rene and have so done for the last 35years. Rene and I have been married for some 54 years and our pride and joy are two GREAT GRAND children named Joshua and Jacob.

God bless you all, and keep up the good work John.

Ron Tattam

Page filler!!!!

On Two Wheels

I've been whizzing about on two wheels since the age of 12, when my aunt Kit bought me my first bicycle from Petticoat Lane market. It cost ten shillings, and was a bit too big for me, had a fixed wheel, but it was my first bike and I loved it.

27" wheels fitted with Palmer Pixie Green Wall Tyres, made it look a bit different. A Brooks B15 Narrow leather saddle also looked a bit odd, but it was so comfortable, that I still ride a B15 today. None of these new fangled Gel saddles for me!



Initially I was only allowed to ride round the block, which after about 10 minutes became a couple of blocks, which gradually became further and further. London, especially the City, was becoming my playground.

After a couple of years, I bought a second hand Norman bike, with a Sturmey Archer 3 speed hub gear, that made the ride so much easier. Of course the B15 was transferred, I liked my comfort!



The National Cycling Proficiency course and test was taken, achieving 100% pass and I was enrolled into the Islington Team, to compete in the National Cycling Proficiency Championships.

Islington Council, ahead of its time in sex equality, entered a team of boys and girls, the only team to do so. The girls turned up in party frocks and ribbons in their hair. All very pretty, but totally unsuitable for riding a bicycle around an obstacle course. We were soon eliminated, even though the boys scored highly. Positive discrimination is not a good thing!

1965 saw the end of the Norman, when I discovered the total in-effectiveness of rubber brake blocks on wet steel rims. I was un-able to stop and ended up, (or is that down?) under the trailer of an articulated lorry. I mostly scrambled away from the oncoming wheels of the trailer, ducking under the axel, but the nearside double wheels ran onto my lower left leg, and when someone got the lorry to stop, it unfortunately stopped on my leg. I can report that two lorry wheels and the trailer are very heavy! It seemed an age before the lorry reversed off my leg, and I was able to crawl out.

The bike frame was bent at the bottom bracket, where my knee was resting, and the rear wheel was never going to get unbuckled again. But the spokes had supported my leg and I emerged with just a grazed knee and a bruised calf muscle. The Casualty Dept. at St.

Bartholomew's, X-Rayed my leg twice, as they could not believe that it could not be broken. Lucky John! I still give articulated lorries a wide berth when they are turning!

I stopped cycling for a while, until my next bike a Wearwell, was purchased from Graham Whitehead. It had a slight kink in the top tube, but was otherwise OK. Graham must have ridden his bicycles the same as he rode his motor scooters – into things!!! I didn't use it much as I was entering the motoring era of my life. I eventually broke the bike down and sold the bits, with another frame to Len Bovingdon – He was pleased with his buy!

1973, I purchased my first new bicycle, a Raleigh 20, StowAway, a folding bicycle! Car parking was getting harder to find around Studd Street, so I would park in Highbury New Park, take the bike out of the boot of the car, and cycle for 5-6 minutes, to Studd Street. The car was parked a mile and a half nearer to home in Enfield, and I would get home up to half an hour earlier, than I would when parking and walking elsewhere.

1978 Another new bicycle, a Raleigh Europa, was purchased along with another B15 saddle. I rode from Cheshunt to Studd Street (16 miles each way) daily on this bike, did the London to Brighton bike ride, and covered some 80,000 miles on it. Some people won't be surprised to know that I still have this bike and the StowAway. Oh, and learned that leather brake blocks work well on steel rims – wet or dry!

1991 saw the introduction of Mountain bikes and I bought one of these, with 15 gears, and an awful saddle. On went the B15 – much better. It was, and still is a rubbish bike, today's mountain bikes, like my daughter's Stump Jumper are much better. But, as with everything, you only get what you pay for! £75 against £2000, says it all really.

1996 saw my first motorcycle purchase. 30 years after I could have rode one!

A Yamaha V80. 80cc semi automatic, step through, bought to do the 'Knowledge' on. It did that very well, and I learned that I liked riding a motorcycle, but not sitting in the London traffic. I stopped doing the Knowledge after 6 months.



Yamaha V80

I raise my hat to Roy Shaw and Dave Hayes who completed the Knowledge and have earned a few bob driving their cabs around the great metropolis.

1997 I bought a Honda CG 125, rode some 16,000 miles and took my test on that, and it doesn't take long for the lure of a bigger bike to take hold.



Honda CG125

1998 saw the purchase of my first big bike, a Honda Hornet CB 600F, affectionately known as Blue Soo. She is blue, and the registration ends 'SOO'

Me and Blue Soo covered 111,000 miles over the next 8 years, and we featured in the Motorcycle Magazines UBG and Ride.



Blue Soo was semi retired in 2006, because of the purchase of a Honda ST1300 Pan European. 1300cc and 126 brake horse power, make this a very fast and powerful motorcycle. The ABS, dual linked brakes, makes stopping it very easy & reassuring. I've only covered 47,000 miles so far on this bike. Hopefully, I have a few years of motorcycling left in me.

Since 1998, I've made many new friends in the motorcycling fraternity. Club meets around the country, travelling new and interesting roads, seeing new places, lots of good food and beer, motorcycling is a whole new perspective on travel.

If you are ever near to Park Royal, make an effort to go to the world famous Ace Cafe. www.ace-cafe-london.com Weekends are good for motorcycle enthusiasts; they also have car meets there too! It's just like it was in the 1950 / 60s, the old Rockers still go there in their same leathers, on the same bikes that they had back then, but like all of us they have mellowed with age!

This edition's web page article comes from another of life's interesting people that I have encountered, Dave Hucker, also a Honda Hornet club member, world traveller and London's leading Tropical DJ

Too interesting to miss, but too long to print here. Ctrl Click link to read:

Cooing Doves, Growling Water - Zambia 2010

<http://www.technobeat.com/Zambia2010/Zambia1.html>

The Green Thing – Author unknown, it turned up in an email

At the shop check out, the young cashier suggested to the older woman that she should bring her own grocery bags, because plastic bags weren't good for the environment.

The woman apologised and explained, "We didn't have this 'green thing' in my day." The cashier responded, "That's the problem today. Your generation didn't care enough to save our environment for future generations." She was right.

Our generation didn't have the "green thing" in our day.

Back then, we used paper bags for groceries, we returned milk bottles, soda bottles and beer bottles to the shop. The shop sent them back to the plant to be washed and sterilised and refilled, so it could use the same bottles over and over.

But we didn't have the 'green thing' back in our day.

We walked up stairs, because we didn't have an escalator in every shop and office building. We walked to the grocery shop and didn't climb into a 300-horsepower machine every time we had to go two blocks. But she was right.

We didn't have the 'green thing' in our day.

Back then, we washed the baby's nappies because we didn't have the throw-away kind. We dried clothes on a line, not in an energy gobbling machine burning up 240 volts -- wind and solar power really did dry our clothes back in our early days. Kids got hand-me-down clothes from their brothers or sisters, not always brand-new clothing. But that young lady is right.

We didn't have the 'green thing' back in our day.

Back then, we had one TV, or radio, in the house -- not a TV in every room. And the TV had a small screen the size of a handkerchief (remember them?), not a screen the size of London. In the kitchen, we blended and stirred by hand because we didn't have electric machines to do everything for us. When we packaged a fragile item to send in the mail, we used wadded up old newspapers to cushion it, not Styrofoam or plastic bubble wrap. Back then, we didn't fire up an engine and burn petrol just to cut the lawn. We used a push mower that ran on human power. We exercised by working so we didn't need to go to a health club to run on treadmills that operate on electricity. But she's right.

We didn't have the 'green thing' back then.

We drank from a water fountain when we were thirsty, instead of using a plastic cup or a plastic bottle every time we had a drink of water. We refilled writing pens with ink instead of buying a new pen, and we replaced the razor blades in a razor instead of throwing away the whole razor just because the blade got dull.

But we didn't have the 'green thing' back then.

Back then, people took the bus, and kids rode their bikes to school or walked instead of turning their mums into a 24-hour taxi service. We had one electrical outlet in a room, not an entire bank of sockets to power a dozen appliances. We didn't need a computerised gadget to receive a signal beamed from satellites 2,000 miles out in space, in order to find the nearest take-away. (It was the chip shop up the road!)

But isn't it sad, the current generation laments how wasteful we old folks were, just because:

We didn't have the 'green thing' back then.

From Ian Boniface

My Mother died in January 1946 at about the same time as an old friend of my parents lost her husband. My father kept in touch with her and they eventually married and bought a new brother into the family, Martin. Martin Sharp, who many of you will know, was about three years old at the time.

My Stepmother came from a large family and so we also gained new step grandparents together with new aunts, uncles and cousins. One of the uncles Harry was a greengrocer who had a mobile shop and a regular round at Cony Hall West Wickham. He had two vehicles and my father started to help him at busy weekends by sharing the load and taking the second van to deliver over part of the round. The business grew and the weekend round became a regular two-part job. I often used to help my father on his round and learned quite a bit about greengrocery.

Eventually uncle Harry decided to get a shop at Wimbledon and persuaded my father to get his own shop. Dad was working at Muirheads, an Engineering Company where he was Chief Inspector at the time. The Company was undergoing a reorganisation and instead of reporting to the Engineering Manager, Dad was to report to the Production Manager, and he was not at all happy about it. He therefore saw this as a good opportunity to start a new career. He acquired a shop at Plumstead Common and started commuting. My stepmother also commuted and ran the shop while dad went to Covent Garden where he and Harry went to buy their stock. This happened at the time I was in my last few weeks at school and work and so I had time off from school from time to time. I was therefore able to occasionally go with my Father to Covent Garden where he went about three times a week.

Covent Garden

This was an interesting experience; we would leave home at about 4 AM and arrive at the market at about five. The market was not open officially until seven o'clock but it was necessary to arrive early to secure your parking space. That in itself was interesting as Covent Garden was in a no parking area. Each area was the territory of a 'cart minder', who had to be paid and kept the police happy to insure you were not pinched for parking. My father's space was in Exeter Street, just off the Strand. Every now and then a purge took place and the police would bring charges for parking against a few vehicles. It seemed to me that the system was crazy as the market could not function if buyers could not park and it must have led to, albeit low level, corruption of the police.

After arriving, the practice was to have breakfast in the Exeter, a cafe, in; you've guessed it, Exeter Street, where there was a great deal of good-natured chatter among the buyers and market traders. Much useful information was obtained about what was available in the market that day and where. My dad would also meet up with uncle Harry to decide strategy and discuss what items to buy together. Then it was a walk round the market to see what was available, examine the produce and plan which wholesaler to buy from. Orders would be placed and then back to the van to rest until seven o'clock when the activities would begin. All the produce was delivered to the van by market porters and empty boxes and sacks, which carried a deposit, collected by the empties man. There would be market porters rushing around pushing barrows piled high with produce. The empties man had the highest load of all and he delivered all the empty boxes and sacks to their respective wholesalers, collecting the deposit money and paying out the buyers, less commission of course. My father told me that the empties man was self-employed and had an exclusive agreement with the market to do this job. I was told that it had made him very rich. I found it difficult to believe that until one morning I saw him arrive in a Rolls-Royce very well dressed, and disappear into the changing rooms to emerge later in his working clothes.

As far as I could tell most transactions were in cash and you would see the buyers walking around with large rolls of notes on full view. I don't think mugging can have been heard of.

Ian Boniface

From John Sutton

John's Jottings

I was watching *Time Team* just before Christmas, when I spotted one of the diggers using a tool that immediately attracted my attention, which I later learned was called a mini mattock. I used to own a full size one, but gave it to my son-in-law when it became too much to swing effectively. Or soil is very thin and full of terminal moraine (lots and lots of all different types of small stones) otherwise known as gravel when they achieve sufficient density. Digging is very difficult, it is sometimes impossible to make much headway even with a garden fork - one of the tines usually hits an imbedded stone and stops any further penetration. I obtained my own mini mattock from Archtools, providers of archaeologists tools of all types. It weighs less than one pound and the mattock head is about an inch and a half wide, so it is very easy to work in the soil. A pick at the other end of the head caters for any really tough areas.

This is just one of purchases made over the years to assist me in keeping the garden tidy. In the autumn, I purchased what I can only describe as a small chainsaw chain. It has a handle at each end, and can be looped around a branch and moving both ones arms forward and back cuts through the wood with great ease. It is very useful when use of a conventional saw is prevented by other branches.

One electrical item I have had for many years is an electric hoe. It is rather like a giant hair trimmer with two sets of "fingers" scissoring through the soil. It is fast and furious using it since stones do get cast around by it, but since the greatest effort when using it is to hold down the "on" switch it is a real boon.

Another boon is the purchase of one of those seats that can either be used as a seat or as a kneeler with the legs for the seat provided support when getting up and down. The seat extends my weeding time by several factors - it is also nice just to sit and look at the garden in between bouts of rooting out all those varieties of plant life that shouldn't be in my flower beds!

An electrical item that is very useful, now that all garden produce has to fit into a brown bin and that bonfires are frowned upon, is a shredder. It is quickly and speedily reduces all my prunings to chippings which take up far less room in the bin, or if suitable go onto the garden as a mulch. A further bonus is that quite large branches do not have to be reduced in size with secateurs saving time - and effort.

My back benefits from the acquisition of a "grabber" - two large "hands" on handles which scissor together to pick up large volumes of hedge trimmings efficiently and easily.

To the above may be added a variety of mowers and trimmers along with any number of hand tools. Without all these aids, I am certain that I would have to engage a gardener to assist in the upkeep of the garden.

There just doesn't seem to be the same sort of help for decorating...

... Or is it that I hate decorating?

From Paul Hindell

Tales from OZ Feb 2013

Dear John,

First of all well done, the Gen is indispensable if you want to keep up to date with ones ex-colleagues.

I can't believe it's been 3 years since I last updated from OZ. My last letter to the Gen, ran out with me trying to find work, having been semi idle for 8 years. After many, many, applications, in all realms of employ, I finally landed a job as a warehouseman / Mr Fixit in a small, family lighting supply company. They supply the electricians who outfit the shops, so big orders, but small time. That was March 2010. In the first three months I got 2 pay increases and promotion to Warehouse manager, with staff. Ring any bells?

The company grew from 5 staff March 2010 to 24 staff March 2012. The turnover increased 500 fold with special contracts with some big wheelers and dealers in Melbourne, Crown Casino, being one of them. \$200,000 jobs monthly going out the door. We moved to a bigger warehouse 20 times the size, and have since refurbished that with more racking, and it's still not big enough! We grew too fast too soon. The bad news is I'm manager in name only; I have no say in the organisation of my job or area. I have to get permission to spend more than \$50 it's shameful. Even with a 14% pay rise in August 2011, I'm still well below average for any manager's job.

I'm looking to get a job as a bus driver. Less stressful: same money. However having passed the big 60, it's going to be difficult finding any employment.

Beryl is fine, and the blood pressure is well under control with the tablets. As for me, still obese, but working on it. Had a bit of as scare last year went to the doctors with screaming pains in the lower abdomen. He sat there and asked the questions: "Any Prostate cancer in the family, or any colon cancer history? How many of your immediate family, or Blood kin have died of cancer?" Then he sent me off for multi blood tests, cat scans, radium scans, bone tests, x-rays and a cardiogram. After 2 weeks, all done. So went back to him. In the meantime pain has receded with very strong antibiotics and pain killers. The worry however had not. He sits me down and gives me the results like it was a game to him. "Well colon cancer... all clear: Prostate...all clear: your heart is as strong as a 30 year olds. The rest of you is as good as it gets, with the exception of.... your gut." Turns out I got diverticulitis which can be controlled with a high fibre diet, so considering everything; it's a good result, at least the better of all the possibilities.

All in all, apart from the pains of growing old, life in paradise is acceptable. The pound is causing us problems with the pension but was coping. And I have nearly paid off all my credit cards. All being well, we're looking to visit the UK this year. Depends on where I'm working. I'm seriously looking to change jobs.

Still can't get used to eating Christmas dinner out on the patio in 27 degrees, the scent of suntan lotion overpowering the smell of stuffing, and restricting the use of mossiguard, until after the meal.

Hoping this finds you all as well as you would like to be, and that 2013 brings you all you wish for yourself. But we can't all win the bloody lottery. It's my turn!

No Longer with us:

I have heard from Frances Carder's niece, with whom she lived, that Frances had passed away on Sunday 10th February 2013.

Those of you, who knew or worked with her in the LMS, knew Frances to be, like a lot of us in the Sections, a little eccentric. You'll be pleased to know that she remained so, once she retired from BT.

Always resourceful, and never wasteful, everything had a use – even 'road kill' had been used to make tasty meals! I'm sure she would not have been a bit concerned by the current processed meat issues!

Until she developed dementia, she had been an active member of her local Women's Institute.

I have fond memories of Frances.

JT

March meeting 2013

The date of the March meet up will be on Thursday 21st March, at the Wetherspoons pub, the White Swan, in Upper Street, which is about 100 Yards from Highbury and Islington Station.

They are open early for breakfast, so you can arrive then, and stay all day. They have reasonable food, cheap beer and plenty of room for us to circulate in. See you there!

Contact

If you have an e-mail account, or access to one, and would like to have Dave's Gen by this method, just mail back to davesgen@virginmedia.com with your email address & your name, if it's not obvious who you are from the account name.

You may send in copy, and also update and make changes to addresses and telephone numbers, if you wish to, by sending to the same e-mail address.

Alternatively: My home address is:

17 Parkstone Avenue, Old St. Mellons, Cardiff CF3 5TY Tel. 029 20 777 455

Work: 01443 878 878, although following tradition, I'm still quite often, not at my bench!

Thanks for reading. Please keep in touch, one way or another.

My best regards to you all.

John Tythe