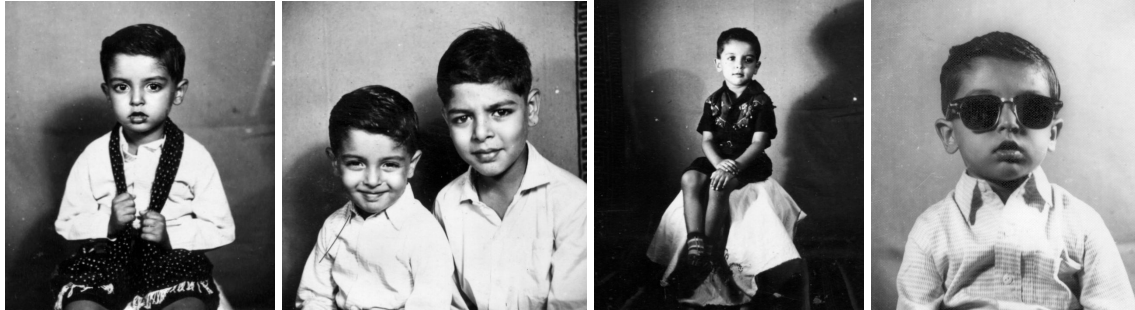


1960

Bhai, Ba, Veenaben, Dinesh and Kamlesh arrived from Aden. Suddenly I was treated as an adult. This was a new and nice experience.



In Gondal, my current friend was Hasmukh Shah. In those days, there were only 2 streets which may be called high streets. Moti Bazaar and Nani Bazaar (Big Bazaar and small bazaar). Hasmukh lived in a 2 room house, with his mother, in one of back alleys of Nani Bazar. We had set up a small portrait studio in one of the rooms in his house as Bapuji would have never allowed me to do that in our house. In return for this, I taught him photography, which I had learnt from Haresh Jadia of Haresh Studio. We used to go around Gondal taking pictures. Hasmukh thought Kamlesh would make an excellent model to practise on. So we set up couple of sessions and persuaded Kamlesh and Dinesh to come along for photo sessions. It would be another 14 years before I would meet Hasmukh again. I never thought that this mentoring in photography would be a life changer for him. It was embarrassing but very humbling for me when he came out his photography studio, Ruby studio, in Mumbai, and seek my blessings by prostrating on the ground for teaching him the profession.

This was a busy time. Veenaben and Madhuben were getting married. Dinesh, Pankajbhai and Jaiminibhai were to be given the Janoi (sacred thread). We had guests from Shahkaka's family. I felt quite grown up when Bhai tasked me to look after them and make sure that I took care of ALL expenses.



So it was that that we had great time going round Gondal and surroundings. We even managed to get a trip to go up the Girnar Mountain, in Junagadh.

Preparations for the wedding went into

full swing (do not remember the date).



Street was closed off. 1 house across the road was allocated as kitchen. Further up the road, another house was obtained for the families of the 2 grooms (Jaan).

Madhuben and I went up there with her friend Kusum, to set the place up with mattresses and cushions. The girls started a pillow fight -



and Bhai walked in. When I returned, I heard Bhai telling Ba, so discreetly, that everyone within earshot could hear."Saru thayu who pahochi gayo nahitar mara chhokra ne peliye bagadi nakhyo hot" (Just as well I got there in time otherwise that girl would have ruined our boy!!)

The 3 boys had their Janoi (sacred thread).

(Pankajbhai - Dinesh - Raseshbhai in picture 1 and

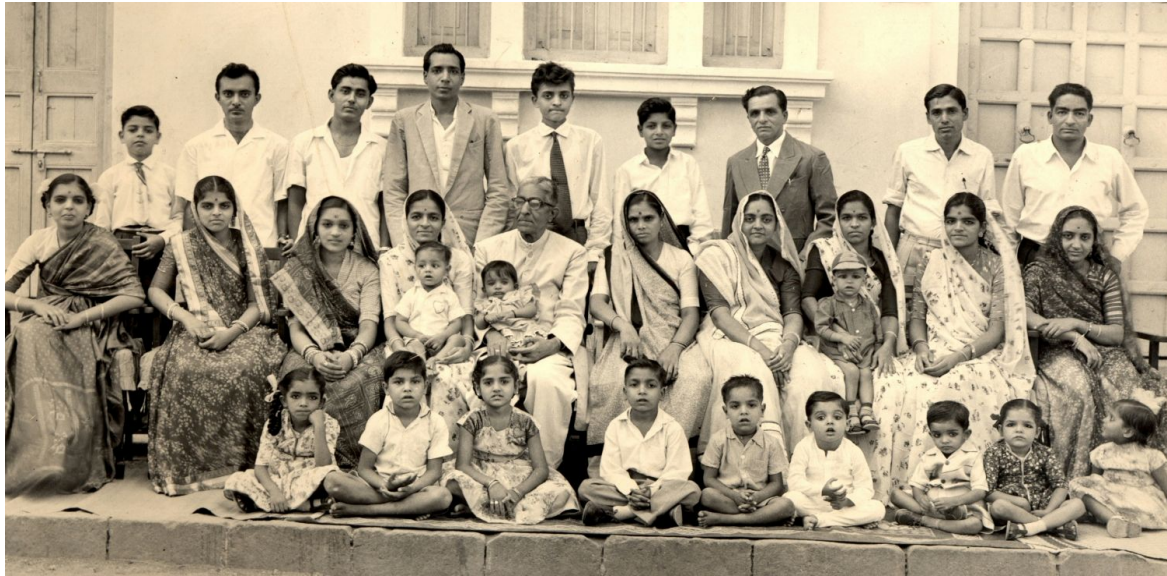
Raseshbhai - Pankajbhai - Dinesh in picture 2)



The grooms arrived. And, Veenaben and Madhuben were married.



Sometime after the wedding, the now ubiquitous photo was taken.



(Standing: L to R: Dinesh, Jasubhai, Girishbhai, Gunvantbhai, Mahesh, Rajubhai, Motabhai, Amrutlalbhai and Jitukaka.
Sitting: Jyotika, Veenaben, Madhuben, Hansaben with Shaileshbhai on lap, Bapuji with Kaushik on lap, Motaba, Saraswatiba, Ushaben with Prakash Natwarlal on lap, Padmaben, Pushpakaki. Missing: Natubhai, would have been behind Ushaben.
Sitting on floor: Maheshwari, Raseshbhai, Jayshree, Pankajbhai, Jaiminibhai, Kamlesh, Prakash Amratlal, Nayna and Panna)

Around this time, Jitukaka's son, Kaushik, passed away.

(Note: I do not remember the demise Kaushik Jitendra Upadhyaya. He appears in the family photo above, in Bapuji's lap, which was taken in 1960)

Aden after 8 years

It was decided that I leave Rajkumar College without finishing my secondary school education. So I return to Aden to finish my secondary school. I could not decide whether I should give away my tysocoto or not. Finally I decided I will take it with me to Aden but foolishly, I gave away the Rolleiflex camera to Hardev. I thought I would be back in 4 or 5 years and get it back from him. At the time I never thought it will be 14 years before I return to Gondal.

So at the age of 17, I took my first flight to Aden accompanied by Bhai, Ba, Dinesh and Kamlesh. Jitukaka, Pushpa Kaki and Panna had already arrived in Aden. So we all settled down in our house in Aidroos, Aden.

Around this time, Jitukaka's son, Kaushik, passed away.

(Note: I do not remember the demise of Kaushik Jitendra Upadhyaya. He appears in the family photo above which was taken in 1960)

Aden was a complete change for me. I was considered an adult. I was asked to always keep some money in my pocket and make sure other friends did not pay if we were out and about. I was not used to having money in pocket as I did not have pocket money when in India. Only time I had money was if I managed a successful scam. Ba said to me " This is where we keep cash. Just help yourself as and when you need cash."



I could go out when I wanted to. I could go and play cricket which I started playing regularly, I played hockey with Bhai's team. I went to see films when I wanted. It was freedom which I never had.

Every Saturday, we were out with Bhai's friends. I loved it when we went to the beach. There was harmonium and Tablas. Kusumben Shah, wife of Keshubhai Shah, sang. (We came across Keshubhai Shah's name in Chapter 1, Family Roots). Kusumben had a lovely voice. She was nice to me. She said I had a nice voice. So every Saturday, I had to prepare a new song and I sang. Well I thought I could sing.

On 2nd October 1960 I enrolled for GCE course at Aden College and my studies began.

It was tough. The syllabus was completely different. So I decided that I would do the bare minimum and pick 5 easy subjects. Maths and Physics are same in any language. I needed to do English. I added Gujarati and Drawing & Painting. It seemed it would not be bad afterall.

1961

Early in the year we went to see a young lady from South India perform amazing things with Maths. Her name was Shakuntala Devi. She could add, multiply and divide 10 digit numbers. She could tell you the day of the week by just knowing the birth date. It would transpire that I would meet this lady again after 12 years.

Bhai's group decided to do a play. I am not sure what brought this about. It was a huge undertaking and I was given a part in this play. In fact most of the friends and family were give part in this play. Bhai & Ba, Jitukaka, Shahkaka, Ramamasi & Neela Shah, Panchalkaka, Padmaben and Mukesh Panchal were just a few I mention.

I did not realize how big the undertaking was for me until I was told that I would be preparing some stage curtains. I had never done any painting using water colours. I was used to do pencil shading but only on A4 sheets of paper. As far as Bhai was concerned I had passed Drawing exams held by Bombay state and that was good enough.



A classroom at the Gujarati School was allocated for the project. The curtain I was supposed to paint, turned out to be the size of a big stage. I would have to go after school and I was allocated a mentor who would tell me what was required (I wish I could remember his name). So I would call him Raamanbhai. There were no sketches to get me started.

The curtain was to represent queen's suite in a palace. On first day Raamanbhai said we need to draw pillars and arches, like you see in temples. He would sit at the back of an empty classroom and give instructions. Add elephant, add a peacock, a dancer like in Ajanta caves and so. To my surprise and I think to Raamanbhai's surprise, it did not look bad. I thought we were done.

"We need to do jungle scene" he said. So I thought about it and decided it may be easier than the palace scene.

"We need to make boat and river"

And it was done. Actually it was a welcome distraction from preparations for GCE exams.

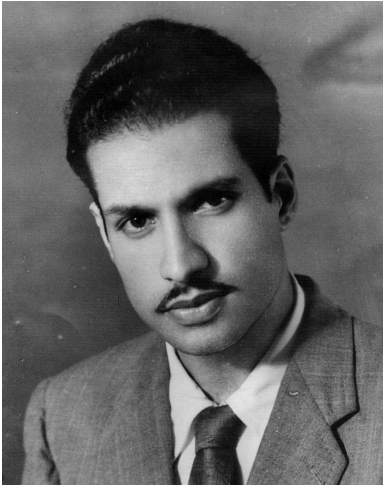
The play, *Bharat Milap*, was a great success.

Exam was over in July. I thought I may do alright. So it was vacation. It was parties and doing the cinema rounds. I remember one day, I actually watched 3 3-hour films. What a freedom.

At one of Bhai's friend's house I got talking to a young girl who had just returned from US, after completing her graduation. She talked about the campus and life in US. I was quite impressed. Up till then I had not

thought about the route to further studies after finishing at Aden College.

I wanted to go to US.



Then at one of the gatherings, I met one Bhai's friends, Surendrabhai Palana.

We discussed Studying in Europe and US. In one of our chats, he asked me how I was going to finance my studies. I must admit I had not thought about this. He then told me that one could study in UK, part-time by working and then doing day-release and evening classes. "If you do that", he said, "your parents will not have to fund your education. Would you like me to speak to Bai?"

That chat was to define my future.

Bhai was quite taken by the idea but he was not sure how this would work. Would I be OK in UK?

What would be the cost?

There were very few people whose opinion bhai respected. Surendrabhai was one of them. Surendrabhai was quite partial to coca-cola. So whenever they met, they would chat over bottle of coke.

Surendrabhai was running a family tyre retrading business in partership with another person, Keshubhai. Two brothers, Mahendrabhai and Surendrabhai Pallana took turns to oversee the business.

Surendrabhai told Bhai that he was going to finish his stint in Aden, at end of August. He would go to Tanzania(or was it Uganda) to see his mother and sister. After 2 to 3 weeks he would go to London. Surendrabhai was a professional juggler. He said that once he had settled in London, he would ask me to join him but he would let me finish my first academic year first. Surendrabhai had gone to Keighley, Yorkshire for learning Tyre retread business. So here was the plan:

I would apply to Keighley Technical college in Yorkshire for enrollment in Diploma in Electrical Engineering. He would write to a family he knew, Duffey family, with whom I could board. He would give me a letter of introduction with a Tyre retread company, Ondura Tyres, where he trained. He said there will be no problem getting a job there. Just to be sure, he would train me his tyre retread company. He would pay me 50 shillings a week (£2.50) whilst training. I was amazed, taken aback, speechless. 50 shillings a week was a lot of money.

Bhai was impressed with idea. within 10 days, we had a prospectus from Keighley Technical College. Term would start in mid September. I could enrol for Ordinary National Certificate in Electrical eng. It was a 3 year course. I would attend full day 9 am to 9 pm on Thursdays and

7pm to 9pm on Mondays and Wednesdays. Another 3 years would give Higher National Certificate.

So it was all set.

A ticket was bought for £50.

Then the shopping began.

First purchase was an overcoat. Heavy army surplus weighing in at 6 lbs.

3 baggy trousers and some shirts.

Chamanbhai was asked to source technical materials for me. Chamanbhai was a civil



engineer. So I got a nice set of cartographic drawing pencils, scale rules and a really nice slide rule. It did multiplications, divisions, logs to power 10 and e and lot more. The slide rule was really useful until the calculators reached maturity in mid-80's.

Jitukaka gave me his new document wallet which we still use for keeping our passports. Kanumama painted my name on anything large enough to have M.Upadhyaya painted on it.

I decided not to take my taisokoto but instead bought a keyboard based wind instrument, Melodica.

The other aspect of studying in UK was social life. So Bhai enrolled me in evening ballroom dancing classes at his office, the HM Treasury. I think I only got 3 lessons and did not learn much - probably because these Gujarati ears could not understand beats of waltz.

Few weeks before I was due to leave, Bhai came home from office and spoke discreetly to Ba. As I have said before, when Bhai is discreet, everyone in the room can follow the conversation.

Bhai: "I thought this letter was addressed to me. It says, To, M.Upadhyaya"

Ba: "What letter?"

Bhai: "It's from that girl"

Ba: "Who?"

Bhai: "That Girl, Nina. I did not know it was not for me so I read it"

And the letter was, unceremoniously, handed to me.

The letter started with, My Dear Mahesh and ended Yours Nina.

Nina wanted to know what plans I had for our future. I never replied because I did not have her address and there was no way I could send a message to her.

[I can write this now because I understand that Nina passed away, 2 years ago (circa 2012), suffering from cancer.]

Few days later, Bhai and I were sitting in the car. Bhai looked at me just said

*“Beta, Jeni Thalima Jame tema thukwoo nahin”
(Never spit in the plate you eating - your host’s plate)*

It took me few days to realize that the sentence had more than one meaning.

1960 Journey to UK

I have always wondered what if my decision

- to leave RKC to go to Aden when I did
- to decide to go to UK and specifically, Keighley, Yorkshire
- Bhai not having to support my education

was different to above.

Would futures and families be different? I would never know. Mind you, I would not want to change the path we all took in to our future.

So I left for UK, near end of August. I had 4 addresses for contacts and £25 in my pocket.



One suitcase and no hand luggage.

Few days before I left, Bhai hurt his back and was hospitalised. Weights were tied to his legs to stretch the spine. On my way to the airport, we stopped at the hospital to say goodbyes. It was incredible at the airport. There were at least 26 people there to see me off.



Surendrabhai (seen here with Ba and Kamlesh) reassured me that I will be fine and he will be seeing me in 3 weeks time.

If my memory serves me correctly, there were six of us, from the final year at Aden College (not same class), embarking on this voyage. The plane had bench seats. I put the distributed earplugs in my ears and I left Aden for good.



First leg of the journey was a short hop to [Djibouti](#)

In Djibouti we were accommodated in bed n breakfast and next day we boarded a ship, which was sailing from Australia to Genova. I just do not remember the name of the ship or how long it took us to sail to Genoa.

At Suez, there was an option to go see the pyramids and then join the ship at Port Said. One or 2 from our group went. I decided not open my envelope containing my money.

Sailing was good. There were 3 or 4 to the cabin. There were lot of Australian-Italians visiting home country. I used to sit in the lounge and practice on my newly acquired melodica. I got friendly with one Italian family. I got on very well with their 6 or 7 year old girl, who enjoyed playing with melodica. She decided she could not pronounce my name and decided to call me Jack. The name stuck and I was known as Jack for number of years.

Sailing through the Bay of Biscay was rough. I was sea-sick. Someone suggested a cigarette helps. So I had my first smoke after just over a year. I am not sure whether it helped but it was pleasant enough to keep trying!

At Genova we disembarked. Got directions to the railway station. Carrying our luggage, we walked to the station. I think it was about 1.5 miles. On the way we spotted a restaurant with sign on the door. "English Spoken Here". We had a little discussion on what it meant.

"Do we have to speak in English?"

"No, I think they can speak English and Italian"

It was the latter. We had an omelette and then continued on our walk to the station. We already had a ticket from Genoa to Paris. So we boarded, managed to find the correct train to Calais at Paris, found our way to ferry terminal at Calais. I do not remember details about that part of the journey but remember the crossing - which was very rough and we were all very sea-sick.

At Dover, immigration was straight forward. The guys at the customs, went through our bags with fine toothcomb. We boarded the train and arrived in London, on Tuesday, 5th September 1961 - I think it was Kings Cross. A taxi ride took me to an address in Belsize Park where Mahendrabhai and Vasantiben Pallana lived with their 2 children, Shishir and Sunil. I had toys for Sunil, who was just a toddler. Vasantiben's brothers, Nirranjan and Jagdish were also staying there. Nirranjan was on his way to Germany to start (or continue) his studies in Medicine.

Next morning, Jagdish offered to show me around London. The landlord there, did not allow guests to his tenants. As one passed the entrance hall, he would enquire from his room: Who is that? Is that Nirranjan? I was supposed to say yes.

Any way, it was fun wandering around London using the underground, experiencing the thrill of riding escalators at stations.

I realized that I could not stay there for very long so I left on Thursday.

Buying train ticket at the station turned out to be complicated. Guy at the ticket office did not understand where I wanted to go.

I said "ticket to Keighley", pronouncing it the way its spelt.

"No such place" he said. "You would be wanting Guiseley" I did not think that was correct. So I fished out the address from my pocket and I was set for my train journey to Keighley (pronounced Keithley), Yorkshire.

A taxi ride brought me to a dilapidated wooden house in Hainworth wood road, Keighley. I was received warmly by John and Bridie Duffey and their two sons, John and Christopher. Mrs. D looked at my face and reassured me that they were being rehoused to a bigger 3 bed house, just down the road..

So on Saturday, we moved and I settled in my own room at 14, Woodhouse Walk.

There were three initial hurdles I had to cope with.

How does one use western loo. Never used before.

What's with loo paper instead of water

How does one use a bath tub. I was used to bucket baths. At RKC, we had communal bathing. So the bath tubs were filled with warm water and one used mugs to wash.

(I do not think I should go in any further details here)

"I will do the washing on Friday afternoons."Mrs D said. "We can all have a bath on Friday evenings". So Bath was once a week, Friday evenings. 3 to 4" of warm water in the bath. Hot water was at a premium. I was to learn that not all houses had bathrooms. For lot of them, Friday was the bath night at the communal baths.

The 4th problem was Yorkshire-English. They spoke different English - different accent.

It never occurred to me that I should ask about terms of my lodging. At the weekend, Mrs. D asked me if £2.00 per week was too much. To me, that seemed reasonable. I had never payed for lodgings so I had no idea of the rate. I still had £22 so it seemed that I should be ok there, for at least 3 months.

So I had my own room. I would be fed and Mrs D would take care of my laundry. Great.

Next problem was food. The term vegetarian was not understood at all. We went through all the permutations of the normal english diet which was soup, meat & 2 veg and sweet. We settled for tomato soup, bread and 2 vegs from the meat & 2 veg meal.

On Monday, armed with the letter from Surendrabhai, I went to Ondura tyres with Mr D who worked there. At the reception, I handed the letter to the receptionist and briefly explained that it was intended for the M.D. The Receptionist went into his office to hand the letter and asked me to stay in the reception. He will call you when he's free.

At 5 'O'clock the office was about to close and I was still sitting in reception - no contact with MD. I thought, 'maybe tomorrow'. So I went home and after having my dinner of Tomato soup and toast, walked over to Keighley Technical College, situated in Cavendish street, to enrol for course in ONC.

They seemed to know about me coming probably because I was the only one who would have written for admission, from Aden.

I needed to pass 4 subjects in GCE O level to gain admission. I said I was still awaiting my results to come from Aden. So it was agreed that I would go see the Principal once I got my results. In the meantime, I could start attending classes. My classes were to be on Monday and Wednesday evening 07:00 to 09:00. Full day classes were to be on Thursday, 09:00 am to 05:00 pm and 7:00 pm to 09:00 pm.

Next day, I was in the reception of Ondura Tyres at 09:00, waiting for the MD to come talk to me and offer me a job. I knew I could retread a tyre quite fast and well. Surendrabhai had timed me and had said I was good. At about lunch time, the M.D. came out of his office and asked me to go with one of his staff.

He took me to a cafe and bought me lunch. After that he dropped me off at the labour exchange (job centre) and said they will find me a job.

I was asked to register. I was informed that I would not get unemployment benefit which seemed reasonable to me. I said that I will do any job as long as I could attend college on Thursdays.

"That Makes it difficult" the man said. "I do not have anything in electrical field. Why not try couple of textile mills" So I went there. Here, all the day jobs normally went to the locals. Immigrants normally worked night shifts. Much later, I would realize that these jobs came at a price. The night foreman would be someone who would speak Urdu or Punjabi and would expect a cut from the wages. Anyway, I did not get the job as they would not be able to give



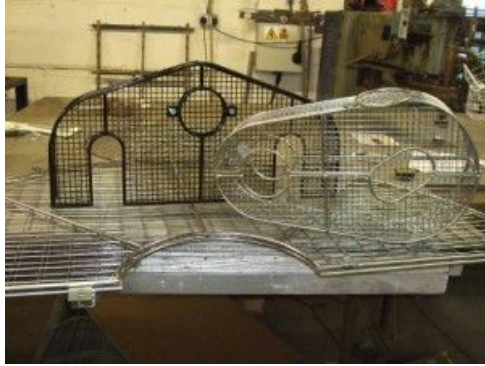
me a day-off for college.

Next day, at the labour exchange they said there was a vacancy for a wire worker. Would I like to try that. "Yes please" I said and I went straight to the factory of Bethel Rhodes & Sons, in Alice Street..

I walked in and handed my introductory card at the counter. Frank was the wages clerk there. He looked at me and seemed very thoughtful. "Hold on" He said "Let me get the boss".

He went in and the boss, Charlie Rhodes, came out.

"Have you any experience?" Charlie asked.



"No, I only arrived last week from Aden. I have only been here for a while and I have done a bit of tyre retreading but willing to learn"

There was a long pause.

"Look, we do need someone." Charlie said " but we have never employed a coloured person. My workers may not like it"

" Why don't you give me a try. If your workers object, I would leave"

"You Sure?"

" I am sure. Ahh, but I would like Thursday off to go to college"

So I was taken in, shown around and started work straight away. My mentors were Allen and Burt. It was 11th September 1961. I was to learn how to make Machine guards.

I really enjoyed the job. Wire Mesh was woven on a machine by Joyce. I went with either Alan or Bert to a factory to measure up the guard area and designed the layout. I had to learn welding to make the outer frame using iron pipes, make wire mesh contour to fit inside and then drill the pipes to fit the wire mesh.

This was my first full time job. I finished at six O'clock. College was only 5 minutes' walk. So went to college refectory for my meal.

I had never ordered from a menu. I was not sure what I could eat so finally settled for beans-on-toast. This would be my evening meal, on Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays, for next 12 months.

End of the week, I got my first wage packet. It was just under £4. Not bad for 3 ½ days work! Normal wages from next week would be just over £5 per week. I thought that was absolutely fantastic. Charlie called me into his office and said that he was very pleased with my work.

Few workers had approached him and asked him not fire me as no one had a problem with a coloured boy working there.

So I stayed.

My first stop was to a stationers. 2 textbooks, electrical technology bible and book on mechanics. Total cost 25 shillings (£1.25). Some stationery and drawing board brought the sum to £2.00.

I needed a drawing board to use for writing on as I did not have a desk at home. Bedroom was too cold to work on. So most of the studies will be done after the TV programmes finished at around 11:30 and rest of the household would have gone to bed and fire was still smouldering.

Few days later, I got a letter from Bhai. Surendrabhai had gone to Uganda (I think) to visit his mother before coming to UK. Surendrabhai and his sister had died in a car accident. Would I inform the guy at the tyre factory.

That came as real blow to me. My whole plan was anchored on arrival of Surendrabhai, in few weeks.

Next day, I took some time off to go see the guy at the tyre factory. He read the letter and said " I am sorry".

Nothing else.

I decided I did not like the man.

[two years later we would have a visit from Kumarbhai Pallana, elder brother of Mahendrabhai and Surendrabhai . He worked in Hollywood as stuntman in films. He wanted to go see the guy at the tyre place as all brothers had trained there at some time. I tried to tell him that the man was no good but we all went to see him any way. He was surprised by the cold reception he got.]



One day, I was walking around the town when a pakistani guy approached me. He pointed at sign on the door which said Cock & Bull (well it was not Bull - it was Cock and xxxx) with illustration of a Cock. He asked me if he could buy chicken there. At the time I did not know that it was a pub but I still did not think he could buy chicken there.

That was my first contact with people from Pakistan working in local textile mills. Four of them lived on Woodhouse estate, not far from where I lived.

Thats' where I met Fazal. A pathan with a quick temper. We got on well. He used to show me his Mum's lock of hair. He said that Amma keeps sending this to tell him she is getting old and grey. He said he needed to make enough so that he could return home.

One day we went out in the evening and ended up in the pub. He got drunk. I did not drink and that day I decided I will not drink until I had finished my education and got a proper carrier job. I asked Fazal if he would not drink whilst he was with me. He said Ok. Sure enough, he did not.

Here was another person who could not understand how one could live without eating meat. He would roll out chapatis for me, using a milk bottle. He would scramble some eggs using the normal curry spices. It was quite a treat visiting him on Saturdays, have chapati and egg-shak and then spend the afternoon watching wrestling. Sunday was for homework and then with Fazal, visiting his pathan friends or just going round, for rides on the buses.

College was a little difficult, especially Electrical Technology. There were words I could not understand. There were words that were not in dictionary. My teacher, Mr Curtis, was very helpful. He tried to explain some of the terms but there were things like 'busbars', 'electrical flux' and 'transformers'. He said I need to be working in the field to understand what all these things meant. He tried very hard to get me into industry but to no avail.

In October Mr. Curtis said there was get-together arranged by the Friends of the Overseas Students which was organized by local Rotary Club. There was sherry and Canapes. I did not take the sherry but the canapes made me want to throw-up. I was told the topping was fish. That put me off fishy stuff for life.

After the get together we were all taken on a tour of the Yorkshire Moors followed by visit to the local theatre to watch Jane Eyre by Charlotte Brontë. I am not sure whether I enjoyed the play but it was interesting to note that the author used to live in Howarth, about 5 miles from Keighley.

One day, on my walk home from work, I noticed a display of pipes in a shop window. I wondered what it would be like to smoke a pipe. I had some money left over so I walked in and bought myself a pipe and some tobacco.



Few days later, I was standing on the front steps of the college, struggling to keep the pipe alight. A young guy approached me and started conversation in very refined pure Urdu. He said he was wondering who's this guy smoking a pipe. His name was Gulam Nabi Zaffer. We each thought we were the only ones from the Indian sub-continent, studying at the college. Nabi was doing a course in photography. He said he was from Azad-Kashmir (Pakistan-side).

We became friends.

Recently, we met at his daughter's wedding, Bradford. He was a JP for a while but now retired. He said that I was the only one who chose to call him Nabi. He is generally known as Zaffer.

In October, Babukaka visited me for a day. He was on a tour of UK. I can not remember whether he brought me some thepla's but he did bring 2 vinyl records which I had asked for. They were both 45 rpm. One was Dil Deke Dekho. I do not remember title of the other one. I took Babukaka around Keighley, showed him the college, he took some pictures to show Bhai, and he left in the evening.

The Duffey household got sick of listening to these 2 records being played all the time. I had got to like the song Moon River by N K Cole so that one got intermixed, occasionally.

I learnt from Babukaka that Diwali was in November.

So I prepared a Diwali card. It was large drawing - 18" x 12". The idea was to put my photograph in there, somewhere, take a picture and make copies as Diwali cards. The only problem was I did not have a picture of me and I did not have a camera.

The college was at the North end of Cavendish Street. There was a photography studio at the bottom of Cavendish Street, R Clarke Studio. On my way home, I called in and tried to explain what I wanted and how much it would cost. I do not remember how the conversation went but the conclusion was that Ron would take my picture. I would need to make a copy. I would mount this on my artwork and take another picture and then make 30 postcard size copies to be used as Diwali cards. I would be allowed to use his darkroom and his materials to do this. In return I would work in his studio on Saturday mornings, until the end of the year. He would also pay



me half a crown (12 ½p) for each Saturday I worked. This was great. Ron became a good friend and I regularly visited him whilst I was in Keighley. So in week's time I had 30 Diwali cards ready. I sent 5 to Aden and rest to Bapuji in Gondal with a list of receipts. I do not think Bapuji was too pleased about this.

In November, I turned 19. Nobody, including me, noticed.

December came. I was getting used to the routine. I really enjoyed the work. I was making things out of iron pipes and metal wires.

I had already got myself a pair of overalls. The knee length overcoat was a bit heavy, at 6 lbs. All the workmen were wearing donkey jackets. So I bought one and became a proper working class person.

My grasp of Yorkshire-English was getting better. I was able to understand and hold conversations at work place. Monday to Friday were busy with college and work. Saturday mornings at Studio was enjoyable and then there was Saturday afternoon to look forward to - spicy eggs and Chapatti with Fazal followed by wrestling on TV. There were also wrestling matches in Bradford. Lot of Pakistani guys were enticed into going in to the ring. Money was good. A week's wage for just going in to the ring and get beaten up - 10-20 minutes at the most. So if one of our guys (Pakistani Guy) was to be in the ring, we would all go to Bradford on Sundays to watch him get pulverized.

We were nearing Christmas. There would be 2 days off. New year's day was a bank holiday in Scotland only. Week before Christmas few of us went for a drink at the nearby pub. They could not understand why I did not drink - It was Christmas. In fact it was my very first Christmas ever. Apart from school holidays, Christmas had no meaning - I did not even know it's significance. Dennis was a young man who worked downstairs, at the factory, so I did not know him very well. He got very very drunk. Joyce got very tipsy. Dennis lived about 5 miles away, in Cross Hills. Joyce lived nearby. We decided that they should not travel alone. I volunteered to take them home, by bus. I just made 2 good friends. Next year, Dennis and Joyce got married.

Monday was Christmas day. Friday before Christmas, we all lined up to receive our wages. There was Christmas Box (bonus) for everyone. Smokers got 50 cigarettes and others got a box of chocolate. Charlie called me in to the office. Gave me my wage packet and gave me 100 cigarettes. He said he was extremely pleased with the quality of my work. I was asked to hide my present. "Jack, Make sure nobody knows that you have double the amount." He said. On Christmas day, I went with Duffey family to their friend's house for Christmas lunch. My first. I do not remember how they coped with veggie meal. I think I just had the vegetables - boiled cabbage and sprouts.

Christopher did his party piece trying to sing 'dil deke dekho' - he got the tune right but wrong words.

[Christopher seeked me out couple of years ago. He had been searching. Found Mukesh Upadhyaya then Ba and then me. When he said Is that Jack, I thought it was wrong number. He said his Mum would very much like to meet me. Vinod & I visited Mrs D in Keighley and it was nice to see Christopher, all grown up and his family. He said that only his Mum and I called him Christopher. Rest call him Chris. Mrs D passed away, a year later]

It snowed in January. In the morning, on my way to the college, I made the mistake of running for the bus. I slipped running downhill and it took 50 yards before I could stop, just avoiding running into the bus. The bus missed my briefcase as well.

At the cinema the new film was comancheros. Boys in the street did not have rude words for Indians or blacks, yet. Word, Paki, was not invented. It was funny because as I would pass them they would all recite the lyrics from the film 'comancheros are taking our land'. I thought that was funny.

Charlie approached me one morning and asked me whether I would take a look at his camera. He thought there was something wrong with it. So I had his camera for about a week. I tried out - there was nothing wrong with it. I took a few pictures. I seem to have lost all the pictures I took.

I was surprised that Charlie let me take the camera home.

[One has to understand here that luxury items such as cameras, TVs etc cost a fortune. A camera would be worth 4 weeks wages. A small 18" , B&W TV would be 2 months' wages.]

A week later, I gave the camera back to him and said it seemed to be working fine. He suggested I go to his house and show him how to use it.

"My wife gets a bit nervous. She is not used to seeing coloured people, especially in our house." They did not have any children. So next morning, as his wife was out, we drove to his large detached house on Bradford road. I had tea and biscuits. I think it was big deal to have

his worker, especially a coloured worker, come to house and have refreshments. I guess it was his way of saying he was accepting me as a person.

One morning this Pakistani chap turned up at the factory. Charlie introduced me to him. “ This is Ahmed. He is going to work here”. Ahmed was wearing a blazer with Pakistan Air Force logo. It seems. Charlie was impressed. His host had sent him to Charlie to give him a job. Ahmed was a bad influence. He drove a largish car, Austin Cambridge. Working with hands was not his thing. He would want to disappear within an hour of appearing. Unfortunately I was dazzled. He would ask me to go with him and I would go. This was not good because I would have to clock the card when entering and leaving the factory. My wages dropped. Soon Charlie realized that Ahmed did not belong in that factory and he left few weeks later. We still kept in contact. He would bribe me by saying that he would let me drive his car and I would go.

Young John Duffey turned 15 that year and promptly left school. He soon found a job at a local store, Liptons. I found this quite mystifying. Here, boys were not interested in studies after they could legally leave school and it seemed that it was not necessary to go thro’ gruelling academia to find a suitable job. I was also a bit surprised that now it was ok for young John to smoke and drink in presence of his parents.

[John got married at young age and had a family He died at around the age of 21 suffering from meningitis]

Veenaben went to Aden, early 1962, for delivery of her first child. . Prashant was born on 17 April 1962.

Madhuben’s first child, Dharmesh was at about the same time, on 24 April 1962.

Unfortunately, things started going wrong with the marriage of Madhuben.